

**FOLKLORE  
FRONTIERS  
No. 26**

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JULY 1995

FOLKLORE FRONTIERS is an independent, non-profit magazine covering folklore and folklife, in particular contemporary beliefs and actions. Urban myths and new social trends are its main concern. The magazine is broadminded and far ranging in expressing contemporary concerns.

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## The Diary

DIARY columns can offer rich pickings for urban mythologists (bring back Peter Tory, all is forgiven). Where I work, the Hartlepool Mail, we have Phillip Hickey (pictured), a grand lad, news editor to boot, and not naturally naive. So the following lead item came as a surprise. He swears a senior health committee representative told the tale to the editor, who believing it too, passed it on in good faith. You, dear reader, can decide its veracity or otherwise.



IT was the most embarrassing moment of her life - and, of course, it had to happen in full view of a long bus queue. Generous to a fault, this leading businesswoman dipped into her purse as soon as she saw a girl outside a charity shop in York Road, Hartlepool, clutching a tin. She dropped in 20p, confident that the money would be wisely spent to benefit the needy. But her gesture met with little gratitude. The tin holder, in fact, went mad. The tin was her can of Coke, the 20p made it undrinkable and our generous - but anonymous - charity helper had to shell out another 50p to buy another tin. "I knew straight away it would be one of those days," she said.

STILL with the Mail, remember our gay ghost scam last issue. FF reader Peter Rogerson consulted the Peter Underwood book I was unable to locate, A Gazeteer of British Ghosts (Pan, 1973) and found

"IN 1967 a miner and his wife, living at number 4 Eden Street, were so terrified by many "ghostly incidents" they were totally unable to explain that they called in the vicar, the Rev T. Matthews. When his prayers did not end their problems they decided to move and did so. The family were reluctant to talk about their experiences but insisted that "ghostly presences" had made themselves indisputably felt in the little house."

Thanks Peter. Legibility was far better than the "automatic writing" John Rimmer has accused you of.

ALSO, referring to FF25, two things to mention on the anoraknophobia theme.

May 29 was World Anorak Day. Glad to see my pal Screaming Lord Sutch was appearing at a concert the day afterwards with funk band The Anoraks. On the day itself, trainspotters were gathering at London's Clapham Junction "to talk numbers and gaze lovingly at the choo-choos. For John McJannet's information (D Star, 29/5/95) steam power last

chuffed through there on a regular basis in the Sixties. Apparently there was to be a "timid" debate at Speakers' Corner, Hyde Park, on "anoraknophobia." Wasn't the last issue well timed?!

Secondly, the man we beated last issue for scorning the spotters who made his fortune, Ian Allan, received an OBE in the Queen's summer honours list. Where's the justice?

# Waterloo Sunset, Brinsley meets Diana & Wilma & Mildred & May (Death of a Ladies' Man) - by Paul Screepton

I was saddened to learn that my old chum Lord Clancarty had shuffled off this mortal coil and been abducted by St Peter and the Men in White.

Better known as Brinsley le Poer Trench, the four times married peer was a ufologist with an ancient astronaut pitch, but without the razzmatazz or dubious self-justification of Erich von Daniken. His books, such as Men Among Mankind and Operation Earth, were relatively popular and he promoted the Glastonbury Zodiac terrestrial figures and was sympathetic towards earth mysteries.

We met at a British Unidentified <sup>Phys</sup> Objects Research Organisation lecture in the very early Seventies when I was a panellist for a debate on leys and UFOs, along with John Michell, Jimmy Goddard and Phillip Heselton.

The two bits of instruction were passed to me by Brinsley during the BUFORA lecture.

Please  
speak to  
Backs of  
Rall.

I am putting you  
into Bat Cast as  
a strong wind-up

Affaola and uroana, he adeptly held the evening's proceedings together. I don't remember much about the meeting over this span of time, except an excitable The Ley Hunter contributor Mollie Carey having someone be very rude to her and a convivial drink in a pub opposite the Kensington venue to wind up.

Shortly afterwards, as then editor of The Ley Hunter magazine, I published a brief mention that a particular book of Brinsley's was to appear in paperback from Universal Tandem. That company's managing director wrote to me saying this was untrue and demanded a retraction.

I knew I had every reason to stand by the veracity of my brief announcement, but being such a trivial (in terms) event, I had discarded the letter from one of the firm's minions announcing this forthcoming event.

Somewhat perplexed, I rang Brinsley at his flat in South Kensington to see if he could shed any light on the matter.

He explained he had shown the Universal Tandem managing director a copy of The Ley Hunter over lunch, which had led to my dilemma. Gentleman that he was, he offered profuse apologies for the embarrassment caused.

Nevertheless, without written evidence, I had to cave in and carry -- as far as I recall -- the only TLH retraction I made.

The would-be litigant (a man called Stokes, if I recall rightly) was himself prosecuted shortly afterwards for publishing obscene material. True to form, he bounced back and told the Press his line had been the best £150 worth of publicity he had ever had.

As for Brinsley, he should be remembered not only for propagating the belief in flying saucers, but for championing earth mysteries.

## 'Lord Crackpot'

By GERRY BROWN

SKY-WATCHING peer Lord Clancarty doesn't just SUSPECT that flying saucers and beings from outer space are visiting Britain—he's "damned sure" of it.

And, what's more, he has literally THOUSANDS of sightings from all over the world to back his claims.

But the guardians of Whitehall's innermost secrets are implacably opposed to most of his ideas and theories. They insist the 70-year-old peer is nothing more than a time-wasting eccentric.

Each time they receive one of his pestering letters, they groan and flinch, duck and dive.

But the correspondence is difficult to ignore when it comes on House of Lords note-paper from William Brinsley le Poer Trench, eighth Earl of Clancarty.

## and the great cosmic cover-up



Lord Clancarty

Flashback to  
D. Star 30/3/82

As the eighth Earl of Clancarty, he died aged 83 in May this year.

His ufological ideas were fairly bizarre even for that subject.

He claimed that he could trace his descent from 63,000BC, when beings from other planets had landed on Earth from spacecraft. Most humans, he believed, were descended from these aliens. In 1981 he concluded: "This accounts for all the different colour skins we've got here." But he also reckoned others emerged from a civilisation which still existed beneath the Earth's crust.

An obituary (D Telegraph, 22/5/95) claimed he produced a satellite photograph showing a large circular blob in the North Pole ice which, he said, was the entrance to a tunnel. He remained adamant even when it was pointed out to him that he was looking at part of the camera.

His ufological ideas were fairly bizarre even for that subject. An ~~and~~ ETHER, he installed a UFO detector in his bedroom. "It did buzz one Saturday afternoon," he said, "but when I rushed out I found that the sky was cloudy and completely overcast. Presumably it was above the cloud."

Eventually he spotted his only UFO: "It was an eerie white light .... I had to climb into the kitchen sink to get a good look at it through the window."

Not exactly what one would expect of the fifth son of the 5th Earl of Clancarty. William Francis Brinsley Le Poer Trench, who was born on September 18, 1911, and educated at the Nautical College, Pangbourne.

At one time he edited Flying Saucer Review and also found employment selling advertising space for a gardening magazine housed opposite Waterloo station. Office wags pointed out that Brinsley earned his renown by gazing at space and his living by selling it.

## Oldies but Goodies

Here was me thinking New Scientist was a po-faced, serious old farts' mag like Nature. the ObG file produced three items from it on this trawl. Our thanks to Peter Christie who asks if the kidney thieves of Bangalore piece (10/2/95) is "a 'true' urban legend?"

It is published in full for the reader's assessment, but I personally think not. There were accounts also of eyes being stolen from bodies at Rome's San Camillo Hospital and replaced with glass marbles (Sun, D Star, D Mirror, 23/2/94); in Pune, India, a cook first leared he was missing a kidney after a routine check-up for persistent abdominal pain (Newcastle Journal, 24/3/95); and Guatemalans' beating up US citizens whom they accused of trafficking in body parts of kidnapped children (Newcastle Journal, 31/3/94)

\* \* \* \*

A ferreoquinological old chestnut next (New Scientist, 29/4/95) which repays retelling in full also. Lucy Fisher also snipped a reader's letter from NS (10/4/93) where entombed toads were aired -- no pun intended, of course.

\* \* \* \*

We always like apocrypha which fairly certainly is actually true. Such as Beverley Evans, who dreamed an insect was eating her brain, only to awaken and find her nightmare had come true. An earwig had wriggled into her ear as she hung out washing. "All I could hear was a terrible

## Kidney thieves hit Bangalore

POLICE in Bangalore claim to have uncovered a major racket in human kidneys destined for patients from the Middle East and the Far East. Several people claim that their kidneys were removed without their consent, or that they were never paid what they had been promised for their organs.

According to the police commissioner of Bangalore, the racketeers may have removed kidneys from more than a thousand people over the past two years. But Samiran Nundy, a surgeon and editor of the *National Medical Journal of India*, says these claims "seem exaggerated". So far, the police have only released details of 21 complaints, all from people living in the Salem and Beriyar districts of Tamil Nadu.

Four people have been charged with fraud and extortion, including a private doctor called Sayed Adil and K. S. Siddaraju, who is head of nephrology at Victoria Hospital and a consultant at Yellamma Dasappa Hospital, a private hospital in Bangalore. The two others, Mohammed Hanif and a man called Yusuf, are believed to have recruited "donors".

