

Interview with Peter Fotis Kapnistos, American Journalist

Interviewed by Paul Dale Roberts,

Alien Seeker News Staff Writer and HPI Paranormal Investigator - www.hpiparanormal.net

Paul: Peter, can you tell us something about yourself. Where you were born and raised, your family, schools you went to?

Peter: My parents were both from Greece and lived on a small island during the Nazi Occupation. During that period of poverty and persecution, my brother died before I was born. I remember being about three or four years old when we moved to the United States.

I grew up with my sister Sophia in Warren, Ohio, of Trumbull County — a small town near Cleveland that isn't too far from Wright Patterson Air Force Base. That's where alien bodies from the Roswell UFO crash



are supposed to be stored. On December 14, 1994, almost the entire police force of Trumbull County was involved in a frantic UFO chase. That episode became a ufological classic. But I saw it coming before they did, and I said so to one of my friends, Rick. His father, Mr. Jaynes, was once the deputy sheriff of Trumbull County, and his brother a well-regarded police officer who went to high school with me.

I attended the Trumbull campus of Kent State University, but the climate was pretty gloomy after the shooting of students in an anti-war rally, as we all learned by heart in Neil Young's 1970 song: *This summer I hear the drumming, four dead in Ohio*. Some months before those shootings happened, I strangely thought I would breakdown while I hung around in the Kent State parking lot.

I also studied at the American Pierce College in Athens, Greece. But when I realized that western education is centered exclusively on wealth-creation, I chose a career with big advertising studios instead, and freelanced as a photographer for model agencies. I also worked as assistant photographer for leading museum archeologists including Manolis Andronicus who in the 1980s discovered the royal tomb of Philip II of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great. I later worked with a well-known daily newspaper as an editor. I eventually published my own tabloids with the special intent of transforming my readers.

Paul: Peter, can you tell us about your paranormal experience in 1974?

Peter: Actually, that story began more or less in 1968 when I was still a teenager in Ohio. I had a near-death experience. I really believe I died and felt myself float like a blue mist in a tunnel above my dead body. It's very difficult to convey with mere words. There was a strong sense of déjà vu or a remembrance that I had originated from that bodiless condition before I was born. I'm now convinced that's where we all will return to again after death. Primal consciousness is entrenched in space itself — like a blazing home plate or cosmic singularity, but we are not aware of it in our everyday lives. It was only after I recalled Jesus that I suddenly unscrambled from that kaleidoscopic pattern and returned to my physical body. From that day on, I began to look for the person that freed me from a glowing pit or tunnel of light.

About six years later, I unexpectedly found myself at the Athens Polytechnic University student riots that brought down the military dictatorship of the Greek Colonels. Upset by the shock of dodging tanks, teargas, and political bloodshed, I traveled in the spring to the Patmos group of islands. The rare mood I faced is

nicely conveyed in Phil Collins' 1981 song, *In The Air Tonight*, where Jesus appears to be angry at humanity, but keeps his promise nonetheless:

*I can feel it coming in the air tonight, Oh Lord
I've been waiting for this moment, all my life, Oh Lord
Can you feel it coming in the air tonight, Oh Lord, Oh Lord*



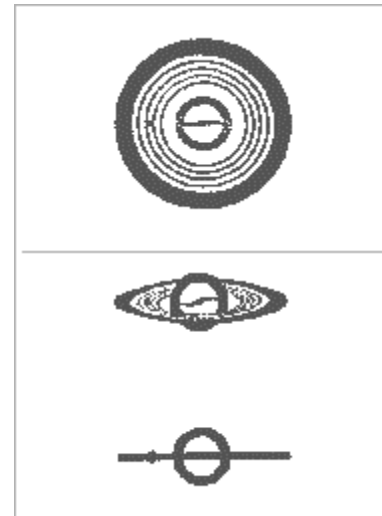
Just before dawn on Saturday, April 20, 1974, as I sat near the port of the Aegean island of Mykonos, I met a Man in Black who telepathically revealed to me a metal seal, the cap of a well pipe in the flagstone near my feet, with the design of what he said was the universe engraved on it. The man was well dressed, like a bridegroom, or a young business executive. I could hear his soft voice in my mind with perfect clarity. He told me that his father had claimed the judgment of Hitler's soul. Astonished by that weird idea, I tried to get up from my chair and walk on. But the stranger stopped me. Stepping forward, he stretched out both his arms with his fingers extended in my direction. Then he turned and looked across the bay. Dawn had arrived. But a thick black line or dark rectangular object blocked out part of the orange sun.

