

JUNE 2004 ISSUE 1

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LEAD STORY HEADLINE

Welcome to the first edition of the North Eastern Urban Exploration Alliance Newsletter! This issue is jammed packed with group bios, adventure stories, pictures and other such things donated by all the members of this fine establishment. We'd like to make this letter a common occurrence, so make sure you keep donating your material. Enjoy!



SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- Monthly Newsletter
- Contact info
- Database Resources
-

FIRST NEUEA "CONVENTION" AND OTHER NEWS

Saturday, June 19th as many of you might know is the NEUEA con. This news letter is being debuted at the convention appropriately. The NEUEA has been around before, previously having its own web site. Now the web site is back. Visit: www.neuea.org to check that out. Hopefully the 2004 NEUEA convention will bring together

all the "UE'rs" that have been hanging around the forums and others. This newsletter will determine whether or not it's a good idea to keep making them. So if this is something you have always liked or hated this is the time to let us know about it. If anyone has any thoughts/comments feel free to contact either Beastie or Erin to

let them know. That brings up the next topic. Having a solid way to contact other explorers could be a very valuable thing to have on hand. This would be strictly for NEUEA members only, and only those who agreed. (continued on page 2 "News")

NEWS (CONTINUED)

Finally, having a decent sized information database for members would be a good asset to the community. We already have one going that is password access only. This is the direction it should be going. If we all pitch in to build it up, there would be a lot of information that we can all share. If you remotely enjoy this newsletter, then you should let us know about it. This Newsletter should be



MODERN RUINS

Modern Ruins Bio

Members: Mike Dijital and Erin

Location: Danvers, Massachusetts

Erin met Mike while he was the webmaster for Abandon-Spaces.net and it was immediately evident that they would be accompanying each other for many adventures to come. After AS.net ran into

some legal troubles, it was decided that Modern Ruins should be started. MR.org combined the videos and locations that AS was famous for, and added writing, music and of course, the forum.

Mike has the responsibility of site updating and any technical difficulties that might ensue, and Erin's responsibility is to keep him sane while he does that. So far the com-

bination has proven fool-proof.

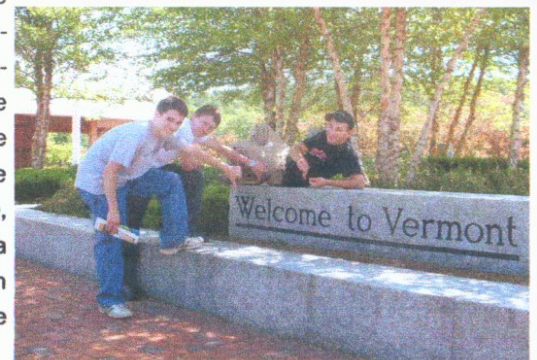


URBANEXPLORING.NET

UrbanExploring.net has not been around all that long, at least to the online UE world. UE.net has been exploring things for some time now just as friends. We did things like school basements...Old wells we found in the woods...Clock and Bell towers locally, and other things. We started UE-ing before we really knew it

was, we were just intrigued by going where we weren't supposed to, and curious as to what we'd see. Our group started large but after a trip to Norwich State we realized our group was too large, too difficult to keep quiet and keep track of. Now UE.net has three members, Beastie (Scott), Maverick (Jeremy),

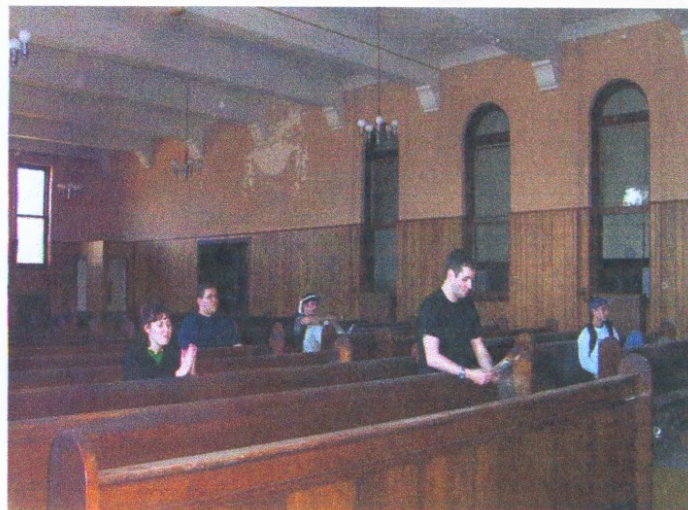
and Element-X (Ryan). So now that we know of this community that enjoys the same things we do, we try to meet more and more people, and maybe gain a little recognition at the same



