

The Armchair Ufologist

issue four

now/then

They Didn't Know Enough About Flying Saucers!

It has, as Robert Plant was wont to say, been a long time since we last convened. Summer of 1998 if I remember correctly. It's now sometime around Christmas and the millennium (if you've been stupid enough to fall for that trick) and there has been quite a lot to cover in the world of UFO politics as applied to a simple northern boy trying to make sense of nonsense. In fact an *awful* lot has happened last summer in the starlit mire of ufology. None of it to do with UFOs of course, but let me tell you about at least some of it.....

I had a bit of a lay off in summer 1998, letting my life slowly crumble, climbing mountains and quite frankly I

can't remember too many specifics. But ufology always beckons and so as the autumn season drew near it was with a heavy heart that I opened the pile of UFO mail which had soiled my doormat over the summer and began to read..... as I did so.....

TV or not TV

The phone rang. Did I want to be on a discussion show about UFOs. I did. But first, how do these things come about? Well, it starts with an idea. Somebody, some producer, thinks 'I know it's time we had a heated debate about UFOs'. Like it's a new idea. Like anyone cares. But producers aren't there for genuinely new ideas, they exist merely to service the current fashions and this 'original' thought must have passed through someone's brain at Carlton TV in late summer 1998. A chain of reactions starts, phones are ring and researchers are soon weaving their seductive spell.

Researchers - now there's a misnomer if ever there was one. No disrespect to the people who have to do this to make a living, but they aren't researchers, at least not in the way ufologists know the term. These people are basically tele-sales people. Their job is to suss you out quickly, decide if you are what they want or not and then take one of a number of courses of action.

If you are no good to them, they'll humour you, probe your brain in case you can tell them about anyone who can be of use, and then drop you like a stone. If they think you may be able to help then they tell you what the prog is about, or rather what they *want* you to think it's about.

So why were Carlton TV ringing me? The answer was pretty obvious. It was on the eve of the Birdsall Bros. (think Phil and Grant with more hair) Leeds two day borefest and all the 'proper' ufologists were there (for proper read 'famous' or 'mad'), so they had to fall back on the lumpen ufoletariat.

It was to be sceptic vs. believers. Great. For that read Christians vs. lions, an old fixture, with only the subject of belief changed to protect the guilty.

Ok, I'm game, let's play. First question - how much are they paying? These places have huge budgets, if you appear on one it's your god-given right to fleece them for whatever you can get. And more. So the money and travel x's are ok. Next thing - who's appearing. That's the good thing about being in on them early, you get to warp their view of who's who and what's what.

But wait - Max Burns lives in Nottingham and he'd been alerted to the prog by an email Philip Mantle had

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posted to all sentient beings. Max had been telling everyone he was going on the show and he was going to....., aww fuck that, Max wasn't going *anywhere* near that TV station. The researchers told us their ears were positively burning after what a Lancashire based ufologist had told her about Max. Cruel of him? You bet your sweet bippy. A few days and many phone calls later the dust had settled and the battle order decided.

Nothing Was Delivered

For the Queens own Believers:

Omar Fowler, Philip Kinsella, Nick Pope, David Cayton, Sir Malcolm of Robinson, Terry Marsh, Dame Eric Morris some abductee, The Suntan of Bruni and sundry hangers on.

For Satan's Sceptics they went for the heavy infantry, in many senses of the word.

Tim Matthews, James Diss, David Hughes, Dave Clarke and myself. Only some of those people have criminal records!

Friday night and we get to Carlton TV far too early to observe the wildlife. Sit in reception near a smartly groomed guy reading Andy Collins' *Ashes of Angels*. Pretty clear he was here for the gig, pretty clear too that he was a believer, far too smartly dressed for a sceptic. We

checked, he was Philip Kinsella (wrote for *Alien Encounters*, has a book 'with' a publisher etc.), had an 'abduction'. 'Nice' guy, we chat. He believes we are all entitled to our beliefs and shouldn't be always arguing. "So you're not from the north of England then?" I enquire. He's clearly a southern grande femme's chemise as he smiles weakly and goes back to *Arses of Angels*.

People mill about and eventually we are taken to the green room. Food and drink is freely available and we slurp and masticate greedily.

Seems the show we're on is an hour long and split into three parts - ufology is sandwiched between genetic engineering and porn. The perfect spot for us!

It's hard to tell some of the ufologists from the geneticists and faded porn stars as they filter in. Some clearly have experience in more than one of the subjects. Some have obviously been indulging in all three simultaneously.

We mix and mingle, exchanging ufological chat. All the believers are happy to chat to the sceptics except for Terry Marsh who's got a face like a wasp chewing a bulldog, and Omar Fowler who is smuggling for England, the oil positively oozing from every pore. Omar is a many who *knows* and we wants everyone else to know he knows.

Hours pass. But that's why they ask you there early, to get people pissed, so pouting and shouting will take place as though it a spontaneous act, and not the result of festering, hillbilly-like feuds nurtured in hop and grape.

The genetics people are ushered in and we watch the screen. God, within a minute they're at each other's throats - worse than ufologists

Sundry presenters lurk. John Stapelton- far smaller and more dapper in real life, our presenter is Kaye Adams, cool silver suit, too much foundation powder, Simon Mayo is the other, looks shifty and ill at ease, bad suit, bad skin, careerist 'where's the money' TV guy I suspect.

Our researcher, Jackie finds the sceptics and goes over the format of the show then tells us we're going to look at some video footage. This was originally provided by Graham B and was from Mexico City. It was too silly for words and the TV people had the sense not to show that or we'd have been laughing so much on set it would have been impossible to comment.

Instead Omar Fowler has come up with the goods. We are breathless with wonder at what it might be. Immediately prior to this we have a light interlude when she shows us some still photos of a dead and ripped sheep which David Cayton (self styled mute inv -see TAU 3) and is hoping

to use as evidence. Utterly, utterly pathetic, everyone roars with laughter, no background to the pic just dead and throat ripped sheep - looks like a dog did it

Anyway....the screen flickers into life and Omar's 'best evidence' for alien craft is revealed on video. Dark sky, vaguely silvery shape with a heat source underneath which flares occasionally. Looks like a balloon, either way no reference points. We're happy the Sultan of Smug wants to present this as evidence. Laissez les bon temps roulez!

Downstairs again.....nerves.....all lined up in some order outside the studio. A bit like being flown into a hot landing zone in 'nam - except we were in Nottingham not Cheltenham....no time for make up said the producer (which was a shame as I'd been looking forward to having my shiny dome dampened down...

Everyone with a case or bag has it taken off them, *except* Sir Malcolm of Robinson. A thought occurs - hey Malcolm wotcha got in there? The Livingston Trousers? and lawdy me, Malcy affirms, that the holiest of holey ufological relics in all of ufology are in the house.

Respect!

