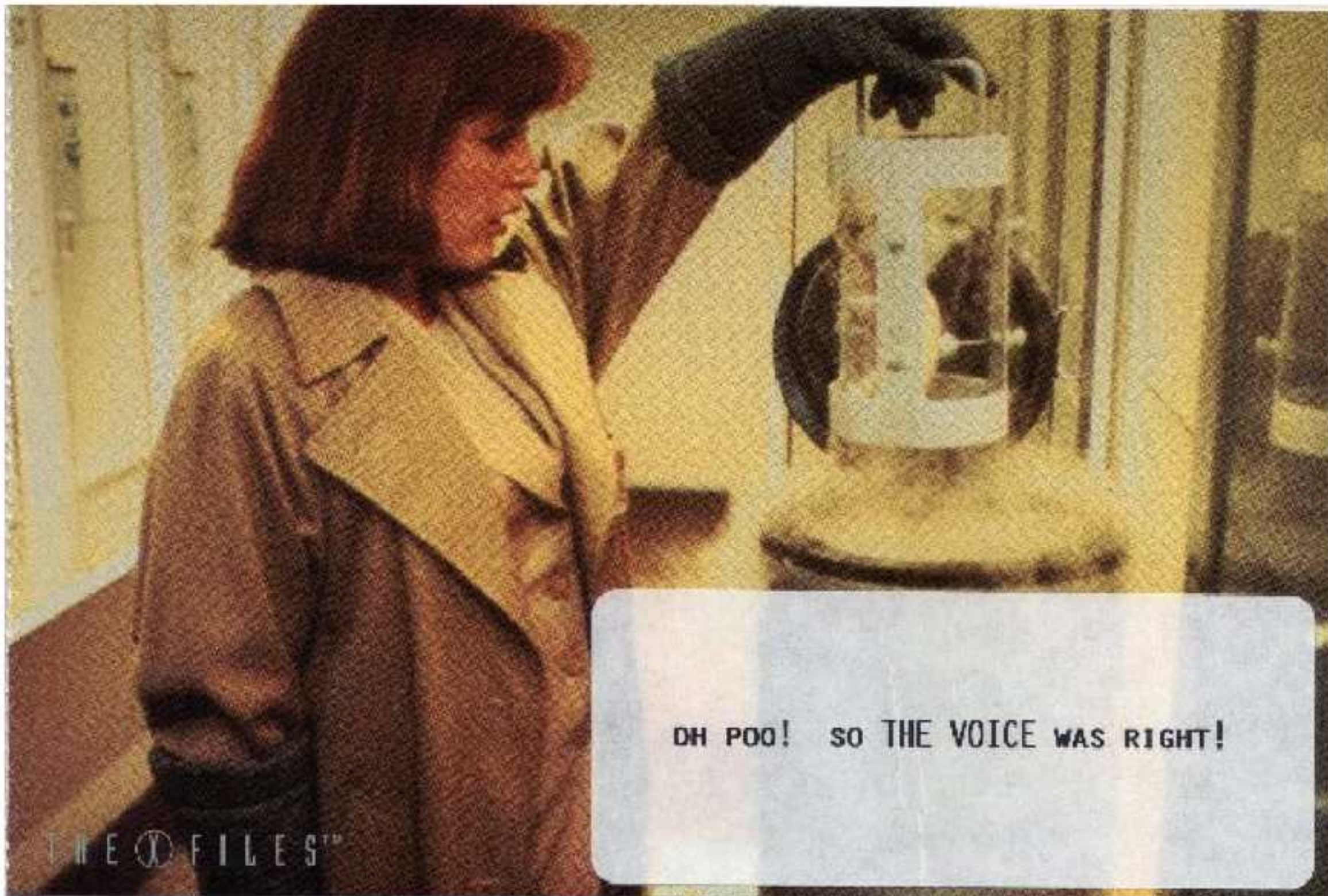


TheVoice, the history you need to know



A compendium of Barry King's "Voice"
thread at [UFO Casebook.com](http://UFOCasebook.com)

Prepared October 2005

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The story will begin with a 1970 Ufo case that unfortunately resulted in the deaths of two young children.

« Reply #13 on: Feb 23rd, 2005, 2:32pm »

It was the summer months of 1970. I had been following reports of strange objects/lights being seen in the vicinity of the two main reservoirs in Chingford, in the area of Epping Forest known as Barn Hill. The sightings had been going on for months, people had reported objects descending into and coming out of the reservoirs as well as flying around the ridge that marks Barn Hill. Coupled to this was the worry locally that two young children from Enfield (slightly West of the Reservoirs) had gone missing in March and had literally disappeared. Here this day in June, a cloudy cool day rain on and off and hell would have broken loose if it was not for the Military clampdown on reporting. This is how it went.....I arrive at Sewardstone road and parked up. So much traffic, not the norm. I arrived on the Northern end and walked down towards Barn Hill. I could not believe the vehicles parked along the road, the people, police and for some strange reason, Military vehicles. Many people were on the fields leading up to Barn Hill and the ridge, a group was standing by the small copse just before the ridge. I intended to climb the small wire fence and make my way to the ridge when I was stopped by a police constable. When I asked why I was told to keep away and that it was none of my business. I tried to point out to the officer that I had been investigating unusual activity in the area for some months, he looked at me kinda weird and took my arm and led me a few yards to I guess his superior officer. After explaining my reason being there he simply said they had an incident and that it had nothing to do with my own enquiries.

Perhaps I pushed a little too hard as he called over to a constable and was asked to leave the area. I shouted back that as a member of the public on public land I had every right to be there. The constable whom was assisting my exit said under his breath that it was an MOD matter and that I'd be better off going home. He walked me to the roadside and said something like "go home". Walking along the roadside I tried to find out from others there what the hell was going on, no-one knew. I stopped at a military Bedford truck as a couple of squaddies took a large tarp from the rear and headed off towards the ridge. By this time I'm getting really nosey and start asking questions at another squaddie in the cab of the Bedford. Typically I was told to F*** off but I persevered and kept asking anyway. Seeing I was a pain in the butt and would not go away he looked around then stuck his head out of the cab and said quietly something to the effect that they had found the bodies of the two Enfield kids and there was something 'funny' about it.....telling me again to now F*** off I did, pretty sharpish.

Mind being in a bit of a daze I continued to wander along the road to where I parked. About to unlock the car door I looked over to see a group of police, army and plain clothes walking back down from the copse, with a couple of stretchers. Someone shouted something and they stopped, heading back into the copse. Seconds later there were police and army personnel everywhere, getting everyone away from the scene, they herded civilians away as quickly as possible. I got in the car and turned around heading back North to a viewpoint I knew further along the ridge, thinking no one would check there. Bad mistake, as I pulled up there sitting in front was a couple of army vehicles next to a tent. I barely had time to try and drive away when both doors were opened and I was pulled out and frogmarched to the tent. There I was given one of the biggest B***** of my life and boy I did then go away as instructed. You would have thought this would have made news local and national, papers, tv and radio, but no. This was so silenced no word of that day escaped. People were warned to keep quiet, the MOD clamped down fast and hard. Heaven's knows what they told the parents of the two children, no-one was allowed to go near them; they were relocated sometime afterwards anyway.

I have my memories of that day; these were bolstered years later by the MOD in one of our little 'meets' when they finally agreed to tell me what happened at Barn Hill in June of 1970.

Their story goes that unusual aircraft activity had dramatically increased in March of that year, the 2 children were playing near one of the reservoirs when one of the 'objects' 'accidentally' knocked them into the water where they drowned, they had serious head injuries where they came into contact with the 'object'. Their bodies were somehow removed by the 'occupants of these objects' and placed in the copse near the ridge for someone to find.

Oh, for the record, the 'official' story, for those that would not be totally silenced, was that the 2 children died from exposure. The copse is just 200yds from the main road!!!! The copse was cordoned off at the time with a wire fence put around it, that was still in place in 1974. The army removed the complete topsoil from within the copse at the time of the incident; in 1974 nothing much grew there, no grass, nothing.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

« Reply #15 on: Feb 23rd, 2005, 7:33pm »

I certainly have not been given any sort of permission to release info, its all off my own back. These are things I believe the public should know and should not remain hidden.

1970 continued after the Barn Hill incident relatively quietly, as did 1971, all a matter of ufo research routine. Even 1972 came in with a whimper but went out with a bang. It was November of that year that I first fell foul of the MIBs, only in my case these Men in Black were of the NSA variety. This involved being followed from my then place of work all the way home almost nightly (I was on the 1.30pm to 10pm shift). This escalated to actual chases, at times of up to 90mph thru industrial roads, and finally in being run off the road by them causing damage to my car. To be detailed next time.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

« Reply #16 on: Feb 24th, 2005, 7:01pm »

I had been working at this particular firm since the summer, it was now November of 1972, enter the green Mercedes and the MIBs. Finishing my shift at 10pm I used to drive home from this industrial area, along River Road, past Barking power station and within 10 minutes I'm home. Totally uneventful till one night in Mid November. Got to my car, got in and began to drive home. I was rather proud of the car, a 3 year old Escort GT; I had spent quite a bit of money on it preparing it for rallying. Sorry, I digress. That night I began to drive away from my firm and as I did I glanced in the rear view mirror and noticed a pair of headlights come on and as I drove away the car also began to move. Thinking nothing of it, perhaps it was a workmate going home, taking the same route as me. Shortening this, this routine continued for days, same car, following me almost all the way home. Curious when I arrived at work one afternoon I looked out for a Mercedes but none were in the area. Asking workmates if any of them had such a car or knew of anyone whom had one drew a blank. Things got a bit hairier as the Mercedes changed tack and no longer was content for simply following me. On this drive home the car kept accelerating right up to my rear bumper and then dropping back. I was unnerved but managed to get home without being too ruffled. The next night the same thing happened, but as soon as the Mercedes drew right up close I decided to accelerate and give the car a run for its money. With speeds up to a near lethal 90mph along the twisting River Road, dodging other vehicles, I did get very scared I must admit. The Mercedes kept flashing its headlights and sounding its horn as we tore along. Luckily they turned left where I turn right at the end just near my home. I arrived home shaking. This went on for days. Things began to get bad; I started giving lifts home to workmates so I'd have other witnesses on hand should things get nasty. Even the bosses at work knew of the hassle I was going thru. On days when I felt like not going in my workmates kept an eye out for the Mercedes.

Then one day driving to work in the afternoon I got near my firm when I spied a green colored Mercedes parked right next to the firm, and thru the green tinted glass I could make out people in the car. I drew as near as I dared then swung the car round and accelerated away. The Mercedes followed. This was broad daylight with much industrial traffic about. Going as fast as I dared the Mercedes soon came up right behind me, tailgating. As soon as we passed the bend in the road that led past the power station the Mercedes zoomed alongside me, hurtling along at over 60mph side by side. The rear passenger window lowered and a middle aged balding man sat there and grinned at me. Trying to keep my wits about me and the car on the road, the Mercedes dropped back a little then accelerated hard. They struck me a glancing blow, enough to make me spin off the road and into a concrete fence posts. The Mercedes zoomed off in the distance whilst I sat there shaking. If it was not for hard braking the damage could have been much worse. Strangely enough that incident marked the end of the nocturnal pursuits, at least until June of the following year, 10th June 1973, my 21st birthday; I come face to face with the occupants of the green Mercedes.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

« Reply #21 on: Feb 25th, 2005, 4:31pm »

The green Mercedes was not seen between late December of 1972 until 10th June 1973, my 21st birthday! I was shopping for a few things in nearby Barking town; I'd parked in the big open air carpark off Salisbury Avenue. I returned from my shopping trip and headed for my car; I'd changed it from the Escort recently and now had a MK4 Zephyr 4, a beautiful big green car, only 18 months old. Throwing my stuff in the boot I then opened the driver's door and sat down. I glanced out of the windscreen as I started up the car and immediately froze. Parked about 20yds in front, facing me was the green Mercedes. Wondering whether to just make a dash for it I decided to actually confront them. I lit a cigarette, turned off the engine and got out. I then slowly began walking towards the Merc. Before I got half way the two front doors opened and out came two guys. Both dressed in suits, black, with white shirts and ties, close cropped hair, one wore shades, both aged maybe in their 30's.

I stopped but was made to move on as a car came along, wanting to get by. I got to within a couple of yards when one of them, shades, said something like "hold on there Mr *****", I stopped as they leant against the Merc. We exchanged initial curses whilst they both laughed. I felt very angry but a voice inside my head kept telling me to be very careful, I really wanted to lash out but sensing my thoughts shades pulled his jacket back at the right side to show a holstered gun. The color must have drained from my face as the other guy said that I'd better go and sit down. They mentioned a number of things about me, my research, etc, etc, but evaded what few questions I could muster. Shades then said "go home Mr *****", they then got into the Merc which then promptly drove off. I sat in my car for ages smoking ciggie after ciggie. Eventually I got home later still a bit shaken.

From time to time I'd see the green Merc around town, just driving around, daytimes, night-times, sporadically.

I went as far as contacting the drivers organisation AA, their legal dept, I also wrote to the local CAB, Citizens advice Bureau and Salford Council near Manchester. I was enquiring about the owner of the Merc. I was speechless when I finally received a reply from Salford.

It seems that the number plate on the green Merc, DBA 919K, was unissued, in other words they were driving around with false plates. I was stumped. Due to the things that were said I felt it unwise going to the police just yet, that might come later.

That was it for 1973, next time we go on to May of 1974, to Barn Hill, and my CE3/CE4-MILAB. It was confusing obviously at the time, I did not know what it was really all about till Jan of 1978. Anyway, next time its shock to the system time.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

« Reply #22 on: Feb 26th, 2005, 1:52pm »

Please bear in mind that this incident has two sides to it. The remembered, easily recalled side, the side that we reported, and the deeply hidden side, released only after nightmares and flashbacks prompted hypnotic regression in 1978.

« Reply #23 on: Feb 26th, 2005, 3:00pm »

I was kept pretty busy during the first few months of 1974, chasing reports up and the country. Even the famous Devon police officer sighting of 1967 (the Flying Cross) was brought back into play as I personally witnessed such a huge flying cross, just above the horizon, just after dawn one morning in April. I was filling in for a friend at a local petrol station, doing a few night shifts. At the beginning of May our BUFORA NIC wanted to get us local investigators in touch with one another. At that time I lived in Dagenham, the nearest other local person was from Chingford. Arrangements were made for Ian to call round my home and discuss research. When he knocked on the door I felt sure I'd seen this bloke before. We got talking about local reports and he pulled out a folder of cases near his home, interesting stuff, they centred on cases around Barn Hill and especially the two reservoirs. During discussions it suddenly clicked in my brain, that is why his face seemed familiar. I asked him about the case of the 2 Enfield kids and his face whitened. He was as shocked to find out I'd been there that day too, he was one of the people I'd asked along the roadside as to what was going on. We sat, dumbfounded. Comparing notes from the day he too it seems was escorted away from the scene. I had some data he didn't have and vice versa, put together we had a pretty good idea as to what went on.

A week later and our NIC wanted us to travel to Leighton Buzzard to cover a possible landing case; we made plans to travel there the following day, Saturday 11th May 1974.

Shortening the story this was a complete waste of time, the witness did not show, it was raining very hard which made travel to the alleged site impossible, so we dumped the case in the lap of the local investigator and headed home. Heading towards Chingford we both decided to detour a little and go visit Barn Hill, off Sewardstone road, and this we did. We pulled up and parked the car at the side of the road, leaving the engine running in his old Ford Anglia. We stood at the wire fence, each lost in their own thoughts, thinking back to that day in June of 1970. From the road the ridge is almost 400yds ahead, the copse off to the left is about 350yds away.

I lit a cigarette and strolled back and forth, I was nervous being there, If I knew years later I would have took a good look along the road and paid attention to the two grey vans parked less than a hundred yards from us.

I was just about to say something about perhaps we should leave and continue on our way back when Ian said something about 'there's someone over there', the noise from the engine drowned out what he was saying to a degree so I had to shout almost to ask again what he said. He pointed to the ridge and shouted 'look'. Training my eyes towards the ridge at first I saw nothing, asking where exactly he said 'next to the trees', sure enough someone was standing there, not moving, just standing there. We both got the binoculars from the car and each focused on the figure. A feeling of great unease spread over me, I looked at Ian, he at me, we both looked worried. The figure was tall, dressed in a full length black 'gown' is the only word that fits. It had very long blonde-white hair, but what scared the hell out of me was that its face was completely featureless.

The figure did not move, it just stood there, facing us. I lowered the binoculars and fumbled for a ciggie, shaking. A million thoughts rushed thru my mind, Ian shouted that it had gone; he was looking all around with his bins. I raised mine to my eyes again and scanned the ridge, true enough it was not there. Then we both spotted it, a little further along. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted rapid movement to my left and right. Along small hedgerows less than 200yds from us were strange white featureless blobs, darting around at crazy speed. Our attention was drawn away from the tall figure whilst we tried to fathom out what the hell these two weird things were. In an instant they vanished, leaving us searching. We were then drawn to the ridge once more and the figure standing there. Above the tree tops appeared a small red light.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

« Reply #25 on: Feb 27th, 2005, 6:29pm »

The red light above the treetops rose slightly and became two red lights with a white in the centre of them, part of 'something' that rose upwards. Our attention was drawn to this object and no longer saw the figure. The object continued to rise a little then stopped, then headed our way. A distinct outline could now be seen, it was spherical in the centre with cone shaped sides, liken a tennis ball with an ice cream cone each side. It had BIG round lights, the red ones flashed in unison whilst the centre white stayed on. As the object approached we could see a small blue light going around the centre, clockwise, we could also discern a strange two-tone 'pinging' sound, not unlike a ships sonar. It continued towards us slightly gaining altitude as it did so. A combination of fear and amazement swept over me, Ian went to the car and grabbed his camera, taking several shots as the object neared and was overhead. Road traffic continued to pass behind us. Looking round for other potential witnesses we saw two young girls chatting and giggling to themselves just a few yards away. We asked them if they could see/hear the object now almost directly overhead. They looked at the object and ran off. Looking around behind us we noticed a guy standing outside his house, at his front gate, arms folded, intently watching the airshow. Things get a little weird and confused here. As the object was approaching I sort of 'fazed out' for a few seconds. One split second I was standing next to Ian at the roadside, next split second I'm inside the object, then I'm back at the roadside yet on the ground looking up, as if I'd fallen over. It went intensely quiet, no sounds at all, no traffic sounds, nothing. Like a few skipped frames in a film it reverts back to us watching the object gain altitude and continuing heading west over Enfield and then lost from view. Very subdued we quietly got back into the car, Ian drove me home to Dagenham then he set off back to his home in Chingford. Weird dreams a very disturbed nights sleep after I tried to write down everything I could remember. The time element was a little bit out too, I remember getting home just in time for BBC match of the day (football) starting, but did not think much of it, A bit dazed.

Next day, Sunday, Ian phoned and said he had been in touch with the NIC whom wanted to see us later that day. Ken Phillips was the then BUFORA NIC, I'd been with BUFORA since 1968. We duly arrived at Kens place and told him everything, he got us to fill out report forms in sep rooms and questioned us at length. When it got round to the camera we phoned around for someone trustworthy to process and print the film, we chose longstanding researcher Omar Fowler. Ken said it might be an idea to check on the guy outside his house and maybe to check the area itself, this we did the following weekend. The guy was most abrasive and unhelpful; he even denied being home the weekend before. No amount of pushing would move him. We ventured to the ridge; there we found extensive treetop damage, burnt branches, branches etc all over the ground too. I took many color photos of this.

Eventually I filed a full report with the MOD in London, including a number of the photos. I also sent a copy with photos to Prof J Allen Hynek of CUFO USA. Months later He wrote and stated that Ted Bloecher was going to use the case in his planned "Catalog of Physical Traces" which appeared in 1976 after all.

Almost nightly I had some very weird dreams.

Next time, the tall faceless figure appears in my rear garden one night, August 10th 1974.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

« Reply #26 on: Feb 28th, 2005, 2:02pm »

I'm not sure if I am to continue in this same way, detailed (to a point) history leading up to the nastiness of Peasmore. As I sense boredom setting in and restlessness. All this has a valid part in the lead up to Peasmore and things begin to make sense once you have the whole story, BUT, if it is boring and seemingly irrelevant then please DO say so. Gimme some feedback people, I'll take it from there, regards, Barry

« Reply #34 on: Mar 1st, 2005, 12:57pm »

Ok then the positive feedback so far tells me to carry on with the history, so that is what I'll do.....

The aftermath of the 11th May incident. I was plagued with strange dreams, flashbacks, always on edge, skittish, could not settle. What made things worse was that Omar Fowler reported that the film had jammed in the camera for some reason so nothing came out, this was a blow. Ian assured me the camera was new as was the film, put in that day. Then he (Ian) had to go and do a really foolish thing, He went to the local Chingford newspaper and gave them the details of the sighting, he did this behind my back as I'd already informed him that no press were to be informed. As was expected the paper sensationalised the incident, blew it all out of proportion and made the whole thing look stupid. It took weeks to fend off calls from other newspapers, including national ones, I told them to sod off, no story here pal, that seemed to work. I was in a bit of turmoil, I contacted Ken and told him of the way things were, he suggested I phone Ian and see if he was going thru the same. Oddly someone else answered his phone, a person whom insisted that he knew no-one of the name I asked for, that he had lived there for years, etc, etc. Later I drove over to Chingford to clear up the obvious misunderstanding, but, some guy opened the front door and he said no-one other than he lived there, I explained that Ian and his family lived there, I'd been at the house, in the darn house many times. He put his hand up and ushered me inside to look around. Sure was weird, everything had changed, even the color of wallpaper & paint. This was getting ridiculous. I asked again if he knew the family, but zilch. I phoned Ken and told him what I encountered, he said he would look into it and get back to me. Several days later Ken phoned and told me the following:

Ian and his family were suddenly moved out of Chingford and were moved to a town in the West Country, all hush-hush, but no-one had any contact details.

No-one heard from Ian in the Ufo field or any other field come to that, from that time in 1974 to the present day no-one has seen or heard of Ian whatsoever.

The flashbacks continued, the horrible dreams continued, I felt a little less skittish and was able to settle a little, back into my workload. That all changed on the night of August 10th 1974.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

« Reply #35 on: Mar 1st, 2005, 5:59pm »

Everyone had gone to bed in the house, I went to my room, it was a hot and stuffy night, I sat on my bed and opened the curtains, then opened the window wide to let some cool air in. Sleep was out of the question so I sat on the bed by the window and decided to watch for meteors, the Perseids shower. Within a short time my attention was drawn to a small red light to my right heading leftwards. As it drew level with my position it bounced up and down a few times then carried on leftwards, it bounced again then moved left then stopped. It then reversed its direction and headed to my right, again stopping and bouncing a couple of times before halting and reversing once more. Before it bounced I decided to play silly beggars and flash my torch at it, one of those large heavy duty ones. Surprisingly as I flashed the light it responded with a bounce. Two flashes two bounces, three flashes three bounces. Brilliant I thought, neat little game. This went on for a few minutes then the light just disappeared, maybe weary of the little game!!

Ah well, I lit a cigarette and continued to watch for Perseids. I heard a noise in the rear garden below me, thinking it was a cat I grabbed the torch in order to spotlight the moggie and scare it away.

I swung the beam towards the end of the garden by the small shed, where I thought the noise was coming from, instead of catching a cat the beam caught a very tall figure, standing by the shed. I froze as I could clearly see it was the same tall faceless figure we had seen at Barn Hill back in May. I have to admit to losing it as the figure slowly headed for the house, I dived away from the window and crouched down next to the wall at the bottom of my bed. I sat there as odd words and pictures ran haywire thru my mind. I was terrified. Sometime later, do not know how long, I gingerly made it to the window and looked out, with the torch, luckily nothing was there. Being exhausted suddenly I simply got into bed and immediately fell asleep, a very deep sleep.

No traces of anything in the garden next day.

Within a few weeks of this event I came down with a very bad rash on my hands and on my face, my doctor was at a loss so prescribed something he thought may help. I had to use the stuff under bandages for weeks until it suddenly disappeared one day.

1975 was a routine year as such, the next event nearly sent me over the edge, March 10th 1976, full blown ABDUCTION.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

« Reply #42 on: Mar 9th, 2005, 5:05pm »

Hi everyone, thanks for being patient, it's been a really strange week, and I'm used to strangeness. I cannot point fingers of course, I have no proof, but judging by the emails I got last week someone had been reading my posts here and commented. The email address turned out to be fictitious.

Since the 70's I've been used to receiving all manner of phone calls, day and night. People reporting things, people wanting to just talk things all ufo/alien, calls from US radio stations wanting a story, whatever, so after the emails came the phone calls. I should add here that even though the Voice Files ceased in December 2000, over the years people are still asking how they can get copies. This sort of bottomed out a year or so ago with just a trickle of letters asking about them. That is until a couple of months ago. Now I'm strangely receiving more and more requests for copies, half of the people are under the impression the Files are still active!!. Stranger is that once I reply to these people nothing is heard from them again!

So, it goes with this set of emails last week, no such address, then the phone calls, odd, nonsensical at first, then becoming more comprehensible over a few days.

Whoever it was had been reading these posts cos they mentioned they had searched Amazon re the 2 books I'd mentioned and the "Bases" tape, in fact they said they had watched the tape quite a few times and had shown it to colleagues.

The in-depth phone call from this well spoken person was that his colleagues wanted to meet me and discuss a few points raised in my posts and in the Jon King book.

Naturally wary by now after years of hassle I asked very many questions. The guy was adamant, his colleagues needed to see me, all my questions would be answered then. A meeting was arranged, they chose a certain location and time but I changed this to one that felt more comfortable (and safer) for me, they agreed. I readied myself with a few items, small camera, camera phone, mini tape recorder, pager, and one or two other little bits and pieces I'd got from the PI guys years ago, readied the car and drove off to the small pub not too far from my home. I parked up a hundred or so yards away and scanned the area first, feeling safe enough I drove on.

Gotta finish this a bit later guys, company decides to arrive, have to go downstairs now and play host!!!, catcha soon, regards, Barry

« Reply #44 on: Mar 9th, 2005, 6:26pm »

They just left, great having friends whom drop in whenever!! No, didn't mean it, they are a great laugh, just have no sense of time!!

Sorry Eileen, bet you called me a good few names, LOL.

Where was I?, oh yes, Feeling a bit silly for being so cautious I drove into the carpark of the pub and sat for a few minutes, had a ciggie, then turned on the mini tape recorder and hidden mike in the car, the PI camera was broken so that was of no use. Satisfied I was being so ridiculously paranoid I got out of the car and paced up and down awhile. I purposely arrived half an hour early so I could check out the area.

The feeling of dread overtook the feeling of being paranoid and I suddenly made a dash to the car intending to drive home, to hell with the meet. As I started up the car another car entered the carpark and headed in my direction, parking right next to me.

The car had 3 people in it, two men and a woman, all exited and stood in front of my car, I obviously had found the phone caller and colleagues, too late to chicken out now.

Because I'd been in similar situations a few times half of me said put your foot down and get the hell out, whilst the other half was intrigued enough to want to see what these people wanted. My mind was made up for me as the taller of the men came round and opened my door, asking me by name.

They introduced themselves using first names only, after a few minutes of general chit-chat I was asked if I cared to take a small drive to the home of one of the trio where other colleagues were waiting to see me. My heart sank and I got goose bumps, trying to think fast, which isn't easy for me these days I said ok and made for my car. The tall guy said not to bother as we could all go in his car, mine would be safe in the pub carpark, boy was I then getting s***scared. Remembering I had the gadgets in my car I was reluctant, I hesitated and tried to say I'd prefer my car but the woman spoke up and shocked me by saying they knew the car was fitted with gadgets. I was well and truly f*****.

Looking around but no one else was in sight I locked my car and got into the back of their car.

Knowing the area I knew we were heading north, the journey lasted almost thirty minutes. We pulled into a long driveway of a very large house, as we exited the vehicle the front door opened and a middle aged man stepped out to greet the trio, smiling and nodding at me.

I was visibly shaking as we entered the house and led to a room on the right, seated on sofas and armchairs were maybe eight or nine people, men and women, some young, mostly middle aged or older. I was unnerved by the one uniform worn by an oldish guy with silver hair and piercing steel blue eyes. It was him in fact whom spoke first and ushered me to a chair near the window. I was handed a whiskey which I embarrassingly sunk straight away. The uniform laughed and got me another, saying we are a friendly bunch, and not to be so skittish. I was still shaking, my nerves had really gone this time, should have been more used to this kind of thing yet I was floored, feeling very vulnerable. Luckily the second whiskey managed to calm me a little as I sat there, all eyes upon me, I reddened, feeling uncomfortable. The uniform spoke to everyone in the room, telling them to let me get my bearings and to give me room before question time!! I felt a little better after that and relaxed a bit. In a soothing and fatherly voice the uniform then told me I did not need the microrecorder or phone in my pocket, nor the 'old fashioned' pager, and asked me to switch them off and put them on the table to one side of me, he said I was among friends here and had no need to fear, boy he certainly did not know how I was feeling, the shakes had subsided but the odd butterflies were making a nuisance of themselves in my gut.

I know you are gonna curse me Eileen, but I have to take a little breather now, aching arms, sorry, back a bit later after a wee rest, regards, Barry

« Reply #45 on: Mar 9th, 2005, 7:52pm »

Uniform kept trying to reassure me that this meeting was informal and friendly, and kept referring to the group. I was sufficiently calm to begin asking questions but these were ignored. Uniform said if I was comfortable and calm enough they would like to begin the meeting, I nodded and everyone was ushered out of the room and along a small hallway to another room. Inside a large table and chairs awaited, each chair had in front of it some kind of folder. We all were seated then uniform passed proceedings to another guy, a stocky younger man perhaps in his thirties, he introduced himself as a police officer with the Met, in turn all of them introduced themselves to me. I was either be lied to or some heavy s*** was going down here as I was being introduced to some interesting people. 2 Govn't ministers, a college professor, an astronomer, a priest, a reporter, someone from a major drugs company, etc, etc.

I was taken aback and they could all see that, some grinned, I was told not to worry or feel stressed, their little group had been meeting for a long time, it's a friendly group they all agreed. My mind buzzed, so what the hell do they want with me? The policeman said that the folders in front of us contained an estimate of the situation currently present as far as ufo's went, a global estimate. We were not to open the folders until after question time, he looked around the table at each person then nodded at me. I began to say something when he held his hand up and shushed me. Uniform then went over to a couple of filing cabinets in the corner and pulled out a large box. He brought that over to the table and opened it, inside were various papers and surprisingly to me, a copy of Bases 2 tape and a copy of Jon Kings book.

He said some of his group were already familiar with both but for the benefit of all he would play the tape then read extracts from the book.

Blooming hell, that's at least an hour and a half I thought, it was around 3pm now, how long is all this going to take, plus 'question time'!!.

Don't know about you but I hate, literally HATE seeing myself on tv, I began to fidget and looking away but no one seemed to worry so had to grin and bear it. Film over, onto book, uniform read out bits and pieces, stopping at times to pull out bits of paper from the box.

This seemed to go on for ever. One of the women, one off to my left suggested we break for refreshments and resume questions afterwards.

I was strangely very relaxed by now; I even chuckled aloud when I saw tea and those little triangular sandwiches on plates when they were brought in.

People gathered in little groups chatting away, I was dying for a ciggie, sensing my thoughts uniform came over and suggested I smoke whilst strolling the gardens with him, fine I thought as long as I can get that nicotine into my system!.

I pulled out my tin of rolled ciggies, yep I roll my own, and uniform smiled as he pulled out a swanky cigarette case. We slowly strolled around a very well kept posh garden, with just the occasional question from him. He asked me what I thought of the group and if my nerves had settled, just little chitchat really. I must admit to feeling calmer and calmer by the moment. Back inside it was down to business, questions flew thick and fast, at times overwhelmingly when I had to raise my hand to halt things at times. So many questions, this is where it gets bloody weird, after I was offered another small whiskey all around me seemed to merge, all sounds seemed to merge into one sound, sounds daft I know but that's what happened, I did not pass out or anything but it all went crazy, sounds merging into one, everything visual merging into one thing or rather a hazy mist. I purposely put my hand in my pocket for reality check to grab my ciggie tin, this I did and placed it on the table, then my lighter and other assorted bits from my pockets, then purposely put them all back one by one, my reality checking told me I was fully awake and sitting in that damn room. The only words that came thru the fog of sound went something like "Is he out" or "is he out yet". God knows what happened after that as next thing I knew was finding myself driving my car a few miles from home, in the dark. In essence that's it, other than a phone call over the weekend from somebody whom asked if I enjoyed the meeting and that maybe we would all meet up again!!!

My life has had many of these strange times so I'm not overly concerned about it, I've accepted that I missed time but can do bugger all about it. Well, that's it, sorry if I drolled on a bit but trying to explain it took longer than I thought. Thanks for your patience, regards, Barry

Squeeky

« Reply #46 on: Mar 9th, 2005, 8:22pm »

Do you at least remember where the house was as to go back and figure out what happened with the lost time?

« Reply #47 on: Mar 9th, 2005, 8:27pm »

Well, that's what kept me busy all last week, I tried time and time again to cover the same route but always ended up in the wrong/different place. I'm trying again this coming weekend, I've tried every blooming road I can think of. I do not think I was mistaken in the directions, but then again?

Squeeky

« Reply #48 on: Mar 9th, 2005, 8:36pm »

Obviously, these people were civilians, do you think they had extraterrestrials with them (within them)?

« Reply #49 on: Mar 9th, 2005, 8:41pm »

Never gave that a minutes thought. One of them (uniform) was actually RAF. I did not 'sense' anything untoward but it was a bit surreal at times!

Squeeky

« Reply #50 on: Mar 9th, 2005, 8:47pm »

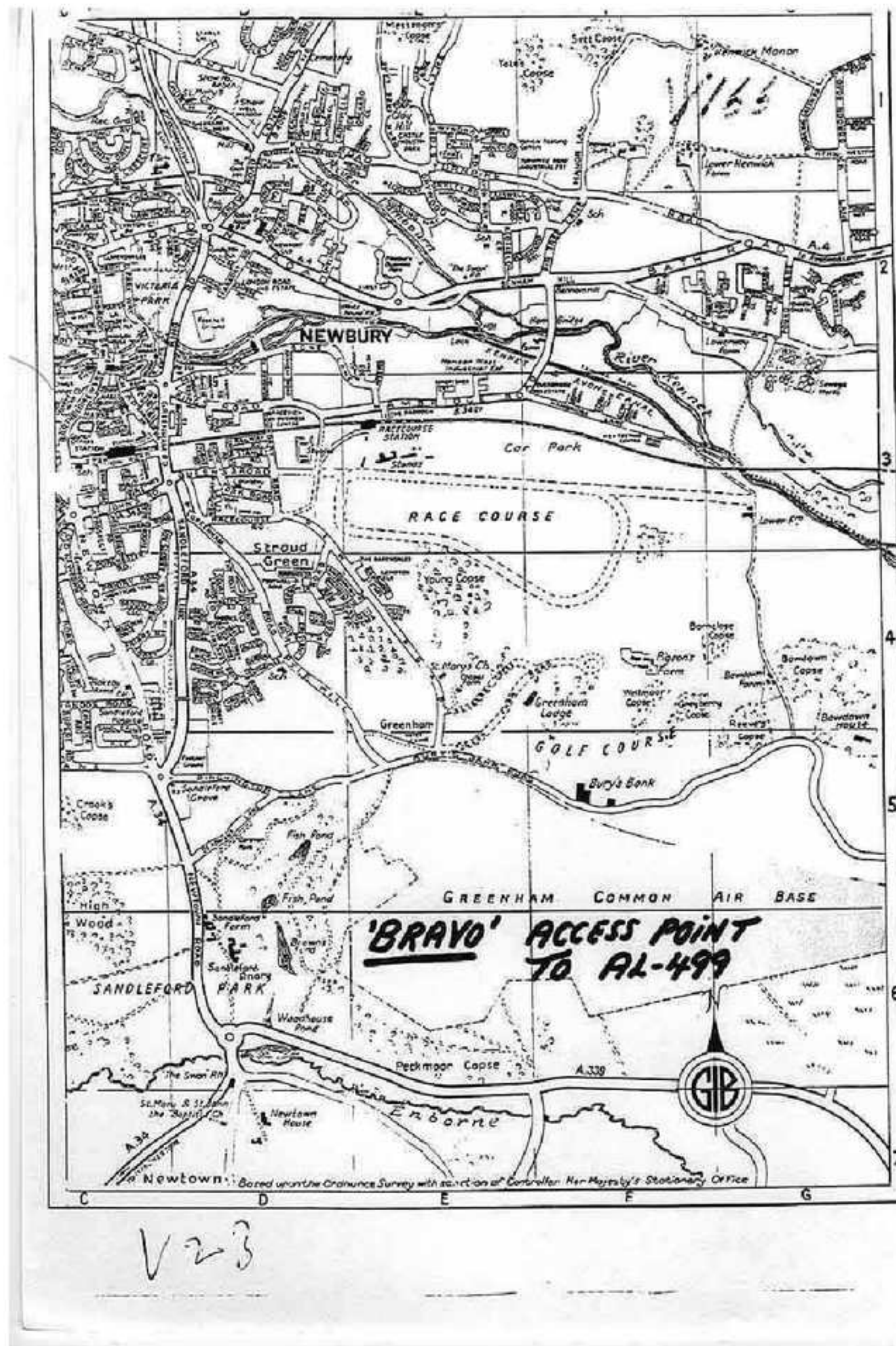
So what are you saying then that they just drugged you in your drink?

« Reply #51 on: Mar 9th, 2005, 8:52pm »

Well, that would be the simplest and easiest answer, but to what end? what motive? It was just crazy, what was the whole point? I cannot explain afterwards when I next recall driving home, that stumps me!

« Reply #52 on: Mar 9th, 2005, 9:07pm »

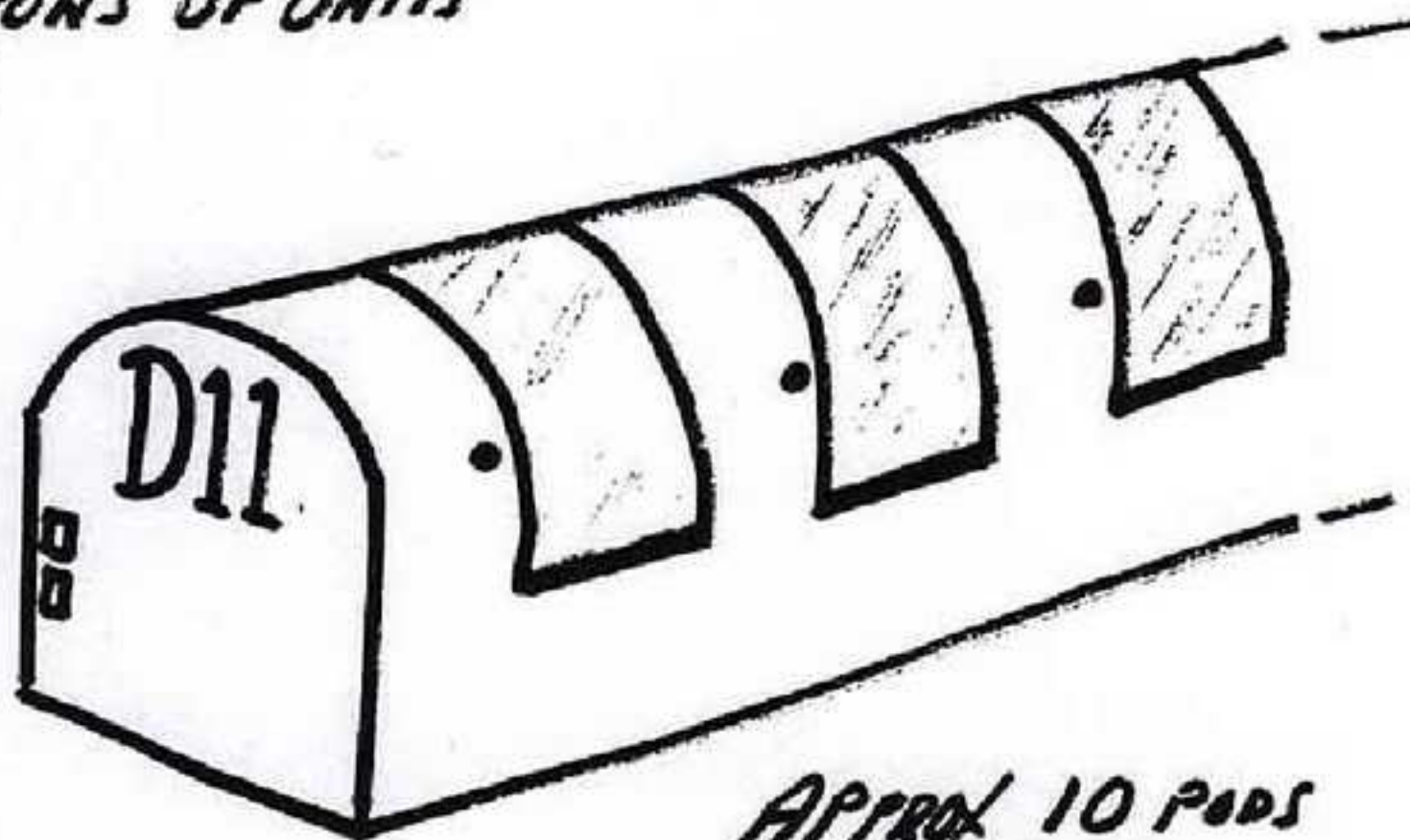
Its a little after 2am here, I'm tired and achy so will call it a day, keep well, keep safe, regards,
Barry



^{V23}
'INCUBATOR' UNITS FOR PGLF/HYBRID
^{V152}
STAGE 1

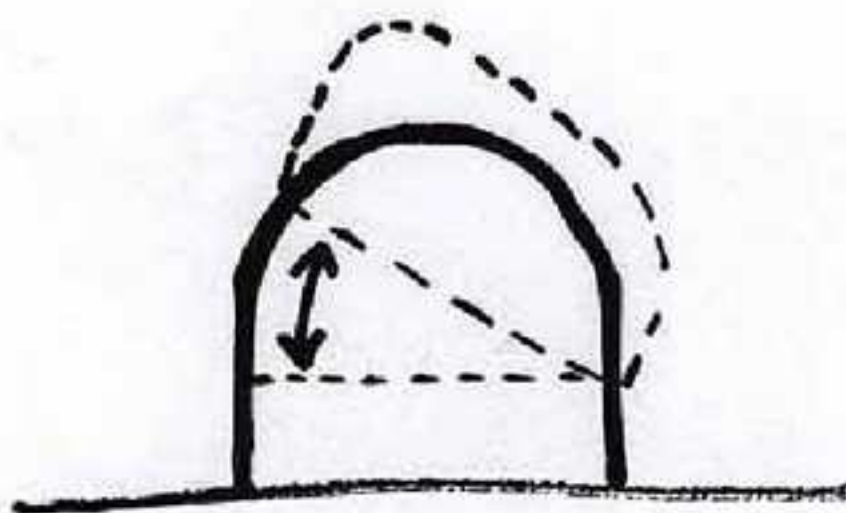
ROWS ~ ROWS OF UNITS
ON LEVEL

UNIT
APPROX.
40' LONG
4' HIGH



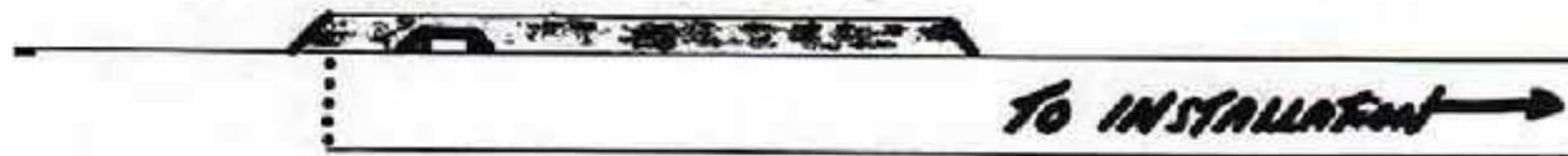
APPROX 10 PODS
PER UNIT

EACH POD SHINES UP
ELECTRONICALLY WHEN
REQUIRED

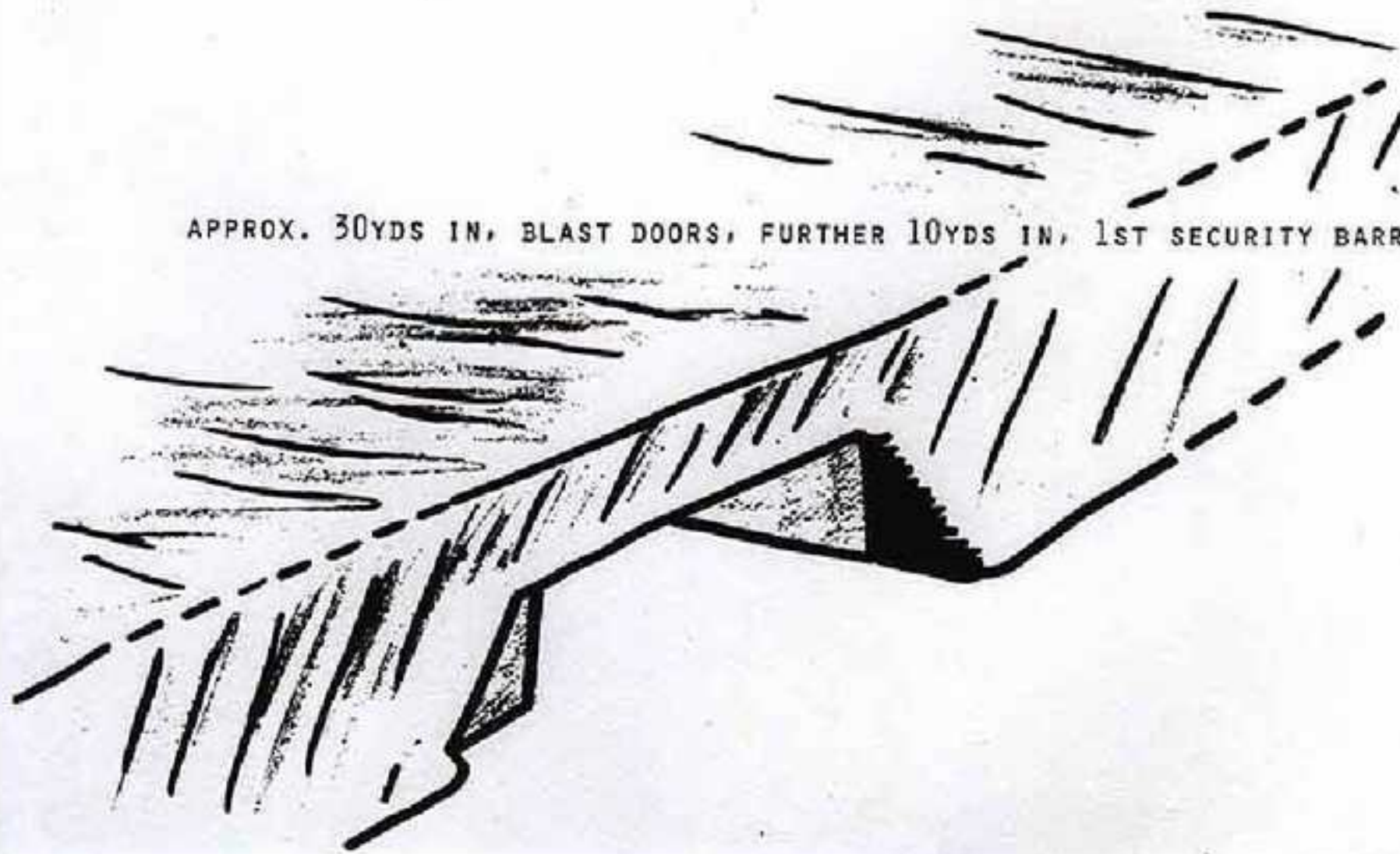


V23

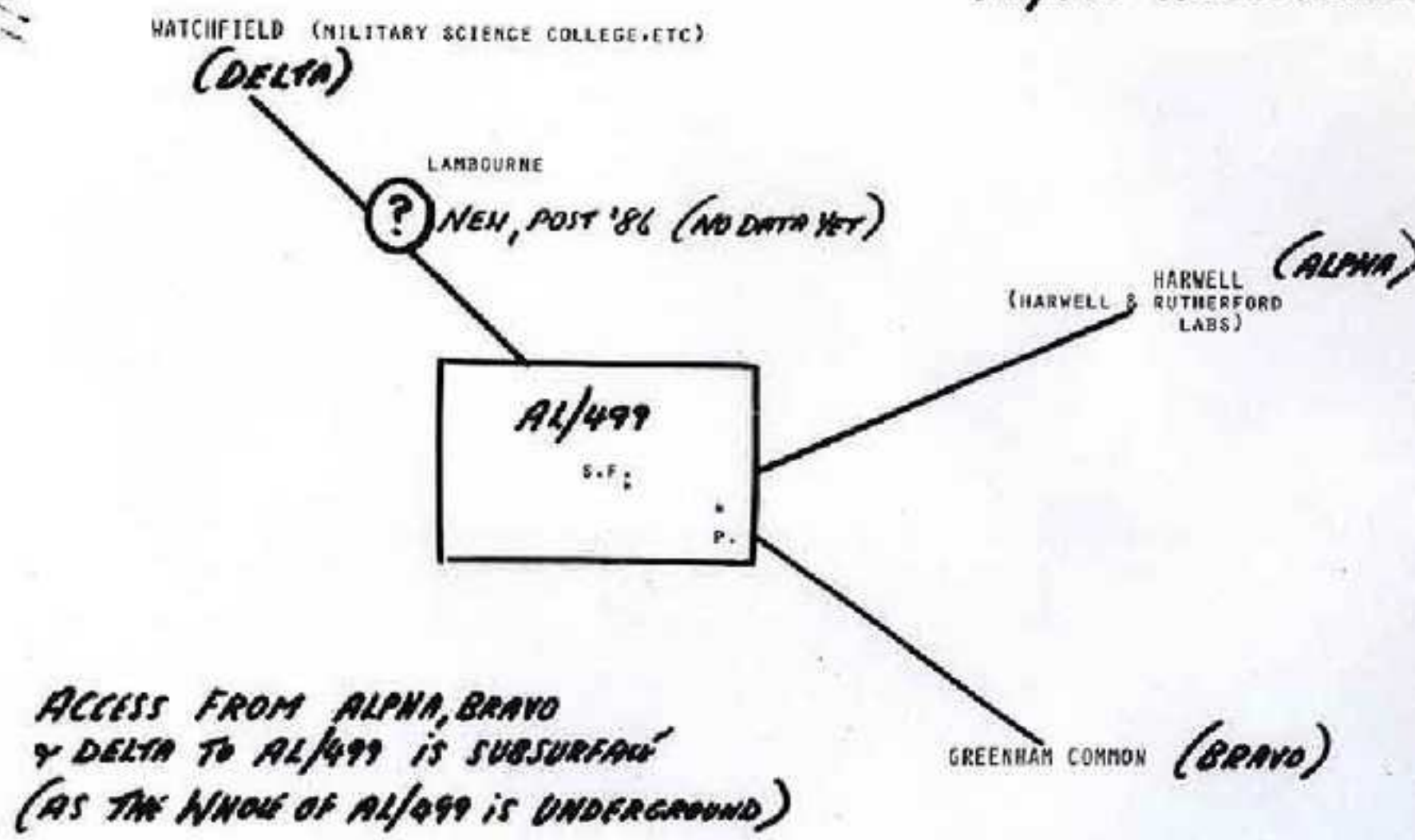
AL/499 ENTRANCE ACCESS POINT (BRAVO)



APPROX. 30YDS IN, BLAST DOORS, FURTHER 10YDS IN, 1ST SECURITY BARRIER

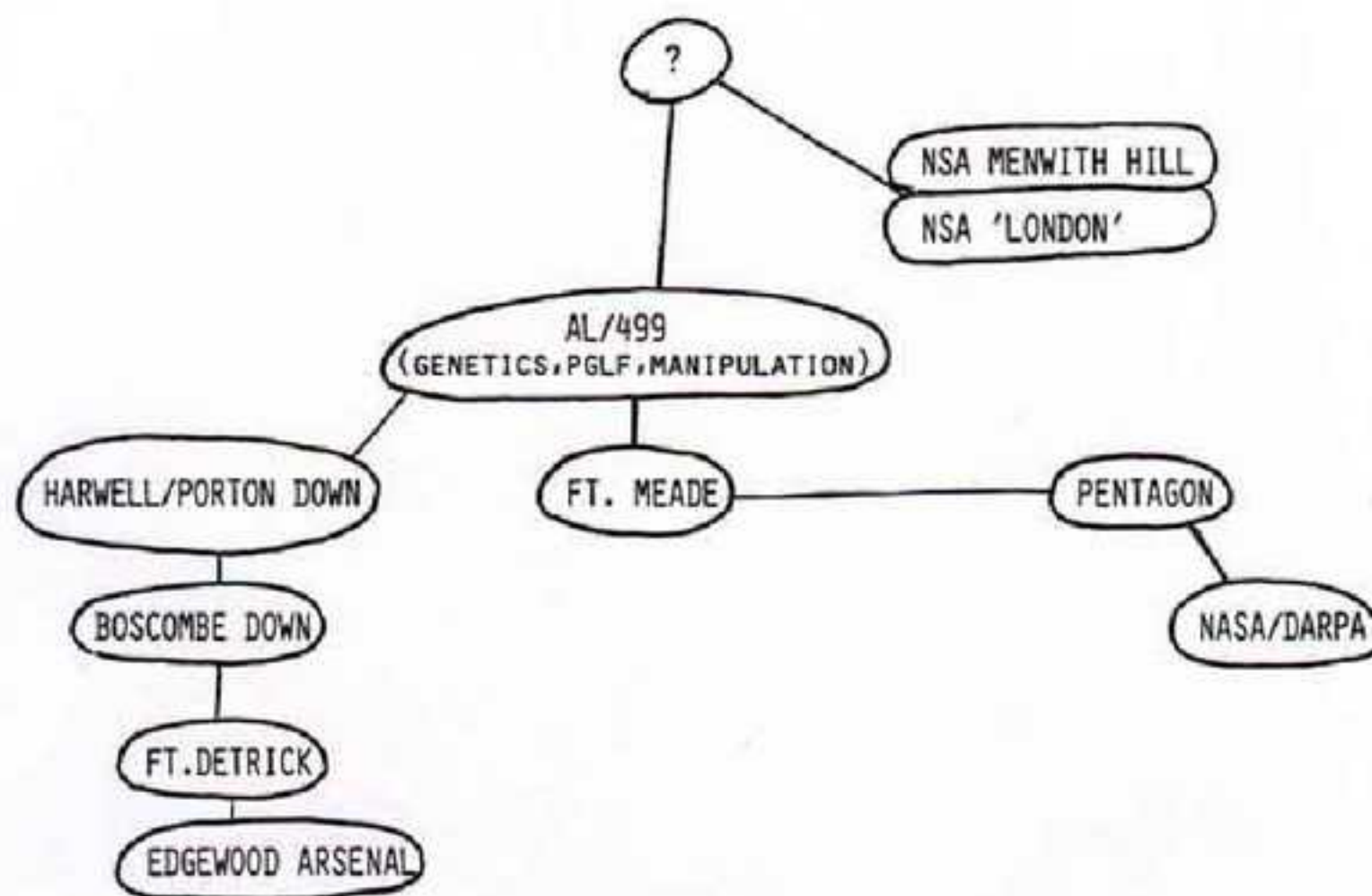


NOT TO SCALE
AL/499 ACCESS POINTS



V145

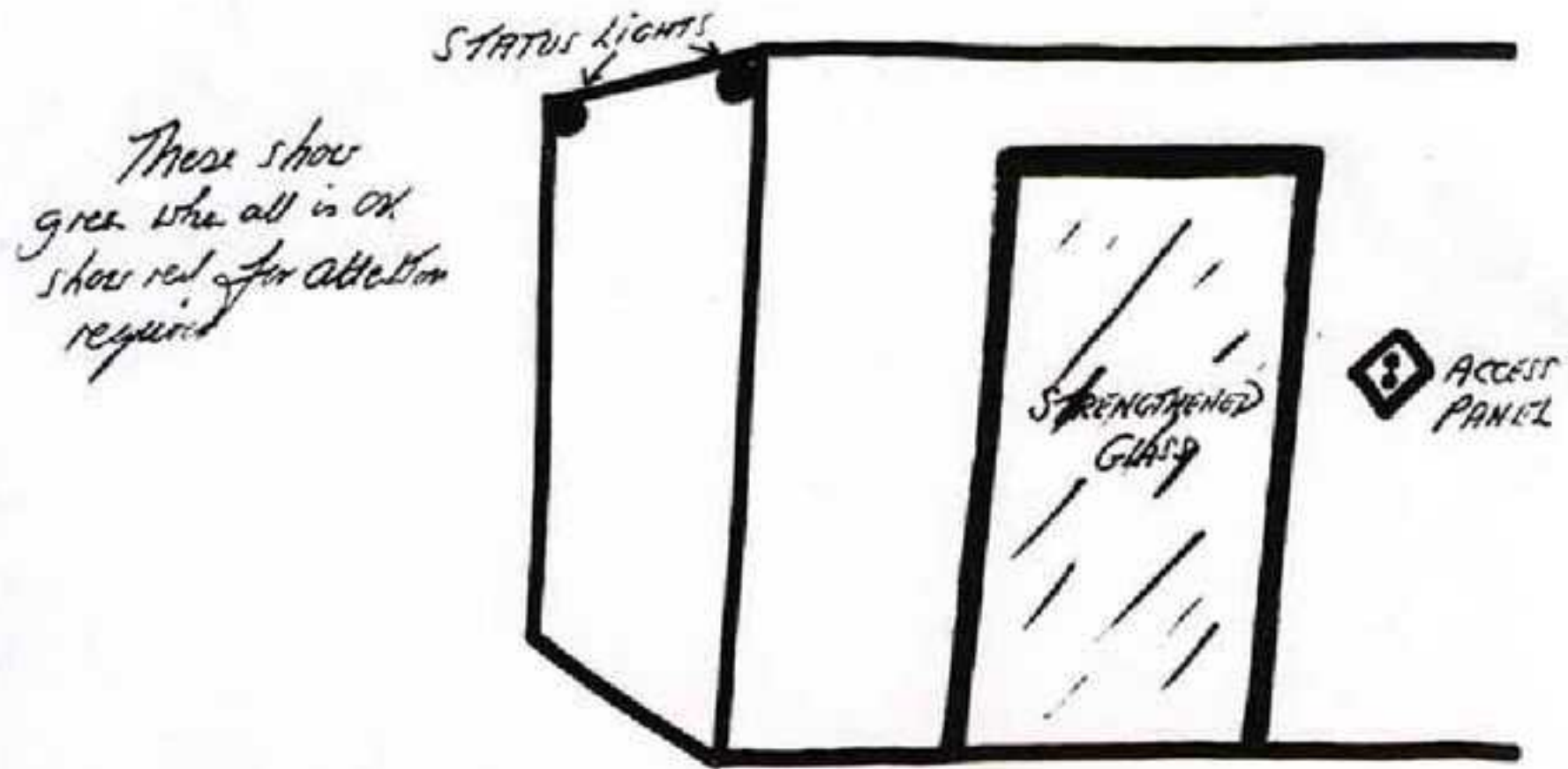
FOLLOWING THE PAPER TRAIL.....



