



JAR 8

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Board Editor
Springfield, Missouri
carpenter2655@aol.com

Elaine Douglass, MS

Board Editor
Moab, Utah
edouglass@preciscom.net

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Associate Editor
Maryland
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Nadine Lulich

Board Editor
California
nlulich@yahoo.com

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Board Editor
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barbara_lamb@verizon.net

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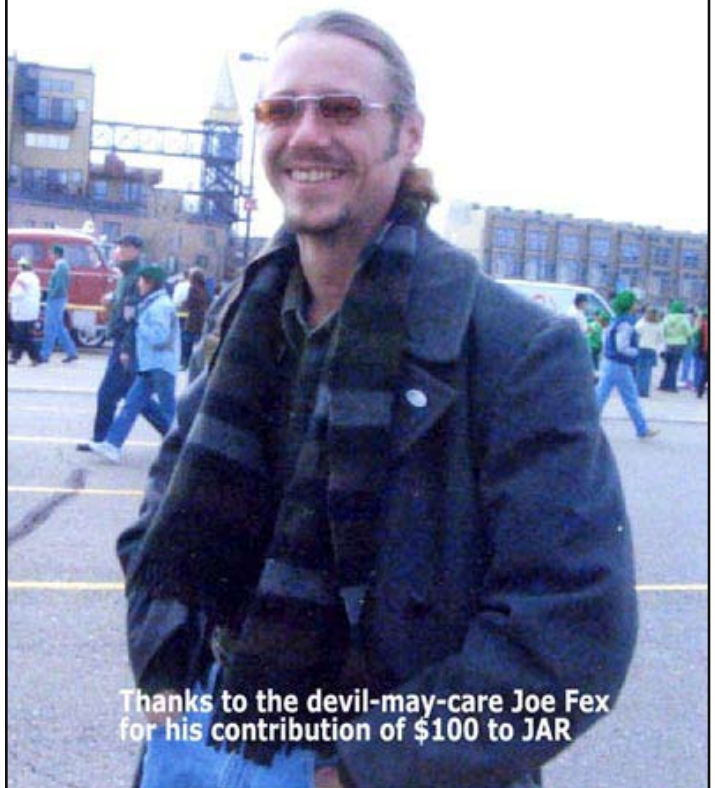
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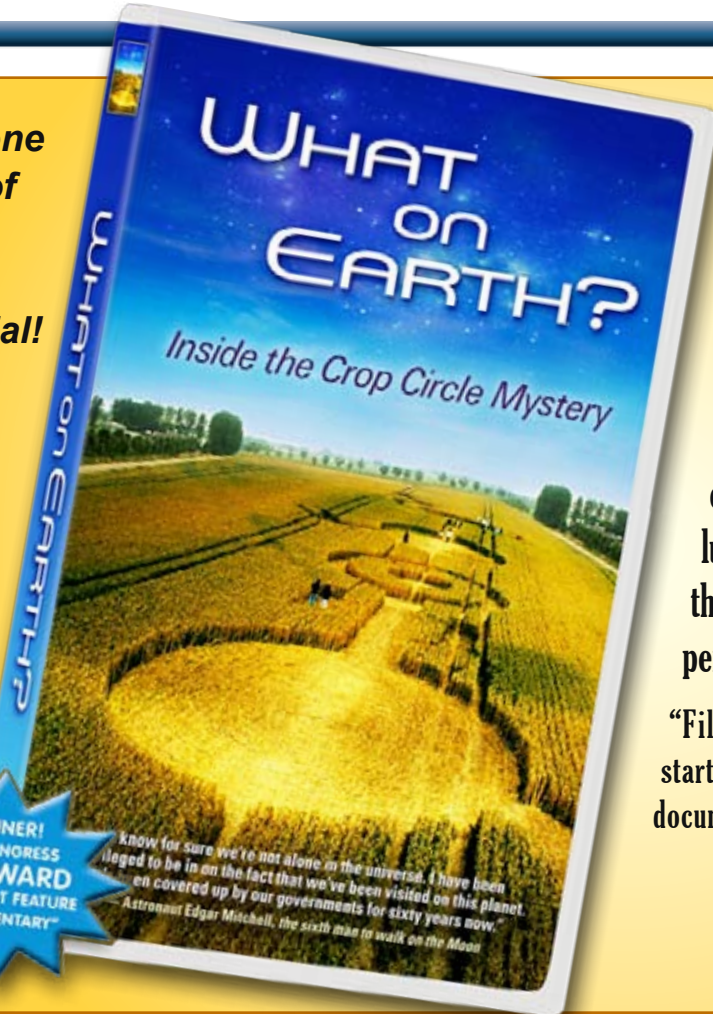
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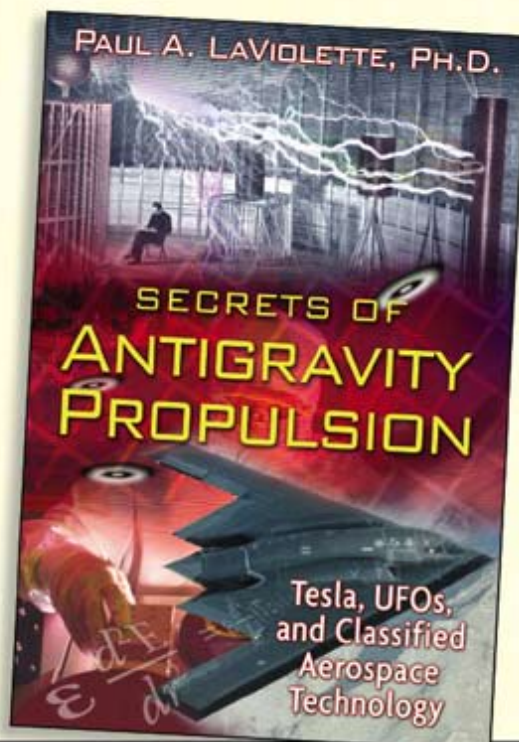
Secrets of Antigravity Propulsion

Tesla, UFOs, and Classified Aerospace Technology

PAUL A. LaVIOLETTE, Ph.D.

In *Secrets of Antigravity Propulsion*, physicist Paul LaViolette explains the secret history of antigravity experimentation, including gravity-control technologies capable of revolutionizing air travel and energy production. He reveals classified projects to develop an aerospace propulsion system using beams of microwave energy similar to those used by the craft flying over Area 51. Using subquantum kinetics—the science behind antigravity technology—LaViolette reviews field-propulsion devices and technologies with thrust-to-power ratios thousands of times greater than jet engines and whose effects are unexplained by conventional physics and relativity theory. He includes controversial evidence about the NASA cover-up of these advanced technologies.

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**One man's struggle for freedom
from abduction**
**Has this abductee found a way to stop
the aliens from taking him?**

Part 1
By Anonymous

My life changed abruptly Dec. 21, 2007. That was the day I became aware of my hidden life, a life I never knew existed, a life I had been secretly living for over 50 years. I was now aware of aliens and UFOs, and it was no longer conjecture or speculation—it was reality.

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Re the photo taken by Anonymous, he says, "This is what a digital camera sees when an entity enters the window. Not what I see, only the camera."

It's my party and I'll cry if I want to—

Did this UFO researcher get breast cancer from unnatural causes?

By Elaine Douglass
edouglass@preciscom.net

The author gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Rick Keefe, Wendelle & Suzy Stevens, Manuel Lamiroy, Jon Kelly, Derrel Sims, Jeff Polachek, Ron Regehr, Elton Turner, Barbara Bartholic, Dr. Gene Lipson, Joe Montaldo, Kay Osteen, and others, in preparation of this article, and the companion article, "The Connor O'Ryan Story."

It's true I had cancer in the past. In 1997 and 1998. On one of those occasions a nurse said, "Don't cry," as they wheeled me into the operating room and I told her, "It's my party and I'll cry if I want to!" You do remember the 1960s hit song by Lesley Gore, don't you?

Those cancers were contained and I kept my breasts, as I have this time. But those cancers in 1997 and 1998 were sleepy little cancers. The cancer I got in 2008 was called a "Stage 4"—the same kind of cancer that killed Karla Turner—what the doctors call an "aggressive" cancer.

Some 250,000 women die of breast cancer every year in the US, so it's nothing unusual to get breast cancer. And I wouldn't have any far out suspicions about how I got cancer again last year if it weren't for some untoward events that happened before, and even since, I was diagnosed with cancer in June of 2008.

The phone is tapped

The first of these untoward events, and not the most important, was in early 2007 when I was told my phone is tapped. The fellow who told me runs the phone company for the village of Bullfrog near Lake Powell, Utah. He has the village's phone company in his house, so I figured he knew what he was talking about.

He said he could tell my phone is tapped from how his equipment reacted when he talked to me on the phone. I figured, what else is new? Just another UFO researcher whose phone is tapped.

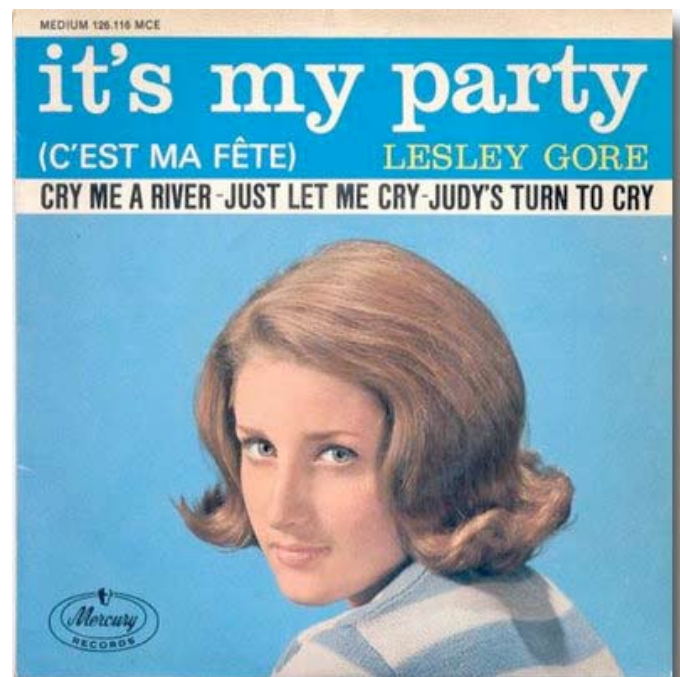
I can't ask Justin—that was his name, Justin Mitchell—if my phone is *still* tapped 'cause Justin dropped out of Mufon shortly after. He'd had a couple of sightings down in Bullfrog, then he started having startling, intense dreams, then he freaked out. Wrote me he wanted nothing more to do with the UFO world,

and he stopped answering emails or phone calls from me.

Nothing unusual in that. UFO witnesses freak out all the time.

No prior known surveillance

I'd like it understood I'm not talking about this cancer business to get attention. In all my years of UFO research, starting in 1985, I never claimed I



was under any kind of surveillance. Even back in my days with Operation Right to Know (ORTK) in the 1990s when we held street demonstrations in front of the White House protesting UFO secrecy, which was shown on CNN, even then I never thought the government, or the aliens, were paying attention to me personally (although I hoped the government was paying attention to our demonstrations).

My point is, I'm not the kind of person who says look at me, I'm important, the government is
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Amicizia: a story of friendship in Italy

By Stefano Breccia
breccia^{stefano}@inwind.it

How may it be that various people, often unaware of one another, have given the same name to an experience they have lived, a name that is the same although expressed in various languages? Why do they speak of Amicizia in Italy, of Amitié in France, of Amistad in Spain, of Friendship in England, of Freundschaft in Germany, and of Дружба in Russia? The only answer I can give is their experience has been so much characterized by a strong feeling that everyone resorted to the same sensation, even to the same name.

What my book *Mass Contacts* speaks about is a very unusual case of contacts between beings not from this world, and as many as 150 earthlings, living not only in my country, Italy, but also in Switzerland, in Germany, Siberia, Argentina, Australia, and Chile. This story started in the 1950s and ended, perhaps, in 1978—but the aliens themselves maintain it has lasted for millennia.

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The Connor O’Ryan story: Was this S-4 whistleblower given a fatal disease by the US government?

By Elaine Douglass
edouglass@preciscom.net

Fascinating as the Connor O’Ryan story is, *JAR* would not have run an article on it except for the element of the “fatal disease.” As readers of the companion article, “It’s my party and I’ll cry if I want to,” will have noticed, there are numerous claims in the UFO community that researchers and witnesses have been murdered via the infliction of a fatal disease, and by other means, but I was unable to substantiate any of it. Then the Connor O’Ryan story came along.

The O’Ryan story is very much a UFO story, but it is not about foul play inflicted upon innocent persons in the UFO community. Instead, it is about violence practiced and inflicted between guilty insiders in UFO coverup circles and other secret realms of our government.

The O’Ryan story does not finally resolve the questions at hand, but it does offer insight. It gives us a glimpse into the modalities of secret official violence, including the bizarre alleged modality of inflicting fatal diseases upon persons the US may want to eliminate.

As the reader will see, it is not clear Connor O’Ryan had a fatal disease given him by the US government. It is likely O’Ryan was falsely told he had a disease in order to destabilize him for certain purposes the government had in mind.

What is clear is O’Ryan was willing to believe he was a victim of assassination by fatal disease. Of course, O’Ryan was an assassin himself, so he had reason to know.

After 11 years in Special Forces “on commission to the CIA,” whatever were the experiences O’Ryan accumulated and the circles he travelled in, it was apparently quite plausible to him the US government would give an American citizen a fatal disease in order to eliminate them. And that is something to think about.



Derek Hennesey, aka Connor O’Ryan

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MUFON launches abduction study Omega 3: a comparative study of Abductees/experiencers & community controls

**By Robert B. LeLieuvre, Michael Freeman, & Lester Velez
MUFON Abduction/Experiencers Research Committee, 2009**

For 40 years the Mutual UFO Network has undertaken the scientific study of unidentified flying objects. In the main, these investigations focused on sightings, physical traces, and other forms of observable events or effects.

In 2008 MUFON extended its mission into new avenues, one of which is the study of the abduction phenomenon. The MUFON Abduction/Experiencer Research Committee was established and asked to develop a research program. “Omega 3” is the first of four abduction studies the committee expects to conduct over the next several years.

The objective of the Omega 3 study is to discover what, if any, personality characteristics might be associated with reports of alien abduction, and also to discover what the long-term consequences of such contact may be.

The Abduction/Experiencer Research Committee consisting of 12 individuals from a variety of scientific and professional disciplines, is chaired by Lester Velez, who is also a MUFON assistant state director, northern California.

The committee as a whole is conducting the study, but two psychologists, Robert B. LeLieuvre, Ph.D., and Michael Freeman, Ph.D., are the principal investigators. MUFON has allocated \$2,000 for the Omega 3 study, including preparation of materials and mailing of survey packets.

The 1990 study

In 1990, Ring and Rosing conducted the first study of individuals who reported UFO encounters and compared them to a group of individuals who reported near death experiences.

In the Ring study, individuals reporting UFO

experiences and NDEs were also compared with two control groups—individuals with an interest in UFO encounters, but no direct experiences, and individuals who had an interest in the near-death phenomenon, but no near-death crisis.

Ring and Rosing found a great degree of similarity between the UFOers and the NDErs. Both reported childhood experiences with alternate realities and psi phenomena, as well as histories of abuse and trauma. The combination of psi phenomena and trauma led, the researchers concluded, to a “dissociative” style in times of heightened stress.

The Ring study also found that the UFO and the NDE experiencers changed a great deal following their experiences. For example, both groups of experiencers reported greater physical sensitivities to environmental conditions, heightened awareness of their bodies, better and faster mental ability to process information, and a greater flexibility in their thinking. Both groups also reported a heightened altruism, including an increase in universal spirituality, a stronger concern for others, and a greater commitment to ecological matters and planetary welfare.

The 2008 study

A 2008 study by LeLieuvre, Larson, and Remington replicated some of the Ring and Rosing findings of 1990, but did not confirm the abuse-trauma-dissociation pathway. It was thought a possible problem with Ring and Rosing was that the subjects in the UFO abductee/experiencer group were too dissimilar to one another, i.e., not enough alike.

The UFO abductee/experiencer group in that study consisted of individuals who reported a

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How the contact began

The beings selected Italy — who knows why? — to be the main country. The “official” Amicizia history started here, near to an old castle (the Rocca Pia) on the hills surrounding Ascoli Piceno (a town in the center of Italy).

Bruno Sammaciccia, an Italian psychiatrist, went there with two friends to investigate because he had found an ancient parchment with drawings relating to this castle. It was 1956. The whole story is told in my book, *Mass Contacts*, but in short, there at the castle they met two aliens, one very tall, 8.2 feet, and the other very short, 3.3 feet, and so the contact began.

With diverse Italians

In due time, Bruno introduced various people into this adventure, the newcomers introduced still more people, and so on. But other contacts were taking place independently (mine, among many others), both in Italy and abroad. The persons involved were from every walk of life, from hairdressers to university professors, politicians to general managers, musicians to scientists, and military and church people.

Led by Bruno Sammaciccia

Bruno was very well known in Italy. He had written a lot of books on religious topics, mainly about St. Francis from Assisi, and had sponsored the printing of many others; he had even got three books written about him! The then archbishop of Crakovia (who was to become pope Giovanni Paolo II) autographed a dedication to one of Bruno's books.

Among the people involved was Alberto Perego, who was to become an Italian consul in Brazil,

an old friend of mine. He suggested me to get in touch with Bruno. I did and so my friendship with Bruno began.

In the meantime, with respect to the W56s, my experiences continued, mainly by myself; I had little to do with Bruno's group or the foreign ones. My contacts with those other groups were only when the W56s were involved.

We named them “1956”

You don't know what “W56” means? It was Bruno who christened the aliens W56s. To them,

names are almost meaningless because of the structure of their language. The 56 refers to the year this story started.

The W derives from one of their moral precepts: they maintain that when someone gets a victory in some situation, he has to get immediately another victory, this time against himself, in order not to get too proud of his success. Therefore, Victory + Victory = V + V = W.

The aliens accepted the names we had chosen for them to the point the names were visible, written in Latin letters, almost everywhere inside their structures (which were

underground). The W56s, and Bruno, told me that in ancient times they had been named “Akrij,” a word that, both in Sanscrit and in ancient Egyptian, means “the sage ones.”

My job as an engineer has taken me almost all over the world, so I had the possibility to find other Amicizia groups here and there. For instance, while working in Novosibirsk, Russia, I found that some of

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Bruno Sammaciccia and his dog, Dick. Dick often accompanied Bruno to meetings with the W56s.

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my German friends had been transferred there by their company. One young engineer had married a Siberian physicist, and one night I was their guest. She revealed to me she too was in touch with the W56s, and we spent hours discussing Einstein's general relativity!

CTRs were a problem

The W56s are a confederation of several different people, and they are fighting another group they called "our enemy brothers." Bruno christened those people the "CTRs," from the Italian word *contrari*, which means "opposite."

The underground bases

I speak at length in my book about the W56s' underground bases. Here it may be sufficient to remember they were not "built," by which I mean the bases were not excavated. Instead, the cavity was generated pushing the ground sideways, and the earth was remaining in this state as long as a specific field was kept active; when the field was switched off, everything went back to the initial state. In a similar way, when necessary, entrances were opened or closed; there were no stable accesses to the bases.

As for their ships, what people usually do not realize is that UFOs are not primarily a means for transportation. They are, on the contrary, some kinds of mobile laboratories. Moreover, they are designed, and built, each time they are needed; then they are dismantled when the job is over. No hangars or the like do exist.

To elevate humankind

The beings told us the reason they started this series of contacts was they believed times were ripe to start elevating mankind, little by little, to a higher level of consciousness and morality. To this aim they asked Bruno to build a very large villa, meant to become a center of studies for small selected groups of earthlings. They even designed its structures, with

apartments, auditoria, and studying rooms inside it.

Fruit, and metals, were required

He built the large villa, as requested, and hosted there many people, free of any charge, during years, waiting for the project to start. But it did not start, at least not at the desired level. In the meantime the earthlings were required to support their friends from other worlds on a logistical base, for instance they were to supply huge quantities of fruits, metals, and other items. In exchange they were receiving information on the topics of their interest.



Some were very tall

Both the W56s and the CTRs look human, to the point of being able to walk our streets unnoticed, if their height is a reasonable one. The main difference between them and us is indeed their height: they are from 10 inches up to 20 feet tall!

I have never seen the very short or the very tall ones; I've been told about them. Once, at night, the park surrounding my house has been visited by "someone" whose traces, on the snow, were suggesting he was well less than one meter tall.

If you access the internet site, www.

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spazioevita.com, then click on “Studio sul W56 – Kenio,” then on “English Version,” you’ll be able to read an excellent study about the height of the man pictured in photograph on page 372 of my book, *Mass Contacts*. The study was made by the Italian researcher Teresa Barbatelli, who has been able to ascertain that the man shown on page 372 is some 9.8 feet tall!

The friendship deteriorated

The friendship, in Italy and in Europe, ended “apparently” in 1978. About friendship, the W56s believe that friendship among a group is not just a concept. To them, it is actually a living entity that they name “Uredda.” When the feelings are right, this entity lives well, and that is important, because the strength of the W56s depends on it.

