

CHAPTER FIVE Budd Hopkins's Fear

Budd Hopkins sat on a gold mine — and ruined it.

Probably no one on this earth has done more to incite fear of our Visitors than Budd Hopkins. His books are filled with fear.

(In the following discussion I use his two popular books: *Missing Time*, ©1981, Ballantine Paper Back, April, 1988(MT), and *Intruders*, ©1987, Ballantine Paper Back, January, 1988(IN). I use the initials MT and IN to designate the source of my quotations. Except for professionals, the names of all “subjects” in his books are pseudonyms.)

Budd's first book does not contain so many explicit statements of fear as implied fear. Fear of the unknown. Fear of something so superior it can do with us as it pleases. In MT Chapter 9, *Speculations Both Grim and Hopeful*, he shows his growing concerns:

MT 209: UFO abductions appear to be an encounter in which extraterrestrials capture and examine human specimens in some kind of anthropological-biological quest for information.

MT 209: Why have UFO occupants taken so many, and why, apparently, do they attempt to conceal the nature and magnitude of their operations? Basic information gathering on the species simply cannot explain all these separate events. Two other related possibilities suggest themselves, however: either the UFO crew members are taking something besides information, or they are leaving behind something with their captives.

MT 212: We may indeed possess something — a natural resource, an element, a genetic structure — that an alien culture might desire to use, for example, as experimental raw material.

MT 214: These incidents support the unsettling theory that extraterrestrials need something from humans — possibly a certain kind of genetic structure — so presumably they must check through a large number of people to find what they want.

These remarks beg for explanation.

We are now in a position to explain them.

The anthropological answer is in the future of mankind. Our planetary supervisors are taking steps to improve the human races after the disastrous mistakes of our former administrators.

The biological quest for information is a thorough survey of our present genetic qualities.

This can properly be done only by direct physical contact.

They conceal the nature and magnitude of their operation because they are under mandate to not interfere in the current unfolding of planetary decisions. The heavenly administrators have ordered all operations to be strictly hands off. The current planetary trends must be allowed to continue to demonstrate to a universe the result of unmitigated sin practiced by our forebears and by us. We are a demonstration planet, and God is using his nativity sphere to make this vivid demonstration.

They are taking samples of sperm and ovum to breed on a stand-by planet. They are enlarging a human genetic pool, in both sex directions, selected according to criteria not explained to us. We can infer that the genetic pool will selectively screen out belligerent elements from mankind. The meek shall inherit the earth. Not meek in the sense that they are not dynamic personalities, but meek in that they do not aggressively push themselves upon others without respect.

Indeed, they are taking something besides information

They are leaving behind information, buried under the constraints of revelation, to show us the meaning of their activity, and to help us in our imminent decisions.

Unbeknown to them, Jacobs and Hopkins and Mack served in that purpose, in spite of their confabulation.

We do indeed possess something: mixed genetic traits which now must be screened to improve the spiritual qualities of the human races. The so-called "alien culture" is not some other biological brew. Hopkins engages in fear speculations because he does not have sufficient information to make informed deductions.

No, the "extraterrestrials" do not need something from us for themselves. But they do need something from us to prosecute this program of genetic rehabilitation.

Budd goes on to remark in *Intruders*:

It is important to state here — though the evidence will be considered in detail later on — that all three women have either had "dreams" or normal recollections of having been shown, at later times, tiny offspring whose appearance suggests they are something other than completely human . . . that they are in fact partly human and partly what we must call, for want of a better term, alien. It is unthinkable and unbelievable — yet the evidence points in that direction. An ongoing and systematic breeding experiment must be considered one of the central purposes of the UFO abductions.

Budd had no idea how close he was to the truth. He also had no idea how far he was from the truth.

And he had no idea how his hypnotic recall methods created distortions in the reports to bring massive fear.

Budd was right. There is an ongoing and systematic breeding program to save the better genetic stocks of this planet. But the monstrosities he created through hypnotic confabulation is the part that is unthinkable and unbelievable.

He went on to speculate further about the reasons behind the gathering of ovum and sperm. Then, over the next five years, with people attracted by his first book, by programs starring him on NBC, and by horrible movies, many came to him because of the concerns and fears of extraordinary events that may have taken place in their lives. They picked up his fears through the broad public attention that he received. They then had fears generated by his methods of presentation. Those fears conditioned their thoughts, memories and usefulness, As he explicitly stated:

IN 2: . . . the end of my book, which Kathie read in the summer of 1983.

IN 206: Ed, of course, had read *Missing Time*.

IN 176: There is no way for me to convey in these pages the emotional authenticity of the hundreds of letters and phone calls I've received and the interviews I've conducted over the past six or seven years of UFO research. I cannot attempt to do justice to the mystery and the pain and the confusion that I have heard from so many different people . . .

IN 71: Over the years I have observed . . . apparently unreasonable dread in many people who have undergone consciously unremembered yet traumatic UFO abduction experiences.

Through his statements he introduces even more fear:

IN 71: . . . On some level UFO abduction is a species of rape.

IN 75: This new development was deeply upsetting to me.

IN177: (People) who have been too overwhelmed to handle these experiences with any degree of balance or calm. Most . . . are sincere and essentially sane, but are teetering on the rim of mental breakdown, trying to hold themselves together in the face of radically disorienting traumatic experiences.

IN195: I felt an enormous sorrow and a deep undercurrent of anger at whoever or whatever would subject a man to such terror.

IN 219: But in the meantime there is no way for me to convey the depth and the coldness of Dan's anger and hatred for his abductors.

Budd may have another reason for promoting fear.
Fear sells books.

Consciously, or unconsciously, he may introduce sensation for his selfish gratifications.

Budd gave us highly useful information but who can untangle it from the swamp of fear and confabulation? We must not only deal with the heavy distortions he placed upon all his subjects through suggestive hypnotic methods — we must also deal with his outrageous views of reality.