V146

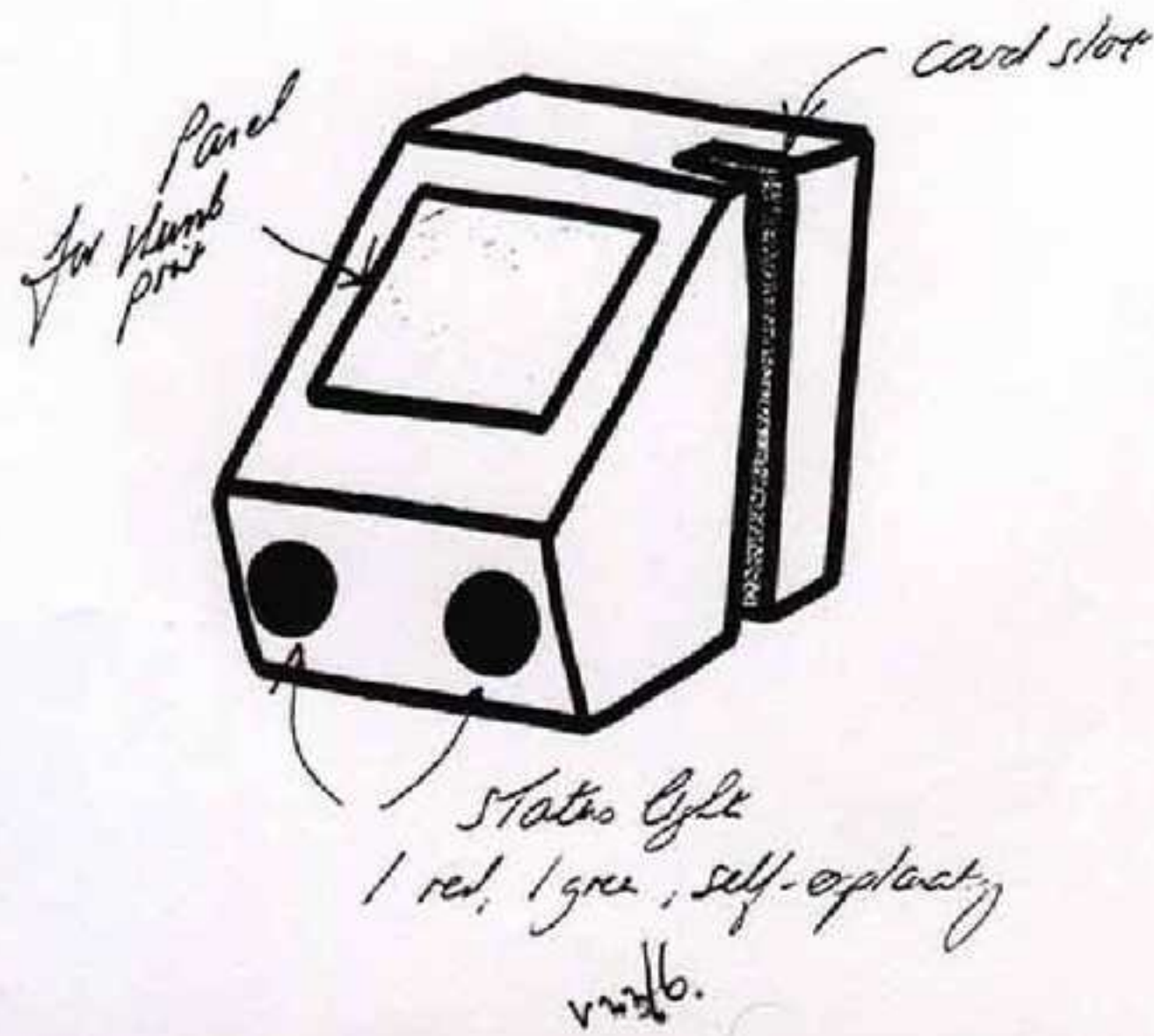
PGLF STORAGE RACK

! SIDE VIEW



DOOR ENTRY MECHANISM

OPERATED BY ID CARD AND THUMB PRINT



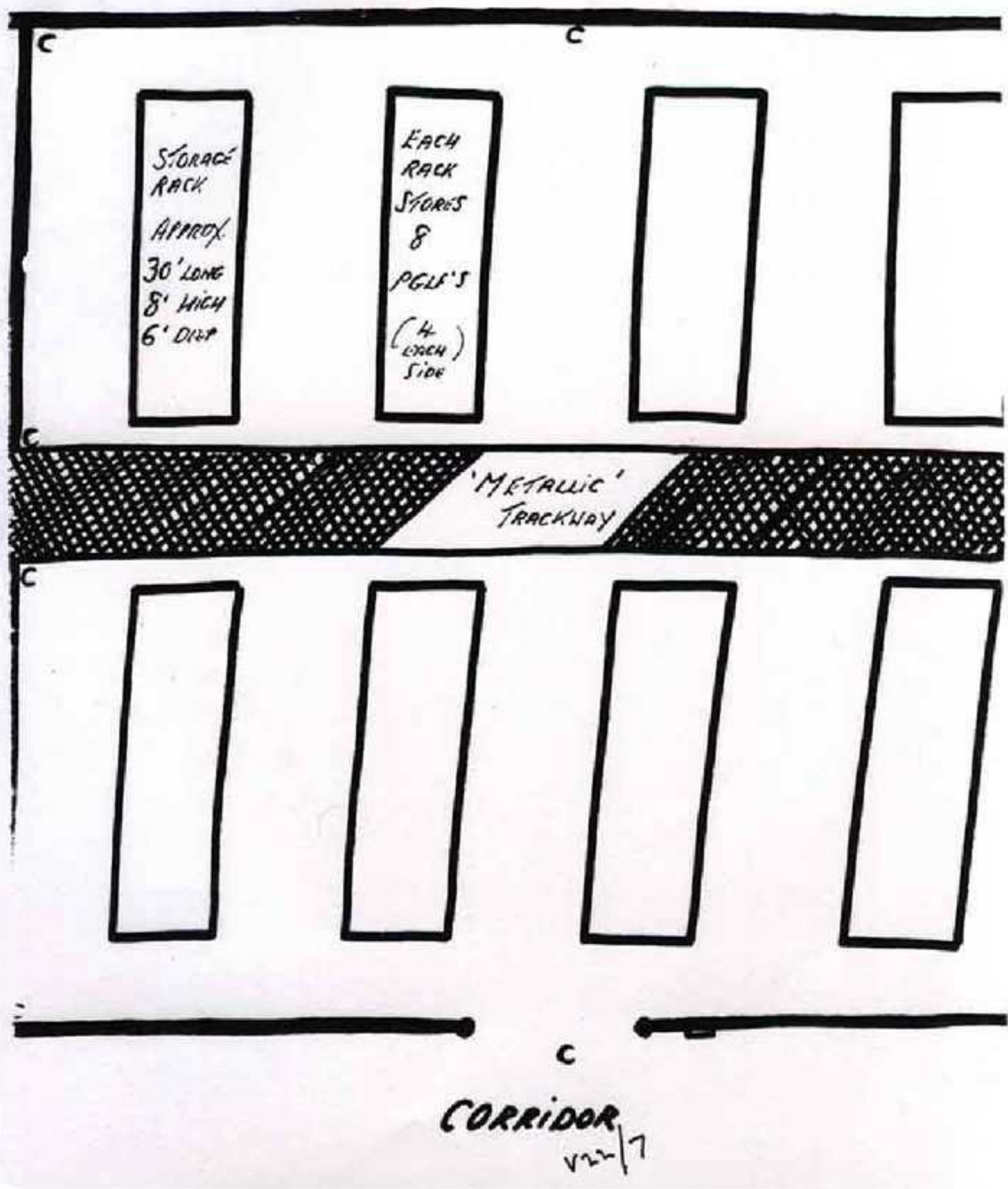
V147

TOP VIEW

PART OF PGLF STORAGE AREA

C : CAMERA/SENSOR

ALL COMPUTER CONTROLLED

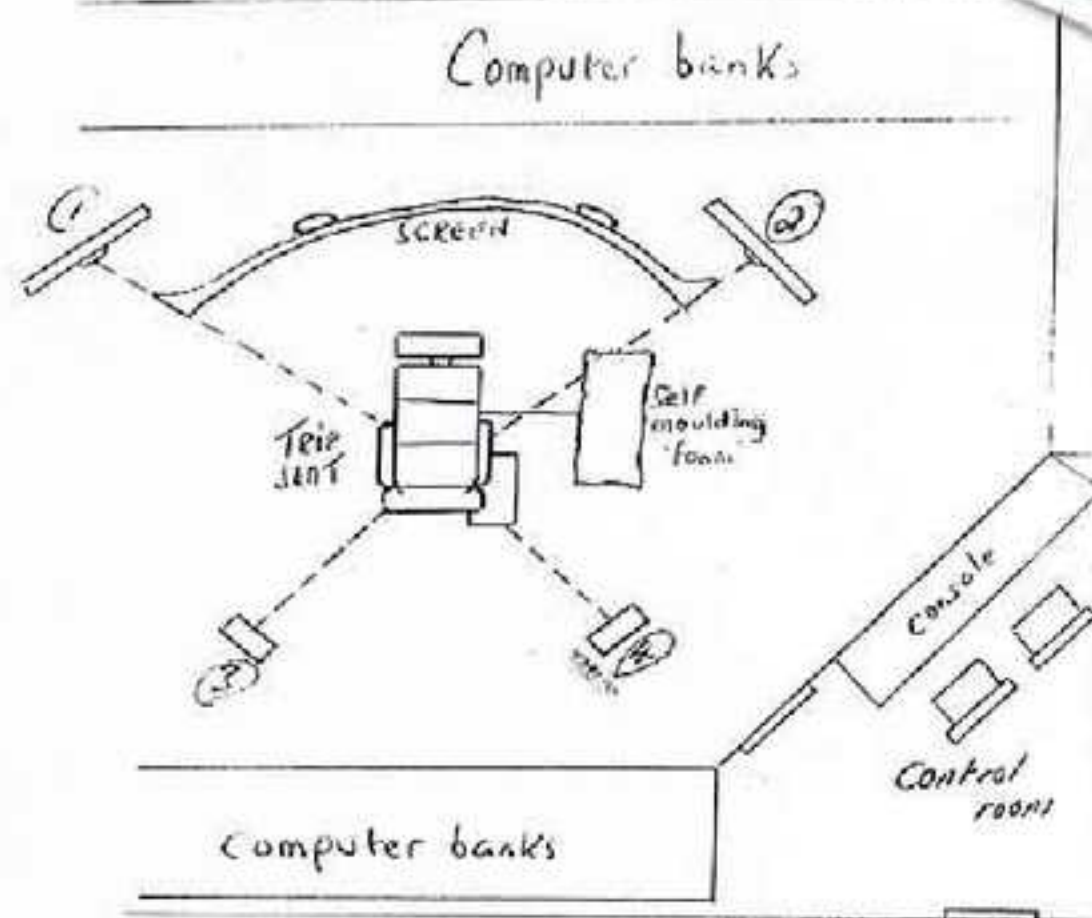




THE 'REPTILLIAN'



ONE OF THE SMALL
"NON-TERRRESTRIAL VISITORS"

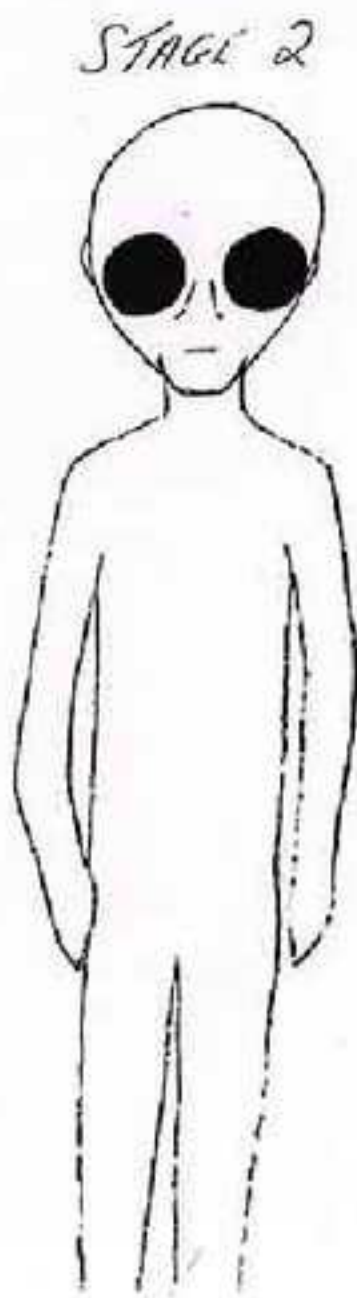


LAB 1

1-4 : Computer 'Lids'



STAGE 1



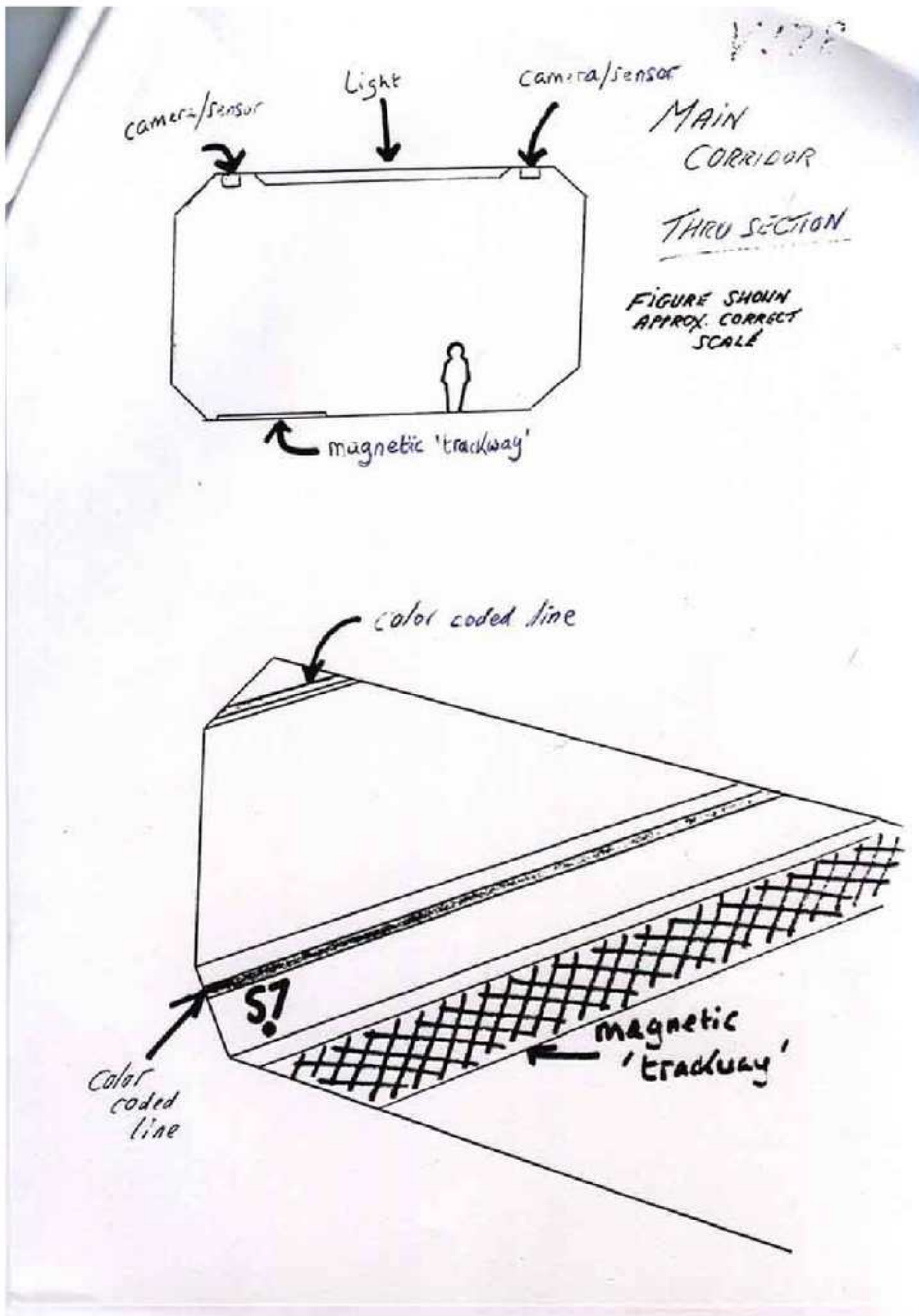
STAGE 2

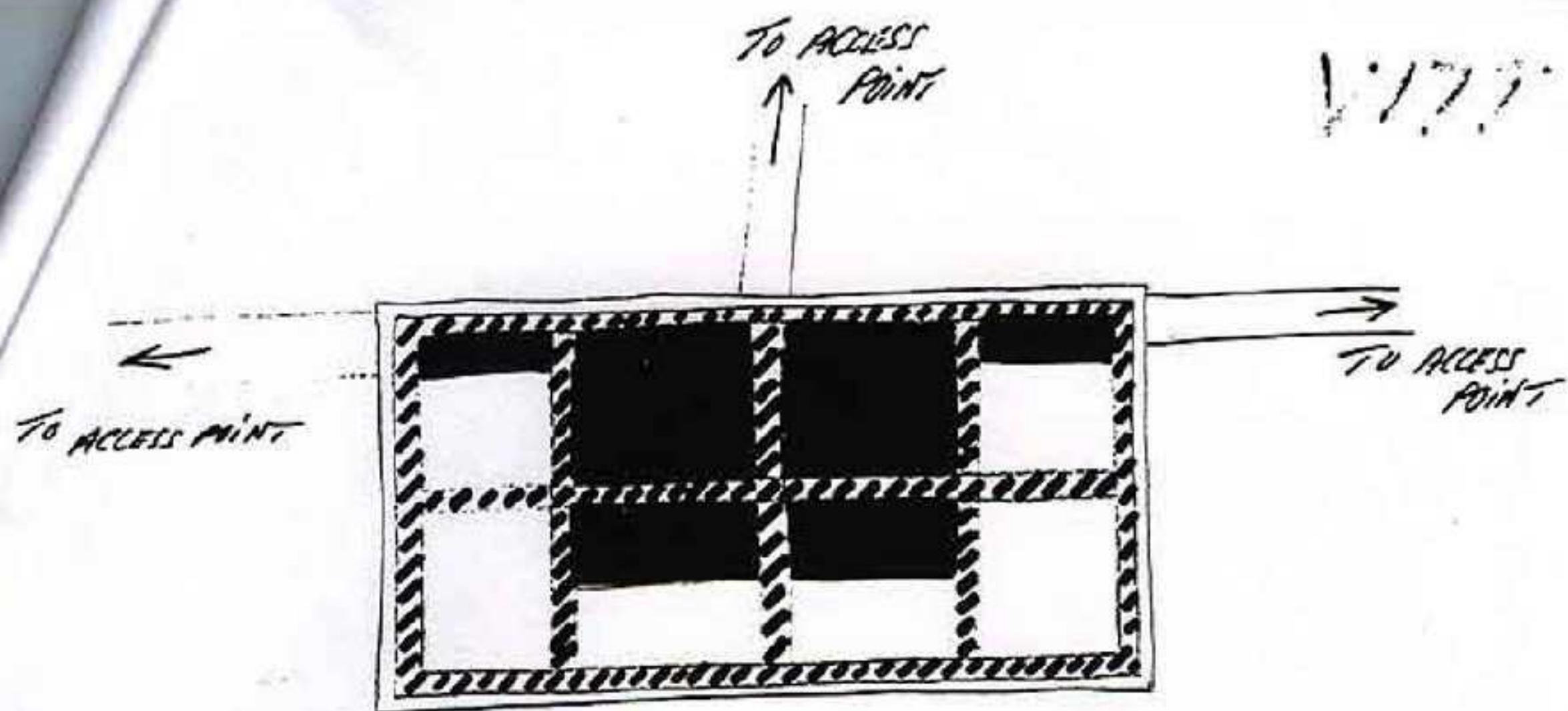


STAGE 3

ALL APPROX RELATIVE SCALE TO
ONE ANOTHER

1/17/76





MAIN CORRIDORS TO EACH LEVEL, SUB CORRIDORS CROSS EACH OF 8
MAIN SECTIONS, COLOR CODED, LEVEL COLOR, THEN SECTION NO., E.G.

YELLOW 7, YELLOW 4

(S FOR SECTION, S7, S4, ETC)

SHADED AREA:- MAIN SECURITY SECTION.

EVERYTHING IN-OUT OF BASE GOES THRU MAIN SECURITY SECTION FIRST.

SECURITY OFFICER DUTIES INCLUDED:

OVERSEEING ALL GOODS AND PERSONNEL IN AND OUT OF BASE

ESCORTING GOODS AND PERSONNEL AROUND AND BETWEEN LEVELS

ASSISTING IN LABS AND ELECTRONIC AREAS

PATROLLING ALL LEVELS, SECTIONS

MANNING MAIN SECURITY AREAS

SECURE ALL AREAS

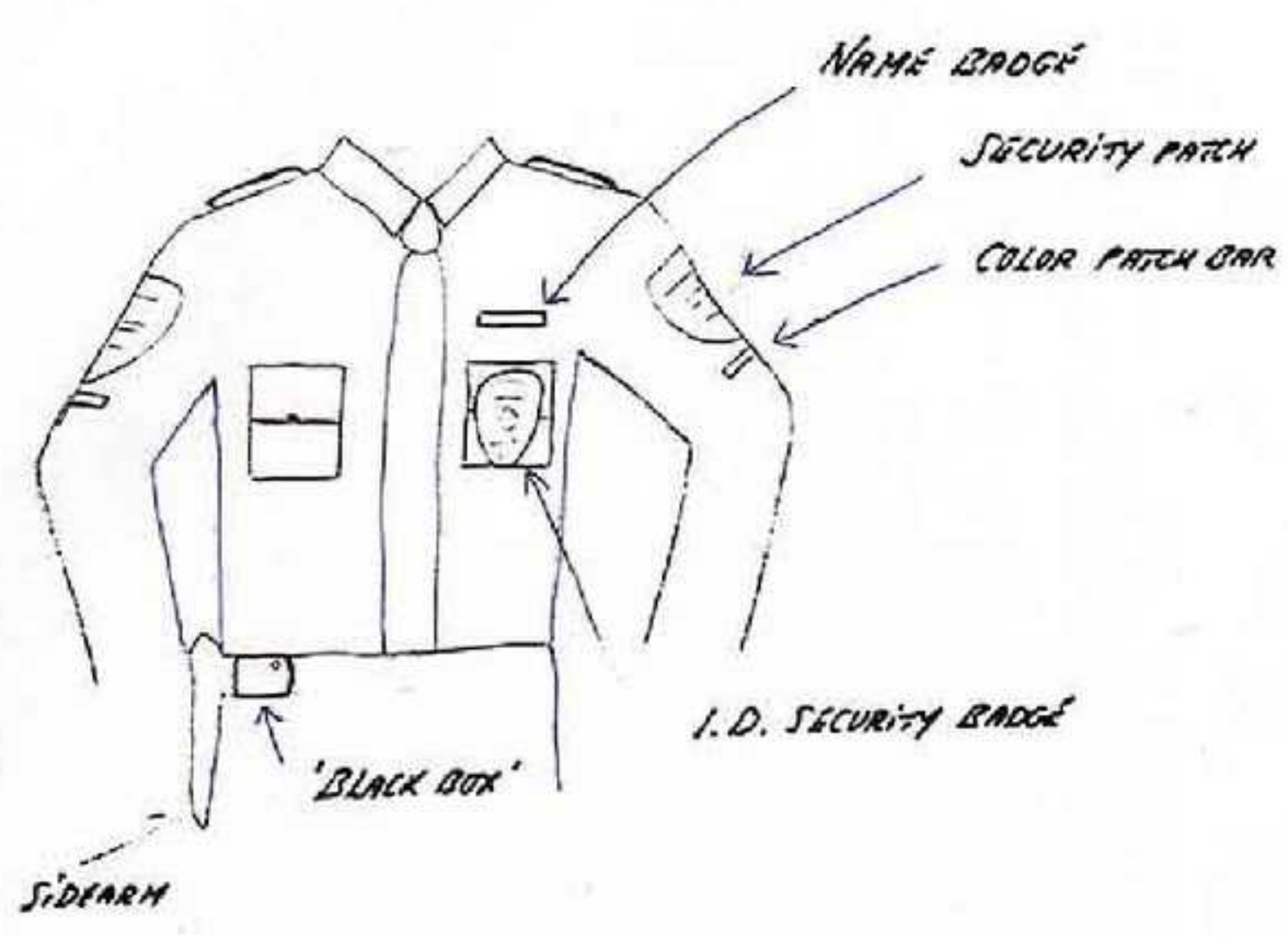
WHEN NECESSARY, ASSISTING ESCORT OF GOODS AND PERSONNEL TO AND FROM ACCESS POINT

ASSISTING WITH EXPERIMENTATION

ASSISTING WITH CATCHMENT TEAMS

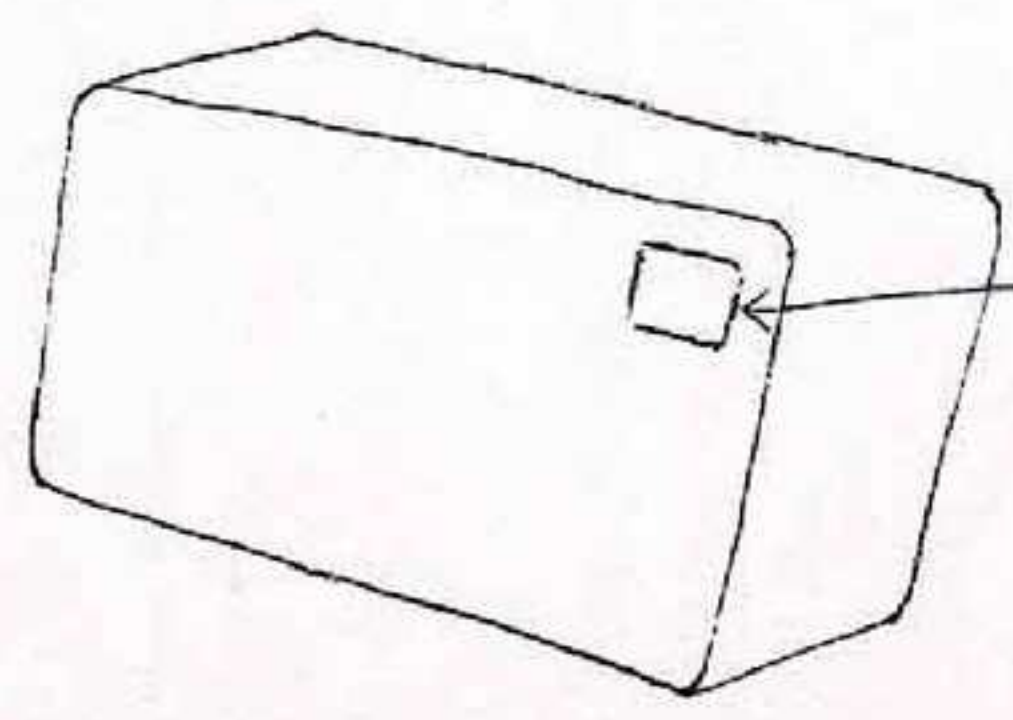
1782

White shirt
black tie
black trousers



THE 'BLACK BOX'

SIZE ABOUT 2
MATCHBOXES, SIDE BY SIDE
(CLIP ON REAR FOR BELT)

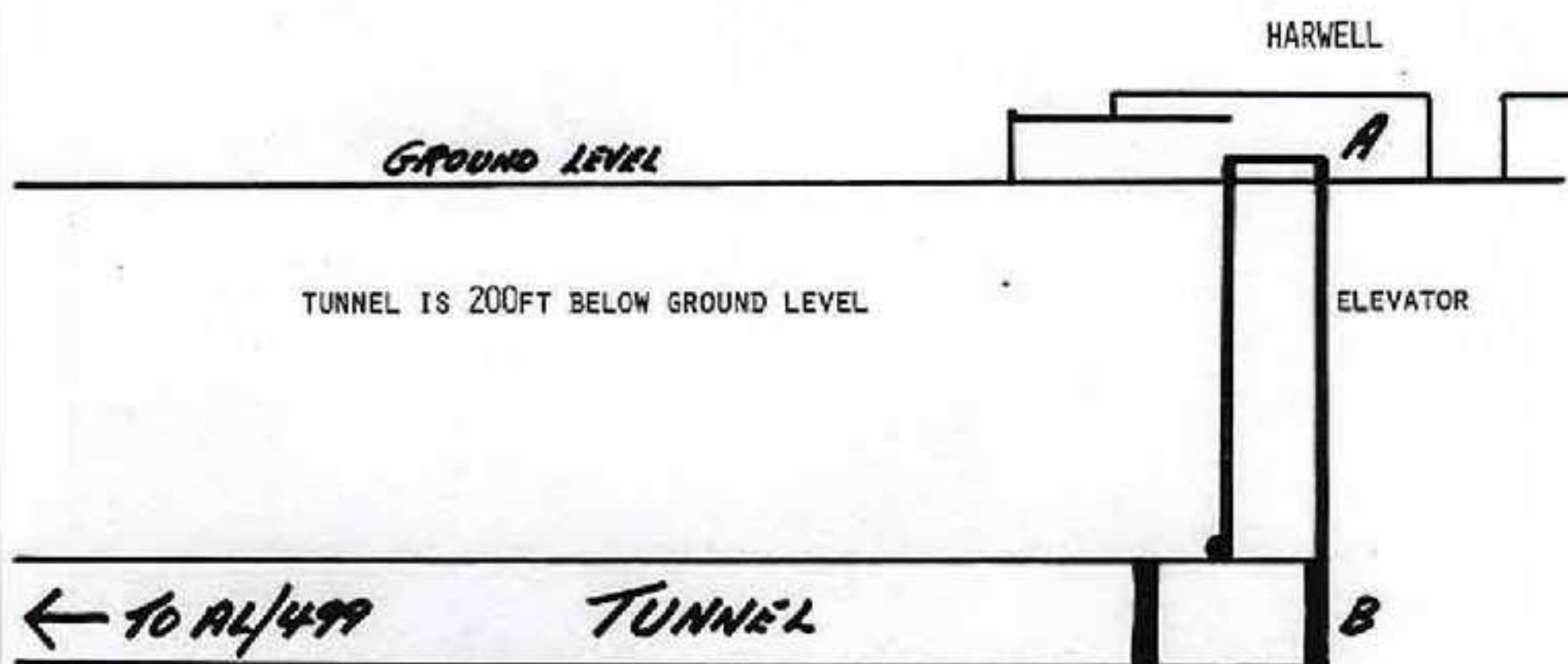


SMALL 'LIGHT'
CONSTANTLY GREEN

TO BE WORN AT ALL TIMES IN & AROUND BASE & WHEN TRAVELLING TO & FROM BASE (COMPUTER CHIP ACTIVATES DEVICE WHEN WITHIN X NUMBER OF MILES OF BASE). THIS 'STABILISES'. HENCE THE VOICE BEING TOLD THAT I WOULD BE 'DISRUPTED-DISABLED' IF I APPROACHED CLOSER THAN 10 MILES TO AL/499, BECAUSE NOT HAVING MY 'BLACK BOX' ANY MORE, THE GENERATORS WOULD DISABLE ME WITHIN THAT DISTANCE. ANYONE WHO IS MICROCHIPPED WOULD SUFFER VARIOUS STAGES OF DISABEMENT WITHIN THE AREA IF NOT 'STABILISED' BY THIS DEVICE.

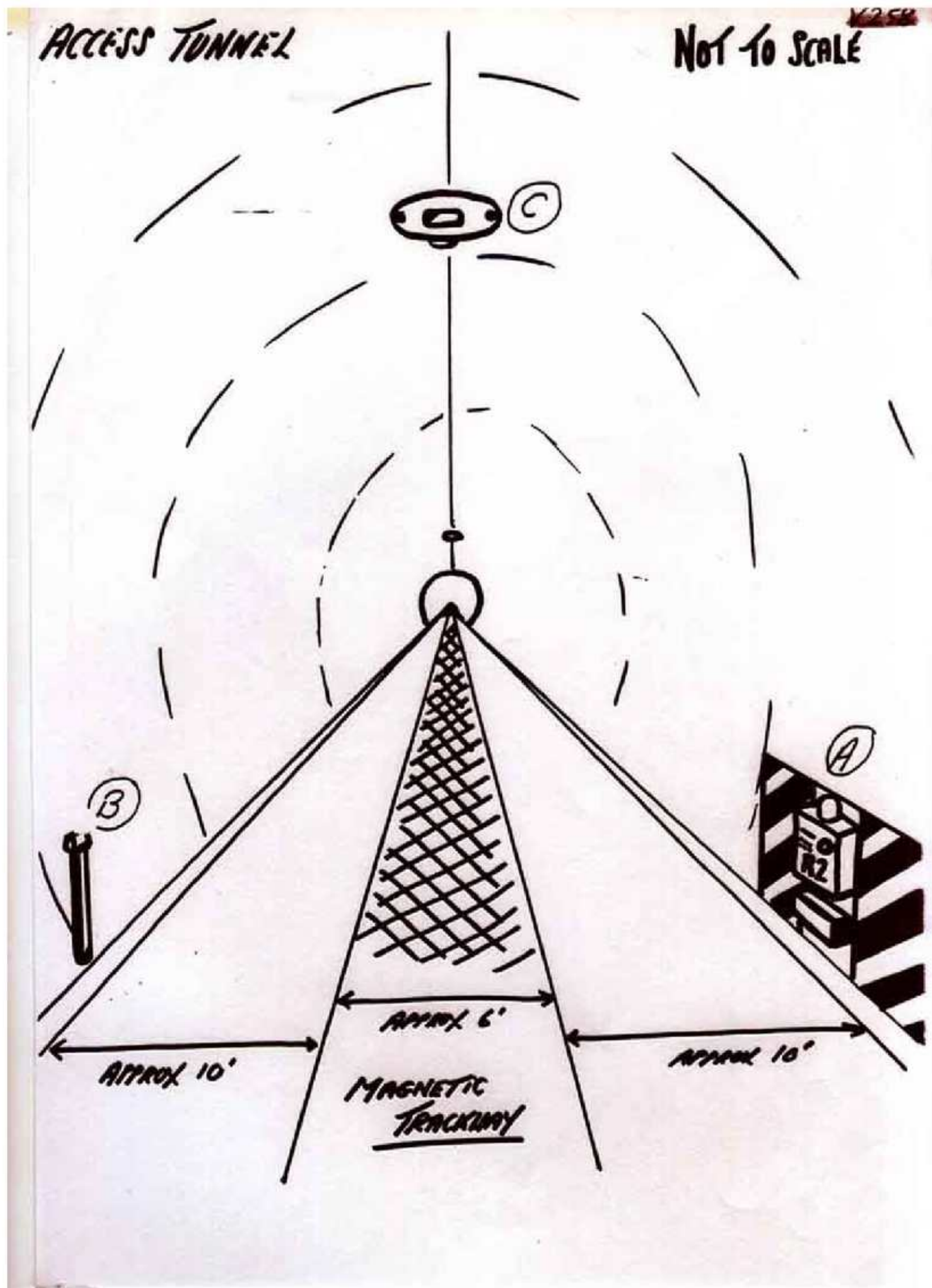
V259'

ACCESS POINT ENTRANCES, INITIAL SECURITY, ELEVATORS, ETC, ETC.

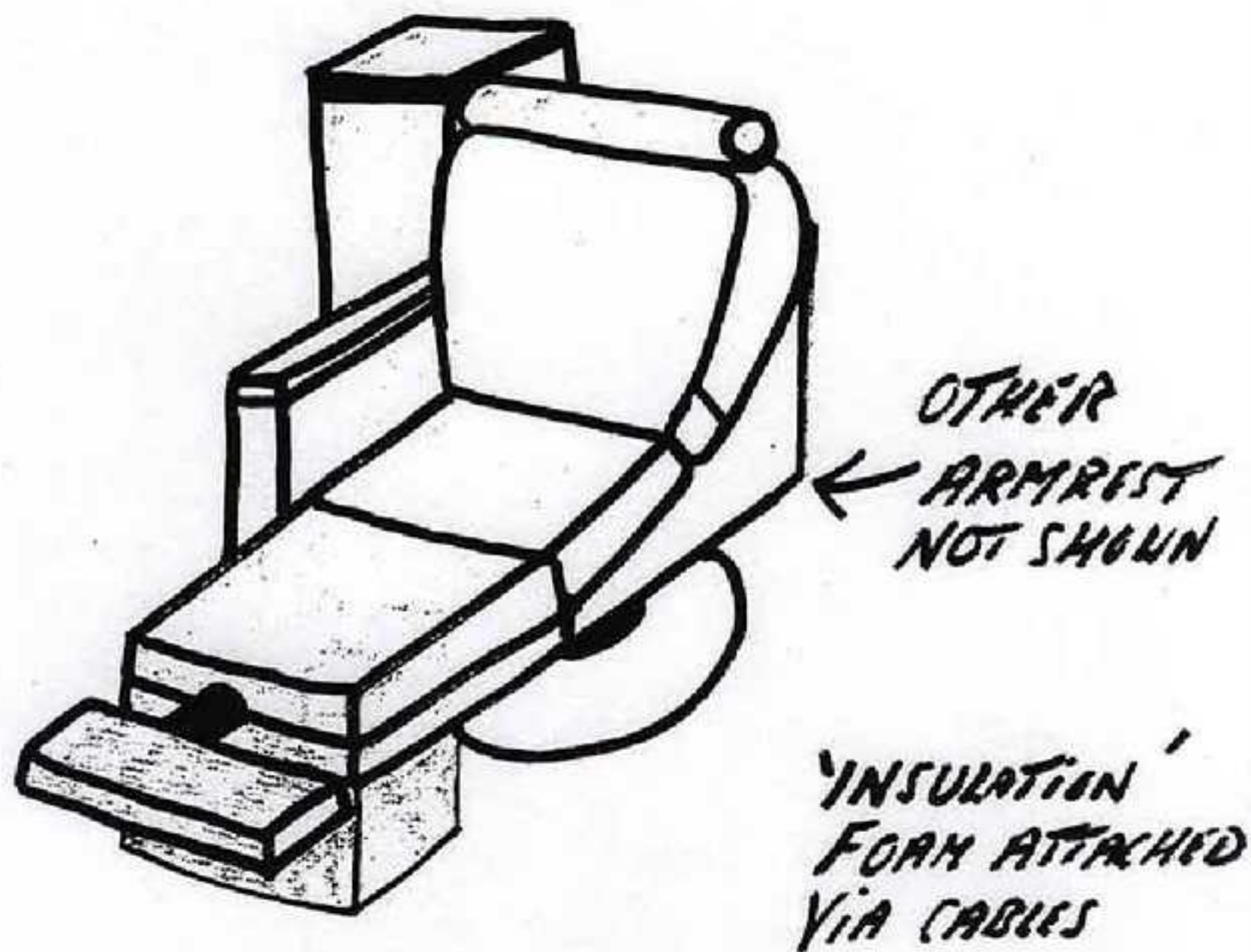


A & B :- SECURITY AREAS

HARWELL, SPECIAL ENTRANCE BY WAY OF SPECIFIC BUILDING, SECURITY AREA 'A' MANNED BY TWO SECURITY OFFICERS, SECURITY AREA 'B' IS LARGER AND IS MANNED BY FOUR, SOMETIMES FIVE, SECURITY OFFICERS. BOTH AREAS ARE MANNED 24 HOURS A DAY, 365 DAYS A YEAR, BOTH HAVE FULL MONITOR SYSTEMS. AREA 'B' HAS TWO VEHICLES IN OPERATION, THESE SHUTTLE BACK AND FORTH TO AL/499. AREA 'B' IS EQUIPPED WITH TWO SPECIAL 'BLAST DOORS' THAT CAN COMPLETELY SEAL OFF THE TUNNEL. ELEVATOR HAS TWO SECTIONS, PERSONNEL AND VEHICLES.



THE 'TRIP SEAT' ('79 VINTAGE)



SPECIAL HEADPHONES AND VISOR
ARE PLACED ON GUINEA PIG ONCE
SEATED AND STRAPPED IN

« Reply #68 on: Mar 10th, 2005, 12:00pm »

Apologies for jumping ahead of myself but thought it was right for me to post these now rather than later. It was like that little voice inside your head saying "DO IT" "DO IT"

Regards, Barry

queenofhearts

« Reply #69 on: Mar 10th, 2005, 2:48pm »

Voice thanks for posting those detailed sketches. I know you get physically worn out pretty quick and that it must have taken a lot out of you for doing so. We all appreciate your posts.

One thing i am curious about, since ive been in a "seat" myself but not sure if its quite the same as what you are stating. What did you see while you were on there? I am not sure if you've posted it, i might have missed it while i was gone and haven't caught up on everything as of yet.

The seat i was on, as far as i can recall (then again who knows what is actual truth anymore) i was onboard while made to sit on a seat of some kind and i had wires attached to me. The seat was turned upside down numerous times and i was outside as if in space and nothing around me but the seat i was on. Scared the hell outta me. I know in reality, there's no way that could have happened. Since i had no breathing apparatus or suit of any kind that would have protected me from the outside. So, in retrospect, im thinking it was all some form of holograms or images making it seem as if i was outside in the dark alone.

This happened way before the movie contact was made. So , someone knows something about the seat it would seem. What my experiment was for , i have no clue again. My whole life has been one major emotional rollercoaster ride with them with no answers provided. Numerous experiments, tests, pain, abductions both by aliens and military. Sometimes i dont post everything because what jack says is correct. Sometimes giving too much info to people is more damaging than not. Unless one has personally gone thru these things, its very hard for them to believe that its true. I dont blame them. It would be hard for me to believe as well, had my whole life not been a living experiment.

roman

« Reply #70 on: Mar 10th, 2005, 3:37pm »

Hi Voice, Isaw your sketch's what are PGLF's? in post#60 and what is #62 a sketch of? I'm on the edge of my seat for your next posts. roman

« Reply #71 on: Mar 10th, 2005, 4:44pm »

Hi QoH, Hi Roman, thanks for your replies. I posted these sketches well before the details of Peasemore are due, sorry, I just had to put them on with details to follow. QoH, I know exactly what you mean, once you are strapped to the chair, numerous designs, essentially all operate the same. You are then plugged into the programming system, computers take over and a guinea-pig will experience whatever the programmer wants you to experience. I'll detail all of this more fully when I get to Peasemore data. Roman, in answer to your questions, PGLFs are Program Generated Life Forms, clones, greys created at Peasemore and similar facilities, primarilly for MILABs. Your other question refers to which sketch again?, sorry

« Reply #72 on: Mar 10th, 2005, 4:57pm »

Hi Roman, I think I know which sketch you are referring to, the one with the 3 figures, showing PGLFs in their 3 stages. That is to do with their developement in 3 stages, stored in 3 areas of the facility. My sketches are not too brilliant but does convey as accurately as I can what these clones look like. They are scary little buggers, once programmed they skoot off like obedient little drones and then they are very scary, very clumsy, but scary.

« Reply #75 on: Mar 10th, 2005, 7:19pm »

on Mar 10th, 2005, 6:30pm, **Isaw1in84** wrote:

Mr. Voice, Please continue. We need more information. Are these living beings stored and grown from test tubes? What are they? Robots? Can you go back to where you left off? We read every word. Thank you. Sincerely, Ron

Hi Ron, they are not robots in that sense, they are created life forms, not from test tubes though, the exact technology is on a need to know basis, Peasemore said I did not need to know the process. They are stored in great numbers, in all 3 stages, of which I had to constantly monitor as part of my job. They are living in a sense yet are programmed at the facility for drone tasks in Milabs etc. The technology is off planet technology. Hope that helps, regards, Barry

Isaw1again

« Reply #76 on: Mar 10th, 2005, 7:30pm »

Barry, I'm concerned that a "Voice" could phase in. If you know what I mean. Please take precautions. You are a model citizen. Ron

« Reply #77 on: Mar 10th, 2005, 7:34pm »

Hi Ron, thanks for the concern, have no worries I'm used to taking all sorts of risks, its safe enough here, THEY monitor but would not use any action. Jeez, wait till I detail the Peasemore stuff later though, the S*** will hit the fan then!!

« Reply #79 on: Mar 11th, 2005, 6:19pm »

on Mar 10th, 2005, 8:00pm, **roman** wrote:

Thanks for the reply Voice. What do these clones do for nourishment? Do they communicate at all with their mind? Are they aware of their surroundings as in if you do something like stand in their way or threaten them would they respond to this or just go about their pre-programed business? Do they have muscular strength equal to human strength or weaker / stronger? Are there male and females? Do they have genitalia? Are they clothed? Do they have any type of odor? what is their lifespan? Sorry for so many questions. I could write hundreds more but I know how difficult answering questions can be so I won't continue to ask them now. Perhaps in your next post you can touch on these questions. Awaiting your next post. roman

Hi Roman, apologies for taking all this time to get back to you, its been a very hectic day!!

To answer your questions, no male female distinctions, they are just clones. Being so small yet are quite strong, 2 of them can support a fully grown adult human with ease. Do not wear or need clothes. Lifespan thats tricky, I do not honestly know, they are kept in a solution when not in use, stored that way too for transportation. Being programmed they respond only to certain stimuli, if you went to say knock one over or go to pick them up their 'instincts' are to move away, but it is possible to knock them over, throw something heavy at them and knock them off balance. If you stood in thier way they would simply go around you. I've picked up one or two before and tried to walk along the corridor but only got so far when the little blighter struggled out of my grasp. No genitalia. No odor. 'skin' is like a roughened marshmallow.

Hope that helps, keep well, regards, Barry

« Reply #80 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 09:53am »

In the late 1940's early 1950's a program was set up by the Governments of the UK, USA & Canada, a very very secret program. In its infancy the program was not very sophisticated but the sharing of info between the 3 countries pushed scientific boundaries and smashed ethical moral restraints. The program centred on genetics using young children as guinea-pigs. I was part of that program. At the age of 2 I was rushed to hospital with double-pneumonia, a killer disease in the 50's for infants. I was placed in an oxygen tent and the medical staff did what they could. I died but miraculously 'came back' within a couple of minutes. My parents matter-of-factly told me this many times as I grew up. The weird thing is about this I have very strong memories of this event, I can see as clear as day a little form in the bed with the oxygen tent around me, my parents standing in the room crying after being told there was no hope for me, then a priest was summoned to give the last rites. I'm viewing this as from a position near the ceiling, looking down. Was dead, then came back. Throughout my childhood I'd experienced many strange, you could say Paranormal things. During my childhood I also went thru thousands of medical tests of one kind and another, at local hospitals, other further away from home hospitals, and other places, places that did not become recognisable till I was much older. One of these places turned out to be Harwell. I was used in many medical situations, as a child I obeyed my parents unquestionably when they said I was to go here, go there for tests and stuff. Nothing made much sense till I was older and started to question, then and only then did things ease up a little. At the age of about 4 I, along with the rest of my family, witnessed a strange black 'cloud' that came up the stairs and entered the living room, we dove behind the sofa just as my father came running into the room and was panicked by the 'cloud', it gets fuzzy then and next thing I know the 'cloud' has gone. Sometime later I recall watching something on the old B/W tv which suddenly changed to another scene, a brilliant sunny day scene of a disc landing in a street of all things. When I was 7 the family moved home to another part of Barking/Dagenham. I had many nightmares there for the first year or two. I was petrified of something I could see in my mind's eye, a group of small hooded people walking around the table that sat in the centre of the room. On and off throughout my teens I'd sense things, see things, heard things.

It was not until during the late 70's during my 'meets' with Government/Military/Intelligence people and saw files on myself held by numerous agencies that the final pieces of the jigsaw were put together. This program continues to this day, now it is even more secretive, even more sophisticated, and even more agencies are involved. Not all of them hail from planet Earth.

« Reply #81 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 10:30am »

I've mentioned the above in order to clarify, you will see how everything gels together, especially later once you have the whole story. It will hopefully make sense to you all. How I became involved in later things, because I've been involved in earlier things. You may find the period 1977-79, prior to entering Peasemore quite interesting. All will become clear in the end. Of course when we reach the period covering the 90's you will see how animal/human mutilations fits in with ufology, plus the genetically engineered and released into the world creatures, engineered by the military, the chupacabra, the varginha creature, etc. All will begin to make sense to you, it may give you nightmares but at least you'll know.

Remote Viewing

« Reply #82 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 10:35am »

Military remote viewers, of course, undergo a strict and rigorous training period, there is no question about that. But much of what that training entails is now public knowledge and, in any case, the basic qualification for any remote viewer remains that of an innate psychic ability, as the late Edgar Cayce, for example, demonstrated, often with stunning accuracy. The training is to do with honing rather than developing this psychic ability. The ability is already there. With this in mind, I invited a proven British psychic (whom I will call 'Q') to see what could be found beneath Salisbury Plain (although it should be said that Q did not know that Salisbury Plain was to be the focus of our endeavour, nor did he know we were looking for underground bases or alien technology programmes, not until we had completed several sittings - for the record, all Q was told before the experiment began was that I required him to see what he could 'find' at certain random map coordinates). The results, collated from several different sittings which, for the sake of clarity, I have edited together, were startling to say the least, and were as follows.

Focusing in the first instance on his 'target' coordinates (consisting of two sets of four random digits, the SRI-proven 'key' for homing the psychic eye in on the given target), Q started to describe a 'large expanse of open countryside' where he said he could see 'stationary tanks', 'war games' and a 'quarry-like structure'. In response to my command: *Describe your environment in more detail*, he replied:

'A small building. There's a small building standing on its own, inside some sort of compound.'

What kind of compound?

'An area . . . fenced-off . . . other buildings around . . . but this one's on its own. It seems significant.'

Describe the building.

'It's like . . . like an outbuilding, I suppose, or a workman's hut. But it feels empty . . . there are no workmen inside.'

You can see inside?

'I can now, quite clearly, yes. There's nothing inside, except a door that leads out . . .'

Out where?

'No, not out, down. Down some steps to a slightly larger area, still empty, no people . . .'

Empty?

'Quite empty.'

Is there anything at all? Can you scan around?

A moment or two passed, then: 'There's another door, or gate, like an iron lattice-work gate . . . wait a minute . . . it seems to lead into a small area, a room . . . no, not a room, an enclosure . . . no, a lift, you know, an elevator.'

Step into the elevator. Where does the elevator take you?

'Down . . .'

Down?

' . . . Into some kind of basement area, yes . . .'

Describe the basement area.

A small pause; Q mumbled something inaudible. No further reply.

Describe the textures within this environment.

A moment, then: 'Mmm, artificial lights . . . sparse . . . quite dark . . . not too dark to see, but dimly lit . . . and harsh, brick, stone, cold. It's not very nice down here.'

Can you hear any sounds?

Q shook his head. 'No, not really, not sounds . . . but I can sense activity . . . a sense of activity . . .'
Activity?

'In the air . . .'

What kind of activity?

'Thinking . . . brain activity . . . electrical activity . . . there's some kind of field, some kind of energy field, like electronic, magnetic, electromagnetic . . . preventing me from seeing clearly. It makes me feel nauseous.'

Q readjusted in his seat, breathed deeply, refocused. Then: 'Beyond the energy field, an area . . . a rather small area . . . oh, and there are men, like soldiers . . . black uniforms . . . others in white coats. There are soldiers here, military . . .'

What do they do?

Q shrugged. 'Guard the area, presumably.'

The soldiers?

'The soldiers, yes.'

And the white coats?

This time a long pause, then Q shook his head. He could not see what the white-coated people were doing. A moment later I asked Q to step back and take an overview, through the eye of an eagle, so to speak. A few minutes passed, then he said: 'I can see a series of corridors, tunnels, well-lit criss- crossing tunnels, leading to other areas, sealed areas. I cannot see precisely where they lead to . . . the corridors lead to other areas . . . the tunnels appear to go very deep into the earth.'

Can you follow the tunnels?

'It's difficult.' Minutes passed in silence, until finally Q shook his head. 'I don't seem able to follow the tunnels,' he said.

What about the corridors?

'Yes . . . they just connect the rooms, the different areas . . .'

What else can you see around you?

'There's nothing much on this level . . . but the corridors and the entrances to the tunnels.'

No colours?

'Some, yes . . . deep-red, electrical, UV [ultra-violet] . . . like a mix of UV and deep-red or infra-red, with the smell of electricity. Not much light, though. Just the entrances to the tunnels, like several holes in the darkness, filled with light . . . and the corridors, [with] one or two people in them, going from one room to the next, like offices . . . and another elevator, presumably to take you back up, or further down . . .'

And the soldiers? What happened to the soldiers and the people in white coats?

Q screwed his eyes tight, but gave no reply.

At this point Q had to snap back to beta and take a rest. He was visibly disturbed by what he had sensed and discovered thus far. I asked him if he wished to call it a day, but he said he would take one further look after he had rested for a minute or two. Which he did.

A short while later: *Where are you now?*

'I'm penetrating one of the tunnels . . . it's well-lit, quite warm, but it still seems strange, vacant, sort of eerie . . . ' Then: ' . . . I'm coming out of the tunnel . . . it seems to come out in some kind of sealed area; with guards, smoking . . . '

Smoking?

'One of the guards is smoking a cigarette . . . '

In the tunnel?

'No. In the street. There's a street with a pavement . . . the guards are on the pavement.'

Are you still underground?

'Oh, yes, quite definitely . . . I think I'm down on a deeper level, though.'

Describe the guards.

`Military . . . soldiers . . . black uniforms with berets . . .'

Are they the same kind of soldiers you saw before?

`I think so, yes.'

Can you see what they are guarding?

`I can see what looks like the entrance to a big warehouse kind of place, a factory, or a laboratory . . . I can see inside . . . so clean . . . very clean areas with people in white coats and overalls, all working . . .'

What are they doing? How are they working?

`In groups, some on their own. And there are benches . . .'

What about the textures?

`Harsh . . . hard . . . steel and chrome . . . and glass . . . I can sense glass, or perspex, or something of that nature. Glass containers . . . and I can see people bending over benches, chrome and wood, some standing, some on stools. It's all very stern . . .'

Stern?

`The atmosphere, yes. Stern, oppressive, like an over-bearing air of authority . . . it looks like a normal laboratory situation but it all feels so very heavy, oppressive, you know, almost like the atmosphere of a very strict schoolroom, a very tight regime . . . there is real fear here . . .'

Can you say something more about the glass? You said you could sense glass, or perspex, and you mentioned glass containers . . .

A moment, then: `Bottles . . . glass bottles, jars . . . and tanks . . . glass tanks. There are glass jars with ahhh . . . with what look like cultures growing in them, and tanks lined up against a wall . . . blue . . .'

Blue?

` . . . Like a blue liquid with forms or specimens suspended in them, like a laboratory, you know, specimens, preserved in blue liquid . . . is it blue? . . . oh, my God, they're like . . . well, they're like human forms, biological forms or specimens . . . aliens or hybrids or something engineered, something made, you know, genetically. They look sort of human . . . but, well, they're so ugly, grotesque things . . . Jesus . . . I can't look at them any longer . . .'

Q shivered, slowly shook his head and opened his eyes. `I think I'm done,' he said, and rubbed the horrors from his eyes with the heels of his hands.

While I was burning up inside with the desire to know more about this underground laboratory, it was of course Q's mental and emotional health that demanded priority. By the time he'd completed several hours' remote viewing (on several separate, intense occasions) he seemed very drained, disturbed, less keen to revisit the nightmarish netherworld simmering beneath Salisbury Plain than at first he had been. It was clearly time to call a halt.

I was not disappointed. He had, after all, more than satisfied any expectations I might have had prior to conducting the experiment. Although he hadn't found any crashed and recovered alien spacecraft, nor indeed any other substantive signs of acquired alien technology, he had nonetheless remotely viewed what appeared to be a deep-underground facility (complete with `human forms, biological forms or specimens . . . aliens or hybrids or something engineered' suspended in `blue liquid' in `glass tanks') at the location described by the coordinates I'd given him. Curiously, these coordinates - though random so far as he knew - were in fact those corresponding to the Imber Ranges on Salisbury Plain, where the `stationary tanks' and `war games' he had described at the beginning of our first sitting can be found on a regular basis. Indeed, of all the military `Danger Zones' demarcated on Salisbury Plain, the Imber Ranges form the only area 'permanently closed' to the public.

Of course, this is a long way from conclusive proof, and unlike the British and US intelligence machine I did not have the means to confirm this information one way or the other. There were no Special Forces units at my disposal to force a way in - no way for me to gain entry, even to the ranges, much less to the elevator that Q claimed to have seen operating from inside the 'workman's hut, nor even to the 'tunnel' that led him from the ranges to wherever the laboratory was located.

Food for thought, even so . . .

Two final points.

One: following our last sitting, Q told me that he'd also sensed the storage of a 'significant database' while he'd been viewing underground. What he meant exactly even he could not say. But he stressed the fact that he'd had the strongest sense of some kind of 'significant database' being stored somewhere in the place he had just viewed. We joked that it could have been where the government's 'X Files' were stored.

Two (and far more pertinent): not long after our last sitting some information came my way that seemed to corroborate Q's description of an underground laboratory. And of what he'd seen going on in that laboratory. I had, of course, already gleaned a fair knowledge of what might be going on beneath our streets from my own sources. But this next piece of information served to bolster that knowledge even further. It is as follows. Shortly after my sittings with Q I received a letter from someone claiming he had very sound contacts in both the intelligence (MI6) and security (MI5) services. Indeed, this person - who must remain anonymous - claimed that some of his contacts were 'longstanding friends'. Without going into too much irrelevant detail, the reason this person contacted me, he said, was to offer me 'a piece of friendly advice' concerning an article I had written for UFO Reality magazine (an article about Salisbury Plain being a likely site for a British deep-underground military-industrial facility, curiously enough, and which included impressions from Q's initial remote viewing of Salisbury Plain). My correspondent told me in no uncertain terms that, in his opinion, and in the opinion of some of his MI5/MI6 buddies, I had been led up the garden path by my sources regarding the deep-underground facility beneath Rudloe Manor and Salisbury Plain. Though my information was partly correct, he said (indeed, correct enough that he had written to me and warned me against publishing a 'genuine national security issue'), it was, in the main, incorrect.

'You are quite correct in stating that there is a vast , underground complex in Wiltshire', he informed me, and indeed went on to say that this underground complex is 'the largest in the United Kingdom' and that it is 'extremely secure'. However, he added that 'Neither the Corsham [Rudloe Manor] complex, nor any other underground Government facility in the United Kingdom has any connection whatsoever with UFOs, captured aliens or their craft'. I wrote back and thanked him for his concern. I also told him that I thought he was wrong. Though this information (plus other valuable snippets he seemed willing to share) was in itself of sincere interest to me, further information received from the same source in a subsequent communication fairly claimed my sanity. By this time I had sat with Q (during remote viewing sessions) on a number of occasions, and this new information seemed to correlate too closely with Q's descriptions of an 'underground laboratory' for coincidence to win the day. To add to this, I had of course already received information from my own main intelligence source, Stealth, about similar operations under way at several government facilities, either on or beneath British soil. Before that, however, and with my correspondent's express permission, I will relay to you the same story he relayed to me. Apart from one or two minor edits (to protect his identity) the story is told verbatim.

« Reply #86 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 10:39am »

Dear Mr King,

Many thanks for your very interesting letter . . . I stated in my original letter that . . . One of my roles . . . is to attend functions and speak about [certain] activities . One such invitation was arranged by a good friend of mine a couple of years ago, and involved an after-dinner speech in a large hotel . . . I cannot remember the name of the organisation I was addressing, but my audience seemed to consist of a large number of retired former professional men, both civilian and military. When the formalities were over, and we headed for the bar, my host literally tugged at my sleeve and led me away from the room. He was a very senior serving Royal Navy officer (a Commodore, I think) , and he was extremely nervous and agitated all of a sudden. What he told me follows. This man's daughter worked for the Scientific Civil Service (Department or Branch not specified), having graduated with flying colours in Genetics. She had effectively been head-hunted for the post. He and his wife had become increasingly concerned over the previous year or so that said daughter was becoming more and more introverted and unhappy with her work. Her (non-service) friends had virtually lost touch with her and she seemed to be worried about something but would not open up to her family. Given the likely security clearance her father would hold, this in itself suggests the poor girl was virtually paranoid. Matters had come to a head the previous Christmas when she had stayed with her parents, only to find she had woken the whole house with the most 'blood-curdling screams' my host had ever heard, and that included his service in the Falklands War.

Under very close questioning, it eventually emerged that she had been suffering unspeakable nightmares for months, solely as a result of her work. The scenes she described to her father, and which he relayed to me, subsequently appeared in an episode of 'The X Files' I happened to see. Large tanks of strange-coloured liquids with equally strange alien-type 'beings' suspended in them, linked to monitors , and other equipment, in a huge warehouse-type laboratory. The man's daughter, on medical advice, tendered her resignation but this was refused on the grounds that she had been too intimately involved with the project (whatever it was) and would be a security risk if she were to walk out. This was of course quite unfair, since she would still have been bound by the Official Secrets Act. She had in fact done her damndest not to release the information which was so troubling her. My host was clearly worried and stated quite unequivocally that he believed his daughter's life was now in danger. From whom and for what reason he did not say. Nor did I ever discover why he had chosen to impart this information to me, who, after all, had been engaged through a mutual friend to offer a lively and amusing account . . . to a group of professional persons at their annual dinner. The only possible explanation I can think of is that in the process of being introduced to my host, earlier in the evening, I had mentioned that I worked at . . . I listened sympathetically, but could offer little in the way of constructive advice, since I hadn't a clue whom to contact or where to start trying to verify his story. All my usual sources drew complete blanks. Maybe yours will have more success, since they seem, from what you say, to be rather more intimately involved in this particular area.

