

While commercial airliners in the 1950s flew at altitudes of up to 30,000 feet, the U-2 soared to more than 60,000 feet and the SR-71 to more than 80,000 feet, or 15 miles, nearly the edge of space.

The planes carried powerful cameras to spy on foreign military installations and sensitive electronic gear to capture radio and radar transmissions. The spy craft were developed by the intelligence agency and often flown by the Air Force.

Rather than acknowledging the existence of the top-secret flights or saying nothing about them publicly, the Air Force decided to put out false cover stories, the CIA study says. For instance, unusual observations that were actually spy flights were attributed to atmospheric phenomena like ice crystals and temperature inversions.

"Over half of all UFO reports from the late 1950s through the 1960s were accounted for by manned reconnaissance flights" over the United States, the CIA study says. "This led the Air Force to make misleading and deceptive statements to the public in order to allay public fears and to protect an extraordinarily sensitive national security project."

The study, "CIA's Role in the Study of UFOs, 1947-90," was written by Gerald K. Haines and appears in Studies of Intelligence, a secret CIA journal. Five years ago, the agency began releasing unclassified versions of the journal yearly. The 1997 edition, with the study on unidentified objects, is at <http://www.odci.gov/csi/studies/97unclas/> on the World Wide Web.

Mr. Haines is a historian at the National Reconnaissance Office, the intelligence agency that builds and runs the nation's spy satellites.

The admission of Federal deception on the issue appears to be a first, experts said in interviews.

"It's very significant," said Richard Hall, chairman of the Fund for UFO Research, a group in Washington. "Certainly they've lied about not having any interest in the subject. But I don't know of any other deception like this."

John E. Pike, head of space policy at the Federation of American Scientists, also based in Washington, said the admission raised questions about other federal cover-ups involving UFOs.

"The flying-saucer community is definitely onto something," in charging that the military is hiding something, Mr. Pike said.

There are two schools of thought on the nature of such a cover-up. One, from Mr. Pike and other aerospace experts, holds that many sightings over the decades involved secret federal projects featuring advanced aircraft and reconnaissance missions. The new admission strengthens that view.

The other school holds that the government has come into possession of extraterrestrial craft and beings and is hiding them from the public, partly to avoid causing panic. That view was celebrated last month on the 50th anniversary of an incident in Roswell, N.M., in which conspiracy theorists say a saucer crashed to Earth and was seized by the government.

The deceptions about the spy flights were issued in some of the tensest days of the Cold War. The Soviet Union exploded its first hydrogen bomb in 1955, the year that the U-2 flew for the first time.

In 1960, a U-2 was shot down over the Soviet Union, leading to the cancellation of an East-West peace conference. In 1962, a U-2 spotted a buildup of Soviet nuclear arms in Cuba, precipitating the diplomatic crisis regarded by some experts as the closest the superpowers came to nuclear war.

To make the spy planes harder to see and less likely to prompt UFO reports, they were eventually painted black. The CIA study said U-2's initially had silver bodies "and reflected the rays from the sun, especially at sunrise and sunset."

The report added that "they often appeared as fiery objects to observers below."

But the SR-71, which first flew in 1964, was apparently painted black from the start. Its nickname was the Blackbird.

[W 3]*****

Tuesday, August 5, 1997 - 1:15 p.m. (EDT)
Mr. Kenneth H. Bacon, ASD (PA)

DoD [USA Department of Defence] News Briefing

[edited section of meeting]

Q: On the <UFO> study that the CIA did over the weekend, or it was released or reported on over the weekend -- as Pentagon spokesman are you concerned about a report that says that the government willfully misled individuals to conceal programs?

A: I've read the CIA study, and I have read what they said about the Air Force. It's their characterization of what the Air Force said. I have not gone back and checked what the Air Force said at the time, so I'd prefer not to comment on what the study said. It is not the policy of Secretary Cohen or any of the people who work for him to mislead the public.

Q: Were you at all aware of any misleading of the public that was done by the Air Force prior?