Budd is an artist. His life is oriented around emotions and feelings. He does not have a good analytical mind, capable of reaching to the more profound implication of the data he collects. On one hand he has important information showing that our Visitors are not engaged in “a species of rape,” while on the other he sees their violation of our personal choice and integrity as an affront that should only be feared.

Benign Visitations

“Virginia Horton” may have been his most outstanding subject.

MT 122: “I remember, when I was about thirteen, dreaming about traveling in outer space and going far, far away and meeting people like I knew they were old friends, and I talked to them about things and they explained things to me, and showed me things. I wanted to stay there, but they said no, I had to go back. They said I could share what I knew with my friends, but I couldn’t stay.

MT 129: I was really relaxed and almost at home. Comfortable. Curious. Like you feel when you’re a guest of somebody and you’re glad to be there.

MT 131: (In her examination) . . . not a face, not a hand, but there was a gentleness about it. It wasn’t anything abrupt. Whoever it is, it’s somebody I’m very comfortable with.

MT 132: . . . Also there’s a strong sense of person to the person I’m talking to. A very grandfatherly quality about him, a quality that reminds me of my grandfather, who is loving and very patient. . . . Well, you know, it’s almost as though it was somebody I knew.

MT 133: . . . I am part of that adventure of discovering a new place and that it seems like a nice place, and I say, “Yes it is.” . . . and, umm, he was very happy. He was very happy about meeting me and about visiting, about talking to me. It’s like the whole thing is a big happiness for him . . .

From such remarks Budd develops a paranoia that the Visitors were intentionally introducing such feelings to calm Virginia’s fear.

In spite of the fear he introduces into the account by “Kathie Davis,” he cannot see the contradiction he offers in her many statements.

IN 222: . . . It's almost as if he has his arm around my waist . . . very comforting. I was standing up. And they were all around me and one of them touched my shoulder. Everyone seemed very pleased with me, and . . . I didn't know why. I wasn't afraid at all.

She was shown her "little girl" (discussed below).

IN 224: I just know everyone was happy with me, and there was a very good feeling . . . it was a very satisfying feeling, yet it was very sad for me . . . I'm pretty sure somebody told me I should be proud.

"Susan Williams" also contributed to our understanding, but Budd must go on with his perversions. Susan was repeatedly psychoanalyzed at her own initiative. Although the analysis did not get to the source of her neurosis she ended with peculiar dreams. One was the Wise Baby dream. In the dream she sees a small, fragile baby lying in a small container. She knows the baby is hers. As she looks the baby speaks to her with great wisdom. She repeats this image under later hypnosis with Budd.

Susan did not understand that her dream confused two elements of her experience. The first was observing her baby. The second was the words given to her by a "wise man." See Adamski's report in a later chapter.

IN 240: I have a feeling of wonder and delight. I'm aware of the size, and some kind of fragility, but that's not the essence of what's wonderful about it — it's the talk, it's the knowledge, it's the eloquence. It's the uncensored truth. That's the beauty and the preciousness.

How does Budd explain these contradictions?

He believes these are not honest emotions.

IN 231: "I think that my emotions really touched them. And when he . . . held my hand, and was looking at me . . . I was looking at him, his face, his eyes . . . He didn't say anything, and I got this burst of all these kinds of emotions . . . real confusing . . . all at once. Maybe he was trying to feel something."

I asked Kathie if she felt these emotions were coming from him, were his emotions. "Yes. He was trying to make me feel something, or trying to make me understand that *he was* trying to understand me . . . my feelings."

I remarked that this put a new twist on things. It meant that when an abductee reported what might seem to be inappropriate emotions, such as sadness or loneliness at the end of a traumatic UFO abduction experience, that these emotions might actually be *coming from the abductors* rather than from the abductees.

Budd illustrates with Sun Myung Moon, and indoctrination into cults.

MT: 204: The situation of abductees being made to feel special, loved, members of the “select,” occasionally occurs in abduction cases. The reasons for their having been singled out are almost always vague, but the abductees feel gratified and less frightened, though not necessarily less confused. An interesting parallel presents itself in the accounts of former followers of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon’s Unification Church. At the beginning of their recruitment, an overpowering sense of being needed and wanted is systematically instilled in them by Moonie operatives. Lonely college students are visited in their dormitory rooms, fed milk and cookies, invited to love-drenched weekend retreats, and slowly won over before specific issues and ideology or dogma are even mentioned. This love technique is so thoroughly overwhelming that, when articles of religious belief are finally introduced, the subject feels like an ingrate to reject them. Bestowing importance and showering love upon the potential convert weakens his opposition and sets him up for whatever unusual demands are to be made of him. This potent method seems to have happened in a number of UFO abductions.

Budd repeats this Moon scenario in *Intruders*. He also likens it to the traumatic experience of hostages. After some time they may come into empathy with their captors. (For an alternate view refer to John Mack’s remarks in the following chapter.)

Budd does not understand true human compassion or psychology. False social images and cultural estrangement mislead him. Captives may learn that within the captors are human hearts who have strayed down the wrong paths of life. Their present circumstance is the result of a social order that has betrayed them.

My wife lets out a little moan when she sees a group of young people being led off to jail. She knows that within each heart is a good person, and that we built a society of self-centered unconcern that led them to the destruction of their lives.

Budd even contradicts himself. As he states:

IN 277: And behind the abduction phenomenon as it has been described by literally hundreds of witnesses there seems to be a very peculiar and very consistent ethical position. In none of the cases I’ve investigated have I ever encountered even the suggestion of deliberate harm or malevolence. The abductees are apparently kept as calm as possible and seem to suffer only minimal physical pain — a situation not unlike that of a well-run dental office. People are picked up, examined, samples are taken and so on, and then they are returned more or less intact to the place where the abduction began. There

seems to be a definite effort by the UFO occupants to make the operations as swift, efficient, and painless as possible. There is reason to believe that the partial amnesia which often accompanies these experiences is intended to help the abductees continue their normal lives as much as it is to conceal UFO activities.

If only Budd had been able to follow through the implication of such observation.

