



# Who's following me now? And I don't mean on Twitter!

By Dan Green

“  
*Closest Encounter  
– The Rennes' UFO  
swathed in cloud  
looked similar to  
this storm*  
”

**T**he 1979 American comedy drama movie 'Being There' starred British comedian Peter Sellers playing a middle-aged man called Chance who innocently has the Secret Service thinking he is a mysterious spy of whom they cannot find any background information upon. They couldn't, because he wasn't – he was nothing other than a simple-minded gardener. As little more than an earnest researcher into the mysterious, I often wonder if I myself may have inherited just a tinge of this comedy drama plot.

Having long ago accustomed myself to nothing more than a healthy and curious interest in this, now global, mystery at Rennes-le-Chateau (RLC) in France, one might say it makes me fair game to be included amongst all alleged goings on behind the scenes that might truly have aroused the interest of Secret Service and intelligence forces. On a personal level I find this possibility quite disheartening as I'm sure such organisations would be better suited elsewhere than having to keep an eye out on little old me. However, now that I feel my own involvement has peaked and I could almost refer to myself as retired,

what better time to take a look back on what I do know for certain rather than conjecture.

That security forces are involved in this enduring mystery has been vouched for, at least, by another British comedian, Michael Bentine, (originally born in Peru) whom, incidentally, I have had a latter day brief connection with via my wife. Bentine, largely unknown for once being a former British Intelligence agent, warned the Rennes-le-Chateau Research group that they 'were getting into dangerous territory.' Adding to that, a correspondent of mine has since told me how Bentine, whilst working for a secret service department, entered the wrong room somewhere off a corridor and discovered it was full of things relating to Rennes.

My first potential skirmish with being thought of as something other than what I actually am, concerns the time I worked for a short while alongside British RLC author David Wood back in 1985. In those days when people were first made aware of each other's involvement in the RLC mystery it was customarily accompanied by a great deal of reserve and suspicion concerning



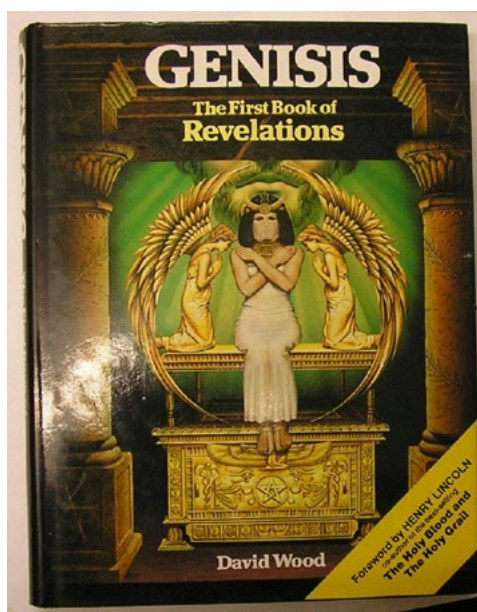
David Wood

one another - where they presenting as authentic, transparent and with all cards placed on the table? To this end I found people treat each other with more than a degree of cageyness, and David, owing to the furore his controversial book 'Genesis' had caused, certainly did.

Well, anybody who DOES know anything about me will tell you that I am a playful creature. When younger, perhaps even more so, and with this in mind I sent David a poem once in which I was commenting on our first, and only physical meeting in 1986, at his home. In the body of the poem one line read 'cagey you, cagey be' in reference to any suspicion he might have had about me. Yes, I was deliberately having some fun and the 'cagey you, cagey be' was meant to announce, for no particular reason other than mischief, a flimsily hidden reference to 'KGB', the main security agency for the then Soviet Union until its break up in 1991. I thought I was being clever, and in those days I was quite a good mix of being border-line arrogant and naïve!

During a later phone call with David he casually expressed his surprise about my general unawareness on some things stating; 'I thought everybody knew the CIA ran the Valley.' Well, how could I have known that, even if they did? How did he? David would later go onto say

that when he went to Switzerland on business, he was followed all of the way, and in 1989 eleven cars pulled up outside his home and he was raided, much of his work being removed from the property, and there was a trumped up, unfounded allegation of tax fraud.



My own troubles concerning my RLC interest were starting to manifest, with or without my help. When my wife and I left the valley in a 'down tools, we're off' moment, we embarked upon a trail that drew in, make no mistake, both Interpol and the British Embassy. Without wanting to go in finer details here, we hurriedly left the Rennes Valley after intimations from hostile villagers, to

end up holed up in a hotel in Toulouse. Local police back at Rennes had by then inspected our caravan that we had left behind and had come to the conclusion (as David would tell us later) - and probably supported by the fact that we had last been seen affiliating with a nefarious character known to the locals but not by us as a bit of a junkie - that we were drug pushers!

