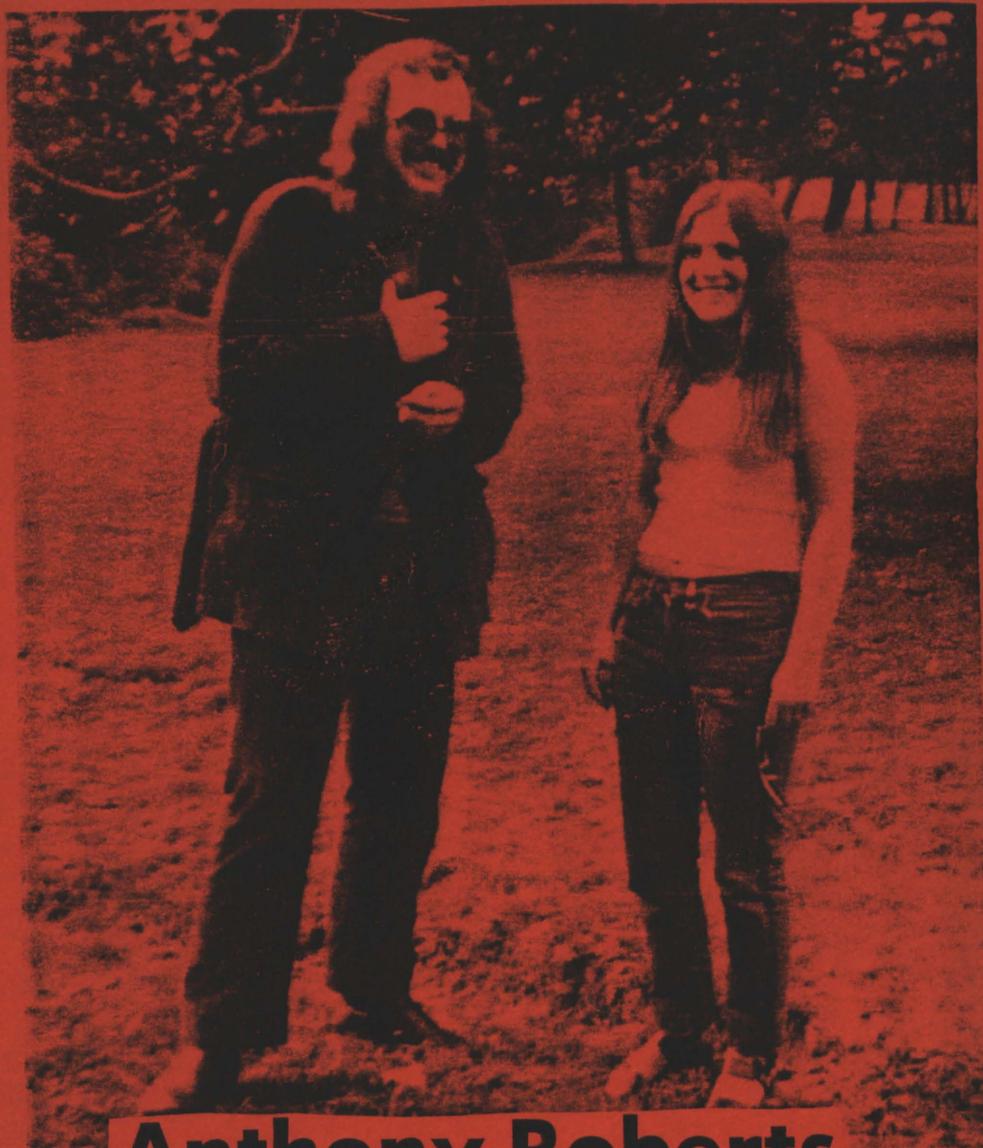


Folklore Frontiers

No. 10

1.



**Anthony Roberts
(1940-1990)**

FAIRIES' REVENGE?

By Paul Screeton

One day in 1692, the Rev Robert Kirk was walking upon a fairy hill at Aberfoyle, where he was minister. Here he collapsed and died.

Kirk was, however, no ordinary mortal. He was seventh son of the Rev James Kirk, also an earlier incumbent of this parish in the foothills of the Scottish Trossachs. In 1691 Robert Kirk had written a book called (in shortened form) "The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Fairies" in which he made plain his belief in the reality of fairyfolk as a separate set of races to humankind. In the eyes of the superstitious, this Gaelic scholar perpetrated the cardinal sin of taking too close an interest in the elemental stratum of life. Probing into the supernatural was regarded unwise and the inquirer could disappear; if not bodily, at least in spirit.

Did this happen to Kirk? For according to Sir Walter Scott, the form of Kirk appeared to a relation after the ceremony of his seeming funeral and commanded him to go to his predecessor, the Rev Dr Grahame, and tell him he was not dead but a captive in fairyland. The spectral minister had apparently left his wife pregnant, and he told his relation that when the child was brought for baptism he would again appear, and a knife should be thrown over his head, which would restore him to society. However, "if this is neglected, I am lost forever".

On the appointed day all went well, as predicted, but his relation was so dumfounded that he failed to throw the knife, "and to society, Rev Kirk has not yet been restored."

That same fairy hill, Sith Branch, is still regarded a dangerous site. Fairy folk supposedly still hold feasts and mysterious lights have been seen hovering over it.

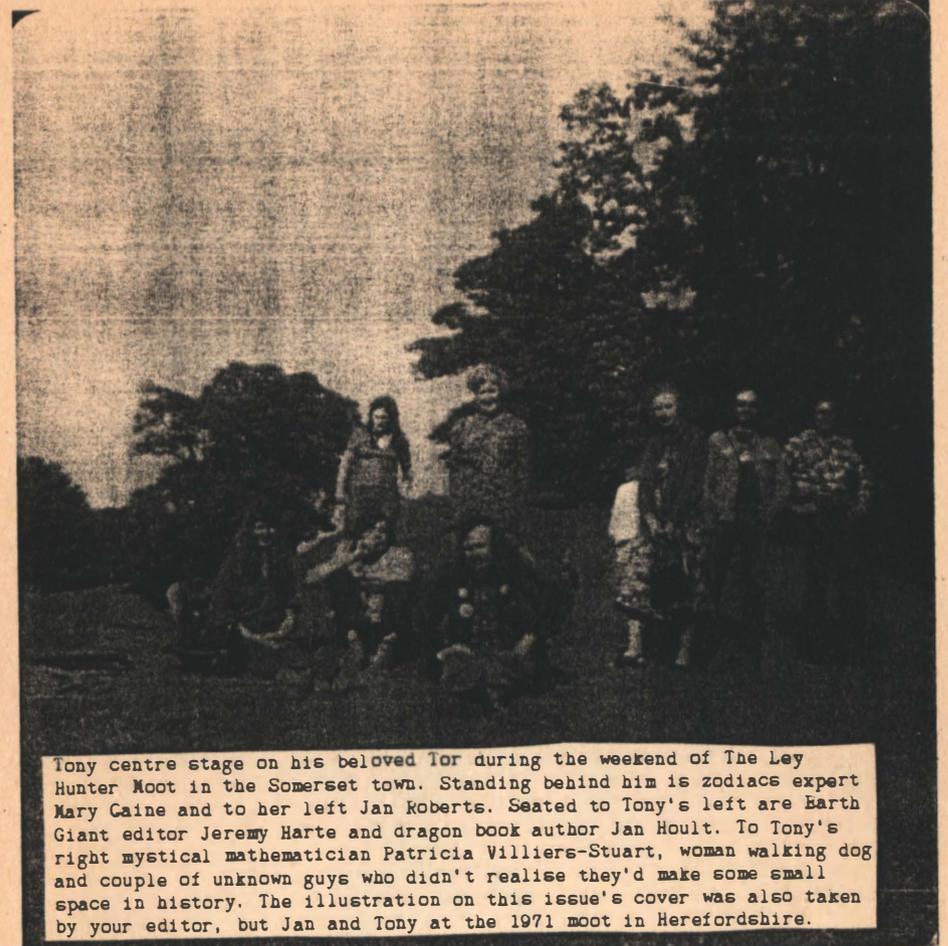
Kirk's book was published posthumously and revived in 1933 through the interest of Sir Walter Scott, who wrote in his "Demonology and Witchcraft" that Kirk's tomb could still be found at the east end of Aberfoyle church.

Anthony Roberts, the self-appointed guru geomant and guardian of Glastonbury, wrote about Kirk and at great length about the ultraterrestrial strain of fairyfolk (he swore he saw one in his own house). I understand he was planning a trip with others to magically invoke Kirk and hopefully rescue him from bondage within, as Scott put it, "the joyless Elfin bower." Roberts had also written a fiery pamphlet entitled "The Fairies Revenge" a few years ago.

On February 9 this year, Tony Roberts climbed Glastonbury Tor. For the last time. A major lunar eclipse was due. During the significant event Tony collapsed. His son, Michael, ran for help but to no avail.

That Tony died on his beloved Tor would seem poetical; that this geological misfit of geomorphological geography was choice may also be sinister. For this is where the Welsh saint Collen had his cell on the lower slopes, just as Tony had his home (not the "Dunrovin" of settled retirement, but the "Gondolin" of a wry-humoured recipient of the Welfare State).

Collen told two peasants he heard discussing Gwyn, king of the fairies, that these creatures were in reality demons and was subsequently summoned to the top of the hill. When he finally ventured into the palace there, he declined the traditional hospitality which would have trapped him, scattered holy water and created mayhem before the company of fairyland vanished. Gwyn was also lord of Annwn, a marshalling yard of departed souls related to Avalon, what Tony called



Tony centre stage on his beloved Tor during the weekend of The Ley Hunter Moot in the Somerset town. Standing behind him is zodiacs expert Mary Caine and to her left Jan Roberts. Seated to Tony's left are Earth Giant editor Jeremy Harte and dragon book author Jan Hoult. To Tony's right mystical mathematician Patricia Villiers-Stuart, woman walking dog and couple of unknown guys who didn't realise they'd make some small space in history. The illustration on this issue's cover was also taken by your editor, but Jan and Tony at the 1971 moot in Herefordshire.

"the metaphysical balance of Celtic mythology."

Tony has also been quoted as saying/writing: "I represent the elemental forces that structure the Avalonian Spiritual Matrix, and as such I am alchemically bonded to the power of the Tor."

That quote was selected for a denigratory and ill-natured rant from Valerie Remy (Pipes of Pan, No. 24, 1986). Its focus was Tony's proud anti-matriarchal feminist viewpoint and the diatribe which ended the lengthy attack (upon others also, including myself) ended ominously: "The Goddess will not be mocked! Unless they wake up soon to the folly of their ways then Roberts & Co., who are sowing the seeds of such a lot of negative karma, will reap a bitter harvest."

