

OUR INAUSPICIOUS DAY AT NORWICH

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It was a bright and happy Saturday morning in August. One of those warm, clear days, perfect for a trip to an asylum I've never been to. The plans were to meet at the infamous castle Dijital to head south to Connecticut. After watched an insanely awesome Metro video and discussing whether or not we should just GO to Metro, we head out. Molly and I drove the uber fantastic Oldsmobile, and Mike and Erin in her car. We picked up a Fink (Dan) at Burlington mall and headed to the Pike.

So, after the grueling car ride and lack of directions, we make it into Norwich. We drove by a bunch of abandoned buildings on the rode which we all commented on, then entered the Norwich State Hospital area. We drove by a graveyard, and saw the other members' cars. So, we pull in and have a nice little chat with everyone involved in the expedition: Zern (our fearless leader for the day), Beastie, his friend Garrett, Mike, Erin, Molly, Dan and myself. We sat in the parking lot for quite some time because the security guard was staring at us the entire time from the hospital. So instead of waiting around some more, we headed into the woods. After a nice little stroll through brambles and poison Ivy, we came upon a garage. Zern flung the door open for everyone and we piled in.

Now we're in. Yay! We make it through the tunnels into the power plant and waltzed around there for a while. Went up on the roof, and saw the grounds and Mohegan Sun Casino, that is directly across the river. So, after the power plant we worked our way into a burnt building, which was pretty gross. Next we're walking up a staircase. Now, it's a procession of

"UM...MIKE? WE HAVE A PROBLEM HERE."

people going up: Zern in the lead, followed by Beastie and Mike. Erin followed Mike, then myself and behind me, Dan. Still in the tunnels were Molly and Garrett. As we head around the corner to go up another flight I hear a simple, "Why hello there." I look to my right and who's there? SECURITAS. So, Erin yells to everyone up the stairs to wait, and he begins to talk and Erin books it up the stairs. I turn and we start running down back into the tunnels.



Daryl an Molly playing around

NORWICH (CONTINUED)

Miss Molly's Trespassing Ticket.

as Molly, Dan and I sat and waited for Garrett to pick us up, a man walked by with his two dogs and a lady in a van drove by (all on the state property). We piled into the car and drove away, but at the entrance, the guard asked us, "If you remember where you came in, and would you mind showing me." This guy was incorrigible! We stated that we couldn't remember and that it was just some window.

We meet up the other half of our group at a nearby McDonalds to rehash our story, and to be made fun of. Most of the blame was put on me for my horrifically bad luck when it comes to some place besides Danvers State Hospital. And we couldn't leave on a down note, so we went to Metro. ~Requiem

FILM STORY

A few days ago I received an email from Mike Dijital. He asked me if I would like to write about an adventure in my area for the monthly newsletter. I found this a very good idea and started thinking about all the adventures I had been on and what would be the most appropriate to tell you guys and girls about. One of the first ones that came to mind was one evening in a nearby abandoned dairy factory, so that'll be the one I'll tell you about.

It all started a few years ago when some friends of mine found out that the factory once used for making deserts was no longer used. They went inside a couple of times and were amazed by all the machinery still standing and stuff. In the last few years the whole building was stripped and they removed all the machinery, tanks, drains, pipes, electrical wires, everything. I knew it was empty but never really was interested because I thought I was going to get busted and shit and I certainly did not (and I still don't) want that. But on some nice summer evening a year ago we were on our way to a party and came by the factory. By then it had already turned into our local spot. Just like you people visit Danvers State Hospital very often (I get that idea reading through the forum).