Unfortunately, during 1978 the feelings inside Bruno’s group were not so good. Some had already left the group, and among the ones remaining there was some anger, mainly against the leadership Bruno was exerting, and his modes. Some were getting confused, starting to believe the whole story was a kind of malicious delusion. Others, more trivially, were trying to make an earning out of the information they had received.

The most spectacular discontented character has been a major Italian scientist. When her help was asked, for a girl who was suffering from a very serious illness, she stated nothing could be done and the girl was to die within a few months. The W56s had been able to recover the girl, and our scientist, furious because her diagnosis had been confuted, left the group! By the way, the (then) girl, is still alive, thirty years later.

Therefore, Uredda was starting to deteriorate. The W56s were imploring the earthlings in all ways to keep the group compact together, but to no avail. The W56s respected our freewill, so they did nothing to force the situation.

A war broke out

In the meantime the superiority of the W56s over the CTRs was decreasing, to the point they

were heavily attacked. Bruno told me many of them died during a battle that lasted a couple of months, and he said the W56s were forced to abandon our Earth, promising to return in the first years of the new century. Bruno told me how the events went on, and that he and his wife assisted to the departure of the W56s’ ships, in two different waves.

The Adriatic sea went mad

During those two months of the battle, the end of the year in 1978, the waters of the Adriatic sea went mad, with waves tens of meters high, and strange light and radar phenomena. A fishing ship sank and its two occupants died, but not of drowning; fishermen were terrorized; at first they tried to be escorted by the Coast Guard ships, then the whole fishing activity came to an end.

In the same time, lots of UFOs were sighted over central Italy, with hundreds of witnesses who

were speaking about objects seen in flight or landed. Then, by the end of the year, everything got back to normality. The W56s apparently had flown away, and the war was

The beings selected Italy—who knows why?—to be the main country and the “official” Amicizia history started here.

over, at least on our planet.

I say “apparently” the contact ended in 1978 because, from what I hear, their activity went on also in the next years, and is still going on even today.

Contacts persist

My last contact in voice with them has taken place, if I remember correctly the date, in 1992, while I was on an international flight over the Atlantic. The contact consisted in a few words I heard in the headphones I was wearing, listening to music. The message referred to a minor problem the plane was encountering, and they told me not to worry. Next morning, after having landed in Buenos Aires, I has the opportunity of asking the pilot, and he was astonished I had understood what had passed.

These days they are still interfering from time to time with my day-to-day life with what I call “jokes,” innocent tricks, whose only purpose I can imagine consists in showing they are still around me.

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With jokes

Just to give you an idea of their “jokes,” let me tell you one of the most astonishing. I used to teach the course, “Algorithms for Computer Graphics,” at the engineering faculty of L’Aquila, a town in the center of Italy, now badly struck by a violent earthquake. My lessons were Power Point

The earthlings were required to support their friends from other worlds. They were to supply huge quantities of fruits, metals, and other items.

presentations, full of programs I had written in FORTRAN, an old programming language I am fond of, well suited to the complex mathematics required by computer graphics.

One evening I decided to add new programs to the presentation I was to use next morning. I did so, verified that everything was running correctly, then I copied the new presentation on a CD, and from there into my mobile computer. Then I had my supper in the next room. After that I went to verify the copy turned out ok. I ran my presentation, and—one program was wrong!

I looked at its source version, and found an important instruction missing. What’s astonishing is the original, on my fixed PC, was ok, while the one on the CD was wrong! That means that during the process of copying the files into the CD, “someone” took the source program, altered it, then compiled it (of course they were needing a FORTRAN compiler, an object not so common in these days), then substituted my source and executable programs with his new versions, without Windows realizing it! I still keep the CD with the wrong programs as a souvenir. Of course, I corrected the mistake, so next day my presentation was fine.

The very last joke (up to now) has been a small red sphere flying in front of me, a few minutes before I started writing these notes.

And more jokes

Here’s another absurd joke: I’m very fond of fractal mathematics, and for some time I have been

investigating the field of automatic music composition by computer, making use of fractal analysis. As usual, some results were interesting, others absolutely ugly. In 2000 I presented some of my best pieces during a lecture I gave to an audience of mathematicians. That was the first and only time my music went public.

In the meantime, a friend of mine has built an automated meteorological station, in a town not far from me. A webcam in the station monitors the outside of his house, generating audio and video signals. The data so generated are sent to the internet in real time.

A Sunday morning, some months ago, my friend phoned me, asking me to connect to the web and see the data the station was generating. I did so, and found out the audio channel was transmitting absurd noises, very disagreeable, without any apparent reason. I started recording them on my computer. This strange phenomenon went on for more than one hour, then, all of a sudden, everything started to work correctly again.

Later on I played these noises again, and among them I found one of my fractal musical pieces, although badly distorted!

When I present these two audio files—my music and the “noises”—during my lectures on Amicizia, everybody recognizes at once my piece inside the madly distorted noises. If you’d like to hear

The superiority of the W56s over the CTRs was decreasing, to the point they were heavily attacked. . .many of them died during a battle that lasted a couple of months, and the W56s were forced to abandon our Earth.

these two musical passages, you may find them both at www.spazioevita.com/audio.htm. The first one, “Audio ricevuto da webcam,” is a short sequence of the noises; the second, “Audio elettronico,” is my piece.

How the book *Mass Contacts* came to be

All these, and many other experiences, are described in my book, *Mass Contacts*. Now, what

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about this book? First of all, Bruno suggested it. I was writing a book about the Ummo case, because my information on Ummo's Italian phase is totally unknown. Then, one day, Bruno asked me to help him in writing his memories about the W56s (a strange request, coming from a man who had written more than one hundred books!) At first I tried to dissuade him. I was feeling the idea was dangerous. Too many well known people had been involved, and surely they were not going to welcome their experiences exposed in the open.

Only first names used

Then we got to an agreement: I was to report only the first names of the people involved. So I started frequenting Bruno's in the afternoons, with a tape recorder. He was telling me his experiences, his comments, and the next morning I was transcribing everything on my computer. When the work was over, I reviewed the text and combined it to the book on the Ummites, added something here and there, in particular my personal opinions when they were diverging from Bruno's.

In the meantime, Hans, an old friend of mine from Germany, had known about this work, and one day he asked me the permission to pay me a visit. I invited also Bruno, and so a three-persons meeting took place. Hans had been involved in Amicizia in its German branch, so the meeting has been very animated by questions and answers. Hans gave me a file with his experiences (of course written in German!), so I translated and added Hans' experiences to the book.

Then, without warning, in January of 2003, Bruno passed away. He was living in Città

Sant'Angelo, a small, ancient village on the outskirts of Pescara. His funeral was attended by so many people it has been a problem to local policemen to accommodate the many cars arriving along the narrow alleys of the village. A few months later Hans, too, left this world.

The book almost died

Having been left alone by the two major enthusiasts of the idea of the book, I decided to stop. The book was not to be printed. Then another character, again an old friend, entered the scene: Roberto Pinotti, at that time President of the Italian UFO organization Centro UFOlogico Nazionale (CUN). He knew something about Amicizia.

By chance, I told him what had been going on, and he was able to convince me to change my ideas once again. He found a publisher for me, and in a few months the book *Contattismi di massa* (the Italian version) was in the book stores.

One of the reasons Roberto used to convince me was the following: "Nowadays all the people inside Amicizia are rather old, many of them already passed away, and there is the risk this story gets forgotten with them; moreover, all of them are, till now, convinced on the necessity of keeping it secret. But if they see your book, some among them may decide to get in the open."

Roberto started publishing articles on the W56s in the magazine of CUN, even before my book was actually printed, generating a wide expectation.

More witnesses came forward

And things went on just as Roberto had predicted. Gaspare De Lama, a well known painter,

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now 88, wrote me a letter, contending only one passage in the whole book! He then accepted to write an article in the CUN magazine about his experiences. I invited him and Prof. Paolo Di Girolamo, another Amicizia man, to lecture at a convention. That was the first time three persons (those two and myself) were to speak in public about Amicizia.

Di Girolamo too has written a book about his experiences, which is going to be published soon. And a second Bruno involved in Amicizia, who welcomed my book, is still hesitating on getting into the open, but I believe in the end he too will write something.

Then another person entered the scene. He does not want his name known, so for brevity's sake, I'll call him Mr. X. He asked Nikola Duper, a Croatian crop circles researcher, to act as his spokesman. Through Duper, Mr. X protested that my book is too technical, and announced he too is writing a book about his experiences. From many signs I believe I know who Mr. X really is, but I respect his will to remain anonymous. While I am now retired, my guess is Mr. X is still an active university professor, well known in Italy and abroad, so his reticence is easily understandable.

More books on W56s to appear

So, in this moment, two more books on Amicizia are going to appear! Apart from people accepting to go public, a few others confirmed their will to remain in the shadow, but nevertheless got in touch with me, so that we might exchange experiences and documents.

In the meantime, Paola Harris urged me to write an English version of my book, and Robert Girard of Arcturus Books volunteered to review my poor English. To these two American friends I owe the US printing of *Mass Contacts*.

In these years, new younger people are entering the Amicizia scene; once again, they spread from bus drivers to members of the CNR (Consiglio Nazionale delle Ricerche, the Italian government based research center), therefore the story looks to be iterating itself. In addition, it now appears a new chapter of the Amicizia saga is taking place in South America. In Chile, the natives are telling about "La isla de friendship."

The web sites www.spazioevita.com and www.W56.duper.org contain other information, mainly in Italian, with some English translations. To purchase *Mass Contacts*, go to www.amazon.com, or rgirard321@aol.com, or www.authorhouse.com.

SIDEBAR

Stefano: My personal experiences with the W56s

My first contact with the W56s happened in 1956, well before I got acquainted with Bruno. At that time I was an engineering student in Pisa.

My interlocutor was a researcher inside the university. He seemed very young, and was pretending to be an exile from a country under the Soviet jurisdiction, which could explain his lack of documents. He had passed a public examination, and so he had been engaged by the university. Anyway, he was then an Italian citizen.

He told me to call him Sigis, while of course in public he was using a different "official" name. The first time I met Sigis has been an astonishing experience, in connection with a night sighting of a UFO in Piazza dei Miracoli in Pisa. Unfortunately, I do not believe I may enter into deeper details.

My communications with the W56s were taking place either in person, via telephone calls,

via the then first rudimentary forms of e-mail, or via wireless broadcast.

To communicate with us, the W56s sometimes used the ordinary radio. They were able to overcome normal radio broadcasts that a radio set was receiving, substituting it with their messages, independently from the tuning. At times they were even able to switch a radio set on before starting their transmission through it! For this reason, when I was at home, I usually had a radio set near me, switched on, with an audio recorder continuously running at its side.

During the years, I met other W56 people, but my most usual contact remained Sigis.

I was able to record many of the messages from the W56 people, but unfortunately I saved just a few of them. In those days I was not thinking

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that years later I would be eagerly looking for every possible witness from those times.

One of the strangest communications arrived one afternoon in Bologna, and consisted of few sentences—in Russian! And the pronunciation was terrible. I had studied Russian when young because I was fond of playing chess, and Russian is almost the official language while speaking about chess. On that particular occasion I could not say what the message was about.

Only many years later I realized they were sentences from the play, “The Seagull,” by the Russian writer Anton Chekhov, but even now I do not understand the meaning of that message.

The only person in Bruno’s group I was frequenting with regularity has been Giancarlo. The two of us engaged in many technical experiments in order to try to put in practice some of the W56’s technological suggestions.

At times we succeeded, at times we didn’t. Other times, strange results occurred—devices were working at times, and not working other times, at random, nobody knows why.

Once we had been working on a device that was behaving erratically, in a process where the balance of energies didn’t look satisfied. A friend of mine, a nuclear engineer, did not believe such a device could work, and he suggested a practical demonstration. Therefore, one night we went to a solitary place outside Torino, a clearing in a wood. It was totally dark, no moon. I put my device on the ground, and

started it.

This time it worked! After a few seconds, a huge flame erupted, almost 100 feet tall, extremely white, with a tremendous roar! It lasted a few seconds. Immediately the apparently deserted place got crowded: everywhere cars were starting their motors and fleeing away, headlights on. In all evidence that place had been selected by many young couples that were sheltering in the darkness, and we had not realized it!

Sigis loved to joke and to live well. One night we met by chance in a restaurant in Moscow where an orchestra was playing. He was with two ladies, one from our Earth, the other from “outside.” At a moment he went to the stage, urging me to follow, then asked the orchestra to play a Trepak (a piece of stirring Russian music), and started dancing at the tunes, telling me to do the same! At the end, the director of the restaurant presented us with two complimentary vodka bottles, thanking us for the show.

One day Sigis had resigned from the university, and got another job. He was doing so on a regular basis. Every second or third year he would change both his job and the town he was living in.

Some thirty years went on this way. In the meantime I got married, got a couple of sons, got a very requiring job. At a certain point I felt I could no longer withstand such a life.

Knowing the W56s was a pleasant and unpleasant situation at the same time. I was risking of getting extraneous to my world, without being able to enter fully a totally different one. Moreover I wasn’t any longer having enough free time, because of my job and my involvement in international activities almost all over the world. So I said farewell to Sigis and the other W56s, and we parted friends.

—Stefano Breccia

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Book cover of the Italian version of Mass Contacts

Biography of Stefano Breccia

Stefano Breccia is an electrotechnic engineer and an expert on corporate management and technology systems, worker training in high technology, and technology education planning, as well as computer engineering, computer graphics, applied mathematics and fractal analysis.

He has a BS-equivalent degree in electrotechnic engineering from the University of Bologna, Italy, and masters degree equivalents in:

Telecommunications from the Politechnic University in Torino, Italy; Computer sciences from the National University Center for Electronic Computing (CNUCE) in Pisa, Italy; and in Company management from the SSRR in L'Aquila, Italy

He has worked since 1973 at the corporate training institute Scuola Superiore Guglielmo Reiss Romoli (SSRR), in L'Aquila, and remained there up to 2000, in the last seven years as the Assistant to the Managing Director.

At the University of L'Aquila, Faculty of Engineering, he is a former external professor of Computer Sciences and Algorithms for Computer Graphics, and in the Faculty of Training Sciences has given the course "Statistical Methodologies in Evaluating Training Results.

He has lectured on: didactical methods at the British Telecom Training Centre, in Milton Keynes, the UK; on fractal analysis at the University of Novosibirsk and at the Soviet Academy of Sciences in Moscow; in the UK on the changes in roles due to office automation at Stratford on Avon, within a Diebold project; on news in computer aided instruction methodologies in Madrid, within the framework of an International Training & Development Organization (IFTDO) project

He has been in charge of the project for creating a post graduate telecommunications school in Cordoba, Argentina. Within a European Community PHARE project, he has cooperated in the design of post-graduate telecommunication schools in Eastern Europe. Within an EC TACIS project, he has cooperated in the design and starting operation of a post-graduate telecommunications school in Novosibirsk, Russia.

He has been president of the scientific committee of the Center for Studies and Applications of Information Technologies, Catania, Sicily. He is a former member of the board of directors of the Giovanni Someda International Center for Telecommunications, (named after the noted Italian university professor), Venice, Italy. He has been a member of the board of trustee of the Institute for Training and Economic Development, L'Aquila, Italy. And he has been a member of the board of directors of the SSRR

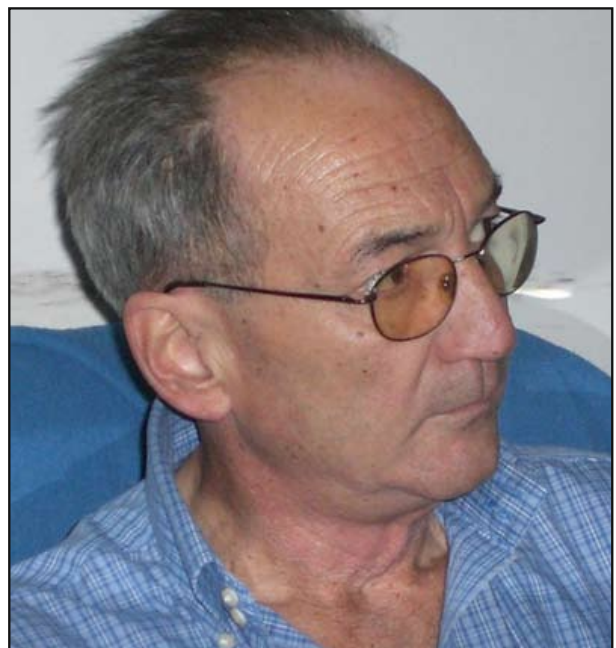
magazine *Societa dell'informazione* (*Information Society*), and a former editing director of the same publication. He has also been a member of the CT UNINFO commission on learning methodologies in Torino, Italy, as well as the didactical committee of the Italian Association for Industrial Research in Rome.

In 1995 he participated, as a consultant for the European Community to the Steering Committee of the DELTA Project in Brussels, as the responsible of "Areas of Application of Artificial Intelligence Technologies in Computer-Based Learning," and has participated in the DELTA Projects selection committee as the STET representative. He has participated, as an external consultant to the Italian Ministry of University and Scientific Research, in the definition of *curricula* in engineering universities, particularly in the area of intermediate degrees. He has been the hardware and software designer of the synesthetic project MC4, exhibited at the 2000 edition of the SMAU, in Milan, in the area of technology innovation.

He is the author or co-author of six books in Italian on electronics, computer programming, computer graphics and the mathematics used in computer systems and one book forthcoming, and the author of hundreds of papers and articles in professional journals on these subjects. In 2007 he published *Mass Contacts* in Italian and in 2009 in English.

Stefano Breccia is married and the father of two grown sons. He is retired and lives with his wife in the city of Chieti, Italy.

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“Amicizia” promises more than it delivers

By Barbara Lamb, M.S., MFT, CHT, JAR Board Editor

Stefano Breccia’s article, “Amicizia: a story of friendship in Italy,” begins with the promise of disclosing intriguing information about positive, ongoing contact between aliens and 150 human beings in Italy and several other countries. However, in reading the article I was disappointed that more information was not given about the aliens themselves and the nature of the encounters, other than their declared intention of “elevating mankind, little by little, to a higher level of consciousness and morality.” I missed learning *how* they attempted to do this, and what was the nature of the material they taught.

Other potentially informative aspects that I missed in the article are: Where did Stefano get his information about the W56s and the CTRs? How did he know they were truly aliens from other than the earth (other than their large variations in height)?

How did he know the war between the W56s and CTRs truly happened? Although there were many UFO sightings at the time, does this prove that a war was going on between two groups of alien? Was this war known by others and was it covered by any media?

What was Stefano’s own experience with the W56s? What did he know firsthand apart from what he was

told by Bruno and other people?

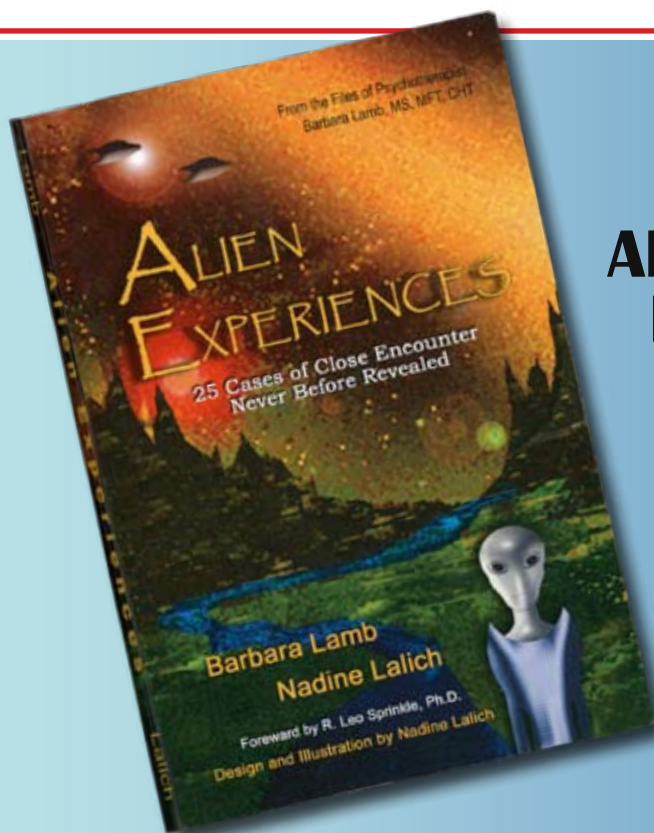
What was his experience and details of the underground facilities, and how did he and the W56s get into these facilities and out of them? Are the people who were/and are in this Amicizia group still having contact with the aliens, or are they reminiscing about the days when the contacts were happening?

In my opinion the material presented in this article tantalizingly suggests a highly significant period of contact between humans and extraterrestrials. However, so much important detail is absent, that it is difficult to know if there is any truth to the story. Because *JAR* is dedicated to providing information and opinions about the alien encounter phenomenon, I think the reader deserves to know more about these encounters which Stefano mentions.

I would greatly prefer to know less about the ‘jokes’ which Stefano believes were perpetrated by the W56s and less about how he came to write his book, and more about the issues I have raised above. Perhaps Stefano intends this article primarily as a ‘teaser’ for readers to buy and read his book, *Mass Contacts*.



