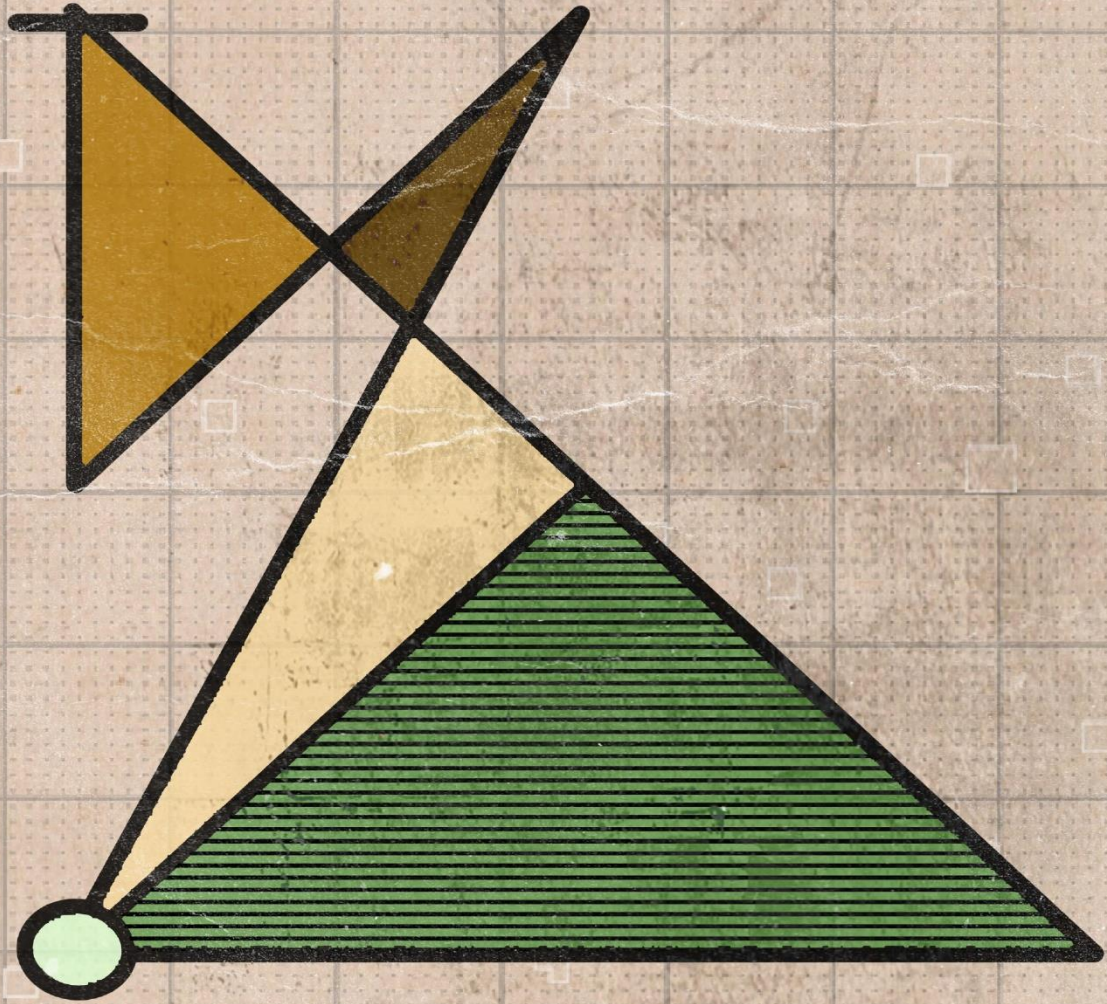
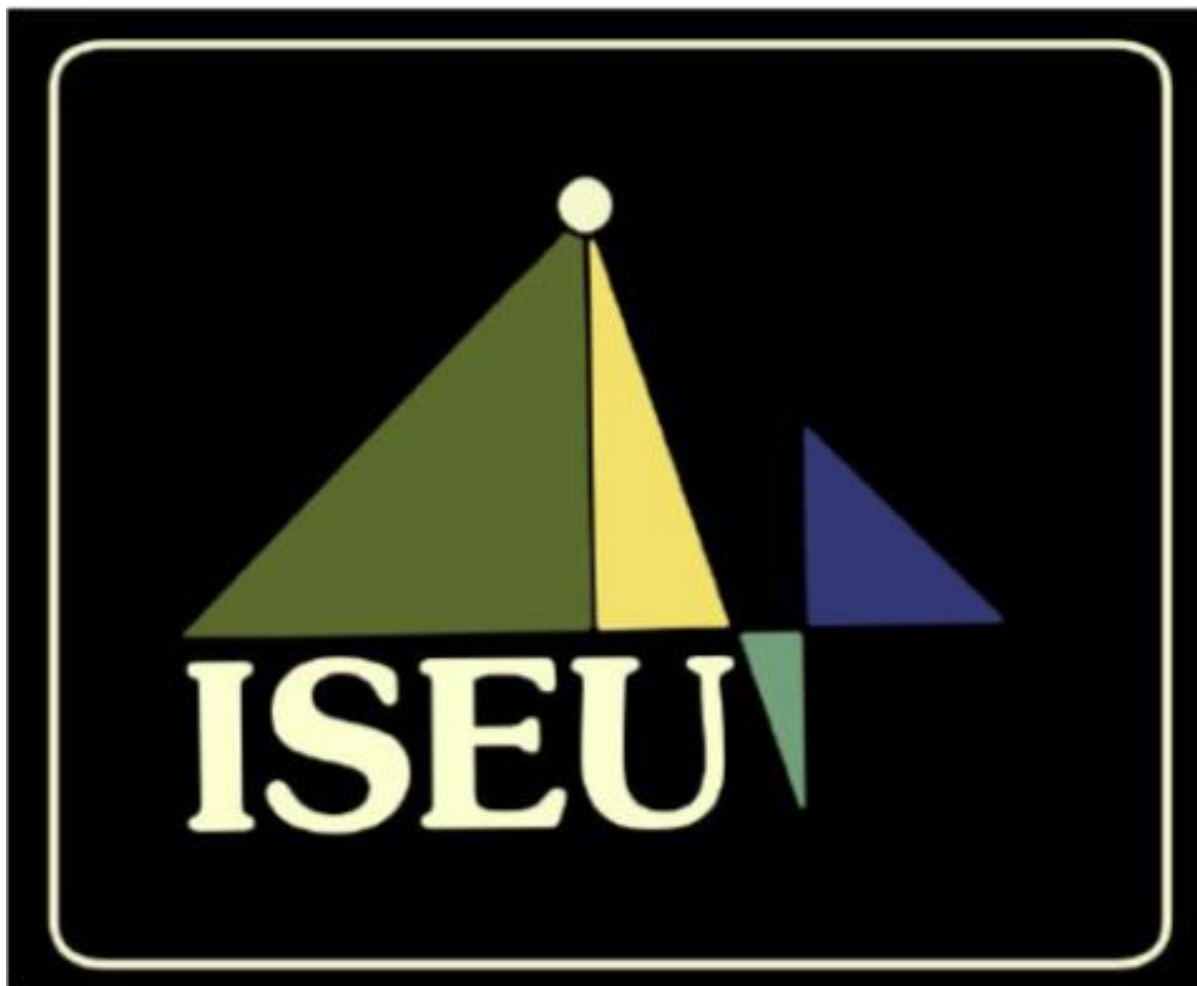


