

Ghost Trackers Newsletter

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The Ghost Trackers Newsletter is the official paranormal publication of the Ghost Research Society. The GRS was founded in 1980 by Martin V. Riccardo and this publication soon followed in September of 1982. It is published and edited by Dale D. Kaczmarek, President and is put out in February, June and October.

The Ghost Research Society is a membership organization devoted to collecting, analyzing and researching all forms of the paranormal with an emphasis on ghosts, hauntings, poltergeists and life after death. Different memberships are available for those wishing to become more actively involved. We are also looking for officers, State Coordinators, Field Investigators and Area Research Directors for various states and countries.

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Editors page:

Well, we are celebrating our 10th Anniversary of the premier of the Ghost Trackers Newsletter! Our first issue came out in November of 1982 and we've come a long way since that time. Our format is getting better all the time and soon we should be able to produce the newsletter with a good desktop publishing program. Thanks to all of you for making the Ghost Trackers Newsletter a success and here's hoping that you'll stay with us!

Thanks to: Claudette Johnson, Wanda Bloomfield, Charles Carlson, Tom Perrott and F.S. Miller for the clippings. Also thanks to Tom Perrott for his constant flow of British ghost books and audio tapes. A hearty thank you goes out to Robert Swindell (Area Research Director for California) for the book he recently donated and Mike Shannon for the book review in this issue. Please keep all those contributions coming in!

Since our last issue we have added 13 new members and received renewals from 17 members. The new Contributing Members are: Bienzen Gelisan, Bobbie Barth, Margaret Heilman, Michele Fehr, Janine Klich, Lee Holloway and Mark Weaver. New Sustaining Members include: Thomas Baker, Teresa Spano, David Almeida and Fran Pizano. Tony Cirillo and Jeff Pritchard are new Patron Members. Joe and Rosalie Pavon became Lifetime members.

Congratulations to Michele Fehr from Pennsylvania as she becomes the Pennsylvania State Coordinator and a welcome addition to those already chosen. She will begin to group together those members in that state and hopefully expand so that next year she'll be able to run successful Field Excursions.

The newsletter of the quarter is Enigmas, published by Strange Phenomena Investigations, Malcolm Robinson, Editor, 41 The Braes, Tullibody, Clackmannanshire, FK10 2TT, Scotland. The August/September issue dealt with UFOs, Loch Ness Project, Mysteries of the Scottish Landscape, crop circles, animal mutilations and much, much more. Subscriptions for five issues are: \$19.00 U.S.

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Ghost Research Society

The next meeting dates at the Oaklawn Public Library are as follows: September 19th and November 21st. Both are at 1pm and all members are urged to attend.

We are in the process of putting together the official By-Laws of the GRS and as soon as this is typed out, all members will be receiving a copy of these. We felt that we had to let all our members know such items as: how officers are elected, membership policies, Probationary procedures, and other official information.

This will include information on Probationary letters that have been sent out to certain members due to their lack of attendance and/or interest in scheduled meetings, Field Excursions and Special or Haunted House Investigations. Those that are sent such letters must be interviewed by the President and/or Research Director before their active status could be reinstated. There would be two probations before a member would be expelled from active status.

All new individuals who wish to become Contributing/Sustaining or Active Members will also be interviewed before they are allowed to go along on Field Excursions and be actively involved. This is a screening process that we have initiated at the July meeting and goes into effect immediately. We feel we must limit the amount of Active Members in our ranks at any one time.

There are still some Active Members who haven't filled out their Application for Active Research and those will not be allowed to go on scheduled Field Excursions until that is accomplished.

Also effective immediately, there will not be anymore notices sent out for upcoming Field Excursions. This was stopped because many members, even after receiving their notices, didn't bother to show up. This cost us additional revenue in postage and printing costs. All Field Excursions are scheduled in the months of June and August and those wishing to attend must show up to the meetings in the prior months of May and July. All our by-monthly meetings are scheduled on the third Saturday of every other month, i.e., January, March, May, July, September, November. If that Saturday cannot be booked, then I would send out notices or phone all members to notify you of the new dates.

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The Life Of A Ghost Researcher

By

Tom Perrott

For some considerable time in a variety of ways, I have become aware of how great is the interest in ghosts, as evinced by the General Public. During the past year I have received well over 100 letters from school children living in all parts of the United Kingdom, who have chosen ghostly projects for many of their examinations, and require further information about them. This I am only too willing to provide because some of these young and enthusiastic inquirers could well be our psychical researchers of the future. Again for the last two years I have been fortunate enough to participate in a Ghostline Phone-in, as a member of an advisory panel, chosen by one of our national newspapers, to try and help people, either claiming to be experiencing psychic problems in the present, or who are only too pleased to regale me with stories of confrontations with ghosts that might have happened to them in their past. On both these occasions my colleagues and I have been inundated with calls from all parts of the country, which have kept us all occupied continuously from early in the morning until late in the evening. Many of these calls have been genuine 'calls from the heart', and calls of a purely frivolous nature have been in a distinct minority.

These two examples would appear to indicate two things, the numbers of people who have a definite interest in Apparitions and the types of people who claim to have been most affected by them.

In addition I am constantly receiving calls from various branches of the Media, whose representatives wish to obtain details of sites said to be haunted, of which there are said to be several thousands in the United Kingdom alone. Last year a National Charity, as a means of raising much-needed funds, organized a number of sponsored nightly vigils in a selection of haunted houses in all parts of the country, for which they consulted me for details of locations.

I frequently am asked to address various groups on the subject of 'Ghosts and Hauntings' and after I have finished, in the ensuing question time, I am usually asked the following question, "How did you become involved in this sort of thing in the first place?" I answer in the following way, indicating the two main approaches to this very fascinating subject. I explain that as an eventual member of the Folklore Society, I became interested in legends of hauntings at a very early age, and living in the country at that time, it was easy to approach members of the indigenous population and to hear from them accounts of old legends that had been passed down verbally from generation to generation. One has to bear in

mind, however, that as in the party of Chinese Whispers, the latest version of a story offered, could well have deviated somewhat from the original.

In the course of my investigations I discovered that many of these old stories might well have been deliberate smokescreens circulated by smugglers to scare local snoopers away from the scenes of their nefarious activities, for what could provide a better storage space for illicit liquor and other contraband, than a capacious haunted crypt of an isolated church, or the roomy cellars of a haunted vicarage or rectory situated in a lonely part of the country and occupied by an obliging and co-operative incumbent.

Some of these stories would appear to be of very ancient origin and could well be faint murmurs from the Dawn of our history and the early days of our civilization as we know it. The Celts as a race paid a great deal of respect to human heads and for the contents of intelligence that were believed to be contained within them. Accordingly the heads of both friends and enemies were often preserved for posterity after death. When barrows have been excavated the occupant has often been revealed peacefully recumbent with his severed head reposing between his legs. When people describe encounters with ghosts they often state that the apparition was headless. Could therefore this state of decapitation be a half-forgotten folk-memory of a form of ritual execution going back to Celtic times!