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Alien Experiences



is a significant contribution to the literature on close encounters.

Written with commitment and clarity, the authors’ desire to help abductees shines through every page.

— Journal of Abduction-Encounter Research (JAR)



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His real name is Derek Hennessey

The Connor O’Ryan story is a tale currently being told by longtime UFO researcher and retired Air Force Lt. Col. Wendelle Stevens. It concerns whistleblower “Connor O’Ryan” (pseudonym), a US Marine alleged to have been a guard at the secret AF facility in Nevada known as S-4. O’Ryan’s real name is Derek Hennessey.

According to Wendelle, Connor O’Ryan contacted him in October 1991 indicating he had information to reveal. Wendelle took O’Ryan in, and he remained with

related to the case; and other segments on S-4.

In the video interview, O’Ryan says that during the nine months he worked as a guard at S-4 (1990-1991) he saw alien discs and alien bodies in cryogenic storage and witnessed a visit by then Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney to the S-4 facility.

O’Ryan portrays himself as increasingly uneasy with the ET mission of S-4, and after a time he identified three other S-4 colleagues who were as discontented as he was. These four men smuggled a camera into the facility and took pictures which they planned to somehow release

to the public. Allegedly, the pictures were duplicated and secreted at five locations.

In the midst of this, O’Ryan says doctors at S-4 told him he had contracted a fatal form of Hodgkin’s disease and he would be discharged for medical reasons. The four conspirators then conferred and decided O’Ryan would be the one tasked with delivering the pictures to someone on the outside. When O’Ryan contacted Stevens he had been out of the military for several weeks and he was, he says on camera, “on the run.”



Wendelle and associates of Wendelle in Arizona for a six-week period. At the end of the six weeks, O’Ryan disappeared.

An S-4 whistleblower

S-4, where O’Ryan says he worked, is associated with the secret Air Force Groom Lake Area 51 complex north of Las Vegas, believed to be a location where ET craft and technology are being back-engineered. It is the same location described by another whistleblower, Bob Lazar, who reported in 1989 he had performed engineering work on alien artifacts at S-4.

This month all the information held by Wendelle Stevens on this case is being released in the form of a lengthy documentary produced by Rick Keefe of Arizona and posted on YouTube. (See links on pg. 27 of this issue.)¹

The film, which is very good, includes video interviews with O’Ryan, Wendelle Stevens, Jim Dilettoso, Bob Dean, and others; the presentation of documents

Connor O’Ryan was 29 years old in 1991 and, according to Wendelle, he was “a Marine, a US Navy Black Seal,² Delta 6, a sentry at S-4.” He had been assigned to “Special Forces, special operations, intelligence” for eight or nine years prior to 1991. The YouTube documentary presents a W-2 type form indicating O’Ryan held the rank of sergeant and was “on a commission to the CIA.”

It turns out O’Ryan was a government assassin. One of his jobs was to kill people on orders from the US government. In fact, according to Wendelle, O’Ryan said he had killed 18 people, including US citizens—people O’Ryan described as “enemies of the US government.”

These assassinations were carried out periodically after O’Ryan joined the Marines/Special Forces in 1980. Reportedly, the last assassination took place while O’Ryan was working at S-4. Immediately prior to S-4, O’Ryan said he was on “submarine duty.”

It seems the modus operandi was O’Ryan would

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find his orders to kill under his pillow. He would then be dispatched on the “special mission,” following which he returned to whatever more normal duties he was assigned to at the time, such as submarine duty or being a guard at S-4.

Six weeks with Wendelle

The events that unfolded in the six-week period after O’Ryan contacted Stevens are complicated. Here is the basic plot line:

October 1991 Wendelle Stevens is contacted by Connor O’Ryan who tells Wendelle there are discs and alien bodies at S-4.

Wendelle permits O’Ryan to stay at his Arizona home and the two begin a dialogue. Wendelle learns the man is a government assassin and that on his last “special mission” O’Ryan killed a fellow Special Forces sergeant in Hungary.

O’Ryan tells Wendelle of the smuggled camera, the pictures, and his health condition. He says the four confederates at S-4 picked Wendelle Stevens as the outside person they wished to contact.

O’Ryan claims five sets of the pictures were made, referred to as “caches,” secreted at various locations. O’Ryan’s confederates at S-4 have the idea the pictures are an insurance policy which will ensure their survival in case their illicit picture-taking activities are



discovered by their superiors.

O’Ryan is not sure he actually has a fatal disease, but if he does he strongly suspects he was given the disease by his superiors because he “knows too much” after having assassinated 18 people.

O’Ryan says he has mailed a parcel with one set of the pictures to Wendelle, but when they go to pick up the parcel, it does not arrive.

Threatening letters

After O’Ryan is at Wendelle’s home two days, they begin to receive hand-written threatening notes insisting

O’Ryan “come home” to Delta 6. These notes continue to be delivered throughout the six weeks, and one of the notes includes a severed human finger.

O’Ryan and Wendelle conclude O’Ryan’s own Delta 6 Special Forces colleagues from S-4 have been sent after him. They come to believe, however, that O’Ryan will not be picked up until all the caches are in the hands of the government.

Wendelle becomes apprehensive and O’Ryan is moved to the home of Arizonan Jim Dilettoso, one of Wendelle’s close colleagues. Gem Cox, Wendelle’s grandson, with whom O’Ryan has become close, accompanies O’Ryan. While at Dilettoso’s home, the parties become aware of two covert intrusions onto the property.



The threatening tone of the notes escalates; O’Ryan is called a “traitor” and informed a “termination” order has been issued against him. Somehow O’Ryan arranges a meeting with his CIA “mentor” at an airport. Following this, O’Ryan’s behavior becomes erratic. After the severed finger arrives at his home, Dilettoso asks Cox and O’Ryan to leave.

They do and travel to Florida ostensibly to retrieve one of the caches of photos. An associate of Wendelle’s, a woman named Omnec Onec goes with them. The effort to retrieve the cache of photos proves unsuccessful, and Gem and the woman return to Arizona without O’Ryan. In the meantime O’Ryan makes his way back to Wendelle’s home but remains only a short time. After he leaves, Wendelle never hears from O’Ryan again.

As for the photo caches, none ever fall into Wendelle’s hands.

Sources for this case

The sources of the information on this case are not all we would want, and the reader will notice the too

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frequent use here of the term “according to Wendelle.” Wendelle is interviewed extensively on Rick Keefe’s YouTube documentary, and so are O’Ryan and Dilettoso. However, Gem Cox is missing from the film and the woman who accompanied Cox and O’Ryan to Florida, Omnec Onec, is also missing.

As for O’Ryan’s interview, it centers on descriptions of S-4. Some of the other information we are interested in here, including O’Ryan’s work as a government assassin, and the circumstances of his alleged fatal disease, are not attested, or not fully attested to by O’Ryan in the taped interview. Instead, it is Wendelle Stevens who tells us the most about these subjects.

Much of what Wendelle speaks about is information derived from conversations among O’Ryan, Stevens, Cox and Dilettoso during the six-week period, information which was never put on tape but which is recalled by Stevens and Dilettoso.

Dilettoso seems to have kept his distance from O’Ryan and lodged Cox and O’Ryan in an out building, not in his home. Dilettoso, a computer engineer and longtime UFO photo analyst, tells what he recalls in the YouTube documentary, but more of what we learn relies on the recollections (testimony) of Wendelle Stevens.

In addition, several documents are shown on screen in the Keefe YouTube film, including several of the threatening notes, the W2-like form, and the alleged order to assassinate the man in Hungary, on CIA letterhead. Readers will want to watch the excellent Keefe documentary to gain the fullest understanding of this case.

Wendelle Stevens’ credibility

Wendelle Stevens has held the Connor O’Ryan story for 18 years, although he did release some of it in 1998 and 2001. He held the story, he says, out of concern the O’Ryan events were some sort of trap set for him by the US to compromise his credibility and possibly incriminate him; and also for concern for the safety of Connor O’Ryan. Now, due to Wendelle’s advancing years and the urgings of colleagues, the full story is being released, I am told.

My own view of Wendelle Stevens takes into account his advancing years (86), the length of time he held the story, his extended tenure in ufology dating from the 1960s, his military service to our country, and Wendelle’s many loyal friends in the UFO community.

Based on these factors, I believe Steven’s account. It is hard to imagine he would leave a hoax as his final legacy after some 50 years in ufology. There are some discrepancies in Wendelle’s account, but I chalk these up to the many details involved in this case and the 18 years of elapsed time.

“...a crazy ass disease”

Connor O’Ryan said the doctors at S-4 told him he had a fatal form of Hodgkin’s disease. But did he in fact have a fatal disease and if he did, was he infected with the disease by his superior at S-4 as a form of assassination by fatal disease?

One of the problems with this idea is the disease O’Ryan claimed, Hodgkin’s, is not fatal. Hodgkin’s, a cancer of the lymph system, is said to be highly curable. Furthermore, O’Ryan reportedly had no symptoms and felt perfectly well.

Here is what O’Ryan says on tape about his alleged disease: “At my last physical they told me I’ve contracted a form of Hodgkin’s disease. To be perfectly honest, I don’t know what the truth is or not.” At another point, regarding his medical condition, “I’m still checking that out.” He also says, “I’ve been discharged for medical reasons; I’m unfit to perform my duties.” Also, “It became an obsession to find out [about Area 51 and S-4], because I almost feared for my own safety. I didn’t want to walk away with some crazy ass disease.”

In an interview Wendelle told me the following. My questions in italic:

I tried to take him to a doctor, but he wouldn’t go. He said, “I don’t want to know about it. I don’t want to be planning my death every day. If I’ve got it, I’ll go when it happens. If I haven’t got it, they lied to me.” He said he felt perfectly healthy. . . and his conclusion was, if he had a disease. . . his superiors at S-4 had given it to him. And he’s going to bring the whole house of cards down before he died.

Do you think that’s what led him to become a renegade?

Yes, because he had \$300,000 in the bank and he’s gonna die before he could spend it.

What was the disease they told him he had?

Hodgkin’s Disease, but it does not move that fast unless it’s a particularly virulent form, like intelligence uses.

Did he indicate he ever killed anyone by infecting them with a disease?

No, he did not do that. He used a pistol.

Dilettoso confirms

Did O’Ryan tell others besides Wendelle that he might have a fatal disease and how he thought he might have gotten it? He told Jim Dilettoso.

“I do recall,” Jim said in an email, “generalities O’Ryan told me, [including] his concern he had contracted a specific fatal disease (or would in the future); his concern

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that his female associate [girlfriend] had contracted a specific fatal disease; and his belief that specific fatal diseases are covertly injected into human targets who would otherwise be assassinated by conventional means.”

By “injected,” did Jim mean medical injection? Yes, he did. Jim also confirmed O’Ryan claimed to be a government assassin.

As for the “female associate [girlfriend]” mentioned in Jim’s email, I’m told O’Ryan did not have a girlfriend, but one of his S-4 confederates did, and O’Ryan knew her. Perhaps she is the woman referred to.

“Special mission” means assassination

On video O’Ryan says little about being a government assassin. He mentions only “special missions.” In an interview, Wendelle told me the following:

[O’Ryan said he was] one of the Special Forces executioners used by the government [who] carry out “special missions.” I said, “Isn’t that murder?” He said, “Of course not! It’s not murder. It’s what we’re trained to do—take out enemies of the American government,” and he says, “When there’s a traitor or a spy or somebody in the government who needs to be removed and he may have secrets they don’t want to come out in court, we take care of it.”

He had a tattoo on his left bicep with a mark for every “special mission,” and I came to understand a “special mission” is a government execution. He had 18 marks.

You mean like notches in a belt?

Yes.

Was the man in Budapest he supposedly assassinated an American citizen?

Yes, an American Army Green Beret, senior sergeant.

Why was he assassinated?

They didn’t tell O’Ryan. They just. . .said he was to terminate a man by this name assigned to the Embassy in Budapest. . .a mug sheet showing front and side pictures with his fingerprints, where he lived, maps to and from his work and to and from the school where the kids went and to and from the grocery store. All those things.

He disappeared in the crowd

O’Ryan was given Hungarian clothes, shoes, and cap and a weapon with Hungarian ammunition, and paired with another Special Forces troop. . . They were given keys to an apartment rented in

their Hungarian names in Budapest, and they stayed there one day planning their operation. Two days later they carried it out and executed the guy coming out of a grocery store with his arms full of groceries in front of his two teenage kids in the car, and disappeared in the crowd, went back to the Embassy, got their own clothes back, turned in the Hungarian clothes, were driven to the airport immediately by an Embassy car, put on an airplane and sent out of the country.

Did you ever confirm this man had been murdered, independently from what Connor told you?

No, I did not. I left that to somebody else because I knew if I started meddling in it I’d get too close to the subject. [Author’s note: this statement reflects Wendelle’s concern the O’Ryan episode was a trap intended to compromise or incriminate him.]

Do people understand that if they become assassins—

Wait a minute. They don’t consider themselves assassins. O’Ryan told me, “Our training is to take out enemies of the US government, and that guy was characterized as an enemy.” He said, “We don’t disbelieve our superiors. He was a spy and had to go. We couldn’t afford to take him to trial.” *Sounds like O’Ryan’s mind was divided. On the one hand, he was still defending what he had done—* Oh yeah! He didn’t think he had done anything wrong. He was so patriotic when he saw the American flag go up the flagpole, he wept.

So he was still holding on to these ideas even after he became a renegade himself--

Yes, he was defending the position. He said, “There are traitors who have secrets the government can’t afford to expose in a trial, and they have to be terminated before they can release the secrets. That’s our job.”

Yet he was on the run?

Yes. He was being terminated himself, he thought.

A deepening vulnerability

So, did he regard himself as dangerous to the government? Did he regard his own execution as justified?

Well, he said, “I probably know too much after the 18th assassination.” Any of those could come back on him.

So he was close, or on the edge, of justifying his own assassination?

Right. He believed them when they told him [he had a fatal disease] because he said he felt

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vulnerable during the last couple of executions when he was doing the same thing to other Special Forces troops. He had a feeling they might know too much, too, and have to go.

You mean he began to suspect he and they were not that different?

Yes.

And he comes almost to the point where he says, 'I can understand why they'd need to take me out.'

Yeah, right.

So then why didn't he just volunteer? He didn't go that far. . .

He had \$300,000 and he didn't want to die with that still in the bank. I explained to him, "When they put those bonuses in the bank, if you die they just take [the money] back." He said, "I know that, but I don't want 'em to; that's my money."

Did he have any heirs? Was he married?

No. He was an orphan raised by foster parents he was not close to.

So he didn't have children?

That's the way they're selected [by the government]; that's what qualifies them.

Why do you think they didn't grab him before he got to you?

They could have grabbed him at any time. And they sent his own—he was a member of Delta 6, a Seal team in Area 51—they sent his own team after him, which tells you how sincere they are. He was part of Delta 6 and they sent his own teammates to get him! But they knew they couldn't take him out, couldn't do anything with him until they got all the caches. They figured out he had made six copies of the pictures and put them in five different locations, and they had to get all the pictures before they terminated him.

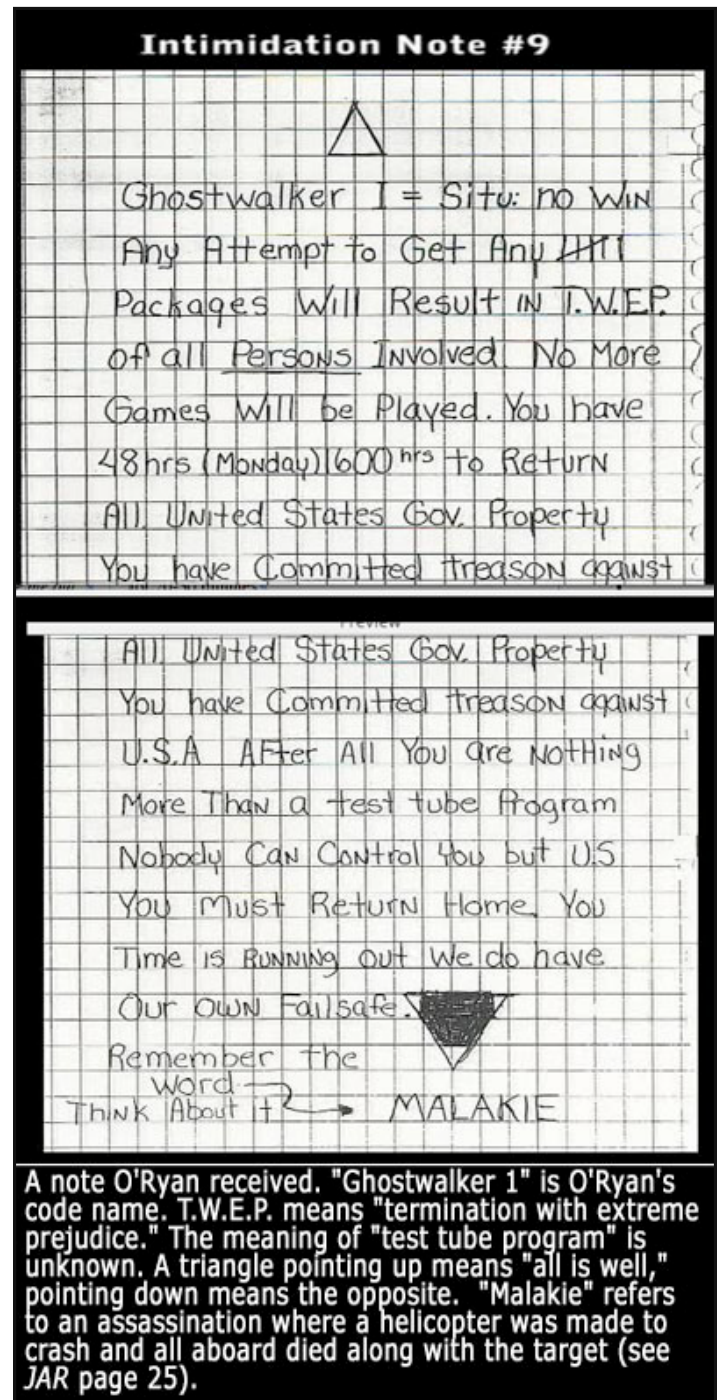
Intrusion of the Ninjas, first

As indicated above, there were two covert intrusions on the Dilettoso property during the six weeks. Wendelle tells the story of the first intrusion as he learned it from his grandson, Gem Cox.

Gem and Connor were asleep in the bungalow on Dilettoso's property. In the middle of the night, Gem woke up to find a man standing on his bed astride him and pointing an AK47 at Gem's head. The man was dressed entirely in black, in Ninja style clothing including one-toed Ninja boots. Gem looked across the room and saw an identically dressed man standing on Connor's bed, his gun pointed at Connor. Connor did not wake up and apparently the man guarding Gem did not realize Gem was awake.

Gem also saw a third man, wearing a business suit, searching the room. After observing this, Gem lost consciousness. When Gem and Connor awoke the next morning it was very late, long after they would normally have gotten up.

According to Wendelle, O'Ryan told him that



people working for the government who break into people's houses at night use a gas they inject into the room at a window frame. The gas renders the inhabitants unconscious for 20-30 minutes.

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Intrusion of the Ninjas, second

The other intrusion occurred in November at Dilettoso's one or two days after O'Ryan, Gem and Omnec Onec had left the property. As Dilettoso relates in the Keefe documentary, he awoke during the night when exterior lights came on triggered by motion detectors outside his home.

Jim called the police, then he cut all the lights off and looked out the window. "I saw someone go around the side of my house no more than 5 feet from me. He had on a Ninja outfit, all black, hood and mask." Jim then began turning the light on and off to frighten the intruder.

When the police arrived, they found Ninja footprints. Jim had been irrigating his lawn and it was wet. The intruder had been on the wet lawn, then ran onto a dry sidewalk, leaving wet footprints. "The footprints looked like a one-toed sock, like martial arts foot gear which for me matched what the guy had on," Dilettoso says.

What derailed O'Ryan?

Let's consider the origins of what happened to Connor O'Ryan. Originally, I'm told, O'Ryan was not planning to leave the military. Special Forces was his home. He was so patriotic he wept on seeing the American flag. Only weak family ties tugged at him from civilian life. According to Wendelle, O'Ryan was abandoned by his mother as a child or infant and raised by a foster family he was "not close to." As for

the assassinations, O'Ryan claimed they didn't bother him; they were simply—his "job."

For years, then, O'Ryan felt no fundamental conflict with his role in Special Forces. According to Wendelle, he had been planning on remaining in the

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military and "making a career of it." But something went wrong, very wrong, for Connor O'Ryan.

Perhaps they made him do too many assassinations, including of men who seemed very like O'Ryan himself, men such as the young Special Forces sergeant he said he killed in Hungary in 1991. In 10 years O'Ryan said he committed 18 assassinations. That's 1.8 a year. So every six months O'Ryan had to kill somebody.

Notwithstanding, it was S-4 that seems to have driven O'Ryan over the edge. Being a sentry at S-4 was boring, and the security was draconian, but there was more. It seems to have been the vulnerability he felt on learning the profound nature of the secret he was guarding that destabilized Connor O'Ryan.

