



JAR 9

July 2010

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Articles this issue



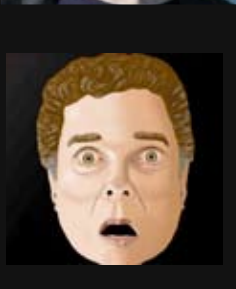
The (Exo)politics of the contactee phenomena

By Stephen Bassett Are the abductions blocking Disclosure? Can we anticipate that public disclosure of alien abductions, and public disclosure of clandestine US government dealings with abductees (milabs) would be so explosive as to make Disclosure impossible? Will abductees come "out of the closet" *en masse* and organize politically to defend their rights? [\[Click here\]](#) Page 5



Exopolitics? It needs to change By Andrew

Hennessey "If Exopolitics does not get a pro-human agenda soon, it could be labeled a multinational smokescreen for the industrial profiteers and negative alien farmers." Has Exopolitics sold out the abductees? Read this searing indictment by abductee Andrew Hennessey. [\[Click here\]](#) Page 7



How the grey aliens trapped the Air Force and used Roy Wells as bait by Elaine Douglass

According to the US Air Force, Roy Wells wouldn't remember how the aliens picked him and his wife up one night in 2009 and turned them over to the Air Force. And he wouldn't remember being displayed naked on a stage as one of the Air Force's pet mind control zombies. But he did. And it was the greys who caused Roy to remember. What does that tell you? [\[Click here\]](#) Page 8



Candy Jones naked on a stage at the CIA by Elaine

Douglass Beauty queen Candy Jones was another pet zombie. In 1971 she was displayed naked on a stage at the CIA. These deep black programs have been going on a long time. Read a few of the right books and you'll see the whole nauseating tableau. An impediment to Disclosure? You bet. But that's the least of it. [\[Click here\]](#) Page 10



Book Reviews by Deirdre O'Lavery

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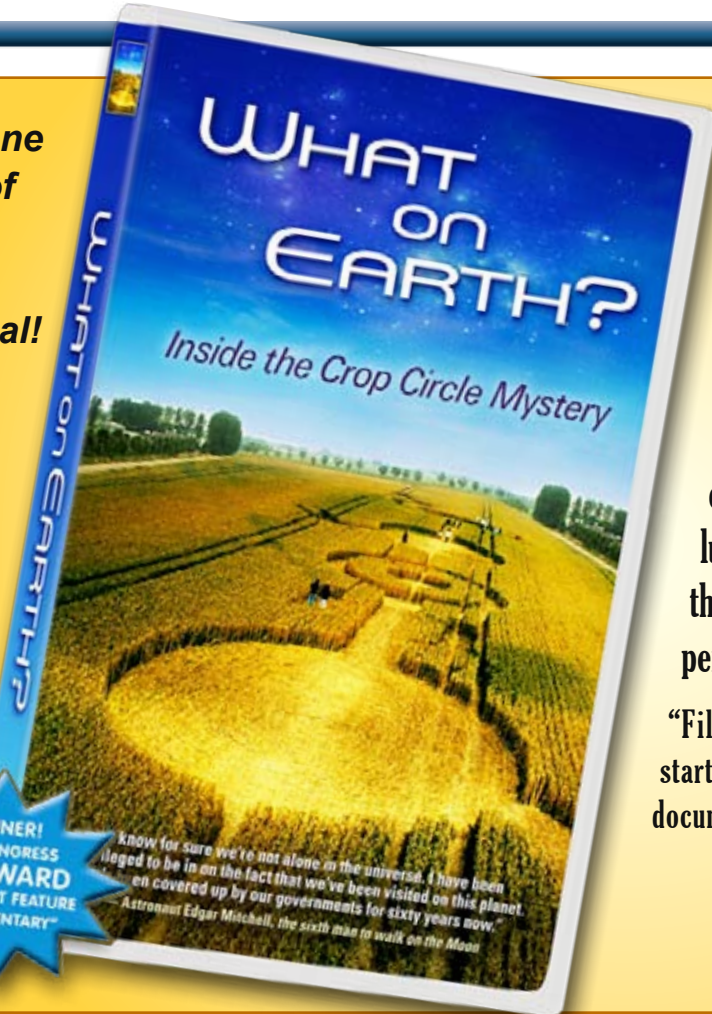
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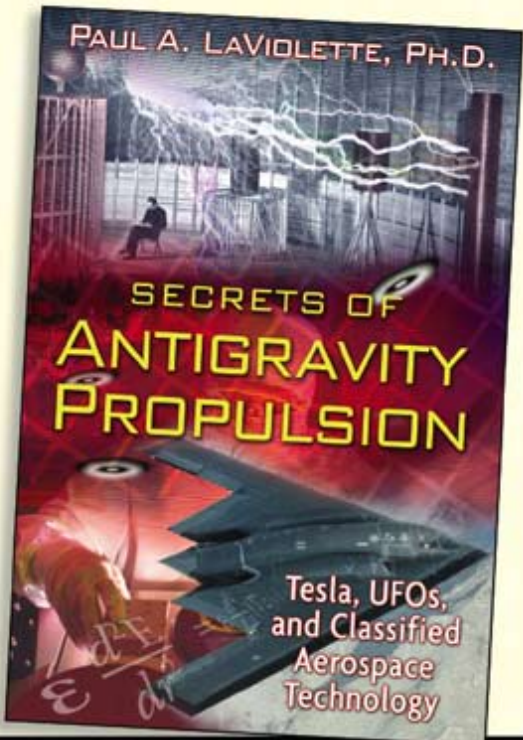
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In *Secrets of Antigravity Propulsion*, physicist Paul LaViolette explains the secret history of antigravity experimentation, including gravity-control technologies capable of revolutionizing air travel and energy production. He reveals classified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

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JAR THANKS!!



Author and experiencer Kay Wilson for a \$100 contribution to JAR. Download free Kay's latest book at www.alienjigsaw.com.



Cartoonist/caricaturist Dennis Rano, aka Drano, aka D.Rano, aka "extremely talented," who specializes in caricatures of ufologists, for his fetching drawing on page 5 of this issue of JAR. Drano's site, www.theufologists.com, has scores of drawings of UFO personalities, dead and alive. Dennis's had 3 UFO sightings and he is a member of Mufon.

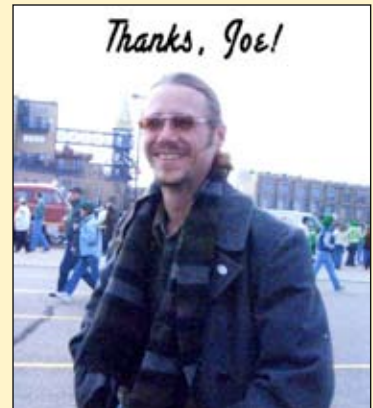
Thanks to Bill Jones, Mufon state director Ohio, for sending the JAR Preview to his list of Mufonites and for telling them JAR is a good magazine.



Capt. Robert Durant, retired airline pilot, Roswell researcher, and reader of JAR for a \$50 contribution to JAR.



Mike Clelland, professional illustrator and mountain guide for his great drawing on page 22 of this issue of JAR. He has illustrated 25 books on the outdoors and most recently, the drawings for the late Mac Tonnies' book *The Cryptoterrestrials*. Mike's site is littleboingmarks.blogspot.com. Mike has also had "curious life experiences" he writes about in his blog at hiddenexperience.blogspot.com.



Researcher Joe Fex for a \$100 contribution to JAR.



Artist Bill Burt, proprietor of Tall Dwarf Graphics, for his amazing pictures on pages 8 & 10 of this issue of JAR. Bill's art has been made into T-shirts, magazine and book illustrations, and posters. His work on themes of dark fantasy and sci-fi were distributed widely through the San Francisco Con Art shows. Bill's interest in UFOs led to distribution on Don Ledger's Shag Harbor UFO products. Also for K. Wilson's e-books and the ICAR site, www.icar1.com. Bill is ICAR state director for Wisc. for 4 years. Reach Bill at icarcasereports@yahoo.com.

Thanks to Keith Rowell, Mufon assistant state director Oregon, for recommending Deirdre O'Lavery to JAR. Deirdre is JAR's newest editor and our webmaster.

The (Exo)politics* of the contactee phenomena

By Stephen Bassett

prg@paradignresearchgroup.org

“Contact is not just another ufological theory to be debated indefinitely at the leisure of interested parties. It is not about dead cattle, art work in wheat fields, lights in the sky or artifacts on Mars. It’s about the lives of countless people caught between two worlds with little support and no user manual.”

This brief white paper will attempt to address some, but by no means all, political factors relating to a very controversial subject—human extraterrestrial contact.

The political implications of such contact reports are significant, if they are true, which is the view of this author. While the

assessment of contactee events is based on a narrow spectrum of evidence overwhelmingly consisting of first hand testimony, the sheer size of this first hand testimony is compelling—tens of thousands of reports which convey a statistical bell curve of logically consistent accounts.

Further, the contactee phenomenon is part of a larger issue—the presence of a non-human intelligence(s) engaging the human race—which has been intentionally placed under embargo as a matter of state policy. This has resulted in a multi-institutional failure to properly address the phenomenon and created space for ludicrous explanations from skeptics. Consequently, the process toward understanding and consensus has been awkward and often demeaning.



(Steve Bassett as conceived by Dennis Rano)

This is not just another ufological theory to be debated indefinitely at the leisure of interested parties. It is not about dead cattle, art work in wheat fields, lights in the sky or artifacts on Mars. It’s about the lives of countless people caught between two worlds with little support and no user manual.

It is a human condition dilemma with ongoing consequences.

Unknown thousands of human beings are involved.

Often their entire lives have been shaped by their contact. Many are fully closeted about these experiences unable to tell even their own family members. Parents must deal with their children’s involvement.

Their own government denies the basis for their experiences (in this regard there is a strong parallel to early HIV victims). All this is further exacerbated by the usually covert nature of the phenomena as conducted by the alien beings—remote area, middle of the night, suppressed memories, “turning off” others present, such as spouse, etc. This is a scenario only a science fiction writer could conceive, but it’s not fiction.

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Meet JAR's two new editors



Deirdre O'Lavery is an editor of JAR and JAR's new webmaster. A graphic designer, Deirdre works in web and print media, a career she thoroughly enjoys. Her interest in ufology and the abduction

Janet Sailor

is a professional graphic designer, an editor of JAR, and a promoter of conferences on UFOs and the paranormal. She has been in the printing and publishing industry since 1965, first with the Univ. of Chicago Press and then with her own company beginning in 1970. Access Media produces everything from logos and billboards to newspapers, magazines and websites. Sailor is also a freelance writer, editor and multi-media reporter, as well as an award-winning photographer. She lives in Angel Fire, NM, where she is an active member of her community, both professionally and politically. In 2008, her lifelong interest UFOs, spirituality and other areas of the unexplained led her to found the Alliance Studying Paranormal Experiences (ASPE), (www.aspefiles.org) a non-profit corporation which hosts an annual

phenomenon began in her youth when she discovered books on the Roswell case and the abduction of Betty and Barney Hill at her grade-school library. Deirdre is a life-long experiencer of high-strangeness, and it is her search for answers that prompted her to become active in ufology. She runs her own website, "The Interstellar Housewife," which takes an often humorous look at ufology while still incorporating more serious discussion from time to time. Skeptical by nature, Deirdre insists she is not a debunker and seeks only to find tangible evidence and credible reports to support claims. Along with "Interstellar Housewife," Deirdre's writing can also be found on the UFO Magazine blog, as well as on Regan Lee's "Women of Esoterica" site. See: <http://www.interstellarhousewife.com/> <http://ufomagazine.squarespace.com/> <http://womensesoterica.blogspot.com/>



Symposium and Film Festival in Angel Fire, as well as periodic smaller events presenting and discussing various aspects of paranormal phenomena. This year's ASPE symposium will be Sept. 9-12, in scenic Angel Fire, NM (See ad page 20).

Exopolitics? It needs to change

By Andrew Hennessey
scottishatlantis@yahoo.com

“Whereas the stated aim of Exopolitics is to promote ‘healing, forgiveness and reconciliation,’ it clearly cannot get the negative aliens to stop behaving like racist demonic bio-lab research farmers in the now.”

In the year 2000, during a period of alien encounters in my life that came on like some bad B Movie, I was of the strong opinion there should be some human agency—like Exopolitics!—that would debrief me of the knowledge I had acquired in “creative” sessions with an alien interface.

I was being stalked by a shape-shifting alien alleged princess and an extraordinary hybrid entity manifestation, accompanied by enticements to leave with these beings. On my declining the offer, an incredible and spiritually brutal barrage of strange and extraordinary events followed.

Particularly unpleasant was the hybrid lady



materializing a small portal through which flooded a room full of glowing 12-inch triangular larvae that looked like flying flounder fish. Clearly, the aliens do surreal very well indeed.

There needed to be some sort of agency. . .

In those days I was in deep trouble from alien encounters; they threatened to tear my existence apart. I knew in my heart others were too, and there needed to be some sort of agency that would collate our extraordinary claims and perhaps match up some of the evidence collected.

I was attracted to Exopolitics through the works of
([Click here to continue](#) on page 17)

ANDREW HENNESSEY, born 1957, Edinburgh, Scotland, has been interested in the UFO phenomenon from an early age, having had many encounters. See his free ebook, *The Turning of the Tide*, at <http://www.andrewhennessey.co.uk/turningv6.pdf>. He has been involved in radio, e.g. Jeff Rense and Nightsearch, and his work has been featured on the Discovery and History TV channels. His alien farming theories, www.Xenopolitics.com, have been published in books and articles. See also *Escape from Earth*, <http://www.andrewhennessey.co.uk/escape.htm>. He operates a Tour in his native Scotland (www.StargateEdinburghTours.com), which draws from extensive folklore and archaeological records suggesting an ongoing alien/faerie presence under the city of Edinburgh and its environs.

Andrew was instrumental in bringing an alleged alien base at Gorebridge, near Edinburgh, to light. The extraordinary nature of the reported activity there appears to interest covert human and alien elements, including MiB. See <http://www.youtube.com/outshore>. For witness accounts, search for Gorebridge on <http://www.offtheplanet.blogspot.com>. See also footage of Jackie Gillies at <http://www.youtube.com/skywatcherscotland>. Also, several recent Gorebridge witnesses now report on the facebook site “EdinburghUFO.”

Andrew is also a professional musician, storyteller and colorist and has recently re-invented tartan as Startan. See www.scottishandrew.com for more.



How the grey aliens trapped the Air Force and used Roy Wells as bait

By Elaine Douglass edouglass@frontier.com

([Click here to continue](#) on next page)



**“It’s not
science fiction—
it’s what we do every
day”**

—latest AF recruiting slogan

The author gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Vince Omni, Kay Wilson, Deidre O’Lavery and Roy Wells in preparation of this article.

This article is about an abductee who’s also the subject of a secret US Air Force mind control program. JAR doesn’t know the whole story but we got a good snapshot from what the abductee—we’re calling him Roy Wells—remembers that happened May 19 of last year. On that date, the aliens picked up Roy and his wife and turned them over to the Air Force for the night.

