

SCEPTICS who read Alan Godfrey's amazing story may say: "The man is a publicity seeker. He made it all up."

But that isn't the impression you get when you meet the man.

"I wish to bloody hell all this hadn't happened to me," he told me at his semi-detached home in Todmorden, just a few hundred yards from the spot where he claims his amazing encounter took place.

"As far as I'm concerned I'm just an ordinary bloke doing an ordinary job.

"I'm a small-town bobby and the community policeman at the village of Walsden, just down the road. Do you think being associated with flying saucers makes my life any easier?"

"I nearly didn't make an official report because I thought I might be ridiculed. And how right I was."

The "regressive hypnosis" technique used on Alan is highly regarded by police forces around the world as an aid to witnesses struggling to recall every detail of an incident.

But it doesn't compel subjects to tell the truth. Top psychiatrist Dr Robert Blair, who interviewed Alan under hypnosis, said:

"It is possible for people to lie under hypnosis or for them to recall some incident they have read about."

But of Alan Godfrey's case he said: "I can't see why he should have any cause to lie—he has nothing to gain."

Alan Godfrey, who is married with two children, has been in the Force for seven years. He has twice been commended for his skills in investigation.

Colleagues regard him as a down-to-earth bobby. And Supt. Peter Coddington, deputy head of Halifax Division of West Yorkshire Police, describes Alan as "a fine, practical, all-round police officer."

Alan insists he reported his "encounter" only after four other policemen reported seeing a UFO that night.

And he is as perplexed as anyone at what the video tapes of his hypnosis sessions show.

"I'd never read a science fiction book in my life," he said. "I've seen Star Trek on television but it is not a favourite programme."

is. About six feet, like a man. He's got a sort of black and white sheet on. He has a beard and, like... a skull cap."

Once again, Alan's face distorts with fear. He almost shouts: "They're 'orrible. Them, 'orrible. They're small. Three or four feet. Like a five-year-old lad. There are eight of them. He's touching me."

"He's feeling at the cloth... at my clothes. They have hands, and heads like a lamp. They just keep touching me. They are making noises..."

He stretches his lips, and makes a high pitched warbling noise imitating the sound.

A scream

"Joseph. I just know he's Joseph. He has told me not to be frightened."

"These are robots. They're not humans. They're robots. They're his. They're Joseph's robots. There's a bloody dog."

"I think it's a bloody dog. It's horrible. About the size of an alsatian."

"Joseph is leading me to this table. It's a bed. It looks like black leather!

He wants me to get on it—not bloody likely!

"Now I'm getting on to the bed. Don't know why. I just thought I would get on to the bed now. There's a light, and there's Joseph. I'm lying down. There's a light..."

He lets out another moan, almost a scream.

The stress is so great that the psychiatrist, taking a reading from the ECG machine, decides that he must stop the examination and brings Alan awake.

Eventually, the UFO group decided they would like to repeat the interview, this time with another psychiatrist, Dr. Robert Blair, who has recently retired as consultant psychiatrist to Springfield Hospital, Bury, Lancs, and is a former lecturer at Manchester University.

Dr. Blair is guarded in his comments on the interview that he supervised, but he admits: "Something very mysterious has happened to this man. I am as mystified as anyone else."

In the second interview under hypnosis, Alan appears less distressed than in the first, and

repeats the account almost word for word.

Until, that is, he reaches the point when he is asked to describe machinery he could see in the UFO.

He is lying on the black couch in the spaceship, when he goes on:

"There is a light above my head. I'm confused..."

"There is a lot of machinery in here—ouch! There's a pain in my head. I tried to look at this machine..."

I get a pain

Asked once more about the machinery, he moans: "I haven't to answer that. I haven't to tell you. Each time I think about it I get a pain"

The questioners ask him to describe the examination Joseph conducted.

"He is putting something on my arm now, like doctors do. It's a bit like a blood pressure thing. It feels tingly, and very cold."

"There's something on my left leg." *He makes a sudden exclamation of surprise.* "They're taking my boots off and my socks. They are looking at my toes."

He begins to get confused, and is suddenly back in his Panda car.

The "close encounter" is over.

telling this curious story.

"He was wired throughout to an ECG machine (which monitors heart activity) and I was forced to cut the interview short in the end because the patient was getting so distressed I feared for his health."

"This case is worthy of the most detailed scientific investigation."

Here are the extracts from that first tape. It is dramatically different from Alan's conscious memory of the incident.

Alan tells of sitting in his Panda patrol car sketching the strange

object hovering before him. Suddenly, he begins to frown.

He says: "They never answer the radio. Bloody useless."

"Heh! I'm getting out of the car. I am looking up at it."

Hiss of horror

"There's a light coming out from underneath. I'm getting in the car—I'm going! But the bloody car won't go now."

On the video tape of the hypnosis session, Alan suddenly brings up his arm to cover his face. He

lets out a hiss of absolute horror.

Alan continues: "Jesus! There's a light. A shining light..."

He goes into what appears to be a trance which lasts for several seconds. Then he begins to speak again, his voice puzzled.

"Can't see anything now. Black. I can feel something touching me... something has hold of me. *(He moans desperately).*

"I'm in a room now... there's a table. *(Horror on his face).* There's a him. Don't know who the him

'They're horrible . . . small . . . there are eight of them . . . they're robots . . . they keep touching me'