

OrionWorks Sonova Quark

Brought to you by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain, mailing address: 6666 Odana Road, #213, Madison, WI 53719. Email Steve: orionworks@charter.net. Email Darlene: dpcoltrain@gmail.com Web: <http://OrionWorks.com>. All material is Copyrighted © by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain unless otherwise specified. Quark is brought to you by *OrionWorks* with occasional help from **Grasshopper Press** when I feel an inspirational mood overtake me. Final layout is assembled in InDesign CS5. Printing done on a HP Color Laserjet Pro MFP M277dw. Some might be asking how do you pronounce "Sonova Quark"? There isn't one.

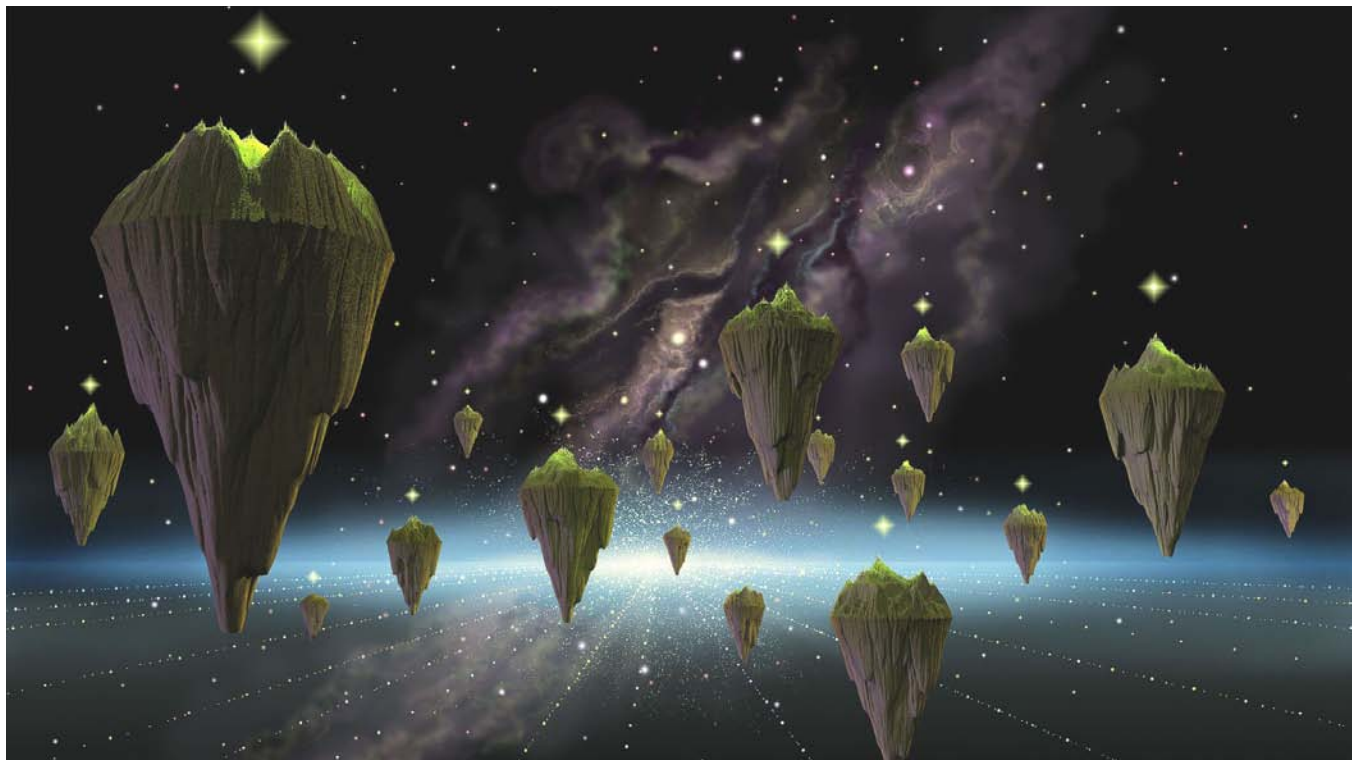
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REMEMBERING CLOVIS

