

EERIE NIGHT AT THE CHÂTEAU DES MARTINS

Jean-Claude Baillon

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ONE evening in August 1969 I was visiting my brother-in-law, who lives in the Château des Martins at Bignoux, a few miles to the north-east of Poitiers, which lies in the west-central region of France, and we fell to talking about certain extraordinary phenomena in general, and UFOs in particular. In the course of the discussion my sister told me that one night, several months earlier, she had been awakened by the stampeding of the horses in the Château park. They had bolted and were making an infernal din galloping round and round the grounds. This disturbance had gone on for most of the night. She added moreover that the Château caretaker, Monsieur Meingault, had gone out into the park at the time and, so his wife said, he had seen something shining which was chasing the horses.

On learning this I naturally lost no time in asking the caretaker for further details.

At first I had some difficulty in getting a precise date out of him, M.

Meingault not having at all the sort of head for dates. However, by various cross-checks, it was established that it was on a night when my brother-in-law and the owner of the Château were both absent, and I was able thus to determine that the events in question had occurred at the end of the winter, probably during February. It was on a moonless night, and it must have occurred around about February 16, 1969.

That night, which was thus pitch-dark, the caretaker was in his kitchen when he heard the horses (to be precise, three mares and two colts) galloping about in the park. So he went outside, and after walking a few paces at the top of the Château steps, he saw the horses go past at full pelt. Then his attention was caught by a pair of shining eyes, intensely bright, situated at a spot between a clump of bushes and the paddock fence. (See Fig. 2 and photos.)

Deciding to find out what was frightening the horses, he went back

into the Château, armed himself with a gun, and then (with considerable difficulty, owing to the darkness) made a tour right round the Château. Then he caught sight again of the galloping horses, still continuing their mad circus, as they dashed through a thicket which normally they would never have entered owing to the danger of injury to their legs. For a few moments he had the impression—quite fleeting, it is true—that there was a shadow pursuing the horses. Then he fired a few shots into the air to frighten off the “attacker” should there be one. Seeing that the animals still would not settle down, he then finally decided to go back to bed.

Next morning, and my sister has confirmed this to me, the horses were still disturbed. And it was then that the caretaker discovered that considerable damage had been done to the fence around the paddock. The fence in question is a very solid one made of thick posts. It was still in this damaged condition when I was there, so I was

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There is also a certain amount of material on the “M.I.B.” problem, and a chapter entitled “The Bedroom Invaders”—a theme to which Jacques Vallée (*Passport to Magonia*) has so far been the only modern writer to devote much attention. It has its unsavoury side, the implications of which we must however face if we wish to make an honest study of these matters. (Mediaeval scholars knew plenty about this subject, of course, and wrote about it at length.)

Keel also has one or two chapters dealing with the evidence for various “terrestrial unknowns” such as the Loch Ness Monster and other lake-dwelling creatures, as well as a number of sub-species of primitive men usually classified under such blanket terms as “Abominable Snowmen”, “Sasquatch”, etc. (Incidentally, readers who are particularly interested in the remarkable recent Soviet discoveries about these primitive men, whose presence in our own day has been detected over wide areas of the USSR, will find the most complete and reliable statement on the whole situation in Miss Odette Tchernine’s second “Snowman” book, due to be issued this autumn by Neville Spearman of London under the title *The Yeti*.)

GORDON CREIGHTON.

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Suddenly the large object’s speed increased tremendously, and in one minute it had disappeared in a northerly direction out the fjord of Kvenangen.

“The colour of the object was metallic, or silver-grey.

“The upper sketch shows the object as I saw it hovering in front of me. It was through the window on the left side, marked X, that the little object was drawn into the larger. The second window from the right, marked Y, was the one from whence the green light beam shone.

“The second drawing represents the object as seen from below, at an angle. Here is seen a detail which is not mentioned in the story: a series of round, funnel-like cups, which I believe must have been movable, because some of them pointed down, while some pointed in other directions. I cannot describe these in more detail, as I only saw them for a few seconds.

“I give my word that this is a true account of a personal experience.”

On the basis of the investigations carried out by TRONDHEIM UFO FORENING, Trondheim, and UFO-INFORMASJON, Oslo, it is considered that this person is reliable, and that the story very likely is true. Mr. Mikalsen has agreed to his account being published.



View from where the witness stood



The broken paddock fence

able to see for myself that it was smashed in more than ten places. I then asked Monsieur Meingault to continue with the details of his story.

