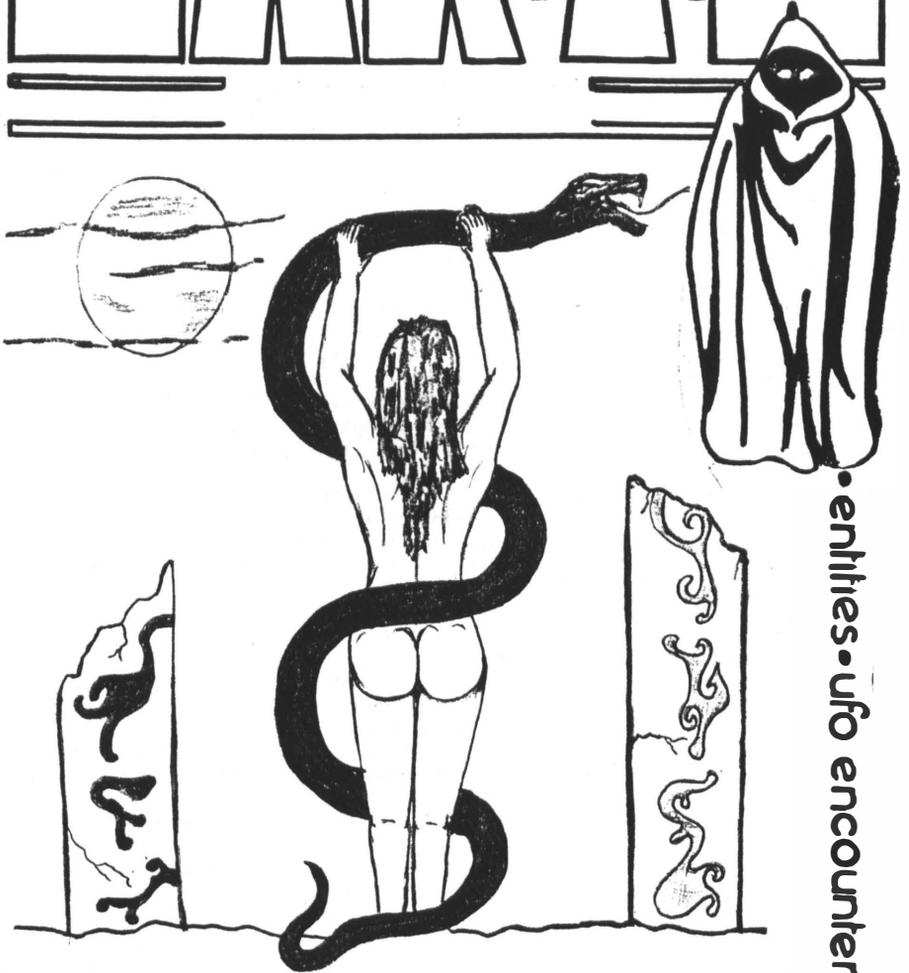


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A PUBLICATION OF PAGANISM, FORTEAN & EARTH MYSTERIES, etc.

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This magazine is forever dedicated to Jonathon Livingston Seagulls everywhere,
And to Jon Tilleard - friend, romancer and follower of the Way...

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Lots has been going on up and down the country over the last few months since last I was with you, all those years ago. Delays however, from now on, should not take place. At last I have found myself one of these word processor thingies (much thanks and grovelly bows to Phil for getting me it all!) and, hopefully, everything will run a little smoother forthwith!

PaganLink has slowly but surely expanded itself around our Yorkshire communities: new moots gradually popping up here and there, although there has been the occasional problem. People have been falling out with each other - over ludicrous trivialities and even points of view! It's getting as bad as ufology! Hopefully though, these differences will be ironed out and egos will be left aside. These things aside, the scene is looking good - let's hope it can continue as such.

Child-molesting freak extraordinaire, Geoffrey Dickens MP, has been causing more furore with his verbal babblings - blaming Pagans and the likes (you included I hope!) for virtually every evil deed on the planet: from abracadabra-ing sexy knickers off washing lines for dire and lovely deeds (wishful thinking on my part!), to demonically possessing harmless vicars and causing them to sexually molest children! Undoubtedly, if Dickens had the sort of depraved and perverted mind as I have (as indeed all Pagans have, so he says), he'd be blaming the obscene actions of the christian preachers on children, upon Pagan curses and the likes. Someone suggest it to him! Seriously though - it's about time we began assessing the number of molestations upon youngsters and looking at how many practising christians are responsible for them. This sort of diabolical christian malpractice appears far more commonplace than the apparent nasty witchy cases Dickens says he knows of. If we can, an attempt is to be made to assess the massive collection of such christian abuse reports, or cases of "christians abuse children" with intent to publish a sociological work sometime next year outlining the problem that sexual oppression (as promoted by christianity) has upon its practitioners - especially, it would seem, the vicars and reverends themselves. I'm told that such a study has been done in the States a number of years ago and the poor withdrawn, sexually inhibited christians were given very bad marks indeed. Time to do a British study perhaps? If Dickens can play this stupid game with Paganism, I'm sure we can play it with his religion. Henceforth, if any of you find cases in either the local or national press outlining cases where christians of whatever creed have abused children, please send them in (editorial address) and we can begin to play these people at their own game.

This time round, if you haven't noticed, Earth has crammed more material into herself with more pages still. Good value, eh? Thanks to everyone who's helped to make this possible and let's hope we can keep such things up. Read on...

Not so long ago, there were strange, dangerous beasties scurrying, skulking and even flying around the heads of our great-grandparents. Many names were given to them, and the night was feared as they moved through its sheltered cloak. These animals came straight from hell and brought fear, destruction and death upon its espies. Britain was plagued with them. Here in Yorkshire, their multitudes were equally spread. In the West Riding alone, they were known as *Dobies*, *Bharquests* (or *Barguest*, *Bargiest*, *Bhargist*), *Chatterchains*, *Gabriel Hounds*, *Gablierratchets*, *Guytrash*, *Padfoot*, *Skriker* and even *Shag!** The origins of these, and other names are multifold, each having Gaian pertinence to them and coming from numerous countries.

Black dogs, as messengers of death and other such doomful precursors originated, say some, from the legendary *Great Hunt* of Norse myths, where a pack of wild dogs leads the charioteers across the heavens. Others say they are lingering reminders of the witch's favourite familiar, the dog - and being related to wiccans obviously makes it black, spectral and evil! But our primary concern here isn't the history of the hound, but tales of real encounters with the things. Numerous works cite where such spectres were supposedly witnessed, but few real stories are exemplified - here, however, be some such yarns...

The *Barguest*, reported by Henderson (4) to have been seen around Headingley Hill, Leeds, on numerous occasions around the time of someone's death - hence causing all the dogs in the neighbourhood to cry and howl - was granted a number of reports from around the northern counties. Other folklorists tell of other tales. Katherine Briggs, perhaps the most acclaimed collector of folk tales and strange legends, relates the following:

You see, sir, as how I'd been a clock dressing at (Grassington), and I'd stayed rather late, and maybe gotten a little sup o' spirit; but I was far from being drunk and knowed everything that passed. It was about 11 o'clock when I left, and it were at back end o' the year - and a most admirable nite it were. The Moon were very brite and I'd ne'er seen Rylstone Fell plainer in all mi life. Now y'see sir, I were passin down t'mill lane and I heard summat cum past me - brush, brush, wi' chains rattlin' all the while, but I saw nothin'; and I thought to myself, now this is a most mortal queer thing. And I then stood still and looked about me; but I seed nothin' at all, nowt but the two stones on each side o' t'mill lane. Then I heard again this brush, brush, brush, wi' the chains; for y'see sir, when I stood still it stopped, and then, thought I, this must be a Barguest, that so much is said about; and I hurried on t'towards the wood bridge; for they say as how this Barguest cannot cross water; but lord, sir, when I got o'er bridge, I heard t'same again - so it must either've crossed t'water or have gone round by the spring head! And then I became a valiant man, for I were a bit frightened afore; so I went up Great Bank t'towards Linton, and heard this brush, brush, brush, wi' t'chains all the way, but I saw nothin'; then it ceased all of a sudden. So I turned back to go home; but I'd hardly reached t'door when I heard again this brush, brush, brush, and the chains goin' down towards Holin House; and I followed it, and the Moon there shone very brite - then I saw its tail! Then thought I, thou old thing, I can say I've seen thee now; so I'll away home.

When I got to t'door there was a great thing like a sheep, but it were larger, lying across t'threshold o't'door, and it were woolly like, and I says, "Git up!" and it wouldn't git up. Then says I, "Stir thyself!" and it wouldn't stir itself. And I grew valiant, and I raised t'stick to bash it wi'; and then it looked at me, and such eyes, they did glow, and were as big as saucers and like a cruelled ball. First there were a red ring, then a blue one, then a white one; and these rings grew less and less till they came to a dot! Now I were not feared of it, though it grinned at my fearfully, and I kept saying "Git up!" and

* Martin Morrow would like to say that he wholeheartedly agrees with this idea!

it; and then this thing got up and walked off, for it were more frightened o't'old wife than it were o'me; and I told the wife, and she says as how it were Barguest; but I'd ne'er seen it since' - and that's a true story. (2)

Well, the local drunk may well have seen a Barguest here, or someone might have stuck a few too many 'shrooms in his pints! I'm sure in this case, it's what one of our previous writers would have called "spectral brew" (5). Such alcoholic visions were much appreciated around the Aire Valley after ingesting this "brew" - or so David assured us. Does he know something we don't?

At Stannington, near Sheffield, those Gabriel Hounds brought their dastardly cries. Clarke and Wilson, in their excellent local parahistory work (3) detail the writings of one John Holland, who in 1861 wrote:

"I can never forget the impression made upon my own mind when once arrested by the cry of these Gabriel Hounds as I passed the parish church of Sheffield one densely dark and very still night. The sound was exactly like the queeting of a dozen beagles at the foot of a race, but not so loud and highly suggestive of ideas of the supernatural."

In the same work, (3) the authors tell us that in the 1870s a child was burnt to death in a fire in Sheffield. Neighbours apparently recall that just before the tragedy, the Gabriel Hounds had flown overhead.

Perhaps one of the most eventful of black dog tales comes from the 1950s following, of all things, rekindled tales of Count Dracula! Legend says, if y'didn't know, that old Drac was brought to England in a boat, but was shipwrecked and he came to land in the form of a malevolent black dog phantom. Eerie stuff! But such lore grows, and through collective consciousness, can create powerful images. Magickians in particular, and others amongst you will know very well of the power such thought-forms can adopt. Here is just one such example of them.

At Kettleless on the east Yorkshire coast, old legends may be stirred from old heads and tomes. But exactly when the tale of the Kettleless black dog arose isn't quite known (hopefully someone can tell me). Donald Omand, an exorcist as he came to be known, visited the place in the fifties and quickly heard of the tales. At Kettleless Point, jutting out to sea, Omand alleges he sensed an "eerily oppressive" atmosphere. He met a fisherman who told him that he'd seen the black dog on numerous occasions: materialising on the Point, only to fade away soon after. But further and more dramatic tales later came forth.

Omand received a letter from a friend telling of a holiday visit to Whitby. Whilst the people were there they popped down to Kettleless, but whilst looking out to sea they became overawed considerably by a great feeling of terror. Following this they looked out over the shore and saw what was described as a "huge hound" appear out of thin air! Without moving, they watched the massive animal move closer to them before it eventually vanished back from whence it had come.

Hearing this, Omand immediately took it upon himself to realise that the place was obviously in need of a dose of holy water! He boarded a train and met up with his friend - a schoolmaster - and they ventured down to the coast once more. Once there, things became plainly obvious about the feeling of the place. It was a grey, overcast day (Lethbridge enthusiasts take note), and before very long, out of the sky immediately before them, came the apparition of "what...looked like a huge black hound, but bigger than any member of the canine species known to man." It was moving towards both of them and the schoolmaster found the experience far too much and headed back to the car. But, Omand being a good christian chap, he just had to stay and shun this malevolent beast. Facing the apparition, waffling his mumbo-jumbo, and chucking his true-blue holy water at the foul entity, the figure apparently disappeared - condemned by Christ ne'er to bother the good folks of Kettleless anymore. And, if we take his word for it, everything's hunky-dory there nowadays; although I imagine that any ghost-hunters in the area may have tales to counter his statement.

the particularly sad thing following this sighting however, and hence continuing the legend relating black dogs to impending deaths, was the fate of the schoolmaster. Following the sighting there, he suffered a nervous breakdown. Omand wrote, "In spite of psychiatric and spiritual help he died in a mental hospital in the early sixties." (1)

Should any readers have information on any of these peculiar phantoms, in particular encounters or local history reports of them, please let me know. God only knows what weird tales are hidden in our local midsts...

