

The Alien Chronicles

#3: Jacques



I first met Jacques at a Bohm Dialog group in San Rafael, California. The group operates on the principles first laid out by the physicist David Bohm: it's a leaderless, agenda-less dialog, open to what spontaneously arises within the group, and attempts to examine underlying assumptions in discourse while striving to give all voices a place to be heard. Jacques' contributions to the dialog were typically intriguing, usually paradoxical, and often informed by Sufic ideas, with strong intellectual qualities that got you thinking. We became friends and when he got to know me a bit and learned of my interest in UFOs, he decided to bless me with the story of his encounters, one of which was highly unusual and not easily understood. But that's very much in keeping with Jacques' life story, which follows, in most ways, the exception rather than the rule. It's a life marked by many changes, a kind of difficult freedom, and both psychological and spiritual transformations.

Jacques was born on January 16, 1951, in Washington, D.C., the second son of his parents. His older brother is nine years older and he has a younger sister who would be born three years later when his father remarried. Because his birth mother was subject to postpartum depression and his father (an FBI agent) was unavailable for childrearing, he spent the first six months of his life living with his grandparents. This recurred two years after his birth when his mother died from congenital heart disease (exacerbated perhaps by electroshock therapy), and this time he was sent to his grandparent's home in Oregon, only to return to the east coast when he was three. In the interim, Jacques' father had quit the FBI (he didn't like Hoover) and joined the CIA, a decision that would have a marked impact on Jacques and his siblings for years to come. Most notably, at the age of six, his father (now remarried and under the impress of intelligence work) would move the family to and fro across four continents: from Asia, Hong Kong, Thailand, and Cambodia, to Europe (mostly Switzerland, where Jacques spoke only French), and then briefly to England (where he was sent to a school to regain his English) before returning to the Americas.

While growing up, Jacques and his brother were often in boarding schools, while his stepmother's mental health took a toll under the exile and the kind of work his father did. When Jacques moved back from Europe to the United States, the pattern of travel continued. He's lived variously in Washington D.C.; Vermillion, South Dakota, where he had his UFO experiences; in San

Francisco, California; and elsewhere, including some time on a Hopi Reservation. Jacques says, not without some emotional pain, that he and his siblings “were each raised as an only child,” though their lives at the hands of others, at least in Jacques’ case, was not without the loving care of multilingual care persons and the attention of responsible educators.

Jacques travels gave his education an international character. When he returned to the States, he lived through the 60s as part of the counter-culture in San Francisco. Later, in the late 70s, he became a registered nurse (RN) and worked variously in the early 80s at a Washington D.C. hospital, a dialysis center, and as an outpatient nurse doing in-home care. As a psychiatric nurse from ‘85 to ‘95—in San Francisco—he spent ten years administering to hospitalized patients who were gifted but suffering from psychotic episodes, borderline disorders, and other conditions. More recently, he studied the “Theory of Process” for eight years with Arthur Young, the inventor of the Bell Helicopter; trained in NLP communications and also in biofeedback—skills he’s developed over many years; and he’s now assisting in biofeedback training workshops and certification programs. Because of his own personal experiences with extra-ordinary states of mind, as well as his cross-cultural upbringing, Jacques seems to me particularly adept at living life on the margins, at a meta-cultural level, with a radical sense of attitudinal freedom—a kind of modern wise-idiot, with an extradimensional twist. Because he’s been out on a psychological limb himself, he can say, with

black humor, “I have the keys to ‘Success.’ I’m able to get in and get out of locked wards.” Knowing the real strength of vulnerability, he can allow for a kind of transparency of being and say: “I stand naked and feel rich.”