The Abduction of Antonio Vilas Boas

Part 2

In February's #392 TURBO installment, "*Remembering Clovis*" I attempted to establish conjecture hinting of the possibility that genetically compatible humanoids might exist in nearby solar systems. Can I point to evidence that might suggest it's actually worth considering? On October 16, 1957, a 23-year-old Brazilian farmer named Antonio Vilas Boas claimed to have been unwillingly abducted by several five-foot-tall humanoids. The Boas account doesn't follow a well-established pattern where abductees (who sometimes call themselves: "experiencers") claimed they began recalling fragments of memories at a later date, sometimes weeks, months, or years later. The Boas account was told by someone who remained fully conscious throughout his entire abduction ordeal.



Transmigration
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Digital Painting 5400x3600 pixels

On a warm Brazilian evening Antonio Vilas Boas, a farmer, was driving his tractor cultivating his fields at night to avoid the heat of the day. He noticed a glowing egg shaped object hovering in the sky above his fields. He watched the object land nearby. Humanoids about five feet tall disembarked the craft wearing gray coveralls and enclosed helmets. Antonio became alarmed when he noticed they were heading directly for him. Fearing nothing good would come from a close encounter, he attempted to escape on foot. Despite Antonio's best efforts, he was captured. During the ensuing struggle to escape he noticed his captors didn't speak as we do but instead seemed to make barking or yelping sounds. Their vocalizations were difficult to describe and impossible for Antonio to mimic with his own vocal chords. He recalled seeing what appeared to be humanoid-like eyes protected by round glasses peering out of their helmet visors. They seemed to be the color of light blue.

Antonio's abductors dragged him up into the belly of the craft. Incarcerated, he was stripped naked and a gel was smeared over his entire body. They attempted to extract what he assumed was a blood sample from his chin. Afterwards, Antonio was led into another room and left alone. While alone Antonio noticed a vaporous gas compound was being pumped into the room. Inhaling the mixture caused Antonio to become violently ill. It eventually culminated in Antonio vomiting. Fortunately, Antonio's illness was transitory, and he quickly recovered.

Afterwards, a nude humanoid female of about five feet in stature entered the room. Here are translated excerpts from Antonio's encounter:

"Her hair was blonde, nearly white (like hair dyed in peroxide)—it was smooth, not very thick, with a part in the center and she had big blue eyes, rather longer than round, for they slanted outward, like those pencil-drawn girls made to look like Arabian princesses, that look as if they were slit ... except that they were natural; there was no makeup. Her nose was straight, not pointed, not turned-up, nor too big. The contour of her face was different, though, because she had very high, prominent cheekbones that made her face narrowed to a [upside down] peak, so that all of a sudden it ended in a pointed chin, which gave the lower part of her face a very pointed look. Her lips were very thin, nearly invisible in fact. Her ears, which I only saw later, were small and did not seem different from ordinary ears. Her high cheekbones gave one the impression that there was a broken bone somewhere underneath, but as I discovered later, they were soft and fleshy to the touch, so they did not seem to [be] made of bone. Her body was much more beautiful than any I had ever seen before. It was slim, and her breasts stood up high and well-separated. Her waistline was thin, her belly flat, her hips well-developed, and her thighs were large. Her feet were small, her hands long and narrow. Her fingers and nails were normal. She was much shorter than I am, her head only reached my shoulder ... Her skin was white (as that of our fair woman here) and she was full of freckles on her arms. I didn't notice any perfume ... except for a natural female odor ... And another thing I noticed was the hair in her armpits was bright red, nearly the color of blood."

"A later recounting of Boas's story included the mention that her pubic hair was also bright red, which may have been omitted from the original publication of Boas' encounter due to the sexual mores of the time.

Antonio claimed he felt physically attracted to her. Apparently, that was the response the nude female was shooting for. After some physical encouragement they proceeded to engage in sexual intercourse. Antonio noted that during sexual congress the female preferred nipping him on the chin rather than he kissing her on the mouth. After two sexual exchanges, the female humanoid smiled at Boas. She rubbed her belly and gestured with her hand pointing upwards towards the sky. The gesture seemed most likely to relay to Antonio her intention to take the child soon to be gestating in her belly back to where she came from. She seemed to show relief that the act of copulation had been completed, and she abruptly left him. Antonio felt some anger at this point. He felt as if he had been selected for stud service, as if he was nothing more than a procured stallion.