I heard him say, Peter, will you look at me? When I did, the man fixed his concentration and asked me; do you know what I must do?

He then broke the metal seal by melting its small central rod with a forceful gaze. I could see a cloud of steam or vapor swirling around his forehead. I heard the loud trumpet-blast of a ship's horn, but I didn't see any large boats moving in the harbor. He walked towards me and said; know the faith, as he passed by my chair. Then he disappeared into the village footpaths behind me. The sun looked normal again.



Crisis apparitions are usually associated with projections of the subconscious mind, due to stress or emotional shock. But this occurrence had an effect on external matter — the center of the metal seal was broken — and I later photographed it to have a record. The well seal was a very old atomic symbol of heavy hydrogen or deuterium. Its broken nucleus signifies binary fission, the strongest force in nature.



I spent over thirty years trying to decipher the meaning of that amazing experience. The metal seal received publicity in the Greek press long before it appeared on the Internet. A popular Greek magazine and local Mykonos newspapers reported it — and it seems that even an Athenian cocktail lounge, the Louki, was named after it.

Some people wonder why I'd waste my time with what appeared to be a common sewer cap. But I can assure you the seal is not a gutter lid. In fact, the well of Mykonos has an amazing legend to it, particularly with pilgrims and pirates.

For example, a fourth century Apocalypse of Paul says: And he took me from the north side and set me over a well, and I found it sealed with seven seals.

As it turns out, the founder of the Mykonos Folklore Museum reproduced a detailed map of the original Mykonos castle's courtyard as it remained until the 17th century. It shows seven seals or shutoff valves and outlets leading to submerged well shafts, with an eighth outlet crossed out, rising up from an underground aquifer that yields fresh water where the cave of a pirate's hideout was recently discovered.

That means that seven of the well seals were at least a few centuries old, although many other seals were probably added to the well system throughout the years. By the mid 1970s, the antiquated well canals of Mykonos were finally unsealed for renovations. The main church of the Mykonos castle is from the 15th century. Construction begun in 1475 and its Italian name, Paraportiani or Postern Gate, means small inner door or beyond the small door, perhaps because it was next to the gate of the medieval castle, which was completely destroyed by invading pirates in the mid 1500s. The assault was a lead up to the Council of Trent in 1545, and the decision to reject classical Greek art as a detested thing. Like a picturesque dream, I bring to mind the well seal of Mykonos every time I hear the 1980 Talking Heads melody, *Once In A Lifetime*:

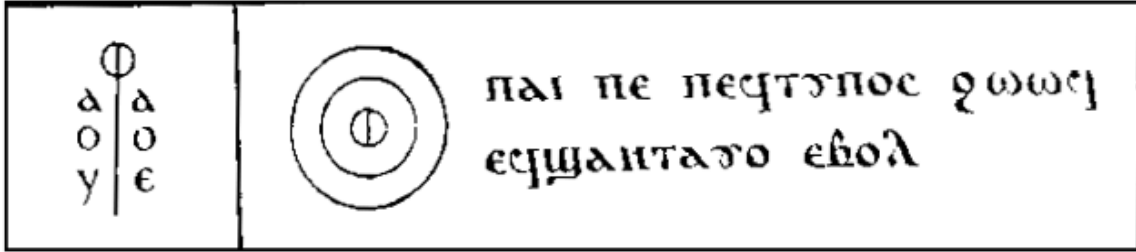
*Letting the days go by / let the water hold me down
Letting the days go by / water flowing underground
Into the blue again / in the silent water
Under the rocks and stones / there is water underground.
Same as it ever was... same as it ever was... same as it ever was...*

Early churches were often constructed over the ruins of pre-Christian temples. Perhaps this was also the site of an ancient mystery school of Kore or Persephone, with a certain pit of gold hidden under ground. The ill or injured from nearby Delos were probably brought to the curative spring of Mykonos situated in a grotto beneath the shore, which served as a sick-quarters, enforced by the Delian purification laws. In honor of the serpent-bearer, or the Rod of Asclepius, which represented the healing aspect of the medical arts, non-poisonous snakes were left to crawl on the floor in areas where the sick and injured slept. The bottomless well may have been a hospice for diagnosis and treatment before it became known as a snake pit of suffering.



