

Remarks and an Exchange With Reporters on the Upcoming Meeting With Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev at Malta

November 30, 1989

The President. In recent years, our relations with the Soviet Union have changed greatly, and clearly they've changed for the better. And tonight, I leave for the island nation of Malta and the historic meeting with Chairman Gorbachev. And I know many of you here have worked long and hard in preparations. We've had very thorough preparations, and I'm grateful to each and every one of you.

This meeting represents a point of departure, the beginning of a process as full of promise as any that we've known. And given the remarkable and rapid change in Eastern Europe, our meeting will be yet another important step in this long but hopeful journey toward a Europe that is, indeed, whole and free.

Our dreams for this transformation began 40 years ago when the NATO alliance was formed in the hope that one day new freedom would finally belong to the millions in Europe still yearning for it. In 1949 the people of Berlin searched the skies for the airplanes that would bring food and supplies through the blockade, and today the people of Berlin toast the dawn of a new Europe. Governments across Eastern Europe are undergoing extraordinary change and reform and acknowledging at last the citizens' right to choose.

America understands the magnitude of Mr. Gorbachev's challenges. And let there be no misunderstanding: We support perestroika. We support Chairman Gorbachev's efforts to relax the grip of the centralized government, to move toward pluralism and the free expression of ideas. No one can deny that there is a new openness in the Soviet Union -- the change is dramatic.

Yesterday, I was gratified to see Chairman Gorbachev's rousing reception in Italy. I believe it demonstrates how deeply the people of Europe want to see change and reform continue to move forward. And I believe the people of Europe can see that Mr. Gorbachev and I, East and West, are not in some kind of competition; rather, we're both working to make the world a more peaceful one.

Last night, here at the White House, Barbara and I had dinner with Prime Minister Mulroney, and we spoke at length with him. And this morning, I had a similar chat with Prime Minister Andreotti of Italy who met just today with Chairman Gorbachev. And their comments to me -- Mulroney and Andreotti -- only reinforce my confidence that Mr. Gorbachev and I see eye to eye on what our upcoming meeting is all about. We both want to build a sustained relationship for real achievements over the long term. He is looking for ways to keep those reforms moving forward, and I'm looking for ways to promote democracy and freedom, and the one way is to support his efforts toward reform.

We can move beyond containment in the U.S.-Soviet relation, and we can find areas of shared concern and mutual advantage. Above all, we can work toward a level of

European security, prosperity, and peace as yet unknown in our lifetime. It is in that spirit that I will be talking to Chairman Gorbachev about our hopes, our concerns, and our aspirations for the future.

Ours is a powerful and historic opportunity made possible by a continuing American commitment to the alliance and its defense. The last decade of this century marks the beginning of a new era, the gateway to a new millennium of freedom, and yet the outcome is not predestined. It depends on our continued solidarity as an alliance and as an American people committed to providing leadership, protection, and encouragement for this process of peaceful transformation.

So, as envoys for positive, productive change, Chairman Gorbachev and I can contribute to a new Europe born in our lifetime -- a Europe where self-determination replaces coercion, where individual freedom replaces centralized control, and a lasting peace is preserved by a common respect for the rights of man. And in that spirit, I will extend the offered hand with confidence, conviction, and real hope.

And I thank you, and God bless you, and God bless freedom-loving people everywhere. This is a historic moment. And thank you all very, very much.

Q. Mr. President, why didn't you mention El Salvador?

Q. Mr. President, are you ready for any possible surprises by President Gorbachev?

The President. I'm ready for this meeting, ready and confident.

Q. Why didn't you mention El Salvador, sir?

The President. And it will be discussed.

Note: The President spoke at 1:15 p.m. in the Rose Garden at the White House.

Remarks Following Discussions With Prime Minister Brian Mulroney of Canada

November 29, 1989

The President. Let me just say that Prime Minister Mulroney has very generously come down here and given us a very full briefing -- his observations from a long and detailed trip that he took to the Soviet Union. I don't know why he is not more wiped out by jet lag, because I last saw him just a few weeks ago in Central America -- he'd come from Asia. Now he's been to the Soviet Union -- but it was most generous, Mr. Prime Minister, for you to come here. And on behalf of the Secretary of State and Brent Scowcroft, John Sununu, those of us who will be in the meetings, I can't tell you how much I appreciate your advice and your observations.

And it's a little unorthodox, but if you'll excuse me, I understand you're going to take some questions here.

The Prime Minister. I will.

The President. All right, thank you. And our love to Mila, and thank you, sir, very much. It was most generous of you.

The Prime Minister. Thank you very much.

Note: The President spoke at 8:45 p.m. at the South Portico of the White House. In his remarks, he referred to Brent Scowcroft, Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs; John H. Sununu, Chief of Staff to the President; and the Prime Minister's wife, Mila. Following these remarks, Prime Minister Mulroney answered reporters' questions.

JAVIER PEREZ DE CUELLAR

Awarded by
President George Bush
December 12, 1991

For 10 years of exceptionally distinguished service as Secretary- General of the United Nations, Javier Perez de Cuellar presided over the rebirth of that institution. With wisdom, vision, diplomacy, and skill, he forged a U.N. where cooperation in reaching common goals is replacing rhetoric and division.

His tireless dedication to conflict resolution, and economic and social concerns has contributed to a better world and ensured a strengthened U.N. more capable than ever of fulfilling its Charter.

His service has been marked by a singular devotion to humanitarian interests, including the life, security, and safety of individual people throughout the world.

The United States honors a servant of humankind who has advanced the cause of freedom and hope.

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From: Nick Balakas <nikolaos@yorku.ca>

Date: Tue, 30 Jan 2001 17:00:31 -0500 (Eastern Standard Time)

To: Grant Cameron <squishy@altavista.com>

Subject: Re: Mulroney Question (fwd)

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It's me again Grant.

Here is another Mulroney/UFO story for you to consider. We all know that Reagan made several references to UFOs in his speeches and it has been suggested that the Star Wars project which he promoted to defend the U.S. from nuclear attack from above was actually a space defense system against hostile UFOs and not the USSR (which Reagan was prepared to share this technology with for free!). Since Mulroney was a close friend of Reagan's, if the President was "in the loop" regarding UFOs, do you think that his friend, the P.M. was let in too (like Nixon allegedly proved to his buddy Gleason that UFOs are indeed extraterrestrials by showing him the alien bodies!)?

Nick

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Date: Tue, 30 Jan 2001 17:43:30 +0000

From: Donald . Ledger <dledger@ns.sympatico.ca>

To: nikolaos@yorku.ca

Subject: Re: Mulroney Question

Hi Nick,

What you ask might be worth exploring.

Sometime ago I heard a story [as usual, second hand] about a TV reporter at ATV here in Halifax. ATV was an affiliate and is now owned by CTV.

The story goes that Mulroney was having a conversation with Pres. Reagan during a Canada/US summit in Washington. As you know the two of them were tight-with Mulroney idolizing Reagan. Apparently the press 50-60 were kept outside the meeting room where the two men were exploring among other things US/Can. free trade. From time to time the door would open as assistants and the like bustled in and out and snatches of conversation would be heard and glimpses of the two men would be seen. The reporter heard the words Unidentified Flying Objects being uttered by Reagan. About twenty minutes later the doors opened and the two men emerged for a brief news scrum. The reporter noted that Mulroney was very pale and unusually subdued during the short presser. End of story.

Don Ledger

<snip>

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From: Nick Balaskas <nikolaos@yorku.ca>
 Date: Tue, 30 Jan 2001 15:24:39 -0500 (Eastern Standard Time)
 To: Grant Cameron <sqquishy@altavista.com>
 Subject: Re: Mulroney Question (fwd)

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 > Date: 30 Jan 2001 08:58:01 -0800
 > From: Conway Costigan <c_costigan@canada.com>
 > To: nikolaos@yorku.ca
 > Subject: Re: Mulroney Question (fwd)
 >
 > Hello Nick,
 <snip>
 > Secondly, on the Mulroney thing, I read of it obliquely
 > a few
 > years ago, but no tangible information resulted.
 The substance
 > was that there was a meeting discussing how to deal
 with the
 > issue of unidentified flying craft in sovereign
 airspace. As I
 > said the reference was oblique and it could have
 meant
 > conventional aircraft.

<snip>

Hi Conway.

Arthur Bray is now retired but he still finds the
 time to give
 talks to interested groups of people or individuals.
 I do not
 know of any public lectures Arthur will giving or
 what UFO
 meetings or events he plans to attend this year but
 I am sure he
 would be very pleased to tell you if you give him
 a call. His
 telephone number was in the Ottawa directory the last
 time I
 checked.

On the Mulroney thing, I am very interested on what you read about it. Can you provide me some additional details on this?
I am particularly interested in the "...meeting discussing how to deal with the issue of unidentified flying craft...". Can you clarify further what you meant by this?

I got quite a few other replies already with interesting and/or useful information regarding my original request for help on the possible Canadian connection to this alleged abduction of a U.N. official. I would be happy to share these with you if you are interested.

Nick

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From: Nick Balaskas <nikolaos@yorku.ca>
 Date: Tue, 30 Jan 2001 11:47:31 -0500 (Eastern Standard Time)
 To: Grant Cameron <sqquishy@altavista.com>
 Subject: Re: Mulroney Question (fwd)

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Date: Tue, 30 Jan 2001 11:17:24 -0500 (EST)
 From: Lawrence Fenwick <lawrencefenwick@interactive.rogers.com>
 To: Nick Balaskas <nikolaos@yorku.ca>
 Subject: Re: Mulroney Question

Nick, I did research about politicians who were in New York City at the time of Linda N's abduction near the Brooklyn Bridge. I'm familiar with the area, by the way. During the week in which the abduction took place, according to Budd Hopkins book, a politician who was a former winner of the Nobel Prize for Peace was in NYC. I went to the library and looked at microfilm of all the sections of all the New York Times issues for that week. Mulroney was not in NYC then, but the following politicians and only these were there; Lech Walesa of Poland, Edward Heath, former British PM, and Willy Brandt, former Chancellor of West Germany. I know that one or more of these men won the Nobel Peace Prize. Maybe two of them were there and abducted as well as Linda N (her real first name and last initial.) After all, there was a caravan of limousines on their way to the heliport at that time. It would have been a good time to show people that there is no leader of Earth to be taken to, but there are politicians who can make Earth people more peaceful and therefore easier to contact, with no fear of aliens, which could interfere with

meaningful communications.
Even if my research is proven to be true, what benefit
would there be in
knowing it? If Brian had been taken, we might have
heard him talk
about a larger scope for Free Trade. The fact that
he didn't talk about
Universal Free Trade somehow is a clue that he wasn't
involved. (humour
intended).

