

Folklore

Frontiers

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FOLKLORE FRONTIERS is an independent magazine covering folklore, in particular contemporary urban belief tales, responses and actions. It is edited and published by Paul Screeton. Address: 5, Egton Drive, Seaton Caraw, Hartlapool, TS25 2AT. Sub for 4 issues is £6 payable to P. SCREETON (NOT Folklore Frontiers). US \$14 in bills only. If subscription expires an X will appear below

LEAD-IN

I owe readers a few words of explanation. In fact, last issue's front cover encoded the message. Those typeface fonts are history, any new technology is past. Dodgy dinosaur Amstrad 8256 is all we have. So don't expect, at least for the immediate future, fancy typefaces or desktop delirium.

A more serious setback as far as FF is concerned, however, is that I now no longer have access to all national newspapers on a daily basis. As a newspaper sub-editor I was encouraged when time allowed, to read and study the media at every opportunity (especially as I laid out and selected items for our national/international page 2) -- and it was all free. Now as a freelance I cannot afford the luxury, so I appeal to readers to clip anything they think falls within the wide remit of FF and send the original or photocopy, with source and date to me. All clippings gratefully received.

It is frustrating for a newspaper junkie to be in this predicament. Travelling to Devon by train yesterday I hoovered up discarded tabloids and broadsheets with the gusto, efficiency and desperation of a tramp searching wastebins for fag ends. Being a Saturday I arrived in Paignton with about double my original luggage. But it was well worthwhile. Here for instance is a classic of the sort I hope readers will monitor some in the future. It certainly crams much urban lore into one paragraph.

<p>Internet One irresistible use for the Internet is the spreading of rumours. Terry Chan is an economist in Berkeley, California, and has compiled a list rating the rumours from 100 per cent scientific truth to 100 per cent falsehood. A sample from the Seattle Times: A penny falling from the Empire State will imbed itself into the pavement.</p>	<p>Bubbles in bubble wrap contain toxic gas. A shuttle crew did secret experiments on how to make love in zero gravity. A person was crushed to death trying to shrink jeans by wearing them in the bath. Green M&Ms are anti-pain discs. Some tooth filling can receive radio signals. Sadly only the last is true. Still that's saved your fortune on green M&Ms.</p>
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Actually, I reckon the latter is as unlikely as the others (see my past pieces on "dubious transmissions").



From the aerial TV pictures today (August 12), it looks like being a good summer for the corn circle spotting fraternity.



City of Rumour

By Paul Screeton

Where royals are concerned, we live in a strange world.

I was once sent by a newspaper editor to the Hebridean island of Berneray in Prince Charles' footsteps, where I found myself in darkness digging up potatoes planted by the man who talks to plants.

He seemed to find more solace with foliage than his fragrant wife, who was sadly killed at the end of August. Described as the "People's Princess", am I alone in seeing in Princess Diana a repetition of the cult worship which broke out in Argentina over Eva Peron?

That said, I feel I would be neglecting my duty as your editor if I did not at least touch upon the conspiracy theories which have emerged since the tragedy in Paris.

The seemingly -- to us Britons -- extreme tardiness of the French judicial procedure has encouraged conspiracy theory to run riot. We will go from the ridiculous to the sublime, starting where else but The Sport (3/9/97). Here the nagging thought that Diana's death does not add up and that she was assassinated is examined by who other than two of its topless hussies.

The rumour mill questioned why no UK newspapers had anyone the paparazzi and may have been warned off; had the "American tourists" first on the scene anything to do with the US security services; Diana had told of her fears that MI5 was "out to get me"; at the beginning of the summer she said she was planning a big surprise.

On September 2 a "Diana Conspiracy Site" appeared on the Internet giving details of people and organisations which could benefit from her death. These included American arms manufacturers furious at Diana's campaign against landmines and UK and US establishments anxious to introduce tough new privacy legislation.

Not surprisingly The Daily Telegraph (20/9/97) took a more sober view of the "wilder speculation" of what followed the crash at the 13th (superstitious-for-some) reinforced concrete pillar in the Place de l'Alama.

The chaotic disinformation included: speedometer frozen at 123mph; traces of cocaine found in the car; missing £20,000 necklace; last words of the dying Princess; severed tongue of the injured bodyguard. More significantly was the pregnancy rumour, repeated by the glossy French magazine Voici, citing the alleged presence of a telltale hormone in the Princess's blood, while Paris Match referred darkly to a coded message from the french authorities to Whitehall giving "highly sensitive" blood test findings.

Boyfriend Dodi Al Fayed's being a Muslim made him an unlikely spouse for the mother of the future king of Britain.

As they say, this one will run and run.

BOOBS

Tits out for the folklorists

& BOOZE!

By Paul Screeton

Since the days of serving wenchies with big busts, taverns have used titillation to encourage custom.

Certainly the regulars at Mick Nolan's Victoria pub in Batley, West Yorkshire, were falling over themselves to get another round in when a new 22-year-old six-foot Aussie barmaid called Jade whipped off her shirt to pull pints.

But her taxi had dropped her off at the wrong Victoria pub and after a few minutes Mick took pity and told the stunner: "Sorry love, you're in the wrong pub."

Mick said: "She bounced through the door and came straight to the bar and said 'Where do I get changed?'. I twigged straight away that she should have been down the road, but I thought it would be a smile for the lads so I said 'upstairs'. She came down topless and got behind the bar. The lads thought it was marvellous. She was really beautiful. I let her serve for a few minutes before I told her that she was at the wrong place. At first she wouldn't believe me, but then she called me a mongrel."

Mick said he might hire topless barmaids in future, while the landlord of the other Vic, Chris Ingram, said: "The regulars were a bit down when Jade didn't turn up. I was pleased when she did. It wasn't her fault. I was angry that the other pub kept her." (D. Star, 1/7/95)

Also in West Yorkshire, but at the Prince of Wales in Castleford, two £30-an-hour topless barmaids went on strike when the boiler broke down. Stalla Mitchell said: "We were getting so many jokes about cherries and how outstanding we were." Main Ling added: "When you are just wearing



shorts, you can catch a chill in some very unusual places." The strike meant takings plunged, having rocketed in topless times from £30 to £1,500 a night. (D. Star, 27/12/96)

Rather the opposite occurred in Norway, where it was claimed topless barmaids distracted customers from buying beer and caused "sexual stress" so were to be banned. (D. Star, Sun, 5/7/93)

Meanwhile, in Adelaide, Australia, topless barmaids were banned by an Industrial Commission edict, so they wore clown suits to outline the absurdity. (Aberdeen Press & Journal, 8/10/92)

Now one for the photocopylorists (excuse the arrows, the full tabloid size would not fit here) where this familiar line-up was used to advertise the regular topless go-go girls at the Queen Anne, Vauxhall, London, by showing 21 different types of knockers. Most regulars go for "oranges" said landlady Denise D'Courtenay. Our front cover, however, shows "water melons" April Giszbrook. (The Sport, 27/9/96)

The tall tale "who refused to be named" gives the game away that the newspaper was desperate for an angle not there when it wrote up a story about a pub where women met weekly after a swimming session and some breast fed their babies. The get-togethers were at the Aunt Sally, Sheffield. (The Sport, 1/8/97)

True prudery applies to a woman who grew hairs on her chest as a result of drinking "more body more taste" Tennent's lager which caused a flurry of protests in Sire. Displaying a healthy hair growth on her well-developed chest, it was claimed the model and advertisement were sexist and offensive. The "It will put hairs on your chest" campaign was dumped. (Morning Advertiser, 27/8/93)

There were, it seems, no complaints when busty Page 3 girl Sarah Hollett peeled off for a red-hot Johnnie Walker whisky commercial when her boobs doubled for a sand dune. (D. Sport, 9/5/96)

But controversy came when Elvira of TV's sexy Mistress of the Night was dumped from a Coors beer advert because her boobs were too big. Her replacement? Baywatch babe Pamela Anderson -- hardly flat-chested herself. A Coors executive told Elvira: "We're selling beer, not breasts." Of course. (D. Sport, 12/6/96)



While on the subject of big tits and advertising, "face" of Wonderbra, the 34C chest of Eva Herzigova, 24-year-old Czech supermodel, was created, she says on her grandfather's advice that to get big breasts she'd have to drink beer. I've seen better, but . . . (Now, 1/5/97) And staying on 34, 34D-23-35 blonde Page 3 Vicky Lee, after appearing in a Guinness TV commercial said: "Not only do I drink lots of Guinness -- I rub it into my breasts. And since I started, they have actually grown a lot firmer." (Sunday Sport, 17/3/97)

