



Gnome News

Newsletter No. 5

Dec 1979



From THE GNOME CLUB, West Putford, Devon. EX22 7XE. England

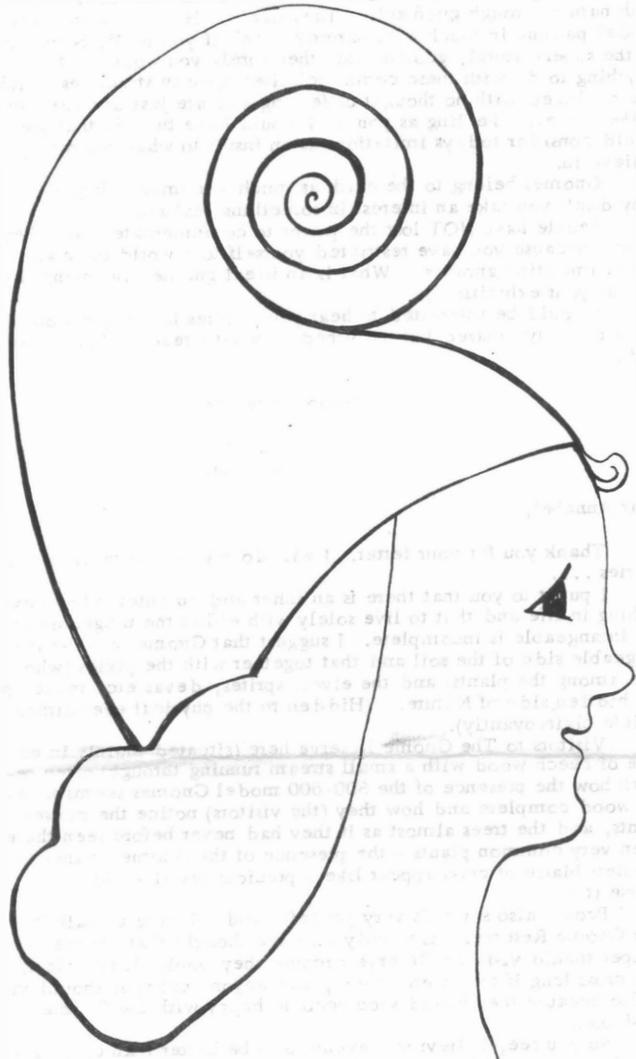
What makes me happy?

by ANN ATKIN

WHAT MAKES ME HAPPY? IT MAKES ME HAPPY TO THINK ABOUT GNOMES. IT MAKES ME HAPPY TO BE MAKING GNOMES IN CONCRETE OR IN POTTERY OR TO BE WRITING OR SPEAKING ABOUT THEM. FOR IT MAKES ME HAPPIEST WHEN I CAN SHARE GNOMES AND THE LAND IN WHICH THE GNOMES LIVE WITH OTHER PEOPLE. FOR GNOMES LIVE IN THE INNER EARTH, WHERE THE SUN NEVER RISES AND NEVER SETS, BUT ALWAYS SHINES. A LAND WHERE THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE HEART ANYONE MAY ENTER REGARDLESS OF WHETHER THEY HAPPEN TO BE OUTWARDLY RICH OR POOR, CLEVER OR STUPID, OLD OR YOUNG.

Comical, humble and happy, Gnomes are generally as brightly coloured as the gems and jewels they have about them. Every male Gnome looks very very old - perhaps as old as the earth - and simultaneously as young as a small child. While every female Gnome is created with and never loses eternal beauty. All Gnomes therefore combine the wisdom of the ages with the innocence of a child. It makes me happy to think about this for it enables me to love the whole of life.

Gnomes represent a very real force in Nature. Little children naturally imagine and can become a part of the world of Gnomes and Faeries but as they get older the pressures of the outer technological world crowd in so that it can become difficult for them to retain their vision into adult life. It makes me happy if I can bring little glimpses of the land of Gnomes, presented in tangeable form, to share with children and adults, so that this vision may be a stable ingredient contained within the flux and flow of our everyday changeable world.



Sketch showing the head and furred golden hood of one of the female Gnomes recently observed at The Gnome Reserve.



Ann reading a copy of Gnome News at the entrance to her home in the Gnome Reserve.



Dear Gnome News,

I loved the pictures in your magazine.

Did you know that there is an advertising agency in Greece who only accepts clients that are gnomes? (See enclosed card which I am sending you).

My godfather, Uncle Howard Miller, who lives in Swanley on a farm, has the most supersonic collection of gnomes. Sometimes he just sits there and gazes at them for hours 'cause it helps him rest a bit.

My daddy says Uncle Howard has a saucy gnome who sits on his bed post and tickles his ear sometimes. I don't know if this is true because I think Uncle Howard gets up too early.

Stuart Livingstone-Wallace (aged 6)
La Tour 1814,
Switzerland.

Dear Mrs. Atkin,

We in the X-Ray department have as our mascot a Gnome named Martin. To mark his next birthday (Gnomes of course are ageless, but nonetheless need some celebrations), we should like to enrol him in the Gnome Club of Great Britain. I enclose a cheque for £2.50 and would like his badge sent to the following address so that he can receive his badge on his birthday (September 28th).

Gnome Martin,
c/o Mrs. W. F. Jordan,
X-Ray Department,
Westminster Hospital,
Page Street,
London, SW1.

We look forward to hearing from you and feel sure that Martin will be thrilled by membership of your club.

Yours sincerely,

W. F. Jordan (Mrs.)
London, SW1.

Dear Mrs. Atkin,

This is from the couple from Scotland. We were on holiday in Cornwall recently and had the pleasure of visiting your Gnome Reserve and purchased a gnome. You asked us to let you know what we were going to call it. Well my wife has been a fan of the late John Wayne (film star) and he died the day we got the gnome so she has called the gnome (DUKE WAYNE) a nickname for John.

Yours truly,

Mr. & Mrs. B. Ashburner
Edinburgh EH17.

Dear Ms. Atkin,

I read the article on you and your gnomes in the "Observer" last week and was interested in your enthusiasm for gnomes. Why do these commercialized, gaudy, ugly statues of gnomes appeal to you? I find them utterly grotesque and they make any garden look like a child's nursery combined with a Hans Anderson fairy tale.

Has your interest in fake gnomes derived from your seeing real live gnomes? I cannot believe that gnomes really exist -

have you any proof? I think it is your imagination playing with your obsession for these ghastly structures. What is a living gnome and how do you know that the garden variety amuse the living gnomes? Do you communicate with them?

Fairy tales are not part of any normal person's life, they are part of a young child's mind, they develop a child's imagination, but as the person grows older they realise that fairy tales are totally unrealistic and there are things actually going on in the world which are real and are serious. e.g. War, Oxfam, starvation etc. If someone lives in a fairy tale world they are cutting themselves off from reality, they could even be on the way to insanity.

Why not join something worthwhile like the Red Cross or Oxfam which are helping others? What does "Gnome International" do? Where does the money go to?