The eyes that he had seen were of a very pale and particularly brilliant green, and they must also have been pretty big to be visible at that distance (see photos). M. Meingault, who served in the French Colonial Army, described these eyes as being like the eyes of a tiger, but very bright.

We were able to establish pretty exactly that the eyes were at a height of about 1 m. 15 cm. from the ground, i.e. at about the height of my belt. Unfortunately M. Meingault was unable to describe any facial features of the "unidentified" being that owned the eyes for, as I have already said, it was a particularly dark night, and on top of that the eyes were in what was probably the darkest place in the whole park.

I also searched the ground for footprints, but without result. It must of course be borne in mind that, although the spot in question is one over which few people normally walk, the occurrence had been several

months before, and any prints or marks could have been effaced long ago by rain and snow.

M. Meingault described the affair in the most natural sort of way: "Well," he said, "I am just telling you *what I saw*. Now, as regards the question of knowing *what it was* . . . well, I just haven't the faintest idea." All the same he categorically rejects the theory that it was a stray dog. The reaction of the horses would in that case have been rather to kick the aggressor (the caretaker's own dog had recently had a sharp taste of this) or calmly to make off from this type of known danger.

It does not seem to me that Monsieur Meingault has any particular predilection for ufological literature. In the course of our discussion his son cut in with the remark: "perhaps it was a Martian!" but his father did not seem to have heard what he said and, as befits a man of "common sense", brushed the hypothesis aside with a gesture of the hand.

A few days after starting this investigation, I happened by chance to run across an article in the *Centre-Press*, the local newspaper (August

22, 1969) which dealt with an old Poitiers legend and bears the title *The Monster of the Forest of Moulière*. (The Château des Martins lies in fact just inside the south-western tip of this large piece of forest.)

Here is the full text of the article:

The Monster of the Forest of Moulière

"In former times in the countryside of Poitiers many people held that at night, and particularly at certain times of the year, one could chiefly hear, and sometimes also could see, fantastic animals flitting about above the clouds. They called it *La chasse-galerie*!

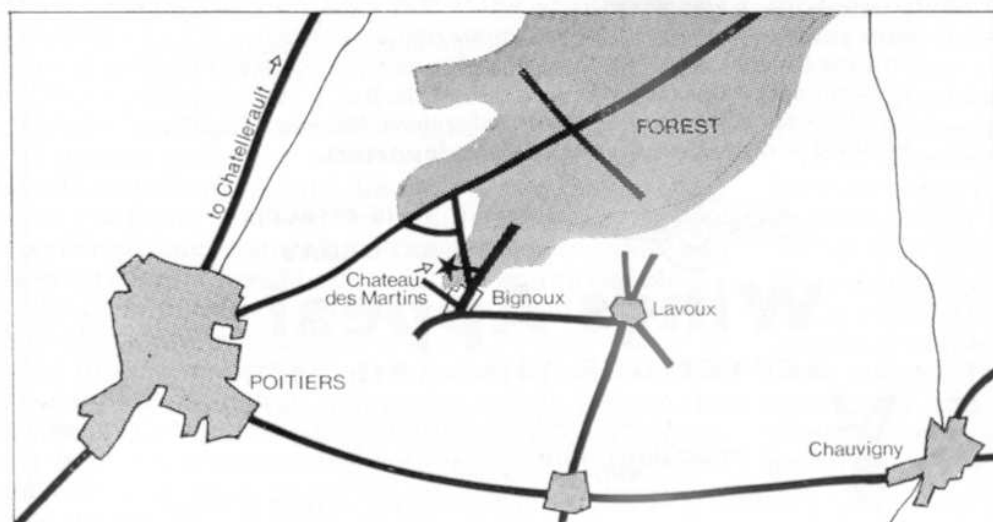
"Around about the year 1830, a gamekeeper of the forest of Moulière had been celebrating joyously and copiously one night with some friends after a particularly successful wolf-hunt.

"At about midnight, following upon this agreeable and 'well-irrigated' evening session, the gamekeeper was returning in gay mood to his home in the forest. The sky was sprinkled with stars and the cold was particularly sharp on that February night.

"Ricochon (for such was the name of our hero) had his loaded gun on his shoulder and as he strode along he was keeping an eye open for any noxious creature that might come within range of him. His temporary state of euphoria had not caused him to lose his inborn hunter's sense.

"When he had reached a point not far from his little house in the forest, he suddenly heard a rushing sound of wings that seemed like the passage of a flight of bats. 'Ha! Ha!' quoth he to himself: 'It's *la chasse-galerie*!'

