

THE NIGHT SEARCH

"THE TENN FILES" THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER FOR
TENNESSEE MUFON INCLUDED IN EACH ISSUE.

Conspiracies, the paranormal and high weirdness

INSIDE

The DMT Experiences of Jeremiah

The Mothman Prophecies

Daylight sighting

Well, since you asked

NOTHING PHYSICAL MIGHT HAPPEN IN 2012

Monterey Bay Underground UFO Base

Were the UFO Contactees Ritual Magicians?

Has America Become Fascist?

COINCIDENCE? I THINK NOT....

Invasion dreams

Harbinger of Death

In the higher eschelon of Alien Command, the winged reptilian Draco has throughout time been the enemy of humanity.

This horrific image was telepathically impressed on the mind of the nationally acclaimed Tulsa, Oklahoma artist Bob Bartholic who knew nothing about Dracos at the time he painted this large 3 1/2 by 4 foot canvas. Mothman may be kith and kin or the same thing because this creature has also always been associated with ominous foreboding.

DECEMBER 2008



Invasion dreams

The second of my UFO dreams occurred in October, a month before this writing.

I don't much care about the UFO thing. I believe they are real. I believe they don't bode well for humanity. I don't see where anyone has gotten to the bottom of the situation, so I've just decided that UFOs are out there or "in there" and that all of us will have our questions answered when, on some ominous day, they are unleashed upon this Earth. And I'm thinking it ain't gonna be pretty.

But about my dream: I think what stuck with me most after I had awoken was the reality of my reaction to the invasion.

So without belaboring the point further, this is my recollection:

It seemed to be a late afternoon in the summer. The sun had dipped low enough so that the sky was very clear, free of the glint that makes you squint when looking upward from about 11 a.m. till 2 p.m.

The sky was blue with broken white clouds. I was standing on the second floor of an old house—not my residence—and I was next to a window off my right shoulder. Something caught my eye moving in the sky from my view out that window. The movement was that of crafts coming out of that direction on my right to the left, where I picked up the flight of the craft through another window on that facing side of the room.

The lead craft was standard: orblike with a light atop and below (This was not at all unlike the craft I saw in the skies over Vermont in December, 1978, when mass sightings were reported across the Northeast in major daily newspapers.)

The second of my UFO dreams occurred in October, a month before this writing.

I don't much care about the UFO thing. I believe they are real. I believe they don't bode well for humanity. I don't see where anyone has gotten to the bottom of the situation, so I've just decided that UFOs are out there or "in there" and that all of us will have our questions answered when, on some ominous day, they are unleashed upon this Earth. And I'm thinking it ain't gonna be pretty.

The following craft was weird. Think of a metallic clothes hanger, the kind designed with the usual hook and with slouched sides that lead down to a rack of sorts with horizontal rungs upon which sets of pants can be hung. It's like the closet space saver thing: one hook that can hold eight pairs of pants.

Well, take that structure and envision it horizontally, with yellow lights at certain juncture points throughout the gridwork, flying across the sky.

This flying "clothes hanger" did have a certain substance to it, not as skeletal as the real thing. The craft seemed to be somewhat, if not opaque, translucent.

I recall watching the progress of the lead craft and the trailing hangar-like craft, and I said to whomever was there—because I sensed I was not alone on that second floor—"Well, now we're gonna find out exactly what these UFOs are all about 'cause they are definitely here."

As I watched the craft fly out of sight, I wondered what I could do to either escape from or fight whatever these crafts would bring us. But I also remember a very realistic feeling of resignation that there was no getting away from or fighting what had descended upon us. This was showtime. The mysteries were about to be revealed.

I never moved from the second floor. I hadn't yet felt the compulsion to run. I was still standing by the window, wondering how everything was going to play out when I looked downward outside what I suppose was the front of the house.

The ground I was looking at was a kind of a barren expanse shaded out by circumferential deciduous trees. The ground was brownish, a sort of mulch blanket layered thick by years of fallen leaves.

And, as I looked down at this scene, up from beneath this mulch arose a circular craft as if it had been hiding in this camouflage.

From this craft certain hatches opened and figures emerged from its interior in solid body suits chrome in color.

At that point, the dream ended. Vyzygoth

<http://beyondthegrassyknoll.com>

The New Dark Ages

Written By Charles Theodore Oliphant III

Synopsis:

This story is about several of the many residents of a small Appalachian town atop Sand Mountain, a farming plateau historically associated with the Cherokee Indian tribe and The trail of tears which began in the county seat, Fort Payne. In the last decade Police Officers, Farmers and the residents began witnessing a plethora of strange events, UFOs, Un-marked helicopters, an influx of tourists and the unexplained deaths of dozens of Livestock. The story is true, some of the names have been changed.

Charlie Thomas had graduated from TV schools twice, once in college then again in the United States Air Force where he attended the Defense Information School, a 6 month tech school for Military Broadcasting Specialists. Four years of college in 6 months, it has the 2nd highest wash out rate in the military second only to the language institute at Monterey, California. In 1987 He had just gotten home on Christmas Leave from K. I. Sawyer Air Force Base, a SAC base, home to dozens of B-52 Bombers and KC-135 refueling aircraft in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. The U P, as the locals called it was a remote but beautiful assignment. In the Winter there was more snow than he had ever seen, in the Spring it became warmer and more pleasant. By Summer he could swim in Lake Superior's shore with his friends from the Air Base, and Fall brought the brightest colors he had ever seen as the leaves changed colors leading out of the Air Base's exit gates. The colors were so bright they were blinding. The fall meant that fresh water salmon would be spawning, and that meant dozens of airmen from the base would be venturing into the nearby College town of Marquette to go fishing on the banks of the many rivers leading to Lake Superior. Some nights the Northern Lights would appear like giant curtains of light, shifting to and fro high above the horizon. It was one of the most beautiful sights Charlie had ever seen. On one of the last nights before he left for California the banks of the river were filled with airmen from K. I. Sawyer Air Force Base. "Fish On" someone yelled and all the fishermen reeled in their lines so they wouldn't get tangled during what often amounted to a half hour battle between salmon and fisherman. It was common courtesy. Once the fish was scooped up in a net, The other fishermen would cast their lines back into the river, kerplunk! , kerplunk!, kerplunk! as the lead weighted baits hit the water. The trick was to have the weight about 12 inches below the bait, usually a single fish egg on a hook, so the bait would hover just above the bottom of the river, that's where the fish would be. All eyes were either on where the lines met the water, or on the tip of the fishing poles, waiting for action.

Charlie's eyes were on the water as he noticed a single light traveling across the surface of the water, he looked up to see it was the reflection of a very bright satellite traversing the sky. He shouted to his friends to look at the satellite, as they all looked up, a second bright light appeared from the other side of the sky. The two lights crossed paths as they continued on their ways, before finally disappearing over opposite horizons. Charlie asked to no one in particular "Did you see that?". All the airmen said "Yeah, I saw that" and the response continued down the bank of the river from airman to airman, from fisherman to

fisherman. Finally a young man with a deep Southern accent replied "Yeah, that was fuuuucked up!". Charlie laughed and the airmen all put their fishing gear away, it was late, about 3 A.M. and everyone figured they had enough, it was time to head back to the base. As they were getting ready to leave they all asked Charlie what he thought they had all seen. Charlie said "I don't know, but don't go back to base and start telling people you saw a UFO, you'll end up in the Mental Hygiene Clinic!". He said "I'll look into it, just don't say anything about this. I'll find out what I can". Charlie was in a perfect position to investigate, he worked in the Public Affairs Office and he worked directly for the Base Commander.

The following Monday Charlie began making phone calls around the base, to the Aircraft Readiness Center, to the Radar Approach Control (RAPCON) and to Air Traffic Control eventually talking to the civilian authorities at Minneapolis Center which was responsible for all aircraft in this part of the country. Everyone said the didn't have anything unusual on that night, but everyone asked him what he saw? "I didn't see anything, I'm just following up on some reports from the locals." Later that day he saw his fishing friends at the Dining Facility, he sat down with them at a table and explained he wasn't able to find out anything. Jokingly he asked the base historian "what information are you with-holding from a public with a right to know?" The Sgt. acted nervous and replied "What are you talking about?!". Charlie repeated his question again with a straight face before smiling, he knew he wasn't going to get anywhere with Sgt. Porter, who continued to look a little nervous. They both smiled and dropped it.

If anyone would know anything about UFOs near the Air Base, it would be the base historian who has to know everything about anything that ever happened there. In the mid 1970s all the SAC bases were visited by UFOs which caused quite a stir on base at the time. One night at the Officer's club everyone's pager started going off and many of the Officers began heading out to their vehicles and leaving in rapid succession. There had been a security breach at a missile Silo, number Kilo Seven. The radios were all abuzz with Security Police reporting an enormous bright red light over the missile silo, jet aircraft interceptors began taxing down the runways as the base went on full alert, no one could enter or exit the airbase. Senior Officers were yelling over their radios at the Security Police to get in closer to the missile silos, but the Air Force cops refused their orders, replying "If you want us to get in closer, you come down here!". This kind of insubordination got a lot of attention, soon the F-106 jet fighters began approaching the huge red lights, which blinked out immediately, like a switch had been turned off. The jet interceptors searched the sky for any sign of where the red lights had gone but they couldn't see anything. After 15 minutes they abandoned the search and began landing on the runway. As soon as they were back in their hangars and shut down their engines, the huge red light re-appeared again, over the missile silo. The interceptors taxied back out to the runway and again began taking off, as they did the huge red light blinked out again. Before this episode was over, the same cycle of events happened three more times before the sun began to rise and a new day started. But it wouldn't be an un-eventful day.

The missile crew began calling their superiors at around 6 A.M. saying they were getting strange readings from their computer consoles, something was wrong. A crew of technicians were

dispatched escorted by the Base commander and three truck loads of Security Police. They began entering the silos with long ladders. As they inspected the missiles, un-screwing the metal access panels, they looked at the illuminated red number displays which showed the coordinates of the missiles intended destinations. They all had been changed. Soon bigger trucks with cranes began appearing at all the missile silos, removing the missiles and replacing them with new ones.

It was Christmas 1987 and Charlie was back in California on leave, visiting friends and family. One day he was visiting his best friend Brett Valory, whom Charlie had made friends with in 1977 while he was working as a Sound Engineer at San Francisco's punk palace, the Mabuhay Gardens, Brett was a drummer and coincidentally the brother of Ross Valory, bass player for Charlie's favorite band Journey who's career he had followed, attending their concerts since 1973. Charlie drove up the steep winding driveway to Brett's Mom house on the Valory Family compound in Pleasant Hill, just outside of San Francisco. The two began talking about life in the Strategic Air Command to which Charlie was currently assigned. Almost as an after-thought Charlie told him about fishing on night and seeing the two satellites. Though not really an extraordinary story, the response it elicited from his friend Brett was quite extraordinary.

Brett began telling him about seeing UFOs on two occasions near the family property when he was growing up, and that his father had dramatic sightings there also over the years. This was almost too much for Charlie to believe. They had been close friends for almost 17 years but the subject of UFOs had never come up before. Charlie listened to one UFO story after another from Brett, and Charlie told him a story a girl he was seeing in Marquette told him about sun-bathing on Lake Superior one day with a friend and seeing a flying saucer in broad daylight. All of this conversation got the gears spinning in Charlie's mind: "Could it be that there's actually something to this subject of UFOs after-all? Brett told him he should go visit his band's vocalist Courtenay, that he had several videotapes on the subject as well as some personal experiences seeing UFOs in Gulf Breeze, Florida.

A meeting was arranged and Charlie drove to Sausalito, across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco, to Courtenay's house where he spent the day watching several documentaries about UFOs and Courtenay told him about his experience seeing UFOs in Gulf Breeze, Florida and across the border in Alabama. Charlie tried to absorb it all as Courtenay explained that seeing a UFO up close was like "having your reality map twisted".

The next day Charlie returned to visit Brett, the two talked about more UFO stories and agreed the subject was quite real, and quite perplexing. "You make videos, why don't you make one about UFOs?" Brett asked.

Charlie went home and over dinner told his family his plan to make a documentary about UFOs. After dinner his sister Jane came up to him quietly and told him she had seen one too, years earlier when she was walking her dog Pixie, her dog saw it too "I just figured Pixie knew them" she said.

Charlie started reading everything he could on the subject of UFOs. He was going to the Berkeley Public Library every day reading book like "The Geo Bibliography Of Anomalies" published by the Library of Congress, Communion by Whitley Strieber

which just made him shake his head, and most importantly "The Report On United Flying Objects" by Air Force Captain Edward Ruppelt, a book that made his jaw drop as an actual Air Force Officer in charge of Project Blue Book acknowledged the existence of UFOs despite Official Air Force statements to the contrary. This book had the greatest influence on him so he made a plan. He made a list of the most famous UFO stories known in the United States, Roswell New Mexico, Gulf Breeze Florida, Pascagoula Mississippi, Area 51 Nevada, Snowflake New Mexico and he plotted the locations on a map. Then he started looking up the phone numbers of witnesses and investigators and started making phone calls, he got out a calendar and started making appointments over a month, across the country.

A week before his planned departure, at 5 in the afternoon, Charlie was sitting in his family's living room over-looking Claremont Canyon in the Berkeley/Oakland hills near San Francisco. He noticed that for the first time baby squirrels were playing on the back deck and he was happy because he had never seen babies before, he was getting up to tell his mother who had always complained that they never got to see the babies when he saw a small airplane with its landing lights on approaching the house from the canyon, he became concerned it was flying so low so he got up from his seat on the fireplace, as he did it flew directly over the house, only now the landing lights were going right through the roof, a single column of light that travelled across the room and through the house out to the front yard where it became stationary. This column of light looked like it was made up of hundreds of individual light beams, dancing together. Charlie opened the sliding glass door and stepped out on the deck, in a flash he was standing in the middle of this beam of light. He couldn't move as his body started to rise toward the roof of his parent's house. "I'm finally going to see what these things look like" he said to himself. The next thing he knew he was wide awake in his bed, downstairs, it was 7 am. the next day "What In the hell was that?!" he said to himself looking straight ahead, almost in shock. He didn't say anything about it to his family the next day. He just remained very quiet. "Did that really happen?": he asked himself, or had his exhaustive research and reading overloaded his brain?

A week later he loaded up his station wagon with his TV camera, microphones and a lighting kit and he headed off to his first destination, Las Vegas, Nevada. Home of KLAS TV Reporter George Knapp who had just finished a week's worth of special reports on UFOs called "UFOs: The Best Evidence" which included an interview with Bob Lazar, a young scientist who claimed that he was employed by the NAVY to examine and back-engineer recovered flying saucers, it was the story of the year in Las Vegas and Charlie wanted to interview Lazar and the reporter who made him famous, KLAS' George Knapp.

Charlie called Rex Salisbury, a retired Air Force full bird Colonel, he flew gun ships in Viet Nam. When he retired in Navarre Beach, near Pensacola, Florida he found he had extra time on his hands to pursue an interest in UFOs and eventually became a State Section Leader of America's number one UFO club: MUFON, short for the Mutual UFO Network. When Charlie called Rex up from California in 1989, Rex told him not to get caught up in the Gulf Breeze UFO Sightings that were getting national attention at the time. Instead he recommended Charlie investigate Fyffe, Alabama as there were "on-going sightings there, with higher than usual

you're up there for isn't it?". Charlie asked "Is there any place in particular I should go?", Phil replied "no they'll find you, I believe they're to the South of you tonight". So Charlie grabbed his TV camera and tripod and went to the nearest place possible, the Baker's Back Yard.

Five minutes later a bright white light blinked on to the South of them and Charlie started rolling videotape. At the same time The Fyffe Police Department got a call from a resident to the South in Geraldine. The caller said a large white Light orb had just passed over her house.

Charlie kept rolling tape of a large white orb, later to be estimated at about 100 feet in diameter, he got three minutes of videotape, the orb appeared to be spinning. They all waited another half hour to see if anything else showed up, it didn't so they went inside and called Phil in Gulf Breeze, Florida. Before they could say anything Phil described what the object looked like, where it came from and where it went.

End of Part #1

Sand mountain is a plateau above the Tennessee River in Cherokee, Marshall & DeKalb Counties. These are the foothills to the Appalachian Mountain range, Northeast Alabama at the Tennessee and Georgia borders. The beginning of the "Trail of Tears" was here in Fort Payne, Alabama; DeKalb County is a "dry" county, you have to drive 30 minutes to buy liquor at the State Store or the supermarket.

On the Mountain after dark some of the locals smoke and drink as they cruise the red dirt back roads of Sand Mountain. Sometimes they report strange things during their nightly outings. One local told me was drinking beer at Black Oak Cemetery when he saw a white illuminated orb the size of a softball, it hovered and darted over the hand hewn gravestones planted there before and after the Civil War. It scared the man. Others reported that sometimes they heard organ music being played in the Graveyards Chapel on full moons. When the church burned down some still reported hearing the church music. Many of the locals considered Black Oak Cemetery a haunted place with a history of strange happenings. Once Charlie got called there after some of the local juvenile delinquents desecrated the cemetery one night. They cracked some of the old, hand hewn grave markers from the 1850s. Beavis & Butthead do Appalachia.

Charlie thinks about Black Oak cemetery and the man's story about the floating orbs hovering and darting above the ground. The farmer in Dawson tells him that previous to discovering his mutilated cow, he's seen the light orb doing the same thing on his pasture on the edge of a stand of trees. Déjà vu? Often locals report seeing the same things. During a wave of UFO sightings in 1989, large orbs were reported by locals. Sometimes The orbs sent down shafts of light that illuminated the fields and pastures. But nobody saw anything when this farmer's cow was killed, probably in the middle of the night.

That was one of two constants throughout Charlie's three years of investigating cattle mutilations on Sand Mountain. Nobody ever saw anything. The other constant was the presence of helicopters, seen or

credibility". Colonel Salisbury went on to tell him about "a local psychic he knew", and recommended Charlie try to contact this guy "Phil who has a good track record of telling people what was going to happen next; including where they could go to see UFOs."

Charlie hit the road in August of 1990, to begin creating what was to become a cult favorite "UFOs: A Need To Know". Charlie arrived in Gulf Breeze in early September and was immediately adopted by the local MUFON membership. He was invited to stay as guests of Fred & Beverly Cuddy, two MUFON faithful who were also active in the local Unity Church with fellow MUFON Investigators Lt. Col. (USAF Ret.) Don Ware, and his wife Cathy. Don was another retired Air Force Fighter pilot. He flew over one hundred missions without as much as a scratch on his airplane. Don and Rex were at odds over local UFO witness Ed Walters, who had taken several Polaroid photographs of what he purported to be UFOs over the Pine trees in his Gulf Breeze neighborhood. Rex was convinced that Ed Walters had hoaxed his UFO photographs. Coincidentally Phil lived down the street from Ed Walters. Many of Ed's photographs were taken in front of Phil's home.

Charlie finally meet Phil in September of 1990 at his house where Phil goes into a dissertation on the differences between Gulf Breeze and Fyffe, Alabama and how the two communities respond so much differently from each other when faced with the same phenomenon. The differences are night and day.

Then Phil said there are certain Rules that need to be observed when dealing with the Paranormal Intelligence that UFOs represent.

"If you take a look at what's happened over the years, with people taking the position of trying to go public with information on ufos, assuming they have the right to do the PR work for The Phenomenon, they haven't fared very well. Either they end up contradicting something they've said previously, or something's been dredged up from their past and they end up losing their credibility. From George Adamski all the way up to Bob Lazar there in Las Vegas, or Ed Walters here in Gulf Breeze with his polaroids, they've all blown it so if you look at it, one of the early indications of this phenomenon is that it really doesn't like people speaking for it. Down here in Gulf Breeze, there's been all kinds of trouble, Friendships have ended, it's caused arguments, people have threatened one another, one guy even committed suicide over it,"

Phil put him on the phone with Carey & Teri Baker, the owners of the Fyffe Gazette, the local weekly newspaper. They agreed to meet with him so Charlie went back to his hotel room and packed up his camera gear. He left the next morning. Charlie got in his car the next day and headed to Sand mountain, a plateau above the Tennessee River in Cherokee, Marshall & DeKalb Counties. These are the foothills to the Appalachian Mountain range, Northeast Alabama at the Tennessee and Georgia borders. The beginning of the "Trail of Tears" was here in Fort Payne, Alabama.

