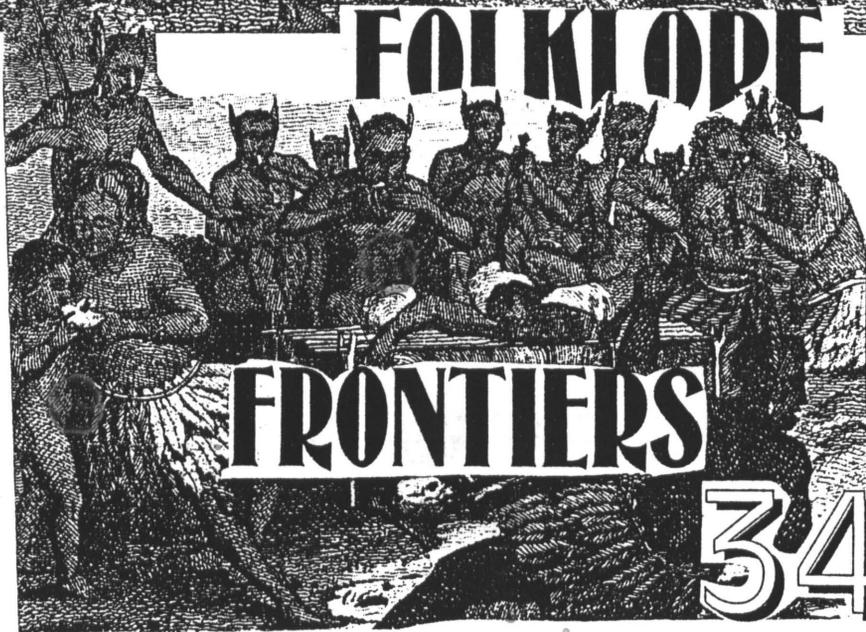


**FOLKLORE**



**FRONTIERS**

**34**

# FOLKLORE FRONTIERS

December, 1998

FOLKLORE FRONTIERS is an independent magazine covering various aspects of folklore, particularly contemporary legends and culture. It is edited and published by Paul Screeton, to whom cheques should be made out (NOT to Folklore Frontiers). Address: 58gton Drive, Seaton Carew, Hartlepool, TS25 2AT. Four-issue subscription is £6; US \$14 only in dollar bills. If your subscription expires with this issue an X will appear below:

## The Diary

AN unsavoury tale to begin with. Paying an unofficial visit to Kellingley colliery, in Yorkshire, as the cage taking Labour minister Peter Mandelson down the mine shaft lowered, up above a group of miners were urinating upon it.

Whether northern hard, hererosexual, horny-handed bawlers of black diamonds actually unzipped themselves to show their contempt for the southern champagne socialist they regarded as the pits is a matter for conjecture.

The story was leaked to The Sport (24/8/98) ahead of the screening of Living with the Enemy (broadcast 23/9/98) where an Old Labour union official (£30,000-a-year and flashy car, ho hum) who spent a week with PR lobbyist Derek "Dolly" Draper told Mandelson what had happened. Mando diplomatically made a vague response about charming chaps at the mine.

The Sport also referred to old chestnut of Mandy visiting a chip shop in his Hartlepool constituency and mistaking mushy peas for avocado mousse. More significantly, The Sport made the "Cabinet leak" front page splash, whereas his tired local rag, the Hartlepool Mail snootily or fearfully ignored the story. Despite its northerly circulation area covering former pit villages of Blackhall, Horden, Easington (closures Thatcher) and Tony Blair's Trimdon (even more closures Tony Benn!), where the ex-miners would have found the story a boot.

IT'S good to see an academic drop a howler as did Professor Ian Campbell in his review of Caroline Bingham's Robert the Bruce. William Wallace led a victorious army at Bannockburn in 1314 and beat the English (SUN Teleg, 15/11/98). The Dowager Lady Hesketh (22/11/98) suspected too literal a viewing of the film Braveheart, as Wallace was executed in 1305. The victory was Robert the Bruce's -- a man born just outside Hartlepool at Hart (or Essex). Campbell in the soup! Did he read it?

RE-READING back numbers of Fortean Times for research, I came across the following:

A late night stroller in Wrexham, Clwyd, was shocked to hear cries for help coming from a postbox outside the sorting office in Regent Street. A middle-aged mailman had been collecting late deliveries 20 minutes earlier from the large postbox when a gust of wind blew the door shut behind him. A GPO worker had been trapped in the same post-box 25 years earlier." (FT 72)

Funnily enough, the same day I had read the following:

A postman was trapped inside a large letterbox for half-an-hour after a gust of wind blew the door shut. He was discovered after a shocked pensioner went to put a letter into the box at Wrexham and a hand came out to take it. (D Teleg, 31/10/98)

Do postmen ever learn? Are the tales related? Oh, c'mon!!!!!!!

## Tait's gallery

"But it must be true, I saw it on the telly." Although a bit of a cliché, it is to many people a truth. The distinction between fact and fiction is never more blurred (if there actually is one at all) than when we consider facts from the box.

"Documentary" The term is defined as a programme presenting factual material. And it is generally considered as such. However time and time again the documentary makers have been uncovered as little more than soap opera directors.

Recently there came allegations that October Films whilst producing a documentary for Channel 4 on the plight of some of our residential care homes, "Stretched" the facts a bit. Well stretched them a lot to be honest. It is claimed that the crew enrolled orphan kids from a Nottinghamshire care home to play homeless beggars on the streets. They also ran coachloads of kids to Scarborough and filmed the, "Absconding" from care. The cherry on the cake though is the allegation that they sent a 15 year old girl to a clinic to film her collecting contraceptives - then they posed her on a street corner as a teenage hooker on the game.

Of course not all TV hoaxery is of such sinister material. Take daytime chat shows for instance. The guests on such shows have long had celebrity status in the U.S. Taking their feuds and kinks from one show to the next. Collecting substantial fees in the process of course. And if you can put yourself through it, a consistent observation of our own chat shows reveal the same old faces revealing the same old titillating snippets about their lives.

Recently the Jerry Springer show has been attempting to sue a bunch of guests who appeared on one show. The main thrust of the episode was that a man was going to confess to his wife that he had been sleeping with their childrens teenage babysitter - live on TV of course.

However it transpired that the husband was in reality a stand up comic from Toronto, as were the wife, the babysitter and the babysitter's boyfriend (a lot of comedians in Toronto eh?) Anyway when it hit the fan the show has attempted to sue the guests for \$50,000, claiming that they have damaged the credibility and integrity of the show (?). Unfortunately for the show, it was subsequently revealed that two of the producers actually had full knowledge of the scam. Ooops.

But of course us cynical Brits would never fall for such a hoax now would we? Oh no. Well, just look at the commotion caused over the famous Ghostwatch debacle hosted by Sarah Green. Staged and presented in documentary fashion it caused a furore with live footage of poltergeist behaviour.

Then there is the pair of cowboy builders shown in Channel 4's programme, "Rogue Males". The highlight being when the pair were plastering a ceiling with a yard brush. The retelling of this incident will have caused many a chuckle over a pint. But all crap I'm afraid. Staged as well as any RSC production of Macbeth.

Fake TV is not as many would believe, a recent phenomena. A decade or two one of the most infamous cases of staging involved none other than Walt Disney and his Wonderful world of nature series. One word - Lemmings. It was on the evidence of this one film that the enduring tales of lemmings committing mass suicide over cliff edges in a response to overpopulation, was sprung. Further suggestions that the whole death leap scenes were staged began to circulate from the alleged testimonies of members of the film crew who admitted a certain amount of herding had been involved.