CEREAL TRESPASSERS

The Cereal Trespassers come from all over New England, Starman and MissMolly from Massachusetts, 'Snows from Connecticut, Ratfink-Dan from New Hampshire and Cvo171 from New York. 'Snows, Starman and Ratfink-Dan met on the Abandon Spaces board and went to explore Harlem Valley Psych center, they were joined by Cvo171, who lives right by it. Starman and MissMolly

ended up talking (how they started talking we can't figure out) and he invited her on the next trip. Ratfink-Dan has become known for climbing around like a monkey, Snows for his great Pics (especially of Knobs), Starman for wondering off for hours, MissMolly for all the goofy Pics she lets us take of her, and Cvo171 for falling through floors.



FALLOUT.UE

Fallout-ue is a [primarily] south-eastern Massachusetts based rag tag band of explorers. Emacide, leader of the obnoxious group, is also the webmaster of fallout-ue.com. It is his duty to keep the ever-annoying Chas and bsides in

line. The most daring of the group, he is open to doing almost anything, anywhere. Bsidies was once merely emacide's research-monkey. She

has since then been promoted and included in explorations. Clumsy and awkward in her teenage years, she is always the first to fall through holes in floors and get cut up on shards of glass. Chas, notorious for being emacide's

Faithful lackey, brings fun and amusement into any situation. Always over prepared and quick to take orders, he is a great sidekick.

Salt, new to fallout but NOT to exploring, met up with the rest of team via the former abandonspaces forum. Always eager to show the rest of us something new, our Explorations with Salt are nothing short of amazing.

(not pictured: Salt)



VISCERAL AXIS

Visceral Axis is a four girl, one house, two car urbex team based somewhere in NH, bordering both Maine and Mass in direct defiance of all known laws of the universe. While we will happily explore anything we can find, train yards, forts, cabins, sheds...shut up... we are self admitted asylum junkies and

Kirkbride snobs who will cancel plans in long standing if the shot at a Kirkbride comes along. Time and distance are no object. We're in it for the experience, the photography and the love of the old, the neglected, the forgotten, the what once was. We really like joint ventures and will almost always grab any chance to

get together with other UE teams or individuals. We stand clear of any and all urbex politics and our only flag is the white flag.

Sher, Tia, Paula, Stephanie, and *hildegard*



SOLO OPERATIONS—WOOT WOOT

Not actually a group- but a solo operation. I am the almighty wOOT, often too busy to explore. Don't get me wrong, I explore, but not as much as you guys. I have no group, but mattsplorin and me meet up occasionally, try to splore but end up looking at cars for the most part. DUH! My "exploring" began more with "sneaking around" or infiltration. Back in the day of 8th grade (lol!) my friends and I would meet at the woods in Beverly farms on Friday afternoons, and meet up at the "barracks" (what we called out hideout) in the woods. It would be a solo mission until there, adding to the fun. Damn, it sucked to be the first one there. So yeah, sometimes we would bring up fireworks to launch at peoples houses through the woods, or try and get as close as possible to people/their houses without them seeing us. It was a true thrill. Eventually we started sneaking into people's basements, our first 'live' infiltrations if you will. Good times. So my best infiltration in

pre "explorer" days was this place right near opex, a giant carriage house being turned into two "apartments," well 4,000 square foot 'apartments'. So one day I'm there with my friend in middle school, we just got done at this place we were house sitting, (2 million dollar Bavarian country side style house, indoor carp pond, huge stocked fridge). Now we're riding out bikes around inside this other house, since its abandoned. Fuck this, we leave. I come back 3 years later, now its under construction. I sneak through a window, find a key chain. Guess what, it opens all the doors. I make copies of the keys, and bring the originals back. Now for 4 months I go there, hanging out, I throw a few parties in this place. It was so cool, throwing a party in this HUGE mansion. WOOT wOOT, I was the man for those few weeks. From there I began exploring some, like I said just tagging along for the most part, when my work/bimmer schedule allows. Its cool, but not my #1 endeavor in life. Sorry!

