

EARTH

MYSTERIES



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Earth 10

A Publication of Pagan, Fortean & Earth Mysteries

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MANY THANKS TO SANDRA, DEBS & RUTH IN GETTING THIS TOGETHER!
This mag is forever dedicated to Jonathon Livingston Seagulls everywhere.

Hello there again all yea sacred and

smelly readers! How be thee all? Once again I must offer severe and utmost apologies for being so late, so scruffy and all mixed-up...but what can I say?

'Tis the pressures of life that are simply taking their toll on this sensitive and illuminated editor (damn shame isn't it!). But no, I must apologise for the excessive delay (again) of this edition. I'll get it back to normal as soon as I can.

But onto other matters. Where, for example, were all our West Yorkshire readers on the Winter Solstice a few months back? A few of us ventured up onto the moors of Ilkley to spend the morning with the Twelve Apostles stone circle in the company of the Earth and Her elements. 'Twas a very mild night indeed, and we expected there to be a number of yea like-minded Pagan folks to be there but - surprise surprise, shock! - not a soul to be seen! This was somewhat of an amazement, considering the number of Midsummer Solstice celebrations that were going on around the same moorlands by us local fruitcakes! At the Twelve Apostles alone we had around sixty celebrating and meditating souls. And just a half mile east, at the Grubstones Stone Circle another small camp gathered. Similarly at the Horncliffe Stone Circle (where the fairies are said to bathe in the spring at Beltane) a few dozen people were to meet. And at the sacred and powerful Swastika Stone thirty or forty Pagan-minded followers gathered to welcome the Sun unto the Earth. Over at Baildon Hill (the site celebrated by followers of Baal, the Sun), an equal number gathered. But, along came our Winter Solstice...and...where were you all?

Imbolc was as bad - but then one can't blame anybody for not going out on that particular morning, eve or night. It was utterly pissing it down! Even the idea of sheltering in the womb of a local cave for the night was avoided as the weathering elements overcame us. And so, there was equally little going on that day...

But Midwinter was emptied of its local Pagan support by a number of folk travelling to Stonehenge - which went both unhindered by Thatcherite thugs bearing clubs and bad weather. Thankfully... But our local sites need equal respect and care to maintain their magickal elements of renewal and rebirth. Should we neglect this too much, sacred sites will fall back into the sleep of the Earth and be much harder to re-awaken. So we must give attention to these smaller and seemingly less significant sites. They are the chakras of both our bodies and consciousness as well as those of the Mother Goddess. Each are necessary manifestations of one another, and as such we need to care for them both...as I'm sure yea all know. So come on peoples - as the Spring Equinox draws itself closer, spread out into the hills, dales and mountains and encourage the Spirit to come forth.

For any local Yorkshire yokels, the Twelve Apostles stone circle, Ilkley Moor is the place to be on that there day (well, I'll be there at least!). Beltane, just over a month later, is the major Pagan day of the year, and I'm hoping to be celebrating somewhere lost in the mountainous isles of Western Scotland. But there's always some folks at virtually all off our sites then. So, yea armchair Pagans, magickians and New Age folk - get of your arses and feel the breath of the Planet. Open consciousness to the elements and cleanse Spirit with Mind. We each looking forward to feeling of one another.....



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"AND BEHOLD, I ESPIED A GREAT VALLEY"

(IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH)

by Dave Stringer

All of our readers know well the disgraceful troubles brought upon Pagan and like-minded peoples in the immediately preceding years at Stonehenge. Such things, being not only unlawful, but unjustified and immoral, are the messages of a new political front in this once green and pleasant land. But...have faith...there are more and more communities breaking out around us, trying to break ground in an attempt to commune more directly with the rhythms of the Earth and Her Spirit. Findhorn is the place most people think of. But there are others (later this year I'm opening one somewhere on the Inner Hebrides). In particular there is the Tipi (or teepee) village in a valley near Cwmdu, Wales. The people there have actually *bought* this patch of land, but, even though it's theirs, we find a particular group of people in this country who want them off - forcefully...

Dave Stringer, editor of the newly formed *Vision Seeker* magazine (otherwise known as VSAS), explains...

We begin our account with the text of the Tipi Village's own leaflet outlining the practicalities of the situation - as given to us by Brig, a tribal spokesperson and member of the local Parish Council and Green Parliamentary candidate in the recent national elections.

SAVE THE TIPI VILLAGE

The Tipi Village near Cwmdu, Talley, was founded in 1976 by people *buying* derelict farmland and living in tipis, following the North American Indian philosophy of living close to the Earth and in tune with Mother Nature. It was thought that no planning permission was necessary, since a tipi is *not* a permanent structure.

However...In November 1984, Dinefwr District Council issued two *enforcement notices* alleging change from agricultural to residential use of the land, and requiring the tipis to be removed. The Tipi Village appealed against these notices and a public enquiry was held in Llandello in July, 1985. The Inspector's report was suppressed by the Welsh Office, and remained on the shelf for over two years.

The new Secretary of State for Wales, Peter Walker (or should his surname be spelt with an "n"?) has now upheld the enforcement notices, and given until August 1988 for people to comply. Anyone disobeying these notices could be liable for fines of up to £2000 *per day!!!*

WHAT THE INSPECTOR SAID

The Inspector's report was broadly sympathetic to the Tipi Village. He stated that:

I regard the degree of visual intrusion or environmental damage, or traffic hazard which results from a limited tipi presence in the valley bottom as minimal, and the community as a settled one with, at the present time, a responsible and stable leadership. In relation to the local ecology their presence seems to me, on balance, to be beneficial rather than harmful. Their way of life is not that of the majority of the population but that comment would be equally applicable to a host of other minorities. It is I think unlikely that the community will willingly forsake a lifestyle they have chosen and which satisfies their simple needs. To reject such claims as they make for special consideration in what they regard as a near-ideal location and an land that they have purchased would almost inevitably transfer what is, at its highest, a problem of limited local significance to some other location where it would less easily be accommodated."

He concluded that:

"...In land use planning terms I consider that use (the Tipi Village), to be, in principle, acceptable in the special circumstances of the case for a limited period, initially of three years, and subject to a limit to the total number of tents permitted."

However, although he wanted to give planning permission, the Inspector decided that he was unable to do so because of the enforcement notices (and hence the appeals) related to only a part of the valley area, and because, "No one person owns or controls the sites in its entirety." Though he also noted, "That, of course, is a situation which could change."

WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

If Dinefwr Council persists with its prosecution on the Tipi Village and succeeds in forcing people off *their own* land, those people will then be homeless and Dinefwr will be legally obliged to rehouse them. One Housing Dept official has already described that prospect as "impossible." Dinefwr has only two houses for homeless people and cannot afford to build anymore. Tipi dwellers (who want only to be left alone) would have to be rehoused ahead of the 700 people on the housing list who actually want council housing.

However, the Tipi Village will not give up without a struggle. It may be possible to challenge the Secretary of State's decision in the High Court, although this would involve huge legal costs. Further enforcement notices for the remainder of Tipi Valley would result in more appeals and public enquiries, and still further unnecessary costs for Dinefwr ratepayers.

THE SENSIBLE WAY OUT

There *is* a sensible way out of this insane situation. In the twelve months before the enforcement notices come into effect, Dinefwr Council should negotiate with the Tipi people and find a way of granting the planning permission the Inspector wanted to, but could not give. A simple change of heart would save the Council thousands of pounds and would save anyone from jumping the housing queue.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Write to Dinefwr District Council, Crescent Rd, Llandello, and to your local district councillor. Write to Rt Hon Peter Walker MP, Secretary of State for Wales, and to Alan Williams, MP for Carmarthen, both at the House of Commons, London SW1A 0AA, and give em hell! Sign the "Save Tipi Village" petition and collect signatures, letters and appeals from your friends and neighbours, or send donations (however large or small) to SAVE TIPI VILLAGE CAMPAIGN, PO Box 1, Salem Post Office, Salem, Llandello, Dyfed, Wales.

What better place to come and live, to be left to live one's life in peace with the Spirit of oneself, the Earth and all around, with unspoilt Nature, in one's own space of Being, in harmony with the rest of Creation. So one would think, after managing to find one's way to this remote Welsh hilltop by a forest of pines set in an Eden-like valley filled with oak and hazel woods by a clear rivulet.

Twelve years ago the Tipi Tribe first came here, for just that reason - to live, in harmony with Nature "like the American Indians" - having come together at Festivals such as Glastonbury. Discreetly and unobtrusively scattered. Each tipi in its own clearing, with its own self-supporting organic garden wrestled from the bracken without any harm to the native woodland. There is no sign of the usual junk waste lying about as in urban lifestyles, and no pollution of wells (dug by the village) springs and streams. The only aggravation we found there was the constant low-flying noise of RAF jets in training from an nearby military base. An aggravation created by the Babylon that now persecutes and harasses these quiet peoples.

Tipi Village has tried to improve the ecology of the local landscape by keeping out devastating sheep which have impoverished the soil on the mountain slopes, so to encourage the wild flowers and herbs to re-establish themselves and fertilise the soil over time. Also seeking there to replant trees to restore the woodland to the mountain, as looking after a nature and wildlife reserve. Also using only dead wood for fires and guarding the hygiene of their water supplies. The planning authorities could in no way at all object to their presence on any grounds of public health or spoiling the landscape, as do so many housing and similar developments we so often see approved. Now however, the village's desire to develop their community on these respectful nature-based principles, has been severely hampered by the continuous insecurity of threatened eviction from *their homes on their own land!*

Perhaps Tipi Village is quite unique in Britain as an example of the applications of such principles of living with Nature and in harmony to such a degree, totally free from unnatural stresses and strains of conventional society that not only screw people up, but make them greedy, unhappy or uptight. The people there don't talk about it - they live it! May be for this reason, the central powers see them as some kind of real threat to the status quo (I mean, people who live like that just *can't* be normal), and other people may get to like the vibes there and decided to "Turn on, Tune in, Drop Out" so to speak! Something that more and more people are doing today - and very healthy the trend is. In this "new" system, there hasn't been the crime which is now accepted as normal in society

today, and what is interesting is the maturity and values of the children growing up in this natural environment - without the TV, videos and Press retarding and polluting natural mental and physical growth.

This is not just a case of planning regulations, rather it is the using of planning regulations as a tool of oppression, to suppress what the Tipi Tribe are trying to do there; instigated, as it is initially, by the new Secretary of State for Wales after two years of silence when the initial eviction orders were suspended and left on the shelf. Most local people don't mind the village and agree with the peoples' right to live there.

