

« ...et il a fallu que ça tombe sur moi ! »

Jacques Garnier

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Jacques Garnier, qui habite la région de Nantes, avait fait un premier voyage au Col de Vence, il y a sept ans. Il était resté en contact avec les membres de l'équipe **coldevence.com**, et s'était promis d'y retourner dès qu'il en aurait la possibilité. C'est ce qu'il vient de faire durant la dernière semaine d'avril, et la carrosserie de sa voiture (achetée récemment) en porte les traces indélébiles, sous forme de deux impacts bien nets.

Selon Pierre Beake, ce phénomène des « pierres qui tombent du ciel » ne s'était plus manifesté depuis octobre 2008. Jacques a donc eu l'honneur de recevoir les premiers cailloux du millésime 2009. Il nous raconte sa mésaventure.

« Je suis arrivé à Cousegoules, vers 11 h du matin, le dimanche 26 avril. J'ai retrouvé « la bande » le lendemain soir, mais c'est le mardi 28, que ça s'est passé.

Nous nous étions donné rendez-vous au parking du Col, en fin d'après-midi. Je suis arrivé en retard, parce qu'il y a eu confusion entre les deux parkings. Finalement, je les ai retrouvés vers 17 h, sur le parking de Saint-Barnabé. Il y avait Pierre Beake, Patrick Langouet, Brice Barraja, Jean-Paul Severeys, Laurent Mathieu, et un nouveau dans l'équipe, un policier prénommé Antoine.

A 19 heures, nous sommes allés au restaurant, à Gréolières, puis à la nuit tombée, nous sommes arrivés aux Trois Pierres. Nous étions sept, dans trois voitures. Dans la première, il y avait Laurent, Pierre et Antoine. Je la suivais, avec Patrick sur le siège avant droit, et derrière nous, il y avait Brice et Jean-Paul.

Le conducteur de la première voiture s'est garé perpendiculairement à la route. Je l'ai dépassé de quelques mètres, mais j'avais peur de gêner la circulation, parce que ma voiture (Chrysler Voyager) est plutôt large. Patrick venait de descendre, et je lui ai demandé de remonter, ou de fermer la portière, pour que je puisse reculer. Il est remonté. J'ai reculé, de peut-être un mètre cinquante, et il y eu un grand choc sur ma carrosserie. En regardant dans mon rétroviseur extérieur gauche, j'ai vu, à la lueur des phares de la voiture de Brice, deux pierres qui tombaient sur la route.

J'ai continué à reculer pour mieux me garer, j'ai laissé Brice me dépasser, je suis sorti, et j'ai regardé. Sur le bord gauche de mon toit, il y avait plein d'éclats de pierre, que j'ai balayés de la main,

instinctivement. Il n'y avait pas de trace d'impact à cet endroit-là. Par contre, il y en avait un, très visible – hélas !- au milieu du toit.

J'ai ramassé les deux pierres qui étaient sur la route. Elles ont des formes vaguement triangulaires, et chacune est un peu plus grosse qu'un paquet de cigarettes.

Antoine, Pierre et Laurent sont sortis de la première voiture. Ils n'avaient pas entendu le bruit de l'impact sur ma voiture. Brice et Jean-Paul n'avaient rien entendu non plus, et ils n'avaient pas vu la chute des pierres.

Six mois auparavant, en octobre, la chute d'une pierre avait cassé le rétroviseur extérieur de Pierre. Il avait dû le changer, ce qui lui avait coûté 120 euros. Depuis, il n'y avait plus eu de chutes de pierres, et il a fallu que le jour où ça recommence, ça tombe sur moi !

(Rappelons que Xavier a eu son pare-brise cassé, de même que Jacques Carter, puis Michel Boiné ; la voiture de Denis Alarcon a été abîmée à plusieurs reprises, ainsi qu'au moins une autre.)

Nous prenons quelques photos dans l'obscurité, qui n'est pas totale (il y a un peu de lune), puis nous partons à pied, sur la route, en direction de Saint-Barnabé, au-delà du petit bois. Sur une photo prise par Pierre, j'ai le visage « flouté » par une tache ronde, brumeuse, et il y a quelque chose au-dessus de ma tête...

Nous continuons à faire des photos. Tout le monde obtient des « orbes »...

Au bout d'une heure environ, nous revenons vers les voitures. Pierre, qui continue à prendre des photos, obtient un truc blanc au-dessus du toit de ma voiture. Nous nous approchons, et nous découvrons

simultanément une pierre posée sur mon toit, à l'arrière gauche, à 40 cm du premier impact ! Elle est aussi grosse que les deux premières, mais plate, et elle a dû atterrir là en douceur, car la carrosserie ne porte aucune trace.

