

CRYPTO

Crypto: Hidden or Secret, from the Greek kruptos meaning hidden

“Fantasy has always enriched itself by feeding on fact and serious legend.”

**Bob Eggleton From The Book of Sea Monsters
(The Overlook Press, Woodstock, New York; 1998)**



Cover Artwork for Loch Ness Monster Shortbread Shapes

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News Note: Mawas of Malaysia

Liong Chong Shen, age 50, from Kampung Chennah (Negeri Sembilan province near the district of Jelebu in Malaysia), had an encounter during the last week of 1999. Shen was working in his durian orchard (note: durians are a type of fruit) about 10 miles from Kampung Chennah, when around noontime he smelled a strong animal scent. Very shortly thereafter Shen heard a grunting sound, upon looking up he spied two hair-covered creatures watching him.

The creatures were described as being a *Mawas*. The larger of the two *Mawas* was 6 feet in height and the smaller was 5 feet in height, they were covered with black and brown hair respectively. Shen watched the *Mawas* from about 30 feet away for a short spell until they turned and returned to the jungle cover.

What is interesting is that the word *mawas* is also a regional word from Indonesia for the orangutan (*Pongo pygmaeus*) which has a known modern range of areas in Sumatra (*Pongo pygmaeus abelii*) and Borneo (*Pongo pygmaeus pygmaeus*). The orangutan may well have been present in Malaysia in relatively modern times. Additionally the coloration of the orangutan can vary from a reddish-brown to a nearly black coat and with various degrees of hair length. The Sumatran subspecies for example typically has a longer and lighter coat than the Bornean subspecies. These primates are also mainly vegetarian and do eat durians, although the Sumatran subspecies has been seen to eat meat. The size of the orangutan ranges from around 4 to 5 feet, but have been recorded up to 6 feet in size.

These notations on the orangutan are mentioned, as they appear akin to the description given by Liong Chong Shen. He notes that the *Mawas* he saw were 1.83 and 1.52 meters in size (converts over to roughly 6 to 5 feet in size) and exhibited long shaggy hair. The area of the sighting as well fell within a vegetarian arena of durians. Coupled with no apparent threat by the *Mawas*, the possible explanation lies within the orangutan. Additionally the area of Malaysia were the report originates, within the province of Negeri Sembilan lies within 200 miles of

Sumatra and within 800 of Borneo, roughly in between the two known ranges of orangutan. See the map beside for the location of Negeri Sembilan in relation to Sumatra and Borneo.

Although it is not conclusive, the possibility that Liong Chong Shen saw an abhorrent orangutan is a possibility and the automatic connection to Hominology should be made cautiously and with more research.



Made used Under Ownership Rights to *Rand McNally New Millennium World Atlas*

Sources:

- Lian, Hah Foong, Village abuzz over sighting of 'mawas', *Star Publications (Malaysia)*, January 2, 2000
Napier, J.R. & P.H. , *The Natural History of the Primates*, MIT Press, Cambridge (Massachusetts), 1997
Nowak, Ronald M., *Walker's Mammals of the World 6th Edition*, John Hopkins University Press, Baltimore (Maryland), 1999
Bigfoot stalks, baby turns 100 as revelers strip into New Year, *AFP (Yahoo! News)*, January 2, 2000
GoeCenter World Map, Indonesia Malaysia (1:2000000 Scale)

News Note: Veliidae Millennium Bug

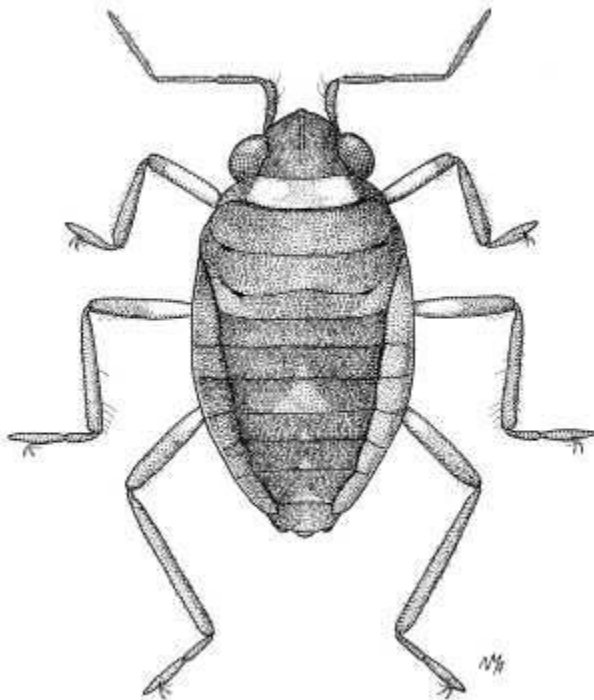
Ok, the dawning of the year 2000 had wide sweeping actions across the globe, but thankfully very few problems were associated with the imminent Y2K Bug. Still there is time to see what the final ramifications will be, especially in smaller communities, schools and businesses where the finances to correct the problems was more limited. Until those ramifications are known, we can safely say that the Y2K Bug or Millennium Bug only slightly hampered are electronic and social ecosystem.

But, there is a real Millennium Bug out there. A small predatory water strider of the family Veliidae has been found in Australia and is being described shortly by Dr. Nils Møller Andersen and Tom Weir in *Invertebrate Taxonomy*. Dr. Nils Anderson is of the Zoological

Museum of the University of Copenhagen and Tom Weir is an Entomologist for CSIRO (a scientific research organization in Australia). This new water strider is less than .100 of an inch and lives on the surface of freshwater streams in at least eight known mountain locations of northeastern New South Wales and southeastern Queensland, including Lamington National Park in Queensland.