Hole in the Sky

J: My primary UFO experience occurred in 1971, when I was twenty. I was living at the time in a small town in South Dakota called Vermillion, named after the color of the clay in the area. I was with friends that night and we’d done some mescaline, but not enough to get any major hallucinations or anything, but just enough to get a really nice, clean high. And we sat down and spoke about the Circle of Fifths and the law and theory of the five elements in Chinese philosophy, and the Western and Eastern counterpoint for the five elements, and their similarities, and what they represented. And in music, it’s for the laws of harmony and sound, so it’s a physics issue. And we could actually say pretty much the same thing for the five elements in Chinese philosophy. So there’s a correlate between Western and Eastern, but they come from very different perspectives. In or-

der to find it, you'd have to go to music for one and Chinese philosophy for the other. But in fact, the basis for both of them is something in physics. So we sat down and explored that and had a pretty pleasant evening.

M: So it was late before you decided to go on the roof?

J: It was sunrise.

M: So you had been up all night?

J: We'd been up all night. And I think Douglas had done a show that night at the university, on KQSD, 89.9 on the FM dial, or something like that, for a radio show called Hole in the Sky. [Laughter]

M: That's great! Perfect.

J: Oh, I know! It's perfect! And so Douglas got home about 2am in the morning and he had played music. And Roger and I and a couple of other friends had just kind of hung out and talked all night. And sometime around sunrise, I think Douglas said, "Let's go up and watch the sunrise." And I said "Sure! Ok." And Douglas and I climbed up on top of the roof and when we got up on top, we had to walk across several buildings towards the east, toward Main Street. We were on the north side of Main Street. And living above this main store, we had to go over a bar, and then we had to go over a theater. And we were standing on a ledge of a marquee, so we had maybe twenty or thirty inches of space where we could stand on the ledge without endangering ourselves. And so, I'm looking out towards the southeast, and I see these objects out at the horizon, and I look at my friend and I say "Well, are you seeing what I'm seeing?" and he says "Yeah! I'm seeing what you're seeing." And I say, "Well,

you know? I think we better go and call somebody else, to see if they see what we're seeing."

M: Somebody who hadn't been doing mescaline?

J: Well, somebody who was downstairs, and if they came up and saw it, that would help verify it. Two? Questionable. But three, more likely. So we called Roger up. And Roger is this brilliant mathematician-genius-biology-chemistry-Tibetan Buddhism-Greek philosopher, [Laughter] computers programming, kind of a guy. And so, Roger comes up and by the time he comes up there's about five objects on the southeastern horizon and maybe one big one. Now, these are ephemeral energies, scintillating energy fields that are relatively stable across the plane of the horizon.

M: Lenticular? They looked like discs?

J: Yeah. They kind of look like discs. Depending on the angle at which you're looking, they're more like discs, but we don't see the shape from underneath. We're seeing them from the plane of the horizon.

M: Like you're seeing the edge of a lens.

J: Yeah. Right. And so, by that time, there are two Air Force jets that are coming from the southwest, going to the southeast. And Vermillion is located maybe 80 miles north of the SAC, the Strategic Air Command. You see, we're north of Omaha. So we're not too far away from SAC. Realize that South Dakota housed the main missile silos at the time, the Minutemen, and all that kind of stuff. So South Dakota may be back-

wards, but on the other hand, it's one of the most powerful areas in the country.

M: With military intelligence and technology.

J: Right. So, we have one of the airplanes flying south, towards SAC. And the other airplane decides to go and try to pursue the objects. And one of the objects out of the five moves forward out of the group and appears in front of the airplane.

M: Pretty quickly?

J: Relatively fast. But not so fast that you would think anything of it. Until the object disappears upon itself and reappears behind the airplane and the airplane realizes what has happened.

M: Interesting! So the other four are still near the horizon?

J: The other objects are still out near the horizon and the other airplane is still going south and now this second airplane seems to be moving more randomly.

M: The one that had tried to pursue it?

J: Yes. So now it's moving up to possibly see where it went, what happened, you know? And as it was going up, bam! The airplane disappears into thin air!

M: Wow.

J: Gone.

M: You're watching it and it just disappears.

