

To Kerry Cassidy:

A model to the world of vision, courage and honesty.

INTRODUCTION

The majority of people picking up his book, either to read it or sample it, will already be familiar with Project Camelot. For those, little introduction is required. The contents of the pages which follow are my own personal take on Project Camelot's birth, growth, maturity, what it stood for, and what it achieved.

If you *haven't* heard about Project Camelot, or don't know much about it, this paragraph is what you need to read first. Camelot, as it's often abbreviated, is an investigative website jointly founded by myself (Bill Ryan) and my friend Kerry Cassidy. We sought out whistleblowers, insiders, authors, and researchers of note to present a kind of one-stop-shop for all matters connected with the suppression of the truth of man's origins, man's destiny, man's capabilities, and man's place in the cosmos. We held that the information that came to us belonged not to us but to the human race, and therefore was not ours to charge for. We filmed full-length interviews — some as long as three or four hours — and presented them freely on YouTube as a kind of ongoing video diary of our own journey of learning and discovery. The interviews, at first conducted solely by Kerry, fast acquired a reputation for being intelligent, human, informative, inspiring and entertaining. The material we covered was sometimes shocking, sometimes unbelievable, but always important.

We burst unannounced upon the alternative media in April 2006, and rose swiftly to prominence and controversy in quite a short period of time. From then to 2009, a whirlwind three year period that seemed to us to last at least a decade, Kerry and I became, quite by accident, folk heroes of the alternative media. We were grassroots, unfunded, apparently came from nowhere, and had a highly intelligent and perceptive grasp of the big picture that comparatively few others have (or have had, since — it has to be said).

Many longer-established members of the alternative media, who had been holding the fort for far longer than us, were very suspicious. George Noory and Jeff Rense, radio show hosts of great experience, both still both keep us at a skeptical and self-protective distance.

Our style was unpretentious, human and appealing, and we were transparently honest: our videos were sometimes quickly edited, and not always smooth and slick. We sought simply to include all viewers and visitors in our personal journey.

Kerry was always the driving powerhouse. Going to Moscow to track down Boriska (the first people who did), to Tokyo to film Ben Fulford (the first people who did), and to Oslo to film Leo Zagami (the first people who did), were all Kerry's suggestions. I immediately agreed with all her ideas — and she agreed with mine, and I had a *lot* of input: including a firm NO to some of Kerry's ideas. And some of those stands I took led to more than a few nuclear behind-the-scenes firefights.

As is quite well-documented, our differences in style and personality — like John and Paul, who many have compared us to — led to a parting of the ways at the end of 2009. Throughout that previous year we had been under heavy attack, including by psychic and electronic means. We had just upset way too many people and groups. One of the few who understood this was David Wilcock, who at that time was very close to us both. He tried to broker peace, as did several other good friends, but it was hopeless. It was like trying to break up a fight between two very angry big cats.

I always felt that less was more (too much information and too many interviews dilute the message: quality is more important than quantity), and that all facts reported in good faith, should be checked as fully as possible. I was the researcher, joining dots and digging out information: Kerry was the intuitive. It was a good combination. It was when intuition clashed with the facts that we began to clash with one another. Despite the fact that we agreed far, far more than we disagreed — and continue to do so — our differences were used by our enemies to split the log. Neither of us were fully able to see that at the time.

Many people still want us to work together. They miss the balance I provided, and I *did* provide that balance. There are many times when I've despaired of the nonsense proliferating in the alternative media. In 2011 it was Comet Elenin and 11-11-11, and, as I'm writing these words on 13 May, 2012, it's "Drake" and all the hysteria about "Ascension" and 21 December 2012. I'm confident that months and years after that date, you, reading this in my future, will well know that nothing happened at all that warranted all the hype and hysteria over those topics. What I think *will* have happened, I'll

be both brave and foolish enough to predict. But I'm already getting a little ahead of myself.

