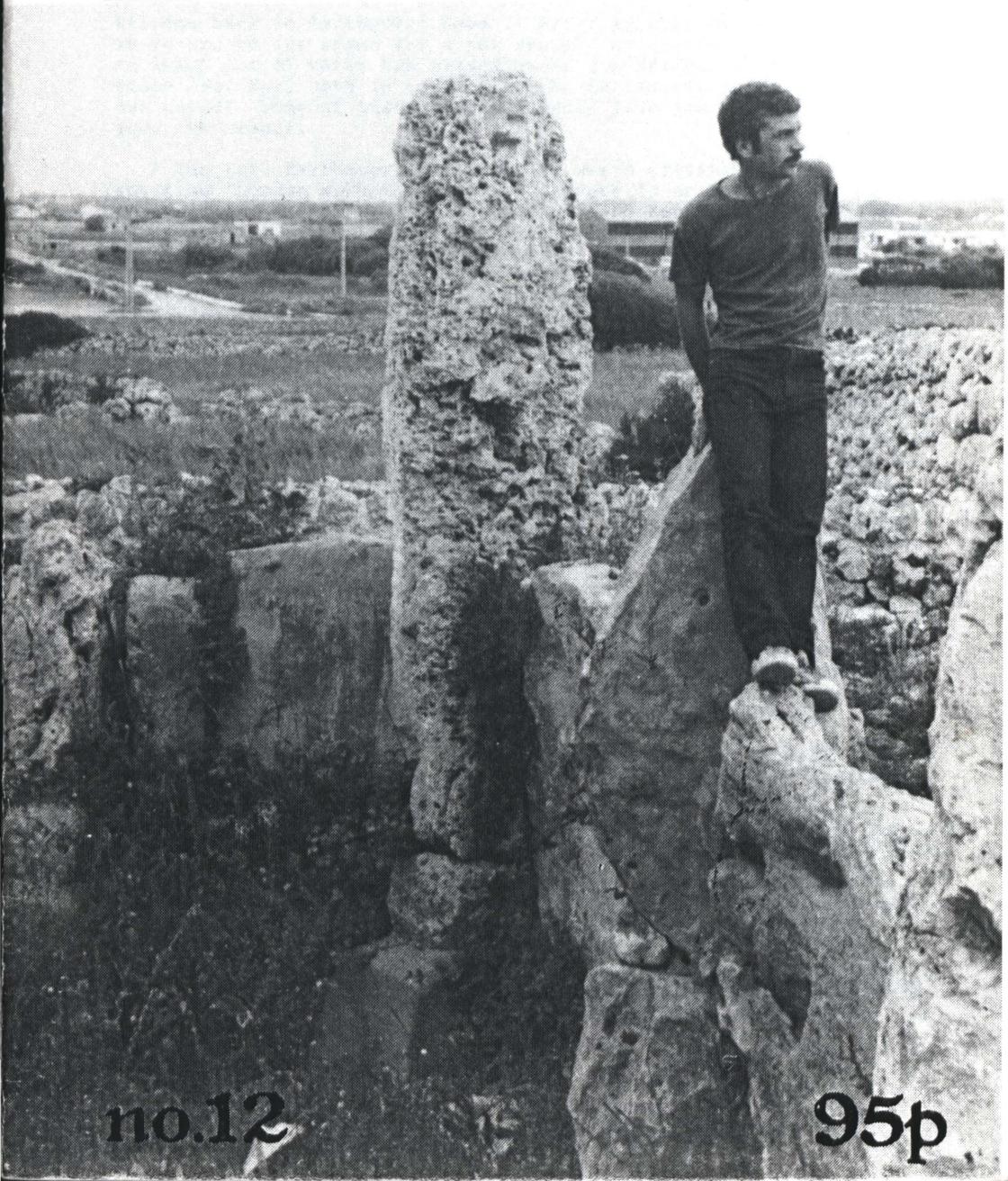


# EARTHQUEST NEWS

A Healthy Alternative to Reality

☉ What Happened in Menorca? Find out inside  
Plus Doc Shiels \* Park Wood Sale



no.12

95p

## LEAD IN

Welcome back to Earthquest News ! After an absence of ten months we return to the scene for a new assault on the earth mysteries. An awful lot of water has passed under the bridge, so to speak, since last May, both in respect to the Earthquest group and in my own career. Some of these events I would like now to share with you, the reader.

The last Earthquest News, No.11, was a special edition entitled 'London Walkabout', which I wrote to accompany last year's London Moot, organised jointly by ASSAP and Earthquest. This two day event was highly successful with over 180 people turning up for the Saturday lectures at the Tufnell Park Hall in North London. Over 70 people came along on the walkabout the following day, which visited some of the city's most wellknown sites including the Tower of London, the Temple of Mithras, the London Stone, St. Paul's cathedral, Ludgate Hill and the Temple church.

The Saturday lectures included talks by such people as Johnny Merron, on the Circle of Perpetual Choirs; Paul Devereux, on earthlights; Alan Cleaver, on psychic intelligences; Graham Phillips, on the Green Stone affair; and me on Essex out-of-place animal sightings. We were also treated to a rather curious, and yet humorous chat from monster raiser extraordinaire and shaman, Tony 'Doc' Shiels, which had the audience in stitches and had me having kittens ! It was a light-hearted finish to what had been a very fulfilling and enlightening day.

The preparation for the London Moot took over three solid months of constant administration and visits to the London sites we intended visiting. The whole operation left me mentally exhausted and for a month afterwards I did nothing. This period of rest gave me a lot of time to think, and with this came the realisation that the Earthquest group, which I had neglected and taken for granted for several months, was gradually going drastically wrong.

I found out that some of the members of the group were dissatisfied with the way I was running it, especially my approach of using any research material or group achievements in a journalistic capacity. They strongly criticised Earthquest's exploitation in the pages of earth mysteries journals, especially the house publication Earthquest News. I, of course, disagreed believing that it is necessary to promote the achievements so as to show outsiders exactly what sort of things the earth mysteries gets up to. I also wanted people to see exactly how a working group, using psychic work, can be formed and kept alive.

I also found that certain members of Earthquest had seriously considered secretly forming a new group, minus me ! Arguments

followed and although I tried to resolve any differences, the seed of discontent had set in and so I decided to leave the Basildon-based earth mysteries group to their own devices. I said that I intended starting another group elsewhere, still using the Earthquest name.

So the parent set the child free. The group I had founded back in December 1981 to actively study the earth mysteries and its association with psychic awareness, went their own way. I said they could continue to use the Earthquest name if they wished, as the term is more than just a group name these days, as it has become associated with an area of belief-orientated earth mysteries research known now as 'questing' or 'psychic quest work'. However, the group opted to change their name from Earthquest to New Earthquest Research Association, New ERA for short.

I wish New ERA well for the future. Yet something bothers me. At a time when it is so important that the whole of the earth mysteries should be working hand-in-hand, groups are splitting up and constant arguments dog individuals and prevent a unified advancement in the subject. It is difficult to describe what I feel about the subject. All I can say is that there is a peculiar similarity between the troubles of the occult order, the Golden Dawn, around the turn of the century and what appears to be happening in the earth mysteries today. Why, I'm not sure. I think the answer lies in the fact that in both cases there are very strong individuals battling for academic and spiritual supremacy. In simple terms, there are too many chefs and not enough indians. There is no real solution though, only perhaps being more aware of the fact.

One thing I have firmly realised in the past few months is the value of friends with similar earth mysteries tastes. I think we sometimes forget that the people in this subject think and live very differently to most human beings. The earth mysteries is not an evening hobby to be brought out between a certain time on a particular day of the week. It is not a hobby like stamp collecting or Sunday football - it is a way of life, an understanding of our relationship with nature and the cosmos. I tend to forget that a characteristic of most psychics, researchers or exponents of the mystical sciences is that they were loners, with very few friends before they 'found' this subject. It is important that we all stick together whatever our differences, then perhaps we will succeed.

#### NEW BOOK ON THE WAY

Since leaving Earthquest I have spent most of my spare time writing and publishing a new book entitled 'The Knights of Danbury'. It is an earth mysteries book on the mysteries and enigmas surrounding the tiny hilltop village of Danbury, near Chelmsford in Essex. It has been compiled with the unprecedented help of Chelmsford earth mysteries researcher Bernard Gowing, who supplied much of the research material included within the book.

'Knights' is published on 20 March this year and is the official follow-up to the highly successful 'The Running Well Mystery' which caused quite a storm locally ! This new book will be published under the trading name of Earthquest Books, which will also take over all

previous titles published under the name of The Supernaturalist. I have spent some time transferring the business into a commercial venture, which will now include books with typeset pages and a more professional finish.

'Knights' is obviously the first title from Earthquest Books, although further books will appear in due course. Among these will be a new version of the infamous 'The Sword and the Stone'.

As a special treat to Earthquest News subscribers I will be sending a copy of 'Knights' to each and every one of you, absolutely free. This gesture, prompted by the fact that I think I owe you something for not producing any journals for so long, will be classed as a single copy of Earthquest News on your subscription. If anyone does NOT want one, they should let me know before the beginning of April this year.

#### NEW ATTITUDE, NEW DIRECTION

Since the last issue of Earthquest News I have had a lot of time to review my own attitude towards the earth mysteries. There are no dramatic changes of opinion or direction, only the overwhelming feeling that I need to concentrate my own research and efforts to one area alone, psychic work and questing. It is the subject which most interests me and has been my 'thing' for nearly eight years now. It is what I know best. My own personal idea of a spiritual high is listening to psychics coming out with good information, checking it out and following it up.

As to why my interests lie in the direction of psychic work is long and complicated. Essentially though, it concerns my conviction that it is important, more than ever before, to start groups dealing in psychic development in the earth mysteries. In particular, the subject of psychometry needs to be pushed since it is this that is behind the basic faculty of questing.

I intend starting a new group in the next few months with the sole purpose of psychic development for questwork.

I believe we need to culture some new psychic talent and this group will hopefully help a few to shine through. What I'm looking for are psychics who can consistently pick up accurate information, like dates, names, places and descriptions. This type of psychic is very rare since most sensitives, psychics and mediums work with archetypal imagery and impressions.

Archetypal psychic material is produced when the human brain expresses information received using imagery and impressions created from available memory and information already contained within the mind. This is not to say that psychic information received in this way cannot be accurate, only that it is subject to personal colouration through pre-conceived ideas and beliefs, and will not necessarily represent the true essence of what is there to be picked up and interpreted.

The necessity for direct information psychics stems from the fact that some of the best material in questwork has come from this

type of sensitive.

Let's hope the group is a success. Anyone interested in joining should contact the editor.

#### FUTURE ISSUES

Hopefully another issue of Earthquest News should be off to you in a matter of weeks. I shall not suggest what it may contain, that would be foolish. However, I would hope it to contain a lot more smaller items than this one.

Anyway, we are back in business. So, for the moment, let me say happy questing.

Andy Collins,  
February 1985.

## EARTHQUEST NEWS

Earthquest is a journal studying and promoting the earth mysteries and its association with psychic phenomena. Among the topics covered by the journal is paranormal phenomena, geomancy, religious history and mysteries, folklore and prehistoric and mystical sites.

