

# CASE BRIEFS: EXPLORATIONS & REVIEW

ISSUE #11

*Northern California Chapter*

May / June 1996

## CASE 1: THE PERILS OF KATHLEEN

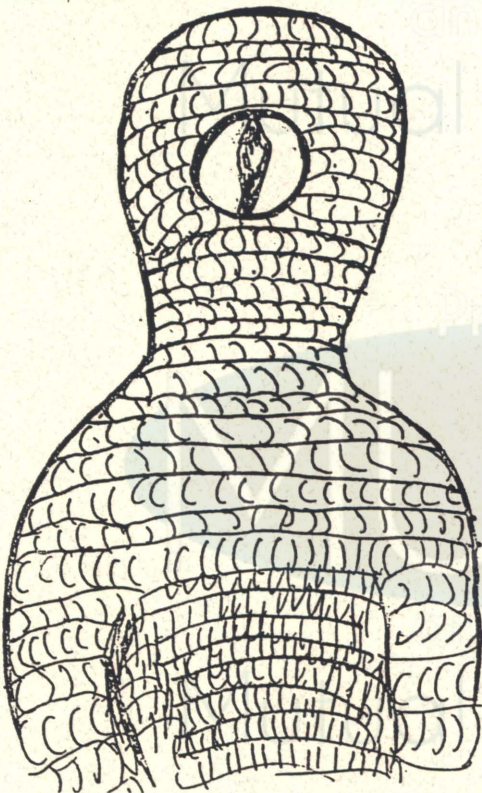
### *Part I0*

By Virgil Staff, State Director, MUFON No. California

In Kathleen's peregrinations to and fro in the cosmos, she has apparently glimpsed three dissimilar types of reptilians. In no situation did she hear any sounds, but there were other exciting details. We have taken the liberty of terming these three categories as Types I, II and III. One major variant in the three types was that Types II and III had somewhat smaller diameter eyes than the probable single eye found in the Type I.

On board a ship, Kathleen once came upon a six foot tall reptilian standing mute and motionless. The creature had one eye. "This great big eye was looking at me, and I was standing there gazing back. Wow! What a big eye. I've never seen such a big eye.... It was just perfectly still which reminded me of a lot of these lizards: they just sit there like a statue." She believes there were other people with her in the room, and "everybody was naked.... Apparently the greys had just brought me into this one area where the guy was, and I was standing there fixed on the eye.... I was totally fascinated with that first one cause I've seen alligators. It was a form of life I'd never seen before. It just fascinated me... and I wondered about those monsters in the Hollywood movies." This was all recalled from regression that was possibly too short to recall all the relevant details. Stature was approximately six feet, or perhaps more. The body was covered with red-orange scales, except those on or below the lower chest which were smaller and more of a yellow tint. She noted no nose, mouth, ears or chin, and she feels that she needs to be regressed to this occasion again. The single eye was five to seven inches in diameter, and as large as a teacup saucer.

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The sclera, presumably seen through the conjunctiva, was yellow. The pupil was black, and in the form of a vertical slit. Her drawing does not show much of an iris. She does not recall anything about the lower parts of this creature, and she would like to be regressed again since she believes she may have missed important details.

One or more of the Type II reptilians were viewed from this examination table. Kathleen

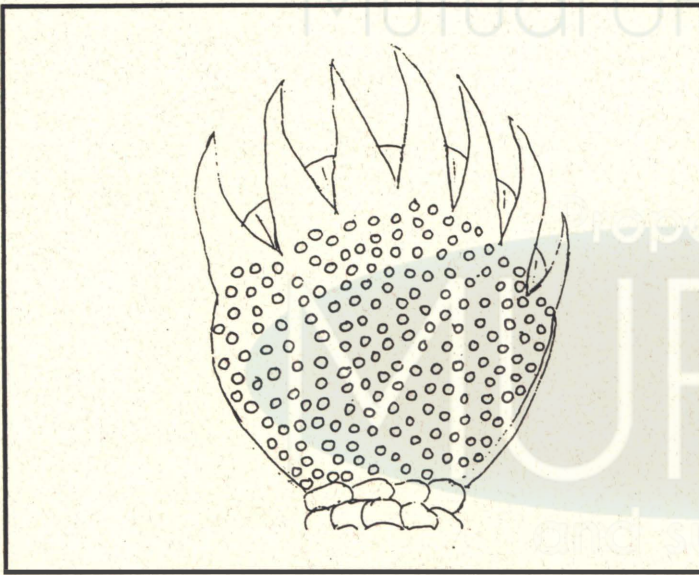
reports the table to be perhaps three feet high, or perhaps a bit more. Her guess is that the creatures were approximately six feet tall, although she remarks how difficult it is to accurately judge the stature of one of these when one is lying on the table or on the floor. In this incident, the reptilian was standing by her side "with his big webbed paw" on her arm. "They were portraying to me 'calmness - don't be afraid - we're not going to hurt you.'" Kathleen saw this reptilian head-on and in profile, and she had a good look when it turned around and walked away. "That's when I noticed it had a long tail on it that touched the floor. The thing that stands out about the tail was that it was actually able to wag it's tail - a scaly tail like the rest of the body.... The tail would be really flexible and would wag quietly like cats and dogs when they get excited - that twitching around."

