

What does this Web Site have to do with UFOs, their supposed occupants or so-called “aliens”?

The answer is deceptively simple and it is possibly, probably or apparently “practically everything”.

The unconventional mix of anthropology and history that constitutes the bulk of my work – except for some novels I’ve written for fun and some low-technology projects I’ve done as a respite from the burden of the message that was laid on me – was actually inspired by very odd experiences.

From my reading of books like Bud Hopkins’ *Missing Time*, John Fuller’s *The Interrupted Journey* and Jacques Vallée’s *Passport to Magonia* over the years, I’ve come to realize that my series of “odd experiences” seem to have been somewhat similar to reports of so-called UFO abductions. Sometimes these events are also called Close Encounters of the Third Kind, or CE III events in the now common parlance of ufologists.

For many years, for reasons that should be very obvious, I did not advertise this fact. My anthropology was unconventional enough without adding to it any burden or stigma of supposedly or essentially alien origin. In fact, for many years I stayed away from UFO books, literature and conversations. The subject made me uncomfortable.

More than that, sometimes even thinking about UFOs would induce severe panic attacks. As I became older and developed heart problems, I studiously avoided any cause for panic attacks because they could kill me. And I already had enough stress because of the blacklisting of my work in Canadian and American newspapers since 2000 and the actual prevention of the publication of one of my books in May 2004.

First of all, readers are referred to the article on my site called “Michael Bradley and the Crucible of the Holy Grail” near the end of my Home Page. This incident in the Jackson, Mississippi apple tree (August 1954) was my first conscious CE III experience.

Near dawn a very bright white light awakened me from a painfully fitful sleep wedged in the boughs of the apple tree. The light grew in size to dominate my entire field of vision. It seemed very close, just beyond the foliage of the tree. The luminous figure of a woman seemed to “melt” through the leaves and she “spoke” to me although I do not recall actual words.

All the pain from the bullwhipping ceased instantly. The bloody welts also healed instantly although scars remained visible for several years.

Now, at my age of sixty years old, my second wife (Joelle Lauriol, see Chapter 1 of *Swords at Sunset*) says that only one scar remains visible on my back, a “dimple” where the knot or metal end of the whip sank deeply into the flesh. And, although I’m a normally hairy Caucasian male, Joelle says that no hair at all grows on my back from my waist to my shoulders. At one time when we were first married back in 1999, she said that she could still see a faint tracery of white scar tissue where the first layers of skin had been taken off.

It was that night, and apparently from the bright light (incorporating “within” it, perhaps, the luminous figure of a woman) that I also received the very clear message not to seek revenge, but to understand and communicate to the world the cause of the hatred.

I also somehow clearly “understood” that I could not attempt to make any inordinate amount of money from this task, but that I would live to provide a new answer for the world although I would encounter many difficulties throughout my life. These would involve the sacrifice of some personal goals and desires. Nonetheless, in spite of the difficulties, I would “get by” financially and I would be guided. I vowed to do this.

Although I made this promise when I was ten years old, I did little about it except to learn to read very well. Like many southern white children, especially boys of that era, I suppose that I was very nearly functionally illiterate.

I never, by the way, mentioned this experience to my family. This was partly because I thought that the entire experience might have been a dream and partly because I didn’t want to invite my family’s ridicule. I do know that about a week later, when I received medical care in Chicago, the doctors

were amazed at the nearly complete stage of healing and the complete lack of infection.

I was married to my first wife, Freda Winifred (née Doody) on June 11, 1966. At that time I was an advertising copywriter for one of the minor Toronto advertising agencies, Whitehead, Titherington and Bowyer.

Nonetheless, I was making a fair salary for those days and could afford to race cars (Group 4 Sedans) and had an NSU Sport Prinz. I drank beer and even named my puppy after my favourite Canadian brew of that era, "Toby". They were both roughly the same colour, golden amber. In short, I wasn't very serious about most things, not even about racing, because the NSU Sport Prinz was more of an oddity than competitive.

