

In one of the most documented contactee cases on record, Brian Scott, who had his first UFO encounter in 1959, has continued his harrowing relationship with beings from another world to *this day!*

# ALIEN POSSESSION

## Strange Saga of Brian Scott and the UFO Mind Manipulators

By Peter Guttilla with James Frazier

It was a cool night in October 1959 when the 16-year-old high school student strolled home from a friend's house. The calmness of the night was broken however, when he stepped into his front yard. Shock gripped him as he watched a glowing ball of orange light repeatedly dive-bomb his pet dog. The animal jumped and twisted in a desperate effort to fend off the glowing mass. Suddenly, the football-sized object whirled around and raced toward the boy where it hovered a mere 10 inches from the terrified youth's face. The weird light remained stationary for a few seconds then darted straight up into the sky and disappeared.

While young Brian Scott watched the eerie light fade into the starry sky, he knew that something had been triggered in his mind, a mysterious "something" which would haunt him for more than a decade.

Twelve years later, in 1971, and motivated by a strong yet inexplicable sense of urgency, Scott drove to the Superstition Mountains near Phoenix, Ariz. He parked the car on a solitary stretch of highway—and waited.

After several minutes he felt another compulsion to leave the car and stand outside. As he waited alone in the desert stillness he had vivid recollections of the glowing light that October night in 1959. An endless stream of thoughts filled his mind: thoughts of his childhood, his girlfriend, his parents. Instantly he was pensive, overwhelmed with expectations and electrified by the instantaneous realization that he was soon to embark on a journey from which there would be no turning back—a journey into the unknown.

Suddenly Scott's mental anticipations

were interrupted by hard reality. There, just above the western horizon, an enormous UFO appeared and glided silently toward him. He was overcome by a sudden rush of terror. The fear dissipated quickly, however, replaced by an intense feeling of calmness. There was tranquilizing beauty in the purple light sparkling from beneath the object. In seconds the UFO was directly overhead, and apparently generated what Scott described as a "pulling sensation." The next thing he knew, he was inside the alien craft.

Once aboard the UFO, Scott was astonished to see a friend of his there, Nick Corbin; he had no idea how Corbin got into this predicament. The two men waited in a small, mist-filled room until a nearby door simply "dissolved" and four, seven-foot-tall entities entered. Scott later described them as bulky, with a thick, wrinkled skin covered by patches of fine hair and looking like "a hideous combination of animals." He couldn't remember the faces, referring to them as "indistinct blurs."

Scott and his friend were separated and carried, or floated by the entities to what seemed to be examination rooms. The room into which Scott was taken was large, extremely bright, and though handled gently, he was shoved against a wall where some kind of "force" held him firmly—there were no bindings of any sort but he was unable to move away. Scott experienced fear again for the first time since the incident began. Apparently sensing his apprehension, an entity approached and "mentally" asked why he was afraid. Before Scott could so much as blink an eye, "strong images" of an alien world were pro-

jected into his mind. He saw many more creatures like his captors walking about jagged peaks and mountainous terrain enshrouded in a misty haze. The projected images momentarily eased Scott's fear and he experienced a strange empathy toward his abductors. The mental transference was fleeting and in an instant the entities rejoined him with his friend. The men were summarily dispatched to the ground and left with only a parting memory of the craft and a pungent odor akin to rotten eggs.

However, Brian Scott's ordeal was far from over. His next experience occurred on Mar. 22, 1973, and again in the desert near Phoenix. Much of the previous encounter was repeated but this time he got the impression he was not only being studied *but educated!* In addition he acquired a strange and constant companion—a pale, tenuous humanoid entity who fades in and out of reality and who Scott calls "The Host."

Three times since then—Oct. 25, 1973, Nov. 21, 1975, and Dec. 22, 1975—Scott has been taken aboard a UFO. On one of the three occasions he disappeared for 27 hours! In an interview, Scott's wife (from whom he is now divorced), provided the following testimony:

"It was three a.m., Brian had gone to the bathroom and I went back to sleep. At 3:15, I woke up and called him. I got no answer. Ordinarily I wouldn't be alarmed, but I was upset about the glowing, orange balls of light we had been seeing in the house. These things upset us all, especially Brian. I got up and crept quietly around the house. I saw the den light on and a map was spread out on the desk. Brian was



nowhere in the house. I looked out the back door . . . it was open, and realizing he couldn't go far in his underwear I figured he was in the garage where he does his drafting. The light in the garage was on. I went to the garage and found it empty; and there was another map spread over the desk. I was terrified. I called the Garden Grove (Calif.) Police Department and told them my husband had disappeared and that his watch, wallet, and clothes were still at home. The following day at seven p.m., I came through the front door and was surprised to find Brian standing there dazed and confused . . . he lost a whole day somehow. He seemed perfectly healthy, no injuries or anything, but from that day on he lapsed into trance states during which he would produce all kinds of complex drawings . . . mostly scientific things I don't understand. As time went on he seemed to

grow more and more intelligent. He wasn't the man I married . . . we couldn't communicate with each other anymore. But he really feared for our safety here at home because of those balls of light and I know this had something to do with his decision . . . but he eventually moved away . . . We are separated now."