The two-eyed reptilians Kathleen saw were "big guys - over six feet.... They reminded me of some kind of prehistoric monsters the way they would walk on their hind legs. I never saw one of them get down on all fours and run around." When Kathleen watched the one reptilian turn around and walk away from her, "the walk was kind of a tromp-tromp-tromp-tromp." These beings "seemed to have something like cat and dog knees, where its all kind of one huge knee" that "comes down into the foot part." Initially, she believed the foot also had claws but she didn't seem to be totally certain.

The head was considerably larger than ours, with very large round eyes that were mostly yellow except for the black vertical pupil. The mouth, without apparent lips, was wide and was just a horizontal slit when closed. "At one point one of them opened their mouth and there was all these jagged teeth - more like fangs." These were about two inches in length and some of them were crooked. There was an upper and lower set of teeth, and there were all kinds of pointed fang shapes like on cats and dogs. On each side of the face there was a white bone-like structure. Kathleen isn't certain if the white structures are of bone or scale, but she reports that they extended "all the way from the top of the head down to the neckline" and then came "up into a point where it was like a great big V shape coming all the way down the face." She

speculates about its purpose and thinks it might have been hard. All the Type II reptilians she saw had pointed ears, and otherwise were covered with red-orange scales, as was the remainder of the body.

Each circular hand had seven claws and was red-orange and webbed. The claws were approximately two inches long and of white color. They appeared to be "a little more solid than cat's claws and were more like the fangs on a cat or a dog."

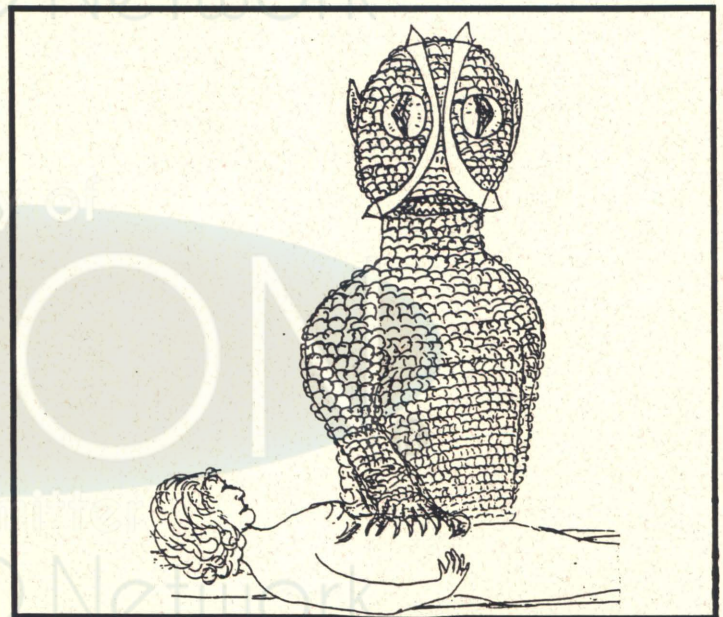


There had been no memory after regression of the palm of these paws or hands. "One morning when I was awakened, I had a memory of what the paws looked like. I had this memory after regression of the palm of these paws or hands. "One morning when I awakened, I had a memory of what the paws looked like. I had this memory of what its paws looked like underneath. The paw underneath was solid black, with these raised black dots all over. They're just slightly lighter in color than the background of the skin, but still in the black shade. Underneath the paw is real cushioned like foam rubber or maybe the underside of a cat's paw." So that the underside was black and the upper side red-orange in color. She had not recalled the appearance of the lower side of the paw, but when she awakened one morning she clearly recalled the underside as black, with the "circles of spots just slightly a little bit lighter black - maybe one shade lighter. The area between the claws is reddish

orange webbing in a thin transparent skin" which is a bit darker.

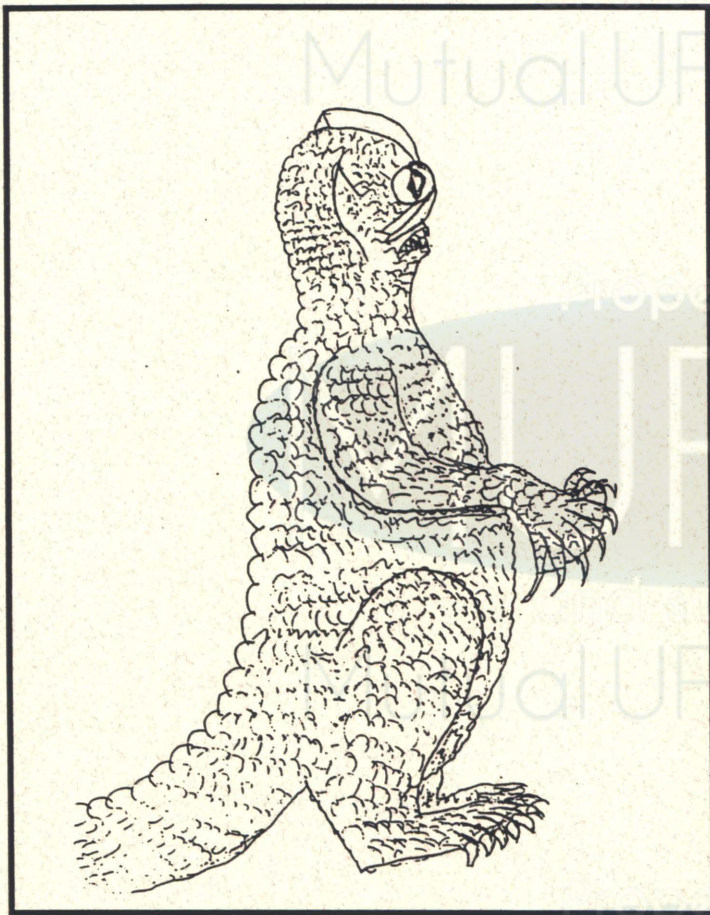
On the same morning that she recalled the underside of the hands, there were images of looking down at the feet. A foot was of a relatively circular shape, like a dinner plate, "and I remember where the claws came out, it was like a - going from the tip of the claw back up into the foot - it was like a bright reddish orange bone, but there was the real thin skin webbing between the claws, and it was a darker color. The foot part of it was short in proportion to the rest of the body."