Je récupère cette pierre, tout comme les précédentes. Nous remontons dans les voitures, et nous avançons d'au moins 500 mètres, jusqu'à l'endroit où le bas-côté est assez large. Brice se gare, je me gare derrière lui, nous descendons, et alors que la voiture d'Antoine (une Berlingo) est à une centaine de mètres de nous, bang ! Nous entendons un impact de pierre !

A l'intérieur de la Berlingo, le choc a été très violent, le bruit « énorme ». Laurent, assis à l'arrière, est livide. Un flash orange éclate derrière la voiture. Antoine, qui l'a vu dans son rétro, freine instinctivement, et sort, furieux. Heureuse surprise : la carrosserie ne présente aucune trace d'impact... ce qui est étonnant, le bruit ayant été très fort.

Antoine, Pierre et Laurent nous rejoignent... discussions, photos, explications...

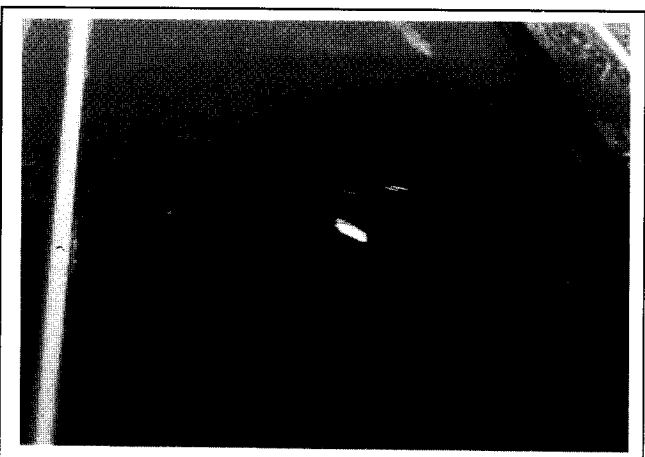
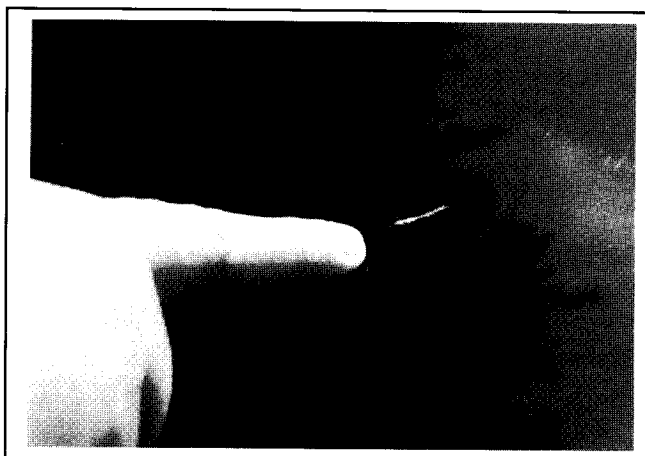
Quelques minutes après, nouveau bruit de choc, venant de ma voiture. Tout le monde entend le bruit. A ce moment-là, Brice et Jean-Paul se trouvaient entre l'arrière de la voiture de Brice et l'avant de la mienne. Le caillou, ayant rebondi sur mon capot, passe très près de la tête de Brice.

J'ai donc un deuxième impact, sur mon capot cette fois. Je suis furieux, et je traite le phénomène de noms d'oiseaux.

Nous faisons demi-tour un peu plus loin, et nous quittons les lieux.

A part les événements de cette soirée, il y a autre chose qui m'a étonné : c'est l'histoire de mon compteur kilométrique.

Je surveille ma consommation d'essence. En partant, le vendredi 24, j'ai fait le plein d'essence à Nantes. J'ai fait un deuxième plein à Nice, ayant parcouru 929 km. Deux ou trois jours avant de repartir de Nice, j'ai fait un complément de plein, avec 18,07 litres. Et mon compteur kilométrique indiquait que j'avais parcouru 1 011 km depuis le deuxième plein ! Alors que je n'avais fait que circuler dans la région du Col, depuis plusieurs jours. C'est incompréhensible. »



ci-contre, de haut en bas :

la trace d'impact sur le capot de la voiture

de part et d'autre de cet impact, les deux pierres ramassées sur la route, juste après le choc. Il s'agit de pierres calcaires, comme on en trouve partout aux alentours.

la trace sur le toit de la voiture

la dernière pierre : celle qui a été trouvée sur le toit de la voiture, mais qui ne l'a pas abîmé.

Stoned on Annie Taylor

by Dwight Whalen

When Mrs. Annie Edson Taylor, a dancing teacher of 63, packed herself into a wooden barrel to waltz over Niagara Falls, October 24, 1901, everyone feared one thing: rocks. Impact on the big rocks below the Horseshoe Falls would shatter her keg like an eggshell. By the greatest luck, she plunged into unobstructed water and was quickly rescued.