A: I was not aware of that. I will say that one interesting aspect of the report was that for years, <UFO> people have been charging that we've covered up the fact that there really are UFOs, and the CIA study confirms, as has every other study done by the government, that we have no evidence of UFOs. We have no evidence of extraterrestrial visitors to this planet. The study goes on to say that one explanation for many of these sightings might have been airplanes that were being tested at the time.

Q: Do you think that applies to any programs that might be tested now, or can you say categorically that the Department does not engage in that kind of public relations activity in terms of programs that are perhaps flying today?

A: First of all, we certainly have classified programs and we certainly have legitimate reasons for not disclosing some of the work we're doing, whether it's research and development or whether it's operations. I am not aware that we are putting out stories that misstate the truth about those programs. The distinction would be we just don't talk about the programs at all, so I certainly wouldn't talk about any of those programs today.

[W 4]*****

From: duncan@life.com
Date: 4th August 1997
Source: UFO Magazine
Date: July/August 1997

Chile announces UFOs are for real

On 2nd April 1997, Chilean newspaper 'La Cuarta' published the following headline 'UFO Sighting of Arica is Confirmed by La Direccion General de Aeronautic Civil'.

Luis Sanchez, Chilean Director of Skywatch International said this was the first time such an organization had attached it's name to such a statement. La Direccion General de Aeronautic Civil said that they publicly recognised that Chile was experiencing UFO sightings and that the phenomenon was real, not meteorotic or climatic.

Sanchez said that the statement was due to the 'high quality' of an observation made by control tower staff at Chacalluta International Airport in Africa, the northernmost city in Chile.

On Monday, 31st March, 1997, at 12.55am, three UFOs were seen by staff in the control tower and recorded on radar. They were tracked at speeds up to 8,000 mph. According to the eyewitnesses, over the Pacific Ocean, near Morro de Arica and remained there for two hours.

At about 3.00am, the objects "flew away at very high speed," heading for the Andes.

Airport director Julio Schettner said the UFOs hovered "at an

altitude between 3,000 and 4,500 metres and emitted blue, red, green and yellow lights which made them clearly visible to the naked eye."

Schettner added, "In our tower, it was not possible to track them on radar, so we contacted control towers in (Arequipa) Peru and Santiago (de Chile). None of them had flights registering in Arica at that moment."

Schettner said "he had been doubtful about the existence of UFOs, but not any more," adding that they left Arica "at an astonishing speed."

On Wednesday 2nd April 1997, the Direccion General de Aeronautica Civil (DGAC), Chile's civilian aeronautical ministry, announced that the three UFOs in Arica had been confirmed on radar, DGAC radar and Fuerzas Aereas de Chile (FACH) Air Force radar tracked the Arica UFOs "travelling at speeds of up to 12,800 kilometres (8,000 miles) per hour."

In the capital, Santiago de Chile, a DGAC spokesman said, "Chile is experiencing OVNIs" (Spanish acronym for UFO).

uk.ufo.nw asks: Do any of our Chilean readers have further information on this. Perhaps newspaper reports etc that could be translated, typed and e-mailed to the usual address.

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<http://www.ufomag.co.uk>

[W 5]*****

Source: The Times newspaper
Date: Friday 15th August 1997

Fossil footprints open way to row on 'genetic Eve'

>From Ian Brodie in Washington

The oldest-known footprints of a modern human being, dating back 117,000 years, have been found on the shores of a South African lagoon.

Very possibly female, the fossils could spark a scientific debate over whether they are traces of the "genetic Eve".

"These footprints are from the earliest of anatomically modern people," said Lee Berger, an American paleoanthropologist at the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, who announced the discovery yesterday at the National Geographic Society in Washington. David Roberts, the British-born South African geologist who uncovered the three footprints, said: "The chances of finding something like this are millions to one."

Unlike footprints unearthed in Tanzania, which were 3.6 million years old, the newly found ones were made by a human being whom we have a direct link. Physically she was the same as us, though not as developed mentally, walking upright with jutting jaw, high forehead and without the protruding eyebrow ridges of earlier man.

Mr Berger admitted it was highly unlikely that the actual "genetic Eve" left the prints, but they were made at the right time on the continent to be hers.