From Antonio Villas Boas:
Abduction Episode
Ground Zero

concluded that he had been exposed to a large dose of radiation from some unknown source and was now suffering from mild radiation

Antonio's clothes were subsequently returned to him by his captors. After donning them his captors proceeded to give him a tour of their ship. During the tour Antonio tried to steal a clock-like device to prove that he hadn't fabricated the encounter. Unfortunately, his attempted theft had not gone unnoticed and they grabbed the device away from him. Eventually he was escorted off the ship. Back on Brazilian soil Antonio watched the space craft take off from a safe distance. When he returned home Antonio discovered four hours had passed. The entire abduction ordeal on the spacecraft struck Antonio as having transpired in a much shorter period of time than four hours.

Antonio recounted his experiences to UFO investigators. For months after the abduction he suffered from a number of medical ailments including nausea, weakness, as well as headaches and lesions on the skin which appeared with any kind of light bruising. A medical doctor, Olavo Fontes of the National School of Medicine of Brazil, examined the farmer and



From Antonio Villas Boas
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sickness.

Some researchers believed Antonio's account. Other's didn't. One of the more detailed accounts of Antonio's alleged abduction experience can be reviewed from the following website:

Illuminati ConspiracyArchive

“Antonio Villas Boas Abduction Episode Ground Zero”

by Terry Melanson © 2001

<https://www.conspiracyarchive.com/UFOs/boas-abduction.htm>.

Antonio did not remain a simple country Brazilian farmer. He had ambitions to better himself. He eventually completed his formal education and became a successful a lawyer. He married and had four children. During Antonio's life, there were occasional attempts initiated by skeptics and debunkers to imply Antonio's account had been nothing more than an attention getting publicity stunt. Antonio remained steadfast in his conviction that the account was true. Antonio died on January 17, 1992 around the age of 58 never once recanting his abduction experience. Most dedicated UFO researchers consider the Antonio Vilas Boas case to be one of the more well-known and thoroughly investigated “abduction” accounts ever to come to their attention. Unfortunately, with no concrete physical evidence to back up Antonio's claims, the account remains an unsolvable enigma.

I confess, up front, that I tend to believe this account. It strikes me as an accurate recalling of an unusual encounter. I must also confess that I can't point to a single piece of concrete evidence to back up my suspicions. It is certainly logical for many to assume that I simply “want to believe” Antonio's story perhaps more for romantic/sensationalists reasons rather than logical deduction. All I can say in my own defense is that the account never struck me as having been an attention getting stunt. Antonio's close encounter account involved a highly detailed physical description with what appeared to have been a *genetically compatible humanoid being*. She had oriental looking eyes, even if they were larger than ours, She had a nose similar looking to ours. She had prominent cheek bones and lips similar to ours, and a chin, and ears that looked remarkably like our own. She had hair on her scalp. She possessed underarm and public hair. The color of the under arm and pubic hair, blood red, strikes me as an astonishing secondary sexual characteristic that might have evolved on her planet, perhaps because the ones that developed on our planet, particularly fuller lips, may have turned out not to have been as effective.

I recall the female rubbing her belly and then pointed upwards to the heavens. Her gesture did not escape the speculations of many researchers. There was speculation that the extraterrestrials were interested in collecting Antonio's precious bodily fluids for scientific experiments. But

why involve a female subject in the collection process? There are more direct ways to collect a sample. According to other alleged abduction accounts more direct ways have been used. I can think of another more pressing reason, as recounted by Antonio. Perhaps the genetic well-being of a planet's civilization might have been of prime concern. It's conceivable that on certain planetary systems where proto-humanoids had been transplanted many millions of years earlier, perhaps some have lost a significant portion of their original genetic diversity. Perhaps it was due to war, or famine, or too many pandemics, or perhaps there was simply too much inbreeding due to strict cultural practices. If some of these civilizations are now at-risk, it could be advantageous to dip into off-world stocks of diversified humanoid gene stock, preferably from planets that are not terribly technologically advanced, and as such are not able to do anything about being "sampled". Not all that long ago, Earth really was in such a feral state. Only within the last century or so has technology evolved to a point that we are now capable of doing serious harm to the global environment within a time-frame of a few minutes, complements of global nuclear war - and at a more leisurely pace, global warming.