However more recent zoological studies of the little critters showed absolutely no evidence of such suicide yearnings. Perhaps they'd discovered Prozac?

But you can't keep a good tale down, and it was not long before doubts were poured on the validity of this anti-suicide idea. The observed groups were simply too small, they were not observed for long enough. etc. etc. You pays your money...

But does it matter? Well as a folklorist, I've got to say not to a jot. The important thing about the so called news is the perception of the viewer. Of course many, probably the vast majority, would be appalled at such an idea. The news should be, well the news. The truth. But even the concept of

truth is a hazy one, for all truth is simply a personal opinion of the facts and is subjected to a rigorous filtering by decency, acceptability and quite simply political bias. No truth is ever an absolute. Honest.



METRO ATTACKER

Changing the subject somewhat, it's good to see that police forces have begun to make good use of technology. The suspect on the left was made up using Northumbria police's E-Fit software which was developed to put an end to all those Frankenstein monster type photofit jobbies. Yeah, right. If you do happen to see this guy wandering around, I'd be more inclined to phone the zoo rather than the police.

And staying with technology (Links R' Us, eh) I have just thrown myself into the microchip sea, so if any of you have internet access, and can tear yourself away from web searches of Japanese schoolgirls etc, please feel free to drop me a line: johntait@btinternet.com

— John Tait

## Update

**DEAD VENDY.** In our blonde icons occasional series, singer Vandy O. Williams was one subject (FF21:7-10)

Sadly this feisty American has been shot dead. However, before I could take notes from the obituary in Loaded, my son spirited it to Spain after my daughter's wedding.



## THE GORNAL MONSTROSITY

It was a creature more evil-looking than anything the inventive brain of an author of horror stories could ever hope to conceive.

If Truth be stranger than Fiction then you need look no further than the "Gornal Monstrosity" for unquestionable proof.

Just another Gornal legend, you may be tempted to scoff. Believe me it is no legend. People to whom I have spoken have seen it, handled it, and recoiled from the sheer loathsomeness of this 'Thing' which was a direct contradiction of all the laws of orderly Nature.

True, this horribly grotesque creature is no more. Who, on earth would wish to preserve such a vile specimen of flesh and blood? But we do have faded photographs to prove that this was no figment of a distraught imagination.

Let me outline the relevant facts.

Herbert Stevens was a jobbing farm labourer who hired out his skills to local farmers. Work must have been a little scarce a century ago because in the mid-1880's Herbert was working as a 'night-sile mon' for Sedgley U.D.C.

For those who are too young to comprehend I should explain that a 'night-sile mon' was one who cleaned out earth-closets in those far-off days before deep sewerage and flush lavatories. It was an unpleasant and smelly job, hence the need to do the work in the small hours of the morning.

Herbert was busily occupied with the task of emptying one particular earth closet. He lowered his long-handled ladle into the messy, murky depths. In the dim light he thought that he saw something move. "A large rat", he told himself.

The creature was still moving around in the scoop when Herbert brought it to the surface.

Much to his astonishment he could see that it was certainly no rat. He peered closer. In many ways it resembled a newly-born child. Then he began to realise that the grotesque form was something, the like of which, he had never seen before.

He cleaned the 'thing' up as best he could then hurried around to the local doctor, Doctor St. Ballenden. The monstrosity was still showing faint signs of life. Dr. Ballenden quickly sent for two specialists but despite their efforts at resuscitation, the 'thing' expired.

Herbert took it to his home in New Street, Gornal Wood. Older Gornal readers may recall the Stevens family of New Street; Mrs Stevens sold fish and chips, grey 'pays', gornal puddin' and feggotts

from the spotless brew-'uss which was attached to their cottage.

But back to the monstrosity. In the seclusion of his home Herbert was able to examine it even more closely. He could scarcely believe the evidence which lay before him.

The creature had eight legs, four tails, three bodies, eight teeth, a miniature elephant's trunk at the back of its head, a dog's upper jaw, the lower jaw of a pig, and four ears. A pinky-silvery fur covered its body and during its brief life it had surveyed the world through two pairs of eyes.

That, of course, was a century ago, but for many years afterwards the monstrosity was preserved by the Stevens family.

Sixty-six years old Jack Stevens of Leabrook Grove, Lower Gornal, is a grand-nephew of Herbert. He confirmed that he had seen and actually handled the 'thing' many times. "It was no more than nine or ten inches long", he told me. "And however much you examined it it was difficult to believe that such a monstrosity had ever existed".

Active pensioner, Mrs. Vera Beardmore, who lives in Plank's Lane, Wombourne is old Herbert's grand-daughter. She is a cousin of Jack Stevens, and she, too, has vivid recollections of her grandfather's loathsome keepsake.

She, too, has handled it, examined it and, as a young child, she has recoiled from the

sheer horror of its loathsomeness.

Moreover, in her well-documented family scrap-book she has preserved an actual photograph of the creature. Two photographs, in fact. They were taken by a relative and depict the front and back view of the 'Thing'. Unfortunately, the pictures are not of the quality one would like but they still show sufficient detail to indicate the grotesqueness of this barely believable freak of nature.

From the recesses of their memories some readers may be able to verify the existence of the 'Gornal Monstrosity'. Herbert Stevens often hawked it around the Gornal and Sedgley pubs. Urged on by curiosity many people made

the pilgrimage to see it at the Stevens' home in New Street.

Somewhat understandably the 'thing' suffered an ignominious end. It came to be regarded by succeeding members of the family as a creature of ill-luck and sometime after old Herbert's death it was thrown on to the fire, where, aided by the draw plate it was quickly reduced to little more than a memory.

Do you remember the old horror films about werewolves, vampires and such creatures? At the end of those films, and to prevent us from having nightmares, a comforting voice would try to reassure us that "There were no such things".

Well as far as the Gornal Monstrosity is concerned

"There was such a Thing".

(Black  
Country  
Bugle,  
December,  
1985. Cr:  
Paul  
Lester)



## The Earth Hound—a Living Banffshire Belief

In 1950, the *People's Journal* of 24 June contained a paragraph about 'yird pigs' or 'earth huns'. They were said to be 'really rats and . . . only found in graveyards' (*PJ*, 24 June 1950). Further investigation turned up a reference by the Reverend Walter Gregor in 1881, the oldest one so far identified. He spoke of 'a mysterious dreaded sort of animal, called the "yird swine" . . . believed to live in graveyards, burrowing among the dead bodies and devouring them' (Gregor 1881, 130).

More information came from the archives of the Department of Natural History of the National Museums of Scotland. A letter written by A. Smith, Rayne School, Wartle, Aberdeenshire, dated 11 December 1917, to James Ritchie in Edinburgh, relates how the father of one Archibald, Gardener at Warthill, 'remembered quite well his father turning up one (an "earth hund") in its nest when ploughing in the haughs of Deveron about 50 years ago. He (the father) tried to kill it with his foot, but it bit and cut his boot, and he killed it with a "swingle-tree" and brought it home. It was brown in colour somewhat like a rat, but had a long head like a dog's—(hound's), and a tail bushier than a rat's, but he could not say how bushy. Their nests were from time to time turned up by the plough, but the animals themselves were very rarely seen, reputed to frequent churchyards. This was in the immediate neighbourhood of a churchyard which was eventually disused owing to the firm belief that it was infested with earth-hunds. They invariably lived in the immediate neighbourhood of water, and their nests were in haughs. 'Archibald saw this one himself, has quite a distinct recollection of it, and says all the neighbours were interested to see it, and all agreed it was an earth-hund from its appearance, though it did not transpire whether any of them were acquainted with the animal before. . . . He describes it as being something between a rat and a weasel, and about the size of a ferret, head very like that of a dog, and I think he said the tail was not very long. At a casual glance it would be mistaken for a rat, but was quite unlike on close examination.'

