

PROLOGUE

Only two things are infinite--the Universe, and human stupidity.
And I'm not sure about the Universe.

—Albert Einstein

Mysteries have always drawn me in like a strong magnetic field. Puzzling over them, they have forged my mind, and who I have become. As a young boy, I had an almost punchdrunk sense of wonder in the face of the world. I could stare transfixed for hours at the night time sky in our small East Texas town, at the moon and the stars and the planets as they made their way across the heavens. The wonders I beheld up there drove me to question and probe tirelessly beneath the surface of things. What are we doing here, what is this mystery of being, of existence, and what is man's place in this vast universe? And in this realm of unanswered questions, as I grew to adolescence and early manhood, nothing captured the focus of my attention as much as UFOs, flying saucers and the very real possibility that an alien intelligence was presenting itself to us.

In my forty plus years of research, including a couple of close UFO encounters of my own, I have come to realize that we are not alone, and indeed we haven't been alone for a very long time. The veracity of this statement is as clear to me as is my amazement at the degree to which so many millions of people willfully choose to keep themselves blinded to it, and its ramifications. UFO and alien visitation deniers are doing a bang up job of guarding their place in the dark. Alas, the perennial joke is on the jokers--as in, partaking in the biggest ongoing joke of all time. Epic. Cosmic.

Some have said that some of the aliens call our beautiful world Sol-3 (since our sun is known as Sol, this makes perfect sense, but you are free to accept or reject this notion). For my fellow humans and me, it's Earth. But really, you can call us the Hypnosians, the proud residents of the planet Hypnos, a warrior race generally unhappy with peace and all its attendant boredom. Legions of us are hypnotized by the magnifying and distorting forces of our 24/7 sensory deluged, news-entertainment-and-visual information-overloaded hypno-tronic culture of smart phones, flat screen HDTV's with 100's of cable channels, and monitors palm sized to gigantic streaming millions of web pages, always at the ready for hungry force feedings. Sensory overload is now our default setting.

Bathed in the fierce glow, enthralled, it's difficult not to surrender to the relentless barrage of *watch this, eat this, look like this, need this, buy this, watch this*. . . . Our poor numb, whimpering psyches. If we weren't so dumbed down, and our neurons beaten half senseless by our relentless sensory sledgehammers, we might have risen up by now to tell our masters what to do with their condescending lies—or rather, The Big Lie—the one that was long past the half century mark at the turn of the new millennium, the lie from which all other lies emerge and are made more palatable, acceptable, believable, workable. The ongoing alien presence on Earth: arguably the biggest story of all time, but it's kept locked away by the keepers of the keys just as securely as back in the 1940's when it all began. Isn't it time the government and military-industrial machine came clean? More than three score years beyond Roswell, and we're still kept in the dark, the material deemed so frightening and damaging to National Security by the Brookings Institution and myriad other think tanks and top notch advisers that it's classified higher than the H-bomb material, Ultra compartmentalized, Need To Know basis. Need to know? How about, Deserve To Know? How about, Already Paid The Admission Fee? The folly of it all: as tax payers we're bankrolling our own cover-up. Shouldn't we demand to see what we're paying for, and share in the abundant benefits behind the carefully hidden free energy and field propulsion technology?

Roy, my favorite *Blade Runner* Nexus 6 replicant said, "I've seen things you people wouldn't believe." I believe I can say the same, particularly in view of some of the startled reactions I've gotten from a few well connected UFO community pundits when I've shared with them some of the off-the-record revelations high level insiders have imparted to me. Perhaps my book is a wake up call, from me to Sol-3. Are you ready to open your eyes and see?

I bring you the spoils of my cross country treks: investigations, hypnosis sessions, interviews with top tier sources, including famous abductees, highly respected UFO researchers, a naval admiral and a NASA aerospace engineer. Please indulge me if I jump around, different places, different times, tracking my search for answers to the big questions of this global enigma--inspired by my own UFO experiences at the heart of it all, driving my quest. I've been a running boy, and the boy has grown into a man who is tired of fleeing from the truth of his past. As for my occasionally unpredictable narrative leaps, perhaps they mirror the visitors' space-time jumps

