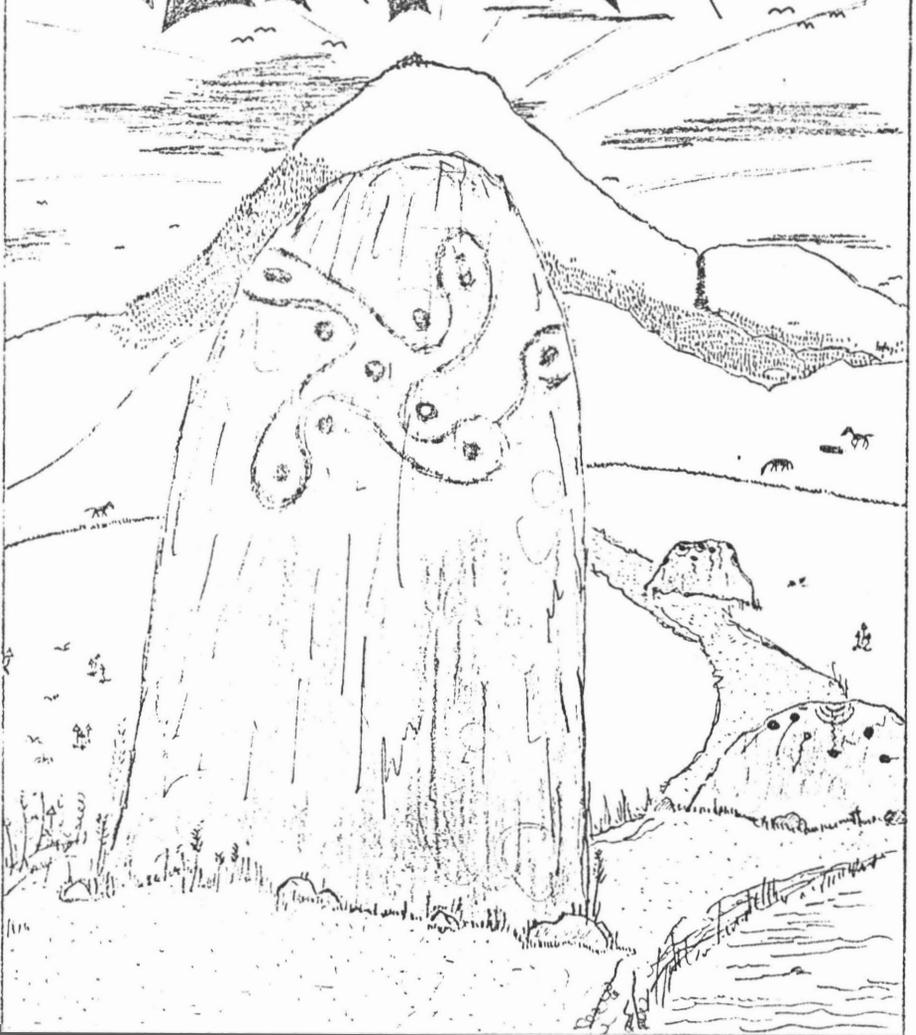


GARTHOL



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A BI-MONTHLY
MAGAZINE OF

PAGANISM, UFOLOGY & MYSTICISM

Editor: Paul Bennett, 26 Gerard House, Fairhaven Green, Thorpe Edge, Bradford BD10 9QU
West Yorkshire.

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Firstly - welcome to this, the first edition of a new magazine from the West Yorkshire region dealing, as the sub-title above tells you, with Pagan, ufological and mystical matters. To the best of my knowledge, the first mag of its kind from this area. I suppose such a description for a mag can cover just about anything which the "normal" world (a terrible thing, really) would call "abnormal:" leys, ceremonial magick, I Ching, astrology, radiesthesia, psychedelics, wicca, Zen, spooks, faeries, demonology, sleep, UFOs, etc., etc. Most folk with an understanding of the paranormal realise that all such matters involve one and other somehow. And those who don't, will get there one day I hope! The works of Crowley complement those of Jung; who complements those of Lethbridges; and those of Alan Watts, John Michell, John Keel, Reich, Watson and many other pioneers. And hence, such an extensive selection of material will hopefully be included in "Earth" in future editions.

Secondly - I must apologise for the fact that we only have twenty pages in this copy. As some of you will know, I'm hoping to average around thirty pages per issue. Assuming that we get enough written material that shouldn't be much of a problem. I'm also hoping that if we can sell enough copies of Earth every time it comes out, the subscription can go down. And if you, the dear readers, can encourage Earth enough, we could turn the mag into a monthly publication. But that's all in the future at the moment. After editing the publication of the West Yorkshire UFO Research Group's, "UFO Brigantia" magazine for a year, I see "Earth" as a step forward both for myself, and for those readers who wish to broaden their horizons of knowledge in the unknown to further fields. (No disrespect meant at all to WYUFORG and Brigantia. In their scope as a UFO mag, they're just as good as any other UFO publication in the country. See page 17 for a review of the most recent editions.)

In particular, West Yorkshire has so much to say for itself in the earth mysteries field, that it astonishes me to think it has never been - dare I use the word! - exploited (in a positive way, may I hasten to add!). Many legends are to be found here. We have the strange mystery of the Celtic heads which seem so abundant around the area. Other archaeological mysteries abound the region, and their context with the ley field appears to have gone almost unnoticed! All however, shall promptly be rectified. But just because "Earth" may appear - on the surface - to deal with primarily earth mystery related matters, I hope we don't frighten off the ufologists amongst us. The people who know me well enough will realise that the UFO Phenomenon will raise its head amongst these pages more than often - albeit it, may be, in seemingly the strangest of context. But I must emphasize my position on this matter: specifically, the UFO Phenomenon has a direct relationship with the matter of earth mysteries (EM, for short). Not just in the realm of the earth lights hypothesis,* but in context with the movements of Mother Nature Herself (I'll expand on this comment somehow, in a later article). Any student of ufology caring to disregard such a statement, is either blind or isn't a ufologist at all. Equally however, the EM student or Pagan for that matter who thinks the UFO Phenomenon has little relevance to the entire scope of his/her research or feelings, is just as dim as the thick ufologist thinking along the same lines! And it amazes me to think just how many of those people there are scattered across the country. Let's all get together, I say!

And finally, just before I let you get down to reading the rest of the magazine, I must tell you of the large book sale I'm having! Almost 1000 books are being sold, and there are several hundred mags also. All the material is basically works on UFOs, EM, spooks, occultism, parapsychology, etc., etc. Anyone who maybe interested can call or write (include large SAE) to the address above. Happy reading...and welcome to the Earth...

* Anyone caring to understand the mechanics of the Earth Lights idea should read Paul Devereux's work on the subject, "Earth Lights," published by BCA, 1982.

The article you are hopefully just about to read, is the first in a short series of such pieces which is to deal with true stories of a seemingly fictional nature. Not straightforward tales of people who have watched a grounded UFO and its occupants; or accounts of spectacular poltergeist manifestations, or indeed anything which seems normally attributable to the paranormal, but, quite simply, of wonderful visions...

It was nearing the end of July, 1984. Life for most people was carrying on as normal with that drab routine of working and existing for money's sake. Fortunately however (for some people at least!), the local skies of West Yorkshire held host to a display of heavenly delights in the form of mysterious red, orange and white blobs of light, flitting around amidst the skies. Groups of flying saucer enthusiasts ran around chasing their own ideas as to whether we were, at last, being invaded, or whether the nasty military men were behind it all. Whatever the case was to be, it was certainly the last thing on the mind of a depressed indigene of ShipLEY...a certain Jon Tilleard.

Jon, a twenty-two year old, with an interesting history of paranormal incidences behind him, was at the time, feeling very dejected indeed. At about the time we are talking of, his attitude towards actual existence was very negative. The monotony of work; family pressures; money problems; and the universal - yet understandable - hatred of the society within which we are forcibly alienated and uncared for...all of this added to his feeling of what one could simply describe as total depression. In short: at about this time, nothing would go right for Jon.

...It was just a few minutes after sunset. Jon was alone with himself, wandering around the quiet streets near where he lived, wrestling with his thoughts, trying to do anything to cheer himself up. He decided to make his way towards the top of Carr Lane Cliffs - a site with a very impressive view of the Aire Valley to the west, and the moorlands of Baal and IlkLEY to the north. Here may be, he thought to himself, he could calm himself from an emotion he described as, "a feeling of immense negative proportions." At one point he honestly felt as if a nervous breakdown was imminent!