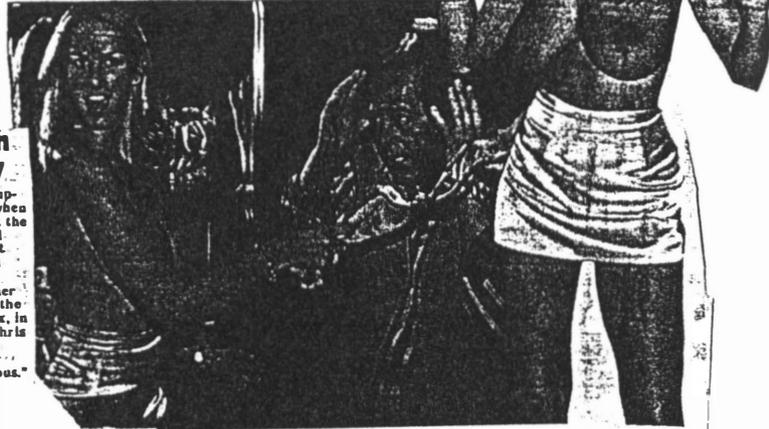
Calm down! Back to the boozers and barmaids who want their bee stings enlarged. Two stories appeared about pint-pullers wanting boob jobs. Joanna Sant, of the Graziers, Wakefield, West Yorkshire (what's it about West Yorkshire? Wonder why I chose a wife from there) had a "titty kitty" provided by pub contributors (D. Sport, 26/9/95) and Jenny Clark, of the Queen's Head, North Kelsey Moor, Lincs., paid £2,500 to turn her 32AA chest into a DD and got her tits out for the lads in the pub (The Sport, 24/3/97)

Large or small? Just as there are opposing opinions on everything, here's a case in point. Girls had to have at least a 36-inch bust to get into the popular Big and lovely nightclub in Sydney, Australia, and bouncers would turn away those who fell short. (Sun, 27/5/96) However, club boss Paul Murray of nightclub Quids Inn, Scarborough, North Yorkshire, blamed losses on big boobs. "The trouble with big chests is they take up too much dance space on our 40ft x 20ft dance floor. By allowing small to medium-breasted girls in, I've worked out I can get 10 per cent more people on the dance floor."



"Most men go to nightclubs to look at big-breasted women," observed Lindsey Dawn McKenzie (The Sport, 3/7/97)

However, stupid stingy chauvinist Murray rescinded his mega-boobs ban after 36D-24-34 Adele Stephens flung off her bra and smacked him across the kisser with it (The Sport, 7/7/97)



Pub woman in dick fury

A WOMAN caused uproar in a busy pub when she complained that the menu was "rude and offensive" because it included ... spotted dick!

The customer, in her 50s, stormed out of the Bull in Pitsea, Essex, in disgust. Landlord Chris La Roche, 35, said: "I've never heard of anything so ridiculous."

PRA-VO: Angry Page 3 girl Adele belts club boss Paul with her bra

Anyway, let's look at something more interesting than sex. Booze! But we'll stick with female anatomy, or course.

Moles brewery boss Alan Morgan, of Melksham, Wilts., spotted a pub landlady as a stripper he'd watched in 1987 and named a strong cider after her. "She was wearing no knickers then," he said, "so the name for the new cider came to me in a flash - Black Rat." Get ratarsed, I say. (D. Sport, 25.2.95)

Staying with the naming game, Steve Madley was promoting a "cask-conditioned Czech Pilsner" from, er, Burntisland, Fife. Near Rosyth naval facility, it had the name Dockyard Rivets, but actually all is not as it seems, for the name was local slang for a woman's nipples. (The Sport, 31/1/97, What's Brewing, February, 1997).

Also, an Australian beer was named Elle Ale after the country's top model Elle Macpherson, for being "well-endowed with abundant flavour and possesses a marvellous body." (Sun, D Star, 4/8/93).

Pause.

Surely all folklorists of worth will have noted a recent explosion in two sectors. One is the upsurge of moral panics; the other is the proliferation of new traditions, with the derided and sadly neglected by the folklorist mainstream and Fortean tabloid The Sport at the forefront. As detailed here, this really is required reading, despite the salacious adverts. Do I suspect Whitehousian prudery, perhaps?

Anyway, boobs and booze crazes next.

1) Shotgunning. The rules are: get super-strength lager - shake 'til ready to explode - hammer a nail in - gulp as fast as you can - have sex on motorway bridge in public. (D. Sport, 25/5/94).

2) Nippleprinting. Blackpool pubs and clubs supply colours from black to day-glo and girls paint a nipple and press it to a card to send back home. (D. Sport, 7/5/96).



3) Gar-ts. A crack team of topless beauties was touring pubs and clubs (seen here in Newcastle) with a wacky new version of GDI called gar-ts. They chucked frozen garfish - tiny swordfish - at the board. (Sunday Sport, 3/12/95)..

4) Strip-'r'-oke. A naughty Fifties version of karaoke, brain (if that's the word) child of Manchester comic Scully, where people strip to their favourite song. (D Star, 12/6/94).

Also novel was a wacky decorating job where a pub toilet was papered with Sport stunnas. I trust the regulars at the Queen's Head, Wing, Beds., only had a leak and nothing Onanistic! (The Sport, 7/9/97).

** One below for Lucy and other female FF subscribers and readers. Who says you editor is a male chauvinist!



TREBLE TOPS: Janet (left), Sonya (centre) and Kelly

And lastly, Hollywood hearthrob Johnny Depp puts his liking for alcohol and tobacco down to a lack of breast-feeding as a child.

"Breast deprivation can lead to a fondness for alcohol," he claimed. (D Sport, 12/6/93)



FULL MONTY STRIP LEAVES GIRLS GASPING

THE SPORT Friday, October 3 and Saturday, October 4, 1997 15



LUNCHPACKS: The famous five peel off in the brewery warehouse

FIVE hunky brewery workers had office girls in a lather as they did a Full Monty yesterday.

The flashing five peeled off just like their film heroes - but covered up their wedding tackle with four-packs.

It was staged for charity at Whitbread's brewery in Sheffield, where the movie, starring Robert Carlyle, was made.

One of the strippers, Trevor Chambers, said: "I was as nervous as hell, especially with the office girls watching."

"But as *The Full Monty* was made in Sheffield and is about Sheffield folk, we decided that anything they could do, we could do better."



TAIT'S GALLERY

I knew I could be a script writer, me. Added (?) justification for this statement came this week when I was forced to passively view the Channel 4 soap, "Brookside".

"Little" Jimmy Corkhill, who was a drug addict, stroke, drug dealer, is now a corpse. His father, "Big" (I presume) Jimmy Corkhill, an ex drug dealer, stroke, addict, stroke, burglar, stroke, armed robber, stroke, social worker.... Well you get the picture. Goes to collect the body from the morgue with his mate, Sinbad (the window cleaner as opposed to the sailor), in a van. On their way home, understandably they are forced to pop into the bookies. Only to return to find the van and stiff "Little" Jim have been nicked!

Readers of FF #29, will no doubt find much in common with the reputedly "True" case of the missing Granny cadaver / camper van incident. Life imitating art, or should that be the other way round? P'aps not.



BEWARE. THE BIRDMEN COMETH!

I remember once working with a young lad who was about to answer an ad. in the *Sunday Sport* for a, "Georgeous TV". "Do you think it'll have Nicam?" he asked naively.

Unfortunately the story ended there, I'm afraid I couldn't hold my composure and after the obligatory tears of laughter, I explained the meaning of TV in the context of the fine newspaper the advert was carried in. Suitably horrified, he made his excuses and left.

And I suppose that is about as near to the delights of transvestisism that I have been. Oh and of course there was that Eddie Izzard video I borrowed. That is until I began to follow the reports of a six-foot cross dresser terrorising the good ladies of Newcastle upon Tyne in 1996/7.

Over the weekend of January 11 & 12, this year and reported in the *Evening Chronicle* of the 15th, "A burly transvestite" was being hunted by police after exposing himself to women in various locations in the town. Described as being in his 20's wearing a short black dress, stockings and suspenders and a yellow satin overcoat. He has a thin face and a big nose.

There is no mention of the old, "Nasal Proportion" chestnut being validated. The attacks have been linked to several earlier incidents, one of which involved the sighting of a man in a car park on the outskirts of the city wearing, "A gold lamé cocktail dress and training shoes".

Although the Toon's birdman was a very busy fellow, totting up four reported exposures in the single weekend quoted, apart from a little distress non? of his victims appeared to have been harmed. The same can not be said of the unfortunate victim of the Cleethorpes birdman reported in the *Star* of January 21.

Under the banner, "MANIAC IN HI-HEELS", the piece goes on to describe how a local woman (28) was left in only her knickers and socks after being robbed of her clothes by a knife-wielding She-male. The birdman was described as wearing a curly brown wig, heavy make-up and lipstick, in mini skirt and high heels. Police appealed for anyone who "...knows of a man masquerading as a woman" to get in touch with them immediately. Although distressed and hysterical, the victim escaped the ordeal with only minor injuries to her hand.

A spate of transvestite sex attackers? A single birdman spreading his area (and yellow satin overcoat?) It's hard to believe that such an obvious cross-dresser (gold lamé cocktail dress and training shoes indeed!), could remain at large for long enough to carry out such an effective campaign of terror. So could there be something more sinister at work here, something distinctly, "Otherworldly"?

The essence of the birdmen is distinctly folkloric. The taboo-shattering prank which has a double edge, not only are genitals being displayed, but they are the genitals of a man - seemingly on a woman. All is not quite as it seems. The birdmen, possessed by

(if not actually physically being) the spirit of an urban Zeitgeist Trickster. Completely devoid of the austere, "Men In Black" type ambiguity of the Bogus Social Worker, and twice as cute in heels!