Perhaps the harassment is not so absurd when one realises what is really happening - Orwell's 1984 has may be arrived already, whether you believe it or not, by many subtle and less subtle means well known to us - so watch you don't step out of the straight-jacket of this "Thatcher State". Tipi Valley might serve as an example to others who want to live in freedom also, even if they don't go as far as some of the people in the community, in seeking to live synonymously with Aboriginal Celts, and use various Eco-technologies to help them do so.

As the authorities are doing to the Tipi Tribe now, so likewise did Cromwell's soldiers do to the community of Britain's first Diggers, led by Winstanley and Everard in 1649, so do the US authorities seek to do to the Sovereign Native Indian Tribes of the Americas, etc. The denial of freedom of how we live is the same tyrannical spirit as the denial to the greater tribe of the Welsh people, the *Cwmraeg*, of their national Celtic sovereignty, and we hope that such organisations as Plaid Cymru will recognise this and be supportive of the Tipi people in their current struggle.

The principal of freedom is universal, our freedom must be defended everywhere. There can be no freedom without respect for the sacredness of Life, as of each others' lives, as the Tipi Tribe respects the sacredness of the life of the forest that helps to shelter and feed them. The system that oppresses other tribes in other lands also suppresses the freedom of its own people, so we ask you to do what you can to express your support for the Tipi village, not only for their sakes, but also because it may be your turn to 'get it in the neck' if you step out of the line of the Central Power System. This has happened, not only recently, but since the emergency powers legislation given to the British Governments of World Wars 1 & 2. Statutes that empower departments and authorities to make regulations without even any reference to Parliament, let alone the people. It is noteworthy that Peter Walker, decided to ride roughshod over the special considerations given to the Tipi Village by the Planning Inspector at the 1985 public enquiry at which there was no significant local objection to its presence - and it is on these grounds that there could be a legal technicality, so to allow an appeal to the High Court, and if necessary beyond, to the Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg (something that needs to be done with the Stonehenge Festival problem).

All the people of the Valley want to do is to be left in peace; to develop their own lives in their own harmonious space. They didn't set out to "fight the system", and the most some would ask is to be allowed to be in a quiet corner of the fringes of Babylon. Their enemies know where they are, and *are* powerful, so they need as many friends as possible to ensure that they can continue to do so. Living such non-materialistic lives, as much as possible off Earth Herself. In conventional terms they are inevitably near the monetary poverty line and so are very vulnerable financially when it comes to taking on the State with all its millions in expensive legal procedures (could any of us who even have a job?). So one thing we recommend is that you help support the 'SAVE THE TIPI VALLEY CAMPAIGN' fund. Keep in touch with us 'Friends of Tipi Valley', c/o Vision Seeker & Sharer, PO Box HK9, Leeds LS11 8JF, West Yorkshire. Or telephone 0532 787132 (Claire Mash) or 0532 712034 (Dave & Pam). Petitions in support of the Tipi Valley are also available from above address.

Give it your total support...

AN EXAMINATION OF POSSIBLE EARTHLIGHT PHENOMENA IN WEST YORKSHIRE - PART I

When Paul Devereux wrote his ufological apocrypha, *Earth Lights*, in 1982, I doubt very much he realised that, in its wake, the wrath of world ufology would be calling comments of such high criticism. But such was the way. Now, nearly six years later, although a number of illuminated UFO students accept the potential realism it spoke of, there are still many others who turn and shun it. So be it. But the hypothesis propagated by, not only Devereux, but previously Michael Persinger and Gyslain Lafreniere, has been substantiated and confirmed both in labs and out in the field. The remarkable 23784 Flap¹ from West Yorkshire was just one proven example. There are more. And, if ufologists could be bothered to get off their arses, I imagine they'd find numerous others.

The article here is to be the first in a number of examinations into UFO cases collected over the last decade - all from West Yorkshire. This obviously gives me a good ground, as I know well the terrain and regions around where the reported objects manifested themselves. All of the accounts are to be looked at under the light of the Earthlight Hypothesis. Unfortunately this article is unable to relate any pertinent local geo-tremors that may be able to further credence to the case, although some reader may be able to help on this. Hopefully in future cases, some information will be available. At the moment all objective evidence (the apparent 'in-thing' amongst ufologists these days) tends to lean towards further confirming ELs, and this healthy trend is on the up. But before we look at our first case example, let's make a general definition of what earthlights really seem to constitute.

"UFOs," says Devereux, "Are non-sentient, geophysically produced phenomena - transient pockets of energy or tenuous matter - produced anywhere under the right conditions...but particularly in areas of geological faulting or disturbance - which also tend to be areas of mineral enrichment and low thunderstorm activity."² Being directly related to faulting, they have a specific association with gravitic and geomagnetic anomalies - hence giving them direct functional relationships with stellar, planetary, solar, lunar and other astronomical trigger mechanisms, i.e. particular astronomical conjunctions, anomalies, fluctuations, cycles, etc. can activate/stimulate earthlight/UFO manifestations in specific geological locations. Dig it? They seem to be the basic facts as we know them. This in itself is overall ufological heresy it seems. But, it's good sound stuff nonetheless, and only the nutters can disregard it.

Hereabouts, begins our case for the accused hypothesis...

Perched aloft on a pillar of rock just a few yards to the south-east of Idle Hill in the early hours of Wednesday (Keel freaks take note), July 29, JASON81, sat a silent Paul Bennett (who?). This night I was wandering in search of nothing short of the pleasure of solitude with the night. The sky was partly clad in darkened cloud, the rest, open to Nut Herself. Her stars and observable phenomena delighting the firmament above and around. 'Twas a good night. Looking across to the darkness of Ilkley Moor to my north, I suddenly noticed that the planet Mars appeared to be taking a walk! 'Twas rather strange. Perplexed and looking more attentively at the object, it began moving very gently towards me, at a reasonable pace. Eventually, after what may have been as long as a minute, the object began to change in direction. By now, I had a far clearer view of what I was actually seeing: a red-orange sphere of delicate-looking energy, floating it seemed, quite casually in the direction it was taking. As



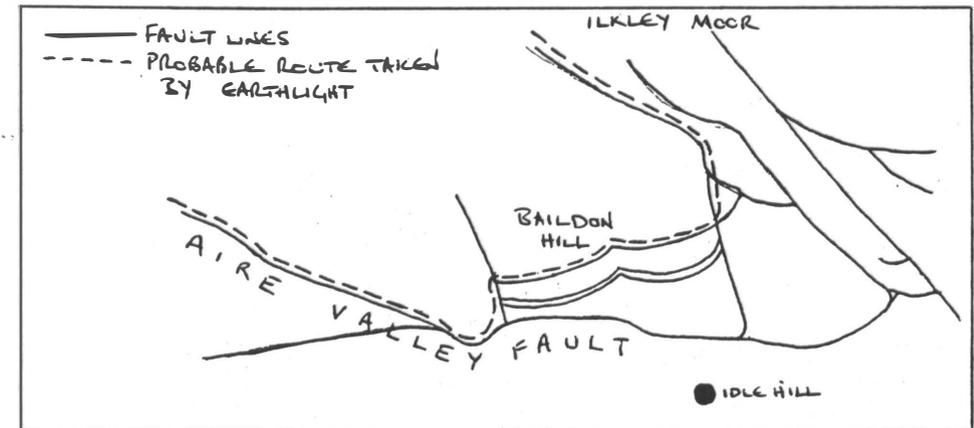
it began to swerve around, perhaps as high as a hundred metres around the lower side of Baildon Hill, on a more westerly trajectory, I noticed a small, almost subtle tail at the back of the object. In effect, due to the atmosphere generated by the night and the feeling I previously had within me of a general compassion, the object itself seemed quite a lovely little thing! It may sound stupid, but this is what it felt like.

Slowly but surely, as the little ball of light continued on its trajectory, it fell out of sight travelling still on its westerly course. The entire duration of the sighting was about three minutes (quite a long time for a UFO - so it just has to be a misidentification/fake/hallucination or whatever - you ask any ufologist!).

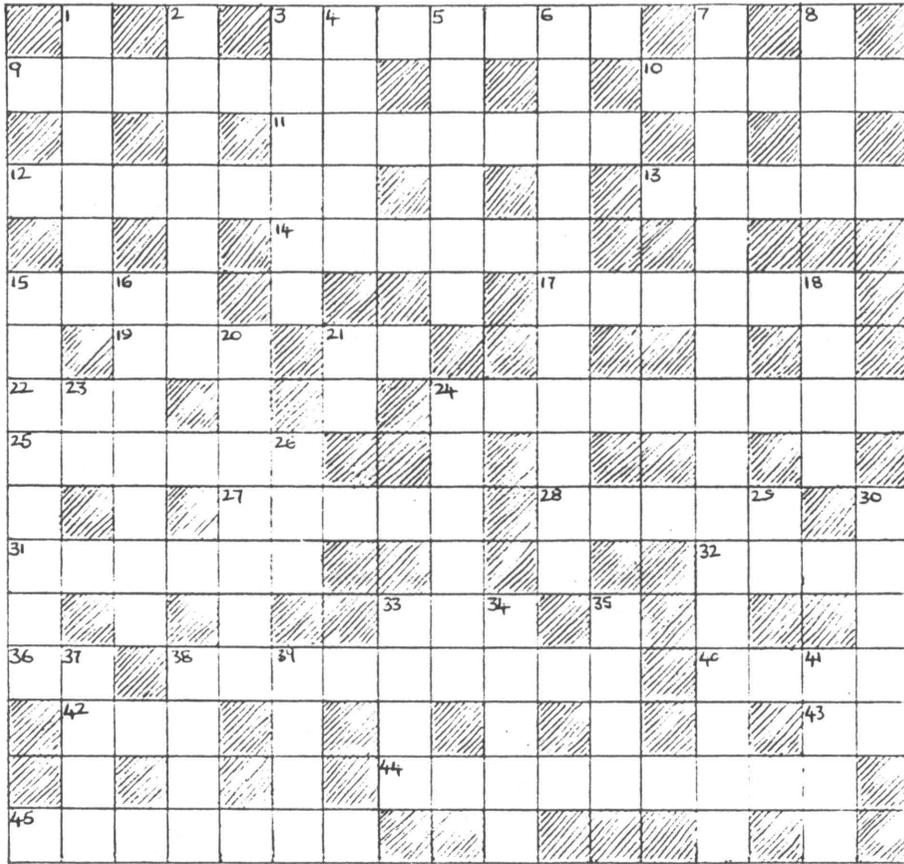
...Nowthen... Here's the good stuff: If you're an earthlighter that is. At the time of the sighting I obviously had little idea about ELs (but then neither did anyone else really!), and thought with complete sincerity that here was a first class UFO I'd seen. But, in the wake of Devereux's apocrypha, it sounded as if we had a first class pure earthlight case in the making. Nothing to cloud the case. No fanciful additions. Just a simple but lovely experience.

