

WHAT THE ALIENS LEFT ME

An **abduction** solves the mystery of a 20-year-old nightmare and gives the author an unusual gift.

by Patrick David MacKondy

Twinsburg, Ohio, was a great place to raise a family in 1966. I was a dapper, sandy-haired six-year-old. I lived in a beautiful new apartment complex with my father, mother, and sister. My father was an advertising director for a regional grocery chain, and he was in the process of building us a stately Colonial house down the street. I have wonderful memories of waiting for my dad to get home from work at 5:30. We would walk to our future home to check on the day's progress. Even today, when I smell freshly cut plywood or drywall, memories of those days rush back to me.

I eagerly anticipated our new home's completion. It was only two blocks from our apartment, but I would feel a lot safer once we moved. For even though I had a wonderful childhood, there was one experience in that apartment that I will never forget.

Our next-door neighbors were Dutch. They were excited because their dearest friends from Holland were moving to the United States and were going to rent the apartment across the



Patrick David with Lazette in front of their Twinsburg, Ohio, apartment building.

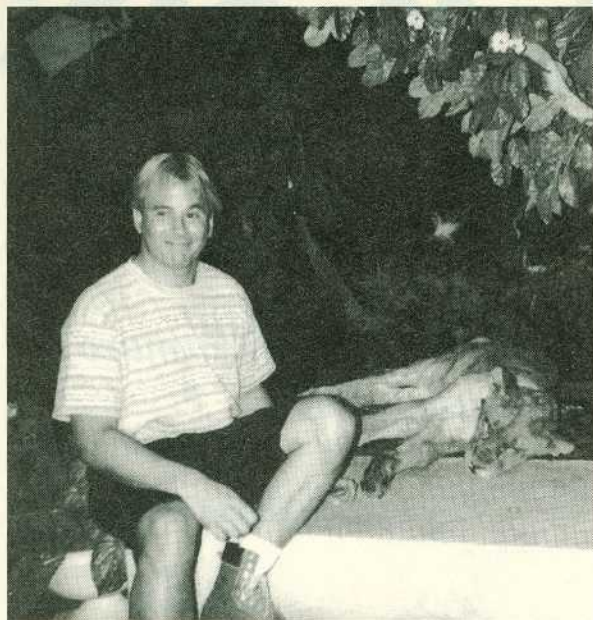
street. They said that I would have a new playmate named Lazette. I wasn't crazy about playing with a girl, and hoped we would move before she arrived.

My wishful thinking came to naught, however. Lazette and her parents moved in, and that summer she drove me crazy by trying to be one of the boys.

One afternoon Lazette and her parents begged my parents to let me spend the night at their apartment. This would be the first time that I had ever slept over at anyone's house. My parents, as overprotective as they were, gave in.

We went to the movies, out to eat, and back to their apartment. I put my pajamas on and went to bed in Lazette's bedroom. Strangely, Lazette slept between her parents in their room, and left me all alone.

Later that night, I woke up to find both of her parents looking at me. Their noses were only inches from mine, and I was frightened. I must have passed out or fallen back to sleep. When I awoke again, I was outside, alone, looking up into the sky at a bright



The author poses with a lion he cooed to sleep at a local carnival.

beam of light that must have been 10 or 12 feet in diameter. I watched the light shrink until it went back up into the sky.

I heard a male voice in my mind. "We will see you again someday, when you are a lot older," it said.

Lazette's parents walked me back to the apartment, where I fell fast asleep. I was crying hard and wanted to go home. They were laughing. I thought I would never see my parents again.

The next day, I told my parents all about it. They said that the rich food I had eaten must have given me a nightmare. I knew it had been real, though, because Lazette's parents had been outside in their pajamas, and that morning I had seen mud on Lazette's mother's slippers while she prepared my breakfast.

Time passed and I tried to put the memory of that night out of my head. I knew that something strange had happened to me, but I didn't know what. As I got older I told myself that it had been one heck of a nightmare. But something deep inside me remained unsettled.

Moving Onward

From Twinsburg our family moved to Youngstown, Ohio. My father had ac-

cepted a position as the advertising director for another grocery chain. I became a happy, successful adult. I began modeling men's clothing for a local department store, and quickly progressed to photo shoots in New York City, Miami, Los Angeles, and other locations.

Then, when I was 26, I had an experience that brought back the memory of my strange evening in Twinsburg.

I was going to bed early on a muggy night in August. I had to get up in the morning for a catalog shoot, and I wanted to look rested. Alone in my bedroom, I was scared out of my mind for no apparent reason. I had an inexplicable feeling that I was going to get a visit from someone — or something.

I was lying quietly in my bed when a small, transparent ball of light entered my room. The sphere shot at my face and buzzed around my nose like a bee. I tried to smack it, but my hand went right through it. The more I tried to get it away from my face, the more tired I grew, and I eventually fell asleep. It was as though the light was sent into my room to drain me of my strength.

The next morning I awoke tired and weak. I thought I was coming down with a flu. I showered and got ready for my catalog assignment, and off I went.

I had never seen the scars before, but they appeared to be at least a year old.

When I arrived at the shoot I was given five bathing suits. After I changed into the first one, the owner of the swimwear company approached me and started to examine parts of my body. She said that she didn't remember so many scars. I looked at where she was pointing and got sick to my stomach. I had at least fifteen scars all over my body. They were about four inches long and one-sixteenth inch wide. I had never seen

them before, but they appeared to be at least a year old. Makeup covered them nicely, however, and I was permitted to continue the session.

My route home from the shoot took me close to Twinsburg, and something told me to drive by the old apartment building. A nostalgic pang went through me as I pulled up in front.

Then, passing Lazette's apartment, I had a flashback, clearer than ever before, of the night I spent there. I saw an image of the beam of light in greater detail than I had previously remembered, and realized it had come from a ship. I recalled seeing a row of colored lights in hues that didn't exist in our color spectrum.

