

*THE MONTHLY
JOURNAL OF
CROP CIRCLES
AND BEYOND*

72

JANUARY 1998

£1.00



*'Quest For
Contact'
Reviewed*

**Exposed!
Roger The
Dodger...**

**The
Circular
Evolution
Of Consciousness**

"We are in the second Renaissance. In the first, our ancestors explored the seas and discovered new continents... In this, our present age, we are setting out to explore the cosmos and reality"
SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN

Back in 1990, the British press were full of awe and wonder at the circle phenomenon after the first pictograms, notably Alton Barnes. Predictably, this quickly turned to cynicism when Doug and Dave made their hoaxing claims, which, however ludicrous they may seem now, appealed enormously to a media which was beginning to feel increasingly uncomfortable with such a huge unsolved mystery. Two lovable British eccentrics were just the thing to deflate the pomp surrounding the crop glyphs and the press could relax and stop using its brain, which was clearly too much of an effort. As we can see from my report this month, lovable eccentrics are still being used to ground anything that might encourage people to aspire to wider horizons.

Since Doug and Dave, press coverage has, with a few exceptions, lurched resolutely towards the sceptical although it's careful to leave just enough leeway of uncertainty as to what's behind the puzzle so that a little coverage can continue when there's some blank column inches which need filling.

A popular misconception amongst croppies though is that there is NO mention of the circles at all in the papers anymore. This is not actually the case even if coverage is tucked away inside and not headline material as it would be in a sensible world. Local regional newspapers, desperate for any interesting story, have always been pretty good. National interest was admittedly pretty thin from 1992 to 1995 (a couple of dailies even ran a story in 1994 - one of the best years for the phenomenon - that no crop circles had appeared since 1991) but since 1996, particularly with the DNA and Stonehenge formations, features have much increased. In this summer just gone, there was actually significant reportage with both the *Daily Mail* and *The Independent* running colour centre spreads of the season's best patterns. Remarkably, the accompanying text was virtually non-judgmental, treating the glyphs as fantastic, wherever they came from. Despite the underlying slight snigger we have come to expect behind the prose, there was a sense of it being a rather nervous one, as if conscious of the challenges and questions the patterns throw up despite all the received sceptical wisdom. Are the times-a-changing or should we expect a major balancing debunk soon?

Recently, there was a very strange cerealogical cutting. (Thanks to Alison Treadwell who sent it to us). The *Sunday Telegraph* ran a brief story about the setting up of 'The Design Council', "commissioned by the government to re-brand Britain for the 21st century". Among ideas for brightening up our next millennial lives is the suggestion of "creating land art such as crop circles" on flight paths into Heathrow! Circle-making forces, are you listening? And does this mean we have a croppie somewhere on the Design Council?

ANDY THOMAS

SC

THE MONTHLY
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Editor: ANDY THOMAS
13 Downsview Cottages
Cooksbridge, Lewes
East Sussex
BN8 4TA
England
Tel: 01273 474711

SC E-Mail Address:
101476.1452@compuserve.com

SC: Edited and produced by ANDY THOMAS on behalf of Southern Circular Research (SCR), with assistance from Barry Reynolds and Kaye Thomas. Financial affairs: Martin Noakes. Articles, letters and contributions to the editorial address please. The opinions expressed in this publication are those of the individual contributors and not SC as a whole, unless otherwise stated.

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£12.00 (UK) £16.00 (Europe)
£22.00 (Overseas)

Cheques payable to 'SCR' please. Cheques & POs must be made out in sterling (ie. English currency), drawn on a bank with a British branch. Eurocheques accepted. Cash accepted but sent at own risk.

UK & OVERSEAS SUBSCRIPTIONS AND
GENERAL MAILING ADDRESS:
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SUBSCRIPTIONS (USA only):
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Front cover: West Clandon, Surrey, August 1997. Photograph by MICHAEL HUBBARD.

One cerealogical media report you may have missed this summer appeared courtesy of the long-running intellectual periodical otherwise known as *The Beano*. Children in England have been reading this comic since before the Second World War and one of the most enduring characters is 'Roger the Dodger', a crafty check-shirted urchin whose role in life is to continually contrive wheezes or 'dodges' to make gain or avoid parentally-imposed chores. As you can see from the selection of frames below, one of Roger's more recent scams has been to create a crop circle! Ordered to mow the unfeasibly-high lawn, the Dodger's easy solution is to tie a toy aeroplane to a stake, thus forming the said circle. The second part of the operation is to lure a local scientist around to demand that the grass never be cut again because of the formation's "special scientific interest". Ah, if only most scientists did react like that... In a way there's more significance to this than meets the eye. Although the circle is actually a hoax and the enthusiast who turns up to see it is gullible by implication, the fact that crop circles can be casually inserted into a kiddie