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2. Briggs, Katherine. A Dictionary of Fairies. Penguin, 1977.
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The Ilkley Moor Labyrinth

Following the article of Matthew Atha's in E11 detailing the apparent discovery of an ancient labyrinthine structure on the moors above Ilkley, a certain Mr. F. Russell Clampitt, previously editor of the respected earth mysteries mag, Ignews, informed us that the maze was probably not aged in structure. Sometime during the summer of 1978, Russell and some friends were walking along the track which crosses the old-looking maze and stumbled across it. However, the lay-out then looked quite recently done. He told us that on either side of the structure ran two earthworks, both of which looked quite recent. Through the middle of the labyrinth however, a trench had been dug, and a pipeline had been laid there. This obviously disturbed what was to be seen, but it was undoubtedly of a relatively modern origin, he said.

The only real question we now have to answer, is, who were the people who spent so much time and effort putting the old spiralling system together? Anybody know...?

Books for Sale

Dr. Atomic's Marijuana Multiplier - by Larry S. Todd. 2.00 each. This heftily-cartooned manual for pot-heads basically shows thee how to get much more out of your gear, or, as Doc Atomic puts it, "Isomerise your marijuana and hasneens to increase its potency up to 5 or 6 times!" And if you've the patience to make home-brews, you'll certainly have it to increase them there THC molecules. Only two quid from your...er...Oh God...wot...errmmm...oh yeah...from me! The...errr - yeah - er, editor... Pass us another spliff Gaz...!

A Guide to British Psilocybin Mushrooms - by Richard Cooper. 1.70 from me again! Copies of this classic little manual are available again. Detailing a number of Britain's psychoactive fungi, with illustrations of the ones to look out for, Cooper also outlines the chemistry and dosage of each specimen. He also gives first class guidelines on score printing and cultivation techniques for these wondrous mycological beasts! Their histories and detailed identifications are sensibly covered - so, any of thee out there who haven't got this classic little guide, and who enjoy the visionary effects of Mother Earth's magic, ought to be after it. Only one word of caution though - ignore the Amanita pantherina's he talks about. They're much nastier than he thinks - leave em well alone! 20pp. 40p b/w photos.

VIBES - by David Medina*

For scientists and engineers it is necessary to differentiate between vibration, oscillation, resonance, radiation, and electromagnetic fields: whereas, what is today known as *New Age* thinkers, see such energies as "vibes." However, distinctions must be made between the *vibes* emitted by living organisms, and external *vibes* received from the cosmos (such as cosmic rays, Hertzian waves, etc.). We must realise though, that the behaviour of all planet and animal life is affected by the inter-reaction of the two types of *vibes*.

My interest in *vibes* was first aroused when I was writing my monograph, *God's Weapon* (1). I was impressed by the careful selection and blending of colours and materials used in the building of the Ark of the Covenant, and the huge tent that housed it. There was no adulteration whatsoever to modify the natural *vibes*. A diagram in the aforementioned monograph convinced Patricia Villiers-Stuart, an authority on ancient sciences (2), that the geometric arrangement of the implements in the tent induced vibrations through the seventh angle ($360/7$ or 51.43°).**

The seventh angle was also employed in the base of the Great Pyramid of Cheops which, as we know, was never a burial chamber. In addition to its function as a mystery school, the pyramid was also some kind of power house. It is believed by many, that the artificial sarcophagus in the King's Chamber of Cheops, was used either to rejuvenate those who lay in it, or to boost their spiritual awareness. Due to vandalism however, the pyramid is no longer in its original shape and cannot function as originally intended. However...

Square-based pyramid frames for keeping cutting edges sharp, preserving food, curing illnesses and growing better plants, have all been made famous by Bill Cox. (3) The frames can be any size or material and not need to be covered in anyway; although the seventh angle must be used at the the base and one side must be aligned magnetically north-south. From a friend in New Zealand, I learned that a pyramid in a back garden was being used to cure arthritis and other complaints for which doctors were unable to prescribe relief. Also, it's been claimed that a greyhound suffering from a torn ligament (from which a veterinary surgeon said it would never recover sufficiently to race) was cured after a spell inside a pyramid. Amazingly, it ran better than ever! From my own experience I can testify that even a small cardboard pyramid will keep razor blades sharp. When I invited a lady to place her injured finger under my eighteen-inch base, stainless steel pyramid, the bleeding where the piece of skin had been cut off quickly ceased, and the wound sealed over. She said that the finger was no longer sore and that the hand which had been inside the pyramid tingled. Sceptical scientists insist that proof of these cures doesn't really exist without an identical woman, or greyhound for that matter, with identical wounds not subjected to pyramid energy. This perhaps being the case, the retention of keen cutting edges can - and has - been proved.

Positive applications of material using the aforementioned "seventh angle" have been used elsewhere. Earth aeriels, each of which keeps frost off one acre of trees, have been used in some orchards in the USA for over thirty years! (4) The aeriels consist of a thirty-foot central mast, up which (through insulating discs spaced at intervals) run seven 10-gauge copper wires. At the top of the mast, the wires bend out horizontally with one pointing magnetic north and the other equidistant - thus forming the seventh angle. At the base of the mast the same wires run eighteen inches underground to a radius of 144 feet, where each one coils round an alnico-magnet before surfacing and bending back towards the end at the top. This is just another applicable example.

* David has been involved in esoteric research for a number of years, and is author of the works, *Elohim's Nursery* and *God's Weapon* (neither of which I've read)

** The seventh angle that's being spoken of here, was also used in the designs of our old stone circles and other such megalithic sites. It appears in some instances that this may have related to astrological or magical events.

Occultists have always regarded the number 7 as an important mystical number. It is becoming increasingly evident that the power lies, not in the number itself, but in *one-seventh of a circle*. Shapes containing the seventh angle act as natural aeriels for the reception of cosmic vibrations. The seven rays, to which ancient literature often refers, are usually portrayed as spokes from a hub, and sometimes colours are associated with each: hence the "seven rays of healing" known to chromotherapists.

Kirlian photography can be used today as proof of the existence of magnetic fields and auras. However, this method has only recently been made available, and certainly wasn't understood by George Lakhovsky, who discovered that each living cell has a built-in electrical circuit. In his foreword to Lakhovsky's *The Secret of Life*, (5) the translator Mark Clements mentions that the fifty-foot aerial at the Naval Research Laboratory, Washington, was peculiarly able to pick up radio signals from the stomach of a person *more than four miles away!!!* (How on earth did they work that out? Ed)

Today though, more and more scientific evidence is being poured in paranormal research. Telekinetics and telepathy have undergone stringent - and positive - scientific study for a number of years now. It appears that brain *vibes* can either be positive or negative, and this may be the solution of the mystery which causes Bill Cox so much concern, where "controlled" experiments with pyramid frames in laboratories fail to produce positive results. On the rare occasions I have entered a lab, I've detected a "nothing there" (or negative) atmosphere. Scientific research demands open minds that are free of prejudice, preconceived notions and imagination. Thus, the production of negative brain *vibes* which interfere with the cosmic *vibes* upon which the pyramid frames rely, infringe upon potentially positive results.*

Lakhovsky's observations indicate that the *vibes* emitted by insects are transmitted on a variety of wavelengths which predators receive through semi-circular canals in the ears. He does not mention the seventh angle, although I suspect that it is employed in the arrowhead formation of migrating birds, hence enabling them to pick up the *vibes* of the insects towards which they are flying.

The most important of Lakhovsky's discoveries was that disease and disorders result from cellular oscillatory disequilibrium. This led him to invent the Multiple Wave Oscillator, the use of which simply brings the patients' *vibes* back into into a harmonious flow. However, he also discovered that cures could be obtained by merely using open-ended circuits consisting of two full turns of bare copper wire (like an open spring), insulated from contact with the body. In 1928, a certain Prof. Sordello Attili, of the Hospital San Spirito in Sessia, Rome, cured several patients of cancer (!) and polysarcia (excessive corpulence) with open-ended circuits worn as belts, collars and bracelets! (6) But, despite all of this, the work of George Lakhovsky has been sadly neglected. In his own words, "I have been attacked by physicists ignorant of biology and by biologists ignorant of physics, who consequently can neither understand my theories nor judge my experiments." Hopefully the New Ages will rectify this situation...

References:

1. This is available from the author at 6 Grant Court, 18 Spencer Hill, London * GW19 4NY, priced 1.70.
2. Patricia Villiers-Stuart has been studying ancient geometry for several years now - in particular the seventh angle.
3. Bill Cox is a professional dowser and editor of *Pyramid Guide*.
4. Expounded by Bruce Cathie, a New Zealand ufologist, in *Harmonic 288: The Pulse of the Universe*. Sphere Books, 1991.
5. First printed in English in 1935. 3rd revised edition, 1963, Trade Health Publishing Company.
6. A full account of this article, *The Theory of Cancer Based on the Geological Nature of the Soil*, by Lakhovsky is in the "Revue generale des Sciences," October 15, 1928.

Leaves from a Wiccan's Garden

In an old book, *The Edda*, sacred to the Norse people, there is a tale of a great world tree. This tree was vast and held many smaller dominions within its aged body. In its roots there lay the abyss known as *Hel* (from whence comes the christian idea of Hell), where before creation, was no light nor life. At the root there is a serpent, *Nighhoggr*. And from each root there came a spring: the spring of force, the spring of memory and the spring of life. In the body of the tree itself, which drops honey, an eagle, a squirrel and four stags are to be found - symbolic virtues of life and the formation of Nature (amongst other things). Running up and down the trunk is the squirrel, *Ratatoskr*, sowing strife between the eagle and the serpent. Halfway up its trunk there was to be found *Midgard*, the disc-shaped earth, surrounded by a great ocean, with the serpent of eternity holding its tail in its mouth and circling the world. Past the ocean lay the final boundary of mountains on its outer rim. And from its sacred branches there rose *Asgard*, the home of the gods amidst the mountain peaks. (1,2) This great tree is found in numerous mythologies the world over - and representations of deities and elements in some areas are remarkably alike between the comparative cultures. But in this tale the great world tree will be known to many of you as *Yggdrasill*, a giant expressive figure of wood, manifested from the tree of many myths, *Fraxinus excelsior*, or Ash, to most of us! Its other english names are simply Common, or Weeping Ash.

Like virtually all of Earth's sacred flora, tales and lore abound on the Ash, from many cultures and many times. Historian and traveller, Thomas Pennant, writing in 1772, said,

"In many parts of the Highlands, at the birth of a child, the nurse puts the end of a green stick of Ash into the fire and, while it is burning, receives into a spoon the sap or juice which oozes out at the other end and administers this to the new-born baby." (17)

Similarly in Germany, honey of the Ash was given to babies as its very first food, hence securing a prosperous life (15).

In Ireland, a land rich in faerie and other lore, in the parish of Clenor, County Cork, there is a sacred Ash tree whose branches are never cut, even though firewood is scarce and the nearest peat-hag is more than three miles away! In this case, legend tells us that faerie folk live within this lone tree and to harm it would bring ill-fortune. (3) Another such sacred Ash, still in Ireland, was to be found at Borrisokane, and called the *Old Bell* or *Bael Tree*. This name laid remembrance of its use by Pagan folks in Beltane fire ceremonies. (3) At Killlura in Ireland, was the Tree of Creevna, an Ash that was still standing in the nineteenth century - its wood was used as a charm against drowning. (9) Brian Froud, in his lavishly illustrated portrait, *Fairies*, (8) wrote that Druids' wands were carved from ashen wood. In Somerset, enclosures used to be made from Ash to protect the cattle from being taken or cast down by the little people. In some english counties, it was through the virtues of the Ash that enabled us dear old witches to fly.* And it was said that those who ate of the red buds from the tree on St. John's eve would be rendered safe from the witches' influences. (16) In Lincolnshire, lore had it that the female Ash, called *Sheder*, would have the power to defeat male wiccans; whilst the male Ash, *Heder*, would defeat a female witch. One other British legend relates the Ash to a curse of Royalty, telling that a failure of the Ash-keys (the seeds of *F. excelsior*) foretold a royal death. In 1648, when such a failure occurred, tales ran rife about the death of the then king, Charles I. A few months later on January 1, 1649, Charles was executed! As a weapon, Achilles used an ashen spear, and Cupid's arrows of love are of the Ash.

In the seventeenth century a great deal was to be heard of an haunted Ash near to

* Some may think from this comment that Ash was one of the herbs used in the *flying ointment* mixtures, but this is highly unlikely. Of all the recipes I have for such an ointment, Ash is not in any - and nor, from what's known of its herbal properties, could it possibly be.

Brampton, Lincolnshire. Even on days when there was no wind the great old tree shook and trembled. But this wasn't the main peculiarity here. It was said to cry out or emit groans and wails. One man who climbed to the top of the tree came down complaining of being suddenly overcome by a great illness. It was said to be quite some time before he recovered. On the Earl of Lincoln causing a branch to be cut off and a hole bored through the trunk, it let out tremendous moans and began speaking in an unknown language! (12) Fortean Times recently covered this and other tales, but told us more. (11) Detailing information from a letter written in 1606 about the same tree, it tells how:

"An ash tree shaketh in body and boughs thereof, sighing and groaning like a man troubled in his sleep, as if it felt some terrible torment. Many climbed to the top of it, who heard the groans more easily than those could below. But one amongst the rest being on top thereof spake to the tree; but presently came down much aghast, and lay grovelling on the earth three hours speechless. In the end, reviving, he said, "Brampton, Brampton, thou art bound to pray.""