"Emboldened by the good wine ingested in more than substantial quantity, he told himself that 'Lucifer's deer' would make a good target and one that he would, when all was said and done, be happy to be able to contemplate at close quarters.



"Suddenly a dense black cloud blotted out the starlight and at the same moment a strange and deafening noise was heard. He raised his gun to his shoulder and fired at the dark mass. A fearful piercing cry rang out, and a shapeless and inert mass fell at his feet. Terrified, Ricochon dashed off home, slammed the door and shot the heavy bolt behind him.

"Never in his life had he known such fear. Completely sobered up by now, he had no illusions about the situation in which he found himself: he had just shot one of the Devil's own creatures, and the revenge would be terrible. . . . Alone in the forest, without help, how could he escape from the danger? 'Ah, mon Dieu,' said he, 'if I come through this night all right, I'll go into town straight away tomorrow to get some holy water, a crucifix, and some statues of the Holy Virgin and of good Saint Radegonde. . . .

"The formulation of this firm intention restored some of his courage. He said some prayers, though still trembling at the least sound and expecting to see that Horrible monster, the Devil, appear before him.

"And thus, in anguish of soul, he awaited the dawn, not daring to venture forth before it, and hoping that when the moment arrived he would in fact be unable to find the creature he had shot.

"But when he had gone but a few steps from his house a shudder ran through him. For he now beheld the object of his terror, lying in a pool of blood.

"Recovering his composure finally, he told himself that the creature was after all well and truly dead. All the same he approached it gingerly and apprehensively, trembling in every limb. For surely indeed this must be the Beast of the Apocalypse!

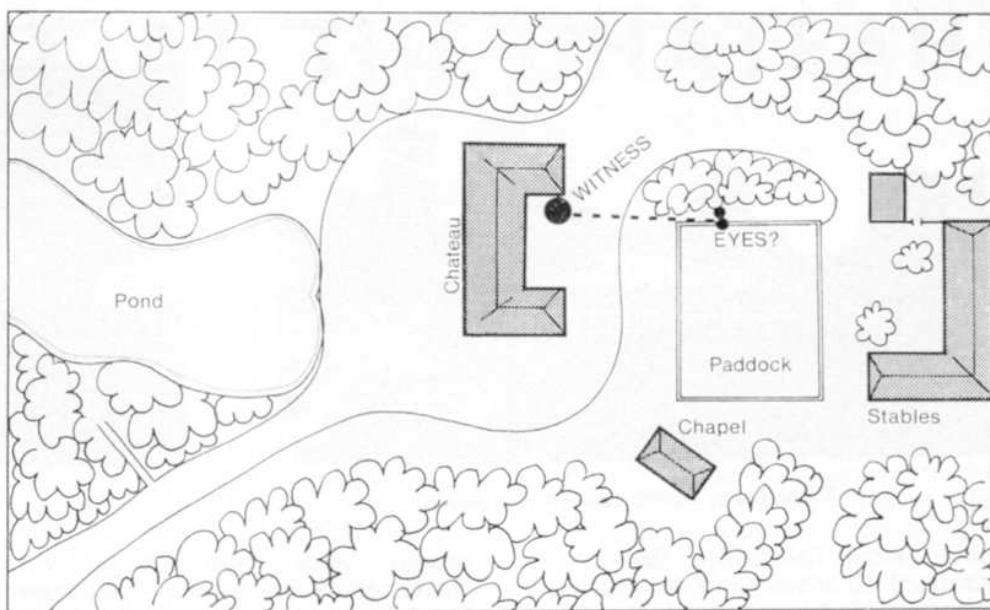
"And now what was he to do with the Monster? It was indeed a big problem. Should he just bury it and tell nobody? But then, what a pity! His exploit deserved to be told. . . .

"After musing at length upon the problem, he harnessed his horse to his biggest cart and tried to lift his unusual 'game', to get it on the cart. The operation was a difficult one, but finally, with a little help from his imagination, he rigged up a sort of winch and completed the task.

"Then, this arduous job completed, he covered the carcass with straw and set out for Poitiers.

"At first, the horse's legs trembled so much that it could scarcely move, but after a few good strokes of the whip it began to gallop at full pelt as if trying to flee from some danger behind it.

"At long last, Ricochon reached his goal, the police station. The Préfet de



The Château des Martins

Police viewed the Monster, and forbade the gamekeeper to say a word about it to anybody. In a moment of half-confidence the gamekeeper subsequently declared however to someone that 'his beast' had a horrible human head, surmounted by enormous horns.

"What became of this creature? A mystery! Be that as it may, the rumours about it spread through the town of Poitiers and gave rise to the saying:

'as ugly as Ricochon's beast'."