<http://interactive.rogers.com/lawrencefenwick/Fouroportunities>

I hope to hear from you soon, Larry Fenwick.

<http://interactive.rogers.com/lawrencefenwick/doc>

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From: Nick Balaskas <nikolaos@yorku.ca>

Date: Tue, 30 Jan 2001 11:02:02 -0500 (Eastern Standard Time)

To: Grant Cameron <sqquishy@altavista.com>

Subject: Re: Mulroney Question (fwd)

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Date: Tue, 30 Jan 2001 11:17:05 -0500

From: Kelly <kellymcg@altcanada.ca>

To: Nick Balaskas <nikolaos@yorku.ca>

Subject: Re: Mulroney Question

Hi Nick!

In 1989 I was working for Joe Clark (he was External Affairs Minister then) and, believe me, with the gossip that goes around about politicians and staff, I would have heard this rumour - but I didn't. In fact, I was astonished when I read your email! Please keep me posted on this!

Oh - I've been involved with the party for about 20 years, and have *never* heard this!

Thanks,

Kelly

- > A fellow Canadian UFO researcher is now working on the Secretary
- > General de Cuellar abduction incident (New York City, November
- > 30, 1989). I was told that Brian Mulroney, the Prime Minister of
- > Canada at the time, apparently was also involved. Does anyone
- > recall reading or hearing anything about our Prime Minister, the
- > U.N. Secretary General and UFOs?
- >
- > I will update you on this matter after I first obtain any
- > additional information which may confirm this Canadian connection.
- >

During the discussions, Hopkins' partisans made allusions to other world figures involved in this event, though they did not give names. Hopkins' supporters, who had been given information denied to us, seemed to believe that there was a large motorcade that carried Perez de Cuellar and these other dignitaries in the early morning hours of November 30, 1989. At the meeting, we presented an outside expert consultant who for many years had served in dignitary protective services. He described the extensive preplanning required for moving officials and the massive coordination during the movements. Many people and networks would be alerted if there were any problems at all (such as a car stalling, or a delay in passing checkpoints). His detailed presentation seemed to take Hopkins aback. The consultant listed several specialized terms used by the dignitary protective services and suggested that Hopkins ask Richard and Dan the meaning of those terms as a test

Abductions: All that Glitters is not Gold

An article written by Steven M. Greer M.D. 5 November 1996: CSETI

Worse yet, these capabilities have been used to 'abduct', intimidate and deceive world leaders on this subject, and to specifically get them to maintain the secret status of these programs. Specifically, the abduction of a certain past MAJOR world leader was orchestrated by covert forces attempting to end a planned disclosure on this subject by this leader, the US President, the head of the USSR and others. A first hand witness, who is friends with this world leader and is himself a head of state, has related the details of this abduction to me personally. It was an effective, if horrible attempt to frighten these world leaders into ending their plans to disclose the UFO information to the world at the end of the cold war. Both this world leader, and the head of state and friend who related this to me, did not know that this event was done by covert human forces. They thought it was an actual alien abduction!

And the message offered to this world leader, by these hoaxed aliens? 'Cease your plans to disclose our presence to the world, or we can and will abduct every world leader involved...' How convenient. Notwithstanding the fact that in this same time frame ET craft were being seen in a massive wave in Belgium, and one would soon begin in the volcanic zone of Mexico and around Mexico City, we are to believe that the ETs would abduct a world leader to hide their presence!

This, I am told, 'blew up like an atomic bomb in the White House', and all plans to effect a disclosure on this subject were ended, forthwith and forever.

Recently, I have learned of a group of researchers who have independently identified a covert operative who was involved in 'abducting' a woman in California and who was, not coincidentally, in the security detail for the world leader the night of the 'alien abduction'. It does not take a rocket scientist to see what the agenda is here, and how all of us have been manipulated into a belief in the 'abduction syndrome', and our leaders intimidated into inaction.

I realize that this information is harder to accept than (even) the idea that we are being visited by extraterrestrial life forms. But that is the point. These secret projects are so bizarre and sociopathic, that they are their own best cover. Who would believe it? And by manipulating the images and ideas in the public domain on this subject, we are led to either disgust and rejection of the entire phenomenon, or to anger and hate toward the visitors. How convenient...

to view what turned out to be nearly six hours of videotapes. About five o'clock she called me in great consternation. "Budd, I saw Dan on a tape . . . it's really him . . . I saw him in close-up, and he may be a Russian, a KGB agent or something." I tried to calm her down but she was very upset. After dealing with the aliens and with Richard and Dan, to think that the KGB might be involved was almost too much for her. The program on which Dan had appeared was an ABC news special on Gorbachev's December 1988 visit to the UN and his subsequent summit meeting with Reagan and Bush on Governors Island in New York Harbor.

At one point, Linda explained, Dan was seen standing close to Gorbachev and acting as if he were a bodyguard; it was this that made her think he might be Russian. She was so afraid of Dan by this time that her instinct was to expect the worst of him. I asked to speak to Peter, our mutual friend, and he assured me that Linda had indeed been terribly shaken when she first saw Dan on the tape. He appeared several times, and in each segment was behaving as if he were a security agent, possibly, Peter thought, for the UN or the U.S. Secret Service. He said that Dan was in extremely sharp focus and was more than once quite close to the camera. I asked Linda how certain she was that she had identified the right man—90 percent sure? "A hundred and fifty percent sure," she answered. "I'd recognize that scary face anywhere."

Richard, she assumed, had not been present at this summit meeting because she hadn't seen him anywhere on the tape. But the positive identification of Dan was an enormous coup for us. When I later viewed the program it seemed clear to me that Dan was just a member of the enormous security detail that had been assembled for the occasion. His sporadic proximity to Gorbachev did not suggest to me that he was a Russian agent, and when I quizzed Linda about Dan's voice and inflection, she assured me that he hadn't a trace of a foreign accent. She had no reason to suppose that he wasn't what he said he was—an American security/intelligence agent. But her fear of him was such that it was easier for her to think of him as a cold-war enemy than as a fellow American citizen.

Peter made a copy of the ABC program for me so that I could study Dan's face. Linda's description of him was right on target. He looked cold, sullen, tense, humorless, and forbidding, with an edge of cruelty in his eyes and in the set of his mouth. I sent the tape to a video duplicating firm, which produced a set of excellent still photographs from the occasional close-ups. We were ready, now, to launch a serious investigation. Understandably, Linda was even more anx-

Budd Hopkins

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ious than I to locate Dan in order to hand him an ultimatum: If he didn't stop harassing her we would have him arrested. Though she was still afraid to swear out a warrant, we both felt that once he realized that we knew his name and where he worked, he could easily be forced to stop his interrogations. Identifying Dan gave us a great deal of potential leverage, and made possible a face-to-face interview about the events of November 30, 1989.

We discussed how to begin our investigation. Linda was eager to accompany me and I wanted her along on the chance that we might actually meet Dan, since she had dealt with him in person and I had only seen his photographs. We decided that our first target should be the United Nations Security and Safety Service because that was his most likely place of employment. I called Richard Ward, the chief of this small, independent police organization, to set up an appointment, but gave him very little information as to why I was seeking this particular individual. My hesitancy to explain exactly why we were trying to locate Dan was a problem that dogged us throughout our inquiry. Since we couldn't mention the UFO abduction experience that had brought Dan into Linda's life, we were inevitably forced to construct a series of semiplausible stories to use in order to gain access to various agencies.

When I told Chief Ward that I wanted him to look at photographs of someone who might work in his department, but was not free to explain why I was trying to identify this person, he was quite naturally suspicious. Instead of agreeing to a meeting with me, he asked me to photocopy the pictures of Dan and then to fax them to him. He then called back to say that the man in the pictures did not work at the UN and that he had no idea who he was. He claimed he had never seen him before.

Under the circumstances I couldn't be sure if he was telling the truth, though he sounded quite believable. The ABC tape clearly showed the man moving through the UN building as part of a security detail, yet the chief of UN security claimed not to recognize his picture. Though Ward had been hired *after* Gorbachev's 1988 visit and had not been at the UN when Dan was filmed, I assumed the chief had shown the photo to men who had been present in 1988 and that they, too, had failed to identify Dan.

To check further, Linda and I decided to go up to the UN and pretend to be a married couple who had met Dan during a summer vacation in Nova Scotia—a place I knew he had visited. According to our story we had all become good friends, Dan had told us he worked at the United Nations in New York, and he had given us his phone

My first impression of the third man's letter had to do with his literary style, which seemed positively Victorian. In my earlier discussion of Dan's "Lady of the Sands" letter, I called attention to the third man's typical Britishisms, but here, in his own letter, they were present in virtually every sentence. In fact, the author's locutions were so odd that the letter seemed like a translation from the French by a genteel Cambridge don.

I had no way to tell whether this style was the author's normal one, an attempt to match the "cosmic" level of his subject, or an act of concealment. I suspected the second. But whatever the reason, it was a far cry from the direct, vernacular style of Richard, Dan, Janet, and, for that matter, Linda, in the material she had written for me.

Certain of his usages were particularly striking, such as his description of Linda's having been "sprung out from her window like a springbok." (According to *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*, a springbok is "A South African gazelle . . . noted for its grace and for its habit of springing suddenly into the air.") Janet Kimball, watching the same scene from a greater distance, described Linda and the three aliens as looking like "little balls," which, she said, just "tumbled out." There is a marked difference between Janet Kimball's simple description and the third man's esoteric simile.

His next observation is phrased with a mix of poetic elegance and scientific precision. He refers to the beam of light in which Linda floated as a "beacon," and goes on to speculate that it "may have been radiological." Then, instead of the UFO "plunging into the East River," as Dan and Richard had said, Linda is "driven beneath the sea." Janet Kimball wrote that witnessing these events left her "scared half to death," but for the third man, it "caused us great distress."

I also noticed that he used the European style of writing a date: "30 November 1989," rather than the American: "November 30, 1989," used by Richard and Dan. From my knowledge of the third man's biography I was aware that he had spent a great deal of time in England, Europe, and South America, where this way of writing dates is customary.