Another ancient belief which could well provide a basis for a commonly told ghost story is that of the Wild Hunt. The existence of the Wild Hunt is to be found in both Germanic and Celtic Folklore, and it told of how a wild bunch of restless spirits of the dead would ride through the sky on their spectral horses, accompanied by their ghostly hounds, all baying and making unearthly noises. It was said in medieval times that sometimes witches would participate in the wild revelry led by a pagan goddess, later to be demoted to the rank of devil, when Christianity became established. It was said that anyone who was unfortunate enough to hear the sounds of the Wild Hunt would not live for long afterwards. This legend is particularly to be found in the West of England and it has been said that as late as the 1940's these awesome sounds have been heard in this area, on the ancient feast of Samhain, now known as All Hallows Eve.

So much for certain aspects of our spectral antiquity, when descending into modern times we sometimes find that owners of certain licensed premises are not averse to spreading rumors of strange happenings taking place on their site when they find that their sales are plummeting. This does not mean to say that sometimes strange inexplicable things do not occur in some of these ancient houses, for which no rational reason may be found.

It would be well to state that the terms of reference of the Folklorist are to examine and record the traditional orally transmitted beliefs, practices and tales of people and to record them as being a part of our heritage before they otherwise become either lost or forgotten. His function is not to establish the

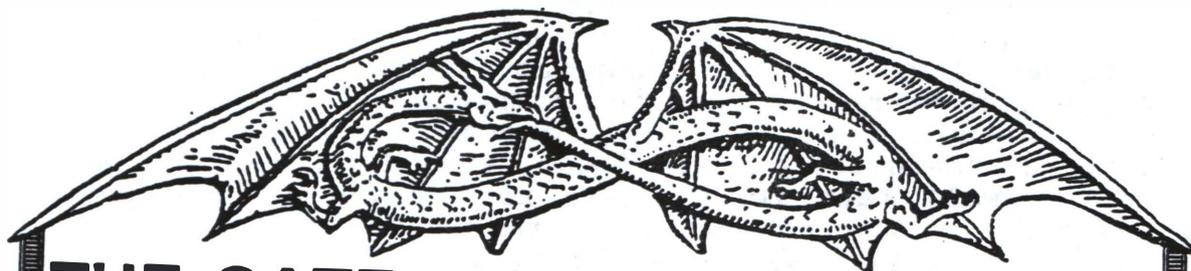
authenticity of these legendary happenings or indeed to rationalize upon them.

So much then for my initial approach to the subject of ghosts, at a later date I became aware of the fact that sometimes strange phenomena were said to manifest themselves at the present time and in an effort to learn more about these strange events, I became a member of the Society for Psychical Research, which was founded in 1882. The aims of the Society are to 'examine without prejudice or prepossession and in a scientific spirit those faculties of man, real or supposed, which appear to be inexplicable in terms of any generally recognized hypothesis.' In this capacity I have often had the opportunity to investigate causes of alleged Hauntings, many of which have had natural causes, but a few of which have had to be discarded with the inevitable question mark against them.

With the absence of conclusive proof, where alleged phenomena are concerned, one can only advance one's own personal theories and as a result of this, one is often accused understandably of 'sitting on the fence', a position that I myself have occupied precariously for some considerable time.

In a world where strange and inexplicable things undoubtedly happen from time to time, but where many of them may be explained by the development of science in the future, it is as well to proverbially 'keep one's weather-eye open' and I feel that I can do no better, than to conclude by quoting an extract from a book written by the eminent parapsychologist Andrew Green, in which he writes as follows: "It is essential for any investigator to adopt an open mind and to be prepared to sift and search and question everything. If you have any preconceived ideas about hauntings, reconsider their logicity. Never dismiss the possibility of the existence of apparitions, not only does this attitude resemble that of the proverbial ostrich, but it could result in some unpleasant experiences if you come face to face with a ghost."

Submitted by: Tom Perrott, 93 The Avenue, Muswell Hill, London, N10 2QG, United Kingdom.



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Voices From The Beyond?

By

Richard Senate

It was there, there no matter how many times the tape was rewound and played. It was a voice, a voice that should not be there, a voice that said in a chilling monotone; "You will die!" It was a voice that could not have been faked. It was one example of a unique phenomena called EVP, Electronic Voice Phenomena. The strange voice was recorded during a thermographic experiment conducted in a reported haunted room of a local hotel. The experiment was based upon the theory that ghosts are manifest in places with a distinct coldness. To test the concept, a battery of thermometers were arranged all around the room, every half hour the thermometers were checked and the readings recorded on a cassette tape recorder. Each thermometer was given a number and the readings were taken at exact times. The experiment proved to be a failure as no readings were off. The room remained one temperature all night long.

But, in reviewing the tape with all the data of the temperatures, the voice was there. It was right in the middle of a set of readings and I didn't hear a thing at the time. The tape was brand new--I had been alone at the time. I had a key to the room and no one else had this key during the entire experiment. Was the voice a grim warning from the spirit world? In one way it was a simple statement of fact--yes, we will all die someday. What did it mean? Strangely enough this example is far from the only example that I have come across over the years. It seems that tape recorders seem to have the ability, sometimes, to catch some strange things.

One of the first examples of this odd phenomena took place several years ago when a group of students took a tape recorder out late one night to look for the ghosts of Creek Road. After looking for the legendary haunt known as Char-Man, at the old bridge near Camp Comfort, they were laughing and joking about the lack of anything so supernatural while the tape was turned on. When the tape was played back the group was silenced by a mysterious woman's voice that seemed to come out of nowhere.

In another strange tape recording a group visited a haunted site and conducted an experiment using a simple Ouija Board. They had a small tape recorder to keep track of the questions and responses. The answers they received were the standard Ouija garble of letters with a scattering of yes and no. But, when the tape was played back a new voice was detected answering the questions in a rasping tone. Some of the responses were in Spanish, yet none of the people knew the Spanish language! At the

time the tape was made they heard nothing out of the ordinary. The whispered voice only was manifest after the tape was rewound and played. The Spanish words were not common ones but special ones that seemed to match the questions that were asked.

Electronic voice phenomena has been around for a number of years. The early accounts seem to be filled with so many outlandish claims that it was discredited. Such claims as the taped voices of Adolph Hitler's ghost and others were seen as fodder for the tabloids rather than real research. Like photographs, tape recordings can be falsified with ease, but in the cases I have cited there seemed to be no real motives for the strange voices. I know that I didn't make the odd voice I detected in the hotel room. When I first heard of using a tape recorder to capture ghostly sounds it was by leaving a tape recorder on a grave stone and getting a voice. I have also heard of using tape recorders in a haunted house. I tried to duplicate the experiments that I saw but, without a single success.