Prophecy fulfilled? Moon as Harsh Mistress? Adam's rib bone pointing: Or fairies revenge?

Or simply cardiac arrest? He'd suddenly swooned in a bookshop previously and his youngest son thought he had simply fainted on his way up the Tor. He was walking up a steep hill and carried between 18 and 20 stone in weight. Perhaps also his enjoyment of food in bulk and consumption of alcohol had not always been too wise. He looked a good candidate for British Heart Foundation concern.

Equally, any portrait of Tony cannot fail, in fairness, to mention the swings suggestive of some mental instability. As one of those ostracised by him for a period over what I believed a totally unintended slight, I know he had a dark side. Others suffered vitriolic letters.

Yet he could be a charming companion, particularly propping up the bar, and when in flow he was a great convivial conversationalist. I first met Tony and his charming and supportive wife Janet at the first The Ley Hunter moot at Hereford in 1971. He subsequently published my book "The Lambton Worm and other Northumbrian Dragon legends" in 1978 and we kept in regular touch. He took a keen interest in nurturing talent within the geomantic fraternity (though this writer has grave reservations regarding many for whom he was mentor).

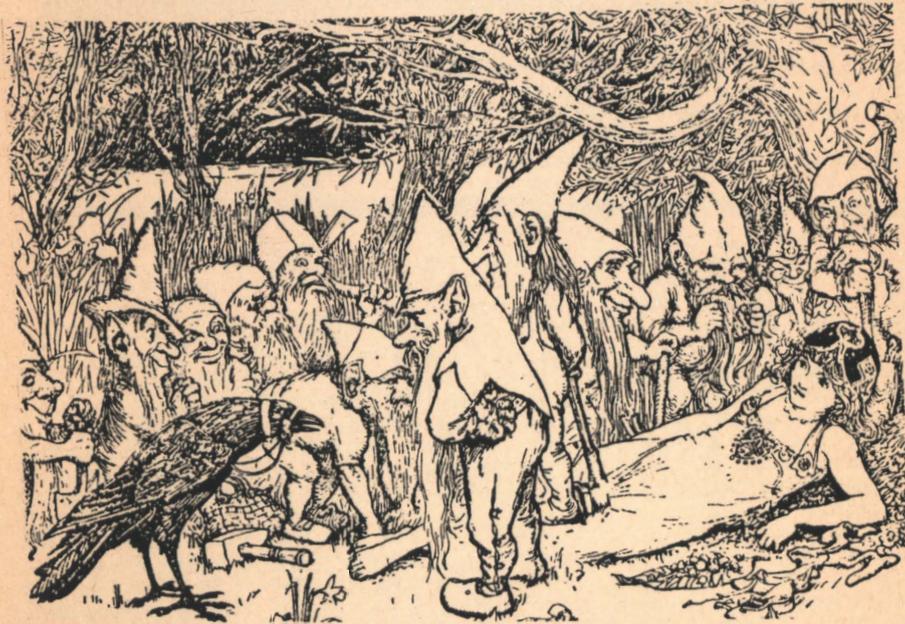
As a writer himself he was widely published in such journals as IT, The Ley Hunter, Mantra, The Atlantean, Torc, Arcana and Frendz. After much self-publication, under his Zodiac House imprint, his breakthrough came with Unicorn's publication of "Atlantean Traditions in Ancient Britain."

An anthology of articles on Glastonbury was edited by him and published in 1976; being republished by national publishers Rider in 1978. This company also published Tony's book on giants, "Sowers of Thunder", and his collaboration with Geoff Gilbertson, "The Dark Gods", which drew heavily on John Keel's approach to ufology.

Sadly his earlier work -- and large-scale work in progress -- may have been eclipsed (no pun intended) by the anti-matriarchal papers and "The Fairies Revenge", an obvious candidate for canonization by conspiratorialists of various hues. Tony liked to see himself as a mystical anarchist in the Blakean tradition. Unfortunately history is more likely to view him as a proud male bigot who lost his way.

I don't know at what stage the manuscript now stands, but some time ago Tony wrote to me saying "my magnum opus 'The Secret Commonwealth Revisited: A Geomythic look at Fairies' is now being finally 'polished' and it has a promised introduction from John Michell to help it on its way."

Were those Dark Gods influencing publishers' editors and have the fairies taken their revenge again?



This illustration is almost at the end of "The Fairies Revenge". Leering elementals ogle the girl while one of them's axe lies uncomfortably upon her private parts. Uncomfortably for her, uncomfortable, perhaps, for the reader. Those who thought Tony a misogynist would draw their own conclusions. And what of the crow, symbol of death? Some shadow of prophecy?

Jerusalem in Somerset

ANTHONY Roberts was a Glastonbury freak. First drawn there as a visitor in 1965 by its Arthurian associations, Tony died aged 49, while walking up Glastonbury Tor with his seven-year-old son on the afternoon of the recent eclipse of the moon. He had just finished what he thought of as the best of his many articles about the town which would turn, literally, into the New Jerusalem of Blake's hymn.

Tony said he had been thrown out of five schools; he survived art college to become a commercial artist. Sacked from his job, he worked in newspaper libraries, first on the old London Evening News and then — an improbable employee, with his long hair and mystical experiences — on The Times. After the move to Somerset, his wife Janet ran two Montessori schools, and he became an unofficial Guardian of Glastonbury.

He called himself an autodidact: "I ploughed my lonely furrow". Where others saw an intriguing myth, he saw a literal truth about prehistoric people with supernatural skills. For him, Glastonbury is part of a gigantic zodiac sculptured into the landscape by "spiritual engineering," a theory unlikely to commend itself to mainstream archaeology.

He was a human Hoover, sweeping up legend, fantasy and archaeological findings. Giant earthworks, ancient stories of dragons, modern tales of MIB (Men In Black) and the height of the tallest recorded Welshman (7 foot 7 inches) — he devoured them all. It came bubbling out again in three books, countless articles for small magazines and unstop-

pie conversation. His grander conclusions were not shared by Geoffrey Ashe, whose book on Arthur first drew Tony to Glastonbury, and whose house at the foot of the Tor was one of the last he passed. Both wrote at an early stage about Atlantis. To Ashe it was a wonderful legend, to Roberts it had actually sunk beneath the waves, leaving a vision of a lost paradise which could be created again on dry land. But they remained good neighbours.

With others in the small world of Glastonbury mystics, he was not always so tactful. "He had the character of a giant, but some thought him an ogre" said John Michell, the author of *The View Over Atlantis*, at Tony's funeral. Certainly the polemical works put out by Zodiac House, the Roberts's own imprint, "have been burned, torn up, even eaten," according to Tony's own blurb. But both Michell and Janet agreed that of late, several people who have met the wrong end of his eloquence were reminded.

His genuinely spiritual basis of his feeling for the countryside was undeniable. "To the mystic, the whole British Isles make up one huge, astral cathedral." That comes from *Sowers of Thunder*, his study of giants who linger on in legend and burial grounds. It is a wonderful collection of evidence.

Tony weighed 30 stones. Perhaps he will surface as a myth in future editions of his book — and this time there will be no burning, tearing or even eating of his pages.

Jonathan Sale

Anthony Roberts: born May 4, 1940; died February 9, 1990.



Anthony Roberts ... ploughed his lonely furrow

Selected bibliography:

- Atlantean Traditions in Ancient Britain, Unicorn, 1974.
- Glastonbury: Ancient Avalon: New Jerusalem, Zodiac House, 1976; Rider 1978.
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I COULD EAT YOU

EVER WONDERED WHAT MAY HAVE INSPIRED THE TRACK "LA FOLIE"? JEAN JACQUES BURNEL TOOK A REAL INCIDENT AND PROJECTED IT INTO THE SONG.

PAUL SCREETON FILLS IN THE BACKGROUND.

符形真

Issei Sagawa, the son of a successful Japanese businessman, was due to return from France to take up a post in the same company as his father. He had been in Paris studying the French literary influences on the Japanese Nobel prizewinning poet Yasunari Kawabata and completed his doctorate. He was a dutiful son who wrote long letters to his parents describing his life in Paris and sent his mother a toy woolly cat for her birthday. However, his fellow countrymen found him arrogant and chose to keep out of his way. No doubt this was because of his belief that he was intellectually superior to everyone around him and was not bound by normal moral laws.

In his early thirties, Sagawa considered himself physically ugly. He was thin, like an overgrown child, and resorted to prostitutes because he was rebuffed by the women in his circle.

Then he met a 25-year-old Dutch student, Renee Hartvelt. She was a serious girl, good looking, and he wrote her love letters.

Sagawa felt he was in love with Renee but she refused to have sexual intercourse with him. Though rejecting his advances, she took pity on him. When she accepted an invitation to tea in his flat, Sagawa again requested she become his mistress. Again she declined.

He had bought a .22 rifle because "Paris is so unsafe" and he used it to kill her. Sagawa then carved up her body in his apartment. During the process he recorded the event by taking 30 colour pictures. Following this he ate pieces of her flesh and placed other parts in his refrigerator.

Then he was ferried by taxi with his macabre luggage of dismembered limbs in two large new suitcases to the Bois de Boulogne, on the edge of the city. According to one account he dumped the cases, which he had wheeled on a porter's barrow, in bushes and fled. A second version states he rolled the cases down a bank of a lake, but instead of sinking to the bottom, they floated half-submerged.

Whichever way, they were discovered, the taxi driver led the police to Sagawa and not only bloodstains in his flat but the flesh he had been keeping in cold storage for later.

He is said to have told police he ate "the nicer parts" of Renee and, "I often wanted to eat the flesh of girls I was making love to... For a long time I have had a strange desire to eat a young girl."

Psychiatrists examined him and it emerged he admired English literature and "Macbeth" was his favourite play. His motives were probed and experts gave their opinions in newspapers, ranging from an attempt to escape from isolation to a psychotically literal interpretation of

such a lovers' expression as "you look so good I could eat you." Sagawa certainly in butchering parlance got his "tender" cuts.

As to his fate I cannot give an answer. Certainly public opinion in France at the time of this example of modern cannibalism was one of dismay and anger, with not a little xenophobia apparent. The Japanese Prime Minister was due to visit President Mitterand and the subject of imports imbalance was top of their agenda. The French president had ruled out capital punishment and it seemed a verdict too lenient to satisfy an angered French and Dutch public would be possible in France. Senator Edouard Bonnefous had even asked the Minister of Justice to arrange Sagawa's handing over to the Japanese authorities. One wonders what did follow from this state of affairs in June, 1981.