The new insect is of a new genus, which includes three other water striders still to be described scientifically. They will fall within the family of Veliidae which consists of nearly 500 species with a unique characteristic of excreting a fluid that allows them to glide across the water surface with virtually no ripple as the surface tension is reduced. In Australia 66 known species of Veliidae exist today.

Both the scientific and common designation are to mean Millennium Bug..



Sketch of the Millennium Bug, Image used under The stipulations of USC Title 17 § 107 . Source CSIRO Media Release

Sources:

Batt. Carolyn, Millennium Bug Found - in Australia, *Age Online*, January 4, 2000

Nielsen, Ebbe, Personal Communication, January 9, 2000

CSIRO Media Release, *Millennium Bug Found by CSIRO Entomologist*, Ref 2000/01, January 1, 2000

Millennium Bug Found by Australian Entomologists, *ScienceDaily*, January 3, 2000

Scientists Find Real Millennium Bug, *Environment News Service (ENS)*, January 5, 2000

News Note: Upcoming Bigfoot Conference

The 12th Annual Bigfoot Conference (Bigfoot Expo) is to be held April 8, 2000 in Newcomerstown, Ohio (USA) starting at 4:00 P.M. EST. The Tri-State Bigfoot Study Group hosts the event. Scheduled to speak at the event include Ron Schaffner, Loren Coleman, Scott Herriott, and Dr. John Bindernagel. See <http://www.angelfire.com/oh/yeti1/index.html> for more information or contact Don Keating at eobic@webtv.net.

News Note: Two Expeditions of Sorts

William Gibbons, explorer and writer, announced in a post to the cryptozoology e-mail list, cz@onelist.com on January 3, 2000 that a four installment show funded by the Discovery Channel was about to go underway. The show, entitled *The Creature That Time Forgot*, will take place in four locales around the world, Nepal, Papua New Guinea, Cameroon and British Columbia, each locale deals with a different mystery animal from possible dinosaur like animals to bipedal manlike creatures. The shows are to be one hour in length and filmed on location.

Matt Rolfe, from Brisbane, Australia is organizing a small expedition for late 2000 in search of the Yeti in the Khumba and Hinku valleys of the Himalayas. In April of 2000 Rolfe is to climb Mt. Thamserku with an expedition, during this climb he is planning to perform some basic investigation, and perhaps adjust or fine tune the area of search for the October expedition for the Yeti. Unlike some past expeditions, Rolfe's is to be a small fifteen-person group.

Sources:

Dibben, Kay, A Quite Quest to Find the Yeti, *Sunday Mail*, December 26, 1999

Post by William Gibbons to cz@onelist.com, January 3, 2000

Post to Sasquatch@onelist.com, January 6, 2000

News Note: New Zealand Big Cats? Part 2

In *CRYPTO* Volume II, Number III (September 1999), a news note appeared on page 9 detailing information on a possible large feline spotted in New Zealand earlier in July of 1999 by Mark and Deborah Greening. Although some felt the sighting was that of a large feral cat, and not a large sized feline predator. But, in December 1999 another case comes to light, from Canadian tourists Terry and Stella Chattington.

The Chattington's spotted a gold colored animal just shy of 10 feet (3 meters) in size lying atop some boulders near Moeraki on December 10, 1999. The animal was described as being a spitting image of a mountain lion, native to North America only and familiar to the Chattington's. While going to take a picture, the animal stood up, looked around and moved down the rocks and out of sight. The sighting occurred nearly 37 miles (59 kilometers) from where the July 1999 sighting by the Greenings happened.

Just like the July incident, a possible solution has occurred. This time in the way of a dog named George. George is a female tan curly haired retriever, whose owners were in the area of the sighting with her. According to her owners, who remained unnamed, George likes to climb the rocks in the area.

The question then still remains, are large felines present in at least small numbers now in New Zealand? If so, where are they from?

Sources:

Julie, Asher, Tourist reports spotting mountain lion at Moeraki, *Southland Times*, December 13, 1999

Reagan, Horrell, Tourist sure it was a mountain lion, *Southland Times*, December 17, 1999

Big cat sighting amuses locals, *New Zealand Press Association*, December 13, 1999

By George, Doggone It, *Christchurch Press*, December 16, 1999

Reviews:

Note: All reviews by Craig Heinselman unless stated otherwise.

If your looking to purchase one of these books, known sources that carry them are listed by each title. Additionally use the ISBN number and order it through a local bookstore in your area (always best to support local merchants if possible). Additionally a five star rating system has been utilized, the highest rating is henceforth five stars ★★★★★ and the lowest rating one star ★ These ratings appear next to the publisher, year and length of item (as applicable to media being reviewed).

Living Fossils: The Survival of Homo gardarensis, Neandertal Man, and Homo erectus

Authors: Mark A. Hall

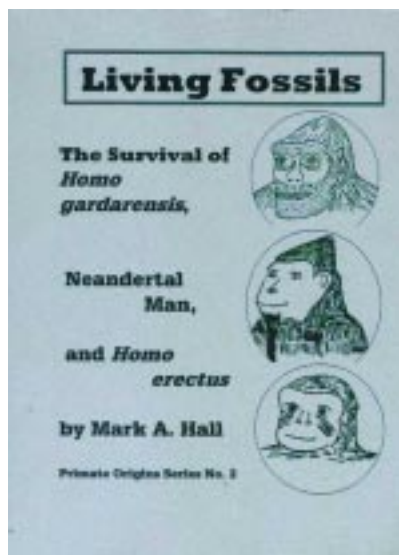
ISBN — Not Applicable

MAHP, Minneapolis, Minnesota (USA), 1999, 131 Pages, \$20.00

★★★★★

Write to MAHP, Box 3153 Butler Station, Minneapolis, MN 55403, USA to purchase. Cost is \$20.00 plus shipping.