My core reason for writing this book is that from the moment I parted company with Kerry on the joint venture that was Camelot, I received intelligent and articulate e-mails every other day from concerned people — some of who have been following Kerry's and my work since the beginning — urging me to get back on the horse and make a significant contribution. I reflected deeply about this, for I was being told that my wider and more prominent contribution was needed, and I recognized that as a reality.

Kerry never really knew how to handle my position — which I'll explain in as much detail as I can in the pages that follow. She really did try. We worked together very closely on the prospective Camelot TV show (filmed in July 2010*) — and tried again to start working together at the International UFO Congress in Phoenix in February 2011. Both times, she gave it her honest best, but there were a number of reasons why this was impractical: there were way too many barriers, and between February and May 2011 we almost immediately came under attack again, with 'Charles' and Inelia entering the mix this time. But again, I am jumping ahead. For the details of this, and much else, read this book.

I support and honor Kerry and all her work. Everything I've always said about her is true: she is one of the most honest and courageous people I've ever met. I learned a great deal from her. I will always remember her with gratitude. Working with her was inspiring, infuriating, exciting, and frustrating. And I'm quite sure she'd say the same about me.

Bill Ryan
May, 2012

* *The pilot episode was eventually aired on 7 November 2012, and can be seen here: <http://youtube.com/watch?v=slQD0rUqbGo>. TruTV wanted me to do the rest of the series alone (as a kind of all-English Jesse Ventura), but I told them that as a matter of principle I would not do it without Kerry. They canceled the series.*

A NOTE ABOUT AUTHORSHIP

This book has not been written in conjunction with Kerry. The events related are solely from my own recall — but I believe them to be accurate. As will inevitably be the case with two pairs of eyes viewing the same landscape on the same journey, we will have seen and remembered different things; but that does not mean that both people's recalls aren't equally true and valid.

Despite my not consulting her about the contents of *The Project Camelot Story*, I believe readers will see that I've been both magnanimous and fair. Much of this book is about the Project Camelot journey, how we met our witnesses, our interesting (sometimes *very* interesting) experiences along the way, and our personal reactions to our ongoing expanding learning and discovery. Some of this book is about the information we learned, and how we processed and responded to it — both inwardly and outwardly. But the braided string on which all these beads are threaded is that of each of our own very different personalities, and therefore I really don't believe this story could effectively be told by two people as different in makeup as we are.

A longer title of this book might be *The Project Camelot Story as recalled and recounted by Bill Ryan*. However, in that longer title, there is no implied enmity with Kerry. As I've stated many times publicly, we agree on at least 90% of everything we've ever done, examined or experienced. And that's a way better proportion than one will find in most marriages or business partnerships.

Maybe Kerry will write her own book, as since we ceased working on Camelot together at the end of 2009 she has accumulated an abundance of new experiences all of her own. As equally did I, flying the Project Avalon flag — about which I'll include quite a long afterword. While I've put quite a lot of work into Avalon, my friends still universally introduce me to others as *Bill Ryan from Project Camelot*. I've never once corrected that: I'm more than proud to be known for my Camelot work.

One

THE BEGINNING

There is nothing more powerful than an idea whose time has come.
— Victor Hugo

In the beginning, before Camelot, was Project Serpo. This is in itself such a complex and fascinating story — one that contains important revelations, truths and insights — that it deserves its own appendix; and so I've written one.

The Serpo story, like the Camelot story, has not yet properly been told. But it'd be a disservice to the subject of this book to embark on the intricate subject matter right up front. Its mention here, at the start of this book, is because I first met Kerry Cassidy at the International UFO Congress, then in Laughlin, Nevada, in February 2006, when she requested an interview of me as the *serpo.org* webmaster. That's how it all started.

