

MIDWEEK MAGAZINE

Dangerous liaisons with aliens, rabbits and flying saucers

Timothy Good believes we are regularly visited by ETs, as Cal McCrystal discovers.

TIMOTHY GOOD has been described as a "maniac" whose "shrill yappings" are believed only by "subnormal people". This makes him smile all the way to the bank.

He has two strings to his bow. As an accomplished violinist he was with the London Symphony Orchestra for 14 years and has played under many famous conductors, among them Klemperer, Stravinsky and Mantovani. Beside the window of his Beckenham flat hangs a picture of Beethoven.

In front of the window is a camera clamped to a tripod. The powerful telephoto lens points to the sky. Somewhere up

to lens points to the sky. Somewhere up there are creatures which provide the bow's second string, "extra-terrestrial biological entities".

Mr Good is a student of flying saucers, aliens, and of what he asserts is a near-impenetrable conspiracy by governments to hide the truth.

As a UFO buff he has profited handsomely from books on the subject. Two things prompted me to meet him. The first was a letter from his literary agent Andrew Lownie lamenting that "it is easy to poke fun at Tim," who deserved "a fair hearing".

The second was the appearance on a Scottish hillside last week, of the world's first monument to a visit by a UFO. The metal plaque, in West Lothian, commemorates the 1979 sighting of a "spaceship" which overpowered a forestry worker, tore his clothes and gassed him before speeding off.

The West Lothian incident attracted the interest of Arthur C. Clarke, the science writer, who made a detailed record.

It so happens that Tim Good's father, who worked in radar, shared an RAF camp with "Spaceship Clarke," as he was then known, during and after World War II.

"Arthur Clarke was called a complete nutter in those days," Mr Good says pleasantly.

UFO monitors tend to get mocked mercilessly. Reaction can be at best sceptical; at worst, a howl of ridicule.

In his latest book, *Alien Liaison, The Ultimate Secret*, about to be released in paperback in Britain (Arrow, £4.99), Mr

paperback in Britain (Arrow, £4.99), Mr Good describes conversations which others have had with beings from outer space, adding: "Though highly evolved spiritually, these people were 'down to earth' in the sense that they enjoyed creature comforts. And — thank heavens — they had a sense of humour." His own sense of humour helps him cope with reviewers, one of whom wrote of an earlier volume, *Above Top Secret, The Worldwide UFO Cover-up*: "I do not know how many trees were cut down to produce this 590-page diatribe, but I wish they had been left standing . . . Mr Good's ideas are those of a maniac."

Of *Alien Liaison*, the same writer declared, "It is painful to turn to the shrill yappings of Timothy Good . . . The thesis, which he shouts rather than argues, is that aliens are constantly visiting earth and that the US Government is 'covering them up'. Really? Only mentally subnormal people could believe in it."

A NOTHER reviewer found it "credulous bunk". Most reviews are kinder, however.

His literary agent, a military historian with knowledge of intelligence matters, sent me a photograph of his client which resembled Captain Kirk of the starship Enterprise.

In the flesh, he seems less exotic: tall, grey haired, pale, serious, courteous, softly spoken. He wears an elegant grey suit and dark-blue tie. His hands are long and hairless, the fingers tapering artistically. There is a sty on his right eyelid.

The bedroom which he shares with his girlfriend, a teacher, has a wall lined with UFO books. In the hall, there are shelves of classified documents from many parts

of classified documents from many parts of the world and folders of newspaper and magazine clippings.

Along a wall of the living-room are hi-fi equipment, LPs and tapes. Against another is a word processor. Near the sky-probing camera are a music-stand supporting sheets of Bach, an art deco china cabinet and an enormous hi-fi speaker.

He serves coffee in red cups and sticks a cigarette into a holder.

Mr Good, now 49, had just entered his teens when a cousin in American computer research sent him a book about space aliens.

"I was immediately excited," he says.

"There had been reports from military and civilian airline pilots that the general public wasn't aware of: to date, 3500 sightings since the 1940s. The majority remain classified — in the interests of national security, the various government agencies say — but details of some have been released."

He shows me documents he obtained, using the US Freedom of Information Act, from the Pentagon, North American Aerospace Defense Command and other sources. Sections have been blacked out by the censor.

His pursuit of "the truth" — that UFOs exist, that their occupants actually walk the earth, and that governments know a lot more than they're prepared to acknowledge — intensified after he left the LSO in 1978 (he still does "session work", including television commercials and films).

In 1983, he published an exploratory volume about UFOs at his own expense. Two thousand copies were sold, bringing a tiny profit.