Charlie pulled into the Baker's driveway about 5 P.M. They began talking and decided to call Phil. "Do you think I should set up my camera tonight?" Charlie asked Phil. Phil says "That's what

heard either before or after farmers reported finding their livestock dead and missing vital organs. Almost always the tissues were removed neatly. Almost always the farmers or their neighbors reported the presence of helicopters.

Steve & Robert were Elementary School students living in Geraldine, Alabama. Robert was an avid science buff and photographer, he has his own microscope hooked up to a camera so he can take photomicrographs of cells and other objects of interest to a young scientist, Steve always sits in wonder as Robert takes photographs of cells and microscopic organisms. They both grew up on Sand Mountain and were avid explorers venturing into canyons and cliffs above the Tennessee River where no one else wants to venture. Both are keenly interested in Science and Astronomy. They both have witnessed several strange events in their young lives, but after telling their families and friends about some of the things they've seen, they've suddenly become Mum. Their reports have garnered them nothing but ridicule. Despite that fact they remain keenly interested in the unknown. Their explorations continue. It was 1963 and the two have been following the American Space Program with great interest, they have photographs of NASA Rockets and magazine pages with artist's renditions of NASA craft taped to the walls of their bedrooms. One Saturday afternoon the two are walking to the school to play basketball when they see a silver ellipsoid shaped disk, hovering silently above a stand of pine trees about a mile away from them. The object hovers for a just a few seconds more before disappearing in thin air. The two start walking towards the stand of trees below where they thought the object was hovering. As they weave their way through the stand of trees, they become un-nerved as they discover the carcass of a cow, a mule and eventually a squirrel. Each animal has a perfect hole in it's body, the cow is missing an ear and it's udder has been taken leaving a large oval in it's hide. The mule is missing it's sex organs, the squirrel has an incision in it's belly that looks like it's just been pulled apart evenly. There is no blood on any of the animals, nor on the ground underneath them. The two boys look at each-other, amazed and bewildered. This time they don't tell their freinds or families about this event.

IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE, NO IT'S A.....

When Ice fell from the sky one day, the two boys collected some remnants of it and took photo-micrographs of the ice. They showed me the pictures, you could see some living organisms inside the ice. It wasn't blue ice from an airplane toilet eventhough the Air Force showed up at the time and told everyone to throw it away if they still had any pieces in their freezers. It made the local newspaper....

"It came out of the sky!?! There was no chicken little but for sure the sky did fall, at least one piece of it anyway, in the community of Painter, South-east of Geraldine. What more exciting or puzzling thing could have possibly taken place than to glance out a window and behold, three large birds sailing in the sky above. Not so exciting? Maybe not if they were ordinary birds but these turned out to be something different, in fact they turned out not to be birds at all. From interviews with local residents and investigators, along with some possible here say, it has been revealed that the three flying objects were not what they appeared, but rather three large chunks of ice. Size determination ranged from the size of a no. 3 wash-tub (a good size piece of ice), to the size of a large basketball." -Huntsville Times

In 1989 The residents come in all shapes and sizes, many of them are police officers, one is a newspaper publisher, others are a ranch manager and her 5 year old son Jimmy, some of the locals are preachers and many are farmers of both food crops and cattle, In a short period of time they all come closer as they converge, one by one, on the newspaper office where they learn their neighbors also have recently had peculiar experiences, seeing strange lights and objects in the sky. But these sightings of UFOs are only part of several strange occurrences on the ground and in local homes.

While locals have been seeing UFOs for years, the recent activities seem more intense and on a larger scale than other previous sightings. The witnesses to these various paranormal events somehow become drawn to each-other and they begin telling each-other about what they've seen and experienced. Some of the them begin having simultaneous dreams and think they remember they've been given some instructions about what's happening. Law Enforcement Officers througout the county become the center of attention one night as police scanners in most of the homes broadcast the radio transmissions from police officers on their police radios as they witness many different types of UFOs while on patrol. A local newspaper reporter hears the reports on the scanner and publishes a story that appears in the paper Monday morning. The following week-end hordes of Tourists flock to Sand Mountain in hopes of seeing a UFO. The traffic is so thick in the small town of Fyffe, that police officers have to turn on their lights and sirens just to cross the street. The Fire Department sets up a BBQ and sells UFO BUrgers to the 3,000 tourists walking the sreet of this 1,200 person community. Another local fireman builds a bonfire which attracts both locals and tourists hoping to see a UFO.

A TV Satellite truck sets up at the bonfire for hourly up-dates "Live" from Fyffe, Alabama. On the other side of town a Fyffe city emloyee is standing with a co-worker and his teenage son in their front yard, in the distance they see what looks like a formation of airplanes approaching them, as they stop talking the objects become one object and flies directly over them only three hundred feet off of the ground, the object is enormous, so large that as they look up at it it's the only thing they can see in any direction, it sounds like a hundred eighteen wheelers in idle. They are stunned as the enortmous triangle heads off into the distance, towards the neighboring community of Geraldine, eight miles to the South-East. The objects will visit many more of the locals over the next month causing a stir among the locals and among UFO buffs from across the country. These episodes, which have ben reported in the local papers for over a hundred years locally, will now get National & International attention. Tabloid TV will ridicule the locals and some people's personalities will change dramatically. Interlopers will begin arriving in Fyffe for the next 5 years, hoping to get to the bottom of the Fyffe Experience. Some will be skeptics, some will be UFO believers, one will be an outsider, Charlie Thomas a

documentary producer from San Francisco who will soon move to Fyffe and eventually become a Police Officer there. What happens to him and what he says and does will become the center of attention and a new controversey that will return Fyffe, Albama to Newspaper Headlines and TV News programs across the Unted States, again... 3 years later. Suddenly scores of cows are being reported killed and Dismembered on many ranches and farms throughout Sand Mountain.

Everyone wonders what's going on?, and this outsider from California remembered what Phil had taught him: that there are Rules that need to be observed when dealing with the Paranormal Intelligence these purported paranormal events represented.

Phil put Charlie on the phone with Carey Baker & his Wife Teri, the publishers of the Rainsville weekly Post, the newspaper closest to fyffe, 3 miles from rainsville. They agreed to meet him if he would make the day long drive from Gulf Breeze. After the phone call Phil told him the Bakers would introduce him to the locals who'd had experiences seeing The Phenomenon.

Charlie took off the next day and drove the 8 hours to Sand Mountain. He found their house and was invited inside. The Bakers told Charlie that the locals were very wary of outsiders, especially those with TV Cameras. Apparently one of the tabloid TV Shows: "Inside Edition" had made a spoof about the UFO sightings by the Fyffe Police Department, re-creating a Keystone Kops parody of the Officers experience. The locals were pissed.

Now it's two years later, October of 1992, Charlie is a Fyffe Police Officer, not a tourist, one of four local police officers with the Fyffe Police Department. Fyffe, Alabama; population 1,600. One cop for every four hundred residents. Not a bad ratio in Law Enforcement terms. Fyffe is the Mayberry of Sand Mountain. Locals call the police dispatcher to get the scores from the high school football games. When he first got hired by the Fyffe Police Department as a Radio Dispatcher dispatcher some people would call to find out what time it was. There's not a stop light in Fyffe, just a flashing caution light at the crossroads leading to either Peeks' Corner to the East or Section towards the Western edge of Sand Mountain. Further on, Grove Oak, and Black Oak Cemetary.

It's 7 A.M. one morning and the air is crisp & clean, cold, yet bearable as Charlie drives his patrol car into a farmer's yard in the Dawson community, it's right before the road drops off into a valley settlement called Lebanon, the one-time home of Chief Sequoyah, also known as George Gist, the inventor of the Native American Alphabet. He single-handedly made the entire American Indian nation, literate overnight. There's the original county courthouse as you enter town. Turn right and follow the red earth road to a Baptist church. The other road loads back up the mountain in a beautiful if circuitous route along a creek and an old cemetery above a cave. The locals say you can see the bottoms of the caskets when you crawl in the cave. There's tales of strange people conducting occult rituals in the cave and in an old building. It's mostly anecdotal though. Further to the south, Collinsville; home of a clock tower and occasional racial uprisings between the locals. There's a good BBQ place there Charlie likes. There's a good greasy spoon at the motel. You only have to drive ten minutes to the nearest county line liquor mart.

The heater equalizes the cold air as it's blaring through the dashboard of Charlie's Crown Victoria. It's about 7:30 in the morning. The farmer hears him pull up in front of his house. His sister had called the previous evening, discreetly asking him to investigate the mysterious death of one of his livestock. The animal's jaw had been stripped to the bone; there was no blood on the neat incision.

The cow's rectum appears to have been "cored out", removed or cut out cleanly with very little blood present. It was probably about 20 degrees Fahrenheit with the sun just coming over the Eastern horizon. Charlie began taking pictures with his Polaroid.

The farmer pointed to a white circle on the ground near the cow. It looked like the center of an Oreo cookie. Charlie put it in the cellophane from a pack of his pack of Camels. He put that in his coat pocket and drove back to the police station. When he shook the celophane wrapper to remove the contents, wome of the material wouldn't come out so he took the end of a ballpoint pen trying to flick it out, but when he did that the white material instantly turned into a almost clear liquid with three white striations.

The farmer made him promise not to tell anyone what had happened on his cattle farm. The night previous Charlie had called Mike James, the Chief of Detectives from the DeKalb County Sheriff's Office in Fort Payne. Mike didn't call back until this morning; now he wanted to see the animal. Charlie told him he'd promised the farmer anonymity. Mike went through the roof. He threatened retaliation saying Charlie was obstructing justice by withholding evidence. Arrest Charlie for with-holding evidence from cases he had said didn't exist? The war had begun.

In early February of 1993, Reverend Roger Watkins and his family were startled at 3 a.m. A sound "like a tornado, or freight train" woke them up, according to Brother Roger. Looking out their bedroom window, they saw a large illuminated disc shaped object, with multi colored lights on its rim, moving in opposite directions. The disc hovered over their cow pasture at fence level. It finally ascended and disappeared into the sky. The next morning they found their goldfish bowl empty. The fish were lying dead on the table covered in water, but the bowl was still upright. The family dog was missing, never to be seen again.

Rev. Watkins' family had seen this same object four years earlier during the UFO wave of 1989. At that time, Rev. Watkins was out of town preaching at a revival in another state. He got an unexpected phone call from his son Chris, who described the mutli-colored flying saucer that flew over his mother's car while they were driving near Gilbert's Crossroads. It was the same location where the Fyffe Police had seen a large triangular shaped object fly silently over them a week before.

Chris was very upset, so much so that Rev. Watkins came home a day early to be with his family. Mrs. Watkins wasn't disturbed at all, in fact she dropped Chris off at home while she drove back to Gilbert's Crossroads, in search of the mysterious object. It would be four years before the entire Watkins family got their own, private light show, courtesy of the same flying disc.

This time, the UFO caused an uproar at the Rainsville First Baptist Church where Rev. Watkins had been pastor for the last seven years. Seven years that saw his flock grow from a little under a hundred to over four hundred parishioners. When word got out that the Watkins had seen a UFO, it started a chain of events that spelled doom for the pastor. Rumors and lies were circulated throughout the parishioners and clergy.

Then when journalist Linda Moulton Howe arrived on Sand Mountain, Charlie recommended that she talk to Rev. Watkins. After he agreed to be interviewed on camera, the clergy took Rev. Watkins aside. They told him they didn't want him to go on camera, that "It wasn't any body's business." Watkins backed down and canceled the interview. But the pressure didn't stop. Private plans were made to "get rid of" Rev. Watkins. Friends betrayed him and turned a cold shoulder on their pastor, the man who had made their church grow. (No good deed goes un-punished.) When his departure became imminent, Rev. Watkins changed his mind and went ahead with the on-camera interview. It was the end of his career at Rainsville's First Baptist Church.

What makes Rev. Watkins' story equally important is the fact that he is also a cattle farmer. Though the UFO hovered over his pasture, the cows were not molested. So here's a case where UFOs were seen over a cow pasture at 3 a.m., but there were no mutilations. It's important to consider that fact because the cattle mutilations that did occur, started in October of 1992, four months before UFOs were first reported. Though the mutilations continued during the UFO wave of 1993, they were never reported at the same time or locations of the crime scenes. The aliens had an alibi. It doesn't mean they weren't involved, just that nobody ever connected them to the crimes law enforcement officials were investigating. But although there were no UFOs, there were plenty of unidentified helicopters.

End Of Part Two

Flip-Flopping Veterinarians, The Silencing of Law Enforcement & State Employees.

The first five months of the investigations into mysterious livestock deaths was conducted in concert by the Fyffe Police Department, The Albertville Police Department and The Alabama Department of Public Safety, particularly the Alabama State Troopers. Charlie's allies and partners in this investigation, Chief of Detectives Tommy Cole, Albertville Police, and Ron Ogletree, Post Commander of the State Troopers, were actively involved in the investigation. They, like Charlie, made several statements about the reality of these crimes to the local and outside news media. Tommy Cole appeared on CNN after being quoted in many newspaper headlines. Sgt. Ogletree also made statements about the investigation and was quoted as well. They were important allies in the investigation and their public statements helped back up what Charlie was telling reporters.

Veterinarians also were of great help, in the beginning of the investigations. Vets would initially show a great deal of interest in the cases, and were glad to show up in the pastures, examine the carcasses and even perform autopsies in the field, or accept the animals into their labs for analysis. When Tommy Cole lost his steer on January 9, 1997, He called Dr. Adams, a local Albertville veterinarian. Dr. Adams took fluid samples from the animal's eye, and he also took blood samples. When Dr. Adams called Chief Detective Cole back, he reported neither he nor the State Labs at Auburn University could determine the cause of the steer's death. But he was still interested and was willing again to inspect another fresh mutilation case in Albertville, should it occur. It did.

On January 14, 1993 a local cow farmer found his 10 year old cross-bred Gert cow mutilated and dead with an enormous, mysterious round wound in its hind quarters. This looked totally different from any of the other cases Cole, Ogletree and I had investigated. Not only had this cow's sex organs been removed, but there was a large, irregular incision around the entire hind quarters. We called Dr. Adams and he performed an autopsy on site. He also took blood and eye fluid samples. He couldn't determine the cause of death from what he inspected, but promised to send the physical evidence to Auburn for analysis.

As Chief Detective Cole and Charlie left the crime scene, he looked at the younger officer and asked what he thought. "This is a diversion, Tommy, it's not what we've been seeing." Tommy agreed, "No it isn't." "Somebody is trying to throw us off, and I think that cow's been cut on twice. I think the original incisions have been excised." Tommy just looked at Charlie and didn't say anything. Charlie drove home and got ready for work, not looking forward to another 18 hour day.

Charlie called Tommy a week later to see what the Vet told him. "He hasn't returned my call," explained the Chief of Detectives. I called Dr. Adams, but he couldn't come to the phone. His secretary took my number, but he never called me back. Finally I got him on the phone and he said he couldn't explain the animal's cause of death. I asked him about Tommy Cole's steer that he had examined two weeks earlier, and he denied ever taking blood or fluid samples. Charlie called Tommy Cole who said, "That's a damn lie, he did too, I watched him do it."

Then Tommy Cole tried calling Dr. Adams but his secretary explained that he was busy. Cole called again, but the doctor wasn't in. After that Dr. Adams never again returned any calls, or talked to Tommy or Charlie. Tommy and Charlie just hunched their shoulders and threw up their hands in dismay. Soon this became a recurring theme.

In Fyffe, Charlie took crime scene photographs to veterinarian Dr. Danny Thrash. He explained that he was investigating these strange deaths and if he ever saw something suspicious, he wanted to know about it. Charlie didn't have to wait long. On February 1, 1997 he got a call from Dr. Thrash saying he'd just received a call from a ranch hand in the Grove Oak community, just outside of Fyffe. He asked me to meet him at his office and They'd ride out together.

When they arrived at the Glen Fricks ranch, a cowboy met them at the gate and escorted them out to the crime scene. There were two cows in various states of decay. One was missing its udder and jaw, while the other was missing it's rectum and vagina. All the incisions were clean and bloodless. Dr. Thrash and Charlie examined the animals and took pictures. On the way back to the Vet's office Dr. Thrash said it indeed "Looked suspicious" to him, but they agreed the animals were too far gone to determine the cause of death. They left it at that until the local newspaper reporter, Steven Smith, called and interviewed them individually.

Dr. Thrash made a statement that echoed those Charlie had made, and it went in the newspaper. A week later Dr. Thrash was interviewed again in another newspaper. This time he said, "This whole thing is getting blown out

for bruises or other injuries. None were found. Then the whole cow was dissected, piece by piece. Dr. Sharpton couldn't find anything unusual, outside of the jaw excision. We asked him what he thought, "It looks like this was done with a sharp knife, by someone experienced with field stripping animals." He echoed this sentiment, under condition of anonymity, to a local newspaper.

For the next week at the Buttram ranch, the remaining herd defecated and urinated all over the site where the animal was originally found, as if it would make what had happened, go away. The remaining livestock were noticeably upset.

The silencing of Dr. Rick Sharpton, director of the State Lab at Boaz.

A week later the TV camera crew from "Sightings" arrived in Alabama to cover the story. Dr. Sharpton agreed to meet with them for an interview. When he did, his boss, Dr. Lee Alley, the State Veterinarian, was looking over his shoulder. With the camera rolling, Dr. Sharpton totally reversed his prior position, explaining that it was "All the work of predators." Dr. Alley also went on camera explaining that Tommy Cole, Sgt. Ogletree and Charlie didn't "know what they were talking about, because of Their inexperience."

A week later, Dr. Sharpton had "resigned" as director of the State Lab. Charlie asked Tommy about it and he said that he learned Sharpton had "resigned under fire." He had been pressured out. This was their third case of flip-flopping veterinarians. It was the 20th livestock mutilation case in four months.

On February 6, 1997 Charlie got a call from Geraldine Police dispatcher Corey Dobson. He told him he'd just heard about a new case near Crossville and gave Charlie the directions to the crime scene. By the time Charlie got there, the Crossville Police Chief, Ron West, and Dekalb County Sheriff's Department Assistant Chief Deputy, Dale Orr, had already left the scene. The farmer took him to the crime scene, explaining that he'd heard a helicopter over his pasture the previous evening, but he hadn't thought anything about it until he found his calf dead. Charlie asked him how he knew it was hovering over his pasture? He replied, "I used to fly choppers in Nam, and I know what a hovering helicopter sounds like."

Charlie inspected the victim. This cross-bred beef calf was lying on its right side, with an enormous circle of hide missing from its back, neck and rib cage, and much muscle was missing. The esophagus was exposed and an eight inch length of it was missing. It appeared to have been snipped cleanly by a pair of scissors, and there was foam at the end of each side. There was still color in the animal's blue eyes, and they were just beginning to get cloudy.

This animal was alive when it was cut, and it hadn't been dead long. Charlie looked closely at the cuts on the animal and found no blood on the hide or ground. The farmer told Charlie that the police who had just been there told him it was the work of predators. They had offered that explanation before they looked at the animal! When they did inspect it, they just said the same thing, "Yeah, that look's like predators all right, go ahead and bury it." They didn't even file a Police report.

of proportion," and contradicted his previous statements by saying, "Predators are probably responsible for these two cases." When Charlie read that in the newspaper he called Dr. Thrash and challenged his reversal. He got mad and they never spoke again.