Budd does not understand the concern our Visitors have for this planet. He does not have the knowledge or the background to make insightful assessments. But Budd is merely reflecting a pervasive lack of understanding in our society.

He had information literally at his fingertips, through his own research, if he had not been baffled by his fears.

MT 199: And they were obviously excited. And they were trying to explain to me what they had accomplished, too. It seems as though they — I don't think they put it that way — but I think they succeeded into talking somebody into considering us as an endangered species or something equivalent to that. Not endangered. No, I guess it wouldn't be that. Umm . . . it was like a precious species, kind of a classification. But it was more than that too. It didn't have so much just to do with Earth, it had to do with . . . I guess maybe establishing the principle of noninterference, something like that. One of those things people like to deal with in science fiction themes. The kind of moral code they like to imagine intergalactic travelers have about not mucking up or interfering with indigenous cultures.

We are a precious species because we are the inhabitants of the Sentimental Shrine of all Nebadon. We are also an endangered species if action is not take to avoid total catastrophe. Virginia Horton did not verbalize all she had been told. Budd's fears, played out on his subjects, may have prevented her from recalling everything she was told, or perhaps she did not fully understand. Her pause after "it had to do with . . ." shows that she was aware of important elements, but which details then escaped her, or which she feared to reveal.

Our Visitors are not mucking about, interfering with our culture. They are under high command to not do so. We are left to our own devices, to take this planet literally to hell if that is our choice. That command is necessary to show a universe the results of a planet under the insidious power of a fallen Planetary Prince, and of human kind chasing after material desires, instead of devotion to their Creator.

But Budd cannot reach to those conceptual heights. For him the universe is an accident of time, and not one of creation. Only aliens can inhabit it, and unfeeling aliens at that.

Nasal Implants

As a result of such unreal world views, Budd must follow the false leads of other investigators. When Betty Andreasson confabulated a small device implanted in her head through her nose, Budd naturally follows that lead without a whisper of introspection or rational musing. Budd cannot see how implants are a primitive notion created through hypnotic confabulation. Then he wastes his time chasing this fear.

IN 84: "In Missing Time I dealt with three separate instances of apparent nasal cavity implants, and in my investigations since that time I have encountered several more. Yet so far as I know no one has unequivocally established that an implant is currently in place in any abductee. . . . Speculation about the purpose of these possible implants runs to any or all of three unappetizing possibilities. They could function as "locators," in the mode of the small radio transmitters zoologists attach to the ears of hapless, tranquilized elk to trace their wanderings. Or, they could be monitors of some sort, relaying the thoughts, emotions or even visual and sensory impressions of the host, Or, and perhaps least palatable, they could have a controlling function as receivers, suggesting the possibility that abductees could, from time to time, be made to act as surrogates for their abductors. I do not wish to dwell on any of these paranoia-inducing theories . . .

Budd later adds to this suggestion.

IN 202: The analogy mentioned earlier that comes to mind is our program of zoological study in which wild animals are captured and tranquilized to allow the permanent attachment of small transmitters or even simple tags before they are released back into their natural environments. The transmitters allow scientists to track their movements and thus to learn the species' migration patterns, grazing habits and other useful information. This analogy is obviously anthropomorphic, but it is nevertheless suggestive, especially since there is evidence that tiny implants are put in place in UFO abduction cases, as we have seen.

Budd admits that no such homing device has ever been found. He also admits that they are unnecessary.

IN 149: Every single abductee I've worked with is sure that it may happen again. "If they want me they can get me," is the general sentiment. One young man said to me that if his father were president of

the United States, and he lived in the White House, guarded by the Secret Service, he would still feel that "if they wanted to pick me up again they could."

IN 187: I have the feeling that if he wanted to come visit me he certainly could.

Adamski was told of the powers of our Visitors.

Everything in the Universe has its own particular pattern. For example, if someone speaks the word 'house,' the mental image of a dwelling of one kind or another is in his mind. Many things, including human emotions, are registered in the same way.

By the use of these machines, we know even what your people are thinking, and whether or not they are hostile toward us. For if there are harsh, frightening word, or even thoughts, these will picture themselves in that manner, and our recorders will pick them up accurately. In the same way, we know who amongst you will prove friendly and receptive.

Clearly they know each and everyone of us, who we are, where we are, and what we are doing day and night.

After all:

Prov 15:3 -- The eyes of the LORD are in every place, keeping watch on the evil and the good.

Of course, we recognize that wisdom only in religious sentiment, not in practical reality.

Again Budd shows his fear when he entertains the idea that perhaps the implants are somehow used to control us. God, and all of his agencies, give us the dignity to make our own decisions, unencumbered by force or external persuasion. Respect for the will of man is dominant in the universe. God would do nothing to violate that dignity. But Budd latches onto involuntary abduction as evidence of their violation of our dignity and choices, little recognizing that these activities are a small cost to salvage the planet. As far as he can tell, as he himself admits, every individual is returned to their lives. If our Visitors had malicious intent why would they do so? Is not the evidence of their benign behavior sufficient?

Budd told us clearly how he intentionally misled his subjects into hypnotic confabulation, in order to draw out what he wanted to hear.

IN 180: I mentioned heart and respiration and other deliberately misleading topics.

IN 217: I was deliberately asking leading questions.

IN 218: I asked him questions designed to provide him with an opportunity to embellish his encounter with erotic detail, yet he passed up these chances and maintained the simple, spare, puzzling outline of his experience. I gave him opportunities to editorialize, to provide reasons and a meaning for the encounter, but these too he rejected.

Or so he thought. As an amateur hypnotist he did not realize how he polluted the information. And he did not recognize how he brought on confabulation.

Forced Sex

I shall now examine one case that shows how Budd led his subjects to get where he wanted to go.