**S**hortly after Scott's last UFO encounter he was found to be suffering from Bell's Palsy, a condition he attributes to exposure to extreme cold. The Scotts' two-year-old daughter, Vicki, became the unwitting participant in her father's dilemma when the tot was mysteriously "transported" one night to the backyard where she was found unconscious. A glowing oval-shaped ball of orange light was hovering near the child, and in a rage Scott struck at it

with a broom. He was instantly slammed to the ground by a flash of light that burned his right forearm. Vicki was taken to the hospital and treated for acute dehydration.

During Scott's 27-hour disappearance, the Garden Grove Police—when told of the UFO connection—telephoned Dr. J. Allen Hynek's Center for UFO Studies in Evanston, Ill. Since then Scott's plight has been investigated by UFO researchers, ESP researchers, psychics, psychiatrists, ministers, exorcists, newspaper reporters, and just about anybody bent on exploring, exploiting, or exposing the facts behind a singular if not unique situation. The mild-mannered draftsman has been poked, probed, analyzed, hypnotized, and prayed over, and throughout it all several basic facts have been revealed: 1) Brian Scott sincerely believes that he underwent a





conditioning process by extraterrestrials, a process that began with his first encounter in 1959, and intensified by numerous "abductions" spanning a period of 16 years; 2) There is no convincing evidence of hoax, conscious deception, or misrepresentation. Scott has been examined by medical doctors, including psychiatrists, and given a clean bill of health; and, 3) unlike the "conventional contact experience," which usually involves only one face-to-face encounter with intervening ufonauts, Scott has had several meetings and expects another in the near future. The ETs show no signs of relenting their influence over, and almost daily interruption of the subject's life.

**N**ow, Brian Scott has joined the growing list of Americans who claim recurrent contact with space intelligences. But unlike the average contactee, Scott doesn't unleash volumes of tiresome platitudes, nor does he entertain messianic delusions of self-importance. Instead the "intelligences" plague him with reams of mathematical data, star maps, and complicated designs for futuristic machines. A charlatan? A con man? The evidence indicates otherwise. Said one MD: "What Brian's got going for him in this case is ignorance. I know he hasn't got the imagination or the knowledge to invent this kind of

August 23, 1976. 2:10, 3.2 a.m.-ae, of The Host. Open run 1. From the sky now comes a ball of fire for all mankind to see. Of these 1000 particles I am. Look to the west. Latitude 38, 01' n. Longitude 119, 50' west. A sign is given.

Twenty hours later, August 23rd, an enormous meteor flashed across the Western skies. And though hardly noticed by "all mankind" it sprayed fragments from Canada to Mexico, the largest of which struck Earth at the precise coordinates given by *The Host*. However, "proof" of Scott's persistent UFO experiences didn't begin with aerial fireworks. Hypnotic sessions arranged by Dr. Alvin Lawson of California State University, Long Beach, acting on behalf of the Mutual UFO Network, revealed a sensational and unusually detailed account of two UFO encounters. During those sessions, the strange glowing balls of light appeared numerous times and were witnessed by various people. An almost imperceptible sound generated by the light phenomenon was recorded on tape and sensed by electromagnetic devices placed in the Scott home by Navy physicist, Neil M. Davis (who was acting on his own initiative and not by request of the Department of the Navy).

**F**or the sake of continuity let us begin

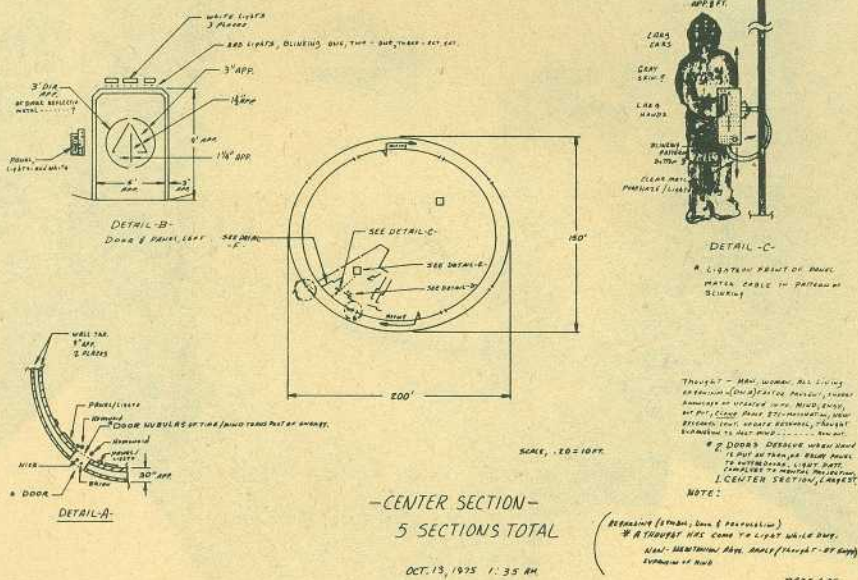
an emotional shambles of an otherwise ordinary household. Though Ms. Savage's report is lengthy, it conveys a vital candor and could not be abridged without losing its narrative impact. This is her report:

On my arrival at Brian and Sue Scott's house, I didn't sense any real trouble other than a feeling of extreme tension between them. It wasn't until 4:30 p.m., that I was told about the lights, noises, and mysterious writings. While Brian told his story to me, I could feel how up-tight he was and I knew it was no joke, even though I found his story hard to believe. When he tried to describe what the lights looked like, I walked away and wouldn't listen because if I had the chance to see the light, or better, the fireball, I didn't want to be influenced by another person's description.

