



ISSUE 1 *FREE!!*
7 Jun 26 altf.online
**ITS FECKIN
FREE!!!**

Enniskillen Comic Fest!
6th-7th June

CRISIS Photos of giant
cheques and handshakes are
MISSING!

HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT
Local Illustrators & Artists
YOUR barista could
be a ceramic artist!

**ABUNDANCE OF
POETRY!** Is this a new
golden age?

**DO
YOU**

**KNOW
AN ARTIST
OR MUSICIAN
REPORT THEM
TODAY**

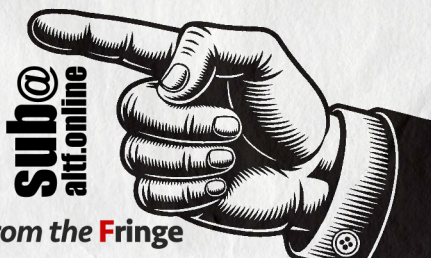


FALLGUY

choose vinyl not
algorithms

OWN YOUR MUSIC

CONFUSION
as JOY is experienced!
SHOCKING research shows
BAD NEWS is BAD!



Analogue LoFi Transmissions from the **Fringe**

The second issue of AltF brings you more rambling, actually fantastic art, great poetry and things you didn't realise you needed to know.

Alpine bumblebees, can fly higher than Mount Everest.

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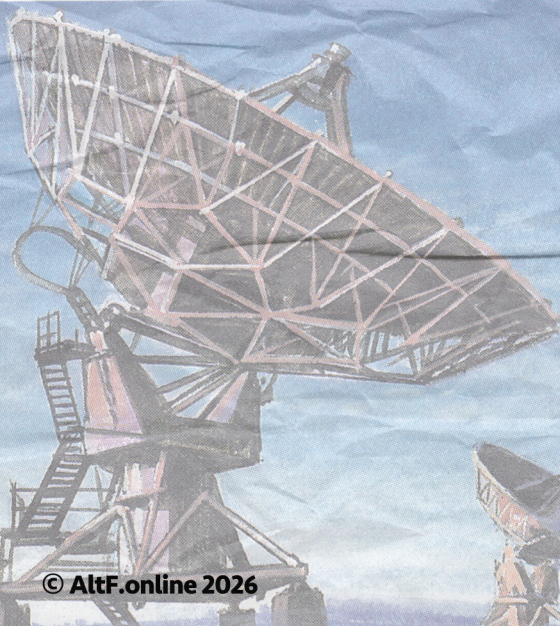
Mysterious Levitation

»» **What/Who is In/On & Around:**

Enniskillen Comic Fest! Casting call for...?

»» **Random, or is it?**

No more random than everything else in here



Writers NOOK

Its not on Spotify?

A trip back to a time before on demand streaming and a lesson in anticipation...

As an elder-millennial in my mid 40's, I remember a time when the art of film and music wasn't accessed as simply as a few taps on your mobile device.

Sure, the 'Walkman' was a thing, so music could be enjoyed 'on the go', but your library of artists consisted of how many tapes/CD's you could carry on your person at any one time.

I could fit a CD Walkman, and about 3 CD's in the inner pockets of my denim jacket, with the breast pockets the perfect compartments for spare AA batteries. To this day, there are certain albums which I will forever associate with carrying in my jacket as part of my 3CD playlist. A few that fall into that category would be Pearl Jam "Ten" & "Vitalogy" The Clash "London Calling" Cake "Fashion Nugget" and Gomez debut album "Bring it on". I became expert at clicking the buttons on the Walkman to skip or repeat tracks, running my fingers over the controls while visualising the layout.

This companion made a 2 ½ hour bus trip to Belfast, or 4 hour train journey to Edinburgh from Aberdeen far more bearable.

Fast forward a couple of decades, and I have a library of music and film at my fingertips that I'd need multiple lives to consume at least once.

This might sound odd, I'm no stranger to being called that, but personally, I find that kind of expanse being laid in front of me as a little intimidating at times.

The blank search bar, with its quizzical magnifying glass, expectantly waiting to be given orders to summon what I demand to watch or listen to.

As I said, odd thing to get worked up about, but that's me.

Now, I'm not totally against the idea of Youtube (very much not a fan of Spotify) or streaming in general. I've found some fabulous musicians through the almighty algorithm of Youtube. I'm aware that it gives artists, who would not normally be able to, or want to, break into the ranks of the big entertainment corporations, a platform to show what they can do. I'm not arguing for the expulsion of streaming services, just that we use them alongside physical media.

I've always preferred to "own" the films/music which I love.

Fast forward again to about a month ago, and the arrival to the shop of an album by Johnny Blue Skies & the Dark clouds called "Mutiny after midnight"

I was first aware of it through Youtube, where the entire album was very briefly available. I think it was only up for a weekend before being intentionally pulled.

"Give 'em a taste Johnny and they'll be thirsty for more!"

To this day, only one track from the album is available to stream, and the rest is exclusively available through physical media.

After inadvertently leaving my personal copy of this fabulous album in the shop over the weekend, I was faced with a situation which is pretty uncommon to most of us today.

Anticipation

I had only just been able to get a taste of this album again, and because I had left it elsewhere, I couldn't enjoy it over the couple of days in which we close!

I can't think of many other instances where I was in the position of not being able to watch or listen to something I really wanted to, thanks to most things being 'On demand'

I found myself trying to remember how some of the tracks went, but it hadn't been given adequate time to hard wire it's melodies into my mind.