Most important, however, is the third man's account of Linda as the Lady of the Sands and her lasting effect upon him. Apparently she spoke to him on the beach in the alien language that Richard had previously described. "Her words (possibly related to the Celtic language) shall ring in my head forever more," he wrote.¹ ". . . The phrases . . . were meant for me and I understood perfectly that I must adhere to them." This description of words "ringing in my head" echoes certain statements I had read in the letters I had received—or

would eventually receive—from both Richard and Dan. Linda, in her Lady of the Sands persona, apparently communicated telepathically with each of the three men as they sat side by side on the beach that night, frightened and somehow constrained. Her telepathic conversations had evidently been private, in the sense that none of the three men seemed aware of the precise content of her communication with the other two. How any of this is possible, with the three men sitting side by side, is anybody's guess.

Linda, of course, did not remember these telepathic conversations. She recalled speaking only in English, when, fish in hand, she demanded that the three men "look and see what you have done." In light of all this, it seems at least plausible that the UFO occupants, like flawless, cosmic ventriloquists, were able to speak *through* Linda, using her human appearance to add weight to their alien wishes. This thesis appears less implausible when one considers it against the long history of widespread and varied alien deception: enforced amnesia, screen memories in which UFO occupants appear as hairless cats, as four-foot-tall owls, as members of one's own family, and so on. In a recent case a terrified little girl told her mother that in the middle of the night "Daddy came into my room, and as I was kissing him, he just shrunk down to a scary little gray man with a big head and huge black eyes."

But on November 30, 1989, whether it was Linda or the aliens speaking through her, the third man felt that he was receiving orders. Though he didn't spell out exactly what he had been told, he said that these commands "hastened a dream that has been in a talking stage for the past four decades or so. This dream has been 'World Peace.' . . . It was time to make it happen. . . . See what we have done in such a short time."

The third man wrote these words at the end of 1991, in the midst of extraordinary world changes: the crumbling of the Soviet Union and the breakup of the Eastern bloc of Communist nations. After four decades of tension and fear the cold war was finally coming to an end. That the third man has had at least a marginal role in these global events seems likely; that the aliens played any part in easing the threat of nuclear war is another matter.

However, it would seem that, using Linda as a conduit, the aliens were determined to make the third man view the dawn of a more peaceful world as *their* accomplishment to some extent. The goal, apparently, was to extend the illusion of their benign power over human affairs. This grandiose vision of their easing the threat of war while working to save our environment served as a convenient mask for

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"She Wore Her Hair in Short Pigtails"

On Thursday, November 21, 1991, Linda called to tell me that she had had another unplanned but this time very agreeable meeting with Richard. Early that morning she was on her way to the neighborhood post office to buy some stamps when he suddenly walked up and took her by the hand. He smiled and asked if she was up for a talk. She immediately agreed. The morning's errands could easily be postponed for a meeting she had been looking forward to for more than a month.

Ever since Richard rescued her from Dan at the beach house and told her he would be seeing her again soon, she had felt more trusting of him. There was, of course, a remaining tinge of suspicion. So she made it very clear that she would spend time with him only in very public places and that she would not get into his car under any circumstances. He was happy to accept her conditions, and in a moment they were off, by cab, to the midtown area of Manhattan.

Linda's choice of destination, Saint Patrick's Cathedral, was a safe, neutral zone. "If he had anything in his mind that wasn't Christian, he'd change his mind after being in church for a while," she explained to me. She was pleased when he mentioned that like her, he, too, was a Catholic. After establishing a properly serious and truthful tone, the pair eventually wandered across Fifth Avenue to Rockefeller Center, and sometime later up to Central Park.

C H A P T E R

And Then There Were Two . . .

The year of the February showdown at South Street Seaport, 1992, would be an extraordinarily complex one in my life. It was crowded with events of personal significance to me. In the spring, the film version of my book *Intruders* was shown as a miniseries on CBS. A few months before the airing I underwent major surgery to have a cancerous kidney removed. Despite the success of the operation, my home life remained in a somewhat chaotic state, while in the meantime I helped plan a major conference on the UFO abduction phenomenon. The meeting was held that summer on the campus of MIT in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and there, before a large gathering of scientists, psychologists, investigators, sociologists, and other interested researchers, I first made public some of the events of November 1989. In 1992 there were to be other highly significant developments in this ongoing story, but for Linda, the year's most important event was the disappearance of Dan from her life.

In Richard's February letter, after his long description of the potential danger to a government official who becomes involved in an "official problem," he had added three cryptic sentences: "Dan won't be seen anymore, not by anyone, ever. He met with his own problem within the ranks. Please take my word for it." It would not be until May, when I received yet another letter, that Richard related more

details about Dan's capture and subsequent "problem within the ranks" at the end of the South Street Seaport incident.

Now I have no idea whether the terms "official problem" and "unofficial problem" are company jargon—employee slang—or some kind of official classification system. I suspect the former. But I was also unsure which security/intelligence agency Dan and Richard worked for, though the CIA or the NSA (National Security Agency) seemed likely guesses.

Considering the vast alphabet soup of U.S. government security agencies—the Secret Service, the FBI, CIA, DIA, NSA, DEA, and NRO, as well as the military intelligence services and probably a few more highly specialized "black" organizations I have never heard of—it would seem only logical that there are as many different sets of regulations as there are intelligence services. And each service probably has its own company argot. One can surmise that separate usages would be common in different departments and at different levels of seniority. But one thing is certain: Wherever Dan worked, and at whatever level, he had obviously become an "official problem."

Without disclosing its source (and thus compromising his identity), I have a magazine photograph of Dan taken in 1988 in which he is standing within six feet of President Reagan, President-elect Bush, President Gorbachev of the Soviet Union, and a group of other officials. He appears to be acting in a security role, and the importance of the men he is guarding underlines his level of seniority. It seems obvious to me that a high-level agent like Dan, possessing not only extremely sensitive information about the president's security but also covert intelligence skills and a variety of standard-issue weapons and communication gear, would not be permitted to run around loose after suffering a severe emotional breakdown. Especially not after demonstrating that he could easily escape from a so-called rest home and then attempt to kidnap an innocent civilian. When Richard wrote that Dan wouldn't be seen again by anyone, ever, I think he knew what he was talking about.

The first week in May I received another letter from Richard, filling in some of the blanks about Dan's disappearance and the other events of February 22 at the Seaport. On May 4, Richard wrote that immediately after he seized Linda and took her down South Street to the front of an office building, his five associates, Dan, and the other four security people confronted one another. "A verbal understanding was made clear enough for all ten men to leave the Seaport area together, peacefully. I was told that Dan struggled and had to be liter-

White House Fact Sheet on the National Space Policy

November 16, 1989

On November 2, 1989, the President approved a national space policy that updates and reaffirms U.S. goals and activities in space. The updated policy is the result of a review undertaken by the National Space Council. The revisions clarify, strengthen, and streamline selected aspects of the policy. Areas affected include civil and commercial remote sensing, space transportation, space debris, Federal subsidies of commercial space activities, and space station Freedom. Overall, the President's newly issued national space policy revalidates the ongoing direction of U.S. space efforts and provides a broad policy framework to guide future U.S. space activities.

The policy reaffirms the Nation's commitment to the exploration and use of space in support of our national well-being. United States leadership in space continues to be a fundamental objective guiding U.S. space activities. The policy recognizes that leadership requires U.S. preeminence in key areas of space activity critical to achieving our national security, scientific, technical, economic, and foreign policy goals. The policy also retains the long-term goal of expanding human presence and activity beyond Earth orbit into the solar system. This goal provides the overall policy framework for the President's human space exploration initiative, announced July 20, 1989, in which the President called for completing space station Freedom, returning permanently to the Moon, and exploration of the planet Mars.

These and other aspects of U.S. national space policy are contained in the document entitled "National Space Policy."

The Linda Cortile Case

1977
Spring / Summer
1977

**From the International UFO Reporter,
an analysis of the most bizarre and complex
UFO case ever -- and I couldn't prove it was a hoax.**

What's the most unbelievable UFO claim of all time? Ufologists could pass an amusing afternoon debating that. Would it be the George Adamski saga, or perhaps the supposed installation deep under Dulce, New Mexico, where aliens are said to store human body parts?

But if I narrowed the inquiry, and asked for the most unbelievable story ever vouched for by a major UFO investigator, I can't imagine there would be much disagreement. It would surely be the "Linda" case, which Budd Hopkins describes in his recent book *Witnessed*. And when I call the case "unbelievable," I don't mean that we shouldn't believe it, though there are plenty of people -- including some ufologists -- who most certainly don't. Instead, I'm using the word in its most informal sense, the sense I'd use if someone told me that my elderly aunt had just become a race car driver, and I replied "Unbelievable!"

Consider what Hopkins asks us to accept. To begin with, he tells us that, for the first time ever, a UFO abduction has been witnessed. Linda "Cortile" -- a housewife who lives on the lower east side of Manhattan with her husband and two sons (Cortile isn't her real last name) -- was supposedly seen just after 3:00 AM on November 30, 1989, floating upwards from her apartment to a brightly glowing UFO, accompanied by three of the standard gray aliens. One witness (though this isn't published in Hopkins's book) even says he saw tears running down her cheeks.

And who were the witnesses? One, Hopkins says, was a retired woman he calls "Janet Kimball," who was driving across the Brooklyn Bridge toward Manhattan, on her way home to upstate New York after a late party. In letters, on the phone, and in person, she told him her car had stopped, and along with other drivers -- the scene she describes was quite chaotic, with people honking horns, and shouting in dismay -- she watched what she first thought was a movie being filmed, though she quickly realized that it couldn't be.

She sounds reasonable enough (Cortile's apartment is very near the bridge), but the other three witnesses send the case reeling into pretty wild territory. Two of them wrote to

Hopkins, introducing themselves as New York policemen who'd seen the abduction from a car parked under the FDR Drive (a highway that runs along the east side of Manhattan), facing Cortile's building. (See [map](#) .) That wasn't the whole story, though. Later they revealed that they were security officers, **working for an unnamed American agency and** guarding a man Hopkins describes simply as "an international political figure," but who is widely known to **be Javier Perez de Cuellar, at that time Secretary-General of the United Nations.**

De Cuellar supposedly saw the abduction, too, and with that one stroke the case seems to get even more unbelievable (though we might ask ourselves why de Cuellar should be any less likely to witness an abduction than any ordinary person). To make matters worse, de Cuellar allegedly wasn't the only top official there. **Allegedly he and his guards were part of a group coming late at night from the heliport on Governor's Island** (at that time a military installation in New York harbor). With them, in other cars, were (as one of the agents put it, with quaint capitalization, again in a statement Hopkins didn't publish) **"two US Government officials [and] two foreign Statesmen,"** along with guards of their own. Hopkins doesn't know who these dignitaries were.



