

JACQUES VALLEE

Bestselling author of CONFRONTATIONS

REVELATIONS

Alien Contact and
Human Deception

ISBN 0 7566 0756 6 (Canada \$5.99) U.S. \$4.99

After Jacques Vallee, you will never again
think the same way about UFOs."

Utne Reader

REVELATIONS

江苏工业学院图书馆
Alien Contact and Human Deception

藏书章
Jacques Vallee

BALLANTINE BOOKS • NEW YORK

To Fred Beckman
who urged me to look under the bed

Sale of this book without a front cover may be unauthorized. If this book is coverless, it may have been reported to the publisher as "unsold or destroyed" and neither the author nor the publisher may have received payment for it.

Copyright © 1991 by Jacques Vallee

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Published in the United States of America by Ballantine Books, a division of Random House, Inc., New York, and simultaneously in Canada by Random House of Canada Limited, Toronto.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence for permission to reprint "Labyrinth" from *Jorge Luis Borges: Selected Poems 1923-1967* by Jorge Luis Borges. Copyright © 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972 by Jorge Luis Borges, Emecé Editores, S.A. and Norman Thomas Di Giovanni. Used by permission of Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, a division of Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, Inc.

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 91-858

ISBN 0-345-37566-1

Manufactured in the United States of America

First Hardcover Edition: October 1991

First Mass Market Edition: October 1992

Cover photo by Mark Tomalty/Masterfile.

Acknowledgments

Many individuals have made this book possible. Among the most obvious contributors are the people whose work directly influenced and informed my investigations: researchers like Joel and Helene Mesnard, Jean-Jacques Velasco, Claude Poher, Roger Chereau, Martine Castello, Linda Strand, Jean-François Boedec, Jenny Randles, Linda Howe, Pierre Guerin, Antonio Ribera, Bettina Allen, Fabio Zerpa, and numerous others.

This was a difficult book to research and to write. As in the investigation of the cults that occupied me when I published *Messengers of Deception*, I was often repelled by the material I was compiling. I gave up twice, once when I discovered the truth about the Pontoise case, because I felt so helpless, and the second time when I hung up in disgust on a caller who accused me of being paid (by the government, presumably?) to conceal the "horrible truth" from my audience.

The support I received from Janine, from my children, and from a few trusted friends helped me resume the work. Fred Beckman and Dr. Richard Haines provided consistently valuable advice. Robert Emenegger contributed many encouragements and, as usual, many wonderful and incredible stories. Bob Weiss and Tracy Torme

made me see the humor and the irony of cultist obsession. Dr. Richard Niemtzow and other medical professionals agreed to help with the biological questions raised by some of the reports. Ned Leavitt, my agent, made available to me his usual wisdom and sympathy. Many of my colleagues in science and in business gave their time and their energy to assist in the details of my research. This book could not have been completed without their assistance.

Emery Reiff, as always, was able to master my nonlinear style and my undisciplined handwriting to process the text of the manuscript.

And the aliens, dead or alive, deserve my gratitude for having made this phase of my life interesting—even as they evaded my attempts to meet them. Perhaps, as Dr. J. Allen Hynek once remarked, this very fact shows how smart they are.

Contents

Acknowledgments	ix
Prologue	1
Introduction	4
 PART ONE: ALIEN RETRIEVALS	 11
1. Hangar	20
2. Majestic	38
3. Area 51	52
 PART TWO: THE HALL OF MIRRORS	 93
4. Strip Tease	98
5. Purple Justice	133
6. Special Effects	167
 PART THREE: THE COBWEB CORRELATION	 193
7. Death of an Astronomer	198
8. The Mystery Lingers	209
9. Giants in the Park	235
 Conclusion	 246
Appendix 1	261
Appendix 2	280
Index	297

Prologue

The men were dressed in fatigues. They signaled for us to stop the car. Bob turned off the engine. The wind carried a small cloud of dust past the windows of the Oldsmobile we had rented in Las Vegas.

In the glare of the headlights we could see that two of them were wearing sidearms. The third one remained on the edge of the trail, closer to the guard post. He was carrying a machine gun. We lowered the windows, avoiding any suspicious or sudden moves.