Notoriety assured, Annie expected to reap a fortune telling her tale to captivated listeners across America. But while her body had not been dashed upon the rocks, her hopes of money-making were. The pot of gold she saw at the end of Niagara's rainbow was anything but a stone's-throw away.

Stones. In researching this remarkable woman's story for a book I'm writing (to be called "The Lady Who Conquered Niagara"), I find myself repeatedly, unexpectedly, stumbling over stones. Or should I say, bombarded by them! I can't seem to dodge discovering strange stones or stones falling from the heavens, falling in ways as wildly unlikely, frightening, and dangerous — in one case, fatally so — as Annie's own fall. Reading an old microfilmed newspaper, rooting out information on "The Queen of The Mist," as she dubbed herself, I seem to inevitably find a Fortean gem like the following report from the *Buffalo Express*, October 27, 1901:

WHO THREW STONES?

Mysterious Fusillade Scares People
In Ohio Town

Missiles Came From Where No One Knows,
Seemingly From a Clear Sky

Pomeroy, Ohio, Oct. 26 — The little village of Harrisonville, eight miles from this city, is terribly wrought up over the mysterious stoning of houses and people there in broad daylight. It began on Sunday afternoon, October 13th, when a small boulder came crashing through the window of Zach Dye's house, a half mile out of town. The family were all at home, and at once ran out to see who had thrown the stone, but no one could be found, notwithstanding the house stands in the open and several hundred yards from any object large enough for a man to hide behind. While the family members stood about in the yard in open-mouthed wonder, other stones pelted the house, coming from where no one knows.

On Monday afternoon, at about the same hour, a shower of stones fell right in the heart of the little village. The first intimation the citizens had of it was when a piece of rock came through the plate-glass door of a store. When the proprietor and the customers ran outside to see who had thrown it, there was no one in sight. An alarm was given and the citizens came out with their guns, and, notwithstanding the stones continued to fall about them, they were unable to tell whence they came. One man, William Alkire, was hit a glancing blow on the arm, but was not seriously injured, while James Clay, a one-legged man who was standing in front of his house shouting to the excited populace that it was probably nothing more than a lot of mischievous boys, had his crutch knocked from under him and broken by a large boulder, which struck it about midway.

On the third day, when the stones began to fly through the air, the entire population thronged the streets. They were lined up and counted, to see who it could be that was throwing the stones. Every man and boy in the village was found to be in the line, and still the dangerous missiles flew through the air.

After her business manager absconded with her barrel in January 1902, Annie spent time in the Auburn, N.Y., area plotting to get it back. I found this item in the *Auburn Daily Advertiser* of March 20, 1902:

STRUCK BY A METEOR

Near Indianapolis, Ind. — Thomas Sloane had a close call when a meteor about as large as his fist struck in the opening of his right overcoat pocket, passed through it, burned his leg in a painful manner and then entered the earth to such a depth that his neighbors are still digging for it.

Annie's manager sold her barrel to a Chicago theatrical company for use as a promotional gimmick for a play called "Over Niagara Falls." On August 15, 1902, a police raid snatched the cask from a department-store window. Scanning the *Chicago Tribune* for this period, I came across:

MAN KILLED BY A METEOR

San Antonio, Tex., Aug. 17 — (Special) — A sheep herder named Ramon Cruz was killed in Edwards County by a fragment of a meteor that was shattered by coming into conflict with a huge boulder on which he was seated last Friday. Details as to the exact time and the circumstances are now known. A piece of meteoric stone weighing an ounce was imbedded in his skull. Near the body was found a piece of the meteor weighing five pounds, and seven small fragments.

The odds against anyone being struck by a meteorite are — duck! — astronomical. The odds against it occurring to two people in the United States within a six-month period are ultra-astronomical. But perhaps the strangest part, coincidentally, is that Annie Taylor's life is linked to the locales where these murderous meteorites fell.

The first struck "near Indianapolis, Indiana." In an autobiographical sketch which she published in 1902, called "Over the Falls," Annie claimed to have lived for a time in Indianapolis, and "taught dancing in Lafayette," a town near Indianapolis:

Edwards County, Texas, where Ramon Cruz was struck in the head and killed by a meteorite, is not far northwest of San Antonio. According to her own account, Annie served as an associate high school principal in San Antonio from 1878 to 1881. In fact, one of the reasons she gave for barreling over Niagara concerned San Antonio. She owned a small ranch there, she said, and hoped to earn enough money lecturing about her Falls ride to update the property and make it her permanent home.

One time near San Antonio, she barely missed catching a fatal "meteorite" in the head herself. "A gang of Jesse James' men," Annie related, waylaid a stagecoach she was riding between San Antonio and Austin. When she refused the bandits' demand for money, one of them pressed a pistol to her head. "Blow away," she told him, "I would as soon be without brains as without money!" He let her keep both.