After reading *Missing Time* a Wisconsin man, "Ed Duvall," contacted Budd. He was a night-shift mechanic in a mine and had an unusual experience somewhere between the spring of 1961 and the spring of 1963. During slack times the mechanics might drive off in their vehicles to a secluded spot and nap. Two-way radios kept them in touch with their supervisors. Ed was suddenly awakened from a nap to find himself paralyzed. In later memory he did not recall what led to his paralysis, but imagined he could have been taken from his truck for two or three hours if no one called on the radio. Ed had completely forgotten about the incident until he read Budd's book. This stirred uneasy feelings within him, and led him to write Budd a letter. The tone of the letter caused Budd to contact the man to discuss his case in greater depth. Budd called the man because *an apparently insignificant surface recollection is accompanied by a very deep sense of anxiety and fear.*

Through invitation to appear on a television talk show in Wisconsin Budd had an opportunity to meet the man and persuaded him to submit to hypnosis. They had two sessions in the hotel where Budd was staying. This led to recall of Ed's abduction from his truck by "floating" up into a craft. Two beings removed his clothes and took him to a table where he lay down. Ed briefly described an examination of all areas of his body, and then suddenly requested that the session not proceed any further. After Budd returns Ed to a fully conscious state he tells Budd there is something he cannot talk about. During these sessions Ed's wife sat in the room with them. The next morning, after Ed's wife goes shopping, Ed contacts Budd to talk with him privately. The following is Budd's record of the ensuing conscious recollection.

IN 198-201: As soon as Ed came into my room and sat down, I could see his profound uneasiness. He said that there was something he had to tell me, something that seemed impossible to believe. He spoke softly with his eyes lowered, and I sensed that he was having trouble deciding how to begin. "Budd I never believed that a man could be raped. Functionally I don't think it's possible . . ." "But it happened?"

I asked, knowing in my heart that this was the issue he refused to discuss the night before. "Apparently," he said as he sat slumped in his chair in an attitude of complete dejection. I still wasn't sure if by "rape" he meant a mechanical procedure of the type I had encountered in other abduction cases, or an actual act of intercourse. So I asked rather uncertainly, "Did it happen with a . . . figure or a Person or a . . ." He replied quickly. "A female of the species, but she wasn't exactly like them. She was taller. She was built more like a human being. She had mammaries, but she didn't have any body hair at all. Her head was larger than a normal woman's head would be." I asked what her head looked like. "It was bigger and rounded. But she had absolutely no hair. She didn't have any pubic hair, either." I inquired if she had a vagina, and he answered with a simple yes.

He was obviously relieved to be able at last to talk about his virtually unbelievable experience, so I decided to try to ease his mind further by showing that there was, in fact, a precedent for such events. I gave him my notes of the evening before in which I stated my guess that a sperm sample had been taken by artificial means. Ed lowered his eyes and said almost in a whisper, "It wasn't artificial." I asked exactly what took place. He answered confessionally, in short phrases, as if the whole distasteful subject was something he wanted to get through with as quickly as possible. "They had her in a different compartment of the ship. They brought her out. She didn't say anything. I was laying on my back on this bench and I didn't have any clothes on, and somehow they made me erect and she mounted me." I asked if she ever touched his penis. "I don't recall her doing it unless she just inserted it. She rode me and she was on top of me until I orgasmed, and then she got off and left the room and the two guys, they took little spoons and scraped the leftover semen off my penis and took it in a sample in a bottle and kept it. I never could move. She or they came and just took what they wanted."

Ed paused a moment and then went on, trying to understand what had happened, trying to make sense of his unimaginably bizarre recollections. "At that time in my life my hair was thick and coal black, and I don't know if they told me or I just had the impression that they liked my coal-black hair, and they liked my . . . they like our features. They like our skin, and they like our eyebrows and they like our hair. Maybe they're trying to upgrade their own species . . . 'cause I think their species are ugly . . . but maybe they think we're ugly, too but I don't think that. I think they think we're attractive. And their trying to upgrade their own."

I inquired about the differences between the female and the two small figures. "She was at least a head taller. Her legs were thinner than us, but she had calves like a human. Her arms were fairly well developed and she had nice mammaries. But she had a narrow chin. If . . . if this

is part of their attempt to change their species they're doing it gradually." "So she could be half and half," I said, and Ed replied, "Conceivably. She had a fairly nice . . . I don't know if she had a nice mouth or not. She had a mouth. She never smiled, she never said anything." He said that she had ears, though he didn't remember seeing ears on the two smaller figures. "Her eyes weren't like our eyes, either. But they weren't like the men's eyes. She had eyes like we have in the sense that we have eyeballs and pupils and the white. But the shape of them was different. They were rounder, like when your eyes are wide open. Yet she wasn't unattractive. I wouldn't call her pretty but she wasn't ugly. And I remember her breasts looked like any other! She was well endowed — she definitely had mammaries."

I wanted to know exactly how, under these bizarre circumstances, Ed had become excited enough to achieve an erection. Was the process mental or physical or was it unclear? "God, this is preposterous, but it seems they stuck like a vacuum device on my penis." He paused, and then spoke very softly. I never thought I'd be able to talk about this, about being . . ." But he couldn't finish the sentence for the tears and the remembered helplessness.

A few minutes later Ed looked up and revealed a surprising irony about the situation. "You know, Budd, I'm sterile. They didn't even get any sperm. I'd had a vasectomy a couple of years before this." The previous night, just after he came out of the hypnotic trance, he mentioned that his abductors had seemed angry at him, and now I understood why. If anything about such a traumatic, horrifying experience could be considered even remotely humorous, this was it. They had abducted a man apparently for the purpose of using him for procreation, but the man they picked was sterile. "You said you felt their anger at the time," I said. "Do you think that they knew right away that you had had a vasectomy?" Ed answered instantly. "They knew before they put me out."

