

THE JINN AND THE DOLMEN: THE MOST AMAZING CASE OF ABDUCTION YET

Antonio Ribera

This is a preliminary survey of an extraordinary case. Xavier C— (his full name is on my files) is a young man of 23, born in Almería, on the southern coast of Spain, but now living and working in Barcelona. He is a professional photographer and a draughtsman and, with his brother José Maria C—, runs a small studio of industrial drawing and photography. He is married, but with no children.

ONE Sunday in July, 1985, Xavier left his home at 8.00 a.m., saying to his wife that he was going to Vallgorguina,¹ a small village some 25 kilometres from Barcelona, to take some photographs. He took with him his standard modern 35 mm camera, loaded with 100 ASA 21 DIN film, for colour slides, and an old-fashioned box camera which he had made himself.

After spending what he guessed to have been somewhere between 1½ and 2 hours in Vallgorguina, he set out to return home. It was a glorious day, without a cloud in the sky.

Missing Time

He is by nature a very careful person, and always checks and notes the mileage covered. So, after arriving home, he looked at his mileometer, and was astounded to find that, instead of having done the 50 kms. that it should have shown, it showed 300 kms. He had done an extra 250 kms.! And his petrol tank was almost empty, whereas it had been full when he set out that morning!

And, to cap it all, his car was incredibly dirty, with stains of some viscose, sticky substance all over it, and there was mud on the wheels and the chassis. *And the countryside was extremely dry at the time! In fact the farmers were worried over the very long dry spell!*

And there was another thing that surprised him when he got back to Barcelona. All the shops were open, just as on a normal working day — and how could that be possible, seeing that it was Sunday?

But the biggest surprise of all awaited him when he got home, and his wife and brother rushed to welcome him with sighs of relief! Both were very upset, and said: *"Where in heaven have you been all this time? Where did you sleep?"*

Xavier was dumbfounded, and simply asked: *"Why are the shops open on a Sunday morning?"*

"Well, in the first place", replied his brother, *"Today isn't Sunday anyway, but Monday. And the time is 6.00 p.m. We have been to practically every police-station in the city and to several hospitals, looking for you. We feared you had had an accident — a traffic accident!"*

None of them could understand what had happened. But when Xavier began to check his photographic gear, he saw that the numbering on his mod-

ern camera indicated that several photos had been taken. And that was puzzling. For he didn't recall having used it even for a single shot!

Demonic Faces

Piqued by curiosity, he had the slides processed and developed. And he was in for a terrible surprise! A series of slides with green demonic faces appeared. Badly upset, he contacted Carole Ramis, a well-known lady, born in Vienna, but who had been in practice in Barcelona for some years as a parapsychologist. She had known the two brothers already for about seven years, and knew that both were thoroughly honest, straight young men quite unlikely to be guilty of committing a hoax. (She also knew that in any case Xavier had already had many strange night-time or "oneiric" experiences.) For example, he had been visited in his bedroom at night by small humanoids of the "classical" type known to Ufologists — big pear-shaped heads, small, nimble bodies — who showed him a number of things, including *pyramids*. But he always had the feeling about "them" (the little beings) that they were benevolent, and would never do him any harm. (We do not know, of course, whether these "visitations" truly took place and were "real", or whether they were "oneiric" — that is to say, of a dream-like nature. But Xavier's own feeling about it is that the small beings were *real*.)

Hypnosis Arranged

The parapsychologist Carole Ramis was very upset at the sight of the pictures of the monstrous faces, and at once proposed that arrangements be set in hand for Xavier to be hypnotized, in order to attempt to recover those "lost" or "missing" 34 hours. She accordingly made arrangements for Xavier to attend at the office of Professor Francisco de Asís Rovatti Heredia, a noted Spanish parapsychologist and holder of a recognized diploma in hypnosis, who has already conducted sessions of regressive hypnosis on victims of UFO abductions — among them Próspera Muñoz, the Gerona lady who had been abducted at the age of seven, as reported in FSR 29/4 (*Spanish Woman Recalls Abduction 36 Years Ago*).



Photograph 1: Taken with the Olympus Camera.

It was at about this stage in the story (September 1985) that I met Xavier for the first time, though I had already met his brother several times, as he had been to lunch with my wife Irini and myself at our home in Sant Feliu de Codines near Barcelona.



Photograph 2: A head.

Car Fails to Work

In that same month, September, I telephoned and invited the two brothers to come and be our guests one Sunday. The Sunday in question arrived, and a very strange thing happened. In the afternoon I was expecting them, when suddenly I got a telephone call from Montcada, a village some 30 kms. from my home. It was the brother of Xavier, José Maria, saying that they were having difficulties, as their car would not work. Everything in it seemed to have gone wrong. They had taken it to a local mechanic's garage, which was open on Sundays and which by a fortunate chance was not far from where they had broken down. But the mechanic was unable to find anything wrong with the car or the engine. As it still would not work,



Sketch by Xavier. Attempted interpretation of photograph (2).

they left the car there and went back home by taxi.

Further thorough testing of the car revealed nothing to be wrong with it. And, when subsequently José sat down at the wheel, and started it up, the car went perfectly straight away!

So finally they came to see me on another day, and at this second attempt nothing went wrong with the car. And Xavier brought to me, on loan, the cassette of the taped hypnotic regression of him which Professor Rovatti had made, with Carole Ramis present.

I give the transcript of this hypnotic regression below, but must emphasise that this promising and fantastic case is still "green", inasmuch as much more hypnosis will be needed if we are to recover the whole of that "lost" period of 34 hours and discover why the car was so muddy and dirty and why the indicator showed that it had done those additional 250 kilometres.