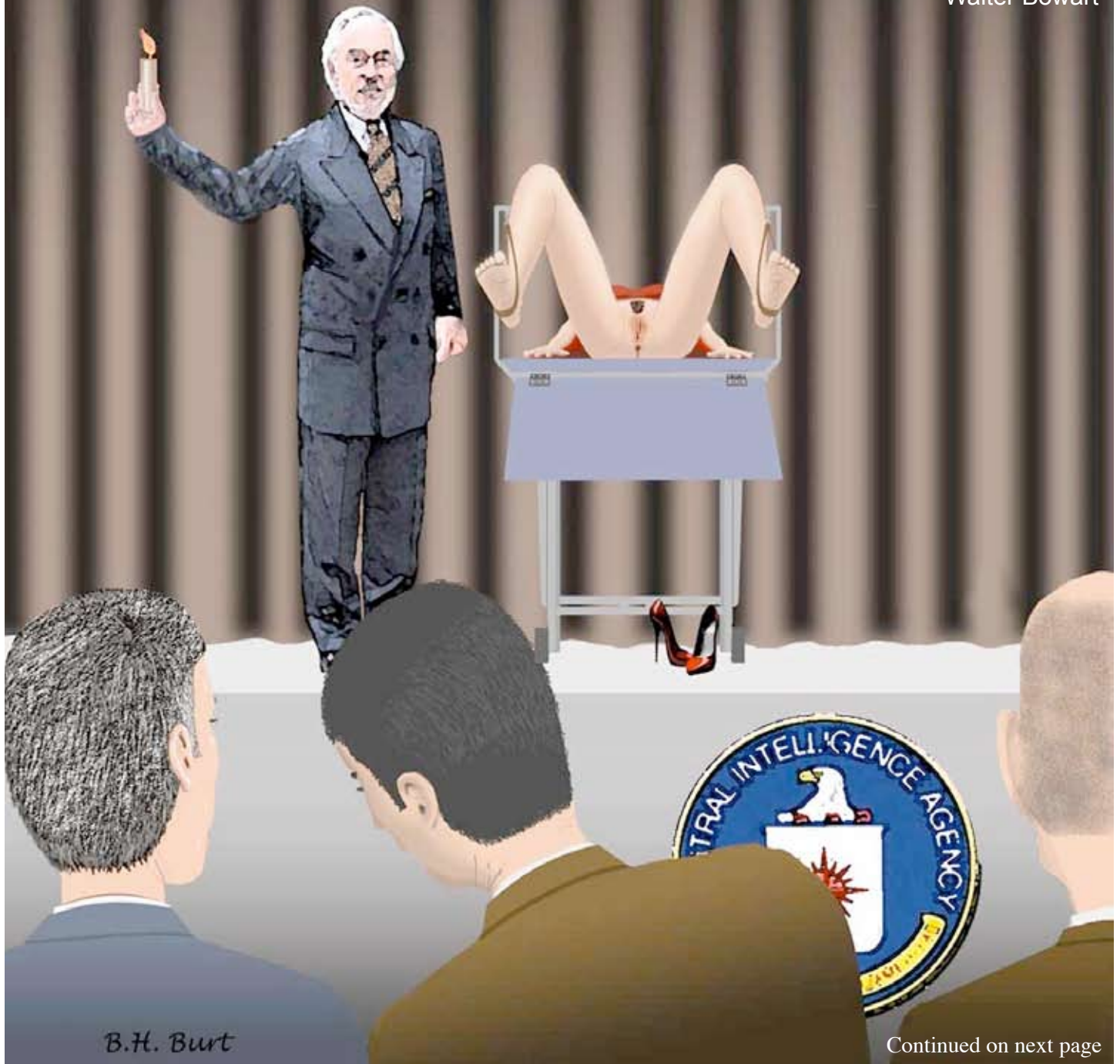
The Air Force exhibited Roy and his wife naked on a stage in front of a large group of military officers as an example of the power of mind control. They, the Air Force, said over a loudspeaker that Roy and his wife would remember none of this, but Roy did. He remembered lots of it and it looks like the aliens rigged it so Roy would. I have an idea why the aliens did that.

[Click here to continue on page 21\)](#)

Candy Jones naked on a stage at the CIA

She was taken to an amphitheater where more than two dozen CIA men were gathered to witness a performance of Dr. Jensen's stable of zombies. In a deep hypnotic trance, she was made to lie naked on a table. The table was wheeled before the CIA audience. To demonstrate his complete control over the prone, disrobed figure of Candy Jones, Dr. Jensen lit a candle. . .then shoved the burning candle deep into her vagina.

—Walter Bowart



Continued on next page

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Long John Nebel



Candy Jones



Arlene Grant, Candy's "alter"

[Click here to listen](#) to an audio of an original Long John radio program from the 1960s at the UFO Chronicles website.

by Elaine Douglass
edouglass@frontier.com

Old timers in ufology will remember New York City radio personality "Long John" Nebel. His popular late night talk show on WOR, WNBC and WMCA delved regularly into the subject of UFOs. With a radio career that spanned the 1950s to the 1970s, Long John Nebel was truly the Art Bell of his day.

In 1972 Nebel married the beautiful Candy Jones, model, owner of a modeling agency, book author, Broadway and USO performer, and one of the most popular pin up girls of World War II and the 1950s. And it was lucky for Candy she married Nebel, because if she hadn't she would have been dead.

The CIA psychiatrist who secretly controlled Candy for 12 years had hypno-programmed her to commit suicide at the very time she married John Nebel. Socially isolated for years, the marriage pulled Candy in a new and positive direction and enabled her to partly break the psychiatrist's hold on her. She did not carry out the instructions to kill herself.

Like Roy Wells, like Candy Jones

The story of what had happened to Candy Jones is told in the 1976 book, *The CIA's Control of Candy Jones*, by Donald Bain. Bain, who is still alive

although Candy Jones and John Nebel are dead, was an intimate friend of Nebel's. As the story of Candy's CIA ordeal unfolded after the marriage, Nebel brought in professional writer Don Bain and entrusted him with hundreds of tapes Nebel had recorded of his wife under hypnosis. Bain is the author of more than 100 books (see www.donaldbain.com), including a 1974 biography of Nebel.

My purpose here is not to go over the Candy Jones story in detail. I bring up Candy because of one particular incident. She, like Roy Wells (as described in the accompanying article in *JAR*), was displayed naked on a stage at a US government facility in order to demonstrate the power of mind control to a group of government employees.

Is the story true?

Is the story of Candy Jones, as told by herself, Bain and Nebel, true? Other investigators, including Martin Cannon, Walter Bowart, John Marks and Colin Ross, MD, have delved into this case and they take it seriously.

Cannon, in his 1997 monograph, "The Controllers:

[\(Click here to continue](#) on page 42)

Experiencer: Raised in Two Worlds

By William J. Konkolesky

PB; 125 pages; 2009; \$12.95 on Amazon

Experiencer: Raised in Two Worlds, is the first book by author and Michigan MUFON State Director, William “Bill” Konkolesky. The book details the author’s history of life-long visitations by ‘alien’ beings, some of which Konkolesky describes as real, physical experiences, more of which he believes took place on the *astral plane*.

The childhood experiences began as playful and thoughtful visitations by these strange creatures, but as Konkolesky grew older he notes the beings were less patient and lacked the comforting touch and kindness he had experienced as a boy.

Eventually, the gradual change in the visitors’ demeanor became ‘cold’ enough to cause him alarm. In his latter teens, he booby-trapped his room with an elaborate obstacle course in an attempt to deter or frustrate the visitors into finally giving up. He soon found such methods only brought more hardship on him when the visitors eventually made contact again.



From the start, one thing I liked is Konkolesky makes no claim the visitors are extraterrestrial, acknowledging the possibility they could just as well be from some place “else”—a higher dimension, a different plane of existence, possibly even our own planet, as ‘cryptoterrestrials.’ While this theory is considered controversial in the often rigid field of ufology, Konkolesky stands by his argument, and I agree with him. We simply do not know where these beings come from. This feature of the book may disappoint both armchair and field ufologists looking for additional experiencer testimony to support the extraterrestrial hypothesis.

Perhaps one reason the author questions the ET hypothesis is the quantity of astral, or, out-of-body contacts he reports, for example, the following, recalled to the author’s memory during an hypnosis session in 1993:

I felt a presence ‘push’ into my room. It was two short grays. They didn’t walk through the door but rather sailed swiftly through the walls and stopped just short of my bed. As I intentionally went to sleep that night with my lights on, I clearly saw them staring at me with their large expectant eyes. I tried to jump back away from them but found myself paralyzed and tingling.

They calmly held their ground while I began to slowly levitate up and out of my body against my will. Not wanting to look at them, I focused my attention toward my listless body. As unsettling as it was to have two grays alongside me, I realized staring face to face with myself as though I’d just died wasn’t much better.

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Mosaic of the Extraterrestrial Experience

By November Hanson

E-Book; 69 pages; 2010

Free at: [Int'l Community for Alien Research \(ICAR\)](http://www.icar1.com)

<http://www.icar1.com>

November Hanson's *Mosaic of the Extraterrestrial Experience* is a short E-Book based on the results of a grey abduction [questionnaire](#) on the website of ICAR, the International Community for Alien Research (not to be confused with David Jacobs' ICAR). Filled out by 50 contactees/abductees, the purpose was to provide a deeper insight into the abduction phenomena. Hanson has studied ET phenomena for over a decade, is a co-founder of *ICAR*, and host of "Voice of the People," a paranormal, science, and spiritual program on the *Paranormal Radio Network*.

Initially, I was concerned *Mosaic* would be another black and white chronicle of 'alien' abductions. However, I found myself pleasantly surprised by the author's unwillingness to latch on to just *one* idea. Instead, throughout she provides the reader with a number of possible explanations and theories beyond the standard 'the greys are breeding hybrids' theory. She does often use the term "extraterrestrial," but I think it was just for lack of a more neutral label that would be understood by most. Or perhaps it was out of respect for those abductees who do believe the abductors are extraterrestrial in nature.

Mercifully, the author has broken her chapters into short & sweet paragraphs. No daunting 2000 character blocks of text without a break here!

On a few occasions I did find the author projecting human emotions and reasoning onto the abductors, and I had some problems with that. While she does state we are dealing with a "species" of unknown origin, she also believes it is a species with feelings and emotions not "grossly unlike humans." I don't believe we should look at a possible alien civilization



through anthropomorphic eyes. An extraterrestrial civilization is likely very alien; we cannot assume they would act like us, manifest the same emotions, or have the same concepts of right and wrong.

One interesting chapter dealt with the way the abductee is removed from her/his environment. She writes that 74 percent of questionnaire respondents described being drawn through solid objects. Hanson thinks the abductors may be utilizing a technology that rearranges the molecules of solid objects allowing one physical object to pass through another. I wonder if there isn't a more *Ockam's Razor*-ish

approach to this.

What if abductees aren't physically removed from their location, but instead only their consciousness is taken—a *la out-of-body* travel. Preposterous? Maybe, in cases where physical marks are left over from abductions, but to help support this other possibility of 'astral' abduction, there were a few intriguing questionnaire responses.

One individual reported the movement through a solid object "felt like my soul being pulled through

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Is contact influencing disclosure?

Contact is the most radioactive aspect of the most radioactive issue in the world today. While the reality of human/alien contact is a near certainty, research into the nature of the phenomenon has raised some problematic concerns. How problematic? Consider these:

- 1) A certain percentage of human/alien contact is invasive, coerced, painful, terrifying and accompanied by memory manipulation, injuries, body markings, implanted devices, implanted fetuses, and aborted pregnancies.
- 2) Contactee accounts suggest aliens are creating a large pool of first, second and third generation human/alien hybrids bred for purposes unknown. Researcher Dr. David Jacobs, among others, believes this is a prelude to some type of colonization program.
- 3) Some contact events allude to the presence of humans in military uniforms alongside alien entities, and some contactees believe some of the events they have experienced have been carried out in full by US military-intelligence personnel. It has been asserted this may be part of a clandestine effort by a military service or government agency to learn about the alien agenda, even to the extent of creating false abductions.
- 4) Some researchers have suggested agreements of one form or another were entered into between the US Government and extraterrestrial entities in which technology was traded for noninterference with contactee events.
- 5) Some contactees report receiving messages regarding pending catastrophic events and social breakdown. Some receive these messages in person while others receive them via a psychic process without direct contact. US Government awareness of such events is sometimes implied.
- 6) Some contact is alleged to take place within underground facilities with the implication these facilities are human in origin with alien involvement or alien bases unknown and/or inaccessible to agents of the US Government.

The categories of events described above are not rare, and a case could be made that should any

two of them be true, then Disclosure** by the US Government is impossible. The social contract could not survive such revelations and no mea culpa could assuage the public's rage. Is the contact phenomena playing a key role in the internal, formal decision-making process regarding Disclosure—go, no go? This is the most important political implication of the contactee phenomena.

USG secrecy isolates contactees

This is human dilemma with a degree of difficulty that calls for the application of the best minds available to investigate, debate and manifest solutions with ample resources to implement those solutions. But the truth embargo*** has ensured that cannot happen.

As regards full engagement of this phenomenon, under the embargo colleges will not teach it, universities will not research it, the press will not properly cover it, granting institutions will not fund it. Congress will not investigate it, and the executive branch will not comment on it.

Under the truth embargo colleges will not teach about contact, universities will not research it, the press will not properly cover it, granting institutions will not fund it, Congress will not investigate it, and the executive branch will not comment on it.

Joseph Heller became a writing legend with a book about the fundamentally paradoxical nature of war. The 20th century provided a plethora of examples of government policies rife with paradox. The truth embargo regarding an extraterrestrial presence is no exception.

If humans are involved in uninvited contact with non-humans—entities which are clearly not gods, crash their vehicles, die of injuries, and make mistakes—then the formal acknowledgement of this circumstance by the state coupled with systemic efforts to assist these people, including preventive measures, would seem to be the best available remedy.

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However, as stated above, the very reality of these events may prevent Disclosure from taking place—a catch 22.

Contact is the most radioactive aspect of the most radioactive issue in the world today.

Will contactees take political action?

The social/political status of contactees today strongly parallels the status of HIV sufferers between 1980 and 1985. At that time gay Americans, many of whom were closeted against societal condemnation or ridicule, were confronted with an emerging medical crisis. The US Government, their government, refused to acknowledge there was a crisis, hold Congressional hearings, or provide adequate funding for research. President Ronald Reagan, who took office Jan. 20, 1981, did not mention the issue publicly until September of 1985.

During those years gay Americans reached into their own pockets to hire doctors, open clinics and raise public awareness. Fortunately, a breakthrough occurred when legendary Hollywood star Elizabeth Taylor, shocked by the death of her friend Rock Hudson, publicly spoke out on the issue, opened her check book and held a funding event which raised \$1.3 million, and launched amFar, now the Foundation for AIDS Research. The spell was broken and other Hollywood celebrities came forward.

More importantly, the crisis politicized the gay community and prompted a great many gay citizens to come out of the closet and organize. Within a few years this community was well on its way to becoming a major political force in America.

Since the mid-1990s contactees have reached into their own pockets to examine the phenomenon, increasingly spoken publicly of their experiences, written books, published websites and formed organizations. The number of closeted contactees is not known, but could be substantial. Will greater numbers begin to “come out,” organize and exert their collective political will? This is the second most important political implication of the contactee

phenomenon.

(It should be added here that in six decades the UFO/ET research/activist effort has yet to find its Elizabeth Taylor.)

Some contact experiences are elevating

While there is much to be concerned about within the contactee reports being collected around the world, for many contactees the experiences are positive. Some who have a first encounter with non-human intelligent beings undergo a life change not dissimilar to the “near death” experiences. Some claim to receive messages about a new era for the human race which includes assistance from off-world civilizations, participation in off-world political alliances, access to extraordinary new technology, travel to the stars, a world without war, enhanced mental powers, and more. No one has described this aspect of the phenomena better than Harvard-trained psychiatrist, the late Dr. John Mack.

This potential for positive outcomes has played a significant role in attracting support for the Disclosure process. It could also be the swing factor in the internal governmental debate. These positive contactee accounts are the third most important political implication.

Is the contact phenomena playing a role in the internal decision-making process regarding Disclosure? This is the most important political implication of the contactee phenomena.

Is the USG secretly contacting contactees?

The dichotomy between “good aliens and bad aliens,” between the “dark side and the light” which has emerged since bestselling books by Budd Hopkins and Whitley Strieber inserted the contact issue into the public arena, is perhaps the primary question to be resolved. What is the true nature and intentions of these beings?

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(Continued from page 15)

Until there is open, formal contact the only source of information to assess the so called “alien agenda,” is the first-hand testimony of contactees.

Whatever the alien agenda, there is a very serious exopolitical question awaiting answers regarding the human agenda. As mentioned above, there is evidence some contactees are recalling humans in military

Will greater numbers of contactees begin to “come out,” organize and exert their collective political will? This is the second most important political implication of the contactee phenomenon.

uniforms present during contact, usually abduction, events.

If true, the truth embargo would once again have grotesquely distorted government actions and policies and created another blow to the social contract. Sadly, this possible scenario is not out of the question. Since the early 1960s abuses of power and secrecy on the part of the US government have become epidemic. National security has been a catchall rationale to justify all manner of covert actions. The possibility of military and intelligence operatives creating fake contact events to cull information is the forth most important political implication of the contact phenomena.

Contact at interface of two worlds

In summary, an unknown number of human beings, many American citizens, are at this moment living at the interface between two worlds, two paradigms. The government refuses to address their circumstance and denies the existence of non-human intelligence engaging the human race.

Mainstream academia has made almost no effort to examine the phenomena with the exception of Harvard, which has attempted to “de-Mackify” the school by trotting out other psychology professors to claim it can all be explained by sleep paralysis.

Meanwhile, the directors and producers of

television programs, films, computer games and advertisements frequently incorporate the contact/abduction scenario, often in humorous fashion, without considering the human reality.

At this time the who, what, when and why of this phenomenon awaits answers that may come only on the other side of Disclosure. The way there requires more than the science of ufology. It requires the political engagement of government policies of denial, containment and interference which are preventing resolution of the most important issue in human history.

Footnotes

**Exopolitics* (exopolitical science)—a field of study encompassing every aspect of the political and social implications of the UFO/ET issue.

***Disclosure* (capitalized)—the formal acknowledgement of a non-human intelligence engaging the human race by world governments. This does not refer to a process, but to an event.

