

DEAD OF NIGHT MAGAZINE



ISSUE 7 NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1995.



The Wanderer

Of The Waste

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

CONTENTS

Issue No.7 Nov - Dec 1995

Editor
Lee Walker

Editorial Assistant
Steve Griffiths

Publisher
Quinta-Essentia

Published by;—
Dead of Night Magazine
156 Bolton Road East
New Ferry
Merseyside L62 4RY.
Telephone (0151) 644 7095

Cover Illustration
Lee Walker

Contributors
Lee Walker
Steve Griffiths
Jonathon Dillon
Roy Kerridge

Art Contributors
Grant walker
Lee Walker

Dead of Night Magazine does not
subscribe to any one belief system.
All contribution should be sent to
the above address.

Next Issue:
The Mayan Prophecies
Tales from the Lochside II
The Beast of Bodmin
Ghosts over Merseyside II



SPECIAL FEATURES

The Wanderer of the Waste26
Steve Griffiths reviews the life and times of
Aleister Crowley, 'The Great Beast 666'

Thunder in God's Country32
A definitive overview of the infamous 'Roswell
Incident' and the so-called autopsy footage.

Dry Bones44
Roy Kerridge takes a look personal look at West
Indian/African Witchcraft in the Heart of England.



REGULAR FEATURES

Editorial3

Chasing the Unknown '4
The very latest press-clippings of Anomalous
Phenomena.

Keep Watching the Skies!!!46
The latest U.F.O. sightings from Britain and
around the World.

A Carnival of Monsters50
The Fifth Part of our ABC of all kinds of weird and
wonderful Creatures from the World of Cinema,
Legend and Demonology.



Editorial

HALLOWEEN: SEASON OF THE MISSED

Yeah. You've read that right. That's not a spelling mistake in the sub-title. Missed is what it says and missed is what it means. In both senses of the word. Missed as in possibilities, opportunities and chances.

Missed as in the heartfelt longing for something that's sadly passed into the realm of memory. As irretrievable as a shiny silver coin that slips through your fingers and disappears down a grid, or a Christmas balloon torn from a child's grasp by a brisk December wind.

Irremediable. Beyond recall. Lost...

Like Halloween 1995, and maybe the countless Halloween's yet to come. What do I mean? Think on this awhile: Halloween. Samhain. All Hallow's Eve. Call it what you will - it's the one time of the year when it's considered hip'n'trendy to be interested in the paranormal. When every facet of the media becomes infatuated with the reporting of occult matters. When even magazines as terminally banal as "WOMAN'S OWN" and "TAKE A BREAK" feature token 'How To Recognise A Real-Life Vampire' article within its pages. The television and radio are deluged with Ghostly chat shows, and haunted house documentaries. When 'SKY' and 'SATELLITE TV' carry 24-hour horror movie marathons. When children dress up in scary costumes and engage in traditional games like Duck Apple or set about annoying the neighbours with their endless cries of 'Trick or Treat'. It's also a very real, and very ancient festival that long pre-dates Christianity. To our early ancestors, this was the one night of the year when the poor shivering Ghosts of the dear departed would seek respite from the chill breath of oncoming Winter, at the fireside of their living relatives. The one night when the barriers that marked the boundaries between this World and the Forces Of Darkness were torn down, and rendered obsolete...

I remember when I was at school, October 31st was a little like my birthday, the Summer holidays and Christmas all rolled into one. I recall the delicious sense of fear. Of handing out my collection of 'THE PAN BOOKS OF HORROR STORIES' to the pupils in my class. Of swapping 'true-life' spooky tales with the members of 'The New Ferry Ghost Club', in the darkness beneath the playground shelters. Of walking home in the gathering twilight and passing the Murphy House on Bolton Road East, casting wary glances over my shoulder at the shuttered windows, more than half-expecting to see the ghost of Mr. Murphy, hanging on a twisted length of rope, the moonlight glinting on his broken teeth as he grinned at me...

It was a magic time. When all the monsters and witches. All the Fairies and Goblins. All the vampires and werewolves you'd ever read about in books or seen in films held dominion over the Earth, and those who dared to wander abroad when darkness fell, were brave and hardy souls indeed.. Halloween. That's how I remember it.

But this year, the date slipped by so quietly, so unobtrusively, you could be forgiven for thinking that those who annually call for the festival to be banned outright, had been successful in their efforts. The TV and the press must have mutually decided not to bother running any stories or featuring any articles concerning Halloween. And as for the usual glut of horror movies, I couldn't find a single station willing to screen a genre film...That must be a first in itself...

Undaunted, the staff at your friendly neighbourhood 'DEAD OF NIGHT' mag, elected to spend the evening somewhere far away from this welter of ignorance, and after some thought, we agreed that Pendle: Lancashire's genuine Witch Country (and the subject of a lengthy article in #3 of 'DON', would be an ideal destination...It sure beat the alternative of hanging round The Murphy House (long since renovated - though still unoccupied), Birkenhead Priory or Dibbinsdale Bridge waiting for any of their resident, notoriously in-co-operative spooks to put in an appearance.

Upon arrival in the village of Pendle itself, we were delighted to find that there were none of the herds of tourists we'd been dreading, and the caught-breath silence, the sense of time having stood still that I recalled from our previous visit, was every bit as prevalent. Even the weather was suitably overcast. 'It might be a long way from Heaven', I thought as I stepped from the car and headed towards 'The Pendle Inn'. 'But then neither is it a mere step away from Hell's Back Door.'

Five minutes later, I was forced to review my whole perception and opinion of the place. The second that we stepped into the pub we learned a hard and brutal truth that virtually beggared all belief...Halloween doesn't exist in or around Pendle!!!

The festival is banned, not as you might think, for any sinister reason. But quite simply because local footy hooligans in the nearby towns of Blackburn and Burnley use the occasion to meet up for a gang-fight. To say we all felt let-down, would be the understatement of the year. It was a little like travelling all the way to Lourdes, only to find that some passing Orange Lodge members had decided to make off with the statues of the Blessed Virgin. Or to journey out to Roswell, New Mexico, to discover that someone's grounded all the weather balloons to prevent any more bogus UFO sightings.

Not that we didn't pass the remainder of the daylight hours pleasantly enough, you understand. We browsed for a while around the 'Witches Galore' store, sampled the wondrous brews in the various local pubs that wouldn't close till sundown, and had a friendly chat with about the clergy's fears surrounding Samhain with the verger of Newchurch-In-Pendle.

After going through the agonies of watching our beloved Liverpool F.C. get knocked outta the U.E.F.A. Cup by a bunch of dour Danes (What's that? Sour grapes. Not me, la. Nosiresabob), on a TV in a village christened with the unlikely name of Fence, we agreed to ignore the warnings and jump a cab to the base of Pendle Hill, five miles or so distant. Making our way, somewhat the worse for drink, across fields resembling quagmires and with concealed tree roots doing their damndest to send us sprawling flat on your face, we came upon a group of people heading back the opposite way. They succeeded in dissuading us from continuing our journey with heart-sinking tales of all-night, plastic raves and smack-heads standing around a portable CD-player, throwing fireworks at each other in the name of their respective football(?) teams. As if to confirm this, firecrackers suddenly began reverberating like gamblers in the still country air, and we could clearly see the summit of Pendle Hill, a half mile or so distant, lit up with red flares that arced and hovered in the starless sky. It was a depressing, and at the same time spectacular sight, and I found myself thinking of a scene from Robert Graves' 'GOODBYE TO ALL THAT'...The skies over France illuminated by the phosphorescent glow of bursting shells and distress flares. Soldiers lining the mud-filled trenches, fixing bayonets and waiting for the dreaded whistle to go over-the-top.

Depressing. And at the same time spectacular.

And then it started to rain. Not a deluge of Biblical proportions. More like a constant hanging mist. But it was enough to dampen our already sodden spirits still further, and with lowered heads we made our way back to the centre of the village to catch a taxi to where we'd parked the car...Our sleeping quarters for the night.

And awoke at first light feeling as though something precious had been stolen away from us by the most spiteful of thieves. The type who knows the things he takes are worthless on their own. Like family photographs in cheap plastic frames, an imitation gold locket inscribed with the name of one's beloved. Personal belongings that are sentimental value only to their owners, but which the heartless villain takes anyway, not because he needs to or intends to sell it for profit or for gain, but quite simply because he can!!!

Halloween 1995 then, was a lot like the plot-line of Tim Burton's wonderful 'NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS', only in reverse. It seemed that Jack Skellington ('King Of The Pumpkin Patch') had been kidnapped by the jealous residents of Christmas Town, thereby rendering Halloween eternally obsolete...Let's just hope that the powers that be see sense and either pay the ransom or else organise a rescue mission. After all, there's only another 318 days to next Halloween!!!

Lee Walker. New Ferry. 18th December, 1995

Chasing The Unknown

*The Latest Weird And Wonderful News-Clippings
From Around The World.*



*Featuring; Beastly Hoaxes, Cannibal Holocausts, Lost
TRIBES, **MILK MIRACLES**, Bala Lake Monsters,
Ghostly Tales, Jack The Ripper, Plus lots more!!!*

Days Of Strange Fortune

When Fate Turns Its Back

The Dance Of Death

Boris Heriman died when a stripper fell off the table and landed on him at a stag party in Germany. He'd just paid her to do a special dance, but she slipped and hit his head causing a fatal brain haemorrhage.

27th June 1995. Frankfurt, Germany. 'DAILY SLUR'.

A Killer Stripper

...Meanwhile, another stripper by the name of Angelina Salvatore, 23, shot dead three men during her cow-girl routine. The woman pointed a gun at the audience as part of the act, then blasted away at a night-club.

Angelina said; 'I borrowed the gun. It was supposed to be loaded with blanks!!!'.

22nd September, 1995. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. 'DAILY SLUR'.



The Secret's Out

Secret council files were found blowing around a housing estate and included amongst them was a memo stressing the importance of confidentiality. The two foot pile of computer print-outs, notes from staff and binbags stuffed with tenant's financial and personal details lay in the open for two days.

7th September, 1995. Gloucester. 'TODAY'.

FATAL ATTRACTION

Daisy Gladden was enjoying sex with her lover in a garage when the burly man suddenly died in the midst of his unspent passion. Poor ol' Daisy

was trapped beneath his body for four days before her desperate pleas for help were heard.

27th August, 1995. Ohio, USA. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE'.

Beach Deathguard.

Lorenzo Trippi lost his job as a 'Baywatch'-style lifeguard when three people drowned after he'd accidentally clobbered them with life(?) preservers...

Police in Italy said his aim was way too accurate!!!

6th September, 1995. Ravenna, Italy. 'DAILY SLUR'.

THE ONE THAT DIDN'T GET AWAY

Angler Claude Bresson's car rolled into the water when he went fishing in France. He never had a bite, but his car was recovered with a fish under the bonnet.

4th September, 1995. Roseoff, France. 'DAILY MANC'.

UN-ALLIED CARPETS

Sandra Robertson waited in all day for the delivery and instalment of the green (which as all good Fortean should know, is the sacred colour of the mischievous Faeries), carpet she'd ordered from 'Allied Carpets'. Her wait proved to be in vain and eventually she called the company to complain. The errant fitter was contacted on his mobile phone just as he was putting the finishing touches to carpet in another bungalow with the same house number nearby. Apparently, he had been led to the premises by an electrician who was working there.

By coincidence, the front room there had been cleared of furniture and so the fitter had automatically assumed he was in the right house and set to work.

16th July, 1995. Buckinghamshire. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE'.

Don't Drink And Ride

John Forno, 19, was fined £50 for riding a skateboard while drunk. He was on his way to a restaurant late one Saturday after drinking rum. Forno, who had a blood-alcohol level three times the legal limit for drivers said; 'The worst thing is, I don't even drive a car'.

2nd March, 1995. Brisbane, Australia. 'YORKSHIRE POST'.

Off On The Wrong Foot

A 50-year-old man who went into surgery to have his right foot amputated awoke with the left foot gone.

The hospital is investigating the terrible mix-up. We doubt that's much consolation to the man concerned, however.

27th February, 1995. Tampa Bay, Florida. 'USA TODAY'.

A Real-Life Drama

A firing squad volleyed; Mario The Hero, fell off the stage; the heroine rushed over to her fallen lover; the audience applauded. It was all just as Puccini intended the last Act of Tosca to be. But wait just a second...

Instead of bursting into song, Tosca began yelling for a doctor. Mario it seemed, actually had been shot. *'At first I thought it was a director's trick, but it was real blood and the tenor (Fabio Armiliato) was crying out in pain'*, said Raina Kabaianska, who plays the title role in the production.

Armiliato was grabbing his right foot and yelling, *'They really shot me'*. He underwent surgery the following week. The police are investigating whether the wadding had been too tightly packed into one of the eight Napoleonic muskets used in the production.

6th August, 1995. Macerata, Italy. *'ST LOUIS POST & DISPATCH'*.

'You're Too Nice To Talk To'

Ever had the opportunity to tell someone you've fancied for ages, exactly how you feel about them only to spurn it due to shyness?

Well, here's a tale sure to cheer you up, and make you realise that you're not the only one who's cursing their lack of bottle...

Hans Stuck (I promise you, that's his real name...Er...I think), was so shy that rather than speak to the girl of his dreams, (Marie Armann), he chose instead to visit the shop where she worked every day for three months. On each occasion he would buy a shirt, but despite spending a small fortune on clothes, he never once plucked up the courage to open his mouth in front of her. Eventually, in a final attempt to get her to notice him, he stole a jumper from the store and was promptly arrested for theft and fined £200.

Oh, and then he found out Maria was already happily married...

15th October, 1995. Hanover, Germany. *'SUNDAY PEOPLE'*.

The Toilet Bites Back

Inventor Caspar Pocci landed in hospital when a talking toilet he was working on went completely haywire. The boffin asked the loo for an air-freshner spray but was instead sprinkled with detergent. He was then badly burned when the toilet blew up.

15th October, 1995. Naples, Italy. *'SUNDAY PEOPLE'*.

UNLUCKY 13

A gunman who specialised in robbing banks on the 13th of the month was finally jailed...For 13 years!!! Henry Johnson, 46, escaped with £4,000 from Barclays' on December 13th, and £7,500 from the Midland on June 13th. He is also due to be sentenced for a hold-up in Aberdeen on March 13th.

3rd October, 1995. Newcastle. *'LIVERPOOL ECHO'*.

A Bridge Too Far

A ceremony to mark the 200th anniversary of a wooden bridge in Switzerland, ended abruptly

when it collapsed. Helpless onlookers were thrown into the river.

9th April, 1995. Montroux, Switzerland. *'FORTEAN TIMES'*.

WEIRD HUMAN BEHAVIOUR

The Mad Axe Man Cometh

A crazed husband chopped his wife to bits - because she accidentally over-cooked his pasta.

Finance manager Richard Rosenthal, 40, battered and disembowelled his 34-year-old wife Laura and impaled her heart and lungs on a wooden spike.



Richard liked his pasta to be hard and was furious after Laura had the temerity to let it go soft as she answered the phone. He beat her unconscious with his fists and then dragged her into the woods before gutting her like a fish. Rosenthal later gave himself up to police, and a psychologist was reported as saying; *'He regarded his wife as a VAMPIRE who sucked him dry and he had no choice but to drill a stake through her heart'*.

4th September, 1995. Framingham, USA. *'DAILY SLUR'*.

The Riddle Of The Phantom Jelly-Man

Night after night, a village prowler strikes, always leaving his baffling trademark; A pot of jelly.

Usually the jelly on the doorstep is green. Also left outside on every occasion is some symbol of the householder's occupation. For a baker, it was a bit of bread. A dentist got his jelly complete with a tooth. A retired railwayman got a jellied tiny model train.

Mrs Trixie Webster, who runs the gift shop in the holiday village of Boscastle in Cornwall, found a Pixie in her jelly. *'I couldn't believe it'*, she said. For carpenter Dave Ferrett, the jelly - his was red - contained three screws and a carpenter's pencil. *'I stepped outside,'* he said, *'And there it was. Only a small jelly, in one of those little*

trifle pots. At first I thought it was my grandson's playing a trick'. Once, 'The Phantom Jelly-Man' was almost caught (ahem) pot handed...

A victim heard a car stop in the early morning and someone walking up to his front door. But by the time the householder got to the door, 'The Jelly-Man had vanished'.

8th September, 1995. Boscastle, Cornwall. **TODAY**'.

The Chocolate Pervert

...And in Hungary, a perverted individual is 'plaguing' people by leaving chocolate penises in their doorsteps!

One victim, 86-year-old Vilda Sneggen, wasn't too bothered by the willy she found on her doorstep however. She simply ate it.

'The chocolate was very filling' she said.

22nd October, 1995. Csurgo, Hungary. **'SUNDAY PEOPLE**'.

Walk This Way

A 63-year-old man who's been walking diagonally backwards since March, 1995, plans to carry on until he has covered every island in Indonesia after being cured of a crippling illness.

30th July, 1995. Indonesia. **'DAILY MANC**'.

WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER?

Rodney Hine, 36, told police in America that he snorted human ashes, and sprinkled them on his food with a pepper-pot, because he wanted to live for all eternity. Officers had been investigating thefts of urns from the local cemetery since July this year.

He was caught by the law after he'd been bragging to his friends that he'd found the secret of eternal life.

12th September, 1995. Chico, California. **'SUNDAY EXPRESS**'.

CANNIBAL HOLOCAUSTS

The grisly remains of pickled human flesh marinated with onions has been discovered following the arrest of a Russian cannibal. Ishat Kuzikov, 35, is accused of cannibalism and three murders in the City of St. Petersburg.



Police found several legs and arms in the hallway when they searched his flat. There was a casserole by an oven containing human bones picked clean, and 'Pepsi' bottles under the bath were filled to the brim with human blood.

A plastic bag hanging outside of the flat was filled with marinated human flesh and onions - the remains of Kuzikov's last two guests who had unwittingly accepted his invitation to dinner.

Neighbours recalled that Kuzikov always seemed to be carrying a large cloth shopping bag. In it, police found dried human ears and other body parts. On the floor was a cauldron of what looked like tomato soup. This was his latest victim. Edik Vassilevsky, a 43-year-old mental patient whose severed head was found in a rubbish bin.

Mikhail Balukha, head of The Moskovsky District Criminal Investigation Unit said; 'After we caught him, he kept saying things to our officers like; "Have you ever tried human liver? It's really tasty".'

'He also said he wanted to try children next. I tell you, if he'd have done that, I wouldn't have taken him alive'.

17th September, 1995. St. Petersburg, Russia. **'SUNDAY PEOPLE**'.

...And in the Philippines, Muslim rebels were alleged to have massacred 53 people and slaughtered and ate a teenage hostage. According to an eyewitness; Franco Babor, 50, a youth of about 14 was beheaded and then chopped into pieces by three rebels.

The boy's head and intestines were put in a plastic bag and buried near a river while the rest of the body was chopped up. Some rebels ate the flesh raw, while others roasted it.

'They looked like devils as they feasted on the boys' flesh' Franco later told a group of horrified reporters

15th April, 1995. Philippines. **'YORKSHIRE POST**'.

The Incredible Sulk

Lui Jiaman was such a sulker that he barricaded himself in his room for 25 years because his parents refused to buy him a motorbike.

He's now aged 42, and the only reason that he's decided to make the effort to emerge from his self-imposed exile, is that he no longer wants a bike.

THE DREAM CATCHER

A rural Illinois artist who made a 'Dream Catcher' for Hilary Clinton, faces the possibility of four years in jail and \$400,000 in fines for violating various wildlife preservation orders.

Peg Bargon, 39, a craftsman, made a small decorative hoop of willow criss-crossed with thread and adorned with glass beads, crystals and feathers from owls, hawks and a Bald Eagle, and called it a 'Dream Catcher'.

She then gave it to Mrs. Clinton. Indian lore says that the 'Catcher' will screen out bad dreams and allow in only the good.

The White House says that Mrs. Clinton thought that the 'Dream Catcher' was beautiful, but didn't know it contained illegal feathers.

Unfortunately for Mrs. Bargon, the U.S. Fish And Wildlife Service did.

Looks to us like Peg's own dreams have turned to nightmares...

8th August, 1995. Urbana, Illinois. **ST. LOUIS DISPATCH & POST**'.

Ghostly Tales

The Incubus

Two women have elected to tell the Sunday tabloids of how an icy-fingered Spirit/Demon climbed into their respective beds and...Made love to them!!! Mrs Pamela Day and Ms. Kathleen Dallaway claim they were paralysed with fear as the Invisible Assailant 'had its wicked way'. Now, they've both elected to call in a 'Ghostbuster' to drive it away.

Mrs Day, 47, says; *'We need professional help to get rid of this Spirit. Three weeks ago I was in bed with my boyfriend. He had his back to me. I suddenly felt a cold presence next to me and two icy fingers caressed my spine. Then, a week later, the Spirit got into bed with me again and the bed began to move up and down. It was the Ghost having sex with me. I mentioned it to another tenant, and she said exactly the same thing had happened to her.'*

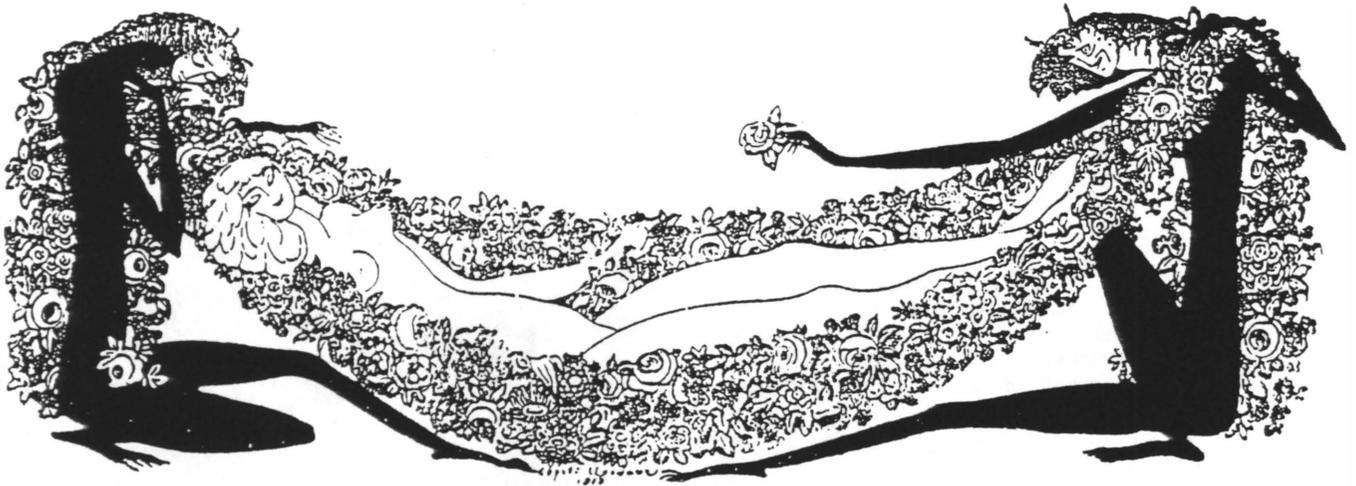


Single mum Kathleen Dallaway, 26, who lives on the seventh floor, said; *'Two weeks ago, I could feel him in bed with me. There was no sexual thing. I could just feel his cold presence on my back. I was paralysed with fear.'*

The Incubus/Ghost made no sexual advances when it first appeared more than two years ago. Pam said the Spook used to merely play about, messing up the bed and sitting on her 2-year-old daughter's leg as she lay on the couch. *'But one night, I became aware of a presence bending over me in bed. In certain lights you can just make out the outline of a male figure.'*

23rd April, 1995. Victoria House, Leamore, Walsall. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE'

The Incubus 2:



And half-way across the World, a young mother was forced to call in a priest to try to rid her house of the Spirit she claims is making love to her. Divorcee Pauline Hooper, 37, said *'the sex-crazed Spook'* was constantly ripping the bed-clothes off her. She would then awake to find It was having sex with her. 27th August, 1995. Sydney, Australia. *'SUNDAY EXPRESS'*.

The Living Dead

A woman declared dead from a heart attack spent two days in a morgue before nurses saw her move. 'Erna N' had hypothermia and died next day. Prosecutors are considering charges against the hospital responsible.

23rd June, 1995. Saxony-Anhalt, Germany. *'TODAY'*.

'WILD WILLY' - The Friendly-Ghost

The summit of Mount Snowdon is said to be haunted by the Spirit of guide William Williams - known locally as 'Wild Willy', the first climber to die on the mountain in 1840's. The Ghost is said to frequent the 'Summit Cafe', and Len Casey, who runs the place, says the Spook switches lights and fridges on and off and has even reportedly spoken to his daughter Emma, aged 10.

September, 1995. Snowdon, Wales. *'SUNDAY PEOPLE'*.

Family Quits Ghost House

A one parent family is quitting a haunted Victorian terrace home because of a Ghost that 13-year-old schoolgirl Melissa Liversage has christened 'Spooky'. She was moved to comment; *'Spooky watches me and teases me. His favourite trick is moving my favourite 'Take That' doll'*.

Brother Graham, 10, and dad Harry Liversage, 49, both agree that 'Spooky' really does haunt Alvanley Place, Birkenhead. Melissa actually sees the Ghost, whilst they only feel the Spirit push past them followed by a cold chill.

The occupants think the entity is the restless spirit of a youth who hanged himself from the top banisters. The attic and the landing stairs are cold and exude a frightening atmosphere. Harry's girlfriend Carol says; *'When I stay, a chill*

sweeps through my bedroom even when we have the radiator on full blast'.

Harry has heard unaccountable noises and thinks he may have caught a glimpse of 'Spooky' when going into the attic to get a video. He ran out before checking to make sure of just *what* he'd seen however.

They eventually decided to call in paranormal investigators who 'identified' the Ghost as being an old woman rather than a youth.

Dad Harry admits to being in dispute with the landlord but is quitting anyway; *'I am fighting for a council house, so the family can stay together and the kids stay at the same schools. I just hope this horror story has a happy ending'*.

13th September, 1995. Birkenhead, Merseyside. *'WIRRAL GLOBE'*.

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR GHOSTS

Nanette Morrison, a massage therapist and a psychic, believes she's adept at spotting Ghosts, especially those from the American Civil War. *'What I feel are cold spots, and I mean extreme cold, and sudden changes in temperature'*, Morrison said. *'Very frequently, all sounds of nature stop, the insects and the birds. It's almost like being in a vacuum'*.

Her recently published book *'Echoes Of Valour'*, details various encounters with Civil War Ghosts. Morrison's research put her into contact with many actors who re-enacted Civil War scenes, including someone who worked on the 1994 movie *'GETTYSBURG'*. Actor Michael Flood said he woke up at 3:20am, and saw a Confederate soldier on horseback during the filming of the movie. He thought scenes of the movie were being filmed, but he learned the next day that no scene was filming at that time. The scenes with the horses had been completed and all the horses had been shipped away.

'Gettysburg was one of the biggest battles ever fought', Flood said. *'The soldiers died violently and many of them were only 15 or 16 or in their early 20's. They didn't even see it coming, a lot*

of them. They weren't ready to die and they think they're still on the battlefield'.

Flood said at another time; 'I couldn't tell for sure whether it was a Confederate or Union. At first, I thought he was one of us, but then he jumped up on a rock and he was nowhere to be found'.

Morrison, who was born in West Virginia and now lives in Charlottesville, Virginia, is not the first to chronicle Civil War Ghost Stories.

Susan Critas of Martinsburg, has published two books; 'Confederate Ghosts' and 'Union Ghosts'. And Ruth Ann Musick included a chapter on the War in 'The Tell-Tale Lilac Bush', a book of West Virginia Ghost Stories..

Morrison said she saw her first Rebel Ghost nearly a year ago when she and her grandmother were visiting her grandfather's old farmhouse in Grafton, an area that was once part of the Underground Railroad. The pair heard strange pounding and dragging noises. 'It was an incredibly scary experience', Morrison said.

30th March, 1995. Gettysburg, USA. 'INDIANA GAZETTE'.

Another Liverpool Pub Ghost

Things have been going bump in the night at 'The Four Crosses' pub on Merseyside. Doors reportedly slam of their own accord, mysterious footsteps have been heard at the (ahem) *Dead Of Night*, and alarms have gone off for no reason.

But when regulars and staff investigate there is no-one there. Landlady Mrs Lisa Baker, 28, said; 'I wouldn't like to be on my own at night in the pub - you are definitely able to feel an atmosphere'.

Now, regulars are to hold a sleepover at the 150 year old pub, which has a history of famous visitors such as Dick Turpin and Johnathan Swift. Up to 30 people will take part in a sponsored Ghostwatch which was to coincide with Halloween.

If there are any interesting results, we'll let you know.

29th October, 1995. Liverpool. 'LIVERPOOL ECHO'.

ART THIEVES CURSED

Robbers who grabbed Henrietta Nelson's portrait could be in for a terrifying time. It's haunted. The 190-year-old portrait of Miss Nelson in her broad-brimmed hat was part of a £100,000-plus antiques haul stolen from collector Bryan Hall. He claims that her Ghost will have followed the painting wherever the thieves have taken it.

The knife-wielding, balaclava-masked robbers lumbered themselves with Henrietta and her Ghost in a raid on Mr. Hall's home, the Old Rectory, in Norfolk. They bound and gagged Mr. Hall, 73, and fled with dozens of paintings and silverware. The retired teacher says he has seen the Ghost in the grounds three times - and neighbours have also spotted her.

'But since Henrietta's portrait went, the house seems strangely quiet and empty,' he said yesterday. 'I am certain her Spirit has gone with

it. And many people have experienced unusual occurrences caused by her'.