The "Double"

But the most hair-raising thing, which we have already discovered in this hypnosis so far is that these

aliens (or *jinns* or trolls?) had manufactured a "double" of Xavier — an inverted "*sosia*" as we call it in Spanish.²

Elementals

I deliberately use here the term "*jinns*" and not "*extraterrestrials*" for two reasons. Firstly, nowhere in his hypnosis does Xavier make reference anywhere to any ship or craft, but only to a *cave*.³ And another reason is this: when I showed the accompanying photograph of the creature to Juanjo Banchs, a well-known expert in radiesthesia (use of the *pendulum*) I wrote on a piece of paper the three possibilities, viz: EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL BEING; ELEMENTAL BEING; and HOAX. His assistant took the paper from me and placed it face down, without his seeing what was written on it. And the pendulum's reply was: ELEMENTAL. We made a second run, adding one more possibility, namely the term SATANIC BEING, and shuffled the words around from the original positions (although of course the radiesthesist had no knowledge of what was written on the back of the paper). This time, too, the pendulum indicated ELEMENTAL BEING.

Much work remains to be done, I must emphasise, if we are ever to get to the bottom of this extraordinary business. In the meantime, here is our transcript of the first hypnosis session with Xavier C—.

* * * * *

(Translation from Spanish.)

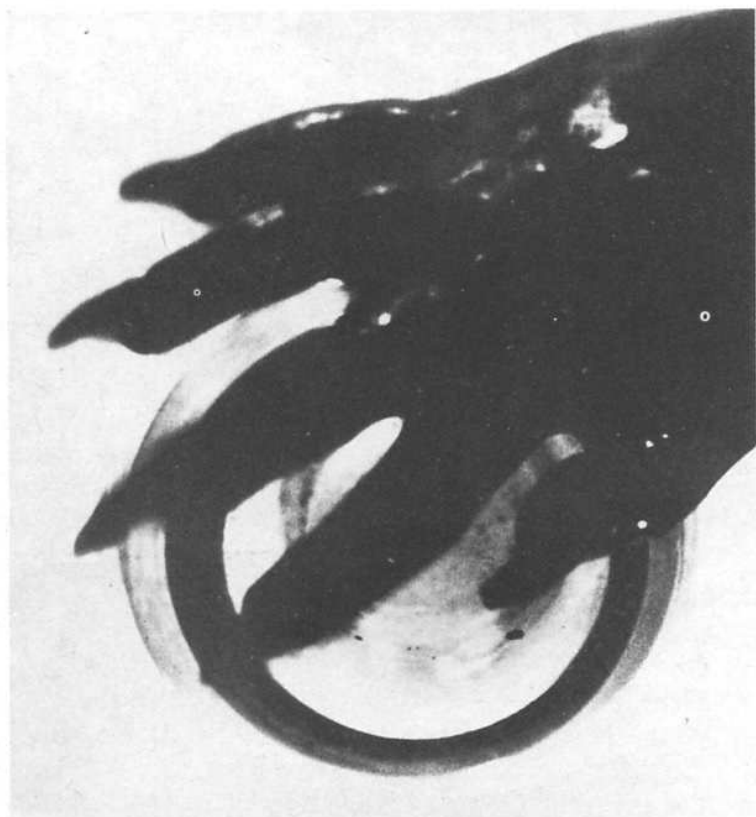
TRANSCRIPTION OF FIRST SESSION OF HYPNOTIC REGRESSION CONDUCTED WITH XAVIER C— BY PROF. FRANCISCO DE ASÍS ROVATTI HEREDIA, QUALIFIED HYPNOLOGIST (DIPLOMA).

- Q: Tell me please: where are you going?
A: To Vallgorguina.
Q: Tell me something about the journey.
A: There's little traffic ... I'm doing between 80 and 90 kms. p.h. ... I've got a full tank; I filled up yesterday ... the weather's good (long pauses between one phrase and the next).
Q: Drive on. I want you to explain to me now about your arrival at Vallgorguina.
A: I left town by the road leading out to the dolmen ... I saw they had marked its direction up on a board. So I take this road ... I think I have got a puncture ...
Q: Do you stop?
A: No, it's not a puncture. There's a bit of mist ahead, but I don't know what it is. The weather is fine and sunny ... (long pause). I'm dozing off...



Photograph 3.

- Q: Go to sleep. Remember that you're sleeping. Sleep, but remember your dream. Remember your dream. What dream? You'll be able to remember it, now.
A: I'm sleeping on the ground. I didn't get back into the car ... A sort of liquid is falling on me ... it is sort of sticky ... ugh ... very nasty ... (long pause) But I want to get into the car.
Q: And you can't?
A: No. The door is locked and the keys outside, but I can't lay my hands on them; I don't know where I have left them ... I don't know why it has started to rain now.
Q: Yes! It's raining?
A: No. But this water that's falling is sticky. It isn't water.
Q: It's sticky. Sticky.
A: But I want to sleep.
Q: Sleep.
A: No. I can't; this water that's dropping won't let me. It's certain it isn't water ... And everything's covered in clouds.
Q: And now what's happening? Can you remember?
A: Well, yes ... Lucky that the boot is open. Now I'm taking photos with the box camera.
Q: What photos? Tell us what they are.
A: I'm photographing the sky, and this rain that is falling. I'm afraid my plates will get spoiled, and I don't want to get the other camera out. It might get ruined ... I want to get into the car and go back ...
Q: What are you doing now?
A: Obviously I'll have to go up with the box camera. And I want to take my other modern camera with me; I don't want them to take it off me ... (long pause, with deep breathing). The spool I am carrying is important.
Q: Carry on. The more you talk the more you'll rest.
A: I can see them.