****Truth embargo*—a policy initiated by the US Government with the cooperation of its WWII allies to withhold from their citizens the truth of a non-human intelligence engaging the human race.



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Stephen Bassett is a leading advocate for ending the 62-year government imposed truth embargo regarding an extraterrestrial presence engaging the human race. He is a political activist, commentator and columnist. He is the executive director of the Paradigm Research Group and the Political Action Committee X-PPAC, creator of the Paradigm Clock and executive producer of the X-Conference. His work has been extensively covered by the media. Websites describing Stephen’s work include: www.paradigmresearchgroup.org; www.faxonwashington.org; www.x-conference.com; www.x-ppac.org



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its pioneering three doctors, Salla, Greer and Boylan, even though I noticed the absence of the works of Dr Dave Jacobs and Budd Hopkins.

Some Exo posts were illuminating

On an exo-forum, where I expected to meet more people with my own set of experiences, there was a feel-good feel to some exopolitical posts, and indeed I met some very wonderful people on the exopolitics yahoo forum of Dr Salla's prepare 4 contact (p4c). (<http://tech.groupsyahoo.com/group/prepare4contact/>)

I met those who were genuine contactees, many with interstellar memories and knowledge. Some were in ongoing scenarios and gave accounts of interstellar technology and star wars type encounters in great detail, with encyclopaedic knowledge of interstellar life.

One such person was attacked by Reptilians and Greys who came down from overhead ships and the subsequent defence of their home and car was made by Pleiadean starships on public streets. I was meeting other people who could remember how to fly Pleiadean starfighters from their time in the Orion wars—before they were captured and brought here.

Other posts were. . .

I also met people online who were on the receiving end of unhappy close encounters and who had dark, muddy abduction memories, such as people whose person and families were being assailed by dark Reptilians. These people, though, seemed to get either continually overlooked, uninvited, or rejected, and were never featured at exopolitical conferences, media events or media projects. What they had in common with me was they had an important story to tell about the activities of negative aliens.

A case in point is the story of Paul Schroeder and his catalogue of outrageous and grievous alien behaviour targeting his person against his ongoing personal wishes, hopes and aspirations. (See www.iwasabducted.com)

Complaints not upheld

It became apparent that highly educated people in exopolitics, who really should know better, were letting down mankind by not upholding the complaints of victims traumatised by criminal alien behaviour.

Some players in Exopolitics, such as Dr Greer, adhere to the fallacy all aliens are good despite the abundant empirical and historic evidence illustrating the negative nature of some of the ETs on earth. Greer's idea *all* aliens are good is a logical fallacy that would fail any academic exam since no one has met all the aliens in an infinite cosmos.

Not that mainstream Exopolitics today denies the contemporary existence of negative aliens in our midst. For example, Dr Salla wrote in 2006:

I have privately corresponded with Dr Greer on a number of occasions where he has repeatedly dismissed

data I forwarded to him that some extraterrestrials are violating the rights of individuals, and that agreements with covert agencies have indeed been reached where these agencies have become complicit in such violations.

Exopolitics also seems to act to filter out natural human outrage and instead assists the idea human victims of alien abuse are self-harming psychotics.

Alien rights were upheld

Despite Dr Salla's complaints to Dr Greer, there would be no exopolitical forum where I could testify to my torments at the hands of negative aliens. Instead, Dr Salla is clear on what he considers the reactive victim mentality that is breaching the human rights of the aliens in contravention of various UN treaties on war crimes and hate speech. In post # 53172 on his prepare4contact forum:

I'm trying to find the right language so members are clear we will not allow hate speech (i.e., demonizing and fear mongering) directed towards ET races by those whose experiences and prejudices blind them to countervailing ET behaviours, e.g., benevolent ET groups/races trying to assist humanity's evolution.

Required by Exopolitics not to say. . .

Many people speaking out, though, had suffered traumatic encounters and the nature of their post-

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traumatic stress appeared to disqualify them as witnesses to the status quo. It seemed they were being required by exopolitics not to say what they felt about being violated and socially estranged in any emotive way that would offend the rights of their attackers.

It is as if negative alien-induced outrage is being criminalized, and I have not yet seen an official recognition or exopolitical formulation of the specific alien crimes against humanity.

I am one who believes ETs have been on earth for millennia, whereas Exopolitics contends our bemused little starbrothers just got here in the 1940s. Exopolitics does not admit this is an embedded and

historic problem. In other words, not only are the Greys exploiting humans now—they've been doing it for centuries!

Some ETs might be, but not all

Instead of taking up the rights of human beings in negative alien encounters, exopolitics makes an issue of aliens having human rights. This, from Dr. Salla's post # 53172 on the prepare 4 contact yahoo forum:

So in applying human rights standards to extraterrestrial visitors, they have the same right not to be demonized as does any human racial group. Proscribing hate speech/demonization against extraterrestrials is therefore affirming their right not to be vilified or have war propaganda directed against them. We can acknowledge that some extraterrestrial regimes or groups might be enemies or evil, but never an entire race.

Which ones?

Dr. Salla's edict against sweeping generalities that lead to the ignorance of racism misses the point. Clearly, if you are a human who has been raped, abducted, grievously assaulted, harassed, had damage to property, unwanted medical research, implants, abortions, inflicted disabilities from beings that keep coming back despite repeatedly telling them not to—then, when you identify demonic behaviour in

your assailants—the very least you want to supply to the human rights court is identifying information as to *who* the assailant was, e.g., a Caucasian, Asiatic, African, grey, tall white, Anunnaki, etc.

From there, no one asserts that *all* of any race is evil, just that empirically, human alien abductions tend to be driven by negatively-behaving greys, though other species are noted present.

It's a given that if human beings assert greys are evil, they are referring to the greys they have

encountered on Earth, who tend to be negative. One person on p4c had memories of fighting them in the Orion wars! These abductees reporting alien militarism are picking up on the reality that fences

and boundaries around stellar resources are being maintained, and that breaches of these boundaries results in, dare I say it? Armed conflict between the ETs.

How to model alien society?

As an example of how we should think about the aliens, Dr Salla in p4c forum post # 53172 models ET societies, likening them to human eastern European ethnicity and factions. In that anthropocentric generality, likening all alien society to a human social model, he does not account for the possibility that some entire alien race could be totally anti-human, e.g. some sort of parasitic, viral intelligence antithetic to the life processes of humanity—i.e., an innately anti-human xenobiology.

Salla's weak academic model of cosmic humanism does not draw widely enough from other examples in the natural world. E.g. the hive organisations of the bees, ants and wasps with innate caste structures and specialties, elite, artificers, drones and soldiers—somewhat akin to the social structures of Plato's Republic. Just because we can have a benign conversation with a swine flu virus capsule doesn't mean it is going to acknowledge our human rights.

How can Dr Salla assert we are not dealing with such totally anti-human xenobiology here on earth right now? Yet he excludes the debate about a

If Exopolitics does not illustrate a pro-human agenda soon, it could be labelled as a multinational smokescreen for the industrial profiteers and the behaviour of negative alien farmers.

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demonic hive/biblical-demonic-legion race of beings historically here on Earth. He has opted for the ‘all aliens are humanity’ model.

Who speaks for human rights?

I agree greys elsewhere in the Cosmos might well have evolved beyond doing what the reported greys here on Earth do. Some might be doing great things, somewhere, but the evidence shows some of the bad ones are here on Earth, and that is most prominent in the experience and testimony of those chosen to interact. The fact remains those greys should be brought to account.

Next in exopolitics emerged the apologism for the activities of negative aliens: The victims were blamed. Somehow, because our souls were impure, we had created the reality of being an alien victim and we had got what we asked for, or deserved. This blame-the-victim reality-creation ideology has been associated with much of the flaming on some exopolitical forums.

Say victims are “masters of limitation”

For example, this post, p4c # 6018 by Stephen Calkins, suggests that these human victims were asking for it—a quite common theme on the Exopolitical scene generally:

Hi Cassie, Ray and P4Cer’s, While people may “appear” to be “out of control” or “victims” to circumstances or other individuals, (i.e., abductees taken without their permission, etc.), they are at the same time, (from their higher consciousness), aware of their choices, and are wilfully playing their role(s) as the “masters of limitation.” (i.e., a true master of

reality creation, and thus able to choose to limit itself, in such a way as to experience victimhood. Basically, we are choosing to evolve, and as we do we will less and less express the need to experience negative/limiting manifestations.

Say abductees create their own reality

Dr Salla in this post to Wynderer clearly endorses the ideology of all humans creating their own reality according to their own spiritual level. Dr Salla’s post # 41719 on the prepare4contact yahoo forum:

Hello Wynderer, I think we need to revisit the idea of conducting regular group

meditations/exercises. More people are desiring to change the world by coming together in small groups and envisaging positive outcomes. The growth in literature around the power of positive intention, e.g., Lynne McTaggart, Gregg Braden, etc., suggest this is an area we need to keep working on as a group.

When I noticed Exopolitics had not produced the mainstream and credible political frameworks that any real political movement would, I decided to look at the issues myself and came up with a draft exopolitical manifesto for an imaginary exopolitical party that I called the New Star Party Manifesto.

In 2010, Exopolitics has become a diverse and entertaining circus full of workshops and conferences and DVDs and books—but it has still not produced the political mechanisms that would serve mankind or facilitate a post-contact era.

Next in exopolitics emerged the blame-the-victim reality-creation ideology: somehow, because our souls were impure, we had created the reality of being an alien victim and we had got what we asked for, or deserved.

Exopolitics with a capital E is dysfunctional, and I want to see is reconstruction and growth into something pro-human. Saying that doesn’t make me anti-exopolitics. It makes me a concerned and socially responsible human being.

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Exopolitics hasn't worked hard enough

Out of this reaction to the failures of exopolitics to represent humanity and take a pro-human stance, and also on being admonished for demonizing the creatures that had attacked my own life—I recognised that exopolitics is a one-party monolog where all aliens are good, and out of this rejection and invalidation of my own experiences the testimony of Xenopolitics was born. (See: www.xenopolitics.com)

Exopolitics as a movement has not worked hard enough to acknowledge the human rights of human victims of alien abuse. It tends to present even the negative aliens as recently arrived despite the historic evidence to the contrary. The movement of exopolitics also seems to act to filter out natural human outrage. Instead of working to identify specific alien perpetrators and create the mechanics of human justice, exopolitics favours the historically embedded alien aggressors by concealing the evidence of their ancient criminology and burden of guilt. Even worse, some exopolitical supporters assist the idea that human victims of alien abuse are self-harming psychotics.

I want reconstruction & growth

It is obvious some humans are still the victims of alien racist behaviour and are being treated like cattle, and spiritually tortured in contrived and intelligent ways. E.g. Paul Schroeder. (www.iwasabducted.com)

Whereas the stated aim of Exopolitics is to promote “healing, forgiveness and reconciliation over past injustices,” it clearly cannot get the negative aliens to stop behaving like racist demonic bio-lab research farmers in the now—despite all the alleged benign assistance that exopolitics claims to currently exist. Such human beings as Mr. Schroeder have a right to human rights too.

Exopolitics with a capital E is dysfunctional, and I want more than just its negation and deconstruction. I want to see reconstruction and growth into

something pro-human. And saying that doesn't make me anti-exopolitics. It makes me a concerned and socially responsible human being.

At the very least if Exopolitics does not illustrate a detailed pro-human agenda soon, it could be then labelled as a multinational smokescreen for the industrial profiteers and the behaviour of negative alien farmers.



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Roy Wells appeared in the last issue of JAR, the article entitled “One man’s struggle against alien abduction, Part I,” by Anonymous (that’s Roy). JAR was planning to run Part II in this issue, but the events of May 19 intervened. All you need to know about Roy is he is everyman, any man. He’s an American citizen who served his time in Vietnam, mows his lawn, goes to work every day, pays his taxes, and is faithful to his wife. To his recollection, he never did anything to cause himself to become a plaything of the grey civilization and the American government.

Two or three years ago when Roy found out aliens had been abducting him since childhood, he was

bummed out, and he began a crusade to put a stop to it. But when he found out in May that he is also a victim of the US Air Force, he was crushed. So was I. I cried when he told me what happened May 19th. Roy cried too in the regressive hypnosis session with Deborah Lindeman when he remembered the stage. When the double doors opened and naked Roy Wells

saw the Air Force Colonel, named Roberts, waiting for him on the stage in front of the audience of military officers, Roy broke down and cried, “Why me? I’m nobody! Why me? Why me?”

Roy felt so lousy about it he broke off contact for months last winter. He cancelled his email and stopped answering the phone. His self-esteem took a nosedive. He felt powerless—and betrayed. See, Roy has a problem: he has pride. He thinks he has rights. And he can’t figure out how to get the greys and the US government to stop violating his rights. So he gets depressed. Do I believe in Roy Wells and what he’s told me? Absolutely. I’d stake my life on it.

In the meantime, there’s the big picture. Once again, we learn the US government is in bed with the aliens. Apparently the Americans just can’t resist

trying to get to be as good as the aliens are in mind control. I’m sure they started out to do what it is they get paid for—defend the American people. But somehow they got off on the wrong track and decided to exploit us instead.

In this article, we want to find out what happened to Roy Wells and what kind of programs, alien and human, he is the victim of. We also want to see what this case can tell us about what’s going on between the aliens and the coverup. All does not seem to be well in paradise. Did the aliens double-cross the Air Force by letting Roy remember the milab? I think they did, and if so, what are the implications of that? Let’s first take a look at what happened to Roy Wells and his wife the night of May 19, 2009.

Initial recollections May 20

Immediately on being returned from the milab, Roy remembered parts of it. Lying in his bed, Roy remembered three scenes: being taken five and a half hours earlier by “different,” more powerful aliens whom he could not resist; walking naked with his naked wife down

We’re walking down the hall. *Where is your wife? On my right. You’re still without clothes? Yes. Is anyone with you? No. There’s nobody behind me, but we know where to go. It’s ok. Where do you go? I’m not sure but when I get there, I’ll know—because of those implants, they send a signal. I get signals. I know where to go, when to stop. When to turn, where to get on, when to get off. I know all that. It’s all automatic. How does it signal you? I receive tones. The tones are a signal, they program, the program tells me where to go.*

a long, long hall and seeing hundreds of elite military officers coming from the opposite direction; and riding in some kind of conveyance or vehicle with the officers. This is the only milab Roy has remembered. “At first,” he says, “I thought it was my first milab. Now I know it is not.”

The hall and the conveyance seemed to Roy to be a human facility and he did not see any aliens during that part of the experience. Roy considered whether the event was a concocted scenario placed in his mind by the aliens, but he decided it was real. In a regressive hypnosis session Nov. 3, 2009, six months after the milab, Roy found out more of what happened that night. Here are the details of his initial recollection. Author’s questions are in italic.

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A long, long hall

May 20, 2009, Roy wrote: “Last night was a first. I never saw humans other than abductees in any abduction, but last night I saw hundreds, all military men in uniform. Some were Americans, some not.

“I recognized US uniforms. Air Force for sure.

individuals? “Too many to count. Dozens and dozens walking by in small groups, talking, or by themselves.

“My wife and I were going somewhere. There was no one in front of us and I did not turn around to see if we were escorted, but I felt someone must be behind us telling us where to go. I assume we had no clothes on, but I hope I am wrong. I was paying most attention



Army? I don't think so. Navy? Probably. Hard to distinguish because many wore the [one piece] flight suit uniform.

“I remember a long, long hallway. My wife and I were walking down this hallway (12-14 feet wide). Coming from the opposite direction were all these military men. As they walked toward us, each one I saw looked at us as we passed.” *How many*

to the long hall and the military men. I don't recall my wife and I talking to each other, although I am quite sure she was by my side.

Lots of elite military men

“The shoes worn by these military men stood out—black and so highly polished the shoes shined

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in the brightly lit hall. The hall was very long. I looked down and could not see the end of it. I had the impression the hall was underground. Also that this facility had been there for many years; it was not new.

“The walls seemed concrete, gray, unpainted with a smooth finish. The floor was an off-white, probably linoleum. I don’t recall seeing tiles; no square tiles

“Everyone wore insignia and appeared to have high military rank. They walked with an air of authority. I had the feeling I was in the company of an elite class of military officers, very intelligent, the best of the best.”

or anything using grout, and no carpet. The floor might have been painted concrete, but I don’t think so because paint wears off. No design to the floor.

“The ceiling was whitish, a drop ceiling with florescent lights. Each fixture had four 48-inch florescent tubes. Positive about this.