The painting, 21 inches by 15, valued at around £3,000, is featured in the 'Britain's Haunted Heritage Guide'. Researchers into the paranormal have visited the Old Rectory to study it. Miss Nelson was the illegitimate daughter of the Leeke Family, of Yaxley Hall, near Eye, Suffolk. She died in 1815, in her 80's, after falling down stairs.



The portrait of Henrietta snatched by knife bandits

The family obeyed her last wish, to be buried near the hall. But a later owner had her moved to the family church vault. 'Henrietta has never done me any harm, but I believe her attitude could change towards the thieves', Mr Hall said.

'She could make their lives very uncomfortable. If the thieves have any sense, they will return the picture before something terrible happens'.

24th October, 1995. Aylsham, Norfolk. 'TODAY'.

Back From The Brink Of Death

Here's a tale to prove we don't just print the scary, the morbid and the tragi-comic in these pages...If this story doesn't warm yer heart, then I guess you've been taking charisma lessons off Norman Tebbit...

Dr Fiona Smith, a devout Catholic, and a mother-of-three, has come out of a coma after her family agreed that her life-support machine could be switched off because there was no hope of recovery. Prayers were being said regularly for Fiona after she was injured in a car crash which killed her husband. Suddenly, she sat up and said; 'Can I see my children, please?'

She'd been transferred to St. Mary's Hospital which is run by a religious order. Her condition began an unexplained improvement, and doctors judged that she had somehow come out of the deep coma, though she remained unconscious.

'When she spoke, it was completely out of the blue,' said Father Pat Gayer of St Peter and St Paul's. 'It is a miracle'.

21st October, 1995. Lanark, Scotland. 'SUNDAY EXPRESS'.

MILKING THE FAITH IN A NEW AGE OF MIRACLE AND WONDER

The 'Milk Miracles' that were alleged to have occurred right across the globe, held the attention of the world's media for a couple of wonder-filled days last September.

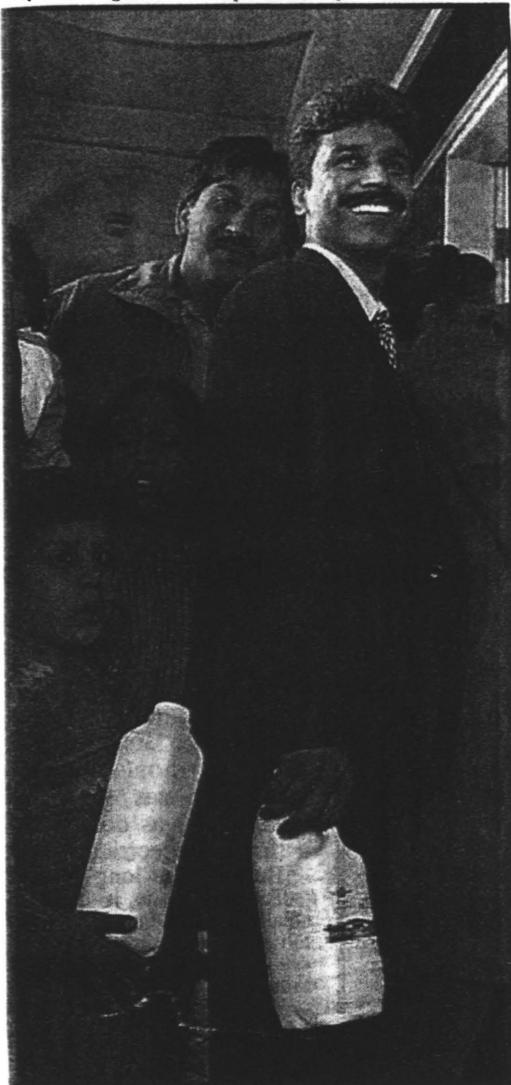
What began as little more than a trickle of reports emerging from Hindu's in India, soon became a veritable flood as similar accounts began to be reported from Hindu communities in *every* nation. Whether or not it actually meant or portended anything is open to suggestion.

What is indubitable is that it served to inspire a mass outpouring of religious fervour and a refreshing willingness to believe in the impossible...

The uncanny.

The miraculous.

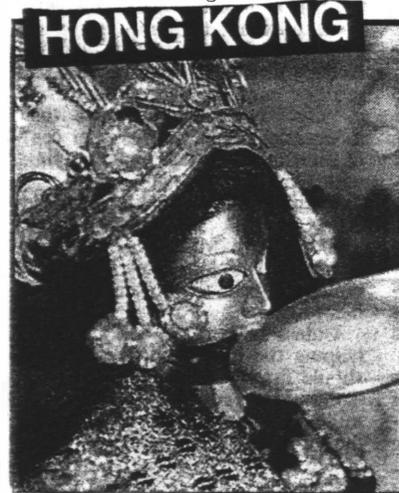
From Hong Kong to Southall. From Bangkok to Leeds. From Singapore to Liverpool. People came in their thousands to wait their turn outside the temples well stocked-up with supplies of milk. Once inside, they would approach the Sacred Cow, Nandi or the Elephant God, Ganesh and 'feed' the statue the milk. And, according to hundreds of eyewitnesses, the statues would promptly drink the liquid straight from the proffered spoon.



Scientists were quick to dismiss the stories as being nothing more than 'capillary action', through which the milk, poured on the statue's spreads slowly across the stone and

appears to be absorbed. There were also fingers of suspicion being pointed in the direction of the Indian Ultra-Right who were certainly exploiting the reports for their own purposes. Auto-suggestion and blind faith have also been touted by the sceptical as likely explanations, but whatever the truth of the matter, (and we here at 'DEAD OF NIGHT' are as per-usual, as open-minded as any Fortean worth his or her salt *should* be) there is no doubt that the whole phenomenon itself is worthy of further, serious investigation.

What is also interesting to note is that fluids of one kind or another have always had a significant role in the chronicle of miracles. (Check out the many alleged reports of Christian images that are attributed with the power to shed blood and/or tears. Not to mention the use of Holy Water in Baptism and Exorcism). In Hinduism, milk is venerated both on a practical level as a valuable source of nourishment, and also as a religious offering.



A Hindu Temple God is offered milk on a spoon by a disciple

THE MEDIA'S REACTION

The 'quality' press were on the whole, slightly less sceptical in their reporting of the phenomenon than perhaps we had any rights to expect.

'THE DAILY TELEGRAPH' had this to say;

Some of the most dramatic displays of religious passion took place at the Vishwa Hindu Temple in Southall, West London. From before dawn, crowds of worshippers besieged the temple in the hopes of offering milk to the statue of a bull which was said to have started drinking. By the early afternoon about 600 people, some in traditional saris, others in leather jackets and jeans, were waiting patiently in a queue that stretched out of the temple gates and 100 metres down the road. The strength of their fervour stood in diametrical proportion to the size of the object; the bull, known as a Nandi on which the God Shiva is supposed to ride, stands barely one foot tall.

Several cartons of milk - UHT, homogenised, semi-skimmed; the idol appeared to have no particular preference - were scattered at its feet along with offerings of rose and marigold flowers. As the devotees shuffled by they each raised a teaspoonful of milk to the bull's lips and watched, wild-eyed as the fluid disappeared. The crowd was universally convinced. 'Mister, look, look'. a temple attendant said. 'See? The milk is gone, but no drop coming.'

Sushmith Jaswal, 20, was sceptical at first but her doubts vanished as with the milk.

I couldn't see it clearly because there were so many people, but it was a very emotional moment. It was like a blessing'.

As word spread, Southall could talk of nothing else. Asian housewives accosted passers-by for the latest update.

Local shopkeepers were delighted. Grocers ordered hundreds of extra pints of milk after regular stores were depleted by late morning, and gift shops did a roaring trade in plastic elephants.

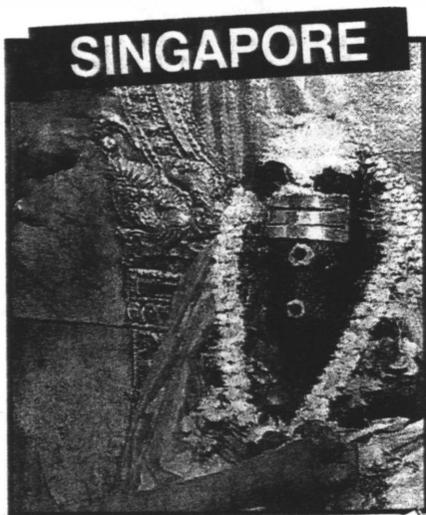
Southall's Shri Ram Mandir Temple also profited from the miracle after its bronze statue of a Cobra, known as Shish Nag, also began drinking milk. Donations from the hundreds of worshippers who flocked there were piled up in a corner, including boxes of apples, Indian sweets and 10 kilo sacks of teapot flour.

Cash flowed liberally too. Run Vohra, an interior designer aged 52, donated £180. *This has confirmed my belief that God is looking over us. There is too much sinfulness in the world, and this is his message'.*

The belief that a veritable miracle has occurred rather than a mass delusion, prompted both atheists and believers to struggle to find an explanation. The Indian Rationalist Association offered a £2,000 reward for anyone who could convince its members this was not a hoax.

A team of government scientists was dispatched to temples around India and they put the phenomenon down to elementary physics. *'As soon as milk comes into contact with the marble surface of statues, it spreads quickly and appears as if it were disappearing,'* a spokesman said.

Even some priests were sceptical. *'Backwaas' (rubbish),* said the Priest at Delhi's central Hanuman Mandir Temple, where over-zealous devotees were limited to one spoonful each. *'What a waste. Many of our children do not even get a drop of milk to drink yet does this move us? No'*



A Hindu priest 'feeds' god G

One of the most remarkable features of this miracle frenzy is the speed with which it has travelled, making it probably the first example of global religious fervour propagated by mass telecommunications. Having begun before dawn on Thursday at a South Delhi temple, the news was transmitted to Asian communities around the world in synch with the rising sun.

By yesterday morning, the fever was already well advanced among many urban concentrations of Hindus.

But not *all* devotees were satisfied. The priest of Bradford's Hindu temple, Pinakin Guru, tried to give a deity milk, but nothing happened...

On a local level 'THE LIVERPOOL ECHO had this to say; Hundreds of people flocked to a Hindu temple in Liverpool until the early hours today to witness the miracle of a milk-drinking idol.

Queues of people carrying bottles and cartons of milk formed inside the temple in Edge Lane, Wavertree, as reports of the bizarre events spread.

Bal Krishan Aggarwal, General Secretary of the Shree Radha Temple in a red-brick former church said many people spoke of seeing a miracle as the milk was consumed by Lord Ganesh, the Elephant God Of Wisdom.

Mr. Aggarwal, who runs a local newsagents, said; *'About 1,000 people came when the word spread, from as far as Leeds, Bradford, and Manchester. This is the first time it has ever happened in my life. It is a miracle.'*

People started going to the temple yesterday morning after reports of a series of the milk miracles in India.

He said: *'I gave milk myself on a teaspoon to the Lord Ganesh and when I put it in front of Him, it was consumed. Lord Ganesh drank it'.*

The temple priest, Vishna Mitter, said the same thing happened when other people offered milk to the idol.

Mr Aggarwal added; *'Milk was offered to Lord Ganesh's father, Lord Shiva, and his mother Parvati, and at one time all three drank the milk'.*

'A sense of spirit on this earth'

The milk-drinking phenomenon seems limited to the 'family' of Shiva.

Shiva's family

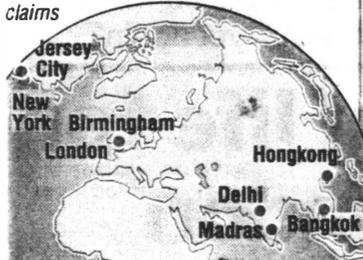
Shiva
God of destruction
Nandi the bull,
Shiva's mount.
Sash Naag, an
attribute of Shiva

Parvati
The beautiful,
Shiva's
consort

Ganesh
God of wealth and
wisdom, Shiva's son

Kartikkaya
Shiva's other son,
the god of war

Other Hindu temples across the world have made similar claims



Theories

- **Surface tension:** Milk spreads across the face of the image.
- **Capillary action:** Rough surface of the statue provides channels which 'suck up' the milk.
- **Optical illusion:** milk in small quantities is transparent. Most of the images are white.
- **Psycho-motor movement:** involuntary tipping of spoon by the faithful.
- **Divine intervention:** 'Some great soul has descended'

Any further information on this perplexing phenomenon will be relayed to you via these pages. For now, the mystery endures.

But the 'Milk Miracles' are only part of a series of equally enigmatic religious phenomena manifesting all around us. Take for instance are next item...

The Search For The Holy Grail

It is one of the world's greatest mysteries and the source of countless legends and myths. For nearly 2,000 years men have sacrificed their lives trying to solve it. But so far no one has been able to discover what became of one of the most important artefacts (along with the Ark Of The Covenant, I guess), of the ancient world...The Holy Grail.

Now, according to an article in *'THE DAILY MAIL'*, the elusive item may be hidden...In a British bank vault!!!

To find out quite how Raymond Scott, the author of the article, reached this amazing conclusion, read on.

For hundreds of years, the people of a small rural community have believed that a small cup carefully guarded by descendants of the same family is the one which Christ used at The Last Supper and into which His blood dripped as he died on the Cross.

Far from being the jewelled goblet depicted in so many medieval manuscripts and paintings, it is a small wooden object which has fared badly with time

It is known as the Nanteos Cup after the mansion near Aberystwyth in which it was kept.

For hundreds of years, a family called Powell lent it to the sick of the community who reported miraculous cures after drinking from it. So potent were its claimed powers that the story of the Nanteos Cup became deeply implanted in the oral tradition of Wales and the West Country.

Its whereabouts were known as recently as the 1960's, after which it disappeared. But the Nanteos Cup is about to resurface.

If it is indeed The Holy Grail, how did it manage to end up in Wales?

The legend of the Grail begins with the Last Supper, when Christ passed it among his disciples with the words; 'Take this all of you, and drink from it; for this is the cup of my blood'.



The famous painting of The Last Supper by Vicente

The story goes that one of his followers, the rich merchant Joseph Of Arimathea, visited the room on the outskirts of Jerusalem where the Last Supper had taken place. He retrieved the Cup and took it to where Christ was dying on the Cross. In the Cup, he caught drops of Christ's blood. In about 37AD, Joseph is said to have travelled on business to the tin mines of England's West Country, taking the Cup with him.

There, according to tradition, he founded Britain's first Christian Church at Glastonbury on the Isle Of Avalon.

On his death he bequeathed the Cup to his son Josephus, who in turn left it to the monks of Glastonbury Abbey.

The story of the Cup then jumps forward 1,500 years to the reign of Henry VIII and the dissolution of the monasteries.

A group of monks from Glastonbury fled to Wales with the abbey's greatest treasures - among them the sacred Cup.

They went first to the Cistercian monastery at Strata Florida on the road to Aberystwyth, perhaps intending to take the Grail to safety overseas.

But Henry's men pursued them there and seven elderly monks took refuge at nearby Nanteos Mansion, the estate of the local magistrate, an ancestor of the Powells.

As the last of the seven was on his deathbed, he entrusted the Cup to the care of the family 'Until the church shall claim its own'. The simple wooden drinking vessel and its extraordinary story were handed down from generation to generation in the Powell family, and for centuries they lent it out to the sick.

The next written records of the Cup date from the 19th century, when a servant at Nanteos kept a log of the occasions upon which it was used to help the sick. By then it had become the Powell's practice to ask for a sum of money or a valuable object as surety for the Cup's safe return.

A typical entry in the log reads; 'November 24th, 1887. The Nanteos Healing Cup was lent on the above date to Charles Edwards, for the use of his daughter, Mary Edwards. One pound left. Returned 13th December, 1887. A wonderful cure.'

Over the years the faithful broke off fragments of the Cup and kept them as Holy relics, so that barely half of it survived intact. In 1951, Margaret, the last of the Powells of Nanteos, died. She bequeathed the estate to a relative, Mrs Betty Mirylees, who sold the house and its land in 1967.

Since then, the whereabouts of the Cup have been shrouded in mystery. So what became of it?

Nanteos Mansion has changed hands four times and fallen into dreadful decay since Mrs Mirylees sold it. It now belongs to Gary Hesp, who runs the office equipment firm Unistat. He bought the property about five years ago and, although he has no plans to live there, he is slowly restoring the house to its former glory. While restoration work goes on, three of the mansion's 100-odd rooms are let out for B&B at £20 a night. Visitors are few, and for most of the time caretaker Anthony Gardner, 29, lives there alone.

Mr Gardner showed us the cupboard in the library, now being renovated as a restaurant, where the Nanteos Cup was kept from the time of the buildings construction in 1739.

As for the Cup's present whereabouts, he had no idea - although he had heard it was now being kept in a bank vault.



Caretaker Anthony Gardner and the cupboard where the Nanteos Cup was kept safely for over 200 years.

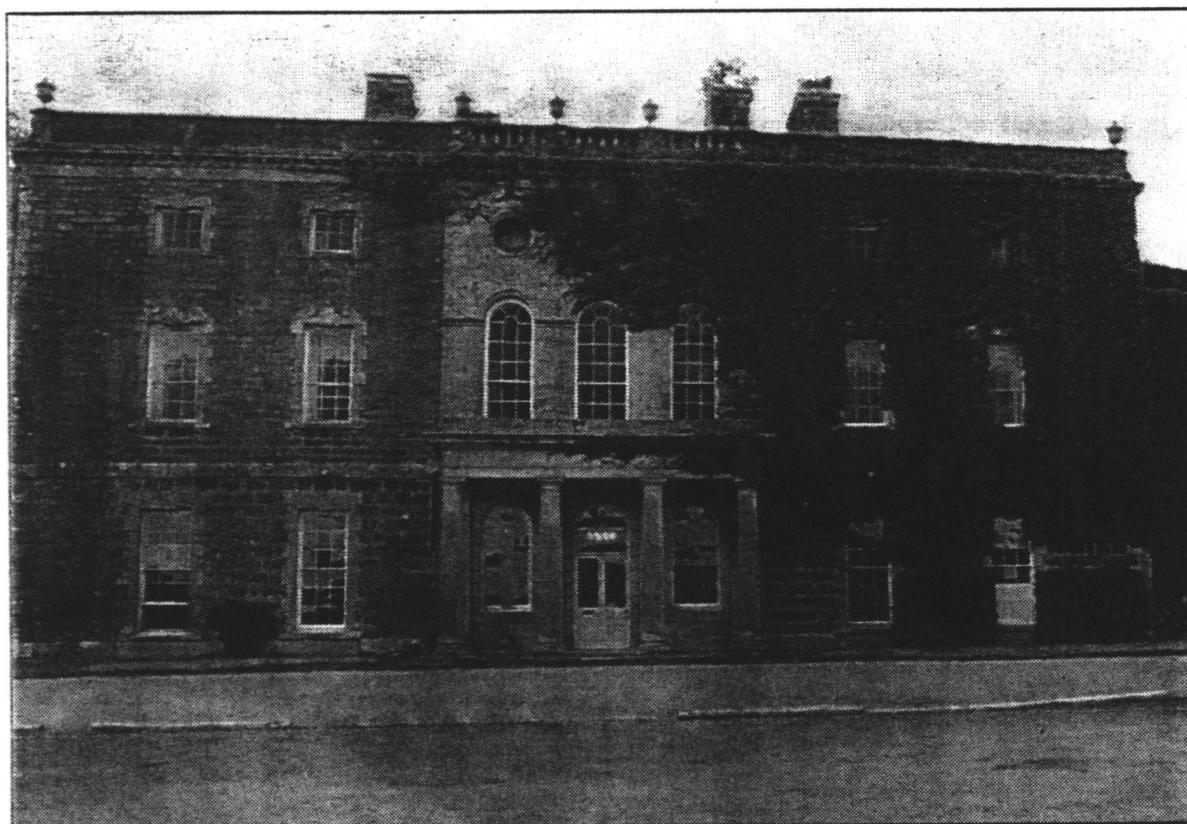
But some old press cuttings kept in the mansion offered the vital clue. Dated 1957, they described how Mrs Betty Mirylees had at last moved into the mansion with her husband and five young daughters after an acrimonious lawsuit over the will of Mrs Powell, who had died five years earlier. The second of those daughters, Fiona - who was 10 at the time of the local press reports - proved to be the link we were looking for. We tracked her down to a village near Ross-on-Wye in Herefordshire. She was extremely nervous of publicity, refusing to talk about the Cup. Although she would not confirm that she was the present owner, she said we could discuss it with a friend of hers, who would get in touch by telephone. The friend, the Rev Kenneth Long, a Baptist Minister from Phoenix, Arizona, was in Britain researching a documentary on religious relics and sacred sites. It emerged that the Cup was to be taken from its hiding place to be used in a religious service for the programme. Filming was due to start on August 10th.

How had he come to befriend Miss Mirylees?

'It was divine providence that caused our paths to meet', he said in the tones of a Billy Graham. Could he arrange for us to speak to her? *'You would have to spend many weeks preparing your mind and soul for an interview with her. But she does not give private interviews. Fiona is a very private recluse and her whole life has been dedicated to keeping and protecting the Grail. Because of the nature of the documentary, we do not want bad publicity from those who may not believe'*.

Would he reveal where the Cup was now kept? *'You must realise that I cannot tell you that'*, said Mr Long. *'If this is in truth the Cup Of The Last Supper - and there is enough evidence to convince any court that in all probability the Nanteos Cup would be the artefact brought to Glastonbury by Joseph Of Arimathea - then this is more than a newspaper story'*.

With that, Mr Long hung up. And our quest had come to an end. We had established that the Nanteos Cup was to be filmed during August after 30 years in hiding. It is impossible to say whether it is indeed The Holy Grail. The Powell and Mirylees families have consistently refused to subject it to carbon-dating tests, saying that to do so would mean losing yet another fragment of the Cup, of which so little remains.



Stately Nanteos Mansion, home of the Nanteos Cup for a couple of hundred years...But was it also the home of the Holy Grail

Historians are puzzled by the fact that the first written evidence of the Cup's existence dates from as late as the 19th century. But experts agree that there is this to be said for the Nanteos Cup. If the Holy Grail really does survive, it is much more likely to be a humble vessel of this kind than any of the handful of elaborately jewelled rival claimants that exist in Europe.

Back at Glastonbury, Leonard Sleath, warden of the Chalice Well Trust, told this paper that there had been a move some years ago to return the Nanteos Cup to the abbey where it was said to have come from.

Sadly, nothing came of the plan - which would have fulfilled the 16th century monk's dying wish that the Powell's should keep the Cup *'Until the church shall claim its own'*.

July, 1995. Aberystwyth, Wales. *'THE MAIL ON SUNDAY'*

Invasion Of The Bodysnatchers:

Cemetery owners are being quizzed over the disappearance of 150,000 bodies from their graves. They are being accused of taking the corpses from their caskets minutes after the last rites and stacking them in mass graves - so they could re-sell the burial plots..

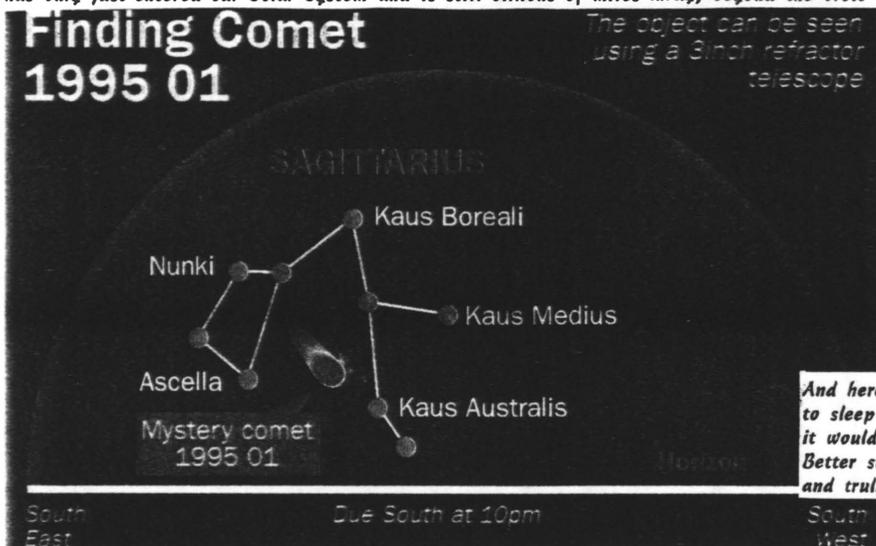
FBI agents (excluding one presumes a certain Mulder and Scully), are now investigating the case and grieving relatives are suing the cemeteries.

21st August, 1995. Los Angeles, USA. *'DAILY STAR'*.

The End Of The World Is Not Yet Nigh...

Astronomer Sir Patrick Moore has urged people not to worry unduly about a 1,000 mile wide comet that is currently hurtling towards the sun. The huge comet, which may be as big as Britain, has understandably prompted fears that (surprise, surprise) the end of the world could be just around the corner...To coincide nicely with the end of the Millennium. But in typically Moore-esque style, the learned astronomer has gone on record as saying we are more likely to be hit by a bus. Oh well. There's a comforting thought.

The comet, called 'HALEBOPP' after the two Americans who discovered it, can be seen through small telescopes, even though it has only just entered our Solar System and is still billions of miles away, beyond the orbit of Jupiter.



And here's a cheery thought to help you off to sleep tonight.. If the Comet did hit the Earth it would certainly wipe out all life on the planet Better start praying...Just in case Mr. Moore's well and truly got his head up his arse. .

Astronomers in the USA were taken by surprise when the comet appeared out of the proverbial nowhere. They say it appears huge, but caution that it may have brightened suddenly, giving off the illusion that it's much bigger than it actually is. Dr. Brian Marsden, a Harvard University expert on comets said it was 'Unheard of for a comet to be visible by small telescopes while so far away'. He admitted that the object, which can be seen in the Sagittarius Constellation in the southern sky after 10pm, may be 'The Comet Of The Millennium'.
13th July, 1995. General. 'DAILY EXPRESS'.

Archaeological Anomalies

Chinese Archaeologists have grown tomatoes from 2,000-year-old seeds found in a bamboo tube in a tomb. They were a different shape from today's version but tasted the same
23rd August, 1995. China. 'TODAY'.

Footprints In Time

Scientists have found fossilised footprints which prove giant sea creatures began living on land some 30 million years earlier than previously thought. Scientists found the traces of eight creatures, including those resembling a six-foot long poisonous scorpion.
13th September, 1995. Kalbarri, Perth. 'LIVERPOOL ECHO'.

THE TRIBE THAT TIME FORGOT

A previously unknown tribe has been discovered in a remote region of the Amazon Rainforest. A Brazilian government expedition came across a man and a woman from the tribe and a spokesman, Marcello Santos said; 'The man was fascinated with my watch which I gave him'. Santos said it may have been the Indian's first actual contact with white people. But they had obviously come across forestry worker's encampments in the area because their dress appeared to be modelled on Bermuda shorts

and they wore bits of plastic jewellery. The Indians also had headresses and carried bows and arrows. Santos believes that there are more members of their tribe nearby, as well as other uncharted groups in the region. Recordings of the Indian's dialect are being examined by language experts and a new expedition is being planned to discover more about them.
15th September, 1995. Amazon RainForest, Brazil. 'DAILY EXPRESS'.

IN SEARCH OF THE MISSING LINK

The following report was originally printed in THE SUNDAY EXPRESS by their correspondent; Peter Birkett. High up on a misty crest in the mountainous jungle of Western Sumatra an English-woman stares intently into her binoculars. Somewhere below, a branch snaps and birds wheel up in alarm from the chattering canopy of trees. 'Don't move a muscle,' she whispers, 'Not a sound'. This slight, hunched figure is Debbie Martyr, the unlikely leader of an extraordinary expedition which could re-write the natural history books and even shed new light on the evolution of man. Her quest, if successful, will be historic; The first proof of the existence of a creature called Orang Pendek - the fabled Short Man Of Sumatra which ranks in legend second only to the Yeti. But this is no eccentric monster-hunt. Improbable as it seems, Debbie Martyr's search is being treated with the utmost seriousness both in Indonesia and in Britain. The implications are so far-reaching and so compelling is Debbie's evidence for the existence of the Short Man - a

mysterious new species of Great Ape - that already several major companies have invested in the project.

This year alone £12,000 is being provided to finance the search for the Orang Pendek by Fauna And Flora International, one of the world's most respected conservation bodies. So convinced is FFI of the existence of the new species that it is describing the project as a 'validation exercise'.

Blue-chip British companies such as British Petroleum, Land Rover, Rolls Royce, ICI, J&B Scotch Whisky and British Airways are providing sponsorship. In terms of natural history, confirmation of the new species would be seismic. It would be only the second new Great Ape to be identified since the discovery of the Gorilla in Gabon in 1847, and it would be the first to live exclusively on the ground, rather than the trees.

An entirely uncharted evolutionary strain would be available for scientific study, perhaps even providing new clues to the elusive missing link between the Great Apes and mankind.

For two centuries, since the Dutch colonised Sumatra, stories have abounded about Orang Pendek. Local people of the remote jungle villages around the slopes of Sumatra's 13,000 ft Mount Kerinci have continually reported sightings of a powerful, ape-like beast which they called the 'Gu-Gu' and their descriptions have always been distinguished by their remarkable consistency. Eye-witness after eye-witness down the years have described a tailless, short-haired hominid, up to 4ft 6in tall, which seems to 'flow' through the dense forest thicket, walking upright and swinging its arms in a casual easy stroll.

At the wilder end of the scale there have been tales of stolen children, of a creature which can pull the head off a man with one twist of its mighty wrists, of roaring, grunting but always elusive beasts. But despite all the stories and the thousands of sightings, no Orang Pendek has ever been captured; no dead body has ever been found.