"Genetic Eve" is a hypothetical figure who lived in Africa between 100,000 and 300,000 years ago and who carried DNA potential of modern women. Scientists measuring the range of DNA in different populations today have concluded that we are all descended from one common female ancestor.

The three footprints were discovered in rock along Langebaan lagoon, 60 miles north of Cape Town, where Mr Roberts was looking for them on a hunch.

The discovery team believe the woman was a lone figure, perhaps 5ft 3in tall, trudging down a steep, chalky dune after a violent rainstorm. Within a few hours the dune dried out and the wind filled the footprints with sand. They were then buried and gradually turned into stone.

The footprints are eight & a half inches long. The big toe, ball, arch and heel are all clear as the walker crunched down the wet surface. Since the discovery last year, nearby rocks have yielded Stone Age tools thought to have been crafted by the same people who walked the dunes.

The discoveries provide evidence of anatomically modern human beings in an area of Africa that is believed to be the cradle of our ancestors. How well these humans could think is debated by scientists. They did not bury their dead nor leave traces of cave paintings as other did 50,000 to 75,000 years later, Mr Berger said.

Ochre pigment has been near the lagoon that are up to 125,000 years old and scientists believe they were used by the early human beings. The earlier footprints found in Africa were left by pre-human apemen from a far distant branch of our family tree.

Summing up his research, Mr Berger said: "An important message comes to us from the lagoon footprints. As diverse as the world is, as different as we look, we are an incredibly young species and all of us Africans."

[W 6]*****

Source: Daily Mail newspaper
Date: Thursday 14 August 1997

As men in black opens, a scientist tells us what aliens will really look like

from Daniel Jeffreys in New York

Labrador-sized, four arms, a mouth in it's stomach, and one day it'll land here

For the second year running, the big summer film blockbuster fuels our obsession with extraterrestrials. Men in black, now showing in Britain, is a comedy about two US government agents whose job is to round up illegal aliens and pack them back to the planet.

But is the reality rather more worrying? An increasing number of academics and experts believe that while such films are right to show that we are not alone, they are wrong in their portrayal of aliens.

They argue that we should prepare for a shock. When we run into life forms from elsewhere in the galaxy, which will be very soon, they will treat us with contempt, pushing us aside like insects.

Doctor Seth Shostak, one of the world's leading physicists and astronomers, is among those who say there are millions of aliens. And he says that when they turn up on Earth their technological superiority will make our attempts to find them, such as the current expedition to Mars, look puny.

He publishes this worrying analysis in his book Sharing The Universe. Already his findings have been held by other scientists as the most effective argument yet for believing the universe is teeming with intelligent life forms, many of them far more ancient and advanced than us.

Shustak, who is so confident that he has even described what the aliens will probably look like, believes we would be better diverting the billions spent on space exploration to working out how to cope when the inevitable contact with extra terrestrial civilisations take place.

He estimate that there are more than 1,000 planets in our galaxy alone that house these super smart beings, many of which would regard humanity like we regard insects or rodents. 'Give me a halfway decent planet and I'll give you life,' he says, fresh from a radio telescopic sweep of nearby planets.

'There are 50 billion stars in the Milky Way similar to our sun, with 1.5 billion planets that share our characteristics. Many will have intelligent life.'

More Americans believe alien landings have already taken place than think President Clinton is telling the truth about his extra-marital affairs. If aliens are on their way, humanity has never been more receptive to their arrival, so long as they treat us

nicely.

Books and films tend to depict aliens as either friendly, in which case they resemble extra - large babies with big deer eyes (E.T., Close Encounters Of The Third Kind) or hostile, looking like a cross between an angry alligator and a malfunctioning set of chainsaws.

In the first case they, come to educate us; in the second they come for lunch - and we're the main course. Neither of these is likely to happen on man's first date with visitors from the stars.

'Our initial contact will most likely be with some sort of self-replicating machine intelligence,' says Schostak, who is the director of the Institute For The Search For Extra terrestrial Intelligence in California. 'It will have travelled astronomical distances specifically to gather information not to make friends or eat.'