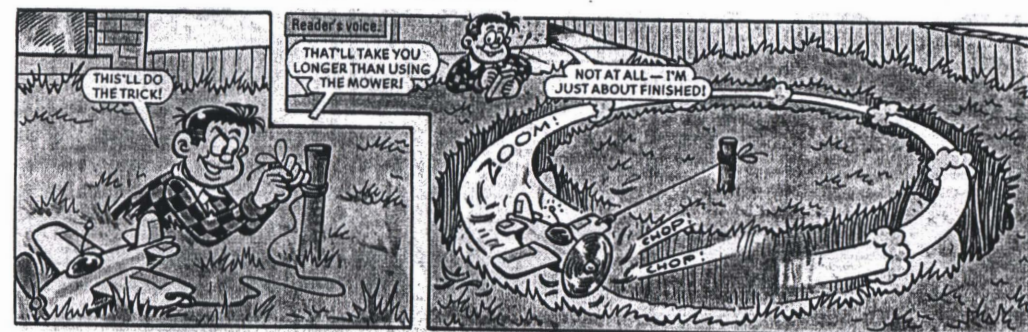
comic without anyone batting an eyelid is a mark of just how firmly the phenomenon has been absorbed into popular culture. Even children are expected to know what a crop circle is now, without any further explanation than the fact it's there in Roger's garden.

There are post-1990 generations growing up who have never known a world without complex formations. Any croppies with young children will know that they accept their presence without question. My four-year old son even draws pictures of crop patterns occasionally but never stops to question what they actually are. What will these children

think when they grow older? Will they begin to question and reject 'paranormal' explanations for them or be shocked that anyone ever doubted their non-man-made origins? It'll be very interesting to see how things pan out. In the meantime, crop-watchers should be keeping an eye out for check-shirted youths prowling Alton Barnes with remote-controlled aeroplanes... After all, the method is about as feasible as most hoax-claims... AT

- MEDIAWATCH - NEW HOAXER EXPOSED

There's a new circle hoaxer about and for once there's some real evidence, courtesy of *The Beano*. You know crop circles have finally made their mark on human society when children's comics start nonchalantly featuring them, as ANDY THOMAS reports...



HOW TO MAKE A CIRCLE The Dodger's Way

1) (ABOVE) Irresponsibly let your grass grow to ridiculous heights. Attach model aeroplane to stake.

2) Let aeroplane zoom around (which presumably winds into the centre), preferably avoiding decapitation.

3) (RIGHT) The masterstroke - lure a local scientist and ensure that you never have to mow the lawn again, to parental astonishment.



(Pictures courtesy of The Beano)

We guess it is probably a scam from the start. Several members of SCR receive mysterious phone calls from a PR agent, trying to gather kindred souls together who have experience of ETs, UFOs or crop circles. An important meeting is being set up, he assures us, to pool mental resources for a Sussex businessman interested in creating a foundation for the development of 'alien technology'. Quite how we can be of any help with this is uncertain, but, after a bit of thought, three of us, Martin Noakes, Marcus Allen and myself, as a piece of investigative journalism, decide to attend the enigmatic meeting in any case, held at a grand-sounding venue, The Sony Centre at, er, Worthing.

Expecting a huge towering edifice of a building with shining windows to suddenly appear before us, we quickly realise our original qualms were reliable after all. The Sony Centre is a small hi-fi shop in a side street. Resigning ourselves to humiliation, we enter. We immediately surmise that, a) this is simply the launch of a new retail outlet, and that b) its publicity machine has done an excellent job in fooling the media - and us - into thinking something amazing is going to be happening. Everyone is here - *BBC Breakfast News*, *Meridian* ITV, *Southern FM* radio, and representatives from several major newspapers. The *Daily Star* has sent down one of its starlets for a photo-opportunity, dolled up in a kinky purple space cadet outfit with silver tights and wobbly antenna (*oer missus*, etc.). A bizarre figure with a long red cape also lurks among the battling camera crews, who are trying to find something worthwhile to film against a frustratingly uninspiring background of hi-fi. Everyone mills around aimlessly, reduced to admiring (as would actually seem to be the point) the tele-

vision sets, ghetto-blasters and sound units on display. There are no UFO videos showing, no posters or flyers suggesting this is anything to do with alien technology at all. There are more media than there are guests like ourselves. Re-

lieved to have some new fodder to interview, anyone new entering the premises is seized on by the TV crews. We are lined up like firing squad victims and questions shot at each of us in turn. Press and radio reporters attack, clutching notepads and, appropriately, Sony walkmans. Some look disgusted that they've been duped into attending

the opening of a tiny shop in an obscure coastal town and their cynicism shows in their bored questioning. The ITV correspondent, sinisterly resembling an SS officer with dark glasses and a long coat, seems particularly disillusioned. A few are enthusiastic though, determined to glean something useful from the effort made to be here. Some useful interviews are actually conducted, sensible questions asked. Perhaps the reports which materialise will bear some fruit in spreading the message that strange things are afoot in the world after all?