Few paid any attention to the stories, and those who did dismissed them as superstitious imaginings of a backward, rural people. Until Debbie Martyr, then the editor of a local newspaper in South London, arrived in Sumatra on holiday in 1989 and found herself transfixed by them.

Surprised that no one had made any serious attempt to investigate the legend of Orang Pendek, she decided to abandon journalism and dedicate her life to checking out the Ape at first hand.

'I wasn't an ologist, I was just a journalist and I was sceptical. But I thought I should treat the Orang Pendek like a journalist treats a story', says Debbie, who is single, in her late thirties.

'I suspect that up until now, primatologists may have accepted the status quo - may have followed the general belief that Orang Pendek were a mere rural myth. Perhaps that was why nothing was ever done'.

Today, Debbie believes that only a good photograph and a sample of hair for DNA testing is now needed to confirm the species after two years of painstaking detective work in the jungle - an area the size of Wales which yesterday was shaken by a killer earthquake.

Her most important pieces of evidence are personal sightings and a series of footprints of a type never seen before, which, scientists now believe, can only be those of Orang Pendek.

The prints, some of which have been preserved in plaster casts, show the creature has a banana-shaped foot with four toes in an almost straight row, with a fifth, big toe jutting to one side. It was these prints, as well as the sightings of the animals by Debbie and her team, which have persuaded one of the world's most eminent primatologists, Dr David Chivers of Cambridge University, that Orang Pendek is a reality.

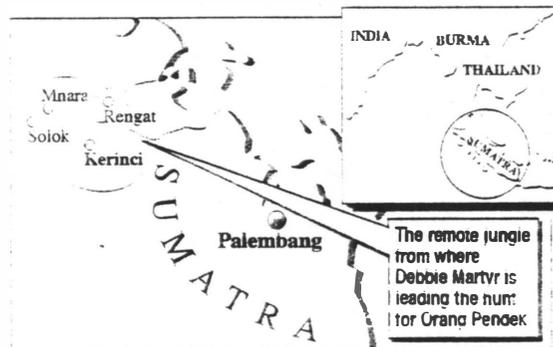
'I am convinced it's there,' says Dr Chivers, who visited the site a few weeks ago. This is a hominid, a big Ape. The footprint is very different from an Orang-Utan, too large to be that of a Gibbon'.

Debbie is working in the jungle with an English photographer, Jeremy Holden, and a leading Indonesian

primatologist, Achmad Yanuar, who has been brought in by FFI to oversee the scientific aspects of the validation. The group is supported by a team of four Indonesian trackers who help run a base camp which lies a day's uphill march from the nearest human habitation. The camp is a ramshackle affair two open-sided huts with roofs of thatched palm leaves. If the nights are less than peaceful, the days are hard - hours spent hacking through the dense undergrowth with parang knives or hiding up in silent observation. It is not comfortable work. Neither is it without danger. The jungle is infested with leeches and poisonous snakes are commonplace. Each morning yields 5 inch wide tiger footprints, right outside the camp - and leaving camp after 5pm, when the tigers begin to hunt, is discouraged. So far this year Debbie has seen the Orang Pendek twice, the best sighting lasting 3 seconds. Holden, too, has had one good sighting and other members of the team have also reported glimpses.

All of them have heard what they believe is Orang Pendek. 'It grunts,' says Debbie. 'When it's surprised it emits a sharp BO. And its call when alarmed is a chilling URAAGH'. But so secret is the animal and so fleeting are the sightings that despite the team's best efforts, no pictures have yet been taken.

'It really is impossibly frustrating,' says Debbie. 'But it takes time to aim a camera, and sadly, by the time you do, the animal has gone'.



To help in the hunt the team have now set up infra-red camera traps at key points such as river crossings and well-used jungle paths. All the team give the same description of the animal; a powerful short-haired hominid with a pot belly, about four and a half with a well-camouflaged coat varying from buff to black. 'Its colouring is absolutely adapted for the dappled shade of the jungle floor', says Debbie. 'And its height is exactly the height of the undergrowth. That is one of the key reasons why the animal is so difficult to spot. It is a master of camouflage, and it has the knack of freezing stock-still and merging with the forest. Recently I saw what I thought was a log. When I looked again seconds later the log had gone'.

Another problem facing the searchers is the apparently solitary habit of the Orang Pendek and the fact that it ranges almost silently - until disturbed - over a huge area.

'It is incredibly well-adapted - that is the only way it can have escaped being photographed for so long,' says Debbie.

'Trying to get close to this thing is harder than trying to find a needle in a haystack. But this is like looking for a black cat in a blacked out barn and wearing headphones while you do it. That, and knowing the cat may not be in the barn anyway.'

No one yet knows how many Orang Pendeks exist but Achmad Yanuar believes that a minimum population of 1,000 and 2,000 would be needed to maintain a healthy gene pool. With less than that, he explains the Orang Pendek would interbreed and gradually die out. Apart from a dozen or so sightings over the past two years, Debbie Martyr has taken plaster casts of four different-sized Orang Pendek footprints this year. Each has a nickname.

One of the clearest casts comes from an animal known in camp as 'Chubby Toes' who left his prints beside a stream near the camp on July 26th this year. Then there is the

Then there is the persistent 'Pak Percuri' (Mr Burglar) who was in the area of the camp between May 12 and mid-July.

'He is deeply implicated in raiding our fish trap and also removing a pineapple from just outside the camp,' says Debbie.

On June 26, a creature known as 'The Marathon Man' left a splendid trail of 20 footprints from which the team have raised seven good casts. But the most recent visitor has been 'The Newcomer'. He turned up on September 10 and again, raided the camp fish trap. In recent weeks the search for Orang Pendek has been complicated by persistent onslaughts on the rain forest near the camp by illegal logging gangs whose roaring chainsaws may have driven the animals to even more remote areas. Debbie is deeply concerned at the presence of the loggers and believes their hunger for highly prized, protected hardwoods could eventually spell the undoing of the Orang Pendek. She has made numerous approaches to the Kerinci National Park authorities asking for intervention. Last week an armed team entered the jungle, seized a chainsaw and arrested two men.

The logging points up the urgent need to get this validation successfully completed,' says Debbie. 'In a way I feel that by finding the animal it means that he is actually going to be paying his rent. Because an animal like this will do no more to help the Indonesian National Park authorities protect this forest than almost anything else. My dream is that enough of the forest is left undisturbed so that the animal can continue to move and to feed in freedom - forever. This is the shyest, most elusive animal in the world. It is our duty to ensure its future. But you cannot protect something which does not yet officially exist and that, of course, is why Fauna and Flora International has become involved.'

She picks up the binoculars again and says with a wry smile; 'But first of all, catch your monkey'.

A BEASTLY HOAX



The skull of the 'Beast Of Bodmin Moor', (see *DEAD OF NIGHT*# 6), was revealed to be in fact yet another anti-climatic hoax perpetrated by persons unknown.

The skull that had managed to fool London Zoo officials into announcing that it was proof positive of the mysterious 'Beast', turned out to be the remains of an adult, male leopard with inch long fangs. The Natural History Museum confirmed that it must be an imported hunting trophy that had been placed in the Cornish stream where it was discovered, by the hoaxers. Traces of a tropical cockroach egg-case were found inside the skull, indicating that the animal died outside the country, and marks showed part of it had been deliberately removed, probably by a sharp knife.

August, 1995. Bodmin. 'DAILY TELEGRAPH'

STRANGE DAYS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM: 4 REVOLT OF THE CREATURES

INVASION OF THE GIANT FROGS

Giant Bullfrogs are invading the gardens of Britain and threatening wildlife. The species, which grow to be 10 times as big as the ordinary Common Frog, have been introduced by garden centres. They have been encouraging customers to treat them as pets, but now 'experts' are warning that the giants from North America are killers...And what's worse, they have no natural enemies in this country.

Colin Fitzsimmons, education officer at the British Herpetological Society, said; *'They eat almost everything. They are huge animals and they will take some of our native British amphibians. The common toad will end up on the menu, along with our common frogs.'*



The BBC consumer programme 'Watchdog' found almost six in 10 garden centres selling the giant frogs as tadpoles were advising customers that they were suitable for garden ponds. While there is no law to stop their sale, it is illegal under the Wildlife and Countryside Act to release them. But thousands have been imported over the Summer.

The RSPCA has called for new laws to restrict their sale. Wildlife officer Dr Arthur Lindley said; *'The native British animals and plants have established their own balance of predators and prey and competition in the wild. We would*

like to see a legal requirement on the retailer to be properly qualified and to inform the buyer of the needs of the animals and their obligation not to release them in the wild. The Bullfrogs, which can survive a British Winter unscathed, live for up to 12 years. They grow throughout their lives and become huge.'

The Frogs normally live in swampland in Florida and other nearby U.S. states.

'If these Bullfrogs get into the country's rivers there will be no stopping them.' said 'Watchdog' reporter Chris Choi.

KILLER WHALE

Four people were feared drowned after their boat was capsized by a Bowhead Whale in the Eastern Arctic Ocean, according to Canadian police.

3rd November, 1995. Baffin Island, Arctic Ocean. 'DAILY MANC'.

My Savage Little Pony: Part 2

A horse-loving girl, Danielle Cording, aged 12, was kicked to death by a pony. In our last issue, we referred to the case of another young girl who in that case was bitten by a pony: (*'Dead Of Night' #6 P:16*). Danielle was with a group of friends when a pony they were petting suddenly kicked out.

7th September, 1995. Long Eaton, Derbyshire. 'TODAY'.

...And 10-year-old Ben Moore was crushed to death by a horse when he cycled too close to the animal as it was being led to the stable. The horse reared in alarm and crashed down on him. He was put on a life-support machine, but died later in hospital.

12th September, 1995. Aythorpe Roding, Essex. 'DAILY SLUR'.

Also down on the farm, a farmer was killed by a randy bull which apparently saw him as a love rival. It broke off from mating to gore and trample the 54-year-old to death.

8th September, 1995. Oranienberg, Germany.

THE PIGEONS FROM HELL

Topless sunbather Kate Cooper, was forced to flee screaming when she was attacked by pigeons attracted by the heavy scent of her coconut oil tanning lotion. A flock swooped, scratching at her skin and crawling all over her body. She said; *'It was terrifying - like something out of Alfred Hitchcock's "THE BIRDS".'*

Kate, 32, an executive of Bristol's soul radio station: 'KUTE FM', had stripped off on the roof at lunchtime. *'The sky turned black with pigeons'*, she said. *'I screamed but they wouldn't go away. I ran into the office crying, with no clothes on.'*

'Experts' said pigeons have a very strong sense of smell. 27th August, 1995. Bristol. 'SUNDAY PEOPLE'.

Battle With The Loch Long Conger

Diver Cameron Bell, 32, was dragged by his neck to the bottom of Loch Long, (interestingly, a Loch which like Ness, Morar, Oich and Arkaig, has a tradition of resident Water Monsters) after being snared in a fishing line trailing behind a huge conger eel. Death seemed certain as the 7ft eel raced for a tiny hole deep on the loch bed. Cameron later said; 'It was my worst nightmare come true'.

The Glasgow diving instructor set off in the early hours of a Thursday morning with three friends for a night dive. (Brave bunch!!! You surely wouldn't get me diving into the black waters of a dark Scottish Loch at the height of a beautiful Summer's day...Never mind at night - Cowardly Ed) They planned to explore a spot known as Conger Alley because it teems with the dangerous eels. They can weigh 10st, reach 10ft and have a mouthful of vicious teeth. Cameron recalled; 'I went to see if I could spot a large conger I'd fed in the past. It's quite tame. It came out and I could see a huge hook sticking out of its mouth. Then my torch went out. I hit it on a rock and must have startled the eel, for it shot out like a torpedo. It was trailing a gut fishing line - and a loop at the end caught under my chin. I was on my front, but the sheer power of the eel flipped me on my back. The eel was diving down deep, heading for the bottom, and I was being dragged along. The fishing line had tangled around my neck, choking me. If my mouthpiece hadn't been there it would have ripped my head off. I cried out but no sound came. I could see my buddies' lights getting further and further away. All I could see was darkness. It was like a curtain being drawn in a dark room. The nitrox gas in my tank meant I could not go below 98ft without the risk of going into convulsions and drowning. So I held my breath. I took my knife out and tried to cut the line. The knife just slipped straight off. I think it was in the fourth attempt that I succeeded and I stopped dead. I could feel the bottom of the loch. The conger had dived into a hole. Just a split second later and I would have crashed into the rocks I suppose I'd been dragged about 680 yards and 180ft down. I tried to stay calm.

Cameron inflated his buoyancy aid and began to rise, but still dare not breathe the nitrox gas.

'It seemed like an eternity to the surface. I think I blacked out...The next thing I remember is lying on my back in the water. I was dazed, but I started swimming.

At daylight, I got ashore. I knew I had to find someone. I began crawling, slipping in and out of consciousness'.

A holidaymaker found Cameron near a road. Two miles away, police were searching the loch. He was rushed to the decompression unit at Faslane Naval Base for 7 hours of treatment for the bends. The sickness, which afflicts divers who surface too fast, can lead to paralysis. Fortunately, Cameron fully recovered, but later said; 'That conger was there waiting for something like this to happen, just because some angler wanted a trophy'.

3rd September, 1995. Loch Long, Strathclyde, Scotland. 'NEWS OF THE WORLD'.

Not quite so lucky was Nicholas Cossner, 17, who was killed by the very fish he harpooned whilst scuba diving in the Med.

He speared a 4ft Wolf Fish, and as the creature thrashed around in its death throes, it tangled the boy's feet in the line and then dived to an undersea cave where Nicholas died.

25th September, 1995. Toulon, France. 'TODAY'

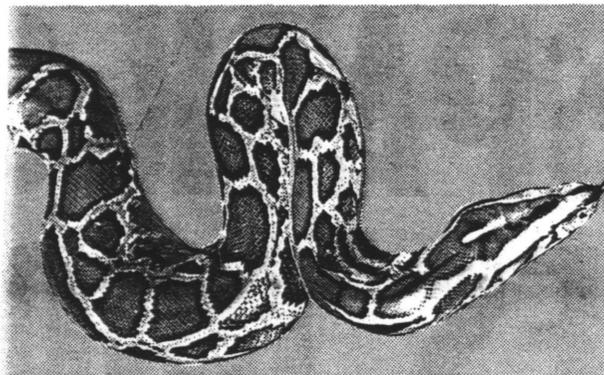
KILLER SNAKES

A Baptist man was bitten and killed by a Rattlesnake he brought to church because the Bible says believers 'shall take up Serpents'.

Dewey Bruce Hale, 40, was bitten during Sunday Services at the New River Holiness Church and died at home later that night. Witnesses said Mr Hale brought the Rattlesnake to church in a box and was bitten on the hand when he took it out. He refused to go to hospital for life-saving treatment, presumably as a test of his faith. 18th January, 1995. Enigma, USA. 'THE CAPITAL'.

A Python killed a rubber tapper in Malaysia by squeezing him and then swallowing him partly before police killed it. Ee Heng Chuan, 29, was attacked while working in the forest.

Police said the victim had multiple fractures. 'There were also fang marks on his legs, suggesting that he had been caught unaware by the Python'.



University of Malaya zoologist Khew Bong Heang said; 'While it is common for Pythons to devour smaller animals such as chickens and goats, attacks on humans, especially adults, are not common...At least here'.

FOR THE SAKE OF A HEN

Six people drowned when they each jumped into a well to save a chicken...Which survived!!!

Three brothers and their sister, aged 20, 18, 16, and 14, leapt into the farmer's well one after the other. Two neighbours who tried to save the youngsters also drowned.

2nd August, 1995. Nazlet Emara, Egypt. 'TODAY'

INSECTS BACK ON THE MARCH AGAIN....

Arachnophobia: For Real!!!

Steve West, 40, suffered a freak reaction to a bite from Britain's nastiest house spider. His hand swelled to twice its normal size and then turned black after he was bitten by a Tubeweb Spider when he brushed it off a wall.

Doctors cut open his hand to drain the poison. After recovering in hospital, Steve said; 'It was like a scene from "ARACHNOPHOBIA". I was in agony'.

The bad news is, Spider experts warned that Britain was in the grip of an Arachnophobia-style plague. One of those self-same experts, Paul Hilliard said; 'Spiders in homes are increasing, and they are biting more frequently'. August, 1995. 'TODAY'.

The Cockroach Fires Back

Rosita Armando's battle with a cockroach landed her husband in hospital with burned private parts and a broken hip!!!

Rosita had doused the bug with killer spray in the loo. But when husband Banni threw a lighted ciggie into the bowl,

the fumes caught fire and burnt his man-hood. Then, as he was being stretchered out to the waiting ambulance, giggling 999 men dropped him, breaking his hip.
6th September, 1995. Piazza, Italy. 'DAILY SLUR'.

KILLER BEES AND WASPS

Paul McKay, 12, was stung more than a hundred times by a swarm of wasps on his way to school. Speaking from his hospital bed and under sedation from powerful pain-killers, he said; *'I thought I was going to die. There were so many. They swarmed all over me and the more I tried to get them off, they stung me. They were inside my clothes, all over my body. It felt as if some of them were stinging me twice in the same place.'*

He ran to the main road where building workers raced to his aid, beating the insects away and stripping off his clothes. He had been stung 110 times. There was more than enough poison in his body to have killed him.
24th September, 1995. Torbay. 'DAILY EXPRESS'.

...Not so fortunate was Alan Copman, 40, who died after being stung by a single bee on his bare foot as he washed his car. The father-of-three stepped on the insect and fell unconscious, and although his wife called neighbours to help, his heart failed on the way to hospital.
7th September, 1995. Radcliffe, Gtr Manchester. 'DAILY SLUR'.

...Meanwhile, in Malawi, mourners were forced to tear off their clothes and collapse to the ground when a swarm of African bees attacked their funeral procession. The creatures attacked about 200 people at the service for an 80-year-old woman. A group of women had to strip naked to brush off the bees and 20 people were left unconscious.

'Nobody was interested in returning to the graveyards to bury the body until 6 young men volunteered to go back in the evening', a witness said.
19th September, 1995. Thyolo, Malawi. 'LIVERPOOL DAILY POST'.

Two months earlier, in Phoenix, Arizona, thousands of swarming bees killed two horses with their stings and left a third seriously injured. *'They just snapped'*, said exterminator Brian Kirkland, who arrived to find 20,000 bees at the coral. *'They got angry, stung everything in sight and took off'*.
12th July, 1995. Phoenix, Arizona. 'SAGINAW NEWS'.

And just to round things off, a counsellor at a youth detention centre died after he was stung by bees while climbing a tower. Kurt Waldo, 34, died from an allergic reaction to the multiple stings. It wasn't known how many times Karl had been stung. He died at Reed City hospital. He was climbing a tower as part of a confidence building exercise for troubled teens at the centre when he was stung. He managed to climb down, but then collapsed.
12th July, 1995. Reed City, USA. 'SAGINAW NEWS'.

A TRULY MAD COW

Police marksmen had to shoot a huge Friesian Cow which ran amok on the M21, stopping traffic as it charged back and forth across the motorway..
22nd October, 1995. Northamptonshire. 'NEWS OF THE WORLD'.

A CAR-EATING RAT

Nicky Howe's car is being eaten to bits...By a rat. It crept into her £6,000 Ford Escort, and in less than a week, ripped up the passenger seat, chewed up her son's back-seat pram duvet, gnawed through electronic wires and torn lining from the boot. Nicky and her 18-month-old son

are to see a doctor because they both have mysterious bite marks and she is afraid they might catch the deadly Weill's disease. Rentokill placed a plastic bubble over the car and sprayed poisonous chemicals into the vacuum in a bid to kill the rat. They found no sign of it, although there are still rat droppings littering the car. They warn that they may have to take the car to pieces to catch the pesky rodent.

6th October, 1995. Aspley, Nottingham. 'DAILY SLUR'.

...Incidentally, there are now more rats than humans in Britain, and one in 20 homes is infested, a survey has revealed. Researchers believe that there are about 60 million rats compared to 58 million people...

The Institute Of Environmental Health blamed the rising tide of rubbish, and said rodents had developed a resistance to poisons.

7th June, 1995. LIVERPOOL ECHO'.

WEIRD ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR A DRUNKEN SEAGULL

A drunken seagull had to be locked up for the night after being found 'drunk and disorderly' on the sea-front.

Vet Colin Hair believes that boozy bird tanked up on leftovers at a pub garden, before staggering down the street. He let the gull fly off the next day, with a shocking hangover.

7th September, 1995. Paignton, Devon. 'TODAY'.

A HARE WITH A DEATH-WISH

A greyhound race turned into a farce when a real hare leapt onto the track. Punters couldn't believe their eyes as the dogs lost interest in the electric hare to chase the real thing.

Gambler Alan Miles, 39, said; *'It was like something out of a "Carry-On" film. The hare must've had a death wish, but it moved so fast the dogs couldn't catch it'*.

After the stewards declared the race void, racing manager Mike Middle, 62, said; *'I've been in the game 40 years and nothing like it has ever happened before'*.

10th September, 1995. Peterborough. 'DAILY SLUR'.

SUICIDAL FISH

Schoolgirl Lisa Clarke got the shock of her life when a 6lb salmon took a suicide leap into her canoe.

Lisa, 9, was taking her first lesson on the River Exe in Devon, when the monster fish landed in her kayak. Said Lisa; *'When I came ashore I was handed the salmon which had died. I couldn't face eating it, it had already turned my stomach once.'*

But delighted dad Steven said; *'We ate it at her grandma's. It was delicious'*.

5th September, 1995. River Exe, Devon. 'DAILY MANC'.

...And One Who Refused To Succumb To Death...

Joanne Hackelton liked her pet goldfish so much...She ate it. But 20 minutes later, it was back swimming round in its bowl. Mum Debbie, 31, who gave the two-year-old Joanne a salt drink to make her sick, said; *'I couldn't believe it'*.

8th April, 1995. Bedworth, Warwicks. 'TODAY'.

COP CAT

A mischievous cat was suspected of making an emergency phone call to the police. Cops broke in to 25-year-old Angus Moncrieff's flat after tracing a 999 call to his home Angus was at work and all they found was the phone off the hook and snoozing puss 'Mooca'. Said one officer; *The cat could have pressed the key*'.

Angus said; *'Mooca's always been difficult*'.

22nd September, 1995. Aberdeen, Scotland. 'DAILY SLUR'.

Dogs Once More To The Rescue.

A plucky Yorkshire Terrier saved his sleeping master, a 24-year-old man, from certain death by barking and pawing at him, after the house caught fire.

7th June, 1995. Berlin, Germany. 'DAILY MANC'.

A family escaped death in their blazing house when they were woken by their dog's barking and howling. The pet, called 'Sandy', smelled smoke billowing from the kitchen and roused Paul and Myra Lewis and their children Ian, 12, and Carly, 14. Paul said; *'I am sure if "Sandy" hadn't woken us we could all have perished*'.

11th October, 1995. Rustington, West Sussex. 'TODAY'.

...And a four-year-old German Shepherd Dog rescued his owners when fire swept through their home. Bjorn Vidar Marthinussen, 29, and his stepsons were asleep when their house caught fire. 'Argo', who had never shown a mastery of door handles before, managed to pull open two doors and race upstairs to wake the family. All escaped just before fire engulfed the house. *'I woke up because the dog jumped on my bed and was barking*'. Marthinussen later said. *'Five minutes more and we would have died in the fire. The dog is incredible. He's a hero!!!'*

17th March, 1995. Oslo, Norway. 'THE COLOMBUS DISPATCH'.

MAD PIGS AND 'POTTY' RABBITS

Police had to be called when a confused pig was found trying to make love to a Harley-Davidson motorbike. The pig named 'Chi-Chi' had to be physically dragged off.

1st September, 1995. Key West, Florida. 'DAILY SLUR'.

...And meanwhile, happy rabbits were hopping extra high after munching their way through an illegal cannabis plantation. The animals enjoyed their nibbling spree just a few hundred yards from Parkhurst Jail on the Isle Of Wight. Police said the plants had an estimated street value of £2,500.

3rd September, 1995. Isle Of Wight. 'DAILY MANC'.

SIGHTINGS OF RARE CREATURES AND ALIEN ANIMALS

Chinese Lumberjacks See Rare, Protected Tiger.

Two lumberjacks have reportedly seen China's endangered and rarely observed north-eastern Tiger in remote Heilongjiang Province, Xinhua news agency said.

they described as looking well-fed, sometime last May on a The men reported seeing the yellow and white tiger, which timber plantation in Raohe county in the far north-eastern province.

North-eastern tigers were once common in Heilongjiang, which borders the former Soviet Union, but have rarely been seen in the past 20 years and are now protected by law. Accurate figures on how many of the tigers survive are unavailable.

China has blamed hunting of north-eastern, Siberian, and Himalayan tigers, although poachers are still attracted by the high value put on tiger body parts by practitioners of traditional Chinese medicine.

13th June, 1995. China. ST. LOUIS POST & DISPATCH.

Mythical Creature May lurk In The Amazon Basin

It haunts the Amazon Jungle with a giant bear's body and a monkey's face, clad in dark red fur and trailing a cloud of flying beetles. Its stench is disabling, its upright bulk disconcertingly humanlike and its roar like endless thunder.

'When you hear it, you want to move in the other direction,' said ornithologist David Oren. *'It's absolutely terrifying*'.

To rubber tappers and Indians in the forests remote Western fringe, the creature is the *Mapinguari*, the Amazon's version of *Bigfoot*. No scientist has ever seen it, but Oren may be on the verge of proving that the mythological animal exists.



Scientists in the U.S. and Germany are performing DNA tests on hair and faeces Oren collected in Brazil's remote Acre State. And if his suspicions are correct, the tests will reveal a biological shocker: The fabled monster is actually a species of giant Ground Sloth believed extinct for 8,500 years.

'I have every confidence we have found it', Oren said at his offices at the Emillio Goeldi Natural History Museum in Belem, where he is recovering from malaria contracted during his search in November, 1994.

If he's right, the Sloth, believed to be weigh more than 600lbs and stand over 6ft tall, would be the largest mammal in South America. It also would be powerful evidence of the kind of mysteries the still largely unexplored Amazon basin holds.

'The prospects of finding megafauna like this are intriguing', said Peter Clearly, a spokesman for the Washington-based Nature Conservancy, which seeks to preserve habitat in the Amazon rainforest.

'There's no question it would strengthen the arguments for conservation of rain forests in general.'

Oren, a Harvard-and Yale trained biologist described by colleagues in Belem as a *'brilliant'* scientist, first heard stories of the *'Mapinguari'* 10 years ago while tracking birds in remote regions for the Western Amazon.

Rubber tappers, Indian hunters and others told remarkably similar tales about a giant nocturnal red or black creature, proportioned like a man and with a human face. It had backward-turned clawed feet, skin capable of withstanding shotgun blasts and a horrible smell that emitted from a *'second mouth'* in its stomach.

'Several said they had come face-to-face with The Devil Himself', Oren said. *'And there are classic stories about it being an Indian shaman who discovered the secret of immortality, but paid for it by being transformed into this horrible monster.'*

Initially, Oren laughed off the stories. But the first time he heard an eyewitness account from a reliable source, *'A light went off in my head. It could only be a ground Sloth.'*

For nine years, Oren kept his suspicions about the *'Mapinguari'* to himself. *'I'm the first to admit the whole idea is rather absurd',* he said. But after Amazon dwellers year after year described to him stories of mothers with offspring, the creatures' seasonal movements to find water and even what their faeces looked like, he said, *'It became quite clear it would be irresponsible as a scientist not to follow up these leads.'* So last year, the ornithologist took a break from birds and set off to find the elusive Sloth. He never did see one.

But he shot video-tape of clawed trees, taped what he believed are the creature's minute-long thunderous roars, and made moulds of round footprints and backward facing claws. He also collected hair and 22 pounds of faeces, which are undergoing analysis. Oren would not specify which labs are doing the work.

Norman Doggett, a molecular biologist at Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico, says DNA in the hair could be compared to DNA from the blood of living Sloths or other cousins of the Giant Ground Sloth, including the anteater and the armadillo. Based on known mutation rates, researchers could then predict how closely the DNA of the Giant Ground Sloth would resemble its modern kin, and check to see if those resemblance's hold up in the sample. Doggett said.

But Malcolm McKenna, a palaeontologist at the American Museum Of Natural History in New York City, says the DNA won't necessarily prove beyond doubt that the creature is a Giant Ground Sloth. The sample could prove adequate only to show it is some kind of sloth, or simply a mammal. And of course, the hair itself could be a fake planted for Oren to find, noted the self-professed sceptic.

'I'd be delighted if he found the sloth. I'd love to see one in here on a leash', McKenna said. *'But until it happens I have to be cautious. I feel it is important for us to have a division between what might be out there and what actually is.'*

12th January, 1995. Amazon Jungle, Brazil. SANTA BARBARA NEWS-PRESS'.

New Book Of "Caddy" Sightings

John Steinbeck said that *'Men really need sea monsters in their personal ocean'*. We may need them, but whether the Sea Monster, namely *'Cadborosaurus'* exists in reality is another question. Paul H. LeBlond and Edward L. Bousfield have both long believed in

'Caddy', the creature named for Cadboro Bay that many believe lives in the waters in and around Victoria.

After years of study, they have published the available evidence in an interesting book; *'CADBOROSAURUS: SURVIVOR FROM THE DEEP'*. They have collected quite a comprehensive collection of all the reputable sightings of *'Caddy'* and from these sightings have tried to put together a picture of *'Caddy's'* lifestyle. The book can be a source of interest for the non-believer and a source of affirmation for the believer.