When I got back in on the Tuesday, I put it straight on the turntable, and I could breathe again.

The album sounded as good, probably better than I remembered from the previous Saturday. I can only put that down to, not only the quality of music, but the anticipation of wanting so badly to hear it again.

Good things come to those who wait.

It's one of those albums which is full of sounds which strike my internal tuning fork. That's the only way I can describe this feeling I get when I hear certain sounds or melodies, it's quite hard to put into words.

Feel free to ignore my ramblings, but with the rise of AI bullshit, and everything your heart desires being just a tap of the phone

away, I can see it killing people's capacity for patience, understanding of others and attention span. I see the benefits of having to 'struggle' occasionally to consume, not when it comes to essential aspects of life, but trivial stuff.

Not that music is in anyway trivial... far from it, it's essential.

FGR

FALLGUY records can be found at:

13, The Buttermarket,
Enniskillen, Fermanagh,
BT74 7DU



**Records! You want 'em?
We got 'em!**

Slurry

by Philip Basin*

Today's youth don't understand it when old buggers my age try to explain away someone our age being an absolute horrible, sexist, homophobic, racist, misogynist with the simple words 'It was a different time.' Unfortunately it was and they don't know the half of it.

Picture the scene. A murky grey mid winter morning. A small village in the west of Fermanagh. It's sometime in the late 1970's. Everything is grey and damp. A little two room school at the side of a pot holed road. As normal we were milling around kicking a deflated football waiting for the headmaster to come out of his house across the road and herd us all into the school. The coal smoke from the two pot bellied stoves in the classrooms belatedly squeezed from the top of the chimneys, thought about climbing into the sky away from this place but decided against all common sense to stick around. So it descended slowly and oilily(???) towards the ground adding to the foggy grey dampness. Basically it's a shitty day in a shithole.

Today however the entire student body of this little oasis of education and enlightenment are slightly giddy with expectation. As we have been for the last number of weeks. Ever since Headmaster mentioned that today we would be getting a very exciting visitor.

Today we would be getting a visit from THE ZOO!!!!!!

Holy shit, the actual Zoo was calling in on its way past.

Fast forward a couple of hours. The clock had noisily plucked away at the tedium of actual school work. We had fidgeted and arsed about and asked zoo based questions and generally got on the head's tits for most of the morning. He'd had to stroll over to his house a few times to escape and we had wrestled and punched and spat and kicked and poked each other as was our way. And then it happened. We heard the crunch of gravel outside as a vehicle pulled onto the play ground. We froze in place, trying to hear. There was no way of seeing out as the windows were way too high for us to use. This was an old building, Its design wasn't to enthrall and captivate, its design was to depress and imprison free will and childhood spirit. So we raced to our seats and eventually sat still enough to hear the heavy front door open and footsteps approach. Headmaster was talking to someone!

Headmaster was with a big heavy man in a huge wool over coat. Walrus moustached, flat capped and cigarette between lips. This stranger regarded us from under heavy eye lids as if we were something unsavoury his cat had squeezed out and left in his soup. We squirmed under his gaze. Headmaster introduced him, I can't remember his name. We were told to file out in pairs to the playground. The usual stampede followed and we eventually all ended up

in a rough semi circle gazing in awe and urine inducing amazement at the zoo.

'This is Mr (I think it sounded like 'flerbyderby' or something. I dunno, I was 7 or 8 at the time...) He wants to say something to you.' Flerbyderby coughed up a lung full of butter, rolled it around his mouth and hawked it in an impressive arc over the car and out of sight before announcing to us in a heavy and broad Dublin accent 'Right, these are wild and dangerous animals. They can go for you in the blink of an eye'. He stooped down and leered at us, 'no sudden moves and whatever you do,' here he paused for a well practiced second or two, 'don't put anything inside the cage...' He straightened up and smiled, pleased with his announcement and the effect it had on us. we stood and stared at him. He suddenly clapped his big meaty hands together loudly making us all jump. 'Right, do yis want a look at me boys?'

Mr Zoo keeper had driven his (even old by that days standards) Vauxhall Victor and small square trailer into the playground. There was a square frame over the trailer with a tarpaulin covering the contents. We were trying to image what exotic treats awaited for us behind the cover. An alligator? Tiger? Has to be a tiger. Maybe a giraffe or two? Fucking hell, we didn't know whether to shit or go blind.

Mr Zoo keeper had untied the strings that held the cover in place and with a well practiced flourish whipped the tatty patchwork away to reveal it's glorious contents.

We looking at three or four monkeys. It was hard to tell how many. They were gathered in a flea infested lump, all limbs and tails and wide frightened eyes looking out at us. Headmaster looked at them and then at Zoo keeper. He nodded to the house and they turned and strode off.

'And remember children, no touching the animals', the Zoo keeper reminded us as he clapped Headmaster on the shoulder and followed him across the road.

We were amazed and gobsmacked. We crowded around the trailer and stared in at the contents. The monkeys were in the centre of their cage trying to hide under each other. They must have been old research lab animals or something. We'd all seen monkeys on telly but they had never looked like this. On T.V they were healthy. ON T.V they were energetic. On T.V they didn't have gaunt terrified faces and patchy clumpy fur covering bones and scars. They groaned in displeasure and fear as twenty little children with scant regard for anything started to rock the trailer and shout and make monkey noises, trying to elicit something other than the pathetic scrum of despair we were witnessing.