The story emerged after a 28-year-old labourer called Velu visited his doctor and was told that one kidney had been removed. Velu recalled that he had gone to Bangalore, where he had been promised a job by Yusuf. He says he was lured to hospital and drugged. Velu claims that when he awoke he was told that he had fallen over and had needed an operation. He was eventually given 5000 rupees (nearly £100).

The kidneys are thought to have been transplanted into people from the Middle East, especially Saudi Arabia, and the Far East. India has emerged as a centre for trade in human organs, and money is thought to change hands in almost 75 per cent of kidney transplants. But this may change. Last week, the Transplantation of Human Organs Act come into force. It prohibits all commercial trading and allows organs to be removed only for therapeutic purposes. **Sanjay Kumar, Delhi**

**THE PRACTICE** of shooting birds into jet engines, discussed here on 1 April (the date was coincidental), is in fact well established and has been employed in many other countries besides Australia, including Britain. K. R. Brian writes to tell us.

We are also informed by a friend that the technique has spawned a series of apocryphal tales that surely qualify as another urban myth. Here is the version told about British Rail's late and unlamented Advanced Passenger Train.

When the APT was being tested in the late 1970s, the story goes, the engineers decided to investigate how tough the glass in the driver's cab should be. They wanted to know what effects a collision with a migrating duck might have on a train travelling at 150 miles per hour. So they hired a dead-bird-firing facility from an aircraft testing site and put a mock-up of the APT cab in the firing line. They set the firing speed to 150 mph and launched the bird.

The result was stunning: the bird went through the windscreen and straight through the metal bulkhead behind it. The dazed engineers began to analyse their

data: how thick would the windscreen have to be to withstand this, they wondered. They called in an expert.

The expert took one look at the data and another at the devastated cab and asked what they had used as ammunition.

"There weren't any dead ducks around, so we used a chicken," came the reply. "Um...do you think we should have defrosted it first?"

DEAD geese were fired at 300 mph from a special cannon at the engines of Boeing's new superjets to prove that they can withstand 'birdstrike'. Flight testing was suspended five weeks ago when the engine wobbled as the birds hit it.

The Mail on Sunday, July 9, 1995

crunching noise," she said, before doctors at a hospital in Stockport, Manchester, flushed it out alive with a syringe. The dream aspect is interesting and how was it decided the washing action figured in the earwig's bodily contamination? (*D Star, D Sport, 21/7/94*).

There was also ex-miner Fred Jones, of Wrexham, North Wales, who was deaf for 20 years until his doctor peered down his lughole and pulled out a lump of coal (*Sun, 3/12/94*).

Less likely is the tale of farmer Enzo Parlato, who had been deaf in his right ear until he went to a specialist in Sienna, Italy, who removed the remains of a rolled-up bus ticket stuck in the ear since childhood (*D Sport, 8/11/94*).

\* \* \* \*

Never, generally, trust bag snatch stories, but Mrs Pat McGillivray, of Carlsbrooke, Isle of Wight, had her carrier grabbed from outside the Argos store in Gunville. "It restores your faith in natural justice," she said, for the bag contained the fresh droppings of Whisky, her west Highland terrier, which had just been caught short (*D Star, 23/12/94, Weekend Telegraph, 14/1/95*). Funny how this common tale is often about the snatch of a urine sample bottle mistaken for one containing -- whisky.

**OA Pee  
has last  
laugh!**

AN elderly joker has had the last laugh on thieves at his old people's home.

The 65-year-old prankster - who has since died - hatched a wee plot after robbers stole miniature booze bottles from the bar of the home in Canvey Island, Essex.

He WIDDLED into replacement bottles and left them on the shelves... which have now been raided again.

Essex police yesterday warned that any thief who had gulped down the miniatures should attend the nearest hospital for a health check.

*D Sport 11/1/93*

Our "OA Pee" cutting - reproduced - certainly has all the hallmarks of fabrication (*D Sport, 18/8/93*)

And never mind that the tale is replete with names and detail, we don't give much credence to the latest Thai pet horror retelling - also reproduced (*D Sport, 14/3/95*)

# PET YOU AIN'T HAD MEAL LIKE THIS, SIR

**Lou's corgi is roasted** AN ELDERLY couple on holiday in Bangkok were delighted when a waiter took their thirsty pet dog from their table.

*DAILY SPORT Tuesday, March 14, 1995*

Frank and Louise Bacon believed the young man had taken Castro the corgi for a drink.

And they happily placed their order for what they believed was roast duck. Retired systems manager Frank and Louise, 69, from Wellington, New Zealand, relaxed as they sipped glasses of saké and waited.

But when their meal arrived, Louise collapsed and Frank broke down.

For there on the plate was a piping-hot roast torso of Castro, surrounded by mounds of rice and bamboo shoots.

"I still can't believe it," sobbed Louise yesterday. "We both thought the young man had taken Castro for a drink."

Proprietor Ying Pa said: "Dog is a delicacy here and we thought the couple wanted the animal cooked Thailand-style."

# Newspaper Fillers - A Survey

OFTEN part of my day job is to select what does - or doesn't - appear in a regional newspaper from the selection available from the Press Association's worldwide coverage. Stories folkloric, Fortean or folklife-oriented generally get selected by me. News editors and sub-editors' whims therefore shape the contents their readers find before them.

In FF21 I proposed a survey of what I reckoned were 40 recurring themes common to newspapers over the whole spectrum of the Press. The 1994 collection was no disappointment. Some quite facile nibs (news in briefs) as we call them are really loved by journalists - such as quite mundane lorry spillages or any stolen goods which could be harmful (contaminations a specialty). People's names which fit their occupations also (as beloved by the TV show *That's Life*, whose obsession with examples from the vegetable kingdom which have a simulacra with genitalia perhaps reflects the mood of the couch potato nation.

But enough of jesting; down to the analysis, if that is what we meant to have arrived at eventually. past halfway into 1995. Blame leaves on the brain.

Attention! The totals are arrived at by individual events and discount repetition across the media. You may want to refer back to FF21 for the 40 numbered categories. Set out those numbers begin each item. There is then a rough survey of each, followed by the total number of cases collected from the media. As no readers specifically cared to send examples (I wonder why I bother with this at times) it is not being monitored in 1995 for comparison (as Fortean Times is doing with its main categories). Here goes:

1. **JOBSWORTH.** Fitting or ironic names of people's occupations. Similar or variants such as locations. From flasher Peter O'Toole to slimmer Fred Weight, from knickers makers of Broadbottom to knickers thief from Undy, there was a bumper crop (53).

2. **LORRY SHEDS LOAD.** Journalistic fascination with this seems almost pathological. Examples of cargoes deposited on roads in 1994 which were supposedly interesting or funny included treated human waste, 16 tons of Carlsberg Special, glue (twice) and 17 tons of squid (18).

3. **LONG POST DELAY.** Knock the Royal Mail time. Letters delivered after having been posted in 1918, 1942, 1963, 1964, 1972 and 1987. Let's do the Time-warp again...(6).

4. **QUICK POST.** Delivered after posting both in 15 minutes, allegedly (2).

5. **MULTIPLE TIPPLE.** When pregnancies are blamed on a fluid or object. Includes Blackpool's The Big One rollercoaster, checkout 14 and three cases blaming beer (11).

6. **PREGNANT MIDWIVES.** Only two cases: Leicester and Livingston, but in each case 18 pregnant midwives are specified (2).

7. **The 0p OR 1p BILL OR DEMAND.** From flasher Peter O'Toole to slimmer Fred Weight, from knickers makers of Broadbottom to knickers thief from Undy, there was a bumper crop (53).

8. **UNEXPECTED BABY.** Somewhere in my files I have an article where a gynaecologist explains how it is easy to go a full pregnancy without realising a baby's on the way. 1994 attacks of wind and cramp provided ... (5).

9. **EMPLOYEE'S REVENGE OR MISCHIEF.** A personal favourite. A mystery Scottish worker blamed bosses south of the border for closing a plant and stamped **FUCK THE ENGLISH** on the lids of Crofters Mustard Piccalilli. Elsewhere an angry machinist urinated in colleagues' coffee pot. Disappointing total to say the least (2).



"Good grief! You're right — it IS Radio One!"

10. **DUBIOUS TRANSMISSIONS.** I've written no fewer than four articles on this topic and 1994 didn't let me down. Ranging from the whale film *Free Willy* instead showing lesbian romps, Chinese pranksters switching hard core sex for a soap opera (in fact, most tales were sex oriented) to car phones triggering inflatable airbags. Three involved religion (15).

11. **PISSED AS A NEWT.** Drunk or drugged wildlife tales perhaps appeal as they make us less guilty about behavioural misdemeanours. Ranging from elephants given amphetamines to make them work faster, harder and longer to a rat-arsed ferret, traces of cocaine were found in the mouths of 32 racehorses in Illinois and led to the introduction of manda-

tory pre-race saliva tests there - but then, don't all horses snort (16).

12. **AUCTION EMBARRASSMENT.** John Major appeared four times: a jar of pickled onions raised £40 - eight times more than the Prime Minister's signed picture; a pen of his raised £13 - while a Manchester United shirt raised £500; a discarded pen got no bids - Trevor McDonald's tie went for £15; a blue Major tie raised £90 - a red Tony Blair tie went for £125. Another Tony Blair tie raised £5 for Heighington parish schurch (national papers claimed it was in aid of Darling-ton Conservative Association). A Cindy



Crawford bikini raised £880 - five times less than President Mitterand's black hat (7).