Yours sincerely . . .

Having read this letter in full I was grateful and gobsmacked, both at once - grateful for the information; gobsmacked that it correlated so precisely, not only with Q's remote viewing information, but with information I had already received from my own sources, including my main intelligence contact, Stealth.

According to Stealth, highly secret genetic and mind-control programmes are indeed being carried out at British-based military-industrial facilities, deep underground - facilities so secret, he says, and information regarding their purpose so highly classified and tightly compartmentalized that even the highest-ranking military, intelligence and other government personnel have little (if any) idea of their existence, much less of what goes on in them. Stealth also implied that these experiments were responsible for the so-called 'alien abduction' phenomenon - that he had seen briefings to the effect that this phenomenon was a government propaganda exercise used as a smokescreen behind which its own black-budget scientists dabbled in genetics, eugenics, cloning and mind-control. He strongly implied that 'human guinea pigs' were being used here, unwittingly, in particular for research into what he called 'human behaviour in response to electronic remote influencing', in other words 'implant and mind-control'.

Indeed, without actually saying it he implied that perhaps 'Special Forces' military were abducting people so that military-industrial scientists could experiment on them, implant them and, while they were under drug- and/or technologically-induced hypnosis, fill their minds with 'screen memories' of aliens so that when they came to they would think-assuming they remembered anything at all -that they had been abducted by aliens rather than soldiers. He called it 'the perfect cover', so crazy that no one would ever believe it anyway. No one would ever want to believe it. He said that he did not know the complete agenda behind the programme, whether or not the aliens were hands-on involved (or whether they were just being sold as 'the patsies'), and neither did he know the precise locations of the 'several facilities' where these obscenities were taking place. (Information received from other sources, however, points to an alleged deep-underground military-industrial facility in Berkshire - with entrances at Aldermaston and Greenham Common - as a possible primary site.) Though he reiterated that he did not know the full extent of the agenda behind these programmes, Stealth reminded me that one of its chief aims was to implant certain selected individuals - some civilian, most former military and intelligence personnel with known mental/emotional debilities and/or sexual hang-ups - with the latest mind-control technology. These 'implantees', he reiterated, are known in intelligence circles as 'sleeper agents'.

Another source (non-intelligence, though someone who holds a sensitive government post) says that he knows several people currently employed at British underground facilities where acquired alien technology and genetics programmes are being carried out. This source also names Berkshire as one of several possible primary sites; others include Harwell in Oxfordshire, RAE Farnborough in Hampshire and two sites in Scotland. I regret that this is all I am permitted to say regarding this source of information, other than that it is a notably reliable one. For the record, however, one other contact of mine - who also holds a very sensitive government post - claims to know someone who once worked at a deep-underground facility in Berkshire where, he alleges, these kind of programmes have been carried out for decades. He further confirmed that the facility is compartmentalized into an unknown number of sub-facilities and that the programmes carried out there include eugenics, clone-production and hybridization. He stated quite unequivocally that some of the programmes required the participation of either 'captured' or 'engineered' extraterrestrials. Make of that one what you will. He also claims that buried somewhere beneath RAE Farnborough in Hampshire is a facility stuffed full with files/records on secret-technology projects dating back many decades, and that some of the records refer specifically to 'reverse-engineered alien technologies' and 'crashed and recovered alien vehicles'. I should add here that one other - entirely independent - source (former RAF) told me that he was once part of a special unit assigned to destroy 'secret-technology' files stored beneath RAE Farnborough. I am, of course, unable to substantiate this information.

There is, however, one other similar story in circulation that stems from the lips of a man called Barry King. Known also as 'The Voice', Mr King claims to be a former employee (security guard) at a top-secret underground facility that he says exists beneath the village of Peasemore in Berkshire. In their attempts to engineer the 'perfect human', King says, government scientists are busy creating 'programmable life forms' at this facility. He was quoted in an interview conducted for Truth Seekers Review (May/June 1996) as saying: 'They have these life forms in jars, lined up in rows, and there are loads of them - rows and rows. To look at them is very spooky, very frightening. The situation is out of control . . .' He added: 'We got the technology from the aliens. They gave it to us. It's not a friendly arrangement . . . Our military wanted to get the technology and information and then stab the aliens in the back. The aliens . . . are trying to get genetic material from us . . . For this they need humans. We are business to them. The military are letting them do this to a degree, but there are more military abductions than alien.'

Barry King claims that certain factions within Britain's Defence Intelligence Staff (DIS) are unhappy that these programmes are now being carried out in Britain, and so are endeavouring to 'leak' this information out into the public domain. For this reason they have agreed to protect Mr King from any recriminations he may otherwise have faced for speaking publicly about these matters. In return for his protection, however, he must refrain from publishing certain photographs he claims to possess – photographs taken by DIS operatives and given over into King's safe keeping; photographs that allegedly depict parts of the deep-underground Berkshire complex and its diabolical secrets; photographs that could put this debate to bed, once and for all, should they ever surface in the public domain. To date, they have not.

And so there we have it. I do not, of course, expect you or anybody else to simply 'believe' the above without question, but to judge for yourselves the evidence and correlations presented and to draw your own conclusions. Whether or not there actually is a massive deep-underground R&D facility beneath Peasemore (Aldermaston/Greenham Common) in Berkshire, or indeed Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire, must for the time being remain open to further investigation. We have no way of proving the matter one way or the other. But the fact that a sizeable underground complex of bunkers and tunnels exists beneath RAF Rudloe Manor, possibly fanning out to include areas beneath Salisbury Plain, is not in question. It is a matter of public record. And in any case, underground facilities of one kind or another exist at many highly secure British military bases: it would be more out of the ordinary for there not to be an underground facility at such a sensitive installation as Rudloe Manor.

During the course of my own investigations I have interviewed and spoken with many still-serving and former military personnel, none of whom deny the existence of underground facilities beneath high- security military bases (there is rumoured to be a massive deep-underground complex beneath RAF Woodbridge and Bentwaters in East Anglia, for example, home to what must surely be Britain's best-known and best-documented military UFO incident to date, the Rendlesham Forest Incident, which occurred in December 1980). The question is therefore not: Do underground facilities exist? Rather: Are there supersecret underground facilities in Britain that are being used by the British-based military- industrial complex to research and develop acquired alien technologies and/or to experiment in eugenics, cloning and hybridization? Do any of these programmes demand the unwitting participation of human guinea pigs? Does this demand precipitate a further demand, that of abducting people, experimenting on them and implanting them with microscopic bits of acquired alien technology? And if so, is it then the very propagation of these programmes that has spawned a need to create the so-called alien abduction scenario as a smokescreen behind which these activities can be carried out?

« Reply #90 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 10:43am »

If the answer to even one these questions is, staggeringly, Yes, then once again, the integrity of the military-industrial complex - and thereby the government - is called very profoundly into question. After all, the military requirement to possess new technologies in advance of the enemy, so to speak, the need to develop and deploy capabilities beyond those of the next superpower, is one thing. To my mind this is a purely logical - if primitive - state of affairs. However, the deliberate use (and abuse) of unwitting citizens in order to attain higher and higher levels of technological superiority is utterly unacceptable. More than this, it is a criminal act, a crime equal to human rights abuse and its perpetrators should be brought to book for that. It is indeed such a crime because - whatever the scheme, whatever the agenda - it serves to elevate the elite few to worlds of untold potential while the rest of us are kept on some evolutionary leash like so many medicated sheep. If only a tiny proportion of 'military' UFO reports are genuine - UFOs observed over highly sensitive military bases; UFOs observed by serving military personnel; serving military personnel being used as guinea pigs in genetic/mind-control experiments and/or psychological warfare exercises; unwitting civilians being used by the military in the same way - then either the military-industrial complex is, in its own right, in possession of technology some thirty to fifty years in advance of anything we know about (which in itself is highly suspicious, and utterly unacceptable - the elite on a rollercoaster, the sheep on a leash) or some outside, possibly off-planet source is feeding our governments technological enlightenment in exchange for something we have and it wants. (This latter scenario, of course, would certainly demand the high levels of secrecy currently being employed.) And either way, within the precincts of a free and democratic socio-political system such as that supposed to exist in Britain there are questions that demand answers.

Satisfactory answers.

As yet, no such satisfactory answers are forthcoming.

« Reply #91 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 10:44am »

THE ABOVE, AND THE FOLLOWING ARE EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK "COSMIC TOP SECRET THE UNSEEN AGENDA" BY JON KING

NIGHTMARE ON SALISBURY PLAIN

In the winter of 1989/90, 6 British soldiers, while on night manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain, encountered a large black triangular aircraft hovering over a top-secret MOD compound which is sealed off from the regular 'army training land'. The craft was described as being the size of a football pitch, silent, and capable of accelerating away at phenomenal speed. Before it 'disappeared', however, the craft and its 'occupants' seemed intent on performing some kind of 'experiment' on the soldiers, which we will come to in a moment. My source for this story was none other than one of those 6 soldiers, who, for his own security, I will refer to as 'Mark'. Mark told me in no uncertain terms how he felt that he and his fellow soldiers had been set up on the night in question. He described how he and five other members of his platoon had been unexpectedly 'volunteered' for a night hike across Salisbury Plain, from Peach's Barn to Dunch Hill Plantation, a distance of about 4 to 5 kilometres. They were told the reason for this exercise was that a reconnaissance unit, positioned around Sidbury Hill (about 2 kilometres Northeast of Dunch Hill Plantation) was testing some new night-vision equipment. The purpose was to see if the new equipment could detect the soldiers in the dark. But as Mark told me, this was a very unusual exercise. So far as the soldiers were concerned, in fact, it was a "total bloody waste of time".

According to Mark, it was obvious to all and sundry that the new equipment would detect them, because they had been ordered to walk in a straight line across open ground, and any half-decent night-vision gear would have easily spotted them. As Mark himself said, "This night-vision gear is brilliant. It's just like looking through binoculars in broad daylight. There's no way they wouldn't have seen us. It was a pointless exercise". So what was the point of this "pointless exercise"? According to Mark, when the soldiers came to within 400 meters of their destination, they were suddenly confronted by a huge black triangular aircraft which seemed to appear from nowhere and hover silently above some trees ahead of them (the soldiers were approaching a small wooded area which borders the MOD compound at Dunch Hill Plantation, their destination). As they approached the compound, Mark recalled seeing some "torch lights" (or flash lights) as if some people were "milling around in there", and then a powerful beam of light, like a searchlight, emanating from the craft's underbelly and beaming down onto the woods. The next thing he could remember was being 600 metres away from his position (quite inexplicably) he and his colleagues, all six of them bending down and pouring over a map, trying to figure out where they were and how on Earth they had got there.

HYPNOTIC REGRESSION

At this point I was happy to call on the assistance of Harley Street hypnotherapist and Member of the Institute of Clinical Hypnosis, Robert La Mont. Robert bears a track record in dealing with 'abduction' victims, and I felt his expertise and experience were justly called for in this case. Mark had already agreed to undergo some form of hypnotic regression process in order to try and recall his "missing 600 metres". For the record, I attended the regression sequence along with Mark's brother. Under regression, Mark not only recalled how he and the others had managed to end up 600 metres off course, but he was also able to recall some of what had happened immediately before, and immediately following, the appearance of the strange craft above the trees. The most salient points concerning Mark's recall were:

- a): immediately prior to the craft's appearance, the 6 soldiers had been confronted by a man dressed in a "black flying suit" - the man had emerged from the woods as the soldiers had approached, and had brandished some kind of "stick" or "aerial", with which he proceeded to prod and poke the soldiers, all of whom seemed uncharacteristically unable to defend themselves;
- b): the "powerful beam of light" Mark had seen emanating from the craft's underbelly (he now recalled) had actually engulfed all 6 soldiers, incapacitating them in an instant, shuffling them around at will, and simultaneously inducing an instant form of confusion and amnesia in them so that they were unable to realise what was happening at the time, or indeed, to recall what had happened to them for some time afterwards;
- c): following their terrifying ordeal, it turned out that the soldiers had in fact walked the 'missing' 600 metres in a stunned and stupefied daze, and had suddenly come round to find themselves 600 metres from where they thought they were. Indeed, from where they should have been. They had then been picked up in a Land Rover by another member of Mark's platoon and ferried back to barracks. But what was even more disturbing about this case was that the guy brandishing the "stick" or "aerial" who had poked and prodded and generally hurled abuse at the soldiers - had spoken with an American accent! Food for thought!

OPERATION BLACKBIRD

I will return to Mark's story a little later. Before I do, however, I will recount a similar episode, which also involves the arrival of a huge black unconventional 'aircraft' in the midst of a heavy military presence, implying surely some kind of collaboration between the military and the craft's 'occupants', whoever they are. This time the unknown craft appeared in the middle of a joint civilian/military exercise, called Operation Blackbird. The reason for me citing this case is to offer more evidence in favour of the military/alien connection, and of course to help corroborate Mark's story. Sponsored by the BBC TV and Nippon TV (Japan), Operation Blackbird took place in July 1990. and was the brainchild of Colin Andrews and Pat Delgado, Britain's two leading crop circle researchers of the late 1980's (indeed, although Pat Delgado has since withdrawn from the scene - the result of what happened during Operation Blackbird - Colin is still considered to be one of the world's leading authorities on the crop circle phenomenon). The purpose of the operation was to try and catch a crop circle being formed on camera. And no expense was spared in this endeavour. It is said that the hi-tech surveillance equipment used in the operation - which included state-of-the-art video equipment, infra-red cameras and image intensifiers - was worth somewhere in the region of £1 million. According to the experts, this equipment should have recorded anything and everything that moved. In the event, however, this did not prove to be the case (or if it did, film of what occurred is now for the exclusive viewing of the military and top BBC chiefs - not for the public. It should be pointed out that the operation was conducted under the scrutinizing eye of the world's media. As well as the BBC and Nippon TV, numerous reporters and cameramen were present. It was said at the time that the only event likely to even attract a larger media presence would have been something involving the Royal Family, such was the extent of media interest. If the government were ever to prove crop circles a 'man-made' phenomenon, this was the time to do it - in front of a world audience.

SET UP

Perhaps predictably then, the operation culminated in the discovery of a hoaxed formation, the arrival of which had apparently been caught on camera. Unaware that he was being set up, Colin Andrews was called to the site from his bed around 3:30 am, and upon his arrival (amidst a flurry of media excitement and military intimidation) announced on nationwide television that a major event had occurred and it had been caught on camera. "We do have a major event here", Colin announced to the world. "On the monitor a number of orange lights taking the form of a triangle... we have high-quality equipment here and we have indeed secured on high-quality equipment a major event... we have everything on film and we do have, as I say, a formed object over the field..." However, when the formation was finally examined in daylight, it was found to be a set of six very well made - though _man made_ - circles, complete with rings and a few bars. But that was not all. It seemed that whoever had been responsible for the hoax had left what the press described as a _Ouija Board_ and a roughly made wooden cross in the centre of each of the six circles. There was also a length of red wire which corresponded in size to the diameter of some of the circles, presumably to let people know how the circles had been made - army boots for trampling the crop and a length of wire for a measuring tool. In short, this was anything other than a 'major event' Indeed, my contention is that the only 'major event' to have occurred that night was the cleverly planned and executed government/military operation designed specifically to debunk the phenomenon, not only on site, but in the blaze of media publicity surrounding the project. In short, Colin Andrews and his team were set up. And they were set up in a big way. The question is, by whom? the military? Aliens? or both...?

THE INFILTRATION

At some point during the preparation stages of the operation, Colin Andrews was approached by two senior army officials, who offered the army's assistance in the form of manpower and equipment. This Colin readily agreed to. From this point on the military presence was very apparent. As George Wingfield wrote at the time: "The Army, who apparently own the land on which the observation post was situated, were deeply involved in Blackbird..." He went on to say: "The soldiers at Blackbird, though officially off duty, did not wear civilian clothes. The army also carried out considerable additional night surveillance of its own, using night-sights and the like which gave far clearer vision of the fields being watched than anything in the observation post. This equipment was manned by soldiers with blackened faces hiding in camouflaged dens. Rather curiously, the two corporals assigned for duty at the Blackbird observation post were absent on the night of the hoax, though they were there on every other night of the project." (What I would urge you to remember about George Wingfield's above commentary, apart from the conspicuous absence of the 2 "corporals" on the night of the hoax, is the fact that the equipment was manned by soldiers with blackened faces [my emphasis]) But one of the most damning pieces of evidence was recently disclosed by one of the soldiers taking part in the operation, Corporal Darren Cummings, who unequivocally told the press: "We are here to prove that they (the circles) are caused by people; the scientists are here to prove otherwise." Seems clear enough to me. Further evidence that the military had infiltrated the operation in order to debunk the crop circle phenomenon in the public eye came from a senior military official, who revealed at the time that the hoax operation had indeed been carefully planned in advance and executed at short notice by a Special Operations military unit. He also disclosed the fact that the operation had been ordered from a very high level within the MOD. For obvious reasons the 'senior official' in question must remain anonymous. To add to this, it is also known (as Colin said) that the 'event', whatever it was, was caught on film by the BBC (Who, incidentally, refuse to allow anyone to view it, even though they spent considerable sums of taxpayer's money in their endeavours to secure the footage). Apparently the film shows some 'lights' hovering above the field where the formation was found. According to the military, those 'lights' belonged to a helicopter. According to an eyewitness who is now ready to tell his story, however, they belonged to something else entirely...

GEORGE VERNON

George Vernon's name first came to light during the media blitz immediately following Operation Blackbird. The fact that he had invented an astrology-based board game, and that in the process of marketing his new game he referred to himself as 'Merlin', made him the perfect media 'fall guy'. The Sunday Sport, for example, reporting on the events of Operation Blackbird back in 1990, brazenly told the world that George Vernon had claimed to have made all the crop circles with the power of his mind, and that he had discovered this ability some years previously when he'd slept in a crop field near Stonehenge, and had woken up to find that a crop circle had formed around him. The Sunday Sport also claimed that George had admitted to hoaxing the Blackbird formation by "rolling around in the corn". It should be added that this story was written by the Sunday Sport reporter B. Ollocks. I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions. George Vernon categorically denies all of these bizarre claims. Having spoken to him on a number of occasions on the telephone, and having met and interviewed him at his home, I have to say that I believe him. His story is compelling and coherent and has remained consistent throughout our investigations, even though the terrible traumas he has suffered over the past 6 years have taken their toll. Though fully cognizant, George is now in fragile mental health.

Nevertheless he is determined to clear his name and get to the truth of what really happened on the night of July 25/26, 1990.

£10,000

In brief, George's story begins with the mysterious deposit of some 10,000 into his bank account. This occurred shortly after he was involved in a car accident (December 1985) According to George, all he can recall about the accident is being picked up by an 'ambulance crew', and an 'ambulance man' bending over him, touching his forehead, and asking his name. For some reason that, at the time, George could not fathom, replied "Merlin". Some short time following the accident, George became inspired to invent a board game based on sacred sites, such as Stonehenge, but he did not have the money to do this. The next thing he knew £10,000 had been deposited in his bank account. To this day he has no idea where the money came from. When questioned about this, his bank manager explained that there was no mystery attached to the deposit - George had taken out a personal loan, and must have _forgotten_ that he had done so. When asked to produce evidence of the loan, however - a signed document of some kind - the bank was unable to do so. Bemused by this rather mysterious set of circumstances, in October 1988 HTV News revealed that they too had investigated the deposit - as it turned out, their findings differed slightly from George's own story. In a two and a half minute slot, correspondent Jonathan Meredith reported that, when questioned, Lloyd's bank admitted to having made a sizeable blunder – their computer had deposited the £10,000 in George's account by mistake! As a consequence, Lloyds was treating the 'mistake' as a personal loan, and expected George to pay it all back. In the meantime, however, George had treated himself to a holiday in Greece with some of the money, while the balance had been invested in the development of his board game. In short, he no longer had the £10,000. And here's another twist. While travelling back from Greece, George was stopped by Customs and questioned about the sizeable amount of cash he was carrying. When George attempted to explain that the money had mysteriously 'appeared' in his bank account, he was arrested and held for further questioning; he spent the entire weekend in custody while the CID endeavoured to trace the money - where it had come from, who had been responsible for the deposit, etc.

The strange thing is the CID drew a blank - they could not find any details as to where the money had come from or who had deposited such a large sum in George's bank account. George was subsequently released without charge... "I had to sign a statement to say they could go through my account to find out where the money came from," George said. "But even the CID couldn't find out where the money came from, so they let me go." ...In the meantime, George followed his inspiration and invented his new board game (which I have seen, and which I must say, is very intriguing indeed) The reason why I mention the board game is because it plays a very central role in the plot, and the mysterious deposit of such a large sum in his bank account certainly suggests that perhaps someone wanted him to create this new game very badly. Why this should be so remains to be seen. Perhaps what happened next may throw some light on the mystery.

INNER VOICE PSYCHOLOGICAL OPERATIONS -----

On the night of the now infamous Operation Blackbird 'hoax' (July 25/26, 1990) George Vernon happened to be in Wiltshire (where the operation took place - he was a removals man, and was working in Wiltshire on the day in question). So far as George is concerned, what happened to him that night not only changed his life completely, it virtually _destroyed_ him.

That evening, at around 11:30 pm, George says that a 'voice' or an 'inner communication' told him to drive to a particular place and a particular field, which he did. "I was driving the van and this thing came in my head to go to Bratton, to turn left, to turn right... it was about 11:30 pm and I was told to turn left and go over a little bridge, and drive about 400 yards. Then the engine cut out. I pulled into the grass verge by the farmhouse gate and I was told to get out of the van. I wasn't scared at this point. I was being controlled, totally taken over." It just so happened that this field at which George had 'arrived' (at Bratton, Wiltshire) was included in the cordoned-off surveillance area of Operation Blackbird, although George had no idea that this was the case. Indeed, he had no idea that Operation Blackbird was even taking place, much less that he had stepped slap-bang into the middle of it, and, that, as a consequence, his every move was being monitored by hi-tech military surveillance equipment (the operation was conducted under strict security measures in order to keep any 'disruptive influences' at bay, so it is very likely that George was indeed unaware that Operation Blackbird was taking place) So far as George was concerned, he was simply fulfilling a 'command' that an 'inner voice' had given him. His mind was numb to all else. So there was George, suffering the effects of what might be described as some or other 'altered state' standing in a field at midnight in the middle of Wiltshire because he had been ordered to do so by an 'inner voice'. Sounds bizarre, I know. But it should be remembered that nearby Old Sarum houses the RAF's 'Psy-Ops' (Psychological Operations) training headquarters, and that evidence points to the fact that a crack SAS (Special Air Service) psyops unit was active that night, and had been ordered at short notice to execute a particular 'mission' at Bratton Castle. It should also be remembered, that when attempting to link the military with aliens, it is likely that some rather 'bizarre' situations will indeed arise! All joking apart, evidence does seem to point to the fact that a cold and calculated psychological operations exercise which demanded the involvement of a 'remotely controlled' or 'mind controlled' stooge was perpetrated that night. Sadly, I believe George _was_ that stooge, and that he had for some years been unwittingly prepared and programmed for the task, or another one just like it. Let us not forget that the military are these days perfectly capable of achieving such things. Let us not forget, either, that - assuming he _was_ used - George would not have been the first person to have suffered under the military's (or the alliance's) psychological warfare program. Remember Mark?

THE BEING

Next, George was suddenly confronted by a human-like being, who, he says, came out of the bushes and proceeded to make contact with him 'telepathically'. He asked George his name, to which George once again replied: "Merlin". When George asked the 'being' _its_ name, it replied "I am Merlin, too". According to George: "I climbed over the fence and this shape came out, this black shape... it was a little bit smaller than me, and I couldn't see a face. It was human-shaped. It climbed a fence... and did everything human."

The being then instructed George to fetch six of his board games from his van (wrongly described as 'Ouija boards' by the press) and place one at the centre of each of the six circles which had 'arrived' in the field. This George did. The being also ordered George to place some stones in the circles, which, again, he did. By this time, however, George was becoming frightened, and he also placed a 'wooden cross' in one of the circles "as a protection". The wooden cross was later described by the press as "evidence of some kind of ritual" which indeed it was not, and "roughly made" which indeed it was. George had fashioned it there and then out of his own staff - the staff he used when marketing his board game under the guise of 'Merlin'. He simply snapped the staff in two and placed it in the form of a cross in one of the six circles.

According to George, the circles - which later became known as the Bratton Castle Hoax, or the Operation Blackbird hoax, - had just been made by the being and his 'colleagues', and not by some arbitrary team of hoaxers. Perhaps one interpretation of this might be that they had been made by the Special Forces military (SAS) to whom this being belonged, and who were there - as Corporal Darren Cummings later admitted to the press - as part of a pre-planned operation to 'prove that the crop circles were the work of human hand'.

Indeed, considering this formation was so well-made, and that it was manufactured in the space of approximately one hour, it is highly improbable - indeed impossible - that one man (George Vernon) could have made it by 'rolling around in the corn', as the Sunday Sport subsequently claimed. It is equally improbable that it was made by a team of drunken 'young farmers' after a night at the local pub, or even by a team of practised hoaxers for that matter - who, it should be said, were not nearly so practiced in 1990 as they are today (bless their tiny little minds).

KLF

Another possibility was that the hoax had been made by the pop group KLF, who in the same year created a hoaxed formation in the form of a pyramid crossed by a large ghettoblaster, the band's logo; film of this formation was later used in the promo video for their single: 'What Time Is Love'.

The reason the KLF were suspected of creating the blackbird hoax was that, on the day following Colin's ill-fated TV announcement, he received a letter which seemed to have been sent by the band's members. "Colin", the letter read. "The circles on Wednesday were just a hoax, but we can't help but play jokes. Inconvenience caused? We're sorry. Catch us, you'll have to hurry. Yours, in total control, the Justified Ancients of Mu-Mu - the JAMMS. Try not to worry too hard. We find it very funny while you sit back and rake in the money."

Although it is known that KLF members Bill Drummond and Jimmy Cauti (alias the JAMMS) expressed a healthy interest in what they termed the 'landscape art' aspect of the crop circle phenomenon, and that they paid farmer David Read £350 to create the now famous 'Pyramid and Ghettoblaster' formation on his land, it is highly unlikely that they were responsible for either the letter to Colin Andrews or the Blackbird hoax. Indeed, when George Wingfield spoke to the band on the telephone, they categorically denied involvement, period. And in any case, it is known that the 'pyramid and ghettoblaster' formation took them six hours to make in broad daylight. The blackbird hoax was made in approximately one hour in the dead of night.

Every indication, then, points to the fact that this was a pre-planned operation performed with military precision, SAS precision, and that George Vernon, along with Colin Andrews, Pat Delgado et al, were destined from the very beginning to be the fall guys.

Back to the plot...

MIND CONTROLLED SCREEN MEMORIES

According to George Vernon, the 'being' that confronted him was about six feet tall, dressed all in black with a blackened face, and was somehow able to reach inside his mind and take control. As if by some form of 'mental hijack' this being was able to lead George across two more fields towards a railway embankment, George following behind like an obedient puppy, unable to break the grasp this being seemed to have on his mind. Despite the feeling that the being had a human-like build, and, according to George, walked like any human might walk (and, indeed, had to 'climb' over fences and stiles in the same way as any human would) George believes to this day that the being was a 'spirit' or an 'alien' of some kind.

But then, George - like most people - has little idea of what the military are these days capable of, much less their motives for executing these kinds of covert operations.

And like others before him, George is also reluctant to accept the possibility that the military might be working with aliens (or if not with aliens, then with secretly developed 'acquired alien' technology capable of creating some form of 'screen memory' in one's mind - a memory which acts as a 'screen' to block out what really happened, and which at the same time replaces one's true memory with a false one). More about this in a moment.

As George approached the railway embankment, then, still following the strange black being, he was suddenly confronted by a sight that has dogged him to this day. His still-recurrent nightmares are a testament to this end.

According to George, what happened next was that a massive black 'craft' suddenly arrived and hovered above the field in which he stood. AND THEN LANDED.

"All of a sudden, from the left hand side, looking up at Bratton Fort, this black object came at us at the speed of light, then circled around and landed. It was so fast and silent - I couldn't believe my eyes. The being in front of me said (telepathically): Stand still.' And I just froze."

In a later interview George described the craft as 'massive, very black, and silent', eerily similar in every respect to the craft described by Mark, the craft which had 'zapped' him and five other soldiers on Salisbury Plain only six months previously. The jigsaw begins to form a picture...

ABDUCTED

It seems the arrival of the unknown craft was sufficient to snap George out of his mental stupor, at least to some small degree - enough that he suddenly became aware of what was happening to him, and started to become very frightened.

In the meantime, the being continued to try to coax George towards the craft, which by this time had landed, silently, in the field. George remained rooted to the spot. But when a second being emerged from the landed craft and started to walk over towards him, George instinctively felt that he was about to be abducted. At which point the 'spell' on him came loose and he was able to turn and run away, lacerating his hand and arm on a barbed wire fence as he did so.

"The being approached this black object (the craft) and I saw an orange ball come out of the craft and turn before my eyes into another black entity... at this point panic set in and I ran like hell from the middle of this field (200-300) yards straight into a barbed wire fence... when I got up he was there. He got me again."

So George did not get away; the being caught up with him, and in order to prove that it wasn't 'human', proceeded to 'melt' in front of his eyes, and then reassemble itself. At least this is George's 'memory' of the event. This is also, of course, one of the main reasons why George is reluctant to believe that that this could have been anything other than a 'psychic' or 'spiritual' experience, and understandably so.

After all, if what your mind 'remembers' is some strange being 'melting' before your eyes, the last thing it will want to be told is that said being was 'human' - that this particular part of your memory is a false one that has been so cleverly woven into your true memory of what really hapened that discrimination between false and real is virtually impossible. Of course, in order for this to have occurred, George must surely have been 'taken' and 'worked on' at least for some short period of time. And if this was the case, then equally he must have experienced some 'missing time'.

Sadly, it seems he did. The next thing George remembers is waking up, slumped over the driving wheel of his van, with a head full of nightmares that felt like memories, his memories - memories which he believes to this day are are perfectly accurate and authentic. Most of them probably are.

George has subsequently suffered no less than three serious nervous breakdowns, all due to this event, and is still on prescribed medication for his condition (although, being tee-total, he refuses to take even an aspirin). We hope to bring you George's full story just as soon as we feel we have sufficient hard facts to tell it in it's entirety, and of course, to protect George from further ridicule, and perhaps more importantly, from 'those who may cause him harm'. Indeed, from those who have already caused him harm.

SUMMARY

The point of me relating George's story is to offer further evidence of the fact that, either the military are capable of controlling people's minds at will and then implanting them with 'screen memories' - as seems to have been the case with George, and possibly even with Mark and his five colleagues - or they are in league with those who can. The arrival of the massive black craft which hovered and landed silently in the midst of such a heavy military presence seems to point to the latter as the most likely scenario. Remember, in Mark's case, the craft was seen before his apparent 'missing time' experience. And in George's case, the craft was captured on film by he BBC. It is unlikely that the craft was part of the 'screen memory', then.

The conclusion I am heading towards goes something like this.

Had Mark's account been a simple UFO sighting, as intriguing as it might have been, I would probably not have taken George's story quite so seriously. Mark's account, however, was not a simple UFO sighting. On the contrary, it was/is surely one of the most unprecedented accounts of government/military secrecy yet to rear its head in Britain.

According to Mark, he too witnessed the arrival of a massive black 'craft', in the dead of night, and in the midst of a sizeable military presence (indeed, in the middle of a night manoeuvres exercise on Salisbury Plain!). It is inconceivable that such a craft would have been allowed to enter military airspace and perform its experiment without some 'invisible' cooperation from the government and/or military. Indeed, without said craft and its occupants being part of some or other backstairs 'alliance'.

But what makes Mark's account even more complimentary to George's is the sudden and mysterious appearance of the 'being' dressed all in black and with a _blackened face_ (see George Wingfield's commentary)

In Mark's account, the being brandished a 'stick' or an 'aerial', spoke with an American accent, and was somehow able to intimidate and control the soldiers to such an extent that they were unable to resist in any shape or form. In George's account, the being was also dressed in black with a _blackened face_, and was able to reach into his mind and take control of him. The similarities are very apparent.

Remember, there were no less than _six_ soldiers present in Mark's story, all of whom were unaccountably defenceless against the being's prodding and poking and verbal abuse. One man against six combat-trained soldiers, and yet all six soldiers became "frightened" and "disoriented" in the being's presence. Though retold in a different way (because George believes the being was alien, and that in some way his experience was 'psychic', or 'spiritual', while Mark believes the being was human, and that his experience was nothing short of some heinous military experiment) the fact that the being was able to reach into George's mind and take control of him is nonetheless also the fact in Mark's case. Perhaps the 'stick' or 'aerial' was instrumental in taking over the soldiers' minds, perhaps not. But what is clear is that this mysterious being, whether alien or Special Forces, was somehow able to take control in both situations.

CONCLUSIONS

All of which leads us to one of three inevitable conclusions.

- 1) Mark and George - who approached me quite independently, neither having heard of the other, and both coming from quite independent backgrounds, one military, the other not - are blatantly lying.
- 2) The British and US black budget military-industrial complex has developed an aircraft the size of a football pitch, which utilizes some form of unconventional 'silent' propulsion system, and carries on board some form of inconceivable beam-weapon designed to instantly immobilize trained soldiers, causing them to become confused and to lose their memories. This craft is also capable of breaking the speed barrier in a matter of seconds, with no apparent acceleration, and without creating a sonic boom.
- 3) The British and US black-budget military-industrial complex is working with, or is working with, aliens, and so is in possession of alien technology. The possibility that this was solely the work of aliens is largely ruled out by the fact that, in Mark's case, the being spoke with an American accent, implying the involvement of some or other US and/or joint British/US and/or multinational Special Forces unit. The fact that, in both cases, the being was dressed all in black with a _blackened face_ would seem to support this view.

However, the fact that this same being was – in both cases - associated with the arrival of a "massive black craft" capable of manoeuvres which simply defy the laws of physics as we know them, implies something altogether more sinister.

To my mind, and notwithstanding the fact that the black budget military-industrial complex is in possession of some very future-tech aircraft indeed, it is nonetheless inconceivable that such a vehicle – as described above, 'conclusion 2' - could be the result of terrestrial technology alone. Which leaves only one of two possibilities.

Either the military have become very adept indeed in the science of holographics (and the craft, perhaps even the being, was a hologram) or some highly secretive elite within the government-military-industrial complex has indeed formed an 'alliance' with a visiting alien race.

And remember, whichever conclusion proves ultimately to be correct, this all happened on British soil - if an alliance truly does exist between aliens and governments, then one of those governments is British.

{ Note: [I propose a forth possible scenario, a variation of 3). For those that do not accept that the American and British governments have possession of alien genetic material, and a working knowledge of such, it may seem somewhat outlandish to suggest that the 'small being' George saw was not the product of a 'screen memory', or a special ops personnel with a blackened face, but a PGLF (Programmed Generated Life Form), in other words an implanted clone, utilising alien DNA, from the deep underground facility, NSA-run MILAB/MANNIKIN military abduction project under Peasemore, Berkshire. However, I have my own reasons for suspecting this might be a possibility, and that the reason why the BBC refused to make the video 'triangle' of orange lights (which the military claimed was a helicopter) over the crop circle public, is because they were constrained by the Official Secrets Act. In other words, part of this operation involved a military triangle UFO, (possibly from USA hardware imported into Boscombe Down, or the British equivalent of back-engineered antigravitational technology) a so-called 'Guinea Pig', or mind controlled subject, and part involved the clinically precise mutilation, in the vicinity, of a horse, - as a further attempt to associate these events with cultists, so that it would be taken up by the media and dismissed as so much vandalistic foolishness, like the so-called 'Ouija boards'. The police reaction to this (clearly professional, not haphazard, and almost certainly not coincidental) mutilation was somewhat curious, to say the least, and in my opinion indicates that they were leaned on by the MOD, who had full knowledge of the program, which included the hacking of Georges's account - I'd bet my money on it. Further evidence of a government program to discredit crop circles in the eyes of the public comes in the the Colin Andrews interview I will subsequently post, where it can be seen that the CIA made blatant attempts to 'recruit' Andrews and infiltrate his office for the purpose of acquiring his crop circles database - naughty, naughty.

« Reply #106 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 2:17pm »

Hiya Eileen, you don't need me to tell you the score, you are more clued up on all this than most. There ARE alternatives to what the Govt/Military have in mind for us all and this little planet of ours. Trouble is will ET take that stand and allow those currently in charge to destroy themselves. From what was put in my mind years ago, all the images of this planet after some great calamity, well, I have opposing factions within me. The stuff put in by the Milabs and the stuff put in by ET. I'm stuck in the middle wondering which path is the one to follow. QoH mentioned a rollercoaster, yep, that explains it pretty well. Regards, Barry

« Reply #107 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 2:24pm »

Once all this over, for me it certainly will be a new lease of life I guess. I'd be happy if I were not slowly being killed off and having to face the fact that my family will not have me around for too long. The premature ageing process is really taking hold. Everyone I come in contact with already thinks upon meeting me, that I'm much older looking than 52!! They all believe I'm a pensioner already!! LOL

Regards, Barry

« Reply #114 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 3:30pm »

I have to admit to being a little confused as too ETs gameplan. Over the years I've spoken with hundreds of abductees and although the majority have the same picture as to what their abductors are all about, I've come across a few where the ET faction involved seemed to be working WITH the earths military for their own ends, strangely, ALL of these were of the reptilian type. Beats me whats going on, as I said I've got both sides of the coin running round in me!!!

« Reply #117 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 4:58pm »

Would you credit it? As soon as I read your PM my PC crashed, off it went, its taken all this time to restart, this computer is old so nothing out of the ordinary. I'm having one of my strange moments where all is fuzzy around me and concentration is gone, I think I need rebooting!!

« Reply #118 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 5:15pm »

An old David Bowie track kept plagueing me in 1974, and keeps doing so on and off over the years.....its from his "Man who sold the World" album and the track is "All the Madmen" !!!!

ALL THE MADMEN

Day after day

They send my friends away

To mansions cold and grey

To the far side of town

Where the thin men stalk the streets

While the sane stay underground

Day after day

They tell me I can go

They tell me I can blow

To the far side of town

Where it's pointless to be high

'Cause it's such a long way down

So I tell them that

I can fly, I will scream, I will break my arm

I will do me harm

Here I stand, foot in hand, talking to my wall

I'm not quite right at all...am I?

Don't set me free, I'm as heavy as can be

Just my librium and me

And my E.S.T. makes three

'Cause I'd rather stay here
With all the madmen
Than perish with the sadmen roaming free

And I'd rather play here
With all the madmen
For I'm quite content they're all as sane as me

(Where can the horizon lie
When a nation hides
Its organic minds in a cellar...dark and grim
They must be very dim)

Day after day
They take some brain away
Then turn my face around
To the far side of town
And tell me that it's real
Then ask me how I feel

Here I stand, foot in hand, talking to my wall
I'm not quite right at all
Don't set me free, I'm as helpless as can be
My libido's split on me
Gimme some good 'ole lobotomy

'Cause I'd rather stay here
With all the madmen
Than perish with the sadmen
Roaming free And I'd rather play here
With all the madmen
For I'm quite content
They're all as sane as me
Zane, Zane, Zane Ouvre le Chien [rpt]

Crazy me?

« Reply #119 on: Mar 12th, 2005, 6:46pm »

Sorry, fazed out there for a while, it happens rarely thank God. From a lot of advice given me over the years I have to put up with it. Down to the implants I'm told, especially the one in my head, near the brain stem. The other one placed behind my sternum is for tracking/bio-monitoring/heart attack triggering. These are the two I know of.

MILABS: MILITARY MIND CONTROL AND ALIEN ABDUCTION

AN EXTREMELY IMPORTANT ASPECT OF TODAY'S UFOLOGY

By Malcolm Robinson - (SPI UK)

UFOlogy today, is a 'mish-mash' of many weird and wonderful ideas, speculations and theories abound like there is no tomorrow and one wonders can this subject get any more fanciful !! Admittedly we should not forget that speculation is fine so long as it is constructive and is done with the sole purpose of finding some answers. UFOlogy has seen many books all portraying our subject with these differing ideas. Some authors would have us believe that we are being visited by 'beings' from Zeta Reticuli, whilst others would have us believing that we are being visited by Time Travellers, Parallel Universal 'beings' or whatever, the list is extensive. One thing for sure, there is no denying that we have a UFO presence, that much we can say, but a presence is one thing determining what that presence can be, is another.

I am in total agreement with researchers wearing as many 'hats' as possible and opening as many UFOlogical doors as possible, the truth of the matter is within all these avenues of possibilities an answer must lie somewhere it's just a case of finding it. I am in the fortunate position of being sent many UFO and paranormal books by publishing houses to review and recently I was sent a copy of a book which absolutely blew me away !!! Why ! well because it was so new, and was so shockingly important to the subject of UFOlogy that it just screamed out to be read by UFOlogists and sceptics alike. The book is entitled MILABS, subtitled (Military Mind Control And Alien Abduction) and is written by Dr Helmut Lammer and his wife Marion Lammer. It is my opinion, that this book holds a very big piece of the UFO puzzle and I hope that through this article I can at the very least, share some of the salient points with you. Of course for a more overall view of the book, one must purchase a copy oneself, but take it from me, it will be the best money you will have parted with for some time. Dr Lammer has a Ph.D in geophysics and works at the Austrian Space Research Institute as a planetary scientist. He has published many scientific papers in prestigious scientific journals such as Journal Of Geophysical Research, Geophysical Research Letters, and Planetary and Space Science. Dr Lammer is a member of the European Geophysical Society (EGS) and the New York Academy of Sciences. In his spare time, he writes for numerous UFO magazines and is the Austrian representative for the American society, The Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) and is also an associate member of the Society for Scientific Exploration (SSE). Marion Lammer studies law at the University of Graz, Austria, has a lifetime interest in Fortean phenomena and has helped her husband with his studies in his MILAB research. O.K. let's take a look at what Helmut and Marion Lammer have to say.

MILABS, A STUDY OF UFOLOGICAL IMPORTANCE. THE MILITARY KIDNAPPING OF ALIEN ABDUCTEES.

The main thrust of the Lammer's book is to inform us that 'not all is as it seems'! We are informed that many UFO abductions are the result of Military personnel, men in business suits, or men in white lab coats each who are abducting individuals either 'to'

(a) To obtain as much information from the abductee as to what Transpired during their abduction ie, to obtain any 'technology Or advanced information as they possible can which could Potentially be used by their country (America) to advance their Own technology from the 'abductors'

OR

(B) The American Government 'agencies' are themselves imprinting false and misleading information into the minds of the unsuspecting public to further the cause/belief that UFO abductions/aliens are a reality, this is to steer the public's belief away from what really is going on, ie, a new Stealth technology or advanced black budget technology to which they, (the Americans) do not wish the public to learn about, and they are more than happy for this technology to be camouflaged under the guise of 'alien abductions'.

Now, as we progress, both the above categories play an important role in the understanding of the MILAB scenario and it is my hope to paint a presentation of facts which you the reader can judge for yourself. So let us now continue on with what the Lammer's have to say about the above and I ask that you keep an open mind and try and grasp the importance of what this article is all about.

Now, what we have to bear in mind, and what is a proven fact, is that numerous UFO abductees not only report seeing small grey 'beings' during their abduction, but they have also told researchers the world over that they have also been 'interrogated' by what appear to be 'humans' who not only threaten them but implant devices into their head which cause them much distress. They describe being taken to Military Hangers in which strange UFO-like craft are housed. For instance, Brenda a Canadian UFO abductee, explains that she was abducted and taken to a Military Hanger where she was met by two 'men' in white coats who interrogated her for a period of time. This proved most distressing to her more so because these men used chloroform to knock her out. The main thing is though, she claimed to have seen advanced disc shaped objects in this 'facility' similar, it is said (by the author) to advanced disc shaped objects that are apparently being developed at Lockheed" Hellendale underground research facility near Palmdale in southern California.

Another MILAB abductee, Melinda Leslie has also experienced both alien and Military abductions. One of which occurred at an aerospace facility in southern California near Lancaster. Not only did she witness men in Navy uniform during her abduction, whilst she was being examined by small grey 'beings' but she also claims to have seen a strange triangle shaped craft in a large hanger, and also a dark unmarked helicopter. Melinda remembers being forced to sit in a chair where she was forcibly given a strange drink and had a syringe inserted into her arm by a human in a lab coat. She was then asked repeatedly by a red haired Military officer to tell them all about her 'alien' experiences and that he wanted information about the 'aliens' technology. Leah Haley one of America's more noted UFO abductees, also talks about being taken by a helicopter to a Military base where she was interrogated by 'humans' in regards to her 'alien' experiences. She also states that she was given a shot in her arm and asked repeated questions by Military officers to tell them all about the 'aliens' technology.

These are but a few of the many references that are made by the author in regards to individuals being forcibly taken by Military people in order to try and extract some details to better the minimal knowledge of the Military chiefs. We are also told that the husband of the late Dr Karla Turner (a noted UFO researcher) also recalls an abduction in which he too was forcibly taken by Military personnel to an underground facility where he too was drugged and repeatedly asked all about the 'aliens' technology.

Although some of these UFO abductions in regards to Military presences being seen on board strange looking objects have been reported elsewhere, it has only been tentatively as if the authors of previous UFO books really didn't know what to do or make with them. I would probably say that some, if not a lot of other UFO authors, have in point of fact, kept these vital facts away from their readers not knowing whether there were any truth in them or moreover, it may well spoil the thrust of the book they were writing. Thankfully these stories are now surfacing. Karla Turner referred to them numerous times and told many people that we should start to sit up and take notice of these accounts, Dr Lammer states, "The presence of human Military and/or civilian personnel inhabiting the same physical reality as the alien beings exceeds the mindsets of the sceptics and the open minded researchers by several orders of magnitude. A more truer statement has never been said. Dr Scott Jones believes that it's quite possible that the Military machines interest in UFO abductees may well be due to them (the Military) gaining important ground as to developing brain implants, virtual reality implants, holographic image projection and cloaking devices but more so for genetic research. This all sounds incredible and seems like something out of Star Trek or Deep Space Nine, but the facts are, that more and more UFO abductees are coming forward with stories of not only meeting up with 'aliens' but seeing and being interrogated by their fellow human beings. Of course as things stand, this would all appear to be hidden from the U.S. Congress and may be masked under the secret 'black budget' projects. During the 1980's, a lot of money we are told, was being used for top secret Military projects, the major one being for (SDI) Strategic Defence Initiative. It's not that hard to imagine, that a certain percent of the black budget programme, went towards the procedure of finding, locating, abducting and interrogating helpless UFO abductees to try and elicit from them, what the 'aliens' were up to. Now this all presupposes that we 'have' an alien presence, and this is what makes this book so darned important. The evidence contained within this book, clearly shows that there is indeed, without any shadow of a doubt, an alien presence on this planet who's programme is decidedly targeted towards a genetic programme of sorts. Let us now take a look at some of the other important issues contained within this book.

CONTROLLED EXPERIMENTS ON HUMANS WITHOUT CONSENT, AN INFRINGEMENT OF HUMAN RIGHTS.

The Lammers present the reader with case after case of experimentation by the people we have been led to trust, Military chiefs on not only the people of the United States, but on citizens of Canada and other countries. These experiments from many years ago, were nothing to do with UFOs or the search to understand alien technology, it was to find out various things about what the human individual could endure. Covert operations have been deployed on countless thousands of people for many years, even our own Ministry of Defence has carried out secret radiation experiments on humans during the past 40 years. In America, nerve gas, LSD, and various biological agents were used on people without their permission. We often talk about the atrocities that the German Army committed during the second world war, the experimentation on the Jews both children and adults, filled us with horror, and to think that the people we elected to serve and protect us are still experimenting on our minds and bodies of citizens today should make everyone everywhere stand up and protest from the highest tower. Whilst I appreciate that mankind must learn what biochemical agents can do to someone, to use it on people without their consent is immoral. Dr Lammer tells us that horrific psychological experiments were conducted on American soldiers at Edgewood Arsenal Maryland, eight former Nazi scientists worked at Edgewood for the Americans between 1947 to 1966 developing and testing lethal nerve gas and psychochemicals on humans. Dr Ewen Cameron led a CIA funded laboratory at McGill University during the 1950's where people were used as guinea pigs for brainwashing experiments. People were given huge amounts of hallucinogens, some were given electro-convulsive therapy, and others were subjected to sensory deprivation.

More importantly, Dr Lammer tells us that a panel appointed by the Clinton administration in 1994 to look into these matters, found that four hundred documented Government backed bio-medical experiments involving humans were undertaken between the years of 1944 and 1975. How much more has gone on that we don't know about ! I'm sure we'll never really know. Mind control victim Claudia Mullen testified before the advisory Committee on Human Radiation Experiments in Washington D.C. during March 1995 where she explained that she was taken by Military people over a course of many years, and subjected against her will, in experiments concerning Chemicals, radiation, drugs, hypnosis, electric shock, sleep deprivation and even sexual abuse ! Another witness, Delora, recalls that he father who was a career Navy Officer, was stationed at an ammunition depot in Shoemaker Arkansas, and during those early years whilst he was stationed there she remembers flashbacks of being with both her parents inside a Military bunker where she saw 'aliens' performing experiments on humans. Delora knew that this bunker housed chemical and biological weapons which may have been an interest to these 'aliens'. She also claims to have seen a number of humans suspended in gas or liquid filled capsules. Delora holds the opinion that those people that were contained inside these capsules were clones and being used for secret bio-warfare or chemical warfare experiments. American UFO researcher Dan Wright who is head of the MUFON abduction Transcription Project has a number of records on file which detail this description of humans being witnessed in large tubes or containers, some of his cases, feature humans who somehow had to 'breathe' the strange liquid that was found inside these containers. This puts me in mind of the famous Scottish A70 UFO Abduction, where one of the two witnesses, Colin Wright, found himself enclosed in a large glass or Perspex container. He was naked and was strapped to a chair when suddenly this glass or Perspex started to frost up. Colin doesn't recall the container being filled with any fluid, but certainly recalls the situation very vividly and with a certain amount of fear.

The Lammer's explain that this concept about 'fluid breathing' more or less began in the mid 1960's when a certain Dr J. Kylstra, a physiologist at the state University of New York at Buffalo, found that salt solutions could be saturated with oxygen at high pressures. He went on to perform experiments with mice and was able to keep them alive for 18 hours, however, his eventual use of this practice did not work when he applied it to humans ! Other researcher's began to take an interest in the work of Dr Kylstra and a number of people began their own experiments (mostly on mice). We learn that the early 1990's proved successful, scientists kept dogs alive for around 2 hours in a perfluorocarbon container. After removal, the dogs were apparently hypoxic but returned to normal after a few days. UFOlogists will of course recall another famous American UFO witness by the name of Betty Andreasson. Betty claimed that she was placed inside a large tube filled with liquid of which she was told was to cushion the large force of the gravity during the UFO's acceleration. The Lammers also go on to explain that during the 1960's a Dr Robert Goodwin experimented with human embryos by keeping them alive in artificial womb like steel containers. However, pressure applied by the scientific community and also members of the public forced him to abandon these experiments. Clearly then this business with UFO abductees reporting tubes and containers which hold some form of liquid and which they have either been placed in there themselves, or have seen others in there, is something which is a major part of the UFO abduction phenomenon. But of course why ! What real purpose does these containers hold ? Is it as was told to Betty Andreasson 'to cushion the G forces of acceleration', or does it hold a more sinister purpose ! Is it really for the benefit of the UFO abductee !! It's frustrating that as we approach the Millennium, we are no further forward in answering these and other questions, than we were when the modern era of UFOlogy first began.

One might say however, that we do have the answers, and those answers are all to do with the genetic interbreeding programme that seems to be part and parcel of the make up of the 'aliens' agenda.

They may be modifying the genetic make up of humans for their own purposes, introducing their own DNA to create some kind of hybrid species, a species which will be adaptive in all environments which can stand high pressures, breathe liquid with ease etc. However, and I've said and written about this many times before, why oh why is this abduction procedure 'still occurring' ! Haven't they (the aliens) got enough genetic material by now ! They have been abducting the people of this planet for nigh on 50 years if not more, and here at the close of the century, they are still taking people from their homes and environments and subjecting them to clinical and medical procedures without consent. As a researcher, this angers me as I'm sure it does to most people, but more so because, if there truly is any truth to what these UFO abductees are telling us, ie, that the Military chiefs of this world know what's going on, and are assisting in this, then this is the biggest deception, this is the biggest lie, and this is the biggest shock. As human beings, we expect those in power to look after us and to think that those we elected to serve us can betray us in this way, well it just beggars belief.

The Lammers present case after case after case, of factual data which informs us that the Governments of this world have not been treating their citizens with any respect, far from it, they are abusing our trust, abducting us for medical procedures which can cause lasting harm if not death, all in the name of science. We quite rightly concern ourselves about the plight of the animal kingdom, it's also about time that we should equally be concerned about the plight of humans as well ! During the Cold war scientists were using mind control on helpless victims by inserting devices up their nostrils in order to control them, a procedure all too reminiscent of alien abductions. In the authors studies, they soon came to realise that there were around 3, 'human' agendas associated with the 'alien abduction' scenario. They found that one group of humans were interested in UFO abductees purely for mind and behaviour projects, sensory deprivation and liquid breathing experiments. Another group were interested in biological and genetic experiments, indeed a number of MILAB abductees, clearly recall seeing other human beings enclosed in tubes filled with liquid, they also tell of seeing genetically altered animals ! All these were witnessed in Military Underground research facilities. A third group the authors explain, are solely interested in the actual alien abduction phenomenon itself, purely for information gathering purposes.

Dark unmarked helicopters, have been a growing trend within the confines of UFOlogy of late. A large number of UFO witnesses (but more so UFO abductees,) claim that their lives have been subjected to harrasment by low flying unmarked helicopters that have buzzed their homes morning afternoon and night, and when they complain to the local or national airports, no one can provide them with an answer as to where or who they belong to !!! Debbie Jordan, Budd Hopkins star UFO abductee, claims that her life has been a misery since she had her UFO abduction, for since that time many large dark unmarked helicopters have stalked both her and her family. Debbie was quoted as saying. "Even when I am outside and obviously watching back, it doesn't seem to bother them, they just sit there in mid-air about 60 to 90 feet above the ground whirling and watching. They are completely without identification and are always low enough so that I could easily see the pilot if the windshield were clear glass. But the windshield is smokey black, and with a finish that makes it impossible to see who's inside".

What I, as the author of this article finds hard to believe, is that this form of harassment is necessary !! For surely the pilots of these helicopters are drawing much attention to themselves by doing this ! If they are so interested in these unfortunate UFO abductees, then this form of behaviour surely shouldn't happen and could be done in their usual 'covert' way.

Of course we can't forget the fact that these black unmarked helicopters, have been seen many times over the pastures in which cattle mutilations have been found, and more recently, dark unmarked helicopters have been witnessed flying above the wheat fields of England where many strange crop circle formations have been found. Clearly then, there is great interest by these shady 'agencies' in the lives of the UFO abductees, and the crop formations in Southern England, not forgetting the obscene and tragic animal mutilations that have been discovered in unusual circumstances with each passing year. In their book, the Lammers present many cases where dark unmarked helicopters have made the lives a misery of many a UFO abductee.

WORKING IN HARMONY !!!!!

Probably the most important aspect and significant if not disturbing part of the Lammers book, is their presentation of facts which clearly show that certain American Government 'agencies' have been working side by side with the 'greys' for a good number of years now. This aspect of UFOlogy, has of course been speculated on by many UFOlogists for a number of years now. And this is why perhaps UFOlogists and the general public at large never obtain a statement of sorts from the American Government admitting what's going on. They 'know' what's going on, 'they' are part of it. The abduction of humans from this planet is part orchestrated by the military chiefs of this Earth in order to obtain information from these visiting 'intruders' which may further and advance the cause of potential warfare capabilities of those who learn the secrets first of people from other worlds.

The above of course sounds incredibly fanciful and full of speculation, but can there be any real truth in this ! The Lammers again present an incredible amount of information to say that this is so. The MILABS book will clearly change your perception about what UFOlogy is all about, it certainly changed mine. I was sent this book to review, believe you me, it's impossible to review a book of such a proportion in so little words, hence I chose to do a slightly more worded version, and even so, this will not do it justice. At the end of the day, where would UFOlogy be without the sterling work of a number of UFOlogists like the Lammers and the late Karla Turner who are bringing these Military/Alien cases to our attention.

TERRESTRIAL & EXTRATERRESTRIAL IMPLANTS !!

The finding of implants in the bodies of UFO abductees is a well known factor in UFOlogy. Strange small metallic devices some round, some small and slim, have been found in the nasal cavities in abductees, and also other parts of their bodies as well (sometimes even their big toes !!) Why would a sophisticated intelligent race of beings want to track and monitor a person in this way is beyond this writer's comprehension. If they (the aliens !) can ghost into someone's bedroom and abduct someone of an evening, it seems unusual that they would need to know where people are, or do these devices perform some other kind of function ? The Lammers present the reader of the MILABS book with an in-depth look at the implant phenomenon. They tell us that the Military have been implanting electrodes into the bodies of unwitting subjects as early as 50 years ago and some horrific tales can be found in this book. I present the following paragraph (with permission) to illustrate the point.

During the 50's and early 60's, neuro scientist Dr Jose Delgado invented the 'Stimoceiver', an electrode capable of receiving and transmitting electronic signals via FM radio waves. Such a device, implanted in the brain via the sinus cavities, will act as a powerful stimulant when activated by FM radio waves. One can speculate, that the Stimoceiver has since been modified to receive stimulation from microwave pulses, and is capable of wielding a great degree of control over the implanted victim's response mechanisms.

We then learn that this implant technology was developed after World War II and by now, as we approach the millennium, I'm more than sure that this technology has superseded its expectations. The Lammers speculate that the Military Intelligence community are or have more than likely been using this technology for secret Government projects, some of the photographic plates contained within this book, clearly show the implants on the X Ray skulls of various individuals. The Lammers uncovered a pre-classified 1960's Government document pertaining to a secret project called MKULTRA which clearly showed that the CIA was interested in expanding implant studies onto humans, they speculate, could the various Military Agencies that implant various humans, be using the 'alien' cover story to mask their own clandestine endeavours ? This is entirely feasible and may account for a high percent of abductions the world over. This is not to say, that the actual 'alien' abduction phenomena is not real, it may well be, but we have to consider the fact, that the Military Chiefs would be more than happy to use the 'alien' abduction cover story in order for the public at large to be kept in the dark about their secret and unsavoury actions.

Of course there is another way to look at the implant phenomenon, and that is that the Military Chiefs may be inserting these implant devices, to monitor the 'real' UFO abductees respiration, muscle tension and physiological data. There is no denying the evidence by UFO abductees, when they say that they have witnessed Military personnel, either on board a strange craft, or in an underground cavern whilst they have been 'operated' on by 'beings' which are clearly not human. Admittedly implant technology has its medical benefits, (for a whole range of reasons) one can safely say that a pacemaker is one of the biggest implants that we have in the human body which serves a very useful purpose, but what we are talking about here is entirely different. We are talking about the implanting of devices (without consent) into the bodies of terrified victims by humans and 'non humans' alike. The one main aspect of the Lammers' book, is the continued reference to the fact that many UFO abductees are taken to underground facilities where they see both humans and 'non humans' alike. They (the UFO abductees) also witness strange disc shaped craft, large dark unmarked helicopters. They are interrogated by Military personnel, sometimes viciously and with mind bending drugs, all in a desired attempt to find out from these poor unfortunate abductees, what the 'aliens' have told them. I found the following paragraph quite illuminating in regards to the overall theme of the Lammers' book.

"Perhaps the Military split the personality of some abductees with known mind control techniques like sensory deprivation, spin programming, flashlights, electric shocks, rape, in order to create 'Manchurian Candidates' for information gathering purposes during alien abduction experiences".

The Lammers then pose 2 interesting questions to the reader:

1.Are MILAB abductees Military programmed 'Manchurian Candidates' who spy for a secret Military task force in alleged 'alien crafts' ? Are they so called 'Trojan Horses' inside 'real' UFOs during an alien abduction experience ?

Or

2.Is their alien abduction experience a synthetically programmed screen memory for hiding secret spy or Military missions ?