“There were doors in the hallway, looked like steel doors with steel frames. Not wood, no grain, highly polished surface like a painted steel door, some shade of light gray.” *Doorknobs?* “I remember something about doorknobs now, on the right side, round metal knobs, unpainted.” *Were there signs on the doors?* “I recall some designation above the doors.” *Did you see any objects in the hall, like trash cans, mail slots, doorbells, fireboxes?*

“No trash cans. Had there been any they would have been kicked and moved around with all the activity. Mail slots sound familiar but not protruding from the walls or doors.” *How clean was this place? The temperature? Any smells?* “Very clean, not cold, not hot. No smell or odors.”

A conveyance

Roy’s other memory was this: “My wife and I are in this conveyance or craft or plane or something, and there were many military men there also. The vehicle was enormous, maybe 50 or 60 feet wide. It reminded me of the inside of a large military cargo plane, like a C-5 Galaxy I toured one time. My wife and I and all these military men were going somewhere in this

vehicle and I have no idea where.

“The vehicle walls were unfinished and the ceiling was about 10-12 feet at the center. It was a domed ceiling and there were I-beams every 12 or 18 inches which came up from the floor, curved, and met at the ceiling. I paid particular attention to these beams as I have not seen that kind of construction before. The beams appeared to be unpainted aluminum with a dull finish.” *What was the shape of this space?* “It was longer than wide and at least 50 feet across. I am a good judge of short distances as I spent years as a carpenter and became good as judging short distances using length of lumber.

No seats, no handholds

“There weren’t any seats or chairs, and no handholds. Everyone stood or sat on the bare floor with their back against the wall. That’s what I did [sat], and my wife also.

“I could not see the entire inside of the vehicle because there were so many military men there standing around and moving back and forth. I saw no lighting fixtures in this vehicle, but the inside was brightly lit. No shadows whatsoever; I’m certain of this.” *How old was this place?* “Not old but not brand new.

“It felt like this craft or vehicle was under power and moving, as I was leaning against a wall and could feel a slight vibration on my back. There was

If there is no need for seats, and no need for handholds, there must not be any inertial forces anticipated in the operation of the vehicle. And Roy reported seeing no source of light in the conveyance, and no shadows. What kind of vehicle was it? We don’t know.

no sound of engines associated with the vibration. I definitely had the sense we were moving, though, going somewhere, both us and the military people all together, although they totally ignored us as if we were not there. I felt no acceleration, no inertia, nothing except the slight vibration on my back. If I had not

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been leaning against the wall, I would not have felt it.” *Were your legs naked or did you have trousers on?* “My legs were naked.”

What was the feeling of movement in this space or vehicle compared to an alien craft? “Very similar.”

What about the lighting, was that like an alien

environment? “In an

alien environment

everything is extremely

bright. This vehicle

was not that bright, but

otherwise it was like an

alien environment with

the light coming from

everywhere and no

shadows.

Milling around in the conveyance

“In this craft, some military were walking around, some sitting in groups, some leaned against the wall.

They were mingling, talking among themselves. At

one point a young guy in dress uniform came and

sat next to me on the floor. I was about to ask him a

question but he moved away. Some of the uniforms

were dress uniforms and some were a jump suit of

some kind. Everyone wore insignia and appeared to

have high military rank.”

What gave you the impression of high rank? “I can’t recall any specific insignia, but having been in

the military myself [the

Marines] I am certain

all were officers. I

did not see anyone in

civilian clothes and I

saw no women except

for my wife. All the

men had the short,

clean cut military

haircut and looked

highly respectable. I had the feeling I was among an

elite class of military officers. I actually felt proud to

see so many officers and be in close company with

them although I had no idea who they were, where we

were, or why my wife and I were there.”

“I heard a man’s voice over the speaker system in the auditorium say, ‘Entering on the left side is the male subject, 62 years old.’ Then, ‘Entering the auditorium on the right is the female subject, the man’s wife, age 50. She will walk up and stand next to her husband.’”

Roy and his wife were completely naked, not even wearing shoes, throughout the whole experience.

A human hall

In June 2009, Roy wrote: “In the hallway, in

addition to fluorescent lights in the ceiling, there were also wall lights, evenly spaced, centered between each of the overhead lights. I recall this lighting arrangement very well. . .doors all along the hallway but I never saw anyone go in or out of the doors.

“One thing about all abductions is the abductee is under some form of sedation; our minds are under

control. We can walk, sit, and do as we are told. If we are told, ‘Walk this way’ we do so. If we are told ‘Get on the table and lie on your back,’ we do so. We are like robots and do not have our full faculties; we do not have our senses and never our emotions, at

least I don’t.

Not thoroughly sedated

“For example, I’ve never been able to think on my own and come up with the questions I would like to ask the aliens—questions like, What are you doing to me? Where am I? How did I get here? However,

in this milab experience it seems I was not as heavily sedated as I usually am in an alien environment.

My emotions were intact, my inquisitiveness was intact, and I had many questions about this place. For

example, the hallway. I realized it was very long and

I wondered how long.

I tried to focus and determine if I could

see the end of it, but I could not. I kept

wondering, Where are we going?

Men looking at my naked wife

“As my wife and I walked down the hallway I recall I was angry and upset seeing all these men

looking at my wife. I had emotions. As we passed the men, I saw them glance over and look at us, but more specifically at my wife, and this upset me.”

In the hall you “felt” there was an escort behind you. Was there any escort with you when you were

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in the vehicle? “Good question. Actually I never gave that a thought. No, no escort on the plane/train/automobile. Just me and my wife and all these military people. There was no one in front of us or on either side.

Foreign black military men too

“Another thing I noticed in the hall was some of the military men were black. Not like African-Americans. These men were very dark-skinned seemingly from countries where people’s skin is very black in color.” *Did you see black men in the vehicle?* “No I did not. These black men had on dark jumpsuits and striking white neckwear, and their uniform had patches and insignia like the others. The style of jumpsuit was similar to the US jumpsuits but darker in color. They were smartly dressed and walked in a group by themselves.

“The jump, or flight suits worn by the Americans were kaki-colored and zipped down the front with horizontal zippered chest pockets and belts. The belts were kaki-colored, web belts in belt loops. The neckline was open with a lay-down collar and the Americans didn’t wear any neckwear.

The Americans in flight suits wore a fabric cap, what I call a ‘flight cap,’ and the Americans in dress uniforms wore a cap with a brim, a ‘service cap.’” [See illustration.]

Did you think the men in the hall were the same men as in the vehicle or different? “I cannot identify any specific person. I assume they were the same people I passed in the hallway earlier.

“In the vehicle I saw an occasional glance our

way but basically we did not exist. They strolled here and there, talking with each other. In what kind of ‘airplane’ can you do this? This place [the vehicle]

was so large I could not tell what was the front or the back.” *How many people in this vehicle?* “Not as many as in the hallway, but the hallway had a good view forward, while inside this craft I had limited vision both left and right.

“These military men walked with an air of authority. I would guess the youngest was late 30s and the oldest late 60s, early 70s. I had the feeling I was in the company of high ranking and very intelligent people, the best of the best.” *Were they carrying anything?* “Some had small notebook cases under their arms. Most had nothing. Some had eyeglasses, most did not. I saw no overweight individuals.”

The Colonel is explaining the program. “The subjects will not remember anything about being here. The last thing they will remember is going to bed and falling asleep.”

“Lie!” Roy wrote. “I was wide awake when the craft arrived. My wife grabbed the camera and took pictures. How could the AF Colonel not know this? Unless the aliens neglected to give him all the facts.”

We cannot show the greys caused Roy to remember the milab, though they may have. What we can show is they did nothing to stop him remembering additional crucial scenes, though they could have. We know they could have because ultimately, they did.

Hypnosis to remember more

On Nov 3, 2009, Roy went to see Deborah Lindeman, an experienced hypnotherapist, to find out more about May 19. The session was fruitful. Roy remembered what he had already

remembered (no contradictions) in more detail, as well as important new segments. He was able to put the first snapshots of memory in order and fit together a narrative of some of the experience. There are important segments, however, Roy does not recall.

A new scene came up in hypnosis. Roy remembered being alone in a small, hot room and being shouted at by a Colonel Roberts for getting up from the chair in which he had been placed. Next, he

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is picked up by a lower ranking officer, walked down the now deserted hallway and taken to a stage. Roy remembered the first moments of being on the stage, with his wife, and the last moments. Then Roy and his wife walk alone through a series of hallways, emerge onto a “concourse,” then enter the vehicle he had

Why am I on a stage? What’s going on? Why do they look at me? I’m just a nobody. Why are they looking at me? I’m not anybody. I’m just a person, a pathetic looking, a pathetic naked human.

remembered earlier. On the way to the vehicle, Roy passed a Room 207, which filled him with dread.

Naked the whole time

Under hypnosis it becomes clear Roy and his wife were completely naked, not even wearing shoes, throughout this whole experience. There are also many indications this is not the first time Roy has been in this human facility.

Roy has no memory of the return trip following the scene in the vehicle. When he and his wife woke up in bed, he noted they had been gone five and one-half hours. Roy has forgotten the time but he is certain the experience lasted five and one-half hours because he recalls being infuriated about being kept such a long time. Here are excerpts from the hypnosis session, beginning with the arrival of aliens in Roy’s bedroom. Deborah Lindeman’s questions are in italic.

Regression session

What’s that? That sound! Up above, very deep hum. Something rapidly rotating. Noise, very loud. She just woke up [his wife]. She asked me, “What is it?” I know but I don’t tell her. She got out of bed. She’s looking out the window. She’s trying to figure out where the noise came from. It’s stopped now.

What does she do next? I went in the other

room and she grabbed a camera. When I came back, she was taking pictures. *What tells you they are here?* Quiet. I count from the time the noise stops. That means they’re hovering. And it’s 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, they’re in the room. All in a flash. *You saw a flash?* In the closet, the walk-in closet. *Have you seen this flash before?* Hundreds of times! Usually the flash is outside and they enter through the window. I’ll see them float through the window. Shadows. This time I don’t see the shadows. I see the flash. They’re in the room.

What are you feeling? I have cold chills. This is different. Craft, it’s different. The sound, never heard it. These are different people. *How many?* At least three, I lost count. Each flash, one being. *Where is your wife?* She’s in bed, turned out the light. She says it’s nothing. But there’s something in the room. She goes to sleep. *Are you still sitting up in bed?* Yes, because I’m determined I won’t let them knock me out. I won’t let ‘em! They can’t do it. I won’t let ‘em!

Can’t fight these aliens

Move out of your body and observe what happens. I’m trying not to let them take me. I’m

“He introduced himself to the audience of visiting military officers, saying, ‘Good evening gentlemen, welcome and thanks for coming. My name is Col. Roberts.’ I relived him chastising me for moving from my chair. I clearly saw the insignia on his dress coat, the light blue shirt, and his moustache. He is my height, about 5 feet 9, and he’s 61 or 62.”

shaking. I know it’s different. I’m going to have trouble fighting these. These are more powerful, very powerful. These are not the clones, the stupid pick up guys [who usually come]. They’re dumb. I can trick them. These ones, this is the real ones, the powerful ones. These are, I’ve never, I’m going to have trouble with these.

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What happens next? They're here but I can't see them. She's asleep. I think they put her out. She's easy. They've got her out. I give them trouble. They're powerful. There's several. The power is in the room. I can feel it. The room exudes power. I can't deal with this. They're strong. Too powerful. I can't, I can't fight. I can't fight this kind of power. *Where do you feel the power?* I'm paralyzed. I can't move. This is not the guys I usually deal with. These beings are tall. I can see them.

What follows is a jumbled memory segment in which Roy is floating and being escorted. Then he is naked on a table with aliens around it performing some procedure on him. His wife is nowhere to be seen. He felt highly agitated until the aliens performed a calming procedure on him, a "brain scan." The beings are visible now and he sees skinny aliens over 6 feet tall with big, black eyes, big heads, long arms and fingers, and skin like "pliable plastic." There's a lot of traffic in the room, aliens coming and going. He does not see any humans. Then Roy is left alone, feeling calm. Roy will later say he does not recognize the alien environment he recalled; it was not the usual place he is taken when he is abducted.

The hot room

Deborah then told Roy, *Move forward to where you are not alone.* "It's too hot. Really warm." *Are you still on the table?* "No, I don't know where I am but it sure is warm. Too warm. They've got the heater on too high or something. It's about 90 degrees."

As the picture comes into focus, Roy is "sitting on a chair in a room." *Are you waiting?* Roy tells Deborah the room is unfamiliar. He says it is a bare, tiny room, nothing in it except the chair he is sitting on and one door.

The room is small, low, maybe 8 foot ceiling, maybe 8x8 room. The door is closed. I'm facing the door and I'm afraid who's going to come through the door. I hear something. Somebody's coming! I'm shaking. I don't know what or who it is! There's a noise outside. Oh! They went by [relief]. I thought they were coming in this room. I don't know who 'they' are. I have to wait for somebody. It's awful warm in this room.

Move forward in time. Still waiting. I can't leave. I'm not supposed to leave. I'm supposed to stay in this chair and wait. I could get up, but I know better. There's a big hallway outside. Yes! From above I can see it. The doors, all closed. And the doors look like high security. You couldn't shoot through them. Not like doors you'd put in a house. Big steel doorknobs.

Don't get out of the chair!

It's very hot. I'm waiting for somebody to come and get me. They said, Don't get out of that chair. *Who told you that?* It was, it was this guy in a, this man, he pointed right at my face and said, "Don't get out of that chair!" *His finger in your face?* Yes, and in a loud voice. I don't want to find out what would happen if I got out of the chair and opened the door.

How is he dressed? He's got a [visor] cap on and he's in his 60s, got some gray hair. He's dressed very neatly, immaculate. A coat jacket like a dress, a dress uniform. Blue. Not Navy, and it's not light blue. A dark blue. With a button and he's got a white shirt on and a tie and dark pants. He was mad. I don't know why he was so mad. I didn't do anything! What did I do?

Insignia on the top and his cap with an insignia on it. He's an officer but I don't know. He's in the military. I don't know what rank.

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This uniform is something like the jumpsuits Roy saw during the milab.

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I—he was so mad—I was looking at his face. I was afraid to take my eyes off him. I had to have done something. What did I do? Don't you dare get out of that chair! So I didn't.

Why is he telling you that? I don't know. Somebody is coming back. Maybe him. If they come back and I'm not in the chair, I don't know what will happen. *What did you decide to do?* Just be in that chair. I just keep twiddling my thumbs and sitting there going what in the world is going on? Why am I in this chair?

Leaving the hot room

Move ahead. Somebody's coming! Somebody's coming! They're walking down the hall. It's getting louder. They're coming in. *The door opens?* Yes. It's not the same guy. I'm glad. He says "Come with me." This guy seems ok. He's not dressed like the other guy. Not the coat. I'm not sure. He's not in civilian clothes. *How old?* In his 40s. The other guy was much older. He says come with me and we go out of the room and down the hall. Walking.

Is this hall as wide as the other hall? It's the same hall. *Are you dressed?* I don't think I have anything on. It's cooler in the hall. *Are you walking on your own?* Yes, and he's on my left. He doesn't talk. I turn around and look back and I can't see the end of the hall. *Just you and him?* Yes, no other people. *What's the floor like?* Smooth concrete. I'm barefoot and it's smooth on my feet.

I'm just a person.

Let's move to where you're going. Still walking. The longest hallway I've ever seen. Gosh, I want to ask him why don't they get roller skates or something. *Move ahead.* Going to a big room where, my goodness! There's a lot of people in there. Holy! I gotta watch my mouth! Right into a big, it's like a conference room. Damn there's a lot of people! Who are all these people? *Humans?*

Yes, all military. A lot, I mean a lot! And, oh my God, I think they came to see me. No! I don't want to be seen. Why do they want to see me? Who am I? I'm just a person.

He opened these double doors. My god, a lot of people! *What are they doing?* They're watching the door. Yes, as we come in they all turn their heads. There's all these chairs all along toward the back wall there's, not chairs, it's like stadium seating, but not bleachers. Yeah, like a movie, comfortable seating and they're sitting everywhere. All the chairs are taken and it goes several layers high and it's, you know, so they can see over the next person, like going to a movie.

There's a stage. Why am I on a stage? What's going on? Why do they look at me? I'm just a nobody. Why are they looking at me? I'm not anybody. I'm just a person, a pathetic looking, a pathetic naked human. Why are they looking at me?

**Roy broke down and cried,
"Why me? I'm nobody!
Why me?"**

Look at the idiot on the stage

What did I do to deserve this? I'm just a nobody. I'm just a nobody. I'm just

another person. [cries] Why? *What happens next?* I have to go up on the stage. I don't know why. What have I done to deserve this? Why are they doing this to me? They don't say nothing. They're just gawking at me like, Oh, look at the idiot on the stage.

