

ABDUCTEE NATION



"Scientists claim that talk of UFOs and abduction will lead to a new Dark Age. I write this as a rebuttal of that erroneous attitude."

Story and photos by Donald Worley

When one contemplates the ominous certainty and relentless nature of alien human abduction, alarm bells should sound everywhere. Instead, the government's covert policy keeps the populace slumbering.

From more than 30 years in the field, I have amassed a file of nearly 100 firsthand alien abduction cases. I have spent much time on extensive cases and have been able to help many abductees. Many of them are in what can be called ignorant isolation. This is a crucial time when they need someone who understands and, after determining if they really are an abductee, can provide help.

There are two polarities of experience in abduction: the fear/despair pole and the uplifting/love pole. There are also three stages of response to abduction — the denial/fear stage, the acceptance/learning stage, and the trust/love stage. Some stay in the first stage, many in the second, and a smaller number, such as those abducted by Nordic-type aliens, populate the third stage.

To some abductees, the world can become a very frightening place. I have at least 34 cases where "mental voice invasion" happened. A Dallas insurance agent who leaped from a window left a note reading, "The voices in my head won't leave me in peace. They want to invade us, and have already invaded my mind." If I or someone of similar skill could have found him, we could have saved him. The same applies to a Mississippi engineer and a Colorado businessman who had similar problems. I know of one abductee who sought help at a nearby fire station. That's where they called the men in white coats. One is forced to wonder how many abductees languish in mental hospitals even now.

Counting Abductees

So how many alien abductions are occurring? Estimates run from the hundreds of thousands to many millions. Impor-

tant in the total is the fact that there is an unknown number of citizens who do not suspect that they are part of the game. I have accidentally found some of these, so I'm convinced that the total in this category might shock us. One consideration is the fact that once you are chosen, often as a baby, there is no escape — at least not until they finish with you. A multiplying factor is the "satellite" scenario. Immediate family, relatives, and friends are often taken, making up a "satellite" group around the main case.

Kim, a woman from Illinois, was taken in California and Washington. She moved to Illinois, where she hoped and prayed she had escaped. This didn't happen, and even worse, they selected her little daughter. This child referred to them as "that nice big mister and them little bad misters." Kim never discussed the subject around her daughter, but once she left the book *Communion* lying out where her child saw the figure on the front. The girl grabbed it, hugged it, and said, "Mister! It's Mister! Momma, he loves me!"

Another factor is the multiple abduction reports. It is apparent that alien entities are capable of abducting large groups of people. In Bridge, Indiana, two abductees who had recall saw a crowd of people standing like zombies near a UFO. At the end of the event, they saw the crowd dispersing to homes on the nearby street. In another case at a suburban Indianapolis swimming pool, everyone was put in suspended animation and taken one by one up a large tunnel-like form that extended down from the UFO. Another Indiana man described an evening when he and his neighbors assembled under a large UFO. Later, inside it, he saw his neighbors sitting

around on benches looking like they were frozen stiff.

Some data suggest that aliens, during multiple abductions, get confused by the abductees' clothing. In Idaho, an abductee woke up with items of her clothing on inside out or backwards, and once she woke up in someone else's panties. Another woman wore her new Victoria's Secret nightgown to bed. She returned wearing a man's oversized shirt. What man awakened in the Victoria's Secret gown, and what did he tell his wife? Another woman returned not in the nightgown she had put on before going to bed, but in a tee-shirt with the phrase "13th Tsukuba Mar-athon" on it.

Burns, Implants, and Fetus Theft

We have many cases where physiological evidence and environmental evidence are present. We also have the vast accumulation of human corroborative testimonial evidence. A case in Centerville, Indiana, had all three types. On June 8, 1991, Tim went into his backyard to see what his dogs were upset about. A large bullet-shaped object came at him from across the field behind his house. A blue glow surrounded it and out of this came a white beam, focusing on him. This frightened and blinded him and made his ears pop. He looked down, intending to run, and the next thing he knew he was looking at a white floor inside the craft. Across the room, two figures seemed to be discussing him.

All he heard telepathically was, "Don't be afraid. You are not going to be hurt." This inner soothing grew stronger as his abductors approached him. The two beings were rarely reported six-foot-tall Grays. One held out its arms toward Tim, causing him to think it must have wanted something. He reached in his pocket, took out a \$20 bill, and handed it to the Gray. Both Grays examined the bill, and that was the last he ever saw of it. Suddenly the Gray reached out again and curled its long tapered fingers around Tim's wrist. It then produced a black pen-like device and moved it three times just above his skin at the inside bend of his right arm. Next, Tim knew that he was supposed to sit on a chair-like object across the room.

A silver cigarette-package-sized device was introduced and held just above his left temple. This marked the start of 13 hours of lost time. Tim woke up in his own bed feeling like he had gotten drunk the night before. His nose bled, and his dark urine stung when he went to the bathroom. As I investigated this case, I observed three four-inch, purple, vertical marks under the skin of Tim's arm. In his backyard I measured, photographed, and took samples of two 16-inch, circular, browned places in the grass on each side of the spot where he had been zapped by the beam.

Another case occurred on a night in July 1989 in Hendricks County, Indiana. "Peg," the abductee, had been with her wispy-necked friends often since she was a baby. A special Gray that Peg called Zanna was her lifetime mentor. In her youth, several Grays would fly Peg and her sister out of their upstairs bedroom, down the stairs, and up to a UFO. One time

as they were en route, some kind of a disturbance alerted the troop and they stopped in mid-air. The Grays stretched their necks three or four inches and seemed to be looking for something. The next morning as the girls played on the floor at home, they laughed and tried to stretch their necks like their friends had. The onlooking parents thought their daughters had had another of their wild dreams.