What we can deduce from all this, is that the Military people are clearly involved and very much concerned about the alien abduction phenomenon as they have been for decades now.

The CIA, FBI and NSA, have in the past denied their involvement in the UFO study, but thankfully under the Freedom of Information Act passed several years ago now, it was plain to see from the documentation released, that the above agencies were indeed, very much involved with what's going on, and are surely now 'still so' ! In closing this article, I must say that I am deeply concerned about not so much the threat from the 'non humans' in all this, (although that is still a concern) but the threat and deceit from those people of whom we elected to serve and protect us. They are abusing their trust, they are abusing their positions to learn what is going on, but ultimately they have now become a 'big part' themselves in the UFO problem. It seems inconceivable that we have a situation such as this, it's like something you would find in a 1950's B movie or back street American comic shop, but this is 'real', this is 'happening', and it's happening now. I think we should be deeply concerned about what's going on, this is a crime against humanity. But like any crime, we require proof, and this subject is so bizarre that the stories told to us by these unfortunate UFO abductees may not be believed, but slowly we are turning the screw, this monumental book has untold possibilities for the community, no longer are we talking about strange lights in the sky, we are now on the threshold of an alarming twist in the UFO enigma, a twist that is unsavoury and demands action. It's bad enough having to deal with UFO abductions at all, but to have the Military involved (who deny everything) just begs for action to be taken.

I don't know what comes next, it is my hope and the hope of many others that something can be done about this, that the tables can be turned (so to speak). As we approach the new century, I am concerned and intrigued at what might happen next within the confines of the UFO subject. It's been with us for many years now, what lies ahead ! I expect that there are more twists and turns to follow and whatever happens next, I hope that for the sake of humanity the new experiences will prove beneficial to us, and may lead us into a better world, a world of which may find us sharing with people not of this Earth.

(c) Malcolm Robinson, Strange Phenomena Investigations England.

« Reply #130 on: Mar 13th, 2005, 08:59am »

I did speak with Malcolm a number of times during the 90's re Milabs, trying to get the record straight on several aspects, unfortunately he was not open to some of the more unsavoury aspects, and could not accept that this was actually happening in the UK!!

« Reply #131 on: Mar 13th, 2005, 09:01am »

Do not worry I hope to resume the history very soon, the 1976 Abduction. Regards, Barry

« Reply #132 on: Mar 13th, 2005, 11:30am »

March 10th 1976. It was late evening, everyone else in the house had gone to bed. This was my quiet time, I could sit and watch tv in the front room, have a ciggie, cup of tea and unwind from a busy day. I believe I was watching possibly Lou Grant, a series I liked, I got up from the sofa and decided to go into the kitchen and make myself a cuppa. However I faltered for a moment then continued to the kitchen whereby I unlocked the back door and returned to the front room, immediately forgetting what I'd just done. Feeling a little confused standing by the tv with empty cup in hand I remembered that I was going to make myself a drink. So I walked back out of the front room and headed for the kitchen, I made it as far as the doorway entrance to the kitchen then I froze. Standing not 2 yards from me, in the middle of the small kitchen was a towering, over 6ft 6ins figure, long black 'gown', very long white 'hair' and no face. The same figure seen at a distance in May of '74 at Chingford and in the back garden in August of '74.

FYI.....there are 2 sides to this encounter, the consciously recalled side, with flashbacks and weird dreams over time, and there is the detail that came out of deep regressive hypnosis in January of 1978.....

The consciously recalled side goes along that as I stand there at the kitchen doorway facing the figure for what seemed an eternity I suddenly feel very dizzy, very drowsy, I lose my balance and begin to fall to the ground, in slow motion. I awake, laying on the kitchen floor near the cooker hours later, wondering what the hell was going on. After composing myself with a cuppa and a few ciggies I check the house and lock up for the night, going to bed with weird images in my head.

What came out of a session of deep regression was the same as the consciously recalled event but took over once I began to lose consciousness and fall in slow motion to the floor, a very strange story then takes over.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

« Reply #133 on: Mar 13th, 2005, 12:02pm »

I feel very uncomfortable when I relate the detailed side of this so it may turn into an abridged version, hope you all don't mind, regards, Barry

« Reply #134 on: Mar 13th, 2005, 1:50pm »

ABRIDGED VERSION.....

From the series of deep hypnotic regression sessions which began in January of 1978.....

After losing consciousness in the kitchen I awake in a brightly lit very small room, taller than it is wider, I'm standing shakily, next to the large faceless figure. A door in front of me opens, a sliding door, beyond the doorway stand two small grey colored figures with very large heads and immense large round eyes.

These two approach and move to each side of me and lead me out of the small room into a large brightly lit corridor. I am feeling weakened and yet my weight is easily supported by these two beings. I am ushered along the corridor to a very big room, brightly lit except for a corner which is in shadows and placed into a small seat with high backs, in front of me is a small console with a screen.

The two small figures stand off to one side whilst others come over to me, one in front and one each side of me. They 'speak' with their minds yet I can understand them in my head, I'm told many things, I'm asked many things, all dialogue is in my head I do not actually speak. I'm shown numerous things on the consoles small screen.

Another being comes over to me and gets its face right up to mine, it stares at me, it removes my glasses and holds a small brightly colored spinning ball close to my eyes, then uses a small device and pushes it into my mouth. My ears are examined, my hair, they take a lot of time in this process.

Suddenly there is a sound over in the shadows, a tall human like shape is standing there but I can make out no details. Two small figures then assist me from the chair and take me to another chair and sat down. A large screen is rolled over in front of me and I'm shown so many images I cannot take them all in, I know they are very important somehow and must remember them.

A lot of gathering together by these small beings then looking at me two come over and assist me from the chair and out into the brightly lit curved corridor.

We pass numerous doors left and right until ushered into one on the right, this room is fairly large and contains tables and chairs and a massive screen set into the wall. Ushered out again we go further along the corridor and stop outside a door on the left, here I feel dread.

The door opens and before me I see numerous small figures and my heart races when I see lots of weird looking machinery and gadgets, and a long lowslung table or bed affair. I'm taken to that and 'told' to get on it and lay down still.

I WILL NOT RECOUNT HERE THE MEDICAL PROCEDURES I ENDURED AS IT CAUSES TOO MUCH DISTRESS.

From the 'medical' room I'm led back along the corridor to the large room with shadows and again sat in one of the chairs. One of the beings comes over and again its face is inches from mine, staring, this seems to go on forever. I'm assisted back to the tall room where the faceless being stands inside, I'm placed in there where I immediately lose consciousness and find myself awake in front of the electric cooker, several hours had passed!!

I apologise for this shortened version, if I feel up to it sometime I'll fill in all the details, but thats all I can muster at this time. Regards, Barry

« Reply #147 on: Mar 16th, 2005, 6:46pm »

After the encounter I was left in a state. Walking around in a daze, nightmares at night. I grew a beard and grew my hair long, perhaps I was trying subconsciously to change, to be someone other than me.

I did not want to go out so hardly left the house for weeks, wasn't till end of April that my brothers suggested a way to get me back into society without feeling scared. They came out with the brilliant idea of touring around Essex visiting all known haunted sites!!!!

We did this, piling into his car, the 3 or 4 of us would drive around either at weekends or the evenings. One place we went to was Borley, infamous for its Borley Rectory hauntings of the early 20th century, with Harry Price investigating the case. All that remains at Borley is the church, which was supposedly haunted. Anyway off we all went.....it was dusk when we arrived at the church and the doors were locked. We walked around back and peered in the windows, suddenly there inside we saw two small luminous spheres hanging in midair, as I went to get my camera up to the window the spheres began to move, heading in our direction. It was scary stuff and 4 grown men shouted and ran for the car some yards away. We all burst into laughter at the stupidity of grown men being scared of a couple of itty-bitty lights!! We went back but the spheres had gone.

A weird afterthought to this was that the next day all manner of strange little things occurred. The car keys got mysteriously locked in the boot (trunk), things went missing, things appeared, so many silly little things. The local newspaper wanted to do a story on it complete with photo of yours truly standing at the front of my brothers 'jinxed' car!!!!!! The caption of their stunning little piece was "Ghost hunt Barry hit by jinx"!!!!!!!!!!!!

Spring went into summer, summer went into autumn, a few odd events here and there, Then came October and Warminster.....the once ufo capital of Europe!

The weekend of October 9th/10th I believe of 1976. Myself, Andy Collins, my younger brother and his friend piled into Steve's car and set off on the Friday evening for the drive to Warminster, Wiltshire. We missed our turnoff on the M4 and went out of our way till we could retrace our steps. By the time we hit Warminster it was very late, very cold and very foggy. We drove around the outskirts of the town in order to find somewhere to park up for the night. We found a small road at the edge of the Imber firing ranges and proceeded along very slowly. Moments later to our right we spied a small light bobbing along heading in our direction, as it came closer it swooshed over us, above us and disappeared to our left into the ranges. Wondering what the hell that was we decided to leave investigating till morning after we got some rest.

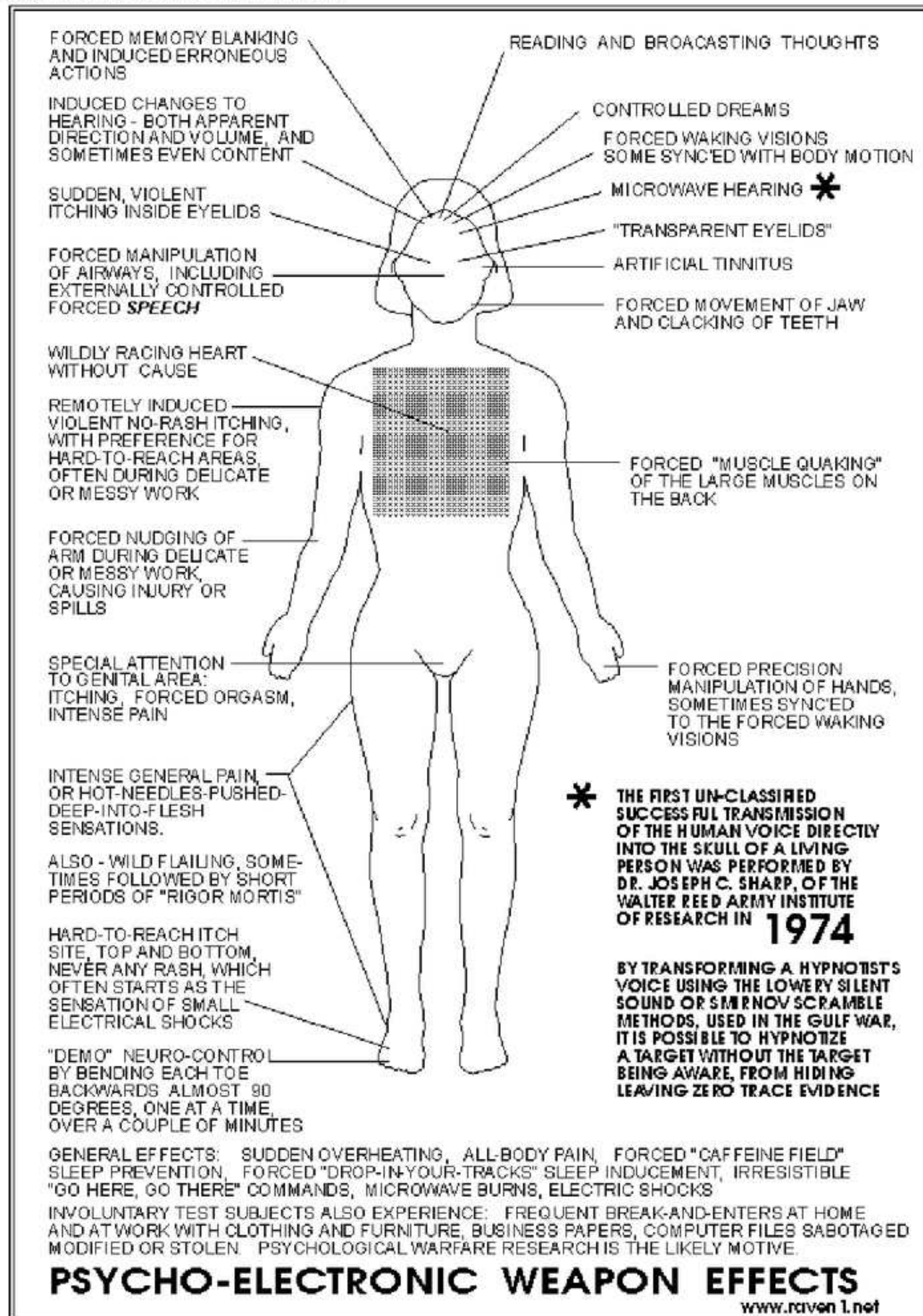
Parked at the end of a small lane we awoke next day (rather later that morning) had breakfast then set off down the road to check out the little weird light.

Standing there we could see furrowed muddy fields only in front of us. We discussed possibilities including a mad motorcyclist but there were no tyre tracks in the field. Scratching heads we had to leave it as unexplained. Months later Andy came across a case he found in one of Arthur Shuttleworths books that matched what we saw. It was known locally as "The Phantom Motorcyclist".

The rest of the weekend was spent travelling round the area, no further odd events were noted.

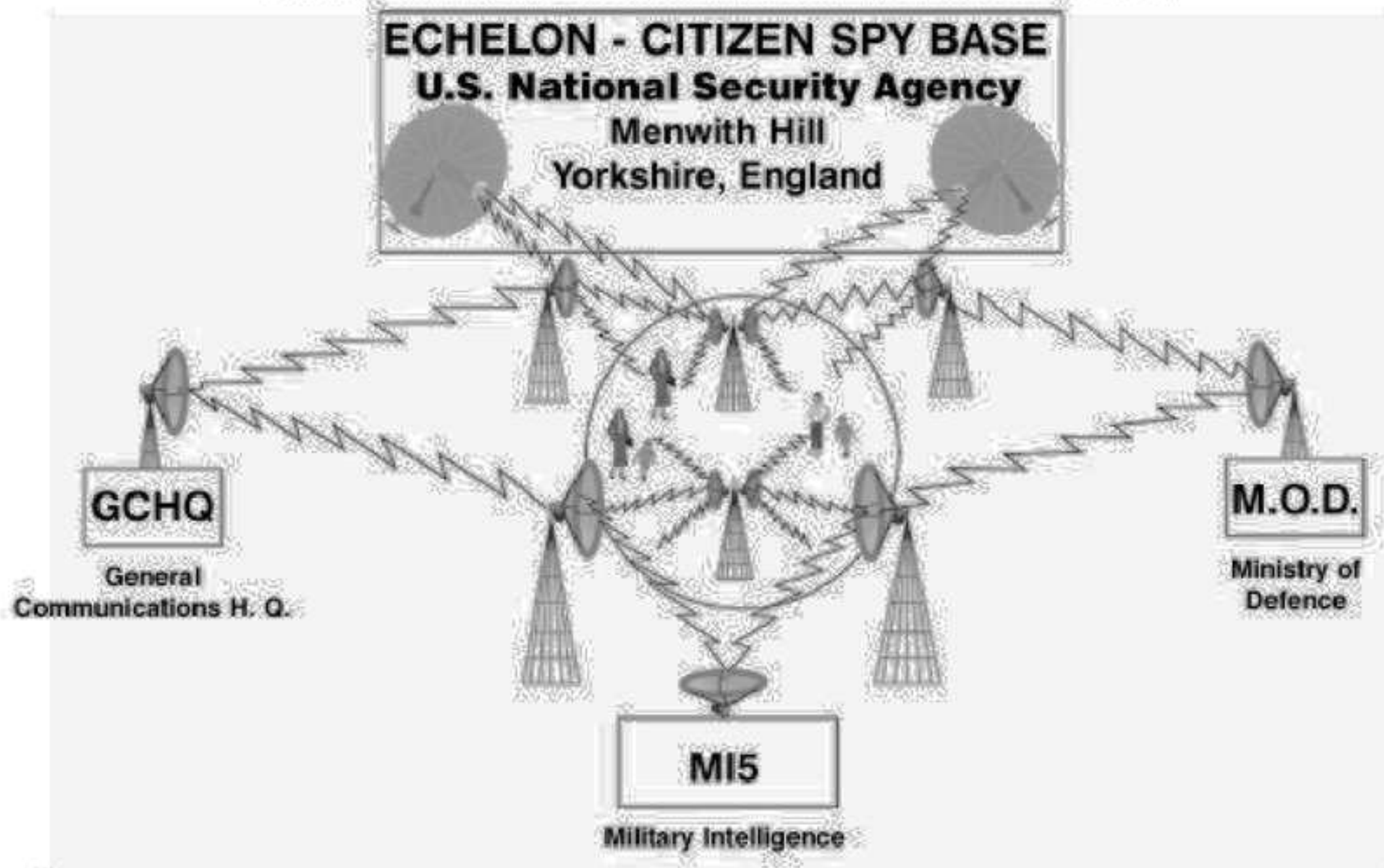
1976 went out and weird, busy, unearthly things began for me in 1977.....

TO BE CONTINUED.....



An overview of how the weapons are deployed by the Mind Control Police

Mass Remote Mind Control by Blanket Coverage of the Population which is achieved via the Mobile Phone Network



« Reply #150 on: Mar 16th, 2005, 8:21pm »

Covert Operations of U.S. National Security Agency.

From an article in Nexus Magazine April/May 96

A lawsuit filed against the U.S. National Security Agency reveals a frightening array of technologies and programs designed to keep tabs on individuals.

John St Clair Akwei vs National Security Agency

Ft George G. Meade, MD, USA

(Civil Action 92-0449)

The following document comprises evidence for a lawsuit filed at the U.S. Courthouse in Washington, DC, by John St Clair Akwei against the National Security Agency, Ft George G. Meade, Maryland (Civil Action 92-0449), constitutes his knowledge of the NSA's structure, national security activities proprietary technologies and covert operations to monitor individual citizens Ed.

1. THE NSA'S MISSION AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE OPERATION

Communications Intelligence (COMINT)

Blanket coverage of all electronic communications in the US and the world to ensure national security. The NSA at Ft Meade, Maryland has had the most advanced computers in the world since the early 1960s. NSA technology is developed and implemented in secret from private corporations, academia and the general public.

Signals Intelligence (SICINT)

The Signals Intelligence mission of the NSA has evolved into a program of decoding EMF waves in the environment for wirelessly tapping into computers and track persons with the electrical currents in their bodies. Signals Intelligence is based on fact that everything in the environment with an electric current in it has a magnetic flux around it which gives off EMF waves. The NSA/DoD [Department of Defence] developed proprietary advanced digital equipment which can remotely analyze all objects whether manmade or organic, that have electrical activity.

Domestic Intelligence (DOMINT)

The NSA has records on all US citizens. The NSA gathers information on US citizen who might be of interest to any of the over 50,000 NSA agents (HUMINT). These agents are authorized by executive order to spy on anyone. The NSA has a permanent national security anti-terrorist surveillance network in place. This surveillance network is completely disguised and hidden from the public.

Tracking individuals in the US is easily and cost-effectively implemented with NSA's electronic surveillance network. This network (DOMINT) covers the entire US, involves tens of thousands of NSA personnel, and tracks millions of persons simultaneously. Cost-effective implementation of operations is assured by NSA computer technology designed to minimize operations costs. NSA personnel serve in quasi-public positions in their communities and run cover businesses and legitimate businesses that can inform the intelligence community of persons they would want to track. NSA personnel in the community usually have cover identities such as social workers, lawyers and business owners.

Individual Citizens Occasionally Targeted for Surveillance by Independently Operating NSA Personnel

NSA personnel can control the lives of hundreds of thousands of individuals in the US by using the NSA's domestic intelligence network and cover businesses. The operations independently run by them can sometimes go beyond the bounds of law. Long-term control and sabotage of tens of thousands of unwitting citizens by NSA operatives is likely to happen. NSA DOMINT has the ability to assassinate US citizens covertly or run covert psychological control operations to cause subjects to be diagnosed with ill mental health.

The above symptoms highlight a fraction of the vast array of
Nuero-Electromagnetic Frequency Assaults perpetuated by the Police and
Military Intelligence Agencies toward
Remote Mind Control Experiments, Behavioural Manipulation and Murder.

2. NSA'S DOMESTIC ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE NETWORK

As of the early 1960s, the most advanced computers in the world were at the NSA, Ft Meade. Research breakthroughs with these computers were kept for the NSA. At the present time the NSA has nanotechnology computers that are 15 years ahead of present computer technology. The NSA obtains blanket coverage of information in the US by using advanced computers that use artificial intelligence to screen all communications, regardless of medium, for key words that should be brought to the attention of NSA agents/cryptologists. These computers monitor all communications at the transmitting and receiving ends. This blanket coverage of the US is a result of the NSA's Signals Intelligence (SIGINT) mission. The NSA's electronic surveillance network is based on a cellular arrangement of devices that can monitor the entire EMF spectrum. This equipment was developed, implemented and kept secret in the same manner as other electronic warfare programs.

Signals Intelligence Remote Computer Tampering

The NSA keeps track of all PCs and other computers sold in the US. This is an integral part of the Domestic Intelligence network. The NSA's EMF equipment can tune in RF emissions from personal computer circuit boards (while filtering out emissions from monitors and power supplies). The RF emission from PC circuit boards contains digital information in the PC. Coded RF waves from the NSA's equipment can resonate PC circuits and change data in the PCs. Thus the NSA can gain wireless modem-style entry into any computer in the country for surveillance or anti-terrorist electronic warfare.

Detecting EMF Fields in Humans for Surveillance

A subject's bioelectric field can be remotely detected, so subjects can be monitored anywhere they are. With special EMF equipment NSA cryptologists can remotely read evoked potentials (from EEGs). These can be decoded into a person's brain-states and thoughts. The subject is then perfectly monitored from a distance. NSA personnel can dial up any individual in the country on the Signals Intelligence EMF scanning network and the NSA's computers will then pinpoint and track that person 24 hours a day. The NSA can pick out and track anyone in the US.

3. NSA SIGNALS INTELLIGENCE USE OF EMF BRAIN STIMULATION

NSA Signals Intelligence uses EMF Brain Stimulation for Remote Neural Monitoring (RNM) and Electronic Brain Link (EBL). EMF Brain Stimulation has been in development since the MKULTRA program of the early 1950s, which included neurological research into radiation (non-ionizing EMF) and bioelectric research and development. The resulting secret technology is categorized at the National Security Archives as "Radiation Intelligence", defined as "information from unintentionally emanated electromagnetic waves in the environment, not including radioactivity or nuclear detonation". Signals Intelligence implemented and kept this technology secret in the same manner as other electronic warfare programs of the US Government. The NSA monitors available information about this technology and withholds scientific research from the public. There are also international intelligence agreements to keep this technology secret.

The NSA has proprietary electronic equipment that analyze electrical activity in humans from a distance. NSA computer generated brain mapping can continuously monitor all of the electrical activity in the brain continuously. The NSA records and decode individual brain maps (of hundreds of thousands of persons) for national security purposes. EMF Brain Stimulation is also secretly used by the military for brain-to-computer link (in military fighter aircraft, for example).

For electronic surveillance purposes, electrical activity in the speech center of the brain can be translated into the subject's verbal thoughts. RNM can send encoded signals to the brain's auditory cortex, thus allowing audio communications direct to the brain (bypassing the ears). NSA operatives can use this covertly to debilitate subjects by simulating auditory hallucinations characteristic of paranoid schizophrenia.

Without any contact with the subject, Remote Neural Monitoring can map out electrical activity from the visual cortex of a subject's brain and show images from the subject's brain on a video monitor. NSA operatives see what the surveillance subject's eyes are seeing. Visual memory can also be seen. RNM can send images direct to the visual cortex, bypassing the eyes and optic nerves. NSA operatives can use this surreptitiously to put images into a surveillance subject's brain while they are in REM sleep for brain-programming purposes.

Capabilities of NSA Operatives Using RNM

There has been a Signals Intelligence network in the US since the 1940s. The NSA, Ft Meade has in place a vast two-way wireless RNM system which is used to track subjects and noninvasively monitor audio-visual information in their brains. This is all done with no physical contact with the subject. RNM is the ultimate method of surveillance and domestic intelligence. Speech, 3D sound and subliminal audio can be sent to the auditory cortex of the subject's brain (bypassing the ears), and images can be sent into the visual cortex. RNM can alter a subject's perceptions, moods and motor control.

Speech cortex/auditory cortex link has become the ultimate communications system for the intelligence community. RNM allows for a complete audio-visual brain-to-brain link or brain-to-computer link.

The above is a simple flowchart of Nuero-Electromagnetic Frequency Assaults showing methods that can be perpetuated by the Police and Military Intelligence Agencies toward Remote Mind Control Experiments, Behavioural Manipulation and Murder.

4. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY SIGNALS INTELLIGENCE ELECTRONIC BRAIN LINK TECHNOLOGY

NSA SIGINT can remotely detect, identify and monitor a person's bioelectric fields.

The NSA's Signals Intelligence has the proprietary ability to monitor remotely and non-invasively information in the human brain by digitally decoding the evoked potentials in the 30-50 Hz, 5 milliwatt electromagnetic emissions from the brain.

Neuronal activity in the brain creates a shifting electrical pattern that has a shifting magnetic flux. This magnetic flux puts out a constant 30-50 Hz, 5 milliwatt electromagnetic (EMF) wave. Contained in the electromagnetic emission from the brain are spikes and patterns called "evoked potentials". Every thought, reaction, motor command, auditory event and visual image in the brain has a corresponding "evoked potential" or set of "evoked potentials". The EMF emission from the brain can be decoded into the current thoughts, images and sounds in the subject's brain.

NSA SIGINT uses EMF-transmitted Brain Stimulation as a communications system to transmit information (as well as nervous system messages) to intelligence agents and also to transmit to the brains of covert operations subjects (on a non-perceptible level).

EMF Brain Stimulation works by sending a complexly coded and pulsed electromagnetic signal to trigger evoked potentials (events) in the brain, thereby forming sound and visual images in the brain's neural circuits. EMF Brain Stimulation can also change a person's brain-states and affect motor control.

Two-way electronic Brain Link is done by remotely monitoring neural audio-visual information while transmitting sound to the auditory cortex (bypassing the ears) and transmitting faint images to the visual cortex (bypassing the optic nerves and eyes). The images appear as floating 2D screens in the brain.

Two-way electronic Brain Link has become the ultimate communications system for CIA/NSA personnel. Remote neural monitoring (RNM, remotely monitoring bioelectric information in the human brain) has become the ultimate surveillance system. It is used by a limited number of agents in the US Intelligence Community.

RNM requires decoding the resonance frequency of each specific brain area. That frequency is then modulated in order to impose information in that specific brain area. The frequency to which the various brain areas respond varies from 3 Hz to 50 Hz. Only NSA Signals Intelligence modulates signals in this frequency band. (See Table 1.) This modulated information can be put into the brain at varying intensities from subliminal to perceptible. Each person's brain has a unique set of bioelectric resonance/entrainment frequencies. Sending audio information to a person's brain at the frequency of another person's auditory cortex would result in that audio information not being perceived.

The Plaintiff learned of RNM by being in two-way RNM contact with the Kinnecome group at the NSA, Ft Meade.

They used RNM 3D sound direct to the brain to harass the Plaintiff from October 1990 to May 1991.

As of 5/91 they have had two-way RNM communications with the Plaintiff and have used RNM to attempt to incapacitate the Plaintiff and hinder the Plaintiff from going to the authorities about their activities against the Plaintiff in the last 12 years. The Kinnecome group has about 100 persons working 24 hours a day at Ft Meade. They have also brain-tapped persons the Plaintiff is in contact with to keep the Plaintiff isolated. This is the first time ever that a private citizen has been harassed with RNM and has been able to bring a lawsuit against NSA personnel misusing this intelligence operations method.

6. NSA TECHNIQUES AND RESOURCES

Remote monitoring/tracking of individuals in any location, inside any building, continuously, anywhere in the country. A system for inexpensive implementation of these operations allows for thousands of persons in every community to be spied on constantly by the NSA.

Remote RNM Devices

NSA's RNM equipment remotely reads the evoked potentials (EEGs) of the human brain for tracking individuals, and can send messages through the nervous systems to affect their performance. RNM can electronically identify individuals and track them anywhere in the US. This equipment is on a network and is used for domestic intelligence operations, government security and military base security, and in case of bioelectric warfare.

Spotters and Walk-Bys in Metropolitan Areas

Tens of thousands of persons in each area working as spotters and neighbourhood/business place spies (sometimes unwittingly) following and checking on subjects who have been identified for covert control by NSA personnel.

Agents working out of offices can be in constant communication with spotters who are keeping track of the NSA's thousands of subjects in public. NSA agents in remote offices can instantly identify (using~ RNM) any individual spotted in public who is in contact with surveillance subject.

Chemicals and Drugs into Residential Buildings with Hidden NSA Installed and Maintained Plastic Plumbing lines.

The NSA has kits for running lines into residential tap water and air ducts of subjects for the delivery of drugs (such as sleeping gas or brainwashing-aiding drugs). This is an outgrowth of CIA pharmapsychology (psychopharmacology).

Brief Overview of Proprietary US Intelligence/Anti- Terrorist Equipment Mentioned

Fixed network of special EMF equipment that can read EEGs in human brains and identify/track individuals by using digital computers. ESB (Electrical Stimulation to the Brain) via EMF signal from the NSA Signals Intelligence is used to control subjects.

EMF equipment that gathers information from PC circuit boards by deciphering RF emissions, thereby gaining wireless modem- style entry into any personal computer in the country. All equipment hidden, all technology secret, all scientific research unreported (as in electronic warfare research). Not known to the public at all, yet complete and thorough implementation of this method of domestic intelligence has been in place since the early 1980s.

Editor's Note: I tried ringing Mr Akwei to find out what was the out- come, if any, of his court case. He firmly but kindly told me that he could not speak about anything to do with the case over the phone and hung up. A subsequent conversation of similar length resulted in the information that he did not wish his address or phone number published with this article. So, if we hear of any developments, we'll let you know.

Its totally obvious from the above article that the US National Security Agency is none other than a covertly run terrorist organisation.

Their highly sophisticated technology that is used to monitor and manipulate the minds of millions of innocent people daily, is a blatant expression of the dominating and authoritarian mentality that exists behind the facade of our so called democratic society.

George Orwell's "THOUGHT POLICE" is an absolute reality in today's world. Whether we realise it or not, every individual within our society is negatively effected by this dictatorship attitude. It has to change - It will change - It starts with you!

George Farquhar
Project Freedom

An example of EMF Brain Stimulation

Brain Area Bioelectric Resonance Frequency Information Induced Through Modulation

Motor Control Cortex 10 Hz Motor Impulse co-ordination

Auditory Cortex 15 Hz Sound which bypasses the ears

Visual Cortex 25 Hz Images in the brain bypassing the eyes

Somatosensory 9 Hz Phantom touch sense

Thought Center 20 Hz Imposed subconscious thoughts

RESOURCES

These publications have only been discovered since December 1991, after Plaintiff had already notified authorities (Dept of Justice, etc.) of Public Corruption by named NSA employees. When no action was taken against the NSA employees, I researched the Intelligence Community electronic surveillance technology involved and discovered the following publications.

The Body Electric: Electromagnetism and the Foundation of Life, by Robert Becker, M.D. Monitoring neuroelectric information in the brain ESB. (p. 265,313,318)

Cross currents, by Robert Becker. Simulating auditory hallucinations. Remote computer tampering using RF emissions from the logic board. (p. 70,78,105,174,210,216,220,242,299,303)

Currents of Death, by Paul Brodeur. Driving brain electrical activity with external EM; magnetophosphenes; Delgado. (p. 27,93)

The Zapping of America, by Paul Brodeur. DoD EM ESB research; simulating auditory hallucinations.

Of Mice, Men and Molecules, by John H. Heller 1963 Bioelectricity; probing the brain with EM waves. (p, 110)

The Three-Pound Universe, by Judith Hooper. CIA EEG research; EEGs for surveillance. (p.29,132,137)

In the Palaces of Memory, by George Johnson. EM emissions from the brain; the brain as an open electromagnetic circuit.

The Puzzle Palace, by James Bamford. Signals Intelligence; most advanced computers in the early 'sixties.

The US Intelligence Community. Glossary terms at National Security Archives; Radiation Intelligence (information from unintentionally emanated electromagnetic energy, excluding radioactive sources).

The Search for the "Manchurian Candidate", by John Marks. Electrical or radio stimulation to the brain; CIA R&D in bioelectrics. (p.227)

Secret Agenda, by Jim Hougan. National security cult groups.

Crimes of the Intelligence Community, by Morton Halperin. Surreptitious entries; intelligence agents running operations against government workers.

War in the Age of Intelligent Machines, NSA computer supremacy, complete control of information.

Alternate Computers, by Time-Life Books. Molecule computers.

The Mind, by Richard Restak, M.D. EEG Systems inc.; decoding brain EM emanations, tracking thoughts on a computer. (p. 258)

MedTech, by Lawrence Galton. Triggering events in the brain, direct to auditory cortex signals.

Cyborg, by D.S. Halacy, Jr, 1965. Brain-to-computer link research contracts given out by the US government.

Psychiatry and the CIA: Victims of Mind Control, by Harvey M. Weinstein M.D. Dr. Cameron; psychic driving; ultraconceptual communications.

Journey Into Madness: The True Story of Secret CIA Mind Control and Medical Abuse, by Gordon Thomas, Intelligence R&D; Delgado; psychic driving with radio telemetry. (p. 127,276,116,168,169)

Mind Manipulators, by Alan Schefflin and Edward M. Opton. MKULTRA brain research for information-gathering.

The Brain Changers, by Maya Pines. Listening to brain EM emissions. (p.19)

Modern Bioelectricity. Inducing audio in the brain with EM waves; DoD cover-up; EM wave ESB; remote EEGs

Magnetic Stimulation in Clinical Neurophysiology, by Sudhansu Chokroverty. Magnetophosphenes; images direct to the visual cortex.

The Mind of Man, by Nigel Calder. US intelligence brain research.

Neuroelectric Society Conference, 1971. Audio direct to the brain with EM waves; 2-way remote EEGs.

Brain Control, by Elliot S. Valenstein. ESB., control of individuals.

Towards Century 21, by C.S. Wallia. Brain Stimulation for direct-to-brain communications (p21)

Mind Wars, by Ron McRae (associate of Jack Anderson). Research into brain-to-brain electronic communications., remote neural EM detection (PP. 62 106, 136).

Mind Tools, by Rudy Rucker. Brain tapping; communications with varying biomagnetic fields (p82).

US News and World report, January 2nd 1984. EM wave brain stimulation; intelligence community hi-tech (p38).

Ear Magazine. Article on extremely low frequencies radio emissions in the natural environment; radio emissions from the human body.

City Paper, Washington DC January 17, 1992. Article FCC and NSA "complete radio spectrum" listening posts.

Frontiers in Science, by Edward Hutchings Jr 1958 (p48).

Beyond Bio Feedback, by Elmer and Alyce Green, 1977 (p118)

The Body Quantum, by Fred Alan Wolf

Cloning; A Biologist Reports, by Robert Gillmore McKinnell. Ethical review of cloning humans.

Hoovers' FBI, by Former agent William Turner. Routines of electronic surveillance work. (p280).

July 20th 2019, by Arthur C. Clarke LIDA; Neurophonics; Brain-computer link.

MegaBrain, by Michael Hutchison. Brain stimulation with EM waves; CIA research and information control. (pp.107,108,117,120,123).

The Cult of Information, by Theodore Rosnak, 1986. NSA Directive #145; personal files in computers; computer automated telephone tapping.

The Body Shop, 1986 implantation of an electrode array on the visual cortex for video direct to the brain; other 1960's research into electronically triggering Phosphenes in the brain, thus bypassing the eyes.

Evoked Potentials, by David Regan. Decoding neuroelectric information in the brain.

« Reply #155 on: Mar 16th, 2005, 8:28pm »

I fully realise many of you will have had access to this sort of material before, but for the benefit of those not familiar with the data, this will provide you with a working knowledge. And understand the sort of crap I've had to endure by the NSA within the confines of the Program.

All the best, Barry

« Reply #156 on: Mar 17th, 2005, 1:19pm »

1977 The year of radical changes

My life would never be quite the same from this point on, not only was I drawn into the world of Secret Services, Psychological Operations, Spies and Black Budget Programs, but my Ufo career would cause me to 'sleep with the enemy' as numerous researchers kindly put it during the late 1990's. I was duped by Govt and Military/Intel into thinking I was doing the right thing for my country, I thought I was being clever, being one step ahead of them. Years later I realised how they played me for a sucker, and that hurt!!

« Reply #157 on: Mar 17th, 2005, 1:29pm »



(Picture by James Neff)

I encountered these bozo's numerous times during the 1970's, most were NSA, some were DS8, others, well, who knows who or what they were!

« Reply #158 on: Mar 17th, 2005, 3:54pm »

January 1977, there was talk around the ufo camp that a new investigative tool was being designed, the well respected glossy ufo mag FSR (Flying Saucer Review) were going to be the hub, indeed the funder of the venture. Notices were sent out to numerous researchers requesting their opinion as to the workability of such a venture. Those that replied in the positive were invited to a special meeting held in the Midlands hosted by the FSR staff and their liaison Jenny Randles.

Me and Andy Collins attended such meet and by the end of the weekend UFOIN (Ufo Investigators Network) was born. Areas were drawn up, regions, and specific researchers would have the responsibility of covering that area. Myself and Andy were to cover London and the South-East along with a few others, Tim Good among them.

The next few weeks saw me and Andy visiting hundreds of Police Stations, HQs, Coastguards, Universities, Newspapers, Radio/TV stations, Military facilities, etc, etc, etc. We had drawn up a special info sheet telling who we were and what we were about, these we left at every source.

I set up Europe's first 24 hour/7 days a week Ufo Reporting Hotline, set up from my home, This proved invaluable, coupled to the extensive contact we made with sources we received reports all round the clock, instantly. Police were contacting us rather than standard practise MOD with reports.

We had brilliant media coverage which helped put the idea of reporting straight to us rather than anywhere else. The fruits of this can be seen in the reports published within the pages of FSR mag between 1977 and around 1981.

These included the May '77 Hainault landing case, observed by police officers, the Aveley Abduction case, the Somerset abduction case and many more.

We had become virtual household names, in fact so many reports were coming our way as opposed other regions of the UFOIN network that other members were getting miffed!!! Even FSR whom provided us with our expenses told us that from the budget me and Andy had claimed more than anyone else!! Seeing as it was only us 2 that seemed to be working flat out 24/7 that was hardly surprising!!!!

It was therefore not too surprising that we came of interest to certain Govt factions, after all, we were getting some really good cases direct from the Police that normally would have gone to the MOD. Throughout this year (1977) I was to have many meetings, some in London, some in other UK areas, one or two foreign, with MOD, Military, Intelligence, Scientific people, etc. I will not detail all of these but will give you an idea as to what some of them were about and what I witnessed as a direct result of this liaison 'with the enemy'. This will include what I was witness to on various Military land, here and overseas, showing our technology as well as 'theirs'.

This liaison went on till 1981, when, becoming a severe liability to them as a very loose cannon, they removed me from Peasemore.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

« Reply #159 on: Mar 17th, 2005, 5:00pm »

From early 1977 we had 3 M.R.U's, Mobile Research Units, a grand name for what was in fact, my car, Andy's car, and my brothers car as a standby. Mind you I had hundreds of pounds worth of essential research equipment/field kits in the boot of my car, Andy had similar. All 3 cars had a special windscreen notice stating name and contact phone number. We were doing this in a very professional manner, and considering the full time I spent on it so it should be. I had very extensive photographic equipment which went on every field trip, and during 1977 I built up a massive library of ufo/alien photo's/film/slides etc. This collection was used by the British media for tv documentaries, etc, and for books, mags, etc, plus countless presentations and lectures. I was even mentioned by Australian Michael Hervey in his columns. It was very common for the hotline to ring in the wee hours of the morning by some Police force or another and I'd have to get ready and drive anywhere to cover a case.

One case we covered in '77 was from Woburn Green in Beds. This was weird as it involved a big crop circle, in '77 the term crop circles was virtually unknown, but we came across one!!

TO BE CONTINUED.....

Squeeky

« Reply #160 on: Mar 18th, 2005, 01:55am »

I wondered how that happened. Makes sense now. Rattling the cage, so to speak.

« Reply #161 on: Mar 19th, 2005, 2:06pm »

Oh I rattled a few cages alright but had to stop as the gun was held to my head for the last time, after too many times, literally!!

« Reply #162 on: Mar 19th, 2005, 3:31pm »

One particular event from mid '77 stays very fresh in my memory. I was 'asked' to meet with a certain unit on Salisbury Plain. I arrived a bit late and was ushered very quickly into a large tent and told to change into the uniform waiting for me.

This I did and was then rushed over to a small convoy of trucks and landrovers. We set off further into the Plain, no one around me spoke as we journeyed.

A short time later the convoy stopped and everyone got out of the vehicles, some went to the tents scattered around. I was led over to some civvies and then the six of us, me, 3 civvies and two uniformed officers of the unit carried on walking a further couple of hundred yards away from the convoy. They all hurriedly chatted among themselves as I walked on in bemused silence.

We came upon a couple of jeeps with 4 USAF personnel and stopped. It all went silent as almost in unison everyone looked at their watches, someone from the civvies spoke into a radio then spoke to one of the unit officers. This officer in turn looked at me and smiled saying something to the effect that 'it will be coming overhead any second, whatever you do, stand completely still' or words to that effect. It was a bright sunny day when we set out but now had become cloudy. Someone shouted 'here it is' and pointed to the skies.

At first I saw nothing then a small dark shape was seen high to my left. Within seconds and in complete silence came almost overhead a roughly triangular shaped aircraft (loose term) with a flattened sphere in its centre.

The USAF guys came over and spoke to me, telling me to walk out and stand under the object. Yes I was feeling very apprehensive but they told me I'd have nothing to fear, so off I set.

I could hear camera shutters going off behind me as I approached the object, then I was right underneath it. It wasn't that big, maybe 50ft or so across. Someone shouted at me for me to slowly raise my arms, very slowly. The object was maybe a hundred feet or so above me and as I raised my arms this got lower and lower till it was less than twenty feet above.

Cameras were still going off, I heard and felt a very low droning noise. My hair stood on end, like static electricity, every filling in my mouth began to ache and my eyes began to water. I was not feeling too great.

The object then slowly lifted and continued to rise to a position it was earlier, about a hundred feet or so.

I lowered my arms and stood there awaiting someones instructions, I turned and faced the others whom were busy with cameras, radios and other small hand held instruments.

I was beckoned over to them but heard a whoosh sound and stopped to look back at the object, it was gone.

We drove back to the original area where I was given a quick medical. My fillings were very painful, I was given aspirin and told that would go within a few hours!!

Later I was shown a dozen or so color and B/W photo's of me walking towards the object and being underneath it.....the purpose to this day eludes me.

That was one really weird day, one of the units officers told me after the quick medical that what I'd seen was one of their new toys (pointing to the USAF guys). They asked tons of questions about how I felt, what was I thinking, stuff like that, they all seemed happy so I went along with it, but looked forward to getting away and going home.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

Squeeky

« Reply #163 on: Mar 19th, 2005, 3:45pm »

Sounds to me that were righteously screwed. If whatever power was being produced above your head and affected your fillings, could have affected your whole body. The part that caught my eye was that you were late but they waited for you. Why were you so important to be waited on for such an important moment? Do you think that they had something in mind for you all along?

« Reply #164 on: Mar 19th, 2005, 3:50pm »

Oh they had much in store for me, as time goes along you'll see how many times I was duped by them and made to do/witness things for their own ends. My only value to them was that I was part of the childhood survey re medical testing/modification.

« Reply #168 on: Mar 19th, 2005, 6:36pm »

A curious sidenote to the above incident concerns my watch. Since the encounter at Barn Hill back in 1974 I was unable to wear an ordinary (wind up) wristwatch, it would either speed up or slow down. So from then on I'd have on me an old pocket watch until the new digital lcd red screen watches (ala Kojak type) came out in about '75-'76.

That type of watch was worn that day at Salisbury plain and I'm pretty sure it burned the image onto the screen below the glass, it showed the same time, day/date etc on the watch no matter what I tried. That resulted in buying a new one a few days later.

« Reply #169 on: Mar 19th, 2005, 7:01pm »

Besides the more mundane meetings etc during '77 and '78 one or two things got my interest going. I undertook the full defensive driving course which I really enjoyed and has been useful once or twice since. I for some reason was put on the ranges and being a fair shot since the 60's when I attended a local rifle club, I was rushed thru a makeshift but intensive sniper school. This obviously worried me but was told it was part and parcel of the units remit. I faired pretty good and by the end could take out a target at 2000 metres. Totally irrelevant I know and I make no excuses, it was just some of the stuff I went thru.

What does bug me is the 'flashbacks' of images from those times. A number of regression sessions failed to remove the blocks. One was of being in a bus travelling along a desert type road, the bus is half full of civilians, from the description I gave of the bus, the people and the recalled landscape, it was somewhere in the middle east. Only a large chemical plant sort of facility really sticks in my mind.

Oh well.....

« Reply #213 on: Mar 22nd, 2005, 4:36pm »

1977 consisted of many meetings with the enemy, some good, some bad, some downright dangerous. I was shown files, photo's and film, some gun camera stuff, lots and lots of restricted data. Yes, they had a purpose in this, I was to be their eyes and ears in ufology. Lists of names of those being monitored by the agencies, reports that were filtered away from the public ufo desk at the MOD, tons of stuff. Visits to numerous facilities, here in the UK, some in Germany, Canada, and the USA. I was put thru projects and given info on all kinds of weird stuff.

They were dead keen on info the hotline picked up, stuff directed to us from police sources, etc. May '77 saw the police observed landing of a ufo at Hainault, Essex, August '77 saw the beginnings of a very intensive 12 month investigation of the now well known Aveley abduction case (found in many books), covered by Andy Collins and myself. Plus the extremely controversial Somerset abduction case, which involved MIBs and physical rape of the main witness Mrs V by the ufo occupants.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

« Reply #214 on: Mar 22nd, 2005, 4:58pm »

ENHANCE PSYCHIC ABILITY

One of the things they do at the base is to reprogram the mind so that it becomes hard for telepathic people to read. It is a security procedure. People such Lisa Williams who are able to read minds could normally pick up and sense things from people. She cannot pick up anything from me because my thought processes are different - they have been scrambled. It works the other way too - they can enhance psychic ability.

« Reply #219 on: Mar 23rd, 2005, 08:06am »

1977 started out smoothly and quietly, in February all the prospective investigators were invited to attend a 2 day meeting in Nottingham to discuss the formulation of the new 'super' organisation, eventually named UFOIN. From Essex both myself and Andy Collins joined the team, I set up the Hotline and we both set out contacting the media, the police, colleges & universities, coastguards, airports, official agencies and military bases of our existence and what we were about. This resulted in very many high grade contacts and reports were passed to us immediately, even at 3 or 4 in the morning!! We were called upon to investigate case after case, flap conditions erupted over most of the UK keeping us busy travelling all over Southern Britain. To the dismay of other UFOIN members it seemed at the time that over 90% of cases submitted for files and/or FSR publication came from us. The May '77 Hainault landing case observed by police officers kept us on our toes and before getting time to breath the Aveley case dropped into our laps in August of that year, starting a one year intense investigation of the Day family abduction. Putting in a full 18 hour (or more) day was usual for us at that time. It was almost impossible to get home and quietly relax after rushing around all day researching one case after another, constant phone calls day and night, the BBC wanting interviews or materials for one of their TV programmes, all manner of newspapers, magazines and radio stations from all over the world wanting interviews, it was fun but very hectic. I must have lost a bit of weight during those times chasing around, hardly having time to stop and eat properly, disturbed sleep patterns, the times I had to get in the car and drive off to some investigation site in the middle of the night.....as in one case where a security guard called and asked me to go to his place of work as he was watching a huge disc shaped object hovering above the nearby buildings. Unfortunately by the time I arrived, at break-neck speed, the object had gone!! One downer I particularly remember was whilst we were at the UFOIN meet. When me and Andy returned that Sunday evening I was given the bad news from my parents that my car had been broken into and the new stereo system had been stolen, I was gutted, not only was the stereo almost brand new but a whole bunch of tapes were pinched along with it, not music tapes but invaluable witness testimony tapes from our investigations. 1977 saw me visiting MoD installations along with a few DoD American ones as I was called in from time to time for 'debriefings'. As time went on these 'meets' became more hairier and scarier, they dragged into 1978 with ferocity. Luckily in a way from these official meetings I formed some unofficial contacts which proved very useful over the coming months and years.

1978 came in and found extreme weirdness with the Aveley investigations, we were using hypnosis and the regression sessions were really strange at times. I reluctantly agreed to be regressed back to the '74 Barn Hill encounter as Andy was sure that there was more to it, at that time only the basics were recalled, a detailed aborted abduction only emerged after hypnosis triggered the memory and blocks were lifted.

The Strange Case of Mrs. X

A Terrifying Ordeal in Somerset, abduction and assault by UFO-nauts.

BY BARRY KING

This investigation, headed by Barry M. King, is one of considerable controversy.

The subject of this investigation was experienced by only one subject, no other witnesses being present. It is more just to say that the objective validity of the experience is not, then, established by its own evidence, and that it is more just to say that the subject of this investigation is a remarkable experience. However, due to the fact that the subject of this investigation is a remarkable experience, we have further testimony relating to the strange happenings, circumstances, and events which Mrs. X is the central figure. We therefore feel that the Somerset Case is of considerable importance, and should not go unreported.

The following report is a version of the actual details of which, for obvious reasons, being omitted here. We have known that the nature of such an experience will not offend the readers of this publication.

BACKGROUND DATA

The subject of this investigation is a woman, Mrs. X, who is a resident of Somerset, England. She is a woman of about 40 years of age, and is a resident of Somerset, England. She is a woman of about 40 years of age, and is a resident of Somerset, England.

HOW THE REPORT CAME OUR WAY

On Tuesday, 10th October, 1977, I received a telephone call from a woman, who said she had something to do with UFO's, a very common thing in my home. My mother answered the phone as I was working on the car. The woman said she had a foreign accent, and I could not place it. She said she was a resident of Somerset, England, and I could not place it. She said she was a resident of Somerset, England, and I could not place it. She said she was a resident of Somerset, England, and I could not place it.

and she would ring back in one week for the info. I had asked her to ring back in one week for the info. I had asked her to ring back in one week for the info. I had asked her to ring back in one week for the info. I had asked her to ring back in one week for the info.

Obviously during this first call I tried to obtain her name, address and phone number but she would give only her name and address. She said she was a resident of Somerset, England, and I could not place it. She said she was a resident of Somerset, England, and I could not place it.

SECOND PHONE CALL

19-10-77

True to her word Mrs. X phoned again at the same time. I was busy and my father answered, but when I could come to the phone Mrs. X phoned back. She said she was a resident of Somerset, England, and I could not place it. She said she was a resident of Somerset, England, and I could not place it.

low voice. It seems she became scared when my father answered and then asked for her phone number because she stated she would ring back in half an hour and put the number down, as if she wanted to speak to someone but wasn't.

Over a period of several weeks she phoned me and gave me details of what she had experienced. I asked her to ring back in one week for the info. I had asked her to ring back in one week for the info. I had asked her to ring back in one week for the info. I had asked her to ring back in one week for the info.

Both Mr. and Mrs. X seemed attracted that anyone would wish to write about such things. It seems probable that they had just the same to get it out of their system, and possibly did not dream of having the sighting fully recorded by anyone. A

Page Two

certain amount of verbal and written notes to me. I had arranged for me to officially record the whole episode but even then there was to be no publication, as I had to satisfy myself in another form of verbal and written notes to me. I had arranged for me to officially record the whole episode but even then there was to be no publication, as I had to satisfy myself in another form of verbal and written notes to me.

BACKGROUND DATA

The X family came to England in 1965, they originated from Torino, Italy. Both Mr. and Mrs. X were born there. Mrs. X is now 40 years of age, and is a resident of Somerset, England. She is a woman of about 40 years of age, and is a resident of Somerset, England.

EVENTS PRIOR TO THE ENCOUNTER

On the evening of Tuesday, 10th October, 1977, Mrs. X was out in the kitchen cooking tea for her family. It was shortly after 6 p.m., when a loud knock at the front door made her jump. Getting things on the move she went to answer the door, and found her French daughter on the doorstep. She was a resident of Somerset, England, and I could not place it. She was a resident of Somerset, England, and I could not place it.

me 20 minutes and I'll drive over, ok". The woman left and Mrs. X hurried to get the tea prepared while getting herself ready for the journey. Even as the woman was driving away someone walked up the path to see Mrs. X and delayed her for several minutes. She had just finished the tea and was about to place the dishes in the kitchen, so he waited until, when another knock came, on the door. This happened several times, people knocking and delaying her for what seemed several minutes, but being very friendly and kind Mrs. X never turned anyone away. It seems almost as if she was deliberately avoiding someone. In departing to Wellington, where everyone had gone, Mrs. X happened outside to the car before anyone else came. She got in, started the engine and drove away. She had already told her husband of her previous visit to see her friend. It was about 10 p.m. when she pulled away from the kerb, living on the A303 side of Tisbury, she decided to avoid the town centre and go straight to Milverton, then turn down the main road (B1167) to Wellington. It was along this main road that the terrifying ordeal was to take place.

THE FEARFUL ORDEAL

After turning off the A303 at Milverton Mrs. X drove along the road winding B1167 road to Wellington. There was little traffic about that night as the weather was very cold. The road was completely deserted when she passed the Longford-Bodley junction, the only thing on her mind was her friends' health. She knew it was getting late, the time must have been around 11.30 p.m., if not a little later, she was determined to see her friend so matter what the hour. In the pitch darkness of the night Mrs. X thought she glimpsed a very bright light over in the fields to her right and ahead.

She did not pay too much attention to it first although she was sure there were no buildings at that location. Suddenly her car began to malfunction, both the engine and the lights began to play up. As the car coasted to a halt Mrs. X again glanced over to the light, for some reason, she stated, she immediately connected the car malfunction with the light but doesn't know why she should have done so. She switched off the ignition, the engine was already dead, and tried to restart several times without succeeding. Sitting alone in the darkness was beginning to frighten her so she got out of the car, if that up the road, and looked at the light. The light was something small, Mrs. X is not at all technically minded, but she thought that maybe a wire had come loose or something equally easy to rectify. With her head under the bonnet in the darkness she became aware of a humming sound, not unlike a generator, not very loud but it seemed

to come from everywhere and everything the whole area was flooded by it. Mrs. X glanced over towards the light again and became even more puzzled. She put the car behind her back down facing the light and opened the door and was about to open the driver's door when a very heavy hand came down on her left shoulder, pushing her body down by a few inches. She turned around slowly and panic stricken to face what has been described as, a tall, dark coloured, metallic "Robot". This "robot" reflected the light from the bright white source behind it in the field. She just had time to notice a strange circular flashing light before passing out.

The next thing Mrs. X remembers is standing in the field and to the right is a large object. The light in the field was full moon shaped, about 10-12 p.m. when she pulled away from the kerb, living on the A303 side of Tisbury, she decided to avoid the town centre and go straight to Milverton, then turn down the main road (B1167) to Wellington. It was along this main road that the terrifying ordeal was to take place.

She next finds herself, presumably inside the object, strapped to a table in the middle of a circular room. She noted that her clothes had been removed and she was covered only by a large, light blue coloured, blanket. Her wrists were held against the table by large "rubber bands", as Mrs. X described them, with the same type of bands around her ankles. The blanket was cold and the interior of the object was icy cold, she lay there shivering. She saw the "robot" was standing over to one side of the room. On the walls were a number of mounted pieces of equipment, over to

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\* The Somerset case involved the abduction by UFO entities, of a husband, wife and three children. A lady is a mother in law.

\* The car was a 1966, which contained 1966 Fiat 1300 1700 cc engine. Mrs. X had the car since 1973 which was sold during 1977.

\* The object was other than a vehicle but unlike a vehicle. The object did not sit on the ground, it was a hovering, it was supported by a beam of light. It was not a vehicle, it was a generator, not very loud but it seemed

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Strange Phenomena



her right was a console, with many buttons, dials and levers on it. Everything seemed to be the same color, grey.

Although the console had various colored buttons and levers on it, red, green, blue and yellow. The places of equipment on the walls were variously shaped, some with coils of wire, others had odd bits of metal attached. Above her head were two tubes which looked like transparent plastic tubes one foot apart and they were pointed down towards her head. The tubes were fixed to the ceiling. Everything was uniform all around the room and came from walls and ceiling. The floor was covered in a black colored rubber matting about, in squares of about 3 ft. square, covered in purple just like the car rubber mats you can purchase almost anywhere. Other than the facts mentioned the room was totally bare. Mrs. X could not see directly behind her but facts indicate that a door of some sort was situated there. While she was lying there 3 men came into view, two stood at the left side of the table and the third went to the far end of it and picked up some 'boxes'. The table had a tubular rail attached to the right hand side and the third man, 'the examiner', placed 3 of these boxes or cubes on the rail, one near her feet, one in the middle, and one near her head. As soon as these were placed on the rail, one by one, they began to glow. These cubes were like shiny plastic and were about 6" square. They were of different colors, one was red, one was green, the one by her head was thought to have been white but Mrs. X is unsure of this now. The other windows Mrs. X saw from the outside were not visible from the interior, but she stated that this room seemed fairly big, and must have taken up most of the interior of the object. The two men as he left stood still and observed all of the time, while the third man did the actual 'medical' examination, which in itself was pretty exhaustive. All the time Mrs. X tried to cry out but could not, she also tried to scream but her throat was too sore, at times she wanted to scream but again her voice throat stopped her from doing so.



Model to show Mrs. X's location on first sighting the strange light.



Model of object described by Mrs. X.

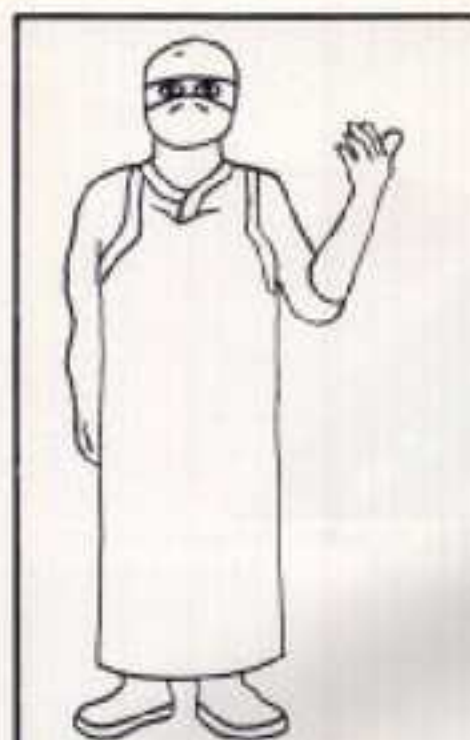
#### THE THREE OCCUPANTS

All 3 occupants were exactly alike. When the examiner was busy with the 'medical' the other two stood at the side of the table, to Mrs. X's left, they did little but to observe the entire examination. Mrs. X described them as doctors or surgeons seen in hospitals. They were looking on far as she could see. All three were about the same height, 5' 6" or 5' 8", they were very skinned and thin of build. Each wore the same garments, which consisted of a skull cap, ending just above the eyes, this was tied at the back of the head. Facial masks covered from

the top of the nose down to the chin, so only the eyes and facial parts around them were visible. No hair was visible but Mrs. X could make out the hair hanging under the caps. The eyes were shaped slightly more rounded than normal and were totally expressionless. Each wore a pair of gloves with a strange grey colored metallic edging to it, long gloves that went as far as the elbows and an apron of some sort covered most of the body. This was

very long and went down as far as the ankles, and they each wore thick solid boots. Every piece of clothing was the same color, light blue. No sounds were made by any of the three occupants but they looked at each other frequently and kind of nodded with their heads occasionally. One odd thing that struck Mrs. X was that none of them appeared to be breathing, she did not hear them in the silence of the room or notice any respiratory action.

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#### DATA

IDENTIFICATION:  
"The Robot".

DESCRIPTION:

Dark blue metal.  
1. Flashing light.  
2. Glass window.  
3. Vents or grills.  
4. "Chain rail" on palms.

The above illustrations are artist impressions of the entities as described by Mrs. X.

One may feel, in doing the above, that they are somewhat "science fiction" like in appearance and this in itself tended to make an object "the nature" of the very experience. However, entities of similar description were reported the other side of the Atlantic, in Falmouth, Alabama, Southern USA, just 42 hours after Mrs. X's claimed encounter (17/10/55). The witness in this case was a Police Constable, Jeff Greenham.