Worryingly, however, most of the time the crews and reporters are clustered like flies around the character in the red cape, an elderly man who calls himself 'Master of Pendulums' and claims to speak with aliens telepathically every day. This is clearly what they want. As we learnt long ago with Doug and Dave, sensible discussions and scientific observations can't hold a candle to the timeless appeal of geriatric eccentrics.

Finally we learn what all this business about 'alien technology' is all about. The owner of the shop comes clean. Their slogan is that Sony hi-fi is so good, it must be 'alien technology'. Hence,



the presence of people interested in said real technology as a devilishly subtle marketing association. Marcus then makes the shrewd move, within earshot of a camera crew, of dropping a hint that microchip technology could well have been gleaned from crashed alien spaceships, and thus ensures himself a live spot on *BBC Breakfast News*. Unfortunately, this will take place, for some entirely unknown reason, in the freezing winds of the nearby Iron Age hill-fort Cissbury Ring at 8.30am the following morning. That'll teach Marcus to be clever.

The three of us retire to a coffee shop for lunch. That evening, I tune into ITV *Meridian's* news in anticipation. Sure enough, up comes the report. It's a hatchet job, played for comedy. Our friend from the SS bases the whole report around the fact that more media were present than ET enthusiasts and that the whole thing was a PR scam anyway. After the briefest of interviews with the editor of *Alien Encounters* magazine, it's then straight over to the Master of Pendulums himself. With all the required 'wacky' camera angles and 'spooky' zooms, he tells the viewers how he regularly chats with ETs over breakfast, who look at his hi-fi units and laugh, saying they were this primitive once. Apparently. I sigh with relief that none of our interviews are included.

I awake at 7.00am the next morning to the radio alarm and the *Southern FM* news. Into my dulled consciousness (this remains so until about 11.30am, usually) floats the voice of... the Master of Pendulums. All that remains of over an hour's worth of interviews with a dozen or so people. How we all laugh, as do the DJs as the bulletin ends.

All will be put right on *BBC Breakfast News*, however. At about 8.45am, on comes the promised feature. It's amazingly positive. A few sensible snippets of interviews, some crop circles, Martin gets to speak, everyone looks credible. Then it's over live to Cissbury Ring. Why, is anybody's guess, as the hill-fort is never shown in its entirety and it's only very briefly mentioned that UFO and circle sightings have been made here. Still, there's Marcus... but who's that standing next to him, cape flapping in the wind? Oh my God, it's the Master of Pendulums.

Marcus stands, tellingly, with his back to him, as if pretending not to have noticed. With trepidation I watch as Marcus launches into his spiel about the potential of *real* alien technology - which may well constitute Japanese TV sets according to some. He's good, putting a fair case for ET-inspired inventions even if Marcus is playing his usual role as Devil's advocate.

On shuffles the Master of Pendulums. 'Any credibility to the report dissolves instantly. The Master has a fail-safe method of communicating with ETs - by playing tunes on a child's toy xylophone, duly demonstrated. My jaw drops as inanity follows inanity, all sympathies with Marcus, visibly cringing next to this spectacle. It sure as hell ain't informative but lordy, someone out there thinks this is good television. Never mind sensible insights, *this* is what the viewers want. Apparently. The curse of the geriatric eccentric remains intact. Returning to the studio, the presenter resists commenting but his expression says it all.