I disagree with your statement "people can be put in touch with nature through gnomes". They can't. How can a synthetic model put one in touch with nature? And if you really believed in the super-natural, gnomes etc. then surely you wouldn't have anything to do with these commercialised garden structures which are produced with no thought or feeling and are just designed to make money. Feeling as you do I would have thought that you would consider today's imitations as an insult to what you really believe in.

Gnomes belong to the earth as much as human beings - less. Why don't you take an interest in something realistic?

People have NOT lost the power to communicate with other people because you have restricted yourself to a world of imaginary or imitation gnomes. What is an ideal gnome? (as being shown at your exhibition).

I would be interested to hear your replies to my questions as I was not only amazed but disturbed by what I read in "The Observer".

Yours sincerely,

Annabel
East Sussex.

Dear Annabel,

Thank you for your letter. I will do my best to reply to your queries . . .

I put it to you that there is an inner and an outer side to everything in life and that to live solely with either the tangeable or the intangeable is incomplete. I suggest that Gnomes are the intangeable side of the soil and that together with the pixies (who live among the plants) and the elves, sprites, devas etc. make up the hidden side of Nature. (Hidden to the physical eyes although visible clairvoyantly).

Visitors to The Gnome Reserve here (situated mainly in an acre of beech wood with a small stream running through) often remark how the presence of the 500-600 model Gnomes seems to make the wood complete and how they (the visitors) notice the mosses, plants, and the trees almost as if they had never before seen these often very common plants - the presence of the Gnomes makes the smallest blade of grass appear like a precious jewel - which of course it is.

People also say it is very peaceful and relaxing to walk in The Gnome Reserve. One lady said she thought that anyone in a temper should visit the Reserve because they wouldn't be able to stay cross long if they were there, and anyone unhappy should visit it also because they would soon become happy with the Gnomes around them.

So you see, believing prevention to be better than cure, although undoubtedly many people do a lot of good work with the problems of this world that you mention, war, Oxfam, starvation etc., I know there are equally positive things for other people to do. "Man does not live by bread alone" and "except ye become as little children. . . ." are surely worthwhile quotations applicable as much today as when they were first said.

As to starvation - with an estimated increase in the world's population from the present 4 billion to 8 billion in 20 years time, could it perhaps be time that we all ate more vegetables, fruit, nuts and beans . . . for growing these crops on the earth's valuable agricultural acreage feeds eleven times as many people as do

Continued on next page. . . .



Making wishes at the Gnome Reserve wishing well

Postbag Postbag

cows and sheep when raised for slaughter. It's also a lot less cruel.

You mention plastic Gnomes . . . There are in The Gnome Reserve Gnomes made of concrete, plastic and pottery. The Gnome Club produces its own pottery Gnomes and also some large concrete ones. Visitors to the Reserve can buy a Gnome to take home with them, if they wish to but they are quite welcome just to look. A model Gnome can put a person in touch with the intangible side of Nature only if it is a model that THEY really like - if they feel they could "talk" to it - in other words it is up to each individual person whether a Gnome appeals to them in concrete, plastic or pottery. You can decide what you like, and I can have my personal view, but how could either of us judge the effect of a plastic Gnome on someone else? AND IT IS THE EFFECT THAT MATTERS.

I am convinced, and I am not alone in my belief, that there is more true art contained within a Gnome or Gnomes in a landscape (even made in plastic!) than there is in many of the so called works of Art produced today - not in hierarchical values may be but in the power they can have to effect peoples' conceptions as to the wholeness of God/Nature, Life/Death etc.

I have had many letters from people who say that their Gnomes are a part of their life and/or the family wholeness.

To join The Gnome Club costs £2.50 a year. If you have ever had any experience with newsletter communication you will appreciate just how expensive printing costs are, plus stationary, postage stamps, and the manufacture of the enamelled Club badges etc. etc. There is some profit from the sale of model Gnomes - although as I said obviously people only buy one if they want one - so I deem any profit to be a measure of peoples' appreciation for what they get. (And some profit does go towards helping less fortunate children etc. through Charities).

We all have to earn our living in some form or another - although perhaps some peoples' ways seem more in harmony with the flow of the Universe than others. This is a way in which I 100% believe for Gnomes (like children and like the child that hides within the heart of every adult) consider work not to be work as such at all but a privilege at which and with the tenderest of care so as not to disturb Nature's harmonies, they creatively play. I honestly believe a world wide Gnomonic consciousness could prevent wars and starvation etc. and people could live in peace and harmony with both each other and the earth on which they depend - but whether they will is another matter for there is plenty of greed and war mongering in one guise or another.

You warn me of insanity connected with the Fairy world . . . I don't see any signs of approaching insanity on the faces of the children who come to see the Gnomes in the Reserve - nor on the faces of their parents or grandparents. Nor is it on mine when I'm talking with them (note I do communicate with people) (when I said that people have lost the ability to communicate I did not mean that we have lost the ability to communicate in a competitive way - but that we are perhaps in danger of losing a sense of play and of the simple ways of telling stories by the fireside - stories of the marvels of Fairyland - so passing on the wisdom contained within the old Fairy tales which were originally written as much for adults as children.

I suggest to you that it is up to the conscious efforts of each person whether we personally and collectively choose to attract the planes of heaven or hell to our earth. We can attract the Gnomes who spread shared happiness and growth or we may attract devils who bring egotistical torment, despair and destruction.

This leads me on to a quotation by J. R. Tolkien who, as you probably know, was the author of "Lord of the Ring" and "The Hobbit". His reasoning may perhaps interest you . . .

"We come from God, and inevitably the myths woven by us, although they contain error, will also reflect a splintered fragment of the true light, the eternal truth that is with God. Indeed only by myth-making, only by becoming a "sub-creator" and inventing stories, can Man ascribe to the state of perfection that he knew before the Fall. Our myths may be misguided, but they steer however shakily toward the true harbour, while materialistic "progress" leads only to a yawning abyss and the Iron Crown of the power of evil".

You may like to read a book called "The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries" by W. Y. Evans-Wentz. Also "The Real World of Fairies" by Dora Van Gelder.

Sincerely,

Ann Atkin.

Dear Ann Atkin,

A Ufologist friend has just sent me a copy of Gnome Newsletter No. 3 and I am delighted. (I edit "Magic Saucer" Young Ufologist magazine which began in January. No. 4 is just out.

I used to think that stone/ceramic/plastic Gnomes were utterly daft - coming from a gardening family (though I'm not a gardener myself) who had no room for ornaments.