Less than two weeks after our marriage, on or about June 21, it was one of those stifling hot Toronto nights that used to be more common then than now, for some reason. Back then, we (like most people) had no air conditioning in our flat on Brunswick Street in the student quarter around the University of Toronto called the "Annex". Freda was asleep, all the windows were open, and I was gazing out toward the west over the parking lot that was then under construction.

Another bright flash of white light blossomed in front of me and seemed to fill the entire window. I cannot say how long this lasted but I must have looked at it for two hours or a bit more because it was just before dawn when the "session" ended. I call it a "session" because an insight into the nature of human consciousness was imparted to me in a series of vivid, illustrated "lectures". This also concerned the real biological nature and function of what humanity calls "religion".

It is possible that I was transported out of the open window to "elsewhere". I don't know, do not remember and have never really thought so. I just sat there and absorbed the "lecture".

For those who are interested, the content is explained in my *Esau's Empire, Part II: The Psychobiology of Religion*" article on this Web Site.

In any case, the information seemed so important that I stayed up until almost six o'clock and full light writing notes until my new wife began to stir. I've now lost these notes, otherwise I would be absolutely certain of the

date of this second “bright light” experience. These notes were written up into a pamphlet, “Shelley and Ozymandias: A Biological Enquiry” which, as I wrote and expanded on it, gradually became *The Cronos Complex* published by Nelson, Foster & Scott in 1974.

I no longer have a copy of this summertime 1966 pamphlet but, strangely enough, some dedicated researcher might be able to verify its existence and even possibly obtain a copy. At that time, my sister Patricia was either living with or married to the well-known Canadian folk singer, Murray MacLaughlan. They married at some point, anyway. Murray had some visual artistic talent in addition to musical talent.

This was before Murray became very famous indeed, but he then had few gigs and he and Patti were always short of money. I therefore “commissioned” him to do a cover for “Shelley and Ozymandias: A Biological Enquiry”, more to throw a few dollars toward him and my sister than anything else. Murray and/or Patti may have a copy of this pamphlet or at least remember it.

This incident on or about June 21, 1966 changed my life, literally and radically.

A friend named Jim McDonald happened to live upstairs at the Brunswick Street house and he was taking anthropology at the University of Chicago (or was it Northwestern?). He read the pamphlet, was somewhat impressed with it while suggesting many improvements and technical corrections, and he inspired in me a lifelong fascination with anthropology. I kept Toby the dog, of course, but sold the Sport Prinz and immediately began buying a library of university anthropology texts. I also worked on the pamphlet, expanding it into book length.

But I told no one, not even my new wife, about the 1954 experience in the Jackson, Mississippi apple tree or about the “session” on June 21, 1966. I explained the pamphlet as “my idea”.

I wish to emphasize here that I never regarded these “insights” as Holy Writ imparted by some omniscient intelligence. I considered it my duty to check out whether these “bright-light-imparted” insights made sense within the context of known facts of animal behaviour and known human anthropology. That is why I sold the Prinz and bought dozens of books on

anthropology and field studies of animal territorial and “dominant” behaviour. I quickly realized from my almost obsessive reading that the “bright-light-imparted” knowledge *did* “check out” – but it also led somewhat beyond the “knowledge envelope” of the times. Since such ideas could certainly not have come from my own knowledge and reading, I knew that they must have been entrusted to me from “elsewhere”. I also realized that I was expected to do something with the always interesting, often controversial and sometimes shocking perspectives that were imparted to me.

But I never ceased to check out the information with the available earthly literature. And especially is this true with *The Iceman Inheritance* to which we will come in due course.

So, to prevent any shadow of either purposeful or sincere misunderstanding, I want to make it crystal clear that nothing like “automatic writing” or mechanical “taking of dictation” was ever involved in any of my experiences. Some of the ideas, and by far the most important ones, apparently came to me from “elsewhere”. But the effort and sheer sweat of research and writing were all my own.

There may have been another CE III event between September 1 and 15, 1966. This was when Freda, Toby and I were driving the Transcanada Highway on the long trip between Toronto where we lived and Halifax where we were going to attend Dalhousie University. Because of student finances, we were forced to drive the 1100 miles in one stage but I was younger and, of course, enjoyed driving. We found ourselves in New Brunswick at night and I remember it as “the night Sussex never came”. Sussex, New Brunswick is a well-known small town and truck stop on one of the lonelier stretches of the highway through rugged and rural country.

