

Sting / Counter-sting: *Unmasking the Disinformers*

by
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- Missing Graphic -
Close-up of "alien eyes" contact lenses

The eyes of a claimed "human-alien hybrid" photographed at close range. The photo is intentionally underexposed to reveal the claimants natural blue irises showing through pupil holes of large black contact lenses. One of many deceptions perpetrated by a self-proclaimed government agent with alleged CIA ties.



Investigative journalist and radio producer Ralph Steiner. He believes he may have fallen prey to a "psychological sting operation designed to confuse, discredit and neutralize UFO researchers."

Whatever you believe about UFOs and aliens, the following is bound to raise serious questions. Whether you are an interested bystander, a researcher or an "experiencer" yourself, it is becoming apparent that some cases are not what they appear to be.

Private hoaxes and government sanctioned "disinformation" have always dogged the heels of UFO investigators. But since the early 1980's, when technician Paul Bennewitz was pushed toward madness by agents associated with the Air Force Office of Special Investigations (AFOSI), researchers have had to contend with the distasteful possibility that false leads and planted sources are deliberately being used to derail their best efforts. Now there is evidence suggesting that neutralization attempts may be picking up steam.

This is an account of one person's odyssey into the bizarre world of orchestrated deception. It is also the tale of a remarkable case that strongly suggests that elaborate counter-intelligence operations may indeed be directed at UFO investigators. Operations that employ high theater, sophisticated psychological warfare practices, genuine psychic capabilities, and quite possibly, elaborate mind control techniques.

This is also a warning to credulous and naively enthusiastic researchers: No matter how experienced or sophisticated you may think you are, something like this *could* happen to you. Our best hope resides in exposing false cases as they occur, and giving as clear a signal as we can that such activity will not be passed over or tolerated.

The deception I encountered is in all likelihood being replayed elsewhere in the country under different guises and circumstances. I believe such efforts are probably coordinated. The goals of these operations may very well be: 1) to throw researchers off their trails, 2) to personally discredit them, 3) to spread false claims and rumors about the alien presence, abductions, human-alien interactions, and government involvement, 4) to create a confusion of wild stories and fantasies that will flood and degrade the database, thus tarnishing the credibility of legitimate cases.

At the time of this writing, there is no conclusive proof as to who these particular deceivers are working for. Does this case simply represent an elaborate private hoax, or are government agencies actually involved? The circumstances suggest a possible combination of both. The deceivers in this instance may be low level independent contractors employed by some intelligence organization. One thing above all else is certain: The primary witness/deceiver did not act alone. She had two known accomplices who participated fully in corroborating and reinforcing the deception. This rules out the “lone nut case hypothesis”, clearly establishing that the fraud was organized, deliberate and goal directed.

On the other hand, some of the main witnesses’ harrowing experiences may also be genuine, raising frightening possibilities that some “abductees” are subjects of callous experimentation by agencies unknown, as well as perhaps, even true alien lifeforms. The juries on this and other complex cases like it are still out. Thorough follow-ups are needed.

Was I deliberately singled out for “targeting”? Not until I initially responded to the “bait” and stayed “on the hook.” The important point to remember is that the target could have been anyone.

The disruptive aspects of this case not only affected my immediate relationships and contacts, but later appeared to impact upon witnesses and researchers hundreds of miles away from me. The affected locale happens to be the site of my most sensitive research. This suggests a possible far-flung operation with intelligence support networks and financing behind it. Indeed, If this could be verified, the implications would be highly significant.

Relevant Personal Background:

The following background information is important in order to set the stage for the reader, and to provide a context for the bizarre circumstances that I found myself confronting.

I began my foray into the UFO field just over six years ago. Prior to 1986, I was a journalist and radio documentary producer specializing in science, the environment, military and public policy issues. Up to that time, I had never given the topic a serious thought, and had considered the whole issue to be an inconsequential cult phenomenon.

My first UFO sighting took place in 1986. The impact was profound, and I could no longer ignore the subject. I set out to determine if the issue had enough solid evidence behind it to warrant my serious attention as a broadcast journalist. Since then, UFOs, the supposed alien presence on earth, and the alleged U.S. government cover-up have become my number one priorities.

In 1990, I teamed up with my current research associate, author and social analyst, Michael Lindemann (*UFOs and the Alien Presence: Six View Points, UFOs and the New World Order*). In 1991, we began our now ongoing investigation of alleged alien activity at underground bases surrounding Edwards Air Force Base in Southern California. We amassed a number of highly controversial cases suggesting a U.S. military-alien collaboration dating back to the early 1950s.

Our joint research continued relatively unobstructed through mid 1992. Both Michael and I began giving public lectures. I produced several audio documentaries, while Michael published one book and several monographs.