I realized that I had been to another planet, once as a six-year-old child, and again the previous night. I opened up the car door and vomited.

As I sat in my car, more information poured into my brain, which started to sort the data and make sense out of my experiences. During the drive home I put things into perspective. I was not scared. I knew I would not be abducted again, that the aliens (or "visitors," as I now call them) were done with me.

I felt as though I had been given new insights, power, love, and a greater sense of the universe. I also felt cleansed — what the visitors put into me at age six, they removed 20 years later.

What They Left Me

The scars proved to me that I had been involved in an alien operation, but the visitors left me with no memory of it, knowing it would be too painful to live with. As a thank-you for letting them use my body, I guess, they left me with gifts that are definitely out of this world.

I learned about my first gift a year after my second encounter. My friends and I were in a large nightclub in Austintown, Ohio. It was a rowdy place where fights often erupted. The club was packed tight that evening, and my buddies and I stood pressed up against the bar.

Suddenly I heard a humming noise, and without thinking, I jumped up and spun around, sitting smack down on the bar. A split-second later, a 275-pound guy smashed a beer bottle over the head of the guy standing next to him.

The fight was horrifying. If I hadn't moved, I would have been killed. My friends must have asked me at least 50 times what made me jump out of the way. There had been no sign of a fight. It was then I knew I had a gift.

Two months later in the same club, a group of us were talking, and I finished a woman's sentence for her. It scared her to death. She says I'm a warlock or that I'm not of this Earth, and she still won't talk to me.

Things became even stranger about a week later. I would start to hear a humming sound in my head just before the phone would ring. Now it happens every time. I say out loud: "Someone's calling." And, sure enough, the phone rings.

Another Gift

I found out about my second gift during the summer of 1990. I was outside and saw a strange dog in our yard. I looked at the dog and thought very hard: *Come here, pup. Come here, pup. Don't be afraid. Come and see me.* The dog immediately came to see me.

I thought it was just a coincidence, so I tried something else: *Give me your paw,* I thought. The dog did.

The next day a neighbor was walking his dog, a friendly poodle who had never

growled in his life. We started talking about cars, as I had just bought a new Camaro. He came down the driveway to take a closer look at my car, and I thought I would test my abilities again.

As I was showing him the engine, I looked down at the poodle, then back at him. I envisioned myself hitting the man. The dog immediately growled and tried to bite me. My neighbor could not believe what had happened. He thought his poodle was nuts. I have been communicating with animals ever since.

My most recent encounter was at a local street fair where there was a wild animal exhibit. I approached a lion cage and asked the owner if I could pet his three-year-old lion. The man laughed like Santa Claus. In a deep, jolly voice he told me that I would be chewed up alive. He said that he was the only one who could touch his lions.

I chuckled to myself and waited for him to take a break. When he did I snuck behind the cage bars and cooed the lion to sleep. My girlfriend and I still laugh about the look on the owner's face when he returned to find me in the cage with his fierce lion.

Unearthly Premonitions

In the winter of 1997, I began having beautiful dreams. These dreams were in vivid color and often foretold the next day's events. Once, I dreamt about an old neighbor whom I had not seen in over five years. The following day there was a knock at the door. It was her.

Three weeks later I dreamt that the person to whom I had sold my old car stopped at my house to tell me that it was still running like a clock. The next day, I saw the car pull into my driveway.

And it wasn't more than a week later that I had a dream that my aunt was sick, and was asking for my family's help. I also dreamt that my father was sharing my dream. Not only did my aunt call the next day, but my father had also had the same dream the night before.

A Mixed Blessing

In addition to my gifts, I also have a

few phobias that I attribute to my abductions. The first is a severe fear of flying. It's not the height so much as it is being contained in a big steel vehicle, knowing I will not land for a couple hours. I think this phobia comes from my ride in the visitors' ship.

I also fear visiting doctors or dentists. My last dental appointment was embarrassing. The taste of the metal object probing my mouth sent me flying out of the chair and down the hallway. I believe this is connected to the probing and scarring I received from the visitors.

Before August 1987, I had no fear of flying or of visiting the dentist. In fact, I had flown more than 40 times, as my father had owned a travel agency and our family had flown practically for free.

Many people ask why I don't visit a psychiatrist specializing in regressions, or why I didn't report my encounter to NASA. I tell them that I really don't care to revisit my experiences, nor do I feel a need to come forward when the government already knows that these abductions occur. I wrote this article to share my story with people who may have experiences similar to mine.

I warned my family I had written this article and asked them not to think that I was crazy. Even though they knew about my abilities, my family told me that discussing them would make people think I was out of my mind.

As I read them the first paragraphs, a small tear ran down my father's cheek. Choked with emotion, dad told us that while living in the apartments, he had had a nightmare way back in 1966, one he was never able to get out of his mind. In his horrifying, realistic dream, Dad saw a bright light outside his bedroom window. He dreamt that he got out of bed and pulled back the curtains to see his six-year-old son, in his pajamas, being led back to the apartment by Lazette's parents as a large ship disappeared into the sky.

ABDUCTEE

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Abductions: The Crucible of Nightmares

It Happens South of the Border, Too



Artist's impression of the Antonio Villas-Boas abduction

By Scott Corrales

While instances of alleged abduction by UFO aliens are rife in North America, they are considerably less prevalent in the Spanish/Portuguese-speaking regions of the world.

This is all the more curious considering that one of the earliest cases, and the one most readily memorable, is without question the Antonio Villas-Boas abduction (Brazil, 1952). Its graphic retelling of the victim's overpowering by helmeted aliens, the oft-mentioned sexual interlude with a space "siren" and the severe physiological aftereffects suffered by Villas-Boas rocked the nascent discipline of ufology to the core. But that was in days long gone by, when UFO abductions involved the physical interference with a single or many humans in a deserted location, usually a rural highway, a desert, or a forest—way before the ubiquitous "Greys" were transporting helpless experiencers through their bedroom walls, inducing pregnancies, and involving them in apparent genetic studies.