13. **BIZARRE NAME FOR CHILD.** A friend of mine was christened Brenda as she was conceived on the back seat of a car parked in Brenda Road. Common variants are kids named after sporting heroes or squads, but more outrageous are the Beers who called their son Bottled; two different girls named Porsche (stories four days apart); Louise Singer's son Jazz; Amanda Day's son Alfee Zipadeedoodah. Hang on, this is getting silly. And to think mine are Ian and Kathryn (20).

14. **SHARED HONEYMOON.** Couples joined by 23, 28 and 38 others;

and case of girl who added the photographer to capture their romantic trip to Venice (4).

15. **SOGGY MOGGY.** One of those true happenings sometimes treated as an urban myth. For God's sake, cats are inquisitive and do like to snuggle into such places. Plenty of case in past, but (1).

16. **AWADAY MOGGY.** Their inquisitiveness also leads to them falling asleep in various bits of cars and getting a journey they didn't anticipate. Variant was a mechanic finding a baby rabbit in a car engine (10).

17. **LAYED OFF.** Bird's nest in strange place, often leading to work postponed - sometimes superstition quoted (4).

18. **FOOD CONTAMINATION.** Maybe my clippings instinct had a blind spot, though there's a rat's tail in Safeway Indian pickle (1).

19. **CRIME CONTAMINATION.** Er (0).

20. **TROPICAL WILDLIFE FIND.** There's a spider in a banana and an Asian rat snake in a Chinese-made garden gnome (2).

21. **HUNTED'S REVENGE.** Provenance of rural belief tale territory often hijacked by Forteanan. A clear example was the man who sank his boat when a home-made bomb to stun fish blew up as soon as he lobbed it over the side. However, my favourite was a long tale, the gist of which being that a teenage girl went behind a bush to relieve herself after a party and was shot dead by a hunter who mistook her for a deer (5).

22. **SEX DRIVE.** A couple bonking on a river slipway rocked the bodywork so much that the handbrake snapped. You know the rest (1).

## What went on in 1994

23. **JUMBLE HORROR.** Where valuable personal possession is sold in error. Again a poor year (0).

24. **HERB ALPERT.** Wide-ranging theme of music played to deter wildlife or increase fertility. Des O'Connor records to frighten foxes and scare fish, Chuck Berry to stop whales hitting yacht, killer whale recordings to scare seals ... but from 1995 I like the banana plant bombarded with reggae music for a week to produce its first fruit. Day ay at O! (12).

25. **CRAZY ADULT NAME.** Echoing category 13, a teenager called Parking Garage McAllister by his parents in New Zealand because he was conceived in a garage, changed his name to ... George. A boozier changed his name legally to Scrump E Cider, but my favourite was Monty Python fan Two Sheds Luxury Yacht Patang Patang Biscuit Barrel Community Care Over The Top Jackson. Also echoing 13, Garry Doda changed his middle name Eugene to become G Zippidy Doda. And lastly, student Peter Eastman changed his name to Trout Fishing in America as a tribute to author Richard Brautigan. His dad said: "I'm glad his favourite book wasn't Sex and the Single Girl." Which reminds me of an American called Craig E Quick who changed his surname to Quicksilver in honour of my book Quicksilver Heritage. Nolie (19).

26. **REVIVALISM.** Fire crews revived a hamster with the kiss of life after a house fire and when flames burst a goldfish's tank it was resuscitated somehow (2).

27. **BABY CARJACK.** Car stolen with baby in-



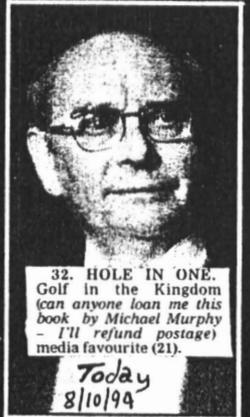
side. Only one of baby recorded, plus pet rat and two days apart rottweiler, but locations in Kent given as Rochester and Gillingham though similar (3 or 4).

28. **HONEYMOON RETURN SHOCK.** Return to find 80 garden gnomes stuck to house; garden with pond in living room; house painted like Mr Blobby; house painted pink (4).

29. **COFFIN BOUT.** Fortean favourite of mistakenly declared dead (5).

30. **RUDE AWAKENING.** Sleeping beauty syndrome. Gladiators Jet and Shadow separately, but if I was unconscious and Cornonation Street's Liz Dawn brought me out of a coma I'd be tempted to pretend to be still in it (6).

# In the name of the father, the son and the hole-in-one..



32. **HOLE IN ONE.** Golf in the Kingdom (can anyone loan me this book by Michael Murphy I'll refund postage) media favourite (21).

Today  
8/10/94

Golf-loving John Brocklehurst

## TODAY EXCLUSIVE

**CREATING** a golfing legend was the last thing on Mark Brocklehurst's mind.

He was concentrating on the sad task ahead - to carry out his 73-year-old father's last wish for his ashes to be scattered across the 11th green, scene of his one and only hole-in-one.

Solemnly, Mark packed the casket of ashes with his clubs and decided to play a round as he walked to the sacred spot.

### Spooky

And on the same 11th green he scored ... his first hole-in-one.

"It was spooky to say the least," 31-year-old Mark said yesterday. "Someone up there in that great clubhouse in the sky must have been helping me out."

The story has already passed into immortality at the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, Hoylake, Wirral.

Mark, who has a handicap of eight, says he hit an unremarkable shot with a six iron on the par three eleventh.

The 170-yard hole, nicknamed "The Alps", is flanked by sand dunes and bunkers. Salesman Mark said: "It was

only an average shot. I could see it was flying towards the green but it went out of my sight.

"It was other players on the course who told me the shot had holed in one.

"Apparently it hit a bank, bounced on to the green and trickled into the hole.

"I'm not really religious, but I can only think that my father must have been looking down on me when I teed off. Golf was very dear to him."

His mother Hilary said:



Mark Brocklehurst at the 11th green Picture: TONY HALL

## Spooky shot by Mark as he scatters dad's ashes

"We don't want to jump to conclusions about messages from the other side but it is rather creepy that Mark should score his first hole-in-one in this way.

"It sends a chill down the spine when you think about it.

"John would certainly

have had a chuckle about it and been very pleased for Mark that he finally got a hole-in-one."

Golf club secretary Group Capt Christopher Moore confirmed that Mark's hole-in-one had been independently witnessed. He said: "It's cer-

tainly a very nice coincidence."

● The family are considering adopting the start of John Betjeman's poem Seaside Golf as their motto:

*How straight it flew, how long it flew.  
It cleared the rutty track  
And soaring, disappeared  
from view*

*Beyond the bunker's back -  
A glorious, sailing, bounding drive  
That made me glad I was alive.*



NICE TIMING. LUNCH IN TEN MINUTES. I'LL GET YOU A DRINK.



I SEE YOU'RE WEARING THE GOLF SOCKS I BOUGHT YOU.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I GOT A HOLE IN ONE.



THAT'S DISGRACEFUL. I'LL TAKE THEM BACK TO THE SHOP TOMORROW.

# No Nix Hypnotrix

*FolkJokeOpus*

— by Mick Goss

Leading contender for Masculine Role Model of 1995: Arcadio Javer, bricklayer, from Higüey, Dominican Republic. Achievement: sublime excuse given to wife for having to have a 100-watt light-bulb removed from his rectum.

Mmm. Tricky situation. Obviously the poor guy could hardly hope his wife wouldn't notice something like that. So Arcadio, dubbed "kinky bricklayer" and "Sicko" in the report I'm taking this from, pleaded ignorance of a sort (insofar as he couldn't remember how the bulb came to get there) plus diminished responsibility (inasmuch as he *could* recall a *little* of the events leading up to its insertion). He told his wife he'd been put in a trance by a hypnotist at his local club - had been instructed to believe he was Thomas Edison - had been made to demonstrate publicly whether he was AC or DC. With the light-bulb.

"Everything is misty after that," he pleaded. Probably just as well. There are some things, Professor, which we are not meant to see...

Wife had a far more simple explanation. *She* believed Arcadio had been on one of his two-week drinking binges with a transvestite called Maria, on which occasions they would "get up to all sorts." Her last comment - and the report's - related to the fact she was divorcing him: "He can stick *that* up his arse."

All the world loves a liar, as long as (s)he can come up with sufficiently *daring* lies. I admire Arcadio's imagination, his panache. I also like the way the journalist throws in those little details that make or break a story. Like the light-bulb being 100 watts (as if the wattage made a difference) or the fact it was removed by *surgeons* (thus ruling out any possibility that the reader would suppose they'd called in a team of deepsea divers, laundromat managers or carpetlayers). Not so sure about the Thomas Edison, however. It sounds a bit learned for a stage hypno-show. There again, making Arcadio think he was Elvis Presley wouldn't have contributed as much to the light-bulb scenario.

