

Orion Works 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*. Internal layout is assembled in InDesign CS5. Printing done on a HP Color Laserjet Pro MFP M277dw. Most covers were created using CorelDraw graphics suite and printed on a Cannon PRO-100 Photo Inkjet printer.

This edition was created for *Turbo Charged Party Animal*, #400.
Completed somewhere around October 21, 2019

October Night Koi

Front and Back cover for TURBO #400
by
Darlene P. Coltrain

Serti Techque dye on silk (11" x 60"), created 2017



Warranty, the Fine Print

STATE 52-161414		CERTIFICATE OF LIVE BIRTH		REGISTRATION DISTRICT NO. 101	REGISTRAR'S NUMBER 10203
1. CHILD'S FIRST NAME	2. SEX	3. MARRIAGE STATUS	4. DATE OF BIRTH	5. HOUR	6. MINUTE
Stevan Vincent Johnson	Male	Single	August 18th, 1952	7:23	P
7. PLACE OF BIRTH	8. FULL NAME OF HOSPITAL OR INSTITUTION	9. ADDRESS OF HOSPITAL OR INSTITUTION			
Alameda	Providence Hospital	376 - 30th Street, Oakland, California			
10. STATE	11. COUNTY	12. CITY OR TOWN	13. STREET OR RURAL ADDRESS		
California	Alameda	Hayward	1406 Gilbert Street,		
14. MOTHER'S NAME	15. MIDDLE NAME	16. LAST NAME	17. STREET ADDRESS		
Billy Lou Service	Lou	Service	1406 Gilbert Street,		
18. AGE OF MOTHER	19. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR FOREIGN COUNTRY)	20. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR FOREIGN COUNTRY)	21. COLOR OR RACE OF MOTHER		
29	Idaho	Idaho	White		
22. NAME OF FATHER	23. MIDDLE NAME	24. LAST NAME	25. COLOR OR RACE OF FATHER		
Clerence	Everet	Johnson	White		
26. AGE OF FATHER	27. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR FOREIGN COUNTRY)	28. USUAL OCCUPATION	29. KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY		
29	Oregon	Lab. Technician	Lucerne Milk Co.		
30. SIGNATURE OF FATHER OR OTHER INFORMANT	31. SIGNATURE OF MOTHER OR OTHER INFORMANT		32. DATE SIGNED BY FATHER OR OTHER INFORMANT		
Emily Johnson	Billy Service		August 19, 1952		
33. SIGNATURE OF ATTENDANT	34. ADDRESS		35. DATE SIGNED BY FATHER OR OTHER INFORMANT		
Robert Johnson	3115 Webster St., Oakland		August 19, 1952		
36. DATE RECEIVED BY LOCAL REGISTRAR	37. SIGNATURE OF REGISTRAR		38. DATE SIGNED BY FATHER OR OTHER INFORMANT		
AUG 27 1952	[Signature]		August 19, 1952		

Was this experience an actual memory of my birth? Or was it experiential symbols reconstructed from my dream body? I was seeing a therapist at the time about memories of abuse. She suggested I might want to tell myself to have a dream that could help me reconnect to an earlier time in my life. Perhaps my subconscious took her up on the suggestion. What sticks with me was the raw sense of startled tragedy shooting through me as I was picked up. It was as if my brain had been kicked-started (or re-booted) into conscious existence. HELLO WORLD!

A formless glowing ambient colored light permeated my vision. I laid on my side as conversations echoed in the background. A firm pressure gripped my back. I arched uncontrollably as something picked me up. Visceral shock and tragedy flooded my existence like a hammer striking a huge bell. Within seconds the emotional reverberation began to fade as the vision of amber was replaced within a blanket of darkness and silence.

I've included a copy of my birth certificate. I arrived at Providence Hospital located in Oakland, California, on August 18, 1952 at 7:23 PM PST. The document proves I was born in the United States, rather than on some undocumented planet.

Birth certificates come with an implied warranty. The print predicts one's estimated life-span at time-of-birth. Because the print detail is so infinitesimally small few bother to read it. Investigating the science and statistics of demographics I eventually learned that my life-

expectancy was pegged for 67, that is for males born in 1952. My warranty expired last August, just a couple of months ago. Fortunately, each year you manage to stay alive moves the original expiration date down the road a ways into the future. Life expectancy is like two athletes running a marathon race, and you're the one in the rear. You notice that the front runner seems to be hobbling, perhaps even slowing down. With each successive year you narrow the gap. Eventually, you catch up...

I have been blessed most of my adult life with what most would consider a reasonably healthy constitution. I have felt eternally grateful for such blessings. I see no reason why not to extend the length of my original warranty a while longer. But with each passing year the runner ahead of me draws closer.

I'm currently addressing three physiological issues. They arrived, almost like clockwork after my initial warranty expired. I will describe them in the order of no real concern (other than some annoyance and discomfort), to matters of greater concern.

The Deep State: I had a sebaceous cyst which had attached itself to my back - complements of a annoying zit that had for years refused to drain properly. The mound finally declared it's independence by running up a flag of painful irritation. When I finally classified it to be an unwanted freeloader, it was time to excise it.