In very early British tradition, a tribe known as the Belgic Brythons, who captured an oracular shrine, worshipped a great God called Gwydion who was of the Ash. And in the old Druidic *Beth-Luis-Nion*, or Tree alphabet (yes, there is such a thing), the Ash was called, Nion, or the third letter, N. From this point alone we can learn much about the tree. Robert Graves, in his tedious but excellent work, (9) writes extensively. The Ash was sacred to Poseidon, and the Melia were its elementals. In the Irish myth of the *Five Magic Trees*, the trees of Dathi, Tortu and Usnech were each ascribed to be Ashes. High esteem indeed. Their felling however, in the year 665 AD was held to be the major triumph of christianity over Paganism - but we're getting them back slowly but surely! Ash roots were said to strangle and overpower the roots of other trees and, knowing this, Odin made his runic alphabet from the twigs of the tree. It was also said to rule over water and be the governor of the seas. In the BLN alphabet, along with rowan, alder and willow, Ash was used for divination purposes, and was also said to be one of the seven Chieftain Trees. (9)

Elliott O'Donnell, one of the greatest collectors of ghost stories there has ever been, wrote in the 1920s for people to come forth with any tales they may have relating to haunted trees. Besides receiving enough information to compile an entire book on such remarkable apparitions, he got a reply from a Mr. William Harrison of London who, travelling for business purposes, had a most peculiar encounter one evening. Whilst walking along a quiet Derbyshire road, he suddenly got a sensation of being watched. Looking around him he could see nothing at first, but his eyes drew him to a majestic, solitary old Ash, the branches of which were swaying about considerably, although there was no wind. Looking at the great wooden fellow, he caught sight of an old face peering from one side of the tree, beckoning him to come closer. O'Donnell describes the face as being "the pinched, wistful face of a woman with grey, dishelleved hair." She kept staring at Harrison and reached out with a scrawny, bony hand for him to go to her. Eventually, she stepped back behind the tree and Harrison cautiously stepped towards where she'd been. There was nobody there! Harrison later recounted that he looked into the local history of the site and found that an old woman had been hanged there many years ago. What he had seen, he presumed, must have been her ghost. (12)

In another of O'Donnell's ghost works, comes a more peculiar report of an actual apparition of an Ash itself. Ghost trees are quite rare things, I imagine. In this incident the vision acted as a portent of death. A Mr. Andrews from Warwickshire told that one night their alsatian dog was barking continually at something from its kennel at the end of the garden. Going out to quieten it, he saw an Ash tree in the middle of the lawn, large as life, which just should not have been there! The great tree swung to and fro as if it were in a powerful storm, but little - if any - wind was noticeable. Later it vanished! Very shortly afterwards one of his children died (13).

That old timer, Pliny, in what Skinner describes as "his most unnatural natural history", told that evil creatures have a great fear of the Ash, and that serpents

would rather cross fire than pass over its leaves. (15) Ages ago, English mothers would make small hammocks for their children to sleep in while field work was going on, believing the wood and leaves of Ash to be protective against evil spirits. Similarly, a bunch of Fraxinus leaves would guard from harm, and any houses built within the confines of an Ash grove brought great luck. At festivals dedicated to the old ways, around Yule, the ashen log was burned and the ashes were said to carry the sacred fire from the old year to the new. In the same tradition, the girl who chose the young shoot or branch of the log to burn first, indicated a sign of early marriage. (15) Spence, in his huge encyclopaedia of esoteric matters (16) wrote that an axle made from Ash would enable vehicles to move faster than any other; and that tools whose handles were of the tree would promote greater efficiency and better work. There's some bloody weird traditions about!

The attributes of Ash are used in some instances by magickians and qabalists. Cornelius Agrippa corresponded the tree to the number 13; whilst Crowley, some centuries later, attributed it 32. (6) Culpeper and other herbalists since have put the tree under the sign of the Sun, with secondary influences coming from Saturn. That brilliant dowser, parapsychologist and archaeologist, Thomas Lethbridge, found through pendulum readings that the Ash was primarily male in nature, with a length rate being six inches (those of you not acquainted with Lethbridge's works, should make yourself).

Herbal lore is legion on the Ash, from numerous countries. Some of these tales are today being confirmed in labs by isolating specific chemicals which are known to act beneficially in the ways proposed by folklore. Frazer (7) recited a number of examples in which Ash provoked curative properties. Youngsters suffering from rickets or similar problems, were sometimes passed through a split ash tree. This sympathetic magic was soon said to do the trick. He cites one specific example that affected this cure at Shirley Heath, on the southern outskirts of Birmingham:

"Thomas Chillingham, son of the owner of an adjoining farm, now thirty-four was, when an infant of a year old, passed through a similar tree, now perfectly sound, which he preserves with so much care that he will not suffer a single branch to be touched, for it is believed the life of the patient depends on the life of the tree, and the moment that is cut down, be the patient ever so distant, the rupture returns, and a mortification ensues, and terminates in death, as was the case of a man driving a wagon..."

Frazer, and others before him, wrote that it was not uncommon to forcibly split a young ash sapling horizontally for a few feet, and then pass a young naked child three or nine times through the cutting, just as the sun was rising. In western England, the same ritual applied but was done at sunset. Another "cure" is for toothache - here you should simply cut your toe-nails while sitting under an Ash! Now that's a good one! (18)

There used to be a very strange legend involving shrews and the Ash. In times gone by, shrews were signs of ill-fortune if they ran across your path. This piece of folklore was also applied to the cows in the field - telling that shrews running afore them could make the milk dry up. To remedy such troubles, you were to bore a hole in the Ash, put a live shrew inside and then seal it up. This was said to do the trick. In some areas of England, twas said best to use an Ash in the grounds of a parish and this same tree was to be used time and again. (19) A rather more well-known folk-cure is the tree's capacity to get rid of warts, although little scientific evidence vouches for this. Nevertheless, you could try it yourself (I'd be very interested to hear if it worked). In Cheshire the cure went like this: rub your grubby eruptions with a piece of bacon, then cut a niche into the Ash. Here you must place the afflicted bacon and within a couple of days your fingers (or whatever!) will be hunky-dory - the poor bacon won't though! (7) Give that to someone you don't like! Another Ash-wart cure tells you to cross each bump with a pin, quietly singing,

Ashen tree, Ashen tree.

Pray buy these warts from me.

Then you should stick the pin into the Ash and, very soon, your warts will disappear and transfer themselves to the tree. This must be done secretly however,

or it won't work. According to Doreen Valiente, (18) the best time to affect this cure is when the Moon is waning - and not to forget to use a different pin for each wart. An Ash leaf with an equal number of leaflets on it used to be as lucky a prize as a four-leafed clover (which I've still never come across!). Twas particularly valued as a love portent; for in placing the leaf under your pillow would make you dream of your true love. Valiente seems to imply that the true nature of this charm is for all you ladies to stuff the leaf between your breasts, and let the fella you're after search, grope and fondle for the thing! Now that doesn't sound too bad an idea to me!

But, *Fraxinus excelsior* does have recognised curative properties. Thanks to the work that's been going on over recent years, herbalists have identified just what the old tree can do for us. Although the seeds of the tree - commonly known as Ash Keys - is the only part that can be eaten in large quantities (common recipes are to use them in pickles, (5,14) but they're also very good in curries, added just five minutes before it's ready to be served), the bark and leaves are the primary medicinally-active parts. The bark of the tree has been used for hundreds of years to successfully treat fevers. Although quinine is used for the same purpose, this is extracted from the Peruvian Bark tree (*Cinchona succirubra*) - which costs much more. Both leaves and bark are quite bitter (a familiar gesture of most herbs, it seems!), but both are quite good for cleansing the alimentary canal. As a specific, an infusion is used by herbalists to clear-up constipation, expel intestinal parasites (like worms, etc), kidney infections and to eradicate urinary obstructions. An infusion of the leaves is used to allieviate rheumatic and arthritic complaints. Mrs. Grieve tells us that the distilled water of the leaves, drunk every morning, was considered good for counteracting obesity (10) - a polite way of saying that it's good for fat gits! (eh Gary...?)

Decoctions of the leaves in white wine are said to be effective against jaundice and related complaints. Those edible fruits, the keys, used to be held in high esteem by the Ancients as being good for farty buttocks - or is the word, flatulence!? (10) Externally, the leaves can be used in compresses to treat suppurating wounds. (4) Overall - like every other of the Earth's sacred plants - a pretty useful and legendary source of information. Help look after them...

In the next "leaf" from a wiccan's garden, we'll take a most peculiar venture into the curative and legendary properties of - wouldst thou believe - those small, beautiful, yet seemingly insignificant mosses and lichens. Much is to be said of these tiny floral carpets.

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The Follies of Morris the Magus and Shot the Cat.

By A Omsford ©

Gaia - by A Witch

With the publishing of The Old Straight Track, by Alfred Watkins in 1925, the word ley was born. But the conclusions he came to were already known of by witches: the information being passed on as part of tradition. Prior to the now cult phrase, ley lines, the tracks were known by wiccans as bearings.

The world is covered by an intricate network of these magnetic bearings and in Britain these are very complex. The magnetic lines either travel in straight lines or spirals. Where lines of force come close together, or when they form a spiral then stone circles mark the nadi of where this intensification occurs. The greater the intensification, the greater the religious significance of the site. The most important site in relation to this is Stonehenge in Britain, and the Great Pyramid in Egypt (sited on the only spiral in the country).

All life is affected by the movements of the magnetic force along these lines and spirals. In the mineral kingdom they cause resonance and oscillation, and in the vegetable kingdom they cause wave motions in the structure of the body itself. Men and women are the nervous system of Gaia Herself. The lines themselves remain fixed unless disturbed by Nature, i.e. through earthquakes or other upheavals. If this occurs then the lines change and adopt new positions.

The Great Cosmic and Solar Power invoked at Stonehenge and the resultant Life Force, is then caused to flow along the lines and spirals of the trackways, which are reinforced at each area by stone circles that act as accumulators of the energy. This marriage of heaven and earth is vital to all living things; both to spiritual and physical existence. It is not necessary to have to use Stonehenge alone, as any of the circles can be used and the effect will spread accordingly along the bearings to the benefit of us all.

Most of the stone circles are not true circles at all, but ellipses, and the stone used to build them was generally of stone that possessed a high quartz-content - quartz being an excellent crystalline structure that has a resonant nature - modern watches being one example! The importance of quartz to the people who built the circles can also be found in the Temple furniture of the Freemasons, namely in the initiation rituals of that organisation, where a quartz ball is placed near the postulant and this induces a change in consciousness if applied correctly. In a very minor way this achieves what the Great Pyramid achieved in the heyday of Egyptian Initiations.

The mounds such as Newgrange in County Meath, Ireland, are structures that operate in the same way as the Great Pyramid. They are situated with exception on spirals of magnetic intensity and were constructed, very carefully, on differing layers of turf and soil. Each layer alternating in a particular manner that made the mound an energy accumulator. Because of this accumulation, the mounds were therefore especially suitable for certain types of ritual - namely initiations.

(Readers who may wanna look further into the matters outlined here should read Paul Devereux & Ian Thomson's Ley Hunter's Companion; Tom Graves' Needles of Stone; Francis Hitching's Earth Magic; Michell's New View over Atlantis, City of Revelation & Earth Spirit, and Guy Underwood's Pattern of the Past, etc. Ed).

COMING SOON:

"The British Magickal Herbal: A Concise Guide to the Psychoactive Flora of Albion"

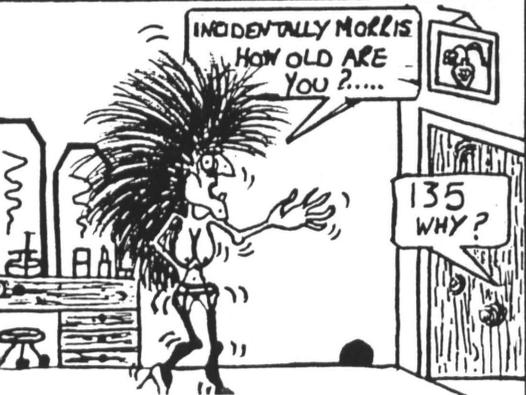
Here, for the first time in one work, comes the collected material of all Britain's mind-altering plants. Herbs, roots, fungi and seeds: their legends, medicinal properties and magical uses, detailed to the finest possible points, indicating methods of extraction; administration of dosage; side- and after-effects, as related by the recognised medical pharmacopoeia of the times.



THROUGH THE WOODS THEY WALKED UNTIL NIGHTFALL TO THE FAIRY'S COTTAGE - SPEAKING OF HER DEEDS, AND THAT THROUGH THE SPELL HER BEAUTY WOULD BE RESTORED AND THE CURSE WOULD BE BROKEN FOR THEM BOTH.