It wasn't until a few years afterwards though that I could check fully the movements of the object in relation to the local geology.³ The area all around where this object was seen is covered by a criss-cross of smaller faulting lines. Coming specifically south-east from Ilkley Moor are three clear lines. Two of these three eventually meet up with the Aire Valley fault - a lengthy ridge of geological strain where numerous UFO-like objects have been reported over the years. This was where the object finally moved along. The map here illustrates primarily the faulting around where the object was seen to move. And although the initial trajectory is a little difficult to assess precisely in relation to faulting, all of the main faults lie to the direction taken by the object in its initial stage. This is clearly apparent. When the object reached Baildon Hill, it began its change in direction. Here again, we clearly see a number of faults taking the direction of that taken by the UFO and eventually moving out of sight along the direction taken by the Aire Valley fault. All of this sounds far too good to be true. In perspective, we're looking at an object that clearly found a relationship in its flight path and in the geological strains in the Earth below it. The coincidence of the two is extraordinary.

The area around West Yorkshire - and indeed most of Yorkshire as a whole - is riddled with numerous geological weak spots. Obviously many of these are quite minor, but this doesn't discount it as an area of interest in these fields. Further examinations of UFO phenomena seen under the auspice of geological associations are more pronounced than the short case postulated here. Other reports are much more of interest from the reader's viewpoint as well, but this doesn't detract from them being of value to the overall EL picture. Indeed, some of the events to appear in the forthcoming editions seem - on the surface - anything but geomorphic in origin. But the relationships we've found with the immediate surface faulting leans heavily, not just towards pictures of archetypal balls of etheric-looking energy, but to a more complex form of electromagnetic creativity that can (and does) directly involve consciousness and life forms themselves. Peculiarities in this new science are legion it would seem; yet however much specific biophysical integrity is written into the subject, imaginative capacity appears pronounced also. It is becoming more and more like the regions described as Tao physics, where expectations of a specific unit (in this exploration, Earth Lights) depend upon the consciousness of the observer. Controlling this effect, wherever possible, is leaning more and more towards quantum magick. The way forward in this geo-ufological region teems with promise of higher sciences.



1. The 23784 Flap, a major earthlight incident with remarkably conclusive results for the EL hypothesis, was covered in early editions of UFO Brigantia magazine. It culminated in a lengthy CE3 report (see TLH 102), and may be briefly re-issued in EARTH at a later date.
2. *Earth Lights*, by Paul Devereux. Turnstone Press, 1982.
3. The map diagram is taken from the British Geological Survey, Bradford 89 (D), 1:50,000 Series.



- CLUES ACROSS:**
3. a howling Irish elemental of death
 9. man who reawakened wicca?
 10. Brad Steiger, really
 11. the Buddhist's heaven?
 12. C. naanite fertility Goddess
 13. lonely elemental of Scottish lochs
 14. Egyptian Nature God
 15. human faculty of perception
 17. Greek river God
 19. extra-sensory perception
 21. Persian demoness of lust & greed
 22. Egyptian sky Goddess
 24. Maori lake monster
 - 25 & 3D. author who stalked the pendulum
 27. Irish Goddess of healing, or Irish mermaid
 28. spiritual, vital force
 31. the hidden or esoteric subjects
 32. Jane Roberts *speaks* about this material
 33. those ufological men in black
 36. Tibetan mantra
 38. science of heavenly influences
 40. Hindu Goddess of sexual passion
 42. Nothingness, or the Void
 43. Egyptian Sun God
 44. the originator of morphogenesis
 45. a founder of the Golden Dawn

- CLUES DOWN:**
1. one of Arthur Bryant's ufonauts
 2. American ufologist of the 60s
 3. see 25 across
 4. astrological sign
 5. Summer & Winter medical, culina y herb
 6. the classic writer on Feng Shui
 7. Keel's idea of it all
 8. Greek Lord of the Universe
 15. Canadian lake monster
 16. Qaballistic sephiroth
 18. Greek personage of Victory, daughter of Styx
 20. generative male principal
 21. The Book of the Law
 23. an abbreviated 7 across
 24. legendary giant of Wandlebury, who stole Spring
 26. *Mind Over Matter*, by, er... Pedlar
 29. Phoenician Moon Goddess
 30. Greek Titaness, daughter of Gaia
 33. American parapsychologist of Kirlian fame
 34. previous editor of FSR
 35. one of the three Teutonic Norns
 37. lost Central American culture
 38. Egyptian good luck symbol
 39. Norse God of thunder
 41. Yggdrasill's one, as is the Qabalist's diagram

Answers Across: 6. spell 7. magic ritual 9. mother 11. Al 12. Lughnasadh 14. Hopi 16. hope 17. Imbolc 18. Beltane 21. Na 23. time 24. Merry Maidens 27. dawn UFO 34. Midsummer Solstice 36. Set 37. call 39. anointed 40. Earth energy 42. tree 44. destiny

Answers Down: 1. Baal 2. will 3. Brigitte 4. Stonehenge 5. Ra 6. Samhain 8. trance 10. tribe 11. Albion 13. Avebury 15. open mind 19. Osiris 20. Sun 22. athame 25. rite 26. shield 28. witches 29. us 30. full 31. om 32. Moon 33. winter 35. matter 36. spirit 38. lore 39. Amen 41. God 42. tut 43. eon

Hope that you did OK with it. Matthew said it was an easy one, so shame on the dim-wits who couldn't manage it! Hope that you find the one opposite easy enough though. I think it's the easiest one I've done so far. Good luck with it.

Sinister Seas: The Ghost from the Deeps - by Iain Johnston

The affair of the Royal Navy submarine, the Affray, is fast becoming one of the great mysteries of the seas. The submarine sailed from the Naval Base at Portsmouth, at 4.15pm on April 16, 1951. Its mission was to land a force of Royal Marines at a special point in the English Channel. It is presumed that this was a training exercise only. With the Marine Detachment she was carrying a complement of some seventy-five men.

At 9.15pm, she reported her position as being south of the Isle of Wight, and prepared her diving as instructed. She was now proceeding west in the direction of Falmouth at 4.5 knots, with the intention of resurfacing at 8.30am the following morning. The signal was never received. Two hours later, the codeword "Subsunk" was sent out, but without response. A full-scale combined services search was ordered, which included two US destroyers. It was the largest Royal Navy search ever undertaken - extending over thousands of square miles.

As the sub's captain had been given very flexible orders, this made the search even more difficult. It was known that she was to be at a certain position on April 17, to take part in an anti-submarine exercise, but even this position was vague, as the captain had only to be within thirty miles of the area to take part in the exercise.

But by now, French and Dutch warships had joined the search, and every lifeboat on the south coast was put on alert. Fourteen Naval Salvage Vessels joined the team of tugs and lifting ships. The Navy's deep sea diving vessel, "Reclaim", arrived on the scene as well; and the search area now extended from the Isle of Wight to the French coast, and from Land's End to the western limit of the Channel Isles. Yet despite all this, no trace of the Affray could be found. So, on April 18, the Admiralty issued a statement saying that the sub must have met with an unknown accident. Another day passed without any news. Admiral Sir Arthur Power, C. in C. Portsmouth, who had organised the vast search, very reluctantly issued a communique that the sub must be presumed lost.

It was a dark day for the British Navy. With a loss of seventy-five hands, it ranked as a disaster second only to the Thetis. Although the rescue search was cancelled, there were still Naval units searching for the location of the submarine. A squadron of frigates and survey vessels scoured the sea bottom with detectors and diving teams standing by. This operation was controlled by Capt. W.O. Shelford.

Early May still produced no results. But by now, Capt. Shelford was beginning to get intrigued by the large amounts of letters and phone calls he was receiving from mediums, clairvoyants and paranormal groups who stated that they knew where the sub was. He was amazed to find, when plotted against charts, that all agreed on the same actual position that had been outside the main search area. Excited, he asked the Admiral if this could be investigated. It was. Strangely, the captain of the ship sent to the designated area reported such strong "asdic" signals (Asdic, although a kind of hydrophone, stands for, Anti-Submarine Detective Investigation Committee) that they nearly knocked him off the bridge! The search itself however, revealed nothing in the area. To this day, nobody has ever explained why there were such strong sonar contacts in the area stated by the mediums. But, this was only the start of the paranormal mysteries surrounding the Affray.

An even stranger event was soon brought to light regarding the disappearance. On

the night the sub was reported missing, the wife of a rear Admiral saw a stranger standing aside her bed in the early hours. She recognised him as an officer who had served with her husband aboard cruisers, and he had often been invited to their home. He was dressed in normal submariner's uniform. The phantom she saw spoke quiet clearly, saying, "Tell your husband we are at the northern end of Hurd Deep, nearly seventy miles from the lighthouse at St. Catherine's point. It happened quite quick and none of us expected it." And with that, the speaker vanished!

The lady telephoned her husband straight away, but he said he had no knowledge of the officer being transferred to submarines. Also, that Hurd Deep was well outside the main search area, and that he had no intention of starting another search over another ghost story!

Soon, the Admiralty labs were to produce a new underwater search camera that was fitted aboard the Reclaim. She left to search a new area to test it. A team of experts under Commander Lionel Crabbe, were sent to use the camera. (Crabbe was to vanish himself under mysterious circumstances in 1956) Reclaim anchored and an observation chamber was lowered to examine a wreck located by asdic. The diver said he could see an unruled rail. So the telecamera was sent down and on the screen appeared the outline of a submarine. And on it was the name-plate of the Affray. The six week search was over...and, strangely, enough, the Affray was at the northern end of Hurd Deep! Although the sub was undamaged, save for a broken snort mast, the tragedy was put down to an explosion of battery gases. After salvage operations, the investigation appears to have been dropped, with no reasons given.

One more mystery still remains however: Admiral Sir Max Horton, an old submariner with a lifetime of Naval experiences, died on July 30, 1951. His last recorded words were, "Any news of the Affray...?"

One wonders why he asked this question...

- References
1. Armstrong, Warren, Sea Phantoms, Odhams 1956.
 2. Gray, Edwin, Few Survived, Leo Cooper 1986.
 3. Shelford, Capt. W.O. Subunk, Harrap 1960.

THE NUCLEAR MYSTERY TEMPLE DRONES ON & ON & ON & ...