In the matter of strange stone showers, Annie Taylor was

once in the immediate proximity of one. Charles Fort, in his book *LO!*, describes "three showers of hot stones" which fell near the building of the *Charleston News and Courier*, September 4, 1886, four days after the devastating Charleston, South Carolina, earthquake (*The Complete Books of Charles Fort*, p. 563). Referring to details published in the *Richmond Whig*, Fort says the paper was informed "that the stones, which were flint pebbles, ranging from the size of a grape to the size of a hen's egg, had fallen upon an area of 75 square feet, and that about a gallon of them had been picked up."

On the night of the earthquake, August 31, who should be one of those rocked in their chairs at Charleston but Annie Taylor. She said she was sitting in the parlor of a friend's home listening to a music recital when the cataclysm struck. She reacted with stony composure and scientific interest. "Her first thought was as to the effect an earthquake has on the temperature," said the *Buffalo Express* in 1901. "She got up and looked at a thermometer, noted the state of the mercury, and later observed that within an hour the temperature had fallen 26 degrees."

Having retrieved her barrel from Chicago in 1902, Annie hired a new manager and took the barrel on a tour that autumn. She was exhibiting at Trenton, New Jersey, the first week of October. A farm near Trenton, says Fort in *LO!*, was the scene of a stone shower in June 1884 (*The Complete Books of Charles Fort*, p. 561). The *Trenton Evening Times*, October 2, reported:

SHOWERS OF STONES SCARE PEOPLE IN LITTLE VILLAGE

By Publisher's Press Direct-Wire

Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 2 — The suburban village of Parkview, four miles east of this city, is the scene of great excitement over fifteen showers of stones.

During the last two days showers have been frequent and some damage has been done to property. A house was badly damaged. The stones are the size and shape of cobblestones.

The larger that have fallen are jet black and very hard, while a number of snowy white ones have also fallen. The white coating has the appearance of lime.

Many of the people from here have visited the village and have brought some of the stones to the city.

I cannot find a personal connection between Annie and Wheeling, West Virginia, nor the site of the earlier stone showers, Harrisonville, Ohio. However, the same October 2 edition of the *Trenton Evening Times* reported the following from a town 20 miles north of the New Jersey capital.

BELIEVE IT RAINED FISH AT BLOOMSBURG

Flemington, Oct. 2 — After the heavy shower Sunday afternoon many small fish were discovered in the streets. As no stream of water could have overflowed its banks and reached the place, it remains a mystery how the fish came to be there. Many, however, have accepted the theory that they came down with the rain.

It is interesting that a probable fishfall took place that close to Trenton when Annie was there, and interesting that I should discover it. I have documented numerous instances of rainfalls of fish in the Niagara Falls area ("Niagara Fishfalls," *Pursuit*, No. 62, Second Quarter 1983).

Getting back to the stonefalls, the wounding meteorite near Indianapolis struck while Annie was feeling the wounds of betrayal. The meteorite that killed a sheep-herder near San Antonio struck on the very day Annie made "the kill" of recapturing her barrel in Chicago. The Harrisonville stone-showers began on October 13, 1901, the same day Annie arrived at Niagara to begin preparations for her barrel-ride. The 15 stone-showers outside Wheeling occurred during Annie's exhibition at Trenton — where again her barrel was stolen by an unscrupulous manager, this time for good.

Abruptly the stones stopped falling. I have searched two decades of Niagara newspapers, gathering bits of data on Annie's twilight years, without finding a report of a killer meteorite or an inexplicable stone shower. It is surprising and remarkable that these phenomena occurred, not only so relatively frequently during a 12-month period in the U.S., but at times of significance to Annie, as if laying cosmic emphasis on the struggle she waged to win fortune with her oaken keg.

AFTER-THE-GRAVE STONES

Annie Edson Taylor died, stone-blind and stone-broke, in the Niagara County poor-house, Lockport, New York April 29, 1921.

Annie's name returned to the headlines in 1980 when the Bay Area Chamber of Commerce, Bay City, Michigan, attempted to have her body disinterred from Oakwood Cemetery in Niagara Falls, N.Y., and reinterred in Bay City, the town where she conceived her Falls-shooting scheme and had her barrel constructed. In a violent May storm that year in Orange, New Jersey, large hailstones fell with tiny iron pebbles inside (*Pursuit* No. 62, Fall 1980, p. 173). Again, Annie's movements can be traced to the locale of a strange stone shower. Negotiating with the *Edson Biography Company* to have "moving pictures" made depicting her barrel-ride over Niagara, Annie spent several days in June, 1903, at Orange, N.J.



China Has Lake Tianchi Dragon

In Changbaishan, China people have been talking about the "monster" ever since hunters a century ago reported seeing a gold-colored creature with a large horned head on a long hairy neck rise out of Tianchi, a spectacular crater lake.