—Guy Thibault

(From *Mémoires Des Autres*, by La Comtesse Dash).

What are we to conclude from all this? There is only one sure point in the strange affair: namely that the horses in the grounds of the Château des Martins were frightened by something that—at least as far as they were

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BATTLE OF BRITAIN

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UFOs AND THE OCCULT - 1

Ivar Mackay

FLYING SAUCER REVIEW welcomes to its pages this contribution by Capt. Mackay, Chairman of the British UFO Research Association.*

IT has been remarked by a growing number of researchers that apart from some very convincingly material UFOs operating within our atmosphere, for which there is no reason to think otherwise than that they originate from some source within our own physical universe, there are others which appear to be behaving very strangely indeed, and that what I can only describe as "occurrences" of a particularly odd nature are taking place, which strongly suggest the existence of a super-normal element connected with the phenomena.

For a considerable number of years I have read and thought about these "off-beat" cases with increasing interest, since there appeared to be so many features in common with the Occult and "Spiritualistic" Physical phenomena to which I have devoted nearly half a life-time of deep examination and research, and of which there remains scarcely a phase with which I am unfamiliar.

These similarities are so remarkable that, after more than two decades of comparatively fruitless research into the UFO enigma, I feel that a new line of approach, from the occult standpoint, might be found to be complementary to existing lines of research and to prove rewarding.

It was with this idea in mind that the following notes have been compiled, emphasising that they are in no way intended as a comprehensive study—merely as a *preliminary introduction to a suggestive enquiry*.

1. Occultism

The "Unknown" has always existed, and for us, relatively speaking, will always exist. Occultism, in spite of the absurdly ignorant popular and general conception of it, is nothing more nor less than a process of enquiry into the conditions and laws prevailing at other levels of matter or consciousness, other space-time-continua, to use a modern term, and their effects upon ourselves and our environment.

Occult "practice" consists of pursuing an accredited and proven technique whereby one is trained to be actually conscious of, and then to operate within, these other continua. During this training the conditions experienced are naturally strange and bewildering; previous concepts need to be modified, emotional blocks to new concepts have to be resolved, and old established shibboleths and prejudices have to be thrown over in order to achieve the elasticity of mental outlook and capacity for unbiased judgement which has to be attained if further intelligent progress is to be achieved.

It is of interest to note here that some *avant-garde* scientists have gone to the extent of postulating other states of existence, or "Parallel Universes" to account

for certain observed anomalies, suggesting that penetration into other space-time-continua is theoretically possible but that the operative mechanics to achieve this are far and away beyond modern technological know-how, and would probably remain so for an extremely long time to come.

These training techniques can, in a way, be likened to psychoanalytical techniques of a hyper-psychological order, and consequently must be practised under the supervision of a competent and qualified instructor so that the well-being and protection of the novice can be maintained, for not only are the positive and higher Orders of Intelligences and Powers encountered, but also the negative and lower Orders. Since Mankind is, generally speaking, largely negative in physical and moral fibre, it is this latter category that Man is more prone to encounter and, without an authoritative training, lack of knowledge, and the ability of true discrimination, this would almost inevitably lead him to eventual mental and moral disintegration.

This is the danger which very much faces the Lunatic Fringe UFO Cults who permit themselves to be "taken over" and be "conditioned" in a negative mediumistic fashion by bombastic and patronising "extra-terrestrial" "Masters" whose vapid pontifications would merely be pathetically amusing if it were not for the fact that, without intelligent consideration or in any way being challenged, they are swallowed wholesale by their wishful-thinking and gullible devotees.

Occultism is not a game for little boys and girls—nor is it a subject for those with conditioned or preconceived ideas—nor is it a matter to be dabbled in by those who have filled themselves with a hotch-potch of superficial, contaminated or popular "occultism"—nor for those whose imaginations and emotions are not to a great extent under good control. It is a very serious and, often, a very dangerous subject psychologically to become involved in, and best avoided unless one's motives are healthy.

In these extremely brief allusions to Occultism I have not even begun to lay bare the bones of so vast a subject, as readers must realise. If they wish to take the matter further then they must be prepared to start from square one and undergo intensive study and training for a great number of years—provided, of course, they are fortunate enough to contact an authentic and qualified instructor in the subject. They may, of course, read up the subject thoroughly and come to no harm provided they use plenty of common sense; maintain a liberal yet impartial and analytical attitude toward their studies; are particularly on their guard towards those who make extravagant claims either to knowledge or to "advanced spiritual