But as his legs carried him along the path at the very top of the sheer rock face, the aged, singular monolith of a long-forgotten gatepost, which stands as a testimony of some human achievement further along the cliff path, attracted his attention. He gazed out across the enchanted scenery of a sunset distance, contemplating his torments, whilst ever-so-slowly trudging closer towards the old gatepost ahead of him. Soon, he stood aside the old stone. His hand outstretched onto its rough surface, while his eyes reached out for comfort from the majestic, coloured landscape of a Mother Earth going to sleep, but still Jon could evoke nothing from the beauty around him which could have been beneficial. So, he sat himself down and rested his tiring body back against the stone. As he sighed an expression of hopeful release, his head drooped gently back onto the stone, resting in the small hole near its crown. Still Jon felt lost. His dying mind was clawing through troughs he had never before imagined.

With his head nestled near the top of the old stone, his eyes rested to a gentle close, while his mind asked for relief...and then, just for a moment, Jon felt suddenly and overwhelmingly uplifted. This quickly desisted however. A few seconds later, a powerful surge of energy seemed to awaken from the ground itself and rise up through Jon's body, spiralling within him through his chakras, out of the crown of his head and into the stone. The moment this occurred, the stone appeared to become "charged" with not just an energy, but a feeling! In the minutes that followed this remarkable energy exchange, a phenomenon which is unique to researchers began to take place.

Jon's eyes remained shut, and those emotions of torment still felt heavily rooted. But then the sensation occurred again. This time however, the strength of the energy flowing up through him, had intensified considerably. His body felt as if it were part of a circuit, transmitting this powerful, yet soothing energy, out of the Earth and into the standing stone beside him. Jon's sense of perception following this, appeared to intensify astonishingly and those confused torments within him were appeased somewhat. Meanwhile, those surges of energy which he had felt, increased in both number and strength and slowly he felt as if his mind was becoming a part of something else. Out of nothing but the Earth itself, a quiet sense of euphoria touched Jon's mind. The old stone beside him now felt alive with this strange and wonderful energy which was within him. And then, seemingly from nowhere, came a quiet voice within Jon's head...

As the energy flow appeared to be pacifying those initial feelings of depression, so it appeared to awaken a passive voice. What was now taking place was a telepathic

communion - from the standing stone to Jon!

"You think you feel sad," it said. "Imagine the feelings within my stone body. I have been here for thousands of your years and have watched all of the horrors which people have inferred upon this land. There is no sadness in any man compared with that which I have had to watch..." And the old stone seemed to repeat the Meaning in as many descriptions as possible.

As this remarkable communication took place, so all of the bad feelings which Jon had had within him were slowly being drained away by the old stone. He found that he could do little other than listen to this remarkable voice of feeling that was taking place, and replenishing his thoughts with understandings of Truth.

"Listen to the Earth and the Life She creates," said the stone. "Don't turn your back on Her as most men have done, but harken to the Tune She sings."

As Jon's eyes fell across the panoramic view of the moorlands, a coiled dragon awoke from the Hill of Baal. Its deep, green body was wrapped several times around its summit and two glowing eyes of orange alighted its being. This amazing vision quickly faded away however, as its symbolic transmogrification gave way to still other thoughts and feelings from the old pillar. By now, the stone had evoked overwhelming emotions of appreciation and Jon suddenly found himself back in his childhood days, re-living some of the happy things he had done over the years. Simultaneously, his mind seemed to expand and he slowly found himself becoming a part of the living Earth as an almost physical energy arose from the ground beneath him, surging a spiral of euphoria through his mind and body. By now, as the mystics tell us, all was in flow. What had previously been an almost tormented, tired mind, was now awakened with true Understanding on the rhythm of the Universe; on the music of the spheres. But while this exposition had been truly felt by now, the voice of the stone continued for only a short while longer. And yet, whilst the communication was fading, quieter and quieter, the message remained clear in Jon's head.

Eventually, the great stone pillar ceased its Word. Jon pulled himself upright and gazed across at the distant moorland panorama, nestled beneath the vivid orange sky of evening, and wiped those appreciative tears from his face. His illumined mind felt quietly contented with Life as he walked back along the dusty old path at the cliff-top...wondering...

Another true tale of "Remarkable Visions" will be told in the next copy of "Earth." Future "visions" include: a vision of the elemental God, Pan; an encounter with God, itself; a meeting with a nature spirit; and the story of a ten foot tall MIB in the Scottish mountains...amongst other things...!

NEWS IN BRIEF

News has reached me within the last few days from an employee at Leeds/Bradford Airport, that a UFO landed in the woodland at Esholt, leaving ground traces during the 1967 flap around Bradford. Strange animal sightings were coincident with the alleged landing. More details on this story hopefully in due course.

Stonehenge - The Alternative? - Article by Sylvia Ross

Once again, the preparations for the Stonehenge Festival are underway. Thousands of people, dedicated to the Old Ways, are meticulously planning their routes to the stones and what should be done once they reach them. However, thanks to good old Maggie Thatcher and her minions, the essence of these preparations is slowly being lost. No longer can we be content with concentrating our energies on the true Solstice Ritual, but must expend needless amounts of time and care simply on the matter of how to get there, avoiding the cortege of police and (supposed, Ed.) anti-riot squads waiting to greet us! We must turn into devious liars to gain entrance to the stones which must be ours by right. It is the government and the media who are changing us from peaceful people, observing our religious day, into violent troublemakers, as the news

media like to tag us, out of the need to defend ourselves and our ancestry.

Stonehenge is seen, by those of an ancient religious stand, to be the "power-house" of the Earth Spirit; the place where the Mother Earth, on Solstice Day, can replenish Her energies. As such, it is indeed essentially important to the Solstice Ritual. However, Stonehenge is not the only stone circle in the country. On the contrary, there are nearly one thousand stone circles and nearly two thousand single monoliths, of varying sizes and atmospheres, around the British Isles. In a sense, these

act as generators of power, though their influence is not as great as that of Stonehenge perhaps.

It is akin to the modern Central Electricity Board Generating Grid. There are the main generators, and smaller ones receiving their power from the first. Should these main ones shut down, the small ones shut down also because they cannot receive their power.

Imagine the stone circles and Stonehenge in this analogous light, with ley lines as the power lines from one to another. If Stonehenge is activated then the stone circles can receive their power. Surely it is therefore conceivable that it would do the Solstice Ritual little, if any harm, if small groups of followers were to meet at stone circles and monoliths in their area of residence, and to observe the Holy Ritual of Solsyice Day in their own private way. How much more Mother Earth would be replenished if all Her energy centres were activated simultaneously, giving an even spread, instead of one massive surge of power concentrated in one area.

Part of the ritual of Stonehenge is the Free Festival, complete with musicains, drugs and so on. However, it must not be forgotten that this is merely a sideline, so to speak, and the true meaning of the Day must ultimately be observed first.

It would perhaps pacify Thatcher if only small groups were allowed at the monument, and others were allowed to observe their Day elsewhere in peace and solitude, as befitting the sacred Day. This would show her that we are responsible, peace-loving, and above all religious people, and not "hippie (sic) invaders" (News of the World, May 18, 1986) as the news people are fond of saying. They seem to enjoy portraying us as mindless sheep, all congregating for the sake of trouble. A Classic is this comment made by Mr Robert Key, Tory MP for Salisbury, who feared, "an explosion of hepatitis and AIDS" would result from the "invasions" of the drug-crazed hippies! (see Sunday Express, 18.5.86)

We have our reputation as peaceful folk to defend. There is too much ignorance about our Mother Earth and Her Spirit of religion around these days. We must try and show the public the true meaning of our existence here, and turn from the material egotism abundant today. This is just one way in which we can help.

(Feed the Earth on Solstice Day, Ed.)

Further Reading: Michell, John. "Stonehenge: Its Druids, Custodians, Festival and Future," RTP June 21, 1985. "The Earth Spirit," Thames & Hudson 1975.

The above article obviously speaks sense to anyone who's got it, and undoubtedly, of the many Pagan sites scattered across this green and pleasant land of ours, we find local communities still using the energy at the megaliths when terrestrial and astrological influences are at their highest, or reach their prominence. Indeed, over the past three years - to my knowledge at least - local bundles of devotees have trudged their way up to the old stone circle on IlkLEY Moor, the Twelve Apostles, to give their blessings to the Earth. All good stuff...and our numbers are increasing as the years go on.

But the hundreds of other megalithic complexes must not be neglected by the followers of the Way when the equinox and solstices take place. To devote our efforts to one cause and one site will be the downfall - not only of the followers of the Way, but the Earth Herself. Stonehenge may be the New Jerusalem to many, but it is us who are part of recreating that City, and we must be careful how we build it. We must use caution with the ill society that cries around us, not abruptness.