Photograph 4.

Q: What are they like?

A: They aren't the ones I usually see. (*He is referring to the beings that appear regularly in his home.*) They don't resemble each other in the slightest. And I don't like their faces. I want to go to the car again ... (*pause*) I don't want to go on looking at them. And anyway I haven't any reason to go with them.

Q: And now what's happening? What's happening?

A: They want me to go. They want to see how I am.

Q: All right.

A: But I don't want to go.

Q: And what are you doing now?

A: I don't like their faces ... They're making me go. I don't want to, but they're making me go.

Q: How? How are they forcing you to go? Tell us.

A: It seems as though there is something pulling me... They are going to make me fall, because I'm going down a slope where I don't want (*sic*)...

Q: Don't be afraid.

A: I stumbled...

Q: You are protected whilst you are with me beside you. You can carry on.

A: But I stumbled on the slope.

Q: O.K.

A: (*Breathes deeply several times.*) I don't want to go so far down. (*More deep breaths*) I don't know why they are asking me to enter. And I'm afraid of caves. (*Panting.*) And it's scarcely possible to

breathe ... It's horrible ... and what's more, I can't turn round ... and up above they're enjoying themselves. (*Several deep gasps.*)

Q: Why are they doing so?

A: I don't know why they want to make me go so far in. And the cave scares me, and I've never been in this cave: I never knew it existed.

Q: Tell us: how is the cave lit?

A: You can see ... there seems to be light coming in, but it's pretty dark ... I don't want to lie down and rest, I'm suffocating: there's very little air. (*Gasps loudly.*)

Q: Gently, gently. Carry on remembering.

A: It smells very bad.

Q: Is it a smell that you know?

A: No. (*Still gasping.*) *In an earlier interview, C— had told the author, Antonio Ribera, that the smell seemed like a mixture of rotten eggs (hydrosulphuric acid) and coke. And besides, it's all very dirty. The walls are sticky (sic). I don't know where the car is parked, or where the keys are. And besides, they have kept the box camera. (Long pause, with gasps.) You won't be able to open it (with a slightly mocking tone).*

(At this point, Carole Ramis, who is present at the sessions, intervenes.)

Carole: Who is taking the photos?

A: They're trying to open the box camera, and they will ruin all the plates ... Why are they so stupid? They don't understand anything about photographic material...

Q: So they're going to be spoilt (fogged over)...

A: Obviously they're going to be ruined. As soon as they open it ... Thank goodness the other one told them not to open it ... he seems to understand a bit more about it ... (*Referring to one of them?*)

Carole: In what language are they talking?

A: They are talking the same as me ... I understand them perfectly.

Q: Can you hear their voices?

A: No. I feel them inside of me. (*Probably the communication is telepathic.*)

Q: What is it they want to do with you?

A: They want to put something — I don't know why — in my arm. But I'm not going to let them, of course. If they treat me like they did about entering the cave; I likewise didn't want to come in... (*Pause*) I don't want them to put anything in me. (*Long pause with deep, loud breaths.*) It's a certainty you aren't going to succeed in putting that in me ... And besides, I know a bit about medical matters: that looks to me a bit like a catheter ... but I hadn't seen where it was connected ... and besides, I'm not going to let them put it in my vein — that's for sure ... because I've got to return to Barcelona this evening; I've got to do a rush job and I don't want to remain here,

and I want to get out of the cave. I must go back to the car ... (Pause) I didn't want them to put it in me (in plaintive tone)...

Q: Are they injecting into you, or extracting from you?

A: It seems they are taking ... something ... out of me...

Q: Tissue or liquid?

A: It's liquid, and they are filling ... this thing they've got here in front me ... I don't know what it is ... (Long pause. The hypnotist asks a question at this point but it is inaudible, being blotted out by a loud respiration by Xavier.) I don't like them. They don't in any respect resemble those that I see: these are almost as tall as I am, just a bit less, but their faces are horrible.

Carole: How are they dressed?

A: They are deeply furrowed. (Compare the cases of Pascagoula and Zanfretti.) You can't see any clothing on them...

Carole: Are they wearing anything on their heads?

A: It seems that the one who has put it in me (the injection?) has hair, but the others have not...

Carole: What colour are they?

A: Grey ... a very dirty grey...

Carole: How old do they appear to be?

A: About thirty years...

Q: Pay close attention now to my voice: Carry on relaxing deeply. When you wake up, when you wake up, when you come out of this state, you will recall perfectly well the face of one of them, and you will sketch it. When you come out of this state, you will recall perfectly well the face of one of them, and you will sketch it. Now, carry on relaxing deeply and continue to experience what is occurring...

A: They are deeply repellent: they seem as though sticky, and I don't like to have them touch me. They are leaving me like something all sticky ... a ... (Long pause with an anguished gasp.)

Carole: What are they doing now?

A: They are touching me all over my arms ... (Long pause and profound sigh.) And I want them to take that out!

Carole: Are they touching your head?

A: No. Not my head. My arms ... But why can't I move my legs? I can't sit up and look at them ... (Continued deep sighs). Their touch is revolting (almost mumbling) ... And now they are connecting something up on to my arm ... (Long pause with gesture of annoyance.) ... Why won't they let me go quietly back to the car? ... I won't even be able to move it now ... I don't want them putting anything in my arm; I have to sketch. (During all this period his breathing is laboured and painful.) I don't want it! Who is going to lead the way down? You don't know ... (Said turning to one of the entities?) You're not going to be able to...