There is also a note by the same writer, with the same date, but posted on the following day. It reads as follows:

'Had occasion unexpectedly to visit Mastrick on W.S. business about 10 p.m. tonight. Did not see the old man, who was presumably in bed. Asked about the supposed earth hund, with undernoted result.  
It was not this season but 2 years or so ago it was killed.  
It was turned up by the plough (by Jas. McIntosh, I think).  
It ran along the furrow some distance before it was killed.  
His recollection was that it was about the size of a rat. Asked about colour, he thought

it was like a dark rat. It had feet like a mole, and a tail about half as long as a rat's. Head was long and nostrils very prominent, suggesting a pig's. Head somewhat like that of a guinea-pig.

It had noticeable white "tusks", whatever that might mean—(probably incisors). Other members of the family added the latter details.

Some reference, vague, was made to some large heap or heaps occurring on the farm credited by their father to earth-hunds.

Mastrick is about 10 minutes' walk from here, and curiously enough is close to the churchyard. . . .

Even today, there seems to be a belief in these creatures. In April 1990, when A.F. visited a friend in Keith, that sprawling three-part Banffshire town, conversation turned to the earth hound. 'They're atween a rat an a rabbit,' he said. 'They live in graveyards. They howk doon an cleek intae the coffins. . . . Aye, I'll tak ye tae far they are.' We drove through Fife Keith, along the Dufftown road and then by side roads, rising through forestry plantations and bare hillside through the Haugh of Glass and then a couple of miles on to the Hill of Dumeath, stopping on its shoulder just before Beldorney Castle.

Below us was Walla Kirkyard. Instead of a road to it, there was only a wide fenced-off strip of field, giving access down a steepish slope in dry conditions, but surely not in ice or snow. The kirkyard stood on the edge of the River Deveron, alone, remote from any church.

We walked amongst the stones. The oldest dated to 1741. There were new graves in an extension against the old wall. My friend looked intently around the stones where someone had cleared weeds and bared the earth, searching for scrapes and scratch marks, but Walla Kirkyard revealed none of its mysteries. No earth hound appeared, no reeking burrows were seen.

It is part of the North-east sense of humour that a grim topic can be pursued in all apparent seriousness, and this A.F.'s friend did. If he did not in his heart believe in earth hounds, at least he never dropped his mask.

### REFERENCE

GREGOR, REV. WALTER  
1881 *Notes on the Folk-lore of North East Scotland*. London.

ALEXANDER FENTON AND DAVID HEPPELL

(Scottish Studies 1992-1993, No. 31. (Recently published adds monitor Dr A S L Rae 0

# Update

## Buzz of excitement over teashop's takeaway fish

By Michael Fleet

A VILLAGE teashop has become the centre of an animal rights controversy over a missing goldfish.

The fish, called Buzz, lived in a bowl placed inside a model spaceship at the Rocket Tea Rooms at Horam, near Hailsham, East Sussex, where he was quite content, according to Philip Poole, who runs the teashop.

But at a 40th birthday party for Fran Ivory, who has the neighbouring riding school, one of the guests felt Buzz should be liberated from his bowl so she scooped him out with a teacup and then spirited him away inside a water-filled plastic bottle.

When Mr Poole realised that Buzz was missing he called police, who found the fish swimming in a new bowl at the home of Janine Argent, who had taken him.

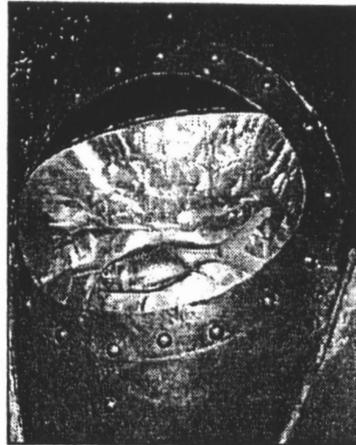
She was unrepentant yesterday, after Buzz was restored to his rightful place. "Everyone seems to think this is something silly but it is serious to me.

"I saw this large fish in a small bowl and felt sorry for it and unhappy that it was being used as a sales gimmick.

"I think it is disgusting the way it was kept and I have been speaking to the RSPCA



Right, Buzz back in the rocket. Above, Janine Argent



about it. The goldfish has the right to a life," she said.

Mr Poole was given Miss Argent's telephone number but instead of tackling her, he handed it over to police, who sent two constables to recover the fish.

PC Andy Boydell, who returned the fish in a plastic bag of water, said: "We were a bit surprised when we got the call but after talking to the owner we decided to act and get the fish back. After all, it was someone's property."

Mr Poole said he was right to call police. "Our family pet and one of the main features of our tearoom had been stolen. I could not just keep quiet.

"Buzz is in a bowl that has

enough room to take two fish. We also make sure the water is clean and aerated and that he is regularly fed," he said.

Mrs Ivory said the incident had "spiralled out of control". She added: "We are getting the cold shoulder treatment from them and so we have boycotted the tearooms."

Major Michael Goulden, a veteran of D-Day who served with the Royal Engineers and has owned the estate of which the teashop is part for 40 years, said: "I think it is all hilarious. Everybody has been going round the estate saying 'Have you seen the goldfish?'"

"It is the best laugh we have had in Horam for ages."

**RABBIE HOOD:** In FF24, Mick Goss argued Robin Hood's fallibility (pp5-8) while a French historian claimed Hood was a raving homosexual (p9). It could have been worse and him been Scottish .... yes, one from the Daily Telegraph, 6/12/97.

DAILY STAR, Wednesday, October 30, 1996 15

Love me blender cock-up

JINXED hubby Carlo Paia thought his penis implant would perk up his love life.

But when his missus switched on her food mixer, his hi-tech todger burst out of his trousers.

The 45-year-old Brazilian's willy had just recovered when the phone rang and his manhood erupted again.

Then, as he waited for an ambulance, his neighbours turned on their TV — and the sudden power surge left him reeling in agony.

## Robin Hood 'is Scots myth'

By Auslan Cramb, Scottish Correspondent

IT IS a claim that will reverberate throughout Sherwood Forest and rouse indignation in Nottinghamshire folk everywhere: the legend of Robin Hood is a Scottish creation.

An expert on the quintessential English anti-authoritarian claimed yesterday that he was probably modelled on William Wallace, the Scots patriot whose deeds were celebrated in the film *Braveheart*.

The theory was advanced by a Welshman, Prof Stephen Knight, who admitted that he was comfortable with the idea of "destabilising an English myth".

In a lecture to students, the professor of English Literature said that the Robin described in early ballads was a bandit who came to the aid of his local community when it was in conflict with the abbot or the sheriff.

But in the hands of medieval Scottish storytellers, this unremarkable figure was reinvented in the image of real-life "Rabbie Hoods"

— including Wallace — who fought for their national identity and refused to bow to the king.