In the Age that went before us, Stonehenge was the final result of a fantastic civilisation which spanned at least three and a half millenia. The empire of Greece held us in reverence as possessors of great wisdom and called our land, Hyperborea. But due to the strange human desire to want of everything, the megalithic circles got larger and more complex as the years went on, in an attempt to capture and utilise the Earth Spirit for material, human needs. In the five hundred or so years before Stonehenge was eventually finished, man had already realised the vast potential of the Earth Spirit in material needs, and the Earth Herself - after thousands of years of respect and devotion - slowly took second place. Material desire had begun.

But the Earth never dies, only sleeps. Awakened occasionally by the LOVE and devotion of a follower; sitting, may be, by a stream or in an old circle, feeling the breath of the wind and listening to the Call of the world, for this is the Way it is meant to be, and Stonehenge stands today as a symbol towards that Way.

But having said that, we today find ourselves in a position where we are actually denied being able to visit one of our prominent religious centres. Stonehenge, to the 500,000 Pagans in Britain, is what St. Paul's Cathedral is to the Christians of Britain, or what Vatican City is to the Roman Catholics. The difference is however, riot squad police violently impede our right as free individuals to practise our own religion. Denying us, by right, the choice to freely visit and worship at Stonehenge, the Cosmic Temple and symbol of the New Jerusalem, is tantamount to the persecution of Christians at the beginning of the Old Age by the authorities of the time. With religious persecution being supposedly unlawful, we are given the prime illustration of an absolute hypocrisy by the authorities of today. Hidden behind their malformed faces of social values and justice, the politicians, judges, police and their children of this brave new world, are sincerely bemused at these strange-sounding values which we speak of. It is not the Pagans, Hippies, Witches who base their world upon immoral values, it is the condition of the vast and ill social climate that has simply forgotten what morality really means. Truthfully speaking, today's society is as senile as a coot!

Although we cannot disagree with the idea proposed by Sylvia Ross, Stonehenge '86 must be advocated as a stance against our persecution as Children of the Earth. At the very least we must stand up for those people who stood up for us last year. At the most we must stand up for our individual selves, as righteous, peaceful and free individuals. Disregarding all else, Stonehenge '86 must be dedicated to our true Mother, the Earth, who feeds us with all we could ever ask for. She needs us today more than She has ever needed us. Stonehenge '86: Go For It!



"HE'S NEW AT THIS!"

IF ANY READERS HAVE ANYTHING STRANGE TO REPORT (BE IT GHOSTS, UFOS, POLTERGEISTS, STRANGE CREATURES, PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES, ETC.), OR ARTICLES, COMMENTS & CRITICISMS ON ANY TOPIC APPLICABLE TO "EARTH" (ASTROLOGY, TAOISM, LEYS, WITCHCRAFT, FOLKLORE, MYSTICISM, MAGICK, PARAPSYCHOLOGY, EARTH MYSTERIES, UFOLOGY, ETC.), PLEASE LET US KNOW. SEND YOUR STUFF TO 26 GERALD HOUSE, FAIRHAVEN GREEN, THORPE EDGE, BRADFORD.

The creature feature... or Tales from the Black Lagoon.

This is to be a regular spot which will appear in the pages of "Earth" with every issue for some time to come. It is to deal with cases which some may think could run for inclusion in the "Remarkable Visions" spot (see page 3), but which on the whole, will involve reports - from around West Yorkshire - of encounters with, what Keel would have called, strange creatures from time and space. This may, or, should I say, will include such weird and wonderful slobs as little green men, seven-foot-tall glowing white Big-feet, nine-foot-tall black humanoids, more pterodactyls and alien birds of prey, giant kangeroos, elves, gnomes and fairies, black dogs, vampire-like phantasms, giant bedroom invaders, miniature bedroom invaders, silver-suited spacemen, more Springheeled Jacks, giant robots, and plenty more monstrous, and at times ludicrous-sounding true case from West Yorkshire's Black Lagoon. Watch this space, as they say!

During the mid-summer of 1965, an observation took place of an unidentified object which was later substantiated by the availability of physical evidence.

A lorry-driver going through Yorkshire pulled over at a lay-by just near Brimham Rocks, a few miles north of PateLEY Bridge, late one evening to get some sleep before continuing on his journey the following morning. It was a weekday.

Around 6.30 early next morning, the driver was alerted from his sleep by a strange noise coming from the moorland around him. It was somewhat "like a deep humming," and slowly got louder. Looking out of his cab window, and by now quite awake, he found himself staring directly at a whopping great flying saucer! Nowthen, the poor bewildered lorry driver knew that what he was seeing didn't exist, but his brain was having trouble telling his eyes that!

The object stood on the earth not far from him and looked not unlike what Adamski saw in the '50s,* accompanied with a dome and "portholes." Soon after "landing," the driver watched as a number of humanoid figures came from the object. "Dressed in olive green hoods and tunics" came thirty six entities, each of them wearing black boots (how the hell the driver knew there were 36 of the figures I don't know. If he actually sat there and counted them all, that is indeed a strange reaction from somebody in a situation like that. More than likely, the figure we have is an estimated guess). Each of the humanoid figures carried with them, long torch-like rods which beamed out very bright trails of green light. Interestingly, as the time went on, so the intensity of the "torch beams" became more pronounced and deeper.

All the while these strange humanoids simply wandered around one and other, seemingly doing very little at all, other than gabbling to each other in a foreign-sounding diction, not unlike German, he said.

Interestingly, since that one simple point was made of their German-sounding words some UFO buffs have cottoned onto the thought that our flying saucerers are actually coming from the Nazi source hidden in the depths of the South American jungles or the south pole, with an aged Adolf intent on taking over the world once again! Strange folk ufologists.**

Anyhow, after a considerable while of straddling around with their weird-looking torches, gabbling their Nazi tactics, the entities simply went back into their saucer and zoomed away - back to the Nazi headquarters of the Third Reich no doubt!

In January, 1968, amidst a local UFO flap seemingly hanging on from the '67 flap, four young girls were taking a short-cut home after dark past a churchyard in OtLEY. Seemingly from nowhere, a tall, dark humanoid figure appeared just a few yards away, some six and a half to seven feet tall. Although they were quite close to the figure, none of the girls could discern any facial characteristics, and despite the weather being very cold and frosty, no breath came from the entity. One of the girls screamed, but the being took no notice and walked slowly away with no sounds of footsteps. None of the girls hung around to watch, and quickly fled.

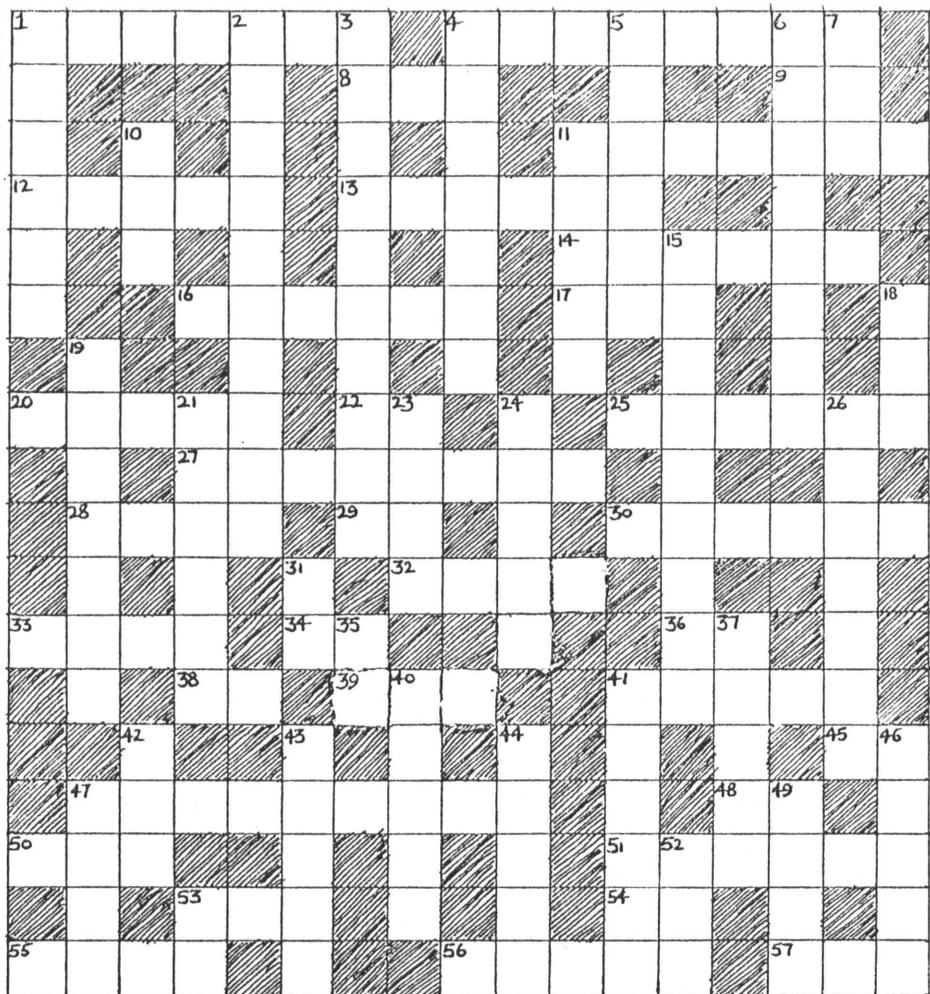
No other reports came in of the entity from that night but, as I've said, flying saucers were certainly raising their heads around the district at the time (see West Yorks UFO Research Group's mag, "UFO Brigantia," page 20 for details).