But, over the years many have recorded some very strange things. In listening to the tapes they seem to have several things in common. The voices seem to have a raspy, whispering quality. They seem to respond to people. Running tape recorders left alone in even the most haunted site comes out blank. The voices seem to work best in a question and answer mode.

If you have ever recorded something out of the ordinary contact me via this newsletter.

Submitted by: Richard L. Senate, 422 Staunton St., Camarillo, CA. 93010.

Mr. Richard L. Senate was born in Los Angeles, California in 1948 and grew up in Ventura County. He lived in Thousand Oaks until 1964 when his family moved to Ventura. He has attended Ventura High School and Ventura College where he earned a AA Degree in Liberal Arts. It was at this time that he joined an archaeological team excavating Spanish era foundations near the Mission San Buenaventura. Mr. Senates love of archaeology grew out of that single experience. He went on to receive a BA Degree in History at Long Beach State University and attend classes at UC Santa Barbara. In 1978 he attended the archaeological field school at Mission San Antonio de Padua, near King City, under Dr. Robert Hoover. It was here that Mr. Senate encountered what he believes was the ghost of a long dead padre. This sighting began his career investigating reports of psychic phenomena. Today Mr. Senate is the site manager of the Olivas Adobe and the Albinger Archaeological Museum in Ventura as well as the author of three published works on local ghost lore. He has appeared on numerous TV and radio talk shows and acted as a consultant on two documentaries on the subject of the supernatural.

(Editors note: We hope to have a regular column in this newsletter by Mr. Senate who is a welcome addition here!)

The Supernatural

By

Robin Stoub

Perhaps the most amazing phenomena is that which we can not understand. The supernatural, whether real or merely created by the human imagination, poses the most thought provoking questions: questions that have been around ever since humankind has dared to ask them. Such a controversial topic attracts many spectators, believers, and skeptics. Believers try to convince skeptics simply by faith, and the skeptics try to force the believers otherwise by using scientific facts. This is why the supernatural has been disregarded for so long. My intention in this paper is to prove that ghosts are real. Finally the world of the paranormal has been proven, instead of being blindly preached on simply by faith. The main question that puzzles us all is, are spirits real? The answer is yes. The supernatural plays a very active role in our lives, whether it is subtle or totally obvious. The facts I have gathered can back up the fact that they do exist.

But even though there are enough facts and instances, such as the people who have seen or heard ghosts in their houses, to back up the reality of spirits, there will always be the remaining skeptics. These are the people who believe in the cliché "seeing is believing". But what about the people who have claimed sight of ghosts? They could be conjuring a great game of make believe, but there are also pre-recorded videos, real life instances or supernatural forces. (Ann Braude 8).

However, psychic experiences don't only occur in the form of ghosts. In fact, in *Ghosts from the Temporal Lobe*, Lawrence Miller says that psychic occurrences are due to a sensitive brain. In other words, only a few people are sensitive enough to hear, possibly talk to, and even touch spirits. It doesn't even necessarily have to do with ghosts. Another form of psychic activity is ESP (extra sensory perception). This is a way of talking to another person or a group of people using only your mind. (Young and Modern 73) Before ESP is possible however, two things are necessary; true belief in psychic power, and a technique called alpha relaxation. This is when one pictures different objects in their head and sees the prominent color of each object. This empties the mind and leaves it open to receiving messages. ESP is not trying to relay whole sentences or thoughts to a person, but rather a word, or the easiest form of ESP, colors. One person thinks of one specific color, and any object relating to that color, and the other person leaves their mind blank. "Usually the first color to pop into the receiver's mind, is the color being sent." (Young and Modern 73)

Another popular form of psychic activity is communication with the supposed other world. This doesn't really mean seeing or hearing a ghost, but talking to one. There are several ways of doing this, for example crystal balls, hypnotism, seances, and the famed Ouija board. The Ouija board was first introduced in 1892, and since then its popularity has soared, thanks to Parker Brothers who made it a board game in 1966. Some people were so infatuated with the game that they followed every direction given by the spirit, even if it meant murder. (James P. Johnson 28) After the first wave of novelty passed, people forgot all about the Ouija board, until just after Pearl Harbor when the next obsession began. At this time the Ouija board actually predicted the fall of the Nazis. A professor named R.S. Woodworth explained this as "turning to spiritualism for a feeling of security". Contradictory to what J.B. Rhine said of how "Ouija boards don't involve ghosts at all, they just bring forth subconscious feelings from the medium", Ouija boards have been used enough to prove that they are certainly one of the keys to the door to the spiritual world.

The Ouija board consists of a board with the alphabet, the numbers zero to nine, and the words yes, no, good, evil, goodbye, and I don't know, printed on it. The word Ouija comes from the French word *oui* and the German word *ja* which both mean yes. The part that actually does the "talking" is called a planchette which originated in France and was used alone. The planchette is a heart-shaped platform that glides across the board on three coasters and has a window in the center that reveals individual letters as it goes over them. In the Encyclopedia Psychic Dictionary it states two reasons why the planchette moves. The first is that it merely relies on muscle twitches on the inside of the medium's palm. (The medium is the person who operates the Ouija board.) The other reason explains that it is moved by etheric world entities who are "trapped" on earth and are anxious to interfere with physical life. (June Bletzer 473) The Ouija board is easy to use and basically requires no experience. Another form of the Ouija board is Ghost Writing. This is where a pencil is inserted in the planchette so the spirit can write words or symbols, perhaps even pictures. However, if the medium or mediums are unfamiliar with psychic tuning or have had no experience, they tend to attract inferior entities to move the planchette. Inferior entities usually lie, or give false information and have even been known to cause dangerous physical phenomena. The inferior entities are spirits who still contain terrestrial fluids which makes it easier for them to communicate to physical beings. To prevent any negative occurrences while contacting psychic entities, pleasant, positive, affirmative thoughts may be spoken aloud or silently. This form of warding off evil spirits is called a cloak of insulation. (June Bletzer 474) What the spirit will say still remains fairly unpredictable. One devoted medium even said the Ouija board gave better answers during the day than during the night.

Doubting the reality and overall truth of the Ouija board, a group of friends and I curiously experimented the powers of the

psyche. We created a make-shift Ouija board and in our own mini-seance, contacted a whole other world; the world of spirits.