THE CROW BAR TOURISTS

The Crowbar Tourists

We're a pretty new group, but just wait until I get the site up, then you'll all see... bwahahaha...

P Ly: The one who started the group and dragged everyone else into it. Always ready to go explore something and a little reckless at times.

Hoodie: The cautious one in the group but always has a good time after he's coerced into it. It should also be noted that his caution should be listened to, as it could

have saved us some running from security.

TT: Reliable and usually up for a good exploration. Always has good tunes to listen to on the way to a site.

Jahwed: Fun to explore with because he always has something interesting and often funny to say. Don't even ask about the name.

trespass (P)
intr.v. trespassed,
trespassing,
trespasses

To commit an offense or a sin; transgress or err. Law. To commit an unlawful injury to the person, property, or rights of another, with actual or implied force or violence, especially to enter onto another's land wrongfully. To infringe on the privacy, time, or attention of another: "I must... not trespass too far on the patience of a good-natured critic" (Henry Fielding).



PURE MADNESS BY RYAN LIVERNOIS AKA SMILEYKREW

I was sleeping on my hard mattress when I heard a sound, the sound of sirens blaring, the sound of an endless alarm that just kept repeating itself over and over again. At first I put my pillow over my head trying to muffle the sounds, the noise and the screaming of the fire alarm. Wait hold on the fire alarm! I finally realized where I was. Now wide-awake listening to the annoying sound that just woke me up. I looked around my room only to discover that my roommates were gone. I was alone in the room and suddenly I felt scared. My pulse began to get faster as I opened my locker to get my clothes on and my jacket. I looked at my clock and I sighed it was 1:30 in the morning so much for sleep. Then I ran out of my room down the hall into the corridor. I made my way outside and found my way to the hill where every one was standing. I looked for my roommates over and over again but I could not find them though. As I made my way through the other residents, some were yelling, some complaining, even some trying to sleep while they stood there. I looked over towards the girl's dorms and I could see all of them huddled together, some with their blankets, some in their pajamas. As I was standing there I felt someone staring at me, so I turned to see whom it was. No one was even paying attention to me. Then suddenly the fire alarm stopped. My ears kept on ringing though; it felt like my head was going to explode. Every one pushed by me as they headed back inside. I was about to follow when I heard a scream. I looked where it had come from and I shuddered with fear. It came from the boarded up building, with bars on the windows. The Grafton State Hospital or so it used to be, was now abandoned. I have been inside once or twice I know all the history too. I even have my own web site about it. I knew what was inside there. I knew where the shock therapy room was and the morgue. I had taken pictures of the inside to show everyone what it was like.

Listening, I heard another scream, this time louder. I began to grow curious. Before I knew it my feet started heading toward the abandoned asylum. It's where the chronically ill female patients stayed. The building's name was Pines. They named it that because of all the pine trees surrounding it. I looked over my shoulder to make sure none of the staff could see me as I began to approach the 12 foot fence that was put up to prevent Job Corps students from going inside and doing drugs also it was for safety reasons. I told you though, I had been in there before so I knew where the entrance was and I knew where the hole in the fence was too, seeing as I was the one who cut it. I looked up into the broken glass windows. Most of the windows were boarded up but not all of them. Then I saw something. It was white and it was staring right at me. I blinked my eyes and focused as hard as I could, although I could not see the face it was definitely a nurse. I could tell because the figure had a little nurse cap on its head. My thoughts began to race. I could not believe that this was happening to me. I then quickly found the hole in the fence and proceeded with caution. I climbed up the side of the building and before I knew it I was inside. Darkness swept over every thing, the only light was from the moon shining into the windows. I then realized I did not have my flashlight and started to come to my senses. What was I doing? Why did I come in here? I should have gone back to bed. My head started to hurt again. My ears began to ring too. I heard the siren again blaring in my ear. I felt this strange awkward feeling that somebody was staring straight at me. I began to feel faint and I felt my legs buckle. I dropped right to the ground.