However, I had read Geoffrey Hodson's books of fairy folk and accepted that such beings existed. Recently I became interested in fairies all of a sudden though the friend who sent Gnome News didn't know this. A few weeks ago I had a vivid "dream" experience following a mental plea to meet with some "alien"

beings! (I only did it that once - impored to see some beings I mean). Then in the "dream" I was walking over a field and came to the top of a slope and looked down on to a deep chalky cart track. There was a little man in yellow purposefully walking along it towards me and towards my right from on my left. As soon as he saw me he came forward, crossly, gesticulating angrily to me to go back to the road where I belonged. Obviously he was used to being there going about his affairs along that track. He belonged there more than I did. He had work to do - very important work, I knew that. I could see he did by his attitude for one thing. He was dressed in brilliant yellow (like cyclists' rain capes - the colour was) suit, long sleeves, mandarin collar edged in red. His head was pointed and a hood covered it in the same shade of yellow. His features were pleasant, child-like, snub nose, very cute. Boy, was he angry. I turned away obediently. I went back and saw him talking with two more little men just like him, pointed heads, in bright yellow. They spoke in high squeaky voices. They were about 2½ - 3ft tall.

Yes, this was like a dream but more than a dream. It was vivid and I'll never forget it. I feel they exist because otherwise I couldn't have dreamed it

Mrs. Crystal Hogben.
Kidderminster, Worcs.



The Christmas Gnome

"CHRISTMAS GNOME"

I am a little Christmas Gnome
An aid to Santa Claus
I try to visit every home
And knock all the doors.

I'm dressed in holly green so bright
My cheeks are apple red.
I trudge through snow so thick and white,
While you are tucked in bed.

I like to peep through windows
On early Christmas morn
To see the joy on every face,
No one must be forlorn.

There's one of us in every town
And in the countryside.
We do a service of renown.
We travel far and wide.

I pull a sled piled up with toys
To help our leader "Santa".
We hope we bring you all the joys
The season has to offer.

Gardeners World

In the summer "Gardeners World" visited a beautiful garden called Tudor Croft at Guisborough, Cleveland. During the film a number of terra cotta Gnome and fairy statues were glimpsed. Gnome News contacted the owner Mike Heagney and the following is his reply together with a few of the delightful photographs he sent.

Dear Ann,

When I did the 'Gardeners World' programmes in the summer I did not realise just how many letters, phone calls and uninvited visitors we would get. They were all welcome of course, but some of the letters, such as yours, required detailed replies.

I have, as you requested, photographed all the best gnomes for you. There are about another twenty, but most of these are fairies, urns, vases and animals.

I am not absolutely certain of their origin, but the previous owner, Mr. R. Crossley, who built the garden between 1935 and 1945, was a brick manufacturer. It is almost certain that these gnomes were made at his brickworks (now closed) at Commondale, which is a little village in a sheltered valley high up on the North Yorkshire Moors. All except one of the figures are in terra cotta and although none bear any marks of identification it seems possible to identify more than one maker. For instance, the gnome with the nesting box and one of the gnomes lying on his stomach each have very similar faces; likewise the other, smaller gnome lying on his stomach has a face full of character, as has the one smoking a pipe.

I hope my photographs are clear enough for your purposes, and I also enclose the negatives. They are a gift, and in any case you have my permission to publish them, though I would naturally be delighted to receive a copy.

Yours sincerely, M. A. Heagney.
Cleveland.



Gnome sitting on a toadstool.



General view of part of the Gnome Garden



Gnome holding nesting box (used frequently)



Gnome playing an accordion and singing.



This old Gnome is made from darker clay, hence its colour.

HERBS OR OX?

AN EXTRACT FROM "BRAVE NEW VICTUALS" BY ÉLSPETH HUXLEY.
Forward by PETER SCOTT. Published by Chatto Windus 1965

Organic farmers, however, are by no means all starry-eyed theorists turning compost heaps under a waxing moon. Some are practical men who run their farms as businesses and make them pay. They concede that this is more difficult than to rely on chemical fertilisers to boost the yields of crops, chemical sprays to keep down weeds, and chemical drugs to treat animal diseases. It is more difficult mainly because it takes more time and trouble, and this in turn calls for more man-hours, and man-hours grow more and more expensive. But it can be done, they say.

What is more, they say it *must* be done or we, the human race, will be undone. What they call for is the ecological approach—treating men, animals, plants, the soil and the entire habitat as one whole, living process, the life-cycle; and considering always the relationship, the balance, between them. We ignore this balance, this harmony, they say, at our peril. We *are* ignoring it, and perils threaten us. Although our overall health as a nation has never been so good, and there is certainly nothing wrong—perhaps too little?—with our collective reproductive system, the so-called “diseases of civilisation” are on the increase. These include cancer in its various forms, notably leukaemia; thrombosis, arteriosclerosis, arthritis, ulcers, kidney diseases; above all, nervous and mental illnesses, which now afflict nearly half the patients under treatment in our affluent but fretful society. All these are getting worse, not better. Things are not as right as, on the surface, they appear to be.

Unbelievers have their answers; there are more of us, and so we are bound to have more diseases; some of these are probably promoted by urban conditions and the stress of our society, not by anything wrong with our food; of course there is a lot more to be discovered, but the fact remains that we *are* healthier than ever before, and living much longer. (Too long?) Without chemical sprays and fertilisers, a great many more people would have emptier bellies and come earlier to the grave. It is one of those arguments that can go on forever, with neither side ever likely to give way.

The high prophet of the organic farmers was Sir Albert Howard, whose work in India on the making of compost laid the foundations of the faith about thirty years ago. His followers are to be found all over the world. In Switzerland, for instance, six peasants got together immediately after World War II to collect refuse in wheelbarrows from greengrocers' shops and markets, wheel it to their smallholdings and turn it into compost, and so back into vegetables again. (“And as a cabbage, kings re-enter Rome.”) Today, those six peasants have multiplied, almost like soil bacteria, into four hundred groups of farmers who not only replenish their soil with organic matter instead of with inorganic fertilisers, but claim that they save money this way, and so make better profits. And one of the largest chain stores in Switzerland annually makes contracts with them, at competitive prices, for half a million pounds' worth of produce which Swiss consumers are apparently delighted to buy. Everything these organic farmers can produce is sold before it is grown, and marketed through a co-operative which collects and grades it, allocates a quota to each group, and runs its own advisory service and training school. Most of the members have abandoned composting as too expensive, and replaced it by a technique of mulching and green manuring under irrigation—organic still (they call it *biologique*) with no fertilisers.

In Britain, the Soil Association has developed on different lines: not as a co-operative to market organic-

ally produced crops, but as a centre of investigation. Twenty-five years ago its members started on a farm at Haughley, in Suffolk, to study “the nutritional effects on successive generations of farm animals of food grown from successive generations of crops”. Their intention was to find out, through a series of controlled experiments scientifically directed and planned, whether differences exist that can be measured and assessed, in terms of the health and productiveness of animals, between crops that are grown with sprays and fertilisers, and crops that are grown without.

So, at Haughley, there are three systems of husbandry. Crops on the Stockless section are fertilised and sprayed with chemicals. The Mixed section has cows as well as crops, plus sheep and poultry, and also uses fertilisers and sprays. On the Organic section, these chemicals are banned. The livestock on this and on the Mixed sections are exactly matched, so far as this is possible, in numbers, ages, types and breeds, and on both sections are supported, except for a little seaweed and fishmeal, by crops grown on the land.