At the clinic the doctor shot me up with a nerve-a-cane solution and started slicing away. Apparently, the deep state cyst had gone more underground than anticipated. I could feel him pulling and tugging at my skin. Eventually, the doctor showed me the rebellious cyst. It resembled a tiny soccer ball, utterly deflated and pecked to death. The incision, about three quarter inches long, was packed with gauze and bandaged up. I was told to come back in two days to have the packing removed and to be re-bandaged. I immediately left for Menard's for a shopping spree. Driving the Beltline on my way to the store the nerve-a-cane wore off. By the time I drove into the Menard's parking lot I urgently needed to look at my back. A reflection from my car window revealed blood had completely saturated through my shirt. I notice my car seat was stained as well. I got a lot of extra professional attention after immediately driving back to the clinic. The physician pressed down on the incision for about 15 minutes in order to encourage my platelets to clot. Eventually, I was re-packed and bandaged. They told me to go home, rest, return in two days - and don't hesitate and call if more complications or redness ensued.

Several days later Darlene became worried about the amount of redness she observed surrounding the healing incision. We had been changing the gauze and bandages twice a day. She took some photographs and I sent them off to my primary doctor for review. This resulted in me going back to Urgent Care later the same

day. This was my third trip to the clinics. While the doctor on call assured me that the incision was healing she wanted to clean it. After being numed up she cleaned and cut away dead tissue. As a precaution I was given a prescription of Sulfameth/Trimethoprim (800 mg) to take twice a day for seven days. Take with food.

The incision finally closed up on October 14th, eleven days after the original incision had been made. I now have a three-quarter inch scar on my back. I'd show photos of the original incision, but I don't want to generate insinuations of attempting to slip pornography into one of my TURBO articles and getting immediately banned for life.

Irregularities: For most of my adult life I've experienced heart palpitations. Typically, they are infrequent and painless. They have never really bothered me. As September rolled around the irregularities suddenly become more frequent, alarmingly so. I began feeling irregular palpitations several times a minute. Time again to see a doctor. An electrocardiogram resulted in a diagnosis called *premature atrial contraction* of the heart. They told me the conditions was considered benign, especially if you don't experience other symptoms like chest pain. Stimulants like drinking too much caffeine can sometimes trigger them. All I ever felt was occasional chest pressure and a desire to cough. I described these symptoms to the doctor. To be on the safe side, an appointment was made at UW Hospitals to get me hooked up to a portable heart monitoring device for a 48 hour stint. I had to wait three weeks to get fitted.

About a week before I was scheduled to wear the portable monitor, my heart began beating regularly again. WTF! Trying to make sense of this unexpected blessing, I retraced my actions of the previous week. One mundane action stood out. I cleaned my shower curtain in our basement bathroom. Darlene uses our bathroom/shower located on the 1st floor. I had been threatening to fumigate my basement shower curtain for years. It got so grody looking that I made it a point not to brush my body against the slime while showering. I suspect it harbored calcium, mildew, and no doubt *mold*. I took the plastic sheet outside, spread it out on the driveway and hosed it down with bleach and a scrub brush while wearing a mask and gloves. Two days after my shower cleaning efforts were completed my heart symptoms vanished. I like being able to, once again, see through the clear plastic. No more *Psycho* issues.

For two uncomfortable, incessantly itchy days I endured walking around while taped up with electrodes glued to various parts of my torso, front and sides. The results revealed nothing abnormal.

Concluding this ordeal, I decided to buy a new shower curtain. I also replaced the shower head with one that included a detachable hand-held device. I can now spray down curtain, bathtub, and tiles afterwards. I

also spray-mist everything with *Wet and Forget weekly shower spray*. Lesson learned: Clean the shower curtain and bathroom walls more frequently, stupid.

PSA Woes: A routine blood test performed during my last physical revealed my PSA counts had jumped to 7.09. PSA test stands for a *Prostate Specific Antigen* test. My previous PSA blood test, performed eighteen months earlier was 2.61, whereas acceptable ranges are 0.00 to 4.00. It seemed a big jump. My primary doctor recommended I go see a specialist at the Urology UW Clinic. At UW Hospitals, the Urologist felt a “nodule” on my prostate. It was an anomaly my primary doctor had missed. Perhaps the “nodule” was a recent addition. The increased PSA count combined with a physical exam that detected a lump increased the chance I might actually have prostate cancer. Needless to say, I’m concerned.

A biopsy will be performed at UW Hospital/Clinics on September 21 in the morning. While the entire procedure takes about one to two hours, the actual biopsy, the gathering of tissues takes about five minutes... five minutes of trepidation on my part. While the literature tells me I will be numbed up, I’ve heard horror stories. Perhaps it’s only five minutes of horror. They will release me once everyone is assured that I’m capable of peeing pink lemonade for the next week or so. I’ll be drinking a lot of water. It won’t be a good time to hit the movies. Isle seat, *please*.

I’ll probably know the results by the end of October. If it turns out to be positive, the cancer is presumed have been caught in the early stages. Literature tells me there are far worse cancers to get shackled with. Survival rates for early stage prostate cancer tend to be extremely good. On a related matter, my father successfully managed bladder cancer for about fifteen years. The bladder and prostate are adjacent neighbors, and assumption is that I might have a genetic link to my dad’s condition. However, when my dad passed away it wasn’t due to his cancerous bladder. As for how I’m doing? It dawned on me that I seem to cope best writing in a factually blunt manner with sprinkles of Monty Pythonesk humor added in for depth and flavor. *You did sign this donor card!* More updates later.

