

UFO - The Battle Continues

Based on the ITC Century 21 series 'UFO'

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TARGET REACQUIRED

by Jeff Stone

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Email from The Whistleblower
Posted on IRCchat Online chatroom #UFO.conspiracy
3-22 GMT May 10, 1986

Hello friends,

you thought that thing about Rendlesham Forest in '80 was weird? Forget that, people...I've cracked something big here. Got this in my mail this morning. It's a series of 35mm photos of briefing papers...the minutes of some conference at ISC. So what? you say. Wait til your read it. This is the bit ISC never made public! Its f--kin' CRAZY. Are these real?! They LOOK real. If this is bona fide, someone is spending a LOT of tax money to do far-out things we never hear about. And what the hell is SHADO? It has MAJIC on it...that's MJ-12, natch...but SHADO?! Never heard of it. HAARP technology? What would ISC want with a HAARP energy grid? And since when has ISC ever been in the secret technology business?

Some of the typeface and nomenclature on the original document photos are not ISC standard, which suggests this may be a fake. I can't find most of the names on the document in files, either...what I could find was very strange. For instance, Lewis Waterman *was* a test pilot for the RAF in the 70s, but retired into, of all things, the motion picture FX industry in 1979!

University of Cambridge, England records list a Victor Bergman as Head of the Physics Faculty from 1963-7. He then worked on the Apollo programme, and apparently was the guy who worked out how to save the Apollo 13 crew.

Douglas Jackson is one of the few names listed in ISC records, but there's apprently more to him than meets the eye. A conspiracy website I belong to has info on him; he's rumoured to have worked for Nazi Germany's SD intelligence network during WW2, and to have worked on the Luftwaffe/SS's flying-disc fighter project 'Projekt Saucer'. This guy gets around!

The signature of the President(!) on the Authorisation appendix is also possibly forged. There is no Project Liberty Bell listed in any of the Armed Forces Codename Lexicons, nor is there anything on 'SHADO'. Of course, that doesn't mean it neither are real; Project Rainbow never officially existed either, but the Philadelphia Experiment happened all the same.

Other things that puzzle me are:

- 1) Why would the Office of Naval Intelligence be involved with a civilian-private aerospace corporation? That's like having the NSA co-fund NASA.
- 2) For what matter, why would MJ-12 be involved? Surely they have their own black budget, which could cover this HUGE expenditure, and would have

no need to liaise with anyone else. MJ-12 has more cash than Bill Gates!

3) If this document is genuine and exempt from T-52 classified data dissemination guidelines (ie no-one but MAJIC and ISC bigwigs get to see the damn thing EVER), as it says on he last page I got, why are huge sections of it blacked out? You only black out documents if you're withholding info in publically released ones!

I'm scanning the developed photos and sending them to this channel, so you can make up your own mind...see attached file. Like I said, this is probably a hoax...but the MJ-12 papers were false, and we all know MJ-12's real. We could be looking at the same thing here; the truth dressed up as a clever fake. Watch this space.

WB

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CODEPROC MAJIC-SHADO 1
TIME REF 11-10 GMT 15/9/83
TOP SECRET/MAJIC EYES ONLY

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Tabled for ISC Executive Conference 15/9/83

Subject: [blacked out] Budget Appropriation
Present: Maj. J. Henderson (USAF ISC Attache); Commander [name blacked out], (SHADO [blacked out]/Head Of Test Project); Dr. D.N. Jackson (Aerospace Psychology Dept Head); Alec. E. Freeman [details illegible], Prof V. Bergman (Aerospace Physics Liaison), Capt. Lewis Waterman (Test Pilot Facility Attache), Col. Pau[rest of details blacked out or illegible] Gabrielle Ellis (Royal Navy Attache)

1. APPROPRIATIONS - SHADO Test Project upgraded to Priority 8 Funding Scale. SHADO Commander [name blacked out] proposed a massive upgrade of [details illegible] and communications technology for all ISC SHADO projects. This upgrade will enable SHADO to fully develop the following projects, which have until now been unfinished due to lack of resources/funds:

[one page of details blacked out, apart from page number and MAJIC security designation]

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9. Schriever-Habermohl Boundary Layer Aeroform Project [See Attached File] [details blacked out] P-7 Kugelblitz[sp?] [rest of details illegible]

10. Eutronic Array Upgrade [see attached HAARP-1 File]

[rest of page blacked out]

All pricings at current US\$ rates. [See attached Fiscal Notice Appendix 2.1]

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The remaining minor appropriations were:

1. Pulse-Detonation Wave Engine Development for hypersonic spaceplane prototype. ESTIMATED DEVELOPMENT COST: \$134,000,000. Completion time of ten full-capability prototype models - Ninety-seven days from date of

conference.