I found myself on some back roads, dirt roads, with no remembrance of how I had gotten onto them. I knew this route very well, having driven it at least four times per academic year (also to return to Toronto for Christmas) for three years. But I never got to Sussex and I was looking forward to a welcome break at a favourite all-night truck stop.

Instead, I came off a dirt road onto the Transcanada already north and east of Moncton, well past Sussex, and must have seen country I had not travelled before and have not travelled since (although I have since, in daylight,

looked for the dirt road). Once on the Transcanada and realizing where I was, I pulled onto the shoulder near the turnoff to Alma on the Bay of Fundy. I remember just sitting there looking at the sky, feeling good other than being totally exhausted. Toby was whimpering on the floorboards under the front passenger seat and Freda was slumped in the seat asleep but moaning and holding her stomach.

I got her out, walked her around in the cold predawn crystal clear air and encouraged her to vomit. After being sick, she slumped back into the car while I continued to look at the brilliant predawn stars for a while. I felt happy, for some reason. Then I started driving again.

We pulled into Halifax about noon the next day. Freda asked me if I had a dream about “little men”. She had dreamed about them. Toby was in a normal sleep.

But, by my careful estimation since Frederickton, New Brunswick, the trip had taken *at least* three hours longer than I had figured on. And I had no idea about those back roads. But, strangely enough, Freda and I never discussed this incident even though she was fairly ill for a couple of days after we reached Halifax and were staying with friends. This may have been another CE III experience, if Freda’s memory of “little men” meant anything, but nothing pertaining to my later work was imparted to me that that time – insofar as I can recall, anyway.

The next conscious CE III experience took place ten years later, 1976 in Powell River, British Columbia. I went there to work as editor of the *Powell River Progress* newspaper and Freda had a job as a Social Worker for the provincial government. I was also working on a book to follow *The Cronos Complex* that had been published two years earlier in 1974. But, in truth, this book was rather vaguely conceived and, to some degree, I had reverted to the old personality. I enjoyed the newspaper reporting and writing, the local opportunities for fishing and, in fact, sometimes volunteered as a deck hand on the salmon troller *Florence C.* operated by my friend, Tracy Walker.

The intense bright white light again, this time on the coast of the Malaspina Strait where I was researching as newspaper story about a “missing” barge that had lost its tow in the Strait. Now, when I first wrote this and posted it on my website, I stated that it had been a “250-ton barge” because this

tonnage just popped into my head. It may well have been a “250-ton barge”, after all, but now I am not absolutely certain of this detail – not that I suppose it matters much how much tonnage this barge displaced. But I want to keep this as accurate as possible under the circumstances. As of June 17, 2005 I’m no longer certain of the tonnage I wrote and posted earlier.

This was becoming a national story, not just a local one, because it is impossible to “lose” a barge in the Malaspina Strait. You can easily see across the 1-2 mile expanse of water. There’s a resort hotel on the mainland side of the Strait and well-populated Texada Island on the other. The problem was that the barge, carrying hazardous cargo, might have sunk in the Strait and, if so, there could be a potentially serious environmental crisis in the making.

But the captain and crew of the tug had sworn that the barge had not sunk. They would have noticed *that!* On the other hand, there were the usual allegations that the tugboat captain and crew had been drunk at the time.

This was both doubtful and irrelevant. You’d have to be catatonic, and not just drunk, not to notice that a big, towed barge had suddenly sunk. When the towed barge hit the bottom, the tugboat would come to a very sudden stop and might even founder.

Then, the crew, drunk or not, had been following the correct course precisely as verified by at least one and possibly two helicopter flybies. The barge had simply disappeared. One minute it was there, and the next it was not, according to both captain and crew.

I was interviewing about ten witnesses to the sudden disappearance in the rustically posh Malaspina Inn. After a couple of hours, I decided to take a walk along the Strait’s shore to see if, just possibly, the barge had drifted ashore somewhere beneath some rather large trees over-hanging the water and thus casting deep shadows. But it seemed very doubtful to me.