Comparative analysts such as T. E. Bullard have pointed out that the abduc-

tion phenomenon is largely an American one, with one of every two cases coming out of the U.S. and Canada—half of all abduction experiences are "made in the U.S.A." This gives us another half distributed around the rest of the planet, and the Spanish-speaking regions of the world certainly have their fair share.

Unfortunately, the importance of abduction research overshadowed conventional encounters with nonhuman entities: the so-called traditional cases, which usually involved a nocturnal encounter by a roadside, the accidental encounter with a landed saucer and its occupants, and other forms of human/nonhuman contact that did not fit into the clearly defined parameters of the abduction phenomenon.

It is perhaps of interest to investigators that this traditional type of case continues to occur, often far beyond our borders. What is the *modus operandi* of the abductors in these locations? Are there any Greys, Nordics, or other nonhumans involved? Is hypnosis a tool of choice, as it is in North America? We shall examine a number of these cases.

An Abduction Through Meditation?



Puerto Rico, notorious for its intense UFO activity and the depredations of the now-legendary *chupacabras*, boasts a considerable number of UFO abduction cases. One of these cases stands out among the others due to the possibility that the experiencer's efforts at meditation "opened up" a path for abducting Greys to enter her life.

Delia V, a housewife with two children, had no idea that her interest in yoga would turn her into an abductee when she and a friend visited a yoga temple in October 1991 to practice meditative techniques. At 7:30 P.M., Delia decided to withdraw from the meditation circle and go to bed early. Once in bed, she felt a hand covering her face. She was unable to see her assailant due to the darkness in the bedroom. It was then that she became aware of the fact that she was flying in mid-air toward a given point in space: buildings, streets, and automobiles remained far below Delia as she drifted upward. Far from feeling elated at the sight, she was paralyzed by fear.

The next thing she remembers is being

ABDUCTIONS



back in bed at the yoga temple at five o'clock in the morning, feeling sick to her stomach and racked by excruciating pain. Stumbling out of her room, she told the meditation instructor what had happened, and he advised her to simply return to sleep, which she did. Reawakening at noon, not only did she feel physically better, her entire outlook on life had been changed, by her own admission.

During the following months, some physical changes had also come about as a consequence of that unusual night: Her menstrual cycle now ran every 50 days or so, and her stomach became slightly enlarged.

A subsequent event revealed the UFO connection to her experiences: Shortly after seeing a brilliant craft in the sky, she found herself standing in a metallic chamber occupied by a dozen or so very small, non-human beings clad in gray. Delia remembers lying on a bed, screaming and crying, telling one of the bizarre figures that she could not give normal birth to the child she was carrying because her other children had been born by Caesarean section. "When I woke up," Delia says, "I saw one of the extraterrestrials with a child in his arms. When I saw this child something deep inside me told me he was my child, but I also remember being afraid. I remember telling one of the extraterrestrials that I considered this child strange, because he was half-human and half-extraterrestrial." Delia was then given the child to hold, and was told by the creatures that it could not live among humans because it could not eat human food.

Delia's case echoes the hundreds of abduction experiences collected by U.S. investigators. It has been observed that Puerto Rican abduction cases have a stronger environmental content to them than those on the mainland. Experiencers are imparted messages of ecological importance and cases involving hybridization are few. The *modus operandi* of the abductors remains slightly behind the times—the controversial Amaury Rivera case (1988) involved interference with the experiencer's vehicle. Other cases in which humans in lonely areas or alone at a late hour have



Artwork courtesy of Jorge Vargas

Artist's impression of a Puerto Rican abduction case of the early '90s



been victims of abductions are also on file.

Assaulted by Aliens

Books and magazine articles dealing with the very real perils, both mental and physical, suffered by experiencers of the UFO phenomenon are commonplace today. Distinguished ufologists such as David Jacobs openly state that the involvement of nonhuman intelligences in human events may not be so sanguine as many had firmly believed in earlier decades—that UFO occupants were here to help us take the next evolutionary step or eventually render assistance in solving humanity's most pressing problems. The eerie experience of a hapless Mexican ceramics technician should have given researchers early warning when it occurred more than twenty years ago.

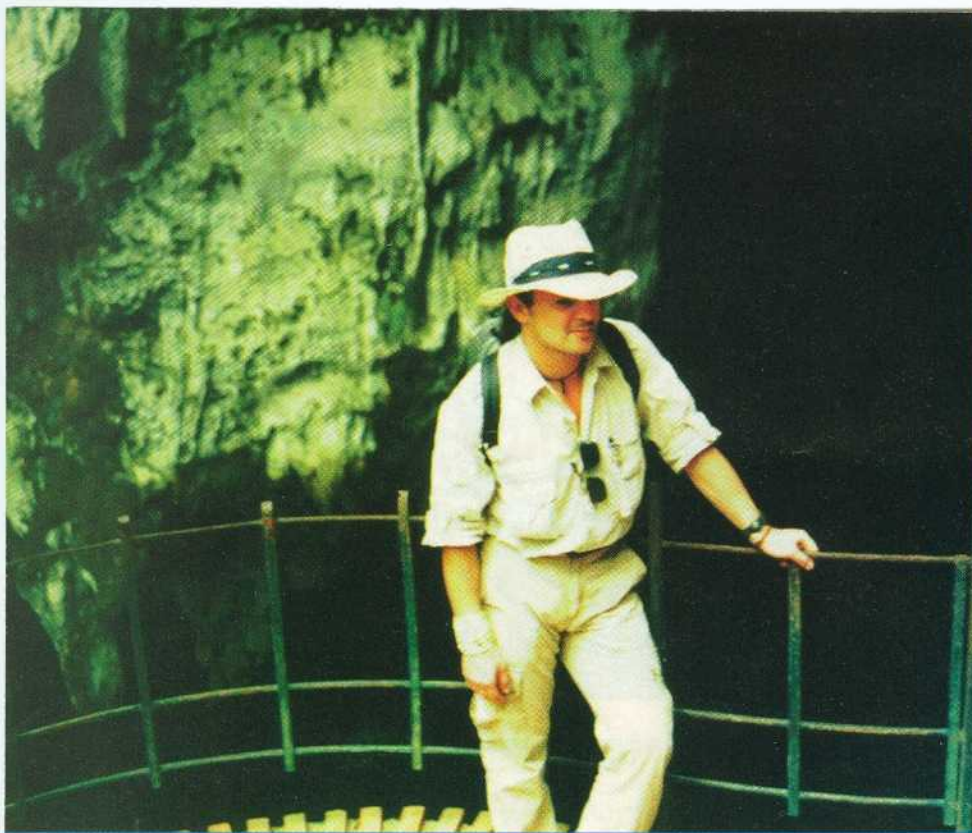
In 1972, researchers Jorge Reichert and Salvador Freixedo looked into the experiences of Heriberto Garza, who allegedly had repeated encounters with otherworldly entities. Garza, a tall slender man who lived in the city of Puebla with his only son, had been unwilling to go public with his paranormal experiences for fear of being ostracized by the conservative residents of his community.

