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The way it is, for the time being

The phone rang at *JAR* the other day. A woman from Massachusetts called to tell us what happened one evening five years ago. She pulled into her driveway and was astounded to see an enormous object hovering low above her house. So low, she recalled, she could have hit the underside by throwing a rock.

And magnificent! A peculiar, seductive neon blue, and four rings were on the undersurface, spinning rings, she said, which moved toward the center of the object and back out to the periphery.

Recognizing the exceptional nature of what she was looking at, the woman raced to get her roommate. When the roommate came on to the porch and saw the object, she said, "I don't want to look at that. I don't want anything to do with that." And she went inside and shut the door.

We have in this country—and we have it

worldwide—something called "the UFO cover-up." This cover-up, it is said, is being imposed by a government which knows all about the extraterrestrial nature of UFOs and will not reveal it to the public which—supposedly—is very anxious to know.

There's a problem with this proposition. The problem is, there's a lot of evidence indicating the public is not anxious to know.

According to press accounts, reporters "erupted in laughter" Dec. 18 when a Cabinet Secretary in Japan told a Tokyo press conference, "I definitely believe they exist." Whitley Strieber got mad about this. He called the reporters "brain-dead" and "phenomenally stupid" for laughing at the Cabinet official. "It illustrated," Whitley wrote, "*that government secrecy and denial is only one obstacle in the way. . .*" [Italics added]

As Whitley sees it, the first obstacle is

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government, and the other obstacle is a "willfully ignorant media." But there's another obstacle, and it might be the most important one. Us.

Not us in the UFO community. Not we researchers, experiencers, and fans. We, probably, are anxious to know. It's the other 300 million of "us." Arguably, if the President of the United States called a press conference one day and told the people the reality and the extraterrestrial nature of UFOs, parts of the American public would rise in righteous anger and tear him limb from limb.

Why is that? Just like the roommate in Massachusetts, the public signals every day of the year, "We don't want to look at that." Like the roommate, they go in the house and shut the door.

Between the US government and the American people there is a tacit agreement. "You (government), you take care of the UFO problem. Don't make us see it, don't make us know it, don't make us hear about it. You take care of the UFO problem—and we promise never to ask you about it."

Not forever, but for the time being, that is the way it is.

—the Editors

Can anyone make a wall banner of JAR's logo?



Among JAR's countless admirers, is there anyone who could make a wall banner of our logo? Size 6 x 2 ft. or 5 x 1.7 ft. for example, possibly on tivek material.

Reason: JAR's editors believe we can sell a ton of subscriptions at this July's Mufon conference in Calif.

But! We need a wall banner to attract attention.

Can anyone do this?

Contact Elaine edouglass@preciscom.net

Leading Questions: The best way to smudge an abduction case beyond recognition

By Kevin Randle, PhD
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Abstract: This is an account of the investigation of an early, 1973, claimed abduction case which at first looked very promising. Author Kevin Randle's careful study of tape transcriptions shows repeated use of leading questions by the investigator, James Harder. Randle notes the reporting witness had read published abduction accounts and he believes the witness was suggestible. Randle concludes the Roach family was not abducted and that the origin of the report was sleep paralysis. Author emphasizes, however, that sleep paralysis does not explain all reported abductions.

Typical of abduction reports as they have become known was that of Pat Roach, a divorcee living with her children in a small Utah town in the fall of 1973. Early on the morning of Oct. 17, she called the Lehi, Utah Police to report a prowler, either in the house, or just outside it. By the time the police arrived, the prowler was gone, and a search of the neighborhood failed to find anyone prowling the area. Police noted the report in their log, noted the negative results and, presumably, thought nothing more about it because there was nothing more for them to do.

Two years later Roach wrote a letter to the then men's magazine, *Saga*, explaining she now believed alien creatures had invaded her home. She believed that she, along with three of her six children, had been taken from the house, had been aboard an alien spaceship, and then returned to the house.

She said she had awakened to chaos as the children cried and the cat howled. She wanted to know exactly what had happened to her and thought the reporters of *Saga* and their companion magazine, *UFO Report*, might be able to answer her questions.

It was the early days

At this time, about 35 years ago, few people had reported such interaction with the alien creatures. Contactees—men such as George Adamski and George Van Tassel—claimed they had flown in alien ships to various planets in our solar system at the invitation of the flight

crews, had seen the wonders of science on other worlds, but always returned without the proof needed to convince most people the experiences were real. Few people outside a small circle of their friends believed the tales.

Then, in 1961, Barney and Betty Hill, a couple

from New Hampshire, suggested a UFO had paced their car for miles in the White Mountains one dark night. Eventually they had arrived home, but it was hours later than expected.

Under hypnosis, they

recalled the terrifying events of an alien abduction.

Betty Hill remembered a modified gynecological exam, remembered small, humanoid creatures who seemed surprised by Barney's false teeth, and remembered conversations with the ship's captain. Returned to their car after the examination on the alien ship, they had been ordered to forget all that had happened, and remembered nothing consciously until Betty began having vivid dreams about some sort of UFO experience several days later.

But one tale of alien abduction, told by a single couple, did not prove much. Some inside the UFO community believed the tale was invented by Betty Hill, and that her nightmares about the UFO sighting

were the result of an overactive imagination rather than an actual experience. The story was too wild to be true.

The Schirmer case

Then, similar stories began to emerge. Ashland, Neb. police officer Herbert Schirmer reported he had seen a

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The Roach case had everything a researcher could want: multiple witnesses, possible third party corroboration and maybe police documentation.

**"Did they put a needle in your stomach or anything like that?"
Harder asked.**

Part 2 - Don't apply for a job at the CIA— You might be interviewed by an alien

By Elaine Douglass
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*The author gratefully acknowledges the assistance of ufologist Grant Cameron,
and James Carrion, MUFON Int'l Dir., in preparation of this article.*

Synopsis of Part 1

In 1997 the author met Kevin Marks and interviewed him for five hours on tape. Kevin said that in 1985 he applied for a job with the CIA and was given a lie detector test by a female who was not human. Much of what he related suggested Kevin Marks is an abductee, and although Kevin himself was not aware of his alien contacts, the author believes the CIA was aware of them. The author suggests in Part 1 that the CIA presented Kevin with a non-human being as an experiment to see how an unaware abductee would react to such an event.

**In 1985 Kevin applied for a job with the CIA
and was given a lie detector test by a female
who was not human.**

The lie detector test took place at a CIA facility on the first of a three-day application process for which the government had flown Kevin to the Washington, DC area. At the end of the three days, Kevin experienced unaccountable memory loss and aversion concerning the entire job application process.

How did the CIA know about Kevin's contacts with aliens? Did they find out when he

was in college at the little-known United States International University (USIU) in San Diego? That school was full of faculty and students with military and intelligence connections, and many foreign students attended the university. Aliens were abducting people from the USIU campus; did the people in charge of the school know that?

Even though the interview with Kevin ranged over his entire life, the author was unable to determine how the US government learned Kevin was an abductee. The only event clearly indicating he was an object of interest to the government occurred when Kevin, age 20, applied to the US Army linguistics program and found himself under surveillance at that time.

The day of the lie detector test, Kevin, a nervous recruit, was made to wait some two hours in a sterile-looking, all white waiting room at a CIA facility. Eventually, Kevin was ushered into the presence of an attractive human female CIA polygraph examiner, who administered a lie detector test for perhaps two hours. The human female was the first examiner, and as we pick up the story Kevin is describing his interaction with her. Kevin is speaking and the author's questions are in *italic*.

Part 2

She talks to me about how it works, what the procedures are gonna be. She says she wants me to be comfortable with the procedure. She says, 'I'll be doing this and this. Do you have any questions or concerns? No? Ok. I'm gonna come up with a list of questions I'm gonna ask you. Some are questions I have to ask you, everybody has to be asked these questions. Like, Are you loyal to the country? and stuff like that. Other questions are geared to your situation.' She says, 'We're going to devise these questions first.'

That's what they do. It takes hours. They devise the questions, then they go through the questions to make sure you understand the questions.

They tell you the questions beforehand; they don't spring them on you? Right. Really? Not like on TV. You'll see why in a minute. Go through them again and again and again. When I ask you this, you'll say what? And when I ask you that, you'll say what? They discuss the answers you're gonna give? Yeah, oh yeah.

'Now I'm going to wire you up.' They wire you up, put the thing around your chest, around your wrist and on your finger. And you can see the needles. She turns the machine up and the paper starts going through. You're sitting in a chair.

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**That thing walked in, that woman walked in.
And I thought I was going to faint.**

The joy in the light

By Lode Langeweg
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Abstract: The author was taken and brought in touch with the divine core that lies within each of us. He struggles with the question: How did we become alienated from it?

All those abduction stories remind me of what happens to me when I enter this world every morning. And I believe this goes for everyone. It takes tremendous courage and charity to voluntarily come to this planet. We have all done it with the intent to bring our original joy here so the beings we now seem to be would have it too.

Coming here is like dying. In comparison with our original state, human mental activity is a crown of thorns—our experience of not seeming to give, and receive, and share, our original joy with others is like nails fixing our hands to the cross which is the human experience.

Ad our seeming inability to direct our behavior as we think we should is the nail which appears to paralyze our feet. We experience doing what we think we should not, and not doing what we think we should. Everything but our original love, well-being, and true happiness, is suffered here.

Instead of our original light and freedom, we experience the darkness and pressure of being buried under a mount of dirt, which we call human nature, surrounded by solid walls with murals, which we experience as the world. Taking on these human personalities is like giving ourselves to a race of lethal predators and letting ourselves be devoured by them, to the deadly point that we completely identify with *them* and experience being *them*.

All this we were willing to experience for no reason other than to share the forever happy-making knowledge that we are the One whose desire to share His joy with others is so great and unselfish that He would let Himself be tortured to death to share His joy, His life, Himself with the ones who would torture Him, until the torture would cease, when as them He would remember this, and remembering Who He is come to Himself again, but now also as them, and not without them. *That* is who we really are. *That* is the knowledge I brought back from my “abduc-

tion” experience.

I understand this is not what is generally meant by being an “abductee,” but the non-terrestrial beings I remember were orbs of pure light, love, and had the greatest mutual respect. I experienced being one of them. I experienced that everyone here originally is that—a being of tremendous courage and charity, one with the Creator, Who as each one of us is experiencing individuations of Himself.

My “abduction” by non-earthly extra-terrestrial beings was as follows: One quiet evening, as I walked home on a deserted street, I heard someone behind me and I felt a slight fear. That increased as both of us continued walking in the same direction. Then the person behind me began to whistle a tune. It was a young man. I sensed he whistled to put me at ease; I felt he was concerned about my emotional well-being. This feeling was confirmed when a moment later he crossed the street. He did not want me to suffer the fear he was stalking me. At that moment I realized



what a dangerous jungle we were experiencing being in, as if we were surrounded by beings who could harm you, even kill you, at any moment.

You do not know the great majority of them, and have no certainty whom to trust and whom not to trust, in this jungle. With so many strangers around you, knowing that some have already killed fellow beings, and others are potential murderers, the fear one or more could suddenly attack you is always there. It is as if we were surrounded by dangerous predators, in constant fear of each other. It was hell.

As I walked up the path approaching my studio, I expected the two dogs of my neighbors to run out of the gate and bark at me, only to be friendly the moment they recognized me, as they always did. But that night no dogs appeared, though the cars of their owners stood there.

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A not-so-ordinary experience

By Debra Patella
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Where should I begin? Barbara Lamb, my friend and hypnotherapist, asked me to share with you a dream experience I had a few years ago, in November 2003. The word "experience" I apply only to what happened that night and since, because for more than 25 years previously I had considered all my memories of ETs and UFOs to be merely dreams, not experiences.

They happened after I fell asleep, at night, in my dreamtime. In the morning, I always felt relieved and laughed at the crazy dreams of the nights before.

There have been so many, and I remember them clearly as though only yesterday, but the particular memory I am about to share with you, even more so. Like all the others, it was distinct, and in color; but this experience came with two confirmations the following day. Two people in my life caused me to think again before I named this particular event a simple dream!

A light from the balcony

It began as I awoke in the middle of the night. I got out of bed and walked from my bedroom, to the master bath, through the slider door out onto our small, partially enclosed balcony. The balcony has a concrete wall around it, seven feet high, giving us privacy yet an open view of the sky. I looked up at the stars and noticed a bright light southwest of my home.

The light became larger and seemed to move toward my location. Now I could see it wasn't just a light. It was a round, disc-shaped UFO, silver gray in color. Little windows at the perimeter circled the entire disc, and flashing lights in assorted colors blinked in a circular motion underneath. It stopped and hovered just beyond my balcony, and I could see life behind the windows. I felt ecstatic, and waved as if I were waving at people I knew and hadn't seen for a long time.

A silver UFO

My greeting seemed to cause the ship to swoop down even closer, and caused me to feel fear and run back into my house. I rushed to my husband Sam's bedside, but I could not wake him no matter how hard I tried. Then, much to my surprise, my mother entered our bedroom!

Now mind you, at this time my mother lived approximately 20 miles from us. Yet, there she was standing in our bedroom. I excitedly told her about the UFO I had just seen, and she happily walked onto the balcony with me to view it, only it was gone. The silver UFO had left. I felt such disappointment but only for a moment, because now a small shiny black UFO came into view. This object had a large red pulsating light beneath it and it was right above our heads.

My mother gasped with joy looking up at it, but for some reason I panicked. I ran back inside without her and hid on the floor behind the bathtub. After a few minutes, I bravely peeked out, only to find both the UFO and my mother gone.