The first spirit who moved the planchette to YES when asked "Are there any spirits in this room?" (a common way to start a seance) was a nine year old girl named Cyndi. She told us about her life and death and about ours as well. Since she was Hispanic, she spoke mostly in Spanish and sometimes Phonetics. It took us a while to figure out what she was saying and understand it. This raises an interesting question. None of us using the Ouija board knew Spanish, so how could the answers come from our subconscious? We also tested this theory by asking one of the mediums to remove her fingers from the planchette and ask personal questions that no one else would know. Cyndi answered these questions correctly and therefore had nothing to do with the muscles in our palms. The next spirit we contacted was, as he said, evil. And although he constantly swore at us, he told us that he could not hurt us in any way. We asked him if there was a God, and he wasn't clear in his answer, but when asked his name, he spelled ME6. He was most likely going to spell three more sixes, but we stopped him. We then asked him if he was afraid of God, and he said NO, but when we placed a cross on the board, he spelled SIN. We noticed that he was moving a lot faster than Cyndi had, and concluded that since he was older, he had more experience, and therefore, more power. However, we began to sing Christian music, and felt the planchette move slower and slower. Eventually it went to GOODBYE and stopped moving.

The next spirit we talked to told us he could read minds. We were skeptical at first, but when he spelled out our thoughts on the Ouija board, we were convinced. Being more and more intrigued, we asked the ghost if he could prove his presence. Out of all the ghosts that we spoke to, only a few were mind-readers, and none of them could prove that they were in the room. We asked them why, and one said it was because of lack of "codaz". That particular spirit left before it could explain. We asked the other spirits about codaz, and they all knew, but would not tell us. HMMMMMMMM... However, at her house, one of the mediums who had talked to Cyndi asked her to prove her existence without using the Ouija board. Her door, which was halfway open, closed all the way and the notches clicked into place. Drafts? Doubtful.

Even though there are several different forms of psychic activity that are all individually categorized, they all play a part, hand in hand, in our lives. For instance, a lot of ESP is used in communication with spirits and usually helps while using the Ouija board. But yet another question arises. If spirits do play an important role in our lives, what part is it? Exactly where do they fit in in the whole scheme of things?

True ghosts are very real, this has been proven many times, whether it is a single person reporting a tiny glimpse of a ghost, or an actual video of a UFO, the general theory of the supernatural is fascinating. People are truly intrigued by the concept of the paranormal mostly because even today it remains a mystery. It's like a giant jigsaw puzzle that we slowly piece together to try and

find an answer to it all. Perhaps there is no answer to it all and we're just trying to solve the unsolvable and find the hopelessly lost. However, even if all that answers are still cloudy, the proof and facts are clear. The Ouija board is somewhat of a makeshift solution to the question of existing spirits, but it does pose many ponderable thoughts. After all, how can you believe in opening the door to the other side unless you hold the key?

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(Editors note: While we are happy to print articles such as the one submitted by Ms. Stoub, we DO NOT recommend experimenting with Ouija boards, seances or automatic writing, as they can be extremely dangerous or psychologically damaging!)

Notes from the Hangar

The National UFO Museum's quarterly journal of UFOlogy, *Notes from the Hangar*, is now available to the general public. With a lively letter column, cutting edge articles, probing book reviews, in-dept interviews and fascinating Close Encounter Reports this is a must read. 64 pages, digest size. While subscriptions are only available to members of the museum's Friends of the Museum Association, individual copies may be obtained by sending \$4.95 (postage paid in the U.S., add \$1.00 for Canada, \$2.00 for over-seas Air Mail) to:

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The Ghosts Of The Crusades

By

Maurice Schwalm

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I recently took a series of eight shots all of which were paranormal. This never happens. Usually, you are lucky to get one. Even stranger, this happened in a place I have never been allowed to investigate and probably never will be allowed to work in within overtly functioning psychic group, the Spanish Chapel of the Nelson Gallery. Covertly, it has been done before with a psychic making notes of her own visualizations to compare with the photos. One of my best photos resulted. That of a full male figure standing in front of a choir stall. There was nothing peculiar about him except that you can see through him around the edges. The notes had him carrying a book in his right hand. In the photo, he doesn't have a right hand.

There were human forms again this time. The clearest being a woman (?) looking forward to stare at or bow to a crucifix. She looks so touristy that the first question is "What is she doing there?" The next question is "How can she be solid and translucent at the same time?" But she is. The form is not wispy and neither is the wall that extends all the way along where she is standing. Right next to her is a priest in flowing robes preaching at a phantom pulpit. A gaunt head is superimposed on a silver processional cross between them. In another shot, the corner to the left of the choir stall is filled with the form of a commemorative stained glass window of a knight. It is superimposed oddly upon a painting actually hanging there. It glows but not with suffused light. It seems to be made of light and covered with a layer of light that largely covers the figure of the standing man it portrays. Form almost seems secondary. Surely, nothing could be more important than the communication of physical form when one assumes the presence of a communicator with that potential?

The rest of the shots are form rather than a portrayal of something with the attribute of form. Gothic cathedrals contained countless figurative details but the message was carried by their vertical mass and hierarchically disposed tiers. They have been called symphonies in stone. There are also symphonies in thought-forms. These, and the whorls and liens that constitute the notes of such clairvoyantly perceived works, are the subject of the heavily illustrated treatise, "Thought-Forms" by Annie Besant and C.W. Leadbeater. They start with the simple patterns formed when grains of sand are agitated by a simple tone affecting a taut surface and end with a color plate of a thought edifice formed

above a cathedral in which the music of Richard Wagner is being played. It billows for a thousand feet above the stone. Anyone who can read auras can sometimes see the blotches of red that accompany a transitory emotion of anger. It is all an extension of that. It is rather like the moving forms reported by synesthetes when listening to music---except that you can't hear the music.

In the Spanish Chapel, shot after shot has nothing but undulating serried lines which almost seem to follow currents of air and wide bands of cloudlike light that form even ribboned rows as if defining an architectural form with no conceivable function. Perhaps, for those who live in "The City of God" and still visit our relics, no function in conceivable except the practice of orison.

P.S.: I did get in. They wear black hoods with no clothes and can be so photographed from the rear. They would understand tantra yoga. They say they are Knights Templar. The Crusades are not over for the Knights Templar.

Submitted by: Maurice Schwalm, PO Box 3522, Kansas City, KS. 66103-0522.



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"The Wizards
Speak Only
During The
Total Eclipse"

Arabesque

By

Jeanne Keyes Youngson

Aline Pierce, the famous American heiress, had my cousin, Jason, tied hand and foot--figuratively speaking, of course. He didn't mind. After all, a penthouse suite at the Fez Hotel in Tangier was nothing to sneeze at. Besides, when the lady was out of town, he was free to go and do as he pleased.

Unfortunately, my cousin was a bore. On the other hand, he was a brilliant attorney, which the heiress knew and took full advantage of.

It was because of Jason that I happened to be in Tangier that particular October, living it up in the penthouse, getting a tan at the pool, and investigating one of the most fascinating cities in the world.

The heiress was in residence when I arrived, so Jason had temporarily moved to the Pink Palace in the Casbah and I was left to my own devices. I didn't mind. I enjoyed being alone, and what better place than mysterious, exotic Tangier.