If genetic sampling programs of this sort occasionally occur (regardless of whether they are sanctioned or not), it does not strike me they would be small-scale operations. Increased sampling should make for increased genetic diversity. But if lots of sampling was (or still is) occurring why haven't we heard of similar accounts elsewhere? Could it be because such subjects choose not to recount their experiences in front of the tribe, one's elders, or one's wife? Would a confession seriously affect one's standing, or worse, limit future economic opportunities. *The wife and kids will never know I did it for my planet.*

Perhaps a paucity of accounts is due to an administration of mind-altering drugs or electromagnetic procedures capable of blocking out traumatic memories of an abduction event. Our own civilization has developed classes of anesthetics that block out memories while keeping a patient conscious, relaxed, and in a state of docile agreeability. Doctors performing colonoscopies and dental surgery often use equivalent drugs because there are fewer complications involved. Patients tend to remain pliant and suggestible. *Open wider, please!* Under the influence, recently acquired memories and experiences act are no permanent than a magnetic tape loop that gets repeatedly erased within seconds as our memory programs pass through the degausser head again and again. I remember being administered one of these amazing drugs for a couple of colonoscopies and once for dental surgery. I recall relaxing comfortably in the dentist's chair as the drug flowed into my veins. I began to feel dizzy. I tried to comment about the dizziness when the next damned thing I remembered was sitting upright, eyes wide open in the waiting room. The experienced transition was instantaneous. In truth, more than an hour had passed by. It was my *missing-time* experience. Darlene got quite an earful from

me as she drove me home from the procedure. She claims I recounted my experience countless times. I only remember describing it to her once... well... maybe twice, but I did so for my planet.

Keep in mind these mind-erasing drugs don't always work at 100% efficiency. During one of my colonoscopy procedures the doctor had to abort half-way through when he realized I was suffering from severe, painful cramping. Later, when I regained a normal flow of unbroken consciousness, they told me they stopped because of the pain I was expressing. I replied that I remembered a distant painful dream of having been probed on the examination table, painfully-so.

Perhaps Antonio's fully conscious account was due to the possibility that his physiology was more resistant to whatever procedures might have been deployed to erase short-term memory. Perhaps there are certain experienced events that are more difficult to suppress. Perhaps experiences from those who were more traumatized by the encounter eventually begin to resurface as disturbing dream fragments. Or perhaps the abductors just screwed up. Perhaps some "memories" are reconstructed with guided encouragement as UFO researchers compile their data to justify their own pet theories. Reconstructed memories revealed in sketches often show large slated eyes, heads with high cheekbones, mouths with thin or non-existing lips, and triangular-shaped pointy chins. Just to be clear, I don't buy the above conjecture as THE primary reason. We're only scratching the surface concerning the fascinating topic of alleged "alien" abduction experiences. But Perhaps Antonio's experience can explain some of the accounts.

At present, we are in no position to verify or falsify such conjecture. In lieu of hard fact, I'm free to romanticize such conjecture as I please. I don't mean to imply in any way, shape, or manner that races of genetically compatible humanoids have infested the entire universe. I find such conjecture absurd. But that doesn't mean I find it equally absurd to conjecture the possibility that over the course of hundreds and millions of years there might exist numerous systems, some of them possibly nearby whose gene-pool contain humanoid DNA that is sufficiently compatible with our own. Perhaps we are sufficiently compatible that we can interbreed with several other humanoid races. Consider the fact that coconut trees have infested every tropical island on Earth, complements of a highly successful delivery system: a seaworthy floating coconut seed. I would conjecture that the Universe may have numerous delivery systems at it's disposal.