The City institute is not a group of `UFO fanatics. It used to be funded by Nasa until a cost conscious US Congress cut off its cash. Now it's paid for with millions of dollars from high task corporations like Microsoft, Intel and Hewlett-Pacard, reflecting how seriously many take the existence of alien life.

This private sector fortune has allowed SETI to keep its massive array of radio telescopes aimed at the stars, gathering libraries full of information about distant solar systems every day.

'We know the nearest extraterrestrial intelligent life is a long way away,' says Shustak, at 46 the world's leading authority on what ET's need to thrive. 'Space travel is difficult, dangerous and slow.'

Experts say that it would take more than 100 years to reach the nearest solar system which SETI thinks could support life, travelling at around 40,000 miles per second.

No Star Trek fiction here. The Enterprise craft travels at the speed of light, 186,282 miles per second - and hitting even a small space rock at that speed would cause an impact equivalent to several nuclear bombs, destroying the ship in an instance.

'That's why an intelligent machine representing the alien culture is probably a first visitor,' says Shustak. 'It will have been built by a far superior intelligence and will be capable of rebuilding itself and clones to launch on other missions.'

'It will be programmed to expect an encounter with another civilisation and will make efforts to communicate with us while analysing our strengths and weaknesses.'

Imagine how we would react if an alien box of tricks suddenly turned up riding alongside the Mir space station, electronically sniffing the Russian craft like a dog marking its territory?

'It will be a testing time,' says Shustak. 'Some people will want it destroyed, fearing that aliens who know we are here will want to colonise or kill us.'

'There's also the chance that contacts with a civilisation much more advanced than ours will force humanity to develop an enormous inferiority complex. And that could cause human civilisation to crumble because we've assumed for so long that we're the top dogs.'

Collapse might be especially likely if the aliens were no bigger than a labrador with reptilian skin, for arms and a mouth in their stomachs, something Shustak believes is quite possible.

Using a mix of laws from physics, astronomy and biochemistry he has reduced what the kind of appearance intelligence aliens will have.

'There's no reason to suppose insects or reptiles failed to develop intelligence on other planets,' he says. 'The dinosaurs were on their way to complex intelligence before a capitalism wiped them out.'

Shustak and his SETI colleagues also agree the aliens are likely to have heads, because that's an efficient way of housing a brain, and the eyes and ears will be attached to their skulls.

'We have our hearing and sight near the brain for a reason, it minimise the length of the bodies most complex nerve network,' he

says. 'But there's no pressing reason for the mouth to be in the head. The stomach would be more efficient.'

As would more than two arms. The aliens will definitely have some limbs, to allow them to manipulate tools, a necessary part of an intelligent culture. They're also likely to be smaller.

'We think Earth's gravity is unusual, 'says Shustak. 'Most alien species will have more gravity and that means they'll tend to be compact. They will need to be at least the size of a basketball to sustain intelligence but after that any size up to three feet will do.'

Shustak thinks we will probably be surprised by the aliens 'appearance.' Just go to the zoo and look at the diversity there, then magnifying the species many thousands of times, 'he says. 'Aliens across the universe will come in many different shapes and sizes, which will only intensify a anxiety when we meet them for the first time.'

One alien life form we can probably rule out is giants. Even with low gravity they are just not viable as an ancient advanced civilisation. They eat to much, causing early depletion of their planets resources, and they can barely lift a fraction of their own weight. Brainy elephants are not likely to be the first aliens to beam down.

The most chilling aspect of Shustaks research is his claim that alien civilisations are much smarter than humans. He bases this observation on the relative age of Man. We are a young civilisation and many aliens will be much more ancient with technology we have never dreamed of.

Take a look at what mankind has done to less intelligent species and the prospect of the inevitable alien visit looks alarming. If we're lucky we'll end up as pets; if we're unlucky we'll go the ways of cows, mink or crocadiles.

Either way, it Shustak is right, our chances of staying free and independent are remote. The aliens may be smaller than us but they will be a lot smarter.

Sharing The Universe will be published by Victor Gollancz at 8 pounds 95 pence next month.