Flowing robes of pastel

For more than 25 years I considered all my memories of ETs and UFOs to be merely dreams, not experiences. They happened after I fell asleep, at night, in my dreamtime. In the morning, I always felt relieved and laughed at the crazy dreams of the nights before.

My first thought was, "Oh my God, they took my mother and I have to get her back." Once again I tried to wake Sam, and once again he didn't budge. So I proceeded to run down my staircase to look for my mother. On the way, I noticed that instead of carpet the steps were made of white marble and were large, wide, and winding. They

led me to a huge open area, much like a hotel lobby, all with marble flooring and pillars. People were there, quietly mingling and dressed in flowing robes of pastel colors.

I pushed my way through, searching for my mother. At the back of the room was a woman about 5'8", thin, with long straight black hair, bluntly cut short bangs and light porcelain skin. She had a tiny nose and mouth. Her large, almond-shaped eyes were dark brown, almost black, and slanted to the side of her temples. I approached her. Now here comes the really odd part!! I called her 'Mom'.

I yelled out, "Mom! I've been looking all over for you. Where did they take you?" In actuality, my real mother is 5'3", silver hair, and blue eyes. Yet I knew without a doubt that this odd-looking, yet beautiful young woman, was most definitely my mother. As I looked up at her, she remained calm, holding a solemn expression. When I demanded an answer, she said, "We were talking about you." I, of course, wanted to know what they said

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“I’ve seen those eyes” –AJ reacts to the case of Kevin Marks

By AJ

My first thought when reading “Don’t apply for a job. . .,” the article which appears in this issue of *JAR*, was that Kevin Marks is obviously an abductee. My second thought was—I have seen the eyes Kevin reported—the startling blue eyes with “no blood” in them.

“Her hair didn’t bounce,” Kevin reported. “The other woman, her hair bounced. This one, her hair didn’t move. It was a wig. I don’t know what was under that wig. I don’t know why her eyes were so blue, and white. No blood in your eye...what’s wrong with you?”

In the book, *I Forgot what I wasn’t Supposed to Remember*, (pg. 203-4) the author described the following experience: “I don’t remember how we [my husband and I] traveled to this place, but. . . I saw a petite female hybrid with white-blond hair. . . I followed closely behind her and called to my husband, ‘Come here quick! You have to see her—she’s so beautiful!’ [She had] huge golden eyes. . . and I noticed she was holding a blue eye lens in her hand. ‘Are those your implants?’ I asked her. ‘Yes,’ she responded, but she seemed a little uncomfortable that I knew she wore special lenses. The blue lenses make her eyes appear more human, and have pupils like ours.

“‘How do you keep them in?’ I asked. She replied, ‘They are surgically attached with a [word unknown to me] strand behind our eyes.’”

More recently, February 2 of this year to be exact, I saw those eyes again. Late that night, I found a female standing in my kitchen. She just ‘appeared,’ as far as I know. I thought about telling Erik about her and at that moment she made herself look like him. The next moment she was gone. Erik and I had a rough night that night. I’m sure more happened, and her being in my kitchen was just the beginning of it all.

She had longish dark blonde hair and she was tallish—shorter than 6 feet but taller than I am. She was wearing those eye implants, as I call them. Her eyes were large like the Greys, but they looked like our eyes, only fake—no “blood,” i.e., capillaries or imperfections in her eyes. I am sure of it. I really focused on her eyes.

As I say, her eyes were shaped almost like a Greys’ but they had a white sclera and a blue iris and were ‘too perfect.’ My impression was the pupils did not dilate, did not expand or contract. As Kevin said, there was “no blood,” just perfect ‘human’ eyes, but really they were not like ours. In my opinion, her eyes were artificial eyes or elaborate contact lenses to make her appear more human.

Imagine being given a lie detector test at the CIA, as happened to Kevin, by someone like this—someone so strange looking you feel they are wearing a disguise. Or, worse still, on some level, you know they are not human.

I am so glad Kevin confided in, and allowed Elaine Douglass to interview him. I don’t know where he is or if he will ever read this, but I offer my thanks to Kevin for having the strength of will to share his experiences. He helped me know I am not alone in these types of encounters, even if mine didn’t occur inside a sanctioned CIA building. Since I believe Kevin is an abductee, I have no doubt his experiences are continuing. I hope he is well and that one day we will hear from Kevin Marks again. His is a remarkable case.  –AJ © 2008 All Rights Reserved

(Continued from page 4)

And she says, 'We're going to go through the questions and you give me the answers we've discussed.' So she asks me this, and this. 'Fine. Now answer this question wrong. You said you are 30 or 29 years old. I want you to say 22. When we get to that question, say 22.' I say 22.

See what they've done? They've established, here's what he sounds like when he's telling the truth, here's what it's like when he lies.

'Now I'm going to be really asking you the questions.' So we go through those questions, and she says, 'Now we're going through those questions one more time'. Now she says, 'I'm going to change a couple of questions.' So she asks me a little variation of a question. 'Have you ever smoked marijuana?' She changed that question to, 'How many times have you smoked marijuana?' She's drawing lines and making little notations. Ok, so we went through the questions 20 times or more. Then she said, 'Ok, thank you very much. Just stay here, I'll be right back.'

Non human examiner

She was gone about 10 minutes. Then I heard the door open and it wasn't her. That thing walked in, that woman walked in. And I thought I was going to faint.

She was—a description—I don't remember what she had on at all. I don't remember a skirt or pants. I'm sure she wasn't taller than me 'cause I would have remembered that. She wasn't short. She was average height for a woman. Her age, I don't know. She wasn't old.

Her weight Nothing I would have noticed. *Shape? Breasts* Nothing I can remember. Her face is what I remember.

Let's talk about her body. You could tell she was a woman? Definitely. *Did she have on any jewelry?* I can't remember a single detail of her body. *Really?* Not a thing. *You just remember she wasn't grossly overweight and not real skinny either?* Right. *Do you remember if she was curvaceous?* Can't remember. Not one detail of her body.

Her shoes? Can't remember her shoes. *Her hands?* I think part of the reason might have been I was so shocked. I couldn't take my eyes off, well, I was afraid. When the door opened I was shocked it was not the girl who left, and I was afraid because of what she looked like and then her mannerisms were very— *What*

I don't recall her saying one thing to me. *She didn't speak?* No, she did speak to me. I said, oh, hello or something. *And she didn't say anything?* She walked to the desk. She says, 'I'm here to give you the lie detector test. There were some inconsistencies in your answers. So we're going to have to do it all over again.' Curt. Extremely curt.

Inconsistencies in your answers

Did she administer the test Yes. Oh, I see. *Sounds like part of the purpose was to unnerve you in the midst of the test.* Oh, absolutely, there's no doubt about it. Especially what she seized upon.

She said, 'Ok. fine.' I was mad. I was mad, but I was scared. I didn't want to take the test over. I wanted to get the hell out of there. Bad! And I knew I was one of the last people going in, so I was re-

ally unnerved. Like who else is in here? Does anybody else know this is woman is here? Where did she come from?

I wanted to ask her, I would have asked her, if she wasn't so, she obviously had a wig on. She didn't even try to disguise it. The hair was just sitting on top of her head. I wanted to say, You really need to fix your wig. That's what I thought, but I didn't. And her face was smooth, like a plastic doll. Like a doll head. No eyelashes. No eyebrows. No bags, no wrinkles. no warts, no pimples, no, what do you call those things? pores, no hair. No hair at all, no fur.

Did she have on makeup She didn't have any makeup on. I just remember from here up [gestures from neck up]. Her facial type, like a doll. *Did she have a*

brow ridge? A brow ridge? She had eye sockets, is that what you mean? *Did she have any protrusion around her brow?* No, her head went straight up into this wig thing. Long blond hair. Striking blond.

Deep crystal blue eyes

Her eyes were blue you've never seen before. Deep, deep blue, crystal blue eyes. *And the pupils were round, the irises were round* Irises? Uh, yeah round. Uh, you know, she had kind of a stare. But not a stare at me. A stare past me. She wasn't really looking at me. When she spoke, she didn't really speak to me. And she was mad. *Is that right?* Yeah, she was angry about something.

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**I was afraid because of what she looked like.
No blood in your eyes—what is wrong with
you?**

**Does anybody else know this is woman is
here? Where did she come from?**

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At you? I don't mean angry like I did something to her 'cause I did nothing to her. But she had an attitude. Curt. 'This is what we're going to do, dadada.' I wanted to say, What happened to the other woman? But I didn't dare 'cause she was like—'This is what we're going to do. This is how we're going to do it. Do you understand?'

No accent in her voice

Was her voice normal? It wasn't a monotone, but it wasn't stylistic. Like, I'm very good with accents, and I

The hair was just sitting on top of her head. I wanted to say, You really need to fix your wig.

could not place her. She had no accent. No little things we say to tell who we are and where we come from. *And her voice production, the tone, the timber, it sounded normal?* Yes, normal but there was no passion or emotion in the voice. But later on she did express emotion. *So what proceeded to take place?*

She went back over the whole thing from start to finish again. What this was about, how it was gonna-- *Had you been unhooked? Or were you still hooked up?* I think I was still hooked up. *Did she touch you physically at any point?* That woman, the second woman, no. *Cause if she had to hook you up she would have had to touch you.* Yeah, she never touched me. That other woman touched me. It's quite a procedure to put that lie detector equipment around you, they have to reach around you.

She came in and she said, 'This is what we're going to do. These are the questions, this is what I'm going to ask you,' bla, bla. I think I asked her, Why am I having to do this again? And she said something like, 'There were inconsistencies with the first one.' I said, Inconsistencies like what? She says, 'Let's leave it at that there were inconsistencies,' and then she went on. 'Ok, fine, these are the questions.' I was thinking, What are they looking for? What do they want?

Same procedure? These are the questions I'm going to ask you? Exactly the same procedures without a break but very sharp, not encouraging, not a teaching kind of thing. More as if I had done something wrong and pissed somebody off, you know, and they weren't going to play patsies with me. *Intimidating?* Yeah.

It must be a disguise

Oh, by the way, I was thinking to myself, Why would they bring somebody here looking like this? And I thought, It's obvious. She's an agent and they often have to wear disguises. They want her to get used to wearing disguises in front of someone. You'd feel a little bit uncomfortable wearing a disguise in public right? So what better way to get used to wearing a disguise than wearing it in front of people who can't hurt you? That's what I told myself.

Did you smell her at any point? No. There was nothing. Her hair didn't bounce. The other woman, her hair bounced. This one, her hair didn't move. It was a wig. I don't know what was under that wig. I don't know why her eyes were so blue, and white. No blood in your eyes—what is wrong with you?

Was she human?

Let me ask you this question and just give me a yes or no answer: was she a human being?

Nope. *Ok, all right.* She was no human being. There was nothing human about her. Nothing. As I said, I got the feeling she didn't like me. She goes, uh, 'Have you ever had a homosexual experience?' No. 'Are you sure?' And I say, What do you mean? 'Are you sure you never had a homosexual experience?' Yes, I'm sure.

Then they go on. 'Have you ever used any illegal drugs?' I might have used marijuana once or twice. 'Once or twice? Or more than once or twice?' Maybe more than once or twice. 'How many times?' I don't remember. 'Well was it more than 100 times or less than 100 times?' I don't know it must have been less than 100 times. 'Well, was it less than 50 times or more than 50?' I don't know, less than 50. 'More than 40 or less than 40?' And she dwelled on that for half

Her face was smooth, like a plastic doll. No eye-lashes. No eyebrows. No bags, no wrinkles. no warts, no pimples, no, what do you call those things? pores, no hair. No hair at all, no fur.

an hour. I said, How about this? Less than 100 times. 'Ok, that's your answer, less than 100 times.'

'Have you ever used any other drugs?' Not really. 'What do you mean, 'not really'? I might have used cocaine once. 'How many times have you used cocaine, only once or maybe twice? Was it more than 50 or less than 50?' I said, I'm really sick and tired of having to answer these kind of questions. She says, 'If you don't want to cooperate you can leave at any time.' That really infuriated me.

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Twice or more than twice?

I said, Of course I want to cooperate but I really don't remember, and what are you trying to say that I'm some kind of drug addict or something? 'No, but what makes you say that?' And she just folded her arms and said, 'Have I said or done anything to give you that impression?' I said, By the way you're asking me these questions. She says, 'Maybe I haven't made it clear. My job is to do this and this and this.' Then she says, 'Now ok, I'm going to go through the questions one more time.' Same thing, all the questions, round and round and round. This was an interrogation. This was not a lie detector test, this was an interrogation.

Yeah, because in a lie detector test you have to be rigorous in terms of being specific. Correct. Not, 'Are you sure' and that kind of thing. So it was an interrogation. So finally, after all those preliminaries, we did the actual lie detector test, and I answered the questions. She says, 'Ok fine.' She ripped the wires off and she walked out.

Then she came back. She says, 'There were some discrepancies in your answers, particularly the questions about drug use.' She says, 'I think you should make a decision whether you want to continue with your application. If you wish to leave, you may leave.' She says, 'Why don't you go across the street, and get yourself something to drink, and come back, and if you don't feel you want to cooperate, then don't come back.' I was so pissed off! I get up, put on my coat, walked out the door and across the street to a cafeteria.

Get me outa here!

I felt, Get me a cab! Get me outa here! I'm finished with these people! And then I thought, That's just what these fuckers want me to do. They send in this bitch with a bald head. You know, made me wait all day, so forth. So I sat there. I was fuming. I mean steam was coming out of me. I just wanted to leave, but something in me said, Don't do it. Go back there, answer the stupid questions, wait it out. So I went all the way back over there, saw the receptionist, put my name down. There was nobody in the waiting room. They took me back to the same room.

With who? That bald headed woman! The same bald headed woman with the blond wig!