All material used in this publication remains the copyright of its author, unless otherwise stated. Permission to use extracts of articles or photographs should be sought from the author.

## CONTENTS

THE MENORCA AFFAIR	...	...	7
A bizarre story by Nigel Smith, with a helping hand by your editor, which tells what happened when four earth mysteries researchers went on holiday.			
THE DOC SHIELS PHENOMENA	...	...	25
A look at the man who claims to raise monsters in lakes around the British Isles and Ireland. Report by your editor.			
MONSTERMIND '83	...	...	31
Doc Shiels gives his own account of the sightings and photographs of lake monsters he raised on his 1983 Irish trip.			
EARTHQUAKE IN THE GLASTONBURY ZODIAC OR THE BATTLE FOR PARK WOOD	...	...	35
Tony Roberts gives an up-to-date account of the battle to save the Glastonbury zodiac's sacred centre, the mystical Park Wood, from redevelopment and strange mystical cults.			
EXCHANGES	...	...	38

## THE MENORCA AFFAIR

NIGEL SMITH (with a little help from your editor) tells the bizarre story of what happened when four earth mysteries researchers went on holiday

Nigel Smith, a Midlands-based earth mysteries researcher, recorded the details of his holiday in Menorca last May, not because he wanted to tell the world about the scenic beauties of the Spanish island, or because he had nothing better to do while sunning himself on the beach. No, it was not for any of these reasons. His holiday was recorded because it turned into a psychic fiasco involving past life experiences, possession, psychic communications, bizarre synchronicities and elemental forces. Still, what else can you expect when three earth mysteries researchers and a psychic decide to go on holiday together!

\* \* \*

During the second week of May 1984 I became involved in a series of incidents upon the Mediterranean island of Menorca which tempted our very knowledge of the theories of reality as we know them. Theories which, although not new, had not in my experience been subject to comparison with any other working model.

I have presented these experiences in the form of their appearance. Similarly, I have included the ideas and realisations of those involved as they occurred to us. So, in effect, you are reading a diary of the relevant happenings as and when they took place during that May week.

Menorca, the most easterly of the group of islands called the Balaerics, is a quiet, usually restful place. It is not as commercial as its more notable sister island, Majorca, and for this reason it is ideal as a retreat. It also has a long history, the remains of which can be found scattered all over the island's vast rocky landscape.

The reasons for the holiday varied according to each member of the party, although basically we all wanted a break from our usual home lives. In short, it was supposed to be just a damn good holiday!

The party, four in number, will be known to most of you already. There was Carole Young (lately Mrs. Smith), her then fiancé, Ken Smith, from Bewdley in the Midlands, Andy Collins and myself. We had arranged to live in a self-catering holiday home on the recently constructed western seaboard resort of Cala Forcat, near the old capitol of Cuidadela.

#### THE FIRST DAY - MONDAY, 7 MAY

We landed at Mahon airport on the east of the island around lunch-time on the first day. From here it was by coach to

our destination, which took about an hour. The island is only some thirty or so miles across and our journey took us through some very attractive and varied countryside, as well as allowing us fleeting glimpses of a number of ancient sites which we vowed to return to once we had rented a car.

At the time we were unaware of any events out of the ordinary taking place, and why should we? The weather was excellent. The sun was shining, things were new and interesting. There was plenty to do, just settling into these unfamiliar surroundings which would be our home for a week. Little did we realise what was to shortly take place.

Being typical English tourists, the first place we headed for was the local supermarket. The relatively low cost of living in Spain allowed us to go on a shopping spree and Ken and Andy took little time in piling up the basket with bottle after bottle of drinks. Wine, champagne and gin was bought with a fervour only matched by the speed at which it was soon to be consumed.

I think it wise to point out here that at the time I had not touched a drop of alcohol for four years and was not about to start. So, it must be remembered that any details I have recorded were not modified in any way by the effects of alcohol.

Ken and Andy found that the local gin, produced on the neighbouring island of Majorca, was much to their liking. As the drinking progressed, so did the giggling and the slightly slurred speech, and this led to some acts of silliness having to be accomplished. And why not, the chains of ordinary living were off and the intention was that exuberant degrees of fun should commence.

The act was decided upon, it would have to be a swim. Nothing too silly, provided that the two were not too much under the influence of alcohol. It was Andy's suggestion, he having felt a compulsion to do so.

Thus it was that by mid-afternoon of the first day we were taking tentative steps towards the deep greens and blues of the Mediterranean.

Andy is a good swimmer, and in wanting to get right out into open sea he swam outwards away from the rocky bays with even strokes, followed closely by Ken. The water was cold-sharp, and Carole and I were content to just wallow around in the densely occupied coves.

We watched the two heroes as they swam further and further out. Carole began to feel slightly agitated over their safety as she saw the heads of these two drunken characters moving ever outwards. Could they really look after themselves? She knew Andy's ability to swim was of an appreciable standard, however, could Ken maintain his friend's aptitude?

In truth, no! It was lucky that there was plenty of people around, as it was one couple on a pedalo who noticed Ken was lagging. By this time Ken had reached a rock a little way away from

the wall of the facing cliffs at the end of the cove. It jutted out of the water some four to five feet and much to Carole's amusement and anguish, Ken climbed onto the top of this rock and was now roaring with laughter in a drunken stupor, shouting 'He's gone to Majorca!' pointing in the general direction of Andy. Or rather, where Andy had last been seen.

As Carole remarked to me at the time, Ken made the very picture of a jovial Neptune; all he needed was a beard, a crown and a trident and the match would have been complete. Still he kept laughing and shouting, saying 'He's gone to Majorca!', interspersed with the curious phrase 'He's swimming out to the swans. He's gone to them!'

The two ladies in the pedalo eventually persuaded Ken to travel back with them to the shore, still in a very merry state and still shouting about Andy going to Majorca and the swans. It was not until Carole and I had questioned him, that it was realised that by swans he meant some distant white pedalos which he had somehow mistaken for swans.

Andy had swum out of sight. Carole and I began to worry and it seemed like an eternity before we eventually caught sight of his head, in the distance, heading back towards the shore. He was moving slowly, his strokes were uneven and it was obvious that he was exhausted. We felt he might be in trouble.

As Andy neared the cove we realised he would be safe, yet at the same time a holidaymaker next to Carole suddenly pointed upwards and said: 'Good Lord. Look at that'. To our amazement the weather, which had been clear and sunny up until that point, had now changed to a squall rapidly coming in through the cove.

At the time though, we were more concerned with steering the heroes back up the cliff steps to the chalet, fortunately not far from the cove. Andy was obviously suffering from a bad case of exposure, shaking violently from head to toe. Ken was still muttering about swimming to Majorca when he was not giggling and rolling about.

By now the weather had changed to a thick overcast sky with a steady wind, and needless to say that neither Carole or I were pleased with playing nursemaids to the two quasi-stupified individuals we had found ourselves in foreign lands with.

It was some hours before the situation could be rectified, that is, until the two were sober enough to be allowed out again.

I went for a walk on my own to try and clear my temper. About one hundred yards away from the chalet I noticed, close to the road, a fissure in the rocks which had been ringed off with a small wall. It led right down to the sea, a great many feet below. Obviously, it was the end of a long underground cavern, ground out of the cliff by centuries of waves and underwater currents. Through the aperture in the rock came the booming of the waves upon the slow yielding rock. I remember thinking at the time how dangerous it was, as to fall down this hole would have resulted in certain death.

The weather continued to worsen. By the early evening the air had turned very cold, enough to warrant the wearing of a good coat.

Carole, Ken and Andy spent the first evening in Cuidadela, returning the small hours, and sober for some reason. After a chat we all retired to our respective beds, exhausted after a long and eventful day !

Yet for Carole the day would not end. A nearby generator and a crying baby kept her awake. There was an unpleasant uneasiness too. She felt very strongly that a frightening death had taken place on the cliffs next to the chalet. The idea of a suicide came to mind. She also felt a strong sense of malevolence coming from the sea and cliffs, as if it wanted to come in through the bedroom window, which faced out towards the sea. Carole eventually concluded that the pre-supposed death had left some unpleasant place memories in the vicinity, and that it was these that she was 'picking up' upon. Somehow she managed to get to sleep in the end.

#### DAY TWO - TUESDAY, 8 MAY

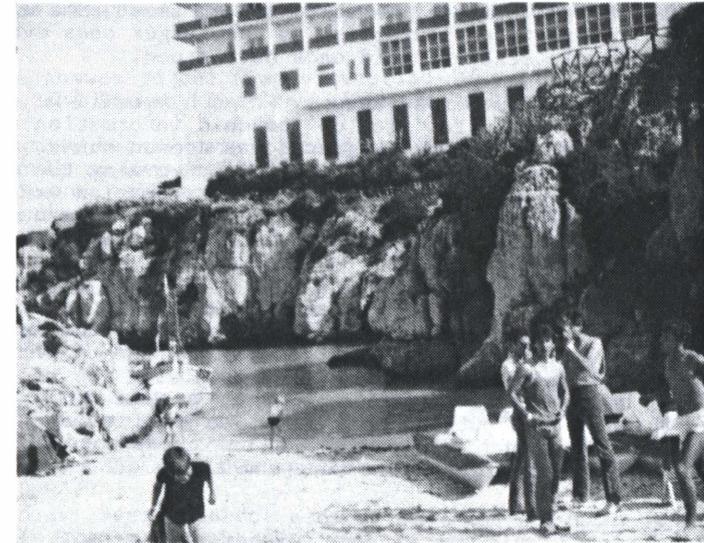
The morning greeted us with cold, drab and windy weather, comparable with an English November day. In fact, we were later to find out that Menorca shields the rest of the Balaeric Islands from the strong, cold mainland winds, accounting in part for the abnormally bad conditions.

Carole told us about her feelings the previous night. No one else had felt anything unusual, although we all suffered from a lack of sleep due to the generator which had run virtually the whole night.

With the previous night behind us we decided to walk to the nearest of the sites thought to be of a historic interest. On the coach journey the previous day our attentions had been drawn to the masses of pyramid-like constructions in the fields around us. There appeared to be dozens of these structures scattered about, varying in size from about eight feet across to some over thirty feet in diameter. They were all stepped in a fashion which reminded me of the Sumerian ziggurats.

The nearest of these 'pyramids' was about half a mile away from the chalet. On the journey there we passed the rock fissure I had seen the previous night. We stopped by its side and speculated on its possible use as a sacrificial hole during ancient times. Exactly why we suggested this I do not know. It just seemed as if the site radiated out this type of atmosphere. So much so that Carole commented on the possibility that it was perhaps this which she had 'picked up' the previous night.

