

Folklore Frontiers



No. 15

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MARCH 1992

The Diary



■ Our contributor Michael Goss wrote of junkie sniffer dogs (FF3, p3-5) as a likely legend to appear. In a way addicted dogs have! The following letter appeared in *The Independent Magazine* (1/2/92): *I was delighted to hear that the Weasel is such an ardent fan of Britain's most popular dog food, Pedigree Chum (5/1/92). The brand does not enjoy a monopoly, however: only 135 out of 166 Best of Breed winners at Crufts this year were fed on Pedigree Chum.*

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.....

As to the question of the "secret ingredient that makes it irresistible", we should like to reassure the Weasel that there are no addictive substances in any of our products.

— Michael Jenkins, Pedigree Petfoods, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.

The inference being that Chum could be suspected of having a drug as an ingredient.

Up here we have a comedian called Roy "Chubby" Brown (pictured), who makes Bernard Manning look like a "Stars on Sunday" presenter. His act is full of observations such as: "If dogs like Pedigree Chum so much, why is it that after they've eaten, they lick their bums to get the taste out of their mouths?"

■ Sometime FF contributor Tony Shiels has been the subject of an extraordinary investigation by *Strange Magazine*. Editor Mark Chorvinsky's anguished reaction to the possibilities of Shiels producing a catalogue of monster photograph hoaxes is bizarre. On the surface it seems over-reaction, overkill and bordering on the absurd in its length and breadth. Also though there is thoroughness; a truly awesome effort to unmask the western shaman as a sham. At Tony's request I mailed Chorvinsky material hardly likely to show him in a particularly sane and scientific light. When the dust settles we can individually judge Tony and our own viewpoints on moral accountability.

■ Congratulations to my good friend and editor of *The Ley Hunter*, Paul Devereux, who has had published an article in *Antiquity* (Vol. 65, No. 249, Dec., 1991). Despite the mouthful of a title — "Three-dimensional aspects of apparent relationships between selected natural and artificial features within the topography of the Avebury complex" — it marks a major breakthrough for geomantic research.

Letters

□ This response to FF No. 5 was intended for FF No. 7 (the Aids special round-up we've finally organised. Bob's letter was dated 14/5/87!)

From Bob Skinner, of Farnham:

I have just received the latest *Folklore Frontiers* and have enjoyed devouring it at one sitting. I enclose a cheque for my subscription, which I see is overdue.

I enjoyed Mick Goss's AIDS legend resumé. I have a collection of cuttings that I've been collecting to pass on to you on the subject, so now will just give you the highlights of the stories not already published in Mick's collection, or add new details:

a. AIDS from space.

With the headline 'AIDS IS A SPACE DISEASE' the *Daily Mirror* of 2 Dec 1986 told of the theories of Fred Hoyle and 'mathematician professor' Chandra Wickramasinghe of University College, Cardiff. They believe the virus came to earth via a comet, and was dispersed by rainwater. The disease first emerged in Africa because millions of people there walk about barefoot and become infected through cuts. Prof. W. is quoted as saying

"We believe the most effective way of avoiding getting the disease from rainwater is by wearing shoes."

b. AIDS and Flouridation.

According to a columnist in *THE INDEPENDENT* of 28th November 1987 who writes under the headline "Bottling Out", The National Anti-Flouridation Campaign had announced

that flourine is responsible for the spread of Aids-[it] despresses the immune system and lets the virus rip, apparently. Aids is more prevelant in flouridated than non-flouridated areas, the campaign maintains. The only flaw in this ingenious theory is the fact that most British Aids cases are in london, and London has one of the lowest levels of flouride in the country. Still, nice try.

There is further reference to the theory in the column on 9th Dec. 1986.

c. AIDS non - sexual and manufactured?

Dr John Seale, a London consultant in genito-urinary medicine wrote a letter to the *British Medical Journal*, reported an article entitled "Kissing 'can pass on Aids'" in the *Daily Telegraph* of 13th March 1987. In it he challenged the accepted view that the virus is transmitted by sexual intercourse. Dr Seale argues there is no scientific evidence the virus is present in semen.

"When HIV (the Aids virus) is transmitted during biological sexual intercourse, nobody knew if it is actually passed on in saliva, or in serum from minor abrasions, or in genital secretions or in some other way"

he says.[.....]"The very high prevalence of HIV infection in men who have frequent, traumatic contact with the lower intestinal tracts of many other men is not evidence that HIV is transmitted by sexual intercourse"

The newspaper also notes:

Dr Searle is a controversial figure in Aids debates, having previously suggested that the virus originated in germ-warfare laboratories and later escaped into the population at large.

THE INDEPENDENT of 26th Feb 1987 ('Chaste Russia wakes up to the awkward issue of Aids') confirms that this view has also appeared in Russia:

Articles in the press have even insisted that the disease was developed by the Pentagon as part of a biological warfare programme.

The moral and xenophobic elements of attitudes there also emerge in the article:

In public ... the suggestion has long been that the disease was a deserved retribution on the sinful West, which chastise Russia would escape...

So far, Mr Khylyabich (deputy Health Minister) said, the main risk lay with foreigners, "primarily of African origin", who brought the virus with them to the Soviet Union. Of the 13 ascertained cases, only one involved a Soviet citizen.

d. AIDS foaflore

A columnist in my local free newspaper (The Surrey & Hants News 10 Feb 1987) printed the following under the headline 'Another tall story'.

Here comes another of those wonderful stories that sweep the country, convincing all who hear it.

A couple of weeks ago I was told about a young salesman from Aldershot whose sales figures won him a trip to New York. While there, he took a girl back to his hotel. When he woke in the morning she had gone, but written in lipstick on his mirror were the words: Welcome to the world of AIDS. On returning to Aldershot he discovered that he had the virus.

I did not believe the story and so was greatly amused to read the following in Wednesday's Daily Mail:

"An Austrian homosexual who spent a night with a man in a New York hotel woke up next morning to find his partner gone. On the bathroom mirror was the message: 'Welcome to the AIDS club'. Tests back home in Vienna confirmed that he had the virus."

This story is obviously going to run and run, but it won't be any more true the last time you hear it than it was the first.

From Regina Cullen, of London.

I would like to suggest that an experiment using radionics to see if an event could be created in a suitable field. Radionics, which is, it would appear, a paranormal process in itself, has in the past been responsible for some astonishing effects. A read through the chapter "Radionic pesticides" in "The Secret Life of Plants", by Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird (Harper & Row, 1973), reveals that pest control was successfully achieved in the 1950s in the USA in aerially-photographed fields by private individuals who also worked with officials of the states of Ohio and Pennsylvania. As has been the tragic fate of many panaceas, however (a process vividly illustrated by the ongoing persecution of truly effective "alternative" medicine, especially of the cancer therapies that really work), this wondrous venture met its demise through the heinous machinations of vested (pesticide) interests and corrupt and mendacious bureaucrats. The inventor T. Galen Hieronymous, one of the protagonists of the radionic miracle "...was so stunned by the lethal potential of the tuned radiation that he resolved never to reveal everything about the make-up of his devices or their operation until he could one day find serious researchers of impeccable character to help him elucidate the exact potentials of his discoveries". His treatments were so precise he was able to pinpoint individual ears of corn and disintegrate the worm on each of them. With this level of accuracy a pictogram or a Mandelbrot set would hardly be challenging.

A Canadian seer has contacted me with the following insight into what she believes is part of the mechanism of creation (I relay this without intending to pass judgement on the usefulness or accuracy of clairvoyance): she likened her vision to the functioning of a pantograph, a graphic artist's device for transferring a drawing or figure from one surface to another. I can well imagine someone sitting at a drawing board having sport with us ... only aerial photos would be required in addition to the radionic equipment. Who is it who thus maps our countryside? The military and, in my opinion, based on research undertaken in response to certain personal experiences, military/Intelligence/defence interests experiment with every conceivable aspect of reality, particularly the electromagnetic spectrum. I've heard a rumour that radionics has been banned in the USA as also has gyroscope research. This means that no one but the national

security elite is allowed to delve into these mysteries, so obviously effective they must be kept secret "for our own good". That they may be used to enslave us is another matter and one desperately overdue for further public exposure but, I suppose, not here. My Canadian correspondent's name is Betty Stewart and she may be contacted through me. She will soon be publishing what I am sure will be a most interesting book.

■ (Editor: Paranoia, crankery, Ordnance Survey department defamation and so on. Ho, HUM!).

From Mike Collier, Seine-Maritime, France

I was thinking about Aids the other day and something surfaced from about 1946 when I left school, 1947 when I went into the army, or 1948 when I was posted to Egypt. I was told that there was a very bad VD which affected the spine. If you caught it you were not allowed to come home, but were sent to a special camp in North Africa to end your days. You had the choice of your family being told or they could be informed that you had been killed. I wonder where that came from?

Newslines

COMING TO HARM. Just another story of rural drug abuse. Known as "angel dust", Clenbuterol is a beta-agonist used to convert fat to lean meat in animals. However, it also poses a risk to those administering it; consequently the rumour of deaths in Ireland, and also if overdosed can pose a risk to the consumer. However, Maire Waters, of the Department of Agriculture in Dublin, said: "Some of the dead farmers have been found alive." And Professor Paul McNulty, of the School of Food Science at University College, Dublin, said: "I have been following that aspect of the story very closely and can find no evidence to support it." In County Westmeath local papers which linked the death of a young farmer with Clenbuterol — the substance is dangerous if inhaled by humans — had to print retractions. Ireland's Minister for Agriculture, Michael O'Kennedy, hinted that there was a paramilitary involvement in the smuggling and sale of Clenbuterol, but "this is another part of a story that is composed as much of shadows as of substance," according to John McKenna, in his tale of drug abuse that continues to plague the beef trade (Weekend Guardian, 9/11/91).

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Was Freddie Mercury 'lying in state'



By Paul
Screeton

Freddie Mercury died on November 24, 1991. Or did he?

Several days before the official announcement that Queen pop group star Freddie had Aids, I was told on seeming good authority that he was actually dead. The Mail's features editor, Bernice Saltzer, had been checking out a rumour that he was already dead. Various showbiz insiders confirmed it to her, including a member of Buggles.

On November 23, a statement was issued confirming he had been tested HIV positive and had Aids. He "felt it correct to keep this information private to date in order to protect the privacy of those around me" (NewsoftheWorld, 24/11/91).

There had been months of speculation after the Queen pomp rock star's weight dropped dramatically and he became a virtual recluse in his West London home.

Rumours at the time were fuelled by reports that bisexual Freddie was suffering pneumonia and bouts of blindness.

He knew he was HIV positive five years previously (Sun, 4/12/91) but kept it secret. The band's Brian May said the band members were told two months before his death of his condition.

On November 23 "he" announced his situation; the next day he was dead. The statement confirming his passing read: "Freddie Mercury died peacefully at his home. His death was the result of bronchio-pneumonia, brought on by Aids."