Have they been washed since Bob Taylor's appointment with fear I wonder...no time for more queries....clearly they were

here for a walk on part....we're sneaked in between ad breaks, large round seated area, audience up the tiers, ufologists situated on the lower levels.....I was put next to Terry Marsh...who had brought notes - wot a laaarf, he thought it was serious bless him...silver suited Kaye opened with the usual TV platitudes and we were straight into the mellee....

Only Fools And Abductees Smirk

Philip Kinsella....poor guy told his story about aliens tampering with his nethers and looked hurt when even the audience pissed themselves laughing. Kaye had led him right up the garden path. Ahhhhh, poor dear, I think he really thought he'd been brought here for a reasoned debate in which he could put forward his no doubt fascinating case about being buggered by aliens. The audience just creased themselves.

Nick Pope went into man from ministry mode - big things overhead, too much evidence to ignore, too many witnesses, big news coming soon, blink like a startled owl blah blah blah. Tim Matthews countered quickly and tried to 'out' Popey about the abduction he wrote about in the first draft of *Open Brains Empty Wallets*. The presenter wasn't going for it though and tried to steer him off the

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subject but Tim persisted but Popeye didn't actually deny it.....just said he had never seen a ufo or met an alien.

I chipped in with some 'O' level psycho-social stuff as regards Kinsellas and Marsh's experiences. You could just hear Marsh's blood boiling as he barked negatives into my ear. When EThers loose their cool you *know* they aren't certain, that it's all just fantasy. What had he got? A bit of missing time, some half-remembered dwarves... "You weren't there Andy" - hey, Terry I was third dwarf from the left, but you just can't tell 'em can you? - no probs with his experience it's the interpretation and its' reality status I have difficulty with.

Hypnosis reared its ugly head. Now Sir Malcolm of Robinson had discussed hypnosis with us earlier and had brought, what he thought, was a cunning analogy. He'd obviously been well ripped off at Analogies'r'Us but Sir Malcolm likened the 'primitive' state of abduction investigation to that of not expecting a workman to go on a building site with just a hammer.

?+?=?

True, but nor do you expect a workman to go on a building site armed with a brand new, untested tool which has been know to distort reality, cause false memories and perceptions and generally fuck with your mind, do you now?

Or maybe that's why London looks like it does?

As an aside here Malc has recently left BUFORA over the hypnosis issue and intends to start SPI England soon - big movewe'll probably come back to Malcolm later. We just have, even though we've jumped ahead in time, Sir Malcolm of Robinson told me in December 1999 he no longer believes hypnosis is a useful tool in 'abduction' research. And lawdy me if he isn't on BUFORA Council! But that's a whole other story and I'm trying not to mention BUFORA much and we'll come to them later several times anyway. let's get back to the TV studio eh?

Do The Trouser Press, Baby

The break came and went and Sir Malcolm of Robinson opened the betting by opening his case. There they were, iridescent in the studio lights, glinting with the promise of Scottish Pine wood and emitting just the faintest whiff of Chanel's latest 'hint of scared forestry worker' range.

Laydeeezngenlmen I give you the Livingston Trousers, the Trousers of Truth, the Kegs of Combustion, the Strides of, well, you get the picture (yes, we see).

The Livingston trousers on TV eh. Clear and

undeniable proof that trousers exist.

Celestial music swelled in the back ground ("it's much better than, so much better than, the pre-fabricated concrete coal bunker").....but no time to lose and Malcolm tried his best to explain the case while the nation and his studio audience fidgeted and the presenter wondered what on earth a pair of trousers had to do with ufology.

This was actually a great pity because the Bob Taylor case is a good account of what happens when someone comes into close contact with a natural phenomena, possibly related to ball lightning.

But to most of the studio audience, and to those watching at home Malcolm probably just came across as a smartly dressed Scotsman holding up a pair of comedy trousers. TV eh?

Was It Good For You Too Darling?

Then it was all over and time for the porn stars to have their 20 mins of fame. So we trooped back to the green room for more food and drink and the post coital smugness.....talked to Omar who talked nonsense.....and to Nick Pope, who is a really nice guy - hideous mistaken of course though. He knows the nature of the game and how to play it for big cash prizes.....he wouldn't be

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drawn about his abduction and tried to say it was about someone else. Ho and indeed ho Nick, I still think it will be a book on its own at some later stage in his bank balance.

Various other believers were booing into their Pils about how if only they'd had more time they could have enlightened the British public to the menace/presence/reality of UFOs. What these idiots failed to realise, despite it being patently obvious, is that you are there for entertainment and nothing else. It's a game, learn the rules and beat them at it, take their money and go home happy.

Anyway there's only so much hobnobbing you can do with ufologists, so when pretty girls arrived with cash in envelopes, we signed and fucked off into the night, many of your English pounds richer, well fed and amused by it all.

Meanwhile, Back At The Ranch.....

Ufological life settled back into the old pattern and in and amongst it all we had fun with BUFORA until it just got plain ordinary. BUFORA bore me to tears now but certain things happened last year which must be put on record. Basically that organisation is in a mess. A big mess. Then, as now, they are taking money off people and not giving any value in return. Then, as now, they are controlled by a small coterie

Tough on ufology - Tough on the *causes* of ufology

of southern based individuals who are solely interested in running an organisation and not in the subject of ufology. Bore with me a while I get this out of my system.

Join Our Club! **NOT!**

Cast your mind back to the BUFORA wars of earlier last year, last decade, last century, last millennium. Quick resume.....BUFORA crap as usual, force all best people to leave, ship of fools always run by same few people, financial crisis blamed on everyone but the people who cause it, Dave Newton takes over UFO Times, resigns without producing one single copy! Steve 'I don't' Gamble, does a few hopeless, hapless Bufora Bulletins, like a scout group newsletter - really diabolical.

This organisation and *these* people are supposed to be the UKs flagship UFO organisation. Don't make me laaarf.

But what can you do?

I pays my money so I complains to a small BUFOONA email circle. Dave Newton ('astute' according to D of I Glo Dixon) freaks and stars to rant on about what have I done for ufology, isn't my wife chasing me with knives, aren't I on the run from the drug squad (answers: lots, I pay extra for knives and no). Dave's significant other has just had a brat and I

understand the stresses this puts a BUFORA member under, having to concentrate on two things at once, and so engage him in email dialogue (privately so as not to embarrass him in public). Dave immediately takes his bat home and issues another public email reiterating accusations about my personal life. It's no secret, yeah I've had the odd marital problem, yeah I enhance my consciousness whenever, wherever and with whatever takes my fancy.

So what?

Obviously personal freedoms are a problem for Dave, and his 'wacky' sense of humour - as evidenced by his Strange Daze zine (ooh the title, my sides missus) - is obviously pasted on to disguise his Victorian attitudes to relationships and psychoactives.

Nice guy, meet 'em every day.