THROUGH THE NIGHT SHE WEAIVED HER SPELLS - MORRIS DIDNT UNDERSTAND WHY THEY HAD TO TAKE ALL THEIR CLOTHES OFF - AND DO STRANGE THINGS WITH HER - HE WAS QUITE PERPLEXED TO SAY THE LEAST - ESPECIALLY THOSE STRANGE CLOTHES HE HAD TO WEAR.

AS MORNING LIGHTS THE WOODLAND SKIES....



Much has been written about acupuncture in relation to various esoteric systems - from comparing the Meridian system to megalithic alignments (ley lines) on the Earth's surface, to drawing parallels with the Chakra system of the subtle body of man.

As someone who is spellbound by the weird and wonderful, I find this whole area fascinating, but as a practising Acupuncturist I am a lot more critical of the various claims or pretensions to *hidden* knowledge which are being put forward. The media abounds with books on various occult, psychic and religious experiences which the authors claim are "true stories". Spiritual fascism is rife - and money still seems to be the name of the game. Having said that, I am not a cynic and I do perceive an element of truth in my own subjective life's experience - like an Ariadne's thread through the twisted labyrinth of Capitalist society - and I work on the basis of living and experiencing this dynamic reality to the full.

The most exciting and potentially rewarding area of Acupuncture for me - apart from the practice of it - is the continuing awareness of the energetic systems of the body represented by the Channels/Meridians and Qi (pronounced *Chee* or *Key*). Qi is the sum total of energy in the Universe and is manifest in the very gross as well as the very subtle, i.e. blood is Qi, stone is Qi, thoughts are Qi, consciousness is Qi. The Taoists had no conflict between mind and body, matter and spirit, the One and the Many - they were all aspects of Qi. What has struck me forcibly over the last few years is the extent to which Qi can be experienced on a physical as well as a psychic level. As a patient or practitioner, one becomes rapidly aware of a totally different body *within* or intrinsically connected with the body of muscles, flesh and bone, and the varying sensations which accompany awareness of this body.

Which brings me to what I consider to be the most crucial and important aspect of the "esoteric" side of Acupuncture: that of self-transformation. This can take place simply in relation to a person's health and well-being; how they perceive themselves; the breaking of old patterns or habits; or it can initiate an entrance into other worlds - the internal body-view. There are various disciplines that are available in this country now - Tai Chi, Yoga, Shen-do, Aikido, Kung-Fu, Qi Gong, Taoist meditation - each of which can be used as a means of making contact with Qi. The awareness this brings, allows a greater appreciation of Earth energies, sky energies, water energies, fire energies and the ability to *sense* or *feel* if something is *right*, or if an imbalance exists which may or may not need rectifying. This comprises the basis of Chinese Geomancy, or Feng Shui. For modern-day humanity this way of experiencing the World has profound implications for survival - involving ecological, environmental and socio-political awareness. You can't open yourself up to the Cosmos and remain neutral!

In some respects, developing Qi is like dowsing, in that you are increasing your natural sensitivity and using your body as an instrument of perception. The important difference is that in Qi Gong the emphasis is on internal awareness as well as external - perception of the inner worlds as well as the outer. This would lead us on to Taoist Alchemy and the Elixir of Immortality, but maybe I can cover that in the next issue. As a sampler, here are some ancient sayings/quotations:

*Ch'ang-Ku's mountain, filled with fragrance and looming ever larger and larger.
The breath of (God*) blows in breeze after breeze there; exudates of jade
continuously fall in flakes.*

Golden pools and crimson rooms in its crevices.

Any ignorant person accidentally straying there will surely die.

The officer in possession of the divine process who climbs it will not weaken.

Having gathered and taken knotgrass, he acquires ability to fly heavenward.

Nei P'ien of Ko Hung, Trans. James R. Ware.

*Interpreter's translation.

*The Tao gave birth to the One,
The One gave birth to the Two,
The Two gave birth to the Three,
The Three gave birth to the myriad creatures.
Tao Te Ching, Ch.42.*

*The myriad things returning lead to the Three,
The Three to the Two,
The Two to the One,*

The One to the Tao of Transcendence.

Commentary on the Huang Ting Ching, The Yellow Court Canon.

Megaliths Wanted in Jersey!

A recent account in *The Independant* newspaper (Sat, 12.11.88) told a peculiar tale of wandering stones; lost, it would seem, in Berkshire since 1788, and now getting homesick! Utter waffle of course, you're thinking. Well, not quite...

David Keys, archaeology correspondent for the paper, told us all about it. Basically, two hundred years back, a neolithic tomb, consisting of forty-five stones, together weighing 240 tons, were moved from the Isle of Jersey when the then governor of the isle, Marshal Conway, transported them to his estate near Henley-on Thames. Now though, the land upon which the monument stands is for sale and residents on Jersey are trying to get the cash together to reclaim their sacred site. The megalithic tomb was first uncovered in 1785 by the military, and two years later was offered as a gift to Conway. When the stones arrived, Horace Walpole (Conway's cousin) wrote, "I have been to Park Place on a pilgrimage to little master Stonehenge. Every morsel of stone that formed the circle originally is placed to an inch in its primitive (Ahem!!) position, and although the whole is very diminutive, yet being seen on the horizon it looks very high-priestly."

I doubt very much that the repositioning of the old stones was identical to its original setting. They took some building, those megalithic sites! In any case, if the stones are replaced, it is said that "they will go on display near to where they were originally discovered" - which isn't really good enough anyway.

The old site, measuring eight metres (26 feet) in diameter and three metres (ten feet) high, is the largest single aged site ever transported to this presently paltry excuse of Albion. But trouble's brewing. The monument's a listed building that forms an integral part of an eighteenth-century-landscape at Temple Coombe, Wargrave, and isn't open to the public (why the hell not, God only knows!). The site also includes mock-Greek ruins, monoliths and a grotto, which could well mean a long, drawn-out argument over rights of possession - even if the peoples of Jersey do buy the site. Looks to be one of those long, drawn-out trowies...

PaganLinking in Scotland

Following the rapid expansion of the PaganLink Network (especially with US Yorkshire yokels), expounded primarily in Kate Westwood's *Moonshine* magazine (and furthermore in *Pagan News, Albion Arise*, etc). R.Watson Jnr, of 15 Glen Kinglas Road, Greenock, Inverclyde PA16 9NW, has just set-up the *Scotic Pagan* - a new voice of wiccan, earth mysteries and other such goings-on in that megalithic, mountainous, magickal country of Scotland. There's tons of work to be written of up there and I encourage as many of you as possible to support this latest mag Subscription is 5.00 for 8 successive issues, and if anyone has ideas for articles and the likes, send em in. Everything will be gratefully welcomed. Enclose an SAE with your correspondence.

In early September, 1926, something peculiarly odd (if not paranormally stupid) awoke a large number of Bradford residents from their usually comfortable nights. A tall creature, more than six feet in height, clad in a long white cloak and occasionally seen with glowing red eyes, cavorted and bounced its way theatrically around the back-streets of this suburban smelly, old city!

On the night of Friday, September 11, 1926, following the further appearance of this freaky character bouncing its way around the bottom of Manchester Road, Bradford, in the early evening, a large group quickly collected with intent to catch the character they thought may be responsible for these antics. The police kept a vigilante watch and stayed out until the early hours, but without success. That night however, a young woman in the district who'd encountered the figure at very close quarters was later found very badly shaken by the vision. (1) A number of other individuals later alleged that they'd seen the figure, who seemed to be very clever at avoiding the sites where the crowds gathered. A trademark became apparent here. Further nights brought a few other reports of the white-hooded entity and within hours large crowds would gather in search for the figure. By this time however, the creature would have moved on, bouncing in front of witnesses in other parts of the town. On Saturday, September 12, when reports sprang up from the hot-spot around Fitzgerald Street, men formed their club-bearing groups. By now, psychical research enthusiasts had got in on the act and brought their "laying" implements, hoping to put the supernatural creature to rest. But, as with the previous gatherings, nothing happened again! (2)

Around the Little Horton region, the home of most of the sightings, reports began dying off. The figure appeared to be trekking a little further afield. By now, he had began to wander up the Aire Valley towards Bingley. Here, a most peculiar trait expounded itself, as the figure stood aside the railway as passing trains approached. Then, just as the carriage should have hit the entity - it vanished! Immediately adjacent to the railways here, ran the Leeds-Liverpool canal. Here, a Mr Whitehead of Eldwick, watched the figure standing aside the waters "flapping its wings" as if to fly! The witness then described how he saw the figure quickly unwrap himself from his white garments, tucked the mass into his trousers and ran off quickly! (3)

Amidst this pandemonium of glowing-eyed creatures however, another anomaly occurred. On Wednesday, September 15, a great number of people reported seeing a brilliant sky-display coming (it seems) from the ground just north of the Aire Valley (Ilkley Moor, perhaps?). The press of the time described it as looking a little like aurora, but acting a little stranger than the usual northern lights. (4) "At intervals the mass of light would project a ray up into the sky, giving the appearance of a great searchlight beam," it said. This eccentricity was an interesting trait of the remarkable sky-show from Baildon Moor (very close to where this display was seen, it would appear), following the remarkable Tunguska explosion on June 30, 1908, when bands of red, green, blue and white light emanated from the Baildon moors, stretching up into the heavens. (5) There was a quite simple explanation for that particular event. But this one, from the Aire Valley...? It is most likely that it had some geological explanation but, again, its coincidence with the events we are specifically detailing here appears suspect. As we said in part one of this, a fantastic aerial fireball preceded the very first sighting of the Grafton Street Freak - and such events are far from uncommon in the Fortean fields. Interactions with natural celestial phenomena and seemingly terrestrial supernatural phenomena are far from coincidences.

But meanwhile, back in Bradford, strange things continue to arise! In the district of Bierley, the night was far from undisturbed. Bradford police received a report from two neighbours. One of them, a train driver (no name given), told how he heard strange noises outside between 9.30 and 10pm and so went to investigate. Once outside he saw "a figure dressed in white disappearing rapidly down the road." At the same time, from one of the adjacent houses, he heard screams coming from the

upstairs bathroom window where, it transpired, a woman had been disturbed by somebody tapping on the window! (6) Evidently someone with enormous legs!

Later, there were reports from even further afield (I could go on detailing them, but space forbids. Should anyone want the further accounts though, lemme know and I'll try and get them to you): Dewsbury, Wakefield, Batley, etc. In the majority of reports the descriptions tallied with those first highlighted from Bradford. A tall (6'2"+) figure, clad in a long white cloak, sometimes with glowing red or green eyes (the commonest trait of paraphysical entities), with the ability to jump high walls with ease, bounce and run at great speed. But the most interesting thing that arose from my archive-hunting into this fascinating case was a first-hand account of the freak, all those years ago, from a Mrs Phyllis Armitage, now in her seventies and living in Eccleshill, Bradford - and who recal's her sighting quite vividly.

As a child she lived in an old terraced, back-to-back house on Fitzgerald Street, Little Horton, where much of the furore went on. In September, 1926 she was eleven years old and remembers with clarity her father and his friends venturing onto the streets after dark, chasing some sort of "ghostly character" armed with sticks and the likes with intent to apprehend the individual responsible for the scares and troubles. On one of the nights, she recalls, Frank (her younger six-year-old brother) and herself were awake and heard shouts and cries from outside. Gazing out of their back-bedroom window and looking up the old cobbled backstreet they noticed a large and strange-looking figure. The Victorian make-up of the houses separated each adjacent home with a tall wall - the outside loo also being a prestige accompaniment! However...gazing from their upstairs room, they caught sight of the fellow that everyone was chasing after - and he was performing in an amazing way. The entity was running down the back of the houses, but instead of taking the cobbled road, preferred to leap over each of the garden walls - themselves between five and six feet in height! In doing so, the entity never once actually touched the stonework, but just cleared each height in one fair jump! It did this all the way down the street. Mrs Armitage described the figure as being "well over six feet tall, with a long white cloak covering it all over." Where its eyes should be, "there were two bright green glowing lights" that looked much larger than one would have expected them to be, she said.

After the figure had gone, Mrs Armitage said she was left pretty shaken by what she'd seen. She related that after a few days of these ghostly goings-on, somebody was actually caught in the immediate vicinity for the "pranks", as she called them. But the person recalled here was probably one of a few who were considered to have been the culprit to the bouncing, spectral pranks, only the following day to hear that the entity was on the loose again - eyes glowing, image springing and joyfully vanishing here and there.

The individual in question throughout these reports and only briefly outlined in this and the previous Earth article was never caught. His (?) likeness to the earlier tales from the eighteen and early nineteen hundreds of a springing figure who we all today know as Springheel Jack is, in some instances, quite striking. But certain reports from the local press seem to indicate the figure was more likely a human in drag though! But, on issues like this, unless someone can come forward and tell us he/she did it, or unless there are other newspaper accounts telling of more extraordinary and definitely supernatural-sounding events related to the phantasm, I'm afraid we'll never know...