The news prompted general speculation that Mercury's body may have been "lying in state" for some time before the media was informed (New Musical Express, 30/11/91). NME also understood a memo was issued to managers of major record retailers before news of Mercury's illness, asking them to reserve space on their shelves for Queen material in the event of the singer's death.

The various stories surrounding a possible "sting" over the re-release of Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody" make the "lying in state" sound more plausible. Before his "official" death big bets were being laid on "Bohemian Rhapsody" being the Christmas chart-topper.



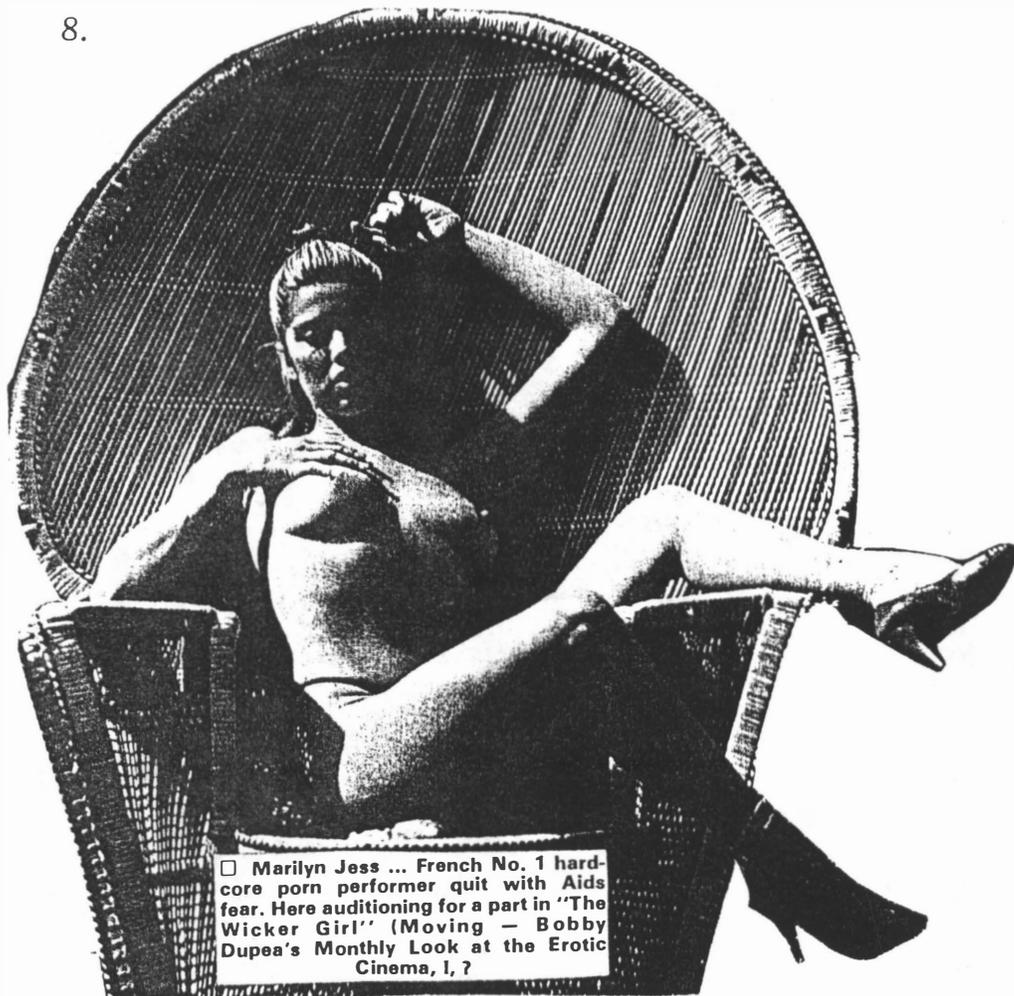
POP TOPPER Chart queen Madonna, captured nude by Fergie's friend Schreiber before she found fame

Somewhat similarly, just as Madonna was about to clinch a new 16-year recording deal worth a reputed £600m, gossip spread that she was HIV positive and this would put the deal at risk if believed (Sun, 6/12/91).

In the wake of Mercury's death a number of claims appeared in the media which may be false, exaggerated or, of course, true.

Dr Vernon Coleman (Sun, 26/11/91) made such claims as: the chimpanzee's survival in the wild is threatened as Aids researchers pay up to £15,000 for infant examples; international drugs companies have spent millions on a search for the cure in the hopes of huge profits.





□ Marilyn Jess ... French No. 1 hardcore porn performer quit with Aids fear. Here auditioning for a part in "The Wicker Girl" (Moving - Bobby Dupea's Monthly Look at the Erotic Cinema, 1, 7)

Earlier Berkshire ambulancemen had been opening confidential doctors' letters while ferrying patients to see if they had Aids (Today; Sun, 3/7/87).

It was a gay airline steward called Gaetan Dugas who took 1,000 lovers who started Aids in the United States, according to a book by Randy (!) Shilts, "And The Band Played On" (Sun, 17/10/87).

Also there are various cases of alleged sex-mad women or men haters infecting dozens of people and causing panics, such as Cathy the Carrier (D Express, 16/7/87) and an anonymous blacks hater (Sun, 12/10/91).

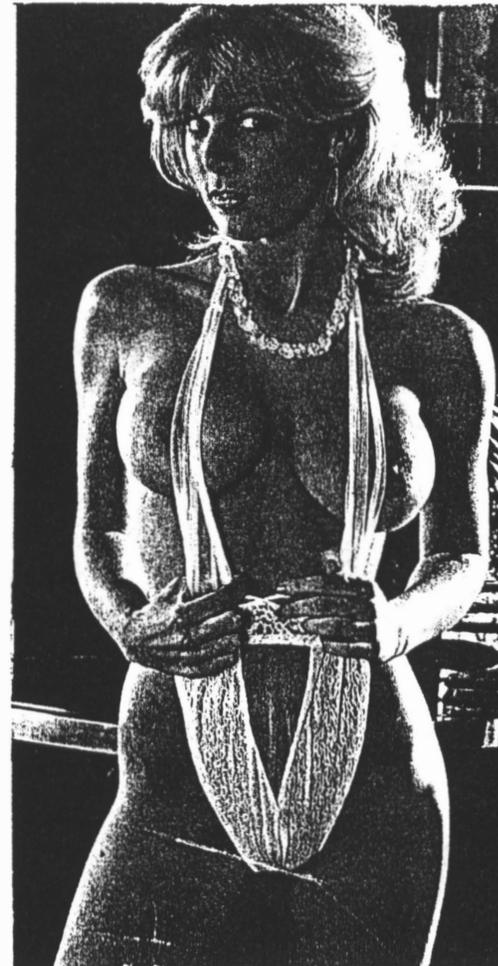
There are all sorts of "experts".

Firmly still believing it a "gay plague" was Garry Bushell, who said he had heard of such radical solutions as quarantining Aids sufferers and chemically castrating

anyone who was HIV positive. Or advocating tattooing a massive A on the foreheads of carriers "although one on the base of the spine would be sufficient. What about a luminous tattoo: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here?" There was a rumour that multi-millionaire Sir James Goldsmith was setting up a 25,000-acre North Carolina Aids Free Zone - scotched by Sir Jams (D Telegraph, 13/8/87).

Then there was marine biologist Peter Gowen, who claimed Aids could live for 24 hours in sea water from untreated sewage, but the scientist whose research he quoted, Dr John Slade, said there was no chance of catching Aids from a beach or swimming (Sun; Northern Echo, 15/3/90).

More cases of ignorance: bare legs transmit the virus it was believed in Belgrade (D Telegraph, 28/7/87); a Lincoln market trader refused to exchange



□ Carina Roma ... who spent a year working for the British Safety Council promoting safe sex. The Page 3 beauty told my colleague Bernice Saltzer: "I suppose I'm a bit worried I'll become known as 'Miss Condom'." (Mail, Hartlepool, 9/8/88).

knickers for fear of Aids (D Telegraph, 27/8/87); Aids colonies should be set up on remote islands (Sun, 8/8/87; Sun, 2/12/87).

Also there are supposed cures: Jaap Goudsmit (D Star, 17/4/90); Kim Hak Bum (23/4/87); Ugandan woman quack whose cure was dousing victims with mud (Sun, 13/11/89); Dy Yun Kong suggested eating birds' nests (Sun, 30/5/88). Other possible cures or hopes came from Star Wars space weapons (Sun, 14/1/88); castration (Sun, 27/11/87); and electric shock therapy (News of the World, 29/11/87).

Since then California scientists have grafted legs and livers from human foetuses to mice in Aids - and warts, diarrhoea and flu - experiments (D Star, 2/11/90).

And finally an Aids miscellany:

● Primary schoolchildren throughout Gloucestershire were playing Aids tag according to Coun Valerie Pinket. "The playmate they try to catch is supposed to



● Ex-addict singer Marianne Faithfull gave up sex, fearing Aids (Sun, 6/11/87) but maybe changed her mind upon marrying third husband Georgio Dellaterza (Sun, 7/1/88).

have the killer disease" (Sun, 3/2/88). But shouldn't it be the other way around?

● A lecture on Aids to the local community association at Lydford was being given by Rear Admiral Cox (What's Brewing, May 1987).

● A mystery virus similar to Aids was threatening the world's dolphins (Sunday Express, 23/8/87).

● Public Image Ltd album "Happy?" had a track with an Aids reference (Independent, 15/9/87).



• Singer Michael Jackson, after performing two Irish concerts, refused to kiss the Blarney Stone, near Cork, for fear others' saliva could give him Aids. He had donned disguise, so was it really him anyway? (Sun, 1/8/88). He was also reportedly furious at a report that he kept 15ft away from Aids victim Magic Johnson, who appeared in the "Remember the Time" video. The Globe said Jacko wore a surgical mask while with basketball star Magic (Sun, 4/2/92). On the same page Piers Morgan reported Jacko would donate a large slice of the cash from his Dangerous tour to paediatric Aids research in memory of his friend Ryan White, a 17-year-old haemophilic who died from the disease last year.



• Residents of Ade's Field, Wilmington, Sussex, wanted the road's name changed after being plagued by jokes (D Star, 18/12/87).

• Photocopylore is affected with hoax headed notepaper letters urging "contacts" to go to hospital for tests (D Telegraph, 3/7/87) (D Mirror, 14/8/87) (D Star, 17/8/87) (Sun; D Star, 8/4/88).

• Car sticker lore, too, if that counts — seen in North London: "This vehicle is protected by a Rottweiler with Aids" (Sun, 6/11/89).



"Of course AIDS has cramped Henry's style."

*** We previously covered Aids in: FF3, pp16/17; FF5, pp5-10, 23-27 (analysis by Michael Goss).

Just a Jiffi ...



Jiffi, the condom makers, planned to lampoon actress Bonnie Langford by using snaps of her parents in a line-up with the punchline: "If only they'd used a Jiffi condom." Mother Babette said: "This is all in the hands of solicitors. Mt little Bonnie is the best thing in the world and doesn't deserve this kind of stick (D Mail, 13/2/90). When the agency rethought the campaign with Thatcher, Ceasescu and Noriega, Jiffi axed the idea (D Star, 8/6/90).