Q: (Breaking in) Where are they from? Where are they from?

A: Why don't they want to tell me? (Sighing profoundly.) They know where I come from...

Carole: Why have they ... to you? (Part of sentence inaudible owing to Xavier's breaking in.)

A: That planet doesn't exist. I don't know of any planet called *Cassiopeia* such as you are talking about, nor any place of that name ... (Pause, with laboured breathing.) I still don't understand what I'm doing in here ... nor what you want ... (Pause) Why am I here? Just tell me ... I don't understand it ... You are making me more and more confused and what you have put in my arm I don't like one bit! (Vigorously.) If there are any marks left on me, they'll be seen! And nobody will believe it! And why is it of interest to you that nobody should believe what I tell them? But anyway, I don't want to say anything to anybody ... (Pause.) Because they're going to take me for crazy, and I don't want that. I've always been a very steady sort of person ... never had this sort of thing happen to me ... I don't believe I'm in here ... I don't want to believe it ... I must be dreaming it ... At any rate it will all be over when I wake up ... I'm not in here, and you don't exist ... I can't believe it!...

Carole: They are taking photos with the box camera, are they? Have they taken photos?

A: They're taking photos of me! And what do they want them for?

Carole: Taking them with your box camera?

A: With both — with my box camera and with my other camera ... and anyway, they don't know how to use it ... they're going to ruin it, and it was very expensive ... Why are they trying to take photos of me?...

Carole: And what is the explanation they give? Why are they injecting these signs (*sic*) into your arm?

A: They want to take something out of me, but I don't know what it is ... They are interested in it.. They want to make something — another person like me. They are crazy: yes, they are crazy.

Carole: Are there other human beings there in the cave?

A: They say they want to make another; another one just like me...

Carole: Ah — a "cloning"? What did they say?

A: They want to change me.

Carole: Mentally?

A: They want to make another one just like me ... and then wipe me out. But they aren't going to succeed, that's for sure, because my willpower is stronger than theirs ... They're putting me to sleep now...

Q: Sleep now.

A: No. I don't want to.
Q: Yes — sleep. Relax...
A: I don't want to remain asleep. (*Long pause.*) I must go back ... I love some people, and if they make another like me...
Carole: It could be taken for you?
A: That's what they want.
Carole: Are you Xavier now?
A: Obviously I'm me. I'm sure they won't manage it ... even though they have taken this out of me they won't succeed ... I remember who I am ... and I know what I've got to do now...
Carole: What is it you are going to do?
A: I'll get my car, and take it to be washed.
Carole: Why? Is it dirty?
A: Yes, I think it is.
Carole: Why?
A: I don't know. It got dirty when that sticky stuff fell on to the bonnet.
Carole: Yes?
A: I like to have a clean car.
Carole: There are grease marks?
A: Yes — it was greasy and foul ... And, on top of that, they have eaten the sandwiches I had brought with me...
Carole: Where? Where did they eat them?
A: Behind the car ... They got in somewhere, I don't know where, because everything is locked except for the boot ... They are so repulsive. I'm going to have to wash the covers; I must wash them tonight without fail, and I don't want to sleep tonight. I'm going to work right through the night ... if I sleep, they'll surely come with the other chap.
Carole: Why do they want to make this other chap?
A: They want to change me.
Carole: Change your mentality?
A: And my person.
Carole: The entire person and mentality?
A: There will be another person with the same physical body, and I don't want them to succeed in it.
Carole: But, this other Xavier, can he be positive, or...?
A: I don't know...
Carole: Or negative?
A: But if the other one comes along, I shall die: I don't want that.
Q: Who is cutting your hair off?
A: They are cutting it! I can't raise my head...
Q: Why are they cutting it?
A: They want to copy it.
Q: O.K. now Xavier. Rest, rest...
A: Why do they want to copy my hair?
Carole: Has it anything to do with your other little friends?
A: No, the others don't want them to do it; they are telling me so ... They don't like what is going on.
Carole: But, don't they intervene?

A: It's a kidnapping. They can't. They won't let them in here.
Q: And how do you get out of the cave?
A: They take me out.
Q: How?
A: I'm already sitting in the car.
Q: And where are you going now?
A: But I'm minus my hair ... (*Pause*) Look, I haven't got the keys and don't even know how to get into the car ... I only know that behind me is another, just like me, who isn't me ... I looked round and saw him ... he's sitting in my car...
Carole: Where are the bits?
A: Yes.
Carole: So is there another Xavier just like you?
A: He is dressed exactly like me in every way, and has his hair long, unlike me. He can't be the reflection of me: I've got my hair short now, and I don't know why; I haven't been to the barber.
Carole: And this other Xavier — he's in the car with you?
A: We are entering the motorway now, and he has moved in front.
Carole: He is sitting beside you?
A: He's here.
Q: And what does he say?
A: Nothing. He just laughs.
Q: And you don't ask him any questions?
A: No, because he looks like my twin brother. He is dressed exactly like me in every way.
Q: What do you do with him? Do you make him get out?
A: (*Alarmed*) But he is reversed! He is a reflection.
Q: As though you were in front of a mirror with more...
A: Yes, but he's alive!
Q: What are you doing with him?
A: Come on now! He's here with me! Can't you see him?
Q: Now?
A: He's with me in the car. We are in the car together...
Q: And when he gets out of the car?
A: Look, I'm going to leave him here now, in the calle Vallespir; he told me to do so.
Q: Vallespir? At what corner?
A: On the corner of Vallespir and Condes de Bellloch.
Q: That's it.
A: He's got to go to his house. And I have to go to work ... (*Pause*) What's more, he was seen getting out! (*Excited*) I've just met my neighbour...
Q: Yes?
A: But he did not speak to me, nor did *he* speak to him, and the other one says nothing ... I don't know if he even knows how to talk. I can't believe what is happening, man, it can't be real; I'm dreaming. But what's more, today is Sunday, and yet the shops are open.