For those readers who've not heard of Project Serpo, this was what *Project Crystal Knight* became known as on the internet after it was first unleashed on the UFO-interested public through Victor Martinez's e-mail list in November 2005. Victor, a Los Angeles English teacher, who at that time had about 130 subscribers to his free newsletter on UFO- and ET-related matters, received a rapid-fire sequence of detailed, anonymous messages claiming that back in the 1960s a team of twelve US military scientists had embarked on an exchange visit with an ET race. The anonymous correspondent claimed that the team of astronauts had remained on the alien planet — called *Serpo* — for 13 years, after which eight had returned. Victor dutifully circulated the anonymous messages to his group — which was to quite some degree comprised of military officers, scientists, researchers, authors, and intelligence agents. At that time, it really was quite a list of *Who's Who* in the UFO world.

The elite group also contained myself, and this *Who* was a complete unknown. I'd been recommended to Victor's group a short while earlier by a mutual acquaintance, Frank DeMarco (then the editor of Hampton Roads),

and I, along with everyone else on his list, was captivated and intrigued by the early anonymous messages that Victor streamed through to our inboxes. It was researcher and writer Bill Hamilton who suggested that someone should assemble all the incoming information into a website for larger public reference.

I was not doing much at the time (I was self-employed as a freelance management training and team development specialist), so I volunteered. Aware that nobody would know who I was, and equally aware that the information might generate quite a lot of interest, I opted to describe myself and what I was attempting to do on the *serpo.org* website as follows:

Logically there are four possibilities:

- 1. Anonymous is a prankster and the reported data is either all invented or culled from other sources and added to a wild novelistic story.*
- 2. Anonymous is operating to a planned agenda and the information is deliberately distorted, but contains a core of extraordinary truth.*
- 3. Anonymous is doing his best to report data from an indirect source (personal notes, his own short or long term memory, or another person), but accidental errors, omissions and additions have occurred.*
- 4. Anonymous is reporting everything faithfully and accurately as best as he can present it.*

Only possibility (1) means everything should be rejected. The other three necessarily mean that the reports deserve close attention.

It is recognized that readers may have widely differing views about the veracity of the claims. There are some serious and clear scientific anomalies regarding the apparent violation of known physical laws. Anonymous and his colleagues have attempted to answer all questions posed so far.

There are at once persuasive reasons to dismiss the data – and persuasive reasons to evaluate it very carefully indeed before rushing to judgment. The personal opinion of the author is that even if it may

be considered unclear whether the account is totally accurate, it is of such extraordinary potential importance that it deserves a fair hearing in its entirety. Many people with an informed background in UFOlogy believe there is a significant probability that the information is founded in truth, and a number claim to have heard reference to (or in some cases considerable detail about) this project before. Therefore, based on compelling evidence that there is something currently occurring which may be of considerable importance, this website attempts to perform a public service.

If this extraordinary story is true, the twelve exchangeers who visited Serpo – eight of whom returned – are among the greatest unsung heroes of our generation.

The author of this site is Bill Ryan. He was trained in Mathematics with Physics and Psychology (Bristol University, 1974), followed by a brief stint in teaching. For the last 27 years he has been a management consultant, specializing in personal and team development, leadership training and executive coaching. Major long-term clients have included BAe (Systems) Ltd (formerly British Aerospace), Hewlett- Packard, and PricewaterhouseCoopers. He is not and never has been connected with or a member of the military, government, or any formal UFO groups. This information is shared in the spirit that the best place to hide is out in the open.

I knew the material would be contentious, but I had no idea *how* contentious. As the stream of anonymous messages poured in, a storm of controversy broke. I was interviewed on *Coast to Coast AM* — joined on the show by Whitley Strieber and Richard Doty — and was courted to join the *Above Top Secret* forum as a special guest. There I was present for several months on what became even now the longest thread in ATS's history... before the owners of ATS became more and more upset with me and eventually banned me, to this day branded as a 'hoaxer'.

I'd never been on any forum before, let alone on a national radio show. In those early days I learned a huge amount about the alternative media. It was a baptism of fire. I had stated that the best place to hide was out in the open — a refrain that both Kerry and I would later adopt in Camelot, and

recommend to all our whistleblower contacts — but when out in the open, one can sometimes draw a lot of fire.