It didn't take long before one of my classmates produced a stick and started to poke at them.

Fucking do something! OOh OOh OOh! Want a banana! Where's fucking Tarzan? etc etc... We shook and shouted and poked and screamed and laughed. Every

moan and scream from the poor unfortunate beasts ramped up our levels of excitement and frenzied happiness. The monkeys shook and scrambled around each other. The largest of them bared his teeth and screamed back at us, we screamed back at them and laughed at their stupid little faces and trembling hands as they clutched at each other.

And then one poke went a little too far and the biggest beast decided that it was time to take action. With a monkey bellow he launched himself at the wire cage and screamed at the stick wielding little turd who had been at the forefront of the torment. We scattered in shock and fear, falling back on our arses onto the dirty wet tar. Stick boy stood frozen to the spot as a (fucking surprisingly) long arm shot out and tried to grab the stick. Stick boy dodged back and the arm swung past and unfortunately for Theresa, the school dim wit, connected with her head. She screamed and fell backwards onto the ground.

The monkey jibbered and jabbered and Ooooked angrily at us. There was silence for a second or two and we got back to our feet. And then we saw what the monkey had in his hand.

Theresa had been holding a handkerchief to her nose because of the stink from the trailer. The hanky was now clutched in the sinewy fingers of the angriest monkey in all of Fermanagh. We gasped, we swore even more than usual and then Theresa let out a wail. It got louder when we watched in fascinated horror as the monkey turned his back to us, bent over and with the tip of an already

grubby index finger proceeded to shove the previously cleanish handkerchief right up his arsehole.

I think that the level of noise we and the monkeys produced after this turn of events was so loud the adults in the house across the road had to regretfully tear themselves away from the table and see what actually the fuck was going on. A cross between Lord of flies, Planet of the apes and Mad Max apparently going by the fucking hullabaloo that ensued.

Anyway, as I said before. Different times.

Next week maybe I'll tell you about the time we caught one of our gang carrying his sisters doll in his school bag. 'She forgot it'. Yeah, right.

*story reflective of different times.



Ex-Rental

by Joseph Simons

Video, film, movie, take your pick, they 'technically' mean different things but are often used to mean the same thing. I'm not talking about that... (entomology).

In the before times, before the brain drain of eternal short format trivial content. Before bed rotting, before content was something to be consumed like someone with munchies in mackyDs after a night out.

There were video rental shops! But I'm also not talking about those, I'm talking quite specifically about ex-rental films, the contents of the aforementioned shops. Every random town had one, much like cinemas (not talking about those either). Enniskillen (the 'big' town for me) had Xtra-Vision, Blockbuster was the big name for England/UK rentals.

But in those before times when independent shops were more viable than today, and culture wasn't entirely derivative (no I'm diverging to these topics yet). Many small towns and villages had independent video rental shops! Indie shops with character run by passion, for the love of something. I hardly think a rental store was a caviar for breakfast profession!

The town closest to me in my childhood, Clones... even had two. I remember one was called Square Eyes, interesting how such things can actually leave an impact.

As it happens Xtra-Vision stores finally all died in 2016, but I said I'm not talking about rental shops...

The video rental store nostalgia trip is so powerful, some people recreate 90s/80s rental stores in their homes, as their private time capsules to the before times. I'm sure its all a symptom of lost culture in a crazy world looking for security and comfort in the past. But I'm not talking about that either....

Freeblockbuster.org is a good example of this, the spirit of Blockbuster living on in popup community film libraries. "Take a movie, leave a movie" its all a part of a larger anti-streaming/privacy movement. I personally loved the idea so much I created what is so far the only UK/European Freeblockbuster location! See fig

But like I said, I'm not talking about rental stores...

The retro and nostalgia interested peeps are quite probably already aware of VHS collectors and fans, (Video Home System, you didn't know that did you), and their love of collecting 'big box' ex-rental copy's of video tapes. No don't worry I'll not detour into every other film format, Betamax, 8mm Cine, Super8, Video2000, LaserDisc, HDDVD... You can look those up yourself!

Get to the point I here you cry!

RENTAL COPY

RENTAL COPY ONLY

RENTAL COPY

R E N T A L C O P Y

on the shelves of rental stores, they weren't the same animal that you could pick up in Tesco months later.

There was no big box like with their VHS predecessor. I say predecessor but for a time they did share the same shelves. The main noticeable difference between the home release DVD and rental release was the box art. See pics. "Rental only" often being on the top of the sleeve, or an 'R' on the spine. Often there were differences with the disc illustration too.

There was no absolute standard, I've seen some discs which say 'for rental or retail' my assumption is that the multi use labelling was from later years.

Generally extras or special features weren't on rental copy's of dvds, and like the VHS versions you had trailers. Except with VHS you could fast forward past them! Don't shoot me, I know some people probably love trailers. But not me.

Being forced to watch movie trailers before a video started was normal for DVDs. Not because DVDs lacked the technical ability, but the function was generally blocked to force you to watch adds (at least when using a normal dvd player).

So why collect them? Why care?

Its interesting to me, I mean surely thats why anyone collects anything? Seeing 'rental copy' on a disc tells a whole other story, than if its simply just another DVD. Todays world of 3 DVDs for a pound in your local charity shop, is a far cry from 2005 when it cost £3.50 - £4 to rent!