But like the traditional Trickster of native myth, the birdmen can be hero figures as well as villains. As in the case of a filler in the *Sunday Sport*, February 23. Headed, "FLASH-BACK!"

"A pervert who exposed himself to a woman while travelling on the Metro" underground network in Paris fled when his victim - a transvestite - flashed back."

[* Interestingly, also the name of Newcastle's own underground network.]

Well must go, I promised the wife I'd see about getting some of those, "French lessons" I noticed advertised in the 'phone box, she's always going on how we should prepare ourselves for life in Europe.....

John Tait.

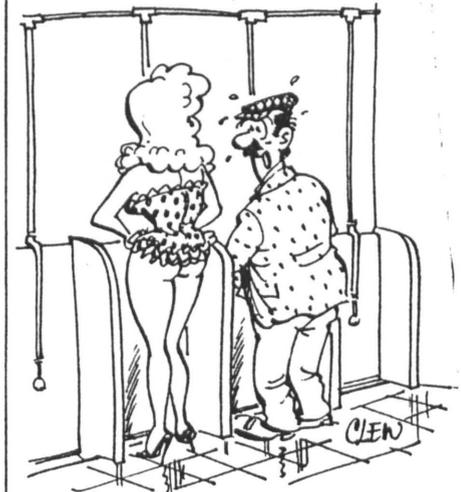
Articles elsewhere

THE WASTELAND (David Newham, Guardian Weekend, 24/6/95). Sinister Orford Ness where Suffolk fishermen in the reign of Henry II netted a hairy merman, who after torture escaped (he wouldn't have been so lucky in my native Hartlepool!). Here was bomb experimentation and before that the invention of radar, whose waves were so powerful "that passing fishermen found the superstructure of their boats sparking at night." Today the masts blast World Service programmes to the Eastern bloc "and in Orford village, they say, any man with steel toecaps can hear the programmes coming up from his feet."

NICE 'N' NASTY NESS (Weekend Telegraph, 27/5/95). More on this over-the-horizon radar known as Cobra Mist, including a bus company owner who believed it was a death ray after first he and then his son had vehicles stopped for no apparent reason at the same spot. It also allegedly was microwaving passing ships. Maybe aimed at Russian "trawlers" offshore.

THE ELECTRIC SOUP TEST (Oliver Bennett, Weekend Telegraph, 10/5/97). Dossers test super-lagers, where Carlsberg "is even the stuff of urba myth: one involved a secret Special Brew lake in Denmark into which a quality controller rowed daily." However, the writer perpetuates another myth with "in Strathclyde there is even a fashion for Buckfast a tonic wine made by monks in Devon." Actually it's French, its bottled in Buckfastleigh and drunk by my son, who swears by its potency.

OLD HABITS DIE HARD (C J Stone, Guardian Weekend, 26/10/96). The welsh capital pen portrait has an illustration of a girl holding a can of Tennent's, the writer drinking Dog's Bolter and proclaiming: "There's an apocryphal story about Cardiff, that during the plague they buried some of the victims alive. People say this is the reason Cardiff has so many delinquents and messed-up people wandering about."



'A drag act? Cor - you had me going for a minute!'



Film will put record straight Monkey story for TV screen

GOOD NOOSE for the much-maligned people of Hartlepool - their famous conviction for hanging a monkey is set to be quashed.

By MAIL REPORTER

The legend, which has gone round the world, tells how a monkey kept as a sailor's pet was washed ashore following a shipwreck off the Hartlepool coast in the late 18th century.

As was the fashion of the time, it was wearing a sailor suit and the fishermen of Hartlepool - who had never before seen a monkey - thought it was a French spy.

A trial was held on the beach, and unable to understand its gibberings - which they took to be French - they took the safest option and hung the monkey.

For two centuries now the tale has stuck. Hartlepoolians have been branded 'monkey hangers', the fanzine of Hartlepool United Football Club is called Monkey Business, and at fancy dress parties in the town you never see a gorilla.

Now film-maker Aimee Jackson is set to put the record straight with a documentary revealing that the tale was put about to blacken the name of local fishermen.

Aimee, 25, who was brought up

at Guisborough, now works for Liverpool-based production company Light Industry Pictures.

"There is a lengthy gap between when the hanging was supposed to take place and the first written record," she said.

She believes a long-running dispute between the Hartlepool Dock and Railway Company and local fishermen led to the story.

"The dispute became very bitter and the company used to refer to the fishermen as 'aquatic monkeys'. It may be that they then developed this into the monkey tale to blacken the name of the fishermen."

Aimee has turned her extensive research into a screenplay which has attracted the attentions of Channel Four.

"I think it's a marvellous story and it's incredible how many people have heard of it.

"Some people do use it as a term of abuse but in a way the people of Hartlepool are quite proud of the tale, they can laugh at it."

A famous North-East song dating back to 1850 and called 'The Fishermen Hung The Monkey O' records the sad demise of the simian spy.

Legend blamed on monkey business

By PAUL WILKINSON
TIMES TUESDAY APRIL 8 1997

FOR more than two centuries, the citizens of Hartlepool have tried to live down the tale of a hanged monkey. Now research suggests the story was a wicked capitalist plot to smear fishermen embroiled in a dispute at the former port on Teesside.

Legend says that during the war with 18th-century revolutionary France, a French ship was wrecked off the coast. The only survivor was a monkey, dressed, in the tradition of the time, as a sailor. Fear of the Frenchies was high and, mistaking the poor animal's gibbering for an alien language, the locals hanged it as a French spy.

Aimee Jackson, a film-maker from Guisborough, a few miles down the coast, is planning a television documentary to set the record straight. She said yesterday: "There is a lengthy gap between when the hanging was supposed to have taken place and the first written record."

"The dispute between the local fishermen and the Hartlepool Dock Board became very bitter and the company used to refer to the fishermen as 'aquatic monkeys'. It might be that they developed this into the monkey tale to blacken the name of the fishermen."

Miss Jackson, 25, has turned her research into a screenplay that has attracted the attentions of Channel 4. She said: "There are other places with similar legends, including Cornwall and Scotland, which would suggest it is not a true story."



Age old Middleton tradition upheld

AN age-old tradition has been upheld in Hartlepool with the election of the new Mayor of Middleton.

Mary Moon takes over the chain of office for the next year with the promise of regenerating the tiny community at the fringe of Hartlepool Marina.

The tradition of electing a mayor for the Middleton area dates back hundreds of years and was revived in recent times.

Middleton is a tight-knit neighbourhood of wooden fishing huts, a boat compound, and small crafts club. But beyond the surface is a friendly community always ready to tell a tale of the sea to inquiring visitors.

"It is a great honour and a privilege to be elected as Mayor of Middleton," said Mrs Moon.

"There is a real sense of community down here. The people are all great friends and we always help each other out whenever we can."

Middleton residents, many of whom are fishermen, are staunch supporters of the lifeboat and often raise money to help the vital service.



CHAIN OF OFFICE: Mary Moon the new Mayor of Middleton

THE MAIL Saturday, April 5, 1997

And this year, the new Mayor hopes that Middleton will be able to raise its profile by carrying out much needed repairs to the sea wall and boat ramp before the summer.

"I hope the authorities might be able to take a bit more notice of this area, and help us to improve it - we are doing our bit," she added.

Monkeying around with a legend

NORTHERN JEREMY

THE legend of the hanged monkey which made Hartlepool world famous is in danger of being quashed.

The story tells how a monkey kept as a sailor's pet was washed ashore following a shipwreck off the Hartlepool coast around the turn of the 18th century.

As was the fashion of the time, it was wearing a military uniform and the fishermen of Hartlepool, who had never before seen a monkey, thought it was a French spy.

A trial was held on the beach and unable to understand its gibberings, the locals took the safest option and hanged the monkey.

For two centuries now the tale as stuck. Hartlepoolians have been branded "monkey hangers" and the fanzine of Hartlepool United Football Club is called Monkey Business.

But film-maker Aimee Jackson is set to put the record straight with a documentary revealing that the tale was put about to blacken the name of local fishermen.

Aimee, 25, who was brought up in Guisborough, only a few miles from Hartlepool, believes a long-running dispute between the Hartlepool Dock and Railway Company and local fishermen led to the story.

"The dispute became very bitter and the company used to refer to the fishermen as 'aquatic monkeys'. It may be that they then developed this into the monkey tale to blacken the name of the fishermen."

Aimee has turned her extensive research into a screenplay which has attracted the attentions of Channel Four.

A spokesman for Hartlepool Council said: "The monkey story is part of local folklore.

"Some people hate to hear it mentioned while others are protective and almost proud of the legend."



So now all of a sudden you're Mr Spontaneous?

Drawing by Shamah © 1994 The New Yorker Magazine Inc

Update

LIQUORICE 'CAN STOP CANCERS'

LIQUORICE can beat all sorts of cancer, say American doctors.

It can even stop the HIV virus exploding into full-blown AIDS, they claim.

Scientists are making a life-saving drug from the sweet extract used in Bassett's Liquorice Allsorts.