[A FEARFUL SYMMETRY - part 2]

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A FEARFUL SYMMETRY

A TRUE STORY OF ALIEN INTRUSION INTO HUMAN LIVES

By D. Lynne Bishop

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CHAPTER TWO

The event which led to my discovery of something bizarre in my life began innocently enough on a beautiful, warm, springlike day in 1972. I was eighteen years old, having recently graduated as Salutatorian in the rural high school I had attended. My mother and I had tended to some personal business in a large city in Central Arkansas. At one o'clock in the afternoon, we had left the city to begin the trip back home--a trip of approximately three hours' duration. We were both relaxed that day, and in pleasant moods. Our business had been successfully transacted, and as we drove toward home, our conversation was animated and lively--but not containing any element of unusual topics.

After two hours of driving time, we approached a small town located at the base of a valley ringed by a part of the Ozark Mountains. A road crew was blasting that day on the mountainous road leading into the valley, and one of the crew members flagged us, signaling the traffic in our lane to stop. Our car was in the lead, with three or four other cars behind us at the time. After clearing the road of debris from the blasting, the road crew allowed our lane to continue, and we drove slowly down the mountainside, nearing a turn we would take at the junction of an intersecting highway. Mother and I both recalled seeing the turn--and then everything went totally blank.

I groggily "came to" just seconds later, or so I thought. Mother was still driving the car, but seemed unusually quiet, particularly since we had just been laughing and joking, and talking about only being an hour away from home. We suddenly looked at each other, realizing we had no idea where we were! We were on a stretch of unfamiliar paved road, with no road signs or other indicators of our location. The pavement was pitch black and completely new looking, as if it had been freshly laid and never driven on prior to our being there.

You can imagine our agitation as the situation slowly dawned on us. Only moments before, we had been on a familiar highway, headed home . . . and now we had no earthly idea where we were or what had happened to us. With one accord, we agreed we should turn around, hoping that by doing so we would regain our lost territory. The road was extremely straight and narrow, and hemmed in on both sides with huge, overhanging trees, and an expanse of deep forest to either side. After a few minutes (although it seemed like hours!), we located a very small turnaround on the left-hand side of the road, and Mother prepared to turn into it. As she did so, I screamed, "Mother, there's a car coming toward us!" She completed the turn, and we both looked to see where the car had gone, for it would have been on a collision course with us as we pulled into the small area. To my amazement and chagrin, there was not a car anywhere in sight.

Completely baffled and perplexed, as well as thoroughly shaken by the entire experience, we turned around and continued driving in the opposite direction. Suddenly, we realized that we were on the wrong side of the town, but we had not driven through it to get there! We found our turn onto the intersecting highway (from the opposite direction), and continued the drive toward home, puzzled about what had just occurred. The event had led to a buildup of unease and a desire to get home as soon as possible. As we continued driving, a vague sense of strangeness caused me to glance occasionally out both windows, gazing into the tree-lined roadside. With my heart in my throat, I managed to barely croak to Mother, "Do you see that silver craft that's following us?" We were terrified by this time, and had no desire to stop the car. The windows were rolled down, and Mother managed to confirm that there was, indeed, a white or silver-colored craft that seemed to be pacing our car, falling neither behind nor pulling ahead of us. The craft was cigar-shaped, with no wings or tail, and there was no discernible sound emanating from the craft. There were no identifying marks on it, and this particularly bothered Mother, who, along with my father, had served in the U.S. Army, and both were very knowledgeable about aircraft. After several minutes of "cat-and-mouse," the strange craft finally moved off out of sight, and we sped off toward the safety of home.

Upon arriving home, we discovered that a trip normally requiring three hours had taken us over four. It was apparent that something peculiar had happened between our "blank" spell, and "coming to" on the wrong side of town. And yet, twenty years were to pass by before we could bring ourselves to publicly seek answers to this

mind-boggling affair.

As I sat across from John Carpenter on April 25, 1992, the enormity of what I was preparing to do rushed in on me. I was stepping into "terra incognita," with no idea of the outcome--and no way of predicting it. I had no basis for comparison--nothing in my life that I was aware of had prepared me for dealing with the concept of alien abduction. Intellectually, I felt prepared for the undertaking, but I had not even begun to realize the emotional toll this "journey" would exert on me.