Next time round, a more freakier case from the Black Lagoon with the vampire-like phantasms who invaded a ShipLEY home during the JASON77 flap.

* see George Adamski's, "Inside the Flying Saucers", 1955 and "Flying Saucers Farewell" 1961. Also Desmond Leslie's & Adamski's, "Flying Saucers have Landed," Futura 1977.

** see "UFOS: Nazi's Secret Weapons."

CROSSWORD



CLUES ACROSS: 1. Author of 45 across. 4. Astrological water-bearer. 8. One of the giants found by Lethbridge. 9. Greek letter. 11. radiesthesia. 12. a water elemental. 13. legendary guardian of the Earth Spirit. 14. a leading British EM researcher. 16. Theosophist and author of "The Ancient Wisdom." 17. the sacred tree bearing the Golden Bough. 20. spectre, spirit of the dead. 22. reservoir of subconscious sexual drives. 25. traditional folk-tale or myth. 27. old straight tracks. 28. celestial body. 29. a Fortean source-work. 30. Indian cult of ecstasy. 32. Egyptian Goddess of the sky, nearly Nut. 33. an old magical letter of Norse alphabet. 34. lost city of the Chaldees. 36. Babylonian water divinity. 38. ancient Egyptian concept of soul. 39. historical period of time. 41. the Celtic Otherworld. 45. Liber Legis. 47. the human body's serpent energy. 48. earth mysteries. 50. a Japanese form of Buddhism. 51. supposedly, the other Atlantis. 53. Ordo Templi Orientis. 54. Sun God. 55. ufologists, Ralph and Judy —

8

56. Thodol, Tibetan Book of the Dead

57. one of Eden's inhabitants.

CLUES DOWN: 1. massive megalithic complex in France. 2. leading Theosophist and right-hand man of 16 across. 3. the Scandanavian tree of the cosmos. 4. fabled subterranean kingdom. 5. title of Crowley's Edinburgh temple. 6. the entire cosmos. 7. the Earth's solar body. 10. not quite yang! 11. famous Mali tribe who worship Canis Minor. 15. Egyptian king of the 18th Dynasty. 18. supreme Deity. 19. Greek hero who slew the Minotaur. 21. author of "The New Apocrypha" 23. — Fortune, famous occultist. 24. Satan. 26. the Absolute of Tibetan Buddhism. 31. a fabled lost continent. 35. another name for 54 across. 37. inhabitant of Heaven. 40. discoverer of the orgone. 41. the abode of the Aesir, or crown of 3 down. 42. Gaelic name for old fort or castle. 43. cards used in divination; cartomancic instrument. 44. Roman Goddess of Nature. 46. Sir Oliver —, old SPR member, spiritualist and author. 47. prominent world ufologist. 49. labyrinth. 52. the Way of the Universe. 53. Tibetan mantra.

Good luck on this one dear readers. No prizes for getting it all right though, but we're hoping to have a competition crossword soon, so look forward to that one. We will have another puzzle in the next copy of Earth...along with the answers to this one! Tatty-bye!

 Glory in Brigantia - Article by Harry C. Monet-Lane.

Over the past three centuries, two particularly interesting groups of Roman altars have been found in Yorkshire. The first group records the Goddess known as Brigantia, and the second group appears to pay homage to deities associated with water. Although the names are Latinised, they have a resemblance to ancient words of the British (Celtic) language and through these we may recognise certain Celtic or even earlier deities.

The name Brigantia occurs in sources other than inscribed Roman altars. A combination of historical and archaeological evidence provides us with the means of identifying, not only the general territorial limits, but entitles Yorkshire to claim that it lay at the heart of Brigantia. In addition to the Yorkshire altars from Adel, Castleford, Greetland and Slack, there is an altar from Birrens in Dumfriesshire, southern Scotland, which is representative of a number located in the general area of Hadrian's Wall. It is the location of these altars which leads some writers to suggest that they define the area known as Brigantia. This they may well do at a given time in the later Roman period, but not necessarily during the early Roman and prehistoric periods.

Throughout Britain, other tribal areas are known from ancient and archaeological sources, but it is possible that Yorkshire is exceptional in having so many Roman altars erected to the territorial deity of a tribal date. Altars to Celtic deities are not uncommon and this is particularly true for northern Britain. We may, for example, refer to "Saitada" or "lady of grief" revered by the Textoverdian sect of the Brigantes who were located in the South Tyne Valley.

Many deities are represented as feminine and it is not improbable that this tendency reflects the ancient classical and prehistoric belief in a "mother Goddess." Certainly, most of the known Yorkshire Brigantian altars relate to a Goddess. The exception is in the masculine Latin form of "Deo Briganti"; a male deity being implied in this, the altar from Slack.

Of those altars consecrated to water deities, two have been selected as illustrating the nature and importance of these divinities. An altar discovered at IlkLEY reads, "Sacred to Verbeia: Clodius Fronto, prefect of the Second Cohort of Lingonians (set this up)." Verbeia is probably the Goddess of the River Wharfe. The first part of the name, Verb- means, "to turn, twist." Verbeia might also be the name of the fort at IlkLEY, thus replacing the name of Olicana, which is mentioned by the geographer Ptolemy. It is suggested that Olicana might then be the name of the fort at Elslack.

The second altar found at a river shrine near the East Black Sike at Bowes. It reads, "To the God Vinotonus Silvanus, Julius Secundus, centurion of the First Cohort of Thracians, gladly, willingly and deservedly fulfilled his vow." Apparently, no certain British name can be detected here, but a possible pre-Indo-European linguistic element might be found in "vin" with the meaning of mountain. Those knowing the area where the watershed lies will perhaps recognise the possible connection.

There is a body of evidence suggesting that Celtic, and probably earlier, societies were much concerned with the sanctity of not only the healing properties of springs of water, but also the importance of other water courses. An examination of only



OLD YORKSHIRE DIARY

1700 - 1800s

Spectral Armies from Yorkshire's Past - Article by Sylvia Ross

The reports which follow here, were originally found in the "Yorkshire Folklore Journal, Volume 1" and were written of by J. Horsfall Turner in the 1880s. I reproduce a more clarified version of the tales here.

Near a small village, approximately four miles outside York, called Stockton-on-the-Forest, an amazing spectacle was seen on the 13 January in 1792. A "meteor" resembling a huge army of numerous divisions, some wearing black and some white uniforms appeared. For nearly one mile, a division stretched across the sky forming a line. In the middle of these there seemed to be a collection things looking like fir trees, moving in conjunction with the line. This "army" moved through the air with amazing speed and was noticed by a considerable number of witnesses, some with good reputations.

A similar phenomenon was observed near Harrogate between 7 and 8pm on Sunday, June 28, 1812. It was seen by Anthony Jackson, forty-five years old, and Martin Turner, the son of a neighbouring farmer. Whilst caring for their cattle, they saw a large mass of armed men, dressed in white military uniforms. In the centre of this was an authoritative-looking person dressed in scarlet. After performing various manoeuvres, the party moved forward in perfect order towards the top of a nearby hill (name not specified, Ed.). In doing so, they passed the witnesses by as little as a hundred yards. As the troop - covering thirty acres! - reached the hill, a second mass of men, more abundant than the first, appeared. These spectral figures wore dark-coloured uniforms and followed the first party to the top of the hill. Here they joined forces, descended over the opposite side of the hill and disappeared from view. Then however, a column of thick smoke covered the plain. The time-lapse from the first appearance to the dissipation of the smoke was calculated to be no more than five minutes. This phenomenon created a portent among the superstitious, as the needless spillage of blood by Britain in her wars with America and France.