His experience began as he was getting ready to go to bed one night. After turning off the light and getting between the sheets,

he heard an unusual noise in the living room. Fearing that a break-in was in progress, he promptly went to investigate and was surprised to find a tall man with distinguished, almost feminine facial features. Taken aback, Garza demanded to know how this figure had entered his apartment. The entity told him in perfect Spanish that it could obviate physical obstacles and go where it pleased—but the reason for its visit was to grant Heriberto Garza "an experience that many would wish to have." His involvement with creatures from an improbable world known as Auko was about to begin.

Garza claimed to have subsequently been taken aboard a spacecraft, where he met other beings similar in appearance to his original contact. One alien took his left hand and drew blood from his ring finger before returning him to his apartment, a return trip which he did not remember. He suddenly found himself sitting on an easy chair back home, with the door to the outside hallway open.

Strange phenomena began to occur soon after this experience. One morning, while shaving in front of the bathroom mirror, Garza saw his reflection vanish, only to reappear as he heard alien voices ringing in his ears, bearing a message that he was unable to understand. He would soon be subjected to intense telepathic



Spanish UFO researcher Manuel Carballal

communication with his nonhuman "friends," the consequences of which led him to seek psychiatric advice.

During a follow-up visit with researcher Ian Norris, Reichert was perplexed by the change in Heriberto Garza's demeanor. The once-articulate man spoke sluggishly and did not appear to be himself. At one point, Garza said: "I want to show you what is happening to me" and proceeded to unbutton his shirt. The researchers were astounded to see a number of nipples growing randomly across Garza's abdomen, some of them small, others larger and with abundant hair. Reichert and Freixedo concluded that something had been injected into Garza that tampered with his DNA. Detailed study of the case became impossible when the experimenter "disappeared." Visitors to the humble apartment building in Puebla were angrily turned away by Garza's son, whose father appears to have become an early casualty of tampering by uncaring nonhuman forces.

The Insanity Rap

Luis Ramírez Reyes may not be one of Mexico's most visible UFO researchers, but he is certainly one of the more thoughtful

ones to have emerged from that country's rich ufological tradition. A journalist and radio announcer, Ramírez's nonconformist position has made him accessible to individuals who would have otherwise chosen to remain silent.

This was precisely the case with a young man known only as "Pedro," who made an appointment to meet with the distinguished author one day to tell him his story.

During a weekend in December 1988, Pedro and a friend had gone to play an early morning game of tennis at the clay courts facing a large auto assembly plant on the outskirts of Mexico City. While waiting for other colleagues to join them, the two men suddenly felt that "the sun was rising behind them." Turning around, they were astonished by the sight of a descending circular vehicle that radiated formidable amounts of white light, illuminating the entire area. The saucer-shaped craft touched down on a nearby field.

Suppressing a strong urge to flee, Pedro and his companion forced themselves to remain and see what further incredible developments would occur. Their courage and patience were rewarded with a glimpse of two creatures, clad in tight-fitting gray outfits and standing about four feet tall.

Pedro added that "the creatures didn't look like you ufologists describe them," indicating that their heads had normal proportions, with small mouths and noses and slanted eyes.

Pedro estimated that the riveting experience lasted some twenty minutes, after which the diminutive aliens returned to their craft, which rose into the air and disappeared "like they do in the cartoons."

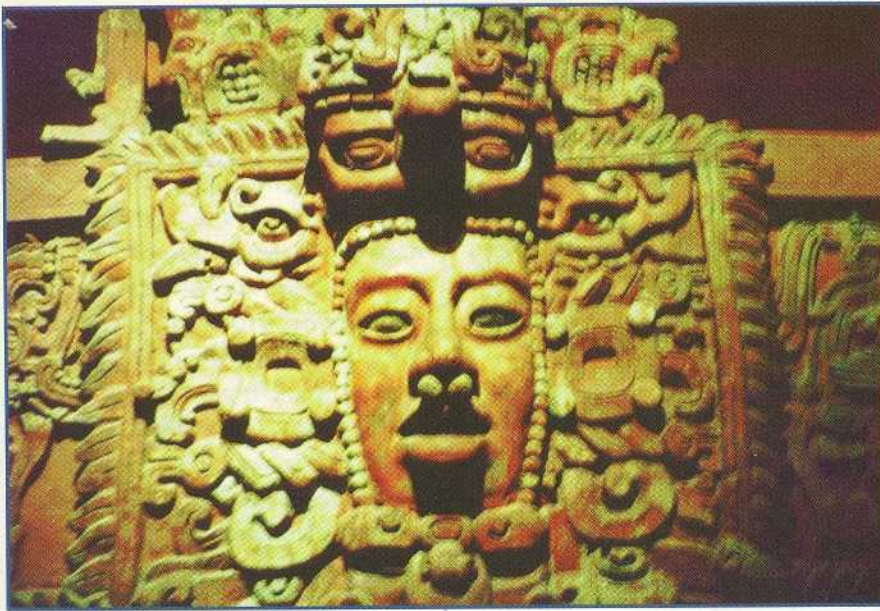
The friends decided not to speak further about the matter. The following day, Pedro returned to his job at the car assembly factory feeling confused and dejected. He told investigator Ramírez that he feared that his coworkers would take him for "a lunatic or a drug user" if he related his story.