Reviewed by Loren Coleman,. Loren is the co-author of The Field Guide to Bigfoot, Yeti, and Other Mystery Primates Worldwide (Avon Books; New York; 1999, with Patrick Huyghe) and Cryptozoology A to Z: The Encyclopedia of Loch Monsters, Sasquatch, Chupacabras, and Other Authentic Mysteries of Nature (Simon & Schuster; New York; 1999, with Jerome Clark).



Mark A. Hall has written a worthy second installment in his Primate Origins Series. The first was entitled The Yeti, Bigfoot, and True Giants, originally published in 1994, with a revision in 1997. This new book picks up where Hall left off, examining the evidence for more unknown hominoids, hominids, and pongids around the globe.

I have known Hall since Ivan T. Sanderson introduced us in 1969. I consider Hall one of the most original thinkers and theorists in hominology alive in the 21st Century, and readers will find this text does justice to his remarkable insights.

Sasquatch investigators, Yeti researchers, and other hominologists today belong in one of two camps - the lumpers and the splitters. Lumpers, like some of the Russians, led mainly by Dmitri Bayanov now, and American ones like Jeff Meldrum and Grover Krantz, consider Bigfoot to be one kind of primate, almost worldwide in distribution. All of their analyses, of

course, then issues from that frame of reference. The splitters, such as Ivan T. Sanderson, Loren Coleman, Patrick Huyghe, and Mark A. Hall see ample evidence for a wide variety of different types of hominids and pongids.

Living Fossils gives more material to support the fact that several existing types of as-yet-undiscovered hominoids live concurrently with Homo sapiens. Hall delineates four kinds of evidence to make his case:

- eyewitness accounts (descriptions of the animals)
- footprint finds
- folkloric traditions/native tales, and
- fossil candidates.

Hall's chapter one revises the conclusion that all of these creatures are called "Bigfoot" by an undereducated public, media account writers, or even hominologists. Hall's road-map of where he is going is quite clear from the beginning, and his chapters flow logically. They are:

1. Things Called "Bigfoot"
2. Homo gardarensis Came in Second
3. Homo erectus Lives
4. The Minnesota Iceman Found and Lost
5. Living Neandertals
6. The Kennewick People
7. Competition Among the Living Fossils
8. Living Fossils and the Future

For those unfamiliar with Hall's writings, this book is full of surprises. His discussion of the importance of the finds of the Gardar Skull of Greenland shines some light on the notion that, indeed, the "bones of a Bigfoot" have been found - although, of course, it was really one of Hall's "Taller Hominids."

The story of the Minnesota Iceman is given here, from an insider's point of view. The history of this subhuman specimen frozen in ice, examined by Ivan Sanderson and Bernard Heuvelmans in 1968, is detailed by Hall who was involved with the case. He fills the reader in with original data and recent documentary treatments on the Iceman. Hall, in a little mentioned episode of his career, was the managing director of the Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained (SITU), during the last days of Sanderson's life. Hall lived and worked with Sanderson, his wife, and associates, in Columbia, New Jersey, and was aware of some of the behind-the-scenes events of the Iceman drama. The book is valuable for these. More recently, Hall was on the set and interviewed for the Unsolved Mysteries (NBC-TV) examination of the Minnesota Iceman incidents. Hall's chapter about this specimen that has slipped through our fingers is worthy of everyone's time - as a cautionary tale and fascinating bit of history.

Hall also tackles a matter that is a hot news item - the Kennewick People. He discusses the attempts to dismiss the Polynesian-like and seemingly Ainu-like skull of the Kennewick Man and the related remains of allies around North and South America. He sees these as illustrative of what we have come to expect from the anthropological establishment. The Kennewick People have lessons for our quest for evidence of hairy hominoids. Take note, friends.

Hall marches through his types with names that describe his sense of what is occurring, be they Short Hominids, Taller Hominids, and so forth. I, along with Patrick Huyghe, have written elsewhere of my differences with Hall on this naming matter. Hall's names based in height descriptors are confusing - but each reader can decide. His Taller Hominids, for example, are my Marked Hominids. But these are minor points. Don't miss the big picture. We both agree that these types are not the classic Neo-Giants (the Bigfoot/Sasquatch) of the Pacific Northwest. Hall's work is powerful fuel for my own thoughts on the matter.

Mark Hall's new book captures and extends the spirit of much that he hinted at in his first book on this subject, and he does it in a wonderfully textured fashion. There's lots of meat here, and much for his critics to attack. But there is also many ideas to examine and to find to challenge your preconceptions about "Bigfoot."

One of the my favorite parts of Hall's book is his Chapter One lightning overviews from specific frames of reference. He looks at how the public, scientists, investigators, skeptics, Forteans, American Indians, and history has viewed the hominids and pongids that are lumped under the umbrella term "Bigfoot." Hall, of course, is involved in the events he is discussing, and yet he nicely relates his and others roles in the matrix of events since Jerry Crew found those prints at Bluff Creek. He makes some strong editorializations, as he gives his factual relating of the times. He does deliver some hard-hitting statements by way of his critiques of our own ranks. Hall notes that many have ignored the evidence for the diversity that he spells out here and in his previous book. For example, Hall writes (p.17):

"Regrettably [Grover] Krantz creates a Sasquatch that is not to be found in the wilds anywhere. He favors a surviving Gigantopithecus as the one answer and adds to the known jawbones of this animal a fabulous cranium that is unlikely to be ever verified as having existed in the past or present.

Other scientists have gone along with the 'one-Bigfoot' answer to the history of reports in the Pacific Northwest. They have produced articles in undistinguished journals and continue to produce books that add nothing to our knowledge of what is truly going on in that part of the country."

And, what of the impact of this "one-Bigfoot" view on the Internet. On pages 22-23, Hall makes it clear what he sees happening:

"The interchange of ideas on the Internet has been stunted by the existence of a paradigm allowing for only one kind of genuine Bigfoot to exist and no more. Because the creature captured on the Patterson-Gimlin film is the best evidence accepted on the West Coast of North America, the figure in the film is seen by many as the only allowable type of wildman.