Fertilisers, undoubtedly, jack up yields. But crops on the Organic section have proved more resistant to disease. And the cows on this section have, over the years, kept healthier, lived longer, experienced less breeding trouble and proved more efficient at converting their food into milk, than those on the Mixed section. The pastures on the Organic section seldom look as good. Sometimes they are grazed almost bare, and make a poor showing beside the Mixed section's tall, green, juicy grasses on leys generously treated with nitrogenous fertilisers. Oddly enough, though, cows which graze the barer pastures, while they get less bulk, yield more milk: since 1956, about eight or nine per cent more than cows on the Mixed section.

“We do not know why, or why the cows thrive better, but they do,” I was told. “These cows also keep up their milk yields better later in life. On our Organic pastures there are deep-rooted herbs, and plants normally considered to be weeds; these may have something to do with it, though they cannot be the whole answer. The other day we took an Australian round. He was not much interested until I mentioned that our Guernseys seemed to prefer the eaten-down, bare-looking paddocks to the lush ones. ‘I have a paddock like that at home and my cattle always make for it instead of for the leys,’ he said. Yet our leys produce a greater weight of leafier grasses which are richer in protein. The heaviest yielding pastures on our Organic section, in terms of milk, are those which have been longest without fertilisers, some nearly thirty-five years. We don't know why. We believe there is an unknown factor and we want to find out what it is.”

GNOMES AND OTHER PHYSICALLY UNSEEN ELEMENTS

Three hundred miles to the west, at the Welsh Plant Breeding Station near Aberystwyth, experiments on sheep have seemed to pick up the theme of those at Haughley. The researchers penned two lots of sheep on two plots. On one, the sheep grazed normally, returning their dung and urine to the soil. On the other plot, the sheep's wastes were collected in containers strapped to their bodies, analysed, and an exact chemical equivalent returned to their plot in the form of inorganic fertilisers. Differences between the behaviour of plants growing on the two plots soon began to appear. White clover growing on the plot that received inorganic fertiliser fell off,

but increased on the plot the sheep themselves had manured. While the total yield of herbage remained about the same, the composition of the sward changed in the direction of suppressing the protein-rich clover, whose root nodules possess the power to extract nitrogen from the air and fix it in a form digestible to animals. The researchers commented: "We do not know what it is that appears to be present in the sheep's dung and urine, but lacking in the fertiliser, that encourages clover, nor do we know why some species of plant are more sensitive to this than others are."

The air is our sole source of nitrogen, and nitrogen the source of protein in our bodies. It is extracted for our use either by chemical factories, where it is made into inorganic fertilisers, or by bacteria living on the roots of legumes, notably certain clovers, which store the nitrogen in their tissues. Grazing animals eat the plants and turn the nitrogen into protein. Thus is the life-cycle continually replenished. Chemically speaking, nitrogen is just nitrogen, an element, no different whether it reaches the plant by way of a fertiliser factory in Liverpool¹ or a nodule on the root of a white clover plant. And yet, for reasons not yet unravelled, there seems to be a difference in the way some plants respond.

British farmers look mainly to factories for the nitrogen needed by their crops and pastures, and are applying to their grassland three times as much inorganic nitrogen as they were in 1952. Dutch farmers apply even more, and probably achieve the highest yields of pasture in the world. On the other hand New Zealand farmers, blessed by mild winters and ample sunshine, rely on clovers to do the job. Carcasses of clover-fed lambs have been compared with carcasses of lambs fed on grass liberally fertilised with inorganic nitrogen. Otherwise the lambs were alike in all respects—breed, age, sex and date of slaughter. In the same period, the clover-eaters put on twenty-five per cent more weight, and put the meat on more evenly.

Why? As yet, no one knows the answer. Nitrogen is unpredictable. Could the different methods by which it was extracted from the air, by living bacteria and inanimate machines respectively, somehow have affected the lambs' digestive systems, or the way in which they turned it into protein, or the kind of protein they formed? Was the protein in the clover somehow more digestible than the protein in the grass? As yet, the biochemists have no answer. Nitrogen, they repeat, is just nitrogen; one of the fundamental elements of which the universe and all that it contains is built. It cannot vary, and nor can the proteins into which it is combined, with other elements, by all living things. There is a formula and all formulae, by definition, stay the same.

The undiscovered world, retort the anti-chemists, is much too wide to allow of dogmatism. In the book of life there are no full-stops. So let scientists be more humble, and admit how little they still know about the soil, the plants that grow in it, the animals that eat the plants and we who eat both: about the chain of being, the ecosystem in which we have a place, yet not perhaps that central hub, that imperial core, we believe ourselves to occupy.

Trapped ourselves, we in turn trap the animals, confining them in our own faceless world in which our highest adventure is to reach a moon with no life on it,

¹ At the largest group of chemical factories in Europe, covering over two and a half square miles near Frankfurt, in a laboratory called U508, a specially designed desk-sized computer now controls the processes which synthesise a number of compounds, including nitrogenous fertilisers. Besides handling the technical and chemical complexities of its task, it takes into account the constant price fluctuations of eight raw materials and seven end-products involved in the process. Apart from the prices, to which they are indifferent, all this can be done by bacteria in nodules on a root of clover, and by the leaves of grass which turn sunlight, air and water into chlorophyll.

covered in dust. Deceived by a false respect not for life, for a chain of being in which death has a constructive part, but for ourselves, for our mere existence, our bodily survival—to this we sacrifice our souls. Willy-nilly, the animals are in the same boat. We put them there, and do not know how to get them out.

Something has got left out, a missing factor; a broken link, a snapped silver cord. "*Though I understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could move mountains, and have not charity. . . .*" Could that be what is missing? That old-fashioned grace or goddess who, in bygone days, did not disdain to nip down to the stable with an armful of hay, and has been glimpsed by shepherds, bent into a north-easter, heading for a snowdrift that had overwhelmed some ewes?

It's no good asking the computer. We do not know how to programme the question. All we know is that something has got left out of the equation; we even wonder whether it is a good idea to live by an equation at all. (Like the architect of Ulm cathedral who, discovering that he had paid more heed to Euclid's theorems than to divine inspiration, committed suicide.) Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than the stalled ox and hatred therewith. Love might not show up on the gas chromatograph, and would cause a terrible to-do among the electronic valves. Better cut it right out, as it has been cut out of the feed-lot, the battery cage and the latest controlled-environment house. A maverick, that is what it is—unbranded. Uncontrolled.

S.P.R.O.G.

The initial letters used in the heading to this article, stands for the SOCIETY for the PRESERVATION of GARDEN GNOMES. It is the brainchild of Mrs. Theresa Cossey from Norwich in Norfolk, and came into existence in July of this year.