We visited three of the pyramid-like structures, entering into each through a narrow passage which led into a central chamber. It was decided after discussion that although they did not appear to be that old, they had possibly been used for meditation or private ceremony by the past locals who lived in the region. In fact, it must be pointed out here that according to official sources these 'pyramids' were used to shelter animals from the elements, an explanation we failed to come to terms with



Above, the cove at the Menorcan resort of Cala n'Forcat where Ken and Andy made their fateful swim on the first day of their bizarre holiday. Below, one of the dozens of stone 'sheep pens' scattered among the fields of Menorca. Just what was their real purpose, with niches and tall doorways they were surely not just for animals.



throughout the holiday. The age of these structures varied and it appeared that most locals believed that many of them had only been built during the last century. We felt that at least some of them had been used for religious purposes, as the larger ones even had niches in which only statues could once have stood.

Back, though, to our explorations. At each pyramid we came to Carole and Andy attempted to 'pick up' psychic information about the site. Much of the information gained was common sense, although we all remarked on the frequency of imagery concerning the sea, like Neptune, the trident and boats. However, an explanation was easy, since any past civilisation on this island would have been dominated by the ever apparent presence of the powerful blues and greens of the Mediterranean.

We carried on walking and climbed a rock face to settle for a little while in one of the many rock caves scattered throughout Menorca. Here we talked and it was at this point that I noticed that Ken was very quiet. He was not joining in with the conversation, but merely stared out towards a particular rock archway at the end of a jutting peninsular stretching out into the sea. He seemed transfixed and worried. No one questioned him, although Carole felt instinctively that something was disturbing him.

For some time Ken remained in this subdued state, withdrawn, and wandering off on his own without further explanation. It was noticed by all present, but nothing was said. The excess of alcohol the previous day might have left him with a sore head, so perhaps this was the answer.

The rest of the day was spent in a like fashion exploring the locality near the resort. During the evening we spent our time in a local bar discussing various aspects of the earth mysteries, as well as philosophy and other enlightened or lighthearted subjects. Everyone was in a jovial mood and somehow neither Ken or Andy got drunk despite consuming quantities of the local fire water, gin.

Upon our return to the chalet, not long after midnight, Carole decided she would go straight to bed, whilst the remaining crew talked and talked. Due, no doubt, to the noise we were making downstairs, Carole was unable to sleep even though she was very tired. Yet it was not only this which troubled her, for she continued to feel a strong uneasiness in the bedroom, as well as a presence by the window.

The discussions continued until around 1.30 AM, when we all decided to call it a day and go to our respective beds.

Everything settled to a silence, but then just five minutes later, Carole heard something in the room. She listened closely and realised that it was coming from Ken. In a quiet, but disconcerting voice, she could hear him saying: 'Come to me... Come to me NOW'.

Carole's initial reaction was to ignore it. He was either drunk or talking in his sleep. Then it came again, 'Come to me now. We want you.' Suddenly the deep mocking voice changed to

that of Ken in a disturbing cry, saying 'Stop them Carole. They're after me. They are trying to pull my soul out of my body. Stop them'.

In answer to the simple question 'Who?', Carole got: 'The Sirens, the Sirens. They're pulling my soul out of my body'.

Carole became very worried and immediately called out to Andy. He quickly appeared and together they began to try and assess the situation by asking questions and attempting to calm Ken down. The implication was that some form of external force, which Ken considered were Sirens, the mermaid-like temptresses who in legend lure ships to their destruction through their hypnotic singing, were trying to possess him in some way.

Andy asked Ken why all this was happening to which he replied: 'They have been haunting us ever since we first got here. I saw them today by the cave. They were by that archway in the sea... calling, tempting me to them. They tried to get you (Andy) yesterday. You swam out to them... the swans... they nearly got you, but you swam back (laughter). They were angry. You were the sacrifice. Stop them... stop them... they are trying to get me now. STOP THEM'.

Ken then underwent some form of inner conflict, holding his head and shouting out. Suddenly there was a change of character and it appeared that he had been taken over by the personality of the Sirens. A quick decision had to be made, so Carole and Andy tried to exorcise Ken by placing their hands on his forehead. With verbal commands and visualisation, they tried to loosen the hold of the foreign personality. His reaction to this was to become violent, throwing both Carole and Andy across the room. Shouting continued, and then, quite suddenly, the personality was no more. Ken looked up and wondered what all the fuss was about. He laughed, instantly changing the atmosphere in the room. When he spoke they realised that Ken obviously had no recall whatsoever of the events of the previous few minutes.

Andy left the room, too tired to sit and question what had just taken place. Peace returned to the chalet once more; for a few minutes at least.

#### PAST LIFE EXPERIENCE

It was soon after Andy had returned to bed that Ken once again became troubled. The same sequence of events took place. although this time they happened much quicker. Andy again appeared, and this time he called me. I was fast asleep having slept through all of the previous commotions. However, what I was about to witness in Ken - a friend I had known for seven years - I had never seen before or since.

At one moment I saw Ken undergoing an inner conflict with the so-called Sirens. The next minute it was as if they had possessed him. His voice was deep and mocking. It worried me greatly. Then a third personality seemed to take over the show.

With glazed eyes and in a determined, guttural voice he began.

'The Sirens lured us here as they did before. It is no coincidence that you are all here now. Can't you see it. We came here in the past. I came here as Odysseus, but you know me as Ulysses. Shipwrecked we were. Shipwrecked on this spot. They haunted me then as they haunt me now. Why won't they ever let me return ? It is fated that I should return. I was a great warrior'.

It seemed difficult to know how to handle the situation. On one hand, here was Ken seemingly possessed by the spirit of a Trojan hero, yet on the other he did not appear to be in any immediate danger. Exorcism had only met with violence earlier, so we decided to leave him to tell us more about the character of Odysseus.

For nearly thirty minutes Ken spoke in a form of trance-mediumship, with his eyes fully open, and apparently aware of the environment around him, yet as the character Odysseus. He spoke of the Greek hero Agamemnon, king of Argos, according to Homer. He spoke of his respect for Achilles, of his wife Penelope, and of the Trojan wars. 'People blamed Helen for the wars, but it was not her. We loved war ! It was our decision' was one of the statements he made. Many things were mentioned, most of which we have forgotten. However, one curious point was his utterance of the name Attis several times as if it was someone he was very close to, although more about this later.

The personality eventually tired and Ken gradually returned back to his normal self. This time he could recall much of what he had said and done and commented on the fact that he could actually see a whole series of imagery in his mind relating to the Trojan wars, a usual byproduct of a past life experience. The Sirens had apparently departed, beaten by the Odysseus personality, and after Andy had consecrated the room with words and salt, we all drifted back to our own bedrooms, very tired and exhausted. The time now was well past 3.30 AM.

Sleep, however, did not bring peace for Carole. She experienced a vivid and very lucid dream which began with fleeting images of women's faces; carvings on wood, possibly ship heads, and a sacrificial platform. She saw a young girl tied, and in what appeared to be a drugged state, being taken out onto a wooden platform constructed on the cliff edge next to our chalet. Once at the end she was pushed over the edge to fall into the sea. A couple of points stood out: the girl seemed a willing sacrificial victim and the wooden structure had been made so that she would not fall and hit the rocks, for she was a sacrifice to the sea.

#### WEDNESDAY, 9 MAY. WHAT THE HELL WAS GOING ON ?

The previous evening had, not surprisingly, brought a strain to the holiday. We were all still very tired and the hired car we had ordered did not turn up. The weather had now worsened to a point where we were experiencing dark overcast skies, a cold and bitter, almost galeforce wind and bouts of freezing rain. Indeed, we were shortly to be told by some of the islanders that the weather on this day was the worst ever in living memory ! This included winters ! A comparison might be an English December, only the

snow and ice was missing, and remember, this was the Mediterranean in May !

We had to try to work out just exactly what was going on. Too many strange and unnerving coincidences were taking place for our liking. We needed some answers. The bad weather and our exhaustion allowed us the time to sit down and discuss the whole situation sensibly and together.

Carole felt psychically that the elements - particularly those associated with the sea - were angry. We had all been witness to a continuity of events which appeared to have meaning. There was Andy's foolish swim on the first day, following which the weather drastically changed for the worse. Ken, or Odysseus, had said that when Andy had swam back to the shore he angered the Sirens who wanted him as some kind of sacrifice. Remember, Ken had seen the white pedalos as swans at the time. Then there was Carole's feelings of death, negativity and uneasiness the first night and Ken's apparent vision of the Siren's attempting to lure him at the cave the previous afternoon. Then came the possession and trance-mediumship the previous night. The Sirens had appeared to want to take Ken's soul - a common theme of psychic experience - but had been thwarted by the appearance of the Odysseus personality in Ken, which showed itself as some form of past life experience. He said that the Sirens had been trying to get us since we arrived on the island and that it was no mere coincidence that we were on the island anyway. Finally, there was Carole's feelings of presences in the bedroom and her lucid sacrifice dream. What was this, and how was it linked to the rest of the holiday's curious events ? It almost seemed as if the island was alive and demanded some kind of sacrifice of us !

This thought was disturbing enough as it was, without adding that our party was almost certainly the target for the sea's express wish !

Yet of all the strange events which seemed to be going on, the most unnerving aspect for me personally, was Ken's actions of the previous night. As already mentioned, in the seven years I had known him, I had never, ever seen him perform like that before. He is not naturally psychic and trance-mediumship would have been the last thing I would have associated with this man. This show was not something mundane, its extraordinary nature led me to conclude that this had to be a real and meaningful experience with a relevance to our situation.

#### A COMPUTER PROGRAMMED REALITY ?

Andy felt he had a possible solution. It was bizarre, but it made sense of what was going on. So, after brewing up another cup of tea we sat down and listened to what he had up his sleeve.

The earth is, he conceived, a living, thinking organism with an intelligence (Gaia) and a memory (Akashic Records), both of which influence the destiny of man. However, the actions of Gaia are to be compared with a vastly complex biological computer which also works on a secondary, localised level, individual to the whole computer, either in areas or at sites, even in buildings

or objects.

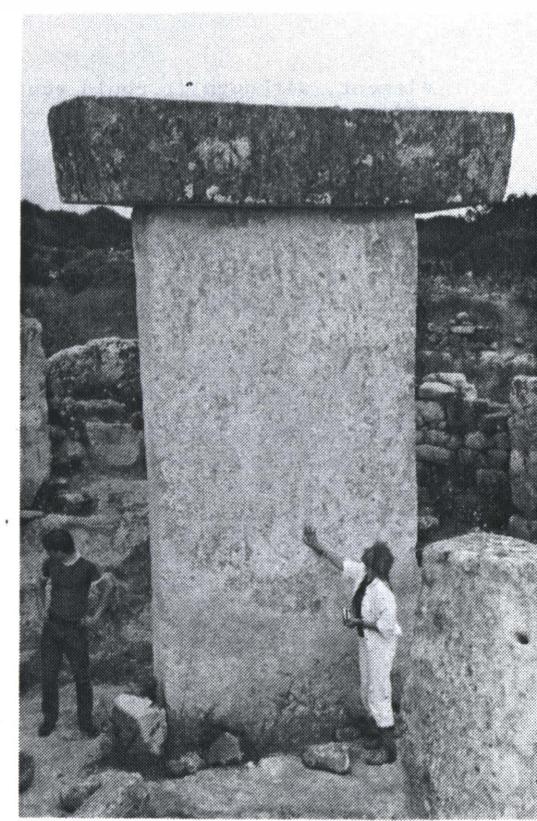
One of the apparent functions of the Computer on a localised level is to perpetuate, update and continue the belief systems of those who inhabit the area, using their own archetypal imagery, ideals and social standards, so as to appear like a responsive all seeing intelligent being. Its actions will depend upon the input of information put into the system. In other words, if the people believe in a warm, compassionate god or goddess it will act like one and if they want an angry, vengeful god who demands sacrifices, then they will get one. However, because the localised system functions very much like a computer, it can only change its actions and archetypes if the system is updated. If a culture suddenly ups and leaves then the computer will continue on in the same capacity blind to the fact of their departure. In many ways this is like a very complex version of the popular place memory or stone tape theories of ghost phenomena.