J: Yep. And we're laughing our asses off. And we just kind of go, "Ha ha ha! Look at this! This is—I mean, we couldn't even have planned a better sunrise if we tried!" You know? But let me bring another part to this story. One week before, we had another friend John who was living in our apartment,

who went out about 10 or 11 o'clock in the evening with his girlfriend in the country, to go out and neck. To do whatever. Do the natural thing. And while they were actually kissing, or doing something else, my friend John notices this object coming down towards their car. And they got really scared and they drove away really fast and came back to the house and told us about it. And we just kind of laughed. "Ha ha ha! Look at that guy! He's seeing objects!" And one week later, here we are, not only seeing them, but seeing airplanes disappear into thin air.



A Heart of Space

J: So now the object moves to the northeast, but not too far northeast, and just stops. And the other ones are still where they were. But this one just moves up a ways and stations itself slightly northeast. And then suddenly, it comes down upon us.

M: It shoots towards you?

J: It projects itself ahead of itself, in front of us, until it's there.

M: You're saying it jumps from one space to the next?

J: Well, you know? I don't know how you would translate that, transduce that,

into your language. I would say that it had the ability—that if it wanted to appear some place, that it could focus on that space and then appear in that space. So however we perceive that—and our senses are going to be fairly distorted about how that happens—it seemed to us that it manifested in front of us *before it got there*. And then as it was getting there, *it was more there*.

M: So, *there* is what? Hovering over the street in front of you?

J: Well, understand that the marquee on the east side of the theater—which we’re standing on—is right in front of a small alleyway. So there was an alley in front of us. And we’re maybe thirty or forty feet above ground. So we’re pretty high up. And as the energy field becomes more solidified, more tangible, it was maybe twenty feet in diameter.

M: So it’s hovering in front of you? And it’s still kind of lenticular?

J: Yeah.

M: And how far away from you is it?

J: Well, it’s right in front of us. The core or center of it was maybe fifteen feet away at best. So it’s right there.

M: So the edge of it is maybe five feet away.

J: Right. And now a couple of things happened. One is that my heart started to synchronize with the pulsing, the oscillations, of the energy field. So, as it’s pulsing, I’m pulsing. My heartbeat is pulsing with its heartbeat. So, here we are where we’re somehow entrained. And as the entrainment is occurring, it’s gently, but forcefully, pushing us against the wall. And as the energy field becomes more intense and pushing us against the wall—literally, our faces would start to contort, from the mas-

siveness and intensity of the energy field. And I was having static electricity within my eyes, ears, and skin. I was really buzzing. I was frying, right there.

M: Static electricity.

J: Static.

M: Like an electromagnetic field.

J: Like you would describe thunderbolts and such out there, though I was seeing it within my ears and my eyes.

M: Was there a sense that the solidity of the world was breaking apart from the inside?

J: I don’t know about the solidity of the world. All I know is that at some moment the intensity of the experience became so much that, you know, I lost it. I lost time. I lost consciousness. I lost everything. And actually, to tell you the truth, I probably went into a fetal, possum response.

M: A possum response?

J: A possum response. [Laughter]

M: Did you fall down?

J: No.

M: So you blanked out standing up?

J: Yeah.

M: All three of you.

J: Oh yeah. That’s why it’s more suggestive of catatonia or catalepsy rather than just falling down and not being able to stay up. So, I think it was more catalepsy than fainting.

M: So your body was paralyzed by the intensity of the force?

J: Yep. Of the experience. And then, the only way we could tell how long we’d kind of been “in” there is where the sun was in relationship to when we were going inside of the field and when I kind of woke up, as I brought myself back into awareness. And when I got back into awareness, the sun had

moved, and it looked like it had shifted a good ten to twenty degrees. So we figured we lost anywhere from twenty to thirty minutes. And I was the first one to come out of trance, and when I came out of trance, I could see my own energy field, I could see my own aura. I could see *through* my own aura. And I don't know if you've ever seen that cover album of Pink Floyd's called *Relics*. It has four sets of eyes. It was the same here. However, I knew which ones were mine and I knew which ones were the "other" kinds of eyes. And so we looked through that.