To the paradigm adherents the only genuine wildman must be variants of this type. Many West Coast Bigfooters have become what they have criticized for years in the scientific establishment - narrow-minded and exclusionary. For them the views of outsiders are best ignored. Their feeling that they own Bigfoot has become a roadblock to progress. They have been unable to grow as the subject has grown...."

My least favorite part of Hall's book is his fictionalized news conference, at the end of his text, where he predicts how the first discovery of a new species of higher primate will be announced. I got the point but I did not like the method of delivery.

Intriguingly, Hall has been very careful in one realm. In the area of his developing theories on Merbeings, he has left a large void, and limits himself to a sentence or two on the matter. Perhaps he saw that the reception for the Coleman/Huyghe field guide was distracted by some critiques that ignored the general theme of multiples species, instead pointing their reviewing focus on the Merbeings to the exclusion of other thoughts. Hall may have wisely made the assessment that the merits of his new book would be diminished by a dissemination of his Merbeing thoughts, at this time.

Mark A. Hall has written an excellent contribution to the cryptozoological and hominological literatures, overflowing with innovative ideas, and new material to hold the interest and intellect of everyone from the devoted researcher to the casual reader.

Highly recommended. Add [Living Fossils](#) to your personal, school, and public libraries today!

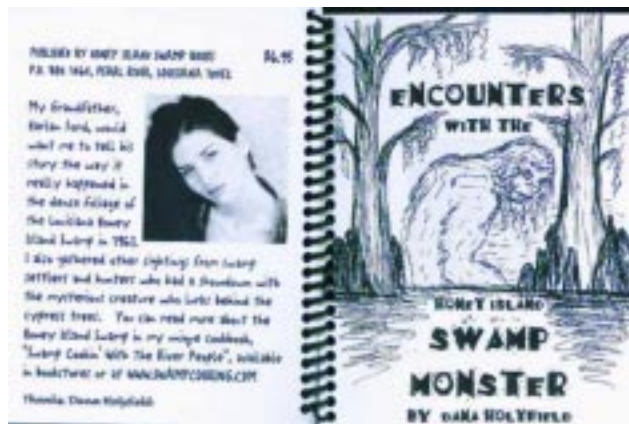
Encounters with the Honey Island Swamp Monster

Authors: Dana Holyfield

ISBN — Not Applicable

Honey Island Swamp Books, Pearl River (Louisiana, USA), 1999, 39 Pages, \$6.95 ★★★

Direct purchase can be made of the book from Honey Island Swamp Books. To order book, send \$6.95 plus \$3.00 shipping and handling. If you want a plaster cast of original track, send \$29.00 plus \$6.00 shipping and handling. If you want the book and the cast, send \$42.00 to: HONEY ISLAND SWAMP BOOKS, ATTENTION: SWAMP MONSTER, P.O. BOX 1464, PEARL RIVER, LOUISIANA 70452. ALLOW 2 TO 3 WEEKS. Website <http://www.angelfire.com/la2/SwampMonster/index.html>



Dana Holyfield presents in this small spiral-bound book (4 1/4 x 5 1/2 inches in size) a brief history of the creature dubbed *The Honey Island Swamp Monster*. Holyfield is the granddaughter of Harlan E. Ford who was the first person to report a sighting of this creature and the first to make plaster casts of what he believed were tracks of the creature.

Overall Holyfield presents the evidence as presented to her through family and local folks of the Honey Island Swamp area. The tales of encounters by Harland Ford and Billy Mills are covered starting in 1963 as well as reports from an Old Man Williams,

some men named Denty and Dan as well as others. In total the book chronicles roughly 10 different encounters with something in the swamp and is illustrated in spots by line drawings of Leonard C. LeBell and photographs taken or edited by Dana Holyfield.

If we take the book as a whole it is an interesting accumulation of incidents. However, for the cost of the book more information would have been preferable. For instance on page 2 of the book Holyfield writes:

“There is a Legend in South Louisiana known as the Honey Island Swamp Monster. Some say he’s just an old man who’s hiding out from civilization. A few bayou people claim the monster was created by a voodoo spell.”

All that is well and good, but such a statement stands alone in the book. Where are these few bayou people who believe the creature was created by Voodoo? Where are the folks who believe it is a man hiding out? To complete a story of the Honey Island Swamp Monster would not these items be important to include? Likewise goes the incident reported on page 31 after a female hunter named Bessy shot and killed one of these creatures:

“...one of the men called a friend from the Wildlife and Fisheries, who took one look at the strange thing and made a fast phone call. Before the hunters could go to town a [Note: “a” is the wording in the book] buy film to take pictures of the unusual swamp thing, a couple people in white coats showed up and removed the mysterious monkey looking ogre and shipped it to a laboratory far away. The hunters never heard anything more about it. Some say the incident was labeled top secret.”

That is how the incident is left, smelling of a possible tall tale as no supportive evidence is laid alongside it. Who was Bessy really? Who were the men with her? When did the incident occur? Who reported the creature being taken to a laboratory? All these things and more are left floating in the air.

What can be said for the book though is that it holds to its title Encounters with the Honey Island

Swamp Monster. It does indeed chronicle some encounters with the creature, but that is all. One is left with a feeling of emptiness, the stories are interesting and the writing fluid (with a nice hand writing type font) but the overall conclusion is of wanting more supportive evidence to back-up the encounters chronicled.

If you like collecting lore of lesser known mystery animals, and autographed items then Holyfield's book is ok. If you want harder evidence with a supportive nature behind it, then Holyfield's book is not right for you.