Prior to the actual induction of hypnosis, we relaxed with a pre-session conversation, touching on the many aspects of the UFO and alien phenomenon. John asked if there had been anything, in particular, which had gotten me interested in UFOs. I responded, "It's been lifelong." I told him that Mother had seen a "classic" UFO in Houston, Texas, when my twin sister and I were just babies. I could recall hearing about Sputnik as a very young child, and remembered my entire family watching the satellite Echo go over when my father had been stationed in Germany. Suddenly, I realized that a major portion of my life had been spent in sky-watching--and I wondered why. Had some hidden force been manipulating my actions and life so long ago?

John also questioned whether I had ever seen anything I couldn't explain. His question elicited the memory of an orange sphere that my family and I had seen often during the 1970's. I described the object to him, "This particular object was an orange disc-like thing. It was a vivid orange, ranging toward the red spectrum. A slow-moving object, it always seemed to move with a slow, steady glide--almost floating. We usually saw it on Thursdays, and it seemed always to be on a North-South trajectory."

"What about dreams?", John then asked. For the first time that morning (but certainly not the last!), I became quite agitated and nervous. He had hit a nerve with that almost innocently slipped-in question. There had been one "dream" in my past that had continued to plague me throughout my adult years, because I had never been certain it was truly a dream. There had been a "feeling" to it not associated with the normal dreams I had.

"Well, I've had two dreams of different kinds of aliens. The first one actually bothers me more than the second.

"In the first 'dream,' I'm at the residence where all of us lived as young teenagers, where Mom's house was. I'm in the house, and I'm aware that other family members are there, but I'm not really seeing them. I'm just aware that they're there. There was a sliding glass door that faced the West, and it looked out into a small pasture, or meadow-like area in front of our barn. Suddenly, something catches my eye, so I look closer, and it looks like your standard UFO going over at about treetop level.

"When I see this, I go rushing out the door. The craft is not very big--it looks like just a small landing-craft. It continues flying northerly, toward our pond. Like an idiot, I just stand there in the pasture, watching . . . and as it reaches the pond, it stops. It's daylight--right around dusk-- so I can see it clearly.

"Suddenly, it starts moving back toward me, and I panic, thinking that it's seen me, so I bolt for the house. I yell to my family to start locking the doors and windows, because we're being invaded. I finally get inside the house, turn around to look out the door again, and see that the craft has landed and some aliens are getting out. The aliens are humanoid, kind of small. They have an almost flowing-type movement--not jointed like a human, but more loose. I realize that we're in trouble, because I know there is nothing we can do to keep them out.

"All at once, these creatures are inside the house--and although this sounds crazy--my family and I are frozen in place. One of the entities starts approaching me, and I have such a feeling of dread. I don't want it to touch me, but it's getting closer . . . and my eyes fixate on its hand as it reaches out toward me. The hand is so long-fingered! I think, 'Don't touch me!' even as its hand comes near. And then I hear in my head this thought from the creature, 'This is how we breed.'"

John then asked about the second dream I'd recalled. While this didn't carry with it the intensity of feeling the first one had, I felt I should describe it also, in case it contained hidden

information that would be useful in ferreting out answers.

"In this dream, I'm at the same residence. I'm out in the front yard, and there's a flyover of what appears to be military helicopters. They fly across the street in an east direction, to an area where there is another pond on some neighboring land. There is a large quantity of ducks on the pond, and as the helicopters pass over the water, they drop off these hairy, apelike alien creatures (like Bigfoot). The ducks panic when the aliens land, and start running across the highway in front of our house. I run out to the highway to try to divert the traffic on the road, to prevent the ducks from being crushed. One car pulls over, and the driver--a lady--gets out and asks me what's causing the ducks to panic. I tell her about the helicopters and the aliens.

"Then there's a horrible 'roaring' sound from the direction of the pond, and these apelike aliens start pouring forth. As they capture all of us, I discover that the military and the government have made a pact with these creatures. Basically, they have agreed to let the aliens have a part of the world, in exchange for subduing it, and the government and the military will have a co-control."