Hope

Cancer researcher Dr Victor Vogel, of Houston, Texas, said: "In animal studies, the drug made from liquorice extract is an absolute gangbuster."

"It prevents 80 to 90 per cent of chemically induced tumours in rats. It prevents colon cancer.

"It prevents skin tumours in mice and it prevents some breast cancers."

(Sub, 4/6/94)

See FF19:1, 12, 13

*Continued next page

Childless Karen Sutton is pregnant at last after an hour's sex session on the Carne Abbas giant (see FF23). "Making love on the giant was a desperate step but it worked," said the 30-year-old health worker (The Mirror, 1/2/97). The passion followed a pagan ceremony by the ubiquitous "High Priest of British Witches" Kevin Carlyon and 13 followers.

Publicity-conscious Carlyon was the subject of an article which pointed to his detractors, "Hubble, bubble, lots of trouble" (Weekend Telegraph, 21/6/97). He sounds rather barney to me

The youngest child of murdered headmaster Philip Lawrence was given a police escort to and from school after an attempt to kidnap him from his home five days before the first anniversary of his father's death. Detectives said that a couple posing as social workers (see FF12) had tried to trick Mr Lawrence's widow, Frances, into handing over nine-year-old Lucien for a bogus "health check." (The Independent; D. Telegraph, 7/12/96).

We looked in depth at licorice (FF19). This far from being fossilised shite, Kack is apparently a delicious coka-flavoured licorice treat popular with Swedish children.



Entertainer Dee Quemy has hired two bit minders... because kids at her Punch and Judy shows are too violent (see FF10). Dee, 39, of Loughborough, Leics., needs the 14st bouncers to stop brats trying to wreck the shows. She said: "I've been punched, kicked, spat on and cursed (The Sport, 15/7/97).

'Ju-ju' gang terrorise Sierra Leone

The Guardian Wednesday March 5 1997

A dreaded 'secret society' is being blamed for a mysterious spate of rapes and other violence. But is magic, hysteria, crime or ethnic politics behind it all? **Claudia McElroy** in Bo reports

IT IS 2am in the centre of Bo town, yet few people are sleeping. A cacophony of blood-curdling yells and clanging of pots and pans by the townspeople indicates that the dreaded Jombobia secret society has struck again, one month after launching a campaign of terror and sexual violence against civilians in the south and east of the country.

Jombobia (which translates from the Mende language as "remover of public hair") has terrified even die-hard sceptics with its supposed supernatural powers. In just two weeks, it is said to have raped at least 10 women in and around Bo, subsequently plucking their public hair to make empowering fetishes or talismans. Men who tried to intervene claim to have suffered temporary paralysis, and some show cuts, bruises and stab wounds.

Tenneh Nallo, aged 28, nervously wrings her hands as her husband recounts their experience. "I was in bed with my wife, around midnight," he says, "when I suddenly felt very nervous — as if an evil presence had entered the room,

although all the doors and windows were locked. Then I saw a man standing at the foot of the bed, wearing short trousers with a belt of juju charms, some kind of fetish around his neck, and a cloth cap."

Momoh Nallo, a member of the civil militia of traditional hunters known as Kamajors, who themselves claim to have magic powers, says he struggled with the man. "But I became sleepy and weak, and that's when he jumped on my wife. When it was over, he bit into the fetish around his neck, there was a loud 'pop', and he vanished."

"Our neighbourhood was attacked three times in one week; everyone is very afraid," he says, pointing to special leaves hanging in the doorways and windows of his home to ward off evil spirits, and to bruises on his legs.

Staff at Bo hospital say they have treated more than a dozen people, including at least two men, for injuries allegedly sustained during Jombobia attacks. "Most people complained of being attacked by an invisible presence and were treated mainly for bruises and

swellings," says Dr Samuel Sidique, a gynaecologist.

Contradicting earlier statements by medical workers, the doctor says no rape cases were referred to him. But he adds: "People complaining of sexual assault were not educated,

'We're officers of the law, not ju-ju men. We can't deal with this kind of thing'

and some may have been mentally unstable. But it may have been a mistake of the hospital not to check for rape."

At least four men have been arrested in connection with the attacks. One, Bahagay Lahai, has reportedly confessed that Jombobia is a "secret" society comprising 32 members, including 25 women. The women are claimed to seduce men, especially Kamajor hunters, to make them impotent. Most of the society's members are allegedly from the Temne tribe, and seek to create a climate of

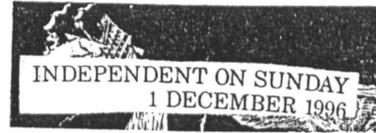
terror and instability, oust the Kamajor hunters from the civil militia and ultimately stage a coup against the government.

While many people believe the perpetrators are a handful of politically ambitious and unscrupulous individuals, exploiting ethnic divides in a bid for power, other theories are put forward.

Some people regard Jombobia as a form of occultism in a part of the country where most people belong to, one of many mystical secret societies, steeped in superstition and animistic beliefs. Others believe it is the work of deranged criminals.

The authorities appear anxious to hush the affair up, especially after one suspect, Kemoh Alpha Amadu, was beaten by incensed civilians and later died. His mother insists her son was mentally ill for years, but was harmless.

The police commissioner, B. K. Kenneh, says three suspects are being held in protective custody in Bo. "The public are so much against them that if they were released they would be harmed," he says. "We don't, however, have a solid case against them, only hearsay." Another officer adds: "We're officers of the law, not ju-ju men. We can't deal with this kind of thing."



Mother's ruin

WHO'S afraid of Mother Teresa? Certainly not the poor of Calcutta, who venerate her. Nor even Christopher Hitchens, who fearlessly (some might say recklessly) ripped her to pieces in a book-length indictment last year. But at the Rome newspaper *La Repubblica*, her very name strikes terror into the hearts of journalists who periodically are compelled to write about her.

Quite why is hard to say, but she has become a veritable jinx on the place. Apparently a former foreign editor died shortly after handling a photograph of her. Anyone who dares to predict her imminent demise risks serious illness, marriage break-up, financial disaster or some other evil visitation. To the hacks at *La Repubblica*, Mother Teresa is what Macbeth is to British actors: even the mention of her name is said to bring bad luck and she is

referred to as *la santa donna*, the holy woman.

When the news editor reluctantly decided to commission a story on her latest admission to hospital last week, the journalists



Mother of all curses

all went scurrying off to the coffee bar for hours on end, praying that someone else would be get the assignment. A lengthy account of Mother Teresa's failing health eventually appeared — but conspicuously without a byline.

Raymond Whitaker

DIARY



Lucy Pinney

Sunday Sport January 12, 1997 19

Don't panic, I'm a genius

BRAINBOX Charles Darwin, who shocked the world with his Theory of Evolution, suffered panic attacks, say researchers.

Doctors reckon that fear of controversy over his views may have triggered the condition. He may also have suffered agoraphobia, making him afraid to go out.

Spot the link

PROVINCIAL newspapers love to get a local handle on a story. This one from the *Sunderland Echo* is hard to beat. The paper recently carried an article about the American television star *Tyne Daly*, of Cagney and Lacey fame. "Tyne Daly," started the *Echo*, "the only actress with a North-East river for a Christian name..."

● WHILE I LAY on my back this evening, hoping that lounging on a sofa and talking on the telephone would make the bruises from my bullock tryst go down quicker, my sister Caroline tried to cheer me up by telling me about a psychologist friend of hers. He claimed to have an infallible scheme for getting anyone he fancied to go to bed with him. Before going out, he'd place a freshly laundered hanky in his underpants. At the party or nightclub or whatever, he'd dance with the prettiest woman in the room, then nip to the loo, take the hanky out of his pants and tuck it in his breast pocket.

Invariably he scored, and claimed that it was the pheromones in his pocket that made him so irresistible. I'd like to have talked to the woman concerned. I bet they'd have said, "Nice bloke, shame about the pongy hanky." ●

Mucky goings-on cause outrage in refined

2 Weekend Telegraph
Saturday May 10 1997

Country diary Badger's Bottom



RWF Poole

MY OLD friend Davy is having a stirring time. Some fields at the end of the lane were sold for development. The development (cleverly named "Badger's Bottom") was for "executive housing". The houses were filled with what Davy calls "the orban middle classes". The first thing they all did (according to Davy) was to buy themselves green wellies, waxed-cotton coats and 4 x 4 vehicles "with them shiny wheels". The next thing they all did (according to Davy) was start complaining.

Davy made the lane too muddy. Davy's cows did, well, "things" in the lane. Muck-spreading had all the Badger's Bottomers in an E. coli panic. At harvest time, the rumble and lights of the combine, working into the dewless dark, added a new dimension to executive stress. The heavily laden grain trailers

rumbling along the lane upset finely tuned executive schedules.

Old Davy scratched his head and smiled, and reckoned he must have heard it all. Then came November and Davy put his tups (rams) among the ewes (Guy Fawkes Night for April Fool's Day — if you want to work out the gestation period of a ewe).

Mrs Dobson-Smythe was on the telephone the next day — Davy must do something at once. Davy sighed and asked the problem. The problem was that

the tups were doing "It" in front of Mrs Dobson-Smythe's windows. Davy pointed out that it was nature.

