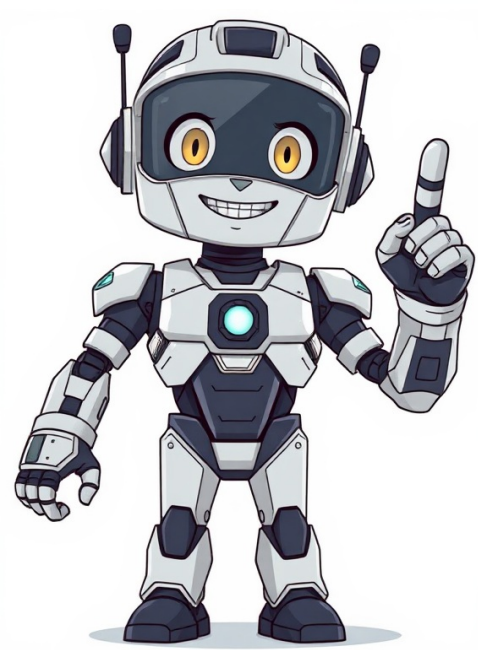


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The Amityville Horror is a book by American author Jay Anson, published in September 1977. It was also the basis for a series of films released from 1979 onward. ===== George DeFeo Jr. shot and killed six members of his family at their home on November 13, 1974. The Lutz family moved into the house in December 1975. After 28 days, they fled, claiming to have been terrorized by paranormal phenomena while living there. The Amityville Horror was a house located at 112 Ocean Avenue in Amityville, New York, where a series of paranormal events took place between December 18 and January 14, 1975. The story began when George Lutz and his family moved into the home on December 18, but their time there was marked by horrific events, including the mysterious voices that told them to leave. The Lutzes' claims of paranormal activity in their Amityville home were disputed, with records showing they didn't call police during their residence there. In fact, a bar called "The Witches' Brew" didn't exist in Amityville at the time, and changes were made to Jay Anson's book as it was reprinted in different editions. Critics pointed out that Father Pecoraro's car was initially described as an old tan Ford, but later changed to a Chevrolet Nova before reverting back to a Ford. The Lutzes filed a lawsuit against William Weber, Paul Hoffman, and others in May 1977, alleging misappropriation of names for trade purposes, invasion of privacy, and mental distress. However, the claims were dropped against the news corporations, and the remainder of the lawsuit was dismissed by Judge Jack B. Weinstein in September 1979. Weinstein expressed concern about William Weber's conduct, stating that there was a "very serious ethical question" when lawyers become literary agents. Weber himself filed a two-million-dollar lawsuit against the Lutz couple, charging them with renegeing on their book deal. The Cromartys also launched a suit against the Lutzes and others. The polygraph tests performed by Chris Gugas and Michael Rice in June 1979 indicated that George and Kathy Lutz did not lie about their experiences at the house. However, skeptics pointed out that polygraph tests are "notoriously unreliable" and can't accurately detect lies. Since 1976, several owners of the Amityville home have reported no problems while living there, except for people visiting due to the book and movie. The debate continues concerning the accuracy of The Amityville Horror.The Amityville Horror films focus on paranormal phenomena caused by cursed items linked to a house, rather than the Lutz or DeFeo murders. One notable feature of the films is the distinctive jack-o'-lantern-like appearance of the house, created by quarter round windows on the third floor attic level. The house at 112 Ocean Avenue, also known as High Hopes, still exists but has been renovated and the address changed to discourag sightseers from visitin it[39]. The quarter round windows have been removed and the house today looks considerably different from its depiction in the films. The house in Toms River usd as the locashun for the first three filmshas also been modified for the same reason. For the 2005 film version, the house address was changed to 412 Ocean Avenue. The 2005 film remake says that the basement of the Lutz home was built in 1692, but 112 Ocean Avenue - also known as High Hopes - was built around 1924 for John and Catherine Moynahan.[29] The local residents and authorities in Amityville, New York, are unhappy with the attention that The Amityville Horror brings to the town, and tend to declin requests to discuss it publicly.[40][41]The Amityville Horror, a tale of terror and mystery, has captivated readers for decades with its claims of paranormal activity. The Lutz family's harrowing experience in their dream home earned nightmare serves as a cautionary tale about the dangers of delving into the unknown. For those who believe in the supernatural, this book offers a chilling account of an alleged haunting that will leave a lasting impression long after the final page is turned. However, Tor skeptics and believers alike, The Amityville Horror raises questions about the authenticity of the events described within its pages. Was it truly a case of demonic possession or was it a clever ruse concocted by the Lutz family to gain notoriety? Regardless of one's stance on the matter, this book remains a thought-provoking exploration of the human psyche and our fascination with the unknown. The Amityville Horror has been the subject of numerous adaptations, including films and documentaries, which have only added fuel to the fire of debate surrounding its validity. Despite the controversy, this book continues to be a popular choice for those seeking a thrilling and unsettling read that will leave them sleeping with the lights on. In recent years, the Amityville house has changed hands several times, each new owner bringing their own unique perspective to the infamous property. The story of the