We all decided to get in and just drink some beers and smoke some joints on the rooftop. All in favour we went in, made our way to the roof and sat down. A few beers later we wanted to go down and head for the party. When we walked back to the door I noticed these lights moving across the bushes below us. Immediately I duck and told the

So now we're divided. **"I LOVE MY 92\$ HAT"-RATFINK DAN** Mike, Erin, Beastie, and Zern versus Molly, Garrett, Dan and myself. We ran into the theater and as I'm running across the stage, there was a good five to six inches of give on the floor and I almost went through it. Now, we run into a room (dead end), thinking we're safe. Nope. The guard was right behind us. He kept up pretty good. So he began to lead us out of the building and every now and then we tried for another break away, but he always catch it at the last second. After leaving through a giant hole in the wall, we're outside next to his truck.

As we're chatting, he's asking us the usual questions, "Why are you here, who else is there, how'd you find out about this place, I'm a stupid lame ass security guard." We begin to tell him a lovely bullshit story of meeting people online who picked us up at a pizza place down the street and brought us in. He was convinced it was the folks who run www.abandonedasylums.com. We laughed to ourselves. He began to ask us for a 'reliable' phone number, and when asking Dan he said, "like Reliable Security?"

Now, we're talking and a state trooper pulls around. He starts to tell us that they train their police dogs there and that they test bombs there. He made fun of us, and we just stood there and took it, because what else were we to do? At first he wanted to ticket us with burglaries, but dropped it down to "Simple Trespassing." \$92 fine, and a scolding to "never come back." So, as he pulls away, the security guard claims there are too many of us, so he drove Garrett to get his car. As he opened the door, a certain something fell out, which was nabbed by none other than Ratfink Dan (you'll just have to ask him what). So,

FLIM STORY(CONTINUED)

other guys to shut up and lay down. I told them I saw some lights moving and as the tension rose we crawled towards the edge of the roof. Already talking about what we were going to tell the cops and plotting all kind of escape routes we saw the lights some more times swiftly shining across the trees and bushes. Since we were not sure if it was security or the police or just some cars headlights someone came to the brilliant idea of throwing the little stones that were scattered on the roof top down to the ground and attract the attention of that security guard. After throwing down several stones we decided to go stealthy and head for the door. When we arrived at the door we must have been waiting for five minutes to listen if we could hear anything. That was until I decided that a security guard would not put on his night vision and swiftly enter the building to snitch three guys in an abandoned structure. So then we just left, still watching out not making any sounds when we descended from the aluminium (read very noisy) stairs.

I don't know why but this was just one big thrill and we were all really tensed and stuff, even when we found out that those gliding lights were just caused by cars making a turn on the crossing roads next to the factory. Any way, this was one hell of an evening and another good story to tell at that party we really wanted to visit now.

**GIRLS NIGHT OUT**

A Synopsis by Erin:

A date has been set for Sunday, September 19th 2004. We will be driving to Waltham and walking about a quarter mile through the woods to the Metfern Cemetery. The cemetery has been described as followed: "The Met/Fern Cemetery is situated at the border between a vacant psychiatric hospital and a parcel of conservation land. Little exists to signify its presence to any passersby. Approximately 350 ex-patients of Metropolitan State Hospital and the Fernald Center are buried in the cemetery. Their headstones, often sunken, deep in the ground or fallen to the side, mark each life with only a number." For years this cemetery has been left to rot, the names of

these people unknown to anyone but old record books. The people who are resting at the Metfern Cemetery were degraded in life and death. We're dedicating a Sunday afternoon to begin to right the wrongs that were committed when these people were buried with only a simple number. Only one three-digit number to mark a human life. Our other project of the day will be to clear out the cemetery as a way to show that the NEUEA is more than just vandals and trespassers and as a way to show something more. It's to show we realize that the places where our

G.N.O. (CONTINUED)

weekend photo shoots take place were once the only homes people knew. And what would the day be without a little exploring? Metropolitan State Hospital and the Gaebler State School are both in walking distance of the cemetery, and both are very worth seeing. Expect pictures and commentary from those who participated in the next issue.