I had this story from your editor, Paul Screeton, who got it from the *Daily Sport* of 14 March 1995. I've had a lot of good hypno-material from Paul over the last year, all of which has been added to a collection that I've been keeping for - oh, God! nearly a quarter of a century now. (I also collect Guinness cans, but that's another matter and not one that'd interest you). My justification, of course, is that it is all Research. Privately, I admit that I preserve it for the sake of preserving it. I once fooled with the idea of using some of The Material for a book provisionally entitled, "*The Lighter Side of Hypnosis*", which would have doubtless been a runaway international bestseller except that I never wrote it. Like my

31 RICK O'SHEA. Bullet deflected by bra (two cases) and where a bullet shot at an FBI agent stuck in his own gun barrel, supposedly (3).

33. GO TO BLAZES. Fireman gets call to blaze at his own home plus variants of other nasty synchronicities. Same newspaper, same day, same page even had a fireman dashing to a blaze and finding his wife was a human torch and a doctor discovering a heart attack victim was her husband (6).

34 FORTUNE TELLER. Scruffy or reclusive pensioner who leaves fortune in will (6)..

35. ICE FALL. Another Fortean favourite, the alleged urine block from aircraft toilet (6).

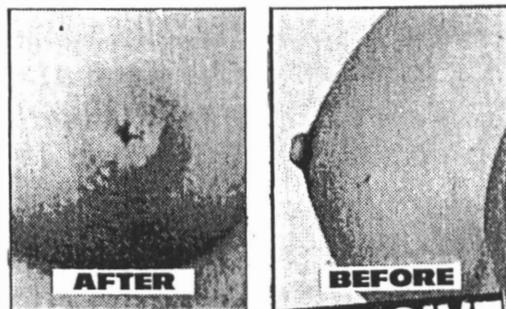


"If you loved me, Erio, you wouldn't want me to marry a drip like you."

36 NOVEL MARRIAGE PROPOSAL. You could write a book on this year's lot alone. Yawn. By fax, on Kilroy, neon banner, tat-too. Yawn again (50).

37. INCONVENIENCE. In the past there were rates demands sent to public conveniences or cemeteries; 1994 only managed officials posting a copy of their council newsletter to a bus shelter in Bicester, Oxon (1).

38 CHOOSY THIEVES. Valuables left but Christmas tree taken; motorcycles left



## PHOTO EXCLUSIVE MY NIPPLE STOPPED MUGGER'S BULLET!

but all ignition keys stolen; newsagent's stripped of cigarettes but Embassy Regals left behind; Phil Collins, Meat Loaf, U2 records left but Gary Glitter collection stolen (4).

39 ROOKIE PILOT. Pilot has heart attack and lands safely (0).

40. MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE. The Hartlepool Mail had two local ones: journalist who as child threw a bottle into the sea here in Seaton Carew on August 8, 1939, and nearly 55 years later it washed ashore in Norfolk; pupil for school project on tides floated hers off and received a reply ten months later from Sweden. Probably there will be many more in the regional press. From 1995 comes an item too good to miss. Teenager Jose Alturra put a message in a bottle and dropped it into the Mediterranean near his home in Malaga. But in landed him in jail for 24 hours for littering. The bottle washed up on a beach just along the Costa del Sol three days later and

was handed to a patrolling cop - who found the 18-year-old's name and address inside (D Sport, 11/5/95) (9).

And lastly, The Sun for 20/6/94 managed tales on eight bakery girls with human buns in the oven, a tax inspector called Darren Greedy and a threat to cut off electricity unless a bill for £0.00 was paid.

So there it is. Do we need to draw any conclusions? Doubtless the statistic that novel proposals comes second highest might be construed as suggesting that marriage is still customary, whereas wedding lock seems a bygone habit by and large. Or that as a nation we are obsessed with people's names, golfing floos, the inadequacies of hauliers, are awash with pornographic videos, and we are in no small measure arranging auctions to embarrass John Major, indeed. Oh yes!

Well, it was all probably a meaningless exercise. Cerebrally randomly incontinently.

plan to start a satirical magazine called *Waste Disposal Statistics for the Ukraine 1947*". the idea went nowhere. But I still have all The Material.

With some effort I've nearly cured myself of a tendency to pronounce the dread phrase, 'urban legend' whenever I come upon something slightly dubious in the newspapers. Had I not done so, I would certainly have called this D.Sport story an urban legend.

As you'll be aware, there are several equally disgusting legends wherein an *alien object* has to be *surgically removed* from some unfortunate's *rectal regions*. All too often the alien object is a hamster or gerbil, upon which I've no comment to make. As far as the hypnosis angle goes, the story relates to a number of reports which claim to be veritable, real-life events (and for 'events', read 'mishaps') but which frequently resemble cautionary tales. Their message is that hypnosis must be an awesome, awful power, especially the stage-show variety. Along with which we learn that people who expose themselves to it undergo awesome, awful experiences.

The most patently-cautionary (and also the most credible) concern volunteers who suffer some kind of adverse effects from their participation in the show. Like the disc jockey who was left terrified at any mention of the Pope because he'd been told in trance that His Holiness was up at the bar having a drink and he mustn't divulge this terrible secret to anyone: according to The Sun of 2 January 1995, he was off work with depression. (The disc jockey, not the Pope). In others, the hypnotist's on-stage suggestion isn't properly cancelled. The subject in consequence goes around thinking he's lost his belly-button or falls asleep dramatically or dangerously when the 'trigger' used to induce trance crops up in conversation or on the radio.

Then you have the volunteers who don't wake up when they're told to and the non-volunteers who go to sleep when they're not supposed to - are hypnotized accidentally, as it were. Some go under merely by watching a TV show in which somebody is being hypnotized. Normally, this shouldn't happen in Britain; TV doesn't show the full induction-process (though you sometimes see just a small part of it) purely to rule out this risk. Notwithstanding, 27-year-old Torbay roadsweeper Rick King claimed he'd been left prostrate by watching a hypno-scene in the TV comedy "Brass" (S. Mirror 22 May 1983) and pensioner Albert Cundill was cured of smoking after 58 pipe-sucking years as a result of TV programme on that topic (Daily Express 16 July 1981). The problem was that Albert hadn't wanted to give up smoking.

The best stories in my collection are a step removed from what you might call 'testable reality'. They take place in foreign parts which exist (obviously!) but are sufficiently remote for us not to be able to check the story if we wanted to, which most of us don't. They have characters who *sound* as if they exist, but might not. And they are strong in the humour department. For one thing, it isn't always the subject who

suffers. The two which follow come from George Edwards's 'It's A Funny Old World' column in The News of the World, which may or may not be significant. At the very least that heading tells us how they're meant to be taken.

Now 12 March 1978: bullying Sicilian husband Paolo treated his wife Carla like a a slave and hit her at the least sign of dissent. At the urging of her family, she went to a hypnotist to gain some self-confidence. The treatment clearly worked. The next time Paolo ordered her to perform some menial task, Carla floored him. After a few repeats - and in Paolo's case, a few more defeats - the marriage headed for divorce. Paolo was said to be planning to sue the hypnotist.

Now 27 November 1977: Dentist's wife Michelle Bernard was proud of the fact that her husband used hypnosis instead of conventional anaesthetics. In fact, she was the one who suggested that he experimented with a tape-recorder. Husband Jean Bernard did just that and soon discovered the advantages of home taping. He could make recordings to play his patients, hypnotizing them without having to go through the usual tedious vocal induction procedures over and over again. He could also make tapes of himself and his receptionist having sex, which they both found...exciting. Naturally, he omitted to mention the second application of the tape-machine to his wife. One day friends of Mme. Arzac expressed some scepticism about her husband's hypno-dentistry. To convince them, she fetched a tape from the surgery and played it to them. She got the wrong tape, of course.

Hypnosis is a very serious business, we're all agreed on that. Even the stage hypnotists say so and *their* business, chiefly, is concerned with making hypnosis look the *opposite* of serious.

(At this point I originally intended to feature a solemn paragraph expatiating upon the vast therapeutic/social/self-corrective/mind-expanding/motivational/life-enhancing applications of hypnosis. On second thoughts, I can't be bothered. Do not, however, think for a moment that I am sceptical about the power of hypnosis to change and/or enhance a person's life. I believe in that power absolutely. For example, it's turned Paul McKenna into a millionaire).

In popular culture and iconography, though, these wonderful applications can be reduced to a few basic categories. According to them, hypnosis is all about:

- \* making people do all manner of silly things they wouldn't do, not ever! if they weren't hypnotized;
- \* making people commit crimes;
- \* making women get their kit off;
- \* ditto, but you also get them to have sex when their kit's off.

Now, this is folkloric, or so I like to think. It's folkloric because what appeals to many people is not what hypnosis really is or might be, but what they'd like it to be. This is what the stories give them. And they contain that important ingredient of contemporary legend, the Moral that you can ignore if you feel inclined to ignore it. Again, urban legends exploit our fondness for experts who get it wrong; they play with what Thomas Hardy called life's little ironies, things which ought to develop along predicted lines but shoot off in completely different directions. Just as they do in the stories I just summarised. Finally, while the newspaper articles I've mentioned may well be true reports of actual events, they are made to sound like...urban legends.

Somehow this article has become more thoughtful than I intended it to be. Perhaps this a little cartoon (again courtesy of Paul Screeton) will put that right. But you know, even these few whirls of the artist's pen gives a strictly popular view of hypnosis?