On the previous night, Kathleen had not recalled the underside of the hand, or certain details about the foot. "I remember when I was dozing off that night, the one image they did not show me was what their hand looked like underneath, but when I woke up the next morning, I had a vivid memory of this. So I knew at that point that they had been here during the night and there were times I dozed off in the past. I'd see real quick flashes of different things - greys and all - and I thought maybe it was just subconscious memory surfacing. But now I'm beginning to realize though, sometimes after this experience when I see these flashes - now I realize when I'm drifting off to sleep that they must be coming in during the night."



Kathleen seems most impressed by the one big eye on the Type I reptilian, and by the calm

provided her when the Type II's hand was on her arm. She estimates the hand to have been some nine inches across, or even a bit wider "because it covered the whole area from the end of my wrist clear up to the bend of my elbow." Although she was tranquilized, she recalls the hand on her arm "with the claws sort of hung over a bit - perhaps so he wouldn't scratch me."



When the creature placed his hand on her arm, "I felt a wave of calmness come over me, and I didn't fear this big giant, prehistoric creature touching me." Kathleen believes she recognizes a significant difference in the manner in which greys and reptilians communicate. "The reptilian form of communication is more in the form of feelings, like emotions, than with the greys. It provided more of this emotional calmness which was portrayed telepathically, whereas with the greys, when they give you instructions or communicate, it seemed to be more mental than emotional. With the reptilian it

was more emotional," and Kathleen believes the reptilian form of communication is more highly evolved. "Greys give off all this stuff telepathically without emotion."



There may be a third type of red-orange reptilian Kathleen has seen on the ship, but we will wait for more certainty on our part.

## CASE 2: TERROR IN THE NIGHT

By Virgil Staff, State Director  
MUFON No. California

Southeast of San Jose lies a mysterious realm. This property is permeated with palpable and haunting presences capable of disturbing the most unruffled equanimity. The intelligence community is said to have located various pieces of sophisticated equipment around the community, including radar. In the area hereunder consideration, there are reported to be burn marks, trees sheered off in circular form, square holes punched in the ground and in the trees, and a form of angels hair everywhere. What is transpiring in the night reminds us of some of the incredibly diverse circumstances surrounding the eventful life of Whitley Streiber.

In 1992, the terrorized inhabitants of this specific ranch were receiving unknown visitors, perhaps three or four times a month. The brilliant chief witness has higher degrees in physics and has created unbelievably destructive devices capable of employment as weapons of devastating destruction. Our witness ponders the likelihood that his meteoric career may have resulted from help provided by the extraterrestrials.

Tom Stanton investigated this case, interviewed the chief witness and others, and brought in Vincent Migliore, James M. McCampbell, and others to provide additional expertise. When it became clear that the investigation was going no further, the various tapes and forms were assiduously gathered together by Lester Velez and turned over to the state director for evaluation and review. But the real credit goes to Tom Stanton whose intuitive talent provided all the shocking testimony we have on this series of terrifying incidents. The following account, usually in quotes, is precise except for occasional words added for comprehensive understanding.

"In the late summer or early fall of 1987, the dogs barked very strangely outside, and it was a bark that began as an alarm bark: 'Who, oh, oh, oh,' and then stopped. I figured the dogs were playin' - fightin,' whatever. One was kind of a pup, at that time about a year and a half old. So we had gone to bed and about 45 minute later we heard the front door knob of the french doors rattling like someone was trying to come in. We figured it's the dog scratching at the door because at that time we left the porch door open so they could go in and out.

"Oh, about five minutes later, the back door is now rattling. Still no problem: it's just the dogs scratching because they're used to sleeping in here. We didn't think much of it. Then suddenly I hear a hand or something sliding down these walls. You see, it's all tongue and groove, so you'll hit the point and you'll hear that noise. And as you slide your hand down it, you can just hear that rough hand, like sandpaper, coming down the wall. And they hit the first bedroom door down there, and it crossed the door with that kind of a sound, and you could hear it opening the door. At this point my heart is going nuts: about to jump out of my chest. I pushed my

wife over and put her off the end of the waterbed. There's a small gap there so she could lay down on the side. And I reached up into the headboard and got the gun I'm carrying today. It came through our bedroom door, slid across again, and the door knob went 'chch chch chch chch chch.' Something walked further down the hall. That leather chair in the corner was where this chair is. Whatever it was, it banged into the chair and made the chair skid on the floor a few inches so you heard the low scrape of the chair legs.