To add to the brainteaser, Robert Louis Stevenson used a map of Mykonos to illustrate his famous story of *Treasure Island*. The most important treasury of the ancient Greek world was located on the small rocky islet of Delos, almost touching the western tip of Mykonos. Pirates plundered the fabulous wealth of Delos and reduced it to a barren skeleton island. William Captain Kidd committed his first act of piracy only a few nautical miles from the shores of Mykonos, and the bulk of that treasure has never been found. Fifteen men on a dead man's chest. Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum. Robert Louis Stevenson was commissioned by a major publishing house to write a factual book about the Aegean islands, complete with his map of Mykonos, but he finally had to abandon the task because of poor health.

Perhaps the most mind-boggling aspect of the seal of Mykonos is its likeness to the Bruce Codex diagrams from the University of Oxford. The Bruce Codex contains 2nd century AD manuscripts found in 1769 in Upper Egypt by James Bruce, a Scottish traveler who explored the source of the Nile. Though still largely unknown to the general public, the Bruce Codex diagrams are probably the world's oldest graphic images of the seal of the living God as mentioned in St John's Revelation. If you would like to learn more about my paranormal experience please look at my report: *Directed Panspermia and the MIB Experience*.



In my opinion the ancient well descriptions imply that complex organic molecules are outgassing from a seafloor fissure made by a prehistoric comet collision. Here perhaps is the starting point of all life on earth. And because humans are life forms, we relate to it biologically — even on a subconscious level. For that reason, if you think I'm leading you to a scene that should only exist in youthful fantasies, remember, this is very real place.

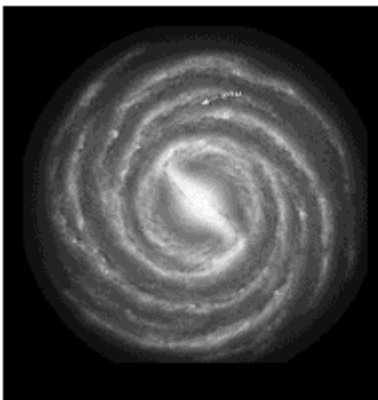
In fact, I went to the trouble of taking my story to Washington D.C., by personally handing over my correspondence and seal photos to an official in the White House mailroom in 1977. George Bouloukos, a parapsychologist linked to the Edgar Cayce group, afterward hypnotized me and recorded it on video to help me remember more details.

So abandon your shyness and let me take you to a charismatic island where young people fall in love, and Ben Gunn, the mysterious man of the island, watches over a remarkable treasure — with reasons of his own — and waits to greet his entrusted new guests. Don't feel sorry to stir up some memories from the 1993 Connells' tune, '74-'75:

*I was the one who let you know
I was your sorry-ever-after. '74-'75.
Giving me more and I'll defy
'Cause you're really only after '74-'75.*

Paul: *What links have you found between UFOs and Bible stories?*

Peter: The Bible is full of unidentified airborne objects and messengers from the skies. Traditionally, heaven is up there, in the sky, not merely in the human psyche or in some abstract realm. But people seem to have forgotten that today. Instead, they look for God in man-made temples and human achievements. The Bible makes it very clear that the sky or vault of celestial clouds is where God lives. Can you bind the



cluster of the Pleiades, Job was asked, or loosen the cords of Orion? Isaiah said that God stretches out the heavens like a curtain and spreads them out like a tent to dwell in. Matthew wrote that Jesus would return in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. But today, the religious clergy never once takes its congregation outside and points up to the night sky saying, that's where God is. Instead, most people have reduced God to a familiar spirit that only exists in metaphysical daydreams or the faded wits of mediocre minds.

If we describe those mysterious aerial phenomena in the Bible as UFOs, some critics wrongly take it for granted that we have somehow tried to identify them as products of alien technology. But that, of course, doesn't really mean a thing, because the word technology can imply anything from a pair of synthetic slippers to an array of galactic supercomputers. What's more, the Bible seems to describe baffling events like time dilation, such as the stopping of the sun's movement in the sky.

Time dilation is a known fact that has been confirmed by science, so we should get it through our stubborn heads that such unusual events do occur. I'm surprised that neither Darwinists nor Creationists have given any consideration whatsoever to time dilation when trying to determine the age of the earth. They might both have to redo their calculations. The important thing to consider is that all those unidentified things are not just peripheral quirks; they are central to the Bible's message. We can't rule out the possibility that God's technology is what we humans call physical nature.