The case certainly attracted a great deal of interest among French criminologists and psychologists, while in Japan its wide Press coverage had led to editorials surmising the extent of added strain likely to be put on Japan's image in Western Europe. As we know, Jean-Jacques Burnel also took an interest in "la folie".

Since receiving this article we have made a number of enquiries with the French Embassy, French Consulate, and several press agencies in order to discover the subsequent fate of Sagawa. We have been told that the case has not yet come to trial and, because the matter is still sub judice, no further information is available.
Editor.

References: The Sun 17/6/81; Daily Telegraph 17/6/81; Observer 21/6/81.

The above article appeared in Strangled, Vol 2 No 10, (July, 1982) a bi-monthly enthuzine for fans of the rock band The Stranglers. The band's bass guitarist J J Burnel had written about Sagawa in the song "La Folie." According to a report in The Times (2/10/82), Sagawa "was mentally unbalanced at the time, according to a team of French psychiatrists. Their decision means that under French law Mr Sagawa cannot be tried for the crime." That's as may be, but I've been waiting for more news and a letter in The Independent Magazine (13/1/90) from John Rudge, of Harlington, Middlesex, challenges a previous letter that cannibalism has only ever been practised in cases of extreme hardship. He comments on the regulations about cannibalism for the Japanese army which were read out at the Tokyo War Crimes Trial in 1946 and subsequently refers to Sagawa "who was recently released from prison after serving nine years of his sentence for eating his Dutch girlfriend..." So presumably he did go to jail. Guess who's coming to dinner.....

PUNCH LINES

By Tony 'Doc' Shiels

Last November, I was the "guest of honour" at Invocational 89 -- a gathering of magicians, witches, psychics, shamans, and other assorted wonder-workers -- which took place at the Allerton Hotel, Chicago, Illinois, USA. One of the highlights of the opening ritual was a bizarre Punch and Judy show, complete with fire and brimstone. I was as pleased as the old villain himself with this wickedly weird version of the play, as was the rest of the (mainly American) audience. Later that day, to the same crowd, I gave a lecture which included some reminiscences of my days on the road as a travelling Punch and Judy showman. The response, I am bound to say, was enthusiastic and most gratifying.

Most Americans, although they may have read about Punch, are unfamiliar with the actual puppet show. Nevertheless, many of those expert occultists, in Chicago, picked up on the powerful shamanic symbolism of the ritual play. For example, we discussed the puppet as a "mommet" or "malin" in witchcraft; Punch as homunculus; animation of the inanimate; Punch as a Trickster figure; the Lord of Misrule; the phallic nose, hump, and slapstick; Punch as Pan; links with the Tarot; the Dionysian connections, etc. Invocational 89 was quite a Dionysian affair in itself, by the way. At some point in the proceedings, I mentioned Punch in connection with leys, and referred to John Masefield's story, The Box of Delights, which features a wandering Punch and Judy man named Cole Hawlings.

Masefield was acquainted with Alfred Watkins and The Old Straight Track. "Cole" is, of course, a "ley" name, and the name of that merry old soul with the three fiddlers. Sir Walter Scott believed that "Auld King Coul" was the father of Finn Mac Cool (Fionn Mac Cumhail), but I'm getting slightly off the old straight track. Cole, the shamanic swatchel omi (showman's cant for a Punch man), travels the pagan path in Masefield's enchanting tale. He carries a pack on his back and a staff to help him along, accompanied by his Toby Dog. An image reminiscent of the Tarot "Fool".

The highway or road is sometimes known as the "toby", a word derived from the Irish tinkers' Shelta word, "tobar", for road. "Toby" is also an old slang term for the female pudenda... and the phrase "a good lay" could possibly occur to those with one track minds. Slang etymologist Eric Partridge tells us that the word "punch" has sexual meanings, too. A "punch house" was a brothel, and "to punch" is "to deflower". As a verb, "punch" can also mean "to walk", so we are back on the road again.

One of my Chicago friends asked me if Punch had any connection with the hot, spiced alcoholic drink of the same name. I admitted that Mr Punch was known to be something of a boozier, but the beverage in the bowl -- supposed to contain five ingredients -- was originally called "pañch", a Hindi word, from the Sanskrit "pañca", meaning "five". This led us into a long and convoluted discussion about the occult significance of the number five. The official "Invocational" logo happensto be an inverted pentagram, containing a portrait of that popular character the goat of Mendes. Again, Punch was linked with Dionysus, satyrs, Pan and Puck. A Punch and Judy "bottier" (the outside man



Judith Masefield: Cole Hawlings, from *The Box of Delights*, 1935.



PUNCH AND JUDY WITH "BOTTLER"

-- his title from the Tarot "bataleur" -- who drums up a crowd and collects the cash), traditionally plays the panpipes. Old Punch is goatlike in many aspects. He's certainly horny.

Punch is a fairly common surname in Ireland, especially in Munster, the province of King Puck. The legendary Firbolgs -- see below -- remind me irresistibly of the goatish Puck.



Exp. DUNNAP.

Punch and Judy historian Robert Leach compares Punch with Robin Goodfellow and Robin Hood (expert wielder of the quarterstaff). I mention this only because of a rather strange experience in Chicago ...

Back in the early 1930s, during the Great Depression, the bank robber and folk hero John Dillinger was seen as a Robin Hood figure. Last November, my friend Tom Dwyer showed me the spot where John D. (as Dillinger was so often called) was shot down in 1934 by a team of FBI agents. This was just outside the old Biograph Theatre. A mysterious "lady in red" had been seen with John D., at the Biograph, just before he was blown away. Tom and I discussed the magic number five (it's one of Tom's obsessions), and the lady in red, as we sat in a bar -- the "Jury Room" -- directly facing the Biograph, on the opposite side of the street. A woman in a red dress came out of the theatre. Tom and I raised our glasses to her, smiling. Then another lady in red walked by, followed a minute later by another, and another ... and another. Five "ladies in red" by the Biograph. We waited for another half-hour or so, but no more scarlet-clad women appeared in the vicinity. then we drove back to my motel, on North Lincoln Avenue, keeping a careful watch for red dresses, but not a single one did we see. I am not claiming that this was any kind of profoundly mystical experience, but it was certainly an example of what surrealists call "magical circumstance". I remember wondering if John D. should be linked with John Dee, the Elizabethan alchemist.

Anyone familiar with The Box of Delights will appreciate the alchemical alliance of Dr John Dee, Ramon Lully, Arnold of Todi and Cole Hawlings.

On my last evening in Chicago, I saw a marvellous Punch and Judy show presented by Mr Jay Marshall. The Windy City is riddled with authentic surrelchemy, and Mr Punch is fully aware of the fact.

(c) Doc Shiels 1990



Punch and Judy and with Punch Bowl by G. Cruickshank.

SUN

PUPPETEER Bill Dane has updated his Punch and Judy show in Aberystwyth, West Wales, with Mr Organic Farmer and Mr Poll Tax.

SPOT

19/9/89

STAR

PUNCH and Judy man Bill Dane has updated his show at Aberystwyth, Dyfed, by introducing new characters -- Mr Organic Farmer and Mr Poll Tax Man.

SPOT

Texans cling to acorn of hope

(Guardian, 26/9/89)

Simon Tisdall in Washington

WHEN the great Treaty Oak tree in Austin, Texas, was poisoned during a secret ritual, the response of the local citizenry was prompt and unorthodox. While arboriculturalists scratched their heads over a cure, Austin mobilised to save this symbol of the Texan independence struggle.

They gave the tree vitamin pills and talismans. They grieved pictures of the Pope against its ancient trunk. Indians conducted dead-of-night pipe ceremonies beneath its branches.

The New Age people brought their crystals, while psychics invoked the healing energies of the universe. Some even proffered cans of chicken soup.

Now Austin must wait until next spring to see whether the Battle of Treaty Oak has been won or lost. It could be touch and go.

Stephen Fuller Austin, after whom Austin is named, signed a peace treaty with Indian tribes in its shade in 1824.

In March this year, the 500-year-old tree was doused with a powerful herbicide, Velpar. Some say the dastardly act was part of a ritual. The local chapter of Texan Druids forcefully denied Austin mobilised to do with it.

As the mystery deepened, Dupont, manufacturers of Velpar, offered a \$10,000 reward for information. A man was arrested and charged with felony.

But the damage was done. By May, Treaty Oak was visibly wilting. Enter John Geidraitis, Austin City Forester. Forming a task force of oak experts from around the country, Mr Geidraitis began a programme of emergency treatment.

What does the future hold for Treaty Oak? Mr Geidraitis is not hopeful. "We'll have to wait until the spring."

UFO BRIGANTIA. Journal of the Independent UFO Network. B. Six for £7; single issue £6. US \$20. Contact A. Roberts, 84 Elland, Road, Brighouse, West Yorks, HD6 2QR. No. 39. Mag's history; N. Wales abduction; new and logical explanation for retrieval stories; horror connection; Gulf Breeze; holographic hooliganism; shuttle crew see alien doubts. No. 41. Comprehensive editorial summing up current state of ufology. Articles on: UFOs as likely harbingers of doom; abductions as the dark side of human evolution; crop circles; Armageddon-influenced contactees; doubtful S. African crashed UFO; letters.



Remember in FF 4 we told you about THE MAN WHO ATE A DOMINO -- well we wonder if he read this joke in the Daily Mirror (21/3/90).

"We don't have black puddin' - he's just eaten the dominos!"

MYSTERY HILL



FROM the outside it looks like the last place you would expect to find treasure.

For relics valuable in an archaeological sense lie within an old barn in South-East Durham.

The dark interior of an out-building overlooking the North Sea contains mysterious carvings of baffling antiquity and purpose.

There are strangely-shaped human heads, a scene of someone bathing and one which is robustly sexual in nature.

How they came to be carved, by whom, at what age and why they have been affixed to the walls are all puzzles.

By Paul Screeton

Being hidden and so little known has meant no professional or academic opinion has been sought. A dozen possibilities for their presence and meaning could be given.

Stunning, striking, startline, strange. Adjectives fail to fully capture the magical quality, sheer oddness and captivating quaintness of these carvings plastered into the weatherworn walls of this humble cattle barn.

The archway'd building adjoins Mickle Hill Farm, a home-stead overlooking Blackhall Rocks in County Durham.

Amateur historian Reg Wright mentions the carvings in his book "Blackhall Rocks in the Parish of Monk Hesleden," published in 1985. There is a picture taken outside the barn in 1984 and another of some of the carvings.

Reg wrote: "They could be scenes from Norse mythology, crosses, heads and some fertility

scenes, although no expert opinions have been as yet passed on them. They are probably medieval or early medieval. There are 19 in all and well worth seeing."