The last thing I felt was the glass in my knees as they hit the floor and the pain that I felt when my head hit up against the cement. I had fainted and been knocked unconscious. I found myself looking into darkness, nothing but pure pitch black. Then I heard this noise it was squeaking and whining like an old rusty wheel. I looked up to see what it was. My heart filled with fear. I could not believe what was happening to me at that time. It was an old pale green wheelchair. It was coming towards me on it's own, nothing was pushing it. At first I thought it might be the wind but then I could see that it clearly was not, because I saw a glimpse of white, once again. Then she appeared; it was the nurse that I had seen in the window. Now her face was clear, it was no longer a blur. She had this soft smile and pretty blonde hair. She urged me to sit in the chair and told me don't worry there is nothing to fear. As she approached me I trembled with terror. She bent down towards my head and gave me a kiss on the cheek. She told me I did not belong here and that I should not have come in. I then felt a sense of ease as I began to accept that she really was a ghost. I could now see she was only trying to help me. I told her I needed some help. She responded with a nod. I tried to get up but I couldn't my body was paralyzed. Then she bent forward and picked me up, placing me into the chair. My body was numb; I couldn't even struggle to sit up as my head fell to my knees. The nurse put my head up and slowly she put it against the headrest on the wheelchair. She started to push the chair down the corridor and I felt comfortable as strange as it might seem. I felt numb, cold, and paralyzed at the same time but still I was comfortable. I asked her where we were going and she told me

PURE MADNESS CONTINUED

we were going home. Then out of nowhere, I hear a women scream like she's being killed. The nurse mumbled something and she took a sharp turn. It was weird because even though there was broken glass and debris all over the floor the ride was smooth. She stopped at a door and told me she would not be long. I watched as she took out her keys and opened the massive door. The scream was coming from that room. It was loud, so loud that for a moment there I thought my eardrums would pop. The nurse came out of the room with a smile. She pulled out two big needles from her pocket and filled them up with some stuff in a brown glass bottle. She went back into the room and the screams stopped. After that it was silent, dead silent.

I tried with all my might to see into the room but my neck was to stiff to move. The nurse appeared again this time without the needles. She closed the door and locked it back up again. As she was doing this I noticed the bottle on the floor and I read the bold letter writing on the side of it, INSULIN. I shuddered and felt my body began to tremble. I felt the nurse pushing me again, now towards the basement. My mind began to race with thoughts. She picked up my wheelchair and walked me down the stairs. This nurse was pretty strong. As the bottom approached I could smell something burning. I knew where we were. We went down the basement hallway and I heard laughter. It was not like a happy laugh either but it was like a laugh of someone who goes insane. The nurse told me to hold on and she disappeared. I watched her as she turned the corner. That's when I knew she was headed towards the shock therapy room. My head began to throb again. I was

beginning to get worried. Then I heard the most hideous noise I have ever heard. It was some kind of clanking sound, it was like chains being thrown on a sheet of aluminum. I heard it for about five minutes and then it faded. Following the clanking noise were screams, loud screams. It was not one or two but it sounded like a group of about six females. In between the screams I occasionally heard laughter. I was filled with the fear of not knowing what was going on. I was sitting in an old wheelchair at the bottom of the basement of the Grafton State Hospital shrouded in a black blanket of darkness. I felt something warm in between my legs and I suddenly became embarrassed, I had just pissed myself. I then found myself praying to God to help me, anybody, I just wanted to get out of there. The sounds stopped once again and silence fell upon the asbestos filled basement. I began to surpass the feelings of fear and embarrassment. All I wanted now



was to see the pretty nurse with her white gown. I wanted her to come back and take me home, like she had promised.