2. Upgrades of Lunar Carrier systems, including ablative Stealth coating and enlarged fuel capacity. Low-orbit systems upgrade included with costings. ESTIMATED COST: \$29,000,000. Retrofitting of LC fleet will take 36 days to complete. [rest of details illegible]

3. Ion Engine production. ESTIMATED COST: \$800,000,000 for initial production prototype completion, and a further \$158,000,000 per production unit. Ten planned. [details blacked out] August 1984 at latest.

4. Automated Lunar Science Package upgrade [details illegible] complete autonomy from Ground/Lunar supervision. ESTIMATED COMPLETION COSTS: \$490,000,000 per unit.

5. Expansion of current Space Psychology remit, with concomitant growth in resource requirements. ESTIMATED COST: \$110,000 per annum.

[details blacked out] meet the expected threat. This would include the following experimental projects [See also attached Archive Appendix 3.1]:

[details blacked out]

5a. Remote Viewing experiment remit. [details blacked out]

[one page of details blacked out, apart from page number and MAJIC security designation]

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6a. Direct Neutron Fusion Drive prototype development [rest of details blacked out]

7. Additions to ISC Freedom permanent orbital station, including Stage 5 DryDock Module upgrade for Class II spaceplanes. ESTIMATED COST: \$9,000,000

[details blacked out]

[blacked out] was passed with one abstension.

TOTAL COST OF SHADO FUNDING UPGRADE: \$7,329,000,000,000 current rate
Funding approval given forthwith. See attached Funding Upgrade Notice
Appendix 1.8

[signatures and ancillary notes blacked out, taking up rest of page]

[page 7 blacked out, apart from page number and MAJIC security designation]
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[Final page of extant documents]

TOP SECRET/MAJIC EYES ONLY

APPENDIX 1.1: Executive Authorisation For Liberty Bell Condition

I hereby authorise Major-General [name blacked out] and Comm. [name blacked out] to commence Project Liberty Bell under the directives issued in relevant LB files. He is directly responsible only to myself and the JCS/ONI Head Office. I consider this step a necessary one, for many reasons, and will take an active interest in it's outcome.

[signed]
James Carter
[and]

Adm. Robert R. Inman, ONI Executive Liaison

T-52 EXEMPT

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Chapter One

SHADO HEADQUARTERS

6-57 pm GMT December 9, 1983

Paul Foster had never seen Straker so tense. In the (almost) two months since the acrimonious ISC conference, he'd looked pensive and irritable. Thank God there had been no new UFO sightings since then; a full-scale Red Alert would've brought on an aneurysm in the stalwart SHADO chief.

Foster wanted to sit down and talk it over with him, but how do you do that with a guy like Ed Straker? Never one to wear his heart on his sleeve, Straker seemed to paradoxically relish and despise the responsibility Fate had heaped on his shoulders. He listened to his people, to be sure; but to simply go into his office and ask him: 'what's bugging you?' would be an exercise in futility.

So, Foster had decided to let things slide for the moment. This wasn't the first time he'd seen the Commander rattled, and it wouldn't be the last. Anyway, Foster was fairly certain he knew what was wrong. The 'bullet-proof' UFO.

The remains of the Alien ship had been retrieved from where they had fallen on the lunar surface. Lt Ellis and her team at MoonBase had analysed the fragments of hull, and had confirmed that yes, their adversaries WERE upping the stakes. Foster had dwelt over Ellis' report when he had got his copy; there was talk of 'nano-molecular binding lattices' and 'proto-organic crystalline matrix formations'. All Greek to him. But the main message had sunk in; the UFOs that would be coming from now on would be well-nigh impossible to shoot down.

So, where did that leave SHADO? An organisation with the sole purpose of defending Earth, that no longer had the power to do so. Was it simpler to just give up? What was the point now? These thoughts had been top in Foster's mind, and they must've been in Straker's also. They were inescapable realities. But then, when did reality ever mean much in THIS game?

"To coin a phrase; penny for them?" It was Col Lake. She had moved from checking the main computer and was now standing beside Foster by the door to Straker's office. Foster broke out of his gloomy reverie and forced a smile.

"You can have 'em for free, though even that might be overcharging." Lake grinned and indicated the closed office doors. "One of us is going to have to go into the lion's den sometime. Seclusion is OK for Howard Hughes, but not for Ed Straker."

At that moment, the doors opened and the man in question emerged. He looked SO tired, Foster noted at once. Straker's normally unlined and clear face was adorned with the dark eye-bags and worry-lines of a man who'd had too much coffee, too little sleep and way too many problems in the last couple of days.