Mrs. Cossey is a member of Wroxham and District Ladies Circle and SPOGG is their vehicle for the raising of funds for the International Year of the Child Appeal. Lifetime membership of the society costs a one-off fee of 25p, on payment of which each member receives a printed certificate with both the gnome's and the owner's name appearing thereon. In fact it is the gnome who is registered as the member rather than the owner. In this respect SPOGG is somewhat different to other gnome protection organisations.

B. B. C. disc jockey Diddie David Hamilton is the National President of SPOGG with Terry Wogan having been appointed the Honorary President of the Irish branch of the society. One of the first to join is a little red, white and blue plastic gnome called Astra. He is the mascot to the Air Sea Rescue Flight of the R. A. F., based at Coltishall, Norfolk. The squadron members have made for him his own miniature life jacket; he has his own flying-log and accompanies the crews on their many rescue missions. This association with the Air Sea Rescue Service is not so strange when you realise that the newly arrived Sea King helicopters at Coltishall are powered by two 'Gnome' engines. Astra is undoubtedly the high-flyer of the gnome fraternity!

If you would like to have your gnome become a member of SPOGG, and in so doing assist the International Year of the Child Appeal, then send a 25p postal order, together with a stamped addressed envelope (at least 8½" x 5½") to Mrs. T. M. Cossey, 264 Plumstead Road East, Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich, Norfolk NR7 9NH. Don't forget to advise of the name of your gnome so that this can appear on his membership certificate. The Gnome Club is pleased to recommend SPOGG to you in view of its object to assist this most worthwhile charity.

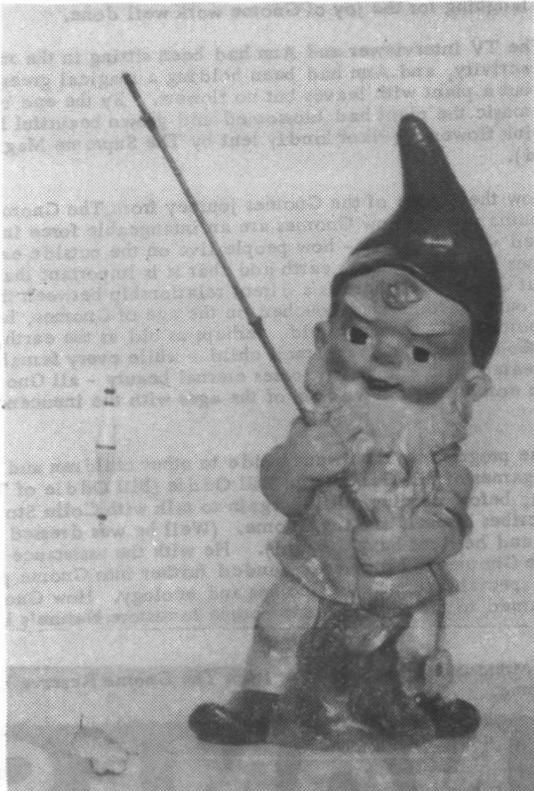
Members of the Gnome Club might also be interested to know that in February 1980, SPOGG is holding a supper dance in Wroxham, Norfolk at which function the draw will be made of their Grand Raffle. All proceeds from this event, and the monies from the sales of raffle tickets will be donated to the N. S. P. C. C. There are some really first class prizes including:-

- A weekend for 4 on a cruiser on the Norfolk Broads
- A weekend stay for two at a Country Club Hotel just outside Norwich.
- A return ticket for two on Air Anglia to Amsterdam
- Plus numerous other valuable prizes to be won.

If you would like some tickets, either for yourself or friends, then they cost £1 for a book of ten tickets. To obtain them write to Theresa Cossey at the above given address enclosing your cheque/P. O. for the appropriate amount. 10,000 tickets have been printed and if all are sold this will raise the very worthwhile sum of £1,000 to help with much needed funds for the N. S. P. C. C. a true children's charity if ever there was.

German Gnomes living in The Reserve

JUST A FEW OF THE MANY PLASTIC GNOMES MADE BY THE HEISSNER FACTORY IN WEST GERMANY TO BE SEEN LIVING IN THE GNOME RESERVE....



This Gnome never gives up. Whatever the weather, there is he beside the stream fishing..



A hard earned rest ? . A lazy Gnome ? . Or is he not really asleep, but thinking? .



This Gnome and his swing live suspended from a laurel branch beside the little bridge which crosses over the stream in the Gnome Reserve. He has chosen to live there because, being unable to swing himself, he has found he gets the maximum number of pushes from kind hearted visitors as they cross over the bridge.



With the help of his wheelbarrow, this Gnome will carry a lot of fallen leaves to the compost heap. This year's flowers and vegetables were helped by leaves he carried there some years back.



These little Gnome scamper about in the fallen leaves around the roots of the beech trees.

The Saturday Banana

ON WEDNESDAY 13TH NOVEMBER, 150 GNOMES FROM THE GNOME RESERVE IN NORTH DEVON LEFT HOME TO TRAVEL IN A VAN IN THE CARE OF A MAN CALLED DOUG TO THE SOUTHERN TELEVISION STUDIOS IN SOUTHAMPTON. THIS WAS AT THE REQUEST OF BILL GAMON WHO ORGANISES A WEEKLY 1½ HOUR CHILDRENS PROGRAMME CALLED THE SATURDAY BANANA.

On Saturday 17th November the Gnomes were able to contribute to this programme. Standing in the circle of grass around the giant 25 foot high banana in the TV studio forecourt, they were joined by twenty five 6½ year old children from St Monica First School, Sholing, Southampton, who were dressed as Gnomes (with splendid

hoods and tabards made by their Mums).

After a few words between the interviewer and Ann (speaking on behalf of Gnomes) the twenty five very mobile Gnomes danced to some Gnome music electronically composed by Nicholas Dodd from the Royal College of Music. The scene opened with the Gnomes lying on the ground apparently asleep . . . then there was a loud crescendo sound as from a gong - at which the Gnomes leapt up arms and legs in the air, ready for action. A slight pause before beautiful evocative sounds created by Nicholas - sounds which included bells, Gnome voices and Gnomes laughing - sent the Gnomes into different Gnome activities. They rang bells themselves, tapped with their hammers, used their wateringcans, and danced in circles - louder and louder, faster and faster until the end, which concluded with the Gnomes sitting down and listening to the sound of a single Gnome laughing for the joy of Gnome work well done.

The TV interviewer and Ann had been sitting in the midst of all this activity, and Ann had been holding a magical green leaved plant - but a plant with leaves but no flowers. By the end of the Gnome music the plant had blossomed and grown beautiful large bright pink flowers. (Plant kindly lent by The Supreme Magic Co., Bideford).

Now they spoke of the Gnomes journey from The Gnome Reserve to Southampton - how Gnomes are an intangible force in Nature connected with the earth - how people live on the outside earth while Gnomes live in the inner earth and that it is important that we think about Gnomes for there is a direct relationship between the inner and the outer earth. They touched on the age of Gnomes, how every male Gnome looks very very old, perhaps as old as the earth, and simultaneously as young as a small child - while every female Gnome is created with and never loses eternal beauty - all Gnomes therefore combining the wisdom of the ages with the innocence of a child.