On February 4, 1997 Charlie decided to get an early start and drop in on Chief Detective Cole in Albertville. He sat down across from his desk and they started talking about what should be done next. Tommy explained that he'd talked to the State Diagnostic Lab in Boaz and they'd be willing to look at the next case we investigated, as long as the animal was "fresh."

Five minutes into Their conversation, the phone rang. It was DeKalb County Sheriff's Department Assistant Chief Deputy Dale Orr. He wanted Tommy to meet him at the Waymon J. Buttram ranch in the Martling Community. Though it was in Marshall County, in Tommy Cole's jurisdiction, the call had gone to DeKalb County. They hopped in Tommy's unmarked police car and arrived at the scene around 10 a.m. When they pulled up, we were greeted by Dale Orr who recognized Charlie and said, "How the hell did you know to be here?". Charlie just grinned and followed him out to the crime scene. Soon Sgt. Ogletree arrived, and as usual, his presence made the locals breathe easier. They all knew and respected him. Sgt. Ogletree has a great reputation with the locals, because his professionalism, like Chief Detective Cole's, was unparalleled. Soon other officers and ranchers arrived, and everyone was deeply concerned.

They examined the crime scene. It was a black Angus cow and it lay on its right side. There was a tear drop shaped incision on its left jaw, and it was very bloody. The animal had been dead for about seven hours, but the blood hadn't coagulated, and was still flowing out of the animal. Dale Orr called DeKalb County Sheriff Harold Richards on the radio and advised him about what he had found. They waited for him to arrive, and Dale handed Charlie his camera and asked him to take pictures for him, and made him promise to give him copies of all the photos he was taking. Soon, the rest of the cows in this pasture "surrounded" them.

They had to be scared off twice before Sheriff Richards arrived and examined the animal. He agreed it looked suspicious. At that point Tommy Cole took over the investigation. He asked me what I thought we should do. Charlie just looked at him with a cocked eyebrow. He said to him: "You want to take it to the State Lab and have it examined right?" Charlie nodded, and they loaded it up into rancher Buttram's livestock trailer. Tommy called the State Lab and made arrangements. While they were waiting, a helicopter flew over the southern edge of the pasture. Charlie took a picture of it. Then they drove to the State Diagnostic Lab at Boaz and tracked down the Lab director, Dr. Rick Sharpton.

When They had finished unloading the animal, and attached it to a chain hoist, They all heard a helicopter approaching. Charlie went outside with Tommy to look, they saw a black Hughes helicopter fly directly over Them. They went back inside and said nothing about it. Charlie told Dr. Sharpton what he wanted to know. Then he watched as the blood was washed from the jaw, revealing the large, tear drop incision. He stripped the hide off the cow, looking

There was minor damage on some of the tissue from scavenging or predatory animals. Charlie could understand how the previous investigators thought it might have been the work of predators, but it still didn't add up. He told the farmer that the incision looked like it had been made by a straight edge of some kind, and that he should have a veterinarian look at it. He took Charlie's advice and called Dr. Creel in Boaz, and the Vet came out and examined the carcass.

Dr. Creel agreed and said, "I don't know what killed it, but animals were not involved in its death." Dr. Creel stuck to his guns and never flip flopped. He was the exception to the rule.

By mid-February, these cases were the talk of police in both Marshall & DeKalb Counties. At month's end, Charlie had filled out 12 reports covering 14 strange livestock deaths. Even without considering the sinister agencies causing them, the crimes by themselves were very disturbing. Large animals had been incapacitated and vivisected in plain view of ranch houses and farms. One was even found outside a bedroom window. Nobody heard anything except barking dogs at 3 a.m., which were ignored. Then came the grizzly discoveries.

While 90% of the farmers reported seeing helicopters before or after their animals were found dead, no one saw them at the critical time. This made Charlie wonder, until he got a call from local gun dealer and pilot, Clyde Barksdale. He told Charlie that the previous evening he arrived home and was walking around his house when he looked up and saw a helicopter flying only two hundred feet above him. He said it was almost silent. Clyde is also a helicopter pilot, and he couldn't understand why it only made a faint sound. "Whissp whissp, whissp," he imitated the chopper's sound. "I couldn't believe it," he explained. A silent helicopter. A silent helicopter?

The Silencing of Sgt. Ron Ogletree.

One evening in late February when Charlie was on duty in Fyffe, Charlie met with Alabama State Trooper Ron Ogletree, who was post commander in Gadsden. Ron and he had been working together on the livestock cases for four months together. He explained that his boss in Montgomery had instructed him to cease interviews with the media. "No more talk about Cattle Mutilations, no more talk about UFOs, you're out of the business." Ron just took it in stride. He never spoke to the media again. Charlie took it in stride too. Then it happened again.

The Silencing of Chief of Detectives Tommy Cole.

It was about a month later when the Boston Globe came to Sand Mountain to interview Tommy Cole and Charlie. Charlie finished the interview and drove with the reporter to Albertville, where we were scheduled to meet Tommy. When they arrived Charlie went into the Albertville Police Department, but was denied entry.

Tommy Cole came out the back door and took him aside, away from the reporter. He wanted to talk privately. "Charlie, I can't talk to this guy, I'm sorry. I've been told not to talk about it any more." He looked irritated but resigned to the fact that he wasn't allowed to talk to the media. Charlie walked back to the Globe reporter and explained that the Chief of Detectives had been ordered to keep his mouth shut. He looked at him suspiciously, but accepted it, and gave Charlie a ride back to Fyffe.

Snow Job. The Silencing of the entire Law Enforcement Community.

A special, secret briefing was organized and police officers and deputies from both counties were invited. Every police department, that is, except Fyffe. DeKalb County Chief Of Detectives Mike James (A direct descendent of Frank and Jesse James) and his drinking buddy, Tom Price from the Marshall County Sheriff's Department, started the briefing and introduced David Pratt, a jewelry salesman from Chattanooga, Tennessee. They described him as a man who had been involved in so-called "cattle mutilations" while a member of a secret, well funded "Satanic Cult."

Pratt outlined how the "cult" he was once a "member" of was responsible for the mutilations, and that they had backing that covered the expense of using helicopters to retrieve bovine organs for "their rituals." Pratt also proclaimed that his former cult "loved the publicity" and embarrassing local authorities.

Every cop present "bought" this story, except Tommy Cole. Even Sgt. Ogletree believed this con artist. Tommy Cole later told Charlie, "That guy didn't impress me in the least. It's obvious why they didn't want you there, they said you were intentionally not invited" Charlie could have challenged this guy and he couldn't have held up under his questioning. That's why he was kept out of it. The briefing was concluded with Detectives James and Price explaining that "These Satanist love the publicity, and if we ignore them, they'll stop what they're doing and go away." The assembled officers concurred. Fools.

Charlie looked over all the police reports and photographs, he realized that all of the female cows had calved (given Birth) two weeks prior to being mutilated. One was in childbirth when it was mutilated

In 1993, Charlie got a call from a man who owned a small landing field, told him that if he went to his landing fielda certain evening, he would see several helicopters land and refuel. He was right. Well after dark, two Chinook helicopters (The large twin rotor type) landed in the field behind some trees and opened their doors revealing large black plastic fuel bladders. Minutes later several smaller scout helicopters landed nearby, shut down and crews from the Chinooks walked over with large hoses and refueled each of a half dozen helicopters. The whole operation took less than 30 minutes and the helicopters took off and headed across the border where they were tracked to their home base, Fort Campbell, Kentucky. Now They knew who they were but they couldn't figure out why they refueled on Sand Mountain. The landing strip's Owner Waylon Lyons explained he was told that they "didn't want to have to go through the tower at Redstone Arsenal". The next morning a reporter, Steven Smith from the Rainsville Weekly Post, called the Public Affairs Officer, Major William Gibbons of the 101st Airborne and asked if they might've been in the area the previous evening. "We have no aircraft in your area, it wasn't us" said the captain. It certainly was. So Charlie knew then that some kind of secret operation was being conducted, but he didn't know what it was. He still doesn't, but when you look at each piece of evidence and try to use them as puzzle pieces, these so called "cattle mutilations" might be associated with government studies of epidemiology. With BSE & CJD being such devastating "new" diseases, is it possible than many alleged cases of "cattle mutilations" are actually evidence of our tax dollars at work? Charlie read a book "Deadly Feast"

by Richard Preston about the spread of Mad Cow Disease (Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy) and learned that BSE and it's Human form "Creutzfeld-Jakob Disease" had something in common it only infected the offspring during birth, not during gestation (Pregnancy). Was that why recent mothers were vivisected? Some during birth?

The 101st Airborne Division is not suspected of being directly involved in the cattle mutilations that occurred between Oct. 1992 through May of 1993. But it seems possible they may have refueled the un-marked helicopters that we're eventually traced to Maxwell Air Force Base. The 101st's inability to tell the truth about where they had been, seems to be a constant in Federal Government employee behavior: You don't tell the truth unless somebody holds a gun to your head.

When un-marked helicopters were witnessed by local farmers and law enforcement officers, Albertville Police's Chief of Detectives Tommy Cole called in the Federal Aviation Administration to investigate. Detective Cole had lost a cow to the phantom surgeons and his wife had seen an un-marked helicopter over their pasture January 8th, 1993; the day before they discovered one of their Black Angus steers mutilated. An FAA investigator came to Albertville and Cole took him for a ride in his police car. The FAA investigator was skeptical until an un-marked helicopter flew near them. The FAA investigator couldn't believe his own eyes and pulled out a hand held radio and hailed the helicopter. The helicopter pilot didn't respond and ignored demands that he identify himself. This infuriated the FAA investigator who had now reversed his skepticism. He was able to trace the helicopter to Maxwell Air Force Base in Southern Alabama. When he launched an inquiry at the base, he was immediately told to drop it and never talk about again. A week later Chief Detective Cole received a call after midnight, it was the FAA investigator. It seems that while out in a boat on nearby Lake Guntersville, he and his family had witnessed a large triangle shaped craft flying maneuvers above them. Tommy & Charlie wondered if he ever reported that to his superiors?

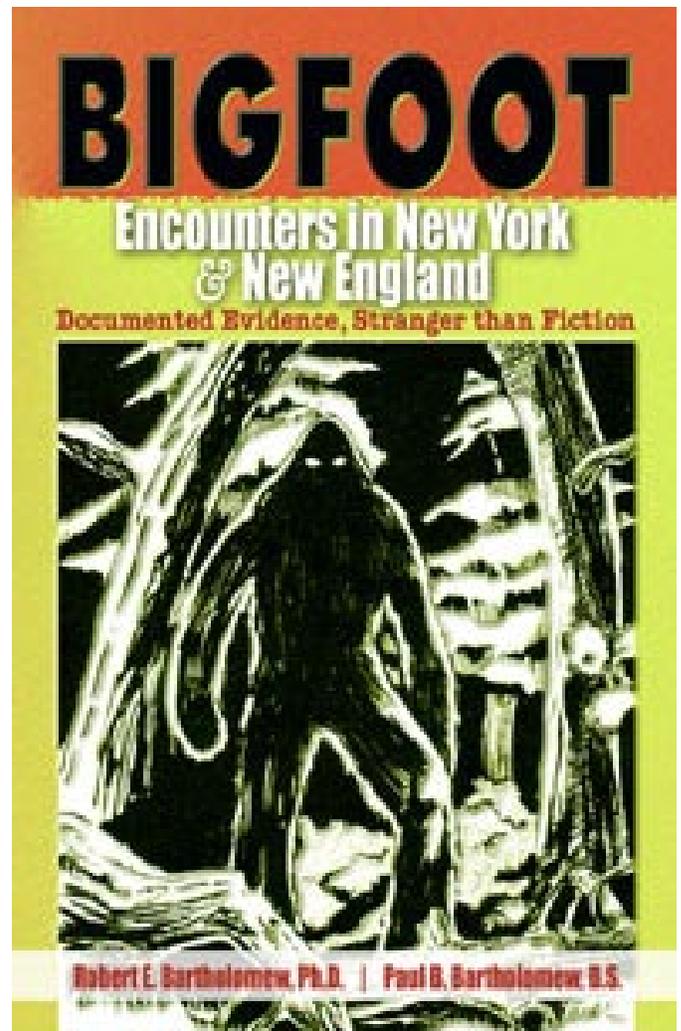
Were the UFO sightings manufactured to throw everybody off the trail? It seemed like a perfect smoke-screen, connect UFOs to Cattle Mutilations and everyone will say your crazy, the whole thing gets laughed off, and dropped.

Charlie doesn't pretend to know the solution to either the bovine excision cases nor the appearance of the mystery helicopters. He suspects that America might be facing a threat from BSE, he thinks that these questions deserve attention. President Ronald Reagan once hypothesized: "What if one day we all found that we faced a common threat from outer space, wouldn't we all put aside our differences and work together?". President Reagan wasn't so far off, today we do face a common threat, soon we'll realize that we all have something in common: exposure to Transmissible Spongiform Encephalopathies, TSEs, The new Plague. The beginning of The New Dark Ages.

End of Part Three:
The End

**Want to palce your ad inside
Night Search Magazine 5.00
per issue 50 words or less half
page ad is just ten dollars full
page 20.00 send all inquiries to
nightsearchmag@gmail.com**

NIGHT SEARCH



<http://hancockhouse.com/products/knosas.htm>

Email cmurphy@axionet.com



A Look at Springheel Jack and the Interdimensional Theory

By Paul Dale Roberts, HPI General Manager/Monster Hunter

Paul is having a flashback. Based on a true story. Date: July 23, 1974. Location: Nurnberg, Germany/Merrill Barracks. Porkchops aka Paul Dale Roberts is working undercover narcotics with the DST (Drug Suppression Team), CID (Criminal Investigation Division). I am in a dark room inside Merrill Barracks. Inside this room, I can see a Jimi Hendrix poster and other memorabilia of the 60s. About 9 people sitting around in a circle are passing around a homemade bong and smoking blonde Lebanese hash. The song “Who’s That Lady by the Isley Brothers’ is playing in the background. Everyone in this circle is completely stoned. Someone says...”sit down Porkchops and hit this bong, some good \$%it!” Little do they know I am wired and as I hit the bong, I am simulating smoking hash. DST is listening to everything that is taking place in this room, they are having a hard time making out the conversations with music like High Time We Went – Joe Cocker and Black Sabbath is playing. I look to my right and from the bathroom steps out a German woman that is unclothed. She looks stoned too. She takes a seat in front of me. She pulls out a hypodermic needle and injects heroin into her veins. Before I know it, she has vomited over her own body and nods out. Out from the shadows steps out another person, a soldier holding an ounce bag of heroin, he says: “Now tell me she didn’t like that # \$it!” I see the ounce bag and I knew it was time to take these perpetrators down. The key words are ‘good # \$it’. I speak loudly...”that is some good % ^it!” Nothing happens, the DST are unable to make out my words. I say it again. The guy holding the ounce says...”What? Why do you keep repeating yourself?...ha..ha..you must be stoned!” Then finally DST with guns drawn surround the circle, everyone is belly flat to the ground with arms raised. This was another successful drug sting operation.

This is the kind of investigation that would build up my adrenaline. This is the kind of investigation that can make you scared. If I got ID’d, my life could have been in danger. I am no longer working undercover narcotics, but I still need an adrenaline boost. I now get that boost with ghosthunting or even monster hunting. Seeking out the unknown, hoping to see something that will make my skin crawl. Something that will take me to the edge of the unknown. Something that will deliver the truth that I seek.

Before I was even a ghosthunter, I was doing investigations on my own. In 1994, I went to London, England and went to the sites where the infamous Springheel Jack frequented. If you don’t know who Spring Heel Jack is, let me tell you. Springheel Jack was first sighted by witnesses in 1837. He was described as a monster that was able to leap incredibly high. He could leap from rooftop to rooftop or cemetery fences that were 12 feet high.

He was seen all around London and other small towns nearby such as Liverpool. He had clawed hands, eyes that were bright flaming red and witnesses said that blue and white flames would at times come out of his mouth. Some witnesses said he spoke perfect English and at times wore a helmet. When looking at his face, his face appeared as ‘devilish’. He was truly a frightening creature to look at. His clothes were described as white oil skin and tight fitting. Some witnesses say he wore a cloak.

Two attacks that Spring Heel Jack committed left England in shock and disarray. October 1837 Mary Stevens was confronted by Springheel Jack and she was kissed on the face. She was fondled by Spring Heel Jack’s clammy cold hands. Jane Alsop was also attacked by Springheel Jack and he scratched her repeatedly on the neck and arms.

When I went to London, I made contact with Richard Baynes. I met Richard on the Jack the Ripper East London tour. I overheard him speaking to his girlfriend about Spring Heel Jack and it peaked my curiosity. When I went to England, I had made plans to visit Stonehenge, Westminster Abbey, Piccadilly Square, Tower of London, Thames River and other famous sites, but when I got to talking with Richard, this is what he told me from my best recollection:

“Paul, Springheel Jack is still with us. In May of 1987, I was looking from my balcony. It was dusk and I could make the shadow of a man leaping from one rooftop to another. I saw him leap across 3 rooftops total and then vanish. I know what I saw and I believe to this day it was Springheel Jack.”

I asked Richard where those rooftops were and went with my ex-wife Patricia and son Jason to the locations and tried to determine how long the length of the leaps must have been. I estimated the so-called Springheel Jack must have leapt 10 feet from roof to roof with possibly an 8 story drop, if he were to miss his target. Richard seemed very sincere and I can only wonder what he saw on that day? I visited Lavender Hill in London to see the area where Springheel Jack was sighted and tried to take my mind back to the days of the sightings. I could only wonder how so many people saw this creature and their stories seemed so precise in their descriptions. When they described the events, they were consistent and there were no apparent contradictions. How can so many witnesses be lying? Was it some kind of mass hysteria? Perhaps what they were seeing was an interdimensional creature. I don’t believe they were witnesses to something extraterrestrial, as no UFOs were seen during the sightings. It appeared that Springheel Jack would appear and vanish mysteriously. It seems that Springheel Jack was able to enter a portal into our reality and jump into his own reality.

My last investigation into Springheel Jack was my visit to Newark, New Jersey in 2005. A man I will simply call ‘John’ emailed me and told me that he saw Springheel Jack

in 2001 at his home. A man with devilish looks, an outfit that almost looked like a tuxedo was peering at John through his front yard window. As John stared back at this man, it appeared that he leapt straight up into their front yard tree. John went outside with a kitchen knife and looked into the tree where Springheel Jack was standing on a top branch. Springheel Jack looked down at John and John noticed his eyes were glowing red. Chills went up and down John's spine and as he continued to look, Springheel Jack faded out into nothingness. John never knew about the legends of Springheel Jack, but had contacted me after reading a blurb I did on a UFO story, where I briefly mentioned Springheel Jack

I met John at my hotel in Newark and after he told me the story, he never witnessed this creature again. I asked him if he had any other paranormal experiences and the only thing he could recall that was somewhat paranormal is that he thought he would be in a car accident soon and even dreamed of a car accident. About one week later after his thoughts of an impending car accident, he was involved in a head on car accident that landed him in the hospital with broken ribs and a broken foot.

Summary:

Springheel Jack is a creature that most likely is similar to Mothman, Bigfoot and the black dogs/black panthers that are sighted in England. They make their appearances and vanish without a trace. Perhaps all of the creatures are from another realm, another dimension.

What are these other dimensions?

It is difficult for us to comprehend a creature from another dimension, because we live in a world with 3 spatial dimensions that we can experience in our daily lives. So our common sense tells us that there are 3 dimensions. This is a basic fact of life. Albert Einstein came up with the theory of special relativity, which has been shown to be accurate. In special relativity, time is treated almost like another dimension, so we may consider space-time to be 4th dimensional.

Many physicists and mathematicians, have come up with a theory that there are 10 dimensions, 6 more spatial dimensions than our experience tells us. We believe these 6 extra dimensions are curled up into tiny sizes, much smaller than atoms, too small to be detected with the most powerful microscope.

