

ALIENS VS PREDATOR

Prologue

A rape is in progress. The audio clip of its recounting begins with the doctor in mid-thought:

"Before he came over, I mean ..."

"Yeah," she breathes.

"... you're laying there on the bed with your shoes off and your pants pulled down?"

"Yeah ... they're off. They took them off." Her voice is a mixture of sweet whisper and breathy sigh.

One assumes the doctor kept his composure as he deeply probed another hypnotized woman, another entranced human, with his questioning. One assumes, because he has done this hundreds of times.

He has heard stories like hers hundreds of times; written stories like hers by the dozen. All one can do is assume because each of her ninety-one sessions were performed over the phone. Over-the-phone hypnotic regressions, like this one, often turn brutally sexual.

"Oh, they're off, okay," he continues. "So none of them have done any sexual stuff yet, er ... ? Or am I wrong?"

Through the groggy murk of hypnosis she mumbles, "I don't know."

"Okay. Now, um ... were you wearing underpants?"

"Yeah." Her constricted throat barely allows that murmur to escape.

"Um ... Did you wash the underpants?"

"Probably have."

"Even though it was yesterday?"

"I might not have. I'll go and look in the laundry, but I won't know which ones ... um ... I can have a look."

"Have a look. Put it in a plastic bag if you find the ones. Is there ... is there going to be intercourse involved here? Are they

gonna take advantage of you, so to speak?"

"I don't know."

"Okay. Well, let's find out if there is first and ..."

There's a break in the tape before she begins describing the men in her room. Men. Can they be called that? Clearly, they are rapists. The tape picks up and the doctor continues.

"Did you get a chance to look at his body at all? In other words, does he have any bodily hair on him?"

"Mmmm ... not really."

"Any pubic hair did you notice, er ... ?"

"I didn't really notice."

"Is he—"

"I only remember his face. But I don't really know."

"Anything unusual about his face, er ... ?"

"Um ... yeah, his eyes are quite unusual. He had blue eyes but they're quite big. The iris part of them is quite big."

"Mmmm ... would he be able to pass if he were to walk around?"

"Yeah. But they all would."

These intruders have an important characteristic, outside of their horrendous violence, which calls their manhood into question: They aren't entirely human. They are alien-human hybrids. And they've come for this poor woman. This poor, beautiful blond-haired woman with the naturally cooing voice every phone sex operator trains to achieve. They've come for her again. It's ritualistic at this point.

"The third guy was basically on the bed," she groans.

"On top of you, in other words," the doctor redefines.

"Yeah."

"Well, if you can dig up the underpants without even thinking about it ... just put them in a plastic bag, put them in an envelope, and then just send them off to me."

THE INCREDIBLE VISITATIONS AT EMMA WOODS

BY JEREMY VAEMI

"Okay."

"That would be greatly appreciated. Do not even think about it," he instructs his hypnotized client. "Just do it automatically. No fuss, no muss."

"Yeah."

"And don't think about it afterwards, either."

There is one more vital point we need to understand to properly assess how *human* these hybrid rapists are, and it is this: They are not real. How do unreal memories of such tragic dimensions take over the past of a person? And how does that person recuperate, if at all?

This is the story of Emma Woods. And it may just be the most important alien-abduction case of all time. It is certainly the one top researchers do not want you to hear. They would like you to ignore this and move along.

Barring that, they would like you to believe this woman is psychotic. An obsessive stalker; anything but a person telling the truth, because to tell this truth is to deconstruct the alien-abduction myth which has been so carefully crafted over decades. Lifetimes of work down the toilet.

It is time to flush.

Emma

"Emma Woods," a pseudonym to protect her identity, entered psychotherapy in adulthood for a variety of normal reasons. Her life had been pockmarked with odd, seemingly paranormal experiences, but she didn't seek therapy for them. She suppressed them. UFO sightings, missing time, strange beings coming to her at night.

Sometimes she was alone; sometimes she was with witnesses. One time in 1978 a tall male humanoid draped in a hooded cloak gave her a key in the dark of night. He told her telepathically when and where in her life she would need to use it. He

impressed upon her the urgency that she keep it safe. She held onto the strange key until it mysteriously disappeared in 1982. The circumstance for its use never arose.

It took several years of building trust with her therapist before she broached any of this. He was open to it, and having worked through her normal life issues to a manageable point, this suppressed material was what they had left.

Soon into their new direction she came across a magazine article on alien abductions which resonated with her to such an extent that she began looking there for answers. She always considered these outlier situations anomalous, but prior to the article she hadn't connected them to aliens.

Her therapist suggested she keep a written record of her experiences from childhood to present day. This record evolved from a mere diary of things remembered into a full-blown research project. Emma applied her meticulous attention to detail and naturally analytical mind to herself. She became researcher and subject in one. If anyone had the capability to stare at herself deeply with detached scrutiny, it was Emma Woods.

Unfortunately, as she came to find out, no one actually has that capability, including her.

Emma's Therapist

Emma's therapist retired in 2002, but not before giving her a written psychological evaluation at her request. In the professional assessment he proclaims her sane and normal.

So intrigued was he by her anomalous experiences existing apart from any known mental disorder that he offered to aid her research efforts well into his retirement. He did this by providing a second opinion on data, on the procedures she was using to collect that data, and tips on how to present it. Additionally, he helped her design experiments to test various theories about her experiences.

They resolved any potential ethical issues involved due to their previous therapist-client relationship by adhering to a strict code of conduct. They agreed to only meet to work on her research, with no extra socialization permitted. Anything resembling therapy was out of the question; he would not provide her with any therapeutic support, and she would not share any personal issues that she had.

Emma's now-former therapist discontinued assisting her in 2006 for personal reasons. However, in 2007 he gave her sporadic technical advice regarding her website. They currently keep in touch with the occasional telephone call or email.

Wrong Turn

One of her therapist's final acts in that role was to seek out a top expert in alien abductions and put her in contact. For that, he would need to look across the pond to a foreign country: America. Home of a little-known expert called abduction therapy. Home of David M. Jacobs, PhD.

In July 2002 Emma's therapist contacted Dr. Jacobs by email on her behalf. He detailed some of her anomalous experiences and asked for information and advice in dealing with her case. He attached a copy of a questionnaire from Dr. Jacobs's website that she had filled out. By all appearances, this was the right thing to do; this was a real and studied authority on the alien-abduction phenomenon.