"In Scottish hands, the figure of Robin Hood was reformulated," said Prof Knight, of the University of Wales, Cardiff. "He was hybridised in various ways and then re-exported in a different and remarkably successful form.

The English hero was a man of deeds and good instincts who represented the local community for collective activity like money-gathering. In Scotland, there were more urgent things for a popular hero to represent, including a sense of national identity."

Prof Knight's theory is contained in a 6,000-word paper, *Rabbie Hood: The Development of the English Outlaw Myth in Scotland*, which he gave at Edinburgh University yesterday.

When told of the latest theory, Nick Broomhead, a tourism officer for Nottinghamshire, said: "Oh no, no, no. We will fight to the hilt to keep our English Robin Hood."

LEFT: Preview to more dubious transmissions.

## NAZ-SEA ENDING

HITLER'S deputy, Martin Bormann, is to be buried at sea so neo-Nazis won't use his grave as a shrine.

DNA tests on a skeleton found in Berlin in 1972 have finally proved his identity, scotching rumours that

Bormann escaped to South America.

It is now accepted that he killed himself by biting on a cyanide pill in 1945.

His five children want the skeleton cremated and the ashes scattered in the North Sea.

**WRONG ANIMAL RIGHTS.** Just as I wrote up this topic (FF33:3-5) came a classic case (Daily Telegraph, 29/8/98)

**MARSBARIANNE FAITHFULL.** Since I penned a lengthy article on Faithfull (FF19:3-7), the bisexual muii diva has written her autobiography. As well as a girlfriend with a talking fox and Brian Jones' seduction technique including the Flying Scotsman, we have the inevitable entrance of the Mars bar legend. In Faithfull (Michael Joseph, 1994) we have this disclaimer regarding the consequent trial of Jagger and Richards after the Redlands drugs bust:

The trial went on for three days. Endless recitations of scenes from the corniest soap opera you've ever seen in your life, an awful sort of 'Ironsides Goes to the Hippie Club' version of our lives. We were actually expected to subscribe to this nonsense. Days of minute cross-examination about the woman in the fur rug.

Detective Constable Rosemary Slade: 'The woman was in a merry mood and one of vague unconcern.'

Malcolm Morris (the prosecutor): 'She was unperturbed and apparently enjoying the situation.'

I had to sit there through all of this rubbish and say nothing. I felt as if they were talking about someone else. Their story went like this: a group of dissolute rock stars lured an innocent girl to a remote cottage where, having plied her with drugs, they had their way with her, including various sexual acts involving a Mars bar.

The first time I heard about the Mars bar was from Mick shortly after the trial. Mick said, 'You know what they're saying about us in Wormwood Scrubs, they're saying that when the cops arrived they caught me eating a Mars bar out of your pussy.'

I was amused at first, but my amusement began to wane when the damn thing refused to go away and established itself as a piece of folklore.

The Mars bar was a very effective piece of demonizing that was so overdone, with such malicious twisting of the facts. Mick retrieving a Mars bar from my vagina! It was far too jaded even for any of us to have conceived of. It's a dirty old man's fantasy, some old fart who goes to a dominatrix every Thursday afternoon to lick her boots and get spanked. A cop's idea of what people do on acid, for Christ's sake.

It was as if I were listening to an account of a pornographic film based on my life! My life had been stolen from me and sold to the gutter press. I became very detached, I was in shock. I can see that in photographs taken of me at the time. I have a perpetually stunned look on my face, as if to say: I can't believe this is happening!

The book was written in collaboration with David Dalton. Her ghostwriter gets a mention in an interview with Marianne MacDonald (Independent on Sunday, 1/9/96): "The whole thing with the Mars bar hurt me terribly. It's not true and I'll never find it funny. It's not even just the Mars bar. The worst thing is that David (Dalton) thought I gave Jimi Hendrix his last fix."

Those memoirs were serialised in the Daily Mail, leading a Guardian (4/8/94) back to ring the Mars makers to see if a marketing campaign was in the offing, particularly as the Rolling Stones were also on tour. "We shan't be making a comment, said a spokeswoman frostily. "We have no comment to make." (credit Peter Christie)

Someone else unappreciative of the publicity was Faithfull's mother, Eva. "She was ashamed about the mars bar gossip and the girl in the fur rug stories," wrote Marianne.

#### MORE ANIMAL RIGHTS TALES

**Minneapolis:** An animal rights group has criticised the Minnesota Vikings' John Randle for picking on a chicken. The group, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, are upset by a television commercial in which the all-pro defensive tackle chases a chicken which is wearing the No 4 jersey of Green Bay quarterback Brett Favre. In the Nike advertisement, Randle sews a miniature Favre jersey and then is seen chasing a chicken wearing the shirt. The ad ends with Randle standing over a grill preparing chicken. The group wants Nike to pull the ad.

(D. Telegraph, 3/10/98)

Two animal rights activists were protesting at the cruelty of sending pigs to a slaughterhouse in Bonn. Suddenly the pigs, all 2,000 of them, escaped through a broken fence and stampeded, trampling the hapless protesters to death.

Scotsman, 10/10/98 (Cr Dr ASL Rae)



**DUBIOUS TRANSMISSIONS.** A category looked into at length (FF18:7-8; FF22:6-7) and elsewhere briefly, this phenomena is often taken at face value. Perhaps so, but are all "true" cases.

\* When deaf people began being plagued by receiving Radio 1 FM interference, "technology expert" Bob Tomalski said: "Hearing aids, like any other piece of electrical apparatus, can act in the same way as radio receivers if the signal is strong. Worst affected were older aids and people close to the 41 Radio 1 transmitters nationwide (Today, 26/1/95).

\* Hearing aids in Wembury, near Plymouth, Devon, were picking up regular bleeps when the hi-tech system at HMS Cambridge was operating (Sunday Sport, 12/11/95).

\* Still in Devon, radio microphones at a church in Budleigh Salterton picked up a local line-dancing session -- as 300 worshippers took Communion (Sun, 1/11/97).

\* The massive Hilversum mast in Holland gave a close neighbour music through her kettle. After appearing on TV, she was billed for a radio licence. "They can whistle for it," she said, allegedly (D. Star, D. Sport, 20/3/95).

\* Same paper, same police force. Derbyshire bobbies were receiving banter from Norwegian fishermen having sex chats home with freak/hot weather blamed for interference (D. Star 10/7/95 and 15/8/95).

\* A gold amalgam filling was picking up radio signals for one of Manchester GP Dr Philip Vander's patients until he replaced with white resinous material (News of the World, 10/12/95).

\* A novel "aerial" for an unnamed woman was her contraceptive coil, her GP revealed in Family Planning Journal. She told him, allegedly: "I get this wonderful buzz deep inside me whenever I tune in" and wondered if the vibrating sex tingle was "serious." His advice was to only worry if it picked up rubbishy-ratings Radio 1 (D. Sport, 13/11/95).

\* While in the nether regions, a man was being sued for refusing to pay for a mechanical penis implant because it operated every time neighbours used TV handsets in Recife, Brazil (D. Star, 18/8/95). But hang on! Is this not the Star cribbing not from its own previous month, but another newspaper? Yes, back in FF22 we had the selfsame tale (News of the World, 4/7/93).

\* Back with freak weather, high pressure was blamed by Stena Line UK when a cross-channel ferry entering Newhaven, Sussex, when instead of Bugs Bunny shocked families were treated to the BBC This Life programme with sexy scenes (The Sport, 22/8/97).