OR

#398 - Comments:

Jeanne Gomoll: Epstein’s apparent suicide will undoubtedly fuel conspiracies that he was silenced for what he allegedly knew about the sexual idiosyncrasies of powerful men. Presumably this includes the under-cover proclivities of Mr. Trump. Our POTUS has trashed the concept of what an authentic conspiracy should consist of, exposing truths, warts and all. The NYT link you supplied no longer seems accessible. Instead, I read

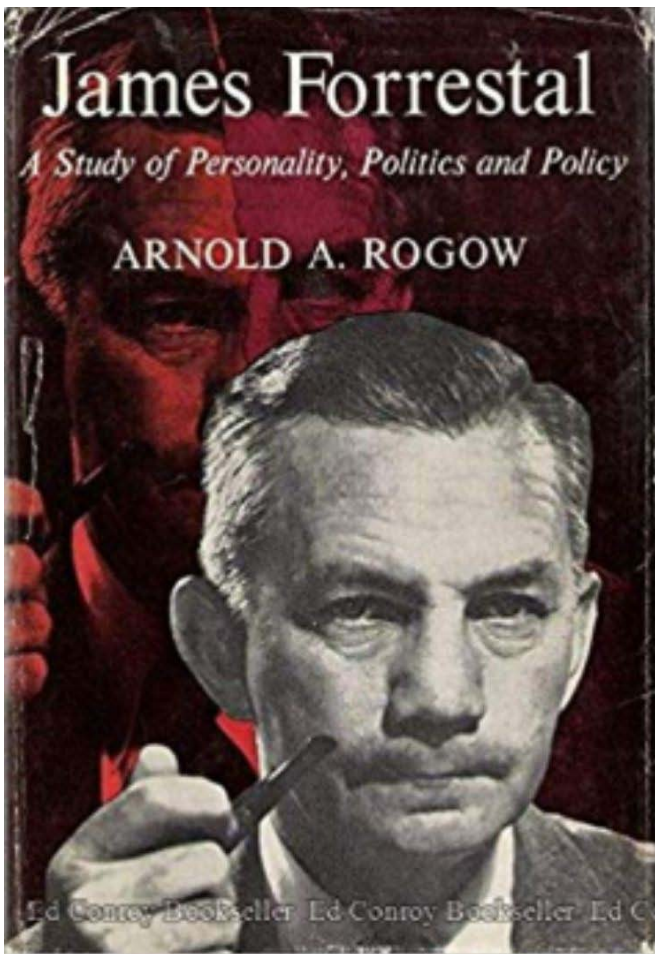
another article titled “*Jeffrey Epstein Autopsy Results Show He Hanged Himself in Suicide*”. While exploring the conspiracy angle, it claimed such conjecture is unlikely, but with some interesting caveats.

You are correct if you have speculated there might exist UFO related conspiracies. In regards to the Epstein matter, I can relate one particularly persistent conspiracy story that follows a similar theme. It revolved around the apparent suicide of Truman’s Secretary of Defense James Forrestal. Prior to James’ death, he had reached the position Secretary of the Navy which, at the time of his appointment, was a cabinet level position. Later, Forrestal became the first Secretary of Defense. Wikipedia has a good bio on the man’s impressive accomplishments. Forrestal was recuperating at the National Naval Medical Center (NNMC) in Bethesda, Maryland, where it would have been possible to obfuscate the matter to the public that he was being treated for mental illness. He had been sequestered there due to profound exhaustion and severe depression. On May 22, 1949 Forrestal apparently jumped out of a high point tower located in the hospital. There was some speculation that Forrestal may have been forcibly thrown out the window because scuff-marks had been detected on the window ledge of his exit route.

Forrestal, the first Secretary of Defence, was a man who had obviously had been privy to many national secrets. As I understand it, there was concern he may have become vulnerable or compromised to such a degree that some feared he would end up revealing a number of state secrets that individuals in powerful places would prefer remain buried. The UFO conspiracy angle was fed by conjecture that Forrestal’s mental and emotional state appeared to be improving during his stay at Bethesda, so why would he suddenly and unexpectedly decide to pull the plug and jump out of a window. The mysterious scuff marks left on the window sill helped fuel such conjecture.

UFO scholars have conjectured Forrestal had been privy to a number of deeply guarded national secrets, which had to have included UFO secrets, especially the Roswell incident. It is conjectured Forrestal wanted to reveal to the public some of these closely guarded UFO secrets.

Back in the 80s, in an attempt to satisfy my own curiosity I read a biography on James Forrestal’s life by Arnold A Rogow, (see insert.) The biography included details of Forrestal’s tragic ending. According to Rogow, Forrestal had become an unhappy shell of a man around the time he became mentally ill. The White House and Truman knew about the deteriorating mental state of Forrestal. With as much respect as possible they quietly retired him in the hope that he would then have the time to recover. Prior to his sequestering Rogow writes that Forrestal had overworked himself and had few close friends to confide in. If your job title requires you to bury



James Forrestal
A Study of Personality, Politics and Policy
 By Arnold A. Rogow

countless secrets that are gnawing at your soul and they can't be aired out, if you are obligated not to share a single one of those secrets, even to your closest most trusted confidantes - sooner or later you are going to implode.

While assembling this reply, I was surprised to discover a new paperback on Forrestal's life had been released earlier this year. The author, David Martin, believes an actual assassination occurred. A decent write-up on the author's angle can be found at:

<https://home.solari.com/the-assassination-of-james-forrestal-with-david-martin/>

One paragraph states:

Forrestal's death is a case study in fake news and the use of the media to kill a man's name, making it easier to kill the man. If you look at the policies that Forrestal argued for—against the creation of the state of Israel and for greater transparency regarding the black budget—we would be living in a different world today if he had remained as the Secretary of Defense.



