

# TORCHES AND PITCHFORKS

BY ALFRED LEHMBERG

Wow. I just had an annoying thought as regards hypnotic regression and the potential value of evidence obtained thereby. Oh, don't start the sneering invective yet; and for the others: Put the champaign back in the ice. It remains that a few interesting points may have slipped through gauntleted klasskurtxian fingers. That's where we start.

Discard this alleged evidence like coffee grounds, out of hand? Of course not. That would be wasteful where it's not ludicrous. Thoughtlessly void a body of data growing for decades with nothing to replace it but isolationist anger or a misplaced sense of piqued betrayal? That seems preposterous where it's not regressive, even pathological. We need not consider how unscientific this reflexive dismissal must seem to be.

See, along with the torches and pitchforks presently endured by a culturally betrayed, governmentally obfuscated, and institutionally short-changed ufology—forgetting good persons involved with same—a witch-hunt is prosecuted presently where adjacent if proverbial infants are insistently included, along with their decidedly putrescent bath water, for reflexive discharge. One clearly hears the baying of outraged wolves.

At issue is the value of any evidence obtained by hypnotic regression itself, especially and assuredly by the persons extracting the information alluded to in the manner described. Why, some of these metaphorical infants sign on, queue up, or put themselves down to be discharged, themselves, out of some errant fidelity. Consider Budd Hopkins's support of David Jacobs after the seemingly clear unprofessional behavior of Jacobs.

Additionally, using a science-less sample of one, some worthy stalwarts and provoked contrarians—forgetting klasskurtxian skeptibunkies smelling blood in the water—proclaim that God is dead. All insight gained from the anecdotal evidence obtained by hypnotic regression is rendered, irretrievably, moot. Consider the crack *Paratopia* crew and their episode 55 featuring anti-regressionist Dr. Scott Lilienfeld. "God is dead," proclaim Jeff and Jeremy.

Let's move on to anecdotal evidence. Not remotely valueless. Arrive at hypnotic regression? Heresy, I know, and still not remotely valueless.

I flash back. I had characterized myself with uber-regard for Hopkins, Jacobs, and the late John Mack, even as it was—and is—affected by a problematic hypnotic regression used as a tool. More on that in a minute. See, I suspect all this is understandable given the provenance of the time in which I was very tangentially associated with them in the middle of the last decade.

I had a close involvement with an alleged abductee once important to all three. The self-styled abductee's name was Jim Mortellaro. All four of us were duped to one degree or another by this man. Here are links to that adjacent story as illustrated by Budd Hopkins and myself: [www.rense.com/general50/IF.htm](http://www.rense.com/general50/IF.htm) and [www.alienview.net/morty.html](http://www.alienview.net/morty.html).

The preceding links show that as a result of this very firsthand if humiliating shared experience while these events were

unfolding around 2004, I spent a good deal of satisfying time on the phone with Dr. Jacobs and Mr. Hopkins regarding the subject as it related to Mortellaro, UFOs, and aliens. These things were discussed in detail.

I had spoken earlier and at some small length with Dr. Mack at a Project Awareness conference in Florida in 1996. I developed significant appreciation for these guys. I found them beyond reproach, at any rate; relevant explorers sincere, objective, and intrepid. Brave, even. These were ethical soldiers in a righteous fight. And I've some experience with soldiers and fighting.

I suspect I'm not an infallible judge of human character, but as a decorated career military officer I was an acting commandant and senior trainer, advisor, and counselor for a key officer candidate school in the United States Army, a master Army aviator and senior flight examiner and instructor, and I graduated summa from an accredited university in Troy, Alabama with a teaching credential. I don't believe I'm an entirely credulous rube, eh?

Consequently, I'm not entirely dismissive of hypnosis as is currently popular, along with the reflexive hatred for the extraterrestrial hypothesis when used by credible persons in a credible way. Also, I'm decidedly reluctant to throw out the anecdotal baby with the anecdotal bath water, as many seem spring-loaded to do out of hand.

I suspect it may be possible that when one has no tools, is discouraged tools by polite society, and then denied tools by a corporate-academia, maybe a good man—or three good men—will grasp and clutch at anything even remotely resembling a tool. Hypnosis and anecdotal evidence might resemble tools to the tool-less, reasonably. Aspiring to the honest and ethical, I'd reach for such in their situation.

It remains; I once saw these men as the brave intrepid.

Current displayed behavior—they cannot believe they had any expectation of privacy—and apparent mindset of the surviving two, however, while for the moment presuming Emma Wood's seeming bulletproof veracity, sadly clutters my earlier assessment. I'm entirely revolted.

Reader. If even Jesus stole the chicken, Jesus stole the chicken. Jesus has to take the hard fall, even as his Christianity is besmirched. Truth, though his heaven falls. Indeed, what has any value where justice is not served?

Hypnosis debunked, decidedly? No.

I recall a renowned Dr. Benjamin Simon had a lot of success treating post traumatic stress disorder, and hypnotic regression was a major tool, by learned report, improving the lives of countless shell-shocked and tormented soldiers so affected. Simon also treated Betty and Barney Hill, pretty much kicking off the credible hypnotic genre. It was the wrenching testimony of Barney Hill, as drawn out by hypnotic regression, that put the abduction enigma on the radar at all, I submit.