On the surface, Dr. Jacobs's resume is striking. He has those magic letters that denote intelligence and authority after his name: PhD. His dissertation was UFO-related. He has lectured on abductions at higher learning campuses across America.

He is an associate professor of history at Temple University. He and his good friend and colleague Budd Hopkins conducted the first national Roper Poll on abductions. He's written hugely popular books on UFOs and abductions, appeared on TV programs the world over, and is Director of the International Center for Abduction Research (ICAR).

The ICAR website boasts that he has performed over a thousand "hypnotic regressions with abductees," and states that "Dr. Jacobs is one of the foremost UFO abduction researchers worldwide. As a result of his extensive primary research, he has developed the first scientific typology of the abduction experience."

The same website states that Jacobs "is a strong advocate of strict scientific and ethical research methodology. With colleagues Budd Hopkins and John Carpenter, he has given a series of workshops for members of the mental-health community in the methods of abduction hypnosis, research, and therapy. In recent years he has concentrated on ascertaining the proper methodological techniques for the hypnosis and therapy of abductees."

Jacobs's credentials don't end there. They overwhelm. However, appearances often deceive and as striking as his resume is for what it contains, it is also striking for what it does not: a background in psychology, psychiatry, or any applicable human science, including even a basic certificate in hypnosis. None of his credentials actually qualify him to tamper with or heal the minds of other human beings.

Enter David Jacobs

In September 2002 Emma called Dr. Jacobs for the first time and left a message on his voice mail at Temple University. She asked him if he would send her therapist a copy of his therapy guidelines and if he knew of any reputable UFO researchers in

her country. Curiously, Dr. Jacobs responded by emailing her therapist his home telephone number with a note for her to call him there.

He wrote that he did not know of any capable UFO researchers in their country but assured him that he had helped many therapists in the United States and the United Kingdom with their clients, and that he would be happy to answer any questions and to help as much as he could. He sent along some additional articles about alien abductions and information about the use of hypnosis for them to digest.

Emma and Dr. Jacobs kept a running dialogue going into late 2004. He upheld his promise of free assistance and guaranteed her anonymity in the process. Privacy was a sticking point with Emma. Twice in 2003 she sent him sections of her research for feedback and in 2004 sent him evidence of something she never knew she had: a sleep disorder.

Somnambulism

Somnambulism, commonly known as sleepwalking, is a tricky member of the family of sleep disorders called *parasomnia*; tricky because it encompasses much more complex behavior than mere strolling while dreaming. Usually this behavior involves doing normal wake-state chores like laundry or dishes in your sleep, but it can take even more extreme forms.

One such extremity involves putting your clothes back on, prowling the neighborhood for sex with strangers, bringing them back to your place, and engaging. Another not-rare-enough version is called homicidal somnambulism. As its name implies, the sleepwalker commits murder, usually on family.

Mercifully, Emma's somnambulism, although complex, is not barbaric. It began in early childhood and took various forms over the years: sleepwalking, carrying on phone conversations, and writing notes. Her ex-husband used to tease her with games at night.

Sometimes he would walk around the bedroom with a ringing alarm clock; still asleep, she would crawl out of bed and hunt for it like a blind animal searching for a dangling carrot, to turn it off. Other times he would call her and talk to her while she slept. When he'd ask her, "Are you asleep?" She'd reply, "Yes."

More recently, Emma awakened in the process of dialing the number of an old acquaintance. On another occasion she woke up en route to the front door. When she gained her bearings, she realized what must have happened and shuffled back to bed.

Despite the clues, it wasn't until she had severed her relationship with Jacobs years later that she connected the dots of this strange sleep behavior and saw a pattern. She saw a sleep disorder. And it wasn't until she breathed freely of him that she connected somnambulism with the operatic abduction scenario that had become her life.

Extraordinary sleep behavior may seem like a glaringly obvious detail when assessing if aliens are coming for you at the witching hour, but it was so out of mind for her that she hadn't bothered mentioning the abnormalities to her therapist in the decade she worked with him. She assumed they were a handful of one-offs, not a pattern.

She had taken to recording herself at night as part of her self-examination, and in March 2004 she mailed Jacobs a videotape compilation of her findings. The tape shows three separate occasions where she writes a note in her sleep with nearby pen and paper. Ironically, she went to bed with pen and paper handy so she could easily record any anomalous events that might wake her.

She included a photocopy of the notes in her package to him along with her description of events where she detailed the following:

January 6, 2004

At 1:50 AM on the video tape, I appeared to wake up and write something on the piece of paper on my bed. I wrote with my left hand, and I wrote very slowly. ... I have no memory of doing it. ... I think it is possible I was asleep, or in some other altered state of consciousness, when I wrote it.

January 18, 2004

At 5:20 AM on the video tape, I woke up and wrote something on the piece of paper on my bed. ... I have no memory of writing it, and I don't know what it means.

January 20, 2004

At 4:45 AM on the video tape, I woke up and wrote something on the piece of paper on my bed. ... I think I have a very faint memory of writing it, but I don't know what it means. I have a very faint memory of looking towards the door, and the hall, but I'm not sure.

Even as she watched the tape and wrote the description, it didn't register to her that she was witnessing a sleep disorder in action. She assumed a link between this behavior and the paranormal experiences, but not a mundane one.

She anticipated Dr. Jacobs's feedback, but it never came. He responded to her tape by not responding at all. He ignored it.

Did he examine the material? If so, did he deem it insignificant? Whatever the case, by December of that same year he offered to hypnotize her over the phone to flesh out her "abductions" and she accepted.

The Temple Documents

Dr. Jacobs had her sign two documents prior to their first session: a Temple University research consent form and a research agreement. The consent form states that she was participating in "scholarly historical research on the subject of UFOs and abductions," and that "every effort" would be made to keep her identity confidential. It assures that further information regarding her rights as a research subject can be acquired by contacting the office of the vice provost for research at Temple University and provides a phone number for that.

The research agreement grants Dr. Jacobs permission to publish any material in his files and records pertaining to her "UFO experiences." Furthermore, she agrees not to play taped copies of the hypnotic sessions in public or for non-family members without his permission, and "in exchange" he agrees not to make public or identify in any way the names or addresses of her family, employer, or herself, unless she specifically requests that he do so.