Since the sea dominates the life of the Balaeric Islands and we had psychically picked up continual water-based imagery, then perhaps the past inhabitants of Menorca were seafaring people who worshipped and feared the forces of the sea. Since the subject of death and sacrifice had cropped up so much, without the slightest hardcore evidence for which (we had not read any material at all on the island's archaeology or history at this point), then this culture could have made sacrifices to the forces of the sea in return for good weather, good fishing, safe journeys and all the other necessities of their lifestyle. Carole's dream had shown a willing victim, heavily drugged, being specifically sacrificed to the sea, and not the rocks (earth).

If such sacrifices were continued on, say once a year or at some regular point, over a prolonged period, then the Computer system would recognise this as a sign of belief and worship, store the information, and perpetuate the theme itself. For instance, it would install related mystical experiences in certain people just before the event, change the weather accordingly, create bizarre synchronicities associated with the event, and maybe even choose a willing victim. All this would continue to perpetuate the belief in the reality of this all powerful deity in the minds of the peoples concerned.

Then, should those people suddenly up and leave or give up their views, without replacing them (so that the system could be changed and updated) the Computer would continue to demand a sacrifice. It would also continue to choose victims, cause related mystical experiences and synchronicities, and be offended if the sacrifice was not given, resulting in peculiar geophysical events. Eventually though, this programme would begin to break down and remain dormant; that is unless anyone came along to either trigger it back into action, by giving it a sacrifice, or by bringing in a new strong alternative belief system.

Perhaps such a system was still laying dormant within the earth and sea around Menorca. The Sirens are archetypal figures representing the hypnotic trance-like affect the sound of the waves has upon sailors. It is one of the aspects of the water



Above left, Ken Smith stands on one of the standing stones at the Tuala megalithic complex of Trepeco, near the capitol, Mahon. Above right, Carole Young (now Smith) psychometrizes the giant tuala of Torralba, Menorca, while Nigel Smith stands by. Below, Nigel, Ken and Andy commit sacrilege at another of Menorca's tuala sites.



element, although it could equally have been the Greek Poseidon, god of the sea, or any other equivalent. Could the past dwellers upon the island have made sacrifices to the forces of the sea in the form of the Sirens of something similar ?

More important, had we somehow triggered off the Computer system into action by in some way possessing the correct psychological conditions to show that a sacrifice was on the way ? Like for instance, a willing victim who was in a suitably intoxicated state ?

Andy's state, when he went for his swim on the first day, certainly possessed these characteristics. It was his decision that we all go swimming in the first place; he had felt a compulsion to do so, he said at the time. Both Ken and Andy had made themselves paralytically drunk on the local gin and both swam out to sea in a condition which could easily have resulted in either of them coming to a sticky end. Andy could have got cramp, extreme exposure or total exhaustion, which in the state he was in might well have proved fatal. Yet still he swam and swam, forever outwards into the open sea. This was real madness, as if he expected to die. He even admitted that he had no recall at all of his swim due to the affect of the alcohol.

Ken in his and yet synchronous mystical state appeared to mimic and mock Poseidon or Neptune as he sat laughing and shouting on the rock after his swim. Yet at the same time somehow unconsciously being aware of the subtle forces of the sea in the form of the Sirens when he saw the pedalos as swans.

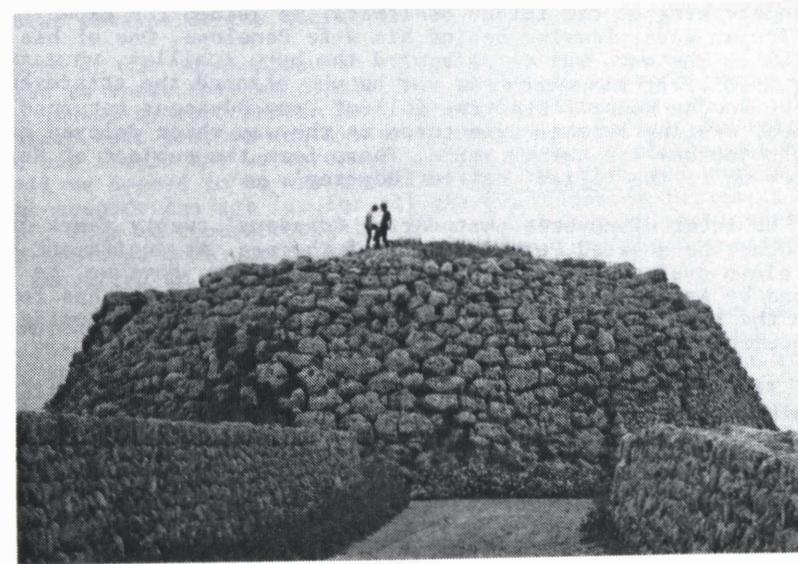
Somehow Andy must have then triggered off the mechanism of the Computer telling it that a willing and ready sacrifice was on the way, swimming out to his death. Yet then he turned back, like Ken, as if mocking the forces of the sea, but would he make it back ? Then, when it appeared obvious that he would (ie. twenty yards from the shore), the Computer, or if you like, the gods, got angry and immediately set off some geophysical reaction which changed the weather. Remember, it was at this very moment that the sunny blue sky instantly changed into a localised squall, which marked the start of the worse weather ever recorded on Menorca in living memory.

To suggest that the actions of mankind can alter or affect the weather is a belief thousands of years old. The wrath of the gods was often said to take the form of atrocious weather conditions in classical mythology, legends and fables from all across the world (In Earthquest News No. 6 there was an article showing how a meditation at a stone circle in Derbyshire resulted in an instantaneous squall. Tom Graves, in his classic book 'Needles of Stone' also gives various examples of weather changes associated with mystical sites and human interaction at such places - ed.).

With the Computer triggered into action, the Sirens on the rampage, and the gods angered, they were obviously not in the mood to let the matter drop ! Ken again saw the Sirens, unconsciously, by the archway the previous afternoon. They were calling him then, he said later, but it was not until the night, the time of



Above, the Naveta des Tudons, the best example of the megalithic upturned boat-like chambered tombs on Menorca. The folk tale attached to this site gave us confirmation of our beliefs concerning the sea and sacrifices. Below, Nigel and Ken appearing to do some strange ritual dance on the top of the talayot tower at the Trepeco tuala complex, near the capitol Mahon. Although the books say that these towers were probably used for defensive purposes, we felt they had been used for rituals fires.



vulnerability to the influence of external forces, that the Computer made its next appearance. The Sirens tried to steal Ken's soul, so to speak, and, of course, it was at this point that we began to realise what was going on when it was admitted that Andy had 'angered the gods' during his little swim. They had tried to 'get him' first, but had then turned their attentions to Ken.

Why then, you may ask, did they not try to get Carole or I, and the answer is simple: we had not created the necessary psychological conditions in our minds to fall foul of the Computer's system. Carole had obviously 'picked up' a little of what was going on, but other than that we were probably just two more holidaymakers. Andy felt that it was very possible that quite a few drunken swimmers had probably died in the waters around Menorca, fulfilling in a bizarre synchronous way, the hunger of the sea and making sure that the island prospered for a further unspecified period.

#### ODYSSEUS - A PAST LIFE ?

The apparent past life experience Ken underwent as the Trojan hero Odysseus was a little more difficult to understand. This outburst was triggered off by the Siren's presence and, as already explained, was something totally alien to Ken.

Ken is very interested in warfare in history and classes himself as a warrior aspected character who would love to think he had been some great hero or warrior in the past. However, his feelings lean much more to the Norse heroes and gods of mythology. He was aware of certain points about the life of Odysseus as portrayed in Homer's 'Iliad' and knew certain facts about his world. Yet the information he was given concerning Odysseus was mostly new to him and at the time we had no way of checking any of it out.

What we did find out at a later date was that Odysseus was the legendary king of the island of Ithaca. He joined the expedition to the Trojan wars, leaving behind his wife Penelope. One of his first duties in the wars was to safeguard the hero Achilles, whose armour he gained after his death. It was he who planned the strategem of the Wooden Horse. After the fall of Troy Odysseus returned to Ithaca, meeting strange adventures on the way which delayed his return journey for twenty years. These form the subject of Homer's follow-up to the 'Iliad' called 'Odyssey'.

We later discovered that during Odysseus' twenty years of adventure he angered Poseidon, god of the sea. As punishment he was blown ever westwards into the Mediterranean. However, he was helped by Athena to overcome Poseidon's wrath, and Ken has found that the name Attis, the word he uttered several times during the trancemediumship, is another name for Athena.

It was whilst on the way to an island called Thrinacia, thought possibly to be in the Mediterranean somewhere, that he was taunted by the seductions of the temptuous Sirens, whom he overcame by strapping himself to the mast of his ship and filling his ears with wax so that he could not hear them.

We therefore had a link between the Sirens and Odysseus, which

although tentative, seemed to show that what Ken 'picked up' had not been purely the fabrication of his own mind. It was based on existent mythology and symbolism, either already in his mind or gained from the Akashic Records, the memory of the earth. Whether he did infact experience a past life is impossible to say. The insinuation that it was no mere coincidence that we were together for the holiday is impossible to comment upon.

Obviously we needed to find out as much as we could about the folklore of Menorca to see if there were any parallels with what had been happening to us. For instance, were there any traditions of sacrifices to the sea on Menorca and were there any legends of mermaids or sirens haunting the shoreline, possibly taking the form of swans ? This we could check out later, but for the time being we had to decide how to put an end to the sticky situation in which we had found ourselves involved.

#### A SOLUTION

Andy decided that in order to satisfy the elemental forces of the sea we had three possible alternatives. Firstly, we could make a sacrifice to the sea in some form of symbolic way. Secondly, we could trick the sea into making it believe we had given it a sacrifice. However, it might suss this one ! Thirdly, we could seek divine communication. Carole was a psychic with a regular spirit guide, a solar entity named Leo. She could make contact with him through meditation to see what solution he could come up with. Since Carole's guide was a solar and fire entity, its influence would hopefully not be affected by the forces of the sea.

Not surprisingly we all opted for the third solution !

Carole, Ken, Andy and I sat in a circle and linked hands. Andy took us through a protective visualisation before leading us into the solar domains of the astral plane.