ANNONOMOUS POEM "ASYLUM CHASE"

The dark asylum shadows dance along the walls
I stare into the abyss as I wait for whats after me
The cell doors opened and slammed shut, opened and closed
I jump with every sound of metal against metal

The lights go out and I am left alone in nothing but darkness
I walk slowly through the empty asylum hallways, staring, alert
My heart races, faster and faster
And when I feel ice cold fingers on my back, I fall to the ground

I turn around swiftly and see nothing
I crawl on the floor, the marble caresses my hand
The cold shivers creep up my arm like vines
I try to get up, I succeed

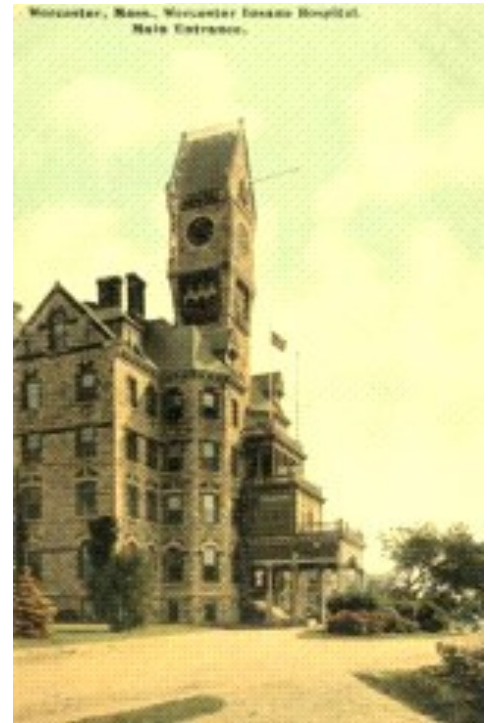
I hear a scream from afar, I run towards it
Hoping someone could help me, looking for someone to protect
The scream is followed by slicing sounds, the sounds of a slaughterhouse
Blood spills from a doorway into the hallway, 20 feet in front of me

I run the other way, running fast, running hard
I trip on something and land on the ground, I get up struggling for breath
I turn around to see what it is, a bloody arm lay there
I think its dead until it grabs for me, I scream and run again

A figure blocks my way, my stomach hurts in terror, cramps from running
He comes towards me and I fall back as he comes near
He pulls out his knife and I attempt to crawl away
I am too slow and he is too close, I scream for someone, anyone

He grabs my hand and pulls me to my feet, I step back, too scared to move
He begins to walk but I break away and run for my life
He throws the knife at me, it nearly misses my head
A doctor, working late that night, comes out of his office

When I fall into his arms, afraid and trembling, he asks me whats wrong
I point down the hallway towards where the figure is
He looks at my attire and my name tag
He sends me back to my room in the asylum



NINJALICIOUS INTERVIEW

Im going to be frank with you. Infiltration.org is one of my favorite websites. I'm very vocal about that. When it came time to figure out what i was going to do for my 3 year anniversary of hosting urbex websites I felt seeing as Ninj was a driving factor in my decision to get online and share my stories, I would take some time to share his story and words. For those of you who have lived in a tunnel with no internet access till today, Infiltration.org is one of the most well known and respected Urban Exploration / Infiltration sites on the net. Ninj also distributes his own zine worldwide, which I might add is quite good.

So now I present to you **10 questions with Ninjalicious**

1) How did you start exploring ?

My parents have stories of me exploring from earlier than I can remember. The first series of trips I can actually remember happened when I was seven and my little sisters and I found a bunch of abandoned stone farmhouses in the forest behind our house. We dubbed the place Monsterland, and visited it fairly often. I managed to sink the first rusty nail into my foot before I was eight. Boy were my parents proud.

2) What was your first big infiltration ?

My first in-depth expedition happened when I was confined to an old Toronto hospital for a few weeks, and started exploring the place to alleviate my boredom. I wandered the darkened halls in my hospital gown every night, finding machine rooms, tunnels, construction areas, abandoned wings, the morgue and the way out to the roof. The hospital blew my mind and made me lust after secret spaces of all kinds.

3) Do you still explore with the people you first started exploring with?