You know? Why is that! *Why* are the shops open today ... It's 6.00 o'clock in the evening.

Q: All right Xavier. Come back and sit here beside me.

(END OF TRANSCRIPT)

COMMENT BY ANTONIO RIBERA

The "Double"

When, during the hypnotic sessions, Xavier spoke of the "double" of him made by his captors, the parapsychologist Carole Ramis used the word "*Clonen*" (we must bear in mind that her mother-tongue is German). Clearly, she is referring to a completely new technique (today still in the mere project stage) of genetic engineering known as "*cloning*", namely the creation of one or more identical beings from the genetic code of the father, and which can be taken from a single cell of the latter. But I don't think we can speak of "*cloning*" in this present case of Xavier C—, but rather of "*reproduction*". The act of cutting off his hair seems to prove it. (Xavier, incidentally, is also of Nordic origin, tall, with fair hair and light complexion).

When he came to see me in September of this year, more than two months after his abduction, he still bore the three triangular-shaped punctures (forming a triangle of some 3 cms. to each side) on his left arm, where the "aliens" had applied "something" to him.

His hair had been cut so badly by them, that he had to go to the barber straight away next day and have it rectified as much as was possible.

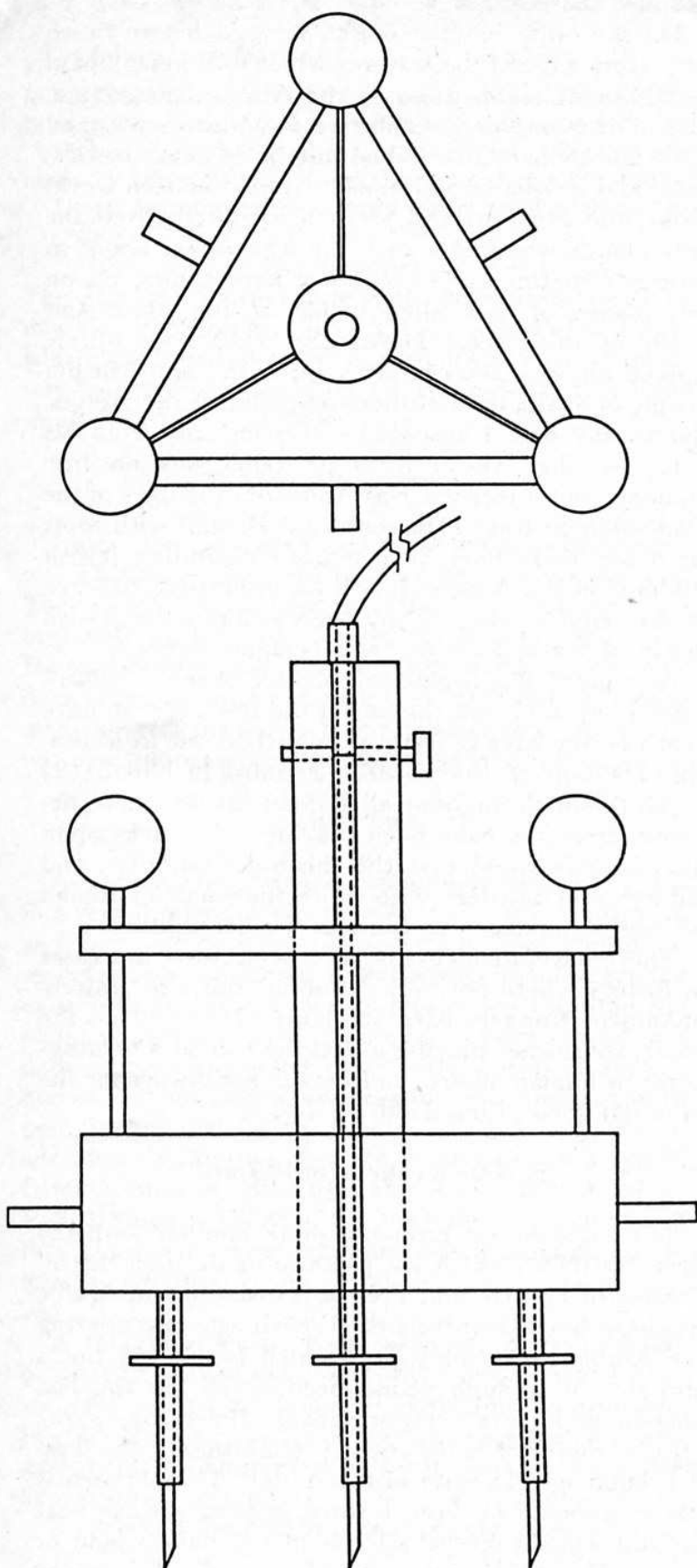
When Xavier became aware of the existence of this other copy of "himself", the very idea of course horrified and disgusted him. What might befall his "mirror double"? And why had it been created in the first place? What for?

But, as can be well imagined, his anguish increased tenfold when a neighbour remarked to him: "*Xavier, what were you doing, walking around like that near your place last Sunday?*"

The neighbour said this soon after his return home — the next day in fact — he having only returned home, be it remembered, at 6.00 p.m. on the Monday, his abduction having taken place on that same Sunday!