"At that point I racked the gun, put it on the door and called out: 'Whoever's there, I've got a gun, and you'd better leave.' And at that same instance, whatever it was had left and something ran across the top of the house from that corner to the opposite corner and was gone. At that point I mentally knew everything was okay. I jumped out of bed, threw on my sweats and ran outside. The back door had been pulled shut but it was still open about an inch. The front door was still locked so I had to open the door, go outside, and there was nothin' there.

"As soon as I opened this door, the dogs came in through my legs and just headed for the bedroom to get under the desk. They had never done this before. They were terrified. I came outside and there was nothin.' I had a flashlight and the whole nine yards. There was nothin.' But there was not a sound outside either. So BOOM! We've got a burglar. We called dad, who has a brother-in-law who lives up in the next canyon. There was 15 shotguns here in a matter of a few minutes. There was absolutely nothin.'

"The next night the same thing went on except it was in the woods. We could hear something moving in on the house, and just as I described earlier, you could hear two steps. We put the lights on and there was nothin' there. Finally we figured its got to be a deer. Its got to be something. Everyone at that point called us the '\_\_\_\_\_ running around the woods.' It was a big joke in the canyon. So I wouldn't call for help any more, I'd just sit here all damned night when this stuff went on until I finally had to go to sleep.

"But the next day - the day after - whatever was in the house had strewn all this green yarn all

over the place. This was about the time period of Rambo and all that was one. So I pictured some lunatic living in the woods with this rug on his back with its perfect camouflage. If you shined a flashlight on it, it would look like moss. It's that sort of color. So even if I were standing, and went around the woods with a flashlight, I would never see it because it's just all green. I just had this vision of this lunatic living up here in the mountains, and he'd come in here for some food or whatever. There was no yarn in the house, but there was yarn all over the road, as though he was running away. Like all this stuff had sort of fallen off him. I just left it in the road and collected a little bit of it. It didn't mean anything at that point.

"At approximately the point of my wife's conception, which would be September of 1991, I guess, September of 1990 - I had already been hired by \_\_\_\_\_. I had awakened because the waterbed was moving. We had a cat at the house at that time, so I didn't think much of it. The waterbed was just kind of jostlin' a little. But something stepped on my foot. And at that, I knew it wasn't a cat. I could feel a pad - a small child's size pad - had literally stepped on my foot and pushed it down. So at that point I just threw the covers off, and I was rolling out of bed. But it felt like two fingers. As soon as I had thrown the covers off and began to move, something touched me in the center of my back and POW: for four minutes I was just out. You could just feel this - hear the humming like electricity - like I got hit with a stun gun right in the center of my back. And I remember it was four minutes exactly because the clock went from 01:51 to 01:54, or 01:54 to 01:57 whatever. I focused right on the digital alarm clock in the room, and as soon as I could move again, I got up and there was nothin' in the house: nothin'. I hadn't heard a door, but I just heard this humming.

"About two months after that, the same thing happened, but this time I'm laying flat. I'm not laying on my side. I'm laying flat on my back. And I felt the same thing happen again, so I began to get up and throw the covers off again. Something touched the bottom of my feet and a wave came from that point up to about my midsection. There was a wave-length to it because there was definitely

a node and an anode. And I came BOOM! And I was paralyzed again like an electric field had come up. And then four minutes later - five minutes later - I got up: nothin' in the house. Nothin' in the bathroom or anywhere.

"So the whole time these events were happening, I'd tell my dad. We'd go up for Christmas dinner or Thanksgiving. Guess what would happen? I'd be thinking: 'Is this a dream? No! No! It's not a dream.' So my dad's been saying for almost a year now to go and see a shrink and get hypnotized. But still, it didn't make any damned sense. I'd be out in the woods hunting or whatnot, and I'd find these circles punched in the woods. It just all didn't make any sense. We began to think we had prowlers because of what was in the house. This whole area here that is around the house was all trees at one time. I had a bulldozer come up and just blow everything down. It kind of sounds strange, but it was literally bulldozed to make a till zone around the house so I could see people as I went outside with a flashlight. I really thought we had some weirdo living up there. The sheriffs have been up here several times because of this stuff. People would walk off the edge of the deck as we were going out to feed the dogs. There's nobody out there. We'd automatically call the Sheriff's Department. The sheriffs would come up and you wouldn't find anything. So they'd leave. It's been like this for years.

"Janet (his wife) had gone out to get the dogs' bowls to bring them in and fill them up. She went out on the deck, and out of the corner of her eye she saw this shadow walk right off the deck, right out there down the stairs. And it was gone. 'What the heck was that?'