A round-up of condom stories:

• A crest for Jiffi condoms had an inscription which a Latin scholar translated as "Fuck the world" (Sun, 9/1/89).

• The Euro-sized condom suggested as standard is too big for Italians (D Mirror, 20/12/91).

• Glow in the dark condoms were going on sale in California on december 2, 1990, the day tipped by weathermen as the worst day in one of America's coldest winters. "Experts" said the two weren't linked (Sun, 25/9/90). Duravend was marketing them in Britain (Sun, 19/7/89).

• Aero firm Northrop was suing a condom maker for calling the product Stealth ("Thye'll Never See You Coming" slogan) as they could be confused with the £1billion B2 bomber — but didn't say how (Sun, 25/10/90).

• A dial-a-condom service was started called Express Condoms in Oxford by Nick Moss, who said: "Couples can carry on wooing until the cavalry arrives" (Sun, 17/10/91).

• Johnnie B Goode — pop music always represents itself. There's Flowered Up's Barry Mooncult who wears a new stage outfit — a condom that covers his whole body (Sun, 15/10/91). On The Fat Boys' LP "Crushin'" a condom rap leads into the track "My Nuts" (Independent, 15/9/87). And rocker Johnny Hallyday was awarded a symbolic 10p in libel damages for a French anti-Aids cartoon which depicted him as a condom (Sun, 17/9/91).

Singalongasheath — a tiny comouter chip in a condom has been designed to play a 30-second refrain and was to be launched for Christmas 1989. Did anyone climax to Joe Cocker's "The Letter" or Isaac Hayes' "Theme from Shaft"? (Sun, 25/7/89).

• The winner of a contest aimed at raising Aids awareness in Wolverhampton was to receive 1,000 condoms — described as a year's supply (Sun, 4/2/92).

In our fabled Rotherham Triangle regulars at the Brush and Easel, Flanderwell, near Rotherham, thought the condom machine was being changed. Landlore Peter Gillott was shocked to find it had been stolen, commenting: "It's a blow — particularly to our soccer team who love blowing up the condoms to see who can burst one first" (Sun, 16/1/88).

■ There is a cartoon book I found amusing, Condomania through the Ages by Peter Maddocks (Robson Books, £2.95), and an example of the humour appears with the review of Karl Shuker's review — a novel alternative theory as to the dodo's extinction.

By Paul Screeton



Can you
help?

Rosemary Allen with one of the strange bottles (Northern Echo Darlington, 26/1/91)

WERE they a deterrent to drinkers or holy ornaments? Mysterious bottles containing crosses have flummoxed staff at Beamish Museum.

Rosemary Allen, one of the senior keepers at Beamish, near Stanley, said they called the objects "God in a bottle" because of the crosses contained inside, sometimes of wood, and sometimes made of other materials.

The bottles themselves are the size of a standard whisky or liquor bottle, and she thinks they could have been an anti-drink symbol. The crosses could have been put in to draw errant drinkers back onto the straight and narrow path.

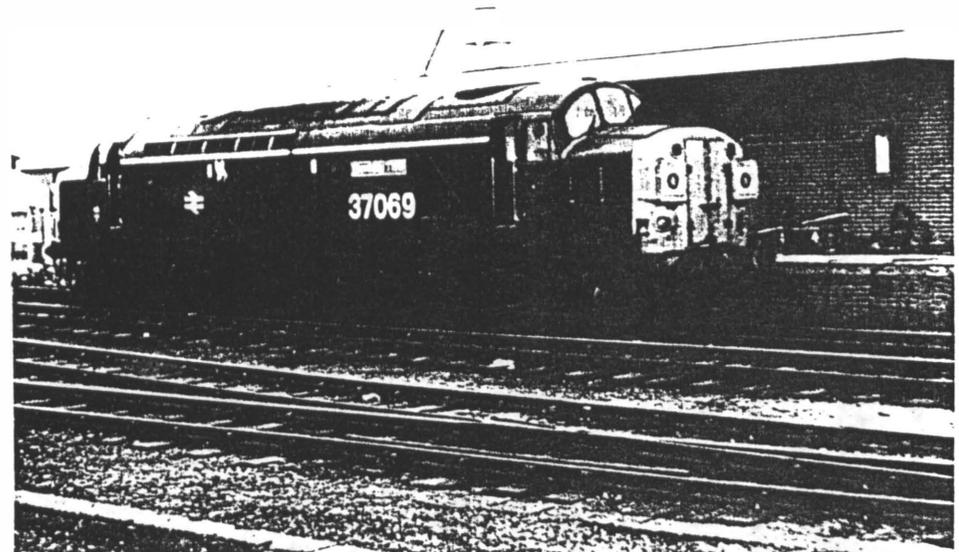
Or they could have had something to do with the Methodist movement in the area.

God in a bottle baffles experts

They appear to date from late last century, or early this century, and similar bottles have been found on the Isle of Man and in Southern Ireland.

Local families may have more of the bottles, and their story may have been passed down through the generations.

The museum would be interested to hear from anyone who can throw more light on the subject.



Old 69 — Thornaby T.M.D. — 'The Ghost'

By Hugh Watson

English Electric Type 3 Class 37 diesel electric locomotive number D6769 emerged from Robert Stephenson and Hawthorne works, Darlington, during 1962.

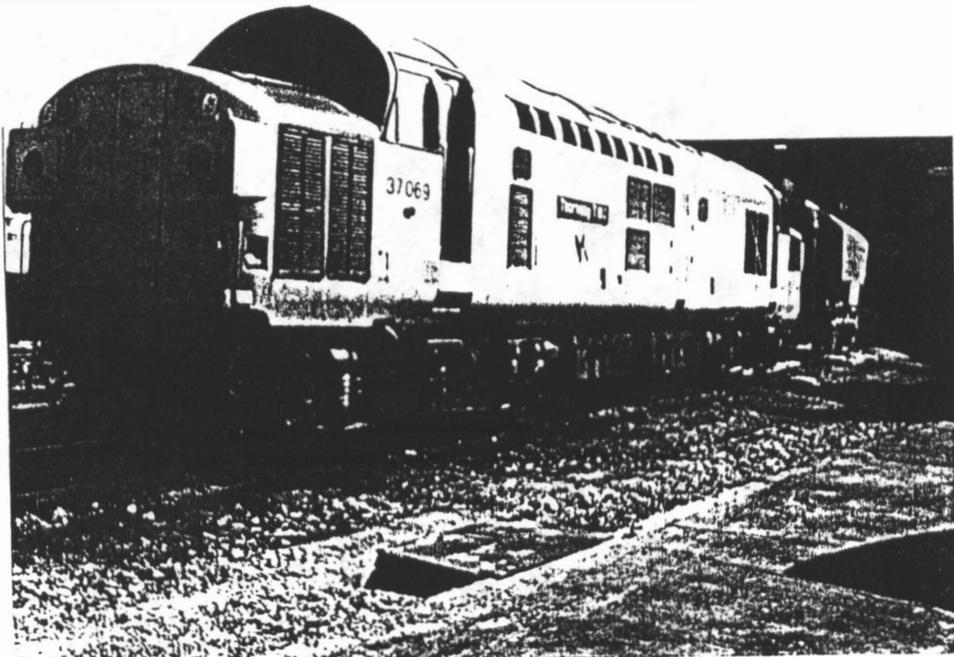
Upon delivery to British Railways, she was based at Thornaby depot, one of several of her class used on mineral, steel and chemical trains from Teesside.

However, D6769 was not destined to be just a normal locomotive, especially to the men who worked with her. One incident was to spark off a chain of events which would culminate in her being christened "The Ghost".

While hauling a southbound freight along the East Coast Main Line, between Northallerton and York, D6769, affectionately called "69", approached a Deltic-hauled northbound express, when suddenly an object was thrown up, smashing through D6769's windscreen, hitting the driver on the head, killing him (*).

It has since been said that during the night or day, at Thornaby, if a horn should sound or fire bottles go off without explanation with no-one present, "It's only '69 at it again".

Persons approaching the loco are said to have seen the apparition of a man sat in the driver's seat, believed to be the fatefully-killed driver. One driver explained he never felt alone on 69, and many times had occasion to look in the



engine room or back along the loco to see if anyone was there — but there never was.

During the mid-Seventies, D6769 became 37069 under the British Rail TOPS renumbering scheme, and by the Eighties had become the only Class 37 to have been stationed at one depot, without a change for 25 years. This long stay at Thornaby eventually saw her officially named *Thornaby T.M.D.* (**), but to many "The Ghost" may have been more appropriate.

Old 69 is to this day still based at Thornaby, and this in itself is very unusual in these days of frequent reallocation to balance out wear and mileage of locomotives working varied types of diagrams and duties.

The men of Thornaby have now nurtured 69 for almost 30 years, and made strong requests to Doncaster or Crewe Works to ensure she returns home after major works attention.

Myself, being a sceptical type of person, I have had occasion to experience Old 69 at first hand, and this before I had any knowledge of what I have just written.

The occasion was the centenary celebrations at Darlington Bank Top station, during which at certain times that week I was looking after preserved Deltic number 55009 *Royal Highland Fusilier*. On an adjacent track, also on show, was 69 in pristine condition.

One night I was in the Deltic's cab, and glanced across at 69, and was convinced someone was in her cab. I knew at that time no-one should have been in there so I went to investigate. When I reached the loco I looked in both cabs and engine-room windows. There was no-one there, but there was a definite feeling that someone was around. After a while I returned to *Royal Highland Fusilier* and occasionally looked across at 69. Suddenly a diesel horn sounded. It was definitely not the Deltic, and no other working loco was in the station. It must have been 69, but no person was near her. All I could say looking at her was a very strange aura around.

A couple of days later it was a really hot summer Saturday afternoon and Bank Top station was very busy. All of a sudden my son Craig burst into the Deltic shouting, "Dad, *Thornaby T.M.D.*'s on fire." Immediately a friend and I charged over to 69 and noticed what looked like smoke coming through the engine-room louvres. My friend opened the engine-room door and became engulfed by the contents of the fire bottles, causing slight injury to his arms. After making sure he was o.k., I returned into the cab alone to make certain nothing was wrong. I was alone, yet I knew I wasn't, although there was no-one there. Yet the hairs on the back of my neck stood up, and there was a definite pre-

sence. I turned and went in the engine-room. No-one was there. I ran through into the other cab. No-one was in there either: it was very eerie.

Once recomposed, and realising that previously that day the loco's cabs had been open to the public, I checked to see if the fire bottle levers had been pulled, but they hadn't. Nor had there been a fire in the engine-room. It appeared the fire bottles had gone off on their own accord. I looked around and thought "This isn't real". But it was. Old 69 had struck again.

Celebrations over, *Thornaby T.M.D.* was supposed to tow the Deltic and the supporting Peak class diesel back to Thornaby depot, but 69 refused to start. Eventually all the locos arrived at Tees

Yard, and 37069 was back home.