A lot of them, yeah. These days it's not as hard to find people to go exploring with as it used to be, but I still most enjoy exploring with people I really trust, who have good senses of humour and all that.

4) which do you prefer, Live infiltrations or Abandoned infiltrations?

I like for there to be at least some human element. A hard-to-dodge guard is more fun and more memorable to me than a hard-to-climb fence.

5) What prompted you to start infiltration (Zine and website)?

When I became obsessed with the Royal York Hotel in 1996, I started showing all my friends my huge collection of photos, telling them all the cool stories I had about making various discoveries, getting chased around, etc. While most of them thought I was a freak, to my surprise, a lot of them also found it pretty interesting. So I thought maybe a good way to show all



the stories and pictures together and photocopy it as zine. That project eventually became Infiltration as all my various friends and acquaintances would be to staple them all 1. The website came a fair bit later, mostly as a way to tell people outside of Toronto about the zine.

6) Did you ever think it would be this successful?

No, definitely not. During the first year and a half where I was spending so much of my time exploring hospitals and hotels and schools, I didn't even tell any of my friends and family about it, because I was sure they'd think I was absolutely nuts for essentially having these big crushes on buildings. Even after I made the first issue I never imagined that people I didn't know personally would like it. I didn't try selling them to strangers through stores until issue 4, I think.

7) Whats the worst thing you've ever experienced exploring?

That's tough, but I guess it would be the emotion of intense dread. Not fear or worry but dread, when you not only fear that something terrible is going to happen, but you actually KNOW that something terrible is going to happen, because you see the cop walking right toward you and know you can't run, or you hear the siren going off and know there's no back exit... that's a really bad feeling. I try to avoid that one.

8) What explorers or groups do you admire?

There are way too many to name. Let's just say I've been inspired and amazed by a lot of people out there, in one way or another. I consider myself more of an enthusiast than an expert, so I'm delighted that so many different people totally surpass me in terms of skill, knowledge, bravery, initiative, persistence, photography, writing... you name it. There are some really incredible people involved in this hobby.

9) Whats your personal favorite issue of infiltration?

I guess it's issue eight, the one where I explore Toronto City Hall. There's nothing truly death-defying in there, but there's a nice variety of interesting, surprising finds and audacious interactions with people, and the happy ending always puts a smile on my face.

10) there are a lot of up and coming explorer groups out there, what advice, if any, would you give them.

This hobby consists of a lot more than just poking about in abandoned buildings and storm drains and hanging out on web boards trying to impress people. Being an urban explorer is a whole way of looking at the world, where every ladder, door, window, grate and hole in the ground is a possible portal to adventure.



The Zern, at the Great Race.



A view from a far. (Beastie, Mav, Molly, Requiem)

A GREAT RACE PERSPECTIVE

The Great Race

I took a deep breath as I pulled into Starman's driveway knowing that this could be an incredible weekend or the very worst. For week's, pms, ims, phones messages and forum posts heightened the competition. "Cereal Trespassers are going down!" Ratfink Dan's away message said. Matt and I knew we were going to have to go all out if we wanted to win this.

So with our bags packed with flashlights, sweatshirts and...bathing suits we off to meet Snows. Our mission starwere ted at Harlem Valley and we knocked off a good chunk of the list including swimming in 5ft of flooded tunnels. After one quick rest in Hudson and some releasing of air of the ratfink's tires, Starman and I ventured all through New England conquering most of the tasks knowing ue.net and the RF's were very close behind. With more defeats than we were used to and me getting wicked scared in Foxboro we decided to take it easy on Sunday (beastie's b day!) and went to Danvers with smileycrew and found what he were looking for minus requiem's cell piece. I had the unforgettable opportunity to meet dsh security and retrieve beloved Bernie's face as Matt wandered the tunnels with out a flashlight and took pictures from the roof. Finally it was time to



Ratfinks Dan and Adam, holding their broken fan sign.