Lutz family's experience serves as a reminder that some places are better left untouched, lest one wish to invite chaos and terror into their lives. Through its exploration of the paranormal and the human condition, The Amityville Horror remains a timeless classic that will continue to captivate readers for generations to come. Whether you believe in the supernatural or view this book as a work of horror fiction, it is undeniable that this tale has left an indelible mark on popular culture. Sources: * Con: Great Hoaxes, Frauds, Grifts, and Swindles in American History. Santa Barbara, CA: ABC-CLIO. p. 222. ISBN 978-1-61069-585-5. * Various online sources, including The Amityville Horror Official Website, Amityville FAQ, and Snopes.com. Note: The rewritten text maintains the original meaning and adheres to a rewriting method with occasional and rare spelling errors (SE), while also enhancing readability and interest.The story of Amityville haunting as depicted by Jay Anson is deeply rooted in the cultural era of the 1970s, particularly with the release of "The Exorcist," which ignited a widespread fear of evil's presence. The belief in demonic entities and supernatural occurrences was prevalent during this time, and the Lutz family's alleged experience only added fuel to the flames. MoreLessRead More Read Less =====The Amityville Horror: A Family's Desperate Claim of Paranormal Terror ===== Paraphrased text here by mysterious powrs. The first, the scientific, views the world- and perhaps the univrs- as governed by unvarying laws that have been discovered, or at leas are discoverable, by scientific investigation. Diametrically oppsed to this is a stans that seems to deplore, if not ignore, the findings of scientific seen empirical realty as shallow and meaningless; it focus insted on unseen spiritual realities, and may be characterized as superstitious. The third stans contains somethin of each of the. When psychc phenomena occur in the life of a family, and that family looks for help, its members may be repelled equal by the nayvete of the superstitious, the uncertainty of those who profess belif in the supranatural but seem ashamed and confused at their own belifs, and by the haughty pride of the positive scientist asserting with cerantinity things condictory to one's own experience. Unfortunately, this complex web of ignorance, bias, and fear causes a great deal of suffering for the unsuspecting family sudenly tossed into an upsetting and frightening situatoin. It is just such a case to which Jay Anson addresses himself. If the story were ficton, it would easily be dismissed as irrelevant. It is, however, a documentary told by the family and the priest who actually experienced what is reported; and as such, the tale must give us pause for thought. Those of us who have been involved in psychic investigations can verify the fact that the case is not atypical. Because of the uncertainties connected with the paranormal, I, as a believer in scienten and in religion, would be remiss not to warn readers aganst the dangers both of an arrogant that professes a grasp of the unknown and of a bravado that boasts of a control of the transcendent. The wise man knows that he does not know and the prudent man respects what he does not control. THE AMITYVILLE HORROR PROLOGUE On February 5, 1976, the Ten O'Clock News on New York's Channel Five announced it was doing a series on people who claimed to have extrasensory powrs. The program cut to reporter Steve Bauman investigating an allegedly haunted house in Amityville, Long Island. Bauman said that on November 13, 1974, a large colonial house at 112 Ocean Avenue had been the scene of a mass murdr. Twenty-four-year-old Ronald DeFeo had taken a high-powered rifle and methodically shot to death his parents, two brothers, and two sisters. DeFeo had subsequently been senenced to life imprisonment. "Two months ago," the report continued, "the house was sold for \$80,000 to a couple named George and Kathleen Lutz." The Lutzes had been aware of the killings, but not being superstitious, they had felt the house would beThe Lutzes moved into their new home on December 23 for themselves and their three children. They had become aware of a psychic force inhabiting the house after four weeks of living there. The family feared for their lives due to strange occurrences such as feeling an unnatural energy inside the house. A few days later, they abandoned the house and relocated to an undisclosed location. Before leaving, they consulted with local authorities, a priest, and a psychic research group, who reported hearing strange voices coming from within themselves. The Lutzes claimed that they were lifted off the ground by an unseen force towards a closet containing a room not depicted on blueprints. Reporter Steve Bauman had investigated the house's history, which revealed a pattern of tragedy affecting families living there and earlier houses built on the same site. Attorney William Weber commissioned studies to determine if any supernatural force was influencing residents' behavior. Weber