



Dead of Night Magazine



Issue 4 : Feb '95

Price £1.50

Ghosts & Devils Over MERSEYSIDE



In this issue ...

Strange Phenomena of the 20th Century

More strange phenomena from the past.

Classic UFO Sightings

Goblins from space !!

STRANGE TALES FROM THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Why are animals going wild?

Keep Watching The Skies !!! UFO Update

BLACK DOGS

Part Two of our feature on spectral hounds

DARK VISIONS

What's new on the box.

Chasing the UNKNOWN

More tabloid mania!

... and much more !!!

Merseyside's Only Publication Dealing With All
Paranormal Phenomena !!

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Dead of Night Magazine does not subscribe to any one belief system.

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Mysterious Places of Britain:
All photographs Steve Griffiths

Issue No. 4 March 1995

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EDITORIAL



First off, please allow me this opportunity to make my humble excuses for not getting this issue out on time...

We had intended to have the mag out on the streets three whole weeks ago...But, in this life, even the best of good intentions can often go the way of a Manchester United European Cup campaign. Right outta the window.

To recompense our Constant Reader(s), we have decided to increase the number of pages so that, for one issue only, you have in your hands a special bumper edition. We pulled out all the stops to bring you the latest from the weird and wonderful world of the paranormal, and tried to pack as much in as is humanly possible taking into consideration our somewhat limited resources.

And whilst I'm engaged in this spate of grovelling, can I just apologise to all those people who have taken the time and trouble to write in with their comments/criticisms...Your efforts are much appreciated, and you can rest assured we'll be including a regular letter's page as from issue 5.

In the meantime, all letters/articles are gratefully received.

I'm sorry to have to inform you that the first two copies of our mag have now completely sold out. However, on the plus side, we are planning a Yearbook (free to subscribers/contributors) that will contain several re-prints of requested articles as well as a healthy helping of brand new material. For further details on this, see back page.

Right. That's about enough waffling from me.

Hope you enjoy this edition,

Best wishes,

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We at ASSAP, that is the Association for the Scientific Study of Anomalous Phenomena are always keen to accept new applications for membership and to assist existing groups and individuals who are interested in the serious study of Anomalous Phenomena

ASSAP Provides an opportunity for members to become trained as Investigators if they wish and also to partake in various research projects. ASSAP also Publishes a Newsletter every other month and a Journal twice a year.

The Association studies a wide field of subjects which can be termed as observed phenomena and covers subjects as diverse as Ghosts, UFO's, Poltergeist Phenomena, Street Light Interference, Spontaneous Human Combustion, Apparitions, Levitation, Speaking in Tongues, Mediumship, Earth Mysteries, Healing, Psychometry, Reincarnation, Hypnotic Regression, Apparitions and Hauntings and many more.

Interested ?
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UnConvention95

A Weekend of the Wondrous

The 1995 Fortean Times conference takes a long, hard look at two of the most controversial topics in the phenomenal world.

Near Death Experiences: *visions of an afterlife?* asks whether the visions reported by those who go close to death before being revived are evidence for the existence of the soul - or merely symptoms of a little-understood medical condition.

Saucer Smash: the solid evidence for UFOs examines astonishing rumours that governments have retrieved fragments of crashed flying saucers - and the bodies of their occupants. An expert panel will debate whether the stories are military disinformation, modern folklore... or true.

In addition, two parallel lecture strands will feature reports and updates on the whole range of Fortean phenomena from some of the world's leading researchers and investigators. Lectures confirmed so far include:

Cryptozoology: Karl Shuker on man-beasts worldwide.

Religion: Lynn Picknett presents evidence for a Renaissance origin of the Tunn Shroud.

Treasure Hunting: Lonei Fanthorpe on Oak Island's mysterious Money Pit.

Earth Mysteries: Paul Devereux on snamanism and ley-hunting.

VENUE: The University of London Union, Malet Street, London W1.
Saturday 22 and Sunday 23 April 1995.

- Lectures ● Workshops ● Screenings
- Book fair and dealer room
- Restaurant and bar

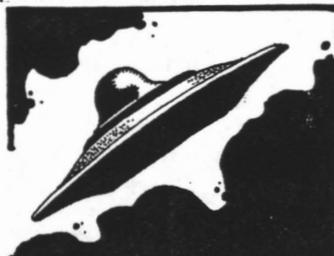
EARLY BOOKING: A discount of 25% is available to everyone whose applications are received by last post on 1 April 1995. Full prices will apply after this date.

2-Day Ticket
Full price £20 - early booking discount just £15 for orders received by 1 April
1-Day Ticket
Full price £12.50 - early booking discount just £10.00 for orders received by 1 April

NB: tickets take the form of name badges. Please list the names of all your party when ordering.

Dealers: call Ronnie Hackston on 0171 381 6007 for information on tables in the sales room.
Press: for information call Beer Davies Publicity on 0171 323 3003, fax 0171 323 4768.

caveat: While all advertised guests have confirmed their intention to attend, we cannot guarantee their presence on the day; likewise there may be some changes to the final programme due to unforeseen problems.



The Barguest & other Black Dog tales.

"Aulder than Mammoth or than Mastodon, Deep i' the herts o' a' men lurk scaut-heid skrymmorie monsters few daur look upon."

Hugh Macdiarmid.

Black Dogs the phantasmal creatures of British folklore are in fact not entirely indigenous to Britain, on the contrary, Black Dogs are known in Brittany and Scandinavia, however stories of Black dogs in other countries are difficult to find which is why my own research and collections of Black Dog accounts are mainly from the British Isles. My last article on the Black Dog phenomenon (see issue no. 3) was a brief collection of some of the more interesting accounts of Black Dogs in most of there guises and was merely intended as an introduction to the phenomenon hoping that if any reader was interested he/she could go away and read up on the many lurid legends about Black Dogs amidst the myriad of books available on the subject and on British folklore as a whole.

From my previous article it was clear that the Black Dogs themselves can be categorised. Ethel Rudkin the author of ' Folk-lore, 1938, divided the dogs into three types:

- (i) The Barguest, which is a shape shifting Demon dog.
- (ii) The Black dog which is uniform in type, generally shaggy or woolly and about the size of a calf.
- (iii) A rare type which occurs in certain parts of the country in conjunction with a calendar cycle.

There are three further divisions, these are the Demon dogs, the ghosts of human beings and the Black Dogs that exist in there own right. And even these can be further divided into dangerous and benevolent types.

After writing my last article I was lucky enough to come across even more accounts of Black Dogs of which I'd never heard about and even a couple of first hand accounts of which have never before appeared in print. These coupled with my previous stockpile of tales some of which were not included in the first article but nevertheless still very interesting presented enough material for a follow up article on the subject, still in keeping with the theme of merely reporting the accounts and leaving you the reader to draw your own conclusions about whether or not they are only fairy tales, but remember there is always some truth to legend.

So now I present to you a further collection of tales to terrify about the **Devil Dogs of the British Isles**.....

Scotland has many accounts of Black Dogs such as the ' Muckle ' or ' Black Tyke ' which used to appear at the witches Sabbats he was supposed to be the Devil himself. Fairy dogs were common also, these were reputed to be dark green in colour and very shaggy. however most of the Black Dogs were known as treasure guardians like the dogs in Hans Anderson's ' Tinder box '

The guardian of the stone.

Near Murthly, Perthshire, there is a large standing stone and there is a legend about this stone, it is said that if there be a man whom is strong enough and bold enough to move the stone then he will find a treasure chest containing many riches, unfortunately the treasure chest is guarded by a big Black Dog who sits upon it. One story has it that the local school masters sons once shifted the stone with gun powder and were confronted with the terrifying sight of the hound, they apparently took fright at the dog and replaced the stone before returning in a hurry to there homes.

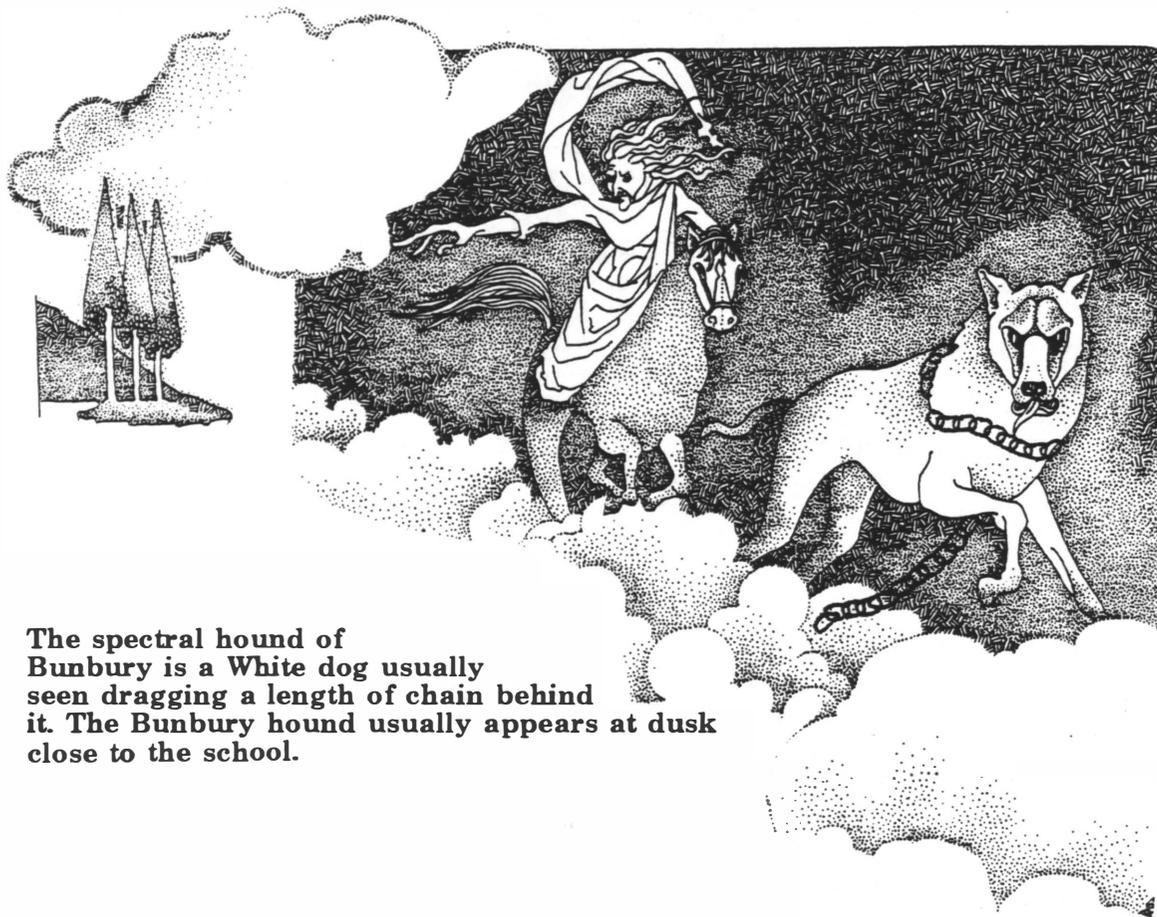
Billy B and the Barguest.

Billy was a clock dresser(?) at Grassington, Kylstone Fell and had stayed rather late. It was about eleven o'clock when he left, the moon was very bright. He was passing down to Mill Lane when he heard something come past him, it was the sound of chains rattling, but he could see nothing. He stood still and looked about him thinking that the situation was ' queer ' he could see nothing except two stone walls either side of him in Mill Lane, then he heard again the sounds of the chains and suddenly he saw the Barguest shimmering in the moonlight, he hurried across towards a bridge because he'd heard about the Barguest and that it couldn't cross water, but once over the bridge he could still hear the sound of the chains, he was frightened but he decided to stay and have a look for the thing, he walked up a bank towards Linton, then he saw its tail followed by the rest of the beast, it was the size of a sheep and woolly with it. Billy raised a stick to beat it with and then told of how the Barguest ' luik'd at me, and sich oies[eyes], they did glower and war as big as saucers, and like a cruelled ball, first there war a red ring, then a blue one, then a white one; and these rings grew less and less till they came to a dot ' Billy began shouting at the dog to go away and it eventually got up and walked off.

The Black Dog of Blickling.

When lord and lady Lothian first came to Blickling they altered the house by pulling down partitions to make a morning room. An old woman in the village told the local vicar that she wished that they would not pull down the partitions, the vicar asked her why not, she said it was because of the dog. A story has it that a previous owner was fishing in the lake near Blickling when he caught an enormous fish, the fish was reeled in and when it was on the bank of the lake a great Black Dog jumped out of its mouth. They never could get rid of the dog, which just kept walking in circles inside the house. One day the owners of the house sent for a learned man from London who rid them of the curse of the dog by building partitions in the house to oppose the

pathways of the circling dog, the dog was quieted and was never seen again, but if any one should pull down the partitions they would let the dog loose again and according to the old woman in the village, ' *there's not a wise man in all London now who could lay that dog again!*'



The spectral hound of Bunbury is a White dog usually seen dragging a length of chain behind it. The Bunbury hound usually appears at dusk close to the school.

The Black Dog and Donald Roy.

Donald Roy, an elder of the Scottish church, died in Jan 1774, he was 108. He was the 84th of his elder ship. Many strange stories are told of his sense and his supernatural experiences.

On a dark night, Donald Roy was walking alone along a solitary road when he was distressed by a series of blasphemous thoughts which came pouring into his mind and which he had a hard struggle to eliminate, when he was eventually gaining control of himself and his thoughts, he looked down and saw a Black Dog trotting by his side (see previous article issue no.3 ' **The Devil in disguise** ' for reference to cursing/swearing and the Devil appearing in the form of a Black Dog) 'Ah!' he exclaimed, ' *and so I have got company, I might have guessed it sooner* ' the dog then growled and bounded ahead of Donald emitting a hot bright jet of flame, which streamed back along the road till it seemed to hiss and crackle right under his feet, he carried on walking however and the dog yet again bounded ahead of him vomiting forth its fiery breath in turns until Donald reached the outer limits of his farm, then it vanished.

The Black Dog of Bwlchgwny.

Gwilym Parry is an Olympic weight lifting coach at an Ellesmere Port leisure centre, and whilst talking about the subject of ghostly phenomena he related to me the following story. Gwilym was attending his fathers funeral approximately twenty years ago and began chatting to one of his fathers old friends, he asked the man if he could tell him of any stories he could remember about his father from when he was a young man and his fathers friend began to tell Gwilym of a strange tale about his father and a ghostly Black Dog! The following account is transcribed from a taped interview with Gwilym and I have kept to his own words as far as possible.

" My father was always afraid of the dark and he used to court my mother at a place called Bwlchgwny which is about five miles west of Wrexham. My father however lived in Coedpoeth which was Two miles away from Bwlchgwny which meant that he had to walk those miles on the dark cold winter nights to visit my mother. His journey consisted of a long narrow road followed by a main road and then an even narrower road, not being comfortable walking in the dark this was quite a task, now apparently when he would reach the top of the road in Bwlchgwny where my mother lived there would be a big Black Dog with a chain just waiting there to eventually escort him back to Coedpoeth. On his way back home the dog would walk along with him staying close to him up to the corner of the road where he lived and they would then part company and my father would then carry the remaining distance to his home. The Black Dog would wait for my father every time he left my mothers house, but only if it was dark, I'm quite sure that the dog was never waiting if it was light."

What surprised Gwilym about this story was that his father never used to like dogs all the time that he'd known him, *" whenever I had pets at home, especially dogs, my father was never very keen on them and if one of them ever happened to be asleep by the fire my father would more or less kick the dog out of his way, he would never go out of his way just for the sake of the dog, it came as quite a surprise to me to find out that my father did once have a dog friend "*

The above account is a typical example of a benevolent Black Dog, the dog seeming to sense Gwilyms fathers fear of the dark and to be there to give him company on his long walks, this story has a familiar ring to it if we take into account entities such as Tulpas which are thought forms created out of nothing merely using the mind, but have however enough substance to be called REAL.

The Black Dog of Tring.

In the parish of Tring a chimney sweeper decided to take the law into his own hands and he drowned an old woman whom he believed to be a witch, the law surprisingly took the side of the victim in this case and the chimney sweep was hanged and gibbeted very close to where the murder was committed, and for many years after, the place where the gibbet stood was believed to be haunted by a Black Dog. Many local witnesses claimed to have terrifying encounters with the animal, one of these witnesses happened to be the local village schoolmaster, *" I was returning home late at night in a gig with the person who was driving. When we came to the spot where the gibbet had stood I saw a bank of fire as large as a mans hat, what's that? I exclaimed, hush! said my*

companion, and suddenly pulling in his horse he made a dead stop. " The schoolmaster then set eyes on the diabolical creature, it was an immense thing as big as a Newfoundland, but very gaunt, its coat was shaggy with long drooping ears and tail, the eyes were like balls of fire and its teeth were large and long " he opened his mouth and seemed to grin at us " A very short time later the dog vanished seeming to sink into the earth.

The Collingbourne Kingston Black Dog.

There was once a pair of thieves who terrified people living in the countryside near the Bath highway, the pair robbed rich and poor alike whether it was three guineas or three pennies it didn't matter to them, they just took it But one day however the pair of thieves made a mistake, they were disturbed whilst burgling a farm by its owners an old farmer and his wife, the thugs maliciously beat the couple to death with an iron bar and they decided to hide the murder by setting the thatch farm house on fire. The old farmer and his wife had been popular amongst the country folk and many of the men of the Wiltshire downs got a lynch mob together and decided to catch the culprits and make them pay for there crimes. The thieves got wind of this and dodged the mob by hiding in the day and travelling by night. the time came eventually when they had to cross the Downs from Everley to Collingbourne kingston and they decided to do this via a large wood thinking that it would give them cover. One thing the thieves didn't know was that nobody ever, **EVER** went in these woods, not after dark and especially if they had evil consciences, because legend told of a fierce spectral hound that lived in the woods and would not think twice about attacking any unwary traveller. In their fear of being caught by there pursuers the thieves entered the woods. Deeper and deeper they travelled until they eventually found themselves in the very heart of the wood, they paused for breath and suddenly they saw a huge Black Dog with glowing green eyes, they screamed and stumbled away down another path and when they stopped, all was quiet and dark until a green light from ghostly eyes shone just by their shoulders, they again turned and ran with their predator in hot pursuit, breaking thick branches in its path as easily as a child breaks kindling wood. The thieves ran straight into the waiting lynch mob. " *We knew we'd get them when they ran down into the woods, all we had to do was wait outside and let the Black Dog send them back "*, the villagers said.



A fearsome Black Dog, leaping and bounding.

The boy and the Barguest.

In Norfolk a boy had been sent out on an errand at dusk. The boy arrived at his destination only to find the house all shut up, he was just about to leave when suddenly a large Black Dog silently rose from the floor and put his paws on the child's shoulders, the boy got a terrible shock for he had not seen the dog in the darkness and he certainly wasn't expecting to do so, he was very scared but got himself together and went home. He told his parents about the dog and of how it frightened him and then went to bed at his usual time. In the middle of the night the boy died, a doctor and his parents said that it was most likely due to the delayed effects of shock from his fright earlier that evening, but maybe he had a midnight encounter with a ghostly hound that followed him home and waited in the shadowed sombre corners of his bedroom, who knows.....



A frightening encounter with a spectral hound in the home.

Curse of the Vaughans.

A Black Dog supposedly haunted the Vaughan family (dates and place names unknown to me) throughout various generations in a similar fashion to the ' Hound of the Baskervilles ', one of the Vaughan children caught chicken pox and became quite ill, one night during dinner the child's mother decided to go upstairs and check on her son, when she entered the room she saw that the child was sound asleep but there was also a large Black Dog lying across him on top of the bed. The child's mother then came downstairs and asked her husband to go up stairs and to get rid of the animal that she assumed must have wandered in from outside, apparently the husband had never told his wife about the curse of the dog which had haunted his family throughout many generations as he didn't wish to worry her, he then went upstairs fearing the worst and he entered the room he could see no dog, but his son was lying dead in his bed.

Lionel Monckton.

British composer Lionel Monckton died in 1924. During this time a group of his friends were enjoying a social evening in there club when one of them, Donald Calthrop, had a feeling that something had happened to Monckton, he couldn't explain to the others how he knew this but said that the feeling was strong, his friends dismissing this idea were suddenly amazed to see a dog appear in the corner of the room which they believed to be Moncktons pet dog as the animal was often brought to the club by Monckton. It was some hours later that news of Moncktons death reached his friends and they were astonished to learn that he had died precisely at the same time they had seen the apparition of the dog.

Headless dogs.

The humpybacked bridge at Ivelet in Swaledale has its own ghostly headless hound which floats onto the bridge and disappears over the edge, the dog is believed by the people who live in the area that the dog is an omen which foretells an imminent death, strangely though, the bridge lies on a pathway called ' corpse way ' which is used to bring the dead down to the church for burial.

Another headless hound visited the garden of an Arthur Springer in 1916, Springer a retired police inspector of Tingewick Buckinghamshire was certain there was no dog in sight when members of his family paused for a photo whilst drinking afternoon tea in the garden. The dog was captured on film.

This concludes my look at the phantom dog phenomenon for now, just one final tail note (absolutely no pun intended!) of a coincidence which happened to me whilst working on this article, I was working out at my local gym when I began talking to a friend who was telling me about his previous night out at a pub with a jazz night, not being interested in jazz I was only half listening until I asked him where the jazz night had been, " *The Black dog inn at Waverton* " he replied.

Credits,

A dictionary of british folk tales by Katharine Briggs- Routledge Pub.

Ethel Rudkin - Folklore, 1938.

Legends and traditions of Cheshire by Frederick Woods - Shiva Pub.

Encyclopedia of ghosts by David Cohen.

Encyclopedia of ghosts and spirits by John and Anne spencer - Headline Pub.

Photographs of the unknown by Robert Rickard and Richard Kelly - New English library Pub.

Special thanks to Gwilym Parry for his interview.

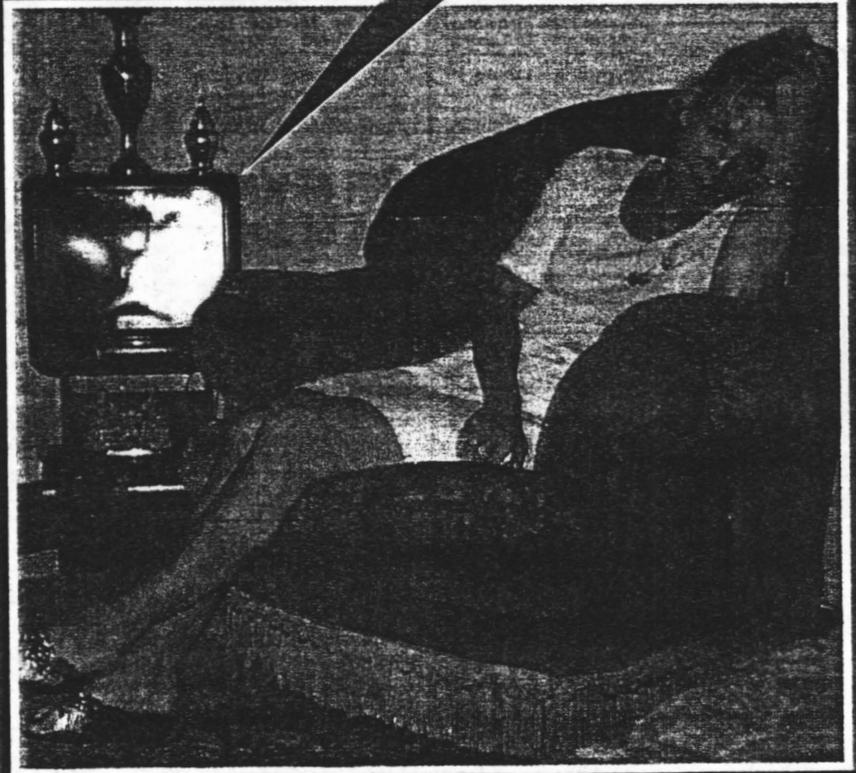
David Williams 94.

Chasing the UNKNOWN

The Latest Weird n' Wonderful News Clippings

DAILY Mirror EXCLUSIVE ON EERIE SPECTRE HAUNTING TRAGIC MUM

Ghost of dead son appears on our TV



FAMILY: Sue and Trevor with a holiday picture of Shaur. SPOOKY: Shaur's ghostly face appears on the TV as mum Sue watches. Pictures: PHIL SPENCER

GHOSTS ON PRIME-TIME TV

If this story is an elaborate hoax or a laugh at the Paranormal investigators expense, we have to say it's in pretty bad taste. We all know to what turgid, inky depths the tabloids can sink to but surely, not even THEY would stoop this low... Or am I just being Mr. Naive?

For the full details of this Ghostly story, see news clipping overleaf...



By JAN DISLEY

A TERRIFIED couple are seeing the ghost of their dead son - on a blank TV screen.

The eerie features of Shaun Paterson - killed in a crash four years ago when he was 18 - show up in these dramatic photographs.

And for the past four months Sue, 41, has also felt a freezing presence about her body.

When she asks: "If it's you Shaun, touch me," she can feel a "hand" brush gently across hers.

"At first it frightened me so much it made me ill," said

I FEEL HIS HAND BRUSH MINE

Sue, of Castleford, West Yorks.

"It's like cobwebs tingling around my face and body and I'm always icy cold.

Priest

"My husband Trevor took pictures of me to see if anything showed up and there was a haze all around me. But it wasn't until we got the photos back that we saw that and the mystery faces on the telly."

She went on: "Later I went through some other photos

that had been taken recently and there was one with a seaside postcard of what looks like Devon superimposed on the set."

Shaun's last holiday was spent with his mates in Bideford, Devon.

Sue and ex-miner Trevor, 42, have called in paranormal experts to investigate the ghostly happenings.

A local priest has been to the modern semi-detached house.

And a white witch, Sue Leyburn, is planning to

exorcise the building at the weekend.

The couple - who have a 21-year-old daughter Tracy - have lived in the house for 23 years.

Frightening

"There have never been any signs that it's haunted until now," said Sue. "But that changed suddenly in October."

"The TV keeps switching from channel to channel and sometimes the lights go on and off in the kitchen. Some-

times I can even feel a hand pushing me out of my chair. "It's very frightening, particularly at night. It's hard to know what to make of it all."

British Astrological and Psychic Society chief Berenice Watts said last night it was important to rule out reflections. She added: "Electrical appliances do pick up strange things."

"But perhaps somebody is trying to get in touch with them. If so they need to consult a respected medium."

● DO YOU have a ghost in your house? Phonic us on 0171 293 3350. Don't worry about the cost - we'll call you straight back.



WEREWOLVES ARE FOR REAL



VICTIMS of rare disease act like wolves - and believe they actually turn into them.

Real-life werewolves do exist, say top experts! A rare mental illness makes people bay at the moon, run on all fours and howl like werewolves at night.

Victims of the illness, called lycanthropy, don't physically change into monsters as in horror movies. But they do think they're wolves - and sometimes kill and eat people, the experts reveal.

"The individual actually believes he becomes a wolf, complete with fur and claws," said Richard Noll, author of the book "Bizarre Diseases of the Mind."

"They engage in animal-

They bay at the moon, run on 4 legs & will eat you

like behavior, such as growling, howling and even crawling on all fours. They desire isolation from human society, preferring to stalk wooded areas and cemeteries.

"Many have the desire to assault or even kill humans."

Noll, a Philadelphia psychologist, said that documented cases of lycanthropy span the centuries.

In 1572, Frenchman Gilles Garnier was convicted of murdering four children

"while in the shape of a werewolf." More than 50 witnesses testified they saw him tear apart and eat the flesh of the victims. Garnier was burned alive as punishment.

In 1928 famed psychiatrist Carl Jung reported this case: For years three girls suffered from horrible dreams about their mother, in which they saw her as a dangerous animal. They couldn't understand it since their lovely mom was devoted to them.

Years later, the mother went insane and ran around on all fours, grunting, bark-

ing and even growling like a wolf.

In 1975, two psychiatrists published a report about a 20-year-old Appalachian man. One day the man, a drug user, went into the woods alone and took a dose of LSD. He suddenly felt a shocking sensation: He thought he was turning into a werewolf!

"He watched fur growing on his hands and on his face. Panic set in - he felt like chasing and eating live rabbits. The delusion that he was a werewolf refused to go away, and he was finally admitted to a psychiatric unit," said Noll.

Dr. Harvey Rosenstock, former clinical associate professor of psychiatry and behavioral sciences at the University of Texas Medical School, coauthored a 1977 paper on the case of a 49-year-old woman suffering from lycanthropy.

"She was obsessed with werewolves and believed she'd change into one, seeing a wolf's head in place of her own in the mirror," he said.

One day, she snapped and

sprang to the floor on all fours like a wolf.

The woman was admitted to a psychiatric ward where she was given antipsychotic drugs - which worked until the next full moon, when she began to snarl, howl and act just like a wolf again!

Added Dr. Rosenstock: "Lycanthropy is a rare mental disorder - we have no statistics as to the number of people afflicted with it."

- FRANKLIN R. RUEHL

15th January, 1995

Vampires cult terror

SADISTIC vampire gangs, turned on by gory scenes in Tom Cruise's new hit movie, have been spreading terror across America.

Teenage thugs in Texas - some dressed as vampires - tortured a victim for four days and tried to cut out his tongue. He is fighting for his life.

Police said the cult has spread from Texas to Canada since interview With A Vampire opened two months ago.



Texas, USA. Sunday People.

WEIRD HUMAN BEHAVIOUR:

According to reports in the press, a maniac has 'attacked' 17 women in Germany...His modus operandi is to break into his victims homes, drug them, and he then proceeds to...Oh Lord, I'm not sure if you're gonna be able to stomach this...**MANICURE THEIR NAILS!!!** He then leaves the house and not once have any of the women been hurt or robbed...
2nd September 1994. Bonn, Germany. 'News Of The World'.

The phrase 'eating yourself out of house and home' became a literal truth for an overweight character named Chote Ontrakran. The 24st 4lb giant reportedly feasted on the entire contents of his lounge, including his TV and stereo, over a period of seven months. Incredibly, he was said to have survived - relatives had found him collapsed on the floor suffering from acute indigestion...
22nd January 1995. Lope Buri, Thailand. 'Sunday People'.

Meanwhile in China, local cafes are rumoured to have served up 'Enemies of the State' during the 1966-76 Cultural Revolution. Just like 'LEATHERFACE'S kitchen in 'THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE', 'The biggest episode of cannibalism in modern times' featured bodies displayed on meathooks. Students are said to have roasted and eaten their teachers. China has not confirmed or denied the allegations...
6th September 1994. Southern China, 'Liverpool Echo'.

Although this clipping appeared in that paragon of (ahem) honesty 'The Natural Enquirer' and not withstanding the fact that it appeared a couple of years ago now we simply couldn't resist including it here... Let's be honest it's a classic piece and may help pave the way for a future article on 'Devon Werewolves' to appear soon within these pages.
July 1993, 'National Enquirer'.

THE RETURN OF SPRING-HEELED JACK.

Great news for fans (of which I know there are many) of Spring-Heeled Jack...Yes, folks, the star of the pilot issue of 'DEAD OF NIGHT' (the mag is now out of print, but the article concerning 'Jack' is soon to be ressurected in an updated form, as one of the most frequently requested features in our mags short history - see back page for details), is back. On video at least.

The planned documentary on the legends and myths of Liverpool should be a massive hit. The minute it's due for release, you can be sure you'll read a review/details of availability/price etc, within these very pages. Watch this space...Or Spring-Heeled Jack will get you...



Jack the lad ... Richard Gardiner Pictures: RICHARD WILLIAMS

Jack springing back into action

By Jayne Atherton

SHADOWY Spring-heeled Jack is back on the streets of Merseyside again more than 100 years after his last sighting.

The legendary black-caped figure earned a reputation for scaring the life out of Victorian England, clearing walls with a single leap and belching blue flames from his mouth.

His glowing red eyes and talon-clawed hands were back in business when he appeared at Blacklow House, Blacklow Brow, Huyton, to recreate one of his famous appearances.

Glowing

Merseyside independent film makers Tony Lloyd and Alan Ridsdale-Scott used local actor Richard Gardiner to bring Jack back to life for their planned video film on the legends and myths of Liverpool.

Mr Lloyd said: "One night in December 1850 a servant girl in one of the big houses in the Huyton area answered the door to a figure she thought was a policeman.

"She lit a lamp to see his face, and Jack, with glowing red eyes and belching blue flames, grabbed hold of her hair and pulled and pushed her around the house.

"He ran away when a party of men heard the girl's scream."

Her terrifying account was recorded for posterity in local history files.

Spring-heeled Jack was last seen in Everton in the 1880s.

He was also seen by soldiers in barracks in London who claimed he



● Ripping yarns ... Barney Lee plays Maybrick in the video

fluttered down from the sky like a black blanket while they were on duty.

Breathed

Mr Lloyd added: "Legend is he could scale 7ft walls with a single leap."

The video team also breathed new life into mysterious Liverpool cotton merchant James Maybrick whom some historians believe could have been Jack the Ripper.

Local actor Barney Lee wielded the grisly knife as Maybrick for the video film.

ITALIAN STIGMATA

Red liquid is said to have been flowing copiously from a painting of a Saint at a house in Italy. The atheistic couple who reside there, Bruno and Felicia Vadala, allowed tests to be carried out which revealed that the liquid is a substance similar to blood. Bruno was moved to say, 'I don't understand why this has happened to us - we're not even believers'.
29th January 1994. Quarrata, Italy. 'Sunday People'.