You know, it must be true that to be uncertain is to be uncomfortable, but to be certain is to be ridiculous, certainly. In the

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current environment, all we can do is use the tools available as honestly as we can. But I come to bury, not praise. It remains: Abduction research really takes one below the waterline, and it has its own errantly fired and bloody torpedo to blame, at that.

Too, one can hardly blame outfits like *Paratopia* when a fairly assessed ship's guns are turned inward and it fires, furiously, upon itself. One can only respect a cogent report on same. Didn't we all have some records and supplies on that boat?

The treatment of this Emma Woods by Dr. Jacobs, even if ... why, *especially* if she's crazy as an outhouse rat, seems demonstrably unconscionable, wholly unprofessional, and ironically psychopathic. Treat as you would be treated and do no harm, Reader, is switched out for angry antithesis where Emma seems psychologically thrown under a bus for David Jacobs's convenience. Winding up, Emma Woods sure seems lucid to me.

Seeming infidelity needs to be addressed aggressively, even as some concern must be given to throwing out babies with dirty water or some suchlike thing. Sometimes, perhaps, the baby has to go, too. Will that be one of those things remaining to be seen? I hope so.

I'd always liked Dr. Jacobs. From the beginning he rang every good bell for me. He wasn't part of my four-legged ufological quadrature of Friedman, Hastings, Feschino, and Dolan, in no particular order. But, seemingly not filled with himself, he was up there with what I perceived as credible, thoughtful, with-it, and cutting-edge, even apart from the problematic hypnosis thing ... and this is remembering Betty and Barney Hill and the widely quantified successes of Dr. Benjamin Simon mentioned above.

Dr. Jacobs, it would seem, indeed still has much to answer for.

Too, I submit that Mr. Hopkins errs in suggesting that careers, reputations, and an entire ufological genre are imperiled from outside. Ironically, this insulting assault only comes from within. One is hoisted on one's own petard. This is said, forgetting entirely that the fruit of Hopkins's regressions shows a compelling similarity with regard to the reportage of disparate persons all over the globe. How can that be tossed out as irrelevant?

And yet it remains that even the earnest rescue of those contributions is not justified if the result is forgiving guilt and malfeasance in the matter at hand. Not at all. If you steal the horse, you have to hang. It's the law and justified where the horse is required for the victim's survival. Hoisted, as I said.

And like Iraq, where millions of persons are made to sacrifice their faith only on the irrational if public pique of a single disturbed person who shall remain unnamed in the interest of keeping this discussion out of the political pits, it is suggested that Jacobs is too big to fail, as if the dis-accreditation of his brand of abduction research would bring the whole ufological community to a grinding halt. That's overweening at best.

See, the Other—the UFO occupant—if real, is the most important thing in human imagination. UFOs will still fly, eh? And besides, there is much evidence that the Other, exists, extant.

No, I find one's very justified and pointed, if outraged, interest regarding these abduction-community developments in no way mean-spirited, gloating, biased to debunkery, or canted to self-serving hypocrisy. It has all relevance, factuality, and appropriate compassion and concern for a real human being, even apart from the bald appearance of such things.

I have the feeling, too, that the critics would reverse themselves in a second, data to the contrary presenting itself. That's only fair. Well done, Kim, Jeff, and Jeremy.

All this said and speaking for myself, I get the distinct impression from Dr. Jacobs—a seeming portrait of clueless incompetence, professional infidelity, and predatory malice—that the woman Emma Woods had become a liability to him in some kind of pecuniary manner, and he was trying to dump her like yesterday's garbage, all the while eating professional cake and having it too, mind you. On balance, pretty unethical, mechanizing, and mendacious on any level one could care to name.

Also, beneath all consideration and contempt. I understate this even as I aspire to understand why.

Yeah, but maybe *why* also presupposes an arrogance. That it's a given the reader will understand the answer when the answer's greater light only illuminates more suggestions of darkness and darknesses greater still. Gotta grok some *what* before we tear off a chunk of *why*, eh?

It matters not. See, a line is decidedly crossed; a monstrous betrayal seems perpetrated on levels streaming from the ethical through the professional to the culpable, perhaps. If I'd been the one to put my trust in Doctor Jacobs and he betrayed me as it seems he betrayed Woods; in other words, threw me to the wolves of his engineered and self-serving concerns because alien hybrids were sending him threatening instant messages on the internet, well, words fail, and I'd just have to punch him in the mouth. I would have preferred better, regrettably, but I'm now only able to see self-serving cowardice; again, beneath concern, consideration, and contempt.

Where to from here?

It doesn't matter, I suspect, does it? That's in the hands of those beyond my pay grade. We will close with the Other even if the Other turns out to be our unlikely selves and even as the destination is a complete and inexpressible unknown. An unspeakable event.

We're still on the trip: a road-trip with friends and comrades if we wish it so, I submit. We owe each other more compassion and regard than has been displayed. Too, given the paucity of tools that we are allowed, perhaps it's not so much *which* tools are used but *how* they are used, eh? It's a poor workman blaming tools, after all.

I suspect that it's up to the far-from-valueless baby in this case whether the baby has to go out with the bath water or the baby is remanded for more much-needed washing. Indeed, wire brushes may be required before this is over. We've no one to blame but ourselves. **UFO**