She says, 'Ok, so you're back. Now you're prepared to cooperate?' And I said, When was I not prepared to cooperate? She says, 'There were discrepancies in your answers.' So we went round and round all over again. She says, 'These are the questions I'm going to ask you. These are the answers you're going to give me.' So we did all that, she got a strip of paper out of the test machine, and she told me, 'Thank you. You're free to go.'

Here, Kevin says after he returned from the coffee shop the polygraph testing continued. That would have to mean, contrary to what was said earlier, that the (non human) examiner hooked him up to the equipment a second time. This relates to my earlier question to Kevin: did she touch you? And he said no. This gap in Kevin's story I overlooked at the time of our interview.

Her eyes were like blue you've never seen. Deep, deep blue, crystal blue eyes. She had a kind of a stare. But not a stare at me. A stare past me.

Standard operating procedure

Interestingly, the Dec. 2007 issue of *Washingtonian* magazine featured an article by a disgruntled CIA applicant who complained about the way he was treated by the CIA lie detector examiners. The article, "So you want to be a spy," was signed by "Anonymous," and describes an experience similar to Kevin's except the CIA polygraph examiners Anonymous met were all human beings.

According to Anonymous, who describes himself as an Arabic-speaking college graduate who lives in Utah, after initial screening he received a letter from the CIA asking him

to travel to Washington, D.C. to begin "processing" to become a CIA officer.

"You will not," says Anonymous, "have a good time in processing."

"The most painful part," Anonymous relates, is the polygraph. "It starts with a waiting room. Then you are led down a hallway to a room the size of a prison cell. For three hours the polygrapher asks the same few questions—maybe reworded but always the same: Are you hiding any contact with a foreign intelligence agency? Have you used illegal drugs? Have you stolen from an employer? Did you intentionally omit anyone from your contact list?"

"When I thought my session was over," Anonymous continues, the examiner "disconnected me from the

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machine, tore out the printout, and left the room. When he returned he was certain he had just caught America's biggest drug dealer.

"I know you're a drug dealer. You know you're a drug dealer. Admit it!"

"When he decided I wasn't going to admit it, the examiner told me to go home and think. . . then come back and confess. Next day a different polygrapher accused me of being a spy."

So it seems the use of the lie detector test to intimi-

I was thinking to myself, Why would they bring somebody here looking like this? Then I thought, It's obvious. She's an agent and they often have to wear disguises.

date new recruits is standard operating procedure at the CIA. Whether it is just to let newcomers know how tough and mean the CIA can be, or whether it is actually an attempt to ferret out falsehoods, I cannot tell.

In Kevin's case, I doubt the CIA ever intended to hire Kevin Marks. What I *imagine* happened is this: The senior CIA officer Kevin met in Covina, Ca., before he traveled to Washington, did not know about Kevin's alien contacts and may not have known anything about the entire question of aliens and UFOs. He, the officer in Covina, was impressed with Kevin's intelligence, his foreign travel, and his language skills. He told Kevin he intended to recommend him to the Agency and, in fact, while he was in Washington Kevin was told he had been "highly recommended." Presumably that came from the officer in Covina. Kevin's meeting in Covina is described in Part I of this article.

In the meantime, Kevin's name was run through the bureaucracy and checked against the names of known abductees. Whatever the CIA's policy on hiring abductees might otherwise be, in Kevin's case the Agency decided it would be more interesting to use Kevin as a guinea pig. They decided it would be interesting to confront him with a non-human and see how he would react.

Whether the CIA knew Kevin was an *unaware* abductee, and how that might have influenced their decisions, is unknowable. What seems to me certain is the Agency knew Kevin was an abductee and had known at least since he was 20 when he was placed under surveillance when he applied to Army linguistics, and that they would not have confronted him with a non-human being if he had not been an abductee.

Why the Agency chose the lie detector test as the

situation in which Kevin would see the non-human I presume is because it is a stressful situation likely to amplify whatever reaction he would have, and one in which Kevin would be hooked up to equipment which would provide an objective measure of his response in addition to the visual observation behind a one-way glass, which I assume was also done.

Incidentally, in emphasizing that the Agency knew Kevin was an abductee, I do not mean to imply the government knows who *all* abductees are. In Part I, I discussed a case of another abductee who in the 1960s found herself under surveillance. She was quite unaware and therefore hadn't

been on the phone, for example, discussing UFOs, but the government was interested in her. The government knows who some abductees are, but not necessarily all.

A hybrid?

The non-human woman who interrogated Kevin Marks, was she a hybrid? One person said Kevin's description of her reminded him of the alleged hybrid female portrayed in the book *Rachael's Eyes*.¹ To me, two things stand out about the non-human who interrogated Kevin. The first is how well she had mastered the nuances of normal human behavior; the second is that she seems to have been an experienced polygraph examiner.

Her voice was normal, even if scrubbed of any accent. She moved normally. Kevin said nothing about her being stiff, for example. At one point she "folded her arms," a very human gesture. "She had a kind of stare, a stare past me," Kevin said. That sounds unnerving.

She was quite the intimidator, just like the human examiners who interrogated Anonymous. We recognize in-

Was she a human being? Nope. She was no human being. There was nothing human about her. Nothing.

timidating behavior—a curt tone, a fixed stare, an arched eyebrow, threats, accusations, coldness. She had it all, except for the arched eyebrow, since she had no eyebrows. "Have I done anything to give you that impression?" she says and folds her arms. Skillfully, she returns the question to Kevin without answering it. "Possibly you don't understand," she says, implying Kevin's objection had no merit. "I'm just doing my job."

If I had access to Kevin now I would ask him—If she had looked physically normal, was there anything in her

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behavior alone that would have struck you as abnormal?

I kept the Kevin Marks interview for 10 years, 1997 until now, without publishing it. In Part 1 of this article, I said it was probably because I could not face the idea that elements in the US government are in face-to-face on going contact with aliens and have operational programs with aliens. Other witnesses have told the UFO community this is true, but for an investigator such as myself there is nothing like your own witness, someone you sit and interview for five hours, to bring it home to you.

For me, Kevin's story establishes that elements of the US government *are* in face-to-face on going contact with aliens and have operational programs with aliens. How, I wonder, did the non-human female who interrogated Kevin learn all the human mannerisms she manifested? Was she raised from childhood in a human environment? Shades of *Rachael's Eyes*.

Aliens work at the CIA?

No, Kevin's account is not the first we have heard of the US government fraternizing with aliens. I have heard of humans and aliens together in a lab, of humans and aliens handling abductees, of humans touring an alien aircraft, but

a human, and it is a cold, unjust authority. That bothers me. Kevin said, point blank, he was *afraid* of her. He wanted to tell her, "You really should do something about your wig." But he was too afraid.

Aliens among us?

Many readers have probably heard of Catherine Austin Fitts. Richard Dolan has written about her. Catherine is an investment and a computer systems entrepreneur who used to be an official in US Dept. of Housing and Urban Development. She got embroiled in a controversy at HUD, and now she writes and functions as a "public intellectual" and frequents Washington, D.C. circles.

Catherine says something strange happened to her in 1997-98. She was asked to serve on a board whose purpose was to help the US Navy figure out how to get the American people used to the idea of "aliens living among us."

According to Katherine's 2002 article,² "What's up with the black budget," the person who asked her to be on the board was John Petersen, head of The Arlington Institute (TAI) located in the Washington, DC area. TAI is a future planning think tank, according to their website, which helps business and government plan for unanticipated events.

On the TAI board was John Peterson, James Woolsey, Napier Collyns, Joe Firmage, Jerry Hultin, and others.



Kevin's testimony is the first of an alien acting in an official capacity in a normal day to day world integrated into a US government bureaucracy.

"I'm doing my job," she said. I presume the CIA pays her a salary. I wonder what her GS rank is? And under what circumstances, I wonder, did she get her experience giving lie detector tests? Whom does she normally give lie detector tests to?

And another thing. In this first example of an alien acting in an official capacity integrated into a US government bureaucracy, we find the alien exerting authority over

John Petersen is the charismatic founder of TAI. Catherine says he asked her if she would like to meet an alien.

Catherine says now she wishes she had said yes to meeting an alien. The reason John asked Catherine that was because she told him she wasn't aware there are aliens or that they might live among us. During the time she was associated with TAI, 1997-98, Catherine says she read some 25 books John recommended on the alien question. I don't know what the books were except that in an email to Grant Cameron, Catherine said that Peterson publicly recommends

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John Mack's book *Abduction*.

Catherine wrote she attended several meetings of the TAI board. In addition to John Peterson, participants included James Woolsey, Napier Collyns, Joe Firmage, Jerry Hultin, and others, unnamed.

James Woolsey is a neocon who was head of the CIA in 1993-95, under Clinton. Woolsey is now an advisor to John McCain.

Jerry Hultin was Undersecretary of the Navy from 1997 to 2000; he is now president of Polytechnic University in Brooklyn, NY.

Napier Collyns is a former Shell oil executive and founder of the Global Business Network which, like The Arlington Institute, calls itself a future planning organization.

Joe Firmage is an internet entrepreneur and one-time ufology philanthropist. In 1997 he self-published a book called *The Truth* in which he admitted to having a paranormal experience and claimed the US government is covering up UFO information.

According to press reports, Firmage spent \$3 million on an effort he called Project Kairos, which means 'the right moment' to prepare mankind for aliens.

These are the individuals Catherine Fitts named as members of the board at TAI which, she said, was working under a Navy contract to figure out how to get Americans adjusted to "aliens living among us."

By email, UFO investigator Grant Cameron questioned John Petersen about Fitts' allegations, and Peterson said they aren't true. In fact, he wrote Cameron that "My board would never sit still for an off the wall discussion of that kind."

At the same time, Petersen is friendly with people in the UFO community, he's a member of the Society for Scientific Exploration, which this year is putting on a conference about UFOs, and Petersen and Woolsey are on UFO community mass emailing lists, plus Petersen publicly recommends John Mack's book. That is unexpected behavior for someone who thinks UFOs are "off the wall."

Less loyal than we thought

First thought, when you read Fitts' 2002 article, is: The cover up is very close to the surface! If someone such as Catherine Austin Fitts could just walk in off the street, so to

speak, and be ushered into the inner sanctum. It is true Fitts had a lot of money at that time, she says (she says now she's lost a lot of it) and she had been a government official, albeit not a high government official. I figure Peterson just liked her, and she is a beautiful woman. And I figure Peterson misjudged her.

I figure that sometimes whether you find out about the UFO cover up depends on your economic class. If you are upper middle class, or wealthy, it's more likely you'll find out about it. And, I figure, at places like TAI there's an unspoken understanding that you won't say anything publicly about what you might learn. Catherine Fitts turned out to be less loyal to the establishment, less worried about her reputation, and more of a rebel, than John Petersen thought she was. That's how I figure it.

So over at TAI, they're working on how to get us to adjust to "aliens living among us." Apparently John Petersen, and the people on his board, have adjusted to it. Maybe the US Navy has adjusted to it. Clearly, the CIA has adjusted to it.

Notice there's a prescription in "aliens exist and live among us." The prescription is: aliens *will* live among us. That's a pretty big decision. Apparently people, such as the people over at TAI, have decided that aliens will be living among us. They've made that decision, and they're planning



Catherine Fitts says she served on a board whose purpose was to help the US Navy figure out how to get the American people used to the idea of "aliens living among us."

to get the rest of us to accept it.

A decision already made

My feeling is, I would like to have been asked. Had I been asked, I might have said, 'Hell yes, bring 'em on!' But from the words Catherine reports—getting people to adjust to a world in which aliens exist and live among us—it doesn't sound like I'm going to be asked.

And that makes me wonder, What if I say No? What

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if I say, 'Hell no, get these aliens out of here!' What will happen to me then? Will I be thrown in jail, or snuffed out, or what? After all, some important humans with money and legal authority have decided that I—we, all of us— will be living with aliens. And *they* are already doing it—living with aliens—at least over at the CIA anyway. And the stuff with Kevin happened 23 years ago! The plan must be a lot farther advanced by now. For example, by now the non-human female who tested Kevin must have gotten several promotions. I wonder how high up in the CIA she's gotten? That's food for thought.

Back at the ranch

In the meantime, it's time to get back to the story of Kevin Marks and find out what happened next to Kevin after his exhausting and bewildering encounter with the CIA employee who wasn't human. As it turns out, a lot happened. "You're free to go," the non-human female with the wig told Kevin. That was, he explained to me. . .

...the last thing of the day. [Kevin speaking] And I was mad, I can tell you. Somehow I got back to Shoney's [motel].³ In the lobby, I see young guys and girls. They were other recruits. I started talking to them. There were five of us, two girls and three guys. Some had had the polygraph test. *But nobody with a blond wig, or did you ask?* Did I ask? No, I didn't. Some who hadn't had the polygraph yet were curious. I said, Oh, it's a son-of-a-bitch. That's all I said. Then we started talking about the weirdness of the place [Shoney's]. They were some real bright people, these recruits, still at university or grad school. We all agreed to get together the next night and go to some bars in Georgetown.

Strange room at Shoney's

One of the recruits, he described a room he saw—I saw the room—but he described the room too. I said, 'I saw that too. Somebody was going in that room and there's all this electronic equipment in there.' He says, 'Yeah, something's going on in that room.' *Is this a room at the motel?* Yes, at the motel. *From the previous night, when you had the five drinks, and you went back to your room to go to bed, and you looked out the window?* Yes, yes, I had seen a green light out of that room. And the same room I saw the green light from, and a guy opened the door, this recruit said he saw the green light too. 'I see guys going in that room all night long,' he said. I said, 'I know, it's weird isn't it?'