To tell the truth, I could have used Jason's shoulder to cry on. A bitter divorce had left me depressed and in need of a lot of tender loving sympathy. Still, it was a relief to be away from Philadelphia where everyone and everything reminded me of Ralph the Rat, my ex.

My days in Tangier soon began to follow a pattern. Breakfast on the terrace amid the orange and yellow bougainvillaea, morning walks through the city and Medina, lunch at Abdul's corner cafe, and the rest of the day at the pool.

When the sun set I went down to the hotel cocktail lounge, commandeering a booth near the entrance so I could watch the comings and goings of the international crowd.

The booth adjacent to mine was usually occupied by a beautiful woman dressed in a white silk djellaba, her pale skin and enormous kohl-rimmed eyes accentuated by the flashing diamonds at her ears and throat. She sipped one glass of white wine, then left promptly at seven.

I was enthralled. Like so many people, I was in awe of sheer beauty. Creatures like her were few and far between--especially in Philadelphia.

Since she had not acknowledged my presence, I was thrilled one evening when she appeared at my table, glass in hand.

"May I join you?" she said in a low, melodious voice. Her Spanish accent surprised me, for I had, in spite of her pale skin, thought she was Moroccan.

"Of course," I replied, delighted to be speaking with her at last.

"American, are you?" she said, offering me a long black cigarillo from a square, blue box. "Smoke?"

"No, thanks," I said. "I've given it up."

"What brings you to Tangier?" she said, lighting her cigarette with a thin gold lighter.

"I'm visiting my cousin," I said. "He's a lawyer and he lives in the penthouse here at the hotel."

Leaning back against the black leather seat, she exhaled a long stream of smoke. "I am Maria Teresa Garcia," she said, "but my friends call me Mariposa."

"Pleased to meet you," I said. "I'm Jessie Carlson."

She smiled and nodded. How lovely she was.

"Um...do you live here?" I asked.

"I live nearby," she replied. "I used to have a studio next door, but I let it go."

"Studio? Are you an artist?"

"An artist of sorts, I suppose. I am a dancer."

"A dancer? How wonderful. Ballet?"

"No," she said with a wry smile. "I am an oriental dancer. In America I believe it is called belly dance, but I much prefer the Arabic word, Beledi."

"Really?" I said. "I've been taking belly...I mean Beledi dancing lessons in Philadelphia for two years. It helps keep me in shape. I'm really not very good. I can't seem to get the zills to behave."

"In Morocco we do not use hand cymbals," she said. "Otherwise the body movements are similar." She hesitated. "Would you like me to show you how it is done in Morocco?"

"Oh, yes," I cried. "When could we begin?"

"Tomorrow would be agreeable with me," she said, stubbing out the ebony cigarillo. "I can come to you at three in the afternoon. Have you a cassette machine?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I wouldn't leave home without one."

She suppressed a smile. "Then I will see you tomorrow. The penthouse at three." She rose. "Adios, adieu, and goodbye." And she was gone.

The following day I pushed back the lounge furniture and was ready and waiting when she arrived.

Dropping the cassette in the machine, she sat on a stool with her back to the light. "Now show me what you know."

I began to dance, surprised at how free I felt without the brass zills on my fingers.

After a few moments she clicked off the machine. "Not bad," she said. "Not bad at all." She then proceeded to give me verbal instructions on how to move my torso, using her long, elegant hands to indicate the movements. After an hour she got up, "That's enough for today. You must not overtire yourself."

"Can we continue tomorrow?" I said.

"Yes. I shall return again at three."

"What about the cocktail lounge tonight. Will you be there?"

"No," she replied. "I have only a few hours free each day."

"Then tomorrow by all means," I said happily. "May I keep the tape so I can practice?"

"Please do," she said, touching my cheek lightly with her fingertips. "Until tomorrow..." And again she was gone.

Our lessons continued for nearly two weeks, then one day, shortly before I was to fly home for Christmas, she arose from the stool and snapped off the machine.

"That's all I can teach you," she said. "Your lessons are over."

"But can't I see you dance?" I cried. "Couldn't you dance just once for me?"

She looked thoughtful. "Perhaps you can see me dance," she said. "Are you free tomorrow evening?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I won't be flying out until the following day. Tomorrow night would be perfect."

"Then so be it," she said. "A car will pick you up at nine in front of the hotel."

I was thrilled. Unfortunately there was no way I could share the wonderful news with Jason who was still locked up behind 20-foot red crenelated walls in the Medina. He had promised to take me to the airport, but I wouldn't see him until after the performance.

At exactly nine p.m. the next evening, a long black stretch limo pulled up to the curb and the chauffeur motioned for the doorman to help me in. He looked puzzled as we drove off, and I couldn't help wondering why. I had, after all, often been picked up by the heiress's pink Rolls. Why was this so different?

The automobile sped smoothly out of the city and soon we were racing through the dark desert. After about a half-hour we pulled up beside a gigantic tent. The driver jumped out of the car, opened the door, and led me by the elbow across an expanse of sand and into the tent.

Still holding my arm, he took me to a small table on one side of the enclosure. The floor was covered by oriental rugs and there were oil lamps around the perimeter of the tent which cast strange shadows on the canvas walls.

Three Arabs were seated at a larger table across the room, but at no time did they look in my direction. The man in the middle was dark, clean-shaven, and movie-star handsome. The other two were bearded and fat.

From somewhere behind me an Arab boy appeared and placed a steaming glass of almond-scented tea on the table. Then, bowing, he left.

The men across the way continued to converse in Arabic as five musicians slipped in through a flap in the tent and silently arranged themselves in a group. After a moment they began to play an unusual tune which soon turned into a Middle Eastern medley. And then I saw her. She had stepped through the flap and was standing near the musicians. With fluid grace she moved to the center of the floor, the multi-colored jewels on her costume and veil nearly blinding me with their brilliance.

The dance was unlike anything I had ever seen before. I was mesmerized by her movements, sensuous and mysterious, yet with a quality of innocence and yes, even purity.

The men across the room had stopped talking and watched as she spun around the floor, twisting and twirling, agleam with millions of blazing pinpoint lights. I became faint, drifting in and out of consciousness. It was almost like seeing the performance through a curtain of sheer chiffon.

All too soon the dance ended and Mariposa slipped out as silently as she had entered, the musicians following close behind.

I immediately felt a hand on my arm as the chauffeur helped me up and out to the limousine. The drive home took only five minutes, which, again, was strange. Why had it taken so long to get there? Before I knew it, I was back in the penthouse staring at Jason. To my surprise, he seemed unimpressed by my story. It was almost as though he thought I made up the whole thing. A dance in a tent? Out in the desert? Really!