Consider ants crawling on a tabletop. In their daily experience, they can explore only 2 dimensions, those of the table surface. They may see a bee up flying, or occasionally landing on the table top, but that 3rd dimension is something they can only see or imagine, not experience. Perhaps we are in an analogous situation. Instead of a tabletop, we live in a 3-dimensional space called 3-brane (a name generalizing 2-brane, i.e., membrane). For some reason, we (i.e., atoms, molecules, photons etc.) are stuck in this 3-brane, even though there are 6 additional dimensions out there. Gravity, like the bee, can go everywhere. We call this the brane world, a rather natural phenomenon in superstring theory. At the moment, physicists are working hard to understand this scenario better and to find ways to experimentally test this idea.

So to sum this up, we are merely like ants on a table top, when a creature like Springheel Jack appears in

our reality, it becomes surreal and unbelievable. It is too much for our mortal minds to comprehend. Perhaps when mankind evolves into a more intelligent species, we will be able to determine the reality of these interdimensional beings such as Springheel Jack.

Now onto other news:

Shannon McCabe, Paul Dale Roberts & Jennifer Baca of H.P.I. & Ghost Girls & Holly DeLaughter & Chris Grissom of H.P.I. assisted Two Four Productions with their TV segment of "Conversations With a Serial Killer" The Richard Trenton Chase aka the Vampire of Sacramento Episode. All five 8 min. segments can be found on the YouTube link below.

I originally wrote an article on Richard Trenton Chase and Two Four Productions in England contacted Shannon and myself to have the HPI team show them sites where Richard frequented. We took them to Vegas (a nightclub in Old Sacramento), Preston Castle (in Ione, CA) and the infamous murder sites. This segment was broadcast in England on Nov. 18th, 2008 and many English speaking countries. To watch the videos, click on the links below:

See all segments at this site:

<http://www.shannonmccabe.com/Conversationswithaserialkiller.html>

<http://www.hpiparanormal.net> (Preston Castle Segment Only)

For more information on Two Four Productions UK

<http://www.twofourbroadcast.com/conversations-with-a-serial-killer.asp>

For more information on Ghost Girls TV

<http://www.GhostGirls.net>

For more information on H.P.I. International

<http://www.HPIparanormal.net>

Paul Dale Roberts, HPI General Manager, Paranormal Investigator & Ghostwriter

Haunted and Paranormal Investigations International

www.HPI.paranormal.net

www.ghostgirls.net

www.nancybradley.org

www.jazmaonline.com

Staff Writer - Alien Seeker News - <http://www.alienseekernews.com/>

WPRT Paranormal Radio - Content Editor

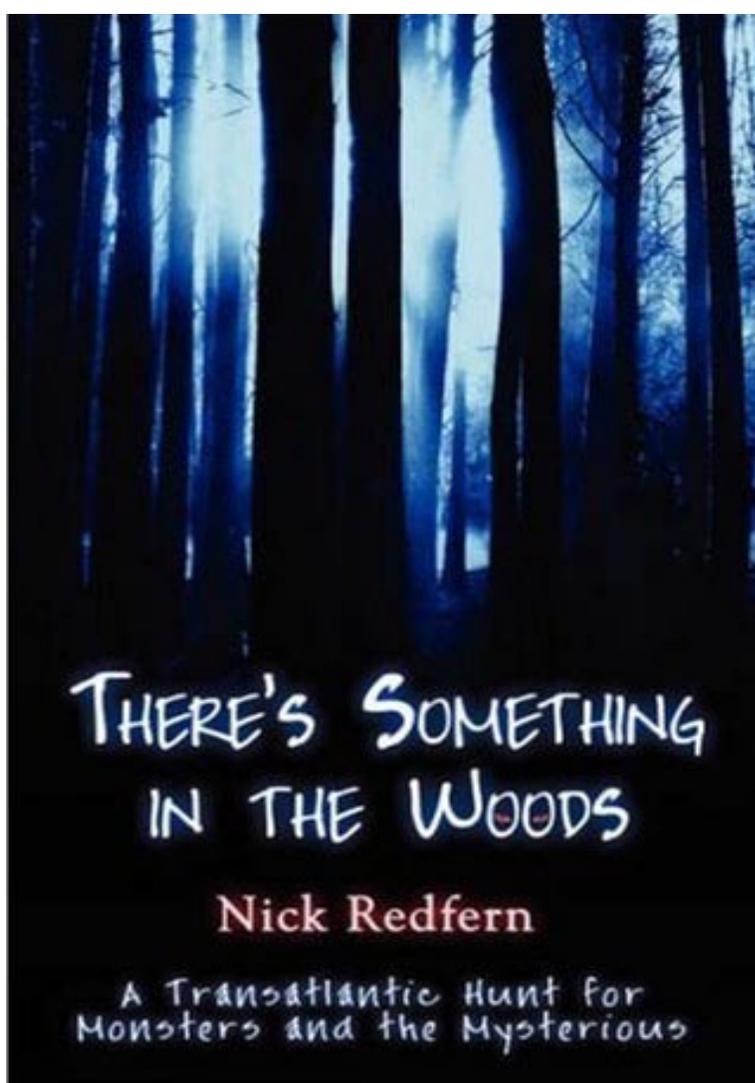
Email: JazmaPika@cs.com

Paranormal Cellular Hotline: 916 203 7503 (for comments on this story).

If you have a possible investigation call: 1-888-709-4HPI

Copyright © 2008 Paul Dale Roberts, HPI Ghostwriter Copyright © 2008

all rights reserved.



Bigfoot? Check.

Phantom black dogs? Check.

Werewolves? Check.

Giant mystery birds? They're here, too.

Toss in some haunted woods, spooky cemeteries, crop circles, and crashed UFOs and you've got Nick Redfern's latest road trip across two continents for all things cryptozoological or otherwise mysterious. This is the third in a series of excursions into the occult fringe for the indefatigable Redfern. It all started with *Three Men Seeking Monsters*, which Booklist called "lively and entertaining," and was followed by *Memoirs of a Monster Hunter*, which his colleagues have called "wild and wooly" and "fascinating." Now, in this latest volume, Redfern defies all the laws of self-preservation and offers himself as bait in the face of the unknown – to learn, if indeed, *There's Something in the Woods*.

www.nickredfern.com

The DMT Experiences of Jeremiah

One of the subjects described in Dr. Strassman's book was named Jeremiah (his real name is Don Wright, a gentleman I've written about previously in my column regarding his work with the Peruvian whistling vessels). I asked Don if he'd mind describing in some detail about his experiences with Dr. Strassman's DMT research project. He thoughtfully responded with the following:

Editor: How did you become involved in this program?

Don Wright: I was contacted at the Milton Erickson Institute of New Mexico, where I was Clinical Associate in practice as a psychotherapist specializing in PTSD and anxiety disorders. Because of my interest in expanded states of consciousness and super-normal human states of experience, I was thrilled to be included in Doctor Strassman's research project. I graciously accepted his offer to participate.

Editor: Could you provide us a personal reflection on what you experienced, what you saw and felt and how it affected you at the time?

Don Wright: I reported to the Research Ward of the University of New Mexico Hospital on the date and time I was given for my first involvement in the project. I was not inexperienced in expanded states of consciousness and was aware of DMT, although I had never before experienced it. Upon checking into the ward, I was admitted as a "patient", supplied with hospital pajamas, and told in which room I was expected. The room was a private patient room which included a bed, and equipment such as an automatic blood pressure machine and other monitoring equipment.

I got into the bed and filled out a psychological inventory form that was provided. After a short period of time a nurse appeared and inserted an IV into a vein in my arm, and was connected to the monitoring devices. Dr. Strassman appeared shortly thereafter and informed me that what I was about to receive would be the highest dose of DMT that I would possibly receive in subsequent administrations. He explained that this would be the only known dosage, both to him and myself, that I would receive during the project. My knowing that subsequent dosages would not be greater effectively removed any anxiety I might have about "going too high".

Dr. Strassman asked me if I was ready as he connected the drug vial to the IV. I said "yep", and he started the injection. My first awareness was what seemed to be a tightening around my chest, causing me to have to force my breathing. This ceased after around a minute, and was replaced by a sound I recognized as sounds I had experienced during Peruvian Whistling Vessel sessions. Next I experienced myself sliding down a dark tunnel reminiscent of those described in "Life After Death" descriptions in books such as those written by Moody. The tunnel was pointed downward at what seemed to be about 45 degrees, with a light at the far end. Upon reaching the "Light" I experienced myself rapidly moving over an infinite abyss. Suddenly I experienced being in what was clearly not present time/space. I was elated that I did not seem to be "altered" or hallucinating. Although I did not experience my physical body in this new realm, my conscious perception was sober, clear, and what I was perceiving was solid, real aspects of this realm. There was no feeling of danger or threat, and no sensation of any "holy" or "spiritual" elements. The entities appearing in that solid realm clearly knew I had arrived, and it seemed to me it was "business as usual" to them.

Each subsequent experience of DMT in the research took me to a completely different "world". In some I seemed to have a "deja vu" experience. An example was one in which I discovered myself in a round, multi-floored facility in which there were "transparent" capsules containing human essences. I had the impression that human essences were there waiting to physically manifest. I clearly seemed to recognize that I had been there before.

Upon completing the experimental trips, I had a sense that they had, in some beautiful manner, prepared me for evolving in some manner beyond the consensual idea of evolving.

Editor: Please state your thoughts on the importance and success of Dr. Strassman's work and what you feel he has accomplished.

Don Wright: Dr. Strassman, in my opinion, is a hero of our species. He bravely and successfully broke through the injunctions of our societies demanding acceptance of conventional consensual reality, in order to explore our human ability to transcend our present primitive state of consciousness.

Editor: Describe anyway that being involved in this program affected you in any permanent way of perceiving anything.

Don Wright: Although I had previously expected and "believed" that there must be "parallel universes", alternate time/space realms, etc., I now KNOW they exist. I've been there!

Editor: If you have any thoughts on future applications of this program that you'd like to share, please feel free to explore that as well.

Don Wright: Any manner that our species can evolve beyond the present archaic, paranoid, primitive defensiveness of our present suppressed paradigm will make possible our future survival. The technological curve is nearing straight up. Technology such as Nanotechnology will, I believe, convert us to an unbelievably horrendously destructive selfish species, or an incredibly positive expanding species. I believe research into consciousness such as that of Dr. Strassman is necessary for the second instance to manifest.

Editor: Why do you think that you were selected to be a part of this program?

Don Wright: I expect that one of the reasons I was selected to participate in the project was that as a psychotherapist of the Milton Erickson Institute, I was skilled in clinical hypnosis and capable of recognizing projections of my "real" life experienced as metaphors while experiencing the DMT. Because of this, I would be able to recognize the realms and their artifacts as metaphors of my own present life, if that were the case. I honestly must say that I could not make a metaphorical connection between my life at that time and the alternative realms I visited. The entities were interesting in that they, as were the different "worlds" in which they appeared, completely unexpected and unique in my experience.

Editor: Could you describe in some detail the entities that you perceived during your experiences?

Don Wright: Here are descriptions of some of the entities:

The "Scientist": After flowing through the "tunnel" and across the abyss, I experienced myself observing a "laboratory" in which an entire wall was covered with various meters and other instruments. Standing in front of an observation device on the wall was a tall male grey haired human wearing a lab coat. He apparently was observing something about me. As he was facing the wall, I could only see his back. I could see, at the same time, another "screen" on the wall which was showing, in detail, my blood flowing through my capillaries which included red blood cells, as well as microphages, or white blood cells and a couple of unrecognized creatures. Following this experience, I felt that I had been "altered" or changed in some manner that was important to my future evolving. "Ah Ha!" you might say. You were in a hospital under the direct and total care of the psychiatrist, Dr. Strassman! Is this not a metaphor of your situation during the experience? Well,, no. This is something you would know if you knew Dr. Strassman! The "Pyramid": After the (you know) entry trip, I first observed a large, what seemed to be a thick center column, with round, smaller "branches" appearing to be made of polished marble. The closest depictions of how they look may be on the cover of a book "In Pursuit of Valis", written by Phillip K. Dick, and published by UM, 1991. Suddenly, slowly moving from behind the column appeared a creature in the shape of a small pyramid. Its main features were a mouth slit and a single eye. It somewhat shocked me by its appearance. It seemed to perceive that it made me uneasy, froze, and then slowly backed up to disappear behind the column. It did not appear again. I was certain that it didn't want to frighten me.

The "Children": After crossing the "abyss", I noticed two, what seemed to be three or four year old blond haired children, looking into the center of a small, round table. After observing them interact without them speaking, I became aware that they were telepathically communicating, and that they were totally mature beings choosing to have bodies of children! They were observing something about me through the table top screen. There were other "entities", such as the "Gumby" appearing entity sitting in a thrown type of chair affectionally watching me.

The Mothman Prophecies

A very bizarre and horrifying event happened in 1966 through 1967 in Point Pleasant, West Virginia. According to multiple eyewitness accounts, there was a manifestation of a large, humanoid, winged creature that appeared on numerous occasions. Paranormal investigator John Keel wrote the book *The Mothman Prophecies* that goes into the specifics of what happened. Keel had become interested in the “Mothman” sightings and spent a considerable amount of time in the town of Point Pleasant investigating the story. In his book, he discusses not only the “Mothman” sightings but other strange events that happened around the same time. Numerous UFO sightings, mysterious “Men in Black” (similar to those in the humorous movie series *Men in Black* starring Will Smith, released in the late nineties/early two thousands, but unlike in the movies, these men in black were perceived as sinister), and animal mutilations were all part of the mix that later became known as the Mothman Prophecies. I would also recommend a book written by Jeff Wamsley entitled, *Behind the Red Eyes*. Wamsley’s book was published by Mothman press in 2005 and has eyewitness testimonies that were not explored by Keel. But getting back to Keel’s book, as it was this book that put “Mothman” on the map. Keel would sometimes receive mysterious phone calls and the voice would then announce some ominous event that was about to take place in the future. What is remarkable is that there were a series of “prophecies” that were given to Keel, all of which were ominous in tenor. The one prophecy that allegedly came true, much to the horror of the entire town of Point Pleasant, was the collapse of the Silver Bridge. In this tragedy, forty-six people lost their lives, and two bodies were never recovered.

Briefly told, the humanoid creature that became known as “Mothman” began to manifest during November 1966. Those who encountered it were terrified, and some have reported an overwhelming feeling of dread. A quote from Jeff Wamsley, who interviewed for his book many of the witnesses who saw Mothman, sums up the shared feeling of dread: “No one ever came away from seeing Mothman feeling good about it . . . some people were never the same afterward” (from a private interview with Jeff Wamsley – 2007).

Throughout history, those who have encountered supernatural entities, whether good or evil, have reacted in similar ways to the reports from Point Pleasant. A study of Daniel’s encounter with an angelic being (Dan. 9) and Isaiah’s encounter in the throne room of God himself (Isaiah. 6) as well as other supernatural encounters in both the Old and New Testaments offer an overview of such reactions. The difference seems to be while the initial supernatural experience as with Daniel is overwhelming, the angel is aware of this and by touching Daniel takes away the fear and dread. This is not the case with Mothman where a feeling of evil and dread persisted for those who encountered it.

In addition to being described as a “large humanoid,” the creature was said to have slanted eyes—some witnesses reported that the eyes were red—and (most startling) large bat-like wings protruding from its back. The creature was seen by dozens of witnesses over a period of almost two years. The following eyewitness descriptions are taken from Jeff Wamsley’s book, *Mothman: Behind the Red Eyes*: “The wings were drawn in towards the body and its head was sunken down in the shoulders like a bird. Its head was tilted sideways.” 8 “[The wing span] was wider than my car because when it went over it was gliding so I could see that the wings were much wider than the car.” 9 “I would say [Mothman] was 6’6” to 7 foot [tall]. Because like I say I didn’t have to throw my head way back to look up but still you had to look up to it.” 10

One of the most noted sightings of Mothman was in November 1996. Two teenage couples first spotted it as they were driving on the outskirts of Point Pleasant. The creature frightened them, and they began to drive back to the town. They were so frightened that they went to the police. They recounted how it flew above them, and no matter how fast they drove to escape it, it managed to keep up with them. In *Mothman, Facts Behind the Legend* one of these eyewitnesses accounts:

. . . I first saw this thing, which appeared to be a man about six feet tall with wings on its back and red eyes

two inches in diameter and about six inches apart. The other two (people riding in the car) also saw this thing at the corner of the power house, and we all seemed to be stunned, and he took off out the road at a fast speed, and as we drove back toward town on Rt. 62, we saw this man with wings standing on a bank, but I could see its eyes plainly, and it seemed to take off upward very fast, well we all saw that, and the driver speeded down the road, and as we speeded down the road on the straight stretch at a speed of 100 or 105 miles an hour, the thing glided over top of our car back and forth until we drove in to the lights of the armory the thing never once flew in front of our car . . . and Linda said, “I think we should go to the police.”

here. It’s different here. It has another quality, a different dynamic than over there. There are demons and the approach here is different. The devil uses worldliness and luxury. Over there it was right to the point because they had been into it for many generations. More of a reprobate spirit here than there.

L. A.: Can you give us some background on your life, specifically what you were doing in Point Pleasant way back in 1966?

L. G.: In 1966, I felt called to the ministry and to missionary work in Papua New Guinea. So, I enrolled into Bible School at Frankfort Pilgrim College in Indiana.

Prior to this time, I worked in a supermarket in Pt. Pleasant, WV. I was married and had a young daughter. We served the Lord waiting for His directions for our future. We attended the Pilgrim Holiness Church at that time.

It was in the early seventies that God gave me a definite call to PNG while reading the book *Perish for Their Saving*. It was not until 1977 that we left for PNG with Evangelical Bible Mission out of Fla. In between the call and going, I graduated from Marshall University and supervised the Gallia Co. Children’s Home just out of Gallipolis, Ohio.

L. A.: What specifically did you see while you were a missionary? Supernatural in Papua New Guinea.

L. G.: This is what was told to me by the people. They had a lot of spiritual that related to the spirit. One boy was in the living room of a missionary. This thing comes to the door and asks him to come and sleep in the cemetery. It was a spirit. It had form and was very convincing. The Boy was afraid of it, but he would go with it. This happened several times. . . sleeping in the cemetery. Finally the boy slept with the missionaries and the spirit stopped visiting him. One time this spirit got the boy and put him up in a tree. . . on another occasion and the spirits came and took a woman and put in her a little cage. People came and got her but this thing had power over her. These things would happen regularly. In another region of the country, ‘Wally’ (the name of a demon or spirit) would walk around in the swamps and he would put curses on people. Masalias were spirits that would manifest at night. They would walk around and torment people and cause illnesses and fevers. They had spirit houses. When they worshiped the spirits, which I thought, was the devil. They would sacrifice a pig and ask for favor. The men would go into the Tombuna house and pray to the devil. They believed that there was a god in heaven and would occasionally sacrifice to him. Ogle Nuk Nuk was his name. They all had different twists and turns in their relationship. From one tribe to another there were different beliefs.

L.A.: So you were immersed in the spirit world, which is different paradigm, than what we see in the states?

L.G.: I think we have it in the states but the devil works differently here. It’s different here. It has another quality, a different dynamic than over there. There are demons and the approach here is different. The devil uses worldliness and luxury. Over there it was right to the point because they had been into it for many generations. More of a reprobate spirit here than there.

L.A.: How would you describe your worldview?

L.G.: I’m a born again Christian believer that believes in the second coming of Jesus. I graduated from the Methodist University and served in the mission field. I believe that we’re right on the very edge to the tribulation. I believe that what we’re doing in the Middle East is wrong. What we’re doing in Israel is wrong. It’s not going to bring peace.

Missionary work is still viable but it's getting different.

L.A.: Can you describe the events that happened in Point Pleasant in 1966? I'm assuming that you had heard of this Mothman manifesting before your encounter with it.

L.G.: I heard about it, but I gave the devil the credit for it. I had it all figured out.