At 5:05 p.m., Sue's mother, Mrs. A. Precht, arrived at the house and she, Sue, and I sat at the kitchen table, talking. The Scotts' dog was running around the house trying to get attention while the three children were in the living room watching television. Brian was in and out of the kitchen trying to get some things done so he could go to the store before dinner.

**T**he topic of conversation at the kitchen table was UFO's and what had

**One of a series of uncanny technical drawings made by Scott, who claims he telepathically received messages from the alien beings who have repeatedly abducted him.**



information." If Brian Scott is not a fake, a victim of too much *Star Trek*, or inhabited by demons—as one well-known UFO authority seriously suggested—then what is he, or more importantly, what's next?

On Aug. 22, 1976, Scott's mysterious Host made the following announcement:

with the ubiquitous balls of light. Everything was going smoothly for the Scott family until the fall of 1975 when, in the dark of night, St. Elmo's Fire struck again for the first time since 1959.

Lou Savage, 30-year-old biology student from El Paso, Tex., and long-time friend of the Scotts, kept a running diary of the weird will-o'-the-wisps that made

happened to Brian. Mrs. Precht left at exactly 5:22 p.m., and Sue and I continued talking. At about 5:25 p.m., Brian started out the back door and the dog went out after him, but immediately backed in through the door—tail first—and fell against the wall, shaking, stiff-legged, ears pulled straight back, and would not respond when I tried to talk to him. A second or two later, Brian came back in the door and was as white as a sheet, shaking and breathing very rapidly. He told us "it" was back and he wasn't going through the door. Sue got up and ran into their bedroom with me at her heels and Brian behind me. When we got to the window (which faced the back yard), I could see an orange-red light in the tree. I suddenly became frightened and started shaking. I grabbed Brian's arm and pushed him in front of me because I said I wanted a closer look, and asked him to come with me.

We went out the back door and stood on the edge of the driveway. I told Brian I wanted to get nearer to the light, but



along the information in a letter dated January 29th: "McCarthy told me that he found the 18-inch thick ice melting—and it continued to melt while he watched. . . . He looked down into the hole and saw a 12-inch square black object—which was also seen by two other family members (William's wife, Dorothy, and son Thomas)."

Curiosity overcoming his better judgement, McCarthy decided to try and retrieve the object. "He went to the barn for a hoe, rake, and a long stick." Using the stick as a probe, McCarthy found "that the object had apparently settled into the mud at the bottom of the

not a hoax. There was some phenomenon."

Deputy CD director Wesley Williams, who took the first Civil Defense readings, related: "I had three different instruments (Geiger counters) with three different readings. One was zero, one was low, and one was about three roentgens per hour." Williams added that the readings were obtained *several yards* from a marker indicating the original three foot hole, since the pond ice was still melting when he arrived. "I went in over my boots when I was 10 feet from the marker," he said.

Later, the Geiger counter that had

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### When the Geiger counter that registered the high radiation reading from the pond was claimed to be faulty by officials, it was checked by a Civil Defense laboratory and found to be in perfect condition.

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pond, for he found a three foot hole the same shape as the object." By that time, Betty related, McCarthy had begun to feel "very uncomfortable" due to the blizzard and extremely cold temperature.

Returning to the house, the Wakefield man notified a friend who in turn contacted the police. Although McCarthy couldn't have known it, his call for assistance was like opening a Pandora's Box.

Two policeman arrived soon thereafter with a Geiger counter and checked the pond for radiation. According to Betty Hill, the lawmen got a reading of about *four roentgens*—high enough to be considered potentially dangerous. (For purposes of comparison, radiation fallout from a distant nuclear test is usually measured in *one-thousandths of a roentgen*.)

Twelve hours after the first readings were taken, Geiger counters showed negative radioactivity in the area of the pond. However, federal officials (Energy Research and Development Administration, Washington, D.C.) speculated that if an object had indeed settled into the bottom of the pond, the assorted ice, water, and mud could have shielded further radiation emissions, making them undetectable to recording instruments.

"They told us there's probably nothing the matter, but not to let the horses drink from the pond," Dorothy McCarthy told reporters.

In quick succession Civil Defense (CD) personnel arrived and took additional readings. According to state Civil Defense director George McAvoy, "It's

shown a high radiation reading was returned to a CD laboratory for suspected equipment failure. But according to George McAvoy, "We put it through the rigors of trying to make it foul up and it didn't." Moreover, no malfunction was apparent in either of the other two counters despite subsequent tests.

In the days following the arrival of the "thing," the Wakefield Pandora's Box opened still further, allowing the demons of bureaucracy to spill out onto the countryside.