"I'd already done nine years in covert operations with a Seal team," O'Ryan says on tape, "so I think they pretty much trusted me to keep my mouth shut, which I would've. I don't want to be one for ringing the bells, but this goes way beyond covert operations."

Connor says it took him two weeks from the beginning of his assignment at S-4 to figure out what was going on there. But apparently, after he figured it out, it got to him. Or maybe it was it was not only S-4, but S-4 combined with everything else in Connor O'Ryan's life.

They took pictures

O'Ryan found three others at S-4 who couldn't take it either. They brought a small camera in and took pictures. When exactly this activity was discovered by those in charge of S-4 we do not know. However, one way to look at the events which followed is to say these events are best explained by assuming the activity was discovered after the



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caches of photos had been stowed outside the facility.

What would the government do? Neutralizing the 4 conspirators immediately would have been an option, but what about the caches? Did they decide to falsely tell O’Ryan he was dying and then turn him loose on the street so he could lead them to the caches? Does this explain everything?

“You have a fatal disease”

We don’t know the exact circumstances of O’Ryan leaving the military. On tape, O’Ryan says, “I’ve been discharged for medical reasons; I’m unfit to perform my duties.”

According to Wendelle, “A few days after the physical when the blood tests had time to get reported back they called him in and told him he had a fatal disease that would take him out in two or three weeks. They were going to discharge him and let him go home to straighten out his personal affairs before his death.”

However, elsewhere on the video O’Ryan says, “They were going to put me back in the regular Navy but I didn’t want that because I’ve always been part of a Seal team. So they promised me I would be taken care of medically, but I [privately] talked to my colleagues [his confederates] at the facility and we decided since I’m in this kind of situation [dying]. . .we’re going to try to bring this out in the open.”

From these inconsistent characterizations we can’t tell whose idea it was O’Ryan be discharged. The scenario in which O’Ryan is told point blank he has a “fatal” disease and “two weeks to live” is not normal medical practice. Normally, doctors do not declare any condition “terminal.” They say, You’re very ill and we’re starting treatment.

On the street

If O’Ryan had a naturally-occurring disease, he ought to have been transferred to a military hospital. That this procedure was not followed is the main reason I believe O’Ryan was falsely told he had a fatal disease. Another reason is, he was not ill. By all accounts he looked and felt perfectly well, and an individual who will die in “two weeks” does not feel perfectly well.

Alternatively, O’Ryan might not have been sent to

a hospital if the government intended to assassinate him and had given by him a fatal disease, but in that case, why would they tell him about it?

There is the suggestion in the above that O’Ryan chose to leave the military. Perhaps he was told you can be transferred back to the “regular Navy” and “taken care of medically,” or you can be discharged and “go home to straighten out your affairs.” If this is what happened, it sounds calculated to me.

I cannot believe O’Ryan’s superiors would have put him on the street unless they had something very different in mind than what they told him. A 29-year old whose whole adult life had been in Special Forces, with little or no family ties, an assassin with 18 notches in his belt, privy to the biggest military secret in history, who thinks he’s dying, and whom the government knows has committed espionage. No, they wouldn’t put him on the street unless it was a calculated move. Apparently, the government wanted O’Ryan on the street.

Then too there is the disease, allegedly Hodgkin’s.

Hodgkin’s is not equivalent to the common cold, but it’s highly curable. It’s as though they were telling him, ‘If you’re bright enough, you’ll see through this pretense, but we don’t think you’re bright enough.’ Or, more correctly, we think you’ll be too desperate to think straight.

And sure enough, although nobody I’ve

talked to knows what O’Ryan did in the weeks between his discharge and the point he phoned Wendelle, the one thing we know he did not do was go to a civilian doctor to find out if he was ill or not. And when he got to Wendelle’s house, he refused to see a physician.

“...you’d get as far as 7...”

Furthermore, “techniques” were being used on O’Ryan (and apparently all the other guards at S-4). I refer to the periods O’Ryan was blacked out during his physicals or during his security screenings. “You’d go in a room and they would hook us up to an IV. They’d tell us, count to 10 and you’d reach as far as seven and that would be it. You’d wake up 50 minutes later with a tremendous headache.”

Most certainly, Connor could have been directed under hypnosis as to what choice he would make upon

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learning he had a fatal disease. ‘You will choose immediate discharge’ he could have been told.

But the main thing is, if getting the caches was the issue, it should have been easy for those in charge at S-4 to use the same means—drugs and hypnosis—to determine where the photo caches were stored. They wouldn’t have needed to chase O’Ryan around the country, which they

“You’d go in a room and they would hook us up to an IV. They’d tell us, count to 10 and you’d reach as far as 7 and that would be it. You’d wake up 50 minutes later with a tremendous headache.”

—Connor O’Ryan

subsequently did.

The idea O’Ryan had a fatal disease, and the idea the government had given him a fatal disease in order to assassinate him does not hold up well. So why was O’Ryan told he had a fatal disease? Subsequent events suggest the government was aware of the espionage O’Ryan was engaged in, and it appears to me destabilizing O’Ryan and putting him on the street was part of what the government decided to do about it.

The noose tightens

How does the situation appear from O’Ryan’s point of view? He has no evidence his superiors at S-4 are aware of the espionage. He hasn’t been questioned; his confederates still have their normal jobs at S-4 and they haven’t been questioned.

All that’s happened is suddenly O’Ryan is terminally ill and about that he is deeply suspicious. He is sure the disease is not a natural event and that the government is assassinating him. Since he hasn’t been accused of espionage, all he can think is that he is being eliminated because of the 18 assassinations.

It does not appear O’Ryan initially thought his superiors at S-4 might be lying about the disease. Probably that dawned on him only later as the weeks went by and he did not die.

Instead, O’Ryan is perfectly prepared to believe the government has infected him with a fatal disease. So the question arises, was there anything in O’Ryan’s background that familiarized him with assassination by fatal disease?

Wendelle gave me two different answers on that. I asked, Did O’Ryan ever participate in giving anyone a fatal disease? “No, he used a pistol,” Wendelle said.

But in the Keefe documentary, Wendelle says something different: “O’Ryan knew they use virulent strains of cancer and other diseases because he had been involved in some operations involving diseases, and accidents too.”

The part about the accidents refers to O’Ryan’s allegation he knew of assassinations accomplished by helicopters made to crash and buses blown up where innocent persons were killed along with the target. One of the threatening notes from Delta 6 refers to the helicopter crash assassination, and a newspaper article about the so-called “accident” is shown in the Keefe film. But I learned no details about what O’Ryan may have known about assassination by fatal disease except for the statement he made to Dilettoso about “injections.”

Therefore, whether O’Ryan believed in the reality of assassination by fatal disease because he had firsthand knowledge of it, or whether he believed it simply because it is possible and therefore in principle might be done, I do not know.

It should also be noted that Wendelle Stevens, through whose eyes we are seeing this case, fervently believes US intelligence engages in the practice of assassination by fatal disease, and he will elaborate on it at a moment’s notice, citing other cases where he believes this occurred. If it’s pointed out that Hodgkin’s is not a fatal disease, Wendelle will say the government has engineered its own “fast moving” lethal strains.

It wasn’t the assassinations

So O’Ryan ends up at Wendelle’s house, and there were really two questions at that point. Did he really have a fatal disease? And why had he been discharged?

As noted, it must have started dawning on O’Ryan there was more to his discharge than met the eye when the

Wendelle Stevens has held the Connor O’Ryan story for 18 years out of concern, he says, that the O’Ryan events were some sort of trap set for him by the US to compromise his credibility and possibly incriminate him; and also for concern for the safety of Connor O’Ryan.

weeks went by and he did not die or even fall ill. After all, he’d been told he had only “two weeks” to live.

In addition, 30 minutes after telephoning Wendelle, O’Ryan’s bank accounts were frozen and Wendelle had to send him money for the bus ride. O’Ryan also thought

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he was under physical surveillance in the bus station and that is why he mailed to Wendelle the cache of photos he allegedly had with him, instead of carrying them on his person.

My impression is that on arriving at Wendelle's, O'Ryan still clung to the notion all his troubles stemmed from the 18 assassinations. If that were true, the caches might still be secure and he could fulfill his purpose of getting one of them to the public.

The fear that pervaded both Wendelle and O'Ryan was that S-4 was always going to be O'Ryan's last assignment. The idea was that after O'Ryan's 17th assassination he already "knew too much" to be allowed to survive. He was used goods, so send him to S-4, deepen the contamination; it doesn't matter because he was destined to be eliminated.

Filmmaker Rick Keefe has a dark vision of the dynamic at work in O'Ryan's situation. "You don't get out of some of these jobs alive," Keefe says. "They have one



Rick Keefe

kill the next in a chain of assassinations. Once you've seen enough to compromise the leaders" you're doomed, Keefe believes. "They leave no one at the bottom alive."

It was just this kind of reasoning that apparently had made O'Ryan so uneasy after he got to S-4. "It became an obsession to find out [about Area 51 and S-4] because I almost feared for my own safety," he had said. And so, out of a deepening sense of vulnerability, O'Ryan perversely began to dig his own grave.

"We were told if we breached a security system at the facility (S-4) we'd be terminated," O'Ryan says on tape. And he then proceeded to do exactly that.

"Desperate" is how Wendelle Stevens describes Connor O'Ryan. After 18 years of examining this case from all angles, Wendelle has come to believe O'Ryan was not a "plant" and was not lying. As Wendelle sees him, O'Ryan was driven by a sense of doom.

Whatever was in Connor O'Ryan's mind during the bus trip to Wendelle's home, within 48 hours O'Ryan and Stevens realized the espionage at S-4 had been discovered.

One clue was O'Ryan telephoned the girlfriend of one of his confederates, that is, one of the four who'd taken

the pictures. Reportedly, the woman said she had not heard from her boyfriend and she "feared the worst." Another clue was the package O'Ryan had mailed to Wendelle

They sent his own team—he was a member of Delta 6, a Seal team in Area 51—they sent his own team after him, which tells you how sincere they are. He was part of Delta 6 and they sent his own teammates to get him!

failed to arrive.

"You're a traitor"

Still another clue, and it was a biggie, were the notes that started arriving written in Special Forces lingo accusing O'Ryan of being a "traitor." The notes had symbols in them representing various of the photo caches, with some symbols x-ed out indicating that cache had been seized. This kind of thing continued with the tension escalating in a war of nerves.

Then there was the incident with O'Ryan's ID card. O'Ryan had left S-4 with his S-4 entry card, which he shouldn't have been able to do. One night at Wendelle's he buried the ID card in the backyard before going out to dinner. On return, the ID was gone. That suggested to Wendelle and O'Ryan the ID card had a tracking device in it, and that meant wherever O'Ryan had gone post discharge, the government had known where he was. O'Ryan then suggested there might be other tracking devices, even inside his body.

No where to hide

Why did the people shadowing O'Ryan pick up the

"We were told if we breached a security system at the facility (S-4) we'd be terminated," O'Ryan says. So he then proceeded to do exactly that.

card? That would further alert O'Ryan he had been tracked. All I can think of is it was calculated to further unnerve O'Ryan, intentionally letting him know all his activities were transparent to his pursuers. In the meantime, probably there was another tracking device in O'Ryan's body or they wouldn't have sacrificed the card. A real cat and mouse game.

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But they never picked him up. Right through to the end of this bizarre escapade, Connor O’Ryan was never arrested, and the last time Wendelle saw O’Ryan, he was still free. He drove away from Wendelle’s house in a car with a woman he met in Florida whom he apparently persuaded to drive him from Florida back to Arizona. As Wendelle says, “They could have picked him up at any time,” but they never did.

Waterboarding would have worked

The idea O’Ryan was not picked up because of the caches doesn’t hold up. O’Ryan insisted that was the case, and at the time Wendelle succumbed to the idea as well, but it doesn’t hold up. All the government had to do to wring every bit of information out of Connor O’Ryan was to use drugs and hypnosis, and if not, they could have resorted to old-fashioned waterboarding.

Frankly? The only reason I can see why this whole O’Ryan scenario was allowed to play out was as a training exercise for the Special Forces—a training exercise and possibly punishment of Connor O’Ryan and an object lesson for any number of people on the inside who participated or had knowledge of it.

Sending a message

Borne home to all insiders concerned would have been a message, the message of the futility, the sheer folly, of rebelling against or attempting to betray the security apparatus of the United States government. On display for many people to see, including, by the way, Wendelle Stevens, would have been the ruthless efficiency of the methods and technologies the US has at its disposal to discover and neutralize traitors.

So Connor O’Ryan, we have to see him as a 1991 version of Winston Smith from Orwell’s novel *1984*. After he was finally arrested and brought “home,” we can picture them saying to him, “Oh, come now, Connor, you didn’t really think you and your three pals could get away with this little plot of yours, did you?”

As close as we’ll get

Finally, what about the fatal disease? As the foregoing makes clear, I do not believe Connor O’Ryan had a fatal disease and that means we do not have here an example of the US government assassinating someone by using a fatal disease. We do have here, apparently, a case of the US government

assassinating an American citizen, the Special Forces sergeant in Hungary.

And we also have a case of an insider, Connor O’Ryan, someone who had reason to know, quite prepared to believe himself a victim of assassination by fatal disease at the hands of the US government. This case doesn’t prove the US does this kind of thing, but it is about as close to substantiation as I expect we will get.

Footnotes

1 S-4 Informers:

Vol. One: http://www.youtube.com/view_play_list?p=CD7424712D84DEE3

Vol. Two: http://www.youtube.com/view_play_list?p=03AB12ACB6CB22B9

Vol. Three: http://www.youtube.com/view_play_list?p=55324C71E40F58A5

Website:

<http://www.ufohypotheses.com/>

Website page devoted to S-4 Informers:

<http://www.ufohypotheses.com/s4informers.htm>

YouTube Website:

<http://www.youtube.com/ufohypotheses>

2 I am unable to find the term “Black Seal” in use. Perhaps the term is a colloquialism used by Special Forces personnel but not having official status.



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O’Ryan has no evidence his superiors at S-4 are aware of the espionage. He hasn’t been questioned; his confederates still have their normal jobs at S-4 and they haven’t been questioned. All that’s happened is suddenly O’Ryan is terminally ill.

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interested in me. In the past I hardly thought about this kind of thing. I felt free. And I remember, at one of the hypnotists I went to after I got cancer in 2008, bursting into tears, saying, "Nothing like this could happen to me! I'm an American!"

Blood in my ear

After learning about the phone tap in early '07, the next untoward thing was summer '07. Cleaning my right ear with a Q-tip, and I found a drop of fresh blood in my ear. I also noticed a slight soreness in my neck below my right ear. For the next two weeks or so my hearing was disrupted and I started hearing a high pitched squealing sound. I still hear it. I heard it last night, just for a minute.

Press this button  and you'll hear it too, a facsimile anyway.

I'd like it understood I do not have tinnitus, the chronic ringing in the ears. This ringing is occasional, not constant. I'll perceive a slight change in my environment, maybe a change of air pressure around my head, then the high pitched squeal. It lasts less than a minute, maybe twice a week. It feels like someone is testing their equipment. Of course, I have no way of knowing that; it's just the impression I get.

Do you know of any medical condition that produces blood in the ear canal? I don't. The doctor said my ear canal looks normal to him.

The hearing disruption lasted about two weeks. It felt like I needed to make my ears pop; I started hearing biological sounds from inside my body; and if I rubbed my teeth or my cheek I would hear that, from inside my head. My notes written at the time say: "Something is moving in my ear. Similar to stomach groaning when hungry, but in my ear. A groaning sound and movement in my ear."

The hearing disruption cleared up and, despite the ringing, I put the whole matter out of my mind. I put it out of my mind, and I did the same thing when the next untoward event happened.

Looking back, my incaution is really stretching it, given what the next untoward event was. My reasoning? One, I'm not an abductee (more about that later) and two, the US government is not interested in me. (I'm free! I'm an American!) I put it out of my mind.

Whitley says he has a bug in his ear

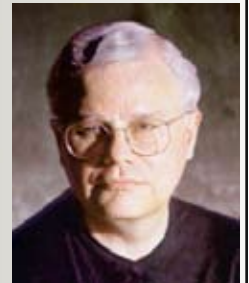
The following appeared in one of Whitley Strieber's newsletters. Sorry I don't have the date and Whitley didn't answer when I emailed him about it.

"I am a person with an implant. It's in my left ear right now, where it has been since the day it was put in. As I write this, I reach up and feel it. I remember perfectly well when it was put in, and who did it. Two people, a man and a woman.

"They did it on a night in May. Before they did it, a disturbance outside woke me up, whereupon I heard a voice outside say 'condition red.'

"The two people then came rushing into the bedroom from the hall and did their work. I was rendered helpless, but I felt them working.

"The next day the ear was sore. Later I tried to get a doctor to remove the thing. When his scalpel touched it, it moved on its own to another part of my ear. Not understanding what was happening, he withdrew. The next day, the object returned to where it has remained ever since."



The brassiere event

The next untoward event was the morning of Sept. 19, 2007. I woke up with my brassiere around my waist and my top on. My friend Marie Driscoll came over for breakfast, and that's when I noticed it. I remember saying, "Marie, what the hell is this?"

You have to understand about the top. It was tight. What I'd worn to bed was a brassiere, which wasn't loose either and was entirely fastened, and a tight knit top. The fabric was synthetic, heavy, tightly knit and tight fitting. It had a high neck and short cap sleeves. It was not the kind of garment to work its way off during the night, and it did not work its way off. The top was on! in the morning, but the brassiere wasn't.

In the morning, the brassiere was fastened in the back but my arms were not in the straps. It was dangling around my midriff and the top was on over the brassiere. I didn't even notice it until Marie came. I noticed it then, all right, and thought it extremely
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strange, inexplicable in fact, and it still is. But I did not look over my body for any marks and did not look in my bedroom for anything amiss.



The potential implications—that someone had been in my house during the night and had taken my clothes off in order to get access to my upper body—was inconceivable to me and my mind did not go there. As time went on, though, I began to worry about it and I wrote a postal letter to Derrel Sims Oct. 22 explaining everything about the ear and the brassiere to him.

The other shoe dropped

But in May 2008, as I stood in the shower and felt a lump in my right breast, my mind did, finally, “go there.” With a sinking feeling I remembered the brassiere being off and I thought, “Oh shit,” and why hadn’t I anticipated this? It was eight months from the brassiere to my finding the cancer.

So they cut it out, the cancer, the doctors did. And I still have my right breast. I admit that breast has lost a little of its former glory, but my doctor did a great job with the aesthetics.

In the meantime, I started looking for answers, though I haven’t found any. And there is more to this story, more untoward events, which I will relate presently, but I think it’s important to say this: I am not *convinced* anyone came into my house and did anything to me to give me cancer. It’s only a maybe. Maybe they did, or maybe I got breast cancer from natural causes like thousands of other American women. I don’t know. I don’t expect to ever know. I don’t expect to ever be sure.

I write this article, however, to get everything into the record. It’s important, or might be. There are a lot cases, a lot of allegations, a lot of belief in the

UFO community that this researcher or that witness was murdered by someone giving them cancer, or strangling or shooting them or inducing a heart attack. But nobody has any real evidence. Maybe these events happening to me are a little bit of evidence.

The death of Vinnie DePaula

For example, UFO researcher Ron Regehr believes his friend Vinnie DePaula was eliminated by the US government in 1986. At that time, Vinnie and Ron were co-workers at a defense contractor in southern California. Lee Graham also worked there.

Vinnie was an artist and Ron says he asked Vinnie to draw an alien head. Vinnie did and the picture got around. It was published on the front page of the *Roswell Daily Record*, for example. Ron says Vinnie got the idea for the drawing from his own imagination and talking to Betty Hill. In April of 1986 Vinnie was called in for questioning at work by the Defense Investigative Service, Ron says.

DIS, now called DSS, the Defense Security Service, is a Pentagon agency which grants clearances and keeps track of security at defense contractors. During April, August and October of 1986, Ron says DSS men questioned Vinnie for a total of 41 hours!

What in the world did they question him about? I asked Ron. “The alien head drawing!” he said. “They wanted to know where did Vinnie get the information for the drawing.” According to Ron, each time Vinnie was interrogated, DIS agents placed him behind a desk and sat him in the same office chair.

Vinnie got a virulent prostate cancer and he died in December, two months after the last interrogation. “Vinnie told me his doctor claimed it was the type of cancer caused by exposure to intense radiation,” Ron says. “Could there have been a slug of radium or other radioactive material placed in Vinnie’s chair?”

“The last time I saw Vinnie before his death he whispered to me, ‘I didn’t tell them a damned thing. . . and they killed me’.”

So, evidently, Vinnie believed he was murdered—but that doesn’t prove he was. Ron says he doesn’t know if Vinnie was an abductee. “We didn’t know about abductions back then,” Ron says.

I wonder about Vinnie’s doctor supposedly telling him he had a kind of cancer “caused by

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exposure to radiation.” I don’t know that anyone can say what caused a cancer from the way it looks.