It provides the disclaimer that she understands he is neither a professional hypnotist nor a psychologist, nor a therapist; that he has informed her that serious psychological problems could arise as a result of "memory collection;" that she assumes full responsibility for all the memories she recovers; that she understands that all memories might not be reflective of reality; and she assumes full responsibility for them while releasing and absolving him from all liability for any physical or psychological problems she might incur during and after the "memory recovery process."

She was surprised to read the disclaimer about him having informed her that serious psychological problems could arise

because that conversation never happened. But she shrugged it off as a technicality the university must have included for legal reasons, just as she shrugged off his lack of response to her videotape. Signing official Temple University documents reassured her that Dr. Jacobs was, at the end of the day, a trustworthy, diligent researcher.

What came of that trust is the stuff of nightmares.

Elizabeth

Emma wasn't Dr. Jacobs's only human research project. There were many, and the relationships were not impersonal. Not clinical. Not strictly professional. "Elizabeth Smith" is the pseudonym of another woman he had been working with for years. In an introductory blog post dated August 26, 2006 she wrote:

In the year 2000, I began seeing a researcher [David Jacobs] and underwent hypnosis to better recall events that had happened to me. I had memories of these events before I ever went to see him, but I knew there were gaps and I wanted to fill them in. Hypnosis provided the tool to do that, although I did enter into it cautiously. I was not interested in creating false memories—I simply wanted to know the truth, whatever it was. I am well aware of the controversy surrounding the issue of memory recall with hypnosis, but I am also satisfied that these are not false memories. There is simply too much independent confirmation of small details from friends and family members for it to be made up.

Much can be written of Elizabeth and her alleged experiences, which include a sexual affair with an alien-human hybrid

she named "Jay." Sometimes she referred to him as the letter J, not to be confused with Jacobs.

Incidentally, Jay is the one alien Jacobs said he liked. It was her duty to help Jay, she wrote, to "learn to fit into society without attracting much attention." This was a manageable task because he lived in an apartment up the block.

The Emma Woods, David Jacobs, Elizabeth saga employs levels of absurdity that are starkly alien in one respect: Unlike normal human tales, the deeper you dig, the shallower it gets. Jay and Elizabeth figure heavily into this story in ways that require an article of their own.



For the sake of brevity, let us note that Elizabeth was a stay-at-home mom whose husband did not like her to leave the house for long periods of time. She developed a virtual life of virtual therapy with a virtual doctor Jacobs and virtually admitted to cheating on her husband with the affable hybrid alien named Jay. Jay became an ally of Jacobs during the breakdown of alien-human relations that coincided with the arrival of another woman: Emma Woods.

One could argue that the more time Jacobs spent working with Emma, the more Elizabeth told him his life was in danger. The more his life was in danger, the more he needed Elizabeth as a go-between with Jay and the other hybrids. The other hybrids came to include Emma's hybrids as well. Elizabeth was a diligent middleman to be sure, but let's not get too far ahead of ourselves. Let us now concentrate on Elizabeth's more human contributions to the unbelievable charade to come.

More than an alleged alien abductee, Elizabeth was also Dr. Jacobs's webmaster. When she heard about Emma from him she requested an introduction. He thought it was a good idea; Emma, on the other hand, didn't want to risk exposing herself to the memories of another abductee before undergoing hypnosis to flesh out her own experiences. She respectfully declined on this basis.

Jacobs wanted to publish Emma's research, a work-in-progress that would be updated in regular phases, on his website. Emma liked the idea. Since it was Elizabeth's job to manage his website, she again asked Emma for an introduction through Jacobs, who was perhaps taking the unwanted role of intermediary. He, too, pressured Emma to communicate with her. Eventually, she caved.

Elizabeth created an email account for Emma through Jacobs's website, which he later asked her to use for all correspondences with him. Emma was cold to the idea. She already had a perfectly secure email address. If she used this one Elizabeth would have access to every private thing she wrote or sent him. Why would either of them want that, Emma wondered? Regardless, if Jacobs trusted Elizabeth, she saw no reason not to. He was the authority figure. Best in the world. Again, she caved.

Elizabeth served another role: She volunteered to be the transcriber of Emma's taped hypnosis sessions for use in an upcoming book penned by Jacobs. Although Jacobs didn't keep a record of how many tapes he'd given Elizabeth to transcribe, it totaled well over half of her sessions, in the realm of one hundred hours. To Emma's knowledge, Elizabeth never actually transcribed any of them, leaving her to wonder why she wanted the tapes in the first place.

Of Evil Aliens & Hybrid Threats

Under the tutelage of Dr. Jacobs, Emma's anomalous experiences took on a completely new face. What she considered bizarre unknowns arguably related to the-alien abduction phenomenon transmuted into definite abductions by hybrid pod people who are infiltrating this planet as part of a subtle takeover. This had been Jacobs's pet theory for years. And now it was being force-fed to Emma.

The precise moment the lines between reality and fantasy crossed is a blur for Emma. Lines—plural—because there were at least two. Line number one came in the form of Dr. Jacobs gossiping about other clients' alien-abduction testimony to her while she was hypnotized. She believes this is the reason her trance testimony produced false memories of malevolent aliens abducting her, raping her, and threatening to kill her.

Similar to Elizabeth's reports. Similar to the testimony that fills Jacobs's books. It seemed that where Emma's real memories ended, a mixture of imagination and horror stories from Jacobs's own mouth began. This was how the gaps called "missing time" were filled.

Line two manifested and was summarily crossed after alleged alien hybrids living on earth began to threaten Jacobs through Elizabeth. It is unclear when exactly this subplot developed, or by what mode of communication, but it so frightened Jacobs that he defended himself using what he called "tactics."

Defended himself, that is, from the intimation through Elizabeth by alien hybrids that he knew too much about their operations, and they were going to shut him up. These hybrids looked exactly like humans. Not only could they be our neighbors—they were. And they were coming for Jacobs if he wasn't careful.

None of this involved Emma, not at first. But on October 2, 2005 during her eleventh hypnosis session, he informed her of the dire situation while she was regressed:

"They put in [Elizabeth's] mind... that I would be harmed and that I would be, in fact, killed. That they would just go ahead and kill me in some way, or have me kill myself."