Paul: *Do you believe that Ezekiel was describing a UFO?*

Peter: The vision of Ezekiel inspired a school of Hebrew asceticism called Merkebah mysticism. During the days of Jesus, it was widely practiced by biblical seers.



It was actually a type of breathing exercise and meditation in which the ascetics, who called themselves the Descenders to the Chariot, attempted to achieve the vision of Ezekiel by reaching down into the deeper self. In modern terms that would mean tapping the subconscious mind.

On the other hand, Ezekiel visibly described an external object in the real world that appeared to involve the landing of a celestial vehicle with some kind of living creatures. That's because the throne of God is evidently contained in a chariot that travels through the sky and the circuits of heaven. Therefore, it seems that Ezekiel's

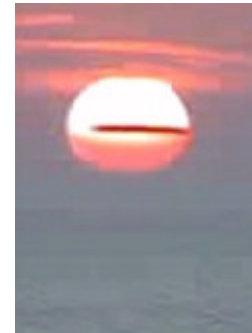
vision corresponds to an ancient idea that what is within the inner space of the human soul is also in the outer space of the divine cosmos – or what is above is also below. There is a superimposed symmetry that connects both worlds.

Paul: *Do you think the flying object Moses was following was a UFO?*

Peter: Barry Downing first suggested that idea in 1968, and a controversy has been raging ever since. His critics insist that the pillar of cloud and fire that led the Israelites in Exodus was actually God himself, and it's therefore heretical to suggest that it may have been a UFO.

However, a close reading of that passage says the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire. Since God was IN the flying object and was not the object itself, we must assume the pillar was a vehicle of some kind. It was perhaps a UFO, corresponding to the Merkebah paradigm.

Of course, a type of plasma vehicle like that is far beyond the capabilities of any of the space technologies we know of today. So I wonder again if God's technology may be what we identify as the natural world, with supernatural potential.



Paul: *How about the Star of Bethlehem? A UFO?*

Peter: Just before my experience of the seal, Comet Kohoutek came nearest the sun on Christmas of 1973. It has an orbital period of approximately 75,000 years and was expected to display a spectacular show of luminosity. Kohoutek was dubbed the comet of the century. It became one of the most highly anticipated comets in history. Leaders of the Church discreetly drew parallels to the biblical Star of Bethlehem. But when Comet Kohoutek finally arrived, it dimmed to the fourth magnitude and failed to brighten to the dazzling levels that everyone expected. For many observers, Kohoutek's black comet turned out to be a sudden letdown or an omen of the End Times.

The Star of Bethlehem could have been a comet that traveled across the sky during the journey of the wise men. Comet Halley appeared around that time, but its appearance in 12 BC is outside the likely timeframe.

Most astronomers and Biblical scholars believe the Star of Bethlehem appeared between 7 and 2 BC. It is also hard to picture how a comet could lead the way to a specific residence and then just suddenly stop there. A nova or supernova is another possible explanation. Chinese astronomers recorded a new star or nova in 5 BC. It was visible for over 70 days. However, a nova does not move across the sky. The Bible says the star moved until it stopped over the place where Jesus was.

Some other theories propose that the Star of Bethlehem was Jupiter in a planetary conjunction with Saturn or Venus. But since the wise men or Magi were practiced astrologers, it seems rather unlikely that all of them would have confused well-known planets with a new star. Also, every planet in the sky moves from east to west, due to the earth's rotation. But in order to lead the Magi, the Star of Bethlehem must have moved in a direction from north to south, and then abruptly halted over the site where Jesus was. It therefore looks like the Star of Bethlehem remains one of history's oldest unidentified flying objects. No natural theory has adequately provided an explanation for it.

Paul: What event occurred at the Patmos group of islands?

Peter: Patmos is a small Greek island of the Eastern Mediterranean Sea where almost two thousand years ago in a hazy cave, St John wrote the Revelation — the last book of the Bible, also called the Apocalypse.



I currently live in that group of little islands, known locally as the Furnace Islands Archipelago, or Fourni. The furnace name is not from baker's ovens, as some uninformed travel guides imply.