The Nuclear Mystery Temple is a code name for a seven-stage personal transformation technology created primarily by the ex-Gong and Soft Machine founder, Daewid Allen. Now pseudonymously called JA-AM, he's created a series of remarkable cassettes called quite simply, Drones, which, "In theory are the twelve keys leading to the seven quantum leaps of consciousness leading to transformation" or illumination. Effectively they focus one's consciousness into that particular range of vibrations per second which according to octave theory aligns sympathetic colour and light vibrations, bodily organs, mental/psychic states and has many other correspondences, from dense physical matter to the most subtle know energies. By meditation and working with each drone in a conscious and edified fashion, understanding and attunement with the sevenfold goal can be effortlessly achieved.

The series of cassettes, seven in number, is the "Voice of Om Series of Drones". Each are transcendental musical forms. Each raises ones energies through the subtle bodies. These are Dreamtime forms of expression which act directly upon ones consciousness in an aid to higher transformational stages within oneself.

Musically, the expressions are remarkable. Akin to the subtle beauties and make-ups which Brian Eno has used over the last decade, exploring inner and outer space, JA-AM Drones in certain respects are of a higher order than those of Enos. Specifically, these "sound currents" help focus chakra energies. I make no over-statements whatsoever in saying that these recordings - or at least the brief ones I've heard so far - are of a far-reaching penetrative order and beauty, balanced in very simple yet profound ways. If Robert Stroder, Klaus Schulze, Kitaro and Eno himself are of value to you, this will capture you instantly - it's just bloody brilliant!

Those with interests in magical and meditative explorations should write to Rob Ayling of 15 Malvern Road, Dewsbury WF12 7JX, West Yorksnire, who'll send you full info about the music and its applications, along with a price list of the material on offer. Please send a stamped-addressed envelope though - otherwise...well...you might not hear anything! If you do, mention you read of JA-AM Drones in EARTH magazine (or else!).

Northern Lights Publications - Publishers of works on Paganism, Leys, Earth Mysteries, etc. Write: Northern Lights, PO Box 113, Dunnington, York YO1 5JW, for full lists.

1981 was a damn good year for UFO and related para-phenomena in and around West Yorkshire. Apparently most other areas of the country were asleep as regards such goings-on (correct me if I'm wrong folks!)...which either means that there's sincerely a greater terrestrial and conscious outlet here...or, there are more fruitcakes, nutters and general idiots per square miles who see things that don't exist than anywhere else! In all probability it is the former. Current research being done on earthlight phenomena also tend to confirm it.

Anyhow - in 1981...

Jeff Tolley worked as a researcher for the late West Yorkshire UFO Research for almost a year before leaving, but left us with some of his work, along with a peculiar sequence of events that incurred themselves upon him during that remarkable JASON81 phase*.

Sometime at the end of August or beginning of September, '81, after finishing a nightshift at Initial Workwear, Bradford, he set off on his daily routine walk back home. It was somewhere close to 6 o'clock in the morning. On reaching the middle of Brackenhall Park, he noticed a subtle pale orange sphere moving quite silently above the height of the trees. The globe was travelling slowly in the direction of Clayton Heights, south Bradford, and was some ten to twelve feet across. Jeff describes it as being, "About a third the size of a full moon". Eventually, the globe moved out of sight, and although he ran to try and regain sight of it, he could no longer see it. He estimated the sighting was of a duration close to ninety seconds.

But then the peculiarities begin happening. Because the following morning, a Wednesday, after leaving work as usual and walking his same old usual path home - reaching the same location he saw what he considers, to be the same globe again! Moving and wobbling about in the same clump of trees, it again set off in the same direction. This time, after only some fifteen seconds or so, he lost sight of it, even though - as before - he ran up Hollybank Road in an attempt to see it.

Then, at about 6.05am on the Thursday morning, taking the same route, he actually saw the object again! Now then - on consideration of the same witness alleging seeing the same-looking object three days in succession at the same place, with the same appearance, rings a little of misidentification of rational objects. However, Jeff had never previously seen the object, and hasn't seen it since. It must also be considered that he saw this/these objects within the space of an on-going flap. Jeff didn't have any idea that such a flap was taking place either! Misidentification was a consideration - but of what. Jeff was relatively close to the object and can think of nothing that may account for it. And nor can I for that matter!

From the description we've been given, it appears that - yet again - we're dealing with the repetitive manifestation of an etheric-looking energy mass which repeated itself due to there being suitable terrestrial and astronomic-influence conditions relative to the needs required to create earthlight phenomena. The description given is almost archetypal of what the laboratory-created "earthlights" look like. Jeff described no "tail" behind the object though (a prime EL detail), but he could simply have over-looked this.

Geological faulting near the area cited by Jeff is apparent, although I don't have precise details of them in relation to where this "UFO" was seen, and so, critics can always moan and waffle on saying - "How the hell can he say that when he doesn't have the utterly precise, exact, pure, conditional facts behind it all!?" But...well...you'd expect that from most ufologists...!

*JASON represents the title of particular flaps made up from the first letters of the names of particular months - which in this case (JASON81) is: (J)uly, (A)ugust, (S)eptember, (O)ctober and (N)ovember. Simple really! Another JASON flap that occurred within the confines of West Yorkshire was JASON77. Another entity-packed flap was MAM80 (or (M)arch, (A)pril and (M)ay 1980). And there are others.

A Greater Natural History of Grass

"And God said, 'Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the Earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed, to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the Earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the Earth, wherein there is Life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.'"

Genesis 1:29, 30.

Cannabis sativa, or its very close relative *C. indica*, also known as hemp, marijuana, weed, pot, bhang, dope and of course, grass! Well unfortunately, that's not the sort of grass which this short essay is about to look at! Steeped in myth and legend and medicinally fascinating it may well be as a herb, but, not this time round I'm afraid. None - this time it's just about the green universal carpet we all know as covering fields, lawns, meadows, hillsides, woodlands and virtually everywhere else. Just grass! But before you turn the page thinking that such an article is bound to be bloody boring, have patience oh wise folks! You'll be amazed! Unfortunately there's very little mythological history to particular grasses - but the herbal qualities are completely fascinating.

A number of years after a certain Mrs Moore-Pataleena of London had made a pilgrimage to the sacred peaks of the Himalayas, learning much on life and the simplicity of food, she wrote what at first seemed a somewhat eccentric discourse telling that, save for the winter months, she had little reason to buy from shops.

"I have been eating grass for six years," she said, "and I'm getting younger everyday." Indeed!

Simple straightforward grass, the species of lawns and parks, and the subtle, aesthetic covering of hills and dales, is Common Meadow Grass by name, or botanically *Poa annua*. As a herb or wild food, its properties are extraordinary.

In *Vicomte de Mauduit's, They Can't Ration These*, he quotes a J.R.B. Branson who said, "By devoting attention to the careful drying of grass into hay...with other ingredients, I appeared to myself to be eating the most delightful meal, which was pervaded by the taste and aroma of new-mown hay." Hmm...

Eccentric and unpalatable though it may sound, research from herbal and homeopathic pharmacists done over the last few decades have brought us some quite remarkable facts on grass. Ben Harris, one of America's leading wholefood authorities informs us that it's one of Nature's richest sources of composite food nutrients, having, "Besides that much ballhooped chlorophyll, a high content of vitamins A and C, five factors of vitamin B complex, K and G. (!) It has been estimated that twelve pounds of powdered grass contain more vitamins than 340 pounds of vegetables and fruits - more vegetables and fruits than the average person can eat in a year."!!! The way to do it is just after you've mowed the lawn. Collect, dry and powder it. Keep it in an airtight jar, and add it to meals. Simple, but highly nutritious.

Forget not that the family of grasses is perhaps the most important of the plant kingdom to mankind (and the rest of the animal kingdom) as a whole. Barley (several species), bulgur, maize, millet (several species), oat, sorghum and wheat make up a large part of our everyday diet. However, quite a considerable number of the wild species of grasses are equally beneficial in varieties of ways.

Agropyron repens, or Couch Grass, common to virtually every British niche (and most overseas ones too!), was known by sixteenth-century herbalist John Gerard to have curative properties. Gerard described it as being "healeth (of) green wounds." Today it is much renowned for its efficacy to urinary ailments. Its demulcent properties are acclaimed for its counter-action on cystitis and even gonorrhoea. Made into a tea it is curative of gastro-intestinal catarrh, jaundice and kidney inflammations. And there is some evidence to indicate that it acts beneficially to reduce rheumatism and gout. Not at all bad for a bit of grass, eh? In the case of *A. repens*, the rootstock is the principal herbal doctor.

Eriophorum angustifolium, or the lovely common cotton grass, will be well-known to many as the quiet little, vanilla-scented, fluffy-topped blades that cover many of the northern moorlands anytime after Beltane. Although these days there's little use put to these cute fluffs of grass, in former days the leaves and roots were used around Yorkshire as an effective cure for diarrhoea and were active as an astringent. Gerard found a great liking of cotton grass, known by a number of northern Pagans as Niplets, and was used until recently as a stuffing for pillows...

Before the white man inflicted his moral structure and Christian injustices upon the great Indians of North America, the Iroquois and other tribes had a fascinating way of preparing the largest of the bulrushes (also called Great Reedmace, Cattail or Cat's Tail), *Typha latifolia*. Today, its potential as a food is causing much excitement to health food authorities everywhere. Nutritionally, its ranks as a competitor with soya, comfrey, dandelion, acorns, and of course, meadow grass - five of the great food supplements. Harris writes extensively of these in his *Eat the Weeds*, indicating the praise it has been given by the authorities who have investigated its properties.

Long before the Spaniards began civilising the Indians with gunpowder, the red men had been using cattail in various ways. Especially in the Spring, the Indians dug the starch-filled bulbous roots and used them (to) make soups. They dried the (roots), ground them and used the product as flour. Records tell of hungry Virginian settlers boiling the young blossoms for soups." The flour itself, especially that made from the pollen, contains protein, sulphur, phosphorus, carbohydrates, sugar and oil, and with it it's quite easy to make bread and biscuits. An essay in *Nature* magazine proved it to be as nutritious as rice and corn! And per acre, *T. latifolia* yields 32 tons of flour - far more than conceivably possible from wheat, oats, barley or corn. A recipe to make bulrush bread from this amazing reed can be done, thus: Simply take twenty to twenty-five good-sized pollen heads (the velvety head of the plant) and use as flour to make a small loaf. To ensure a more positive adhesiveness of the mixture when kneading, add an equal amount of flour if you want to make it perfectly. This isn't really needed but it does make the recipe a little easier to handle and the mixture binds better. ...but, virtually all of the plant can be eaten. The inner portions of the root and stem are cut into small 1-2 inch portions and cooked in stews or soups. When the first young shoots appear in the Spring, being whitish and crisp, they can be eaten as a fresh vegetable. Obviously they can be cooked as well. So look out for these tasty plants...