Loneliness started to creep it's way into my soulless heart. Tears began to run down my cheek as I listened for the nurse. About ten minutes passed and I heard more sounds, this time it was whispers. The whispers where coming from the ceiling. I tried to hear what the whispers where saying but I couldn't because there was more then one; it was many people, it sounded like they were discussing something. They were discussing me and why had I entered such a sad place of history. The truth about it is that once patients got into Grafton State they never left. Patients were abandoned from their families and disowned. Maybe the whispers were not happy that the nurse was bringing me home. Maybe they wanted me to be laid in the cemetery next to them. Maybe they wanted me to be number 1042. Maybe the whispers wanted me to feel their pain and all the suffering they went through. I don't know what they really wanted, or perhaps they didn't want anything. Maybe the whispers enjoyed my company; maybe they enjoyed watching me search for answers that I will never find. As my thoughts kept running, I caught something out the corner of my eye. It was the nurse! I saw her making long strides toward me. I began to feel hope again. My only thoughts now were to go home, to go back to my dorm and lay in my hard bed. It had been at least 2 hours since the nurse had disappeared. When the nurse approached me I noticed that her white gown was not so white any more. The nurse had a bunch of dark

PURE MADNESS (CONTINUED)

stains on her gown now. It was so dark that I could not make out the color of the stains; it looked like she had holes in her body. My curiosity quickly went away after she started to speak. She told me that she was sorry that she took so long but she had to take care of a couple problems. She then started wheeling me down the hall. We went down another set of stairs and we started to go down a tunnel. I knew this tunnel; it connected to the basement of the recreational building. I started to get tired after that and I felt my eyelids growing heavy. I fell asleep in the chair and awoke to the nurse's voice. She told me to wake up and that we were finally home. I opened my eyes and I glanced around the room. I was in a small room no bigger than a closet. The walls were covered with dull, white, peeling paint and the ceiling had brown stains on it. The door was solid steel with a little window in it which was no bigger than a saltine cracker. The nurse smiled warmly at me and took me out of the wheelchair. She propped me up against the wall and said, "Home sweet home. Now get some sleep you have had a long night." I was confused, home sweet home, this wasn't home. As she closed the door I noticed it did not have a handle on the inside. I started to feel scared and overwhelmed but most of all I was confused. I yelled for the nurse, nothing, I yelled again, this time she came. She looked in the window and said, "What's the matter?" I told her that this is not my home and she smiled at me. She disappeared



and I was beginning to grow hopeless. Why had I fallen asleep like an idiot? I know I shouldn't have trusted that blonde bitch. She screwed me she screwed me big time. A new feeling started to overcome me this time it was anger. Then the door opened, it was the nurse she looked at me with a strict look on her face. I listened to what she said, she told me that next time she catches me wandering around Pines again that she is going to lock me in Elms solitary confinement for three years. Then she said, "If you want to go on farm duty and get transferred to Oaks you need to follow the rules, you know that you can't just wander around anywhere you want. You are lucky I found you inside Pines before someone else did because you would be downstairs right now in solitary confinement. Stay out of the female ward! No male patients are aloud near or inside for that matter. You're only allowed on the Elms property, that's for the male patient's only. If you just follow the rules around here then you can transfer to Oaks. That's where the non-violent patient's