Then it happened.

This narrative summarizes a mere fraction of the events comprising a highly detailed and complex set of experiences. Many important anecdotes are left out due to space limitations. This is not by any means the whole story. All names have been changed.

Monday, June 1st, 2 p.m. A phone call from a local MUFON (Mutual UFO Network) investigator tipped me off to an unfolding abduction story in the Silicon Valley region of the San Francisco Bay Area. What interested me about this case was that the abductee claimed to have recently suffered burglaries and harassment at the hands of shadowy U.S. government agents.

The MUFON investigator had described the abductee as highly intelligent, articulate, frightened, paranoid, and convinced that her phones were currently tapped by unknown federal agencies. She was described as having a background in law enforcement, running a private investigation and security firm out of her home with her husband. The recent burglaries were said to have deprived her of critical pieces of identification, including a diplomatic passport and her military record.

Two hours later, I called the abductee and initiated contact.

“Sandy” had been on the phone quite a bit since mid March, when her fully conscious nocturnal encounters supposedly began. My initial telephone interview revealed that she had been methodically calling UFO groups around the country asking for help. After phoning the Fund for UFO Research in Virginia, and MUFON headquarters in Seguin Texas, she had been referred to a regional investigator in the Bay Area who recognized connections between her claims of government harassment and my research in Southern California.

Sandy insisted that trouble began when, in her naivete, she telephoned the U.S. Air Force at the Pentagon seeking advice. She wanted help dealing with two small gray aliens who allegedly kept appearing in her home at nearly weekly intervals very late at night, asking for ovum samples.

When she had called the Pentagon, she said she was told that the Air Force no longer participates in UFO investigations, and that she should contact a private civilian group. Shortly thereafter, her home was allegedly burglarized in the first of three such claimed incidents.

Several weeks prior to my contacting her, Sandy had gotten in touch with Las Vegas television news anchor George Knapp (*The Bob Lazar case*), and had traveled to Vegas for a video taped interview. At that time, she claimed to have first experienced the harassment that now seemed to be escalating. While staying in a Las Vegas hotel, she said that a mysterious female caller had tersely warned her to “get out of town if you know what’s good for you.”

Sandy lived in a suburban home with her husband, her younger sister, her sister’s baby son, and was often visited by her three older children from a previous marriage. When I first spoke to her, she sounded exasperated, and the noises of domestic confusion were clearly evident over the phone. During our initial discussion, she casually stated that she believed her husband may have succeeded in snapping photos of the two aliens during a visitation in March.

“Where are the pictures now?” I asked.

“The film’s right here, on my desk...”

If Sandy was telling the truth, I reasoned that I may have stumbled upon evidence of incalculable significance: Potentially authentic photos of intruding aliens taken by an abductee’s spouse— Photos that had narrowly escaped being confiscated by marauding federal agents. At least

it was worth exploring a bit further. If the photos were genuine and her story on the level, the film's presence in her house had just been announced over a tapped phone. We probably had very little time to secure the evidence.

Taking her claims of phone taps and surveillance seriously, I then asked if she had a fax machine. She did. I later faxed a cryptic note instructing her to "Stay up late and keep your stuff together."

I then contacted a colleague and photographic expert. Late that evening we drove out to Sandy's home, arriving unannounced with recording equipment and photographic gear in hand. It was 12:30, midnight.

As I rang their doorbell, Sandy's husband "Greg" answered and anxiously interrogated us. I identified myself as the radio journalist who had spoken to her that afternoon. A sigh of relief was heard as a woman holding a pistol emerged to greet us.

"You guys are lucky," said Greg, "That .45 was pointed at your face. I told you honey, that's what the fax meant. They were planning to arrive *tonight!*"

We were invited in for coffee, and over the next three and one half hours, recorded a detailed audio interview with both witnesses.

Thus began the investigation of a promising and richly detailed case. Little did I suspect just what door had actually been opened. A highly disruptive and terrifying saga was poised to unfold.

During the course of the first interview, Sandy and her husband described how their home had been broken into twice. Kitchen cabinets were supposedly left open, while boxes of papers belonging to Sandy had allegedly vanished. They described frequent overflights by mysterious unmarked helicopters, a phenomenon now quite familiar to UFO researchers. Sandy also said that her California driver's licence had suddenly become inactive, and that her Social Security number had also been tampered with. She stated that computer checks with TRW revealed that her credit had been "erased". Months later, she would categorically state that she never maintained credit cards due to her clandestine intelligence work and her sensitive profession as a private investigator—One of many contradictions that would later surface. At the time, however, the story appeared plausible when compared to similar cases that had come to light.