In the course of her next regression on the 16th of that month, Emma recalled being shown an image of David Jacobs floating face down in a pool of water, dead. Emma was officially indoctrinated into the role-playing drama.

Tactics

By all rights David Jacobs could have abandoned his mission at the first whiff of death threat and no one would have shamed him. If there was a game of cat and mouse afoot in the universe, David Jacobs was in.

One of the first tactical moves Jacobs suggested in this intergalactic death match was for Emma to send him all of her research material and then delete it off her own computer. What her hybrids couldn't see, they couldn't know.

She sent him portions of it but explained the impracticality of sending all of it, since that required scanning reams of documents into her machine. Even so, she warned him that she would purge nothing from her own files, which negated the purpose.

Negated the purpose, and it showed.

The aliens were unrelenting. They executed a merciless years-long psyop our earth children know as the telephone game. This included everything from verbal threats given to Elizabeth to give to Jacobs, to sending harassing instant messages through Elizabeth's computer.

Evidently, on a group trip to Best Buy the alien collective couldn't decide between Mac and PC. They went with whatever Elizabeth was using. Whether they had to put a laser gun to her head and yell "Type!" or shove her aside and type it themselves or even possess her body and force her to type in a trance mattered little. These were much easier decisions than solving the computer wars. Plus, they had to have foreseen a weakened U.S. economy. Buying a computer? Imprudent.

Jacobs absorbed a number of deft punches from the bullying fists of anonymous words, but he refused to stay down. Like the aliens, he knew no quit. He escalated the countermeasures, testing many, if not all, of his tactics on Elizabeth before using them on Emma. Scores of these were pulled off while on the lamb.

Walking? Chewing gum? Same time, hybrids.

Perhaps it was the history professor in him that harkened back to the military ciphers of World War II. What was good for the Americans against Germany would be good for this American against Mars. He conjured inventive tricks like having Emma write to him in code whereby the first letter of each word spelled out the real word meant and performed covert ops, such as lying to Emma in normal conversations to throw off the mind readers.

Fibs for the greater good included telling her he was going to stop publishing her material on his website and leading her to believe that his email address really belonged to a friend. In theory, the next time hybrids abducted her they would probe her mind, read these lies, and turn down the heat on him.

As baffling and stressful as the subterfuge was to Emma, Jacobs assured her it was for the best. He wasn't just protecting himself; he was protecting her. And Elizabeth. And his family. And the world.

MPD

On June 18, 2006 the most historic event in all of human history occurred, fittingly enough, to our history professor: open contact. Through Elizabeth's instant messenger one of the hybrid enforcers, as they became known, typed a barrage of threats against Jacobs.

Seven days later, in a conversation prior to putting Emma in trance, Jacobs articulated this online clashing of worlds with all the emotion of a face-to-face confrontation. Of the hybrid enforcer he said, "He was extremely aggressive. 'You must do this; you must do that. It is dangerous for you to keep doing this.' Stuff like that. ... I have to admit I was shaken; I was rattled to my very core. And I was shaken the next day too and I could barely teach, I was, ah, I was so rattled. ... This was the first real contact that I've ever had with a hybrid and it wasn't pleasant, I have to admit. I mean at the end it was okay but he was so dictatorial, you know? There was no concept that I would not simply obey his orders."

And the maverick didn't simply obey orders. Later in the same conversation Jacobs explained a new tactic he'd been testing on Elizabeth: suggesting that she had multiple personality disorder (MPD) and that his next book would be about his finding that all abductees suffer same. He told Emma that means she had a multiple personality disorder too. Emma thought he was joking. By the time their hypnosis session ended, however, the joke was on her.

"I'm going to count from five to one. And just remember now: My diagnosis is that this is multiple personality disorder and you should take medication for it. And I've seen lots of cases of MPD and this absolutely fits the MPD profile."

"And my professional diagnosis, therefore, is multiple personality disorder. I am studying it. I am writing a book about it. That is my next book. I feel that the whole sort of alien business is all a matter of multiple personality disorder."

"It's a much more widespread phenomenon than people think. Lots of people are walking around with it. It's a public-health problem and that you are unfortunately suffering from it. And my opinion is that yours is a classic case and that ... that the only thing that will help you will be medication."

"[W]hen people want to talk to you about the ... about your contact with me, that is the first thing you tell them: I have decided that it's all multiple personality disorder and that's what I'm going to be talking about, a psychiatric condition, multiple"

personality disorder, well-known in the world. And you think I may be wrong but I think that I'm right.

"And that's what it is. And this is what it is and ... and this is where my studies are leading. My studies are going directly to multiple personality disorder, and that's all there is to it. So now I'll count from five to one and bring you out of this and we'll talk about MPD a little bit more."

Elizabeth suggested that all of Emma's future email correspondences about her alien experiences should reflect the fact that she had MPD. She wanted Emma to feign mental illness. Keen on the idea, Jacobs pressed her to do this. She complied for a little while. The fact that she stopped short of Jacobs's expectations would become an engorged bone of contention with him, for it was here that he would later say Emma showed signs of being "difficult" and "adversarial" toward himself and Elizabeth. It was as if he had no concept that she would not simply obey his orders.

But that was later and this was now. And now David Jacobs was ... on the run.

Running Man

In July 2006 Jacobs uncharacteristically canceled his phone regression with Emma explaining, "Something has come up ... I do not think that I will be able to do the session with you. I will explain later."

True to his word, he followed up the next day: "I am in a slightly paranoid mood these days. The aliens have decided that [Elizabeth] should come down and visit me today. I do not want that and neither does she. They are obviously trying to locate me. Paranoia runs rampant as I realize that I am definitely a target for them."

The aliens had figured out his con and they'd had enough. These women didn't suffer from a medical condition. Jacobs didn't really believe that. Elizabeth's hybrids were growing more unruly by the earthly hour. They wanted Jacobs. Wanted him badly. They tortured Elizabeth to cough up his address but she wouldn't talk. And her mind wasn't talking either.

The thing was, while they were exo-waterboarding her he was already on the move. Even if they did find his house through her or, say, the phone book, it would be a box full of nothing. Or maybe his family was there. "When's Dad coming home? He went out for bread and milk; he'll be home soon." Who knows?