**TROLLEYS:** Foundation sacrifices of cats, dogs and virgin maidens are common enough. However, the gods of the Ilkeston, Derbyshire, bypass were placated with 300 shopping trolleys deemed beyond repair (Guardian, 11/6/91; FT77).

Supermarket trolleys (see Trolley Folly, FF11:4-6) suffer from depression, claim batty researchers! The shopping carriers get the blues because of their daily duties -- and often develop a nervous tick in one of their wheels. It's all because the trolleys attract the negative emotions of fed-up people trudging up and down shopping aisles, says the team from Cleveland, Ohio, USA (D. Star, 2/5/95).

**BOOZE 'n' PUES.** Full-bodily researched previously (FF30:4-70, The Vansittart Arms, Windsor, Berks., barmaid Jo Simons (29), has boosted her boobs from 34B to 36DD in one year, drinking 20 pints of Guinness a week (The Sun, 8/12/97)

**ERA-BARIAN CONES.** Strange objects hung from trees began some issues ago (FF27: 10-11). Artist Anthony Waite decorated a 24-ft high council Christmas tree with more than 100 bras after he complained that it looked bare. The 37-year-old decided to give the tree an uplift, stunning officials at Margate, Kent. (D. Sport, 25/11/98)



12. **SEEKERS OF THE LINEAR VISION**

BY PAUL SCREETON

This unique and personal history of ley hunting and earth mysteries research is now offered at the bargain price of £3.95, inc. p&p. Cheques: P. Screeton, 5 Egton Drive, Seaton Carew, Hartlepool, TS25 2AI.

It is good to see Paul's documentary of the ins-and-outs of ley hunting finally published under one cover. Originally it came out as a series of articles in Donald Cyr's remarkable periodical Stonehenge Viewpoint, and this reprint (with additions) is a most valuable personal view of the historical development (and personages) of ley hunting, from Alfred Watkins until 1992.

Illustrated with rare photographs of half-forgotten, yet important (to ley hunting) events, and even more "period" photographs of some of the more prominent protagonists of earth mysteries. It is impossible to overstate the value of this work for the historian of geomantic research (for it is history already).

Seekers of the Linear Vision is a timely reminder of the fashions through which ley hunting has passed over the years. It is a model showing us how much the present-day ley fashions - shamanism, death-roads, dreamtimes, even paganism - can come and go, to be replaced by other plausible hypotheses that fit the zeitgeist. The rancour that earth mysteries generates between protagonists of minutely different theories is partly because of these changing fashions. Those who invent the fashions seem to resent those who question them, and vice versa. If one dares to question certain "celebrities," even in the most friendly terms of goodwill, then one can expect to be vilified in print almost to the point of libel. Fortunately, this is something that Paul Screeton (to his enduring credit) has never done. Others are not so mature and balanced, as a perusal of certain EM publications today will demonstrate.

As a bonus, this book contains a sort of postlude by the indomitable Donald Cyr, expounding his philosophy in The Science of Ley Hunting.

Needless to say, it is a challenging piece. Overall, I would recommend Seekers of the Linear Vision to all geomantic enthusiasts.

— NIGEL PENNICK (FOLKLORE FRONTIERS)

Seekers of the Linear Vision  
Paul Screeton

One of a series of large format softbacks from the Stonehenge Viewpoint journal. Seekers of the Linear Vision is the recollections of one-time TLH editor and current columnist Paul Screeton. Modern ley hunting is about thirty years old and has its own fascinating history which Screeton retells with the eye of one-who-was-there. The events will be familiar to many an EM veteran but Screeton gives them a personal and sometimes quaint patina of age. His recollections of such early luminaries as John Michell are charming. The ancient photographs of the 'old guard' are a hoot - check out the boyish Devereux on page 52! Included in this volume is The Science of Ley Hunting by Stonehenge Viewpoint's editor Donald Cyr. I can't agree that 'ley hunting' is a science at all and Cyr undermines his own thesis in the first line by stating that ley hunters are artists! What follows is essentially a ponderous trip through the old chestnuts; the statistical arguments, archaeoastronomy, Ley Lines in Question and (God help us) earth energies. It's time to put all this away (along with other 70s paraphernalia like your old flares and cheesecloth shirts). It is hard to take any of this seriously when you remember that Cyr was responsible for Crop Circle Secrets, the biggest heap of pseudo-scientific clap-trap ever written. DPS (THE LEY HUNTERS)

From the stable of Stonehenge Viewpoint in California, this is a well illustrated and supremely well referenced book. In effect it is a series of articles from 1981-1984 published in that US Journal, written by the British ley hunter and editor of Folklore Frontiers. Together these build into a comprehensive account of the investigation of these landscape features. These include some references to UFOs and their association with leys and stone circles. Aside from the authors papers, Stonehenge editor Donald Cyr adds some related articles of his own to provide a fascinating pot pourri. — JENNY RANDLES (MAGAZINE WORKERS)



SEEKERS OF THE LINEAR VISION by Paul Screeton  
Screeton, founding editor of The Ley Hunter, has posted fragments of this history of ley hunting and ley hunters in various places over many years, and they are now gathered together for the first time and supplemented by Stonehenge Viewpoint editor Donald Cyr. In times to come this large format volume will provide a biographical window on the key players and the evolution of their ideas about the major strands of 'earth mysteries'. This is an excellent and worthwhile document. (FOLKLORE FRONTIERS)

DAILY Sport DAILY SPORT Wednesday, November 4, 1998 11

DAY Sport

# 20 things women NEVER EVER say to blokes...

- 1 I'll swallow it all... I love the taste of cum.
- 2 Actually we shouldn't have been given the vote — we're better off in the kitchen.
- 3 Are you sure you've had enough to drink?
- 4 Shouldn't you be down the pub with your mates?
- 5 That fart was great! Do another one!
- 6 I've decided to stop wearing clothes in the house.
- 7 You're so sexy with a hangover.
- 8 I'd rather go and play Virtual Fighter than go shopping.
- 9 Let's start subscribing to porn magazines.
- 10 Would you like to see a video of me going down on my friend?
- 11 Just for a change can we try anal sex tonight?
- 12 I really like football — can you take me to a game?
- 13 You'd better drive, you're far safer than I am, and besides, everyone knows women can't drive.
- 14 Aim where you like... it's really good for your skin.
- 15 I think a big motorbike is a good idea.
- 16 I don't care if my bum looks big in this, let's just go and get pissed.
- 17 We haven't gone out with your mates for a while — shall we all go to Stringfellows?
- 18 Why can't you let your hair down and have a few vodka chasers with me?
- 19 I know you're already late for work, but can I gag on it just one more time?
- 20 I'm bored — let's shave my pussy.

## Articles elsewhere

### EATING PEOPLE IS WRONG

So is refusal to consider scientific evidence for cannibalism

Cannibalism is not just a taboo diet. In the past generation it has also become a taboo topic. That is why news of *Man Corn* by Christy Turner is already creating blinkered outrage around the campuses and laboratories of the world even before it is published in America next month. As we report today, this controversial anthropologist has spent the past 30 years investigating cannibalism in the American Southwest. His book provides proof for widespread anthropophagy until 400 years ago among the Anasazi ("Ancient Enemy"), the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians. His report shocks both conventional wisdom and political correctness.