A great deal more on the Serpo story is recounted in Appendix 1, but for the moment this is all that's needed to understand why at the February 2006 Laughlin UFO Congress, where I'd been invited to speak, Kerry Cassidy sought me out for an interview. The circumstances were comical. I was in demand, as 'Serpo' was headline news on every UFO website, and just before being interviewed by Kerry I spent an hour with Jim Rodger, an amiable and experienced TV reporter. In his hotel room he set up an assembly of cameras, microphones, soft focus lighting, and the whole professional nine yards. I was a rookie at all this, and I was impressed.

Immediately after, I went to Kerry's room, late for my appointed interview. Apologizing, I sat down to wait for her to set up all her equipment. I didn't have to wait long. "All her equipment" consisted of a tiny consumer-grade camcorder, sitting all on its own on a cheap plastic tripod. It was all she had, and compared with the expensive array of sophisticated gear that Rodger had set up for me, it seemed almost ludicrous.

Kerry, however, was sharp, perceptive and incisive. Suspecting herself that the Serpo story was a hoax or a scam, she probed hard — and I responded with the best I had. The interview lasted a full 15 minutes, and Kerry later told me that she had been surprised by my intelligence, awareness and honesty. She turned the camera off, after which we continued talking for another two and a half hours. She was struck that I was a mountaineer, and had lived in Africa when I was young. We met again the next day, and went to dinner. While I was heading off to Las Vegas at the end of the conference (where I was to meet for the first time with Ralph Ring, introduced to me by his friend John Warnhoff), Kerry later told me that as she was driving back to Los Angeles, crossing the desert alone late at night, she found herself in tears at the impact of having met me, someone she recognized as a rare kindred spirit.

I spent several hours with Ralph Ring, and was captivated by his remarkable story. Ralph was to become one of our early Camelot witnesses, and his testimony — working with maverick Tesla-inspired engineer Otis T. Carr in the late fifties to build a home-made flying disk — is now known by hundreds of thousands of people. I returned to the UK and my management training work, and in the meantime kept in touch with Kerry by e-mail and

Skype. She told me that she was soon going to Egypt to see the pyramids, and suggested changing her return flight to spend a few days in the UK. She asked if I would like to meet up and show her around the megalithic stone sites of southern England: Stonehenge, Avebury, and the like. I knew them well, but she'd never been there.

So at the beginning of April 2006, Kerry rolled up at Heathrow airport exhausted. She'd been unable to change her itinerary, and so after returning to New York from Cairo she'd caught another return flight to London. As we drove off towards Stonehenge, she confessed to me something that I still now dwell on: to alter Churchill's famous quote a little, this was one of the agate points of our story on which our destinies had turned. Kerry told me what had really happened when she proposed to me in a Skype text chat that she might extend her trip to visit the UK. She wasn't totally confident that I'd respond, and when I seemed to fail to take her up on her offer, she had already drafted another message reassuring me that it was just a joke. Meanwhile, totally unaware of her doubts, I was multitasking and had not gotten round to sending my positive reply. Kerry had her finger poised — literally — over the *Send* button to retract her proposition. With split seconds to spare, my agreement arrived on her screen. Had I taken just a few moments longer, Camelot would never have been born.

Kerry's visit to the UK lasted four days. It was a wonderful trip. Traveling west, we visited Stonehenge, then Avebury, then Glastonbury, then Tintagel — the latter being the fabled *Camelot* of King Arthur, timelessly clinging to a sea cliff on Cornwall's dramatic coastline. We sat on the clifftop in the sun and wind and wondered what we might embark on together. The morning after, on our way back to Heathrow in the car, I came up with the idea for Project Camelot. The name seemed obvious. It was one of those moments where an entire project was envisioned, as if multidimensionally, all at once. Kerry saw immediately what I was describing, added more ideas of her own, and gave her total agreement. The entire process lasted no longer than a couple of minutes.

Project Camelot was entirely created between us in that time. Kerry invited me to stay with her in Los Angeles to work on our new project, and five days later I was on the plane. A new phase of my life had suddenly begun.