The programme then went inside to other children and to the fun and games of Bill Gamon and Bill Oddie (Bill Oddie of The Goodies), before coming outside again to talk with Colin Stone . . . who describes himself as King Gnome. (Well he was dressed as a Gnome, and he does have a beard). He with the assistance of several large Gnomes of his own expounded further into Gnome philosophy with special reference to Gnomes and ecology. How Gnomes have returned to the scene to help people to restore Nature's balance on earth.

By Monday 19th the Gnomes from The Gnome Reserve had returned home.



Cartoon by Michael Wright.

Ley Line Inspectors

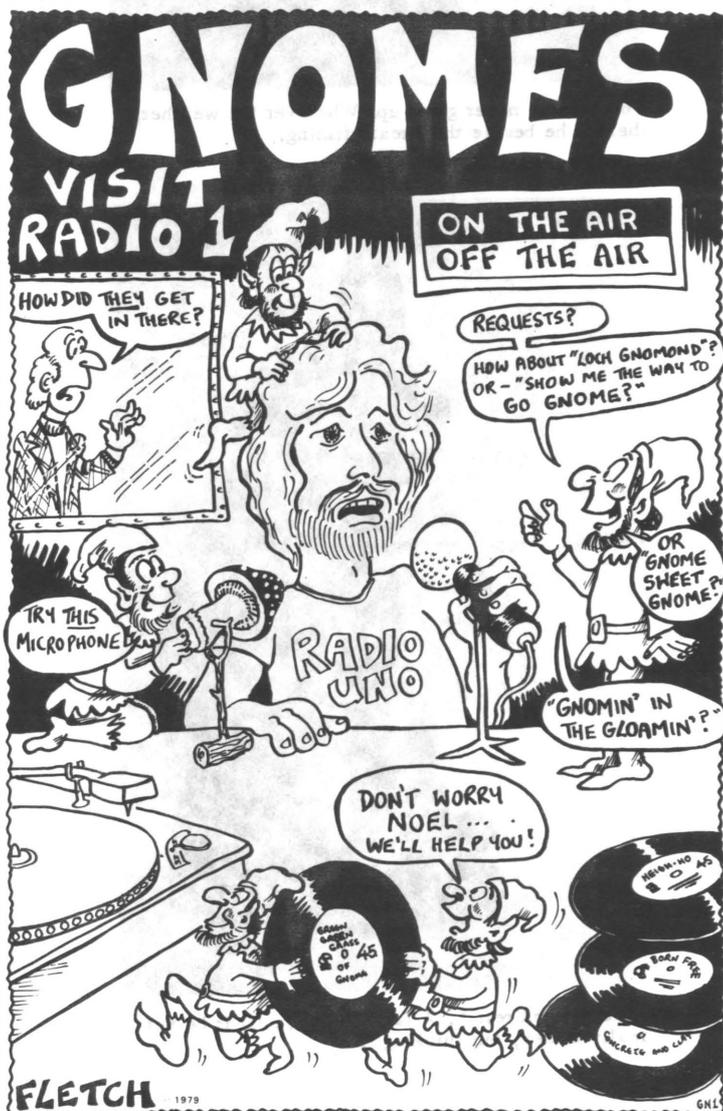
SOME GNOMES ARE LEY LINE INSPECTORS . . . JUST AS THE HUMAN BODY HAS A NERVOUS SYSTEM, SO PLANET EARTH HAS A NETWORK OF LEY LINES. IN PAST AGES PEOPLE WERE CONSCIOUS OF LEY LINES AND LIKED TO BE IN CONTACT WITH THEM, FOR THEY KNEW THAT MUCH COSMIC ENERGY RUNS THROUGH THEM.

Five Ley Line Inspectors visited The Gnome Reserve recently. They carried the tools of their trade (polished gem stones and mirrors) tied up in spotted handkerchieves on the end of sticks - Dick Whittington fashion - and when they slept or rested they went inside a suitable stone. These five Ley Line Inspectors are a group of Gnomes whose task it is to follow Ley Lines and see that they are kept in good order. The energy currents which run through Ley Lines could perhaps be described as rainbow like lines of energy moving through the earth - each of the component colours having an individual use.

Ley Lines, like Gnomes, are not generally to be seen with the physical eyes, but rather perceived with our inner eyes. Nevertheless this intangible force is very real and gives rise to tangible actions and results, so materialists should never discredit its existence. It is perhaps possible that the ancient peoples of Britain built their Stone circles along these lines, and also that the first Christian Churches were built upon previous pagan sites situated along these lines . . . (Glastonbury for example).

Whatever may or may not be the cases perceived outwardly, Ley Lines are of vital importance to the inner earth and to the Cosmic whole. Certainly the five Ley Line Inspectors were a cheerful group, with rather ruddy weather beaten faces - the result of their encounter with our outer earth weather conditions?! One gets the feeling that obstructions looking somewhat like cobwebs may over a period of time partially block a Ley Line, and that the Ley Line Inspectors come to clear them. Possibly also, energy from the Ley Lines may at times be diverted off from the intended channel for improper use - the work of the Goblins? Ley Line Inspectors reclaim the energy from any centres which may have diverted some of it from flowing along its intended lines.

After a couple of days in The Gnome Reserve these Ley Line Inspectors left to continue along their way.



SMALL ADS.

LETTER

Dear Mrs. Atkins,

Many thanks for ensuring that I received my copy of the club magazine.

As you can see, we have indeed moved, to the above address from Hornchurch. I am sorry I have not been in contact before, but you are probably aware of the traumas involved in moving and the subsequent work that has to be done to get property and grounds in required order.

We had two more friendly gnomes given to us as moving presents. One with a hoe is sat on the lawn and was given to us by my mother to guard the garden and is doing just that. The garden was a barren waste when we moved in and we have now landscaped it and planted many fruit, vegetable and flower plants, and all are growing fine, looked after I am sure by more "people" than Molly and myself.

Our other new guest is a golden haired gnome who resides on our doorstep and looks after the property whilst we are at work. People say the house and garden look very homely with the addition of our guests. I will take some photographs during the summer months and forward prints if you would like to see them.

I thought the latest club magazine terrific and I really did enjoy your editorial. If only more people could become more conceptually aware it would lead to a much better understanding in this troubled world. People in general require too many things to be pedantically stated in black and white terms which leaves no scope for creative thinking and imagination. I admire your philosophy and wholeheartedly concur. So much beauty and tranquility can be found, so long as people allow their minds to be used to a fuller potential. Happiness, for instance, cannot be measured in real terms, and the more time people spend endeavouring to do so, the more they are missing out.

Molly and I are not millionaires, nor do we own a mansion, but we are HAPPY. What more can anyone want. We have many friends, an idyllic relationship, and a collection of gnomes and other friendly creatures. To others, they are purely ornaments, but to us they form part of our lives and are treated accordingly.