But our conversation now took another turn. There was something else he wanted to tell me about. He said that last night, just before he fell asleep, he recalled another peculiar image from his past. A few years prior to the incident in the truck he remembered a particular time when he had not been able to sleep, and for some reason he got out of bed in the middle of the night and wandered out to the backyard. He didn't know why he had done this or when he returned, but his behavior, he felt, was very uncharacteristic. He remembered standing there in his pajamas as if he were waiting for something. I explained that hypnosis had apparently opened his mind to still earlier repressed memories, and that this process was normal. I said that there might be more recollections, and that there may in fact be more to this particu-

lar memory. I told him that we should at least try to explore it under hypnosis. He was willing to try again, so that afternoon we had our second regression session.

I will not go into detail about what we learned. This earlier backyard experience took place in the late nineteen-fifties and was another abduction. The abductors emerged from the woods behind Ed's house; he could not move, though he wanted to try to fight them off. He was taken into the UFO, which had landed in a nearby clearing, and was placed on a table. A suction device of some sort was put over his penis and a sperm sample was taken. This procedure was very painful. Ed apparently did not have an erection, and there was no spontaneous ejaculation. The specimen was taken into another part of the craft . . .

Well, I imagine that if our Visitors performed such an exercise with Villas-Boas, they certainly could perform it with Ed Duval, and goodness knows how many other men. Refer to Chapter Eight.

I have been unable to determine if Budd knew about Villas-Boas. He makes no remark about him. Perhaps it was better that Budd did not know, for it preclude him from placing that material into the minds of his subjects.

Consider how Budd mixes his images.

"A female of the species, but she wasn't exactly like them. She was taller. She was built more like a human being."

I can only remark, "No kidding." But that is not what Budd expects. He wants to see these beings as alien monsters, out to farm us like animals. He wants this woman with mammaries and a vagina to be one of the Beings who have no genitals or sexual appendages. Consider how Ed continues:

"She had mammaries, but she didn't have any body hair at all. Her head was larger than a normal woman's head would be." I asked what her head looked like. "It was bigger and rounded. But she had absolutely no hair. She didn't have any pubic hair, either." I inquired if she had a vagina, and he answered with a simple yes.

Here we have hypnotic confusion of images. Now this human-appearing woman with nice mammaries acquires some of the features of the "grays." A bald head. A big round head. No hair, not even bright red hair under her armpits or around her pubic area as Villas-Boas described. But definitely a biological vagina.

"They had her in a different compartment of the ship. They brought her out. She didn't say anything. I was laying on my back on this bench and I didn't have any clothes on, and somehow they made me erect and she mounted me."

This statement exactly parallels Villas-Boas. She was in a different compartment of the ship. They brought her out. She didn't say anything. They made him erect. She mounted him.

Then we have more hypnotic confusion of images.

"I just had the impression that they liked my coal-black hair, and they liked my . . . they like our features. They like our skin, and they like our eyebrows and they like our hair."

Here we can see how impressions were formed in Ed's mind by our Visitors. But Ed may not be recalling correctly. They may have given him images of hair and skin and features he could easily understand from his uneducated background; or they may have given him images he translated down to his understanding. They were not after HIS coal-black hair, or HIS skin, or HIS features; they were after HIS genetic qualities for the breeding program now underway. But the images were not clearly perceived by Ed. He understands them in terms of his physical appearance, or perhaps those features in which he prides himself.

"Maybe they're trying to upgrade their own species . . . 'cause I think their species are ugly . . . but maybe they think we're ugly, too but I don't think that. I think they think we're attractive. And their trying to upgrade their own."

Again we have a mixture of images presented by our Visitors with hypnotic images desired by Budd. Ed felt agreeable to shape his memories and his speculations to Budd's desire. These phrases exactly reflect Budd's perceptions.

I inquired about the differences been the female and the two small figures. "She was at least a head taller. Her legs were thinner than us, but she had calves like a human. Her arms were fairly well developed and she had nice mammaries. But she had a narrow chin."

Well, we have agreement with Villas-Boas on one feature: she had a narrow chin. We can see that Ed is confused on how he should present her appearance, whether human or "gray."

"If . . . if this is part of their attempt to change their species they're doing it gradually." "So she could be half and half," I said . . .

Here Ed makes a remark which further supports Budd's wild theories, whereupon Budd directly suggests his "hybrid" images to Ed. How truly unfortunate that Budd did not have some education in genetic compatibility, or even consult with someone who had.

Ed replied, "Conceivably. She had a fairly nice . . . I don't know if she had a nice mouth or not. She had a mouth. She never smiled, she never said anything."

We can see how Ed is going to say she had a nice mouth, but then changes his mind, perhaps fearful that he will give Budd the impression that she is a normal woman. According to Villas-Boas his woman also never smiled. They both went about their business.

He said that she had ears, though he didn't remember seeing ears on the two smaller figures. "Her eyes weren't like our eyes, either. But they weren't like the men's eyes. She had eyes like we have in the sense that we have eyeballs and pupils and the white. But the shape of them was different. They were rounder, like when your eyes are wide open. Yet she wasn't unattractive. I wouldn't call her pretty but she wasn't ugly. And I remember her breasts looked like any other! She was well endowed — she definitely had mammaries."

Again, we see Ed struggling between his actual experience and Budd's desires. Villas-Boas describes the eyes as elongated, perhaps a "slanted" feature which western people often confuse with the epicanthic eyefold. Ed describes them as "round." Where Villas-Boas describes a beautiful woman, Ed again hesitates to avoid contradicting Budd's images.

I wanted to know exactly how, under these bizarre circumstances, Ed had become excited enough to achieve an erection. Was the process mental or physical or was it unclear? "God, this is preposterous, but it seems they stuck like a vacuum device on my penis."

They probably excited Ed the way they did Villas-Boas but he doesn't recall the circumstances. Here we may have a mixture of two events. If Ed ejaculated, and they scraped sperm off his penis, they would not then have a need to stick a "vacuum device" on his penis to collect more.

He paused, and then spoke very softly. I never thought I'd be able to talk about this, about being . . ." But he couldn't finish the sentence for the tears and the remembered helplessness.

More Hopkins fear.

"You know, Budd, I'm sterile. They didn't even get any sperm. I'd had a vasectomy a couple of years before this."