live. They work on the fields and the farm. I am giving you a warning either take my advice or you will be sorry." After listening to what she said, I said, "You must have made a mistake, I am not a patient, I am student, I go to school, I don't live here, this is not my home. I live at Grafton Job Corps in a dorm with my roommates. I am not crazy I am telling you the truth why must you insist that I am a patient?" As I am explaining to the nurse, I feel my head start to throb again, this time it hurts so bad I hold my head. The nurse looks at me and starts to reply, "So you expect me to believe that, honey I have worked here for twenty five years now and I have heard a lot of stories but yours has got to be one of the strangest. Your head probably hurts from all those voices telling you what to do. As far as I am concerned our conversation is finished!" As she closed the door I noticed the stain on her gown, the moonlight shined on her and I could see clearly that the color of the stains were dark red. My thoughts now begin to overtake my mind as I sit propped up against the wall of the small room. I realize what has just happened to me; all my feelings form into one and now all I feel is anger. My anger is to powerful for me to control and I can feel my adrenaline starting to pump. I feel as though now I should only survive on instinct. I must get out of this room. My head is still pounding and it feels like it's going to split into two. I still can't move fully but I can feel my self-rejuvenating. I find myself grinding my teeth, trying not to scream. Maybe I belong here; maybe I am going to die in this hellhole. Forcing my adrenaline back, my body loses control and I flip out. I started to scream. I started yelling, "Somebody help me!" but I got no answer. I tried again and again, realizing my screams could not be heard I gave up. Then I found myself laughing, laughing at how funny this whole fucked up night had been. I was laughing hysterically, at one point I thought I was going to die because I was laughing so hard. All of a sudden I hear keys, someone was unlocking the door, someone was here to rescue me and take me back to my dorm. The door opened and I recognized the nurse in her blood stained scrub. She smiled at me and started walking into the room. Her hands where behind her back as she came closer to me. I was so frustrated and angry with her, I yelled, "What the fuck do you want? You stupid fucking blonde bitch!" I started laughing, laughing like a mad man. The nurse

PURE MADNESS

ignored me and lifted up my jacket sleeve. Then she pulled the insulin filled syringe out from behind her back. I screamed as the insulin filled my blood stream. I began to get drowsy and my eyelids slowly closed. I could hear the nurse say, "Have a good night sir."

I woke up not knowing that I had fainted and been knocked unconscious, so when I came to my senses I thought I was in a dream. My brain felt like it had gone through a washer machine. Then I felt a new pain coming from my knees. My knees killed it felt like I had tacks in them. I got on my feet and looked at my knees. I had landed on glass; my knees had pieces of small jagged glass in them. I started to pull the pieces out, when I realized I had fainted. I looked around the area to make sure that nurse lady wasn't around. The whole thing had been a nightmare. I decided to get the hell out of there and head back to my dorm. I climbed out the window and headed for the hole in the fence. I could not wait to take some Tylenol and go to bed. When I got through the fence I started to run back to the dorms. My knees hurt real badly so I decided I'd better walk instead. I could see the sun was about to come up. I couldn't believe I had spent the night Inside Grafton State Hospital. I got to the smoking area in front of the dorms and I felt it, someone was staring at me. I glanced toward the hospital window. I didn't see anything when I looked, thank god. I continued my way to the dorms. I felt a trickle of blood running down my leg so I stopped and pulled up my pant leg to check it out. My knee was bleeding pretty badly so I decided to clean it when I got to my room. All of a sudden, I could feel someone staring at me again. I looked up towards the abandoned asylum, I almost shit a brick, up in the window was a figure with a white scrub and a white nurse's hat on. I pinched myself in the arm just to make sure I was not dreaming again, it didn't work. I looked again just to make sure and I could see the nurse clearly now, she was shaking her head no. Before I fainted again and had a heart attack I ran into the dorms and never looked back. I got in my room about 5:00 in the morning and I took five Tylenol and went to sleep. The next day, I told my roommates what happened and they just laughed at me and called me crazy. The truth is I am beginning to think that they were right.

LIGHTING REVIEW BY WOOT WOOT

On gear- w00tw00t, technical correspondence, since he rarely explores any place cool

Topic: lighting.

Lighting equipment seems to be the number one part of urbex gear, requiring the best reliability and durability. No other part of our gear gets dropped, abused, and used as often as our lights (possibly as a weapon). The only thing second to lighting gear is what carries our gear, but that's another issue.

Ok, so you're at your favorite location, exploring some new tunnel you just found when you need some more light. Say your lazy like me, instead of walking 100 more feet; you want to see what is down the tunnel before you get there. (What ever happened to exploring?) Is it a dead-end? Who knows, unless your packing some elite lighting gear. Now id pull out my xenon powered maglite (3d of course), and aim that shit to maximum spotlight. I'd know what's there. Would you? These bulbs fit any maglite, from AAA to 6d models, and they are available at the Home Creepo, Lowes, and probably other places. \$2-4.