Some days later, another friend of Xavier's mentioned casually that he had seen him — Xavier — on the Avenida Marqués del Duero, popularly known as "El Paralelo" — a Barcelona street that Xavier had in fact not visited for months! When asked what clothes Xavier had been wearing, the friend gave a description. It was precisely the same clothing that Xavier was wearing on that ill-fated Sunday of his abduction!

There was, however, yet worse to come! One night, Xavier went to have dinner at his aunt's. The old lady was amazed at seeing him: "What — you again!"; she



Xavier's sketches of the apparatus with which he says the Entities took a sample of blood from his left arm.

said. "But you have just left, saying that you couldn't stay for dinner..."

Xavier is now constantly preoccupied with this question of the whereabouts of his "double". And, after all, this is very understandable!

Footnotes by the Author

- (1) In Vallgorguina, a beautiful little hamlet at the foot of the Montnegre, in Catalonia, there is a well-known megalithic monument: a *dolmen*, perfectly preserved, which the local people call the "*Pedra Gentil*", "The Gentle Stone". The name of the village itself, Vallgorguina, is possibly a corruption of the Basque words "*Val Sorgiaña*", "Valley of the Witches", since in Roman times the territories of the Basque people reached right over here into the north-east of Spain. Many pre-Roman place-names in Catalonia can only be explained via the Basque language (or *Euskera*, as the Basques themselves call it). For example, the ancient name of Mataró, a town on the coast, was ILURO. (IL meaning *bad*, or *death*, in the proto-European languages, and UR or URA meaning *water* in the Basque language. The meaning of the name is therefore "DEAD WATERS", and in fact when the Romans arrived in that part of Hispania 2,000 years ago, they found the present site of Mataró to be covered with marshes, which they proceeded to drain.)
- (2) Xavier C— fits perfectly into the pattern of the typical abductees — young, fit, healthy in both mind and body, etc. (See my article *Do Abductees Fit Into A Certain Pattern?*, in FSR 29/6.) Of course, some tests on Xavier are still pending: for example, all the set of tests as given in *classical Psychiatry* (i.e. Rohrschach Test, Wechsler Test, TAT test, etc.) Likewise an evaluation of Xavier's I.Q. But I am sure he will pass all of these with flying colours. He is in fact a quiet, well-spoken, intelligent, normal young man.
- (3) According to Mario Roso de Luna, a noted Spanish thinker and writer on the occult who lived at the turn of this century, "*the doors which lead to the other world of the Jinns ... are the dolmens, menhirs, and other old Druidic remains in Spain*". And *Xavier's hair-raising experience is actually centred on the dolmen, the "Pedra Gentil" at Vallgorguina!*
See "*EL LIBRO QUE MATA A LA MUERTE*" or "*LIBRO DE LOS JINAS*") ("*The Book Which Slays Death*", or "*Book of the Jinns*"), by Mario Roso de Luna, written in the early years of this century, and only now recently re-issued by Editorial Eyras, Madrid.
- (4) This "*mist*" is a common feature in UFO abduction cases. See for example the Aveley Case in England, and the many cases of *teleportation*.

Comment by Editor, FSR

I take this opportunity to thank Toni Ribera for so thoughtfully sending me a copy of the recent reprint of Mario Roso de Luna's remarkable "*Book of the Jinns*". It is truly astounding to see how much this learned Spanish occultist of nearly a century ago knew! (And even more astounding to see what he dared to write and get published in the extremely

conservative, conventional and rigorously Catholic Spain of those days!)

On the other hand it ought perhaps not to be so surprising. One of the features which still make Spain so "different" even today is the Arabic background. She underwent many centuries of Muslim rule, and the Arab civilization reached one of its peaks in Córdoba and Sevilla and Granada. In our modern world today, the Muslims still seem to be pretty well the only people who know anything whatsoever about so serious a matter as the presence here among us, on this planet, of such alien beings as the *Jinns*. And much of this secret knowledge must have surely rubbed off, over the centuries, on to the non-Muslim people of Spain, the Celtiberian Spaniards themselves. But in any case I suspect — if even only from his name — that Mario Roso de Luna was no true Spaniard but a learned *Jew*. And from the days of the *Quaballah* (at least 11th century A.D., and with roots far older) there have been many outstanding Jewish students of the Arcane. It will be interesting to learn in due course whether my theory about the Jewish origin of Mario Roso de Luna is right.

As regards this frightening matter of the "*doubles*", I need only add that this is not the first case we have heard of. We have in fact just published one from Brazil! (*The Case of Antônio Alves Ferreira*, in FSR 31/2.)

No doubt throughout all human history these demonic creatures have been playing such tricks upon us. Can one wonder at the misunderstandings, and failures, and disasters, with which the whole of human history is studded! Just think of the possibilities!

There have, incidentally, also been not a few cases in history where not only "*doubles*" but also entirely unknown strangers have suddenly turned up on the scene, sometimes playing a decisive role at a turning-point in human affairs. And maybe not always for the eventual good of mankind. — G.C.

A Note on the Word "*Jinn*"

Most people are probably more familiar with the form "DJINN", which has come to us through the influence of French, and French translations of Arabic writings. But *dj* is merely the French way of rendering the Arabic letter *jim* (ج) which is nothing but a straight "j" (though pronounced as "g" in the less elegant and more corrupt spoken dialect of Egypt). "JINN" therefore is the correct rendering for the English language. The use of the initial "d" in French is likewise correct for French since, as everyone can hear for himself, the French "j", as in the names Jean or Jeanne, is *not* identical with our "j" as in, for example, our name Jim. The Spaniards have got it right too, for their version is "JINA". — G.C.