Lolium temulentum, or Bearded Darnel (also Rav Grass, Drake & Cheat) is an interesting grass - not in its edibility but in its medicinal qualities. Until recently, there were conflicting reports on darnel's capacity as a medicine. A number of accounts told that it produced severe adverse effects on its patients, whilst others found it totally harmless. Indeed, even renowned herbalist John Lust, commented that it is "poisonous in large quantities and not to be used without medical direction." Now however, it seems recognised that the problem wasn't darnel itself, but the parasitic fungi, *claviceps purpurea*, or ergot (of LSD fame), which can prolifically infect it. So if you're gonna search for this grass, make sure that it's clean of everything. The ergot specifically infects the seeds of the plant and are much darker than them. Roger Phillips tells us that it is now pretty hard to find, although I haven't found it so - so don't take his word for it too much! This bearded grass was employed at least two thousand years back by both the Greeks and Romans for its curative abilities which, specifically, were for alleviating pains and for its sedative capacity. Modern practices use its powdered form for headaches, rheumatic meningitis and sciatica. Lust quotes it as treating insomnia, blood congestion and stomach problems. Externally applied, the stuff is effective on sores, scurf and (blush blush!) herpes!

Sweet-scented Vernal Grass, *Anthoxanthum odoratum*, with its slight pong of woodruff herb, is medicinally active says Mrs Grieve (and who's to argue with her!). She writes: "A medicinal tincture is made from this grass with spirit of wine, and is said that if poured into the open hand and sniffed well into the nose, almost immediate relief is afforded during an attack of hay fever. It is recommended that three or four drops of the tincture be at the same time taken as a dose with water, repeated if required, at intervals of twenty to thirty minutes."

Although *Hordeum distichon*, or Two-rowed Barley, is the principal cultivated variety of its genus, the four/six rowed variety, *Hordeum vulgare*, is medicinally more beneficial. A tea made from the seeds of the grass, along with being edible, are most helpful in cases of diarrhoea and catarrhal inflammations of the bowels - particularly in children. It also makes a good source of nutrition for those with throat or stomach problems. Mixing barley water with milk is reputedly effective for intestinal irritations.

And then there's the Common Reed, *Phragmites communis* - denizen of marshes, bogs and waters everywhere. This is a peculiar, yet wonderful grass with good food value behind it - although it makes you wonder just how much trial and error went into discovering the goodness of it. While the stalks of the plant are still green, if one breaks or punctures them a sugary substance slowly emerges from it, which eventually hardens into a gum-like state. Richard Mabey: "The North American Indians (them again!

Tales of Yorkshire Faeries, Part 2

The little folks of many lands have scattered their words and workings into the hidden havens of each and every hidden corner of the elements: into the runnings of the magical streams and falls; the old paths and ancient sites, and the trees and flowers of local lore. They are more profuse where the countryside still lays undisturbed by the hands of material man. Scotland abounds with tales of them...and, say many, are still encountered. Around the pyramidal mountain they call, Schiehallion, locals even today will not venture onto its slopes after dark for fear that the little people may get them. Faerie lights spin and wander along the cliffs and gullies amidst the Highlands and Grampians...and, if occasional Yorkshire tales are to be accepted...they still visit our more southerly havens...

In that quite remarkable case from the White Wells at Ilkley Moor, where William Butterfield encountered a host of little folk swimming in the waters, we have a classic tale to be told¹. Although in a literal encounter sense it's Yorkshire's best, there are some other equally strange, but more bizarre ones.

The following tale comes from the old crumbling Abbey at Kirkstall, Leeds. And although its guise rings of the Black Dog of Dob Park Lodge,² there are differences and I think it worth a look.

An old man was working in the meadows which used to surround the Abbey. And, as usual as the sun reach midday he decided it was time for something to eat. During this he went for a walk towards the old building, expecting to be only a few moments, but he was surprised to come across a small hole in the ground which he had never seen before. The entrance, although small, was quite large enough for a man to clamber into - which he promptly did. On entering, he found there to be a long self-illuminating tunnel which ran deep into the Earth, and which - he thought - he'd follow. After a while he reached a large room at the end. A large fire burned bright and strong, and in one corner stood a large black horse or pony. Behind this stood a bald, strong chest with huge clasps to hold it down, and stood upon this was a large black cock (now now readers - don't get palpitations - we mean a feathery one!). The man looked around him and cautiously edged towards the large chest. Resting his arm upon it, he proceeded to lift it with much effort, whereupon a noise like a huge owl screeched and an invisible force crashed onto his head knocking him unconsciousness. How long he slept, he doesn't recall - but found himself coming round laying on the grass by the Abbey. Looking for the hole afterwards he could find nothing. Anyone care to search?

Now this case smacks amazingly with that from Dob Park - but then so do numerous others from around the same period. Tales of folk finding entrances to hollows in the Earth leading them to either some great treasure chest, sleeping Arthur and his knights, faerie folk or devils - all abound throughout Britain and other countries. One wonders though, how many of these reported incidents from our earlier centuries were brought about through ingestion of the varieties of sacred fungi. In those days people lived off the free food around them and it wouldn't have been uncommon for people to have both accidentally as well as deliberately ingested them.

At Guiseborough Priory, a tunnel was apparently found there too. At the bottom of this one, traditional tales tell us, lies an animal which, if awakened or disturbed, transforms itself into an hideous form tantamount to the Devil himself! In this tunnel too, beautiful music from an unknown agent was heard. Dob Park and other places also describe this. But again, such events have occurred to many thousands of inner space explorers under influence of sacred fungi and other such psychoactive agents. Parallels are extraordinary in some divisions (ufologists please note!).

Early in the nineteenth century, a local man from Threshfield - a lovely village in the Dales - was travelling home on foot sometime in the late evening. Threshfield has a few old and sacred sites there and odd legends are scattered about its vicinity (such as a holy well given to the Virgin - our good old Earth Mother really!). Anyhow...the young fellow was casually plodding homewards when ahead of him he saw a collection of little people. As they got closer, he became more and more apprehensive of them and soon realised that they were in fact hobgoblins. So he ran as fast as he could back home - and, realising that they could still get him, jumped into the old well - the imps following. But, so the story goes, they couldn't get anywhere near him because of the positive influence of the Virgin's spirit in the well. So they danced all night above it, try various ways to entice him to come out - but, as daybreak became, they fled and dispersed back into the Earth from whence they had come.

In a little-known account, both to ufologists and folklorists alike, local historian and author, S. Baring-Gould, recounts a quite strange encounter of what he titles, *The Baggart of Helian Pot*.

On the moors above the gorgeous little village of Arncliffe, many folktales are muttered. Many have taken positive root in the annals of history...others are but local stories which, slowly but surely, will fall into mists unless recovered. But from this wondrous region, Baring-Gould met a peculiar event. Walking on the moors one eve, time fell fast and before he knew it darkness was beginning to fall. All around that region are many pot-holes and there's an good possibility of harming oneself under such conditions. Gould knew this. But on his trogged. He had to get to shelter soon for he didn't want to spend the night with the elements up there. Walking along, he soon became aware of another individual close to him which, he hoped, could put him in the right direction. He described the figure's walk as "strange, a wriggle and a duck accompanying each step."

Gould tried to make some sort of brief conversation with the figure but without success, and so he deemed merely to follow. As he took more note of the figure, who barely seemed to face towards him and who stayed ahead of him all the while, he seemed to think that the being was deformed in various ways. A broken neck seemed totally aparent - yet he was still walking. Both legs were deformed, but these neither appeared to bother him. Trying again to make conversation and failing, Gould just kept quiet and followed on. Eventually they came upon a stream, and as the figure jumped to cross it, the author became fully aware of its contorted body. Standing alone against the background of the clear night sky, the figure then vanished!

Jumping into the stream himself, Gould looked around and, awhile away, stood the strange figure again. He suddenly began bounding towards Gould and before he knew it, had been grabbed, lifted from the waters and carried till he stood a few hundred feet away. 'Twas about now he realised that just aside where he'd stood was a deep pot. Had he stepped a few more feet - he'd have fallen in it!

After being loosed, he looked at where he had stood, and there formed a flash of light above the hole, which he described as like "the light of a lantern, the flame small and yellow." And from the light came the face of a wondrously beautiful young woman, but full of woeful expression. The light then moved and hovered around the mouth of the pothole, and at about that moment, Gould said that the figure he'd been with initially "sank down into the abyss with the light reflected from his upturned face."

At this he ran as fast as possible away from where he'd been. After a while though he stopped and looked back from where this event had happened. There above the pothole was the sphere of light, seemingly in the hand of the elemental figure he'd seen. Gould writes: "I called to her; she lifted the light till her hand came within its radiance. The small white hand beckoned me to follow. I ran to catch her up, but the faster I pursued, the swifter glided the flame before me. Evidently the bearer did not desire to be overtaken." After following for a couple of miles, the light disappeared and there before him was a small farm-house where he found settlement....

A UFO? Faerie figures? Ghosts? Whatever - most strange. The terrain Gould had been on through this event makes it seem like an earthlight solution could be evident in one respect - but...we'll never really know on this one....

Numerous are the ditties and folk-figures who stretch their tales and farms around our lands. Yorkshire isn't anything really special amongst this field of interest. But here following are more of the beings caught in the local lore of our more northern county.

There's the Bharguest, or Bargiest, who has been described as a kind of bogey-beast. The most common description of this entity was in the form of the dreaded Black Dog, seen particularly - the Bharguest species anyhow! - around Idle Moor, Baildon and a few other northern Bradford regions. In the old folklore-filled village of Appletreewick, the haunt of many devils and faerie, there comes an old tale of the Bharguest dating from 927 AD. Nearby there is a steep gorge through which runs a gentle stream. The gorge, known as Troller's Ghyll, was always recognised as a haunt of many sprites, and to venture there after dark was rather dangerous. Locals, even today, avoid the place at night. The first recognised account of the beast came from local peasants. As one of them was walking across the moors after dark he heard strange and eerie cries. Walking across to the Ghyll he was suddenly confronted by a huge black creature that "breathed a terrible stench". Its eyes shone a bright red and the peasant ran home terrified. Shortly afterwards the poor fellow was said to have died. Soon after, the ward was round that the Devil was at work around the Ghyll...and the

ANONYMOUS PROEM TO THE BLESSED EARTH

feeling has stayed to this day. In 1881, a local who thought such tales a stupidity, ventured there after dark. He never returned! But the following morning two shepherds found his body in the garge, upon which was found a curious claw mark, and burns. Today, a short local verse tells of the tale, the midst of which we hear,

"...Marks were impressed on the dead man's breast

But they seemed not by mortal hand.