While carrying out his duties, the UFO witness was suddenly gripped by unexplained seizures, convulsing on the assembly line. He was whisked off to a medical facility, where the doctor on duty decided to send him to a psychiatrist, given that Pedro "ranted about aliens during his seizures."

The psychiatrist decided that, while he could find nothing wrong with Pedro, his disclosures of the sighting and the aliens might indicate schizophrenia. The hapless experimenter was sent to a mental health facility, where he claims he was injected with a substance that made him "look like a nut," thereby making it easier for everyone around him to dismiss him as hopelessly insane. Despite the drug's influence, Pedro tried telling his parents that he wasn't crazy, but he was not believed.

The UFO witness was cast into an insane asylum, where he witnessed the most atrocious abuse of the inmates by their keepers. One of the asylum's orderlies suspected that Pedro was clearly not insane, and told him to "behave like a paranoid" to avoid further problems during his stay at the institution.

Fortunately for Pedro, his companion at the tennis court had chosen to disclose the UFO experience in its entirety, despite having promised to conceal it. This ultimately proved to be the key that secured Pedro's release from the mental health facility.



According to one abductee, his Mayan heritage played a major role in his selection by aliens

"But upon my release," he told Ramírez, who included the harrowing experience in his book *Contacto: México* (1997). "I was still not free from criticism by my fellows. People clearly did not believe me or my friend, to the extent that I was refused employment in [the car assembly plant] or in other area factories."

The Importance of Ancestry

Rolando Quiroga Valero, age 51, of the town of Allende, not far from Monterrey, told his story of repeated alien abduction to a spellbound audience on a segment of a Miami-based talk show. "There are daily sightings over my hometown," Quiroga observed laconically, "but no one cares."

Quiroga's first contact took place in 1950. He was with a group of friends in Monterrey when he saw a discoidal craft hovering over his head at about 50 meters distance (some 160 feet). He was partially paralyzed by the vehicle, which emitted a soft, orange light and produced a quiet whistling sound. He perceived beings watching him from the disk. His friends ran away.

The following year he had another contact experience, seeing a UFO cross the skies over Allende. Twenty-four years later, he began to have strange, unbidden thoughts, which led him to fear for his state of mental health. He was soon able to hear a pow-

erful male voice instructing him to "love all human beings." (It is curious to observe that the standard 1950s contactee message of peace and love continues to play a prominent role in these Latin American cases).

Quiroga believes that he was chosen because of his Mayan heritage; his alien contacts have hinted that the key to the UFO mystery lies in man's deciphering of the Mayan hieroglyphs. His first physical encounter came about in 1972, when he was "sanitized" by a ray of light and allowed into the presence of his hosts, who were "paranoid" about terrestrial viruses. These putative aliens died of heart complications, and had a 130-year life span, although they did not physically age beyond some 40 human years. The message entrusted to this Mexican contactee is a simple one, and it has been the cornerstone of all the messages given to contactees in the Spanish-speaking world: Earth is changing, whether we like it or not. There will be a natural, not a man-made, disaster in the future which will change the tilt of the planet's axis. Humans must evolve in order to survive. Ominously, Quiroga was also told that out of the many "alien races" that are visiting our world, only six are friendly toward the human race.

Perhaps more amazing than their monotonous message is the fact that Quiroga

claims having been taken aboard a vehicle, where he underwent prostate and heart surgery. The contactee's physician was amazed at the improvement in his patient's condition, and was turned from skeptic into believer by what his eyes and instruments told him. Communications with the ufonauts have not ceased: Quiroga was warned of the earthquake that rocked Mexico City in 1985 two years ahead of time. "Their predictions," he says, "are usually of a negative nature."

The Darker Side

Not all experiencers find their hosts as sanguine as Mr. Valero's. The casebooks of Latin American researchers are filled with incidents in which malice and hostility played a significant role in the abduction. Dr. Rafael A. Lara, director of Mexico's Centro de Estudios de Fenómenos Paranormales (CEFP), includes in his organization's newsletter the experiences of Adriana Martínez, a woman who has experienced meddling in her life by forces purportedly linked with the UFO phenomenon.

Ms. Martínez's experiences began when she was only a teenager. A large ball of glowing red light materialized in her bedroom at night. Due to her strict Catholic upbringing, she knew that such displays were associated with unwholesome forces. The "fireballs," as she termed them, seemed to herald the awakening of her own psychic abilities, and the distressing phenomenon disappeared as she became older.

Years later, when she was living in McAllen, Texas, a friend told her to run outside to see a UFO, although she wasn't the least bit curious about such things. Complying with the request, she saw the strange, glowing light, and soon afterward began to experience auditive communication with an alleged entity that claimed to be "her father." A luminous being appearing in a dream told her that she would get to see this paternal figure if she went to a location in a small Mexican town—Tepoztlán, now a center of "New Age" interest—where a UFO display would be staged for her benefit.

On September 7, 1983, at ten o'clock at night, a light started to appear. In Ms.