The flight home was long and bumpy, and once in Philadelphia I found myself missing Tangier very much. I kept thinking about Mariposa, and wondering about the evening I had seen her dance. Why had the doorman looked so strange? Why had it taken so long to get to the tent? Who were those men, and what did they have to do with the lovely dancer? And why had my cousin doubted my story? It was all so bizarre that I decided to return, if only to get some answers.

Right after Christmas I flew back to Tangier but Mariposa was nowhere to be found, and for some reason I felt at odds with myself. I no longer enjoyed being alone, and, as usual, Jason was incommunicado at the Pink Palace.

Two weeks later I made reservations for a flight home, and on the morning of departure went to Abdul's cafe for one last glass of mint tea.

Sitting at the table, I watched as the parade passed by. Tourists, beggars, pickpockets, hustlers, hippies. I felt alone and lonely, wondering what lay in store for me back in Philadelphia.

Then, out of the corner of my eye I saw a movement. A butterfly had landed on the rim of my glass, its transparent, jeweled wings trembling in the sunlight. I was suddenly transported back to the tent, vividly recalling Mariposa's strange and exotic performance in the lamplight.

As I sat transfixed, the butterfly arose, fluttered before me for a moment, then flew out of sight.

A weight lifted off my shoulders, never to return. I knew Mariposa had come to say goodbye.

Submitted by: Jeanne Youngson, 29 Washington Square West, New York, NY. 10011 USA.

Scrappy

By

B.M. Perry

A friend of mine had an aging black Poodle called Scrappy. Mary felt Scrappy would die in "one of those places" if they left her while taking a cruise and short holiday in the Caribbean.

Scrappy was adaptable, always clowning, and she followed me around the house with affectionate loyalty. We loved and understood each other.

When Mary and husband left from the cold Canadian winters, they would leave Scrappy with me. For three or four years I looked forward to Scrappy's visit - and I think she enjoyed it too.

One night, after her last visit, I was awakened from a sound sleep by an icy cold draft. I glanced at my bedside clock, it was shortly before 11 p.m. Then suddenly, I felt something touching my feet. Sitting up, I saw a white poodle at the foot of my bed. I cried out, "Scrappy". There was a cold moistness on my cheek and Scrappy disappeared through my bedroom wall.

The next day I called Mary in Canada. She was crying, Scrappy had died the previous night around 11 p.m.

Submitted by: B.M. Perry, 771 SE 7th Ave., Pompano Beach, FL. 33060.

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Family Encounters Ghost At Virginia Inn

By

William Hauck

In July 1991, the Schaffenberger family left their Griffith, Indiana, home for a two week vacation in the Washington, D.C. area. Caught in a violent thunderstorm one evening, they sought lodging in Manassas, Virginia, where they found a vacancy at the Old Town Inn and checked into Room 54 of the century-old hotel.

The thunderstorm had knocked out TV reception, so John, Jan and their ten-year-old son, David, sat in their room, talking about their trip. Suddenly they heard the sound of something crashing to the bathroom floor, but when they investigated, they could find nothing wrong. Again they were interrupted by the sound of breaking objects in the bathroom. Again, they could find nothing broken.

Shortly after going to bed, Jan was awakened by a strange tugging on her mattress. The odd sensation continued, and she decided to wake up her husband. She told him there was something strange going on and insisted they trade beds. Before long, John was experiencing the same sensation. He jumped out of bed, searched around the room, and found nothing. He told his wife that there must be mice in the room, crawled back into bed, and soon fell asleep.

Jan lay in the dark, trying to sleep. Then, in amazement, she watched her sleeping spouse levitate off the bed and fall to the floor. She tried to explain to her dazed husband that some force had thrown him to the floor, but his incredulous stare made her drop the subject and get back into bed.

They got up the next morning, hoping to get an early start. John was putting his clothes on, and Jan had already dressed and was busy blow-drying her hair. For some reason, the plug to the dryer kept popping out of the wall socket, like someone was pulling on the cord. John walked to the window and peeked out: it was pitch black outside. He looked at his watch and realized it was only 1:30 a.m. The confused couple undressed and went back to bed.

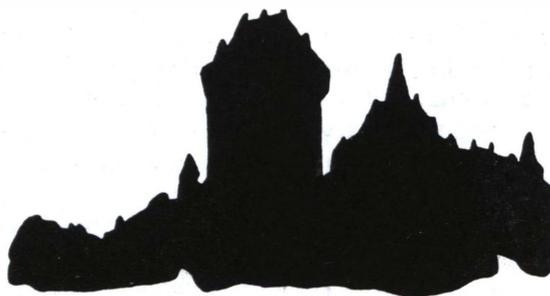
Finally came the light of morning. The Schaffenbergers dressed and went downstairs to the Inn's restaurant. After breakfast, John stopped at the front desk to ask if there was a problem with rodents at the Inn. John related what had happened to manager Janine Pugh, who smiled and said: "Oh, that's Miss Lucy up to her old tricks. She usually stays in Room 52 but sometimes

wanders into rooms nearby." Miss Lucy's antics had been witnessed by both employees and guests alike.

Meanwhile, Jan and David waited at their table in the restaurant. A lady wearing an old overcoat and a nightgown came up to them and asked where to get food to go. Jan pointed to the cashier. Although the lady walked towards the cashier, she came back in a few minutes to thank Jan for being so kind. Curious about what she meant, Jan watched her walk away and brush past John, who was returning to their table. "That old lady who just walked by you is weird," Jan said. "What old lady," replied John, "I didn't see anyone."

Late that evening, when they checked into a new hotel, they realized how strange were their experiences of the night before, and how different the atmosphere was with Miss Lucy not in the room.

Submitted by: William Hauck, PO Box 22201, Sacramento, CA. 95822, (916)424-4355.



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Opinion Polls

Vivian Pollok of Richmond, Virginia writes, "I would like to see more scientific methods used such as experiments in labs on items that have hauntings associated with them. These items, haunted beds, other furniture, staircases are being destroyed instead of having tests run on them. Isn't that what ghost research is all about? Science has been ignoring the paranormal for too long. I know it would be expensive but if so raise the subscription rate. Improve the quality of the paper, use a more glossy type, so photos won't look Xeroxed."

Robert Swindell of Livermore, California comments, "I'm enclosing a photocopy of cover design from Total Eclipse. A little more eye catching, I believe. One issue they mentioned purchasing a laser printer to get up-scale print quality. (I have no idea of your budget, I'm just throwing bits of information & ideas that occur to me.) It seems that some newsletters are trying to have something for every belief; witches, channeling, dream meanings, time-travel, UFOs, etc. Now they either believe in everything under the sun, or they're willing to print whatever they think will sell. Sort of an occult People's Magazine. Your newsletter is focused, you believe in what you print and I think it shows through. Also, you write about ghosts, mainly ghosts! Wide margins on both pages would be great. I punch holes so I can keep my newsletters in a binder, so wide margins on inside margin a plus. On my Feb. 92 issue, when opened the right inside page margin is perfect for this, but the left inside page margin is at times narrow for this purpose. At times you must open newsletter very wide because the printing is very much into the center (stapled that general area.) Also, I hope you don't think me some malcontent, these ideas might help, maybe not. I like the newsletter as is, anyway!"