What did he do after he took you up there? He left. I don't know why, why would a bunch of grown men want to do staring at a naked man? Does that make sense? Why would a bunch of grown men gather around to see a naked man standing on a stage? That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard. Who are all these guys? They got, there's so many men there, but I can't tell because it's bright and I can seem 'em all but they're all just staring at me.

They've got my wife!

So you're on the stage? Yeah, they're staring at the idiot on the stage. I guess I might as well do

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a dance or something. They're just staring at me, staring at the idiot. *Does something happen on the stage?* My god, they got my wife! Those ass holes! Why are a bunch of grown people staring at two naked people on the stage? She came from the other side. She's standing next to me. She doesn't have on any clothes. We're in our birthday suits.

What's the expression on your wife's face? She's a zombie. And I'm mad. *Do you believe she is aware of where she is?* No. She doesn't and I'm glad. *So they walked her up there to be with you?* Yes. *And she's completely unaware?* She doesn't know. She's turned off. I'm not. I'm turned down a few notches, but I'm not turned off. They can turn me down but it's hard to turn me off. But she's off. She has her balance and she's just standing there, staring.

And all those people, my God there's gotta be hundreds, 150, 200, I don't know. All different kinds of uniforms. There's fatigues, there's a lotta people in dress uniforms with those hats with the hard bill. *Is*

it Navy or Air Force? Yes, you're right, there's Navy too. There's Air Force and there's definitely Navy. Some have those pointy hats, pointed front and back and like a jump suit. *A cloth*

hat? Yes, but they're not enlisted cause enlisted would have the shoulder patches. They look all officers and they're staring at a couple of pathetic people standing on a stage in their birthday suits. It's the most embarrassing thing.

It's dark & everybody's gone

Move forward. Is anything happening on stage? No, it got dark. The lights dimmed and then they went out and we're in the hallway. *The lights dimmed?* It's empty. We're walking down the hall. *Where is your wife?* On my right. *You're still without clothes?* Yes. *Is anyone with you?* No!

There's, I turned around and there's nobody behind me, but we know where to go. It's ok.

Where do you go? I'm not sure but when I get there, I'll know because of those implants, they send a signal. I get signals. So I know where to go, when to stop. When to turn, where to get on, when to get off. I know all that. It's all automatic. *How does it signal you?* I receive tones. The tones are a signal, they program, the program tells me where to go. I know to go there, go here, when to get on an aircraft, when to get off. It's all, it's all pre-determined. Laid out. It's a schedule.

A mysterious conveyance

Move forward to the next event. I have to get on. Now, now, I have to board. My wife's a zombie. [sighs] It's pathetic. It's for the best. It's better not to know. Really, it's better if you don't know what is happening to you. Yes, yes, we have to get on. It's, the door's open and we're on. We have to get on.

What are you getting on? It's just a door open and we're getting—it's a big room. We just have to get in this big room. No one's there [telling me]. I just know. It's like, I always know. I get a tone. The signal, I receive a tone and it's like I get

I started shaking, had trouble breathing. I started crying. Why don't I like this room? "I suddenly realize, I know this room. What goes on here? I ask myself. I see a few narrow stainless steel tables, but wider than the ones the aliens use. I have been here; I know it without a doubt. For what purpose? The word 'implants' comes into my mind. I also see the room number, 207.

a command and it says, Get in the room. *Tell me about the room.* The doors are curved [convex] and they open. Not a big arch. It's really big inside. I can see the other side, kinda far across. Kinda round but no, not round, and people are walking everywhere. Huh! That's odd. They got on before me. How'd they know to get on before me?

There's other people in the room? Yeah, but they didn't get on the same door I got in. No, they were already on. It might be different people. They look the same but they might be different. This room, it's a long way across, hard to see there's so many people. I can see the other side. It's kind

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of curved wall. Maybe oval-shaped. That's it. It's more of an oval, but really big inside.

What are the furnishings like? It's a large, empty room, and if you go right a little ways actually there's something off to the side almost another room, but not. Kind of like a breakfast nook. You know, that could be where the pilot sits. I'm not sure. I can't go over there, though. *Is this a plane?* It's a flying room. *You mentioned the pilot.* Yeah, I think on the right down a ways there's a cut out, but I can't go over there. I got orders.

How did you get in this room from the hallway? I just walked down the hallway. *And you opened the door?* Oh no, no! Ok, we were in one hallway. Then we were in another hallway, a big hallway like, like at the airport, a great big open hallway. No carpet, though. Hmm, it's really big inside

there. Actually, it's kind of huge! And then we just walked from there into this big opening and we're inside the craft. Very large craft. There's a lot of people in there and they didn't get on through the door I came in. They must have got on through a different door, ahead of me.

Go to the moment you leave this place. Ok, I'm back in my bed! It's great to be home.

Instruction in self-hypnosis

At the end of the session, Deborah gave Roy a post-hypnotic suggestion. She told him he would be able to self-hypnotize and obtain more information about the milab. As she spoke, Roy became aware of invisible presences in the room. These presences, Roy says, interfered with Deborah's instructions for self-hypnosis.

Nonetheless, in the days following Roy did indeed find he was capable of self-hypnosis, and he did recover more information, as we will see. However, he soon began to experience determined interference. At first it was just distractions, such as creating a loud noise to jar him out of the hypnotic state, but soon the interference escalated. Roy began to experience extreme pain in his head which eventually forced him to end his efforts at self-hypnosis.

This much memory & no more

Apparently the presences—we assume it is the greys—do not want Roy to remember any more of this experience. It appears to Roy and me the aliens permitted Roy to remember parts of the experience, but not all of it. At the end I told Roy I thought he had gotten 35 to 40 percent of the experience recalled to

memory.

Nov. 25, 2009, I received an email from Roy referring to the small, hot room where he was balled out by the high ranking officer in his 60s with graying hair. "Apparently," Roy said, "this was the second time I was told to stay in the chair. The first time I did not obey."

The officer, Roy said, ". . . was of some importance;

that was my impression. I know he has something to do with this program, the human abduction and mind control program. Makes me think these bastards (as opposed to the alien bastards) could have us mind-controlled humans do their bidding, like to assassinate someone. Perhaps this is already being done. Makes me wonder if I have been involved in anything [like that]."

Out of the hot room

Speaking of the hot room, Roy wrote, "I hear

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Again he put himself into a trance. "I felt the pain and ignored it. It was not really a bother once I put my mind to it. The more I concentrated the less the pain felt and the more I forgot it. I thought, This is wonderful! The aliens are pounding away and I'm ignoring it!" However, "What they did next took me by surprise. A very sharp pain hit my right ear. I screamed and grabbed my right ear. Not that I know what it's like to have your eardrum punctured, but it sure felt that way. The pain was so intense I was no longer in a hypnotic state and I just lay there groaning."

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footsteps in the hall, getting closer. I start shaking, then the footsteps pass my door.” Soon he hears footsteps again. “I hope it’s not the same ass hole as the last time.” It was the younger officer coming to get Roy. “We turned right, out of the room.” After walking in the hall, “I see the end getting closer. Before the end there are double doors on the right. The officer pushes a button somewhere and the double doors open inward. I walk up to follow him and look in the room: Oh my God! I am shocked beyond belief at what I am seeing.”

The auditorium, the stage

Roy says he doesn’t know how he got on the stage, whether he was led or that he simply knew where to go and stand. “It’s like a small movie theater—curved rows of comfortable seats in front of the stage. The stage was brightly lit.” The room got darker the farther back into the seating he looked. Each row of seats held, Roy thought, 15-20 persons, and there were more than 15 rows.

Roy said his wife appeared from the opposite side of the stage. “She came through double doors like the ones I came through.” Roy speculates the first set of footsteps he heard walk by, when he was in the hot room, may have been someone coming to get his wife. He tells me he has become extremely “depressed thinking about all this.” He says he tried to transcribe the hypnosis session with Deborah, but “I had to stop. I just could not go on.” I tell him I will transcribe the tape.

He says he did not see the younger officer again after the double doors opened to the stage. As to how he knew to go on the stage: “. . . worst case scenario is I have been here before and I know the drill.” Roy said he did not anticipate his wife appearing on the stage. “Apparently a show was underway. What was said, I don’t know. I hear nothing.

“How can these assholes sit there and watch us not have some compassion for another human being? This show was put on to show how we can be under total

control and do anything and everything we are told. And to be naked is to demonstrate how completely unaware we are of our surroundings and what is happening to us.”

Roy later told me, “The officers in the seats don’t appear to be actively involved in the presentation; they are just being shown this. I think questions were asked; I’m not sure. I have the feeling this is the first time these officers witnessed this mind control program.

“What I write is accurate,” Roy emphasized. “The hypnosis helped me realize this is real, *not* an alien mind game. Anything I say or write is accurate. Under no circumstances do I embellish, exaggerate or make things up to impress anyone. If I can’t recall, I won’t say I do.”

Incidentally, readers will wonder about Roy’s wife. Did I talk to her? Does she remember this milab event, or abductions by the greys? The answer is, no I didn’t talk to her and she doesn’t remember any event. She

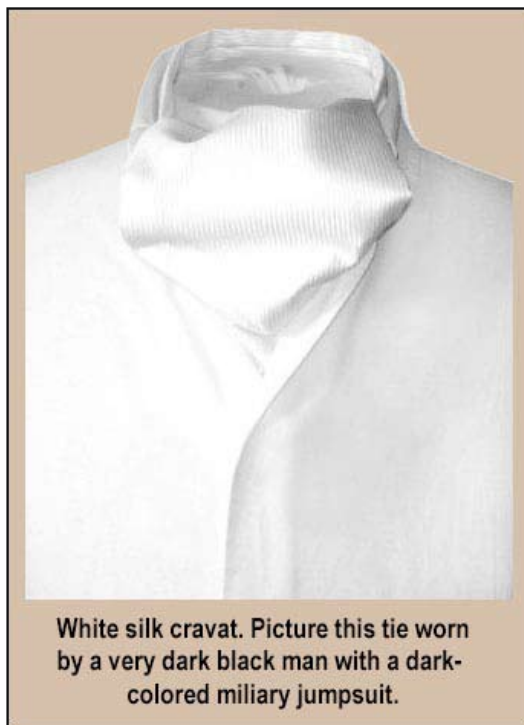
is in denial. She has a husband who is constantly on alert, who ties himself to the bed at night, who takes pictures of marks on his body almost daily. She hears a great variety of noises in her home. Her sleep is disturbed. She gets marks on her own body. Sometimes she wakes up in the morning and says, “I feel like I’ve been walking all night.” If Roy doesn’t put on the “strap” of a given night, she may say, “Aren’t you going to put it on?” Despite all this, she does not know what is going on and Roy is not forcing her to face it.

Self-hypnosis not wanted

Nov. 26, 2009, Roy wrote

he’d self-hypnotized several times the previous night. “I keep getting kicked out, though. Someone does not want me to do this. On my third attempt, I wanted more clarity about the room, and I got it.”

He spoke about how hot the room was and says under hypnosis with Deborah “I started sweating” remembering the room even though Deborah’s office was cool. “I got out of the chair, opened the door, and



White silk cravat. Picture this tie worn by a very dark black man with a dark-colored military jumpsuit.

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moved the chair to the door opening”—an attempt to get some fresh air.

“Now I understand why I was terrified at footsteps coming down the hall.” It was “because I got caught moving the chair and opening the door. I don’t know what happened when they found I had moved the chair, but I intend to find out tonight.” [Anticipates more self-hypnosis.]

Roy says he realizes now what made the senior officer so mad. It was because Roy moved the chair and opened the door. “I can imagine how he must have felt; here is one of his subjects not minding his orders. How would this look to others in the program if they found out he has bragged about having complete control over these human subjects and here is one not doing as he is told?”

Why the room was hot

Roy speculated as to why the room was so hot. “Could it have been a test to see if I would open the door?”

Subsequently Roy and I decided that was in fact the reason. The heat was to stress the command and make it more difficult to obey.

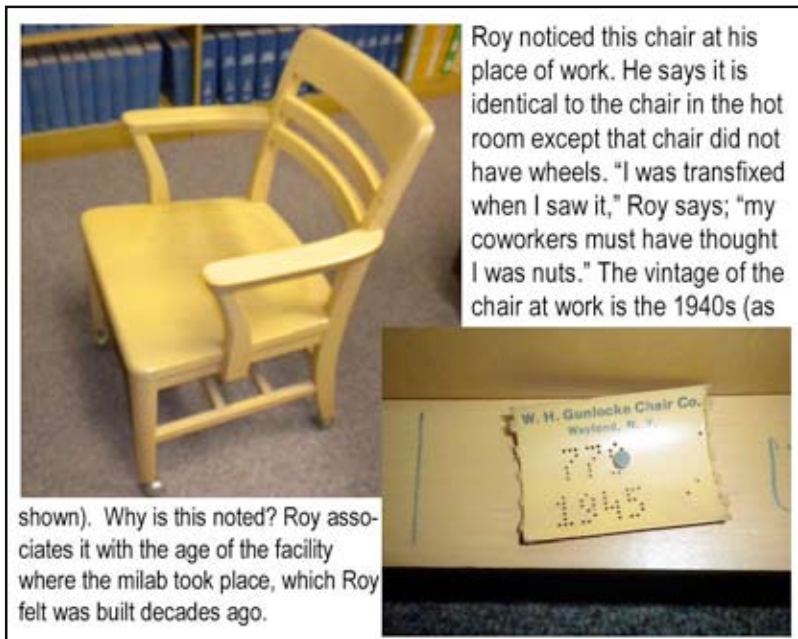
Dec. 5, 2009, an email from Roy gave me the results of the previous night’s self-hypnosis. Roy had revisited the hot room. “I could not stand the heat,” he wrote and he opened the door. “God that feels good, the cool air coming into the room.” He stood in the doorway. “I finally put the chair directly in the doorway. [Since] I was told not to get out of the chair, if I just sit here after moving the chair, that can’t be too bad, can it?”

“Entering is the male subject. . .”

More had come to him about the stage scene. When the double doors opened, “I heard a man’s voice over the speaker system in the auditorium say,

‘Entering on the left side is the male subject, 62 years old.’” Then, “Entering the auditorium on the right is the female subject, the man’s wife, age 50. She will walk up and stand next to her husband.”

In the midst of typing the email, Roy saw “two quick successive bright flashes” appear just behind him. These flashes indicated to Roy the presence of the invisibles in the room while he was writing to me. “Arrival or departure? Regardless, it’s a form of intimidation, but it won’t work. They can’t intimidate me. I don’t know why they keep trying.”



Roy noticed this chair at his place of work. He says it is identical to the chair in the hot room except that chair did not have wheels. “I was transfixed when I saw it,” Roy says; “my coworkers must have thought I was nuts.” The vintage of the chair at work is the 1940s (as

shown). Why is this noted? Roy associates it with the age of the facility where the milab took place, which Roy felt was built decades ago.

Standing alone on the stage

Roy ended up remembering the beginning and the end of what happened on the stage. At the end he recalled hearing, “Well, gentleman, you’ve got a ‘plane’ to catch.” Roy and his wife stood on the stage throughout and at the end the lights went out. They were still standing on the stage. “The military audience got up and

left while we just stood and waited. There was some hushed talking between them as they left. Once all had departed the lights were turned off.” As Roy wrote this email, he reported, “A tone just hit my left ear.

All alone down the long hallway

“Then my wife and I walked down the long hallway. I know where we are going. We walk and turn left down another long hallway. At some point the scenery changes; it now looks more like an airport. We board some type of aircraft through a large entrance on the side. All the military people are already on board. They left the auditorium before us.

“I now understand that leaving us standing and turning off the lights was also part of the test. There was no one to accompany us as this is showing how we can be remotely controlled.”

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What kind of vehicle was it?

In the above, Roy refers to the conveyance as an “aircraft” and the part of the facility leading to the boarding area as an “airport.” After much discussion, Roy and I do not think the conveyance he entered was an aircraft. Roy believes the entire facility was underground, and from the beginning, I had thought the vehicle was a train. Roy speculated that if the vehicle was in a tube, magnetically levitated, and the tube was evacuated of air (a vacuum), the vehicle could move through the tube with no friction beneath and no air resistance.



These are the two types of caps Roy observed as worn by the military officers. Cloth cap on the left is worn by US AF officers. Called a garrison cap, also a flight cap. The cap on the right, with a visor, is called a service cap.

(Officer pictured above only to show cap.)

vehicle. There’s also the matter that Roy reported seeing no source of light in the conveyance, and no shadows. What kind of vehicle was it? We don’t know.

The concourse

Roy also remembered certain details about the walk from the stage to the vehicle. After they passed Room 207, [See Sidebar] and as they neared the entrance to the conveyance, the architecture of the place changed. At

Sounds like one of those underground mag-lev trains we’ve heard so much about—except for one thing. Roy says he felt no inertial forces while he was in the vehicle and there were no seats and no handholds to be seen.