And now things get *really* strange. The two security officers, known only as "Richard" and "Dan" -- Hopkins says he never met them, doesn't know their last names, and knows their story only through letters and audio tapes they sent -- became obsessed with Cortile. They spied on her, showed up at her apartment, and even kidnapped her, spurred by a confused mixture of feelings -- fear for her safety, fear that she herself might be an alien, a sense of professional failure (shouldn't they have tried to stop the abduction?), and, finally, a need to be near Cortile, simply to prove that what they'd seen had been real.

Dan, who began to lose his emotional moorings, then kidnapped Cortile a second time, and might have raped her if Richard hadn't shown up to stop him. Earlier, however, he'd told Hopkins that he, Richard, and de Cuellar now remembered that they'd all been abducted along with Cortile. The aliens, Dan wrote, had telepathically identified her as "Lady of the Sands"; she'd held up a dead fish, and told the three men "Look and see what you have done." (In yet another unpublished tidbit, Richard later said that Dan returned from the abduction clutching the dead fish, and would have held onto it, if he hadn't been persuaded to drop it from the car's window.)

Cortile hadn't consciously remembered that. But under hypnosis she did recall the same details, and can be seen on video after her hypnosis, reacting with shock as Dan's letter is read to her. One curious sidelight here, and yet another amazement in this case, is that Richard, Dan, and de Cuellar remembered everything without hypnosis. Richard, in fact, recalled a lifetime of abductions, and set off another bombshell when he told Hopkins that he and Cortile had been abducted together many times, beginning in their childhood. They had formed a secret, shadowy relationship, one that existed only on the alien ships, and had become lovers; Richard, who had never married, was convinced he was the real father of her youngest child. Cortile, duly hypnotized, remembered all this, too, right down to the pet names Richard said they called each other when they were with the aliens. Again her shocked reaction was caught on video (though she won't comment on her son's paternity).

Anyone who needs a pause right here -- to pour a drink, perhaps, or just to hyperventilate or scoff -- should take one. Why, responsible UFO researchers might ask, did things have to get this messy? Why did de Cuellar have to be involved? And *must* we have this tabloid love affair?

It isn't reassuring to learn that Richard (during his abduction with Cortile, Dan, and de Cuellar) saw the aliens processing samples of earthly sand, and brought some back with him. That 's another first -- the first time any abductee came back with anything from an alien ship. (The aliens should abduct trained security operatives more often.) Richard even was alert enough, he said, to snatch "before" and "after" samples, which, when examined with an electron microscope, allegedly show subtle differences.

We're also asked to believe that yet another abductee, called "Marilyn Kilmer" in the book, was separately abducted with Cortile, de Cuellar, and Cortile's younger son, Johnny. Allegedly, Kilmer identified de Cuellar from photographs (though not with complete certainty). She and Cortile described what they saw each other wearing, and here again there's a video, documenting their amazement as each correctly names what the other swears she to bed that night.

But even now we're not quite finished. In what might be the strangest episode of all, de Cuellar had his driver stop his car while Johnny passed them on the street (Johnny then was nine), and asked Johnny if he'd like a present. When Johnny said yes, against his better judgment, de Cuellar arranged to deliver the gift, which turned out to be an antique diver's helmet! I've seen the helmet; it sits in ornate bronze splendor on a wall unit in the Cortile's tiny living room, unabashedly out of place among the photos and other items you'd expect a lower middle-class family to display. How do we know it came from de Cuellar? Because Hopkins showed Johnny

photographs of distinguished older men, and Johnny picked de Cuellar's, without a moment's hesitation.



My assignment, if I accepted it -- and, rashly, perhaps, I did -- was to investigate all this, or more reasonably to conduct a preliminary inquiry (which is all anyone could do without writing a book as long as Hopkins's own). The question to ask was obvious. Could this -- any of it, some of it, even all of it -- be true? The stakes, I thought, were pretty high, because two things are immediately clear:

- The case is either real or hoaxed. There isn't any middle ground. We can't say, as we might in a normal abduction case, that everyone sincerely believes it's real, but suffers from some psychiatric syndrome. After all, we've got people saying that they watched Cortile's abduction. We've got Cortile corroborating tiny details Richard mentions. So either the abductions really happened, or the whole thing is a scam. Maybe Hopkins staged it all, or maybe he and Cortile contrived it, or maybe Cortile -- forging a dozen letters, and hiring actors to record Richard's voice and portray Janet Kimball on the phone and in person -- staged an elaborate drama for Hopkins. (Or maybe there's an outside chance that it's all the result of government mind control. Maybe Linda was brainwashed to believe in her abductions. But with no evidence that government operations of this kind really exist, I'd say this explanation is purely speculative -- and, in its way, just as exotic as believing that the whole thing took place as advertised.)
- If these events really happened, this is the most spectacular UFO case of all time.

It's also clear that there are some immediate problems. First, de Cuellar has denied he was involved. He denied it more than once, in fact, most recently in a fax to the PBS science show *Nova* (which was preparing its 1996 abduction episode), in which he said:

I cannot but strongly deny the claim that I have had an abduction experience at any time. On several occasions, when questioned about that matter, I reiterated that these allegations were completely false and I hope that this statement will definitely put an

end to these unfounded rumours. [de Cuellar's spelling]

Not that this denial means very much. If de Cuellar really was abducted, would we expect him to admit it? But still we have to note his statement.

Second, there's a major unanswered question. Why would American agents be guarding the Secretary-General? According to a United Nations spokesman, the UN has its own security force. If the Secretary-General travels to Washington, the spokesman said, the Secret Service would protect him (as part of its mandate to guard important foreign visitors), but never in New York. We can speculate that, on a late-night secret mission (especially, perhaps, on one instigated by the American government), these rules might be broken. But until a diplomatic or intelligence insider confirms that, we don't know that the relationship the book describes between de Cuellar and Richard and Dan is even possible.

Finally, the most crucial witnesses are unavailable. Apart from de Cuellar, the three known people who (supposedly) saw Cortile's abduction are Richard, Dan, and the woman Hopkins calls Janet Kimball. And, with one exception, the only people who've ever met any of them are Cortile and Hopkins. The exception is Cortile's husband, who supposedly met Richard on the street one Sunday morning, when Richard saw the couple on their way to mass and stopped to say hello. (One of Cortile's sons and one of her friends supposedly saw Richard and Dan, without meeting them.) But for reasons I'll discuss more fully in the second part of this report, Cortile's husband won't be part of my investigation. (He and Cortile are seriously estranged.) Which brings us back to Cortile and Hopkins. If we believe the case, we're believing what Cortile and Hopkins tell us. And since Cortile has made very few public appearances, has never been extensively interviewed, and has never even taken a polygraph test, we end up believing her only because Hopkins does.



Why won't Dan and Richard talk? Dan, to begin with, is out of commission. According to Richard, he suffered a mental breakdown, and was removed from the scene by the agency the two men work for. (Was he hospitalized? Imprisoned? Killed? We don't know.) Richard won't go public, he says, because his career and, perhaps, his safety would be threatened. In one more unpublished passage from his letters, he discusses the character Ben Vereen played in the

TV movie based on Hopkins's book *Intruders* -- a military man who sees a UFO crash, and is hounded by the government when he tries to talk about it. This, Richard says, is what might happen to him.

*B3. This agency
doesn't know
who Avery*

As for Janet Kimball, she told Hopkins that her family disapproved of her involvement, and that she didn't want to talk to him again. I could call her, I suppose. I know her real name, and her address. But as a member of the UFO community I feel I should respect the privacy a UFO witness asks for. Besides, Hopkins told Kimball he'd protect her. Should I make a liar out of him? In any case, calling her might do no good. She might hang up on me, and then -- if she felt she'd been betrayed -- we might lose any chance that she'll someday change her mind, and talk more publicly.

Which leaves me feeling honest, but also helpless. Normally, in UFO investigations, you have to figure out if witnesses are accurate. Here there's a much more basic problem. How do we know that Richard, Dan, and Janet Kimball even exist?

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There are, however, other witnesses -- people who say they saw *something* the night of the abduction, even if they didn't see Cortile with any aliens. One of them was Cathy Turner, whom Hopkins describes in the book as an "ailing, middle-aged bookkeeper from Brooklyn," and who said she saw a UFO that matched the description of what Richard, Dan, and Janet Kimball say they saw, hovering late one night in the vicinity of Cortile's building. How she and Hopkins pinned down the location and the date is a complex story; anyone interested can find the details in chapter 30 of Hopkins's book. Cathy Turner died since Hopkins talked to her, but her nephew, Frank Turner, corroborates everything that Hopkins wrote. He'd heard the story from her, in fact, before she ever talked to Hopkins; what's in the book, he told me, is exactly what his aunt told him.

So that checks out. A second partial witness is the woman Hopkins calls "Francesca," who used to live in Cortile's building, and saw the courtyard flooded with an eerie light on a night she's sure was at the very end of November, 1989. She knows the year because of an event in her then-husband's life which I'll be discreet and not name, but which was certainly distinctive, the kind of thing anyone would remember. She knows the day at least approximately because, she says, she saw the light not more than a few days after her husband's birthday, which is November 27.

She'd never told anyone involved with the case about the light until 1995, when she, Cortile, and another neighbor got together in Cortile's apartment for some drinks on Easter Sunday. "We were talking about different phenomena," she told me, including ghosts, which the other neighbor said she'd seen in her apartment. "I hope youse don't think I'm crazy," Francesca remembers this woman saying. (Like Cortile, Francesca is a real New Yorker, with a savory New York accent.)

If the other neighbor had seen ghosts, Francesca had seen a strange light. So she told the story, and noticed, as she remembers, that "Linda's eyes were getting wider." (Cortile adds another sign of how dumbstruck she was: "I ran back to the kitchen to make more screwdrivers!") "I asked what's the matter," Francesca continued to me. "Did you hear the story about me getting abducted?" was Cortile's answer. Francesca says Cortile quizzed her about the date, and only after that was established did she go to her wall unit, and bring out things Hopkins had written, showing that her abduction had

taken place at the same time. It's worth noting that Francesca says that Hopkins was just as careful. "I thought Budd was being cold to the point of being standoffish," she told me. Later, though, she realized he didn't want to tell her anything, so he wouldn't taint her memories. "Budd never tried to coerce me, never tried to plant anything," she firmly says. "The few times I met him, he was very professional. I was very impressed with that."

As for the light, Francesca's story is simple enough. The head of her bed was right by the window. The shades were most of the way down, leaving a six to eight inch gap. She woke up, she says, "to complete apprehension. The courtyard was illuminated. It wasn't a light that I'd ever seen before. I was terrified. I'm a native New Yorker, I'm nosy. If someone gets stabbed, I'll be looking, but I wouldn't look out the window. Whatever was outside, I didn't want to be confronted with it. I was so scared, I woke my husband. He opened the shade." But by then the light was gone.

