

*****WARNING*****

**Explicit, Contains Material Which
Some Might Find Disturbing**

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18 March 1987

A bunch of indistinct dreams, but then a sequence in which myself and two others (who they were, I don't know) were kidnapped and taken to a room encased in steel which was a kind of clinic/prison in which people were tortured by having syringes plunged into their jugular veins in order to try to force changes in them, as well as other forms of torture. There was one man who did not like me and seared the corneas of my eyes with lasers as punishment and sadism. In the dream, a little hypnopompically, it seemed quite clear I was a prisoner of some kind.....and needed to look into this.

Another indistinct phase, but I became aware of watching all this within the dreams sequences. Then came a sequence in which the psychic work I had started in the past among the affiliates that I have worked had grown enormously and now had a lot of bureaucratic intel types working in it. We were in California, and learned that a group was planning to detonate a nuclear bomb in the vicinity of San Francisco to "punish" the system. We were in offices somewhere in the Napa or Sonoma valley and I had to get busy trying to figure a quick way out of the area. Got stuck in some sand or mud.

Indistinct and a lot of hypnopompic images, since I had basically woken up but had not opened my eyes.

Then I was in New York in the Grand Central area. It was just getting light, and high above me a lot of lights were scintillating in one of the tall skyscrapers.

30 March 1987

This is a rather delayed write-up of the waking dream sequence that was based upon the "kidnapping" dream of 18 March 1987 -- delayed because...well, because all this is rather "psychotic-making," and I guess I'm avoiding it all.

I was expecting some internal imagery a la the other waking dream experiences, but when I returned to the kidnapping dream, things immediately got a little confused and didn't develop at all like in the prior sessions.

Instead I saw myself in my childhood hiking alone on the mountain on the south side of Telluride which I had done many times. Near the top was a place that was called Camel's Garden, because once there had been a hermit by that name that lived up there and only came to town to sell his vegetables in the autumn. One year he failed to show up and everyone supposed he died during the winter. I remember seeing him once or twice, an old man with a long matted beard and very greasy tattered clothes.

At any rate I used to hike up to his place, a sort of bowl near the top of the mountain. A wolf lived there, too, and he and I used to sit a distance apart and watch each other. It was a rather wonderful place, and old man Camel's small log cabin was still there, or at least some of it. The roof had caved in. I had absolutely no fear of hiking alone. By this time I think I was about ten or twelve. At any rate, I took a nap. The next thing I remember was that I woke up terrified and ran as fast as I could straight down the mountain side in the part of the forest that had been cleared for a power line, and which was used in winter as a ski slope. I never went back to Camel's Garden.

This part of the waking dream was clearly a memory and not a dream. I was watching this memory and Gerry was urging me to look around in it for the purposes of the waking dream. So I was trying to figure out why this memory came up as a result of trying to get into the kidnapping dream. And then it started to unfold when Gerry said get into the room in the kidnapping dream and tell me what you see. Well....here goes, right into a(I don't really have any words for it.)

It suddenly became clear that the "room" was in a space ship of some kind, and that by some means I had been rendered unconscious when I was sitting in Camel's Garden -- and taken into that space ship. I was trying to figure out if this was dream imagery developing and Gerry was urging me to continue. In a little while, I sort of had to decide that it wasn't dream imagery, but a real memory....ugh, even at this moment my whole body tenses up.

So I had to tell Gerry that I didn't think I was in a dream-imagining sequence, but recalling a deeply buried memory. And I started getting worried that he wouldn't believe me, and in fact I had to decide whether or not to believe this myself. Well, at any rate, there I was first in the room, then outside the ship, where the universe seemed to look brilliantly yellow, and then back in the room again. What had happened was that I had begun to regain consciousness from whatever method of inducing unconsciousness they had used. I sat up and saw a man in a white smock -- very human, with heavy black hair parted on the side and combed neatly, a squarish face, and perhaps a day's growth of beard.

He seemed quite angry that I had gotten awake, and he rushed over and pushed a hypodermic of some type into the side of my neck, and then pushed me back on whatever I was laying upon. My vision blurred, but I could still hear and feel for a little while. They were talking, but I couldn't understand what they were saying. Just before I went slightly unconscious, I saw there were two other "kidnapees." One was older than me, but still a teen-ager. He was naked. There were some other people in the room too, but they seemed to remain outside the periphery of my vision.

I felt the man take off my clothes and spread my legs apart. He got very busy doing something in my crotch, as if he was licking it everywhere. Something went up my asshole, and I know they took some semen somehow. I started to scream somewhere deep inside me, but then all went into blackness.

The next thing I remember was that I woke up from the "nap." The sun was getting ready to go down and since I recall that I had gotten to Camel's Garden around noon, I guess about five or six hours had elapsed. I ran like hell. I remember I never wanted to go back to Camel's Garden, and don't think I did for a long time.

Now, when this waking dream was over, all I wanted to do was to get out of Gerry's office. It wasn't so much a matter of being upset, but a matter of wanting to get away. As a result, although I thought about all this a good deal, I couldn't bring myself to write it up. Then Gerry sent me a mention from Omni of the new book entitled Communion by Whitley Strieber which mentioned his own kidnapping and "examination." I went right out, bought it and read it all in about two hours.

Finding in this book many reports about others who had experienced the same thing, especially the needle and the sexual examination, I sort of calmed down inside. I guess what bothers me the most is the mixture of intense outrage mixed with a sense of helplessness. I guess I'd like to meet the "support group" mentioned in Strieber's book and maybe even Budd Hopkins. And I

think I'd like to recover more of all this thing, all the exact sequences that took place -- get it all up and out. Ugh, ugh and ugh!

I thought a good deal about stopping this waking dream stuff rather than be plunged into this kind of thing....and I think I would have done so if Gerry had not sent the Omni mention of Strieber's book.

When I try to think of this, a sort of "collision" takes place in my brain, as if these guys had put in some sort of a memory block against ever remembering anything about it.

Enough.

Ingo's Childhood UFO Encounter as Excerpted from his book
Penetration: The Question of Extraterrestrial and Human Telepathy

“Have you ever seen a UFO?” he asked.

“Yes, I think so.”

“Can you describe it?”

“Well, when I was in high school in Tooele, Utah, I used to climb to the top of a large hill called Little Mountain.

“From there you can see across the vast Bonneville Valley and see the Great Salt Lake to the north. It has big islands in it, you know. The view of this vista was just wonderful.

“I used to take naps up there in the late afternoon, but on this particular day I noticed a speck of light really high in the sky over what must have been Salt Lake City.

“It was flying west, and I thought it was an airplane moving really fast.

“But at a certain point in its westward flight it abruptly made a right angle turn downward, not a curved turn down but exactly 90 degrees.

“It plunged straight down and fell into the shadows of the islands or mountains because the sun was lowering in the west and making shadows go to the east.

“I stood up, thinking that the plane had exploded or crashed.

“But as I did the thing rose directly straight up, out of the shadows.

“It rose up to its former elevation, like about 35,000 or 40,000 feet up, and once there disappeared directly into the west in a burst of speed, which was dazzling.

“I didn’t know what to think of this, but years later decided it must have been a UFO after I had learned that some of them make right-angle turns.

“Why it did what it did is beyond me. The whole of this down and up and speeding away took place in less than a minute. All I really saw, though, was a speck of light.”