YET ANOTHER INCREDIBLY BAD LUCK STORY

Here's a classic example of a 'fate kicking its victim squarely in the teeth' type of tale.

With a goodly-sized dose of capricious cosmic joke irony and humour...

Patrick Tapp, aged 65, was blind for 49 years of his life...

Suddenly, and for no discernible reason, he regained his sight, and after setting his eyes on his wife for the first time in half a century he screamed aloud with unrestrained joy... and then promptly died of a heart attack!!!

12th February 1995, Los Angeles, USA 'Sunday Express'.

...And on the other hand...

Proof that 'Fate' can sometimes smile down upon the hapless humans is provided in the two following accounts:

Firstly, a suicidal man elected to throw himself from a viaduct 250 feet high... he launched himself into space and before he could splatter himself all over the road below found himself saved by an open barrel filled with alives that just happened to be parked in his line of flight.
13th January 1995, Imperia, Italy. 'Daily Manc'.

Then there's the case of Mary Clamser aged 42, who had been crippled by Multiple Sclerosis for over 23 years. She was struck by a bolt of lightning as she was trying to get into her wheelchair after a shower. She was rushed to hospital and guess what... yep, suddenly she was able to walk!!!
Talk about miracle cures!!!
15th January 1995, Oklahoma City, USA. 'Daily Manc'.

EVIDENCE MOUNTS THAT EXOTIC BIG CATS ARE RUNNING WILD AROUND BRITAIN

By JONATHAN COOPER and ALUN REES

Out on the moors with the puma patrol

IT IS an area of dense conifers bordered by huge open rock-strewn moor, great swathes of gorse and sea bracken, a huge network of hedgerow and hundreds of acres of bog. Bodmin Moor is a wild, untrammeled land that is also, many would have you believe, home to The Beast, a wild and untamed cat.

Rosemary Rhodes is such a believer. More than that, she believes it is a sanctuary for any number of pumas, lynx and black panthers.

She says: "Big cats have been seen near the slaughterhouse in Bodmin and in the grounds of the local mental institution, which may sound a bit unfortunate, but believe me they are out there."

"They are not illusions or delusions. These are not pink panthers." For four years, with friend Don Rogers, she waged a campaign for an investigation into livestock killings, a fight she has now won with the announcement that the Ministry of Agriculture is starting an official inquiry.

Yesterday, as she looked out over the moor, she said: "As you can see, you could hide a regiment of cavalry and Hannibal's elephants out here. It is perfect country for big cats to go about secretly."

"At first everyone thought I was completely mad. Now you will find very few locals who don't have some knowledge of the so-called beast's existence. I was personally indicated some time ago by two veterinary post mortem reports which clearly stated that sheep had been killed by big cats."

And it is not just Bodmin. You don't have to believe in UFOs or corn circles to be convinced that big cats are alive and well and living in Britain.

Listen to Ellis Daw, 66, who owns the Dartmoor Wildlife Trust which is home to 20 big cats: "I think there is a network of a few hundred in Britain. I know. I've seen them myself and, if a zoologist of 26 years like myself doesn't know what he is talking about, who else does?"

"If you're walking down a street and your wife is on the other side of the road, you recognise her. If I am in the woods and see a puma, I know it is a puma."

He is just one of the hundreds of people from Cornwall in the south to Strathclyde in Scotland, from Dorset in Wales to Kent on the east coast who say they have seen a strange wild beast.

There are numerous stories of cattle and sheep being torn apart, ripped off flesh.

Dr Hans Krusk, a wildlife expert at Aberdeen who spent eight years in the Serengeti National Park in Tanzania, was sent a sample of droppings found near a dead animal in Dorset.

He remarks: "From its appearance and smell, it was very likely to have come from a big cat. One never knows 100 per cent, but the shape and smell was very similar to leopard, lion and cheetah."

In 1988, a jungle cat was killed by a car in Hampshire, the same year that a farmer shot dead a leopard at (a much smaller version of the report) in Devon and a game-winner killed another on the Scottish Borders.

A year later a leopard cat was found dead in Shropshire and in 1990 another was discovered dead in a Scottish moor.

If you walk through the door of the Liveness, Muslum and Art Gallery, you will meet Felicity. She is a muffed puma.

She was trapped by a farmer near the village of Cannock in the Highlands in 1960 after killing an animal and returned to a zoo before dying of old age. Felicity, it is believed, was



ON THE TRAIL: Don Rogers and Rosemary Rhodes track the cat with a bloodhound

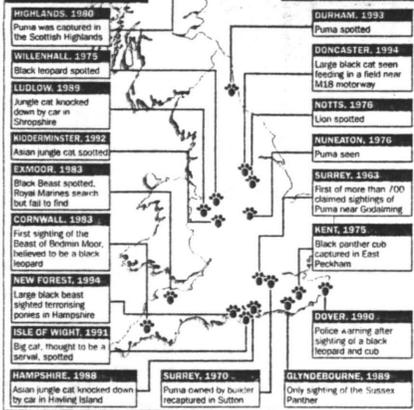
Flock watch

SHEPHERDS have been urged to watch their flocks after three dead sheep were found near Aberlour, Gram-pian, where there have been previous attacks, and sightings of a puma-type animal.

(CREDIT FOR CLIPPINGS FEATURED BELOW)

14th January 1995, Saughall Massie, Wirral, Liverpool Echo
13th January 1995, Bodmin, Exmoor, Daily Express
14th January 1995, General U.K., Daily Express

BIG CAT SIGHTINGS



ALIEN BIG CATS ON THE PROWL AGAIN

1995 is only a few weeks old, and already the hunt is back on in earnest for 'The Beast Of Bodmin' and other 'Phantom Big Cats' roaming the British countryside (including a real rarity, a Panther sighting on Merseyside - See below)...And this time, it's official.

The announcement that the 'creatures' are to be tracked by Government investigators sparked the usual mad scramble for an exclusive within the tabloid fraternity.

According to preliminary reports, scientists will be called in to examine the carcasses of Sheep and Cattle apparently savaged by 'Big Cats'. In Bodmin, the local populace seemed to welcome the investigation. They at least, are in little doubt that the animal that has been slaughtering their livestock over the last decade or so, is either a Lynx, a Puma, or a Panther, or very possibly ALL three.

Time alone will tell if the hunters are successful in their endeavours.

However, if the past record of this type of thing is anything to go by, no-one at THIS magazine will be holding their breath any...

released into the wild after the 1976 Dangerous Animals Act which changed the laws on ownership and led to some wild cats kept as exotic pets being dumped.

Mike McCawley, chief executive of the Cats Protection League, says: "It is very possible that wild cats exist. There have been cases of shootings of wild cats in the South of England in recent years. The league feels that if this animal is killing livestock, then it should be taken seriously."

THE cats are mainly nocturnal, hiding in dense undergrowth during the day before coming out to hunt foxes or the easier prey of sheep or cattle. In Devon, a naturalist found part of a red deer up a tree. Another part was up a different tree.

Rosemary Rhodes says: "I'm concerned that one day, sooner or later, a human being is going to be badly hurt or worse by one of the panthers. Personally, I believe it will be a farmer out on the moor. The worst thing would be an attack on a child who wanders away from a picnic group or a party of walkers."

But Ellis Daw disagrees: "They are not dangerous towards human beings at all. It might be if you grabbed it but it wouldn't go for you. If they hear you coming they disappear very fast in the opposite direction."

"As to small children, I don't read about them being killed in America where there is a huge population of pumas."

And he is unhappy at the thought of a hunt: "First it's trap the grey squirrel, snare the fox and gas the hedgehog. Now it's kill the puma."

"They'll all be at it — trigger happy morons going around shooting everything that moves."

Rosemary, too, is concerned: "Personally I do not want big cats killed, which I believe is what the ministry would do if they could find them. My idea is to do what they do in the United States and use a pack of specially trained hounds to drive a puma up into a tree."

"I would like to capture one and prove to the whole country what I already know to be true and then we could warn people to be careful in the wild areas like Bodmin, Dartmoor, Exmoor and other parts of Britain where big cats have been dumped into the environment."

Mersey 'panther' sighting

By Caroline Storah

A BEAST resembling a black panther has been reported on the loose in Wirral.

The mystery animal was spotted in a field by a man working close by in a garden in Garden Hey Road, Saughall Massie, Wirral.

A wildlife expert was alerted and a police patrol car diverted to investigate.

When they arrived there was no trace of the beast, but there were large paw prints in soil.

Wildlife officer Malcolm Ingham, from Wirral Country Park, said they

probably belonged to a large feral, or wild, cat.

He measured the prints and took photos of them to compare with any further mystery sightings.

The cat was spotted at 11.30am on Thursday.

A Merseyside Police spokeswoman said: "The man was adamant he had seen a panther."

"The prints suggest it was larger than a fox and the wildlife officer said it was probably a large feral cat."



ONE SIGHTING: Is this the beast of Bodmin?

Scientists join hunt for Beast

By SARAH OLIVER

THE Beast of Bodmin is to be tracked by Government investigators amid fears a human might be the next victim.

Scientists will be checking reports from farmers of a series of attacks on young lambs blamed on mysterious puma-like animals.

The big cats are said to have terrorised remote Cornish moorlands since the seventies.

"At long last somebody in Government is taking this seriously and is not pretending that

it's a will-o'-the-wisp," said North Cornwall MP Paul Tyler.

Mr Tyler says the Beast of Bodmin could pose a threat to children if it failed to catch enough rabbits and lambs, and could be a danger to an adult who came between it and its catch.

Junior Agriculture Minister Angela Browning announced yesterday that the £8,200 inquiry would begin by check-

ing photographs and video footage from the public.

Then footprints found on Bodmin, Exmoor and Dartmoor, would be analysed to see if they match known exotic cats.

Scientists are particularly keen to discover if the cats — maybe as many as 12 — have been breeding in the wild.

One theory is that the first cats were exotic pets released into the wild 20 years ago after laws governing the keeping of dangerous animals were tough-

ened up. Mrs Browning, MP for Tiverton, said: "I am aware of the serious concern that particularly savage animals might have established themselves on the moor and are posing a threat to livestock and possibly people."

Farmer Rosemary Rhodes from near Bodmin spent three years tracking the beast with her video camera.

She filmed a big black cat which London zoo thought might be a black leopard.

Griffin yields ancient ancestry

By NOKMAN HAMMOND, ARCHAEOLOGY CORRESPONDENT

GRIFFINS, those eagle-beaked guardians of ancient gold, may have had a distant and bizarre origin in finds of dinosaur skeletons in Central Asia. Species such as *Protoceratops*, found in the same region of the Silk Road as gold deposits, could have given rise to the myth of a four-legged birdlike monster dwelling in the desert fastness.

The creatures that Aeschylus called "silent hounds with sharp beaks" first appear in Greek literature in the 7th century BC, after Aristaeus visited the Altai region of Central Asia and lived to tell the tale in an epic poem, now lost. His hosts regaled him with stories about a remote wilderness where one-eyed horsemen called Arimaspeans stole gold from griffins.

The information was recycled by Herodotus, who scoffed at the idea of cyclopean

humans but accepted the reality of griffins: a century later they were agreed to be "almost as large as wolves and with legs and claws like lions".

Griffinology continued to burgeon into Victorian times, the folklorist Adrienne Mayor writes in the journal *Archaeology*. There were suggestions that the creatures were rationalisations of mammoth skeletons, Tibetan mastiffs, or even rodents living in Central Asia. Ms Mayor believes that



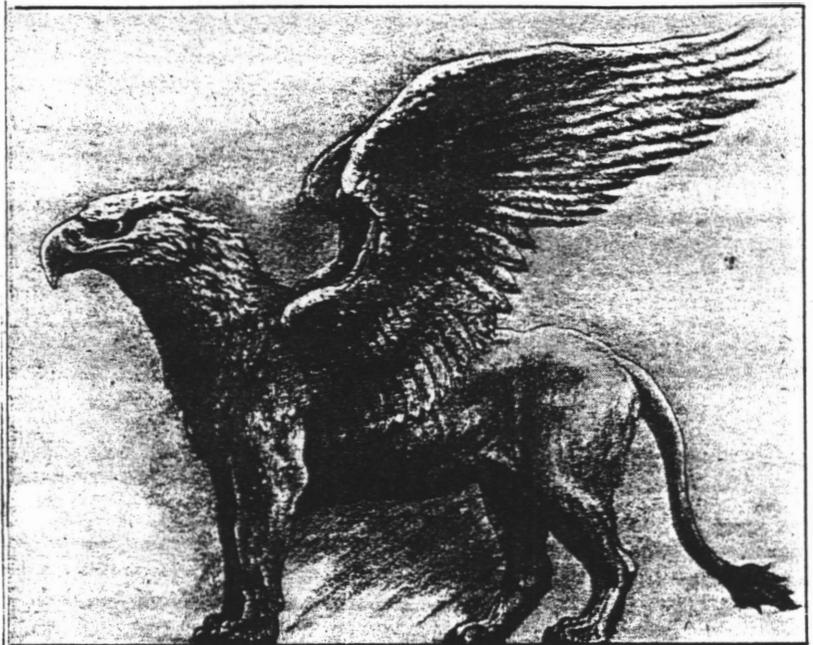
Protoceratops: its beak may have inspired myth

the bones of 60-million-year-old beaked dinosaurs are a more likely source.

"When I learnt that some of the world's richest fossil beds are located along the old trade routes across the Gobi, I realised that ancient gold-seekers might well have encountered impressive prehistoric remains there." She says. "In the 1920s, Roy Chapman Andrews' team discovered traces of bones of Late Cretaceous dinosaurs: some of the skulls had powerful beaks — and many were still attached to their four-limbed skeletons."

Ms Mayor believes that erosion exposed dinosaur bones and eggs, and also brought particles of gold down from the mountains to be found in the same areas.

Source: *Archaeology* 47 (6):52-59; *Scientific American* 271, no 6: 60-69.



INCREDIBLY BAD FORTUNE

A jilted lover, Edward Hand, aged 33, attempted to commit suicide by putting a bullet in his head...Instead, all he did was wind up getting himself arrested because the bullet, which he'd fired at his own chin bounced off his teeth and killed his love rival...

19th January 1995. Tampa Bay, Florida. 'Liverpool Echo'.

An armed bandit ordered a shop girl to hand over a handbag next to the safe and then fled the scene. He was in for one hell of a shock when he dipped his hand into the ill-gotten booty... The sack was full of dirty nappies that the mother had been taking to the laundry...

October 1994. Adelaide. Australia. 'Daily Slur'.

Not had much joy in the National Lottery? Ah well, here's a hard luck story that proves 'money isn't everything'.

Doug Benyon, 69, won £2 million on the Pools and died of cancer just three years later...He believed the money to be cursed and had stated, shortly before he passed away, 'I would swap every penny of it just to have us back to our old selves' Amongst the terrible run of bad luck which followed the windfall was the stroke suffered by his Wife, Joyce, is now housebound...And poor old Dougle's underground!!!

13th January 1995. Creigiau, Mid-Glamorgan. 'Today'.

THE ORIFIN OF THE GRIFFIN???

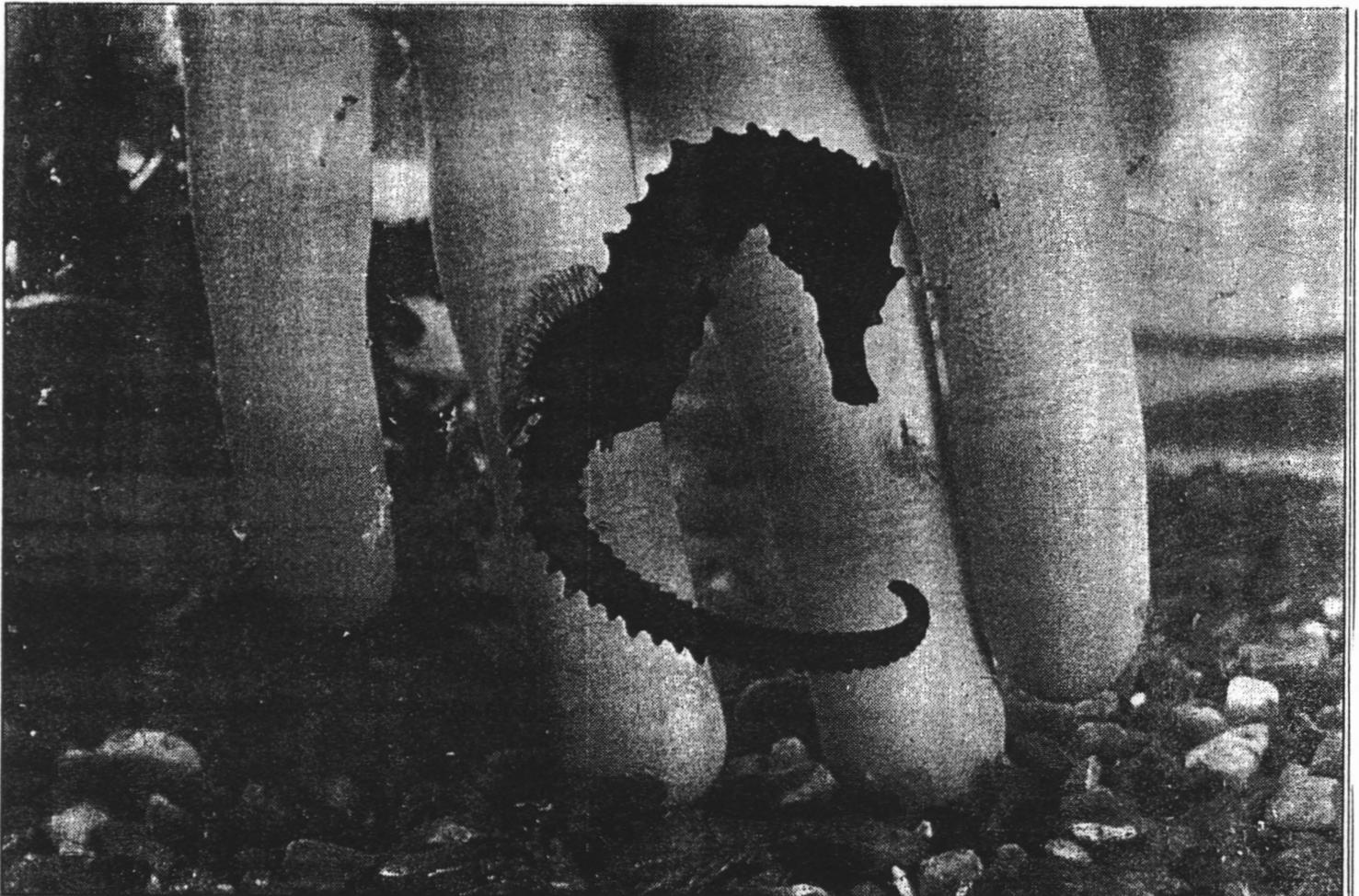
A DINOSAUR named PROTOCERATOPS might have been the prototype for one of the most well-known creatures of legend, 'The Griffin' Dino skeletons found in Central Asia, could quite conceivably be mistaken for 'a four-legged Bird-like Monster' that dwells in the desert fastness.

But then again, who's to say GRIFFINS didn't (and maybe still DO) in their own right???

Out Of Place Sea-Horse

Accounts of out of place creatures seem to be on the increase (along with other animal wierdness - see feature elsewhere in this issue) Though hardly the most spectacular this excellent photograph of a sea-horse found off the coast of Cornwall will serve as a more than adequate example of the current trend.

2nd February 1995, Cornwall, 'The Guardian'.



Beached walf... A half-grown seahorse saved from a Sussex beach is checked in its tank at the Hastings Sea Life Centre. It is the first of the rare species, which normally inhabits Mediterranean waters, to be found washed up east of the Cornish coastline

PHOTOGRAPH: ROGER BAMBER

Hunt for serial cat killer of Wolsley Road

A SADISTIC serial cat killer is terrorising a suburban street.

Cats have been disembowelled in their owner's gardens and their heads impaled on spikes with 6in nails.

An appeal for help to catch the killer has been broadcast on ITV's Crimestalker show and the BBC's Crimewatch will also feature the horrifying cruelty.

A £500 reward has been offered to help catch the culprit, who has claimed seven victims — at almost one a day since the first death on January 21 — in Wolsley Road.

by ROB PERKINS

Newark, Notts. Two of the cats had been poisoned and three others were found with their throats cut, leading to fears that they may have been sacrificed in some form of black magic ritual.

One of the pets was found hanging from its owner's washing line and two other carcasses were spotted by children hanging from a 6ft beam.

RSPCA inspector Ian Callingham said: "I think there is one person responsible for the killings because of the methods used."

Family pets impaled on fences



The culprit could face six months in jail or a £5,000 fine for each of the slaughters. Mr Callingham said: "To many people pets are part of the family and the death is like a family member dying."

"If a death is natural it can be dealt with but to have your cat mutilated, while alive is devastating."

The owner, Ann Marshall, had been recovering from a serious illness when she found her tabby Widget mutilated in her garden.

Relapse

Mr Callingham said: "She was very ill when she found it and wasn't able to report it for a few days."

"She is quite poorly and had a relapse because of this."

Mrs Marshall said: "Whoever is responsible for the deaths must be caught I can only hope that someone will come forward now and help to stop the nightmare."

Cat owners have been warned to lock their pets indoors at night and make sure they wear identity tags.

SERIAL CAT KILLER

An awful outbreak of Cat Mutilation has apparently overtaken the pet owners of Nottinghamshire...

I'm in complete agreement with Kevin McClure (Editor of the excellent 'PROMISES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS') when he states that of all the myriad facets of Anomalous Phenomena, this particular subject is the one which inspires the most revulsion and an inherent reluctance to report. However, we feel it IS necessary that this publication includes regular updates, no matter how unpalatable, of this type of thing...If only for the sake of completeness.

26th January 1995. Newark, Notts. 'Today'.

28th January 1995.

My last trick

AN African preacher drowned in a Zaire river as he tried to show thousands that he could walk on water like Christ. His body was found after three days.

Zaire, Africa



Alive, the girl who fell to earth

Mail Foreign Service

A YOUNG girl receives urgent medical care after miraculously surviving an airliner explosion at 14,000ft.

Erika Delgado, nine, escaped with a broken arm and pelvis when she was thrown clear as the Colombian DC-9 began to break up and plummeted into a swamp.

She was unaware in hospital last night that her parents and brother were among the other 52 on board who died.

As rescue teams recovered bodies from swampland ten miles from the city of Cartagena, in north Colombia, a peasant told how he found the girl. Arturo Ramos, who went to the crash site after seeing a huge explosion, said: "When we got near we heard a sob so we went to see what it was. It was the girl. We got her out and took her to the village."

Civil aviation director Ramon Gomez, who said the pilot of another plane had also witnessed the explosion, said: "The girl seems to be the only survivor. She said she fell out of the plane when it broke up, and fell into a swamp."

Officials described speculation that a bomb had caused the blast on the International Aviation DC-9 on Wednesday night as "premature and irresponsible".

A MODERN-DAY MIRACLE.

Cases of people falling from incredible heights and surviving are not as uncommon as you might think. We have had several similar incidents on record. Even so, to be blown out of an airliner cruising at 14,000 feet and suffer only comparatively superficial injuries...The mind does surely boggle.

13th January 1995. Cartagena, Colombia 'Daily Express'.

INTERVIEW WITH A (REAL) VAMPIRE

HE'S CALLED SADE, HE LIVES IN MELBOURNE AND HE LIKES TO DRINK HIS PARTNER'S BLOOD DURING SEX. TIM FENNELL ASKS A SIMPLE QUESTION: WHY? . . .

Do you consider yourself a vampire?

Not really. It would be great to be one, but I don't think of myself that way. Others might.

But you do drink your partner's blood during sex?

Yes.

Why?

It's very erotic. I was always interested in vampires. I like their strength and elegance. I always thought it would be great to be a vampire.

How did it begin?

I can't think of one thing that triggered it off. A lot of people go through a stage of cutting themselves. It starts with drinking your own blood when you cut yourself. Then you start thinking this would be fun to do with somebody else.

When was your first time?

I was about 16 or 17. It was with a girl I'd been seeing for quite a while. I started off biting her neck and stuff like that during sex. We just got carried away. We weren't drunk or anything.

And where exactly did you bite her?

It wasn't a bite. The first time was from the wrists — just from cuts. And then on the neck using a razor blade.

What precautions do you take?

If someone puts a razor to someone's neck and they're not careful, they can kill them. Generally, the safest place to feed is from the arm. You've got to be careful because the passion takes over. You always have to be careful to keep away from major arteries.

What about AIDS?

You should really get tested for HIV and other blood-related diseases. But it ruins the whole thing for a lot of people, having to wait around for the test results.

Isn't it messy?

It can be. When you're feeding it's fine. When you've finished, you should put a band aid on the cut. If you leave it, it will bleed.

How many people have you done it with?

Three or four. It's mainly been in relationships rather than one-offs. I have thought about doing it

with someone I don't really know, but I suppose that's really dangerous.

Do they have to be virgins?

No. It isn't ritualistic or anything like that.

Have your partners done it with anyone else before you?

No. I guess I'm a really bad influence on them.

How can you spot a sex vampire?

A lot of people who do it make cuts in the shape of a cross on the neck.

And just how do you get someone else to agree to let you vacuum their corpuscles?

If it's with someone you've known for a while, you have to sound them out to see if they are into similar stuff, like the films, and see how experimental they are sexually.

Have you ever been turned down?

I haven't approached that many people and the ones I have, have been very cool.

And have you been on the receiving end of a suck?

Yes, I think that's cool as well.

Describe it.

You can feel the blood being sucked out. Sometimes it hurts, but that makes it more interesting. Sometimes pain is highly pleasurable. Feeding off someone is the opposite — you can feel the blood coming into your mouth, it's almost like an energy's being exchanged.

Do you do it before, after or during orgasm?

Before usually.

How much do you consume?

Difficult to tell. If you drink too much you get sick. I've also found out that different blood types disagree with different people. They also taste different.

What do you do afterwards, have a cigarette?

I don't smoke. It's bad for you.

It's not what you'd exactly call romantic.

It's very erotic. It is romantic at times. The more romantic part of it is the vampiric element. Afterwards, there's a sense of satisfaction. A sense of power.

What's wrong with good old cunnilingus?

Nothing. That's good too, but why repress yourself? It's not going to harm others.

How often do you do it?

It's something I reserve for special occasions. I have to be in the mood for it. It isn't something that you do every day. Though I want to try it more and more. It's become kind of addictive.

And does it improve your sex life?

Yes it does. You should try it . . .



Sade the real vampire: "I don't smoke. It's bad for you."

JASON COUCH

REAL LIFE VAMPIRES:

This clipping appeared in the the movie magazine 'EMPIRE' at the height of the hype surrounding the release of the film; 'INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPIRE'.

You can judge for yourself as to whether the central character of the article is a out and out nutter, a pervert, or a genuine, member of the 'Cult Of The Undead'.

February 1995. Melbourne, Australia. 'EMPIRE'.



GHOSTLY PHENOMENA:

Seeing as how this issue is intendid to be a 'Ghost Special' we felt that these two clippings were an invaluable addition to the 'Chasing The Unknown' section...

Michael Aspel, presenter of the 'Strange But True' TV series (see reviews elsewhere in this issue) has been taken to task over featuring the already infamous Burley Rectory on the programme.

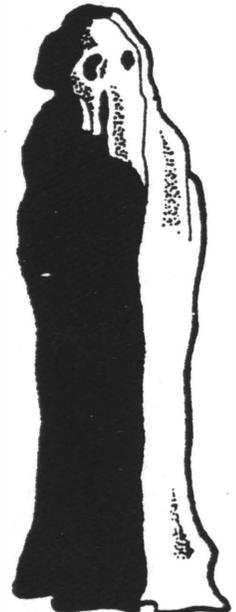
Locals in the Suffolk Village now fear an invasion of 'Ghoul-Hunters'...one was reported as saying: "He (Aspel) is totally irresponsible - more publicity is the last thing we need".

27th November 1994. Burley, Suffolk, 'The Sunday People'.

Meanwhile, the owners of a chippy have called in a Priest to exorcise their shop a ghost/poltergeist.

According to the owners the strange phenomena has included tables moving of their own accord floors unexpectedly creaking and and the radio turning itself on and off...

26th November 1994, 'Smugglers Rest', Delabole, Cornwall, 'Today'.



'It comes to me in all sorts of ways. I have roared, shaken with laughter, cried, and whirled arms'



Churchman militant... The Rev Sandy Millar, who says criticism was 'mischievous' but that higher church authorities are not upset at the style of the service PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID SILLIT

'Toronto Blessing' has believers fainting in the aisles

HANDS Gluttering frantically above his chest, head to one side, he lay in the middle of the aisle. His legs thrashed the floor. To the inexperienced eye he might have been suffering an epileptic fit. Behind the pillars of Holy Trinity Church in Kensington, central London, another congregation member reclined seemingly unconscious. Behind them both a man in his 30s wearing a sleeveless jacket was sobbing and howling. It was at this evangelical Anglican church that they first described such scenes as the 'Toronto Blessings' because of its Canadian origin. Yesterday, with the pews packed, there was no reprieve in the face of a critical onslaught from a senior

Church of England clergyman. Writing in the introduction to the CoE's 1995 Year Book, the Very Reverend Robert Jeffery, Dean of Worcester, said that those manifesting the symptoms of the Toronto Blessing were being gripped with hysteria rather than being moved by the Holy Spirit. "It is an expression of mass hysteria for which there is ample historical precedent. There is a danger that it will lead to a ghetto mentality and the undermining of an intellectually respectable expression of faith." The vicar leading last night's service, the Reverend Sandy Millar, said: "A large number of leading churchmen brought together by the Evangelical Alliance has recently conducted a detailed

study of the Toronto Blessing and published a clear response. For the Dean of Worcester to make this sort of blanket comment without reference to their report - or any other which has considered the evidence in detail - is mischievous. "Our experience of the so-called Toronto Blessing is that it is the work of the Holy Spirit, bringing many hundreds of people to renewed faith in Jesus Christ, a greater depth of repentance, and a fresh desire to pray and read the Bible." Watching members of the congregation waving their hands in the air, fainting, or drumming their feet on the floor might suggest some purgative experience such as primal-scream therapy. But Mark Elsdon-Dew, who acts as press officer for the

church, insisted that the worshippers were being moved by the Holy Spirit. "A lot of people who express these emotions say they sense and feel the love of God in an intense way. "We recognise that people are very vulnerable in this situation. We are not telling them what to do; all we are saying is read the New Testament and learn to live the life of a Christian." Bruce Trevor, a City solicitor, was still breathing in sharp intakes a few minutes after the service. "It comes to me in all sorts of ways. Currently it affects my lower jaw. It shakes and trembles. In the past I have roared. I've shaken with laughter, cried and whirled my arms. The more you co-operate the more the spirit regards you as an open vessel and will

move you. Sometimes it's in a church context, sometimes it's outside." The Toronto Blessing first came to London in May last year after members of Holy Trinity's congregation flew to an evangelical church beside Toronto airport. The attack in the year book is the most serious sign of disapproval so far. Mr Millar, however, was confident the higher church authorities were not upset. "The current movement of the spirit is producing very exciting fruit: people want to pray more and get in touch with God more and help in our social-outreach projects. "How can the church in its current state afford to disapprove of movements for God at this time? This is a movement of the spirit designed to help us as a church."



Churchgoers enter Holy Trinity in Kensington yesterday

THE 'TORONTO BLESSING' HITS THE UK.

Featured on BBC 2's 'WEIRD NIGHT' (See review elsewhere in this issue) the strange phenomena that some term mass hysteria whilst others insist it's based firmly in the shadowy realms of cult religion, has finally made an appearance here in England.

Whatever the truth of the matter, the amount of 'converts' is predictably on the increase. This sort of thing may very well offer a kind of straw-grasping comfort for Christians as the end of the Millennium (and terrible uncertainty) fast approaches.

30th January 1995. Kensington, London. 'The Guardian'.

Occult fear man cuts out eye

A MAN flushed his right eyeball down the toilet after imagining he saw a five pointed star in the iris.

The 26-year-old told authorities in Kansas, USA, he looked in the mirror and saw the pentagram, commonly associated with the occult.

He told police he cut the connecting tendons with a kitchen knife.

"His eye looked as if it had been punched," one detective said.

"But paramedics opened up the eyelid and pointed a flashlight in there and his eyeball was gone."

'The Liverpool Echo'.

Devil verdict: A US judge ordered a Colorado jail to allow an inmate to perform Satanic rituals.

12th October 1994,

At first glance, you might think THESE reports would be more suited to our section dealing with Weird Human Behaviour...

However, considering it's undeniable Occult overtones, we decided it would be equally at home on the same page as the clipping featuring the religious mania currently sweeping the Western World...

15th January 1995, Kansas, U.S.A 'Liverpool Echo'.

STRANGE PHENOMENA OF THE 20th CENTURY

1905

Valleys Of Lights. Egryn, Gwynedd, North Wales

The multitude of unexplained events that surrounded the Welsh Methodist Revival of 1904/05 has been curiously all but overlooked by modern day paranormal investigators, for reasons that are almost as mysterious as the reported phenomena itself. One would have thought Ufologists (usually straining at the proverbial leash to acquire 'historical evidence' to help support their claim that such things have ALWAYS been with us) might've shown a deeper interest than that currently apparent. However, when I came to research the background to this article I had great difficulty in finding anything more than the most cursory of references to the subject....