A scientist I spoke to about this case added another point. If there was a point source of radiation, he said, it would affect the tissues in closest proximity to the point source. Furthermore, he added, radiation affects mucus membranes of the body first. From that, you’d think Vinnie would have gotten colon/rectal cancer instead of prostate, since the prostate lies deep within the body. I spoke to Ron about this and he said, “I’m sorry, I’ve told you all I know.”

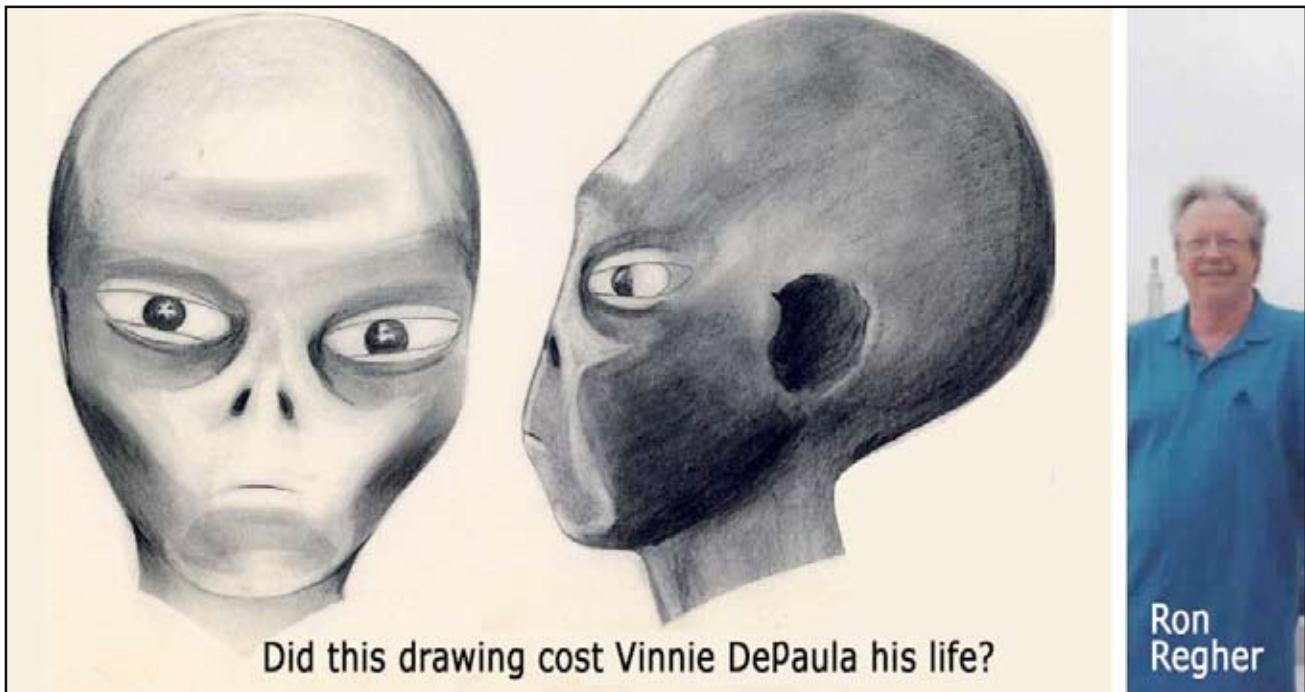
reactionary religious cults.”

I don’t even know what Schellhorn means by some of those items.

Next, without giving any more information, Schellhorn announces, “It is more than likely one or more or all of the above are responsible in whole or in part for many of the deaths. . .”

Not a very tightly-written statement, and it proves Schellhorn is very confused. Others are as well.

For the purposes of this article, just to make it simple, I’m going to assume that if any UFO



Despite fears, no evidence

The death of Vinnie DePaula Ron Regehr lays at the feet of the US government. There’s also the possibility the ETs could be eliminating people.

That’s one of the problems figuring this kind of thing out. While the UFO community has lots of fears about people being murdered, we don’t even know *who* might be doing these bad deeds.

There’s one article that everyone who writes about murders in the UFO community refers to. That’s an article by Prof. G. Cope Schellhorn—“Is someone killing our UFO researchers?”¹

Schellhorn thinks a lot of people have been murdered, and as to who might be doing it, Schellhorn offers a long list: “US (and other) intelligence agencies, the aliens, PSI-tech think tanks, private PSI/PK practioners including negative occultists or highly

researchers and abductees have been murdered, or become victims of other forms of harassment—such as made ill, been burglarized, had black helicopters fly over their homes, been subjected to false criminal charges, phones tapped, computers erased, MILAB victims, etc.—that *who* is doing it is either the aliens or human beings from the US government.

The human beings, I’m assuming, are acting on behalf of the UFO coverup and I’ll call them “the Americans.” So, it’s either the Americans or the aliens—ok?

In my own case, if someone did anything to me I suspect the Americans and not the aliens because, as far as I know, I am not an abductee and the aliens, as far as I know, confine their attentions to the abductees.

Schellhorn names scads of people he thinks

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might have been murdered, but he hasn't done solid research on any of them, there are no footnotes in his article, and the couple of paragraphs he devotes to each name is all speculation. Go read the article for yourself and you'll see.

The reason he thinks people are being murdered is his claim UFO researchers die "prematurely" of cancer and other causes. He says they die earlier and more frequently than the rest of the population—but there's no way to establish a thing like that without a statistical study.

What I'm getting at is I haven't found anybody who has evidence, but people in ufology sure do have a "feeling," and it's not a good feeling. One of the individuals people have a not-good feeling about and think she was murdered is beloved abduction researcher Karla Turner. Karla had an aggressive breast cancer and, despite aggressive treatment, she died in 1996 within a year of diagnosis.

There's a website about Karla put up by Jeff Polachek, www.karlaturner.org. At one time Jeff had the word "murdered" in the website's title. He's taken that down; I don't know why. The website has a lot by and about Karla, and some writings about murder.

There's Schellhorn's article; material about New Zealander Dean Warwick, whom people think was murdered in 2006; and a link to philshneider.org. Phil Schneider claimed to have worked in underground bases and seen aliens, and he lectured about it. He died in 1996 and people think he was murdered. I will say the statement by Phil's ex-wife on the site is fairly specific substantiating her suspicions.

Was Karla Turner murdered?

Karla's husband believes she was murdered. I talked to him. I asked him, Is there anything in particular you can point to? He said there isn't. Karla's close associate Barbara Bartholic also believes Karla was murdered, and so does Jeff Polachek. They can't point to anything specific either and they don't know whether to pin it on the Americans or the aliens.

As for *why* Karla may have been murdered, her husband told me she was "getting too close" to

information about US government abductions of alien abductees (MILABS). On the other hand, an article on Jeff's website says, "Both publicly and privately Karla held up the specter of *alien* retaliation for statements she made in print. . . ." [Italics added]



Derrel Sims

So it's a real problem. Nobody knows *if* someone was murdered, *who* did it, or *why* it was done, if it was done.

Regarding Karla's death, one UFO researcher told me: "I just don't see why she would have been killed. She didn't cross any lines I'm aware of. She didn't do or say anything more exposing of the bad guys than plenty of other researchers have."

This researcher holds Americans responsible for the abductions and doubts there even *are* aliens, so keep that in mind. Accordingly, the researcher said,

"Karla was out there talking the alien game—greys, reptilians—and [the Americans] like that. They *love* for people to think it's all aliens doing it; that let's them off the hook. Karla did do some writing about military guys being involved, but she didn't do it to the extent she would have been murdered for it."

Do threats predict?

In looking at all this, I figured it would be worth paying attention to who makes threats, because, I figured, people who take action may make threats first. I later ran into Wendelle Stevens saying, "If they're going to really do something, they don't warn you in advance." That set me on my heels! But as for threats, it turns out both the aliens and the Americans make threats against people in the UFO community.

Threats from aliens

For openers, since we were on the subject of Karla Turner, I'll mention the event recounted in Karla's book *Masquerade of Angels*. At age 10, Ted Rice was abducted with his grandmother. The grandmother is forced to have sex with "at least three" male aliens and "they wanted me next. . . ," Rice is quoted.

The grandmother "jumped in front and

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blocked the reptilian man. They were arguing and he told her she would die for that. And she did. He told her, ‘You’re going to die for this because that boy belongs to us.’” According to Rice, 48 hours later his grandmother died of a stroke.²

Without doubt, there is a great deal of fear of the aliens in the abductee community. Many abductees do not fear the aliens, and many do. I remember a woman I knew on the east coast, mother of three. She desperately wanted the aliens to stop abducting her and her children. I suggested she sit in her living room on a regular basis and start telling them in a loud voice to leave her alone.

Immediately she said to me, “Oh, I couldn’t do that. They might hurt my children!”

UFO researcher and abductee Derrel Sims has the impression the aliens do not want abductees to work with him and give him information. Derrel told me one woman he worked with using post-hypnotic suggestion—she ended up tearing the eyepiece off the face of a gray—came to him one day crying. “They told me,” she said, if I gave you any more information, they are going to get my children.”

On another occasion, Derrel’s daughter-in-law found herself alone at home confronted by two



alien MIBs. They had come, she learned, “to remove an implant” from her body so it would not be found. When the woman tried to fight them off, she was told, “If you do not let us remove the implant, we will destroy David now!” David is Derrel’s son, at that time the woman’s fiancé.

Michael Menkin holds a unique place in the

UFO community. For free, Menkin makes hats for abductees which Menkin believes prevent abductions. The hat, called a Thought Screen Helmet, shields the brain from electromagnetic radiation, Menkin believes.³

“The abductees who work with me and wear the Helmet will fight,” Menkin says. As a result of wearing the Helmet, several abductees have been subject to alien threats and retaliation.

In the case of a woman and her daughter, Menkin says the aliens threatened the daughter saying “something terrible will happen to your mother if you continue to wear the Helmet.” Another abductee, Menkin reports, was beaten in her home by “two human-alien hybrids.”

The same woman told Menkin the aliens said they would kill her dog if she continued to wear the Helmet. She persisted and pretty soon the dog was dead. According to her veterinarian, the dog’s spinal cord was cut internally and the vet could not determine how such a thing could happen, Menkin says.

Do they really mean it?

For the abductees there is going to be a difference, (and it is going to be hard to tell the difference), between threats and punishment used to achieve compliance, and threats which might actually be carried out.

The aliens routinely use threats and punishment to gain the obedience of abductees. According to Derrel Sims, Karla Turner told him, “To control me the aliens showed me a clone of myself.” Karla believed the aliens would kill her and replace her with a clone, Derrel said.

Abductee Jim Sparks was taught an alien language over a period of six years. For some reason, the ETs told Jim never to write or practice the language characters except when he was with them. But Jim tried to do it anyway. As recounted in Jim’s book, *The Keepers*, every time when Jim was alone and tried to write a character he would begin to feel horrible, physically and psychologically.

If somebody wants you to obey—don’t talk to a particular researcher, don’t wear a Thought Screen Helmet, don’t sit in your living room saying anti-alien words—they may say if you do any of those things they’re going to kill you, but they might not mean it.

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They just want to frighten you into submission.

Presumably, if you have value to them and they want to continue to use you for some purpose, they don't want you dead. In the case of Derrel Sims and Michael Menkin, the aliens might actually prefer both of them dead, but they are still alive. Perhaps these two men are only an irritant to the aliens and not a real threat to their purposes.

The matter of Ted Rice's grandmother, if true, is a contrast. Rice believes his grandmother was murdered to get her "out of the way" so the aliens would have free access to Rice himself, whom they claimed they "own." The grandmother hated the aliens. She told the boy Ted the unpleasant event he vaguely remembered the next day were caused by "demons"—bad PR from the aliens' point of view.

Yet, realistically, "getting to Ted" in future could not have been impeded by the grandmother. An elderly lady, how long was she going to live anyway? Was she killed, then, in nothing more than a fit of pique? Or was it done to intimidate Ted Rice and is that also the reason he and his grandmother were raped?

Threats from the Americans

In the meantime, there is no shortage of accounts of people being threatened by humans—the Americans.

"I was repeatedly told 'your soul could be prematurely separated from your body'," one MILAB victim told me. On one occasion, this individual said, "I was hauled off to a military base and one of the military guys told me, 'If you don't keep your mouth shut, we're going to blow your head off.'"

"I said, 'So what? I'm not afraid of being murdered. Go right ahead if that is what you feel you have to do.' And they said, 'Well, if that warning doesn't do anything then we'll just do something to

someone you love.'

"And my comment was, 'The blood is not on my hands. I'm not doing anything wrong. If you murder somebody, I don't want that to happen, but the blood is on your hands, not mine'."

. . . maybe a change of air pressure around my head, then the high pitched squeal. It lasts less than a minute. It feels like someone is testing their equipment. Of course, I have no way of knowing that. . .

he had, so he pulled in to a gas station/eating place. Soon the driver of the van pulled in, cornered Joe in the eating place and delivered the standard threat that if Joe didn't "back off" his loved ones would be terminated.

The bugging of James Carrion

About 15 months ago a bug was discovered in the wall of James Carrion's then house in Colorado. Carrion is the director of Mufon. The bug was discovered in a sweep of the house with electronic

bug-detecting equipment.

By a "bug" I mean a listening device or, as I was told, a "listening storage and transmission device"—and one more sophisticated than a regular person could obtain through, say, a mail order house. This

device, it was estimated, could hear anywhere in the house and transmit up to a mile and a half away.

Nobody knows how the bug got into the wall of James' house, except that a few months before the bug was discovered, James had had the window near the bug repaired because it was leaking. The repair was extensive and took days to complete. The opinion of people who know about these things is that the government bug-installer was insinuated into the

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repair crew or company.

I wonder how that would be done? Would an intelligence agency approach the owner of the repair company, appeal to his or her patriotism, and ask that a government bug-installer be allowed to do something during lunch hour? I don't know. . . what if the owner wasn't that patriotic and instead blew the whistle? And how would they know James was going to have his window repaired? I know! His phone must be bugged too.

I asked if the government bug-installer might have crept in during the night. And the people who know about these things said maybe except in that case the regular repair people might have found it, unless, I was told, it was camouflaged.

After the bug was discovered, and it was not removed by the way, somebody gave James a "white noise disc" that he can play which "blankets everything and can't be unscrambled." Not because of the bug, but James isn't living in that house any more.

UFO researchers afraid to write!

As another example, I asked one colleague to write an article for *JAR* and he wrote: "I'm reluctant to draw unwanted attention from the intel community. I've had break-ins at my house where whoever broke in managed to bypass the alarm system, enter my office, and erase my abduction research on both my laptop and my main computer. Now that was a clear message! And that's just one of the stories."

My colleague referred to "the intel community," but on closer questioning he indicated he does not know whether to blame the Americans or the ETs for the break in and other untoward events.

I can't blame my colleague because, in my own case, if someone is trying to harm me it can only be because of articles I've published in *JAR* about the activities of the coverup in connection with abductees, and because of additional articles I might write in the future. (It can't be because of the "lights in the sky" reports I write for Mufon.)

And that just proves the wisdom of those who subscribe to *JAR*! Imagine, there are possibly life-threatening articles being published in this magazine. So subscribe and renew now, readers, while I and others bringing you these articles are still alive and you can receive these dangerous articles!

In the UFO community we feel threats coming from many directions. We don't know how seriously to take the threats and we don't know exactly what it is that if we do it will cause somebody to harm us. Will the people who threaten UFO researchers and abductees make good on their threats? Will they kill us or our loved ones if we cross some unknown line? Have they already done so?

Edgar Mitchell says. . .

According to Edgar Mitchell, the Americans used to do that, (kill ufologists) but they've stopped. In a UK radio interview July 2008, in which Mitchell announced that aliens are real, the interviewer was so shook up he asked the astronaut, Don't you fear for your safety saying things like that?⁴



"No, I think those days are gone," Mitchell replied. "That used to be a concern among the people on the inside but I don't think they are knocking anybody off for that anymore or doing drastic things to them."

I don't know what Mitchell meant by "people on the inside," but the essence is Edgar Mitchell is saying the US government used to "knock people off" or do "drastic" things to them over the UFO issue. However, I'm not sure how well-informed Mitchell is, because he said in the same interview that the aliens are not dangerous.

More Schellhornisms

Aside from Schellhorn's, there's another article on the subject of murders and other dangers to people in the UFO community. That article, "Galactic Diplomacy & Negative Governmental Response," is

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by “Jonathan Andrews” (pseudonym) in *Exopolitics Journal*, Jan. 2008.⁵ According to the author, “. . .the Powers that Be do not hesitate to resort to murder. . .”

Andrews is talking only about the Americans, . however, he didn’t do very good research to back up his claim that the Americans “do not hesitate. . .” He relies heavily on Schellhorn’s article, and as for his other sources, I checked all the footnotes in the section alleging murder and only one of the footnotes held up.

The Connor O’Ryan story

There was one footnote in Andrews’ article that led to something that looks real to me. It is the story currently being told by longtime UFO researcher and retired Air Force Lt. Col. Wendelle Stevens.

The story concerns whistleblower “Connor O’Ryan” (pseudonym), a US Marine alleged to have been a guard at the secret AF facility in Nevada known as S-4. The story is relevant here because O’Ryan claimed the US government was trying to assassinate him by giving him a fatal disease.

Rather than incorporate the Connor O’Ryan story into this article, I have placed it elsewhere in this issue of *JAR*. May I suggest the reader press the link just below, to the O’Ryan article, and then return to this article via another link.

The reader may prefer to continue with this article, and read the O’Ryan article at another time. However, there are elements of the O’Ryan story incorporated below which will be more understandable if the reader has already read the O’Ryan article.

[Click here to go to O’Ryan article](#)

After all the excitement about Connor O’Ryan, it’s time to get back to my little story, and the questions we were asking: Are people in the UFO community being murdered? If so, are any of these murders carried out by the introduction of a fatal disease?

As for Connor O’Ryan, it does not appear the US government tried to kill him by giving him a fatal disease, but Connor certainly thought that’s what the government was doing. So we have to wonder what it was in O’Ryan’s 10 years of experience in covert operations that made him so ready to believe in the reality of assassination by fatal disease?

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Sidebar

Let’s try reverse speech!

When I first heard about reverse speech some years ago I thought it was crazy. I was wrong. The fact is recorded human speech played backwards is punctuated by occasional intelligible phrases and sentences.

Reverse speech was discovered by Australian David John Oates in the 1980s. When you read Oates’ 1996 book, *Reverse Speech: Voices from the Unconscious*, and you read dialogues between two people in which the forward speech as well as the reverse speech is transcribed,



Jon Kelly

With more than 10 years of clinical experience, Jon Kelly is an experienced practitioner of reverse speech analysis. Find out more about Jon at www.yourinnervoice.com

and you see that the persons speaking together are actually carrying on two conversations—one in forward speech, the other in reverse—and you see that the reverse speech dialogue is an intelligible, logical conversation, then you know reverse speech is real and has immense significance.

Jon Kelly is a reverse speech analyst who lives in Canada. I heard him on the radio discussing the reverse speech of former President Jimmy Carter.

Jon took an interest in my situation, and I appreciated it. Since I’d failed to learn anything from hypnosis, I took Jon up on his offer of a phone consultation @ \$100.

I spent 10 minutes on the phone with Jon

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There's another man, Roland Haas, whose 2007 book is sitting on my desk: *Enter the Past Tense—My Secret Life as a CIA Assassin*. Unlike O'Ryan, Haas doesn't claim he killed any American citizens; only foreigners, as far as he admits, and he says absolutely nothing about fatal diseases.

These people exist, assassins, but that's far away in the world of spies and embassies and international intrigue. Right? Couldn't happen to one of us, right?

She tried hypnosis

I mentioned I tried to find answers—to what may have happened to me. Maybe, I reasoned, I have subconscious knowledge of something that happened during the night of the brassiere or knowledge of why I had blood in my ear. I traveled out of state to a hypnotist I thought was a genius. He kept me under for several 15 minute periods, and no memories came forth. Nothing.

Then I went to Budd Hopkins during the '08 Mufon conference. Budd refused to hypnotize me. He said, You have probably been abducted by ETs and that is why your brassiere was off. He said, Your cancer probably results from natural causes. He said, I am an old man and I do not have the energy to cope with you if I were to hypnotize you and you became upset. You do not seem troubled by it, if you were abducted by ETs, so let sleeping dogs lie. Budd was not impressed by my suggestion that maybe I was the victim of US government activities.

Later that month (August) I heard Budd on Paracast radio where the interviewer asked about MILABS. Budd said: "I'm a skeptic until I find it in my own cases, and I haven't had [abduction] cases where I found military or government involvement."

In other words, Budd disavows the idea any abductees are subjected to US black ops, even though several of Budd's cases, Jim Sparks for example, and others, have described being victim of such events.

I also tried to contact Steve Greer, M.D., to ask him about the death by cancer of one of his close associates, and to ask him medical questions, but Greer never answered my emails.

Then, in the obscure and isolated small town in Utah in which I live (Moab), I found a good hypnotist. She kept me under for more than an hour

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talking about the incidents with my brassier and the blood in my ear.

Jon recorded that and used his equipment to look for reverse messages in what I had to say. Jon then called back and gave me his analysis. Jon taped that conversation and uploaded it to a secure location on his website so I could listen to it again privately if I wanted to.