One day, this world of ours will awaken as if from a dream. Life is a short span on this earth and maybe when the awakening occurs, all people will LIVE for the first time and not waste such a precious gift. We have dedicated ourselves to enjoying life and whatever problems occur, we treat them as stepping stones to a better era and it certainly works for us.

Please keep on with the good work you are doing. I am sure there are many people such as ourselves that recognize what you are aiming for and I am also sure we all hope and wish that you achieve your aims.

Our very best wishes to you and your family and we would be very pleased if you will keep in touch with us in your friendly and personal way.

Regards in all that we hold true.

Pete and Molly Gunningham and Friends.
Essex.

PYRAMID GUIDE. Bi-Monthly Newsletter. 7th year. World-wide pyramid, free energy experiments, reports, ancient mysteries, levitation, psychotronics, telepathy, dowsing, crystals, sacred sciences, occult phenomena, 50¢ brings sample copy, catalog of back issues, books. - Box 30305, Santa Barbara, CA 93105.

SKYWATCH; - Features National and International UFO news, sightings, readers letters, articles, adverts. Ideal for the newcomer to the UFO mystery, it keeps you informed with up to date information. Single issues - 30p. Subscription/membership to Mapit - £2.30p (6 issues). Overseas readers welcome. Write to:- David

Rees - Skywatch, 92, Hillcrest Road, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5SE, England.

YOUR FAVOURITE GNOME painted in acrylics by Fletch, International Cartoonist and book-illustrator 9" x 12" on canvas board for £15 - all you do is supply the photo and suggestions. Contact:- Fletch, Arwerydd, Aberporth, Dyfed, Wales.

YOUNG OFOLOGISTS may like to contact Crystal Hogken - Editor of *Magic Saucer*, 8, Ely Close, Habberley Estate, Kidderminster, Worcs. "Magic Saucer" is a bi-monthly magazine, price 25p.

IF YOU WISH to receive and be included in a world-wide directory of people interested in LEY LINES and EARLY ENERGY, write us a letter. Include a brief description of your interest and/or involvement in the subject as well as a self-addressed standard-large-size envelope. If you live in the UNITED STATES, place return postage on the envelope - if beyond, include international coupon for the return post. Thank you. - Hyperborea. P.O. Box 1646, Dallas, Texas 75221 U.S.A.

£5-£15 each paid for metal Gnomes by BTITAINS Ltd. Shamus O. D. Wade, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London, W.3.

W. KING, Belvedere, Bell Lane, Bedmond, Nr. Watford, Herts. If anyone in his area would like a mould made from a model, or a casting of a Gnome, he will be pleased to quote a price.

CONTACTS AND INFORMATION urgently needed regarding locations of good examples of Gnome Havens, shell gardens, topiary, and other domestic gardens of distinction. Mike Kingston, Flat 4, 324 London Road, Cheltenham.

AMULETS from the desert in New Mexico carved by "the ancient serpent people". These stones seem worded with psychic and magical abilities. They are also story stones when viewed correctly. \$10 each from Losette Wiloughby, P.O. Box 317 Fairacres, New Mexico 88033. U.S.A.

GNOMES AND UFO's

FOLLOWING THE ARTICLES ABOUT UFO'S IN GNOME NEWS 3, READERS MAY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW WHAT JUNG HAD TO SAY ON THE MATTER... THE FOLLOWING VERY POTENT PARAGRAPHS ARE AN EXTRACT FROM "CITY OF REVELATION" BY JOHN MITCHELL (Published by Abacus 1973. First pub. by Garnstone Press 1972).

It has always been believed that the decisive moments in history are attended by the appearance of strange aerial phenomena, such as the glowing cross recorded by Josephus at the fall of Jerusalem or the comet over the battlefield of Hastings. Since we no longer suppose that there is any particular correspondence between the celestial pattern and the course of human affairs, these things are usually explained as projections of the observer's state of mind or as poetic symbols of drama. It is scarcely possible now to believe otherwise, yet there are obvious dangers in placing too much reliance on historical interpretations which simply reflect the current theories of our time. The opinion of magicians in all ages regarding portents and similar manifestations is that they are 'part spiritual, part material', having an existence which is both physical and psychic. This concept was revived by Jung, who in one of his last books, *Flying Saucers, the Myth of Things Seen in the Sky*, observed that the unknown phenomena, which have been reported from every part of the world since the last war, not only had an evident physical reality, but also appeared as autonomous images in the minds of his patients. It was the fact that flying saucers occur as actual, visible objects as well as in dreams and fantasies that persuaded Jung of his duty to bring the phenomena to the notice of others, even though he was aware that to do so was to invite ridicule and to place in jeopardy his 'hard-won reputation for truthfulness, trustworthiness and scientific judgment'. The reason why Jung was so insistent on the subject of flying saucers was on account of the historical evidence which shows that objects of this nature have always been regarded as portents of the revolutionary

events associated with the birth of a new astrological month within the great year. Of the modern flying saucer rumours Jung wrote, 'As we know from ancient Egyptian history they are symptoms of psychic changes that always appear at the end of one Platonic month and at the beginning of another.'

For his work on flying saucers Jung was attacked on two sides, by those who insisted that the phenomenon was of a purely psychological nature and by others equally certain that flying saucers are as material as ourselves. The analogy with human nature does not, however, support the mechanical theory for, as the philosopher magicians of antiquity were aware, intelligence is made up of the same creative influences that reign throughout the universe, so it is impossible to attribute an exclusively external or internal origin to portentous phenomena such as are now seen in the skies. The magical belief was that, although the power of the gods is irresistible, individually they are inferior to men, and if he becomes conscious of the position and achieves dominion over his mind, a man can become in himself the temple of the gods and dispose of their influence to his own advantage instead of being for ever at the mercy of unrecognised forces.

Man, temple and cosmos were therefore seen to be identical, and on this understanding the entire philosophy and science of the ancient world was founded. Unless the justification for this point of view is appreciated, it is impossible to gain any deep insight into the history of the past or to sympathise with the re-establishment of mystical perception at the present.

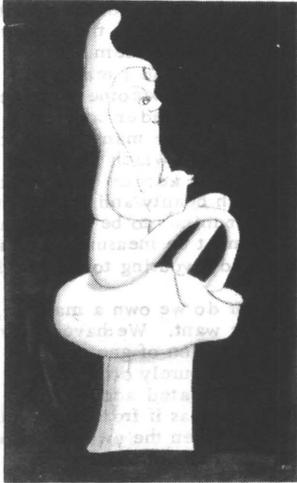
Competitions

A PAINTING, DRAWING, OR A WRITTEN DESCRIPTION OF SOME OF THE CONCRETE, POTTERY OR PLASTIC GNOMES YOU HAVE SEEN IN EITHER YOUR OWN OR SOMEONE ELSE'S GARDEN (What are they like?. Do they have names?. Are they well behaved or mischievous?).

Entries to: The Gnome Club, Old Rectory, West Putford, Devon, by March 1st. 1980. If you would like your entry returned please enclose S. A. E.