I'm not sure if this generally dismissive attitude is born of plain ignorance or a reluctance to get involved in anything that smacks of religious fanaticismbut what I do know is that without the sterling efforts of the late great Charlie Fort himself and Kevin McClure (former contributor to the 'THE UNEXPLAINED' magazine and editor of 'PROMISES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS') I may well have found myself skipping over these fascinating series of incidents... ..or at best paying them the same amount of attention as the other 99.9% of Fortean journals.

Without further ado, and not wishing to be accused of plagiarism (it would be all too easy to plunder Mr. McClure's excellent pamphlet on the Egryn enigma 'STARS AND RUMOURS OF STARS' 1980), I have resolved to feature only the main highlights of the case....



(Above) : The tiny, non-descript chapel at Egryn, focal point for some of the weirder aspects of the Welsh Religious Revival of 1904/05

By the dawn of the early 20th Century, belief in the Christian God had begun to wane considerably. Church attendances were affected as a direct result, their once loyal congregations tempted by what can be described as 'diversionary pleasures' i.e. indulging in sports, bouts of drinking, gambling and dancing (though not necessarily in that order).

In parts of Wales, the clergy were so dismayed by this 'descent into sin' that they attempted on several occasions to turn the tide, and ignite the spark of lost faith amongst the common people. One of the more successful of these 'Revivals' was led by a young evangelist, Evan Roberts.

Hard facts are hard to come by, but what does seem certain is that, typical of such emotional events where religious fervour is running high, a large number of converts began to show profound character changes and, in some cases, miracles are said to have occurred accompanied by mystic visions and other strange phenomena.....
....(witness the recent Vinyard Church Revivals which began, so far as we can tell, in January 1994 in Toronto, Canada, and has since spread 'Holy Spirit Fever' halfway across the globe - see **Fortean Times # 77 for further details**). The Revival began in September 1904, and it wasn't long before the churches and chapels of South Wales were packed to the rafters with potentially reformed sinners.

The catalyst for the weirdness that rapidly overtook the tiny village of Egryn, situated between Barmouth (site of various Sea Monster reports - most notably in March 1975) and Harlech in the county of what is now

Gwynedd, was a 35 year old farmer's daughter from Dyffryn in North Wales, named Mary Jones.

Mrs. Jones became (unwittingly or not it's impossible to say) the recipient of religious visions, spiritual messages from 'The Saviour Himself' and, perhaps strangest of all, alleged that she was constantly being followed by bright, aerial lights. She decided that she had been 'chosen' to embark upon a mission to convert as many of the populace as she could, and this she duly attempted by holding conversation services in her local chapel at Egryn.

Almost at once, she asserted that each evening she saw a fire or light between her and the hills which rose from the marshy shore - a quickly vibrating light as though "full of eyes."

It would be easy to dismiss these mysterious lights as fabrication or misperception had they been seen only by Mrs. Jones. However, independant witnesses also reported the same or similar phenomena (see **Dead of Night # 3 - page 24**).

'**The Cambrian News**' carried an account of a Revivalist meeting taking place in Pensarn, and as a train driven by a man from Machynlleth passed the chapel "a strange light was seen shooting out of ten different directions, and then coming together with a loud clap."

As the news of the 'Egryn Lights' spread throughout the country journalists from far and wide began to descend like vultures upon the hamlet.

Beriah Evans, one such reporter from Caernarvon, wrote articles that subsequently appeared in '**The Manchester Guardian**' and '**The Barmouth Advertiser**' that outlined details surrounding the 'Conversion' of Mary Jones.....

The first night's mission was marked by the appearance for the first time of Mrs. Jones' 'Stars' and 'Lights'. The star was heralded by a luminous arch, of the character of the Aurora Borealis, one end resting on the sea, the other on the hilltop - a distance of well over a mile - bathing the little chapel in a flood of soft effulgence. The star soon after appeared, its light flooding the chapel itself.



(Above) : The strange phenomena that appeared on the night of Mary Jones' conversion. A spectacular display of aerial lights that ultimately filled the chapel with a soft, incandescent glow.

Evans further stated that the 'stars' seemed to possess an *intelligence* of sorts. He believed that they would come to rest above particular houses, thereby ensuring that the inhabitant would soon be converted to become a member of the Revivalist movement.

Perhaps the most detailed account on record is that related by Beriah Evans in '*The Daily News*' - **February 9th, 1905.**

Apparently, Mr. Evans, the Rev. Llewelyn Morgan, the Rev. Roger Williams, and another who remains unidentified, were visiting the home of Mary Jones. they intended to set off for the chapel, but were stopped in their tracks by the pleas of Mrs. Jones that if they would care to wait awhile they might be fortunate enough to witness a 'star'. They silently consented to remain seated whilst Mary Jones disappeared outside for five minutes. When she returned, she stated bluntly "now we can go, the light has come." They set off for the church and were just passing a level crossing of the Cambrian railway when their attention was drawn to an enormous luminous star, an intensely brilliant white light, emitting from its whole circumference "dazzling sparklets like flashing rays from a diamond."

Even allowing for journalistic exaggeration it is clear that there was no way a light of THIS magnitude and luminescence could possibly be mistaken for the headlights of an oncoming train, as one member of the party had suggested. The 'star' suddenly jumped towards the nearby mountains, returned to its former position, and then seemed to rush in the direction of the company. A train then approached and the difference between the light cast by the locomotive and that of the 'star' could not have been more apparent. As in modern day UFO sightings the 'star' rapidly disappeared just as the train, no doubt carrying potential independant witnesses, hoveled into view. It reappeared when the train had passed, brighter than ever, before vanishing from sight once more.

However, the sightings weren't over yet. Approximatley 2 miles from where the 'star' had previously been seen, another light appeared that was so intense it lit up the whole area, so that it seemed like daylight. It circled the valley in the general direction of their eventual destination.



(Above) : The 'Sparkling Star' witnessed by Beriah Evans and ecclesiastical representatives in company with Mary Jones early in 1905.

In the wake of this amazing account, media interest reached a new high and a correspondent of 'The Daily Mirror' (or Daily Manc as we here on Merseyside refer to it), went to Egryn and reported what happened as he and his photographer returned from a Revivalist meeting in a carriage. Mary Jones and three other ladies were travelling in the carriage ahead. As they neared Barmouth, they saw a "soft, shimmering radiance" that illuminated the road ahead of them. "It seemed as though some large body between earth and sky had suddenly opened and emitted a flood of light from within itself." the light gradually faded, and the journalist was able to discern what seemed to him to be an "oval mass of grey, half-open, disclosing within a kernel of white light. As I looked it closed, and everything was once again in darkness."

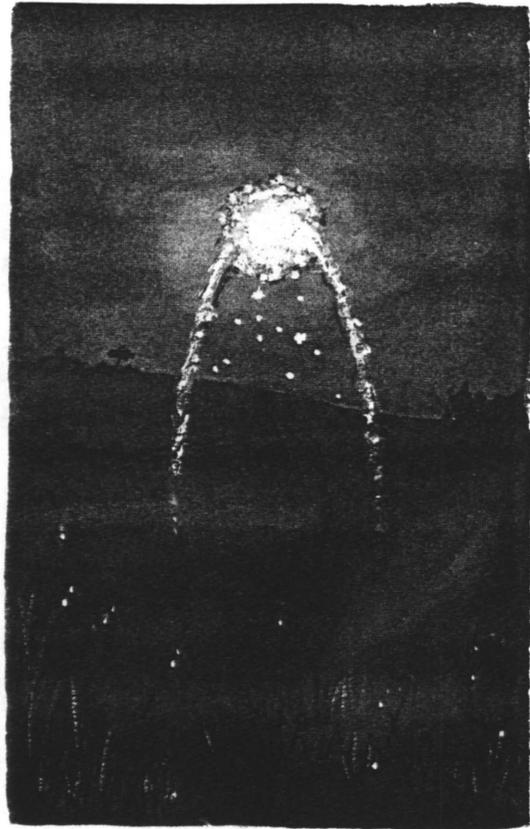
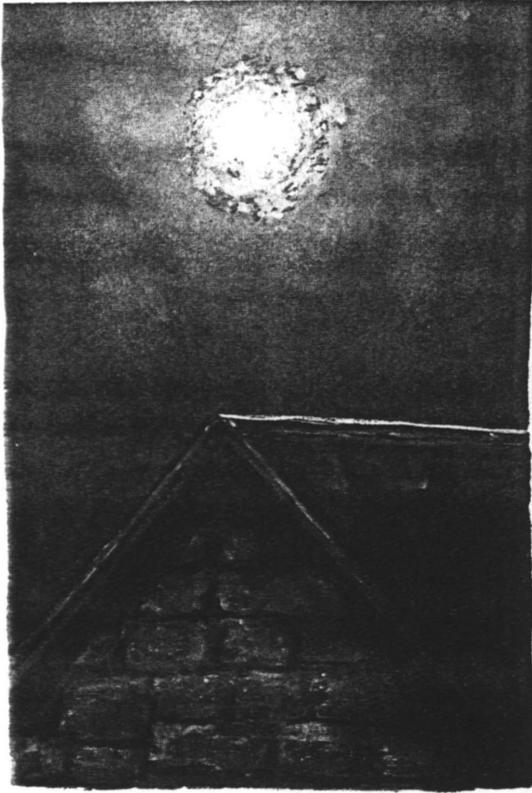
The exact date of this account is unknown, though the ever resilient Kevin McClure has surmised that it is likely to have occurred sometime between the 9th and the 20th February.



(Above) : An artists impression of the Daily Mirror journalist's encounter with a mysterious light that lit up the whole road down which he and Mary Jones were travelling in February 1905.

A 'Daily Mail' reporter was the next member of the media bandwagon to see the 'lights'. He'd all but dismissed the stories as nothing more than local superstition, but was totally astonished to see "a ball of fire" directly over Egryn chapel. It had apparently appeared from nowhere, and was entirely stationary. Not trusting his own eyes, he shouted to a passing countryman for independent confirmation. This passerby assured the journalist that he wasn't hallucinating. It eventually disappeared after about a minute and a half.

He further recounted that he then saw another two lights flashing on either side of the chapel whilst Mary Jones and her group of converts kicked off their service within. They too "shone brilliantly and steadily for a space of 30 seconds. They then began to flicker while one could count to ten."



(Above left) : The 'ball of fire' witnessed by the Daily Mail reporter hovering motionless over the Egryn chapel at 8.20pm early in 1905.

(Above right) : The strange phenomenon witnessed in Pontypridd, Glamorgan.

The enigma of 'The Welsh Lights' was, however, not confined to Egryn and its environs. Reports of a similar nature filtered in from places as far afield as Wrexham (right across Wales). All of the alleged phenomena did have ONE major factor that remained constant - Mary Jones was either present at or had recently visited the site of each and every incident.

Take, for example, the brief account from Pontypridd, Glamorganshire. According to a group of young methodists on their way home from a prayer meeting on the 23rd July 1905, they saw a bright ball of fire with "two arms that protruded towards the earth Lights appeared between the arms resembling a cluster of stars, quivering with varying degrees of brightness."

In April of the same year "two large balls of fire that burst suddenly," were spotted by three clergymen from the Llangollen area over the roofs and houses where dwelt the 'spiritually troubled' (to use the revivalists phrase).

On the 27th May, a doctor from Tylorstown saw a bright light over the Libanus chapel that was the "size of a cheesplate."

It wasn't just curious that lights and stars were being seen as fervour reached a new peak. Events of an even higher strangeness quotient began to be reported (as so often happens in the midst of a paranormal flap).....

What would today, doubtless be referred to as a Man In Black (M.I.B.) bedroom visitation was said to have occurred in the Egryn area. Details are a little sketchy, But apparently a man dressed entirely in black, generally regarded (not surprisingly considering the pervasive atmosphere of religious hysteria) as the Devil himself, suddenly appeared in the bedroom of "an exceptionally intelligent young woman." The entity imparted an incredibly important message to the lady and then instructed her not to divulge the information on pain of unspecified consequences. Yet again we have another typical feature of this type of 'Demonic entity/UFO silencer' type of encounter - see the works of the ever brilliant John Keel for countless comparative data.

On another occasion a similar M.I.B. was said to have transformed himself (itself?) into a large black dog... ..not a million miles distant from the species of 'Satanic' hound described so lovingly by our very own Dave Williams elsewhere in this issue.

An enquiry undertaken by the renowned S.P.R. dredged up wonderous stories from in and around the province during these surreal, dream-like days of 1905... ..tales of invisible choirs that sang on desolate hillsides and empty roadways, unexplained thunderclaps (not unlike the mysterious sonic booms that were heard throughout Britain in the mid to late 1970's) that rent the peaceful country air, and a column of fire seeming to contain at its centre a miniature version of the Egryn chapel that "turned into an eye, split into two parts, and re-formed into what appeared to be the shape of a man..."

Investigations, though distinctly half-hearted and poorly organised, were made to try and establish the origins of Mary Jones stars.... ..all to little or no avail.

If a 35 year old farmer's daughter really WAS the catalyst for the phenomenon that overtook Egryn and its surrounding valleys, all those years ago then she took the secrets of the whys and wherefores with her to the grave. Mary Jones - 'the seeress' - passed away in relative obscurity in 1936. The revival had died its own death long before then... ..by the end of 1906 to be exact, and the lights, whatever they may truly have been, were extinguished simultaneously. Coincidence? Maybe, maybe not....

What is for sure, the current attempts to seek out an acceptable answer as to what, if anything, this strange sequence of events may have represented have proved, just like earlier inquiries, to be decidedly less than satisfactory. All the usual tired old explanations have been dragged out of 'The Amazing Randi's Bag of Tiresomely Rational Debunkings' and dusted down for yet another airing. Misidentification of the mundane, St. Elmo's Fire, ball lightning, marsh gas, converts carrying lighted torches or fiery brands, hoaxers, tricksters, hallucinations, illusions, misperception of the stars and planets (including the dearly beloved VENUS - the celestial bane of all UFO percipients dontcha know)and my personal favourite - moonlight reflected on shards of glass!!! Take your pick.



(Above) : The last resting place of 'The Merionethshire Seeress', Mary Jones

Perhaps, seeing as how we are forever doomed to view the case like children curiously peering through the tiniest gap in history's backdoor, we may never know the answers.... ..but I guess I should leave the final word to the redoubtable Kevin McClure, without whose much valued research this whole story would have long since been forgotten....

"To know how Mary Jones earned her reputation as 'The Merionethshire Seeress' would perhaps, be vital to our understanding of the reality or otherwise, of the lights. I doubt that it is now possible to cast further light on the matter, but I would be happy to revise my views if that, or any other matter of significance could be clarified. On the face of it, 'The Egryn Lights' appear to be the most remarkable anomalous phenomena in British history. I hope they really might be."

So do I, Kevin. So do I.

Lee Walker. 11th January 1995.

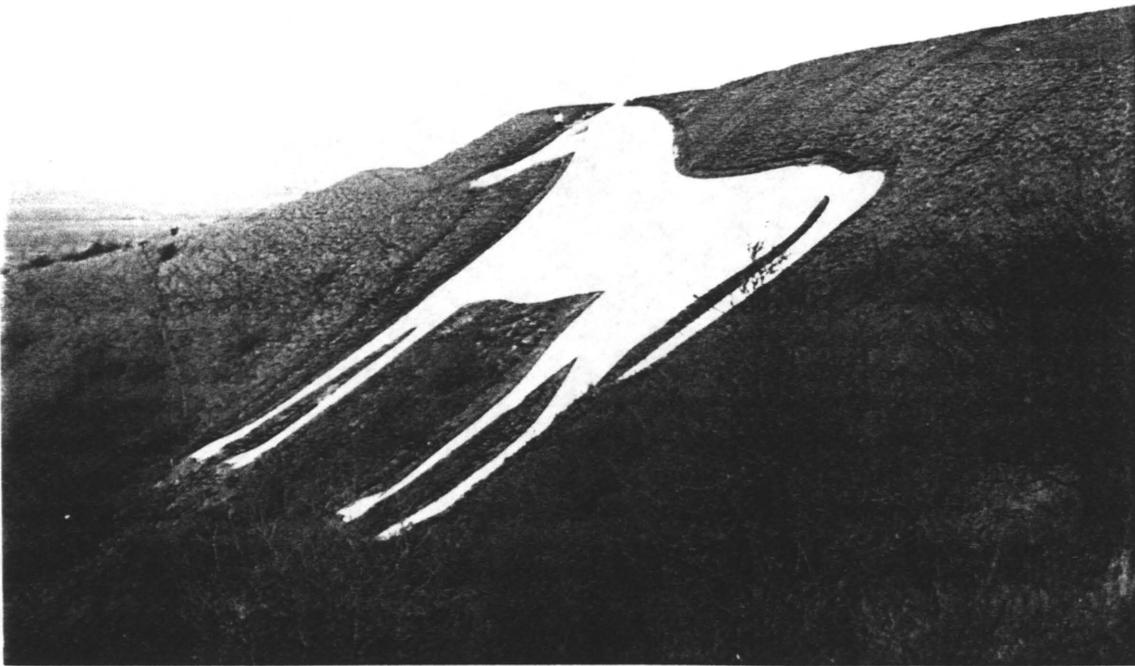
THE ISLAND OF AVALON

By Steve Griffiths

GLASTONBURY

The area of Glastonbury is probably one of the most mysterious of all Britain. Contained within it are some of the most fabulous myth's and legends which stem back as far as the beginning of Christianity in Britain to King Arthur and his Knights. Amongst many Earth works and Holy Shrines the town boasts beautifully well preserved 15th century buildings one such building is the George and Pilgrim, now a Hotel, once a place where pilgrims who travelled to Glastonbury were accommodated.

There are three hills in the area, Chalice hill, Wearyall hill and Glastonbury Tor. The view from the top of the Tor provides a spectacular vista, all can be seen except for the Abbey which somehow manages to remain obscured. The foot of the Tor has many oak tree's, most are now only stumps. They were thought to have formed a ritual path leading up to the Tor, these were possibly worshiped by the Druids. Two of these trees have the names Gog and Magog who were reputed to have been the last two giants to inhabit Britain. Legend tells us that Gog was either the son or husband of Magog, supposedly decedents of Noah's son Ham, in the days when Britain was known as Myrddin's Precinct and was ruled by Giants.



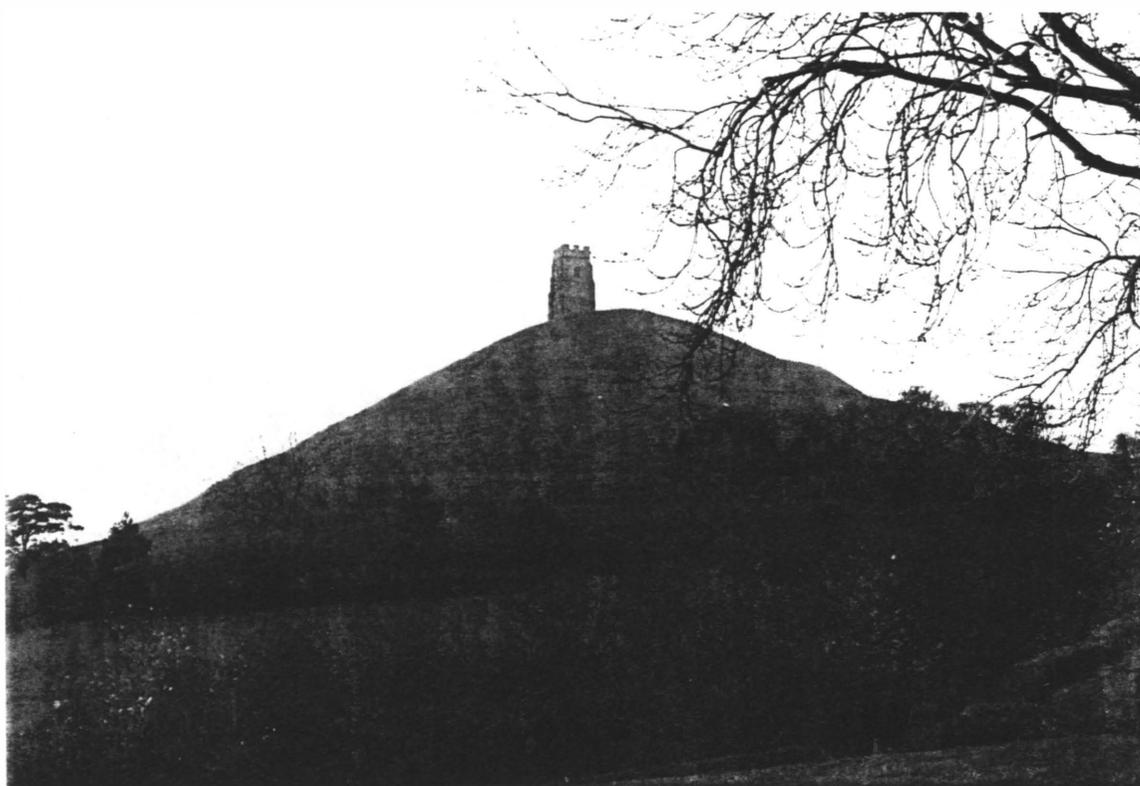
The Wesbury white horse in Wiltshire, an example of proposed horse worshiping around southern Britain.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, (who later became Bishop of St. Asaph), recounted how the two giants were overthrown by the Trojans and tossed into the sea at Plymouth. The legend says that they were Gods of the moon and their race had strong connections with white horses, Magog in Britain became the great mother Goddess associated with a horse cult. With so many Giants and white horses carved into the sides of the hills around Wiltshire, many only visible from the air, it is only reasonable that one might think Britain was once occupied by Giants.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, in his research into British history, tells of such heroic figures as King Arthur. In his book, "the History of the Kings of Britain", written between 1135 and 1140, he describes how Arthur, son of Uther, led the Britons in many battles against the Saxons, using a sword named Caliburn (Excaliber), which was forged on the Isle of Avalon.

THE ISLE OF GLASS

In ancient days, Glastonbury was completely surrounded by water. Rising high above its flat Somerset plains is a small Island with a church tower erected on its peak. Known to the early Britons as Ynys-witrin or "the Isle of glass", the hill was once thought to be the place where King Arthur was brought to die. The church tower was built in medieval times by local monks who dedicated it to St. Michael the Archangel. During an Earthquake the tower fell, the one you can see today is all that remains of a church tower built on top of the original structure.



The Island of Avalon, (Glastonbury Tor) was a type of Haydes, a rendezvous of the undead, King Arthur was reputed to have been taken there on a boat so that his body could pass on to another existence.

Many scholars believe that the word Avalon (Celtic for apple-orchid), might also derive from the word Avalloc or Avallach. According to Celtic mythology he was a demigod who lived on the Tor with his two daughters. After the battle of Camlann, where King Arthur was struck on the head with a sword by his nephew Modred. King Arthur was taken by boat to the Fairy Island of Avalon where Avallac, the lord of the dead, healed him of his wounds. Legend tells that King Arthur did not die here but only sleeps and one day he will awake and rule over Britain again.

Other stories tell of a great labyrinth that surrounds Glastonbury Tor. When you look at the hill you can see steps or terracing surrounding it. This maze was used by King Arthur to

rescue Queen Guinevere who was being held captive in the tower by Melwas the King of Aestiva Regio or Somerset.

Although Melwas first appeared in the writings of hagiographer Caradoc of Llancarfan, he re-entered the History books in the works of Arthurian romancer Chretien de Troyes. A 12th century poet who wrote of a place called the Isle de Voire or Glass Island where no storm ever strikes it, no thunder is ever heard and there are no wild beasts.

In Rocky Valley at Tintagel Castle, Cornwall, there are two maze markings carved onto stone very similar to the steps around the hill of the Tor. Coincidentally Tintagel Castle was believed to be the birthplace of King Arthur. It was here that as a baby he was washed up onto the shore into the hands of Merlin the Magician. Locals say that the Castle has a tendency to disappear at least twice a year, some say that at night you can hear the sound of trumpets and knights on horseback.

JOSEPH AND THE HOLY THORN

If you climb up Wearyall Hill, apart from a breathtaking view of Glastonbury Tor opposite and it's surrounding area, about half way up you come to an isolated thorn tree. This is believed to be the actual site where Joseph of Arimathea struck his staff into the ground where upon it took root.

Legend tells us that not long after Joseph and Nicodemus took the body of Christ down from the cross and placed it in a tomb, they travelled to Somerset bringing with them the Holy Grail, the vessel used by Christ at the last supper. The reason why they travelled to Glastonbury is not entirely clear although local traditions claim that they visited Somerset to trade with the tin-miners in Cornwall. It has even been suggested that Joseph was Jesus's uncle and on many occasions brought his nephew to Britain as a young boy. Other stories say that he travelled to Glastonbury with twelve companions, amongst them his son Josephus who carried with him two precious vials.

The vials were said to contain the blood of Christ which dripped down from his heart as he hung on the cross. The blood which was mixed with sweat clung to Joseph's chest, before he could wipe it away Joseph took some of the drops and placed them in the vials. With these vials they set sail for Britain. On their arrival King Arviragus offered them twelve hides of land in and around the Isle of Glass. It was here they set up their dwelling place. They headed for a hill half a mile from Glastonbury Tor. About half way up Joseph and his men became weary (the name Weary-all is derived from this). The spot where they came to rest was where Joseph stuck his staff into the ground and prayed to the lord. On hearing his prayers the lord turned his staff into a thorn tree. The tree is now a shrine and can often be seen decorated with offerings such as flowers, crosses and pieces of coloured rags. It has become known as the Holy Thorn or winter thorn because it blossoms every year around Christmas.

There are many thorn trees of this variety growing around Glastonbury, one grows at Chalice Well, one in the Abbey grounds and another in front of St. Johns church. It is from the latter that the local dignitaries clip a branch every year on the 18th of December, after a service had been held and the thorn had been blessed by the local Anglican Vicar. This ancient clipping ceremony was revived in the 1920's with local schools pupils often carrying out the task of cutting the branch. Every year the clippings are sent to the Royal family to be placed on their dinner table at Christmas.

Many Botanists believe that this Holy Thorn (*Crateagus monogyna praecox*) is a middle-eastern variety, said to have been brought from Syria over 2,000 years ago. It is this reputed link with the distant past that gives the legend of Joseph and the Holy Thorn the appeal that keeps much of the mysticism in and around Glastonbury alive although so many centuries have passed.



Winter Thorn on Wearyall Hill, believed to have grown from Joseph of Arimathea's staff

HEAVEN ON EARTH

In 1929, Katharine Maltwood, an English sculptor, published a book called "The Glastonbury Temple of the Stars". This book tells of a remarkable discovery that she made in and around the area of Glastonbury.

This discovery came when she was working on the illustrations for the "Periesvaus" or "High History of the Holy Grail", a medieval romance written by an anonymous author in Glastonbury c.1200. She believed that within a ten mile wide circle south of Glastonbury lies a round table in the form of the zodiac, probably the work of the Sumerians about 2700 B.C.

If you were to place a map of the major star constellations over the area of Glastonbury you will find that they fall on many figures, Earthworks, hills, waterways and old trackways including many natural features.

It is said that the best place to view the Glastonbury zodiac is from the air, from here you can see the 12 signs of the zodiac around an area of thirty miles. Many people who have studied aerial photographs claim to have seen nothing of the zodiac, the outlines of the figures are far too vague to be decisive images, like faces in the fire, if you look long and hard enough at something you can see whatever you want.

By now the question was being raised on how it was possible for ancient man to acquire such a perspective without the use of an aerial view. This led to speculation concerning the original constructors of the zodiac possibly flying in from some far off planet. Any locals will tell you that Glastonbury is well renowned for sightings of strange lights or U.F.O's hovering around this area, including the strange lights which were seen by two motorcyclists in 1981. They stopped at Glastonbury Tor one night and witnessed these lights hovering directly above the Tor.

Kathrine Maltwood's ideas of the zodiac were said to be based on the writings of John Dee, a 16th century magician to Queen Elizabeth I. He was the first to point out that many of the Earthwork, rivers, paths, hills and ditches were reconstructions of the Heavens, he believed that the ancients had far more understanding of star constellations than they have been given credit for.

THE CHALICE WELL

Chalice well stands at the foot of Chalice hill, a spring that runs down the hill provides the well with around 25,000 gallons of fresh water a day. Although the water is Chalybeate (impregnated with iron), the water remains clear leaving an iron red deposit which covers the stones as the water flows. This unusual covering has earned the well the alternative name of the Blood Spring.

Many thousands of people visit the well every year and drink the water from the lions head, the only place where the water is safe to drink. Many people believe that the water will bring them good health and healing powers to the sick. It is said that this water can change in colour and taste quite frequently. Pilgrims who wash or drink from the well often leave behind a gift or offering, you can often see pieces of coloured rags hanging from the nearby Yew trees. These Yew trees around the well were said to have been worshiped by Druids in ancient times. The trees were found to be running in a line indicating a track of some ritual path leading to the valley.

British archeologist Dr Ralegh Radford believes that the well could date back to the 12th century, built from stones which had been salvaged from Glastonbury Abbey after the fire in 1184. It was probably built on top of ancient foundations as the measurements of the pentagonal chamber were found to be the same as those used by the Egyptians and architects of early Christian buildings.



The Holy Grail was said to have been hidden in or around the Chalice Well.

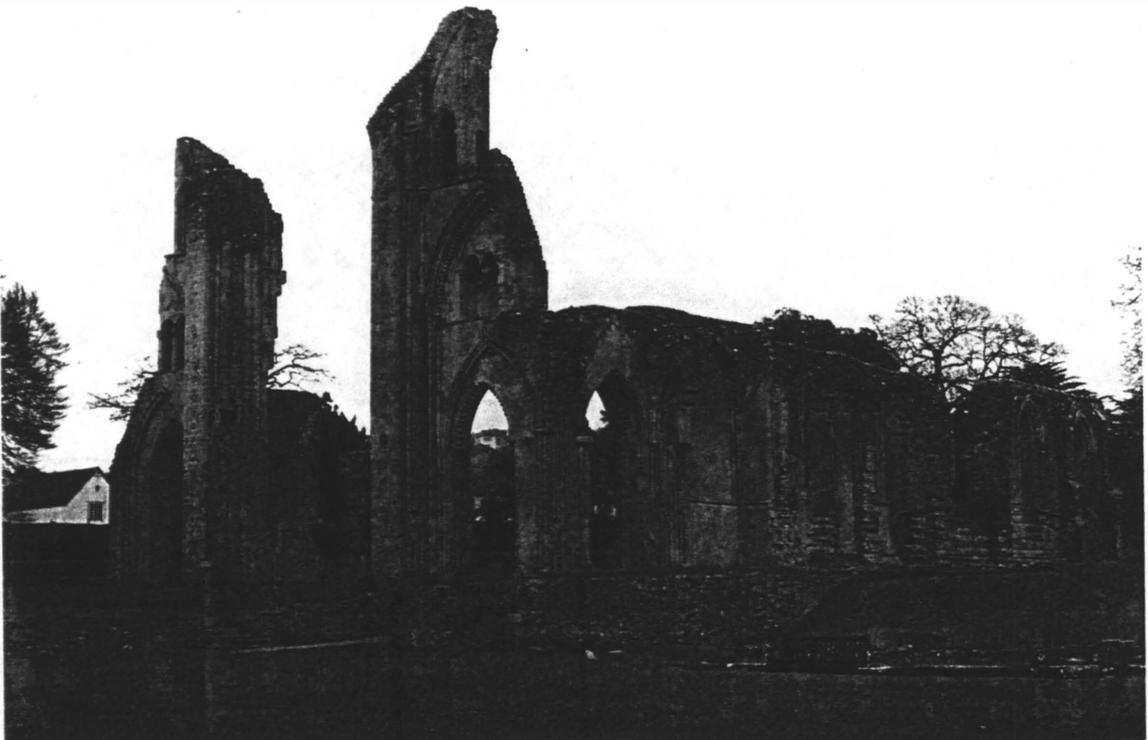
The lid of the well was designed by Frederick Bligh Bond a resident archaeologist of Glastonbury Abbey during the early 1900's. Made from wrought iron, it's design, two interlocking circles, can be found on many Earthworks throughout the world. It is based on a 13th century symbol that represents the bleeding lance which holds the balance of the visible and the invisible worlds interlocking with each other. It has also been associated with Yin and Yang, a Chinese belief of blending together masculine and feminine natures.

The greatest legend associated with the well is that Joseph of Arimathea brought the cup of Christ , the vessel used at the last supper, to the well in A.D 37. He was said to have hidden the cup somewhere in the well, although excavations have never come up with any evidence of it hidden in or around this area.