Once at our destination we called forth Leo and soon afterwards he began to speak through Carole in a semi-trance state. He was a little amused by our concern over the whole situation, yet emphasized that yes, we would have to make a sacrifice. However, its nature was simple and we were not to try and trick the forces of the sea. All we needed to do was sacrifice our thoughts and show a little respect towards the sea '...for all the greatness of things it does for us'. This we should recognise in a way that past peoples of the island had once done, before they had fallen into the necessity of using sacrifice in fear of the forces of the sea.

On the question of what we should do, Leo said that we had to go to the beach. Once there we should take off our shoes and socks, stand in the water, and mentally pour out our respect to the forces of the sea in whatever way we wished to perceive them, without either a feeling of mastery or servitude.

After the meditation we talked over Leo's suggestion and decided to carry out his wishes. Andy said that as an additional sign of respect we should each offer a flower to the sea and write a message of our feelings in the sand by the water's edge. This would then be

licked up by the waves as they covered the sand.

#### FOUR GO DOWN TO THE SEA

So it was to the beach that we went. The weather was still bad, which meant we had the whole cove to ourselves (possibly just as well considering what we were about to do !). We took off our shoes and socks and entered the sea, linking us with the water. We expressed our respect to the sea and then tossed a flower into the water and wrote a message in the sand. Just as we had all finished writing, the sea came in and washed them all away. The timing was perfect.

Leo's solution was common sense really. Ever since we had made the swim on the first day we had seen the sea as a rival and had shown no respect at all towards its powerful life giving qualities, a neglectful thing for supposed exponents of the earth mysteries. Andy had blindly tried to surpass its power by swimming out to sea in a drunken state without realising its ability and affect upon us. Somehow, this, along with the triggering off of the sea's Computer-like programme had made it turn against us.

We returned to the chalet in a much lighter mood. The weather was still bad, but a calm had set in and the sea had become less vicious. We celebrated the occasion with food and drink, somehow being aware that what we had done had been successful. The evening was spent in local bars reciting past quest experiences and singing along to every English record we chanced upon ! Everyone was perfectly happy.

#### DAY FOUR - THURSDAY, 10 MAY

We woke up to a perfectly clear, sunny day. Gone was the wind, the rain, the cold. We were once again in a Spanish holiday resort during the summer season. It was as if the whole atmosphere of the island had somehow changed for the better.

Andy came leaping down the stairs shouting 'It worked. It worked. The meditation worked... just look at the weather !' Indeed, the weather was an omen to our success. Whether it was coincidental or not, the beautiful sunshine helped lift us onto a new level of excitement, like any other holidaymakers.

#### THE ISLAND'S MONUMENTS

In our hired car we journeyed to see many of the ancient monuments of the island, many of which are megalithic in nature and are believed to have been built around 1,000 BC. by a culture who originated from the Mediterranean island of Sardinia. There were navatas - passage graves shaped like upturned boats; the tualas - complexes of stones with uprights, representing the horns of bulls; and talayot towers - large mounds of earth surrounded with circular walls of stones. Dozens of these monuments were scattered around the island and in the three days which followed we visited all the island's major sites. Yet even up until this point we had not consulted any archaeological or historical books on the subject.

There is not enough space here to describe the many different

monuments we visited. However, at many of them Carole psychometrised the site and it was from this and pure observation that we concluded that whoever built and used these monuments had exalted the bull in their beliefs. At the centre of the island is Mount Torro, the mountain of the bull, which can be seen from every one of the major complexes of monuments, showing its importance as a central omphalos, or centre point to the islanders' beliefs. This was emphasized by the fact that within the Christian monastery at the top of Mount Torro, there is a beautiful icon of the Virgin with a bull at her feet.

The subject of sacrifice at these megalithic complexes cropped up time and time again in the psychic imagery and impressions picked up by Carole. We had to conclude that the people who used these structures incorporated sacrifice as a means to satisfy the needs of their gods.

We asked around about folklore which might be attached to any of the megalithic sites. As you can imagine, this proved a little difficult as none of us spoke a word of Spanish, nevermind the native Menorcan language. However, we did discover that the main naveta on the island, de Es Tudons, just outside Cuidadela, had a very interesting legend associated with its foundation.

According to the story, a king who was soon to die, decided that he had to have a tomb in which his soul could sail into the sea after his death. He also had an unmarried daughter, so he decided to kill two birds with one stone, so to speak, and devised a plan to find a husband for his daughter and get his tomb built in the process.

The king asked the two worthiest men on the island to compete for the princess's hand. Each was set a task. The first would build the tomb, the second was to dig a well and locate water. Whichever one completed their task first, won. So they both set to work. Then, a few days later, the one digging the well shouted out: 'I've struck water !' At this, the man working on the tomb stopped and ran over to the well and filled it in ! Therefore he won the hand of the princess and that is why the top of the tomb remains unfinished.

As you can see there are elements of seafaring, water and sacrifice involved with this one little legend.

We also discovered that there was a possible legend associated with mermaids along the coastline, although this was never confirmed.

#### AFTERTHOUGHTS

We heard no more from the Sirens or from Odysseus. Despite the subjective nature of the whole series of events we had found ourselves apart of, we now look back and wonder what really did go on out there. I was confronted with a relationship with the subtle forces of the landscape which I had never, ever experienced before. That it all happened is beyond doubt. The implications and interpretation of those events was a personal thing and it has been difficult to describe the feelings involved at the time. That must be up to the individual. All I know is that our holiday in Menorca made me rethink my whole concept of just what reality is all about.



existence by the use of magical processes.

Doc Shiels' use of magical invocation to raise lake monsters, and other strange beasts such as the owlman of Mawnan, in Cornwall, seen during 1976 and 1978, intrigued me. Here was a man, an apparent shaman, who was getting repeated sightings and photos of monsters following magical ritual. At first I ignored his existence, feeling that he could, of course, be a charlatan. However, Paul Screepton, in a recent issue of 'The Shaman', published a selection of letters he had received from Doc Shiels, which had obviously not originally been written for publication. They were merely personal correspondence between the two men. They concerned the Doc's Monstermind project in Ireland during 1983, and I was drawn by the apparent sincerity and wit concerning the very serious subject of lake monsters. Somehow the Doc seemed a believable character.

I found out the Doc's address in Ponsanooth, Cornwall and wrote to him. I wanted to know what made this man tick. A series of letters ran between Essex and Cornwall, and eventually I asked him to talk at the First London Moot which took place at Tufnell Park last May. I also asked him to write an article on his exploits for inclusion in Earthquest News. This I received shortly afterwards and can be found a little further on in this issue. However, his article, as you will see, is about the Doc's Monstermind project around the Irish loughs during 1983. It does not tell us much about the man himself. So I wrote to him again with a whole load of pertinent questions.

The result of this postal interview is now reproduced below. See what you make of him. His own article follows directly afterwards.

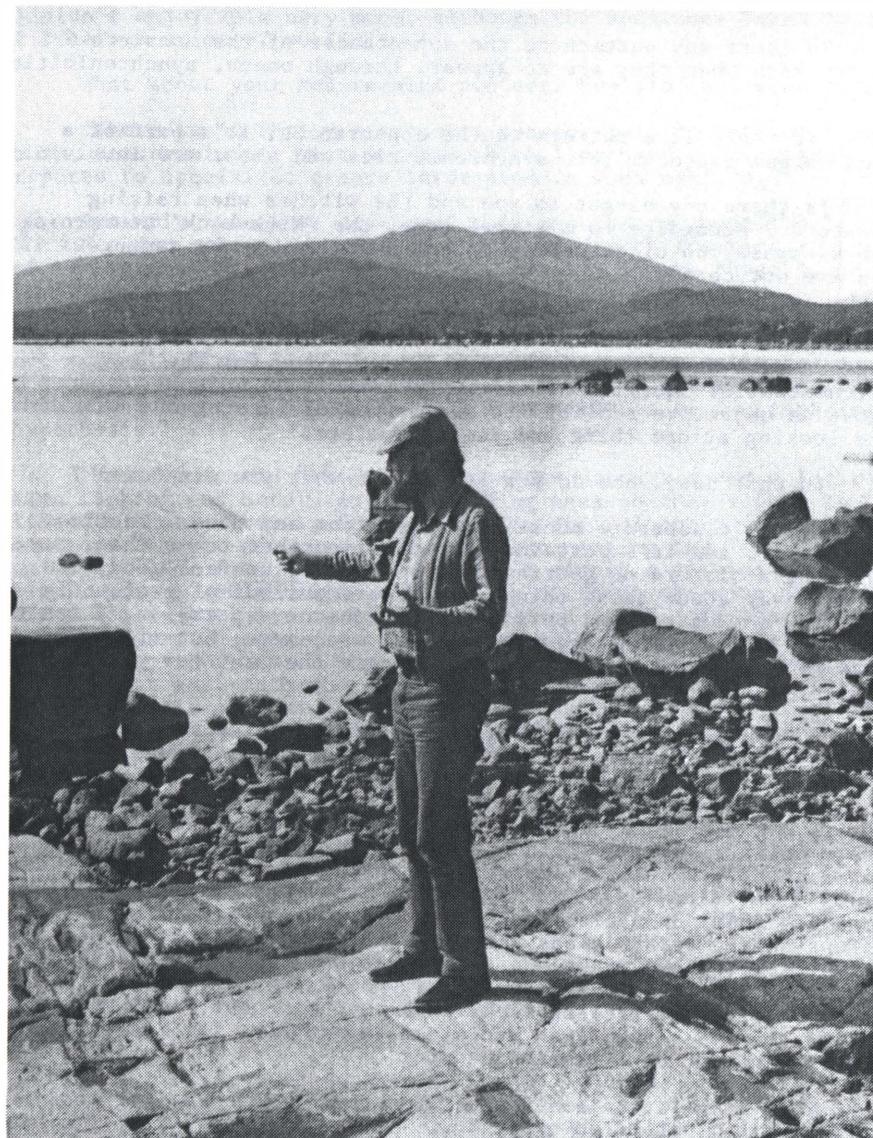
I started by asking him why raise monsters in the first place ?

'Remember, my "background" is in art (and "anti-art"), as a painter and playwright... a surrealist/shamanic "background"... I don't have much interest in standard occult-mystical schools of thought. I started to invoke monsters (and other things) as a quite normal part of my activities, exercises in imagination or seeing. I'm concerned with the relation of the mind to the world. Do we see what we think or do we think what we see ? ... to semi-quote René Magritte.'

Yes Doc, but the idea of raising monsters is bizarre, not normal. So what gave you the idea in the first place ?

'The idea has always been there. Men have always invoked monsters. Children do it all the time. Invocation is part of the dream state, but we dream all the time. Success is largely measured by recognition of what is invoked for what it is and that can involve many aspects. I feel a rapport between myself and all kinds of things, people, objects, animals, ideas.'

Do you communicate directly with the animals you invoke ? Do you receive psychic messages from them ?



Doc Shiels - monster raiser extraordinaire - explains his latest method of luring the beast of Lough Cullin by offering to tickle its belly in exchange for a good 'neck shot' (Photo: Fortean Picture Library).

'We haven't decided if monsters are animals. I certainly don't receive "messages" from these things, in the way that certain psychics claim to receive save-the-world homilies from their "guides", ET visitors, etc... but I sharpen my vision of the world through these monster-raising activities.'