"One night I was in here blowing on the fire to get it to spark up, and I was going outside to grab some more wood. As soon as I turned the corner, there, to head down the steps to see whatever it was, there was two things out there in that kind of cleared area. I went charging down the creek path. I couldn't see him. I had just blown on the fire, and my eyes were - my pupils were just wide open - or, sorry, undilated. As soon as we had gone out the hurricane door, the dogs instantly went growling around the corner of the deck, and you could hear

these two things just crashing down the bushes. They turned on the security lights out there. So whatever it was, was physical. It broke a beam. The dogs wouldn't leave the deck, and so I ran back and grabbed the shotgun and called the police. There was nothin' again.

"There were other times when you could hear them in the woods, and you'll go into the woods with a 12-gauge. You'll hear a noise here, and you'll flip the light over, and there's nothing there. But damnit: you just heard it there. And I've been in these woods long enough. I can tell you where you're walking and everything. Its just I'm very comfortable in these woods. I know what's going on in them. If you hear a noise, you know where the noise is. I've got 20/10 vision. My hearing is fine. There's just no explanation for all this. You'll just literally feel a presence hold back as you enter the woods. And then as you start to exit, before it closes in behind you, you begin to exit and it just pulls right back with you.

"I've got three people up here on the deck watching me kind of dance back up the road. I keep turning around. You know, I heard another thing there, another thing there. And then the ship comes over the house."

*To be continued...*

## ARTICLES

### INTRODUCTION TO FYFFE, ALABAMA

#### Part V

**By Ted Oliphant, III, Training Coordinator  
MUFON Northern California**

As spring hit Sand Mountain, the temperatures at night increased, making it easier to stay out late into the morning scanning the skies with my video camera. It had been a moderate winter, yet the warmer temperatures were still a relief. Now that I was a full time patrolman, I was out doing what I'd be doing anyway. My shift started just before sunset, and it ended just as the

sun was coming up: the witching hours. Seems like most people see their UFOs at night. Me? I'd prefer to see something during the day, so I could attempt making a picture. But there's something different about night here in the Appalachian foothills: the stars are bright. The Milky Way is seen virtually every night.

I was driving back towards Fyffe and found Assistant Chief Works (Fred) and our newest Patrolman, Norman Smith, in town. They said they had come by my place earlier that night because they saw a large boomerang shaped object in the sky outlined by five large lights. They told me it was the size of an airliner. Just minutes before I had driven into Fyffe, I had seen a small light shoot forward in my direction of travel. It moved faster than a rocket. There was something in the air.

Because I had made "UFOs: A Need to Know" (a 90 minute documentary, Eyes Only Video, 1991, BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO), people in Atlanta found out I was in Fyffe and I was asked to speak there. The night before I was to speak, I was out on my regular patrol, accompanied by our dispatcher/jailer Billy Potter. It was probably around 1:45 a.m. when we came to a field and a bright red light hovered up from behind the trees. I'd say we were less than a mile from it. It drifted up slowly and then off into the distance towards Grove Oak: historically one of the most active sighting areas.

I looked at Billy and told him I felt my patience had been rewarded. Billy said: "Well, Ted, I guess I'm proud for you, but I see that thing all the time over my house." Billy doesn't necessarily think its a thing. He thinks it might be a being.

I spoke in Atlanta the next night and when we started playing my documentary, it broke and I didn't have a second copy, so I ended up showing raw footage of an interview with George Knapp and lecturing more about Fyffe. Some people were disappointed they couldn't see my movie, but over-all it went well. As it turned out, the people who hosted me were somewhat offended by my comment that "one of the Rules is that you can't use the phenomenon for personal gain at the expense of others." They charged ten bucks a head at the door and there were over a hundred people there. They

gave me a hundred dollars which actually did cover all my expenses for the overnight trip. I even met a TV star, a young woman starring in "I'll Fly Away." You never know who you'll meet at a UFO meeting.

When I got back to Fyffe, I got a call from the Alabama MUFON State Director, Jeff Ballard. I told him about the red light I had seen the evening before last. Jeff said "Uh-Oh!" I asked him what he meant. Jeff said that "red lights are usually associated with cattle mutilations." I said I had heard that, but I wasn't aware of any of those in my jurisdiction.

Jeff pressed me: "What are you going to do if you start having cattle mutilations in your area?"

I replied, "I'll worry about that if and when it happens." I wasn't taking the possibility seriously.

"Okay," Jeff said sarcastically.

After I hung up, I figured Jeff was part of the lunatic fringe, an assumption that came back later to kick my rear end. But more about that later. Back to the UFO sightings of February, 1989.

In Fyffe, cattle rancher David Worrel was sitting on the front porch with his girlfriend. As they stargazed, David says that a portion of the sky started glowing orange. The orange glow then turned into "pink cobwebs." Out of these cobwebs emerged a long yellow bar of light that floated into the distance. When he went out into his pasture the next morning to do a head count, one of his calves was missing. The gate was still locked and there was no sign of how it got away.