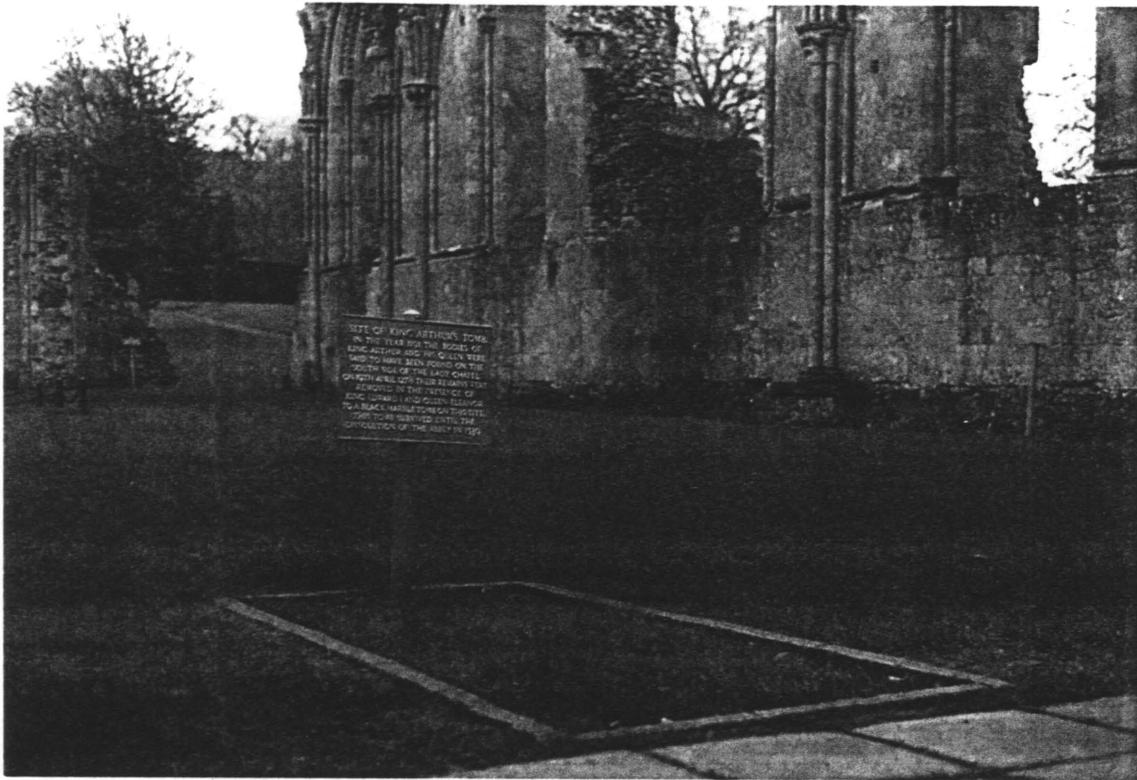
A KING'S GRAVE

In 633 a wattle church was built in Glastonbury, it was preserved with a covering of wood and lead. Possibly one of the first Christian foundations in Britain, Glastonbury was taken by the Saxons during the late 7th century.

By the 10th century St. Dunstan, a local Abbot, built an Abbey around the old church structure. Unfortunately on May 25th 1184 the Abbey burned to the ground taking with it most of the Abbeys treasures. It was during reconstructions that an uplifting discovery was made in the Abbey grounds.



View showing the remains of Glastonbury Abbey which was burnt to the ground after a fire in 1184.



King Arthurs grave in the Abbey grounds. The plaque reads;- Site of King Arthur's tomb. In the year 1191 the bodies of king Arthur and his Queen were said to have been found on the south side of the Lady chapel. On the 19th April 1278 their remains were removed in the presence of King Edward I and Queen Eleanor to a black marble tomb on this site. This tomb survived until the dissolution of the Abbey in 1539.

It was in 1191, while digging in a area that became known as the burial place for Saxon Kings, that monks discovered a lead cross buried 7 foot down. The inscription on the cross read:-HIC IACET SEPULUS INCLITUS REX ARTURIUS IN INSULA AVALONIA, Latin for, here lies buried the renowned King Arthur in the Isle of Avalon. The cross was placed upon a stone slab.. A further 9 foot down revealed a hollowed out log containing the bones of two people, one male and one female. The man was about seven feet tall with wounds to his head. the woman was found to have plated hair the colour of gold. The monks claim to have discovered the grave of King Arthur and Queen Guenivere certainly attracted the much needed publicity at a time when the Abbey was in dire need of financial help.

The place where the grave is marked today is not the original location. The bodies were removed in 1278 in the presence of King Edward I and Queen Elanor. The Lead cross found with the bodies has mysteriously disappeared.

In 1962 Dr. Raleigh Radford did confirm that monks had dug in the area of the bodies and had discovered a grave, although he could not shed any light on whom had been buried there. Many Historians agree that at some time in history Britain was ruled by a King or a general named Arthur, probably a warrior chieftain who led the country through great battles after the Romans had abandoned Britain.

GHOSTS AND DEVILS OVER MERSEYSIDE: 1

A WARNING TO THE CURIOUS.

Every town, in every county it seems, has within its environs, both natural and artificial, a whole host of what, for want of a better term, we call 'Haunted Places'.

It's like a national law or something, and although it's a safe bet you'll never likely find reference to this in any of the leather-bound volumes of statutes that line the shelves of the local library, that doesn't diminish its power or make it any less 'legally binding' than say, the laws which govern the motor-way speed limit, or the age of sexual consent.

Put simply, it's much the same edict that decrees every town, in every county, **MUST** have its fair share of places where, whatever the season, the air is constantly filled with gusts of laughter and the heavy-deadening thud of a football being kicked. Places where young people gather to share the latest gossip, plan the next gang-fight, or arrange to meet the 'date of their dreams', and where the older generation gather to remember 'The Fallen' of two World Wars.

Places where, if the need arises, you can hide, forget your troubles awhile, and lie flat on your back, gazing into a sky so blue, it looks ready to shatter into a million pieces...Or where the rich, salty smell of the ocean can fill you with a strange kind of longing and a vague, bittersweet nostalgia.

That these places exist is inarguable. And so too, by the same token are there places where it's considered unwise to walk alone after dark...

You usually find them (and sometimes, perhaps **THEY** find **YOU**) situated at the furthest, least populated outskirts of the city, the cheesy depths of the ghetto, or the neglected corner of some farmer's field...But on occasion, they're so disconcertingly close you can feel their presence, like the chill breath of a January wind, raising the hairs at the nape of your neck...

Places to ride by on the way to somewhere bright...

Godforsaken places...

HAUNTED places...



The fair county of Merseyside, where I was born and raised, although justifiably more famous for its picturesque waterfront, its football teams, and the time-enduring tunes of 'Four Lads Who Shook The World', has as rich a vein of Ghostly lore as anywhere else within these Isles

The briefest of glances through the pages of any work dealing with local talk-tales and legends will reveal literally hundreds of stories concerning such phenomena.

I remember when I was still at school, devouring such tales (along with 'FAMOUS MONSTERS OF

FIL MLAND' and 'HOUSE OF HAMMER' magazines) at such a rate, it often seemed my head would burst with what 'HAL', the Super-Computer in '2001', would doubtless define; "Sensory Overload".

I was entirely captivated (not to say, deliciously frightened) by the subject from a very early age. I can recall with near perfect clarity my uncontained excitement at being given a copy of Harry Prices's 'HAUNTING OF BORLEY RECTORY' as a special reward for obtaining a good school report during my fourth year at Church Drive, hiding behind the sofa midway through the screening of the BBC'S terrifying adaptation of the M.R. James classic; 'LOST HEARTS', and listening with something akin to wide-eyed wonder when on long Winter evenings, my father spun spooky, fireside stories that he often boasted would "likely scare the halo off an Angel!!!"

I recall too, spending countless weekends huddled in the Tree-house my dad had built at the bottom of the garden, compiling lists of "must-visit" haunted venues with several like-minded childhood friends (including the assistant editor of this very magazine), whilst a Sunday rain, light and oddly comforting, pattered on the plastic roof.

It is one of my deepest regrets that we never got to visit ANY of the places inscribed on those never-ending lists as children....Though that was never due to any lack of enthusiasm on our part, you understand. Nor were we too afraid to make the pilgrimage, (with the possible exception of Ian Crossley - a first-rate coward, who was better known amongst the other six members of 'The New Ferry Ghost Club', by his nickname; 'Bus'. due to the fact that he was exceptionally large for his age. Big and fat, not to put too fine a point on it, and he looked quite capable of carrying roughly the same number of passengers as an MPTE Double-decker!!!)

I guess the truth of the matter is that back then, we simply believed EVERY decrepit looking building we set eyes upon was very likely crawling with hideous, grinning Spectres or forlorn, eternally wandering Spirits...So what was the point in traipsing up and down the county when there were at least two such houses in the street where we lived, alone.

One stood on at the bottom end of Woodhead Road, and had a set of cracked, grime covered windows through which a toothless old crone would sit, forever gazing at the World from the dubious comfort of a rickety rocking chair.

The other, just around the corner from my house, was even more derelict in appearance. Every square inch of it looked to have decayed, gone bad from within, like an apple that's rotten to the core, and it was hard to shake the notion that anyone had set foot in the place in decades.

It is a matter of fact though, that only a matter of months before it began to fall into its current state of terminal decline, it had been home to an elderly couple by the name of Murphy. Mr John Murphy, a carpenter by trade, was held in high regard by just about every kid in the district, mostly because he loved making hand-crafted wooden toys which he then gave away to all and sundry, usually at Christmas or upon the occasion of some kids birthday, but more often than not, he'd hand them out for the simple reward of seeing a child's face flushed with pure delight.

When his wife, upon whom he apparently doted, passed away whilst an in-patient at Clatterbridge Hospital however, his whole personality underwent the most dramatic of changes. He became something of a recluse, he stopped making toys and I recall, (being far too young to understand or appreciate the profound sense of grief that follows in the wake of the loss of a loved one) asking my dad why kind of Mr Murphy hadn't returned my wave whilst I was walking home from school that day. My dad took me to one side and said in an uncharacteristically soft voice, 'He most probably didn't see you...I'm afraid the light's gone out in his eyes, son'.

A few days later, Mr Murphy, placed a photograph of his dear departed wife in the centre of the dining room table, climbed onto one his intricately carved, hand-made chairs, tied a length of good strong rope into a noose, slipped it around his slender, frail neck and kicked the chair out from under him...

He wasn't found until a week or so later when his next door neighbours became aware of a terrible stink, like rotting fish, emanating from the house next door...

Nobody told me any of this, of course. I gleaned the gory details when I had to go to the toilet in the middle of the night and overheard my parents discussing the tragedy in the secrecy of their darkened bedroom.

It sounds awfully callous looking back now, but I have to say, I could hardly wait to tell my friends what I'd learned the next day. You have to realise that for a young kid, who's main ambition in life was to come face to face with a real, honest-to-God GHOST, (and surely, with Mr. Murphy having killed himself in such a melodramatic fashion, the premises would now be home to his unquiet Spirit), this news was a red-hot, major headline. Following its broadcast, for the next three weekends, and for the whole of the Easter Holidays, 'The New Ferry Ghost Club' assembled and stood outside the now empty (aside from any Apparitions, of course), Murphy residence, daring each other to go on inside...

In the end, we all went in together.

But only after arming ourselves with all the necessary 'Ghost-Hunting Caboodle', which roughly amounted to a set of white candles my mother had bought at the height of the electricity workers strike, and the resultant black-outs. A silver-plated crucifix Phil Bennett had borrowed from his sister's dressing table. A packet of salt (which my 'HOUSE OF HAMMER' EXORCIST Special assured me was a surefire protection against Evil Spirits) and a cassette recorder in case the opportunity arose for us to tape a 'message from the other side'.

The front of the house was all boarded up, but refusing to be deterred, and kidding ourselves that we were all budding Professor Van Helsing's, we walked in single file around to the rear of the building.

The garden was wildly overgrown with high, rank smelling weeds all but obscuring any obvious sign of a way in, though eventually, we located a half-open window which immediately signalled a mad scramble to be the first 'across the threshold.'

So wrapped up were we in accomplishing our Great Mission, the idea that there was anything even remotely illegal about gaining entry in this manner never once sprang to mind. It was only later that evening, tucking into a box of 'Cadbury's Roses', as I watched my favorite TV cop show; 'STARSKY AND HUTCH', hot on the trail of the Bad Guys, that I'd felt a sudden lurching in the pit of my stomach and had nearly choked on a 'Strawberry Soft-Centre'. The realisation had belatedly dawned that if we'd been caught in the Murphy house, we might well have been arrested, charged with burglary, and whisked off to court...I'd found myself struck with this mental image of each of us being locked up in a row of solitary confinement cells, miles from home, for years without end, like Stewart Granger in 'THE PRISONER OF ZENDA'.

Thinking about it now, the bathroom into which we'd climbed on the last day before we were due to go back to school, in many ways resembled my childhood's conception of a prison cell. The floors were caked in filth and the air hung heavy with a vast array of nose-wrinkling odours, the most readily identifiable of which were mildew, dry-rot, and age old human sweat. A pile of dead leaves that looked as though they'd been there since the previous Autumn, were piled beneath the chipped and cracked porcelain sink, the bath was crawling with fat, hairy spiders, and adjacent to the toilet bowl, a cloud of bluebottles swarmed busily above the mutilated corpse of some small furry mammal, probably a rat, though none of us were too keen to investigate further.

We had gotten out of there pretty quick, wrenching at the door that opened onto the tiny porch, and the bare, empty kitchen beyond. We had no business with these rooms, and we scarcely afforded them a second glance. The oppressive silence of the house was broken only by the sound of our footsteps echoing hollowly on the uncarpeted wooden floorboards, as we strode towards the lounge...The room where John Murphy had killed himself barely three weeks earlier...

The door to our objective was standing slightly ajar, and Phil was the first to reach it. Ignoring Ian 'Bus' Crossley's pleas that maybe this whole thing wasn't such a great idea after all), and favouring us with what he liked to call his 'Philly-sophical' smile, he raised his hands to push it all the way open. I recall feeling a perverse stab of disappointment when it didn't creak on its rusted hinges the way doors always did in those countless 'HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL' type horror movies my parents sometimes allowed me to stay up and watch (depending on their mood)...And this sense of anticlimax grew the second we stepped, somewhat fearfully, into the room.

I'm not at all sure WHAT we expected to find, exactly...

But it turned out, we sure as hell didn't need any of the Ghost-Hunting Caboodle we'd brought with us. The lounge had been stripped clean of everything. All its furniture (including the 'intricately carved, hand-made chair' which Mr. Murphy had used to launch himself, spinning and kicking into the next life) had gone.

There was nothing to see....And still less to feel...

There were no inexplicable 'cold spots'.

No pervasive atmosphere of regret and sorrow.

No whispering suggestion of a ghostly presence....

Nothing.

Except....

Except for the dusty collection of papers stacked haphazardly upon the front window sill.

The papers turned out to be letters, all of them without envelopes. All of them written in the same delicate, sloping hand. And all of them addressed to the same person....The late Mrs. Jean Murphy.

Ordinarily, the contents of an old man's scribbles to his beloved wouldn't have interested me in the slightest, but partly out of frustration at having had our hopes of acquiring any evidence of the Paranormal dashed, and partly out of a morbid kind of curiosity, I grabbed a fistful and began to read the first few lines.

It was the ever-observant Stevie Gee who first recognised the significance of the dates at the head of each letter. I'd assumed Mr. Murphy had written to his wife whilst she was ill in hospital and had then, for some reason, decided against sending them. But what Steve had noticed almost immediately, was that the earliest of the notes was dated January 17th, 1974, and they then went right on through to mid-March of the same year..This was indeed rather strange, because you see, his wife had passed away the previous October!!!

"The old coot must've been crazy with grief" Steve had muttered, shaking his head in bewilderment.

"He was still penning letters to his missus, three months after she popped her cork!!!!"

Those words had barely fallen from his lips before we all of us heard the unmistakable thud of a heavy object, seemingly striking the floor directly above our heads...

It could have been anything...A precariously placed bedside lamp that had been teetering on the brink for God knew how long. A picture frame that hadn't been affixed to the wall correctly. A shelf overlaid with thick, hard-backed novels that had finally collapsed under their combined weight...

ANYTHING.

But the fact is, the twin concepts of the sane and logical are notoriously difficult to grasp a hold of on such occasions. Fear of the dark, the shadows that gather in the far corner of a sunlit room, the crooked lane that leads through the wild-wood, are fears that are as innocuous as they are irrational, but that doesn't make them any less terrifying to their percipient if the mood is right...

And at that precise moment in time, it's my opinion you'd have been hard pressed to find anywhere this side of Castle Dracula, where the mood was more suited to the immediate abandonment of the logical and sane, in favour of boarding the good ship 'Total And Utter Panic'!!!

We turned and raced for the exit, and it seemed that no matter how fast we tried to run we moved in dream time slow motion just the same. This sensation was doubtless illusory, although it may have had something to do with the fact that 'Bus' was (predictably) at the head of the fleeing rabble., and your's truly was caught bringing up the rear. Either way, an eternity passed before we reached the bathroom window, and could set about making good our escape.

Being last in line was not an experience I'd choose to repeat any time soon. I was jumping up and down in frustration watching my friends take their turn to hurl themselves out into the weed-infested, litter-strewn garden, and when there was only one lad left besides myself, (a tall, skinny lad named Michael Cartwright) I had to grit my teeth to keep from losing control completely and shoving him headfirst out onto the tangled mass of knee-high grass that passed for a lawn

It was just as I was about to climb up onto the edge of the none to safe looking sink, that I heard the strange sounds coming from somewhere behind me...

I hesitated for a second, curiosity once more overcoming my fear, and struggled to identify its source. It wasn't anything like the crash we'd heard a few moments earlier. It was more a warm, lullaby sound. A gentle creaking that brought to mind images of a grandmothers' favourite rocking chair, or a wooden sailing boat adrift in calm waters,...

Or a length of 'good, strong rope', hung from a rafter, suspending a literal dead weight...

This last thought, coupled with the fact that the noises appeared to be coming from the direction of the living room, got me moving faster than I've ever moved in my life, and I all but dived through the bathroom window, hit the lawn running, and didn't slow down until I'd reached the blessed sanctuary of the 'Ghost Club' Headquarters at the bottom of our garden.

I was soon joined by the other members, all of whom were quite naturally anxious to know what had happened to make me race down the street like a complete loon. The strange thing is, I really WANTED to share with them what I'd heard back there in that ramshackle house, but something prevented me from doing so. Perhaps my reluctance was born of uncertainty at just what it was I HAD heard...

The day had started out grey and miserable, but that Spring afternoon had turned out to be the hottest of the Easter break, and there is no greater dispeller of the darkest fears than glorious sunshine and cloudless blue skies. I was suddenly sure I must have imagined those sounds. Or maybe, given the rather panicky circumstances, I'd simply mistaken the perfectly ordinary for the 'Supernatural'.

Yeah. Those explanations had made perfect sense viewed in the long green light of mid-April, when all seemed right with the World and everything was in its place. I told my friends that I'd just gotten a trifle spooked at having been 'the last man out', and that was all there was too it.

I'm not sure whether they believed me or not, but no-one spoke up to say that they never, so I guess I must've come across fairly convincing. Thinking about it now though, I'm not so certain Stevie Gee was taken in. As I said earlier, he saw a lot of things other people wouldn't have picked up with a pair of extra-powerful field glasses....He had uncanny intuition. He could see through people like Ray Milland in 'THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES'. He could suss out a liar within seconds of them uttering their first sentence.

He could see also that I was still clutching the pile of letters I'd grabbed from The Murphy's lounge...The ones the old man had composed to his long-dead wife.

"You'd best take them back, Michael Cartwright had warned, his voice low and ominous. "You know what might happen tonight, if you don't!"

Oh yes. I knew only too well what he was referring to.

It was one of those peculiar beliefs, exclusive to the lore of children. Like, smelling Dandelions makes you wet the bed, tread on an Ant and it's sure to rain, stare into a mirror and say the Lord's Prayer backwards and the Devil will appear over your left shoulder..

Or, steal the property of the dead and you will be visited in the dead of night by the irate Spirit you've offended.

I knew the risks, but my friends would have had to have dragged me kicking and screaming to get me back into that house, just then.

"Thanks for the warning, but I think I'll take my chances, I muttered quietly trying desperately to avoid the doubtful stares of my friends. "At least, until tomorrow anyway".

"Well, it's your funeral" Mikey whispered softly as if speaking to himself. And that was the last word on the subject.

We whiled away the rest of that afternoon engaged in the type of pursuits enjoyed by most other kids our age, and Ghosts were banished to the furthest corners of our minds.

That evening though, as I was saying goodbye to my friends at the front gate, I called Philly to one side and asked him if he could borrow me his sister's silver crucifix. He agreed and when I hit the sack that night, I placed the cross beneath my pillow and offered up a prayer for God's protection...

And the combination seemed to work, because contrary to expectations, I slept like a log...

Until the very early hours, just before dawn that is...

Then it was that I experienced what I can only describe as a 'waking dream'. (though maybe 'waking nightmare' would be more accurate). It began with a white clipper ship pulling into some tropical harbour, and a sailor with a grizzled, weather-beaten face smoking a pipe as he rocked slowly back

and forth in his chair....

The scene quickly dissolved, switching back to my bedroom where the air was filled with the sleepy/dreaded sound of a soft and gentle creaking...I had my face to the wall and refused at first to turn around and see what I knew to be awaiting. But even as I strove to ignore the 'presence' I found myself craning my neck to gaze upon its countenance.

And sure enough, hanging from a thick length of twisted rope was the body of John Murphy, his head down, as though he were staring intently at the ground below his feet. I had time to study the way the moonlight shone upon his balding head, illuminating it like one of my 'Aurora' Glow-In-The-Dark Monster Model kits, before he suddenly raised his face to mine, grinned mirthlessly, and opened his eyes...

His features were hideously bloated. There were flecks of white foam on his wormy lips, and live things crawled in his hair. As I watched in horrid fascination, a Maggot the size of a mouse emerged from his right nostril and dropped to the floor with an audible plop...And when he spoke, as I knew he must eventually, it was with a voice that put me in mind of the noise those dead leaves piled beneath the cracked sink in the Murphy's bathroom would make if they were free to blow across an empty school-playground...

He pointed a bony finger in my direction and croaked menacingly; "GIVE ME BACK WHAT'S MINE!!!" GIVE ME BACK WHAT'S MINE!!!" over and over, gradually slowing down like one of those old gramophone records...Until it stopped completely. And then his tongue lolled out, impossibly long and covered with sores...He ran it over his stubbly chin, dropped a lewd wink, and began to move towards me...

I woke up screaming, drenched in a pool of cold sweat...And slept with the light on until dawn.

Mere nightmare or not, you can bet I didn't waste any time in getting around to returning those letters to the Murphy house that very morning. I made my way alone to the bathroom window, still half open, and threw the notes (I'd tied them together with a piece of red ribbon) in without looking back to see where they'd landed...

And I never set foot on the property ever again...

In the days and weeks that followed, my friends noticed a profound change in my attitude towards Ghostly phenomena.

For the space of several months I was never able to view the subject with quite the same degree of, well...innocence is I guess the word I'm looking for. I still retained an interest. But it's true to say, I confined my 'investigations' to reading about phantoms in books and magazine articles. I never told my friends that I'd been so badly frightened by the 'dream' (if such it was) of John Murphy's vengeful spirit, I simply couldn't face setting foot in any other potentially 'Haunted House' I didn't even tell them I'd HAD the dream...It was something I'd kept locked away like a dirty secret hidden the darkest depths of the wine cellar.

Until now...

And WHY now, you may well ask.

The reasons are as many as they are varied, but I think I'll settle for the one that is perhaps the most simple and readily explainable...Although that doesn't make it any less relevant in my eyes.

It's namely this; 'The New Ferry Ghost Club' disbanded within a fortnight of its members leaving Church Drive and moving on to different Secondary schools. Despite pledges of undying allegiance and promises to keep in touch, we predictably wound up going our separate ways...Further evidence, if it were needed, that all too often, even the very best of childhood friends can lose touch and forget the magic times they spent together, until such things become nothing more or less than an attic memory.

Perhaps, this drifting apart was the direct result of my sudden loss of enthusiasm and refusal to become involved in 'field trips', and if that is indeed so then I can't help but feel a stab of sadness and regret that I sat by and allowed such a thing to happen...

The irony is, over the space of the next decade or so, long after the sickening fear had subsided, my interest (some would say obsession) with Ghostly phenomena was rekindled, so that it was stronger than ever before. I spent a good deal of my spare time in the Civic Centre Library, studying and making copious notes of all manner of local weirdness. I uncovered a whole pile of works containing chapters of largely forgotten folklore, read through stacks of pamphlets and magazines, and searched through reels of old newspaper clippings preserved on microfilm until my eyes felt like they were on stalks.

It was almost as though I were doing a penance. Trying in vain to make up for the wrongs committed in a time to which I could never hope to return...

It seems to me now, that the very least I can do is attempt to chronicle the information I learned during those endless days as I made the typically awkward trip from boyhood to adulthood...

The following series of articles are therefore intended as (I would hope) a fitting tribute to the former members of 'The New Ferry Ghost Club'.

Wherever they may be...

Lee Walker.
New Ferry, Merseyside.
25th February, 1995.

DIBBINSDALE'S PHANTOM HITCH-HIKER

A lonely stretch of road that runs between the middle-class suburbs of Spital and Bromborough, has long been attributed the reputation of being haunted by the Ghost of a young woman, most commonly described as being dressed in the garb of a nun.

According to local legends, the Spirit is that of a girl who had set out from nearby Poulton Hall, to make her way to the nunnery. She never got there because she was raped and then murdered by an unknown assailant as she crossed Dibbinsdale Bridge (pictured below).

Over the years, the place has become synonymous with the appearance (and rapid disappearance) of a VANISHING HITCH-HIKER, which may, or may not be connected with the sightings of the aforementioned 'nun'.

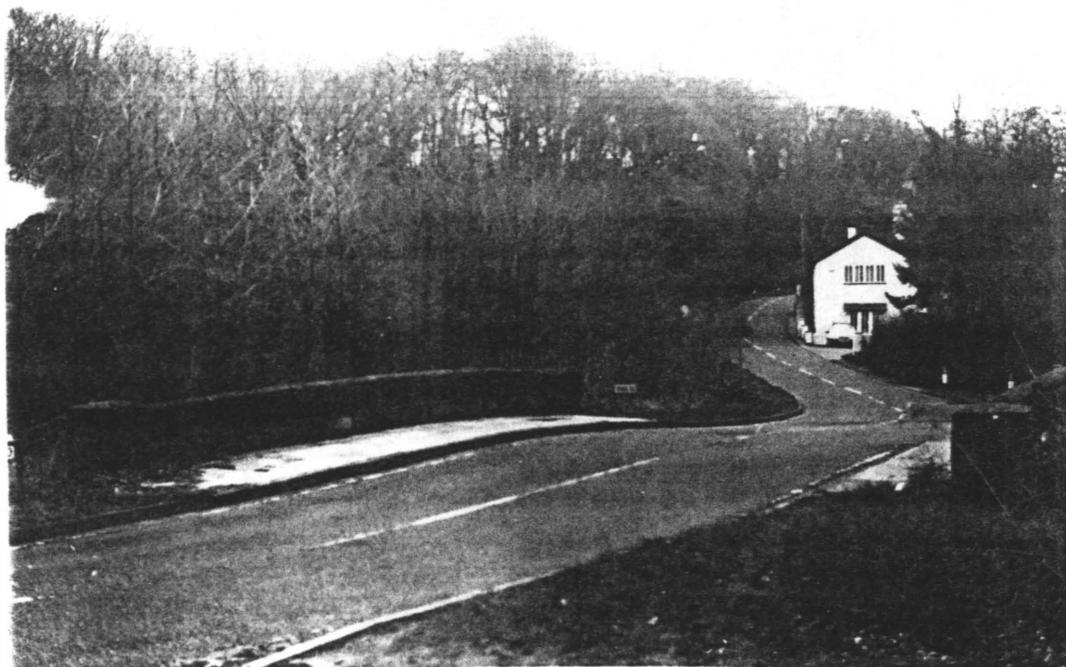
Several people have reported encountering the Entity as they drove towards the bridge that fords the Dibbinsdale Brook. The author spoke to a taxi-driver who, after requesting anonymity, related the story of how he'd been travelling through Dibbinsdale, after dropping off a fare in Bromborough, during the early hours of the morning. It was raining heavily, and as the lane is devoid of streetlighting, he was driving very carefully and at a reduced speed. Just as he was approaching the bridge he saw, illuminated by the glare of his headlamps, the figure of a woman

clad in a black, hooded cloak, standing at the edge of the road. She had her head bowed, as though she were protecting her face from the relentlessly driving rain. The cabbie took pity on her, caught out here in such Godawful weather, and he pulled up beside the bedraggled woman, wound down the window, and offered her a lift. Her head remained bowed, and she made no reply, so the driver repeated his offer on a couple more occasions...Still the woman didn't give the slightest indication that she was even aware of his existence, and he'd just about decided she was either stone deaf, simple minded, or both, when the cowed figure raised its head, smiled sadly at him, and then promptly vanished!!!

The cabbie stared in frank disbelief for a second...And then put his foot down, suddenly anxious to be away from the place...

He confided in me that there is no way he would take that route into Spital ever again. Not for all the tips in the world...

And certainly, his is not the only such account on record...In 1970, there were two very similar incidents, both involving people unwittingly offering a woman clad entirely in black, a lift, only to have the 'person' disappear from sight in a split second...



(Above): The winding, twisting road that leads through the tiny village of Dibbinsdale is the reputed haunt of a phantom nun and/or a Vanishing Hitch-hiker. Whatever the truth of the tales, the place is undeniably spooky.

The trees that surround the lane on all sides, stand like silent sentinels, the Eternal Watcher's...They perceive the comings and goings of man, the ebb and flow of traffic, and the rich woodland wildlife... And who knows, perhaps, something else...

Something from beyond the realms of accepted scientific dogma.

Something that craves human companionship, but is doomed by its very nature to forever walk alone..

THE LEGEND OF BIRKENHEAD PRIORY

Perhaps it should come as no great surprise that the recently restored ruins of Birkenhead Priory, one of the oldest monastic buildings in Britain, (erected circa 1150 AD), is rumoured to be inhabited by a whole bunch of Ghosts.

Legend has it that during the time of Henry VIII's infamous Dissolution, the Abbots had decreed that all the treasures of the priory should be hidden away in the network of caves and tunnels that ran beneath the edifice. These underground chambers were said to run below the acres of green fields and woodland, themselves long since covered by the sadly redundant, 'Cammel Laird' shipyard..

The gold and silver was duly stashed away for safe-keeping, but unfortunately, several monks fell victim to one of mankind's oldest vices...Namely, Avarice.

They attempted to steal the treasure for themselves, and set out to line their cassocks with as much booty as they could possibly carry. Divine retribution was close at hand however, and no sooner had they laid their greedy hands upon the loot, than a large slab of rock, which had stood for countless years as a natural supporting pillar, suddenly collapsed with catastrophic consequences for the men caught in the tunnels...

They were all killed, either instantly by the resultant cave-in, or with agonizing slowness due to starvation or lack of air.

No sign of either the tunnels, caves, or fabulous riches have been uncovered, but the legend endures thanks to the fact that the tortured Spirits of the dead monks are said to wander the grounds of the priory, most frequently on the anniversary of the underground disaster...Seeking in vain an Absolution for their sins.



(Above): The ruins of the Priory's Cloisters, the monks sleeping quarters and the setting for many a merry meal for the weary traveller who would be made more than welcome by the Brotherhood...

It's also the site of several sightings of Ghostly, black-cloaked figures, (see illustration below), chanting as they walk, heads bowed (not unlike 'The Dibbinsdale Nun' - See previous page), cowls obscuring their faces...



THE 'BRITANNIA INN' DEMON

On the corner of Green Lane, deep in the industrial heartland of Rock Ferry, stands a public house much like any other in the seedier sections of the county. There is nothing special about it. You'd scarcely give it a second glance if you should chance to pass it by...The only thing that might cause a raised eyebrow or two is the fact that the place is boarded up, closed to business, no longer trading...

I suppose, if you're a sensitive person, you just might be struck by the brooding sense of acute emptiness that hangs in the air. A feeling of despair. Of hopes dashed. Of heart-rending failure...

And should you then, for some crazy and indefinable reason, linger long enough to actually care, you'd doubtless tell yourself that it's surely something to do with the depressing vista that greets your eyes. The ugly viaduct that marks the end of the road, its depthless shadows home to a sordid collection of graffiti, empty beer cans and used condoms. Green Lane Train Station, oddly deserted, no matter what the season, and bringing to mind images of the underground entrance to Hobbs Lane in the film 'QUATERMASS AND THE PIT' The box-like council houses that make up the surrounding estates. The acrid smell of a poisoned river...

And the inn itself...

The few windows that aren't boarded up are so opaque with grime, they look to be the colour of slate and do nothing but reflect the drabness of its setting A 'broken TETLEY BITTER' sign sways drunkenly at the slightest breeze...Even the flyposters pasted to the former doorway, advertising the coming circus, (and featuring a grinning, sadistic looking clown) appear washed out and jaded...

It's hard to shake the impression that you're gazing upon some artists unfinished landscape...And that they drew the sketch in grey leaded pencil but ran out of colours before they got a chance to paint it.

There may however, be another, less mundane explanation for the awful atmosphere that clings like some malignant parasite to this place...

I read of it first in the excellent local magazine 'GHOSTWATCH'.

I then made some enquiries of my own, and the following is a brief account of what I've been able to glean so far...

The history of the pub is fairly uneventful, although speaking to the more knowledgeable locals has raised the distinct possibility that the ground upon which it was built may very well have once been priory land...Perhaps it was even once part of Birkenhead Priory...(see previous page)

Whatever the origins of the place, one thing IS for certain...Something decidedly nasty acted as the catalyst for a sequence of hauntings that can only be described as being truly terrifying...



(Above): 'THE BRITANNIA INN' and its dreary locale. Despite it's less than favourable surroundings though, it's hard to see why no-one's stepped forward in a hurry to buy the place, seeing as how the area IS well-populated, and teeming with potential customers....

Unless of course, there is a grain of truth in the rumours of Ghosts and Demons...

The focus for the wealth of stories surrounding the place seems to be a single room on the third floor of the building. One account tells of how, when he was a 12 year old child, John, the son of the inn's former owners was plagued by what can only be described as 'Demonic Entities'.