Some of the waters here contain hot mineral springs, with known healing qualities, which have been used in hydrotherapy since 2000 BC. The acropolis of the nearby settlement of Therma, on the adjacent island Ikaria, was once a popular spa town with stately Roman baths before an earthquake devastated it in 205 BC. Today, only part of the wall of the acropolis remains, with a few lavatories and the ruins of a water-tank. The hot springs of the Patmos group of islands are the most radioactive springs in world.

Deep below the sea are possibly the purest deposits of radium, cobalt, and uranium in the earth. Such rare elements and complex prebiotic molecules are perhaps the outcome of an impact crater in what is now the eastern Mediterranean Sea, formed when a life-bearing comet once collided with our planet. Here may be the prehistoric starting point of all life on earth. Biologists call it the cradle of life. When able humans finally appeared on the scene, this area became known as the birthplace of civilization.

Since ancient times, the radioactive caves in this region were used as places of exile and harsh punishment. Even in recent years, political prisoners and captured soldiers were forced to work in the radium sludge to construct modern pipelines and bathhouses. It is under this weird setting that St. John was exiled to a desolate group of islands where pagan Romans once upon a time were terrified of the invisible fire of the gods — the fiery furnace known today as radioactivity. The lake of fire and brimstone in the sealed subterranean well that St. John so untiringly described in the Apocalypse was not a distant flight of his fancy. It was at his adjacent shoreline. The cave or holy grotto of the Revelation shown today to tourists is only one cavern in a vast network of caves under Patmos that are linked together and might be connected to the subterranean volcanic rift of nearby Santorini, which some historians associate with Plato's legend of Atlantis.

The Revelation is a portrayal of the End Times and the triumphant return of Jesus Christ as made known to St. John by God's enigmatic messengers. Part of the Revelation embodies scenes of the throne-chariot paradigm found in the Merkebah story of Ezekiel. For that reason, some modern observers say that St. John was at the center of a landmark UFO abduction. But that can be very misleading.

As John Milor recently called to my attention, God's angels don't abduct people against their wills. Kidnapping is a felony even by our low degree of ethics. St. John wasn't abducted when he envisioned the

Revelation. He was asked: Come up here. John was therefore free to accept or refuse the request. Alien abduction reports, testifying of macabre experiments on semi-conscious hostages, correspond to serious crimes in our legal system and are evidence of an evil influence. The godly messengers John gave us a picture of were approximately human in appearance, as normal-looking men, not reptilian forms or Grey beings with locust eyes. Those kinds of creatures he described as the angels of the subterranean well, or maybe radioactive mutants in submersible vehicles, whose original abode was some part of the sky before their archaic rebellion.

Paul: What do you think the alien agenda is?

Peter: There are possibly several alien agendas, according to the exopolitics of Michael Salla and Alex Collier. Just as there are many life forms in the ocean, there are perhaps many different types of intelligent extraterrestrials. Reports of small beings with outsized heads and locust eyes could represent an agenda to manipulate life on earth in a way that might be harmful to humans. If they are occupants of unidentified submersible objects or USOs, they could be mining our planet's oceans for natural resources. Criminal experiments on humans that were abducted could have a sinister aspect with long-term consequences. If they feed on human endocrine products, as some writers have suggested, perhaps they see humans as just another type of core resource.

Aliens that appear human and attractive to us may be what St. John described as the angels of God. They may represent an advanced form of life that is not carbon-based and therefore is not subject to decay or entropy. Their lifespan could be everlasting and their agenda would be to defend us and guide us to higher levels of development, as long as we cooperate with them. They might be the transmitters of religion and maintain a close relationship with Jesus Christ who commands their missions, which may involve restoring the DNA of deceased humans.

If the two agendas clash, we may suddenly discover that there's a war going on in space to determine how biological evolution will ultimately unfold in various inhabitable parts of the universe. According to Jim Cunningham and other writers, we might be sadly disappointed to learn that some of our governments, particularly those that give unwarranted influence to the global military-industrial complex, might take the side of the wrong alien agenda. In other words, they could instigate a delusion and fight against the Second Coming in exchange for advanced military space technology. In the intervening time, the adverse effects of global warming may seriously weaken or even terminate modern civilization. The agenda of benevolent aliens may therefore be to launch a worldwide search and rescue operation.

Paul: Have you ever encountered the Men in Black?