# ISEU GAZETTEER





*Image: Terence Maughan*





**ISEU**

# **GAZETTEER**

**2022**

**Funded by:**



**In association with:**



**THE ALCHEMICAL LANDSCAPE**

**University of Cambridge**

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## Invocation

To travel, as the crow flies, from the head to the heath and back again

To unlock - with keys lost, found and factured - doorways to ambulation

To weave, for wish and return, the raveled strands of the homing cord

To listen, with lines open, to transmissions received, remote and resonant

To trace - by sign, by craft and by thought - the lines of hands distant

To read, with tool and keen measure, the message of the borderland



## The Inner Space Exploration Unit (ISEU)

In May 2020, some months into the first COVID-19 national lockdown period, Judith Noble convened an online conversation between a group of like-minded artists. She invited Dominic Shepherd, Evie Salmon, Terence Maughan, Ethan Pennell and James Riley to talk about how the experience of lockdown was affecting their inner worlds; how had this unprecedented period of social introversion influenced, impacted upon or otherwise amplified their conceptualisation of an *imaginal* landscape? To look inside of oneself is a classic manoeuvre in the act of artistic creation. What happens to this type of solipsism in a time of widespread, strategic and crisis-led retreat?

Some in the group had met before; others were complete strangers to each other. Geographically, the six artists were spread across Devon, Dorset, and Cambridge / East of England. Collectively, their practices included writing, filmmaking, sound work, painting, illustration, digital making and more. Creatively their workings were variously influenced by such inner hinterlands as Dartmoor, Cornwall, Lancashire, Essex, Ynys Mon and North Wales.

The first conversation uncovered much common ground. The group found considerable overlap as regards their artistic practices and methodologies, there was a shared attitude to the imaginal and the magical and it became apparent that significant thematic intersections extended across their work. These included conjuration, thin and liminal places, dreams and trance, memory and misremembering, creative nostalgia, hauntology and such associated reference points as the ambience and aesthetics of regional television services.

Further discussions were planned, new work was circulated, and numerous personal, creative and symbolic synchronicities started to occur. Online works sprang into life, small art works and objects were circulated through the post, sigils and sound signals were translated into maps and these were used to plot simultaneous walks through woodlands, moors and city parks. Visits were arranged to demolished hotels, eldritch industrial estates and places yet to come into full definition. Increasingly, the process came to resemble an act of creative remote viewing or shared participatory haunting. What emerged was a desire to explore each other's inner worlds and to use these intersections as the basis for works of (un)conscious collaboration. As the project continued, a cast of characters from forgotten folklore was conjured into life. These guides, doubles, tulpas and avatars began to play out old narratives: they started to write themselves into the collective story, whether we wished for them to do so, or not.

An initial act of contact thus became a process of exploration. Our first séance, a meeting in which we asked, from our sites of shielding and isolation, "is anybody there?" rapidly gave rise to an act of speculative map-making and thus a new central question: "whose house is this?". In turn, the group chose to conduct their activities under a collective label: The Inner Space Exploration Unit (ISEU). This name was chosen in order to formalise the ongoing working practice, to provide a

sense of membership – if not mission – and at the same time to reflect the aesthetics of the reference points discussed. That the acronym *ISEU* became, phonetically, ‘is you’ was an additional point of significance not lost on those involved.

Some of the work which arose from this initial period of map-making is now presented here as a *Gazetteer*. The present volume has been formulated from imaginary explorations, unsettled evocations, and localised roaming in our walled yet boundless spaces. The texts and works included are variously influenced by places of particular architectural or social interest, local histories and folklore, walking and tourist guides. Each ISEU traveller has navigated their own route into this house on the borderlands, but shared signposts, sonic surveys, archival resources and the serendipitous have opened corridors where our paths cross. This *Gazetteer* is a record of our findings, a field report; a portfolio of individual accounts and, at the same time, a latent directory that indicates where the points converge. It is intended as an aid for touring by both the casual and more purposeful visitor.