A Natural History of the Unnatural World

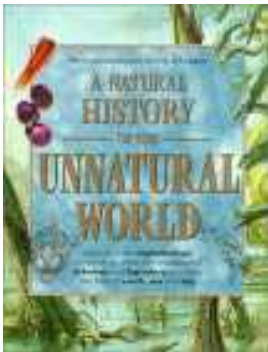
Authors: Joel Levy

ISBN — 0-312-20703-4

St. Martin's Press, New York, New York, 1999, 224 Pages, \$25.95



Available through Amazon.com.



Written under the auspicious title of a presentation of *The Cryptozoological Society of London*, this book is a horrific example of the false usage and demonstration of the word cryptozoology. Perhaps it was written as a pseudo-fictional tome, or as a jibe joke. What comes across is a complete lack of respect and dignity for the subject and those involved. Even going as far as to take the credit for coining the word Cryptozoology in 1848, when in fact the word did not originate in mass print until Lucien Blancou offered a dedication to Bernard Heuvelmans in his book published in 1959!!!

Included in this encyclopedic set-up are such entries as flying monkeys, ogres, goblins, fairies, vampires, gorgons, gremlins and so forth along with sea serpents, lake monsters, and apemen. The work in the book goes even further with doctored newspaper accounts. These appear in various locations in the book, from purely fictional newspapers to altered text itself. A classic example is on page 47 in which the Loch Ness Monster is talked of. A newspaper article from *The Times* April 30, 1934 is shown with the following text inside of it:

“ *The frenzied monster hunting of the last few moths appeared to have finally borne fruit last night, with the publication of sensational photographic evidence. The picture, taken by army surgeon Lt. - Col. Dr. Robert Wilson, clearly show the long neck and small, snake-like head reported by so many witnesses. Professor Gordon Willoughby, President of the distinguished Cryptozoological Society of London, commented yesterday.....*”

First the so called picture, The Surgeon's Photograph, appeared first on April 21, 1934 not April 30, 1934. Likewise it was published by *The Daily Mail*. No mention of the Cryptozoological Society of London is present in any of these original articles. Hence, the article is a fictional entry and highly misleading. As are additional ones dealing with the Rines photographs in the 1970's, the video footage in Lake Van from the 1990's and the articles on the Thunderbirds, to name but a few.

Such stylized fiction is commendable, but not in this context as it single handily makes a mockery of cryptozoology as a whole and those involved, especially those involved for more than a decade. One good point in the book is that it does approach the subjects levelheadedly (ok, with single minded determination then), stating for instance that the mystery primates of the world are likely to be of varied groups. The book also takes real instances to base the fictional entries off of, and does attempt to explain the basics of cryptozoology and zoological designations. Even the paintings and sketches can be enjoyed.

Overall, the book is a mockery and should never have seen the light of day or a drop of ink. A strong suggestion is to not even open the books cover, nor shed a single penny for its price.

Mysteries of Planet Earth

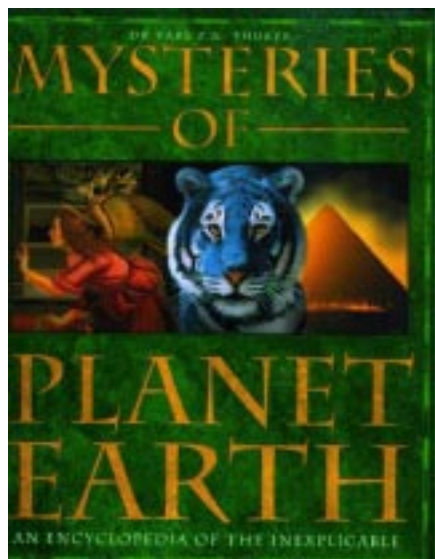
Authors: Dr. Karl P.N. Shuker

ISBN — 1-85868-679-2

Carlton Books, Dubai (United Kingdom), 1999, 192 Pages, £16.99

★★★★★

Available through amazon.com in paperback form for \$22.95 (ISBN 1858688027) or through amazon.co.uk in hardcover for £16.99 (ISBN 1858686792).



Dr. Shuker's newest book holds up to the standards of his previous books, such as The Lost Ark: New and Rediscovered Animals of the 20th Century, Extraordinary Animals Worldwide and In Search of Prehistoric Survivors. Its broad scope covers not only elements of cryptozoology and more exotic forms of zoological study, but also a variety of fortune teller style items. The zoological side of the tome is what is here being evaluated though.

Dr. Shuker is renowned for his work in many of the lesser-known cryptids of the world. And within the pages this attribute is admirably carried out when dealing with such mystery animals as the *Izcuintlipotzotli*, the *Veo* and the *Koao*. Another side of Dr. Shuker's work has been with feline mystery animals, and again entries on multicolored felines are present. Particularly of interest is the section entitled Technicolor Tigers, in which the Fujian Blue Tigers, Golden Tabby Tigers and Pseud-Melanistic Tigers are discussed.

The other key ingredient in the book is the lavish illustrations and photographs. These add vivid images to the subjects at hand, be they of the human variety or animal variety. Shuker even dedicates the book to an artist, dubbing William M. Rebsamen the "...*Audubon of cryptozoology*". A fitting tribute to the artist who has rendered such vivid images as the blue tiger (featured above on the books cover), and a wide variety of artistic presentations such as the website of Scott Norman, Loren Coleman and Jerome Clark's Cryptozoology A to Z, William J. Gibbons and Dr. Kent Hovind's Claws, Jaws & Dinosaurs as well as some of the illustrations that have appeared in this publication and on its mailing labels. Aside from Rebsamen, the work of Philippe Foster and Richard Svensson appear throughout, each with its own unique and compelling angle to the mystery presented.

Whether your interest lies in the possibilities of luminescent reptiles, questionable cross-species and cross-genus breeding, trees of terror, O.O.P. animals (out-of-place animals), or Kada Codex hand of fire, crystal skulls, and the Minaret skull the book offers you the opportunity to take a fortune teller field trip across the globe. Full of original research by the author, and a bow of his head to others for their research, the book is a guaranteed success to those with the willingness to learn visually through art and visually through words.