All of this speculation suggests, at least for me, the possibility that we may have cousins living nearby. Maybe some of them have climbed the technological ladder, achieving interstellar travel. Perhaps there are designated game preserves for occasional dips into the gene stock of highly diversified races. It would strike me as a damned good insurance policy



Maturing Coconut Seeds

particularly if one's own race has become too homogeneous. If thousands of years ago, Earth had been designated a game preserve will we be allowed to continue developing our technological capabilities? Are we in danger of losing whatever protections and non-intervention treaties planetary game preserve worlds currently receive? Will we eventually be accepted, perhaps in junior standing? Or will our distant

cousins prefer we remain simple, feudal, and feral? Perhaps such matters are being debated as we speak.

* * *

I bolt upright, startled, confused, and out-of-breath. It's 3 AM in the morning, I wipe my sweaty palms across wrinkled sheets. As I begin to breathe more easily, I survey my surroundings looking for anything out of order. But all I see are ghostly shadows held down by fingers of darkness. A pale glow of a waning crescent moon streams weakly through my bedroom curtain.

I turn to Darlene, "I had the dream again".

Stirred from a sound slumber, she rolls over. Darlene's eyes slowly flutter open. "Yes, I know.", She tries to comfort me, patting an exposed thigh. "It's OK, dear. Go back to sleep."

Having dispensed a soothing antidote Darlene rolls back and nestles her head into a soft inviting pillow. I watch her eyes close. I let out a deep sigh. I try to relax and lay back on my pillow, attempting to follow her example. My eyelids begin to feel heavy. I begin drifting off into the twilight. I'm standing knee deep in a grassy field. The grassy tips undulate slowly, rippling in the soft gentle breeze. A humid breath caresses my face as I look up, observing a sharp starry night. In the distance I sense a chorus of whispers traveling on the breath of the evening breezes. Too many whispers, they make no sense. I try focusing on a single breath. Eventually, one message stands out. It's Mother Gaia whispering another secret to anyone willing to listen.

"It's a dirty job, but someone's gotta do it."

* * *

EPLOGUE

I started writing this two-part essay last month. I thought this assignment would work itself out by the end of the second installment, now published in #393. But a week into its development I realized I had given birth to an outline of another science fiction novel, or maybe a screen play. It's alive... *it's alive!* I have already named my baby: *CLOVIS*. I had no choice but to sequester the gestating contents within Scrivner. It's a good software application that helps writers and screen writers organize and block out characters and plot-lines.

This is not the first time I've been abducted by an Unidentified Flying Novel, the illusive UFN. It has happened at least twice before. Another story-line has already been developed extensively. *CLOVIS* has some incidental things to say about my personal interpretation concerning a type of alleged UFO abduction. It has much more to say about my interpretation of where homo sapiens might have come from, how many humanoid civilizations might exist in other solar systems and what the interstellar political climate might consist of. Perhaps there might be a few fleeting encounters with our progenitors. Will the main protagonist in this story, a reluctant male in his early 40s, escape and survive a clandestine abduction program? Will he survive when he watches in horror the murder of his abduction partner that had been assigned to him to collect his sperm, a person he fell in love with before they attempted to escape to freedom? Will he survive when he stows away on the same space ship his deceased lover came from? Will he survive when he arrives on his dead lover's planet where he quickly loses himself and becomes an undocumented unwanted refugee? Will he survive when he attempts to stop a computer virus created by a group of right-wing renegade fanatics hell bent on destroying the entire technological infrastructure of Earth with the goal of reducing the current seven billion plus population back to a feudal hundred million or so, a simplified state making earthlings more pliable for continued genetic sampling? Will he survive when, after thwarting the computer virus attack, he is unexpectedly dumped out of an air lock onto another mysterious planet that seems to be inhabited by a tribe of primitive humanoids living an ideal hedonistic lifestyle? Will he survive when he begins to realize these low-tech "natives" are anything but primitive? Will he survive learning the secret of these natives and the secret of the habitat they live on? Will he contact the progenitors? Would he even recognize them as progenitors? Perhaps most important of all, our protagonist remains haunted. Will he find a way to redeem himself after having witnessed the murder of his lover which he feels responsible for not being able to protect?