The hunters were convinced it was a dragon.

About 500 people since then have reported seeing odd-looking creatures in the lake, said Dong Dehui. He has worked for seven years in a weather station overlooking Tianchi on the Chinese-North Korean border.

But so far no one has come up with proof that the *quai wu* (strange beast) exists.

A few decades after the hunters thought they saw a swimming dragon, six people said they spotted an animal the size of a small cow. They said it let out a deafening howl when they shot it in the stomach. The creature sank and disappeared.

Some people say not even a monster could survive in Tianchi. It is frozen about nine months of the year. It supports no known life form except for micro-organisms.

Tianchi, or Heaven Lake, is atop Baitou Mountain. The mountain is a dormant volcano in China's frigid northeast. It is about 220 miles from Pyongyang, the North Korean capital.

The volcano last erupted in 1702. Tianchi was created by rainwater, melting snow and springs.

Dong said most of the people, including some of his co-workers at the weather station, describe the thing they have seen as being the size of an ox with a head like a seal, and black with a white belly.

A Chinese book called "Wonders of the Changbai Mountains," describing the range to which Baitou Mountain belongs, says two animals were seen in 1962 chasing each other through the water.

In this account, they had dog-sized heads and were brown.

SOURCE: AP in *The Plain Dealer*,
Cleveland, OH 9/14/86

CREDIT: Beth Robbins via COUD-I
PUR. 38 Q 8C

'Tarzan' Boy Found in Jungle

A tiny child who behaves like a monkey has been found in Uganda where he lived wild with apes in the jungle of the Luwero triangle, site of massacres and killings during Uganda's civil war.

The boy shuns humans, moves like a monkey and grunts and squeals instead of speaking.

Retreating Uganda government troops found him living with monkeys last September and he is now at an orphanage in Kampala.

It is believed that the boy lost his parents in infancy during fighting and was mothered by a chimpanzee or a gorilla.

SOURCE: *Daily Post*, Wales
7/3/86

CREDIT: Janet & Colin Bord via COUD-I
PUR. 39 Q 8C

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FATE

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police on Glengary with rocks 'the size of eggs and marbles,' according to Maryanne Conheim's news account in the *Detroit Free Press*.

The police were called Tuesday night but the rocks flew faster, smashing windows in four homes and slightly injuring a woman and her eight-year-old child. Men from several police departments and the fire department set up lights all around the houses. This gave the rock-throwers pause but as soon as the lights were turned off the bombardment started all over again.

Mrs. Christine Quinn, in whose home four windows were broken, said that stones poured over her rooftop from behind her seven-foot hedge "like hail all over."

We remain constantly amazed by the succession of news stories about these phenomena. Hardly a month goes by without such stories in the press and yet no reporter covering the events ever seems to have heard of a poltergeist. Also, despite the frequent occurrence of these cases, hardly anyone believes they happen. Only a couple of under-financed agencies in the country are investigating them and no one is within a country mile of solving them.

Yet until we understand poltergeists we do not understand

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werewolf is a prankster in costume.

That theory draws some support from the denouement of a monster scare in Vineland, N.J., in July 1972. Local teen-agers had reported seeing an "eight-foot, hairy, green, slimy, square-headed monster." Some of them said it made "horrible noises" as it bolted for cover. At the height of the scare 40 to 100 persons with flashlights searched the area known locally as Pasquale's Sandwich, where the "monster" had been seen. Police Sgt. Daniel J. Prospero investigated the area and found a footprint which belonged to a recluse who lived in a nearby barn. Prospero concluded the youths in fact had seen the hermit who is described as six feet, five inches tall, shaggy-haired and bearded.



NEVER A HO-HUM

FROM THE never-solved mysteries of bloodthirsty monsters we turn to the never-solved mysteries of phantom rock-throwers. In the fall of 1972 rocks fell — or were thrown — on Glen-gary Street in Dearborn Heights, Mich. On Tuesday night, October 3, and the following Wednesday morning, "an unknown person, believed to be armed with a powerful slingshot or catapult, pelted homes, people and even

BIGFOOT: CIRCUS ESCAPEE?

Art Reda's article, "My Experiences with Bigfoot" (August, 1970, FATE) brought back memories of my childhood beside Jim Creek north of Everett, Wash. We moved there about 1905 or 1906. My father Harry Borden was engineer in a mill two miles from our log house which was situated on 40 acres bordered on three sides by virgin timber and Jim Creek on the fourth. A skid road led to the nearest town: Oso.

One summer day when the tall red huckleberry bushes near the road were invitingly loaded with their luscious fruit Dad couldn't resist sitting down on a log for a rest and a treat. Before long he discovered he was not alone: a brown bear also was enjoying the huckleberries on the other side of the bush.