We shall be examining this case in part 2.

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#### DATA

IDENTIFICATION:

"The Examiner".

DESCRIPTION:

Dressed entirely in blue, "surgeons" clothing, skull cap, mask, chain, gloves, front apron, boots.



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Strange Phenomena





« Reply #227 on: Mar 23rd, 2005, 4:32pm »



Yours Truly 2 months after massive heart attack in summer 1980, just six months after being removed from Peasemore the first time.....Was taken back into facility in November 1980



« Reply #234 on: Mar 23rd, 2005, 7:22pm »

The house you live in, in the quiet Cotswold village seems on the outside a nice, warm and friendly place, but on the inside the house hides its darker side. Mostly when you are alone in the house it starts its sinister games. The games vary from plain spooky to downright horrifying, you have endured these mindgames for many weeks. You might be in the kitchen, perhaps making a cup of tea when you hear the sounds of heavy furniture being dragged across the room, you KNOW you are alone in the house but you dash upstairs anyway. You fling open the bedroom door and all is silent and everything in its place.....then you hear the whispers and giggling from another room, as if taunting you. You boldly march to that room and find it silent. You return downstairs to the kitchen to find your cup has been placed upside down in the middle of the floor and a cereal bowl placed on top of that, in the cereal bowl, neatly arranged around the sides are over a dozen teaspoons. You take your tea and wander out into the backgarden which looks out onto open fields, you light a cigarette and casually scan the fields in the warm sunshine. Your attention is quickly drawn to a bright flash of light on the horizon, something similar to sunlight striking metal, then another, then another & another till the sky is full of flashing brightness towards the far horizon. You have had enough for one day so you turn and head back to the house, in time to catch a glimpse of 'someone' at the bedroom window, as the net curtain settles you are now angry and want to confront whoever or whatever is playing silly beggars with you. You run up the stairs hearing the whispers and giggling from all 3 bedrooms, you shout and swear at them, you turn to go back downstairs when you feel two hands on your back, they push you with some force and actually send you tumbling down a few stairs before you manage to catch yourself on the bannister. Shaking, sweating, heart thumping you get your jacket and leave the house, enough for one day you tell yourself, enough for one day.

You have been on night shift, Security, and you have just woken up in the early afternoon sunshine. All seems quiet in the house so you get up and get dressed and go downstairs for something to eat and drink. Your wife has left a message on the kitchen table saying she has gone shopping with her mother, back later. You put the kettle on and begin making a salad sandwich. You venture into the front room in order to fetch your cigarettes when you stop dead in your tracks. Hovering between you and the TV is a large swirling mass, its as big as you are and roughly human shaped. A distinct buzzing sound is coming from the mass. You cannot remember if you went towards it or it came towards you but all you know now is that you are sat on the front room floor and your wife and mother-in-law are both talking to you looking at you worried. Its hours later and God only knows what happened , memory once again had failed to account for over two hours of lost time.

It is evening, you are sat on the sofa catching up on a spot of reading, the TV is playing away to itself in the background. The sound, on low, mutes, the picture goes off, you look up at the TV thinking some kind of break in the programme, but a face appears on the blackened screen then immediately vanishes. It reappears and your name is shouted at you from the TV, you sit there thinking what the bloody hell is this when your name is called from upstairs. Thinking the wife had called you you ascend the stairs to see what she wants. You meet her on her way downstairs, you both ask "What?",

You both stand there confused.....your names are called out again, one from upstairs, one from downstairs, you look at each other then hurriedly make for the front door and the safety of outside. A calming drink in the village pub settles your nerves.....for a while!! You wake up startled in the middle of the night, you are bleary eyed but totally conscious, you look around the bedroom sensing something. You lay there awake and a little apprehensive, your partner is sound asleep next to you, the clock reads a little after 3am, you reach for your cigarettes when a low growling sound stops you in your tracks.



The growling, a weird animal growl, is getting louder and seems to be approaching your side of the bed. You sense a movement coming towards you. Within a foot or so of your face as you lay there the growl turns nasty and really loud. You are scared witless yet cannot move, you feel small foot/paw pressures on the edge of the bed as if whatever it is is reaching up at you, it growls even louder then all goes quiet, the house that hates you has played with you enough for this night, it will undoubtedly return tomorrow!!

Its a lovely warm summers evening and you and your wife are spending some time in the back garden looking at the lovely countryside behind your home, the birds are singing its calm and relaxed. Your wife points to a small object glistening in the sky, you look and see that whatever it is its getting bigger and bigger until a clearly defined shape is visible, its a chrome and shiny disc. You both stand there mesmerised at the disc as it sits there in the sky over the fields. The disc seems to descend and abruptly vanishes. You both calmly turn and walk indoors, no more is said about the sighting by either of you, all is forgotten till you both have independent strange dreams about it months later. Its a fine sunny and warm afternoon, you are driving from your village to the next in order to drop off some groceries to your wife's family.

Along the small winding country lanes you meet no other traffic. You have just passed under the electricity pylons near the farm when your car engine dies on you, you curse the car as it cruises to a silent stop and get out to check under the bonnet. You notice its unearthly quiet, no birds singing, no traffic sounds, nothing, totally eerily silent. You go to touch the car in order to open the bonnet and you are given a nasty electrical static shock, you jump back startled wondering what the hell is going on. You look around trying to fathom it all out when a large black car suddenly appears from nowhere and pulls up behind you, you do not recognise the make of car but know its an American model. It sits there in the road, engine barely audible, the drivers door opens and a tall guy wearing a white shirt and black tie approaches you and smiles. He is wearing mirrored sunglasses, his hair is an extremely short military style and he is carrying something which can only be described as a large attache case. He comes around to where you are standing in front of your car, still smiling, he places the case on the bonnet of your car and opens it, inside is a wealth of switches, dials, buttons and the like.

He reaches down and flicks a couple of switches and your car engine immediately springs back into life, he turns a dial and your engine revs. He laughs and says "Well it works just fine, works just fine" in an American accent, you stand there gobsmacked not noticing that he has returned to his car. As you get into your car he drives by and is quickly lost from view around the next small bend in the road. You are about to put the car in gear when you notice a piece of paper placed on the centre console, it was not there before, it reads....."Yes Mr King, we ARE in total control.....wouldn't you agree?".



« Reply #237 on: Mar 23rd, 2005, 7:52pm »



A photographic reconstruction (primitive I know) of the August 10th 1974 backgarden encounter, viewed from my then bedroom window.....

« Reply #239 on: Mar 23rd, 2005, 8:12pm »

Next comes a quick rundown of 1978 then onto 1979, The house in the Cotswolds, the visitors, the signing of the OSA and Secrecy Oath, then Peasemore.

It will be a bumpy ride so buckle up.....

Regards, Barry

« Reply #242 on: Mar 24th, 2005, 6:51pm »

A quick lookie of my friends cd backup of my website seems promising, forgot I'd had so much stuff on there. Certain things I wasn't gonna mention as I thought too much stuff would bore everyone, will be mentioned here and there. You might have to go back and re-read some posts for this additional data to make sense. One such item is that in December of 1970 I had a very serious road crash just 500yds from home, steering went and I ploughed thru a concrete fence just missing a large tree. Hospitalised for two weeks.

Barry

« Reply #244 on: Mar 24th, 2005, 7:04pm »

1978, lets see.....routine type of year, run off our feet with investigations, travelling all over the place. Much of our work ending up in FSR mag and the BUFORA Journals. Meetings, good and bad with 'the enemy'. Latent psychic abilities boosted (and boosted yet further next year at Peasemore) to ridiculous levels. Used as friendly guinea-pig by Andy Collins & Graham Phillips in various ghost/poltergeist situations and investigations.....yeah, we covered them too in those days as Graham felt sure there was a link in ufo/poltergeist manifestations.ET very much a presence for me. A crazy year in many respects. We even had a stand at the annual Dagenham Town Show in the summer, a show which usually attracts over 50,000 people, we had a fully decked out MRU in the carnival too. So many military types sauntered over to us besides joe public. We generated a hell of a lot of media attention, TV/Radio, we had tons of display materials given to us from Columbia Pictures and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind". Me and Andy attended the press showing of that film in March of '78.

A real crazy hectic year.



« Reply #245 on: Mar 24th, 2005, 7:26pm »

1978 TRIVIA.....WARNING.....if you have a low boredom threshold skip this section.

It used to scare and annoy the others, particularly Andy, that during 1978 onwards my eyesight in the dark was exceptional, no matter how low the lighting I could see perfectly well, the downside being that strong lights including sunlight played havoc and made me wear shades for much of the time. Without shades in strong sunlight gave me migraine.

John & Sue Day's home in Aveley (re Aveley Abduction) was virtually our second home, we were there covering events constantly (they had some weird poltergeist type activity).

Visits to places of interest also took up many weekends thru '78, myself, Andy, Graham and the Days, Stonehenge, Rollright Stones, Avebury, Warminster, etc, etc, etc.

So many visits to the BBC that year, having to take materials for various TV docs, meeting many celebs was to upside.

Given 'The Tour' of certain Govt underground bunkers under London.

Ufo's of one sort or another were never very far away thru '78. We would be out on cases when things would be seen.

Barry

« Reply #258 on: Mar 26th, 2005, 3:46pm »

By the beginning of 1979 myself and Andy Collins had become disillusioned by UFOIN and FSR. They were publishing very little of the material we were submitting, politics may have played a part in this we do not know, but the standard of the material was high.

Therefore together with Graham Phillips the 3 of us sat down and decided on a plan, to start our own unique investigation/research team with the hopes of a glossy mag further down the line.

We settled on the name PARASEARCH, we had an office of sorts in Wolverhampton, Graham lived there and Andy and myself would travel to and from the office as and when we could, from our respective locations. I moved out from the house in Dagenham and moved to the Cotswolds, where I married for the first time. Such a contrast living in a very quiet village compared to the hustle and bustle of Metropolitan Essex. In May Andy called to my home with copies of our first magazine, issue 1 of "Strange Phenomena", this carried the very controversial "Somerset Abduction Case". It would be months before issue 2 saw the light of day and issue 3 never made it, our financial backer, well, backed out!!.

While Andy and Graham continued with research in Wolverhampton I had other more pressing things on my mind. Throughout the spring and summer of 1979 I received hundreds of visitors to my home. Many were Ufologists and groups whom upon learning of my move to the Cotswolds swarmed to see me as I was on their doorstep so to speak, many hailed from Warminster. Other visitors included teams from the BBC TV, radio, newspaper journalists, magazine journos, etc, etc.

Then came the Official type visits, more than once a jeep or Military landrover would pull up outside my home and the occupants came knocking on my door, day or night.

You could imagine the gossip that must have gone round that village during the time.

July saw several prestige cars pull up outside and around six or seven suits and uniforms calmly walk up the path to my front door. A 'debriefing' and the coerced signing of the Official Secrets Act and American Security Oath followed by an insisted, impossible to refuse, 'offer' of a unique employment opportunity.....I was to start work at Peasemore 3 weeks later, I was to join the 3 other British Security personnel there along with Canadian and American counterparts.



I was physically weak and felt very nauseas when they left, what made things worse was that not even my family could know of my new 'job'.....even though it was the threats on their lives that made me 'agree' to joining Peasemore, threats that would be carried out a bit later when I stood up and said shove it!!

« Reply #259 on: Mar 26th, 2005, 7:43pm »

I have now reached the history timeline where I begin working at the Peasemore facility, I am now scared. My mind is in chaos, inner turmoil, torment, re-opening the door to the demons of the past. I am kind of wondering what the hell am I doing? Why am I doing this?, what is it all for? What will be the benefit of going thru all this again?

The other part of me says it will give the public information that the authorities would rather you did not have access to, it will somehow make me feel a little better by getting it all off my chest. It sort of worked during the days of The Voice Files, the filming, the public lectures, I felt I was 'doing the right thing' by informing people of the horrors hidden from public view.

I am also scared of frightening people, I have managed to unwittingly done that in the past. I wish not to open old wounds for those involved with abductions directly, the abductees, in particular the Milab abductees. For all the world I hate having to make them relive painful times. Some may say I should keep these demons to myself, to keep them locked in my mind, in my system, in my nightmares. Many will ask why the hell am I speaking about such things in the first place, for that I have no easy answer.

I am searching for peace, calm and tranquility away from the horrors of my past, at the same time I guess I'm still searching for forgiveness too.....time again will tell if this will ever happen, or will I go to my grave with this?

Thankyou for taking the time to read the History  
Barry

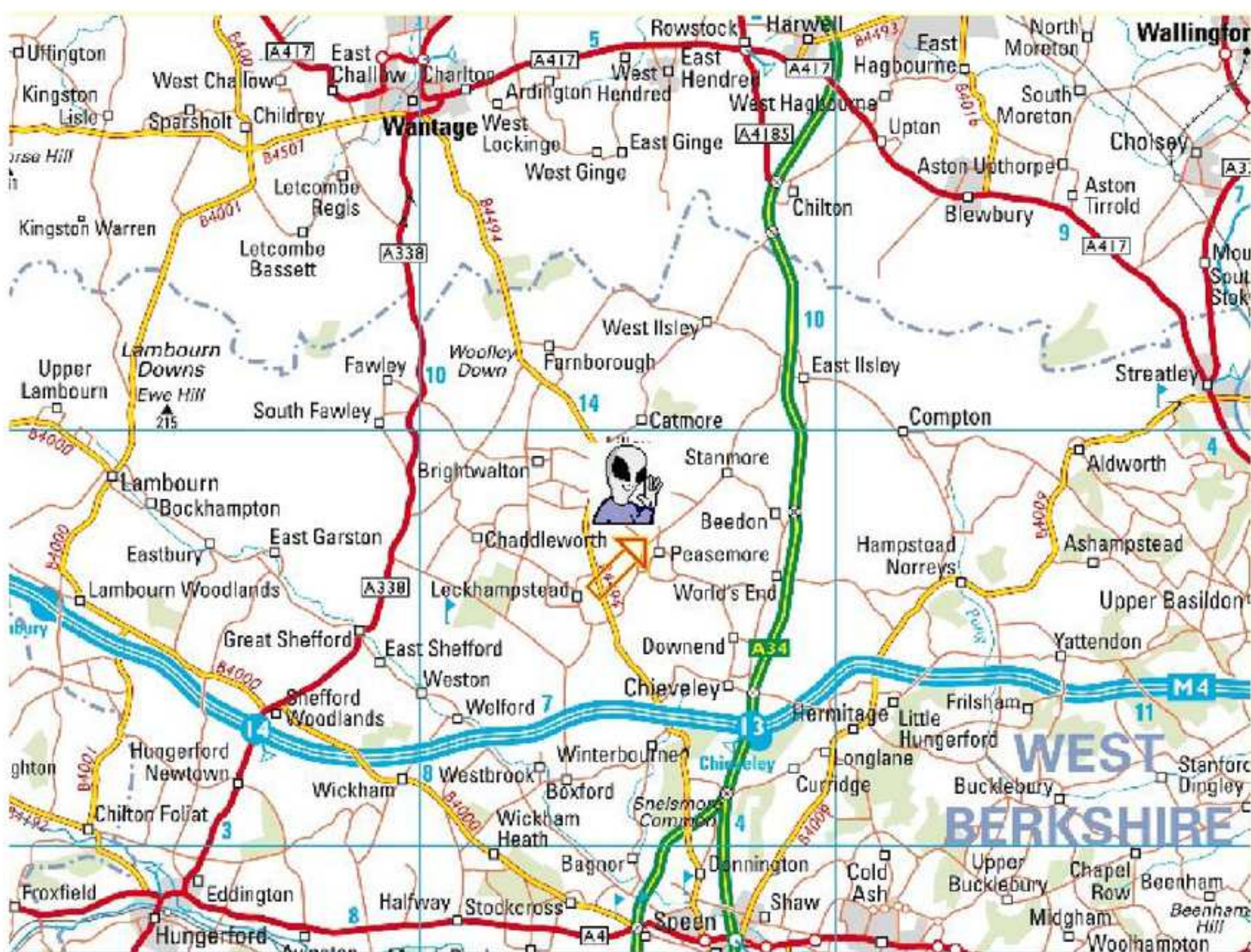
« Reply #262 on: Mar 27th, 2005, 4:06pm »

I'll be back soon once I've reinstalled Windows on my PC, full of spyware, virus and the hard-drive knackered!!!  
JUST LIKE ME!!!!



82





THE PEASEMORE FACILITY

« Reply #271 on: Mar 28th, 2005, 2:40pm »

With extreme anxiety I counted down the days to starting at Peasemore. All I was told about the place was that it was an R&D facility run by the American Military, with numerous ongoing projects. They grinned as they said I'd enjoy working there and that some of the work I'd find particularly of interest. I was briefed on security protocol and procedures, the rest I was told would be easy as long as I followed orders. I was given a choice of 2 of the 4 Access points to arrive at, in my case it was either Alpha or Bravo, Harwell or Greenham Common. Special clearances would be set up before the start date, all I had to do was arrive at the access point and state my clearance, from there I would be brought into the facility and go thru everything at Central Security. My clearance remained the same one for my stay at Peasemore, this was Emerald 2.

It was a bright and sunny morning as I set off to reach the access point, I was to be there by 0730hrs. I was trembling and smoked profusely, there would be no more cigarettes till I was on my way home, they had ways of controlling that 'filthy habit' in the facility. I dithered a bit as to what would be the best entrance to go to on my first morning, I flipped a coin and Greenham (Bravo) won. A massive USAF base Greenham was awe inspiring, I had to be escorted from the front gate around towards another security post before another security patrol took me to the access point entrance, my imagination maybe but I felt very conscious being there, as if they all knew where I was going, and that they knew things about what I was gonna be involved in.



Seeing for the first time the access security area and the tunnel leading to the facility, the massive blast doors, it was all too much to take in, I badly wanted a cigarette but those were left in the car. I had to endure body checks, scans, all my pockets were emptied and contents placed into plastic bags. My weight was taken and notes taken of every piece of jewelry I wore, 1 watch, 3 rings, necklace with crucifix, 1 bracelet. I was escorted towards a jeep where two uniforms sat waiting, got in and away we drove along the tunnel. Thousands of thoughts ran thru my mind, I was scared and yet strangely excited at the same time.

***gusblake***

« Reply #273 on: Mar 28th, 2005, 4:48pm »

*Have you thought of contacting an English news paper. This is very explosive stuff if it could pass the BS factor at News Papers.*

« Reply #274 on: Mar 28th, 2005, 6:11pm »

Been there tried that! Ever heard of the British 'D' notice?.....the government effectively muzzles the media 'in the interests of national security and the crown'.

« Reply #277 on: Mar 29th, 2005, 2:33pm »

The first thing that hits you about Peasemore is the sheer size of the place, I know its nothing compared to other similar facilities but not until you are actually in one do you realise that this massive place is here, hidden hundreds of feet below the surface. Standard plans show the structure as being approx. 450ydsX650yds, with 6 main levels, 2 very large bores go down from the bottom level a long way. I am trying to locate a suitable drawing of the facility showing the levels, a clear sketch, I may have to scan these in. I have been misquoted a number of times in the past, part n parcel of this game I suppose, but these misquotes need correcting whenever I come across them One such misquote was about the number of levels whilst I was there, one source stated ten I think, there are 6 levels, not 3, not 10, not 20!!

When I reached the inner security station I was again searched, scanned and they radioed ahead before allowing me to continue to the actual base. From there its into the facility proper and straight into Central Security, this takes up a heck of a lot of the top level, many armed officers, banks and banks of computers and monitors, desks, etc, etc. I was taken to an office and was told to sit and wait for someone. Minutes later two Security officers and a uniformed USAF officer came in, I was briefed for the next hour or so. From there I was taken to another room where a pile of clothing sat on a table, my uniforms, etc. I had to go thru all items and have them checked off a list before being allowed to go to the showers prior to putting on the Security Officer uniform. From there(showers) I had to go to another office to pick up my sidearm and badges, signed for those too, then onto the medical room where I was to get (to my horror) a few shots, one of these included an inhibitor for nasty smoking habit!!

From there, with an arm in so much pain I was off to the classroom for the rest of the morning. Here base protocol/security/emergency procedures, etc, etc, etc were instilled in me.

Then came 'lunchtime' but I declined as feeling very nauseas from the shots. The rest of the day was spent being shown around Central Security, it would be one week before they would let me loose around the base, and a further week before I could do so on my own, until then I was to go around with another officer, I was very lucky it was another Brit, there were only 4 of us, the rest of the Security staff were a mix of American and Canadian.

Even though it was drilled into me what exactly I should do once the alarm went off I was so taken by surprise when a test drill belted out that I froze, brain-numbed by the two-tone siren, the whole place had gone red color.



I just stood there and had to be pulled off to one side and told by the other guy that we were to make our way to the nearest emergency reporting station, these are scattered around the facility. In the event of an emergency the alarm sounds and wherever you are you must immediately make your way to one of the stations and report in to Central Security.

***Squeeky***

« Reply #278 on: Mar 29th, 2005, 5:14pm »

*Considering the year, I sure would like to know what in the heck this was - "then onto the medical room where I was to get (to my horror) a few shots, one of these included an inhibitor for nasty smoking habit!! Why didn't you ask them what kind of chemicals they were putting into you and ask to see the bottle they came from? The first inhibitor I can remember ever being manufactured was Zyban, which is simply Wellbutrin today. Even Zyban wasn't available back then.*

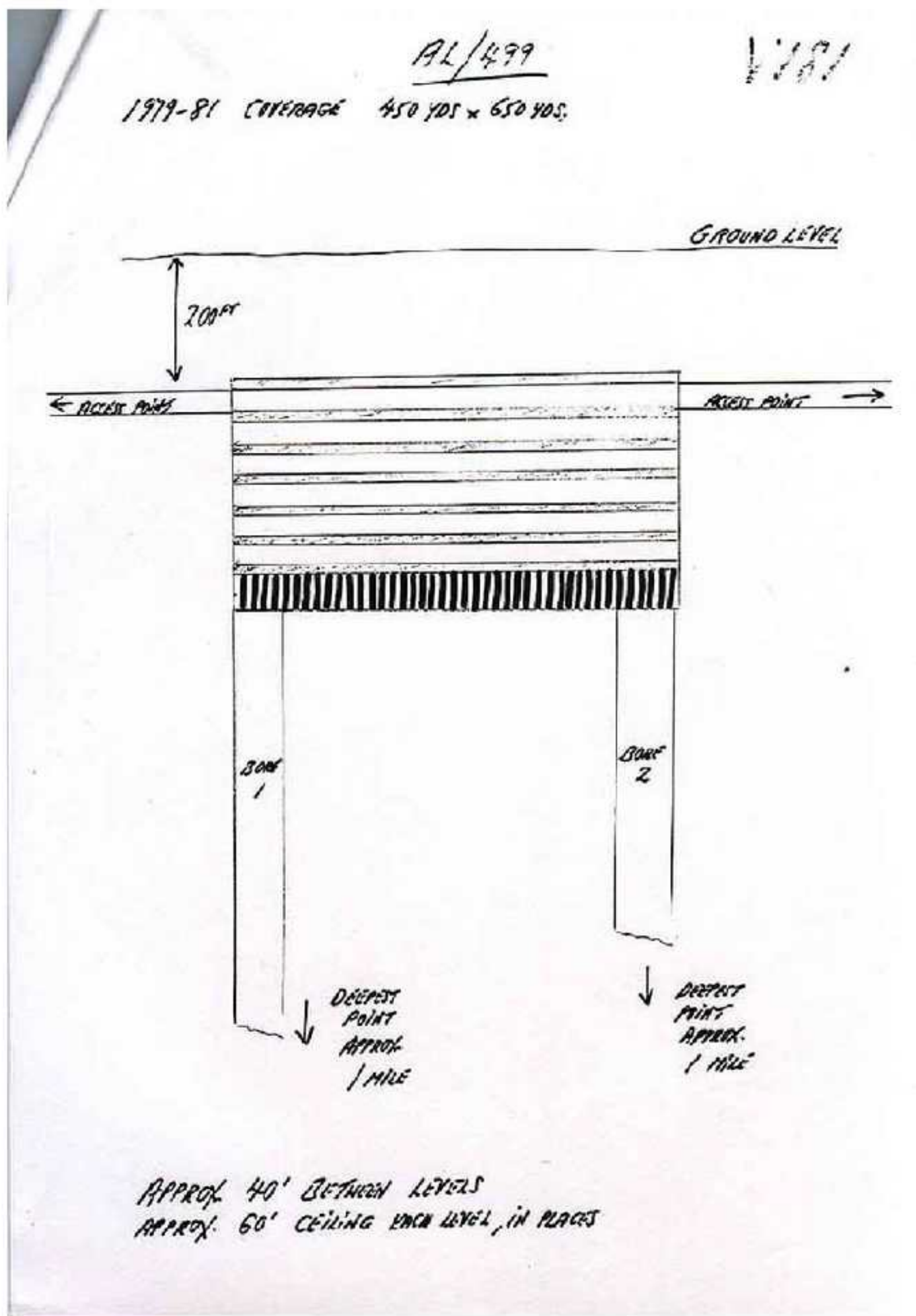
« Reply #279 on: Mar 29th, 2005, 5:40pm »

No way, you just did not ask them anything no way. could not tell you what the stuff was, all I know is that the shots INCLUDED an inhibitor. One thing you must realise is that Military drugs are used 20-25 years BEFORE commercial use. Such goes with the two main ones they used.....Dythenol and Dythenol C

« Reply #280 on: Mar 29th, 2005, 7:20pm »

Dythenol and Dythenol C are Military drugs, you will not find them in any commercial search, even by company. Commercial versions MAY be available, in one form or another but I fear they would have restricted applications within the Military/Intelligence establishment.

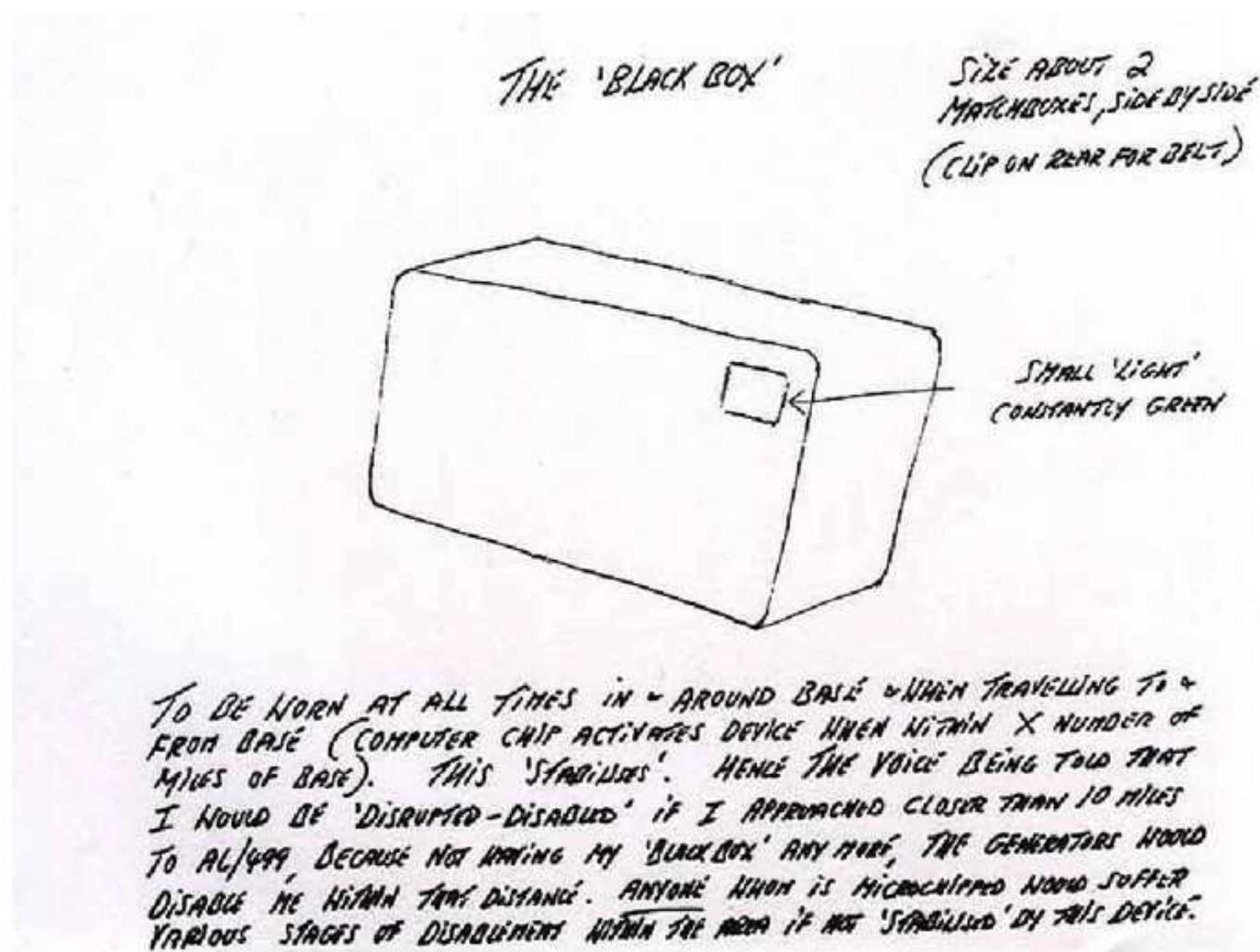




« Reply #282 on: Mar 30th, 2005, 09:03am »

Somewhere in my papers is a much more detailed sketch, giving details of what each level is. I'd rather try and locate that and paste it here saves a lot of typing which I'm very slow at. Also, will detail the elevators, voice control, my 'procedure' re implant fitted, the 'blackbox', etc, etc, etc.





« Reply #284 on: Mar 30th, 2005, 09:43am »

Further data will include the large ELF transmitter/antenna at South Fawley.....re 'blackbox' stabilisation. The areas of facility I was kept away from, what areas are of a sterile environ, etc,

« Reply #294 on: Apr 2nd, 2005, 08:00am »

on Apr 1st, 2005, 9:37pm, **Isaw1in84** wrote:

*Hey Voice, is the Peasemore place still in use? All the folks that work there, live in the surrounding towns? You may be able to get new info for the record from these people over a pint. Us Americans have no idea what the military is doing other than peeking through fences miles away. The workers live on the bases. That solves that problem.*

Yes the facility is still there, I cannot get within around ten miles of the place without the 'little blackbox' stabilising device. The chip in me will render me unconscious or worse!! I do have contacts from other bases but not Peasemore, over the years various people have approached me saying they used to work at one facility or another. Still, worth looking into via other contacts I suppose.

« Reply #295 on: Apr 2nd, 2005, 7:18pm »

All Security Officers at Peasemore are microchipped for security compliance, this is SOP and is commonplace in very secure sites. The chip is designed to be receptive to the large ELF transmitter at South Fawley a few miles West of the facility. To avoid being rendered unconscious by the ELF transmissions at South Fawley site a small device known as the 'little black box' is worn by all those chipped. It was instilled in us all how imperative it was to wear the device and periodically have it checked for effectiveness. A demonstration once showed us how rapid someone succumbs to the transmissions when one officer had his device switched off in front of us.



He began to stagger around and then fell to the floor unconscious, revived by medics, he felt no major aftereffects other than intense headaches. This was the ONLY device ever let out of the facility, we were to wear these at all times when around the facility and could only remove them if over a set distance from Peasemore.

Security Officers are weighed going into and leaving the facility. Weighed at outer security (Access point) when in your own clothes and then weighed again at Central Security once you are in uniform. At the end of your shift you are again weighed in your uniform and again at Access Point security when you change back into your own clothes. Any discrepancy in weight is immediately checked and results in full searches/scans, etc.

Elevators in Peasemore.....there are no level buttons to push, you get in and state which level you require, these are color coded and not by number. A full voice print of everyone at the facility is stored in Central Security computer databases. As long as your voice is recognised the elevator will take you to whatever level you requested, if your voice is not recognised the system locks and takes you to Central Security where armed officers are waiting .

The levels are each color coded, hopefully the detailed sketch I have somewhere in my files can be located which will show this

« Reply #303 on: Apr 3rd, 2005, 7:39pm »

I'll throw these tidbits in for now.....the Chip put in me at Peasemore also had a mind control function, this included via the ELF transmitter, a control phasing, they could phone me wherever I was at the time, by using a special code which combined words and sounds, pulsed, varying frequencies, it began with Lima November 1172 then pulsed frequency sounds. They could control you that way, sleepers have been reactivated that way, AND NOT CONFINED TO FICTIONAL BOOKS AND FILMS!!!

Whitemore was in charge of the facility up till mid 80's, Samms was in charge of Security, then there was Hodges and Perchowski. Enough for tonight, regards, Barry

« Reply #307 on: Apr 6th, 2005, 1:10pm »

To everyone's annoyance, I need to slip back to '78 for a moment (if only I really could!!!.....lol) as must state a few things. From January 1978.....Myself Andy & Graham(once he came on the scene a couple of months later).....were visiting John & Sue Day at their Aveley home almost on a daily basis. The main investigations into their '74 abduction had been taking place since last August. There were many twists and turns in this case which required us to visit frequently and on occasion stay overnight to record the strange manifestations that occurred in their home. They had typical poltergeist phenomena. We would be witness to much strange activity there during the course of the year. We would hear odd sounds, see odd things including figures. January also saw the first regressive hypnosis session carried out on me. During such regression sessions carried out on either John or Sue a very peculiar phenomena took place. When speaking to John another voice would come thru using his vocal chords and as we asked questions this voice would answer, often very detailed, very specific answers. It transpires that the voice communicating with us was as it claimed, THE WATCHERS, the Alien faction whom claimed responsibility for the Days abduction. Were we directly communicating with otherworldly beings? Of course that is debatable, never the less the info we were getting from 'The Watchers' was very interesting and explained a great deal of their philosophy, etc, etc. We obviously had to consider mischievous 'incarnate spirits' as a cause but when parapsychologist Graham Phillips joined our team he sat in on several sessions and could find no evidence of such. He found our little space chats interesting.



The well respected Ufologist Jenny Randles also was witness to these 'chats' with THE WATCHERS, she travelled down to Essex to sit in on a few sessions and was amazed at what she saw and heard.

Were the Days Abductees or Contactees, maybe a very thin line separates the two, the line disappears occasionally. We could sit for hours listening to either John or Sue talk about their experiences whilst on board the craft, the tour they were given, and when something they were not quite sure on cropped up, this was usually answered in detail when we 'spoke' to THE WATCHERS!!

The Aveley Abduction case was fully detailed in 1978 in both FSR and BUFORA journals.  
Back later, Barry

### **MajorX**

« Reply #309 on: Apr 6th, 2005, 5:05pm »

Quote: "besides, the greenies are much more aggressive than the others. ive seen their delictables, it aint pretty."

*Green hues means the xenoreplicants are hungry, and yes everyone gets aggressive and agitated without food you should see how cranky I get.*

*Voice, love the paper trail chart it gave me a chuckle. Of course the head has a question market.*

Quote:

"Military remote viewers, of course, undergo a strict and rigorous training period, there is no question about that. But much of what that training entails is now public knowledge and, in any case, the basic qualification for any remote viewer remains that of an innate psychic ability, as the late Edgar Cayce, for example, demonstrated, often with stunning accuracy. The training is to do with honing rather than developing this psychic ability."

*I grew up in the Edgar Casey foundation, that's where I learned to hypnotize at 16 years old. That place is a discussion of its own, most people don't know what the A.R.E. Association for Research and Enlightenment is. You are not seeing the current government programs or the new drugs they have developed to expand the psychic potential. LMAO, again, you think the government doesn't make its own drugs, Utah? I have some as evidence from 1960's.*

*Underground hint...*

*Most of the older bases are being consolidated and centralized for various reasons from funding to security. A vast majority of the known bases are now empty. Very few are in full use anymore for various reasons, sorry again for my perpetual vagueness but because I gave my word for reasons it will have to be that way. I have tunneler friends that build tunnels in various places. Knowing the engineers helps you understand the operations. You have to pay somebody to build these places and manage them.*

Quote:

One: following our last sitting, Q told me that he'd also sensed the storage of a 'significant database' while he'd been viewing underground. What he meant exactly even he could not say. But he stressed the fact that he'd had the strongest sense of some kind of 'significant database' being stored somewhere in the place he had just viewed. We joked that it could have been where the government's 'X Files' were stored.



*I think congress should sequester a federal force and gain entry Area 51 with the media and reveal the stored craft that were captured, before they are moved out of the country, and ultra-secret military stuff we designed would not have to be compromised, and so what's the point, we need to stop hiding all these F-ing weapons. The X-files is paper. Seize the equipment that ET fly. Although getting the complete X-Files database, either British or American would do crippling damage to the history of lies.*

Quote:

The question is therefore not: Do underground facilities exist? Rather: Are there supersecret underground facilities in Britain that are being used by the British-based military-industrial complex to research and develop acquired alien technologies and/or to experiment in eugenics, cloning and hybridization? Do any of these programmes demand the unwitting participation of human guinea pigs? Does this demand precipitate a further demand, that of abducting people, experimenting on them and implanting them with microscopic bits of acquired alien technology?

*Why do you think the xenoreplicants were scanning the bases? That's dangerous to them, even with our inferior technology they are not immortal? We had their technology, but who is we!?! Think about it... the official story is always about nuclear weapons. Yah... that also interested them but do you think a xenoreplicant/gray held captive in a facility wouldn't be telepathically talking to his buddy? It's hard for the Xeno's to penetrate the deep underground base, even with advanced technology, unless you blasted the place to pieces, but would they and are their masters in the base? Do you think they are blind to genetic experiments, oh please. Do you think the grays don't want the same? Do you think the military has the power to abduct 1 in 26, we would go bankrupt. I just want to direct the fact in light that xenoreplicants are not innocent. Think about what they are not doing that you don't know about*

*Also ponder this... those humans you think are human in the military aren't human at all and are the same ones that made the xenoreplicants. Confused yet... I would be, now imagine a being that can genetically metamorph, have regenerative powers of a god and live for thousands of years, do you think they don't own the government, military, and look at you like a freak'n piece of steak. As far fetched as it sounds it tends to make sense when you put those puzzle pieces together and try to figure out who the question mark is at the head of the ladder. Knowing the truth may not be the best option at this point.*

*Everyone seems confused as to whether they are good or not, while everyone distrust governments and military. The people running these projects are beyond our ability to control and are controlling us in ways that make 'hypnotic smoke screens' look more plausible to the public than the truth itself.*

*This words combined give you a feel for something... Reptilian, missing children under 12, cults, child slavery MIB, abduction, xenoreplicants, underground secret bases that Presidents doesn't even know about.*

*Do you think man has the ability by itself to handle this problem? Do you think a small group of UFOlogist and radicals will be able to stop a force of this magnitude and if attempted what would be the cost? You want truth but sometimes there is a cost. People drill me all day about truth and yes I have a responsibility with that knowledge. In other posts I talk about resisting these beings, and few people on this planet would be able to handle an encounter with a being of this nature.*



*However you want to look at this race or whatever name you give them its irrelevant because they have many names from cultures all over the universe, these beings are twisted and rape your mind, body, and spirit in way you cannot understand. This world is actually very fortunate from what I'm been told. Operations here although worldwide are relatively small, especially if not visible. Visible operations would put us back in the dark ages.*

*These beings are skilled at channeling, possessing, and controlling minds, without mechanical equipment or tools. This will get me attacked, good...bring it on! These beings use new-agers, religious figures, military leader, government officials, some actually are those beings in those positions. They use bio-weapons, viruses, and bacterium to destroy your vessels. They love to play with mind control and make cults using supernatural powers and abilities. They trade and sell children, have underground temples, work out of churches right on your corner. A massive network of 'evil' humans, loyal, serve these beings is in place, a NWO. They sacrifice, rape, and drink the blood of these children, some of these are now in the open but most of this is deep, dark and controlled. These beings are looking for specific children, and no one seems to be stopping them.*

*All this stuff that seems to far-out and not related but it's the greatest lie of all times. They are playing games with us, we are not toys, we are personalities of god. Can you say Applegate? Columbine? Can you see the effects on our society? Do you see the racism and religion blindness? Do you see the SEX that polluting the children. Do you see the meth on the street? Plug these beings into history and you have a great picture of why everything is the way it is. Look around who built Washington DC? What is the pentagon? They are playing a game of Risk with the very consciousness of this planet. Earth needs help with something this severe.*

Quote:

I have to admit to being a little confused as too ETs gameplan. Over the years I've spoken with hundreds of abductees and although the majority have the same picture as to what their abductors are all about, I've come across a few where the ET faction involved seemed to be working WITH the earths military for their own ends, strangely, ALL of these were of the reptilian type. Beats me whats going on, as I said I've got both sides of the coin running round in me!!!

*LMAO/w sarcasm... been reading and writing in word to respond to this lengthy post, and what do I come across after I wrote the above. No matter what direction you go you're going to end up at the with reptile at the end of your sentence.*

Quote:

UFOlogy today, is a 'mish-mash' of many weird and wonderful ideas, speculations and theories abound like there is no tomorrow and one wonders can this subject get any more fanciful !!

*Ufology is confused and scattered and not connecting world events and history to ET domination of this world. It acts as a piece of the puzzle. Fantasy is a diluted form of reality. Fanciful is not the word I would use how about horrifying.*

Quote:

Blanket coverage of all electronic communications in the US and the world to ensure national security. The NSA at Ft Meade, Maryland has had the most advanced computers in the world since the early 1960s. NSA technology is developed and implemented in secret from private corporations, academia and the general public.



*Fiberoptic hubs that run underground... everyone always misses the real taps. Some communications do not get aired, actually a large majority don't. Yes, everything form of communication is in their control.*

Quote:

The above symptoms highlight a fraction of the vast array of Nuero-Electromagnetic Frequency Assaults perpetuated by the Police and Military Intelligence Agencies toward Remote Mind Control Experiments, Behavioural Manipulation and Murder.

*Speaking of Edgar Casey he predicted the creation of these weapons and the use on the population. Should go reference it.*

Quote:

One of the things they do at the base is to reprogram the mind so that it becomes hard for telepathic people to read. It is a security procedure. People such Lisa Williams who are able to read minds could normally pick up and sense things from people. She cannot pick up anything from me because my thought processes are different - they have been scrambled. It works the other way too - they can enhance psychic ability.

*I'm going to smile... I had a private discussion with a person about this type of ability and certain people don't like crossing my path because of it. I can read the things you hide the most first. The harder you hide it the faster I will read it. I love to watch everyone draw a complete blank on me. I love to watch the psychics on this sight try to read me and freak out about it, think I'm evil, and blast me. Certain people I worked for feared me for this, but most respected my ability to be very helpful and relieving emotion distress and expressing things they never had words for. I look right past all the barriers. This is a discussion in itself. (\*ponders\* - why do we have so many separate subforums lol... everything is related here...)*

Quote:

Dugway expansion a mystery

*Finally... more than meets the eye to that whole thing and I will have to back off, Utah operations. Excuse me for this everyone, you all in Utah, FU!!! And FU for all the people you poisoned!!! I hope you drop a F-ing vial and die!!! Severe, hell yes...*

*You're well informed Voice, and you're connecting the dots the only way they can go. I hope my part added to something, that to me is not theory, it's so real and horrible most do not want to know, even if they ask for the truth.*

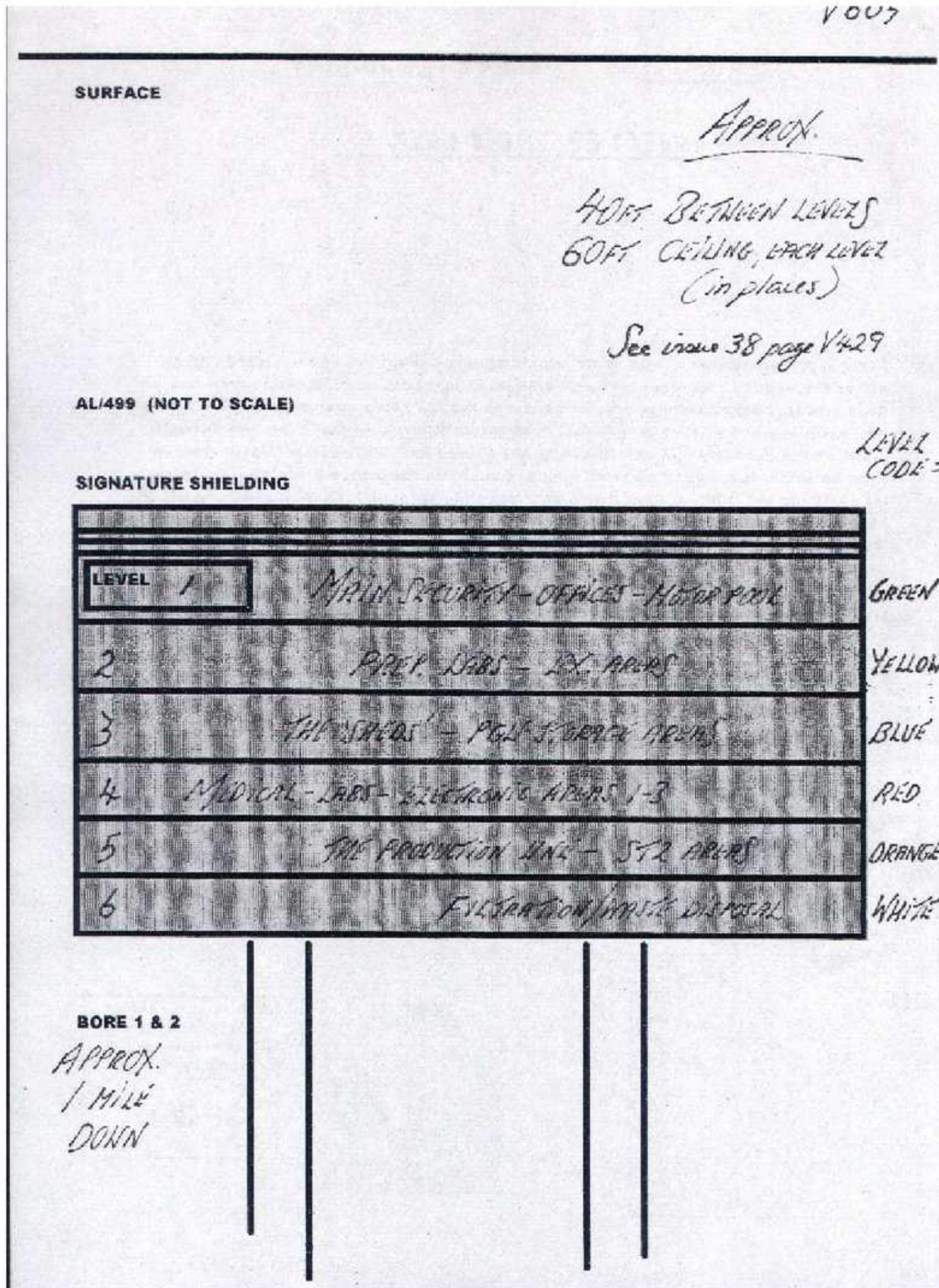
*Anyone wanting to argue what I'm talking about as theory have fun, leave me out of it, only when you see this crap with your eyes own will is transcend ignorance and getting one of these beings to confess on Peter Jennings isn't going to happen. If you want to add or ask question fine otherwise FU you too! Until then you have no idea what I'm talking. I know you are watching for me to say more, so my advice would be silence at this time. Last time you fought truth you got a small gift for it and didn't think it could happen, haha.*

*Thanks for all those that have shared and given an honest reflection. You all are 'dope' as my X-wife use to say.*



« Reply #315 on: Apr 6th, 2005, 7:02pm »

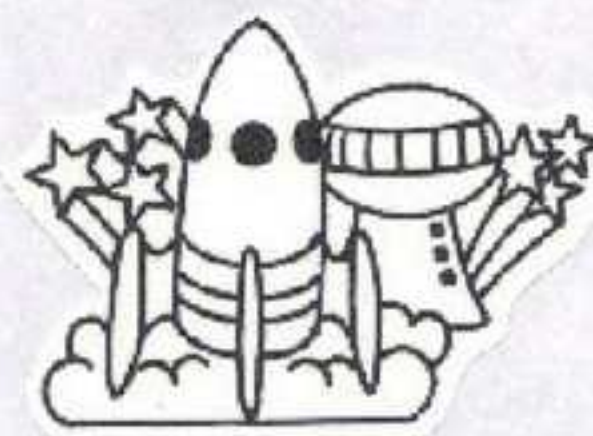
Really enjoyed those posts Major, refreshing when someone speaks their mind and does not hold back. You also know a great deal and I can appreciate your situation, your position. I'm sure you would love to go further but naturally refrain from doing so for valid reasons. Well done Major.







**MILABS MAKE WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS, WHY NOT TREAT THE ONE YOU LOVE TO SOMETHING REALLY UNUSUAL THIS YEAR, SIGN THEM UP FOR THE EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME, SIMPLY CALL YOUR NEAREST USAF BASE FOR FURTHER DETAILS.....**





V623

**PROJECT "MANNEQUIN" AND GOVERNMENT SURVEY GUINEA-PIGS**

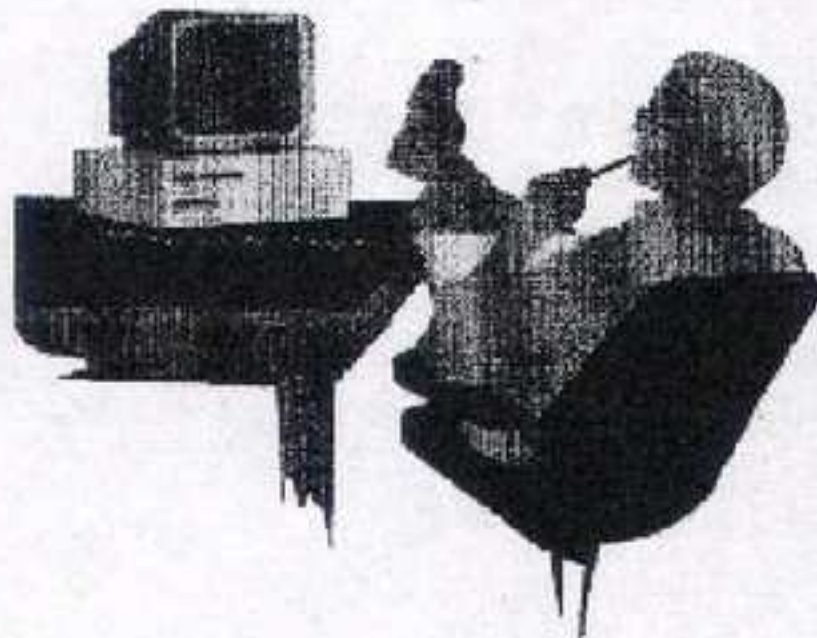
**(THE GENETIC SURVEY....RUN SINCE 1946 BY UK, USA AND CANADA)  
(UK PART OF SURVEY WAS CODENAMED 'ANVIL'\*)**

**CATEGORY ONE GUINEA-PIGS.....**

**GUINEA-PIGS ARE VOLUNTEER & NON VOLUNTEER MILITARY PERSONNEL  
ALSO CIVILIANS IN NUMEROUS CATEGORIES.....  
SURVEY GUINEA-PIGS UNDER THE CONTROL OF HARWELL  
CIVILIANS WORKING FOR GOV. DEFENCE CONTRACTORS  
STUDENTS AT COLLEGE/UNIVERSITY ASSISTING IN MEDICAL TESTS  
THE PUBLIC ASSISTING IN PRIVATE MEDICAL TESTS  
CIVILIANS 'EARMARKED' FOR MILAB PROCEDURES  
CIVILIANS ENGAGED IN SPECIFIC RESEARCH AREAS  
(ESPECIALLY UFO/GHOST/PSYCHIC/ESP/TELEPATHY RESEARCH AREAS)  
CIVILIANS WORKING WITHIN AREAS OF THE MEDIA**

**CATEGORY TWO GUINEA-PIGS.....**

**PATIENTS IN NHS/PRIVATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITALS/CLINICS/ASYLUMS  
PRISONERS IN LOW/MED/HIGH SECURITY PRISONS  
CIVILIANS UNDERGOING DRUG/ALCOHOL REHABILITATION  
PATIENTS UNDERGOING OUTPATIENT PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT**



\* 'ANVIL' WAS THE BRITISH  
CODENAME FOR THEIR PART IN THE  
GENETIC SURVEY BETWEEN 1946 AND  
1955, AFTER THAT DATE THE  
CODENAME WAS CHANGED TO  
'OAKTREE' TO COINCIDE WITH BOTH  
THE AMERICAN & CANADIAN  
PROJECTS UNDER THE SAME GENETIC  
PARAMETERS, THIS CONTINUES TO  
THIS DAY



V624

## **THE VOICE... STRAIGHT TALKING!**

**NO HOLDS BARRED ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS PUT TO THE VOICE OVER TIME**

**Q: IN THE COURSE OF YOUR WORK, YOUR DUTIES AT PEASEMORE, DID YOU PERSONALLY EVER SEE ANYONE GET KILLED OR ASSIST IN THE KILLING OF ANYONE?**

**A:** THE STRAIGHT AND TRUTHFUL ANSWER TO THAT, IN BOTH PARTS IS YES, I NOT ONLY WITNESSED THE DEATHS OF A NUMBER OF PEOPLE AS A DIRECT RESULT OF THE EXPERIMENTATION CARRIED OUT ON THEM IN THE LABS AND MEDICAL AREAS, AND I ASSISTED IN THEIR DEATHS INDIRECTLY BY WAY OF PHYSICALLY TAKING THE SUBJECTS TO THESE AREAS, KNOWING FULL WELL WHAT AWAITED THE POOR SODS.

**Q: IN WHATEVER CAPACITY, AS PART OF YOUR DUTIES WITH PEASEMORE, OR THE SURVEY, OR MAYBE WITH THE PSYCHOLOGICAL UNIT, DID YOU EVER HARM OR KILL ANYONE DIRECTLY, UNDER ORDERS OR NOT?**

**A:** AGAIN THE STRAIGHT AND TRUTHFUL ANSWER TO THAT IS YES, WHILST CARRYING OUT ORDERS I HAVE INJURED AND REGRETTABLY KILLED SOMEONE, BUT THIS WAS NOTHING TO DO WITH PEASEMORE AS A SECURITY OPERATIVE, IT HAD TO DO WITH THE 5992<sup>nd</sup> UNIT, I'M NOT PREPARED AT THIS TIME TO GO INTO FURTHER DETAILS ABOUT THOSE INCIDENTS.

**Q: OK, BUT THERE WAS MORE THAN ONE INCIDENT, MORE THAN ONE PERSON/INDIVIDUAL INVOLVED THEN?**

**A:** YES, I'M AFRAID SO.

**Q: YOU MENTIONED IN THE PAST ABOUT YOUR PSYCHIC ABILITIES BEING BOOSTED AND USED BY PROJECT 'MANNEQUIN', DID THIS USE INCLUDE ANY PSY-WAR OR SPYING, REMOTELY OR OTHERWISE, IN ANY OPERATIONS?**

**A:** YES IT DID ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS

**Q: COULD THESE PSYCHIC ABILITIES BE USED NOW?, COULD THEY BE USED ON PEOPLE BY WAY OF PERHAPS MANIPULATING OR CONTROLLING PEOPLE?**

**A:** I STILL HAVE THESE ABILITIES YES AND I CAN USE THEM NOW, BUT NO I CANNOT CONTROL OR INFLUENCE ANYONE WITH THEM IN THE SENSE YOU MEAN, I CAN SCAN THEM, IN PERSON OR EVEN OVER THE PHONE, BUT THAT IS NOTHING NEW OR UNUSUAL, CALL IT PSYCHIC INTERROGATION IF YOU LIKE, I TRY NOT TO USE THESE ABILITIES BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I FIND IT USEFUL AS A MEANS OF PROTECTION, YOU KNOW, TO BE PERHAPS ONE STEP AHEAD OF SOMEONE, JUST IN CASE!



**MORE STRAIGHT TALKING NEXT ISSUE**



THIS DISTURBING AND DISTRESSING 'STOCK FOOTAGE' WAS AMONG SEVERAL SUCH ITEMS SHOWN TO ME DURING THE PAST 6 MONTHS OR SO.

B/W AND COLOR      SILENT AND SOUND      SCENES DATING PERHAPS 30s/40s TO 90s?

I WAS TOLD NOT TO ASK ANY QUESTIONS ALTHOUGH I COULD MAKE SIMPLE COMMENTS WHILST I WAS RIGGED UP TO THE STRESS ANALYSIS RECORDING MACHINE, MY REACTIONS WERE BEING GAUGED VERY CLOSELY. AT THE END I WAS ASKED BY ONE BOB "HAVE YOU ANY FINAL COMMENTS?", TO WHICH I REPLIED "WAS THAT FOR REAL?"....."THAT WAS A QUESTION MR KING, HAVE A GOOD DAY". I WAS THEN TAKEN HOME.

#### "ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL PROCEDURES"

THE FILM BEGAN IN OLD BLACK AND WHITE, SHOWING OPEN COUNTRYSIDE, LAKES, HILLS, PASTURES, GRAZING ANIMALS, SMALL COUNTRY ROADS WITH VERY LITTLE TRAFFIC, THEN ONTO STREETS, HOUSES, MUCH MORE TRAFFIC, THEN ONTO COLOR SCENES, MORE MODERN, OF A CITY, MANY PEOPLE, TRAFFIC EVERYWHERE, THEN BACK TO BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE OF FARMERS, SMILING FRIENDLY FACES, THESE TURN INTO SCENES OF HAUNTED, SERIOUS AND WORRIED LOOKING PEOPLE PASSING EACH OTHER BY ON THE STREET. FROM A NORMAL TOWN SCENE TO ONE OF WHAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS A 'GHETTO' AREA OF A LARGE CITY, YET MORE LIKE A BATTLEZONE, COLOR FOOTAGE ONLY FROM NOW ON EXCEPT WHEN CCTV TYPE FOOTAGE IS SHOWN, WHICH IS MONOCHROME.

THE VIEW IS OF DAMAGED AND LOOTED BUILDINGS, DEBRIS LITTERING THE STREETS, CARS ARE ON FIRE AND/OR OVERTURNED, VERY MANY PEOPLE RUNNING AROUND, SHOUTING AND SWEARING, ONE OR TWO INDIVIDUALS TRYING TO GET AWAY IN PANIC, BURSTS OF GUNFIRE, CLOSE UP OF DAMAGED SHOP FRONTS....DAMAGED VEHICLES....DEAD AND INJURED PEOPLE. THEN MILITARY VEHICLES ARE SEEN PATROLLING THE STREETS, DARK GREY IN COLOR, THESE ARE BEING FIRED UPON, INJURED TROOPS RETREAT AND MILITARY VEHICLES TURN AND GO.

SWITCH TO WHAT APPEARS TO BE SOME FORM OF CCTV FOOTAGE, IN OPEN, MOVING, GOING ALONG STREETS AND PARKS, AT ABOUT HEAD LEVEL, IN VIEW ARE GROUPS OF PEOPLE RUNNING ABOUT, SOME WITH WEAPONS, THEY NOTICE CAMERA, SOME RUN FOR COVER, OTHERS OPEN UP WITH GUNFIRE, FILM GOES BLANK FOR SEVERAL SECONDS.....COMES ON AGAIN AS A SPLIT SCREEN, THIS SPLIT SCREEN IMAGE IS UNUSUAL, THE LEFT SIDE IS SHOWING WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN ADAPTED OR MODIFIED SIKORSKY CYPHER HOVERING ABOVE THE STREET, THERE IS CARNAGE ALL ABOUT, THE RIGHT HAND SIDE OF THE SCREEN SHOWS THE CCTV FOOTAGE PRESUMABLY FROM THE CYPHER (WAS INFORMED LEFT SIDE OF VIEW WAS TAKEN WITH TELEPHOTO LENS FROM AN ARMoured PERSONNEL CARRIER SOME SAFE DISTANCE AWAY).

MOB FIRES UPON CYPHER, ONE OR TWO TRY TO JUMP ON AND HOLD ON TO BASE OF MACHINE, THE CYPHER YAWS TO AND FRO WITH THEIR WEIGHT, THEN A CRACKLING SOUND CAN BE HEARD AS THE MEN FALL/JUMP OFF AWAY FROM THE CYPHER IN OBVIOUS PAIN, THOSE THAT CAN SCRAMBLE AWAY. IN VIEW COME 2 MORE CYPHERS, SAME AS THE 1ST, THE CROWD DISPERSSES, VIEW THEN BLANKED.