Earthlighters please note, that the Ghyll itself is followed by a lengthy and prominent fault line. Others are immediately adjacent to this one aswell. Something ado about nothing perhaps...? I'm not so sure...

The Church Grim. An inhabitant of churches (obviously!), from which it doesn't stir except in very dark, stormy weather. It is said to toll church bells sometimes at midnight; and the clergymen, reading funeral services, would occasionally see it at the tower windows. This vision was then a message as the whether the soul of the departed was saved or not. (Anybody reading this and other such mags have absolutely no chance!)

Then there's the Doble, which is closely related to the Bharguest, but is described by some authorities as a rather clownish and foolish character. In more northern areas of Yorkshire it was simply the name given to poltergeists. In other places he was often invoked to guard treasure.

The Gabbleratchets, or Gabriel Hounds, like the more northerly Wisht Hounds, are a spectral pack of hounds who hunt for souls - except that they fly and hunt high in the sky. To hear their cries or see them is a presage of death. One writer says they are souls of unchristened children. Legends of these elementals were again said to fly around the local area close to idle village and district.

A much more well-known folk character is Hob. Although classic folklore authority, Katherine Briggs, says that these are friendly spirits attached to particular localities, this doesn't seem to be so in a number of Yorkshire regions. Around Hawarth Moor, and south of it on the moors west of Todmorden, the word Hob relates to little devilish characters, and hence precedes the names of many other nature spirits with nasty characters. Some of these mischievous and down right malevolent little creatures are known as, Hobyah, Hobmen and - of course - hobgoblins. So, don't go believing everything ye read!

The Padfoot, is a particular West Riding character (correct me if I'm, wrong). Often in the shape of a huge black dog, its vision is a sign of death. Sometimes the beast was also white in colour, but its main characteristic was of it dragging clattering chains behind it and having fiery red eyes. Its name comes from the noise also associated with the padding of its feet. According to some sources, a Padfoot creature was also seen around Kirkstall, Leeds, at the turn of the century, this time in the guise of a glowing phantom blue donkey with only three legs!

Then there's the Skriker. This was sometimes called Trash, and again was renowned for the sound made from the loud padding of its feet. This entity again was peculiar to the West Riding (I think). It too, like many other such creatures, was a sign of death. Sometimes it wanders invisibly through woodland giving out fearful screams. And sometimes assumes the form of a Padfoot (what a transmogrifier!).

The Swartha is name given to a wraith or doppelganger, and a small but picturesque village west of Ilkley Moor was name after one such beast. There is little said of the tale behind this local character and etymologists can offer very little to be of aid.

There are numerous others of course. To print them all here would cover the entire magazine itself! *Jack-in-Irons*, is a gigantic spectre seen with clattering chains. He is thought to collect human heads. There's the *Grundylow*, a malignant water demon from the Dales and North Yorkshire Moors. A *Knocky Bah* is said to be a goblin who leaps from quiet hedgerows and attacks people. A *Wryneck* is another similarly distasteful creature, etc, etc, etc.

We'll have yet more tales and lore from Yorkshire next time round again.

Notes. 1. This remarkable fairy encounter, reported in the Folklore Record in 1878, was also briefly reproduced in *Earth 5*.

2. The Dob Park Lodge Black Dog, sited several miles north of Otley, was fully written in *Earth 1*. There are a number of other more accessible works where one can find this tale however!

3. S. Baring-Gould's, *Yorkshire Oddities and Strange Events*, Methuen, London, 1890.

Holy Goddess Earth

Parent of nature,

Who dost generate all things,

And regenerate the planet upon which

Thou alone showest to the folk upon Earth:

Thou guardian of heaven and sea,

And arbiter of all the gods,

By whose influence

Nature is wrapt in silence and slumber,

Thou art She who restorest day and puttest the night to flight,

Who governest the shades of night in all security,

Restraining at thy will the mighty chaos,

Wind and ruin and storms,

Or again letting them loose,

Thou churnest the deep to foam,

And puttest the sun to flight,

And arouse the tempests, or again

At thy pleasure thy sendest forth the glad daylight:

Thou givest us food in safety by a perpetual covenant;

And, when our soul fleeth away,

It is in thy bosom that we find

Our haven of rest.

!****FORTEAN SNIPPETS****!

BETS FOR YETIS: Chris Bonnington, Everest-nut extraordinaire, is off once more into the Himalayas in search of the hairy old beast. And, Chris being a sporting old chap, has wagered a bet of £10 at odds of 150-1 that he'll come back with proof of their existence. Apparently his eccentric old aunt wants one for a pet! No - he simply wants to try and outline to folk in high(er) places that these lovely old hairbags really do exist, although has said, "It will be very difficult to bring back proof that will convince the Natural History Museum." Source: Telegraph & Argus February 23, 1988

SMELLY JEWELRY: Here's a loopy one! Former geologist Ian Lennon and his wife, Merrilynne from Cheddar, Somerset, are designing new forms of jewelry at the shop they run. He's making charms, rings and earrings, etc, out of old fossilised dinosaur dung! I suppose it'll be useful for smelly old toerags and BO fanatics - they can blame it all on the necklace they're wearing! Source: Telegraph & Argus, February 22, 1988

(GOD THIS IS AN OLD ONE...) WHY DON'T UFO? (ha ha ha) A flying saucer was spotted over Medallin Airport on February 9, this year, by a number of pilots aswell as flight control operators, according to the *El Colombiano* newspaper. At one stage, the object was invited for a cuppa, as the international Jose Maria Cordova Airport control tower, believing it to be a private plane, gave it instructions to land! Source: Telegraph & Argus February 23, 1988

AND FINALLY... Clairvoyant Irene Underwood, from near Winchester, Hampshire, who failed to foresee the theft of her own crystal ball (no jokes about that one!), allegedly three hundred years old, has made a prediction since. Apparently the culprit will meet an untimely end - or'll have bad luck in any case, she said. No, come on though chaps - if anyone knows owt about it, give the old lass it back. Source: Telegraph & Argus February 24, 1988

THE END TIMES BEGIN...AGAIN

By Kevin McClure

It must be nearly five years since the first two issues of End Times Bulletin were produced, the series being brought to a premature end when I was asked to write a book. Since then we've been busy - moving house several times, before finally ending up here in Cornwall. (Stone Circle land!)

But now the Millennium is five years closer, and I'm missing the joys of writing and publishing, so it's time to try ETB again. On a small scale, looking to publish to or three times a year, starting in October.

To make a success of what I hope will be primarily a news and comment journal, with some background articles, we will need a participative readership. Sending in news clippings, rumours, religious tracts, prophecies, threats, stories of doom and gloom, the New Age, geological disaster, disease, the Antichrist, Armageddon, and all the other components of the 20th Century Apocalyptic Vision. All contributions will be credited, and I will hope to provide free copies of the first issue to those who have helped. So...please send anything you may think will be of interest to the publication, to: Kevin McClure, 20 Trembear Road, St. Austell, Cornwall, PL25 5JY.

And I look forward to hearing all the depressing news!

MYSTERIES OF THE PENNINES

Herein there should be included a leaflet for the forthcoming Earth Mysteries/Pagan/UFO Conference, soon taking place at the Library Theatre, on Tudor Place, Sheffield. The event will take place on Saturday March 26, and will begin at around 9.30am and continue till 5pm.

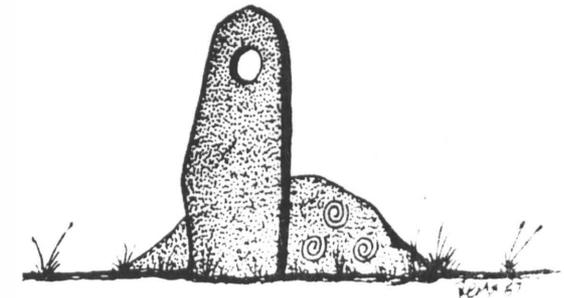
I urge as many of you as possible to try and make it to the conference - where there will be a number of speakers, such as *UFO Brigantia* editor (probably the best British UFO mag at the moment), Andy Roberts; *Northern Earth Mysteries* editors, Rob Wilson and Dave Clarke, who'll be speaking on spook and faerie lights from around the Pennine districts, and the local Pagan sites and mysteries around Sheffield, the Peaks and South Yorkshire.

Also Jenny Randles, author of numerous works on ufology, will be there, discussing primarily the Pennine UFO Mystery (will your beloved editor be included?). As well as that, spook chaser and author, Terrence Whitaker, who's specialised his researches just around Yorkshire and Lancashire, will be talking about the comings and goings from our spectral regions.

Perhaps the highlight of the afternoon may be individualist and renowned Earth Mysteries researcher, Ian Taylor, who'll be talking of his recent and highly acclaimed book which covers the Mysteries of Penhill. This entails recent discoveries of previously unknown Pagan sites and sanctuaries, leys and otherworld phenomena, so often associated with each other in these fields.

Tickets and programmes are available now from Rob Wilson, 103 Derbyshire Lane, Norton Lees, Sheffield S8 9EN, or from Andy Roberts at 84 Elland Road, Brighouse, West Yorkshire, HD6 2QR. Tickets are only £2.50 in advance (or just £2 for unemployed, dole dossers and students alike). Advanced booking is the best idea just to make sure that you'll get in! There'll be a number of books and magazines for sale, dealing - of course - with the matters covered in the conference...and...the highlight of the day - I'll myself will be there! So - what better reason than that. Hope to see ye all. For further info phone Brighouse 721993. (Ps - for any of you alcoholics or general drunkards out there - there'll also be bar facilities!)

Yet again I must offer my utmost apologies for the article on Springheel Jack in Bradford not being included. This is due to there being a lack of space in this issue, as I'm sure you'll see. I promise I'll get it in the next edition. Also, we'll look at the undiscovered *Faerie Stone* from the woodlands in Cottingley. Home of the little folks themselves. Another 28-page edition too I hope.....



Kevin

Greetings!

Patrick O'Kill and Freya Aswynn have produced a record named; "Fruits of Yggdrasil". Catalogue number 006.