The first weekend tourists descended on Fyffe to see a UFO, and fireman Ricky Dobbins had a bonfire to accommodate them. There was a live satellite truck from a local TV station, and two of the locals, Keith Mooney, and his cousin, showed up to make fun of the gathering. Phil was at the bonfire too. When the TV lights were turned on for a live update, Keith's cousin put on an ET mask and made his way in front of the camera. Keith was a little more subtle, putting his cousin up to more misbehaving. Everyone else besides these three characters were there to see a UFO. At the exact opposite side of the town, the Ridgeway family and their friend, Scoutmaster Don Brown, were out in the yard talking. "A cluster of stars" flew at them from the western horizon. The cluster turned into

what looked like a squadron of aircraft flying in formation. It came closer. Now it looked like a large triangular craft. Gene Ridgeway said it sounded like "a hundred 18 wheelers in idle." The water tower in Fyffe is three hundred feet high, and the Ridgeways say it wasn't any higher off the ground than that. When they looked up directly as the lights flew over them, it was all they could see in any direction. Enormous!

Thomas says, "If you parked a thousand cars together and you saw their undersides, and crossed that with printed circuit board: that's what the bottom looked like." His father, Gene, said you could see all kinds of details underneath, and what looked like hooks.

I asked him, "if that thing was in idle, what do you think would happen if it revved up its engine?"

"It would've blown the house away," he said.

Assistant Fire Chief Dobbins agrees with the description, and Ricky said that when he saw it in the late 1970's, it looked like an aircraft carrier.

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## REVIEWS

### NOVA SUCCEEDS AGAIN

By Virgil Staff, State Director, MUFON No. California

"Kidnapped by UFOs?" is a recent PBS edition of *NOVA* in which an array of debunkers gang up on Budd Hopkins and John Mack with intent of debunking abduction research. *NOVA* had

previously produced a negative program about UFOs, so that Hopkins and Mack should have known better than to have had any truck with these people. But it is said that we learn by experience.

This program is a sad attempt at reinvigorating the establishment mythology. It is a magnificent piece of propaganda. *NOVA* undoubtedly had no expectation of convincing ufologists, but the relatively uninformed might be easier prey. Irrelevant historical data was included, and employment of the old contactee tales that few ufologists have ever believed, and then not for a long time. There was an attempt to show that UFO flaps result from exposure to the mass media, in spite of studies indicating this is seldom if ever a factor. It was a good rendition, by the debunkers, of what they believe, and even more important, of how they work - of their methods.

The general approach was to make statements we all know, but mixed with the mental creations of various of the academic minds brought to the program. Another approach was to distort what is known and to cut up into bits and pieces the statements and approach of Hopkins so as to make him appear generally unscientific in his approach to the phenomenon. In attempting to bring in its big guns, *NOVA* interviewed a number conventionalist academics, many of whom had been previously known for their negative posture towards the UFO.

Carl Sagan's initial remark set the tone of the program: "Whether what is going on is in outer space or inner space. That's the question." In the previous issue of Case Briefs, we have discussed the general approach of Sagan to truth. Sagan may believe he is protecting the nation from the truth. Who can deny this possibility? But we already know about Sagan's approach. It may be sufficient for astronomers, but it isn't good enough for ufology.

Robert Baker, emeritus in psychology from the University of Kentucky, is well known to many of us from his presence at one or more MUFON symposiums. Baker refers to abductions as probably related to hypnogogic or hypnopompic dreams, although materials elsewhere indicate Baker's lack of evidence. Baker suggests that therapeutic good is not done to people by informing them that they may have been abducted. He states that its all in a dream

- all imagination - and probably will never happen to them again. He condemns Hopkins and Mack for trying to help, and he says people are not helped. It can be presumed he feels that it is better to lie to them.

Michael Persinger, of Laurentian University, suggests that the abduction phenomenon is based on suggestibility, and that the phenomenon is all created in the mind. Persinger tries to set up a situation where a subject will feel some fear. He places a subject in a chamber and bombards the subject with various frequencies. The subjects naturally react with certain sensations. He tells us that such sensations can occur spontaneously in some people. But none of this has any relevance to abductees who have not been artificially stimulated by someone like Dr. Persinger. Persinger has previously attempted to support his views that UFOs are created in the mind by earthquake lights. To our knowledge, Persinger has not explained how such distant lights can create the various traces that have been cataloged, nor the numerous other relationships.

Paul Horowitz, a Harvard University physics academic, had nothing new to say. He doesn't know of any evidence. And that is fine. Initially, he must do some reading in the literature. The work of psychologist Elizabeth Loftus, of the University of Washington, also appears to be useless. Certainly we knew already that some people can be convinced of almost anything. After all, we hear from various academics all the time. In the experiment she produced for *NOVA*, there was an attempt to install false memories through suggestion, and she showed that should one exert sufficient effort, one can develop memories of events that never happened. Robert Baker also appears apt at this, but it would seem he may have spent too much time trying to convince his subjects of things that never happened. As a piece of science, all of this is a disgrace.

Richard Ofshe, a social psychologist at the University of California in Berkeley, is well known to be inimical to the uses of hypnosis. We consider this to be his problem, not ours. Donna Bassett [sic] had infiltrated Mack's group. Mack took her in as honestly dealing with him. Mack reports he doesn't know if she faked it. Other abductees who knew her felt she might not have been able to face the truth.

She says there was no skepticism on the part of Mack, but how would she know? Psychiatrists ideally tend to give their patients support. Mack talked with her in good faith, and it has been suggested she might never have come to terms with her experience. Who can know?