"Not in Badger's Bottom, it's not," said Mrs Dobson-Smythe, firmly. Davy moved the sheep to another field. The next morning Mrs D-S was on the 'phone again. "But, man," says Davy, "ye canna see them now, surely?" "I can if I stand on the stool in the bathroom," said Mrs Dobson-Smythe (according to Davy).

Two days' difference, the sources worlds apart. One subtle, the other simply silly. The dividing lines between believed modern folklore, sceptical scenario, well-honed adaptation to current myth and dirty joke can be fine ones. But note the synchronicity and the culture gap.

Oldie can spot bloke a mile off!

AN ELDERLY spinster dialled 999 and asked police to come round as a matter of urgency. Plod arrived at her house and she asked him to follow her upstairs to her room.

Looking around, he couldn't see anything wrong. "What see you be the problem?" he asked. The woman replied: "It's the man living opposite. He keeps standing at the window with no clothes on and masturbating. It's absolutely disgusting."

Peered

Plod peered through the window and said: "I can't see anything untoward."
"You can if you sit on top of the wardrobe and use these binoculars," she said.

A. Berry, Grimspy.

"EATING CARROTS HELPS YOU SEE IN THE DARK BECAUSE THEY'RE FULL OF VITAMIN A"

During the Second World War there was a story going around that fighter pilots spent all day in dark glasses eating carrots. This story was actually put about by the British propaganda machine in an effort to keep the Germans in the dark about our newly-developed radar systems. In fact, the line about carrots helping us see in the dark is half fact and half fiction: eating carrots does help night vision, but it's not because they are rich in vitamin A. As it happens, there is no vitamin A in carrots at all. They do, however, contain plenty of beta-carotene, which is converted to vitamin A once it's in the body.

"EAT YOUR CRUSTS, THEY MAKE YOUR HAIR CURL"

You don't have to be a nutritionist to suss out that there's unlikely to be much validity in this old wives' tale. The fact is, the crust of the bread is probably the least nutritious part of the loaf, because the nutrients here are more likely to have been destroyed by the heat of the baking process. Also, eating charred food has been fingered as a risk factor for cancer.

Telling small children that eating their crusts will make their hair curl was actually started as a war-time ploy to prevent food wastage.



Dogs... a bit of wuff?

Dog love

APPARENTLY, most dog wardens have encountered at least one case of bestiality. Cuthbert Jackson has been a dog warden for eight years, and has only had to deal with one proven case, but he's encountered numerous allegations where people have accused recusers of "over-affection" towards their dogs.

"We hear more accusations than actual cases," says Cuthbert. "Usually, they are concerned with people who are under medical supervision, and who have a dog. They are often reclusive, they can't make friends and they don't go out — they obviously become very close to their dog. It's only a short step on to people becoming sexually abusive to their dogs."

Bestiality is a very difficult crime to prove, but in a lot of cases, the perpetrator actually admits the crime. Under section 12 of the Sexual Offences Act 1956, it is an offence to commit sodomy with an animal (or human), and the penalty is life imprisonment. Although the police can prosecute for bestiality, they may be loathe to because the person will often already be under medical supervision or treatment. The dog is also removed.

Entitled Strange Bedfellows, who at sleeping-with-your-dog article would be complete without mentioning people who read it to sleep in the biblical sense with their dogs? Dogs magazine breaks from out its no. 1 with the usual articles entitled Flawed But Adored. Love Me Love My Dog, and hands us bestiality.

VEGGIE SATANISTS

Sunday Sport January 12, 1997

SUN 24/7/97

A MAN who tried to club a snake with his rifle in Iran was killed when the reptile coiled round the gun, squeezing the trigger.



"Don't get your hopes up. You know how these things can wander."

SACRIFICE CUCUMBERS FOR DEVIL



GOING GREEN: Satanists

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

By EMMA JAY and KIRSTY JOHNSON

THOUSANDS of vegetarian Devil worshippers are not missing out on altar sacrifices... they just carve up CUCUMBERS instead. The cranky Satanists stick their knives into all sorts of innocent fruit and veg instead of the traditional live animals during their bizarre rituals.

Their veggie victims are sliced up on an altar by the High Priest, and then blended into a green drink and served up to members.

The Satanist cult is booming, and trendy non-meat eaters have swelled their ranks. In California, membership is nearly 30,000. But with vegetarianism an even faster-rising fad, the two cultures have collided. Now, through their worldwide network, British covens and sects are taking up the practice.

Slaughter

Sherman Breckwood, 43, leader of a San Francisco Black Magic ring, said last night: "None of us could bring ourselves to slaughter a live goat or chicken, even for the greater glory of Satan."

However, all our Satanic ceremonies call for a sacrifice, and at first it looked like we

would have to disband. But then we realised that our book of rituals demands only that a "living being" is sacrificed, and we believe that vegetables qualify. "They must be fresh and without blemish, to simulate virgin sacrifices."

But a West Country clergyman told Sunday Sport: "Just because they are not sacrificing animals doesn't make their activities any less evil."

"I would warn anyone against joining Devil cults like these, however harmless they may appear."

GIRL CHAT!

TOH... SOME OF THESE RESTAURANTS AROUND LONDON CUT EACH OTHERS THROAT FOR EXTRA BUSINESS....

...ONE RESTAURANT APPARENTLY RECEIVED A DEAD BLACK CAT IN A GIFT WRAPPED BOX AS A THREAT!

I MEAN, WHAT DO YOU DO WITH RESTAURANTS LIKE THAT?!

NEVER ASK FOR THE CHICKEN SURPRISE!

8 THE SPORT Friday, August 1 and Saturday, August 2, 1997

A lesson in life

Fk:** Our most versatile swear word. By its intonation and stress it can describe many emotions and no other word can be used in such varied categories.

*It can be used as a noun, (I don't give a f***); as an adjective (It's a f***ing beauty); as a verb in its transitive form (The game was f***ed by the weather) and intransitive (He was well and truly f***ed up).*

Everyday expressions show its true versatility. . .

- PERPLEXITY.....I'll do it my f***ing self.
- DENIAL.....I know f*** all about it.
- APATHY.....Who gives a f***?
- ADMISSION.....I f***ing did it.
- GREETING.....How the f*** are you?
- FRAUD.....I got well f***ed over that deal.
- RESIGNATION.....Oh, f*** it.
- DIFFICULTY.....That's f***ed it.
- DISDAIN.....F*** off.
- BEWILDERMENT.....Who can f***ing understand that?
- DERISION.....He f***s everything up.
- DISMISSAL.....Up your f***ing arse.
- COMMAND.....Do it your f***ing self.
- CHALLENGE.....Who do you think you f***ing are?
- QUERY.....Who the f*** did that?

The word has, of course, been used by some very famous personages, the more notable being.....

- Where's that f***ing water coming from?...TITANIC CAPTAIN.
- What a place to plant a f***ing tree....MARC BOLAN.
- That's not a f***ing real gun.....JOHN LENNON.
- The f***ing throttle's stuck.....DONALD CAMPBELL.
- Who let that f***ing woman drive?...SPACE SHUTTLE CAPN.
- Look at the f***ing Indians....GENERAL CUSTER.
- Heads are going to f***ing roll now....ANNE BOLEYN.
- Is that f***ing boat safe.....LORD MOUNTBATTEN.
- Who'd f***ing shoot me?...JOHN F. KENNEDY.
- That's another good cloak f***ed....SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
- It looks just f***ing like her....PICASSO.
- Watch him, he'll have some f***er's eye out..KING HAROLD.

★ SCIENTISTS in the former Soviet Union have discovered a new nuclear horror — radioactive bats. The creatures, which glow in the dark, are thought to have picked up radiation while feeding around a nuclear power plant in Siberia.

Daily Sport 29/5/95
 Sunday Sport 31/3/96

LOST AT SEA by Michael Goss and George Bene (Prometheus Books, £23.40)

Foremost, this is not simply a book about maritime mysteries dressed up to entertain the credulous, but is a serious book to broaden the intellect and examine the subject from a folklorist angle. "Every culture interprets unexplained phenomena according to the time-honoured interpretive processes," the authors declaim and look here at high-profile sinkings and less well known examples with particular interest in ship-related psychic phenomena.

Mick Goss will be well known to FF readers and the stamp of his authoritative grasp of the folklore not only shines through this book, but makes it more than a mundane romp through theorising of the whys and wherefores of missing ships which an investigative journalist might have tackled (though I would like to have known if there were any psychic components to the sinkings of the spy trawler Gaul - a seaman friend claims to know its whereabouts - and the Derbyshire / Kowloon Bridge - the subject of much apocryphal speculation where I live and where it was built). Such a refreshing approach is to be praised and the publisher to be applauded (except for pricing).

Away from the harrowing factual death rolls of disaster there is discussion of St Elmo's fire, spiritualism, telepathy, prophecy, historical revision and even precognitive fields.

As the authors note "folklore doesn't stand still, and it doesn't observe historical cutoff points," pertinently applying this observation specifically. "Today the Goodwins Ghost Ship is genuine Kentish folklore, regardless of its literary origin."