Certain aspects of the book may turn some folks away, as there are elements of the supernatural world presented. However, it should be reminded that a mystery, be it biological or spiritual is still a mystery that needs to be evaluated. So pick up the book and read it, and see if your own thoughts on a varied subject change a bit, or your wonder increases as to the unknowns of the world around you. Enjoy.

Cryptofiction:

In this issue of CRYPTO a change has occurred. To allow the reader to view a classic piece of Cryptofiction without evaluation and analysis. The piece chosen was written by the famous Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and published in 1922. Doyle is best known for the creation of Sherlock Holmes, but he also penned a wide range of short stories. Some of these stories we would now call Cryptozoology based as demonstrated by the classic novel The Lost World with Professor Challenger (which incidentally is now a syndicated hour-long television show filmed in Australia).

Doyle's Brazilian Cat has been dealt with prior by none other than Dr. Karl P.N. Shuker in a short article entitled "Stranger than Fiction" published in the magazine *All About Cats* (vol. 5, number 5, September/October 1998, Pages 40-41). In the article he details some references to a large black feline from South America that when compared to Doyle's description seem akin. These references start in the mid seventeenth century and continue in the twentieth century.

Peter Hocking in *Cryptozoology Volume 11* (1992) in a article entitled "Large Peruvian Mammals Unknown to Zoology" touches on an animal known as the *yana puma*. It is described as a large black feline with no markings, roughly twice the size of a jaguar that lives in the mountainous forests at an elevation from 1600 to 5000 feet. Additionally it is described as a ferocious hunter at night, at times killing an entire hunting groups. Reports of the animal had been collected from the Mayo River, Iparia River, Urubamba River, Pasco province and Loreto province of Peru.

Regardless of whether Doyle's account is based off of hearing of the *yana puma* or from an account passed to him Lieutenant - Colonel Percy Fawcett during a London meeting, the tale is a classic piece of work that shows an early twentieth century dealing with a mystery animal. But, if indeed Doyle had learned of this large black feline in reality and not just made it up fictionally then as Dr. Shuker states in his article:

"... it would be one of the few cases on file in which a bona fide mystery beast had entered modern-day fiction before it had even become known to the mystery-investigating cryptozoological (let alone the zoological) world!"

This is but part one of the story, the remaining portion will be published next month. After this story is fully published another classic by Jack London on an Ice Age relic will be the subject.

As some of these classic stories are in the public domain, the full reprinting is permissible. Any typographical errors are solely the responsibility of this publication.

We hope you enjoy this change of pace, as well as the stories selected.

***The Brazilian Cat* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1922)**

Part I of II

It is hard luck on a young fellow to have expensive tastes, great expectations, aristocratic connections, but no actual money in his pocket, and no profession by which he may earn any. The fact was that my father, a good, sanguine, easy-going man, had such confidence in the wealth and benevolence of his bachelor elder brother, Lord Southerton, that he took it for granted that I, his only son, would never be called upon to earn a living for myself. He imagined that if there were not a vacancy for me on the great Southerton Estates, at least there would be found some post in that diplomatic service which still remains the special preserve of our privileged classes. He died too early to realize how false his calculations had been. Neither my uncle nor the State took the slightest notice of me, or showed any interest in my career. An occasional brace of pheasants, or basket of hares, was all that ever reached me to remind me that I was heir to Otwell House and one of the richest estates in the country. In the meantime, I found myself a bachelor and man about town, living in a suite of apartments in Grosvenor Mansions, with no occupation save that of pigeon-shooting and polo-playing at Hurlingham. Month by month I realized that it was more and more difficult to get the brokers to renew my bills, or to cash any further post-obits upon an unentailed property. Ruin lay right across my path, and every day I saw it clearer, nearer, and more absolutely unavoidable.

What made me feel my own poverty the more was that, apart from the great wealth of Lord Southerton, all my other relations were fairly well-to-do. The nearest of these was Everard King, my father's nephew and my own first cousin, who had spent an adventurous life in Brazil, and had now returned to this country to settle down on his fortune. We never knew how he made his money, but he appeared to have plenty of it, for he bought the estate of Greylands, near Clipton-on-the-Marsh, in Suffolk. For the first year of his residence in England he took no more notice of me than my miserly uncle; but at last one summer morning, to my very great relief and joy, I received a letter asking me to come down that very day and spend a short visit at Greylands Court. I was expecting a rather long visit to Bankruptcy Court at the time, and this interruption seemed almost providential. If I could only get on terms with this unknown relative of mine, I might pull through yet. For the family credit he could not let me go entirely to the wall. I ordered my valet to pack my valise, and I set off the same evening for Clipton-on-the-Marsh.

After changing at Ipswich, a little local train deposited me at a small, deserted station lying amidst a rolling grassy country, with a sluggish and winding river curving in and out amidst the valleys, between high, silted banks, which showed that we were within reach of the tide. No carriage was awaiting me (I found afterwards that my telegram had been delayed), so I hired a dogcart at the local inn. The driver, an excellent fellow, was full of my relative's praises, and I learned from him that Mr. Everard King was already a name to conjure with in that part of the county. He had entertained the school-children, he had thrown his grounds open to visitors, he had subscribed to charities—in short, his benevolence had been so universal that my driver could only account for it on the supposition that he had parliamentary ambitions.

My attention was drawn away from my driver's panegyric by the appearance of a very beautiful bird which settled on a telegraph-post beside the road. At first I thought that it was a jay, but it was larger, with a brighter plumage. The driver accounted for its presence at once by saying that it belonged to the very man whom we were about to visit. It seems that the acclimatization of foreign creatures was one of his hobbies, and that he had brought with him from Brazil a number of birds and beasts which he was endeavouring to rear in England. When

once we had passed the gates of Greylands Park we had ample evidence of this taste of his. Some small spotted deer, a curious wild pig known, I believe, as a peccary, a gorgeously feathered oriole, some sort of armadillo, and a singular lumbering in-toed beast like a very fat badger, were among the creatures which I observed as we drove along the winding avenue.