The *NOVA* people cut up various parts of an investigation by Budd Hopkins, so that he looked gullible and open to producing suggestions in the head of one of the children. This is easy to do by deleting portions of the interview. It is known as editing. Elizabeth Loftus continued to accuse researchers of producing false memories, and she asserted there was no such thing as body memory. Certainly this is out of the field of ufology. But many of those involved in holistic medicine report they have no problem with the concept of body memory. It is well known that the Meninger Clinic has been involved in muscle retraining for many years.

Dr. Michael Greenwood, of the Victoria Pain Clinic in Victoria, British Columbia, informed Virgil Staff that he has had considerable success with patients whose racking pain has been unaffected by conventional medical procedures. "The body is an energy field, and it holds memories the mind doesn't know about. There is the factor of pre-verbal memory - of memories stored in the energy field. As the memory surfaces, it may or may not be recognized. There is such a thing as body abscesses. Symptoms often show body memories acting up. The body is speaking. Body memory is experiential - entirely subjective." "The myth of objectivity" precludes the inclusion of non-objective factors. But this is a trap. "People have to come to their experience experientially."

That any of these conventionalists could say that abductions are a pervasive common hallucination indicates the limits to which they are willing to reach. It is instructive to learn their willingness to compare phony, imaginative suggestions they placed in their subjects with the work of Hopkins and Mack. The phenomenon obviously frightens many academics, so that we should not take too seriously their indulgence in the mechanism of denial. It is not necessarily scientific to be conventionalist, and to worship the current

paradigm, nor is it necessarily unscientific to employ new approaches when old, traditional methodology will not cope with the problem.

Although many of us retain faith in Budd Hopkins, we really do not know his technique in the Florida case since so much was cut out. One can presume the deletions were necessary in order to darken the reputation and, of course, to show that there is no reason to question the current paradigm. Academics tend to presume that they know, but these sometimes employ the scientific method, and sometimes they don't. It is clear that their arrogance oftentimes cause them to take positions not supported by the data. When a point of view is in agreement with the paradigm, and with the prevailing academic views, such views may essentially become a fact. Since science has currently taken the place that religion held during the Middle Ages, scientists may be seen as the equivalent to priests supportive of the current paradigm. Naturally, one can expect them to deny any reality they do not know about. Science has made noteworthy achievements, but what about the mess it has created? When a scientist makes a statement, the public tends to accept this as gospel. Moreover, the academics have learned they can confuse the public. Academics, who think independently, are distrusted and considered as mavericks.

It should not be believed that what academics tell us is necessarily factual. Some of it is. Some is not. Their notions are frequently marked artificiality's. Examples are cosmogenic myth and uniformitarianism. And there is evolution by natural selection which is not supported by the fossil record. One of the many weaknesses of uniformitarianism can be found in *Earth in Upheaval* by Immanuel Velikovsky. Since various academics were unable to successfully deal with Velikovsky, they have despised him. And one can guess there is only contempt for the views of Zecharia Sitchin.

One might ponder the reasons why the mass media always seem to go wrong. Among the various elements in media exploitation of the truth is the certainty that they are bought, which relates to their not caring a wooden nickel for the truth. The

various works of Noam Chomsky make this very evident, as do various other studies such as *The Media Monopoly* by Ben Bagdikian (c. 1990), Martin Lee and Norman Solomon, *Unreliable Sources* (c. 1990), and *Breaking the News: How The Media Undermines American Democracy*, by James Fallows (c. 1996). The mass media turns out to be essentially propaganda, so we should not expect too much out of PBS.

Finally, while this is not a science bashing exercise, it is important to understand that we should not be surprised by conventional academic attitudes. Conventionalists now find themselves on the defensive. Their cause seems more and more threatened. In a sense this is tragically unfortunate since the scientific method is the best thing we have. Many years ago Jacques Vallee suggested that as a result of not keeping their minds open, the academics are losing out to the public. Does anyone doubt that this is in the process of happening? Science, like a church, wants all of us to be in agreement with it. Ufology threatens the present paradigm, so we find ourselves at odds with most of those who would be capable of helping us press onward. In closing, let us consider two instructive statements about scientists that were written by scientists.

Dr. Arthur David Horn, earned his Ph.D. in physical anthropology from Yale University. Dr. Horn was a professor of biological anthropology for fourteen years - most of this time being spent at Colorado State University. His specialization is non-human primate ecology and human evolution. In a significant study entitled *Humanity's Extraterrestrial Origins* (c. 1994), Horn writes: "Essentially, all of the scientists are dependent upon government money - a vast majority of all scientists in the United States - are lackeys of the government. This is amazing, as very few scientists... are aware that they are part of a cover-up, or know they are a part of a system to propagate misinformation and maintain the status quo." (pp. 166-167).

Dr. James D. Watson, one of the discoverers of the double helix, writes of the scientist he has known. In one of his books entitled *The Double Helix* (c. 1968), he writes: "Many were cantankerous fools who unfailingly backed the

wrong horses. One could not be a successful scientist without realizing that, in contrast to the popular conception supported by newspapers and mothers of scientists, a goodly number of scientists are not only narrow-minded and dull, but also just stupid." (18-19)

## TIDBITS

### NEW EXPERIENCERS SUPPORT GROUP

Erick Schwartz is forming a UFO ALIEN CONTACT / PARANORMAL EXPERIENCERS support group in Santa Cruz County. For more information, call him at: 408/ 475-7901 (evenings).