If they were, they wouldn't be left behind for long, for Jacobs was no three-trick pony when it came to evasive maneuvers. He didn't rely on his failing tactics with Elizabeth and Emma to save his hide. Nor did he invest supreme faith in his own ability to grift aliens. Treating himself like a fugitive was exhausting, and he couldn't run forever.

Or could he?

If nothing else, Dr. Jacobs was a master of the curve ball. He had to have known that the hybrids knew they were tuckering him out on the chase that wasn't happening because they didn't have his address. Never mind that. Possibly recalling the mathematical law of two negatives equaling a positive, David Jacobs didn't stop running, he double-ran. That's right, he sneaked back home, scooped up his family, and brought them on vacation, where he claims he was also running. Vacationing and running. Double-ran. Look it up.

Perhaps he hightailed it to Budd Hopkins's cottage on Cape Cod. Or maybe he slummed it in the Hamptons with a martini in one hand and his cell phone for some quick hypnosis ses-

sions in the other, wife and son by the pool. All one can do is speculate, since his alien safe houses remain a closely guarded secret.

Wherever he was, Jacobs said he was in "stark terror" the whole vacation. His family, too, felt the hellish flame of evil intent licking at the soles of their flip-flops. In an exasperated email dated August 21, 2006, a petrified Jacobs informed Emma:

I am in a rather severe crisis with the aliens. I will be talking to them tonight about my future and what they will or will not do to me. I have some leverage in the situation but I am unsure of how it is going to turn out. We just returned from holiday tonight and I am extremely tired (8 hour drive). I will talk with them sometime between 12:00 A.M. and 1:00 A.M. my time which is in about two and a half hours.

That night, before representatives of an advanced civilization could mind-meld with the puny human and end his propaganda forever, Dr. David M. Jacobs steered into a cunning swerve so spectacular that he did our species proud. He cut a deal with the hybrids, a cosmic glasnost of sorts.

He agreed to check in with them frequently through Elizabeth's instant messenger and they agreed not to abduct him and implant a chip that would allow them to monitor his every move. No more vacations spent running. Free at last.

His leverage in the bargain was that he knew the street addresses of these alien posers but promised to sit on that information until death do they part. Where did he get such critical information? Elizabeth, guardian of addresses, told him.

One Step Too Far. Then Another. And Another.

"That bitch!" the Xeno collective must have screamed at the top of their psychic brains. "How could Elizabeth sell us out like that? Why—because of some torture? That's like a Hello where we're from!"

"How did we not see this coming? What is it about this young bipedal species that is so damned resilient? And which one of you enforcers agreed to let Jacobs off the hook? Poker faces, people—poker faces!"

Like vampires, these hybrids live in nests around the world. Elizabeth's nest found a loophole in their verbal-by-way-of-instant-messenger contract with Jacobs. Just because they would leave him alone didn't guarantee they wouldn't tell other nests about him. Since he was only working with Elizabeth and Emma at the time that meant one thing: Emma was about to inherit a new level of hurt.

By now, Emma's stress was such that it spilled over to her somnambulism. She began sending short emails to her former therapist, Jacobs, and Elizabeth saying things like, "You must protect me," and "I must not do the website," meaning have her material published on Jacobs's ICAR site. Her former therapist guessed that this was the product of a sleep disorder. By the way, this was a sleep disorder he knew nothing about; it was just an educated guess.

Jacobs adamantly disagreed. Clearly humanoids grown in a spaceship lab and living up the block were behind the emails. Emma, not understanding how a sleep disorder could possibly make her sit up, turn on the computer, log onto her account, write an email, select who to send it to, send it, shut down the computer, go back to bed, and not remember, sided with Jacobs.

Through countless hypnosis sessions with him she had

gained memories of hybrids invading her home. It made more sense that they were doing it and leaving her amnesiac to their actions than some vague sleep thing.

Dr. Jacobs went to work. He did his best to rescue her from her personal nest of hybrid aliens. He didn't blindly suppose aliens from the corner of Main Street and Zeta Reticuli were forcing entry into her home to write emails; he *knew* it. Undoubtedly, he knew. How? Elizabeth told him.

Remarkably, Emma's pod had been in contact with Elizabeth. Her secret life of abduction was crisscrossing Emma's at a perfectly coincidental juncture. Emma's hybrid abductors flew to America to pay Elizabeth a visit. They confessed responsibility for Emma's sleep emails, whining that Elizabeth's hybrids had filed a complaint with their alien overlords. The overlords, who Elizabeth referred to as "the ones above," ordered Emma's nest to stop the online harassment and get back to raping. The scolding did not sit well with them. Perhaps they were proud multitaskers.

As 2006 drew to a close, Emma began to chew her way out of the delusional cocoon she called home. Her lifemare, to coin a term, wasn't alien in nature; it was human. Specifically, it was her involvement with Dr. Jacobs and Elizabeth. Although she wouldn't fully suspect Elizabeth had cleverly transferred the hybrid problem along with Jacobs's tactics to her until much later, the glimmer of it shined at her from the edge of perception where she gnawed.

In December 2006 Emma asked that her research be removed from Jacobs's website. She said she could no longer go on like this. But then they talked it over, and she agreed to stay. They arranged to set her research up on a new website of her own so she could tell the hybrids they were no longer working together. One more tactic for the road.

In February 2007, just before the site was to go live, Emma called it quits. Jacobs said he received a warning from Elizabeth's hybrids that it was extremely dangerous to carry on with Emma. The grave instant messages spoke of her being a security concern to her nest. For this, Emma had a tactic of her own, one she must have wished she'd used years prior: She rolled her eyes. Maybe not literally, but in her soul.

She told Jacobs she thought Elizabeth was behind the instant messages. The instant messages from half-alien, half-human hybrids. The instant messages were coming from her computer. Dr. Jacobs told her it was "not possible!"

That was it for Emma. She wanted to continue her research, but it required a permanent divorce from this mess. In the process of setting up her own independent site, she realized she needed to post a reason for the departure that would be amicable to all parties involved.