I went to bed, [referring to the first night] but didn't

sleep well. I felt uncomfortable. Not sure why—nothing bad happened. *The room was normal?* Yes, a regular hotel room. But it was really bright out, I don't know, lots of, I don't know, it was a ground floor room and I was just at a heightened state of— *There was neon outside?* Something like that.

This matter of the mysterious room with the green light coming out of it is a second matter I glossed over in my interview with Kevin. All I have is what is above, and I do not know if the green room has any significance in connection with Kevin.

John Petersen is the charismatic founder of TAI. Catherine says he asked her if she would like to meet an alien.

An abduction that night

So after you talked to the recruits, you went back to your room and went to bed? Yes, and if there was anything weird happening, that's when some weird stuff hap-

pened. But I don't remember it clearly except I felt uncomfortable. I know my dreams were not correct.

For Kevin, the high point, the low point, really, of his CIA experience was yet to come. It would come that night, during the night, in his room at Shoney's Motel, the second night of his stay in CIA custody.

For us, reading this article, the high point is when Kevin was confronted with a non-human being. But for Kevin, at the time, that was not the high point. It wasn't until years later that he was able to remember and evaluate everything that happened during the three days, and at the time, Kevin had thoroughly rationalized the appearance of the non-human female.

He had decided she was wearing a "disguise" and, like Anonymous, he was more traumatized by the way he had been beaten down in the lie detector test. And the CIA would continue to beat Kevin Marks down, or somebody would, because during the second frigid cold January night of Kevin's stay, somebody thoroughly beat him down.

Shoney's was strange

It's interesting. [Kevin speaking] Here I was on a job interview with this agency. It's known what I'm there for, and yet there was a component or feeling I had that more was going on than just a man applying for an intelligence job. I felt manipulated. I felt, I felt, some other agenda, like a rat under a microscope played with. Part of someone else's thing, examination, experimentation.

I'd been on job interviews. I'd traveled for business.

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We have an agenda, a purpose, we know what it is, and that's what we're all there for. But at the CIA, it was different. It was like this: during the day I felt this is a legitimate application for a job. In the evenings I felt, something else is going on here.

What was it about the evenings that made you feel that way? The sterility of the place I was, the motel. The lack of variety of people. Everybody was there, then they

Over at TAI, they're working on how to get us to adjust to "aliens living among us." Apparently John Petersen, and the people on his board, have adjusted to it. Maybe the US Navy has adjusted to it. Clearly, the CIA has adjusted to it. And notice, there's a prescription. The prescription is: aliens *will* live among us. That's a big decision. My feeling is, I would like to have been asked.

were all gone. Everything was programmed. You couldn't go anywhere. I mean you could have called a taxi and said, let's go, but where? *Georgetown*. Yeah, but you wouldn't. *You wouldn't?* No 'cause, uh, you just weren't in the right space or whatever. No activity at the motel at night. People weren't talking to each other. It wasn't the typical motel. *Every motel has a restaurant and a cocktail lounge*. Exactly. That was not going on. At 9 it was just dead.

"Disjointed" dreams

What was this about your dreams not being correct? They were disjointed. You know, I'm just expounding cause I don't even know if I remember this or not. I felt my dreams were—I felt somebody came in my room, took me out of my room, went somewhere. I thought, How weird! Somebody's going to take me out of my room. I don't sleep with many clothes on. So that's gotta be weird being taken out of my room undressed. I remember checking the door in the middle of the night like I dreamt someone took me out of my room that didn't come through the door.

I felt I woke up, got out of the bed, checked the door. It was locked. Went back to bed. They came back into the room and did something, uh, I don't know I just had that feeling—see I'm making this up cause I'm not really sure. It's a feeling I had at the time and a feeling I'm thinking back

on right now. Several times in the night I had this disjointed dream that somebody came into my room—mind you, I was not thinking about UFOs and people coming through walls. I was thinking CIA.

What would they want to know about me or from me if I'm an applicant, and what would they do to get it, to get that information? I was not thinking of UFOs or aliens. But I kept having those feelings— *That?* —phenomenal or fantastic feeling, you know. They came through the wall or they came into my room. I can't say 'through the wall,' but the reason I say 'the wall' was my door was locked and chained. And I remember getting up and checking the door. I go back to sleep and the dream continues again. And I thought, this is just a fantasy.

This feeling of being taken out of the room, did you have a sense of what occurred at the place you may have been taken? Examination. *Of?* Myself, my body, my brain. *Physical?* I think so. I mean, I'm making this up. I dismissed it as a bizarre fantastical dream. They came in my room, they floated me out of the bed, they took me out of my room. I don't know where they took me. That is what it felt like. I felt they gave me an injection. A long injection. *Long in time?* No, the needle.

What part of your body? I don't know. Upper part of my body? My arm? I don't know. I'm making it up. I don't know. They did something to me. I was kind of asleep, but kind of not. They could communicate but I couldn't communicate. There was more than one person. It felt more like doctors than anything else. Doctors, people, with coats on, lab coats. *White?* Yeah. Lab coats. Uh, I felt a lot of fear.

I reflect on those feeling when I think how I felt

I figure that sometimes whether you find out about the UFO cover up depends on your economic class. If you are upper middle class, or wealthy, it's more likely you'll find out about it

when I woke up in bed. Several times in the night I woke up. And I'm describing how I felt at those times. I know I was dreaming those disjointed dreams. And I was so afraid I kept getting up and checking the door. I know I was doing that. I did think of sitting up till daylight. But I was overwhelmingly tired.

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When I went to sleep, they came

The weird part was I felt like every time I went to sleep, they came. I wake up, they're gone. I go to sleep, they're back. You know how you can be any place in your dream? But I was in that room in my dream.

In the dream someone comes to get you and they come to get you in that room? Yes. It took place where I was sleeping. *You're right. Most dreams are nowhere, or anywhere.* No, this dream took place in my room.

These people who might have come and got you in the dream, what might they have said? What might they have said? Well, I feel there was an assurance of no harm to me, but I've got this thing I don't like to be screwed around with. And I don't care what someone says. No harm to me? That makes me mad. The feeling is someone is trying to make me feel comfortable about something I don't like.

Do you remember any voices? Not really. *Do you remember the hands of the people who came and got you?* No. *Feet?* Feet, no. I remember in my dream floating up, more than one person, two people maybe, and that otherworldliness, you know? And like I said, at the time I was not thinking about other worlds. So 'otherworldliness' means what? Well, floating up in the bed, floating up in the air. Over your bed. Moving out of the room. That's out of this world. *Yeah.* Coming back. *Through the wall?* I couldn't say I came through the wall, but I came back. And then feeling anxious, knowing the door is locked and chained but getting up to check several times.

Do you remember the faces of these people who might have come? No. [long pause] I don't remember the faces at all. I don't know if its imagination, but I thought, What if somebody was to come and give me sodium pentothal? Isn't that weird? Something to get me a little bit out of it, a drug. Something that would make me so I couldn't resist. A helplessness kind of thing, like I want to move but I can't. I had that feeling.

What would you imagine they were doing to you? I would imagine they were immobilizing me and putting me in a position of compliance with them, not able to resist. *Do you remember anyone touching your body?* No. So only lab

coats you remember? Lab coats, doctors. You know, I kind of hear voices. I hear voices, not necessarily talking to me. Talking each other. *What are they saying?* I don't know. You know what? I bet they'd be talking about me. *What might they be saying about you?* I have no idea. Procedures? [long pause] See? That's what I mean, paranoid. Yes, I see.

An endless night

I'll tell you one thing I had a feeling of, that the night was endless. [laughs] It seemed that night lasted forever. It just would not move. I wanted the day to come so quick. You know how you go to sleep and next thing it's morning? It was not that way. This was a long, drawn out night. Another funny thing? I don't remember watching any television. *Before going to bed?* Before going to bed.

When you got up in the morning, were you sick? Sick? No. *Headache?* No. *Weak, nauseous?* I felt like I'd had a rough night, but I figured it was restless sleep, anxiety, getting up and checking the door. *Bad dreams?* I didn't call them bad dreams or nightmares. I called them disjointed—dreams that don't make any sense. It was a bad night. A rough night.

Did you notice any marks on your body? I don't remember. But there's times I have those scratch marks I told you about. Yes. The times I have the scratch marks, it's almost predictable. *Predictable?* If there was a time I would have those scratch marks, that would have been one of those times. That doesn't make any sense! I'm trying to say I don't get those scratch marks all the time. I usually have those scratch marks like after a restless night. When I was disjointed, out of sorts or messed up in some kind of way. Those were the times I would get those marks. *And this occasion, no marks?* I don't remember seeing the marks, but I'm saying this was the type of night I would have had those marks.

Scratch marks

So there've been other nights like this? I don't know, yeah, kind of. Remember, I'm in a different place. I'm in a

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I presume the CIA pays her a salary. I wonder what her GS rank is? Whom does she normally give lie detector tests to?

Catherine Fitts turned out to be less loyal to the establishment, less worried about her reputation, and more of a rebel, than John Petersen thought she was.

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hotel room. You feel a little disoriented. You head this way and the bathroom's that way. I've had scratches after sleeping in my own bed, so I can't say, it's hard to say. Those nights, the weirdest nights I can remember. *When the scratch marks would appear?* No, the nights I spent at Shoney's motel. Yeah, I probably had those scratch marks on my back. At Shoney's? But I don't remember seeing them. *Why do you think you probably had them?* Because when I sleep without any clothes on and I'm not very cozy or comfortable, I usually have those marks on me.

For us the high point is when Kevin is confronted with a non-human being. But not for Kevin. He was more traumatized by the way he had been beaten down in the lie detector test. And the CIA would continue to beat Kevin Marks down, or somebody would, because during the second frigid cold January night of Kevin's stay, somebody thoroughly beat him down.

Did you tell me you always sleep in the nude? No. *You sleep in the nude only occasionally?* That's right. It's weird, like this cold I have right now, I have it because I slept without a T-shirt on two nights ago. And I got a chill. It's very strange for me to sleep with no clothes on in the middle of winter. I'd only do that in summer. Cause if I get a chill—remember I have asthma—if I get a chill I can catch a cold very easily if a chill gets in my chest. So, unless I had the heat on—but I would never sleep with the heat on.

I just realized a weird thing. I slept with no shirt on. *Two nights ago?* No, no, at Shoney's. I didn't have any clothes on then. Usually I wear a tee shirt because I don't want to get sick. *Were you originally thinking you had gone to bed with a tee shirt on at Shoney's?* Right. Weird! I would not go to bed—what were you saying? *And that was cold weather!* You said it was frigid outside. Exactly. I would not go to sleep in the middle of winter with no clothes on cause if I got a chill I'd be— *You've got asthma. That's why. You're conscious of this kind of thing.* Right.

At Shoney's do you remember yourself having no clothes on? I know I'm in the bed with no clothes on. I know that much, cause I remember thinking if somebody came and got me wouldn't it be funny I'd have no clothes on. Yeah,

that was December or January. January. It was frigid cold! I would not turn the heat on in my room and I would not sleep with nothing on my top cause I could get sick. But I definitely remember having no clothes on.

When you got up to check the door, no clothes? I don't remember. What I remember is being in the bed with no clothes on. *Right. Did you maybe wake up in the morning and see the shirt on the floor?* It's possible. *No recollection of that?* No.

Why was the room lit up?

When they might have come and got you in this dream, did anybody touch your body below the waist? Below the waist? I don't think so. [laughs] I do not think so! I don't know. [lowers voice] They might have. I don't remember anybody touching me. I remember floating. I know I had no clothes on. I know they took me out of that room.

I just assume when they gave you that injection they'd give it to you in your arm and maybe they touched your arm. Were you sitting up when they gave you the injection or lying down? I don't recall ever sitting up. I recall laying down. *Were you in a lit up place or a dark place?* You know, I sleep with the room very dark. But that room was light!

Where might you have gotten the injection? My room, my hotel room. *Was it lit up in there?* I felt it might have been. But it was dark in there. It was light outside. There was a lot of light outside. But the room had those big thick curtains. If anybody'd been in that room I wouldn't have been able to see them. *But you have some glimpse in your mind of the hotel room being lit up?* Absolutely. I can see it. But that's a dream. This is all very vague, ok? Yes, I

I felt, I felt, some other agenda. Not just interviewing this fellow and seeing if we want to hire him. Another agenda, like a rat under a microscope, played with. Part of someone else's. . .examination, experimentation.

understand.

Just broken. . .just down

In the morning, anything about the room that didn't look right? Covers wrong, clothes wrong? Anything about how you physically felt? Nothing I can recall. I can vaguely

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remember crying. But I couldn't tell you what it was about. *In the morning?* Maybe. Maybe. I can remember being very subdued and very, uh, sad. Just broken, you know what I mean? Just down. And I had to get myself up cause I still had stuff to do. I guess I do remember crying. I can't tell you exactly when, but it wouldn't have been before going to bed.

You don't know if it was in the morning? It must have been. I remember waking up and being very unhappy. Why are you looking at me like that? *I'm unhappy too.*

That was the second night. I was really quite depressed. It could have been because of what happened the previous day, but I don't recall ever thinking about that woman again. *Yeah! If you were going to have a dream, you'd dream about her.* Yeah. *Or the first woman.* Remember I thought she was wearing a bad outfit, [laughs] a poorly made disguise! I dismissed it that way.

Second day of interview

The climax of Kevin's confrontation with the CIA had been reached. The following day Kevin went to a "building in Arlington someplace" along with other recruits staying at Shoney's. Escorted by the "woman with the handbag," Kevin took a 6-hour written exam (in which he was asked the question, "Would you kill for your country?"), had a "psychological evaluation," and a language test.