Mr. Everard King, my unknown cousin, was standing in person upon the steps of his house, for he had seen us in the distance, and guessed that it was I. His appearance was very homely and benevolent, short and stout, forty-five years old, perhaps, with a round, good-humoured face, burned brown with the tropical sun, and shot with a thousand wrinkles. He wore white linen clothes, in true planter style, with a cigar between his lips, and a large Panama hat upon the back of his head. It was such a figure as one associates with a verandahed bungalow, and it looked curiously out of place in front of this broad, stone English mansion, with its solid wings and its Palladio pillars before the doorway.

“My dear!” he cried, glancing over his shoulder; “my dear, here is our guest! Welcome, welcome to Greylands! I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Cousin Marshall, and I take it as a great compliment that you should honour this sleepy little country place with your presence.”

Nothing could be more hearty than his manner, and he set me at my ease in an instant. But it needed all his cordiality to atone for the frigidity and even rudeness of his wife, a tall, haggard woman, who came forward at his summons. She was, I believe, of Brazilian extraction, though she spoke excellent English, and I excused her manners on the score of her ignorance of our customs. She did not attempt to conceal, however, either then or afterwards, that I was no very welcome visitor at Greylands Court. Her actual words were, as a rule, courteous, but she was the possessor of a pair of particularly expressive dark eyes, and I read in them very clearly from the first that she heartily wished me back in London once more.

However, my debts were too pressing and my designs upon my wealthy relative were too vital for me to allow them to be upset by the ill-temper of his wife, so I disregarded her coldness and reciprocated the extreme cordiality of his welcome. No pains had been spared by him to make me comfortable. My room was a charming one. He implored me to tell him anything which could add to my happiness. It was on the tip of my tongue to inform him that a blank cheque would materially help towards that end, but I felt that it might be premature in the present state of our acquaintance. The dinner was excellent, and as we sat together afterwards over his Havanas and coffee, which later he told me was specially prepared upon his own plantation, it seemed to me that all my driver’s eulogies were justified, and that I had never met a more large-hearted and hospitable man.

But, in spite of his cheery good nature, he was a man with a strong will and a fiery temper of his own. Of this I had an example upon the following morning. The curious aversion which Mrs. Everard King had conceived towards me was so strong, that her manner at breakfast was almost offensive. But her meaning became unmistakable when her husband had quitted the room.

“The best train in the day is at twelve-fifteen,” said she.

“But I was not thinking of going today,” I answered, frankly— perhaps even defiantly, for I was determined not to be driven out by this woman.

“Oh, if it rests with you—” said she, and stopped with a most insolent expression in her eyes.

“I am sure,” I answered, “that Mr. Everard King would tell me if I were outstaying my welcome.”

“What’s this? What’s this?” said a voice, and there he was in the room. He had overheard my last words, and a glance at our faces had told him the rest. In an instant his chubby, cheery

face set into an expression of absolute ferocity.

“Might I trouble you to walk outside, Marshall?” said he. (I may mention that my own name is Marshall King.)

He closed the door behind me, and then, for an instant, I heard him talking in a low voice of concentrated passion to his wife. This gross breach of hospitality had evidently hit upon his tenderest point. I am no eavesdropper, so I walked out on to the lawn. Presently I heard a hurried step behind me, and there was the lady, her face pale with excitement, and her eyes red with tears

“My husband has asked me to apologize to you, Mr. Marshall King,” said she, standing with downcast eyes before me.

“Please do not say another word, Mrs. King.”

Her dark eyes suddenly blazed out at me.

“You fool!” she hissed, with frantic vehemence, and turning on her heel swept back to the house.

The insult was so outrageous, so insufferable, that I could only stand staring after her in bewilderment. I was still there when my host joined me. He was his cheery, chubby self once more.

“I hope that my wife has apologized for her foolish remarks,” said he.

“Oh, yes—yes, certainly!”

He put his hand through my arm and walked with me up and down the lawn.

“You must not take it seriously,” said he. “It would grieve me inexpressibly if you curtailed your visit by one hour. The fact is—there is no reason why there should be any concealment between relatives—that my poor dear wife is incredibly jealous. She hates that anyone—male or female—should for an instant come between us. Her ideal is a desert island and an eternal tete-a-tete. That gives you the clue to her actions, which are, I confess, upon this particular point, not very far removed from mania. Tell me that you will think no more of it.”

“No, no; certainly not.”

“Then light this cigar and come round with me and see my little menagerie.”

The whole afternoon was occupied by this inspection, which included all the birds, beasts, and even reptiles which he had imported. Some were free, some in cages, a few actually in the house. He spoke with enthusiasm of his successes and his failures, his births and his deaths, and he would cry out in his delight, like a schoolboy, when, as we walked, some gaudy bird would flutter up from the grass, or some curious beast slink into the cover. Finally he led me down a corridor which extended from one wing of the house. At the end of this there was a heavy door with a sliding shutter in it, and beside it there projected from the wall an iron handle attached to a wheel and a drum. A line of stout bars extended across the passage.

“I am about to show you the jewel of my collection,” said he. “There is only one other specimen in Europe, now that the Rotterdam cub is dead. It is a Brazilian cat.”

“But how does that differ from any other cat?”

“You will soon see that,” said he, laughing. “Will you kindly draw that shutter and look through?”

I did so, and found that I was gazing into a large, empty room, with stone flags, and small, barred windows upon the farther wall. In the centre of this room, lying in the middle of a golden patch of sunlight, there was stretched a huge creature, as large as a tiger, but as black and sleek as ebony. It was simply a very enormous and very well-kept black cat, and it cuddled up and basked in that yellow pool of light exactly as a cat would do. It was so graceful, so sinewy, and so gently and smoothly diabolical, that I could not take my eyes from the opening.