In 1989, Peg looked out her window, saw a UFO hovering by the road. She settled back in her feather bed, happy that her friends had not forgotten her. A Mr. Lowery, who lived nearby, had gotten up to go to the bathroom, and he, too, watched the bun-shaped craft hover just off the ground by the road. The next day a large circular area of weeds and grass had turned brown there. Later, snow would always melt there. At the site a small metal telephone post was bent down.

There are also amazing cases of "electromagnetic disrupters" — more evidence that abductions are not all hallucinations and lies. Sandra, an abductee in Georgia, can turn streetlights on or off from as far away as 50 to 100 feet. Alice, an abductee in Maryland, can cause streetlights, turnpike signs, and outside store lights to go dark, while TVs malfunction, computers lose power, and radios hiss and crackle. Another man causes street lights to go off when he passes under them in his auto or on foot. I have examined him with radiation and magnetic detection equipment and found no unusual readings.

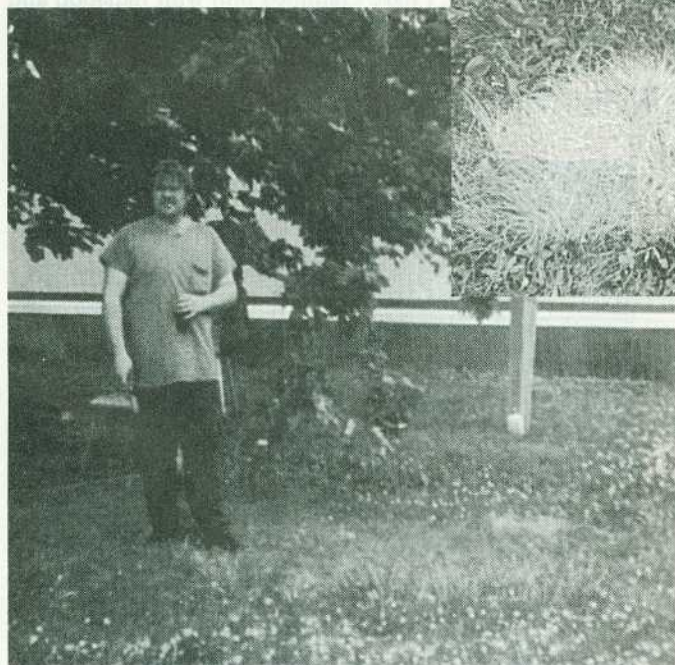
Alien-implant evidence is directly related to human skin disruptions. There is a variety of markings suggesting that tis-



"Peg," an abductee as a child, was revisited in 1989.

sue samples were taken or objects were implanted. The most common are the scoop mark, tiny punctures, and the straight-line scar. There can also be a mysterious rash or even a letter or design in the skin. The puncture type is often in a line or pattern. I call twin punctures the "snake bite" variety. Richard in Oklahoma had an MRI after finding punctures on his neck. The specialist was puzzled by an object detected right on his brain stem.

Probably the aliens' preferred method of implant insertion is through the upper sinus cavity. Consequently, a lot of abductees experience nose bleeds. But implants can be found anywhere. In the case of an Illinois farmer, after 15 years he squeezed out a tiny gray disk from the rear underside of his penis. Recall began, the aliens returned, and one night this irate man took his gun and blasted away at them without effect.



Indiana abductee Tim displays one of two burn spots in his yard where he was reportedly beamed up by a UFO.

A California doctor discovered two implants in a woman's toe and a man's hand. In decades of practice, he had not seen anything like them. The man's was the size of a cantaloupe seed, and the woman's was T-shaped. At first, the doctor's scalpel would not cut them. Once dried and cut open, they revealed tiny magnetic pieces of black metal. Under

ultraviolet light they glowed a brilliant green. Further electrical, chemical, and microscopic analysis is presently being done.

One of my cases in Richmond, Indiana, concerns a woman named Pamara who knew absolutely nothing about abduction and fetus-theft phenomena. She knew she had been pregnant, and an ultrasound had confirmed it. She and her family were abducted from their car five miles northeast of my home near Abbingdon, Indiana. When the family got home with four hours missing, Pamara was in such a state that she cowered on the auto floor and crawled into her house from there.

[Grays] around me and they put their hands on me in different places. I was scared, but they kept telling me they weren't going to hurt me. They talk with their minds. They inserted the humming tip inside of me. I felt great pain and cramping [as if] giving birth. They sucked the baby out of me.

Often it seems that female abductees suffer gynecological problems. But women aren't the only ones to suffer serious effects. In an Indiana case that I worked on in 1995 for MUFON, the abductee had been normal until he got abducted. Afterward, he developed epilepsy. His two dogs got even worse: Their skin turned red, their hair fell out, and they died.

Dark Ages or Enlightenment?

Recently I watched some prominent scientists on TV claim that talk of UFOs and abduction will lead to a "new Dark Age" and is extremely dangerous to the populace. I write this article as a rebuttal of that erroneous attitude. The blunt truth desperately needs to be told. Contrary to what these biased debunkers think, something of monumental importance is happening to our beloved nation and planet, and it may already be later than we think.

I am positive that if the debunking scientists out there would leave their illusionary academic world, come out into the field, and objectively investigate the kinds of cases I have mentioned, they would emerge from their foolish, primitive state of unawareness.

Donald Worley has investigated and researched alien abductions, Nordic aliens, and Men In Black for more than 30 years.

Pamara recalled being clamped on a table with her legs spread and knees up. "On the side of the table was a machine that was a tall jar filled with clear liquid and it had many wires coming out the top," she told me.