There is the fabled Flying Dutchman and more substantial craft such as the Titanic, Lusitania and Thresher. Classic maritime riddles reassessed.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE UNEXPLAINED by Jenny Randies & Peter Hough (Michael O'Mara Books, £15.99)

Two serious investigators, who need no introduction from me, combine to present a workmanlike assessment of all the major (and many minor) components of areas of the paranormal and torteana.

The format has a division into eight sections ranging over such subjects as earth mysteries, UFOs, psychism, cryptozoology and strange beings. Topics are then neatly reviewed and examined in a rational way with side panels covering such matter as facts summaries and authorities in the field.

There are many black and white illustrations and the whole presentation is first-class. The case histories and contrasting explanations make this a balanced and worthy compilation.

A WICCAN HERBAL by Marie Rodway (Quantum, £3.99)

Wimpy Harold in "Neighbours" (Aussie TV soap) forever drinking herbal tea gives natural remedies a poor image. What is more natural than to look to countryside plants to cure various ailments. This book takes a Wiccan approach to natural healing. Even if you don't follow the advice, there is much interesting reading here. Many remedies are supplied by practising witches themselves.

PLANTS OF MYSTERY AND MAGIC by Michael Jordan (Blandford, £18.99)

I'm reliably informed that the magic mushrooms described and depicted here are best ingested with jam on toast. Having misidentified a fungus from our garden in Richard Mabey's fine Food for Free book and suffered 48 hours of flashbacks, I would hesitate to try these. Well illustrated with over 75 colour photographs, the author describes each plant and details their traditions and associations. It is divided into herbaceous plants and shrubs, trees and fungi. Informative and fascinating.



BEER 'N' A SHOT
 TWO gunmen shot a barman dead because he served them warm BEER in a boozier in Johannesburg, South Africa.

CASSELL DICTIONARY OF WITCHCRAFT By David Pickering

FROM the burial on non-consecrated ground at Hart Village of Old Mother Midnight and other medieval crones to the modern "Witchfinder Surgeon General" Marietta Higgs seeking the devil's mark of alleged child abuse in the form of anal warts and dilation, the Cleveland area has a rich association with witchcraft.

A "wise woman" at Easington Village would travel around in the form of a hare, and there are effigies above the entrance to Seaton Carew's Station Hotel to ward off evil spirits.

Pickering explores the history of witchcraft in the West from its emergence as a form of 13th century sorcery through the hysteria and witch-hunts of the 16th and 17th centuries. Perhaps too credulous and anecdotal at times, entries cover biographies of famous witches and covens, familiars such as cats, broomsticks, love potions, Hallowe'en and torture.

Behind it all, stripped of hocus pocus, the witch is revealed as the woman challenging social order, whether privately or publicly, revealing the dark side to the model housewife and mother.

Published by Cassell, £18.99

SAINTS PRESERVE US

By Sean Kelly and Rosemary Rogers

THERE are patron saints for everything from rabid dogs to sciatica, worms and consumption, to fire and alcoholism.

First is a section arranged alphabetically, practical, scholarly, irreverent and plain fun to read; secondly daily assignation (mine's Eulaalia - never heard of her - a devout virgin); thirdly thematic list.

All you ever needed to know about saints.
Published by Robson Books, £8.99

THE PORCELAIN GOD

By Julie L Horan

HERE is a history of the toilet and the customs and manners that surround it.

Covering ancient and contemporary cultures, covered also is WCs in spacecraft, unravelled mysteries of toilet paper, worldwide hygiene habits and a host of bizarre stories from the smallest room.

There is plenty to disgust: Roman emperor Commodus (supposed designer of the commode) ate human excrement; upper-class Roman women drank turpentine (surely deadly) so that their urine would smell of roses; Apache men squatted to have a pee, while their squaws stood upright; "my bowels shall sound like a harp" (Isiah xvi.11); and the book closes with the fact that Elvis Presley was found dead on the carpet by his toilet, having fallen off having a heart attack.

Toilet trivia to titillate.

Published by Robson Books, £14.95

NAKED GRAFFITI

Edited by Richard Glyn Jones

JOHN McVicar was Britain's most wanted criminal in 1968, following his escape from the maximum security wing of Durham jail.

After recapture he took an Open University degree in sociology and now back in the community regales us with a sordid story entitled "F... Off."

The "f word" is used in another title in this compilation of short stories, plenty more which abound, as its editor notes, tending towards soft-focus porn.

Kathy Acker has three-way incest and Martin Amis contributes a yarn about a man's affair with himself. More Aids and teenage lust elsewhere. Realism? Or dirty mac brigade stuff?

Published by Indigo, £6.99

THE PARANORMAL SOURCEBOOK

By Jenny Randles

AN excellent starting point for those wishing to learn more about aspects of the paranormal, giving up-to-date information on developments in such areas as crop circles, earth mysteries, poltergeists, spontaneous human combustion, flying saucers, and so on.

Comprehensive resources are here, such as organisations, books and magazines, so the reader can either become an armchair paranormalist or get out and about and do his or her own investigations.

Published by Piatkus, £9.99

theLeyHunter JOURNAL

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SACRED SITES



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PAGANISM TODAY by Graham Harvey & Charlotte Hardman (Thorsons, £9.99)

This collection of essays is not unexpectedly a curate's (excuse Christian reference in this context) egg with the academics appearing rather at odds with the grassroots pagans with the exception of Ronald Hutton, whom I've now come to admire. The earthy shamanism of Gordon MacLellan is a refreshing change from some of the remnant, New Age and Celtic infusions, though there is nothing inherently wrong with multiplicity or change. Paganism has always been bubbling just under the surface of Christianity in Britain and I have long suspected strands or hidden traditions beneath what seems a straightforward surface of persons and organisations. This book, with all its diversity, will probably fascinate and infuriate by turns.

THE ENIGMA OF BORLEY RECTORY by Ivan Banks (Foulsham, £9.99)

A treasure trove for devotees of the Borley story, I was most impressed with the author's thoroughness. This is inclusionism at its most fervent. So much detail does tend to overwhelm and thoughts of disbelief but when the speculation is stripped away, the saga has far less meat on the bone. Nevertheless, in a story with so many admitted contradictions and human contrariness, there is still a magic about the site (now covered by a number of bungalows) and village, still a place of pilgrimage for curiosity seekers. Paranormalists and folklorists will find the book most intriguing. Well laid out to be easy on the eye (two columns per page), it also has many black and white photographs.



IN BRIEF

In claiming the poem Beowulf depicts Scandinavian events, Dr Andy Orchard misses the point that it is more likely set in North-East England. I know far less than he on this subject, but such a cavalier assertion makes me suspicious about the supposedly authoritative nature of The Dictionary of Norse Myth and Legend (Cassell, £20).

Rediscovering the woman in the sun, The Sun Goddess reverses the popular image of the sun as masculine. Sheena McGrath looks at femininity and reconstructs the myths of this cult. Certainly controversial (Blandford, £16.99).

The Witch's Dream purports (a term used deliberately as the dodgy Castaneda furnishes the foreword) to be an autobiographical account of Florinda Donner-Grau's training in spiritual healing among sorcerers and mediums in Venezuela (Arkana, £8.99).

Latest additions to the Arthurian industry are a retelling of some of the less well-known tales from the scholarly John Matthews in Secret Camelot (Blandford, £18.99) and reference sourcebook Arthurian Myth & Legend: An A-Z of People and Places, in which Mike Dixon-Kennedy makes research easy from the 3,000 entries (Blandford, £10.99). John Matthews provides brief introductory essays to Hero Myths & Legends of Britain & Ireland, a selection of nine stories from the 1910 edition by M. I. Ebbutt, covering among others Hereward the Wake, Maxen Wladig, Robin Hood and Cuchulain (Blandford, £12.99).

Sixteen tales from around the world are retold by Moyra Caldecott in Mythical Journeys, Legendary Quests, including Bran's head, Sinbad's seven voyages, Jason's search for the golden fleece, death of Baldr and quest for the Holy Grail (Blandford, £12.99).

Magazines

MAGONIA. Interpret-
ing contemporary vision
and belief. Q. UK £5; US
\$13. Cheques to John
Rimmer and US dollars
only. Address: John Dee
Cottage, 5 James Ter-
race, Mortlake Church-
yard.

No. 56. Major anatomy of rumour concerning kidneys and corneas organ theft. More cat-napping panic. Witness Support Group criticised as one ufoologist playing at psychiatric social worker. Excellent book reviews.

MAGONIA. No. 57. Mick Goss speculates on whether hypno-heist accounts and narratives are more than rumour legends; ancient astronaut genre revisited.

No. 58. UFO crash retrievals seen as a developing modern myth; piece on implants (including the penis and use to "cure" homosexuals); poltergeist machine and out-of-the-body machine fiasco.

No. 59. Thought-provoking Peter Rogerson piece on Williams "Pixie" Syndrome people; recent ritual abuse developments; harm done by well-known US researchers.

NORTHERN EARTH. Q. 4 issues £6. Cheques to Northern Earth Mysteries Group, 10 Junlee Street, Mytholmroyd, Hebden Bridge, West Yorkshire, HX7 5NP.