Even if the vehicle was levitated and in a vacuum tube, that would not negate inertial forces. In ordinary subways and trains there are seats and hand holds, and in aircraft and automobiles, seatbelts. When trains and planes stop and start, passengers can be thrown around inside the vehicle if they are not seated and strapped down, and standing passengers must hold on.

No seats, no handholds

True, when a vehicle is moving at constant speed conditions inside are relatively stable, so I asked Roy if he remembered the vehicle getting underway. He said no, he does not. “I do not remember the train starting. I do not remember sitting down. I recall walking through the doors and my next memory is being seated with my back to the wall and feeling vibration.”

So Roy apparently missed the moment when the vehicle got underway. However, the fact remains there were no seats and no handholds. If there is no need for seats, and no need for handholds, there must not be any inertial forces anticipated in the operation of this

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first, Roy said it reminded him of an airport. He says the walls, floor, lighting were different and he had the impression this part of the facility, which he now calls “the concourse,” was newer than the rest of the facility.

Roy says the length of the concourse was “about one city block long” and in the last half of it, to his right, there was a “waiting area” behind a glass wall. The width of the concourse hallway is the same as the older halls, but the lighting is more modern, “maybe five years old,” Roy says. Inside the waiting area behind the glass wall Roy saw a lot of empty seats. The place was deserted. At the end of the concourse hallway and in front of him as they walked, Roy saw “a large open door where we boarded” the conveyance. These were the convex doors he mentioned earlier.

The colonel

Dec. 6, 2009, Roy wrote the previous night’s self-hypnosis was “as good or better [for purposes of recall] than the session with Deborah, and I got a lot of good information. I can tell you for certain the Air Force officer is a colonel. I got a good look at his face and could pick him out of a lineup.” Roy corrected himself for the color of the shirts worn by the Colonel and the younger officer who retrieved him from the hot room. The shirts, Roy wrote, were not white, but light blue. He also sent a picture of the AF “service dress uniform” which, he wrote, was identical to the uniform the Colonel wore.

It was the Colonel, Roy wrote, who was standing on stage waiting for Roy and his wife to enter. It was the Colonel who conducted whatever took place on the stage. It was the same officer who earlier had shouted at and intimidated Roy when he got out of his chair in the hot room.

“He introduced himself to the audience of visiting military officers, saying, ‘Good evening gentlemen, welcome and thanks for coming. My name is Col. Roberts.’ I relived him chastising me for moving from my chair. I clearly saw the insignia on his dress coat, the light blue shirt, and his moustache. He is my height, about 5 feet 9, and he’s 61 or 62.

“I have more details,” Roy wrote, “and I hope I can get them down before I forget. But if I do, I will simply go back [into self-hypnosis] and go over it again.” This was not to be, however, for soon the aliens put an end to Roy’s self-hypnosis by causing extreme pain in his head.

White silk cravats

Dec. 15, 2009, Roy wrote, “Thank you for the word ‘cravat.’” He was talking about the special white neckwear worn by the few extremely dark black soldiers he had seen. Roy believes the fabric was silk. “I often wear silk shirts, so I know silk when I see it.” We figured the men were African, but they might have been Caribbean. We both looked on the internet hoping to find African military wearing white silk cravats, but found nothing.

Dec. 22, another email from Roy. He’d gone back to the



“This is exactly the uniform Col. Roberts wore, an AF dress uniform,” Roy says. “The younger officer who came to get me from the hot room was wearing the same uniform but without the coat.”
(Man shown is model.)

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hot room and discovered where his wife was at that time. “She was in the room next to the room I was in. That room looked exactly like mine down to all the details I could discern.” This perception of Roy’s is apparently a psychic perception based on Deborah Lindeman’s direction to “go outside your body,” and is one of two psychic perceptions Roy reported as he went about reconstructing the milab experience.

A very angry Colonel

He also recalled the chair in the hot room was “hardwood, not metal, light in color, either oak or blond maple, and the back was straight.” He recalled the Colonel’s reprimand. “I look down the hall and see a man coming. As he gets closer, I see he is getting madder the closer he gets. He is looking at me very upset. He wants to know why I got out of the chair and opened the door. I was told to stay in the chair and not move! He moves the chair back to the center of the room and tells me not to get out of it again.” Roy notices the uniform and insignia. “He is a colonel in the Air Force,” Roy wrote. Soon, Roy hears “. . .steps in the hallway. The door opens. A man in Air Force dress uniform is standing there. ‘Come with me.’ He is wearing a light blue shirt with tie but no coat.” The man “appeared to be in his early 40s, rather good looking guy probably gets all the girls, carries himself well, walks straight and not slouched like a true gentleman should. Very neat in appearance. His face is stern. I enter the hallway with him. We just walk. And we walk. He never turns to look at me, just stares straight ahead. I wish I knew what he was thinking. We walk. This is the longest hallway I have ever seen.”

As they got closer to what turned out to be the entrance to the stage and the auditorium, Roy notices “He has something in his left hand. It must be a remote, causing the auditorium doors to open. My escort says nothing, just stands as I cross in front of him and get on the stage. I walk to the center and turn

and face the crowd. A man talking over the sound system refers to me as ‘the 62-year-old male subject.’ I just stare. I don’t try to pick out faces in the audience. I just stare off in the distance. A man is talking over the speaker system. ‘Good evening gentleman and thank you for coming. My name is Col. Roberts. . .’”

“The subject will not remember. . .”

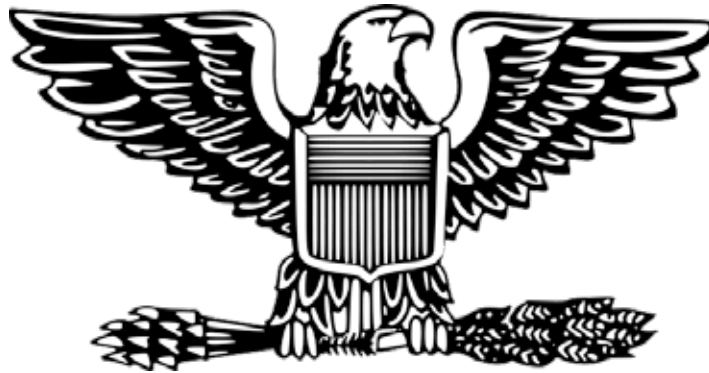
Roy comes up with a few more details. “This Colonel—he seems to me to be the project manager—is explaining the program. I remember him saying, ‘The subjects will not remember anything about being here. The last thing they will remember is going to bed and falling asleep.’

“Lie!” Roy wrote. “I was wide awake when the craft arrived. My wife grabbed the camera and took pictures. How could the AF Colonel not know this? Unless the aliens neglected to give him all the facts,” he added significantly.

“The man on the stage is still talking. I gather he is outlining the mind control program to the audience. They just stare. Does anyone in the audience feel sorry for us? It’s ok, it’s for God and country.

“I think we were there about 30 minutes. At the end the audience files out after the Colonel’s closing statement, ‘Well, gentlemen, you have a ‘plane’ to catch.’ It’s the way he said that. Kind of jokingly. His tone of voice was different.”

Roy said he’d been unable to hypnotize himself the previous night. Finally he went to bed. During the night, though, he was not alone. “I awoke hearing the most ungodly breathing sounds. It sounded like some animal was right next to my head about to strike and kill me. I forced myself awake and the bastard next to the bed quickly departed into the bathroom. I slept well the rest of the night and didn’t find any marks on my body in the morning, so I assume they did not take blood samples.”



This is the unique insignia assigned to AF colonels, which Roy observed on Col. Robert’s uniform.

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The end of self-hypnosis

An email from Roy Dec. 29, 2009 marked the end of his self-hypnosis. Laying in bed, Roy tried to concentrate. He and his wife were not alone in the house. He'd "already heard two of the bastards pop through the bathroom window. At least no one fell or tripped in the bathtub and made a huge noise, like they did a few nights ago," Roy wrote.

On his second try, "Within two minutes, I was in deep hypnosis, but it seems others objected. I started getting bad pain in the left front of my brain and in my left eye. I stopped the hypnosis and the pain slowly faded. So I had a chat: Oh, I see you bastards don't like this, huh? Afraid I will find out something? You apparently have orders to put a stop to any and all hypnosis I conduct on myself. Any comments? No? Cat got your tongue? Oh, I forgot you don't have tongues."

He tried again and went into "a deep hypnotic state." Back to the hot room, "I counted down from three and found myself sitting in the chair. I was ecstatic at how fast I could do this. Then, I got the worst pain in the back left side of my head. I telepathically screamed at them, 'Knock it off! Knock it off!' The pain just continued. I had no choice but to pull myself out of the hypnotic state. I was quite mad at the bastards and threatened them with death for interfering with my hypnosis."

Roy tried again but "I got hit in the left front of my brain and my left eye hurt so bad I could barely stand the pain. He stopped and again had a chat: 'Ok, assholes, I see you really don't want me doing this. But as you know, I don't generally just quit. I'm as hard headed as you are.' I really wanted to try one more time. Perhaps if I got into a very deep hypnotic state the pain would not bother me."

Unbearable pain

Again he put himself into a trance. "I felt the pain and ignored it. The pain increased, but it was not really a bother once I put my mind to it. The more I concentrated on my hypnosis the less the pain felt and the more I forgot it. I thought, This is wonderful! The aliens are pounding away and I'm ignoring it!"

However, "What they did next took me by surprise. A very sharp pain hit my right ear. I felt the air compress around my head a nanosecond before the

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Sidebar

Room 207

After leaving the stage and the auditorium, Roy and his wife walked down the hall and passed a particular room, 207. Passing Room 207 caused an extreme emotional reaction in Roy:

"The audience files out using the double doors on each side of the stage. It is quiet now. No one is here but my wife and me. The lights are dimmed. I turn right and walk toward the doors I came in. There is one short step from the stage to the floor. My wife is right behind me, following. We walk out into the longest damn hallway in the world. We walk and walk.

"As we get close to a set of double doors on the right, I found myself staring at these doors. I started shaking, had trouble breathing. I started crying. Why don't I like this room?"

"I suddenly realize, I know this room. I have been in the room before, perhaps more than once. We slow down as we walk by. The doors do not have door knobs. There's a scramble pad; it's biometric or card access only. Very high security in this room. Suddenly a word fills my mind: Evil, evil, evil. I want to see behind this door, and I can and I do.

"The room is very large inside, not square. The concrete walls are thick. Many people are in here working, some in AF dress uniform but without coats. Many are wearing white lab coats down to the knees. Some of the white-coated people have military uniforms on; others have casual [civilian] dress underneath.

"They are moving about working. Looks like expensive equipment along the walls and throughout. What goes on here? I ask myself. I see a few narrow stainless steel tables, but wider than the ones the aliens use. I have been here; I know it without a doubt. For what purpose? The word 'implants' comes into my mind. I also see the room number, 207.

"As we pass I keep turning back and looking at these doors. I feel better having passed by them. My breathing becomes normal, I stop shaking and crying. "

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pain hit. I screamed and grabbed my right ear. Not that I know what it's like to have your eardrum punctured, but it sure felt that way. The pain was so intense I was no longer in a hypnotic state and I just lay there groaning.

“This experience confirmed what I already knew. When it comes to the aliens, it's their way or no way. There is no highway. You do as they say or you pay the price.”

The whole picture

And that was the end of Roy Wells' efforts to remember more of the milab. So let's put it all together. What is it we think happened to Roy and his wife the night of May 19, 2009?

As can be seen, Roy is in a constant struggle with the aliens. The initial phases of Roy's efforts to prevent himself from being taken are described in JAR 8, “One man's struggle. . . ,” and involved essentially Roy tying himself to his bed—surprisingly this method was partially successful. Later Roy would try another method, but the point here is—he fights. However, the night of May 19 they did not send the “usual pizza pick up and delivery guys,” as Roy calls them. We surmise the aliens had an appointment with the Air Force to deliver Roy Wells and so they sent “powerful” aliens to pick up Roy and his wife.

Next, Roy is with the aliens, and his memory here is murky compared to the clear memories he has of later in the night. However, he is in alien custody. He sees the aliens, he's on a table, they do a procedure. Also, he is aware this is not in the location he is usually taken when abducted; he is in a different alien place.

Five and a half hours later he woke up in bed with a memory of walking down the long, long hall. At first Roy thought there “must be” someone walking behind them directing them, but now we don't think so. In later phases, we see them with no escort, taking themselves from the auditorium stage to the conveyance. They know where to go.

Walking down the hall with the military officers seems to be Roy and his wife's entry into the facility, and it seems to be an entirely human facility. There is no memory of how he got there, which means the crucial handing over of Roy and his wife by the aliens to the Air Force is missing, as may be the same scene on the return trip. As for the return trip, Roy always

This is the second psychic perception Roy has employed in reconstructing the milab. I ask him about it. “I learned this from Deborah Lindeman,” he tells me. “She says, ‘Come out of your body, look around and simply observe.’ Once in front of the doors, I told myself, come out of my body and I found myself several feet in the air looking down inside the room.

“It was the same thing when I remembered being in the hot room. I told myself count backward and at the count of one, come out of my body. Then I could see inside both rooms and also see the hallway outside the rooms. I clearly saw myself and my wife sitting in the chairs.” Roy saw his wife in an adjoining room identical to the bare 8x8 room he was in. He could not tell if the room she was in was hot.

“Could it be I have been trained in remote viewing and I don't know it?” Roy wondered. “I've had several OBEs at home and watched the aliens take my physical body while I looked on from above.”

It is possible Roy drew his knowledge of the adjoining 8x8 rooms, as well as his knowledge of the implant Room 207, from subconscious memory of previous experiences in the facility. However, his ability to see from a physically elevated vantage point is in real time, and is not, apparently, a subconscious memory.

assumed the aliens brought him home, but when I pressed him on this he realized he does not know who brought him home.

Lying in bed, Roy also remembered the scene in the conveyance. Initially, on May 20, that was all he knew—being taken, being in the hall, and being in the conveyance. We didn't know where in the experience these fit. After the session with Lindeman, Roy fit the scenes together. He got to the conveyance after the stage scene.

And the hot room came after the walk down the long hall with the officers, though Roy does not remember being put in the hot room. Soon we see the Colonel furious, striding down the hall toward Roy. How did the Colonel know Roy had gotten up from

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the chair? There must have been a camera in the room which Roy, despite his acute powers of observation, did not see.

Now the Colonel screams in Roy's face, and it is here Roy gets an indelible impression of the Colonel's appearance—his face, his uniform, his insignia. "I could pick him out of a lineup," Roy says. "He is a Colonel in the US Air Force." On the stage Roy hears the Colonel's name, Roberts.

Soon, Roy is picked up by a lower ranking AF officer. In a long walk down the hall, Roy sees no other person, just as Roy saw no other person in the walk from the stage to the conveyance. No one. Either this very large human facility is underutilized or, the reason it is deserted is because it is the middle of the night.

The scene on the stage is loathsome, a nadir of cynical exploitation of two American citizens by our government. I hardly know what to say about it. It is flabbergasting. It is certainly actionable, in a legal sense, as is the entire matter of the use of Roy Wells by the US Government without his consent.

Not Roy's first milab

Some observations: first, various indications suggest May 19 was not the first time Roy Wells and his wife were in the custody of the United States and subject to the mind control protocols in evidence. "Entering the auditorium on the right is the female subject. . .she will walk up and stand next to her husband. . .the subjects will not remember anything. . ." This is not the language of a program that began May 19th. It is the language of a program that has been going on for a long time.

After the stage scene, as Roy and his wife walk alone on their way to the conveyance, they pass a certain door in one of the halls, Room 207 [See Sidebar]. Roy says he felt dread as he walked by that room, felt he had been in the room behind that door on other occasions, and felt relief he would not be going into Room 207 that night.

Roy's emotional reaction on passing Room 207 is more evidence May 19 is not a first. "I know this is not my first milab," Roy says, "because the room underground [207] is very familiar to me; I have been there many times." The same is suggested by Roy's statements about the "breakfast nook" in the conveyance. That is "where the pilot sits," Roy said, and he has "orders" not to go "over there." The sound of the words suggest repeated past events.

Similarly, the tones—the tones which tell Roy when to go and where to go in the government facility. Are we to assume all that technology was installed in Roy Wells on May 19th? And would the Air Force display Roy and his wife before a visiting group of high ranking military officers if this was the first time they had Roy in their custody? No, they would not.

The tones

Like many abductees, Roy hears "tones." He started hearing them January 2008. Under hypnosis, Roy said, ". . .we know where to go. It's ok. *Where do you go?* I'm not

sure but when I get there, I'll know because of those implants, they send a signal. I get signals. So I know where to go, when to stop, when to turn, where to get on, when to get off. All that. It's all automatic. *How does it signal you?* I receive tones. The tones are a signal. They program. The program tells me where to go. . ."