Although LeBlond and Bousfield are serious in their belief, their book is not written in an academic tone. It is filled with many sketches and cartoons and describes the lively rivalry the *'VICTORIA TIMES'* and *'DAILY COLONIST'* had over the coverage of *'Caddy'*.



It was *'The Times'* that introduced the name *'Caddy'*; *'The Colonists'* suggestion of *'Amy'* did not stick. LeBlond and Bousfield have not shied away from including false sightings and hoaxes in their book. One very energetic hoax was a floating model of *'Caddy'* that was used to advertise 'L.E. Mallek's and Sons' furriers.

The testimony of witnesses has been for the most part remarkably consistent, describing a rather surprising physique with a camel-like head with large eyes and a mane. LeBlond and Bousfield have also come to the conclusion that *'Caddy'* is carnivorous and there are several accounts of it gulping sea birds as they flew above its head. They also include historical evidence with native petroglyphs found around the coast. This evidence seems quite plausible and enough to cast a shade of doubt in the firmest disbeliever. However there seemed to be a large number of unfortunate coincidences; people absorbed in sketching the creature rather than photographing it, the jailer of a captured baby *'Caddy'* suddenly sympathising with his little prisoner and releasing it, and an actual specimen of

Edward L. Bousfield have both long believed in 'Caddy', the creature named for Cadboro Bay that many believe lives in the waters in and around Victoria.

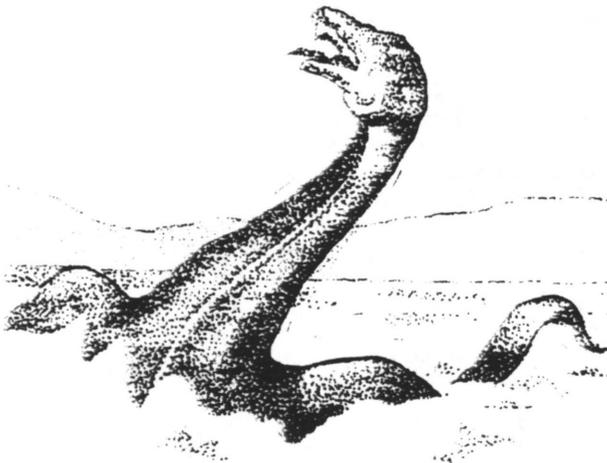
After years of study, they have published the available evidence in an interesting book; 'CADBOROSAURUS: SURVIVOR FROM THE DEEP'. They have collected quite a comprehensive collection of all the reputable sightings of 'Caddy' and from these sightings have tried to put together a picture of 'Caddy's' lifestyle. The book can be a source of interest for the non-believer and a source of affirmation for the believer.

'Caddy' which mysteriously got lost on its way to the museum. LeBlond and Bousfield acknowledge that 'Caddy' is still a cryptic - a species whose existence is in doubt because of a lack of proof - and after providing all the available evidence, they rightly leave the final decision to the reader.

However, it would be difficult to stand as firmly as before in either the negative or the positive camp. It perhaps comes down to whatever a person needs in their personal ocean

5th June, 1995. Victoria. 'VICTORIA TIMES/COLONIST'.

More News Of The Bala Lake Monster



Liverpool Scientists are probing the dark depths of Lake Bala in Wales in search of the legendary Monster. We first reported on the upsurge in interest surrounding this mysterious entity back in 'DEAD OF NIGHT' #5, and it would seem that the evidence for the creature known as 'Teggie', (after the lake's Welsh name; Llyn Tegid) is perhaps not as thin on the ground as we at first surmised...

'THE LIVERPOOL ECHO' has reported that a submarine used in the exploration of Loch Ness has made a search of the lake and Dr Rick Leah, of Liverpool University's Environmental and Evolutionary Biology Department, was on board. He was quoted as saying; 'Unfortunately, we didn't see any sign of the Monster, although we did see some rare fish. I think the likelihood of it actually existing is extremely low...But not impossible'.

According to local eye-witness reports, it is about aft long, and is like an Alligator with a hump.

Liverpool University was approached by the TV programme 'SCHOFIELD'S QUEST' in partnership with a Japanese company who were both intrigued by the legend. They asked to borrow sophisticated sonar scanning equipment from the faculty, which was used in a further sweep of the lake.

Dr Leah also saw a chance to study a rare form of fish, trapped in the lake during the Ice Age. The fish, the Gwynniad, has evolved uniquely in Bala, and the

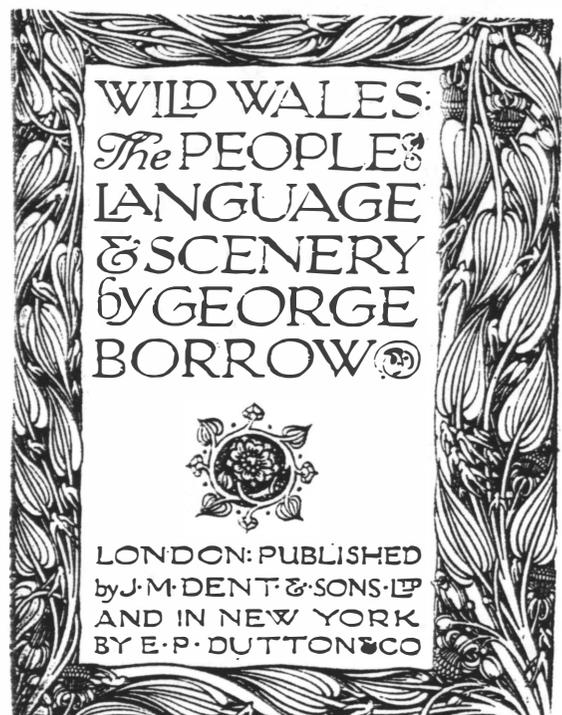
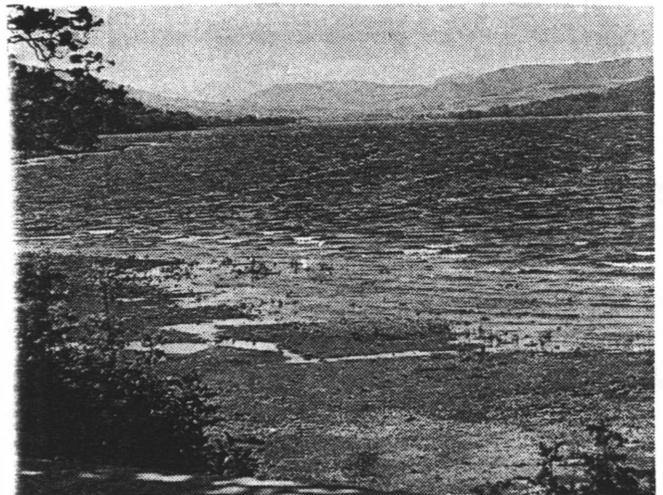
University is currently counting its numbers and studying its feeding grounds

As for 'Teggie', 'SCHOFIELD'S QUEST' researcher Graham Cooper is still enthusiastic about finding her. He said; 'We have spoken to witnesses who have seen it, and Liverpool University say the lake is large enough for such a predator. It certainly is feasible'.

There have been a number of sightings over the past 20 years. But the programme makers say people have been reluctant to talk about it because of fear of ridicule.

Further evidence of sorts came in the shape of an excerpt from an old book called 'WILD WALES' written by George Borrow. Our very own Roy Kerridge, very kindly provided us with the reproduction printed below...It mentions a mythical crocodile-like creature said to inhabit the Welsh lakes called the Afanc. Although the author doesn't actually name the lake featured in his writings, one can at least assume the possibility that it may well be Bala/Llyn Tegid, as this place certainly has a reputation for strange phenomena (perhaps due to the fact that, like Loch Ness, it lies on a major fault line - such areas seem to attract weird events like a moth to a flame).

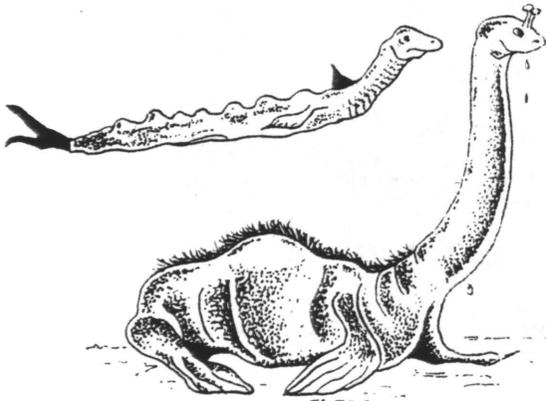
(Below; The beautiful Lake Bala/Llyn Tegid. Home of a Monster?)



I walked till I lost sight of it, when I repented and thought I would go and see what it was. So I dashed down the moory slope on my right, and presently saw the object again—and now I saw that it was water. I sped towards it through gorse and heather, occasionally leaping a deep drain. At last I reached it. It was a small lake: Wwearied and panting, I flung myself on its bank, and gazed upon it.

There lay the lake in the low bottom, surrounded by the heathery hillocks; there it lay quite still, the hot sun reflected upon its surface, which shone like a polished blue shield. Near the shore it was shallow, at least near that shore upon which I lay. But farther on, my eye, practised in deciding upon the depths of waters, saw reason to suppose that its depth was very great. As I gazed upon it my mind indulged in strange musings. I thought of the afanc, a creature which some have supposed to be the harmless and industrious beaver, others the frightful and destructive crocodile. I wondered whether the afanc was the crocodile or the beaver, and speedily had no doubt that the name was originally applied to the crocodile.

"O, who can doubt!" thought I, "that the word was originally intended for something monstrous and horrible? Is there not something horrible in the look and sound of the word afanc, something connected with the opening and shutting of immense jaws, and the swallowing of writhing prey? Is not the word a fitting brother of the Arabic timsah, denoting the dread horny lizard of the waters? Moreover, have we not the voice of tradition that the afanc was something monstrous? Does it not say that Hu the Mighty, the inventor of husbandry, who brought the Cumry from the summer-country, drew the old afanc out of the lake of lakes with his four gigantic oxen? Would he have had recourse to them to draw out the little harmless beaver? O, surely not. Yet have I no doubt that, when the crocodile had disappeared from the lands where the Cumric language was spoken, the name afanc was applied to the beaver, probably his successor in the pool; the beaver now called in Cumric Llostlydan, or the broad-tailed; for tradition's voice is strong that the beaver has at one time been called the afanc." Then I won-



dered whether the pool before me had been the haunt of the afanc, considered both as crocodile and beaver. I saw no reason to suppose that it had not. "If crocodiles," thought I, "ever existed in Britain, and who shall say that they have not? seeing that their remains have been discovered, why should they not have haunted this pool? If beavers ever existed in Britain, and do not tradition and Giraldus say that they have? why should they not have existed in this pool?"

"At a time almost inconceivably remote, when the hills around were covered with woods, through which the elk and the bison and the wild cow strolled, when men were rare throughout the lands, and unlike in most things to the present race—at such a period—and such a period there has been—I can easily conceive that the afanc-crocodile haunted this pool, and that when the elk or bison or wild cow came to drink of its waters, the grim beast would occasionally rush forth, and seizing his bellowing victim, would return with it to the deeps before me to luxuriate at his ease upon its flesh. And at a time less remote, when the crocodile was no more, and though the woods still covered the hills, and wild cattle strolled about, men were more numerous than before, and less unlike the present race, I can easily conceive this lake to have been the haunt of the afanc-beaver, that he here built cunningly his house of trees and clay, and that to this lake the native would come with his net and his spear to hunt the animal for his precious fur. Probably if the depths of that pool were searched, relics of the crocodile and the beaver might be found, along with other strange things connected with the periods in which they respectively lived. Happy were I if for a brief space I could become a Cingalese, that I might swim out far into that pool, dive down into its deepest part, and endeavour to discover any strange things which beneath its surface may lie." Much in this guise rolled my thoughts as I lay stretched on the margin of the lake.

GENERAL WEIRDNESS

VINDICTIVE VIRGIN MARY

A 400 pound statue of the Virgin Mary fell on top of Stephen J. Miller, 16, outside Sacred Heart School, pinning him to the ground for nearly two hours before help arrived. Miller, who suffered only bruises, was charged with trespassing. The teenager, who does not attend the school, was trying to climb onto its low roof at about 2 a.m. when he fell, police said. He hit the 5-foot plaster statue on his way down, and it toppled onto his legs. Miller screamed for help and threw rocks through the school's windows. A neighbour heard the noise and called police.

16th May, 1995. Groton, Connecticut, USA. 'ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH'

Swedish Think Minks Were Phantom Subs

Swedish Defence Ministry analysts say signals many signals detected by the navy's high-tech buoys - and thought to be foreign submarines - were simply the sound of swimming minks. The report, coming after the military conceded that an animal set off a weeks-long sub hunt in the Baltic Sea last Spring, was leaked to the 'DAEGENS NYHETER' newspaper and published by that publication.

It said most of the suspicious sounds heard in the islands around Stockholm since the end of the Cold War were minks and other mammals swishing and splashing as they searched for food. Minks, about the size of cats, are plentiful on the islands. They usually feed on the surface, but sometimes dive for crayfish on the bottom. Still, the military insists they do not account for all the noises.

9th February, 1995. Sweden. 'THE PLAIN DEALER'.

SCIENTISTS FIND MOON AFFECTS TEMPERATURES

Poets have always believed the moon influences love and lunacy. Now scientists have proved it affects the daily temperature. Climatologists Robert C. Balling Jr. and Randall S. Cerveny of Arizona State University used data from polar-orbiting satellites, which have been refined to reveal daily, globally averaged temperatures in the lower atmosphere since 1979. They compared them with the lunar phase for each day.

'Our analyses show a significant empirical relation between lunar phase and daily planetary temperature over the past 15 years,' they reported.

The warmest temperatures coincided with the full moon. The fluctuation was only about 0.01 degree Fahrenheit, Cerveny noted. 'It doesn't mean you shouldn't put on a coat whenever there's a new moon but the variation is significant on a global scale.'

The cause of the change remains to be proved. Cerveny said it is most likely related to the amount of solar energy the moon reflects. Temperatures changed by the same order of magnitude as the monthly fluctuation in reflected energy.

Perhaps more important to climate researchers, Cerveny said, is the revelation that they now have an extremely sensitive and accurate method of studying global temperatures

16th April, 1995. General. 'THE SAGINAW NEWS'.

PUZZLING COSMIC RAYS

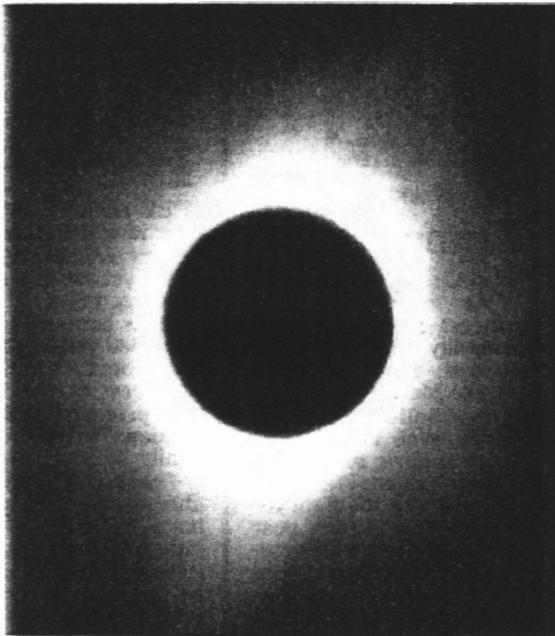
A mysterious force hurtling particles at the Earth with an energy so intense as to defy known physics has brought scientists from around the world to Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory near Chicago to plot a counter-attack. So far, scientists have gotten good information on only two of the ultrahigh-energy cosmic rays.

Led by James Cronin, the University of Chicago Nobel laureate physicist, cosmic ray researchers hope to assemble a grid of ray detectors that would cover an area the size of Delaware. The two known rays, measured by scientists in Japan and Utah, are charged with energies 100 million times greater than those produced at the Fermi accelerator, which is the world's most powerful. Scientists say even an explosion of the largest stars couldn't produce particles of such energy, according to the laws of physics as they are now understood.

20th May, 1995. *General.* 'THE ATLANTA JOURNAL'.

Moment The Moon Swallowed The Sun

For Millions of people the daylight world turned dark on 24th October this year during a total eclipse of the sun. Depending on whether they saw it as a good or a bad omen, they ran in or out of doors to greet the phenomenon.



Life in many of Asia's teeming cities came to a halt as their inhabitants cheered, bowed or prayed.

The moon first crossed the sun over central Iran just after dawn, then moved across Afghanistan, Pakistan and Northern India, casting a huge shadow.

25th October, 1995. *Asia.* 'DAILY MAIL'.

Giant Sea Waves Puzzle Scientists

Ocean waves that towered 100ft, the highest ever observed in the North Atlantic, formed during two East Coast winter storms in recent years, leaving scientists wondering if storms there are becoming more intense because of long-term climate changes.

The waves formed 200 miles south of Nova Scotia during a nor'easter that raced up the East Coast around Hallowe'en of 1991, according to Vincent Cardone, a meteorologist and

president of Oceanweather Inc, a consulting firm. And while scientists consider whether these waves were real or an aberration, similar 100-ft waves developed in the same area in 1993 during the nor'easter dubbed 'The Storm Of The Century'. The monster waves were almost twice as high as those typically seen in a hurricane, and, Cardone said, were as much as 50 per cent larger than so-called 100-year waves. Using storm records going back about three decades, ocean scientists had previously determined that 100-year waves should be no higher than about 72ft. 'Never did we think this (the sighting of 100ft-waves) could happen off the United States', Cordone said. 'So what's going on here?'

The 100-ft wave heights were recorded by one of a series of ocean buoys put in place by Canada off the Canadian coast beginning around 1990. Among the possible explanations being explored is that the 100-year wave estimates were wrong - that 30 years of storm records are not enough to encompass climate cycles that may change over many decades.

7th May, 1995. *North Atlantic Ocean.* 'THE ATLANTA JOURNAL'



Or is this the real reason for those freak waves....???

Jack The Ripper: New Suspect

The Jack The Ripper saga rumbles on. Two men from East Anglia are convinced that they know the identity of the Victorian serial killer, and they have written a book called enigmatically enough, 'THE LODGER' (the title of a classic 1940's film about Jack). Co-authors Stewart Evans and Paul Gainey, reckon Jack was an American doctor named Francis Tumblety, who had strong Liverpool connections. Their claim is based on an unpublished letter written in 1913 by Chief Inspector John Littlechild, head of the Special Branch of London's Scotland Yard police HQ.

The letter, found in a bookseller's collection, named Tumblety as the prime suspect who was arrested after the Ripper killings. But he fled to the U.S. and police failed to track him down. He would come to Liverpool to sell his pimple-vanishing cream and to visit relatives in the city and nearby Widness.

A bloodstained shirt was found in his room, and the killings stopped as soon as 'The Lodger' fled to the States.

28th October, 1995. *Liverpool.* 'LIVERPOOL ECHO'

THE WANDERER OF THE WASTE

By Steve Griffiths

In 1875, the Abbe Alphonse Louis Constant, a French cleric, died

This son of a cobbler left the church and headed down the long, and often sought out path to Magical Enlightenment. Amongst his artistic endeavours, based on Rosicrucian beliefs, he also made a thorough study of the Hebrew Caballah, based on the beliefs of the Old Testament. It was this man who found a direct link between the twenty two letters of the Hebrew Alphabet, the twenty two trumps of the Tarot and the twenty two Paths of the Tree of Life.

*These new ideas were to pave the way towards regenerated life into the almost stale state of Occult theology. His name, which he now changed to Eliphus Levi, was vastly becoming popular all across Europe, he wrote several books including *The History of Magic*, in 1860.*

In the same year as his death, another man was born, a man who even to his dying day believed himself to be Eliphus Levi's Avatar.

On the 12th of October, 1875, Warwickshire produced one of Britain's most feared, and by many, admired characters, the infamous Aleister Crowley. Born Edward Alexander Crowley, named after his father, he lived his early life in Leamington Spa, his parents being part of an extreme Christian sect called, '*The Plymouth Brethren*.. Although they were both teetotal, his father enjoyed a successful living owning a brewery named, '*Crowley's Ales*'. As a boy, Aleister Crowley admired his father and was deeply affected when his death came in 1887, when Aleister was only 12 years old. His Mother, on the other hand, he resented, calling her, "a brainless bigot of the most narrow, logical and inhuman type. It was his Mother, Emily Crowley, who first named him the *Beast*.

Crowley's early life as a *Plymouth brother* led him to study the Bible, finding particular fascination with the book of revelation's, telling of the appearance of the Beast 666 and the Scarlet Woman, figures that were to become an important part of his life in later years. As his hatred of his mother grew, his ideas on religion became more obsessive, his uncle, Tom Bishop, and Emily sent him away to a school called, 'the Sons of Brethren', in Cambridge, a school which Crowley would describe as, '*A Boyhood in Hell*'.

Because of the severe punishments dealt out at this sadistic school, Aleister Crowley sustained a breakdown of his kidneys. An immediate target for the school bully's who often punched and kicked him in this vulnerable part of his body. His health was deteriorating rapidly, doctors feared he would die, Crowley's outlook on life was bleak and his faith in Christianity was swinging like a pendulum about to rip him open, releasing the true path from his very soul, the road to *Magical Enlightenment*.

As a teenage boy, Crowley began his search for adventure, taking particular interest in dangerous sports such as Rock climbing, an obsession which would later in life take him to the highest peaks of Kangchenjunga, the third highest mountain in the world. His curiosity with the opposite sex was taking control of his life, his high sex-drive was displayed at the age of sixteen when he seduced a theatre girl and not long after, a maid in his mother's bedroom. By 1895, he was enjoying life in Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took and passed Examinations in Chemistry, he said, '*I have suddenly found myself in an entirely new world, I was part of the glories of the past, and I made a firm resolution to be one of the glories of the future*'.

His appetite for Knowledge was growing by the day and his room was covered from wall to wall with books on education, Greek and Latin languages and anything that could fill his curious mind full of exciting new projects. He had now changed his name from Alexander to Aleister and spent most of his time alone, having his meals sent up to his room. His free time he spent Canoeing, Cycling and even Ice-skating, he also became an excellent Chess player, hoping one day to become a world champion. His promiscuity grew, he once wrote, '*I found even forty-eight hours of abstinence sufficient to dull the fine edge of my mind. The stupidity of having had to waste uncounted priceless hours in chasing what ought to have been brought to the back door every evening with the milk*'. (one for the Feminist's).

By the time Crowley was having his first poem, *Aceldama; A Place to Bury Strangers in*, published in 1898, he was allegedly having a homosexual relationship with Hebert Charles Jerome Pollitt, a man ten years older than Crowley, who was a dancer and female impersonator, calling himself, Diane de Rougy. Crowley once said of him, *I lived with him as a wife and he made a poet out of me*. Amongst other poetry he was writing at this time was *The Tale of Archaïs, songs of the Spirit, Jephthah ; a Tragedy*, and also a poem based on a sexual disease aptly called, *White stains*.

His poetic talents led him to conversations with esoteric organizations, one was with Julian L Baker, a man who had a high degree of Knowledge in Alchemy. He helped Crowley persue his search for *the Secret Sanctuary*, a major turning point in Aleister Crowley's life. Baker led him to George Cecil Jones, a member of *The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn*.



This Order was founded in 1887 and was based on a set of cipher Manuscripts found by Dr. W. Wynn Westcott, a coroner in London. He took the Manuscripts to an expert on the occult named S.L. Mathers, after deciphering them he found them to contain *Skeletal rituals* based on *Rosicrucian beliefs*.

Like most secret underground societies, *The Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross*, to give it its full title, were said to have picked up the forgotten secret's passed down from Ancient Egypt dating back to the fifteenth century B.C by the Pharaoh Thothmes III. Alchemical Knowledge was ripe within the organisation and it was rumoured that the society members were never short of gold.

The Golden Dawn would certainly find its roots within this society, like the Knight's Templar's and before them the Cathars, who were all persecuted for their Paganistic beliefs. The order had drawn together an amalgamation of magical beliefs from Egypt and Chaldea, the Qabalah and the Tarot which divided the order into different grades of the Qabalistic Tree of Life. Other members of the society included the novelist, Arthur Machen and the poet W.B. Yeats.

When Crowley joined the order in November of 1898, under his new magical name of Brother Perdurabo, he was befriended by two men, MacGregor' Mathers and Alan Bennett, a man who would become a big influence on his later years. Samuel Liddle MacGregor, known in the Order as Deo Duce Comite Ferro, was in fact part of another underground organisation known as the Jacobite Legitimists. Being a supporter of the Jacobite cause he believed the true Heir to the British throne was Princess Maria Theresa, wife of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria. It was during the time spent in close association with Mathers that Crowley decided to erect Temples dedicated to both

Black and White Magic. His white Temples were lined with mirrors while his Black Temple displayed a statue of a Negro standing on his hands, a skeleton stood in the place where Crowley often sacrificed sparrows.

Crowley had entered the Order taking his Philosophus Grade, he was outraged when he discovered that after seven months he was not invited to proceed to the second order, probably because of his homosexual activities within the society. He sought out Mathers, who was living in Paris at the time, where he performed the ceremony on Crowley himself. This outraged society members, causing most of them to resign their posts, Mathers later said that he had caused the split by invoking devils in acts of black magic, during his stay in Paris. He claimed to have taken a packet of dried peas and Baptised each one with names of people within the Order. He shook the peas in a sieve and called upon Beelzebub and Typhon-Set, asking them to cause upset and Quarrels in the Order, causing the initial damage over the next few years.

Although this order practised white magic only, cursing a victim to death was well within the capability of its members, and was condoned if its use was for a common good. One example concerns the murder of two vivisectionists who were allegedly cursed by Anna Kingsford. She had been taught her skills by a leader of the Golden Dawn and targeted several representatives of the Vivisection society. The first was Claude Bernard, he died shortly after Anna Kingsford cast her spell. She was so overwhelmed with her success that she performed the same ritual on another official, Paul Bert. With his death her appetite for victims grew stronger, she wrote in her diary, "*I have killed Paul Bert as I killed Claude Bernard, as I will kill Louis Pasteur, and after him the whole tribe of Vivisectionists.*" Louis Pasteur never died but she claimed to have made him extremely ill.

In the meantime, Crowley was attempting to take full control of the London Headquarters, so it came as no great surprise that by the turn of the century both Crowley and Mathers were ousted. Mathers proceeded in educating Crowley, teaching him the ways of the Kabbalah, but they were soon to become enemies, with Crowley claiming to have caused Mathers' death by invoking Beelzebub and 49 attendant demons to attack him. Whether or not Crowley's curse worked, Mathers went on living until 1918. During his time in the Golden Dawn, Crowley took to the Highlands, to a house situated on the banks of Loch Ness, a pleasant hideaway where he studied *the Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin the Mage*, over a period of six months. He attempted to evoke the four great Princes of the evil of the world, along with their Sub-Princes and 316 servitors in his desperate search for ultimate wisdom and supreme knowledge. His failure led him to abandon this project and set sail for Mexico where he spent a year practising his own *Magik*. He was introduced to Don Jesus Medina, a high chief in the Scottish Rite Freemasonry, who was so impressed with Crowley's magical insight that he initiated him into his Lodge, right up to the thirty-third degree. He refuelled his increasing ambition to become one of the world's greatest mountaineers, by meeting up with an old friend and mentor, Oscar Eckenstein. With Eckenstein, Crowley ascended Iztaccihuatl, breaking world records and the two men talked about expeditions to the Himalayas.

Moving on, Crowley met up with Alan Bennett in Ceylon, who had moved there for health reasons, after Crowley had insisted on him moving to a place with a warmer climate, or risk death. By 1901, they had taken up residence in a bungalow at Kandy, devoting most of their time to Raja Yoga, but unlike Bennett, Crowley had no interest in becoming a Buddhist Monk, so he continued his journey exploring the southern provinces of India where he gained admission to the Rock temples of Madura.

After an expedition to climb the world's second highest mountain, the Chongori, with Oscar Eckenstein, Crowley returned to the Highlands to re-establish his work with the Abra-Melin project, deciding that the work was best not left uncompleted. During his stay at Boleskine House, he wrote more poetry, including *The Mother's Tragedy*, *The Star and Garter*, *Alice; An Adultery*, *the Sword and the Song* and *the Soul of Osiris*.

A year later, in 1904, Crowley met at a party his future wife, and first *Scarlet Woman* Rose Kelly. Within days Crowley had asked her to marry him saying to her that "*He was married to one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in the world*". With his wife, Crowley set off on a honeymoon which took them from Paris to Egypt, where they spent a night in the Kings Chamber of the Great Pyramid of Giza, here Crowley performed his great powers of Astral light.

As the eventful Honeymoon was drawing to an end, Rose announced to her husband that she was pregnant, soon to give Crowley his first offspring, a daughter they were to name, Nuit Ma Ahathoor Hecate Sappho Jezebel Lilith, (for obvious reasons they called her Lilith for short). Crowley appeared to be enjoying a life of marital bliss

with his new found love, in Ceylon he wrote a poem called *Rosa Mundi*, capturing the joys of his regenerated lifestyle;

*Rose of the World!
Red glory of the secret heart of Love:
Red flame, rose red, most subtly curled
Into its own infinite flower, all flowers above!
Its flower in its own perfumed passion,
Its faint sweet passion, folded and furled
In flower fashion;
And my deep spirit taking its pure part
Of that voluptuous heart
Of hidden happiness!*

1904 took a major turn in Crowley's career, in April of this year an event took place of which he would consider to be the most important chapter of his entire life. According to his own accounts, his wife, who had very little knowledge of his Magikal activities, was said to have been told to inform her husband that the God Horus was waiting for him. Taken back by this unusual information, Crowley carried out several tests on his wife's new-found Knowledge of the occult, and against odds of 21,168,000 to 1, she answered correctly every time.