The Assassination of James Forrestal
 By David Martin (paperback)

Indeed, it is more than possible that there is a direct connection between Forrestal's death, the deaths of a series of politicians over the following two decades—including Senator Joseph McCarthy, President John Kennedy, and Senator Robert Kennedy—and the steady rise of “secret monies for secret armies” and funds disappearing from the U.S. Treasury.

Martin's book attempts to reveal the dirty tricks used to protect Forrestal's assassins. The author collected information from the Navy's official investigation, which had been kept secret for 55 years until the researcher managed to obtain certain details through the Freedom of Information Act in 2004. The author spent years interviewing and accessing the detailed accounts of numerous parties in and around Forrestal in the months before he died. According to the Martin, Forrestal's fall from a 16th-floor window of the Bethesda Naval Hospital was no suicide.

Granted, some of the above conjecture may come across as a bit too conspiratorial for some TURBO readers. That said, what caught my eye were matters the previous author, Arnold A. Rogow, had also brought up,

such as Forrestal's desire to open up the "black budget", and "...secret monies for secret armies' and funds disappearing from the U.S. Treasury..." At present, many UFO conspiracies continue to revolve around the "black budget" and a lack of any kind of proper accounting.

While I recall Rogow never mention any UFO related conspiratorial angles in his biography, I suspect Martin's work may hint of the Roswell incident. I haven't read it.

I want to add one more twitch to the Forrestal conspiracy mystery. In Rogow's book, the author describes an official transcript he ran across from archived White House Correspondence. Truman had been assured that Forrestal's private diary had been secured.

In regard to my own position on the Forrestal conspiracy angle, I remain noncommittal. All I can do is try to keep my eyes and ears open and hope, however unlikely it may be, that something more definitive will come to light. If I were to conjecture that there actually have been UFO crashes, such as the famous UFO incident at Roswell, it would be an absolute given that Forrestal would have been one of those individuals in high places who would have to have been intimately involved. A number of prominent UFO investigators of the Roswell incident recount how alleged first-hand witnesses were deeply affected by their sworn-to-secrecy participation. What do you do when you swore a solemn oath to protect the borders of the United States from all foreign invaders, and then you are suddenly confronted with the realization that we are not alone, that we know very little about who they might be or where they come from, what their strengths and weakness are, what their belief systems are, what they might think about us, and perhaps most disturbing of all, what they plan on doing while clandestinely visiting our planet. Many of these officials in charge of our nation's defence carried a heavy burden to their graves. Sworn to secrecy, unable to talk about the ramifications, not to be able to unload any of it off of their chest... many of these witnesses eventually self-destructed. It's easy for me to conjecture that Forrestal may have been one of those individuals who carried horrible burdens to his grave.

At present, my conclusions on such matters remain *conjecture*, not *beliefs*. As previously stated, I don't know what to believe. It seems more appropriate to simply conjecture the distinct possibility that there exists UFO related secrets our government continues to keep a lid on. I'd also conjecture that there may have been some damned good reasons for clamping down on most of these secrets for fifty years. But it's been more than fifty years now, and the public continues to remain in the dark. In my experience I've noticed that much of the media machinery continues to treat the subject as entertainment. It is inferred the subject material shouldn't be taken seriously. However, based on what I've read, based the individuals I have talked to and what many have personally witnessed, I find that I have no logical

choice left but to take the subject seriously rather than not. It's not that my conjecture has lead me to suspect we are in danger of a clandestine extraterrestrial or existential threat. What concerns me the most is the fact that our planet continues to harbor an alarming number of people who would absolutely freak out if the authorities confessed we have been regularly visited by a number of extraterrestrial civilizations, and that such visitations have probably been going on since pre-recorded history. I'm concerned that too many earthlings are not ready to drink the cool-aid.

Hopefully, I have been able to shed light on a few my favorite conjectures on UFO conspiracies. Stating it as conjecture, I try to make it clear that I have no definitive proof that any of it is accurate. I admit my conjecture may turn out to be wrong. I continue searching for answers. *The truth is out there.* Mulder sez so.

Scott Custis: When it comes to U-tube binging, I'm not sure which topic is more plentiful: UFOs or cats. It shouldn't come as a surprise to realize the site possesses a rich cache of alleged UFO and alien encounter trope. There have been times when I tried to wade through a good chunk of it. But it's a hopeless task. I could probably write some fascinating TURBO "reports" on what I've occasionally stumbled across, that is if I were so inclined to critique both the good, the bad, and the deliciously bizarre and hilarious. It's likely that the vast majority of the posts are fakes. Some of the more sophisticated depictions could very well turn out to be the work young ambitious CGI artists enhancing their resumes in creative attempts to show prospective computer animation employers their mojo. One must also contend with mistaken natural phenomenon, and secret military craft. There probably exists a paltry percentage that could be counted on a single hand that I would categorize as something worth looking at. For me, it comes down to what the phenomenon appears to be capable of demonstrating. There are clips of objects that instantly flash bright before accelerating away at astonishing speeds. Some flash bright and then instantly disappear. I've also run across old black and white clips of what are alleged to have been leaked military footage depicting meetings and interactions with small groups of extraterrestrial humanoids. Some of these clips appear to be pre-arranged voluntary meetings. Others seem to depict captured or sequestered humanoid-like beings presumably extracted from a crashed craft. Are any of *them* real? Disinformation is the name of the game. Trying to ferret out a genuine needle buried under a stacked haystack is a thankless job.