In hypno-cartoons, the female subject (or victim) is always attractive. She may not always have blonde hair, but she always has big breasts. This one certainly does.

The hypnotist is always dark and seedy. He is probably given devilishly-curved eyebrows and typically he wears a small devilish moustache. I suspect that cartoonists base this character on a sort of downmarket David Niven. (Who, interestingly, played a hypnotist-magician in "Eternally Yours", during the course of which quite immemorable movie he hypnotized Loretta Young). Note also how we are left in no doubt as to the fact the man in the cartoon's a hypnotist (and also that he's called Joe). He goes around with a suitcase that says so. I suppose all hypnotists do that. Finally, literary students will appreciate how the words on the suitcase impose an ironic interpretation on the caption. We know the truth; the woman doesn't. Reminds me of near-identical cartoon of c.1969 where the heroine slips blithely into bed with the remark: "'After the way I scoffed at your theories on hypnosis, it's sweet of you to give me a lift into town.'"

The guy staring at her with eerie eyes as he folds back the top blanket is obviously a hypnotist who's not interested in tricks with light-bulbs.

## Jodrell Bank (Simon Says)

— by Paul  
Screeton



SITTING in the bar of Seaton Carew's Station Hotel (there for the trainspotting, not the excellent Camerons Best Scotch, you understand) and on the radio came Paul Simon warbling *Homeward Bound*. Wistful words over which a loud-mouthed stranger proffered the information to anyone interested: "He wrote that at Halifax bus station."

Relating this to a colleague next day (he'd made a distasteful remark about Jodrell - Jodrell Bank / wank in Cockney rhyming slang), the Cheshire location had made me retell the story and I then said the true Simon location was Runcorn railway station in Cheshire.

He deferred. Wigan railway station, he opined.

Overhearing us, the deputy editor then agreed it was definitely Wigan.

Requiring an arbitrator, I went to the fount of all knowledge, features sub-editor Tony Locke (twice on TV's 15 to 1), a self-confessed mind full of "useless shit" as he would self-deprecatingly put it. A pub quiz circuit veteran, he knew the answer as the Simon question occasionally comes up. Widnes railway station, he stated confidently and categorically.

Reckon so, too, now. I recall, too, a plaque to commemorate this singular brief encounter sojourn was affixed - only to be stolen shortly afterwards. Who's bedsit does it now adorn?

As for the mournful Simon, I remember him being asked by Rolling Stone whether he would prefer a joint or a wank. Masturbation, he replied, arguing that you can imagine smoking dope but not syphoning the python. Or am I a tosser who's got it around the wrong way?



## BOOKS

### THE BOOK OF BRILLIANT HOAXES

By Simon Rose

ONE of the pranksters described in some detail here was Brian G. Hughes, whose favourite jest was to create a traffic jam by pretending to be deaf and dumb, and take time getting on a bus.

It takes the reviewer back to when as a junior reporter on the Hartlepool Mail there was a bus shelter directly below the newsroom. In those days a penny coin was large and heavy and if aimed accurately made quite a noise as people were about to board the Headland-bound bus.

Not knowing what might have been dropped, people would in the winter darkness would be scrambling around causing chaos for the cursing driver.

Another ruse used involved someone with sight of a telephone box getting a passing stranger to answer a call and take a message to someone in an equally visible bus queue. We were never that inventive but would ring the box opposite the Mail office and hold conversations with passer-by, one of whom I persuaded he was speaking to a Frenchman. It's a wonder we got a paper out...

I particularly enjoyed the literary hoaxes and ones against the scientific establishment. As for corn circles, the account here is not very accurate or the full story.

On the down side there is Emir Sand's massive revenue (obviously retinue - showing how Mail reviewers *do* properly read the books and publishers, even in paperback, fail to correct literals).

There are the expected mischievous/vengeful employee stories, such as Roger Rabbit doctoring as previously featured in FF, though more thoroughly covered here; also jilted girlfriend stuffs frozen prawns in a curtain road to create a growing stench or leaves the phone off the hook after ringing the new York speaking clock. There's also the cement poured in the car by the man whose secret present it was to be.

As for straightforward urban belief tales, there are versions of a rather nasty tale involving malice and urine and later four in a row: LSD tattoo, Procter & Gamble satanic symbol, Neiman Marcus cookie recipe and headlights flashing leading to initiation ritual death.

The book closes with chapters on professional pranksters you can hire and cases where practical jokes have unforeseen consequences. The chap who put an advert in a magazine for a cat-house for dogs was so surprised to be taken seriously that he actually opened a brothel for dogs - only for the district attorney to shut his operation down.

Impressively put together.

Published by Virgin, £4.99.

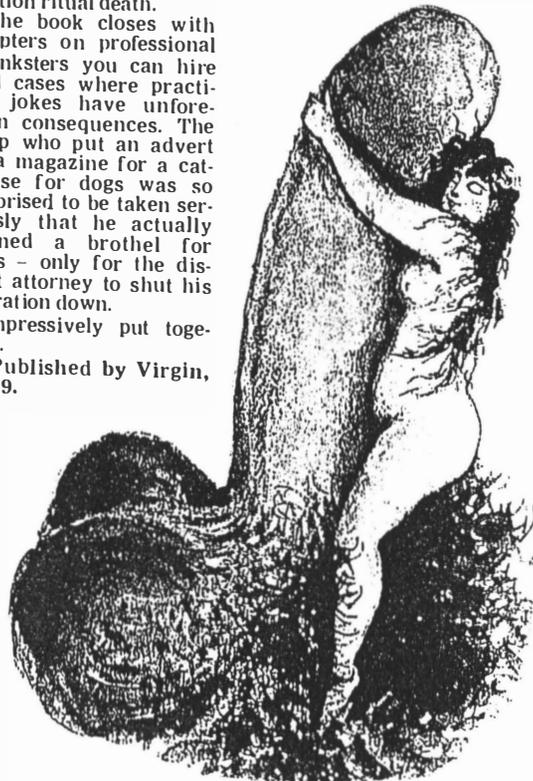
### THE PLEASURES OF LOVE

By Elizabeth Nash and Richard Fox  
NAUGHTY but nice, this is an illustrated extended essay on eroticism and the sense.

A book for adults, it argues that even vulgar illustrations of sexuality have their place alongside sublime works of art. In fact, they can sometimes tell us more.

Each of the senses - sight, taste, smell, hearing and touch - are examined from an erotic perspective. Well illustrated and peppered with extracts from sexual literature, the book is also erudite, with touches of dry wit.

The tone is that of genuine enthusiasts rather than dusty academics:



"People do things they would not normally do when concealed by masks: the executioner hides from God, Dick Turpin hides from the magistrates and the Lone Ranger hides from Tonto."

Now to an aspect discussed, the nose-sex correlation (no, not for predicting penile size or female appetite).

Perhaps because our sense of smell becomes more efficient with sexual excitement, some people sneeze when they become aroused. I do when thinking erotically. I do, too, when thinking of railway locomotives - which may sound strange, ominous, fetishistic or plain barney.

I only open my heart on these matters for the folkloric reason that I may have spotted a dodgy filler in a newspaper. Headed NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT, it goes like this: "A Stuttgart clinic has cured Franz Durst, 25, who had sneezing fits whenever he had sex. His wife thought it was all atishoo of lies." (D Star, 29/5/95)

The authors also mention something called "bride's cold" - perhaps some reader could enlighten your editor as to what this means - or is very rude?

Published by Pavilion, £20.



### THE HUMOUR OF SEX

Edited by William Cole & Louis Phillips

HUMOUR actually is light on the ground in this anthology of comments on sexual experience. Many of the quotes are either cynical or expressions of being clever for clever's sake.

The ghastly, politically-embroiled Jonathan Aitken states that: "I have to find a girl attractive or it's like trying to start a car without an ignition key."

He is one of many pathetic figures, but the most sad comments come from poet Philip Larkin. Some of the rare funny one-liners come from, of all people, England's stately homo Quentin Crisp.

But generally it is an indifferent compilation, a dispiriting collection, characterised by this sour comment from that old bore and killjoy Bertrand Russell: "The total amount of undesired sex endured by women is probably greater in marriage than in prostitution."

As for folkloric resonance, or at least the dubious, I smell a rat when novelist Anthony Burgess is quoted as claiming: "A lot of translations have to be rejected as inept. In a late novel of mine, Earthly Powers, the injunction

'Go to Malaya and write about planters going down with the DT's' was rendered into Italian to the effect of writing about planters committing fellatio with doctors of theology."

Published by Robert Hale at £7.99.

### STILL LIFE WITH VOLKSWAGENS

By Geoff Nicholson

VERY funny, very surreal, Nicholson here writes a second novel on Hitler's favourite car. The title comes from his own Beetle models collection - "my flat, it might well be said looks like a still life with Volkswagens."

Her populates his books with so many characters you can't just dip in over days, but need to keep on top of the events.

Always bizarre, with a wide spectrum of personalities and unusual episodes - many sexual (an automaton of Hitler and Eva Braun on the back seat of a Volkswagen, for more of which you'll have to read it).

Nothing really folkloric, but the reference to "Owsley nos jours" - no mention of David Solomon - will have a resonance for drug culture afficiandos.

Back to his old form after the disappointing Errol Flynn novel.

Published by Sceptre at £5.99.