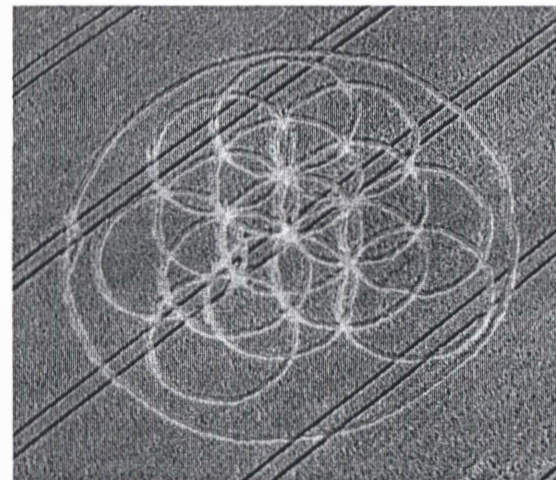
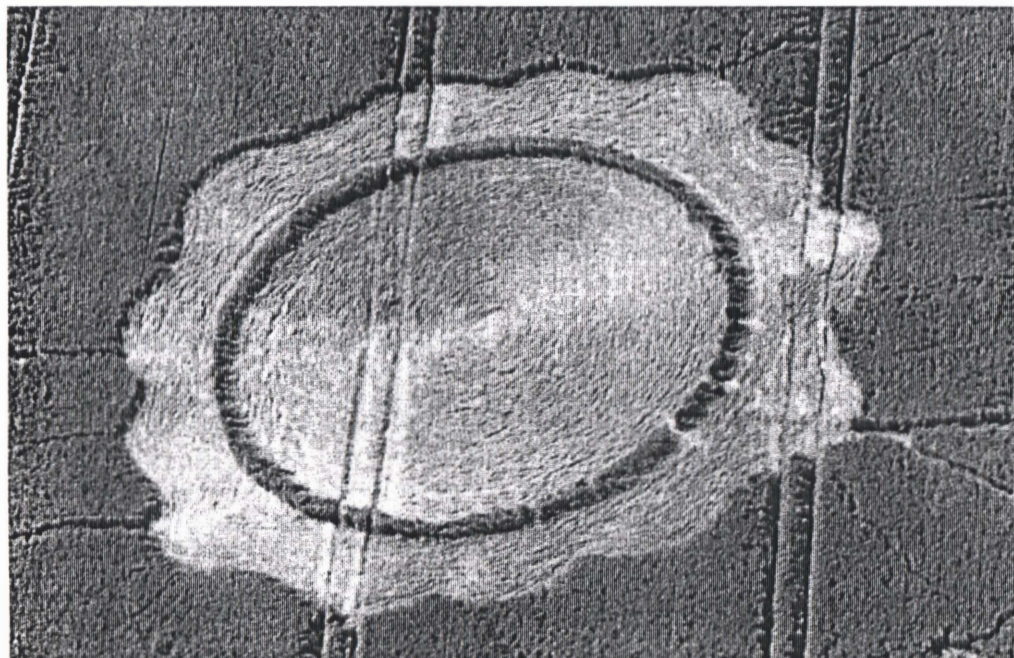
We exchange commiserations over the telephone as the morning progresses, Marcus threatening to strike off the Christmas card list *anyone* who ever mentions the Master of Pendulums in his presence again. According to Martin, his father-in-law, having tuned in specially, merely observed what many will have assumed - that people into this sort of thing are really a bit mad. Martin comes up with a quaint theory. Just as the *Daily Star* hired a bit of costumed space-totty to spice up their coverage, how can we be sure someone else, thinking the event was going to be more important than it was, didn't deliberately enlist a nutty old man to deflate any potential credibility to the event? Now where have we heard *that* before?

The moral of the story: beware PR agents bearing invitations. (Actually it was all rather fun.) AT

If it turns out that our friend the Master of Pendulums is a reader of this esteemed organ, then our profuse apologies, after all, we've all done some pretty weird things here at SC. On the other hand, you've got to expect some flak if you dress like that on prime time TV.

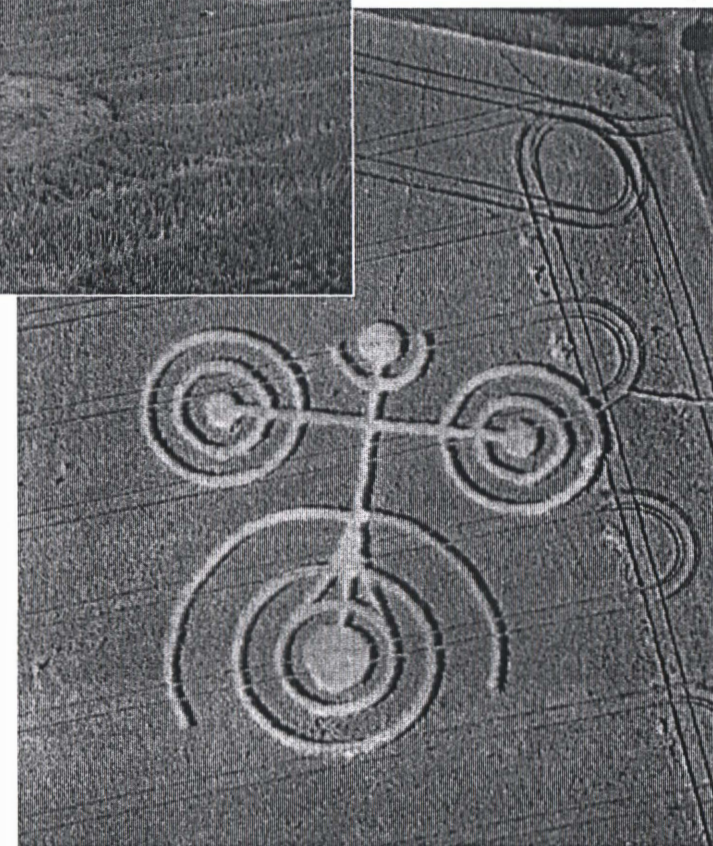


ABOVE: A kind of fractal formation in the unlikely setting of Cuxton, Kent. Incredibly, this lay unreported for about a month before this picture was taken and it was growing very faint. Why word of this never went around is unknown - it was clearly visible from a nearby road. BELOW: Cosford, Warwickshire. This may look strikingly like a fried egg, however, the irregular but beautiful curves on the outer perimeter and the excellence of the ring inside are quite something.