Both witnesses alluded to shadowy careers in law enforcement, even letting slip a couple of statements about "subrosa projects" working for "Langley". They specifically said that they had done security work for the State Department, Secret Service, and had been involved in high level international deals between recent U.S. administrations and Third World nations. They appeared to be sober, knowledgeable, cautious about providing any details about the sensitive aspects of their work. They also appeared to be in some conflict about whether or not to discuss their backgrounds at all. Sandy wanted to go into some detail; Greg cautioned her to keep quiet. They said they were currently self-employed as private detectives specializing in drug enforcement and criminal investigations. A detailed and convincing subtexture began to emerge. Throughout the investigation, I would always remain captivated by their subtle insider shop talk, their seemingly professional references to clandestine operations. These displays were always spontaneous, unrehearsed, and felt genuine. Perhaps no other element of their testimony kept me on the hook so long just wondering: "Could this be real?" We asked them why, as professionals with law enforcement backgrounds, did they not secure their home immediately following the initial burglary. Paraphrasing Greg's response: "I'm not too concerned. These guys seem unprofessional and sloppy. At first, I just thought it might be retaliation by some offender who got convicted by our criminal investigations. Those things do happen. I'm working on it." More traumatic violations of their home were soon to be reported, yet Greg would always respond to direct questions with a disturbingly cool nonchalance. Once again, when flags of

suspicion should have been raised, I accepted his attitude as “plausible” given his background and claimed profession.

I was further encouraged when the witnesses earnestly handed over upon request, a roll of undeveloped film. It seemed clear that they probably would not have even remembered had we not reminded them, thus giving the impression that they were on the level. However, my skeptical colleague later reminded me that if they had been on the level, why had they not rushed to develop potentially sensational photos that had been taken in mid March? By now it was already early June.

The following day I developed the film with dubious and inconclusive results—Certainly no clear images of aliens. The results however were tantalizing enough to once again keep me on the hook.

As I would begin to grow skeptical, Sandy and Greg would always throw in new twists, prompting me to reconsider my suspicions. In conversations weeks later, Sandy stated that she had life-long exposure to classified information through years of affiliation with the CIA. (Red flags of suspicion, please!) If one took the story at face value, there now existed a plausible explanation for the alleged government harassment: If Sandy were to openly talk to reporters about her experiences, she could divulge classified information. Thus, she was being warned to keep quiet. Sandy therefore was a hot potato, and this may indeed be the Case of the Century, a journalist’s dream.

The theme of dangling contraband or holding classified information just within reach was to play itself out many times in dramatic ways. It was always used to heighten the sense of importance surrounding the case, and to lead the investigator into thinking that a real breakthrough was around the corner. The witnesses sounded sincere, distressed, committed. Slowly, imperceptibly, my skepticism began to erode. Critical thinking was gradually supplanted by a growing willingness to believe. At the time however, I was completely unaware of this process.

Following the initial interview, my colleague remarked that things just didn’t sound right. I merely insisted that he was jumping to premature conclusions. I was wrong.

Five days later: Saturday, June 6th, 1992. A phone message from Greg appeared on voice mail at my radio station:

“...Sandy is gone. When I woke up she was not in the house. You were on her emergency list to call if something were to happen. Please get in touch.”

A call to Greg yielded the following:

Sandy had vanished from the house that night. Upon awakening, Greg had discovered the back door open. All of Sandy’s belongings were intact, except for a pack of cigarettes that was missing. He recalled her getting up at midnight, unable to sleep, intending to go into the kitchen for a cup of tea. Upon discovering her missing, Greg waited several hours, then filed missing persons reports with local police. He stated that both he and Sandy had recently experienced physical surveillance in the form of men following them. Sandy was showing signs of nervousness and concern. Greg speculated that she could have gone into hiding and may have intentionally avoided informing him of her intent to do so. Primarily, however, he suspected foul play. He would keep me posted.

June 7th. My home phone rang. It was Sandy— angry, defiant.

She had just returned from Las Vegas, where she had ended up on the street following a bizarre kidnapping-interrogation, and a severe bout with drug-induced amnesia. Sandy vividly recalled getting out of bed at midnight the evening of June 5th for a cup of tea. She watched TV briefly in her darkened living room. Suddenly, four men in camouflage fatigues emerged from the shadows grabbing her ankles and wrists. She struggled. One abductor produced a small metal canister and sprayed her in the face. The chemical instantly rendered her paralyzed and barely conscious. She remem-

bered being thrown into a white van. The military men in the van yelled at her, telling her to stop talking about the aliens, and to never go to the media. She was told that if she wanted her family to remain alive, she would have to keep her mouth shut. They demanded to know what the aliens were telling her. When she refused to answer and began to struggle, she was again sprayed in the face until she passed out.