Since the bear didn't seem to resent his presence, Dad wondered if he might have been one of the animals escaped from a circus train that had been wrecked not long before. He recalled that not all the animals had been recovered.

It's only speculation of course, but if so tame a bear was in the woods why not a gorilla also?

Issues of the *Everett Herald* or *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* from those early years reporting the wreck might shed some light on the mysterious "Bigfoot." — Harriet Clark, Sandpoint, Idaho.

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IL PLEUT DES PIERRES DANS UN VILLAGE DE CALIFORNIE.

F.P. 1962

Big-Bear-Lake. Un mystère comparable à celui des soucoupes volantes pèse depuis quatre mois sur Big-Bear-Lake, petite station de villégiature du sud de la Californie.

Le 15 juin, la famille Lowe venait habiter un pavillon aux environs du village. M. Lowe, agent immobilier, avait pris sa retraite, et comptait passer dans un ancien cette région montagneuse des jours heureux et sans histoire.

Mais depuis son emménagement il ne fut de jours que le mystère du " Big-Bear-Like " - Lac du Grand Ours - ne l'est poursuivi. A tel point qu'il dut demander la protection de la police un mois après. Tous les jours ou presque, des pierres de ayant jusqu'à dix centimètres de diamètre semblaient tomber du ciel, brisant ici une vitre, bosselant là une aile de voiture, atteignant même l'un des cinq enfants de M. Lowe.

La police posta des observateurs : mystérieusement leur voiture furent lapidées fut lapidée aussi.

Les Lowe ont quitté le pavillon du " Lac des Grands Ours " Trois jeunes gens y ont élu domicile, mais contrairement à l'attente générale

25-5-1995



EL SUAVE CANTONA. El futbolista francés Eric Cantona aparece en esta fotografía, sin fecha pero reciente, con un gorro de ducha rosa en una escena de un anuncio de 10 minutos para la promoción de una nueva máquina de afeitar para señoras que va a lanzar la marca Bic. El anuncio aparecerá en la televisión francesa a partir del 31 de mayo. Cantona, del equipo inglés Manchester United, fue castigado a no jugar hasta el próximo mes de octubre tras propinar un perfecto golpe de artes marciales con las dos piernas en el pecho de un espectador que le había insultado. Ahora redime la pena que le impuso el juez enseñando a jugar a equipos infantiles de fútbol.

te inéditas —una nueva versión de *Ghost story* (Cuento de fantasma, irónicamente), *Babylon fading* y *Bird of prey*. El norteamericano Morrison murió en París en julio de 1971, ya adorado como el principal poeta de rock. Un video musical, que va a acompañar a *Ghost story*, incluye varias imágenes de los músicos y otros artistas mezcladas con imágenes de archivo, tanto de Morrison como de "americanos nativos" (vale, indios) de principios del siglo XX. Manzrek dijo: "Ya es la hora de la palabra hablada. Cuando se lanzó *An american* la gente no sabía qué era la palabra hablada. Decían: ¿qué es?". Manzrek insiste en que el disco es un proyecto de The Doors. "Es el momento de la poesía de Jim, pero el

no es también un disco de Doors, no sé qué demonios llamarlo". Pues, ¿qué tal *Un rezo americano*?— HOWELL LLEWELLYN, Madrid

► LA CASA DE LOS ESPÍRITUS

La localidad holandesa de Truten se ha convertido en lugar de peregrinación de curiosos desde que, según afirman los vecinos, se ha instalado un fantasma. El visitante indeseado parece haberse alojado en casa de una familia turca que, ante las dudas, ha puesto pies en polvorosa. Los fenómenos extraños comenzaron hace unos días, cuando de forma inexplicable comenzaron a caer piedras de la fachada. La policía investigó

cuando los acontecimientos subieron de tono, las bombillas comenzaron a estallar, los enseres a caerse y manos invisibles comenzaron a arrojar pedruscos desde las ventanas. La sorpresa fue mayúscula cuando, según asegura uno de los agentes, Hans Guerrit, el supuesto fantasma les recibió con un puñado de arena en la cara. Aunque las autoridades mantienen que debe ser la broma muy hábilmente organizada de un gracioso, el Instituto de Parapsicología de Amsterdam ha desplegado ya sus máquinas cazafantasmas en la casa y dará una respuesta científica la próxima semana.— SONIA ROBLA, Utrecht