In 1743, a servant, David Stricket was sat with his master, John Wren of Wilton Hill, near Pickering, when they watched a man with his dog chasing some horses on Southerfell-Side. This place was so steep that a horse could hardly travel on it at all. They seemed to be galloping and disappeared at the lower end of the Fell. The master and servant decided the following day to go and look at the steep side of the hill, and when they got there there was no sign of the horses having been there. They said nothing, fearing ridicule from their friends.

On June 23, the following year, Stricket - then servant to a Mr. Lancaster of Blakehills, neighbouring Wilton Hill - was walking near the house. He looked over towards Southerfell and saw a troop of spectral men in close ranks, riding horseback on the hillside. When he was convinced he wasn't hallucinating he fetched his master, who immediately saw the phenomenon for himself. He called the rest of his family and they all saw it too. The numerous troops seemed to come from the lower part of the Fell, rode opposite Blakehills, went over the mountain and then disappeared. The last - or last but one - of each troop, galloped to the front and then assumed the pace of the rest. This strange spectacle was also witnessed by every person at every cottage within a mile distance from the Fell. From the time that Stricket first saw it, the appearance lasted about two and a half hours (!), from 7.30pm until the fall of darkness obscured any further view of the spectres.

A Comment from the Wizard, On Koans; Being an Extension of his Words on Oz, and an Expansion on the Worlds of Being.

In the article which must inevitably be seen as the predecessor to this one (1)*, my closing words asked that we left the symbolic voice of what ufologists call "Oz" alone, to speak its own silent Word. Analysis of the Voice - which mystics and occultists

* Bracketed numbers in this article refer to articles and books used as reference, and are to be found at the end of this particular piece of work.

have been calling "enlightenment" or "illumination" for God knows how long! - in effect denies its transmission to anyone who wishes to explain and/or determine whatever mysteries may lie within it. Effectually, Oz or enlightenment (or whatever else one may care to call it...but Oz will suffice for the reference here) hides from those who would seek its Meaning; yet plays its Tune aloud to those who would ask nothing of it. And so, as the questions, reasonings and intellectualism were expressed to their obvious conclusions in the wizard's comments on Oz (1), no further explorations are to be exercised here, and nor are they anywhere necessary really. And yet this article is to hopefully further the understandings and, moreover, the philosophies which Oz illustrates to us. This is not to be a further analysis of the phenomenon, but a journey into the obvious realms which the previous article inevitably led us into.

Very quickly however, before I get down to business on what I want to say, please allow me to briefly go over what we already know, and what Oz is - both on its own, and in its relationship with other things. This is an obvious necessity to those readers who haven't read what the wizard said about Oz in Brigantia magazine last month; and so I hope that those of you who have already accustomed themselves with the preliminaries will bear with me for just a moment or so.

...Several years ago, British ufologists suddenly began to take note of an aspect of the Phenomenon which has been going on for years, but rarely seemed to take up any of the pages of UFO books or magazines. Many witnesses to UFO activity described an effect where everything around them suddenly took second place to an overwaded sensation of a feeling of beauty and appreciation. The object the witness would be looking at, seemingly induced a situation where time stood still. Where the everyday hustle and bustle of life simply ceased to be. And where the mind of the witness was suddenly overcome by feelings of peace, realisation and a Meaning for Life. Oz Factor, as UFO student Jenny Randles came to call it, was a quite poetic, and very personal experience. What it was and why it should occur in conjunction with UFO manifestations, really puzzled everybody it seems. (I was fortunate in receiving a

..... UFO-induced dose of Oz during the summer of 1979, when a short flap was taking place around West Yorkshire...see diagram to left.) But we don't really have to look very far to pick up clues as what the ufologist's Oz could be.

In works by Dr. Raymond Moody (2) and others who have studied associated death-bed visions, we find that many of the people who were resuscitated from what the medical profession would call, clinically dead, that they too have sympathetic Oz-like tales to announce. Whether realisation of their own personal death occurs or not, we hear of people describing a feeling of great

peace; the realisation of oneness, and the appreciation of Life. In effect, we find that a near-death experience (an NDE) and a UFO-induced Oz feeling, are not just similar, they are identical psychological experiences. This is simple fact. But the width of the Oz experience is not just limited to NDEs and parapsychical encounters. Its feeling stretches far and wide. For example, the often talked-about - yet grossly misinformed - "high" achieved by subjects who have ingested specific hallucinogenic substances (LSD and/or psilocybin) is directly comparable to the ufologist's Oz. We also find that astral projection automatically induces it; but then I suppose this is to be expected considering the nature of the exercise. The awakening of the human body's serpent power, or kundalini, produces Oz. Other forms of meditation obviously do aswell. Specific divination exercises induce it. And there are hosts of other such mediums which excite the experience.

At the beginning of this century, William James noted that the religious ecstasies, although achieved through different cultural mediums, were effectually synonymous with each other (3). In 1901, Dr. Robert M. Bucke found almost exactly the same thing, but concerned himself with the specific nature of the ecstasies to derive himself an interesting result which he called "cosmic consciousness." (4) Ufologists who may be searching for the underlying cause and meaning of their Oz need look no further:

"Cosmic consciousness in its more striking instances is not," say Bucke, "simply

UFOSEEN
ON AUGUST
8, 1979, BY
JON TILLEARD
& MYSELF.
BOTH OZ AND
TELEPATHY
ENSUED.

an expansion or extension of the self-conscious mind with which we are all familiar, but the superaddition of a function as distinct from any possessed by the average man as self-consciousness is distinct from any function possessed by one of the higher animals.

"The prime characteristic of cosmic consciousness is a consciousness of the cosmos, that is, of the life and order of the universe. Along with the consciousness of the cosmos there occurs an intellectual enlightenment which alone would place the individual on a new plane of existence - would make him almost a member of a new species. To this is added a state of moral exaltation, an indescribable feeling of elavation, elation, and joyousness, and a quickening of the moral sense, which is fully as striking, and more important than is the enhanced intellectual power."

Bucke experienced the exaltation of cosmic consciousness himself. It was this that led him to write his classic work on the subject:

"All at once, without any warning...I found myself wrapped in a flame-coloured cloud. For an instant I thought of fire, an immense conflagration somewhere close by in that great city; the next, I knew that the fire was within myself. Directly afterward there came upon me a sense of exultation, of immense joyousness accompanied or immediately followed by an intellectual illumination impossible to describe. Among other things, I did not merely come to believe, but I saw that the universe is not composed of dead matter, but is, on the contrary, a living Presence; I became conscious in myself of eternal life."

One J. Trevor, writing in 1897, and describing the similar experience from his own words, told us:

"...I was aware that I was emmersed in the infinite ocean of God." (5)

All of this to students of ufology has only just taken an important place in their studies, when in fact the phenomenon has been going on, quite literally, for thousands of years. In the early seventies when John Keel told us all about this, ufologists seemed to think him a bit loopy. Probably because he was talking sense and few other ufologists ever do!

Oz was the obvious manifestation of the cosmic consciousness or superspectrum, as Keel called it. Occasionally, the frequencies of the superspectrum would obviously introduce themselves to us insignificant humans, in an attempt to generate the realisation that we are significant. The illumination received by Saul on his journey to Damascus is still telling us the same message, as flying saucers and glowing space folk plonk our minds in the enchanted land of Oz. (6) But even though we know all of this about UFO-induced Oz (that it is simply the "voice" of the cosmos), it wouldn't surprise me to read pages of ufological gibberish on the sub-phenomenon in the years to come. Quite simply, there is little more to say on the subject. We know what it is and why it occurs (1). An interesting side-note of relevance can be found however, amidst the reasoning - or rather, lack of it! - found in Zen Buddhism...a far step, it would seem, from the little green men who initiated this discussion!

Zen Buddhism is quite probably the highest religion in the world. Masters of Zen would assert it as the direct pointing to Reality; the abolition of all concepts and thought, transforming one to a sudden enlightenment, or "satori" as Zen calls it. But of all of the backgrounds to Zen, it is perhaps an element called the "koan" which is the most potent, of which we will come to in just a minute.

To reach the Zen state of illumination, satori, and the spiritual equilibrium that follows, certain definite techniques are needed to be used by Zen Master and the pupil. There is a form of question and answer known as the "mondo" by which ordinary thought processes are speeded up to the point of the hoped-for abrupt breakthrough into the total awareness of the Absolute. And then there is the koan - a word or a phrase which is totally insoluble by the intellect. Indeed, the koan seems often quite senseless to the rational mind, but then it is meant to be; or rather is meant to override the processes which make up the intellect. In doing this, satori is achieved. Paradoxically however - and this is the obscure beauty of Zen - if one tries to this, one defeats the meaning of the object! Simply speaking, koans are used to bring the student, without recourse to the mediation of words or concepts, to the direct, intuitive realisation of Reality. (7) Similarly, the process of Zen through the use of koans, short-circuits rational thinking, putting the subject in the privileged position of just "knowing." The wealth of the collective unconscious is then appreciable.