Sandy's next conscious memory was that of standing in a local Grayhound bus depot at 5:30 a.m. In front of her stood a uniformed military officer. He handed her a ticket and said: "If you want your family, you must go to Las Vegas." Obediently she entered a bus, so she claimed, with no memory of her identity, of where she lived, or of what had just happened to her.

Once in Las Vegas, Sandy wandered into a Clark County Police station. She demanded help and managed to draw the attention of a female night watch officer. The officer spent nine hours with Sandy, attempting to restore her memory and to ascertain where she lived. Slowly, painstakingly, most of Sandy's memory returned. Eventually, the officer was able to locate her city of origin and to place a call to Greg. Sandy was then flown home to California under protection of the Clark County Police Department.

Sandy continued to complain of lingering aftereffects from the alleged kidnapping. She had acquired an extreme aversion to food and had stopped eating altogether. She began to dramatically lose weight. She complained of depression and suicidal impulses. She expressed extreme anger toward the military and toward government agents who had taken her. Her emotions seemed intense and genuine. Both Sandy and Greg appeared to be frightened. They argued frequently in my presence about whether or not to continue making their story public. Greg urged backing off; Sandy, her anger showing, would advocate hot pursuit of her abductors and full disclosure. By this time, I was convinced that the story was legitimate.

Evidence:

Did these dramatic events actually occur? Something out of the ordinary did take place the night and morning of June 5th and 6th. Corroborating testimony suggests that Sandy indeed was present in Las Vegas with an extreme case of apparent amnesia on that date.

I located the Clark County police officer who had spent nine hours with Sandy. The officer confirmed every aspect of the story, save for one important background detail that failed to emerge during my previous interviews with the witnesses.

Upon regaining her memory, Sandy had informed the officer that until quite recently, she had been diagnosed with Multiple Personality Disorder. She told the officer that she had successfully "integrated" under the care of a psychotherapist in early 1990. Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD) is a recognized psychiatric condition closely associated with severe childhood sexual abuse. Victims enter into dissociative states where complete and independent personalities vie for domination of the individual's body. The distinct personalities may speak different languages, hold different jobs, express different interests, even maintain access to completely different sets of memories and life experiences. Often one personality will perform acts that will not be recalled by the others. Sandy and Greg neglected to inform us that she had been a multiple.

Indeed, if Sandy still suffered from lingering bouts of dissociation, she conceivably may have acted out her own kidnapping. It was even entirely possible for her to have arrived in Las Vegas with a legitimate case of apparent amnesia. Under such circumstances, her behavior would have been convincing to the police officer. If confirmed, the disclosure of an extreme psychiatric history would severely complicate matters and throw the entire case into question.

I was able to confirm that Sandy had indeed been clinically diagnosed with Multiple Person-

ality Disorder prior to April, 1990, the date of her supposed integration under psychotherapy. This should have been enough evidence to dampen my enthusiasm. Once proof emerges that a person claiming extraordinary experiences has a history of psychiatric problems, that witnesses' credibility is at least open to harsh re-evaluation. A prudent decision would have been to put the case on ice. Unfortunately, a subtle erosion of critical thinking had already taken place. Swayed by emotional testimony, I gave Sandy and Greg a generous benefit of the doubt.

In short order, almost too conveniently, a new and enticing situation arose that would again capture and hold my interest as the plot quickened and the pace accelerated.

Into the Belief System Vortex:

I continued to receive telephone calls from Sandy. She and Greg would often mention encounters with unmarked black helicopters over their neighborhood and house. Over the phone, Sandy's high-school buddy actually told me that she recently had been followed home by a black chopper when she visited Sandy's house. Supposedly there were also two attempts at forced midnight entries by men in "urban gray camouflage fatigues". On one occasion, Greg claimed that he had chased the men away. Anxiety was expressed over allegedly deteriorating telephone lines, and a deepening conviction that their phones were obtrusively tapped to engender maximum intimidation. At this time, interference developed on my phone line, and I immediately concluded it was the result of my association with the witnesses. (Weeks later, the phone company dispelled my concern by finding and alleviating a very mundane cause for the interference.) I had become convinced that I too was under surveillance! In hindsight there was absolutely no evidence of this.

Sandy and Greg reinforced my paranoia, creating a sense of high drama and ever-present danger. Adrenalin ran at full throttle. I was approaching near panic. By now, my personal sense of danger was acute. I had lost my rational bearings. From this point forward, I rarely attempted to verify the claims of my witnesses. I was a player in an unfolding drama that was growing larger than life.

Sandy called frequently during this period, often in great distress. Her health was starting to deteriorate. She felt a prisoner of her own house.

At this time, she began to mention an associate by name whom she had previously alluded to only in passing.