Once I learned of 69's reputation, I could hardly believe it. Strangely enough, while talking to Paul Screeton, editor of this publication, he commented on the loco always appearing to be either parked alone or on the end of a line of locos. I, too, have noticed this. She's like some guardian angel looking over the flock, but to me Old 69 is never alone.

Notes:

(*) The editor understands from a previous conversation with the author that luckily there was a secondman in the Class 37's cab.

(**) T.M.D. stands for Traction Maintenance Depot.

Update

WILDFLOWER PHENOMENON. Following John Michell's contribution (FF 14, p11) we offer another observation of extraordinary fertility: "Botanists have been puzzling over an explosion of wild flowers in London this summer, one of which has not been spotted since the year the last dodo was shot and William and Mary were on the throne. The green and red flowered wall bedstraw, discovered growing out of a wall in North London, was last seen in 1690. According to David Bevan, president of the London Natural History Society, and the man who re-discovered the plant, this is no isolated phenomenon. 'We're seeing the return of lost flowers,' he said. 'Some were even thought extinct. Now we're finding more rare species in the capital than in the countryside. It just shows you what a super place London is for plants, with pockets of land miraculously undeveloped and untouched by chemicals.' Other re-discoveries are the sulphur wort, the lesser water plantain, golden dock, slender hare's ear, narrow leaved water dropwort and narrow leaved watercress." (Horticulture Week, 9/8/91; The Cereologist, No.5, 1991).

However, fungus species are in catastrophic decline throughout Europe and North America. The finger of suspicion has been pointed at air pollution and acid rain. The mystery of the missing toadstools could also be an early warning of problems for trees, for without a fungal partner, forest trees are more vulnerable to weather vagaries (Northern Echo, Darlington, 25/1/92).

While on the subject, this is anecdotal but ... Last April I found some large fungi on my back lawn. Riskily I sought to identify the samples in Richard Mabey's

"Food for Free" and finding something similar consumed quite an amount. During the following 48 hours I had three "flashbacks". One was of a half-dwarf/half-zebra creature entering the office toilet where I was washing my hands; another was of a man leaving the office with hands seemingly totally covered in blood; thirdly as I cycled to work a jogger vanished before my very eyes. When I mentioned these to my family, my son asked if the jogger was in Coronation Drive. My affirmative led him to say others have had this experience there; on one occasion two lads on an LSD trip were passed by a jogger there soaked to the skin and rain falling only around him, but not on them or elsewhere. Nowadays I stick to shop-bought commercial mushrooms.

Contributors

HUGH WATSON. Lifelong railway enthusiast Hugh is author of "The Deltic Years" (Patrick Stephens Ltd., 1989) and a native of North-East England, currently living in Stockton-on-Tees. He followed the fortunes of the magnificent Deltic locomotives with pen and camera throughout their reign on British Rail's East Coast Main Line.

PAUL SCRETON. Also a rail enthusiast since 1956 (except for the mid-Sixties when girls shunted railways into a siding — the novelty then wore off!) he has been a founding figure in the earth mysteries movement and more recently a controversial modern folklorist. In addition to ferroequinology, his interests include ufology, Dylanology and tavernology. He is author of several books, has edited magazines non-stop since 1969 and is married with teenage children

WHO HUNG THE MONKEY?

'Threat' makes author go ape

By Paul Screeton



WHO HUNG THE MONKEY?

WHAT have Hartlepool author Paul Screeton and award-winning novelist SalmanRushdie in common?

The whole world knows the latter is under threat of death from zealous Muslims, but monkey legend author Paul has also caused a ripple in international circles.

It all began when a Hartlepool man working in a Dutch steelworks showed his host Paul's book *Who Hung The Monkey?*

Colin Walker, of Stanmore Grove, Seaton Carew, works away at Breda and was staying in lodgings. The daughter of the house mentioned she had a school project and the subject was Britain. Could Colin help?

At this point he showed her a copy of Paul's book.

Colin flicked through and drew attention to where Paul notes that in Holland urban belief legends — those friend of a friend tales which are passed around — are known as *broodje aap*. This translates as "monkey sandwiches," with reference to the jibe that the Dutch make certain sausages out of monkey meat.

Colin's host feigned mock anger.

"That author, if I see him I shoot him, 'bang, bang!'" he cried, pretending to fire a gun.

On a recent trip home, Colin assured Paul the Dutchman's threat was purely in jest.

■ Published in the Mail, Hartlepool, 10/2/92

What has been said of "Who Hung The Monkey?"

' "Thank you for 'Who Hung The Monkey?' It is lively and entertaining — your hallmark — and a valuable item of folklore. Looks like a winner!" — John Michell (author of "Phemonend", "Living Wonders", "Megalithomania" and so on).

' "Despite the author's entertaining light touch, humour and the inclusion of relevant cartoons, this is a serious work of folklore." — Paul Devereux (author of "Earth Memory", "Places of Power" and so on).

' "The book successfully indicates a kind of umbilical link between Hartlepool and its monkey ... Hartlepoolians seem proud to be known as the people who hanged the monkey. They ought to be proud of this book too." — Michael Goss (author of "The Evidence for Phantom Hitch-Hikers" and "The Halifax Slasher".')

' "This book is handy-sized and well produced, and a most welcome addition to local studies. As a monograph on a local

legend and its background it is to be strongly recommended." — Derek Froome (a senior British folklorist).

Update

FUNGI FUN. We've previously covered the American toad-licking drug craze and the scare last year was that it could spread to the UK. A two-paragraph piece, low on detail, claimed two types of British toads secret milky liquid giving an LSD-type high when tasted. However, London psychiatrists Robert Howard and Hans Forestl said the substance can kill (Sun, 29/5/91).

According to a brief item, bootleggers in Burma were brewing hooch with fruit, pesticides, rubber slippers and toads to give it a kick. However, 28 customers supposedly dropped dead after drinking one potent batch. Witty Rick Sky added: "Maybe they put too much fruit in" (D Mirror, 20/6/91).

ALIEN BIG CATS. Police hunted a puma-type beast near the Duke and Duchess of York's almost-completed new home. The snarling big cat lurking in bushes near Ascot, Berkshire, was seen by a woman walking her dog (D Sta, 11/6/91). Then synchronistically two days later a panther was believed to be stalking grounds where the Queen walks her dogs. The black beast was spotted several times in a park by Windsor Castle. Windsor Safari Park denied having lost a big cat, and people on private estates who keep animals had reported none missing (Sun, 13/6/91). Then a motorist reported a puma run across the A20 near Malling, Kent (Sun, 14/6/91) and another puma was spotted strolling along a country road near the RAF base at Skepton, near Coltishall, Norfolk (D Mirror, 19/7/91).

TATTOO HOAX. The sacre story of LSD-laced cartoon transfers was accelerated last year by a public-spirited children's book publishers, Holt Jackson, which outlined the dangers in a letter to libraries throughout Britain (Daily Record, 20/5/91).

COT DEATHS. Fire retardants in PVC mattresses giving off arsenic fumes are the latest cot death alleged culprits. Common household fungi infests mattresses, causing the breakdown and release of arsenic, Barry Richards claimed at St Thomas's Medical School in London (Sun, 29/9/91). New Zealander Dr Shirley Tonkin argued it was not a scientific study (Mail, Hartlepool, 3/12/91).

Oldies but goldies

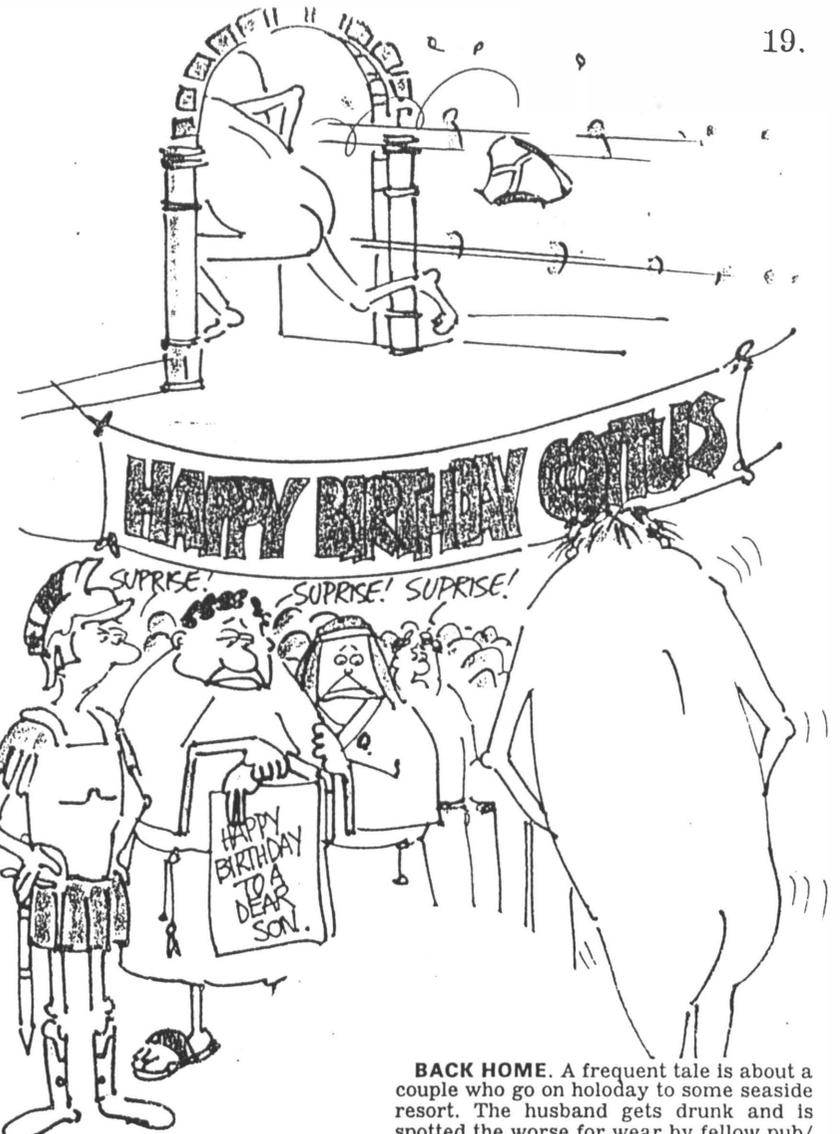
WEDDING RECEPTION SHOCKER. This familiar tale won its Sheffield sender £30 (News of the World, 13/10/91), unless of course a staff member saved the company the dosh (some chance!). According to this version, the bride gave a polite but long boring speech at the wedding reception thanking everyone for her big day. However, she ended by saying: "And lastly I'd like to thank the matron-of-honour for sleeping with my bridegroom on his stag night." Then she began crying and pandemonium broke out. (But how/ why was she at his bachelor party?).



THE NUDE SURPRISE PARTY. That's Jan Harold Brunvand's name for this apocryphal tale where the unfortunate man believes a woman is going to offer sex, so he undresses, only to enter a room filled with spouse and friends providing a genuine surprise party. Our illustrated version comes from a humorous cartoon book entitled *The Adventures of Johnny Condom and his Mates* by Russell Jones (Grub Street, £3.95).