Fascinating as reverse speech is, it does not necessarily throw the doors of the unconscious open so wide there are no more secrets or mystery. Even though some messages are straightforward with simple, obvious meaning, others use symbolic or archetypal words, whose meaning is obscure and subject to interpretation.

What follows is my forward speech in italic, and in bold, the five reverse messages Jon found.

*I guess I should have been more alarmed about it
when it happened,
because it was a very definite event.
I went to bed the night of Sept 18. . .*
Evidence my death

*Everything was normal [that night] and I have no
memory of anything untoward.
Since that time I have gone into hypnosis twice. . .*
I have a mark. Show me direct.

*I said, "Marie, what the hell is this?" Because
My arms were not in the straps of the brassier.
The brassier was fastened in the back but my arms
weren't in the straps.*

Evidence. Has to weigh through it.
(12 second separation)
Crazy for the space man.

*If it had been a saggy cotton top with 18 inch
armholes, maybe I could make something
different out of it. But it was a very tight top. . .*
The guy ran in black gown. Must be the devil.

*I was just diagnosed with breast cancer. . . a
palpable lump. . .*
Her snake felt the sun god.

When Jon told me about these messages, I was shaken because of the strange words in some of the reverses. "I don't talk like that," I told him.

"The interesting one is **I have a mark,**" I said. "I'm going to have my ear looked at medically. . .but the devil and the sun god—I'm

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and repeatedly tried to penetrate the nothingness that is all I know of what may have happened. Nothing came out. Blackness. I found no memories of anything connected to the brassiere or my ear.

She tried reverse speech analysis

Hypnosis didn't yield any information, so I tried reverse speech analysis, which is the analysis of intelligible phrases found in human speech played backward. See Sidebar to the right for a full rundown.

One of the reverses found in my speech was: **The guy ran in black gown.** I told Jon Kelly, with whom I was working, that I didn't know what those words meant.

Months later, when I studied the Connor O'Ryan story, I did a double-take on the all-in-black Ninja intruders who twice broke into Jim Dilettoso's property. These were men from the US government, probably a Special Forces unit called "Delta 6."

Could an event like that be what my reverse **The guy ran in black gown** referred to? It's hard to believe I might have had a man dressed like that in *my* house.

The next things that happened

Oh no! The man I saw in my house was wearing regular street clothes. That was the next untoward thing that happened. The morning of Dec. 11, 2008 I woke up with a distinct memory of a man being in my room the previous night. It seemed I woke up during the night and matter-of-factly thought to myself, 'Someone is sticking ¼ inch needles in my ankles and lower legs.'

That sounds crazy, doesn't it?

I struggled to wake up and speak. I said, "Who are you? What's your name? What are you doing?" This was before I saw anyone in the room. I looked down toward my feet and all I saw was a black mound.

When I spoke whoever was supposedly there was startled, I felt. A man stood up and turned toward me. I saw his face. He look normal, clothing I don't remember, but normal. Definitely not black clothing.

He didn't speak; he looked surprised and not sinister at all. I said, "So, you're a paramilitary type then?" And that dumb statement reflects nothing more than my pre-supposition that if anyone was coming in

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not New Age, I don't do sun gods and devils. I'm a secular humanist, so where are all these strange words coming from? **Evidence my death**, that's straightforward, and so is **Evidence. Has to weigh through it but, Crazy for the space man.** . . ?

"In the context of your ear, what would a 'mark' be?" Jon asked.

"If a listening device was put in my ear, maybe it would be found."

"One interpretation, is there's a physical, visible sign somewhere on your body. Another interpretation is there's a feeling the residue of an experience has colored you in some way."

"As in 'I am marked' in some manner."

Jon explained there can be more than one way to interpret a reverse.

I said, "**Show me direct** is a command, an imperative, but I don't know who I'm talking to. Who would I be talking to?"

"You might be addressing [your own] unconscious mind, or you might be referring to the reverse speech session itself as a possible window into understanding and now is a time you are interested in receiving information."

"Oh, like, I'm ready to hear?"

"Something like that. What is your impression of **I have a mark. Show me direct?**"

"Kind of scientific, like 'keep looking,' it says maybe I'll find something."

"Ok, that's clear. The other messages, do any evoke a feeling in your body?"

"My response to **Evidence my death** is heart-sinking. My response to **Her snake felt the sun god** is sexual, vaguely. Yet, I'm incredulous. **Her snake felt the sun god.** . . ? Where is that coming from?"

"Any of the other messages evoke a response?"

"I have the same incredulity about **Must be the devil. Crazy for the space man.**"

"The first message uses the word 'evidence' and we also find the word 'evidence' in the third. There's a sense of direction, you're on a search or quest trying to clarify and put away an unresolved question. You're looking for something concrete to validate what you might suspect. Or, in the absence of evidence, that you might be able to put that question to rest.

"In the first reverse **Evidence my death**," Jon continued, "I see a foreboding. You mentioned you're aware people who are too close to too much information don't always survive that. There's

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my house, they must be a “paramilitary type.” After that, I struggled to stay awake but fell back to sleep.

The man was sandy-haired, hair about three inches long. He had a round face, kind of a pie-face. Not unpleasant-looking.

I know. . .it’s crazy.

In the morning, I looked at the bed. The covers were *not* pulled out at the foot of the bed. I know I was under the covers when I saw the man. The night of Dec. 11 was cold, and I would have felt it if the covers had been pulled off my body. So the covers hadn’t been pulled down, and in the morning they weren’t pulled out at the foot of the bed either, although it would have been a small matter to pull the covers out and then put them back, and if the covers had been pulled out they would have been mounded up, like I thought I saw.

“I suggest that if there is an intent to embarrass governments for acts of commission and omission on this subject [UFOs], we can expect a domestic response equivalent to the international one where a massive loss of face potentially is involved, i.e., war—a readiness to destroy lives and property.”⁶

— C.B Scott Jones, 1995

This was a dream, I told myself. Yeah, there was a small red mark where I thought I felt a needle in my ankle, but the mark didn’t stand out. And there was a cut on my fingertip, but I could have cut myself slicing vegetables the day before.

Another thing happened Dec. 13, two days or one day later. I woke in the morning on the right side of the bed and my right breast was exposed. I always sleep on the left side of my bed.

The breast that was exposed was the breast I’d had the surgery on, and I wasn’t paying too much attention to it. What I mean is, when you have surgery on your breast it’s kind of horrible and so you try to ignore that part of your body for a long time. That means *I would not have voluntarily exposed that breast for any reason.*

What I wore that night was a brassiere and a flimsy, spaghetti-strap top over it. The clothing was

feeling about your safety and security, not only that you’ve had physical surgery but you feel vulnerable to agents of misfortune.

“The second reverse **I have a mark. Show me direct.** could be representative of a physical mark, or a feeling of being marked. . .a target, a victim,” Jon said.

“Like marked for death.”

“Marked for harassment, etc., and like the story about the phone being tapped, it’s confusion-creating. It creates. . .a fog. . .so the next message **Show me direct** is talking about clearing up the fog. This is what’s drawn you into the session, your hope—“

“A striving sentence: **Show me direct.**”

“Yeah, the desire to clear up the fog is motivating you to be in [this] session. The third reverse **Evidence. Has to weigh through it** has the word ‘evidence’ again, and I thought of weigh as in weight, making a judgment or evaluation.”

“Yes. Weighing the evidence.”

“And so this describes you as the speaker having other information about your situation and this session is hopefully adding to existing evidence to help you evaluate what’s happening to you.

“The next reverse **Crazy for the space man** is less methodical or organized. It talks about craziness, a high emotional state, and the focus of the insanity is this ‘space man.’ The ‘space man’ seems to define some personality of significance, who has the freedom to travel, who’s not earth-bound, who may not be of earth origin.”

“For me,” I interjected, “the term ‘crazy for’ means infatuated with. The message doesn’t say *crazy because of*; it says crazy *for*, and that’s what that term means to me.”

“There’s an erotic element to this for you,” Jon observed. “What the significance of that is, I don’t know.

“The fourth message, **The guy ran in black gown. Must be the devil** was, I thought, compelling. We’ve got a guy in a black gown and a devil [with] devilish, or fear-evoking qualities. There’s something intense about that person. A man in a black gown is running and has devilish qualities. What feelings does that evoke in you?”

“Only that whoever came here must have been dressed in black,” I told Jon. “This is just my surmise. If, I was going to sneak around at night and break into somebody’s house I’d wear black. ‘Devil’ is another word I never use, or the word ‘evil’. I’m too much of an intellectual. . .”

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knit and easily moved. In the morning both garments were pulled down off my right shoulder exposing all of my right breast. The straps on the other side were up and in position. The right breast was exposed and I was on the right side of the bed, where I never sleep.

Ok? And yeah, I found my front door unlocked the morning of Dec. 13, but I probably forgot to lock it! For God's sake, get off my back, will you? I'm an American! I'm free!

A knock out gas?

Another maybe clue for me came out of the Connor O'Ryan story. One of the times the Ninja intruders broke into Dilettoso's property, Gem Cox woke up, saw three intruders in the bedroom, took note of what they were doing, and promptly fell back asleep.

The next day O'Ryan told Wendelle Stevens about people working for the US government who break into people's houses at night. He said they use a gas which they introduce at the window frame which renders the inhabitants unconscious for 20-30 minutes.

Gem woke up, observed shocking events (Ninja intruders) in the room, and promptly fell back asleep. That is what happened to me with the sandy-haired, pie-faced man I saw in my room.

But anyway, that's the last of it. There haven't been any more untoward events. I've told you everything. I've gotten everything into the record.

False alarm

Last summer ('09) I kept waking up in the morning to find my brassiere unhooked. I started bouncing off walls, but finally figured out that brassiere had a loose fastener and it *was* coming loose all by itself. I mention that just to show I'm not completely paranoid.

Medical condition

In July I went to the doctor for a check up. He said there was something amiss at my right breast. An ultra sound test, and they go, There's a swelling where you had the surgery. The doctor tells me, You shouldn't have swelling there a full year after the surgery. He does a needle biopsy. No problem. Everything's fine.

Everything's fine, I tell you! I don't have cancer anymore. It was removed, I still have my breast and the breast looks pretty good. Wan'na see it?

Furthermore, I've had all kinds of other tests,

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"But at a primitive level of consciousness—" Jon broke in.

"Yes, evidently."

"[In reverse speech we find] these kinds of stereotypes or archetypes. The last reverse **Her snake felt the sun god** is the most symbol-laden. A snake and a sun god—these are archaic symbols."

Here Jon mentioned another use of the term "sun god" he'd found in reverse speech. He'd found it in the Congressional testimony of Coleen Rowley, an FBI agent who turned whistleblower after the 911 attack. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Coleen_Rowley

Jon later sent me the transcription bearing Rowley's reverse speech:

"...in my write up, in thinking about this, I thought it's kind of analogous to a person who gets diagnosed with cancer or with a serious illness they always try to get a second opinion."
They're sun gods.

Jon thought "sun god" might refer to "secret operations in government agencies," which Rowley was associated with, and which UFO research is associated with, and that might be why both Rowley and I had "sun gods" in our reverses.

However, as soon as I got a look at Rowley's forward speech, I saw she was talking about cancer. Rowley's was only a passing reference to cancer, but she was talking about cancer when she reversed "sun gods." Then I knew what my own reverse meant.

Her snake felt the sun god is me talking about my fear my sexuality will be struck down by cancer, and that is more distressing to me than the thought of dying.

At the end, Jon summarized. "Some of your messages you're looking for direct answers. Your health has been challenged. You want to end the confusion around what you might be dealing with.

"The sense of being marked, that's a future investigative pathway for you because medical exams may identify something. . .the message says **I have a mark**—in the present tense, as though something might still be visible.

"Crazy for the space man is a crazy message about craziness about a space man as if there's an intense attachment to somebody who's connected or associated in a personal way with you and with your interest in UFOs," Jon observed.

I responded with, "I've told you I'm obsessed

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of bone and blood and ovaries and lungs and brain, and everything is normal. The radiologist said I have a beautiful brain. “You have the brain of a 30-year-old,” he told me. Heck! I knew that.

And probably this is the place to add I had a CAT scan *and* an MRI of my ear to look and see if somebody put a bug in my ear—and they didn’t find a thing, not one thing amiss. No bug seen. Take that, conspiracy theorists!

Furthermore, didn’t Budd Hopkins—the world’s greatest authority—say he had no evidence in any of his cases of US government operatives bothering abductees? I’m not an abductee, but didn’t Budd say I must be one since nobody comes in people’s houses at night and bothers them except aliens?

Is she an abductee?

I keep saying I’m not an abductee. People tell me, ‘You might be and not know it.’ I don’t think so. The people who are and don’t know it—and I’ve met many—are those who don’t know what to look for and are not looking for it anyway. I know what to look for and I’ve looked.

It was 25 years ago I started studying the abductions. I’ve debriefed many abductees and read and written a great deal. I know the aliens, I know their style, I know their footprint. Let me tell you a little story.

A number of years ago, when I was living in DC, a man called me on the phone. He wanted to unburden himself of a strange story. Living with him and his wife in their home was an African exchange student. One day this young woman burst into the house in the middle of the day extremely upset. “Somebody is following me!” she said. “They followed me home and they are outside the house right now!”

He walked into the street and there it was, a little figure. A little figure about 3 feet tall, standing on the sidewalk in front of the house. When the man approached the figure, it started talking to him in a strange, unintelligible language. The man was spooked.

“Now get this,” he told me over the phone. “This little figure was all bundled up in a heavy coat and had a long woolen scarf wrapped around and around its neck. And here is the strangest thing of all—“ He paused, and I interrupted.

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with the subject [of UFOs]. Could **Crazy for the space man** be a kind of childish way of talking about this preoccupation?”

“Yes, it could be that, or, that you have a personal connection.”

“I’m not aware of any personal connection.”

“Ok, so we have this seemingly positive image about a spaceman, and a contrasting image about a person in a black gown. Finally, the snake is like you, an investigator, peering into places difficult to access, and it’s an upward, transcendent journey.

“So, who are these characters? Who is the spaceman? Who is the black devil? And who is the sun god? It’s mysterious right now, “ Jon concluded.

On subsequent reflection, I figured out who the sun god is. The sun god is cancer. The snake is my sexuality. The “spaceman” that I’m “crazy about” is, I believe, ufology itself. The devilish guy who ran in a black gown, I had thought was a reflection of my own imagination, except for the possibility introduced by the black-clad Ninjas in the Connor O’Ryan story.

It may interest you to know Jon Kelly has looked for reverses in O’Ryan’s speech and he found **The ride ended up with their deep sign**. This reverse shows up when O’Ryan is talking about a bus ride to S-4.

The reverse speech people say reverses consistent with forward speech indicate truthfulness. O’Ryan’s reverse is consistent with his forward speech and Jon feels **their deep sign** refers to the secret of extraterrestrial contact Connor found at S-4 at the end of the ride.

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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“Let me guess,” I said. “The figure was all bundled up in a heavy coat and had a scarf wrapped around and around its neck, and—” I paused. “And it was a very hot summer day with the temperature outside pushing 100. Correct?”

Well, this man went ballistic. “How did you

I am not *convinced* anyone came into my house and did anything to me to give me cancer. It's only a maybe. Maybe they did, or maybe I got breast cancer from natural causes like thousands of other American women. I don't know. I don't expect to ever know, or ever be sure.

know that!!?” he fairly screeched. He accused me of being a witch, a psychic, in league with whoever put the little figure in front of his house, etc. He just couldn't get over it.

From then on he used to call me every few months just to see if I was still there and to ask me again how I knew the punch line of the little alien skit that went down in front of his house.

He never was convinced though I told him over and over the reason I knew the punch line was because I know the aliens. I know their sense of humor.

Well, the reader might say, if you know the aliens so well doesn't that suggest you *are* an abductee? Here's my point. I've looked. I've looked all over my life trying to find their footprint. I've gone over my background with a fine tooth comb, and I know what to look for. It isn't there.

There's no mystery associated with my birth. I wasn't missing as a child. I didn't have secret childhood playmates. I didn't have high fevers, pink eye, allergies, sinus problems, Bell's Palsy, or bloody noses. I have no scars of unexplained origin. I didn't see figures in my room at night, or lights outside my window. I didn't sleepwalk. No wild dreams. No unexplained phobias of certain stretches of road. I don't check and re-check the locks on my doors at night and I never scattered powder on the floor around my bed. My menstrual periods were regular and I never was pregnant and then wasn't. I never heard voices and until recently I

never had sounds in my ears. I didn't freak out when I first saw the cover of *Communion*. I didn't see any UFOs as a child, nor did my friends or my family. Nor did my family have any strange “paranormal” stories to tell. And no missing time. Shall I go on?

Flunked the questionnaires

I'm not psychic. I'm not clairvoyant, telepathic, precognitive and I can't do telekinesis. Joe Montaldo, the head of ICAR, and ICAR deals with a lot of abduction cases, Joe says when someone presents themselves as an abductee or a possible, “If they're not psychic,” Joe says, “we don't even consider the case.”

Actually, I don't agree with Joe on that, but maybe the reader will. In any case, I'm not psychic. As for attitude, I don't believe I'm not from earth and I never told my mother I wasn't her child. I don't recall any past lives and I don't stand outside at night looking at the stars trying to send a message ‘Come and get me.’

I scored 3 out of a possible 54 on Richard Boylan's “Star Seed Identification Questionnaire.” I scored nine out of 65 to the questionnaire in Barbara Lamb and Nadine Lalich's book *Alien Experiences*.

Three of the nine were, Yes, I have migraines, yes, I have trouble sleeping, and yes, I have a strong interest in UFOs. Two other of the nine were: Yes, I

The reason Schellhorn thinks people are being murdered is his claim UFO researchers die “prematurely” of cancer and other things. He says they die earlier and more frequently than the rest of the population—but there's no way to establish a thing like that without a statistical study.

hear the high pitched sound in my ears and yes, I feel somebody may be “accosting” me. These last two yes answers are not lifelong, but relate to what has been happening to me lately, which reduces the nine to seven.

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Only abductees care about UFOs?

Notwithstanding the above, people still say to me, “Why are you *so* interested in UFOs and abductions? You *must* be an abductee, or have a ‘personal connection’.”

In other words, what? Only if you are an abductee will you be mesmerized by the UFO question? If you’re not an abductee and you learn extraterrestrials are here operating on earth, you say — what? — ho-hum, big deal? What nonsense! The UFO story is the biggest thing since the birth of Christ. It’s the biggest thing since the amphibians crawled up out of the primordial oceans. It’s the biggest news story that ever was — and I’m a journalist! I have to *account* for my interest?

Furthermore, if I was a biologist, or a sculptor, or a real estate developer, and obsessed with that, would you question it? Would you say, “Oh, you must have a ‘personal connection,’ i.e., you must be influenced by an unseen underworld to explain your interest in real estate”?

Why am I spilling ink on this point? Because if someone put a bug in my ear, if someone was in my house at night and removed by clothing to gain access to my upper body, I don’t think it was aliens. Aliens don’t start messing with people for the first time when they are adults; aliens start their machinations with children. As for me being an abductee or not, all I can say is I find no evidence of it.

Definitely not sure

I suppose now it’s beginning to sound like I’m *quite sure* I’ve been interfered with by US government operatives, *quite sure* I didn’t get cancer from natural causes. I’m not. I’m fairly sure I’m not an abductee, but after that it’s all uncertainty as far as the eye can see. As for a question like, Well, Elaine, if the US

government wants you dead, why aren’t you dead? let’s not even go there. It leads only to speculation in which I am unable to resolve anything for myself or for the readers of this article.

All I can say is, if someone has been trying to harm me, and if possibly their goal was to get me to quit UFO research, that hasn’t happened; I’m still at it. I didn’t even break stride.

Footnotes

- 1 www.karlaturner.org.
- 2 www.karlaturner.org See *Masquerade*, pg. 234-8.
- 3 See JAR 5, 2nd Qtr., 2008, “Report on alien abductions and the Thought Screen Helmet,” by Michael Menkin.
- 4 www.youtube.com/watch?v=RhNdxdek7c&feature=related
- 5 www.exopoliticsjournal.com
- 6 C.B. Scott Jones, PhD, Pres., Human Potential Fnd., “Phonenix in the Labyrinth,” pg. 119.



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variety of anomalous experiences. These included sightings of strange lights or craft, contact and/or communication with an entity with or without a sighting of lights or a craft, one or more abductions, or a history of telepathic or sleep experiences involving some form of alien other.

By contrast, the abductee/experiencer group for the present study will include only individuals who report an abduction experience, defined as recall of an encounter with an alien other, being removed from their normal environment, taken to an alien environment and returned.

A 1991 critique

Rodeghier, Goodpaster, & Blatterbauer (1991) also argue in a critique that the lack of homogeneity among subjects might account for the different findings on a number of personality characteristics and personal style patterns which have been reported. For example, subjects, are found to be fantasy prone in some studies and not fantasy prone in other studies.

Both sets of researchers (Ring and LeLievre) have called for a more comprehensive study of abductees—a study which will compare one group who report clear-cut, defined abduction experiences with another group interested in UFOs but without any direct experience of the phenomena. This research design reduces the number of variables and should produce more definitive results.