Conventional wisdom regards the Hopi Indians of Chaco Canyon in New Mexico as a great civilisation. Their architecture and engineering are wonders of prehistoric America. Their peacefulness and egalitarianism have made Chaco a Mecca for followers of the New Age, seeking a spirituality outside Western civilisation. And political correctness calls cannibalism a myth, invented by the European invaders in an attempt to justify their conquest, conversion, enslavement and genocide.

The name "cannibal" was a Spanish libel on the indigenous natives of the Caribbean, just as Eskimo is an Algonquian racist slur ("eaters of raw meat") on the Innuit. Modern anthropology treats the forbidden food as 99 per cent legend, except for survival cannibalism by castaways or

survivors of an air crash. Claims have constantly been made that savages and outsiders are cannibals.

Europeans accused Africans of cannibalism, and Africans accused Europeans of the same thing. The Romans said that early Christians ate human flesh, and the Christians said the same of the Jews. But the lurid travellers' tales of cannibalism in Victorian encyclopaedias have dwindled to a footnote by their latest editions. *The Man-Eating Myth*, 1979, an influential book by William Arens, argued that there were no reliable, firsthand accounts of cannibalism anywhere in the historical or ethnographic record. Until now, that is.

Mr Turner's findings are unusually convincing. His study of human bones and other remains point to widespread slaughter, butchery and cooking. Heads were used as containers to boil the brains. Myoglobin, a protein that is found only in skeletal and heart muscle, has been identified in coprolites (fossilised human excrement). That could only have been ingested into the intestinal tract.

Unsurprisingly his demonstration of cannibalism has been met with denial and hostility. Museums refuse to display his bones. Other academics accuse him of everything from insensitivity and racialism to obsession. Truth must matter more than fashion in anthropology. The ghosts of the vanished Hopi deserve a cold eye not a blind one.

This extract from the leader column (*The Times*, 28/11/98) show how many academics cannot stomach the truth. Tell-tale protein in human excrement shatters a tribal legend to show Colorado Indians had human flesh as a handy fast food. Articles by Giles Whittell and Nigel Hawkes (same issue).

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# books

Yet another smallest book  
in the world:  
"Art & Culture in Australia"

STONY GAZE by JOHN BILLINGSLEY (Capall Bann £10.95)

My interest in carved heads dates back to a fascination with the episode where Celtic scholar Anne Ross was challenged by a Hexham concrete worker over the provenance of several supposedly 1800-year-old carved heads. I am currently updating the booklet I wrote on the subject in the mid-Seventies.

For Billingsley, the inspiration for his book was the crude heads on the farmhouses of West Yorkshire, where the motif makes such a remarkable and localised appearance. These severed heads were being generally referred to as "Celtic", but as a large proportion were the work of 17th century English stonecarvers and not the work of ancient Celts, the term "archaic" was applied to the artifacts. This upsurge in popular custom also showed signs of development with the typical archaic form being transformed into the first stages towards portraiture. The transition clearly revealed a crucial shift from function (archaic) to decoration (portrait head).

It is the former which form the thesis (a PhD actually) of this book, arguing that the archaic head is ritualistic and magical, a guardian figure. It is also deliberately a mask capturing the fundamental features of the human face, but crucially avoiding any personalised detail, hence it could be anybody or nobody. Its depersonalised aspect made it fit to stand sentinel between the mundane and magical realms.

The expression on archaic heads is also significant. One in my possession, moulded by Des Craigie in Hexham 50 years ago, is unpretentious yet has an enigmatic countenance. Billingsley suggests that somehow the reverie of the mason could be imparted into the head, giving it an air of mystery and lifelike ability to be watching the world. This is the stony gaze of the book's title.

The archaic heads are also discussed within a wider context, but even ecclesiastical grotesques are seen as more than simple architectural entertainment. Rather than teachings of priests, they are the artisans' expression of a wider spiritual and folkloric life; indeed depictions of travelers' tales are as Billingsley notes "the 'urban legends' of their time." They are also frequently in positions of restricted visibility.

Before proceeding to the Otherworld aspect of the artifacts, he covers such ground as the head in literature and folklore; exhibitionist figures such as the sexy sheela-na-gig; and such weirdness as grinders, grimacers and tongue-pokers; and horned, multiple and radiate heads.

Naturally as custodian of two heads from Hexham, the chapter on tales of mystery associated with ~~artifacts~~ was especially interesting.

Billingsley covers the Hexham saga in condensed form, along with other paranormal happenings, including a catalogue of events focussed upon heirloom "screaming" skulls.

As a long-time antiquarian, I also subscribe to the view expressed by the author where his book reaffirms the central thesis of geomancy, that our planet is a living being and that there is energy within it. These free-flowing energies of nature are central to where such heads are placed. Here is where traditionally the supernatural Otherworld can be accessed; the head being our guide, inspiration and protector.

Billingsley has mapped the multitarian aspects of the archaic head which lead inevitably to the ultimate symbolic expression of human consciousness. A true tour de force.

ALL ABOUT ADAM AND EVE by Robert G. Gillooly (Prometheus Books, £24.50)

This self-congratulatory, gloating book leaves a nasty taste. It celebrates an assumed conquest by the fruits of labour in the vineyards of science over the fruit of Eden, origin of gods and now their twilight. A form of millennial counter-fervour.

Gillooly's thesis that only now is the transition from religion to science underway is a patent falsehood. It has been going on since man set foot on Earth. If Prometheus (the book's sponsor, ironically) gave man fire, then he damned well used his own loaf to make it work to his advantage.

Centrally, the book challenges the validity of religions, both ancient and modern, particularly Christianity. Belief in a spirit world is seen as pure wishful thinking and page upon page of scholarship to demonstrate Christian beliefs were simply taken from more ancient cultures is meant to destabilise whatever religious belief the reader may hold.

An acquaintance of mine recalled being among a group of occultists whose barrage of argument left a priest stripped of his faith, and he pointed out the wrongdoing for they had failed to leave him with an alternative. In this case, mocking religion and championing science is a poor return. Castigating superstition, the author offers an alternative -- science. It is here in italics, but reminiscent of deranged letters to newspaper editors with keywords in capitals, in colours and underlined. Pathetic!

On the other hand, like the Hartlepool occultists, I would be remiss if I did not praise Gillooly's erudition in chapters covering living gods, human gods, prophecy, precepts, prayer, miracles, exorcism, the afterlife and so on. His demolition job would be quite persuasive if not for the fact that most people's religion is largely personal and - to grant him credit - rather vague.

For folklorists, the foreword by Ashley Montagu is interesting in that he seems to undermine Gillooly in promulgating the notion that myths are not idle tales.

THE WRECK OF THE TITANIC FORETOLD edited by Martin Gardner  
(Prometheus Books, £14.99)

When first reading Pauwels and Bergier's influential "Dawn of Magic" 35 years ago, I was struck by their note about Morgan Robertson's "The Wreck of the Titan" - same size, same month, iceberg, even almost the same name as the 14 years in the future Titanic. This novel and reprints of other 19th century literary works form the basis from which arch-sceptic Gardner discusses precognitive aspects and laws of chance. His introduction argues that the parallels are simply coincidences and his preface records reaction and updates to the original publication. The popularity of the "Titanic" film and possibility of raising the vessel from the seabed make this a timely resurfacing.

REALITY: HOW IT WORKS -- AND WHY IT MOSTLY DOESN'T by Rik Dent  
(Capall Bann, £10.95)

This is not a New Age airy-fairy bundle of homilies, but a down-to-earth philosophy of life. It's wisdom of a common sort -- without a capital W. Starting from the premise that belief precedes reality, Dent is also of the opinion that we create our own reality.