Anyway, several years ago a version did the rounds in the North-East of England. When my Mail, Hartlepool, colleague Steve Hartley heard it, the twist was that the bridegroom made the speech, where he wound up by claiming his wife and best man had slept together and threw the honeymoon air tickets at them and stormed out. This was alleged to have happened at Newcastle's Gosforth Park Hotel. When asked if it really happened, the Gosforth manager chuckled, saying he had heard the story already, but it was supposed to have happened in Hartlepool itself, at the Grand Hotel.

CULINARY TREAT. Valentine's Day (that's 14/2/92) for the Johnathon Ross television show meant a chef preparing a special meal and the chat show host commenting "...and no Craddock's jokes". People I know swear that one of their cookery shows ended with Johnny saying "I hope all your doughnuts turn out like Fanny's."



BACK HOME. A frequent tale is about a couple who go on holiday to some seaside resort. The husband gets drunk and is spotted the worse for wear by fellow pub/club members on an outing. They assume he was one of their coach outing party take to his hometown and dump him back at his house.

Rather similar is the tale of a couple who hopped on a mystery bus tour 80 miles from their home and ended up at their local shopping centre. Jim and Betty Marran (no address) took a 200-mile trip offered while on holiday in Grantham, Lincolnshire. The driver was going to Barnsley, Yorkshire, and dropped them in Wakefield, a mile from their home. But, hang on, why holiday in Maggie Thatcher's hometown and is Wakefield and Barnsley 20 miles apart (Sun, 14/11/91).

M U C K - R A K I N G . This one was familiar (Sun, 3/2/92), but as I recall when I saw it previously it was between two Russians. Are our recession-hit farmers now on their subsistence subsidised farming level?

SUN

A LONELY heart ad in a paper at Taunton, Somerset, said: "Lady farmer, 15 acres, seeks ale farmer with own tractor. Please send photograph of tractor."

SPOT

Update

DOLPHIN SEX CASE. Certainly for UK readers the basics of this case are well enough known (if not see FF12, p12; FF13, p13, p16; FF14, p12). The case of committing an indecent act with Freddie the dolphin off Amble, Northumberland, began on December 9, 1991. Alan Cooper denied masturbating the bottlenose dolphin and on December 13 was cleared at Newcastle Crown Court.

During the case Cooper admitted the dolphin regularly hooked him with its genitalia, but there was nothing sexual in the act. Cooper, who campaigned against keeping dolphins in captivity (including Morecambe Marineland, where our family went but I declined the dolphinarium show), said he had two death threats over the case.

Peter Bloom, his vociferous accuser and dolphinarium curator at Flamingoland Zoo, Yorkshire, was later to receive police protection after threats. He looked rather foolish when it was revealed he trained dolphins for a film called "The Fruit Machine" where one of three female dolphins swam with a naked man and another leapt out to remove a woman instructor's bikini top.

Various witnesses said they did not see Cooper sexually abusing Freddie, while others said it had hooked them toilsomly. The defence claimed Bloom lied in a smear campaign because Cooper was an animal activist.



Cooper was cleared by a unanimous verdict in less than an hour. Cost to the taxpayer was £33,750.

So was it all innocent? The 39-year-old bachelor, who has no girlfriend, said: "He

is my first love ... I have dived with Freddie, clutching his body, wrestled with him in quiet periods and swam with him in the moonlight." He blamed Freddie's foot-long curved willy for a misunderstanding.

Was Cooper a vendetta victim? "Bloom had tried to stitch me up," said Cooper after the trial. However, journalist Alan Air, who was on the boat when the alleged offence took place, described the conspiracy theory as "absolute nonsense."

However, I thought Cooper's solicitor, Anthony Jennings, was the star turn. After a film was shown of swimmer Louise Wallace with Freddie while his genital organ was exposed. Jennings commented: "Well, that's as close as we can get to calling him a witness."

He said the dolphin used it in an entirely non-sexual way as a tactile instrument.

He warned against applying human values to the behaviour of the dolphin.

"Men don't use their sex organs to push the trolley at Morrisons. They don't use it to greet other people. Some people after a large amount of alcohol and a vindaloo on a Friday night may come as close as humanly possible to using their sex organs like a dolphin."

(News of the World, 15/12/91. Various The Journal, Newcastle; Mail, Hartlepool; Northern Echo, Darlington, 9-16/12/91).

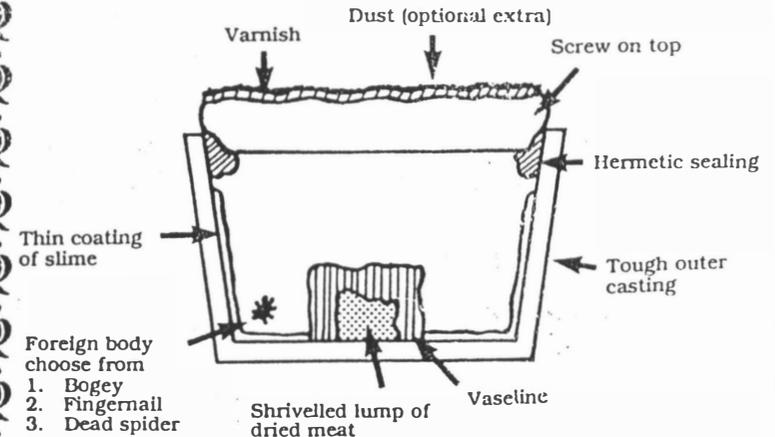
STRATEGIC STEAM RESERVE. A favourite of mine is the myth that hidden at one or more locations in Britain are a host of steam engines "mothballed" when modern traction took over. Out of the blue, this tale has reared its chimney in a surprising source (UFO Brigantia, No. 50) where Nick Brown, of York, in the letters column, asks for more information after "a local and highly-respected lecturer in engineering" told him certain railway tunnels are used for storing and maintenance of this contingency collection. Reason being that after a nuclear attack "the resulting ionisation would render electronic and diesel rolling stock useless." Sounds rather a pseudoscientific argument for a scientist.

Yet British private railways are buying steam engines from such disbanded strategic reserves. Both Swedish and Yugoslavian reserve engines are being sold and one dump alone at Nizhmly Tagll, in Russia, is reputed to hold no fewer than 1,500 steam locos! (Steam Railway, February, 1991).

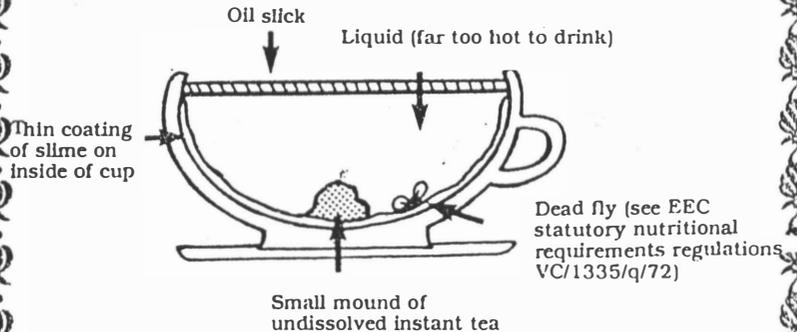
PIDDLE STEAMER. machines which run on cheaper substances than petrol or oil keep cropping up. An inventor who built a car which runs on chicken fat was reported running a steam engine fuelled by dirty nappies at Sangerville, Maine, USA (News of the World, 2/2/92).

Photocopy lore

ANATOMY OF A BRITISH RAIL MEAT PIE



ANATOMY OF A BRITISH RAIL CUP OF TEA



Confucious he say:
Foolish man give wife grand piano. Wise man her upright organ.

FINAL THOUGHT

*If silence is as deep as eternity,
then speech is as shallow as time.*

(□ From Lufduck - Loughborough Student Charities Appeal - 1987)

Books

EXTRAORDINARY ANIMALS WORLDWIDE by K N SHUKER (Robert Hale, £15.95)

Karl Shuker has the rare ability to make the most crude aspects of zoology and cryptozoology entertaining. To prove his points he takes a great deal of often ancient and obscure references, but he leaves the towering edifices of detail with stained glass windows of wit and anecdotal quiddity.

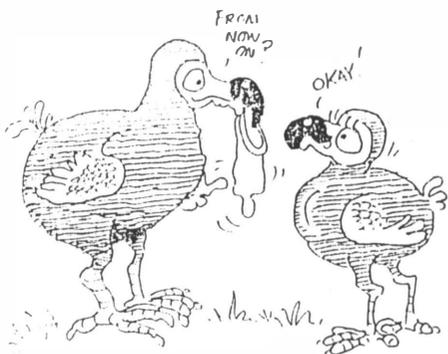
For example he notes that when J B S Haldane was asked what inferences he could draw about the nature of God from a study of His works, he replied: "An inordinate fondness for beetles."

Such light touches help the flow as Shuker wanders through natural history's bywaters seeking evidence for its more exotic but furtive brethren. A literary big (and little) game hunter, he obviously has an encyclopaedic grasp of his subject and also qualifications to make the necessary judgements from the evidence at hand, though this is often anecdotal.

Discussing bees, for instance, Shuker relates how Polish bees one day in 1986 made, literally, a bee-line for their hives and began fanning their queens, a reaction normally associated with great danger to the hive. Somehow they had supposedly sensed the Chernobyl nuclear disaster. Bemusing beeslore also has a tale that those in pyramidal hives live longer, are more productive and less aggressive.

At times events such as king rat clusters sound like urban belief tales, but Shuker is at pains to draw the lines between folk belief and witness testimony and sound zoological possibility.

Among the selected menagerie paraded before the reader are electric platypuses and echnida; flying jackals and gliding frogs; snakes which crow like cockerels and stones which soak up venom; swamp eels and sea serpents; strange blue rhinoceroses and out-of-place examples with their aphrodisiac-claim horns;



debate over extinction dates for such as the moa, dodo, passenger pigeon and great auk; recent dinosaur discoveries and prehistoric terror birds; and the nervous, self-disemboweling sea cucumber.

A Cornish legend which was new to me was of the spectral "daisy dog". No famous black dog this, but according to legend a pekingese, arrive on the Cornish

shore in Elizabethan times, 300 years before official history announces the species' arrival in Britain. It is a sad tale and an intriguing mystery.

As author of a book on a dodgy example of wildlife washed ashore (Who Hung The Monkey?), in which I mention Jenny Hanivers, I was please to see that in discussing the angler fish, Shuker relates how carcasses of species of skate can be skilfully modified by fishermen to resemble strange beasts. Mexican "devil-fish" specimens are being passed off to tourists as grounded extraterrestrials, showing how myths can stay abreast of the times, enabling a dragon or half-monkey/half-fish creature to metamorphose into an outer space alien.

Karl Shuker has provided a fine compendium of oddities which will have wide appeal.

TWELVE-TRIBE NATIONS AND THE SCIENCE OF ENCHANTING THE LANDSCAPE by JOHN MICHELL and CHRISTINE RHONE (Thames & Hudson, £18)

The author has an awesome intellect and his writing is so assuredly erudite that it is difficult to suppose he could ever be in error.