On Thursday, January 13th, state officials arrived, examined the pond, and decided there was nothing hidden beneath the ice and mud. Included in this task force were members of the National Guard, representatives of the New Hampshire Disaster Office, assorted health officials, and individuals from the state's Criminal Division. Nevertheless, the site was placed under tighter security and the entire town's population was told not to talk about the thing that wasn't there.

"I really don't know what to do," Dorothy McCarthy told reporters. "I just got a call from (state) Asst. Atty. Gen. Greg Smith telling me to keep quiet."

Meanwhile, the office of New Hampshire Gov. Meldrim Thomson, Jr., was explaining how "the entire report is false . . . (there is) no evidence of any foreign object in the small pond." At about the same time, WBZ-TV in Boston was airing a film clip showing a basketball-sized mass being removed from the pond (later said to have been mud and silt samples from the basin floor).

As if this wasn't enough, Col. Leon Parker of the state adjutant's office, put his foot in his mouth when he con-

tradicted Governor Thompson: "We know some object dropped into the farmer's pond," he stated publicly.

Back in Washington, D.C., a Pentagon spokesman told newsmen he had received information that the New Hampshire National Guard had asked the North American Air Defense Command (ADC) whether any artificial satellites had fallen from orbit in the Wakefield area. According to the spokesman, an ADC computer check had revealed "nothing" of significance.

In Wakefield itself, speculation abounded despite the official "gag order." According to William McCarthy, "Everybody's attitude is that if you're not supposed to talk about it, there must be something to it." The farmer admitted he had been swamped with telephone calls from excited residents: "What color are the spaceships?" one caller reportedly asked. But McCarthy, calm despite the seething unrest around him, said, "That's an exaggeration. There are no little green men and no flashing lights and no thunder."

Elsewhere, things were not so quiet, however.

On January 13th, Canadian television reported that shortly before the Wakefield "thing" smashed down into its icy bed, the Cobourg, Ontario, area was shaken by "something" which didn't register on earthquake detectors.

According to George R. Harrison, of Arnprior, Ontario, Cobourg is only a few miles from Port Hope, Ontario, where nuclear research is conducted. Writes Harrison: "It seems strange that Cobourg should be 'shaken' (just as) Wakefield gets hit with a radioactive object from the sky." Harrison further notes that, "as the crow flies," Wakefield and Cobourg are only about 400 miles apart.

Is it possible that the sudden appearance of the Wakefield "thing" was linked to nuclear experimentation at Port Hope? Possible, but not likely.

A more plausible explanation is that the Ontario shockwave was caused by the rapid passage of something through the Earth's atmosphere just prior to its plunge into McCarthy's pond. However, the fact that the Wakefield object produced *no* seismic disturbance at the point of impact leads to a startling conclusion: the device, object, whatever it was (and keep in mind its reported shape), *hit the pond under controlled flight!*

This, of course, leads to the inevitable question: where did it come from?

Actually, the Wakefield incident is practically a reenactment of an event that occurred in Carbondale, Pa., on

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## POSSESSION

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then that we realized the kids had been alone all the time in the living room. Sue and I went to the kids—I was visibly shaken and sick to my stomach so I sat down on the couch. Sue was upset and shaking and afraid the kids would pick up on our fear, so we moved the portable TV set into the playroom and hoped the kids would stay quiet and occupied until we could collect our nerves.

**B**rian had since left the bedroom and gone into his den. It was 5:47 p.m. when I went back into the bedroom to see if the light had changed—it was gone. Relieved and calm, we all went into the kitchen and sat down. We talked for about 25 minutes. Sue got up to begin dinner and Brian also got up and walked into the hall toward the bedroom. As Brian entered the hall I saw a brilliant flash of white light from the direction of the bedroom. Brian came back into the kitchen and calmly informed us that the ball of light was *in the bedroom*—the flash of light was its exit from the house. At first I thought Brian was joking, so I went into the hall to see if the light in the bedroom could be turned on without making a sound. Both the bedroom light and hall light were much dimmer than the flash I had seen, and there was no way the wall switches could be turned on without making a loud sound.

The flash of light was the last unusual thing to happen until exactly 7:20 p.m. By 7:15 dinner was over and Sue and I sat in the living room while Brian was at

his desk in the den. At 7:20 Brian walked into the bedroom and immediately came rushing out saying "it" was back, but this time *two* balls of light were in the back yard. When I looked out the bedroom window, I saw the same light in the tree, but this time there was one on the ground next to some plants. The size and color of the one on the ground was different. It was about the size of a tennis ball with a very deep red color. There was a definite circular shape to it, but the outline was not as sharp as the one in the tree, nor was the red light very intense. This ball, like the one in the tree, gave off no light to the ground or surroundings. I could not see any shadow anywhere around it.

**T**his time we did not go outside and made no attempt to hide our emotions. I started shaking again and my dinner felt like a knot in my stomach. While I looked at the lights this time the back of my head started hurting, a pounding along the base of my skull. When I saw the first ball of light I had the same pain in the back of my head but shrugged it off as tension, and it subsided quickly. This time the pain lasted for six hours. Sue and I talked about the pain, and I rationalized it as due to nervous upset but I was not able to believe it totally.