Greg Rihn: Thanks for clarifying that Lee had invited you to participate in his OdysseyCon Roswell discussion panel as a reality checker. It speaks volumes of the trust and respect Lee places in you. On this matter, Lee is a good judge of character.

You aren't the first person to bring up the baffling mat-



May Your Encounters be Interesting - 1996
Acrylic Painting on Illustration Board, 15" x 20"
© 2019 Steven Vincent Johnson

ter that investigators couldn't find anything resembling an engine within the crashed Roswell craft. It's my understanding that investigations of other alleged crashes have resulted in the same conclusion as well. It has been conjectured that these craft don't utilize the laws of conventional physics that we currently understand. Investigators were essentially looking for what was presumed to be bulky "engine" parts. But no such bulk has been detected. There have been some interesting theories brought forth, as well as research performed, on what might be the actual physics involved in the propulsion of such exotic craft. It's also conjecture that we have actually managed to reverse-engineer some of that technology. It's a potential topic for future debate.

I have a clarification, or rather, a confession to make in regards to the headlight you critiqued on #397's cover. Above is a reproduction of the actual commissioned UFO painting I completed for the eyewitness. Notice the missing background clouds. Nor is there a headlight. To add more visual drama to the TURBO cover I inserted some background clouds. I thought it helped make the dusk evening hour more obvious. Regarding the headlight, at a distance, the witness had observed light emanating from the craft. But when he found himself

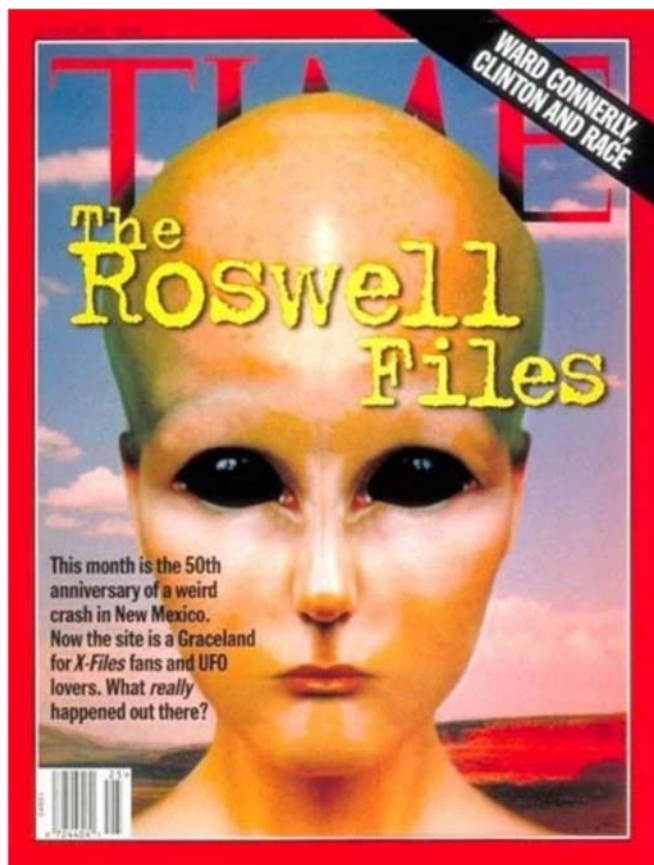
directly underneath the object he was no longer focusing on where the light emanated from. He was caught up in the intricate crisscrossing of metal tubing on the underside. It reminded him of the metal-piping often observed on the backs of refrigerators. I decided to re-introduce the light the witness had originally observed. But where should I put it? While you have every right to question and criticize the addition and its positioning, I'll counter with what do any of us know about extraterrestrial FAA rules?

On another matter... Something I have thought long and hard about, it no longer strikes me as appropriate to keep the name of the nameless UFO investigator nameless. I'm sure several TURBO members know precisely whom I'm talking about, including you. I am speaking of Donald Schmitt. I had no desire to unnecessarily or unwittingly introduce, however remote the chances might be, hard feelings and anger that could possibly continue to boil up, including within the pages of TURBO with just the mention of his name. Such acrimony was the result of an incident that happened back in the 1990s. Due to a needless and monumentally stupid mishandling that was entirely of Schmitt's making the investigator destroyed a highly praised working partner-relationship with his then, UFO co-author partner, Kevin Randall.

For TURBO members who don't know some of the sordid details of the breakup, Schmitt lied to Randall about his primary source of employment. He told Randall he was something akin to a free-lance commercial artist. In doing so Schmitt deliberately obfuscated the fact that his primary place of employment was that of a mailman. Apparently, Schmitt had become uncomfortable with a rumor that had started to make the rounds on the Internet that he was gainfully employed as a letter carrier, a mailman. What many of us didn't realize initially was the fact that Schmitt *was* a mailman. We all assumed he was a free-lance commercial artist because that's what he always told us he was. I know for a fact that Schmitt has done commercial art projects (just as I have done), but Schmitt's primary source of income, his day-time employer, the employer who I would imagine probably paid most of his health insurance premiums, was the U.S. Postal Service. I suspect he got set up in the job after having to be retired from law enforcement agencies, the result of on-the-job injuries. Schmitt's back contains metal pins, and is a mess.

Schmitt's vanity, feeling a need to lie about such an innocuous matter eventually spilled out into the 1990s version of on-line chat groups and radio talk shows. The fallout of the incident was even obliquely referenced in the June 23, 1997 edition of *TIME* when the publication did a special on the "Roswell Files" mythology. (See Time Magazine excerpt.)