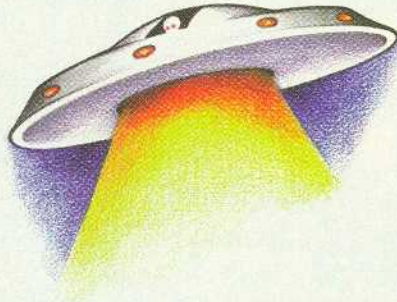
Martínez's own words: "I leaped to the hotel window: above the hill there was a hamburger-shaped UFO, perfectly motionless, and it remained so for two hours. The power was going on and off all over the town. I later thought to make a triangle shape with my hands to communicate with the UFO, and they responded, since three red lights on the UFO assumed a triangular shape momentarily while green, yellow, and red navigation lights flew around the craft. Sounds like dull explosions could be heard coming from within the UFO while its lights became brighter. I went to the bathroom and told my friend that they were going to send her a light, and that she should not be frightened. A bright beam issued from the UFO aimed directly at the hotel window, right next to my friend. It was so powerful that all the lights went out in Tepoztlán."

The entity with whom she had engaged in mental communication began to make demands upon her, such as that she must divorce her husband or become a widow, informing her that he had no qualms about eliminating anyone that stood in his path. While Ms. Martínez considered what to do, her husband had a terrible accident on the highway. Allegedly, the entity asked her if that demonstration of his power sufficed or if further proof were necessary.

Bitterly, she now believes that "contact is mere manipulation toward an end known only to them. They have given me no help whatsoever, and what they have done for me, according to them, has been very unpleasant." She adds: "I see that many contactees allow themselves to be manipulated without ever knowing where they're going or allow themselves to be dazzled by small manifestations... of course, once the contactee is hooked, there is no escape, and you accept your fate by hook or crook. I have rebelled terribly, but there is no escape but to fulfill their plans."

It is neither sensationalistic nor exploitive to dwell on these aspects when the aim is to provide the reader with all the facts rather than capriciously worded summaries of events. Not even the most hardened contactee or channeler can dispute the unwholesomeness of Heriberto Garza's

metamorphosis. Eminent authors of the field, such as Keel, Steiger, Vallée, Freixedo, Creighton and many others have cautioned us about this darker side for decades.



Saucers in Spain

Spain's first recorded UFO abduction was that of Próspera Muñoz in 1947 on the outskirts of Jumilla, a town in the southern province of Murcia, well known as a wine-producing region. While on a farm belonging to one of her uncles, Muñoz and her sister witnessed the presence of a "circular automobile" from which descended two diminutive, large-headed beings who cautioned the girls that very same night "they would return for one of them."

The little aliens made good on their threat and took Próspera to an enormous disk-shaped craft, where she was examined by the occupants and allegedly had a "micro device inserted into her neck." The Muñoz experience, which was not made known until 30 years later, would simply be the introduction to a number of cases involving contact between humans and supposedly nonhuman entities in the Iberian Peninsula.

Fernando Martínez (an alias given him by researcher Manuel Carballal), an electrician from the city of La Coruña in northwestern Spain, never believed that a weekend of motorcrossing on his freshly overhauled dirt bike would have ended in an abduction experience.

Sometime in late October 1986, Fernando drove his bike out to an abandoned stone quarry near Culleredo. Around 9:00 P.M., he suddenly became aware of a "star moving in the sky." The light became larger and larger until it became the size of a full moon. The astonished electrician noticed

that the sphere disgorged a number of smaller, orange-colored triangular craft—one of which initiated a rapid descent toward the abandoned quarry.

Realizing his predicament in a flash, Fernando tried to kick-start his dirt bike in vain, even though it had been running perfectly earlier. The UFO was now a large object, some 30 feet wide, hovering over the surface. In the face of the phenomenon, the electrician got off the dirt bike and sat on the ground, waiting to see what would happen next.

Fernando remembers a powerful beam of light emanating from the orange triangle, and two beings descending along the trail of light. The creatures were small and large-headed. They approached Fernando silently, guiding him toward the base of the hovering triangle. Fernando claims to have not felt any fear at the time. No effort at communication was made by his captors.

The next thing he realized was that he stood in a large chamber in which a third being, identical to the other two, came out to meet him, projecting reassuring telepathic messages. He remembers being placed in a horizontal position and feeling pain in one of his arms.

His next conscious memory was that of lying on the gravel of the quarry in Culleredo. The dirt bike now worked perfectly, and the confused electrician made his way home. Two hours of his life were inexplicably unaccounted for.

Seldom does a UFO investigator get to see an unexplained celestial phenomenon that he or she can classify as a UFO with any degree of certainty. Even rarer are the occasions when an investigator manages to get a terrifying glimpse of alien intruders.

In 1991, researcher Josep Guijarro traveled from his home in Barcelona to the island of Gran Canaria (largest of the Canary archipelago) as part of a continuing investigation into the experiences of Judith, a nurse at one of Gran Canaria's hospitals, who had undergone a number of abduction episodes. Her first experience had occurred the previous summer, when she drove into a dense fog bank in her Renault and was found unconscious at the

Q

wheel the following morning by another motorist. Subsequent experiences included a number of disturbing “bedroom visitations” by supposedly alien entities.

Guijarro and Judith worked out a plan by which they would try to catch one of these unknown quantities at work: the ufologist would sleep in a bedroom next to that of the experiencer and would try to document “the source of her phobias.”

“That night,” Guijarro writes in his book *Infiltrados* (Sangrila, 1992), “Judith and I spoke until well into the night, when suddenly her pet dog stood to attention and the TV set’s volume control began increasing and decreasing of its own accord. We exchanged a knowing look. When everything appeared to have calmed down, we began hearing the sound of chanting. I cannot deny that I began to feel scared. With a look of fear still etched on my face, I suggested that we go to straightaway. If the Visitors existed, if they were not a figment of our imaginations, this night had all the makings for catching one.”

Ufologist and experiencer vanished into their separate chambers. The former readied his camera and tape recorder, lying down in bed with his eyes firmly glued to the open doorway, expecting something to happen. In the darkness, Guijarro claims having heard all manner of creaking and squealing sounds, which he attributed to the structure of the house. At around 3:00 A.M., the dog began to howl and steps could be heard on the staircase.