M: What other kinds of eyes? You're saying that you saw your own eyes?

J: Yeah. It's like seeing through your own aura.

M: So there's like a duplication effect? Like you're seeing a phantom of yourself?

J: I don't know about a duplicate effect as much as we were energized enough to see that in fact we did have auric fields, we could see the colors, we could see the translucence of it all. And my first words were "We have nothing to worry, we have nothing to fear. We'll see it many more times." Except at the time I had an inkling, which I didn't express, that I knew Douglas was going to die. But I couldn't say anything about that.

M: You knew he was going to die as a result of the experience?

J: I don't know. All I knew was that he was going to die.

M: And did he?

J: And actually, in fact, he did, but he died many years later. He died of AIDS, whereas both Roger and I are still alive. And Douglas never did come out of

trance on top of the roof. He came out of trance a couple of hours later.

M: Did you have to carry him downstairs?

J: No. He was functioning, but in a full somnambulist trance.

M: So he was walking around in a trance, like he was a sleepwalker.

J: Yeah. But totally conscious.

M: If he was in trance, was he aware?

J: That he was in trance? No.

M: But then how could you tell he was in trance?

J: Because he was never really quite awake. He was never quite there.

M: So there was this sense of him being in like this altered state for two hours and you could see all the visual and physical cues for trance.

J: Yeah. I mean, he went to buy cigarettes, played music, and then suddenly, the space around him, or the space that he was in, collapsed.

M: So you came out of the trance after twenty minutes or so?

J: Twenty or thirty minutes. And I was the first one out.

M: And as you emerged back out of this state of trance, did you perceive that crackling energy again, or had it departed?

J: No, but it was still hovering above Main Street.

M: It had moved a little further away from you guys?

J: Yeah. But we were still laughing historically. Historically and hysterically. [Laughter]

M: Was it a sense of delight?

J: Well, for me it was. At that moment, I was prepared to die. This was going to be it.

M: This was the ultimate.

J: This was the end. I didn't have any reason to believe that I was going to make it through, one way or the other. But I'd surrendered to it. And I was back.

Now You See It, Now You Don't

M: So it's still hovering over Main Street. Now what happened? You've told me before that a woman drove up.

J: So we go downstairs. And we go to the front window to look at this object that's still hovering above Main Street. And it's a pretty clear day.

M: Is the object actually solid enough to block out something that would be behind it?

J: Let's say that it's translucent. To give you an idea that there's something there—and not—if you looked at it, you would know something is there. You know that movie *Predator*? In the movie, the person becomes invisible and you see a translucent outline. It was exactly like that.

M: Do you think that that was because it was an energy field or a cloaking effect over an object?

J: Well, that's a whole other question I don't know how to answer.

M: It would be speculation.

J: It would be all speculation. I know that the experience happened, and I do know it within the confines of what I perceived, but I don't really— anymore now than then—know what the truth of the matter is, except that—*shit happens*. [Laughter]

M: So, all three of you are downstairs, you're looking out and you see it

floating above the street, and that's when this woman arrives?

J: Yeah. She's driving down the street. She works at the bakery.

M: So it was roughly 6:30, 7 o'clock in the morning?

J: Around 6. So she gets out of the car, looks at the object, and we're laughing across the street, we're just really laughing—I mean, you know, there's not a soul out in the street.

M: You were out on the front step?

J: No no, we're inside, but at our front window, on top of the store that's downstairs.

M: And she's going to go into that store?