Two

'Mr X', THE UFO ARCHIVIST

Never try to prove anything. Then you'll stay safe.
— Hal Puthoff

While I was working on the Serpo website, the person who would later become Project Camelot's first witness wrote to me. It was January 2006. He revealed to me that back in the mid-1980s, when working in the graphics department of a southern Californian aerospace company, he had been invited to volunteer for an unusual project that was to change his life.

Eager for a change and a challenge, Jon — my source's real name — had accepted the assignment while knowing almost nothing about what it entailed. When he was briefed, he was stunned. He was to work in a guarded vault, for eight hours a day, cataloging the contents of sealed mailbags which would be brought to him every morning. The bags would be full of unsorted UFO-related material: documents, photos, films, and artifacts dating back to the late 1940s.

Jon told me that most of the material was in sealed packages marked with references of various kinds; maybe 2%, he guessed, was open for him to view. However, in the six months of his assignment the items that he was able to handle and examine with his own eyes reached a significant number. He wrote, in response to written interview questions:

I saw reports, photos, tapes, films, video cassettes and material from crashed saucers.

The photographs were of sightings. Close-up photographs of saucer shaped crafts. Hundreds of these. Some from space missions labeled NASA and NORAD. Old black and white ones and color ones. Some of ships emerging from (or entering into) water with no splash. Some with military men looking at them in the same pictures. Some cigar-shaped crafts. Some that looked like beams or bars. Most sort of

blurry, but some with detail. Most detail shots had ships with no seams or windows. Some with lights and some with no lights. Some in daytime and some at night. Some pictures had crafts at a distance in formation.

Then there were documents. Most of them sealed, of course. Labeling included Secret, Top Secret, Top Secret Eyes Only, Confidential, and Unclassified. Some had markings of MJ-12 and MAJIC or Majestic. These were old from the late 1940s and typewritten with rubber stamps for the security markings. A couple even bore Truman's signature. Others were signed by military officials that I didn't recognize at the time. Most of the documents I received were report forms dictated by civilians and typed by research officials. These were labeled unclassified. The forms had no conclusion to the investigation of the sightings they reported, just the facts as told by civilians.

Some documents referred to material recovered at Roswell such as media disks. They reported the contents of these disks such as views of star clusters and planets from unknown positions in space. They also indicated landing zones here on Earth. Most of these were nuclear facilities. Remember, this stuff was recovered in 1947, the birth of nuclear weapons development. They contained, as reported, aerial views of weapons facilities and silos where the warheads were stored. Sort of like a photo library of sorts, with symbols on the photos, the same symbols that were found aboard the craft.

Other documents referred to metal material that had extremely strong tensile strength. This material resembled chrome-like foil. It could be crushed easily, but would return to a flat shape and have no creases. It could not be torn, although a nail could be driven through it.

Other documents told of alien biology. They explained that the blood of the aliens recovered had chlorophyll in it and it was probably used for a sort of photosynthesis. Their esophagus came to a point inside their chest, going nowhere. No stomach, but mention of a pancreas that functioned very differently than ours. The appendix was also mentioned, theirs having a purpose more complex than ours.

There was mention of a live alien recovered at the crash, but no mention as to where it was taken or what was done with it. No

mention of where the craft parts were taken, either. Just mention of the items they found, including a big chunk of the ship still intact.

I did get to see some of the foil mentioned, although a very small piece. I crushed it and it sprung back. The bulky packages were very light for their size. I could feel hard items inside, some of considerable size. I saw one piece of I-beam material with symbols on it. It was about 5 inches long and 1 inch thick, with no burn marks on it at all. It sounded like plastic when banged (gently) on the side of my desk. I could not scratch it.

It was very exciting holding it. I thought to myself, "This is from another planet in another solar system, and I get to touch it!" I felt privileged.

His employer had been quite unaware that Jon had harbored a lifelong private interest in UFOs; the job was a UFO buff's wildest dream come true.