Are we to suppose that beings who can traverse space at velocities greater than the speed of light, or perhaps jump around space and time, were so incompetent that they did not know Ed had no sperm to ejaculate, and went ahead anyhow with such ridiculous exercise? Or is it possible that Budd confused Ed in chronology to mix episodes, and Ed fastens on this fact to show Budd how stupid and fearful these beings really are. Ed certainly shaped his report to Budd's fears.

The previous night, just after he came out of the hypnotic trance, he mentioned that his abductors had seemed angry at him, and now I understood why. If anything about such a traumatic, horrifying experience could be considered even remotely humorous, this was it. They had abducted a man apparently for the purpose of using him for procreation. but the man they picked was sterile. "You said you felt their anger at the time," I said. "Do you think that they knew right away that you had had a vasectomy?" Ed answered instantly. "They knew before they put me out."

Of course they knew before they put him out. They know all about us. And they certainly did not engage in a fruitless exercise.

Another sequence suggests itself. If Ed was abducted more than once, perhaps they wished to test his sperm before bringing a woman across space to be impregnated by him. Perhaps they know us physically, psychologically, morally, and spiritually, but perhaps they do not know the exact content of the human physical genes and must directly examine them to ensure they are obtaining the characteristics they wish to preserve. Then Budd's hypnotic techniques have confused episodes, which we cannot now untangle.

Furthermore, an important question arises. Why bring a woman across space to have direct intercourse? Why not take sperm to her? Is there something else going on here that we cannot penetrate? Do they wish to emphasize the act of

reproduction? Is this all a part of revealing to us their preservation of “better” genes, in a program of genetic improvement? Is this what they tried to convey to Ed, but which he did not grasp?

In another episode with “Dan Seldin” a similar sexual act is performed. Dan believes it took place in his bedroom. The descriptions have similar nasty hypnotic confusion.

IN358: All I see is her head. She looks evil, but she looks pretty, too. Her eyes make her look evil. Ugly eyes. . . . She was sexy looking except for her eyes. . . . All I can see are her face and hair, like it's blowing or in motion or something. She doesn't have any teeth. She has her mouth open but there are no teeth. . . . She's cute from the back.

As we review Budd's books we can see how he unconsciously shifts hypnotic descriptions around to his perverted view of our Visitors.

Female Incubation

Now that we have a picture of the breeding program as it involved human males we can go on to examine how it involved human females. As far as I can determine, there is no clean evidence to suggest that human females are forced to sex with space males. While such act has been suggested in some hypnotic recall the evidence is suspect because of confabulation. Thus our Visitors respect the gender differences, and do not perform operations that might be regarded as female rape. But they definitely perform intrusive clinical operations into the vagina.

A most poignant report was offered by “Kathie Davis.” It offered unique insights, but again perverted by Budd's fear. I use parenthetical numbers to identify comments below.

IN221: I was informed of this event during Kathie's second trip to New York, in January of 1985, some fifteen months after it happened. On the evening of the twenty-sixth, as we sat in my living room, chatting about this and that, I sensed that there was something important Kathie wanted to tell me. She seemed nervous and hesitant, and I noticed that there were tears glistening in her eyes. “Budd, you remember when I said that I knew I had a daughter?” She paused and cleared her throat.

As she continued with her story, I was too moved and surprised to think about setting up my tape recorder. At some point I remembered that my friend Tracy Torme planned to drop in to meet Kathie, so I decided that when he came I could ask her to repeat her account, and I could record it then. By the time he arrived an hour or so later she

had collected herself somewhat, so the following taped version is less emotional and more formal in tone than her narrative earlier that evening.

"It was the ending of some kind of scene. It was like a dream or something, before I woke up in bed. But it was too real to be a dream . . . Something had happened before, some kind of test.

"Someone had talked to me . . . I was in this place and it was all white. It was like I was getting ready to go back to where I came from . . . like they were essentially finished with me except for one thing. And there was a whole bunch of these guys in there in the big room . . . little gray guys, and there were several of them around me. I seem to remember . . . it's almost as if he had his arm around my waist . . . very comforting. I was standing up. And they were all around me and one of them touched my shoulder. Everyone seemed very pleased with me and . . . I didn't know why. I wasn't afraid at all." (1)

At this point Kathie begins speaking slowly and more softly — almost confessionally — as if the undercurrents of emotion were suddenly closer to the surface. (2)

"And then . . . a little girl came into the room . . . escorted by two more of them. And she stood in front of the doorway . . . She looked to be about four. She looked about Tommy's size. He's four, and she didn't look like them, but she didn't look like us, either. She was real pretty. She looked like an elf, or an . . . angel. She had really big blue eyes and a little teeny-weeny nose, just so perfect. And her mouth was just so perfect and tiny, and she was pale, except her lips were pink and her eyes were blue. And her hair was white and wispy and thin . . . fine . . . real fine. Her head was a little larger than normal, 'specially in the fore-head and back here . . . The forehead was a little bit bigger . . . but she was just a doll. And they brought her to me. And they stood there and looked at me. Everyone was looking at me. And I looked at her, and I wanted to hold her. She was just so pretty, and I felt like I just wanted to hold her. And I started crying . . . and I was crying when I told Budd earlier tonight . . . This is the only part of any of these weird things that really gets me emotionally. There's no emotion left for any of the other. Maybe I'm afraid sometimes, but I'm more or less . . ." (3)

Tracy had been listening intently to Kathie's obviously painful account, but he interrupted here to ask if she had recalled all of this through hypnosis.