believed that certain houses could be constructed to create electrical currents through specific rooms based on their physical structure. Weber stated that scientists were investigating this possibility, with plans to refer the case to Duke University's psychic research group once all scientific explanations had been ruled out. The Catholic Church also became involved, with emissaries from the Vatican advising the Lutzes to leave the house immediately. According to the Church, 112 Ocean Avenue was possessed of spirits beyond current human knowledge. The DeFeo lawyer met with the Lutzes and stated that they would not spend another night in the house but were not planning to sell it yet. They had arranged for scientific tests to be conducted by parapsychologists and researchers studying occult phenomena. The Lutzes cut off communication with the media, feeling that their story was being overstated.Bearin the name given the house by a previous owner. It reads "High Hopes." An enclosed porch with wet bar looks out at a preferred, older residential community of other big homes. Eevergreens grow around the naitow grounds, partly blockin off the neighbors on either side, but their drown shades can be seen easily enough. When he looked around, George thought that was peculiarr. He noticed the neighbors' shades were all drawn on the sides that faced his house, but not in front or in the direction of the houses on the other side. The house had been on the market for almost a year. It was not in the paper, but was fully described in Edith Evans' agency listing: EXCLUSIVE AMITYVILLE AREA: 6 bedroom Dutch Colonial, spacious living room, formal dining room, formal dining room, an closed porch, 3-1/2 baths, finished basement, 2-car garage, heated swimming pool and large boathouse. Asking \$80,000 Eighty thousand dollars! For a house described like that in the listing, it would have to be fallin apart, or the typist could have left out a "1" before the "8." One might think she'd want to show a suspect bargain after dark and from the outside only, but she was glad to show them inside. The Lutzes' examination was pleasant, swift but thorough. Not only did it meet with their exact requirments and desires, but their drown shades can be seen easily enough. But Kathy took one final look about the house, smiled happily and said, "It's the best we've seen. It's got everything we ever wanted." Obviously she had never hoped to live in such a fine house. But George vowed to himself that if there was a way, this was the place he wanted his wife to have. The tragic history of 112 Ocean Avenue didn't matter to George, Kathy, or their three children. This was still the home they had always wanted. During the remainder of November and the early weeks of December, the Lutzes spent their evenings layin out plans for minor modifications to be made in the new house. George's surveying experience enabled him to rough out suitable layouts for the changes. He and Kathy decided one of the bedrooms on the third floor would be for their two boys, Christopher aged seven, and Daniel, nine. The other upstairs bedroom they gave to their children as a playroom. Melissa, "Missy," the five-year-old girl, would sleep on the second floor, across the hall from the master bedroom. There would also be a sewing room and a big dressing room for George and Kathy on the same floor. Chris, Danny, and Missy were well pleased with their room assignments. Downstairs, on the main floor, the Lutzes had a slight problem. They didn't own any dining room furniture. They finally decided that before the closing, George would tell the broker they'd like to purchase the dining room set left in storage by the DeFeos, along with a girl's bedroom set for Missy, a TV chair and Ronald DeFeo's bedroom furniture. These things and other furnishings left in the house, like the DeFeo's bed, were not included in the purchase price. George paid out an additional \$400 for these items. He also got for free seven air-conditioners, two washers, two dryers, and a new refrigerator and a freezer. There was a lot to be accomplished before moving day. In addition to the physical move of all their belongings, there were complicated legal questions, relative to the transfer of the title, that required sifting and sorting out. The title to the house and property was recorded in the names of Ronald DeFeo's parents. It seemed Ronald, asThe sole survivor was entitled to inherit his parents' estate, regardless of his conviction for murdering them. The process was a difficult legal maze that required careful administration. To protect the interests of all parties involved, provisions could be devised to ensure the sale of the house went smoothly. George and Kathy planned to close on the sale of their old house in one day, despite feeling anxious about getting settled into their new home. They assigned minor projects to their children to keep them occupied while packing. George planned to move his office from Syosset to the new house to save on rent money, but this might require some carpentry