The current pandemic and its associated privations; lockdowns, self-isolation and retreat acted as a catalyst for the formation of ISEU. What the ISEU members have realised from exploring these mandatory internal spaces are tangible external spaces. Collaborative creative, digital and magical communication networks have been intrinsic to generating these introductory narratives and landmarks. Future supplements, activities and events are envisioned to expand on the initial territory investigated, to respond to unfolding circumstances and to further explore the vacant zones on the inner spaces map.

This is an ongoing journey, the doors are open, whereto?

Judith Noble,  
Dominic Shepherd,  
Evie Salmon,  
Terence Maughan,  
Ethan Pennell,  
James Riley.

The borderlands, 2022.

# Route Map and Instructions

*Judith Noble*

leave the car in the place you left it before

walk along the road through the village

there is no one there the houses are empty

the shop has closed down

the big chapel that you remember full of people wearing black on Sundays is falling down and ruined with trees growing through the windows

turn your collar up against the cold wind and spits of rain

at the stone bridge the tide is high

carry on along the track by the river until you come to the fence and the keep out sign

climb over the fence (mind out for barbed wire and nettles) and carry on up onto the headland

more cold wind harsh light reflects off gunmetal sea

walk out along the headland until you come to the tower that is not really there

crooked woman wearing green opens the door for you

up the spiral stone staircase with no lights in the dark

it goes on forever carry on until you have had enough then carry on some more

at last the door at the top a young man bars your way

open your mouth

he puts something onto your tongue

taste it eat it swallow it

bright white light

circular room of glass walls all around

mountains across the sea in the east

bright light on sea in the south

where you just came from in the west

nothing in the north

whose house is this?



# THE OTHERWORLD

**You May Never Come Back**

Illustrated guide free from the I.S.E..U

*TRAVEL BY GHOST TRAIN*

ANNWN RAILWAYS



## A Traveller's Guide to the Otherworld

*Come with us to the land of never-ending feasts and frolics; meet the fae folk; catch up with old friends, the choice is yours...*

Welcome, dear traveller, to the Otherworld. Whether it's for a short break or a more prolonged stay, this is the ultimate destination for the more intrepid explorer.



A Derrick

### Planning Your Trip

#### How to get there

Take the *Annwn Express*, the best and most luxurious way to travel. Delicious snacks are available to purchase onboard, including those fern favourites: organic dry roasted bracken seeds. Specially gathered on Midsummer Eve, these delicious snacks are guaranteed to confer invisibility on even the most unwitting of gastronomes.

Other, more unreliable ways include passing through solid earth and via certain caves, hills, neolithic barrows, holes in the ground and lakes. Optimum times to go include twilight, midnight, the hour before sunrise, noon, Beltane, Midsummer Eve and Samhain.

## What to take with you

### 1. A passport won't be necessary, but...

In days gone by, to enter the Otherworld before the appointed time (more on this later), a passport was often needed. Around these parts, this was usually a silver branch of the sacred apple-tree, blossom or fruit-laden and bestowed upon the traveller by the Queen of Elfland herself. A single apple without its branch proved a worthy substitute when silver branches were in short supply.

The advantage of this type of passport was that it also provided food for the journey, or sometimes even the duration of the stay (see the food and drink section for more details). In modern times, this tradition has almost been lost, but we at Annwn Railways like to do things the old-fashioned way and pride ourselves on being the exclusive supplier of genuine sacred apples, free to all our customers as a token of our appreciation. Bon appétit!

### 2. Salt (just in case).

In certain circumstances, if salt is sprinkled on Otherworldly food, you will be quite safe from harm. However, it's best to adopt the more cautionary approach towards faerie food (and drink) and stay well away, without offending your hosts if possible.

### 3. Gifts: faeries love rowanberries. They are also quite fond of poisonous mushrooms and 'faerie butter', a substance resembling the dairy product, but found only in the deep crevices of limestone rocks.

### 4. A coat, to turn inside out if it all gets too much. This may or may not work, but it's worth a try for that instant one-way ticket out of there.



Rowanberries

## **Food & Drink**

Unlike other holiday destinations, the food and drink available in the Otherworld is not to be recommended. On the face of it, this place is an Epicurean's delight, the sumptuous banquets being no exception. Guests will be presented with the most exquisite of delicacies and offered the finest wines known to non-humanity. Do not give in UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES or you'll risk being trapped there for all of eternity.

Some travellers do return home without heeding this warning, but they inevitably wither away soon after, pining for the forbidden fruits of this unearthly paradise. Others, such as Anne Jefferies, a seventeenth-century Cornish explorer of the Otherworld, remain completely unaffected by the sustenance provided. If you feed on human food throughout your visit, perhaps nibbling a sacred apple or two, there is a chance you can leave within seven years.

### **A note on faerie pipes and smoking**

Due to the pioneering work of Professor Corvus Montague Withers (1862-1946), in the hitherto little-known field of faerie smoking pipes, and subsequent research by Dr. Molly Friel and Associate Professor Judith Noble of the Dartmoor Institute and ISEU, these artefacts are now receiving the recognition they deserve within scholarly circles.

As Noble states in a recent paper on Faerie Smoking Mixture (FSM), 'the association of faeries with pipe smoking is, at least in the Celtic nations and regions, a most ancient and persistent one.'<sup>1</sup>

Although, as Noble points out, it is unwise for a mortal to accept a faerie pipe and smoke FSM, there are a few accounts of those who have done so. Noble cites the eighteenth-century Anglesey antiquarian Dr. Iolo Rhys ap Rhydderch of Llanfaelog's tale of a young local blacksmith, known as Ianto Fran, who took a pipe of FSM from a faerie on the dunes of Rhosneigr, which 'caused in him such mighty visions that he henceforth became renowned throughout the island as a conjurer and snake charmer.'<sup>2</sup>



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<sup>1</sup> Judith Noble, 'Faerie Smoking Mixture', ISEU Future Archive (date not yet reached).