Patrick J. O'Brien of Odenton, Maryland says, "List of all ghost research agencies - state by state listing would be nice."
(Editor: New International Directory of Psychic Sciences due out in January of 1993. That should fill your need quite nicely.)

M.J. Richardson of Aberdeen, Maryland comments, "Ghost poetry or a section on personal stories. Write ins."

Book Reviews

Witches, Pagans & Magic In The New Age by Kevin Marron (Bantam Books, 105 Bond Street, Toronto, Ontario M5B 1Y3, Canada, 1990, 261 pages, \$5.95 [Canada])

Halloween is probably the most bizarre holiday in the calendar. What other time of year do people openly celebrate the supernatural? Every year, there are a large number of small girls dressed in black with large pointed hats threatening to cast spells if they don't get the candy they are looking for. For many, the traditional image of the "witch" is the only concept they have of the practitioner of the occult, and this is especially true in Canada. Our climate does not exactly lend itself to nude frolics. The author, a freelance reporter for the Globe and Mail since 1978, has gone to considerable trouble in order to prove that not only is witchcraft alive and flourishing in Canada, but also the more unsavory practices of black magic and satanism as well. It all began with an earlier book dealing with children raised by a group of devil-worshippers in Hamilton, Ontario (Ritual Abuse). Mr. Marron found he wished to broaden his approach and turn from occult-related crime to learn about the more positive aspects of witchcraft as well.

Many of the witches interviewed were very helpful and the only real problem Marron encountered was a woman who was into voodoo and wanted several thousand dollars for assisting his project. The first chapters are concerned with coming up with a precise definition of what exactly is a witch, as well as giving the historical background of the traditions. There have been some new elements added - he claims that some of the witches now use computers and keep a Floppy Disk of Shadows. Although Marron says he has never observed any incontrovertible proof that magic works, he believes that the energy raised in a circle is nevertheless real and tangible. Just as California is a Mecca for American witches, so is British Columbia in this country. Jean Kozocari, a prominent witch in the capital city of British Columbia - Victoria - has estimated the local Wiccan population to be as high as 1000 with a further 4000 in S.W. B.C. A group has been founded called Witches Invoking Tolerance Caring and Healing (WITCH), to help remove some of the negative horror movie connotations.

Just as more conventional religious and occult groups develop schisms, so too with witchcraft. Unfortunately, some right wing and racist political groups are now using paganism as a cover for their activities, putting the whole subject into further ill-repute. The original witches or shamans may be found among the Indians - all of the rest are actually immigrants. A number of white people are finding spiritual satisfaction and enlightenment in such Native ceremonies as the Sweat Lodge and the Pipe Ceremony. There is even a section delving into Irish Druidism, the chief practitioner in Canada being a gay scholar and poet. Underlying

all aspects of creating magic is a deep-seated desire for something conventional churches are not supplying.

No book of this nature would be complete without mentioning the dark side - Satanism, heavy metal rock and sexual violence. The author wisely leaves this until the final 1/3 of the book, rather than striving for immediate sensationalism. There are an awful lot of individuals out there who feel like outsiders in a highly technological society and wish to seek revenge for real or imagined slights.

Although Calgary and Alberta (which is where I live) are not covered specifically in the book (I understand the author did not have the time to visit every Canadian city), there was some concern not long ago about vandalism and rituals performed in local graveyards. A full chapter is given to the 1988 libel trial in Victoria, where a practitioner of Wicca was accused of a Svengali-like hold over a Pentecostal minister and his wife. The six week trial was full of lurid allegations that titillated the sedate matrons of Victoria. The couple believed they had had a narrow escape from a group who planned to use them as human sacrifices, and they later expounded on this on the Christian talk-show "100 Huntley Street". Although the court found in favor of the accused - a metaphysical book store owner calling himself Lion Serpent Sun - it nevertheless said that he was still basically a satanist. \$10,000 damages and costs were awarded in a case considered a legal milestone.

Kevin Marron even met a namesake of his (although no relation) when preparing this book. Alf Marron, when interviewed, dutifully supplied information on real magic, spells and curses. He believes magic can exist within a Christian framework, and specializes in candle magic where a piece of paper divided into positive and negative halves is burned. This reflects the contention that human desires invariably are dualistic. Kevin Marron quite sagely observes that even if magic has no supernatural force, it is something that should be treated with respect, as it gives people who use it in their daily lives confidence and energy helping them to feel vitally connected with the world around them.

Who is to say that this is not real magic, if it accomplishes all of that?

This is a very strong book on a controversial subject. The Canadian aspect lends a unique focus. The author has done detailed research which puts his book head and shoulders above many of the others currently on the market. Fascinating reading.

Reviewed by: W. Ritchie Benedict, #12 - 401 Grier Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2K 5S7.

Dead Zones edited by Sharon Jarvis (Warner Books Inc., 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY. 10020, 1992, 208 pages, \$4.50 in U.S. \$5.99 in Canada, ISBN: 0-446-36077-5)

This is Sharon Jarvis' new compilation. It is essentially the same type of book as the ones that made up her True Tales of the

Unknown trilogy. This book, although an improvement over the aforementioned three, still lacks consistently believable stories.

Of the most interesting writings offered here are four written by the president of the Ghost Research Society and editor of Ghost Trackers Newsletter--Dale Kaczmarek. These accounts begin with "The Orland Hills Poltergeist", which centers around the freakish incidents that plagued the Gallo family in their recently constructed (circa 1988) home. Packard Engineering and Commonwealth Edison were both called in when flames began shooting out of sockets and mysterious fires were continually lit throughout the house - even when the electricity was shut off! Other occurrences also accompanied the fire situation and the story captures all these details quite well.

Kaczmarek's two chapters on haunted Civil War battlefield locations are also intriguing. These are "A Head In Search of a Body" and "The Slaughter Pens of Stones River". Especially nice about the haunted locales these stories center around is that they are located in State military or historical parks and are free to visit! Kaczmarek's other section in "The Ozark Spooklight" which compiles the history of events (dating back to 1881) around this most mysterious of lights. This floating, darting and splintering orb has been seen by an uncounted number of people and appears nightly on a road at the Missouri-Oklahoma border. Besides many formal investigations into this nightly occurrence by such respected agencies as the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, the Kaczmarek headed GRS has also investigated the phenomena - and has come away with fascinating video of the light.