No. 66. Supernatural mowers of the Isle of Man with possible parallels to the mowing devil of herts so beloved of corn circle buffs. Japanese alignment research by the late Kurozumi Hide; County Durham bronze smeltery; preservation of our ancient heritage. Plus book reviews, letters, northern events, news and ephemera. No. 67. Gordon Harris presses his alignments nodes theory yet again; sacred groves of the Celts; Lastingham crypt; the witch Sybil of Todmorden.

N-MAG RAG. Journal of the Northern Mystery Animal Group. £5. Payment to J C Tait, Rosetree Cottage, Thropton, Morpeth, Northumberland, NE65 7NA. Vol. 1, No. 2. Reprints a mid-Eighties article by Paul Screeton on a personal black panther sighting (elsewhere a Hexham Courant journalist is reported finding an ABC corpse). Daimonic theory of ABC sightings. Hebridean mystery carcass. News round-up and various clippings.

NORTHERN UFO NEWS. £7 for 6 (payable to Northern UFO News) from 11 Pike Court, Fleetwood, Lancs. FY7 8QE.

NUFON. No. 475. Jenny Randles on 1974 Llandrillo mystery; Nick Pope exploiting his former MoD role; what really goes on at BAe Warton, Lancs?

DEVILLE'S ADVOCATE. A few stamps, 50p, begging letter, exchange, blow job?. From Mike White, 62 Goodmoor Crescent, Churchdown, Glos., GL3 2DL. No. 2. Cryptozoological analysis of Gloucestershire's Deerhurst dragon legend; Cheltenham UFOs; internet implications; bodily incorruptibility; red mercury; light-hearted psychic or sceptic self-analysis quiz; Fortean fillers; but most interesting of all a demolition job on a spiritualist medium (you drink - Mike had a pint in his hand; you play rugby - he doesn't but was wearing a rugby club T-shirt; your career prospects are on the up - apparently, in the trade this is known as a "psychic blow-job").

No. 3. Arthurian themes and ufolore connections considered; Glos alien big cats; homespun Thedonia skepticism; hoax reply from Smithsonian; regression experimentation; clippings and feedback.

TOUCHSTONE. News-
letter of the Surrey
Earth Mysteries Group.
£2 for 4. Payment to J
Goddard. Address: 25 Al-
bert Road, Addlestone,
Weybridge, Surrey,
KT15 2PX.

TOUCHSTONE. No. 45. Earth energies claims from Nigeria in 1993; Surrey and Herts field trips; crop circles; letters; book reviews.

No. 46. Travel and Earth Mysteries Society profile; Vermont underground power centre; folk healing; dodgy-sounding "E-line around the world" just missing Mt Everest; Alfred Watkins' Bee light meter.

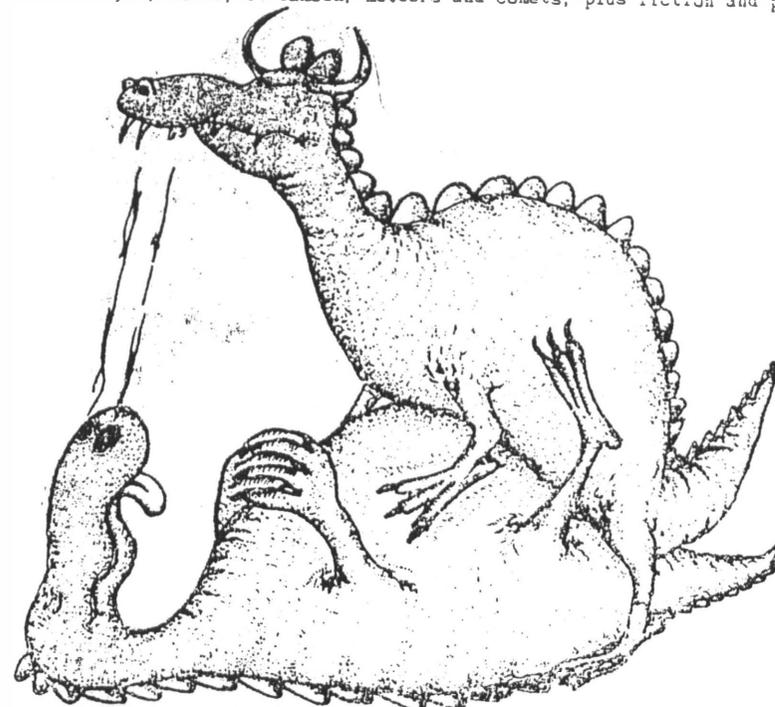
AMSKAYA. Newslet-
ter of the STAR Fellow-
ship. (Sub same as
TOUCHSTONE)

No. 39. ETH belief with Space beings throughout our solar system. Book and TV reviews favour this view. Adamski-oriented.

THE DRAGON CHRONICLE. Journal of dragon interest and appreciation. 4-
issue sub 25/\$12. UK cheques payable to Dragon's Head Press; overseas
dollar bills. P.O. Box 3309, London SW6 6JN.

No. 9. Beowulf located in North-East, but writer misses the enticing
Hart and Hartlepool claim, but I'll forgive him for his fascinating
adventures on less than £10 seeking dragon erigiles on a day tripper
Tyneside adventure -- a real enthusiast or the first order! Swiss
dragonlore; Glastonbury sculpture dragons; plus fiction, heraldry,
astronomy, poetry and so on associated with dragons.

No. 10. Here be dragons from Huddersfield, Durham City, Newcastle upon
Tyne; Medea; St Samson; meteors and comets; plus fiction and poems.



THE LEY HUNTER JOURNAL. No. 125. Change of title and new format. Classic
paranoia from Albert Budden over reaction to his ideas. Also Terence
Meaden fails to convince with his radical cursus theory. Archaeologists
Ronald Hutton puts forward his CV for readers' appraisal, both academic
achievements and those of a non-ivory towers, sub-swampy sort, not too
orthodox and alternative archaeologists etc. Also about astroarchaeology;
Indian sacred geomancy; Ley with a South Wales focus.

No. 126. Brilliant issue! Paul Devereux discusses the current
international state of play in geomancy through the example of a US
conference; forum on spirit ways and death roads (straight and
deliberately not); primitive surveys revisited and landscape geometry
seen as a fallacy by one commentator and an opposing one from another;
thought-provoking Stan Gooch piece on how civilisation may have begun; a
19th century spirit flight; Paul Screeton on hill figures.

No. 127. Jo-Anne Wilder on perceived personal power and ego trips; spirit
ways and death roads round-up; fascinating account of the reason for
Stonehenge's placement; trance state megalithic art challenged; a
Pictish symbol stone; Theoretical Archaeology Group conference;
terrestrial zodiacs experiment; lay at Cove, Hants; understanding sacred
places.

LETTERS TO AMEROSE MERTON. Q. Folklore miscellany. Sub £7.50. Cheques payable to David Cornwell. Address: Psychology Section, Dept of Educational Studies, University of Strathclyde, Jordanhill Campus, 76 Southbrae Drive, Glasgow, G13 1PP.

No. 6. Sandy Hobbs rifles through his files of what may or may not be urban belief tales, and very interesting too, especially a letter from Norman Buchan, MP, with relation to the 1984 food ration book printing during crisis where one was sent out properly addressed by mistake and the tale is "usually accompanied by an embellishment to the effect that a policeman called next day and threatened them with dire consequences if they didn't keep silent about it." Does this somehow discredit the plausibility of MIB and BSW realities? Plenty of other interesting tidbits to mull over. Could a jamjar get you into a cinema? There's a US collection of courtroom howlers, but I recall in Hartlepool a defendant acknowledge "two Smith twins" at which the prosecutor laconically observed "if twins, there would be two." Plus Craif Shergold cards; digitations questioned by Mick Goss; unwanted lift home; red-hot cannonballs; why God missed out on academic tenureship. **No. 7.** Devil in an early Victorian ballroom; marching juvenile jazzband hysteria; Romany lore; how many Eskimo words for snow (also 8); mobile phone bill; Bognor as "fool town"; US university admission form for rednecks; last ten things a man and woman (separately) would say; Elvis Harley Davidson. **No. 8.** Computer network jokes from the standpoint of the urban folklorist; cinema rat bite oldie from Newfoundland; haunted Aberdeenshire council house; update on Bobbitt severed penis (now extended); incendiary anal gerbil. **No. 9.** Euro-myths; hospital cleaner turns off life-support machine weekly unaware of consequences; virus definitions; national fairground archive. **No. 10.** Old male ritual of non-women riders in Hawick; tooth fairy; fashion designers racist rumour; Australian nicknames; updates and reports from the Press.

WEARWOLF. Sporadical. One issue 30p + stamp. Five-issue sub £2.50. Cheques/POs to Wolfe Head Press. Address: PO Box 77, Sunderland, SR1 1EB.

No. 12. Even more witty than usual but it's A6? size makes it very difficult to read. UFOs as seen by a scientist in 1951 and situation today (including giant bees as astronauts). Usual short, totally crap poems.

PROMISES & DISAPPOINTMENTS. £7.50 for 4; US \$18 cash, UK chequeor PO. From Kevin McClure, 23 Strawberrydale Avenue, Harrogate, HG1 5EA.