Convinced that she had been possessed by an unknown visitor, he agreed to carry out her instructions to sit at his desk on the 8, 9, and 10 of April between noon and one p.m. where he would be visited by a being called Aiwass. Over the three days, Crowley was told by Aiwass to write down, from the dictation of the spirit, three chapters of the book, *Liber Al Vel Legis*, or *The Book Of The Law*. This book was said to prophesy the end of the age of Osiris, foretelling of the coming of a new age, the age of Horus. It was within one of these chapters that the famous and widely followed phrase comes, *Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be The Whole Of The Law*, basically meaning that one should discover one's true will and lead an existence of pure joy, an idea that appealed to Crowley immensely. But for some strange reason Crowley could not subscribe to all the prophecies that the book proclaimed, the manuscript was misplaced and wasn't found till five years later, when he was searching around in his cellar at Boloskine house.

Crowley kept up with his Magikal practices, and spent more time with his poetry and rock climbing. He also wrote to Mathers informing him that he had been replaced as messenger of the Secret Chiefs, causing Mathers to retaliate with a magical attack on Crowley which resulted in the death of a pack of bloodhounds and also made his servants extremely ill.

By 1905, Crowley had arranged to go on an expedition to the Himalayan mountains and attempt to conquer the third highest mountain in the world, Kangchenjunga. With Dr. Jacot Guillarmod, a Swiss Doctor, A.C.R. De Righi, A. Pache and C. Raymond they set off on a journey which led to argument and foolish acts resulting in the deaths of Pache and three coolies. Crowley exonerated himself from any blame and told how Guillarmod had called him a careless and unscrupulous individual, and the three climbers left Crowley, taking with them 20 coolies. Crowley warned them of the dangers of splitting up, and at 20,000 feet, the mutineers were hit by an avalanche. The following morning, Crowley attended the funerals of the dead and launched a bitter attack on Guillarmod, blaming him for the disaster, parting company with him in complete disgust.

Becoming known as *The Wanderer of the Waste*, a title attributed by himself, he set off with his wife, child and nanny and travelled to China. Halfway through the trip, Rose decided to take their daughter back to England, leaving Crowley to travel on towards New York to visit some friends. On his return to England, he learnt of the tragic death of his daughter through Typoid, picked up in the East. Despite the fact that they were to have another daughter, Lola Zaza, their marriage was failing, Rose climbed into a state of Dipsomania, ending up in an asylum, which resulted in their inevitable Divorce in 1909.

Despite this gloomy background, he pushed his *Magik* to greater heights by forming his own society, the *Silver Star or Argenteum Astrum*. The A.A. was a sort of splinter group of the Golden Dawn, borrowing most of its Ritualistic practices, and came with the slogan, "The method of Science. The Aim of Religion". This aim was the reign of the *Beast 666*, as prophesied in the revelation of St. John: - "Let him that hath understanding count the

number of the beast for it is the number of a man, and his number is six hundred three score and six."(Chapter 13, verse 18).

At the same time, Crowley produced his own pamphlet, *The Equinox*, a Twice yearly publication containing the teachings of his Magik. (The magazine was actually published during the vernal and Autumnal Equinoxes). During this period he re-discovered, in his cellar at Boloskine House, his book of the law, which he accepted wholeheartedly, sending himself into two days of uninterrupted meditation, saying, "*The Secret Chiefs meant to hold me to my obligation, I surrendered unconditionally*".

Every Masonic order has its secret rules, which should never be divulged to any person outside the organisation. You only have to look at the strange circumstances surrounding the death of Mozart, presumably forced upon him by members of his Austrian Masonic Beneficence Lodge, after his revelation of the initiation rituals subtly woven into his Operatic composition, *The Magic Flute*.

In Crowley's situation, a letter arrived from Theodor Reuss, the head of the German Masonic order called, *Ordo Templi Orientis, or Order of the Temple of the East*. Together with Karl Kellner, he formed a Masonic-Rosicrucian order that possessed the key which opens up all the Hermetic and Masonic secrets, including the Tantric teachings of sexual magic. Reuss accused Crowley of revealing the inner most secrets of the O.T.O in his Book of Lies, which was due to be published the following year. Reuss pointed out certain passages of coded Rosicrucian meditation involving a form of Magical oral sex. Crowley told Reuss how he had gained the secret knowledge from the *Illuminati*, another German based order with strong connections with the O.T.O. With the realisation of Crowley's dedication in magical enlightenment, Reuss made him head of the English branch of the O.T.O, in which Crowley adopted the name *Baphomet*, after the androgamous figure venerated by the Knight's Templars. Crowley showed his gratitude to the order by donating to them Boloskine House.

Although Crowley loved to travel the globe, he always returned to England, mostly to his Highland hideaway. His bad reputation with the gutter press was on the increase. Certain writers were turning out classic headlines, mainly from John Bull, who had a personal vendetta against him, calling him "*The Wickedest Man in the World*", one article even accused him of killing and eating two coolies on one of his mountaineering expeditions. It came as no surprise that when the First World War came, Crowley's offer to help the British Intelligence was refused. In complete disgust, he left the country and went to stay in America. During his stay he met up with George Sylvester Vlereck, a pro-German propagandist, who persuaded Crowley to write articles for a pro-German publication, *The Fatherland*. Crowley latter admitted that he was in fact working for the British Intelligence, writing to try to bring America into the war. Although he was never prosecuted for treason, most people saw him as a small time traitor.



Around 1918, Crowley met his second Scarlet woman, Leah Hirsig, a woman who he claimed to be "his greatest love of all". Together they had a daughter named Ann Leah, (or Poupee). Unfortunately she had a short life and died at the age of two. This caused the devastated Crowley to take drugs, pushing his heroin addiction to its limits, when he tried to stop he was hit by severe Asthma attacks. He travelled to Cefalu in Sicily, where he had set up his Abbey of Thelema. While he was there he wrote book called, "Diary of a drug fiend", a novel based on drug addition and its possible cures.

His activities during the Second World War seem to be a lot more appreciated than the first. He claimed that his esoteric knowledge was used by the British to combat the occult practices known to the Nazis. He supplied them information on the German branch of the O.T.O.. who's order was allegedly helping the Nazis gain power.

In 1941, the British Intelligence was deeply involved in an attempt to lure Rudolf Hess to Britain. Crowley's name was suggested to help establish a connection with the Occult in the Nazi party. His name was put forward by two Authors, Dennis Wheatly, the black magic novelist, who had strong connections with MI5, the other was Ian Fleming, the Author of the James Bond novels, who was working for Navel Inteligence. Their attempt to persuade top officials of MI5 and MI6 to let Crowley interview Hess failed, probably because of his notorious background. In the end, the whole Hess affair became a complete embarrassment for the British.

Aleister Crowley died on 1st December 1947. Taken from his mortal coil and placed onto the path of ultimate knowledge. This Magical philosopher, painter, poet, novelist, and mountaineer will always go down in history as, "*The Wickedest Man in the World*", or *the Beast 666*. Most people will never know of his life long struggle to seek the ultimate truth, most people probably wouldn't even care. He sought out, as phrophisised, his true will and like Atlas bore the whole weight of the Heavens onto his shoulders.

The Beast is dead, long live the Beast, came the shouts of many of his disciples, who is one way were not that far from the truth. His hard work during his long eventful life means that his name will be embedded into everybody's minds for a very long time, maybe in two thousand years from now his work will be intepretated in a completely new light. His self- publicised attitude has stuck in the minds of many writers, rock musicians and dirt seeking media. Dennis Wheatly will remember his as a role model for several of his films, one included, *The Devil rides out*, a Hammer film in which Charles Grey portrayed him as Mocata, a Black Magician. Rock musicians such as Iron Maiden, David Bowie and Led Zeppelin have used his work on many of their Albums. In 1967, the Beatles included him on the cover of their Album, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin opened up a shop called, *The Equinox*, and even bought Boloskine House in the Highlands. Many have made claims that they are Crowleys illegitimate son. Jazz- Rock musician, Graham Bond claimed to be his son, he died under the wheels of a tube train in so called *mysterious circumstances*. Several books have been published by Amado Crowley, he also holds strong claims to being Crowley's son. A film was released during 1970-80 by Kenneth Anger called, *Lucifer Rising*, written in prison by a convicted murderer, Bobby Beausoleil.

Crowley's last ritual took place on 5th of December at Brighton Crematorium, his ashes, at his request, were given to the OTO, what became of them then is not known. His Disciples congregated to chant *The Hymn To Pan*, as requested by himself. Amongst the reporters, life long devotees, scorners and haters, the chanting began:-

Io Pan,
*With the lonely lust of Devildom,
Thrust the sword through the Galling fetter,
All devourer, all begetter.
Give me the sign of the open eye,
And the token erect of thorny thigh,
And the word of madness and mystery,
Io Pan, Io Pan.*

SO BE IT.

KEEP WATCHING THE SKIES

SPECIAL

'THUNDER IN GOD'S COUNTRY'

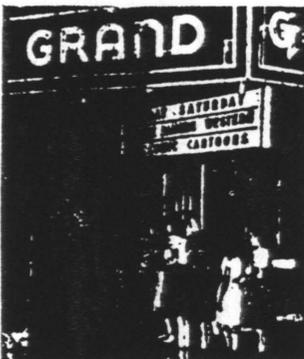
Roswell Daily Record

Leased Wire Associated Press

RECORD PHONES Business Office 2288 News Department 2287

CL. 17 NUMBER 99 ESTABLISHED 1884 ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO, TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1947 14 PERS. COPY.

Movies as Usual



Claims Army Is Stacking Courts Martial

Indiana Senator Lays Protest Before Patterson

Washington, July 8 (AP)—Senator Jenner "R-Ind." complained today that "the high command in the European theatre is stacking the courts martial defendants to cover up their crimes."

In a letter to Secretary of War Patterson demanding a full investigation of every military trial procedure, Jenner offered what he said was documentary proof that:

- 1. "Prisoners are not being permitted to employ their own counsel in the prosecution and preparation of their defense."
2. "Every effort is being made to prevent soldiers who were connected with the infamous Litchfield prison camp to practice in courts martial in the European theatre."

RAAF Captures Flying Saucer On Ranch in Roswell Region

House Passes Tax Slash by Large Margin

Defeat Amendment By Demos to Remove Many from Rolls

Washington, July 8 (AP)—The house passed today the bipartisan tax-cut bill by a 348-100 margin.

Security Council Paves Way to Talks On Arms Reductions

Lake Success, July 8 (AP)—The United Nations security council today approved an American blueprint for arms reduction discussions.

No Details of Flying Disk Are Revealed

Roswell Hardware Man and Wife Report Disk Seen

The intelligence office of the 50th Bombardment group at Roswell Army Air Field announced today that the first has come into possession of a flying

Ex-King Carol Weds Mme. Lupescu



THE STORY OF THE ROSWELL INCIDENT

Unless you happen to have been living in total isolation, cut off from humanity like Mary Louise Birgitta, (the mysterious 'Cave Woman' featured in 'DON' #6 P:11) then you can't possibly have failed to have remained ignorant of the alleged UFO crash and the subsequent recovery of its Alien occupants in 1947, just outside the small town of Roswell, New Mexico.

The story you're about to read has already been recounted numerous times in two or three purported novelisations/revelations of the truth (in reality, little more than out and out potboilers), has been the subject of several documentaries and video productions (of varying degrees of quality), and has even made it to the Big Screen in the shape of a film produced by VIACOM PICTURES and called quite simply; 'ROSWELL'.

So why am I bothering re-telling an already well-worn tale here within these pages?

Well, I guess there are more than a few amongst our readership who have only what can best be termed, 'a passing interest in strange phenomena' and as such they may well be entirely unaware of the full details of the alleged incident which, whatever else it may prove to be, is an undoubtedly fascinating story. And besides, I wanted to cover, with the benefit of hindsight, the now infamous 'autopsy footage', and the recent spate of TV documentaries and media coverage, and provide our readers with a general overview of the well of controversy that surrounds the incident, so that can perhaps make up their OWN minds as to what, if anything, occurred back in the high Summer of '47...

And if all of the above comes across as me being a little self-indulgent, then so be it. I'm guilty as charged. That's one of the major plusses of running your own magazine. You get to write about the things that hold you in rapturous wonder, and to hell with the consequences...

Here is the tale then.

Make of it what you will.

1

Birth Of A Legend:

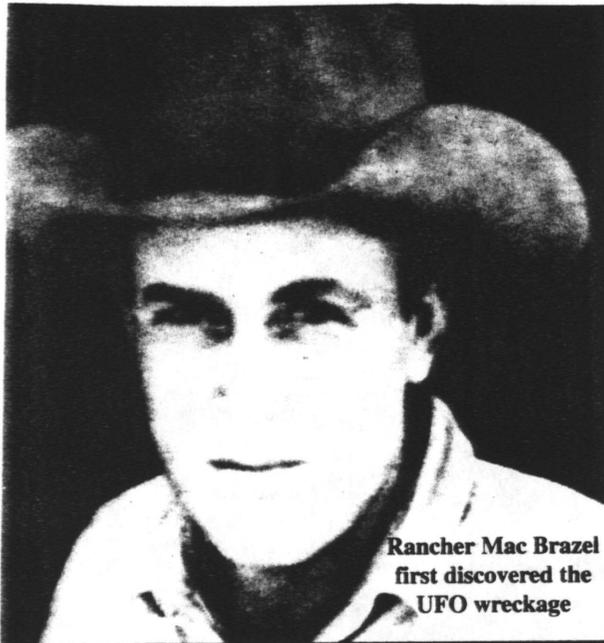
JULY 2nd, 1947.

The story that would later pass into the misted realm of Legends, began in the midst of a midnight thunderstorm out in the badlands of New Mexico.

Mac Brazel, the man who would soon find himself catapulted into world fame, was at home at his ranch when he reportedly heard a crash, clearly audible above the constant roar of thunder, although he paid it little heed at the time.

Living in the vicinity of an active Air-Force Base at the end of the Second World War, he'd long since grown used to unusual explosions shattering the desert silence from time to time. There was nothing about *this* particular noise that inspired him to go racing out into the darkness to investigate its cause. Indeed, he'd all but forgotten about it next morning when he and a young neighbour named Timothy Proctor, set out on horseback to determine which areas of the ranch had benefited from some degree of rainfall at the height of the dry season. It was as the pair were checking the pasture south of the ranch, that they stumbled upon a field scattered with what appeared to be various sized chunks of debris.

According to Kevin Randle (former Captain of U.S.A.F, now retired), and Donald Schmitt (Director Of Special Investigations, Center For UFO Studies), authors of the book 'UFO CRASH AT ROSWELL' (Avon Books 1991), 'The wreckage extended from the top of a small circle of hills, ran down the arroyo, up another hill, and disappeared on the reverse side. The debris had a dull metallic appearance, although some of it was shiny and reflective. There were various sized pieces and it was packed so densely that the sheep refused to cross it'.



**Rancher Mac Brazel
first discovered the
UFO wreckage**

Not surprisingly, Brazel and Proctor concluded that some sort of aircraft had exploded in mid-air and the craft's destruction could well be tied in with the noise Mac had heard the previous night. What struck them both as a little strange however, was the distinct absence of the 'machines' passengers or flight-crew. No corpses. No trace of luggage or tangled clothing. Nothing. Just acres of crumpled wreckage - a thin and flimsy material that the wind had little trouble stirring, although conversely, most of the chunks Mac and Timothy examined proved impossible to either bend, cur with a knife, or burn with a naked flame.

Intrigued, the two ranchers scooped up some of the material and headed over to Tim's parents house to see if either of them could shed some light on the matter.

Neither Floyd nor Loretta Proctor had ever seen anything like wreckage and although Floyd attempted to whittle on the surface of some of it with a sharp knife, he never succeeded in producing the slightest *scratch*.

Mac was at a loss as to what to do about the debris littering one of his fields. He only knew that he wanted the mess cleared up and fast. So finally, on 6th July, all other options exhausted, he decided he had no choice but to make the 3-4 hour trek by car into Roswell Town and pay a visit to the Sheriff of Chaves County, George Wilcox.

Unfortunately, Wilcox was just as perplexed by the mysterious material as everyone else who had lain eyes on it and could only suggest that Mac get in touch with the local Air-Base. As fate would have it, (and by one of those peculiar little 'coincidences' that delight in popping up whenever anything remotely unusual occurs), just as Wilcox was about to make the call, Frank Joyce, an announcer/reporter for the 'Roswell Radio Station KGFC' called the sheriff to see if there were any newsworthy items (ahem) flying around at the moment. Sheriff Wilcox was only too happy to put him onto Brazel and Joyce subsequently managed to interview the rancher on another line. Randle and Schmitt maintain that although Joyce has consistently refused to reveal the precise details of that conversation, to this very day he swears that 'it was significantly different from what Brazel had told him three days later'

And you can draw your own conclusions from *that* interesting little snippet, ladies and gentlemen.

The military responded to the sheriff's call immediately and with surprising swiftness. Major Jesse Marcel, along with Col. William Blanchard, and a plain-clothes, Counter Intelligence Agent (C.I.C.), were on the scene within a matter of minutes. Wilcox later recalled that the Army arrived so quickly that 'it was as if they were waiting for the call'.



Sheriff George Wilcox, the man to whom Mac Brazel turned for help in identifying the debris, and who later expressed anger and regret at having been left out of the subsequent investigation of 'The Roswell Incident'.

The police and the army examined the debris in the Sheriff's office unable to come up with a satisfactory explanation, Marcel and the C.I.C. agent decided to head out to Brazel's ranch, 75 miles from Roswell, to see the field containing the debris first hand.

Unknown to the army, George Wilcox dispatched two of his deputies out to Corona to see if *they* could locate the wreckage. Knowing Roswell and its surrounding outlands well, they were confident they would be successful in their efforts. In the event however, they failed to come across any actual debris, although interestingly, they *did* report encountering an area of blackened ground, as if something large and circular had touched down. Also the ground had been baked to a hardness that surprised them both.

The military and Brazel had both left by the time the deputies returned to the station.

noted up at Mac's primitive ranch. By the time they had driven to Corona, dusk was fast falling, so they had had no option but to spend the night there.

The following morning, July 7th, Brazel took them out to the crash site and Marcel was later to estimate that the debris was spread over an area three quarters of a mile long and two to three hundred feet wide. The wreckage was made up of a foil-like material, I-beams, and parchment-like paper. Despite the fact that Marcel was familiar with almost all foreign aircraft and rockets (he was after all, assigned to the 509th, the only Bomb Group to be equipped with atomic weapons in the world at that time), he could not identify any of the wreckage strewn hereabouts. After checking the area for signs of radiation and finding there were none, Marcel examined one piece that was *'as light as a feather but was so strong that I couldn't bend or flex it.'* The inside of the I-beams appeared upon closer inspection to be covered with symbols, most of them seemed to be geometric shapes. These beams flexed slightly, but were nevertheless, very strong.

Marcel also noticed a deep gouge 500ft long and 10ft wide. There was nothing to account for it.

Brazel decided to leave the investigations to Marcel and the agent. They spent most of that day collecting fragments and loading them into the back of Marcel's car and the rear of the agent's jeep.

By dusk, they had given up trying to gather it all up. There was simply too much of it. Instead, they found Brazel and told him someone would be by the next day to clear up the remainder.

Marcel was so impressed with the unusual nature of that which he'd found that he felt compelled to show a few fragments to his wife and 11-year-old son, Jesse Jr, even though it was after midnight. He stopped off at his home on the way back to the base and spread it excitedly on the kitchen floor. He awoke his family and bade them examine it. Jesse Jr noticed writing on one of the beams. It looked like purplish, geometric symbols, squares, circles and triangles. They were embossed on the side of the beam.

Completely mystified, and not a little over-awed, the debris was re-stacked in the Buick and Jesse Sr drove on to the base. The wreckage was finally stored in The Intelligence Shop (sounds uncomfortably like the shadowy organisation in the Stephen King's novel *'FIRESTARTER'*).

With the breaking of the dawn, the C.I.C. agent together with another agent, Lewis Rickett, and several MP's, cordoned off the crash site before tracking down Brazel and driving him straight to Roswell Army/Air-Force Base. He was 'requested' by the military to stay at the base for a day or two.

By now, the Provost Marshall, Major Edwin Easley, had ordered his men to prevent any non-military personnel from approaching the site.

Tests were being carried out on the material recovered from the site. A 16lb sledgehammer was used to try and put a dent in the foil-like debris. It didn't even make a dent. Flame too had no effect. One thing was clear from the start...The material might look like flimsy foil and balsa wood, but it was certainly neither of these things.

Marcel took the wreckage to Colonel William Blanchard, Commander of the 509th and other senior members of staff. Blanchard, upon viewing the material and apparently convinced that they were in possession of something highly unusual, ordered that all roads leading to the crash site should be closed to the public and road blocks were immediately erected.

Blanchard then called Brigadier General Roger Ramey, the 8th

And at the crash site, photographs were taken from every angle. (although none of them were taken by the Roswell Third Photo Unit, but by special cameramen flown in from Washington), debris was gathered up by every man the army could spare and the C.I.C. were there to ensure everything was kept discreet. Aerial reconnaissance was undertaken to try and discover if there were any additional signs of wreckage in the fields and plains beyond the original site.

What was plain to everyone involved in the clean-up operation was that this debris was in *no* way anything like what you'd expect to find at the site of a conventional aircraft crash. All the descriptions of the material recovered concur fully with Major Marcel's. There was nothing familiar about it whatsoever.

Towards the end of the days search/retrieval a message came in over the radio. The reconnaissance flights had located a *second* crash site.



Major Jesse A. Marcel, the man who headed the Roswell UFO crash investigation in 1947.

On Tuesday, July 8th, First Lieutenant Walter Haut had issued his now infamous press release; *'RAAF CAPTURES FLYING SAUCER ON RANCH IN ROSWELL REGION'*, and from then on, if you'll pardon the expression, the shit really hit the fan!!!

Sheriff Wilcox and his deputies, still smarting from their blanking of the case by the military authorities, were inundated with phone calls from the world's capitals. They were now far too busy fielding the public's questions to ask any of their own.

And thinking about it now, maybe that's just how the army wanted it. What better way to get the nosy local police force off their backs than by suddenly and dramatically announcing the unthinkable? They must have foreseen the furore the release of such sensational information would cause...And maybe that's precisely it. Perhaps it wasn't so much information as

who remained unconvinced. all trails leading to that great and secret truth would be long since cold.

Sheriff Wilcox was visited by military officers on either July 9th or 10th. They wanted the samples of debris that Mac had left with George at the beginning of the whole incident, and which the sheriff had ordered kept under guard. The military also insisted that from that moment on, all calls regarding the wreckage were to be forwarded to their base, and that the sheriff keep his mouth shut about events to outsiders.

Mac Brazel wasn't seen again in public until July 9th, when accompanied by army officers, he was driven into Roswell Town to speak to reporters at the office of *The Roswell Daily Record*.

Prior to that however, Walt Whitmore Sr, a majority owner of *KGFL Radio* says he managed to locate Brazel and make a recorded interview with him about what had happened. When Whitmore finally turned Brazel over to the military who he knew were looking for him, he was informed in no uncertain terms, that if he aired the recording they would immediately lose their licence.

And whilst 'Big Brother' censorship was under way in Roswell, over at Fort Worth, Colonel Blanchard was trying his damndest to discredit the whole story as being nothing more exciting than the misidentification of a common weather balloon. Photographs were released showing General Ramey and Colonel Thomas J. Dubose (Ramey's Chief Of Staff) holding the tattered remains of what is obviously, even to a layman, some sort of balloon-like device. Certainly, it bears no *imaginable* resemblance to the material described so wonderingly by those who had been at the crash site or who had held the debris at Roswell.



Two photographs showing the remains of an undoubted weather balloon; the source of the first official explanation for 'The Roswell Incident'. (Left); Major Marcel, who later told friends that the real wreckage had been substituted for a mundane weather balloon. (Right); General Ramey holds the remains of the balloon; a Rawin Target Device in his office,

Back in Roswell Town, poor ol' Mac Brazel was being accompanied by army officers to speak to reporters at the office of *The Roswell Daily Record*.

Brazel told the waiting press that he had in fact found the debris as early as *June 14th !!!*, whilst on the ranch with his wife, their son and daughter. Brazel changed his story in describing the wreckage as being 'smoky, grey rubber, and was confined to an area of about 200 yards in diameter'. He further claimed that there were no words on the objects although there *were* several letters, some Scotch tape and some tape with flowers printed on it. Brazel wound up the news conference by stating that he'd once or twice found weather balloon wreckage on his property but that he had to concede *this* particular debris did *not* resemble anything similar. He was then escorted out of the office by military personnel and was seen by his neighbour Floyd Proctor and several other witnesses. They all agreed that he appeared pensive and refused to acknowledge their greetings.

Mac was then taken to the local radio station *KGFL* and entered the building alone. Once inside, he related to Frank Joyce the exact same story he'd told the newspaper reporters; *'It was a weather balloon!!!'*

All attempts by Joyce to question as to why Mac had chosen to change his original account so dramatically were met with a blank refusal to vary from the standard 'explanation'.

Although, perhaps revealingly, he was moved to say at one stage; *'It will go hard on me'*.

To Frank Joyce it was just as plain as day. Mac Brazel was not telling the whole truth about the incident. He was merely spouting what the military had instructed him to say.

Not long after, Mac took his leave and was escorted back to the base.

The new debunking story was firmly rooted in the minds of the fickle media. The mystery could now be safely laid to rest, almost before it ever had a chance to get going.

Or could it?

Brazel claimed to have remained in army custody for about 8 days. He later told friends and family that he'd been held in a jail cell and that he hadn't once been allowed to leave the Base, unless under escort. When he was finally released, he informed everybody who asked what he *really* thought the debris he'd found was, that he'd taken a solemn vow not to discuss it further. Despite whispered allusions to his son Bill, about him *'being better off not knowing about it'*, being a staunch patriot, he took the 'secret' with him to his grave.

Another person with whom it's possible to feel a great deal of sympathy is Jesse Marcel.

Whilst the assembled press corps at Fort Worth were laughing so hard they were fit to bust, Marcel was trying his damndest to keep a smile on his face when he must have known everyone was thinking; *'My God. These Airforce guys can't even spot a weather balloon when they see one!!!'*

A special flight transporting some fragments of the debris on from Fort Worth to Wright Field had been officially cancelled as soon as the terrestrial explanation had been proffered, but according to Senior Officers including Colonel DuBose, no such orders were given. The plane flew out with the debris exactly as planned.

Marcel later maintained that a full-blown cover-up had gotten underway. He backed up his claims with FBI documents released under the Freedom Of Information Act that stated such 'giveaways' as *'disc and balloon being transferred to Wright Field by special plane for examination'*.

But this confirmation didn't come about until public interest in the case was at an all-time low. As far as the military were concerned, it was a job well done.

The rumours of 'alien bodies' being recovered from the second crash site have never really gained quite as much credence as that of the crashed disc itself. The 'evidence' is less compelling. But there is no denying that there is *some*.

Whatever the truth of the matter, the *full* story of the possibility that there *were* bodies recovered will be discussed when we review the recent TV/video programmes on the subject, and in particular, the now in-famous 'autopsy footage', revealed to the World by an anonymous cameraman (at the time the programme went out) and an entrepreneur named Ray Santilli...

And that's where we are headed next...

ROSWELL ON FILM



There are very probably dozens, if not tens of dozens of UFO-related videos on the market featuring Roswell, either directly or indirectly, but rather than bore everyone senseless with in-depth reviews of what by necessity are mere reworkings of the same events/mythos, surrounding Roswell, I've chosen instead to take a critical look at the two most recent documentaries in my collection. The first is 'pre-alien autopsy' and as such focuses more on the eye-witness accounts. The second is the new 'Channel 4' produced sell-thru video dominated by clips from the 'autopsy footage' brought to the attention of the media by Ray Santilli.

If nothing else, the marked differences between the attitudes towards the possibility that 'Alien Occupants' were recovered should be interesting to note...

THE ROSWELL INCIDENT

(*'UFO'S: No Defence Significance' - 'SKY NEWS SPECIAL'*)

1994. (Exact broadcast date unknown)

The programme opens with a fairly cheesy computer graphic reconstruction of a saucer-shaped object crashing in the desert. We then switch to the actual 'crash-site' near Corona, New Mexico, and a brief history of Mac Brazel's encounter with the debris gets underway. If you've been paying attention thus far, you'll already be more than a tad familiar with the bare bones of the story. If you haven't, then I guess you'll have to refer back to the opening section of this article. Do not pass GO and do not collect £200 until you do so.

Well-known ufologist Timothy Good relates the 'facts' in his customary plausible manner. Tim tells us that he has spoken with Walter Haut, who you'll recall was the Roswell Press Officer in 1947, and he is now convinced that he acted under orders to *'change his story'*.

Just to add credence to the proceedings, Mr Haut himself is presented on-screen and states that he believes *'not only was I set up, but I think Colonel Blanchard (the Base Commander) was also. The only reason I can think of is that they wanted to cover-up the story and keep all this information confidential'*.

We get to see plenty of official-looking documents released at the time of the alleged incident and the now famous *'ROSWELL DAILY RECORD'* newspaper headline (reproduced on our title page). Mac Brazel's shed, where he is said to have stored some of the debris is featured, and there then follows an interview with local farmer William Woodie, who reported seeing a bright light in the night sky at the time of the Roswell Incident. He thought at first it was a falling star, but soon realised that it was far too big. *'It was a stream of white light with a sort of red tail on it'*. Will and his father tried to head out to where they thought the object may have crashed, but they were stopped by the army from getting anywhere near it. Is this independent evidence for a crashed UFO? Or is it confirmation that the army were testing a secret device at that time and that something went drastically wrong?