Why, I wondered, was the light so unusual? And were there other times the courtyard was lit up at night? No, she said, there weren't; the building has spotlights now, but didn't have any then. In any case, "the spotlights cast an incandescent glow. But this light wasn't like that. It wasn't like sunlight, or bright moonlight. It wasn't pulsating or flashing. It was what you'd look at, and say it doesn't belong there. To me it looked like the whole courtyard was the same color. Like the whole courtyard was painted the same color."

One detail puzzled me. Francesca vividly remembered that "the trees were like black silhouettes against the light." But she was on the fourth floor. How could she have seen the trees so unmistakably? I was imagining the kind of trees I've got on my own block in New York, thin trees barely four stories high (and often less), with thin branches. Here was Francesca, peering out a six-inch gap between the sill and the shade. She'd be looking across, not down; why would the trees have caught her eye? But when I saw the courtyard in Cortile's housing complex, I understood. These are massive trees, thick and numerous, eight to ten floors tall. They'd be prominent in any light; in the unwavering illumination Francesca described, they'd be unforgettably forbidding. (Allowing, now, for one elaboration: The light would have to have been coming down at a slant, painting the courtyard across from Francesca's window, but not the trees right near it.)

I asked Francesca if I could speak to her former husband, whom I'll call "Carmine." She said she'd call and ask him, and within five minutes he called me, and confirmed everything she'd said -- except, of course, that he hadn't seen the light. "She was shaking," he remembers, "and so nervous. And if she said she saw a light, she saw it." I asked him how he felt, and he cheerfully responded, "I felt normal, nothin'

bothers me!" Later he added "I could see that if there's money in it, then that's something [she might lie about]. But it's not about that!" Oddly, no one involved with the case, including Hopkins, had ever asked to talk to him.

(As a footnote, I should say that Francesca thinks she might have been abducted, and also thinks that Hopkins has been! A skeptic, I can well imagine, would stress this, to destroy her credibility. But in their full context, her beliefs are harmless, even understandable. Francesca says that she has felt "presences" in her house. Once exposed to abduction lore, she started thinking that the presences might be aliens. As for Hopkins, she thinks "he has a lot of empathy for people," and then wonders, since his empathy extends so strongly to abductees, whether he's had their experiences himself. That's all there is to it; she's only using an innocent kind of common sense, applied to someone she doesn't know very well, and to an unfamiliar subject. The true test is of her objectivity is that her abduction beliefs don't rule her life, and that when her eight-year old decided he's been taken, too, she sensibly concluded that she must have influenced him.)



If I couldn't talk to Richard, Dan, or Janet Kimball, I still could test their reality in other ways.

To start with, I could hear them talk on tapes. Hopkins gave me one of Richard -- or, to be cautious, somebody who says he's Richard -- describes what he says he saw the night of Cortile's abduction. The first thing I noticed was the voice. It sounded like cop's voice, masculine, a little husky, and (like Cortile and Francesca) very New York in its phrasing and emphasis. "What were we gonna do?" the person asks, describing his helplessness when he saw the UFO. "Shoot at it?" His pronunciation, too, is entirely New York, with dentalized "t"s and "d"s, dropped "r"s, and darkened vowels. "If I'm going to do this," he says (almost turning "this" into "dis"), "I want to do it right, even if I feel like jerk." Lots of stress on "jerk," and a rueful, almost bitter tone, as if he's shaking his head, not quite able to believe he's recording these words.

He's also painstaking, in two ways. First because, almost as if he's writing a police report, he's scrupulous about details: "There on the side of the craft near the top of it, just above the protruding saucer ledge, I could see horizontal rectangular-shaped windows around the object. at the very edge of the object, on the edge of the protruding saucered ledge were green rotating lights rotating around and around while the craft stood still just hovering, off of the building."

And secondly he's painstaking because he wrote his statement out, to make it easier to record. "Please excuse my reading voice," he says, "there can't be much feeling in reading." But here he's dead wrong; feeling is exactly what anyone hearing the tape would first notice. "With my binoculars," he reads, "I could see three of the ugliest creatures I ever saw." Here he makes a sound midway between an embarrassed laugh and a gasp of fear. "I don't know what they were. They weren't human. Their heads were all out of proportion, with no hair. Their eyes were very large, very large eyes..." For a moment his voice trails off. Later he says "those buggers were escorting her into the craft," and he sounds as if the words hurt so much he can barely get them out.

If this is fake -- if "Richard" is an actor -- it's a brilliant fake. Most actors, even good ones, sound like they're acting. This one, if that's what he is, sounds real. Not because he shows emotion; that's not hard to do. Take, for instance, the first hypnotic regression in the TV movie of *Intruders*. The actress screams and moans, and tugs at your heart. But that's what they teach you how to do in acting school. Anyone naturally flamboyant could do it with no training at all. Great actors do it better, of course; eventually you get to the level of the great Russian basso Fyodor Chaliapin, who was so powerful that officials of the Paris Opera stopped a rehearsal he was singing in. They thought something on the stage had frightened him, not realizing -- since they didn't know the Russian opera they produced for him -- that his fright was part of the story. He was that good.

Close your eyes during *Intruders*, and listen carefully to the regression, and you realize why this actress isn't Chaliapin: She's Joanie one-note. Having reached her emotional peak, she just stays there, varying the volume now and then, but never altering her tone. And that's where routinely good actors differ from the great ones, or from reality. Great actors change their emotions, slipping in and out of the depths, and coloring their deepest feelings differently each time. This is what I hear Richard -- or whoever it is -- doing on the tape. If he'd recited his lines at fever pitch, or mumbled them in a depressed, dazed monotone, I wouldn't be impressed. Instead, he tries to hold his feeling back. You hear it haunting him; you hear him fighting it and losing, sounding for all the world as if the highs and lows of real experience were fighting in his voice.



Likewise Janet Kimball. I have tapes of four phone calls between her and Hopkins, plus a recording of their

face-to-face encounter, over cheesecake at a restaurant. She's lively and engaging, a New Yorker whose speech slides towards "awl" for "all," "huh" for "her," and "pictchiz" for "pictures." (She says she lived in the city before moving to the Hudson Valley.) But her New York speech is more middle-class than Francesca's, which isn't as pungent as Linda Cortile's, or as forceful as Richard's; we're getting a varied New York demographic here.

The talks on the tapes sound like true conversations. Hopkins sounds a little distant, at the start, and I realized he was doing just what Francesca says he does -- sounding "cold," withholding information, so he wouldn't contaminate Kimball's memory. He leads her through the same material several times, no doubt wondering if she'll contradict herself. As I've heard him do when he hypnotizes abductees, he tries to lead her away from the story she's telling, just to see how firmly she'll stick to it. For instance, in the midst of the commotion she says broke out on the Brooklyn Bridge, she says she noticed that the bridge's lights were out. She couldn't see her watch, she says; she had to use a cigarette lighter to see what time it was.

Hopkins tries to talk her out of that. He'd taken a late-night drive on the bridge himself. "The bridge is well lit," he says.

"Yeah," she answers, "but I'm almost positive the lights were off. I mean, I could swear, if the bridge lights were on, why couldn't I see, you know?" Then, as he persists, she hesitates. "But you know, like I said, that part I really couldn't swear to. I just thought everything was so black, that everything was out. Like when you have a power failure."

When he grills her again, later on, she thinks of something else. She drives a lot on the Saw Mill River Parkway (a four-lane road that snakes north from the west side of New York city). Some of the lights, she says, are often out there, and she always notices. Wouldn't she notice the lights out on the bridge as well?

And when Hopkins returns to the lights one last time, she's firm again: "There couldn't have been any lights on the bridge because I would have been able to see my watch, but I distinctly remember taking a cigarette lighter and putting it on to see what time it is." Which is what she had said in the first place, but Hopkins kept testing her. We can judge her reactions just as he could; they sound genuine, as if she's really searching through her memory, trying to be sure she knows what really happened.

Her description of the other drivers on the bridge is classic New York. "Were they screaming?" Hopkins asks. "No, no," she corrects him, "they were kind of like, they were blowing horns, you know what happens when there's a traffic jam? Everybody was kind of blaming everyone else for their car stalling."

When, deep into their third talk, Hopkins finally tells her

that he knows the woman floating to the UFO, Kimball's shock is almost tangible: "*You know her?* What happened? Is she all right?" After a brief digression, Kimball asks again, in an amazed, puzzled voice, "But what happened to her?" True to form, Hopkins hasn't told her anything about abductions.

Other details emerge. Kimball says she watched something on TV about the Travis Walton case, and -- comparing her own experience to that of Walton's crew, who saw a brightly glowing UFO at close range -- she wonders, sensibly, "why their [vehicle] batteries didn't go dead, and their flashlights?"

She notes, several times, that she's afraid of the unknown. "I'm very apprehensive about things that are far out," she explains, even things in her Catholic faith. She once attended a healing mass given by the Catholic charismatic movement, she elaborates. "It scared the hell out of me when they started with that gift of the tongues!" (The participants spoke in tongues, apparently, just as some evangelicals do.)

And this might help explain her reluctance to come forward, especially if you add something else that has never been published. Hopkins says that Kimball once worked as a telephone operator, and added, to me, that she'd been a receptionist for a TV station in the city. She says, however, that she also ran a business, and that she's currently an officer of church and political groups that she belongs to. In other words, she has a position in her community, and doesn't want to be known as some nut who saw a UFO.

And that's just the beginning. The day after she watched the abduction, she says she told her son and daughter. "They thought it was a joke," she remembers, "and when they kind of realized I was serious, they said stop this, what are you having, a breakdown?" Then she told her sister and her brother-in-law. "Their first reaction was 'were you drinking?'" And then, she says, her brother-in-law decreed: "It's best for you not to dwell on this, because you're only going to drive yourself crazy, and you're going to get people looking at you and asking what's wrong with you."



As Hopkins mentions, Kimball says her brother-in-law is the supervisor of the town they live in, so he, too, has a public reputation to maintain. Loyally, she kept quiet, until her sighting became, as she says, "one of those things you put in the back of your mind." But one day she was at a bookstore, looking for a Chinese cookbook. She saw one of Hopkins's books, and, she says, "had a flashback." Suddenly she felt encouraged. "This guy wrote a book on this," she says she remembers thinking. So maybe she wasn't crazy after all.