### THUNDER ROAD

By Chris Curry

A rollicking, splendidly written mixture of weirdness. Here are religious fanatics, UFO buffs, cattle mutilations and missing persons set in a strange, modern mid-West township. Rather as if written by Ray Bradbury on acid and speed.

Published by Hodder & Stoughton at £16.99.

## THE COMPLETE BOOK OF UFOS

By Peter Hough & Jenny Randles

THE CLAIM in the title is extravagant, but having read the majority of books on the subject published over the past 40 years, I find this a serious, sensible and balanced resume.

The historical framework format allows a perspective to be created and bias is kept under control.

From airships to ghost fliers, saucer-shaped objects to contactees with the inhabitants and on to the more sinister interaction with abduction by aliens, the subject is seen as cultural tracking, scenarios keeping pace with our advancing technology, and on to major characters and events such as Whitley Streiber, Rendlesham forest, Ilkley moor, Gulf Breeze and the Manhattan Transfer.

This writer's favourite Silpho moor case is missing, as is any relationship between "ley lines" and ufos. In fact, when you think about what is covered, only then does it sink in how vast the subject is.

To ask whether ufos, whatever they are exist or do not, is too absurd to contemplate. As Hough & Randles write with some exasperation:

*"All this shows that the argument of whether 'they' do or do not exist is long past. Sceptics should now accept this fact, and address the possible exotic explanations. To do otherwise is tiresome and time-wasting."*

But firstly we must back track.

The authors state that "The Roswell incident of July 1947 is believed by experts to be

the single most significant incident in ufo history." Significantly, too, they relate that "unfortunately, the evidence to support the alien body claim within the Roswell story is hard to find." Yet many ufologists believe the alien nature of the ufos is proven by the claimed Roswell crash.

It does not convince me, but then I'm just a sympathetic sceptic.

Even were I a hardened believer, God if He equally exists forbid, there is just so much that is delusional and embarrassing. The contactees, particularly, form a bizarre circuit of speaker circuit cranks.

With the seduction aboard a flying saucer of South American farmer Antonio Villas Boas, the subject shifted significantly from the chosen few contactee syndrome to a new scenario where people became victims of abductors. The "woman" with whom he had intercourse was more he felt like an animal or hybrid species.

The authors sum up the current abduction mania with the wise analysis:

*The alien abduction phenomenon is a deeply mystifying experience. It may not even relate to the ufo phenomenon in its basic form at all - except by the modern cultural inference that it must do. It shows many differences from simple lights in the sky. These may well be physically real, even if space nappings are 'only' phenomena of an inner space reality."*

Equally sinister are the Men in Black who would appear to ufo witnesses and silence them with threats (and who in the Nineties are

among us in the guise of bogus social workers in the wake of our anxieties over satanic and more mundane child abuse).

Which brings us to the present. The book ends with a rapid summary of the main explanatory theories and does so with aplomb. You are left to decide for yourself what it's all about.

## UFO - THE COMPLETE SIGHTINGS CATALOGUE

By Peter Brooksmith

COMPLETE? None of my sightings are here!

Actually a great many from others are not; equally a great many are given an encyclopaedic entry, giving the book authority at least as a reference work.

Having followed ufology since my teens, though basically from the leisure stance of the armchair and without taking any particular theory too seriously or being particularly knowledgeable about particular events outside the UK, I enjoyed this particularly as a route map of cultural tracking.

The major milestones of ufology are here and seen within a context framework, with major cases in fine detail. The landmark cases are given with background, the sequence of events and the author's own assessment (usually the best part).

With 30 colour and 50 black and white photographs, plus large-size format, don't be put off. There may be plans for free energy coffee makers around, but this is not a coffee table book.

Published by Blandford Press at £14.99,

## UFO QUEST: IN SEARCH OF THE MYSTERY MACHINES

By Alan Watts

I thought this sort of thinking was dead and buried 25 years ago, but Watts, a technical college physics lecturer, is a total ETH believer and seeks to provide a valid proof for the construction and operation of UFOs using scientific laws. His physics background gives him a basis for arguing the case for why the disc is best suited and also gives explanations for terrestrial vehicle ignition failure, the objects' silent nature, ability to vanish instantly and even why we get out-of-focus photographs.

Not qualified to judge these scientific explanations, I can say little on his basic thesis, though I was intrigued that he rests much of his foundations on technical specifications of the mysterious and elusive Silpho Moor object - a personal favourite area of speculation

(*anyone got any ideas on where it now resides*)

He also invokes leys and the Warminster "Thing" for the earth mysteries fraternity to ponder.

Yet, Watts would seem rather naive, as he seemingly endorses the idea that "there were discs sitting on crater rims looking at the astronauts' first faltering steps into the league of space races" and that the US military have crashed saucers. This extends to supporting Adamski, Geller, Meier, "Dr" John Cleary-Baker, Mandelbrot corn pictogram and worst of all David Langford's Victorian close encounter of 1871 hoax.

I hate to think what implausible excuses Watts' students get away with when not handing in assignments - "I was abducted by aliens, sir, and hadn't time for the essay." "oh, that's all right Silpho minor. By the way, what's Lanulos like at this time of the year?"

Published by Blandford Press at £7.99.

## GIFTS OF THE GODS?

By John Spencer  
RIGHTLY the author concedes that the phenomena of sightings and abductions must be examined separately, and that crash retrievals are most likely urban legends, from which base of rejecting the extraterrestrial visitors he takes a novel approach.

His thesis is that there may be an "alien" intervention in people's lives, but that these can be beneficial, bringing such "gifts" as discovering artistic talents or suddenly developing healing powers.

Here are accounts of

ordinary people's experiences of the supernatural. Sightings and contact are the stuff from which this book is composed, but the thrust is towards psychic phenomena rather than little green or grey men.

Published by Virgin at £5.99.

## EARTH PEOPLE, SPACE PEOPLE

By Jimmy Goddard

IN the mid-Sixties, staying on a farm in Devon, I got my farmer host to take me to Scorriton in the hopes of meeting contactee Arthur Bryant. He wasn't in the pub, but we had a good pre-breathalyser slurp.

So what does one make of all these claimants to have met folk from outer space? Nutters? Depends what your viewpoint is. I've seen a daylight disc and two cigar-shaped spacecraft in one go. Were they piloted? They certainly looked real enough. So who am I to make fun of this book and claims of those who believe *WE ARE NOT ALONE*.

It is obvious we are alone - but just what is going on? These contactees tell their tales, but its rather like Coronation Street meets outer space. Something happens but to each and every what? Like last issue's gay ghost hoax or were they folk from daimonic reality?

Your guess is as good as mine.

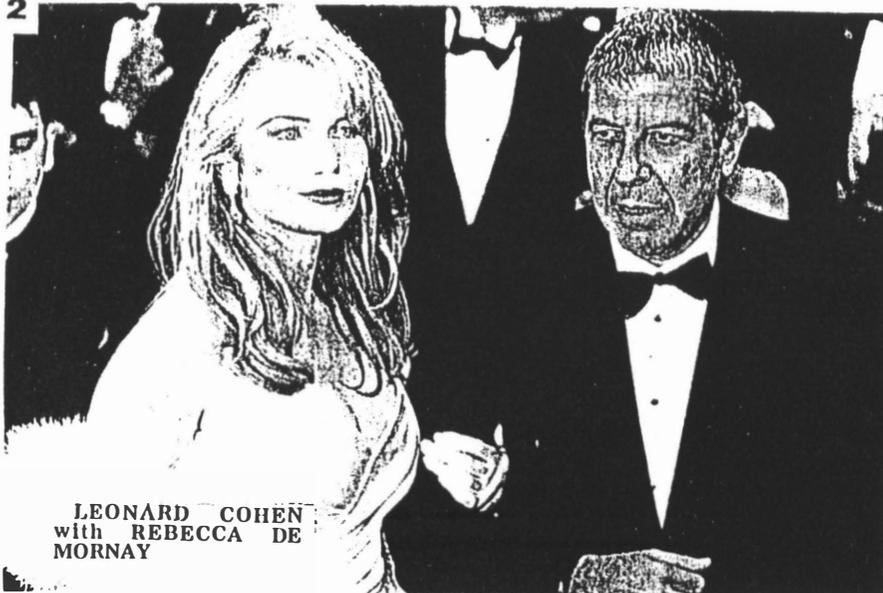
But I particularly enjoyed the pieces on Bryant, Wedd and Rodgers.

Published by STAR Fellowship. £2.40, inc p&p, payable to J Goddard. Address 25 Albert Road, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey.



"I think it's about time we told Malcolm that he's adopted!"

The publishing details of *The Complete Book of UFOs* are Piatkus at £10.99.



LEONARD COHEN  
with REBECCA DE  
MORNAY

**LEONARD COHEN -  
A LIFE IN ART**  
By Ira Nadel

COHEN'S popular image is of being listened to in lonely bed-sitterland, or music to commit suicide to.

The artist's actual intentions were not to change the world or individuals, but to understand himself. As with Bob Dylan, many have become disciples and followed his personal quest. His is a neoromanticism; its focus on spiritual and sexual discovery being perfectly in tune with the age.

As for his singing, "craggy" is probably the best description and he's admitted his voice "depresses" him. Nadel describes it as a "gravelly croak."

As for Nadel's biography, despite obviously being a devoted Cohenite, it is a shallow fan's overview of his literature and songs, barely fleshing out the man himself. An interesting read, but hardly revealing.