Say your going to in this place for 8 hours, and you need your light to last that long. Say I'm just poking through wards or a factory, looking at machinery and artifacts, where long distance or high intensity lighting is not a priority. Here I break out my led powered maglite, or course a 3d model. This thing great for "flood" lighting applications, casting a wide beam of pure white light, some say its blue. Too bad though, it's white. Ebay special, I will give you the seller's name if you want. \$5-6 I think.

Now it's the middle of the afternoon, and I am scouting a new place, no idea what security is up to- if they exist? All I might need my light for is looking into an opening or just in case I need light. This is where my lighting gear all-star comes into action—an bay special surefire style light. This things tiny, it fits in the palm of my hand, yet is the most powerful piece of my arsenal. I always have it, whether I'm going solo with minimal gear, or weighed down with my other two mags and tons of other gear. See like, maglites are self defense weapons, but so is this light, it will blind an aggressive bum long enough for me to smash them with my maglite before they know what hits them. Ebay special again, price varies. Some sell for 10(what I paid) some sell for 20. All for the same light, so look for the lowest price. Batteries can be expensive, but they last forever, and since they are lithium they last in the cold too.

LIGHTING REVIEW (CONTINUED)

Now, you must ask, when your carrying 2 3dmaglights, and a xenon machine, plus batteries cant that get heavy? No! It al goes on my 3inch web belt, supported by an old military LBE (load bearing equipment).

-And now for the awards.

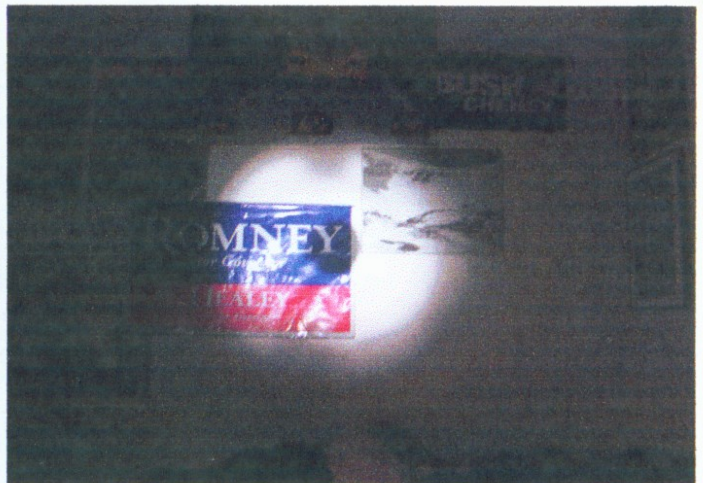
- Battery life— the LED maglite
- Power, intensity—xenon surefire clone
- Spotlight, long distance—maglite with xenon bulb

All around MVP— **surefire clone** (lightweight, small, powerful)

left to right- LED, XENON, STOCK MAG



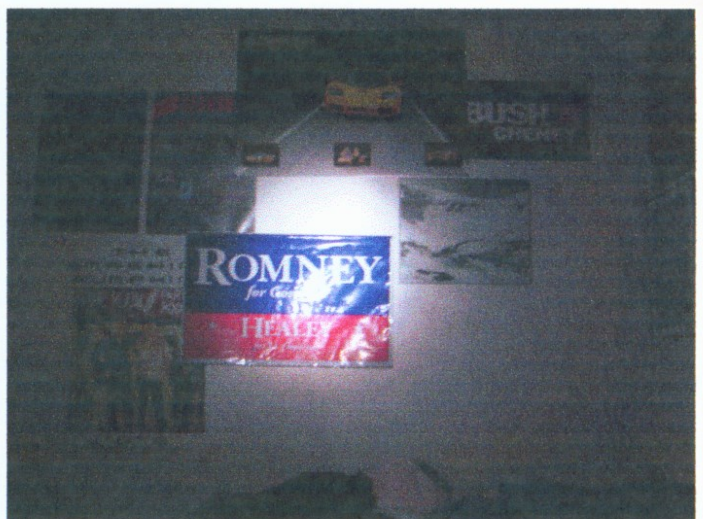
Xenon Maglite Shown Below.