She wrote to Hopkins, talked to him twice on the phone, and finally agreed to meet him. By then, she wasn't just looking for reassurance; in her own words, she'd developed "a certain amount of curiosity," but that's an understatement. She sounds delighted as she talks, as if she's thrilled to hash out what she saw with someone who's willing to listen to her, and can actually tell her something about it.

Her family, however, hadn't known she'd talked to Hopkins. And here, perhaps, he makes a mistake. He asks her to ask them if they'll talk to him (to confirm that she really talked about her sighting just after it happened), and that suggestion proves disastrous. He calls her once again, and she's busy. When he calls the next time, she has bad news for him. "I'm sorry I started this," she says. "My family is furious with me. They're very angry with me for even contacting you. They don't want any part of this. It's a lot of nonsense. In their mind, it's nonsense. They've very upset with me for getting involved with you."

"Budd," she finishes, "I'm not going to cause dissension. I think I had mentioned to you my daughter is pregnant, and she really got upset with me. And my son-in-law said to me, what you do is your own business, but I would really prefer that you didn't tell her this stuff, because now she's got herself really worked up. I think they're afraid that something is happening to my mind. and I think that's why my daughter is mostly upset. But I wouldn't pursue this any further Budd, I just want to drop it now. Okay?"

To which Hopkins replies, after thanking her (and asking one last question about a detail of her sighting), "I won't call you any more." Possibly, if he hadn't asked to speak to her family, she wouldn't have told them that she'd talked with him, and -- if he vouched for my discretion -- she'd now talk to me. As I've said, her withdrawal from the ranks of active witnesses clearly is a weakness of the case. Now, though, I have to add that the weakness largely disappeared for me when I heard her voice. On tape, "Janet Kimball" sounds exactly like what Hopkins says she is -- an ordinary woman who saw something unbelievable, talked about it, pondered it, got ridiculed, and ran for cover when she couldn't take the heat.



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Cortile, page 3

Now that we've seen how, even in the most unlikely UFO case of all time, at least a few details can be corroborated, we'll turn to some documentary evidence -- or at least to some documents. Budd Hopkins received letters that he says are from Richard, Dan, Perez de Cuellar, and "Janet Kimball." Can these be real? What can we learn from them?

The ironic answer to the second question is that we can't learn anything at all, because the letters look genuine. If they were plainly fake -- if, let's say, they all showed the same typeface, the same formatting, and the same writing style -- then we could laugh, and conclude we'd seen a truly stupid hoax. But of course things aren't that simple, and we can assume that anyone who'd fake such a complex affair wouldn't make such a childish mistake. Though if we want to find something suspicious in these documents, we might look at the way they're addressed. All four correspondents -- and Linda Cortile, in a letter she wrote before she and Hopkins ever met -- address themselves to "Mr. Budd Hopkins," not to "Budd" (or, laconically, to "B"). But this could just be coincidence. I looked through some of my own recent mail, and found half of it addressed to "Mr. Greg Sandow," including letters from such unlikely conspirators as Lincoln Center, AT&T, and the American Symphony Orchestra League.

What might be more significant is that some of the letters from Richard and Dan look like they were addressed on the same typewriter. But these men (assuming, of course, that they exist) were friends, and apparently shared the beach house Dan took Linda to. Again, the resemblance doesn't prove anything.

So what do the letters look like? Well, Richard's and Dan's, with one exception, are postmarked New York City, and are sometimes stamped and sometimes metered. The meters are either from Peck Slip Station or from Knickerbocker Station (these designations refer to post office branches), and are have meter numbers 3371811 and 969310, with one number unreadable. (Do these details matter?)

One of Dan's letters stands out from the rest. It's the threatening note to Linda that he supposedly wrote from what seems to be a mental institution. ("The staff here keeps me pretty much sedated," he says; for details, see page 217 of *Witnessed*.) This is typed on what looks like the same machine as his other letters, and was mailed at the United Nations. Did Dan take his typewriter with him when he was

confined? Does the postmark suggest a de Cuellar connection? Did a friend who also had ties to the UN mail the letter for Dan? Or should we theorize that Dan mailed the letter after he escaped?

What's more notable is that -- apart from the uniform "Mr. Budd Hopkins" -- the addressing isn't identical. One letter from Richard, note-sized, bearing two Abbott and Costello commemorative stamps, has Hopkins' address double-spaced, instead of single-spaced. It's marked "PERSONAL," in caps, and as its sole return address has the word "RICHARD," again in caps. Another letter, bearing two American flag stamps and one flower stamp, has Richard's name with only an initial capital; "PERSONAL" is underlined. A third letter is enclosed in a manila envelope, with the addresses on labels, and "MR. BUDD HOPKINS" all in caps; the designation "personal" doesn't appear.

Richard's letters stand out, in fact, because he never keeps to any one format. Dan's notes, even the crazy one, are mostly uniform, single-spaced (except between paragraphs), and without indents. Richard doesn't stick to any size or type of paper. He indents paragraphs two or five spaces or not at all, sometimes changing indents within a single letter. Sometimes he'll type a gap of three or more spaces more or less at random in the middle of a sentence. Alone of all these correspondents, he scrawls corrections by hand. Linda Cortile handles her mistakes quite differently. In a lengthy narrative about Richard and Dan that she wrote for Hopkins, she types corrections between her double-spaced lines, flagging them with a slash.



Janet Kimball? Her letters bear postmarks from the upstate town where Hopkins says she lives (though of course he didn't print the town's name in his book). She favors big padded envelopes. On one package she handwrites Hopkins' address; on another she uses big red-rimmed labels, marking the letter "Confidential. Re: Brooklyn Bridge." De Cuellar (if it's really him) doesn't sign his letter, which can hardly be a surprise; he prefers to identify himself -- coyly, perhaps -- as "The Third and Last Man." He writes on slightly gaudy UN stationery, apparently the kind you could buy in a UN gift shop. His language is expansive and literate, unlike that of Richard and Dan, who express themselves with an everyday American tone, complete with mistakes in spelling, grammar, and punctuation: "we didn't know"; "the third party wanted to swimm out to find her."

De Cuellar's tone can be coy, or at least avuncular, though a certain detachment is mingled with awe. (Again, see

Witnessed; the text of this letter starts on page 166.) As Hopkins has remarked, the presumed de Cuellar writes in a British-style English consistent with the real de Cuellar's background. (He's Peruvian, but spent time as a diplomat in England; he was never posted to the United States). His English, precise as it is, can be strange, however, and he's not immune to mistakes: "I shutter [sic]," he wrote of watching Cortile's abduction, "at the thought of this dreadful sight and how it materialized, as we observed vigilantly." At one point, in a passage Hopkins doesn't quote, he tries to use an American idiom he's apparently heard spoken, but never seen in print; he writes "mind-bottling" when what he means is "mind-boggling." If these letters are faked, the hoaxer's biggest triumph was this de Cuellar persona -- a man with a wholly personal way of using a language he doesn't fully know.

But *is* this missive really from de Cuellar? In an appendix to *Witnessed*, Hopkins cites precisely similar formatting -- each paragraph indented six spaces, most lines no longer than 53 characters -- in an apparently genuine de Cuellar note, one that's signed, written on informal but official "Office of the Secretary General" stationery, and sent to a European political leader. I've seen this document, and it does look remarkably like the letter Hopkins received. There is, however, another de Cuellar document relating to this case, his written denial of any involvement, which he faxed to the PBS science program *Nova*, and which I quoted in the first part of my report. It's typed on de Cuellar's private stationery, is also signed (the signature matches the one on the message to the European leader), and displays a format very different from the letter Hopkins has, with a larger indent and longer lines.

Does this different format proved Hopkins wrong? No. In 1991, when Hopkins got his letter, de Cuellar was still Secretary-General; in 1995, when he faxed his denial to *Nova*, he was a private citizen, and would have had a different office, perhaps with different equipment. And there's a reason for the larger format. The letters Hopkins compares are written on note-sized paper, while the denial is letter-sized.

And Hopkins even thinks that the denial helps to prove his letter genuine! He cites its language:

I cannot [de Cuellar wrote] but strongly deny the claim that I have had an abduction experience at any time. On several occasions, when questioned about that matter, I reiterated that these allegations were completely false and I hope that this statement will definitely put an end to these unfounded rumours [sic].

Indeed, the British spelling and what Hopkins calls a "weird, convoluted" use of English -- "rumours"; "I cannot but strongly deny" -- are consistent with de Cuellar's alleged note to Hopkins, though the denial is far more judicious, and certainly less zany. Taken together, I'd say that all these documents -- the note that might be from de Cuellar and the letters apparently from Richard, Dan, and Janet Kimball, along with two samples of writing from Linda Cortile -- don't suggest a hoax. They look like exactly what they're supposed to be: communications from five different people, each of whom writes differently, in the style you'd expect each one to use.



On now to a more intriguing and certainly more public document, the January 1993 attack on Hopkins' case by three disbelievers,

Joseph J. Stefula, Richard D. Butler, and George P. Hansen. This has circulated widely on the Internet, and in my experience has been widely influential, since I've seen it quoted by responsible UFO investigators. There's a reply from Hopkins, published in the March-April 1993 issue of *IUR*, which, curiously, is much less well-known. Peter Brookesmith, the most charming of all UFO skeptics, cites the Stefula document in the reference notes to his book *UFO: The Government Files*, but he doesn't mention Hopkins's response; I've never seen the Hopkins document on the Internet, except on the Intruders Foundation site, maintained for Hopkins by John Velez.

found

Hopkins' response is more than a little intemperate; he calls his critics infantile, ignorant, vengeful, and fanatical, not to mention liars, and says they bullied abductees at meetings of his support group. Even if these charges should be true, he might have done better if he'd simply stuck to his version of the objective facts. Though he does have one unarguable grievance: Stefula, Butler, and Hansen "outed" Linda Cortile, publishing her real name in what Hopkins correctly calls a "flagrant and unethical violation" of the confidentiality usually granted to UFO witnesses of any kind, and especially to abductees.

This is why I haven't identified the critics' report by its title; the title uses Cortile's real name. Hansen defended himself and his associates to me, saying that Cortile threw away her privacy when she spoke at a MUFON conference in 1992, even though she'd appeared under her pseudonym. I can't agree, and what's especially sad is that there wasn't any investigative reason to publish Cortile's name. Not one argument in the Stefula, Butler, and Hansen critique depends

on knowing it. And there's worse: Cortile charges that the three told the manager of her apartment building and her husband's employer that she's a UFO abductee. Hansen confirmed this to me, again contending that Cortile had given up her privacy. (Since I object to publishing her real name, I should explain that I'm printing de Cuellar's only because, unlike Cortile, he has commented publicly on the case, denying his involvement at no apparent cost to his reputation.)