"Commander," Lake greeted him warily, not daring to say what she wanted to: *You look like shit, Ed. You need to be relieved of command NOW, before you crack up.*

"Colonel," was the flat reply. "Has Alec returned yet? His report on the SkyBase proposal is overdue." Lake wondered if he thought he was fooling anyone; was it pride, or was it guilt?

Straker's question was one Foster could answer. "His SST is delayed in Stockholm; bad weather. He's offered to send the report via InterWeb, but with the problems we've been having, he, er, thought otherwise."

The commander nodded in weary resignation. "Damn thing's useless as it is now, that's for sure."

(The InterWeb, a phonline-based computer information system that AppleSoft developed for

the commercial market in the early 70s, had finally gone into service with SHADO and various military organisations a few weeks ago. The systems would allow SHADO operatives to keep in constant video contact through cellular phone links, downloaded direct to palmtop computers, as well as co-ordinate very precise military operations on the spot. It would be a big step forward, in more than just the obvious ways.

Sadly, the system was full of bugs, and determined hackers who had broken onto the supposedly secure Pentagon InterWeb last year had planted viruses everywhere. The malaise had promptly spread to SHADO's set-up; Straker would ask for a classified report on the USAF's latest UFO sightings, and the InterWeb operator at SHADO HQ would get Danish pornography or LEGALISE POT in huge green letters on his terminal screen. It was enough to make you yearn for vacuum tubes and punchcards again.)

"We'll hold the meeting without him. We can't wait." Straker's voice brooked no delay, and the command staff of SHADO filed in after Foster and Lake. There was Keith Ford, Lake noted, trying to look dignified in a David Niven sort of way; Dr Jackson, standing by Straker's desk.

Jackson . . . Lake said the name in her mind, as if its mention could explain anything about the man. Jackson, frankly, weirded her out a lot of the time. He was on the side of the angels (apparently), but he still carried a furtive, distracted air about him that made the woman think that he was not always here with the rest of them. He and Straker got on well, which was hardly surprising. Foster dismissed his palpable strangeness as the typical mad scientist bit, while Freeman . . . well, Freeman tried not to spend much time around him. Perhaps that was why he wasn't here now.

Lt Ellis, who had returned to her MoonBase command post shortly after the September conference, was on the office videolink, her wiggly colour image gazing benignly down from the wall on all present. Behind her, Moonbase hummed and clicked efficiently. Joan Harrington was consulting a Skydiver launch report with Ayshea.

And then there was Straker himself. Bidding the crowd to seats in his small office, he laced his fingers and began speaking. His low, controlled voice dominated the tense air.

"Well, first up, we can't win with the gear we have," he announced. "You all know that. With our current space defences, we can no longer give any sort of kill guarantee on a UFO target. Sky One hasn't had a chance to face off against one yet, but I imagine things will prove equally hard for Waterman and his team."

He paused to allow for a comment. Lake coughed politely.

"Er, well, then, the obvious course of action is to go one better, which is presumably what that VERY long ISC conference eight weeks ago was about."

Straker nodded gravely. "Yes. But another obvious fact in the matter is that until we can build better weapons and craft, Earth is technically wide open. Therefore we must do two things . . ." He clicked a remote and the psychedelic wall-screen that swirled behind his back changed to a diagram, showing disposition of SHADO resources. "Firstly, I am declaring a London Bridge Condition." SHADO executive orders in the event of an emergency were classified under architectural or geographic features. Washington Square, Central Park, Liberty Bell, Black Forest, Versailles Palace...a veritable travelogue of names denoting the "panic plans" of the organisation.

London Bridge was the order to go to Maximum Invasion Alert status, where all SHADO resources would be pooled in a massive force to resist an overwhelming attack. There was no all-out invasion coming right now, but the chance of one in the near future was extremely

likely. Unless the Aliens were completely stupid, they would press their advantage and take out SHADO once and for all.

"Our whole reserve of Space Interceptors are already in position. We have a total of 18, in 6 troika squadrons. They are armed with blanket-burst nuclear mine rockets. The megatonnage in each warhead has been upgraded to the maximum possible without there being a chance of damage being caused to the Interceptors themselves." Waterman, who'd commanded Eagle Squadron for a few months last year, knew that even with the missiles they'd be using lately, the shockwave effect on the human ships from such a close proximity to the blast was potentially very dangerous.

"If single UFOs attack, we will go for an intercept with the usual three ships. However, should more than one UFO try the run past us, all eighteen Interceptors will immediately launch and engage the targets." Showing such a comparatively massive show of force like that would betray just how desperate Earth's plight was, and make an Alien invasion certain.