NEXT VIEW FROM ABOVE (HELICOPTER OR HIGHER ALTITUDE CYPHER?) SHOWING 2 CYPHERS IN OPEN SHOPPING AREA, NEAR A PARK, CROWDS OF LOOTERS ARE BEING 'SHOT DOWN' IN THE VICINITY OF THE CYPHERS, BUT NOT CONVENTIONAL GUNFIRE, NO WOUNDS OR BLOOD CAN BE SEEN YET THEY ARE OUT OF IT AND REMAIN STILL ON THE GROUND. THE 2 CYPHERS CONTINUE FORWARD DISPERSING THE REMAINING CROWDS. FINAL SCENES SHOW A LARGE GROUP OF PEOPLE (LOOTERS, ETC) ALL STANDING, SQUEEZED TOGETHER IN A LARGE FENCED COMPOUND OF SORTS, FACING THE CAMERA.



**STOP PRESS.....LATE BREAKING NEWS....STOP PRESS  
DR STEVEN GREER (CSETI) WISHES TO MEET/INTERVIEW  
THE VOICE WHILST HE IS IN THE UK AT END OF JULY '00**

I sit typing this out on Sunday July 23<sup>rd</sup> 2000, the day Dr Greer and his associates arrive in Wiltshire, whilst hurried arrangements are being made by Dr Greer's associates to organise a meeting between Dr Greer and THE VOICE, the set of documents despatched via FEDEX courier should arrive in California tomorrow morning directly to Leslie Kean. I'm told that video interviewing will take place during September/October and THE VOICE has agreed to take part in this under the DISCLOSURE PROJECT.

I'm hoping to arrange with colleague Miles Johnston to go down to Wiltshire during this coming week to meet up with Dr Greer, failing an actual meeting I will speak to Dr Greer over the telephone and be interviewed that way if necessary, making firm plans for videotaping in the fall.

It is now quiet anticipation of the phone going at this moment, landline or mobile.

(Depending on events details may make it into this publication prior to printing....if not they will be detailed in the October issue, number 45)



THE VOICE is quite willing to risk the displeasure of the NSA in order to come forward and disclose data concerning AL/499 and the 'MANNEQUIN' project to the public via Dr Steven Greer and the DISCLOSURE PROJECT.....to hell with the NSA,MOD and all others.....this is the opportunity THE VOICE has waited 6 years for, only the direct intervention of the 'heavies' can stop this taking place....will they or won't they risk any action against me?

THE VOICE whispers  
when it is expedient  
to do so, and SHOUTS  
whenever it is necessary



**ITS BUCKLE UP AND BOOGIE TIME ONCE AGAIN FOLKS!**

"ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL PROCEDURES"

CONTINUED

THE CAMERA IS FROM A CYPHER, THE BOTTOM SECTION OF THE SCREEN IS THEN BLANKED OFF, OBSCURING DETAILS, NUMBERS, LETTERS, ETC.  
A SMALL LIGHT APPEARS MID SCREEN IN AN OPEN BOX LIKE STRUCTURE, SUPERIMPOSED ON THE SCREEN, SUDDENLY EVERY SINGLE HUMAN COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND AND REMAIN STILL, THE CYPHER THEN MOVES IN CLOSER TO VIEW 'BODIES'.....FILM ENDS.

Sikorsky's 'Flying saucer' the Cypher multi-sensor reconnaissance and surveillance UAV.





# THE VOICE FILES

CONSPIRACIES FOR THE 21<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY

## Merry CHRISTMAS



COMPOSED  
COMPILED  
EDITED  
AND  
GENERALLY  
THROWN  
TOGETHER  
BY BRITAINS  
ANSWER TO  
BOB LAZAR!



ISSN 1462-9313

DECEMBER 2000

ISSUE 46

£2.00



|             |             |                                         |             |
|-------------|-------------|-----------------------------------------|-------------|
| *<br>*<br>* | LEVEL ONE   | SECURITY, OFFICES, MOTOR POOL           | *<br>*<br>* |
| *<br>*<br>* | LEVEL TWO   | PREP. LABS                              | *<br>*<br>* |
| *<br>*<br>* | LEVEL THREE | THE 'SHEDS' PGLF STORAGE AREAS          | *<br>*<br>* |
| *<br>*<br>* | LEVEL FOUR  | MEDICAL, LABS, ELECTRONIC AREAS 1,2 & 3 | *<br>*<br>* |
| *<br>*<br>* | LEVEL FIVE  | THE PRODUCTION LINE                     | *<br>*<br>* |
| *<br>*<br>* | LEVEL SIX   | FILTRATION/WASTE DISPOSAL               | *<br>*<br>* |

BASED ON 1979/80 TIME FRAME

THE VOICE HAS SINCE BEEN INFORMED THAT FURTHER WORK WAS UNDERTAKEN DURING 1986-8 TO THESE LEVELS  
 THE ORIGINAL 450YDS BY 650 YDS COULD HAVE EXPANDED TO DOUBLE THAT SIZE  
 WITH NO PROBLEMS, THE VOICE DOES NOT HAVE FURTHER DATA ON THIS ASPECT



ALL LEVELS ARE COLOR CODED, AREAS WITHIN EACH LEVEL ARE LIKEWISE CODED AND DIVIDED, SUCH AS YELLOW 2, YELLOW 4, ETC.

ON EACH LEVEL, MAIN CORRIDOR AND THROUGHOUT, THERE ARE COLOR CODED PAINTED STRIPES TO DENOTE THE LEVEL YOU ARE ON.

LIFTS (ELEVATORS) PERSONNEL AND EQUIPMENT TYPES, NEXT TO THE DOOR ON A SMALL PANEL, AS EACH LEVEL IS REACHED A COLORED BAR LIGHTS UP, NO NUMBERS, TO GO UP OR DOWN A COLOR HAS TO BE STATED, NOT A LEVEL NUMBER, NO BUTTONS TO PUSH, A VOICE PRINT OF EVERY INDIVIDUAL PERMITTED TO USE THE LIFT IS PROGRAMMED INTO THE SECURITY COMPUTER SYSTEMS, THIS ACTIVATES THE DOORS AND LIFT MOVEMENT.

IF THE LIFT SENSOR DOES NOT RECOGNISE A VOICE IT WILL REQUEST THE INDIVIDUAL TO PLEASE STATE AGAIN THE COLOR CODE REQUESTED, IF THE SENSOR FAILS TO RECOGNISE THE VOICE A SECOND TIME AN ALARM WILL SOUND AND THE LIFT WILL BE DEACTIVATED IN THE SECURITY AREA.

LEVEL 1 IS GREEN  
LEVEL 2 IS YELLOW  
LEVEL 3 IS BLUE  
LEVEL 4 IS RED  
LEVEL 5 IS ORANGE  
LEVEL 6 IS WHITE

IT IS NEVER SILENT ON ANY LEVEL, THE WHOLE PLACE IS PERMEATED BY A BARELY DISCERNABLE HUM OR DRONE, YOU DO GET USED TO IT THOUGH.

OPERATIVES, THESE ARE USUALLY NSA PERSONNEL, OCCASIONALLY, WHEN SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES DEMAND IT, THEY USE MI5 TO ASSIST.

GOING THRU THE FINAL EXIT/ENTRY ONTO THE SECURITY AREA, YOU ARE CHECKED BY SENSOR GATES SIMILAR TO SECURITY BARRIERS, THESE REGISTER ANY METALLIC OBJECT, EVERY ONE OF WHICH HAS TO BE ACCOUNTED FOR AND CHECKED, INCLUDING WATCHES, RINGS, NECKLACES, IMPLANTS, ETC, ETC.

DURING NOVEMBER OF 1995 THE VOICE ATTENDED A 'MEETING' WITH DI-8 AND WAS SUBSEQUENTLY 'DEBRIEFED', FROM THIS DURING JANUARY OF '96 A COMPLETE FILE WAS 'DOWNLOADED' DIRECT TO THE VOICE, SOMETHING THAT HAS NEVER HAPPENED, IT SEEMS DI-8 AND THE VOICE ARE PLANNED TO OBTAIN A HIGHER PROFILE AS REGARDS THE DATA BEING RELEASED, MORE INFO ON THIS NEXT ISSUE.



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## FURTHER MEDICAL EXPERIMENT NIGHTMARES

INSIDER REVELATIONS OF HORRIFIC HUMAN EXPERIMENTS CARRIED OUT ON PATIENTS AT THE FORMER CHELMSFORD AND ESSEX HOSPITAL DURING THE 1950's/1960's.....

A couple of years ago one of the many callers at my home was a conspiracy researcher whom set up a meeting here with me in order to 'chew the fat' over a number of topics which really intrigued him, and during his five and a half hour stay he covered numerous conspiracies, one of which hit a nerve in me and brought distant and hazy memories to the surface, memories of conversations with a former hospital employee at the old C&E some years back.

This former employee worked at the hospital between 1955 and 1969 and it was part of her duties to administer certain drugs to patients before they were taken to a specific ward prior to being placed in the 'isolation' wing of the hospital, an unofficial isolation wing, used exclusively by certain medical personnel.

This ex-employee was privy to certain data concerning the patients that were thus 'isolated', she was also on friendly terms with one or two of the medical personnel from that section of the hospital and knew a great deal of the experiments carried out on unwitting/unknowing patients.

Men, women and children were used for various physiological and psychological experiments at the C&E under the guise of normal everyday medical procedures for over twenty years in the utmost secrecy, as with so many other things it operated on a 'need to know' basis.

Experimental new drugs and surgical procedures were used time and again and much of the work centred around mind controlling/manipulating procedures.

I was told about horrific operations carried out on patients, not all under anaesthetic, with limbs being amputated or even grafted on others, organ removal, electrical and/or chemical procedures, the list went on and on. There was some talk of radiation experiments during this same time frame, working with another, unknown to the ex-employee, hospital/medical establishment.

The range of this hideous, illegal and immoral experimentation was extensive, I can only briefly mention it here, to do it justice I would need many pages, so another time.

My conspiracy friend had unearthed a great deal of material on this and thought I was likewise 'in the know', I simply played dumb and extracted as much information from him during his stay here, and then checking with the data the former employee gave once my caller left for home, chilling, bloody frightening really, all in the name of science and the betterment of mankind!

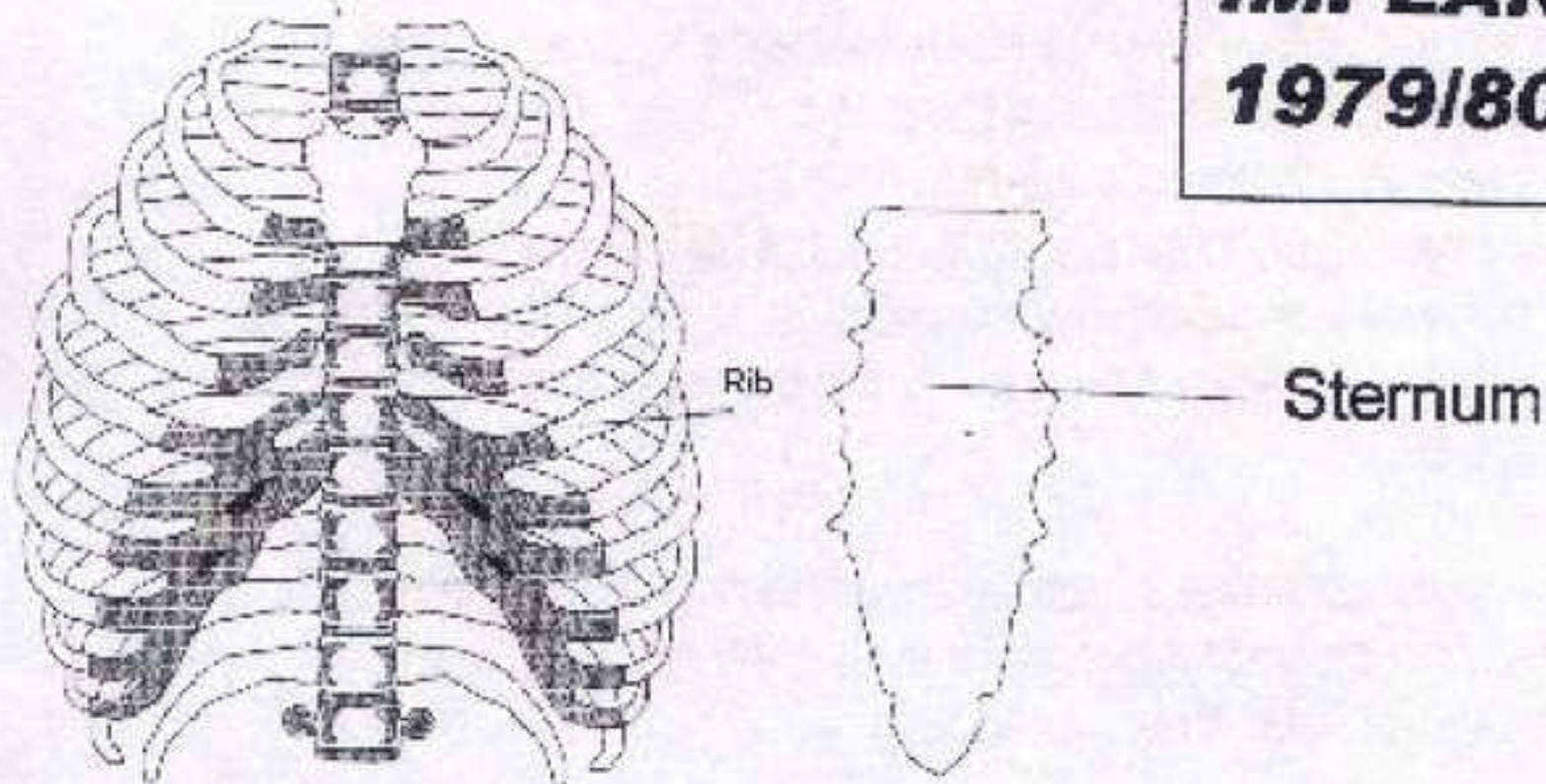
« Reply #368 on: Apr 10th, 2005, 10:12am »

Well I must say you certainly are an informed, patient, intelligent bunch on here. By now I usually would have expected a barrage of questions and cross-questions, comments, snipes, ridicule, you name it!! I'm grateful in a way that has not happened yet at the same time concerned that no-one seems fazed at the postings. I did say it would get messy, it's gonna get very messy when I start detailing work in Peasemore.

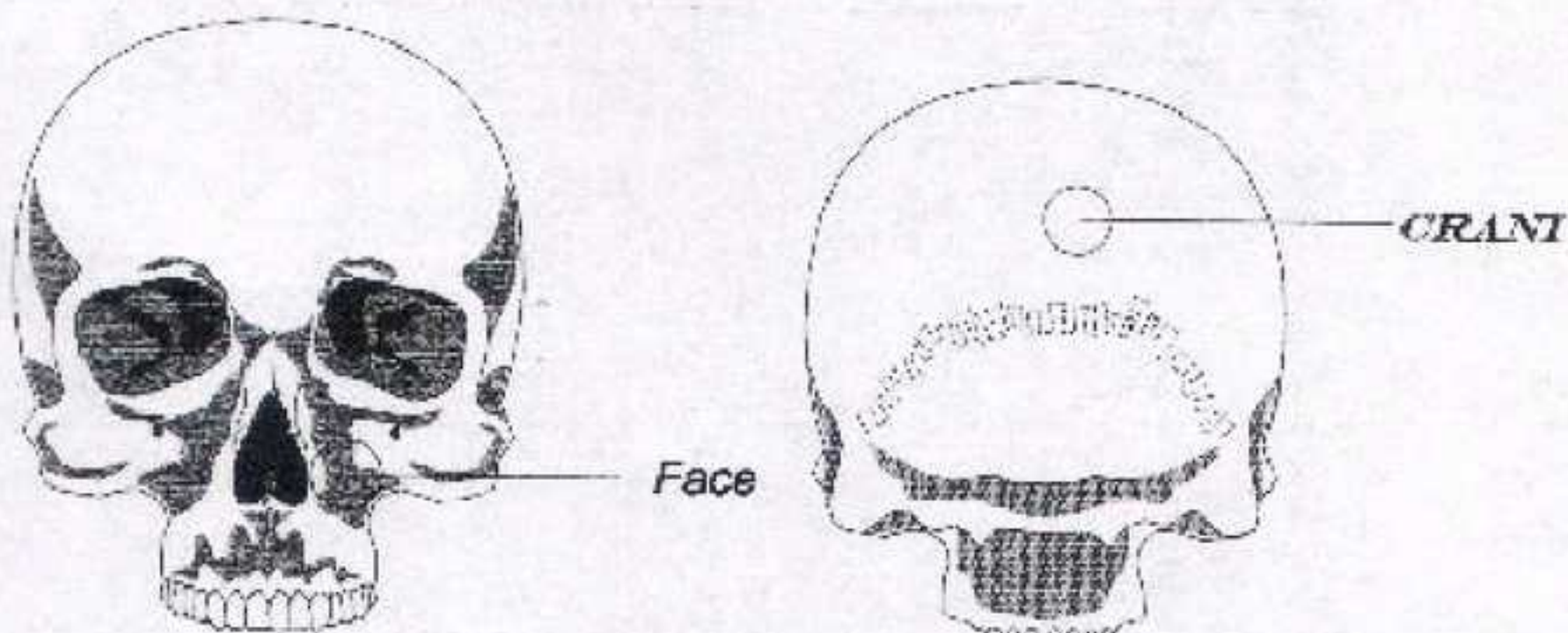


V627

**IMPLANTS 1976 &  
1979/80 "THE VOICE"**



**LOCATION OF 1976 IMPLANT....BEHIND STERNUM (BREASTBONE)  
FOR PURPOSE OF 24 HOUR GLOBAL LOCATION/MONITORING OF BASIC  
PHYSIOLOGY/CARDIAC ARREST INITIATOR**



**LOCATION OF 1979/80 SECONDARY IMPLANT...CRANIUM...INSERTED VIA  
VERY TOP OF NECK.....PURPOSE: MUCH BETTER TRACKING GLOBALLY  
AND MORE REFINED TRANSMITTING CAPABILITIES RE SUBJECT CONTROL**

**MIND CONTROL**



« Reply #378 on: Apr 10th, 2005, 7:30pm »

To understand how our nation has arrived at this doomsday corruption, we must recall that immediately after WWII ended, the U.S. government initiated Operation Paperclip through which a large number of German Nazi scientists were imported to the United States. Once issued new identities, these death industry pros were employed in U.S. military laboratories to develop a dazzling array of secret weaponry projects. With congressional funding, the crowning achievement of this nexus was the creation of ghastly new bioweapons, including the AIDS virus and an incapacitating chronic fatigue agent engineered from mycoplasma and brucella.

« Reply #381 on: Apr 10th, 2005, 7:59pm »

I have it on very good authority from very good contacts, Aids was manmade and came out of Ft. Detrick and Porton Down. I've seen some highly classified files on this.

**MajorX**

« Reply #383 on: Apr 11th, 2005, 3:21pm »

Quote:

To understand how our nation has arrived at this doomsday corruption, we must recall that immediately after WWII ended, the U.S. government initiated Operation Paperclip through which a large number of German Nazi scientists were imported to the United States. Once issued new identities, these death industry pros were employed in U.S. military laboratories to develop a dazzling array of secret weaponry projects. With congressional funding, the crowning achievement of this nexus was the creation of ghastly new bioweapons, including the AIDS virus and an incapacitating chronic fatigue agent engineered from mycoplasma and brucella.

*You have to realize that alien technology was being developed by the Germans via direct assistance from Xeno's. The Germans were going to skip the atom bomb and go straight for the hydrogen, the Germans never really went away. Master race or blonde haired blue eyes, Adolf hmmm think about it... Sometimes the most impossible is possible, genetic experimentation, the first pheds, and so much more including UFO's. This is easy for them to manipulate history and world events. Risk, always risk. They just moved right into the US and began to slowly take over. In the next 50 years I think they will move their power base again from the US to Australia this time. The framework is already up for this and some are already working there. They will soon burn this world out along with the consciousness.*

*AIDS... lets break that down again, I think someone erased all the information from before. I also have a hard time trying to keep this on disc or anywhere else. The information I keep buried in the sand, somewhere.*

*AIDS is made from Cat Leukemia, Syphilis, and Hepatitis B. You will know that two of these are made from animal disease and 2 of the 3 genetic sample was from Plum Island Animal Disease Research Control Center. If you want to know the shady history you shouldn't have to search to far and even the simple person can see the science in it. If you follow the AIDS history the CDC said that AIDS entered the country via Fire Island. (without researching the exact facts) Now look at the location of Fire Island as opposed to Plum. Plum island is now the Foreign Animal Research Control Center. OMG there is actually information on the WEB!!!! Awesome!!!! A few years ago I did a search and came up with nothing in connection to that, somebody is leaking serious information and isn't dead. Anyway...*

*AIDS... 7 to 10 years to kill... cat cancer*

*Sexually transmitted... syphilis, spread sexually*

*Blood... the human side and main ingredient which affects the T-cell.*



*AIDS is meant to shut off the immune system nothing more.*

*I'm pretty sure that the human genetic material used to create the AIDS missile was from Utah. You should see the crap they developed with Xeno genes. You nailed that one Voice, but to us in the underworld this is old news. They have worse... The rule kinda still stands no matter how lethal the virus, someone is going to be immune... .001% will survive, or something like that.*

*Paperclip was only the first part of the a migration that has been going on for the last 50 years. The same forces we have been discussing above that were in Germany, moved to the US. These are the head of the order, many are roaming around the world. Oh, and lets not forget they have children roaming around in positions of power. They took over the banking, the goverment and the military in less time than it took me to get a degree in college. The focus is on nuclear weapons, but the real focus has long since been buried. The true control was not slammed down until 1947. These beings operate on a timetable that most generals can't equate. If you don't think like them you will not understand them. Those that get to close to these beings, especially good warriors, they die, end up in the woods, or poisoned and pissed off.*

*If you think these being are missing something or even this post you are mistaken. I will bet my unemployed self that I'm on the top ten list of most wanted. I sleep with one open and my favorite pistol, I have yet to reach a deep enough woods that I can escape these beings. The threat we pose, even with programs like the Disclosure Project are nothing more than keeping hope alive.*

*Here is a fact... this planet will not be surrendered it will be destroyed. If the beings that now run this place lose control they will destroy this place, because that is what they do. Right now they own it, in a way they have made it home, but this world doesn't belong to them. You are nothing more than toys and they don't mind watching you scream while they pop your heads off.*

*If you only really new the capacity of one of these beings. People I know in the military are hiding in the woods, no more safe than the middle of the city. The best defence for everyone is not to know about them. The more aware you are, the more pissed off they get and killing you is usually the last thing they do. If you have been poisoned by these beings in spite you are considered a threat and an enemy. You may not think yourself a threat but you are. People like the Voice are the only things that piss these beings off. Any reference that reveals how they work and their plans. These beings can't just be killed they have to be surgically removed from the conciseness. If you were aware of how they operate, how could they operate in the consciousness any longer, and how would they view you?*

*One of my uncles committed suicide. No one would listen to them when he said they were coming to take him again. He had actually gone crazy because back then most of this was unheard off. These was in the early 70's. They love to get you to kill yourself, that's the best for them. People talk about stress disorders in the military... which I understand clearly, now add this element in. Some of us are under a tremendous amount stress.*

*Dark Dark Dark... to be honest this world is in the shadow of some pretty powerful and unimaginable fuckheads. I'm not exactly Mr. Nice myself. I'm dark too, but I use my darkness for fighting darkness. I've been researching one of these beings that has chosen a public life to some extend. If I stop writing you will know why.*

*Dark is the word... Dark Skies was a nice title for various reasons. Maybe next we can discuss spying and Xenoparasites. It's imprtant that unless you understand spirit and consciouness you will not understand any of these beings.*



*We could also discuss the other extraterrestrials that are here and never left. Our cousins have had children on this planet, that were born here so are they extraterrestrial or not? You will find these being in only one place in the world that I'm aware of. Light is much more subtle than dark. Dark is hunting certain bloodlines, why they hunt these children, you wouldn't believe and I'm not going to tell you. If you plug some of this information into your abduction and other scenarios more clarity would come to you. Researchers seem to have vague ideas about this or the connection that all the things you see, hear, and feel are related and in the same space, what you find unrelated I find to be a direct connection.*

*Proof... I dare one of you to go kill one of these beings and drag it into the CNN building in LA, right into its buddy. These beings have spent thousands of years killing and burning the truth. Hell, they even tell you the truth to your face and fuck your spirit, sorry for the cussing, but no other word fits in that spot. I've stated many times we need help from higher sources. If things change they will have to change from above not below, not from here. All we can do is keep fighting the impossible fight, odds are against us, but that really means nothing because darkness is the predominant force in the universe anyway and light's job is to expand.*

*More light in darkness... some of these beings in the past realized the rape of spirit and rebelled against iniquity. Right now these new light beings are your greatest allies, they use evil to fight evil. Prayer and communing with spirit to heal does work. It may seem simple to mention prayer as a tool, but I have to do it. If you project enough light these beings won't come near you. If you're even more aware and conscious you can touch these beings in their heart and change them. Talk about faith coming out of me... I think the impossible is the only route we can take as spirits, and what I mentioned is near impossible. I do believe showing them love instead of fear ruins everything they are working on.*

« Reply #389 on: Apr 12th, 2005, 6:09pm »

on Apr 12th, 2005, 5:53pm, **gusblake** wrote:

*Hi Voice and Major X, I would like to say that reading your information on this thread as disturbing and sickening. I feel like I am seeing the South African truth commission. So as you can understand I have said little but understand that what I find most upsetting is your blasé attitude to killing people. Even though you take orders from someone to kill another human and you wash your hands of the responsibility, I find that "I DON'T LIKE YOU"*

*People on this forum have experienced what you have done to them and as you can see don't wish to talk to someone who seems unremorseful. ( I understand that you have talked to QoH but what ever good was spoken between you two has not been shown on this forum).*

*I have found this information interesting and would like to know more about the cultures of the Greys like do they look at art read philosophy take drugs for fun. Blah blah blah.*

*But with the information you have told us I wish you could go to the police and tell them who you have killed so those families will be able to understand what has happened to their loved ones.*

*Yours Truly, Gus*

Gus, I understand where you are coming from and I respect your views. I have apologised on this forum openly more than once. I DO have a conscience and yes I sincerely regret many things I've been ordered to do in the past, but, like the Major, you have to follow orders. In my case it was follow orders or be shot. I've lost count the number of times a 45 auto was held to my head. Do you not think I carry this with me 24/7? I have nightmares still to this day. This is a tough, shitty world, bad things happen. I am never blasé about things, certainly not in the taking of another life. What more can I do? SORRY



« Reply #392 on: Apr 12th, 2005, 6:26pm »

The truth does hurt I know, but I do not wish to water down the real nasty stuff to come re Peasemore, but if it offends people to that level maybe I should back-off?

QoH is a worry to me as I'd hate to see her uneasy by the Milab descriptions I will detail, I do not want to stress her out if I can help it. I'm now in neutral gear and will wait to see how things go before posting anything else re the facility.

« Reply #401 on: Apr 13th, 2005, 6:06pm »

Before I consider posting further I wanted to say one or two things. I am not the 'hard bastard' type, I like to think of myself as a kind and gentle person in the main. Training and brainwashing turns you into an animal. I have morals, ethics, compassion and emotional at times. THEY knew all this and played on it. They knew I had a conscience and things would play heavily on my mind, hence the forcing me to do even more nasty shit. I can never get away from the intimidation, even now, after a break of several years, the threats and hassle have returned. OK, I sensed they would to a degree once I started disclosing stuff here, so I was ready. One such threat has told me to delete everything of mine from this forum or they will. I take much of the threats with a pinch of salt but still maintain my guard, just in case. All thru the 90's I had this and it was stepped up to terminal threats to me and my family in '97, that's why I went on the lookout for safehouses. More than once I was dragged away by several armed guards at Peasemore and placed in an interrogation/medical room where a gun was placed against my head whilst they shouted and screamed at me, then the drugs came out and wham, that was me quietened. I cannot justify my actions but under duress I had no choice. Direct threats to my then family were carried out on one occasion. My then wife was pushed down a flight of stairs whilst in Cirencester, out shopping, meeting her mum, and was hospitalised. They warned me, they carried out the threat. I can understand many not being able to even comprehend what it's like being in my position. Lets just take one day at a time, see what happens. Thanks all, Barry

« Reply #407 on: Apr 16th, 2005, 6:32pm »

It was part of the job to take visitors around the facility, no ordinary visitors, other Military/Intelligence/Agency/Governmental types. These included DoD, DIA, CIA, NASA, DARPA, etc. Depending on the agency and the nature of their visit they would be given Visitor badges with 1, 2 or 3 bars on it. 1 bar was for restricted access and allowed the wearer to see only certain parts of the facility, 2 bars allowed more access and 3 bars meant unlimited access (rare). So it was the case of showing these uniforms and suits around, answering questions and explaining procedures. Top Brass from many USAF bases would attend and occasionally oversee the Milabs. Escorting visitors was indeed boring, and you always felt as if they were talking down to you, maybe because I was British!. Once or twice an escort duty had to be abruptly halted due to a security alert, then it panic as we had to get the visitors back to Central Security urgently, then out of the facility before we could initiate lockdown. 1980 saw several high-alerts as tension between the superpowers grew to very dangerous levels.

*Squeeky*

« Reply #409 on: Apr 16th, 2005, 6:58pm »

on Apr 16th, 2005, 6:32pm, **TheVoice** wrote:

It was part of the job to take visitors around the facility, no ordinary visitors, other Military/Intelligence/Agency/Governmental types. These included DoD, DIA, CIA, NASA, DARPA, etc.

*Any names on any of the above? he, he.. Do American servicemen have a bad habit of looking down on those across the water? If so, what's with that?*



« Reply #410 on: Apr 16th, 2005, 7:27pm »

You know the score, no names, no packdrill, he he he. Only the brass and Intel types, as if being shown around an American facility by a Brit, well they were not too keen!!

« Reply #414 on: Apr 17th, 2005, 12:46pm »

on Apr 16th, 2005, 11:20pm, **gusblake** wrote:

*Hi Voice, Have you ever spoken to a grey if so what about?*

Hi Gus, thats a bit of a loaded question, ever spoken to a grey?

Well, like most of the other abductees on this forum all will tell you that any communication is usually one way, and mindtalk at that. They tend to tell you things, they pick up and use whats on your mind, and the staring mindscan is scary.

I spoke, or really swore at a clone at Peasemore once, I picked up the little bugger and put it over my shoulder. It squirmed so I put it back down and swore at it as it shuffled away!!

#### LIST OF UK NSA ESTABLISHMENTS

(CONFIRMED & SUSPECTED)

MENWITH HILL & HUNTERS STONES...YORKSHIRE  
GCHQ....GLOUCESTERSHIRE  
PEASEMORE/WELFORD...BERKSHIRE  
MORWENSTOW...CORNWALL  
WATCHFIELD...OXFORDSHIRE  
CHICKSANDS PRIORY...BEDFORDSHIRE  
KIRKNEWTON...SCOTLAND  
ORFORD NESS.....SUFFOLK  
MILDENHALL....SUFFOLK  
LONDON.....COMMS CENTRE.....SUSLO  
EDZELL.....SCOTLAND  
OAKHANGER.....HAMPSHIRE  
MARTLESHAM HEATH...SUFFOLK  
HILLINGDON (UXBRIDGE)

**NSA INVOLVEMENT NATO TWIN BASE COMPLEX, SUFFOLK, UK, DECEMBER 1980 THRU  
JANUARY 1981**

**NSA PROJECT 'MANNEQUIN' CONNECTION/NON LETHAL WEAPONS FIELD TESTS/RENDLESHAM**

FROM FIELD TESTS IN THE USA, MAINLY AT DUGWAY PROVING GROUND AND THEN ONTO TWO LOCATIONS IN NEW MEXICO, BETWEEN 1975 AND 1978, SPECIFIC PSYCHOTRONIC (NON LETHAL WEAPONRY SYSTEMS) WERE SHIPPED TO THE UK AND OTHER EUROPEAN COUNTRIES FOR FURTHER FIELD TEST EVALUATIONS.

THE TWO MAIN AGENCIES INVOLVED IN THE DEVELOPMENT AND DEPLOYMENT OF THESE SYSTEMS WERE THE NSA AND DARPA.

WHEN PEASEMORE BECAME FULLY OPERATIONAL IT WAS USED TO STORE, TEST, AND LOAN OUT THE SYSTEMS TO OTHER NSA RUN INSTALLATIONS.

A SUITABLE LOCATION WAS SELECTED DURING EARLY 1980 FOR FULL SCALE TESTING, IT WAS DECIDED TO USE A MILITARY RATHER THAN CIVILIAN 'TARGET' WITH CLOSE PROXIMITY TO AN NSA FACILITY, 3 AREAS WERE SHORTLISTED, BENTWATERS/WOODBRIDGE DREW THE SHORT STRAW. MACHINERY WAS PUT IN MOTION FOR A TIME WINDOW SOMEWHERE BETWEEN OCTOBER 1980 AND MARCH 1981, EVENTUALLY THIS WAS NARROWED DOWN, DUE TO POLITICAL PRESSURES/GLOBAL TENSIONS, TO DECEMBER 1980 THRU TO JANUARY 1981. PEASEMORE, ORFORD NESS, MENWITH HILL AND LONDON WERE ALL PUT ON HIGH READINESS.

A CONVOY OF NSA VEHICLES LEFT BERKSHIRE LATE ON CHRISTMAS EVE AND HEADED EAST TO SUFFOLK, ARRIVING AT ORFORD NESS IN THE SMALL HOURS OF CHRISTMAS DAY, EQUIPMENT AND 'SOFTWARE' WAS THEN PLACED INTO POSITION READY FOR 'SWITCH ON' AT AROUND THE TIME FRAME OF 22.00 HRS.....THE REST IS HISTORY, ALBEIT A DELIBERATELY CONFUSED ONE. PEASEMORE DURING THE PERIOD DECEMBER THRU JANUARY WAS, TO SAY THE LEAST, IN A FRENZY, SECURITY WAS TIGHTER THAN EVER.





## THE VOICE OF THE KING

Of all those making noise on the UFO front, The Voice stands alone in the muddy waters, always looking over his shoulder for fear of being silenced, writes ANDY ROBERTS

**T**he silence has been at it again. Yet another brave soul prepared to bear witness to the alien presence on Earth has been hushed up. Barry King might be unfamiliar to Porteans, but he has got a long track record in the UFO subject. In the 1970s he was part of UFOIN, the legendary 'rapid response' investigation team set up by Jenny Randles. Along with Andy Collins, Graham Phillips and Martin Kentman, he investigated some of the UK's most remarkable UFO cases yet, such as the Aveley Abduction. Indeed, King was the subject of one particularly bizarre CE4 case, the pseudonymous 'Paul Grant Affair' in which implants were placed in his cranium and chest cavity.

His co-investigators went on to psychic questing and books about the Holy Grail, Shakespeare, angels and Robin Hood while Barry went underground. Literally. Between 1978 and 1980, King alleges that he worked as a security guard in a top secret installation deep under the Berkshire countryside where he learned that 'super stealth' craft utilising technology gleaned from aliens were being tested on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere. He saw it with his own eyes, placing him in a situation analogous to the renegade physicist Bob Lazar, who claims to have back-engineered technology from captured UFOs into US 'black project' craft.

The plot thickens. During the mid 1980s King published a series of increasingly strange monographs under a new appellation.

Metamorphosis had taken place and King was now 'The Voice', referring to himself as such in the third person. The documents, also called *The Voice*, offered a potpourri of prime ufology including lists of ufologists being watched by the intelligence services because they were 'too close to the truth'. Conversely, King re-coated the hourly chestnut about certain UFO researchers being 'plants' to help the same intelligence services manipulate the subject.

There was much more: remote viewing and ghost sightings were second nature to The Voice; as were the repeated and somewhat tiresome abductions in which he was 'taken' for periods of up to 62 hours at a time. *The Voice* is essential reading if accompanied by a good hit of sodium chloride. Get it (*The Voice that is*) from 27 The Green, Melbourne, Cheshamford, Essex, CM1 2BQ.

The Voice and his yarns were all heady stuff for the sleepy British ufological community to take in. But, together with *The X-Files* and the explosion in paranormal magazines in which truth is rarely a barrier to a good yarn, King has been influential to a slew of highly active ufologists including Matthew Williams, Miles Johnstone, Eric Morris and Richard Conway. Consolidating the American strand of the UFO mythos at grass-roots level in the UK, his ideas are turning up unquestioned in mainstream UFO literature, videos and conference lectures.

Yet life for a whistle-blower is far from easy. In the first issue of *The Voice*, King was proclaiming his mission to expose the evil machinations of the controllers and their craft, saying: "The Voice goes it alone, even threats to its physical body will not prevent The Voice from speaking." But that was before paranoia had set in. By early 1987 he was a worried man, taking no chances and choosing not to drive because he had been told that "hit and runs are the easiest and cleanest methods of silencing someone with no come backs or repercussions".

These worries might not have been entirely unfounded. In May 1987, King was booked to lecture on the subject of British Underground Bases at a conference in Burnley, Lancashire.

Following a promotional appearance on Radio Lancashire, King dramatically pulled out, claiming threats and a beating. A statement sent to the organisers LAPIS told of menaces such as: "Can it or face the consequences," and finishing with: "The threats are TERMINAL this time, they do not mince words, they mean it. Sorry." Heavy stuff, but as with much in ufology we are faced with the question of how much, if any, of King's story is actually true.

Sceptics might argue that it is King himself who is manipulating the more gullible researchers in the field, that he's as much part of the problem as the solution. Possibly. One of his slogans was: "Let us try to clear the muddled waters of ufology." A noble sentiment, but his tales of subterranean derring-do and subcutaneous implants have left the waters more clouded than ever. Perhaps we should take more notice of another of his pithy epigrams: "The puppets are mobile and it is we who pull the strings."

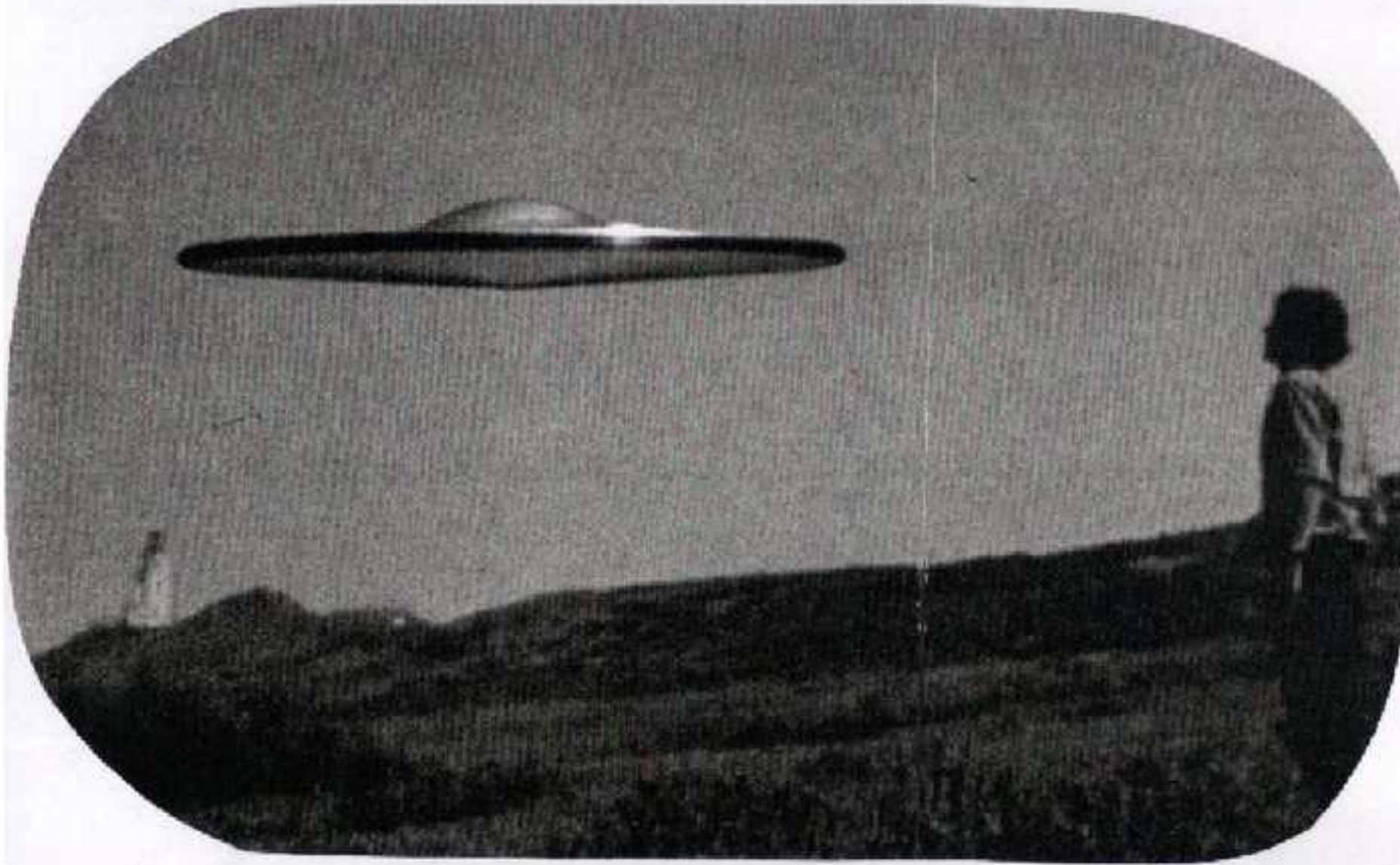
Like Bob Lazar and Armen Vitorian, King is but one of the many shadowy enigmas who stalk the fringes of mainstream ufology. Now you see them, now you don't. These cosmic Cassandrae tantalise with hints of recondite knowledge, shamelessly flaunting their closeness to where it's really at; to where you want to be too. Prophetic or pathetic, their subtle influence on the subject is palpable and the ripples they are making will bounce around the scene for years to come, spawning more tall tales, creating and re-creating the subject of ufology in their own image. And perhaps that's what it's really all about. Maybe King and his ilk need ufology more than ufology needs them. You'd be right to be as sceptical about The Voice and his pronouncements as I am. But in this game you just never know exactly when and where the truth lies.

ANDY ROBERTS IS CO-EDITOR OF BUFORA'S UFO TIMES, EDITOR OF THE ARMCHAIR UFOLOGIST AND AUTHOR OF BOOKS ON UFOs. [brigantia@compuserve.com](mailto:brigantia@compuserve.com)





BOB WAS A BRIGHT SORT BUT HE COULD NEVER FATHOM OUT WHY HE NEVER BOARDED THE BUS LIKE THE OTHER GUYS!!!!



ACCESS TUNNEL DATA (SEE SKETCH)

WIDTH OF TUNNEL: FULL TWO LANE CAPACITY, EACH LANE ABOUT 10FT WIDE, PLUS MAGNETIC TRACKWAY IN CENTRE WHICH IS APPROX. 6FT WIDE

ON ROOF OF TUNNEL, EVERY 200YDS OR SO, A SPECIAL CAMERA POD IS FITTED, THIS HOUSES TWO CAMERAS, FORE AND AFT, MICROPHONES, AND SENSORS  
( 'C' ON SKETCH )

THE SPECIAL VENTING SYSTEM IN THE TUNNEL ALLOWS THE USE OF NORMAL ORDINARY ROAD TRAFFIC, STANDARD VANS AND CARS, MINIBUSES, BESIDES THE MAGNETIC VEHICLES

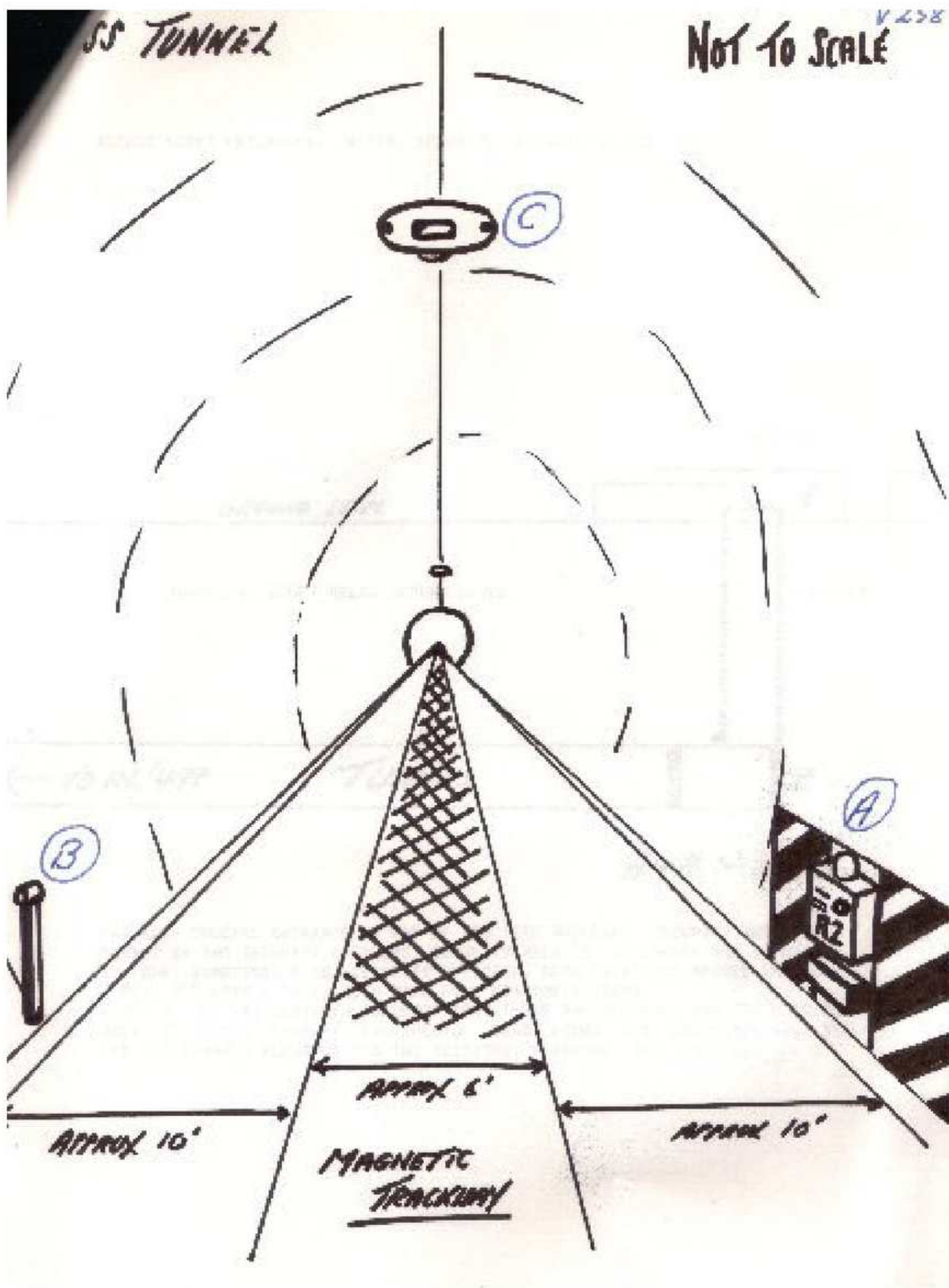
AT EVERY 1 MILE ON ALTERNATE SIDES OF THE TUNNEL CAN BE FOUND THE LOCATIONS OF THE 'REDSWITCH STATIONS' ( 'A' ON SKETCH ) THESE ARE I.D. CARD OPERATED SWITCHES FOR ALARM PLUS ACTIVATORS FOR INCAPACITATION GASES TO FLOOD THE TUNNEL IN EMERGENCIES, THESE 'REDSWITCH STATIONS' HAVE A DISTINCTIVE BLACK AND YELLOW SURROUND AND HAVE A RED FLASHING DOME LIGHT ON TOP ( CONSTANTLY ON )

OPPOSITE EACH 'REDSWITCH STATION' IS A FIXED CAMERA ( MARKED 'B' ON SKETCH )

ONCE THE ALARM HAS BEEN TRIGGERED AT ANY 'REDSWITCH STATION' ALL OTHER STATIONS WILL AUTOMATICALLY GO INTO ALARM MODE, AND IF THE INCAPACITATION GASES ARE RELEASED AT ANY ONE STATION ALL OTHER STATIONS WILL AUTOMATICALLY DO THE SAME ( THUS IN THE EVENT OF AN EMERGENCY WHEREBY THE STATIONS ARE ACTIVATED DOORS WILL BE SEALED AT EACH END OF THE TUNNEL UNTIL THE EMERGENCY HAS BEEN DEALT WITH )

'REDSWITCH 1'.....'REDSWITCH 2'.....'REDSWITCH 3' ETC, ETC, ALL MONITORED BY MAIN SECURITY AREA OF AL/499 AS WELL AS SECURITY AREAS AT EACH ACCESS POINT







# THE PHONE RANG....

V68

TRANSCRIPT OF AN INTERESTING TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH A FORMER PROGRAM 'GUINEA PIG' DURING NOVEMBER OF 1994.

H.R. : HARRY REEDER  
T.V. : THE VOICE

.....TV "HELLO".....HR "THE PUPPETS ARE MOBILE".....  
TV "BLOODY HELL, LONG TIME NO HEAR FROM, HOW ARE YOU?".....  
HR "I'M FINE, LOOK TIME IS SHORT..IS YOUR PHONE CLEAR?, BEFORE  
I SAY ANYTHING".....TV "SORRY MATE ITS HOT, DO YOU WANT TO USE  
A PUBLIC LINE?".....HR " NO, ITS OK, THE BASTARDS KNOW WHAT  
I'M GOING TO SAY, THEY DON'T NEED TO TRACE THIS AS THEY KNOW I'M  
IN AMSTERDAM...AH F\*\*\* 'EM....YOU OK TO LISTEN?".....  
TV "YEAH, NO PROBS, AMSTERDAM EH?, YOU LUCKY BUGGER".....  
HR "CHANGING ADDRESS EVERY FEW DAYS IS NO BLOODY JOKE BESIDES THE  
DUTCH POLICE HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE F\*\*\*\*\* LIST SO I'M ON MY TOES  
CONSTANTLY, WELL, YOU KNOW THE SCORE MORE THAN MOST.....(HEARTY  
LAUGHTER).....YOU KNOW THEY GOT HOLD OF BOB THURWELL, YES, THE  
SILLY F\*\*\*\*\* MUST HAVE LET HIS ATTENTION WANDER A BIT, THEY GOT  
HIM IN GLASGOW OF ALL PLACES....DOZY BASTARD".....TV "NO I DID  
NOT, BLOODY HELL...ERM, WHAT ABOUT DAVID COLESON, WHAT ABOUT HIM,  
HAS HE BEEN NABBED?".....HR "GOD KNOWS, THE LAST I HEARD  
HE WAS WANDERING AROUND THE MIDLANDS SOMEWHERE, NO, DON'T KNOW"  
TV "NOT MANY LEFT, GETTING A BIT WORRYING YEAH?".....HR "TOO  
BLOODY TRUE.....THEY COLLARED BOB AND WHAT MADE IT WORSE FOR  
HIMSELF WAS THAT HE STILL CARRIED THOSE BLOODY DRAWINGS OF THOSE  
LITTLE PG TIPS, CHRIST, OF ALL THINGS TO KEEP IN YOUR POCKET,  
STUPID BASTARD, STILL IN ONE OF THEM PLASTIC ENVELOPES FROM THE  
SHEDS, NUMBERS AND ALL, CRAZY LITTLE F\*\*\*\*\*"  
TV "UM, DOESN'T LOOK GOOD".....HR "NOT TO WORRY OLD SON, WHAT  
HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO SINCE I LAST SAW YOU, I KNOW ABOUT THE, THE  
ER, NEWSLETTERS YOU'VE BEEN KNOCKING OUT FOR MONTHS, F\*\*\*\*\* HELL  
TALK ABOUT F\*\*\*\*\* RISK TAKING...(HEARTY LAUGHTER)..BLOODY HELL,  
YOU GOT A DEATH WISH OR WHAT?...(HEARTY LAUGHTER)....STILL, ITS  
HELPING MATEY, THE LANGUAGE COMING FROM LONDON ABOUT YOU WOULD  
EVEN MAKE ME BLUSH...(HEARTY LAUGHTER)...KEEP STICKING 'EM"....  
TV "I'LL DO MY BEST, I TRIED TO GET THE PICCIES BUT [REDACTED]"

[REDACTED].....HR "DON'T WORRY LAD,  
THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO BRING THE F\*\*\*\*\* DOWN, ANYWAY, THE REASON  
I'VE TOOK A CHANCE ON RINGING YOU THIS EVENING IS THIS.....  
NOW, I DO NOT KNOW HOW BUDDY YOU ARE WITH THOSE DI BUGGERS SO I  
DO NOT KNOW IF THIS INFORMATION IS NEW TO YOU.....ANYWAY, NEWS  
FROM AND ABOUT THE MINDBENDER CLUB.....



.....I'LL GET THIS SAID THEN PUT THE PHONE STRAIGHT DOWN  
 OK?".....TV "YEAH OK MATE".....HR "SAVE ANY QUESTIONS  
 FOR NEXT TIME".....TV "OK".....HR "THEY HAVE HAD QUITE  
 A FEW PEOPLE OVER RECENTLY, SOME FROM PORTON, SOME FROM  
 BOSCOMBE, AND THE AMERICANS SENT FOUR BLOKES FROM SOME FORT  
 OR OTHER, FORT, LIKE BLOODY COWBOYS AND INDIANS (LAUGHTER)..  
 IT SEEMS THE AMERICANS WANT THE PG TIPS MOVED AWAY AND STORED  
 AT A DIFFERENT LOCATION, I DON'T KNOW WHERE THOUGH, ALSO THE  
 PSYCHO SEAT IS TO BE RE-ALLOCATED ALONG WITH ONE OR TWO OTHER  
 BITS AND PIECES.....UP UNTIL RECENTLY THEY DID NOT PAY YOU  
 TOO MUCH ATTENTION BUT CERTAIN PEOPLE HAVE SPLASHED YOUR LITTLE  
 NEWSLETTER ABOUT IN CERTAIN QUARTERS IN BOTH [REDACTED] AND IN  
 [REDACTED], COUPLE THAT TO THE AMERICAN MOVEMENT TO STOP THE  
 PROGRAM.....WELL, THINGS ARE GETTING STICKY FOR THEM, NOW  
 THEY ARE UP TO THEIR LITTLE NECKS IN SHIT AND THEY ARE ALL  
 SHOUTING FOR NO WAVES (HEARTY LAUGHTER).....I'VE ALSO LEARNED  
 THAT THE PHONE TAPPY THEY USE ON THE LIKES OF US HAVE ONLY A  
 9 DAY TRANSCRIBE PERIOD AND NOT THE USUAL 28 DAYS, BIT OF A  
 SOD I KNOW, WELL, THAT GIVES ME A WEEK TO FOUND SOMEWHERE ELSE  
 TO DOSS DOWN (LAUGHTER).....BE F\*\*\*\*\* CAREFUL MATEY, FOR  
 OBVIOUS REASONS I WILL NOT SAY WHEN I WILL RING AGAIN, TAKE  
 F\*\*\*\*\* CARE NOW, SEE YOU".

\* THE VOICE FELT IT WAS WISE TO LEAVE OUT A PORTION OF THIS  
 PHONE CONVERSATION AS IT MENTIONED ONE OR TWO RESEARCHERS IN  
 THE UK AMONG OTHER THINGS, PERHAPS THIS SEGMENT CAN BE RELATED  
 ANOTHER TIME, WE SHALL SEE.

THE VOICE DOES NOT THINK THAT BY PUBLISHING THIS IT WILL  
 CAUSE ANY DANGERS TO HARRY, BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS ANYWAY  
 HIS LOCATION COULD HAVE CHANGED AT LEAST TWICE!!!.

THE VOICE WAS DISTURBED TO HEAR OF THE SHORTENED TIME OF ONLY  
 9 DAYS RE PHONE MONITOR TRANSCRIPTING, BUT WORSE THE VOICE HAS  
 SINCE FOUND OUT FROM RELIABLE SOURCES THAT THIS 9 DAYS IS ALSO  
 INCORRECT, THE VOICE WAS INFORMED 72 HOURS WAS MORE LIKELY FOR  
 HIGH PROFILES, IN WHICH CASE THE VOICE STRONGLY HOPES HARRY  
 SHIFTED HIS BACKSIDE AWAY FROM AMSTERDAM SOONER THAN LATER.



odds and sods page.....

#### BLACK HELICOPTER OVER CHELMSFORD.

A familiar sight over this county town and in particular this area of Melbourne, is the police helicopter, droning in the skies day or night, what is not so familiar however is a black unmarked helicopter that was cruising the skies here during last summer.

What made the whole thing more interesting was the fact that said police helicopter was in the same stretch of airspace at the same time, in fact during the 15-20 minutes or so these machines were visible from my bedroom window they seemed to be playing a game of tag, they would hover within a few hundred yards of each other, then the black one would fly off, followed by the police machine, then minutes later they would be back again.

At one stage the black copter was hovering low directly over the green here facing roughly in my direction, the police copter was hovering nearby, the black copter 'nosed down' and accelerated and zoomed off over the rooftops, seconds later the police one turned and did the same.

Upon making enquiries with Essex police HQ here in Chelmsford about the incident they denied that the police machine had been airborne at all that day and had no knowledge of any black and unmarked helicopters.!!!!!!!

#### MYSTERIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.

A set of photo's allegedly held by someone whom says he wants to 'blow my cover'!

As I haven't the faintest idea of what my cover is supposed to be the whole idea of this business eludes me.

Whatever it is all about goes along the lines that some bod says he has a series of photo's dating from '79/'80 that allegedly shows me in my units uniform, along with other personnel whilst out on Salisbury plain, and that transport and equipment is visible too.

Whatever this is all about the dozy twonk says he will splash the pics on the net in order to blow my cover, well, good luck chum, I will be most interested to see these non existant photo's.

Further EBI images were put thru to me during last summer, see relevent page.

that's it this ish....



**MOD**

V395

DIS (DEFENCE INTELLIGENCE STAFF) .....DEPARTMENTS D155 AND D120

FOR THE PRIMARY BENEFIT OF NICK REDFERN, TIMOTHY GOOD AND JENNY RANGLES

REGARDING THE GOVERNMENT, OR OFFICIAL 'MEN IN BLACK' IF YOU LIKE, AS ONLY RELATIVELY RECENTLY ACKNOWLEDGED BY UFOLOGISTS TO EXIST, SHAME MY FILMED INTERVIEW WITH RAPIDO WAS SHUNTED AWAY IN JANUARY, AS I MADE IT PERFECTLY CLEAR ON FILM WHOM WERE RESPONSIBLE, BUT NOW YOU HAVE IT IN PRINT.....

### THE MEN IN BLACK

D120 UNDERSTAFFED LITTLE DEPARTMENT COMPRISING:

|                                     |                                |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 BRITISH ARMY MAJOR (ARMY INTELL.) | LIAISING WITH DIS ALL SECTIONS |
| 2 TECHNICAL STAFF                   | LIAISING WITH DSTI             |
| 2 FIELD AGENTS                      |                                |
| 1 DEPARTMENT HEAD                   |                                |

( ONE OF THE ABOVE, WHICH ONE I DO NOT KNOW, IS CALLED MILLS OR MILLBANK )

IT IS THE RESPONSIBILITY OF D120 TO SEND FIELD AGENTS TO INTERVIEW MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC, CIVILIANS IN GENERAL, TO DEBRIEF, TO DEBUNK REPORTED CASES OR SIGHTINGS OF A PARTICULAR CALIBRE.

THE TWO FIELD AGENTS ARE EMPOWERED TO CONFISCATE ANY PHYSICAL EVIDENCE WHERE SUCH EVIDENCE IS AVAILABLE, IT IS ALSO WITHIN THE SCOPE OF THEIR ACTIVITIES TO, WHEN CIRCUMSTANCES DICTATE, ACT IN TYPICAL STEREOTYPED 'MEN IN BLACK' FASHION IN ORDER TO CONFUSE WITNESSES AND ANY FOLLOW-UP RESEARCHERS.