"The instrument they used on me... was a three-foot-long silver wire with a rounded tip. There were four aliens

& TAPES, & VIDEOS, ETC

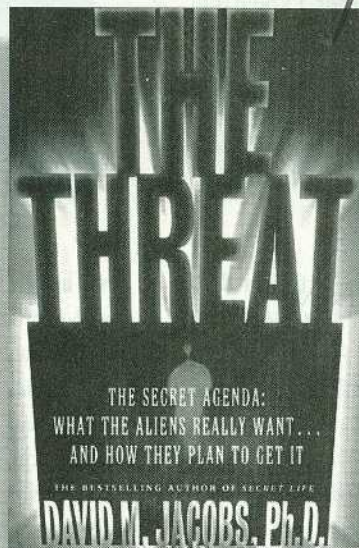
BOOK REVIEWS

The Threat

David Jacobs

Simon & Schuster, New York
Hardcover, 1998, 287 pgs., \$23.00

In 1992 David Jacobs published *Secret Life*, a systematic and meticulous analysis of alien abduction reports drawn from his extensive personal files. With the dispassionate voice of a clinician, Jacobs — an associate professor of history at Temple University — provided microscopic details of alien abductors, including what they looked like and how they behaved. He concluded, though tentatively, that the purpose of abductions seemed part of a hidden alien agenda aimed at genetic self-reproduction.



In his latest book, Jacobs provides a chilling anatomy of what he is now certain is a master hybridization plan by aliens seeking to infiltrate our society and eventually dominate it. Writing with unusual conviction, Jacobs describes an ongoing “breeding program” in which aliens systematically collect human eggs and sperm, incubate fetuses in human hosts to produce alien-human hybrids, and cause humans to mentally and physically interact with these hybrids for the purposes of their development.

Jacobs envisions a grim, apocalyptic

world controlled by a ruling alien hierarchy comprised of insectoid leaders, tall greys, hybrids, and abductees — with the rest of humanity held captive in special preserves as breeding stock.

One has to admire Jacobs for such temerity. Even most tenured professors would shrink from publishing such a bold — and scientifically outrageous — manifesto or belief.

Is there even the slightest chance he could be right? That depends really on whether we feel we can trust hypnotically induced narratives and whether the imagery reported by abductees is to be regarded as representational or abstract.

No matter what position you take, Jacobs is to be lauded for displaying outstanding integrity and emotional honesty in a book that presents us with a cringing, creepy, and nasty portrait of alien behavior. Let us pray he is wrong. — Peter Jordan

On Becoming a 21st-Century Mystic: Pathways to Intuitive Living

Alan Seale

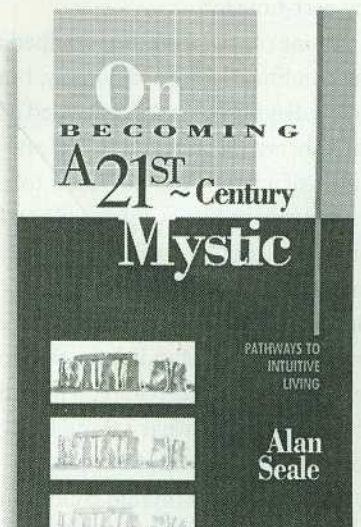
Skytop Publishing, P.O. Box 134, New York NY 10025
Softcover, 1997, 336 pgs., \$19.95

Alan Seale, a professional singer and voice teacher, has for years been leading groups of people in exploring their own souls and ultimately the Universal Soul. This book, using basic chakra theory and guided meditations, now makes the process available to people who want to take this mystical journey in the privacy of their own homes.

Seale defines a mystic as one who experiences oneness with God, and intuition as the voice of God within each person. By accessing our intuition, then, we can become one with God. Seale believes we can develop our intuition by meditating and then writing in a journal about the meditation experience.

It sounds simple, and it is. Seale begins with basic mindfulness exercises to heighten awareness and sharpen concentration. He includes the classic Buddhist loving-kindness meditation and New Age staples such as seeing auras. The bulk of the book is devoted to meditations based on opening a person's chakras, the Sanskrit term for energy centers in the body that connect us to the universe. The final chapters touch on clairvoyance, communication with angels and spirit guides, and using psychometry and tarot cards to give intuitive readings.

The advanced student of metaphysics will find little new in this



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headache became. He didn't know it at the time, but the symptoms of alien abduction had already begun.

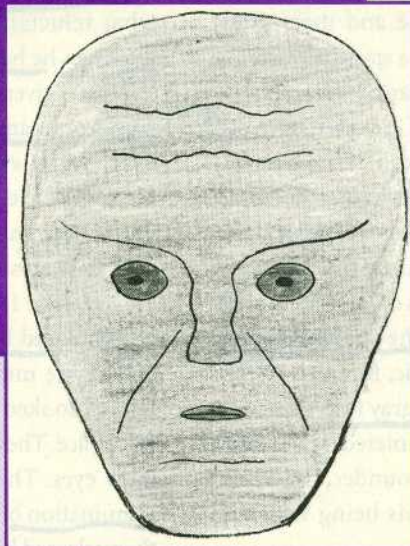
The migraine lasted five days after he returned home, and nothing would relieve the pain. He found he was unable to sleep with the lights off during this time, which upset his wife, who was already in shock after hearing his flying saucer story.

"She thought I had lost my marbles," Clyde explains. "She made an appointment for me with a psychiatrist."

That same day, Clyde's wife read in the newspaper that a UFO researcher was lecturing at a local college. Clyde contacted and talked with the researcher, who believed his account. About an hour after hanging up the phone, the headache was gone. Clyde canceled the appointment with the psychiatrist, which further upset his wife.

Approximately a month after the sighting, Clyde began to experience short periods of psychic ability and telepathy. The precognitive dreams usually foretold the death or extreme misfortune of a loved one, or a disaster in a certain location. The dreams scared him. When they started to come true, his wife grew to fear him. The dreams became a factor in the eventual dissolution of their marriage. After the divorce, he warned his adult children of their mother's impending death. This frightened them a great deal, even more so when the prediction came true two months later. Clyde learned to keep quiet about his premonitions.

"I could read the minds of others at times, which was embarrassing for me," Clyde says. "One time I even told my family members what they got me for Christmas."



The premonitions were not the only result of Clyde's sighting. In the years since then, he has had many unnerving experiences, including out-of-body episodes and periods of what he calls "blind writing." Clyde would get up at around 3 A.M. and begin to write messages that he did not understand. The following day, he would spend several hours trying to decipher what he had written.