Peter: There are two types of MIBs. The first modern report of genuine Men in Black was in 1953 by Albert Bender. He said they had telepathic abilities. Their foreheads glowed and they communicated to him with thought alone. They warned him to be careful about what he knew about UFOs, but they didn't hurt him. Pseudo-MIB reports surfaced since then, involving dodgy well-dressed men who impersonate government agents and do not have psychic abilities. They appear to be assassins.

A book was written in 2003 called *Staretz Encounter*, by Marc Seifer. According to the author, there were two true-life events that sparked the writing of his book. One was the arrest in Moscow in 1977 of Los Angeles Times reporter Robert Toth by the KGB, for obtaining a paper on telepathy and brain wave biofeedback. The other was the shabby treatment Uri Geller received from the American press after being tested successfully for psychic abilities at Stanford Research Institute and other U.S. military think tanks.

In 1977, I was working for an advertising agency owned in part by Robert Toth's son. By then, I had already told many people about the amazing man of the island and his inspiring well seal. I also put forward an idea that satellites might have been used in the JFK assassination. But I didn't suspected that the Soviet Union would effectively attempt to silence me.

During the days of Mr. Toth's arrest in Moscow, three pseudo-MIBs abruptly entered our office. They said they were Middle East security agents that were simply passing through town. One of them was an elderly

man who wore a wired hearing aid device and carried a very large bulky briefcase. When he pointed it at me, I intuitively thought that he might be a shooter of some sort so I held my hands in front of my belt.

The elderly man seemed to be artfully disguised with cosmetic injections. The three strangers quickly left and never returned again. But a few hours later, I had blurred eyesight as if I could notice after-images, like a black light sensation in a discotheque. The Dark Night of the Soul had begun for me. Within a few days, my hands developed sunburns with small oozing cysts between my knuckles. An ache worked its way up my left arm until I felt that my head would burst.

Doctors later told me that a perforation grew in my heart. But I was lucky. I think my hands deflected the thermal energy of invisible ultraviolet laser radiation discharged from a capacitor, and the cartilage of my knuckles soaked up most of it. If it had surged into my pelvis and reached my sciatic nerve where the man probably aimed, I perhaps would have died within months. Maybe the hand luggage was a malicious heart attack weapon used in those days by Murder Inc. But the pseudo-MIBs failed their task.

That incident convinced me to take my story to the White House before it was too late. My friend David Trinkall and I drove for two days without sleep until we arrived at President Carter's doorstep. It was the bicentennial spirit of '77. When we returned home, I joined the navy. I needed to find the tormenters who shadowed me.

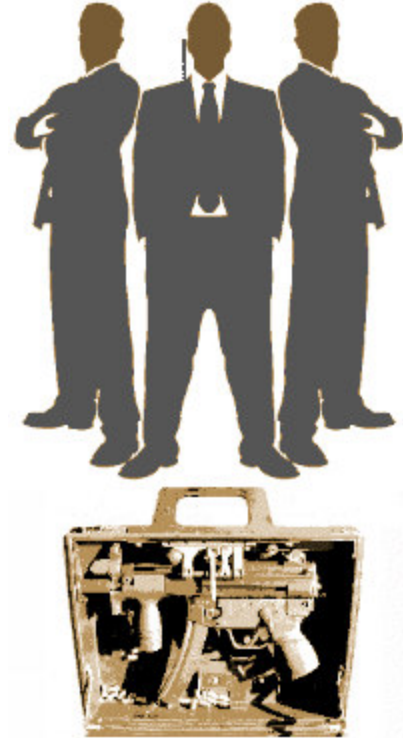
My navy recruiting officer was surprised when he learned I had direct correspondence with the White House. He told me to go home and come back whenever I felt like it. That meant I was on my own. In the 1970s, the navy intelligence department conducted experiments in remote viewing. Uri Geller was in charge of those tests, according to Gary Bekkum of Starsteam Research. Pat Price and Ingo Swann were also responsible. Andrija Puharich selected and advised the psychic team.

I began to have a series of somber dreams where I thought I could see myself during the Second World War, or during the Berlin 1936 Summer Olympics. I was tied to a wooden chair and tortured in a dark bunker in the command center of some kind of nuclear experiment. During the period of those dreams, my mother got an irritating phone call from someone who said he was from the police department, but probably was not.

When I walked home one afternoon, I became the target of a drive-by shooting. I clearly saw a young man's face in the passenger side of a slow moving car as he fired his gun, almost point blank at my chest. By a miracle, he missed me. But a youngster was shot in the same way only a few blocks away. When I reported it to the police, the officer on the phone told me they caught the assailant and that he was a black man. I told him they were wrong, the man was white with a light brown short haircut. The officer said there was nothing he could do.