At the end of the day [Kevin speaking] I met with one of the operatives or agents who had just got back from the field. He asked me if I wanted a job as a guerilla fighter. And I said no I'd rather not. He was a good Catholic. He made a point of telling me that. I expressed to him my dissatisfaction, said I was very unhappy about the polygraph 'cause they had the ball buster, something like that. And he told me I'd been recommended very highly by the CIA guy from Covina. We talked. It was more of a formality. He shook my hand and thanked me for coming.

The recruits go to Georgetown

What did you do that night? That was the night we recruits had decided to go out together. But when we got together, some other guy was there. From Colorado. A guy who had more knowledge than he should have if he was just a recruit. He was a bit older than me, but he knew what was what. *So you're assembling together at like 6 or 7? And this guy shows up?* Right. He's there. Now how did he get there? Was he with the recruit from Pennsyl-

vania? No he wasn't. And he wasn't with the girl recruits. Somehow he introduced himself, heard we were going to have drinks in Georgetown, and ended up coming with us.

You told me on the phone you thought he was a plant. No doubt about it. I can tell when someone is bs-ing me. He was bs-ing me. Everything—I'm not talking about the interview process. We tried to stay away from that subject. He knew everything about the military. He knew everything about the CIA. He knew everything about this and that. He was a know-it-all. And he didn't have one drop of alcohol.

He was just, when someone else spoke he listened. If someone got kind of lucid and started talking about what was going on back at the ranch—and I had to remind them not to do that—we were sitting in a bar in Georgetown for God's sake. The stress was coming out of us. And people started wanting to talk about things. But this guy was right there supervising us, over-looking us. It was obvious. I know what you're going to ask me. How did I get back to the hotel? I don't remember.

Isn't that understandable? Not at all. How did we get back to the hotel? Going out, we took a taxi to the subway and walked around Georgetown. Then we came back [long pause]. I don't remember how we came back. *Do you remember being back that night? Do you remember going to sleep that night?* I don't remember anything.

The third day

Do you remember the next morning? Yes, I remem-

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I felt somebody came in my room, took me out of my room. I thought, How weird! I don't sleep with many clothes on. So that's gotta be weird being taken out of my room undressed. I remember checking the door in the middle of the night like I dreamt someone took me out that didn't come through the door.

They floated me out of the bed, they took me out of my room. I don't know where they took me. That is what it felt like. I felt they gave me an injection. A long injection. Long in time? No, the needle.

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ber it because next morning we were all excited ‘cause we got to go to CIA headquarters. *What was supposed to happen?* We would go there to put in our expenses, they would give us a brief tour of the facility, then we would be dismissed. *Did that take place?* Yes.

So how many recruits went? All from the night before plus others from the shuttle bus—except that guy. He

woman again, I would say, What are you? It’s funny how the mind tries to make sense out of something that can’t be made sense of.

Kevin, I go by what you say. You say she’s not human and I’m going by that. So we’re left with that the CIA presented you with a non-human person. That’s right. And even if she was human, she was so odd looking she was still sent in there to unnerve me. Yes. They shouldn’t have been using her; they should have had her in a closet! They knew she would be unnerving. They knew she didn’t look like anything I would have seen before. What kind of person doesn’t look like anybody you’ve ever seen before? Nobody. Nobody does, right?

I feel there was an assurance of no harm to me, but I’ve got this thing I don’t like to be screwed around with. And I don’t care what someone says. No harm to me? That makes me mad. The feeling is someone is trying to make me feel comfortable about something I don’t like.

Who abducted Kevin at Shoney’s?

Who abducted Kevin that night at Shoney’s motel? Was it the CIA? Was it aliens? Or both? And why?

The aversion set in “from the moment I called my mother.” Kevin’s mother lived in the immediate area of the Shoney’s motel and the CIA buildings Kevin had gone to. He hadn’t told her he was “in town,” but as soon as he finished with CIA he called and she picked him up. From the moment he called his mother, the CIA experience was “Gone!” And Kevin did not start thinking about it until shortly before he met me in 1997, twelve years later.

I figure the reason for the abduction was to install the aversion as well as a memory block, and the purpose of the “plant” who attached himself to the recruits going to Georgetown was to find out if the aversion was working or if Kevin was talking about the lie detector test.

wasn’t there. He was only there to go to Georgetown. He didn’t come back with us, or, what am I thinking? I don’t know how we got back. I don’t know what happened. But he didn’t stay at that motel, or if he did he didn’t show his face.

Don’t talk or think about it

You mentioned on the phone that for years later you had a prohibition against talking about what had happened. I didn’t feel I could. *When did the prohibition begin?* From the moment I called my mother—gone!! [laughs loudly] Gone. *Gone means?* Gone. I remember her driving me past some of the CIA buildings I’d been to, and I thought, Yep, that’s where I was—and that’s the last I thought about it.

Did the prohibition extend to thinking about it? Or just talking about it? I put it out of my mind. It was not a nice experience and I wanted it out of my mind. *Did the prohibition extend to thinking?* Yeah, it did. I would never think about it or speak about—never, ever! About 9 months later I got a letter: Sorry to inform you the CIA has fulfilled our recruitment allotment for this year. If you wish to reapply, kindly contact so and so.

You asked me what I thought and I said I thought there were unseen forces acting in your life. Yes!

And you said to me just now that you are suspicious of that and you have been trying to ferret it out You didn’t tell me what you thought about the woman with the blond wig. *All I have to go on is that I asked you, Is she human? And you said, right away, No!* If I was to see that same

I can vaguely remember crying. But I couldn’t tell you what it was about. In the morning? Maybe. I can remember being very subdued and very, uh, sad. Just broken, you know what I mean? Just down.

By “aversion” I mean to install a feeling of extreme unease in Kevin’s mind that would arise every time he began to think about what happened at the CIA. That a memory block was also installed is clear from what Kevin related in Part I of this article. In Part I he talked about at the outset how determined he was to remember every single thing that would occur in the course of his job application process with

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the CIA, and how, in fact, he forgot a great deal of it.

Going over it all again

For the hundredth time I go over in my mind what I know of Kevin's life. His childhood, marked by certain events—the hysterical outburst at seeing fireworks, the attic

When did the prohibition begin? From the moment I called my mother—gone! That's the last I thought about it. Did the prohibition extend to thinking about it? Yeah. I would never think about it or speak about it—never, ever!

the kids played in but padlocked at night 'cause weird things happened there, the fear of closets and open doors, the nose-bleeds, and other events, all detailed in Part 1 of this article.

Suggestive, but it was Kevin's recall from his college years that makes clear Kevin was being abducted. Repeatedly he goes outside his college dorm, looks at the sky, and thinks, Why me? Why was I chosen? At 10 pm, outside the dorm, the campus is unaccountably deserted. He remem-

By "aversion" I mean to install in Kevin's mind a feeling of extreme unease that would arise every time he began to think about what happened at the CIA.

bers a line of college students, in pajamas, ascending upward in single file, beckoned by a hooded figure. Where is this taking place? I asked him and he says "out in space." He's given to understand it's all part of an experiment "to make a new race of beings or something" he tells me.

Abducted by aliens, yes, but there's nothing in this picture to tell us how Kevin ended up being an experimental subject at the CIA in 1985. True, the college he attended, and how he got there, that was a piece of work—but whose? A rich woman pulled strings to get the working class 17 year-old Kevin Marks into this United States International University, a big school in San Diego that "nobody ever heard of" that was loaded with wealthy foreign students and a faculty replete with US government connections.

As I related in Part 1, a school like this is a happy hunting ground for the CIA which, if history is a guide,

would systematically go about recruiting all those wealthy foreign students to turn them into spies for the US government. It's standard operating procedure.

But was something more going on at that school? There were a few odd events, but only one stands out. At age 20, Kevin applies to Army linguistics, and he is put under surveillance.

By the time Kevin is 20, then, the government knew. How? I give up! I don't know how they found out. There were no physical exams of Kevin in those years. I also noticed USIU didn't try to keep Kevin around; he dropped out and nobody cared. He came back, and nobody cared. And as for the CIA interview, that was Kevin's initiative. It's as though the Agency was saying, if you're stupid enough to come near us. . . .

Somebody yelling at me. . .

As I puzzle through all this, though, I seem to hear somebody yelling at me. They're yelling loud, but it's far away. They're saying, "The aliens told the CIA! Can't you see it? Dummy! The aliens and the US government are working together. Can't you see it? Your boy Kevin ended up with a hybrid, rank GS-15, in a CIA building in the middle of the day. How much more of a 'hint' do you need?" That's what the person who's yelling at me is saying.

I think I'm too stupid to get it. Or else, I still don't want to know. 

Footnotes

1 Raechel's Eyes by Helen Littrell and Jean Bilodeaux, Wild Flower Press, 2005

2 <http://www.scoop.co.nz/stories/HL0209/S00126.htm>

3 Today there is no Shoney's motel in Tyson's Corner, Va. However, there was one at the time of Kevin's events, according to Jim Grout, the current president of Shoney's Corp. He told me the Shoney's, which closed in the early 1990s and was turned into a Days Inn, was "right behind a Chevy dealership" and the address was probably the 5000 block of Springvalley Rd.

Elaine Douglass is a board member of JAR and has been a UFO researcher since 1985. She is MUFON State Director for Utah and was State Director for Washington, DC for many years. In the 1990s she was an organizer for Operation Right to Know (ORTK), an organization which sponsored public protests against UFO secrecy. She holds a master's degree from MIT in military policy.



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Inside my studio I turned the desk lamp on. As I looked out the panoramic window I got a shock; an alien being stared at me. I felt it was a clever being, and an extremely dangerous predator. Out of acute fear I made a step back. At that moment, it stepped back, simultaneously. Then I realized it was the mirrored image of my human appearance in the window I was staring at. "This isn't me!" I cried. "My God, what have I made myself into?"

The image scared me so I turned off the light and quickly sat down. I did not want to look at that image! I closed my eyes to concentrate on counting my breathings, just to calm down. A few moments later I had a vision.

I saw my human body lying in front of me looking like a biological robot. I was servicing the separate pieces of it, to get it ready for the time I would occupy it again—which I knew would be in the morning—for the beginning of a new day. I was floating in front of it as a ball of light that was bright but pleasant to the sight. Slowly the view opened wider.

Now I saw two bodies lying next to mine on a long working bench which stretched out to the left and right. It looked like a clean, metallic, operating table. Next to me as luminous globes were two similar beings of light, one on each side of me. The vision opened even more, and I saw that the bench with bodies and light beings in front of them stretched out in both directions as far as I could see.

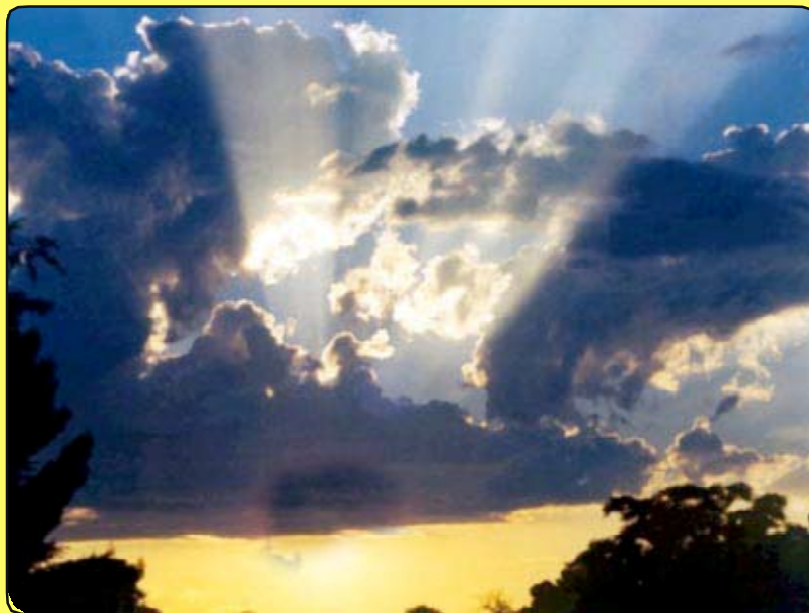
A moment later I could view all around me. It was a huge hall, filled with rows and rows of those long, clean, metal benches, all with bodies on them, all with luminous beings of light before each of the bodies. I knew they would enter and utilize the bodies when the bodies were not sleeping.

The atmosphere was one of great joy and laughter. We felt like happily excited children who participated in a school play, during the day appearing as those biological robots on the stage we experienced as this world. Instant

information was exchanged among us. Each assessed what we had done "on-stage" the previous day, and what we would do tomorrow. It was all about cooperating in a plan to bring the joy we had there onto the stage, and share it with the beings we were giving our life to by entering their bodies and experiencing being them.

We had the greatest admiration and respect for each other since each of us knew how hard it was to be "down there" and experience being a mere human being, all in order to extend our joyful awareness to them. On my right I heard two luminous beings laugh out loud.

"Wow! You sure were mad at me yesterday when we met as those biological robots down there," said one of them to the other. "Yes I was," replied the other light globe. "When you stepped on my toe I was about to punch you out!" They burst out laughing almost hysterically again. Here, they were the greatest of friends, although as humans, "down there," they did not remember the friendship and thought themselves enemies.



Another luminous being was having fun with all around him. "Poor me!" he said. "Down there, I play being a biological robot in a wheel chair." He burst out laughing hilariously together with the others. Looked at from our joyous state, the idea of being an invalid was ridiculous.

We knew all he wanted to accomplish by being an invalid was to evoke compassion and charity in those surrounding him on stage. He wanted to help them realize who they really were. For that alone he had volunteered to play the invalid, though it was an unpleasant, painful, shameful, frustrating, unhappy role. We all respected him for it.