"No. It was almost like they let me remember this part. They held her hands. Each one was holding a hand and she was almost like she was timid, like a very timid bunny rabbit, and she almost was afraid of me. She turned towards one of them and reached out to her. And then she looked at me from the side, and when she did her lip quivered, and she almost . . . it was kind of like a smile, on one side. It was like she was really interested in me, but she was a little bit afraid of me. And it

was so sweet. And I think I was even crying, actually, then. I know I woke up crying and I cried when I told Sue, and I cried when I told Budd. I can almost cry just thinking about it . . . I don't know, it was just . . . it wasn't sad, but . . . I wanted to take her with me . . . (4)

"I don't know what any of them said to me, but one of them said something or told me something that I can't remember. I just know everyone was happy with me, and there was a very good feeling . . . it was a very satisfying feeling, yet it was very sad for me . . . I'm pretty sure somebody told me I should be proud. Her eyes were so blue and huge, and her pupils were so blue. and she blinked them at me . . . it was like a blink, but it wasn't. It was almost as if her eyes rolled up. Her skin was creamy . . . it wasn't gray. She was pale and soft and creamy . . ." (5)

The three of us talked for a few moments about the fact that Kathie had remembered so much normally, without hypnosis having been employed, but she offered a possible explanation. (6)

"It's almost like someone felt sorry for me 'cause I was so emotional over the child . . . it was like a little piece of her they left with me 'cause they had to take her away. I know I am going to see her again. They told me so. But I wish it was going to be sooner than I think it probably will be . . ."

Kathie was willing, now, to undergo hypnosis on this event, just for the joy of reliving the experience of being with the little girl. Her little girl. I set the scene, instructing Kathie that we will return to the place she has just told us about, involving "a wonderful memory or dream experience." She describes the room as having a happy feeling. A happy room. "There are four people with me, and another across the room at the doorway." After more description there ensues a very long pause. Then she speaks so softly and slowly and with such wonder that her voice is a mere whisper. "Look . . . at . . . that. She's beautiful . . . *(Almost inaudibly)* I want . . . to hold her. Kathie cries very quietly, and whispers, as if to herself, "She's mine."

A long pause ensues, and then the "man" she's seen so many times before says to her that she can't take her with her, that the child would not be able to live. "You wouldn't be able to feed her. She has to stay with us." The disappointment in Kathie's voice as she relates these words to us is palpable And profound. She continues, quoting the small gray figure.

KD: "A father . . . a father has to take care of his children."

BH: He's the child's father? *(Kathie sighs, and there is a long pause.)* Does he explain how she was conceived? (7)

KD: No. *(My question is disposed of quickly, and Kathie returns to what is for her the central issue.)* I don't want them to take her away.

BH: Tell me what she looks like.

KD: She's . . . gorgeous. She looks like an angel. She's tiny, thin. (*Speaking slowly, as if lovingly and systematically observing her features.*) Her skin is creamy. Pale. Her face is shaped like a heart. She has a tiny, tiny little mouth. Perfect lips. Blue eyes. White hair . . . not a whole lot of it.

(*Kathie later told me that the hair was sparse and unevenly distributed on her head, and that patches of scalp were visible here and there through it. It hung down in something of a tangle, "as if " Kathie said, "they didn't know what to do with it."*) (8)

BH Can you see her ears?

KD: She has really tiny, little tiny ears, but they're lower on her head than they should be. Than mine are. Forehead is a little big. Eves are big. Pretty. She's so tiny. She makes them look big. You could hold her in one arm. She probably doesn't weigh more than twenty-five pounds. Thirty.

BH: What's she wearing, Kathie?

KD: (*Speaking softly*) It's white. It's like white silky stuff, kind of shiny. Goes over the head, a hole cut out to pull over her head. Drapes around her shoulders and down to the floor.

BH: What are her feet and hands like?

KD: Can't see her feet. Hands are really tiny. Thin. Her thumbs . . . are not as close to the palm side as mine. It looks like they're more to the side of their hands when she reaches for that guy. But they look normal, mostly. She's just so cute. (9)

BH: Does she know you're her mother?

KD: (*Softly, after a pause.*) Yes. but she doesn't understand "mother," She's too young.

BH: How old is she . . . may she be?

KD: I can't tell. She could be . . . really old, or she could be an infant. I don't know. In some ways she looks like a midget grownup, and in other ways she looks like a baby. She's about as tall as a three- or four-year old. Like Tommy. Maybe not quite as tall as Tommy.

BH: How does she look at you?

KD: That's what bothers me, too. (*Sadly*) She looks at me almost like she's afraid of me, not afraid enough to run away, but afraid enough to turn to them. (10)

BH: Are there any women there, too?

KD: Yes. The females are the ones that have her.

BH: How are they different from the males?

KD: Physically, not really at all. But in the way they think, the way they speak to you.

BH: Can you tell by looking at them? (11)

KD: If you look at their eyes . . .

BH: How many are in this room?

KD: Two with her, four with me. And one standing in the doorway.

BH: Do they understand that you want to take her?

KD: *(Firmly)* Yes! But he's right. *(Softly)* It's better this way.

BH: Do they explain anything to you, Kathie, about how this happened, or why?

KD: He just said she was a part of me.

BH: Did he say there were others like her?

KD: Didn't say.

. . .

BH: Do they say where she's going now?

KD: With them.

BH: Do you know where that is?

KD: No.

BH: Did they tell you you'll see her again?

KD: They *promised* me.

BH: Did that seem like it would be soon?

KD: *(Sighs)* No. (12)

My notes now follow.

(1) *And there was a whole bunch of these guys in there in the big room . . . little gray guys, and there were several of them around me. I seem to remember . . . it's almost as if he had his arm around my waist . . . very comforting. I was standing up. And they were all around me and one of them touched my shoulder. Everyone seemed very pleased with me and . . . I didn't know why. I wasn't afraid at all.*

The scene described by Kathie suggests two types of beings were present. The gray androids, and normal human beings. Budd can visualize only one, and confuses their features. His confusion is then transferred to Kathie.

(2) *At this point Kathie begins speaking slowly and more softly—almost confessionally—as if the undercurrents of emotion were suddenly closer to the surface.*

Invariably Budd will describe emotions and feelings as fear components. He cannot accept the simple honest feelings of Kathie.