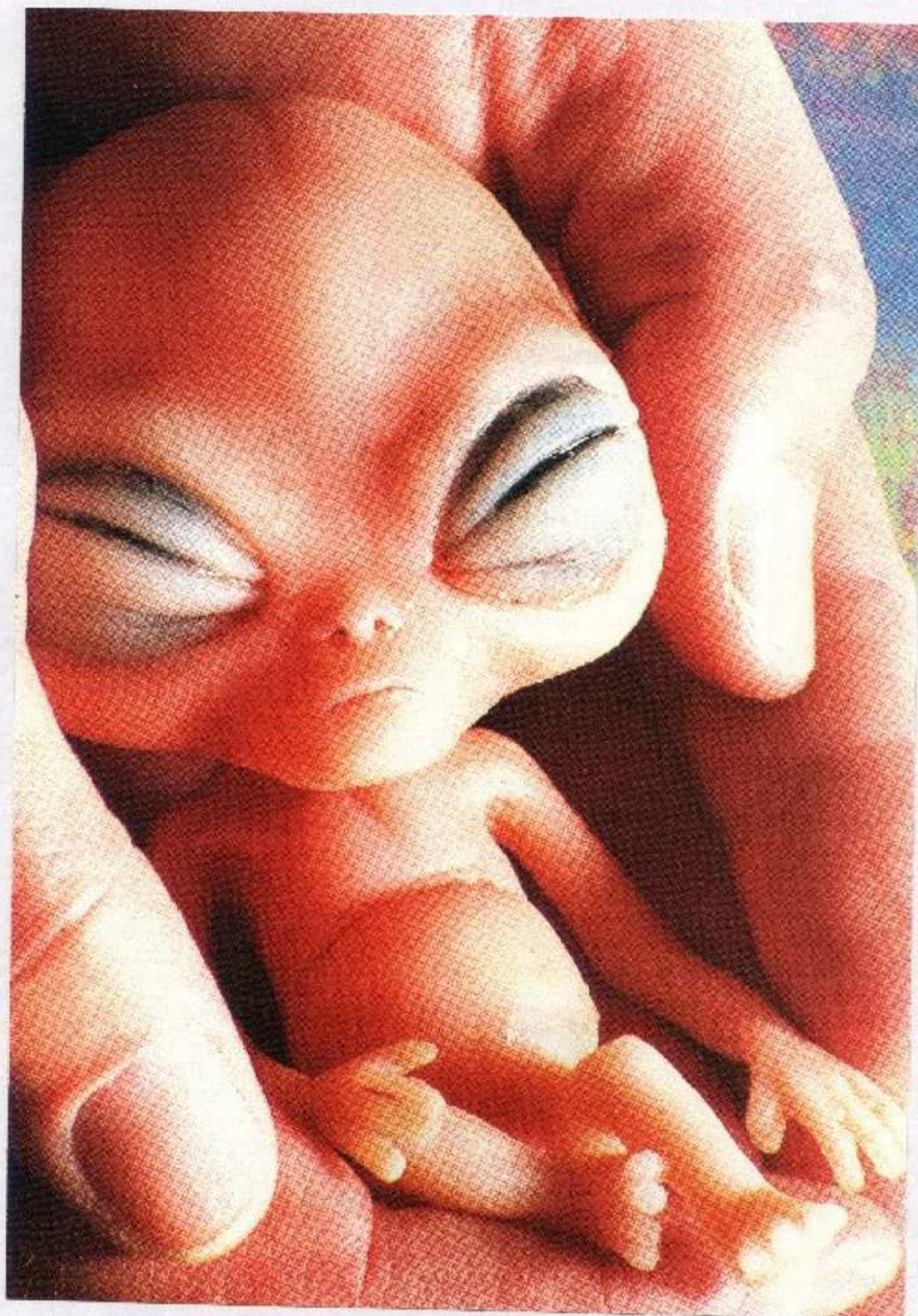
THE 'OFFICIAL' MEN IN BLACK ARE THEREFORE SENT OUT BY D120 ON THE SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS OF D155.....D155 DO NOT THEMSELVES SEND OUT FIELD AGENTS.







## ***JUNGLE DRUMS GOSSIP PAGE***





V3  
U.F.O.s ARE REAL.....

**THE GOVERNMENT  
DOESN'T EXIST**

OR RATHER UFO's ARE REAL AND THE US GOVERNMENT IS A MAJOR SHAREHOLDER!!

I MAKE NO APOLOGIES FOR WHAT FOLLOWS.....

GREYS, GREYS, GREYS ARE EVERYWHERE  
EXITING THE MICROWAVE  
AND JUMPING DOWN THE STAIRS

GREYS, GREYS, GREYS ARE EVERYWHERE  
BOUNCING OFF THE SOFA  
AND LANDING IN THE CHAIR

GREYS, GREYS, GREYS ARE EVERYWHERE  
WATCHING X-FILES ON TV  
AND TUGGING AT MY HAIR

GREYS, GREYS, GREYS ARE EVERYWHERE  
PLAYING FRISBEES WITH LP'S OUT IN THE OPEN AIR

GREYS, GREYS, GREYS ARE EVERYWHERE  
SAMPLING MY WHISKY AND FEELING WORSE FOR WEAR

GREYS, GREYS, GREYS ARE EVERYWHERE  
WALKING ROUND IN UNDERPANTS  
AND PLAYING TEDDY BEARS

GREYS, GREYS, GREYS ARE EVERYWHERE  
WANDERING UP AND DOWN THE STREET, JUST TO SEE WHO IS THERE



« Reply #449 on: Apr 29th, 2005, 6:39pm »

on Apr 26th, 2005, 04:14am, **gusblake** wrote:

*Yep I do have some tough questions like what are implants for. The Voice and Major X maybe able to answer that one.*

Depends if you are talking Milab or Alien implants, Milab chips for instance are for:  
24/7 tracking, can locate the person anywhere on the planet

Biological monitoring, from basics, heart rate, pulse, blood pressure, body temp to more elaborate chips that can initiate a heart attack or can instantly kill due to their brainstem location.

Then there is the 'nasties' that Intel agencies use to screw up your system, you see things, hear things, hear 'commands' put thru to you from the controllers, all manner of mind control mindfucks!

The Alien ones are to a degree worse, simply because their techno is far advanced, there is no end to what the Alien implants can do it is believed.

I'm far from impressed with some of the rubbish Dr Leir has supposedly removed from abductees, c'mon, bits of everyday glass, plastics, wood, heavens sake REAL implants are not easily spotted and can be destroyed before attempts at removal are started. Milab implants took their technology from Alien ones.....they are merged with human tissue to avoid rejection and to resist detection!!!!

Hope that helps, regards, Barry

« Reply #452 on: Apr 30th, 2005, 5:55pm »

on Apr 29th, 2005, 10:03pm, **gusblake** wrote:

*Thanks for that Voice. I like the detail that you just gave me can you tell me more about the Alien implants. What I have heard is that some how they are used to change our DNA if this is true why? Also what is the membrains that cover the implant made out of, so that our bodies don't reject them?*

Ask any of the abductees here on this forum how their implants affect them. DNA changes over a period of a generation are its believed a worrying trend occurring often. A school of thought has it that the aliens need to reshape the human form both physically and psychologically before an open contact/integration can take place. In the meantime the aliens use the abductees as remotes, they can then sense how a human thinks, feels, behaves, emotions, etc, etc. You might ask Oljack for a good description of this, or one of the others here.

Human tissue from your own body is used to encapsulate implants, a biopsy is taken, the samples are nurtured along with said implant and replaced into the body to avoid rejection. Detection is avoided too as said chip is surrounded by natural tissues. And NO, CAT or MRI scans cannot easily detect them.

Hope that helps Gus.

« Reply #453 on: Apr 30th, 2005, 6:05pm »

on Apr 30th, 2005, 5:51pm, **oljack** wrote:

*TheVoice: I'm at the point of needing consoling. How do YOU put up with the ridicule. I'm to the point that it's not even worth posting my words anymore. When the situations of some are just to "out there", like mine, I feel like sometimes I'm spitting in the wind.*



*If everyone would just say nothing and sometimes keep their opinions to themselves, that would be one thing, but to have experienced what I have and then have others (in so many words) tell me I'm off my rocker, I just want to quit and shut my computer down. What do you do?*  
*Eileen*

Eileen whatever you do DO NOT GIVE UP, over the past few months I've gotten to know you as a strong willed no nonsense individual, someone whom can take it on the chin and still come out fighting. Don't you dare give up girl, you are made of stronger stuff. I can take the ridicule simply because I KNOW I'M RIGHT. I was there, I saw/heard/experienced it all. Shit, if I can put up with guns being held to my head, being fired at, nearly run down a few times, well, it only strengthens my resolve, I know I'm doing the right thing, EVEN IF IT KILLS ME!!  
I'm gonna be posting something very soon here, last weeks little episode, watch for it. When times and people get too much give em the finger and say "Fuck You".....I do, all the time. Chin up girl, I'm counting on you for support!! YOU HAVE MINE

« Reply #462 on: Apr 30th, 2005, 7:26pm »

Its pitch dark, the woods around you are silent, your heart rate is high, you are feverishly searching in the vain hope you will stumble on something that will corroborate the stories. Your lucks in, a well hidden concrete covering becomes visible in the dim light from your torch. You hastily tear away at the undergrowth covering the square concrete slab, the handle is rusty but sturdy, all you have to do now is break the padlock and its open. You make your way back to your car and search the toolbox contents, yep, that boltcutter you bought on the offchance last year may be come in useful after all. Just as you quietly close the boot of the car you spy a set of headlights and the revving of an engine.....shit. You throw the boltcutters in the back of the car and try to start and get away, before you have the time a jeep is in front of you and another is in rear of you.....so close!! The forest keeps its secrets for a while longer, there will be another time you try to reassure yourself.

« Reply #465 on: Apr 30th, 2005, 7:40pm »

on Apr 30th, 2005, 7:30pm, **gusblake** wrote:

*Thanks for that Voice. I have another question why are females being implanted (Made pregnant) and then having the implant removed. Also on the same lines what is the purpose of half breeds between humans and the greys that we have been hearing reports on.*

Hi Gus, a sticky one that, female abductees being impregnated and then the feotus being removed after a very short term. From what I've seen on official reports varies from what my gut feeling/research has shown. The hybrids you speak of are an abductees nightmare, especially when the aliens 'force' the abductee to hold/nurture the hybrid. One side says its all to do with the repopulation of the planet, the alien hybrids having a very good chance of survival in our atmosphere, whereas the greys themselves could not. Its a very confusing and complex issue and one that quite frankly worries the hell out of me.

**gusblake**

« Reply #466 on: Apr 30th, 2005, 8:02pm »

*Hi Voice. Thanks again for the info. Sorry for the questions but I do think a lot if not to much on politics and strategies. Can you tell us what sort of governance the greys have. Not to be mistaken for class system but that of governance like do they have democracy or do they belong to say Federation of Alien Planets that other people talk of. Thanks again*



« Reply #467 on: Apr 30th, 2005, 8:15pm »

Sounds a bit Star Trekkie that, you might well be right, I certainly do not know. The only heirachy that I suspect is that the greys have a two tier system, the tall greys are 'in charge', the drones, small greys do all the work. Maybe the so called reptilians are in control of the greys? In all my years no one in any authority has ever wanted to enlighten me on that aspect.

« Reply #473 on: May 1st, 2005, 1:01pm »

FYI Please read, this info will allow you a better picture of how wacky at times life goes for me, and will prevent unnecessary questions. By all means fire away with questions as long as its something not already covered.

In almost 40 years of active hands on ufo research, official and unofficial you tend to accrue quite a few contacts, all over the globe, you pick up sources, friends, help and assistance in all forms. Contacts range from journalists, police, military, intel, astronomers, scientific people, other ufologists, doctors and other medical professionals, the list is endless. I also have one or two UK Government ministers to confide in on occasion. Over the years this has meant thousands of research investigations of one sort or another, travelling all over the place, sometimes I'm gone for a few hours, sometimes days or weeks!! Of course since 2000 this has been severely curtailed due to health reasons but in the last two months has begun to get to 'silly' levels again. All I'm trying to say is that trips on 'Ufo business' are not uncommon for me and is not unusual.

« Reply #474 on: May 1st, 2005, 1:56pm »

FYI

Fenns Row: An unacknowledged area of the forest situated between the two bases. During the 1980's a great deal of construction work was carried out in this area. You will not find it marked on maps. Since the early 90's I have been extremely interested in the area due to its alleged massive underground complex, supposedly connected to the bases and out to the coast. Whether its Aliens or CBW the area itself needs thorough investigation, but Rendlesham refuses to give up its secrets easily, hence my constant attention to the place. Besides, I have personal interest in Rendlesham.





« Reply #476 on: May 1st, 2005, 4:00pm »

It started with a telephone message left on the answerphone....."The puppets are mobile and its we whom pull the strings".....thats all that was said, end of message. I dialled 1471 to get the callers number to doublecheck it matched the caller display. That phrase was used by us 4 Brit Security Officers to identify ourselves when phoning each other, we pinched this part of the remote ELB programming used by the Mannequin project when controlling guinea-pigs via the phone lines. The last person to ring and use that phrase was Harry Reeder years ago in his last phone call to me before he got himself killed so I knew it had to be from someone whom had some knowledge of Peasemore and the project.

« Reply #477 on: May 1st, 2005, 4:50pm »

Later that day I had an interesting phone conversation with someone whom had a very good working knowledge of the 1980 Rendlesham case and it seems knew of TheVoice from some years back. He also had been directed to the Ufo Casebook site and had perused the info here. A meeting in person was arranged so thats why I posted that "somethings cropped up" post with the belief that something of interest to me and perhaps people on this forum would be forthcoming.

I drove into London and parked up, then set off in my slow stroll and walking stick towards the embankment, overlooking the Houses of Parliament. The guy said he would be identified easily as he would be carrying a red colored folder, and true enough on one of the benches sat someone with a dark red folder, I walked up and sat down next to the guy. He smiled and said "So you are THE Barry King"?.....I laughed and said something like "God help us if theres more than one of me!!"

The next hour or so was spent chit-chatting about the Rendlesham case, Peasemore, conspiracies in general, etc, etc. The guy turned out to be a journalist from one of the Middle-Class newspapers whom had a big interest in ufo's and the Rendlesham case in particular. I detailed my own investigations and research trips to the place and somehow we got onto Nukes, politics, the cold war. Returning back to the bases the discussions ran to the ufo/beam incident then went onto Fenns Row and the suspected large underground complex. We threw a few ideas around and settled on the idea that if such a complex exists, which undoubtably it does, then it has something to do with the alleged alien connection or worse politically, it housed CBW's.....long suspected by me over the years. We ended the conversation with the idea of a direct investigation of the area.....we agreed the two of us should go take a peek and see what we could find. We would begin next day. I began packing all the stuff I'd need on such a trip that night and told the family not to worry, it shouldn't take more than a few days, I was warned I'd better be back by the 29th no matter what. I smiled and agreed, looking forward once again to getting back to that weirdly spooky place Rendlesham.

« Reply #478 on: May 1st, 2005, 6:47pm »

When our little chat ended on the embankment, we stood and looked over at the Houses of Parliament, he said as he pointed over at the buildings "If only they knew eh?".....I grinned and agreed. We made our way slowly to a pub to continue with discussions and forge our plans for the trip to hell. For obvious reasons I cannot name the reporter nor give the name of his newspaper. I respect and keep confidential all my contacts and sources.

« Reply #479 on: May 1st, 2005, 8:07pm »

Experience told me what to pack for the trip, a large sports holdall just managed to handle everything. Just one more essential item I'd be picking up on my way North, a 9mm with waistholster and spare clips. Its not like in the USA, carrying a firearm over here gets you in very deep doo-doo, but from past experience I felt a little safer, just in case, so sod it I thought. Its not like I'd ever get to actually using it but, you never know.



Next morning saw me drive away, my destination and plan, to meet at East Gate, a location we both knew very well. If all went well I'd be there by around 2pm.

« Reply #480 on: May 2nd, 2005, 6:19pm »

Saturday 23rd April, St. Georges Day, with the car fitted with essentials, the boot loaded with all the necessary items for the trip, I headed North along the A12 towards Suffolk. The journey all the way to Woodbridge was uneventful, boring even, within a short time I was in sight of the East Gate, I slowed right down and looked around for the reporters car. As I turned right onto the small road leading to East Gate I spied a small red car turning left into the small logging road I'd just passed.

A silver Ford Focus was parked a short way along the road and standing next to it was my contact, I parked up and got out and walked towards him, turning round as the sound of a car engine approaching behind me. The small red car pulled in then immediately reversed away very quickly and was gone.

The next hour or so was spent finalising plans for the hunt. Our cover story, should we be at any time asked by police, locals, military or whoever, was that we were reporters working on a story to do with the famous Rendlesham case, which in essence was perfectly true anyway. My friend had his NUJ card with him so we felt we had our story covered even if we were caught somewhere where we should not be!!

The area we had to work in was massive, not knowing exactly where we were supposed to look we studied maps for the most likely site. With just the two of us it was a daunting task, made worse by my not being able to walk very far without rest, but we were gonna give it our best shot. If necessary we would split up and cover different areas to save time, being in contact with his small two-way radios.

Look at the map yourself to see how big the area actually is.

We decided that we would each sleep in our respective cars overnight within the search areas unless we were told to move on.

4.15pm Saturday, the hunt for the Fenns Row complex begins in earnest.

« Reply #486 on: May 4th, 2005, 2:28pm »

Thanks Ladies, I knew you two would understand better than most, I appreciate that. So I ran a risk with the 9mm but I sure felt a heck of a lot safer with it, besides never had cause to use it and its now very safely under lock and key away from this house. I'll explain my reasons for the gun later though. My best regards, Barry

« Reply #487 on: May 4th, 2005, 3:14pm »

We had maps and photographs so an aerial view was to be transformed into a groundlevel view. An hour or two of driving around the area covering every small road, pathway and when road ran out on foot searching for tiny footpaths, etc. Because of the scale of the place we decided on a grid system of search, colored chalk marking the boundaries, we drew on maps 100 such grids and thought to ourselves 'this would take months'!! But off we went anyway, armed with chalk, small wooden stakes and flicker tape to tie round them as boundary markers. We split up and each had to cover as much ground as possible within the areas most likely to yield results. We were looking for concrete markers, slabs, covers, vents, anything of that nature that indicated something other than the natural order of the forest.



It became very difficult and very very slow once it got dark, we both kept stopping to stand and listen to the sounds of the forest, can be quite scary if you are not used to it. After a total dead loss of a first day we called it quits just after 1am, both exhausted. We made our way back to the cars left on a grassy path a couple of hundred yards away, slowly, as I kept slipping on undergrowth. Glad to be able to sit down I lit a ciggie and put gear away in the boot, something to eat and drink and then try to get some sleep. After we finished talking about the day, a little after 2am I got my car ready for the night and my contact did the same with his car, almost in unison were the sounds of car door locking. Day 1 over and how many to go? I wondered as I drifted off.

« Reply #495 on: May 6th, 2005, 5:58pm »



From East Gate looking east towards the forest, previous photo is the East Gate itself



« Reply #496 on: May 6th, 2005, 6:03pm »



Part of the forest where its been over thinned out!

« Reply #497 on: May 6th, 2005, 6:07pm »



Ditto

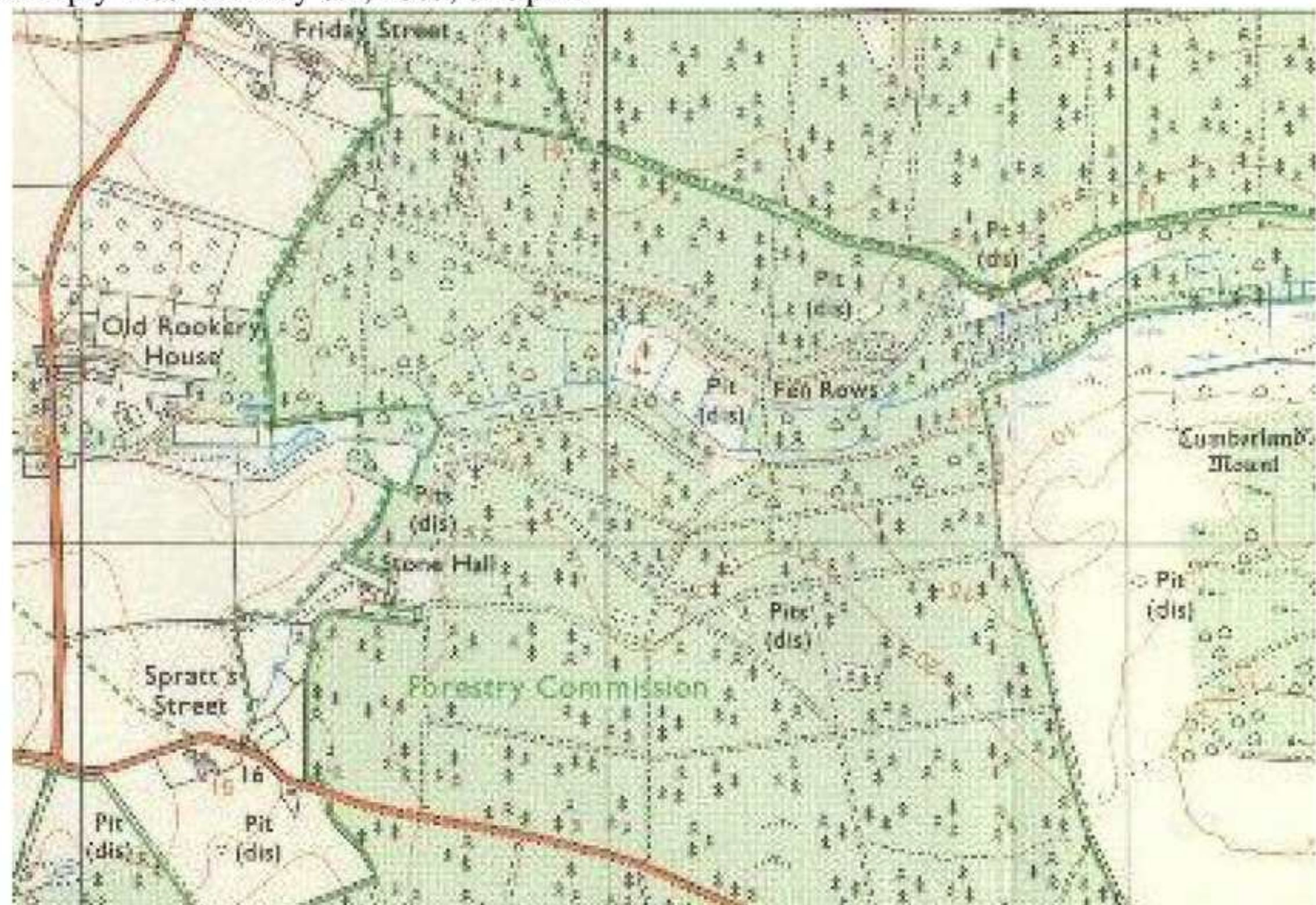


« Reply #498 on: May 6th, 2005, 6:14pm »



Another view of East Gate, these photo's will suffice till we get the recent ones organised.

« Reply #499 on: May 6th, 2005, 6:19pm »





« Reply #500 on: May 6th, 2005, 6:35pm »

Back to business.....

Day 2

I was awoken with a start, someone was knocking on the car window, disorientated and cold I looked up from my cocoon of a sleeping bag and stared at the face looking in on me. I wound down the window bleary eyed and saw the uniform of a police officer. I was asked to get out of the car, I saw my contact standing next to his car talking to another officer. We were asked what we were doing, who we were, usual things, and told we really should not camp out like this on Forestry land. Asked for ID we showed documents which one of the officers took to one side to radio in and do checks on us and our vehicles. Whilst this was being done the other officer asked questions and wanted to look in our cars. Luckily the search was half hearted as he looked inside my car and in the boot. His comment while he grinned was that I'd come very well prepared!! After a few minutes checks were completed and documents handed back. The local officers were quite amused at the reason we were there, we showed them loads of items re the famous Rendlesham case and they seemed genuinely interested, even said as they got into the police car "Happy ufo hunting".

Off they went leaving us shaking with the cold and still tired, I do not recommend to anyone trying to sleep in a car. My contact asked me why I was so glad the police did not do a thorough search of my car, when I pulled out from beneath a tray in the large toolbox the 9mm he nearly shit bricks!! "Is that thing necessary?" When I explained about the creepy house some 20 miles away, the bloke with the shotgun, the meeting, etc, he understood and said in a way he was glad we had the gun, just in case.

Glancing at my watch it was a little after 7am, we decided to drive to Woodbridge and have a clean up and get breakfast, we would plan day 2 there.

« Reply #501 on: May 6th, 2005, 6:46pm »

Realising the grid system search would take forever we changed tactics and went for a more direct search plan. From all of the info we had between us from sources it was decided that picking on certain areas first might yield better results. We also were to cover sep areas and keep in contact with mobile phones and the 2 ways, even though in certain areas the signals dipped at certain times.

We discussed the vast construction work that took place in the area in the late 80's and wondered if it was either something to do with the alleged underground complex or indeed as one source told us, it was to do with the emergency shoring up of one of the tunnels that lead between the bases and the coast. This source suggested that engineers plans revealed a partial collapse of one of the tunnels in Fenns Row area. This was 3rd party info so could not be validated. It was up to our searching to try and uncover what was really there.

« Reply #502 on: May 6th, 2005, 7:05pm »

Even in the summer months it can get very cold in Rendlesham, so April gets very very cold day and night sometimes. I remember in April '96 doing some filming for the Bases 2 tape, I was sitting being filmed on some tree stump with the Bentwaters airbase behind me, and I was freezing, visibly shaking with the cold. All Miles could say was keep talking, you are doing fine!! You have to carry extra layers of clothing when going on such madness trips, jumpers, sweatshirts, jackets, gloves, etc.

Searching thru acres and acres of land is time consuming. You get the occasional passer by stopping and staring, once in a while someone will actually stop and enquire what you are doing, you explain the ufo interest, a little about the 1980 case that usually does the trick. Others will call you a crank or nutcase and tell you to sod off home!!



Once darkness falls its a different ballgame altogether, for one thing you are slowed right down simply because its so totally dark and all you have are the torches. The sounds are the things that get to you, some really spooky sounds amidst the sounds of animals scurrying about. Occasionally the stillness will be broken by aircraft or helicopters, especially the low flying ones that seem to hover for a while as if watching what you are doing. Yes paranoia can set in when you are in such places!!

« Reply #504 on: May 7th, 2005, 6:42pm »

Day 2 indeed Day 3 proved fruitless re the search. Time was also spent on the two bases themselves and surrounding areas of interest. The only thing of note occurred on Day 3. I spotted someone walking round our cars, looking inside and taking photo's of the vehicles. I spotted him as I was returning to collect something from the boot. As I approached the guy turned round and casually strolled away. I got in my car and started the engine, sounded the horn a couple of times. He looked back and stopped, I was going to drive towards him but he must have sensed my thoughts and rushed into the trees. I couldn't be bothered going after him. The sound of the car horn brought my contact running over. False alarm I told him, just some twonk photographing the cars and nosing around.

Day 4 brought some glimmer into an otherwise dim task. We were driving sort of off road among low undergrowth, still being watchful for hidden tree stumps and the like. All of a sudden my car dipped as I was turning away from the edge near the trees, the rear hit something. Getting out I looked at the rear and saw that the wheel had tried to go over something. Getting the small folding spade out of the boot I began digging, low and behold whatever it was was made of concrete. I called my contact on the radio to come over to my position and have a looksee. We were like two little kids on Christmas morning looking at a brand new toy as an hour and a half later there sat a concrete covering, complete with heavy handle and rusted padlock.

Scared that someone may be keeping tabs on us we decided to recover the thing and return after dark, carefully marking our exact position on the map. I was sure there would be more of these covers in the area and a night search should prove useful.



« Reply #505 on: May 7th, 2005, 8:17pm »



Mildenhall, still have two contacts based here at the USAF base, USAF Personnel, whom have been very useful over the years. Another story, another time perhaps. Both know of and are very interested in the Rendlesham case.

« Reply #508 on: May 8th, 2005, 6:43pm »

Day 4 Night time.....We returned to the site and after awhile found the concrete covering. Using a baseline we began searching in a straight line westwards (roughly). The concrete covering was around 3ft in diam with a surround of about 4ft square. Some 50yds further on we discovered another smaller cover, this one was made of rusty steel and about 2'6" in diam set in a 4ft square concrete base. We judged there would be another one a further 50yds on or thereabouts. Approaching 4am we decided to call it a day and continue in daylight.

Day 5.....Spent most of the morning in Woodbridge, in the afternoon returned to the site but noticed a couple of vehicles, ordinary landrovers very near to the location of the covers. We decided to carry on driving past and keep an eye from a distance what was going on.

4 men, dressed ordinarily were casually walking around right next to the site, not looking at anything in particular, just strolling around. We watched them from a safe distance for around half an hour before they got into the vehicles and slowly drove away. We gave it another half hour before we dared go to the site.

As soon as we pulled up near the first cover someone came out of the tree covering to our right. We sat in the cars as the guy stopped and looked at us as if deciding which car to approach. We both got out of the cars and he just stood there. He broke the ice by saying something like "So you are the ufo hunters then?" We looked at each other and then nodded in unison. The guy acted very sheepishly as if caught out so we played him along by saying "Yeah, no luck yet though, the saucers have not shown yet", a nervous laugh escaped his lips.



He shoved his hands in his pockets and approached us making small talk about the area, then started asking question after question, friendly at first then he became more forceful. It got to a stage where he almost demanded answers, that's when we told him no more questions, we had ufo's to hunt down. He grinned and then said "more like hidden bases to find eh?". Looking at him questionably we tried to steer back to plain old ufo's but he would wear none of it. It got a little heated then my contact blurted out something like "You M.O.D ?", the guy grinned and said "maybe".....with that he said "good day gentlemen" and walked off!!

Puzzled and annoyed we walked off slowly trying to figure out what may be going on here. It was decided to cool things and keep away from the site for a while, give it 24 hours and see if things are OK.

« Reply #512 on: May 13th, 2005, 6:52pm »

Gonna have to shorten this a bit as do not know how long this PC will remain working.

Too impatient to wait the 24 hours we set ourselves we decided, over a drink, to sod them all and carry on that night. Arriving back at the site we split up and paced out distances from the already uncovered concrete covers to give us an idea where further ones may be located. Thinking logically, or illogically as it turned out we decided to use radios as the distance we thought we may have to cover was over 200yds from the first lid.

Off my contact went round to the other side of the trees and then headed westerly, there we waited in our positions for darkness. It was a case of remapping the uncovered lids and gauging positions of new ones. Very slow painstaking and backbreaking work, hampered of course by the darkness. It was eerily silent as I continued very slowly along my 'line', stopping every so often to ease the pain in my legs. It must have been around 11pm or so when.....Its pitch dark, the woods around you are silent, your heart rate is high, you are feverishly searching in the vain hope you will stumble on more concrete coverings. Your lucks in, a well hidden concrete covering becomes visible in the dim light from your torch. You hastily tear away at the undergrowth covering the square concrete slab, the handle is rusty but sturdy, all you have to do now is break the padlock and its open. You make your way back to your car and search the toolbox contents, yep, that boltcutter you bought on the offchance last year may be come in useful after all. Just as you quietly close the boot of the car you spy a set of headlights and the revving of an engine.....shit. You throw the boltcutters in the back of the car and try to start and get away, before you have the time a jeep is in front of you and another is in rear of you.....so close!! The forest keeps its secrets for a while longer, there will be another time you try to reassure yourself.

No time to warn my contact by radio, hopefully he would have heard the engines and seen the headlights. Figures approach my car and open my door, shining a torch in my face. I'm told to follow the jeeps to the road. These are I was certain Cherokees, seemed bigger than the ones the public can buy here also they had no rear side windows, typical blue-grey USAF color. I thought to myself the nearest active base for these bods must be Mildenhall. We arrive slowly at the road, already there was my contact standing by his car, another 2 jeeps plus, as my heart sank, a British police car and two officers. In for it now I thought. Strangely enough we were asked loads of questions, ID was checked and rechecked then they began to check over our cars. I lit a ciggie as my nerves began to fray, if they find the 9mm I'm dead. It was the police whom started the checks in the cars but after a while they let the USAF guys take over. Cameras were emptied of film, but they missed my tiny spy cam hidden in the boot. They took papers including maps away from us, then the USAF guys took the police to one side and had a little chat outside my hearing range.



After about ten minutes of yapping between themselves and a lot of gesticulating, the police came over and told us that its a military matter and that they no longer had an issue with us, with that they got in the police car and drove away. My contact looked at me and sighed a sigh of 'boy, are we deep in poo now!'

We were told that we were to accompany the jeeps to their base which did turn out to be Mildenhall for a 'debrief', so away we all went. After less than 3 or 4 miles the lead jeep stopped, we all pulled over at the side of the road. I did not look back but I guess the same thing happened to my contact a few vehicles back. A USAF guy came over to my window and knocked on the glass, I opened it and was told in no uncertain terms to F\*\*\* off home, never ever come back, blah blah blah!! Various threats, warnings, usual shit. Then they casually got back in their vehicles and buggered off into the night.

Dumbstruck, and not believing my luck I got out of my car lit a ciggie and took a big swig from my hipflask, shouting into the night air!! My contact thought I'd gone loopy but soon was killing himself with laughter. Shit, we didn't actually get nicked!

Not wanting to push our luck any further we decided to pack up completely and go home, with that I had another large swig of the flask. Thinking it would then be ironic if I got pulled over on the way home for drink driving I decided to park up somewhere safe for the night and go home next morning, Thursday. Woodbridge played host to us in our vehicles overnight there, by 10am we were both on the A12 heading home. My contact would be in touch after a few days or so, we would see where we could go at that time with this stuff, if anywhere.

Arriving back home in plenty of time to get a few things organised for next day, the 29th, our 22nd wedding anniversary.....and that as they say was that!!

« Reply #519 on: May 14th, 2005, 5:47pm »

Fear not people we will get there in the end, if it takes a bit of time what the heck, time after all is transient.

« Reply #520 on: May 14th, 2005, 5:49pm »

## **RETURN TO PEASEMORE TIME**

« Reply #521 on: May 14th, 2005, 6:05pm »

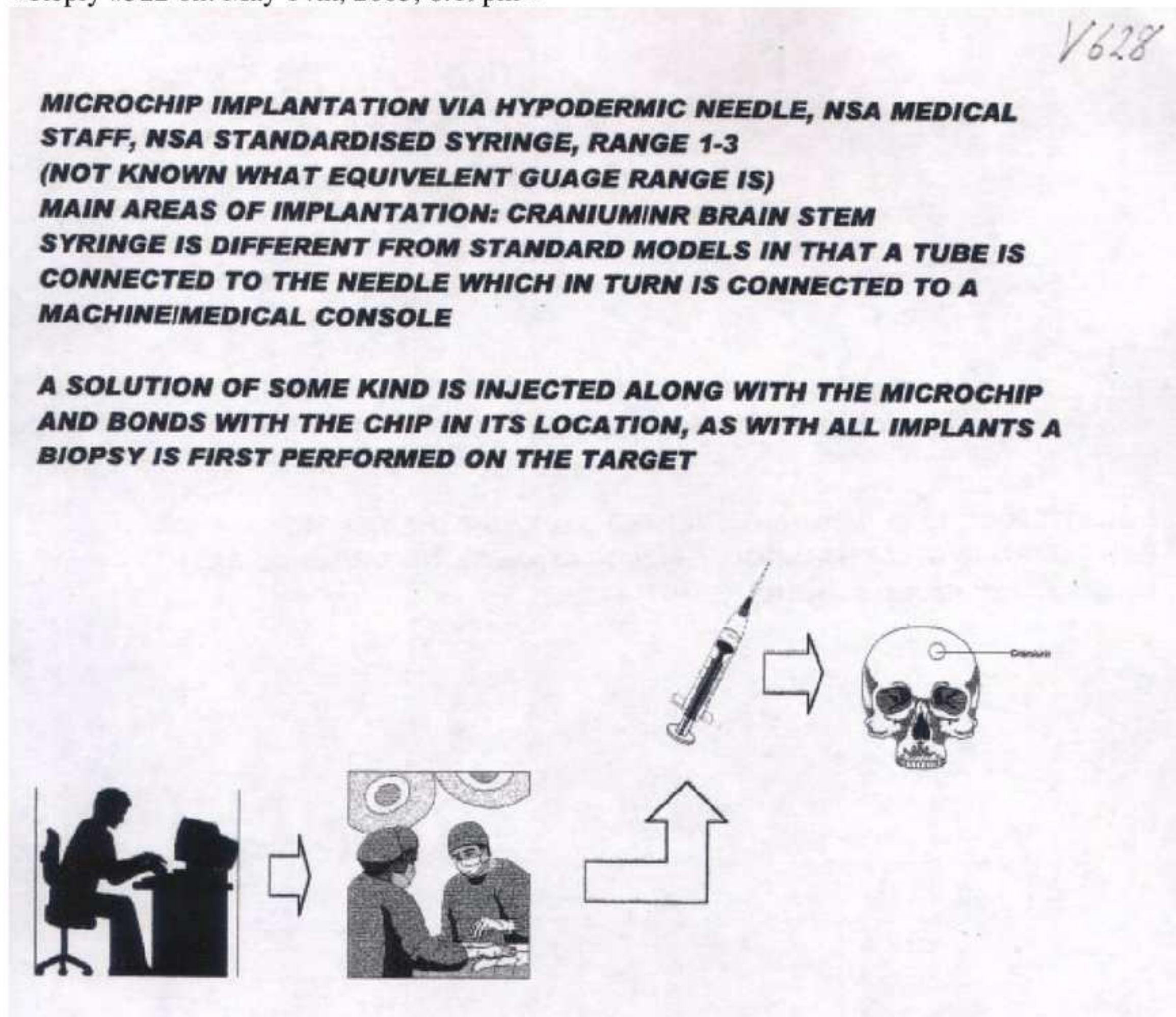
As stated earlier, all security personnel are chipped. The procedure is quite simple, A biopsy is taken and stored in the medical areas. The officers have a typical US Marine haircut, really really short, almost bald. A room is set up in the medical area for implanting and recovery of the security staff. A general anaesthetic is given as no bodily movement must take place, the chip is implanted next to the brain stem. Upon post-op recovery takes 48hrs or so as rest and little upper body movement is necessary. A small swab covered with a small dressing is placed at the back of the head/neck during the following few days, whilst being constantly monitored.

Tests are then completed on the chip. This will include a 'passout', literally knocking out an officer under controlled conditions to ascertain the effectiveness of the implant.

TO BE CONTINUED.....



« Reply #522 on: May 14th, 2005, 8:19pm »



« Reply #524 on: May 15th, 2005, 5:08pm »

And a bit later on I'll detail what I know about UK UFO crash retrievals, the teams, where they are based, that sort of thing. The USA side of things I do not have too much info on, that may be a job for the Major!

*creolelady*

« Reply #531 on: May 15th, 2005, 7:16pm »

*Perhaps you could pop in on the remote viewing thread now and then? I am very curious to hear your thoughts on that topic as well. I am very interested in it. I also really like to study on crash retrievals, doesn't matter which side of the pond. By the way, describe to me where Fenn's Row is please. I know you may have mentioned it already (sure of it), but it sounds quite familiar to me. Just wondered where it is geographically. Thanks! Linda*

« Reply #532 on: May 15th, 2005, 7:32pm »

Hi Linda, yep, Fenns Row is an area situated between the 2 airbases, Bentwaters and Woodbridge, the exact area is undefined and known locally. Its on old Suffolk maps but was deleted from all more modern ones.



*creolelady*

« Reply #533 on: May 15th, 2005, 8:51pm »

*I thought I remembered the area. We were stationed at RAF Lakenheath during the early 80's. We got all around the Suffolk area, mostly going around the bases.*

*I just kept thinking I had been in the area and wanted to make sure. (That was with first husband)*

*As soon as my second husband and I married, the Air Force sent us to the UK as well. This time he was stationed at RAF Molesworth. First we lived in Bury, then moved onto RAF Alconbury. Only some parts of the base were still being used then ('95-'96) We still used the clinic at RAF Upwood though.*

*Anyway, Thanks much!*

« Reply #535 on: May 17th, 2005, 6:52pm »

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL FORUM MEMBERS.....

A little mini statement at this point is called for I think. The study of Ufo's/Aliens is a very serious business, at times it can be deadly. Many have been put in positions of trust re classified information, information that if divulged could and has at times, resulted in the removal of an individual. I cannot stress enough how difficult, how downright dangerous, lethal, being a whistleblower is. Having once been on the inside and now divulging specific data into the public domain I have placed myself, my family and certain friends in considerable peril, danger would be an understatement. True, over the past 4/5 years things have cooled off a little but over the past few months things have heated up a little, due to my disclosures and my constant 'fingers in many pies', but thats my nature. During the 90's I placed sets of documents, photo's and files with trusted friends around the globe. If I were to suddenly disappear or die under unusual circumstances then these friends were instructed to make all info public by whatever means they saw fit.

THIS IS NOT A GAME, I'm deadly serious, and what I am disclosing can have deadly repercussions. If I suddenly do not appear on this forum for a lengthy period of time, I mean weeks not days, then you can safely assume the worst.

Thanks for your time, Barry

« Reply #539 on: May 18th, 2005, 6:02pm »

Unfortunately I have very down to earth human controllers. The brain-stem implant done at Peasemore has a further feature, one I was a bit reluctant to mention before. The controllers use this via EBL/ELF to communicate/sometimes take over with humans. Several times during the 90's they used the EBL to communicate things directly to me, most were in the way of images/visions etc but on one occasion they controlled my emotional state in such a way that I 'threw a wobbly' one day, trashed my office, destroyed a number of files, etc, etc. To teach me a lesson.

Over the past 4/5 years the NSA has seen me as very little of nuisance value. Seen me as an old man, spirit long broken, health shot to shit and dying, not much of a threat anymore, so they let sleeping dogs lay and did not bother me. But it seems my exploits since January have brought me back to their attention, and away we go again.

They constantly remind you that its easy to silence someone and delight in telling you all of the ways at their disposal. Number one on my list would be a heart attack, no one would raise an eyebrow if that suddenly happened, I'm old, I have a 25 year history of heart problems!!



I knew what I'd be getting into once I started ruffling feathers again so do not worry for me on that score. I just need you all to realise how evil, how nasty, the NSA really are.

« Reply #540 on: May 18th, 2005, 6:24pm »

I phoned my newspaper contact at his home in London and asked him to visit ASAP as a development re our trip had arisen. Things had been quiet at his end and seemed surprised at what I had to tell him initially.

In the post I received a videocassette, no letter or note, just a tape sent from somewhere in the UK, the postmark was not clear so sender area unknown.

I am more than used to such things so was not overly curious or alarmed. I ran the tape, sat in front of the bedrooms 28" stereo TV and waited to see the tape's content. The first minute or so was blank with occasional numbers/letters appearing, then blank again then a picture formed.....it was the back of my car and it looked to be on a very busy road, the 'camera car' was maybe 6/7 car lengths behind me. I sat bolt upright as I recalled this was the A12 some few miles out of Chelmsford, heading North towards Colchester. This view lasted 3/4 minutes then cut into another rear shot this time almost at Ipswich, then again heading to Woodbridge, then the scene was approaching East Gate And me turning into the small road leading there.

I am sure I would have realised if one car in particular had been behind me for any real length of time so can only assume more than one vehicle was used in the filming.

What of course really pisses me off is that my little detour to go and pick up my 'trusted little friend' and stash it in the boot in the big toolbox, all of that was caught on tape, not the putting in the toolbox part but me driving into a certain place, walking in and then walking out with something wrapped in my hands and going to the car.

Somehow they managed to capture on film times during the day and night our searches, etc. Even the end part when we were found out, the police, the USAF, etc, etc. Quite a nice little dossier.

The tape ends with lengthy shots of the concrete covers we found, they spent time dwelling on these. Tape ends!!!!

« Reply #541 on: May 18th, 2005, 7:01pm »

The harassment and intimidation has started again too. Since the weekend I have been pulled over and ID checked/car searched by local Police no fewer than 4 times. Had all this in the past, its MI5/Special Branch way (from NSA) of keeping me on my toes and knowing they are not happy with me. No amount of complaining to Chief officer will change this sporadic harassment, been there, done that!!

**Squeeky**

« Reply #543 on: May 18th, 2005, 8:34pm »

*Boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy Barry. You sure you want to continue with this stuff? Who do you think is worse? The extra terrestrials or the UK/US governments decisions over the years about extra terrestrials and UFOs?*

**gusblake**

« Reply #544 on: May 18th, 2005, 9:39pm »

*Are they watching all of us here. Can they read our PMs to each other here. Are we all at risk by talking to you.*

« Reply #545 on: May 19th, 2005, 08:25am »

I'm past the point of no return now, don't want to let you guys down now. I'm more afraid of UK/USA governments, ET will not kill you.



« Reply #553 on: May 19th, 2005, 4:49pm »

Peasemore has very close links with both Ft.Detrick and Porton Down, due to the experiments done on guinea-pigs. In fact the boss man of Porton at the time, Dr Graham Pearson was a frequent visitor to the facility with his team.

Not all that entered Peasemore came out again.....

« Reply #554 on: May 19th, 2005, 4:59pm »

Experiments of all kinds are undertaken in the labs, electronic areas and medical areas of Peasemore. There are facilities for chemical and biological experimentation and there are pressure chambers. Physical and psychological procedures are extensive in nature and frequency. A remit from Darpa and NASA is to produce humans that can withstand extremes in hostile environments, planetary and deep space travel. Therefore humans are pushed and pushed to destruction in order to reach that level of usefulness.

« Reply #582 on: May 21st, 2005, 7:11pm »

The klaxon sounds, the piercing noise shatters the otherwise peacefulness of the corridor you are in, making your way to one of the labs. The klaxon signals Peasemore is about to play host to another bunch of guinea-pigs, we are not going to know whether its abductees or medical experiments till the lights above the tunnel opening show red or green. It goes green, right, thats abductees, we hasten to readiness for their arrival. One of the officers comes out of the office with a clipboard and yells orders, "five on the way".....all staff needed for the job are hastening to their respective positions. Within minutes we hear the drone of the truck approaching, 5 Milab victims, so 5 gurneys to prepare, the labs are prepped and waiting. Fast efficiency, very professionally each abductee is placed on a gurney and wheeled away. All are softened and unconscious, its extremely rare that something goes a little wrong and we have to soften an abductee as they arrive, but it has happened once or twice.

« Reply #583 on: May 21st, 2005, 8:13pm »

Either a lab or one of the electronic areas is used for each Milab, the settings will vary for what we want each abductee to recall. Can be totally electronically induced into the guinea-pig, or mixed with specific drugs a staged event unfolds in front of the abductee, complete with uniformed personnel and greys. various procedures are done to each abductee under such conditions, usually allowing the abductee to recall parts of these sometimes intrusive procedures. All Milab victims are electronically and chemically tagged to allow control outside of the facility. This will include altered states and hallucinations/nightmares. DNA is taken and stored for the central databank held in the USA at several classified locations. All major USAF bases/facilities have access to this database, as does NATO HQ.

« Reply #590 on: May 23rd, 2005, 06:58am »

on May 22nd, 2005, 9:27pm, **ladyfreedom62** wrote:

*You mentioned that this implant in you, they can control your moods, or behavior?*

*Do they have implants as such in abducties? Or is that just for people who work for them, that have top secret information, to control them?*

Hiya, yes I'm pretty sure both Milab and alien abductees have similar implants. The ones that can drop/kill a person are, as far as I'm aware, reserved for security staff and similar personnel working at facilities of a classified nature.



« Reply #591 on: May 23rd, 2005, 07:02am »

on May 23rd, 2005, 01:37am, **gusblake** wrote:

*This would have to be government approved at the highest level, they must have a plan or even an idea as to where this will take us(Humanity). So let me guess they are already there, what happens next, world domination a made up excuse for a war with ET, integration with ET (nice way of putting it). This would lead us to say a Star Wars program not missile defense but a earth protection system (Lots of money to make Star Wars good for business ay). How am I going.*

Hi Gus, you don't really need me here as you are working things out yourself, you are on the right track. If you listen very carefully you might be able to just hear, in the distance, whispered words from the White House that go something like this....."Hell, Mr President we can rename the planet Americana" (Or should that be Amerikana?)

« Reply #656 on: May 31st, 2005, 8:34pm »

Advanced Remote Viewing, using chemical enhancements under very strict controls/conditions. Co-ordinates given or a direct timeframe and specific location given for viewer.

On one such test I was sent forward in time and given co-ordinates. What I reported was a battleground. The sky was black but it was not night, thick acrid smoke wafted around, the ground was sandy yet very furrowed, bumpy, uneven. Small buildings were scattered around as were vehicles, burnt out/blown up. It was a heavy atmosphere, I was wearing breathing gear , full combats, stuff I had difficulty in describing at the time. I was running, a sluggish cumbersone run hindered by the gear I was wearing. I spotted something on the ground nearby and went to investigate, it was a woman and child, both injured and in distress. I was about to look closer when the intercom in my helmet told me something along the lines of "Forget it soldier, its not our business, theres nothing we can do". I continued running, being passed by others and the occasional vehicle. I then came upon a body, another combatant. I stood over him looking at the uniform which for reasons I could not work out then bothered me. The patches were strange as well as a big shoulder patch that resembled a big white UN but the letters were sort of joined, the U covered half of the N, on a blue background. Reporting these details at the debrief I was told just another 'future maybe'.

On another occasion I was told I would be again going ahead in time and given co-ordinates, this proved to be the Peasemore facility itself at some unknown future date. This was weird and troubled me a lot at the time. The place looked trashed, debris everywhere, half the normal lighting was off, the only sound was the Contamination alert bleating away meaning there had been a conmtamination of one sort or another. I continued along corridors, rooms, levels searching, no sign of life, was asked to check everywhere within the time I had, unfortunately it meant several visits due to problems I had breathing and could stay only short intervals. I was asked to check in offices for any sign of what caused the alert, what the date was, that kind of thing, but found nothing. I was even allowed to venture to areas that were off limits to me normally. I reported that all blast doors where closed and that all base vehicles were missing. Was asked to locate the emergency personnel stairs as the elevators were out of action, another reason for several visits as it took a while breaking the locks on the doors to gain access to these emergency stairs. It was very strange to see the labs, the electronic areas usually hectic, now abandoned, in such a state, and no sign of life, human or created. I found a pistol in one of the offices but was told not to pick it up, I would have felt safer with it but was told no way. It meant a lot of walking as even the electric/mag carts were inoperative. It was very spooky and I was real happy when I came back from that view.

Never did find out the cause of the facility contamination at that future time!



« Reply #657 on: May 31st, 2005, 8:47pm »

In answer to an email enquiry as I get the 'no such address' thingee.....I do have a massive amount of files, going back to the 60's on very many subjects. Mind you two mysterious house fires in 1982 and 1983 destroyed a certain amount of files/papers etc.

« Reply #658 on: May 31st, 2005, 9:00pm »

Got the tape running across from where I'm sitting, of our little trip to Rendlesham last month. Part of me is very intrigued re this and the phone call requesting me to go back that I would like to go just to satisfy my curiosity, a little voice inside my head keeps telling me "do it, do it".....but then again caution tells me its not quite what it seems, so I'm still debating whether to go or not, decisions, decisions!!

« Reply #663 on: Jun 1st, 2005, 8:51pm »

Software/Hardware is shipped out of Peasemore for the USA and/or American facilities overseas by way of Boscombe Down. Boscombe is linked via a small foot tunnel to Porton Down, Boscombe is also linked directly by large tunnel to underground complex beneath Salisbury plain and directly to Rudloe Manor.

The Salisbury Plain complex is huge, there are a number of smaller complexes/bunkers also beneath the plain, two at the Eastern end and two at the Western end. The Western ones are called Warminster 1 & 2. I am not aware of the remit/nature of the Salisbury plain complex, I'm not in the need to know loop, only of its existence.

The reason why Peasemore tried to kill me off in May of 1980 by initiating a massive heart attack via implant in my chest was because I was in London about to meet with senior Government ministers. At that meeting I was to divulge all I knew of these facilities, together with files/photo's, etc, etc. By trying to kill me that day gave them breathing space and a reason to drag me back into the facility, which succeeded in November of 1980. There again allowed them to control my life fully once more.

« Reply #664 on: Jun 2nd, 2005, 6:55pm »

Just checking the CCTV camera attached to front of house, I'm looking at the monitor here whilst its recording, got to go, someone messing around with the car outside!! Back soon.....

***ladyfreedom62***

« Reply #665 on: Jun 2nd, 2005, 8:19pm »

*Give 'em hell Barry!*

*Don't forget the baseball bat at the door! Or is it cricket?*

« Reply #666 on: Jun 3rd, 2005, 7:53pm »

Sorry for the cut n run, jeez I really do open myself to trouble! Two guys messing with the car outside last night, I slowly got down the stairs, unlocked the front door and greeted the buggers just standing there! They were acting deliberately to get me out there which of course succeeded. Calm as you like they came over to me, half hidden faces under the hoods, one says quite calmly "You are well and truly F\*\*\*ed my friend" and before I could do anything a car came along the small road very quickly and they jumped in and buggered off!

Not until today did I realise what they meant. I've spent all day literally trying to do a damage limitation control. My bank account has been hacked into, my Amazon account has been hacked into, other accounts/systems have been compromised!! They have hit hard and ran and I'm trying to pick up the pieces.

Those that have PM'd me, I apologise for not getting back to you but its awkward now trying to repair the damage leaving me little time for anything else.

I may not be around much over the next few days as I need to tactically withdraw and regroup.



« Reply #759 on: Jun 18th, 2005, 6:40pm »

I'm already a marked man, have been for years, heck, I cannot even have the luxury of hiding away from them, the implant tracks for them, at any minute of the day or night they know exactly where I am. If I did not have a family and close friends I wouldn't bat an eyelid, ALL i know would be in the media bigtime, or rather parts of the media I can trust. But as family and friends lives have been threatened numerous times, going into great detail what they would do, well, sorry, I cannot and will not risk that. Its bad enough now, their threats during the last few days. The 'incident' during the week made it perfectly clear how things are panning out for me. Lucky I have plenty of life insurance to soften the blow.

« Reply #762 on: Jun 18th, 2005, 7:02pm »

It's not easy trying to explain such a touchy subject to those not having experienced it. Even though I try to avoid it I guess I'm a glutton for punishment and keep stepping on toes!!

« Reply #763 on: Jun 18th, 2005, 7:06pm »

Theres no time tonight to post, its getting late, but will detail the incident hopefully tomorrow whilst at our little hidey-hole near the coast, to where we shall be returning Monday for a while. This involved 'dreams', MIB, and a strange walk alone on the beach at night with 'visitors'.

« Reply #775 on: Jun 23rd, 2005, 5:41pm »

I am back, but I am changed, things have happened over the past couple of weeks, the incident, abduction, scarring/mark left on my lower back, outlook, everything seems different. Not easy to put into words but I will try, this is most odd for me, strangeness.

TheVoice of reasoning

***Squeeky***

« Reply #776 on: Jun 23rd, 2005, 9:05pm »

*Gee Voice, what happened. Did ET abduct you and pull out his hardware you didn't know you had and give you a reprieve or what?*

***gusblake***

« Reply #777 on: Jun 24th, 2005, 02:10am »

*Talk to us mun.*

« Reply #778 on: Jun 24th, 2005, 7:18pm »

Just slept for 24 hours solid, something I've never done before, totally drained, totally empty. Kinda strange though, its like having a feeling of numbness, that there is something extra, sounds daft I know as its difficult to explain. Like 'someone sharing your head, your thoughts your consciousness'. said it sounds goofy.

We were followed every inch of the way back here by the same vehicle, no subtle ways with those guys, blatant. Right to our house, they stopped mere yards behind us as we pulled into the driveway, they sauntered past as bold as you like and actually smiled and waved as they went by. No they were not my guardian angels, at least I do not think so, might be wrong though. When I am up to it I'll detail the trip, an abduction was performed but not it seems a MILAB, guess the other guys wanted a turn, lol. Anyway it all might make sense to you once I've written it all down, I guess I owe you all that much. Need to crash out again so catch you all later, Barry



« Reply #782 on: Jun 25th, 2005, 8:08pm »

Just had another solid 24 hrs sleep. Sleep so deep nothing could wake me, all the shoving and pushing could not move me it seems. They got so scared here they almost called in the paramedics. I'm usually a very light sleeper, my training has done that, the slightest sound or movement and I'm awake. Things not right cannot understand it. Dead to the world for a complete day at a time.

« Reply #793 on: Jun 27th, 2005, 6:36pm »

I'll try writing the details but if it starts to look a mish-mash I'll leave it for a while and return another time. The journey to our temporary refuge went without incident, it was a very quiet secluded place on the coast, but within a 20 minute drive to civilisation. We checked over the place and then I did my security checks. After unpacking and getting a meal organised I then checked the area around the place, satisfied that this was a workable refuge. That evening I set about placing temp CCTV cameras rigged to tv/vcr setups and one or two other little bits n pieces. The first two nights went without incident but the third night found me getting up in the middle of the night, on a compulsion I got dressed and went out, found myself walking along the deserted beach at 3am, I do not know why I simply had to go there, nothing happened and I returned to the refuge around 4am, guess I strolled around a lot during that hour. The next night I thought I heard noises, you know what its like, in a place you are not familiar with, you hear things which are probably normal for that place, you are just not accustomed to them yet. This was maybe around 1am, everyone else was fast asleep, the slightest noise/movement and I'm awake, fully awake, I half sat up in the bed listening, thought it was nothing then got comfy and tried to resume sleep. Then the same noise again, but closer, I again sat up but leaning on my left side, facing left. Suddenly I felt terror, I knew there was something in the room, in my minds eye I saw a small bigheaded grey standing behind the chair in the corner of the room, the chair where my clothes were folded. I desperately wanted to move, to speak, but my mouth would not work, no words came, my mind thought I was making sounds of sort, I wanted to scream out, anything, but could not. I turned my head slightly, mouth agape to face the thing in the corner. It takes a heck of a lot to really scare me, but I was petrified. The grey thing just sort of stood there his head and shoulders above the chair, with a kind of grin on its face, then it all went dark. Then I guess it was crazy dream time after that. I was in some sort of circular building, I was chasing a 'shadow' thru one door into a room after another, Just when I thought I'd catch up the 'shadow' went thru another door. In one room the rest of my family were lying on 'tables' covered with sheets, all asleep, then I heard my daughters voice calling for me urgently, I rushed thru the door to confront the very same thing, all of them lying on tables covered in sheets. Again another member of my family called out to me and off I went again thru another door, this went on and on. The next door I came to was leading me into a similar room but this was contained only me, seated in a large chair, facing forwards. Around the chair, maybe a foot or so, circling the chair was what I can only describe as thick fibre-optics. Above my head were similar cables coming down from the ceiling but not actually joined to the ceiling, starting a few feet below ceiling level. Coming downwards to my head, these also pulsed different colors, two strands of the fibre-optics curved down and entered my ears, two more curved down and entered my nostrils. I stood there watching myself!

Then a little bit of pain was felt in my ears and nose, my mind went blank and images began to play in my head.

Will continue later.....



« Reply #795 on: Jun 27th, 2005, 7:32pm »

The images began with an incident I have only ever related once before, and that was in an interview with Andy Collins so he could compile a report in 1978. This was around 1962, when I was 10. Opposite my then parents home was a large park, from the house you cross the road onto the park, then came a number of tennis courts then after that a playground with swings, roundabouts etc. It was in this playground one day. Myself and older sister, younger brothers were playing one day, we were using one of the roundabouts, this we called 'the spider', it was an open frame metal tubed wheel on a central spindle. This particular device allowed someone to lay on their back with feet on the tubes in order to push with the feet to bring the device up to speed and spin real fast. That's what I was doing that day, I was pushing the roundabout so fast my sister fell off and hit the surrounding concrete hurting her knee. The others took her home (she was 12) whilst I casually still lay there slowly pushing the device round, thinking what a telling off I'd get when I got home!. Looking up at the clear blue sky I noticed a small jet black dot in the sky, this got bigger and bigger and bigger till it filled my vision, then Blankness!!

The next image was of the May '74 Chingford incident, only seen from another angle, showing myself and Ian standing by the roadside with the craft approaching us from the ridge.

Next came the August '74 back garden incident, again from another angle. Here I saw, from a position behind the tall figure heading towards the house. Here I now see as it approaches me behind the wall in my room, crouching in the corner, as the figure gets within a few feet of the house. The figure 'throws' what looks like a piece of foil up towards the window where it adheres to the glass and transmits something to me. Then the foil glides back down to the figure, it turns and walks away from the house.