Rental, even the stores had a smell, sorry I promised I wasn't going to talk about the shops.

But you know, its context, with out it, its just another copy of a film you probably wont watch, or pay attention to. But in 2005 when you had to pay just to lone of a DVD, you actually watched it. Hell you savoured it! Keep in mind you only had a fixed number of days to watch it, or late fees applied.

But to day... its very different, and I think we suffer from media gluttony and I don't think anyone really likes it. What did you last binge watch, can you remember much?

Ex-rental, its like modern history, or archaeology thats not been buried. 2005 was near the end of the physical media rental era, and that's 21 years ago, by some definition thats vintage. Who even drives a car that old? Well I do, but I'm not your average Joe. You get the point.

Ex-rental, how many people have watched that disc? Will you?

Probably not.

Will I start Irelands first Freeblockbuster?

Probably not.



Ceithleann's Pillow

There is a stone in Enniskillen,
That has sat there for many centuries,

Many a strongman has dared to lift it,
Only to then fall asleep in its spell.

After the Second Battle of Moytura,
She sought safety and retreat on this island;
Wounded and drained with battle-fatigue.

On what would become her deathbed.
She lay down her head on a soft pillow,
That was soon turned to stone through sorcery.

It was also enchanted to protect the land.
As if it were to be foolishly removed from the island,
Then all would be submerged beneath Lough Erne.

Snowdrops

Being told of the seasons,
Through the language of flowers,
Snowdrops grow on a hill,
Carrying with them,
The last of winter,
All within their petalled heads.

The Poet's Grave

Outside of my town is a churchyard,
That holds the resting place of a poet.

One who was homegrown and prolific,
Yet fame and success were never his fans.

Nor did they ever visit his grave,
Given the centuries he has lain there.

His reviews were far better than his book sales,
As the town he was born in, mentions him not.

Even I had only heard of him by providence,
Sharing knowledge with a few local historians.

On some of my walks I visit that churchyard,
Reading beneath a yew tree that sometimes shades me.

As I leave I hear from his grave, a whisper,
"Does anybody know of me or my work?"

Before I go, I turn and answer,
"Well... You know that I do."

by Robert Elliott



Slightly Underground Comic Stuff

We're back again for more idiotic reviews, a ton of awesome stuff from Aaron Deer. A hint at some 80's flavoured things to come, and finally and definitely least... joking... A nosey at Bary Slevins artwork, and something about birds.

Heres a reminder of what the review ratings mean.

Artist?
comics
illustration
stuff?
SUBMIT!
sub@
AltF.online



Does this really need explaining? ----->
Perfection (in my opinion) ->
Should be in a curriculum somewhere ----->

<-----The all time classic favourite. Who doesn't like it? Its good but not great. But everyone (most) likes it. Good allrounder, average and average is fine.
----->
Excellent! Great! Love it! This is going in my forever box. Would read it multiple times!



<----- Heirloom grade!
<-----Compulsory reading!
<-----Flawless example of everything I love.



<----Burn it, its crap. Just dont bother. In my opinion there are little or no redeeming qualities.
----->
I don't like it but many will. Not necessarily any criticism of quality or skill. But its not to my personal taste. Definitely give it a read, you might like it!



An idiot with a casual interest in comics
reviews comics

F.Gizzard

EAGLE No. 252

17th January 1987

25p (used obviously)

Flick through thoughts:

Dinosaurs, Dan Dare, great artwork and space stuff. Plus its an old English format (shape of the pages like A4), extra bonus was the weirdly wide staples. They look almost twice the length of normal modern ones.

I really want to like this...

Thoughts:

29 pages of comic action, and 9, yes NINE stories! So actions the word, because each story is fairly fast passed, the while thing is almost frantic in pace.

Graphically its stunning old school excellence start to finish. Everyone should own a few copies of this and similar just as reference material at the very least.

Theres a mix of space adventure, thriller and adventure.

Story-wise they are exposition heavy. Personally for my taste this can be a bit hit and miss. Some story use ridiculous alien names making reading slow, others are a bit silly but fun. But this is a comic after all, and probably aimed at 1980's teen boys...

It wins a rating
of ----->



Last Gang in Town

Vertigo, 2015

Artist: Rufus Dayglo Wroter: Simon Oliver Letterer: Steve Wands

Colourists: Giulia Brusco with Dee Cuniffe

£5 (used)

Flick through thoughts:

British Punk style with a punk/anarchist theme, with a slight old Beano'esk style. Looked vibrant and violent/anarchic through out. Cover has a Tank Girl style, which is explained when you realise its art work is by Rufus Dayglo. Its also pretty thick so a lot of comic for a fiver.

Thoughts:

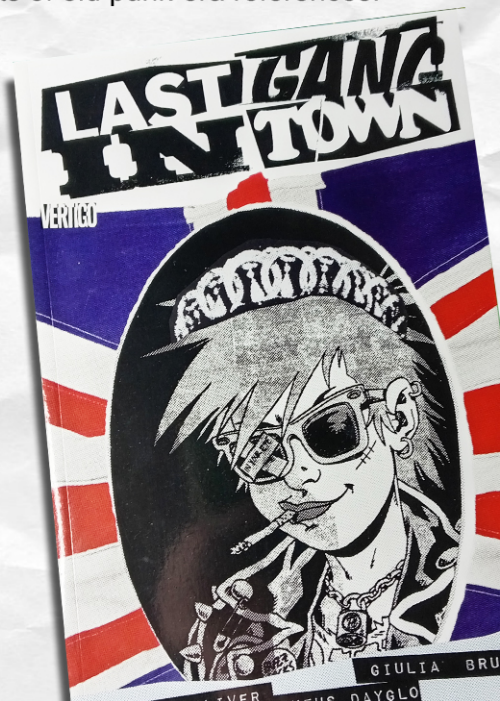
"In a country so starved for entertainment hat millions people tuned in to watch snooker on a black-and-white TV..." The was a little hard to get into as it introduced a few characters quickly and did a lot of past/present time jumping. Oh and some of the dialog was a big confusing. HOWEVER I was overheated in a heatwave (at the time), so that didn't help my braining.