“It was then that I saw it with stunning tranquility,” Guijarro writes. “The outline of a short creature with a large head had just gone past my bedroom’s doorway. My reaction to it was equally surprising—I made no movements whatsoever beyond taking a deep breath and falling asleep.”

The following day, the ufologist told Judith about his experiences, realizing that while he may have worked himself into a highly suggestible state, that night he had lived the anguishing experience that affected not only his present subject, but tens of thousands of others worldwide.

Aside from the obvious fact of having “witnessed” what could have been one of the large-headed Greys, Josep Guijarro’s

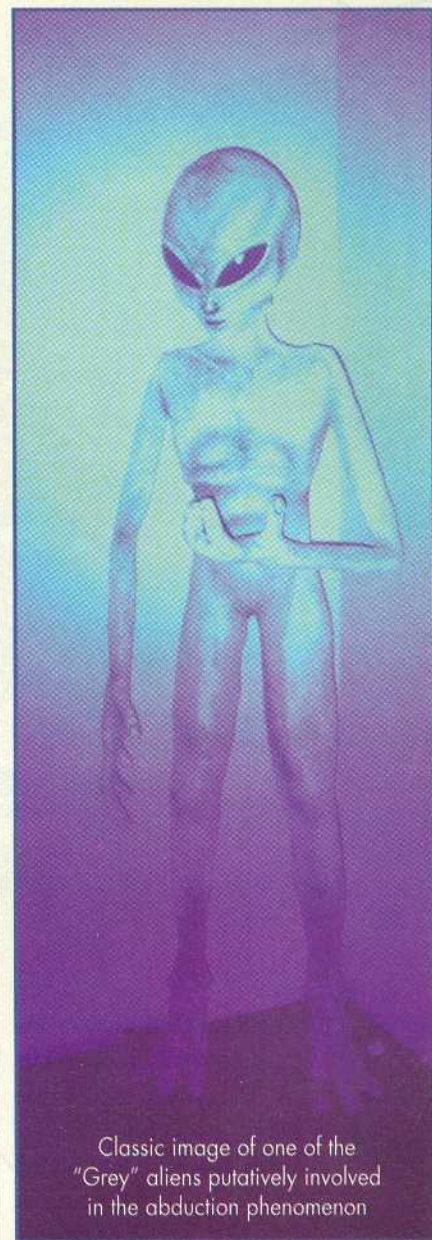
account is significant due to the occurrence of high strangeness phenomena bordering on the paranormal: the fluctuations in the television set’s volume control, the defensive attitude of the household pet and its subsequent howling, and the unnerving sound of “chanting” which prompted both individuals to retire to their rooms—incidents that should give boosters of the ETH (extraterrestrial hypothesis) food for thought.

Skepticism, Reluctance Still the Rule

While the abductions of humans by superhuman forces of varying descriptions appear to obey the same mechanisms worldwide, there has been little support for abductees in Latin America or Spain. A growing number of medical and scientific figures have emerged as champions for the cause, but abduction experiences, as opposed to UFO cases, are met with a greater skepticism that borders on harshness in the Spanish-speaking countries. During a convention of mental-health-care professionals held in Spain in 1990, a psychiatrist was asked to give his expert opinion on perfectly normal individuals who insisted on having experienced contact with alien creatures. “They’re psychotic,” the man declared cuttingly. “Anyone who sees things that don’t exist is psychotic.”

In a report prepared on the case for alien abductions in Spain, analyzing a dozen cases from 1947 to 1979 in which abduction by aliens was an issue, veteran researcher Vicente Juan Ballester Olmos points out: “This systematic review of abduction reports has disclosed that all cases can be reasonably explained in terms which do not defy present-day knowledge...it should be emphasized that the resolution of these cases in terms of hoax, delusion, or psychosis has been proposed by dedicated UFO researchers, not by debunkers or dogmatic skeptics; consequently, it is unrealistic to suggest that the interpretations are biased.”

In spite of the appearance of very important books on the subject of abductions written in Spanish, namely Manuel Car-



Classic image of one of the “Grey” aliens putatively involved in the abduction phenomenon

ball’s *Secuestrados por los Ovnis* (Abducted by UFOs) and Josep Guijarro’s *Infiltrados* (The Infiltrators), neither one has had the success of Budd Hopkins’ *Missing Time* or any one of Whitley Strieber’s works. Few Latin American and Spanish psychiatrists have expressed a willingness to handle patients who claim to have been victims of alien abductions (there are notable exceptions, such as Puerto Rico’s Manuel Méndez del Toro and the late Francisco Rovatti in Spain), and there is a reticence on the percipients’ part to come forward with their experiences. 8

Scott Corrales is a frequent contributor to FATE, and the editor of Inexplicata: The Journal of Hispanic Ufology.

ABDUCTIONS

only a page or two in length, and they read like journal entries in which Sauder tries to describe any unusual occurrence in his life. Many of his reminiscences deal with out-of-body experiences and manifestations of the *kundalini* — which he defines as an electric surge he feels moving up and down his spine.

Unfortunately, most of these events seem to occur either when Sauder is falling asleep, in a deep sleep, or just waking up. He insists they're not dreams, but how can the reader be sure? And the experiences contain no profound revelations, but are simply occasions when Sauder's astral body floats around his apartment, or he hears disembodied voices, or feels "near orgasmic" tinglings in his body.

More interesting are the chapters in which Sauder describes seeing UFOs and being visited by short, humanoid creatures. Oddly, he does not describe them as aliens, though he admits the possibility. Sauder seems to be in denial that he may be a lifelong contactee, and this book could function as a psychological case study for people interested in that phenomenon.

Other chapters describe dreams Sauder has had, his tours of Masonic temples, and his explanations for why he thinks the government — or someone — is controlling his mind through machines. In fact, more than half the book consists of reproductions of U.S. patents granted to various inventors (none of them Sauder) for the purposes of mental monitoring and mind alteration. I found the equations, diagrams, and descriptions incomprehensible, leading me to wonder: Are they there just to pad out the book?