I have a dilemma: I need to complete my Orbital Mechanics research project. Only recently have I come to a disquieting realization that my OM project could, if I let it, take over what time I have left of a productive life. I want to get the main points out into the public domain. I want my re-

search properly animated and documented. At which point, it's all up for grabs. My findings either swim or sink. There are never any guarantees. The question I keep asking myself: Does my Orbital Mechanics project have to take up the rest of my productive life? The experience of working on the CLOVIS story line has taught me the fact that there are other challenges I wouldn't mind pursuing, if I can find the time to do them... If I can avail myself with good editors who know how to dissect a body of work and be able to tell me whether there is just too much organ failure to make the project worth resuscitating or whether there really is hope.

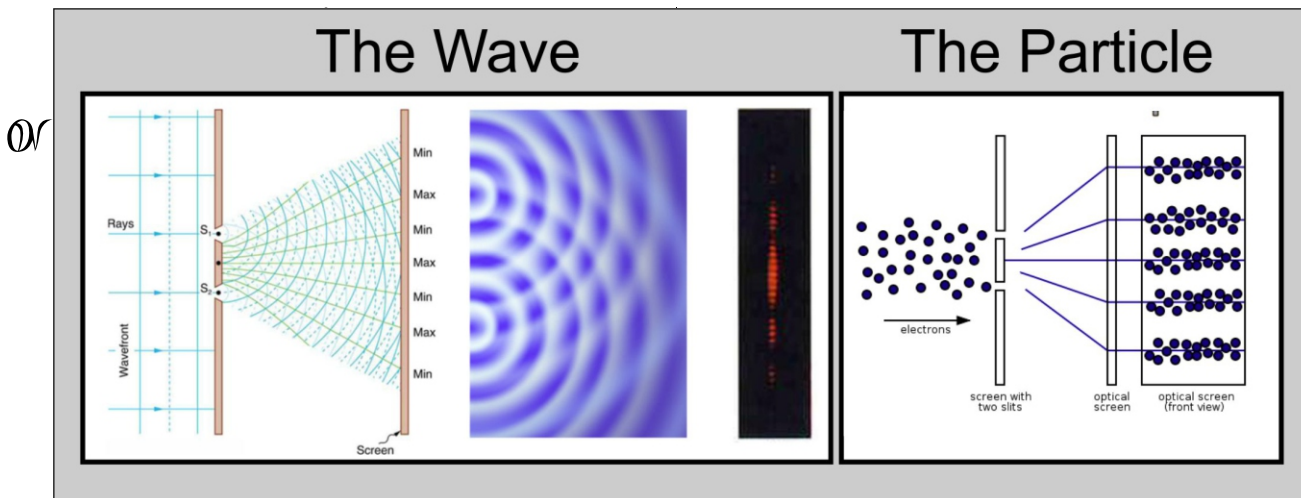
* * *

Perhaps I should just claim it's all Andy Hooper's fault.

Or



The Abduction of Kinkade
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As a photon completed another double-slit experiment a reporter managed to catch up with it. It wanted to ask the particle how it knew where to land on one of the interference bands, as detected within the photon detector plate.

"You're asking me the wrong question" the photon replied, "As a photon, time ceases to exist for me. From your reference point I appear as nothing more than a tiny fleeting illusory point of existence, what scientists call a packet. When we went through the double-slit our experience was that of a wave. ALL-OF-US traveled through both double slits simultaneously, thus producing the wave-interference pattern. The researcher made a conscious choice to set up an experiment in a time-frame to perceive those waves-of-us manifested within the context of a solitary tiny little particle, a photon."

"But where were you, as a photon, when you were traveling through the double slit?" the reporter replied, "Which slit did you choose?"

"Since the researcher did not chose to detect where I would be at the moment of time when I was allegedly traveling through the double slit", the photon replied. "I can't answer your question."

The photon felt compelled to add "As a wave of light we move at the speed of light. Einstein states that time stops for mass traveling at the speed of light. While I have no mass, I too, experienced no time. Therefore, when you chose to capture my manifestation within the framework of a photon, traveling at the speed of light, I experienced no sense of time. Under those experimental conditions, how would all-of-us know where we had come from or where we are going?"

"So..." the reporter replied, zeroing in for the kill, "You really don't know which slit you passed through, do you?"

The photon, sighed.

^{*}With apologies to Chuck Lorre