Many of the writings consisted of English words spelled backward, usually quoting bible verses or describing the ancient history of the Americas. They warned of coming catastrophes, and they advised against blindly following world leaders who were corrupted by power and greed, or the false, biased messages spread by some of the Earth's religions. They explained that the bible's ten commandments were similar to a universal code, and the code must be followed, or we would suffer the dire consequences.

Some of the writings were mathematical, and Clyde did not understand them. They were not decoded until late 1996,

when he showed them to Lee, a physicist friend. Lee immediately recognized the writing as equations that pertained for the most part to

the structure of the universe, though some of them remain a mystery.

Lee's ability to help Clyde interpret his writing has caused Clyde to feel that his friendship with the physicist was predestined. Perhaps as a result of his connection with Clyde, Lee has since begun to experience his own contacts with ETs.

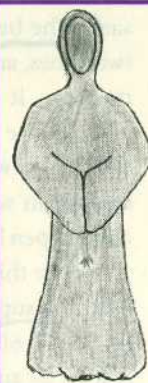
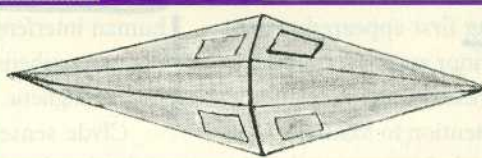
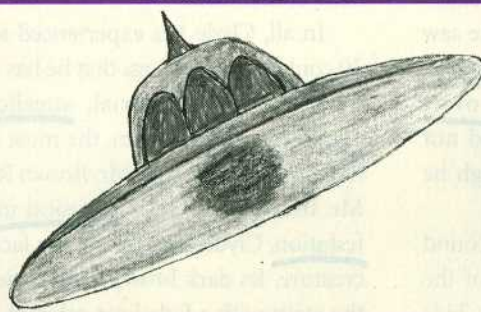
Clyde's experiences may have a family connection. His great-grandfather was reputed to have been chased by fireballs. Also, Clyde's son told him at age five that he had seen "a strange, pretty airplane," and on his seventeenth birthday he reported seeing a diamond-shaped UFO, purple in color,

with yellowish orange lighted windows. Clyde believes the craft his son encountered on his birthday had an evil influence over him, changing him to a rebel. This change was temporary — Clyde is happy to report that his son has since reformed.

Strangeness in the Night

Despite his experiences, Clyde did not have a memory of being abducted until a disturbing out-of-body experience in 1993 forced him to seek hypnotic regression therapy.

In the middle of the night, Clyde was partially awakened by a small beam of light penetrating his chest. He felt excruciating



pain in the right side of his ear and head. He felt paralyzed. Then he felt a pulling sensation, which he resisted because it felt as though he were being pulled out of his body.

H He saw two black beings pulling on his arms. He regards these entities as demonic, because a feeling of menacing evil pervaded the experience. The beings dragged him toward a black abyss that he knew from a previous out-of-body episode. Clyde believes that this abyss could be a version of hell. During the struggle with the black beings, he began to pray to God and Christ to save him, and almost instantaneously, a bright, soothing light appeared above him.

Clyde was jolted into the most beautiful sky he had ever seen, and he saw what he thought was the light of God above him. He had a complete, overpowering sense of peace and did not wish to return to his body, though he knew he had to.

He woke up back in his body around 2:50 A.M., and he sat up the rest of the night with the lights on. That day Clyde began searching for someone who could help him, finally finding a hypnotist who worked with MUFON.

During the hypnosis it was revealed that Clyde had been abducted that September morning in 1977, by a being he calls Gray Face. Gray Face is unlike the beings that are commonly reported by alien abductees today. Its facial features and eyes are different, and Clyde says that he does not fear Gray Face as he does the others that have visited him. He thinks that some of the aliens commonly reported by abductees may be organic robots, controlled telekinetically by a higher intelligence that may have malevolent intent toward humankind.

Clyde also discovered that he had been abducted at other times. Once was by "White Face," a being resembling an ancient Egyptian carving of a god, wearing some sort of helmet. He was also abducted by a scary-looking ET that he thought was wearing some type of mask resembling the carved images of Mayan or Aztec gods. Conversations with these

beings were one-sided and conducted telepathically. Clyde describes his contacts with Gray Face and most other beings as resembling a spiritual vision in a fog-covered, dreamy atmosphere. Clyde does say that Gray Face once appeared to him physically for a few seconds, possibly to prove that he could manifest himself in our dimension.

About a week after the hypnotic regression, Clyde was contacted, though not abducted, by the masked being. Before he could panic, it pulled off the mask and revealed a gray face, similar to the one he had encountered before, only this one's face was rounder and fuller. The contact with this being was very brief at that time.

In all, Clyde has experienced some 30 contacts with beings that he has classified as extraterrestrial, angelic, or demonic. Of all of them, the most startling was what he calls Mr. Brown Robe. Mr. Brown Robe was a physical manifestation. Clyde describes it as a faceless creature. Its dark brown robe is tied at the waist with a faded yet colorful rope sash. The being first appeared to him two times, an hour apart on a Saturday morning. It stressed the importance of paying close attention to Matthew 24 in the Bible, which happens to be the chapter in which Christ foretells what will happen before his second coming.

Clyde thinks Mr. Brown Robe is an ophan, a supernatural being described in Enoch 60:13. Ophanin are closely related to angels. He also believes that the being described as a Holy One in Daniel 4 of the Bible is an ophan, and he claims he has been led to understand this through his research and many contacts with his visitors.

Clyde says the Watcher described in Daniel 4 is Gray Face. Watchers are also defined as nephilim, a Hebrew word that means "fallen ones from the sky." These fallen ones came to earth in Genesis 6 and conceived children with human wives, but in that chapter they are referred to as "sons of God."