Well worth seeing indeed!

I had to squeeze past a large item of mechanical farming machinery to enter the empty barn. Even with the aid of a lamp, not all the carvings could be made out with clarity, several being very high up on the walls out of safe distance of reaching them.

I was shown them through the kind hospitality of Tom and Jenny.

They expressed bafflement at the identity of the carvings, their purpose and age, just stating that they had been there for as long as anyone could remember.

The large numbers of human heads cut off at the neck is suggestive of Celtic influence. The head cult was central to the fierce warrior Celts' worldview

and there is evidence that it still exerts a baleful influence in certain areas of the Pennines and perhaps also the Tyne Valley.

A particularly large head has a Norse look to it, though it also could be said to resemble the contemporary pop idol George Michael! (By coincidence Mickle seems a derivation from Michael, a dragon-slaying saint of somewhat pagan features. Mickle - Michael - George Michael?).

Below this is what could be a Christian design. It looks like a broken representation of the Crucifixion.

Another block shows what appears to be someone washing, kneeling before a dish. Reg Wright thought this to be a Greek-style motif.

Too high for me to see it, was what Reg says is a crudely pornographic depiction.

There are also people's initials which are probably recent additions.

There is a puzzling seeming mixture of paganism and Christianity, perhaps a Gnostic strain of the latter. Was the barn used at some period as a place of worship by some sect difficult to identify?

Also where did the stones come from?

One clue is that they all seem to be made from the same grey stone. I'm no geologist, so could not name the composition of the rock, but have seen two boulders of the same type along the Hart Station to Haswell walkway. They are quite probably a type of glacial erratic stone not native to the region.

I doubt there is a mundane explanation to these strange figures, for no single aspect seems to be simple.

Mickle Hill really is a mystery hill.



NEWSLINES

AT Wincanton (Somerset), PC Bob Woods sprang into action on his country beat, when he saw a white Collie dog in a field alongside sheep. He concluded that the dog was a sheep warden and told the Control Room that he was dealing with it. The dog was brought to Wincanton police station and a note was left asking that the owner be reported for sheep worrying. The following day, the very irate wife of a local farmer rang to say that her dog had been stolen from a field, where it had been sleeping with the sheep. This, I am told, is an old country trick to keep foxes away when ewes are lambing.

When does an urban/rural legend sound like a legend but seems not to be such -- despite two seeming cases? Let's look at a clipping from Police magazine for May/June 1988. This Dogberry column piece was followed up in the Daily Star (27/6/89) and News of the World (2/7/89). So far so good, names and addresses, dog was Tessa, comment from police superintendent. Yet, yet?? What of a Peter Tory piece from his halcyon days as premier tabloid diarist of the American kind (D. Star, 24/3/86). Are there antecedents to this one -- it still sounds all too familiar as an apocryphal tale.

FARMERS worried about their new born lambs should take heart. Not all townies ride roughshod over their land ignoring the Country Code.

In fact, I have it on good authority that one upright citizen wandering through the Cotswolds near the Gloucestershire village of Blockley spotted a fierce looking dog chasing sheep.

Showing great presence of mind and extraordinary speed, the City gent sprinted after the astonished animal and managed to catch it.

A few minutes later he proudly handed over the still surprised beast over to the local constabulary.

The village constable, PC Kim Butcher, not wishing to belittle the gentleman's valiant efforts, broke the news to him gently.

Chase

"You see, sir, it's like this," he began.

"In the countryside there are some dogs which are trained to chase after sheep.

"They are called sheep dogs. And this sir, is one of the aforementioned."



"He's harmless as long as you don't go anywhere near his teeth."

Not folklore -- but funny. I just thought you'd like this contribution to Police for February 1989.

N KIDDERMINSTER. CID officers decided to carry out a drugs raid on a house at 6am. From previous bitter experience, PC 'Luther' Blissett knew that the suspect's huge and vicious Rotweiler would pose a few problems. So he visited the canteen fridge and purloined a string of raw sausages. When the team burst into the bedroom, suspect was sound asleep but his wife, stark naked, burst from the covers and grabbed the snarling dog by its collar, pointed at the officers and shouted "Kill!" Luckily, she did not let go. 'Luther' Blissett sprang in-

to action, tossed a sausage towards the dog, missed, and it struck the wife in the face. Enraged, she flung it back. The officer threw another one. The dog, restrained by the wife's grip, kept jumping up and snapping, just failing to intercept the tasty morsels. "Stop throwing sausages at me, you pervert!" screamed the wife. At last, the din aroused the suspect from his drug-laden slumber. He could not believe his eyes to see sausages flying backwards and forwards over his head, the dog leaping into the air, and his naked wife getting more and more infuriated. At length, the arrest was made, the dog ate the sausages, the wife calmed down, and the early shift had a less substantial breakfast.

PINEAPPLE CHUNKS. The downfall of Panama's feared strongman, Manuel Noriega, has led to many rumours. For instance among the lurid and unquantifiable stories is one that Pineapple Face (he also had the nickname Kermit the Frog) would have his henchmen tip rocks on protesters from helicopters. Also detainees in Panama city's Modelo Prison would suffer torture and homosexual gang rape with Coca Cola bottles, metal bars and sticks. Here also the general himself would turn up to pop the eyeballs of political prisoners. Then there's the tray of dried testicles he was said to keep. Load of old balls? (Telegraph Weekend Magazine (17/2/90)). Meanwhile America's \$300m Stealth bomber allegedly made its first flight over Panama -- and missed Noriega's HQ and bombed a field. If that wasn't daft enough, Today (27/1/89) said Washington was planning to use witchcraft to find Noriega. Supposedly a black magic expert was flown to Panama after voodoo equipment was found in the presidential palace.

WAR RUMOURS. Periods of tension such as that above are catalysts for rumour-mongering. In real wars, rumours are deliberately concocted, a case of where you should be able to determine the original source, so rare in such subject matter. Apparently (Independent Magazine, 10/2/90) those from WWII are all now meticulously listed in the Public Records office at Kew, where the documents in some cases track the introduced lie from invention to headline. During the war a committee met at Woburn Abbey to decide upon 40 to 50 rumours to dispense around the world the following week. However, one in particular had to be withdrawn. In lie Number 949/A it was suggested that "Mussolini's behaviour towards his nurses has got so passionate that they have had to change over to male attendants". The Foreign Office, in a "most secret" memo forbidding its dissemination, said that "Mussolini's amativeness is a general source of admiration among his compatriots, whose standards are not Northern European. This rumour will restore his prestige." Mmm.

DEVIL CARS. After devil dogs, devil cars. Take Peter Stock with registration E666NDE. Birds flew into the windscreen 22 times (did he keep a diary?), he almost crashed with another 666 reg car while listening to a Dracula tape and a crazed fox ran straight at his Montego (D Star, 9/2/90). Or Jason Brittle, whose Escort OCS666X had an engine which blew up for no apparent reason, brakes failed and a crack appeared in the windscreen while the car was stationary. Jason had watched a BBC-2 Arena programme about numbers, including superstitions surrounding 666, before the crash which shattered his legs and he needed 20 stitches in his face (Sun, 22/1/90). Subsequently, car licensing chiefs have decided to scrap 666 from registration plates according to the Sun (3/1/90) -- unless you know differently.

BOOK REVIEWS

EARTH LIGHTS REVELATION by PAUL DEVEREUX with DAVID CLARKE, ANDY ROBERTS and PAUL MCCARTNEY (Blandford Press, £14.95).

The first UFO I ever saw may well have been an earth light. It was a daylight disc; looked solid enough and swung in an arc over a mound at Redmire, in Wensleydale, below the brooding mass of Penhill.

Even a subsequent pair of daylight cigar-shaped aeriforms could conform to one of Devereux's types of daytime shapes.

Similarly, the earthlights hypothesis presents a *raison d'être* for remarrying all those LITS (lights in the sky) of ufology into an earth energy context. Thus thousands, maybe millions, of sightings require reclassification. Devereux's second book on this topic, here he investigates further a remarkable form of light energy whose location is associated with specific types of landscape. It is a geophysical phenomenon, emanating from processes deep in the Earth; not aerial and meteorological, nor extraterrestrial.

Having described similar but different phenomena, Devereux traces the subject matter historically and geographically, with much emphasis on the Penning Chain. He devotes a full chapter to US spotlights and places Kenneth Arnold's 1947 classic "flying saucers" sighting into a new perspective. Lights worldwide are given, including Glastonbury Tor, where it is not mentioned here but according to hippie lore, here a UFO hovered at the same time the first earthman landed on the Moon.

Laboratory investigations are described and there is plenty of fresh scientifically-based research.

Building on the original hypothesis as presented in "Earthlights", Devereux and colleagues provide an irrefutable case for the existence of the lights and support it with remarkable photographs (40 colour and 22 line drawings). For those able to look at the thesis with an open mind, it should shine like a beacon of sanity.

However, the concluding chapter allows for a UFO interface to be examined. Devereux looks at how reports of structured craft, humanoids and abduction experiences require caution. However, this does not mean that packets of exotic energy cannot interact with witnesses to create illusions or fields of enchantment. Following this, the poltergeist connection reminded me of my interview with the Robson lads of Hexham Heads fame, whose house had such phenomena and additionally they reported a glowing flower and light in the garden.

Whatever, there seems a bona fide reason for speculating that earthlights phenomena exhibit a degree of intelligence. Lights could be some form of life; perhaps even being spirits.

FRONTIERS OF REALITY by HILARY EVANS (Aquarian, £14.95) and **ALTERNATE STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS** by HILARY EVANS (Aquarian, £6.99)

Both these books seek to understand the boundaries between the real and unreal. "Frontiers" is presented by top paranormal expert Evans, along with contributions from other specialists in their fields as state of the art research into where we now stand with regard to matter difficult to explain.

This is where science seeks to comprehend the paranormal. It begins with the Eighties favourite of earth lights and associated luminous phenomena. The second section examines healing, BVM, biofeedback, hypnosis, yoga, forces of the human body and life review experiences. Part three discusses encounters with otherworldly beings from UFO abductions, BVM again, possession and exorcism, close encounters, psychology, contactees' messages, invasion scare rumour and near-death experiences.

It is a thoughtful book for all its outward similarity to cheap exploitative coffee-table tomes (thankfully more akin to the excellent *The Unexplained* compilations), a full-colour guide to important areas in the quicksands of the paranormal.