<sup>2</sup> Dr Iolo Rhys ap Rhydderch, journal entry, February 2nd 1725, unpublished, manuscript held in the National Library of Wales.



A rare example of a large wooden faerie pipe, quite unlike the more commonly found small clay pipes with bowls barely big enough to accommodate the tip of the little finger.

## Denizens of the Otherworld

The denizens of the Otherworld are many and varied, including elves, dwarves, pixies, trolls, merfolk, goddesses, gods and the spirits of the dead. Perhaps, even the likes of Aunty Betty or Cousin Norman will be there to greet you (see 'The Traveller's Guide to The Otherworld (Expanded Version)', due October 1578, for a full description).



A Pixie dancing with a toadstool during one of the Otherworld's many festivals





**Aunty Betty and Cousin Norman await your company**

## **Things to do**

The Otherworld goes by many names, which only highlights the huge variety of experiences on offer there. Some call it the Land of the Dead. We prefer Faerieland, Tír-na-nÓg, Avalon, and of course, Annwn. Indeed, our trips are specially created to help you seek out the most delightful of Otherworldly experiences. It is, after all, the home of never-ending music, singing, dancing, and feasting. Hardened festival goers will feel particularly catered for.

Many years ago, Flannery, an Irish piper from Oranmore, County Galway, was even tutored by the faeries, becoming, on his return home, one of the best pipers in all of Ireland. He was so good that the faeries claimed him for themselves not long after.

If stately homes are more your thing, this place has got it all, magnificent gold and silver palaces rising up in all directions.

**Shopping:** this is not so popular. There are no supermarkets or chain stores as such, but if you do return home with a gift be sure not to divulge its true origin. If you do, it will disappear or transform into something else less desirable.

For those wanting to get away from it all, why not idle the days away by a tranquil lake, snoozing under the boughs of an ancient oak. The days may be cloudy and the nights black as tar, but this is a place of beauty, nonetheless.

## Where to stay

Take your pick of the many palaces on offer or stay up all day and night, merry-making to your heart's content.



## Customer Reviews

**Isobel Gowdie, Auldearne, Nairnshire, 1622:** *I wes in the Downie-hillis, and got meat ther from the qwein of fearrie, mor than I could eat.*<sup>3</sup>

**Anne Jefferies, St Teath, Cornwall, 1645:** *Gwyn ow bês. A wreugh why agan gwelas? A vednough why môs genev vî?* (Fair my world, happy I. Do you see us? Will you go with me?)

**Robert Kirk, Aberfoyle, Stirling, 1692:** *Braw!*

**Ianto Fran, Rhosneigr, Anglesey, 1753:** *Dysgiais I Hwyl I Weld Ysbrydion Yr Awyr Ac I Dawns Â'r Ffolk Teg. Fy Nad Yw'r Frenhines Yn Mynd I Mi Fel Eich Hun Fel Nad Ydw I Byth Yn Gwybod Hen. Rwy'n Dwell Gyda'r Ffolk Teg A Hynny'n Gweddill. Rwy'n Taith Rhwng Y Byd Fel Y Byddwch Yn Dda'* (I learned to fly to see the spirits of the air and to dance with the fair folk. My lady their queen took me as her own, so I never grew old. I dwell with the fair folk and there I remain. I walk between the worlds as I please).<sup>4</sup>

**Betty Stukely, Holbeach, Lincolnshire, 1975:** *Well, duck, them frim folks were just fine, although I've been quite shackbaggerly ever since.*

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<sup>3</sup> National Archives of Scotland (NAS), GD125/16/5/1/1. Isobel Gowdie's first confession.

<sup>4</sup> Statement conveyed to medium Miss Alice Makin (deceased) during seance in Rhyl (undated).

## **Customer Service**

Due to ecological collapse, we are currently reduced to a skeleton staff so the response time may be slower than usual. Please contact [info@annwnrailways.com](mailto:info@annwnrailways.com) for more information. Your custom is important to us.



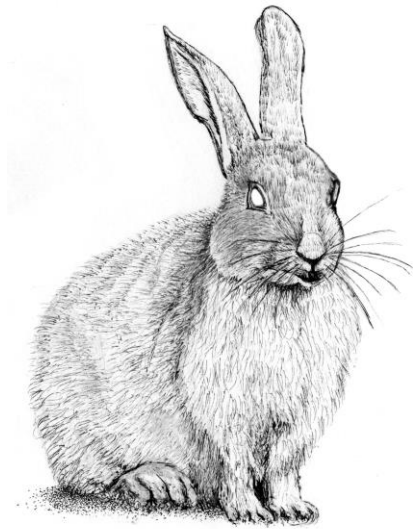
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**Annwn Railways staff trying out the new Rail Replacement Service**

## **Disclaimer**

We do not offer return tickets. All of our trips are one-way and there is no guarantee of ever coming back. This should hopefully be evident to those of you who have read this guide from the beginning.

If you do wish to return, there are a few things worth considering. As stipulated earlier, do not UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES eat or drink anything offered to you by one of your faerie hosts or you may be trapped there for good. If you ignore this warning, there still may be a chance of returning home due to the Seven Year Rule, which affords visitors stuck in the Otherworld a chance of leaving every seven years via the various portals referred to in the 'how to get here' section. There have been, through the ages, exceptions to the rule, but it is advisable not to take such a risk, enticing though a faerie banquet may appear. Even if you do return, things may never be quite the same again.



**A Faery Guide**

## **Other excursions**

If you are planning a trip to the Otherworld on Annwn Railways, you may also be interested in the other excursions that we run to places such as the Bay Hotel and Maelog Lake Hotels in Rhosneigr, Anglesey (which appear and disappear according to the phases of the moon and tide times) and Dartmoor, following the route of the old line between Yelverton to Princetown. For more information and free illustrated guidebooks on these destinations, please send a SAE to the ISEU Dept, Annwn Railways, Goblin's Crag, Dead Hand Lane, The Shadowlands SL5 3XX.