The current Omega 3 study

This is the MUFON Omega 3 study now under way. It seeks to discover what, if any, psychological antecedents lead to sensitivity to and experience of alien contact; it also seeks to discover the long-term consequences of contact.

The research to date has suggested there are antecedents or precursors to contact that may well make certain individuals more likely than others to have anomalous, extraordinary, and/or paranormal experiences. Does this mean that aliens might use this encounter-prone personality dimension as a means of selecting whom they contact or abduct? Quite possibly.

Ring, Rosing, and others, argue there are certain personal characteristics associated with reports of alien contact or abduction. The present study seeks to determine what these may be.

How to join the study

Participants are being recruited through an advertisement in the MUFON UFO Journal, as well as through OPUS (www.opus-net.org).

All individuals who agree to participate sign an informed consent document, complete a demographic and experience qualification form designed to allow placement in the experiencer or the community control group, and complete a research survey packet, including the eight instruments used by Ring and Rosing, as well as the Persinger and Makarec (1991) Personal Philosophy Inventory.

Participants are being contacted by mail, receiving the informed consent document for signature and a set of paper-and-pencil inventories. A self-addressed and stamped return envelope is provided for return of the materials. No travel is involved either for the participants or the researchers. All data are coded alpha-numerically to preserve confidentiality and privacy.

Participation in the study is limited to persons residing in the United States. The plan is to recruit 100 abductees/experiencers and to compare them to 100 community control participants. Once the data are

analyzed, a manuscript will be submitted to a UFO journal or to an applied psychology journal.

Any person interested in participating can contact Lester Velez at lesterv424@aol.com.



Les Velez
Research Committee
Chairman

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Until I became aware of this hidden life, yes, I was a believer in UFO's. In fact, I had witnessed two during my life, but—occupants? I'd never given thought to occupants.

And if anyone mentioned "alien abductions" around me, well, they were wacko as far as I was concerned. Alien craft, sure, but not aliens taking humans from their beds at night. That was so far from the realm of possibility I wouldn't have wasted my time on it.

I know now for over 50 years I had been in contact with a race of beings I used to think existed only in science fiction. Now I began to realize day by day that I had often been in the company of such aliens, aliens I would soon know consciously as the greys.

How could an individual live the majority of his life and not know the truth? How could I have possibly had such a hidden life and not known it?

Shown a scene from the past

My initial reaction Dec. 21 was amazement and happiness. Why was I thrilled to have been shown a scene from the past and be pleased by what I saw? I saw several ugly aliens standing near a narrow table I was lying on—and I was happy about that? My God, what has happened to me? What could be wrong with me that I smiled at being shown this picture from my hidden memory?

The first few days, I still fought it. Surely, this was a dream. For me to see myself lying on a narrow stainless steel table with several aliens standing looking at me could not have been reality. It could not have been something dug up from my unconscious memory. Or could it?

Within a short week or two, what I had hoped was a dream turned slowly into reality, and now I no longer liked what I saw.

Staring into the distance

It was the end of December and sometimes during the night my eyes would pop open and I had a feeling something had just happened. But what? I vaguely remembered strange dreams, but never the content. And every time I awoke staring at the ceiling I looked over and my wife was doing the same. She was staring into the

distance, just like me. I could understand one, but both of us having the identical problem at the same time?

As the weeks dropped away, these strange nighttime events occurred about three times a week, always identical. I am suddenly staring off into space and my wife the same. Then, like magic, each of us would turn to

look at the other. I asked, "Why are you awake?" She replied, "Why are you awake?" I replied, "I don't know. I just woke up staring at the ceiling." My wife replied, "Yes, me too."

I can tell you with certainly that if you were just returned to bed by the aliens, they are still in the room. There may be only one, perhaps several in the room. In my case, generally two.

Bruised arms

Another thing began happening. I would wake in the morning and find one or both of my arms bruised. My arms had not been bruised when I'd gone to bed. Sometimes the bruising was minor; other times severe. Sometimes just one arm, sometimes both.

Initially, I paid little attention to it. But then, while getting ready for work one morning, my wife asked, "What did you do to your arms?" I replied, "Nothing, why?" She replied, "Look at your arms!" I looked and said, "Damn! What happened?"

This must be something I am doing to myself while I sleep, I thought. The arm bruising was so common I got used to seeing it. It was embarrassing, though, at work. People would ask, "What happened to your arms?" I started wearing long sleeved shirts even in warm weather.

It would not be long before I found out how my arms were becoming bruised. I can proudly say I was not always the passive, quiet, abductee the greys like. After I learned how to recall my "dreams"

I learned that during my time with the greys I was often a thorn in their side, and because of this two greys were assigned to me, one holding each arm to keep me under control.

I felt proud about this later on, especially when I found out what was happening to me in the company of the aliens. When I witnessed the things they did to me, and what they made me do, I fully understood the bruising, and when I awoke and found my arms bruised, I considered it a badge of honor.

I had struggled with them and sometimes broken

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free of the strong grip of the greys. This would happen when I glimpsed something I was scheduled for and wanted no part of it.

Once I became aware of how my arm received the bruising, it immediately stopped. It's been more than a year since I've had any bruising on my arms. Truly, knowledge is power.

Books and more books

It was now January 2008 and although the pieces were falling into place on almost a daily basis, I still hated to believe it. Yet, I had to know more. I looked for books, and I wanted fact, not someone's speculations or imagination. I learned who Dr. David Jacobs and Budd Hopkins were. I read books in record time even though I had never been a reader. Now I became a reader, reading one book in three or four days.

The books kept piling up, and the more I read the more depressed I got. In some books it seemed I was reading about myself. *Still* I refused to believe it. Not me, this cannot happen to me! This is the life of someone in a book or a movie. This cannot be real.

After awhile, I'd had enough. I couldn't even look at the book covers. But I had to know. I wanted the truth. The truth was staring me in the face and I would not admit it.

I kept telling myself: Aliens are not real. UFO's are real, I know, I saw two, one close to the ground. A long cigar shaped craft with a row of round windows along the entire length. I knew that was real as I'd watched it for over 30 minutes. But—abductions? That can't be real, not to me.

If you clear your head, it will be gone

Two months have gone by and the facts are piling up. My wife and I still awake nights staring at the ceiling. We each still turn and find the other doing the same. We still ask each other why the other is awake. We still have a feeling something is going on. My wife won't talk about it. "It's in your head," she tells me. "If you clear your head it will be gone." I want to believe that, I really do.

My initial excitement and "happiness" turned into deep depression. I was now able to see what was happening to me. I kept asking, Why Me?

Hypnosis tells the story

After five months I decided to visit a hypnotherapist, Deborah Lindemann. Should I visit such a person? I sent her an email and was apprehensive at getting a reply. I was asked to call and it took days before I had the courage.

I felt better after the call, and an appointment was made. Every waking hour leading to the appointment my mind was consumed with thoughts of it. I had read enough about regressive hypnosis to think I might be prepared for it, but I was not.

In the hypnosis session, I relived being 10 years old, seeing aliens, and experiencing lost time. I was terrified during parts of this session, and the hypnotherapist quickly moved me away from the frightening parts.

I found out what I hoped was not true. I now could no longer deny the obvious. I was one of them, one of the abductees. I had been taken since at least 10 years of age. It was a shock to my beliefs and changed my life from that moment.

Once I accepted that I am an abductee, many strange things in my life started making sense to me. I now understood why I awoke one morning and found I was wearing another man's underwear. This little fact baffled me for years. Now it

made perfect sense.

Recalling abductions

After the regressive hypnosis, I overcame my depression in short order but I still did not look forward to having aliens come into my house unannounced and without invitation. I dreaded the sun going down, and nights became a horror. Many nights I slept little. I kept detailed notes about each night the aliens showed up, and what I could remember of it. Sometimes I recalled very little, other times I was fully cognizant of what was happening during much of the abduction. I learned not to fear the greys, but I feared being taken by them.

Now that I had finally faced reality, I decided to try and make the best of it. As I may have mentioned, I taught myself how to recall my abductions, how to be fully cognizant of where I was and what was going on. Again, not the entire length of the abduction but some of it, and



Anonymous says this widely circulated image is extremely close to his recollection of the small greys

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much of what I recalled was truly amazing.

On the shuttle craft

I now know what it is like to travel on a flying saucer or alien craft at very high rates of speed—craft that can travel at many times the speed of sound and stop on a dime, and all the while I'm standing looking out the window. I look out the window but all I see is blackness until the end of the trip. Then I can see the inside of a tunnel we always enter.

There is no instability or feeling of acceleration inside even when the craft stops on a dime from very high speed. Superior air power? You bet.

Always I am taken to the same place, and it's underground somewhere. The trip from my house to the alien facility is 5-6 minutes, and this includes picking up other humans along the way. The place I am taken, I know quite well having been there countless times.

At the end of the trip, the small shuttle craft travels down a long dome-roofed tunnel and stops. We humans, generally 8-10 of us, go up two short flights of stairs and find ourselves in a huge room with rows of tables.

I learned of two distinct types of greys—the short ones under five feet, and the taller ones, six feet or more. The taller greys are the doctors, scientists and other leadership positions.

The shorter greys might just as well be robots, as they simply go about their business doing what is assigned to them. They don't question their lot in life; they are mindless and do only what they have been programmed to do. The robotic smaller greys are like pizza delivery drivers. They just pick up and deliver, over and over.

The signs of an abduction

Over time I taught myself how to recognize if I have just been abducted and how to recall what happened during the abduction. I invite other abductees to try my method which has enabled me to recall events most of the time.

The process is not easy, and the aliens will do their best to prevent you from remembering the abduction, the inside of the craft, themselves, and other humans. The process entails learning how to recognize you were just

returned from an abduction, and then keeping yourself awake for the immediate period after return.

For myself, I have developed a list of signs to look for to indicate if I have just been abducted, and I mentally check off each sign.

The signs are, one, I don't wake up groggy. Instead, for me it's like a switch has been thrown. My eyes pop open and I'm completely awake. If I'm laying on my back when my eyes pop open, I'll be staring at the ceiling. I look around and start checking the other signs.

Usually, I'll look over at my wife and she's laying there with her eyes wide open. I'll say, "Why are you awake?" She'll say, "Why are you awake?" I'll say, "I don't know my eyes just popped open."

That's the first sign.

The second is, I will always be sexually aroused when I wake up. I have an erection. The third thing is almost always we both have a headache, and it's always in the same spot.

We go to bed, no headache. Our eyes pop open, we have headaches. And sometimes the headaches last till the next day.

Another thing. Quite often my underwear is on backwards. My wife's woken up with her nightgown on backwards. Or inside out. Same with underwear. And there are more signs.

I'll have the sensation something's happened but I don't know what. That was strange! A weird dream? But you can't remember the dream. Something has happened but

you can't put your finger on it. But I can now.

Oh, here's another one. I'd wake up and try to stay awake but I couldn't, like somebody was forcing me to sleep even though I didn't want to sleep.

How to remember the abduction

I became very good at recognizing the signs and could easily determine in under 30 seconds whether an abduction was involved or not. If an abduction has occurred the hard part is next.

I can tell you with certainty that if you were just returned to bed by the aliens, they are still in the room. There may be only one, perhaps several in the room. In my case, generally two.

At this point, you must keep yourself awake once

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This is the shuttle craft. One night, instead of me being in bed I was lying in the back yard with a camera waiting for them. The craft came from the East at incredible speed. When it got to my house it stopped, then changed position rapidly, about every half second. I assume it was triangulating my position. It then took off like a bullet. It was 100 feet or less above me. If I can see it why can't my neighbors?

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you determine you were just abducted. This is difficult because the aliens, who know full well your memory is at its best the sooner you try to recall the event, do their best to put you to sleep. That is why you must keep yourself awake at all costs.

If you are an abductee, you know well the ‘knock out’ they perform on you at the time of your return. They are experts at putting humans down and overcoming this can be extremely difficult.

Keep yourself awake until the aliens leave. Stay relaxed and think. Try to remember what happened. For me, more often than not, events start coming back in details. Once you get one tiny detail, dwell on that detail and the pieces will start falling into place. This has worked for me many times. I find once I get a detail or two, the events hidden in my memory float to the surface.

When I originally came up with this, it was not to recall the abduction. I was interested in determining if the aliens were still in my bedroom. I found time and again they do not leave until they are satisfied the subject is adequately asleep and the memory of the last two hours is rapidly fading away.

Staying awake at that moment is the key. Time is of the essence, and should you earnestly desire to know what happened to you, you must stay awake. There’s another plus to keeping yourself awake at this moment. Actually, it’s my favorite part.

Intricately designed balls of light

Have you ever seen floating balls of light? Would you like to witness floating balls of light in your bedroom? If so, then stay awake. It’s an experience you won’t regret.

These floating balls of light come in red and white and each has an intricate pattern that reminds me of a crop circle or a computer chip. The white balls are about the size of a saucer and the red ones the size of a silver dollar. I have witnessed these many times, as close as three feet away, and every time I see the beings in this form I am blown away.

In my experience, once these balls of light move toward the window, they briefly glow as if alive (as of course, they are) and promptly disappear. They have gone through the window. Almost immediately there are bright flashes of light outside my window.

How many flashes depends on how many aliens

were in my house. I believe each ball of light indicates one grey, just in case you were wondering. I have seen the greys in several forms, but this is by far my favorite.

If I force myself to stay awake that’s when I sometimes see the round balls of light. Their color is unlike any color. Not just red and white, it’s a live red, and a live white.

The lights slowly move over to the window, then they pulsate, then bang! They’re gone, and when you look

outside the window there’s a bright flash of light. So I come to the conclusion, Ok, now they’re out the window, now they’re gone.

I could not prevent the abductions

Sometime during June 2008, I resigned myself to the fact I cannot stop the greys from

coming into my house and taking me from my bed. Many nights I stayed awake for hours, threatening them, calling on Jesus’ name, calling on the Universal Laws, begging, pleading. In the end, all was naught.

I had no control over my own body. If they wanted me, I was theirs for two hours (which I have determined is the average time I am taken from my home). However, I am aware of one abduction that lasted 8½ hours in late 2007.

Two hours is the average I learned to live with. I had to accept the aliens wanted 6-8 hours of my life each week, so—what the hell—I might as well make the best of it. I go to bed around 7 pm each night. I have to go to bed early to make up the time the greys take from me.

What about just making it harder?

However, one day I got an idea! I can’t stop them, I reasoned, but what if I could just make it *harder* for them to abduct me? There must be a way, I thought, to slow the process. There must be a way to make the greys waste time and perhaps, just perhaps, I might waste so much of their time they’d give up! I didn’t think it was possible, but I decided to try some things just to see what would happen.

A simple slip knot

I took a length of nylon rope 56 inches in length and tied several knots at one end and a slip knot at the other end. The length is not important. I cut the rope to that length because the knotted end reached into the top drawer

On one end of the nylon rope I made a simple slip knot, and upon lying down simply put the loop around my right wrist and tightened the slip knot. Remember, I am simply testing the aliens. I know they can easily remove this from my wrist by opening the slip knot.

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of the night stand next to my bed and the other end went around my wrist.

I could have tied the knotted end to something instead of putting it into the drawer, but at this point I was only testing the aliens, not trying to prevent an abduction. (I knew that was impossible.)

I opened the top drawer of the night stand, placed the knotted end inside the top drawer and closed the drawer tightly. I then pulled the rope to make sure there was no slack inside the drawer.

On the other end of the nylon rope I made the simple slip knot, and upon lying down simply put the loop around my right wrist and tightened the slip knot. Remember, I am simply testing the aliens. I know they can easily remove this from my wrist by opening the slip knot.

I got used to it

It was a little difficult the first night or two with the rope attached to my right arm, but I got used to it and slept well after that. If I had to get up during the night, I would loosen the slip knot, then put the rope back on my wrist once I returned to bed. Or, I'd open the drawer and take the rope with me to the bathroom.

Now everything was in place; all I had to do was wait for the next abduction. I would occasionally wake myself during the night and each time check the slip knot. Each time, all was well, until. . .

. . .two nights later. I awoke, realized I had been taken and returned. I checked the loop and found it loosely hanging around my wrist. I knew it had been tight when I fell asleep; now it's very loose—not loose enough to get my hand through the loop, but I could see someone had opened the slip knot and when putting it back did not tighten it as I had left it. Was it the aliens or my forgetfulness?

A tighter knot

Next day I redid the slip knot. I made it much harder to loosen and retighten. Nothing else changed, only the tightness of the knot at my wrist. I waited, and on the third night I awoke during the night and found the slip knot loose again.

Lying in bed, I quickly went over the signs I had come up with to determine if an abduction had taken place. All signs indicated positive, so I knew the loose knot was the aliens and not my forgetfulness.

And tighter still

Not to be outdone, I decided to make things a little more difficult. I abandoned the slip knot and this time tied the rope to my wrist with knots which I made much harder to untie and retie. At this, some of you may be thinking, Why don't the aliens simply open the drawer, take the knotted end out of the drawer, and abduct me with the rope around my wrist?

I cannot answer that question probably to anyone's satisfaction. I can only say with 100 percent certainty the greys will not under any circumstances abduct me with any object tied to my body. I know there will be questions wanting clarification on why they won't, but I can tell you up front they will not do it. Period.

It could be the mindless little greys live by rules and regulations like most of mankind does. To fail to remove an object from my body, whether a rope or whatever, would violate their rules. Maybe the object, the rope, cannot go through the window like I can. I have seen greys float through windows on many occasions, and I know I have floated through the same window on many occasions. Perhaps an inanimate object cannot go through glass.



The rope must stay in the bedroom

That is why I never bothered tying the loose end to anything, and just left it in the drawer; I knew there was no need to tie it as they will not abduct me with a rope on my arm. *The rope must stay in the bedroom and not be taken with me on the abduction.* The rope has to come off my arm regardless of what the other end is attached to. In hindsight, I could just as well have left the loose end of the rope dangling off the bed.

The reason I knew they never took the rope out of the drawer is I always checked the rope by pulling on it to make sure there was no slack inside the drawer. What's important is the rope must be removed from my arm before they will take me away. The rest is not important.

Now onto the next step of my experiment.

The greys untie the knots

On laying down, the last thing I did was tie the rope around my wrist and drop the other end into the drawer. The first time I used two simple knots and I left a little

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slack around my wrist so I would not be uncomfortable. Once I tied the two knots, I pulled on the rope to make sure it was tight and could not be easily removed without untying the knotted end around my wrist.

Two days later I awoke during the night, looked at my wrist and found the knots were loose. I had intentionally made them very tight and difficult to untie, and now the knots are loosely retied. I again went over the signs, and the signs indicated an abduction.

I opened the drawer, took the rope with me to the bathroom, turned on the light and carefully examined the retied knots. Amateurish at best! I actually laughed at the knots the aliens had retied. There I was at 2 am in the morning in the bathroom with the lights on laughing about a rope tied around my wrist!

Do I need help or what? See what your life can become if you are involved with aliens?

But he was not to know

I find it fascinating these aliens will go to such lengths to untie the rope, retie it, and think I won't know they did it. They must really think I am stupid not to know the knots had been undone and retied.

Not to be *outdone*, I made the next stage of this experiment even harder. The next retie around my wrist I made very complicated. I came up a complicated knotting system and even *wrote it down* so I would not forget it.

A couple nights later I awoke, counted down the signs indicating I had been taken, opened the drawer of the nightstand and took the rope to the bathroom.

I took out the slip of paper with the knotting procedure written on it. The rope was about the correct slackness around my wrist, but the knots were not even close. I had used four knots with a wrap around my wrist of the rope between each knot, and now I have two knots with no wrap between the knots.

Greys not good at tying knots

This was quickly becoming a comedy. As I sat in the bathroom going over the knots I had written down on paper compared with the ones the aliens had used when retying the rope, I laughed and laughed. I could almost imagine two or three aliens standing next to my bed looking at my wrist trying to remember how I had tied the knots and then having to retie it and try make the knots the

same so I would not notice. What a picture!

They did not care, or were not able, to duplicate the knots I had used. They must really think I am stupid to fall for such a lame attempt to hide the abduction.

Are these greys lazy or are they counting on me not to remember? I don't believe the greys are lazy, but they certainly make mistakes. I have seen their mistakes too many times to think otherwise. I can only guess what went through their minds.

Harder and harder knots

I repeated my procedure every night for two more weeks, and each time I made the knotting around my wrist different than the night before. And each time I wrote it down so I would not forget how I had tied it. With so many different knots, it would have been easy for me to get confused and forget had I not written down each series of knots I used on different nights.

You better believe I came up with some complicated knots, and each one was harder to untie. I also began to use pliers to pull the knots very tight until the knots became so difficult to untie I had to use the same pliers to undo the knots in the morning when there had been no abduction the night before.

I can only state the aliens must have strong fingers to be able to untie the knots I used. Perhaps they picked up the pliers and used them, I don't know.

No matter how complicated my knot system, they always untied the knots and then retied them to what they apparently thought was sufficient to where I would never know. They greys don't give us humans much credit, or acknowledge we have any brains. I know they consider humans to be a sub-species, much like we would consider our pets, and they do not think of us as being their equal.