After six months, Jon's assignment ended. He never knew why he was doing what he was doing, where the material came from, or where it was taken after he had finished examining and sorting it. Astonished by what he had been allowed to witness, Jon told no-one at all of the project until his marriage many years later — and then one or two close friends, and finally myself. We exchanged long e-mails, and it was immediately clear from Jon's detailed account that his testimony was straight from the heart.

Kerry and I met him in person in Los Angeles soon after I'd arrived there from the UK. He was charming, delightful, open, and unpretentious. We had dinner at his home with his beautiful young wife, and they were a lovely couple. Jon was in his mid-40s, and they were both a little nervous about the prospect of putting everything he had experienced on record. Intent on protecting his family, he did not want to risk showing his face or giving his real name.

We reassured him that he'd be safe. His was an amazing human experience, but he had no proof of anything he claimed. Each night, upon leaving the secure vault, he was routinely searched by the guards, and he knew better than to try to smuggle out even the tiniest scrap of material. It was a detailed, but quite unsupported, personal story.

Two months previously, when I had met physicist Hal Puthoff in person to discuss the Serpo releases, he had explained to me that I would always be quite all right as long as I never tried to *prove* anything. The governments of the world didn't want citizens being forced to accept new truths that would shatter their core beliefs. They didn't want riots in the streets, suicides, or social or religious unrest. Hal's view was that that would inevitably ensue if, for instance, a live alien were to be revealed on public TV.

It was far preferable and more tolerable from the governments' point of view for wild claims to be made which were unaccompanied by any proof. That was the fuse in the circuit. That way, those with open minds could readjust their personal realities in their own time — or not, as they freely chose. And those with rigid belief structures would be free to scoff and deny, with no mandate that they must change their worldviews. They could come to the truth in their own good time.

The way Hal put it made perfect sense. It was all about plausible deniability. Meanwhile, Hal, explained, those who were leaking information, with no proof, were *helping* the governments with their huge problem... which was how to change the wholesale beliefs of western civilization. Wise military men, Hal said, had decided decades ago that the process of conditioning humanity to these startling new realities might take several generations. And this was why these new ideas were being seeded into movies, TV shows, and comic books, so that gradually the reality of ETs and UFOs would become part of popular culture. No live alien on TV just yet; but eventually, surely this would occur.

The governments, Hal went on, were serious in their plans. They would leave well alone anyone who was unintentionally aiding them in their carefully calculated long-term strategy. But if anyone was going too far, too fast, with too much definitive proof in hand, then they might need to be stopped. *Never try to prove anything*, Hal said. *Then you'll stay safe.*

We came to realize that Project Camelot — and, of course, many other UFO-oriented blogs, websites, books, radio shows, TV documentaries and research groups — were, quite unintentionally and unknowingly, regarded as kinds of government assets. The governments of the world have a massive problem: how to reveal to the human race that we were not alone in the universe, that religious fundamentals are fundamentally flawed, that the

history of the human race is different from that which we have always been told, and that our world's military might is quite impotent against any potential extraterrestrial threat.

We and many others were helping the governments out — while never being officially sanctioned by them. The worldwide project that has become known as *Disclosure*, essential for humanity no matter what the motives of the global controllers, was like a kind of fission pile in a nuclear power station. Too cool, and no power is generated; too hot, and it goes into meltdown.

To control what must be a continuous, slow reaction, *cooling rods* are inserted into the nuclear pile. Too fast, and more cooling rods are added. Too slow, and cooling rods are withdrawn. In the case of UFO Disclosure, the added cooling rods take the form of sanctioned releases of snippets of information, deliberate leaks, on-record quotes from politicians and military officers, and looking the other way when an insightful and accurate piece of research is published in the public domain. The reaction is damped down, when required, with disinformation, smears, ridicule, denial, and (where deemed necessary, especially in the long and nervous decades of the 50s, 60s and 70s) various unsavory means of stopping a maverick in his or her tracks — including killing them outright.