L.A.: What do you mean by all figured out?

L.G.: The bible says that the devil can change his shape and walks around as a roaring lion. He can manifest in whatever shape he wants to. It can be ugly or beautiful or whatever he wants it to be. I just figured that the devil was manifesting himself in whatever way he wanted to. The devil was manifesting himself.

L.A.: At this point you had already been in New Guinea?

L.G.: No, I hadn't been to Bible school yet. I went to New Guinea later.

L.A.: So you later drew on your experiences in New Guinea to explain what you saw in Point Pleasant?

L.G.: No, I thought Point Pleasant was it. When I went to New Guinea it was more of the same.

L.A.: Ok, tell me about what you saw.

L.G.: I came out of a church and across Jefferson AV. We lived in a house right across from the church. I walked up to the door and had a sense that somebody was in the house. I didn't say anything to my wife. But I felt that there was somebody in the house. I opened the door and went into the living room and walked around in the bedroom and bath and other bedrooms and looked around and didn't see anything. I turned around and went into the kitchen. We had a basement door and hooked a wire hook that locked it and that night that hook was not hooked. I thought that whoever was in the house was in the basement. I opened the door and went down in the basement and looked all around and still didn't see anything. I was wondering and thinking and went to bed that night. At about 3 in the morning I was awakened from sleep. I woke up wide-awake. I looked out the window and saw a car come up to the intersection.

I turned my head to the right and then I saw it. It was about 6 feet tall but I was lying in the bed. I was looking down diagonally toward my wife's side of the bed. He had wings. Everything was bending together. There were feathers. Two wings that came out to points, like a wing. His eyes were sunk into his head. He had a head formed shoulders and wings down both sides. Down from his hips it was kind of a robe like thing. From his hips down it was different. No seams. No trousers... more like a robe.

L.A.: What did the thing look like?

L.G.: A silver glow but it wasn't bright and sunny but it was lit up. It had the wickedest spirit I have ever felt. I couldn't say anything my voice was choked... I couldn't make it work. I was paralyzed with fear. It overwhelmed me... I knew the only thing I could was plead the blood of Jesus. I kept repeating it over and over. Little by little it faded

away. It went into nothing and was gone. And all of its wickedness went with it.

L.A.: Can you describe in detail what the thing you saw looked like? Did it have a face? Did you see its eyes and were they hypnotic in any way? What did you feel when you first saw it? How did your body react to it?

L.G.: The presence I saw standing on the right side of the bed at the foot was about 6 ft. tall. It was a dirty lunar color that glowed "some-what". It was a dim glow, but a glow. It had a face that had sunken places for eyes, but it was clear they were looking at me and I looked at it. I was frozen with fear from the feeling of the evil power in the room. It was the personification of evil. Evil is like a pain; you cannot see it but you know when it is there.

L.A.: How did it make you feel while you looked at it?

L.G.: I felt awful. I felt afraid. I knew the devil couldn't get me but the wicked presence froze me. I lost control I was overcome with fear. I was totally engulfed in what was there.

L.A.: You mention that you had an overwhelming feeling of evil. Can you explain this? In our interview you use the word wicked ... can you elaborate on this?

L.G.: Wicked is a term used in the Scripture and when it is used it described the condition of right and good being completely abandoned. It is the total opposite of righteousness-that's the devil. You feel that when the devil is close by.

L.A.: You mention that as you started to pray it was like salt being poured over a snail. What do you mean by that?

L.G.: It was like pouring salt on a snail... it went into nothing.

L.A.: Did he go into another dimension?

L.G.: He disappeared... He was gone. Back into nothingness a snail turns into nothing and like that, he was gone.

L.A.: What happened next?

L.G.: Here's where my wife... she doesn't remember me trying to wake her up. I thought that I woke her up. The night was over and the presence was gone, there was nothing in the house.

L.A.: Were you able to say anything to the creature, or was it mental?

L.G.: No, I was froze up. It was mental... A mental prayer

L.A.: Did you say anything else besides the Blood of Jesus?

L.G.: Over and over in my mind I kept saying the Blood... the blood has power... Dear Jesus, The blood of Jesus.

L.A.: So you used your spiritual weapons?

L.G.: Right. I had no defense with Lucifer. I had no defense with anything with my flesh. No weapons no defense. All I could use was the scriptures. I knew the scripture and made a stand. It all happened so fast. It was done and he was gone... Alelluhia.

The devil today. He's around but people can defeat him through the word. That's the only way we can defeat him.

L.A.: Where do you think this is all heading?

L.G.: Well, I think that right now God is letting Lucifer have his way with the morals of our nation. People can enjoy the pleasures of this world. The church is losing their perspective. What is happening in Iraq and the Middle East ties into the end times....

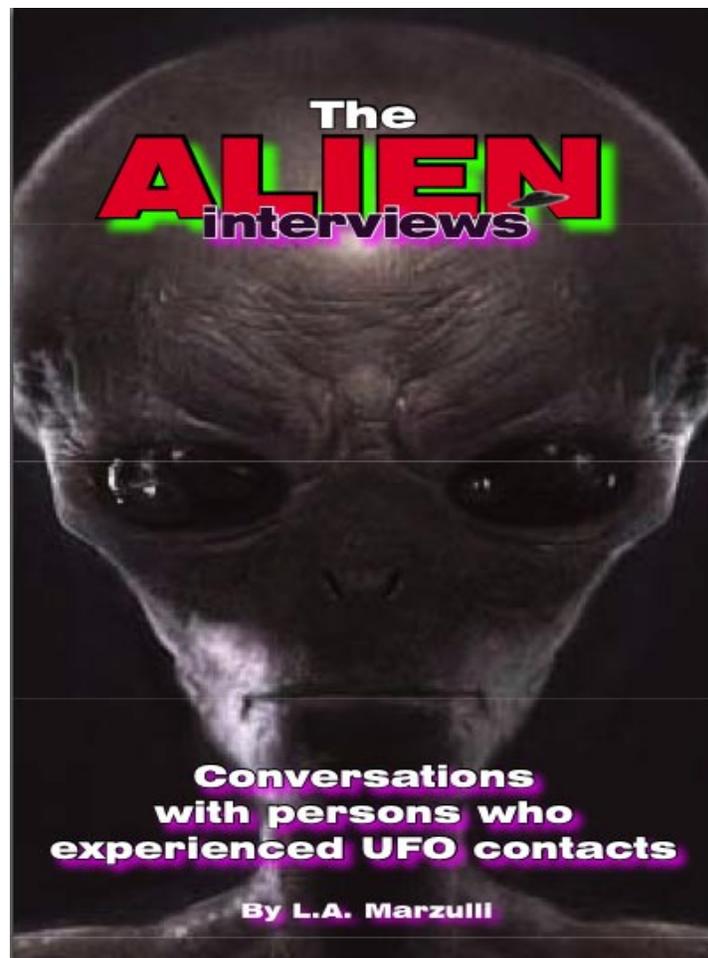
L.A.: Why do you think it went after you?

L.G.: Well, I'm not bragging on myself. As a young man I prayed a lot. I was trying to put into practice everything I knew. The Lord filled me with his Spirit and I was trying to get close to the Lord. I think the devil didn't like it. The devil is trying to get in your way. People who lead lukewarm lives the devil leaves them alone and that's my opinion. You pursue God and he will come close to you...

L.A.: Now that it is years later how has seeing the 'Mothman' changed your life?

L.G.: I can tell, as far as changing it. It makes the Bible more real when I read it. I know there is a devil because I saw him with my own eyes.

L.A. MARZULLI



www.spiralloflife.com

COINCIDENCE? I THINK NOT....

Seven Times Seven

When the late Arthur Koestler published *The Roots of Coincidence*, a study of curious synchronicities in time and place, he was bombarded by letters from people who had had similar experiences.

The most consistently coincidental of all probably came from Anthony S. Clancy of Dublin, who was born on the seventh day of the seventh month of the seventh year of the century, which also happened to be the seventh day of the week. "I was the seventh child of a seventh child," he wrote, "and I have seven brothers; that makes seven sevens."

Actually, it makes eight sevens if one counts the number of letters in his first name, but to continue: On his twenty-seventh birthday, according to Clancy, he went to the track. The seventh numbered horse in the seventh race was named Seventh Heaven, and was handicapped seven stone. The odds against Seventh Heaven were seven-to-one, but Clancy bet seven shillings anyway.

Seventh Heaven finished seventh.

The greatest maritime disaster of all time befell the greatest man-made behemoth of all time - the White Star Line's tragically ill-fated Titanic. The real-life tragedy was matched only by that of the Titan, a fictional luxury liner that also went down with a terrible loss of life in April 1898, fourteen years before the Titanic struck the iceberg that sent her to her watery grave, also on an April evening.

The Titan sailed only in the pages of Morgan Robertson's novel, aptly named *Futility*. But the parallels between the two gigantic passenger ships stagger the imagination. Robertson's prophetic Titan departed Southampton, England, on her maiden voyage, as did the "unsinkable" Titanic herself. Both ships were about the same length, 800 feet and 828½ feet long, and of comparable tonnage - 70,000 and 66,000 tons respectively. Each had three propellers and carried 3000 passengers apiece.

Each ship was jammed to the gunwales with wealthy citizens. Both struck an iceberg at the same spot and sank. And both boats suffered terrible casualties because neither carried enough lifeboats. In the case of the Titanic, 1513 passengers died, most from exposure in the frigid Atlantic.

One of those who died aboard the Titanic was famous spiritualist and journalist W.T. Stead, who had written his own short story foretelling a similar sinking in 1892. But neither *Futility* nor Stead's story could save the doomed Titanic. Another premonition, however, did avoid tragedy. In April 1935, seaman William Reeves was standing on the bow watch aboard the tramp steamer *Titanian*, bound for Canada from England. The similarities and memories of the Titanic tragedy preyed upon his mind and sent a shiver up his spine. His boat's bow was cutting through the same still waters the Titanic had. And as midnight, the hour of the great ocean liner's end, approached, Reeves remembered that the date of the great ocean liner sank - April 14, 1912 - was his own birthday. Overwhelmed by coincidence, Reeves called out, and the *Titanian* hove to, stopping just short of a looming iceberg. Soon after, other crystal mountains rose out of the night. The *Titanian* sat still, but safe, for nine days, until the icebreakers from Newfoundland finally cut a swath through the deadly ice.

Each ship was jammed to the gunwales with wealthy citizens. Both struck an iceberg at the same spot and sank. And both boats suffered terrible casualties because neither carried enough lifeboats. In the case of the Titanic, 1513 passengers died, most from exposure in the frigid Atlantic.

One of those who died aboard the Titanic was famous spiritualist and journalist W.T. Stead, who had written his own short story foretelling a similar sinking in 1892.

But neither *Futility* nor Stead's story could save the doomed Titanic. Another premonition, however, did avoid tragedy. In April 1935, seaman William Reeves was standing on the bow watch aboard the tramp steamer *Titanian*, bound for Canada from England. The similarities and memories of the Titanic tragedy preyed upon his mind and sent a shiver up his spine. His boat's bow was cutting through the same still waters the Titanic had. And as midnight, the hour of the great ocean liner's end, approached, Reeves remembered that the date of the great ocean liner sank - April 14, 1912 - was his own birthday. Each ship was jammed to the gunwales with wealthy citizens. Both struck an iceberg at the same spot and sank. And both boats suffered terrible casualties because neither carried enough lifeboats. In the case of the Titanic, 1513 passengers died, most from exposure in the frigid Atlantic.

One of those who died aboard the Titanic was famous spiritualist and journalist W.T. Stead, who had written his own short story foretelling a similar sinking in 1892. But neither *Futility* nor Stead's story could save the doomed Titanic. Another premonition, however, did avoid tragedy. In April 1935, seaman William Reeves was standing on the bow watch aboard the tramp steamer *Titanian*, bound for Canada from England. The similarities and memories of the Titanic tragedy preyed upon his mind and sent a shiver up his spine. His boat's bow was cutting through the same still waters the Titanic had. And as midnight, the hour of the great ocean liner's end, approached, Reeves remembered that the date of the great ocean liner sank - April 14, 1912 - was his own birthday. Overwhelmed by coincidence, Reeves called out, and the *Titanian* hove to, stopping just short of a looming iceberg. Soon after, other crystal mountains rose out of the night. The *Titanian* sat still, but safe, for nine days, until the icebreakers from Newfoundland finally cut a swath through the deadly ice.

Fact often follows fiction. Take the uncanny case of the two Richard Parkers. The first was a cabin boy in Edgar Allen Poe's uncompleted adventure novel, *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, published in 1837. In the course of the story, four sailors are shipwrecked at sea and escape in a small lifeboat. Facing starvation, the four finally decide to draw straws to see who will be sacrificed and cannibalized by the other three. Parker drew the short stick and is promptly stabbed and eaten by the surviving trio.

More than forty years later, Poe's unfinished tale was repeated in amazingly accurate and grim detail. Four survivors of a shipwreck, adrift in an open boat, did draw straws to see who would survive and who would be eaten. And the loser was Richard Parker, the ship's cabin boy. His mates stood trial for his murder in England in 1884.

The macabre event might not have come to light at all but for a contest sponsored by the London Sunday Times seeking remarkable coincidences. Twelve-year-old Nigel Parker won the competition. The unfortunate cabin boy eaten by his comrades had been Nigel's great-grandfather's cousin.

In 1899 a bolt of lightning killed a man as he stood in his backyard in Taranto, Italy. Thirty years later his son was killed in the same way and in the same place. On October 8, 1949, Rolla Primarda, the grandson of the first victim and the son of the second, became the third. Just as strange was the fate of a British officer, Major Summerford, who while fighting in the fields of Flanders in February 1918 was knocked off his horse by a flash of lightning and paralyzed from the waist down. Summerford retired and moved to Vancouver. One day in 1924, as he fished alongside a river, lightning hit the tree he was sitting under and paralyzed his right side. Two years later Summerford was sufficiently recovered that he was able

to take walks in a local park. He was walking there one summer day in 1930 when a lightning bolt smashed into him, permanently paralyzing him. He died two years later.

But lightning sought him out one last time. Four years later, during a storm, lightning struck a cemetery and destroyed a tombstone. The deceased buried here? Major Summerford.

A Human Lightning Rod

Roy Cleveland Sullivan, a retired forest ranger from Waynesboro, Virginia, was known as the Human Lightning Rod because he was struck by lightning seven times in the course of his thirty-six-year career.

The first strike, in 1942, caused the loss of a big toenail. Twenty-seven years later a second bolt burned his eyebrows off. The following year, in 1970, a third bolt seared his left shoulder.

After Sullivan's hair was set afire by a fourth strike in 1972, he began hauling a bucket of water around with him in his car. He was driving on August 7, 1973, as a bolt came out of a small, low-lying cloud, hit him on the head through the hat, set his hair on fire again, knocked him ten feet out of his car, went through both legs and knocked his shoe off. Sullivan poured the bucket of water over his head to cool off.

Sullivan was struck for the sixth time on June 5, 1976, hurting his ankle. The seventh blow from above hit Sullivan on June 25, 1977, while he was fishing. He required hospitalization for stomach and chest burns on that occasion.

Though he was never able to explain his peculiar attraction for lightning, Sullivan once said that he could actually see the bolts as they headed for him.

At 3 A.M. on the morning of September 28, 1983, Sullivan, aged seventy-one, took his own life with a bullet. Two of his Ranger hats, burned through the crown by lightning blasts, now reside in Guinness World Exhibit Halls in New York City and Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, proof that lightning DOES strike the same place twice

Shortly before he departed for Dallas in November 1963, President John Fitzgerald Kennedy's secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, warned him not to go. Kennedy dismissed her premonition of tragic consequences. On November 22, he was slain when Lee Harvey Oswald fired a bolt-action, Italian carbine from a window on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository.

The number of curious parallels between the American Presidents John Kennedy and Abraham Lincoln, also assassinated after a premonition warning of his death, strains the bounds of coincidence. Lincoln, for example, had been elected president on November 6, 1860, Kennedy on November 8, 1960. Both had first been elected to Congress a hundred years apart, Lincoln in 1846, Kennedy in 1946. The two men who succeeded them as president were also born a century apart and share the same surname, Andrew Johnson in 1808 and Lyndon Baines Johnson in 1908. Their assassins, John Wilkes Booth and Oswald, were born

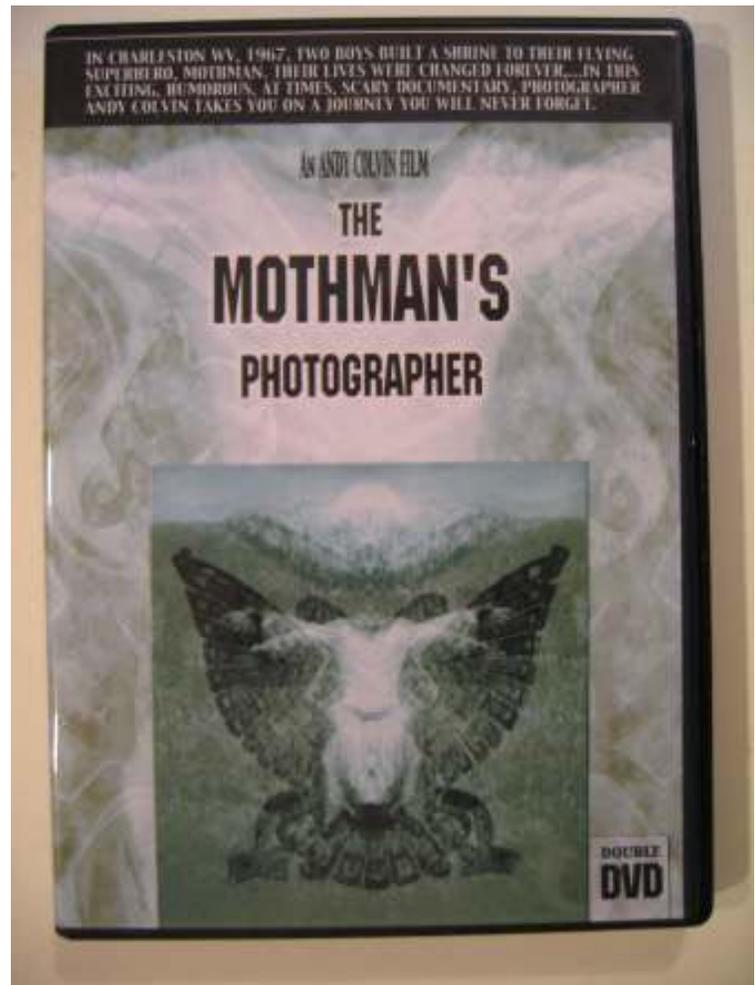
101 years apart.

Booth shot Lincoln in the head from behind, in a theater, and fled to a barn: Oswald struck Kennedy in the head from the rear, from a warehouse, and fled to a theater. Both assassins were killed before they could come to trial. Both Kennedy and Lincoln were shot on a Friday, in the presence of their wives. Lincoln had been shot in Ford's Theater, Kennedy in a Lincoln made by the Ford Motor Company.

And both presidents foresaw their own deaths. Lincoln told a guard on the day he was assassinated that there were "men who want to take my life...And I have no doubt they will do it...If it is to be done, it is impossible to prevent."

A few hours before he was felled by Oswald's bullets, Kennedy said to his wife, Jacqueline, and Ken O'Donnell, his personal advisor: "If someone wants to shoot me from a window with a rifle, nobody can stop it, so why worry about it?"

Ron/The Supernatural Zone www.w5www.com



This is the original DVD set that became a popular seller at the annual Mothman Festival in Pt. Pleasant, WV. It contains 18 hrs. of interviews with Mothman celebs like John Keel, Marcella Bennett, Faye DeWitt, Tom Ury, and Sharon Moore, as well as discussions with various experts who help Colvin demonstrate that the Mothman is really an ancient deity known worldwide for fighting crime--and even saving humanity--in times of stress, using human agents knighted with psychic powers.