Along the way the author cheerfully slaughters such sacred cows as the subconscious (but retaining the collective unconscious and penis envy) while patting Schrodinger's Cat. In fact, he is a dab hand at explaining such scientific concepts as atoms and electrons to a non-scientific berk like me and summing up the Peasants' Crusade in one sentence.

All life is here, from health and wealth (or lack of) to sensing "atmosphere" and on to reincarnation and spiritualism. It is presented in a matey style, often quirky but memorable. The message is massaged without any need for deep thinking on the reader's part.

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LETTERS TO AMBROSE MERTON. Q. Sun £7.50. Cheques payable to David Cornwell. Address: Psychology Section, Dept of Educational Studies, University of Strathclyde, Jordanhill Campus, 76 Southbrae Drive, Glasgow, GL3 1PP. No. 13. Why beer is better than religion; toot fairy; lemmings' suicides anxiety, hospital jocularity. Press reports and screen urban belief tales. No. 14. The hilarious Smithsonian Reply piece was familiar (but from where?); plain dait and unbelievable science howlers from 11-year-olds; Kirov-like Foo was here; proois Jesus was Jewish, Irish, Puerto Rican, Italian, Californian, black; love and psychic power chain letters, currency chains; kidney theft reality. Magazines reviewed. No. 15. Paul Screeton with animal rights activists (also FF33); Skoda jokes, Mandelson's moussa/mushy peas; misheard radio messages; Argy nomenclature; phone scam.

NORTHERN EARTH. Q. £6. Cheques payable to Northern Earth Mysteries Group, 10 Jubilee Street, Mytholmroyd, Hebden Bridge, W. Yorks., HX7 5NP. No. 74. Brief guide to 1999 solar totality; Devil's door; hummadruz; Northumberland's Midfield basin as ritual landscape; quilt design. Plus miscellany and book and mag reviews. No. 75. Paul Screeton on the fact and fiction of tunnels around Welbeck Abbey (see FF32); scholarly summation of rushbearing custom; personal account of Scottish cottage haunting; Dutch deity Nehalennia's cult.

MAGONIA. Q. £5. Cheques payable to John Rimmer. Address: John Dee Cottage, 5 James Terrace, Mortlake Churchyard, London, SW14 8HB. No. 83. Peter Brookesmith winds up his argument for the overtly religious equivalent of the crashed flying saucer stories being the Holy Grail legend (surely contemporary legend should create a questioning computer hacker to penetrate and reveal the secrets of Hangar 18 and Dreamland). David Sivier sees UFOs as an excellent propaganda tool for fascism and a source of terror for their opposites. No. 84. American origins of the saucer myth and religious overtones; Christian fundamentalists and the ancient astronaut religion; appreciation of the late Ralph Noyes. Book reviews.

DOWN TO EARTH. Q mag of Pendle, Hyndburn UFO Network. Membership £10 p.a. Contact Rory Lushman, 99 Charter Street, Accrington, Lancs., BB5 0SA. Issue 4. Box Tunnel (used also FF33); Cydonia; cattle mutilation; corn circles for beginners; investigations and ufology news. Issue 5. Major article which I inspired on Heapey Ordnance depot as site of Britain's suspected strategic steam reserve. Lushman and friend have found local people who recount tales of steam locos kept here and the site is still visited by lorries and the police. Mixed bag also includes conspiracy, media stupidity, corn circles, abduction derided, ufo round-up and book reviews.

N--MAG RAG. Q. Newsletter of the Northern Mystery Animals Group. £5. Payable to J C Tait. Address: Rosetree Cottage, Thropton, Morpeth, Northumberland, NE65 7NA. Vol. 2, No. 2. Mostly photocopied cuttings but also articles on sea eagles and Arctic foxes. The news items cover fishmonger's nightmare conger eel, alien big cat, good news on pine martens and dumped terrapins. Vol. 2, No. 3. Black dog phenomenon nationwide; Paul Screeton with Dirk van der Werf on a black panther sighting.

NORTHERN UFO NEWS. £6 for six issues. Address: 1 Hallsteads Close, Dove Holes, Buxton, High Peak, Derbyshire, SK17 8BS. No. 179. Editor Jenny Randles on current newsstand UFO mags scene; more Rendlesham reports; Ministry of Defence admits a "space division." Articles elsewhere, book and mag reviews, investigations. No. 180 JR on ufologists' advertising ethics.

NETWORK NEWS. 4 issues £5. Cheques payable to N. Ayers. Address: PO Box 2, Lostwithiel, Cornwall, PL22 0YY. No. 12. Land of thegiants issue. Focus on Bodmin terrestrial zodiac, taking in mystery big cats, Daniel Gumb, J G Ballard, witches' salve conspiracies, shamanic flight, deviant sexuality, brain's inner landscape, chaos theory, Millenium dome, Templars and Cornish tropical rainforest project. All the latest on Diana happenings. Plus condensés international news, including mutilated dolphin deaths, Christ's birth redated and C-Ballanish built by an alcohol cult! New to me and thoroughly recommended.

THE LEY HUNTER JOURNAL. Three issues £7; USA \$18. From PO Box 180, Stroud, Glos., GL51YH. No. 131. A Scottish Valley of the Kings (Kilmartin) alignment in the old order style of ley-hunting; mysteries of the Mayas; Long Man of Wilmington reassessed (and no Dodman reference); German death road and corpse flight path folktales; plus evidence of megaliths and Neolithic astronomy in Egypt, more funeral path lore, miscellany, reviews and letters. No. 132 (sub now £12. Goes' annual from spring 1999 -- and to think I ran it monthly in the early Seventies at 1s. 4d. a copy! What price progress?) Ulrich Magin, in a book review article, argues that Alby Stone contradicts his own arguments in an assessment of the ley as shamanic spirit path theory; ritual Goddess landscape of Crete; Goddess landscape simulacra and anthropomorphism in Dorset; landscape geometry in India.

FORTEAN TIMES, News-stand £2.50. No. 111. Church of John the Baptist; disappointing S. African man-ape possibility; "free energy"; 1997 ABC round-up; prime dinosaur extinction theory questioned; Antarctica comes in from the cold; children who murder; Charles Fort Institute impetus. No. 112. History of alien activity on Moon reviewed; the New Egyptologists; Grand Duchess Anastasia mystery; UnConvention report. No. 113. Baffling, to me, claims of microwave harassment; synaesthesia (chimes of freedom flashing?); BVM sightings on Welsh farm; Church of the SubGenius explained. No. 114. Ufology's psychosocial hypothesis examined; bees seen as more than a classroom distraction when released from a matchbox (we've all done it); lack of early UFO crash material in classified literature; Japanese underwater enigma. Letters include Paul Screeton on new estate showhouses having shrunken furniture to create an optical illusion (a senior journalist I overheard claimed there was a factory in the North-East specifically creating this "doll's house" deception). Each issue has worldwide review and reviews.

No. 115. John Billingsley expands (from Northern Earth) upon the humadrug phenomenon; adventures of Cromwel's head; Aurora airship crash -- true or hoax; Sony and clairvoyance; migraine experienced as the "celestial city"; US assassinations and mind control. No. 116. Damanhurians' strange earth power beliefs; pesky Aussie poltergeists; was wartime spiritualist Helen Duncan a fraud? No. 117. Was Akhenaten an extraterrestrial?; drug mummies mystery; pilgrimage to comatose US girl.