I came back to it the next day and finished it, it was most excellent. Its basically a political and social commissary, which is still very relevant.

A good pace, a good plot, great visual style, lots of old punk-era references.

Go read it!

It wins a rating
of ----->



Garfield "I hate Monday"

Ravetted 1987

Jim Davis

50p

Flick through thoughts:

Its Garfield.... a very famous cat tat likes Lasagna. Its a landscape formatted paperback filled back to back with black and white shorts (printed on newsprint, my favourite paper type). Short like what used to be in a thing called a 'newspaper', who actually still reads them weekly? So 3 to 6 little 'cells' of illustration if that makes any sense.

Thoughts:

Firstly if you have't heard of Garfield get yourself down to a your nearest charity shop. Go to the book sections, probably the children's section, and look for one. Theres usually one old copy for 50p. They are a classic and at worst you'll find it boring, theres usually no plot or long narrative, just short and usually a sarcastic puns/jokes. Collections vary in size, some are small like novella size, others as large as Beano annuals. More than a few jokes are about Mondays and lasagna. Just image the most dry jokes possible, but illustrated with a cat (mostly) a dog, a kitchen, a cat bed, and the owner.

Get a copy and stick it in the loo, not the actual toilet, the room where the toilet resides in. Read it instead of scrolling through ai videos of animals hugging, or shite life hacks that are just common sense.

It wins a
rating of
----->



Rosie Poe - Some girls wander on purpose

darkisrising.co.uk 2021

Aly Fell

£6

Flick through thoughts:

Um well, cute goth girl, tentacles and excellent art work, so I bought it.

Thoughts:

Initially I thought this was a few longish story, turns out its a collection of shorts. Bizarrely its actually really similar to the Garfield shorts, in terms of format not content. Rosie Poe even features a cat!

Lots of goth themed runs and 'a day in the life' style of jokes. Drawn really, really dam well! I'll admit that I thought this might be NSFW than it actually is, I wouldn't call it adult at all. But I wasn't disappointed, the quality speaks for it self.

Quality coffee table material!

It wins a
rating of
→



VYPER

Join the adventure with Sloane Viperini and the team, as he pilots the high-tech urban pacification vehicle known as the VYPER.

Expect action, mayhem, sexy babes and carnage, delivered with a unique Synthwave flavour!

**VYPER:
RED SHADOW
COMING SOON!**



DEEZEEPUBLISHING.BIGCARTEL.COM



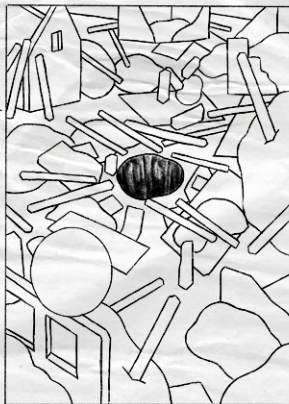
Ah yes.

This was a simple figure painting but I was listening to some music that I listened to non stop back in my youth. When I had a completely different set of values and dreams. I realised that the Then Me wouldn't understand the Now Me. The title is Reborn a different man.

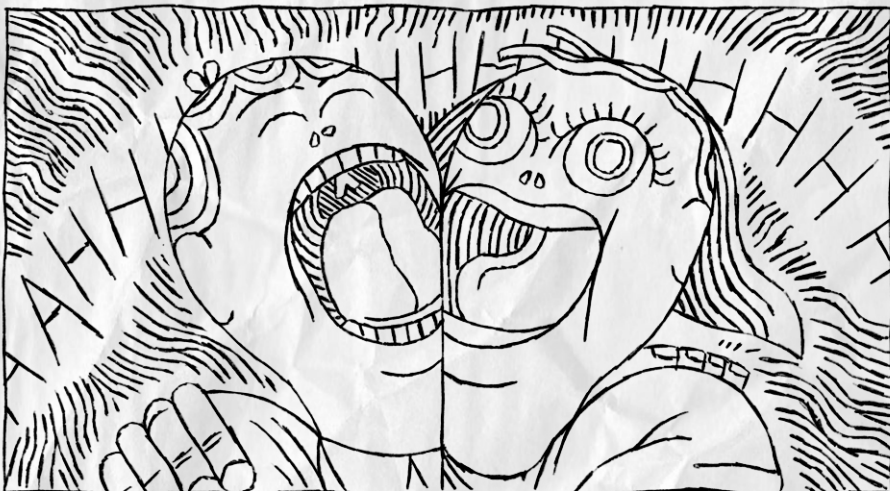
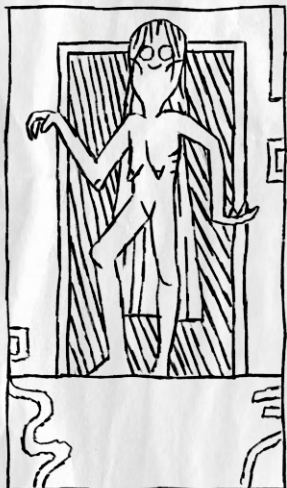


Having had a staring contest with this large rook through the window I had the realisation that these are the embodiment of God. They don't just collect the eyeballs from corpses, they judge us. The more I stared, the more this became the obvious reality.