Notes

1. *The Bradford Ghost Scare*, Yorkshire Observer, Sat 11.9.26.
2. *Ghost Layers Vain Search for Midnight Visitor*, Ibid. Mon 13.9.26.
3. Bradford Daily Telegraph, Fri 17.9.26.
4. *Northern Lights*, Yorkshire Observer, Fri 17.9.26.
5. *From Tunguska to Bradford: An Historical Light Show*, Earth No.7. Summer 1997.
6. *The Ghost Again*, Yorkshire Observer, Fri 17.9.26.

There has been a great deal on Paganism and related matters in the local Bradford press over the last couple of months, from varying sources. Most recent however - and most promising - was almost a full-page report detailing the formation of what will be called Rainbow Bridge. (1)

The principle organiser of this will be Brian Hughes, an eccentric but long-standing Pagan from Bradford. And, if enough people respond, it looks to be a very good idea. What he intends doing is form a group that studies and discusses magick, wicca, Earth mysteries, Eastern mysticism, Tarot, runes and other such esoteric matters. The most inviting aspect of this new "group" however, is that there will be no leader/coordinator/teacher as such - the members will each be responsible for discussing with each other what's said and, in some instances, what goes on. Thankfully, like PaganLink presently is (and will hopefully remain), no hierarchical system will be involved in Rainbow Bridge. This point alone has already attracted a great number of people to its formation: including magickians and Third Degree wiccans! No mean task! Many others have come forward too. If the influx continues, it looks very likely that the formation of this study group will take a definite and cohesive form by the beginning of 1989. Meetings, talks and group workings are already being set on the agenda for the coming months at the Central Library, Bradford (keep your eyes out for dates in local press, libraries, etc).

Of course, with this all being transposed through the press, the local christian "expert" in occult and other such evil, dastardly and perverted matters came forth with his wafflings! One Canon Donald Brown of the Low Moor Holy Trinity Church (who?) muttered the usual immoral diatribe and other such sketches of verbal excrement - but, it's to be expected. Apparently such groups and Pagan matters bring about "mental depression" - a department far more commonplace amongst "normal" christian idiots!

Brian invited members of the public to get in touch with him, even those who know little about occult and other matters - even those who have fears about the subject - with the intention of getting rid of such nonsensical feelings, or at least making their own minds up about things they know probably nothing of. Most thoughtfully, Brian invited members of the clergy but, as Canon Brown (who?) said: "I would certainly *not* go with an open mind". Bloody typical!

Rainbow Bridge, which will cooperate openly with PaganLink (assuming PL does with RB!), also promoted the very sensible policy outlining its attitude and opinion on the recently pathetic outcry from Tory politicians, alleging that Pagans and other such peoples (you included!) molest or abuse children. Brian said: "Pagans are very concerned that an evil minority are ruining it for the rest of us. Paganism is not about abusing children... If I heard of anyone abusing children... I would report the matter to the police". For those of you who may wish to become involved, or at least know more about RB, Brian's address is 110 York House, Thorpe Edge, Bradford 10. Your opinions and ideas may well form some main part of the group.

Only days afterwards a very strong and truthful point was made by Bradford's poet, Julze, (2) attacking Canon Brown for his comments, decrying Paganism and all it stands for. Although I haven't the space to write up what was said here, twas pertinent and would most probably be backed by Pagans everywhere (except the egotistical ones, perhaps). More material from Rainbow Bridge and individuals involved with it are forthcoming in Earth and local press.

References:

1. Henderson, Craig. *Witches to Join Magical Circle*, Bradford Telegraph & Argus, Thurs 17.11.88., p.13.
2. Julze. *Christian Crimes*. Telegraph & Argus, Mon 21.11.88, p.8.

Recently PaganLink has entertained a number of central meetings in an attempt to format, or systemise, in some loose but constructive and useful manner, a better coordination and activity of independant PL Moots. Things appeared to go well at first, but things have apparently broken down into the two usual factions of egotistical anarchists and the disciplined council-style bunches. They obviously don't get on! Middle ground appears difficult to manifest. So, PaganLink is as it was. But, sod the national movement for the time being. At the mo, things are going very well in our Yorkshire scatterings (although problems were had at the most recent Bradford Moots), so let's concentrate on our own county. Get ourselves in order and let others do the same. Eventually we'll come to some sort of agreement around the country. Things like this always take time.

Hopefully, following the difficulties at recent Bradford moots (which are actually *"exempt from PaganLink"*, according to Pete, spokesman of the moot), things will continue as previously. A decent social eve of wafflings, sex and other such tasteful arts! Internal ordinations of other "groups", such as those being proposed appear to have been closed. Business will continue as usual, as they say! And here be a lesson to others - don't try to create a restructuring of your moot without everyone agreeing. Curses may otherwise fly! May we all continue to gather...

Birmingham: Pagans meet on the third Thursdays of every month at The Brook, Selly Oak. 8pm onwards. Next at Jan 19 & Feb 16. **Bradford:** Pagans gather on the first Friday of every month at the Crossroads Club, Leeds Road, Laisterdyke. 7.30pm onwards. Next at Jan 6 & Feb 3. **Harrrogate:** Pagans gather on the final Wednesday of every month. Contact Chris Smith on Harrrogate 50683. **Leeds:** Pagans gather on the first Thursday of every month at the Griffin Hotel, Boar Lane. 7.30pm onwards. Next at Jan 5 & Feb 2. **Sheffield:** University Pagan Society meetings first Sunday in every month. Contact 4 Collegiate Crescent, Sheffield S10 2BA for details. **Sheffield:** Pagans gather on the fourth Thursday of each month at The Pomona, Eccleshal Road. 7.30pm onwards. Next at Dec 29 & Jan 24. **Wakefield:** Pagans gather on the first Wednesday in every month at The Beer Engine, Westgate. 7.30pm onwards. Next at Jan 4 & Feb 1.

PaganLink Newsletters:

The following addresses are PaganLink members who produce newsletters - small donations would be very appreciated. Send an SAE.

- Aldershot - Gary Rahal, 129 Ash Rd, Aldershot, Hants.
- Birmingham - Sarah Fulwood, 157 City Rd, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
- Crewe - Kate Howes, 28 Walthall Street, Crewe, Cheshire.
- Cumbria - Pagan's Choice Books, 5 Upper Brook St, Ulverston.
- Cumbria. Darlington - Jade North, 5 Friends School Yard, Darlington, Co. Durham.
- Gateshead - Nick Holden, 320 Old Durham Rd, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear.
- Herts - Chrissie, 39 Boundary House, Boundary Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
- Leeds - Rosa, 240 Harehills Ave, Leeds, W. Yorks.
- Leicester - Ken & Yvonne, 7 Thornhill Close, Northfields, Leicester (0533 743865).
- London - Gary Todd, 5 Hillington Ave, Tottenham, London N17.
- Preston - Val, Sox 512, Bamber Bridge, Preston, Lancs P65.
- Manchester - Gordon MacLellan, The Visitor Centre, Sale Water Park, Rifle Rd, Sale, Cheshire.
- Northampton - Sharon, c/o 4 Collegiate Crescent, Broomhall, Sheffield, S. Yorks.
- North Wales - Andy & Belinda, Lower Grange, Penley, Penley, Wrexham, Clwyd.
- Nottingham - Lawrence Ramsey, 1st floor flat, 60 Addison St, Radford, Notts.
- Oxford - Steve, 70 Hurst St, East Oxford.
- Staffs - Steve & Lesley, 97 Alrewas Rd, King's Bromley, Staffs.
- Swanage - Phil Robinson, The Cottage, Mount Pleasant Lane, Swanage, Dorset BH19.
- Wakefield - Rona the Lovely, 29 Penreton Rd, Wakefield, W. Yorks.