THE JINN & THE DOLMEN: ADDENDUM

Antonio Ribera

In the first instalment of this story, I withheld the name of the subject, Señor Xavier C—, as it was thought at that time that he would not permit it to be revealed.

However, I am now able to report that in fact he has stated that he has no objection, so I can say that his full name is Xavier Clarés Jerez, born on August 7, 1961, and thus 24 years old.

There are also quite a lot of fresh details which I now am able to give, so I summarize them below:

The Experience

The date of his experience with the entities was Sunday, July 21/Monday, July 22, 1985. His digital watch, which was found after the experience to have stopped, was halted at Sunday, July 21. His car was a red *Renault-5*.

More Photographs

Xavier has now produced some more fantastic photos. These are the ones made with his box camera. They show a black shape (it seems like a helmeted being) and two claw-like hands, black, shiny and *scaly*. He explained to me that the original plates were very dark, so he made a contra-type of them and then made several prints, each one cleaner than the previous one, suppressing contrast as he went along.

The Place

As we have emphasised throughout, this case is still in a very fluid state, our enquiries are still in progress, and many points are still uncertain. For example, it seems possible now that Vallgorguina is *not* where the episode took place. It seems highly possible that the name Vallgorguina was planted in Xavier's mind (not deliberately, of course!) right at the outset of our enquiries, by our fellow-investigator, the Austrian-born parapsychologist Carole Ramis. This lady had herself attended a gathering, some three or four years ago, of Catalan followers of witchcraft, which was centred on Vallgorguina because of the traditional association of that place with witchcraft, and she may unwittingly have contributed to fixing Xavier's thoughts on that site.

If, therefore, we go back to square one and study the matter, we can begin with the fact that, when Xavier got back to his home in Barcelona on Monday, July 22, 1985, he had an almost empty petrol tank and a figure of 250 kilometres on his mileometer for which he could not account.

If we recall the previous case of Julio F — at Soria, which I dealt with in my articles in FSR 30/3, 30/4, and 30/5, we shall see that Julio was induced to go hunting in an area about 125 kms. or so from Madrid. Twice this figure, for the journey out and the journey back, gives us 250 kms. And this is the extra amount on Xavier's mileometer. So I started looking around

for suitable sites located at 125 kms. or so from Barcelona, and I have found *two* which deserve consideration as they have dolmens. The first of these is near Palafrugell, which lies near the coast, north-eastwards from Barcelona, in Gerona Province. The other one is near Tremp, in the region known as Pallars, in Lérida Province, due west from Barcelona.

Checking up on the location of dolmens, menhirs, and other megalithic monuments generally in this part of Spain, I found that most of them are in the north-east of Catalonia, that is to say in the far north-eastern corner of Spain where Gerona lies. There is a group of menhirs and dolmens near the French border up there, not far from the coast, but the distance from Barcelona to them (180 kms.) is too much. So my wife and I are planning to go with Xavier on February 21, first to Vallgorguina, to see whether he identifies the spot, and then on to both Palafrugell and Tremp if time permits I shall report further on this in due course. I am also going to contact our Meteorological Bureau and find out what the weather was like at all these three places on July 21 and 22 last.

The Camera Used

The camera used for the first picture reproduced here is an *Olympus OMB* (Japanese make). The film used: *Ektachrome* colour slides of 21 DIN 100 ASA. Lens (objective): Reflex.

One very mysterious point is this: in the semi-darkness of the cave, how was it possible for the film to be impressed? The camera has a photometer, which adjusts the shuttle aperture to the light, blocking the camera if the light is insufficient. Nevertheless this did not happen. The camera worked perfectly. Why?

Maybe the beings possessed some sort of phosphorescence or radiance of their own? (Xavier's own suggestion, after reflecting on the matter.)

A Previous Visit to the Dolmen

More extraordinary still — it now turns out that Xavier had *already* visited the Dolmen (at Vallgorguina or wherever it was) on a previous occasion — three years ago! Moreover, on that occasion there was also a period of "missing time", namely from 8.00 a.m. to 9.00 p.m.!

Xavier has no clear, conscious recollection of what

happened on that day. All he knows is that, at 11 a.m., and again at 7.00 p.m., he saw two triangles of light in the air, about ten metres or so above the Dolmen. The upper triangle was "upside down and into the lower one".

All the colours of the spectrum were rotating from one point to another around each of the triangles. On the external triangle, the lights were going counter-clockwise, and on the other (inner) triangle they were going clockwise.

We shall have to arrange in due course for a probe of this episode under hypnosis, as it looks as though an abduction also took place on that occasion! It will be very interesting indeed if we can "recover" those missing hours, from 8.00 a.m. to 9.00 p.m. one day three years ago.

Xavier's "Double"

In Part I, I mentioned that various people in Barcelona had seen the "double" which the aliens had apparently made of Xavier.

I have now learned that the double was seen on the Paseo de Colón, in Barcelona, on Saturday, November 16, 1985. *And he was still wearing the same flowered Hawaiian shirt that Xavier had been wearing on July 21/22!* Looking dejected, the "double" was standing waiting at a bus stop. (Next Monday, November 18, a very cold spell set in. Imagine him going around in that weather in a Hawaiian shirt!)