The beings that have visited Clyde have never used the word God. They

describe a higher power in terms of a "universal intelligence." Clyde is somewhat reluctant to go public with the messages he has been given, because the ETs have given him what he calls half-truths on many matters. He does, however, acknowledge that some of the messages have helped him a great deal, particularly in religious matters.

Clyde says that he has not been abducted since 1995, when another group of gray-faced beings took him from his bed in the middle of the night. These beings looked slightly different than Gray Face. They were small and had very large eyes. They performed a medical examination of some sort on Clyde, and then released him.

He woke up at 2:50 A.M. and heard a strange, mechanical voice that he had heard while in the company of the aliens. The voice told Clyde that world governments were aware of the existence of ETs, and that the aliens have warned these governments of the dangers of overpopulation, nuclear testing, and the use of chemicals. The voice also said that human interference with forces beyond our comprehension has caused changes in the magnetic makeup of the Earth.

Clyde senses that his contact and abduction days are over, perhaps because the beings think he is getting too old, and his memory is not as good as it used to be. However, the effects are still with him. He actively and fervently expresses his views on UFO topics at any opportunity. He feels that his contacts with these creatures have made him a better person, but because of the malevolent nature of some of the beings, he does not recommend trying to summon UFOs or ETs. He encourages people to look to the Bible for a better understanding of the UFO phenomenon that is going on all around us. Clyde continues to search for answers to many of the questions that linger in his own mind. ■

Carolyn Davis is a self-taught bible scholar who became interested in UFOs after she spotted one in 1985. She lives in California.

"The Direction of Our Salvation"

Whitley Strieber, the godfather of contactees,

examines his troubling path from first

Communion to final Confirmation.

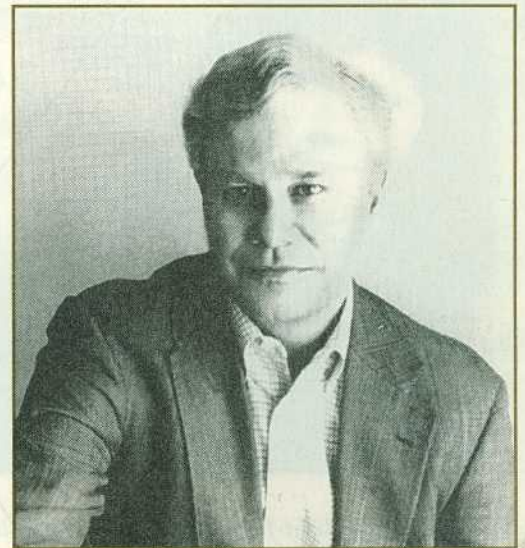
by Sean Casteel

Fearing ridicule or worse, many people who encounter UFOs and aliens only reluctantly tell the world about it. Respected Harvard psychiatrist John Mack risked academic censure when he wrote his 1994 book *Abduction*. Over and over we hear about people who are made to look foolish, crazed, or gullible when they allege having encounters with UFOs and extra-terrestrials. Yet despite such adversities, Whitley Strieber has made a literary career out of his experiences with alien contact.

Having previously built a reputation as the author of such terrifying fiction hits as *The Wolfen* and *The Hunger*, Strieber achieved his greatest popular success with what he maintained was the true story of his encounters with "Visitors" so strange that they eluded definition. That book was *Communion*, which shot to number one on the *New York Times* bestseller list in the summer of 1987. But ever since that hit, Strieber says, it's been a downhill struggle, and his books have not received the serious consideration they deserve. They have been increasingly treated as sensational, irrational, and even fraudulent.

Regarding his latest book, *Confirmation: The Hard Evidence of Aliens Among Us*, Strieber says, "The odds are that I will not be on Larry King with this book. *The Today Show* has passed on it. Everyone's going to pass on it and I will continue to talk only to the convinced."

One reason for that, he believes, is that despite the often frightening details of abduction and contact, the experience is



a hopeful one. The Visitors are here to help humanity move on to its next step, to become a cosmic generation. And, he says, the media are vehemently uninterested in that view. The public will likely only hear from the media that the abduction phenomenon is something evil, and that it leads to things like suicide and madness, Strieber says.

"If there is a Satan, he's working very hard to make sure that we stay scared and confused and that we stay away from [this subject], because this is the direction of our salvation. But the engine of repression is much stronger than it was 10 years ago, make no mistake."

Strieber compares his situation to being on trial before the Inquisition, where everything the accused says is an admission of guilt, and so is silence. As a public object of ridicule, threats, and mistrust, he finds terror simply in walking on the street — especially in an atmosphere in which televangelist Pat Robertson recently implied that all UFO believers should be stoned to death. "Skeptics' groups, religious groups, and all kinds of different people have been part of it, including individuals who think I'm a liar and therefore should be punished, and those who take out their free-floating life resentment on me. It's really, really hard. Persecution is the norm," he says.

But perhaps the worst treatment comes from Strieber's

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"What Kind of Soul Has Black Eyes?"



by Peter Hough

I can see the lights." The words were spoken by Robert Shawe (a pseudonym), a 32-year-old civil servant. He was in a state of hypnosis, miked up, with psychoanalyst Dr. Moyshe Kalman and me standing over him, hanging on every word of his remarkable story.