### SUMMER SKYWATCH CAMP OUT

Clear Lake State Campground  
"Kelsey Creek"  
Weekend of August 9th -11th

The San Francisco Chapter is once again inviting all northern California MUFON members, their families and friends to our 2nd annual Summer Skywatch Campout. Slated for the weekend of August 9th to 11th, the skywatch will be held in the UFO sighting "hot bed" of Clear Lake, California, at the Kelsey Creek Campground on the south shore of Clear Lake. Reservations are selling fast as people are planning their summer vacations. Sites should still be available (but not for long!) at the rate of \$16.00 per night/per site (maximum of 2 tents/8 people). Susan Hybloom is organizing a special skywatch for Saturday night.

Animals are allowed, but discouraged. Please call the State Park campground directly for specific information about pets or the sites at (707) 279-2267. Reservations are available through Destinet at (800) 444-7275 and campsites must be paid for at the time the reservation is booked. Once your reservation is made, please call Laura Steiger

so she can add you to the list of attendees and keep you posted as to events: (415) 775-4579

## MEDIA CORNER

### TELEVISION & RADIO

*"Sightings"* is aired on KPIX Channel 5 at 4:00 p.m. every Sunday afternoon (unless preempted by sports). Keep an eye on your local listings, 'cause it seems to jump around quite a bit!

*"Paranormal Borderline"* is seen regularly each Tuesday evening at 9:00 p.m. on KBHK, UPN Affiliate, Channel 44.

*"The Extraordinary"* is seen at midnight each Sunday night/Monday morning on Fox affiliate KTVU Channel 2.

*"UFOAZ"* is shown on alternate Tuesday evenings at 6:30 p.m. on Viacom Cable Public Access Channel 53 in San Francisco.

Art Bell's *"Dreamland"* is still going strong! Almost 200 stations nationwide. Airing 7:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. on the west coast, Bay Area listeners can catch it on 560 am KSFO.

KPFA FM 94.1 Berkeley will present *"UFOs: Fact or Fiction?"* during their Summer Marathon, Thursday, June 13th at noon.

### EVENTS

#### MUFON Bi-Monthly Bay Area Meeting

Usually held on the third Sunday of odd numbered months. The next meeting will be Sunday, March 17th from 1:00 to 4:30 p.m. at the Church of Divine Science, 1540 Hicks Street, San Jose. \$3.00 donation is requested. The featured speakers for the next meeting on May 19th will be Robert Macy of AJM Electronics and Dennis Trimble of Alltronics, who will discuss electromagnetic fields and their distances from the subject, G-Force meters and the indication of gravity field changes. D. Jess Fritch will discuss the secret space program. NOTE: There will be no bi-monthly meeting in July.

#### INTERNATIONAL UFO CONGRESS

New Monthly Lecture Series. Month of May features Dea Martin, former aura reader employed by the U.S.

Government, will be speaking on her work and the work of other gifted people with various U.S. agencies, and will go into detail on UFO related issues.

Saturday, May 25th, 1:00 to 6:00 p.m.

Orinda Masonic Auditorium, 9 Altarinda Road, Orinda.

\$10.00 entry fee. Easy walk from the Bart Station.

Call Bob Brown at 510/ 428-0340 for more information.

Other lectures are planned for the 4th Saturdays of July and August. No lecture is scheduled for June.

### STAR KNOWLEDGE UFO CONFERENCE AND SUNDANCE

Conference: June 12 - 15; Sundance: June 17 - 22.

Registration is \$100 before June 1st, \$125 after. All day pass is \$30. Guest speakers include: Standing Elk, Thomas Banyaca, Wallace Black Elk, Robert Morning Sky, Robert Dean, Barbara Marciniak, Darrell Simms, Leo Sprinkle, Richard Boylan, Marilyn Carlson, Robert Frissel, Georgio Bongiovanni, John Mack, Whitley Streiber, Gordon Michael Scallion, etc. Conference will be held at Yankton Sioux Reservation at Marty, South Dakota. Information: 540/ 349-1750 or 605/ 384-5152. Conference travel information: 800/ 734-0264.

### SF Chapter's SUMMER SKYWATCH CAMP OUT!

Weekend of August 9-11th, at the Kelsey Creek Campground in Clear Lake, California. Reservations are a must. Book now! Open to all northern California MUFON members, their families and friends. For more information, see the article in the "Tidbits" section or contact Laura Steiger at 415/ 775-4579.

The Northern California *Case Briefs: Explorations and Review* was established as a forum for the open exchange of ideas and information. The opinions and observations expressed by contributing writers do not necessarily reflect the views of the Northern California Chapter of MUFON, MUFON International, Inc., nor the editorial staff of *Case Briefs*. Articles, news items, reviews, event information, etc., can be submitted to: **Case Briefs Editor, c/o Virgil C. Staff MUFON Northern California, P. O. Box 7668, Landscape Station, Berkeley, CA 94707-0668.** Please include your name, mailing address and phone number on any submitted items. Those who wish to submit their articles on diskette (Microsoft Word for Windows or compatible) instead of typed pages may do so. Diskettes will be returned to the authors in the packaging in which they are received.