How this may have come about was quite comical in amongst all the seriousness of it. Before we had left England, my wife had bought a cheap, sizeable second hand book and hollowed out a compartment from within its centre so that when you closed the book it was the perfect niche to hide something inside. This was an old favourite that would often appear in old spy movies. In this case it was meant as a fun surprise when she originally presented me with the book and sure enough it did have something hidden within its core. It was a bag of Revels, my favourite chocolate coated confectionary at the time. We had taken the book with us - minus the Revels which were devoured long ago - and undoubtedly this is what the police must have thought had been a hiding place for a small drugs cache. Oh dear. And with another theory it got worse.

By the time we were in the hotel, Interpol put in an appearance and their concern was that we may have been involved with the ETA, the Basque separatists' organisation in Spain that used terrorism in its campaign for an independent Basque state. This was based on the fact that when we landed at Rennes we were complete strangers near the French-Spanish border where these terrorists were known to gather... Basque terrorists. Well let me assure you I have never chased anybody wearing a women's French corset in my life. Joking apart, this was quite a serious situation to be in. It got even worse.

My very anxious wife (it would have been bad enough for anyone but bearing in mind she has an anxiety-ridden autism too) had rung her father back in England explaining that Interpol thought we

might be terrorists. To try and diffuse the situation with his well-known sense of humour, he replied, 'Well you know you are, you little bombers!' It was later when we learned from the hotel manager that Interpol was listening in to all our phone calls. Get out of that one. Thanks for that, Harry, and another comical moment that backfired.

By this time the British Embassy, who had been called into help us get home after we had left in such a hurry and ran out of money, had decided that owing to our interest in the RLC mystery we were 'cranks'. Nothing like that old bit of tried and tested character assassination for future reference. It all began to get a bit stranger. Back in Blighty and in Lincoln, trying to resort to anything remotely like normal, my wife went to pay a monthly rental on the property we were still hanging onto. This meant visiting the office of the regular landlord, an estate agent who also happened to be a magistrate. Having not seen my wife for some time he greeted her with the puzzling remark, 'I hear you've been upsetting the French Masons' Pardon? Had we?

We didn't know and if he did, how? This individual was more than little shady himself and wasn't over guarded in taking any opportunity he could to suggest an interest he had in matters occult. During the late 70's a woman taking her dog out for an early morning walk in a huge local park in Lincoln was shocked to find about 30 or so nude adults cavorting about in organised fashion. After calling the police many were arrested and summoned, and turned out to be supposed respectable members of society. Among the many correspondences I have been sent during my Dan Green career, one correspondent mentioned that an organised occult group have functioned in the city and that they would conduct their business secretly at night in the grounds of the medieval Bishops Palace in the shadow of Lincoln cathedral. Obviously with lack of any real evidence, I could only treat this as hearsay although with equal rumours pointing at Lincoln Cathedral

itself throughout its dark history, who can say?

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***As my wife has high-functioning autism enabling her some specific, uncommon abilities, she is amazing at being able to spot patterns that the average neuro-typical wouldn't notice.***

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An aftermath of our RLC adventure and involvement and perhaps with an affiliation with David – of whom I have to say I knew nothing of the man other than what he was prepared to say – we came up against the favourite pastime of paranoia lovers – having a taste of being followed, probable mail interception and the likelihood of a phone line tap, albeit not all at the same time. Yes, easier to believe we were mistaken each time in our assumptions, but allow me to try and explain. As my wife has high-functioning autism enabling her some specific, uncommon abilities, she is amazing at being able to spot patterns that the average neuro-typical wouldn't notice. This is how I learned we were on occasion being followed. It would only happen if we were embarking on a journey that took us out of our county, and I learned that the car tailing us would then fall away once we crossed over into the next county, and we would then be picked up by another car. More than once she would suddenly catch our follower out by suddenly turning around at a roundabout and parking up to let them know that we knew we were being followed. The car would then just have to carry on thwarted, probably none too pleased.

Mail interception or malfunctioning machinery? Over time I had collected perhaps five or six of letters all being delivered with a convenient slit along one of their sides, taking them to a local solicitor and telling him it gave

the impression that our mail was being intercepted, and what could he do to help. Naturally, as anybody would, he struggled at first to accept that this could be the case and that we were mistaken, for if it were true we would surely have to be some sort of 'heavy dudes' for this to be warranted. I suggested it was because of our trouble in France and that it was stemming from the earlier suspicion that we might have been mistaken to have had a connection with ETA.