I send yet another private email to point out the error of his ways but now he's in such a tizzy he now demands I don't contact him and he will set his email prog to reject my messages. Ufologists eh? They can't hack it, and he bloody started it, all I said were BUFORA were rubbish and their publication was rubbish.

Anyway the upshot of all this was Dave Newton resigned from everything and went back to his first love of astronomy. Newton's first law

of heat and kitchens has never been so applicable. And John Spencer was carefully grooming him too!

One way or another BUFOONA *always* loose the people they can ill afford to.

It's THE LAW!

We then had some entertainment in which everyone got the wrong end of the stick, Gloria got far too upset (as usual) and a number of devious BUFORA practices and plots were revealed. One of which is the depth to which certain BUFORA Council officials were involved in the so called 'tent footage'. We're working on it and, rest assured, when we know some facts we'll be telling you.

Then see who squirms!

The sound of maggots eating away at the BUFOONA carcass was by now deafening and eventually we decided that BUFORA are intentionally defrauding their members and started asking 'difficult' questions on the Internet. A perusal of the accounts showed that they spent a *staggering* sum on admin and conferences and only a *tiny* proportion of their income went on research. As RESEARCH is the key work in the organisations name we found this somewhat 'funny'. In depth research located a hitherto secret BUFOONA account which turned out to be for the purchase of wool for pulling over eyes!

John Heptonstall, a BUFORA member, and good

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investigator, queried the accounts in a public email forum. But of course no one answered these specific questions and Bob Digby their treasurer accused anyone who asked questions of being involved in a 'game'. John Spencer was quite happy to entertain John H in private and 'go through the accounts with him' - but for some reason wouldn't do it in public.

And they've got nothing to hide?

I should co-co!

The facts are simple - BUFOONA is a corrupt organisation run by a small number of people who, by and large, have no intention of working in their members best interests or of indulging in any actual or virtual UFO research. I strongly recommend that you do not send them money or participate in their scams any longer and furthermore that you tell people their £22.00 per year is being wasted.

Winter 1998/99 came and went in a succession of bad colds and bad attitude. My personal life was completely fucked (you might call it a mid-life crisis - I just call it fucked) at that time and I motored on in automatic. Did a gig at the LAPIS 98 conference and revealed the results of my Berwyn Mountains UFO 'crash' investigation. i.e. no UFO, therefore no crash. But the natives didn't like it up 'em and sobbed pitifully. You'll hear more of the Berwyn

matter later on. Suffice to say that there are many in ufology to whom an anecdotal story is preferable to hard fact and evidence.

Morons.

I also did a gig for Madame Bott at her Staffordshire Dungeon for Distressed Ufologists. How I managed to concentrate among the rubber, leather and writhing flesh I came across there I really don't know. And you wonder why Nick Redfern is bald!

Still, I raised my voice, above the whiplash and gave them it straight. It has to be said that although Nick R and I hold diametrically opposed views about many things ufological he is reasonably satisfied that my work on the case explains a large proportion of the case. This, pilgrims, is real ufology - grown ups being able to differ, share evidence and come to consensus opinions. 'Course, you have to actually put some work in to get to this stage and most of the knuckle dragging IQ deficient out there just want scary bedtime stories.

My Little Roswell

Anyway Spring blossomed as it does and we sent the beaters out early in the hope of good sport. Max Burns was soon flushed out of the thicket once again and flew squawking across the ufological landscape.

The Burns/Howden Moor (aka Sheffield Incident) thing is complicated - but if you are at all concerned with what's happening to ufology in these Isles you need to understand it - quick.

So, read Burns' stuff, read Doktor Klarke's evil lies, read what the commentators are saying. Listen in on the Masonic Reptilian conspiracy as they hiss untruths into the minds of sleeping idiots.

Make no mistake there are people out there who are desperate to make this - or Berwyn - their Roswell. And they will lie and cheat - *have* lied and cheated -to make this happen. I'm presuming you are familiar with the case so far so this is what happened next.....

Burns had been prevented from speaking at BUFORA in 1998 because they sensibly realised he was full of shit and didn't want to tar their good name(!) with having him smear their podium with his presence. But Sir Malcolm of Robinson had recently ridden his haggis into town and he wanted JUSTICE in a Scottish stylee and so Cinderella was going to the ball and Max Burns *was* going to speak.

It was a fairy tale either way.

During spring/summer 99 Burns was coming out with all kinds of nonsense about the case but yet could not answer some fundamental questions or provide any basic evidence.

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Jet!

Burns' contention was that a UFO shot down a Tornado jet over the Peak District moors, yet he could not provide:

- * Any interview with even one witness who claimed to have seen a 'flying triangle'
- * No witnesses to the alleged 'crash'
- * The names of the pilot & co-pilot
- * The serial number of the jet
- * The location said jet flew from

Or much else!

This lack of fundamental, checkable facts didn't seem to trouble his supporters - among them Matthew Williams, Roy Hale, Miles Johnstone and co. As far as they were concerned this was the **big one** and Max was a marked man.

It got weirder.

A hoax, a hoax, Max's kingdom for a hoax

Max had a stroke of luck when he was contacted by someone claiming to be a member of an SAS-style crash/retrieval team. Yeah, yeah Max. Going under the name 'Bluehare' he gave Max information and told him he would take him up to the 'crash site' (all this has been extensively documented on

UFOupdates and elsewhere, if you want to see the exact messages and replies between Max and Bluehare).

Max's apologists claim that Max had no option but to go along with this person's anonymous information. But of course he did, and that's yet another problem. If Max was so gullible as to run round after an anonymous source, what then for his claims? Max even said he believed in the veracity of Bluehare after his second letter from him because of the 'military language' he used.

!

and

!

This apparently went on between March and July '99, during which time Max was eventually told to meet this guy at the side of a reservoir. All fine and dandy. But when he was issued with the instructions Max *still* didn't see it was obviously a hoax.

Would *you* fall for this.....?

Bluehare told Max he was to stand on the reservoir bank, reading a copy of that day's London Times and the man would approach him and enquire 'Nice day for a walk' - after which the ultimate truth would be revealed and presumably Max would be a hero for revealing it.

Let's face it, it *is* the sort of thing that happens everyday.

Needless to say on the appointed morning Max and sidekick Matthew Williams were in the required place reading the Times! Williams was so concerned with keeping a low profile whilst meeting what could have turned out to be the **big ONE** that he turned up in a car festooned with UFO stickers!

Bluehare has provided TAU, via a third party, proof of all that went on, including photographs, and we must congratulate them on such a competent hoax.

As an aside here it's worth noting that Max should have been in Sheffield Crown Court the day following this adventure, to answer serious drug possession and supply charges. He blobbed and apparently told the courts he was ill. But not too ill to be running round the Peak District with Matthew Williams then!

Rule 1 of ufology states that if ufologists can't solve hoaxes they should pack up and go home.

Any Old Iron?