Those of us who had known Schmitt for decades, we whom others might label as his moral-support group, did not let him get off easy. He apologized extensively



The June 23, 1997, cover of TIME Cover Credit: MATT MAHURIN

TIME MAGAZINE, June 23, 1997
The Roswell Files
Page 70, Excerpt:

Roswell researchers agree that something happened out there, but they are a rancorous hunch, given to ferocious in-fighting. Collaborators become enemies, one calls another a 'pathological liar,' another attempts to block publication of a rival's book, and they relish discrediting each others witnesses.

to us at potluck gatherings... quite a few times, I might add. While I have some understanding as to what the messy circumstances were that apparently influenced Schmitt to lie in the first place, none of the reasons he gave nor the emotionally trying extenuating circumstances he was dealing at that time in his life were valid excuses. Schmitt's poor judgement needlessly embarrassed and humiliated Randal because Randle initially tried to back up his partner's false claim of self-employment.

I can't speak for others, but I eventually came to understand that one of the initial concerns Schmitt was wrestling with was a need to have Kevin Randle perceive him

as a full-time free-lance artist. He wanted the public to believe that as well. Schmitt rationalized that being perceived as a "free lance" would help reassure Randle that he would be on-call at perpetually any time of the day or night to instantly hit-the-road in order to assist Randle when another hot investigate lead might drop into their laps. There were other rationalizations and excuses, but this explanation does the best job of revealing the kind of personal vulnerabilities Schmitt had saddled himself with.



Kevin Randle

The PR damage that ensued caused skeptics and

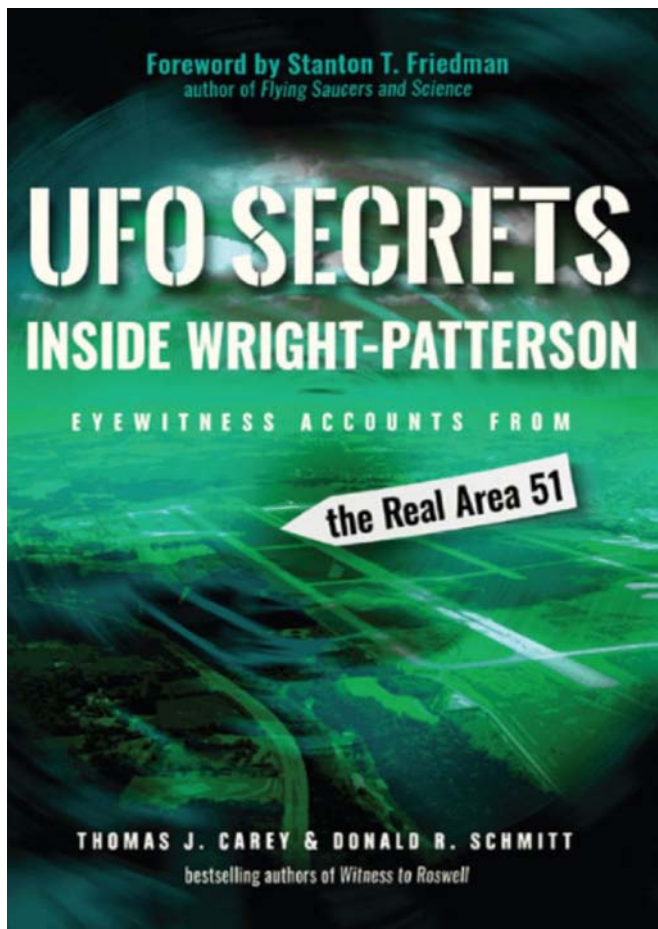


Donald Schmitt

debunkers to have a field day: *What else would Schmitt lie about? Are many of the alleged UFO accounts Schmitt and Randle collected lies and fabrications as well?* Of course, Randle was enraged, justifiably so. Randle immediately distanced himself from Schmitt. Unfortunately, Randle then went on the warpath and attempted to discredit Schmitt as an authentic UFO investigator. Many others

chimed in as well, particularly on the Internet and chat groups. My own conclusion, based on what I personally observed, was that while Schmitt was totally to blame *both* Schmitt and Randle ended up mishandling the subsequent break-up of their partnership. It took an exasperating amount of time for Schmitt to apologize to Randle, face-to-face, in a manner that Randle could accept in as an authentic apology. Likewise, it took a long time for Randle to be willing to forgive Schmitt.

While many to this day have never gotten over the sordid details, it would seem that both of these individuals have come to a reconciliation of sorts, one that seems mutually beneficial. Randle's vast knowledge of historical facts was tapped for accuracy within the pages of a new publication on the UFO matter, *UFO-SECRETS Inside Wright-Patterson*, published in 2019, by authors Thomas Carey and Donald Schmitt. Randle's historical