Anyway, it was a beautiful clear and somewhat cool night and the stars and snow-glow from the Vancouver Island mountains were beautiful.

The bright white light filled my vision just as I turned into and “under” the woods so that the lights of the Malaspina Inn were lost to view. The entire theory of *The Iceman Inheritance* was imparted to me in another series of

“lectures” (with moving illustrations of migrating hordes of early humans), just like the June 1966 experience. There was a monologue-type of commentary although I could remember no precise words. I received the gist of the “lesson” quite clearly, however.

When I returned to the Malaspina Inn, the staff said that I had been gone for about two hours. There were only a few patrons left in the place and it was about 11:00 PM. I had left about nine or a little before.

This time I did not write any notes. I drove into Powell River and began work immediately on my typewriter on the kitchen table. In two weeks I completed a first draft of a 90,000-word book.

As soon as we could wrap things up in Powell River, I insisted that we drive back to Toronto where I had access to major libraries. Since the content of *The Iceman Inheritance* was so controversial and contradicted so many white supremacist, Jewish, Judeo-Christian and Islamic myths, I needed to check out the anthropology as carefully as possible.

And books were not enough in this case. I got in contact with Dr. Carlton Coon, Professor Emeritus (Anthropology) at the University of Pennsylvania and author of the controversial book *The Origin of Races*. Coon’s theories came closest to what I had been “told”. *The Iceman Inheritance* was published in December 1978 after almost exactly two years of book research and “tutoring” by Coon. Carlton Coon read the manuscript several times. He kept a copy of it at his home in Massachusetts and we continually revised it.

There were a few things that were “imparted” to me that, after consultation with Coon, I/we decided *not* to include in the book. Mostly this was because Dr. Coon vehemently advised me against their inclusion.

During the “lecture” I had been shown “photographs” of a number of mandibles (lower jaws). One of these, I thought that I recognized as “OH 7” from Louis Leakey’s excavations at Olduvai Gorge in Tanzania. This designation stands for “Olduvai Hominid Number Seven” and is better known as the first *Homo habilis* bone ever discovered (1961).

The words “Homo habilis” had been imprinted on me during the Malaspina lectures as probable ancestors of the Neanderthals. I drew out the other two

or three mandibles from the “photos” I had seen, but Coon did not recognize them. I stated my belief that they were from the Caucasus Mountains, but Carlton Coon told me in no uncertain terms that I was completely wrong. They seemed to be *Homo habilis*, or transitional between *habilis* and Neanderthals, and yet Coon assured me that no *habilis* skeletal material had ever been discovered in the Caucasus. He also emphasized that such a possibility was highly unlikely, given the theories of the time.

So, I did not write *Homo habilis* into *The Iceman Inheritance*. However, I also thought it unlikely that “they” had made any mistake.

Another “photo” or “newsreel” was of a giant waterfall cascading down into what must have been the Black Sea beside the Caucasus Mountains. My impression, as I admitted to Coon, was that this flood had taken place during the Gottweig Interstadial about 35,000 BC. I knew that there was no mention of such a thing in the existing literature of 1976-1978, as did Carlton Coon. And so the Great Black Sea Flood was also expurgated from the published version of *The Iceman Inheritance*.

I received no CE III assistance before writing *Chosen People from the Caucasus* in 1992. This book was based on a logical extension of previous work and was straightforward...with one exception. I did include the idea from the 1976 Malaspina “session” that the northern, western and eastern Semitic languages had been inundated in fairly recent times by a massive migration of Indo-European speakers. These Indo-European speakers were Caucasus-region refugees from the Great Black Sea Flood, according to my “lectures”, but I did not mention this flood itself in *Chosen People from the Caucasus*.

My assertion about Indo-European influence on the Semitic languages was ridiculed when the book was published in 1992.

It was not until 1996 that Columbia University oceanographers Walter Pitman and William Ryan published their massive proof of the Great Black Sea Flood under the title of *In Search of Noah’s Flood*. They dated the Flood to about 5600 BC without much room for significant error, not my “impression” of 35,000 BC. Therefore, Carlton Coon was absolutely correct in advising me to refrain from any mention of this Flood in *The Iceman Inheritance*.