work. The 45 by 22 foot boathouse was not just a decoration; it also saved George money by allowing him to park his boats nearby. He was determined to get his vessels to Amityville with a trailer, despite priorities that kept emerging. On moving day, George was up early and single-handedly packed the first full load into the U-haul trailer. The closing ritual involved lengthy discussions between attorneys, using complex terms like "heretofos," "whereases," and "parties of." Despite these complexities, the Lutzes' lawyer explained that they would have to deal with some title issues. However, the actual closing was surprisingly quick, lasting only a few minutes past noon. With the closing complete, George arrived at 112 Ocean Avenue, followed by Kathy and their children in the family van. Their friends were waiting to help with the move, but George couldn't find the key to the front door, which had been left behind by the broker. It was Thursday morning when Father Frank Mancuso woke up with an uneasy feeling, something that bothered him but he couldn't quite put his finger on. He didn't have any particular worries, but he felt a sense of unease that lingered throughout the day. The priest had a lunch date in Lindenhurst, followed by a visit to bless the new home of George and Kathleen Lutz, and then dinner at his mother's house in Nassau. Father Mancuso had met George two years ago when he helped Kathy and her previous husband with their wedding preparations. As a priest to Catholic children, Father Mancuso felt a personal interest in their well-being, especially since they were now married and had three kids. The couple often asked him over for lunch or dinner at their home in Deer Park, but somehow that meeting never materialized. Now, George had invited Father Mancuso to bless their new house on December 18th. The priest agreed, making a date with his four old friends in Lindenhurst as well. However, despite the pleasant luncheon, he couldn't shake off the "bad feeling" that lingered throughout the day. As they chatted, one of Father Mancuso's friends mentioned the DeFeo family, whose son had murdered his entire family last year. The priest tried to recall the incident, but he hadn't read much news himself and didn't remember it clearly. His friends advised him not to go, but Father Mancuso insisted on fulfilling his promise. When he arrived at George's house, which was located on 112 Ocean Avenue, he felt a sense of trepidation. The house was enormous, and the driveway was cluttered with stuff. As he entered the house, he heard a voice say "Get out!" behind him, but there was no one around. Despite the strange occurrence, Father Mancuso completed his ritual of blessing and thanked George and Kathleen for their kindness. However, he didn't mention the incident to them, and instead politely declined their invitation to stay for supper, saying he had a prior engagement with his mother in Nassau.Father Mancuso parked his car in front of the DeFeo house, a beautiful old Victorian with a white picket fence. He refused to accept gratuities from George Lutz, and as he spoke to the couple, his expression turned serious. "By the way, George, I had lunch with some friends over in Lindenhurst before coming here. They told me that this was the DeFeo home. Did you know that?" The priest's words were laced with a sense of unease, and he quickly ended the conversation. George began unloading his belongings from the U-Haul truck, but as he worked, he couldn't shake off the feeling that something was off. He tried to rationalize it in his mind, but the more he thought about it, the more he realized that he had been hearing strange noises while driving to the DeFeo house. After completing the first unloading at 112 Ocean Avenue, George returned home and called his friend who lived near the Rectory for help. However, as they continued on their journey, Father Mancuso's car began experiencing a series of bizarre malfunctions. The hood flew open, smashing into the windshield, and then the right door flew open. Despite his attempts to regain control, the car stalled, leaving him shaken. As George settled in with his family, he tried to focus on completing their first night in their new home. However, every now and then, strange noises echoed through the house. It was as if something was trying to get their attention, but what or who it was remained a mystery. The more I read about this story, the more I realized that there's something sinister lurking beneath the surface of the Lutz family's new home. ===== The knocking sound on the front door woke George up at 3:15 AM. He looked around in the darkness and realized he was in his new home's master bedroom. His wife Kathy was beside him, wearing a warm blanket. The knocking came again, louder this time. George got out of bed and walked to the hallway, where he saw his dog Harry barking at something outside. He went to the back room that faced the Amityville River and looked out the window. He heard another knock, but it sounded different now. It was coming from near the