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THE TRUTH—AS THE HILLS SAW IT

DR. BENJAMIN SIMON is a distinguished Boston psychiatrist. During the war he was Chief of Neuropsychiatry at the American Army's main psychiatric centre. He had remarkable success with hypnosis in treating psychiatric disorders among military personnel.

He accepted the Hills as patients and after seven months of treatment Dr. Simon, who began by doubting the possibility of their claims, now comments:

"Some aspects of the experience are unanswered, and perhaps unanswerable at this time. Nothing is finally settled. Nothing is absolutely proved to me regarding the alleged abduction."

HE ADDS, HOWEVER, THAT UNDER HYPNOSIS BOTH TOLD WHAT THEY BELIEVED TO BE ABSOLUTE TRUTH.

BARNEY HILL

of their experience at Indian Head.

AT EIGHT in the morning, on Saturday, January 4, 1964, the Hills arrived at the doctor's office for the first of three sessions.

Dr. Simon decided to deal with Barney first, hoping to take him back to the night of September 19, 1961, and have him reveal every detail of the trip from Canada to Portsmouth.

Since the trance would provide details of marked clarity, and since there was a reasonable expectation that Barney would bridge the amnesic gap under hypnosis, the blocking off of his memory again after each session would permit Betty to give her own story in later sessions without being influenced by Barney.

ON FEBRUARY 22, 1962, Barney was ready to make his excursion into the unknown.

He took his seat in front of the doctor's desk. A deep trance was induced.

DOCTOR: You are deeper and deeper asleep. Deep asleep. You will remember everything now, and you will tell me everything. And I want you to tell me in full detail all your experiences, all of your thoughts and all of your feelings, beginning with the time you left your hotel.

After retracing in precise detail the holiday and the drive down U.S. 3, Barney then mentioned the object in the sky.

BARNEY: I look up through the windshield of the car, and I see a star. That's funny. I said: Betty, that's a satellite. And then I pulled over to the side of the road and Betty jumped out her side with the binoculars. And I look towards the sky. And Betty passes the binoculars to me.

And I see that it's not a satellite. It is a plane. And I tell Betty this and give the binoculars back to her. And I am satisfied.

DOCTOR: Does it have propellers?

BARNEY: I cannot tell. And I think this is strange. I cannot hear a motor, to know if it has

propellers. . . . And this object that was a plane—was not a plane. It was—oh, it was funny. It was coming around towards us. I looked up and down the road.

And I thought: How dark it is. What if a bear was to come out? . . . I returned to the car, and said: Let's go Betty. It's nothing but a plane. And they're coming over this way. They're changing course. Probably it's a Piper Cub.

And I drive, and Betty is still looking. And she said: Barney, this is not a plane. It is still following us. And I stop and I look, and I see it is still out there.

So I search for a place to pull off the road. And I see a dirt road to the right of the main highway. And I think this is a good place to pull over.

I believe Betty is trying to make me think this is a flying saucer. . . . And I am wondering why doesn't it go away. And



BETTY HILL

I stop, and I look again. I WANT TO WAKE UP!

[This is the reaction of a subject who is about to experience a painful event, an event that he can't face even in the trance. Dr. Simon is alerted at this point to the likelihood of a strong emotional reaction.]

DOCTOR: You're not going to wake up. You're in a deep sleep. You are comfortable, relaxed. This is not going to trouble you. Go on. You can remember everything now.

BARNEY: It's right over my head! God! What is it? (His voice

begins to tremble.) And I try to maintain control, so Betty cannot tell I am scared. God, I'm scared!

DOCTOR: It's all right. You can go right on. Experience it. It will not hurt you now.

BARNEY: Why doesn't it go away—Look at it! There's a man there! Is—is he a captain? What is he? He—he looks at me!

DOCTOR: What does it look like now?

BARNEY: It looks—like a—big—pancake. With windows—and rows of windows and lights. Not lights, just one huge light.

DOCTOR: Rows of windows? Like a commercial plane?

BARNEY: Rows of windows. They're not like a commercial plane. Because they curve around the side of this—this pancake. I've got—I've got—this can't be true. This isn't here. Oh, it's still there. And I look up and down the road. Can't somebody come? Can't somebody come and tell me this is not there? It can't be, but—

[The doctor feels that Barney may be dreaming this. He explores this point.]

DOCTOR: You'd had no sleep that evening?

BARNEY: I pinch my right arm.

[After a brief exchange the doctor is satisfied that Barney was awake.]

DOCTOR: You're clear now. Relaxed.

BARNEY: It's still there. If I let my binoculars fall and dangle from my neck—and start over again, maybe it won't be there. But it is. Why? What do they want? One person looks friendly to me. And he's looking at me. . . . over his right shoulder and smiling. . . .

DOCTOR: Could you see him clearly?

BARNEY: Yes, I could.

DOCTOR: What was his face like? What did it make you think of?

BARNEY: It was round. I think of—I think of—a redheaded Irishman. I don't know why. And I think this one that is looking over his shoulder is friendly.

DOCTOR: You say looking over his shoulder.

Was he facing away from you?

BARNEY: Yes. He was facing a wall. . . . And there is an evil face on the—he looks like a German Nazi. He's a Nazi. He had a black scarf around his neck, dangling over his left shoulder.

DOCTOR: He had a black scarf around his neck? How could you see the figures so clearly at that distance?

BARNEY: I was looking with binoculars.

DOCTOR: Oh. Did they have faces like other people? You said one was like a redheaded Irishman.

BARNEY: His eyes were slanted. Oh—his eyes were slanted! But not like a Chinese—Oh! Oh! This creature is telling me something.

DOCTOR: Telling you something? How? How is he getting it to you?

BARNEY: I can see it in his face. No, his lips are not moving. And he's looking at me. And he's just telling me: Don't be afraid.

DOCTOR: How can you be sure he was telling you this?

BARNEY: His eyes! His eyes! I've never seen eyes like that before.

DOCTOR: You said they were friendly.

BARNEY: Not the leader's. I said the one looking over his shoulder.

DOCTOR: How did you know the other one was the leader?

BARNEY: Because everybody moved—everybody was standing there looking at me. But everybody moved. These levers were in the back. . . . or they went to a big board, it looked like a board. And only this one with the black, shiny jacket and scarf stayed at the window.

DOCTOR: He had slanted eyes. What did that make you think of?

BARNEY: I don't know. I've never seen eyes slanted like that. They began to be round—and went back like that—and like that. And they went up like that—I'm driving.

DOCTOR: You're back

in the car again now?

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: All right, Barney, you may wake up now.

ON FEBRUARY 29, 1964, the Hills arrived punctually for their appointment. Betty sat in an outer office. Dr. Simon again put Barney into a trance. Barney relived many of the experiences of his previous trance.

DOCTOR: This man you call the leader?

BARNEY: He was dressed differently. I thought the other men

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red hair and slanted eyes