"Ben" was an old friend of the couple, having been the best man at their wedding. He was a colleague in their private-eye firm, an intimate confidant of the family for over twelve years. Ben was described as an electronics genius, an expert in telecommunications who helped to install state-of-the-art systems for telephone companies. Supposedly it was Ben who had verified that their phone lines were tapped by several federal agencies. And Ben was now willing to meet with me and to discuss verifying that electronic surveillance was indeed in use against Sandy and Greg. I was told that Ben had worked on top secret communication systems for Apollo and Space Shuttle, and quite incidentally — he also worked on contract for the Pentagon at a secluded facility in Central Nevada known as Area 51, Dreamland, more specifically, a place known as Area S-4...

I had spiraled so far into the drama, I had failed even to notice an obviously extravagant and suspicious claim.

Meeting at Eden's:

A meeting was planned for the evening of July 9th at a local restaurant, call it Eden's. Arrangements were finalized during a conference call between Sandy, Ben and myself. At no time

did we mention the proposed location of the meeting. Upon my arrival on the 9th, Sandy and Greg planned to transport me to Eden's Restaurant from their home. During the conversation, I casually invited Ben to enquire into my work and "our project", specifically referring to the research I was conducting with my partner, Michael Lindemann. The conversation was brief and cordial. There was concern that we were being monitored.

July 9th, mid afternoon: While out of the office, I received several emotional and highly charged telephone messages: "Ralph, this is Sandy; where are you? pick up the phone now, this is heavy shit!"

When I called her back, I learned that Ben had supposedly been confronted that afternoon in a parking lot by an armed man who specifically ordered him to "Stay away from Sandy, and stay away from 'The Project'." He had also been warned not to meet with us that evening. The man supposedly drove a black Camero with a Fort Campbell, Kentucky license plate. The vehicle also allegedly had a satellite dish on the roof. In person, Ben would later confirm the details of the supposed encounter. The satellite dish was described as part of a "Global Positioning System" that uses military satellites for ground surveillance and communication. Whoever the man was (He had allegedly refused to identify himself), he supposedly demonstrated working access to high level military intelligence and command systems. Ben was frightened for the safety of his family. Sandy was concerned that he might not attend the meeting. We were instructed to proceed with or without him.

Evening, July 9th: Feeling uneasy, I asked two colleagues to accompany me to the meeting. The people I selected were telecommunications and computer specialists. I hoped that their expertise could help with evaluating Ben's credibility.

Upon arriving at Sandy's house one half hour late, we were frantically told that we had missed a black chopper strafing the home by thirty minutes. Under Sandy's direction, we sped off toward our rendezvous. Ben was waiting there with Greg.

Both men were noticeably uneasy when I arrived with two unknown companions. This was to be my one and only face-to-face meeting with the mysterious Ben. Sandy and Greg argued briefly about the presence of my friends. Then Sandy "cased the joint" by inspecting the interior of the restaurant. She informed us that their security company had assigned incognito body guards to protect our private meeting. Sandy was making sure that the helpers were in place. A charged atmosphere of paranoia descended.

The meeting ranged over technical issues pertaining to telecommunications, wire taps, surveillance by satellite, and the politics of the supposed UFO cover-up. In a roundabout way, Ben acknowledged that he worked at Area 51/S-4, but refused to answer specific questions. He informed us that all classified issues would be met with a universally applied "no comment", which he utilized often. At this time, Ben suggested that the agents who allegedly kidnapped Sandy, and the man who had approached him earlier in the day, were probably renegades from a highly compartmented secret group. He stated that his "legitimate DOD contacts" within the Pentagon were making inquiries, and that a group of renegade agents had been identified, originating from Fort Campbell, Kentucky. We were under siege by a rogue operation working outside the law.

At periodic intervals, Ben and Greg would leave our table and go outside, supposedly checking for surveillance. Following one excursion, Ben announced:

"We've been nailed. I went out to my car, and this agent was standing there with his arms folded. He followed me back and forth, side to side. He was armed. His car had the same Kentucky plate. He had been sitting on a bar stool just across from our booth and he followed me out. They nailed us the moment we walked in here."

Please note: At no time did my colleagues or I witness any evidence of body guards, federal agents, unusual vehicles. Only the words and behavior of Ben, Greg and Sandy informed us of their

supposed presence. I am now certain that when Ben and Greg made frequent trips outside, supposedly “checking for surveillance”, they were merely huddling to plan their next moves. This was psychological warfare, and the noose was methodically being tightened around my neck. In hindsight, the meeting and its aftermath were staged events. We were kept off balance while an atmosphere of paranoia successfully inhibited probing and difficult questions.

