



**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 on to 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 ufologists 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 UFO cabaret — and appear to be making a handsome living, charging up to £45 (half price for OAPs) for a place at their two-day seminars around the country.

Their message is ultimately reassuring. Michael says that the Galactic Federation will ensure there will never be a nuclear holocaust on Earth. The rulers of our solar system, intimates of Michael like Sutko, the keeper of cosmic law and Soltec the sun technician, had quite enough of that nonsense 6,000 years ago when a planet between Mars and Jupiter was blown to smithereens.

**Sceptical**

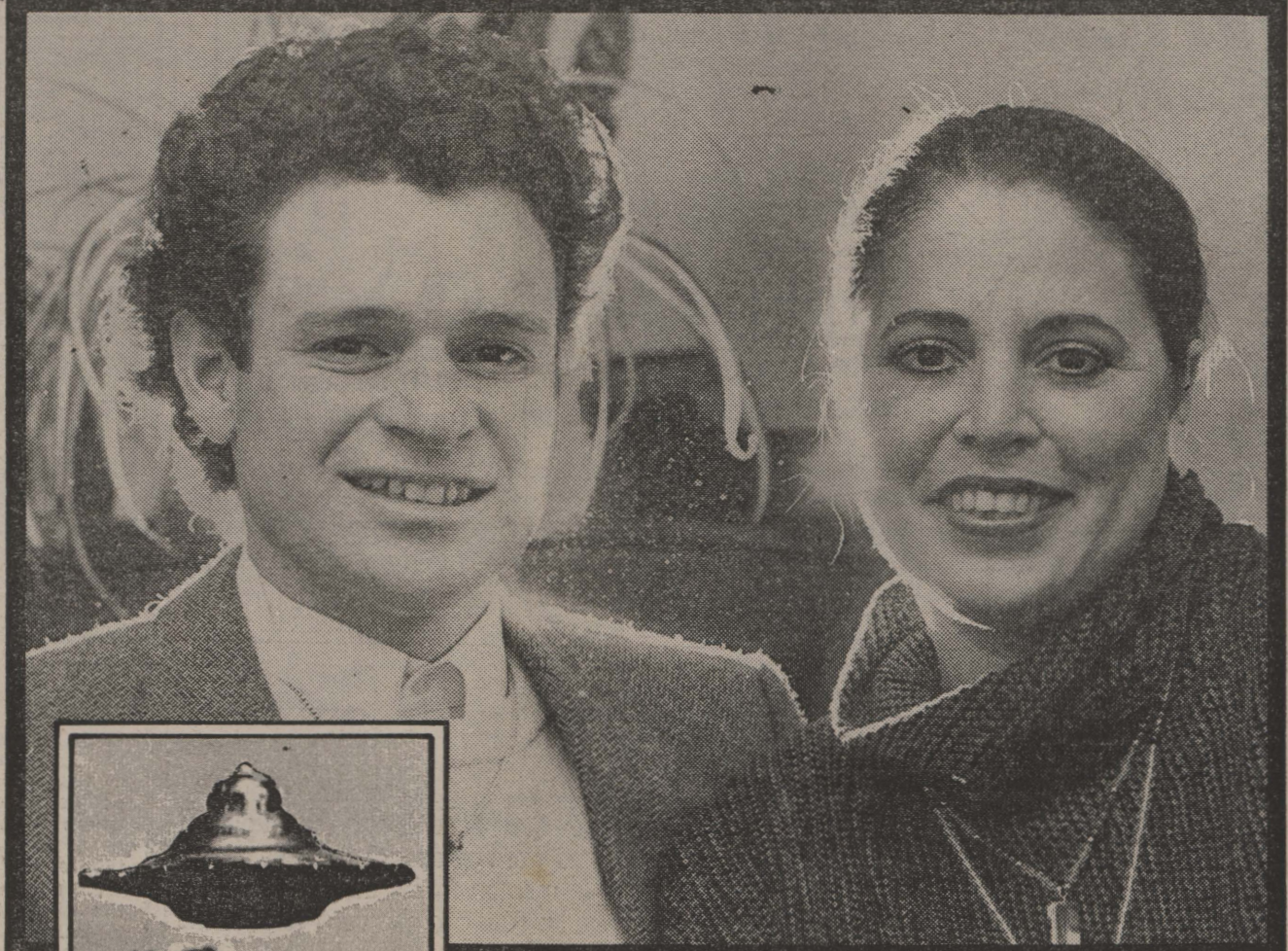
The Bishop of Durham, who believes in UFOs, got his come-uppance when he suggested on Midweek that chaps like Michael had been having visions throughout history.

'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 callers, then accused host Dan Damon of being part of a conspiracy to silence 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, and Aurora, his 'average' wife**  
Picture: KEITH WALDEGRAVE



gave her the extra-terrestrial order of the boot. 'Send Jonathan Margolis,' they said. 'At least he is attuned. 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 back in Michigan was once plain Kathleen Town (Michael was Mark Block), is older and bigger. Michael lives in mortal fear of her when her cosmic wrath is in the ascendant.

*This is a little unfair, since it is Michael who has been into space. 'I think I'm more like the average person,' concedes Aurora. So enough of her.*

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 Spielberg-ish. There are gigantic crystalline computers connected to God. There are walls that glow like neon, and angelic-looking humanoids.

Of his UFO pictures, the clearest appears to show a silver

dinner service being tossed into the air. It has, he assures you, been checked out for fraud by the most sophisticated NASA 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. And, says Aurora, 'Mrs Thatcher has a similar vibration, a clarity and morality. I know from Korton 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, to discover that the pilot was Lord Sananda, better known as Christ. Apparently he comes down quite often.

I find my notes are still a little lacking in biographical detail. Taking a gulp of Aurora's strange, cold tea ('is it E Tea?' cracked photographer Keith Waldegrave unsuccessfully), I asked Michael if he could tell me where he came from.

I had meant where in America, but the look of pity and contempt the spaceman returned made me sadly aware that it was a daft question.

*And that, after all, I probably was not a starperson.*

**'My mission is on Earth'**