UFO SECRETS, Inside Wright-Patterson
Eyewitness accounts from
the real Area 51

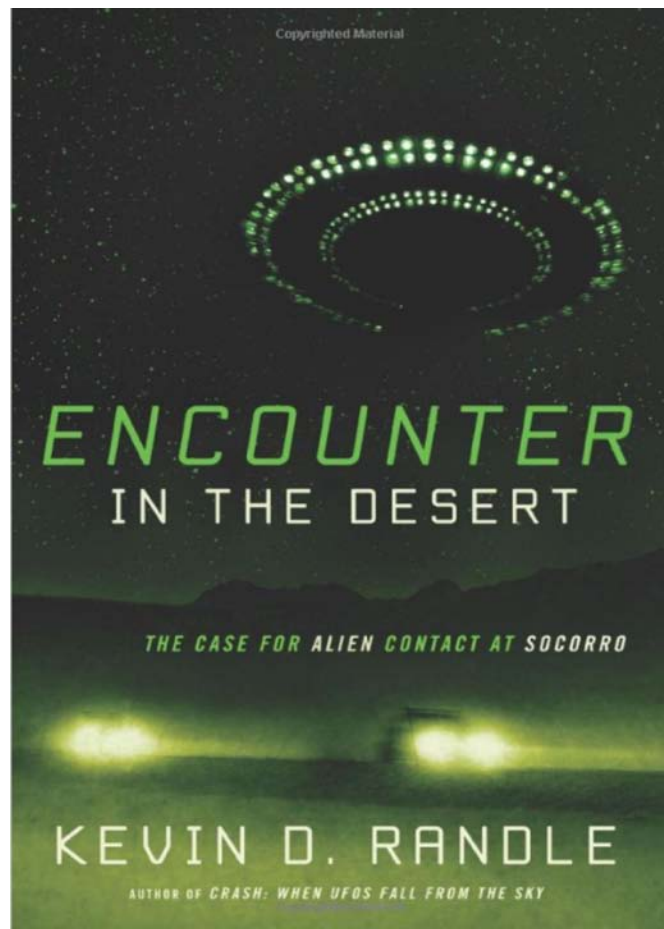
© 2019 Thomas J. Carey & Donald R Schmitt

knowledge is acknowledged and praised by the authors. Randle also wrote an acknowledgement in the front of their latest collaboration:

“Tom Carey and Don Schmitt have taken the investigation of Roswell from New Mexico to Wright-Patterson xAir Force Base, adding valuable and documented evidence about what is now the history’ of the UFO field. Their important research will significantly aid in uncovering what is becoming the greatest mystery of our time.”

— **KEVIN D. RANDLE, Lt. Col. USAR (Ret.)**,
author of *Crash: When UFOs Fall from the Sky*

There are also acknowledgements from: Cheryl Jones, former anchor, CNN; Bryce Zabel, creator, producer, and director of *Dark Skies*, and coauthor of *A.D. After Disclosure*; Anthony Braglia, author and UFO researcher; James E. Clarkson, Washington State Director of the Mutual UFO Network; Robert Hastings, author of *UFOs and Nukes: Extraordinary Encounters at Nuclear Weapons Sites*; -Joseph G. Buchman, PhD, moderator for the



ENCOUNTER IN THE DESERT
The case for alien contact at Socorro

© 2017 Kevin Randle

Citizen Hearing on Disclosure.

I believe *UFO SECRETS...* may be Schmitt and Carey's fourth collaboration. May their marriage last. Meanwhile, Kevin Randle has been no slouch. Randle continues to produce his own crop of revelations. Amazon lists: *Encounter in the Desert: The Case for Alien Contact at Socorro* as Randal's latest addition, published in October 2017. May Kevin's work also continue to open the minds of the curious and the skeptic.

Despite my criticisms of Donald's faults and vanities, in my opinion he has proven himself to be a dedicated and highly detailed investigator. Over the decades many of us watched and listened to Schmitt's accounts of how he and many other equally dedicated volunteers went about uncovering the many facets and puzzles belonging to the Roswell saga. We watched both Randle, and Schmitt, and other researchers uncover countless details that initially seemed factual, only to find out later through careful analysis that the original claims and evidence were bogus. IMO, it was not so much a matter of Schmitt wanting to protect his self-image that wor-

ried him the most. I think he was far more concerned that his personal contributions would not be perceived as authentic enough to warrant their day in court. While I realize some may not be impressed with what Schmitt and other dedicated researchers have uncovered; while some continue to find serious fault in Schmitt's flawed persona and fervently believe he should be permanently shunned, all I need to do is look at the body of work he continues to produce along with coauthor Carey. Some might ask, is Donald Schmitt still concerned about his public image? Yes, of course he is. Is Donald Schmitt a prima donna? Yes, he is that, too. And so is Kevin Randle. And so was the late Stanton Friedman. Having conversed with other UFO/Alien Abduction investigators and researchers, I came away with a realization that most of them are prima donnas. Seems to come with the territory. I've known Schmitt now for decades. I still manage to see him and his lovely wife, Marie, at pot luck gatherings held in the Milwaukee suburbs once or twice a year. It's where we, the support group, can catch up with each other's lives. We also receive updates of current UFO related research efforts and where new leads might be taking them. For the record, the real Donald Schmitt, faults and all, remains my friend. Let he who is without sin cast the first stone.

As for my on-going Orbital Mechanic efforts: I seem to have made myself out to be the champion advocate for rehabilitating the true purpose of the other unacknowledged foci within the geometry of the orbital ellipse. It will get it's day in court.

Georgie Schnobrich: Thanks for your concise critique of the my cover. The sense of dusk... the inevitability of what was being witnessed. Those were some of the primary emotions I was trying to evoke.

Cathy Gilligan: Indeed, reports of triangular shaped UFOs have been frequently reported. It has lead UFO researchers to conjecture that many of these triangles are home-grown constructions funded by unaccounted-for black budget money, and possibly from drug trafficking operations as well. We may be witnessing craft that have originated from not only from government defense facilities, but also from government-funded private rogue corporations. If true, it would open up a whole new can'o'worms. The implication is that these operations are exploiting technology that defy certain laws of conventional physics that have been taught in universities for more than a hundred years. It would imply there has been a calculated form of scientific negligence, or possibly even sabotage that has been carried out for decades. It implies technological progress and potential improvements for the benefit and well being of all the citizens of this planet has been deliberately shelved, presumably for the selfish purposes and benefit of a very elite group of self-serving aristocrats.