The next image shows me in full battledress on Salisbury plain with the Unit, seconds only of this.

Finally its Rendlesham from just a few months ago, bits and pieces, a bit fragmented, then all blank again.

I'm now watching myself in that chair in the room again, the room smelled of oil for some reason. I notice another fibre-optic cable come down from above and curve its way downwards, I lurch forward and the cable enters my lower back on the right side. It is painful and all goes blank again till I wake up in my bed next morning, my back hurts and I notice a speck of blood on the sheets. Asking family they say it looks like a large insect bite! Its sore.

The next night brings odd dreams but nothing else. The next night I again get up around 2.30am, get dressed, all others fast asleep, let myself out of the door quietly and stroll down to the beach, I KNOW I MUST go there.

« Reply #796 on: Jun 27th, 2005, 7:50pm »

I walk up and down the deserted beach, I feel tranquil and at peace, standing there gazing over the water. I sense something to my right and turn, not 50yds away stand a group of people, as I look more closely I begin to grin then chuckle, 3 men dressed like your 50's/60's stereotypical men in black, complete with sunglasses! It was an hilarious sight at 3am on a desolate British beach. They just stood there, did not move, I slowly began walking towards them still laughing when they vanished on the spot. I sat down and lit a cigarette, a slight breeze only disturbed the quietness of that moment. Then I felt anguish, something was wrong my mind told me, thinking there was danger back at the refuge I got up and began walking back, seconds later I stopped and turned to face the water again.



Heading my way, above the surface was a large see-thru sphere, spinning, not sideways but top-bottom spinning. No sound, it came within maybe 50yds, its size was fairly small really, no more than maybe 25ft across, it stood silently above the water. Then I experienced fear, instincts told me danger, my reaction was automatic in such situations, my right hand instinctively went to the holster I did not have. A blinding white light, a band of freezing cold steel around my head and I fall backwards onto the beach on my backside. Then all goes blank till I wake up next morning. Putting it all down to a silly dream my wife comments why my trousers are wet and covered with damp sand around my backside! She shakes her head and mutters something like keep your feet steady when out beachwalking!

Will continue another time, Barry

(sorry if sounds a bit disjointed but it took great concentration getting that little lot down)

Logged

« Reply #797 on: Jun 27th, 2005, 8:12pm »

Besides catching 'shadows' and small black objects skitting about, the tapes from the 2 cameras showed little of interest, we received no unknown visitors whilst we were out a number of times especially the weekend we returned here for supplies. I've been told I acted a little 'odd' during the second week, I'd often go out to the beach, day or night, on my own, and be there for hours at a time. The mark/scar on my back remained painful for days, I still feel uncomfortable about it and constantly put my fingers there to touch it, a reminder of something my brain does not really want to tell me. I've had an enormous amount of sleep recently, 3 days worth. Crazy feeling that I'm no longer me if that makes any sense!

« Reply #798 on: Jun 27th, 2005, 8:18pm »

on Jun 27th, 2005, 6:48pm, **queenofhearts** wrote:

*oh God barry, not the chair again. that will mess ya up terribly hon. were you thrown supposedly out into space and told you would die there alone ? all tied up with tubes coming out of you, but uhm of course if they threw you out youd die, but you dont, so its an illusion, but dang, youd swear on your grannies grave that its all real. thats how it was for me, thus my greatest fear of abduction was dying out there and no one would know where my body was or what i had gone thru.*

Hiya QoH, that sounds vaguely familiar but its a little out of reach, I try and remember what I can but there are so many blanks. I have forgotten some things from that time, what you say rings bells but the veil comes down!!

« Reply #799 on: Jun 28th, 2005, 8:59pm »

Noticed that everytime I think about Peasemore, Milabs, military stuff in general, areas of my past connected to that, I get a headache and its as if I'm being turned away from those areas as soon as I think about them, being steered away. Perhaps I'm now not supposed to give those areas any thought, any time anymore? I'm rambling. A lot of new crazy ideas running round my head, trying to find my footing I guess!

« Reply #802 on: Jun 30th, 2005, 06:45am »

Hi Gus, I say that because it seems the Gov/Military/Peasemore/Milab have been pushed somehow way into the background. The alien presence feels almost overpowering, a totally new thing for me. I cannot explain adequately how unusual and different I feel. I only know that major changes of sorts have occurred and perhaps I'm now being controlled by another regime!!



« Reply #805 on: Jun 30th, 2005, 8:02pm »

OK we will see how that goes. I can say for now that in numerous dreams, the ones I can recall do feature a 'mindscan' by a large grey in many, also landscapes that are truly weird, places that cannot be of this earth (double moons, different color sky etc). More than once I've noticed, for a split-second, another face take over mine in the mirror, never another human face but always an alien, not the same one each time either. I'd like to think helpful spirits but somehow I do not think so. Too much tells me this stuff is not of this world and is incredibly intelligent. Anyway I'll take your advice Eileen and see how things go.

« Reply #809 on: Jul 1st, 2005, 8:42pm »

For the time being I will skip further data on Peasemore the facility and continue with the timeline from January 1980 when they scrambled my brain and kicked me out of the base hoping the 'treatment' would select those areas of memory to erase, thru to my being taken by my family from my home in the Cotswolds back to London for recovery. Finding to their dismay that the selective amnesia did not work and by April I was organising a complete disclosure to a very important, very influential/powerful Government Minister. This meeting was arranged for May 9th 1980, in London. Knowing of my plans Peasemore activated the implant in my chest causing a massive heart attack. I was rushed to St.Barts Hospital just hours before my meeting with the Minister. The staff at the hospital were very surprised that I survived the attack, they told me another like it would certainly kill me. I discharged myself, against their advice only on the understanding that I would check in at the local hospital to my parents home In Barking. Only by agreeing to this would they let me go.

Another meeting was arranged with the Minister but that was delayed till November. Keeping tabs on my condition and my loose cannon actions Peasemore was readying itself for my being brought back in under their control. I fell straight into their trap by moving back to my home in the Cotswolds in early November 1980 as the Minister was going to meet with me there.

All plans were scuttled when I was forcibly taken to the facility after being taken from my home in the middle of the night.

My 2nd term of work at the facility ran from November 1980 to the end of January 1981, when I again was too much of a loose cannon to keep, so they did another job of treatment/softening, resulting in hospitalisation and after that transfer to London to recover once more. There a period of quiet began till 1987 with my first 'truckstop' breaking the silence/truce.

To be continued.....

« Reply #810 on: Jul 1st, 2005, 8:47pm »

I apologise if the above seems incoherent as its very difficult trying to write ANYTHING concerning Peasemore, I'm sitting here with a blinding headache, tears streaming down my face struggling to think and then write.

Barry

**Merlin**

« Reply #811 on: Jul 2nd, 2005, 6:30pm »

Hi voice

Peasmore is that in West Berkshire?

« Reply #812 on: Jul 2nd, 2005, 7:05pm »

Hi Merlin, thats correct, the village of Peasemore is in West Berkshire, the underground facility is close by



« Reply #821 on: Jul 4th, 2005, 6:45pm »

on Jul 4th, 2005, 1:49pm, **Merlin** wrote:

*Thanks for the reply Mr Voice. So is there a connection with Rudloe Manor? i have to admit i have a vested interest in Rudloe Manor as it's not that far from where i live and i occasionally pass by on my travels with work. Thanks for the anecdotes so far they are very interesting and have made me look at things in a different perspective.*

Hi Merlin, Rudloe Manor is an enigma inasmuch that it used to house a lodger unit that contained, up till the 90's, a ufo reporting/investigation office. It also, as you probably are aware, sits above a labyrinth of tunnels and quarries, some more secretive than others. It is rumoured that a vast underground complex the size of a city exists there too. One fact I do know is that an underground tunnel travels from Rudloe to Boscombe Down via the Salisbury Plain complex. Some years ago author Tim Good was looking around Rudloe and was 'arrested' and questioned and later released without charge (they are so sensitive the MOD!!) You are lucky that its near you, you can have a looksie whenever you want (admit not too much to see topside)

« Reply #828 on: Jul 4th, 2005, 8:41pm »

Blinding headache and flashing lights in my eyes apart, I'll get this bit of info onto the forum. The 1987 truckstop. Since the age of 21 my two main areas of work have been security and truck driving. In 1987 I was asked to deliver items to Swansea in Wales, the firm I worked at the time was based in Barking, East London, a straightforward journey thru London then on the M4 all the way to Wales, a doddle really. I set off just after 12 noon. Traffic was relatively light that August day on the M4 as I headed West. I was nearing the Swindon turn-off when I began to feel queasy and lightheaded, being in control of a large truck that was dangerous to say the least(NO I had not been drinking ). Without warning the indicator on the truck clicked down to turn left at the turn-off, without my aid, as I approached the turn-off the steering wheel began to turn left, against my trying to yank it back straight. I took the turn-off and headed where the truck obviously wanted to go. I passed Swindon and continued on towards Cirencester but the truck decided to leave the A road and took a left onto a small country road, then after lefts and rights on more small country roads I came to a stop in a small layby. Before I had time to work out just what the hell was going on, still feeling very odd, the doors to the cab were flung open and I was forcibly removed from the cab. Thinking my truck was being hijacked I began to struggle, a cloth was placed over my face and I passed out. I regained consciousness sitting in the back of a van with several men, thinking the worst I told them to take the truck and leave me there. They laughed. Then one of them spoke, telling me that they were not thieves and meant me no harm. They knew me, called me by my first name. Still feeling groggy I wanted to throw up and was let out of the van. Standing, bent over with hands on my knees I looked over to my truck, two men were standing by the cab, talking, smoking. When I recovered I was asked to get back into the van. There a very strange story was told to me. It seems these guys worked for DIS, Defence Intelligence Service and they had a package for me, a package I was to make secure for release into the public domain at a later time. It was made quite clear that this package was deadly, insomuch that certain parties would kill to obtain it, without hesitation. Asking quite dumbly what the package contained they told me it contained a set of 10x8 B/W photo's of the Peasemore facility together with various files/maps/papers etc. I was to literally guard this with my life. I was informed that as long as I had the package THEY would refrain from prosecuting me via the CPS for my past/present breaking of the OSA. It was left to me how exactly I'd secure the package. They said they would from now on be in the background and would do as much as they could to help and protect me from various agencies. They outlined plans on how, at a future date, I would begin releasing info into the public domain, that would be The Voice Files from '94 onwards.



Before they sent me on my way they detailed a lot of stuff, some to this day I cannot release yet as time is not right. As I started up the truck, about to pull away, one of the guys came over to the cab and told me they would be near yet I would not see them, they would be in my background from now on. They waved me off as I drove away, 2 hours later than scheduled I arrived in Wales and delivered the goods. On the return journey back to London I mused on how I would secure that package, and reminded myself that it could be a long slog.

To be continued.....

« Reply #841 on: Jul 6th, 2005, 8:25pm »

Posting soon: The 1988 truck Stop, purely an Alien event and was pointless as far as I can see, even now!!

« Reply #865 on: Jul 10th, 2005, 6:13pm »

Its been pretty weird here the last few days, hard to explain but its like theres others here with us, you can't see em. hear em, but I can def sense them. Don't know what to make of it as whoever they are the little beggers follow me round the house, just weird. As I have to take my time and be real careful going down the stairs I can almost sense how intensely they monitor my movements!! The wife thinks I've gone paranoid as I now carry round a camera and when I strongly feel/sense one of them is near I click away with the camera. They (family) think I'm nuts!!

« Reply #873 on: Jul 12th, 2005, 8:09pm »

Better clarify one or two points as it seems someone is confused. Right, 1980, I had the major heart-attack (induced by implant) on May 9th 1980, went thru recovery at parents home in Dagenham. Was getting back on my feet and by August the local newspaper, the 'Barking & Dagenham Post' I believe, heard I was back in the area and phoned me wanting an interview. During that interview the topic of the Ufo Reporting Hotline came up, this you remember I started up in Feb of '77, Europes first full time Hotline. The newspaper journo wanted to know the status of the hotline, which, in my absence was manned by my parents. I explained that I intended to close this facility down as the number of received reports had fallen sharply during the previous year or so and no longer warranted the expense. A week or so later the paper carried the article and I went about my business. Some weeks later the BBC latched onto the article and contacted me, they were very interested in the story and wanted to follow it up. They sent a photographer to take some piccies of me and told me that I would be interviewed by phone live within a few days or so. That interview was for the then popular news and current events prog "Nationwide", it aired at 6pm weekdays. I was interviewed by the well known presenter Sue Lawley, the interview went well with no snide or ridicule and was done in a very serious manner. It was made clear that I was very prominent in the ufo field and after a recent illness I would be back up and running.

This gave Peasemore a few worries and thus began plans to try and get me back under their control, and as luck would have it I decided to return to my own home in the Cotswolds once I was fully recovered. Plans to do this were made and November was chosen. I had by that time contacted the important Minister to reschedule the meeting and we settled for a date in November in the Cotswolds. The rest is history, I was forcibly removed from my home and taken back into the facility during that month. More drugs, more procedures, more brainwashing, I was an SEO again. Hope that clears things up.

« Reply #876 on: Jul 13th, 2005, 8:25pm »

Cannot detail yet as have to rush this thru, demands on my time re my Security Consultancy work is currently going frantic!!



1988, 2nd truck stop, was in winter, northern England, truck lost power, cruised to a stop, heater not working, frozen to the bone, deserted road at night, large sphere came across fields to my right and came close, very high pitched sound, deafening, fell to my knees in snow covered road, holding hands to ears watched as sphere containing several 'greys' disappeared. Got back in truck and all OK, continued on my way.

1989-92 continued documenting all my past in sort of journal for possible future use.

1993 During a regression session at the home of old colleague Andy Collins learnt more to the 1987 truck stop event.

1993 Got in contact with conspiracy theorist Mary Seal, she was told of my past work etc but was more concerned with her own agenda, a little crazy at times, very crazy at other times. Every letter she sent me was placed inside aluminium foil and she advised me to do the same in my letters to her!! Alarm bells rang in my head when she was desperate for me to travel with her to the BT tower in Birmingham and plant explosives in order to put the mindcontrolling antennas out of action! Yes she was deadly serious. I cut off all communication from her after that, ignoring all her letters and phone calls thereafter.

On direct advice from DI-8 I began to publish THE VOICE FILES in Feb of 1994, putting all my information into the public domain, at the same time as a legal requirement, copies of these files were placed with the British Library for posterity.

1994 I ran a series of one man lectures locally at the Marconi Social Club, these meets I hosted usually had around 100-150 people in attendance (the safe capacity max for the place was 120 but had so many crammed in had to turn many away, some even stood in corridor outside just to get a chance to see/hear some of the lectures).

All thru 90's gave lectures/talks to various organisations which included an annual dinner-suited posh talk at the Masons lodge.

1995 Miles Johnston put together the tape "British Bases", a 4 hour casual interview tape featuring myself and psychic Lisa Williams (whom purportedly was in psychic communication with greys at Peasemore)

April 1996 filming done at Rendlesham for Miles

August 1996 filmed at my home, Miles Johnston, Matthew Williams and his crew from Truthseekers Review mag, formed part of later tape "British Bases 2"

May 1997 was due to give a talk at a large Ufo Conference re my work at Peasemore, much publicity in media. Terminal threats placed on me I had to abandon the venue days before the event. Irish radio interviewed me about this cancellation and more media picked up on it including the Ufo circuit.

June 24th 1997 did further filming at Rendlesham for the tape Miles was editing

1997 things got so bad re threats to myself, family and friends that a safehouse was sought, travelling around a number of countries we settled on a safehouse in Vermont USA



December 2000 decided that THE VOICE FILES had done its job I closed down the publication, the info was out there so sat back and awaited repercussions in earnest.

Summer of that year I collapsed whilst in town and from that time on serious health deterioration

Also during the summer was contacted by Dr Steven Greer and his Disclosure Project team. They wanted all my info which was supplied to them. A courier arranged to collect a full set of THE VOICE FILES, over 600+pages A4 of data for US destination. Shortly afterwards once they received the data I was invited to travel to Glastonbury to meet up with Dr Greer whilst he was over here in UK. Unfortunately my very poor health, so soon after my collapse prevented that meeting.

From that time on in contact with the team

Summer 2001 formal taped declaration done for the Witness Program of the Disclosure Project, both at my home and at Rendlesham

Since 2003 have been in sporadic contact with Mark Hall whom decided to open the UK office for the Disclosure Project

The rest is history as they say, here we are in 2005, apologies if I've missed out on some data, I can hopefully detail more fully in time, this will do for now, regards, Barry

« Reply #881 on: Jul 14th, 2005, 8:27pm »

Just had my memory jogged on another thread. 1997 also saw me to be shown on National TV. Channel 4 ran a series of 'Paranormal' progs covering many subjects entitled "Fortean TV". Channel 4 sent a crew from Rapido TV to film/interview me for one of the progs. The format for that particular prog was MIBs and I was to be filmed giving my run ins with these characters. The film crew arrived and set up their equipment, I was to be filmed in silhouette and my voice was to be electronically altered for the prog. All went well and standard but the head guy started asking questions and we soon got onto Peasemore, Abductions, the whole kit and kaboodle! The cameras were rolling all the while, they got the lot, and they seemed very pleased with the interview, I even got the (what seems patronising now) hand on shoulder, "You've done well, your country will be proud of you" type of spiel.

Anyway, some couple of weeks later, being in regular contact with both Rapido and Channel 4 all seemed set for transmission. In fact right up till 24 hrs before all seemed A-OK for screening. The night of the prog itself began OK but where I and many others were expecting an edited segment the format of the prog changed and in the second half of the 30 minute prog they used some really rubbishy stuff just to fill in time, they cut my interview. I phoned Rapido next day to enquire about it but the guy in charge was never available, no matter how often I rang, always being fobbed off with one excuse or another. When I stated that unless I speak to someone I'm coming into London to Channel 4 and see the producers in person. That got the guy on the line. He was very apologetic and sounded very sheepish, very anxious, he really did not want to speak to me. Push came to shove and I demanded why no interview, if they had no intention of showing it why use valuable time and effort plus film crew costs in the first place. He buckled under and told me that Channel 4 were advised to drop my interview at the very last minute, that meetings had been taking place during the day just hours prior to screening. Channel 4 were told to drop it and destroy the tapes.

So, TheVoice nearly made it onto National TV with the information you now all have here!!

Can't win em all

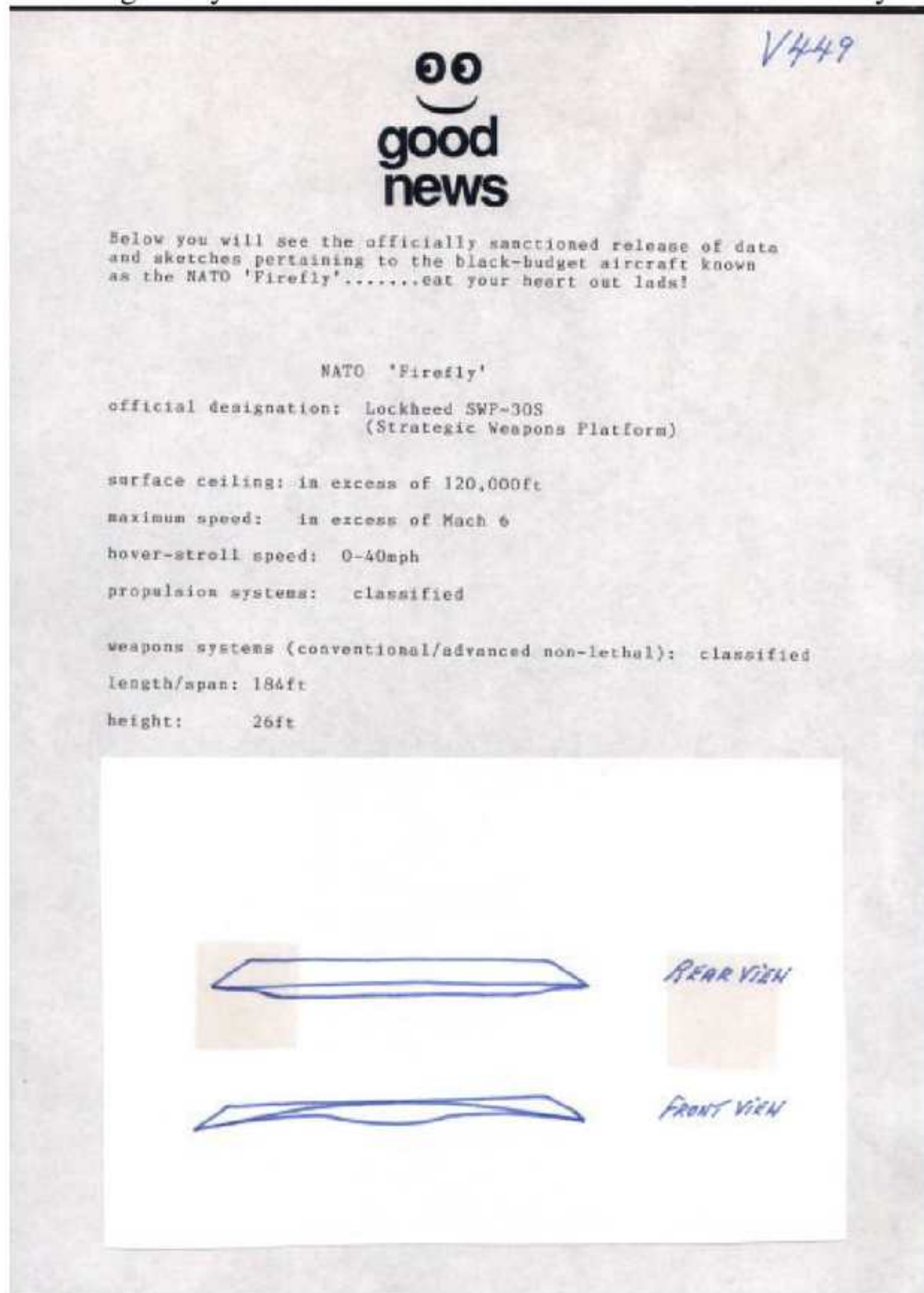


« Reply #883 on: Jul 15th, 2005, 8:32pm »  
I'm surprised no one has commented on this!

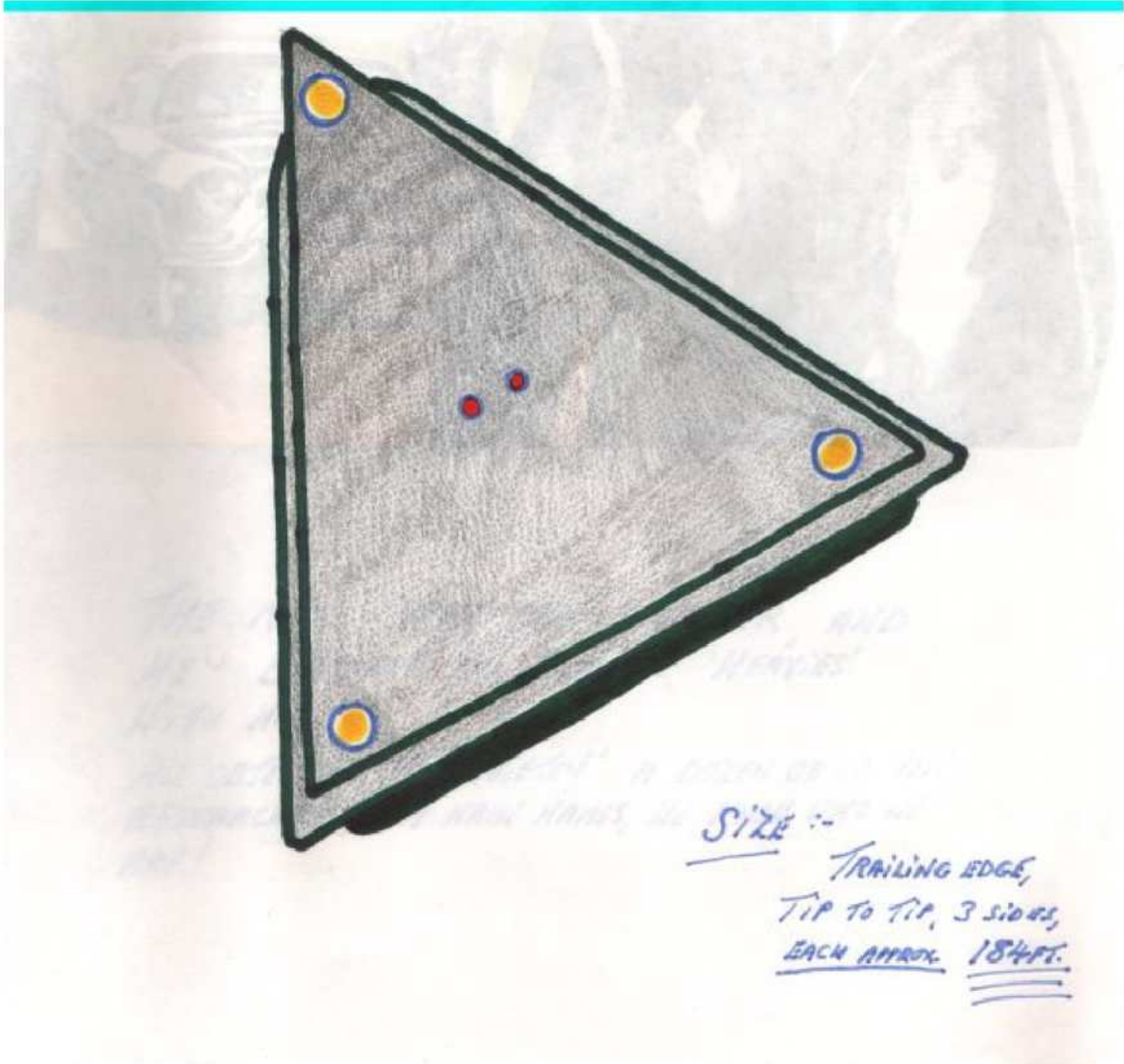
*1993 Got in contact with conspiracy theorist Mary Seal, she was told of my past work etc but was more concerned with her own agenda, a little crazy at times, very crazy at other times. Every letter she sent me was placed inside aluminium foil and she advised me to do the same in my letters to her!! Alarm bells rang in my head when she was desperate for me to travel with her to the BT tower in Birmingham and plant explosives in order to put the mindcontrolling antennas out of action! Yes she was deadly serious. I cut off all communication from her after that, ignoring all her letters and phone calls thereafter.*

Must think, oh well, par for the course for that guy!

« Reply #887 on: Jul 15th, 2005, 8:40pm »  
Mary Seal was sooooo paranoid she believed her mail was being scanned so by placing it in foil she thought they would not be able to read em!! She was one crazy lady









MAY 17TH 1996

APPEND TO DOCUMENT 24

(2)

THE PROCEDURE USED BY "MANNEQUIN" TO TASK SET/DATA DOWNLOAD-RETRIEVE/  
IMPLANT SWITCH ON/OFF

- 1: BASE SECURITY COMPUTER CALLS UP THE VOICE PHONE NUMBER AND DIALS
- 2: ASSUME THAT THE VOICE ANSWERS THE PHONE..."HELLO"
- 3: BASE COMPUTER THEN CHECKS VOICE PRINT, IF MATCHED THEN CONTINUES
- 4: ELECTRICAL CODE SIGNAL IS SENT DOWN THE PHONE LINE TO ACTIVATE THE MICROCHIP  
THE FOLLOWING CODE IS THEN RELAYED OVER THE PHONE:  
"LIMA ONE ONE SEVEN TWO BRAVO MIKE KILO"
- 5: THE VOICE AWAITS FURTHER CODE AND INSTRUCTIONS
- 6: A SECOND ELECTRICAL SIGNAL IS SENT DOWN THE PHONE LINE FOLLOWED BY THE REMAINING CODE:  
"THE PUPPETS ARE MOBILE AND IT IS WE WHOM PULL THE STRINGS"
- 7: THE VOICE IS NOW FULLY PRIMED AND READY TO EITHER RECEIVE OR SEND DATA, RECEIVE TASK DETAILS, ETC, ETC

IF SOMEONE ELSE ANSWERS THE PHONE AND THE BASE COMPUTER DOES NOT RECOGNISE THE VOICE PRINT OF THAT PERSON THEN THE CALL IS TERMINATED, OR IF AN ANSWERPHONE IS ON, THE BASE CALL IS IMMEDIATELY ENDED.



#### TECHNIQUES USED ON GUINEA PIGS:

- 1: SENSORY DEPRIVATION
- 2: SENSORY ADJUSTMENT
- 3: SENSORY MODIFICATION
- 4: MEMORY ALTERATION
- 5: MEMORY ERASURE
- 6: BEHAVIOUR MODIFICATION
- 7: NEW DRUG RESEARCH
- 8: GENETIC EXPERIMENTATION
- 9: GENETIC ENGINEERING
- 10: MODIFIED PAIN THRESHOLDS
- 11: IMPLANTATION (VARIOUS)
- 12: PSYCHOTRONIC TECHNOLOGY (VARIOUS)
- 13: PSI ENHANCEMENT
- 14: PREPARATION OF CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
- 15: VARIABLE ATMOSPHERE SUITABILITY TESTS
- 16: DRUG/HYPNOSIS/ELF-EBL RESISTANCE TESTING
- 17: E.M. BOOSTER SIGNAL RESISTANCE TESTING
- 18: THOUGHT PROCESSING INTERRUPTION TESTS
- 19: EMOTIONAL DISRUPTION/FEAR LEVELS MODIFICATION
- 20: MORAL/ETHIC VALUE MODIFICATION

THESE ARE THE MAIN SERIES OF TECHNIQUES USED, THERE ARE OTHERS THAT MAY BE DETAILED ANOTHER TIME.

**Merlin**

« Reply #906 on: Jul 16th, 2005, 7:27pm »

Thing is voice the people like this Mary Seal gives the rest of us a bad name. We all get branded as crack pots



« Reply #907 on: Jul 16th, 2005, 7:34pm »

Don't worry Merlin, you wouldn't believe what I've been called over the years lol

***ladyfreedom62***

« Reply #934 on: Jul 17th, 2005, 8:39pm »

*Quote: Eletrical code signal is sent down the phone line.*

*Ok, are we talking that funny sound that you hear once in a while when you pick up the phone and it sounds like you've been connected to a computer? The strange beeps and chirps? (Sort of like dial up on a computer?)*

*I've heard that a couple times in the past several years when I pick up the phone, but thought it was the phone company working on the phone. At least that's what I was told it was.*

« Reply #935 on: Jul 17th, 2005, 8:50pm »

Hi Carolyn, no the electrical phased signals are nothing like the sounds when a PC is in use on a phone line. The signals sent out by facilities to chipped targets are phased/pulsed signals.

***ladyfreedom62***

« Reply #938 on: Jul 18th, 2005, 9:16pm »

*Yeah, I thought that too. Pro's you wouldn't hear a thing!*

*After my disappearing act the other night, I wish you were closer so you could wire my house! Would I be able to catch them on audio/visual? Or do they have something that would interfere with reception? Or would they just remove tape or what ever they need to remove evidence?*

« Reply #939 on: Jul 18th, 2005, 9:21pm »

Hi Carolyn, yes with the right equipment you'd get them on tape ok, and again yes, they would have to get access to the tapes

« Reply #968 on: Jul 30th, 2005, 8:22pm »

MoD Police (MDP) or "Modplod" as they are not so affectionally called within MoD, are unique in that they are effectively a private police force acting at the behest of the Secretary of State for Defence. They should not be confused with the Military Police or MOD's Civilian Guard Force. They are a shadowy outfit who do not court publicity, for when the extent of their full powers becomes known it raises concerns over the possibility of a national police force already existing.

The level of loathing felt towards Modplod by MoD personnel is quite staggering, especially those who have been the subject of their unjustified attention. One assumes that if they are to interact with Joe Public, their MO will have to be toned down a tad. Intimidation and threats are commonplace and the IPMS union have evidence suggesting they have been involved in at least one investigation resulting in the suicide of a MoD employee.

A quote I came across, I do not think that describes me I hope, tell me point blank though anyone, thanks



« Reply #979 on: Aug 3rd, 2005, 7:13pm »

Now lets see.....some data regarding Milabs to end the apparent confusion surrounding the subject. Once the Military have tagged a victim they will re-use that victim time and time again. Said victim will be abducted by the Milab team in a number of ways, physically or mentally. Physical abductions take place in:

The abductees home, Military personnel and Clones

Whilst the Abductee is outdoors in a vehicle, using air and ground support

(These are pure Military Abductions, it gets a little confusing when the other Milabs take place, see below)

Joint Milabs, that is the use of tagged victims by Alien Intelligences with Military Personnel in attendance, this occurs where the Aliens are in total control with the Military purely as onlookers.

Rare, but has happened, a victim undergoing a total Military abduction is 'switched' midway and taken over by Alien Intelligences, Military have lost control of their victim and Military tags are removed.

It seems complicated but is not really.

***ladyfreedom62***

« Reply #980 on: Aug 3rd, 2005, 7:25pm »

*Quote: The abductees home, Military personnel and Clones*

*Whilst the Abductee is outdoors in a vehicle, using air and ground support*

*Military personnel and Clones? Does that mean there's someone who looks exactly like me to take my place while I'm gone?*

« Reply #981 on: Aug 3rd, 2005, 7:39pm »

No, don't worry, clones are the cloned Greys, like those manufactured at facilities like Peasemore. I've fully detailed this info earlier Carolyn. Hope that clears that up.....

« Reply #1050 on: Aug 11th, 2005, 3:24pm »

Firstly, from here on in I shall be guarded in what I say, in what I reply to, just to be on the safeside. I shall not make the classic mistake of telling members on this site when I plan something, such as a field trip or whatever. I will not say anything till after the event from now on. I must also get into the habit of logging off each time AND shutting down the broadband modem and PC when I'm finished for the day, I've been very lapse re this and its that which enabled people to enter this site and cause some damage. Deleting some posts and removing my ID, they could have done much worse by deleting everything of mine but they only wanted to prove a point, and they succeeded.

Everyone else here is quite safe so have no worries, I've shot my mouth off and paid the price.....you will see soon when I detail the events recently, regards for now, Barry

« Reply #1054 on: Aug 11th, 2005, 8:15pm »

I started off in such a good mood for that journey, looking forward to seeing 'Y' and her son, she was always fun to be around, bright and bubbly and a constant natterer, her sense of humour was like mine too, weird and scatty. We shared 2 things in common, Peasemore and Milabs, yes, she was a Milab victim from Peasemore, escaping their clutches (with considerable help) 10 years ago. I was also looking forward to the wide open spaces of Wiltshire and my foolhardy plans I'd put together for the Plain.

Yes it was going to be a good break away from all this concrete and Urbanism.



Deciding to take the long way round I drove down the A12 then onto the North Circular Road A406 round towards Chiswick then onto the A4/M4, brilliant. Traffic was not too bad once I'd got onto the M4 proper heading West.

About 30 minutes into that, driving along listening to one of me tapes I glanced in the mirror at a fast approaching four wheel drive job on my right, he shot past me, it was a Range Rover, quite new, then he pulled into my lane and placed himself several car lengths in front. Behind me I noticed a similar vehicle, several car lengths behind. Thinking nothing of it I continued driving and singing rather badly to the tape, I was enjoying my time.

My attention was then drawn to a Police car coming up behind which was level with the Range Rover then came up alongside me. It was in no hurry to pass and the front passenger cop looked at me and my car then accelerated and came level with the Range Rover in front, apparently eyeing up that vehicle before speeding away.

Minutes later another Police car came out of nowhere and positioned itself right behind me, then on came the blues and twos, thinking something like "Oh shit" I indicated to pull over onto the hardshoulder. I stopped and the Police car stopped behind me. Waiting for one of the officers to approach me I noticed that the front Range Rover had stopped a short distance ahead on the hard shoulder, in the rear view mirror I noticed that the rear Range Rover had likewise stopped a short ways behind the Police car.

That got me puzzled and a little worried, I turned down the stereo as the officer appeared at my door. Asking if I'd care to step out of the vehicle and walk to the side he asked for my drivers Licence, Insurance, etc. Off he went to the Police car whilst on his radio. The other officer was by then talking to the driver of the rearward Range Rover. Sod it I thought, this was spoiling an otherwise nice day, so I lit up a ciggie and waited for the officer to return. He did so moments later, passed me my details back and asked me to remain there, he walked up towards the forward Range Rover and began speaking to the driver there.

I finished my ciggie and was impatient to be on my way, both officers then came over to me and said all was in order and then returned to the Police car and off they went. Lighting up another ciggie I got into my car and was about to fasten my safety belt when the front passenger door was opened, yes I did nearly shit myself.

Sitting down and closing the door, applying his safety belt was a man, tall, about 30-35, in a business suit, very short hair, and spoke with a refined English accent.

When he turned to look out of the rear window I noticed he was wearing a small earpiece, the tiny wire running down into his shirt collar.

I was told not to be alarmed, to put my ciggie out as it was about to burn my fingertips and continue driving in the middle of the two Rovers, he would tell me when to turn, etc, etc.

"Off we go then".....so I indicated right and awaited a gap in traffic, bearing in mind three of us were going to pull out and off indeed we did go.

The thoughts rushing thru my mind were all garbled and concentrating was difficult, we drove on in silence as he refused to answer any questions I managed to formulate.

TO BE CONTINUED.....



« Reply #1074 on: Aug 13th, 2005, 7:21pm »

I continued driving along the M4 in relative silence as any and all questions put to bod in the passenger seat went unanswered. We past all the exits that would have taken me to my original destination and I got to thinking "are we heading for Wales or something?".

Bod spoke only when apparently receiving stuff over his radio which he acknowledged from time to time. Now he actually spoke to me "Follow the lead vehicle, exit when he does", so the little convoy of 3 exited and headed for Bristol. I do not know Bristol very well, the last time I was there was back in 1979 when I was asked to call in to the BBC for an interview.

After some driving around the lead Rover indicated left and entered a small carpark next to a tall office building and parked up, I parked next to that with the other Rover parking on my left. I sat there wondering what the heck was this all about as the 2 guys from the first Rover got out and walked towards a door, bod told me to lock my car and follow him to the others, a guy from the other Rover came over and all 6 of us waited outside the door. This door was opened from within and all of us were ushered inside, no one spoke, I just followed the others along a corridor towards a lift and got in, going up several floors, in eerie and scary silence.

Exiting the lift we turned right and walked past several doors and entered one on the left, inside was a very big open plan office, loads of desks etc etc. Once inside and door closed the others went about getting papers from desks, getting drinks from the machine and generally busying themselves as if I were not there. Then one came over and said I was to sit at that desk (pointing) as he placed a few papers and a laptop (notebook) computer in front of me.

They all seemed more relaxed and friendly even once in that office, one or two actually smiled and that got me even more worried. One came over to the desk where I was sitting, with a cup of coffee, offered me the drink then sat down on the edge of the desk.

He then spoke "You remember Mike and his team don't you Mr King?" I replied yes of course, he was the guy whom led the protective DI-8 team which saved my bacon more than once during the 90's.

He grinned, "Mike has moved onto pastures new and we are your new replacement team" as he waved his hand around towards the others, "any problems with that?"

My mind was confused, scared yet very inquisitive so I blurted out "Yeah, thats great, thankyou".

"you have a few problems my old son" grinning as he opened the file of papers and flicked thru them. He then called out to a colleague to come over.

(For obvious reasons, other than Mike, I will not use actual names here on this forum so I'll call this other colleague 'Jimmy')

'Jimmy' opened the laptop, switched it on and connected up to the Internet. He then asked me "The site you go to mainly is Ufocasebook right?" I nodded and off he went to the site, "Is that it" again I nodded, clicking onto forums he pointed out my name over on the top right.

"Anything wrong here?" I said no thats me OK, "Thats what I meant" he said, "For all intents and purposes you are logged in and ready, right?" I nodded again, "Right, watch carefully".....he then went to a few threads and stopped at a posting of mine, clicked on delete, clicked to confirm delete and off it went. He looked at me as if I were the village idiot....."see what I've just done?" I must have been slower than usual that day cos it just did not click in my head what this meant. "I could post, reply or remove can't I cos I'm you right now".....then it slowly sunk in, "right" I said, "gotcha".



Laughing away he got up and took the laptop with him to another desk and sat down, reading the threads I thought. I was distracted by one of the others whom came across and started talking to me. I was informed that I'd been bloody stupid in my ways and bloody lapse in my security of late and that damage that was already done was about to be limited by their efforts, in other words this was a wake up call and I'd damn well better take heed.

Given a severe bollocking for not following certain protocols and for leaving myself wide open in the past I was to be much more strict in future. To be more cautious, careful and discreet. In short they laid down the law as to my behaviour. Comments were made to the way my health was rapidly deteriorating and that I should not be gallivanting all over the bloody countryside in my state!

They knew their point was well and truly rammed home. As for my gallivanting they said under no circumstances was I to mess with the Plain. Asking about should I contact 'Y' about our planned meeting faces suddenly turned more serious, they went to one side discussing something between themselves and then told me to relax, have another coffee and have a fag! They were going for a little natter among themselves, off they went, out of the office, I sat alone thinking "Shit!!"

About ten minutes later they all returned, one was carrying some papers and what looked like some B/W 10x8 piccies.....these were placed on the desk in front of me. "That 'Y'?" one asked me, I said it was, but did not know the people she was with, the pictures I was told were taken by their operatives at 'Ys' place only yesterday. There followed a brief discussion of whom the others were with my friend and what in fact was actually the current status. It seems I was about to be set up, these others got 'Y' to contact me and bring me to her place where they would be waiting. STUPID me or rather in this instance LUCKY me, as putting these proposed plans onto this forum enabled the team to check things out and waylay me on my journey to the West Country.

Another long chat going thru many topics ensued after that bringing us into the late evening. I was told to drive home and put into place new security measures and a change of ways. They said as with Mike and his team these would also be there in the background.

Various details were completed and off I went, out of the building, into my car and about to drive off when one of them came rushing over to stop me.

He came over to my window and asked me if I wanted the thing he was holding, it was the tag that the Unit lads had placed on my car, I laughed and said "Yeah I'd better keep that", he passed it over then walked away.

"Be OK getting home?" I grinned, "Yeah, once out of Bristol I'll be fine".....he laughed then waved me away.

Eventually I did get out of Bristol, it was late, it was dark and I was tired, I headed back on the M4 but I was not quite prepared to get back home just yet.....

TO BE CONTINUED.....

**Merlin**

« Reply #1075 on: Aug 13th, 2005, 7:40pm »

*Bristol my neck of the woods Barry thats a bit too close for comfort!!!*

« Reply #1076 on: Aug 13th, 2005, 8:00pm »

Blimey!! Watch out they may wanna drop in for a nice cup of tea and a biscuit!! lol



**Merlin**

« Reply #1077 on: Aug 14th, 2005, 12:14pm »

*Yeah a nice chat*

« Reply #1225 on: Sep 6th, 2005, 12:38pm »

The guys in the white hats say my job is nearly done here, I've brought you all up to speed regarding certain things. The guys in the black hats of course would rather you did not have this knowledge but can only do damage limitation now.

That 3rd part of the equation, well, they are a tricky bunch, on one hand they are here to help, in fact quite categorically state that they have directly intervened and saved my life on more than one occasion. When asked directly if they would take a bullet with my name on it they shy away and refuse to answer.

Its been whispered along lines that I should now be in the process of 'clearing out my desk' but no actual timeframe has been set.

Catch you all later.....

« Reply #1234 on: Sep 6th, 2005, 4:32pm »

Things have been rectified now regarding my ID, this included my bank, my credit/debit cards, Amazon account (for the second time) plus a few other things. Mostly all returned to normal. It was designed as a 'short sharp shock' for me and it worked. Imagine having no access to money whatsoever, no shopping, no fuel for the car, nothing!! We got thru for those few days with the help of friends. Another lesson learnt!

Just prior to this I had been busy trying to arrange certain things for another forum member, this included phone calls, meetings, arranging things, etc. In no way am I blaming these actions of ID hacking on what I was trying to do for that member, it was just coincidental that action was taken on me at the time.

'They' know my username and password to this forum, Dean's forum and a host of other ID besides. THEY can take over any aspect of my life whenever they choose. As soon as I change names/codes/pins THEY know.

I'd been speaking to many people from around the Globe in order to try and arrange things, put certain things into action. I will not know if this has any effect until as such some time certain things happen, this may include that particular member being contacted by certain parties. Its all out of my hands now, I'd done my bit.

A curious sidenote to this though concerns a pre-arranged meeting with certain individuals whom have some clout in certain areas, it went like this.....

I was told to drive to a specific location at a specific time to meet up with these people, as they wanted to hear my proposals first hand, in person, this I agreed to.

Cutting a long story short I drove to Farnborough, the location given was tricky to find but eventually got there. At the side of the road was parked a large dark saloon car so I pulled in behind, I sat there for maybe a minute before deciding to honk the car horn, the driver of the other car then got out and approached me. After ascertaining my identity I was asked to follow their car to the meeting place which turned out to be less than ten minutes drive away from that spot. I do not know the area very well but felt sure we were near RAF Farnborough itself.

The car in front slows to a stop at the side of the road and I do the same, not much traffic here at that time of night. The other driver comes over and asks me if I care to join \*\*\*\*\* in their car, so I do as requested.



Just as I'm about to climb into the back of the car I feel a sharp stinging sensation at the back of my neck, then I begin to feel very very hot. I remember sitting on the rear seat and looking around but I'm boiling up by now and cannot focus too well.

My next memory (cannot say if this part was realtime, something put into my mind or what, just next available memory).....

I'm standing in a darkened room, in front of me is a door with large misted up glass windows either side, these windows are maybe 4ft by 6ft across. On the other side of these windows stand very tall greys, 3 or 4 each side, they are turned towards each other so I see their sides. They are talking, conversing with each other but no sounds, their mouths are moving but no sounds can be heard. They are oblivious to me until I move slightly, then they stop conversing and turn to face me, after a few seconds they resume speaking. I move slightly again and again they turn to look straight at me. This happens several times. When I move a bit more they stop speaking and close around the door. Judging by the door these greys are approx. 6ft tall. They gather around the door and then the door opens into the darkened room, they stand there and look at me, one beckons me to walk towards the door, another has an outstretched hand, open, with several 'things' on its palm. I walk slowly to the door but as I reach it they disappear. I walk out of the darkened room into a gloomy old corridor. Peeling old paintwork, grubby, a door to the left and to the right about 30yds away each side.

I walk to the right hand door, its got a pushbar on it, an exit door, but its rusty and will not budge. I turn and go to the left hand side door, this too has a pushbar but with some effort it opens. I find myself looking out onto a very rundown area, the grass is knee high in places, rubble and debris everywhere. Nearby buildings have doors missing or hanging askew, windows either blackened or broken, no idea where or what this is. Its silent, its brilliant hot sunshine, just the sound of birds, nothing moving but the odd butterfly. I begin to look around but feel very tired, my throat is parched. I begin to try and take note of the markings on some of the buildings when complete exhaustion gets me and I feel the need to lay down and go to sleep.

Thats it till I'm back at my car, slumped over the steering wheel with someone banging at my drivers door window.

The police officer was most polite and was merely making sure I was OK, someone had reported a man slumped over in his car and got the police to investigate. Satisfied I was OK he got back into his car and drove away. I then lit a fag sat for a few minutes and drove home.

Crazy world eh?

« Reply #1368 on: Sep 17th, 2005, 6:51pm »

Going thru stacks and stacks of papers ready for the shredder I came upon a number of case files I investigated, some as late as 2000. The one I'll mention here, what I've got of it, what I managed to pass on to Dr Richard Haines before it was taken from me and buried.

This has got to be a basic description of the case.....

A BA pilot took a series of color 35mm photographs in daylight in a location in Suffolk, UK. He was out walking near the home of a friend whom he regularly visits in his off time. The Pilot takes hundreds of photos of the Suffolk countryside as his hobby, so always carries his top of range 35mm SLR with him when out walking.

I have seen the color contact sheet and several 3x5 prints, other larger prints were in a folder due to be passed on to me.

A lot of controversy surrounds this case as certain personnel intervened and effectively silenced the Pilot, his friends and family. I was told to back off and was left with the details all I had to pass on to Richard Haines some time later. Even the original location sketch was confiscated.



The series of photos tally with the Pilots story of him walking around the open countryside when he heard a strange sound above him. He sees a very small dark disc high in the sky, blue with just a few clouds.

The disc seems to descend, as its getting bigger.

The series of 30+ photos show.....

Small disc shaped object against blue sky, few shots as this gets bigger, the Pilot is standing at the edge of a field with lines of trees in front and to his right, he is by a hedgerow, in a gap where an old gate used to be in place, behind him is a small trackway.

The disc, described to be about 35-45ft in diam, dark in color, emitting a buzzing sound, not unlike a swarm of bees. This slows as it descends, not more than 100yds from his position and comes to a stop merely feet above the ground. Photos in sequence show this.

The Pilot, dumbfounded and a little shaken cowers down by the end of the hedgerow and continues observing.

The disc sits there, the Pilot feels a little uneasy as he realises there are no sounds around him, bird sounds etc, eerily silent. In the blink of an eye he notices several 'figures' standing near the base of the disc, he counts 4 in all, they are all dressed alike except one, this one is taller. The figures remain in one place then start to move out away from the disc. The Pilot gets very nervous but continues taking photos. The taller 'figure' walks slowly thru the grass heading towards the Pilots left, the others head to his right.

The tall 'figure' stops about 50yds from his position, seems to sense something and looks around, then walks slowly towards the Pilots position, getting within around 25yds when the Pilot tries to hide within the end of the hedgerow. The last ground photo was taken as the tall 'figure' walks towards his position. Looking thru the hedge the Pilot can just see the tall 'figure' getting slowly closer and closer.

Panicking the Pilot was about to get up and run as fast as he could away from the scene. The tall 'figure' was merely yards from the Pilot when it stopped and looked around slowly, as if sensing. Thats the last He saw of the figures as he closed his eyes hoping his hiding was not to be discovered.

He opens his eyes again when he hears a louder buzzing sound, he creeps out from cover and looks across to the disc which is now rising slowly, within seconds it gains altitude then shoots away vertically so fast it was a blur. The final two photos show the disc at tree top level.

END OF ENCOUNTER

I've spoken to the Pilot over the phone, I've spoken to his Suffolk friends over the phone. I received the contact sheet and small prints in the post and I've seen other prints. I've visited the Pilot at his friends home in Suffolk. Extensive checks on his ID were made and he was (at that time) a bona-fide BA pilot.

Then the lid came down very fast very hard. Neither the Pilot nor his friends were contactable (sorry, is that a real word?)

All went very quiet, no further contact was possible no matter what I tried, what little evidence I held was confiscated, in my position I hardly could buck the system.

All was left for a while until I heard that Dr Richard Haines was putting together files on Pilot cases so I passed on to him all I had. I'd been in contact with Dr Haines many years earlier, and he was kind enough to send me an autographed copy of one of his books.

END OF STORY, for what its worth. I have tons of other material, maybe I'll put some on here before the dreaded shredder gets it!!

Sorry if I've bored you all.....Barry



« Reply #1369 on: Sep 17th, 2005, 7:21pm »

## 12 Days.....

**blueyes**

« Reply #1371 on: Sep 18th, 2005, 06:38am »

*Thats a very interesting case, thank you for sharing.*

*Did you get to see the photos of the Aliens/ETs? and if so, can you describe what they looked like? They were all dressed the same, wearing clothing? Funny how we always expect the ETS to be naked all the time. Deb*

« Reply #1372 on: Sep 18th, 2005, 12:04pm »

Hello Deb, yeah as I said I'd seen the color contact sheet and some bigger prints, of both craft and figures. These were described as wearing long flowing 'gowns' for want of a better word. The pics show some form of attire certainly.

« Reply #1405 on: Sep 21st, 2005, 1:31pm »

I'm being retired, I've served my useful purpose and by retiring me, getting me out of the frame makes life easier for them. Simple as that. My last day here indeed any forum is 30th September. After that I can only look in once in a while as a guest. I can still be contacted by email, either address. Not sure about Ventrilo, NetPhone or the new website, will not know these till around 21.00Hrs on the 30th itself when they phone and final debrief me. OK?

« Reply #1408 on: Sep 21st, 2005, 2:01pm »

Thanks, that means a lot to me, You don't know how much I'm gonna miss you all, some in particular, but thats how the cards have fallen, so be it.....

**gusblake**

« Reply #1409 on: Sep 21st, 2005, 2:47pm »

*I'm not happy about this.*

« Reply #1487 on: Sep 26th, 2005, 7:43pm »

Lets imagine, a make believe but logically plausible scenario.....

In the not too distant future.....

Somewhere in the western USA, a large high altitude disc shaped object is filmed, during daylight, for over an hour. USAF jets fly all around then fly away. The sighting, indeed the footage makes news across North America and then the World. The Gov, the Military can offer no explanation for the sighting and really make no effort to either debunk or accept the incident.

Days later a similar event is filmed in Western Europe, again headlines round the World, again little or no interest shown by Gov or Military.

Days later it occurs again, this time in several locations at once, South America, Eastern Europe, India, Asia, Australia. Same response by Gov and Military, they neither accept nor deny. The Worlds media go into hyperdrive with speculation, worsened by the non actions by Gov and Military.



A week later the USAF holds a special news conference, with many other agencies in attendance. Its called right out of the blue. The USAF spokesperson begins their talk by showing the films taken of the mysterious discs sighted Worldwide. Then asks everyone to pay attention to the film about to be shown for the first time, its a USAF produced film, a special documentary, they changed its title during the previous few months. It is now called "Ufos, The New Beginnings". This lavishly produced short movie contains footage taken from gun cameras over a period of decades. It shows clandestine visits at facilities by various unusual craft. It ends with the landing of a large shiny disc shaped object on the desert near a facility. The Disc lands and from out of the object appear three figures, one tall and two shorter. The camera zooms in on these figures as they stand in front of the disc. They are facing the camera, all three remove full helmets, as they do so the camera zooms in further and settles on them, in the centre stands a regular USAF pilot, on either side of him stands a Grey.

As the music plays and the credits begin to roll a voice tells us that this indeed is the 'New Beginnings'.

Camera zooms out whilst music continues.

An astonished Worlds media are then told....."Yes, they have been with us a long long time"

Press conference continues.....

« Reply #1494 on: Sep 27th, 2005, 12:06pm »

on Sep 27th, 2005, 05:55am, **gusblake** wrote:

*Sounds like BS to me. There is so much more than just the so called greys. I want the ET Federation, NOW.*

Hey Gus, Don't take it to heart man, its just a scenario. Both sides, both factions will have a say in final acceptance and formal contact. The above scenario suits the USAF as they are working with the greys from that faction.

« Reply #1495 on: Sep 27th, 2005, 12:09pm »

on Sep 27th, 2005, 06:17am, **FoxForceFive** wrote:

*I have a question. I have zero experiences with ET / UFOs. I am just your ordinary guy, with ordinary friends, an ordinary job, I curl up and watch reality tv at night - but of course I have firm convictions as a supporter. Is there anything I can do, personally, to aid disclosure, say among friends (or authorities)? CAN I do anything? SHOULD I do anything? Or do we, as the public at large (with many believers out there ready-and-waiting, along with those who would ridicule no matter what) sit tight and wait it out, year-after-year, and do nothing? Do you have any advice? As an ordinary "man on the street", can or should I take action, if so... which steps would you recommend as most appropriate?*

*I'm not just asking this for my own sake, but also on behalf of the many visitors / guests to this forum who surely achingly feel the same way - so fired-up, yet powerless.*

*On an unrelated note, I wish to thank you for relating your experiences and expertise - I have been through every page of this thread with insatiable interest, it breaks my heart to know there is a side to this world so dark and terrible and beyond our comprehension - with a total reluctance to have it brought to light. Thank you.*

Hi there, I'd like to say YES of course there are things you can do but in reality its all been done before to little or no effect. Dr Greer has virtually left us, his 400+ witnesses to fend for ourselves, so Disclosure just crawls along hardly being noticed by the media.



We are not powerless, but we need new methods of getting the data across.

« Reply #1538 on: Sep 29th, 2005, 6:28pm »

At last I can sit down in front of this PC without being disturbed every few minutes (saying this whilst crossing my fingers hehe).

Tomorrow, Friday the 30th itself, is going to be frantic as I've tons to do, places to go besides sorting things out on the two forums, so please bear with me.

Some things I know now.....

After the 30th I am NOT allowed to post on either forum

After the 30th I can only visit as a guest on either forum

This will mean that I cannot access any PMs on either forum, so I'm trying to copy those I need, and

advise everyone to NOT PM after approx 22.00Hrs on the 30th, repeat NO PMs please after 22.00Hrs Or they may get lost to me

Both of my current email addresses are available for everyones use

I will know after 21.00Hrs on the 30th IF I'm allowed to continue use of : Ventrilo,NetPhone, Building Website

I have been assured that they will NOT delete any post or thread from either forum

(Unless I break certain rules during my retirement in which case they WILL delete EVERYTHING of mine)

I will make available to anyone genuinely interested my home address/phone details

That should cover most things for now.....thankyou, Barry

« Reply #1561 on: Sep 30th, 2005, 4:28pm »

During the 53 years of my life I have done many things, some I'm proud of, some I'm not so proud of. I have travelled much around this World of ours and seen many things. I've seen things no man should ever see, and heard things no man should ever hear. At times my faith has been tested to the limit, and my spirit broken, it took a long time for that to heal. I have experienced so much in my lifetime, so many good times and so many bad times. I have always been a curious and inquisitive type, that has lead me into dangerous waters often. I have always been a bit rebellious and that has got me into trouble many times. As I retire and hopefully slow things down considerably I dare say my wild and restless streak will want to continue as before so an internal struggle will ensue. My health has taken a battering over the past 25 years and has come close to shutting down numerous times. I shall try to grow old gracefully (53 going on 63) as the premature ageing process takes its toll. My journey here has come to an end and I hope I have fulfilled my job in trying to open ears and eyes to the World around you all. I was hoping to be in a position to end this little announcement by adding that a replacement will be here on Casebook and indeed on Deans site BUT no such luck I'm afraid. So, be safe, be well, be cautious, be open minded and a little paranoid if it helps, but do not give in or give up any of you. Exciting times lay ahead, danger lurks too but that will be overcome. Do NOT be afraid, help will be closer than you think.....Barry

« Reply #1563 on: Sep 30th, 2005, 4:47pm »

I am to sever my ties with this forum tonight at 23.59Hrs GMT, the same goes for Deans site.

I can only visit either forum as a Guest and cannot post on either forum



At Midnight tonight my User ID on each forum will be deleted, along with respective PMs and messages.

The various postings of mine and indeed respective Threads WILL remain intact and will NOT be deleted

I CAN be contacted via two existing email addresses and their respective messenger services

I can continue to use Ventrilo, NetPhone, as long as I do so in an open manner and do not discuss any sensitive issues

I WILL be allowed to build the new Website kindly donated by Dean. This will remain open as long as I do NOT use certain, specific materials within the site

There you have it.....

« Reply #1574 on: Sep 30th, 2005, 6:19pm »

My friends, my extended family, I'm gonna miss you all so much, even with the allowed contact areas I will still feel cut off from the majority of you. I will miss posting here, chatting with you all and assisting where I can. I hope I have not bored you all to death with the History thread, over a 100pages now, must be like trying to wade thru 'War and Peace' !! lol

I have learnt many things during my stay here and thoroughly enjoyed the good with the bad, and sometimes the truly outrageous. You have all been so kind to this crazy old Brit whom rambled on and on and on, thankyou for your kindness and patience with this little ol guy.

I have great memories of this forum and will never forget the interaction with so many interesting characters, so much intelligence, wit, warmth and goodness flows from you all, I'm gonna miss each and every one I have come into contact with, I'll always keep a place in my heart for you all.....the roll of honor.....

(In no particular order of preference so no squabbling hehehe).....

(Squeeky)Eileen, QoH (Linda), Blueyes,Misty Blu( Deb), Creolady(Linda), (LadyFreedom 62)Carolyn, Valuca, MrNasa,Johnnyanonymous,Dean,Grounded,Merlin,One,BlueSpyder,Possibilities(Whom gave me and Eileen the chance to have some fun with months ago, sorry Poss),Starman,GusBlake,Lowtech,Lawwalk,EagleeyeUk, etc etc etc. If I have missed out anyone I apologise, my powers of concentration lapse after a while, its been a very busy evening.

Thankyou all my very own extended family.....love ya all

« Reply #1581 on: Sep 30th, 2005, 6:58pm »

**BYE.....**