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**A Goblin**



**Be Careful What You Wish For!**

# Two Demolished Hotels

*Judith Noble*

Whilst exploring the Island, why not take the opportunity to visit one or both of the two demolished hotels at Rhosneigr? The Bay Hotel and the Maelog Lake Hotel are both open to discerning inner realms visitors, and can provide challenging, unnerving and disorientating visitor experiences. Care should be taken at all times and the usual safeguards applied.

## The Bay Hotel

Situated to the northwest of the village and reached from an approach road next to Bryn Garage (also demolished), the Bay Hotel opened its doors in about 1904, and catered for middle class holidaymakers until the 1960s, when it could not compete with cheap foreign holidays. Also at that time, increasing aircraft noise from the nearby RAF base deterred guests, and its decline set in. The Bay Hotel was a rather ugly building, built in a classic British seaside hotel style, with big windows next to the tables in the dining room, frequently lashed by the prevailing winds and rain, for the full holiday dining experience. It boasted a tennis court and sea bathing more or less outside its front door (at least at high tides). In its heyday between the wars it was packed with English visitors from Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool. The box-like extension at the back is thought to have been built in the late 1940s. The Bay Hotel was demolished in the early twenty-first century and replaced with a row of unpleasant bungalows for windsurfers.



The main function of the Bay Hotel in its later years was as a drinking-place for local young people. In an area strongly opposed to the consumption of alcohol, only residents' bars in hotels were

granted alcohol licences, the presumption being that no one other than visitors and English incomers would want to drink. The local youth flocked to the brown, tobacco-stained bar at the Bay, with its Formica tables, jukebox and sticky floor, and consumed vast amounts of beer and spirits, except on Sundays when licensed premises were forbidden to open. Beset by a toxic mix of lack of life chances and education, and an all-consuming sense of boredom with everything, the local lads evolved a game. A record would be put on the jukebox and the players (usually already drunk) would take to their cars or motorbikes and drive far too fast around a road circuit of some two and a half miles, and aim to be back in the bar before the record finished. The favourite track was Gary Glitter's 'I'm the Leader of the Gang (I Am)'. A local lad known as Tonks, invariably dressed in double denim, died attempting this feat when his souped-up Austin A40 overturned on the Maelog straight. His ghost frequents the demolished bar, as does that of Joe Forbes, manager of the hotel for many years. Late night drunken swimming frequently took place from the sea wall at closing time at high spring tides, apparently without serious incident.



In 1969 The Beatles visited nearby Bangor University with the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. A rumour spread like wildfire that they would be staying at the Bay Hotel. Local children waited on top of the sand dunes behind the tennis court all day for a glimpse of the Fab Four. They never showed up; Brian Epstein was found dead that day and they cut short their visit. Epstein's spirit has been known to frequent the dunes next to the hotel; it is thought that he enjoyed family holidays there with his parents as a boy.

Visits can be made to the bar at the Bay Hotel during evening licensed opening hours only. Residential visits are not possible due to the poor state of the bedrooms. Visits are most likely to

succeed on the five days of high spring tides around the full moon. The hotel is unlikely to manifest properly at other times of the month. Visitors are expected to arrive at Opening Time (7.00 pm) and to leave by Closing Time (11.00pm/ somewhat flexible).



Your tour guide to the Bay Hotel will be the Bearded Man (seen seated on the rocks to the right of the picture). No one knows who he is or what his connection is to the hotel, but it has been surmised that he may be a Victorian botanist or folklorist, although this picture was taken at the end of the 1960s. Attempting to visit the Bay Hotel without the guide is extremely dangerous and should not be attempted. An RAF Hawker Hunter, or possibly a Gnat, one of the key causes of the Bay Hotel's decline, can be seen to the left of the picture.





Visits to the Bay are unlikely to be peaceful, although the sense of the waves lapping near the top of the sea wall at high tide can be energising. The clientele tend to be drunk and noisy and fights can break out. 'I'm the Leader of the Gang' plays incessantly on the jukebox. In addition, there is constant noise from Gnat and Hawker Hunter jet fighters that take off and land less than a mile away even at night. The ghost of Tonks may be encountered, along with other drunk but fairly harmless semi-formless bar patrons. If offered drinks by the ghost of manager Joe Forbes, visitors should at all costs refrain from accepting, as this may result in them being unable to leave the hotel and trapped in the bar forever. Appearances by Brian Epstein have been reported in the sand dunes and by the sea wall but cannot be verified.

Opening times (bar only): 7-11pm on the five nights of spring tides around the full moon; closed Sundays.

Guided visits only: book via ISEU website.

Entrance fees: free to ISEU members and guests. Non- members fees available on application.

### **The Maelog Lake Hotel**

The Maelog Lake Hotel was built in 1863 after the coming of the railway had opened up the possibility of tourism on the island. The hotel encountered difficulties from the start. It was built by the son of a famous bonesetter and magical practitioner from Llanfairynghornwy but outraged locals, on hearing that the hotel would serve alcohol, burnt it down during construction. When it eventually opened in 1865 it was cursed by temperance campaigners.

The hotel was situated to the east of the village in the dunes between the Maelog Lake and the sea at Traeth Llydan. It was built in the traditional local style with thick, windproof walls and views northwards to the lake, and it blended in well with the sheltering dunes around it. Between the two world wars it had its own nine-hole golf course but in succeeding years this was reclaimed by the dunes. It was sometimes difficult to tell where the hotel's grounds ended and the dunes began.