J: She's going to go into the store across the street, which is the bakery. And then she looks up at the object, and for some reason or another, her head went straight down to the ground. For whatever reason, she decided not to see it, or at least to not "perceive" it on a conscious level. Not to deal with it. I mean, we're still laughing at this whole thing. And I will say one thing about drugs on one level. For us, I think that drugs had an ability to open us up to an alternate reality that was just as freaky as the field itself. And because of that, we had skills to handle this alternate reality without really totally losing ourselves. Well, we did lose ourselves, but at another level we allowed it to happen and it wasn't so freaky. I mean, we were already experiencing distortions in time and space, so this was just another distortion in time and space. And so, I think we were open and ready to see that, and to experience that. Whether we were really ready to impeccably absorb it, that's another matter.

M: So after she went into the store and she refused to see it, what happened next?

J: Well, she just came out with her loaves of bread and drove off. And this thing was still hovering above Main Street.

M: How long did it hover there?

J: I didn't put a timeframe on it, but I think it was out there for another half hour.

M: Did you watch it go away?

J: You know, I'm not too sure. And I'm not too sure as to what we did at that point. But after awhile we just said, "Ok, let it go."

M: Did you see it again after that?

J: Well, Roger and I one week later went onto the rooftop. Same time. Same place. And this time we saw another object out at the horizon, but this time it didn't scintillate like a light shadow, a silver light, like the first ones. This one was more grayish dark. But it was moving out there at the horizon, from the northeast going south and then it stopped. And then it expanded itself so that it played with one half of the sky.

M: What, bouncing back and forth?

J: No. It's like it opened its aperture and played with the sky. And at that time we said, "Well, let's not interfere with it. Let's just be present with it."

M: Were you guys straight at that time or taking mescaline?

J: We were straight.

M: On that second occasion it didn't approach you?

J: Well, I don't know what you consider "not approaching."

M: So there was a subliminal level at which it was communicating with you?

J: Well, this is the point. It was in one whole half of the sky. I'm not beyond that it didn't communicate with us. It probably did in a big way. But what that means, I have no idea.

M: Were there aftereffects in terms of your psychological and biological system?

J: The high that we got from the energy field lasted us about six months.

M: You were in a state of euphoria for six months?

J: Almost. Until it just wore off.

M: Were there any other effects?

J: We didn't have any radiation burns. I mean, we looked at all of that, but there wasn't any burns. And we also decided we weren't going to tell the FBI. We avoided all of that. We just told some of our friends. Coincidentally, the book that I was reading at the time was *The Morning of the Magicians* by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier. I'd just finished it. It said, "Read this book if you dare, but your life will never be the same." And there you are.

M: Did you explain to me at one point—maybe I'm mixing it up with something else—that there were real issues of certain kind of psychic phenomena that's started to occur? That you had a process of integration that you went through?

J: Actually, Roger had automatic writing, where he would write poetry and stuff.

M: Philosophical, cosmic stuff?

J: No, more like poetry. But poetry that put the pieces together. I don't know if he kept that poetry or did anything else with it. I do know that he spent some time with Chogyam Trungpa, and went out to the Naropa

Institute after awhile. Right now he's been working with supercomputers for quite some time.

M: But how about your own effects?

J: Well, you know. There were a lot of psychic events. I remember going to a sweat lodge and the medicine man said "Well, yeah, we saw you in a vision on top of the roof."

M: Really? As you walked into the camp?

J: No, it was during the sweat. And there were many other confirmations of psychic stuff in a lot of different places for me, but they're for me. I did spend some time with an intuitive who was very oriented towards Meher Baba. And she said, "You know, in terms of the paranormal and psychic stuff, just kind of drop that." And I understand the reason for it. Because there's no point in having to protect your vulnerability. And maybe the vulnerability is the core state, and maybe paradoxically, when you're at your weakest, you're at your strongest.

M: What are you saying? That the paranormal, psychic effects were a way of distracting you from your vulnerability?

J: Yes.

M: Well, the reason why I'm asking is not so much about psychic phenomena in themselves, as that these secondary effects are clues, I think, to the nature of the experience, because of what they do to your whole body-mind-psyche-spirit or auric system.