But what about the Stefula document itself? It's a strange piece of writing, plodding, solemn, and not always literate (Hopkins, we read, published "a couple five page articles" on the case). It's also out of date by now, since it was written long before *Witnessed* appeared, and *Witnessed* is the only source for the full Linda Cortile story.

Some of the trio's questions are simply silly. Why, they ask, did Richard and Dan contact Hopkins? Why did Janet Kimball contact him? "Why [Stefula and his colleagues write] didn't she contact other UFO investigators? Why only Hopkins?" Don't they know that he's the most widely visible writer on UFO abductions, and that UFO witnesses, especially reluctant ones like Kimball, don't normally contact more than one researcher?

The three sound more substantial when they ask, "Has there been any investigation of [Janet Kimball] such as checking with her neighbors, friends, family, or previous employers? What is her background? Has she had any previous relationship with Linda?" I've already noted that Hopkins hoped to question Kimball's family. But they wouldn't talk to him. In *Witnessed* (page 156), he says that Kimball gave him an ex-employer's phone number, and told him how to find the hostess at the party she said she was coming from when she saw the abduction. He told me that he never called these people, and that (apart from his attempt to question Kimball's family) made no checks other than to look Kimball up in the telephone book, to verify that she really had the phone number she'd given him.

I can sympathize with his reluctance. Suppose, for instance, that he'd called Catholic churches in Kimball's town, to verify her statement that she's an officer of a church group? Now suppose a parish priest or other church official asked him why he wanted to know. What reason would he give? If he'd been a policeman calling on official business, he could tell the truth: "Ms. Kimball's name has come up in a criminal investigation, though she herself isn't a suspect." But what could a UFO researcher say? Should Hopkins tell the priest -- along with leaders of the political party Kimball says she's active in, and her friends and neighbors -- that Kimball saw a UFO? Should he, in other words, do what Stefula, Butler, and Hansen did to Linda Cortile? (Though, since she did give permission, he might have called her

employer, and the hostess of the party.)

On to another point. Stefula et al report that Cortile wasn't too "surprized" [sic] when Richard and Dan knocked on her door, introducing themselves as police officers; police, they say she said, "frequently canvass her apartment complex looking for witnesses to crimes." But Cortile, they go on to state, wasn't telling the truth:

We found that Linda's apartment complex has a large courtyard with guard house [sic] manned 24 hours a day. We talked with the security guard and his supervisor and asked if they had ever heard about a UFO encounter near the complex. They reported hearing nothing about one. We also asked if the police routinely enter the complex and undertake door-to-door canvassing in order to find witnesses to crimes. They said that this was a very rare practice.

As it happens, however, the guard houses -- there now are two of them -- are not very effectively manned. I walked right by, unchallenged, when I went to visit Cortile. So did a friend of mine, checking at another time, to see whether access really was that easy. Police, especially in plainclothes, could come and go all day, and I doubt the guards would notice. (I might add that when I visited, there were signs at every entrance, asking residents to help police with a murder investigation.)



The three have a more reasonable point when they ask why Hopkins didn't ask the guards about the UFO. He stresses that the investigation began 15 months after the event, and says that, in his experience, the guards aren't well informed about the building. He did make signs that Cortile and her family posted in the neighborhood, unsuccessfully seeking witnesses. Stefula, Butler, and Hansen are also right when, elsewhere in their critique, they say that Hopkins didn't check the weather for the night of the alleged abduction. Again, Hopkins learned about the witnesses 15 months afterwards. How could he be sure that weather allowed them to see anything?

It's a moot point, really, because the three critics checked on their own, and found the skies were clear. Hopkins says he didn't have to check; as we know from *Witnessed* (page 12), Cortile called him the morning after the abduction, to tell him something had happened. So he maintains he knew what the weather was. That's not quite good enough; in effect he's telling us to trust his memory. But then the three

seem silly when, as if underlining the obvious for an audience of children, they inform us that "the visibility could have been greatly hampered" if "the weather had been foggy, rainy, or snowing." I've lived in New York most of my life, and have only rarely seen rain, snow -- or sleet or hail, for that matter -- intense enough to stop anyone from seeing a brightly lit event just two blocks away (which is how close Richard and Dan supposedly were to Cortile's apartment).

As for fog, I've never seen it thick enough to swallow a building like Cortile's, which (counting the tower on the top) can't be more than 16 stories high. When I mentioned that to Cortile, she corrected me, and said that fog on the East River hides the Brooklyn Bridge from her apartment three or four times a year. Obviously, if she can't see the bridge, then Janet Kimball, on the bridge, couldn't see her floating in the air. But that's just three or four times a year! Stefula, Butler, and Hansen should have known that the weather they're concerned about would be extreme and rare.

Other questions the three raise seem far more substantial, though. In conversation, Hansen told me that, back in 1989, some of Hopkins's abductees had read a now-forgotten science fiction thriller, *Nighteyes*, by Garfield Reeves-Stevens. This novel, he, Stefula, and Butler charge in their report, has similarities to the "Linda" case, similarities that are "sufficiently numerous to lead us to suspect that the novel served as the basis for Linda's story." They list the parallels in tabular form, beginning with these:

- Linda was abducted into a UFO hovering over her high-rise apartment building in New York City. Sarah [a character in the book] was abducted into a UFO hovering over her high-rise apartment building in New York City.
- Dan and Richard initially claimed to have been on a stakeout and were involved in a UFO abduction in during early morning hours. Early in *Nighteyes* two government agents were on a stakeout and became involved in a UFO abduction during early morning hours.
- Linda was kidnapped and thrown into a car by Richard and Dan. Wendy was kidnapped and thrown into a van by Derek and Merril. [These, of course, are other characters in the book.]

By the time they're finished, the three find 15 alleged resemblances, some of which, I have to say, are pretty frivolous. "Linda claimed to have been under surveillance by someone in a van. Vans were used for surveillance in *Nighteyes*." Stop the presses! "Before her kidnapping, Linda contacted Budd Hopkins about her abduction. Before her kidnapping, Wendy contacted Charles Edward Starr [a UFO

researcher in the book] about her abduction." As if this weren't simply art imitating life. Don't many abductees seek out abduction investigators?

Some parallels, though, do seem impressive -- until, that is, you read the book. Take the kidnapping. What Stefula et al don't mention is that Derek and Merrill -- a renegade intelligence agent and a newspaper reporter, by the way, not two active intelligence agents like Richard and Dan -- were really kidnapping the abduction researcher, Charles Edward Starr, whom they thought knew more about the aliens than he'd said in public. Wendy, an abduction-prone teenager, was snatched by accident, along with her father, because both of them happened to be standing next to Starr. Does this sound even remotely like the "Linda" case? (Starr, by the way, does indeed know more than he's letting on. He's in league with the aliens, yet another difference from the Cortile affair -- unless, of course, Budd Hopkins has sinister allegiances that he's hiding from us.)

The stakeout, too, has no resemblance to the case. It takes place on a California beach, and the agents -- who end up fighting with the aliens -- are watching someone from their own agency. But to see how fanciful these supposed similarities really are, just look at the first one, which -- once you read the book -- turns out to be a mighty stretch, verging on a fabrication. There simply is no scene in *Nighteyes* where a UFO hovers over any building in New York.

The closest thing to it -- and maybe this was what Stefula et al were referring to; Hansen, when I spoke to him, wasn't sure -- is an episode in an Upper West Side penthouse, where Stephen, Sarah's husband, lives. He and Sarah have been separated, but the trauma of Sarah's and Wendy's abductions has brought the family back together. But just as the three are relaxing in the penthouse, savoring their renewed attachment, the aliens strike! The nasty little buggers come right down through the ceiling. Stephen somehow fights them off, but when the smoke clears, Sarah is missing. Stephen races to the roof, where he finds his faithful bodyguard dying of wounds sustained in a gun battle with the aliens. A UFO, with Sarah aboard, is disappearing in the sky above.

This doesn't come within miles of Linda Cortile's story; the tone, atmosphere, and details are entirely wrong. The most crucial event is entirely missing; even if the UFO had been hovering, nobody observed it, which (as the title of Hopkins's book tells us) is the central fact of the "Linda" case. But then, as I've said, there's nothing in the novel to tell us that the UFO *did* hover. It might have, while the aliens came through the ceiling. But it also might have landed on the roof, or, for all we know, flown off to Manhattan's only drive-through McDonald's (at 10th Avenue and 34th Street), so the pilots could have a snack while their commando team

dispatched the pesky humans.



And now for the final, most widely quoted criticism from Stefula, Butler, and Hansen -- the celebrated question of the *New York Post* loading dock. The three write:

We also visited the site under the FDR drive [sic] where Richard and Dan purportedly parked their car. This was in a direct line of sight and nearly across the street from the loading dock of the *New York Post*. [See [map](#).] We spoke with an employee of the *Post*, who told us that the dock was in use through most of the night. A few days later, we called the *New York Post* and spoke to the person who was the loading dock manager in 1989. He told us that the dock is in use until 5:00 a.m. and that there are many trucks that come and go frequently during the early morning hours. The manager knew nothing of the UFO which supposedly appeared only a couple blocks away.

Implication: There couldn't have been a UFO, because if there were, the *Post* employees would have seen it. Skeptic Peter Brookesmith says this explicitly on page 103 of his book *UFO: The Government Files*, where he prints a photo of Linda Cortile's building, as seen from the loading dock just two blocks away. In a caption to the photo, he comments:

The UFO that hovered outside was supposedly three-quarters the width of the building across. Despite its size, workers at the busy night-loading bays of the *New York Daily Post* [sic] noticed nothing unusual. [These last words are a stretch. Brookesmith told me that he did no research, other than to visit the site in the daytime. Here he's only paraphrasing Stefula and company, who, however, never say that the workers didn't see the UFO. They only note that the *manager* didn't know about it, which isn't the same thing at all.]

Hopkins, in his response to Stefula et al, objects:

The newspaper owns about 45 trucks, most of which are, at any given time, on the road or parked in a West Side garage. The loading dock at the newspaper office has bays for six trucks. It is located inside an enclosed garage which faces south rather than west toward

Linda's building. The work of loading bundled newspapers by the drivers takes place from conveyor belts at the open backs of the trucks; from there, visibility outside the garage, up and to the west where the UFO action took place, is nil.

When drivers arrive at the *Post* and find the garage filled, they park their trucks and go either into the loading area or into a cafe which faces east, away from Linda's building; they do not sit there in their vehicles.