His research has taken him into the Pen-

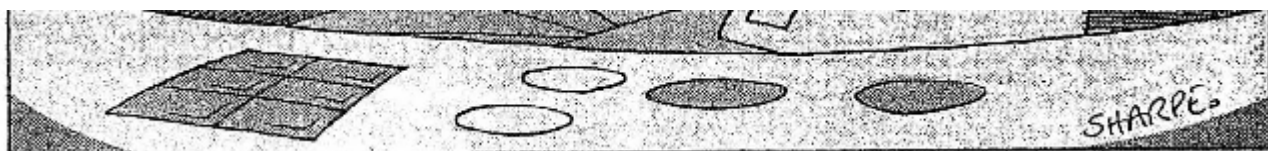
His research has taken him into the Pentagon and the White House office, and he has talked (sometimes inconclusively) to the CIA, military officers and space scientists.

Above Top Secret, published by Sidgwick & Jackson in 1987, and later by Grafton Books, went to the top of the bestseller lists in Britain and Australia and has since done well in the United States, Canada, Germany and Japan.

Alien Liaison, too, is likely to be a commercial success (18,000 hardback sales already). It is dedicated to Britain's former Chief of Defence Staff, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Hill-Norton, whose introductory comments include the words, "I have known Tim Good for about 10 years, during which I have formed the opinion that he is both honest and reliable. I am quite sure that he is not a 'nut-case' . . ."

The book is, by its nature, weird, refer-





ring, for example, to alleged encounters between "Etherians" (occupants of UFOs) and two American Republican presidents, Dwight Eisenhower and Ronald Reagan.

According to Mr Good's informants, during an unscheduled visit to Edwards Air Force Base in California, Eisenhower was taken to Hanger 27 where a flying saucer and its occupants were housed.

The Etherians "had the same proportions as humans and were able to breathe our atmosphere," Mr Good records.

They spoke English, and supposedly informed the President that they wanted to start an "educational program" for the people of earth, then reportedly demonstrated their paranormal powers by making themselves invisible, causing Eisenhower considerable embarrassment.

Ike, who often had difficulty stringing sentences together, could have used an "educational program".

Ditto Ronald Reagan. In 1974, according to Mr Good, the then airborne governor of California saw "a big light" and ordered the pilot to give chase.

"We followed it for several minutes," Reagan is reported as having said.

"All of a sudden, to our utter amaze-

ment it went straight up into the heavens. When I got off the plane I told Nancy all about it."

Eight years later, while viewing the film *ET* in the White House, President Reagan whispered to the producer Steven Spielberg: "There are probably only six people in this room who know how true this is."

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Mr Good says: "I haven't actually confirmed that last bit with Spielberg, but I will."

THEN THERE is Jimmy Carter's sighting. During his 1976 Presidential election campaign Carter announced that he'd seen a UFO in 1969.

I ask Mr Good: "Did you know about Jimmy Carter's giant rabbit?"

"No."

"Well, towards the end of his presidency, he declared that while out in a boat fishing on a lake in Plains, Georgia, he was attacked by a giant rabbit. It came swimming towards him and he had to head for shore to avoid being capsized."

"Oh," Mr Good says, wondering if I'm mocking him. I'm not.

I suspect a large part of Mr Good's struggle is trying to lift the UFO subject out of the realm of entertainment.

Out There, a 1990 book by the former *New York Times* journalist Howard Blum, whose work the Englishman admires, is being made into a Disney film.

A former US astronaut Edgar Mitchell, who has claimed that important information on extra-terrestrials is being suppressed by his government, ended up on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*.

When Mr Good himself appeared on a British television discussion recently, one of his interlocutors, the 'pop' scientist Heinz Wolff, described Mr Good's work as "bollocks".

But while critics tease, he points to the fact that American scientists will begin a 10 year \$US100 million (\$A133 million)

fact that American scientists will begin a 10-year, \$US100 million (\$A133 million) project this October, using the most sophisticated listening devices, to search for alien civilisations.

The NASA project will be called SETI (Search for Extra-terrestrial Intelligence), rhyming with yeti, another elusive quarry.

I suggest to the violinist there is a contradiction here: on the one hand, he claims that US officialdom has firm evidence of

extra-terrestrials, while on the other, the official agency, NASA, is setting out to test their existence.

He concedes, "There is a tremendous argument against everything I'm saying."

But he nods confidently at his folders of classified CIA material showing UFOs to be a high-priority matter.

Mr Good has enlisted helpers from all over the world, including Chinese and Russians. Their sightings are published in an annual UFO report which he edits.

In it he identifies hoaxes (some, but not all, crop circles) and explores other phenomena in minute detail, including scientific evaluation of photographs and video tapes of "aberrations".

I have read all this stuff with a fairly open mind, even the account of the removal by aliens of a cow's udder and vagina.

Mr Good does not seem dogmatic about his material or his qualifications for analysing it.

"I left school with 13 per cent in maths O-level," he says.

As the "fair hearing" ends, he murmurs: "I hope I am not a fanatic."