Is there any pattern to the appearances of the monsters ? Do you know when they are to appear, through omens, synchronicities, etc...

'If there is a pattern to the appearances, it's part of a much larger pattern. Yes, synchronicities and omens are involved.'

Is there any danger to you and the witches when raising monsters ? According to mystical lore, the 'kick back' concerning the manipulation of extremely potent energies can be dangerous if you are not careful.

'Yes, sometimes there is a danger involved (everything has to be paid for in some way or another). As far as "luck" is concerned, I don't believe in it. I just allow for the "magic-circumstantial" quality of life, the marvellous enigmas of what is known as objective reality. It's a matter of freeing the imagination and looking at one thing and seeing another.'

In that case, how do you feel about what you are doing ?

'I don't separate monster raising from any other creative activity... and it's certainly no more important to me than, say, painting a picture or getting nicely drunk. I can feel good, bad, or whatever about these things. There are periods of profoundly exciting enthusiasm and periods of boredom or depression. I can't give you a list of the synchronicities and omens, but if you've read my columns in the Fortean Times over the last few years you'll find plenty of examples.'

Do you see mystery beasts as a parapsychical phenomena, or something different ?

'"Mystery Beasts" ? A black dog is a black dog, a ghost black dog is a ghost black dog. Certain black dogs could wear discs on their collars engraved with the words: "My name is Shriker, but I'm not a ghost"... but, of course, we wouldn't have to believe those words if we didn't want to. Do you use the word parapsychical in the same way that you use the term metaphysical, or even, in the case of upstanding Nessie heads and necks, orthophysical ? You mean, I think, something which seems to be half way between the physical world and the etheric. It's all one, really (or, rather, surreally) and should be accepted as such. To be quite honest, in many ways I find the idea of a flesh and blood sea monster far more interesting than the notion of a phantom monster.'

Tell me a little about your background. How did your whole interest in monsters come about ?

'I first visited Loch Ness way back in 1958, hoping to see Nessie. She didn't show herself, but the idea took hold. Shortly afterwards I came to live in Cornwall, and developed an obsession

with the landscape of West Penwith. I began to see huge "heads" in the sea and strange lights in the sky... this is a quite natural thing, I'm a painter after all. The true artist is a shamanic seer. In the 1960s I took to travelling around, performing for a living. At one period of my career I did an act as a psychic entertainer. I didn't enjoy this very much, although the audiences liked it and I received a lot of publicity.'

What about your Monstermind project. How did that come about ?

'There isn't really a separate monster raising "project" as such. Monstermind is just a label which I've used in progress reports to specialist groups interested in such matters.'

Recently, you have developed this new theory about the Loch Ness Monster being some kind of giant squid with its backside out of the water ! Are you serious ? How can you invoke these ?!

'I've been suggesting that some water monsters could be large cephalopods or elephant squids as they are known. But it's certainly not a firmly fixed idea. I just think it has a lot going for it from a zoological point of view. Tomorrow I could change my mind, but others may continue to explore the possibilities of the cephalopod hypothesis.'

'Most dedicated "scientific" monster hunters spend a lot of time looking and hardly any time seeing because they refuse to liberate their narrowly fettered minds. Hallucinatory "visions" of monsters can act as hunters' decoys, encouraging the "real" beasties to appear. Now I know that Nessie isn't simply a plesiosaur, or a cephalopod... and to think that either of these theories is the right one is both narrow minded and naive. It is good that Nessie should appear in many aspects, because this helps to undermine the anthropocentric view of the world which so many people have. Fort was a great anti-anthropocentric activist. To those who insist that Nessie is a plesiosaur, she will constantly prove herself to be something else. To those who insist that she's just a lump of floating rubbish, then she may show herself to be a plesiosaur after all... and that's the fun of it!'

Any final points for the readers of this journal ?

'One aspect of the monster invocations which I'm sure would be of interest to Earthquest News readers is witchcraft. I'm using the word "witch" to describe followers of the Celtic branch of the Old Religion, still practicing in Cornwall, Scotland and Ireland, who have helped me raise these beasties. The connecting tradition of dragons and sky-clad women goes back a long way... those naked ladies weren't always "damsels in distress" ! So... a few more pictures are enclosed for publication.'

Well, I certainly do not agree with that last statement. Why should it be necessary to take all your clothes off to interact with the subtle forces of nature ? Personally I believe that magical invocation can be carried out quite successfully in your thickest winter clothes, complete with balaclava and thermal underpants ! I do not consider that the belief concerning witches being naked

is as commonplace as the practitioners of witchcraft would have us believe. Still, that is my view.

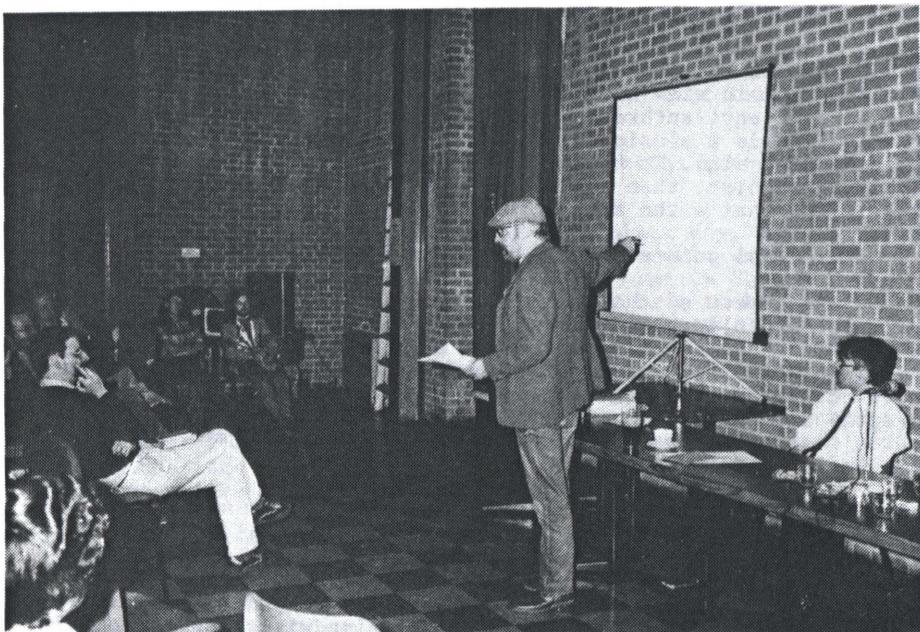
Anyway, a great many words, a lot of questions answered, and a few fine points. Yet I still don't fully know what makes this man tick. His appearance at the London Moot last year was, for me, as chairman of the day, a most embarrassing affair. He showed up around teatime with his son and made straight for the bar.

Amid claims of 'He's a great bloke' muttered by various colleagues of the earth mysteries community as they brushed past me during the evening, I was rather concerned that his consumption of Guinness might impare his lecture, scheduled for mid-evening.

The Doc was going to talk about monster raising. He had brought along a slide show and seemed prepared. However, when it came to his turn on stage I was most worried. He went up with a pint of Guinness in one hand and a roll-up cigarette in the other! He then proceeded to turn the whole Moot into a spontaneous comedy show which even had Hilary Evans with a smile on his face!

It was embarrassing to me, but it went down well. He showed loads of slides of naked women, Irish and Scottish lochs and various other (partially related) things, but did not speak at all about raising monsters.

Everyone thought he was funny and it put a light-hearted touch on the whole day's proceedings.



Doc Shiels pointing out a speck of dust on one of his slides during last year's London Moot. Your editor looks, worried. (Photo: Bernard Gowing)

I honestly don't think he helped his image that night. He did little to back up his claims, his photographs and his strange activities. Infact, I really don't think he intended to. Supporting your own existence is often pointless; you have to fight too hard. Just let people believe what they want. If you are right, then one day they will come around to your way of thinking. Until then, Doc Shiels will remain an enigma to us all.

## MONSTERMIND '83

Doc Shiels gives his own account of the sightings on his 1983 Monstermind expedition to Ireland

My 1983 dragon hunting season lasted for all of nine months, from the beginning of Febraury through to the end of October, Imbolc to Samhain, and was an interesting mixture of excitement, disappointment, celebration and frustration. The first six months were spent in what turned out to be a fruitless search for Cornwall's famous sea-serpent, the elusive Morgawr (seen in Falmouth Bay -ed.). Eventually, hoping that a change of scenery would, perhaps, mean a change of luck, I flew back to Ireland and set up camp on the shores of Lough Leane, Co. Kerry. Another monsterless month went by, and I began to think that the invocatory knack had gone forever. Discussing this problem in a Killarney pub, an old friend pointed out the fact that I was almost as familiar with Lough Leane as with Falmouth Bay, and that this may have caused a kind of psychological "staleness". So, in order to revive enthusiasm and restore faith, I was advised to head up and away to seek the Piast (the local name for their water monster-ed.) of Connemara. This wise counsel was taken, and, accompanied by my wife, one of our daughters, and a young wanderer by the name of Charlie Nolan, I was soon on the monster trail again.

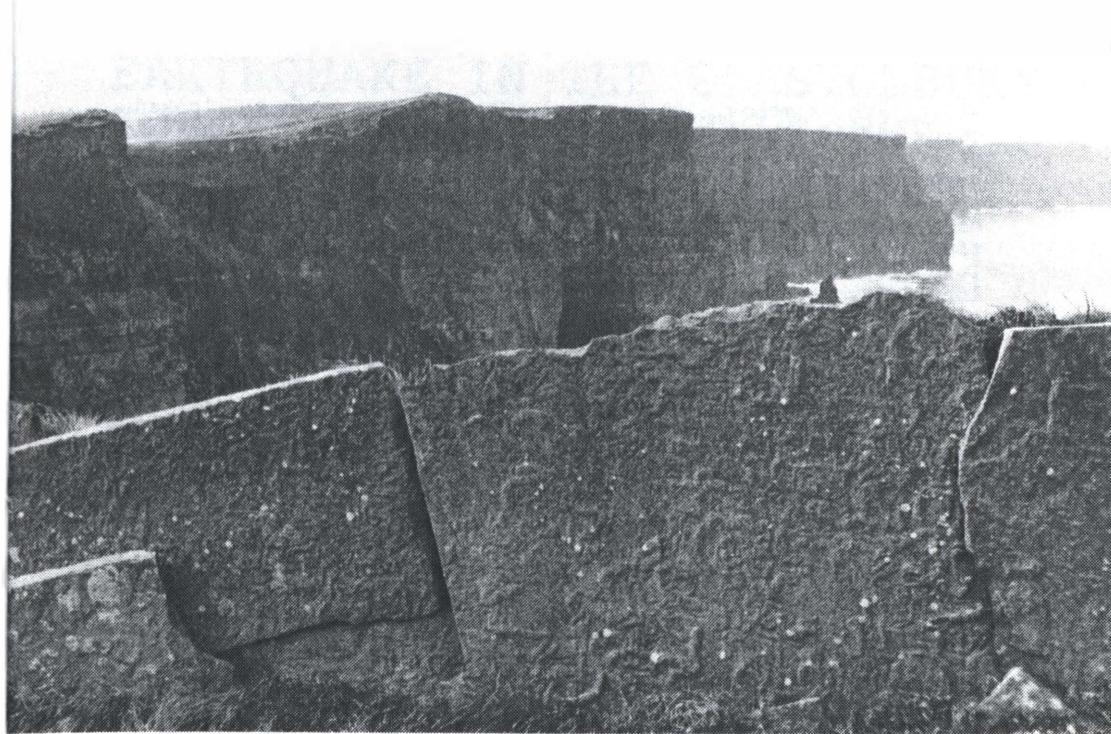
Some forty-odd miles north-west of Galway town, below Beanna Beóla, on the way to Clifden, is a chain of dragon-haunted waters: Lough Inagh, Derryclare Lough and Ballynahinch Lake. It was near here, some years ago, that a thirty-foot long monster became stuck under a bridge in the Ballynahinch River. Ted Holiday described the incident in his 'The Dragon and the Disc', and concluded that the creature had originated in one of the loughs above the river. On a warm mid-September afternoon, as I gazed at Lough Inagh, a small dark hump broke the surface, about a hundred and fifty yards from the shore. I raised my camera and just had time to take one shot before the hump submerged and vanished. The knack, it seemed, was back! Strangely, instinctively, I wanted to get well away from that area, so hurried back to Charlie's car. 'Head down to the coast... Roundstone, Dog's Bay', I told him, '... then follow the