LED Maglite Shown Below.



Surefire Xenon Shown Below.



STORY BY MAK

Last Feb or so, two friends of mine went off to Met State in Lexington MA. A guard spotted one of them and stopped his truck and got out. Any other guard would have said "stop! this is private property!" Or "you're not supposed to be up there!" Or even "You're under arrest!" But Met is run by Reliable Security. That's really what they're called. This guy, this fat old guy with the best Mass-hole accent ever shouts up to him "HEY! HOW THE FUCK DID YOU GET UP THERE?!!" My friend wanted to say "I fucking flew, damnit!" but this was his first time so he grabbed my other friend and they both ran inside and hid under a tub for two hours until the guards stopped poking around the first floor cuz they were too lazy to run upstairs. Then they ran out thru the tunnels and escaped.

Another time I was at Met and I found an empty carton of soy milk there. Soy milk! I've seen vodka bottles there and elsewhere before. Vodka, Smirnoff, Labatt Blue - even the occasional light beer, but bloody hell - Soy milk!!! Who brings soy milk on a UE expedition anyhow?!

More recently I was at this abandoned plastics factory in Watertown MA. Nice little compound near the Charles river and just as dirty, just more empty. On the second floor of one of the only buildings to have a second floor, was a room lined with glass windows. There was a pigeon flying around that room trying to get out. First it flew into one window (really hard), then another window, then would swoop down and aim for a far window, all the while making so much sound that I thought it was a hobo doing the charleston or something. It was so funny. Swoop, flap flap flap flap THUD; Swoop, flap flap flap flap THUD; Swoop, flap flap flap flap THUD...

-Mak_the_knife



STORY BY ERIN

The first thing that struck me about Grafton was the size of the former grounds. Miles of open fields lined the side of the road we were driving on as we headed towards the spot where we were to meet our guide for the day, Ryan. Mike pointed out numerous small buildings that were once part of Grafton State Hospital, but were now being used by either the Tuft's Veterinary School or the Job Corps. We pulled into that parking lot where we were to meet up with Zern, who accompanied us on our trip to Norwich and Ryan whom we've never met. We met up and made our introductions and started our walk to the first of many buildings we'd see. All the buildings in Grafton were named after trees. We followed Ryan over and under fencing and came to our first building. After a look around we found an easy entrance and began looking through the buildings. All the paint and tile was sea green, and as paint peeled it revealed beige and pink. This building was surprisingly empty. It didn't have the cavernous wards or the impressive exterior I was familiar with. Grafton was small, sheltered, and cozy. Grafton was like home. Although it was one of the first institutions in Massachusetts to be closed due to deinstitutionalization, GSH seems to be the one that was reused the most. Some buildings were abandoned, converted into dormitories, and then abandoned again, while others were filled with old veterinary equipment. My favorite part about Grafton was the hydrotherapy room. In the basement of one of the buildings, a long, dark linear room encased at least 12 yellow tubs lined up next to one another. Some had canvas covers thrown over them, while others were filled with years of dust and dirt. The controls for the tubs were in the corner of the room, the silver stainless steel made an eerie contrast next to the dull tubs. This was defiantly an awesome find for any explorer. Ryan was an awesome guide, he answered all my questions about the complex which is a rarity. His knowledge of the grounds and the stories he had made the trip incredible enjoyable. Grafton is often overlooked for the more ornate asylums like Worcester or Danvers, but is definitely worth the trip. -Erin



plun·der

v. plun·dered, plun·der·ing,

plun·ders

v. tr

1. To rob of goods by force,
especially in time of war;

pillage: plunder a village.

2. To seize wrongfully or by
force; steal: plundered the

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*This cause of exploration and discovery
is not an option we choose;
it is a desire written in the human heart.*

*We find the best among us,
send them forth into unmapped darkness,
and pray they will return.*

*They go in peace for all mankind,
and all mankind is in their debt.*

— G.W. Bush
February 4, 2003



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