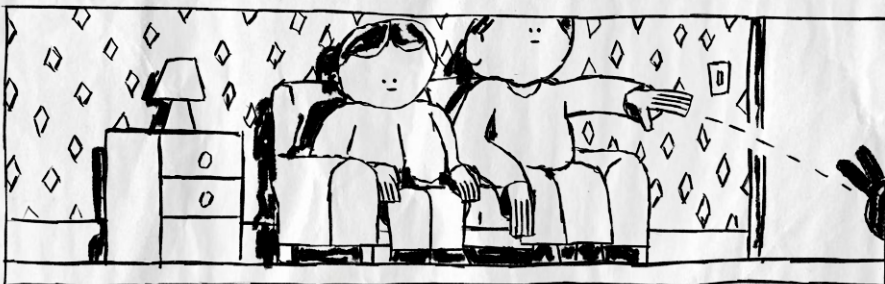
The comic strip consists of 16 panels arranged in a 4x4 grid. The panels depict a character's journey through a surreal landscape. The character is represented by a large white circle on their head. The landscape is composed of various abstract shapes, including organic, branching forms, a cityscape, and a beach. The journey begins in the top-left panel, moves through the top row, then the middle two rows, and ends in the bottom-right panel. The panels are numbered 1 through 16.



AHHHHH



Tiddles

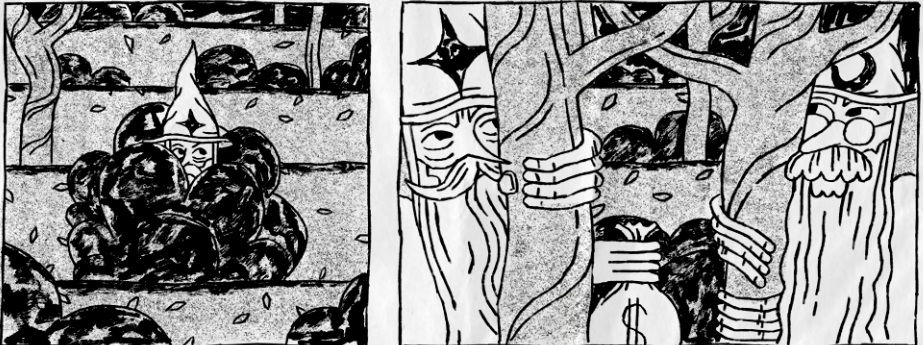


black market potions

the fearsome little wizard of the woods sneaking around



this quiet night his wizard boots conjuring the only sound



he waits for the dark star wizard business to open

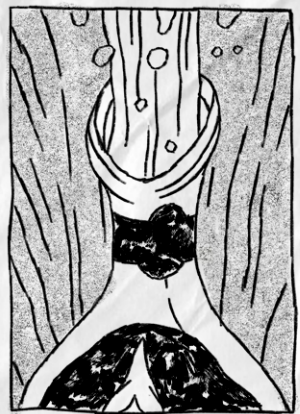


to get his little wizard hands on some black market potions

With the deal done he hurries silently through the woods alone



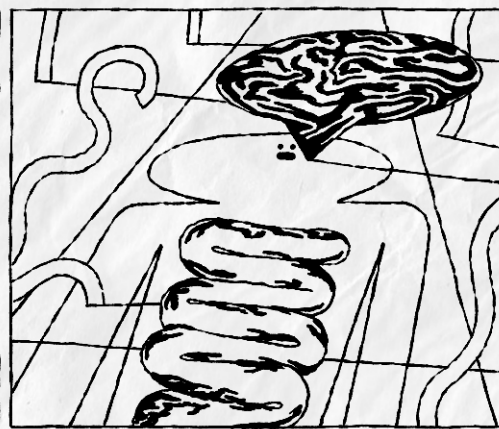
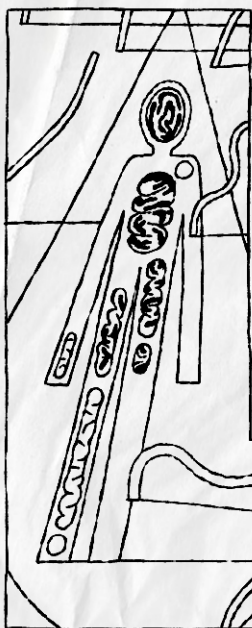
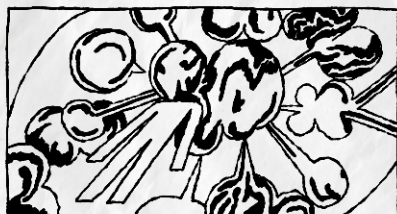
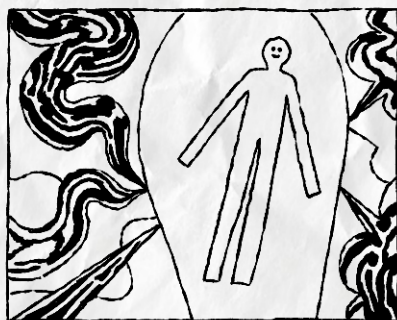
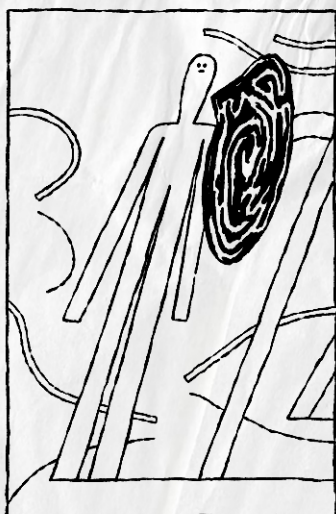
Under a bright omen his potion cauldron bubbles darkly afoam