Here he argues for the study of the universal tradition of 12-tribe societies and its value; to create and maintain a perfectly balanced human order in harmony with the heavenly order, where life is experienced on a high plane of spiritual intensity.

In the past, the reviewer has argued in conversation with John the dubious value, importance and necessity for hierarchical human order, but to no avail. It would therefore be a waste of time to challenge John's elegant put down that "in earlier times the Athenians were ruled by kings, but later they fell into democracy."

John defends this ancient enchantment, created by the secret science of priestcraft, for he argues the people of those 12-tribe nations who were subjected to it benefited from being in a perpetual state of perception and spiritual intensity which enhanced their lives with impressions of an earthly paradise.

Whoever can be found the legend of 12 saints or heroes who sanctified their surroundings, one should look for an ancient sacred landscape, which will be divided into 12 astrological segments, each having its peculiar symbols, myth and music.

Having been appreciative of enchanted (and areas which have become sterile) landscapes all my life, I need no persuading of the importance of tradition. To briefly make a point, there used to be a fair in North Yorkshire at Boroughbridge on the feast of St Barnabas. The ladybird was known after him as Barnaby bug and in the adjacent field were those towering stone the Three Arrows, where one winter I found hundreds of ladybirds hibernating.

But to return to the central thesis, is it absolutely necessary that everything possible should be done to avert the threat of innovation. Surely nations are strengthened, and not diluted, by cross-fertilisations of races, cultures and ideas? As for landscape, I was dumbfounded recently by the vistas from a carriage on the railway line between Fort William and Mallaig (shared incidentally and coincidentally with a female Japanese journalist).

Equally I can appreciate newer elements to my

own 'geographical' backdrop: below Roseberry Topping and the Cleveland Hills is Hartlepool nuclear power station and Britain's largest petrochemical complex. The lights of Teesside industry have been promoted as a novel tourist attraction and why not; for it is just another aspect of spiritual light, being the light of trade and commerce. And if you need the musical dimension, try Chris Rea's locally-inspired album Shamrock (shaman/rock?) Diaries. With such tracks as Steel River, Chisel Hill and the glorious Stainsby Girls.

There is no digression for I feel a great affinity for my native Teesside, its people, culture, individuality; its seasons, natural history, legends and customs. It has great depth but people's resilience has led to new developments and even in a minor way, transient mini-migrations, microcosmically reflecting the lost tribes of Israel as the jobless have moved to the North Sea oil rigs and oilfields of Saudi Arabia.

Doubtless, John and I will always argue over what constitutes progress; he coming from a classical educational background and I from "C" stream grammar schooling in a deprived, insular North-East England township best known for its hanging a monkey.

But John himself has been under scrutiny of late for continuing to champion his southern England St Michael Line. Here he persuasively defends its existence on several counts and points to other long-distance lines or corridors in Europe and the same in the Holy Land, including exoteric geometry behind Jerusalem's city plan, to back up his 12-tribes thesis.

The book ends on an upbeat note, assuming that before the millennium the 12 tribes will regate at Jerusalem, which will become one temple, acknowledged as a heavenly sanctuary on earth. We'll see.

THE BODY OF TIME AND THE ENERGIES OF BEING by BRUCE THOMAS (Arkana, £5.99)

My favourite book of 1990 was Thomas's novel "The Big Wheel". This book is equally profound, but a far more serious book, encouraging the reader to grasp the opportunity to transform him or herself. It is not an easy read by any means but is full of wisdom and a beguiling way of encouraging the reader to seek self-fulfilment — the world of Being, beyond ordinary reality.

Generally I have a sceptical approach to books promising self-transformation, but after reading Thomas's novel (and trusting his experiences in Elvis Costello's band), felt I would try to be sympathetic. It paid dividends. He is commonsensical, wryly humorous and worth trusting. Some of the advice seems just too obvious but is not really. For instance "free circulation of experience is necessary for psychological growth" or "if I want to know how someone is really feeling I can imitate his facial expression and movements" and "when people (and consequently society) are more alive in body and in the present there can be the kind of planning that doesn't rob life of its immediate daily meaning." He helped lift my depression, made me feel more positive and ready to make changes, and not let pettiness or adversity get me down. If you feel trapped, Thomas will help you realise this and then guide you towards the exit.

STONE ALONE by Bill Wyman (Penguin, £5.99).

The wrinkly rocker who hit the headlines by marrying nymphet Mandy Smith was making the front pages aplenty during the Sixties and also enjoying a sex life to make Casanova look as attractive as Quasimodo.

Co-written with journalist Ray Coleman, the book tells the story of the rise and rise of the Rolling Stones.

The title is apt, for Bill was shouldered out of the limelight by Jagger and Richards, deplored the machinations to destabilise the sickly Brian Jones and was the one whose warnings of financial rip-offs fell on deaf ears.

There are a great many anecdotal moments among the extensive detail, not least of which are the minute details of his awesome sexual conquests and roller-coaster bank balance; sending a lock of hair to a fan (public, however); and amazement that a girl's tattoo was of a little red devil sitting on her public mound.

The first part brings the band's story up to date, but the vast bulk chronicles what happened up until July 5, 1969; the famous Hyde Park concert.

I saw the Stones on stage three times: the last time on October 8, 1965, at the notorious Stockton-on-Tees concert where Jagger was hit by a coin over the right eye and finished the performance dabbing the cut. Previous to this I spent 45 minutes chatting — as opposed to interviewing him — sitting on stairs and can testify that he's an around genuine guy.

Bass guitarist Wyman has a penchant for keeping interest going even when concerts and tours are much of a muchness. It is the frictions between band members and also their chemistry which makes this memoir so memorable and readable. From an unsentimental Thirties childhood, Wyman gains stature by fairness to friends, shrewdness in business but loses with a fickleness over fidelity.

All in all, a fine picaresque romp.

THE ELEMENTS OF EARTH MYSTERIES by Philip Heseltin; ... **FENG SHUI** by Joanne O'Brien with Kwok Man Ho; ... **THE DRUID TRADITION** by Philip Carr-Gomm; ... **MYSTICISM** by R A Gilbert (Element Books, £4.99 each).

Additions to the excellent Elements of ... series and of the high standard already set. As former editor of The Ley Hunter and having known Philip Heseltin since 1969, I am familiar with the contents of the first of this quartet. Philip knows his subject inside out and without producing anything fresh covers the topics embraced by earth mysteries in a masterly, easily-readable fashion. Feng shui, the ancient art of gemancy, was popularised in this country by John Michell and this book goes into the system of harmony in a businesslike way. The Druid book particularly

appealed to me as it deals at length with modern personalities associated with Druidry, some of whom were correspondents of mine. Coverage is given to Druidic past, ceremonies, tree lore and beliefs; never getting bogged down, never boring. Gilbert is known for not suffering fools gladly and his exposition on mysticism is fascinating and for a difficult subject is the model of clarity.

BEGINNINGS by JIMMY GODDARD (£1.30 inc p&p from Amskaya mag address — see magazines).

Subtitled "Some Potentially Useful Discoveries", Jimmy begins by describing attempts to detect earth energies with his sandjar ley detector (which I've personally tried, but without any reaction). He also discusses sub-conscious sitting; sound in earth energies; ley width; natural anti-gravity; solar transition effect; cognitive dissonance; and even dowsing video film (to the extent of the pitch when a football match was in progress!), which will be somewhat controversial. There is also an appendix on Alfred Watkins and his discovery of leys, by Bob Skinner.

THE HIDDEN UNITY by JIMMY GODDARD (£1.30 inc p&p from Amskaya mag address — see magazines).

This earth mysteries booklet sets off from the notion that "the ley system is self-replicating, regenerating its mark points by subconsciously impelling people to build certain buildings or plant pines where they are intended to be." Jimmy then explores the immense variation in age and type of worship practised at ley points, from Quaker meeting houses to Islamic mosques. As an "independent worshipper", the author can discuss cognitive dissonance and sound in religion from a non-biased viewpoint, arriving at an "all is one" cheerful optimism.

Backing the arguments are contributions on a Scunthorpe Sikh temple's alignments by Bob Dickinson and a general essay supportive of Jimmy's contentions. Jimmy also uses as an appendix part of his *Beginnings* booklet, being his ley detector efforts.

The general thesis forms a novel, if contentious, area for geomants. Should only pre-Reformation churches be considered as ley points, or can later and non-Christian ones be valid? I can see some friction here.

FOLK STORIES FROM THE YORKSHIRE DALES by Peter N Walker (Hale, £6.95).

When visiting Dales towns and villages, knowledge of local folklore helps make the places come more to life; both their past and present.

Here are the folktales of historical and mythical personages; highwaymen, lords, witches, giants, fairies, strange beasts and various enchantments.

Following brief but succinct descriptions of the villages, towns and cities, are woven the fabric of intriguing folklore in a fascinating selection by a popular, proven and prolific regional author.

There are such tales as how a Pontefract schoolmaster used liquorice roots to thrash pupils and when one bit on the cane to ease his pain, found it tasted pleasant.

At Towton, the white roses are still flecked with red because they grow from the earth where was fought the bloodiest battle on British soil.

England boasts many tales of simpletons, such as the Hartlepuddians who hanged a monkey. To this reviewer's surprise there are a great many Dales examples, with Austwick having a host of tales to itself alone.

However, as a balanced historical and folkloric compendium the book is slightly marred by its author's Roman Catholic faith, which is laboured at times and is an irritant. We have "the dark days of the Reformation" — whereas what Anglican would want to score points with "the glorious golden age of the Reformation"?

THE RIVER TEES by R. Woodhouse (Terence Dalton, £9.95).

THE CLEVELAND VILLAGE BOOK (Countryside Books, £6.95).

All those who cherish Cleveland, its landscape, people and history, will find much of interest in both of these books.

Robert Woodhouse is a well-known author of regional books and here he traces the Tees from its source in a region, classifiable as tundra, a short distance below Cow Green reservoir to the thriving industrial estuary. Most of us first encounter the far reaches of the Tees at Barnard Castle, where the road bridge has been in the news with its weight restriction "spy camera" to catch errant heavy goods vehicle drivers. Railway travellers will be well aware of the Tees at Croft upon leaving Darlington. By the Tees at Middleton St George I spotted an other one weekend and Woodhouse covers my favourite Tees location, Sockburn, where there was once a fearful dragon.

Downstream he relates the history of and personalities who lived at Yarm, Stockton, Thornaby and Middlesbrough, and covers the development of industry at Teesmouth.

It is a thoroughly competent work of scholarship, presented with an informative and light touch.

The Cleveland Village Book is also a delightful compendium of the smaller locations in the county, compiled by the Cleveland Federation of Women's Institutes from notes and illustrations sent in by WIs in the county.

The result is a little uneven, but Doris Perley has done a grand job in co-ordinating the effort.

What is a boon is that information is either unavailable elsewhere or difficult to locate. This reviewer was most impressed by many entries, particularly Dalton Piercy and Cowpen Bewley.