Cohen should be of interest to folklorists for his insights into the past and prophecy" lines such as - "The real deserts are outside of tradition"; "Now each in his holy hill / the glittering and hurting days are almost done / Then let us compare mythologies"; and the "Magic is afoot" section of his novel *Beautiful Losers* (at a launch party he autographed a white leather shoe with his name and the line "Magic is a foot." When receiving an award from CBS Records he wryly observed, "I have always been touched by the modesty of their interest in my work."); and on another level, and with which I concur wholeheartedly, "I've always depended on the kindness of women."

Published by Robson Book at £12.95.

**MERLIN THROUGH THE AGES**

Edited by R J Stewart & John Matthews

TWO well-known Arthurian cum New Age

figures collaborate to produce a chronological anthology and source book covering the earliest Celtic material through to a summary of contemporary works.

Poems, texts and writings on Merlin's life and times for those who have come under the magician's spell.

Published by Blandford Press at £16.99.

**KING ARTHUR'S RETURN**

By Helena Paterson & Courtney Davis

LEGENDS of the Round Table and Holy Grail are retraced through the classic tales rewritten here by Paterson and beautifully illustrated in colour by Davis.

What, however, is Boadicea doing here? Her ashes after suicide being scattered on the tumulus on Parliament Hill (I prefer the alternative that she is buried under platform 9 at Kings Cross railway station).

Published by Blandford Press at £15.99.

**THE FOX'S PROPHECY**  
Poem by D W Nash - Commentary by R W F Poole

PROPHECY by humans is one thing, that by an old fox speaking in a human voice is altogether another.

Maybe the fox which gave dire warnings of what would happen to the English people in years ahead was a were-fox (a magician in animal form).

Whatever, these verses first written down in 1871, were spoken to Tom Hill, who had become separated from the Berkeley

Extraordinarily accurate are the visions of political change - union power, useless politicians, military castration, the European Union (which we'll quit) - lowering standards in education, agriculture and women in general. Luckily, eventually all will once more be well and happiness, peace and prosperity will be England's again.

A recent Commons vote seems the first step towards the abolition of fox hunting in this country, and the first thing the fox foretold was that hunting would end and he regretted this.

In this edition, countryman and former master of foxhounds R W F Poole endorses the fox's sentiments and agrees that hunting is advantageous to the species, which would otherwise be exterminated in less humane ways.

Poole's acerbic tone ranges from at-

tacks upon set aside land to the Church ordaining paederasts for years. The fox's commentary that

*"The manly blood of England  
In weaker veins shall run."*

is seen by Poole as now consisting of lager, illegal substances and soya sauce. "This mixture is much easier to pump through "natural gates and alleys" of the human body, which are now well gunged up with cholesterol."

As well as being acerbic, Poole is quite quirky, as with his putdown of the French: "How can you take seriously a nation that gives the female genital passage a masculine gender - *le vagin*."

And while on the subject of female anatomy, he recalls the woman teacher who told her pupils it was cruel to milk cows, only for a dairy farming parent to respond with "I tell 'ee what, Boy, us fair made 'er udder judder."

Nor does he approve of feminism or homosexuality. Nor politicians or schoolteachers: the former he sees as "true disciples of Onan." However, I think Poole took too literally the lines

*"Mechanics in their workshops  
Affair's of State decide"*

when relating this to his experiences with garage employees. Surely it refers to the bad old days of wildcat strikes of the Fifties and Scargillism.

On politics he denigrates the Leader-ene and sees Labour and the Lib Dems as "vermin pits - crawling with envy, malice and class hatred."

Not everyone will agree with him, and he realises so. To some he will seem to be an apoplectic squire on his hobby horse and others the voice of reason.

Published by Michael Joseph, £7.99.

**ALSO RECEIVED**

THANK YOU AND OK! by David Chadwick. Odd book of a dropout's second go at zen; this time among less than inscrutable Orientals (Arkana, £9.99).

THE METHOD OF ZEN by Eugen Herrigel.

Man who wrote *Zen and the Art of Archery* gives precise descriptions of the techniques used in zen (Arkana, £5.99).

THE ANATOMY OF FATE by Z'ev Ben Shimon Halevi. A classic since publication in 1978, this book explains the universe and man by

considering the metaphysical system of Kabbalah. Penguin, £6.99).

THE PARTICIPATORY MIND by Henryk Skolimowski. Grand theory of participatory Western mind returning to, then reintegrating, the spiritual (Arkana, £9.99).

### THE CELTIC DRUIDS' YEAR

By John King

THE CELTS produced beautiful artwork and chopped of people's heads (discussed here only very briefly); they created a long-lasting society and their druidry is extremely well known to this day.

There has been a big revival of interest in their culture and religion, and for those wanting to know more, this is a readable and fascinating examination.

Published by Blandford Press at £15.99.

### HOW TO DRAW CELTIC KNOTWORK

By Andy Sloss

A long-time admirer of both Celtic knotwork art illustration (and the similar-styled writing a former long-time girlfriend mastered quickly at art college but I couldn't), this looks like being an absorbing hobby for those with patience.

Regular readers know of my distaste for certain traits of the original Celts, but this is an all-new, simplified method - not the way the Celts did it - which the author believes more appropriate for today's

creators.

Try it, enjoy it and maybe experiment yourself.

Published by Blandford Press at £9.99.

### THE HEALING PATH

By Marc Ian Barasch

A spiritual journey to understand illness and to guide sufferers. Threatened by thyroid cancer, the author travelled in search of a cure and to interview many others for whom serious illness became a catalyst for personal change. He claims to have discovered a universal pattern.

Published by Arkana at £7.99.

(Hartlepool-born Charlotte Hughes, who died in 1993 aged 115 being oldest authenticated by Guinness Book of Records. Forum contributors tackle referencing anomalies; conspiracy theory doubts cause and effect blame in all so-called modern societies. Mag-watch corner mentions FF "with a nice line in vaguely scabrous material."

No. 79. Author Robert Anton Wilson ranges over various offbeat luminaries and subjects; most interesting - talking even - poltergeist you're likely to see investigated; is the Sphinx far older than Establishment Egyptologists argue?; SHC ascribed to a fierce burning sourced from the victims' abdomens. The Forum correspondent ponder why weirdness need not panic anyone; scientific orthodox's paradigm support; and Mick Goss on TV's slant on urban myths.

No. 80. Bob Rickard trawls the files of the best photographic evidence for extraterrestrials and finds it sadly wanting. Plus Satanic black metal music; vampire burials and disintegrated consumptives; lien big cats round-up; Robert Rankine interviewed; ufo reports akin to legal testim-

ony rather than scientific facts.

No. 81. Articles on Bonnybridge UFO wave; curiosities actually not excommunicated from our museums (including Hartlepool); mystical experience



with Marilyn Monroe at English church and a teleported greyhound; Jenny Randles and Bob Rickard on alien autopsy film; UnConvention 95 report (includes mention of Silpho Moor saucer supposedly last seen at an East Yorkshire chip shop!); Malaysian oddities; a circle-maker sees construction as "near-hallucinogenic"; cult busters a danger.

Reviews, letters and Fortean topics from around the world each issue.

STRANGE MAGAZINE. Twice yearly. P.O. Box 2246, Rockville, Maryland, 20847, USA. Sub \$17.95 for 4; UK £13.50. UK orders make cheque out to Mark Chorvinsky.

No. 14. Phil Snyder gets philosophical in an overview of damned data - looking at the unexplained from several viewpoints. The mag begins with several pieces on time travel - none of which appear particularly helpful. Plus 1850 Irish sea serpent wave; Loren Coleman's crypto news; plenty of weirdness from around the world. Books, TV and video/film reviews.

No. 15. Sitting on a beach in Portugal's Algarve, Karl Shuker and Mark Chorvinsky's ac-

counts and analyses of beached sea monsters (usually remains of basking sharks) had a human dimension for ten feet away was a topless woman of globster proportions. Subterranean realms: fact and fiction, including the fruitless week-long search for a miner who vanished down a North-East UK pit in 1928. Tom Monteleone flight to planet Lanulos seen as hoax and John A Keel's reaction to his role in the affair. Other articles on alien US animals (escapes angle); the Roswell autopsy film; Toronto ghosts and other haunts. Karl Shuker starts a fascinating new cryptozoology column.

### NORTHERN EARTH.

Q. Antiquarian mysteries. Sub £5. Cheques to Northern Earth Mysteries group. Address: 10 Jubilee Street, Mytholmroyd, Hebden Bridge, West Yorkshire, HX7 5NP.

No. 61. St George seen as more pagan than Christian; Leeds holy wells and springs; prehistoric gathering sites; Roxburghshire megaliths; Northern Earth Moot '94. Plus readers' letters, queries and reviews.

No. 62. Head place name articles (Gateshead was Goatshead originally though it seems implied but not implicitly); Hawaiian stone carvings; important finds on Islay; the good EM guides guide; moor land access campaign.

TOUCHSTONE Published by Surrey Earth Mysteries Group. Q £2 for 4. Cheques payable to J Goddard, 25 Albert Road, Addlestone, Surrey, KT15 2PX.

No. 39. Search for site of stone in Addlestone itself; Reigate leys; Robin Hood's bay snippets; pagan worship site related to alignments.