As the preliminary interview drew to a close, John asked the question I had been both dreading and expecting, "Knowing that you've had some kind of memory lapse, what do you expect will come out of all this?" It was a question I had already asked myself--and I still had no real concrete answer to it. I replied to him, "I've analyzed that a lot, and I really don't know what to expect. I'm afraid of not breaking through that blank space. And I've been a skeptic on the idea of aliens and interaction with humans. If something like that were to come out during this, I'd have to do a lot of rethinking."

HYPNOSIS SESSIONS

Lynne: April 25, 1992
Frances: May 3, 1992
Springfield, Missouri

Although the hypnosis sessions were conducted independently, they have been combined to show the corroborating parallels between the two testimonies. No sharing of memories recalled under hypnosis occurred until both sessions were completed. What follows are excerpts from the actual transcripts of those sessions: John: (Hypnosis has been induced and the subject's memory has been returned to the time of the event.) You're in the car next to your mother. What are you wearing, and can you picture the car?

Lynne: I've got on blue jeans. It's a white car with a red interior.

Frances: It was not my favorite car. I thought it looked boxy.

John: . . . and you're going down the hill, and you can see your turn. Describe what you notice as you look out, anything that you notice . . .

Lynne: Well, I can see a car . . . it only has a driver in it. There are no passengers. I think it's a guy who's driving. He's kind of got a weird look . . . like he's seeing something . . . like he's shocked or something.

Frances: I see a car . . . I don't know if I thought he'd hit me, or I'd hit him . . . I see a light flash, off and on . . . He said something I couldn't hear.

John: And what do you do, as you notice the car? Feel the car, and remember . . .

Lynne: (At this point, I broke out of hypnosis. I opened my eyes and sat up.) (Expelled breath) . . . (Nervous laugh) . . . Ooh . . . That was weird!

John: (Calming the subject) . . . Relax, just relax . . . (Re-induced hypnotic state) . . . Just be like a camera and report the images . .

Lynne: (Nervous laughter) . . . The car . . . went forward . . . and up!

Frances: . . . The car . . . moving so fast . . . I moved so fast!

John: . . . and if you were to look at your mother right now, what is she doing? How does she seem"

Lynne: She's . . . not doing anything . . . just sitting there. I can see her hands on the wheel, but she's not driving it.

Frances: . . . The car was moving so fast, I couldn't control it . . . Didn't seem to need to . . . John: . . . At this point, you may have said something to each other, or perhaps not . . . but you can hear clearly anything that you might be able to hear, any sound . . .

Lynne: I don't really hear any talking.

Frances: I don't . . . I don't hear anything.

John: . . . Notice what happens next . . . if anything changes . . .

Lynne: Um, it's kind of an odd thing. I can kinda . . . for some reason, I can see Mom and me standing . . . like, Mom's here, and I'm here (accompanied by hand motions).

Frances: I'm standing.

John: Do you see your car at this point?

Lynne: Uhhh . . . (Nervous laugh) . . . I don't really see the car.

Frances: No.

John: Notice, as you're standing there . . . look and see if you can tell what your feet are touching, or what's right around you.

Lynne: It's a solid floor of some kind, just kinda gray. There's a gray wall in front, probably ten feet away. There are no windows. No dividing line where the wall meets the floor. It's not angular. It just kinda looks molded . . . It's not a normal room . . .

Frances: It's in a . . . like a circle. Silvery . . . I see a door . . .

John: . . . Now that you're seeing more, you can really tune it in . . . You'll be even more alert to see everything around you, and to notice all that happens . . .

Lynne: I get a feeling of movement . . . the focal point seems to be real limited . . . I'm moving, but not walking . . . It's like a conveyor belt . . . I don't see Mom. I don't know . . . someone else may be with me . . .

Frances: I don't see (my daughter) yet. (Pause) . . . Um, a figure . . . That . . . There's (my daughter)! There she is! A long way away . . . there were four . . . but it was so far away, I couldn't tell who . . . a long corridor . . . (My daughter) is with them. They're all in stride, even the short one. Two are about her height (5'6"). She didn't scream.