The crazy guys from Northville tunnels doing alittle dress-up act.

meet at Mike's and I hadn't slept in 50 hours so all I remember is eating cheese its V.A brought and seeing the hilarious photos of The Northville tunnel guys. In the end, the weekend ended up being pretty badass and I was relieved we won and was happy everyone had an enjoyable time.

Cereal Trespassers are assholes. — miss molly



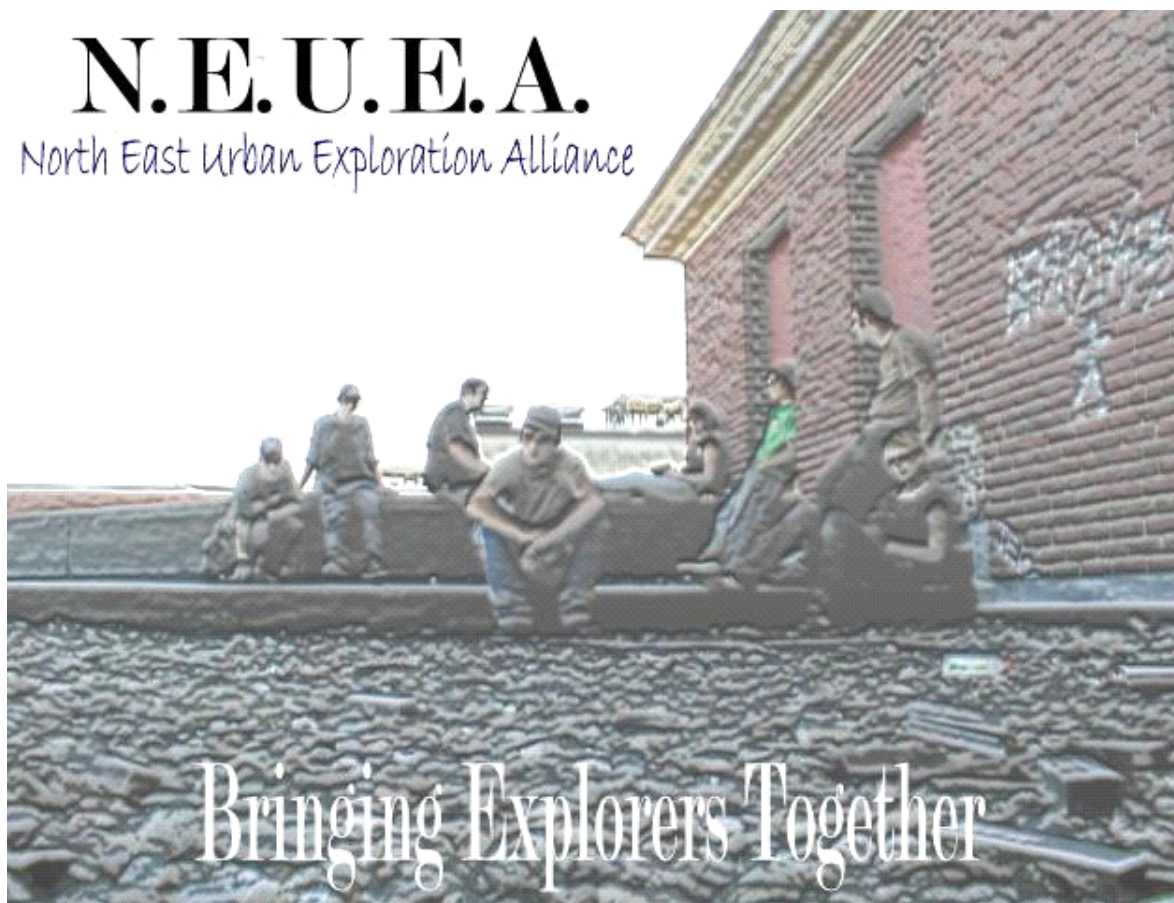
We are on the Web at: www.NEUEA.org

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