Other accounts worth pondering in this book include: the rather creepy "The Sword Wielding Ghost of Cascade Avenue", about a strangely haunted house in Pueblo, Colorado; "Woman of the Way Station", which concerns an uninvited guest that plagued Gene Snyder a writer and parapsychologist during the late evening hours by intoning "Help me!" and the "Strange Keeper of Pilot Island" which concerns the alarming occurrences that haunted the sole lighthouse keeper on a small island for several years (this guy deserves a medal for bravery!). There are other good writings in this collection as well. However, the bad ones strain credibility a bit too much. Take the piece "A Trip In Time" which is not only vague at the outset but proceeds to be so sketchy as to be absurd. Why are none of the obvious questions answered in this story?

Of Maurice Schwalm's stories in this book (Schwalm is a regular columnist for GTN) only his truly haunting "Limelight Loving Ghost" fully works. His "Southmoreland Park Triangle" story stretches believability and comprehension a bit too much!

The rest of the book has many oft told tales including the story of the haunted tomb at Christ Church on Barbados and Sea monsters that inhabit Lakes Champlain and Mephremagog. The lack of any pictures also hinders this book as some of the stories are incomplete without them. However, the stories that do work, work well and make it well worth the \$4.50 price tag. Read it! Rated 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Mike Shannon

Savannah Spectres and Other Strange Tales by Margaret Wayt DeBolt (Schiffer Publishing Ltd., 1469 Morstein Rd., West Chester, PA. 19380, 1984, softbound, 295 pages, \$8.95, ISBN: 0-89865-201-4)

At first glance I thought this book would be extremely useful for those interested in investigating and researching the ghosts of Savannah, Georgia but it didn't start out like that. The first stories list no references or exact addresses and I suspected, "Ah, another Hans Holzer book!". Mr. Holzer was famous for listing the people involved as Mr. D. of Brooklyn or a house somewhere in Brooks County, etc.

The book did a flip-flop about a quarter of the way through and began to give street addresses and complemented by pictures really turned into a good book. My only complaint was the constant reference to Stephen, a psychic who accompanied the author with her research of this book and was always quoted in each and every story. Interesting insights occasionally but a bit redundant in you ask me.

I wasn't aware that a city could have that many hauntings as listed in the book but the author did do a nice job even with those where an exact street address wasn't given. I don't know if you will be able to locate a copy of this one but if you come across it, by all means, buy it! Rated 6 in a scale of 1-10.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

A Guide to the Ghosts of Lincoln: Second Edition by Alan Boye (Saltillo Press, 57 Lafayette, St. Johnsbury, VT. 05819, 1987, softbound, 145 pages, \$5.95, ISBN: 0-913473-08-1)

A Guide to the Ghosts of Lincoln: Second Edition is just that; an updated version of the original book which was released in 1983 by Mr. Boye. It includes all the stories from book one and includes the new stories: "The Sailor", "Willa Cather and a Ghost Dog", "A Potpourri", "The Pawnee Dance", "The Dorm", "The State Capitol Building" and "The Strange Disappearance of Charles E. Danca".

The first book was simply a put-together type of publication while the second edition is professionally bound and even has a picture of Mr. Boye near the end. While I'm sure the first edition is still a collectors item (I have a autographed copy of that one) the second edition should not be missed as it still is the definitive report on Lincoln ghosts.

I particularly enjoyed "Shapes in the Fog Around Lake Street Lake", "A Woman in the Field - The Spirit at Antelope Park" and "Near Twenty-Second and Harrison". Those originally came from the first book. While I did enjoy the new stories, my favorites still came from Volume one. Don't miss it!

Rated 5 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

ee

excellent photographs by Ansen Seale and James Crocker and a super bibliography which lists both articles and other books dealing with this anomalous phenomena that has been seen since the 1880's.

A must for those interested in ghost lights like myself. I can't for the life of me remember how much I paid for the booklet but it was well worth the price. Write to Mr. Stacy for product information and price and tell him you heard about it from GTN!

Rated 8 in a 1-10 scale!

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

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PRESS RELEASE

Prism Entertainment Announces The October Release of "Out On A Limb" Starring Shirley MacLaine

Los Angeles, California, August 31, 1992 -- Prism Entertainment proudly announces the October home video release of the most talked about mini-series of all time, "OUT ON A LIMB", starring Shirley MacLaine playing herself.

It begins rather quietly, as Shirley MacLaine muses on a deserted California beach. Though perceived as "having it all" - a fulfilling love life, wealth, fame and a legendary career - Shirley feels something is missing: a purpose, a direction, a meaning to her life. She finds the answers as the mini-series climaxes on a soaring, craggy mountain peak in Peru, where she understands more of her past, her present, perhaps, her future, and the seeming reality that there is life and intelligence on other planets.

"OUT ON A LIMB" is based on the best-selling book by Ms. MacLaine, who co-wrote the teleplay with Collin Higgins ("HAROLD AND MAUDE," "FOUL PLAY"). It was produced by Stan Margulies ("ROOTS," "ROOTS: THE NEXT GENERATION," "THE THORN BIRDS") in association with ABC Circle Films and directed by Robert Butler ("MOONLIGHTING," "STAR TREK," "HILL STREET BLUES").

"OUT ON A LIMB" was filmed on location in California, Hong Kong, London, Hawaii, Sweden and Peru and features authentic footage of renowned psychics playing themselves in the process of "spirit channeling."

Prism Entertainment is offering a 160 minute version at a U.S. suggested retail price of \$89.95 per unit. Each unit ships with a free unit (two for the price of one).

Prism is also offering a special "Collector's Edition". This 234 minute version will be available at a U.S. suggested retail price of \$99.95 per unit. Each "Collector's Edition" will come in a specially designed "Collector's" keepsake package containing two video cassettes in full color sleeves and Shirley MacLaine's best-selling books, OUT ON A LIMB and IT'S ALL IN THE PLAYING, which details the experience of making the feature "OUT ON A LIMB."

"OUT ON A LIMB" will be available in the U.S. and Canada and

is suitable for all audiences.

The order-close date is October 15; the national release date is November 4. For direct order information, 800 888-WELL (9355).

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24266 Walnut Street, Newhall, California
91321, USA. Telephone: 805-254-4938 or
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CHALLENGE Individuals needed who can produce paranormal phenomena for purpose of scientific documentation. Write: SSDPE, PO Box 48862, Niles, IL. 60714. (312) 774-5284.

The Journal of the International Fortean Organization - General Index, Issues 1-50 is now available. The culmination of many months of work, this General Index makes available the wealth of Fortean material that was published in the INFO Journals from 1967 to 1986. The majority of the INFO Journals covered can still be obtained from INFO. Dealer inquiries are invited. 140 pages, softbound. List price \$12.50 plus \$2.50 postage and packing. U.S. and foreign. Order from **INFO**, PO Box 367, Arlington, VA. 22210-0367.

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