During these weeks, you have to remember I'm sleeping in the bed with my wife. What in the world is my wife thinking? I asked myself. There was a pair of pliers on the nightstand and a rope around my wrist each night, and she ever said a thing. I imagined she may have been in touch with a divorce attorney, thinking enough was enough. Had her husband finally lost his mind, and it was just a matter of time before the men in white coats came to take him away?

He invented the chest strap

Not be outdone by any alien, I planned my next

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You better believe I came up with some complicated knots, each one harder to untie. I also began to use pliers to pull the knots very tight until the knots became so difficult to untie I had to use the same pliers to undo the knots in the morning.

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step. Phase two was beginning; I had a plan; and things were going to get interesting. The rope-on-the-wrist was getting old and I needed fresh ideas.

I used the same length of rope and went back to the slip knot. This time I put the rope around my shoulder, and pulled it tight—not tight enough to be uncomfortable, but enough that one would have to physically open the slip knot to remove this rope from my shoulder.

Each night I woke up and checked the rope. For two or three days, all was well; no aliens. The next night, however, I found the slip knot had been loosened into a large loop and placed back around my shoulder—just a large loop under my arm and over my shoulder, with no attempt to retighten the loop the way I had left it. How obvious can one get? I asked myself.

I also looked for the signs; all were positive. The aliens had not bothered to hide the fact they had been there. I am so stupid I would not know the difference, they assumed.

Phase two did not last long. I had succeeded in making it a little more difficult for them to abduct me, and had no need to continue using my shoulder and this rope.

Just a cotton strap that was laying around

I thought about my next approach for a couple of days. How was I going to make things harder for the aliens? In my basement one day I came across a flat strap I had saved for future use. This 1 inch wide, 1/8 inch thick cotton strap had been used on a packing box at work, and I'm such a cheap skate when I see something I think might have a future use, I keep it.

I took the cotton strap upstairs and thought about it. After a couple of days I realized I could use this strap around my body. I took the strap and a pair of scissors to the bedroom. I laid in bed and tried to come up with an idea that might work.

The strap was one large loop, so I cut it and tied one end around the leg of the bed at the headboard after moving the night stand aside. I wrapped and tied knots, wrapped and tied more knots, and kept tying knots until the leg of the bed was a mass of knots.

I put the night stand back in place and had to lay

on the floor and with one hand push the loose end of the strap up through a small opening between the headboard and the mattress and then stand up and reach down and pull the loose end up and onto the bed. The strap came up from under the bed at about where my head is when I sleep.

I next lay in bed like I would be sleeping and, after pulling out all the slack, I put the length of strap around my chest making the strap tight in the direction of the headboard. I then figured out how much strap I would need to go around my chest and cut the strap. I made a loose slip knot and put the strap around my chest.



This is the “abduction-proof” chest strap, Anonymous says. When the end of the strap near the body is sewed down, and the other end is tied under the mattress, so far the aliens cannot or will not remove this arrangement. It will work as well fastened without knots and entirely with sewing or with rivets—any fastening which cannot be “easily restored to a semblance of its previous condition.” Because it is possible the aliens could lift the mattress, free that end of the strap, and work the strap down and off, Anonymous says he is going to sew the end of the strap that is under the mattress.

To make sure I had enough slack to move comfortably, I rolled over on my right side, then my left side, then moved the strap down my torso to just above my hips.

The tether part of the strap was a little too long as it could easily be removed by sliding over my hips, so I cut off a few more inches. The tether is the length of strap from where it emerges from the headboard to where it joins my body. After I shortened that I once again determined the proper loop circumference around my chest and tied several knots. After each knot I used a pair of pliers to pull the knot very tight.

In all, I used six knots of varying complexity and after tying the last one, I put the loop over a post on the headboard and pulled hard with all my strength to make sure these knots were tight.

As before, I was unable to untie these knots with my fingers, so I tried using my teeth to hold the rope and loosen the knot. No dice. This thing was tight.

Knots too tight to untie

I had to use pliers to undo the first knot, and with that I told myself, There is no way these little greys can untie these knots. They would have to use some tool. I know they are strong, but not strong enough to untie my knots.

I then sat on the edge of the bed, raised my arms straight up and allowed the loop to slip down over my arms. It was almost too tight to slip over my shoulders.

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I had to use force to get the loop past my shoulders and down to my chest. Pulling the looped strap down over my shoulders actually scraped my skin; my shoulders barely fit through the loop.

I realized at this point that no alien would try to remove the strap this way, that is, by taking it off over my head. The only way the strap could be removed is if I scoot up against the headboard, put my body into a fetal position, and then work the loop down over my hips.

The length of the strap from where it emerges from under the bed to where it attaches to my body is a short tether. That was my plan all along. I wanted this chest strap to be alien abduction-proof, and I will keep trying until I find a way to stop them.

**Any cotton strapping will do;
the greys won't cut it**

If anyone wishes to try out what I am talking about, it does not matter what kind of strap you use. You will find several kinds of cotton binding at any sewing store. Since the aliens won't cut it, it does not matter what kind of strap you use.

I have been asked, Why don't the greys pick up a pair of scissors and cut the strap? At one point I put some scissors on the night stand and told the greys—"All you have to do is pick up the scissors and cut the strap. I'm yours." They didn't do it.

In effect I had 'thrown down the gauntlet.' I challenged them and the greys cannot and will not take me up on my challenge. I know that for certain.

To accept my challenge would be to come down to my level. But I am only a lowly human, not a worthy opponent, and the greys will never lower themselves or stoop to the level of a human. Humans will never be worthy to exist on an equal plane of existence with the alien grey race of beings.

As they see it, we humans are so inferior to them we don't deserve the time of day. I have witnessed this too many times to not know the truth of what I speak. I know others will argue my point and disagree with my observations. As always, this is only my opinion.

I believe I know the greys well enough to make some assumptions. I can state categorically they will never pick up the scissors and cut the strap. I hope this clarifies and answers the question as to why the greys won't cut the strap.

Is this reality?

My chest strap was now ready to test. I had only to wait for the next abduction attempt, and since the greys were showing up three to four times a week at this point, I did not have long to wait.

Two days later I awoke during the night and looked for the signs; then I checked the strap. To my utter amazement the knots had been untied and loosely retied, but the retied knots in no way duplicated what I had done. The knots were so loose I easily untied them with my fingers.

Is this reality, I wondered, or had I just *thought* I tied very hard knots? Only one way to find out.



I find it fascinating these aliens will go to such lengths to untie the rope, retie it, and think I won't know they did it. They must really think I am stupid not to know the knots had been undone and retied.

I redid my previous system of knots, pulling tightly with a pair of pliers after each knot. As previously, when finished I put the strap over the post on the headboard and pulled with all my body weight to ensure these knots were indeed tight. Again

I tried to remove the first knot using my fingers, but there was no way.

Over the next few days I used the same arrangement of the chest strap to find out *one more time* if the aliens would untie the multitude of extremely tight knots I had put in place.

Two days later my eyes popped open sometime during the early morning hours. I had again been abducted and on checking the knots on the chest strap I saw they had been untied and loosely retied using three simple knots.

I put myself into the fetal position, removed the strap by pushing it down over my hips, turned the light on, and examined the knots the greys had tied. The greys did not bother to use six knots like I had used. Three was good enough, as this ignorant human has no idea what is going on, the greys incorrectly assumed.

That was it. I was sure I had not made a mistake now. It was the greys and I have to give them credit for the strength in their fingers. I do not believe any human could

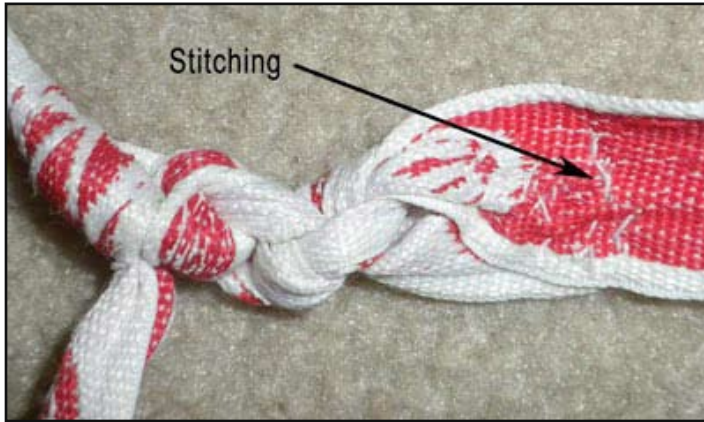
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have done what the greys did. Perhaps they used a tool, but it was not the pliers, as I had put them back into my tool box downstairs.

Finding an alien-proof strap

I thought about the next step. In order to untie the knots, as the aliens were doing, the end of the strap leading to the knots has to be free. So I decided to do away with the end of the strap by sewing it down. That would mean



the greys would have to undo the sewing before they could untie the knots *and* they would have to restore the sewing if they were going to continue the charade of supposedly making it look like they had never been there.

A few days went by before I got around to making things more difficult. I went into my wife's sewing box and got a needle and thread. I took the loose end of the strap and hand sewed it to the strap length after I did my complicated knot system once again.

The sewing stopped the greys

I did not know it then, but this was the last time I would be messing around with the knots on the strap. I sewed and sewed the loose end to the strap length. It was overkill. I had to ensure the greys could not pick up this loose end and attempt to untie the knots by breaking the thread used to sew the loose end to the strap. After 15 minutes I was satisfied with my sewing.

After I tried my best to pull on the end and break the thread, and was unable to, I now knew the greys could no longer untie this strap and remove it from my body. So now I put this arrangement—the strap looped around my body and the end sewed down—into use. An entire week went by and each night I was *not* taken from my bed.

Let's go over this again to make sure we understand

Let's recapitulate. The greys will not take me with a rope tied to my body, and they also will not cut the strap. In the beginning I put a rope around my wrist that could not

be slipped over my hand. It had to be untied, and the aliens untied it and retied when they brought me back.

As time went on I tied more and more complex knots and extremely tight (plier-pulled) knots, but no matter what kind of knots I did, the aliens untied each and every knot.

The next arrangement was the strap around my shoulder, but I soon moved on to the strap around my torso. The strap was tied to the leg of the bed and brought up to the mattress through the space under the headboard. I made a loop tied with many tight knots and got it on by raising my arms and working it down till it was around my chest. All these arrangements the aliens untied and retied when they brought me back.

Finally I sewed the end of the strap down, and that is what stopped them. They were willing to untie the knots, but for whatever reason they were not willing to undo the sewing and then restore the sewing when they brought me back.

When I had used the rope around my wrist, the other end of the rope was loose and in the nightstand drawer. When I started using the chest strap arrangement I changed that. With the chest strap I didn't leave the other end of the strap loose; I tied it around the leg of the bed.

The strap has to be short

Here's an important point. In the chest strap arrangement, the tether part of the strap has to be short. The length of the strap from where it leaves the knots near my body to where it ends up tied to the leg of the bed has to be short and taut. It can't be dangling over the side of the bed because then there's too much slack in it. In order to get it short enough to stop the aliens, I finally drilled a hole in the headboard of my bed so the strap comes through more directly to the head of the bed where my pillow is.

When I was making this chest strap arrangement I put it on over my head, but that was just to make sure it barely fit down over my shoulders. Remember I said it scraped my skin? I can't get it off that way, by working it up my body, and neither can the aliens.

For me to take the chest strap off, I scoot up against the headboard, put my body into a fetal position and force the strap down over my hips. Apparently, the aliens are unable to do this. Apparently, when I am sedated and paralyzed the greys cannot put my body into this fetal position and remove the strap themselves. The secret to this strap is the length of the tether. Not too long and not too short. It's just right.

To put the strap on, I put my feet through the loop and work it up to my chest, the same way I take it off. I scrunch up to the head of the bed, etc.

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The aliens can't get the strap off me by working it up or down my body. Instead, what they had been doing is untying all my knots and re-tying them when they brought me back *except* that after I sewed down the end of the strap they were unwilling to undo my sewing, so that's when they were stopped.

Rivets would do as well

In hindsight, I realize I could have just sewed the strap together and not bothered with all the knots. The fact is, the greys untied every knot I did. The sewing and the short tether of the strap is what stopped them. Instead of sewing, the strap could have rivets holding it together—any fastening they can't easily undo and restore to a semblance of its previous condition when they bring me back.

I now realize *that* is why they won't cut the strap. It couldn't be restored to "a semblance of its previous condition." Obviously there's some rule in the rule book they go by.

In the beginning, I thought the reason they wouldn't cut it was they wouldn't lower themselves to do that. I talked about that above, and I left it in the article even though I've changed my mind.

A second hypothesis as to why they won't cut the strap was suggested to me. It was suggested the aliens want me to go willingly and when I have the strap on that definitely signals I'm not willing to go, and that's why they wouldn't cut the strap.

But now I've reached a different conclusion. I believe the reason they won't cut the strap is they don't want to leave behind any unmistakable evidence they've been there.

Leave no evidence behind

And my thinking has evolved on that too. At first when the greys retied the knots in such a sloppy fashion, I thought they figured I was too stupid to notice. But now I've given them plenty of evidence I am fully aware of them. I know exactly when they show up in my house,

and I let them know I know it. So there's no secret about that that can be kept from me, anyway. I guess that means the evidence they don't want to leave behind is evidence I could show someone else, evidence I could show another person to prove the abductions are really happening.

Apparently that's the kind of evidence they have a rule against leaving behind.

Foiled?

So I devised my abduction-proof strap and went a full week without being abducted. Apparently the greys were stumped and I was ecstatic! I thought I had finally found a way to stop them from abducting me, but that conclusion was a little premature. The greys' next move was to make an end run

around the chest strap. They gave up untying my knots and tried something else instead.

What they did is quite simple, actually, but first you need to know something about aliens, if you don't already know this. Regardless which alien species we might be

talking about, whether grey, reptilian, or one of the Heinz57 varieties, most if not all the alien species excel at reading our minds and making us do things we would not normally do. We all know this.

While under their control, the aliens might tell us, "Get on the table," or "Walk this way," or

"Sit in that chair," and we obey as though we were little children. Not always, but most of the time we do exactly what they tell us to do.

Accordingly, one night after making a bathroom visit and while walking back to bed, a word formed in my mind: SLEEP, SLEEP, SLEEP, SLEEP, SLEEP. I even started spelling the words as I walked back to bed. S – L – E – E – P, SLEEP.

Over and over the word repeated in my head. "I do not need the chest strap as the aliens have already been here and gone," I told myself as I lay down, and off I went to sleep without putting the chest strap around my body and



The only way the chest strap could be removed is if I scoot up against the headboard, put my body in a fetal position, and then work the loop down over my hips. That was my plan all along. I wanted this chest strap to be alien abduction-proof, and I will keep trying until I find a way to stop them.

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without a second thought.

He was tricked

By now the reader can imagine where I'm going with this. Two hours later my eyes popped open and I was staring at the ceiling. Something had happened. I went over the steps in my mind and confirmed I had been abducted.

I had not put the chest strap back on after getting in bed. Why? I asked myself. Why did I not put the strap back on? And whose words had formed in my mind two hours earlier? The obvious answer is, the words were the greys'. They tricked me but, you know what? It's ok because I learn by trial and error. Trick me once, good for you, trick me twice, bad for me.

I know what will happen if I don't wear the strap, and I had just confirmed the truth of it. The greys put the word SLEEP into my mind, and like a robot I did exactly what they wanted. While walking back to bed, the greys used mind control to make me decide not to put the strap back on. It worked like magic. They sure are good; I wish I could do that. I give them credit for their skill.

And tricked again

Here is another example. Some two weeks later I was sleeping soundly with the strap in place. I woke up, removed the strap and went back to sleep immediately. Two hours later my eyes popped open. I checked the signs, and concluded I had been taken yet again. Unconsciously I had taken the strap off, as if I were a robot.

As I lay in bed, knowing the greys were still there, I complimented them on their sneaky but successful technique. I realized once again they have to rely on tricks and mind control in order to abduct me. I now knew my chest strap was alien abduction-proof.

The chest strap is alien abduction-proof

Once again, I became ecstatic. When I started using the strap four months earlier, I'd had no intention of coming up with something alien abduction-proof. My only desire had been to give the greys trouble and make things harder for them. Now I had a means to stop them in their tracks, and finding it has been an accident. It was only because I was persistent, and I am a persistent son-of-a-gun.

I gave the greys high marks for being able to trick me two times with mind control, and I had to prevent this from happening again. It did, though. Two weeks later while sound asleep I woke up, removed the strap, and fell back asleep. Then just as suddenly as I had done this, I

opened my eyes and asked myself what in the hell had I just done and why.

A smile came across my face as I realized what had happened. The greys were there in the bedroom knowing full well they are more powerful than I and can control me anytime they want. I sat on the edge of the bed and had a chat with them, a one-sided chat.

He has the power to act

I kindly informed them that I am not as ignorant as you think. Why, I asked the greys, was I able to suddenly wake up realizing what I had unconsciously done?

I have no idea how I was able to do this, but it proved I am getting better at detecting the greys' tricks. Each failure on my part strengthens my resolve to go the greys one better. I refuse to be outdone as long as I have the power to act.

I gave them credit for their abilities, but explained I also have some abilities. I have learned control, one small step at a time. After each step I have become smarter and wiser, and I now understand some of

their tricks.

I am beginning to be able to resist the greys' silent commands to do things I do not want to do. As I write this, I've repeated that last sentence to myself several times to get the full impact of what I've written.

I chastised the greys for keeping me awake, but I acknowledged they had created an opportunity for me to learn from my mistakes and move closer to my goal of being on an equal plane with the greys. Getting on an equal plane with the greys may be just a dream I never achieve, but with the abduction-proof chest strap for the first time I have some leverage. If I ever achieve equality with the greys, perhaps then they will finally leave me alone.

He resisted their mind control

I can only imagine their surprise at how I was able to reverse their silent command. I quickly realized my mistake and corrected it. Not only that, I corrected my mistake before the greys had time to make their move, bring me under their control and carry out the abduction.

How I would love to have seen the surprise on their faces when a human learned to defeat their mind control! I was elated, because if I did it once, I felt I could do it again. And sure enough, I soon had an opportunity.

I am proud to announce I have now successfully

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I believe the reason they won't cut the strap is they don't want to leave behind any unmistakable evidence they've been there, evidence I could show to another person.

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defeated several more attempts by the greys to use mind control to make me do something I will not normally do. For days following the event described above, the greys tried new tricks to make me remove the chest strap.

The tricks aren't working

Three nights in a row, I heard the radio start playing downstairs in my house. I almost removed the strap to go turn the radio off, but something told me it was a trick. I told the greys, "I know you are doing this so you may as well turn the radio off and leave me alone." Almost immediately the radio went quiet.

Each night when I heard the radio, I told the greys, "Knock it off! I'm not getting out of bed!" and each time the radio went off. Then they tried something different.

One night soon thereafter I heard an owl hoot outside my bedroom window, sounding like it was only a few feet from where I lay. The owl sound was very loud. I have heard of aliens using animals and animal sounds, especially owls. I suspected this and told them, "Knock it off! I know it's a trick to make me get out of bed and look out the window." Immediately, the "owl" took off and I did not hear it again.

This is now a nightly ritual, night after night now. Apparently the greys are not giving up as easily as I would have liked—but then, what fun would that be? I notice that different greys or hybrids are showing up. New personalities are showing up and trying their hand at tricking this human, but so far they are failing in every attempt.

I want my memory!

Wearing the chest strap the greys cannot remove has earned me more points toward some control. It has been a sad day for the greys, and a great day for me. I now have a bargaining chip and have earned myself a seat at the table.

The question is, will the greys bargain? For some two months now I have tried to bargain with them and have heard nothing. It seems those little greys either cannot or will not communicate with a human while outside the bounds of their craft or home base. While on the shuttle

craft, I have communicated with hybrids so I know they can and will talk to me when they want. I want this one-sided relationship between me and the greys to end and become a joint venture.

But at my house I have yet to hear them utter a single word. In fact, now that I think about it, I don't recall the little guys ever saying much of anything even while on their turf and under their control. Almost all communication I recall was with the tall greys at the aliens' base.

I am looking for a way to send a message to the supervisors, the tall greys. I want a meeting, ASAP, and I want to lay out my terms for what I want if they want to continue with me as they have the last 50+ years.

From here on, I am determined to have input. I want something in return for their use of my time and my body. I have yet to lay out everything I want, but number one is memory.

I want memory. I want recall of every time I am taken to their base as well as when I am on the craft. And not screen memories, but recall of the real events. I also want the chance to serve in some capacity in helping other humans while abducted and under alien control.

Many of us experience terror in the company of the greys, and if one could just find a friendly human face to help console another while taken I will feel justified in giving the greys some of my time.

Will the greys ever allow me to be more than just a sedated paralyzed human? Only time will tell, but with my bargaining chip, the abduction-proof chest strap, it's certain the good old days are gone. Happy days are here again, but not for the greys.

Anyone wishing to communicate with Anonymous may send an email to edouglass@preciscom.net, and the email will be forwarded.

In Part 2 of this article, next issue of JAR, we will learn to what lengths the greys will go to stop an abductee's resistance, and we will see how one heroic man continues to struggle for freedom from abduction.



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