Robert's brother, Daniel, and investigator Alicia Leigh sat in the shadows at the back of the consulting room. Occasionally Daniel would put his head in his hands as Robert reminded him of childhood encounters. But what interested us here, in the first of five hypnosis sessions, were the events of Christmas

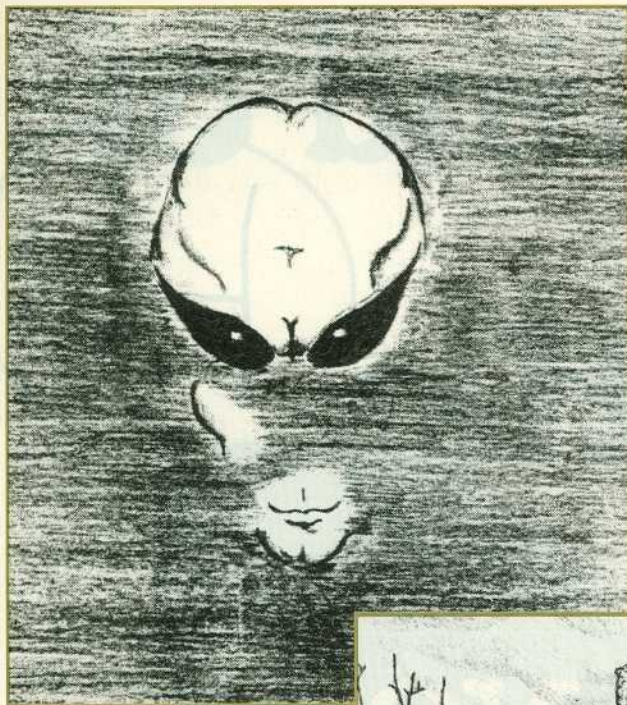
A young man's

Christmas evening

brings back haunting

recollections of a childhood

plagued by UFO encounters.



Top: Robert Shawe's drawing of the face, half-hidden in shadow, that appeared in his bedroom. Right: Shawe saw an object like this in the woods.

Day 1994, when something from Robert's past came to visit him

On Christmas Day that year Robert set off for his mother's house, which was a five-minute walk from his apartment. The family was gathering there for a traditional Christmas dinner. After dinner he left for home, telling his mother he might see her later. But once home, Robert decided he would go into Manchester that evening instead. At around four in the afternoon he booked a taxi to pick him up at ten that evening. Then, still fully dressed, he collapsed onto the bed and slept for a few hours. As he drifted into unconsciousness a curious thought revolved around his head.

"I've ordered this taxi, [but] it's as if

I don't know where I'm going. There's a destination, but I can't... I'm not heading to a particular place."

After he awoke, he took a bath, shaved, and dressed to go out. His sister Carole phoned at one point to see if he was joining the party at her house. He declined, saying he wanted to be by himself. Carole said later that her brother

mation as if they were attached to a column of some sort.

"I'm looking at them through the trees. The leaves have fallen and I can see right through them. The lights are so pretty. At first they were high, then they dropped. They're coming down so slow, so steady, controlled, yet keeping formation. I get the impression they're connected to something — a dark mass."

As the lights drew level with the trees, just yards away from the flat, Robert remarked at how beautiful and intensely bright they were; yet, strangely, they did not illuminate the landscape.

Both Dr. Kalman and I wondered at the similarity between the lights observed through the window and the gaily decorated Christmas tree in the room. Was there a prosaic explanation to all this?

"What do those lights remind you of?" Moyshe asked Robert. "They're beautiful, aren't they?"

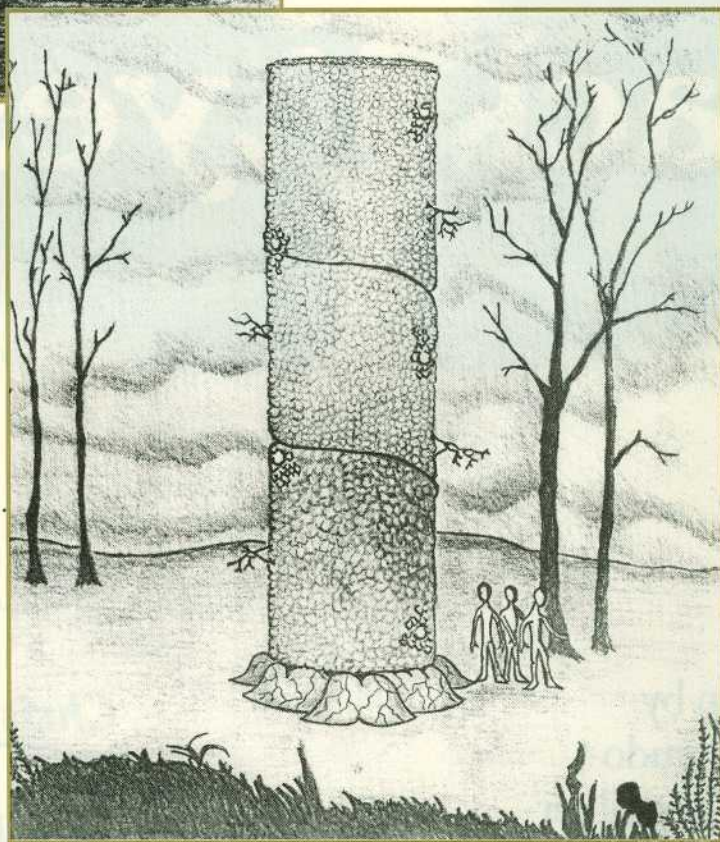
Robert, under hypnosis, replied: "I was looking at the Christmas tree, trying to gauge the color of the lights, checking to see it wasn't a reflection in the window."

"Can you stand between the tree and the window," Moyshe asked, "so you would see it wasn't a reflection?"

"It wasn't a reflection, because I could see the tree lights to the left, and I was watching this thing to the right."

He said later that they were as big as golf balls held at arms' length. The lights came down into the clearing and Robert decided to go outside and investigate. Moyshe reminded him it was almost time for the taxi, but Robert swept it aside. "That doesn't matter. I've got to see this thing."

Dr. Kalman asked him what was happening next.



did not sound his usual self.

At around a quarter to ten Robert lay sprawled across the chesterfield settee watching television when something caught his attention through the window.

"It's those lights," Robert explained under hypnosis, "like a Christmas tree — the lights on a Christmas tree."