(FORTEAN SNIPPET)

~~~~~  
: Goose Balls - Over the weekend of the 1 & 4 September, 1988, more than 2000 :  
: people were injured in the Hebei province of northern China, and 9550 acres of :  
: cropland were wiped out by a freak shower of hailstones and chunks of ice that :  
: measured up to six inches across! Source: *Telegraph & Argus*, Sept 5, 1988. :  
.....

## LETTERS...LETTERS...LETTERS

### *An Open Letter from Brian Hughes to all Bradford Pagan Moot Participants:*

I am writing to express some of my concerns regarding the Bradford Pagan Moots. One of my concerns is that we must ensure that the moots remain loose, informal, unstructured gatherings for Pagans to meet and chat with each other about matters that interest them as individuals meeting other individuals. Another of my concerns is that we must ensure that no individual or group be allowed to formalise or structure the moot. Another of my concerns is that we must ensure the moot is never brought into a situation whereby those present have to participate in decision-making votes that will create tensions and divisions amongst those present. The moot is a friendly gathering, not a political committee.

We must ensure that if individuals at the moot are mindful of forming a formal group for a specific purpose, that the moot does not become a platform for that group, but instead that the group's members are welcome to gather as individuals at the moot and chat as individuals about the group and its activities with other individuals at the moot in an informal, unstructured way, and that no one should be allowed to turn the moots into meetings with speakers addressing the gathering with formal proposals and introducing decision-making by votes. The moots are not decision-making gatherings, they are gatherings for the purposes of social interaction and the sharing of information in a very informal way. Individuals at the moots may make personal decisions that affect only themselves, and it is important for such people to feel confident that other individuals at the moots will help them to make informed decisions and give support to their progress in an informal way, if they so wish.

Personally, I feel that the setting-up of a group such as PagSoc [Bradford's Pagan Society, or Association, Ed] with the aims and values of PagSoc is a very positive move, and I wish PagSoc every success for the future. I hope that PagSoc members will appreciate that the moots are informal, unstructured gatherings for social and informational purposes, and that PagSoc members are welcome to participate in the moots as individuals along with all the other individuals at the moots.

No individual or group should be allowed to take over any part of the moot gathering, or try to force the gathering into an organised meeting. The moots should remain unorganised and allowed to free flow informally according to the instincts and intuition of those present. No one should be allowed to turn the moots into an organisation with an officer structure. If anyone wishes to form an organised group with an officer structure and decision-making structure they may form their own group independent of the moot gatherings, and may invite individuals at the moot gatherings to become involved in the group as individuals independent of the moot gatherings. There are numerous such groups at present, some examples being: the numerous covens around Bradford; the campaigning group, PagSoc; the discussion group, Rainbow Bridge; the networking group, PaganLink; the informational group Earth magazine [Earth is not a group, just a mag! Ed], etc. All these groups act independently of the moot gathering, and these groups' members are free to participate as individuals in the moot gatherings and chat about their groups in non-demeaning ways to other individuals at the moot gatherings.

I hope that we can all continue to work towards our common goal of bringing people together and into the Craft and that no one tries to dominate the action or tries to take over anyone else's action. The moots are valuable opportunities to meet and share our ideas and visions. We must never allow the moots to degenerate into arenas where individuals and groups try to score points against each other. In point-scoring encounters there are always winners and losers, with opposing factions spending their energies on conflict rather than harmony. The moots are opportunities to develop harmony and togetherness between individuals. Let us make the most of these opportunities.

Blessed Be, - Brian Hughes, Facilitator of Rainbow Bridge, 110 York House, Idlethorpe Way, Thorpe Edge, Bradford BD10 9ET, West Yorkshire.

From Paul b, Shipley:

...In reference to the article on Silver Birch (E11) - in making wine out of its "sap", you don't leave it plugged up to a demijohn (or suitable container) overnight, but for three days. But, most important of all, is plugging the tree up afterwards - this should be done with cork; and if it isn't done correctly the chances are the tree will die - and deservedly you'd choke on your wine!

From Bryn Orasford, Leeds:

Well my fellow Pagans, it has come to my attention that we are being attacked! "By whom...?" I hear you cry. A certain person from Bradford no less - is this the action of a Pagan? No my friends, it most definitely is not. We are supposed to stick together, not fight for power and position - and surely one should gain this through friendship and respect. However, does the individual concerned have any friends? If you want to call yourself a Pagan then act like one, and not a christian. Perhaps your                      soul just isn't in it my dear; or is it that some dark, forboding skeleton you wish to hide is making you so bitter and twisted?

I would like to know what this 1.00 membership fee (or whatever) entails - perhaps enlightenment - but to what, I ask myself? From experience I know this person couldn't enlighten a wet paper bag! Get some books and learn, rather than insulting our intelligence and the understanding of our religion and culture.

I hardly think that this pseudo-pagan-christian will have the courage to contact me, but I would find it highly amusing and entertaining to listen - if I had the patience to listen what this unevolved creature has to say. If this person had any amount of decency or intellect, it'd be advisable for him to crawl back under his powerless stone and stopped pretending to be a Pagan. We have all realised and know that you're no more than a person with very little knowledge (which is dangerous). Leave it to those of us who do know what we're doing - so grow up dear and try to be a nicer person. Anyone can do lousy, cruel things like some juvenile buying LaVey's Satanic Bible and then think they know everything - perhaps you have some chip on your shoulder. You don't want, or allow, anyone to see beneath your thick glossy veneer. Give up the fool's game - you'll never win. There are those far more powerful than you could ever think possible. Open your eyes and not your mouth - you just might learn something creative.

People like this get right up my chalice, so let's just ignore this fool. They come and go just as quickly.

But finally, after all of that, I would like to wish all my fellow Pagans a wonderful and enjoyable Yule. Also my many thanks to our wonderful, loveable and literal genius of an editor for yet another year of fun and frolics. Bless you me ol' mucker!

Ed.Sez - It seems as if someone's in Bryn's bad books - although my impression could be wrong! To those of you outside the West Yorkshire Pagan front who will obviously know nothing of what's being written here we can only apologise. And as for                      closing remarks - well, what can a young, handsome mess like myself say? I can only look forward to the fertile times around Spring and Beltane, when the long grass is growing and our rites may be pleasurable! See y'soon!                     

Following the humorous remarks upon an apparently lengthy and badly-handled close encounter report, from our local and very-well charted Ilkley Moor, I received a couple of letters from two of the chappies involved in the case who were anything but amused by my comments. Here's what they've got to say:

From Jenny Randles, Stockports:

Dear Paul,

I have to comment on your very disturbing editorial remarks in EARTH 11 regarding the Ilkley Moor (UFG) photographs. These are so inaccurate and they scandalously misrepresent the facts. Overall they imply that a single (un-named) Lancashire researcher took on the case, kept it all to himself, took ages over the investigation and effectively made a hash of a dubious story. I would be interested

to know where this astonishing version of events arose, as it bears little resemblance to the truth.

What happened was this. The incident allegedly occurred on 1.12.87. and the witness wrote to me *two days* later. However, he gave a box number address across the other side of Britain as a contact and he was impossible to trace in Yorkshire. Naturally, I replied immediately but as Xmas was approaching I was not unduly surprised to receive no quick response.

Meanwhile, just after Xmas it was learnt that the witness had contacted the UFO group DIGAP - he claims through his impatience at requiring some investigation. My letter had arrived at the box number, but he hadn't made the journey to collect it - and as he had given me no other way to contact him, this impatience was entirely his fault - which he acknowledges.

In early January, 1988, Peter Hough of MUFORA went with Steve Balon and Arthur Tomlinson of DIGAP to visit the site with the witness. Although it was DIGAP's show by this point, they had already concluded it was a spacecraft and this early visit was all they required. Naturally, MUFORA were not willing to be so gullible/charitable and wanted to investigate such a potentially important case in a proper manner.

In that month, Peter and I started investigation on the photo by taking it to a professional analyst for study. As many contradictions arose, two further analyses were necessary. Peter also initiated a great deal of other work with two local universities, doing site analysis and tests on a compass needle supposedly affected by the presence of the UFO. In addition the witness was studied by a clinical psychologist; many background checks were carried out into the story and regression hypnosis was finally conducted.

A case as complex as this requires a great deal of work. Most of this research was carried out between January and June 1988 and I find it incredible that you term this "*taking ages over checking the report.*" Investigation of this depth into a case this important *does* take time, but five months for a CE4 with so much evidence is by no stretch of the imagination unreasonable. I would be interested to see your justification of why you call it that.

Another factor you seem unaware of is that the witness didn't live in West Yorkshire and actually resided some distance from MUFORA. MUFORA were however fifty miles closer to him than the West Yorkshire investigators whom you allege we should have involved but whom were never involved. On this point you are wrong again. Several letters were exchanged between myself, Philip Mantle and Andy Roberts on the case. I gave them a rough outline of how things were proceeding from the early days onward, as I did the J.Allen Hynek Center for UFO Studies, America's leading group. Furthermore, I first showed the photographs and introduced the case to the BUFORA investigation network (including these Yorkshire investigators) in March or April 1988. Then, in May 1988, at a fully open Crewe gathering (advertised in NUN) of active UFO researchers plus BUFORA's investigation team we discussed the case for the best part of an hour. As soon as all the work on the case was completed Peter compiled his case file for NUFON and I began to serialise it in Northern UFO News for everyone to see. This has appeared (to date) over the last three issues published since the summer of 1988.

As to giving no name, even to the West Yorkshire investigators, only three people know this witness's real name so far as I am aware. When a witness requests strict anonymity and has excellent reasons for doing so connected with his career it is not only irreasonable but contrary to BUFORA's Code of Practice to contemplate breaking his trust. Is that what you advocate? Not for a moment would I expect any group to share confidential names with me during an investigation. I cannot see the necessity in any event? The facts of the case are what matter, and they were not covered up.

To add further irony to your silly "It's mine - all mine!" allegations, Peter and I have given several public lectures on the case to northern investigators in recent months.

This is a very complex case and the interpretation of it is still wide open. Peter has handled 90% of it, but has never once refused to answer any questions to my knowledge and has completed a report file for the NUFON archives. I have certainly made every effort to keep other interested researchers informed of basic progress. All of this has been enormously complicated by the bizarre antics of Steve Balon of DIGAP, whose investigation consisted of nothing more than the initial meeting/s with the witness back in January 88. His decision to take the story to the Daily Star in July was ego-boosting but utterly irresponsible and done without the knowledge or consent of anyone else, least of all the witness, and was completely unmindful of the potential damage this stupid act wrought on the witness's life and on the credibility of the case.

To close, since I was the first person the witness reported the story to I must strongly resent your published comment: "*The ufologist who got the case in the first place looks to be the prime joker in the pack!*"...Thank You!!!

From Peter Hough, Warrington:

Dear Mr Bennett,

The August copy of your magazine has recently been brought to my attention, and in particular your editorial dealing with the Ilkley entity case.

It is obvious from your remarks that I am the "*researcher (?) in Lancashire*" you refer to. I find the entire piece insulting, libelous and grossly in error of the facts both concerning my part in the affair and the case itself. You also seem to have little understanding of investigative procedures (*sic*) and the code of conduct as it applies for witness anonymity. Please allow me to point out some errors in your editorial.

1. The witness was a *former* policeman and he has never served in the West Yorkshire force.
2. "*The report*" was not "*handed*" over to me in the first instance. (Initially)...the witness wrote to Jenny Randles just days after the alleged incident in December 1987. He also contacted Arthur Tomlinson of DIGAP who, unfortunately for the witness and the rest of us, then invited Steve Balon along. I became involved in the investigation at the beginning (*sic*) of January, 1988. I have taken a full and active part in the investigation, probably more than the others, certainly more than Steve Balon, who later became discredited when he went against the wishes of the witness and ourselves by giving the story to the *Daily Star*.
3. You seem amazed that a case can take more than six months to investigate. You will be even more amazed then to discover that it is *still* being checked out. Andy Roberts and Philip Mantle are going back up to the location on the anniversary of the case to take some photographs for comparison. Consider too, what has been done since January of this year: Examination of the negative by *Kodak*; examination of the negative by an expert in Sheffield; examination of the negative by a firm in Rochdale; tests carried out on a compass by scientists at Manchester University's Institute of Science and Technology; hypnotic regression experiments and a (*sic*) mental health evaluation carried out by a clinical psychologist; and radiation readings taken at the site and back at the lab on soil and rock samples, by staff of the Radiology Protection Service at Manchester University; enquiries with the MOD... I think you will agree that there is more to this case than simply following up a sighting of a strange light by ringing up Leeds/Bradford Airport!
4. You claim I "*won't say anything to anyone else about the account.*" I have given two slide-illustrated (*sic*) talks to ufologists - one at Morecambe and the other recently in Manchester. The case has also been serialised in *Northern UFO News*. It will receive publication in the USA in the magazine, *UFO Universe*.