In the late 1950s a small girl had pneumonia while staying there. She remembered the coal fire in the bedroom and being nursed by a kindly chambermaid called Mair.

The Maelog was demolished in 2011 to make way for a restaurant and chef school; an architecturally adventurous building that stands out from the dunes around it.

There was always something insubstantial about the Maelog, doubtless caused by its cursed beginnings. What were the rooms like? Apart from the detail of the coal fire, we don't know. Who stayed there? Who knows? There seem to be few, if any, records and no images. The only recorded guest of note was the celebrity archaeologist, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, who stayed there while visiting the excavation of the significant megalithic passage-grave of Barclodiad-y-Gawres,

a mile down the coast, in 1955. The bar seems to have been quiet, although the patrons of the Bay would sometimes end up there if Joe Forbes threw them out.



Like the shifting sands of the dunes on which it was built, the Maelog seems to have moved around and become invisible. It can be seen on some postcard images of the lake, in the distance in the dunes, but on others it is completely absent. The only solid image of the hotel is on a composite card of other buildings around Rhosneigr. It is as if it needs the other buildings to anchor it to physical reality. Much of the time it retains an ethereal dreamlike quality, and one is unsure as to whether it was ever really there. Perhaps it was an emanation from the sand dunes that has returned to them.

Visiting the Maelog Lake Hotel can be an unnerving but beautiful experience for those who are prepared to take the risk. The sound of wind in the dunes, of sand blowing, and of the waves on Traeth Llydan is everywhere. Grains of sand blow in through the doors and windows and lodge in visitors' clothing. The hotel is so insubstantial that it can shimmer and break up during a visit. The bar and residents' lounge can be visited. Both are deserted and usually silent, although some visitors have reported hearing snatches of beautiful, melancholic 1960s pop songs: 'Here Comes the Night' (Them), 'Sorrow' (The Merseybeats) and 'Terry' (Twinkle) amongst others. Some adventurous visitors have reached the bedrooms (although this is not recommended as the hotel is so prone to disintegration) and reported a pervasive and long-lasting but indefinable influence on their subsequent dreams. The overwhelming impression is one of beauty, peace, melancholy and otherworldliness. Visitors who have approached the Maelog in an aggressive or sceptical

manner have been beset by terrors: there have been several reports of such visitors feeling as if the hotel was burning down around them. Others have been unable to see or experience the hotel at all, seeing and hearing only the wind and blown sand. Many return with sand lodged in their clothing that shimmers into nothingness in the light of the everyday.



The hotel can be visited for the two hours either side of low tide, in daylight or at night. Visitors have entered the hotel throughout the month, but it seems to be at its most solid and substantial at the dark of the moon, when everything is at its furthest ebb. There is no guide although staff, including the chambermaid Mair, may be encountered. They are usually silent and do not engage. Visitors may also encounter half-formed, fleeting impressions of hotel guests. A visit to the Maelog can be unnerving; sometimes visitors may be left disorientated and confused as to whether they have actually been there at all.

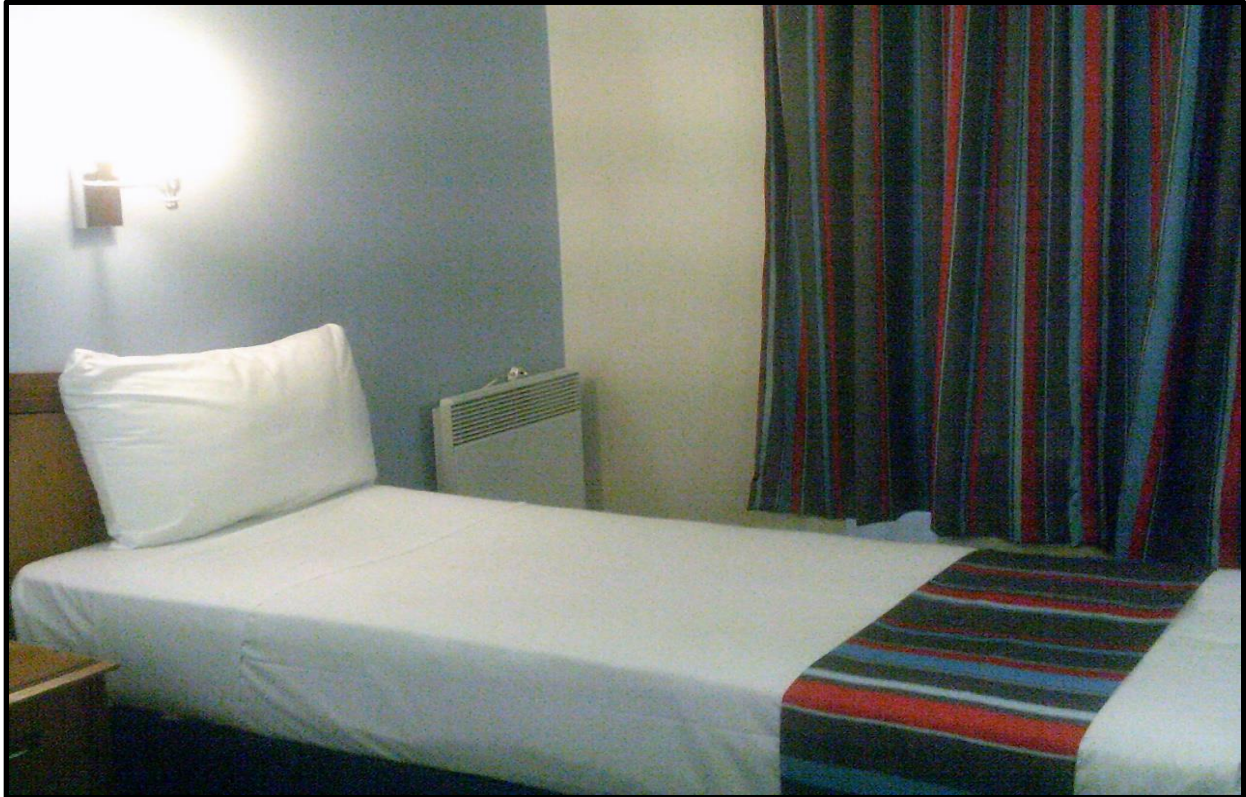
Opening times: optimal times are at the dark of the moon and for the four hours around low tide but visits at other times are possible. There is no admission charge as the hotel is so insubstantial.