There were about five pinkish-red lights, he said, in a vertical zigzag for-

"I've got my jacket on, gone straight out, downstairs, coming out of the flats. Malcolm Riding is there with his girlfriend. They're asking about a party. It's in the end block, but I'm not sure which number. I was going to ask if he'd come over and look with me, but I feel daft because he's with his girl, and let them go. Then I went to the clearing..."

Edited Memory

But something happened to Robert in the clearing that was edited from his memory. He recalled: "I went so far, then thought it was best to turn around. I can't see the lights but I know there's something there. I saw it come down! I've got to turn back now because that was it, that was the show, *that's all I was meant to see.*"

Robert returned to the flat and noted it was half past ten. It seemed only minutes ago he had walked outside, *but well over half an hour had passed.* Robert felt glum now, depressed, but he could not put his finger on it. Sometime during the next hour, Pamela, his youngest sister, came around to see how he was. He felt confused, but did not mention the UFO to her.

Under hypnosis we took him back to the clearing and suggested he might like to explore it, but there was something holding him back.

"I shouldn't go to the right. I get the feeling it's none of my business. It's awful dark there. I don't like to think of myself being frightened of the dark. If I go round that corner I'll see something... I'll see somebody. It's those lights..."

When we pressed Robert to go and look he began breathing heavily. For the moment at least, there was an impenetrable block stopping further recollection.

The morning after the experience, Boxing Day, came a knock at the door. It was one of Robert's neighbors, Dianne, who wondered if he might want to join her for a celebration drink. But when Dianne saw Robert's face she knew something was wrong. He told her about the strange lights

coming down through the trees, and she agreed to accompany him outside to look around.

They were astounded to discover that the tall rough weeds in the clearing were partially flattened in an elliptical pattern, and there was a black sticky substance adhering to the long stems. Nine months later, when the case came to the attention of Alicia Leigh, there was no trace of this substance.

Investigation

Robert contacted Alicia after reading about her investigations in a local newspaper. She is a member of the Northern Anomalies Research Association (NARO), of which I am chairman. Alicia and fellow investigator Anthony Eccles did an initial interview, then conducted an investigation of the case. There was still evidence of damage to the area; indeed growth of the weeds seemed to be stunted. Alicia also discovered heat damage to three nearby trees, and together with soil samples, collected damaged bark for examination.

I arranged for laboratory analysis at a local university. We learned that there was a huge discrepancy between mineral oil content inside the affected area, compared with a control sample from outside. The former contained 640 milligrams per kilogram of soil and the latter a mere 60 — a drop of over 90 percent. Could there be any significance in this?

Alicia contacted the taxi firm to see if they could verify that Robert had booked them that night. They were unable to provide her with details; however, they did confirm a "no show" for December 25.

Childhood Connection

Robert told us that he was not surprised by the Christmas Night encounter. He felt it was connected with several childhood incidents, some of which involved other members of his family.

During one session Robert found himself at the mouth of a tunnel. He was about five or six years old, a little boy wearing a brown striped tee shirt,

shorts, and leather sandals. "I keep visualizing a tunnel, a passageway, somewhere dark. It's big enough to stand in. I seem to be looking into it. It's gray, unnatural, as if it's been constructed. I associate danger with this tunnel. I don't want to go down there..."

Another of the incidents that preys on Robert's mind involves a shared UFO sighting. Robert was outside at the front of the family house in Whitefield with his little brother and sisters.

Suddenly a feeling of serenity stole over them. Robert and the others looked

"I saw it come down! I've got to turn back now because that's all I was meant to see."

up at the sky. Something was there.

"This is where I feel a little sad. We all feel sad because we were having such a good time. There's a block there. Something's happened and it's kind of taken away. We're looking up and the sky is blue, but I'm having a hard time getting through the sky. It's like there's something there that's camouflaged. Looking up at that sky made you forget things..."

We worked with Robert until he felt ready to reveal what was there.

"It's... can't see it fully. I can see the tip. Triangular. Something... I'm trying to understand why it's no big surprise... It's like a big lump of gray metal in the sky. Just see the tip of it. It's just



NARO investigator Alicia Leigh takes measurements at the site of Robert Shawe's eventful evening.

hanging there..."

We asked him what the metal lump reminded him of.

"Something out of the army or air force. But it's too big, it's like machinery, pistons, cogs, and very, very loud. I'm thinking, whoever's in there, how can they work with that noise? It's really loud, like a factory noise. It seems to be everywhere. It made me feel panicky, like hearing an air-raid siren, as if something was coming."

We wanted to know if his brother and sisters were showing any fear at seeing the object. "No. It's like if you went to a fairground and saw the Big Wheel. You're looking up at it, and it's a massive thing. It's good to look at."

More than anything, it was an intensely emotional experience. It descended over them, wrapping and hugging them tight, filling them with awe.

"It's all so serene, like looking up to heaven. There's a feeling that it's like the angels in the Bible, that they are looking after us. I think they're connected to God. I don't want to sound stupid, but I feel they're doing His work." Alerted by the noise, Robert's mother came outside to find out what is going on. We asked him to describe her reaction.

"It's different from ours. She's kind

of amazed and scared because of the noise."

We asked him why he felt so sad.

"It's like if your friends come to see you. You have a good time and then they go away. You feel sad because they've gone. It's not really fair, because they shouldn't do that, not to children."

The Visitor

On another occasion Robert awoke to see Daniel standing in front of a being, nodding his head in reply to something. Then Daniel approached Robert and told him the being wanted to speak to him.

"I'm in my bedroom. I can see it in the corner beside the chest of drawers. The curtains are open, the moon's out, and there's a shimmer of light coming through. It's dipping in and out of the shadows, but I can't see its legs. I don't want to be here. I'm looking down at the pattern on the bedspread, anywhere but over there, but I'm drawn toward it..."

"He's craning over me. It reminds me of the cemetery where they have those big statues of angels. They lean over you when you're small and you're looking up at them."

"Its head is huge, as if it's too heavy for the neck. I can see its forehead, its big

eyes, and parts of its mouth. Its head's moving, coming forward slightly, then going back into the shadows."