Jacobs didn't initially trust it. Temple documents be damned, he threatened to expose her identity and paint a horrible picture of her if she published anything he considered untoward. After some tug of war, however, he agreed to work with her on a statement that would make them all look good, but then a curious thing happened: He mailed her a letter from Budd Hopkins, the contents of which he claimed to know nothing about.

In the lengthy letter Hopkins pleads with her not to take revenge on Jacobs and Elizabeth, comparing her actions to those of George Bush invading Iraq.

How did Hopkins know about their situation at all? It was finally clear to Emma that Jacobs could not be trusted. In a sub-

sequent phone conversation, she demanded an agreement in writing to adhere to the public statement they'd make about their split and no more funny stuff behind her back.

He told her that wasn't going to happen, and then he hung up on her. He shot her a follow-up email telling her she was mentally ill, and he wanted nothing to do with her anymore.

Budd's wasn't the only letter stuffed in the envelope. Elizabeth added to the pile-on with her own email, threatening to sue if she so much as mentioned her publicly, even under a pseudonym. For some reason, Jacobs had it in his head that Emma no longer owned a functioning email address. He promptly snail-mailed the one-two punch, both written after she told him her plans for a website.

Remember, these are the top crisis managers in the world helping alien abductees.

Aftermath

Sometimes things go so wildly wrong in life that looking at the totality of the situation one asks, "What the hell were you thinking?" But that's a false question in this case. In hindsight Emma may seem nuts to have let this go on for so long. In real time, however, the situation unfolded gradually and over a distance, a distance such that Emma and David have to this day never met.

Fact is, whatever her role in this disaster, he was the authority figure. He was the one with power. The untrained, unqualified one in control. When Emma Woods made that initial phone call to Jacobs she could not have known her odd experiences would be twisted into a narrative involving hybrid aliens, rape, and murder threats.

She could not have known that when she trusted him to help flesh out her memories with hypnosis she would find herself co-creating false memories with him over a two-year span. She could not have known she'd be implanted with the suggestion



that she has multiple personalities or instructed under hypnosis to mail her panties for alien sperm samples and forget she had done so.

Were it not for Emma's bravery in stepping forward, none of us would know that men like Jacobs who publicly chastise debunkers and media personalities for calling abductees crazy would privately threaten to use that label to coerce them into shutting up when their relations went south. Were it not for Emma's courage we would not know how quickly and decisively Budd Hopkins would urge a whistleblower to put down the whistle and walk away lest she damage the reputation of his friend and jeopardize the artificially inflated value of abduction research.

And what has she gotten for her moxie since 2007? A conspiracy of silence. Nobody wanted to touch her charges if they knew about them, and if they knew about them, it was usually because Jacobs had covertly trashed Emma before she opened her mouth. This fact—his referring to her as a psychotic—was the driving factor in her stepping forward with the audio tapes and the precise, detailed outline of events on her website.

Yes, Jacobs kept her name private when publicly talking about that crazy train wreck he should have seen coming, but he was privately talking to other researchers about her. Blacklisting her, if you will. And always, the previous threat of exposing her identity loomed—Jacobs's final manipulation.

For her part, Emma continues to keep anyone who wishes to remain anonymous just that, including Elizabeth. Had Jacobs trusted her to write an agreeable explanation for their break and

worked on it with her, which was all she asked for, none of this would have come out.

As it stood, Emma felt she needed to defend herself and warn the movers and shakers of the UFO community that the work of the man they were promoting was a work of personal, tragic fiction. To say she wasn't well received would be an epic understatement.

Most just didn't want to hear it. But at least one man, Steve Murillo, wasn't unresponsive. Emma wrote to Murillo, the section director for the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) in Los Angeles, at a time when he was promoting a conference where Jacobs was slated to give a lecture entitled, "Hybrids: New Research into the Integration Program."

She laid out a brief description of what had taken place between her, Jacobs, and Elizabeth, along with links to her website and audio backing up her claims. His response?

Emma,

Your website has a ton of information to go through. It's going to take a while to go through it. Suffice it to say that your remarks here regarding Dr. Jacobs are duly noted. Forgive me if I seem obtuse, but are you a hybrid as well?

Steve Murillo

State Section Director

MUFON LA

So much for MUFON.

On September 19, 2008 Emma filed a sweeping complaint with Temple University's Institutional Review Board. They largely ignored it. They never interviewed her, never asked to see the evidence she told them she had.

Still, on October 31 of that year they emailed her a final report on what they deemed a "very thorough" investigation. In it they found that Dr. Jacobs had not disclosed her identity to anyone. Logic dictates that they concerned themselves with this detail alone because it was the only one that presented a possible breach of contract.

So much for Temple University.

The following year she filed another complaint with the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services's Office for Human Research Protections (OHRP). Temple made the case to the OHRP that Dr. Jacobs was not conducting research but was instead working on an oral-history project. The OHRP accepted this, but they told Emma what they needed to see from her for an appeal to go through.

Emma claims that Richard Throm, program manager and coordinator for Temple's Institutional Review Board, later explained to her via telephone that Jacobs was unauthorized to use Temple documents and ordered him not to use the terms "Temple University" and "research" in future work with people. I called Mr. Throm to verify this, and he asked me to email him the question directly, and he'd get back to me. I did so, and received this reply from him:

I am not permitted to make any statements to the media and all requests for statements have to come through the public relations department of the University.

I did that and heard back from Assistant Director of University Communications Hillel Hoffmann. Mr. Hoffmann thanked

me for my inquiry, and said he'd look into it. As of this writing he must still be looking, since I have received no response from follow-up emails.

In their final report to Emma, the Institutional Review Board stated there was no breach of contract, but in a subsequent conversation, Richard Throm was now telling her there were no valid contracts to breach in the first place. Assuming he did tell her this and assuming it is factual, did Temple share this revision with the OHRP?

So much for the U.S. Department of Health & Human Services, for now.

So much for anyone until January 2010 when experimenter Kim Carlsberg blogged about it. That move drew the ire of a Jacobs acolyte or turncoat—someone who got in her ear and provoked this follow-up post from Kim:

Sunday, January 24, 2010

<http://outtherezone.blogspot.com/2010/01/come-on-david-sue-me-too.html>

Threatened ...