working tirelessly he brews to perfection and absolute satisfaction



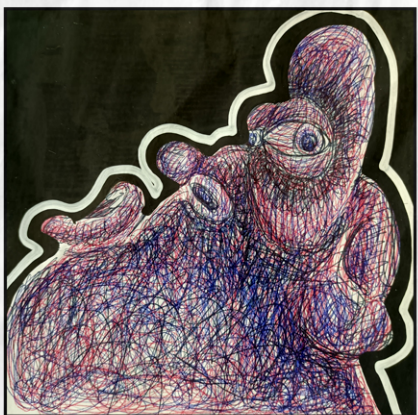
his powerful draft of raw sexual energy and unbridled passion





Aaron Deer

Barry Slevin



I was idly dicking around with this style of drawing on little square pieces of paper. It was in my tired, late night mind set the perfect size for an avantgarde comic strip containing panels of conversation between these people saying these words. It wouldn't make sense but would somehow be hilarious and set the world alight and I'd be

lauded as the father figure of a whole new movement in comic strip expressionsism.

In the morning I realised this was a shit idea.



Wyrd

Mysterious Levitation
by F.Gizzard

In our modern world of understanding and rational, religious and spiritual beliefs are still as popular as ever. While the specifics of the beliefs vary, the belief in the supernatural, i.e. God/s is still present.

While our local papers don't report bleeding statues, stigmata or visions, since it would be rationalised away (probably) as a mental health issue.

Christians used to cherish their levitating saints, and folklore is filled with stories of people who have gone 'away with the fairies' on a leaf over the seas. Various mystics of other religious/philosophical persuasions have also been reported to have flown or levitated.

Gone are the days of James Randi exposing the fakery of many psychics on TV, or mainstream science even caring. The further back in time we go, further from the modern rationalistic world view of the west, the more people seem to believe in some mysterious levitation force. **Tibetan Monks were believed to be able to levitate stones and themselves. Again, not heard of today, besides I'm sure some YouTuber babbling about it, or there is an AI video on TikTok.

In Olivier Leroy's 'La Lévation' there are 230 Catholic Saints, who have been claimed to have levitated in some form. St Ignatius Loyola apparently while meditating would float a foot or so above the ground. St Adolphus Liguori was claimed to have raised into the air in front of the whole congregation of the Church of St John at Foggia in 1777. Sister Mary in the garden of her Bethlehem nunnery, was claimed to levitate into the treetops.



fig1: drawing by Cades of one of St Joseph of Cupertino's ecstatic flights.

In these cases the levitation or flying, seems to be the secondary effect of the person being in a trance or mediative state. This isn't just isolated to Catholic saints. Muslim levitations include the twelfth century Iranian dervish, Haydar, noted for his sudden flights to treetops and roofs.

Naturally 'The Church' condemn magical flight any non christian context its all diabolical and has never encouraged its saints to levitate. But presumably if levitate can happen spontaneously or accidentally under certain conditions, then it can be done intentionally. fig1

Where saints shown the way, the spiritualist movement followed (spiritualism movement popular in the 19th and early 20th century see fig3). In July 1871 the celebrated medium D.D.Home attended an evening of 'spirit-raising' in a London flat in the company of Lord Adair, a cousin of his and of Lord Lindsay's. Who described what happened: "During the sitting Mr Home went into a trance and in that state was carried out of the window in the room next to where we were, and was brought in at our window. Homes performances of levitation and other magical acts thrilled the fashionable drawing rooms of Victorian London.

Many examples of levitation are given in Mircea Eliade's 'Shamanism' of witchdoctors, shamans and eastern mystics who practise set rituals to induce a state in which the body may rise up into the air.

A letter from a clergyman of Barnstable, Devon, written in 1683, is printed in John Aubrey's 'Miscellanies'. It describes from first hand experience a series of mysterious and very violent assaults on a young man, Francis Fry, who was a servant at a farm in the parish of Spreyton. Flying missiles and blows were rained on him. On Easter eve 1682, Fry disappeared, was searched for and was found half naked in a bog, whistling and singing and quite out of his senses. Coming to himself an hour later, he solemnly protested that a daemon carried him so high that he saw his masters house underneath him no bigger than a haystack (small cone-shaped pile of hay), that he was in perfect sense, and prayed God not to suffer the Devil to destroy him; that he was suddenly set down in the quagmire.

***The following is a very cut down excerpt from The Case of the Levitating Butler. Its a strange tale recorded by the 17th-century Latitudinarian Joseph Glanvill in his Saducismus Triumphatus book on witchcraft, ghosts and demons (1681) fig2 front cover.