At 7:35 p.m., the balls of light were gone. Even after the lights left, I kept going back to the window looking for more of them. At 7:40 I went again to the window and heard a strange sound, a beeping sound (which was later recorded on tape). It was monotone and constant. I turned on the lights in the room and looked everywhere, under the bed, behind the curtains, in the closet, and even felt the bed clothes to see if

there was a simple explanation for the sound. I found nothing, and before I gave up looking the noise stopped. I said nothing to Brian and Sue who were sitting in the living room.

**A**t 10:40 p.m., Brian went into the kitchen to empty the trash. He yelled out and the two of us ran to the kitchen. A ball of light was floating above the laundry basket near the dryer. Almost at that moment the door bell rang. We all bumped into each other trying to get to the door. In the midst of the confusion, the light disappeared and, finally, Sue got to the door, opened it and stood there white as a sheet. Four men introduced themselves as scientists from San Diego who'd come to talk to Brian about the events in the house and yard. I do not remember their names, nor do I know how they came to hear of the things happening to Brian. When Sue let the scientists in they couldn't help but notice her agitated state of mind, she was beginning to show the strain.

Most of the night was spent talking; Sue and I in the living room and Brian with the scientists in the den. At 4:20 a.m., I went to the den and saw Brian sitting at the desk writing. He looked bad. His facial features were taut and his eyes had a fixed stare that concentrated on the wall in front of the desk and not at the piece of paper in front of him. His facial color was a noticeable, dull gray—nothing even resembling normal skin tone—not his usual color as I know it. All the while his eyes were staring at the wall, his left hand continued writing. *And Brian is NOT left-handed, but he was writing, clearly, with his left hand!* I was to his right side,



and Sue were to see Dr. Alvin Lawson at eight p.m. Because of the events of the day before, I wasn't going to stay in the house with the kids myself. At exactly 5:10 Brian called me to the back yard because he heard something. When I got out there I heard a beeping sound, similar to the one I had heard in the bedroom the night before. The sound was in the same area where we had seen the ball of light the previous night. We couldn't see anything so I went back in the house to get a flashlight since it was almost dusk. Even with the flashlight, we couldn't find anything to account for the sound, so we decided to get a broom rake and shake the leaves to see what would happen, if anything. When we went into the garage and walked toward the rake I was overcome by a very uneasy feeling. As I grabbed the rake, I saw my watch and noted the time, exactly 5:20 p.m. At the very instant I grabbed the rake to lift it out of its holder on the garage wall, a noise started from behind me, to my left. I tried to get the rake out but it wouldn't budge. Even though I ran the flashlight up and down the length of the rake twice, and saw that there was no reason for it to be stuck, the harder I pulled on the rake, the louder the noise got. It sounded like a huge motor, and in a matter of a few seconds the sound seemed to engulf the entire garage. My ears felt as though they were going to burst—a very strong pulsation. It was all around me! It was hard to breathe. I tried to let go of the rake, but I couldn't move.

**S**uddenly, it felt like the garage was being lifted over my head, but I wasn't able to see clearly. I kept looking at the rake. It appeared distorted, and at the same time I felt a piercing pain in my

### **In seconds the UFOs were directly over Scott's head. After feeling a pulling sensation the next thing he knew he was inside the alien craft.**

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At 6:20 p.m., Brian called to me from the back yard and said the noise was back. Sue and Mrs. Prechtl were there and unusually quiet. The noise was back, but nowhere near the volume I heard earlier. I was scared, but decided to look once again for the source of the noise. Suddenly, I heard Brian's voice and for some reason I just turned around and walked back into the house. A few minutes after I entered the house an argument broke out between Brian and Sue. I don't know what started it. Mrs. Prechtl left about seven p.m. and the rest of the evening was filled with tension. Brian left for the session with Dr. Lawson, alone.

Shortly after 10 p.m. I fell asleep on the couch. I awoke at one a.m. to find Brian sitting on the couch where Sue had fallen asleep. It wasn't until 1:30 that Brian and I entered the den and found more writing. During the time the scientists were there and the hours that followed we found mysterious writings in the den that told of scientific things none of us understood. But although we didn't understand the writing, one of the most unusual items on the paper was the time. It said 2:30 a.m., and we found the paper at 1:30 a.m. I didn't know what to make of it.

ment used to write with was not touched, and at no time did I see or hear anything in the den.

**I'**m certain of one thing, the writing appeared *without* the aid of a human hand. Also, from about 7:30 p.m. the family pet dog refused to enter the den—this was a solid clue to me because the dog's favorite place to sleep in the evenings is on the couch in the den. At prior times when he came out of the den, he was shaking, tail tucked between his legs, and head hung low. He would not respond to anybody trying to play with him. Although he responded to his name, all he did was lay down limply near the TV and look toward the den door. Later that night he followed me to the den door, but refused to enter and reacted violently when I tried to force him in.

The paper and writings which appeared during my experiment were dated and timed like all the others. But the time on this paper was the early morning hours of November 7th—we first saw the writing at 7:45 p.m., November 6th!

That was the last time I either saw or experienced anything unusual. I left the Scott house on Friday, Nov. 7, 1975. Although there's about 1,200 miles between the Scotts and myself, I feel I am still very much involved with whatever keeps "visiting" Brian and Sue.