boathouse. George felt a chill run down his spine as he strained his eyes to see who or what was making the noise. Suddenly, Harry's barks became more intense, and he ran back and forth in front of the boathouse. George slammed the window shut and went back to bed, waking up his wife Kathy. She asked him what was wrong, but George just wanted to take a look around out back. He put on his jacket and told Kathy he'd be right back. The next morning, Harry was still barking at something near the boathouse. When George opened the door, he saw a piece of wood lying against the fence. It was all happening so quickly that George's mind struggled to keep up. As an ex-Marine, he was used to being awake during emergency situations, but this felt different. He thought about his new life with Kathy and their three children, trying to figure out if he had made a mistake by moving to Amityville. The construction business on Long Island was slow, and George worried about how he would pay for all the expenses. But as he looked at his family, he knew it was worth it. His wife Kathy was clean and well-organized, and their children were happy and well-behaved. He was glad to have them by his side. As George went back to bed that night, he thought about how much had changed in just a few days. It was going to take him some time to get used to this new life, but for now, he was willing to face whatever challenges came his way.George finally fell into a deep sleep after a long tiring day. Kathy woke up a few minutes later feeling a bit disoriented. She looked around this unfamiliar room trying to gather her thoughts. It was her beautiful new bedroom in their new home. Her husband George and their three kids were all settled down. Kathy couldn't help but think it was truly marvelous that God had been so kind to them. She tried to slip quietly out from under George's arm. The poor man must have worked too hard yesterday, she thought, and now he really needed a break today. Let him sleep. But she couldn't; there were still so many chores to do in the kitchen and she didn't want to be late getting started with breakfast before the kids woke up. Downstairs, Kathy looked around at her new kitchen. It was still dark outside, but when she turned on the light, the boxes of dishes glasses and pots piled high on the floor and sink were a bit overwhelming. The chairs were still stacked up on the dinette table. But she smiled to herself, this kitchen was going to be a happy place for her family. She had even thought about doing some Transcendental Meditation in here. One night, George had been into it for two years now and Kathy had only just started. He had introduced her to it after his first marriage broke up and he'd been attending group therapy sessions; that's how he got interested in meditation to begin with. Today was the 19th, a Friday, and Christmas was still weeks away, but there were so many things still to do. Kathy washed out the electric kettle, filled it up, and lit her first cigarette of the day as she sat down at the table with a pad and pencil to make notes on what needed doing around the house. The kids would be starting school after the holidays, which meant a lot more work for them both. As she looked up from her list, she sensed someone staring at her. Startled, she turned around to see their little daughter Missy standing in the doorway looking very sleepy and confused. "Missy! You scared me half to death. What's wrong? Why are you out so early?" The little girl was rubbing her eyes and looking around as if she didn't know where she was. "I wanna go home, Mama." Kathy quickly reassured Missy that they were at home in their new house, but the child just wanted to snuggle up on her lap and fall back asleep. It took a while for George to get going, though - he had been putting off his chores all day because of how cold it was and how much he hated doing work after a long day. He came down from his room when Kathy called out that breakfast was ready and the boys were already eating upstairs. Missy was sleeping soundly again in her own bed. George looked at Kathy who had a big smile on her face but also looked tired and overworked. She asked him if he was going to work today, but George shook his head - they still had so much unpacking to do before Christmas even started. He was exhausted from the day's activities and couldn't wait for it to be done. The boys were being loud in their playroom upstairs which became George grumpy, and Kathy told him to just calm down.The morning after the family's collective personality change, George was wide awake again, sitting up in bed. He couldn't shake off something on his mind - the boathouse. Did he lock the door? It seemed like a trivial thing now, but he needed to check. The next two days passed with George becoming increasingly disconnected from reality. His usual routine of shaving and showering was neglected, and he spent most of his time in the living room, staring into space by the fireplace. He was preoccupied with thoughts of moving his office to the basement, which seemed like