The man who is doing more than most to seek out the answers is US Congressman, Steven Schiff. He took up the case in 1993. He wrote to the Department Of Defence in Washington requesting information (ostensibly for one of his New Mexico constituents) on the Roswell Incident, and as he couldn't see any reason why the US military would need to continue to cover-up in 1993, something that they may well have had good reason to in 1947, he believed the whole thing would be simply a matter of routine.

He was in for a shock.

At the time of the 'SKY' interview, he had not received one iota of information. *'The Defence Department twice said that I should check with The National Archives - The National Archives has said "We don't have anything on the subject". So basically, I have been bounced back and forth. I hate to say I've been given the runaround, but I think that's pretty close to what's going on now. If the Department Of Defence had simply come back with another answer: "We have something, but it's classified" for some reason, or "We don't keep records of a certain age", at least I would have known where to start. But I am astounded that on two occasions, they would refer me to another agency that doesn't have the information I'm looking for. And that kind of conduct by our Department Of Defence helps give rise to these many different speculations as to what actually happened in Roswell back in 1947'*.

Terrifying images of the mushroom clouds of early atomic weaponry suddenly fill the screen along with eerie photographs of the devastated cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The narrator reminds us that the first atom bomb tests were being carried out from 1945 onwards in the New Mexico desert. He poses the question; *'Is it possible that US authorities believed the Roswell craft to be a Russian spy vehicle sent to gather information on the 509th Bomber Squadron?'*

Other candidates for the objects origins are given due consideration, including the possibility that it was a secret US military aircraft. Tim Good pops up again to throw in the rejoinder; *'If it was a weather balloon or a military aircraft, I'm sure we would have heard of it by now'*.

Like the majority of this article. I guess you'll have to make your *own* minds up on that one.

The photos of General Ramey and his Magnificent Performing Weather Balloon debris are inevitably trundled out, and smiling wryly, we turn once more to the redoubtable Steven Schiff for more on his never-ending quest for information. His next stab at finding out 'the truth' was to instigate an official enquiry on behalf of the Congressional Public Accounts Committee. We await the results with slightly less than bated breath (and with good reason as it turned out - for the result of this enquiry, see our next video review a few pages ahead).

Dr Jesse Marcel Jr, aged 11 at the time of the time of the events at Roswell, is then asked for his memories of the incident. *'The thing that set this apart from anything that I'd ever seen before was the markings on parts of the wreckage. On the I-beams structural members there was something like writing. I remember at the time, this was like hieroglyphics, but it was actually more like geometrical forms and symbols. They were kind of a metallic purple hue and seemed like they were embossed in the metal itself'*.

Mac Brazel's changed story and his censored radio interview with Judd Roberts of *KGFL* are featured by way of an artists impression of the conversation, (Brazel incidentally, bearing an uncanny resemblance to Saddam Hussein). Judd is then interviewed; *'The suggestion was made to us that if we wanted to keep our licence, we would not use the interview on the air'*.

Tim Good then pipes in with his observation that *'they realised they had something very unusual on their hands, and they ordered this containment strategy. According to General DuBose, a balloon was flown up several hundred feet and was deliberately crashed, and that was, according to his information, the wreckage exhibited for the photographs'*.

Actual film of a weather balloon, looking nothing like the descriptions given by countless eye-witnesses around the globe of UFO's, is shown. Jesse Marcel Jr then adds fuel to the skeptical fire by announcing *'I do know it was not a weather balloon or a radar target as was proposed by the Airforce. Even at that age I was familiar with what a radar target should look like, and what a weather balloon certainly would look like.'* He states further that he has come to realise that the debris recovered from Corona was *'out of this world'*.

Oh, and look, here comes Tim Good, yet again, to remind us all that *'Well over 200 witnesses have now come forward, who were either involved directly or indirectly with the Roswell Incident, and a lot of these people are very convincing. Some of the have come forward very, very reluctantly'*.

The film then goes on to discuss the aerial search for the second crash site with scary John Carpenter/Alan Howarth bass synth notes (not *that* dissimilar to their score for their wonderful remake of *'THE THING'*), forming the soundtrack. The somewhat spurious account of Grady Barnett and the team of archaeologists who claimed to have arrived on the scene of the secondary site moments before the military, is recounted by a friend of Grady's, Vern Malthias. *'Grady came across this object on the ground which was the shape of a flying saucer, and it had split open, so he jumped out of his pick-up and went down there. There were four beings lying on the ground. They were in a sort of silver-coloured suit, they were about 3-4ft high, and the suits were rather tight-fitting. There was no covering on either the head or the hands.'*

Malthias then goes on to describe how the members of an archaeology team joined him at the site. *'Soon after, the military came in and surrounded the area, and they called all the people who were gathered there, and they briefed them that this was not to be divulged to anyone.'*

They then covered the 'Alien bodies' in army issue blankets.

Well, knock me down with a feather, here comes Tim Good yet again. How about *that*, sports fans? Can you do anything but admire his dogged persistence? *'All the stuff and the bodies, apparently, were shipped off in several different aircraft, first of all to Fort Worth, Texas, and then to Wright Patterson Airforce Base, Dayton, Ohio'*.

The archaeologists story was not heard again until 1975, when a woman suffering from lung cancer told nurse Mary Ann Gardner that she had been part of the team who had come across the crashed saucer and seen a field littered with the corpses of *'little people'*. The illustrations featured here are presumably accurate representations based upon the eye-witness testimony, and you have to say, right here and now, they bear little resemblance to the 'entities' captured on Ray Santilli's 'Alien Autopsy' footage. They look a whole pile more like Whitley Strieber's 'Grey's'. This may tell us something. It may not. But we'll come back to this point later. The nurse was very impressed by her patients paranoia when relating her story. *'She kept looking around the room and said I musn't tell anybody about what she'd told me, because They can always find you'*. She was apparently referring to the Government authorities.

Sgt Melvyn Brown was the man who, according to the programme, had the job of guarding the wreckage after it had been cleared from the site. His daughters, Beverley and Henrietta, currently living in Britain, are shown leafing through a stack of old photographs, including the Roswell 1947 Yearbook. Only in the last four years have they been able to piece together their father's past. They managed to trace him to the events at Roswell by poring through scraps of old army documents and contacting their father's former colleagues. The poignant, often emotional testimony of the two women is especially compelling.

Henrietta; *'My dad was dying, he was in the hospital, and he kept saying something about Roswell, New Mexico, that we couldn't understand. My sister, my husband, and my brother-in-law were there with him, and he insisted that they write down on a piece of paper a number that he would get a lot of money for. He had done something for 'Uncle Sam'. He signed his name on a piece of paper, then made my sister sign it, my husband, and my brother-in-law. We brought it back home wondering what the hell he was on about.'*

Beverley; *'We couldn't understand what he could possibly have done that was so incredibly fantastic. We went home after he died, and the only thing we could come up with was this story that he used to tell us two or three times, or maybe half a dozen at the most, this UFO story.'*

The girls believe their father retired having kept the secret from the public. They later found a book mentioning the Roswell Incident.

Beverley; *'We looked through my dad's old papers, found some with Roswell, New Mexico written on them, and we got this book (THE ROSWELL INCIDENT' by Charles Berlitz and William Moore?) from somebody we knew, read it, and the guy telling most of the story in the book was Major Jesse Marcel. And then we found out that he was actually my dad's Major. We were just astounded. We thought: "My God, the story is true!!!"*

Another officer who kept his silence was Pappi Henderson. He told his wife in a supermarket after reading a story in a newspaper on display there. Henderson's wife, Sapha, tells us; *'He said; "I've been wanting to tell you about this for years. I guess, if they're putting it in the papers now, it's no longer Top Secret". He bought the paper and we went back to the car and he said "read this". And I read the article and he said: "It's a true story. Not only did I know about it, but I'm the pilot who took the crashed saucer to Dayton, Ohio."*

We switch back to Beverley Brown.

'Daddy used to say he once had to stand guard duty outside a hangar where a crashed saucer was being stored. We used to giggle like crazy at that bit, when we were young. But he'd carry on with his story, and one day his Commanding Officer came up and said: "Come on Brownie. Let's go and have a look inside". So they went and had a look, but everything was packed up and ready to be taken to Texas, the next morning. But he also told us that, all of a sudden, all available men had to go out into the desert and stand guard duty in a ring around this site. He didn't actually know what was going on until he had to sit guard duty in the back of a truck with a big cover-all, and I can't remember if he said it was dry-ice or just ice in the back.'

Glenn Dennis, the local mortician, was asked by officers at the Roswell Base over the phone *'about what we did, preparations-wise to bodies that had been exposed to the elements, how we treated decomposed bodies, and bodies that were burned'*.

Beverley takes up the story once more: *'The soldiers with my dad were told to look, but not look. Anything they saw, they were not to take any further than the Base, or they could get into trouble, court-martialled, or whatever. My dad, and whoever he was with, decided to take a look under the tarpaulin and saw these two alien bodies.'*

By chance, Glenn Dennis wandered past the operating theatre at the Base, and managed to speak to a nurse who he knew. She told him in no uncertain terms to get the hell outta there, immediately. He assumed that there had been some sort of crash, due to the excess activity on the Base. Congressman Schiff gets to prefer his own theory as to the identity of the 'craft' that crashed at Roswell. *'I think it's possible that this really was a weather balloon with a radar device as the Government said. It's just been a public relations fiasco back then, and even today. If it's not a weather balloon, then my guess is that it's some kind of secret military device coming out of White Sands Missile Base.'*

Mention is made of the Steven Spielberg 'Roswell Movie' that never was, (although, as we shall see, a fairly big budget production was filmed last year). And even more intriguingly, there's a reference to the possibility that Spielberg had come into possession of *'archive film, taken at the time'*.

Ring any bells, Dear Reader?

The final words are left to Tim Good (who predictably is in little doubt that *'an alien spacecraft crash-landed'*), and Henrietta Brown, who says the US army have even tried to deny that their father was even based at Roswell. Both sisters are understandably angry and upset that his last days were tormented by having to keep the whole episode a secret. A tearful Henrietta breaks down as she says; *'There is no record of my father being in the army or Airforce, and yet we've got the pass, his picture from the Yearbook. He don't exist!!! I'd just like to know the truth. And to know why dad suffered. At the end, when he should have been laying there thinking about his family, he didn't. Did my dad die worrying about a weather balloon? I don't think so!!!'*

'INCIDENT AT ROSWELL' (CHANNEL FOUR PRODUCTIONS; 1995)



The video opens, appropriately enough, with a dramatic electrical thunderstorm over the parched deserts of New Mexico. Quick snippets of eye-witness testimony follow like the choice cuts of dialogue that make up a movie-trailer. All the familiar faces are present and

correct. Jesse Marcel Jr, Glenn Dennis, William Woodie, and a large supporting cast, including a bunch of pesky, face ticklin' flies and our first tantalising glimpse of a prostrate Extraterrestrial/Circus Freak/Nazi Scientific Experiment/Clever Prosthetic Dummy/Or Sick Hoax (delete where your own pet theory decrees to be applicable)...

After the main titles, some stock footage of Roswell as it was back in '47, is shown by way of introduction. Lots of marching soldiers in the centre of town and flying bombers filling the skies, help to establish the cosy relationship that exists between the townsfolk and the military.

Amidst yet more John Carpenter/Alan Howarth style synth music (this time sounding more like their score for 'PRINCE OF DARKNESS'), William Woodie, (who we get to learn is now aged 61, and is a pig farmer) returns for another reciting of his July 4th UFO sighting (see previous review for details).

After a brief summary of Mac Brazel's discovery of the debris, Loretta Proctor (who you'll recall was Brazel's nearest neighbour), is interviewed. *'Mac rode up and showed us this piece that looked like wood or plastic of some kind. He said that there was this metallic-looking stuff that when you crushed it, it just straightened right back out. It wouldn't stay crushed. And there was some beams that he said had pinkish-purple writing on it'*

Following some entirely pointless camera shots of a train pulling out of a dead-end station, we get to hear the by now familiar tale of Mac's taking the debris to Sheriff Wilcox, and the subsequent calling in of the army.

Dan Dwyer, one of the local firemen is up next. Together with several of his colleagues, he was shown some *'Remarkable material with curious properties'*. His daughter, Frankie, who was in the fire station at the time, gives us her memory of events: *'When I brought it up, it was like nothing I had nothing in my hands. I couldn't feel it touching my skin. It was real weird. Drop it on the table, and it was just like water, the way it would spread out'*.

Walter Haut's press release is aired, and for the first time on film (to my knowledge, at least) we get to hear the actual radio news bulletin reporting the recovery of a 'Flying Disc'.

The General Ramey photo's are screened, and Irving Newton, the former Fort Worth Weather Officer, is questioned, and we hardly need Jesse Marcel Jr to remind us that the wreckage in those pictures bears no resemblance to the material recovered from the crash site.

Interviews follow with Frank Joyce, the radio announcer for 'KGFL', (inbetween being assaulted by bothersome desert flies), George 'Judd' Roberts, also of 'KGFL', and Frankie Rowe, the fireman's daughter. Frankie provides us with an emotional account of how the army, and one officer in particular, sought to silence her on the subject; *'He had this club or stick, or whatever, and he was beating his hand with it. Everytime he would say something, he would hit his hand. He said: "I want you to know you were never there". I didn't understand what he meant, 'cos I said: "Yes, I was". He said: "Can't you get this through your head? You never saw anything!!! You were not there. You do not know anything!!! This is a big desert out here. No-one will ever find your bodies. Nobody will ever know what happened to you!!!'*

The woman was very obviously upset, and her fear comes thorough over the screen in virtual waves. She's either an Oscar-quality actress, or she's telling the God's honest truth.

We then shoot forwards in time to 1965, the year of a Roswell Reunion Dinner. Former Mayor, Bill Brainerd stands before the camera (and guess what, those pesky flies are back in droves. This time, playing havoc around ole Bill's balding pate), and tells us that 'Butch' Blanchard was the Commander of the Army Air Base in 1947. *'I was at the table with the General and several other locals, When they were interrogating him about the '47 incident, he declined to answer any of their questions. He did say however, that it wds the damndest thing he'd ever seen'*.

And then, suddenly, we find ourselves catapulted even further forward, right up to 1978, and a clip from *WWI TV's 'EYEWITNESS NEWS'* featuring Jesse Marcel Sr, and his revelations about what *'really went on in 1947'*.

General Brigadier DuBose, the highest ranking officer ever to comment on Roswell, is interviewed on home video in 1991. *'It was a cover-up, the balloon part of it. That was the story that was given to the press, and anything else, forget it!!!'*

According to DuBose, General McMullen, the former Deputy Head of the Strategic Air Command at the Penatgon, was in charge of the entire operation. *'McMullen told me: "You are not to discuss this. This has reached a point where it is more that Top Secret. It's beyond that. It's within my priority as Deputy to George Kenny, and he in turn responsible to the President, this is the highest priority, you can exert. And you will say nothing!!!'*

Next in line is Frank Kaufman, the man who claims to be a former Master Sergeant in Personnel at Roswell, and is shown walking the hangars at the Air Base. He also claims to have been working for a covert, highly secret Counter-Intelligence Unit codemaned; *'The Nine'* (coincidental connection with Falkirk Councillor Billy Buchanans's dealings with the *'Intergalactic Council Of Nine?'*)

In what amounts to a *'CHANNEL FOUR'* exclusive, Kaufman relates to the World what *'really took place at Roswell'*.

'I was assigned to Roswell in 1942. My duties at that time were somewhat classified. The events that led up to the 1947 Incident were rather peculiar, because there was a lot of erratic movement on the radar screens, and this caught our attention, and we thought we had better monitor those screens. They sent some of us to Alamogordo and to White Sands to view the blips on the screens. The blips were just dancing from one end of the screen to the other, and then all of a sudden, there was a kind of a white flash and they just disappeared. We concluded that a plane or a missile had gone down'.

Kaufman claims he and his team then immediately drove east from Alamogordo, back to Roswell, and then to a location 45 miles south of the Foster Ranch. *'This was late at night. We started to clip some of the wire fence and drove into the area. The terrain was very tough at that time. There were no roads leading into it. We saw this glow of light, just kind of a halo of light, beaming out. We got to maybe 200-300 yards from where it was, and we learned right then that it wasn't a plane, it wasn't a missile, it was kind of a strange-looking craft that was embedded in the arroyo. The size of the craft, I'd say possibly around 20-25ft in length. It was open kind of half-way and one body was thrown up against the wall of the arroyo. the other one was half in and half out of the craft. We then got closer and could see three other bodies inside the craft and we radioed back to base to have a truck, a flatbed, a crane and everything else just come out to the site to clear everything off'*.

A Top Secret document provided by Kaufman as evidence, containing as it does observations and sketches, is shown. Frank goes on; *'We saw panels of controls. We couldn't make them out. There was writing, but we couldn't decipher it. The underbelly of the craft had a series of octagonal-shaped cells'*.

The actual 'crash site' is screened - a lonely, desolate place in the middle of the proverbial nowhere.

An artist's impression of the 'Aliens', based upon Kaufman's descriptions is also shown. They are bald, cherub-faced entities with little resemblance to the ubiquitous 'Grey's'.

The next segment, you already know.

Phone calls are made to Glenn Dennis, the local mortician. The 'Alien Bodies' are wrapped up in body bags and shipped back to the Base. Glenn, upon arriving at the Base, is chased away by the military who tell him he has no business being there. He meets up with a nurse who arranges to meet him next day at the Officer's Club. She later tells him fantastic stories about autopsies being performed on alien corpses.

Kaufman says the craft and the bodies (five in number) were taken to Hangar 84. The hangar was sealed off by Military

Police, but other witnesses have since come forward with stories that seem to verify something very strange was going on at the Base, including Ruben Anaya, the Governor of New Mexico's chauffeur. He claims to have seen 'Two little people with large heads', one of which was still alive!!!'

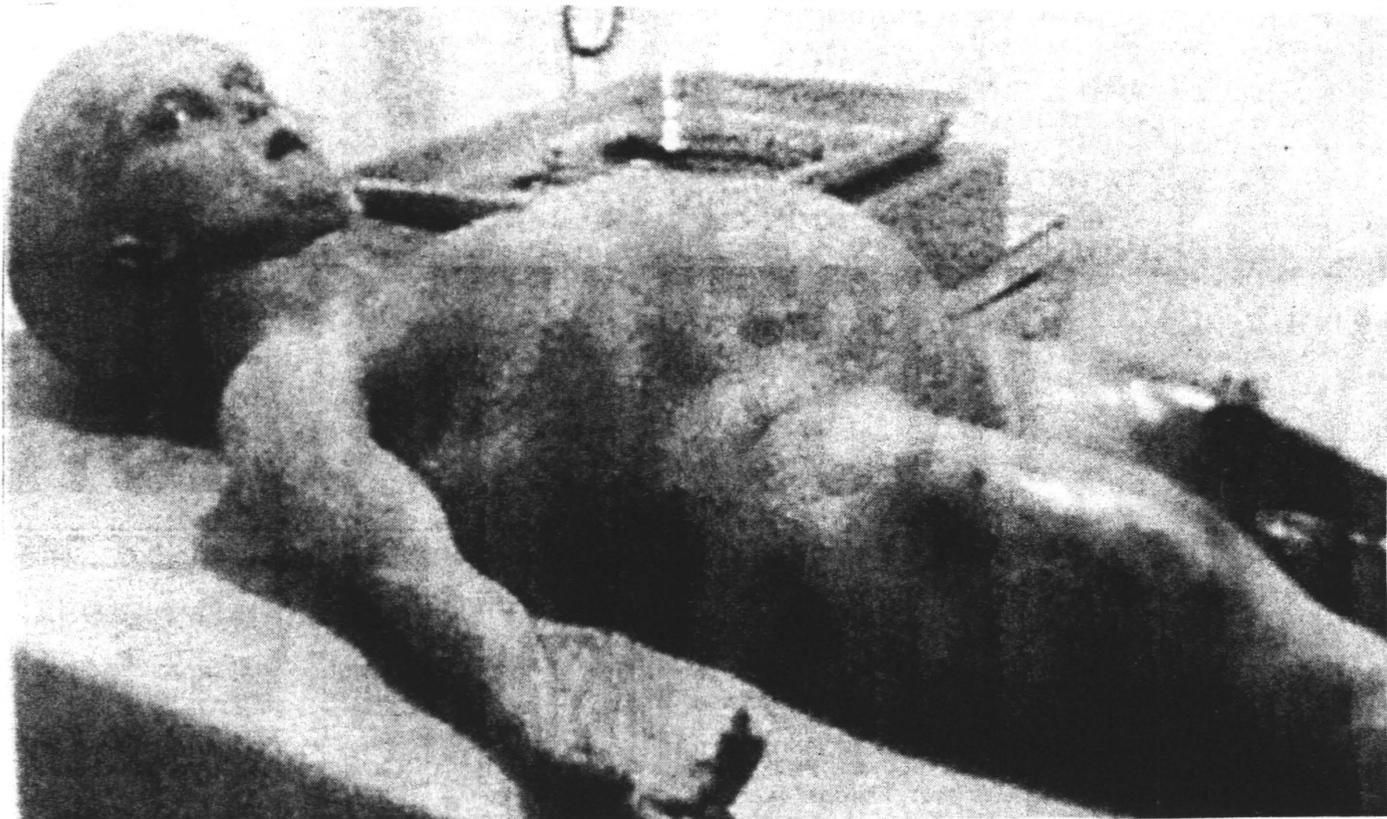
Fireman Dan Dwyer, also told his daughter Frankie, that he'd seen 'Little people that were not human. Two were dead but one was alive and walking around'.

Phyllis McGuire, the daughter of Sheriff Wilcox, was told a similar story by her mother.

Frank Kaufman states that the case went all the way to President Truman...

And then, just when our sense of anticipation has grown so acute it almost becomes frustrating, (I felt a little like I did the first time I ever saw the classic 1993 version of 'KING KONG' - those initial, 50 mist-wreathed minutes prior to 'KONG'S' debut appearance at the Sacrificial Altar had been similarly unbearable), we get to see the 'Autopsy' sequence...

'A Less Than Grand Unveiling'



The World's first view of the alleged 'Alien corpse' inspired a decidedly less than enthusiastic response. Skepticism is understandably rife, but have we been a little too quick in writing the whole affair off as being nothing more than an elaborate hoax? Perhaps in time, we'll discover the truth. In the meantime, we wait and we wonder.

Like just about everybody else in the Fortean World, I hadn't known quite what to expect. In the event, I found myself feeling neither excessively disappointed nor overly elated. Neither impressed to the point where I could say 'I'm convinced beyond doubting', nor shattered to the point where I could scream out 'It's an out and out fake!!!'.

I guess you'll have formed your own opinion on the film already, but in the interests of fair play, Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present to you, the one and only; Mr. Ray Santilli.

'Our cameraman says that the crash happened in June, 1947. He was sent down to White Sands on 2nd June, and they spent half a week clearing up the area. He also explains that when they first arrived at the site, the area had been cordoned off, and no-one went near the vehicle. The ground surrounding the vehicle was hot. The creatures were all laying by the side holding onto these oblong boxes that they wouldn't let go. After a few hours, when the military moved in, the instruction was to move away all the debris and the creatures'.

Santilli claims that he had to negotiate for two years in order to obtain the film. He's the only person who knows the identity of the cameraman who shot it. The poor quality of the pictures is explained as being due to the circumstances under which it was photographed.

We'll (ahem) dissect and critique the footage in our next section.

For now, we'll allow Santilli to continue his story; *'When he (the cameraman) tells you that the camera had no zoom facility, when he tells you that he was wearing the same outfit as the surgeon's, when he says the cameras have a fixed focus, he was steaming up inside the costume and trying to operate the camera to the best of his ability, you just have to accept it. The other question is, "Why isn't it a fixed camera?" "Why isn't a camera fixed above and looking at the body?" His (the cameraman's) argument is that the surgeon's were bending over it all the time, and the only way you can get to see these things is by moving around. And the camera that he detailed as using, we checked at the museum, and it is a hand-held camera'.*

Despite repeated requests, Santilli was unable to arrange for a meeting to be set up with the cameraman, (he is now thought to have died - see next section) and researchers.

The 'autopsy footage' fades out slowly, almost before we have a chance to question and study.

The scene switches back to July, 1994, and an apparent bowing to pressure exerted by Congressman Schiff upon the US Government...The Authorities were forced to initiate their own investigation and the result was that for the first time, they reluctantly admitted that their Weather Balloon explanation was a bare-faced lie.

Unfortunately, the second official explanation is no great shakes, either.

They now claim that it was a different kind of balloon altogether; a part of 'Project Mogul'. Film is shown of *this* balloon, designed to detect sound-waves from Soviet atomic tests, being tried out in 1947, in Alamogordo.

Charles B. Moore, the Director Of 'Project Mogul', says that he suspects the cause of the Roswell Incident was most likely this balloon. One reportedly went missing on July 4th, 1947.

'CHANNEL FOUR'S' study of the flight records for that date revealed no record for Flight No. Four. Moore says that no record exists because unsuccessful flights weren't entered. And yet, other unsuccessful flights are right there in black and white.

There then follows a section dealing with the secret military hardware tested over the years at White Sands and Alamogordo. Some highly impressive, not to say scary, film of a Stealth Bomber makes you wonder aloud. An encounter with one of *these* sinisterly silent, jet black aircraft in the middle of the desert or atop a mountain and it's safe to say you'd need to check your undies for chocolate squid, pretty quickly.

The history of Werner Von Braun and his team of rocketeers in New Mexico is dealt with briefly, and includes some particularly heart-rending footage involving experiments on helpless monkeys. The possibility that what happened at Roswell was all down to an experiment that went catastrophically wrong is put forward. Film of a V-2 Rocket crashing at a testing site and sending army personnel running every which way, provides a graphic example of what can occur when test flights *do* backfire.

White Sands of course, deny the possibility.

Well, they *would* wouldn't they!!!

Ray Santilli returns to the fray to tell us that the cameraman who shot the 'Alien Autopsy' footage, has been at pains to point out that *'They are not Alien creatures as far as he's concerned. He just calls the creatures "freaks" all the time. He says they've got no reason to be here, and that he doesn't know what they are. He is a very religious guy. He just refuses to believe. And he was there at the time. He saw everything that happened, but he refuses to believe that they are Extraterrestrials. He just says that it's just some goddamned experiment, and that's it. He just calls them "freaks". You have to remember that this was a cameraman who was there at White Sands, and at the Trinity Experiments as well. It appears that lots of weird and wonderful things happened at that time.'*

The 'Autopsy Footage' is then analysed and discussed in some detail, but as I said earlier, I want to deal with this in the next section...

For now, we move back to Washington, and the irrepresible Congressman Schiff. He is still attempting to liaise with the G.A.O. (The General Accounting Office), a powerful body which oversees Government operations. They have been investigating Government Agencies to see if there are any official records of the Roswell Incident. In July, 1995, the G.A.O. reported that the Airtforce had destroyed their records relating to Roswell.

Frederick Durant, the man who in 1952, was in charge of the C.I.A.'s investigation of UFO's, is interviewed. He says; *'If it had happened in '47, we would have known about it in '52 or '53, when I was involved. I truly believe that we had the best information available in the Intelligence Community, including the White House and the National Security Council. Roswell was not even considered in the 'BLUE BOOK', because it was meteorological balloon wreckage.'*

The last word though, goes to Frank Kaufman

In answer to the question; *'You are absolutely convinced about what you told us that you saw, and that that is one hundred per cent accurate?'*

'Yes, I am absolutely one thousand per cent certain. It's the truth!!!'

The programme proper however, ends with one final twist.

According to 'CHANNEL FOUR'; *A source close to the Pentagon has informed us that secret documents have now come to light. In the next few months, a new report will finally explain the mysterious accounts of strange bodies. It is just possible that the riddle of the Roswell Incident may yet turn out to be a 'Cosmic Watergate'...*

FRONTIERS OF BELIEF AND DISBELIEF Examining The Bodies Of Evidence

Whatever else you may feel about the 'Alien Autopsy' footage, (and just about *every* theory and opinion possible and *impossible* has been forwarded at some time or another), there can be little doubt that the release of Ray Santilli's film to the general public has easily been the most controversial singular event in the history of Ufology.

Before we take an in-depth look at the film itself though, what decriptions do we have regarding the 'recovered alien bodies' from 1947? And how do they tally with the 'creatures' featured in Santilli's footage?

According to Randle and Schmitt in their book 'UFO CRASH AT ROSWELL'; Jesse Johnson M.D was one of the doctors assigned to examine the bodies. His testimony states that he was the Base pathologist in 1947. The bodies were between 3 and a half to four and a half feet in height and weighed about 40 pounds. They had two large, almond-shaped eyes without pupils. There were elongated and appeared slightly slanted giving the face an Oreintal look. They were set deep and wide apart and were without an eyelid, just a slight fold.

The head was large by human standards, and not in proportion with the rest of the body.



Instead of ears, there were small openings on the side of the head. The nose was indistinct, almost invisible in fact, and was little more than a slight protuberance. The mouth was small and described as 'a slit without lips'. According to the doctor, the mouth didn't function as a means of communication or as a way of eating. The truth is, the mouth appeared to be a wrinkle-like fold, and was only about two inches deep. The head seemed to be hairless with a slight fuzz. The bodies themselves were also hairless. The arms were long and thin and reached all the way down to the knees. The length from the shoulder to the elbow was shorter than the length from the elbow to the wrist. The hands had *four* digits (as opposed to the 'creatures' in the Santilli film, who have *six*), and no opposable thumb. They seemed to have sucker pads at the end. Two fingers appeared longer than the others. This is inconsistent with the description given by the nurse at Roswell.