Perhaps Max should have done just that after this embarrassing interlude! But no, hook lined and sinkered he fell for the next part which was to be at certain phone boxes at certain times, to be then given a grid ref where parts of the crashed jet was to be in a bag in a stream. Max

was instructed to find the bag, raise it above his head upon which Bluehare would come out of his berma and take him to the 'crash' site. Max would then be in possession of the ultimate secret etc. etc. ad nauseum.

Would it surprise you to know that Max followed the instructions to a T? Well to an 'S' anyway, because even though he stood within two feet of a brightly coloured bag containing some old iron junk he and his chum still couldn't find it!

We have been promised photographs and maybe even a video from Bluehare which show Max and chum walking deep into the heart of the Peak District clutching hopes, a sandwich and a metal detector.

This incident tipped Max even further over the edge and he accused all and sundry of being behind the hoax (wrong on all counts so far Max) yet said he knew it was a hoax all the time but even better had to go along with it 'just in case'.

Work that one out!

Anyway, eventually Max's trial took place and he was convicted of some very bad things involving some very crap drugs - amphetamines, pah! Bloody amateurs. He received a three year-ish sentence and is currently languishing in one of Her Majesties Prisons in Lancashire where, we are reliably informed he has had

five days added to his sentence for being drunk on his birthday.

The Dark Side Of The Loon

As a result of all this Matthew Williams couldn't accept that Max had lied to him about not only the Sheffield case, but his guilt in the comestibles department.

Ergo - Max had to have been framed to sustain Matthew's sad belief system.....

Ergo someone had to be behind Max's 'framing',.....

Ergo it must have been the people talking the most sense about the case ergo Doktor Klarke, myself and Tim Matthews simply *must* have been behind his charges and false imprisonment.

See how easy it is for *you too* to become a nutcase in the privacy of your own home? Just take some unrelated facts, mix well with someone you don't agree with and voila - they are responsible for you being an idiot. Letting other people take the blame for your ineptitude makes ufology *soooooo* much easier.

The fact that Max was well known in and around the Sheffield clubs for the re-distribution of certain substances, the fact that he had admitted his guilt to both myself and young Klarke and the fact he admitted bribing a key (but now vanished) witness with mary jane warmer

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had nothing to do with Matthew's Gospel.

Williams tried to start a 'defend Max' action on the Internet and just made himself look stupid and was yet again proved to be a liar when he claimed to have evidence he couldn't produce.

'What's all this got to do with ufology?', some of the new bugs are asking plaintively. Well, this *is* ufology pilgrims! The murky end, true, but ufology nonetheless.

It's what happens when wannabelievers decide they can inflate nothing into something and don't like it when they are challenged about their evidence and methodology.

It's what happens when a ufologist tries to entwine his personal life with the subject (hey Max, it's only a *hobby!*).

And it's the sort of ufology we *deserve* because the subject is so riddled with chancers and losers who really just want the aliens to come and comfort them.

Anyway the debate spilled over to the UFOUpdates email list - a great list to be on. You could virtually mingle with the ufological stars and they would even take your comments seriously. Well, that went on for a while until the self-styled 'leader' of ufology such as and specifically Jerry Clarke realised that far too many people were speaking the truth about ufology.

You lookin' At My Birds?

Let's digress here awhile. There have been some spiffing discussions on Updates about life elsewhere, the Soccoro case, the Sheffield incident and others. The best by far was when someone suggested that Kenneth Arnold saw a flight of pelicans. You'd have thought someone had called the Pope a cocksucking paedophile by the result it got. People were shouting and bawling (virtually) that THIS COULDN'T BE THE CASE OH NO WHY ARE YOU SAYING THESE THINGS IT CANNOT BE ARNOLD MUST BE INVIOLETE and so, boringly on.

Several listers - Americans with *no* sense of humour, just could not accept this even as a possibility and trotted out the old 'Arnold was a credible witness' canard, Jerry Clark resorted to high handed pedantry and eventually a new and rather wonderful term for dissenters was termed.

Pelicanists.

I like it a lot.

But the point is that this is the stage ufology has got to - particularly in the USA. Like BUFORA it is tightly controlled by a small group of people who will not tolerate dissension. In the Max Burns wars it was amazing just how many crucial email responses to Updates went 'missing' or appeared after

their usefulness was gone. And let's face it, no-one knows what Arnold saw, it could have been many things. Even Arnold didn't believe it was alien craft.

So, I'm a pelicanist and proud. I always wanted a label and now our colonial cousins have given me one. Thankyew Jesus, thankyew lawd. But remember pilgrims, owning a pelican can be to a difficult choice, so think on - A pelican is for life, not just for Christmas!

The Max Burns issue went quiet for a while but we did hear that dark forces were afoot and David Icke was involved and that Matthew Williams was going to pilot his appeal.

Boy were we worried!

Then Phil Mantle had a heart attack!

This was serious. One of the original IUN cabal (Stuart Smith) had croaked in 1992, now another looked to be going to meet his maker (Mattel, in Philip's case). Perhaps those curses were now taking effect. Anyway I went to see the old bugger and it was just like old times. I think if the grim reaper wants to take Philip he will have to sharpen his blade a little more, enlist the services of the four ufologists of the apocalypse and creep up on him from behind. Oh, and pay him as well!

What Death doesn't know is that Phil has signed a legally binding contract with a

force far more sinister than the devil, which will cost quite a lot to revoke.

I suppose a book's out of the question?

Real ufology was still going on in and amongst all this near death and stupidity, I assure you, and during the course of the past year I, Dave C and Jenny Randles have written a book, somewhat clumsily titled the *UFOs That Never Were*, which is a mixture of studies of UK UFO cases which were touted as being 'big' but were in fact complicated misperceptions, hoaxes, etc. All your favourites are in there: Rendlesham, Cracoe, Berwyn, Sheffield, Alex Birch and so on. Sounds boring? Yeah, but it's dead good, honest. Dave and I also sojourned a while in the Public Record Office and at the National Newspaper Library, researching the 1967 wave and various other ufological matters which took our fancy. It's a pity some of the Mickey-mouse-excuse-for ufologists don't take the time to do this sort of work then, at least they could claim to be ufologists and not just sad tossers with no life. Research for many of these idiots means going as far as their Internet connection and believing everything they read. But we'll come to Tim Matthews later on.....

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Death don't have no mercy

Back on the scythe watching front Lancashire ufologist Cath Calvo died. I rarely agreed with her but we always managed to get on ok.

But the life virus rarely stops for long and Tim Matthews wife Lynda have created a genetic survival unit by the name of Alexandra. Some of the jokes I heard were too cruel even for this family publication so I'll spare you them. But she's clearly working in very deep cover indeed.

Then BUFORA stalwart Arnold West croaked suddenly. Nice guy - always tried to be fair to everyone, never had a clue about internal ufo politics or how BUFOONA were shafting their members.

This is quite interesting because this demise further throws BUFOONA into disarray. Gloria Dixon is now not on Council (place your bets.....), certain other members of Council do bugger all and others have now apparently got lives (off the peg at C & A probably).