Roy suggests, above, that the tones direct him, but actually, Roy did not hear any tones he remembers during the milab. Nor does he hear tones when he is in alien custody. And in the custody of both, "just [inexplicably] knowing" where to go and what to do is identical. Many times Roy has described to me knowing when to board, and when to wait to board the alien "shuttle" craft which takes him to and from home during abductions by the greys. In May 2010 he wrote to me, "While under control and not having my full senses I don't hear tones, but I know my brain implants are receiving them. I can't tell you how I know, I just know."

**It appears to me
the greys have decided to pull the
plug on Col. Roberts and his human
abduction and mind control program.**

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“I get the tones very often,” Roy says, “all times of day and night, at home, at work, driving, anywhere. Some last a few seconds, others a few hours. Just now a tone in my right ear started as I was taking photos of a new mark I got last night. It has been [sounding] about an hour and it’s driving me up a wall. Sometimes the tones are faint and sometimes when they first hit I jump as they are so loud. It could be a single tone, flat, or suddenly go up or down in frequency. Every night I get them right before sleeping, each and every night. . .”

Since Roy does not hear tones when he is in custody of the aliens or the AF, Roy’s idea the audible tones are controlling him must not be correct. The instructions, the commands, are silent. It may be, as Roy has said, that “the tones. . . program.” If so, the tones are changing the “program,” inserting new instructions, deleting old ones.

An orchestrated pattern of memory

Our next observation is critical. It is about the pattern of what Roy remembers and

doesn’t remember, and why. According to what was said on the stage, Roy and his wife weren’t supposed to remember anything about the milab. Speaking over the loudspeaker, the Americans were supremely confident: “. . . the subjects will remember nothing. . .” And sure enough, Roy has no memory of any previous milabs, though the evidence suggests there were many. So why does he remember May 19?

Roy’s initial recollections on May 19-20 may have been due to his own efforts. For two years Roy has been working on remembering what happens when he is abducted by the greys [See JAR 8], so Roy’s initial recollections may have stemmed from his self-training in remembering. However, the greys could have stopped him from remembering any more. They didn’t.

The greys could have prevented. . .

During the months from May until the November hypnosis Roy couldn’t get beyond his initial recollections no matter how hard he tried. What Roy

remembered on May 19-20 was provocative—being in a human facility, being in the hall, seeing all the US personnel, being naked, etc—but it isn’t until the stage scene is added, as well as Roy’s impressions walking by the implant Room 207, that the magnitude of the plot line becomes clear. And it isn’t until Roy goes into hypnosis that he gets that additional information. If the greys had wanted to prevent Roy, and myself, from seeing the magnitude of the plot line, they never would have let Roy go into hypnosis.

After the hypnosis session the greys controlled what further information Roy would get. His brief forays into self-hypnosis yielded some additional; then the greys put a stop to it. It is also worth noting that these days Roy is no longer able to recall the abductions by aliens, which continue. Roy used to be able to remember the trip to the alien facility, the

facility itself, and certain events, but not any more. These days, Roy is still aware when an abduction has taken place, but not what occurred. It appears the greys do not want Roy to

remember what happens when he is with them, only what happens when he is with the Air Force.

Another thing we notice about the pattern of Roy’s recollections is his memory of being with the aliens at the start of the milab is foggy, but his memory of being with the Air Force is clear. “I could hardly see what happened between the time I was abducted and the time they turned me over to the government,” Roy says, “but once I was turned over my memory was as clear as if I was reliving the event.” The end result is a story in which the role of the US Air Force is front and center while the aliens recede into the background.

In short, we cannot show the greys *caused* Roy to remember the milab, though they may have. What we can show is they did nothing to stop him remembering additional crucial scenes, though they could have. We know they could have because ultimately, they did.

The greys knew what would happen

The greys know all about Roy Wells. They know

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The Air Force thinks it has a “cooperative” program with the greys, but apparently the greys have something else in mind which involves leaking incriminating information about the US Government.

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he is a writer and he works with writers. They could confidently predict that the events of May 19, if Roy knew about them, would find their way into print—and the events of May 19 are highly incriminating of the US government. All provided for public consumption? To discredit the American government? I think so. It appears to me the greys have decided to pull the plug on Col. Roberts and his human abduction and mind control program, or at least leak enough information to make the Colonel very nervous.

Why have the greys put a stop to Roy's further remembering? I told Roy one possible reason is to prevent self-destruct programming that may have been installed in his mind from executing. It may be Roy has been directed to destroy himself if he remembers certain information which could compromise the government program he is involved in or compromise the people running the program. So there's that possibility.

Another possibility is simply that the elements of the story Roy knows about are sufficient for the aliens' purposes. Nobody's kidding themselves here that the greys believe Roy Wells, or Elaine Douglass, has a "right to know." This is about something that is going on between the greys and the coverup. A story has been divulged, by the aliens, on purpose. It is a story which directs our attention to bad things the US Air Force is doing to Americans, while the aliens fade into the background. That may be why the hand over of Roy Wells from the aliens to the Air Force is missing from Roy's memory. If the hand over scene was included, the aliens would loom larger in the tale.

A double-cross

Of course, from the Air Force's point of view, nothing like this was supposed to happen. As far

as Roy and I can tell, the Air Force thinks it has a "cooperative" program with the greys, but apparently the greys have something else in mind which involves leaking incriminating information about the US Government.

Why is it most of what was said on the stage is so thoroughly blacked out of Roy's memory? We don't

know. What could have been said on the stage? Roy believes the event was a "demonstration" of mind control technology to a "visiting" group of officers. If so, the history and scope

of the program applied to Roy Wells and his wife would have been described: the duration, the types of implants used, the hypnotic and drug protocols employed, and the results.

As for results, Roy and I are drawing a blank. What are the results? What exactly is it the government has been able to get Roy Wells and his wife to do as a result of the technology inflicted on them? We do not know.

Another thing Roy and I wonder is whether the visiting group of officers who observed him on the

stage that night knew he was brought into the custody of the Air Force by extraterrestrials. For all we know, they may know nothing about that and may have been led to believe Col. Roberts

and his program are an entirely human affair.

Whatever the goals and results of this "cooperative" alien-Air Force mind control program, the fact is both the aliens and the Air Force are concentrating very hard on the case of Roy Wells. The Air Force and the greys have been working on Roy for years. Nowadays, the greys *take blood from Roy every four days*. The invisibles show up frequently, in his home, at work, in his car. The tones are inflicted

If I had Col. Roberts here in front of me, right now, I'd say: "See, Colonel! You just can't trust those aliens. It looks like they're trying to expose you and your whole program! What went wrong?"

**Do I believe in Roy Wells and what he's told me?
Absolutely. I'd stake my life on it.**

-Elaine Douglass

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constantly. Last winter there were what seemed to be government agents around Roy's house, removing his trash, looking at the surveillance cameras Roy has installed outside his house, and other things. As Roy describes it, "I'm pretty much under 24/7 surveillance and monitoring." What's that about? We don't know. We just know it's intensive and ongoing.

Who is the Air Force colonel?

His name is Roberts. His age about 61 or 62. He has graying hair and a moustache. His height is 5 feet 9 or so. Roy believes Col. Roberts is "in charge of the human abduction and mind control program." Up to a point, Roy tried to find out exactly who he is. On the internet Roy found pictures of ten or 12 Air Force colonels named Roberts. The Col. Roberts Roy saw in the milab was not among the pictures. There is one more AF Colonel Roberts named on various AF websites whom Roy could not find a picture of. In other words, Roy found pictures of all the AF Colonels named Roberts except one. On inquiry, I learned a Roberts by the first name in question did not graduate from the AF Academy. That is all we know.

You can't trust those aliens

So there it is. The whole ghastly story. If I had Col. Roberts here in front of me, right now, I'd say: See, Colonel! You just can't trust those aliens. It looks like they're trying to expose you and your whole program! Didn't you and the greys agree to work together in secret to turn Roy Wells into the most brilliantly conceived mind control puppet the world has ever seen? What went wrong?

Can we talk, Colonel? I think the aliens are setting you up, not only you, but the whole American government, judging from the alien public propaganda. The Roy Wells affair looks to me a piece of that, just a small piece, but representative.

Were you surprised, way back when, to find the aliens were willing to share technology? It was a trap. By getting you involved in abductions and mind

control, in invading bodies, wiring brains, usurping the will and appropriating the lives of the innocent and unaware, the aliens made sure your hands are very, very dirty. Of course, that's what *they* do every day with the abductees, but now they've blurred the distinction between what they do and what you do-- and that's going to help them a lot, soon, with what they have in mind.

They're going to try to take you down, Colonel, and if they do you'll be the one standing there, naked, without any legitimacy to wrap yourself in. You threw that jewel away for a few pathetic trinkets, wires you

can stick in Roy Wells' brain, buttons you can push to make him go left or go right. As I see it, Colonel, you walked right into it.

We want to see what this case can tell us about what's going on between the aliens and the coverup. All does not seem to be well in Paradise.



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



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A new hypothesis of alien abductions,” and Bowart in his 1978 book, *Operation Mind Control*, believed the Candy Jones account and added new information to the case. Other Candy Jones investigators are Dr. Colin Ross, M.D., in his 2006 book *The CIA Doctors*,

that she was an abductee.

The day of their marriage, Nebel observed the emergence of the alter personality, Arlene, and he realized something was wrong with his wife. On a whim, Nebel tried hypnotizing Candy to help her sleep, and so began the unraveling of her 12-year history with the CIA.

As we consider Roy Wells’ account of being displayed naked on a stage, we now know another victim has described the same scenario—it happened to Candy Jones in 1971.

Candy had enough

On her own initiative, Candy Jones began separating herself from Gilbert Jensen and the CIA in 1971. According to Don Bain, “It is obvious from the tapes Jensen was not only unhappy with Candy’s threats to cease working for him and [the

and John Marks in *The Search for the “Manchurian Candidate”*: *the CIA and Mind Control*, 1991.

So as we consider Roy Wells’ account of being displayed naked on a stage, we now know another victim has described the same scenario; it happened to Candy Jones in 1971.

She took the “job”

Candy Jones got started with the US government in 1959. She did a few minor favors for the FBI, and the next year the CIA asked if she would accept a job as a covert operative. The person who approached her was a psychiatrist, “Gilbert Jensen,” (pseudonym) under contract to the CIA, who originally met Candy in a military hospital in the Pacific during WW II. Candy accepted the “job” even though she had no idea what it would entail.

In the 12-year period that followed, 1960 to 1972, Gilbert Jensen took over Candy’s life and turned her into what Bowart calls “a hypno-programmed CIA courier.” Jensen followed a protocol including hypnosis, intravenously administered drugs, the isolation of Candy Jones from all normal social contact, and the creation of an alternative personality within Candy.

Using a memory fragment from Candy’s childhood, Jones brought to life “Arlene Grant,” a hard-boiled, sarcastic “alter” personality he routinely invoked when sending Candy on a “mission.” Long John Nebel’s interest in UFOs notwithstanding, there is no indication in anything written about Candy Jones

CIA], but found his fears of such a move intensifying. . .” This led Jensen to direct Candy to commit suicide.

“The self-destruct program,” Bowart writes, “was to be activated in Nassau. She was to check into the Paradise Beach Hotel Dec. 31, 1972. She’d stayed at that hotel before. . .on this occasion, Arlene was primed to take over. . .on receiving a phone call from Jensen. Arlene was programmed to walk Candy’s body to a steep cliff overlooking the sea and there to make a high dive. . . Candy married John Nebel the very day she was supposed to check into the hotel.”

The day of their marriage, Nebel observed the emergence of the alter personality, Arlene, and he realized something was wrong with his wife.

Displayed naked on a stage

The incident in which Candy was displayed naked on a stage is thought to have occurred the previous year, 1971, at Camp Peary, Va., a CIA training facility, or at CIA headquarters in Langley, Va. The following excerpt from Bain’s book describes how the incident was revealed under hypnosis:

Nebel probed and she told him she had been present at a meeting at which Jensen displayed her to his colleagues. There were eight

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subjects on the program and Jensen scheduled Candy first. . . .

Nebel attempted to learn whether Jensen had done anything prior to introducing her to the

There is no indication Candy Jones was an abductee.

group [to] induce a hypnotic trance. He asked whether Jensen used his hands or a watch on a chain or lighted a candle.

“A candle,” Candy said. . . Her voice began to display anxiety.

“Did he light the candle?”

“Yes.” She was on the verge of tears.

“He lighted it in front of the people?”

“Yes, I don’t know, I don’t know anything.”

“What did Jensen say to you when the candle was lit?”

“He asked me questions, I don’t know, I don’t know.”

Nebel reinforced the trance. As he did, Candy began to moan.

“He tried to put the candle, he tried to—“ she began to cry as she muttered these statements.

“He tried to put the candle—“

“Where did he try to put it?”

“Oh no, I almost killed him.”

Nebel pressed her as to where Jensen had attempted to put the candle, but she fought against answering him. . . Her movements on the bed became violent as she twisted to escape Nebel’s words.

At this point. . . Nebel switched to the role of Gilbert Jensen. . .

“I don’t know anything,” Candy again said. It was the singsong automatic response Nebel had heard hundreds of times in the sessions with Candy.

“Yes you do,” Nebel responded. “You can tell me. . . where did I try to put the candle?”

“I don’t know anything.”

“Yes you do. This is Gil Jensen.”

“I don’t like you.”

“Come on now, tell me.”

“You hurt my arm. It hurt.” She was almost hysterical.

“Come on, tell me.”

“You tried to stick it into me.” It was a child’s exclamation, filled with hatred and sorrow.

“Where did I try to stick it?” Nebel asked as Gilbert Jensen. He kept at her, narrowing down areas of the body. “Below the knees? Above the waist? Where?”

Candy continued to plead with him to believe her when she said she didn’t know anything “You *told* me I wouldn’t remember,” she screamed.

“All right,” Nebel said. “Tell me *why* I did it.”

“To show them you could do anything with me.”

“Did it hurt?”

“No. You said it wouldn’t hurt and it didn’t.”

“Then tell me, where did I try to stick the candle?”

Candy continued to resist. She told him she hated him and wished him dead.

“Where?”

“You know, you know,” she screamed. “You gave me the shot and I couldn’t move my arm because you had it taped down.”

“Where did I put it?”

“I don’t know anything.”

“This is Gil. Tell me!”

“I—“

“I’m going to count down from five down to one. When I reach one you’ll have complete memory. Five, four, your memory is coming back.”

“No! Stop it!”

“Three, clear memory, two—“

“I hate you!”

“One—“

“Take your hands off me!” She was screaming at [who she thought was] Jensen; Nebel was two feet from her on the bed and was not

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touching her.

“You have your memory.”

“You pushed it—into me.” Her voice sagged.

“Between your legs?”

“Yes.” She cried uncontrollably and Nebel ended the session.

The master handler demonstrates

Walter Bowart describes the event this way:

“She was taken to an amphitheater where more than two dozen CIA men were gathered to witness a performance of Dr. Jensen’s stable of zombies. Eight subjects were scheduled for the performance; Candy was first.

“In a deep hypnotic trance, she was made to lie naked on a table. The table was wheeled before the CIA audience and Candy was introduced to the group as Laura Quidnick.

“Dr. Jensen,”

Bowart wrote, “demonstrated his complete control over the prone, disrobed figure of Candy Jones. He lit a candle and told his nude subject she would not feel a thing. Then he shoved the burning candle deep into her vagina.”

Understanding needs context

In ufology, context is everything. For example, to understand the reality of the abductions, we must see the abductions in the context of, against the backdrop of, more than 60 years of UFO sightings—sightings which describe flight characteristics exceeding earth technology combined with reports of landed craft, doors opening, and beings stepping out who often don’t look human.

If we’re not familiar with this context, the abduction stories seem to come out of nowhere. But if we are familiar with it, we already know UFOs are not ours, they are intelligently controlled, and there are “people” inside these craft. Then when we ask,

‘What are these people doing?’ and the answer is, the abductions, it fits together; we have a context.

Similarly, the Candy Jones story begins to create a context for understanding the Roy Wells milab account, and there’s a lot more context I have found during the last two years in cases I have published in *JAR* and in books I have read. Since not everyone has read the *JAR* articles, or the books I refer to, let me cite them so interested readers can refer to these sources themselves.

These sources provide context

Dr. Colin Ross’s *The CIA Doctors* (2006) is an expose on the mind control activities of government-

employed psychiatrists post WWII. The book is full of detail and names. The late Walter Bowart’s *Operation Mind Control* (1978) is out of print but can be found at www.whale.to/b/bowart.html. The book includes evidence political assassinations may be sourced to government

If the US government is carrying out a large, clandestine, intrusive mind control program which routinely appropriates US citizens as subjects, the US effort is a mirror image of the aliens’ large, clandestine, intrusive mind control program which routinely appropriates US citizens.

mind control programs and an account of a military man with little or no memory of his time in the service.