Looking back just a little, we find that the immediate transcendence which Oz awakens, from questioning to realisation, and in many cases an aquired Understanding

of "All is in flow," is typical of the function of Zen koans. As Christmas Humphreys wrote: "The process of Zen is a leap from thinking to knowing..." (my underlines). This, as all who have felt Oz or whatever enlightenment introduced itself to them, know, is the process which overcame them at that wonderful point in time. Just for that moment, Life became the sacred vessel. The function of a koan is virtually identical.

Some geyser once said (I forget who, but it could have been Jung), that the UFO Phenomenon as a whole is, quite simply, the cosmic, universal koan. Sure sounds good. But sit down and think seriously over the proposition and the hard Truth of the matter causes that exciting smile of discovery - real, factual discovery! No ufologist who has spent, say, ten years at his research desk looking at the Phenomenon, can fail to be awakened by the potential "Eureka" at the koan analogy. Providing, that is, that the student has a complete awareness of what a koan entails.

Firstly, our very intellect needs to be transcended, as we have said, "...For it is where the intellect pauses, baffled and at bay, that Zen begins," write Christmas Humphreys. "The intellect is a developed instrument for the use of knowledge, but only the senses and the intuition acquire knowledge at first hand. The thought-machine therefore, too easily becomes a cage, a workshop for the handling of second-hand material. For just as the senses acquire direct experience by touch and taste and the like, so Buddhi, the intuition, acquires direct experience, and knows. In the ideal process of development, this higher faculty increasingly illumines the thinking mind; in usual practice the intellect claims a final validity and closes its doors to direct experience. Hence Zen is largely a breaking into the closed doors of the mind to let the light without flood in, and any and every process which will shock the mind into such an opening is useful and may be used. A lightning answer may suffice, thrusting the question back into the questioner's mouth. "How shall I escape from the wheel of birth and death?" Asked the Master in reply, "Who puts you under restraint?" A laugh, an oath, a shout, a shaking, even a blow may do what years of meditation have failed to achieve." (8)

Thus is the koan and the Zen. Some interesting examples of koans used to shock the mind towards satori are:

Two hands when clapped make a sound. What is the sound of one hand clapping? That's an easy one - just try it and see. Then there's, If all of Life as we know and see it to be is in the shape of the body of a cow, then what does its "moo" mean? Om, obviously.

There was once a house of concrete, of three storeys. The occupier moved laboriously from the ground floor of his body through his emotions to his mind. And there he struggled for the light of Understanding. But one day he noticed a trap-door over his head, and in sheer desperation opened it. A flood of light poured in, and he could see. He climbed onto the roof for a moment and, lo!, all about him was the sky, and the sun was everywhere. "Tut tut," he said, peevishly, "And to think that it was here all the time!" (9)

Thus is the simplicity of Zen. And thus is the simplicity of what we today call the UFO Phenomenon. We spend all our time examining statistics, physical evidence, the testimony of the witnesses, and then conveniently bundle whatever substance we get into compartments of egocentric acceptability. In trying to turn ufology into some species of science, we lose the Phenomenon itself. Oz illustrates this completely. As I said previously (1), instead of listening to the voice and respecting the substance of what Oz really is, we write lengthy papers on the science, psychology and sociological effects of it. Ufologists may argue that we can do little more to a Phenomenon which implicates the paradox of reasoning from irrational behaviour, even in an attempt to teach ourselves more about ourselves anyhow, but this isn't necessarily so.

"Those who vainly reason without understanding the Truth are lost in the jungle of the Vijnanas (the various forms of relative knowledge), running about here and there trying to justify their view of ego-substance.

"The self, realised in your inmost consciousness, appears in its purity; this is the Tathagata-garbha (literally, Buddha-womb), which is not the realm of those given over to mere reasoning...

"Pure in its own nature and free from the category of finite and infinite, Universal Mind is the undefiled Buddha-womb, which is wrongly apprehended by sentient beings." (10)

But I suppose it seems a difficult problem, even though the reasoning given there sounds both truthful and righteous. How is the Truth to be understood, if reasoning is to be inhibited or even denied? This is the problem facing ufology at present, as well as mystics and philosophers. But there is no greater answer than, Just listen to what "it" is saying to you ("it" being taken in the context of whatever one may be looking at). Listen long enough and the enlightenment of its Truth eventually becomes you. This is not the ramblings of a ufological philosopher gone screwy, it is the basic Way.

What society today is seeing as multi-coloured lights of mystery flitting around our polluted skies of Earth, are living symbols, Divine expressions of the Way itself. Examine them, categorise them and speculate upon them in whatever rational manner one may like, and their reality is missed. They are effectually the koans of the Divine, illuminating the few with Its reality; the tears of the Mother Earth Herself (11) crying the voice of Understanding upon us, in the hope that we will listen. And we must listen today more than we have ever had need to.

And if, as some readers may have thought at the end of the previous article, all of this is just romantic theory and Godhead-inspired fancy, I may remind you that Einstein, Jung, Michell and others before us have also spoke the same Words through the years...

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POSTSCRIPT: One Nature, perfect and pervading, circulates in all natures,
One Reality, all-comprehensive, contains within itself all realities.
The one Moon reflects itself wherever there is a sheet of water,
And all the moons in the waters are embraced within the one Moon.
The Dharma-body (the Absolute) of all the Buddhas enters into my own being.
And my own being is found in union with theirs...
The Inner Light is beyond praise and blame;
Like space it knows no boundaries,
Yet it is even here, within us, ever retaining its serenity and fullness.
It is only when you hunt for it that you lose it;
You cannot take hold of it, but equally you cannot get rid of it,
And while you can do neither, it goes on its own way.
You remain silent and it speaks; you speak, and it is dumb;
The great gate of charity is wide open, with no obstacles before it.
- Yung chia Ta shih.

Stone Circles of West Yorkshire

Unknown to most of us, there are more than the three or four stone circles which our local OS maps tell us of in this small, industrial county of West Yorkshire. And even of those which we know of in general, it seems strange that little astroarchaeological work has ever been done on them to assess any possible solar or lunar significance. In Aubrey Burl's monumental work on "Stone Circles of the British Isles" we are given the list of most of our local circles, and E.T. Cowling's "Rombald's Way," 1946, emphasizes several aspects of the megaliths which Burl didn't really have space to cover.

Hence, listed here, with only brief notes for the time being, are at least the old megalithic circles which we know of and suspect:

Bradup Circle, west of Morton Moor, nr. Rivock, SE 04 SE, O8974393.

This circle is situated at the west side of the KeighLEY to IlkLEY road, near Bradup Bridge. Circa 1948, twelve stones still remained upright but since then it has fallen somewhat. The stones were large and seemed as though they were obtained from the nearby escarpment at Rivock Edge (area of numerous impressive cup and ring markings). Holes mark the site of removed stones. The ring is almost thirty feet across, 9.2m, and

there are traces of a surrounding, circular bank. The position of some of the stones suggest that the circle may have been continuous. The place is also known as "Brass Castle" and "Kirkstones" - both suggestive names. Locals claim the circle is haunted. The energy field adjacent to the stone circle is primarily influenced by the numerological system of the figure "3" and astrologically by Jovian influences. Sporadic UFO sightings have occurred near the site through the years.
Grubstones Circle, Lanshaw, BurLEY Moor, SE 14 SW, 13634473.

A disturbed circle of approximately thirty five feet diameter, 8.5m, with standing stone set in a surrounding, artificial embankment. It appears to have originally been a continuous wall of standing stones (according to Cowling, 1946), none of which are dressed. The stones appear to have been taken from a local outcrop. Bones and ashes are said to have been found there some years ago. Governing earth energy frequency not yet known, but is possibly governed by the influence of the number "2."
Twelve Apostles, IlkLEY Moor, SE 14 NW, 12624507.

In 1914 only three of the stones were still standing from the original position (most of them now keep getting repositioned me and some friends and other local Pagan folk!). The other stones were then under the surface of the Earth. The average height of the monoliths is four feet, 1.3m, and were evidently made from roughly worked stone of a predetermined size. The stones were initially placed in a slight embankment and were all free standing. There is slight evidence of an avenue which ran from the original site. It has a diameter of 58 feet on one length and 54 on another, 16.9m and 15.9m, hence making it a flattened circle (see Thom, 1968). Dowsing has been performed at the site and numerous underground streams and aquastats are in evidence (see Underwood 1969, and Graves 1978). High biological energy emissions have been encountered on numerous occasions; electrical discharges have also been measured, and the circle is said to be aligned with the summer solstice. A UFO was reported to have been seen directly over the site in 1976. Numerous leys are said to intersect here, but I have only evidence of two. On one of them a few years ago, a friend of mine, Dave Pendleton suddenly got a powerful electrical surge travel right through him and the next thing he knew, all the hair on his body stood up on end. It looked as if he was next to a van der Graaf Generator!