This means even less will be done by BUFOONA, even more money taken from members and wasted, all of which brings us to the Carl Farlow case and some more real ufology.

Baby you can stop my car

Cast your minds back to two things. One being the ufological tenet that some UFOs can affect the electro-magnetic systems of car stops and the second being some of BUFOONAs 'Aims' which are to:

* *collect and disseminate evidence and data relating to UFOs*

and to

* *.....co-operate with others engaged in such research....*

Bear those 'aims' in mind for a few paragraphs. We'll be returning to them. Anyway, as a result of the visit Dave Clarke and I paid to the PRO we found material pertaining to the Carl Farlow 1967 'car stop' case. You can find it in quite a few books so I'm not going to dwell on it here. We decided to re-investigate it as a UFOIN (some new grouping we appear to be a part of - the acronym is immaterial, it's just the usual suspects doing what they always do) case.

As part of this reinvestigation we needed to obtain the BUFORA case file. This had been done in 1980 by Tony Pace and was the genesis of one of the more far out interpretations of the case, which involved interviews with MOD officials, clandestine road re-surfacing, telephone boxes being re-painted etc. etc.

So I applied to BUFORA - to Steve 'I don't' Gamble, stating reasons for wishing to obtain a copy of the case.

No reply.

I tried again via Gloria Dixon. Still no reply. It appears that the babies at BUFORA have taken their bat home because they can't stand criticism and anyone who criticises BUFORA seems not to be able to access their cases.

How pathetic.

But what did we *really* expect when BUFORA was called on to take an active part in the subject it purports to support?. Gloria Dixon is all in favour of UFOIN being able to see the case - the bizarre thing is that several UFOIN people are also BUFOONA members. Gloria has even forwarded the request letter to that grandest of grand fromage's John Spencer.

Still no replies.

Pure, unadulterated ignorance I'm afraid and the wilful suppression of ufological information *which isn't even theirs!* I spoke to the original investigator, Tony Pace and he was quite happy for me or anyone else to see the file.

So what's their problem? Remember those 'aims' - not worth the paper they are written on. And it raises further problems. Have BUFOONA actually *lost* the file? There have been several attempts by investigators over the years to retrieve cases

submitted to BUFORA but they haven't been able to. Ignorance or loss - and the former is only marginally preferable to the latter - it doesn't matter. BUFORA have consistently failed to do what their members pay them for.

Are you still a member?

Why?

You don't even need to phone a friend or ask the audience the answer is simple.

Leave the charlatans to it.

Aaaaaand relax.

Taking La Pis

I've been to the last four LAPIS conferences, and damn fine they have been too. There's an atmosphere at LAPIS which you just get at other ufological shindigs. The speakers are certainly no better than anywhere else, so I can only put it down to the bracing sea air.

This year things had changed slightly. Sam Wright has formed a separate group and they'd had their own conference in the autumn. This was bound to dilute the numbers who would come to LAPIS and so it was, the hall was down at least a third on previous years and I was told LAPIS would be no more.

Which would be a shame.

The pamphlet didn't have a promising start. The conf was called UFOs Flesh and Blood or Nuts and Bolts.

Well they got the 'nuts' part right at least. I was also amused by the bollocks they put on the programme cover about if there are so many stars, so many galaxies, so many planets, then there must, just simply *must* be life elsewhere?

Yeah, yeah, yeah - I suppose they have to believe that or they'd pack up and take up beachcombing or donkey ride organising instead. Advertising your conference on the grounds that we're all alone in an unfeeling universe among bio-chemical robots who couldn't, by and large, care less, just doesn't sell tickets.

So I forgave them their sins and went and saw politics and ufology mixed nicely over the weekend

First sight I saw was Jon Downes trying to flog his pathetic wares from behind a desk which was clearly out of proportion to his size. He regaled me with tales of the goings on at the hotel on the previous night.....clearly I had missed something as observing ufologists in their social interactions is far more interesting than any stupid stories they hawk round the conference circuit.

Jon gives a new meaning to the phrase 'largeing it' and is clearly ufology's answer to Blackadder's Bishop of Bath & Wells. But who has the drawings? All say in a breathy voice "Dear boy, I don't give a

flying fuck what you think of me" and rightly so Jon. Great guy, and the only other person in ufology besides Neil Nixon who you can have a cracking conversation about music with. He knows his stuff. Surely by now there should be some form of test whereby if you don't know who, say Mighty Baby are, you aren't allowed to be a ufologist?

Straight into Jon and Nigel Wright's lecture. This was based on their book *Rising of the Moon*, a Keelesque romp through various 'paranormal' and ufological events in the south west a couple of years ago. Fascinating I'm sure, but it seemed to me like they'd just stitched any old cobblers together and made an adventure story out of it. Whats more the only visual aid present was the arrival on stage of a four pack of Stella.

Apparently Jon had been asked if he needed any visual aids and he (in jest) requested said four pack, The audience gasped at the sheer audacity of the man. Jon just drunk his breakfast and rambled on. Somewhere on the front row you could see a hunched figure in a parka cringing. A thought bubble appeared above his head saying "preposterous, that would never happen at a YUFOS conference and the fat bastard would have to wear a suit anyway", yes it was Graham Birdsall, well out of his natural habitat at someone

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else's UFO event. Bet he didn't pay for the ticket!

During this drearfest two figures shuffled on the row behind me. I caught a glimpse of fur coat, a waft of divine perfume tinged with haggis and dead Eglismen caressed my olfactories. Surely not.....?

It could only be the Posh and Becks of ufology, the Lady Jafaar and Sir Malcolm of Robinson. Now Judith and I have had our differences over many things of late and we had agreed not to communicate lest I said things she took as being serious, and seeing as she'd described me as evil and 'having no friends' I thought I'd better at least pretend to be miffed.

So I ignored them - but later found out I'd been outdone as they were ignoring me first, the cads!

The talk ended and as a man went round shouting 'bring out yer dead', I turned to go and we sort of nearly talked. Judith pointed out that it was in fact a stunt ocelot and not a real one she was wearing and they floated off as only the truly ufologically royal can do. I felt humbled.

Time to hang out and mingle.....Look, there's Graham Birdsall with a Birdstall selling the tat which has enable him to live in marble bathroomed splendour....See Nick Redfern, bald in black as ever, with the feisty dominatrix Irene Bott and the divine Tracy (a ringer

for Celine Don, (hopefully without the nauseating voice), the glamour factor was up to number eleven already and I felt positively shabby against this back drop of beautiful people.

But what's this? Lurking at the end of the foyer, looking ever so slightly nervous, was Tim Matthews. Tim had to make an appearance because well, because, that's what he does, just so people don't forget him. We'll have much Tim talk later but for now all you need to know is he was handing out leaflets for some rally or other and acting furtive with Downes - who would have to be in very deep cover indeed for anyone not to spot him.