This record deals largely with Runes and the Nordic Mythology on this record Freya Aswynn chants the Runes in the traditional manner as was done by Seidkona's in Iceland about 1000 years ago. The art of Galdr is a magical discipline to invoke and channel the powers of the runes. Freya Aswynn is internationally known as a Runemaster or in the feminine form a Völva. She has been conducting Runic Seminars over the last years in addition to giving lectures for various magical groups like Chaos and Theuma. The poems of the Edda like the Havamal and the Sigdrifumal mention certain aspects of runemagic. Until now no one has attempted to reconstruct the magical context in which these Runes were used. Freya Aswynn has successfully linked up the verses with the appropriate rune(s).

Patrick O'Kill is well known as a musician through his group 6th Comm and has in a most sensitive intuitive manner created the musical background and as such provided an extra dimension to the Runechants.

The record will be presented in an special embossed sleeve with a Runic design. There will be only 600 copy's of this unique production and it will only be available on mailorder from EYAS MEDIA. Price £11.23. All profits will be used to further other projects in support of the Northern Religious Heritage including the publication of Freya Aswynns book: "Leaves of Yggdrasil"

To reserve your copy please complete the slip and send us a deposit of £3.00. Cheques, Sterling Eurocheques, Sterling International Moneyorders payable to Eyas Media Ltd. Thank you.

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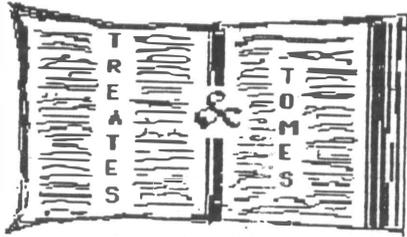
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Dusty Miller's Luna Calendar for 1988.

Booklet. £2.50 from, Hazelnut Publications 12-14 Weston Road, Strood, Kent ME2 3EZ.

This lovely little work deals almost specifically with the principal lunar, rather than solar movements throughout 1988. But there's more. Written in a most cheerful way, we look at the Esbats, Sabbats and other Festivals. The Dryads of trees in a classical sense and their relationship - according to Dusty - with leys are briefed. Leys themselves are also looked at. In the

second half of the work, Dusty takes us on an explanatory travel to look at the Dwarves, the Sea People, the Elfin Folks, the Horned Ones and (be this me he be talking of?) the Hairy Ones! It's all good stuff though, and a worthwhile lovely guidebook which - I hope - becomes an annual thing! Well recommended!

Lost Lands and Sunken Cities, by Nigel Pennick. *Fortean Times Publication, 1 Shoebury Road, East Ham, London E6 2AQ. 176 pages. More than 100 illustrations/photos. Maps. Bibliography. Index. ISBN 1 870021 01 0. Paperback £8.50. Hardback £12.95.*

This is the second book by Fortean Tomes, the off-shoot of the acclaimed FT magazine. And in quality and production, it's excellent. But, what of the book itself...? Nigel Pennick has written much down the years. Much of it very well-researched and of a first class quality. This is no exception. Author of the recent - and excellent - *Earth Harmony* (no review I'm afraid, but utterly recommended), he's got together all the available material, legends and history of the lost and disappearing regions of Britain. God only knows where he got all this information from, but, he got it! Initially opening his work with chapters on historical and legendary lands caught and swallowed by the elements, he then looks at Britain herself. Virtually all of this is news to me. Whoever heard of the lost lands of Brightelmstone (the original Brighton), Kilgrimod (off the coast of Blackpool) or Hartburn and Hyde off our Yorkshire coasts - now swallowed up by the waters? This book is (to the best of my knowledge) the first compilation of its kind. It is written with the author's intention to make people aware of the changes that *have* taken place only within our recent recorded British history. For anyone with interested in the folklore and history of such myths, Pennick's work is first class. And, with the keen investigative research undertaken here, who can honestly say that such lands as Avalon, Lyonesse and Atlantis did *not* exist?

Gods, Spirits, Cosmic Guardians, by Hilary Evans. *Aquarian Press. 288 pages. 16 pages photographs. Bibliography. Index. £7.99.*

Effectively on first glance, this work looks to be a companion version of Evans' previous, *Visions, Apparitions, Alien Visitors* - an attempt to further the idea that whatever esoteric manifestations may look like to the witness, they are in fact cultural adaptations of a specific internal or external stimulus, based upon our own subconscious need of expression. And to a very great degree Evans is quite right in this proposal. Under particular psychological stresses, desires, or other problems, the mind can (and does) create mechanisms of release when these conditions reach personal internal absolutes. At such stages, victims/percipients outwardly project such unbalanced conditions upon particular mediums, and resulting manifestations can occur taking the guise of varieties of higher or supernatural agents. In the case of this book, Gods, spirits or elemental guardians. Although Evans' ideas here are not original, they are well-balanced and most probably right in numerous cases. I certainly think so. However, we find problems when the hypothesis meets undeniable examples of physical evidence. I'm not going to look at that problem here as it's a lengthy region. Suffice to say that where the branch of Geophysical ufology becomes problematic, the hypothesis propagated here helps out, and vice versa. Outside of the regions covered in this work, and the material being forwarded in the EL departments, there is no more ufology. It's as simple as that! **Gods, Spirits, Cosmic Guardians** is an admirable work in illustrating to readers that *this is* the area where ufological research lies. There's been little better to compete with it. But if it could be united with the EL brigade, practical contemporary ufological research starts - here! In applying the two branches of work, the UFO solution is standing right in front of us. Let's get it together!

Build Your Own Stone Circle, by John Harrison. *Booklet. 50p(!) from John (cheques/POs to him), 2 Baggrave View, Barsby, Leicestershire LE7 8RB.*

Awaking from slumber one morn and fumbling my scruffy attire and sleepy self downstairs, I was greeted with yet more letters and bump through the post. This morn however, I opened up and found a small home-produced booklet on building stone circles. These structures being my favourite pets, I was very pleasantly surprised. Archaeologist and Pagan in one (rare things!), Harrison claims already to have built a megalithic circle...and, herein, sets down the basic simple guidelines for doing it yourself. I must admit that after reading an article in the *Daath Papers* from some time back, alleging to be a decent essay on such DIY matters, I was disappointed with the author's inaccuracies. John here however, tells us that it's not quite Alex Thom stuff, but his free-flowing style and ease of read makes it a nice little work. There are also tips on getting a good Festival fire burnin' (one thing I'm not too good at); an intro into the Lunar Goddess and Her influences; a briefing on the Festivals themselves; a newly-found circle at Oakham...and...well, poems, peace and Paganism...! And for: just 50p (postage already inclusive) well - y' can't go wrong at all can y'? (John also sells good quality Pagan-design T-shirts at very cheap prices. SAE for a couple of lists)

Earth Energy: A Dowser's Investigation of Ley Lines, by J. Havelock Fidler. *From Aquarian Press. 192 pages. 12 plates, maps & diagrams. Bibliography. Index. ISBN 0 85030 681 7. £6.99*

This is a heftily-updated version of the previous *Ley Lines: Their Nature & Properties*, written several years back. For students or followers of Earth Mysteries and Paganism, this book's a must (so go out and buy it before you've even read this briefing!). Fidler himself lives in the Scottish wilds (so probably gets attacked by the occasional violent haggis flying overhead) and it's here where the majority of his work is based. After first introducing us to specific dowsing terms of the renowned Guy Underwood, Fidler begins his own explorations - using dowsing as his major tool. He identifies that the energies at old sites and along leys are primarily based upon aspects of polarities, i.e. positive and negative influences, and notes similar such oppositions at points found in *relation* to sites. Through dowsing and causative scientific principles, Fidler finds that such influences, charges and interrupter forms are related to the old straight tracks, and essentially concludes that leys are actually *man made* utilisations of the latent Earth force itself. This is good stuff. In sifting old, sacred spots, the Ancients made specific use of the greater subtle Life Spirit by positioning them on spots of particular concentrations of energy (which Fidler finds - after Graves - are usually where major/minor dowsing influence lines cross or accumulate). From here, the circles, monoliths, cairns, etc. were built on with intent to raise and utilise the form of the Earth. This is principal Earth magick that Fidler's talking about. His conclusions and research is written in a form most similar to that of the highly respected dowser, Thomas Lethbridge, and, like him, it's impossible to assess this work in just a few lines. All I can do is advise anybody who's a leyman to obtain this ground-breaking work. One hopes that there's more to come from him.

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Brigantia: A Mysteryography - by Guy Ragland Phillips. *Hardback 224 pages. Bibliography. Index.* The classic work detailing the stone circles, legends, leys and Earth Mysteries of Yorkshire and district. Wiccan, Pagan and magical chronicles from our northern counties, previously called Brigantia. Copies of this work are available from your editor for only £4.25 (postage included in price). Get em while they last!

Ley Lines In Question - by Tom Williamson & Liz Bellamy. *232 pages. Photos, diagrams. Bibliography. Index.* This is the main literary critique of ley lines and the Earth Mysteries movement - and in its exploration, makes some very valid and clear cut points. Although a little *over*-objective and not as well informed as the criticism should be in reference to some of the things covered, this is a work that everyone into the EM movement can't really be without. Get copies for £6.95 from the editor.

Dalriada - Pagan Celtic Journal, Bride 88 - More from the blessed Isle of Arran: the best of which - from my viewpoint - is Helen Blamires' exposition on the sacred Ash Tree. More on these woody perennials please. Suzanne Sutherland describes the Pagan initiation, or footing, of her five-month-old child on Beltane at Arran. Maureen Shepherd describes the rites of Earth and Sun. And Helen MacSkimming explores the symbolic and meaningful imagery found in legends & lore. And there's more of course.

Fortean Times No. 49 - And still going from strength, to strength. The magazine on strangelings, absurdities and outrageous peculiar events. It's hard to briefly describe and 80-page quality collection, but - here goes! Frog skeletons and fishes falling from people's taps; orange snow in Scotland; orange, red and yellow sky falls from across Europe; green rain over Moscow; green clouds over Leicester; a gecko lizard in a hen's egg; letters and reviews. And then there's, a report on the Cryptozoology Conference from Edinburgh last year (why the hell did I miss that one!?). There are tales of Brazilian spooklights; articles on the hairy and non-existent beasts from Australia; Bob Rickard on lake monsters; Paul Seiveking on Death Cheaters; collections of holy visions...and hoardes more. Eleven out of ten for FT - and brain transplants all round for those who don't get it!