Horncliff Circle, Hawkesworth Moor, 14SW 1313943543.

This circle is set on a slope amidst much overgrown bracken and heather, and can be somewhat difficult to locate in the midst of summer, but once located is a cute little thing! There appears to be no circular bank and the rough, angular stones are set close together so the edges are on the inner and outer sides of the circle. There is a smaller circle inside it. Cowling tells us that one of the stones on the eastern sides of the circle has a cup marking on it, although neither Dave Pendleton or myself has found such motifs here. Will-o-the-wisp has been reported here once or twice by the locals, and legend has it that the legendary Black Dog, Guytrash, used to be seen near this circle. Aquastats are in evidence here, but I have yet to look into the governing earth energy frequencies, numbers or astrological bodies.
Weecher Circle, Weecher Reservoir, Bingley Moor, SE14SW 137421.

A circle of free standing stones, eighty one feet in diameter, 24.9m, was unfortunately destroyed by some mindless, gormless tit-heads upon the making of Weecher Reservoir a number of years back! According to Cowling, little records were made of the site. So much for bloody progress! If any readers have any recollections of the site, I'd be very pleased to hear from them.

Brackenhall Green, Baildon Moor, SE 13 NW 13053908.

A portion of a large circle, originally measuring 411^{feet} in circumference, being 150 feet across from north to south and 117 feet from east to west, is still well intact here. The circle consists of a double row of inner and outer stones, few of which reach more than three feet tall, set on end, with packing of smaller stones to make an embankment. The circle has several faint cup markings of local central design type on some of its south-south-westerly stones. Aquastats have been recorded beneath the site and a mild electrical discharge has been felt from a few of the stones in the circle (there are well above a hundred of them). At least one ley crosses the circle. The local earth energy field adjacent to the circle is governed by the number "5" and is active around the time of the Beltane. There is a possibility that influences from the number "1" are effectual during September, although this is far from clear at the moment. The gov-

erning astrological bodies, influential to the energy field is probably Jupiter, with possible influences coming from Sirius and Venus as well. The God Baal was the primary deity worshipped here by the Ancients.

Askwith Moor Circle, SE 15 SE, no co-ordinates

According to Cowling, on the patch of moorland to the west of Askwith Lane and Stoop Hill bridal path, is a circular bank of rubble of similar dimensions to the circle at Brackenhall, Baildon. The bank is hard to trace and has a spread of up to eight feet, and is only about one foot high. Scanty remains of similar enclosure circles can be traced on the flat to the north-east of the Askwith Moor's shooter huts.

Snowden Moor, SE 15 SE, approx. 174515.

A possible circle may be apparent just to the west of Snowden Crags (themselves, the site of an Iron Age region). Here, it appears, a saucer-shaped, circular enclosure has been constructed. The lower half of the area has a bank of piled stones to complete the enclosure. Amongst some rounded boulders are other, larger stones, roughly pillar-shaped, lying at regular defined intervals as if they've been overthrown. Again, in this circle, some of the obelisks have cup markings on them. Cup and ring outcrops are adjacent to the site also.

Baildon Moor, SE 14 SW, 1324540129.

A half mile north of Brackenhall Circle, about 250 yards beyond the disused quarry there, a very impressive-looking stone circle, unfortunately consisting of only small rocks, can be found. Measuring only about thirty feet is an inner circle, which appears to be surrounded by a small circular earthwork. Just past that, there is another surrounding of stones. Moving some fifteen or twenty feet beyond that, we appear to have a third circle of stones, sparsely distributed from one and other. This possible third consecutive circle is ellipse-shaped. And beyond that still, another, fourth ring could exist - although this isn't at all certain. Cup markings are immediately adjacent to the circle, which seems to have an east-west alignment specifically towards the Beltane sunrise each year. The overall diameter of this circle may be possibly as much as 200 feet. Two leys are known to pass through this circle. It too is governed by the frequencies of the number five and the astrological influences of Jupiter. Baal was the primary deity worshipped here by the Ancients.

Spv Hill, Eldwick Crags, Bingley Moor, SE 14 SW, 1236542518.

Here is a stone enclosure, possible a destroyed megalithic circle, possibly a collapsed cairn, only about twenty feet across. Whatever it is, two irregular, unworked standing stones stand to the east and west of the site. The centre appears to have been dug up many years ago. To its east, there runs an artificial channel, seemingly leading to the standing stone on its eastern side. Possible similar channels appear to have been dug out and run to the north and south. The monolith stood on the close western horizon appears to mark the midwinter sunset, standing some three and a half to four feet tall, at coordinate 12354252.

Ringstone Circle, Halifax, SE 045183.

A very large circle of hundreds of small stones laid out on the moorland surface, south west of the town. The enclosure or circle has a diameter of around 130 feet and has a slight embankment surrounding it. Bones and bronze age artifacts have been dug from the circle in its past. I have little other details at the moment.

Hirst Woods, Saltaire, SE 13 NW, 12893828. (?)

Here we find a site which may or may not be a stone circle in the old tradition. It is found in the woodland itself, around which are various dug-outs which are said to have been done for army training during the Second World War. According to some, this is indeed exactly what this stone circle really is...and not a remnant from the days of olde! However, archaeologist Mortimer Wheeler, in his days as a lad when he lived around these parts, found several cup and ring markings in the woods, and supposed evidence of an Iron Age site, possibly this circle we find here. Interestingly, even if the site turns out not to be ancient in origin, we find that without it even being used as a ley point, it actually lays upon a ley (if you see what I mean!). Three other circles, two cairns and several other points, all from the Ancient days, stand upon this ley. Hopefully, I can bring you an illustration of this line in the next copy of Earth to show you the point. But anyhow, until we confirm whether it is truly aged or not, on with the description. Here we find a very overgrown monument, consisting of at least twenty stones

built very close together. The rocks are uncut and none of them exceed three feet in height. The circle is roughly ellipsoid, being roughly twenty five feet by thirty, although don't take my word on that! Unrecorded cup and rings can be found in the woods around here, and appear the illustrate the numerological governing frequency is "2." More work needs to be done here however.

Windy Hill, Dobrudden, Baildon Moor, SE 14 SW, 138403.

A circular enclosure, banked with large stones used to be in existence here, but has since been destroyed - no doubt by senseless christians. The last recorded note of it was made by J.N.M. Colls in 1845. Anybody know of anything after that?

Pennythorn Hill, Baildon Moor, SE 14 SW, 14074083.

A possible stone circle may have once circled the recognised barrow which used to be seen on this hill (before it took second place to a golf course, of all things!), although this is by no means certain. (see Colls, 1845)

Undoubtedly there are one or two other stone circles and the likes till to be found around the region. Rumour has it that in the woodland at Esholt and Buck Woods a stone circle is sited, and this is certainly possible. In some parts, the woodland is dense, and I have already found previously undiscovered cup markings and Iron Age walling in some parts of the woods.

Singular monoliths are also scattered here and there around the county, although certainly not in great numbers. If anyone is interested in checking up on any more of the ancient sites which used to be in evidence, but have since become overgrown or else smashed up by screwy farmers or red-faced christians lost in their own delusions, one could do no better than to visit the Central Library in Bradford. At least fourteen volumes of the Cartwright Hall Archaeology Group Bulletin has plenty of info packed into it. Others are: Yorkshire Archaeological Journal; W.P. Baildon's, "Baildon and the Baildons, 4 Volumes"; Bradford Antiquary; the Dalesman; Yorkshire Coiners; various works like "Rombald's Way," and "Archaeologia Adalensis" (1879), etc. Happy archive hunting!

"Glory in Brigantia" - continued from page 9

a few river names shows a survival of British names in the present landscape such as Aire, Derwent and Don.

In respect of the Don, it is interesting to learn that the British Dana may bear a resemblance to the Sanskrit for "rain, moisture." Fascinating as these names are, we will not dwell on them, but only pause to reflect that there must be many springs, streams and rivers in Yorkshire worthy of a more detailed study, including those given saintly and sometimes other legendary names.

Over the years study of place and river names has given us a sound basis from which to start examination of most historically attested names. Furthermore, and returning to our Roman inscriptions, these are not limited to river and placenames. There are, in addition, those best described as representing the official Roman gods such as Jove and Apollo. But there are others which, in classical guise, veil the identity of a variety of local native Gods. However, whether ones search is for prehistoric, Roman, Saxon, Scandanavian or later names, there is a certain fascination and enchantment in studying a landscape which reflects a natural and spiritual ethos.