Luckily I caught them flagrantly giving Nazi salutes and I sincerely hope someone uses this as proof that they were there and I had a camera.

Do you know the way Jose?

A pub lunch with Posh and Becks followed where I whinged a bit about BUFORA and then straight into Jose Escamilla's lecture about Rods: Discover of a New Life Form.

Ooooooooooooooooo.

Rods eh? I'm sure you are all familiar with his rubbish but for the blissfully unaware the story so far is.....lots of slowed down video images (from absolutely

anywhere in the world) appear to show squiggly little things rushing about, a bit like the floaters in your eye. Jose reckons they are a new life form and has made videos and money and good grief he's here talking about them to people who've paid.

Laugh? It was too serious for that I can tell you. As far as I could see these are film faults of one kind or another. End of story. Of course the gullible, the foolish, and the conference organisers lapped it up. I even heard some dolts afterwards talking among themselves about how they 'needed time to take in all he'd said'.

For fuck's sake! The only Rods that ever concerned me was Rod Stewart (the Faces were kickin' I assure you) and I'm sure that any good sceptical photo analyst will mirror the title of Rod's first album and find that 'Every Picture Tells A Story'.

Bizarrely, Jose had just discovered Father Ted and had taken to wandering round shouting Ted catch phrases. I sometimes wonder I really do.

I gave Nick Redfern's FBI File lecture a miss on the grounds that FBI is an anagram of fib and so clearly a message from the secret reptilian government.....but caught Jim Peters' lecture about the Cash-Landrum case. Call me an old softy but I do believe this was a genuine event where something unusual took place.

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Unfortunately the bloody Americans can't countenance it being a military event so the whole thing was alien-slanted and of course the audience loved it.

Back to the hotel, straight into the bar.....and a night of alcohol fuelled lunacy.....which can only be recalled snapshot fashion and, for those who were there, goes under the title.....

Have you Got Any Leeches For This?

People flashed before my eyes and I had really, really, really earnest discussions about all manner of bollocks with people I didn't know and it was kind of fun and then but wait, that music...dum-dum-dum, dum-dum-dum, dum-dum-dum, it's not unusual to be hoaxed by anyone.....a flash of long hair, those chisseld features and shifty. looks, it could only be one person. Yes, Matthew Williams was in the house. He approached our table of bonhomie, steadfastly refusing even to look my way. After some minutes I managed to attract his attention and proffered him my hand (just because he's a git doesn't mean I can't get drunk with him)...would he shake it, would he buggery. Fixing me in the steely gaze the like of which hasn't been seen since the First Welsh Ufologists went over the top in the Welsh

Triangle campaign he trilled in his sing song voice....."No Andy Roberts, I shake hands with you now and you dissemble me on the Internet later."

A bit paranoid I thought, Matthew. But he stuck to his principles (in the same way I rather suspect he sticks to his bed linen) and after trying to join in the conversation bugged off to join people less gullible than us. His defence of all things Max, his outright lies about crop circles and other photographic evidence will haunt him forever and as he left the whole room swelled to another Tom Jones classic. "Why, why, why dear liar", or something like that. I took a photograph of him anyway, purely for MFI files and ruminated on the green green grass of home.

Hey there Georgy Boy

It's amazing who comes if you sit and wait long enough.....George Wingfield, the cheese triangle himself, sans whippet, came to join us and I don't know how it came about but the alien autopsy was brought up. "Ah" said George, "I can tell you who did that". We were agog as George related how he was sure (but had no proof) that those responsible were, Rob Irving, Rod Dickinson and John Lumberg. Silly fakers the lot of 'em.

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Interesting how the Wingfield brain cell works...when given free rein and analysts have speculated he has reached this conclusion (speculation more like) simply because Irving et al have had George over so many times with their excellently hoaxed circles that he now believes they are responsible for *everything* in the whole wide world. We politely listened, smiled and he was gone.

George made up for this somewhat on the Sunday by telling me he believed Tony Dodd just made most of his 'evidence' up. I pointed out that surely an ex-police officer of Tony's standing wouldn't do a thing like that but then realised I was talking rubbish and just agreed with George. Later on a crew from a Hull ufosoc arrived looking decidedly handy and as if they'd just stepped out of Lock Stock and Two Smoking Barrels...Marcus Allen from Nexus wandered in and out looking bemused at the slide into chaos which was well on its way as Jose Felciano or whatever he was called began playing the piano....the Birdsall contingent realised it was time to leave for quieter pastures and we all decanted into the piano room for a few hours of the most bizarre ufological post gig 'fun' I have been present at, and I've been at a few. Simple Beatles songs soon gave way to rock standards belted out by a man who I spoke to much but know

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only as Dave from geordieland, aided and abetted by a freeflowing permutation of Jon Downes, Nigel Wright, Sir Malcolm of Robinson, and many others including Miss Bott on backing vocals. Louie Louie, Stand By Me, all the ufological classics were trotted out and then it was into Irish rebel songs such as the touching version of The Armagh Sniper delivered by Jon (bar bill for the night £65.00) Downes, now doing a passable imitation of Citizen Caned.....the most responsible of us such as Posh ufologist, Nick Redfern, merely looked on in disbelief.....Matthew Williams skulked in an earnest fashion and then went off to ring his mummy.....we were joined again by the Huli people one of whom was well oiled and confided to all and sundry that he was a bouncer, and kept showing parts of his anatomy whilst questioning the availability of leeches for it. Clearly I was missing the ufological context he was getting at here and his friends eventually took him away.

For some reason I was repeatedly referred to as 'the skeptic' - 'a' not 'the' chaps please - and Rob from LAPIS tried to take advantage of my frayed mental state by intimating that room 6 where I was to be domiciled held terror such as the 'grey lady'. Well, a shag's a shag, and grey is this year's black, I thought and trundled off to my date with the undead. Having been

at many BUFORA Council meetings I was more than prepared for the encounter.....sadly no ladies dressed in grey awaited me and I slept the sleep you often do in hotel rooms.

Breakfast time saw some sad faces I can assure you. Matthew Williams kept to his usual high standards by sitting a long way from me and Rod Howarth, the only sound being the sobbing when he discovered there were no toy aliens in his cereal packet.

Sunday gradually assembled itself but I gave Graham Shepherd and Michael Lindeman amiss - Shepherd is a boring git and Lindeman is a 'futurist' and his talk seemed to consist of fuelling the wet dreams of the saddo ETHers by telling them what contact with ETs *might* be like. OK if you have no imagination I suppose.

Sunday brought a fresh crop of faces too and I saw Dave Cayton lurking in the crowd. Now Dave's a mutilation man and he takes it so seriously - see his interminable articles in UFO magazine. It's all rather tedious really and the fact that some animals appear 'mutilated' by having had their rectums and vaginas 'cored' and have neat holes in their heads is only proof to me that sexual organs are the most tasty for predators and that there are some really quite sadistic humans around. Still Dave knows best. At least we

didn't have to listen to him rabbit on.