as they prowl our planet, day and night, dropping by for a rest stop, replenishing fuel, taking joy rides, collecting research material, more lab specimens (human or bovine), maybe drawing some juice out of the high tension lines of our electrical power grid—the m.o.'s. vary, depending upon where they're from, their mission, the particulars of their unique cultural mores, or lack thereof. (Footnote to the starry-eyed New Agers: possession of a stardrive technology, the nuts and bolts hardware enabling their sleight of hand zigzags, their atmospheric acrobatics, their interstellar leaps, does not insure that they're all benevolent angels visiting us from on high. As Arthur C. Clarke said so long ago, *a sufficiently advanced technology would appear indistinguishable from magic*. Point well made--and I'm sold that not all of the traveling magicians are as nice and charming as Houdini, Copperfield or Criss Angel. Gene Roddenberry was a brilliant prophet, and *Star Trek* nailed it in the 1960's: there are good guys and bad guys, from here, and from myriad planets of star systems scattered throughout our galaxy, and from other galactic island universes too, and multi-dimensional spaces and times as well, the multiverse. The cosmos is flooded with life, and alas, not everybody has good manners or wants to join the United Federation of Planets. That said, it's clear to me that they're not all demons or dark beings, either. The fundamentalists and evangelicals are simply wrong about that. A wide range of visiting life forces is represented here, with a full spectrum of intentions and agendas. More to come about all of that, and then some.)

Further entangling this complex web of wonder and deceit is the fact that not all of the flying saucers (the UFOs which are bona fide spacecraft) come from beyond our world. Some of them are ours, built (and/or reverse engineered from crash retrievals--some even say a few of them may have been gifted to us as operational learning tools by aliens), tested and flown right here at top secret facilities, under such restrictive and compartmentalized security that sometimes even standing presidents have been denied a viewing. (Hint: antigravity propulsion research was a multi-billion dollar black project, even in the 1950's. That's a lot of R & D time.)

Not everybody who reads this book will believe all of my words. That's a given. I'm prepared for some skepticism and derision. I'll be the first to admit that amid the thousands of people sharing solid, true UFO encounters, this field hosts its share of crackpots, cultists, mental cases and hoaxers just out for a buck. Maybe the most I can

hope for is to inspire some people to open their eyes and see with greater clarity the reality of the big picture. The truth really is out there. Honest to God, it is. But sometimes it has to be disentangled from lies. Filtered from the sensory overloaded blur we live in.

UFO books can at times be dry, but there is humor in this story, and a cast of real life characters with their own quirks, personalities and foibles. There is also whimsicality here, just as the UFO phenomenon itself so often seems to be poking fun at us, unpredictably darting about, teasing us, taunting us, oftentimes scaring us, sometimes scaring the hell out of us, then vanishing into thin air. I refer to them as discs when their quoted sources do, and as disks, as they go by this name too, the fluctuating moniker perhaps ideally suited to things so intrinsically difficult to pin down and definitively define. Some insiders say there are scores of different alien species piloting them. The Universe seems to favor diversity. A lesson for us all?

The humor found here also reflects my perception that there's humor in the cosmos itself--the cosmos being where some of these vehicles and their occupants come from. The Universe can be a really funny place. Although our astoundingly brilliant physicist Einstein once said that God does not play dice with the Universe, I do think the Creator was having quite a blast, big bang style, when He tossed gigantic buckets of profusely iridescent plasma and proto-star matter and energy against the black expanses of space-time, rendering mega-light years wide, psychedelic pop art canvases sprawled out in nearly every direction the Hubble space telescope looks. Such spontaneous joy behind those explosive artworks. Such wonder in His astonishingly scaled art installations. The intergalactic curators of these virtually infinite cosmic art galleries must surely be laughing at how small minded we earthlings can be.

Everything in this book is the truth as best as I know it; there are no exaggerations or misrepresentations, but plenty of documentation and ruminations. This is a mystery story, and although I believe I've correctly answered a lot of the questions one poses when trying to get to the core truths this enigmatic and complex global UFO phenomenon presents to us, I do not profess to have all the answers. Some mysteries remain. My search goes on, and I keep questioning. Perhaps that's best. Mysteries, like humor, can add such vivid color to our lives. How bland and boring Sol-3 would be without them.

So. On we go. Before we saddle up and take off, the question I pose to you now is: how much truth can your reality handle?