“Didn’t you see the sign?” said one of the guards.

“What sign?” we asked.

He didn’t bother answering. We had seen a rectangular warning sign that indicated a federal facility and restricted access, but it was stored in the office of a television reporter back in Las Vegas, and Las Vegas was a long way away. Somebody had obviously taken the sign as a souvenir. On this deserted road, however, all we had seen was the full moon rising over the bare mountains of Nevada—mountains that isolate the real world from Nellis Air Force Base and the specific location we sought: Area 51. Dreamland.

The rumor within the UFO research community stated that if you could get close enough to Nellis, you would

see strange luminous objects maneuvering in remarkably erratic ways that seemed to defy physics. Some people argued that these objects were flying saucers captured by the United States government for testing purposes. Others thought they were a kind of prototype weapon, probably a remotely piloted vehicle (RPV), a fact that would explain their ability to change directions suddenly. They could even be RPVs made to resemble flying saucers in support of some weird psychological warfare project. Which is exactly what we wanted to understand, since we were working together on a screenplay for a UFO movie.

Bob Weiss, our producer, was at the wheel. Writer Tracy Torme was watching the landscape, making mental notes of the hills, the brush, the fences.

“With the full moon, and our headlights, we must have stuck out like a sore thumb,” I said to my companions while the guards went around the vehicle, noting the make, year, and license plate.

“They’ve got infrared cameras and motion detectors,” said Bob, pointing to a tall tower near the gate.

Nobody had forewarned us about that down in Vegas. The guard facility was new. Other people who had taken this road had not been stopped.

“Who does the car belong to?” one of the guards asked.

“Hertz,” Bob answered.

“Where are you going?”

“We were on the way to Rachel.”

That seemed to satisfy them. Rachel is a small cluster of shacks and trailers in the middle of the desert on the way to Tonopah, which has become something of a high point for UFO investigators and stealth technology buffs.

The guards took our drivers’ licenses and went back to their shelter. Through the lighted windows we could see someone making a phone call.

“They want to find out if we’ve had any previous warning,” Bob remarked.

"What kind of outfit is this, anyway?" asked Tracy. "They're not wearing Air Force uniforms."

"They're not really military," Bob answered. "They're the Air Force version of Rent-A-Cop. Guard services, contractors. I've hired guys like that to watch over movie sets in Hollywood. Here they come."

A guard walked toward us, carrying a clipboard. Pieces of paper with carbon underneath were flapping in the desert wind. We read the citation by the glare of the map light. It contained a warning not to set foot inside the perimeter of Nellis Air Force Base again. I took one look at the guy's machine gun and signed my copy. My friends did the same. We turned around. Two of the guards climbed into a Blazer and followed us all the way to the main road, staying some distance back of the cloud of dust we were raising on the long, straight, unsurfaced road.

They made sure we turned left toward Rachel. Any attempt to sneak into the network of smaller trails that led into the hills would have been futile. Besides, our Oldsmobile, although brand new, would never have made it. As it was, it had trouble dragging us uphill on the main highway.

"Why do they make engines with two and a half cylinders?" Bob joked, eager to put some distance between us and the Blazer.

There were no strange lights in the sky that night. And when we stopped at a place that overlooked part of the northern section of the base, all we heard were the muffled sounds of the desert, and all we saw were the familiar constellations being obscured by drifting clouds. If there were flying saucers in the process of being tested at Dreamland, the secret was being kept very well.

Introduction

It had to happen.

For over forty years the phenomenon of unidentified flying objects has mystified hundreds of thousands of sincere witnesses, yet the scientific establishment has refused to study it and stubbornly continues to deny the very existence of the mystery. The governments of the major nations have assembled countless dossiers about the subject. In the course of military and intelligence data gathering, many remarkable facts have been accumulated, as we know from the few tidbits the U.S. government has been forced to release under the Freedom of Information Act. Yet officials have never seen fit to declassify most of the files. So a market has been created for the hoaxers, the charlatans, those who are in the business of selling dreams and delusions.