5. Contrary to what you state, the witness never claimed he was abducted. The abduction scenario emerged unprompted during hypnosis.
6. You make a reference to "*men in black*". Those are your terms. However, the

witness did phone me up in a state one evening, claiming that two men had visited him showing ID to the effect that they were from the MOD. This visit has been corroborated by another witness, but not by the MOD.

As you can see, I have not kept the case to myself. In fact at least two other people have a full knowledge of the case too. Any holding back of details, such as the witness' real identity, is at the witness' request, as he wants neither fame nor money from the case. In fact he is attempting to re-join the police, and therefore appreciates that if he is linked with the case, this will prejudice him socially and professionally.

In future may I suggest you check out any gossip before you land yourself in further trouble. This time you have only made a fool of yourself. May I suggest that you tell your "source" to do his own dirty work next time. Please will you confirm that you will print an apology in the next issue of Earth.

Ed Sez -

Oh hell! Looks like I've been naughty! It's amazing what one paragraph can do to some people! But...well...I suppose I've gotta say summat in return. The case in question here is a very interesting-sounding report. My prime interest in the case comes from the fact that it apparently occurred 'pon Ilkley Moor (my second home!). However, my informants (whose names remain confidential, as you so propogate, but are very reliable individuals) have also expressed more than a little ridicule at the event in question. Who they are is of no importance - but the handling of the case is. Jenny tells us here that the main of the case has taken five months to look at, whilst Peter informs us that it's still going on. In either case, I still consider it a little long for such an investigation to take place. My "justification"? It took all of two months at the very most to investigate the remarkable Calverley Woods CES/4 encounter from that remarkable earthlights flap of 23784, as reported in two consecutive editions of WYUFURG News and a recent Ley Hunter magazine. Undoubtedly you'll find some reason for seeing this as an unjustified response on the time it should take students to perform their work. No time lapse perhaps? No pickies? May be - but there were aspects in the Calverley case that were *not* in the Ilkley case in question here. I certainly know that had a phone call (or letter) had been made to myself (and probably Andy Roberts, Philip Mantle and their clan), site investigations would have been initiated within 24 hours of receiving the case. Such was *not* the case, for whatever absurdly hesitant reason, and as it so happens, the site investigations were inadequate. Even the eight-figure oranceance survey reference hasn't been detailed! And, I suppose, the very idea of dowsing or pendulum readings at the "landing site" weren't even thought of. But then, as ufologists with reputations to look after, we like to stay clear of such ludicrous techniques, don't we? I'd very much like to hear you say "No" here, but, well...

Concerning the points forwarded by Peter on his assessment of the case here, I stand corrected on the points he raises. But of all I sarcastically wrote, I'm amazed that it was pounced upon with such seriousness and such feelings of great insult. The very brief remarks were roughly jotted, in jest, and based upon the story as I was humourously informed by my informants. Their consideration of the case was as such also. However, I would be very happy to be sent a full report of the case in question here, preferably in article form, for publication in Earth. You could therefore highlight the priority of the event, contradicting my remarks - even though my informants are not satisfied with the way the case has been looked at and consider it a complete hoax. Recent information further promotes this suspicion. The info about those good ol' MIBs, along with the account of the witness being abducted - my frustrated sources I'm afraid; but this was highlighted to us under the cloak of drama that accompanies such MOD/MIB visits! 'Tis serious stuff!

As for being the "joker in the pack" Jenny - don't take it so seriously. You weren't named. Take it as a compliment next time! But, Peter, as for an apology: what the hell for? Give me the Ilkley Moor reports next time - OK? And if you sincerely thought the comments were intentionally malicious, I'm sorry. Get well soon.

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There's been much ado in recent Yorkshire press clippings. Reports have been promoted on both front page headlines and full centre-page spreads upon weird doods wobbling their Pagan pastimes on and around Ilkley Moor and districts (I wonder who that could be?). News has been spread about up and coming esoteric schools forming around our Yorkshire hovels. And now, most recently, usurping even the practices of Winter Solstice, comes reports from the *International Society for the Advancement of Irreproducible Vampire & Lycanthropy Research*, telling that Robin Hood himself, buried at Kirkstall Hall, Brighouse (and certainly not at any of the other hundred or so sites which propound such claims), was actually demolished at the last, not by his mother or any other of the previously-thought dastardly deeds, but by a vampire no less! 'Tis true - or so proclaim the aforementioned society. And, if press reports have anything to go by, the *Robin Hood Society* President, Mrs Barbara Green, is taking the proposal seriously! However, to add mystique to the case - when the ISAVLR confronted authorities to look at Mr Hood's grave in an attempt to prove their obviously probable conclusion, they were refused! Some as if something may go afoot here - or that's what the vampire hunters thought. And so, afflicted by the disappointment of not being able to have a peek at Robin's piece, the hunters left - perhaps looking forward to a later peek at someone else's ignominy!



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### TREATES & TOMES

Disneyland of the Gods - John A. Keel. *Amok Press, PO Box 51, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276. ISBN 0 941693 05 8. 176pp. \$8.95.*

It's thirteen years since *The Eighth Tower*, one of the finest UFO books ever written, came to our attention. Since then, Keel's name has only been found in select journal and magazines like *Saga*, *Info* and *High Times*. But it's damn good to report this, his latest Fortean masterpiece. Although in places lacking the author's previous vitality, such wit and dire comments still come through in a variety of peculiar incidences. Covering more Fortean topics in one work than he's previously ever done, he cites some of the most ludicrous occurrences you could ever imagine. Time-slips, Venusians, faerie, serpents, poltergeist, orgone, Mothman, showers of shit, superphysics, UFOs - all are brothers here. Unfortunately there are no references to the tales, and no index, so we don't know where half of these tales actually came from but really it doesn't matter a damn bit! Nothing in this mad phenomenological world surprises me anymore.

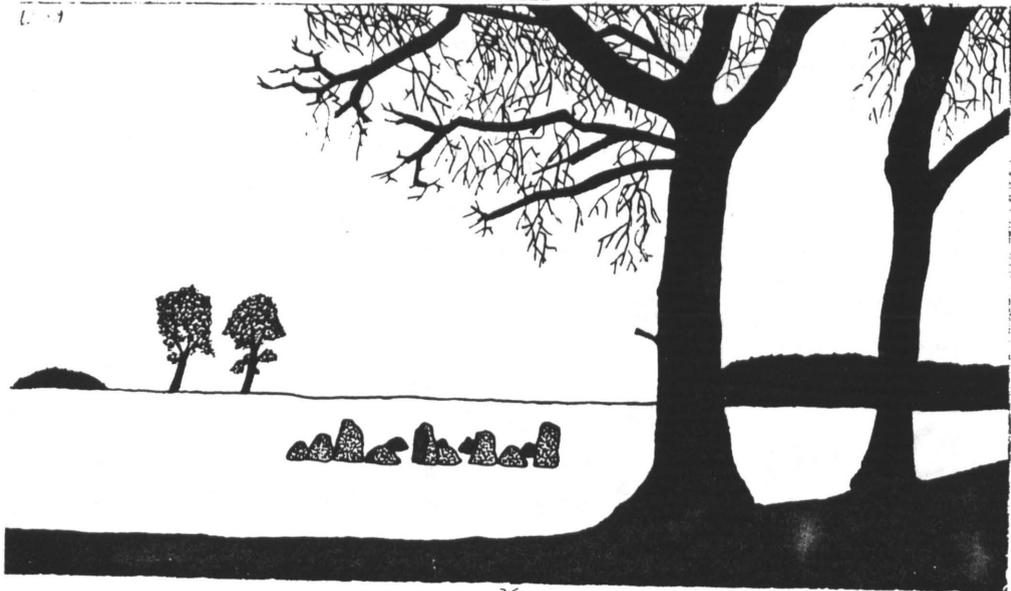
In *Disneyland*, Keel adopts the idea of ultraterrestrality as would be expected of him, further announcing the mischievous nature of elementary esoteric manifestations, troubling mankind as it has done since the year dot. God is still the madman he told us of in *Eighth Tower*: leading seekers, psi-searchers, ufonuts and religious doods by the noses, telling them whatever they want to hear just to keep em happy. But unlike his previous works he leads us to the sociological and environmental problems that presently plague the world with a greater vigour. These are results of mankind's adverse handling of the planet and its peoples but, much of these problems are direct results of nutty religious and political children who've always been at the front of things: their ethics derived from words and laws written by chaps who were given them by supernatural deities - the cosmic jokers. It's good Keel stuff. But his attitude is one of great pessimism here, much more so than previously. We're in the shit, he tells us. And few of us would argue. Meanwhile though, the phenomena keep coming: rattling the same cages: screwing up the system; giving us something to hope for...and those monsters who step out of phone boxes, terrifying all and sundry are still looking for their flying saucers. Get the message?

Truth must be had here - I do like this man. His flair, humour and style are unequalled by others in his field. Since Operation Trojan Horse, few have touched him. They've all listened. Some think him screwy, others have followed on the way. And although *Disneyland* isn't up to his classical standards, the chap's flirtation of ideas still keeps you going. If you never read Keel before, I'll assume you're starting out. And if you are just starting out - start here!

Channeling - John Klimo. *Aquarian Press, Thorsons Publishing Group, Wellingborough Northamptonshire NN8 2RQ. Bibliography, Index. ISBN 0-85030-730-9. 400pp. 7.99.*

Channeling is all the rage across the pond. Over here it's yet to really break into the scene. I must admit to being a sceptic, so I rather hoped that Channeling would change all that. It's a thorough work, taking the reader through a guided tour of explanations, from channelled entities themselves, to the latest in psychology and neurology. Channelled messages are analysed and an historical overview offered. Jon Klimo manages to be thorough without becoming academic or too enthusiastic. The result is a book that is of use to anyone who is seriously interested in "making contact" with other entities - whatever their source. The weak part of the book, for me, is the discussion on intuition and creativity, which seems to have been "tacked on" to support the case for channeling. Granted, this is not the main focus of the book, but the multi-faceted approach with which Klimo approaches channeling is momentarily sacrificed.

The book closes with some suggestions about trying it yourself. This means entering the belief system of the channelers - which is harder than it sounds, especially from a chaos-jaded magician like me! When I do manage to open my mind to cosmic love, I'll let you know. Meanwhile, the book closes with Jon Klimo's hopeful vision of the future - a "Grand Unified Theory for everything." And the book ends. I'm still a sceptic, but Channeling is a good book to have around, if only to analyse your own individual experiences in terms of some of the explanations it offers. *Reviewed by Phil Sine.*



Marijuana and the Bible - by The Ethiopian Zion Coptic Church. LCC Press, BH Cannabis 2455, London WC1N 3XX. Bibliography. 44pp. 2.00.

Yes, you have read it right! "Marijuana & the Bible," written by a legitimate christian church group! Bloody brilliant isn't it!? The work begins with the editor (Walter Wells I think) introducing us to the recognised history of marijuana use around the East and within religious ceremony. In particular it is shown that dope was used by numerous cultures as an incense. We are briefly given historically documented accounts of the smoke being used to induce euphoria and promote visions. From thereon however, we're given some good stuff! The writer asks, in not so many words, "Is it not pertinent that Moses received his sacred words from the burning bush"? Get his meaning? But he assesses the etymological background to such ideas: tracing through Hebrew, Semitic and other languages, to show us that cannabis was very probably used by numerous christian prophets - even, it would seem, JC himself! He illuminates the point that the prophet Mohammed advocated the use of dope, calling it a "holy plant." Sufism too, finds it quite acceptable. The writer outlines numerous other accounts in the Bible where, he thinks, cannabis was used by the prophets. In some of the instances cited he may well be right. There are a number however, where it does appear he's stretching the limits of credibility somewhat. But nevertheless, tis good to see christians writing this way! He finalises the report by tracing marijuana use through India, China, Japan, Iran, Egypt, Europe, Africa and America, and comments, "Marijuana was the ambrosia of the ancient world... It was used by the Hindus, the Buddhist, the Taoist, the Shinto, the Moslems and the Zoroastrian religions... Would it be too much to suggest that the ancient Israelites also used marijuana?" I utterly and completely recommend this work to pot-heads and all and sundry! Get the message?

The Stonehenge Conflict: Experiences & Opinions - John Harrison. Only 30p + large SAE from Monolith Distribution, 2 Baggrave View, Barsby, Leicestershire LE2 8RB.

This booklet adds still more to the literature mounting up on the problem of the Stonehenge Festival: a rightful assembly of religious peoples, denied by the violence of a repressive dictatorship. John is an archaeologist, but also a supporter of the festival and briefly outlines its very recent history. In particular he concentrates upon the problems highlighted by police involvement over the last few years, briefing us on the "battle of the beanfield", and the problems that arose from last summer's solstice gathering, at which he was present. As for *The Future?*, as he writes - well, he can't really say. But as he *does* quite rightly point out, "we'll be back in 1989 and 1990," and the years after that. God knows what the government's gonna do - send them all to Geoffrey Dickens!? 12pp.

Coldrum: The Power & the Puzzle - F.Russell Clappitt & Leslie J. Peters. Ignens Publications, c/o 20 Stonegate Road, Bradford BD10 8BT, West Yorkshire. Photos. 32pp. 3.00 post paid.

This work deals with a specific ley line "discovered" in Kent. Here, the authors illustrate its sites, its mysteries and possible values. They begin by introducing us to the place-names of the sites and villages which they consider pertinent to the alignment, professing their origins as being Pagan or somewhat in origin. In a number of incidences here, these names probably do have a relationship with such ancient pasts - although some of the examples are suspect. Ley hunters have long connected olde names with the lines they find and, in a number of cases, these are valid. But the point is much over-stressed by overawed devotees. The most interesting part of the work is that dealing with a large site along the Coldrum ley called Addington Park. Here, one of the authors came to meet an old lady who told of an almost *New Age* group called *The Seekers* who were quite aware, not only of the Coldrum ley, but of others crossing their land. A "healing tree", apparently smack bang-on the line lay in the midst of the Park. From there, we are taken to further sites, where churches have Pagan pasts, and finally into the North Sea to a place called the *Witch Ground* - a most peculiar geo-Forcean spot that the authors consider pertinent to Coldrum. I dunno though. Their text is blighted somewhat with the continual proposition of mystifying questions, outside the boundaries of just highlighting the ley and its length. But the main criticism of the booklet is its price - half of what it is might make it sell much better. Nevertheless, ardent ley-freaks will be on the look-out for this booklet anyhow.

A Pagan Child's ABC - by Jeremy & Arihanto. 3.00 from Mrs S.P. Newson, BM Enchanter, London WC1N 3XX. 32pp.

A large-format learning and colouring book for all children between the ages of 3 and 8 - detailing to them the basics and principals of Paganism. Illustrations are complemented with simple explanatory texts which, hopefully, you Pagan-minded parents will encourage within the hearts and desires of your young sprogs. Get em this quickly, as Yule comes ever closer! If you've the patience to sit and read through it with them, they'll love it.

### A Parade of Periodicals

The Ley Hunter, No.106, Autumn 88 - Perhaps the No.1 EM mag out. Now moving into a quarterly slot, this edition, along with its usual columnists of Paul Screeton and Nigel Pennick; readers' letters; reviews and Dod, includes the following: Ulrich Magin, a German EM worker, details a very interesting guide into the discoveries of German mysteries. Ian Taylor finishes his essay on stones (some of which look a little like gateposts) as ley indicators. There's a brief report on TLH Moot '88. Paul Devereux looks again at the peculiar radiation readings, this time at some of the prominent Cumbrian megaliths. *Antiquity* magazine here shows of scratchings described as "neolithic pictograms" found in a causeway camp in Dorset - they look decidedly alike precursors to my favourite cup-and-ring motifs. And finally, Paul and Charla remark on the Stonehenge Festival issue - tickets and all. 28pp.