It was then that my friend's father quit his job as deputy sheriff and went on to teach the marines in Parris Island. Plainclothes detectives abruptly took me from a public library to be examined against my will by an older German doctor. My friend David was also taken. When I was allowed to go, I was awakened at night by screeching car tires and gunshots fired in front of my house. It was time for me to leave America or my yard would become a battlefield.

I took the next plane to Europe. It's supposed to be an important thing to be a navy seal. It's even more important to be on your own or undercover. The news I got was not pleasant. I soon learned that my friend David didn't make it. They found him alone in his house, dead of a gunshot wound. They called it a suicide but I wasn't rightly persuaded. At the same time, a relative of mine who owned a trendy restaurant in



Washington D.C. was found alone in a hotel room, dead of a gunshot wound. They also called that a suicide but I wasn't fully convinced.

The tide finally turned for me when some colleagues and I uncovered a World War Two bunker in the underground room of a building in what was once Nazi Fortress Europe. Inside the bunker was the foul wooden chair that I had seen in my dismal dreams of remote viewing. I sent details to the local police with several photographs.



They say a lawbreaker returns to the scene of his crime, and I wanted to corner a criminal on the inside. But I had to prepare for it with an anonymous letter quickly handed through the gate of the Soviet embassy. It was addressed to Yuri Andropov, the head of the KGB. I hoped my oppressor would blow his cover and I think he did. Here's what may have happened: When he illicitly returned in disguise to the boulevard of the clandestine Nazi bunker to deal with the new dilemma, he fell into a trap because his rival KGB contenders waited for him there.

But there was one last payback from his killing squad in retreat. When I tried to find a woman with a mark on her forehead that was an eyewitness of the well seal, a passenger train I was riding in bizarrely derailed, killing a number of people. The tranquil meadow of the train wreck became a field of blood. Nothing moved me more than the sight of a little boy who tried so bravely to stand up next to his father and mother although part of his tiny face had been torn apart.

I'm not dishonored to admit that I became a drug addict for six years after experiencing that catastrophe.

Doctors in black helicopters that arrived over the train wreck hurled hundreds of syringes of morphine down from the sky to save whatever life they could. I didn't need it then. My blue jeans were torn but I was only bleeding from the knee. A few days later I gave in to post-traumatic tremors. Various newspapers wrote of sabotage. Others called it culpable negligence. A few separate sources said Soviet agents wanted to abduct or kill Uri Geller.

Nobody paid much attention to a cryptic seal when it was finally announced that the Soviet Union's last tyrannical dictator had suddenly died. Nobody really knew that Vladimir Putin had secretly been baptized at the risk of imprisonment. And almost not a soul mentioned that the Orthodox faith of the Bible had finally returned to Russia.

Some people say it's an important thing to be a navy seal. I think it's even greater to experience the seal of God. There were other friends that died for that dream, but I won't talk about them right now. The Dark Night of the Soul was finally over for me. By 1990, I recovered from drug dependence. The Berlin Wall came down and the Cold War ended. The Scorpions sang *Wind of Change* and before long, change would come to America.

*Take me to the magic of the moment
On a glory night
Where the children of tomorrow dream away
In the wind of change*

Paul: *If you had 6 dinner guests, 3 fictional and 3 real, who would they be and why?*

Peter: I'd invite the mysterious man of the island, of course. But I don't want to leave out any friends, so I'd rather tell you about interesting people I actually did have dinner with. Dizzy Gillespie was one. I helped organize a concert for him. When I was a newspaper editor I had cocktails with Francis Ford Coppola. I was also at a social bash with Keith Richard in Mykonos. As for fictional people, I would pick Sherlock Holmes because I like to solve mysteries. Captain Jack Sparrow is welcome because I might just have the pirate map he's been looking for. And I'd invite Barbarella because one of the people who did special effects for that film was my photography teacher. Of all the famous people I know, Uri Geller is the only one who phones me once in a while and sends me email.

Paul: *What are your hobbies and recreational activities?*

Peter: I'm an outdoor person because I live on an island. I used to be interested in gallery exhibitions. I once had a photo exhibition and to my surprise Alexander Iolas turned up. He was the famous art collector who discovered Andy Warhol. Unfortunately, Mr. Iolas passed away in 1987 before my talent could be noticed.