The spooked solicitor was absolutely uneasy with all of this and explained that he only had a small company and that was too big of a thing for him to cope with. He, however, went through the motions and did all I suppose he could do, by passing the concern onto the GPO who, of course, issued us with a standard reply that on occasions letters are accidentally ripped open by machinery. I'm sure they are and accept this fully, but I would expect this to happen maybe only once to an individual in their lifetime, not be respAt this time, I contacted investigative journalist Duncan Campbell, a specialist in the subjects of intelligence, security services and surveillance (he had been prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act in 1978), who at the time was writing for the British newspaper 'The Guardian', mentioning the now and then seeming postal intrusion and the occasional car tailing. After exchanging phone calls, he said he had discussed it with his colleagues and that the best advice he could give us was to keep taking notes of all the events. I had earlier sent some of tampered letters to the editor Eddie Shah, at the British newspaper 'Today', but received no reply.

With the sound of 'French Masons' still resounding in my ear, I thought I would chance a daring step. Recall, I was still tinged with an over enthusiasm and naivety back then. I compiled a RLC 'dossier' containing our findings and including an exclusive and spectacular photograph, and sent a copy each to the 33 degree Headquarters of both the English and Scottish Freemasons,

anonymously. After a respectable time lapse we rang both HQ's from a call box for any feedback. There had been no response from the English faction in London (which didn't surprise me as there had been a strong supportive element of the Jacobites in the dossier) but the Scots' Edinburgh HQ had called a meeting, discussed its contents and taken a vote on motioning any action. The vote went slightly against and so that was that.

Aside from our RLC interest, in 1989 had read in the book 'Above Top Secret' by top UFO investigator Timothy Good that such a craft had been sighted on the grounds of Prince Philip's uncle, Lord Mountbatten's Broadlands estate in Hampshire in 1955, prompting the lord to investigate and write his own report on the matter. After our own encounter with an unidentified aerial object in the Rennes Valley we had an idea, especially having read in a newspaper that Philip had once invited a man who had seen a UFO to come to Buckingham Palace and tell the story to his aides. So why not us, too? We'd write to Philip and share with him what we had seen at Rennes. To this end the letter was phrased something like 'We would like to have a private audience with you as we have some important information to share concerning Lord Mountbatten'. Bad move!

Mountbatten, in an altogether different incident, had been blown up by the IRA in 1979. A concerned Philip's secretary wrote back immediately explaining that we couldn't just have an audience just like that and that we would have to tell him, the secretary, first, what it was all about. We chose not to and didn't reply. Not having spotted the possibility, we may well have left ourselves open to suggestion that we knew some undisclosed information about the bombing. UFO, IRA - the only thing they do have in common is three initials. From this monumental faux pas, is it not inconceivable we have aroused the interest of security forces? Again? Interesting though that in 2011 a new Philip biography chronicles his and

SUNDAY 2nd MARCH 1986.

Sunday Mirror

EXCLUSIVE

By MARTIN BRUNT  
and BILL DAVEYPRINCE Charles is at the  
centre of a bizarre UFO  
mystery.The Prince had a close  
encounter during a flight  
home from the United States  
last week.The pilot of his RAF VC-10  
radioed air traffic control to say he  
had been startled by a "glowing red  
object" in the sky.Incredibly, FOUR other aircraft  
reported sighting the  
"UFO" over the same  
stretch of the Irish Sea.

## Visit

An immediate investiga-  
tion was launched—but no  
trace of the unidentified  
aircraft has been found.Other explanations—  
such as meteors or debris  
from a satellite—have also  
been ruled out by experts.Charles was nearing the  
end of a 12-hour trans-  
Atlantic flight after a five-Pilot shocked by  
close encounterday visit to the U.S. when  
the incident happened.A source at West Dray-  
ton air traffic control near  
London's Heathrow airport  
said: "The object was  
reported by five different  
aircraft, including the  
Prince's."The pilot described see-  
ing a red glowing object.  
The light from it lit up the  
cockpit."We just don't know what  
it was. It's a complete  
mystery."

And an air traffic official

at Ireland's Shannon airport  
said: "The pilot saw a  
bright flash in the sky.""An immediate check was  
made on all aircraft, but  
none was missing."Whatever the pilot saw,  
it certainly was not another  
airplane."A Ministry of Defence  
spokesman confirmed:"Prince Charles's pilot did  
report seeing a bright flash,  
but we are satisfied there  
was no danger to the  
Prince's aircraft."Philip's a  
'saucer'  
watcherPRINCE PHILIP has  
been a keen UFO fol-  
lower for the past 30  
years.

Philip—follower

He is a keen reader of  
the magazine, Flying  
Saucer Review.And he once invited a  
man who claimed to  
have seen a UFO landing  
to come to Buckingham  
Palace to tell his story to  
a Royal aide so the official  
could report to Philip,  
who was on tour in Aus-  
tralia.

## Creature

UFO expert Tim Good,  
an author and lecturer, said  
last week: "It may not be  
pure coincidence."It is likely that any  
creature from outer space  
that is more advanced than  
us would be aware of the  
significance of a Royal  
flight."And former diplomat  
Gordon Creighton, the  
editor of Flying Saucer  
Review magazine, said:"I've no idea what this  
object could have been, but  
it would be wrong to dis-  
miss it. There are beings in  
space watching us very  
closely."