► EL SAN ANTÓN MECÁNICO

Henryk Jankowski, ex confesor del presidente polaco Lech Walesa y uno de los hombres más ricos del país, se dedicó el pasado domingo, entre otras cosas, a bendecir los vehículos Rolls Royce, Mercedes y Jaguar de casi un centenar de empresarios a los que había invitado a una peregrinación al santuario mariano de Czestochowa. El sacerdote, párroco de Santa Brígida de Gdansk, comentó a sus invitados que la escena política polaca "se ha transformado en una farsa provinciana", y condenó los fenómenos relacionados con "el aumento del crimen, del robo, del alcoholismo, de la corrupción y de la estafa". Jankowski conminó a los empresarios, que acudieron a Jasna Gora en automóviles de gran lujo, a "limpiar nuestra casa de suciedades e ilegalidades". El sacerdote es un hombre popular por sus iniciativas, una de las cuales fue prestar la panorámica de su iglesia y su propia fotografía para la etiqueta de un espumoso comercializado por un empresario de Gdansk, a la que acompañaba un texto del canónigo exaltando las cualidades de esta bebida. Ante las críticas, Jankowski dijo que parte de las ventas se dedicará a la reconstrucción del órgano de su iglesia.— EFE, Varsovia



Photo credits: Harry Weisburd

Stone Souls

by Harry Weisburd

Can spirits be preserved in rock?

In 1987, I was participating in a celebration of the worldwide harmonic convergence, an alignment of the planets in the solar system. On the day of the event, I also discovered a sacred site and some "stone souls."

A few days earlier, I had read a

small notice on a bulletin board announcing that a group would get together to welcome the convergence.

Early that morning (4 A.M.), I drove to a shopping center parking lot in Belvedere, Calif., a small suburban community 30 minutes outside of San Francisco. There I met a

group of ten people.

Hiking up Ring Mountain

We walked silently together up a roadway to Ring Mountain, five minutes from the shopping center. The weather was overcast, with many clouds and heavy fog, which is the usual condition for the San Francisco Bay Area.



Face of Miwok Indian chieftain?

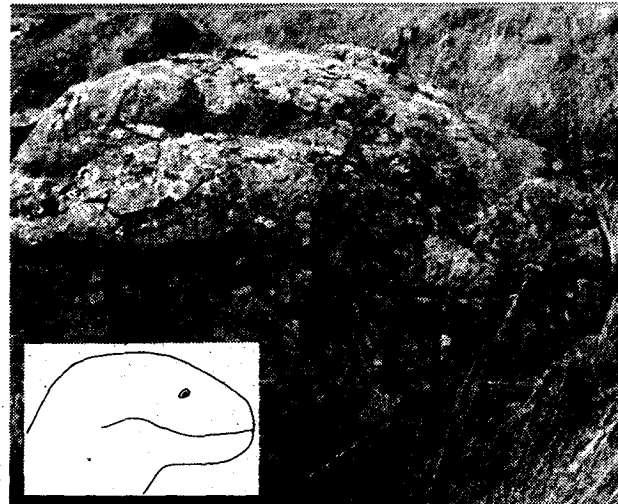
It was quite dark as we followed each other along a trail to a hill overlooking the San Francisco Bay.

Spiritual sunrise

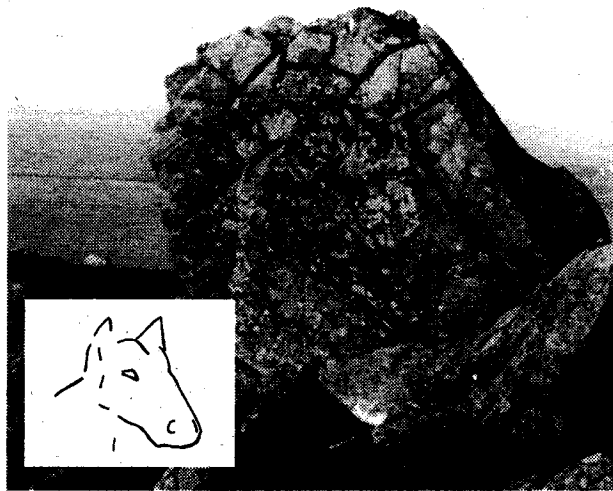
At the top of the hill each individual celebrated the arrival of the harmonic convergence

with a prayer, a chant, or whatever seemed appropriate. We also had a student shaman with us, who led us in a group ritual.

As we quietly chanted, the fog and clouds overhead parted in a way similar to the special effects I had seen in Cecil B. DeMille's movies. The sky opened up and the day began with the most pro-



Snake head in profile.



Horsehead in profile

found sunrise I have ever seen, and I would consider it a special spiritual experience. After a few minutes, the clouds and fog rolled in again and the sky was pitch black.