He knew no one down there, not even himself, would give him the recognition he was due, but instead would see and treat him as a burden, of less or no value

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compared to others. But, out of pure charity, he had volunteered.

We all knew we were invulnerable, immortal beings, who could not fail to accomplish our part in the plan, since our loving desire to make others happy knew no limits, and was therefore all-powerful. We could only succeed. That was our great joy. But we also knew that until we accomplished our mission, there would be no fun for us on earth. It would be *hell* compared to the joy we experienced as those beings of light we were. Still we were unstoppable, and would not quit.

I began to wonder about all this, and asked the luminous being on my left, “Where does all this come from?”

“Right behind you,” he replied, “is the door of the Ware House. There is where it comes from.”



“And is there a Director of all this?” I asked the light being on my opposite side.

“Yes, and He is behind the same door.”

I got confused, so the other clarified: “The Ware House, where everything comes from, and the Director, are the same. By the way, the Director would like you to know Him. So why don’t you go meet Him. He is waiting for you.”

As a globe of light I made myself float to the Ware House door. It opened as I approached, and I saw within an endless ocean of light. It was the same light I was, and the same light everyone behind me in the hall was. I went into the light and felt a joy so great nothing I had experienced before compared to it.

I don’t remember what occurred there, in the light, in the Ware House, meeting and merging with the Director, nor how long it lasted. All I know is suddenly I was shooting out of it. As I flew away I saw it as a huge, blazing sun. The further away I got, the more I wanted to return. “There is where the action is,” I thought. Soon I was back in my

dark studio, sitting as before.

Years later I experienced that bliss again—this time for four days—but that is another story. . .

From the light, I brought back a knowledge I would like to share with you.

There is an “in between” state—which many of us on earth and elsewhere experience—in which we believe the love of the Director is selfish. In that state we believe it is virtuous to sacrifice the experience of our original love to avoid the bliss that comes with it. We do this to make sure we don’t receive any happiness in return for our love, and thus elevate the principle of disinterested love, and even seek to make it exist where we believe it did not exist before. We do that in that state because we believe the Creator created us to make *Himself* happy, not to make *us* happy,

even though it did.

We think He did it for His own happiness, not for ours. In that state, we believe the Creator was a hypocrite for actually loving Himself while pretending His love was altruistic. It seems more honest, therefore, to experience ourselves as who we believe the Creator, and therefore ourselves, really are—beings who love selectively out of selfish interest.

Yet, we are not sure. So we test ourselves, and each other. This is now sometimes symbolized as non-earthly beings testing us for the unselfishness of our love. Will we wish them well even when they let us experience unpleasant things? These testings are often disguised as physical examinations. Yet the idea of extending our original non-terrestrial nature of joy to the human beings we seem to be—by blending with them—thus giving birth to a happy, divine race, is also represented, though often disguised, as an act of selfishness.

In the “in between” state, we perceive ourselves

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and others as only selectively, selfishly loving beings, and we make sure we forget our previous, happy experience of oneness with the Creator. We cut ourselves off from the happiness we once enjoyed, in an effort to become honest, more honest than the Creator who created us only to provide himself with joy. We even substituted human memories to obliterate the knowledge we had done that, to avoid giving ourselves any recognition for it.

Little did we know when we “turned our backs” on the Creator to give up our joy, it was the Creator Who had made that decision, and did it as we. . .thus giving us the evidence that His love of Himself, and His joy, and therefore ours, is anything *but* selfish.

It was the only way He could free us once and for all from our paralyzing doubt. It was the only way to make sure we would understand there is nothing selfish about allowing ourselves to experience oneness with the Creator again, since it is *He* Who would be allowing Himself to love Himself *as we* when we love ourselves for Who we really are, with that Divine recognition. This is what I learned when I was in the light.

Many terrestrials and non-terrestrials alike are unaware of all this, and continue to experience themselves as monstrous creations resulting from the time when “honesty” obliged them to perceive themselves as such. Others, in many realms, doubt the hypothesis the Creator’s love is selfish, and they are testing the unselfishness of the Creator’s love in us. They are all spiritual beings who can manifest themselves to us in a physical form, just as we can, and are doing.

Only by wishing them well—oneness with our common Creator and his bliss—even when they are giving us hell, only then can we free them from the hell they experience. We can free a part of the Creator in them, and thereby free a part of the Creator in ourselves. That was the honor the Creator in them wanted for us.

There are others who have already gone through this process. Through them the Creator is inspiring us, and helping us come to the same state of oneness with Him that He is experiencing as they.

The Director wanted us to have no less than He has; the knowledge that only the Director can have; the knowledge that you are the Divine Director. Therefore He gave us the very best He has; His Own Self.

It is the Creator Who now remembers this, when we do. *He* is the One Who remembers this *as you* when you remember it. It is the Creator Who thinks “I” when you think “I.” This divine I has not the attributes and all the mental and emotional wrappings of your I—it is your naked, essential I. That is what I learned in the light.



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Lodewijk Langeweg studied art in Amsterdam and became an artist-painter. When visiting Mexico in 1974 he met an indigenous healer and underwent an initiation experience. It took him a decade to assimilate and understand the experience sufficiently to return to the healer and receive a second initiatory experience. He stayed with the healer in the mountains of Oaxaca for nearly 15 years and dedicated himself to a study that placed the experiences in the context of science and religion. After that period he moved to Sonora in northern Mexico, received additional initiatory-religious experiences, and continued for another seven years with his study. He returned to his country of origin, Holland, in 2005. The experience described in “The Joy in the Light” occurred in Bolinas, California in 1986

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about me and asked, but unfortunately I have no recollection of what happened next.

Only a dream?

When I awoke the following morning, my first thought was—Well now, that had to be my craziest dream ever. I washed my face and brushed my teeth like any other morning and walked down my carpeted stairs into my kitchen to make coffee, shaking off the memory of such a silly dream. I called my mom to share it with her anyway, because she is so good at analyzing most of my dreams.

First I asked her, “How did you sleep?”

and she said oddly enough she hadn’t budged all night, didn’t get up even once to go the bathroom, and woke up in the same position in which she fell asleep. Very unlike her. She said, “I must have really passed out last night, or left my body or something.”

I told her my dream, and of course she found it fascinating. I remember her asking, “Are you sure it was only a dream?” As usual, I said, “Of course it was.” Soon my husband and I were chatting over a cup of coffee, and he asked me, “Do you remember the odd sound over the house last night?”

A pulsating sound

Suddenly I recalled him waking me the night before and asking what the noise was. He had gotten up, walked onto the balcony off our bedroom, and looked up toward the sound, yet saw nothing. I remember trying to sit up in bed, but couldn’t, as a pulsating, humming sound got louder. Between each tone I slipped deeper and deeper into unconsciousness.

I told him, “Yes, I remember, but did that really happen?” Sam said yes, and it was such an odd sound. A sound he had never heard before.

About a year after this event I was searching the internet on UFO sightings and came across one that had been videotaped with sound. Just as I was listening to it, Sam walked by the office and yelled out, “That’s the sound I heard that night!” Come check out what the sound came from, I replied. I guess you could say this experience was

also an eye opener for my husband!

That morning, I shared my dream with him, leaving him speechless, as so often happens when I tell him of my lifetime of strange experiences. He didn’t know what to think. So he and I both went on with our day like any other normal day.

A confirmation

On the internet on UFO sightings I came across one that had been videotaped with sound. Just then, Sam walked by the office and yelled out, “That’s the sound I heard that night!”

Later that evening I received a phone call from Sharon, one of my dearest friends who lives on the east coast. Did I mention I live in California? Amazingly, she called to share a dream experience she had the night before

and she said something I will never forget. My friend told me she saw me waving up at her from my small private balcony. She was in the silver ship! She wanted me to join her, she said, but I ran back in the house.

Then she told me that both my mother and I went into the black UFO. I said, “No, only my mother,” and Sharon said, “No, we saw both of you enter it.” You can imagine my shock and disbelief at what I was hearing. Could my friend, who lives clear across the United States, have shared this experience with me?

It made absolutely no sense. I hadn’t told her of my dream, yet she was telling me! I remember sitting on the edge of my chair feeling frozen, trying to make sense of it. What sense? There wasn’t any. Did this really happen? Did Sam and I hear a UFO hovering over our house? Was my friend one of the life forms I saw through the tiny windows of the silver UFO?

Sharon in the silver ship

Sharon confided in me what she had seen in the silver ship. With her permission I am sharing her words with you. She was wearing a purple gown, feeling like royalty. She was able to move freely around the ship and appear, with just a thought, anywhere she chose to be. The Greys welcomed her with love saying, “Welcome home, princess.” She felt as though she was with family, reuniting again.

No words were spoken, only thoughts. She was so happy. She said no words could convey her peace and con-

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My friend told me she saw me waving up at her from my balcony. She was in the silver ship!

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tentment. Pure joy! Wholeness of body, mind, and spirit. Many humans were coming and going. They were being healed and enlightened in dream states.

An iridescent blue pyramid

She said the small black ship my mother and I were in was just a short distance behind the silver ship. It had scientific, medical beings doing experiments with different compounds and media. They were highly intelligent. In her ship were many small Greys, and taller Greys healing with energy balancing and using only telepathy to communicate. Beams of light came from their hands.

She saw many rooms for various healing procedures, and work being done there, and a huge iridescent blue pyramid. It was cobalt blue, surrounded by shimmering silver waves of light, and a large energy field was around it. Waves of energy moved quickly, emitting the sounds of thought across the pyramid in many layers. She saw another small pyramid off in the distance near brown hills. Underneath the sand was clear, deep blue water, with many healing dolphins and the ruins of Atlantis.

My eyes are open

Sharon said this experience has “changed her life.” All I can say is, she’s not the only one. Wow! Now my eyes are wide open, along with my mind. If this dream really did happen, maybe all the other “dreams” were real

too.

Could these experiences be happening in another dimension and only appear to be a dream or a nightmare? Do we leave our bodies and astral project to these other places? Do our spirits walk in these strange and unusual places, then return to our bodies at dawn? Do we visit our friends out of state, and our ET friends, in their ships and in other galaxies during the night, waking up the next day passing off our limited recall as only a silly dream?

You can see I still have many questions and will probably spend the rest of this lifetime searching for the answers. Until then, I will continue to live my very ordinary life in a not so ordinary way!



JAR’s editors thought this enchanting screen memory would probably change if it were subjected to hypnosis, and suggested as much to the author. We thought the combination of before and after-hypnosis would make a highly interesting article. Debra thought otherwise. She said, “I tried hypnosis once, but as for gaining additional knowledge through hypnosis, I don’t feel the need. I am blessed with being allowed to remember my experiences with UFOs and ETs, and I don’t want to rock the boat. I am comfortable with accepting these experiences as I remember them, but not with delving deeper yet.”

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Debra Patella describes herself as “a typical, normal wife and mother.” Raised in Black Forest, Colorado, Debra says she “spent most of her childhood running through pine forests and feeling at home in the outdoors.” Married in 1982, Debra and her husband have two grown sons. At age 22, Debra began experiencing UFO “dreams.” For many years she refused to talk about these dreams, but now, she says, “It is as though an imaginary tape has been removed from my mouth.” In January 2008, Debra was interviewed about her encounter experiences by Women’s Entertainment TV. The program can be seen at www.wetv.com, alien abductions, “Debra Kane.”



(Continued from page 3)

UFO while on patrol late one night in Dec. 1967. His sighting was investigated by the Univ. of Colorado UFO study, sponsored by the Air Force, and chaired by Dr. Edward U. Condon.

Scientists with what became known as the “Condon Committee” noted a discrepancy in the times written in Schirmer’s log book, and the times as outlined by him for the investigators. There were, according to the scientists, specifically Dr. Leo Sprinkle, 20 minutes missing. Sprinkle wanted to use hypnotic regression to learn if anything related to the UFO sighting had happened.

Under the prodding of the scientists, including Sprinkle, Schirmer described a brief encounter with the alien creatures. He suggested his patrol car had been “pulled” to the side of the road and then up a hill to where, consciously, he remembered seeing an alien ship. Now, under hypnosis, he claimed his car was stopped by the alien creatures and that one had reached inside, touching him on the neck. As the creature stepped back out of the way, Schirmer “came right up out of the car [and] was standing right in front of him.”

This creature asked Schirmer, “Are you the Watchman of this town?”

Schirmer replied, “Yes, I am.” They then headed for the ship and entered

it. Schirmer was given a tour, and provided with limited information about it. On the ship’s second level which, according to Schirmer, they floated up to, was “. . . a red light. . . and this big cone spinning, and there was all kinds of panels and computers and stuff like this; and there was a map on the wall, and there was this large screen, like a vision screen. . . and [an alien] walked up and he pressed some buttons, and he pointed toward the stars and said, ‘That’s where we’re from. . . it was a map of a sun and six planets . . . he never said exactly where they were from. . .’

The alien told Schirmer they were there to “get electricity,” which they said they “extracted from one of the power poles there.”

When the short tour ended, the alien leader said, “Watchman, come with me.” They climbed out of the craft, walked over to the police car, and the alien said, “Watchman, what you have seen and what you have heard, you will not remember. The only thing you will remember is you’ve seen something land and something take off. . .”

The logic of this seems inverted. Why provide a tour, why show Schirmer a “map” of the aliens’ home system, and then tell him he will not remember it? Why let him remember anything at all? Had it not been for Schirmer’s

memory of the alien craft, Sprinkle would not have found the 20 minute discrepancy in the log and would not have used hypnotic regression to undercover the abduction.

The Llanca case

Another case that impressed investigators at the time was the report from Dionisio Llanca in Argentina. Although now almost universally accepted as a hoax, Llanca’s adventure was reported first in the *APRO Bulletin*, the official publication of the private Aerial Phenomena Research Organization, and later in *Saga’s UFO Report*.