According to 'GHOSTWATCH', the experiences had begun with the sudden appearance of Phantom figures in the child's bedroom. Initially, these Apparitions kept their distance, they were barely discernible as they lurked in the darkest corners of the room.

With the passing of each night however, they grew more clearly defined and the young boy's ears were filled with the dream-like sound of a low chanting as the shapes emerged from the ebon blackness...

That was bad. Far worse though, was the disconcerting fact that on each occasion they materialised, they began to creep closer and ever closer to the bed...

Eventually, they would gather around John's prostrate form and recite their monotonous chanting, and although these figures were human-like, there were also present, other beings, 'Shapeless Forms observing the ritual from the shadows'.

John was quite naturally frightened by these 'visitations', and thought to inform his parents, but of course they didn't believe him. He took refuge in blind acceptance of these Night Terror's', and grew almost accustomed to their intrusions into his childhood world.

His parents, whilst not about to give an ounce of credence to their son's claims, were concerned enough at John's behaviour to set about giving John's room something of a face-lift. There were apparently layers upon layers of dirty, discoloured paper that had to be stripped from the walls, and when after an eternity of peeling they finally reached the bare plaster, they found the cold, damp-stained surface was completely covered with 'bizarre symbols and diagrams, painted largely in an off-red substance'.

The walls were very quickly re-decorated in the hope that a speedy concealment of the symbols would perhaps bring an end to the 'disturbances'.

They enjoyed no such luck, however.

The figures returned almost immediately. One night, in a state of consciousness somewhere between sleep and wakefulness, John sensed himself being initiated into something. He distinctly felt that something Alien had entered into him. He finds it hard to shake the notion that whatever IT was, IT continues to co-exist within him even now!!!

There are other rumours about the place too...

There is purportedly, a 'Whispering Demon', who very often spends the hours of darkness attempting to encourage guests and tenants to take a run and jump out of the third floor window. And there have, by all accounts, been several occasions when the victim has succumbed to its evil/persuasive tones...

We hope to be granted permission (with the assistance of A.S.S.A.P. - see ad elsewhere in this issue) to gain entry to the site, and spend a few nights personally investigating the case...Rest assured, we'll bring you any developments as and when we get them...Unless of course, we're cajoled into launching ourselves headfirst out of 'The Britannia's third floor window, courtesy of a delighted 'Whispering Demon', that is...

A NIGHTMARE ON SEEL STREET

An old printers in Liverpool City Centre, has been the location for several encounters with 'other-worldly' phenomena, according to members of staff at 'Swiftprint'.

As long ago as 1979, a man named Jeff Moores, was pottering about the works kitchen together with a colleague. Their conversation turned to a general discussion about the age and history of the building, and Jeff was informed by the other man who had been employed 18 months earlier, that the current building was erected about 120 years ago. It had been previously used as a sail-making factory.

As Jeff looked out of the window, and allowed his gaze to wander around where there was once a courtyard, he at once noticed the rather obvious alterations to the original structure. He could clearly see the hoists that used to feed materials to each of the buildings four floors. Windows had since been replaced these hoists and a lift had been installed.

It was when the lift was mentioned that the colleague told Jeff about the company Ghost.

'I laughed at first, Jeff later confided in Stevie Gee (Assistant-Ed). 'but I then listened as he

explained that somebody had died on the premises, either by falling down the lift-shaft, or by hanging themselves in it'.

Jeff works on the top floor, and his duties were such that he very often had to slave away long after the rest of the staff had traipsed off home. Sometimes, he would still be on the premises as late as 12 midnight. He'd very soon put his associates 'Ghost story' out of his mind...

Until, one night, he heard his work-mate slam the front door. The hollow sound echoed through the now empty building. He readily admits that being alone in an old, dark factory does wonders for the blacker side of the human imagination. The feeling that he was being watched was almost impossible to shake off, and as he grew gradually more and more nervous, so he began to think 'Sod it. I'm going home'.

Suddenly, the lift started moving down to the third floor of its own accord. It's an old fashioned lift 'the type with a push button. You have to keep your finger on this to operate the elevator. Take your finger off, and the lift stops. Simple as that !'

Jeff was first puzzled because he knew there was no-one else in the building aside from himself, and then, as the implications of that fact quickly dawned upon him, he raced out of the printer's just as fast as he possibly could.

The following day, he mentioned the incident to his friend and was told that various other strange occurrences had happened to him also. For example, the phones had been engaged when there was quite clearly no-one else on the site, and there were 'certain smells' in the printer's dark-room...Described variously as being sweet, like a perfume, and bad, like rotting flesh. In one case, a worker had smelled the perfume aroma and promptly turned around expecting to find someone standing there...There was no-one there however, and so he went back to his chores and written upon the paper upon which he'd been working where the words; 'HELP ME'

Other reported disturbances include strange problems with the electricity, switchboards flashing on and off for no reason and people feeling that someone has brushed against them...



(Above): The 120 year old printers on Seel Street in Liverpool City Centre. Is this ominous looking building the haunt of a tragic suicide...Or something much worse???

The most terrifying testimony to emerge so far however, is undoubtedly that related by Paul Ward, who works in the 'Creative Services' section. One evening, at approximately 7pm, he was working with a friend in the studio, and went with him into the dark-room alone to develop some photo's. Paul's attention was suddenly drawn to a figure which he just caught

out of the corner of his eye. He quickly turned around and was astonished to behold the distinct outline of a crouching figure at the far side of the room. The face was in silhouette, but he could make out the glinting teeth of a leering dwarf-like entity...It stared at him from across the room and Paul hastily glanced at his colleague for confirmation of what he'd seen. His friend hadn't witnessed anything however, and by the time Paul had looked back to point the figure out, it had disappeared....

BIDSTON HILL: BIRKENHEAD 'S "WINDOW AREA"

For those amongst our reader-ship who don't know it, a 'Window Area' is a location where several different types of anomalous phenomena may occur, either in 'Flaps', or quite separately over a period of years...But always in the same locale.

Bidston Hill, overlooking the predominantly flat Wirral Peninsula, and affording a panoramic view of the diverse mixture of countryside and city-scape. Distant mountains and derelict dockyards. The shifting seas and the industrial heartland, is allegedly, one such area.

That the Hill is ancient, and steeped in history is irrefutable.

Neolithic Man has left his mark in the shape of Prehistoric carvings and etchings on the damp, sandstone, all but hidden from sight beneath overhanging ledges of trees and bushes. And like many purported 'Window Areas', the place was (is?) venerated and regarded as Holy by the worshippers of Pagan Deity's.



(Above): The Bidston Hill Observatory. Situated at the very summit of the hill, it's afforded an unrivalled view of the Heavens and its canopy of stars. The Observatory is just part of a research complex that wouldn't look out of place on the set of an episode of DR WHO or QUATERMASS.

When we visited this site on a dull, Winter's afternoon, it was impossible not to be struck by the ominous atmosphere that hangs about the place like a dark shroud. It was difficult too, to shake the feeling that you were being constantly watched by something that preferred to remain unseen, hidden from view...

It's certainly not hard to see why Bidston Hill has acquired such a sinister reputation over the years...Especially amongst the local people, who on wild, windswept nights, whisper in hushed tones, tales of phantoms and Witchcraft...

Although the majority of reported phenomena is UFO related, it could be said that there are sufficient Ghostly occurrences to warrant its inclusion in this article.

An astronomer on Bidston Hill reportedly encountered strange, inexplicable slivers of light that illuminated the sky and surrounding trees, and apparently had a diverse affect upon the delicate instruments within the observatory, by causing them to vibrate.

Lest you still be of the opinion that we've made something of a departure away from Apparitions and Phantoms, let me quickly just add that coincidental with the anomalous lights, the astronomer also told of how he'd frequently heard unusual sounds in the air, all around him. He described these noises as being like "low murmurs". He further stated that he noticed mirage effects on the plain between the windmill (pictured below) and the research site. "They caused the air to be teeming with ghostly shapes superimposed on the slopes of the hill and appearing like thousands of glow-worms..."

The astronomer suggested that the phenomena might have some electrical origin, due to the fact that throughout the experiences, "It was as though some electric current, throbbing, palpitating, were at play".



Jenny Randles, in her book 'MYSTERIES OF THE MERSEY VALLEY', makes reference to "a curious Guardian that seems to have stood by the hill as if nocturnally protecting the M53 and the housing estates around Upton".

To illustrate this, she recounts how on 1st May, 1980, Gareth Hughes was travelling home in the early hours of the morning when the motorway was exceptionally quiet. He was driving towards the bridge that leads across to the railway station on the opposite side of the carriageway. He had a clear view of Bidston Hill over to his right, as he passed Junction 3, and his attention was suddenly drawn to "a dark, foreboding object" silhouetted against the contours of the hill, in a position south of the research complex. He was astounded at its incredible size and the fact that it seemed to sit astride the closed down railway station. As he passed under the bridge, he wound down his window to afford himself a better look and slowed down to little more than a crawl. He was able to see that the object was to all intents and purposes, studying him with equal intensity!!!

The black mass (no pun intended) was hanging so low in the sky that it all but obscured the

stars in the heavens. It was reminiscent of "two artillery shells placed side by side, but angled downwards so that the front part pointed into the ground and the curved ends pointed skyward. The overall effect was not unlike a giant pair of binoculars trained onto the motorway. From the front two beams of light, like headlamps, were shining towards the earth. They were strong but cut off sharply in mid-air before reaching the hillside. Two small red or pink flames were also visible at the back of the tubes, flickering slightly into the sky". There was no sign of any other traffic on the road. He decided it would be a good idea to acquire another witness to this unbelievable sight, and so he drove to his mother's house as quickly as he could. Although she lived less than 5 minutes drive away, the object, whatever it was, had disappeared by the time he and his mother returned to the location...

Similar objects have been sighted both before and since this report was made public.

Most notably, on 27th December, 1985, when Nicola and Jack Limb were returning to Wallasey on the same stretch of the M53 as Gareth Hughes, five years earlier. Again, both witnesses expressed great surprise at the total lack of traffic on the normally busy motorway. They suddenly noticed a "triangle of lights, with two bright white ones at the front and a blob of red at the rear and top". It was hovering over the same railway line as in the previous account, directly at the foot of Bidston Hill. The object was ominously silent. They kept it in view until they passed Junction 2. The object was still hovering beneath the hill when they lost sight of it as the motorway curved to the west...

And finally, another taxi driver friend of the author, penned a rather lengthy letter to 'DEAD OF NIGHT', concerning an unnerving experience he had in Boundary Road (a fairly busy lane that runs along the side of Bidston Hill).

According to his letter, he was returning home on foot, on a freezing cold Winter's evening, in the company of one of his friends. There'd been a fairly heavy snowfall earlier that evening and they were understandably eager to be indoors. They walked along Boundary Road, and they both remarked upon the unusual absence of streetlighting. However, there was a full moon, so it wasn't so dark they couldn't make out where they were headed. As they approached Taylor's Wood, just off to their left, with the sadly obsolete Flaybrick Cemetery on their right, the taxi-driver was filled with a feeling of unutterable dread, and was just about to suggest that they should turn back, when his friend shouted "What's that?"

He followed his companions pointed finger, and distinctly saw a pair of glowing red eyes "that shone like bright rubies in sunlight", peering at them from out of the wood. At that precise instant, the air was filled with a strange growling noise, and the bushes on the other side of the road began rustling violently. The 'glowing eyes' suddenly appeared to be much clearer and at a greater height than before, as though whatever was crouching in the trees had raised itself...And was slowly creeping in their direction...

The cabbie decided something undeniably evil was lurking in those woods and began beating a hasty retreat...His friend, who had seemingly been intent on investigating further, followed reluctantly in his wake.

As they walked, they both recalled a fire-side horror-story some mutual friend had once told them over a few beers...A story about a Demon that was said to haunt the area around Bidston Hill, a creature that was half-animal/half human, with cloven hoofs, horns on either side of its head and glowing red eyes...They had understandably scoffed at the tale...Who in this day and age wouldn't?

As they tried to force themselves not to break into a panic-stricken run on a bone-chilling night in the dead of Winter however, that crazy ol' scarifier's solemn words carried a weight that could crush the most valiant of spirits, as easily as an Autumn leaf grabbed in a pair of rough, uncaring hands...

And when they heard the sound of twigs snapping in the dark wood right beside them...And a low, guttural growling, edging closer, ever closer...You better believe they DID run!!!

They ran, slipping and sliding through the freshly-fallen snow...

They ran and didn't once look back...

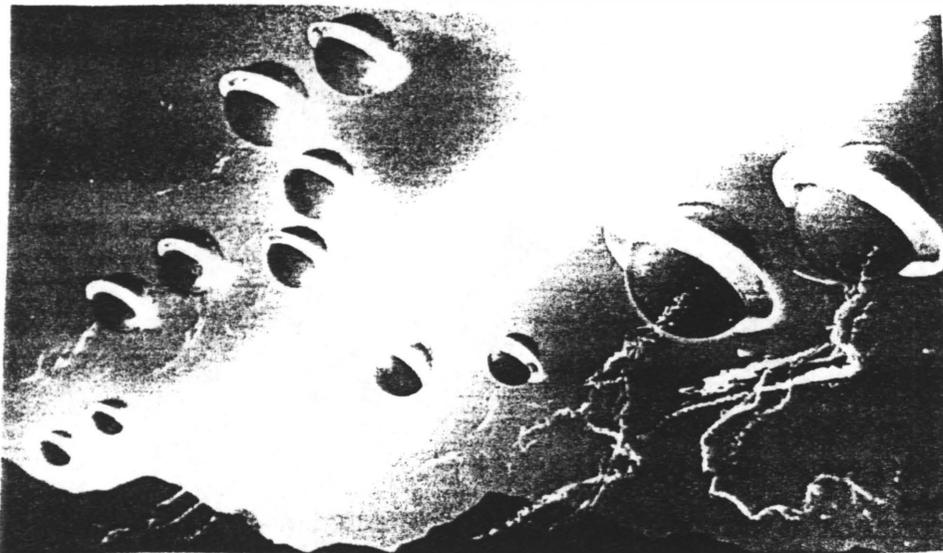
They ran as though their very lives depended on it...

And hell, who knows, perhaps, after all is said and one, that's not so very far from the truth...

Lee Walker.
New Ferry, Merseyside.
7th March 1995.

KEEP WATCHING THE SKIES!!!

UFO UPDATE:



'NETWORK FIRST' UFO DOCUMENTARY REVIEW:

This programme, inspired the usual mixture of diverse views and reactions amongst the UFO fraternity... Equally familiar, was the way in which, in their eagerness to proclaim from the highest rooftop the CORRECT opinion (meaning the one that was most appropriate to THEIR particular theory on the subject) they pretty soon found themselves forming into the same two opposing camps they've each been jealously guarding since the phenomenon first 'hit the big time' in June, 1947.

On the one side, we have the Hard-Core Realists...Those who are convinced that the enigma is explicable purely in meteorological, electro-magnetical, or temporal lobe hallucinatory terms...Whilst over on the other, their expressions similarly grim and firmly set, stand the Extra-terrestrial, Multi-dimensional, 'Illuminati' Conspiracy proponents...

Therefore, writing this review, I can't help feeling a little like the luckless soldier who's been 'volunteered' to crawl across 'No Man's Land' and bring back an objective, unexaggerated account of the enemies true strength.

Still, seeing as how your humble Editor drew himself the short straw at the outset of this mission, I guess I have little choice but to charge over the top, my head lowered against the inevitable verbal barrage and my OWN set of opinions well and truly tucked out of sight under my mud-splattered khaki uniform...

The program opens with a series of photographs and diagrams depicting the 'triangular object with dazzling lights' witnessed by hundreds of people in Belgium and Germany (see UFO UPADTE'S latest news clippings regarding a similar-shaped UFO sighted over the Pennines on the 28th January, 1995)...

This segment concentrated mainly on the radar/visual sighting at the Belgian NATO bases of Semmerzake and Glons, on the 30th March, 1990. With the use of stock military footage and computer graphics, a reconstruction of events is attempted. Two F-16's are shown being scrambled to intercept the mystery object. We get to see a brief glimpse of what one assumes are actual pictures of the UFO - a diamond-shape on the jets radar screens immediately they locked onto the object. I watched in something akin to awe, as the blip fell, 'dropped 13,000 metres in one second, and as it dropped below 500 metres, vanished from all radar screens'.

The Air Force dredged up the not entirely unreasonable theory that the 'blip' was actually nothing more than some 'rare, atmospheric phenomenon' - although you have to ask yourselves if such an explanation could legislate for the eyewitness testimony and the fact that the pilots chased this object for some 75 minutes...

A series of tantalisingly inconclusive film clips follow...A multitude of images purporting to be anomalous flying objects, that ultimately fall far short of their elusive promise to provide proof positive.

The focus then switches, almost inevitably, to Gulf Breeze, Florida.

We get to see some Ed Walters video evidence (circa 1993 - a silver object that first hovers and then winks out like a neon light over miles of golden sand dunes. The infamous Walter's 'light-blasted' photo's are given yet another airing, coupled with an interview with their producer.

Another film clip, also from the Gulf Breeze\Pensacola area, (26th February, 1991), is duly presented...You can gaze in wonder at a highly impressive display of two whirring nocturnal lights...If you can stomach the totally over-the-top 'yee-hah - come to bubba' reactions of the people doing the filming long enough to study the actual images on the screen, that is. There then follows an interview with Bruce and Anne Morrison, who claim to have over five full hours of UFO activity on video. One member of their group who regularly go out into the field to photograph and record sightings, is struck by the belief that EVERY object they see in the skies above them is a UFO...Even when it's quite clearly a conventional 747 airliner!!!

The familiar cries of 'Government Cover-up!!!' are never too far away, and following Ed Walter's assertion that the authorities 'don't know. I think they're struggling', the controversy over the US Airforce sponsored 'PROJECT BLUE BOOK', is once again stirred.

The next stop on our gazetter of UFO hot-spots is California...And an intriguing film taken in April, 1966, by Lee Hanson. It appears to show a dirigible-shaped object flying low over the peaks of brown-coloured mountains.

Mystified, we move on swiftly to Monument Valley, Utah, where James Waters shot a clip of a pair of bright, elliptical

objects that travelled at an incredible speed across the desert...A few seconds later, and it's the turn of two film clips from 1950...The Great Falls, Montana film, and an equally enigmatic clip from the skies above Utah. Both were the subject of intense study by 'PROJECT BLUE BOOK' in general, and by Dr. J.Allen Hynek in particular. According to the narrator, the viewing of these pictures were enough to convert the astrophysicist from being a total skeptic to confirmed 'believer'. Perhaps that's not too surprising when you hear that, as a result of their analysis, even the Navy were forced to rule out the usual, conventional explanations and issued a statement declaring that the strange aerial lights were 'self-luminous, unidentified objects'.

After this conclusion was rejected by the panel at 'BLUE BOOK', in favour of the misidentification of birds in flight, we were moved to hear Hynek comment that 'I came away from the meeting and from the room with the distinct feeling that the panel had deliberately moved to debunk the whole subject and not to give it the serious scientific attention which it deserved'. Sound familiar, anybody?



(Above: Two of the thirty photographs snapped by Ed Walter's in the Gulf Breeze, Florida, and featured in Network First's documentary.

The 'Concord UFO film' is then discussed...And explained away as a possible internal reflection of the sun on the lens of the 'Astro-vision' telescope, by Alan Tanner, of the British Airways Film Team.

Norfolk, England, is our next port of call, and a series of pictures snapped by three fishermen that appear to show an orange, diamond-shaped UFO...Correlations are then drawn between a similar looking object filmed three months earlier (15th August, 1993), on the banks of the Black Sea. Simon Nash of 'Panasonic', then comes along to spoil the party with his assertion that the effect is all down to the 'IRIS MOTOR' on a camera (the element that regulates the amount of light entering the camera. It opens on poorly illuminated scenes, and by the same principle, closes on brightly lit scenes). Mr. Nash is sure that, although he cannot identify the original light source in either film clip, when the camera zooms in for a closer look, 'you can clearly see the shape of the 'IRIS' lens section of the camera.

Just when we begin to lose faith however, we are soon told that some 8,000 UFO reports have been passed on to a special department of the British M.O.D.. 400 of these, remain unidentified.

Nick Pope, the 'man from the ministry' is then wheeled on to state that 98% of the reports turn out to be attributable to misperceptions of the perfectly ordinary...But that there is also 'a hard-core of something like 5% which appear to defy explanation and of course, we try to keep an open mind on them'.

An amazingly UFO-like airship, launched over the skies of Britain recently, is forwarded as a possible culprit for at least some of these 5% Unexplainables'. I have to say, it certainly looks the part!!!

Next up, it's back over to the States, and a brief glimpse of some video tape purporting to show a UFO that had allegedly crash landed in Ottawa. This is of course, 'The Guardian Tape' (see DEAD OF NIGHT #3 Page 37, for further details).

A film from Wisconsin, shot by a TV weatherman and depicting an object that appears to flash past a windmill at a speed estimated to be over 1,000 miles per hour, is shown after we've scooted back across the Atlantic to Wiltshire, England, for a seldom seen clip of a silver object flashing above a cornfield in the Summer of 1990, and a review of the ATV crew's capturing on camera of a mysterious 'vapour trail' shaped UFO, whilst filming a farming programme in 1971.

An interview with Colonel Fletcher Prouty, one of the five founder members of the NORAD defence system reveals that his pilots were under strict orders to report their encounters with UFO's to him alone. Prouty was then requested to mail the details to a special office housed somewhere in the Pentagon. He further states that a personal friend of his one day walked into his office and told him that he and his crew had been followed by a UFO for over an hour whilst flying between Midway and Tokyo. The Colonel bade the 12 crew members to write down what they'd seen, in 12 separate rooms, before filing the reports to headquarters of the Air Force. 'I never heard another word from them about it'.

And then we reach, (to THIS reviewer's mind at least) the most fascinating segment of the whole programme.; A unique insight into the welter of accounts humming down the wires from the former Soviet Union.

Leading military figures in this once obsessively secretive nation, are now quick to come forward and discuss 'research projects linked to UFO projects'.

The section opens with a piece of good quality footage shot over Tbilisi, Georgia, that shows a cruciform UFO hovering above a startled crowd who'd assembled to watch the making of a pop music video. Just to add to the fun, a former KGB

officer and his family then present a colour film of erratic, darting lights, bright against the black velvet curtain of night. A retrospective account of a UFO encountered during the Second World War is provided by General Major Boris Surikov. The object apparently very nearly caused a massive fuel explosion as it approached and the crew were forced to drop their bomb load...The UFO is described as being torpedo shaped, emitting jets of flame, and was flying at great speed.

One of the most important reports emanating from Russia, was said to have occurred in Petrozavodsk, in 1977. Over 120 witnesses saw a large glowing object hovering over the town for about 15 minutes. It rained down beams of light and had been seen over a wide area for up to 4 hours prior to that. Yet another exclusive interview takes place with Colonel Boris Sokolov, the head of the Russian MOD's investigation team. He states, amongst other things, that a large group of military men had witnessed the event. When they tried to call in news of the sighting, they found that none of their radio's were working. 'After the incident, which lasted for several hours, all communications were suddenly restored'.

The Petrozavodsk case created such a stir that for the next 10 years, the Russian Academy Of Sciences and the MOD combined to study the phenomenon...And for the best part of a decade, one sixth of the World's population was potentially engaged in UFO investigation!!!

At the other end of the scale, proving just how much times have changed, the British MOD are still categorically denying that anything untoward occurred at Woodbridge joint UK/USA Air Force Base on the outskirts of Rendlesham Forest on 28/29th December, 1980...There's an excellent recounting of events courtesy of Larry Warren, one of the deputy base Commanders...And of course, the famous 'Halt Tape' gets another airing. (see future issue for an in-depth review of this fascinating case).

The last third of the documentary is devoted to the enduring saga of 'The Roswell Incident' (also the subject of a 'forthcoming attraction' within the pages of DEAD OF NIGHT). It maintains the objective stances dominant throughout the one hour running time, and as with all good programmes dealing with the 'Paranormal', the viewer is left to make up his or her own mind regarding the intricacies of this, and all the other cases covered.

Fittingly, some of the last words are left to Colonel Boris Surikov: 'We cannot rule out the possibility that creatures that may well be far superior to us, are interested in what is happening on our Earth. These Unidentified Flying Objects that appear to display unique characteristics such as their speed, their rapid manoeuvring and so on, must be studied in the interests of Mankind'.

And who could argue with that???

Lee Walker.

Scientists baffled by 'space junk' level

There is more debris orbiting the Earth than previously estimated.

Susan Watts reports

A LARGE amount of "space junk" — metal debris from satellites and rockets — has been found in high altitudes around the Earth by the US space agency Nasa.

A three-year study of litter in space has shown that Nasa scientists appear to have miscalculated the amount of debris travelling around our planet at heights of between 800 and 1,000 kilometres above the Earth's surface.

Nasa's estimates of the total amount of hi-tech litter varies between 20,000 and 70,000 pieces, as only larger objects can be individually tracked by the North American Aerospace Defence command network, Norad. It includes bits of old rockets, dead satellites, particles of aluminium, mainly from American solid rocket boosters, as well as millions of microscopic particles, including tiny flecks of paint.

The extra high-altitude material has baffled the agency, which thought it had accounted for all sources of junk at these altitudes. Its scientists cannot explain where the extra space flotsam has come from. Steven Young, editor of *Astronomy Now*, said it would be relatively easy for Nasa's computer simulation of space junk to have missed out a source. "It is most likely to be a stage of a rocket not previously identified as a source of litter."

Nasa's radar survey of space junk was carried out by a team at



An artwork showing some of the thousands of pieces of 'space junk' which are in orbit around the Earth (Dr Seth Shostak/Science Photo Library)

the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It produced another surprise result — at low orbits space is apparently getting cleaner. At heights of about 500 kilometres

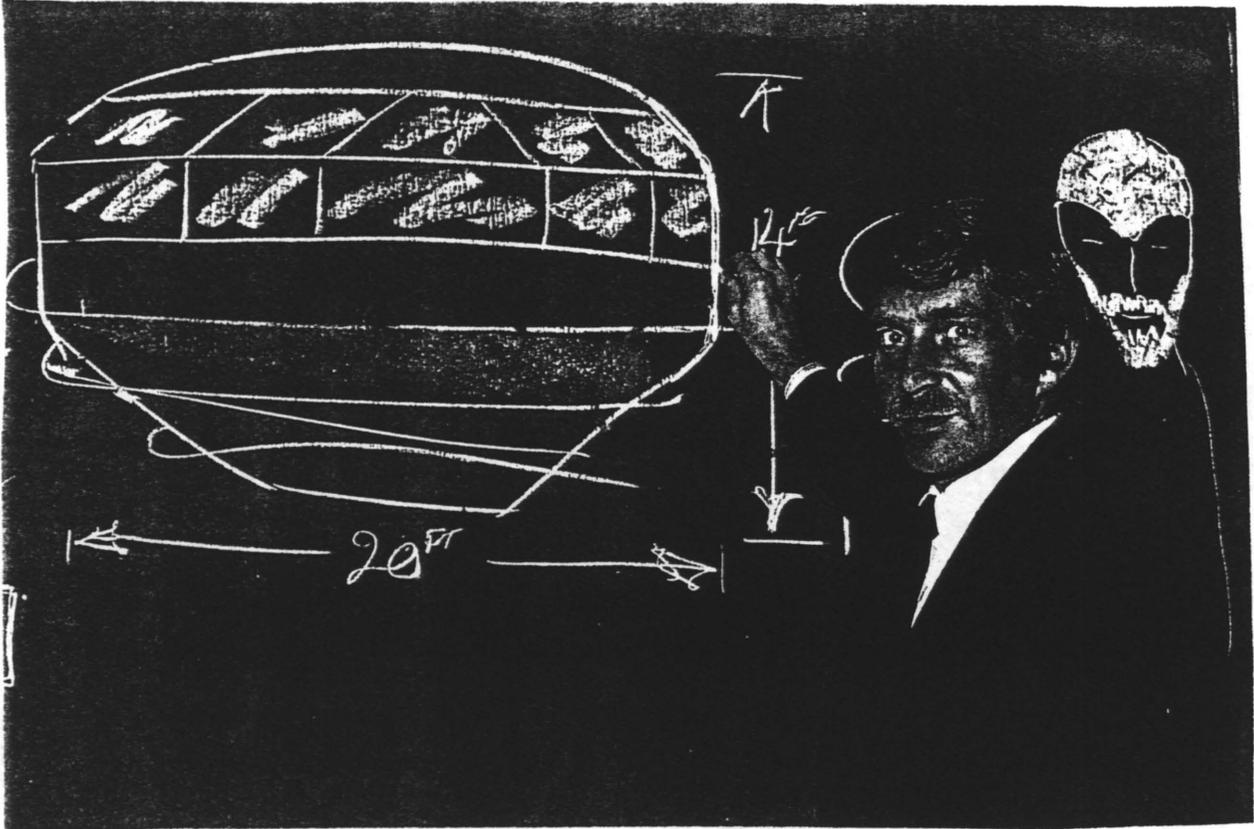
from Earth, Nasa found there is only about half the amount of debris it forecast 10 years ago. This is welcome news for the international space station, Alpha, which

will sit at about this altitude. An encounter with a piece of space junk, could be disastrous for Alpha. Even a pea-sized fragment orbiting at an average speed of

18,000mph could shatter a satellite. In 1991, a space shuttle had a near-miss when it had to swerve to avoid the remains of a Soviet Vostok rocket.

SHADOWS OVER TODMORDEN

Todmorden, a peaceful and scenic countryside town that fits snugly between three valleys on the Lancashire/Yorkshire border, has recently been labelled with the rather dubious title: 'UFO Epicentre Of Great Britain'. Surveys indicate that 10% of UFO sightings and 'Abductions by Aliens' reportedly occurs in that area, and a surrounding ten mile radius. The town has retained its memories of the Industrial Revolution and the dark, Satanic mills, but it is now experiencing a nation-wide focus of attention due to some quite mysterious happenings, some of which are completely baffling modern-day Ufologists and Psychological researchers. Anyone even remotely interested in the aforementioned subjects would remember the story of Alan Godfrey's alleged abduction experience of November 1980.



(Above): PC Alan Godfrey, the copper who came face to face with a UFO, sketches the 'craft', and what he describes as 'Alien Entities'...

However, for those amongst 'DEAD OF NIGHT's readership who aren't aware of the facts...Here is a brief resume.

Alan, a police officer at the time of the incident, was sent to investigate a report about the body of Zigmunt Adamski, (the fact that the name Adamski, also the name of the infamous 'Contactee' of the 1950's, has cropped up in this case has not been lost upon dilligent Ufologists and Cosmic Joke enthusiasts alike), which had been mysteriously dumped on top of a coal heap in a railway station yard. He was 30 miles from his home and had been missing for 5 days. A substance was found on the back of the man's neck that forensic scientests were unable to identify. West Yorkshire coroner, Mr. James Turnbull, was moved to say "It was the most puzzling substance I've ever come across in 25 years".

Five months afterwards, PC Godfrey, out in his patrol car one night whilst driving onto a council estate at 5:15 am, came face to face with a UFO the size of a double-decker bus. The object was floating about 5ft off the

ground and its bottom was rotating, whilst a dome on its top flashed a brilliant blue light. He tried to call for assistance, but his personal radio set failed to work, and the next thing he knew, half an hour had unaccountably elapsed, the UFO had vanished, and he was 100 yards further down the road with no recollection of having driven there.

The bewildered copper decided to approach a local investigator, who subsequently advised him to visit a hypnotist so that he could be regressed back to the moment in time of the UFO sighting. The session was recorded on video, and Alan was able to recall encountering some entities, one of which resembled a tall man who had a beard and wore a skull-cap. There were also some 'Robots' who apparently answered to the name 'Joseph's Robots'. A 'Dog' the size of an Alsatian was at their feet.

He underwent the now typical 'medical examination', and was then placed back in his car, unaware of what had happened.

These are the bare bones of the most famous case history centered upon Todmorden...But it is far from being the ONLY reported incident.

Ufologists are divided upon whether or not the following accounts are merely coot-cat stories of PC Godfrey's, but if there is indeed a 'Flap' occurring in the skies above the town, then backing for this claim would be highlighted by the sightings made by Leonard Smith, who witnessed a white light moving back and forth behind a school. John Porter, who saw a 'cold, steel, blue light' approach him and his colleagues over a nearby moor, Frank Skinner (no, not the Brummie presenter of 'FANTASY FOOTBALL'...At least I don't THINK it is), witnessed a UFO hovering above a hillside resembling a single-decker bus with lit up windows and 'Fairy-like' lights along its perimeter, and Joanne Ellidge, who was with two of her friends when they saw a green and red flashing object that travelled rapidly into some woods after remaining motionless for about 15 minutes.

With these, and many other unpublished sightings centered upon just one tri-valley situated town, the toll adds up when counting the reports recorded within a ten mile radius. Cliviger, Worthstone, and Burnley's UFO sightings take the total way into double figures. Special mention should go to the sightings made by Bill Goulding, a local amateur actor and producer, who saw four lights in formation heading across remote moorland near Bacup Road, towards Todmorden.

I must mention also, the eerie encounter Mrs. Eileen Riley had when she saw a UFO which had flat sides that spun around with a rotating glass canopy, that travelled over Cliviger, and disappeared behind the local 'Ram Inn'.

More recently however, comes news of a sighting of a silver disc that repeatedly landed and took off for 5 minutes, rising up to 500ft, then diving suddenly...This account originates from September 1991.