ABOVE: Three circles at Sevington, Kent, photographed after harvest but still clearly visible.

RIGHT: This astonishing pictogram went virtually unnoticed at West Clandon, Surrey, and, as far as we know, was never examined from the ground. This must be one of the county's best ever formations.



#8 '97 CIRCLES GALLERY

Some less familiar formations from 1997. Kent photographs by ANDREW KING. Cosford by LUCY PRINGLE. Alton Barnes by STEVE ALEXANDER. Clandon by MICHAEL HUBBARD.

Full colour original copies of two of these can be obtained from Lucy at: 5 Town Lane, Sheel, Petersfield, Hants, GU32 2AF, tel. 01730 263454, and from Steve at: 27 St Francis Road, Gosport, Hants, PO12 2UG, tel: 01705 352867.

TOP: 'Flower of Life' at East Field, Alton Barnes, Wiltshire. It must be said, this is a horrible mess but one chap said this was because it was an abortive collaboration between the 'Nordic' ETs and humans. Ah, that explains it.

It is becoming increasingly obvious that the progression of the crop patterns from the simple circle of the 1980s to the intricate and beautiful patterns of the 1990s must have a special significance. It could be seen as the unfolding of information about the fundamental truths of existence. Indeed,

when the evolving patterns of the last seven years are studied objectively some of them seem to bear a distinct relationship to the evolution of human consciousness.

This is revealed by viewing the patterns as symbols, and symbols occurring in such an order and progression as to show an evolutionary process. We can study this process by identifying the recognisable symbols in the chronological sequence of their appearance upon our landscape.

The sequence began with the simple circle and continued at that stage long enough for Terence Meaden to gain credence with his vortex theory. For some time the circle-makers played with variations upon this theme with concentric circles and, as time went by, with the arrangement of circles into formations suggesting the celtic cross. Symbolically, the circle represents wholeness and totality, and the celtic cross life and fecundity. Concentric circles are both solar and lunar while three concentric circles symbolise past, present and future and the three sacred spheres of earth, air and water.

Almost as if intended, upon the publication of Dr Meaden's book on the vortex theory of circle-formation, there was a sudden and totally unexpected leap in the progression with the advent of the pictogram. Few will forget the impact of the ebullient manifestation of this in 1990 particularly the examples at Alton Barnes and nearby Stanton St Bernard. They were formed of circles, concentric circles and passages from one to the other. Some had additions looking like keys and, in the following years, ladders. So, to the symbolism

already established we can add that of moving from one plane to another, transcending time and space (the passage), liberation and initiation (the keys) and, with the appearance of the ladders (also representing movement from one mode of being

to another), access to Reality and the Absolute and moving from the unreal to the real. 1991, the year of the Stonehenge pictograms and others with the 'ladder' additions was to prove notable in terms of the evolutionary process. On 17th July the great Barbury Castle glyph was discovered. The equally impressive Mandelbrot pattern appeared overnight on 17/18th of August. It had already been

noted that most crop patterns occurred near ancient sites, usually Neolithic, and the sudden leap in complexity started a trend which has continued to this day, namely, that the most significant patterns are located near equally significant ancient sites; Stonehenge has already been mentioned. Alton Barnes and Stanton St Bernard, mentioned also, are in an area thick with Neolithic and bronze age sites, as is West Stowell nearby. The latter, together with Oliver's Castle and Bishops Cannings, were to have notable patterns as the seasons passed. Not surprisingly Avebury, Silbury Hill and Windmill Hill were to be similarly distinguished.

The Barbury Castle glyph of 1991 introduced a number of new symbolic forms. The triangle is immediately obvious. This represented not merely the threefold nature of the universe but, as an equilateral triangle, completion. Superimposed on this we have three concentric circles, such as had occurred in earlier glyphs, and at two of the points of the triangle were shapes suggesting a spiral and rays. Any rayed form symbolises divine favour and thus complements the simple circle of wholeness at the third point of the triangle. The spiral, however, is a very complex symbol. J C Cooper, the acknowledged authority on symbolism has several

columns devoted to this and it is difficult to summarise her information in the context of our glyphs. However, the spiral does represent the creative force, which is relevant to the forms at the other two points of the triangle.