None of this sits well with me. Alas, such conjecture implies another god-damned conspiracy theory. As far as conspiracies go it certainly possesses sufficient mojo to rile me up. In an oblique way it reminds me of the film *"The Formula"*, starring George C. Scott and Marlon Brando. But is it true? I don't know. Oh, what the hell... Conspiracies seem to be a dime-a-dozen these days.

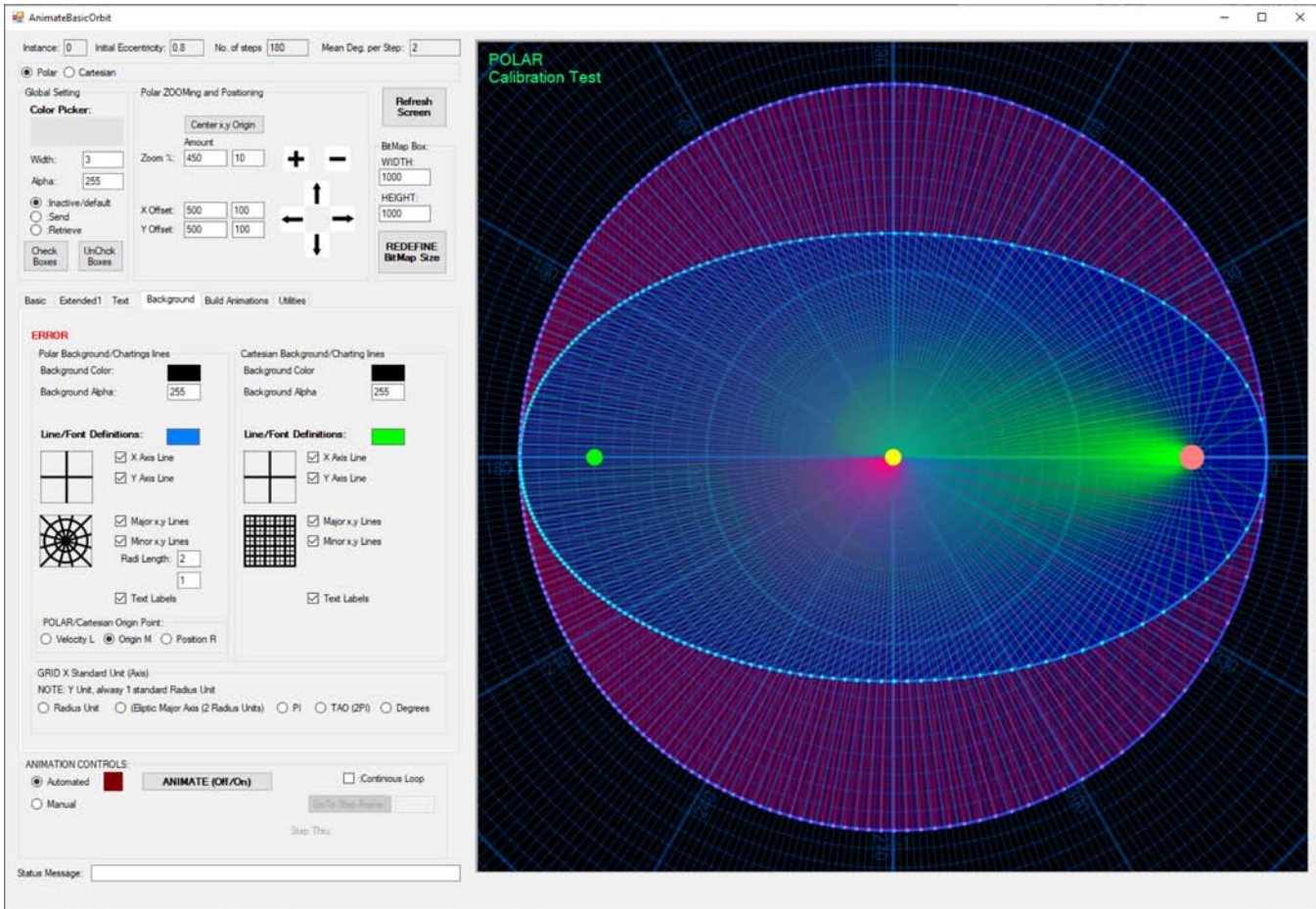
Jim Hudson: As requested, I've done my best to interject some extra content and flair into this landmark edition of TURBO. Granted, I may have discussed a type of controversy that some believe is utterly bogus and not worth their time and energy to reply to. But maybe some day..some day in the near future I might be able to pry you out of the "observer error" category. But where you might land, nobody knows!

Final comments: I wish to acknowledge the existence of many other fine topics generated by other TURBO contributors. Indeed, there are plenty more subjects worth commenting on versus what I seemed to be currently focused on. Alas, I have exhausted my commentary mojo. Time to recharge and prepare for my biopsy adventure. I'll probably need to pee pink lemonade too.

More later.



While Charm patiently waits to ambush Zoey...



**On-going Orbital Mechanics testing and debugging
Color and grid measurement calibration analysis**

Programming platform: Microsoft Visual Studio Community 2017. Programming language: c#, version 7.0.

...Zoey claims the higher ground.