After Ben’s chilling announcement, the meeting dissolved. Our group adjourned to the parking lot under growing apprehension. Greg and Ben suggested that possibly every word was then being intercepted by high-tech listening devices stationed on hillsides close to the restaurant. Greg engaged us in a discourse on methods of audio surveillance and spy technology. He appeared well informed, and his apparent expertise heightened our sense that these people knew what they were talking about. It now seemed that we had penetrated into the underworld of super-secret government operations. At one point, Ben took Sandy aside and spoke privately to her out of range. When she returned, she was in tears. Drawing close to me, she whispered:

“He told me that during the five hours between when I was abducted and when I awoke standing in the Grayhound station, they probably had enough time to fly me out to S-4, program me, and cover their tracks by sending me to Vegas on the bus. Ben thinks that I could be programmed to call them up at two in the morning, spill my guts to them about all of you, go right back to sleep, and not even remember that I did it! I’m so scared...”

Sobbing hard, Sandy clung to me tightly as Ben drove away.

“I’m a dead women!” she cried.

Rational thought was banished. Psychic bonding had begun.

The Vortex Accelerates:

Events cascaded into a surreal explosion. Telephone communication between Sandy and I intensified. Each conversation brought another emergency, and I began to live in a constant state of panic. My wife started to notice changes in my personality: I was irritable, preoccupied, and I was on the phone constantly. I would jump whenever the phone rang. Sandy and I were drawing closer to one another emotionally, and conversations became more and more personalized.

Toward mid July, I began noticing peculiar physical sensations in my solar plexus. I also noticed that when I thought long and hard about Sandy, she would telephone immediately. During our lengthy conversations, it soon became apparent that Sandy was casually describing events that had taken place in my past, events that I had never discussed with her. At one point during a three-hour phone conversation, I was lying on the floor of my studio. Suddenly, Sandy started to laugh: “Ralph, you are lying on the floor of your studio with your legs crossed. You have to go to the bathroom real bad. Now just hang up, go to the bathroom and then you can call me back!” I was shocked. I had never said a word. Point of reference: 47 miles separated Sandy’s home from my own.

Electronic equipment that had performed flawlessly for years in my production studio suddenly started to malfunction. These anomalies were always correlated with peculiar sensations that occurred more and more frequently in my solar plexus.

July 13, midday: Without warning I was gripped by an extraordinary and powerful sensation, unlike anything I had experienced before. Because I connected similar experiences to communication with Sandy, I called her and asked:

“Are you doing something to me right now?”

Her reply was as shocking as it was fantastic:

“Only a thought. I was thinking about you just now. Ralph, there’s something that I haven’t told you about me. I’ve waited until now because I didn’t know whether you would believe me or

not. I didn't know how you would take it: I'm a half-breed. A human-alien hybrid. Because of this, I have certain mental abilities. I was created as part of a government project. Do you remember, in the parking lot at Eden's, when Ben took me aside? That was one of the things he told me about. He was informing me about my early life. I had no conscious memory of this. He knows all about how I was created and why the government is so upset..."

Shortly thereafter, Sandy developed a severe cough, informing me that she had lost nearly twenty pounds since June 6th. She also stated that her hair had mysteriously begun to fall out. She then proclaimed that Ben and Greg suspected radiation poisoning acquired during her June 6th kidnapping. She asked me if I had access to a Geiger counter. I purchased a high-tech radiation detector and sent it to her by special delivery. Ben allegedly performed a test confirming their suspicion. Greg informed me that Sandy had contracted pneumonia brought on by exposure to radioactive Cobalt, apparently administered to her in the form of time-delay suppositories during her abduction. She could be expected to live for only a few more weeks.

Panic!

In a rare lucid moment, I drove to her house unannounced. I had to see for myself. Sandy was shocked but overjoyed to see me. In a flicker of clear thinking, I observed no evidence that her hair had begun to fall out... but the flicker died quickly, extinguished by my desire to believe that Sandy was telling the truth. Evidence to the contrary no longer mattered. I couldn't believe she would lie. A clear indication of fraud was standing before me and I shoved it aside. By that time, I believed what I wanted to. No amount of persuasion could have altered my conviction. A vortex of emotions swirled out of control, reinforced by apparently genuine, inexplicable psychic experiences. Perhaps it was all true? If it was, perhaps I had the story of the century.

It was at this point that she told me about her eyes.

"Do you want proof?" she said, dangling the word like a succulent carrot. "I can provide you with all the proof you need. The aliens visited me last night. They informed me about my eyes. These aren't my natural eyes. My inner eyes are protected by cosmetic outside coverings. These covers can be removed with a laser pencil. They showed me how to use it. If I can get that laser, I can give you proof that can't be refuted."

Stunned, I asked: "Could I photograph this?"