Martin Cannon’s “The Controllers,” including pages of footnotes, is outstanding research on government mind control activities (www.constitution.org/abus/control.html). The 1992 paper “Hypnosis in MPD,” by Cory Hammond, PhD, professor of psychology at the Univ. of Utah, (www.whale.to/b/greenbaum.html) is astonishing for the description of the intricately constructed mental interiors of mind control apparent victims. In the same vein is *Military Mind Control*, 2009, by Colin Ross, MD, a Texas psychiatrist. Though the case is described in subdued, unsensationalistic terms, it pushes the boundaries of what we suspect about the scope of clandestine programs.

The 2009 book *A Terrible Mistake: The Murder of Frank Olson & the CIA’s Secret Cold War Experiments* by HP Albarelli, oh so thoroughly

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explores the period when LSD was the government's primary mind control instrumentality and uncovers at least one clandestine victimization. Critical to read is Nick Begich, PhD's *Controlling the Human Mind*, 2006. With overwhelming documentation, Begich shows how far (very far) the US has come in perfecting the technology of mind control. That leads to *A New Breed: Satellite Terrorism in America*, 2009, by Dr. John Hall, a Texas anesthesiologist. The book is Hall's initial effort to articulate the grievances of a multitude of victimized Americans who describe remotely-applied technological tortures and stalking.

With the exception of Dr. Hall, the sources I mention here are not written by victims, not written by publicity-seeking persons. They are written by highly intelligent, astute researchers. Taken together, they imply the existence of a large, clandestine, intrusive US government effort in mind control which routinely appropriates US citizens as experimental subjects.

A mirror image

None of the sources I cite, with the exception of Cannon, acknowledge the reality of UFOs or abductions by aliens. However, it is my supposition alien abductions are the driving force behind the government's mind control effort. If the US government is carrying out a large, clandestine, intrusive mind control program which routinely appropriates US citizens as subjects, the US effort is a

mirror image of the aliens' large, clandestine, intrusive mind control program which routinely appropriates US citizens. This is the context in which I have come to understand the milabs, and accounts such as that of Roy Wells.

Furthermore, my own research tells me some of these programs are joint human-alien programs. JAR 3 and JAR 4 published the account of an unaware abductee seeking a job at the CIA who was presented with an alien being in a CIA building. In JAR 5 was an article with evidence a retired military man had been the subject of Air Force mind control as well as indication the US military is acquiescent in alien abductions. Now, in JAR 9, with the Roy Wells case, we see the aliens delivering an abductee to Air Force mind control operatives.

Those who care to delve into the sources cited will see that the Roy Wells, and the Candy Jones cases do not just jump out of nowhere. These cases fit into a larger and very disturbing picture.



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I then focused toward the wall at the foot of my bed and was shocked to realized I could see another being waiting out in the hallway. This entity, although I could not see his body, had an incredibly intense burning aura that actually glowed through the wall. I had a feeling this thing could literally eat my soul.

Out-of-body abduction may explain the bizarre abilities these creatures are often said to possess, such as walking through walls and levitating their intended targets out of bedroom windows, but the simple fact is we don't know enough, if anything, about the so-called 'astral' plane to use it as a plausible foundation for evidence.

Furthermore, astral experiences, such as the typical out of body projection, are often confused with lucid dream-states. I'm not going to get into hypnogogic states or sleep paralysis because, though it may be the cause of some contactee experiences, I don't believe it is true for all. It's just that much harder to establish something like abduction as having happened when there is no physical encounter, leaving no trace evidence whatsoever. In those situations, we are left only with the word and interpretation of those who have experienced these scenarios.

Not all Bill's encounters were out-of-body, just a significant number of them, which leads me to consider he may not have had as many actual experiences as he might believe. But who am I to tell you, or Mr. Konkolesky, that his OOB might have been just a lucid dream? I mention this because there will be some who pick this book up anticipating nuts-n-bolts type abductions, and this book probably won't satiate their hunger.

As for myself, I was disappointed that the vast majority of Bill's experiences were not originally 'present' memories, but instead surfaced only during hypnotic regression. I personally do not have a lot of faith in hypnosis. It has always caused my skeptical eyebrow to arch high, even in early cases, such as the Betty and Barney Hill abduction.

When an hypnotic state is induced, the individual

becomes extremely impressionable. Because of this, certain lines of questioning or poorly chosen words can create false or misinterpreted memories. Of course, many of you have heard this all before, but the recent David Jacobs and Emma Woods fiasco goes to show how things can go awry during an hypnosis session; even the most experienced of hypno-therapists are not immune to poor judgment or mistakes.

The human mind is an imaginative and delicate organ and you hardly need a doctor or "specialist" to tell you that much! I do not completely discount the legitimacy of memories that have been dislodged through hypnosis; therefore, I do not completely discount Konkolesky's experiences. But I do feel hypnosis is not a reliable tool for uncovering lost or buried memories.

At 125 pages, the book is a quick-read, offering a straightforward description of the events and their impact on the author throughout his life. It is a no-frills account and those looking for a more descriptive and colorful read may find it a bit bland. Konkolesky does cut to the chase for the most part, avoiding convoluted chronicle.

A missing piece in this book, and a lot of experiencer books, is any consideration of why. Although *Experiencer* spins a tale of mystery, after years of visitations, and through 13 chapters, neither Bill nor the reader has any better understanding why he was 'chosen,' what the intentions were, or who the strangers are. I would like to see him confront the question of "why" with more depth in future publications.

In the final pages, the author tells us his story will be continued in a sequel. That makes me wonder. With only 125 pages, why didn't he just wait it out and produce a more thorough account? It seems too short a book to leave the reader with an open-ending. For any future work, I recommend Bill consider publishing one volume, instead of a series of short books.

Experiencer: Raised in Two Worlds is perhaps best described as a slice-of-life narrative of "high-

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strangeness.” Those who like to read the personal accounts of experiencers and prefer stories that stay more or less on the surface, without digging too deeply, will probably enjoy this book. Those looking

for something with more body and in-depth analysis, may find on finishing this book that they haven’t gained any further understanding of, or insight into, this strange and frightening phenomenon.

—Deirdre O’Lavery
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TRIBUTE TO THE LATE BILL FOSTER

Unfortunately, New England businessman, author, pianist, husband, grandfather, JAR 2 author, and abductee Bill Foster died recently. For those not familiar with it, Bill’s book, *The Black Triangle Abduction*, is absolutely one of the best on the abduction phenomena. What makes the book so outstanding is the character and intelligence and courage of Bill Foster, as well as that of hypnotherapist Nadine Wheeler.

I never met an abductee with as much guts as Bill Foster. After Bill began to suspect he was an abductee, he showed an absolute determination to understand and recall his experiences through hypnosis. Anyone who reads Bill’s book will be dumbfounded at the way he ploughed through the screeching terror he experienced in recalling the events. His fear was so acute that many times

Nadine Wheeler put the breaks on for fear of jeopardizing Bill’s health. But he went back, again and again, until he got it all. As we have heard, courage is not about the absence of fear; it is about moving forward despite fear. Courage, thy name is Bill Foster.

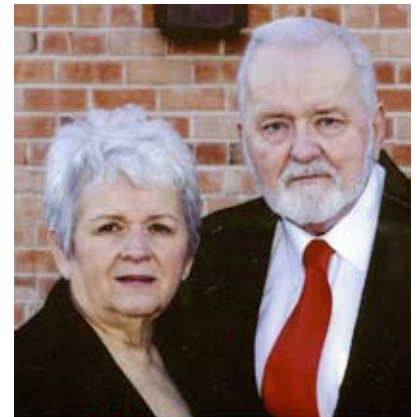
As for Nadine Wheeler, despite being unfamiliar with the abduction phenomena when Bill came to her for hypnosis, she showed great adaptability, ingenuity and skill in working with him. Her talents show through clearly in Bill’s book.

Bill’s website, <http://www.abduct-anon.com>, is still up and still full of information about abductions, including a list of hypnotherapists nationwide and worldwide willing to work with people who may have been abducted. About his site, Bill wrote, “It is non-commercial, non-profit, non-political, non-religious, no membership, sign-in or password needed. Just plain and simple information and referral, for folks who want help.”

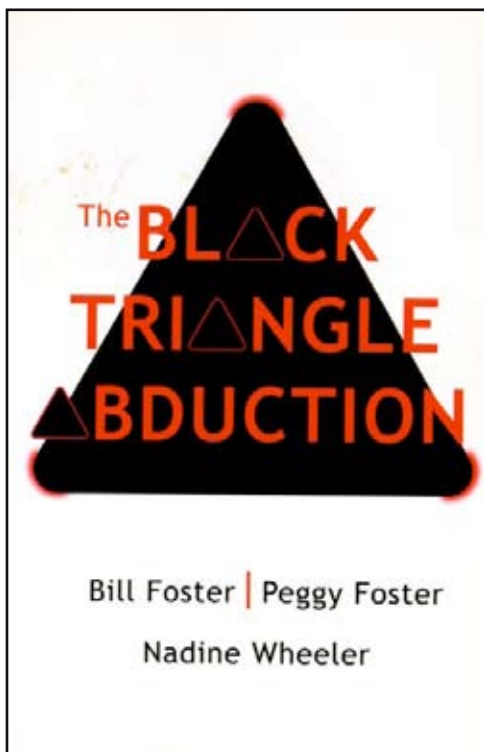
The death of Bill Foster is a great loss. So many times I have reached for his book, held it up to someone, and said, “Read this! Read this to see an example of a man with real guts.” I will continue to hold up *The Black Triangle Abductions*, and

continue to be inspired by it, always. You are missed, Bill Foster, you are missed.

—Elaine Douglass



Peggy & Bill Foster



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my body.” Another said the abduction environment seemed “translucent and lacking in solidity.” More strangely, a number of people claimed to have witnessed grey beings in 1930s era garb. Of course, none of those statements necessarily denote an out-of-body experience, but it’s food for thought.

Another interesting topic was “cover memories.” Hanson confesses the idea confuses her: “If we have all of these cover memories how would one know if it is even actually a Grey type being abducting them in the first place? If our memories were altered, how could we even discuss the subject to begin with, never knowing what is or what is not?”

I liked where this went. In fact, we don’t know if these beings really look as they are presented, if they are what they claim they are, or if the experiences are remembered as they really happened.

Later Hanson says: “I will not pretend there are no cover memories, but I take [the memories] with a grain of salt. How will we ever hope to progress the subject. . .if we can never get past the first step? I wonder how one would know what is a cover memory and what is not. Our eyes record accurately what we see. The mind’s interpretation is a whole other matter.” I understand her frustration, but I feel it is careless to not at least entertain the possibility the entire experience is purposely misleading.

I was happy to see the inclusion of the cryptoterrestrial hypothesis. For those unfamiliar with this term, I believe it was popularised by the late Mac Tonnies. He suggested a humanoid civilization on Earth well before humankind which reached an advanced level of technology perhaps thousands of years before we did, and which resides in undiscovered locations on Earth to this very day. It’s a theory that would get around the ‘vast distances of interstellar travel’ objection physicists have been shouting about for some time. Humanity may be only the flavor of the month where intelligence is concerned!

Hanson believes we need to open up new dialog in the experiencer phenomenon. I say *bravo!* I was thrilled with this comment, as it reassured me she

wasn't taking us for a ride on just *her* version of what's going on.

Of course, those dialogs have been open for many years, but often one-sided. It's time to inject new ideas into the research in a way that doesn't leave the field flopping about like a fish out of water. She finishes this beautiful consideration with: “Oh my God, we may have to change our whole dynamics of thinking just in order to accept it.” I’d say she hit the nail on the head, but I think “may have to change” should be *must!*

Overall I was impressed with some of the thought-process behind this book, but a number of ideas and topics did make me flinch. A few times I wondered if in the end, she really *had* made up her mind about what was happening—but then she'd left-hook the reader with a beautiful thought, such as: “Could we be part of an emerging consciousness. . .[in] the universe? Perhaps the universe has been conscious all long and we are just now getting it. “

Other topics in *Mosaic* include abductees who experience *other* paranormal events outside of abduction, experiencers and their relationship with the arts, MILABS, “shadow people,” and implants.

Hanson does her best to introduce abduction statistics along with theories not restricted to the typical bobble-headed greys shoving tracking devices up nasal cavities. With a touch of humor, her acceptance of the unknown factor, and her willingness to introduce new possibilities and perspectives into abduction dialog, this books stands out more than might be expected.

Those who have already trod down these roads and are well on their way into new areas of research, may find this book a bit elementary, but I would recommend *Mosaic of the Extraterrestrial Experience* to those who have been looking at abduction only through grey-colored glasses and who may wish to venture into more open-minded areas in their search for understanding.

—Deirdre O’Lavery
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Letter to the *JAR* editor & more: Retired military groups routinely denounce whistleblowers, such as alleged S-4 guard Connor O’Ryan discussed in *JAR* 8

An article in *JAR* 8, “The Connor O’Ryan Story,” by Elaine Douglass, elicited the following letter to the editor:

Dear JAR:

My name is Marilyn Carlson, Asst. State Director for Oklahoma Mufon and a clinical hypnotherapist. I read with interest the article in JAR 8 about Connor O’Ryan, aka Derek Hennessy. There is some pertinent information about Hennessy on www.pownetwork.org. It quite simply states Hennessy was never a Navy Seal and his story regarding being an assassin of 18 people is a “fairy tale.” I don’t think he was ever at S4 and he created a story to try to discredit Wendelle Stevens. . .

Sincerely,

Marilyn Carlson

Oct. 2009

The allegations mentioned by Ms. Carlson, at www.pownetwork.org/phonies/phonies524.htm, consist of a July 2009 report from Steve Robinson, former SEAL, member, Special Operations Association and author of a book about “unmasking Navy SEAL imposters.” Robinson says he does not find the name Connor O’Ryan/Derek Hennessy in SEAL records and states since O’Ryan/Hennessy claimed to be a Marine he could not have been a SEAL since only Navy men can be SEALS.

O’Ryan/Hennessy claimed to be a SEAL, a government assassin, and a guard at S-4, Area 51 in Nevada where, he claimed, ET technology was studied.

JAR offered Rick Keefe an opportunity to respond to Marilyn Carlson. With Wendelle Stevens, Keefe is responsible for bringing forward the O’Ryan/Hennessy story in a 6-hour documentary, “The S-4 Informers,” at www.ufohypotheses.com. Here in part is Keefe’s response to Carlson:

Dear JAR:

Anything short of a full-blown Congressional investigation of the last 60+ years of Area 51, concurrent with a separate civilian investigation, is simply Project Fox-Guarding-the-Hen-House. . . Special operations and military intelligence can withhold whatever data they want to deem classified,

*and they can “cleanse” records from their system. . . Rick Keefe, Filmmaker
Tuscon, Az., Oct. 2009*

Interestingly, another person mentioned in the *JAR* 8 article is also denounced on www.pownetwork.org. That is Roland Haas, author of *Enter Past Tense: My Secret Life as a CIA Assassin*. In the meantime, new information has come to light regarding the use of Special Forces personnel as government assassins. The new information is in the 2008 book *JFK and the Unspeakable—Why He Died and Why it Matters*, by Catholic theologian James Douglass (no relation to Elaine Douglass, of *JAR*).

On pages 318-321 of the Douglass book is recounted the testimony of Lt. Col. Dan Marvin, former Army Special Forces/Green Beret. In Aug. 1965 Marvin says he was approached by CIA and asked to assassinate one Navy Lt. Cmdr. William Bruce Pitzer. CIA told Marvin that Pitzer was a “traitor” ready to turn secrets over to the “enemy.” At first Marvin said yes, then no, because the killing would take place in the US, specifically at Bethesda Naval Hospital. Pitzer was in fact shot to death in his office at Bethesda in Oct. 1966.

The background on Pitzer is he was head of audio-visual at Bethesda and had taken a series of films and photos of Kennedy’s body showing a bullet entrance wound at the front of his neck. Marvin knew nothing of this until many years later he saw a film naming Kennedy assassination-related persons, including Pitzer, who had died; then he realized the significance of Pitzer. Marvin says he has become a born-again Christian and must tell the truth; he even went to Pitzer’s widow and told her.

In relation to Connor O’Ryan story, the reason the Marvin account is important is it shows that the use by CIA, et al., of Special Forces as assassination hit men is standard operating procedure, including even the assassination of US Citizens, even members of the armed forces, even within the United States. After revealing his story in the 1990s, Col. Marvin was “denounced and expelled by the Special Forces Association of retired soldiers,” according to Jim Douglass.

—Elaine Douglass