Like the others, Llanca claimed he was driving late at night when a flat tire forced him to the side of the road. As he worked, a bright light caught his attention, and he spotted three people, two men and one woman, who were not really human. He was taken onto their ship, examined, given some sort of important message for the human race, and returned to his car.

Roach read UFO tales

Pat Roach, the Utah mother, read that article in

UFO Report, and believed she too had been abducted by alien creatures. The tale inspired her to write to me, care of the editors of the magazine, explaining, “I think I know how entire families can disap-

pear.” She then wrote, “We had a visit from someone about 11 at night in the middle of October 1973.”

Roach then provided her story of what had happened. “I lay on my living room couch and my four-year-old son lay beside me dragging a blanket along. I fell asleep and when I awoke the entire house was in commotion. The cat was screaming. My son was across the length of the living room staring at the space between the bookcase and drapes hysterical saying, ‘Skeleton, skeleton!’”

After she quieted her son, she heard a noise outside. It sounded like someone dragging the branches of a tree across the side of the house. Then something shook the windows. Although Roach wrote she wasn’t terribly frightened, she couldn’t bring herself to look outside for a prowler.

Next morning, when she inspected the fence around the empty field next to the house, she discovered the middle strand of barb wire had been broken. Standing there, near the fence, she told her oldest daughter, “They must have made us forget.”

According to Roach’s letter, Debbie, the youngest daughter, said two men had walked her out of her room,

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Sitting in an ice cream parlor with the witness, Harder discussed other abduction cases in detail, including the Hill case.

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and walked her sister out the same way. "She thought she floated out rather than walked. . . She did say she was afraid they wouldn't bring her back. She said there was a man in the corner of the living room and he smiled at her."

Roach wrote that apparently Debbie and the man had a conversation. "She said there were no lips on his mouth and he didn't talk with his mouth but with his 'head.' . . She said in the spaceship they told her she wouldn't be sick anymore. She said the spacemen looked like Indians but with shorter hair. There was an 'Indian' girl with a long dress in the spaceship seated at some controls."

Debbie said she had seen "a lot of children from our neighborhood in the ship. There seemed to be a few from each family on the block. She said one child was lying on the examining machine and another was standing in a small room off the large entrance room. She said they told her to tell no one but her family about the incident."

Roach, in her letter to me, wrote, "When I tried to think if I could remember anything about the night it was very hazy. All I could remember was a bright light coming into the living room. I remember walking up steps like that of an airplane with a solid grey steel wall to the side."

Roach also reported that family members had been moved. Of Bonnie and Debbie, her daughters, she wrote, "She [Bonnie] woke in bed and Debbie, the six-year-old, was gone. She awoke again and their places were switched in the bed."

"Debbie also said Kent [her four-year-old son] was across the room covered by a blanket and I was on the couch. He would never voluntarily leave my side so someone had moved and covered him."

An empty field

Next to the Roach house was an empty field. Although partially hidden from the rest of the neighborhood by trees, the side next to the street was open and would allow those living across the street to see anything in the field.

Roach wrote, "She [Debbie] said there was a spaceship parked in the field. It was saucer shaped with port holes on the sides. She said as she walked up the steps entering the ship she heard a 'beep-beep' and didn't remember anything [sic] except pressure on the top of her left arm. She said as she returned through the fence she cut her chin on the wire. She did have a cut in the morning that hadn't been there the night before. As they took her through

the dining room she noticed the clock said 1 AM."

She finished the letter, writing, "It was hard to believe although I knew 'something' had happened that night, so I placed Bonnie and Debra in separate rooms and told them to draw a picture of the 'spacemen'. The drawings were just alike except the triangle at the top of the suit was reversed in Debbie's drawing."

APRO was enthusiastic

Here was what would eventually be seen as a classic abduction case that demanded investigation. It held everything a researcher could want: multiple witnesses, the suggestion of independent, neighborhood corroboration, and even possibly police documentation. Most important,

this was the first report of aliens entering a house to take the people out to a ship.

It was Roach who suggested hypnosis and APRO Headquarters had the solution.

Coral Lorenzen, one of

the organization's founders, suggested Dr. James Harder, APRO's Dir. of Research, as the scientist to use hypnotic regression. Harder was a civil engineer, not a psychologist, but he had been trained in hypnosis and he had investigated other abduction reports.

July 8, 1975, Harder and I visited Roach at her home in Utah. We discussed the case with Roach for a short time. Harder told her what hypnosis was, and then suggested a session to put her at ease. He wouldn't ask any questions about the abduction during that first session. He would just put her under so she could experience hypnosis with no pressure.

Two hours later, with Roach relaxed, the first of the three hypnotic regression sessions began. Harder put her under and then told her, "Get the feeling of concentration, going back in time, get that feeling you had that day, that you were going to bed. . .tell me, tell me. . .you've got the feeling of being on air. . .What was the feeling you had."

"I'm surprised by. . .It was a bright light."

"Did you go to the window?"

"No. I was in the living room and I was on the couch. . .I sleep there occasionally. . .You know, two figures were standing over me. I was lying down, you know, and they're bright. They're skinny. Whatever they were, they're skinny and they look like they've dressed up in all white. People that would be in the service or something?"

"What gave you that idea?" asked Harder.

"Their uniforms."

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The family had discussed the case among themselves for almost two years.

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"Did they talk to you at that time?"

"No."

Harder continued to probe trying to determine who was present in the room. Once he established that some of Roach's children, but not all of them, were with her in the living room, he wanted to know what happened next.

But Roach claimed she couldn't remember anything else. She mentioned that one of the men was in the corner. "He's standing by us. . . I don't remember what happened."

You can remember

Harder told her she could remember, pressing her on this point, and she finally said, "They have a

machine they carry. They're very businesslike, and they hurt my arms because I don't want to go anywhere. . . They seemed to grasp me on my upper arms. . . I don't remember going out the door. . . I see bright room, big bright room . . . They're standing around."

Harder had her describe what she could see around her. She was in a big, round room and she could see stars. "It looked like a lot of technology. It's all machines and buttons and on the wall." Finally she said, "That's all I want to remember. . . I don't remember being examined but I know I was and that's what bothers me."

"You think you have been physically examined?"

"Yes."

"Probed?" asked Harder. "Somebody touched you?"

"Yes."

Were you on a table?

Harder pressed on. "Did you get the impression you were up on a table?"

"Yes."

"Were your clothes on? Did they take your clothes off?"

"I don't remember."

"It might be hard for you to remember," said

Harder. "Did they tell you you wouldn't remember this?

Did you get that impression you wouldn't remember?"

Roach responded, saying, "They really didn't talk to me."

Harder asked her more about the creatures surrounding her, trying to learn what he could about their attempts, or the lack of attempts to communicate with Roach. She told him she didn't like their attitudes. She found them to be cold-hearted and cold-blooded. According to Roach,

they were interested in gathering data but cared nothing for her emotional state or her feelings.

Harder then tried to get a description of the beings. He asked her, "Can you remember what the face looks like?"

"I remember the big eyes."

"And do you remember a pupil in the eyes, a round pupil, or was it a slitted pupil like a cat?"

"It doesn't matter . . . let me think. Cause they looked at me closer in my face."

"Did they?" asked Harder. "How big would you say their eyes were? The size of a quarter?"

"They were big."

"A fifty cent piece?"

"No. Quarter."

"Was it round?"

"No. . . oval. It had a big pupil. It was a round pupil."

"Was it black?"

"Yes."

"What about the nose? Do you remember anything about the nose?"

"Don't remember a nose."

"What about a mouth?"

"A fish."

"It looked like a fish? . . . it didn't have any lips?"

"Yes."

Harder then wanted to know how tall the beings were, suggesting three feet and then four feet. He wanted to know how their arms related, proportionally, to the bodies. He then said, "Remember their hands. What they looked like."

"They have those funny hands like Bonnie said but they're orange."

"Orange color? Did they seem to have fingers?"

"Didn't look like fingers."

"Did they move their hands ever?"

"Yeah."

"Did they open their hands ever?"

"Yes. They opened. . . it was almost like a clasp."

"Like there were two fingers, or three?"

"I wouldn't call them fingers, they were big."

Harder worked to reinforce the hypnosis, saying, "That's all right. You can remember it. . . I can understand you didn't like them. Did they seem to have feet that looked like ours. You really didn't have a chance to see them?"

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Harder wanted to be told the witness had a needle pressed into her, like in the Hill case.

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Harder continued for a few minutes more, asking about the appearance and how the creatures were dressed. He asked specific questions about the belts the aliens wore and if their clothing was the same color above the belt as it was below.

There were taking a sample

Roach mentioned the aliens had wiped her with something but she hadn't understood the purpose. Harder speculated, "It probably didn't hurt you. They probably were just taking a little skin sample or something superficial. Cells or something."

"I don't know."

"You can really remember, you just don't want to remember."

"I don't want to."

Harder, trying to convince Roach to remember, said, "I can imagine, you were worried about your children. Your children may remember what happened and then afterwards you may want to. You will want to remember what happened to the children so you can reassure them, probably. So it would be a good idea if you remembered what happened to you, if you can possibly do that without its bothering you too much."

"After I left that room, I wasn't with the children."

"I see," said Harder. "But they may be worried a little bit about what happened to them and you'll want to make sure it isn't too frightening. You don't want to upset them unnecessarily."

"No."

Did they use a needle?

"I want to ask you one question, and you don't have to answer it. Did they put a needle in your stomach or anything like that? You can just answer with your fingers, you don't have to say."

"I'd rather say, I don't remember anything like that."

"You don't remember any blood samples that they took?"

"Nothing. They hooked me up to a machine. Checked everything, examined me from top to bottom. They put needles in me in places."

"Do you remember what places?"

"No."

"Perhaps in your arms or legs?"

"They put needles everywhere it seemed like."

"Was it Chinese acupuncture do you suppose?" asked Harder.

"I don't know."

Harder couldn't learn any more about the needles or the probing. He wanted to know if she had watched them work or if she had kept her eyes closed. He asked her about leaving the craft. "Did they carry you?"

"Yes, more or less. I don't know how it was. I wasn't really walking."

Harder said, "It would be very helpful for me to know as a scientist, what kinds of things they are looking for. . .very helpful if you could remember that. . .if it wouldn't be too much trouble."

"They wanted to know how our minds work."

"That's very interesting," said Harder.

"They want. . .to give them certain information they don't understand yet."

"What kind of information?"

"How we think, how we feel, our emotions. They don't know about us."

"That's very interesting," said Harder.

"No. . .I don't like what they want."

"You thought you were being intruded

upon."

"Yes. They didn't care, because they don't have an understanding of emotions like ours. Maybe they're trying to understand our emotions. I may be wrong."

"You know, Pat," said Harder, "you're one of the more intelligent people that have been in touch with this thing."

That ended the first session. Roach had awakened at that point. Harder would conduct two more regression sessions, but all were contaminated by the first. Harder made no suggestion Roach would be unable to recall what had been discussed. He believed she should be aware of everything that had transpired. This was his investigative technique, believing the following sessions would build on the first.

In fact, after the end of that session, Harder asked additional questions. She remembered more. She now believed Kent, her youngest son, had been on the craft. That was a detail she hadn't known before the regression.

Very leading questions

The problem here, as I see it now, is Harder spent

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**"Do you think you might have been physically examined?"
The witness had said nothing about being physically examined.**

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some of the time asking very leading questions. He didn't take a neutral approach, but was searching for specific information. That creates problems about the credibility of the report. It isn't always that Roach remembered something on her own, but was led to some of those ideas by the way the questions were being asked and the reinforcing techniques Harder used.

Some of what Roach said was obviously derived from the Llanca abduction. Her discussion of the technology she saw seems to mirror that from the *UFO Report*

A second attempt met with the same results. Although Harder could induce the hypnotic state, it wouldn't hold as the probing moved to the abduction. The first question destroyed the mood, and Bonnie would sit up, blinking.

On the morning of July 9, Roach was ready to try again. She was sure she could remember more, especially after a good night's sleep. Harder had no difficulty putting her into a hypnotic state. Roach was a good hypnotic subject.



Bonnie Roach, Patty Roach & Dr. James Harder, 1973

article she had read. Rather than being a confirming detail, it is evidence of contamination.

That same afternoon, July 8, Harder interviewed the oldest daughter, Bonnie, to learn if she would corroborate what her mother had told us. In the letter to me, Roach made it clear her children had more memories of the event than she did. If true, this would be a key factor.

The session with Bonnie was a disaster. She seemed apprehensive about hypnosis but Harder did manage to apparently induce a light trance. The distractions proved too great and no progress was made. Bonnie woke quickly without revealing anything to us.

After describing, again, how she was moved from the house to the ship, Roach said, "They put me on a table and hooked me up on one leg and one arm. I didn't like their examination."

"Was it like a G-Y-N exam?" asked Harder.

"That's part of it," she said. "I don't like what they do with my head."

"What are they doing?"

"Taking my thoughts. . ." Then angrily, she said, "They don't have the right to take them."

She and Harder discussed exactly what she meant

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by taking her thoughts. The aliens were making her relive past events as if building a catalog of human emotion. Once again, Roach said they didn't understand human emotions. Now Roach leaped over a span of time and said, "I'm getting dressed. They don't know."

Harder asked, "Don't know what?"

"They don't know how we humans are. I called them stupid." Roach laughed about that.

"What did they say to that?"

"They weren't angry. They just do what they want to. The man was a regular man."

Harder wasn't ready for that revelation. He asked, "What? What was that? You thought there was a regular human being with them?"

"Yes."

"Was he taller? Bigger?"