John: Okay, and now you can . . . If it's hard to look at, you can just take a peek and freeze it, like a snapshot. Take a quick, safe peek, and describe all that you can notice about them

Lynne: . . . Clothed in silver, no defining line at the waist, form-fitting and skin-tight. Like a body suit. No hair, a bald head . . . rounded, not human-shaped. Bigger head with large brain area, smaller neck. The outfit (it's wearing) has a turtleneck. Suit seems to continue down, covering the feet. Hand is definitely not human. (Nervous laugh) . . . Um, let's see. It's . . . longer fingered. I can see an opposable thumb, but I don't think it has the same number of fingers (as humans). It kind of curled its hand when it reached out. It's face . . . is kind of odd. It's really flat on the bottom--like it's wearing a mask. There's a bulge in the forehead region. I'm not seeing eyes right now. It's like the forehead kind of bulges up and out. And the rest of the face is flat and narrowed down, very sharp. It's a helmet . . . I see a visor . . . like a motorcycle helmet. No ears . . . Long sleeved outfit . . .

Frances: . . . Two arms, two legs . . . (Laugh) . . . Uh, they don't have heads like people have heads. Like a mask . . . faceplate . . . faceplate. Head shape is ovoid. Faceplate . . . reflective, plastic-looking. Curved across the face. They do have eyes . . . like big sunglasses. (I wear sunglasses; doesn't everybody?) Don't see hair. Hands are bony-looking, long-fingered . . . I didn't count 'em. Sensation of pale blue form-fitting outfit with long sleeves. No belt around the middle. I didn't see any ears.

John: Okay, watch and see how the scene changes. What is it that you

do . . . or what changes the scene in some way?

Lynne: I see Mom again. There's a scene shift . . . a different place. I see . . . I keep wanting to talk to her. I want so badly to get a response from her. She's standing on something black. It's strange . . . I keep getting this idea of . . . almost like a tube. She's in it . . . she's standing there so quiet . . . It's a clear tube, just big enough for her to fit it--like a one-person size. There's a...like a "Command" area here . . . like an instrument panel. It has a smooth top, like glass or something clear. I can see an array of something in that area. I see a "flash" of the back of one of the entities working the controls there. It bothers me . . . I think it's doing something that pertains to Mom.

Frances: (My daughter's) here, behind me. We're in this room together. Makes me think of a submarine. It's got . . . instruments . . . dials and a thing in the middle . . . like a periscope . . . a shaft, big, heavy. I see readouts, but I can't read 'em. Like computer . . . monitor. Old, scribed writing. I'm under this periscope-thing. Like it was open . . . something to do with the opening. They told me to do something. I wanted (my daughter), and I did something . . . something with this periscope-thing.

John: All right. Move forward in time to a point where you see something different. Notice all that you can tell, and when something changes. What's the first thing you notice happening differently?

Lynne: Hmm . . . I see us standing on grass! That's the first color I've seen. That's kind of nice! I've actually got some green! My vision is circumscribed, though . . . very, very inhibited. I see the grass and us, but it's like . . . there's no vision out there . . . no peripheral vision, or something.

Frances: We're out . . . back on the ground.

John: I wonder how you got to the grass? Move back just one step in time, back up slowly . . . and see how you got to the grass . . .

Lynne: I had a feeling of movement at a diagonal . . . like an invisible escalator. A hatch opened up . . . and then that feeling of the invisible escalator. Looking up, I see something circular, spherical. I get the impression of a silver color again, and toward the outer edges there's an indentation, or a fluted area. It's hovering; it's not moving. There's something else in the center--a shape that's moving. It doesn't stay constant. It's a fluctuating, changing geometrical shape--seems to be moving counterclockwise.

Frances: It's like that thing was open . . . like a porthole . . . an iris. I slid back into myself. We stood under the craft.

John: Moving ahead in time, how does that image change?

Lynne: I see the car on the side of the road, not very far away . . . not even a couple hundred feet, maybe, or even closer. We walk toward the car and get into it, and drive away. I see the craft leave. It takes off fast, straight up and then toward the left.

Frances: The bottom closes up, and then I'm in the car. The craft is up, up. It's going away. Like . . . it goes straight up. And I see it going away.

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UNITED KINGDOM UFO NETWORK

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