THE DRAGON CHRONICLE. 4 issues £7. Sample £2. Cheques payable to Dragon's Head Press: PO Box 3369, London SW6 6JN. No. 12. Highlights include: Wales' last dragon (two articles on Newcastle Emlyn); St. George; Whitby ammonites; ramblers outmanoeuvre beastly Lord Lampton; Peak District dragons; Austrian dragonlore; Ripon Cathedral. Each issue also contains a useful Dragonsphere supplement of small press reviews. No. 13. Gloucestershire's Deerhurst dragon; Somerset's Dinder dragon; dragon displays; Romanian dragons (more 14); poems. No. 14. Composite nature of dragons former through survey of centuries of artwork pertaining to SS George and Michael; semen of various creatures intermingling to create "fermentational putrefaction" theory for dragon origin; Paul Screeton on tales of the Lampton family; French dragons; ammonites embedded as house protection.

TOUCHSTONE. Newsletter of the Surrey Earth Mysteries Group. £2 for 4. Cheques payable to J Goddard. Address: 25 Albert Road, Adlestone, Weybridge, Surrey, KT15 2PX. No. 47. Geomantic Surrey village; energy line dowsing; Derbyshire tracks. Notes and news. No. 48. Editor comments on ley fraternity "schism"; subconscious sitting on Surrey ley followed by bicycle; Kingley Vale energy leys; French salt lines of longitude and latitude; nice ley poem. No. 49. Modern "standing stones" in Glastonbury; eccentric St Aldhelm and ley hunting in Somerset; Ancient Sacred Landmark Network set up; holy wells project; speculative earth energies piece which claims ley lines originate from outside the Earth. No. 50. Surrey, Oxon and Dorset leys; Cornish totality invasion fears.

AMSKAYA. Same price and address as Touchstone. No. 40. Mystery flying black triangles; new moral panic about Satanic UFOs from clergy; George Adamski; cigar-shaped craft witnessed by editor; UFO contactee Richard Miller; Gatwick weirdness. No. 41. Supposed environments of other planets; daylight disc spotted by editor; more Adamski. No. 42. 1976 talk by contactee George Van Tassel (cont 43); modern Swedish contactee; Philip Rodgers' free energy machine coil explained; Adamski remembered. No. 43. Encounter/telepathy extracts from Tim Good book.

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Much is genuinely funny. Example of "personal judgment": "So there's this guy hitching a ride, he has a pink mohican haircut, a cobweb tattooed on his face, no trousers and is carrying a chainsaw ... with the engine running. Do you a) say "Let's not judge a book by its cover, shift over Susan, he can sit next to you" or b) shout "Awoogaa, Awoogaa, psychopath alert" and press the go pedal a bit harder"

I suspect this book will become something of a minor cult classic.

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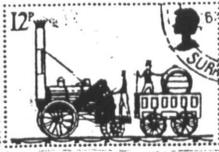
EQUINE CRIME. Animal mutilations have been rife in the USA and relatively common in the UK, where no one has been prosecuted for decades. Here -- The Horse Rippers by Sebastian O'Kelly (The Indy on Sunday, 8/11/98) -- a German epidemic which began in 1992 is studied within the international context. In Germany people have been convicted of sexual acts with horses and their subsequent slashing. The article came ahead of a symposium at which it was hoped to define a clear psychological profile of the type liable to rip horses (Credit: Dr A S L Rae)

CAT RIPPER. Cats and rabbits here but with a fear that the mutilator might strike at humans. The RSPCA fears up to 100 small animals could have been slain in London and the South-East; many of the serial victims being laid out in ritualistic fashion (Independent of Sunday, 22/11/98. Credit: Dr A S L Rae)

OPEN THE BOX! Following upon Rory Lushman's piece (FF33:6-11) on tunnels under Box Hill on the London to Bristol rail line, cameo illustrated account of an 80-acre labyrinthine underground ammunition store. John Baxter's "Secrets and Lines" told the story of the secret railway operation (Steam World, September 1998).

CAT BEHAVIOUR. The popular belief that cats are attracted to people who dislike them is dismissed as myth be scientific scrutiny. Supposedly demolishing this cornerstone of feline folklore, Southampton University researchers videotaped the interactions between 16 men and 8 cats. They found the cats paid more attention to the likers. My wife and daughter dislike cats and I've seen pub cats make a beeline for both separately (D. Teleg, 5/9/98)

MASONIC PLAN. "Maverick anti-establishment figure" author and engineer James Gilhoolley has claimed Edinburgh's 18th century New Town was built by freemasons to the same esoteric principles as the Great Pyramid and Temple of Solomon. Its length divided by breadth coming to 3.1412, almost pi (The Scotsman, 24/11/98. Credit Dr A S L Rae)



## Letters

From Steve Sneyd, Huddersfield

"Gone West" as London route to gallows (FF33:17) seems to me a post-explanation of an immemorial concept. Dead went west such as Egyptian Western Lands, Celts' afterlife islands all lay to west, etc., etc.

Dear Paul,

thanks for the copies of FF, I've enclosed 3 and 4 of MM for your enjoyment.

I was interested in the Welbeck Abbey article. About five years ago while I was in my "army = conspiracy" stage. I infiltrated Welbeck (sounds good that) which was and still is an army training college. I got a job with their gardeners "countrywide" and had free range of the abbey, and I have a couple of points which may or may not be of interest to you.

When I first arrived at Welbeck I was given a map that showed five underground tunnels leading from the underground courtyard at Welbeck abbey. All five were still had visible exits / entrances. Most lead to destinations outside the grounds ie fields, woods but two lead to the grounds.

The underground ballroom looks like a space age "secret building" and thus I was disappointed at the time that it was just the largest underground ballroom in Europe.

The grounds at Welbeck contain old statues and sunken / hidden gardens. Of course this lead to the recruits reporting ghosts, moving statues and the like. One day while I was cutting the roman sunken garden grass, my friend apparently watched me cut the grass in front of the abbey. Later when our boss arrived he told us about the "ghostly gardener". My friend left soon after mainly due to the lack of explanation behind the ghost.

We were also told by our fascist superior about the Lady of the abbey. (She wasn't a ghost but the owner of Welbeck and the house across the river). When ever we heard the lady riding her horse or walking we must switch off our machinery and turn the other way. Being a typical Yorkshireman I looked at her but alas, she wasn't disfigured but looked like an older version of M.Thatcher.

I will leave you with this last story...My friend was cutting the river bank grass in the tractor when he decided to cross the bridge leading to the lady's house. He cut onside of the bridge and when he returned he heard three loud bangs and a "tch" noise. It was only when he got back to our garage did he realise that the gamekeeper had shot the back of the tractor!!

I've just remembered one thing that may be of some interest, everyday during our travels we would find huge amounts of dead animals. Fish, squirrels, birds, you name it, we found it dead. We analysed a couple of the corpses and found nothing. We assumed they must have been poisoned or gassed.

Thanks again Paul and I'll keep in touch. Looking forward to the new book, and I'm sure Ade Dimmick is too.

Martin Jeffrey,  
Scrounger and Editor for Mystery Magazine.

From Steve Middleton, Brighton

It turns out that bird-eating spiders do actually eat birds (FT32:12), but its a rare occurrence due to the spiders being nocturnal hunters. Perhaps in urban areas they forage through bins for Kentucky Fried.