Lou Savage returned to El Paso with a bad case of jitters scarcely aware of how true her "feeling" was. A few weeks after her experience in California, the balls of light materialized at her Texas home. The spooky nuisances played hide and seek, zipped from room to room, terrified friends and family, and nearly drove everyone

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crazy. "I feel so alone," she said in a recent telephone call. "At least in California there was company in this madness . . . here I'm all alone. I feel like I've got a knife to my back all the time. . . ."

**W**hile Lou Savage tried to cope with her uninvited visitors, the glowing lights continued to harass Brian Scott. Alerted to the bizarre goings-on, a Hollywood sound studio rigged his home with sensitive recording devices. When the studio's chief technician and his wife sat in the living room discussing the problem with Scott, "a basketball-sized, orange-red, glowing light appeared from nowhere . . . you could hear the frequency build before it became visible . . . then suddenly all hell broke loose." The light shot helter-skelter around the room, smacked knickknacks off mantles and tables, singed wallpaper, and nearly thumped the heads of the startled witnesses. The fitful "thing" vanished as quickly as it arrived. Ball lightning was ruled out, and the high-pitched humming sound it generated was recorded on the sound equipment and is now being examined by experts. In the words of one witness, "That's the closest I've come, and that's the closest I want to get!"

The capricious fireballs came and went unabated for several months. At this writing, the frequency of the "visits" has subsided substantially both for Scott and Ms. Savage—but as Brian said, "It's just a matter of time before they come back. . . ."

In each case of "abduction" Scott remembered virtually nothing of what transpired. His recollection was, at best, vague. On Oct. 8, 1975, he began the first in a series of hypnotic sessions that produced some fascinating results.

**T**he effective use of hypnosis depends largely on the practitioner and the suggestibility of the subject. In both instances Scott was ahead of the game. He was desperate, tired of living in constant turmoil, and he needed help—any kind of help. The man in charge was eminently qualified—and a hard-nosed skeptic to boot! C.W. McCall, M.D., of the Anaheim Memorial Hospital, Anaheim, Calif., quickly revised his prejudices however. After many hours of dragging Scott in and out of deep hypnotic states, the doctor was disposed to admit that something very strange did indeed take place.

The transcripts of the hypnotic sessions are lengthy, involved, and repetitious. Those sessions alone involved Scott's wife, Sue, and his friend Nick Corbin contain remarkable data that far exceeds the limited space of a single article. What follows therefore is a small portion of the first session which

describes Scott's encounter with ufonauts in the Arizona desert in 1971.

*Doctor McCall:* There's an object coming. I want you to describe that object for me. What does it look like, Brian?

*Brian Scott:* Uh . . . disk . . . uh, sort of disk. Strange shape, not round, flat . . . sort of ellipse, pretty good size . . . large. Seems to be large and elliptical-shaped . . . moves slowly. . . .

*Doctor:* I want you to just kind of freeze it right there, now. I want you to stare at that thing and really describe it in complete detail. Now, what color is it?

*Brian:* Doesn't really have a color. Except the bottom . . . has a glow, a purple glow coming out of the bottom . . . it's still moving . . . almost overhead, it's. . . .

*Doctor:* What else, Brian. Don't let it get too close before you finish describing it.

*Brian:* Shape is elliptical . . . with a ring or something around the middle. It reflects the glow. Darker than the sky. Smooth surface no windows, no doors. Closer. . . .

*Doctor:* How big is it?

*Brian:* Can't say for sure . . . just too big . . . it's just a light.

*Doctor:* You can't see anything but the light?

*Brian:* It's . . . very large, just too big. Can't look at anything but light. Sort of chilly . . . it's turning. I'm being held by something. . . .

*Doctor:* I'm sorry I didn't understand that. Say that again for me, Brian.

*Brian:* Shaking, can't let go. Can

**While Brian Scott watched the eerie light fade into the sky, he knew something had been triggered in his mind that would haunt him for more than a decade.**

move, but can't get away . . . up, and up, and up . . . up . . . no more. . . .

*Doctor:* What's happening now?

*Brian:* . . . now, just door open . . . something like fog.

*Doctor:* Clarify that, Brian. You've been lifted off the ground, is that right? You've been levitated off the ground, is that right?

*Brian:* Don't want to, though . . . I just can't get down.

*Doctor:* They lifted you to this light?

*Brian:* Umm . . . no, to a door.



*Doctor:* When this door opened, what did you see?

*Brian:* A room and lights, and a lot of fog everywhere in the room . . . door doesn't open.

*Doctor:* How did you get from the ground to the door?

*Brian:* Something strong, rising up, slowly. Can't get down, can't break loose . . . fighting is ridiculous, it won't move. The door opens, but it doesn't open. . . .

*Doctor:* Are you on a platform there, are you floating?

*Brian:* I think I'm standing . . . standing on something solid. . . in front is a door but it . . . it doesn't open, it just explodes. . . .

*Doctor:* Don't worry too much about that. You're looking in a room and it's full of fog—there are lights.

*Brian:* Something from door, tall . . . oh, scary. Strong, ugly, can't move, taking off my clothes. . . .