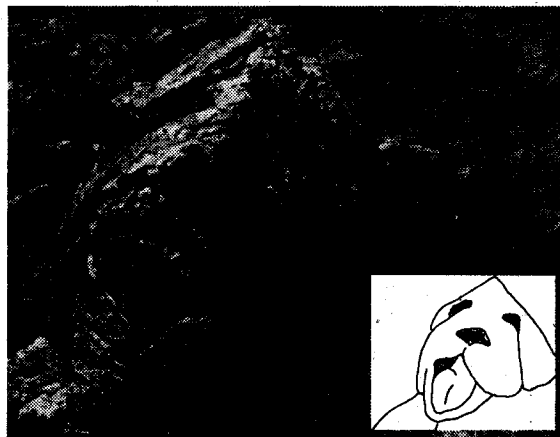
We gathered our belongings and returned to the parking lot. I came back in the afternoon to explore Ring Mountain, a sacred site and the healing place of the indigenous Miwok Indians. The area contained many rocks, some of which had faces naturally displayed on them. Some were of people and others of various animals—a horse, a turtle, a snake, and

the face of the chieftain of the Miwok Indians. I returned the next day with my camera.

I called these rocks with faces “stone souls,” because I believe that the rocks are alive and contain the souls of these animals and people.

Until recently I thought that the concept of “stone

souls” was entirely mine. I saw a video tape made in England, however, in which various experts on English megaliths refer to stones as living organisms and call them “stone souls.” ■



Dog head

THE FLYING FRUIT PHENOMENON

by
Dwight Whalen

You won't find this story in books on unexplained phenomena. You won't even find it in histories of the region where it took place. Somehow, for 67 years, one of the strangest stories of the Niagara peninsula has been utterly forgotten.

I stumbled across it while examining microfilm of *The St. Catharines Standard*, dated Tuesday, 7 October 1913. The front page story, badly faded, was titled: **Strange Case of John Kenneth Logan**.

A nine-year-old Jordan youth, Logan had allegedly acquired the bizarre ability of propelling apples, pears, and other fruit through the air without the slightest physical exertion. Sometimes his mere proximity to fruit was enough to send it flying in all directions.

The Standard reported:

"The boy --so witnesses affirmed-- could not pick up any variety of fruit without it flying from his hand and bouncing along the ground at a height of from four to six feet for a distance of from 10 to 20 yards. It would seem as if the fruit suddenly became charged with electricity. A heavy granite pail was dented by a winter pear which he had thrown, so responsible neighbors vouched."

His father, Alex Logan, added his own testimony:

"Yesterday the phenomenon took on a new form. He and I were standing under a golden russet apple tree. Suddenly the whole tree shook and apples fell in showers, striking the boy and myself."

It was recalled that a stranger had come to the Beasville area that Friday. He visited a neighbor of Alex Logan's, in the company of little Kenneth, to make inquiries about fruit-growing. Some attributed a "Svengali-like influence" to this stranger, for shortly after his departure, the Logan boy became an apparent powerhouse of telekinetic energy.

The boy was examined by a doctor and a Presbyterian minister. Neither could explain his eerie talent.

The Standard said:

"But whereas on Saturday, people eagerly discussed the affair with a good deal of superstitious awe, the feeling today seems to be rather one of amusement, although explanations are not forthcoming."

Surprisingly, the weekly *Beasville Express* of 8 October gave the story short shrift, relegating it to the back page under the heading **Miraculous? Stunts**, it began:

"Kenneth Logan, son of Alex Logan, was the centre of an awe-struck multitude on Sunday when the aforesaid multitude went down to the father's farm to witness miracles instead of attending divine service."

With blatant cynicism, the report told of various fruit bouncing away from young Logan, shooting up in the air, but principally hitting his father.

The Express commented sneeringly:

"The boy is a bright youngster, apparently too bright for his dad, for the fruit usually did its stunts behind the back of the father, who has implicit faith in the belief that his boy is possessed of a spirit."

The following Saturday, Alex Logan and his son visited *The Standard* and related further details of their exploit to *The Standard*. By this time, it seems, the young lad's strange power had virtually disappeared.

Significantly, as reported in the Monday, 13 October edition of *The Standard*, fruit had not been the only commodity affected, according to Mr. Logan. When he and his son were walking along country roads together, clods of earth would suddenly fly up and strike the elder Logan on the back of the head.

"They would shoot up with a sizzle-like whip," he said, "and the same with the fruit. Then again, if the boy touched a button of any kind, either ivory or metal, it would shoot out of his hand and usually come straight at me. There seemed to be some connection between me and my son in some way, for I seemed to be possessed like him, though not nearly so strongly."

Attempting to account for this phenomenon, Logan recalled a weird occurrence which preceded it.

"On the day before we noticed the funny happenings in connection with the boy, my son and I were in the kitchen of our home when a sharp electrical storm came up.

"The boy was hammering some nails with a hammer when suddenly there was a queer flash. I turned my head in time to see a small bolt of fire circling about the head of the hammer in the boy's hand. It didn't move very fast, quite slowly in fact, and then vanished suddenly. I believe both of us were struck by lightning in a manner never before heard of, and I have been thinking it over and think perhaps that might account for the thing.

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