"Alternate States" covers plenty of shared ground, and Evans says he wrote his study basically to sort out in his own mind just what is meant by alternate (a term preferred to "altered") states of consciousness. His conclusions are a tribute to a keen and ordered mind, expanding to a sensible overview. Most paragraphs could create a separate book, the study being so vast and wide; highway hypnosis as phantom hitch-hiker trigger or "kayak/snow sickness" as adjunct to eskimo shaman experience. Add both to your library.

THE ANCIENT STONES OF WALES by CHRIS BARBER and JOHN GODFREY WILLIAMS
(Blorenge Books, 3 Holywell Road, Abergavenny, Gwent. £7.99)

When I discovered leys two decades ago, solicitor John G. Williams had spent a lifetime photographing and documenting the megaliths of Wales. He was particularly interested in Arthurian name connections, a solely prehistoric alternative to leys he called SCEMB lines and a novel belief that quartz in the stones caused "fogging" on occasions to photographs.

It seemed as though this prodigious effort could all have been in vain, lost or left to gather dust, unpublished. However, a large-format paperback ensures its availability. Author Chris Barber has combined with Williams to produce a splendid record of Welsh megaliths; the most complete photographic collection to appear in any book. These give the reader some idea of their appearance and an aid to identification.

The stones are classified into three main groups -- stone circles, standing stones and dolmens -- and described in brief detail with map references. From their independent researches has been compiled a gazetteer of all acknowledged prehistoric stone monuments in Wales. It is to archaeology's shame that it has taken two unpaid amateurs to provide this essential and delightful book.

Other chapters discuss SCEMB lines (Alfred Watkins is unfairly unbraided here), special individual sites, markings on stones, Arthur, site legends, site continuity, destruction, preservation, quartz, dowsing and photographic anomalies. It ends with a gazetteer of 379 sites, SCEMB line examples and glossary. Magnificent!

PRACTICAL MAGIC IN THE NORTHERN TRADITION by NIGEL PENNICK
(Aquarian Press, £7.99)

Back to basics; to British roots. It never ceases to amaze me the number of different Far Eastern martial arts societies a town the size of Hartlepool (100,000) boasts -- people steeping themselves in a totally alien culture, when a few miles away lies a barn with walls covered in figures with fierce Nordic features and a truly magic spirit.

Even the Western Mystery Tradition so attractive to Britons of some sensitivity is a magical strain influenced by and containing much Egyptian and Judaeo-Christian mythology. The Northern Tradition is the purer tradition, an amalgam of Norse, Baltic, Germanic, Celtic and some pagan Graeco-Roman elements. Purer and, Pennick advises, more appropriate to the climate, culture and peoples of northern Europe.

From this basis, Pennick urges we follow the festivals and customs of tradition and by so doing attune ourselves to the natural cycles of the seasons and harmonise more completely with both nature and fellow mankind. His paperback original is a comprehensive examination of this spiritual and magical path; covering special days, lore of stones, crystals, trees, leys, subterranea, exercise techniques, runelore,

number magic, ceremonial clothing and equipment, protective and divinatory methods, ceremonies and rituals, plus glossaries and selected bibliography.

YORKSHIRE HOLY WELLS AND SACRED SPRINGS by EDNA WHELAN and IAN TAYLOR
(Northern Lights, PO Box 113, Dunnington, York, YO1 5JW (£2.95))

It is always a pleasure to come across an unexpected well. An ancient and well-kept example I just had to sample and photograph was a North Queensferry, overshadowed by the girders of the Forth railway bridge.

Too often, however, wells and springs are forgotten, neglected or become repositories for shopping trolleys. Water worship today means throwing it over the family car as a Sunday morning ritual.

Sadly the publication of this volume coincides with the demise of the magazine "Source" -- run by tavenologist and Deltic locomotives buff Mark Valentine -- in whose pages much of the text and line drawings were serialised.

With full-colour cover, the booklet describes more than 80 surviving holy wells and sacred springs in Yorkshire. Edna must be a sprightly 69 to have managed so much, along with enthusiast and publisher Ian Taylor. Each site is fully described, many illustrated and several have line-drawn maps for easier discovery. The text covers well lore and legends; ghosts and goddesses at wells; traditions of healing and prophecy; their plight today; lost and saved sites; importance to the community and how you can help. Excellent value and most stimulating. My only regret was that it ignores my favourite, the Dropping Well, Knaresborough.

** Also available from the above address at £3.50 is STRANGE POCKLINGTON by IAN TAYLOR, based on his ALL SAINTS' LEY HUNT with a little new material and now part of the ASSAP Project Albion series (see FF4, p14).

HAUNTED CHURCHES OF ENGLAND: GHOSTS ANCIENT AND MODERN by GRAHAM J. McEWAN (Robert Hale, £10.95)

A quick first glance suggested two important factors for me: the author is not blinkered nor one to ignore debunking.

McEwan invokes Paul Devereux's earthlights theory as possible answer to the glow in the Methodist chapel at Bossiney, Cornwall, though asking why the light should appear the very night when legend said it would. This begs the question -- did they look for it any other night?

He also writes of a church in Torquay, Devon, reputedly haunted by a phantom organist. He willingly records how in the 1970s, the incumbent produced a down to earth explanation that at the time of the story's genesis, there was an almost blind parish clerk who used to play the organ for his own amusement without bothering to put on any lights.

Also in Devon, there is a possible "past life" experience described at Frithelstock Priory, of particular interest to E.M. researchers as it was written by Mrs Barbara Carbonnel, folklorist and the person who instigated Alfred Watkins to form the Straight Track Club.

In York, McEwan dwells at length on the apparitions of Holy Trinity, Micklegate, a church unlike others in my favourite city which I have always shunned. Some churches feel warm, vibrant and inviting, other such as this decidedly spooky and to be unwelcoming.

I guess the latter feelings and our innate superstitions make such books as this required reading. Perhaps they help us exorcise baleful leanings.

McEwan records all manner of types of spirit associated with religious establishments. The book is set up by region and contains many hitherto unreported hauntings. Written interestingly, it has many black and white pictures.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GHOSTS by DANIEL COHEN (Michael O'Mara Books, £11.95)

WE may not readily admit it, but probably all of us have a morbid fascination with ghosts. Since man could think, we have been ancestor worshippers of a sort. We take funerals very seriously and most have a nervousness about being out in the dark far from habitation. This book brings together a great amount of information on ghosts and associated phenomena in one handy volume, which is also set out as a reference book for easy access. There are accounts of haunted places and haunters themselves. It also covers poltergeists, ranging from that which plagued the family of Methodism founder John Wesley. There are corpses offering prophecy, phantom faces, screaming skulls, moving coffins, and right up to date a dismissal of the Amityville Horror as a profitable hoax and phantom hitch-hiker tales as a vibrant strand of urban belief tale. Altogether a sensible look at a paranormal phenomenon.

FIRE BURN by KEN RADFORD

(Michael O'Mara Books Ltd., 20 Queen Anne St, London W1E 9FB, £11.95)

By a fortuitous coincidence, this book on true tales of witchcraft arrived as my son had a GCSE assignment to write on the Witches of Salem. My daughter, who likes anything spooky and supernatural then spirited it away to her bedroom to read.

Finally I was able to read this collection of tales of witchery from around the world. The tales are gathered from state or county archives or have been coaxed from the memories of those who recall characters and incidents related by older members of their families.

Many tales reflect the customs and a way of life now long past, but some are as recent as the 1940s. Each is told in a straightforward way and would suit any age from 11 or so upwards.

I was pleased there were so many examples from North-East England, an area where covens are common and, of course, perhaps the Cleveland child abuse crisis was primed to occur in such a psychic climate. I was particularly pleased to read a new telling of Mother Shipton, but her name was Sonthell, not Southell (there are other spelling mistakes).

Farther afield there are African withdoctors, the Demons of Loudun and many cases from Wales and Scotland. All in all a good read.

LINES ON THE LANDSCAPE by NIGEL PENNICK & PAUL DEVEREUX
(Robert Hale, £15.95)

If you thought landscape alignments began and ended with leys then you'd be very much mistaken. Prehistoric surveyors were sighting over long distances and alignments between sites were a major concern of archaic peoples. There is clear physical evidence but the purpose remains a mystery. The authors here set out to establish once and for all the linear reality.

In addition to Alfred Watkins' old straight track, they discuss cursus monuments, long mounds, stone rows, avenues and boundaries such as Dartmoor's "terrain-oblivious" reaves.

More staggering erudition is displayed in the chapter on other lines in Britain and Europe throughout various ages, culminating in Milton Keynes' Midsummer Boulevard.

The following chapter takes in the remainder of our planet, including Nazca and Inca lines, feng-shui and modern Canberra.

Chapter five resumes the history of ley hunting given in greater detail up to World War II in chapter one. It reveals how the underground press was a catalyst and The Ley Hunter became a focus as a forum for debate. New avenues being considered were accuracy and statistics, holy hill alignments, York's corridor of sanctuary and site continuity. There is also serious consideration of the notion that some or all leys can be dowsed and that the lines form an energy network. Devereux claims "no dowser has yet published double-blind tests to confirm this". Of course, Americans have planetary power grids and a perception of "leylines" which puts them in a separate culture.

In the final chapter the authors speculate on the purpose of alignments. Strong possibilities are used for the transmission of the king's spirit, for the spirits of the landscape and, possibly, for externalized human consciousness (Dan Butcher long ago proposed COBEEs on leys and my wife once saw "herself" cross a stile ahead of her).

The subject evokes strong responses and is still in its infancy. Archaic tracks are the ancient heart of Albion and well worth study.

THE ELEMENTS OF ... SHAMANISM by NEVILL DRURY: NATURAL MAGIC by MARIAN GREEN; THE CELTIC TRADITION by CAITLIN MATTHEWS; PENDULUM DOWSING by TOM GRAVES (Element Books, £4.95 each)

Asking Drury to write this book must have been akin to commissioning Hugh Trevor Roper to pen a tome on Adolf Hitler's handwriting. Historian Lord Dacre has weathered his hoax diaries endorsement embarrassment, but Drury still clings to a Carlos Casteneda fetish, though hardly the raving apostleship of "Don Juan, Mescalito and Modern Magic". That said, Drury is sufficiently knowledgeable on his subject and keen to promote urban shamanism. The book explores the functions of the shaman, where he exists, his rituals and practices, how such static societies are relevant to the modern world. It is about alternative states, sacred plants and what medicine men themselves say. There is also an analysis of sorts on the Casteneda and Lynn V. Andrews controversies.

Quest magazine editor Marian Green is a true expert and her slim volume introduces such topics as herbs, plants and tree lore, sacred waters, candle magic, gods and elemental beings, and the cycles and feasts of the seasons.

Caitlin Matthews captures the spirit and mythology of the gifted but cruel Celts -- head cult prototypes of our soccer hooligans.