In *Witnessed* (p. 360) he simply says, "I originally hoped that some of the workers employed by the *New York Post* might have witnessed at least part of the November 1989 incident." And there's every reason to believe he'd thought of the loading dock before his critics did; a private connection with someone who works there would have made him well aware of where it was. He didn't inquire, though, because of everything he said in response to the Stefula trio. Repeating those points in *Witnessed*, he adds: "[T]he area is hardly a sea of activity at 3:00 AM."

But he's wrong; the loading dock is wildly active at that time, as I found out when I went there at 3:00 one Thursday morning this past February. Joined by an insomniac neighbor, I stayed an hour, and saw nearly constant traffic. The loading bays were full of trucks. More trucks were parked across from them. Every few minutes, still more trucks would come around the corner from South Street, creeping west toward the docks and Linda Cortile's apartment, only to find there wasn't any space for them. They'd wait right on the street, their motors idling. Meanwhile, trucks would leave the docks, grinding west for half a block until they turned right on Water Street, and rumbled off into the night.

Some of the drivers stood around their trucks, or walked back and forth between their trucks and the dock. Others went around the corner to the South Street Diner (where I had hideous, greasy scrambled eggs at 4:00 AM). At one point there was an impromptu union meeting in the street, involving perhaps 15 men.

Could these drivers have seen the Cortile UFO? Of course they could. But they also could have missed it. According to Janet Kimball's recollection, the object was in view for only 90 seconds. (Hopkins, as I heard in his taped meeting with her, worked hard to reconstruct the exact timing of her experience.) While I watched the loading dock, I clocked 90-second intervals, despite the heavy traffic, when nobody was on the street. Besides, the cabs of the trucks are high off the ground. Maybe the drivers could see the top of Linda Cortile's building when they turned the corner toward the dock, but as they drove forward, the ceiling of their cabs

could block their line of sight.

And then there's this. To see the UFO, the drivers walking on the street would have to look up, and it's not clear why they'd do that. The area around the loading dock is bathed in light from street lamps and the loading bays. When you're there, you feel like you're enclosed in an illuminated bubble, cut off from the rest of the city and above all from the sky. Cortile's building, which looks so close in Brookesmith's photograph, recedes far into the background. Suppose a UFO were hovering over it. Would it be bright enough to attract attention, even if you weren't looking upwards? There's no way to answer that. One driver told me that he and the other guys always noticed when someone was threatening to jump off the nearby Brooklyn Bridge (and yes, apparently that happens even at 3 AM), because police helicopters would appear. But helicopters would attract attention. They're noisy, and, if police were dealing with a jumper, they'd stay around for quite a while.

So the drivers might have seen the UFO, or they might not have; the famous issue of the loading dock ends up as just a shrug.

Linda Cortile, I should add, told me that there was a cafeteria inside the *Post* in 1989, and even a bar. The *Post* confirms this. Leaving aside the none too fetching spectacle of drivers drinking while their trucks are being loaded, we now have another reason why they might not have seen the UFO. They'd be inside.

Meanwhile, though, my visit suggested two further issues. First, from the general area where Richard and Dan supposedly were -- you can't get to the exact site; it's now fenced off -- the streetlights are so bright that Cortile's building tends to get lost in the glare. Assuming that was true in 1989, how could Richard and Dan have seen everything so clearly? Not, of course, that there aren't spots where the glare isn't so bad. Should we assume that Richard and Dan had parked in one of them?

Second, as we know from *Witnessed*, Richard and Dan didn't simply watch Cortile's abduction. They were abducted themselves, taken right from their car, along with de Cuellar. Does it matter, then, whether the drivers saw the Cortile's building? Shouldn't we ask why they didn't when it swooped down right across the street from them to take Richard, Dan, and de Cuellar, and when it came later to return them? Though maybe the UFO was in the sky when it descended on South Street. If abductions really occur, the aliens, or so it seems, can arrange things so they won't be seen. But then why were they visible when they took Linda Cortile? Hopkins thinks they were staging a demonstration, but I'd rather not assume that. It's time to shrug again, and quote physicist and science fiction writer Gregory Benford, who has one of the characters in his novels

about the galactic rim say "The thing about aliens is, they're alien." How can we know what they would do?



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New York Times
Feb. 25, 1983

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1983

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The Vice President: No Comment on the Future

By FRANCIS X. CLINES
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24 — The silence bordered on the monastic as Vice President Bush pondered the future. "I'm not saying anything about that," he finally said, renewing his vow of abstinence from personal politics with a hair-splitting fervor that might delight President Reagan.

"Mr. Bush has a fresh batch of favorable notices to be clipped and stored from his recent European mission for the President — not that anyone is clipping and storing political treasures for the future, the Bush people take care to emphasize.

He has also made a half dozen noticeable staff changes in recent weeks — not that anyone is retooling his shop for future events, Mr. Bush himself emphasizes. And as for the temporary departure of one of his most trusted political advisers, Peter Teeley, it has

**'Do I still want
to get to work in
the morning? The
answer is yes.'**

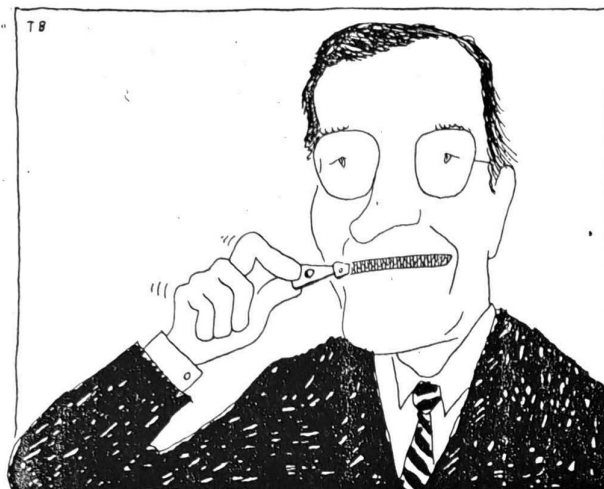
—George Bush

absolutely nothing to do with politics, Mr. Bush says.

"I believe he's going to write a novel," said the Vice President, who is not familiar with plot or locale. (Iowa? New Hampshire?) Mr. Teeley is, indeed, going off to write a book, and solely to indulge himself and not some clandestine Bush scheme, he stresses. He says he feels entitled after four years of nonstop work for Mr. Bush that began in the now avowedly forgotten Presidential ambitions of 1979.

A Certain Relaxation

Daniel J. Murphy, the Vice President's chief of staff, recalls that the first rule Mr. Bush set down two years ago was that no one in the office was ever to mention the Presidential elections of 1984 and 1988. No one, Mr. Murphy says, has lived up to the spirit of that rule more than Mr. Bush himself.



Drawings by Tom Bloom

The effect in Mr. Bush's office lately, as the question of a Reagan re-election drive remains open, seems a certain mood of relaxation bordering on patient joy, a spirit vaguely suggestive, perhaps, of the wise child who decides that by not dwelling actively on the approach of Christmas, it may come all the sooner.

'I Feel Welcomed'

The reason is obvious. Mr. Bush knows that for wisdom's sake not only must he live solely for the present in serving Mr. Reagan, but he must do so with a display of confidence that the future takes care of itself and cannot be conspired at from such a post as the Vice Presidency.

"Do I still want to get to work in the morning?" Mr. Bush asked with rhetorical effervescence at the midpoint of the Reagan term. "The answer is yes. The fundamental relationship with the President is still clicking. He's delivered in spades. I feel welcomed, wanted, useful."

"He's good at it," said one of Mr. Bush's political enemies, Richard A. Viguerie, the conservative fundraiser and strategist who sees increasing signs that Mr. Reagan is a one-term President. "Bush is doing a very good job at ingratiating himself to President Reagan and establishment Republicans, laying the basis for a run at the Presidency. But conservatives

denied him before and we'll deny him again."

The Vice President has no mind for such provocation these days. He's busy playing happy factotum to the President, and a measure of his success for his White House partisans is that Mr. Bush still has regular private lunches with the President, plus other "scheduled" access. The qualification of "scheduled" is important to them since it indicates that Mr. Bush and his needs have not slipped to afterthought status with the President.

Mr. Bush returns from these lunches with the silent confidence of a Cheshire cat, according to his staff.

A Two-Track Mission

"He keeps secrets," said Mr. Murphy, a silver-haired professional who should know since he once served as a deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency after rising in the Navy to four-star admiral.

Mr. Bush's European mission was planned months ago by the President to be a two-track job, according to Mr. Bush. The first part involved meeting in privacy and confidence with allied leaders to channel Mr. Reagan's message to them and hear their private response. "That was interesting and productive," Mr. Bush said, reporting that healthy candor resulted.

The second part, as Mr. Murphy describes it, was to stop Yuri V. Andropov, the Soviet leader, from "running away with the ballgame" in the heated public relations contest for the minds of the European audience. "Andropov was on the top of the front pages there when we arrived," Mr. Murphy said. "Bush put him back on page 4 and 5 the next day."

Mr. Bush, the politician who once found fleeting momentum — the "Big Mo," he called it — in the winter grit of Iowa, delighted in his role on the nuclear-missile hustings. "It was the public relations aspect," he said. "The selling, if you will, of a position which I enthusiastically advocate. I really like that part: You say it, and say it again and say it again and when you're really tired, you say it one more time."

Spoken like a true campaigner, which the Vice President is not, Mr. Teeley emphasizes once again as he heads off in search of Muse, not "Big Mo."

"The staff changes are no big deal, just a case of people moving on to fresh opportunities," Mr. Teeley said. "A few were in the works for a while, and a few more arose lately, so it's just coincidence."

'Good People Moving On'

The turnover involves the jobs of the domestic and legislative advisers, deputy counsel, personal secretary and Vice Presidential photographer. "It's simply a question of good people moving on to improve themselves," Mr. Bush said, sounding surprised that people beyond the White House might be tracking such things.

But they are. Even some people within the White House are tracking each busy mission and loyal platitude from Mr. Bush for hidden meanings.

One of Mr. Teeley's impressions is that, after two years of hard, loyal work by the Vice President, there has been some "mellowing" of the early right-wing criticism. "Some people will never be satisfied, of course," he said. "But it does not seem to be a factor with the President or within the White House."

But outside the White House, conservatives like Mr. Viguerie are waiting, thoroughly unconvinced about Mr. Bush. They are waiting for what they regard as the inevitable day when Mr. Bush is free to cast off his vow of personal political denial and remind voters of everything he is now doing so loyally and so carefully.