On the metaphysical plane, according to Cooper, it symbolises existence. Thus it can be seen that, in spite of the amount of material already published on this glyph, there are still layers of meaning to be found within it. With the advent of the Mandelbrot pattern the whole process leapt from traditional symbolism to chaos theory within one short month. John Briggs reminds us that the study of chaos is also the study of wholeness.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the impact of the beautiful and perfectly executed glyph upon that golden field was shattering. Thankfully, it was photographed from the air before the farmer, presumably unable to come to terms with the possibilities, destroyed it frenetically within a few days. The tumuli once located nearby have long since been eliminated but it is surely interesting that the famous Michael line winds its way across country a few hundred yards away, as does the old route of the Icknield Way. In the year following these amazing events, over two hundred formations were listed in Britain. Until the 'Dharmic Wheel' appeared at Silbury on 18th August 1992 most of the patterns were variations on former themes. The 'wheel' or 'bracelet' sported a new symbol, the crescent. That year the crescent also featured at West Stowell, North Tawsmead and Alton Priors. This symbol represents the Great Mother and the Celestial Virgin. The 1993 patterns were also variations on recurring themes until the appearance of the 'mandala' at Bythorn, Cambridgeshire. This, too, has metaphysical overtones. Enshrined within the petals of a lotus-flower were the pentagon and the pentagram star, related to the square root of five and the Golden Proportion, and symbol of life and perfected humankind. Here I must quote J C Cooper again: "*Being endless, the pentacle takes on the significance, power and protection of the circle. The five points are spirit, air, fire, water, earth.*" Robert Lawlor takes us even further: "*The square root of five transverses two worlds... the world of spirit and the world of body. And all the forms of bonding or the mediating principles between these cosmic extremes we will consider as the Christic principle...*"

The Golden Proportion generates a set of symbols which were used by the Platonic philosophers as a support for the idea of divine or universal love."

At the end of the 1993 season most enthusiasts were wondering how this could possibly be surpassed in forthcoming years - always supposing that the glyphs continued. But although the evolutionary process was less obvious in 1994, the circle-makers were to provide a succession of elegant and meticulously executed patterns which were soon nicknamed 'thought-bubbles'. Maybe that is exactly what they were! One of these near Bishops Cannings, was especially beautiful. Its overall length was huge and the largest of its twelve circles (itself superimposed by others, off-centre) was crowned with a crescent. Remembering the symbolism of both circle and crescent, this lovely glyph was misnamed 'the scorpion'. That year also saw the amazing Avebury 'spider's web' and the first 'galaxy' pattern, a theme which was to be extended into the following season.

Even though it would be true to say that many of the 1995 patterns were variations on the circle, so intricate and unexpected were these that they have to be seen as part of the evolutionary process. The nicknames 'galaxies' and 'asteroid belts' for the glyphs at West Stowell in 1994 and those at Longwood Warren, Bishops Sutton, Westbury and Bratton in 1995 were as good a description as any. There were also other circular patterns with distinct allusions to the heavens such as those at Telegraph Hill, East Meon and Exton (This was a bumper year for Hampshire).

The fertility of the imaginative process which has unfolded during the years is truly 'mind-boggling'. As I write this, in 1997, we are as astounded as ever. At the end of the 1996 season it was difficult to foresee anything more beautiful, amazing and impressive than the three outstanding patterns of that year - the so-called 'DNA' or double helix in the famous East Field at Alton Barnes, the single 'Julia Set' at Stonehenge and the triple version at Windmill Hill. Once again the symbolism reflected chaos theory and fractal geometry, and once again they were located near the usual especially significant ancient sites. As ever, the circle-makers surpassed and surprised our expectations. The evolutionary process continues.

This year it seemed sufficient that we were pre-

• FEATURES • THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

• THE MESSAGE IN THE FIELDS?

If the discovery made by quantum physics is true, that the observer can never be considered separate from the process observed and that the two are inextricably linked, what consequences does that have for the crop circles? The influence of human consciousness on the phenomenon has been noted on several occasions - could it be that the evolution of the designs over the years is a reflection of our own development, as PEGGY BUNT believes..?

sented with the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life' with all its implications - too many to follow here! Then the totally unexpected happened again - and at Stonehenge - the first representation of a hexagon to appear in our fields (*bar a man-made experimental formation by Koch & Kyborg in 1992 - Ed*). In its relationship to the cube the hexagon is a symbol of static perfection.

According to Robert Lawlor, the cube as hexagon is the first emanation from the Absolute, symbolising not only Earth but the New Creation. Pause for thought! Pause for thought indeed. Yet no amount of thought on our part could have prepared us for the appearance, on July 23rd, of yet another reference to fractal geometry. Between the sacred sites of Silbury Hill and Avebury Henge appeared a perfectly executed Koch island or curve, which is, to use James Gleick's description, 'infinite length in a finite space.'

What are we to make of all this? Is there a lesson to be learnt and one with a practical application? Most are familiar with the Jungian concept of archetypes but fewer, perhaps, with the Platonic concept which inspired Charles Williams to write *The Place of the Lion*. We could regard the symbols manifested in the crop formations as archetypes. James Gleick identifies a number of scientists who follow the Platonic tradition.