No. 3/4. Double issue after long dormancy. Quest International and New Ufologist mag given a hard ride by the editor. Protocols of Zion piece ends up with conspiracy theory linked to Hartlepool MP Peter Mandelson. Plus Third secret of Fatima (Portugal - not Whitbread); 1950 German CE III case; UFO man at Ministry of Defence Nick Pope's status questioned. Mags round-up (FF being "winsome, woolly, worthy and absolutely non-PC report on a foolish world").

FORTEAN TIMES. Newsstand.

No. 88. Andy Roberts examines pop musicians' interest in ufology, much as I did in an Eighties article, which he acknowledged to me in a letter that he found useful and similarly a piece by Jenny Randles. However, he failed to relate that the band named A Flock of Seagulls actually refers to multi-ufo misperception. Also I'm not so sure about the drug LSD being referred to as "flying saucers"; certainly one variety of morning glory seeds WAS so named, for its supposed ability to manifest ufos for the user. Other topics of interest include supernatural fertility chairs; 1995 alien cats round-up; apocalyptic imagination; out-of-place seals; SHC. Forum columnist speculate upon: photographic simulacra; ghost paths; apocalyptic tradition; millenium Antichrist's whereabouts; condemnation of ufo investigators. **No. 89.** Lancashire (not Yorkshire, it's Rochdale here) poltergeist case; Hungarian religious vision

reassessed; super-centenarians; demon alien kangaroo or social panic in Puerto Rico and Mexico; Roswell alien autopsy film analysed; yeti; Unconvention 96. Forum covers soundtracks to early art; "savage" sculptures for elemental locations; a prophet best forgotten. **No. 90.** Robert Irving profiles and investigates the weird world of Henry Azadehedel, a man of derring-do and doing strange things; do earth's strange ecosystems suggest life began on Mars. Fortean times under production; abandoned for trade ship grossly marooned wanderings for 40 years at least. Of readers will enjoy small mail; alleged Brazilian Roswell-type alien captives; lunar alien technology; Loys' ape as part of racist theory and history of the writer's ink monkey. Forum contributors cover: the universe as an imaginative construct; male urinary propogation folklore; and unrepentant techno-freaks calling themselves Extropians. **No. 91.** Mick Goss sees maledictory gypsies cursing football grounds; ghost stories; 1996 corn circles; Indochina "new" species; Bigfoot; fertility seats; high hopes for cold fusion alchemy; urine luck; there ARE little green men. Forum looks at: AIDS virus origin and conspiracy theory; NASA urged to entertain us; were mites created from electric rock?

No. 92. Albert Budden on electromagnetic effects and the paranormal; Argentinian lake monsters; cannibal castaway. Forum contributors examine: unfunny temporal lobe malfunction on Tube; Mexican superstition; vanished member of US band Iron Butterfly; astrology and seasonal health variations. **No. 93.** Fortean/SF computer games; faulty scholarship and the Dead Sea Scrolls; to shoot or not a Bigfoot and purported new photographs. Forum contributors

No. 93. Faulty scholarship and the Dead Sea Scrolls; should a Bigfoot be shot and purported new photos. Forum contributors on: folklore scholars who patronise those who want to talk to them; Anna Rice and her new vampire canon; ways of looking (or hearing) at birdsong. **No. 94.** Significant doubts that man has walked on the Moon; horse-ripping as possible case of transferred rape (resentment of rich, young fillies?); WWI Turkish "timeslip" mystery? Forum section has Paul Screeton dismissing media ley-line tales; a pixie-led fairy tale from Doc Shiels; and Patrick Harpur posits daimonic inertia. **No. 95.** Extraordinary lizards in North Wales?; fiery crosses at a Tennessee chapel; who were the first Americans?; thought control experiments. Forum examines Necronomicom scam; Cornish sea serpent mystery; ufo etymology; TV hoaxes.

No. 96. NOT RECEIVED. **No. 97.** Lunar landings hoax theory discussed; Amazonian possible giant aquatic anaconda; Hollow Earth and primordial language. Forum writers cover: horned water monsters; Elvis Down Under?; bats our ancestors?; US ufology; Roswell revisited; Fortean connections.

No. 98. Concept of creating your own country is captivating (Roy Bates of Sealand fame, off Essex, had German captives); 1996 bogus social workers round-up; Satanic hysteria; Nostradamus; ufology landmarks. Forum columnists cover: Andy Roberts on what makes UK ufology tick; Ken Campbell on Fortean TV; New York ufo crash and dodgy ufologist; disaster blockbuster films; morphic resonance; three-toed US swamp hominids; crypto-twitchers. **No. 99.** Japanese Aum cult and super weapons; Heaven's Gate ufo cult; Amazonian giant anacondas and saw-back beast; visual misperceptions; EM Internet nonsense; Clone ranger. **No. 100.** Congratulations Bob and y'all. There's even my mug shot on page 31. Heaven's Gate again; Kenneth Arnold; ambiguous museum. **No. 101.** Annual round-up of alien big cat reports (the reference here to one in Seaton Carew I know to be judged by the reporter concerned as highly dodgy); Rennes-le-Chateau interest picks up; "evil eye" staring; Ivory Coast teleporting child; disappointing giants piece which seem author is unaware of the scholarship of H J Massingham and Anthony Roberts.



"When she said her boyfriend was a coloured bloke, it never occurred to me she meant ruddy GREEN!"

Cruel con hits mercy angels

Sunday Sport January 12, 1997

A SICK memo poking fun at the terminally ill is circulating in Britain's crisis-hit hospitals, we can reveal.

As hundreds of part-time nurses are drafted in to cover for ill-victim staff, pranksters are handing newcomers what appears to be an instruction from hospital management.

Forced

The latest flu epidemic has put the country's hospital resources at full-stretch and many trusts have been forced to appeal to former nurses and care workers to come to the rescue.

But a *Sunday Sport* investigation has disclosed how they have become the innocent victims of a letter, which apparently gives instructions on what NOT to say if a patient is dying.

It includes BANNED phrases such as "Cheer up, things can only get

MEMO: To relief nursing staff.

Management has been concerned by recent incidents in which patients, particularly those suffering from a terminal disease, have been offended by remarks made by nursing staff. We have, therefore, set out a list of seemingly innocent phrases which should be avoided. Your co-operation is appreciated.

EXCLUSIVE BY EMMA JAY

better" and "Relax, there's all the time in the world."

One volunteer worker told us: "I took it seriously at first. But when I looked at it more closely I could tell it was a hoax.

"It's a bit sick. There are people in very serious conditions in here, they would be very upset."

And a source at one hospital trust added: "We've managed to track down some of these so-called memos and destroyed them.

Taxmen fleeced by Sheep Dip

FARMERS are conning the taxman over £13-a-bottle malt whisky — called BHEEP DIP. Inland Revenue bosses think receipts are for genuine farming expenses.

But the liquid asset is for drinking — not washing sheep. One Somerset farmer said yesterday: "I put several cases of Sheep Dip a year on my tax return forms.

Delay

"No-one from the tax office has ever queried it — but then I've never explained it's whisky I'm claiming for. It's a well-known ploy."

An Inland Revenue spokesman said: "We will be looking into this."

Sun 14/12/90



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY A LENGTH UNDERWATER?

THE SPORT Friday, October 10 and Saturday, October 11, 1997 7

Stop Press

Gig ban for Dead Dianas

COUNCILLORS have banned a rock gig after discovering that the band are called the Dead Dianas and planned to use pictures of Princess Diana's fatal crash to plug the show at Lancaster Town Hall.

Drummer John Constantine hit back: "Not everyone would have been offended."

Contributors

Perceptive readers will have noticed the absence of Mick Goos' regular column, Folkjokeopus. Mick may return to writing on folklore-type material in the future, but presently he is moving to north Norfolk to run a coffee shop cum secondhand bookshop. We wish his venture well and thank him for past contributions.

30 things not to say to the terminally ill

1. So, what are your plans for next year?
2. Would you like to borrow my War And Peace?
3. I can't understand why you don't buy things on H.P?
4. Time just flies, doesn't it?
5. Keep your spirit up
6. How do you feel about joining the Halley's Comet Spotting Club?
7. Here's to the future?
8. Have you heard about this great ten-year savings bond?
9. I've bought you a bunch of green bananas.
10. Laugh? I nearly died.
11. Aren't lifetime guarantees a good idea?
12. It's your funeral.
13. I bet you're dying for a pint.
14. Can I interest you in a pension plan?
15. There's a great 32-part serial just started on BBC2.
16. It's not the end of the world, is it?
17. I find five-year diaries much more economical, don't you?
18. Relax, there's all the time in the world.
19. It's great to be alive, isn't it?
20. Cheer up, things can only get better.
21. I see coffins are up in price again.
22. You should take a long-term view.
23. There's always someone worse off than you, isn't there.
24. You look heavenly.
25. Let's stay in and watch my Live And Let Die video.
26. Heard the one about the three Irishmen who died and went to Hell?
27. Fancy a visit to a fortune teller.
28. Let's take a shortcut through the cemetery.
29. You're an angel.
30. I've bought you a ticket for the Millennium Party.