Psychological Tests

In the meantime, on November 15 I managed to have Xavier given routine psychological and neurological tests by my friend Dr Maria Blanch Cardoner who has a clinic in Barcelona. (She is, as it were, our equivalent of Dr Aphrodite Clamar in New York, now well known for her studies and tests of the "abductees" brought to her by the American investigator Budd Hopkins.) Instead of the three hours that Dr

Blanch had warned us it might take, as Carole Ramis and Xavier's brother José Maria and I sat drinking tea in the waiting-room, in fact it took only an hour and a half, and Xavier came through all the tests with flying colours. (One of the tests had involved over 500 questions!) Dr Blanch found that Xavier's I.Q. was 111, which is quite high and above the normal; she found him well balanced, with no psychotic traits whatsoever; calm; and no fabulator or liar.

In fact, her picture of him fits in very well with the general pattern for abductees as given by me in my article on that subject (in FSR Vol. 29, No. 6).

I enclose herewith for FSR's files the initial report on all the tests (Raven; Bender; T.A.T.; M.M.P.I.) as furnished to me by Dr Blanch.

Further Tests Planned

Xavier has consented to further hypnosis and further tests, and I have also had a full personality assessment (Rohrschach; T.A.T.; etc.) made of him by another professional psychologist, Antonio J. Sender, and am now awaiting the text of his report.

We are also to have further tests done on Xavier by Professor Rovatti Heredia (referred to in Part I).

Conclusions

The more I think about this case, the more "jinnish" and more sensational do I find it. It is pure "Jinnism" throughout, from start to finish!

the "Double" Seen Again!

Finally, I am writing this last section on January 12, 1986, and it is now full winter here in Barcelona, *and decidedly chilly*. But that *sosia* ("double") of Xavier has just been seen again recently in this city. And still wearing that same Hawaiian shirt!

**DON'T FORGET TO TELL
YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT
FLYING SAUCER REVIEW,
NOW IN ITS 31st YEAR!**

SCIENCE COMES UNDER ATTACK — AND THE “HOLOGRAM UNIVERSE” IS PROPOSED

Paul Whitehead

THE week ending February 21st, 1986, saw two critical assaults on the scientific establishment in Britain.

First was a *BBC Television* documentary on the shoddy state of conventional scientific thought and approach. Could we believe our ears? Were we really hearing how our esteemed scientists were stuck in dogmas of their own making, fashioning a world of their choosing for the rest of us to wearily acknowledge?

Well, we had to believe our ears, because that is what was said. The conclusion of the narrator was that future generations will view the 19th and 20th centuries as we now view many previous centuries: — with a degree of amusement if not ridicule.

The storyline was this. Former civilisations paid overmuch attention to dogmatic religion and believed the word of the *preachers*. Life and thought was based around these beliefs; indeed, our whole perception of the universe (everything revolves around the earth, the earth is at the centre of the universe, God made the earth in seven days, etc.) was fashioned by the “leaders” of the day — the men of religion.

Today, the argument went, we all follow the leader again. Except that this time the leader is *science*, not religion — and the scientists may be just as wrong about the universe as were their forebears, the preachers.

Scientists were criticised for relying too much on experiments and their findings — and even fashioning those findings to suit their own particular perception of the universe. They were criticised also for ignoring alternative theories and alternative ways of trying to understand the universe.

It was pointed out that what we see with our eyes is only a small spectrum of the universe, and how we see things is largely a matter of conditioning. We are conditioned by scientists, who may be totally wrong in their views about the universe, the documentary said.

In brief, we were urged to look again at ourselves and the universe, and to expand our awareness of possibilities. We should not be ruled by dogmatic scientific thought, as previous generations had been ruled by inflexible religious doctrine.

The future held the promise of a radical new approach to science, we heard. Just as science had displaced religion, so science would be replaced by a new kind of science.

Just what that new science might turn out to be was

illustrated a few days later in an article in a quality national newspaper, the *Financial Times*.

The article started, innocently enough, about videodiscs. It moved on to storage systems (how to best store vast amounts of information on a videodisc). The answer:— *holograms*. Holography, it seems, is an ideal way of storing data, right down to the wavelength of light itself.

The writer, John Chittock, then went all philosophical. (Perhaps he had been watching that recent documentary, or reading some of those books written by philosophers and physicists that the *Flying Saucer Review* regularly mentions in its columns?)

Certainly, the *Flying Saucer Review* could never be accused of following conventional and dogmatic scientific thought. The search for “new possibilities” is what *FSR* is all about.

To return to the *Financial Times*, though. Mr. Chittock wrote:

“But now our concepts of the universe are being challenged through holography. It began, in part, with a claim that the human brain may record its memory in the same way as a hologram — namely, not as specific points or neurons related to particular bits of memory, but over the whole area as a complex frequency pattern.

“A 3-dimensional hologram does not use any lenses to focus an image — every point on the hologram records *all* of the image as seen from that particular point.”

Consequently, he wrote, “if a hologram is broken into fragments, any one piece will still reconstruct a whole image. Likewise, a neurosurgeon, Karl Lashley, claimed that his experiments in removing bits of the brain in animals failed to diminish their memory”.

Another Karl, Karl Pribram, a neuroscientist at Stanford University, USA, had encouraged “even stranger ideas”. These were as follows:

“Since a hologram does not rely on lenses, Pribram has suggested that the brain — functioning like a hologram — also does not need eyes. He has even said: ‘*Maybe reality isn’t what we see with our eyes.*’”

Eyes, Pribram said, perform a purely mathematical function in reproducing image points instead of a whole world “*organised in the frequency domain*”. (It has long been an argument by *FSR* writers that we view only a small part of the overall frequency of the universe, begging the question of what is outside that which we see.)