Never mind that the few dedicated investigators who have patiently analyzed the sightings recognize that we are still far from a solution to the mystery; eager believers have fabricated fanciful explanations out of whole cloth to provide belief and dogma where knowledge was lacking.

As I have shown in *Dimensions* and *Confrontations*, there is indeed a genuine UFO phenomenon and it con-

stitutes one of the many mysteries that nature offers us. In my view it represents an opportunity to practice some good science and to become aware of levels of consciousness we had not previously recognized. But the current proliferation of spurious material that confuses the real issues bothers me. It should be analyzed and exposed for what it is: at best, a dangerous delusion, the germ of new cults that would extinguish the light of reason and free inquiry; at worst, an attempt to draw attention away from the real nature of the UFO phenomenon, a deliberate effort to drive serious research into the quicksands of speculation.

Not only have individual visionaries come forward with the definitive revelation that UFOs came from Venus, Clarion, Hoova, Zeta Reticuli, or hundreds of other places, but an entire cottage industry has grown around groups dedicated to the "study" of fantasies channeled by our kind space brothers from such unlikely places as UMMO or the Pleiades. Organizations with mysterious sources of money are now springing up with dozens of local chapters all over the United States and Canada, and indeed, all over the world. They hypnotize witnesses. They hold seminars and conferences; they edit expensive books and videotapes; some even run their own presses. Their activity blurs the real nature of the phenomenon and complicates its study. It adds another factor of confusion to the bewilderment of sincere witnesses who wonder what they have seen and who are looking for a helping hand.

Things would not be so bad if the only hoaxers came from the lunatic fringe. Every field of endeavor has such borderline fanatics—even well-established and dignified disciplines like physics, with its entourage of perpetual motion inventors, astronomy with its retinue of hollow-earthers, and medicine with its proliferation of quacks.

But there is more.

Those who spend time in the field—analyzing traces left by the UFO phenomenon, interviewing witnesses,

and assembling a study of the underlying patterns—have now stumbled on evidence of a quite different sort: *some of the most remarkable sightings are actually complex hoaxes that have been carefully engineered for our benefit*. The witnesses are merely the victims and the instruments rather than the authors of the hoax.

Who is perpetrating such deliberate fabrications and what is their goal? There is no single answer to this question because there is no single source to human fantasy, no single reason for the deviousness of those military or civilian agencies that are spending our money to conduct secret psychological experiments—as the mind control projects of the Sixties and Seventies have abundantly demonstrated.

So, as I kept digging into a mass of information that had been generally avoided, it is not surprising that my research should have taken me toward some unexpected quarters. Some cases, it turns out, involved private groups with fantastic delusions and an insane compulsion to spread them to a larger segment of the public. Others were found to have been engineered by government agencies engaged in psychological warfare exercises on which they declined comment, conveniently burying them behind the curtain of classified intelligence. This bears emphasizing: *some UFO sightings are covert experiments in the manipulation of the belief systems of the public*. And some cases simply *did not happen*. The stories about them, numerous rumors of crashed saucers and burned aliens, were not so much the result of delusions as the product of *deception*: rumors deliberately planted in the eager minds of gullible believers to hide more real facts about which it was felt that the public and the scientific community had no “need to know.”

In previous works I have argued that ufology was, among other things, “folklore in the making,” and that it ought to be studied as such. I was referring to the accumulation of stories about contact with aliens, a new form of mythology that formed a striking parallel to the

intercourse with angels, demons, and elves in earlier ages. But the stories that are spreading now go way beyond anything in ordinary folklore. We are told that aliens have crashed on earth in their flying machines, that bodies have been recovered and autopsies performed.