"As of now, all SHADO stations are on Permanent Invasion Standby. All leave is canceled, and officers are already returning from abroad to staff triple shifts here at HQ. Now, I've informed MAJIC of the situation . . ."

(MAJIC, the SHADO predecessor that the USAF and ONI had insisted be formed after the Roswell crash, was still in existence in 1983. It did it's own research, had it's own military forces, and dealt with it's own Aliens. They neither asked for nor got help from SHADO in doing anything about their ET situation. THEIR Aliens, they said, were no threat; but they were also highly suspicious of human motives. Indeed, the beings had not even been seen since SHADO began operations in 1980. That was what Jackson had said, when he'd talked about his time there in the late 70s today, anyway...Jackson had not commented much on what he had seen and heard. He said it was 'too complex.' Whatever that meant.)

"They have agreed, under our Project Liberty Bell mutual assistance accord, to give us personnel, and are also letting us use Navy and Space Command facilities to build major components of Skybase and the Mark II Interceptors. In addition, NASA has loaned us all of their Space Shuttles. They have been retrofitted with Super-Patriot nuclear mine launchers and extra fuel tanks. *Challenger* and *Newton* are already in orbit, and their pilots are being co-ordinated by ISC Freedom and MoonBase tracking. *Columbia* and *Endeavour* will join them in two days. In the event of a UFO attack, all Shuttles will come under direct SHADO control and will launch their missiles at attackers upon my authorisation."

(Ayshea looked scared, Foster noted. VERY scared. **Everyone** was scared, to be honest, but only she was visibly freaking out. That had a lot to do with the memories she harboured of being abducted...but not harmed...by the Aliens during her childhood years. Some would have argued that this made her unfit for SHADO service, but Straker had insisted she be treated like any other member of personnel. Only he and Ayshea herself knew the full details of what had happened all those years ago. So much secrecy here, in the vaults of the supersecret, Freeman had once said to Foster.)

"Meanwhile, all four SkyDiver boats will set sail and assume prime launch positions. AEG say we can have SkyDivers 5 and 6 in three weeks...the reactor tests still have to be done. They're rushing it, but going out in a bad sub helps no-one."

While he looked at his notes for a moment, Lake watched the other people in the room. Their expressions told the whole story. Jackson was impassive, his dark features held in a calm mask of contemplation. His eyes were locked on the carpet, and Lake knew that what was happening now would be of incredible import to him. The man who had tried and failed to get

into the heads of the enemy would soon have his answers one way or the other.

Harrington and Foster were visibly worried; no doubt they were wondering where their families were. Foster's family was his girlfriend and his mother, Harrington's her clan back at Ilfracombe.

Where would the Alien troops land when they came? Who would be the first to die?

Lt Ellis, amazingly, was talking to Barry and coordinating something, using the brief hiatus to get a pressure valve glitch on the Interceptor launch silos licked. Her calm amazed Lake. Ellis and her staff would get the job done in a second, if push came to shove. There was no sense in getting panicked.

Waterman looked resigned; he and all the fighter pilots in SHADO had been longing for THE big invasion; not having enough gear of the right power hardly seemed necessary. They'd been fighting the Aliens in a series of blood-soaked skirmishes for three years. Losses on both sides were very high; SHADO's Alien body count was upwards of 210 by now, and SHADO itself had lost 59 men and women. Those 59 had given their lives for a war that none of their families knew was even being fought; they had died for a noble cause wrapped in a lie. Waterman and his troops had waited for those three years to end the slaughter once and for all, and now it looked like they were going to get the chance soon.

Straker resumed his monologue:

"Sky-1 pilots such as Waterman have the option to go nuclear in the atmosphere should a UFO break the space perimeter, but they MUST clear such an action with me first."

Waterman nodded at the implied request for obedience.

Foster dropped his pen, and smiled sheepishly. "Sorry," he said as everyone glanced at him. "So, what's Phase II?"

Straker put up another diagram on the screen.

"As a result of the ISC conference, and Project Liberty Bell, we have fast-track funding approval for a massive upgrade of SHADO defences. Even with this high priority, it will be early 1985 before we even begin to see an improvement. Interceptor II is still just a badly malfunctioning test-bed in a Detroit aerospace facility, and the parts for the automated Moonbases are currently lying unassembled on the Moon. And SkyBase won't be ready until late 1986!"

"So, this is it, then?" Jackson asked flatly, in that slow drawl of his. His hooded eyes were regarding the Commander with a neutral expression. The commander gazed back with the silent communion of two people in on the biggest secret in history. A nod.

"This is it."

"London Bridge is falling down," Lake said out loud then instantly blushed, realising a second too late that she had intended merely to think that to herself. But no-one registered confusion; the allusion was too profound. Instead, there was a collective sigh of understanding.