Even more recent, is the UFO witnessed over Coal Clough Wind Farm, near Mereclough. It was apparently a motionless black, rectangular object that hovered for some time before being obscured from view by a row of houses.

I am assured it wasn't a hot air balloon.

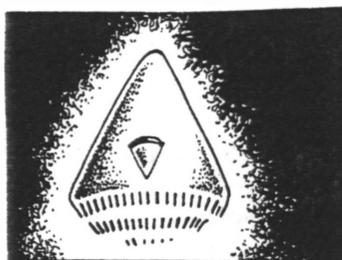
Scientific explanations for the rise in reported phenomena include the fact that most of the rock around Todmorden is Millstone grit which has a high Quartz content. Because there are so many reservoirs in the area the great volume of water is pushing down the rock exerting tremendous pressure and, as in Quartz watches where an electrical spark is produced, a giant version of this is occurring producing lights in the sky.

As for other theories...Well, I guess common-sense would point to the fact that Todmorden is situated smack in the flightpath from Heathrow to America and Manchester airport...But Todmorden people involved in the reported sightings are adamant that they know a plane when they see one.

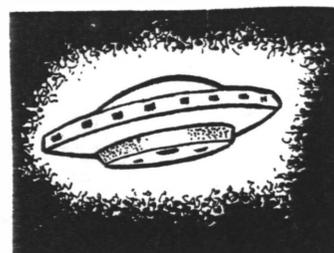
They further insist that the things they are seeing are NOT conventional aircraft. Peter Drew, of the Astronomy Centre, located high above the town said stated: "Some of the lights seen DID have normal explanations", but

even he was at a loss to identify the 'Flying-saucer-type object' he encountered darting about the skies above the usually quiet district. Well, what IS happening in that area now being titled 'The UFO Capital? Is there an Alien Base somewhere in the hills around Todmorden? Are the people of the town involved in an almost cult following of the subject, which requires them to invent the sightings? Are Yorkshire puddings really better than Lancashire Hot pots? Will I ever stop writing these rhetorical questions? (Just what I was about to ask - Ed). Maybe it is all pie in the sky. It tends to look more like 'Fire In The Sky', but whatever IS going on, Todmorden seems to be at the centre of it all...

Johnathan Dillon. 'UFO WATCH' Burnley.



MORE ON THE 'UFO CRASH IN FLYINGDALES.



The ever-redoubtable Otto Black, has very kindly written in with some interesting info concerning the highlight of Mike Jones (Rochdale UFO Group) lecture, namely the alleged UFO crash in Flyingdales, Yorkshire, (See DEAD OF NIGHT issue 3 Page 39).

"An informant told me that the UFO had actually crash-landed somewhere in Cleveland, and mentioned that the 'ship' itself was about a mile long...

That's gonna take SOME covering-up, methinks.

It also appears that, sometime before this 'event', certain American psychics had predicted that a giant ET Mothership was going to land in Iceland at a precise time. In view of this, a major UFO conference was scheduled to take place in Iceland, at the appropriate time. As it turned out, all went according to plan and everyone turned up - except, unfortunately, the ET's'

Now, as everyone knows, psychics are NEVER wrong...There was obviously SOME explanation, which was indeed sound. It seems that the Aliens were on course for Iceland, as arranged, when they had engine trouble during the final approach (or more likely spotted that a lot of people were waiting for them, and made a reckless, emergency course change???) and were forced to crash land in Cleveland. Naturally, an out of control, one mile long, Alien spaceship landing in the middle of a fairly well populated area of Britain with an almighty thump would be expected to interest the media somewhat. However, 'The Conspiracy That Runs Everything' really had little trouble keeping the lid on it. Besides, I'm told that it came down at night, so hardly anybody noticed (???)

Moving on to those 'Animal Rights Activists', I heard that there appears to be some connection with another story which may involve the same people - at any rate, friends of theirs (since nobody in these tales is ever named, it becomes somewhat confusing): there is some suggestion that the 'Abductions' etc, were in fact retaliation for this previous incident.

It seems that some exceptionally dedicated activists sneaked into a Top Secret Army Base, and discovered a large building, which was so security conscious, that it didn't have any windows or doors. Naturally, as everybody knows, when the army wish to torture cute, furry animals, they do so in buildings without doors or windows - so our heroes entered the concrete structure (yes, I know there are a few logical difficulties with this this story so far - don't worry, we'll get there) which fortunetly,

had one of those crummy plastic roofs you can make holes in very easily and quietly, and once inside, they found a mysterious pit leading deep into the bowels of the earth, with a spiral staircase winding down into it - you've read Lovecraft, you get the picture. So down they went, and at the bottom, they found, not as expected, lots of Monkey's and Rabbits with electrodes in their heads, but instead a big, high-tech computerized control room straight out of 'THE AVENGERS'. There were these giant vats full of bubbling liquid (although curiously, no technicians, inconvenient soldiers with guns or anybody else - tea break, I suppose).

Furthermore, in these vats were bodies - five identical bodies...They were instantly recognizable as being replicas of a well-known member of the House Of Lords. Not quite well-known enough for his name to spring to mind, but nonetheless, instantly recognizable as Lord 'Whatisname'...

At this point I became quite keen to see the pictures. After all, ALL Animal Liberation-types carry video-cameras, etc, so as they can produce horrifying films of what they find. Alas, no such luck. It seems that our intrepid heroes were forced to abandon their cameras at some point in order to defeat a security system which could detect lumps of metal, but not human beings - so no pictures...

However, there WERE lots of and lots of 'Top Secret' documents - originals, not photocopies - which prove all kinds of things.

Unfortunately, they are all buried in a field somewhere, for reasons that are no doubt very good, but must themselves remain a mystery for the time being...

The activists involved, by the way, are supposed to be in prison for some misdemeanour or other - apparently MI5 are efficient enough to track down people who've wandered into their most secure installations and stolen armfuls of documents from unlocked filing cabinets, but not good enough to prevent them getting in there in the first place...

Incidentally, my sources are reasonably reliable as regards their actual stories...They just have a sad tendency to to assume they are all TRUE...

Make of this what you will.

Cheers, Otto...That's exactly what we intend to do.

'ALIEN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT CAMPAIGN NEWS'.

The A.A.C. (an organization that aims to fight 'UFO Secrecy') has recently announced its plans for 1995. In concert with its U.S. parent group 'OPERATION RIGHT TO KNOW', they are holding a protest demonstration outside the British M.O.D. sometime later in the year, and they're also attempting to increase the number of signatures they already have inscribed upon a petition to get the U.S. Government to release the truth about UFO's.

You can find out more about their campaign by writing to;

A.A.C.

'Campaign Forum News'.

20, Newton Gardens, Burnden, North Yorkshire. HG4 1QF.

ROUND-UP OF THE LATEST SIGHTINGS

On October 24th, 1994, in Burnley, Lancashire, a man standing in his kitchen noticed an object displaying multi-coloured lights moving slowly over a place called Scots Park. The object was about 60ft from the ground

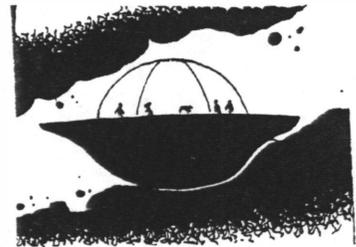
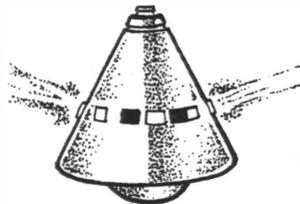
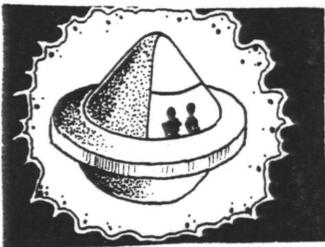
and moved above the trees within the murky woodland. He went into his yard to see if he could possibly identify the object but he remained completely mystified as, whatever it was, travelled in total silence as it cruised south west towards Rose Hill.

At Mottram St. Andrews, in Cheshire, there was a sighting involving an unnamed woman and her friend who were looking after their horses in a nearby field, on the 14th December, 1994. They suddenly saw a formation of lights moving in a circle over near the town of Stockport. They watched them for about an hour, and this, coupled with their assertion of the circular formation, raises the distinct possibility that what they in fact saw was a laser light show in progress. I myself have been almost taken in by a similar display over the River Mersey a couple of years back. The whole street where I live was out gazing in wonder at the heavens, blissfully unaware that they weren't watching visitors from another planet, but the reflections on the clouds of a plain ol' laser show taking place in the Albert Dock, just across the water.

However, in the case of the two women, outlined above, it should be added that at about 8:45pm, they also saw a large, oval shaped object with a ring of white lights that passed overhead...They claimed they were too frightened to embark upon any further investigation.

A ex-RAF serviceman named Mr Woods, and his wife witnessed two objects, not dissimilar to car headlights, in the skies above their house as they were getting ready for work at around 7 in the morning. This was on the 7th December, 1994.

They ran out onto the lawn for a better look, but could now only make out ONE UFO which flew over their rooftop and accelerated away at a terrific velocity toward Billinge Wood.



LATEST UFO NEWS-CLIPPINGS

I suppose a quick UFO is out of the question?

OUT-OF-THIS WORLD sex is bringing a heavenly headache to divorce lawyers.

For more and more couples in America are naming the third party as a lover from OUTER SPACE.

Jealous wife Debbie Hill claims her husband John is abducted three times a month by UFOs to make the ether move with a sexy alien.

She said: "I am especially upset by the sexual activity, resulting in hybrid off-spring.

"What the aliens do is tantamount to rape."

Another victim called Linda said husband Steve lost his sex drive

By FIONA MAY

after she described her extra-Martian affairs with a flying saucer crew.

The marriage-wrecking UFOs are spotlighted in the science mag Omni.

A scientist said: "I have seen several abductees divorce."

This is ground control to ET

IF ET decides to phone home this week there may be listeners on the line.

For a group of US scientists, searching for signs of extraterrestrial life, is starting a new experiment.

They hope to make contact with space aliens via a super-radio in Australia.

The five-month project is backed by £2.5m in donations from major computer

companies and the owner of the Portland Trail Blazers basketball team.

The team, from the Mountain View-based SETI Institute in California, hopes to hear cosmic conversations.

Using the huge Parkes radio telescope in New South Wales, the largest in the southern hemisphere, and a truck filled with Silicon Valley computers, researchers will start listening for signals tomorrow.

UFO buzzed our airliner say BA pilots

A BRITISH Airways jet was buzzed by a fast-moving UFO, it was claimed yesterday.

An inquiry was launched into the pilots' report that the brightly-lit triangular object hurtled towards them before veering off down the side of the airliner.

They instinctively ducked before calling air traffic control. They were told that there were no other planes in the area and at first did not officially report the incident for fear of being ridiculed.

The Boeing 737 heading for Manchester's Ringway airport from Milan with 60 people on board was at 13,000ft over the Pennines when the pilots had their close encounter on January 6.

Now, on the evidence of Captain Roger Wills and first officer Mark Stuart, reports have been sent to the Civil Aviation Authority's Joint Air Miss

EXPRESS REPORTER

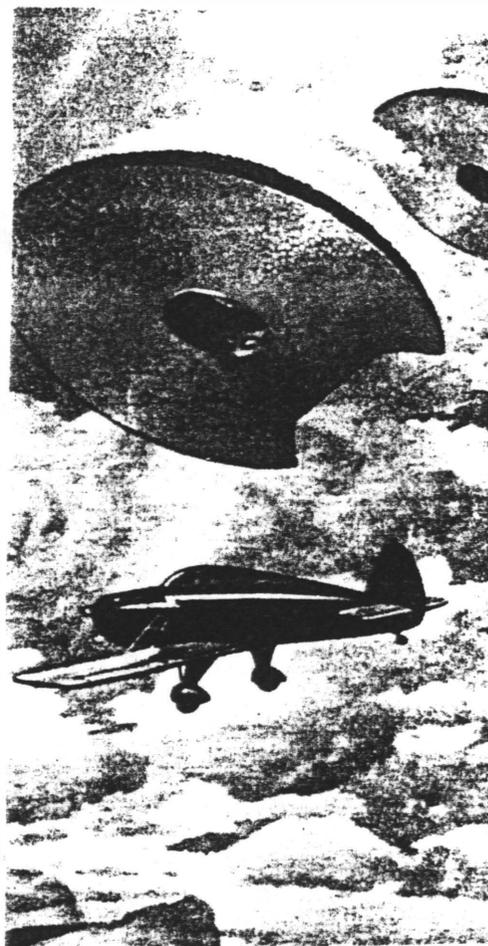
Working Group. The pilots would not comment but a colleague said: "They are high-grade, sensible guys. Everyone's talking about what they saw and it is right that it is reported, so the experts can try to establish what it was."

CAA spokesman Chris Mason said any suggestion that the object was a UFO was "purely speculative" but the investigation could last six months.

He said: "A very small proportion of near-miss situations involving untraced aircraft remain unsolved.

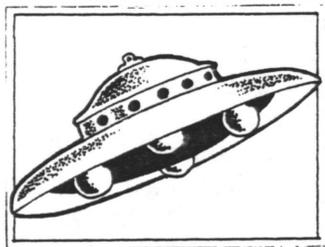
"They often turn out to be air balloons or small private aircraft. A glider, for example would not show up on a radar."

But ex-CAA man Arnold West, now director of the British UFO Research Association, said: "We know of several sightings of triangular flying objects over the past few years — the design varies but the wedge shape is common."



December 11th 1994. Cheshire, England.

Daily Express.

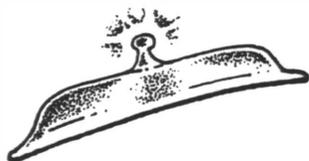


22nd January 1995. Basingstoke, England.

Calling planet Basingstoke

SCORES of people reported a green UFO over Basingstoke in Hampshire yesterday. "There was a flash and then this object was gliding effortlessly across the sky," said film student Julian Yung-Cass, 22. "There was a green strip of a trail and the thing was glowing. There was no noise. I'm convinced it was a UFO. I've been a bit sceptical in the past but it could only have been a spacecraft." Police said: "A baker who rang said he thought it was about 20,000 feet high with a huge trail behind it. We don't know what it could have been."

Daily Express.



'ALIENS WANT MY BABY' PROBE BY MoD

CLAIMS that alien creatures are breeding with humans in a bizarre experiment to save the planet are to be investigated by the Ministry of Defence.

UFO watchers have carried out lengthy interviews with "victims" of alien kidnaps. Their findings are to be examined by Government officials.

Eric Morris, director of the British UFO Studies Centre, said last night: "The MoD has agreed to look at our evidence next month. It's very rare to be granted a meeting like this, and shows how impressive our case really is."

One of the people in Eric's dossier has told The People about her amazing experience.

Rebecca, a 39-year-old professional woman from Cheshire, claims to have had contact with aliens since she was a child.

"My abductions started with me spinning down a

By MIKE SMITH

long tunnel and falling into an empty chamber," she said. "I saw lots of other people walking out of this chamber and a series of other tunnels that lead off it.

"At the end of each tunnel were rooms where the alien entities conducted experiments on people. In one there was a vast black object in the centre."

Sunday People.

Close encounters of the third kind.

The Hopkinsville horror.

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

William Blake.

Guided by the night and carried by the wind, turning, lifting, effortless, weightless, passing over fields and hedgerows, wallowing amongst the shadows cast from trees created amidst the moons effluence, feeling there inanimate woody deadness. Faster and faster it drifted, it passed over the body of a cat and liked the feel of the cat, its inward nature, its primitive bestial emotions, the cruelty, the ugliness, the cat was holding a twitching bird in its reaping claws, they had never taken an animal before, but the cat was pleasing, maybe if they could find no new prey, when they were bored they would return, maybe the cat would end up in there claws, twitching. It sailed silently onwards.

They saw the house, its windows ablaze with its inviting light, it closed in on the house following the path of an owl which had also become attracted to the homely glow, feeling its simple primitive yearns. They both reached the house.

The year was 1955, the date August 21st, the place, the Sutton family farmhouse, Kelly-Hopkinsville, Kentucky. As the evening drew closer the Suttons were entertaining friends, the Langfords and the Taylors. It was around seven o'clock when after a hearty meal, Billy Ray Taylor decided to quench his thirst via the farm well. It was whilst gulping down mouthfuls of bracing cool water outside when Billys attention was drawn towards a dried up river bed situated close to the farm, the old river bed contained an object the likes Billy had never seen before, it was a bright, glowing, spherical object which was spitting multicoloured exhaust fumes, Billy fled back into the house telling all his friends what he had seen, to Billys dismay, they all laughed dismissing his sighting as nothing more than a shooting star, Billy however unimpressed with his friends lack of concern and silly remarks suggested that they all go out with him and investigate, but there was a general feeling of complacency amongst the families and no more was said on the subject until an hour later when they were to confront a situation far more terrifying than anything any of them had encountered before.

The farm guard dog suddenly began barking uncontrollably, Elmer Sutton went outside with Billy Taylor to see what all the fuss was about, once outside they understood the nature of the dogs terror stricken 'woofing' but they were unprepared for the scene that lay before them, a glowing goblin like creature with huge shining eyes and outstretched spindly arms was walking slowly towards the farm house, not liking what they saw, and in the true American way, they picked up a couple of firearms and took pot shots at the thing which scuttled away disappearing into the encroaching darkness. Inside the house the other family members were having goblin trouble of there own, a scraping noise was coming from the kitchen roof, Bill and Elmer ran back

outside and saw another shining goblin leering at them from atop the farmhouse, Bill and Elmer both raised their shotguns and fired at the entity which upon being shot floated gently down to the ground and then ran away like an animal on all four limbs. Understandably, everyone was terrified and they barricaded themselves inside the farmhouse, everyone had their own shotgun or weapon of some description but after seeing the usefulness of the weapons they feared the worst.

From the farmhouse window the three families observed the creatures slowly creeping out of the darkness towards the house, at first only their shining eyes could be seen like a line of stars shimmering in the inky blackness, and then when they were close enough to the house the true ugliness of the entities became visible to the frightened families. The creatures were skinny, small, with huge bald heads and large eyes set on the sides of the head, they had enormous snake-like mouths, down curved as if sneering, (some reports claim that the creatures were silver suited with visors / helmets) they seemed hesitant from coming too near the farmhouse but their confidence was gradually building.

About three hours passed, the families unable to take any more, decided to 'skedaddle', they ran out of the house and clambered into two cars which they then drove rather frantically to Hopkinsville Police station. The Police listened to the excited ravings of the three families and they had no other option than to believe that what they were telling them was the truth, as far as they knew it anyway, the Police chief, Russell Greenwell, his deputy, George Batts, a sergeant Pritchett and three other officers along with a local newspaper reporter returned to the farmhouse accompanied by the three families. About two miles from reaching the farmhouse, they all observed strange and mysterious streaks of light in the sky together with an odd 'banging' sound.

Once at the house an investigation was underway, there was no trace whatsoever of any small goblin-like creatures, but bullet holes were found which convinced the chief that something whatever it might have been sure as hell put the fear of God into the three families. The dry creek where Billy had seen a glowing spherical object earlier in the evening prior to the goblin invasion was also investigated, but again there was no trace of anything unusual. The Sutton family thanked the Police who called off the investigation until daylight and they all decided to put the incident behind them and get some sleep, but at 2 : 30 in the morning the creatures returned.

Glenie Langford couldn't sleep which wasn't surprising all things considered, she was lying in bed when she had a definite feeling that she was being watched, she turned her head towards the window and nearly choked with fear, looking in at her through the window was one of the creatures, its staring effulgent eyes penetrated into her skull, restraining the temptation to scream she softly called to the other members of the families, Elmer picked up a shotgun for the second time that night and came running, he entered the room and fired at the creature which again scurried off into the darkness.

The creatures came back to the house and went away again several times appearing finally and departing for good at about 5 : 00 am, the Sutton, Langford and Taylor families never laid eyes on them again.

Following the incident, the Sutton family and friends remained adamant that whatever happened to them on the night of the 21st August was real and not a hallucination, dream or even a hoax. Even through media harassment and pressure they remained loyal to their stories and

Artists impression of what the Sutton family and friends observed laying siege to there home, note that the appearance of the creatures display classic archetypal features of medieval goblins and demons.



to each other. However the Sutton family eventually sold the farmhouse and left the area. No suitable explanation has since been offered to account for the incident. Amongst many of the more ridiculous suggestions was that the creatures were escaped ' monkeys ' from a travelling circus that had passed through Hopkinsville that day, the monkeys having frightened the families with there circus antics, but I for one have never ever heard of glowing monkeys apart from the Aurora model variety, and even if they were merely monkeys then why were there no bodies of the dead primates recovered the following day during the Police investigation and combing of the area since many of the creatures took direct hits from shotguns. The Hopkinsville case still remains a mystery even today, 39 years later.

David Williams 94.

STRANGE DAYS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

TALES OF THE ODD, THE AWESOME AND THE DOWNRIGHT INCREDIBLE FROM WITHIN THE RANKS OF ALL MANNER OF CREATURES

INTRODUCTION

Let me just say at the outset, you could well be forgiven for being entirely ignorant of the wealth of weird and wonderful examples of 'Animal Strangeness we're about to run right by you....Even though, according to OUR records anyway, since 1990, there would seem to have been a marked increase in the number of reported incidents occurring within the fabulous world of Fauna (and yes, we're more than aware that just about ANYONE can compile a list of data or a catalogue of incidents to 'prove' their pet theory that the figure on the grassy knoll in Dallas was none other than 'Spring-Heeled Jack', the United Nations are sponsored and controlled by 'The Intergalactic Federation Of Smurfs', or the reason Manchester United are nicknamed 'The Red Devils', is because Alex Ferguson is in fact the Human incarnation of 'The Anti-Christ...'
But hey, don't just take OUR word for it.
Read on, and make your OWN mind up...

ANIMAL ANOMALIES.

Featuring The Unusual, The Abnormal, And The Mutant.

BI-SEXUAL TROUTS.

More evidence, if it were needed, of the excessive pollution of the rivers and seas by sewage and chemical effluents may be apparent in the reported phenomenon of male Fish, particularly Trout, undergoing a sudden change of sex.

Hormone, probably Oestrogen - one of the ingredients of detergents and birth pills - being systematically dumped into the waters is likely to blame for a potential ecological disaster....All Fish could rapidly become Hermaphrodites!!!

10th Februaury. 1993. 'Fortean Times' # 69. P: 8

RADIOACTIVE BATS.

Mysterious traces of radiation at a camp for children in the white wastes of Siberia, was found to originate from a group of Bats who had been feeding at a nearby lake.

The waters had been polluted and contaminated by various chemicals. It hasn't been made clear whether or not the Bats are still alive and flapping' or have been destroyed by the authorities.

15th July. 1991. Siberia, Russia. 'Liverpool Echo'.



GLOW mel Nottingham angler Richard Haines thought he was seeing things when he opened up his freezer and was confronted with a fluorescent green pike!

Richard caught the enormous predator from the polluted River Trent and took it home for his family to cook.

The 30-year-old stressed: "It's no wind up. The fish was glowing bright green. I ring the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food straight away and the next morning the National Rivers Authority came round and took the fish away to be tested. When I handed it over I was quite embarrassed!"

Clean Rivers Trust boss Harvey Wood - who has just launched a new study into the beleaguered River Trent - said he came across a glowing eel a few years ago in the Great Ouse.

Harvey said: "I can only think of two reasons why the pike glowed. It is either the phosphorous in the water or it is radioactive!"

10th March. 1992.
'Angling Times'.

APES IN HUMAN CLONING.

A top doctor has gone on record to state that Human embryos have been cloned using Apes as their mothers AIDS expert Patrick Dixon, says an 'eccentric and brilliant scientist' performed the experiments in secret. Dr. Nixon refuses to name involved for fear of ruining his career, but further states that 'he has already cloned a Human embryo. I believe he was putting the embryo's into Apes'.

'Experts' of course, have been quick to dismiss as 'utter rubbish' any such claims...
3rd May. 1993. UK. 'Daily Manc'.

A REAL -LIFE 'BATMAN'?

A Bat that looks like a Human has allegedly been found in woods in North America....According to the (ahem) ever-reliable 'Daily Slur', a zoologist, Richard Clement, states, 'the creature has a Human face and fleshy, muscular arms and legs a very keen intelligence and an ability to mimic Human speech'.

He further surmises, 'There may be millions of 'em, but we haven't found anymore yet.'

23rd May. 1993. Vermont, USA. 'Daily Slur'.

CHICKENS LAYING MULTI-COLOURED EGGS.

Two Chickens hatched from eggs at a market stall layed GREEN eggs. The pullets arrived after their owner, Doris Evans, tucked the market eggs under other Hens.

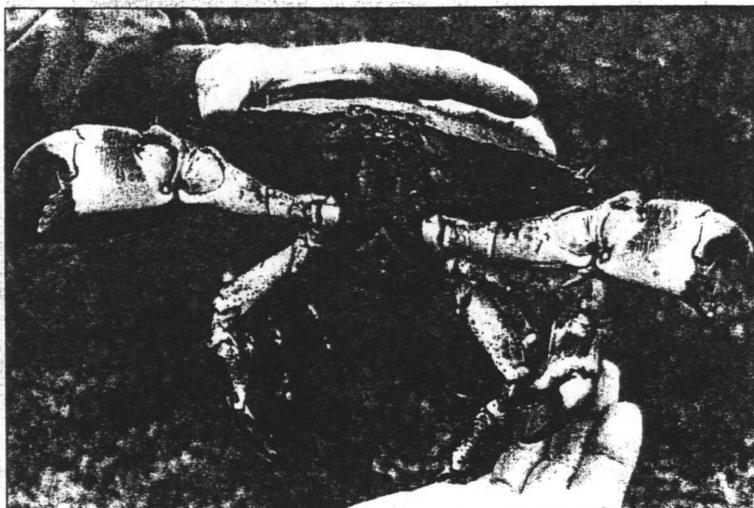
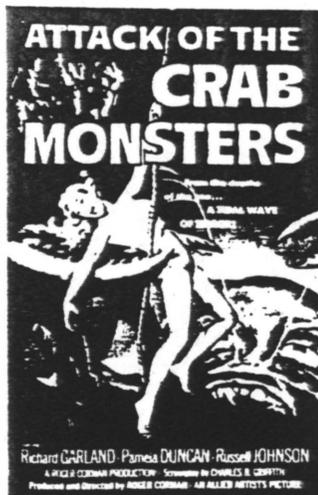
'The Experts' believe they must be related to South American Chickens...

6th April. 1992. Ruabon, Wales. 'Daily Manc'.

And in Ducklington (!) a Goose apparently laid a BLACK egg.
May. 1992: Ducklington, Oxfordshire. 'Daily Slur'.

MUTANT CRAB

A possible Atomic Mutation namely, a Crab with three perfect pincers was caught off the Dorset Coast by Ivor Gordon, aged 43. The reason the dark spectre of 'Atomic Mutation' (and the type of scenario often dreamed up by the likes of Roger Corman - remember 'ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS'?) was that the Crustacean was found near to a windfall pipe off Winfrith Power Station.
26th October. 1991. Weymouth, Dorset. 'Fortean Times' # 63. P: 8.



A NEW SPECIES: A POISON BIRD IS FOUND IN THE JUNGLE.

The first known poisonous Bird has been discovered by researchers from the University of Chicago, in the jungles of New Guinea.

It produces a potent chemical in its skin and feathers that can cause numbness, paralysis, and in some cases death. The Starling sized Bird has been given the name 'Hooded Pitohui', and the toxin is said to act as a defence against its natural enemies...Snakes and Hawks.

THE FLIGHT OF THE WILD BLUE SWANS.

Not a lot of details here, but according to the tiny clipping that we have in our files, a flock of bright blue Swans was seen over the River Wesnum by RSPCA inspectors. As far as we know, they never managed to catch any of them, so the mystery of how they got to be that colour remains unsolved.

3rd April. 1990. River Wesnum, Norwich. 'The Scum'.

"I DON'T WANNA' BE BURIED, IN A PET SEMATARY!!!"

Two cases of pets returning from the grave occurred in the past 12 months. Firstly, in March, 1994, a Dog named 'Brownie', was knocked over and killed by its owner, Mary Bratcher, on the 9th February. Amidst much sadness and with due pomp and ceremony, the lifeless corpse was laid to rest in a nearby field. There wasn't any room for doubt that poor ol' 'Brownie' had indeed past on, and yet Mary's three year old son, Toby, was adamant that the Dog was still very much alive...

The afternoon following the accident, the Brachter family returned from a trip to Carlsbad to find...Yes, you guessed it, just like in the Stephen King novel 'PET SEMATARY', there was the 'dead' Dog waiting for them on the porch, covered in earth. Mary noted that 'Brownie' was missing an eye and had broken his right shoulder... 'Also, he wasn't breathing real good and he was real cold'. A vet who later examined the Dog stated that he believed the animal had been in a coma... 'Brownie' has since been renamed 'Lazarus'.

We hate to be depressingly horrific about the incident, but we can't help wondering if ol' 'Brownie' was quite the same Dog as the one they'd known before the accident...And whether or not it "Stank of the ground it had been buried in..."

9th March. 1994. 'Fortean Times' # 75 . P: 9.

A 14 year old Tabby Cat named, 'Sam' also came back from the dead early this year...The moggy was barely able to walk, and so its owners, reluctantly agreed that the kindest thing was for the vet to administer a lethal injection. 17 hours later, as Mr. Keely was preparing to dig the animal's grave, he heard a rustling sound emanating from the box which was to be 'Sam's' coffin...Suddenly, the cat's head popped out. "I couldn't believe my eyes, but he was alive, Mr Keely said later. He watched in amazement as the Cat slowly got to its feet and started walking around.

The vet offered to give 'Sam' a second injection, but the owners refused point blank. "He's found a new lease of life...He's so energetic and he's eating like a Horse".

The vet, Guy Lown, stated that he definitely gave 'Sam' the usually fatal dose of the anaesthetic Soduim Pentathol. He had no idea how the Cat had survived.

"Cat's are remarkably resilient creatures and they have a very strong constitution, but I have never seen anything like this".

3rd January. 1995. Ipswich. 'Daily Mail'.

REVENGE OF THE CREATURES

MAN'S BEST ENEMY

In marked contrast to the tales recounted in the following section concerning loyalty far beyond the call of Canine duty, we include here a number of recent incidents involving Dog's who have wound up 'shooting' their masters whilst they are on hunting trips.

Such things are normally termed tragic accidents at the conclusion of the coroner's hearing...But it surely is difficult to shake the notion that what we're really dealing with here are examples of Mother Nature slyly turning the tables on the would-be hunters...

In Belgium, Jean Guillaume, 66, was shot clean through the heart when his Spaniel pulled a rifle trigger with his teeth... The Dog had been chewing the man's gun in the back seat of his car. The bullet went through the back seat and lodged in his heart.

23rd June. 1991. Ardenne Hills, Belgium. 'Daily Slur'.

Meanwhile, in Canada, a German Shepherd Dog named 'Vegas' caught her fur in the trigger of a rifle belonging to Joe Petrowski...Joe was fiddling with the scope on his rifle at the time, aiming it at a target 30 metres away. The rifle was clamped into a vice in front of a bench where he'd placed the Dog's ball prior to walking across the yard to check the target. 'Vegas' chose that precise moment to go for the ball, caught the trigger, and shot her master in the back.

At least the animal DID try to make amends in this case. It tried to drag the fallen man toward the house, until he could get to his feet and call for help. Joe was lucky enough to escape with his life, and despite injuries to his spine, stomach and liver, was able to later make a full recovery....

28th June. 1991. Manitoba, Canada. 'Fortean Times' # 63. P: 33.

THE CUDDLY-CREATURES STRIKE BACK.

Even the type of animals you would normally regard as being timid and wary of contact with Humans, can on occasion turn decidedly nasty....

A Rabbit (and let's face it, they don't come much more docile than this mass-reproducing critter), shot dead a Rabbit-hunting farmer named Vincent Caroggio. He was pausing for a rest when he made the fatal mistake of lowering his gun for a few seconds...Suddenly, a Rabbit shot out of its warren and avenged its dead buddies by bumping against the trigger.

14th April. 1992. Chatres, France. 'Sunday Mail'.

A huge Antelope killed John Devereux, who was working as a nurse at a leper's mission, by jumping onto the roof of his van.

26th September. 1991. Transvaal, South Africa. 'Daily Manc'.

A biker by the name of Alan Collard, had his ribs broken after hitting a Deer...For the third time!!!

He'd come off his 'Suzuki' while riding near his home after he'd been forced to swerve to avoid colliding with the animal. He was knocked unconscious, and came too covered in blood, doubtless convinced that this particular species was out to get him!!!

3rd October. 1991. Yeovil. 'Daily Slur'.

A rabid Dog bit a Buffalo, which quite understandably went berserk and trampled several people before goring to death a Brahmin priest conducting a cremation service.

January 1991. Tamil Nadu, Southern India. 'Daily Telegraph'.

A Goat with the wholly appropriate name of 'Beelzebub', went on a 45 minute rampage when he broke out of his paddock in the early hours of the morning.

The animal spotted a long-distance lorry-driver outside his cab and decided to give chase. The terrified driver sought refuge in a telephone box...'Beelzebub' leapt into the air and butted it, and then experiencing a sudden change of heart, tried to make love to it. Two passing security guards attempted to rescue the poor man, and wound up running for their lives!!!

The trucker dialled 999, and the Goat subsequently trapped the police officers in their car. The cops eventually managed to drive over Goat's chain and pin it down while they captured the animal.

