

MAIL BAG

Correspondence is invited from our readers, but they are asked to keep their letters short. Unless letters give the sender's full name and address (not necessarily for publication) they cannot be considered. The Editor would like to remind correspondents that it is not always possible to acknowledge every letter personally, so he takes this opportunity of thanking all who write to him.

Bull-whip "whish-whish" Sound from a UFO

Dear Sir, — I was most interested to read, in Richard Sigismond's article, *CE-III: New Dimensions in Investigation* (FSR 29/2, p. 22), about the beam of blue light from a UFO that seemed to "lock on to the car", and was accompanied by a loud sound described as being like the "whish-whish" of a bull-whip, but very much louder.

In 1979 I interviewed two couples who were, on the same evening, travelling in their cars in this county of Norfolk (England). Both couples were 'attacked' at about the same time by a noise which, from their descriptions, was exactly like the noise reported from Colorado by Mr. Sigismond.

I enclose a cassette tape with my interviews with the two couples and also a map of Norfolk showing where the two cars were travelling when the people heard the noise. Norfolk is full of military airfields and landing-strips, and I have shown some of these on the map. I do not know of course whether there is any connection.

Yours sincerely,

Peter Johnson,
1 De Morley Garth,
Sheringham,
Norfolk NR26 8JG
January 22, 1984

Regional Coordinator, BUFORA
(FSR reader since Issue No. 1!)

Does Aimé Michel Exist?

Dear Sir, — I have recently received letters and telephone calls to the effect that I am dead. My good friends (and other people too) have asked me with some bitterness whether and why I have been responsible for the circulation of such unscientific rumours.

Well now, after consulting a highly reliable source. I must state that all this business seems to me very much

exaggerated. Even taking into account the fact that I have been recently mistaken* on several occasions for a cow, for the Moon, for swamp gas, for a bicycle, for the ghost of the good Dr. Edward Condon, and for quite a variety of other incredible contraptions, I am in a position to issue a formal denial of so unscientific an allegation. (Only so recently as this morning, I was able to observe myself, albeit in a mirror.)

Anyway, I am investigating this strange case of my demise, and, rest assured, my old friend, that if I find there is any truth in it, I shall not fail to see that you are the first to be informed.

Meanwhile, here are a number of personal facts about me that do seem to be reliable: Being 65 on May 17, 1984, on that precise date I shall retire from the Research Department of the Office de Radio Télévision Française after completing almost 40 years of duty in hearing, seeing, directing, inventing, and personally perpetrating, all those innumerable sorts of stupidities which every good TV service in the world is expected to think up in order to cretinize its customers.

I can boast that I have successfully carried out my noble mission except in respect of wine and la cuisine, both of which have put up a strong resistance and are still as good as ever, and which I now plan to enjoy, together with all my friends, until at least the close of the next Millenium.

Sincerely yours,

Aimé Michel,

La Haute Combe,
FO4570 St. Vincent-Les-Forts,
Alpes de Haute Provence,
France.

April 16, 1984

P.S. Even my genius-cat Grisonne is still well alive at 19, and is being wooed regularly by at least one thousand tom-cats, if I have heard their *Petite Musique de Nuit* correctly.

*We shall have pleasure in including Aimé Michel in our forthcoming **Bumper Book of UFO Explanations.**

The word of his demise is curious, and unquestionably the work of *efreets* or *jinn*s, as it seems that John Keel in New York was being apprised of the transition of Aimé Michel in France at the precise moment that Aimé Michel on his French mountain-top was being apprised of the demise of John Keel in New York. Anyway, it is good to know that, as was once opined by one Samuel Langhorne Clemens, alias Mark Twain, late of Hannibal, Mo., anent a similar bush-telegraph story, all these jinn-propagated notices appear to suffer from some degree of exaggeration and should be greeted with the contempt that they deserve.
— ED.

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ABDUCTION
CASES FROM
SPAIN AND
BRAZIL!**