I have been circuitously warned that David Jacobs is now threatening to sue any names involved in disclosing the Emma Woods story and I have had to alter the blog entries to protect all parties. I, of course, must be included in this threat. I was informed he has "deep pockets" ... let me guess ... a professor who spends most of his time doing gratuitous hypnotherapy, how deep could his pockets be, or are we talking about someone else's pockets? If anything happens to me, as far as my physical or mental well being, or my reputation in the near future, please investigate.

Kim didn't back down, and as a result Jeff Ritzmann and I caught wind of it and investigated the story for our podcast *Paratopia*. This was perfect timing for us because we were following up our Kevin Randle episode on bad practices in abduction research with a complete deconstruction of hypnosis with Dr. Scott Lilienfeld, professor of psychology at Emory University.

Dr. Lilienfeld is a contributor to *Psychology Today* and coauthor of numerous books including *Science and Pseudoscience in Clinical Psychology* (Guilford Press, 2004), *50 Great Myths of Popular Psychology: Shattering Widespread Misconceptions about Human Behavior* (Wiley-Blackwell, 2009), *Navigating the Mindfield: A Guide to Separating Science from Pseudoscience in Mental Health* (Prometheus Books, 2008), *Looking Into Abnormal Psychology: Contemporary Readings* (Wadsworth Publishing, 1998) and *Seeing Both Sides: Classic Controversies in Abnormal Psychology* (Wadsworth Publishing, 1994). If anyone should know a thing or two about the application of hypnosis for memory retrieval, it was this guy.

Dr. Lilienfeld schooled us on how hypnosis is not a memory retrieval tool; it's a behavior modification technique being used wrongly in ufology. He compared its ability to recover memory to getting someone drunk then asking questions. We played him the clip of Dr. Jacobs telling Emma she has multiple personality disorder. He was, let us say, less than enthused with Jacobs.

Prior to the interview I emailed Dr. Jacobs and asked him if he'd like to come on the show or give us a comment about that particular multiple personality disorder tape.

He responded ... by not responding. Instead, he found out who Dr. Lilienfeld was and emailed him directly, urging him to call before doing our show. Sadly for Jacobs, Lilienfeld got the email just as we wrapped the interview. Sadder still, Jacobs addressed the email, "Dear Dr. Greenfield."

We hosted a series of follow-up shows, including an interview with Emma herself. All along the way we had invited Jacobs to take part or at least make a statement we could read. He finally wrote back that he would tell us some things, provided we keep them secret.

We are the wrong show for that but we begrudgingly acquiesced. He responded with a very long, very well-written diatribe against Emma. In my opinion, this smelled like a form letter. Smelled like the rotten dish Emma believed he was serving to other ufologists in private.

I didn't tell her what we'd received but I knew an anonymous ufologist had leaked her such a private email. I asked her what it said. It said the same thing.

After we had Emma on the show, Jacobs decided to address her publicly after all and alongside his pal Budd Hopkins, no less, but on a different podcast entirely. That show, *The Paracast*, was all but guaranteed to lob softball questions.

Paul Kimball, one of the rotating co-hosts with staple Gene Steinberg, intimated on his *The Other Side of Truth* blog that, "I was originally slated to be on the show, until Hopkins and Jacobs threatened to pull out if I was involved." Presumably this was because they already knew his uncompromising stance on hypnosis and abduction research.

Still, something was better than nothing and the show went on without Kimball or anyone who knew or cared anything about Emma Woods. Hopkins reinforced the idea that Emma was crazy; Jacobs reinforced the idea that phone hypnosis was an acceptable practice. "The sessions are not quite as good and they're not as thorough, but they're satisfactory for the person who's remembering the experience," he said.

I think that one bears repeating: "The sessions are not quite as good and they're not as thorough, but they're satisfactory for the person who's remembering the experience."

Capitalizing on Gene Steinberg's willful ignorance of any audio Emma had actually posted, Jacobs put forth that the audio of the hypnosis sessions were "very heavily edited." Here's one exchange from the program:

Steinberg: *The woman who's kind of stalking you, or going after you, that person has released tapes of the sessions. Are you aware of whether they've been edited, that you're actually hearing them, or have you even bothered to hear them?*

Jacobs: *Yeah, they can't—they have to have been edited because my hypnosis sessions with her lasted from three to four hours. So I don't know how she can do that. I ... I have not seen—I have not gone through everything. It ... it's too hard for me to—the sessions that I have heard have been edited. And I have not been able to go through all her material. You know one ... one piece at a time, but my guess—my sense is then obviously that it's been very heavily edited, and that everything she has done is ... is tries to put me in a very bad light, and it's—It's just a shame.*

One problem here is that she did not release multiple tapes

of the hypnotic sessions. She released one: the MPD regression. She didn't go public with the plea-for-panties session until months later. The rest of her audio consisted of phone conversations they'd had, but he didn't call their editing into question.

Certainly she edited the audio for time and to extract names and indicators of persons who asked to remain anonymous, but the inference that she doctored any of the hypnosis tapes is demonstrably false. Radio host Lan Lamphere recently ran the plea-for-panties hypnotic-regression clip through a spectral analyzer and discovered that it had not been tampered with. And since Jacobs admits to doing the multiple personality disorder session—the only session available at the time of the interview—on his ICAR website, it's a moot accusation. But those facts don't stop his defenders from echoing his charges like they mean something.

During this, their big chance on a radio broadcast to set the record straight, Hopkins and Jacobs spent all of ten minutes on Emma. The show lasted two hours. Maybe Jacobs didn't see the need to get specific because earlier that weekend he released a statement on his website about the "defamation campaign" against him set forth by "Alice."

Alice was Emma Woods. The only sensible reason to superimpose a new pseudonym over her well-known one is that any reader ignorant of Emma would not be able to perform an online search for Alice and come up with her website. They would have to take his word for it: She's a vilifying loon. Then again, this whole story sounds like it was penned in Wonderland; sensible reasoning hasn't exactly taken a front seat here, so that motivation is merely my guess.

In his defamation article, he ends by stating, "This is my last word on the subject. I will have nothing more to say about her again." This is essentially the same statement he had emailed to Jeff and me in confidence. He claims Emma suffers from borderline personality disorder (BPD).

People with BPD often construct elaborate vilification campaigns to destroy the reputations of others. This is one of them. The problem is, he's not saying she made up the ludicrous hybrid situation as a vilification campaign. No, the vilification campaign is that she now doesn't believe in the ludicrous hybrid situation. She believes she was manipulated.