The motion of the head was particularly bizarre, as Robert emphasized. "Nodding' is the word I'm looking for. 'Bobbing' too. It reminds me of a float at the end of a fishing line, the way it bobs in the water."

Robert said the being was hairless, and its skin a mustard color, although the area around the cheekbones was darker.

"The face looks like plasticine, rubbery, as if you could smear it. There's a ridge around the eyes. The head looks like a dome and the mouth is just a heavy line. I don't think I can see a nose. The top lip is moving as if he's talking, but he's not talking. You can hear the words but there's no sound from the mouth. He feels and you feel. They communicate through emotions. They want us to be their friends..."

Robert's attitude towards the being is ambivalent. He feels in some way it is "angelic," yet it also frightens him. It has come, he believes, to fill him with good thoughts, to make him behave better toward others.

Revelations by Proxy

During further hypnosis sessions we attempted to pierce the barrier that was preventing Robert from telling us what else happened Christmas night. Certainly it seemed that there was more to the account. How else could we explain the missing time? When we asked what was holding him back, Robert replied: "I'm not supposed to say. I could get into trouble. It might spoil things for the future, and I don't want to ruin things for my brother and sisters."

I decided to try an experiment used successfully by Professor John Mack. Robert could not relive the full experience under hypnosis because he was too afraid to turn the corner and walk into the clearing. But what if we could persuade him to do it by proxy?

I told Robert to visualize a small robot which was under his control. Then

ABDUCT.



What Kind of Soul Has Black Eyes?

I asked him to send the robot into the clearing to record what was happening. Finally I asked Robert to tell us what the robot reported to him.

"There's silhouettes moving about in the woods, busying themselves, reminding me of bees. There's something in the clearing. It's not a tree, but it looks like a tree trunk. I'm not sure I'm supposed to see, I might get into trouble for this..."

Robert suddenly tensed up.

"There's an image coming through, and it's...something's coming toward me...the sort of thing I saw as a kid... it's the same one! He's come forward, and now he's standing there."

The first thing that hit Robert was that the being now seemed small. This removed the fear Robert had felt all those years before. It half smiled at Robert and then communicated with him through his emotions.

We asked Robert how he was feeling.

"As if he's a long lost friend... It's like seeing a friend you've not seen for years, who's heard you're not doing too well, telling you not to worry. Don't worry, Robert..."

Reassurance?

Robert believes that the entity responded to his state of mind that Christmas night and came to reassure him that everything would come right in his life.

"It was just before Christmas, [I was] paying out huge bills, my personal life wasn't up to much. I had a lot on my mind. Things were bad — then the lights came. They cheered me up so much. They were really beautiful."

We asked him to elaborate. "You must know how I felt? When you're a child and you're not feeling very happy, your mum and dad take you to a zoo or a fun fair and it cheers you up."

Yet the being's appearance and behavior is hardly angelic. The UFO entity looks like a hobgoblin and its tactics are far from friendly. Robert's comments on the relationship serve to emphasize this incongruity.

"I get the impression they look after those with a good heart. They're

connected with God, doing His work, servants of some kind. They want to help you emotionally by making you complete. All goodness comes from the heart, not the mind. If you think with the heart then you'll never go wrong. They look after their own."

The element of fear in the relationship comes through in Robert's comments: "They're very much in control — authoritarian is too strong a word — but he's in control. I feel resentment toward it. It makes me angry. They take you when you're young."

Often abduction imagery surfaces during sleep. Robert told us of a recurring dream in which he was taken to a reception by one of his uncles. The room was white and clinical looking. There was a window with blinds and magazines were strewn across a table. Uncle Stan was sitting on an orange plastic chair with iron legs. He was wearing sunglasses with black impenetrable lenses.

"There's a man talking to me. He's unshaven and his hair is untidy. He looks the sort of guy who wouldn't bother too much about buying a new shirt. I got the impression that he was drunk, because he wasn't making any sense. He was angry about something, and was trying to get something across to me. I found him intimidating, yet I felt I knew the man. He reminded me of my mother's other brother who had died, but this man was far too unkempt. I'd like to know what he was trying to tell me."

In the dream Robert felt an impression of what lay beyond the reception area, and he described a room. "It is a totally blinding white clinical environment, clean, pure, sterile. A lonely place that gives me a creepy feeling, because there's nothing to touch in there."

More Than Hallucination

It would be easy to confine close encounter and abduction cases to the filing cabinets of psychiatrists. But I know from more than 20 years of research and investigation that no matter how bizarre they seem, these experiences represent

something more than hallucination. It is a highly complex phenomenon that manifests in our reality and interacts with percipients on a level custom-built to their understanding.

Its mind control techniques can make black seem white and blank out those incidents, or segments of incidents that it does not want reported. What Robert described that Christmas night was in essence a flying Christmas tree, with lights that put the illumination on his own tree to shame. "It's a beautiful sight," Robert told us. "It makes me feel good." The phenomenon muscles in on our world and makes our reality gray in comparison to the magic it can conjure up.

Robert explained the relationship between the beings and ourselves in this way: "You know when you see a cute little boy or little girl, and you buy them a lollipop, or you put your arm around them — you know how people are with little kids? That's how they look upon us."

The behavior of angels, or the insidious tactics of child molesters? At one point Robert explained how the being's eyes were "very deep. You could get lost in them. They're like fathomless wells. Windows of the soul."

"What kind of soul," I asked him, "has black eyes?"

Peter Hough is an investigator of the paranormal and the author of several books, including *The Complete Book of UFOs* and *The Encyclopedia of the Unexplained*, both written with Jenny Randles.

DreamWork

A dream won Otto Loewi, a German-American physiologist, the 1936 Nobel Prize. Loewi dreamed of an experiment that would prove a hypothesis he had proposed 17 years earlier — that "it is not nerves but the chemicals they release that directly affect the heart."