"That could be arranged." she said.

"Would you submit to a medical examination?" I asked.

"Yes I would." she replied, "Providing the doctor could be trusted to keep his mouth shut. I don't want to be dissected like a lab specimen."

Sandy stated that her alien confidants had taken her aboard their craft and had forced her to inhale a gelatinous material to remove radioactive particles from her lungs, thus helping to alleviate the pneumonia. She said that extraterrestrial intervention was saving her life, but she needed direct human medical care to regain her ability to consume food. Her kidney's were failing, and she was starving to death. No doubt, she had grown very thin since June 6th.

Sandy then informed me that she and Ben suspected that Greg, her husband, had joined forces with renegade MJ-12 agents, Men In Black, operating out of Fort Campbell, Kentucky. If Greg was a double agent, we now had an explanation for how the abductors had gained easy access to their house: Greg had let them in. Sandy feared for her life: "I think my husband is going to be the one to kill me!"

The set-up was now complete. Having fallen into the vortex, I had just been manipulated into playing the role of Sandy's rescuer. If I played my Sir Galahad role as expected, I would be rewarded with a treasure of immense value: Irrefutable proof of human-alien hybridization and a key to the

UFO cover-up, all in one package.

If I had gone public with my “findings” at the time, my credibility as a journalist would have been destroyed, my career as a producer ruined, my marriage and family demolished, my friendships cancelled. I would have gained a reputation for insanity, while ufology would have acquired yet another dramatic and sensational case to ponder. Unwittingly, I would have become one of the disinformers. Today, I am convinced that this was Sandy, Greg and Ben’s primary motivation.

Fortunately, my wife, colleagues and friends came to the rescue. They suggested that we call Sandy’s bluff and “test” the evidence. Soon enough, an opportunity presented itself.

Friday, July 31st: With a quivering voice, Sandy called and proclaimed that the aliens had just abducted her from her bedroom. They had taken her aboard their craft and had surgically removed her outer eye covers, offering no explanation or solace for having done so. She had been placed back into her house to fend for herself. Sandy was now a fish out of water, an extraterrestrial damsel in distress. She sounded genuinely terrified, fearing what might happen when Greg came home. Greg was prone to spousal abuse she said, and they maintained a house filled with firearms and ammunition due to their alleged law enforcement work...

Using a credit card, I summoned a cab and transported her to Berkeley. She arrived trembling and crying, suitcases filled with essential worldly belongings, wearing dark sunglasses.

Removal of her sunglasses revealed eyes that were nearly solid black.

Over a period of four days, Sandy stayed at the homes of my friends and associates. Keeping to her promise, she willingly sat for photographic sessions. Her eyes were recorded at very close range on 35mm slides, color print film, close-up video tape, as well as 3-D color transparencies.

During Sandy’s stay in Berkeley, she managed to suggest that her (helpful) faction of the CIA had arrived on the scene with a protective team. This group had taken up residence in a camouflaged “surveillance” van parked across the street from my house. After all, this van did have Virginia plates! These agents were supposedly sent to protect she and I as we worked to document her explosive story — protect us from renegade MJ-12 agents who might commit mass murder in an attempt to silence the hot potato and her mouthpiece journalist. According to Sandy Greg and Ben, factions of the U.S. government had turned upon one another, and the military establishment was breaking apart at the seams. Command and control was slipping into the hands of renegade groups with axes to grind. Sandy also suggested that a security door system that my landlord was installing on our house was paid for by DOD dollars and hush money. I was told that my landlord would refuse to answer questions if asked. He did refuse, not because he was hiding anything, but because he didn’t understand what I was talking about and spoke little English. When my friends prevailed upon me to seek out the owner of the “surveillance van”, I was shown the inside of the vehicle forthwith. It was filled not with half a million dollars in state-of-the-art electronics, but with gardening tools, a box and some soil. When I confronted Sandy with this contradiction, she simply stated that: “They split; pulled out as soon as they realized you were on to them. It would have compromised security had they stayed.”

Despite the obvious absurdities, I still wanted to believe that her story held some legitimacy. I had grown fond of and *attached* to Sandy. I had indeed taken leave of my senses.

Several days later, the film was developed. My colleagues called a meeting, inviting my wife and I to attend without Sandy present.

When I arrived, the door was locked behind me so that I couldn’t leave. My associates then placed the evidence on the table.

Enhanced photos revealed that Sandy was wearing large black theatrical contact lenses. The Case of the Century had been revealed as an elaborate, orchestrated hoax.