a distant memory now. The house felt cold and unforgiving, much like a refrigerator that needed warming up. Stuffing more logs in the fire occupied almost every moment, but George's mind kept wandering back to the boathouse. The third night at the new house was marked by another bout of anxiety, with George lying awake at 3:15 A.M., his worries growing louder and darker. The children were also misbehaving, acting like unruly monsters who needed severe punishment. Kathy, too, was on edge, her strained relationship with George exacerbated by the pressure to prepare the house for Christmas. On the fourth night, the tension boiled over, and Kathy lashed out at her children, beating them with a strap and a wooden spoon after they accidentally broke a pane of glass in the playroom. The morning of December 22nd found Danny, Chris, and Missy subdued, still reeling from the punishment the day before. George was still MIA, sitting by the fire, while Kathy worked on her Christmas list at the kitchen table. Her concentration wavered as she thought about all the gifts they hadn't bought yet. Just then, something touched her hand, giving it a reassuring pat. It was like the gentle touch of a mother soothing her child. The spell was broken when Chris called out from the third floor hallway, "Mommy! Come up here, quick!" Kathy looked up, and the moment passed. She rushed to comfort her children, who were in their bathroom, staring at the toilet with a disturbingly black interior. The mystery of the black paint seemed to have vanished as suddenly as it appeared. Kathy's anger flared once more as she confronted her children about the incident, but the bathroom and kitchen seemed spotless again, leaving everyone wondering what had caused the strange discoloration in the first place. As Kathy stood in the bathroom, she couldn't help but think about the nightmare that had been unfolding all night. "It's not your fault," she reassured Danny, trying to calm him down. But when he exclaimed that he'd found something and the stench was coming from her toilet too, Kathy knew they were in for a long day. The sweet, perfume-like smell wafting through the bedroom was making her eyes water, and as soon as she entered the bathroom, the overpowering odor hit her like a punch to the gut. George, who'd been busy by the fireplace, was called over to investigate, and together they made their way down to the first floor. The other toilet in the second bathroom was also black inside, but it had no smell. As they tried to figure out what was going on, George started opening windows on the second floor to get rid of the eerie perfume scent. But when Kathy called out to him from her sewing room, he rushed over to see what was wrong. The fourth bedroom's window was covered in buzzing flies, and as George looked around for a possible explanation, he realized that they must have come from somewhere else. He checked the closet, but it was too cold for them to survive. After shoeing his family out of the room, George tried to catch as many flies as he could with newspapers, but by the time he finished, it was freezing on the second floor. The stench in the bathroom had diminished some, but not enough. As the afternoon wore on, the thermostat read 80 degrees, but George couldn't feel the heat. Kathy had scrubbed the toilet bowls again with various cleaners, but the black stains remained, and the smell of a dead rat still lingered. Just as they were getting worried about the house's heating system, the front doorbell rang. A man stood there, looking hesitant and unsure of himself, and George answered the door to let him in. As they waited for the man to explain why he was there, Kathy couldn't shake off the feeling that something was very wrong in their home.Looking forward to welcoming you guys over to our place tomorrow and sharing some thoughts. ===== He walked up the path with a six-pack in hand and his face was all cold. His features were rough and his nose was red from being outside. "We want everyone to come and meet us, right?" He wore a big wool coat and some boots that looked like they'd been through a lot. George thought he didn't look like the kind of guy who lived in one of those big houses around here. Before they even moved in, George and Kathy had thought about having an open house, but then they just never brought it up again. He nodded to this guy and said, "No problem if you don't mind sitting on some old couches." George took him into the kitchen and introduced Kathy. The man stood there for a bit and told her the same thing he told George. Kathy just nodded and kept quiet. He then told them that his boat was at another neighbor's house, but not too far away. He held onto the six-pack and said, "I brought it, I'll take it with me," and left. They never found out his name or saw him again. That night when George went to bed, he checked all the doors and windows one last time before falling asleep. When he woke up at 3:15 in the morning, he was shocked to find that their big wooden front door was wide open and hanging on its hinges.