It's perhaps best to ignore Jon Downes' frequent and desperate pleas to Irene Bott for something called 'executive relief'. Thankfully Irene is far too expensive for Jon to merit even a look of disdain. Just because he's a media whore and arts editor of the Planet on Sunday (didn't Clarke Kent work for them?) it doesn't mean to say he can get away with this sort of behaviour.

Then I saw a sight which genuinely shocked me. A huge T shirt loomed into view wrapped round the girth of one Russ Kellett. Emblazoned on the T shirt was UFORIN Investigators of the Berwyn Mountain Crash Landing.

I gasped!

The Russ Kellet is a new phenomena worth keeping an eye on. He doesn't know it but he is re-enacting scenarios straight out of 1980s YUFOS - he's serious and he's got a network. Hell no, he's got an *international* network baby and don't you forget it!

I'd heard he was investigating the Berwyn thang and eventually we'd spoken on the phone. I wasn't impressed. All conspiratorial and hush hush, secret meetings, contacts who had been at the crash site, maybe even photos of the crash site. Yeah yeah, I'd heard it all before. It's difficult to have a crash site for something which never existed

and could therefore have never crashed but anyway, I offered Russ unlimited access to my files on the matter and never heard from him again until now!

Anyway I immediately demanded a photo of his T shirt to send to MFI and we chatted sort of amiably about the case. Russ was rightly up in arms about ufologists who had written about the case purely by using other people's material and not checking it at source. But I've yet to see evidence of Russ doing this. I think we'll see more of Russ and his cronies because he's another one who wants to make a UFO case out of a mountain.

I'm sure he'll be calling me now!

Then I caught a glimpse of another furtive figure who wouldn't catch my eye. I think we was part of the Williams posse and he was clutching videos of Max Burns speaking at the London BUFOONA lecture. This case just isn't going to away, no matter how poor the evidence is. Belief, it seems, is a far stronger motivating factor than reality.

No way Jose

Jose Escamilla did another 'Rods' talk - more footage of all sorts of things, much talk of the search for proof.....I can't see the problem myself, proof is easily obtained. Some of the footage was taken in a 2000

foot vertical cave...so, fine mesh three feet from the bottom, fine mesh over the top, lob some smoke grenades in and kill the little buggers. Their dead bodies, however small, land on the bottom net and science is victorious once again. As Jose had showed us film of swallows chasing the critters they must have substance so the above method will work. Who cares if we kill a few? Small price to pay for the 'discovery of a new life form' as his blurb says.

Trouble is I bet there's a perfectly 'good' reason why this or indeed any other method of capture or analysis will never result in a body or conclusive film analysis, Jose will get rich, lots of people will believe in Rods until the next fashionable misperception comes along.

George Wingfield was on last speaking about 'Black Triangles: the Mystery Continues'. It certainly did because I couldn't arsed to go, said my farewells to anyone I thought might be interested and drove back home to the strains of the Radio One chart show. Isn't chart music utter, utter crap? Apparently some singing hamster or a tennis playing has been may well be number one for Christmas. And they wonder why middle aged people take drugs!

So, that was LAPIS 1999, it was good and you should have been there. LAPIS also hold the distinction of holding the last UFO

conference this millennium (depending, of course on when you believe the next millennium starts).

Are You Now, Or Have You Ever Been, Tim Matthews?

One thing about LAPIS I missed was the secretive talk about Tim Matthews; how Larry O'Ha Ha had produced the *ultimate* document exposing the truth. A shiny black flier was doing the rounds advertising this publication. Obviously in the interests of investigative ufology and having a laugh I had to have one and so sent my money off.

Where do we begin eh? This whole O'Hara/Hepple/Matthews thing is just so bizarre and everyone appears to have taken sides although few will say whose! Let's start with his new publication. O'Hardly has obviously been to an adult literacy class war and learned to spell big words and has proudly produced *At War With The Universe* - which is definitely up there in contention for Mad Rant of the Millennium.

This guy and his side kick Steve Booth are Grade A pillocks. There's been quite a bit of O'Hara toadying in some ufological quarters and several people who should know better have been supplying

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him with information. They *should* have known better because Lori has been blabbing to all his chums just who has been giving him information, they in turn have sung like canaries and his informants are now widely known throughout ufology.

Nice work Lardy!

Furthermore Lippy has been writing nasty letters to certain ufologists because they had the temerity to dis Lucy to other ufologists. You bought game Limpet - you should have read *all* the rules first.

But to the booklet.....

I can't comment on Tim's political past. It interests me but I wouldn't believe anything he *or* O'Hairy told me about it and corroborative evidence is thin on the ground. O'Hardup is a master of the smoke screen, he piles 'fact' on 'fact', tarts it up with a bit of supposition, some high handed moral indignation and expects us to believe it. Hey, Larchy - we're ufologists y'know.

To believe what exactly?

Well that's the problem - O'Hara rants and he raves but rarely does he actually make any points. Bottom line in this case is, I think, this:

* O'Hardly believes Tim has been both far left and far right. One of these is good - because that's the gang that Larry is in.

* O'Hardly believes that Tim is not motivated by ideals but only by his 'paymasters' -

which in this case Lairy believes to be 'the government', or to put it in strict ufological parlance, 'them'.

Furthermore O'Hardof hearing believes that Tim has been sent among us to cause havoc, get us to believe in bad things, to do this and that and to generally be disruptive.

Sorry, but I don't buy it.

There have been far, far more destructive people in ufology than Tim has ever been. Look at Matthew Williams for instance - openly advertising the fact he and his chums play and cowboys and Indians inside military bases. Even Jenny Randles and I have been far more disruptive than Tim ever has - and we aren't working for the government. For god's sake look at BUFORA - they've single handedly kept ufology in the 1950s and managed to get people to pay them to do it!

Anyway.

Lorry may have a good grip on politics, but he certainly hasn't got one on either reality or ufology and his 'pamphlet' is riddled with amazing ufological errors. The biggest and best howler being that he fell for the 'Sonderburo 13' hoax, whereby French author Henry Durrant wrote of a top secret Nazi enquiry into foo-fighters. Henry made this up just so he could see who copied the hoax without checking it. And Larry went for it big time, using it as part

of his 'argument' (and I use the term loosely here because Larry states, he doesn't argue) against Tim's interpretation of the foo-fighter phenomenon. Personally I think both Tim and Limpy are both way of the mark anyway.

Lordy also misses the mark by miles when he tries to interpret the murky world of UFO politics. Now you and I know this is just as weird as anything the extreme left or right can come up with - but Liddy thinks he knows best. It's all intricate stuff but for instance he has no idea who the IUN are/were, believes them to be a recent organisation (we were born in 1987), has no idea who UFOIN are (and believes Tim to have been in on it from the beginning - he wasn't) and so on. And what's worst of all, and unforgivable, is that he hasn't got the faintest idea of how the communication systems work, who talks to who or of the many labyrinthine pacts and allegiances which exist within the subject. If only he read *The Armchair Ufologist*.