A servant mournfully told Earl of Orrery that "his spectre" had visited him again. He was to be kidnapped again that very day, and there was nothing anyone could do to prevent it. The butler was kept in a large room, with many people around to protect him, including two bishops and a neighbour, "the famous stroker, Mr. Greatrix." (Valentine Greatrakes was a renowned Irish faith healer, known as "The Stroker."]. That afternoon, the

butler was seen to rise in the air. Although several of the men grabbed his shoulders and tried weighing him down, all their strength was unable to anchor him. The poor butler was carried over everyone's heads for a considerable period of time. When he eventually fell to the ground, his companions were able to cushion the descent enough to prevent any injury.

There are endless tales of mysterious things, many of which include flying, levitation, or even other worldly abduction of the alien variety. Its easy to wonder why these things don't seem to happen in our modern world. Where are all the modern reports of things, are we all so rational as to have killed whimsy and the possibility of the supernatural?

But in fact this is an incorrect assumption.

The fact is that 'reputable' sources don't report it much anymore. But there are reports of people seeing and experiencing things, except today its assumed they are mentally unwell, on 'something' or otherwise disposed. Since *obviously* no sane person would see, hear or believe such things. If someone 'respected' did start claiming they seen or heard something then its assumed that they have had some sort of a crisis of the phycological variety.

So the places you find modern examples are rambles in the online voids of social media, mixed in with the flat earthers, and people thinking

that everyone in power is a lizard, and ai hallucinations.

So as always, take everything with a pinch of salt, unless thats likely to kill you.



fig3: "Levitation of a Table," photograph by Sven Türrck (1940-1945) Institute of Psychology and Psychological Hygiene of Freiburg

Much paraphrasing from 'Phenomena' by Michell & Rickard 1979

******<https://museum.oglethorpe.edu/exhibitions/flying-mystics-tibetan-buddhism/>

*******<https://dead-but-dreaming.com/2021/05/17/a-levitating-butler-and-the-faeries-testimony-from-17th-century-ireland/>

fig1: drawing by Cades of one of St Joseph of Cupertino's ecstatic flights.

fig2: front cover The levitating butler

fig3: "Levitation of a Table," photograph by Sven Türrck (1940-1945) Institute of Psychology and Psychological Hygiene of Freiburg

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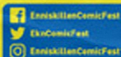


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EXTRAS WANTED

- Looking for background dancers for a Music Video for local band '100 Forests'
- Unpaid
- All ages over 18
- Location- The Old Oak, Enniskillen
- Date- Late July early August (tbc)- One night shoot



If interested DM or Email
PoppyramseyFilm@gmail.com



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& for something completely random.

Types of bricks

About 3,000 different types of brick are made in Britain.

Unfortunately, the traditional system of labelling—'common', 'stock', 'semi-engineering' and so on—does not tell you which brick can be used where, let alone which might be expensive. So before you buy bricks, tell your builders' merchant where they are to be used. And always compare prices.

A. London Brick Company common Fletton—low-cost brick for internal use or for walls which are to be rendered

B and C. LBC Fletton Chiltern and golden buff coarse sand-faced bricks—two examples of external facings

D. Redland Southwater smooth red engineering brick

E. Ibstock combed machine-made semi-engineering (facing) brick

F. Redland Holbrook riven brown sand-creased semi-engineering

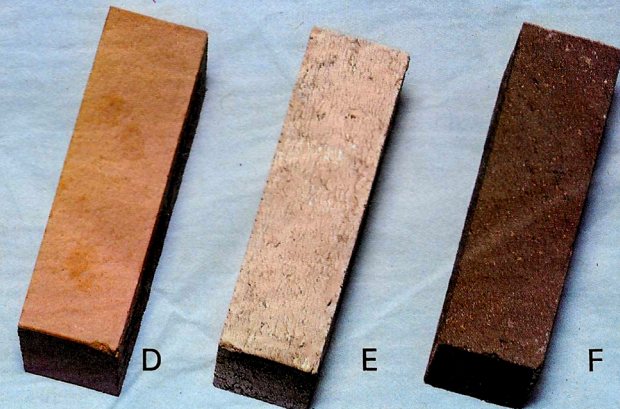
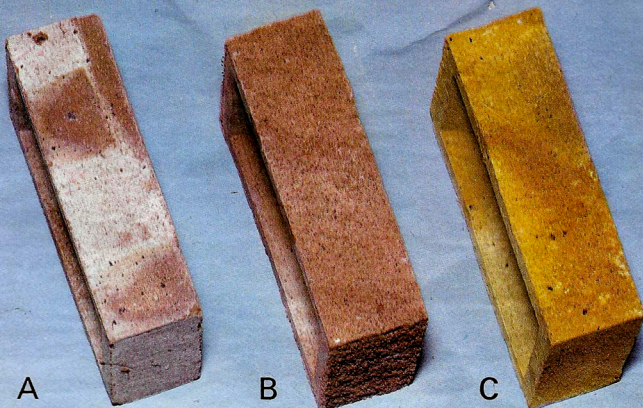
G. Redland Otterham second hard stock—traditional London yellow stock with random flashing

H. Redland Tonbridge hand-made pastone—an expensive facing for exterior and garden use

I. Smooth white Gaunt—decorative soft brick which can be used for facing

J. National Coal Board blue facing—decorative soft brick which can be used for facing

K. Redland Crowborough Ashdown multi-coloured stock for exterior and garden use



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