Famous conspiracy writer Adam Gorightly calls this series "truly mindblowing stuff. I started watching...and can't stop. Very engrossing."

Even though this series breaks every rule by being extremely long, with no fancy editing or effects, it has consistently been shown to keep people glued to their seats for days at a time. If you don't believe us, buy one and see for yourself!

<http://andycolvin.com>

**THE PENNSYLVANIA MUTUAL UFO NETWORK
PRESENTS**

UFO CONFERENCE



**BUCKS COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE
JANUARY 24, 2009
12 PM TO 5 PM**

FEATURING

**JOHN VENTRE (PA MUFON).....THE 2008 PENNSYLVANIA UFO WAVE
BILL BIRNESUFO HUNTERS & UFO MAGAZINE
DR. DAVID JACOBS (TEMPLE UNIVERSITY).....ALIEN ABDUCTIONS & HYBRIDS
PLUS.....BUCKS COUNTY UFO PERSONAL EYEWITNESS TESTIMONY**

ADMISSION \$15.00

**CONTACT JOHN VENTRE @ (724) 836-1266 FOR MORE INFORMATION
VISIT WWW.PAMUFON.COM OR WWW.12-21-2012-A-PROPHECY.COM/**

“The Tenn Files” the official newsletter for Tennessee MUFON

Date of Sighting: Fall, 2006

Time of Sighting: 5:15 PM Central

Duration of Sighting: 5 Minutes

Location of Sighting: Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Number of witness = 4

Date is not exact,

Time witnessed - Daylight sighting

Witness described a craft that hovered over his kids in his backyard. No actual pictures, witness did create several drawings. Shown is the final drawing witness created showing the shape of craft and in same image witness depicts what he remembered about the rear of the craft. Date is not exact, year 2006. Month sometime in the fall of 2006.

Witness has requested full anonymity

According to “Joe”, it was early fall 2006 and he had just gotten home from work and was at his kitchen sink looking out into his back yard which is lined with large trees. He saw his two sons, age 9 and 11 standing very still and looking skyward.

“Joe” states he bent down at the sink to look skyward, hoping to see what his sons were looking at.

His first thought was “Wow, a jump jet” and then realizing that there was no noise. He immediately went out his back door to his deck.

About 50-60 feet away and probably 30 feet up was a large dark polished (chrome-like)metallic craft about the size of a “greyhound bus”(Joe’s words).

Standing in absolute awe, he described this ballistic shaped object as being 40 feet long, cylindrical/cone shaped with a shiny metal surface somewhat the color of polished stainless steel. It was “parked”, silent and perfectly still in Mid Air !

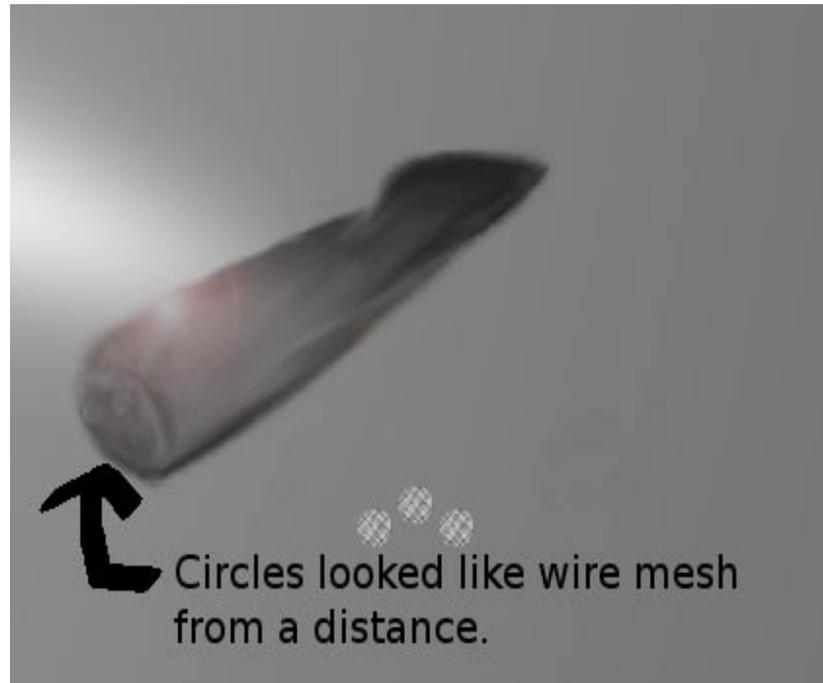
“Joe” described that unlike in movies, there was no noise, no static, no radiant distortions, not a leaf moving as if this object were not ever there. Joe is studying this object and as a self described “geek”, he can not comprehend what his eyes are telling him is right above him and his sons.

“Joe” also described the back of the craft as having three large darker protrusions set in a triangular pattern and many small darker spots which almost remind him of regularly spaced rivets, but were not rivets as were about the diameter of a dinner plate and encircled the rear of the craft. The three circles at the rear of the craft looked like closely nit wire mesh, no heat signature radiated from the circles nor any indication of any power source.

“Joe” described the craft as wingless, no rivets, bolts, screws or welds other than the perfectly inlaid dots that encircled the rear of the craft as when viewing from the side

After some 3 to 4 minutes the craft starts to move (still absolutely no sound or indication of any power) Then stopped at the end of his back yard. “Joe” was amazed as not sure how the craft stopped, and amazed as the craft makes what Joe described as an almost “magnetically influenced “turn (A turn which happened

within an area the craft occupied squared)and speeds off to the NE in level flight gaining altitude with absolutely no pitch(Level). He did add that as the object sped away a emerald green strobe began flashing but recalls no such feature visible on the object when it hovered over his yard. It was added the craft when viewed from a further distance, besides the color of the strobe, you could not discern this object from an ordinary aircraft when viewed from afar.



The entire family , including Joe’s wife witnessed the object and are still angry with themselves for not using a video camera which was inside the house and ready for use.

He has nothing to gain or lose by sharing his story but said that over the past year has found himself thinking about this close encounter quite often.





The entire family , including Joe's wife witnessed the object and are still angry with themselves for not using a video camera which was inside the house and ready for use.

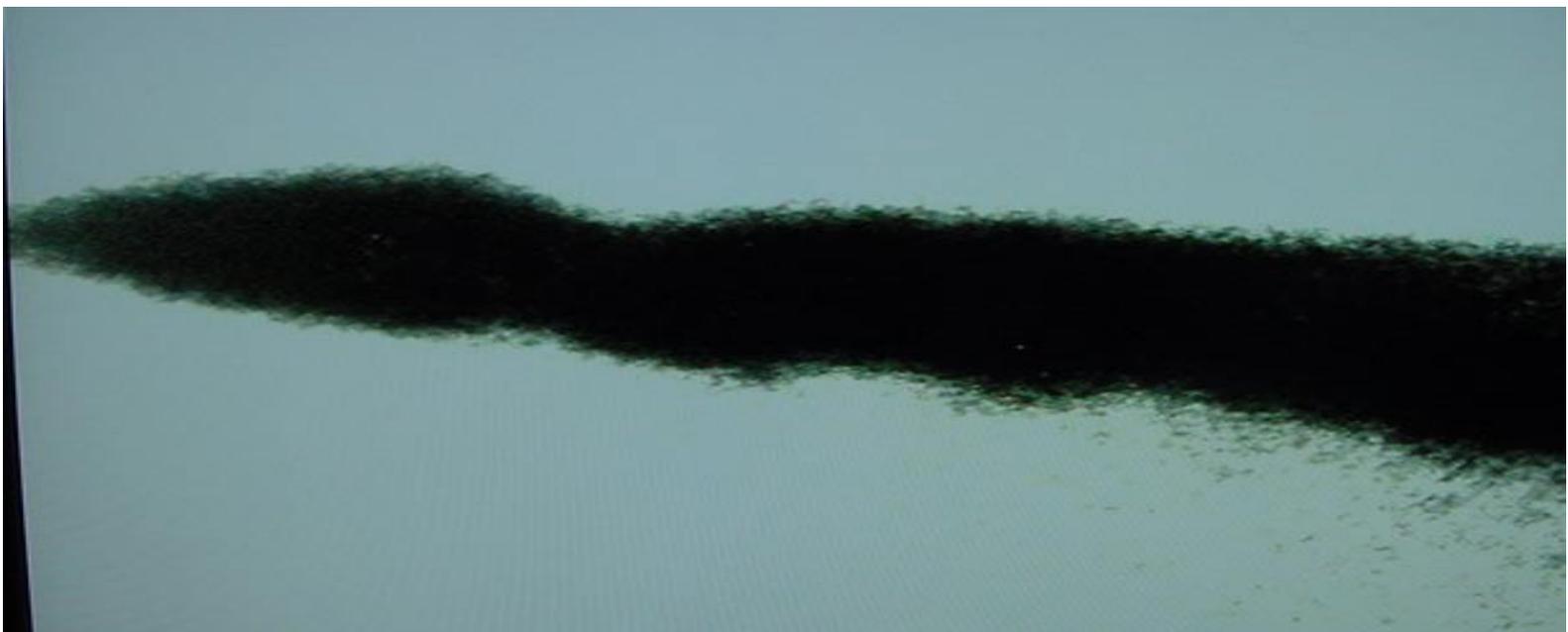
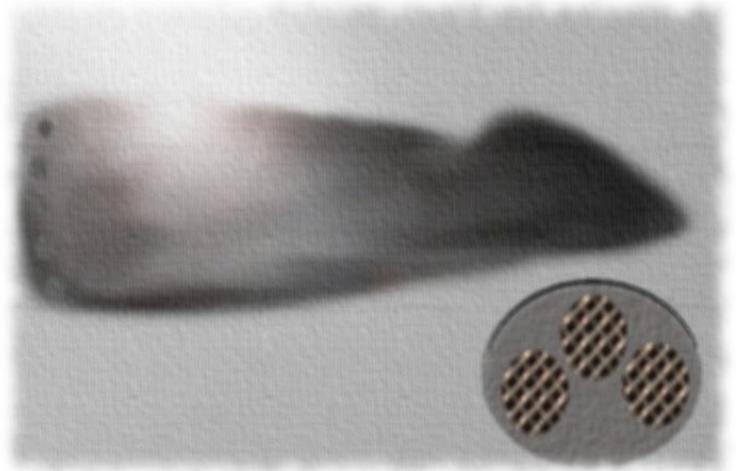
He has nothing to gain or lose by sharing his story but said that over the past year has found himself thinking about this close encounter quite often.

Witness created many drawings so that his kids would never forget. Among the drawings the witness created, he also attempted to create a crude representation of the event represented here. Note: When representation was made there were no leaves on the trees, there were leaves on the trees at time craft witnessed.

Witness also indicates that after all the many many hours of researching, millions of photo's viewed and stories read, the only object that has come close to what he and his kids witnessed was a sonar image from a soviet sub chasing a USO(UFO under water or Unidentified submerged Object). Found just recently by chance when watching a UFO USO special. see SovietSonarUSO.jpg was actual sonar image of underwater UFO being chased by soviet sub.

Witness is now very involved with the UFO study as per prior to the event was not.

We say how could one not become interested after such an event?



Well, since you asked...

By Rick Smith, UF0teacher@mac.com
Saturday, November 15, 2008

On November 6, 2008, at 10:16 AM, an email correspondent asked me this question: "What do you think of the Election?"

On Thursday, November 13, I responded that, initially, I couldn't help but feel a great sense of glowing happiness on Election night. I felt like a child all over again watching Reagan's landslide victory in the 1980s. But that was when I was a kid; young, naive and unaware of the real world. As an adult, I know that Election night is only one night. By the next morning, I remembered that famous line from Moonstruck: [whack] "Snap out of it!"

I had snapped out of it only to realize that Barack Obama has been set up to fail. The magic number 364 from the Masonic lodge known as the Electoral College seems to be sending out a message in that $3 + 6 + 4 = 13$.

A long time ago, 13 had been a very good number to have or use. It never meant anything bad or of ill intent. When the Vatican came along, all that changed and the number 13 became the symbolic representation of coordinated international assassination of those who threatened the political propaganda of the Masonic elite. By simple association, 13 became the symbol of horrible omens and the harbinger of clandestine illegal shenanigans.

People in general are on a euphoric high, one they haven't felt in eight years. The sun-kissed people of America are on an immeasurable high that they haven't felt in the past four centuries or so. So I certainly cannot fault them for jumping up and down and screaming "Hallelujah" from the rooftops of the world. The people in Kenya took a day off from work to celebrate this historic election.

But, putting that aside, this is a two-party system and world leaders are decided upon long before they enter a race. If one happens to slip in under the radar by accident, they are cajoled, sabotaged or harangued by their two-faced peers who they thought could be trusted. Abraham Lincoln was an accident that needed to be "corrected." If Barack Obama is as genuine as Lincoln was, then he will have to be "corrected" too.

But here's the catch: how do you "correct" someone who is perceived as being the first African-American president. You can't just kill him outright without starting another civil war. That would be too obvious to a majority of people who are still innocent enough to believe their vote counts in the first place.

Instead, you take advantage of the previous administration's perceived agendas, failures and clandestine behaviors. You magnify them into a contorted political, social and economic nightmare just in time for a brand new administration to inherit. The buried sins of the old become the embarrassing sins of the new.

I may sound naive myself when I say this but I do think that the only reason Barack Obama will fail is if the people who voted for him leave him stranded and alone in the White House. Those who think that it was their vote that actually elected him as President must now follow through on that mandate for the next four years by getting in his face and helping him live up to that mandate.

People are lazy, pathetic and lethargic when it comes to following through on their responsibilities to themselves and to their community or environment. Give them half a chance and they'll be at home on the couch watching some idiotic half-hour network sitcom or some sports crap on ESPN. It took this country eight long years of selective ignorance, self-imposed naiveté and 400 years of irresponsible delinquency just to get them to perceive the idea that maybe a black man in the Oval Office isn't so bad after all.

The reason we act like this is that the collective consciousness of the people has been wrought with the mechanisms of social conditioning and institutionalized thinking for thousands of years. In this case, it manifests itself in the form of:

He's the leader. He'll take care of everything. He'll wipe our asses for us. We don't have to ask any odd or uncomfortable questions. We don't have to question the leader's authority. We don't even have to pay attention to what the leader is doing. We did OUR part. Now the leader has to do his part.

So how could this have happened in a supposed, alleged constitutional democratic socialist republic?

Unfortunately, we have not learned our lesson from the Reagan-Bush-Clinton-Bush debauchery. As Nixon stated, "When the President does it, it's not illegal." This is the platform of failure and institution of American ignorance that Barack Obama is going to smack into face first.

The people are expecting him to come up with some type of magic trick to wash it all away. It took us at least 20 years to reach this point of just realizing the heinous political, economic and fascist absurdity that we've become. It will take us just as long, at least, to reverse that process and repair the damage that's been committed on behalf of crimes against humanity.

Of course, this argument only works if you think your vote actually counted in the first place. And that the aliens all like to frolic in the dandelion patch, whispering sweet nothings in your ear.

From my own perspective, Obama is there to pacify the public arena and stop people from asking too many of the "wrong" or damning questions that would open Pandora's box. I say this knowing very well that it may all come about through no fault of his own. In the political scheme of the Masonic elite, you don't have to be guilty to commit the crime. You just have to be naive and unaware. And that always comes with a personal, defeating guilt of its own.

I got a reply back that same day: "I think you are on the money. I sensed McCain didn't care one way or the other. He actually wanted to tell the truth but just smiled to himself at a very cruel and naive public that called for division. Obama? We will see in 6 months."

John McCain's highly transparent stunt - the intentionally staged decision to pick Sarah Palin as his running mate - further exemplifies the way the Masonic corporate elite enjoys mocking the citizens of the United States with an artificial democratic republic. Palin is a bimbo Barbie from a colonial territory up north. She represented a sure thing in the sense that McCain was guaranteed to lose. No one would ever second-guess the outcome of a staged event that was already perceived as being a genuine historical election on both sides of a self-perpetuating two-party system.

©2008 Rick Smith, UF0teacher.com. All Rights Reserved.

NOTHING PHYSICAL MIGHT HAPPEN IN 2012

Andrew Hennessey

Now before I roll this one out, let me state for the record that I really really hope that a major change happens in the horrible status quo on this oppressed Annunaki slave planet. If something really major happens with pole shifts and earths crustal displacement such that big ships lovingly intervene, flights of Angels descend, we Ascend and etc it frankly couldn't be soon enough for me.

This article therefore isn't selling negativity and spiritually disheartening pessimism.

BUT, do you remember Y2K on the Internet ? and also a whole series of alleged something or others between then and now that didn't happen.

We all tend to feel collectively gutted and hopeless after these farces don't we.

This article will hopefully show that if a geological 2012 doesn't happen then it isn't the end of the end of the world !!

There could be an Angelic 2012 or even a Geological 2014 or 2010.

The real science of chaos theory that could more accurately help us out with predictions of this nature has been suppressed – probably after it started taking Darwin out of the equation in the early 1990's. [e.g. Dr S Kauffman's, 'Autocatalytic self-organising polymers' model, project and paper at Santa Fe Institute – now almost untraceable. www.santafe.edu]

The historical Status Quo on this planet is entirely artificial and alien controlled in my opinion but alas so is the data pertaining to pole shifts that might affect the HU-man livestock performance on the farm.

In my own mind, having seen and collected lots of evidence there is no doubt that aliens control this planet and that they tend to be anti-human in disposition.

I'm also pretty sure that there isn't much that's good in this galaxy given that they are all accessories to the fact of 20 millennia of soul farming where the only changes taking place for the long term recycled inmates under the frequently departing and historically depicted Repto-Grey alliance spacecraft – has been the style of historic footwear and license plates and mail bags that we have all been collectively sewing.

Our hitek interstellar overlords operating a farming matrix here for 20 millennia have operated an artificial pig sty with mud and pointed sticks and stones – a technological cul de sac rather than giving us 20 millennia of detention in metallic spires and domes and skies full of silvery shuttles. [I've spoken with several people who remember the Orion and Pleiadean galactic wars and the events of their capture.]

There is probably a reason for keeping things unpleasant here but that B Movie that's rather like the Aliens 3 laboratory isn't covered here in this article. The story of the reptilian HU and their nesting material HU-man is the subject of another article. Although I do tend to find new age channelling talk about 'harvests' and the bursting forth of the illuminati Hrumachis rather sinister !

Ascension, salvation and or repatriation can happen for us HUMans – it must for many of us and because Angels and the Higher Dimensions of Love do exist, Ascension is a certainty in many different ways for most of us.

However the actual fixed Mayan date idea of a fixed date the 21st December 2012 being the exact date and time and hour at which something gravitationally huge is going to happen between planet, geology and star because the Mayans predicted it – has to be a fallacy.

I'm not saying that Earths crustal events and pole shift will not or cannot happen, I'm saying ET might have the precise date wrong.

I'm saying that the idea that even an Extra Terrestrial civilisation can extrapolate gravitational data from; galactic mass, other massive scale cosmic movements in our supercluster of galaxies, and precisely relating our solar system behaviour and planetary spin to such degrees of accuracy over thousands of years in a chaos based mechanical process such as our supercluster, our solar system and its galaxy is a fallacy.

It would be like exactly predicting next years weather over one city on one day in Scotland.

In reality if some sudden chaos driven tipping point is to happen it could be in 2012 plus or minus a couple of years.

If it doesn't happen to the minute in December 2012 at the precise end of the Mayan calendar on the 21st of December – we haven't necessarily been Blossomed or been Badchilded it just means that natural chaos is unaccountably running through the energy, mass and gravity of our solar system and galaxy and also through the massive scale changes in the systems of galaxies to which our galaxy belongs.

In 1992AD a Paris University think tank produced the refutation of Newton's Laws of Planetary Motion – where the previously held idea of the harmony of the spheres in orderly clockwork was blown away by modelling the paradoxical quirks in planetary orbits by a Chaos Theory algorithm.

