

The lower half was a bright red on the left and a duller red to the right, and did not seem to be metallic like the upper half.

Suddenly, all five of us were gripped simultaneously with dread and panic. We rushed back into the car, which started perfectly, and drove off. As we looked back, we could still see the object pulsing away in the field."

That was the basis of Graeme's account, and I continued to question him at some length. He was, and indeed still is, perfectly willing to answer any questions anyone may have, and he's certain the other band members would be equally willing. Now, Graeme has only recounted this story two or three times since the event over twenty years ago, and professes to be a changed man because of the experience.

Graeme Edge describes himself as a "stubborn, critical, nuts-and-bolts type", but nevertheless he feels that something may indeed have happened that night. He doesn't recall any "missing time", but, as is typical of touring musicians, no-one bothered to check what time they arrived home. In those days the "Moodies" were a Rock/Pop band, but after this experience, they tended to write and release all kinds of "cosmic"

albums, such as *DAYS OF FUTURE PAST* and *THE SEARCH FOR THE LOST CHORD*.

Something else of interest arose a couple of years later when Graeme was asked mockingly:

"*What did the Aliens look like? (Ha-ha)*". In answer, he drew a sketch of what is now considered a typical small-bodied large-headed entity. In those days — as far as I know — no such entities had been drawn by any witnesses in any book published at that time, and anyway, Graeme had never read any literature on the subject. He said that the sketch "seemed to come from inside" (referring to his mind) and that, at the time, it seemed like a fun thing to do.

Graeme Edge is a very likeable, friendly, outgoing man, with a warm and generous personality, remaining totally unaffected by 25 years of international pop-stardom. He's pretty well-off, and has certainly had all the publicity he could want and more. So he has no motives for imaginative invention for self-aggrandisement purposes. He's also not in the least afraid of being dubbed a crank. *What happened, happened. And they all remember it.*

FREEDOM OF DISINFORMATION?

Our readers will no doubt be astonished to learn that, according to a new British work, the **FREEDOM OF INFORMATION HANDBOOK**, by David Northmore (issued in London in 1990 by the Bloomsbury Press, price £9.90), *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW* is published by the British UFO Research Association (BUFORA). BUFORA has in fact no connection with FSR or with FSR Publications Ltd.

"LET ME SEE WHERE IT ISN'T!"

By "Eve"

WHEN my son was three, he was driving me mad on two counts: he pursued me everywhere asking unanswerable questions, and he wouldn't let me throw anything away.

One day I managed to get some rubbish past him safely into the dustbin and said to my husband: "By the way, I threw that rusty old thingemy-bob away."

"*What's a thingemy-bob?*" asked my tormentor.

"Just a thing. I don't know what it was."

"*Let me see it!*"

"It isn't there. The dustmen took it."

"*Well, then, let me see where it isn't!*"

I had never realized what deep philosophy this is until now.

For the past twenty years or so, I have been trying to pick up some crumbs from the scientists' table and keep track of what they have now decided the Universe is made of. When I first heard about it all they were satisfied with electrons whizzing round a nucleus with a size relative to the atom of a golf ball to a golf-course. Then they produced a bewildering number of new particles, a different kind of matter — positrons, muons, kaons, lambdas, xis, sigmas — and that was just for starters. These new kinds of matter could change into other forms, or annihilate each other.

As at the date of my source*, my understanding is

that the elementary particles of which our atoms are composed are Leptons, Quarks and Gauge Bosons. The vast majority of people have never even heard these words. Rumour has it that Murray Gell-Mann decided to persecute his baby daughter with unanswerable questions in self-defence one day, and demanded a name for his thingemy-bobs. She came up with "quarks". Another deep philosopher, obviously.

But now that my son is grown-up I can ask *him* a question. If an atom is the smallest thing it is possible to photograph (with the aid of electrons) how can we know all these odd bits of matter are there?

The answer is simple, dear Watson. We know where the matter has been by what it has left behind. When a jet climbs into a clear sky, water condenses onto the exhaust fumes, producing a vapour trail, and when radiation is shot through nitrogen in a cloud-chamber, it produces similar trails. Nowadays the detector equipment is computerized and the radiation is sent spinning faster and faster, but the principle is the same.

You have to look where it isn't, say in a corn-circle.

And then you ask a child to name it.

* *The Particle Explosion*, by Frank Close, Michael Marten and Christine Sutton, OUP 1987