

Subject: Man Who Cried Wolf.

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Subject: The Man Cries Wolf.

June 20, 2012.

Here is information from a man called Michael Wolf who talked about UFOs.

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From: leslie o <oliveleslee@yahoo.com>

Subject: Mind Blower! ETs / "M--12"'s Dr. Michael Wolf

Further down in the article, it will describe details of what has been allegedly going on in s-cret between ETs and the US G-vernment.

If this fascinating article doesn't blow your mind, I don't know what will. The book: "Catchers of Heaven" by Dr Michael Wolf is an amazing read.

Friends,

British investigator Chris S-oner's article (below) on Dr. Michael Wolf, of the U.S. National S-curity Council's Special Studies [UFO] Group, closely tracks the information I got from my friend Dr. Wolf during our years of conversation.

- Richard B-ylan, Ph.D.

Chris St-ner IntevIEWS Dr Michael Wolf - Former N-A Consultant

Dr. Wolf says "I sense you want to know the truth."

I'll never forget those opening words. The voice deep and gravelly - the delivery slow and deliberate. I had just picked up my trilling phone. Then a pause. "I am Dr Michael Wolf. My publisher sent me your fax."

It was an October evening in 1998. A friend had told me of a book I should read called 'Catchers of H-aven' and a little about the background of its author. My journalistic instincts had taken over. I immediately contacted the American publisher D-rrance asking where I could buy this specialist book and whether it was possible to speak with the author. The deep voice gravelled once more. "What do you want to know?"

So began a two year phone relationship. Over 30 hours of conversation; 10 audio tapes worth of recorded material; and a telephone bill to match. Perhaps, some of the most exciting and challenging months of my life. I remember after our first 90 minute conversation, going to bed and being unable to sleep. I was too excited. Intuitively I knew this man to be genuine. Like any investigative journalist I'd dreamt of discovering my personal deep throat'. I sensed I had found him. I knew how Bernstein and Woodward must have felt with their Watergate.

Trust and respect were the keys to developing our relationship. If he said, "I can't talk about this area," I wouldn't push. If he said, "Ask me the question again in a few months." I would leave it a while. I warmed to the doctor and I felt he warmed to me. Simply put, we got on well together. He had several annoying traits including a strong tendency to repeat the same information over and over again.

Michael also suffered from a rambling verbal diarrhea which would lurch back and forth between the environment, p-litics, an ET crash retrieval and TV soaps all in one operatic marathon sentence. Stopping him talking to ask the next question was

often a feat in itself. At first I phoned him twice a month - I didn't wish to outstay my welcome - then each month and towards the end every three months. I recorded each phone conversation however banal and then typed the relevant information via a computer.

The UFO information he gave me was challenging, mind-blowing and at times quite unbelievable. He forced me to expand my consciousness ever wider. I knew all about the cover up, so I thought, but never did I realise how deep and complex this deception went. At times I refused to accept it. Not even a Hollywood hack could write such an extreme conspiratorial film plot. Self doubt attacked me many times until I was able to assimilate the knowledge. Fortunately, I had other journalists who were also regularly speaking with Michael.

Primarily, an American, Dr Richard Boylan and an Italian lady called Paola H-rris. I could compare notes. I spoke with Paola various times on the phone. She had visited Michael at his home in Hartford, Connecticut on two occasions before ill-health had got the better of him; taken many photographs of the doctor; and seen some visual evidence including a photograph of him and C-inton standing together along with a signed letter from the P-esident thanking him for all his work. While I never spoke to Dr Bo-lan I regularly frequented his website where some of the information I had been told was also written up.

The Canadian UFO researcher, Stanton F-iedman, had attempted to discredit Michael, which upset him greatly, but as the doctor explained, "He wanted me to be the smoking gun but I refused." This comment summed up Michael's attitude. He kept repeating, "I've signed the oath of s-crecy. I don't wish to commit tr-ason. I can only say so much."

One sensed a man torn between the loyalty for his superiors and country and the human desire to speak the truth. The frustration must have been intense. For here was no tea-boy but a top manager within the satellite go-ernment - probably the highest ranking member to step forward to date. A man who held so much knowledge, so much information about the ET reality and UFO cover up that what is written in the feature is just the tip of a vast iceberg. UFO researcher Linda Moulton-H-we once spoke to Michael about the 1964 Holloman A-rforce base incident. He gave her such a detailed and explicit answer that Ho-e's response was, "You're too good to be true!" The doctor never heard from her again.

One day a real X-Files incident occurred. One which helped me understand Michael's general reticence.

Being head of MJ-2s Al-hacom Team, a research group set up to catalogue, study and evaluate the different ET r-ces in the universe, I was naturally curious to learn more. One day I asked him about the ra-e on Mars. Having read Courtney Brown's book on his remote viewing experiences where these ETs are mentioned, I was interested to know if they actually existed. The response was immediate - the tone one of incredulity verging on anger. "I can't tell you about them!"

"Why?" I asked, slightly hurt - a knee-jerk reaction - all respect briefly gone.

Then I discovered the reason.

Every phone conversation was monitored by his superiors. I was on candid camera - being tested. If I asked a question which Michael was not allowed to answer a red light would flash. No light and he could proceed. Now I understood why he kept repeating himself. A smoke-screen to stop me from asking too

many awkward questions. Mars was a definite no-no! Michael was a willing puppet for the satellite gov-ernment. Their mouth-piece to test the waters of the 'deceived' world. The doctor explained that he and his superiors would regularly chat about which information to leak and which was out of bounds. Concerning the Monolith (see feature) he said with a tinge of rebelliousness, "They chewed me out over that one. I wasn't supposed to discuss it!"

One triumph came when he began talking about the Altaran race. Over a period of four months I had gently, gradually, nudged him to offer me details. He had hinted at these ETs in the early phone-call days.

During the conversation he suddenly said in an elated tone, "I'm surprised I'm being allowed to tell you this information." Perhaps, the red light was stuck on green. Out poured the knowledge he and his A-phacom Team had accumulated. There was a sense of relief almost joy in his voice. Like a dog let loose from its lead. A tiny slither of frustration released.

Another time I asked him about an ET crash/retrieval incident. "Hold on I'll find out," he replied. He put the phone down. Some minutes later the doctor returned. "I've just checked the list. No, it wasn't that date. It occurred a year later." Michael explained that in his safe was the official satellite gov-ernment crash/retrieval list going back to 1941.

His health was a constant factor.

Some times he would be too ill to talk. On one occasion he sounded almost paranoid. "The C-bal - they're trying to k-ll me!" he groaned. His GP had put him on a new drug and his body was abreacting to it.

On other occasions he sounded alert and well. Excited to be able to discuss further revelations. Towards the end I was privy to his personal life. I chatted to Michael's lovely fiancée and heard about their future plans for marriage. Wonderful that a terminally ill man was still planning ahead.

The last time I spoke to him was in late July 2000. He sounded gravely ill and could only muster a few sentences. I sensed his time was near. In August Michael was moved to a hospice. On September 18th 2000 he d-ed.

The doctor was not afraid of de-th. The ETs he worked alongside in underground bases like Area 51 and Dulce told him that our bodies are merely containers for the s-ul. When people di- their consciousness simply passes into another dimension. The greatest lesson I learnt from him was to always keep an open mind. However extreme or absurd the information may sound. As Arthur C. Clarke once said, "The only way to discover the limits of the possible is to go beyond them into the impossible." I feel privileged to have known Dr Wolf. A unique, courageous and extraordinary man. And I hope the seekers of truth will honour him with the respect and gratitude he so richly deserves.

Part 1.

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