

Starperson Jonathan Margolis is summoned to a UFO cabaret



THE ENTRYPHONE to his flat in Bayswater was faulty, the ancient lift wobbled and, try as he might, Michael El Legion could not make the little antique brass lamp come on.

These are the usual problems of we humans, but it was mildly surprising to see Michael suffering from them.

Mr El Legion, you see, is an extra-terrestrial. I know this because he told me so. He is descended from a group of spacemen who landed on Earth six million years ago (if he remembers correctly).

He has been teleported to us in alien spacecraft twice, the first time after he bumped his head falling off a pier, the second on a largely social visit.

He is nominally an American, and is over here — or more correctly down here — with his wife Aurora to lecture us on UFOs and the attempts by media people and governments to deny their existence.

What marks the El Legions out from other visitors is that they have scored a publicity coup, and gone on radio shows like Radio 4's Midweek. Their debating style combines the open-mindedness of Ian Paisley with the humility of John McEnroe, to whom Michael bears an uncanny resemblance.

The El Legions, though they are not quite aware of it, are the world's first LFO cabaret — and appear to be making a handsome living, charging up to £45 a seat for two-day seminars around the country.

Their message is ultimately reassuring. Michael says that the Galactic Federation will invade there will never be a nuclear holocaust on Earth. The rulers of our solar system, intimates of Michael like Dutch, the keeper of cosmic law and Solter, the sun technician, had quite enough of that nonsense 4,000 years ago when a planet between Mars and Jupiter was blown to smithereens.

**Sceptical**

The Bishop of Durham, who believes in LFOs, got his endorsement when he suggested in Midweek that "though I like Michael, had been having visions throughout history."

"This wasn't just visions OK, this was real," snapped Michael.

The El Legions complained that they were not getting enough time on the air. Later, on a phone-in show on London's commercial station LBC, they ripped apart sceptical commentators around that Dan Damon of being part of a conspiracy to mislead them.

The more outrageous they get the more fun they are. When The Mail on Sunday's Jane Kelly went to see them, they

**Out of this world!**



STAR STATUS: Michael El Legion, veteran space traveller, Aurora, his 'average' wife  
Picture: KEITH WALDEG



gave her the extra-terrestrial order of the boot, "Send Jonathan Margolis," they said. "At least he is accused. We believe he, too, is a starperson like us."

It was, hard to turn such a summons down.

Michael is an alarming young man. Anyone who remembers the TV series Mork and Mindy will recognise his manner as Mork's, the funny little extra-terrestrial. Except that Michael isn't at all funny.

Aurora, who hark in Morking was once plain Kathleen Town (Michael was Mark Stock in sister and bigger Mark's; lives in mortal fear of her when her cosmic wrath is in the ascendant).

"This is a little power, were it a Michael who has been 100% since I think I've made his the former person, remember, 100%. So enough of me."

Michael recalls his space travels. The beings there told me everything telepathically. I didn't want to come back but I knew my mission, had to be fulfilled.

His story is predictably Spenglerish. There are extraterrestrial computers connected to God. There are walls that can see them and anti-matter machines.

On his LFO pictures the clearest appears to show a silver

dinner service being tossed into the air. It has, he says, been checked out for fraud by the most sophisticated NABA computers.

There are now according to Michael nearly 400 million starpersons on Earth. Many of them, like Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher, may not yet realise they are spacemen.

**Morality**

The El Legions actively support Reagan politically. Mrs. Aurora says Mrs. Thatcher has a similar vibration, a clarity and morality I know from Keston that she will win the next election by a landslide.

The El Legions have other friends in high places. Once, when they were driving in France, they were struck by the appearance of a cigar-shaped object above the road. Michael immediately got into telepathic communication with the occupants, as one does in disaster. That the pilot was Lord Salisbury, better known as Chris Apperly, he comes down quite often.

I had his name and still a little lacking in moralistic detail. Taking a gulp of Astoria, I asked Michael if he could tell me where he came from.

I had never been in America but the end of 1975 and continued the discussion. He related how he had a vision that it was a bit of a question.

And that was it. I probably

**'My mission is on Earth'**