Chaos International, No.5. 2.70 each from Phil Hine, c/o 179 Belle Vue Road, Leeds LS3 1HG, West Yorkshire - We've got a good cross-section of essays here. Stephen Mace writes a lengthy disquisition on what has virtually come to be known (following the success of the book) as Tao Physics - exhorting the analogies between quantum mechanics, belief and magick (or sorcery, as Steve says!). This is an excellent subject, although I think the article would have been better written with a little less of the physics details. Nevertheless... Those of you who are the good ol' routine ufologist, or the New Age fanatic won't like Phil Hines' article on "channeling." But that's simply because it's truthful and accurate - and damn good too. I'll leave it at that! Ray Sherwin (who?) then writes on "the practicalities of aromatics in ritual" - Aromagicks, as he calls it. This is an area I'm just starting out on myself and, like the related herbalism, has remarkable potential. Ray simply tells of the effect aromatics (incenses and the likes) have upon us, and briefs us on their applications. The recipes he gives sound OK too, and I'll have to try them out sometime! And, basically, these are the three articles I have a preference for. But there are others...which include a most perplexing Loony File: Pete Carroll's Chaosism and Thelema - an article all Crowleyans will love!; poetry; book, mag and music reviews - extensive ones as well; magickal fiction: "Magickal Formulae"; cut-ups, Burroughs and the likes, and plenty more besides. All I can really say here about CI is sorry this review's so short! 48pp

Northern Earth Mysteries, No.36, Autumn 88 - The highlight of this NEM has gotta be the computer-aided assessment on ley validity in the Peak District - or at least I think so! The conclusions...?..well...have a look yourself! Aside from some brief talk on those non-existent terrestrial zodiacs, there's something on a weird labyrinth on Ilkley Moor (I'm sure I've heard of that somewhere else, haven't I?). Going back into the Peaks, there's a look at recent Celtic Head evolutions there. Spaidington Hall, home to the Robin Redcap mentioned briefly in E11, is looked at with more detail. And then there's a brief sacrilegious article on a certain St. Guthbert - who stooped to such devilish practices as dowsing! Shocking! 20pp.

The Lamp of Thoth, 4:4, August 88 - Sixty more pages of chatter, gossip, well-founded articles, and a cover design that'll give a few vicars something to thrill about! There is, of course, more to be said of the illustrations Geoffrey Dickens, witch-hunter extraordinaire and Tony Frutkin, and *News* without a shadow of doubt that everyone who ever murdered that blasphemous name, Crowley, is destined to eternal damnation - after he's burnt us all into though! Some tells us of the

problems Alexandrians are having since his son has disclaimed the "leader" rights put onto him by Alex. He lets us know of the other goings-on as well! As per usual, it's virtually impossible to fully review LOT without taking up a full page - thirty articles are difficult to segregate. But, here be the gist of what's in: Michael Howard (of *Cauldron*) writes on wiccan discrepancies, including Crowley's initiation by Old George; Stephen Sennitt on the problems of consciousness evolution through Chaos; a letter from the Charles Manson, saying (forgive me all ye dickheads) a lot of jumbled sense; a ritual event based on Lovecraft's mythos; an invocation of Eros; the brief story of US Satanism and its apparent lack of representation in the UK (til' about now anyway); Michael Bertiaux on the voodoo concept of the zombie; Nick Tereschenko with another loopy discourse of literary excrement, telling that "creativity is evil!" - put another nappy on the poor lad, and stick his dummy back in!; and there are numerous other articles, specifically on Chaos magick, Scottish Pagan memories, more from that stupid Church of the Sub-Genius...and acres more still. Into occultism, eh? How can y'miss this? 60pp

Northern UFO News, No.133, Oct 88 - More recent UFO news from around our tiny isle. A good old round-up of the drug-induced tales from the *Sunday Sport* (they must smoke more than I do - or have they just got a never-ending mushroom supply!?) is humourously offered. There's our usual round-up of northern UFO tales, including the comical-looking jest of an Ilkley Moor CES. And along with the usual round-up of news and reviews, a brief look at another statistical UFO Report is given. 16pp

Dalriada, Samhain 88 - To those of you who are learning, or wanting to learn about the Pagan Celtic tradition, this is probably the mag you'd have to advocate. The new-look mag has articles on initiation; legends and lore of the hawthorn; the dreaded Halloween; and an informative article on the "warrior" of the Pagan Celts, as a symbol and as a Way. There's more of course. The most disturbing being the news of planned demolition of two prominent megalithic sites, as I've briefly mentioned elsewhere in this mag. Please try and support the revolt against this action as soon as you can. And in the meantime, keep on reading Dalriada! 16pp.

International UFO Reporter, 13:4, August 88 - This top US mag has its usual decent collection of good articles. In particular here, Tom Bullard writes a good, although ambiguous article on *folklore and UFOs*, but then folklore always has such an ambiguity about it! Jenny Randles writes on what used to be my favourite contact case - the Cynthia Appleton account. Current literature is given a brief look, whilst physiologist I. Scott, details his own UFO sighting in Massachusetts. There's more of course. 24pp.

Moonshine, No.14, Samhain 88 - Moonshine is the primary expression of the PaganLink Network - its editors being the originators of the scheme. It always seems to have a good cross-section of pertinent material in its pages. This edition is little exception. Over the last few editions there's been much discussion on Satanism as a Pagan entry, initiated by some weirdo called Phil Hine - this edition continues to follow the recent tradition. Michael Howard, ed of *Cauldron*, wobbles over the history of *Paganism & the Occult Tradition*. There's a loopy new (?) discussion here brewing over the morals of organ transplants and the likes - is it acceptable for Pagans or not? Who gives a shit, I say! Rich Westwood looks at shamanism in the 20th century and the problems arising with it. There are also lengthy articles on Gwydion of the Mabinogion by Alby Stone; along with a response to the essay by Rich Westwood. But perhaps the most disgraceful article in the whole magazine is almost two full pages given over to herbal intoxicants and how to legally get stoned. Diabolical stuff. I'm sure you'll agree! 28pp.

Pagan News, Oct & Nov issues, 88 - This is the main voice of the Northern PaganLink growth, and, it must be said, it's growing well. Principally, PN details the goings-on in and around the north on the esoteric fronts...amidst other things. It relates up-to-date reviews of events (psi-fairs, Pagan link-ups, etc), books, mags and musical journeys. In October, the ViewPoint column looked at women's spirituality - a subject which, I must admit, needs some talking about. In the same issue, John Pearson spoke wittingly about the lovey-dovey, on-go-daily New-Ageiness

of Glastonbury - and I must admit I echo his sarcastic sentiments wholeheartedly. Amidst the latest news in the November issue, Katon Shual writes on the necessity of the *Pagan Funeral Trust*. My only qualms about PN? The fiction basically. It may be OK for some, but it's just not my cuppa tea chaps. Get more informative articles in there! 12pp.

Vision Seeker & Sharer, No.3, Nov 88 - This honestly must be the best eco-Pagan value-for-money mag in the country. Honestly. For the price you pay and what you get in return, little can really beat it (not even this remarkable literary publication, Earth!). Obviously, what's in it dictates whether it's gonna be your cuppa tea or not. But, if you're Green, Pagan, or just alternative in lifestyle, you should like it. There are three pages of info on those wild food delights, with a massive list detailing the ones that's best. Articles on Aboriginal land rights; South American Indians; Prophecy from the Hopi Indians; a personal dream on the New Jerusalem (not quite your Jerusalem, John); eco-politics; Hare Krishna; the huge alternative directory; animal rights; a Pagan ritual for healing this sacred Earth - this list goes on... 34pp.

Meyn Mamvro, No.7, Winter 88/89 - MM's first review in EARTH, as it's the first copy I've seen - but, I really do like this one. It specifically deals with the old stone and other ancient sites of Cornwall - West Penwith to be precise. But it's so well presented and clearly written that I highly recommend it. There's a *Top Thirty* guide to the "principal standing stones" around Penwith. John Michell's discovered another large standing stone in the area. Another article covers Celtic and other legends from Cornwall and the lost, Lyonesse. An expose of Celtic crosses is propounded. John Palmer discusses the archaeological and associated vandalism that's been taking place at the old stone sites in Cornwall for decades - commenting, rightly, that it's just not on! There are more articles still in this very good Earth Mysteries publication: a detailed alignment at the Merry Maidens stone circle; and then, summer solstice and the vegetarian problem (sound good, eh?). MM's illustrated throughout with b/w photos, lines drawings and other artwork. Second only, I'd say, to TLH itself. If you like and follow the stones, encourage this MMmag! 28pp.

UFO Brigantia, No.35, Dec '88 - Remember the Silpho Moor saucer story? No? I'm not too surprised! A potentially brilliant UFO tale, but which references aren't too common on. If y'wanna know more about this Yorkshire story, Jenny Randles chronicles it. There's the latest on our Barnsley ufoto case. Dave Clarke wanders further into Magonia, with faerie and ufonauts in tow. That chap Phil Hines has a reproduction of his *Morons from Inner Space* (a decent look at supernatural channelled communications). There's more stuff aswell, along with a UFOB competition time! But the sod's banned me from entering - so here's the answers to it all. 1 Across is E... er, no, I'll leave it up to you! 32pp.

New Dimensions, December 88 - This monthly publication covers a large cross-section of esoteric matters every issue. Herein is no different. Although there are those doubtful prophetic arts of phrenology and astrology here, other articles are effective in their propogations. Firstly, the Enochian directory is expounded - a magickal language of considerable importance to some practitioners. Ted Bray briefly details that fascinating matter of quantum creation and its synonymity with the qabbalistic planes beyond Nether. Continuing in the qabbalistic trait, the aspects of the 15th path are highlighted. Those wiccan characters, Mew & Ingrid Carlyon scribe briefly on parapsi matters of influence and Lethbridge's idea of ghostly recordings. Kate Morgen details a history of Gods and Goddesses, with interpretations of their origins by historical figures. Numerous other articles are still hidden in ND's pages. Especially a rather terrible one in which some anonymous author tries to propound the virtues of Peace - unfortunately the understanding behind his virtues utterly lacks complexion. This apart, ND's a must for its price. 40pp.

Apologies for the lack of some reviews, but space prevented all of them. They will be present in the next issue - promise!

## Exchange Magazines

- The Ley Hunter** - The Magazine of Earth Mysteries, and probably the world's No.1 on EM, EL & other such matters. Excellent! Subscription is 6.00 for 4 issues, or 1.50 each from, PO Box 5, Brecon, Powys LD3 7LU, Wales.
- Fortean Times** - The Foremost Journal of Strange Phenomena. Quite brilliant! 1.75 each or 7.00 for 4 from, Bob Rickard, 96 Mansfield Road, London NW3 2HX.
- The Lamp of Thoth** - Quarterly publication of the Sorcerer's Apprentice, covering all aspects of the occult, magick & Pagan matters, etc. 2.75 each or 10.60 for 3 successive copies from, 4-8 Burley Lodge Road, Leeds LS6 1QP, West Yorkshire.
- New Dimensions** - The Monthly Educational Magazine of Esoteric Law. 95p each or 9.00 per annum from, Mark Saunders Publications (cheques/POs to them), 1 Austin Close, Irchester, Northants NN9 7AX.
- Vision Seeker & Sharer** - Quarterly eco-Pagan, Amerindian & Aboriginal support mag, very good for just 75p each or 3.00 per annum from, Rainbow Publications (cheques/POs to them), PO Box HK9, Leeds LS11 8JP, West Yorkshire.
- Meyn Mamvro** - Ancient Stones & Sacred Sites of West Penwith, Cornwall. A Pagan-orientated earth mysteries mag. Sample copy 1.50 or 4.50 per annum from, 51 Carn Bosavern, St. Just, Penzance, Cornwall TR19 7OX.
- Sut Anubis** - The magazine of the occult & esoteric. Original articles on wicca, Crowleianity, ceremonial magick, Paganism, etc. 1.50 each or 5.75 for 4 from, Occultique, 73 Kettering Road, Northampton NN1 4AW.
- Nox** - The magazine of the Abyss. Magick, Chaos, Lovecraft, etc. 3.00 per annum from, Stephen Sennitt, 15 Oxford Stree, Mexborough S64 9RL, South Yorkshire.
- International UFO Reporter** - Mag of the J.Allen Hynek Centre for UFO Studies. \$35 per annum from, 2457 West Peterson Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60659, USA.
- Northern Earth Mysteries** - publication of the group of the same name. 1.00 each or 2.50 per annum from, Rob Wilson, 103 Derbyshire Lane, Norton Lees, Sheffield S8 9EN
- The Kabbalist** - Quarterly publication of the International Order of Kabbalists. 3.00 per annum or 1.00 each from, 25 Circle Gardens, Merton Park, London SW19 3JX.
- Northern UFO News** - Mag of the Northern UFO Network. 1.00 each or 6.00 per annum from, Jenney Randles, 37 Heathbank Rd, Cheadle Heath, Stockport SK3 0UP, Cheshire.
- Dalriada** - Pagan Celtic Journal. Quarterly publication @ 1.00 each or 3.00 per annum from, Dun-na-Beatha, 2 Brathwic Place, Brodick, Arran KA27 8EN, Scotland.
- The Scotie Pagan** - Published on the 8 major festivals of the year, covering Paganism, wicca, EM, etc. 5.00 per annum or 75p each from, 16 Glen Kinglas Road, Greenock, Inverclyde PA16 9NW, Scotland.
- Out from the Core** - A magazine about radical healing. Single copies 85p each or 2.50 for 3 issues from, Nick Totton, 23 Knowle Rd, Leeds LS4 2PJ, West Yorkshire.
- UFO Brigantia** - Magazine of the Independant UFO Network. 7.00 for 5 copies per annum or 1.25 each from, 84 Elland Road, Brighouse HD6 2DR, West Yorkshire.
- Cosmology Newslink** - International Magazine of the Cosmos. Bi-monthly UFO, ghost, paraosi mag from, 16 Newton Green, Great Dunmow, Essex CM6 1DU (no prices given).
- UFO Newscipping Service** - Large monthly UFO/Fortean mag. \$7 each or \$80 per annum from, Lucius Farish, Route 1 - Box 220, Plumerville, Arkansas 72127, USA.
- Franz Bardon Foundation**, 1388 Garrison, No.A307, Lakewood, Colorado 80215, USA.
- Magonia** - UFOs, Society & the Individual. Quarterly publication @ 95p each or 3.00 per annum from, John Dee Cottage, Mortlake Churchyard, London SW14 8BB.
- Gnomon** - Paganism, festivals, EM & UFOs. Quarterly publication of the Monthlith Distribution Service. 44p each or 1.50 per annum from, John Harrison, 2 Baggrave View, Barsby, Leicestershire LE7 8RB.
- Moonshine** - A lively, informative Pagan magazine. Out 9 times a year. 1.25 each or 7.50 a year from, Kate Westwood, 498 Bristol Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 6BD.
- Pagan News** - Monthly newspaper of the Northern PaganLink. 30p + SAE each or 3.00 in stamps for 6 months from, Pagan News, Box 175, 52 Dail Lane, Leeds LS1 6DT.
- The Hookah** - Publication of the Legalise Cannabis Campaign. Occasional mag based on donations (send 95p and you'll get a Hookah). Back issues are available. For info on both the mag & the LCC write, BM Cannabis 2455, London WC1N 3XX.
- Greenpeace**, 29-35 Gladstone Road, Croydon, Surrey CR9 8RP.
- Friends of the Earth**, 24-28 Underwood Street, London N1 7JQ.