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==Reviews== UFO Brigantia, Nos.18 & 19 (April & May 1986)

West Yorkshire's local UFO mag (which I used to edit) which, as well as detailing to us all of the local UFO sightings, has material on the well-attested Gaynor Sunderland encounters, with a follow-up comment by author Jenny Randles. Also an article with CUFOS member and scientist, Bruce Maccabee, plus (and maybe of interest to Earth readers) local folklore tales...all of that just in the April edition. In May's copy, a comment from the wizard, on Oz; local UFO reports; plus an article on me (so I've been told!). Unfortunately, due to the recent postal strike, I haven't got my May copy yet, but I'd recommend it to anyone who may be interested specifically upon the general UFO scene in West Yorkshire. I look forward to the May edition. (see page 20 for address and details of subscription to Brigantia)



"Woman Fined for Being a Vampire"

A middle-aged Dominican woman was recently fined 500 pesos (about £170) after being found guilty of being a vampire. A court in Santo Domingo convicted Matilde Contreras of having bitten & sucked the blood of a sleeping baby girl aged 4 months. She denied the charge. Voodoo black magic rites, which often involve blood drinking are not rare in this Caribbean republic.

- article found in Telegraph & Argus newspaper, Tuesday, June 6, 1967.

For We are of Earth - Article by Paul Holmes

"We are Earth. The Mother. The Living Sphere. From Her, All has come and All shall return. She breathes, whispering the Word upon us with the four winds. Her body sighs, feeding All with the waters of Her Being. God, of Her, is our body, as She is our God. She cares, lives and talks for Us, as we are Her Children. She is the Way, the Light and the Tao. No fear, nor death comes from Her, for Her Word is Life, and from Her All shall come and All shall go. We are endless in our Ages, as each becomes a mother and the Mother. Her Life is all Life. The Way is Her Way. For We are of Earth."

References: Lao Tzu, "Fao te Ching," Penguin 1982. Michell, John, "The Earth Spirit," Thames & Hudson 1975. Watts, Alan, "Tao: The Watercourse Way," Penguin 1985.

COMING NEXT ISSUE...The Undiscovered Old Stone Carvings of CalverLEY Woods & Incidental Energy Relationships...Another Comment from the Wizard, On UFOs Perhaps?...A Remarkable Vision...Local Legends & Previously Unknown Tales of the Mysterious...Plus loads of Other Strange & Silly Things!

The Strange Old Tale of the Dob Park Dog

The case I am about to write of, brings to mind that gorgeous case told to us by the old master, Charles Fort, when he told us that in the city of Pittsburg, 1908, a small dog walked up to two policemen. The curious note to the event however, was that the dog politely said, "Good morning!" to them, and promptly disappeared in a puff of green smoke! Here however, in the case that follows, there is no politeness and no puffs of green smoke.*

It was during the latter half of the sixteenth century in the scenic Washburn Valley just north of OtLEY, that a frightening story echoed across the local district.

Dob Park Lodge, near Fewston Reservoir, has always had a strange and eerie appearance to it during the bitter, wintry nights, and ever since the Tudor era, tales of secret passages and of unexplained glows and lights have been told of the area. For at one time in the Lodge's past, there was said to have been a lengthy subterranean cavern nearby. The cavern had always been feared - some say for centuries - and was covered by a huge, oaken door. Mysterious glows and lights, terrifying sounds and tales of the dreaded "black dogs" surrounded this "cavern." Many had dared to go into the passages behind the old door, but few ever returned. We are however, told of one story when somebody did return: he may have appeared, "a staggering, trembling and wretched figure of a man, babbling incoherently of something incomprehensible," but he did, nevertheless - and unlike others before him - return.

The victim who ventured into the cave is not named, although is described as a "young, mature male." He went into the passages and was in them "for a considerable time." So long in fact, that those waiting had long given up hope for him. But when, to everybody's surprise, he returned, he had a very disturbing tale to tell (although it was a considerable time before he recovered from the psychological shock of the event).

The following narration is taken from the earliest record of the Dob Park Lodge event, said to have been written in the 1700s, yet I have corrected most of the mistakes and clarified some of the grammatical structuring to make it more legible by our standards. The story is actually written by the victim himself:

"After leaving the doorway, I went for a long distance, rambling and scrambling, turning and twisting about the crooked passages, until I thought I should get to no place at all. So I began to feel rather dazed and tired like, and had some thoughts of turning back again, when suddenly the sweetest music that ever I had heard in all

* Green smoke, as many of you will know, is common to virtually all types of paranormal manifestations, from UFOs to spooks to Bigfoot slobs and talking dogs!

my born days, struck up right before me. I couldn't have turned back then if I'd wanted to...for the sound charmed me completely. I had never felt so lightsome before, and feared nothing, and could have gone anywhere. I followed up where the music seemed to come from, thinking I should come to it at last, but I was wrong. I have never seen the players to this day. I kept following the sound until I came to what seemed to be a great, long, high, wide room, as big as any church, and bigger than some. At one side of it was a great fire blazing away as bright as the sunshine, and either it, or something else, made everything glitter like gold.

"Thin s I to myself, this is a grand place and no mistake! But what struck me more than all was a great, black, rough dog, as big as any two or three mastiffs, which stood before the fire, and appeared to be the master of the place, for not another living creature beside it could I see. I was troubled to make him out. I had heard of the "Bharguests" but had never seen one and thought this might be one of them. At last, by all that is true, if the thing did not open its mouth and speak! Not bark like a dog as it should have done, but talked just like one of ourselves. Didn't I feel queer now! ..That did for me more than all the rest. I wished myself safe out again, and over the mile bridge. It said, "Now, my man, as you've come here you must do one of three things, or you'll never see daylight again. You must either drink all that liquor there in that glass, open that chest or draw that sword."

"I looked, and there I saw a strange, great chest, seemingly bound with iron bands, and with two or three great iron locks on it. At the top of that chest was placed a fine great glass, with a long stem, full of the nicest-looking drinking stuff that ever I saw. Above that, on a peg or something of the sort, against the wall, was hung a sword, a great, long, broad, heavy, ugly thing, nearly as long as myself."

"I looked them all over...considering which job to do, for I dursn't, for the life of me, think of not doing what that dog bade me. The chest looked much too strong for me to open, besides I had no tools with me that would be likely to open it and, as for the sword, I knew naught about sword work. I had never held one in my life and should be quite as likely to cut myself as anyone else with it, so I thought I would let it alone. Then there was naught but the drink left for me, and I began to feel rather dryish, what with the rambling about the place so long, and what with the drop of drink I had before I started, so I says to myself, "Here goes at the drink!"

"I took hold of the glass with my hand, the dog all the time glowering at me with all the eyes he had, and, I assure you, he had two whoppers - saucers are not so big, they were more like pewter plates, and gleamed and glittered like fire. I lifted the glass up to my mouth and just touched my lips with the stuff, to taste before I could give a big swig, when, would you believe it, it scolded just like boiling water, or burnt like fire itself. All the skin's off my lips and tongue-erd with it yet. If I'd swallowed all the lot it would have burnt my inside clean out and I should have been as hollow as a drum, or else I should have been a bonny mess of it. I just tasted the stuff, but what it was I cannot tell, it was not the colour of aquafortis, but it was quite as hot. As soon as ever I tasted it, up flew the lid of the chest with a bonny bang, and I do declare if it didn't seem to be as full of gold as ever it could cram. I'd be bound to say there were thousands and thousands of pounds in that very chest. But I'm no better for that, nor ever shall be, for I'll never go there anymore.

"The sword, at the same time, was drawn by somebody's hand that I didn't see, and it glittered and flashed like lightning. I banged the glass down, and don't know whether it broke or not, but the stuff was spilt. In a minute after, all was dark as pitch, the fire went out, my lantern had gone out before, the music gave over playing and instead of it such a howling and yelling struck up and filled the place as I'd never heard in my time, it seemed as if hundreds of dogs were all getting walloped at once, and something besides screamed and yelled as if it were frightened out of its wits. Oh it was awful! I fell down flat on the floor, I think in a swoon, and I could not have done better. How long I lay I cannot tell, but for a goodish bit I think. At last I came to myself, rubbed my eyes and glowered about me and wondered where I was. At last I bethought myself and scrambled up, and after a great deal of ups and downs, I got my carcass dragged out, and now, you may depend on it, you'll not catch me going in there anymore on a sudden."

Such is the tale of the "Talking Dog of Dob Park Lodge."