Owner Heather Parker said, 'He really IS Beelzebub by name and nature'.

19th December 1994. Featherstone, West York. 'Daily Manc'.

In New Zealand, Sheep are apparently wreaking revenge upon the populace after centuries of being herded for slaughter...

There has been a large increase in the number of incidents of Sheep charging and butting farmers, usually in the back or knee.

16th February. 1994. New Zealand. 'Daily Telegraph'.

A builder died after a Squirrel popped out of a roof gutter and bit his face. Seagan Dawe, 61, fell off his ladder and fatally fractured his skull.

26th January. 1993. Birmingham, England. 'Daily Slur'.

And just one year later, a postman named Steve Allen, had to have a tetanus jab after being attacked by a Squirrel with an attitude. He was left with blood oozing from his thumb after the animal fell out of a tree and landed on his shoulder. He was moved to say later, 'It had razor-sharp teeth. The lads have been ribbing me ever since'.

26th November 1994. Retford, Notts. 'Today'.

HIPPOS ON THE RAMPAGE

A woman of 77 on a big-game watching holiday, got more than she bargained for when two Hippos trampled her to death. Her 48 year old daughter was seriously injured in the incident. October, 1992. South Africa. 'Daily Manc'.

Also in South Africa, a golfer named Werner Borne, sliced his ball into the rough and hit a five ton Hippo which was in the process of mating....The understandably enraged animal chased him for over 50 metres, before deciding to spare the man and return to his beloved. 6th October. 1994. Cape Town, South Africa. 'Daily Slur'.



KILLER MONKEY

A farmer was killed when a Monkey up a tree hit him with a coconut and broke his neck. Mat Sulaiman, 76, had trained his pet to climb coconut palms and collect the fruit. Investigators were unsure as to whether the Ape had intentionally thrown the nut down at him. What IS known, is that the Monkey's are trained to pluck the heavy nuts and usually drop the coconuts they have picked rather than throw them down. 19th January, 1995. Malaysia. 'Daily Express'.

AN ELEPHANT WHO CAN'T REMEMBER TO FORGIVE AND FORGET.

A herd of 50 Elephants trampled a man to death and then proceeded to dig up his corpse along with four others from a graveyard three days later.

15th November, 1993. West Bengal, India. 'Liverpool Echo'.

A furious mother Elephant intent upon protecting her baby pushed a rowdy wedding party's jeep into a ravine. One reveller died and eight were hurt in the tragedy.

15th November 1992. Kerala, Southern India. 'Sunday People'

RAT ATTACKS

(or eat yer heart out, James Herbert)

A young mother who heard strange noises in her daughter's bedroom found a Rat gnawing at her sleeping child's foot!!! The Rat had bitten through to the bone of 6 year old Emma Cutter's toe. Her mother, Julie said, "I felt sick. It was a nightmare. Like something out of a horror movie". A neighbour sent his Lurcher Dog into the Cutter's house and it eventually killed the Rat.

1990. Tyne and Wear. 'Daily Slur'.

In Liverpool, a Rat gnawed a five year old's finger whilst she was asleep in bed. Lisa Mahoney had awoken after hearing squeaking noises, and feeling something on the bed. Her mother, Sandra Mahoney, was alerted by Lisa's terrified screams...

Local residents claim they are all but overrun by Vermin. 13th April. 1991. Rimrose Estate, Bootle. 'Liverpool Echo'.

RATS ATTACK SLEEPING TOT

A FAMILY of five are sleeping together in terror after a five-year-old boy was attacked in his sleep by rats.

Little Luke Stuart woke up covered in blood after rats gnawed at his head and toes.

The boy now refuses to sleep in his own bed and the family of five cower together in a double bed for safety.

Health officials have blocked up the rats' access to the flat, but admitted that three successive mild winters have led to a population explosion in the sewers.

The child's night of terror began on Tuesday when his mother, Gwen, put him to bed at their home in Northfield, Birmingham.

Gwen, 30, said: "When I went to get Luke up the following morning I noticed his head was covered in blood."

"When I cleaned up the wounds on Luke's I noticed clean teeth marks on

Family left in terror

his head and between his toes and realised he had been attacked by rats."

A doctor confirmed this.

Added Gwen: "It is just too horrific to put into words. I can't tell you how I feel. To be lying in your own bed and have rats trying to eat you is just like something out of a horror film."

Luke is now too scared to sleep in his bed alone and Gwen has to have Luke, her 12-year-old daughter Zoe, Benjamin, 10, and two-year-old Stacey, in bed together.

Ian Coghlin, Birmingham's acting assistant director of environmental health services, said a team of 14 pest control officers and water authority officials have been busting sewers to try to eradicate the plague.

23rd March 1990. Northfield, Birmingham.

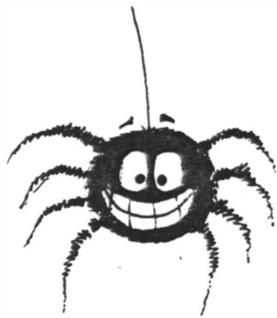
INSECTS ON THE MARCH : 1

Wasp Swarms And Killer Bees

A swarm of angry Wasps ate their way into the bedroom of Neil Guy, as he cowered beneath his blankets. Hundreds of them pored through a hole in the ceiling after munching their way through the plasterboard. They were attracted by Neil's bedside lamp as he read in the early hours. He was only wearing a pair of boxies, and he had no option but to dive under the covers and scream for his family to come to his aid. His father called the fire brigade who managed to coax Neil to run out of the room and council pest control officers later killed the Wasps.

Neil escaped with just one sting.

June 1994. Haverhill, Suffolk. 'Daily Manc'.



The fire brigade again rushed to the rescue when approximately 30,000 Bees swarmed into a woman's flat. June 1994. Rickmansworth, Herts. 'The Scum'.

A romantic stroll turned into a nightmare for a couple when they were attacked by a swarm of Bees. They swooped upon Adele Sewell and John Wiltshire as they fled in terror and stung them dozens of times. A motorist who stopped to help was also attacked. The couple finally found sanctuary in an old folks block of flats and slammed the outer door on them. Adele was stung more than 100 times on the head!!! June 1990. Rotherham. 'Daily Slur'

Two lorry drivers were rushed to hospital after being set upon by thousands of irate Bees. The swarm struck after Jack Ibbs made the major boo-boo of trying to swat a Queen Bee from his cab whilst parked in a lay-by. Within seconds, he found himself covered from head to foot in Bees. Fellow truck-driver, Brian Moore, rushed to his assistance and was also attacked for his pains. Police found the pair writhing in agony in the middle of the road. They suffered multiple stings. August 1992. Upavon, Wiltshire. 'Daily Manc'

A veritable cloud of Bees buzzed into a subway station attacking passengers on platforms and in trains. One person was reported killed and 100 others were injured... The attack was apparently provoked by a watchman who started up a tractor near the Bees hive. Not surprisingly, they were irritated by the racket it made... December 1994. Brazil. 'Liverpool Echo'

Boche beasts bash Britain

Why has the German wasp - so called, but actually a native British insect - suddenly launched its blitzkrieg?

Mr Abbey blames the hot weather. More and more potential victims are getting out in the garden and the countryside, where the German wasp thrives in trees, hedges and compost.

WE are fighting them on the beaches, in the fields - but a plague of German wasps seems to be winning the new Battle of Britain.

"They are attacking like squadrons of Messerschmitts," warned environmental health chief Roy Abbey.

Hospitals are buzzing with victims from the sharp end of the battle. One of them actually lost consciousness after a direct hit.

"We have been absolutely inundated," said Sister Margaret Chells of Manchester's Trafford hospital.

Everyone seems to be getting stung.

Is there no end to the suffering? Oh sting, where is thy death?

Mr Abbey's tip is to stand still. Movement scares the little blighters with the striped fuselages, and they zoom in to counter-attack.

There is only one better response, and that is to join the ranks of those who manufacture insect repellent.

"It's a bumper year for us," one of them beamed cheerfully yesterday.

"Sales have shot up by 200 per cent over the past two weeks."

August 1991. 'Sunday People'

INSECTS ON THE MARCH: 2 Super-Flies And Other Creepy Crawlies.

How about this for an horrific Insect menace...A real-life Seth Brundle!!! 5th April. Dorset. 'Sunday People'

SCIENTISTS were yesterday plotting the final solution to the horrific menace of The Fly... a bloodthirsty bug which can cause NINE-INCH wounds.

The monster - a tiny female blackfly - has been terrorising parts of Dorset for three decades.

More than 40,000 people have fallen victim to its merciless mandibles.

Some watched powerlessly as their limbs swelled to double their normal size. Others were left too frightened to walk in their gardens at night.

But now the human race is fighting back - with a £70,000 scheme to zap the bloodsucker bugs to oblivion.

Banks of the River Stour, where their larvae feed, will be cannily treated with a biological agent.

The campaign will be greeted with joy by victims like former Rhodesian

By STEVE ATKINSON

premier Sir Roy Welensky, who now lives in Blandford Forum.

He complained to a newspaper: "The fly's bite is so bad that people suffer from swelling of the legs, and worst of all their eyes close up if they are bitten there."

"My family are unable to venture into the garden."

Breed

The female fly - unlike the male, needs to feed on human or animal blood to breed.

North Dorset council health chief David Morgan said: "Our scientific researchers have collected photos of the wounds caused by this menace."

He measured a full nine inches across.

A woman official at Blandford council said:

"My husband had to go to hospital because poison began to creep up his entire arm. It was ghastly."

Naturalist Roger Key said the insect - the Simulium Posticatum species, known locally as the Blandford Fly - generally swooped on livestock.

But he added: "This strain seems to like humans."

The flies will enjoy one more summer of blood. The officials need this year to prepare their battle plan before launching an all-out assault in 1991.

Until then... be afraid, be very afraid.



Hazel Murphy claimed her husband was bitten to death by hundreds of Fire Ants as they slept at a motel. Her husband, Charles, awoke with nausea and died from an allergic reaction to the Ants. Hazel is suing the owners. 14th October 1991. Houston, Texas. 'Daily Slur'

And those pesky Fire Ants were back in the news a couple of years later when thousands of gallons of insecticide were sent by America to a Brazilian town that was in danger of being overran with the varmints. They reportedly poured out of the surrounding jungle like a tidal wave, left five children critically ill and killed scores of animals.. 'They are like a fiery river from Hell' said the local mayor, Luis Neto. 17th May. 1993.

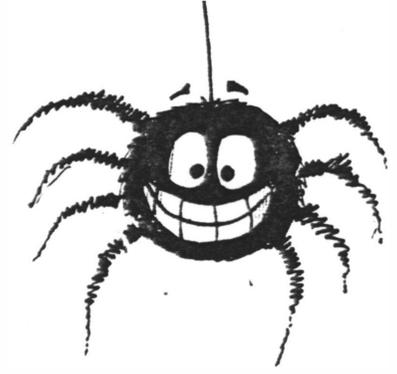
WAR DECLARED ON BLOODSUCKER BUG

An infestation of 'Super-Flies' was reportedly being kept under control by our trusty scientists. They hit upon the rather spiffing notion of spraying a sexual stimulant into the air to entice the critters to some unspecified doom. We never heard if they were successful or not... Though I for one, won't be placing any bets against there being a similar infestation in the future...

21st June 1991. Droxford, Hampshire. 'Daily Manc'

A warning was given in the press about a possible invasion of Britain by various foreign Bugs such as Yellow-tailed Scorpions, Termites, Caterpillars that can cause temporary blindness and relatives of the deadly Black Widow Spider.

Summer 1990. Britain. 'Daily Manc'



TALES TO MAKE YOU SQUIRM

A Mrs. Ann Mills was forced to leave her home after it became infested with literally hundreds of six inch Earthworms. They apparently arrived during a particularly heavy thunderstorm the previous November.

The monstrous spread of the dreaded Flatworm, (*Artioposthia Triangulata*) has given cause for great concern right across Britain. The creature is a major killer of Earthworms, and has been busy doing just that over in Ireland for the past 20 years. It can live in ALL soil types and has a distinct lack of natural predators (due to the fact that the mucus they secrete makes them very unpalatable - not that we've ever tried one you understand). These Flatworms have an incredible power to regenerate, even stamping on them seems to have little effect....In fact, and this DOES sound like the stuff of a low budget '50's Sci-Fi/Horror movie, trying to flatten them with the sole of your shoe is only likely to help increase their numbers. Mature Flatworms can grow up to 10 inches in length and the future is looking bleak for the ecologically vital Common Earthworm.

16th January 1995. Britain. 'The Times' .

Larry Moore, 45, a Canadian Snake-handler who founded a Reptile owners group to dispel the fear and misunderstanding of Snakes, was bitten by his Egyptian Cobra and died as he pleaded to passers-by for help. He ran screaming from the room where he kept his Snakes shortly after he was bitten. 'Take me to a hospital' he cried to people on the street...He died before anyone could offer assistance.

3rd August. 1992. Vancouver, Canada. 'Scottish Daily Record'.

TINY SPIDER EATS WOMAN

A WOMAN faced losing all her limbs last night after being bitten by a tiny spider.

Valerie Slimp, 39, was fighting for life as the venom from the deadly Brown Recluse Spider attacked the cells in her body.

Mrs Slimp was bitten at her home in San Bernardino, California. By the time doctors discovered what was wrong, the tissue in her legs and arms had already been eaten away.

Expert Dr Rick Vetter said: "The Brown Recluse - also known as the Violin Spider because of its shape - is more dangerous than the notorious Black

From KEVIN O'SULLIVAN
in Los Angeles

Widow. The spider, a native of America's Midwest, is so tiny humans do not feel the bite. It can take a month before you know you are bitten.'

1991. California. 'Daily Slur'.

A PORTION OF VERY FISHY TALES

A Lobster hidden in the underpants of a shoplifter named Winston Austin, clamped one of its huge pincers on his genitals. The foolhardy 25 year old has since been told he might never father children as a result.

14th March 1993. Boston, Massachusetts. 'News Of The World'.

Two tourists were savaged by a leaping Barracuda. The first victim was a woman of whom we have no real details...But the second one was an angler named Bobby Martin. The 40lb Fish suddenly jumped from the sea and sank its razor sharp teeth into his arm. He required 24 stitches.

15th July 1993. Florida. 'Sunday People'.

Even when they're supposed to be dead, animals can still pose a threat to the well-being of their would-be hunters...

A Dutch worker was taken to hospital with a fractured foot after a dead Shark fell on him. The 5ft frozen carcass fell from a container the docker was unloading in a port.

1991. Amsterdam, Holland. 'Liverpool Echo'.

....And a Fijian fisherman choked to death when he tried to kill his catch in the traditional way by biting its head off.

17th January 1995. Vanua Levu. 'The Times'.

THE BIRDS

In 1990, residents in a quiet street faced attacks by a family of Crows that swooped down every time someone opened their doors. And by an incredible coincidence (?) Dapne Du Maurier, author of 'The Birds', used to live in the area.

1990. Grange Gardens, Hampstead, North London. 'Daily Slur'.

A girl of five had her face clawed by a Jackdaw that attacked her ...The girl's mother, Katherine Dillon, said, "Every time she tried to hit it off, it bit her".

7th May 1994. Immingham, Humberside. 'Today'.

Nicola Sapiena, 21, was riding a motorcycle when he passed an old lady feeding about 2,000 Birds. They suddenly, and for no reason, rose up and pecked at him until he fell from his motorbike.

27th June. 1884. Viareggio, Italy. 'Liverpool Echo'.

Footie players ran for cover when a giant Bird repeatedly attacked them in a sustained bombardment. The referee had no option but to call a halt to the match after he was pecked by the Griffon Vulture - a Bird fabled for carrying off babies...
14th February 1995. Tenerife. 'Today'.

A CLASSIC HITCHCOCK HORROR MOVIE TAKES WING IN REAL LIFE

Invasion of The Birds

By STEPHEN OLDFIELD

DARKNESS came early and early to the village of Freckleton. But the sombre winter skies were no quirk of the weather.

As grim-faced residents gazed out to the west, some with a shiver of fear, the evening light was once more being blacked out by a shroud of . . . starlings.

Tens of thousands swept in this week, a screeching, fluttering mass — a vision from Hitchcock's classic horror movie *The Birds*.

And the community under siege could only brace itself for nights of noise and smog as the invaders — cryptically dubbed *stinkers* — riled the rooks.

'I must get 10,000 a night in my garden alone,' said 73-year-old local councillor Richard Spencer. 'They fly in from the west in a cross swirling black cloud before landing on my . . .'

My gardener now spends all his time sweating up after them. He cursed out two full barrows from just two days' roosting.

'We are a village in fear. People have tried lots of ways to get rid of them, but they might as well whistle Dixie. I really feel as though we have all been caught up in a sequel to *The Birds*.'

Terrifying

Echoes of the 1963 film about terrorist flocks swooping on California coastal homes were also felt by village Stoughton (Gumburgh) — who desperately tried to stop the starlings' massacre on the eaves of the 400-year-old converted barn he has made his home.

'I am weary from being kept awake all night listening to them screeching around on the roof, and weary from scrubbing my Land Rover next morning,' he said.

'I keep firing my air rifle, but I like to believe that I am a civilized man. However, it is so tempting.'

Widow Doris Taylor, 74, similarly suffered. 'The situation is beyond belief,' she said. 'My trees and driveway have turned grey. I like to sleep with my bedroom window open, but the noise and stink is too much.'

Her cat Fred caught 26 of the invaders — 12 of which, despite her abhorrence of them, she saved from his paw.

'Fred's doing his bit — but it's a drop in the ocean,' she added. 'We need another 1,000 like him.'

Initial attempts to stop the starlings making their inexplicable forays into the village near Preston, Lancs, met with failure.

'When farmers put up scarecrows, the birds simply perched on them.'

Wood owls — set out on rooftops in the hope that a bird of prey would scare the flocks away — were also a failure.

Crash kits were sent aloft, with rattles and bells attached, but to no avail. Showguns were discharged and

Feathered fiend of Freckleton: The tens of thousands of starlings initially defied all attempts to shift them



Screeching, swooping and shrouding the skies, starlings bring fear and loathing to quiet village

bin lids banished, but the birds ignored them.

Maddeningly, they returned nightly to roost on roofs, trees, pylons and telephone wires — anywhere a crow could find a grip — starting down on the hapless community.

But with the invasion on the wing and Freckleton seemingly without a prayer, villagers finally found a champion in local environmental health officer John Hunter.

He had toyed with the idea of setting off fire crackers, but dismissed the idea.

Targeted

'Then, as the sun once more sank in the west on Wednesday and the skies darkened early, he arrived armed with the ultimate deterrent — a tape recording of a starling's distress cry. He obtained the wonder-weapon after talks with the nearby British aerospace plant, which needs to keep its runways bird-free.

Broadcasting equipment was set up in Mr Spencer's garden. And as the flocks settled in, the tape was blasted out through a loudspeaker.

It worked, clearing the starlings from the trees. But Mr Hunter was

not ecstatic. 'Have they been terrified away for good, or will they come back?' he asked. 'And if they do, might they become gradually immune to the sound? Only time will tell.'

But things are looking good. Last night, for a second successive evening, the starlings flew off screaming on hearing the tape and did not reappear.

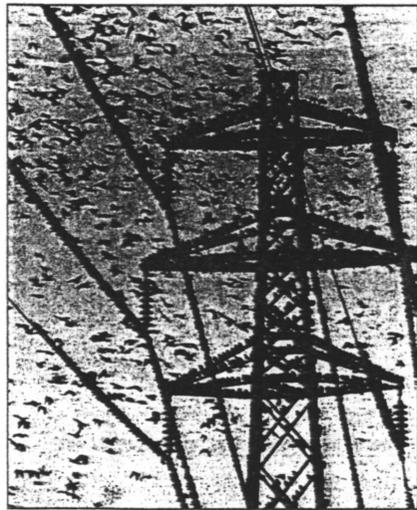
Around 27 million starlings congregate in Britain during the winter, roost flying in from Russia and Eastern Europe to escape the bitter cold.

But just why Freckleton should be targeted by the birds remains a mystery — one theory is that they feed during the day on nearby marshes.

Local Ministry of Agriculture official Steve Newby said: 'They arrive in autumn in large flocks. Why those flocks are so unusually extra-large in Freckleton, I just don't know.'

'The starlings generally head back to east Europe in mid-February. Let's keep our fingers crossed that they do.'

It was a sentiment heartily endorsed by a ruffled Richard Spencer. 'I just hope they're finding somewhere else to go,' he said.



Piled on: Starlings swoop on a pylon near the village

14th January 1995. Freckleton, Preston. 'Daily Express'.

ANIMAL MAGIC

Examples of Animal Intelligence, Kindness And Loyalty.

This final section is intended to provide you, the Reader, with some idea of the many and varied accounts that exist, that to OUR minds at least, give the lie to the old saying; 'Dumb Animals'. Sure, it's all too easy to underestimate the intelligence quotient of certain creatures, even those that we accept are blessed with possessing an above-average brain size (mostly Apes and Dolphins). Perhaps we've grown too ignorant of the life-forms with whom we share this planet... Perhaps we've become too arrogant in our belief that any intellect other than our own is so inferior as to be unworthy of serious scientific study... Or perhaps, we see well enough, but perceive such things as being in some vague way, both scary and threatening... If the latter is indeed the case, perhaps we, in the words of Elizabeth Mastrantonio in 'THE ABYSS', "need to look with better eyes than that!!!"

DOGS TO THE RESCUE

Fiona Levitt, 29, was a very strong swimmer, but was all but overcome by cold in 20ft of water, after jumping in to retrieve a ball thrown by her son. A Rottweiler named 'Cassius', who'd been paddling nearby saw she was in trouble and began swimming towards her. She was able to grab hold of the Dog's chain around its neck and he promptly pulled her 40 yards to the bank and safety.
17th May. 1990. River Teifi, Cilgerran, West Wales. 'Daily Manc'.

Even more incredible, is the tale of 'Megan', a Bull Terrier puppy owned by Pat Robinson... This animal, believe it or not, dialled 999 with her nose whilst the Robinson's were out. The police were forced to send a squad car round when they could get no answer, as they assumed, quite naturally, that the caller had suffered a heart attack or had been attacked by someone.

Who knows, Maybe the Dog had a premonition of imminent danger???
12th August 1990. Merry Hill, Wolverhampton. 'Sunday People'.

A weak-hearted Mongrel named 'Otto', saved a priest who had collapsed in some woods whilst he was out jogging (the priest, not the Dog). 'Otto's' barking alerted rescuers and he earned himself a canine pace-maker as a reward from grateful parishoners.

17th April 1992. Freiburg, Germany. 'Sunday People'.

LOYAL TO THE END

This is the wonderful, tear-jerking story of 'Ruswarp', a cross-Collie, who lay beside his master's badly decomposed body on a remote mountainside for three months. The faithful hound refused to leave his owner, Graham Nutall, after he'd collapsed in the Elan Valley in Mid-Wales, and chose instead to starve to death if need be...

'Ruswarp' survived by drinking water from a nearby stream, and was so thin when he was finally found, he could barely stand. His weight haddropped by half to 15lb. A Vet stated that 'Ruswarp' would be back to full health within a couple of weeks.

Would that we Humans shared the same compassion...

August 1991. Elan Valley, Wales. 'Daily Manc'.

Chippy, an old man's very best friend to the end



Steadfast
Chippy would
not abandon
his master

Daily Mail Reporter

A PET dog ignored hunger and cold to stand guard over its elderly master's body for up to three days.

Albert Barnecott, 71, went missing while taking his beloved Chippy for a stroll near their home.

Police used a helicopter and tracker dogs in the 72-hour search for the retired miner, who lived in sheltered accommodation at Birtley, Tyne and Wear.

Barnecott found his body in a drainage ditch early yesterday morning —

with the 12-year-old mongrel sitting at his side.

'It is a very sad story,' said Chief Inspector Peter Moore, of Northumbria police.

'The dog obviously sat there all the time, despite being starving and cold.'

He said there were no suspicious circumstances and a post mortem was being carried out to determine the cause of death.

Yesterday Mr Barnecott's elder brother Ronald, 72, of Sunderland, said he was not surprised that Chippy had not abandoned him.

'The pair had been together for a very long time and were devoted to

each other,' he said. 'Many years ago Chippy was almost killed when he was hit on a railway line and although the dog lost an eye, Albert nursed him back to health.'

He added: 'In this case the old saying is true, a dog is a man's best friend.'

'Albert never married and didn't have that many close friends. Chippy was nice company and a great comfort to my brother.'

Mr Barnecott was found at Lamesley, near Gateshead, three miles from the home where he had lived for two years.

Yesterday his cherished pet was fed and comforted by officers at Whickham police station.

He was later moved to an animal shelter, which hopes to find him a loving new home.



Devoted: Albert Barnecott

7th January 1995. Birtley, Tyne and Wear. 'Daily Express'.

CANINE EARTHQUAKE DETECTORS:

A Jack Russell Dog belonging to M. Astbury, was said to have acted in an extremely odd manner prior to the Welsh Earthquake of April 2nd, 1990. Five days before the 'quake struck, the Dog acted as though it were terrified, running around with its tail between its legs and generally trembling and cowering. This behaviour continued for about 18 hours. If you're thinking that what we're talking about here is mere coincidence, then how about we mention the fact that the next door neighbour's Dog also acted in a pretty similar way, the day

prior to the quake.
10th April. Rutland. 'Daily Telegraph'.

CLASSIC FOX TALES

A Fox totally outwitted a gang of barbaric hunters and their Hounds by using its famed cunning to scoot into an RSPCA home a few weeks before it was due to open for business. The disenchanted hunt were stopped in their tracks by superintendent David Erskine. He explained to the warped bunch of sadists...oops, sorry, I do of course mean noble hunters, that they were forbidden to trespass on RSPCA land. Mr. Erskine noted wryly, that after the hunt had rode off, "the Fox stayed until the coast was clear, and then he disappeared as well"
9th January 1991. Great Ayton, North Yorkshire. 'Fortean Times' #57 P: 5.

One of the most satisfying cases we have on record of 'Animal Revenge', occurred in the district of Gynedd, Wales, during the Easter period of 1990.

A Fox that had killed a couple of Lambs was hunted down by local farmers. Its lair was eventually found and although the male Fox escaped, the men mercilessly slayed the Vixen and five of her cubs.

The Fox, (if it had been Human, one would say, understandably grief stricken), then embarked on a reign of death and destruction as it killed and ate over 60 Sheep, decimating flocks and forcing the farmers to patrol their fields at night armed with flashlights and shotguns. The Fox became known as 'The Red Devil', and was famed for its uncanny ability to avoid capture. The kills were all of a similar nature; "Swift and skillful. He will crush the back of the beast's neck or snap its backbone".

As far as we're aware, they never DID catch him...

29th April 1990. Penmaenmawr, Gwynedd, Wales. 'Fortean Times' #55 P: 34.

HEROIC CATS

A Cat named 'Smokie' (!) managed to wake his owner Jim Flynn, 21, by nibbling away at his beard, thereby saving his life as fire swept through the flat where they both lived.

2nd February 1992. Leeds. 'Daily Manc'.

...And then another Cat named 'Smokie' (!!) saved the life of Susan Stott, 25, from a blazing inferno.

Susan's electric blanket had overheated and caught fire as she slept at her home. 'Smokie' jumped up, licked her face, and Susan woke up... In the nick of time...

25th January 1995. Sowerby Bridge, West Yorks. 'Sunday People'.



CAT BURGLARS AND DOGS ON THE ROB

Neighbours were baffled by the strange disappearance of items of clothing from washing lines over a period of several weeks. Sneak thieves were strongly suspected, and the local mayoress, Audrey Williamson, set out to catch the culprits.

She found, much to her astonishment, that it was her pet Cat 'Blackie' who was responsible, after the 14 month old Moggie brought home slippers, scarves, gloves, kitchen utensils, and a blouse in Mrs. Williamson's size and favourite colour.

He also once found a shoe, and a day later, stole the other one of the pair. Audrey says that 'Blackie' was a stray kitten and thinks that the thefts are a way of saying thank you for taking him in...

14th January 1995. Much Wenlock, Shropshire. 'Daily Express'.

To compliment the above story, we include this little missive from just 7 days earlier...

A Collie Dog was stealing milk bottles from a front door step so frequently that police were forced to stake out the house, believing a two-legged thief to be responsible. Instead they were bemused to see the Collie making off with a couple of bottles clenched between its teeth.

7th January 1995. Burnham-On-Crouch, Essex. 'Today'.



MAD AS MARCH HARES???

Is the following tale, an example of Animals conforming to stereotype (even if it IS a stereotype based entirely upon rural folklore), for the benefit of two country walkers?

It certainly seems that way, if we are to believe the testimony of a couple of men out for a stroll near Sherborne Castle. They reported coming across a group of Hares, six in number, all running along in single file. They headed into a field dotted with Sheep, and once they'd reached a large open area, they suddenly stopped, and ran in a circle clockwise...They then stopped again, before running anti-clockwise for a slightly longer time. They then dashed off, again in single-file, into a nearby wood. 14th March 1992. Sherborne. 'Fortean Times' #63.

A JAMAICAN TALKING GOAT.

A mucho ecological Goat with the ability to speak, reputedly passed the following message to Ms Adele Brown, as she and her mother collected fruit. It predicted that unless 'The Jamaican Green Party' obtained power in the immediate future, the end of the World was surely nigh...

Not surprisingly, the two women asked the Goat what they could do to help ensure an election victory. The Goat replied that "there are no limits to subversion. Vote for any candidate opposed to 'The Year 2000 Party'.

Cryptic message thus imparted, (we're reminded of the not TOO dissimilar apocalyptic conversations reported to have taken place between 'the common people' and the occupants of 'Alien Saceships'), the Talking Goat wandered off into the bushes.

16th September 1992. St. Annes Bay, Albany, Jamaica. 'Fortean Times' # 68. P:10.

A SPOT OF MONKEY BUSINESS

A French tourist visiting a park on a Malaysian island, was grabbed by an Orang-Utan, who proceeded to peel off the holiday-makers shirt, trousers and underwear, as he stood stock-still, absolutely petrified.

It then made off with his garments into the woods.

October 1992. Borneo Island, Malaysia. 'Sunday Manc'.

Even more unbelievable is the case of the three Gorillas that escaped from their cage in a zoo, and subsequently broke into a keeper's house and scooped piles of fruit...Nothing unusual there, you may say, but what most certainly IS a trifle strange is that they then took with them a copy of a book on 'Ape Behaviour'.

9th June 1993. Sydney, Australia. 'Sunday People'.

NO MORE MR. BIRD BRAINS.

Who said Birds are stupid?

Here's some pretty good evidence that they most certainly are NOT!

An astute Blackbird decided to build its nest beneath an estate agents sign that read..."We find a home for EVERYBODY".

May. 1991. Lincoln.. 'Daily Manc'

Legal history was made in India, when a Parrot was brought to court to sort out an ownership dispute, The local beak (any jokes or puns inserted here, and you're fired - Misery-guts Ed), ruled that in order to ascertain to whom the Bird belonged, he would hear what, if anything, the Parrot might have to say on the issue. It duly obliged by squaking 'Bilsy and Beebsy', which just happened to be the names of one of the contestants two children.

The beak decreed that the Parrot belonged to them.

13th June. 1993. India. 'Today'.

A one-eyed Parrot named 'Nelson' died a hero after telling his owners that their house was on fire. The 20 year old Blue-Headed Amazon carried on shrieking 'Mum, mum, Hello' until Jean Thorne woke to find her home filled with smoke.

Jean, 48, and her daughter, Leanne, 12, fled to safety, but 'Nelson' died in the flames.

Jean was moved to say later, "I'm so upset. We owe 'Nelson' our lives".

19th December 1994. Bournemouth. 'Daily Manc'.

And, just to finish this feature on a high note, it's recently been revealed that some of our 'feathered friends' are amongst the most intelligent species on Earth.

Parrots have shown themselves to be as smart as young children and one in America can even hold two-way conversations about colours.

They are also said to have a sense of humour that can charm Humans...

2nd January, 1995. General. 'Today'.

So there you have it.

Just a very brief overview of the wealth of material we have on file regarding Strange Days In The Animal Kingdom..Make of it what you will.

We' will of course, be keeping you bang up to date with the very latest news as and when we get it....

Written and compiled by Lee Walker.

16th February 1995

A CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS



PART 3

NAME: BAAL

DESCRIPTION: *Here's one of those DEMONS who can appear in HUMANOID form (see illustration in 'DEAD OF NIGHT' #2 P:4), or if he so chooses, a man with the head of a Cat or a Toad. Or even a man with THREE heads on a single body.*

CATEGORY: *DEMON*

SOURCE: *Semitic Tradition.*

BRIEF HISTORY:

The word BAAL means Lord or Master, and originally, as with so many Evil Entites, BAAL started out as a basically benign deity. He was a fertility God of the Semites, and may well have been the male counterpart of the female BELET (who she? Inquisitive Ed).

He was also utilised by the Ancient Greeks as a storm God and was known to all and sundry as 'He Who Mounts The Clouds'. In later times however, he was designated the less than favorable title of 'One Of The Most Powerful DEMON Kings'.

And it's in the latter guise that he is best known to most modern Occultists. He has been paradoxically granted the honour of being numbered amongst the 72 Spirits Of Solomon...Whilst at the same time, according to 'The Grimoires', he is believed to serve in the Eastern Division Of Hell, and is attended by 60 or 70 Legions of DEVILS.

NAME: BAALBERITH.