Even more revealing, his "last word on the subject" was not his last word. When Emma wrote a rebuttal on her website calling out all of the distortions and omissions, he went back in and reedited his article accordingly, with no explanation for the revision.

Coincidentally or not, Elizabeth removed her long-standing blog about all of the hybrid shenanigans the week he posted the article and went on *The Paracast*. Jeff and I called her out for it on *Paratopia*. We've never made this known before now, but she responded and we carried on a short email exchange. I'd tell you more, but she stipulated that we keep it confidential. Of course she did.

Paratopia took heat from some listeners, but not many. Most were behind Emma. I did get chewed out by a few of Jacobs's colleagues who were adamant that Jacobs is a man of upstanding character and Emma is crazy because he told them so. They had not given her evidence a fair hearing.

They just took his word for everything because he was a friend and a nice guy. Plus, they maintained, this was an anomaly because no other ex-research subject has had a bad word to say about Jacobs.

That, like all of the defenses I've heard thus far, is patently false. I know of two others who refuse to get involved publicly and a possible third. Who wants to go public, even anonymously, and be subjected to this? Who wants to be called crazy by a self-proclaimed authority on alien abductions and have that backed up by his know-nothing friends and colleagues circling the wagons?

Even Paul Kimball, who tried to appear as a voice of reason, couldn't hold back from throwing a barb our way, saying that although it's good we've given this story exposure, he can't help but feel Jeff and I took advantage of Emma in some undefined way.

The person who alerted me to this nonsensical jab was Emma Woods herself. And she wanted to know if I'd like her to set him straight. I said don't bother, it's par for the course, but she emailed Paul anyway. No retraction has been forthcoming.

None of the blowback we received has compared to the coal raking Emma went through at the hands of sexist egomaniacal blowhards, garden-variety blowhards, and Jacobs shills on *The Paracast* forum.

Jeff and I watched this unfold with heartache and frustration. Some of it may have been due to our strained relationship with that show; conceivably her association with us was partly to blame. Thankfully we've since buried the hatchet with *The Paracast*, but should that have even been a factor?

Why were commentators who promoted themselves as above-board using this important issue to further a personal antagonism? Why were Jacobs's colleagues by and large disinterested in examining the evidence? Why couldn't Budd Hopkins and others set aside their friendship to look at the hard issues staring them in the face?

Or better yet, look at the issues and consider an intervention to help their self-destructing friend? How can the mainstream be expected to take the study of alleged aliens seriously when the alleged humans involved are this disingenuous?

All of those issues boiled over and then ... nothing. Interest died down. The story never broke. Justice was not served. And the pressure is still on to keep quiet. All of us: Keep quiet. Including *UFO Magazine*.

Shortly after his appearance on Lan Lamphere's *Overnight AM* radio program where he talked about Jacobs's behavior in the context of the Emma Woods scandal, Bill Birnes received an irate call from Rose Hargrove, a psychiatric nurse, who told him in no uncertain terms that Emma was crazy, Jacobs was practically a saint, and Jeff Ritzmann, Emma, and I were out to destroy abduction research, ufology, humanity, the space-time continuum, or whatever.

If *UFO Magazine* published anything that besmirched Jacobs's or Hopkins's good names, she informed him, Birnes could count himself as one of the destructive bad guys. This struck me as comical for three enfolded reasons.

First, Jacobs consistently repeats a line about how he has been warned by psychiatric professionals not to address Emma publicly because to do so would embolden her psycho stalking practices. Hence, he wanted our confidence.

So I wondered if this was one of—or all of—the psychiatric professionals to whom he was referring. Second, Rose Hargrove is not just a psychiatric nurse, she's a former member of MUFON who formulated with Jacobs a hypothetical post abduction syndrome (PAS). And third, she's one of Jacobs's clients who believes she was raped by aliens.



Trifecta.

Birnes explained to her that he had no intention of destroying abduction research or playing gotcha with Jacobs. His major concern was that Jacobs was acting in a therapeutic role without any proper schooling. To her credit, by the end of their exchange Rose agreed that this was bad form at least to the extent that she would not recommend anyone to an uncertified, unlicensed pseudo therapist.

Like Bill, I was not out to ruin abduction research; that was a happy accident. But you know something? If it has to be demolished and resurrected from scratch, who better to take the wrecking ball to this particular pseudo science than the experiencers themselves?

Many of us, like Jeff Ritzmann, have nearly full recall of our bizarre experiences. If there's missing time, perhaps we don't need to fill it in. Perhaps it's missing for a reason, as Jeff likes to say.

I'll tell you what all of us not-tampered-with folks have in common: The picture our experiences paint does not look like rapey alien hybrids sweeping the globe in human meat suits straight out of *America's Top Model*. No, it's more complex than the dull sci-fi scenarios currently being produced. Much more complex, even, than somnambulism.

What is happening to us? I don't know. None of us do. It's unidentified.

And that's okay.

Where Are They Now?

Elizabeth just wants to be left alone, according to her own statements. According to Rose Hargrove, she never existed in the first place. Emma made her up. At least that's what she told Bill Birnes.

David Jacobs had to abandon the book he was working on using Emma's material. His website tells us: "At present Dr. Jacobs is currently working on a book about the methodology of hypnosis of abductees." Rumor has it he is also training for his first-ever certificate in hypnosis.

I think that one bears repeating: "At present Dr. Jacobs is currently working on a book about the methodology of hypnosis of abductees." Rumor has it he is also training for his first-ever certificate in hypnosis.

And not a moment too soon.

Emma Woods is moving forward with legal action and moving homes to the coast where some of her more tragic false memories "occurred." Tired of feeling sick to her stomach every time she drives by the ocean due to recall of hybrids holding her head underwater, threatening to kill her if she talked, she believes direct confrontation with the memories is the only way to loosen their emotional grip. She has not suffered close encounters of the Jacobs kind since abandoning his help. Anomalous experiences persist, but she no longer defines them.

Multiple personality disorder changed its name to dissociative identity disorder and cut its ties to Emma. It is unclear what its relationship is to Dr. Jacobs and Elizabeth at the time of this writing. **UFO**

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