“Isn’t he splendid?” said my host, enthusiastically.

“Glorious! I never saw such a noble creature.”

“Some people call it a black puma, but really it is not a puma at all. That fellow is nearly eleven feet from tail to tip. Four years ago he was a little ball of back fluff, with two yellow eyes staring out of it. He was sold me as a new-born cub up in the wild country at the head-waters of the Rio Negro. They speared his mother to death after she had killed a dozen of them.”

“They are ferocious, then?”

“The most absolutely treacherous and bloodthirsty creatures upon earth. You talk about a Brazilian cat to an up-country Indian, and see him get the jumps. They prefer humans to game. This fellow has never tasted living blood yet, but when he does he will be a terror. At present he won’t stand anyone but me in his den. Even Baldwin, the groom, dare not go near him. As to me, I am his mother and father in one.”

As he spoke he suddenly, to my astonishment, opened the door and slipped in, closing it instantly behind him. At the sound of his voice the huge, lithe creature rose, yawned and rubbed its round, black head affectionately against his side, while he patted and fondled it.

“Now, Tommy, into your cage!” said he.

The monstrous cat walked over to one side of the room and coiled itself up under a grating. Everard King came out, and taking the iron handle which I have mentioned, he began to turn it. As he did so the line of bars in the corridor began to pass through a slot in the wall and closed up the front of this grating, so as to make an effective cage. When it was in position he opened the door once more and invited me into the room, which was heavy with the pungent, musty smell peculiar to the great carnivore.

“That’s how we work it,” said he. “We give him the run of the room for exercise, and then at night we put him in his cage. You can let him out by turning the handle from the passage, or you can, as you have seen, coop him up in the same way. No, no, you should not do that!”

I had put my hand between the bars to pat the glossy, heaving flank. He pulled it back, with a serious face.

“I assure you that he is not safe. Don’t imagine that because I can take liberties with him anyone else can. He is very exclusive in his friends—aren’t you, Tommy? Ah, he hears his lunch coming to him! Don’t you, boy?”

A step sounded in the stone-flagged passage, and the creature had sprung to his feet, and was pacing up and down the narrow cage, his yellow eyes gleaming, and his scarlet tongue rippling and quivering over the white line of his jagged teeth. A groom entered with a coarse joint upon a tray, and thrust it through the bars to him. He pounced lightly upon it, carried it off to the corner, and there, holding it between his paws, tore and wrenched at it, raising his bloody muzzle every now and then to look at us. It was a malignant and yet fascinating sight.

“You can’t wonder that I am fond of him, can you?” said my host, as we left the room, “especially when you consider that I have had the rearing of him. It was no joke bringing him over from the centre of South America; but here he is safe and sound—and, as I have said, far the most perfect specimen in Europe. The people at the Zoo are dying to have him, but I really can’t part with him. Now, I think that I have inflicted my hobby upon you long enough, so we cannot do better than follow Tommy’s example, and go to our lunch.”

Answers to CRYPTO-Puzzle for November 1999

- 1) The name of the Colonel who had a brief dealing with regard to the Marozi (spotted lion) in the early 1900's and has been mentioned recently in regards to relabeling and reassigning collection locations to various bird species, including the forest owlet rediscovered in 1997.

Richard Meinertzhagen

- 2) Name the author and subject of Savage Shadow, a book from the early 1980's that dealt with sightings and searches for a mystery animal in Australia.

David O'Reilly ; Cougars or Panthers in Australia

- 3) In the 1970's this company with a U.S. distribution center in Minnetonka, Minnesota sold a winter novelty item called Bigfoot Snow Shoes. What is the name of the company?

K-Tel

- 4) In the early 1980's an author named Robin Brown wrote a fictional book dealing Megalodon. In the 1990's other authors have used this shark as a subject in fiction including Charles Wilson and Steve Alten. What was the name of Robin Brown's book?

Megalodon

- 5) The print cartoon *Mother Goose and Grim* did a series of cartoons in 1998. What cryptid did these cartoons deal with ?

Bigfoot

- 6) Redmond O'Hanlon and Rory Nugent have both authored books dealing with this African cryptid. What is the name of this African mystery animal?

Mokele-Mbembe

Congratulations to Andre Merten of Germany and Gilbert (Gil) Wald of New Jersey (USA) for answering most of the quiz correctly.

There is no Quiz or Contest for January.

Classifieds & Miscellany

Your request for information and materials may be printed for free. Submit any requests to the editor along with address and e-mail. If you do not wish to have your address printed, the editor will withhold it and requests will be handled through the editor. A fee will be charged for commercial listings within the classifieds, however any organization or similar themed publication will be listed free of charge. Contact the editor for specifics regarding commercial and/or organizations and publications listings.

Wanted:

Any English fictional novel or short story having a cryptozoological theme.

Children's literature, juvenile literature or adult literature.

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The Issue on Religion and Cryptozoology (or science in general) has been postponed until July of 2000. This has been done as various people have shown an interest in writing essays, but have requested more time. The offer is still open to anyone who wishes to contribute a small piece or large piece to this issue.

If you wish to submit an article or other item for publication, contact the editor for guidelines:

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CRYPTO is now available as a free downloadable .pdf format newsletter on the Internet. There is a small time lapse between the print issue and the electronic issue. It is available due to the generosity and effort of Chad Arment, who co-edits his own electronic newsletter *The North American BioFortean Review* with Brad LaGrange. To view the electronic version of **CRYPTO** go to www.herper.com/cznews.html a link there will also bring you to *The North American BioFortean Review* downloads. If anyone wishes to receive the electronic version only of **CRYPTO**, instead of the print version please let the editor know.