road up to Ballyconneely.' A couple of hours later, prompted by nothing more than an obscure kind of hunch, I found myself by Maumeen Lough, right in the heart of Connemara's traditional dragon country and it happened again. Up came a hump, the camera clicked, and down went the hump. It was as if the 'thing' deliberately surfaced for just long enough to be quickly photographed; quite undramatic but, at the same time, uncanny. Something had guided me to those loughs and I could hardly believe my luck. After many years searching for Irish water monsters, two sightings in one afternoon was incredible, but the incredible had suddenly happened.

We attempted some shamanic conjurations at other Connemara loughs, without success, and soon decided to move on, northwards, into Co. Mayo, then aim for Achill Island, which is well known for its weird water beasties. Over a period of at least half a century, there have been sightings of a 'huge animal' in Straheens Lough, near Achill Sound, but the beast didn't show itself to our small band of hunters. Then, one day, after a lunchtime jar of stout at Keel, we strolled onto the local golf course, between Trawmore Sound and the south shore of Keel Lough. Whatever impulses had guided us there must have been quite subconscious because we were, all four taken absolutely by surprise when a smooth, pale grey, elongated hump rose gently to the surface and moved slowly eastward through the water. I remember thinking: 'this is ridiculous... impossible,' as I lifted the camera and snapped, again, just one shot before the thing submerged.

The following day, in Foxford town, we heard talk of monsters in Lough Cullin and Lough Conn. I would have been delighted to discover a water beastie in this part of Mayo, if only because my father's family were Foxford people, but we had no luck. All the same, Lough Conn had a strange atmospheric feeling about it, and I intend to spend more time there in the future.

At that stage of the game, having had the quite amazing good fortune to photograph no less than three different could-be-dragons, it seemed wise to avoid pushing our luck any further in that particular direction. It was time to get back on the road and start busking again. We spent an enjoyably wild night in Westport, then drove down to Doolin, Co.Clare... a Mecca for traditional Irish musicians... where a grand time was had by all. Next day, a morning stroll on the windswept Cliffs of Moher cleared the cobwebs from our hungover heads; and it was there that I noticed the weird vermiform patterns in slabs of local stone. This may have triggered something in my mind, I really don't know, but within a few hours we saw the fourth and final monster of the season. On the road to Lehinch, I insisted that we stop and take a look at the golf links (golf is a mysterious game, full of 'landscape ritual'), said to be haunted by Donn, the Fairy King. Soon, I met up with a pair of elderly American golfers and we stood chatting on O'Brien's Bridge, looking across to Liscannor Bay. Then it appeared... a black snake-like 'head and neck', in the estuary of the Dealagh River. 'What's that?' asked one of my American friends. 'It's a marine payshtha,' I replied, very casually. 'Is that a common animal in Ireland?' he asked. 'Oh, there's quite a lot of them in the west,' said I, aiming the camera, cool as cucumber.



The 'Worm stones' on the cliffs of Moher, Co.Clare, Ireland. It may have been these which triggered off Doc Shiels psyche into permitting him another monster sighting during his Monstermind project in 1983.

By mid-October I was back in Cornwall. Those Irish photographs turned out to be rather unspectacular after all, mainly due to the lack of a telescopic lens. I had been told that I could borrow one in Killarney, but the promised lens turned out to be unsuitable for my camera. Being philosophical about these things, I suspect that, if a suitable telephoto had been fitted, the dragons would have failed to appear. I've already had more than my fair share of monster sightings, and managed to photograph half a dozen since 1976... a double hat-trick... but, as I've said before, monster pix are perversely accident prone. Already, two of the 1983 negatives (Lough Inagh and Maumeen Lough) have been misappropriated by a smooth-talking character from Seattle, who is now under a curse ! The others (Keel Lough and Liscannor Bay) are safe and sound in the Fortean Picture Library. Just for the record, the pale creature of Keel Lough, which reminded me of an albino whale, has been nicknamed 'Moby Mick' (Oh, come on... you are joking!- ed.). The sea serpent of Liscannor Bay, so similar to Nessie, has been dubbed 'Lissie' (better - ed.).

As to the big question: are these dragons organic animals, or are they paranormal, parapsychical entities? There's no single clear-cut answer. My personal belief is that some are flesh-and-blood, others are ephemeral apparitions, and quite a few... the weirdest of

all... are, somehow, 'in-between'. Those I have seen all looked quite solidly three dimensional, but then the same could be said of a holographic image or a tulpoid 'thought form'. The speculative arguments supporting a piezoelectric root cause for anomalous phenomena are impressively convincing. Loch Ness is, of course, part of a major geological fault area; and most of West Cornwall is riddled with tectonic stress zones. Significantly, many of the Irish lakes associated with dragons are in potentially 'active' locations. For example, Lough Inagh and Maumeen Lough lie close to massive cones of Connemara quartzite, and Keel Lough is overshadowed by the quartz and mica of Slievemore. The sea serpent, 'Lissie' appeared off the coast of Clare, a county which is famous for its unusual geological structure. Recent research (by Persinger, Lafreniere, Devereux and others) suggests that such places could be 'window' areas for bizarre events and materialisations in the shape of UFOs, and monsters of various kinds. The regions I've mentioned are also rich in antiquities: pillarstones, dolmens, fairy forts, clocháns, and so on; the 'mystical sites' so often associated with 'window' areas.

Andy Collins has asked me to describe my 'methods' of monster raising, but I'm not sure that I really can. The 'successes' of 1983 did not seem to happen as a result of any specific invocatory 'ritual'. Weeks of concentrated experiment in Cornwall and Co.Kerry produced absolutely nothing, visually (at least, not to our group), in those areas; and our shamanic shenanigans at Lough Cullin and Lough Conn, in Mayo, resulted only in an atmosphere. It was when I relaxed, ridding my mind of monsters, forgetting the whole nonsensical business, that the Cosmic Trickster quietly nudged me in the right directions. The dictum, then, may be: 'Seek and ye shall find... but not necessarily how and where you expected to'. We are dealing with irrational, paradoxical phenomena, and the rules of the monster raising game seem to constantly change. I sometimes get the feeling that, instead of Doc Shiels invoking the beasties, it's the beasties that invoke Doc Shiels.

\* \* \*

Editor's Notes and comments I agree entirely with what the Doc says, if you try too hard you will not see anything. Such an attitude is wrong for any form of psychic quest. The key word in questing is adrenalin. I have consistently found that the best psychic information and hidden artefacts are located when those involved are riding upon a mental high. As soon as despondency sets in, psychic information stops and the quest comes to a halt. The best attitude is a healthy, happy-go-lucky approach on a casual, social level. This is a serious subject, although a little humour is the spice of life, believe me.

I also note from the Doc's account that the actual sightings did not take place after invocations. Does this then show that it is merely their presence and interaction with the site which is important ?

By the way, I have the various photos. described within the text, although none show anything sufficient to reproduce in the journal.

## EARTHQUAKE IN THE GLASTONBURY ZODIAC - OR THE BATTLE FOR PARK WOOD

TONY ROBERTS reports on the disturbing saga surrounding the decision to sell Park Wood, the Glastonbury zodiac's sacred centre

When one lives within a primordially 'potentized' landscape the interaction of psyche with matter becomes of crucial importance. My concept of geomorphics begins to throw more and more light upon the functioning mechanisms of all God's interactive phenomena. As I have written elsewhere, everything is symbolically physical and physically symbolic; everything turns on the Wheel of Fate in the appropriate and canonically cyclic patterns that make up the Web of Being. This web can be regularly assaulted and torn by those 'agents of entropy' I have conveniently labelled 'The Dark Gods'. Human agency is often the vehicle employed by these 'Constituents of polarised negativity' to perform the Dance of Chaos on the face of our beautiful home - earth. This brief essay chronicles such a dance.

Don't worry. That's the end of the lecture but it was necessary to set the current atmosphere for the interesting Glastonbury scenario that I will now unfold.

Around the middle of December 1984 a 'new broom' appeared in the Avalonian environment, one Roderick Knowles. The job of Mr. Knowles (a business 'whizz kid') was to dramatically dismember and re-structure the sad empire that was sputtering at The Glastonbury Experience Ltd. This was/is an enclave of 'new age' shops, etc. situated in the High Street. Many Star Wars' are currently raging at Glastonbury as the recently generated Plutonic energies wreak their astrological havoc with those spiritually immature people who cannot leaven, control and contain them. However, like all other wars, they overflow and affect more than their own immediate preoccupations.

Most of the next part of the story was given to me when I invited myself into Roderick Knowles's office on 8th February and insisted upon an explanation to the 'rumours' that he was a main bidder in the forthcoming sale of Park Wood. When he realised who I was Mr. Knowles was remarkably forthcoming. He told me that he was indeed in the running to purchase Park Wood as proxy for a lady, Monica Barnatt (of Augustus Barnatt Wine lineage), but was also double proxy for a mysterious new trust that has appeared recently in the Glastonbury environs. This shadowy organisation, the Temple Trust is, according to its English co-ordinator, one Sally Owen, a new form of 'spiritual national trust' that wants to buy up all the sacred sites in Britain not in D.O.E. or National Trust hands! This organisation is connected to a mystical group of artists based at Langport (and whose relevance will be made plain later) and claims to have 'American backers'. I refrain here from commenting upon that reference and will only say that this ambitious scheme to 'fix' the geomantic energy structure of Albion has some perverse problems in its 'curriculum vitae'!

The majority of readers of this journal will be aware that the legendary and beautiful Park Wood is part of the mystical centre of the famous Glastonbury terrestrial zodiac. In fact it is the Crown of the Land and the Serpent's Head, the head of Draco, who leads the Precession of the Equinoxes through the signs. It has also been termed the Ouroboros Circuit (the spiral made by the serpent path inside the woods ? - ed.) which is crucial to the functioning of the whole delicately balanced Albionic energy network so assiduously and elusively pursued by those minions of the Dragon Project, the Gaia Program, Project Merlin, etc.