Nature is based on Chaos and fractals they are in; the rocks, the chemistry (www.Plichta.de), in the sea, in our cardiovascular systems, in the trees and planets and atomic motion, and in our weather systems and in our cosmos and its galaxies and their large scale plasma behaviour and in our aether. Chaotic processes dictate the motion of the planets and galaxies, and of course tectonic plates and rock formation movements and pole shifts etc

We don't really get to be informed as a rule allegedly because we don't need to know.

On a planet where you can see the alien matrix droids parked outside your bedroom window on satellite photos from flashearth.com [well some of us can – see my <http://www.youtube.com/outshore>], on a planet where aliens can manufacture printed paper out of thin air, they can also make and decay fake artefacts and also have the technology to rematerialise them underground making it appear to archaeologists that they have been there for a long long time.

This is a planet where the governing aliens who write and control and edit the books can use energy over matter technology and can dematerialise and rematerialise anything, anywhere, so we cannot take everything in our culture for genuine.

Rematerialisation can happen to people taken from their beds or outside a theatre or mall into spaceships or it can also happen to strange artefacts from some alien lab that can be beamed down into undisturbed soil to be found by e.g. Michael Cremona for his 'Forbidden Archaeology' research [2001].

On such a planet as this where our reality can be bent by negative aliens we cannot set our faith in what we think is the historical record as it appeals to our mind.

HU-manity is often deliberately misled and confused so there will inevitably be a sickening circus and torrent of chaos and disease and charades attaching itself to the 2012 issue.

We must take a step back from that and use our own resources to supply us with perspective.

The scientific and historical record has to be very false.

Consequently although I am not saying that Mayan pyramids were built yesterday, on a planet where it academically and allegedly takes 500 years to adapt a Roman ox harness to a heavy horse for the plough hence postponing industrial and scientific revolution and the urban specialism of society and population in western Europe for half a Millennium [Burford A, in Chant and Goodman, 1999, Open University Press, also in OU Course AT308] – things are obviously Not Right.

We think we can know about our world – but do we ?

We cannot say that by any historical or scientific record when we can expect a pole shift in the face of Repto-Grey engineering of our society, its evolution and its historical and scientific records.

Disney cartoons on an Ice Age or a film on Jurassic Park and other paradigm re-enforcing media don't count as sources of legitimate research even though they are or seem to be cornerstone realities in our lives.

We must observe for ourselves.

What we can collectively do instead to realise the truth is take a note of seismic activity via our own homemade measurement networks.

We can bypass misleading media and conduct our own research.

IF Primary, Secondary AND Tertiary [fairly dormant] fault lines have become more and more active – we can work out for ourselves without recourse to our television or magazines when our plate geology is starting to change.

For example if globally, everybody says it's getting colder, then how can there be global warming from a sun with observably no sun spot activity like in the cold days of the last Dalton Minimum in the Middle Ages.

Also there was a man at Damien University in Hawaii that ran his own earthquake predictions service producing more accurate and more successful results than the geophysical scientific establishment.

He had noticed from a Hawaiian folk tale that earthquakes followed eclipses and had worked out that when planets and moons line up with the sun there was a tidal surge of magma caused by the combined gravitational pull under the plates directly in the shadow area and that the earthquakes seemed to follow the path of the shadow zone. He used a fairly basic astronomy software.

We can inform ourselves about the real world but only our hearts can inform us about the realms of our Angelic brothers and sisters.

The other possibility that will happen to our world whether or not it is precluded by geological cataclysm is Angelic ascension and intercession. Some lives can be suddenly full of loving Angelic encounters.

If nothing physical does happen at the prophesised time – many many people looking for some way out of the despair farm and for some intercession are going to be desolately sickened. Nothing new.

Having looked at a lot of witness stories I do say that this is an Annunaki planet that specialises in the engineering of despair and other such alien harvests.

Angels of Light though don't really respect the clock or geology or obstacles to our salvation and salvage so maybe they will come in at the time we hope for the most ... an Angelic 2012 rather than a Geological 2012.

We know this because love exists and we know that Angels come into the world, sometimes into our own private world.

The main issue though is that the exact date given for a geological 2012 even though historically calculated by ET's, might because of natural and cosmic chaos, be a total non-event at that specified time. That does Not Mean that it could not take place very near the actual date of the prediction.

More realistically and logically, given the Mayan Cycle idea is genuine, we should all be thinking with chaos theory in mind - in terms of a geological 2012 plate shift plus or minus a couple of years !!!

**ANDREW HENNESSEY'S TOURS AND TALKS,
Sample the Mysteries that make Scotland famous.
Let Andrew Hennessey show you the evidence that
ancient times have come to life. See the sights and
hear the sounds - and choose from a variety of
Scottish historic subjects ancient and modern.**

www.scottishpilgrims.com

Monterey Bay Underground UFO Base By Paul Dale Roberts, Resident HPI Ufologist

Is there a UFO base underneath Monterey Bay? Many citizens have reported hearing buzzing or humming noises underneath this bay. Many UFO sightings have been seen at Monterey Bay, Salinas, Monterey and Santa Cruz. When people encounter UFOs, most of these witnesses do not want to go public with their information. Instead they seek out other journalists that they feel confident with. I recently telephonically talked with a Mr. O'Brien who claims that he has been abducted all his life by aliens. He describes the aliens as your run-of-the-mill 'Grays'.

When the abductions are about to take place, there is a buzzing sound, he will find himself paralyzed to his bed.

The Grays will enter through the walls and lift his immobilized body into the air. He will be floated into their airship and whisked away, in which he will go through various medical experiments that deal with skin tissue samples, blood samples and genital sperm extractions.

Many times during the abductions, there was memory loss and time loss. He now has the capability of remembering his most recent abduction episodes.

Mr. O'Brien felt it was necessary to contact me, because he lives in Del Rey Oaks (in between Monterey and Seaside) and his alien abductors have finally taken him to their base which lies underneath the soothing waters of the Monterey Bay. He was shown holographic imagery of how the Earth was eons ago.

He was shown battles conducted by Charlemagne & Alexander the Great. He was told by the leader of this base, that all human history has been recorded for posterity and that all information from the Library of Alexandria is not lost. The underground UFO base is clinically spotless, except they have areas of living vegetation. There are strange monkey-like creatures that live in the vegetation areas of the base. Certain areas of the base are practically blinding with multicolored lights. He was taken to a holding bay where he saw a fleet of disc shaped craft that were parked.

can't tell you if I can believe Mr. O'Brien or not. Perhaps he is seeking F.C.S. (Full Celebrity Status) in the realm of UFOlogy or perhaps what he is saying is true. He will never get FCS, by using a fictionalized name, so this does help his credibility. I ask if he has any proof to his claims. Of course, the answer is 'no'. The one thing that I do know that is somewhat factual is that I once lived in Monterey and I have heard rumors of an underground UFO base in the bay. If there are aliens, I hope that one day they will share the wealth of information they gathered at the Library of Alexandria. If what Mr. O'Brien says is true.

Now let me take you down another road, away from UFOs. Let's talk about gathering EVPs while ghosthunting.

Many ghosthunters will collect EVPs by leaving their recording on all night. Later, they will listen to their recorders for EVPs. This is a long enduring and boring process of listening to hours and hours of recording, hoping for an EVP. Shannon McCabe (President of HPI) has came up with a technique in which you ask a question, pause and wait for an answer and immediately play back the recording to see if you got an EVP. I like this method better. You hear the EVP almost in real time. If a ghost wants to talk, they should talk as soon as you ask them a question. Why would a ghost talk one hour after being asked the question? I suggest that ghosthunters try this method, I have received some great EVP results this way.

Now, I will get ready for my next ghosthunt and put on my 'severe' t-shirt. Why do I call my t-shirt severe? When I was doing the Penn & Teller Show, in regard to investigating the Mayan Prophecy of 2012...the Director asked me to put on something that I can comfortably do an investigation in, while in the jungles of Chichen Itza. I put on a t-shirt with cut-off arm sleeves. He told me to change, because he felt the t-shirt was too 'severe'. So every time I put on a cut-off sleeves t-shirt, Shannon gets a kick and says... "there goes Paul in his severe t-shirt!"

Paul Dale Roberts, HPI General Manager
Haunted and Paranormal Investigations International
www.hpiparanormal.net
www.ghostgirls.net
Staff Writer - www.alienseekernews.com
JazmaPika@cs.com
916 203 7503

Were the UFO Contactees Ritual Magicians?

by
Adam Gorightly

12-12-86

Dear Ms. Jenny Randles,

I would like to relate an experience that happened to myself and a colleague in 1979 in Fresno, CA. Let me preface this statement by saying that we were under the influence of the hallucinogenic drug, LSD. But hear me out: these are not the ravings of a drug-saturated fruitcake; I am not an habitual drug user, nor have I used LSD for several years. But to deny that I was not under its influence when this incident occurred would be to give an incomplete account of what transpired on that fateful night.

On the night in question—fully under the influence of said drug—we observed several ‘flying saucers’, in several shapes, sizes and multicolored variations. I am not denying that what we saw were hallucinations, but if they were, then they were ‘dual hallucinations’, for we both saw the same sights and sounds.

Now, a brief description of this event: The sighting occurred along a levee located in a residential section of town. Before we arrived at the levee (we were on foot) we joked to ourselves about how we might see a UFO during our little ‘trip’. We laughed to ourselves (somewhat uncontrollably) how no one would ever believe us due to the condition we were in. Anyway, after walking a short time on the levee, we saw our first ‘UFO’. The sight of this made me fall to one knee and we were both astounded by its sight. During the course of the night we saw several, anywhere from six to eight. One was cigar shaped, some saucer shaped, one with a multi-colored propeller. This all occurred in the span of not more than an hour and a half, I think, though the passing of time was hard to estimate due to the effects of the drug.

The last one we saw appeared like a falling star in the sky that seemed to stop in mid-descent, then turned into a space ship, or whatever it was. After the sighting of this ‘UFO’ we turned around and headed back, the way we came.

Now I realize the descriptions I am giving are sketchy, but in retrospect it seemed almost like a dream, everything happening so fast. If I were to describe every little detail, I’d be here all night. So I’ll try to wrap it up and sum up the experience in a few more words.

When we arrived back at the point where we saw the first UFO, a beam of light shot down directly in front of us some 50 yards away, emanating from nothing we could see. I said, “Wow, did you see that?” and my colleague responded that he saw it, too. Of course, we said things like, “Wow, did you see that?” and, “Oh, my God!” many times that night. Through the whole experience, we felt a presence communicating non-verbally to us. Obviously, we were the only ones who saw ‘them’. There were many houses in the vicinity, with many people living there who could have seen ‘them’, but it appears that ‘they’ were for our eyes only. Perhaps ‘they’ were hallucinations, but if they were, it was a ‘dual hallucination’, for we both saw the same thing.

If you get the chance, write me and comment upon these ‘dual hallucinations’.

Best Wishes,
Adam Gorightly

Following my aforementioned psychedelic UFO encounter, I attempted to come to terms with the experience, and over the years have entertained a number of different theories to explain what occurred. Now, it’s only natural that some may write off this experience to drugged delusions. However, I don’t believe this to be the case. But what I do suspect is that LSD opened a doorway that allowed my friend and I to see into a realm that UFO researcher John Keel has referred to as the Superspectrum; a realm, or alternate dimension that is all around us, although hidden from everyday or normal modes of perception. Keel has suggested that one method of accessing this realm was through the use of hallucinogenic drugs. This is not to suggest that Keel endorses the willy-nilly use of said drugs.

Perhaps this Superspectrum is what those who have dabbled in the magical traditions have gained access to over the millennium, allowing a portal of entry to the beings who exist within these realms. We’ll explore this theory of the Superspectrum in a more depth later, but what I’m suggesting is that—in order to observe UFO’s—one must often enter into a more receptive state, like a psychic or channeler tuning into voices or subtle energies. Channelers must first induce in themselves a trance state before being able to invoke spirits. There are many methods that can be used to induce altered states; these include drugs, sensory deprivation, sex magic rituals, hypnosis and chanting.

Many of these practices were used by the notorious occultist and magician, Aleister Crowley. In 1918 Crowley performed a magical ritual called the Amalantrah Working, which consisted of a series of visions he received through one of his many “Scarlet Woman” who worked as his mediums. Throughout his life, Crowley had a number of Scarlet Women, such as his wife Rose Kelley, who acted as channels for otherworldly transmissions. The Scarlet Woman also played a large part in Crowley’s notorious sex rituals, which incorporated hallucinogenic drugs in their rituals. The intent of these rituals was to invoke certain intelligences into physical manifestation. To this end, Crowley and his Scarlet Woman presumably created a magickal portal to allow entrance to ultradimensional entities.

It was through Crowley’s 1918 magical working that he came into contact with an otherworldly being named Lam, who looks strikingly similar to the grey alien on the cover of Whitley Strieber’s Communion. Crowley referred to Lam as an “Enochian entity” because he contacted Lam by using “Enochian calls”, a Cabalistic language devised by 17th century Elizabethan magician, Dr. John Dee and his assistant Edward Kelley. Kelley worked as a sryer in these rituals, the sryer being the vehicle through which the channeled messages are received, similar to Crowley’s Scarlet Woman. Although Kelley is a pretty common name, it’s interesting to note that both these magicians, Crowley and Dee, had sryers with the same last name Kelley.

Enochian language refers to the biblical books of Enoch, which were removed from the Bible around 400 AD and banned by the early church. The original texts were discovered in Ethiopia in 1768. The Book of Enoch describes trips Enoch took to other worlds, where he encountered wondrous beings and was given information by them to take back to Earth. The Book of Enoch relates the story of wicked angels who abducted and mated with human women, which was also related in Genesis Chapter 6. The Old Testament says “The sons of God came in unto the daughters of man.” This intercourse and interaction resulted in a hybrid race known as the Nephilim. This could be interpreted as an alien invasion that came to earth to practice genetic manipulation. Nephilim comes from ancient Hebrew meaning “the Fallen Ones”.

The offspring of this mating between the Earth Women and these wicked angels, as noted, was the Nephilim who, in turn, went on to commingle with the earth gals, and--as taken from Genesis--taught them "sorcery, incantation, and the dividing of roots and trees" According to UFO researcher, Guy Malone, the dividing of roots refers the use of shamanic drugs. Shamanic drugs, or hallucinogenic drugs, as I have discovered, are an integral link between ritual magic and the UFO phenomenon. To quote Crowley chronicler Kenneth Grant:

"Crowley was aware of the possibility of opening the spatial gateways and of admitting an extraterrestrial Current in the human life-wave... It is an occult tradition—and Lovecraft gave it persistent utterance in his writings—that some transfinite and superhuman power is marshalling its forces with the intent to invade and take possession of this planet... This is reminiscent of Charles Fort's dark hints about a secret society on earth already in contact with cosmic beings and, perhaps, preparing the way for their advent. Crowley dispels the aura of evil with which these authors (Lovecraft and Fort) invest the fact; he prefers to interpret it... not as an attack upon human consciousness by an extra-terrestrial and alien entity but as an expansion of consciousness from within, to embrace other stars and to absorb their energies into a system that is thereby enriched and rendered truly cosmic by the process."

To this end, many in occult circles believe that Crowley intentionally opened a portal of entry, or a Stargate, by the practice of ritual magick which allowed the likes of Lam and otherworldly beings a passageway onto the earth-plane. In Enochian magick, the intent is to gain access to different aethers, as they are called. And each of these aethers are inhabited by a certain entity who exists in, and guards over, that particular aether. Perhaps one such entity was Lam. Aethers themselves are perhaps just another name for dimensions.

A noted protégé of Crowley's was Jack Parsons, a renowned rocket scientist and founding member of Jet Propulsion Laboratories. In 1946, with the aid of the future founder of Scientology, L. Ron Hubbard, the two men contacted beings not unlike Crowley's Lam. During that period, Parsons and Hubbard conducted a series of rituals called the Babalon Working in California's Mojave Desert, a hotbed of UFO activity throughout the early days of UFO sightings.

During this period, a young lady named Marjorie Cameron showed up at Parsons' house, and a couple weeks after arriving there claimed she saw a silver cigar shaped UFO. To Parsons this incident was a sign that Cameron was the chosen one with whom to conduct the Babalon Working, the intent of which was to create a "child" in the spiritual realms, who would be "called down" and directed it into the womb of a female volunteer. When born, this child would incarnate the forces of Babalon, and become the Scarlet Woman of Revelations, symbolizing the dawning of the Age of Horus, the coming new age.

Some have speculated that the portal of entry for alien beings that Crowley opened may have been further enlarged by the rituals of Parsons, Hubbard and Cameron and that these rituals also increased the intensity of this portal and made it highly unstable, thus facilitating a monumental paradigm shift in human consciousness.

The Babalon Working rituals ended just before the "Great Flying Saucer Flap" of 1947 when the modern age of UFO sightings began. In this regard, some have suggested that Parsons and Hubbard opened a door and something flew in. Curiously enough, conspiracy researcher, John Judge, claims that Jack Parsons and Kenneth Arnold were flying partners and colleagues.

In addition to the Arnold sightings, 1947 was the year of the famous and alleged Roswell saucer crash and also marked the passing of Aleister Crowley. Also in 1947, the Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered, containing multiple copies of the Books of Enoch, which as previously noted, detailed interactions between otherworldly angels and the fair maidens of Earth.

On June 17, 1952, Jack Parsons met a fiery death when he blew himself up with explosives at his house in Los Angeles. Crowley chronicler Kenneth Grant believed that Marjorie Cameron, during the course of the Babalon Working, became possessed by alien entities and this somehow led to Jack Parsons' demise. There have been numerous rumors over the years about Parsons' death, one which suggests that he was conducting a homunculus experiment when he blew himself up, basically trying to make matter out of energy, to create a living being through magic ritual, like the alchemists of old.

This theory may relate to what was going on with UFO's, then and now; that they are in fact energy critters, and what the likes of Parsons was playing around with was creating a way of taking etheric energy and giving it form, which is perhaps what the whole UFO phenomenon is about; humans interacting with subtle energies, in essence tuning into these subtle energies, then taking this energy--and with conscious will and intent--giving it a shape. The shape it took with the early UFO contactees was the UFO, the flying saucer.

A month after Jack Parsons' death, a squadron of UFO's buzzed the White House, the Capitol and the Pentagon, sightings that were confirmed by photographs, radar and pilot testimony, putting the nation on alert.

It was onto this backdrop that George Adamski invoked his own brand of cosmic messengers. Adamski's first encounter with the Space Brothers occurred in the Mojave in 1952, when--in the company of six other witnesses, who included George Hunt Williamson--he witnessed a flying saucer and a man exit the ship with long blond hair. Telepathically, the "man" informed Adamski he was from Venus, and that he was concerned about the human race denoting atomic bombs. According to Adamski, he was then taken aboard the alien ship and flown around the universe.

Interestingly, Adamski had a long history of involvement in mysticism. In 1934, he founded "The Royal Order of Tibet", where he gave lectures on "The Universal Laws" and the teachings of ascended masters. So Adamski was entertaining ideas concerning evolved beings from higher planes interacting with humans many years before his contact with UFO's.

Also in 1952, George Van Tassel, while meditating under Giant Rock, in the Southern California desert, came into contact with Venusians who took him aboard their spaceship and gave him instructions on how to build an otherworldly rejuvenation machine called the Integratron. So in essence, Van Tassel entered into a self induced trance prior to coming into contact with the space people. The key, once again, is altered states as a mechanism for contacting entities from other realms or dimensions.

Delving deeper into the modern era of UFO's, 1952 appears to be a pivotal year. It was in 1952--in a Mayan temple in Palenque--that a sarcophagus was discovered, the design of which depicts what appears to be a man at the controls of an intricate piece of machinery that some have contended is a spacecraft. Also in 1952, President Eisenhower was allegedly debriefed on MJ12, the super secret government group that had been formed in 1947 (another pivotal year) to investigate UFO's, and that this group had presumably made contact with extraterrestrials.