Tom Graves' name is synonymous with guides to teaching dowsing and this work represents a clearly-defined and simple-to-follow manual to the practice of pendulum dowsing.

There are two A to Zs to recommend. ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF THE UNEXPLAINED, edited by RICHARD CAVENDISH, covers such subjects as parapsychology, magic, the occult and paranormal with over 450 entries and many illustrations (Arkana, £12.99). THE ARKANA DICTIONARY OF NEW PERSPECTIVES, by STUART HOLROYD, covers modern esoteric thought and will prove valuable either for dipping into or as reference work into aspects of New Age ideas; each of seven sections being bi-directional, i.e. science and pseudo-science, psychology with parapsychology -- but what a shambles is the entry on "ley lines" (£5.99).

George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff believed mankind's evolution came from spiritual growth. Talks and lectures on this theme are given in VIEWS FROM THE REAL WORLD (Arkana, £5.99). Not an easy philosopher, GURDJIEFF - AN APPROACH TO HIS IDEAS, by MICHEL WALDBERG, is a critical examination of his teachings and ideas (Arkana, £5.99). A man closely connected with Gurdjieff is P.D. OUSPENSKY, whose A NEW MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE has been reissued, covering a vast range of subjects with the common theme of the nature and meaning of existence (Arkana, £7.99).

Prophecy remains as popular as ever and a collection of essays edited by ANNABELLA KITSON is HISTORY AND ASTROLOGY, where contributions by historians, astrologers, classicists, philosophers and a poet cover all main genres, mundane, hoary, electional, medical and natal (Mandaia, £8.99). In PSYCHOLOGICAL ASTROLOGY, KAREN HAMAKER-ZONTAG explores in depth the striking correspondence between Jung's theory of psychological types and the traditional astrological elements, revealing the horoscope as an accurate picture of our psychic structure and a key to self-knowledge and personal growth (Aquarian, £6.99).

Two books those interested in Buddhism will want are THE HISTORICAL BUDDHA, by H.W. SCHUMANN, a comprehensive biography which examines the social, religious and political conditions which gave rise to Buddhism as we know it (Arkana, £5.99) while DZOGCHEN: THE SELF-PERFECTED STAT, by NAMKHAÏ WORBU, explains the concept of "Great Perfection" fundamental

to the tradition of Tibetan Buddhism (Arkana, £4.99). As for Islam, REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON provides in THE MYSTICS OF ISLAM an easy approach to the study of Islamic mysticism, describing some of the principles, methods and characteristic features of the inner life as it has been lived by Moslems from the eighth century onwards (Arkana, £5.99).

Despite his name sounding like some mediaeval alchemist, JOHANNES FABRICIUS is a modern Danish psychoanalyst whose extensive research has resulted in a large-size account of ALCHEMY, with a wealth of rare pictures tracing the achievements of this secret body of workers and their system of rituals and symbols, doctrines and procedures. (Aquarian, £14.95).

Doyen of the subject, TOM GRAVES presents with plenty of diagrams and lucid commentary a step-by-step guide to learning the art of the diviner. THE DOWSER'S WORKBOOK contains over 100 practical exercises which cover everything from making simple dowsing tools to more advanced routines, genuine targets to locate and an ultimate test of dowsing skills. (Aquarian, £7.99).

Anyone interested in mythology or the Matter of Britain will welcome ARTHUR AND THE SOVERIGNTY OF BRITAIN, in which Caitlin Matthews concludes her study on King and goddess in The Mabinogion, a work rich in legend and magic of the Celtic Otherworld (Arkana, £6.99).

A friend had a heart attack while changing a wheel on a remote road. The pain was so great that when he saw a light, warmth and beckoning hands he wanted to die - but his wife implored him to hold on. I believe his account and there are thousands similar to it. THE RETURN FROM SILENCE is a comprehensive, up-to-date examination of what medicine, psychology and medicine are learning from the near-death experience. D. SCOTT ROGO looks at the evidence for NDEs throughout history and reports many first-hand accounts. Stimulating (Aquarian, £6.99).

A recent French murder hunt took the well-known Cinderella motif and a designer shoe finally trapped the killer. Variations have been around since 9th century China. In THE CINDERELLA STORY, folklore expert Neil Philip traces the occurrence of the Cinderella story in many different times and cultures up to 20th century USA. Twenty versions are chosen, covering all continents (Penguin, £6.99).

His interest in the Cottingley Fairies drew attention to Sherlock Holmes' creator as a talented psychic investigator, and KELVIN JONES, in COMAN DOYLE AND THE SPIRITS provides the first serious assessment of the author's interest in spiritualism (Aquarian, £8.99).

Healing is only incidental to the brief of this magazine so I give little more than name-checks here. First seven all published by Crucible: self-explanatory SELF-THERAPY by JANETTE RAINWATER (£5.99); HOW TO MEDITATE by LAWRENCE LeSHAN (£4.99) and Buddhist techniques of THE DYNAMIC WAY OF MEDITATION by DHIRAVAMSA (£5.99); develop intuition with PHILIP GOLDBERG and THE INTUITIVE EDGE (£5.99); cope with crises using EMOTIONAL FIRST AID by SEAN HALDANE (£5.99); improve sexuality the JULIE HENDERSON way with THE LOVER WITHIN (£5.99); Pierro FERRUCCI teaches visions and techniques of psychosynthesis in WHAT MAY BE (£6.99). That buzzword reappear in Psychosynthesis in Evolutionary Contact as the subtitle to A PSYCHOLOGY WITH A SOUL by therapist JEAN HARDY (Arkana, £5.99); while the subtitle of A Guide to Successful Relationships tells it as well as BEING INTIMATE, by JOHN AMODEO and KRIS WENTWORTH (Arkana, 35.99); whereas ALIX PIRANI draws on the myth of Perseus and Danae to reveal the effects of the absence of good fathering and seek a creative resolution in THE ABSENT FATHER (Arkana, £6.99).



MAGAZINES REVIEWS

NORTHERN EARTH MYSTERIES. Journal of the Northern Earth Mysteries Group. Single copy £1.15; 3 for £2.95. Cheques to Northern Earth Mysteries - new editorial address: 40b Welby Place, Meersbrook Park, Sheffield, Sheffield, S8 9DB. No. 40. J.K. Ebbutt sprawls on about hill figure giants unaware of ley theses by Alfred Watkins (and latterly by Nigel Pennick and Michael Behrend) on Cambridgeshire and schoolteacher F.R. Watts on Oxfordshire and relying on Ian Taylor for Yorkshire; Paul Screeton offers conspiracy buffs data suggestive of a secret order within the Church of England right on his own doorstep; computer use to aid astroarchaeology; tenth anniversary gathering at Pateley Bridge report, including discovery of cup & ring marks; book reviews; ten years ago retrospective. No. 41. Usual features plus N.E.M. 89 report and Bob Trubshaw on Hallaton hare pie scramble folklore event.

MERCIAN MYSTERIES. Mag for EM in the Midlands. Q. £5 for 4 issues; single copy £1.50. Cheques to Paul Mix, 12 Cromer Road, St Ann's, Nottingham, NG3 3LF. No. 1. Worthy first issue with Clive Potter on a Watkins contemporary, Frank Strongarm, doing pioneering work in Leicestershire; advice on dowsing; group's first meeting and field trip; plus notes on Nottingham's ancient crosses and a Leicestershire holy well; Abbot's Bromley horndance.

AMSKAYA. Journal of the STAR Fellowship. £2 for 4 issues. Cheques to J. Goddard, 25 Albert Road, Addestone, Weybridge, Surrey, KT15 2PX. No. 15. Surrey tree clumps (repeated in TOUCHSTONE); reprint of part of a piece by Tony Wedd on "Uri Geller and the Space People" (cont. 16) links two bits of Silpho Moor Disc lore I have passed on which suggest that along the line I mistakenly separated the two, and that really "it just sat around dustily in the basement of a Scarborough solicitor until someone spotted it as a useful piece of scrap copper and flogged it on the quiet". No. 16. Report on Welsh conference of the Open University Graduates' Research into Anomalous Phenomena; ufonaut types.

TOUCHSTONE. Mag of Surrey Earth Mysteries Group. (Cost and address as AMSKAYA). No. 23. Report on 1989 T.L.H. Moot; editor's holiday and balloon trip discoveries; notes and news.

THE LEY HUNTER. Senior EM mag. 4 issues £6; US \$15. New address - P.O. Box 92, Penzance, Cornwall, TR18 2LX. No. 109. Articles on such subjects as a Hampshire ring landscape calendar; absolutely straight deathroads of Holland; Nigel Pennick on Zurich alignments; Moot '89 report; in his column Paul Screeton deplures white witches' insensitivity over a Channel Tunnel rail link ritual; Ralph Noyes reviews the crop of cornfield circle books; more books and thorough trashing of one where Monica Sjoos blames her son's road death on "patriarchal technology", forgetting Boadicea's chariots scything men's legs at the knees; letters. Also includes TLH Supplement, edited by Brian Larkman, with hideous illustrations by Monica Sjoos. No. 110. New light on Silbury Hill; future of Dragon Project; confrontation in Borneo; Paul Screeton on issue 1 of current TLH series; usual features.

NORTHERN UFO NEWS. £5 for 5 from 37 Heathbank Road, Cheadle Heath, Stockport, Cheshire, SK3 0UP. No. 137. Defence and UFOs. No. 138. US ufology; corn circles; Tornado jet attacks over Blackpool?. No. 139. ? No. 140. Editorial call to abandon quest for the cover-up. Issues cover media matters; articles elsewhere; UFO cases.

MAGAZINES UPDATE:::::
(for addresses see later)
TOUCHSTONE. No. 24. Northern Moot 1989; EM seminar; field trip; ancient Surrey.
AMSKAYA. No. 17. Tony Wedd on Geller; notes and news including FF reference.



TRADE-MARK
FRAME FOOD DIET
for INFANTS, INVALIDS, & EVERYBODY.

PENDRAGON. Journal of the Pendragon Society. 4 issues inc. society membership £4.50; \$10. Eddie Tooke, Chinook, Paxhill Lane, Twynning, Glos. GL20 6DU. Vol XX/1. Again main theme Mordred and Camlann, where contributors show how diverse opinions on wheres and wherefores differ greatly. Paul Screeton bats first and the middle-aged cricketer leaves the crease after a fine innings for Camlann in S.E. Durham. Erudition mixed with frivolity follows from Mary Caine to Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury. Book reviews, quiz and word square. (* The reference to Celtic heads on page 14 should be to Hexham, not Wrexham I know, I've written a book on the subject).