Disclaimer: *While every effort has been made in both images and text to represent the inner space environment and temporality accurately, the ISEU cannot accept any responsibility for variations in these experienced by visitors, or for any mishaps of any kind experienced during visits. Visits, and return journeys to the everyday, are entirely at visitors' own risk.*

# The Waiting Room

James Riley

“Where’d he go?” Case had asked Molly.  
“He likes hotels. Big ones. Near airports, if he can manage it.”  
--- William Gibson, *Neuromancer* (1984).



*Room of hidden mirrors*

*Travelodge Whitstable, November 2017. As ever, I've covered up the mirror. For a while now, I've not been able to look at myself. Also, I don't like to sleep in a room with the mirror looking in. It's like leaving the door open. The drive down here was short enough, but I set off too late; too much to do. The headache that started with a dull throb earlier today has now torn a split down the middle. I can't focus. Couldn't look in the mirror if I wanted to.*

*It's Friday night, about 11pm. I'm supposed to be attending a conference this weekend at the campus a few junctions down the motorway. I'm speaking on Sunday morning and there's a full day of panels lined up tomorrow. Now that I'm here, though, I just can't face it. Usually it would be no problem: sleep then coffee, Lucozade, paracetamol, and we'd be off. Tonight, though, the*

*thought of spending the day cooped up in the same function room - the air getting hotter, the egos fraying - trying to follow another argument, makes me feel even sicker. It's not the feeling that I shouldn't have come out here; it's something else. Suddenly I don't want to leave the room. It's like I'm clinging on. The road outside is a thick river of tar. If I leave the room, the corridor will tip itself up and I'll slide off the edge into the flow. But I'm not panicking. There is no desire to escape. Quite the opposite. I'm meant to be here and nowhere else. This room. I'll stay for the duration and leave when I can.*

“At the end of each entry”, writes Peter Underwood in his *Gazetteer of British Ghosts* (1971), “I have indicated a nearby hotel which may be of assistance to those who plan [to] visit [...] these haunted places”. Many of “these haunted places”, he reminds us - the likes of Grantchester’s Old Vicarage, Southfleet Rectory in Gravesend and Sherrington Manor in Selmeston, Sussex - are private residences. While the overnight vigil may be conducive to the ghostly encounter, not every lord of the manor will permit it. And so the travelling ghost-hunter, tired from their search for haunted houses, must be prepared to seek lodgings in rather more public houses: The Blue Boar Hotel, Cambridge; The King’s Head Hotel, Rochester; The Star Inn Hotel, Sussex.

Despite the number of inns and coaching houses that populate the *Gazetteer*, Underwood reserves the hotel room as a peculiarly neutral space. One retires to the hotel once the orbs fade from view and the rapping tables fall silent: when the ghosts call it a night. Across Underwood’s haunted Britain, footsteps, unearthly screams and figures on the stairs confine themselves to places that are either “old, dark and unusual” - family seats, thatched roofed pubs, crumbling castles - or are sufficiently obscure in their non-specific domesticity so as to exist only in anecdote: a “fine house” in Bristol, a “lonely” cottage in Norfolk, an unspecified council property in Lincolnshire. Whether interpreted as traces of the ancestral past interrupting the present or crackles of nervous energy spilling into the hearth, ghosts are for Underwood things to be discovered, detected and discerned. They respond to sensitivity and require the right sensibility: an affection for place, a respect for locality, and a willingness to stay put and wait.

They do not belong, then, or at least in the *Gazetteer*, do not readily appear in such well-lit and well-used places of transit like hotels.

Inns are a different matter. As former private dwellings turned public lodgings, Underwood would contend that inns are inevitably haunted. Inns in Underwood’s Britain are so often, old(e) inns and, as such, are heavy with the mist of heritage. No surprise then that the ghosts of illustrious families regularly loom in on travellers and wander through the crooked corridors and slanted walls that each generation have knocked through and rebuilt. Hotels, by contrast, carry less of a burden when it comes to such histories.

The French *hôtel* with its roots in *hospital*, *hostel* and *hospitality*, means virtually the same thing as the Old English *inn*: both describe places of accommodation. When the Royal Clarence in Exeter started to call itself a ‘hotel’ sometime around 1770, however, it was keen to present itself

as an inn of a “better sort”. The Clarence as well as the many other self-defining ‘hotels’ that proliferated across Britain in the late eighteenth century were custom-made; lodgings converted from inns or businesses that appeared fully formed, ready to meet the growing demand for high-quality rooms and luxury amenities. With their distinct tones of European modernity, hotels were not so much places of refuge as gateways to a new landscape of service. The hotel guest did not seek shelter at someone else’s fireside, they paid to have a fire made up for them.



*The haunting*

The twentieth century rise of the transport hotel and the American motel, more so than the continued drive towards every greater luxury, marks out the acme of this functional approach to temporary lodging. Appended to service stations, placed at the boundary lines of airports, clustered at the city limits, the modern hotel is a container; somewhere (or rather, nowhere) to sit out the time before the next stage of the journey: corridors of waiting rooms. Marc Augé made much the same point in *Non-Places* (1995) his “anthropology” of contemporary space. Like the runways, slip roads and edge lands they look onto, the hotels of “super-modernity” are sites of delayed passage, vessels of calcified time. You stay there until it’s time to go elsewhere. In between, there’s nothing that suggests this hotel could possibly be a destination in and of itself. “Thoughts of place” may “haunt us still”, remarks Augé in reference to the social desire for somekind of local anchorage, but such a grounding is not to be found in your nearest chain hotel.