"Yes. He was bald."

"Was he the one who did the examining?"

"He helped."

Harder questioned her closely about the human being. She

was sure there was a human with them. He was different from the aliens. He had regular eyes and human features.

Roach began describing other features of the abduction and finally said, "They need us. . . I don't know why they need us. They're very intent. They need information quickly."

Roach began to talk about her children and started to cry. In seconds she was awake again. She sat for a moment, as if thinking about what she had just seen, and then wanted to talk about the experience. She said the human was about 55, had a fringe of gray hair, wore glasses, dressed in black and wore one glove.

Roach showed emotion

Harder had worried because Roach had failed to show any emotion during the first session. For Harder, Roach's emotions during the second session added a

dimension of realism to the story. He was now convinced Roach had been abducted by the crew of a flying saucer.

This idea, that emotional response is somehow related to the validity of the experience, has been disproved. In research conducted with Vietnam veterans, some of those who told horrific tales of combat, with the proper display of emotion, were later found to have not experienced the combat, not been in Vietnam, and in one shocking case, the man had never served in the military. This demonstrated that the emotional content of the tale had no relation to the validity of the experience.

During the afternoon, Harder thought everyone should get away from the house for a while. He wanted to move to neutral ground where the family would have an opportunity to relax. Sitting in an ice cream parlor, Harder

discussed other abduction cases reported over the last decade, including the Hill case. He went into some detail about what Betty Hill had reported. Harder told Roach about Betty Hill's belief that a needle had

been pushed into her stomach and eggs removed.

The final session with Roach was held the evening of July 9. Of Roach's children, only Bonnie seemed to slip into a hypnotic state. In interviews conducted with the other children everything they had to say had been uncovered. Their tales were nowhere near as robust as that told by their mother.

They told fragmented stories that provided a measure of corroboration if it was forgotten they all lived together during the two years between Oct. 1973 and when Roach wrote to me. From Roach's letter, it was clear they had discussed the events of Oct. 17 many times and in great detail. Further attempts with hypnosis would be of no value and failed.

Nonetheless, Harder persisted. Using a room at a local hotel, both Roach and her daughter were put under.

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**. . .the phrasing of a question,
the tone of voice, the gentle
probing, until Harder found
what he wanted. . .**

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While Bonnie was left alone to concentrate on her experiences, Roach was given a pen and paper and asked to draw one of the aliens. She sat for a moment, as if looking at something, then sketched, quickly one of the creatures.

With that accomplished, Harder again questioned Roach, asking for more details about what she had seen on the ship. She described the interior of the craft, mentioned a “clock” with lots of hands, and told of the human who worked with the aliens.

Again, after describing being floated back to the house, Roach began to worry about her children. She cried and slipped out of the hypnotic state. Now she remembered a needle and thought it had been pushed into her stomach. Remember, this was after Harder asked that specific question in an earlier session, and after he had told Roach in detail about the experiences of Betty Hill.

She copied her mother

With her mother awake, Bonnie too slipped out of hypnosis. Now she remembered being on the craft. She was standing near a wall and could see her mother on a table that floated, surrounded by alien creatures. She said she didn’t watch too closely because her mother had no clothes on and she was frightened.

Then, Bonnie said one thing that excited Harder. She said, “I can see a human with them.” She went on to say, “He was taller and he had an ear like a regular ear.”

Bonnie then took the paper and sketched the scene as she remembered it. It agreed with what Roach had said earlier. The numbers of beings and the positions of them were all correct, just shown from a different angle.

According to Harder, the descriptions provided by Roach matched several other reports, some of which hadn’t received wide circulation. Only someone who had studied the phenomenon would be aware of the reports. There certainly was no way for Roach and her children to be aware of many of those cases.

Investigator’s subtle influence

Of course, the problem was Harder was well aware of the descriptions and his questions sometimes led to the description he wanted. At the time, I didn’t realize that the phrasing of a question, the tone of the hypnotist’s voice, and the gentle probing until he found the clue he wanted, dragged the report in the direction he wanted. It was quite subtle, and I’m not sure Harder realized what he was doing.

I certainly didn’t notice it until studying the case years later.

Harder was impressed by a couple of details. Because the majority of the story was reported while in a hypnotic state, Harder believed it added a note of authenticity. Harder was aware a subject can confabulate under hypnosis, but he was impressed by her emotions. Her emotions, and her repeated worries about the children, suggested to Harder the abduction was real.

Of course, Harder had reinforced that idea several times, telling Roach she must be worried about her children. (And yes, that would be a natural assumption, but Harder erred in saying it to her on many occasions while she was in a state of hypnosis.)

There are a number of other very disturbing aspects in this case, however. First, and foremost, is the way the case reached the hands of researchers. Roach, after having read the story of an abduction in *Saga’s UFO Report* wrote to me in care of the magazine. Although Roach said she

had read no books about UFOs and abductions, it is clear from her first letter that she had read magazine articles about them.

Taken from the literature?

There are a number of parallels between what was reported in the article Roach read and what Roach said. For example, both report a domed disc, male and female beings involved, long hair, elongated eyes, and other similarities.

The problem for researchers is this known source of contamination. It can’t be suggested that because there are similar items in both stories they both must be true. What can be said is Roach could have picked up the information through reading the Llanca abduction tale.

Another point must be made. The family had discussed the incident among themselves for nearly two years. Almost from the beginning, the family was talking about alien intruders. The story of Hickson and Parker was being reported nationally at that time and Roach thought she must have been abducted. Hickson and Parker claimed an abduction on Oct. 11, and according to various records, news of the case was reported, nationally, the following morning.

According to *The APRO Bulletin*, September-October 1973, it was 9 am Oct. 12 when APRO Headquarters received the first call about the Hickson-Parker abduction. After learning the details, Coral Lorenzen tried to find a psychologist to go to Pascagoula to interview Hickson and Parker, but none of the consultants could get away fast

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**The terrestrial explanation
cannot be applied to all
abduction reports.**

(Continued from page 32)

enough. The job fell to James Harder, just as it did two years later.

Harder interviewed both men and used hypnosis to attempt to learn more about the event. After the sessions, he told APRO it would be nearly impossible for the men to simulate the feelings of terror while under hypnosis without some kind of outside stimulus. According to Harder, the terror both men displayed seemed quite real.

Emotions lent credibility

This was almost the same thing Harder would say about the Roach case two years later. In fact, during the first session with Roach, Harder was concerned by a lack of any real emotion. Roach related the material and answered the questions in a flat, cold voice, as if reporting a TV program she had seen.

But throughout the first session, Harder told Roach, "It may be a little bit frightening." Later he asked, "Is there something you think would be frightening to remember?" Not long after, he said, ". . . It might have been a very frightening experience at the time."

know I was."

This contamination can be traced directly to the Llanca article published by *Saga's UFO Report*. Llanca mentioned some of the things Roach had described during her session. The examination by the aliens is an obvious one. Elongated eyes, which Roach mentioned several times, was also mentioned by Llanca. He mentioned the eyes several times as if they were of overwhelming importance.

There is one other interesting parallel between the Llanca story and Roach's report. Llanca said, "There are many viewing devices, many. . . two viewing screens. In one, stars can be seen."

Roach, in her first session, said, "It's very bright [in the room]. . . Door's on my right hand side and a look out, you can see out at the stars, not the top but the side, toward the ship."

Harder asked, "You can see stars? Is it clear?"

"No, I can see stars. It's as if you could see the stars. It looked like a lot of technology."

Later, as Harder and Roach, discussed what she was talking about, she said she could see the stars on a

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In the first session, Harder told Roach it was frightening, though she had suggested no such thing herself. In later sessions the fright and the fear is evident. It is clear that Harder, through his technique and questioning, told Roach she was to be frightened, and she picked up on the suggestion.

Harder was guilty of providing other information to Roach and leading her in other directions. For example, Roach mentioned there were machines and buttons. Harder then asked, "What kind of machines? Did they look like typewriters, computers?"

When she responded, "They looked like computers," Harder asked, "What made you think they looked like computers?" Although Roach said, "Because they had wavy lines going through them," a better answer might have been, "Because you just mentioned it."

That's a little point, however. Implanting the idea there were computers on an alien spacecraft isn't of much importance. Much more important is that during the interview, Roach said, "I don't remember being examined but I

screen. She wasn't looking outside the ship, but at a screen near the top of the room in which she stood. In other words, she is describing a scene straight out of the article about Llanca.

But when the Llanca case failed to provide a lead, Harder was there with a leading question. After Roach mentioned she knew she had been examined, Harder said, "You think you might have been physically examined?" Roach had said nothing about a physical exam, until that point had been talking about a mental examination.

Later, he asked, "Did you get the impression you were up on a table?" He also told her, "They probably were just taking a little skin sample or something superficial, cells or something?" There had been nothing in the interview, to that point, to suggest the aliens were collecting any kind of tissue samples. Harder implanted the idea.

Worse still, during the interview, Harder asked, "Did they put a needle into your stomach or anything like that?" Roach said she remembered nothing like that during

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the first session. She did say, after Harder's leading question, "They put needles in me in places." But she said nothing about needles until Harder asked his question.

Investigator cued the witness

Later Harder told Roach about Betty Hill's experience with needles into the stomach. After she awoke from the final hypnotic session, Roach told Harder a needle had been pressed into her stomach. Clearly this was a detail implanted by the sloppy work of the hypnotist.

Harder was looking for something specific. He wanted to be told Roach had a needle pressed into her. He was trying to draw a parallel between the Hill abduction and the Roach case.

The one area Harder believed an important area of corroboration probably demonstrates Roach's suggestibility. When Bonnie mentioned a human with the aliens, Harder thought it important. However, the transcripts and notes show Bonnie was present during an earlier session when her mother described a human-looking entity.

Both Roach and her daughter were in the room for the final session. Harder put both under, telling Bonnie to concentrate on what she could see. He then questioned her mother, who provided a description of lying on the table, of the human with the aliens, and the scene as she remembered it. Later Bonnie told the same story with the same details. It's no mystery why she would. She had just heard her mother tell Harder all about it.

Harder, throughout the sessions, was telling Roach exactly what he wanted. "That's a very intelligent thing for you to recognize," he told her. Later, "It would be very helpful for me to know, as a scientist, what kinds of things they are looking for..." He told her he found some things "very interesting."

The later sessions demonstrate the influence Harder exerted. He mentioned something, in the first session or in private conversations between the sessions, and those things appear later. Studying the transcripts now, it is very easy to see what ideas were implanted by Harder and what ideas were contamination by the Llanca article she read.

Sleep paralysis?

The Roach abduction is a clear case of contamination. What precipitated Roach's letter to me was the prowler in October 1973. With the country talking about UFO abduction, and newspaper headlines telling readers scientists (Harder and Dr. J. Allen Hynek of Northwestern University) believed the tale, it is not a stretch for Roach to leap from a prowler to alien intrusion.

The prowler, however, might never have existed outside of Roach's mind, as the police suggested to me.

Science now recognizes a phenomenon known as sleep paralysis. According to published figures, one quarter to one half the population have experienced an episode of sleep paralysis. In about 80 percent of the cases, people report some sort of entity or creature in the room with them.

Sleep paralysis occurs either just upon falling asleep or just after waking. It is a paralysis that prevents any movement, and often gives the individual the impression something heavy is on the chest making respiration difficult. The paralysis lasts a short time and the person usually falls back to sleep. The next morning, he or she remembers the event, remembers the fear, and remembers a vague creature lurking in the shadows.

Pat Roach, it seems, suffered a classic manifestation of sleep paralysis right down to the little man in the corner and the two creatures standing over her. And then, suddenly, the little men were gone and the house erupted

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Kevin doing his radio show

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into confusion. Roach had no idea what had happened and began to search for an answer.

No evidence provided

Although she claimed the object had landed in a nearly empty field next to her house, no evidence was recovered from that field. No one along the street, where dozens of trees would have made a landing difficult, had seen anything that night.

Reports of neighbors and their children on the craft went unverified, though I talked to many of the people who lived on Roach's street. No one had any memory of any event that would suggest they had been part of an alien abduction. Roach claimed she had some conscious memory, but no one else reported any unusual happenings that night.

Roach's search for an answer led her into the world of alien abduction. Alien abduction explained the little men, the invasion of the house, the other details. The problem is, no evidence other than the somewhat fragmented testimonies of her children, was ever offered, and the children had been under their mother's influence for nearly two years before investigators arrived.

There seems little evidence anything extraterrestrial happened to Roach and her family. The tale came out of a desire to believe, contamination from the news media and, more importantly, from the scientist who conducted the regression sessions. It is obvious he wanted a report that would underscore and validate the Hill abduction and he

handed Roach the details so she could do just that.

Unsubtle coaching

It now seems most likely Roach suffered an episode of sleep paralysis, and there wouldn't have been any supposedly credible abduction report without the leading questions and unsubtle coaching employed by Dr. Harder.

What is important to learn from this case is that sleep paralysis can be the explanation for some, but certainly not all, cases of reported alien abduction. Some witnesses, such as the Hills, were abducted while wide awake. If there is a terrestrial explanation for the Hill case, it is not sleep paralysis.

Second, Harder did, unfortunately, lead Roach into details she hadn't gotten from magazine articles. His desire to validate the Hill case with another, similar case becomes obvious when the transcripts are read.

Third, the stories offered by the children were not as complete or as detailed as the story told by their mother. A logical conclusion to be drawn is the children were suggestible and picked up details from talking with their mother.

In the end, this case doesn't involve an abduction. The evidence suggests the answer is terrestrial. Nonetheless, the terrestrial explanation cannot be applied to all abduction reports. The search for answers must continue, though the Roach case can be removed from the unidentified category. 

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