The Ley Hunter 104, Winter 88 - The Earth Mysteries equivalent to Fortean Times...and this time with its annual supplement in tow! The supplement first. When I picked it from the envelope, its page fell open to the Full Moon at Callanish photograph - invoking almost instant awe. A remarkable and deeply impressive image. The supplement overall deals specifically with the Major Lunar Standstill that captured astroarchaeological importance last year. Poetry and art are melted between accounts of the Standstill at megaliths in Aberdeenshire, Castlerigg and Callanish. Each are both lovely and moving chronicles. As is the entire supplement (my praise to Brian). TLH itself meanwhile, is equally commendable. All 54 pages of it!!! Aside from the 1987 Moot Report, lengthy book and mag reviews, Reader's Forum and good ol' Dod, we have a group of exploratory essays. Dave Clarke writes briefly of the probable EL manifestations that have waffled their way up and down our Pennine hills for years. A fascinating dictation of Eastern geomancy with Prof. Lin Yung - a World Master on the subject - is written up. John Palmer illustrates some quite fantastic-looking alignments from Holland, along with overall patterns in the country as a whole. And Andy Collins makes a lengthy report on Mount Athos, Greece, detailing its history, legends, visions, earthlights and spirit. And there's much more than this. One of life's utmost necessities!

International UFO Reporter, October 87, 12:5 - This glossy Centre for UFO Studies mag principally deals with the alleged UFO cover-up that has recently re-surfaced as a prominent issue in UFO groups everywhere. Budd Hopkins' article is an exception however, looking at the after-effects left on the minds of UFO abductees - choosing, it seems, to blame the ufonauts and make them the naughty ones! Jenny Randles writes on the alleged cover-up UFO issue in Britain; and Stanton Friedman tells the story of the document of the moment - MJ12, as it's known - and inquires upon its validity.



ENCOURAGE THESE MAGS &
KEEP THE VOICE ALIVE

Northern UFO News 129, Jan/Feb 88 - Yet more of a round-up of our northern UFO accounts. There's more on the fifties-style cover-up UFO story; news round-ups; Jenny Randles' brief accounts of the Australian UFO landing case and the recent London report; and a briefing on what may be a most interesting Barnsley multiple ufoto case. Keep your eyes open for that one. (see UFO Brigantia for fuller details)

Lamp of Thoth, No 21 - Here it is again all yea faithful readers. And still one of the best to be found. Herein its 57 pages we find more than 30 articles to read, culling words from all avenues. And save the boring egotistical wafflings of Biroco and Suster, we've much to be delighted with. Magda Graham gives us a lovely collection of unusual divinatory forms ranging from Scapulomancy (divination by the heated shoulderblades of a sacrifice) to Phallimancy (divination by the droops and forms of a willy!). A simple briefing on Chakras and the Tree. Mike Howard (ed of the Cauldron) writes on the potential of sexuality. Nostradamus, Nazis and World War 3 comes forth (are people 'really' into him still?). There's Crystal Magic, Candle Magic and the Diary of a Chaoist. S. N. Robinson's, "E = mc2" and Mike Jamieson's, "Random Field Effect" are two essays of particular quality and worthy of greater comment. These are the regions being explored by more and more magickal and spiritual explorers...and the worlds found there are utterly fascinating! This is spiritual science at last! And...asides from there being much more, we have our old favourite Golem, gossiping his way around the esoteric world. LOT's a damn good mag that you can't really afford to miss.

SUPPORT AS MANY OF THESE MAGS AS YOU
CAN - THEY'RE TRYING TO SUPPORT YOU

New Dimensions No. 4, January 88 - This quite new monthly magazine, which claims to cover all aspects of the esoteric, looks a very bright star on the horizon. A5 in format, but only 75p for 48 pages - now that's bloody good value. But what of the material within? Well, John Peterson writes a general intro to the continents of Atlantis and Lemuria - based it seems, on the past workings of Spence and Co. There's a general view of the Aquarian astrosphere. There's a discourse on Malkuth, the fourth Triad and the Tree of Life (Jim Sturzaker might like to take a look here). And obviously within 48 pages, there's plenty more. If ND can keep itself going, it should only get better. Definitely worth looking at!

The Kabbalist, 5:8, December 1987 - This principal qabalistic (my preferred spelling) mag looks at the varieties of occult, Pagan and similar esotericisms under its sephirotic eye. Herein, the explanation of the Ain of the Tree - a quite remarkable world (God itself, perhaps?). There's an account of divination by Tarot. Numerological aspects of the Right Hand Pillar; and mon fave in this issue is the look at Bach's herbal remedies under the light of their planetary and spiritual influences. There's plenty more of course...and, like our other mags, is worth getting (have you got the cash to pay for all of these though - I know it's a bit much sometimes).

Dark Lily No.4, February 1988 - Phew...! Here goes - There's more words between the occult 'Master' and his pupil, looking at specifics and stances on Being. On stances however, the reader should not forget that even the use of the word as a conceptual description, is an obstacle in the terms spoke of here. 'Stance' is itself a stance. Forget living, ideas, concepts and stances - simple Be, as Jonathon Livingston and other sacred Words have spoke. And then there's a very peculiar rationale (?) on Fox-hunting and witch-hunting - but something's missing here obviously! There's an essay on the Five Horsemen of the Apocalypse. A diction on the Abyss. And an intro to the Dark Lily society (I'm not 25 years old ed, am I exempt therefore?). But Left Hand in its ventures or not, this is a good mag. Try and support this one aswell.

ADDRESSES OF THESE MAGAZINES & BRIEF DETAILS ARE ON THE BACK PAGE OF THIS EDITION.

Exchange Magazines

The Ley Hunter - The Magazine of Earth Mysteries & probably the world's No.1 on EM, EL & other Pagan matters. Excellent! Subscription is £5 for 3 issues + supplement from, Paul & Charla Devereux, PO Box 5, Brecon, Powys LD3 7LU, Wales.

Fortean Times - The Foremost Journal of Strange Phenomena - indeed! Brilliant! £7 for 4 issues or single copies at £1.75 each from, Bob Rickard, 96 Mansfield Rd, London NW3 2HX. To anyone interested in anything bizarre, this is the magazine to get!

Strange Magazine - quarterly American Fortean mag, featuring such names as Loren Coleman, Keel, Devereux, Rickard and other such fames. Annual subscription \$18.95 from, Strange Magazine, Mark Chorvinsky, Dept.El, PO Box 2246, Rockville, Maryland 20852, USA.

The Lamp of Thoth - quarterly publication of the Sorcerer's Apprentice, covering all aspects of Pagan, occult and magical matters. Single copies £2.25 each, or £10.60 for 6 issues from, Chris Bray, 4-8 Burley Lodge Rd, Leeds LS6 1QP, West Yorkshire.

New Dimensions - 48-page monthly mag covering all aspects of the esoteric, from ritual magick to UFOs. Single copies only 75p or £9 per annum from, Mark Saunders Publications, 1 Austin Close, Irchester, Northants NN9 7AX.

Vision Seeker & Sharer - The Diggers of Albion Newsletter Reborn, edited by Dave Stringer & Pam Stansfield. Quarterly mag at 75p each or £3 per annum from, Rainbow Publications (cheques/POs to them), PO Box HK9, Leeds LS11 8JP, West Yorks.

International UFO Reporter - Mag of the J.Allen Hynek Centre for UFO Studies, and one of the world's best UFO publications. Six issues per annum for \$25 (USA) or \$35 from UK & elsewhere, 2457 West Peterson Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60659, USA.

Northern Earth Mysteries - publication of the group of the same name, dealing with EM & related matters of northern Britain. Subscription is £2.50 for 3 issues or £1 each from, Rob Wilson, 103 Derbyshire Lane, Norton Lees, Sheffield S8 9EN, South Yorkshire.

The Kabbalist - quarterly publication of the International Order of Kabbalists. £3 per annum or £1 each from, 25 Circle Gardens, Merton Park, London SW19 3JX.

Northern UFO News - magazine of the Northern UFO Network, detailing news/views from the north. Annual subscription £5.40 per annum for 6 issues from, Jenny Randles, 37 Heathbank Rd, Cheadle Heath, Stockport SK3 0UP, Cheshire.

Dalriada - Pagan Celtic Journal. Publication of the Pagan Clan Dalriada on the Isle of Arran. Subscription is £3 for 4 issues per annum or £1 each from, Dun-na-Beatha, 2 Brathwic Place, Brodick, Arran KA27 8BN, Scotland.

Chaos International - A lively broad-based chaos magick mag. Articles, artwork, poetry, etc, on all aspects of chaotic occultism, etc. £2.45 each from, Dave Lee, 179 Belle Vue Rd, Leeds LS3 1HJ, West Yorkshire.

Dark Lily - The Voice of the Left-Hand Path. Quarterly mag at £1.50 each or £6 per annum from, BCM Box 3406, London WC1 3XX. A well-produced publication on magick, Satanism, and other areas of left-hand occultism.

Out from the Core - A Magazine About Radical Healing. Single copies 65p + post or £2.50 for 3 issues from, Nick Totton, 23 Knowle Rd, Leeds LS4 2PJ.

UFO Brigantia - Magazine of the Independant UFO Network. £7 for 6 copies or £1.25 each from, Martin Dagless, 19 Bellmount Gardens, Bramley, Leeds LS13 2ND.

Cosmology Newslink - bi-monthly UFO, ghost, parapsi magazine from, 16 Newton Green, Great Dunmow, Essex CM6 1DU.

Moonbow - Magazine of the Sheffield University Pagan Society. Only 60p each from Joe, 4 Colliegate Crescent, Sheffield, or Dave & Sharron, 241 Crookesmoor Rd, Sheffield.

UFO Newsclipping Service - large format, monthly Fortean/UFO magazine. Annual subscription is \$75 (£50) for 12 issues or \$6.50 (£4.50) each from, Lucius Farish, Route 1 - Box 220, Plumerville, Arkansas 72127, USA.

Franz Bardon Foundation - 1388 Garrison, No.A307, Lakewood, Colorado 80215, USA.

UFO Contact - International Get-Acquainted Program Journal. An ET-based UFO mag dedicated to the words & works of George Adamski. Single copies £1 or £4 per annum from, Cliffe Poole, 94 Kelbrooke Court, Offerton, Stockport SK2 5NT, Cheshire.

Magonia - UFOs, Society & the Individual. Quarterly publication. £3 for 4 issues or 95p each from, John Rimmer, John Dee Cottage, Mortlake Churchyard, London SW14 8HB.

The Hookah - Publication of the Legalise Cannabis Campaign. Occasional mag based on donations. Send £1 & you'll get a Hookah. Back issues are available. For info on both the mag and the LCC write, BM Cannabis 2455, London WC1N 3XX (tel. 01-585-1031, or Sheffield 0742 425122).