Fellow devotees of Sauder's government-conspiracy theories may understand his reluctance to show his face, but cynical readers like myself may wonder if it's all part of an elaborate joke or even a publishing scam. — *Janet Brennan*

The Alien Intent: A Dire Warning

Raymond Robinson

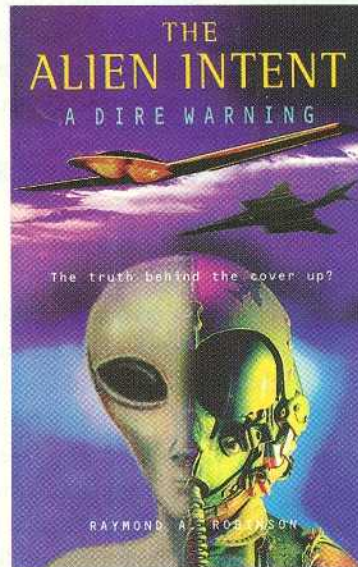
Blandford/Sterling, New York

Softcover, 1998, 256 pgs., \$12.95

Of the legion who claim to have suffered an alien abduction, there are many who view the motives of their captors as less than benign. In *The Alien Intent*, Raymond Robinson amplifies the common fear that an alien "timetable" may exist, and that these alien forces may not have our best interests at heart.

Careful, though. Robinson is no pulpit-pounding doomsday prophet. Rather, he reveals himself as a surprisingly complex thinker, constantly shifting between extreme skepticism and belief. A good example is his exploration of the common theme of ovum and sperm extraction during reported abductions. Robinson notes that on a superficial level such themes might support a classic Freudian interpretation, and he also suggests that some abduction accounts may not stem from an actual abduction event at all.

Such events, he admits, may be rooted in a "deep desire in [abductees] to be noticed and taken account of as a person by their peers and society at large — after all, there are enough



books and films around now which publicize the abduction scenario well." It is this reverence for the complexity of ufology — and the careful avoidance of oversimplification — that makes *The Alien Intent* worthwhile reading.

For UFO newcomers the book is particularly serviceable, presenting excellent summaries of archival cases and lively coverage of hot-button topics like Roswell, reverse-engineered alien technology, alien hybridization, and the role of disinformation in alleged UFO cover-ups.

Robinson should be commended for avoiding the typical trappings of so much modern UFO commentary, and for emphasizing the value of thinking over selling. — *Peter Jordan*

ABDUCTIONS

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

More UFO Dreams

I have a friend who doesn't believe in UFOs or the paranormal. She recently described a dream which I think may be prophetic. She has this dream a few times a month.

She's sleeping in her bed when she wakes up to see a beam of light transporting her into a spaceship. Once up there they put her on an operating table and insert a parasite of some sort into her belly button. They tell her telepathically that this parasite won't harm her. In fact, they say, it will eat any diseases (colds, cancer, etc.) that come into her body. Then they bring a half-alien, half-human child to her and tell her it is hers. They explain that the reason they are creating these half-children is because the Earth will be destroyed soon, and they have chosen certain humans to save from this disaster and bring to their land. They say it will be less of a shock to the humans if the beings they meet are half-human. They show her some of the people they have chosen. She says most of them are not old. She doesn't see any of her family, but a lot of her friends are there, as are other people she feels close to but doesn't know. Then she wakes up.

I tried to think of reasons she may have dreamed this. Her husband and I both believe in UFOs and the paranormal, but she won't talk about it, so we usually don't talk about it around her. She can't have children, which could be the reason for the child, but when I add everything together I can't think of why she would keep having this dream. This is why I feel it is a prophetic dream.

The only reason she even mentioned it to me is because she knew I wouldn't think she was crazy, and it bothers her that she keeps having it. There was also a strange golden metal thing (as she described it) that she remembered from the dream somewhere on the spaceship. She saw a picture of this metal object in a magazine one time after having the

dream and recognized it. Apparently they had found the object in a field and it was not of Earthly origin. I never saw this article, but it was enough to make her tell me about it. — *Stacy Jones, via Internet*

Thinking Beyond

Two articles in your March 1998 issue were beyond good: "Seeing Beyond" by Craig Miller and "Power Thinking and the Paranormal" by Bufo Calvin. "Seeing Beyond" was timely because I've been interested in remote viewing for many years and was looking for a new article on the subject. In fact it was a FATE article from March 1987 ("Scientific Detection of Psychic Travel" by D. Scott Rogo) that first introduced me to this fascinating topic.

"Power Thinking and the Paranormal" is probably one of the best and most important articles written in FATE, because it causes us to seriously question and analyze our beliefs — an idea I strongly believe in. Everyone should read this article, even if they have no belief in the paranormal, since the same questioning should occur about our religious or spiritual beliefs. Keep up the good work. — *D. Brink, via Internet*

Space Suits or Death Dolls?

I'd like to comment on the "Dogu" article and theory in the March issue ("Ancient Astronauts in Japan?"): *Get real!*

The Dogu's closed eyes represent death. Rather than space suits, it's more feasible that the squatty, out-of-proportion Dogu statues were fetish dolls to accompany the soul into the afterlife.

It's likely that the designs were only decorations. A being that could maintain balance in such an apparatus, either walking or swimming, would be unusual to say the least. — *Jerry L. Brown, Williamsburg, Ohio*

To set the record straight, permit me to take issue with the "rogue" Vaughn M. Greene, who alleges to be the first one to have discovered and recognized the ancient Japanese "Dogus" as models of "space suits" early in the 1950s.

The only thing he came across were "Haniwa" figurines which appeared *after* the prehistoric Dogu.

Further, why did FATE utilize the worst of two photos of the most magnificent specimen of the ancient clay models, which are still far ahead of our present-day "helmets"?

P. S. Rather than "lenses" with "slits," the [eye] feature obviously represents TV-computer screen lids (i.e. televideo augmentation devices)! — *K. V. Zeissig, San Carlos, California*