Paul: *What is your website address and how can people contact you?*

Peter: I have several websites. But the one that got some attention from David Icke, Alex Jones, and Jeff Rense is www.BlackRaiser.com

Some people accuse me of saying that Aleister Crowley was Hitler. But that's not true. We know that Hitler had up to three or four doubles or political decoys. I merely suggested that Crowley might have been one of them. After all, he was an originator of the supernatural ideas of Nazism and even wrote the nonsense that when he was born, a few hairs on his chest formed the shape of a swastika.



Some people have asked me why books weren't written about it if Crowley was a double. Well, no history books have been written about any of the other known doubles either. Almost nothing is known about Gustav Weler, Andrea Kronstaedt, or, Heinrich Bergner. We know only a little about Julius Schreck, another Hitler double, because he started the SS.

Paul: *Do you believe that one day we will have full disclosure?*

Peter: Yes I do. But disclosure might come from the extraterrestrials themselves before any governments admit they exist. I don't know the day or hour of disclosure — or the Second Coming, if you see it in a spiritual way.

Paul: *My sister Sharon lived on Santorini Island off the Coast of Greece for 5 years. Have you ever been there and do you think Santorini Island is connected to the Atlantis story?*

Peter: Yes, I have been to Santorini a few times. I did museum photography for Spiridon Marinatos, the archaeologist who discovered the ruins there. Atlantis was a global bronze-age civilization with its hub probably in Santorini. A volcano destroyed it. The sound of that volcano blast could be heard as far away as Spain. Its soot and ashes destroyed all vegetation in the entire Mediterranean. But don't make the mistake of trying to date Atlantis with the volcano. That was only the last of a long series of eruptions. The very old civilization of Atlantis was far more ancient than the last eruption we know of.

Paul: *My father, my stepmother, my sister and her former husband have traveled all over Greece, I haven't been there yet. If I do go, what do you suggest that I MUST see first?*

Peter: Most visitors first see the Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens. Then head out to the magical islands. Look for Treasure Island if you can get your hands on its map. Santorini is also very enchanted. If you come to my Furnace islands I'll take you to the hidden hot springs, unless you're afraid of a little radioactivity. Some of the people who visit me here are Ralph Blum, author of the well-known *Book of Runes*, and his wife Jeanne, a specialist on Chinese medicine.

Paul: *How much do you think the government knows about visitations by aliens?*

Peter: The government knows more than it is telling us. But I think many isolated individuals who were eyewitnesses to UFO events probably know even more than the government does. They have formed into groups that may have a clearer overall picture of the UFO phenomenon than anyone else does.

Paul: *Do you think President Obama will receive full disclosure?*

Peter: He can get to the bottom of it if he really wants to. That depends on how important President Obama thinks the UFO issue is.

Paul: *What do you think about the Bible Code? Do you think the Bible Code is accurate?*

Peter: There are indeed hidden geometries in the Bible. But it is more important to first grasp the surface meaning of the scriptures before trying to uncover any less important codes.

Paul: *Do you think the government is involved with 'angel stops', allowing aliens to abduct humans for experimentation in trade for alien technology?*

Peter: It would violate the Constitution if the government actually did that. However, private corporations that are part of the industrial-military complex could be involved in various rogue projects. Ed Komarek calls it the Alien Resource Corporate Cartel.

Paul: *It was wonderful talking with you Peter, are there words of wisdom you would like to relate to your fans?*

Peter: Thank you for sharing your time with me, Paul. My only words of wisdom are what the mysterious man of the island once told me: know the faith.

Paul Dale Roberts, HPI General Manager, Paranormal Investigator & Ghostwriter

Shannon McCabe's HPI - Haunted and Paranormal Investigations International

www.ghostgirls.net

www.shannonmccabe.com/Conversationswithaserialkiller.html

(Paul and Shannon on TV Show Conversations with a Serial Killer - see link above)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paul_Dale_Roberts

www.nancybradley.org

www.jazmaonline.com

Staff Writer - Alien Seeker News - <http://www.alienseekernews.com>

WPRT Paranormal Radio - Content Editor Email: JazmaPika@cs.com Paranormal Cellular Hotline: 916 203 7503 (for comments on this story).

If you have a possible investigation call: 1-888-709-4HPI