The legs were short and thin. The feet were covered, although one source did say that the feet didn't have any toes. The skin was a pinkish-grey, although some witnesses thought it was yellowish. The skin was tough and leathery, and under magnification had a mesh-like structure. Many sources talk of an overwhelming odour associated with the bodies (is that why the men in the Santilli film are wearing protective masks?). The nurse at Roswell said that the stench was so bad it made people physically ill. There didn't appear to be any reproductive organs (again consistent with the 'entities' in the Santilli film). There was evidence that the bodies had been fed upon by predators. There was a colourless liquid present in the bodies, but without red blood cells. No evidence was found of any digestive system or upper gastrointestinal tract and there were no intestinal or alimentary canal or rectal area.

Those are just some of the descriptions given by witnesses who claim to have seen the 'alien' bodies from the crashed 'saucer' at Roswell in 1947.

How do they compare with the 'creatures' featured in Santilli's film?

Well, the figure in the video is said to be around 5ft or slightly over. Dr. Jesse Johnson, you'll remember, described them as being between 3 and a half to 4 feet in height. So a fairly noticeable discrepancy there, you may think. The head appears to be swollen in the film. Johnson decreed that the head was '*large by human standards and not in proportion with the rest of the body*'.

The Roswell 'Alien' was said to have had only four digits, whilst the Santilli film depicts a figure with *six*. Frank Kaufman, when shown the footage was moved to comment; '*I don't recall six fingers. I won't swear to it. but I don't recall it*'. The almond-shaped, pupiless eyes are vaguely consistent in both accounts, as is the mouth being described as a lipless slit. The absence of sexual organs and bodily hair is also consistent, although whether this fact adds any credence to the authenticity of the video is open to debate. I find myself in agreement with the well-known author and Ufologist, Jenny Randles, when she asserts that '*the overall impression is something that is not Alien enough to be regarded as an ET. but not human enough to be obviously identifiable as a known genetic mutation*'.

So, what are the odds that the whole thing is an elaborate hoax? Dr Ian West, one of Britain's leading forensic pathologists, was asked by *CHANNEL FOUR* to study the film...His findings?

'Well, the blood pattern is unusual. That incision (referring to an incision of the neck and upper chest region made by the 'surgeons' performing the autopsy on the video) has been open for some time now, and you've got four little trails of blood running from it. Although we have a number of linear, distinct dark trails, that look like blood trails, they're not of the nature I would expect to see at post mortem. I would expect to see some more smearing, some more irregularity in the blood loss from the margins of the incision. You can see one distinctive organ removed from the upper central abdominal region. It's of the size of a liver, but it's not a liver shape and it's not in the liver position. I can see no intestines that I can distinguish. It certainly doesn't resemble any human remains that I've ever

seen. There's nothing about the film that makes me say "this is definitely a hoax!!! My feeling is, about 98% certain that this is a man-made hoax. I do however, have a 2% area where I just don't know'.

Bob Keen, Special effects Director (and one of my personal favourite SFX men), is also asked to comment and states; '*In my opinion it is a special effect - man-made. It's a good special effect. It's not gonna be a cheap item. It's gonna be a few hundred thousand dollars, probably. It's difficult to say when something like this could have been made. Certainly, in the sixties, they were doing things at 'HAMMER' which were very similar. I would guess it was not before the mid-sixties. That was the earliest it could have been made. I'm not certain it's a special effect. How do I know what the inside of Aliens look like? No-one knows. I know what the inside of foam rubber and polyurethane foam looks like, and it looks very similar*'.

Other special FX experts have alleged that they have been able to detect a seam on one of the 'aliens' arms. (I've tried looking, but I'm damned if I can see it - but then, I'm not an expert).

One way of helping to establish whether or not the footage is genuine, would of course be to confirm the actual age of the film used to shoot the autopsy sequence. 'Kodak' have indicated that to date, their information would uphold the likelihood that the film is a 1947 vintage. Bob Shell, working with 'Kodak' in the US of A, says he's pretty sure from his tests on the original footage, that it's not *only* 1947 stock, but was *filmed* within a year or so of that date due to the film's fast nature.

It is of course possible though that 1947 film was kept in cold conditions and used to shoot images 20-odd years later. But as Jenny Randles says in her excellent '*Northern UFO News*' (#171. September. 1995), '*If it was verified as being shot 50 years ago, the odds against it being a man-made hoax plummet - as the techniques required to fake such a high quality video were just not available in the late 1940's*'. And you only have to refer back to Bob Keen's comments for confirmation of that!!

And what of the anonymous cameraman who claimed to have shot the film in the first place?

Well, according to Ufologist Stanton Freidman, there are reports that the cameraman (named variously as Jack Barnett, Jack Bennett and Jack Barrett), died on 5th July, 1995. Later reports suggested that it was actually 4th August, 1995. The ex-army man who died in Los Angeles on the latter date was named Jack Barrett. Conspiracy theorists have since been having a field day. Especially in the wake of '*CHANNEL FOUR's*' approaches to the cameraman (from here on in to be referred to simply as 'JB'), were blocked by JB's insistence that unless they could produce a signed letter from President Clinton, telling him it was alright to divulge the information, he would not step forward into the public spotlight. He was reportedly afraid for his family. The fact that he since died has fuelled speculation that like '*MR.X*' in the TV series '*THE X-FILES*', he was silenced by 'those who want the truth to stay way out there, beyond our reach'. 'Trust no-one', indeed.

Whatever the facts prove to be surrounding his death, what is certain is that 'JB' had claimed to have shot the film in a location far nearer to Socorro (the scene of police officer Lonnie Zamora's alleged UFO/Entity encounter in 1964 - coincidence again?) than Roswell.

He also claims to have seen virtually the entire craft, rather than what he referred to as Brazel's 'left-overs'. The initial filming was said to have been done in a tent, and this footage was apparently shown to selected viewers by Santilli, as was the *first* autopsy. The general public has only gotten to see the *second* autopsy, so far, because one of those mysterious anonymous millionaires has appeared on the scene (don't they always...Just think of the incontrovertible Loch Ness Monster footage that's reportedly locked away in the dark depths of some rich eccentrics bank vault, for example), and he will not allow it to be seen.

The autopsy footage now available on video was allegedly carried out maybe a whole two weeks later at a base facility, possibly in Texas, (Fort Worth?). 'JB' stated that he held onto to 20 reels of film which had processing faults and the Pentagon didn't seem too concerned about getting any of it back. Apparently, 'JB' stuck it away in his attic for the next 46 years!!!

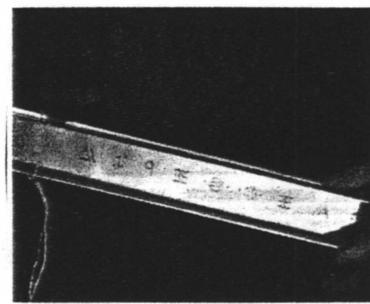
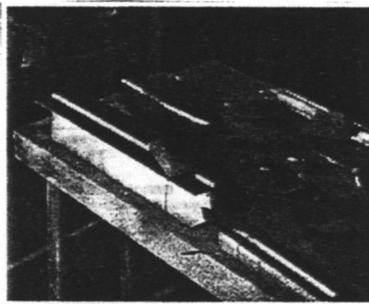
Jenny Randles says that there are three sequences that have not been seen by anyone. *'These would be far and away the best shots showing the complete craft wrecked in the desert, President Truman at the site and the craft being raised by a crane onto the back of a truck. We have not seen these images because Santilli says he was over-optimistic about their viewability. Some film has become stuck together. He does however, tantalisingly promise us; 'ROSWELL - THE SEQUEL' in the future when new techniques allow the public to see the film.'*

And what about the wreckage?

From viewing the few seconds of camera time afforded to the debris, it's kind of hard to shake the notion that what we're looking at here is little more than cast metal that looks cumbersome and poorly designed. In fact, as Ms Randles says *'It looks so heavy it doesn't appear capable of flight'*.

It certainly bears little resemblance to the incredible tales of flimsy, yet unbreakable material reported by so many Roswell witnesses. As for the mysterious writing/inscriptions...Dr Jesse Marcel Jr has gone on record as saying *'The symbols are vaguely consistent with my memory. I can't actually be sure though. The difference would be in the size and the fact that the figures that I saw were not raised above the level of the beam'*.

The things that have given voice to the most speculation however, are the undeniable similarities between the markings on the metal and the letters **'VIDEO OTV'**. Santilli claims that this is merely an illusion caused by reading one line upside down, but most people are willing to lay good odds it's really an in-joke perpetrated by whoever shot the film.



Some examples of the debris said to have come from a crashed UFO in Roswell in 1947. Is this really a collection of artifacts retrieved from an incapacitated spaceship? Or is it, in the immortal words of Jenny Randles; 'Wreckage that would look more at home in 'STEPTOE AND SON' than 'CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND?'

Most investigators have come to accept that Santilli is *not* the man behind any hoax. At least not wittingly. No-ones suggesting he's an out and out cheat, intent only upon making as much money as possible from what is, let's face it, a very profitable business. He seems honestly puzzled every time I see him on camera, and it may well be that Santilli has been somewhat overwhelmed by the deluge of publicity and inevitable skepticism that his film has produced. I could be wrong. He may be sniggering at our naivete when our backs are turned. But I don't think so.

On August 22nd, 1995, a few days prior to the screening of of the Santilli video footage, Philip Mantle, (BUFORA) *'THE FORTEAN TIMES'* and Union Pictures (the people responsible for the 'CHANNEL FOUR' documentary reviewed earlier), each received an envelope containing three black and white photographs showing some touching up the head of an 'alien' with an airbrush. It shows remarkable similarities to those 'creatures' featured in the Santilli film, although as both Gerry Lovell (editor of the superb 'ANNALS 2') and the venerable 'FT' point out, there are several subtle differences, most notably in the position of the nose and ears. The list of questions these pictures pose include who constructed this clever, though obvious copy and what was the motive behind it? A cover-slip identified the senders as *'Morgana Productions'*, an obvious parody of Santilli's *'Merlin Video Company'* (Morgana le Fey was King Arthur's sister in legend, and we all know who Merlin was) - or is it another Cosmic Joke Coincidence?

Why send it to these organizations?

Could it be an attempt to show just how relatively easy it is to fake 'Alien Entities'? Is there a mysterious 'Someone' out there feeding deliciously ambiguous clues to these institutions (and by association, the rest of the Fortean world), like a real-life *'DEEP THROAT'* straight out of the fictional *'X-FILES'*?

For the moment though, as is always the case with a subject as controversial as Ufology, the battle lines between the 'Firm Believers, the Not-So-sure's and the Out And Out Skeptics, have been drawn, with none of the sides willing to concede so much as an inch to the other. As I believe I stated at the outset, never before has a single incident inspired such a differing of views...I've heard everything expressed from if the apocalyptic; *'If it turns out to be a latex dummy it could set Ufology back 50 years'* (Malcolm Robinson SPI), to the overtly skeptical; *'A record like this would never be overlooked by the Intelligence Community'*. (Peter Brooksmith), to the willing suspension of disbelief; *'Dear UFO Disbeliever, the time is fast approaching for me to say "I told you so", and for you to eat your words'*.

I always think that's just about the saddest aspect when a story like this breaks. Rather than pool their resources into investigating the validity or otherwise of the mystery, they succumb to bouts of vicious in-fighting trying desperately to out-shout, out-point and ultimately out-do the people they see as their common enemy.

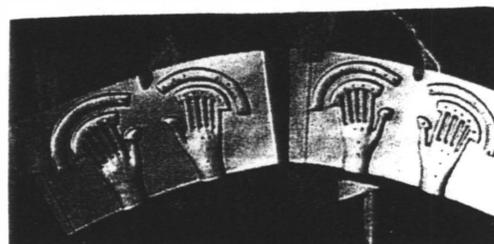
And, as per usual, their enmity is directed at the wrong people.

And perhaps the ones who really know the answers, (if such exist), are laughing fit to bust at our stupidity...

Lee Walker.

October 28th, 1995.

New Ferry, Merseyside



Dry Bones

Roy Kerridge Takes A Personal Look At West Indian/African Witchcraft In The Heart Of England



In a field outside Ipswich live Levi Smith and his sisters, on a permanent caravan site, for they are Romany Gypsies. Levi is a gentle, courteous man, who always asks me in for a cup of tea. What seems to be a half-wall, screening off the kitchen corner, folds down at night and turns into a bed. Pictures hanging on the wall end up under the bed!!!

Some of the paintings are by Levi himself, for he comes of an artistic family. A carved and painted horse's head, the work of his father, stands on a shelf close to a perfect model of the old Smith horse-drawn wagon, complete with detachable steps. This had been carved to commemorate the old wagons, long retired to make way for car-drawn trailers.

Romanies today are surprisingly artistic for such a machine-minded age as our own. Hand-made animal toys sold in 'Harrods' are created by a caravan-dwelling whippet breeder in Sussex, (I think she's one of the Lovell's). At Southall horse fair, tough Gypsy horse dealers sell one another hand carved and painted canary cages with wheels and wagon shafts, miniature menagerie cages. Decorated carts, brought in on trailers, carry the 'Good Luck' message 'Kushti Bok'

On my last visit to Ipswich, Levi introduced me to a non-Gypsy acquaintance, Brian Brame, 'The Greengrocer Poet'. A far earthier character than Levi (whom he referred to as 'Levoi bor'), Brame bounced

up and down with excitement as he showed me his poems. All of them were about his childhood, from the point of view of a toddler who adores his dad.

'To a child, his father is God', both men agreed sagely. (I never believed in God as a child).

I am no expert on poetry, so I steered Mr. Brame to safer topics...Such as animals.

'Ah, I once knew a Suffolk Punch Man, 'e worked wiv horses all his life', Mr. Brame remarked. 'If 'e told a horse to stop in the stable, stop it would, never mind if the door was open. Often I asked 'im 'ow 'e did this, an' finally 'e tells me. You've got to kill a toad an' put it inside an ants' nest, 'e told me. A few days later, you collect its bones, all picked clean, an' throw 'em in a stream. One bone will rise up and float upstream - you got to grab that, 'cos that's the Toad's Bone! With the Toad Bone you can keep any horse in it stall, so that's how my friend done it. I'd always wondered'.

'Why, that's just like the 'Black Cat Bone' the black people use in the West Indies and the American South!' I exclaimed. 'Only they use it to keep their boyfriends of girlfriends safely at home where they can keep an eye on them. They don't use ants. They boil the black cat alive to get the bones, then chuck 'em in the stream at midnight'.

Carried away, I sang a few lines from a modern blues song by Trudy Lynn of Texas;

'I bolio to my soul, my man has got a Black Cat Bone!

Every time I try to leave, I have to turn around and go back home.'

'That's not very nice', said the Greengrocer Poet, no doubt referring to the cat-killing. 'Mind you, they knocked down an old house hereabouts, and there was a cat skelington in the foundations, put there to make the house stand. 'Orribly cruel that.'

Well, you can buy ready-powdered Black Cat Bone at certain shops in London, known to some West Indians', I mentioned, thinking of 'Natural Fragrance' in Holloway Road.

I first heard of 'Natural Fragrance' (proprietors: Mohan Bros.), when I visited my Jamaican friend and seeress. Mrs. Haddy. She felt that there was something unlucky about her dingy new council flat. Standing dramatically in the middle of the room, she loudly called on the Lord and asked a blessing on her home. As she did so, she waved a sweet-smelling piece of smouldering bark, which she called; 'John The Conqueror'. Finally, she sang; 'Steal Away To Jesus', in a rich, pure voice.

'I bought "John The Conqueror" from the candle shop at Holloway,' she told me. 'For a full House Blessing, I shood 'a bought a Chinese Wash and washed the floor, you know. All the spiritual mothers go to the Mohan shop, an' they sell the bottled blessings to people in their churches for big money. Yes! But you can buy bad stuff at this candle shop, and put things onto people. I hear they've sold out of black candles'.

'That's funny', I said, 'There's a tomb in Bunhill Cemetery called 'The Tapp'd Woman', of a lady who

yielded gallons and gallons of water every year. Surgeons tapped her for dropsy, back in the 18th Century. Well, last time I passed by, I saw five candles, partly burnt down, at the foot of the tomb. I nearly picked them up...

'What? Never do that, you know. Some West Indian has been there in the night, trying to raise the woman for some purpose. People do that, then get scared an' run away, leaving the candle to blow out. I was asked to raise up me mother, and enquire where she left her key dem, but I know that wasn't right. Not at all.'

Stimulated by Mrs. Haddy's stories, I sought out the Mohan Brother's Emporium, and had a look around. In the front of the small shop, English people were looking at fragrant candles. Towards the rear, all the customers resembled Mrs. Haddy. They were Christian Seeresses, or 'Obeah Muddas', middle-aged Caribbean ladies in long dresses and white turbans. 'Obeah' means Witchcraft. In Africa, Witchcraft is supposed to be detected and cured by a Witch-Doctor. In the West Indies, an 'Obeah Mother' is performs the same task. Known in New Orleans as 'Spiritual Mothers', these women buy and sell packets boldly marked 'Obeah' or 'Devil'. Such powders are not curses but antidotes. If they believe in the mystic attributes of their own stock, the young Mohan Brothers may see themselves as benefactors of mankind. Their impassive Indian faces, as they packaged up spells and potions, gave me no clue as to the men within. Many of the jars on sale contained crystals, to be burnt on a bed of charcoal for a desired effect; control over a sweetheart, over money, over enemies, and over Fate itself.

'We also sell the charcoal', a Mohan told me politely.

The tall red candles shaped like men and women had an ominous appearance, but the label on one bottle, 'Flee, Devil, Flee', was somewhat reassuring. 'Black Cat' powder was on sale, as was every variety of 'John The Conqueror'. 'High John', as this African PUCK is sometimes known, was always pictured on the label's as an arrogant, knave-like King. He had been rendered down into pink, lavender-waterish 'John The Conqueror' liquid for magic baths, but always bore the same American label, with a Red Indian Chief depicted in one corner.

African traditions, in the Deep South home of 'High John', are often held by their believers to be Red Indian lore. In his earthly form, 'John' is a swamp root that must be gathered before September 21st to be effective. He resembles a stumpy little, thumb-high man, and gamblers should hold him in the left hand.

Every bottle, jar or package from America carried an additional label in Spanish. Mexican and Puerto Ricans are evidently absorbing American Negro traditions, and hold 'Juan el Conquistador' in great esteem.

Gasping aloud in wonderment, I roved among the Mohan shelves. Many jars and bottles were labelled with prayers in English and Spanish, to be recited as the potion was used. Not all the prayers were addressed directly to God, but a reassuring footnote explained that the Four Spirits Of Africa are 'Close to our Divine Saviour, Jesus Christ'.

Frightening portraits of bat-winged Devils and a character called 'Reaperdeath' adorned jars and bottles of evil-averting preventive medicine.

I found Mrs. Haddy's favourite 'Chinese Wash', with its picture of a smiling Dragon. At the counter, two stone-faced men in turbans gravely purchased a large box of 'Jinx-Remover' bottles.

A potent-looking black jallop, The Remover would no doubt be dissolved in hot water and used to bless and protect many a house or flat from Evil Spirits, landlords, bailiffs or council officials.

When I returned to my own house, I was inveigled into a game of domestic roulette. I put all the chips onto Number Twenty Two (a number invested with many mysterious aspects, "The Lord Of 22" and all that, as we shall see in future issues of 'DON' - Ed), and it came up straight away!

Little did my loved ones know I had been handling 'John The Conqueror'!

Son now, thanks to the awesome powers of African Spirits, I own nearly a thousand Ludo counters! If I wanted to keep a horse in a stable, or a wife at home, I could use the counters to barricade them in...



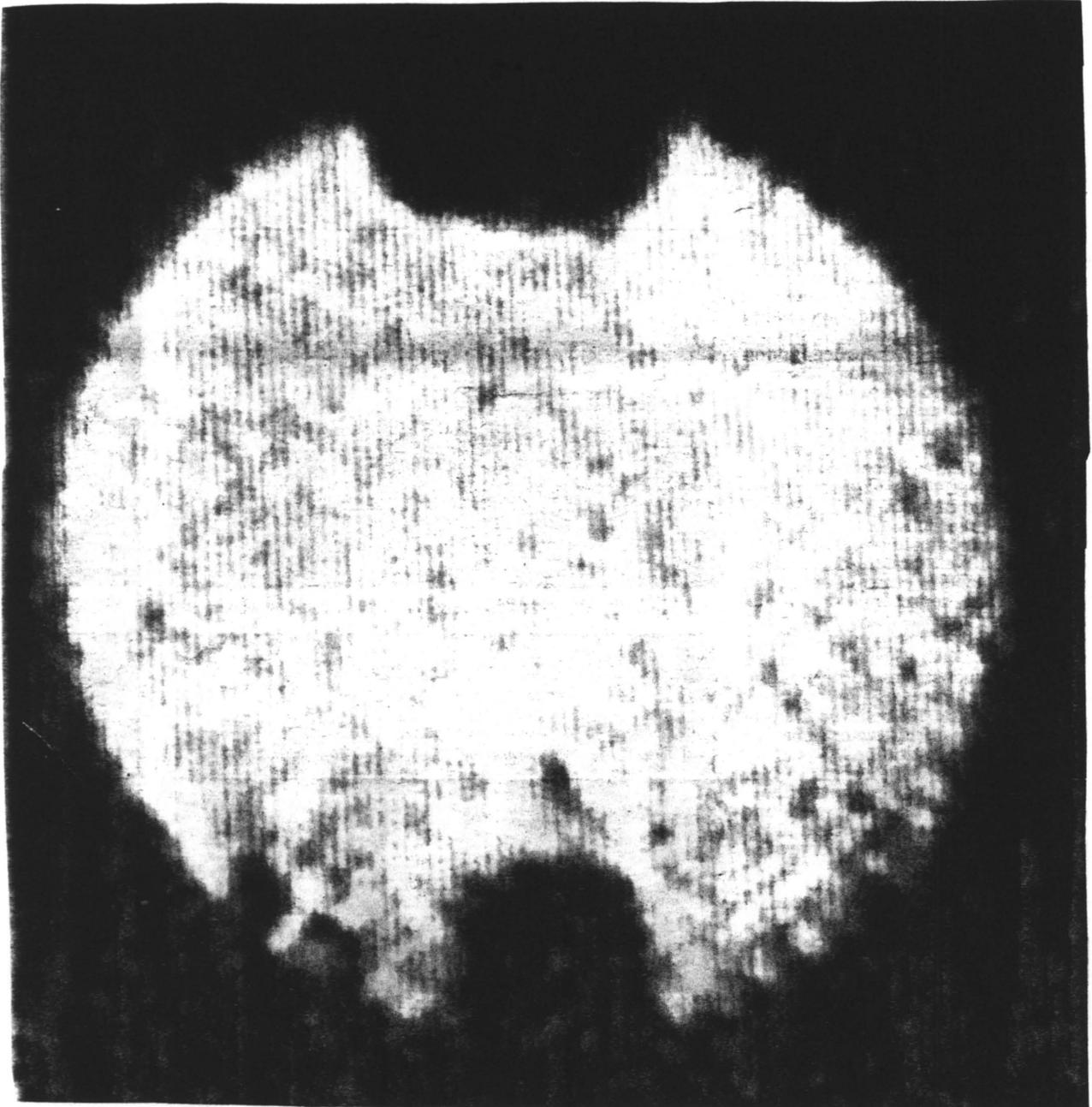
Illustration of 'John The Conqueror', the African/West Indian exorciser of Evil Spirits by Roy Kerridge.

It seems a little hard to conceive that in this day and age, people are still more than willing to splash out their last few hard-earned pennies upon Occult-related paraphernalia.

Perhaps we are not as free of the old ways, of the superstitious fear and dread of the forces of darkness as we'd sometimes like to kid ourselves...

Perhaps, deep inside, we still believe.

KEEP WATCHING THE SKIES!!!
UFO UPDATE
GOLDEN UFO FILMED OVER NORFOLK



Glenn Webster, 32, filmed the object pictured above, from his bedroom window on November 3rd, this year in his hometown of Norwich. *'I was stunned when I first saw it',* he was reported as saying after his sighting. *'I reached for my camcorder and when I zoomed in on the shape, I couldn't believe it and fell over my hi-fi. It made no sound and I gasped when I saw it shoot towards the moon.'*

The film appears to show a black object in three segments, passing across the main axe-head shape, you can see in the still from the film reproduced here.

'Then it appeared to turn into a spinning-top structure before moving off very fast', continued Mr Webster. *'I have always been a bit sceptical about these type of things, but this was simply amazing. Who knows what shape a spaceship is supposed to be? I'm holding on to the video for dear life!!!'*

Great Yarmouth Police received several calls around about 8:15pm that same evening from people claiming they had seen a very similar object traversing the night sky.

Computer engineer Nick Coleman, was followed by a bright light as he drove home that at some time after 8pm. *'It appeared in my rear-view mirror and moved around to the side of the car before shooting up into the sky in front of me. At first I thought it was a halogen lamp, but when it started moving to the side of the car where there was no road, I knew it wasn't. It was not a helicopter because it was too low and moving too fast'*.

Ian Simmons, 35, the British contributing editor for the excellent *'FORTEAN TIMES'*, has watched the video and given this reaction; *'The object does not behave like anything we know about. It is unidentifiable and this is a very interesting sighting. But I am not going to say it is an alien object because you can only make informed suppositions about these things. Many UFO sightings can be put down to views of the planet Venus, but that can be ruled out in this case. This falls into the category of a very mysterious light, or shape.'*

Many other 'UFO experts' were quick to point out the similarity between the object filmed on November 3rd, and the sightings/film from a private plane above New Zealand in 1978 (*the Quentin Fogarty Film, of course - which was coincidentally enough, featured on the 'STRANGE BUT TRUE?' TV programme just a week or so later - ED*).
11th November, 1995. Norfolk. *'DAILY EXPRESS'/TODAY'*

THE BARNOLDSWICK LIASON

Barnoldswick in Lancashire has a long and proud history of association with the R.A.F. Tornado aircraft parts are assembled in nearby Pendle, and Rolls Royce make aeroplane engines in the locality. There have been many complaints of late by worried residents of low-flying aircraft and, even more disconcerting, eerie balls of light haunting the wild and desolate moors. Two or three aircraft a week are reported to be flying overhead (just!!!) and I myself have witnessed two low-flying bomber air-craft one night, whilst driving through West Craven. Other places in the region, such as Colne and the wonderfully named Foulridge are also affected from time to time...But one single event relegates all other similar events into the shadows!!!

It took place on the night of January 30th, 1995.

'It felt like being inside an explosion, like a volley of cannon fire exploding right above my head' said Duncan Smith, as eight Tornado GR1 aircraft roared across the night sky barely clearing Earby Moor. The incident was widely reported in the local press and the R.A.F. Police interviewed those affected by the incident as many had flooded the newspaper phone lines. Their names were passed on to Lord Henley, the Under-Secretary of State for Defence.

The incident was the subject to a number of Parliamentary Questions from the local MP Gordon Prentice, culminating in a House Of Commons Adjournment Debate on Military Low-Flying, held on 28th April, 1995. The Minister of State for the Armed Forces, Mr Nicholas Soames, explained how low-flying remains essential even though the prospects of a major conflict have declined, regional instability and unpredictability have increased greatly. The sortie concerned was a *'routine training sortie by eight Tornado GR1 aircraft of No. 9 Squadron based at the R.A.F. Base Bruggen, in Germany. It was intended to simulate a typical attack mission involving the penetration of a highly hostile air space at low level under the cover of darkness'*.

The aircraft carried out a mock attack on a target in the Lake District and began to make their way at low level to carry out a further 'attack' on the range at R.A.F. Wainfleet. They were making use of terrain following radar which allows the aircraft to be flown safely at low-level, even at night, and keeps the aircraft fixed at a certain height.

'This sortie was being flown at night and was arranged in accordance with the rules of the U.K. night low-level flying system'

All of which is very interesting to aircraft enthusiasts and military buffs alike, but were do the UFO's come in? Be patient. Here they come...

The unofficial report behind the practice sortie, divulged by one unnamed witness, states that on the night of January 30th, 1995, they heard a tremendous roar above their house, so they went outside to check their roof was still intact. As they gazed heavenwards, five Tornado's suddenly streaked across the sky in hot pursuit of a mysterious ball of amber light. As the planes and their quarry neared the Pendle Moors, the witness claims the light suddenly dipped and entered the ground.

Other reports were received of how these balls of light were almost dog-fighting with the R.A.F. jets, and of how they had emerged from the ground and returned under the earth after a spot of 'cat and mouse'.

Another incident involved military helicopters seen overflying the region, were anomalous lights have been seen entering the ground. Balls of light have been observed illuminating a large triangular craft and there have been some odd animal mutilations in the area too. In particular, dozens decapitated pigeons have been found, and field mice have been discovered with their brains and spines detached through a hole in their heads!!!

The area is a definite hot-bed of UFO and other Paranormal phenomena (and for so long, the focus of tales of Witchcraft and Demonic activity - Until THIS Halloween, that is...See Editorial-ED), and new information is humming down the wires even as I write this.

You know what they say...Watch this space!!!

Johnathan Dillon.