No. 40. Editor's marathon cycle ride into Buckinghamshire with

interesting results; Silchester field trip.

No. 41. Terrestrial zodiac of Scilly? Kent field trip with visit to Blueblee Hill (phantom hitch-hiker

NORTHERN UFO NEWS. £7 for six issues. Cheques payable to Northern UFO News. From 11 Pike Court, Fleetwood, Lancashire, FY7 8QF.

No. 169. Jenny Randles editorial on open-mindedness and ufology as recently presented on TV; round-up of ufo mags.

No. 170. Leading skeptic attacked; alleged Rosewell retrieval film footage. Other usual features each issue include mags round-up; media references; corn circles news; ufo sightings cases.

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

No. 31. Zecharia Sitchin's ancient astronaut theory, considered; Andy Collins' The Circle-makers reviewed and seen as "churlish" over the space people; dodgy Bristol UFO activity; excerpts from Tony Wedd talk. Notes and news.

No. 32. The later Tony Wedd's article on Dan Fry's alleged trip in a flying saucer; crop circles; support for Adamski?

No. 33. Tony Wedd recalls Philip Rodgers; 1991 No. 34. Mexican ufo flap; free energy machine to protect citrus trees; book reviews.

No. 35. Jimmy Goddard reviews the reviews of his Earth People, Pace People! see FF reviews this issue); report on talk by retired pilot on ufos; brief 1954 piece by contactee Orfeo Angelucci and extract by Tony Wedd from an unpublished manuscript; space language Solex Mal.

## Magazines

LETTERS TO AMBROSE MERTON. Q folklore miscellany. Successor to Dear Mr Thoms. Sub £7.50. To Gillian Bennett, 28 Brownsville Road, Stockport, SK4 4PF.

No. 1 Post-war German folklore and the Nation Socialist Machinery; sex stories; Oz food contamination and child sex abuse; mass suicide skits; origins of schoolboy howlers. Updates on alien big cats; clown panics among pupils; "Give us the fucking curries or you're history" developments.

No. 2. Topics being newspaper memorial verses; photocopied inequality of funerals; Mick Goss on cigarette card howlers; "stupidity" - a cautionary toilet tale; number of words in key passage nonsense; Kapr the carved Savoy Hotel cat as 14th guest; Gyles Brandreth howler collection shown to be downright plagiarism.

PROMISES & DISAPPOINTMENTS. Q. One £2; 4-issue sub £7.50. US for \$18 cash. Kevin McClure, 42 Victoria Road, Mount Charles, St Austell, Cornwall, PL25 4QD.

Issue Two. McClure's editorial shows he's no alien abduction fan and attacks the ethics issue applied by the researchers; also a hypnotherapist gives his approach to a client worried about a home spirit presence. Plus disappearing cryptoanthropology; conspiracies, modern spiritualism schism. Book and mag reviews.

### FORTEAN TIMES.

Newsstand mag. Bimonthly. Sub inc p&p £12. Cheques payable to John Brown Publishing, FREEPOST (SW6096), frome, Somerset, BA11 1YA. No. 79.

Major pieces include Dennis Stacy on Roswell; Karl Shuker examines veterinary literature to explain "winged" cats; Merrily Harpur bends over backwards to put Uril Geller in focus; New Guinea wonders; Haitian voodoo; oldest people

**MAGONIA. Q.** Interpreting contemporary vision and belief. Sub: UK £4. Cheques to John Rimmer.

Address: John De Cottage, 5 James terrace, Mortlake Churchyard, London, SW14 8HB.

No. 51 Excellent analysis of the current state of play in the Satanic abuse scene by Roger Sandell. "By what process were grim ancient rituals transmitted to proprietors of California day-care centres and semi-literate families on British council estates?" he asks. These housing estates becoming a Nineties equivalent of a "Dark Continent" awash with idolatry and witchcraft. Where is the psychiatrist coming from who is impressed that altars have sinister paraphernalia - "one would hardly expect claims that the altar was decorated with a mobile phone or a pop-up toaster." And the survivors themselves, these bizarre wendy house wombats whose absurdity is only matched by the credulous believers, many of whom have impressive qualifications and prestigious jobs. How come the silence over the impact of Aids, recognising the sex orgy rituals include buggery and drinking of blood? He also touches upon the relationship between aspects of cult stories and urban myths.

The Shadows' first LP had Tales of a Raggy Trampoline and John Harney looks a the ticket-eater (see FF 23), shameless lovers and the platform maniac. Editor John Rimmer does not pussyfoot around with cat scare stories; hypnotism as latest moral panic. Letters and book reviews.

No. 52. Peter Bookesmith makes a fierce and entertaining attack upon Jenny Randles in particular and ufology in general. ("Articulating skepticism with some modicum of trenchancy is like goat-herding or cunni-



lingus - dark and lonely work, but someone has to do it"). Plus pieces on motherships of old reconsidered as androgynous godships ejaculating circular craft while at a 45 degree erection angle; two views on abduction stories;

**DARK AND LONELY WORK - GOAT-HERDING AND SEX**

more catnapping (to be thrown to pit bulls in a Cheshire warehouse); particularly interesting letters.



**Mad dash for the Finnish proves uplifting experience for women**

Jon Henley in Sonkajärvi, Finland

LPO Rönkkö was the clear winner of this year's Finnish national woman-carrying championships, galloping home three seconds ahead of his nearest rival to collect 44 bottles of lemonade, a loaf of rye bread and a sauna towel.

"It was hard, it always is, but we were going well and I always knew we'd be up there," said Mr Rönkkö after Saturday's event, held annually in the remote lake-land village of Sonkajärvi.

Mr Rönkkö, aged 34, a buldier from Vierema, was last to start the hilly 275-yard obstacle course in the village school grounds. But with his diminutive wife, Anneli, clinging to his back, he waded through waist-high water and cleared two fearsome timber hurdles, with-

out faltering, in front of ranks of TV cameras and 3,000 spectators.

Some of the other 24 competitors were less lucky. Toivo Katalinen - who favoured a controversial across-the-shoulder style rather than the more conventional piggy-back - was flogged enthusiastically with birch twigs by his partner, Ulla, but still slipped and fell three times at the water, incurring a 45-second penalty.

All were helped by the absence of three-time winner Joni Jussula, whose wife, Tiina, gave birth three weeks ago and felt too weak to compete.

The contest - for a prize of the woman's weight in lemonade - is inspired by the legend of Ronkainen the Robber, a 19th century marauder who forced would-be gang members to carry a woman over an obstacle course.

Guardian, 3/7/93

**Country matters**  
**Un-captive audience**

"WE WERE standing outside with a model bride discussing photographs when I noticed that the Highland cattle in a nearby field were acting strangely," said Les Hester, a photographer who works out of Forres in Grampian.

He and 24 fellow photographers were at the town's Knockomie Hotel, the Aberdeen Press and Journal says, attending a

seminar on wedding photography organised by the British Institute of Professional Photographers and featuring the words and wisdom of an American snapper called Heidi Mauracher. But concentration lapsed when Mr Hester spotted the cattle.

"They were galloping about and kicking their legs up as they ran towards



"I said I'd like a horse brass on the wall!"



"You really do spoil that eat, Judith"



"You must have been mistaken-there isn't a creeple crawlle on me after all."

something," he explained. What had they seen? "It was about the size of a labrador but definitely feline. It was dun-coloured and moved just like a big cat." It was seen to run beside a fence before darting into the undergrowth.

With so many eager photographers present, incontrovertible film evidence of big cats was surely in the bag. Er, not quite. Mr Hester admitted: "We were at the seminar to look and listen so we didn't have our cameras with us."

Weekend Telegraph, 25/3/93

# COW KILLS THE UDDER WOMAN!

**JEALOUS** cow Flower killed a farmer's wife because she was in love with her husband.

The half-ton beast charged startled Sarah Scott and knocked her down a 60ft well as she chatted to her sister, Lisa.

And hubby Harper, 43, said: "There is no doubt in my mind that Flower wanted Sarah out of the way.

"She would raise a stink if me and Sarah so much as held hands," he added.

Lisa said that she and Sarah were chatting in the farmyard when Flower thundered up.

## Broken

Sarah, 31, was knocked down the well and her neck was broken in the fall.

But kind-hearted Harper, from Welkom, in South Africa, said yesterday he had forgiven Flower and had no plans to sell or slaughter her. "I'd hate to see anything bad happen to the old girl.

"Underneath it all, she's really a sweetheart," he said.

## Jealous cow kills bride

A FARMER'S new bride was butted and killed — by a jealous cow.

Sarah Scott, 31, died of a broken neck after besotted beast Flower pushed her down a 60ft well.

Harper, of Welkom, South Africa, said: "Flower raised a stink every time she saw me even hold my wife's hand. She wanted her out of the way."

But he won't get rid of the beast. "She's really a sweetheart," he said.

\* This story came in the wake of various media tales of people attacked by — not bulls — but cows. These included the brother of former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. It hardly has the ring of truth (somewhere in my files is one of a jealous turtle I'll try to dig out for the next issue).

Our cover picture shows beefy Bruno (right), who doesn't like strangers. The bull is taken for regular walks by 34-24-34 stuna Dawn Davies near her home in Croydon, Surrey.



D Star, D Sport, 8/7/95