The piece on Eaglescliffe repeats the probable item of apocrypha whereby the signwriter for the railway company followed the wrongly-spelled Eggescliffe and also mentions Tudor-style dressed ghosts spotted by busdrivers.

It is these quirky pieces of local lore which make the entries such a delight. The reader will learn much he or she never knew about this locality from these books.

Books in brief

Of necessity I have had to be brief with many books submitted for review — as opposed to those actively sought — and make no pretence at more than either a cursory scan of contents or in the case of reprints a quick appraisal of what I've already read. Basically I try to give a literary thumbnail sketch and leave the reader to seek it out for further appraisal if the book sounds sufficiently interesting.

Essential Woman (Murry Hope; Mandala, £7.99) makes no pretence to being feminist and Goddess dominated, giving a wider perspective and challenge for women to follow. **The Goddess Changes (Felicity Wombwell; Mandala, £7.99)** is a personal guide to working with the Goddess — women's group discussions on the taste of menstrual blood and so on. **The Circle of Nine (Cherry Gilchrist; Arkana, £5.99)** portrays nine archetypes presenting different but equally important aspects of the feminine psyche.

The Tao of Peace (Diane Dreher; Mandala, £7.99) interprets the often cryptic verses of the Tao Te Ching and explains its principles and lessons, illustrated with modern parallels. **Beyond Psychology (Nona Coxhead; Mandala, £7.99)** proposes that we can become arbiters of our so-called fate and tell random experience to bog off by conscious thinking.

Man and His Symbols (Carl Jung; Arkana, £10.99) is an exposition of his theories about the significance of symbols in dreams and art, made comprehensible to the lay reader. This book was conceived, edited and the first chapter written by Jung himself, and also contains essays by four of his closest associates, thus providing a clear introduction to all areas of Jung's thought. This edition contains 500 illustrations which provide a unique visual commentary on Jung's ground-breaking ideas.

Higher Consciousness in 30 Days and Inner Sex in 30 Days (both Keith Harary & Pamela Weintraub; Aquarian, £4.99) have titles I immediately mistrust, with the first claiming to teach the reader to reach the vantage point of the sage and the second the heights of ecstasy — I mean, a sage wouldn't write a cheapo book and a sexual athlete wouldn't have time, though the woman might be allowed weeks off....

The Paths of Inner Power series brings **Understanding Astrology** by Sasha Fenton, a first steps guide to help the beginner quickly grasp the basic ideas and all aspects are covered; **Understanding Crystals** by Neil Urwin, describes the types of crystals, their properties and uses from creative visualisation to telepathy; **Incense and Candle Burning** by Michael Howard goes from blowing out birthday cake candles to the deeper rituals of this magic art (Aquarian, £3.99).

A book to bridge the gap between the tarot's traditions as both divination device and source of symbolic wisdom is **The Magical World of the Tarot (Gareth Knight; Aquarian, £7.99)**.

The Age of Myth (Tom Chetwynd; Mandala, £6.99) argues that the ancient Near East was the cradle of the unconscious mind, where humanity's creative imagination found full expression for the first time. It was also where the modern conscious ego, with its intellectual bias, showed first signs of mature development. In between these two psychological events lies the Age of Myth. This period is the lost childhood civilised man — partly forgotten, partly repressed and derided by the intellect, but still surviving in the depths of the unconscious waiting to be retrieved like the Golden Fleece. Here is a claim of the role the Hebrews played in Bronze Age history and their contribution to ancient myth. Supported by recent archaeological evidence, this book strikes at the foundations of the textbook version of history before 1200BC, and offers a new look at the roots of major religions in remote antiquity. **The Kabbalah Unveiled (translated by S L MacGregor Mathers; Arkana, £7.99)** reveals medieval Jewish mysticism and makes it accessible to the student interested in the esoteric books of the Zohar. **Greek Mythology (Richard Stoneman; Harper Collins, £7.99)** is an encyclopaedia of myth and legend; a simple, handy and comprehensive guide.

Biospheres (Dorion Sagan; Arkana, £5.99) aims to publicise the self-contained Biosphere II in the Arizona desert, which by coincidence, was shown on TV an hour before I picked up this book, which goes beyond the Gaia hypothesis. **The Universe is a Green Dragon (Brian Swimme; Arkana, £5.99)** is a visionary tale of the principles underlying the universe cast as a conversation between "youth" and "sage". **Earth Papers (edited by Elizabeth Roberts & Elias Amidon; Harper Collins, £9.99)** includes writing about the Earth from the likes of Robert Frost and Walt Whitman to Black Elk and Ho Chi Minh.

Many students of the occult consider Dion Fortune to have been one of the greatest occultists of our times. She also possessed shamanic powers, developed psychism, was in her early career a Freudian analyst and later a brilliant writer, including being a novelist. A cult figure since her death in 1947, this full biography reveals in depth one of the most striking personalities of the 20th century. **The Magical Life of Dion Fortune gets to the heart of her occult obsession and is an excellently researched work (Alan Richardson; Aquarian, £7.99).**

Also reprinted are Dion Fortune's novels **Moon Magic and The Winged Bull (both Arkana, £4.99)**.

If you try to cover every aspect of a controversial subject and be fair to all points of view you are likely to end up with a confusing hotch-potch. This is how **Atlantis: Myth or Reality? (Murry Hope; Arkana, £6.99)** develops. But truly amazing is the author's seeming ignorance of Anthony Roberts' huge body of work on Atlantean traditions. It's like a survey of Christianity without Jesus.

Back with the late Tony Roberts, his anthology "Glastonbury: Ancient Avalon: New Jerusalem" was a classic of its type and celebrated the Somerset shrine in fine style. By comparison **A Glastonbury Reader (compiled by John Matthews; Aquarian, £14.99)** is unbelievably tedious and about as enchanting as a Dartmoor old lag's slop bucket at 5am.

Magazines

DEAR MR THOMS. A non-profit making folklore miscellany, distributed to members of the British Folk Studies Forum and its friends. Sub is £5 for approximately six issues. From Gillian Bennett, 28 Brownsville Road, Stockport, SK4 4PF.

No. 22. Issue devoted to the legend of "The Bosom Serpent," a complex of stories wherein an amphibian, reptile or such gets into a vital organ, its effects and expulsion.

No. 23. Danger of personal interpretations of tales written up humorously; Scottish rain-maker hero tale; Western Massachusetts hoax; Australian weatherlore; updates on bosom serpent, Craig Shergold, LSD transfers and The Liverpool Tragedy; three items of photocopylore; modern legend miscellany.

No. 24. After Loren Coleman's published cases of clowns causing hysteria in the United States, we have a lengthy appraisal of this recurring in central Scotland. Microwavelore; photocopylore; "Little Buddy" style scam from 1850; cokelore (if two aspirins are dissolved on Coca Cola will they make you blind drunk?) gluelore; *penis captivus*.

THE WILD PLACES. The journal of strange and dangerous beliefs. Q. Single issue £1.75; 4 for £6; US \$18 for 4. Payment to Kevin McClure, 42 Victoria Road, Mount Charles, St Austell, Cornwall, PL25 4QD.

No. 3. Phil Hine concludes that intensity of belief is the key which allows magical systems to work; articles on wartime stress visions and contactees' world destruction prophecies; intelligent book reviews. Christian fundamentalist publications and more varied mainstream mags are reviewed. Pugnacious approach by an editor with strong views.

WEAR WOLF. Sporadic enthuzine. Send 50p + SAE payable to Wolf's Head Press of P O Box 77, Sunderland, SR1 1EB.

No. 3. Scandalously readable exchange between Sorcerer's Apprentice boss Chris Bray and the editor. For someone preaching defamation, loudmouth Bray's abusive paranoia and calling Kevin O'Beirne an "asshole guinea pig" and "unevaluated personality" is pretty rich. Personal account of 1991 Poets and Small Press Festival. Plenty of tit bits laddled in, including religious weirdness round-up; messages in bottles; Hallowe'en tale centring on a Coldharbour (ley name) farmhouse. Always a good hour or so's fun.

PENDRAGON. Journal of the Pendragon Society. Q. Sub £6. From Eddie Tooke, Chinook, Paxhill Lane, Twynning, Glas., GL20 6DU.

Vol. XXI/4. Articles on Iron Age hillforts reoccupied in the post-Roman period in southern England; South Cadbury in 1894; what Arthur means to two readers; an American's viewpoint; Tristan and Isolde in Bruges. Odin. book reviews; letters; miscellany.

Vol. XXI/1. Main theme is Cadbury (the hillfort, not chocolate). The Wild Hunt; Arthur of Brittany; part four concludes Fisher King and Odin. Book reviews; readers' letters.

THE LEY HUNTER. Four issues £7; \$22 air, US surface. Dollars must be notes or drawn on US bank account. Cheques to "Empress Ltd." From P O Box 92, Penzance, Cornwall, TR18 2XL.

No. 113. Tom Graves provides a timely trashing of the asylum which energy dowsing has become and calls for humility and hard work to rescue and rehabilitate it as a precise tool. Geomantic Alpine rays of light; Paul Screeton celebrates the Lambton Worm's second coming; Nigel Pennick deplors Disneyficator cultural amnesia and political dissuasion; extensive book reviews.

No. 114. Major earth lights update edited by Paul Devereux. Paul Screeton takes a critical look at corn circles carnival and Nigel Pennick deplors the New Barbarism and spectre of Stonehenge/long Experience. Science of the spirit and the pineal gland; significant Belgian alignment; Polish stone circles. More excellent book reviews.

No. 115. Articles on Anglesey leys; a Dutch mystery. Columnists discuss: Paul Screeton on ley involvement, a super tramp and armchair vision; Nigel Pennick challenges the uncritical praise of native cultures; Chris Ashton on dilemma facing Thai tribespeople. Moot '91 report. Huge book review section. Letters.

NORTHERN EARTH MYSTERIES. Journal of the Northern Earth Mysteries Group. Q. Single issue £1.15; £3.95 for 4. Cheques to "Northern Earth Mysteries", 40b Welsby Place, Meersbrook Park, Sheffield, S8 9DB.

No. 48. Ian Taylor is annoyingly anti-Christian in a piece on the Gyrash of Gothland (the research does not even mention the fictional novel of that name); Ston Hay baffles as usual on set measurements; Bob Trubshaw fails to convince with Dacre churchyard "bears"; letters (excellent one from Paul Devereux); book reviews.

No. 49. Articles on churches as ley indicators and fortune telling at Ikley Moor cup and ring markings. Rapport with trees; reports on NEM 1991 Moot and field trip; usual features.

TOUCHSTONE. Published by Surrey Earth Mysteries Group. Q. £2 for 4. Cheques to J Goddard, 25 Albert Road, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey.

No. 31. Editor Jimmy Goddard puts forward a case for ley width doubling at sunrise and sunset, which other dowers could test. Historical barrow destruction to relieve unemployment. Plus letters, reviews and miscellany.