Pitman and Ryan devoted a chapter to the massive influence of Indo-European languages on the northern, western and eastern branches of the Semitic languages starting about 5600 BC.

It was not until August 2002 that the *National Geographic* carried the famous article about the unexpected and dramatic discovery of *Homo habilis* skeletal material in the former Soviet Republic of Georgia in the Caucasus Mountains. Three mandibles were illustrated with photographs. I have broken my silence since 1976 to deal with this in the Epilogue of *Swords at Sunset* on this Web Site.

I have dealt with it in much greater detail in *Esau's Empire, Part I*, also on this website.

A long time e-mail correspondent, Ted Thomas, has suggested that these experiences were “dreams” such as those of Edgar Cayce and other “seers”.

This may well be true, and I will not and cannot dispute this possible explanation.

But I did make every effort to research UFO activity and reports during 1966 around Toronto and in the Northeast. I also checked out UFO reports and radar contacts in the Malaspina area for 1976.

For the record, as anyone can read in John Fuller's *Incident at Exeter*, 1965 and 1966 were years of exceptional UFO activity, including radar contacts correlated with reported sightings all throughout the Northeast of the United States and the Maritime provinces of Canada.

The Canadian Forces Base at Qualicum, British Columbia reported UFO radar contacts and the local media covered many reports of UFO activity in the Malaspina Strait area at the very same time the barge was lost in 1976 and I had my experience leading to *The Iceman Inheritance*.

And, for UFO researchers with long memories and a firm grasp on the available evidence, the year of my first “odd experience” in the Jackson, Mississippi apple tree – 1954 – was the year of one of the first and biggest UFO “flaps” in history although it was mainly documented in France.

Whatever they are, UFOs do not seem to be exactly synonymous with what we call “dreams”. Many people have experienced UFOs simultaneously. They have been detected by both military and civil radar at the same time when witnesses reported UFOs visually. They have sometimes left traces of physical evidence. They have definite effects on animal behaviour and they have apparently caused measurable electromagnetic effects from stalled gasoline automobile engines (not diesels) to the Great Northeast Blackout of November 1965.

I am therefore inclined to conclude that these “odd experiences” were more than just “dreams” because the timing of them coincided with intense UFO activity. I therefore must also conclude that the information imparted to me was inspired by something associated with the UFOs of the times – whatever they were, or are.

However, I do not claim, and have never claimed, that these anthropological insights were imparted to me by UFO occupants or so-called “aliens”. I also do not claim that the “theories” and arguments of my books must be correct because they emanated from some omniscient alien or cosmic source.

I honestly believe, however, that the ideas were “given” to me (if only because I do not think that I would, or could, have conceived them myself) with the strongest possible obligation to convey them to the world. There was always a definite sense of urgency associated with the task I was to perform. I have tried to do this to the best of my ability and this job has consumed most of fifty years of my life.

As I have written, the entire subject of UFOs, abductions, “Close Encounters” and so on is quite disturbing to me. I have consequently never sought to undergo regressive hypnosis. I remember the messages clearly enough because they constitute the arguments of several of my books – and by far the most notorious ones. I have written this only to make the record of my life’s work complete.

I do have some ideas about the implications of these CE III events, particularly the information given to me that was not accepted knowledge at the time (the Caucasus *Homo habilis* mandibles, the flood-out of the Black Sea Basin and the massive infusion of Indo-European into the northernmost Semitic languages, etc.).

But, to me, these implications are much more controversial than anything I have written so far because they may soon “impact” on current geopolitical conflicts. I will keep these ideas to myself for the moment and wait to see what happens, particularly in the “Middle East”.

But these further speculations are also essentially peripheral and irrelevant to the message that is inherent in my perspective on the interplay of anthropology and history. And that message has been communicated with more than sufficient clarity for people who can read words on a page without the distortion of emotional, religious, racial or ethnic myths.

Readers will have to judge whether the strange epiphanies I experienced resulted in anthropological “theories” that make more sense of human history than our habitual reliance on these chauvinistic religious, racial and ethnic myths.

Possibly to be elaborated at some future time.