

UFO Hoaxes & Agents: A Sour Sonata

By Eugenia Macer-Story

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Reading Peter Rojcewicz's article on Men in Black in the March 1990 issue of the MUFON Journal reminded me of some recent experiences of my own, as well as the difficulty of determining just how central or peripheral such encounters are to the UFO phenomenon as a whole.

In and of themselves, they don't always make sense. Approached holistically, however, a pattern begins to emerge. In February of 1987, for example, I returned to New York from Chicago, where I had attended the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. While there, I presented a poster paper, "Verification of Six Predictions," which explained how six of my psychic predictions, made in the context of various research projects, had been confirmed according to various associative criteria.

I also had with me a videotape of my own original creation, "Six Way Time Play," which I had just retrieved from a prospective producer's desk on my way to Chicago. At one point I returned to my room and had the vague perception that my belongings had been rearranged. Still, I didn't make much of it at the time.

Back in New York, though, I replayed the video to make sure that it had been properly rewound. To my amazement, instead of the original

opening choreography, I found myself confronted by thirty seconds of a steamy love scene, seemingly lifted straight out of the 1950's! Had the producer or the staff at "Private Music," where I'd submitted the video, altered the original? A phone call assured me they had not. Then where had it been altered, and why? The most logical assumption was in Chicago, as a form of embarrassment.

One doesn't want to unnecessarily belabor the issue of sexual harassment, but I had to harken back to the previous year's AAAS meeting in Philadelphia, in May of 1986, when I had also presented a poster paper. Immediately upon my return I decided to go swimming. To my dismay, my expensive swimsuit had been suggestively mutilated in the groin area. Same meeting, same syndrome?

Pervasive Paranoia?

Either I'm paranoid, or the perpetrators are pervasive.

In 1989, I was scheduled to give a talk on upstate New York UFO sightings before the U.S. Psychotronics Association convention at Sacramento State College, California. At 8:30 a.m., on my way to the meeting and in a deserted hallway, I suddenly found myself confronted by a man who appeared to be in his mid-fifties and perhaps of East Indian origin. He shook my hand warmly, although I had never met him before, and began to stroke my forearms. He then asked me what I thought was a rather inappropriate question about my sex life, to which I answered that such things were none of his business. "I come from England," he responded in a complete non sequitur. "I do odd jobs." I excused myself and hurried down the hall to my lecture.

Looking back over my extensive experiences in the realm of UFO investigations, I could cite an almost

interminable litany of similar incidents. What strikes me as unusual is that no similar string of "oddities" or "interventions" in any way plagues my "traditional" career as a poet and playwright. The significance seems obvious.

Part of the problem, admittedly, is knowing what to tie to what. By way of example, in 1978, I had begun corresponding with one Miloz Wosniak, a Polish citizen who said he was interested in exchanging handcrafted goods for Xeroxes of American UFO reports. Four years later he offered to pay my expenses if I would visit him in Poland, which I gracefully declined.

In the meantime I had been contacted by a group of people who wanted me to psychically divine the status of a Polish diplomat who had been taken in for questioning. This I was able to do with some degree of success, in exchange for an English translation of the Tass UFO articles I had received from Wosniak.

Then, in 1984, I found myself on the way to visit Dr. Elizabeth Rauscher in San Francisco. Who should I find myself seated next to, seemingly as if by "coincidence," but a United Nations employee with knowledge of the selfsame detained diplomat, who had since been released?

My visit proved most interesting. For starters, and without my prior knowledge, Russell Targ addressed the meeting I attended on the subject of Soviet ESP research. Later, in Dr. Rauscher's home, I was handed a piece of twisted metal, supplied by the Canadian government, and asked to psychoscope it—that is, employ my psychometric powers to see if I could determine anything about its origins. I had the impression that an explosion had been involved, and that people associated the explosion with a supernatural occurrence. Rauscher told me the object was reported to have come from an exploded UFO.