STRANGE MAGAZINE. US glossy professional magazine equivalent to our own Fortean Times. From PO Box 2246, Rockville, MD, 20847, USA. Cheques in sterling to Mark Chorvinsky. 4 issue sub £13.50. Available several London book stores.

No. 8. Tony Shiels investigated (see *The Diary*); South American and Japanese hominids; central European falls from the sky; crop circles; first-hand letter accounts of stragenesses; round-up on various Fortean topics; book reviews.

FORTEAN TIMES. The Journal of Strange Phenomena. One year (six issues) UK £12. US \$30. Make cheques payable to John Brown Publishing and send to Fortean Times, 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset, BA11 1DX. Now hit-ched to the John Brown publishing empire (in-

cludes *Viz*), FT is bimonthly and revamped. There is a section for the rotation of leading contributors and a less cramped look.

No. 59. Your editor joins the perpetual choir of revolving columnists, discussing the Celtic head cult (same headline appears above Andy Roberts' piece unwittingly — though in Fortean fashion, for its his obsession too). Articles cover Craig Shergold cards update, Fortean stamps, Chinese hair-cutting panics; obituaries; 17 pages of weird happenings; crop circles and other topics; letters; reviews; noticeboard.

No. 60. Anomalous thorns such as the Xmas Day flowering specimen at Glastonbury are discussed by John Michell, Jeremy Harte and Chris Hall; Nigel Pennick looks at Xmas' pagan background. Folklore professor Eddie Bullard comes up with arguments for a non-apocryphal reality to UFO abduction reports. Also of great interest to FF readers will be our subscriber J L Brody's investigation of a phantom French cloud-busting aeroplane rumour. Welsh road ghost and Jewish fish tales. Columnists cover such topics as drawbacks to UFO questionnaires, cinematic survival projection, bizarre aspects of Biosphere 2 and mutagenic issue from volcanoes. Special reports on various Fortean topics, Janet Bord's publishers' activities, book reviews and letters. A phantasmagorical pot pourri.

NORTHERN UFO NEWS. £3 for 3 from Jenny Randles, 37 Heathbank Road, Cheadle Heath, Stockport, Cheshire, SK3 0UP.

No. 150. Commendable Jenny Randles editorial on ufological commerciality dangers, re J o h n S p e n c e r.

No. 151. J R inclines to supposing a minority of UFO case DO suggest an intelligence beyond

No. 152. Editorial on J R being regressed. Useful features each issue: media matters, articles elsewhere, book reviews, corn circles update, current UFO investigations and case histories.

UFO BRIGANTIA. Journal of the Independent UFO Network. Now Q. £8 sub for 4. From Philip Mantle, 1 Woodhall Drive, Batley, West Yorkshire.

No. 49. Intemperate editorial mowing down corn circleers, dowers, psychics, channellers, abductees, exorcists, New Agers and Uncle Tom Cobblers and all. Anthropologist Elizabeth Bird assesses abductions and concludes ufologists' evidence is "flimsy at best and fraudulent at worst" and that what is being experienced is the hypnogogic or hypnopompic terror that comes in the night, shaped by our cultural milieu. Thought-provoking piece by Terry Jones comparing UK and US approaches and concluding that the alien "greys" may be "an all too real physical phenomenon." Ian Blake discusses trans-spatial entities sympathetically, and I was deeply struck by how Aleister Crowley's portrait of an alien he named Lam so resembles the artifacts of the Celtic head cult — which raises many questions. Excellent book reviews.

No. 50. Two articles by the controversial American ufologist Budd Hopkins; the longer putting forward a challenging set of circumstances as to why he believes thousands of adults and children have been abducted by aliens, though there are other explanations. Letters, including

one on the strategic steam reserve myth; book reviews; plus editor's uncompromising views on corn circles protagonists and Yorkshire UFO Society conference.

MAGONIA. Independent UFO mag. Q. UK £4 for 4; US \$10 in dollar bills. Cheques made out to J Rimmer, John Dee Cottage, 5 James Terrace, Mortlake Churchyard, London, SW14 8HB.

No. 41. Folklorist Eddie Bullard claims "abduction reports violate the folklorists' expectations" and "something is clearly peculiar here"; in essence where are the variations, as one would expect, leading to his disturbing conclusion that they are less likely to be fantasies and in some way real. Martin Kottmeyer looks (no pun) at eyes, apocalyptic imagery and paranoid themes in the ufo myths. John Harney revisits Roswell and John Rimmer places his wad on human intervention in the cereal killing fields. Creative letters and humorous miscellany.

AMSKAYA. Newsletter of the STAR Fellowship. Q. £2 for 4. Cheques payable to J Goddard, 25 Albert Road, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey, KT15 2PX.

No. 24. Reprint of a piece on the number 7 by the late Tony Wedd (cont. No. 25); photocopy of UAF sergeant's account of being abducted by a UFO (from a 1976 National Enquirer!); photocopy of 1991 claim of Roswell extraterrestrial retrieval. A letter interestingly has Joe Ely (his track "Dallas" — "Did you ever see Dallas from a DC9 at night / Well Dallas is a woman / Dallas is a beautiful sight ...") relating how some musicians in Lubbock, Texas, feel that the wealth of musical talent that has come out of the city (ie Buddy Holly, Roy Orbison, etc) is connected with the 1951 Lubbock Lights spectacular UFO event.

No. 25. Gordon Millington sees an alien intelligence behind the corn circles pictograms.

THE CIRCULAR. Now Q and journal of the Centre for Crop Circle Studies. Mag only £6.30; £8.10 overseas; single copy £1.75. Cheques payable to Bob Kingsley, 58 Kings Road, West End, Woking, Surrey, GU24 9LW.

Vol. 2, No. 3. Doubts cast on Messrs Bower and Chorley (Doug 'n' Dave) and tabloid integrity. Ralph Noyes provides an excellent overview of 1991. In the spirit of fairness, there is a lengthy piece by Terence Meaden. Another article asks if human thought is interacting with circles, plus other musings on various factors. Research panel reports and branches, including problematic access to information; book and magazine reviews.

Vol. 2, No. 4. Ken Brown reckons he's found Cheesefoot Head hoaxing but his many photographs look inconclusive to me. More thought-provoking is Terry Wilson's argument that the circles could be coming from the fourth dimension. The editor's probe into Doug 'n' Dave and MBF Services is a good piece of journalism. Bizarre Canadian woman's theory for huge underground places of worship akin to the Hopi's *kivas* were etching their structural designs on the surface because of interference with terrestrial energies. Research panel reports include one anecdotal unnamed young man having a heart attack associated with entering a corn circle and also a

warning against pregnant women entering for fear of miscarriages (ie an extension of the VDU scare scam). Other accounts feature Cornish "dragon" footprints and Cambridgeshire mandelbrot set. Finally a defence of farmers' charging to enter circles.

■ Bob Kingsley is giving up editing the mag, but it will become part of the Centre for Corn Circle Studies. For details contact CCCS (Membership), c/o Specialist Knowledge Services, 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset, BA11 1DX.

THE CEREOLOGIST. The journal for crop circle studies. 3 times a year. Single copy £2.50; 3 for £7.50. From 11 Powis Gardens, London W11 1JG.

No. 5 Editor John Michell sums up the current situation, arguing that despite scientific orthodoxy and popular opinion believing the phenomenon is a total fabrication, and that the meteorological theory has collapsed, "there are only two ways of interpreting the pictograms. These subtle, artistic, purposefully designed marks are either created by unknown people, or they are made by another form of intelligence. In either case, strange and mysterious forces are at work in our society. Cool heads, shrewd observation and honest motives are the essential equipment for all who involve themselves with this portentuous phenomenon." George Wingfield casts huge doubts over Doug 'n' Dave and asserts there has been a campaign of disinformation. Charles Thomas notes circles cause compass deflections, i.e. local magnetic anomalies; Jurgen Kronig on a new spiritual enlightenment; Brian Grist on underlying geology and Patrick Harpur on the Panic aspect of circles. Reports from around Britain; hoaxing possibilities; Michael Glickman's light-hearted "diary" column; letters; reviews.

THE CROP WATCHER. Single issue £1.75; £6.30 for four. Cheques to The Crop Watcher, 3 Selborne Court, Tavistock Close, Romsey, Hants, SO51 7TY.

No. 7. Appraisal of Doug 'n' Dave claims of hoaxing. Coverage of definite individual hoaxes, including disappointingly Barbury Castle; Jenny Randles reviews 1990's crop of reports (cont. No. 8); Meaden set up; Alan Crowe on commonsense.

No. 8. Editorial on Equinox TV programme which showed Terence Meaden and Busty Taylor endorse a false circle. Circle descriptions (hoaxed or otherwise); transcript of TV show featuring Doug 'n' Dave; readers' letters; pointless (to me at least) article on existence of David Fisher.

No. 9. Michael Chorost's report challenged; suspicious Nottinghamshire circles; East Anglian circles in the 1930s and changed types of cereal and farming methods; Wessex Skeptics put their case, followed by editorial response.

Articles elsewhere

WIND OF CHANGE. Did you know that 14 farts a day is normal and healthy, but if you exceed 20 you should see a doctor? Or that Grahame Greene was such a sensitive soul that schoolchums' "continual farting" brought about a nervous breakdown and he attempted suicide by swallowing aspirins, deadly nightshade and his hay fever drops? Susan Mayfield's article "Blowing in the Wind" is full of fmailly lore on the subject, and being where it was printed (Fiesta, Vol. 25/11, 1991) has plenty of personal bedroom experiences attached to this flatulent scatology. Apparently in the Middle Ages it was a common belief that small devils lived in farts. paintings of the time showed small men lifting their bums and the fart was drawn as a white cone with a cloud on the end in which danced little grinning stick-like devils.

CARS WITH MESSAGES. If photocopiers are legitimate communicators of modern folklore, perhaps car stickers become a medium with a message. In "Sticker Snobbery" (Weekend Guardian, 8/2/92), Nigel Duckers gives a humorous overview with plenty of examples. Following the above item, there's "Come any closer and I'll fart" to "Honk if you are horny", while there is the superiority of "Keep your distance: show dogs in transit."

THE BEAST OF EXMOOR. Readable overview of the theory that a breeding colony of pumas exists in North Devon was presented by Andrew Martin (The Daily Telegraph Weekend, 4/1/92). Strong on detail and scene-setting. Same issue had piece on an academic's controversial plan to release three species of carnivore into the wild; these being the polecat, pine marten and wildcat. No mention of vipers!

(Printed by Emjay Reprographics, 17 Langbank Avenue, Rise Park, Nottingham)

**BOOKS
FOR
SALE**

Further to our previous announcements, I still have a large range of books for sale. Although some are unwanted review copies sent to FF, the majority are ones I receive as a local newspaper journalist who also reviews books regularly. I am happy to sell as many as possible at around one-quarter price plus postage to subsidise FF — in other words, buy the books or see a price rise very soon. Main categories are biography, travellers' tales, novels (many by top writers), earth mysteries, New Age, tarot, astrology, green issues, etc. Send for lists, specifying particular interests.