Charles' long term secretive and private interest in UFO's.

My encounters with the royal family although ending there had actually started earlier in 1986 one month before we left for France, when I had an unsolicited 1:1 with Prince Charles, catching his security on the hop to whip out some papers from the inside of my coat to present him with, having called him over whilst at a public appearance. It was a compilation concerning the possibility of inter-penetrating dimensions from a lay physicist friend of mine in Bristol who was tired of sending Charles correspondence only to never have it get past his secretary. Boy, was I in for a grilling after the Prince had accepted it before returning to his awaiting car. Who was I? What had I given him? Not even a fright from where I was standing as we had had a pleasant chat. As matter of interest, two weeks later, according to a report in the British press, Charles' flight had been buzzed by a glowing red UFO on his flight returning from the United States. Can't blame for me that, lads, even if that description matches what we saw, wrapped in cloud at Rennes.

Now, despite having watched my share of spy movies over the years I would never have known how to detect if a phone was being tapped, but couldn't help noticing that after picking up our ringing land line like you would first hear a click before hearing the caller. This went

on for some time and so we eventually called in British Telecom who found it all rather puzzling. After them being puzzled for long enough the click was eventually 'removed' but other than being told it was 'a fault on the line' were never given any clear or detailed explanation. Coincidence? Our following about, curiously arriving opened letters and clicking phone eventually all frittered away.

Moving on some years and I am now Dan Green, author and broadcaster. The wife and I met with celebrated psychic Uri Geller in 2002. Uri, of course, is known to have worked for the CIA and is suspected likewise to have done so for MOSSAD, so I can say with conviction and accuracy I have at least once knowingly liaised with a spy. In response to an email I sent him late one evening, Uri rang my home a couple of years ago only a short while before he moved from his long term UK home to live back in Jerusalem. What should have been a casual chat about 'lost treasures' - of which we both claim to have located one as far as is possible - sounded more like a job application to be a spy, a series

# The Secret Life of URI GELLER

## CIA MASTERSPY?

"In my experiments,  
Uri was superb,  
astonishing, a superstar."

Dr Kit Green, former CIA  
Assistant National Intelligence Officer

Jonathan Margolis



of questions wanting to know my age, background, that of my parents, my job etc. I found it quite peculiar. Perhaps disappointing him with my answers, it ended with Uri wishing me all the best in my continuing pursuits.

Freemasons had put in another appearance, in 2006, when I was often in local newspaper stories about my finding a Templar treasure associated with Rennes-les-Chateau. The reporter dispatched was always the same fellow - to keep continuity made sense - plus he could actually follow most of what I was saying. At the time he was hankering after becoming a freemason himself and soon after did leave the newspaper to join the police and presumably finally become one. Prior to one of our meetings he told me his local pub was also that of the freemasons, consequently police, and how once he had heard them discussing Dan Green. The first publisher I had approached to produce my initial 'Lincoln Cathedral Code' small book was local, and at the onset, quite happy to do so. We got as far as a proof copy and then he rang me up in a state saying that he wanted nothing else to do with the project and was returning my work. He denied to the local press that he had done me a proof book, even though I had shown them it. Strange indeed.

As my Dan Green interests were beginning to wane, having done just about done everything I possibly could in that direction, another of my elder ones had made an unexpected return. Tibetan Buddhism, as a pair of wandering Tibetan sandaled lama feet had found its way from the Land of the Snows, with apparent karmic input, to my living room here in Lincoln.

Back in the late 80's I had distanced myself from publicly supporting the Tibetan cause as it was very political at the time and upsetting the British government and its relations with China, as perhaps it does more than ever today. A list of prominent people had bought a full page in a quality national broadsheet to highlight their names in support of the Tibetan cause and people from all walks of life could add their name. For me, this was a turning point; I declined and left them all to it. In 2012 I was back in the thick of it, allowing this exiled lama to stay at my home when in the UK. He had narrowly escaped imprisonment from the Chinese having initially been allowed to stay in Tibet on the terms that he was always contactable by a phone they issued him. On two occasions when we have taken him from our home to a train station to carry on his peregrinations we have spotted the same Chinese figure waiting there and on a mobile phone.

Coincidence? You could rightly argue all Chinese mostly look the same and that on each occasion it was a separate individual themselves awaiting a train. Alternatively, I suppose I might as well upset the Chinese too, but they may have to wait in a queue, train or otherwise.



*Tibetan karma*

So there you have some of my recollections. I wonder if you also might ponder over to what extent, if any, I might actually have come under the microscope of some authorities hiding in the shadows? All I have left to say is - Follow that!