*Doctor:* Who's taking off your clothes?

*Brian:* People . . . (they're holding) both arms. Shirt, shoes, pants, underwear. Nick's struggling and being held down . . . being dragged. There seems to be a fog and he's going through the fog but then he . . . he's standing up by the door. . . .

*Doctor:* Nick is standing by the door again, how many people are holding him?

*Brian:* Uh, two . . . but he's not fighting anymore.

*Doctor:* What's happening now?

*Brian:* There's a hallway and more lights. Things standing, more things standing in the doorway, moving us.

*Doctor:* Freeze that picture right there, describe those creatures or things. Pick the one you can see the best.

*Brian:* Tall, much taller than me . . . a foot, maybe a foot and a half. Very ugly skin, wrinkles, arms very large.

*Doctor:* Have you ever seen skin like that on an animal of some kind?

*Brian:* No, maybe crocodile . . . like scales and wrinkles, but it is smooth on the chest. Faces are very strange, large mouth, very ugly. Things seem to come from mouth, fog?

*Doctor:* Does it seem to use the same thing coming from its mouth to fill up the room? The fog in the room.

*Brian:* No, not the same, maybe breathing . . . hot air.

*Doctor:* We call that water vapor, Brian. Do you think it's water vapor coming out of their mouths?

*Brian:* Like blowing on a mirror. . . .

*Doctor:* O.K., back to the figure you can see best, what's it doing now?

*Brian:* Moving in the hall, it's turning. Ears from head to chin. Very large, very ugly, hands are on my shoulder and moving, but it's all wrong. . . .

*Doctor:* Just look at his hands, Brian, and tell me what his hands look like.

*Brian:* Only three fingers . . . fingers short, fat, not very long. Arms very long and shoulder . . . not very pleasant to look at . . . three fingers on each hand. . . .

*Doctor:* Is it like a chicken claw?

*Brian:* No, fat and round and no finger nails. Thumb is fat, shorter. . . .

*Doctor:* What is he covering his skin with, do you think they are naked?

*Brian:* No, something on. Can't distinguish features. Much smoother than arms and face, can't see feet . . . there's fog on the ground, too. It moves like air pushing it. . . .

*Doctor:* Brian, I want you to blow the

*Brian:* I don't know, it's watering all over my stomach . . . something is coming out . . . it's a beam of light. I can see into my chest . . . I think that, no it's too hard to turn my eyes . . . it hurts when I do.

*Doctor:* What did you think? Tell me what you were thinking, Brian?

*Brian:* I think my heart left my body. I don't feel . . . everything is coming and going too fast. Water, heat, like blood, cold, hot, my neck . . . can't speak, can't do anything. Oh, something is pulling my head apart, my mind is moving, my mind is going . . . it stopped. Everything stopped.

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### The bizarre balls of light which plague Scott have been seen many times by numerous people. Electromagnetic devices placed in the Scott home by a Navy physicist have detected the strange phenomena.

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fog away and look at the feet. What do you see down there?

*Brian:* The fog doesn't blow away, it's coming from the ground out of holes . . . the foot isn't clear . . . elephant foot, round, three toes. . . .

*Doctor:* How many people are standing beside you?

*Brian:* Just two . . . sunlight, something. Very bright, white light. And walk . . . through door . . . walking still, no, yes now . . . now we . . . I am walking now. I can feel my feet on the ground, solid . . . Everything seems to be white. Smells different. Breathing seems to be easier but smell like rotten socks . . . something smells. . . .

*Doctor:* What's happening now?

*Brian:* Still walking . . . don't want to be held against the wall. Too strong, uh, couldn't fight. They go behind a box. No, not sure, something with lights flashing. Something holds my eye very hard . . . pupils feel drawn outward. Something is holding the light . . . oh, same as other two but maybe bigger.

*Doctor:* How is he moving . . . what's wrong, Brian?

*Brian:* My knees, feels like blood . . . something warm, like water . . . I don't know, maybe I'm bleeding . . . There! Above my knee I can see something flashing. What is that! Like a cable, only it's clear. . . .

*Doctor:* What's this cable? Where do you see this cable?

*Brian:* Comes from the other two men. From behind . . . I think a box with lights, or a cabinet. My hips are being pulled apart or something . . . Lights flashing again in cable. Green and yellow, green and yellow. Box goes green and yellow, too. I don't like this too much. I would like to get off the wall. I can't even move my finger . . . my stomach is. . . .

*Doctor:* What's happening to your stomach?

*Doctor:* How do you feel now, Brian?

*Brian:* Cold again. Wow! Ugh, ugly smell . . . there's someone coming . . . the smell is stronger . . . he's coming too close. I'm stopped, he's putting his hand on my head . . . he feels ugly. . . .

*Doctor:* Does he feel warm to you? What happening, Brian? What's happening?

*Brian:* He's thinking . . . he's thinking. He's not talking . . . Ahhh, this can't be true. . . .

*Doctor:* What's going on?

*Brian:* He's talking to me . . . but he isn't moving his mouth!

*Doctor:* What's he saying to you?

*Brian:* I do not believe you . . . this is a dream. . . .