But he doesn't and unfortunately Leechy's knowledge of ufological politics comes straight from the brains of those he thought knew something about it in the first place. And they didn't. Worse still he tries to fit Tim up with publication of the infamous SHADOW leaflets - and wastes a good two pages of tree pulp in doing so.

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BUTCHER!

Here Larky is going for his PhD in gormlessness, because at least two out of the three SHADOW leaflets were produced by one of the very people he was using as his informant in ufology.

DOH!

Larry Logic continues in this vein until his conclusions, which basically say that Larry is Top, and Tim is an Utter Rotter. What's more Tim should be ejected from UFOIN and - get this pilgrims - Laffy and his sidekick should be allowed to join, because they have demonstrated their research skills in producing all this stuff about Tim. I don't think Larry. Research implies getting your facts right. And whilst it's pleasing to see enthusiastic newcomers to the subject I would suggest they try BUFORA rather than playing out with the big boys.

Personally I think Tim would act how he does whether he was involved in extreme politics, model train building or inter-species full contact Lacrosse. He can be a bastard and he rubs people up the wrong way and sometimes his lack of tact can be frightening to the head-in-the-sand brigade. But I've never had a problem with him and quite a lot of other ufologists manage to get along quite nicely in Tim land. This, of course according to Lardy O'Hardly is because Tim's crawled to those who he thinks

will defend him *at a time like this* - and oh, lord I've just realised I'm a pawn in Tim's game. Only Larry can save us now....perhaps if I shine the bat torch into the night sky he'll come before it's too late.

We can only pray.

But wodooino? Buy Largely's booklet, make your own minds up. But I think anyone who spends time in Larryland will soon twig that he is just as barking as any ETher. He's also a literalist of child like naiveté. If it's been written or spoken Larry takes it as gospel - it happened.

That is, of course, if the 'it' suits Larry and his tightly controlled world. If it doesn't then 'it' becomes the opposite of the truth and Larry uses every trick in the book to prove that the event/person/words prove what *he* wants.

It's a great game - except that Larry *really* believes all he writes. Take the Southport 98 conf, from which O'Lafalot was ejected, claiming he'd been beaten by 'thugs'. I was at Southport and saw quite a bit of what went on. I stood within a few feet of Larry and Tim and took photographs as they shouted and pointed. As far as I could see Leery was causing a nuisance at a public meeting, would not shut up when asked, would not leave when asked, and was ejected using appropriate force. If he was roughly handled en route he should have moved quicker, is

all. And most of us here know Kevin McClure - do you think he's a 'thug'?

No?

I thought not.

O'Hardly's problem is that he's like a toddler. He demands the right to do exactly as he pleases but doesn't like it when *he* has to do something.

Two things which happened immediately to TAU 4 being printed have further made me worry about O'Wierdly. One, I emailed him to point out how crap his ufological knowledge is and tried to get him to reply to me, giving *specific* information and also sources of information about Timbo which *didn't* originate with him.

No reply.

Two, a careful reading of O'Lordy's references revealed one pointing me toward a 1999 book called *Earth First* by Derek Wall. I immediately sent an orphan out to steal a copy. The author describes his meeting with Tim, saying, "I trusted him because of his strong contacts with the anti-fascist magazine, Searchlight....", going on to say that he found him "engaging company". All fine and dandy. Then O'Harbinger moseys along and "raises the possibility that Hepple was an agent provocateur, whereupon my trust evaporated". No explanation, merely an exhortation to read O'Haha's publications for THE TRUTH.

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Larry says - the far left do. Larry says so-and-so is a witch. The far left hunt. Larry says Tim is working for MI5, people tremble. Besides *all* this pilgrims - do we really care whether or not Tim is working for the left, the right or MI5?

Quite frankly I don't and I don't want idiots like O'Hardly trying to tell me how to think.

Give us a break Lefty - and if you want to be taken seriously try giving us some *evidence*. Otherwise I suggest you take Bill Hicks' sage advice and shut the fuck up.

Dr Moncur's Spacebook

Saturday 11th December. I get a call from Dave Moncur - Scottish ufologist, one of the first people I came across in the UK who was seriously up ufology's darkside. He believed it then. He still does.

Where's he at?

Now he's a man with a mission and that mission is to investigate the 'Max Burns case' for himself.

He'd already spoken to the evil Doktor Klarke and described him as "one of the most repugnant people I have dealt with". Yeah, that's lovely cuddleable Dave to you and I, but when it comes to the Burns case Dave's cuddleability guarantee has now worn off and he's one baaaaad motherbleeper.

Needless to say he and

Moncur disagreed. Look this up in your Dark Sider's I-Spy code book and you'll find that disagreeing = lying = being part of the reptilian alien conspiracy based in Catherine Zeta Zeticulli.

This is just how weird this case has got. It's now an article of faith among UK darksiders that Dave Clarke, myself, Tim Matthews and a few others, had Mad Max 'set up' over his drug trial. Max is now a martyr, his bonkers case and his personal life have entwined and bugger me if Dave Moncur didn't say he was reporting back to Linda Mutilated Cowe who was interested in the matter.

None - not one - of these people know the slightest thing about this case other than what they have picked up from the voices in their heads, rumour or Burns' twisted ramblings. Moncur was wanting all the information he could muster yet told Dave C he didn't know about UFOUpdates! I ask you.

It got worse - I probed Moncur for any evidence that Burns had been 'set up' - did he have any? 'Course he did! You'll like this.

Some ditsy hippy ufologist in the north west called Sharon Larkin (mutilated dolphins stuff in UFO magazine anyone?) had - wait for it - been 'set up' on drugs charges the *very same week* that Max had! Had she given Moncur any proof of

this? No, but the police had 'mysteriously' dropped all charges.

This is the sort of 'evidence' which the darksiders concoct when they meet sitting and spinning on their looms of madness, creating a cloth which lets in no light at all.

And *they* talk about cover ups!

It gets worse still!

Moncur rambled extensively about how in the month of alleged Sheffield case flying triangle sightings were up and water levels were down. Whaaaaaat! You read it right pilgrim. Apparently these people *really believe* that aliens are taking our water (women not good enough for em eh?) and there are even rumours that the government is in on the deal.

You can't even begin to argue against this stuff. If someone has said it then it's true. If someone argues against it they are part of the conspiracy (remind you of anyone Larry?). If a witness alters their statement they've been 'got at'. Any noise on the phone, any delay in the mail, any legal complications in someone's life - all proof positive that the self important little twerps are 'victims' of the cover up.

Same as it ever was.

Same as it ever was.

We must practice all our sorceries against these people.

If only for the sheer fun of it!

Ufology: *Delicious* hot, *disgusting* cold