Please state with your entry which of the following Gnomes you would prefer should you win one.

- 1) MAYCO Garden Gnome
- 2) Gnome Club hand made miniature pottery "indoor" Gnome, fired to 1300° and painted in bright colours.



Sketch of a Gnome Club pottery indoor Gnome. This particular model is 4½" high; has a red cap and jacket; orange trousers; holds a white bird, and sits on a red spotted yellow topped toadstool. He likes to live sitting beside a plant in a plant pot.



Example of a Mayco Garden Gnome. Made in unbreakable weather resistant vinyl, approx. 14" high. Red cap, grey check jacket, yellow trousers. Holds lantern.

LETTER

Dear Ann,

.... I haven't seen any fairies - but sometimes in a sort of meditative state I see a figure with furry legs playing a pipe. The music is very clear and his skin, bare above the waist, is very pink - well, not pink, but clear, fresh, vivid - if you understand. I've seen him I think three times. The first time he was sitting on a toad stool/ mushroom cross-legged, but the music was the most impressive, it was clear, reedy and unforgettable. The second time I was at the side of him and he LOOKED AT ME, a look out of the corner of his eye that made me squirm inside. Thrilling through. The third time he was dancing away down a hillside (brown earth and leaves inside a fence - outside the fence, a field - this side a wood, dark) playing his pipe, and animals going with him - and me. His face I haven't seen really clearly but from the back he gives the impression of having a "flat" head at the back and pointed ears (slightly pointed). He is dainty and yet tough in manner. Size, I don't know really.

The first time he seemed to be VERY small. Then I don't know - either I've shrunk to his size or he is in a dimension where there is no size relative to that of our physical dimension.

I've hardly even seen dragons, "saints" and "armies" genies etc. where they live, but only in places where I seem to "beam into" when in a relaxed state. I don't know what it all is - only that it is real and I understand why I meet these creatures, it is always at an appropriate time, when I need to know something or am searching for an answer to some question. These creatures always provide a little more enlightenment and sometimes a great deal. (the dragons I DID see in the place where I was. They gave me the greatest "message" of all). But often, I tune into Cradle Hill, Warminster (Hill of thousands of UFO sightings.) I don't meet UFO naughts though! but "saints" etc. and sometimes visual answers to specific problems sometimes personal, sometimes Universal, sometimes those of other people (friends etc.)

Did you hear about the fairies seen by children in Nottingham? Gnome-like, they said. I'm doing a bit on it in our next issue and I'm told a tape is on its way, via a friend, made by the headmaster of the children relating in experience. (Hooray for teachers like he is!)

Best wishes, Crystal.

MOON DIARY

I WOULD LIKE TO STRESS THAT I AM NOT ABLE TO DO ANYTHING IN THE GARDEN THEREFORE MY KNOWLEDGE OF SUCH MATTERS IS VERY BASIC.

The diary should therefore not be looked upon as giving directions as to how to garden nor as to what you should do in any one month. You will, of course, from your own knowledge and expertise decide what should be done in any one month, the diary shows what days are most suitable for carrying out at least some of the work which has to be done for a fruitful and rewarding garden.

The dates given show the Moon in certain phases and signs which are in resonance with the type of work which has to be done, and if possible these dates should be used where practicable.

MOON DIARY by Marcus

January	Treat Trees. 9th. 16th. 17th Dig vacant land. 6th. 7th. 16th. 17th Order seed. 8th Sow. Protected onions ect. 14th. 15th. Plant. Bulbs and Roots. 2nd. 3rd. 9th. 10th.
February	Sow. Also under glass. 8th. 9th. 25th. 26th. Attend lawn. 24th. 27th. 28th. 29th. Dig. 12th. 13th. 14th. 27th. 28th. 29th. Plant. Bulbs, and Roots. 19th. 20th. 21st. 22nd. (in afternoon). Annuals. 19th to 22nd. Fertilize. 8th. 9th. 10th. 17th. 18th. 26th. 27th.
March	Work soil. 1st. 2nd. 11th. 12th. 13th. 14th. Sow. especially for growth below ground. 23rd. 24th. 25th. Prune. 6th. 7th. 19th. 20th. Small shrubs etc. 3rd. 4th. Fertilize. 6th. 7th. 11th. 12th. Cut lawn. 3rd. 4th. 8th. 9th. 10th. Plant. For growth above ground. 17th to 20th. 23rd to 25th. Set eggs. 23rd to 25th. Tomatoes. 23rd to 27th. Fruit Trees. 28th to 30th. Roots and bulbs 30th.
April	Weeding. 22nd to 27th. Sow. 11th. 12th. (19th P. M.) 20th. 21st. 29th. 30th. Fertilize. 7th. 8th. 15th. Cut lawn. 1st. 7th. 8th. 27th. 28th. Prune. 2nd. 3rd. 3rd. 10th. 5th. 6th. 22nd. 23rd. Planting. Roots and bulbs. 1st. 2nd. 15th. 16th. also plants that grow upwards. Tomatoes 19th to 23rd. Good for poultry 19th to 21st
May	Weeding. 16th. 19th to 21st. 22nd. 23rd. clear dead plants also Pest control. 2nd. 3rd. 29th to 31st. Sow. 17th. 18th. 27th. 28th. Plant. Fruit trees 27th. 28th. Tomatoes 17th to 21st. Roots etc. 13th. 14th. Water well if very warm. Tend lawn. 4th. 5th. 24th. 25th. 26th. Cut flowers. 22nd 23rd. Poultry matters. 17th. 18th. Watering particularly. 1st. 9th. 10th. 17th. 18th. 27th. 29th.
June	Harvest seed. 28th. 29th. Mow 1st. 2nd. 20th to 22nd Pest control. 23rd to 27th. Sow. 14th. 15th. 23rd to 25th. Poultry. 15th. 16th. Plant. 14th to 17th especially Tomatoes. Annuals Tend lawn. 1st. 2nd (20th P. M.) 21st. 22nd. 28th 29th. Water. 5th. 6th. 13th. 14th. 15th. Tend trees. 3rd. 4th. 16th. 17th. 23rd. 24th. 30th.

Secretary Wanted

The Fairy Investigation Society, first founded in 1927) is in need of a dedicated Hon. Sec. Any offers?. Please contact Leslie Shepard, 1, Lakelands Close, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, Irish Republic. Tel. Dublin 881970.

And while on the subject of Fairies... Alison Packer, Exhibitions Officer, Art Gallery and Museums and The Royal Pavilion, Brighton, Sussex, recently contacted Gnome News with news of an exhibition to be held from 3rd. May to 13th. July 1980 as part of the Brighton Festival on the subject of "British Fairies". Members please note. It sounds good... Alison writes, "The idea is to trace the changing concept of fairies from their earliest manifestation to the present day. The earliest records of fairies and their activities date from the 12th century but, for the most part, the usual material will come from the 18th., 19th., and 20th. centuries. In the 19th century in particular, fairy painting was extremely popular.