Now back to our own geomythical extravaganza. While Mr. Knowles was enlightening me on the plans of the Temple Trust, I was musing upon the fact that in November last year, the owner of Park Wood, a Mr. James, had approached me privately and asked for detailed information regarding its legendary and geomantic connotations. At that time the valuation for the wood was £20,000, the correct market rate for a piece of land of that size. However, after my two hour 'workshop' of what I hoped was accessible spiritual instruction, Mr. James went away and increased the price to £35,000, the figure being quoted at the moment. Mr. James had also asked me how one could 'exploit the wood's magical and physical resources.' In a moment of deeply ironical humour I had suggested a limited edition of 'Merlin Chairs' to rival the famous 'Glastonbury Chair'. Mr. James seemed profoundly impressed that a practical mystic could be so practical.

Awakening from my reverie I realised that Mr. Knowles was telling me a psychic aspect of the Park Wood saga. It appears that a friend of his, Mike Booth, an artist with the above mentioned art group, had experienced a 'channelling' while walking near Park Wood in December. A spirit voice spoke to him out of the air and kept repeating the sentence 'You must buy Park Wood.' At that time Mike Booth did not know the wood was up for sale. He reported his experience to the Temple Trust who in turn informed Mr. Knowles. He then activated Monica Barnatt who is currently agreeing the current asking price. A neatly interlocking psychically spurred sequence of events.

The plot thickens though. Park Wood is not only a crystallisation of Merlin's geomythics (remember, Dr. John Dee referred to the whole Somerset terrestrial zodiac as 'merlin's secret') it is intimately associated with dragons and serpents. Now here is another remarkable synchronicity. Mike Booth has lived for about a year in a mansion that is situated right in the mouth of a dragon/serpent earth effigy discovered by my wife Janet. This two-headed effigy lies in the vicinity of dragon haunted Aller and is fully documented in my book 'Glastonbury: Ancient Avalon: New Jerusalem' re-published by Rider in 1983. The outer and inner games meet here for a moment with more than a touch of Zen'.

The current state of play in the battle for Park Wood has become increasingly complex. The TEMPLE Trust want it to begin their geomantic national trust's acquisitions. Further enquiries by myself have revealed that a consortium of farmers want to purchase it to turn it into an exclusive pheasant breeding ground;



Plate 10  
Three Points in the Centre of the great Effigy Circle are suggested by: A Serpent's Head on a "Crown" (Park Wood), A Finger (Wash Brook), and the enclosure dominated by Butleigh Cross. The base of the triangle thus described, indicates the Equinox 2700 B.C. if the line is projected west through the eye, and "bell" which marks the Royal Star Aldebaran in the effigy Taurus (to which the great Finger points), and east to the place of the Royal Star Antares in the body of the effigy Scorpio. In order to show that the alignment of the Nature Temple is not exactly due east and west the points of the Compass are given at the centre of the base line.

The diagram from Katherine Maltwood's book 'A Guide to Glastonbury's Temple of the Stars' showing her concept of Butleigh and Park Wood (bottom left) as the Crown of the Land upon the Serpent's Head.

a group of business men who want it for unspecified purposes and a lumber group seek to turn it into furniture. All these groups are machinating behind the scenes and a 'sealed auction' is about to be set up for the end of MARCH. I am now attempting triadically (of course) to halt all this activity and make the whole affair more public. This article is one way to channel the reverberations of the zodiacal earthquake. Next I will alert the press. I have also written to the local M.P., David Heathcoat Amery, demanding a public enquiry into the private desecration of our spiritual and cultural (not to say archaeological) heritage. I collected 34 signatures of

support in two hours and appended them to my letter, sent off on February 11th. I have also contacted R.I.L.K.O. through Miss. Elizabeth Leader and she has pledged her full support in my struggle to halt the sale, hold a public enquiry and widen the debate about the fate of our fading Albionic heritage. The thought that all geomants should bear in mind is that Park Wood must be saved. Its psychic future is naturally inviolable, but its outer access to serious seekers and questers is suddenly and totally threatened. This could upset the geomancy of the area considerably and if the Ouroboros Circuit is in any way damaged, why, the virtified forts of Scotland, South America, etc. are mute and deadly evidence of the subsequent cataclysms that could erupt!

Anthony Roberts, Feb 13, 1985.

\* \* \*

Editor's Note I first heard about Park Wood's plight upon a chance meeting with Tony Roberts in Glastonbury High Street during the afternoon of Saturday, 9th february. He explained the whole story over a cup of coffee and I pledged my own support to protect the site there and then.

It is very difficult for a lot of people to believe in the Somerset terrestrial zodiac, especially when some of the map diagrams are so appalling. However, my disbelief has been turned into firm belief over the years, and I know I could convince any one of its existence if I had time. The key is not to see it as purely a few drawn-in lines upon a map, nor just a great map of the constellations.

The importance of Park Wood as the physical and psychic centre of the zodiac was proved to me in 1983 when, without knowing anything about the place, I was led to this wood through the psychic work of Marion Sunderland who said I must find 'The Eye of the Dragon, a very special wood with Celtic legends and where magical ritual still persists today'. It was not hard to discover that Park Wood was our destination.

Fitting with Tony's geomythics and the linking between physical and psychical events, it is interesting to note that ever since last September I have been advised of psychic messages from people who have felt something very negative going on in Park Wood. The day after I found out from Tony about Park Wood's current situation, another psychic independently picked up strong magical activity going on in the wood involving the stirring of the serpent. I think he has been awoken and he doesn't seem very amused!

Further updates on this saga will appear in future issues of this journal.

## EXCHANGES

All exchange details are true and correct as far as is possible. Any errors, alterations or editorial changes should be notified to the editor in writing. For all overseas charges to the listed publications, please refer to the editorial addresses concerned.

ASSAP NEWS and ANOMALY ed. Caroline Wise and Alan Cleaver respectively. First, A4, 4 pp., paranormal and earth mysteries forum. Sub. £6 for one year from The Membership Secretary, 56 Telemann Square, Kidbrooke, London SE3.

CAERDROIA - ed. Jeff and Debbie Saward, 40pp, A5, turf mazes and earth mysteries, £3.50 pa, 4 issues, from Caerdroia Project H.Q., 53 Thundersley Grove, Thundersley, Benfleet, Essex SS7 3EB.

THE CAULDRON - ed. Mike Howard. A4, 10pp. Pagan journal of the Old Religion & Wicca. £2 PA, (cash and blank P.O.s only) 4 issues, from M. Howard, 4 Llysonnen Cottages, Llysonnen Road, Meidrim, Carmarthen, Dyfed, SA33 5ED.

EARTHLINES - ed. Jonathan Mullard. 40pp, A5, earth mysteries in Wales and border counties. £4 pa., 4 issues, from Jonathan Mullard, 7 Brookfield, Stirchley, Telford, Shropshire TF3 1EB.

EARTH GIANT - ed. Jeremy Harte. 30pp., A5, earth mysteries in the south of England. £3 pa., 4 issues, from Jeremy Harte, 35A West St., Abbotsbury, nr. Weymouth, Dorset.

FORTEAN TIMES - ed. Robert Rickard. 70pp., quarto, Forteana, curiosities, paranormal, major forum. £6 for 4 issues, from Fortean Times, 96 Mansfield Road, London NW3 2HT.

THE LEY HUNTER - ed. Paul Devereux, 40pp, A5, leading earth mysteries forum. £3.75 pa., 4 issues (!) from The Ley Hunter, P.O. Box 13, Welshpool, Powys.

NORTHERN EARTH MYSTERIES - ed. Philip Heselton. 30pp., A4. Northern earth mysteries. £2 pa., 6 issues, from Philip Heselton, 170 Victoria Ave., Hull HU5 3DY.

NORTHERN UFO NEWS - ed. Jenny Randles, 16pp., A5, Northern England UFO Forum. £5.40 pa., 6 issues from Jenny Randles, 21 Whittlewood Close, Gorse Covert, Warrington, Cheshire WA3 6TU.

PENDRAGON - ed. Chris Lovegrove. 34pp., A5, Arthurian tradition, British mythology, earth mysteries. £4.50 pa., 4 issues, from Kate Pollard, 27 Roslyn Road, Redland, Bristol.

QUICKSILVER MESSENGER - ed. Chris Ashton. 28pp., A4. Earth mysteries, conspiracy theories. £4 pa., 4 issues, from Chris Ashton, Garden Flat, 46 Vere Road, Brighton, Sussex.

RILKO NEWSLETTER ed. Bob Cowley. 20pp., A4, advanced earth mysteries, sacred geometry, astro-archaeology. £5 pa., 2 issues, from Bob Cowley, 8 The Drive, New Southgate, London N11 2DY.

THE SHAMAN - ed. Paul Screeton, 12pp., A4, duplicated, incorporating ASWR. Earth mysteries, reviews, Forteana, forum. £2 pa., 4 issues from Paul Screeton, 5 Egton Carew, Hartlepool, Cleveland TS25 2AT.

TOUCHSTONE - ed. Jimmy Goddard. 12pp., A4, photostat. Earth mysteries in Surrey. £1 pa., 4 issues, from Jimmy Goddard, 25 Albert Road, Adlestone, Weybridge, Surrey.

UFO RESEARCH REVIEW - ed. Bob Morrell, 20pp., A4, duplicated. Critical UFO matter. Sample 25p, from NUFOIS, 443 Meadow Lane, Nottingham.

That concludes the exchange listing, somewhat down on last time. Gone are Nigel Pennick's The Symbol, Kevin McClure's Common Ground, and three others which have decided not to send me copies anymore. No new names, although I here of an interesting project named Earth Force and

I really must congratulate Alan Cleaver on his first issue of Anomaly. I know how much work is involved with the production of such a publication.

I sorry there is no Devil Talk section or reviews in this issue but things should be rectified in the next one, due out shortly.

NO.5 Winter 82. Fobbing Puma. Mahoney and Arthur's Cross. Stone Tape Reality. Astrology of Jinxs. Earthlights Review. Price 75p + 15p pp.

NO.6 Spring 83. All sold out.

NO.7 Summer 83. All sold out.

No.8 Before 1984. The Cuffley Lioness. Synchronicity in a cathedral. The Circle of Perpetual Choirs. Photographic Evidence of the Plymouth Hay-Fall. Runwell Up-date 2. Price 95p + 15p pp.

NO. 9 & 10. Spring 1984. The Horndon Black Panther- Parts One and Two. Gateway to Reality. The Secret of the White Leafed Cross. The MLF Strike Again ! Price £1.50 + 20p pp.

NO.11 London Walkabout. Summer 84. All sold out.



Memories of the Earthquest/ASSAP London Moot at the Tufnell Park Hall, North London, last May. A panel debate with, from left to right, Graham Phillips, Doc Shiels, Johnny Merron, Paul Devereux, Alan Cleaver and Andy Collins (Picture: Bernard Gowing).

ISSN 0265 - 461X