DESCRIPTION: *When manifesting as his alias BERITH, he appears wearing a crown of gold and is mounted on a red Horse.*

CATEGORY: *DEMON.*

SOURCE: *Various Demonic Grimoires.*

BRIEF HISTORY:

And here's a DEMON who was once an ex-prince of the Order Of Cherubim....Not anymore however. Nowadays, he's considered a Grand Pontiff and Master Of Ceremonies. He has the task of countersigning the signatures on the pacts entered into by avaricious Humans out to make a quick and easy deal with His Satanic Majesty.

For this reason, he is often called 'The Scriptor', and is noted as such on documents executed in the Underworld. BAALBERITH is also said to be one of the DEMONS who took part in the famous possession of Sistr Madeline at Aix-en-Provence, and sneakily revealed to her the names of many other DEVILS.

He is said too, to be blessed with the Alchemical power to transmute metal into pure gold. On the minus side, he can very easily tempt men to murder and blasphemy (though not necessarily in that order). His spiritual adversary incidentally is BARNABAS.

NAME: BALAM.

DESCRIPTION: *Yet another DEMON with three heads...This particular Entity has the bonces of a Bull, a Ram, and a Man. He also has the tail of a Serpent.*

CATEGORY: *Various Demonic Grimoires.*

BRIEF HISTORY:

BALAM was formerly an ANGEL of the Order Of Dominations...Now however, he is regarded as a 'terrible and powerful King' in the fiery recesses of Hell. He is said to ride naked on a Bear, carries a Hunting Hawk on his wrist and commands 40 Legions of Infernal Spirits.

Just for good measure, he is said to give his followers ALL the knowledge they could ever want concerning the present and the future...So he has a good deal in common with his colleague in the depths of Hades, BAAL.

NAME: *BANSHEE.*

DESCRIPTION: *A wailing, female Spirit, usually dressed in flowing rags, and replete with wild, unkempt hair.*

CATEGORY: *Ghost/Faerie*

SOURCE: *Irish and Scottish folklore.*

BRIEF HISTORY:

The sight and sound of this Spirit was made all the more terrifying by the fact that its melancholy wailing was said to presage a death in the family of its percipient. The word BANSHEE is believed to be derived from the old Irish 'Ben Sidhe' meaning 'a woman of the Faerie Folk'.



(Above): THE BANSHEE, The Spirit of an old hag dressed in tatters and an omen of imminent death, according to Irish and Scottish folk legend.

NAME: *BAPHOMET.*

DESCRIPTION: *A Goat-headed, cloven-hoofed DEMON!!!*

CATEGORY: *DEMON.*

SOURCE: *The lore of The Knights Templar???*

BRIEF HISTORY:

Just one glance at the illustration on the following page is normally all the time it takes to confirm this particular Entity as a DEMON. It could hardly be mistaken for anything else, could it?

Well, don't be so quick to judge, Constant Reader...If you've taken the time to read thus far, you'll doubtless have learned never to take anything for granted in the weird and wonderful world of MONSTERS.

Ans so it might prove wise to be cautious when dealing with this much maligned character. Although the word BAPHOMET appears in many modern Occult works, its probable origin lies in a strange corruption of 'MOHAMMED'. Certainly, the name emerged in the circles of those who worshipped the Middle Eastern Gods. The infamous Knights Templar were accused by their persecutors of paying homage to an idol that became associated with Paganism and Demonology. Perhaps that allegation shouldn't seem too surprising

when you consider that those who sought the destruction of the Order, did so more for political motives than out of any sense of rooting out Evil. The only evidence that the Knights Templar EVER had any connection with DEVIL-worship is derived from the desperate confessions made by its members whilst undergoing the most barbaric of tortures.

Later commentators have defined BAPHOMET as 'The Sabbatic Goat Of The Occultists', and as one of the names given to the Pentagram. The authour Frank Gettings points out that the Pentagram is used in 'several Demonic figures of the Sabbat Goat'.



(Above): We have the never less than wonderful Eliphas Levi to thank for providing us with this highly stylised depiction of 'The Goat Of Mendes'. The Pentagram between the horns and the Caduceus between the creature's legs, as well as the two Moons (one dark - the other light) are deep, deep symbols in Occult lore.

NAME: BARBATOS.

DESCRIPTION: A Demonic Count or Duke, usually appearing as a hunter at the head of a bunch of soldiers.

CATEGORY: DEMON.

SOURCE: *Demonology*.

BRIEF HISTORY:

Yep. You've guessed it. BARBATOS was yet another ANGEL who fell from the Heavenly Firmanent...He was once an ANGEL Of Virtues...Now he's quite happily knocking around the nether regions of Hell, where he resides as a Grand Duke, ruling over 30 Legions of DEMONS.

NAME: BARON BLOOD.

DESCRIPTION: A centuries old Baron, with one hell of a mouldy face.

CATEGORY: A not-so-classic Film Monster.

SOURCE: A.I.P. Films 1972.

BRIEF HISTORY:

An old Austrian castle in the middle of the proverbial Nowhere, is the setting for this all-too forgettable horror pic. Some wacky hotel owner s hit upon the loopy idea of restoring the crumbling old building to encourage business...And guess what...The place is haunted by the Baron of the title. The said Baron thrives upon dragging the unsuspecting hoteliers into his torture chamber for a spot of sadistic fulfilment either on the

rack, or the spike-lined Iron Maiden.
And that's about it, as far as the plot goes...

NAME: *BARRACUDA.*

DESCRIPTION: *I guess you know the score by now. Check out 'NATURE' magazine if you wanna know what one of these looks like.*

CATEGORY: *Cinematic Monster On-The-Loose.*

SOURCE: *Republic Films. 1978.*

BRIEF HISTORY:

Chemical effluent dumped into the World's oceans and rivers can have a very detrimental effect upon the aquatic wildlife that resides there. Proof of this is provided in spades by the appearance of BARRACUDA!!! Vicious blighters at the best of times, these Killer Fish go on the rampage and impart a deadly disease upon their surviving victims that impels them to go stark staring mad. This (ahem) movie gem was filmed in Florida and seeked to cash in on the then current JAWS craze, with moderate success.

NAME: *BASILISK.*

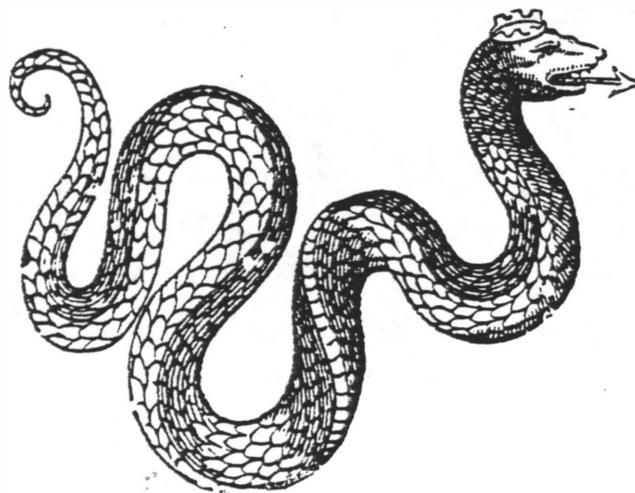
DESCRIPTION: *'The King Of Snakes'. The BASILISK is a Serpent with a crown-like structure upon its head. Apparently, to even look upon this creature invited certain death...So I had grave reservations about reproducing a picture of it here, in this mag...Readers are advised to proceed with due caution... Oh, and its breath too is said to be lethal.*

CATEGORY: *Fabulous Beasts.*

SOURCE: *Greek and Roman folklore.*

BRIEF HISTORY:

Both Aristotle and Pliny referred to this creature in their learned treatises, but by the late Middle Ages, the 'King Of Snakes' had been transformed into something infinitely more terrible than a mere slithering Reptile. It was said to have been born of an egg laid during the days the Dog-star Sirius by a seven year old cock. This egg was spherical in shape, and instead of a shell, was encased in a thick skin or membrane. The egg could only be hatched by a Toad, and when it hatched, out would pop an unbelievably poisonous Serpent that had some of the characteristics of both the Toad and the Cock. Many an unsolved death was attributed to the BASILISK with the result that hunts for the Monster were often undertaken. Any prospective hunter would of course consider a mirror to be an essential part of their armour, due to the aforementioned fact that to gaze upon the BASILISK resulted in instant death. Like the GORGON, if the creature saw its own reflection in the looking glass, it would be killed by its own poisonous glance.



(Above): A contemporary line drawing of the venomous, death-dealing BASILISK.

NAME: *BASKET CASE.*

DESCRIPTION: *A hideously grotesque mutation who communicates with his 'normal' twin brother by telepathy. It has no legs, a twisted, misshaped head, two powerful arms and a set of raking claws.*

CATEGORY: *Terror inducing FREAK!!!*

SOURCE: *The subject of no less than three horror movies, the first of which was made in 1992, by a company named Analysis.*

BRIEF HISTORY:

A set of Siamese twins are seperated in painful looking operation...One, (Duane) is seemingly normal...The other (Belial) is most certainly NOT!!!

Duane carries his brother around in a wicker basket (hence the movie's title) and finding himself homeless, checks the two of them into a decidedly cheesy apartment. Everything is hunky dory at first. Duane keeps his twin secretly hidden away, and embarks upon a relationship with a nurse.

Belial however, is insanely jealous and before you know it, he's out exacting a terrible revenge upon all who vie for Duane's affections as well as the doctor's who had earlier performed the operation to seperate them from each other.

In the second instalment, Belial finds himself a girlfriend in a home full of similar -looking FREAKS (thus proving the old adage; 'There's someone for everyone...SOMEWHERE) and even gets to indulge in a spot of healthy bonking...

The mind boggles.



(Above): Belial, the terrible twin, minus his wicker basket.

NAME: *THE BAT.*

DESCRIPTION: *In actuality, this is not the type of pointy-eared, leathery-winged creature you might be expecting...*

Nope. What we have instead, is an enigmatic hooded figure with a claw hand....Sort of like a refugee from one of those old Edgar Wallace mysteries.

CATEGORY: *Old Dark House type Monster.*

SOURCE: *Allied Artists Film. 1959.*

BRIEF HISTORY:

The time honoured plot of the anguished writer residing in the secluded Summerhouse is dredged up once again in this monochrome offering from the late '50's. The rest of the cast are present simply to make up the numbers, and are duly bumped off in true 'Ten Little Indians' style by The Hooded Claw, aka 'The Bat'. And just to add to the fun and frolics, a real Bat shows up before the climax, intent upon terrorising the surviving thespians still further.



(Above): The ever sinister Vincent Price poses with the dark shadow of THE BAT playing on the wall behind him.



NETWORK FIRST

Between Life and Death ITV 1994

Near Death Experiences, or NDEs as they are more commonly known, were given the Network First treatment in 1994, in much the same way as UFO's have been more recently (see this issue's review).

The programme kicked off with the story of an English businessman who, whilst in Austria, suffered an episode where his brain was starved of oxygen for 30 minutes. He was flown back to England for further treatment. He was blind, paralysed and unable to communicate. He recovered by re-learning from scratch. He claimed that whilst 'dead' he had seen a spiritual, transforming light and had felt enveloped in love. He felt changed and renewed, and he now realised that he would be immortal and had no fear of death.

A story heard many times before. Usually it starts with an out-of-body experience - the viewer looking down at his/her own body, then a tunnel leading to a bright white light, a feeling of love and well-being, and finally a return to the body. Usually personality is altered for the better and spiritual belief is heightened. However, is it really an encounter with the afterlife?

If the researchers of Network First are to be believed then 50% of British people, and 70% of Americans believe in life after death. Little wonder, when most American paramedic units have the life-saving equipment of the average accident and emergency room, and more people are being resuscitated than ever before. This has led to a growing body of testimony about NDEs....but not everybody is so easily convinced.

Dr. Newland, of Yale Hospital, New Haven has spent a lifetime battling to save lives. He avers that at death the brain is starved of nutrition and oxygen, and the resulting drop in blood pressure produces chemicals called endorphins in the brain, which are similar in effect to morphine. Most people are merely tranquillized, but in others it may induce euphoria and hallucinations, the contents of which are determined by culture, upbringing, religion and expectations. You know your dying and your expectations are governed by knowledge of the 'eternal soul'. It might not matter if you were an atheist, as you would be aware of the belief in the afterlife and at the point of death you might be desperate to believe in anything that meant that this was not the big goodbye!! An interesting argument, and one supported by (of all things) gravitational stress studies on US fighter pilots flying Aircraft such as the F14!!!

The F14 is so manouverable that gravitational stress can cause the pilot to experience a loss of blood from the brain. The USAF have designed a giant centrifuge to simulate the first stages of brain death under laboratory conditions. This is used to test prospective 'Top Guns' before they're allowed anywhere near the real thing (although some might question the wisdom of allowing our American cousins anywhere near an instrument of death anyway). The symptoms experienced by some pilots mirror those of NDEs - bright lights, tunnel vision, euphoria, and even the occasional out-of-body experience - but there are no deep seated spiritual transformations as with NDEs.

Why? Simply, when a person is near death they are governed by their system of religious belief and knowledge of the afterlife. So if they have a religious experience and it seems real to them, rather than just the hallucination it probably is, then it will alter them profoundly as they 'find God.' However, the pilots know they are in a test simulator, are aware that they are not going to die, and so their experience, whilst similar in content to an NDE, is not religious and leaves no mark upon their life.

Further support was given to this theory by reference to the fascinating work of Dr. Michael Persinger, a neurologist at Laurentian University in Ontario. Persinger has managed to replicate many of the effects found in NDEs and alien abduction cases in the laboratory (for a more detailed analysis see the Horizon review elsewhere).

Dr. Morse treats children in the emergency room of a Seattle hospital. What he has heard from young children has convinced him that NDEs are real. He made reference to childrens' drawings of their experiences, and of tales of being drawn to the light because of the 'good things' in it. He was convinced that it was absurd to think that a temporal lobe seizure or other brain dysfunction could cause this. However, this argument overlooked the fact that most children are comfortable with, and accepting of, the concept and belief that all souls go to heaven.

The program concluded that NDEs are a chance for scientists to study God. It is consciousness research and is the only objective evidence we have of what it is like to experience death. However, you cannot help but feel that the argument over the origin of the NDE is slowly being won by the scientists. We would all like to believe that there is somewhere else to move on to when we shuffle off this mortal coil, but, arguments aside, there is only one way that most of us will find out. See you on the other side.

P. Williams.

HORIZON

Close Encounters

BBC 2, Oct/Nov 1994

Alien abduction - fact, fiction, or plate tectonics? Between July and September 1991, The Roper Poll was conducted in America, with questions prepared by alien abduction guru, Bud Hopkins. The results indicated that approximately 4 million Americans had been abducted by aliens. Horizon decided to take a look at this, and who better to send into battle than champion sceptic Dr. Susan Blackmore, psychologist and lecturer at the University of West England - a woman with a position to defend and the attitude to defend it! Her epitaph will surely read "....I have been investigating the paranormal for over twenty years and, in all that time, I have never yet found any evidence to convince me that anything paranormal exists." She seems to use this line on every television programme in which she appears. Anyway, back to her all-expenses paid tour of the USA.



(Above) : The lovable Dr. Blackmore shoulder to shoulder with a 'grey' - the type of alien beloved of abduction folklore. Guess which is the alien!

She set out with three possible explanations; that each abduction was a hoax, that the experience was real, or abductees were placing their own unique interpretation on a mental experience produced by the brain. There was certainly surprise expressed at the consistency in abduction stories.

The inevitable introduction to Bud Hopkins was made. Dr Blackmore watched while Bud used regressive hypnotherapy on a potential abductee and after 30 minutes of *careful* questioning it was unsurprising to find that the person had, indeed, been the subject of an abduction by a 'grey' - the type of alien implicated in the majority of modern abductions. Reference was made to Bud's book 'Missing Time' (just £14.99 from all good bookshops). More on the usefulness of regression hypnotherapy later.

To show the world at large that it wasn't just potential cranks who believed in abduction, Dr Blackmore met Professor John Mack, the Harvard Medical School psychiatrist. Strangely the programme neglected to mention his close ties with Bud Hopkins. Much amusement could be had from some stringent questioning from Ms Blackmore - *didn't Professor Mack believe that a man in his position and responsibility could be misleading people?* We were assured that Mack found consistent and supportive evidence between abductees who had neither met nor heard of each other. Experiences were similar - bright lights, paralysis, reassurances from inhuman creatures that they wouldn't be harmed, and missing time when they awoke.

Next to get the Blackmore treatment was Dr Pat Cross, a psychologist at Carleton University in Ottawa. She had conducted her own poll into abduction by placing ads in newspapers for people with UFO experience. Each interviewee was subjected to a battery of questions and mental tests for mental illness and IQ rating. It was found that these people had a greater degree of fantasy imagery than the norm. Could it be possible that persons who were more fantasy prone produced brain stimulation of abduction images? Ms Blackmore wanted to know.

So, on to Concordia University, Montreal to meet psychologist Dr Campbell Perry, an expert on *false memory syndrome*. The video tape of the Bud Hopkins regression was shown to him. He was distinctly unimpressed. He pointed out that regressive hypnotherapy is notoriously unreliable, and that the longer a person is under hypnosis the more likely he or she is to start answering questions with memories the person questioning actually wants. There is a definite mixing of fantasy and reality and with most cases, and this one in particular, there was an expectation that evidence of abduction would be found. After all, this was the reason for the regression. There was a feeling that most of the work had been done before the session began.

He was shown the questionnaire for the Roper Poll (co-compiled by - you guessed it - Buddy Boy!). He found it interesting that there were references to paranormal experiences and that there was a correlation between those and abduction experiences. He pointed out that the invitation to undergo regressive hypnotherapy was

preceded by a 'warning of what to expect' that was almost a challenge - *only brave people undergo this experience, and anyone who refuses is a wuss*. He concluded that the Roper Poll was useless - but some of us had reached this conclusion earlier in the programme. As a parting shot he pointed out that most people believed that they could tell the difference between fantasy and reality, but in reality (no pun) this was not the case and the line often became blurred.

Susan's scepticism was gathering pace. If there were the right expectations, and the person had good imagery, then under the right conditions (regression) a hypnotist might get a fantasy confession. Any of this could be applied in equal measure to past life experiences and even the latest fad - past sexual abuse. It is widely acknowledged that regressive hypnotherapy is a flawed tool and this has led to a number of psychologists and psychiatrists obtaining confessions of childhood sexual abuse from people who were never abused. The 'implantation' of these memories has often done great harm and divided families.

Bud Hopkins tried to counter with tales of scars and other *physical evidence* to back up abduction stories. Unfortunately, it was obvious from the photographs shown that the scars could easily have occurred in any number of ways. David Jacobs, co-designer of the Roper Poll and author of the abduction book 'Secret Life' (available from all good bookshops priced £14.99), weighed in with tales of objects inserted in abductees' noses which he had narrowly missed obtaining on several occasions. Some might think this convenient. Such objects showed up on CAT scans as a small white density in the pituitary gland. Unfortunately areas of small white density are not uncommon on CAT scans. How about clothing with stains of a substance used by the aliens for neurological testing, offered David? Laboratory tests revealed nothing extraterrestrial about the nitrogen and sodium content.

Dr Blackmore had the scent of victory. Bring on the tales of sleep paralysis - a condition whereby the person is awake, but unable to move, and there is a sense of presence in the room with a weight on the chest making breathing difficult. In different cultures this presence had a different interpretation - the Grey Ghost in South East Asia and the Old Hag in Newfoundland. This condition might also have given rise to tales of incubi and succubi, the demon lovers of folklore.

Wait though, what about the feeling of being pulled from the body common to most abduction experiences? Dr Blackmore wasn't going to be denied just yards from the finishing line. Either side of the head are the temporal lobes in which activity can produce *mystical* experiences, which might account for abduction experiences. After all, creative and artistic people are prone to temporal lobe seizures. This narrative was just a prelude to the work of Professor Michael Persinger, a Neurologist at the Laurentian University, Ontario.

Persinger has designed and built laboratory equipment that artificially stimulates the temporal lobe. Having identified certain patterns of memory and perception, he can induce and affect those patterns using the machinery. The effect is not dissimilar to abduction experiences or near death experiences depending upon how it is interpreted by the person having the experience. What it does show is that a temporal lobe seizure could cause such experiences. Persinger pointed out that the context of the event determines the explanation - somebody near death might have an NDE whilst someone at home in bed might have an experience that, under later hypnotic regression, might become abduction once the hypnotist *fills in the details*.

For good measure Blackmore tried the machine. Something had hold of her leg! Something was pulling her!! She was floating!!! She didn't like this, she was frightened!!!! Now **this** was entertainment!

Persinger had noted that earth stresses caused glowing balls of light created by gasses and electricity discharge. These might be evident in an area months in advance of an earthquake or other earth movement, and are often reported as UFO sightings. Such a light could induce a temporal lobe seizure as could the electrical force in the area. Together with the sightings a person might begin to believe that they had been abducted - and the details of the abduction and alien mind-wipe completed later by regression. Indeed, it would be interesting to note if there were any minor tremors in Wales in 1904/05 (see the feature on the Egryn Lights elsewhere).

This concluded an impressive body of evidence against abduction. However, there is still that nagging doubt about the consistency of the earlier stories, before the subject became widely publicised. It is difficult to dismiss entirely the possibility of abduction because of it. Surprisingly, Susan Blackmore agrees!

Whilst the approach to this review is lighthearted, I would recommend this programme to anyone as a good introduction to the topic of alien abduction, as it deals with most of the major players in the field. Until better evidence presents itself all I can say is **Keep Watching The Skies !!!**

Oh, one last thing - the bit about the price and availability of the books is a joke - please don't go to your local Waterstones thrusting a copy of this review in the assistant's face.

P. Williams

STRANGE, BUT TRUE?

Formerly Fridays, ITV at 8.30pm

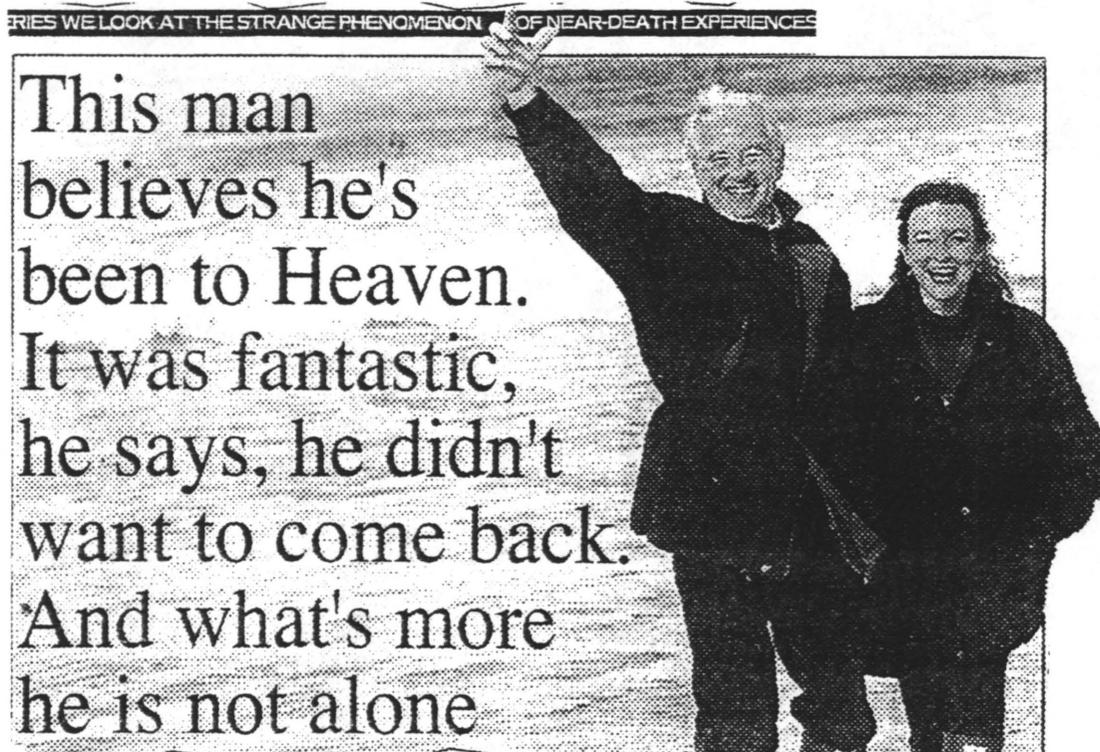
The third episode of ITV's 'paranormal for the masses' concentrated on near death experiences and one of Britain's most famous, and most favourite, haunted houses.

The first part of the show concentrated on the experience of Ron Bell from Tyneside. A second heart attack had left him housebound and frustrated, leading to separation with his wife and deep depression. Whilst on a coastal walk one evening, he fell from a cliff with a drop of over 60 feet. He could not move and lost consciousness. When he awoke he found that he had started to drift out to sea and believed he was going to die. Once again he lost consciousness, and what followed will be a tale well known to those familiar with the subject.

A feeling of peace washed over him and he found himself in a tunnel walking towards a bright light. As he reached the light he saw a bridge, at the far end of which were human shapes. He realised that it was not yet his time to cross and found himself rushing back through the tunnel. All in all a classic NDE except for the initial experience of floating free from the body and looking down on oneself.

When discovered in the morning he'd been in the water for 14 hours, the average survival time being 2.5 hours. He was taken to hospital with an impressive collection of injuries which rival those collected by myself over the past 26 years!! Ron had fractured his pelvis, left wrist, left leg, jawbone, and multiple ribs and spent a long time on a life support machine. Naturally, as with most NDE cases he'd found God and had been reconciled with his family.

Very brief (about 30 seconds worth) expert analysis was given by the seemingly ever-present Dr Susan Blackmore (for more about the love of my life see the Horizon review elsewhere this issue). Her analysis - random firing of the brain cells when the brain releases morphine-like endorphins. As can be seen from the Network First review we may not be far apart on this one.



(Above) : Near Death Experiences - a close encounter with the afterlife or the product of endorphins under certain conditions.

Concentrating on a single case was dissatisfying, and revealed nothing of the extent or value of the evidence both for and against NDE's, but at least SBT are doing a much less melodramatic job of bringing the subject to a wider audience than Auntie Beeb.

For their second effort of the evening, SBT concentrated on Borley Rectory, a building so infamous you don't need to be interested in the unknown to be familiar with it. As a legend amongst investigators of the paranormal, Borley has found a place in the hearts of ghost-hunters the world over.

Built in 1863, Borley quickly gained a reputation as a haven for the 'unquiet dead.' The daughters of the first vicar witnessed the sudden disappearance of a nun in the garden. Two decades later the Rev. Eric Smith experienced footsteps, whispering voices and the tolling of servant bells - all without an explicable source or cause. It was at this point that a human skull was found in one of the cupboards. The next occupants were the Rev. Foyster and his rather younger wife (who found relief from the boredom of country life by playing up the haunts).

When the Foysters moved out, investigator Harry Price moved in. A former engineer Price had married a wealthy wife which allowed him the freedom to pursue his interest in the paranormal. His experience and inventions had debunked several psychic frauds and during the Rev. Smith's occupation of the rectory he had investigated the occurrences on behalf of a national newspaper, and found some substance to the claim that the rectory was haunted.



(Above): Harry Price and the haunted rectory that brought him fame - but were all his claims strange, but true?

A wealthy dilettante, Charles Wintour, took up Price's invitation to assist in the investigation and found evidence that not all the inhabitants of the rectory were living - including a pencil mark on the wall which moved as he watched it. Thanks to the Price investigation, and obligatory book, Borley Rectory was christened "The Most Haunted House In England" until destroyed by a fire.

Down the years Harry Price's penchant for exaggerated claims, coupled with the confessions of Mrs Foyster, have tarnished Borley's reputation and has led to fierce debate amongst those who think that Price was himself a charlatan, or at best gullible, and those who believe that the rectory was really home to more than it's living occupants. Even today the legend lives on, with many believing that the hauntings have transferred to the nearby medieval church. Unaccountable noises have been recorded in the church whilst it was locked and empty, including that of the organ - although at least one instance of this was a hoax by local children.

I first saw Borley Rectory in a library book on the hauntings of the British Isles. I vividly remember the cloudy, black and white photograph in which sat the rectory, its blank windows staring back uninvitingly. I can still remember the thrill of excitement mingled with fear as I read about the occurrences and sightings. I was no more than twelve years old. Borley has always had, and always will have a special fascination for me - as I'm sure it will for many others.

Harry Price may have been prone to exaggeration but it is unlikely that he would have been fraudulent, and there are other, more sceptical independent witnesses who have seen or heard strange things at the site of the rectory and the surrounding area. The idea that the hauntings live on today (no pun intended) is one that appeals to my sense of boyish wonder and curiosity - as I'm sure it would to that of Harry Price if he were alive today!!!

Paul Williams.

MAGONIA:

Issue 50 of this nicely produced UFO-oriented mag, features some fascinating articles including part one of a look at the development of the belief in 'Influencing Machines' controlling human behaviour to the extent that mankind can readily accept the Extraterrestrial Hypothesis as just about the ONLY acceptable unorthodox explanation for UFO's. An amusing put down of two of UFOlogy's most respected cheerleader's: Jenny Randles and Tim Good. A thorough historical analysis of the Abduction mythos, and some excellent book reviews. If you have even the most passing of interests in the subject of UFO's you should purchase this extremely literate publication...

Available from John Rimmer, John Dee Cottage, 5, James Terrace, Mortlake Churchyard, London, SW14 8HB.
A4 20pp. Subscription Rates: £4.00 per 4 issues. Single Issue: 95p.

ANIMALS AND MEN:

I only came across this mag a few weeks ago, and already I can safely say it is one of my personal favourites...

It deals almost exclusively with the fascinating subject of the Cryptozoology...

Issue 4 contains excellent features on the Mystery Manatees of St Helena, The Thylacine, Lake Monsters Of New Britain, The A-Z of Cryptozoology and tons more...One of the most entertaining captivating mags you could hope to come across.

A5 32pp. Available from the Centre For Fortean Zoology, 15 Holne Court, Exwick, Exeter, Devon, EX 2NA. Subscription Rates: £6.00 for 4 issues, £1.50 Sample.

GHOSTWATCH:

The latest issue of this brilliant mag, deals with places cursed with a tragic past, a Top Ten Review of the recent spate of Supernatural TV programmes, Part two of the article on Electronic Voice Phenomena, a frightening piece on Doppelganger's and a round-up of all that's new in the world of Spirits, Apparitions and Ghosts... It even has its own crossword puzzle!!! Put it at the top of your 'Must Have' Fortean periodicals!!!

Available from Eclipse Productions. P.O Box 54, Birkenhead, Wirral, L43 7FD.
A5 28pp. Subscription Rates: Sample Issue £2.50.

MERCIAN MYSTERIES

One of the best presented and well-put together Fortean Mags on the market... Dealing primarily with folklore, sacred places and Ley Lines, it is a riveting read. Issue 21 featur an overview of landscapes, monuments and society, Celtic mythology, Sacred Trees and Stone Exorcisms. Intelligently written and excellent value for your money, you are hereby advised to purchase this fab publication as soon as possible...

A4pp. Available from Bob Trubshaw, 2 Cross Hill Close, Wymeswold, Loughborough, LE12 6UJ. Subscription Rates: £7.00 for 4 issues, £2.00 Sample.

SPECTRAL:

Another publication featuring Ghosts, Poltergeists and Hauntings. This carries articles on 'Demon Drummer's', 'the Sauchie Poltergeist', real life spectral encounters, and lots of bits and bobs on ghostly lore. Well written, and expertly put together...A perfect companion to GHOSTWATCH.

Available P.O. Box 18, Aberdare, Mid-Glamorgan, CF44 8YG.
A5 36pp. Subscription Rates: £6.00 for 4 issues, £1.75 Sample copy.

ALSO RECENTLY RECEIVED:

PROMISES AND DISSAPPOINTMENTS:

Excellent publication...Regular readers will already be aware of my high regard of Kevin McClure's writing...I haven't yet been lucky enough to receive the very latest issue, but I won't hesitate in recommending this mag for a second... If you haven't managed to get hold of a copy up to now, write to....

Kevin McClure, 42 Victoria Road, Mount Charles, St Austell, Cornwall, PL25 4QD.

A5pp. Subscription Rates: £7.50 for 4 issues, £2.50 Sample.

ENIGMAS

Malcolm Robinsons superb magazine, covering all kinds of Fortean Phenomena, though with a heavy UFO bias (not at all a bad thing, methinx), is compulsive reading for students of the paranormal... I can't review the latest issue, 'cos I haven't been fortunate enough to recieve a copy (hint, hint!!!!)...Suffice to say, judging from its back issues, it's certainly worth buying...

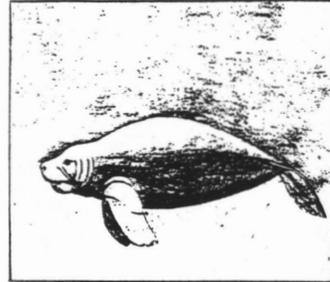
Available from Malcolm Robinson, 41 The Braes, Tullibody, Clackmannshire, FK10 2TT, Scotland.



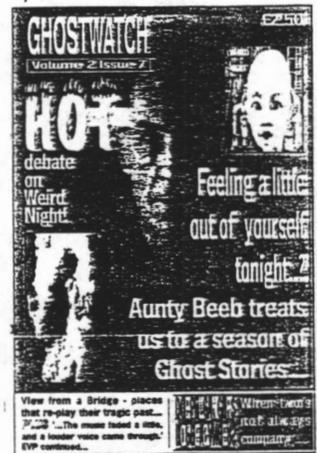
Animals & Men

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