Writing of the physicist Albert Libchaber, he says: "Libchaber embraced Plato's sense that hidden forms fill the universe" and he quotes Libchaber's own words, words which might almost have been uttered by his other inspirer Goethe. The biologist D'Arcy Thompson was another working with the same concepts. Gleick comments: "Plato again. Behind the particular visible shapes of matter must lie ghostly forms serving as invisible templates." This is a perfect description of the Platonic archetypes.

Acknowledging that the patterns in our fields are in fact archetypal forms, it would surely be possible to work with those appropriate, using them as 'staring patterns' in the same way as icons are used. They could fittingly be considered as icons as well as archetypes. The choice of any one of those noted in these pages could form a 'springboard', as it were, of meditative prayer for the specific outcome denoted by the archetype - eg: the New Creation. That it is necessary for us to equate the ancient

wisdom with the revelations of quantum mechanics chaos theory and the Mandelbrot set is obvious. The encouraging fact is that it is happening. This seems to be symbolised by the renewed emphasis on the relationship between our most sacred ancient sites and the beautiful and awe-inspiring archetypes appearing in close proximity to these. The agreement of old and new lies in the realisation of the oneness of the whole. A glance at the symbolism revealed in the notable crop formations emphasises this concept of oneness and wholeness. Starting with the simple circle, the ancient symbol of totality, we have travelled through the underlying concepts common to all spiritual traditions and find ourselves in the realms of the new science which is rapidly reaching an agreement with those concepts.

That very oneness underlies the process which we are observing. David Bohm was among the first to declare that the observer cannot be separated from the process being observed. How this works in terms of the glyphs is a mystery as yet unsolved. But the very fact of the unity of the whole should give us confidence that when we humbly contemplate the wonder and beauty of these universal icons we are actually assisting in the spiritual evolution of the whole. Which, of course, is what the crop patterns are doing! **PB**

Summary of symbolism as occurring: Wholeness and totality - life and fecundity - moving from one plane to another; transcending time and space - liberation and initiation - access to reality and the Absolute - moving from the unreal to the real - completion - chaos theory/wholeness - the Great Mother and the Celestial Virgin - life and perfected humanity - divine and universal love - thought - the cosmos - chaos and fractal geometry/wholeness - emanation from the Absolute; the New Creation - infinite length in a finite space

References: J.C.Cooper: *An Illustrated Dictionary of Traditional Symbols*

Robert Lawlor: *Sacred Geometry*

James Gleick: *Chaos*

John Briggs: *Fractals: The Patterns of Chaos*

We live in strange times. Dimensional transformations and pole shifts, raptures and sightings, miracles and visions. Who would dare to say what is going on?

If you had a hundred lifetimes you could read the numerous speculations, from the thoughtful to the fantastic, now available in any bookshop. The New Age monopoly on this stuff has long ended.

In this climate, *Quest For Contact* is an essential read. Andy Thomas describes the attempts by a group of crop circle enthusiasts, working with Paul Bura the psychic, to view the formation of a circle by attempting to open a conversation - or at least a communication - with the responsible forces. In another era this would be sneeringly dismissed as lunacy and indeed in our own times there will be many who would take that line. However, there is something reassuringly solid about this story.

The unfolding of the quest is firmly grounded in our real world. The quest continued for four long years - we are not dealing with a weekend excursion here. The very real effort of carrying equipment and people to particular locations (not only Paul Bura in his wheelchair, but occasionally others), the mundane but tangible problems of bright sun during the day and biting cold overnight, the tiredness and often the boredom, the irritations about things like smoking, the taxing decisions as to who should and who should not be included.

These things aggregate to draw you into a narrative which reads increasingly like what it is - an adventure story. (Looking back, I realise that every adventure is about coping, with grace, with the grimly ordinary. Indiana Jones might have to dodge gigantic boulders but one suspects that, for real adventurers like you and me and Andy Thomas, the problem is how to open a can or light a fire.)

Andy Thomas and Paul Bura recount these events with great care. They are never ones to exaggerate that which is already astonishing and as the narrative unfolds we come to realise how close we all are, in the

most familiar of our activities, to realms and dimensions we can for the moment only dream of.

The dream of the questing group was realised. A response to their efforts was manifested. The cynic need not worry; the whole story could easily be

dismissed as 'coincidence', but for those who wish to look deeper there is a testimony here of remarkable events.

A reflective, generous and timely book. We should all read it. **MG**

Quest For Contact, published by S B Publications, is available through all good bookshops or mail order from the address below, price £7.50 (plus p&p, if posted), 144 pages, paperback, fully illustrated with photographs, ISBN 1 85770 128 3.