*Doctor:* What is he saying to you Brian. Quickly, what is he say to you?

*Brian:* I am of another world, beyond all time . . . through years of light years. . . .

*Doctor:* What's the matter Brian?

*Brian:* I feel good . . . he asked why I was afraid. I think he asked . . . I couldn't answer him, he told me that he understood . . . and I was not to suffer . . . I think that, ah, but it's moving so fast and I don't understand. . . .

*Doctor:* What's moving so fast?

*Brian:* A flash . . . hills, mountains. People, same people, jagged but calm . . . mist. . . .

*Doctor:* Is that man there with you?

*Brian:* I can't see him, I don't see him but I hear him.

*Doctor:* What does he look like. Start at the top and just describe him right down to the tip of his toes.

*Brian:* Big . . . nine feet maybe, eyes pushed in and slitted, not much of a nose . . . ugly, ugly. He breathes heavy. . . .

*Doctor:* What is he saying to you now. Repeat what he's saying to you.

*Brian:* ALL MEN WILL KNOW THE



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TRUTH. None is to fear. The world is not known . . . no farther away than time. I don't know if I understand, everytime I think of something he knows more than I can say faster . . . Life will be lived through all time and knowledge will all be yours. I shall return to all mankind . . . on the 28th of December . . . I think that's Christmas Eve . . . not measured by time of man . . . as light reflects light, time reflects time . . . Kesta Homay. . .

*Doctor:* I didn't understand that Brian . . . what's that?

*Brian:* Cell . . . I don't understand. To take a cell from what? Life always go, never die . . . oh, wait, I . . . cloning . . . hum . . .

*Doctor:* All right . . . what do you see now?

*Brian:* Short legs . . . short. Enormous feet, very big. Ape . . . elephant foot, three toes, flat, twisted. . .

*Doctor:* What's happening now Brian?

*Brian:* 200,000 years of . . . our time . . . to come from his world to ours . . . bring knowledge of life through cell of a human body . . . (he) moves very slowly as cushions of light move . . . shifts weight from one (foot) to the other . . . pulling me away, walking. Down the hallway, curving. I think I'm walking . . . I don't think I'm walking but the wall is moving . . . because I've stopped moving my legs and the wall kept moving . . . there's Nick!

*Doctor:* You see Nick?

*Brian:* He looks different . . . , very weak and, funny gray color. The door again . . . like an insignia . . . it's painted on the door . . . or is that part of the door? Not very neatly, but shape is round with triangle, uh, sort of set in the center and bar in center. Oh, circles not complete. It seems to be a little open at the bottom and like air it just goes everywhere . . . cold, uh, my clothes . . . helping dress. Nick, Nick very weak . . . looks sick. . .

*Doctor:* Who's helping you get dressed?

*Brian:* Uh, two of them with me helping, but no, only my clothes. I dress myself . . . gone so fast. . .

*Doctor:* Where are you now?

*Brian:* Somewhere . . . I see mountains . . . on the ground . . . and Nick. Walk and walk and walk . . . Everything's dark. Over there my flashlight. . .

*Doctor:* Just relax now. Let your mind relax, let your body relax. In a moment I am going to awaken you and I want you to let your mind come back to the present time. In a moment I'm going to awaken you. When I do you'll have a very clear head, you will feel normal in every way. (End of session.)

**T**hroughout five sessions spanning a period of nine hours, Dr. McCall tapped

Scott's memory and dispelled any remaining suspicion of a hoax or hallucination. Scott is a normal, healthy human being free of morbid, "deep seated" personality hang-ups. Said one observer, "It goes without saying that Brian had some sort of real experience, there's no chance of hoax here. . ."

More than 50 hours of talks, trances, buzzes, whirs, hums and "electronic beeps" have been recorded by an endless parade of professional and amateur researchers.

At the present time, Scott's involuntary trances occur with unrelenting vigor. When in a trance his voice slides down the tonal scale from tenor to deep bass, his flesh gets an ashen look, his facial features strain and tighten—he literally transforms into a different person. The Host then proceeds to stimulate volumes of drawings, writings, and deadlines for the completion of various "tests." The balls of light appear at intervals, dart about and vanish. Scott is told there will be future abductions, journeys, and projects of worldwide importance. Many of The Host's dispatches include detailed star maps of "the home solar system," while others convey complicated formulae, and schematics of devices similar to those Scott saw aboard the UFO. Brian Scott is offering a mountain of unique data with the flickering hope that somebody will extract sanity from the unpredictable.

**The creatures told Brian that new life was to be brought to their planet by cloning human cells and "transplanting" them on an alien world.**

ble mess he's been thrust into.

The story of Brian Scott is far from over. Who or what is The Host? What about those puckyish fireballs, or the next "abduction" slated for June 1977. Is Scott's dilemma a macabre joke devised by ghosts and ghouls with a smidgen of hysteria tossed in for good measure? Let's take a look at a few curiosities before we decide:

**A**t the time Scott had his psyche tampered with on the Arizona desert in 1971, two men named Hermon Slater and Ben Ripley were flying a Cessna 150, 3,000 feet between Phoenix and Lake Havasu City, Calif. Ripley, acting as navigator, suddenly loosened his