J: Well, I'll say this. I definitely know that I experienced phenomena that transcend space and time.

M: Did it seem intelligent to you?

J: Oh, it was definitely intelligent. I mean, why bother to make an airplane disappear? Why bother to stop in front of us?

M: So, aside from seeing it a week later, you haven't actually seen it again or anything like it again?

J: Oh yeah. We did.

M: You have! When did you see it again?

J: At least one year later, with a friend, driving out in the countryside.

M: Still in South Dakota.

J: It was still at sunrise. It was just hanging out there.

A Living Power

J: The last time I saw it, we were coming back from Mt. Rushmore and when we got close to home we decided to have a party. And there must have been ten or fifteen people who were there at the time. And suddenly, the lights go out. And we're looking out the window, and to the southwest of us—we live on top of a block, and during the summer when the tornadoes come back, they jump over the town because of how the air flows. So the power plant—I should say, the transmission plant—is just below the hill.

M: A substation.

J: A substation. And it had a brand new transformer. And so we see this object up in the sky and we're seeing electricity go from the ground to this object and this object is turning blue.

M: It's taking energy from the substation.

J: From the substation. And my friend Roger went down to the place the next day and asked them about it. And they said, "You know, we don't under-

stand. We just put in two brand new transformers.”

M: Were they blown?

J: Oh yeah, they were blown.

M: So the power went out in the whole neighborhood?

J: The power went out in the whole town. Then the downtown power came back on because they have emergency generators, because of the banks, the police, etc.

M: And was that the last time you saw it?

J: Yes. That was the last major time.



Commentary

Jacques and I have explored these extraordinary events several times together, with particular emphasis on the after-effects in his life. The primary event—when the UFO merged with Jacques and his friends—took quite awhile for Jacques to integrate, if it can be said that such an experience can ever be truly integrated. On the heels of the experience, Jacques suffered post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), which wove itself through several years of psychic upheaval and self-reconstruction, as if his very synapses needed to be rewired after having been

plugged into the electrical “hole the sky.” In the immediate aftermath, he and his friends sought psychological help, but gave up after a South Dakota University psychologist and his TAs could offer nothing but psychoanalysis.

Much later, however, during a fourteen-day workshop on hypnosis and Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) with maverick researcher Richard Bandler, Jacques was able to access the primary experience in an altered state, as if the intervening time and space between “then” and “now” had dissolved. The result was extraordinary. People in the room saw his face distort, with “rainbow” auric effects, as if he was back in the original energy field and experiencing it all over again. Reliving the experience retraumatized Jacques and it took him some months to reintegrate his psyche. Years later, he was able to study with Peter Levine, Ph.D., author of *Waking the Tiger*, which helped resolve the PTSD material. But how such a collapse of spacetime is possible is one of the mysteries of this type of UFO, which seems more plasma than physical, a living intelligent energy system operating on the verge of hyperspace.

One thing seems clear to me, though, is how similar this type of experience is to religious “encounters” of times past. I think of Moses and the burning bush and the angelic encounters of prophets and mystics. Only a veritable “eye of God”—a very consistent image in many culture—would be able to “open its aperture and play with the sky.” And only an intelligent being could cross the intervening space in the blink of an eye to target three men on a ledge whose psyches had already been opened or at-

tuned to subtle energies and perception by mescaline. How far we are here from metallic extraterrestrial craft piloted by little gray men. And *how peculiar* that such a “ship” would feed off a power substation—though it’s not the first time that the siphoning of a power station by a UFO has been reported in the annals of UFO history. I also think of other high-strangeness cases, such as Carlos Diaz’s encounters with orangish (not silver) plasma ships, in the Ajusco National Park in Mexico. I’ve speculated before that such plasma ships are the source of the real crop circles—with their blown nodes and molten meteoritic residues, which are often fused to the stalks. But we’re operating here at the extreme borders of what we can understand, like plants trying to comprehend sunlight. And yet, we know it’s how the plants grow.

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