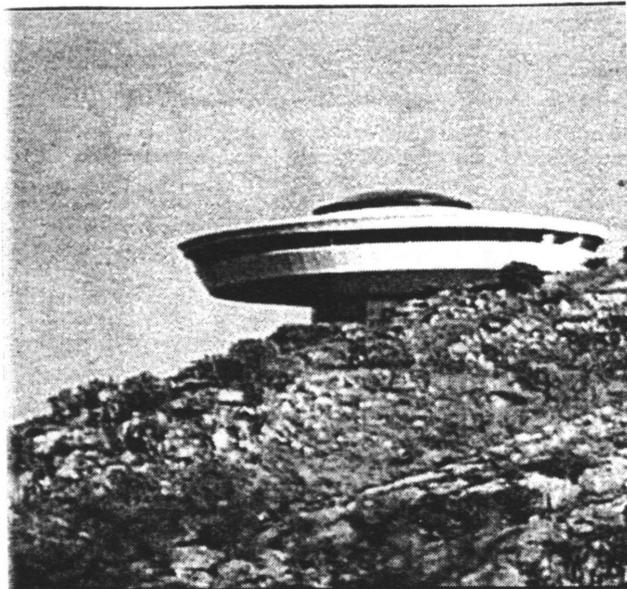
SAUCER-SHAPED HOME IS ON THE MARKET

Well. I guess it had to happen sooner or later. Somebody went and built themselves a saucer-shaped home...In South Africa of all places.

Multi-millionaire entrepreneur and UFO buff Harry Visser, decided to build the 550 square-metre saucer after witnessing a real UFO hovering over the same hillside, near Johannesburg. Now, four years later, the house of the future has landed up on the property market.

If you're thinking of making Harry an offer though, you'd best be prepared to beat the current asking price; a cool £440,000.

Harry is even said to have beamed up all mod-cons details to outer space...To see if it has universal appeal.



ALAN GODFREY GIVES FINAL PUBLIC TALK

Fifteen years after the news broke concerning a local Todmorden police officer allegedly being taken on board a UFO, Alan Godfrey, that selfsame copper, is to give his final public talk about the incident that changed his life at the Hollins Inn, Walsden in aid of the Johnathan Knowles Appeal (Wheew!! That was one helluva long opening sentence. Let me just get my breath back...).

Alan, who still lives in Todmorden, has appeared on some of the world's top chat shows including the Johnny Carson Show in the United States. He was due to appear on our very own '*FRANK SKINNER SHOW*', alongside the American astronaut Buzz Aldrin and former gangster (allegedly! - Legal Ed) Charlie Kray, older brother of the infamous Kray Twins. However, his interview was edited out of the version that hit the screens after engaging in verbal skirmishes with the host over the veracity of the incident which occurred in November, 1980.

Alan's story has featured in several books and TV documentaries, including '*ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S MYSTERIOUS WORLD*', and film producer Michael Grais, (who worked on '*CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND*' and '*POLTERGEIST*', is hoping to make a film version of Godfrey's encounter in the U.S.

Alan cannot consciously remember being abducted by the occupants of the UFO whilst he was on duty in Burnley Road, near the 'Ukranian Club', that autumn night in 1980, but under police supervised hypnosis, he described being taken aboard and examined by an 'alien called Joseph'

Alan started his TV career with an appearance on the Frank Bough interview Show, and wanted to end his time on the BBC with another Frank, comedian Frank Skinner. In the event however, Alan was moved to describe the show as the worst organised programme he'd had the misfortune to appear on, and said there had been a lot of friction between Skinner and himself, particularly when he ad-libbed jokes back at the comedian's wise-cracks.

M.O.D. UFO RECORDS

Plenty of rumours are circulating at the moment regarding the Ministry Of Defences' reclamation of the de-classified UFO files from the Public Record Offices in Kew.

Nick Redfern and Graham Birdsall, editor of *UFO MAGAZINE*, recently told us that the files are being reclaimed and compared against yet to be released papers to see if the M.O.D. could be a tad more open with the public in future. (Fat chance -Cynical Ed).

Surprisingly, we will be getting more and more reports now which will be made available to the public to the public...At last!!!

Also doing the rounds in the rumour mill, are suggestions that the M.O.D. is going to counter Nick Pope's book entitled; '*OPEN SKIES: CLOSED MINDS*' by putting out their own version of the History Of UFO's!!!

OH NO!!! NOT MORE ON ROSWELL

More Roswell footage is alleged to be in the process of transfer from its current raw state to video according to the (ahem) ever-reliable Ray Santilli, speaking on US television recently.

He is apparently compiling a Volume 2 edition, a sequel to his 'magnum opus'; '*SECRET HISTORY*'. It will apparently be titled; '*THE ORIGINAL UNCUT ROSWELL RAW FOOTAGE!!!* (Helluva title there, Ray. Ever think about making a film with Herschell Gordon Lewis or Ruggero Deodato???)

According to our sources, Rank Video Distribution has been accused of promoting the footage, even though they deny these rumours.

Santilli has also been accused of working with 'CHANNEL FOUR' model makers, Lomborg and Dickinson, plus a C.I.A. operative named Robert Irving, who is a known Crop Circle debunker and close friend of Jim Schnabel (author of '*DARK WHITE*' and several Crop Circles *solved* articles).

Recently, during a 'Quest International interview, Timothy Good, whose new book '*BEYOND TOP SECRET*' (to be published in May, 1996), stated the film was '*bogus*' and could possibly have been filmed in 1994 on a modern video camera.

Santilli claims to have spent millions on investigating the footage...Most serious-minded researchers don't suspect he's spent a pound!!!

'Blockbuster Video' and '20th Century Fox' have to date loaned/sold three quarters of a million copies of the footage.

Chris Carter has planned an '*X-FILES*' episode to be screened as part of Season Three, loosely based on the now infamous footage. Mulder discovers film of an apparent real-life alien autopsy (*Episode Number: '3x09 NISEI AND 3x10 731'*).

Incidentally, Tim Good's new book is exactly that. It's not merely a re-hash of '*ABOVE TOP SECRET*'. In the new work he discloses hitherto unseen Roswell documents and several startling pilot encounters with UFO's...

UFO SEEN/FILMED OVER NELLIS AIR-FORCE BASE

A remote-controlled video camera situated on the perimeter fence of the Base apparently filmed four globes of light travelling towards the Airforce base, which by now was on full Red Alert.

Even more recently, the US TV programme '*SIGHTINGS*', aired the footage which appears to show several balls of light merging and parting whilst hovering at the very edge of the installation.

More on this when we get it.

UFO/RAF JET INCIDENTS

In October this year, a large circular UFO was spotted hovering over an underground reservoir at Sowerby Bridge, West Yorkshire.

It was also reported to have followed a car at one stage. Eye witnesses spoke of seeing seven fighter aircraft pursuing the ball of light over the reservoir, and they were later joined in the pursuit by a couple of helicopters.

R.A.F West Drayton were notified, but they reported that there were no aircraft in the area, nor was there any radar contact. They checked with Manchester Airport, who also drew a blank as to exactly what, if anything was flying out there.

Eventually, West Drayton confirmed that there had been radar contacts and stated that they belonged to aircraft flying low-level training exercises. The balls of light were no doubt to be attributed to the reservoir's arch lights blowing out due to the aircraft's tremendous noise and speeds. Scamendon Reservoir was contacted and an investigator posing as a journalist reporting on the recent drought, asked whether or not they had been having problems with their lighting. They replied that they hadn't.

On the 18th October, in Scarborough, a large cigar-shaped ball of light appeared out over the bay. Many people stood and watched as an R.A.F. Tornado roared across the sky, followed by several helicopters. They engaged in a game of cat and mouse with the mysterious object...At one point, there were reportedly as many as twenty choppers on the scene!!!

Some nearly collided, which seems highly likely given all that air-traffic! The UFO eventually left the scene unmolested.

On 27th October, 1995, over the city of York, an orange ball of light was reported by a Mrs. Clark, at 6:05pm. The local press and radio received several calls from concerned members of the public stating that a UFO was hovering over the City Centre. Mrs Clark also stated that all of a sudden, a jet fighter rocketed over her rooftop followed by those pesky helicopters once again. The ball of light sped away...

Next, we move on to Derbyshire, where a remote farm was visited by a huge, triangular-shaped UFO. At 3am, sometime in October, the farmer decided to take his dog for a walk. As they set off, the hound began yelping frantically. The farmer suddenly looked up and saw a gigantic object moving silently over his head. Not surprisingly, he panicked, and ran for the safety of his house. Once he set foot indoors, he discovered that all the electricity had blacked out, so not knowing what else to do, he ran several hundred metres to his nearest neighbours to call the police. The object eventually shot off.

MYSTERIOUS FINDS IN YORKSHIRE

An archaeologist recently gained access to a Tumuli near Staxton, in Scarborough. He entered the burial chamber and discovered several burial urns placed in the corner. After examining them, he discovered a small carving of a head which resembles the depiction's of our present-day 'Alien Grey's'. It's a remarkable little carving, I have seen it myself, and clearly whoever carved it, did so 2-3,000 years ago. It begs the question; were people "seeing" similar "entities" way back then?

He also found a key, which is in pristine condition, considering its age. It is very light and shiny, and there are various ancient hieroglyphic-type writings upon it...It actually appears to be a language we have not to date come across...It seems to be made up primarily of shapes and numbers...

We await further news.

SKY LIT BY RARE METEOR SIGHTING

The meteor which illuminated the night sky over the North West of England during a late July weekend this year, would only have been seen a few times each decade, a top astronomer was reported as saying.

Callers from as far afield as Anglesey, Isle Of Man, and Southport jammed the switchboard of Liverpool Coastguard early on the Saturday morning, reporting the sky being lit up by the meteor.

People variously described seeing bright blue, green and white lights in the sky and hearing thunder.

Dr. Simon Mitten, an astronomer at Cambridge University, said; *'This sounds as if it was a rare type of Bolide meteor, particularly with the reports of people hearing sounds like thunder. You can only expect three or four of these every decade.'*

Senior watch officer Ken Kennedy said; *'We received around 60 calls from people early on Saturday morning describing the colour of the lights and the sound of thunder. We even got one caller who called us from the South-West of Scotland'*

Even the crew of a Merseyside Police helicopter reported seeing the bright flash of light, believing it to be a distress flare.

Parts of the meteor are believed to have landed in Lincolnshire.

31st July, 1995. North-West England. 'LIVERPOOL DAILY POST'

MORE ON FYLINGDALES

This is the one UFO story that seems to be fast achieving cult-status notoriety due in no small measure to the publicity given the alleged incident by this very magazine...I guess I could say, without fear of sounding in anyway bombastic, *'The Fylingdales Affair'* has been the nearest *'DEAD OF NIGHT'* has yet gotten to an honest-to-God scoop!!!

Jenny Randles recently carried our account of the case on her *'BUFORA UFO-CALL'* (Tel: 0891-121-886). What's more, it was actually that particular bulletin's headline news!!! (Thanx Jen, much appreciated - Eternally Grateful Ed). Watch out for a special field trip report direct from the Fylingdales area early in the new year...Your intrepid reporters are on the case!!!

In the meantime, the redoubtable Johnathan Dillon, who has penned virtually the whole of this necessarily shorter than usual 'UFO UPDATE' (it'll be back to its normal length next issue, rest assured), has come up with the following titbits to whet your appetite still further...

A contact from Brighouse, in West Yorkshire, recently travelled up to the barren moorland near the Fylingdales installation. Peter Cliffe, an investigator with the 'UFO NETWORK LEEDS' told me that there had been a tremendous meteor shower (*any connection with the reported 'meteor shower' that took place over the North-West of England in the early hours of a weekend in July '95 - see previous clipping???*) that night which lasted until 5am in the morning.

He witnessed a large blur light shoot up into the air and roughly 10 minutes later, it flew down from the sky, pulsating and giving off a white glow. He says it couldn't have been a meteor because it didn't burn out, didn't possess a tail, and it fell straight to the earth.

In a distinctly sinister, *QUATERMASS II - ENEMY FROM SPACE'* - type vein, as they were watching all this activity, the R.A.F. Police turned up telling them to leave the area at once as *'Snow on the hills was building up'*.

They explained that they had driven up in a 4x4 pick-up and would be able to handle the inclement weather, but the R.A.F. personnel were insistent, and took down their names and addresses...

At least they didn't try and take them on a guided tour of the facility...Remember...Say out of those domes, at all costs!!!

...AND FINALLY, YET ANOTHER APPEAL FOR INFORMATION!!!

Yes, that's right. Dear ol' Johnathan Dillon wants the good readers of our humble mag to provide him with any information they may have regarding British Government and Military involvement with UFO's.

Also, any info whatsoever on military underground facilities would be gratefully received...Don't worry. Johnathan is *not* a Russian spy seeking to infiltrate our most secret installations. We only call him Comrade John as a joke. Honest.

Write to; Johnathan Dillon.

176, Coal Clough Lane,

Burnley,

Lancashire,

BB11 4NJ

Or you can ring him on; 01 282 - 838258

A Carnival Of Monsters



Creatures From Film, Fiction And Legend

The Blind Dead-The Boogeyman

NAME: *THE BLIND DEAD*

DESCRIPTION: Mummified, bloodthirsty skeletons on horseback.

CATEGORY: Film Monsters.

SOURCE: Hallmark Films (1972). (also released as 'TOMBS OF THE BLIND DEAD').

BRIEF HISTORY: A 13th Century religious sect called 'The Templarios' (a thinly disguised version of our Assistant Editor's beloved 'Knights Templar'), are blinded by crows and duly executed for allegedly killing countless women during their unholy rituals. In order to wreak their revenge, they predictably return from their graves in an horrific incantation. They then set about murdering as many unsuspecting Spaniards as is inhumanly possible.

That's about it as far as far as the plot(?) goes, but the movie reeks as much of genuinely creepy atmosphere as it does of rotting corpses...And so, it spawned not one, but *two* sequels!!! ('RETURN OF THE BLIND DEAD' and 'HORROR OF THE ZOMBIES' for the completists amongst you).

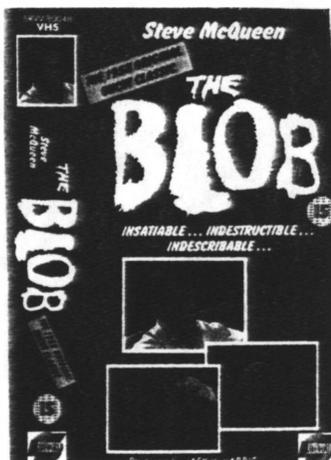
NAME: *THE BLOB*

DESCRIPTION: An Alien gelatinous mass that absorbs all forms of life into its own 'form'.

CATEGORY: Classic Film Alien.

SOURCE: 1958 Paramount Films.

BRIEF HISTORY: The original sci-fi classic features an ever-growing bright red (the colour of the blood it digests courtesy of its victims), BLOB that inhabits a falling meteorite. Discovered by a tramp who foolishly picks it up on the end of the stick, the entity slides down the wood and attaches itself to the hapless hobo's arm.



(LEFT); The video cover for the original version of 'THE BLOB' and (RIGHT): The BLOB invades the body of a young girl and the poor lad who was just about to fill his boots...He should know that in horror films amorous intentions are more often than not rudely interrupted by rampaging monsters or axe-wielding maniacs...

Having taken over the vagrant it then wanders into 'Small-Town', Middle America, intent upon laying waste the various icons of the American Dream...The cinema, a diner car, and a supermarket. Steve McQueen, in his first starring role, gets to play the hero who tries to warn the populace, but who no-one in authority will listen to on account that he's merely another Juvenile Delinquent.

The most memorable scene in the film is when THE BLOB emerges through the holes in the wall of the projectionists booth, before oozing onto the people trying their damndest to watch the 'DAUGHTER OF HORROR', below. Gorged upon its slap-up meal, THE BLOB is so big that it's forced out of the front lobby and is eventually frozen by the army, who turn up right at the end to save the day.

Above-average special effects (for the time) make this creation particularly memorable. Not surprisingly, it spawned many (often inferior) imitations, although it does itself owe a good debt to preceding gelatinous, crawling monsters such as the Alien star of 'THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT', 'QUATERMASS II: ENEMY FROM SPACE' and 'X-THE UNKNOWN', (Coincidentally, all Hammer Films).

There was also a sequel; 'BEWARE THE BLOB!' and a re-make in 1987 starring Kevin Dillon and featuring state-of-the-art special effects.

NAME: *THE BLOOD BEAST TERROR*

DESCRIPTION: You've heard of John Keel's reporting of sightings in the late 1960's of the mysterious 'MOTHMAN'?

Well, this is quite literally a 'MOTH-WOMAN'...A hideous bloodsucking creature that originates from somewhere amidst the swamps of Africa or India...I'm not sure which.

CATEGORY: Not-So-Classic-Film-Monster

SOURCE: Tigon/Pacemaker Films.

BRIEF HISTORY: A 19th Century entomologist discovers that his daughter is actually a giant moth, that for some obscure reason, know only to the script-writers, craves human blood in order to survive. Even more outlandish is the plot twist that has the scientist hiding his daughter away in a remote fishing village in England, so that he can set to work, in true FRANKENSTEIN tradition, on creating a mate for his mutated offspring.

The late-great Peter Cushing arrives on the scene, as he so often does, to battle the forces of evil, (be they in the shape of Vampires, Werewolves, re-animated Mummy's, or Moth-Women) and after his own daughter is captured by the BLOOD BEAST, he eventually manages to destroy the giant insect/human...Although there is no truth in the rumour that he uses an extra-large can of 'RAID' to kill the beast.



(LEFT: Original poster-art for 'THE BLOOD BEAST TERROR'. (RIGHT): The title monster, a literal MOTH-WOMAN, (the creature is actually meant to resemble a Death Head Hawk Moth) meets its sorry end at the hands of the redoubtable, ever-reliable, Peter Cushing.

NAME: *THE BLOODRINKERS*

DESCRIPTION: Filipino Vampires with mouths so full of fangs/teeth that they look like they're well-liaible to whistle when they speak. (See title page for illustration)

CATEGORY: Hemisphere Films. (US/Philippines). 1966.

BRIEF HISTORY: This (ahem) masterpiece concerns the story of Marco the Vampire who has a girl and the obligatory dwarf as his two assistants. For some reason, he also has a resident bat that he uses as a kind of carrier pigeon to run his messages.

The woman Marco falls in love with is virtually on her death bed, so he decides to kidnap her twin sister and perform a heart transplant. I won't spoil it for you by revealing whether or not he's successful in his ventures...Ooh, I just bet you can't sleep with the uncertainty.

NAME: *THE BLOODEATERS.*

DESCRIPTION: George A. Romero-inspired Zombies. I guess you know the score here.

CATEGORY: Cinematic Zombies.

SOURCE: Park National Films

BRIEF HISTORY: The tired, (even by 1980's standards) old plot of Government agents using revolutionary new weed killer on marijuana crops, transforming young drug-dealing 'farmers' into crazed, cannibalistic Zombies. These mindless creatures then set about attacking all and sundry with their machetes.

NAME: *BLOOD MONSTERS.*

DESCRIPTION: The BLOOD MONSTERS is actually a generic term for various types of entities, including 'SNAKE MEN', 'BAT DEMONS', and 'CLAW CREATURES'.

CATEGORY: Bottom-Of-The-Barrel Cinematic Monsters.

SOURCE: Independent International Pictures. 1970.

BRIEF HISTORY: A mish-mash of atrocities, and I'm not necessarily talking solely about the title creations. This pathetic attempt at horror-film making has to be seen to be believed. It's basically the story of astronauts finding themselves stranded upon some distant planet, and being menaced by Alien beings. Nothing wrong with that, you may say. And you'd be right. Except that in this instance, the only reason an Alien planet was used as the location for the hokey goings-on, was that the filmmakers had to include footage from crappy black and white Filipino movies, and to explain the tinted scenes the producers decided to use the excuse that planet was poisoned with 'chromatic radiation', that somehow alters the colours of the spectrum. As Michael Weldon rightly points out in his brilliant 'PSYCHOTRONIC ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF FILM', the producers even went so far as to advertise the film as being shot in something they called 'Spectrum X'.
Wotta cheek!!!

NAME: *THE BLOODY APES.*

DESCRIPTION: Muscle-bound, simian-like creatures.

CATEGORY: Not-So-Classic Film Monsters.

SOURCE: Jerand (Mexico) Films. 1968.

BRIEF HISTORY: A scientist elects to place the heart of a gorilla into his dead son's body. (As yer do). His offspring is duly re-animated, and then as is often the way of things on this type of movie, he turns into a sadistic maniac who delights in raping and murdering young women. And there's not a lot you can add to that really!!!

NAME: *THE BODYSNATCHERS.*

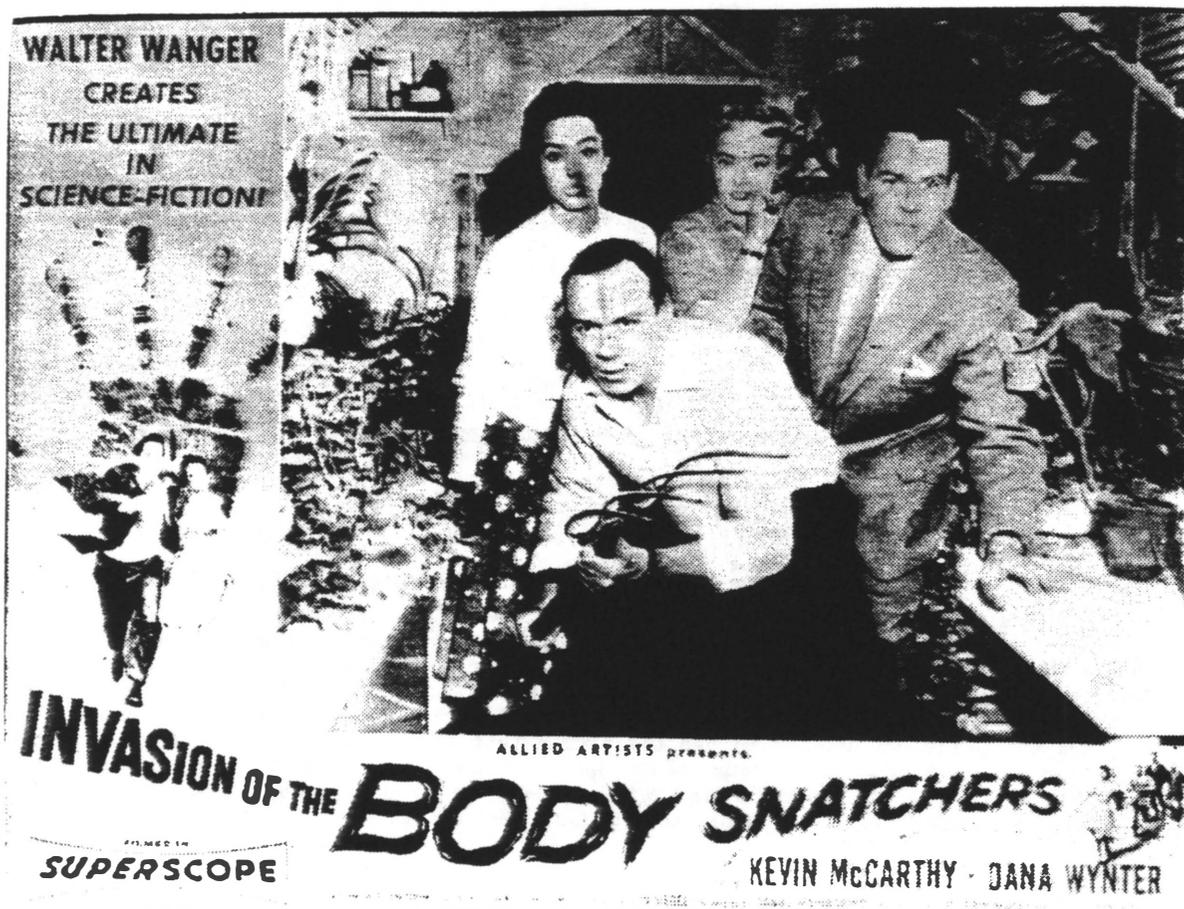
DESCRIPTION: Originally, seed pods that soon spawn exact doubles of living human beings...With one obvious difference. These Doppelgangers have no emotions whatsoever, save the brute will to survive.

CATEGORY: Classic Cinematic Alien Life Form.

SOURCE: Allied Artists.

BRIEF HISTORY: 'INVASION OF THE BODYSNATCHERS' is one of the most genuinely scary cinematic creations in film history. The horror begins when the peaceful town of Santa Mira, USA, is inundated with reports of people believing that their relatives, best friend, and associates are not what they seem. Impostors, not to put too fine a point on it. The Aliens intend to take over the Earth, by duplicating humans whilst they lie asleep, and in all three film versions of Jack Finney's excellent novel, the atmosphere of pervasive tension and uneasiness is almost over-bearing. One of my all-time favourites, a full synopsis/critique will be appearing in a future issue of 'DEAD OF NIGHT', as part of our planned series of articles on the fascinating correlation's between cinematic fiction/and 'real life' Fortean phenomena.

(BELOW): Kevin McCarthy, Dana Wynter and friends find the first of the Alien doppelgangers hidden in amongst the plants in the greenhouse...The *INVASION OF THE BODYSNATCHERS* is well and truly underway...



NAME: *THE BODYSTEALERS*

DESCRIPTION: Human-duplicating Aliens at it again...

CATEGORY: Not-So-Classic Film Alien.

SOURCE: Tigon/Allied Artists Films.

BRIEF HISTORY: A poor man's 'INVASION OF THE BODYSNATCHERS', these human impersonating Aliens capture parachutists as they pass through a mysterious red mist. The otherworldly invaders keep their victims in suspended animation and substitute duplicates in their place.
Pretty bloomin' awful!!!

NAME: *BOGGART*

DESCRIPTION: When visible, the BOGGART was Humanoid, no more than knee-high, and had a wizened face and scrawny neck, like an old man's. His arms were thin and his legs looked scarcely capable of supporting his body.

CATEGORY : Inhabitant of the 'Realm Of Faerie'.

SOURCE: Lancashire Folklore.

BRIEF HISTORY: Although invoked as a frightener to scare children homeward on dark Winter's nights, people even today, hold a high regard for this Lancashire relation of the 'BROWNIE'. He could be sly, and full of mischievous pranks, but he rarely caused serious harm. Indeed, he was often helpful in the best FAERIE tradition. When in a bad mood, his face would be contorted with undisguised rage, when well-disposed, he would grin with impish glee. His close kinsman were PUCK,

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, HOBGOBLINS, IMPS, and as previously mentioned, BROWNIES (all of whom we'll be making an acquaintance with later in this A-Z).

He is also related to 'LOB LIE BY T' FIRE', HOB O' TH' HURST' and the Manx PHYNODERIE.

BOGGARTS were even believed in by Kings. James VI wrote; '*a BROWNIE is a rough man who haunts without doing any evil, doing necessary turns up and down the house. Some are so blinded as to believe that a house was all the tidier when such Spirits resorted there*'.

BOGGARTS also entered the into the lives of everyday children and adults, from Lancashire to Scotland. In the 16th Century, Reginald Scott wrote; '*Our mother's maids in childhood so frayed us with BOGEYS, SPIRITS, WITCHES, URCHINS, ELVES, HAGS and FAERIES, we were afraid of our own faces*'.

Even today, older children have often scared younger ones with tales of BOGGART barns, bridges, cloughs, etc.

NAME: **BOGGLE**.

DESCRIPTION: A vague, faceless creature, it can manifest as a light, a ball of fire, a ghouly shape, a phantom hound, or a bull, calf, red hen or black cock.

CATEGORY: Inhabitant Of The Realm Of Faerie.

SOURCE: British Folklore.

BRIEF HISTORY: It is apparently a chilling experience to come face to face with a BOGGLE. They often kept watch over hidden treasure and could uncover the graves of the dead. Travellers on lonely roads were often at their mercy. Men dared not look back '*lest some dark fiend did follow*'.

Seen in a flash, they could melt into thin air, pass through stone walls, and through locked doors.

NAME: **BOGEY/BOGIE/BOGY**.

DESCRIPTION: An indefinable 'something' that gibbers and capers in the dark corners of every child's bedroom.

CATEGORY: Creature Of Folklore.

SOURCE: Childhood Nightmares.

BRIEF HISTORY: A terrifying spirit of English folklore, of uncertain, but most likely HOBGOBLINISH nature, invoked especially to frighten children, it is usually thought of as being an 'IT' in the true Stephen King sense of the word.

'*The BOGEY-MAN will get you*' is a common saying just about everywhere in the Western world.

BOGEY itself is a 19th Century word, but like all analogous terms, BOGLE, BOGGART, POOKA, PUCK, etc, it is probably derived from the Middle English - BUGGE or BOGGE, meaning 'terror', and BUGBEAR of COGMATE with the Welsh BWG (BUG) meaning GHOST or HOBGOBLIN.

NAME: **THE BOGEYMAN**

(See MICHAEL MYERS/THE SHAPE).

NAME: **THE BOOGEYMAN**.

DESCRIPTION: The dark, vengeful spirit of a woman's lover.

CATEGORY: Cinematic Ghost/Demon.

SOURCE: Jerry Gross Organization.

BRIEF HISTORY: 'THE BOOGEYMAN' in this instance is personified as a spirit that is able to manifest in a piece of broken mirror. This self-same mirror somehow manages to follow people around and incite them to kill.

Yep, it's yet another lousy excuse for the filmmakers to feature as many gory deaths as they possibly can, call it a 'stalk and slash epic', and achieve undeserved and unjustified cult status as a so-called 'video nasty'.

*The Boogeymen Will Get You If You
Don't Buy John Inman's Latest Book!!!*



**THE MORON'S GUIDE TO THE PARANORMAL
JOHN D. INMAN'S HILARIOUS A-Z ADULT GUIDE TO ALL
ASPECTS OF THE SUPERNATURAL WORLD**

*Price: £3.99 Available From 'JD ENTERPRISES'. Ground
Floor, 32 Valley Road, Scarborough, YO11 2LU*