

BRAZILIAN UFO ALERT • PETS THAT CALL THE COPS • SNAIL MAIL

1990 SEPTEMBER

fortean times

the journal of strange phenomena

£2.20

THE HENRY X FILE

Enter the shadowy world of UFOs and covert agents

SCUM!

Why you are Martian slime

MAY THE FORT BE WITH YOU

We preview phenomenal films

INSID

MIND CONTR

INVESTIGATI

UFO SECRE



ingratiating Mr Moto – “yes, I understand,” he says, “not on the telephone.”

And what about the colour? “Sorry?” The colour of the craft? “Er, it was grey, sir.” And the occupants? “Pardon me, sir?” Like the officer, 400 people in the hall strain to hear the words – but there’s too much background noise – screaming and squawking like children playing nearby, or a cage full of endangered birds.

“The occupants?” repeats Azadehdel, competing with the din. “They were grey, sir,” reports the officer.

“Aliens?” shouts the caller, barely able to contain himself.

“Yes sir... it was alien.”



LET'S FACE THE CAMERA: Henry, then aged 43, “black bearded with intense dark eyes”, in relaxed mood outside the Nottingham court

(the study of near-death experience); his involvement in the military’s ESP experiments with dolphins; his interest in pre-cataclysmic civilisations (once diving in the waters off the Bimini Islands in search of the lost city of Atlantis); and his active interest in UFOs – was actually integrated into official defence policy?

Alexander’s attempts to thwart Henry’s probing brought only defiance. Henry circulated a letter on the internet, stressing: “My true identity is and has always

Henry sits amid stunned bedlam. Tension builds with the noise. The audience leans further forward, straining to hear what comes next. Then the officer’s voice rises above it all. “Er... you have me on a speaker phone don’t you, sir? It’s just that I’m getting so much feedback.” Silence for a moment, then: “No, no,” answers Henry, “you see... it’s because my phone is connected to my fax... If I tape something, I always ask permission beforehand.”

Closer to home, Henry applied pressure on Lloyd Turner, then-deputy editor of *Today* newspaper. Alternatively posing as ‘Dr Alan Jones (media consultant)’, and ‘Dr Armen Victorian (eminent physicist)’, he bombarded Turner and his staff with questions concerning the ‘Copyright MBF Services’ notice appended to the paper’s exposure of Doug and Dave, the sexagenarian crop circle makers. While Turner maintained the squib was devised to discourage other papers from picking up the story prematurely, to Henry and the remains of a dwindling fraternity of cerealogists, it was further evidence of a concerted disinformation campaign to discredit the circles – the unsuspecting slip they’d been hoping for.

Eventually the dispute reached the Press Complaints Commission. Azadehdel, now describing himself as a “prominent researcher into corn circles”, accused the newspaper – specifically Turner, editor Martin Dunn, and Graham Brough, who had written the story – of “tricking people and seriously undermining research into the phenomenon”.

Henry remained confident that judgment would be favourable: “I am 80 per cent sure we will win,” he told Dr Terence Meaden, a former physics professor and editor of the *Journal of Meteorology*. With Meaden also recording the call, Azadehdel clarified his true intention in bringing the action: “And when we do win,” he said, “I will sue *Today* for damages.”

Exactly what would have constituted damages in a case such as this was never

established; in any case, the judgment went in favour of the paper. Meanwhile, *Cerealologist* editor George Wingfield – whose codename for Henry was ‘Snowdrop’ – and other crop-commandos continued to investigate the mysterious ‘MBF Services’, dividing their attention between a tiny defence industry contractor in a sleepy Somerset village where windowless stables looked a lot like laboratories, someone noted, and a Scottish rubber stamp

“ALIENS?” SHOUTS THE CALLER BARELY ABLE TO CONTAIN HIMSELF. “YES”

manufacturer of the same name.

Henry’s come-uppence began when he obtained and widely published the classified personnel records of Dr John B Alexander, a former US Army colonel and Director of the Non-lethal Weapons Division at Los Alamos National Laboratories, New Mexico. Azadehdel’s FOIA request for Alexander’s military records was initially turned down by the Los Alamos Public Office but his follow-up for more details hit paydirt; the office mistakenly returned the unadulterated file.

Azadehdel’s subsequent article – ‘Non-Lethality: John B Alexander, The Pentagon’s Penguin’, published in *Lobster* (June 1993) and republished in *Nexus* (Oct/Nov 1993) as ‘Psychic Warfare and Non-Lethal Weapons’ under Henry’s “hobby” name of

been A. Victorian,” and hinting at his preparations for more legal shenanigans. “I await with great anticipation Mr Alexander’s legal action in this regard.” But it never came. Nevertheless, Alexander had done his homework, posting a selection of the juicier details from Henry’s past. These included *The Sun*’s lurid ‘Sex Secret of Orchid Smuggler’ which reads in part: “We had some particularly nice epiphytes hanging from our bedroom ceiling.”

blushed [Mrs Azadehdel].

Even more mind-boggling were the news reports of Henry’s £4million appeal for ‘aid’ to Kurdish refugees, organised in 1991 with the assistance of the British and Iranian governments. Later, in an impatient moment, Henry suggested to me that its real purpose was reparation for Iran’s costly war effort against Iraq.

More darkly still, Alexander hinted at changes to Azadehdel’s immediate future: “Previously, I have discussed these matters with members of the Central Intelligence Agency and National Security Agency. I considered going to the State Department and having them ask the British Government to intervene. While

[Azadehdel’s] requests may be within legal bounds, he has asserted he wants access to information he believes to be classified. I have learned that the CIA has asked both British Intelligence and the police to assist in resolving problems with Azadehdel.”

Soon afterwards, the burglaries began and British Telecom, along with the mysterious engineers with their ominous grey vans and bogus ID cards, moved in. A few months later, on 14 July 1994, Henry and his wife were arrested and charged by Nottingham’s finest.

The scene in the courtroom is a study in body language. Sandwiched between an incident of head-butting, the alleged theft of six pairs of underpants and a further count of Actual Bodily Harm – the flotsam of a Nottingham weekend – stands Henry proudly with his wife and co-defendant...



EDITOR: Graham Birdsall



AUTHOR: Timothy Grend