Through a channeled message, the space brothers informed Adamski's colleague, George Hunt Williamson, that the secret of their mission on earth was revealed in a Bugs Bunny cartoon (of all things) which premiered in 1952, co-starring the lovable Marvin Martian. The episode was entitled The Hasty Hare. Author Robert Anton Wilson claimed that this cartoon documented the first alien abduction, that of Bugs Bunny. Williamson authored *Other Tongues--Other Flesh*, which presented the idea of a cosmic battle between the "good guys" from the star system Sirius versus the evil meanies from the planet Orion. Williamson experimented with some novel methods to contact the Space People, which included channeling. In addition, Williamson developed something similar to an Ouija Board with a glass tumbler that he used as a method to channel his otherworldly benefactors. This eventually put him in contact with these beings from Sirius, who he conversed to in an Enochian language similar to that used by Dee and Crowley.

Robert Temple's *The Sirius Mystery*, published in 1977, documents the history of the Dogon tribe of Africa, and their meetings in 3200 B.C., with a race of beings from Sirius. At that time, Temple says, these creatures appeared in space ships and revealed mysteries which were passed on to initiates in various secret societies in Egypt and the Near East. These contacts, Temple contended, planted the seeds for the various mystery religions that sprung up across the planet. The adepts of these mystery religions have referred to themselves--in one form or another throughout history--as The Illuminati. The Dogon tribe produced advanced astronomical charts, which revealed the hidden dual star of Sirius centuries before it was actually discovered by astronomers in the 20th century.

The brightest star in the heavens, Sirius is regarded in occult circles as the "hidden god of the cosmos", the sun behind the sun. Sirius has long been an object of worship and veneration. The ancient Egyptians equated their chief goddess, Isis, with Sirius, which they called Set. According to Kenneth Grant, "Crowley unequivocally identifies his Holy Guardian Angel with Sirius, or Set-Isis." Another secret society adept, the American Masonic leader, Albert Pike, wrote that "Sirius still glitters in our Lodges as the Blazing Star". The emblem of the all-seeing eye, hovering above the unfinished pyramid, is a depiction of the Eye of Sirius, a common motif found throughout Masonic lore. It is no secret that many of our nation's founding fathers were Freemasons, which explains the odd appearance of the Eye of Sirius on the dollar bill. George Hunt Williamson as well spoke of a secret society on Earth that has been in contact with Sirius for thousands of years, and that the emblem of this secret society was the all-seeing eye.

Around the turn of the century, an occultist named Lucien-Francois Jean-Maine in Haiti claimed contact with the Sirius star system, which was made possible by performing Crowleyean rituals. In 1922, Jean-Maine combined these Crowleyean rituals with voodoo practices to form the Cult of the Snake in his native Haiti. Jean-Maine also claimed to be in contact with a disembodied being named Lam.

A rash of Sirius contacts continued on into the 1970's. In 1974, science fiction author Phillip K. Dick had some sort of "mystical experience" involving three-eyed crab clawed beings from Sirius. During this same period--1973-74--authors Robert Anton Wilson and Doris Lessing also had contact with Sirius, both independent from one another. Robert Anton Wilson, it should be noted, was dabbling in Crowleyean magic and the ritualistic use of hallucinogens during this period. After conducting a Crowleyean ritual known as the Conversation with the Holy Guardian Angel, Wilson encountered an ascended master who instructed him on the importance of Sirius. This experience happened to Wilson on July 23, 1973. Wilson later discovered that July 23 is the day when Sirius rises behind the sun, known as the Dog days.

In the Book of Enoch, the Nephilim were referred to as the Watchers, which equates to angels in the biblical texts. And an angel who watches over someone is called a holy guardian angel. So perhaps, when Wilson was conducting the ritual of the Holy Guardian Angel, what he summoned forth, in the guise of an ascended master, was really a watcher, or a Nephilim. It should come as no surprise that Crowley oversaw a mystical order known as the Argenteum Astrum, also known as the Order of the Silver Star, which was named after the dual stars of Sirius.

One of the more bizarre Sirius-related theories I've heard comes courtesy of renowned conspiracy researcher James Shelby Downard, who described a ritual conducted at the Palomar Observatory by a "Sirius-worship cult", as he termed it, who performed sex magick rituals there immersed under the telescopically focused light of Sirius, beamed through a Palomar telescope. George Adamski, during the 1950's and early 1960's, lived at the base of Palomar Observatory. In *The Stargate Conspiracy*, authors Picknett and Prince, claimed that Parsons' OTO Lodge once had a temple located atop Mount Palomar, long before the Observatory was built.

Lam wasn't the first otherworldly entity with whom Crowley came into contact. A perhaps more significant encounter occurred a decade before Lam with a being named Aiwass, who was channeled through Crowley's wife and Scarlet Woman, Rose Kelley. It was through Rose that Aiwass dictated Crowley's own bible, *The Book of the Law*, which set down the precepts of his religion, Thelema. A physical description of Aiwass is particularly creepy, because it matches the classical Men In Black descriptions: oriental features, angular face, and a strange pallor to the skin.

According to UFO researcher Allen Greenfield in *Secret Cipher of the UFOnuts*, Crowley's *Book of the Law* is much more than a blasphemous bible, as some have perceived it, but is in essence an instruction manual on how to contact alien beings, and within its contents presumably are secret codes that can be used to summon forth these aliens or ultradimensional critters. According to Greenfield, Crowley himself never quite figured out how to interpret the code contained within the *Book of the Law*. However, his prodigy, Charles Stansfeld Jones, who was proclaimed by Crowley to be his magical child, supposedly deciphered the code, and passed on this arcane knowledge to other initiates and magic adepts.

Crowley's portrait of Lam was passed into the hands of Kenneth Grant in 1945 following a joint magical working in which he and Crowley were involved. Since that time, several occultists, under Grant's influence have carried on similar magical workings, with the intent of contacting Lam. This has spawned an unofficial Cult of Lam, known more popularly as the Typhonian OTO.

The most notable practitioner in this regard is Michael Bertiaux who throughout the 1960s and 1970s carried out magical workings in this vein. And, if we are to believe OTO propaganda, Bertiaux and others have been quite successful in their endeavors.

In the 1930's and early 1940's there was a group known as the Choronzon Club, with lodges located throughout the U.S. Later membership of the Choronzon Club would overlap with Jack Parsons' OTO Lodge. Choronzon is a demon or devil that originated in the writings of Dr. John Dee and Edward Kelley as part of their practice of Enochian Magick. This demon became an important element in Aleister Crowley's magickal system. Meade Layne, a resident of Southern California, was associated with the Choronzon Club. Layne was also student of Frater Archad (aka Charles Stansfeld Jones) Crowley's prodigy and "Magical Child".

In 1946, the same year that Parsons and Hubbard were conjuring ultradimensional somethings in the Southern California desert, Layne and a psychic channeler, Mark Probert, came in contact with what they called The Inner Circle, a group of discarnate beings who were in touch with aliens visiting the earth in Ether Ships, presumably from the fourth dimension. Layne referred to these beings as the Ethereans; entities that exist all around us, but which we cannot see with our normal senses.

Layne went on to form Borderlands Sciences Research Foundation (BSRF). BSRF published some of the first info on UFO's predating the Kenneth Arnold sighting, and was one of the first groups to combine mediumship with a belief in extraterrestrials, with Probert questioning his spirit guides on the emerging mystery of flying saucers. Once again, the connection linking Aleister Crowley to the modern era of UFO's appears quite evident.

From 1948-1958, paranormal researcher Dr. Andrija Puharich ran a research center called the Round Table Foundation, carrying out experiments over the years with several famous psychics. In that pivotal year 1952, Puharich brought an Indian mystic named Dr. D.G. Vinod to his lab where Vinod channeled "The Nine". The Nine presented themselves as a collective intelligence, consisting of nine entities that were presumably in touch with a cosmic intelligence.

A number of psychics and channelers worked with Puharich in the years to follow, many of them allegedly contacting The Nine, the most famous being Uri Geller, in the early 1970's. These otherworldly communications led to a group which Puharich oversaw called "Lab Nine" that included cutting edge scientists, multi-millionaire industrialists and leading politicians of the day. Among them Star Trek creator Gene Roddenberry, who actually wrote a screenplay based upon The Nine. At a conference at Esalen in Big Sur, California, one of the Lab Nine channelers divulged that The Nine originated from Sirius. Puharich talked about opening a gateway through The Nine, which he later termed as a Stargate.

After having a vision featuring Enoch of the Bible, James Hurtak claims to have come in contact with extraterrestrials in 1973, the same period that Phil Dick, Robert Anton Wilson and Doris Lessing were contacted by certain beings from Sirius. Like 1947 and 1952, 1973 is another key year in Contactee lore. Due to his visions and purported extraterrestrial contacts, Hurtak went on to author The Keys of Enoch, which embodies the spiritual teachings of his otherworldly benefactors. In the Lab Nine earthly hierarchy, James Hurtak was Puharich's second-in-command, a key player in the Lab Nine scene.

Also in 1973, LSD guru Dr. Timothy Leary claimed telepathic contact with extraterrestrials. During July and August of that year, while serving time at Folsom Prison, Leary formed a four person telepathy team. Synchronistically, these communications happened during in the middle of the dog days of Sirius. At the same time Leary was receiving his Starseed Transmissions, another psychedelic pioneer, Dr. John Lilly, started having his own series of interstellar communications with a network of entities known as ECCO, "Earth Coincidence Control Office". These communications were achieved through the use of the drug Ketamine.

According to www.temporaldoorway.com, a site dedicated to statistical UFO analysis, the most significant historical years, or flap years for UFO sightings, occurred in 1947, 1952, 1954, 1967, and 1978.

1947, the first spike, was the year of the fabled Kenneth Arnold sighting, the reported Roswell crash and many other noteworthy UFO events. The next spike was 1952, a year when many UFO Contactees garnered attention with extraordinary claims, the most famous among them, George Adamski. 1954 stands on record as the greatest year of UFO sightings, however a majority of these occurred in France. The next significant year was 1967, the dawning of the Age of Aquarius, the Summer of Love and rampant psychedelic drug experimentation

Continuing on, the next significant spike occurred in 1973, the year that Leary, Wilson, Phil Dick and the others I have mentioned were experiencing their own otherworldly contacts with the star system Sirius. And the next spike was 1979, the year I had my own UFO freakout.

Paranormal researchers have long noted unusual electromagnetic activity in areas where UFO's are encountered. These areas are called "UFO windows" where UFO's and other weird sightings occur. Occultists described these areas as "Gateways"—weak spots in the Earth's magnetic field through which beings from other space time continuums enter into our reality. It is within these "UFO windows" that a Superspectrum exists, according to the theory of UFO researcher John Keel. These areas have also been called "hot spots". Loch Ness, presumably, is one such area where the fabled Loch Ness monster has been rumored to exist. Loch Ness was also the home, for a period, of Aleister Crowley.

A common description of UFO's is that they often change colors, which suggested to Keel that they are specters traveling through our visible light spectrum. And this is exactly the type of phenomenon I saw during my own UFO sighting, this changing of colors. The Superspectrum Theory contends that UFO's exist at frequencies beyond visible light, but that they can also adjust their frequency and descend into the electromagnetic spectrum—just as you can turn the dial of your radio up and down the scale of radio frequencies. When a UFO frequency nears that of visible light, it will first appear as a purplish blob. As it moves further down the scale, it changes to blue, and then to blue-ish green and so on, finally to white. This is how many UFO sightings unfold.

UFO's, Mr. Keel suggested, are energies of a different frequency. Like tuning a radio, you pick up and amplify only the signal coming in at a certain point, or frequency, of the electromagnetic spectrum. Your eyes are also receivers tuned to very specific wavelengths, as your brain is also a receiver.

Paranormal investigators often use infrared detection systems which reveal otherwise "invisible" activity. Altered states--such as those produced by ritual magick or the use of mind altering drugs--are other possible methods of seeing into the Superspectrum, which is akin to someone using infrared goggles at night to see what the naked eye cannot. This, in essence, is what psychics claim to do. They have simply fine tuned this ability to pick up waves and frequencies that normal people can't see. Interestingly enough, George Van Tassel described the way he communicated to the aliens as "channeling" and said it was like tuning in a television to decode an electromagnetic signal.

The Superspectrum Theory contends that once these waves and frequencies are filtered through a persons consciousness and belief system, then what comes out on the other end of perception may be an angel if someone is religiously inclined, or alien beings in flying saucers, or whatever we view them to be through the filters of our belief systems. So, in essence, these entities appear to be temporary manipulations of energy. Keel likes to use the word "transmogrifications" to describe them. A transmogrification is reminiscent of what the Native Americans called a shapeshifter,

or what the Tibetans call tulpas. Entities that can change shape and form. And this is how I view the UFO phenomenon: as an intelligence that can take many shapes, not only flying saucers, but a vast spectrum of shapes, sizes and colors.

So in finishing, to answer my own provocative question, "Were the UFO Contactees Ritual Magicians?", I would answer a resounding YES, in the sense that we all create our own reality. Who is the Master that makes the grass green?, as the Buddhist saying goes. We are, of course, through the lenses of our perception.

And to take this theory one step further, I would contend that the electromagnetic spectrum also plays a part in the creation of this enigma, acting in a symbiotic manner, interacting with human consciousness. The UFO's I saw indeed behaved like critters moving through a light spectrum, changing colors and size, each one different from the other, some even cartoonish looking with multicolored propellers, spinning in the air. Perhaps, what I call "The Magician's Intent" opens the door to the Superspectrum.

As recounted in my own psychedelic UFO encounter, I mentioned a pivotal moment leading up to the event when my friend and I said to each other "What if we saw a UFO right now—no one would ever believe because we were under the influence." In essence what we did, I believe, was plant the seeds for a magical ritual to unfold, however unwittingly. Prior to his famous UFO sighting, George Adamski went out intentionally hunting UFOs, which brings to mind the concept of "The Magician's Intent". That Adamski was first forming the intent in his mind that he wanted to see UFO's is key here. Seek and ye shall find.

Now just think what can happen if you intentionally planted that seed, and then used various methods to alter your consciousness with the intent in mind of conjuring UFO's. You too might then be able to see beyond the veil and inside The Superspectrum, and the appearance of UFO's might be the end result.

But be careful what you wish for, and how you tend the garden of your consciousness.

Adam Gorightly is the author of *The Shadow Over Santa Susana: Black Magic, Mind Control and the Manson Family Mythos*, which has been described as the mother of all Manson family tomes; *The Prankster and the Conspiracy: The Story of Kerry Thornley and How He Met Oswald and Inspired the Counterculture*, the first bio of the legendary counterculture figure, chronicling Thornley's amazing and tragic life, and *The Beast of Adam Gorightly: Collected Rantings 1992–2004*.

His articles have appeared in numerous publications such as *The Excluded Middle*, *UFO Magazine*, *Paranoia*, *SteamShovel Press*, and *FourTwoFour*, the largest soccer magazine in Great Britain.

Adam has been a guest on radio talk shows across the U.S., Canada and Ireland including *Erskine Overnight*, *The Richard Syrett Show*, *The R.U. Sirius Show*, *The X-Zone with Rob McConnell*, *From The Grassy Knoll with Vyzygoth*, *Out The Rabbit Hole with Robert Larson*, *The Blue Rose Report with Miles Lewis*, *A Closer Look with Michael Corbin*, *Bin-nall of America*, and *Radio Misterioso with Greg Bishop*.

Adam has lectured across the US. His most recent presentation, "Were the UFO Contactees Ritual Magicians?" was presented at The Retro UFO Space Convention in April 2006; the Roswell 60th Anniversary UFO Festival in July 2007, and for the League of Western Fortean Inter-mediatists (LOWFI) in Los Angeles in 2008.

Contact Adam at your own risk at adamgorightly@yahoo.com

The Prankster and the Conspiracy



The Story of Kerry Thornley and How He Met Oswald and Inspired the Counterculture
by Adam Gorightly
Foreword by Robert Anton Wilson

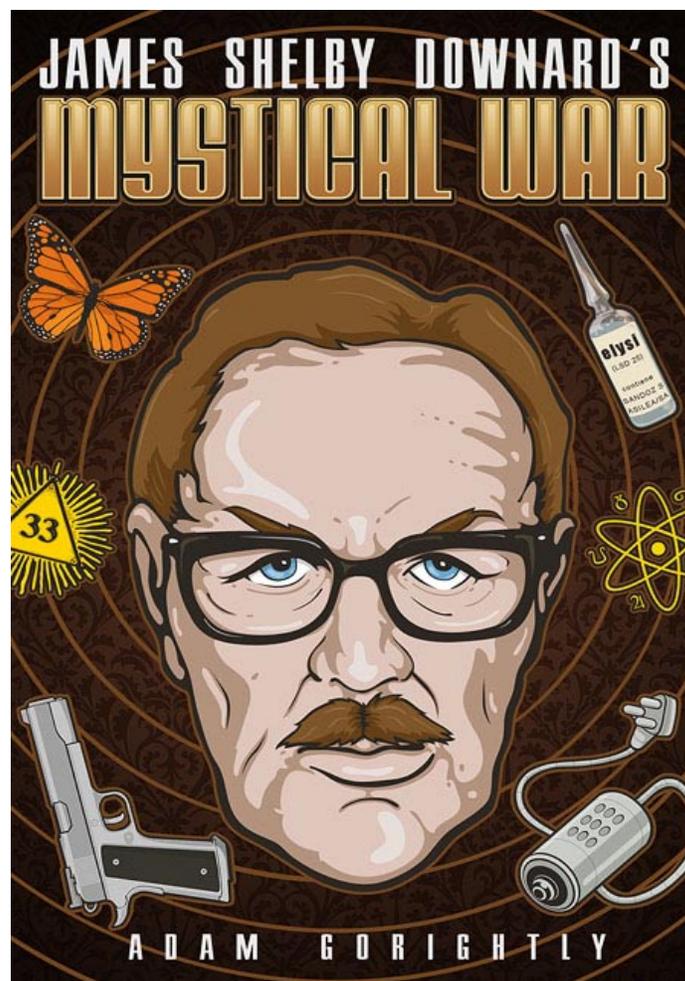
One of the 1960s counterculture's most fascinating characters was Kerry Wendell Thornley—a writer, philosopher, Zen dishwasher, enlightened prankster, founder of the Discordian Society, and, possibly, an Oswald double with disturbing ties to the Kennedy assassination.

It's a fact that the two served together in the Marines. But did they keep in touch later, in New Orleans? And were they both used by foes of JFK? Jim Garrison investigated their relationship—and so does Adam Gorightly in *The Prankster and the Conspiracy*, an account of Thornley's tragic yet hilarious life, the JFK conspiracy, and the chaos caused by worshipping the goddess of discord.

Paraview Press, 2003
ISBN: 193104466X
Biography, 292 pages
Trade paperback, \$16.95
www.paraview.com

"Adam Gorightly is a 'crackpot historian' of the hippest sort."

—PARANOIA magazine



"Adam Gorightly is a 'crackpot historian' of the highest order!"
- Victor Thorn, wingtv.net

www.adamgorightly.com

NIGHTSEARCH

SEEN A UFO LATELY? CALL US TODAY!

Hotline: 1 (641) 715-0101

Code #: *6145741

Want to report a UFO sighting?

Anyone who wishes to leave a message giving the details of their UFO experience may call the REPORTING HOT LINE at: 1 (641) 715-0101, then code *6145741. You can leave a brief message with any contact information. However, if desired, your message and/or real name will be held confidential.

“Tennessee MUFON Live Forum Broadcast”

DON'T MISS THIS LIVE FORUM

Streaming LIVE

Tuesdays – 9 p.m. CST

with your host Eddie Middleton

Call in and talk

(347) 945-7745

VISIT WWW.NIGHTSEARCH.NET

Conspiracies, the paranormal and high weirdness