Copies can be ordered direct from Andy Thomas, price £7.50 plus £1.00 p&p (UK) or £2.00 (overseas) in sterling,

drawn on a bank with a British branch. Cheques payable to 'A S Thomas' please. US readers can pay in dollars at \$18.00 (this includes p&p) to the same address but with cheques payable to 'M Glickman' please.

Orders to: Andy Thomas, 13 Downsview Cottages, Cookebridge, Lewes, East Sussex, BN8 4TA, UK.

. REVIEWS / PLUGS .

Psychic INVESTIGATIONS

As some readers will know, several members of the SC team played major roles in the events recounted in the new book *Quest For Contact: A True Story of Crop Circles, Psychics and UFOs* by Andy Thomas and Paul Bura. Over a four year period, our attempts to trigger the creation of a crop circle led to some astonishing encounters with the uncanny appearance of formations, aerial phenomena, bizarre 'coincidences' and psychic entities. Uncoerced or arm-twisted, **MICHAEL GLICKMAN** (who was not involved) gives his honest response to the book...





with Michael Glickman

Part of the protocol of living around LA is that you leave the stars alone, for they are everywhere. For Patricia, who has lived here most of her life, this is almost second nature while I, a naive English film buff, tend to behave disgracefully.

The other day Nicolas Cage, with two others, sat at a table on the pavement (or sidewalk as I must learn to say) of a little Italian restaurant we were visiting. This was more than I could bear! I had our *Crop Circle Calendar* with me and I went outside to give him a copy. I have to say he was astonished by the photographs. One of his companions was Jim Carrey who made the kind of comments with which by now we are all familiar. But Cage was impressed and, after looking through the images, handed it across the table to the third member of the party, who looked incongruously like an overweight middle-aged biker. As soon as he got it, the waiter arrived with their food. The biker put the calendar on his substantial thighs and began to eat. I could not see what was going on but Patricia, who was in a better position, reported to me. Olive oil and pizza rained down on the cover. He was using it as a napkin to protect his trousers.

They ate quickly and the biker came in to pay. Cage, it was reported to me, picked up the calendar and tenderly wiped the food off the cover. That is more like it, I thought. The Oscar winner shows appropriate respect for the miraculous.

The biker, having paid, went out. They all left. The waiter came in with the calendar and told us that it had been left behind.

What, if any, is the moral of this story?

A) Nicolas Cage, confronting the horror of his thoughtless action, recognises the importance of these images which he so thoughtlessly abandoned. He cannot sleep, he cannot work, he drinks and becomes a shadow of his former self. Hollywood abandons him. He is history.

B) Nicolas Cage, confronting the horror of his thoughtless action, recognises the importance of these

images which he so thoughtlessly abandoned. He haunts the restaurant hoping to meet us again. He hires the best detective agencies to make contact with us. When eventually he phones, we refuse to speak to him. C) In an epiphany of insight, Nicolas Cage recognises that the crop circles are the most important thing on the planet. He races off to meetings with his studio, his lawyer, his agent, his trainer, to put his considerable weight behind a crop circle blockbuster. The calendar is left behind to put us off the scent.

D) The fat biker is really Steven Spielberg in disguise. He rolls up the calendar and sticks it up his sweatshirt. He races to meetings with his studio, his lawyer, his agent, his trainer, to put his considerable weight behind a crop circle blockbuster.

As circumstances unfold, I must assure you, dear reader, that you, not the *Hollywood Reporter*, will be the first to know.

Look, I made a big mistake and I must immediately confess my error. It is fashionable in crop circle circles to make major statements and take no responsibility for the outcome. It seems to me that if one uses a platform to make pronouncements it then becomes a moral obligation to apologise for mistakes discovered later. Listen, anyone can be wrong. It just takes humility to admit it. Here goes: The 'calendar grid' formation of 31st July at Etchilhampton was very dear to me (see SC 68). On my first visit I counted the squares carefully and saw - clearly as I thought - that there were 26 units on the north side. I was so excited by this that I assumed it to be a calendar indicating 26 weeks, or half a year, along the top, or north, row. With 30 rows along the east side, (30 x 26) this indicates 15 years which brings us neatly to 2012 of which much has been said. The idea was presented at the Glastonbury Symposium where it was greeted with approval. It has since been recirculated widely and I must now - forgive me - say I was wrong on one point. When I started to draw the formation I found - to my horror - that there were 30 squares along the north side and 26 along the east. I still cannot understand so fundamental an error. There were other people there when I counted. I had such a clear memory of counting 26 on the north side that, when the mistake was revealed, I was convinced that the formation had gone through some kind of dimensional shift. A study of several photos under a magnifying glass proved that it was not so. I remain bewildered. And apologetic.

And now, my *deliberate* mistake. I was trying to catch you out - checking to make sure you were attending. Hypothesis D above is impossible. If the calendar was left behind, how could the fat biker/Steven Spielberg have stuck it up his sweatshirt? Ha. MG

"Rockin' good news, Penanti!"