Scoffed at

SHRUBS planted in King's Lynn, Norfolk, in honour of the Canadian city of Vancouver have been eaten by a flock of CANADA geese. (McCAFFERTY)



"Anything about?"



"Guinevere, it's for you."

SUN
FEAR swept China after newspapers reported an asteroid would kill half the people on Earth. It was a translator's blunder.
15/12/89 **SPOT**

STAR
MAGISTRATES at Newbury, Berks, asked Irish drunk Michael Patrick if he could pay his £30 fine in 21 days. He replied: "No sir, I'll need three weeks."
\$14/89 **SPOT**

MYSTERY TOUR
A plastic cylinder left at the North Pole by an expedition three years ago has been washed up on the west coast of Ireland. (SVN 7/4/89)

SUN 19/1/90
A HOAXER who chiselled a 370-long comb into a limestone rockface on Clieve Hill, Glouc, is fooling amateur geologists who think it is a rare fossil.

FORTEAN TIMES. Single issue £1.75; 4 issues £7; US \$16. Cheques to Fortean Times, 96 Mansfield Road, London NW3 2HX. No. 52. Several major articles on scientific controversies and possible fakes and hoaxes, including John Michell on archaeopteryx, plus Tasady tribe, cold fusion, Benveniste's "memory water" debate; plus articles on teleportations, human tails, lake monsters, and all the usual material, including book reviews and letters.

MAGONIA. Independent journal devoted to a broad examination of anomalous phenomena. Cheques payable to John Rimmer, John Dee Cottage, 5 James terrace, Mortlake Churchyard, London SW14 8HB. UK £4 for 4 issues; US \$10 must be in dollar bills. No. 33. Article on scared Pennine security guards with strong folkloristic element; book reviews; letters; Peter Rogerson's regular excellent column. No. 34. Folklorist Thomas E. Bullard on American attitudes to abduction narratives, drawing comparison with Red Indians' alleged white person abductions; strange affair of William Moore and disinformation; plus usual. No. 35. Extremely important examination of cultural nature of UFO phenomenon by Martin Kottmeyer through much SF knowledge and research which seriously undermines the extraterrestrial hypothesis; editorial also sees abductions and MJ-12 collapsing and bringing down ETH. Dennis Stillings, too, calls into question the level of reliability of American abductionist investigators. Essential for folklorists.

TERRESTRIAL ZODIACS NEWSLETTER. Sub £3 for 3 payable to Philip Heslton, 170 Victoria Avenue, Hull, HU 5 3DY. No. 2. A writer on 252 constellations across the West Midlands and Welsh Borders would have us believe such figures as walrus, octopus, okapi, platypus, koala, hummingbird and even archeopteryx exist!!!!!! Best non-April 1 spoof I've ever seen. Elsewhere Mary Caine on St Colien is serious (See page 4)

UPDATE

CLEVELAND AFTERMATH. What with the NSPCC claiming widespread satanic rituals involving child sex abuse and even sacrifice, one wonders where legend, rumour and truth separate. For instance I doubt claims of bogus care workers stripping tots all over the place (Sun, 8/2/90, mentions Rotherham, Sheffield and Shildon, Co Durham), but we must be on our guard against a minority of perverts. Top feature writer Mary Kenny began a piece recording that her 11-year-old son nonchalantly said that the other day: "There's a gay rapist in the park. But don't worry mum, we never talk to anyone in the park." (D. Mail, 23/5/89). The rumour of the presence of a prowling homosexual rapist is, she says, something town children almost take for granted. The suspicion is that all adults are potential child sex abusers.

The fact is that most people are decent and kind; few would abuse, exploit or brutalise a child. Yet what happened in Cleveland has led to a weakening, perhaps in many cases breakdown, in trust between parents and their children. Will bathing a child be misconstrued? Will parents be less likely to take children to hospital for fear of misdiagnosis of abuse? Certainly.

Unfortunately it is in the interests of the social worker establishment to promote a view that child abuse is common. Child-care professionals seek vast resources for their study and it is in their career interests to heighten fear of abuse. The sociological classes have a vested interest to introduce fear and loathing into family and neighbourhood life. The fewer ordinary people are to be trusted, the greater number of professionals will be required. Lobbyists have interfered to such an extent that parents and children no longer know what is normal.

Let us not forget Julia Phillips, a devoted mother who strangled her two children to "save them" from being sexually abused by neighbours. Her fears were unreal and the product of a deeply disturbed mind. Her paranoid schizophrenia also led the Limsfield, Surrey, woman to believe her supposed enemies were broadcasting codewords on BBC programmes (Guardian, 27/2/90).

Deeply disturbed woman of a different complexion are those whose hysteria seeks to ban soft porn mags. This brigade's most offensive aspect is its censorial moral attitude. Take (not that anyone in their right mind would) Catherine Itzin and Corinne Sweet (The Independent, 17/4/89) who claim "research has shown the part that pornography plays in child sexual abuse." Nowhere in the article do they qualify this belief. What research? The article begins with a disclaimer -- "This article contains material which may offend some readers." It offended me with its bias. I also suspect the readers have deeply psychological problems, but anyway these two dodgy holier than thou sexual fundamentalists wouldn't have found the joke on the right funny.

And lastly, back to misdiagnosis (Northern Echo, ? 1989). A Marietta Higgs supporter, Dr Caroline McCowen, of Friarage Hospital, Northallerton, N. Yorks., suspected child abuse in a girl being treated by her GP for anal warts. If a journalist gets a story about a hole in the road he/she will trick a spokesman into saying "we're looking into it." Was Martin Shipton -- and he has a track record for such -- trying this ploy with Dr McCowen regarding her anal diagnosis, where the article's punchy last quote is: "I would have been negligent if I hadn't looked into it."

The police cartoon on the hole theme (Sun, 20/3/89) appeared in today's paper by coincidence. I don't make a habit of vindicating contentious issues by synchronicity, but it seemed timely.



Some Strands
"It's from Cleveland coast social services department"

The son of an East Anglian farmer was making final arrangements for his wedding to the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. On the evening before the marriage, however, he returned home after seeing his fiancée and declared that the wedding was off.

"Whatever's happened, son?" asked his mother.

"We, er, got a little over-excited, mum," replied the lad. "And I... well, I found out she's a virgin."

"You've done the right thing, son," said his father decisively. "If she's not good enough for her own family, she's not good enough for you."



"Someone" drilled a hole in the roadist beach forum... go and look into it!"

Mystery of the vanishing hitch-hiker

DID I see a ghost when driving to Lewes from Brighton on March 23?

I turned left into Lewes at the roundabout at the beginning of the bypass to head 30 yards along the road, heading towards the

prison, there was a young chap in his mid-twenties.

He was a student type, with thick curly, collar-length black hair, and was standing at the side of the road holding a piece of cardboard marked Lewes.

I thought this very

strange as he was already in Lewes. I passed him but when I looked back in my mirror he had disappeared. I checked all my mirrors but there was no sign of him.

There was nowhere for him to go or to hide as it was all open ground.

Does anyone know of a young man of this appearance killed on this stretch of road? I am convinced I saw a ghost. **ROGER LEE, Serris Road, Cleeve, Hollingdean, Brighton.**

BRIGHTON EVENING ARGUS 31/3/89. (CR. M. COLLIER)



CEMENT JACKETS. In FF5 we had a good look at "hardened criminals". According to his biography, Royston "Little Legs" Smith claimed London villain Ginger Marks was cut to shreds when he was thrown into a cement mixer, as too was Jack Frost. (Little Legs: Musclemans of Soho, by George Tremlett, Unwin Hyman; News of the World, 13/8/89). Meanwhile firemen scooped into a 30ft. pit of wet cement to save three workmen who fell in after scaffolding collapsed at Halifax, Yorks., and had sunk neck-deep (D. Mirror, 18/1/89)



"Which one of you dickheads mixed the cement?"

WHAT ARE THE NEXT MOVES IN THE ROSE THEATRE DEVELOPMENT?



CORN CIRCLES. Various books have been appearing on this topic and it was even introduced into rural TV soap "Emmerdale Farm" on 19/9/89. We covered it at length in FF8 and it looks like this one will run and run. A Press Association report, also Independent (31/7/89) had scientists' spokesman Colin Andrews saying they "all follow straight lines" in Wales and "literally follow the contours of the hills in lines". By 2/8/89 a more prosaic explanation than leys appeared when Sir Andrew Duff-Gordon said he had the circles cut for better grouse shooting and the exciting "tadpole tails" were explained as being "caused by the tractor moving to cut the next circle" (Independent).

KAMIKAZE PIGEONS. Newslines in FF7 had remote-control exploding geriatric pigeons but now the story is that poison paraquat pellets are affixed to birds with superglue to kill off peregrine falcons, or so Bill Cowell, editor of The Pigeon Racing Gazette, reports/believes (Northern Echo, Darlington, 22/5/89).

THATCHER. In FF8 we reprinted a Guardian reader's doubts over whether he ever saw a Heinz advert on TV in which a girl called Margaret said she wanted to become prime minister. We can reveal his sanity was in tact. The company had to gain a firmer assurance from Downing Street than the normal bland response expressing "no approval or disapproval" of adverts featuring the P.M. Apparently the beans advert was made and broadcast for several weeks, but after adverse comments from ultra-loyal Tory M.P.s it was not aired again (Independent, 28/6/89).

JESUS WEPT! In Crying Boy picture vein, amazed staff cried "Miracle" when a plank with the image of Jesus Christ on it survived a 21m arson attack at a kitchen factory in Bacup, Lancs (FF8, p21).

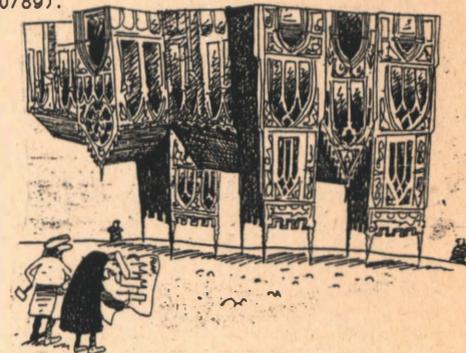
UPLIFT. What Jan Harold Brunvand calls "The Elevator Incident" appeared as lead letter in News of the World (21/1/90) with pop star Lionel Richie as central figure. Another oldie but goldie, "The Wife Left Behind" appears here as a "true" tale (D. Mirror, 30/8/89), with reservations, and note the element of what Brunvand calls "The Ice-Cream Car" legend

THE ONE THAT (DIDN'T) GET AWAY. Monster fish which scare divers seem to have come true to an extent (D. Mirror, 9/9/89 + picture) with halibut the size of an average front door and eels like pythons, growing big by thriving on warmth from North Sea oil rig platforms and eating bits of chip butties and other scraps thrown overboard. There are fears that these monsters of the deep could knock divers unconscious.