(3) In spite of her impassioned statements of the little girl's natural human beauty, we find Kathie attempting to adjust her descriptions to please Budd's views:

(a) . . . *and she didn't look like them, but she didn't look like us, either.*

(b) *Her head was a little larger than normal, 'specially in the fore-head and back here . . . The forehead was a little bit bigger.*

(4) *And it was so sweet. And I think I was even crying, actually, then. I know I woke up crying and I cried when I told Sue, and I cried when I told Budd. I can almost cry just thinking about it . . . I don't know, it was just . . . it wasn't sad, but . . . I wanted to take her with me . . .*

We can easily imagine the emotions which must have coursed through Kathie. Kathie was incredibly happy because she knew she was the mother to this beautiful little girl, and extremely sad at the same time because she knew she could not share in her rearing and her life on that other world. Here was a beautiful little girl which came out of her, and which she just wanted to hug, but which she knew would not be permitted. How wonderful it would have been if she had been able to take her back with her.

This may be one of the most important scenes we will ever find in the contact of our Visitors with us. They want us to know about their operations, and the new breed of people they are creating. The people on that other world probably have knowledge of these operations, and look forward with eagerness to the sometime consummation of this stupendous project. The permission for Kathie to see her own daughter heightened the memory of that event, and its eventual transfer by Budd to the rest of us. Budd sat on a gold mine, indeed.

(5) Again we can see how the images are distorted.

(a) *and she blinked them at me . . . it was like a blink, but it wasn't. It was almost as if her eyes rolled up.*

(b) But Kathie had to defend the description of her daughter against Budd's "grays."

Her skin was creamy . . . it wasn't gray. She was pale and soft and creamy.

(6) *The three of us talked for a few moments about the fact that Kathie had remembered so much normally, without hypnosis . . .*

David Jacobs remarked how easily conscious memories come flooding back when properly triggered. John Mack mentions this phenomenon also. See the following chapter. I discuss it there.

(7) KD: "A father . . . a father has to take care of his children."

BH: He's the child's father? (*Kathie sighs, and there is a long pause.*) Does he explain how she was conceived?

KD: No. (*My question is disposed of quickly, and Kathie returns to what is for her the central issue.*)

The implication is that the "father" actually lives on that other world. They implant the thought in Kathie's mind that he must care for the child, that the care cannot be entrusted to Kathie. The care must be done on that other world, not here, in order to prosecute their genetic program. He was chosen to be the girl's father, just as the women from that world were chosen to be impregnated by men living on this world. Since the women on this world cannot go to that other world, they are permitted to carry the fetus, probably to trimester, until it can be cared for on that other world. It is then removed and taken there. Thus we have both types of activity, fathers and mothers on that other world cross breeding with mothers and fathers selected from this world.

This thought raises the issue of fatherhood. We know who the mothers are from this world when they are impregnated. But we don't know the origin of the fathers. Can sperm from human fathers on this world be used to impregnate

women from this world? Is that why there is such widespread collection of sperm specimens from this world? Or is the operation limited to fathers of the other world?

Regardless of which matings occur we can clearly perceive how breeding is being done selectively, according to genetic strains. They must do it, since we have defaulted in the improvement of the human races.

(8) *(Kathie later told me that the hair was sparse and unevenly distributed on her head, and that patches of scalp were visible here and there through it. It hung down in something of a tangle, "as if" Kathie said, "they didn't know what to do with it.")*

Here Budd interjects his views without offering foundation for his assertion. Since hypnotic confabulation is so easily imposed upon the data, even into post-hypnotic memory, we do not know what is real and what is invented. Invariably he must reduce the reports to his godless alien concepts. For him normal human beings cannot exist on other worlds, merely aliens who reflect his fears. His fears then lead him to the absurd thought that interbreeding with the "bald" grays will produce a child who is partially bald. Balderdash!

(9) *KD: Can't see her feet. Hands are really tiny. Thin. Her thumbs . . . are not as close to the palm side as mine. It looks like they're more to the side of their hands when she reaches for that guy. But they look normal, mostly. She's just so cute.*

Yet again we see descriptive elements created around Budd's desire to deform normal human beings.

(10) *KD: That's what bothers me, too. (Sadly) She looks at me almost like she's afraid of me, not afraid enough to run away, but afraid enough to turn to them.*

We can imagine how a little girl might feel if she had been raised on another world, but had been taken on a celestial craft to visit her real mother, one she never saw before. Certainly the child would have emotions as uncertain and as profound as her mother.

- (11) *BH: Are there any women there, too?
 KD: Yes. The females are the ones that have her.
 BH: How are they different from the males?
 KD: Physically, not really at all. But in the way they think, the way they speak to you.
 BH: Can you tell by looking at them?
 KD: If you look at their eyes . . .*

Here Budd struggles to find more gray monsters, again not able to recognize normal human beings from other worlds.

- (12) *BH: Do they say where she's going now?
 KD: With them.
 BH: Do you know where that is?
 KD: No.
 BH: Did they tell you you'll see her again?
 KD: They promised me.*

BH: Did that seem like it would be soon?

KD: (Sighs) No.

We should remember that this promise will not be fulfilled until after Kathie leaves this world. She might die a natural death. If that were so she would see her daughter from her status as a morontia being, not as a biological being. On the other hand, she might become one of the 144,000, to join her daughter after she has made her decision to survive on this world. However, this suggestion is highly doubtful. Space on those transports will be at a premium, and Kathie has already served in her biological role. We simply do not know the answers, but the thoughts are intriguing.

Budd is a True Believer who lives by godless fear, and hence cannot find the truth for us. He can only present highly distorted images of reality, with spurious and weird theories of purpose far from the purpose of God. He does not have a mind to explore the technical impossibility of cross breeding of genes that are foreign to one another. He might know that a horse bred with a donkey will produce a sterile mule, but he refuses to apply scientific knowledge to this question. He wishes to impress us with his consultation of psychiatrists and psychologists, but he does not seek similar consultation with biologists. They would have shown him the childish foolishness of his proposals.

Then he might not have sold so many books. Or perhaps he would have sold many more.