Project Camelot was quite unplanned, and its advent quite unforeseen by the global controllers. But they must have welcomed it, as long as we never overstepped the mark. The problem, of course, was that we found ourselves playing a game for which no-one would tell us the rules. We could only find out the hard way when a rule was broken.

Three

GARY McKINNON

The first law of hacking: never get caught.
— Anonymous

It was radio host Jerry Pippin — who was nearly blind, but who had the warmest heart, and who had befriended me in the early days of the Serpo controversy — who interviewed Jon, the UFO archivist, on his radio show and had nicknamed him “Mr X”. We had introduced him to Jerry, but his unfortunate moniker stuck. In those early days, before Arthur Neumann appeared and was renamed by us *Henry Deacon* after the fictional genius scientist in the TV series *Eureka*, it hadn’t occurred to us to give him any other name.

It was also Jerry who put us in touch with Gary McKinnon, via her campaigning mother Janis Sharp. Gary was then, and still remains, a *cause célèbre*: he had spent a couple of years, working from his London bedroom on a slow dial-up 56k modem, systematically trying to hack into US military computers in search of documentary proof that the UFO phenomenon was real. Convinced that the US was hiding a mountain of UFO evidence from the public, Gary set to work peeping into every NASA and US Defense Department computer he could access.

To his surprise, he found it was easy. Many computers had no passwords, or ones (like ‘*password*’) which were trivial to guess. He spent night after night sifting through dull military documents in a variety of supposedly secure establishments. He discovered that he was not alone, and saw the evidence of many other hackers, including those from Russia and China.

His search lasted for two years, but resulted in two finds: a document detailing “ship-to-ship transfers” — the ships mentioned, the USSS LeMay and the USSS Hillenkoetter, were on no public register of US Navy vessels (the triple ‘S’es, maybe as if to denote “US Space Ship”, were noted by Gary) — and a spreadsheet listing the names of twenty or thirty “non-terrestrial officers”. His search also resulted in his own admitted

recklessness, as he became more cavalier in his explorations, growing ever more confident that no-one really knew or cared what he was doing.

Eventually, however, the British police tracked him down and came to his door. Gary was busted, and a huge public furor ensued. The US, furious that they had been so embarrassed by a young geek in his London bedroom encountering almost no effective firewalls to the secrets of the greatest military power on Earth, was determined to make a scapegoat of him. At the time of writing, Gary and his mother are still fighting his extradition to the US where, in theory, he could face decades of jail time for his naïveté.

Armed with Jerry Pippin's introduction, Kerry and I flew back to London. I had another reason for my visit: I had by then decided that I would break it to my professional colleagues that I would no longer be available for the management consultancy work that had been my source of income since the 1980s. I traveled to Devon for the meeting, and the looks on their faces were a picture. Although I was known for my maverick style and unconventional personal views on a wide range of issues, for years I'd been keeping my rather more controversial interests dutifully compartmentalized from my work. They were fully supportive, and that was the last time I saw any of them.

Cutting myself off from the possibility of any more earned income, Kerry had promised to support me in the new venture. Her mother had passed away a short time previously and had left Kerry both her car and a small inheritance: enough for her to make down payments on a modest house, and to fund our early Camelot living expenses and travel. After a while, we were able to continue our work through a large number of generous donations from appreciative viewers of our videos, but in those early days that was all an unplanned unknown, yet to come.

I sometimes miss that world of my management development work, which was always surprisingly rewarding. Throughout the 1990s, as I'd described in my brief *serpo.org* bio, I had earned quite a lot of money working on a contractual basis for some quite large companies. I was never an orthodox management consultant, but worked entirely in the realm of people and people skills. I was a kind of people-and-teamwork optimizer, often called in as a troubleshooter to help out in situations where there were personal conflicts, impasses in problem solving, or teams which were malfunctioning or which needed an accelerated startup.