FREAK CREATURES. The post Chernobyl stories continue (see FF3, p20) and cryptozoologist Karl Shuker sent us clippings of UK freshwater fish still containing radioactivity (Sandwell Express & Star, 27/10/89), while a woman six miles from Sellafield had goslings hatched with heads the wrong way around and wings in peculiar positions (D. Mail, 7/10/89). Meanwhile Marcus McAdam (!?!), of Milton Keynes, crashed his Austin Metro after watching a lunar eclipse, and three theories were put forward to explain the pulped car: he hit a parked UFO; he hit an Iranian helicopter on a mission to kill Satanic Verses author Salman Rushdie; or he hit a giant ant which mutated after being exposed to Chernobyl radiation (Sunday Sport, 3/10/89).

ROTHERHAM TRIANGLE. Golfer Eric Shaw got a rare birdie when a parakeet landed on his shoulder while playing the 18th at Sheffield's Tankersley course.

ARCHITECT'S BLUNDER. For back to front buildings see FF5, p20, in particular. Caption to Cluff cartoon, on right, is: "You know, I think you're right."



CRYING BOY. We've variously chronicled Crying Boy pictures and The Sun (14&15/7/89) has returned to the supposed curse — the latter report having a woman reporting luck from her 27 examples. Her reverse experience is heartening, but maybe she is just after a top vacancy with the Victoria and Albert Museum. It would be interesting to hear of any curses related to "old master" or other masterpieces (cr. D. Taylor).

MOCK MAYORS. There are fears that the title of Mayor of Middleton, Hartlepool, will disappear with the imminent marina development (see FF8). Members of the Smallcrafts Club have elected Jack O'Grady (76) to this title, a rare tradition nowadays (Mail, Hartlepool, 16/5/89).

AUTOCASH MACHINES. Jake Williams wrote of these in FF7. Lately one of these at the Barclays in Didcot, Oxon, dispensed a picture of a naked man to one woman, while a male customer received a condom. The manager claimed, dubiously in my opinion, well aware of the Employee's Revenge, it was not a staff prank but blamed an outsider practical joker (Sun, D. Star 13/10/89).

A 4-STAR FOOL..

AN absent-minded motorist who pulled up for petrol left his wife at the filling station when he drove off.

And she paced up and down for two and a half hours before he noticed she was missing and came zooming back.

The woman, who had been sitting in the back seat, got out to buy ice creams at the garage near Horncastle, Lancs.

Owner Diane Bending said: "She thought it was very funny at first. By the end she was very cross."

READERS' LETTERS

Folklore Frontiers has cheered me up. I enclose my cheque for £4 with best wishes for the continued success of FF. Incidentally, I like it as it is -- compact and condensed -- so many thanks for making it viable.

-- Fred Hadley, Surbiton, Surrey.

Folklore Frontiers No. 8 was great. Loved the article by Peter Rogerson on the implications of sexual abuse Anyway, a couple of possible new urban tales for you (you've probably heard them before). The "myth" that there is a secret message from the Devil on the Beatles' "Sergeant Pepper" album, if played backwards is well-known. Is the modern version of this swearing on a record? Earlier this year several newspapers (The Sun, Star, etc.) carried stories about the teen pop group Wet Wet Wet and the allegation by "parents" that the "F" word appeared on their song "Temptation". Has anyone heard it?

I have been told the following by two separate people. A woman, who had recently passed her test was puzzled why her car was "jumpy". A friend pointed out that the reason lay in the fact that she was using the choke to hang her handbag on!

-- Dave Taylor, Stourbridge, West Midlands.

(Dave, "Temptation" comes in two versions. My teenage children played me the two versions. That on the single and video has the line "Don't waste my angry spirit", whereas the L.P. and tape has it as "Don't waste my fucking spirit". Now you know -- Editor).

... And did you hear the rumour that Mick Jagger had roasted Chrissie Shrimpton's poodle in the oven? And that Keith Richards had a total blood change in an attempt to cure his heroin addiction?

In The Man Who Was Vogue by Caroline Seebom she relates how people mistake ashes of dead friend for cocaine and sniff them - variation on the usual tale featuring grateful letter thanking for delicious dehydrated soup (less absurd in context of World War II and food parcels).

And have you heard the masochistic - or perhaps sadistic - ones about women (Marlene Dietrich, Elinor Glyn) who had back molars extracted to give fashionable hollow-checked look, little toes amputated to fit into pointy shoes, bottom ribs removed to give 19 inch waists? We all know that they backcomb their hair until bees/spiders/mice nest there and drill through to the brain. In one of the Apocryphal Gospels (there's a translation by M R James) the Emperor Vespasian suffers from a wasp's nest up his nose - possibly cured by St Peter but I have forgotten details.

And what about the strange rumours re royal families???? Often bizarrely scurrilous. Some of the Spanish royal family are born with rudimentary tails. And Mrs Simpson was artificially 'lightened' in the East, where she learnt Chinese sexual techniques at oparets in Shanghai. Only she could satisfy the Prince of Wales. The present Queen was artificially inseminated, of course, because Prince Philip suffered from similar problems and eventually had some sort of implant.

Royal sex must surely be a taboo subject, so breaking the taboo is all the more fun/significant. But their sacred king status also means that their fertility is connected to the fertility and prosperity of the country. The king must be virile and potent, hence rumours that he isn't? Hence all this phallic folklore?

The latter extends to stories about Winston Churchill who acquired mythic status by winning a war. I mean those tales where Winston says "dead birds don't fall out of nests" when someone whispers his flies are undone, and "It's all right, I'm a Member of parliament" as he urinates in public.

A story about Russia I've heard from several sources - and I'd just like to break off to remark that when people say to me "but surely you must give these things some credence, you can't ignore what so many people say" I shall say "When I hear the same kind of story from six different people, I don't conclude there must be something in it, I conclude that the sixth person I hear it from is saying it because she heard the other five say it..."

A story about Russia - There you are in your hotel room. Everything is fine, except you find you haven't brought any scissors/a bathplug. You lament loudly to your girlfriend. She suggests going and asking the lady who sits at a little desk at the end of the corridor. You venture out, and there is the lady herself, coming towards you with a smile and the scissors/bathplug. (Moral: Your hotel room will be bugged.)

Among the rumoured dead, along with Paul McCartney, are Master E Lough (famous for singing O For the Wings of a Dove), and Isabelle Adjani, French/Algerian actress.

Wasn't it Vivien Leigh who came on stage drunk and naked except for a fur coat? Beryl Reid who wandered onto the wrong stage carrying a shopping bag and found herself part of the crowd in Julius Caesar? Noel Coward who said, "A tour de force, darling, whereas I, alas, am forced to tour?" And then there's that dog who wanders on, pees on the scenery and exits through the fireplace . . .

Here's one from, I think, the Observer:

"Lagos taxi drivers themselves often seem a little touched. Lagos Weekend recently ran a story about a taxi driver who swerved off the road and fled his cab shouting 'E gba mi o; moti gbe oran o', meaning 'Help me. I have carried a ghost.' He told the newspaper's reporter that he had picked up a lady 'whose dressing depicted a market woman. She was with two bags of rice, a mini bag of soya beans, a carton of Mateus-rose wine.' Chatting on the way, they drove to Victoria Island, until suddenly there was a silence from the back, and, when the driver looked behind, he found she had vanished."

The Taj Mahal hotel in Bombay, according to one story, was designed by a French architect who committed suicide when he discovered it had been built back to front, with its elegant entrance in a side street.

A bit like that poor sculptor who made a superb equestrian statue, only to realise he'd left out the stirrups. He, too, took the gentleman's way out, poor chap.

Hope you find this incoherent farrago not too boring.

-- Lucy Fisher, North London.

I was most interested to see the item in the current Folklore Frontiers about the religious experience in 1931, as the craft described has many details later mentioned by Adamski in his contact claims. Particularly prominent are the central column, the round room, the screen round the walls and the seats with the backs to the column. It is an amazing correlation especially as such craft would probably not figure in the science fiction of the time, as they did twenty years later. Or did Adamski take Charlie Woodward's account as his model? It seems rather unlikely that he would have known of it.

Having said this, the orthodox Christian imagery is interesting. It almost seems that a real happening occurred, but the powerful cognitive webs of the contactee's religious beliefs distorted his perception and his memory of the event. This probably occurred with Adamski as well, though less extremely so. My impressions have always said "What Adamski says he saw is more reliable than what he says he heard". The reason is obvious - what he saw (and what Charlie Woodward may have seen) was new to him and did not conflict with his cognitive structures, so was very little distorted in perception, if at all. What he heard, however, would have been distorted to become consistent with his own previously-formed philosophies and ideas.

In saying this, I hope it is not a foaftale generated by Nigel Watson!

-- Jimmy Goddard, Weybridge, Surrey.

As far as I can remember I read an extract in the awful Reader's Digest in the Forties from a book called "Christ in Concret" about an immigrant worker in New York. He was on this building site with the wooden moulds with the metal spike sort of things and he fell in with his outstretched arms speared by these and also, I think, one through his genitals. There then followed a harrowing description of what happened to him as the concrete was poured in just after. Apparently when they clipped him out, it reminded them of the Crucifixion. This was made into a film over here in the early Fifties starring Sam Wannamaker entitled "Give Us This Day." I never saw it.

-- Mike Collier, Brighton, Sussex.

CONTRIBUTORS

TONY 'DOC' SHIELDS. A Western shaman and Fortean enthusiast, Doc writes on Punch and Judy. He is a P&J professor so has his credentials intact; he is also author of several books on stage magic, a founder-editor of the surrealist magazine Nnidnid, painter, poet and playwright. As this issue goes to press Tony's book "Monstrum" was due for publication from Bob Rickard's Fortean Tomes imprint. All being well we'll review it next issue.

Tony 'Doc' Shields.



PAUL SCREETON. Sadly my main article this issue is an obituary of a good friend, Tony Roberts. The piece speaks for itself, but I'd like to quote from his response to the malicious and poorly-researched piece by Mizz Remy: "My body may return to earth, but my immortal soul is FREE and will go where it fucking well wishes in accordance with my own True Will under God." As a person promoting earth magic consciousness few could equal Tony -- he will be sadly missed. As for my other two articles, the one on the Japanese cannibal is a tribute to Tony, of sorts, as he was a friend of the band The Strangers through a mutual interest in the Men in Black. As for the barn at Mystery Hill, its gnostic influence would have intrigued Tony. As your editor I hope you have enjoyed this issue.