Sandy was confronted with the evidence the following morning and told to leave Berkeley. Due however to my emotional involvement with her, I could not abandon the hope that she still could offer a major breakthrough. Perhaps the photo analysis was mistaken? Perhaps in discovering her true motivations, I would learn something about the spook community? Perhaps I could truly rescue her from the clutches of mind programmers who were violating and using her? Sandy's emotional display was so convincing, the psychic interludes so vivid, I simply could not abandon the idea that somehow, the story was legitimate. Lying to my wife and friends, I continued to pursue a clandestine relationship with Sandy for yet another month. She remained in Berkeley, sequestered at a series of "safe houses" that I arranged for her. During this period, several dramatic incidents occurred demonstrating that Sandy indeed was in possession of a remarkable psychic capability.

When she finally did return home, our extensive telephone contact continued for weeks afterwards. At one point, I conceived of the notion of sending her to Lancaster near Edwards Air Force Base, where a community of abductees and researchers had formed a support network. Michael Lindemann and I had done some of our most sensitive research in this locale. The network, I hoped, would be able to protect her and to offer access to sympathetic therapists. I put Sandy in touch with one of our main organizers. "Jan" was currently working with another abductee who presented a case with strong similarities to Sandy's. Sandy had demonstrated a remarkable facility for telepathy and remote viewing, and appeared able to affect people at great distances. "Dana", the other abductee also had this ability. Sandy quickly established a genuine telepathic link to Dana, a connection that Dana found intrusive and frightening. The three women struck up a communication that lasted for several weeks. They spoke often and openly over the telephone and even discussed plans to relocate Sandy to Southern California. I cautioned all three about casual phone conversations, but to no avail. Sandy persisted in calling both Jan and Dana, engaging them often in long conversations.

On September 15th, 1992, I received an emotional telephone call from Jan, my ace networker in the Lancaster area:

"Ralph, from this moment on I am ceasing and desisting. I'm pulling out of UFO research. I'll still talk to you, but not about that subject. I was visited today at my place of work by a man who knew everything about what we have been doing. He said he knew the contents of our phone conversations. He said that I had gotten too close. He said that I was close to figuring out the whole story, and that if I knew what was good for me and my family, I should back off. He said the only thing that I didn't know is who the players are, and I didn't *want* to know that. He said that the two women I am dealing with, one here down South, the other up North, meaning Sandy, they are both trained and programmed to kill. I said I knew that. He said that I would receive one and only one warning. I'm telling you Ralph, get out now while you can. It was real. And this helicopter was hovering low overhead the whole time... my God... He just pointed to the chopper and said: '*see? We know everything!*'"

Jan has never openly returned to UFO research, nor has she emotionally recovered from her brief telephone contact with Sandy.

When I called Sandy to inform her about what had just happened to Jan, she burst into convulsive sobs screaming: "...Now I've got nobody, I've got no where to go, I've got nothing!!!". When she regained composure, she had split into two distinct personalities. The first one to speak was a nine year old girl who did not know of Sandy's whereabouts. The second was a woman with a southern accent who threatened to commit suicide. I then administered a form of post hypnotic suggestion and finally regained contact with the core Sandy personality. Was this genuine or a hoax? As

always, Sandy sounded extremely convincing. We may never know the answer, for within all disinformation lurks an ugly kernel of truth.

Sandy I believe, is probably as much a victim as a perpetrator. Although it can't be proved, I suspect that she is but one victim of a callous and diabolical "intelligence community" that rapes and plunders the deepest human emotions, eventually discarding as expendable those "assets" who can no longer serve its twisted, manipulative goals. There was absolutely nothing I could have done to help her.

Toward the end of our communication, Sandy, Greg and Ben revealed what I believe to be their true objectives.

In a final telephone conversation, Sandy chuckled and said: "You know Ralph, you've been had! Your partner, Michael Lindemann? He's an agent. I've been shown intelligence documents verifying that surveillance reports on our activities have been forwarded to Michael Lindemann's house all along. Remember the two computer guys you brought to the meeting at Eden's? They were photographed by surveillance cameras outside of Ben's house trying to bribe him for national security information. They were attempting to obtain UFO propulsion secrets from Ben to sell overseas. Ralph, your own colleagues have betrayed you!"

The jig was up. The sting had failed. The tape recorder had been rolling. Sandy had always known that I routinely taped our conversations. This had been done from the start with her consent. It was clearly stated on the record many times that she requested I tape her statements. She had played her final card and it had backfired. My critical faculties had returned, but she didn't know that. They blew it. Now I had the real evidence.

I hung up the telephone for the very last time.

Post Script:

Since I abruptly ended my communication with Sandy, I have received written and verbal threats by a proxy, warning of impending legal action on her part to prevent me from publishing this story, and to force me to relinquish tape recordings of our conversations. Since the recordings were made with Sandy's foreknowledge and consent, she retains no legal right to them. The material is protected under the First Amendment.

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