I greatly enjoyed what I did. I was never concerned about the fortunes of the companies that employed me, but I cared deeply about the individuals that I had the chance to work with for intensive blocks of up to six days at a time. The companies wanted me to mold my charges into better employees, but my strategy was to support them in becoming better *people*: that meant that they transformed into better husbands, wives, fathers, daughters, neighbors, citizens... and, as a spinoff, better employees as well. My focus was purely on aligning and empowering the variables in their lives and personal makeup to boost their own personal ability, freedom of choice, and innate sense of what was right and wrong. Quite frequently I would enjoy a quiet triumph when someone on one of my courses would return to work on Monday morning and quit, now aware that they were in the wrong job, or following the wrong vocation.

That world had also earned me quite a lot of money. I never worked full-time, but I ran my own small business for many years and was good at what I did. In 2005, the year before founding Camelot, I had sold my house in Scotland and traveled to San Francisco to write a screenplay about another long-term interest of mine, the 1924 British expedition to Mount Everest. My involvement with that is another story to be told, but that sabbatical year marked a major punctuation in my life. It was at the end of that year, in November 2005, that the Serpo story broke and, as I had no work commitments of any kind, I volunteered to be the webmaster.

It was during the time I was in Devon, meeting with my colleagues, that the interview with Gary McKinnon was scheduled in London, some 150 miles away. I never actually met Gary, which I have always since regretted. Transcending her apprehensions, Kerry successfully drove my right-hand-drive British car twenty miles to the nearest station on the “wrong” side of the road — the first time she had done so — and caught the train to London. One of my oldest friends, Rod McCormick, met her at Paddington station and accompanied her as a local-knowledge guide to Gary’s house in the heart of North London.

Kerry conducted the interview with Gary in his garden. Setting the tone for a number of similar journalistic scoops that would follow, it was the first in-depth video interview anyone had done with Gary. As his predicament was already starting to become known in the UFO community, this coup did a

great deal to put Camelot on the map and also to promote Gary's important cause to a far wider audience.

At that time, I had no pretensions to be any kind of interviewer: this was always assumed to be Kerry's role. Mine was to create and manage the website, do research behind the scenes, share the driving, carry the bags, help with logistics, and hold the camera. I didn't even do any video editing: this, too, was Kerry's province. My whole *raison d'être* was to be in support. I was good at what I'd been teaching for the previous 25 years, which was all about how to be a strong team member. So I wrapped myself around Kerry, who was the driving force behind the interviewing and editing. As many have noted, ours was a kind of role-reversal of the masculine and feminine archetypes. Kerry was the go-get-'em Type-A driver, and also the public face. My job was to help make it all happen, and to function as a kind of power source for her, combining this with as much behind-the-scenes support as possible.

What we later came to realize was that our advent seemed to many to be straight from central casting. Our styles and personalities were contrasting and perfectly complementary. Kerry was the feisty maverick, wielding a sharp, instinctive journalistic sword and using it to cut to the truth of every matter that she could find. I was more measured and careful, attending to every detail and occasionally asking intelligent, well-timed questions, at first from behind the camera as a *voice-off* that added value and contrast to Kerry's cut-and-thrust style. I was the courteous, well-groomed Englishman with the perfect accent and the Indiana Jones hat, and Kerry was a smart, sassy, glamorous, no-nonsense surfer-girl-cum-hippy-chick who dared tread places and ask questions that no-one else would.

Furthermore, we were assumed to be a couple at the time (and, for a while, we were) — and so were seen as inheriting a kind of Bonnie-and-Clyde folk-hero mantle that was quite unplanned and unforeseen by us. The yin and yang of our differently strong characters was exactly what the hungry new age community wanted at that time. Before we knew it, our fledgling website was receiving a million unique visitors a month and we were getting hundreds of e-mails a day from people telling us that we were an inspiration and had changed their lives forever. As if impelled by unseen messianic forces, we surfed this growing, giant wave that never seemed to be of our

own creation, and every minute of every day was spent writing, traveling, editing, setting up new interviews, or figuring out what to do next. It was a magical period, in which we could seemingly do no wrong...