The first part of this book, entitled "Alien Retrievals," describes the array of such stories that have proliferated in the last ten years. Accounts no longer come from drunken prospectors in the desert or from con men trying to make a fast buck. I have listened to a general who headed up an agency of the U.S. Air Force and who told me about his own contact. I have had dinner with an ex-CIA pilot who assured me the aliens were actually here, alive and in large numbers, working secretly with our scientists. And another man, a former Naval Intelligence officer, assured me he had once been assigned the mission to brief three admirals on the nature of the secret treaty that linked the U.S. government to these aliens, who lived inside our most secret military bases. He could locate the bases, and claimed he could identify people who had seen these so-called aliens—but he never came through with their names. In Las Vegas I met with Robert Lazar, who assured me that he had actually worked on a Navy Intelligence project to reverse-engineer the propulsion system of nine flying saucers held in secret hangars. But Robert Lazar also told me of his strange memory lapses, of the peculiar liquid he was made to drink. . . .

In Part Two, entitled "The Hall of Mirrors," I will take you a step further into the tangled jungle of ufology's dark side. We will review the results of some investigations into cases that were front page material when they first became public, yet where the actual truth has never been brought to light.

Revelations is an attempt to clear the underbrush of an interesting scientific field that is cluttered with the weeds and the vines of human fantasy and with the poisonous flowers of unbalanced minds. But it is also an experiment

in truth-seeking; like *Confrontations*, it is something of a scientific detective story, an intellectual exercise in counterintelligence. Some of my readers may object that the delusions in question are of limited scope and only cause harm to a small community of zealots who are ready and willing to believe anything that seems to coincide with their own fantasies. Why not leave them to their crazy fate? My answer is that we have to eliminate these spurious rumors if we hope to identify the real UFO phenomenon and perhaps to meet genuine aliens some day. And the harm they cause is very real, very tragic indeed: it is because of such rumors that astronomer Morris Jessup committed suicide and that countless other researchers have wasted valuable time and jeopardized their careers in the pursuit of mirages.

In Part Three, entitled "The Cobweb Correlation," I have tried to show that the fast-growing belief in alien contact may well contain the germ of more dangerous developments. The fact that the genuine UFO cases have been ignored by professional scientists, and that even the great mythologists of our time like Joseph Campbell have remained utterly blind to them, makes the phenomenon, with all its wonderful physical and psychic complexity, a convenient medium that can be sculpted with complete impunity by the manufacturers of alternative theologies and the professional manipulators of the human mind.

All that can be said today about the genuine UFO phenomenon is that it involves human consciousness as well as physical effects in its manifestations. The study of such enigmas is what science is all about. But the line between belief in the reality of that phenomenon and the fascination with those who claim to control it, or to be in intimate contact with it, is very fine indeed. This book demonstrates how this fine line has repeatedly been crossed and what the consequences of the resulting delusions could be. More importantly, the UFO mystery holds a mirror to our own fantasies, it expresses our secret longings for a wisdom that might come down from

the stars in new, improved, easy-to-use packaging, to reveal the secrets of life and tell us, at long last, who we are. In return, of course, for a modest fee, an easily affordable spiritual, social, and political investment.

Why is it that in this process we are always told that we have to relinquish the right to interrogate the higher entities we worship? Why are we afraid to ask them who they are, and to demand what makes them so interested in teaching us, in frightening us, or in enlisting our help in the great cosmic saga of their allegedly higher endeavors? In the process of such interrogation we might well discover the ultimate horror, as in the poem by Borges quoted at the beginning of this book: there may be no higher entities lurking in the maze after all, and no little grayish aliens with bug eyes in the morgues of the Pentagon. In the final analysis the labyrinth of our expectations may be empty, and it may require a completely different approach to solve the problem of detecting and communicating with the other forms of consciousness that probably fill the universe, and with the UFO phenomenon itself. How could we shed the dreams and start on the real journey at last? How could we ever recognize Them if we keep being snared by humanity's folly, if we keep falling into the trap of our own delusions, and if, in the pursuit of our own preconceived theories, we rush to believe in every false revelation that comes along?

Oscar Wilde once observed that an aesthetic truth was such that its opposite was equally true. Perhaps the truths about alien contact, like those of the metaphysical kind, are the truths of masks.

PART ONE



ALIEN RETRIEVALS

Strange is the night where black stars rise,
And strange moons circle through the skies,
But stranger still is

Lost Carcosa

Cassilda's Song in
The King in Yellow

ACT 1, SCENE 2

—Robert W. Chambers