Staying there, you could be anywhere. Which is why, after a day spent chasing the “manifestations” and “unexplained noises” at the King’s Arms Inn, Hertfordshire, Underwood takes a room at the Breakspear Motor Hotel in Hemel Hempstead. Nothing can happen there.

That said, the irony of the *Gazetteer* is that nothing seems to happen *anywhere*. Underwood goes from one *allegedly* haunted place to another. He chases stories, peers into the shadows and strains to hear the bumps in the night. The publicans, homeowners and lords of the manor he speaks to are all sure they saw *something* the other night. There are plenty of reports of ghostly monks, headless horsemen and shrouded figures. Underwood, however, never actually sees them. The *Gazetteer* is not a book of witness, it’s a book of reportage, a collection of “first-hand ghost stories”.

Underwood would have had more luck if he stopped hanging around Britain’s heritage spots and spent more time in the very hotels he recommends. These are the truly haunted houses of the *Gazetteer*. Where else can you be guaranteed to see multiple visitations than in a hotel, and a transit hotel at that? While Underwood was sitting it out waiting for the white lady of Samlesbury Hall to turn-up, furtive figures were appearing and disappearing throughout the rooms and corridors of Preston’s Barton Grange Hotel. If Underwood really did want to experience a haunting at Hemel Hempstead, he would have only had to stay in his room at the Breakspear Motor Hotel. There, on the edge of the new town, enveloped in the drone of traffic noise, looking out over the footbridge to the Little Chef, he would have felt the room do its uncanny work. Hotel rooms make ghosts of us; they make us haunt ourselves.

*Travelodge. November 2017. Early hours, Saturday morning. I’m still here. The room is doing its work. A calm has descended, and I can feel things start to ease off. It doesn’t take long until I’m gratefully asleep. That night’s dream is stark with colour. A postcard scene. Blue sky and golden sand. It’s a pleasant bay. Up in the distance there’s white building, an old hotel. It sits confidently on the outcrop looking out over the tides. In the foreground, back on the beach there’s a small gathering of rocks. Seated, anomalously, there’s a man looking towards the hotel. He’s dressed in somekind of dark suit. He looks out of place. A traveller, no doubt, but from where or even when, I’m not sure. In the dream I start to tense. I can feel the atmosphere change. I don’t feel the sunlight or the breeze of the tide but the nervousness that comes when something is about to happen. The man doesn’t move but I can’t help but think he’s going to turn and face me. When he does so, he will have eyes of fire.*

Jeff Noon’s *Falling Out of Cars* (2002), the last of his sequence of novels set in a surreal, science-fictional version of Manchester, was mainly written in hotel rooms. “If you want to know the hideous details”, he told an interviewer in 2013, “I used to book into hotels – really cheap hotels in Manchester – for a couple of nights. Just buy wine, and orange juice, and aspirin.” He was never a social drinker. These fuzzy nights were solo journeys, strictly professional excursions, the alcohol being used “purely to fuel writing”. Noon eventually cut the cord for the sake of his own

health. "It was – not killing me" he explained "but ... it was making me ill". And so he simply stopped writing: he stopped writing in order to stop drinking. He left his hotel room, moved away from the north and stepped into a few years of virtual silence.



*Hotel room, Manchester. A lost weekend.*

This hiatus, Noon suggests, was a period of restitution, time spent putting himself back together. In his interview he hinted at it not by describing the conditions of his semi-retirement but by looking back to his shattered state in the hotel. Enscorced in the room, Noon the writer had started to drift apart: "I used to cover the mirrors up with the hotel towels. I couldn't stand the sight of myself." *Falling Out of Cars* became the covert document of these night shifts. Unlike Patrick Hamilton's *Hangover Square* (1941), another novel of boarding house binges, Noon held back from making the grind of all-day drinking the dominant topic of the book. Instead, *Falling Out of Cars* evokes its lost weekends in a more subtle but no less meaningful way. As Noon points out "all the mirrors are covered up in that book ... covered up or broken." It is as if his hotel room has opened out, blossomed like a sharp flower, and spread across the pages of the novel.

Noon was being interviewed in 2013 on the occasion of his return to fiction - he had just published a quixotic detective novel. He speaks with relief when he says his drinking days are



behind him, but some of the psychic scars of his Manchester sojourn seem to remain: “I've always had problems with mirrors – ever since”. The room, it seems, is still open. Booked out in his name it lies there, waiting at the end of the psychic corridor.

*Travelodge. November 2017. Saturday, later, daylight. I'm awake. Behind its drapes, the mirror is radiating heat. Waves of interference flicker across the television. Then, there's a knock at the door. I open it and with a lurching rush of vertigo, I see that it's the man from the beach. He pauses, waiting for my assent before stepping over the threshold. Time passes. I invite him. Outside, the drone of traffic fades away. Inside, as the man walks in, a hum starts to rise before the air in the room swells with the noise of crows. He is slow but measured, each underwater footstep is laboured but precise. He is here, in this space, but I cannot tell when he is: time does not seem to work in the same way for him. The blind mirror. Turning, the man gestures towards it, questioningly, talking without sound. That glass should not be covered, he thinks. There is much that needs to be let out, to be given vent. Do not hold things in here or it will become a trap. The room is empty, but I do not see him leave. The light has gone. Night has fallen and the room is dark. It has taken the whole day for the man to move from one side of the room to the other. During that time, I may have assumed his place on the beach and watched the scene from afar.*

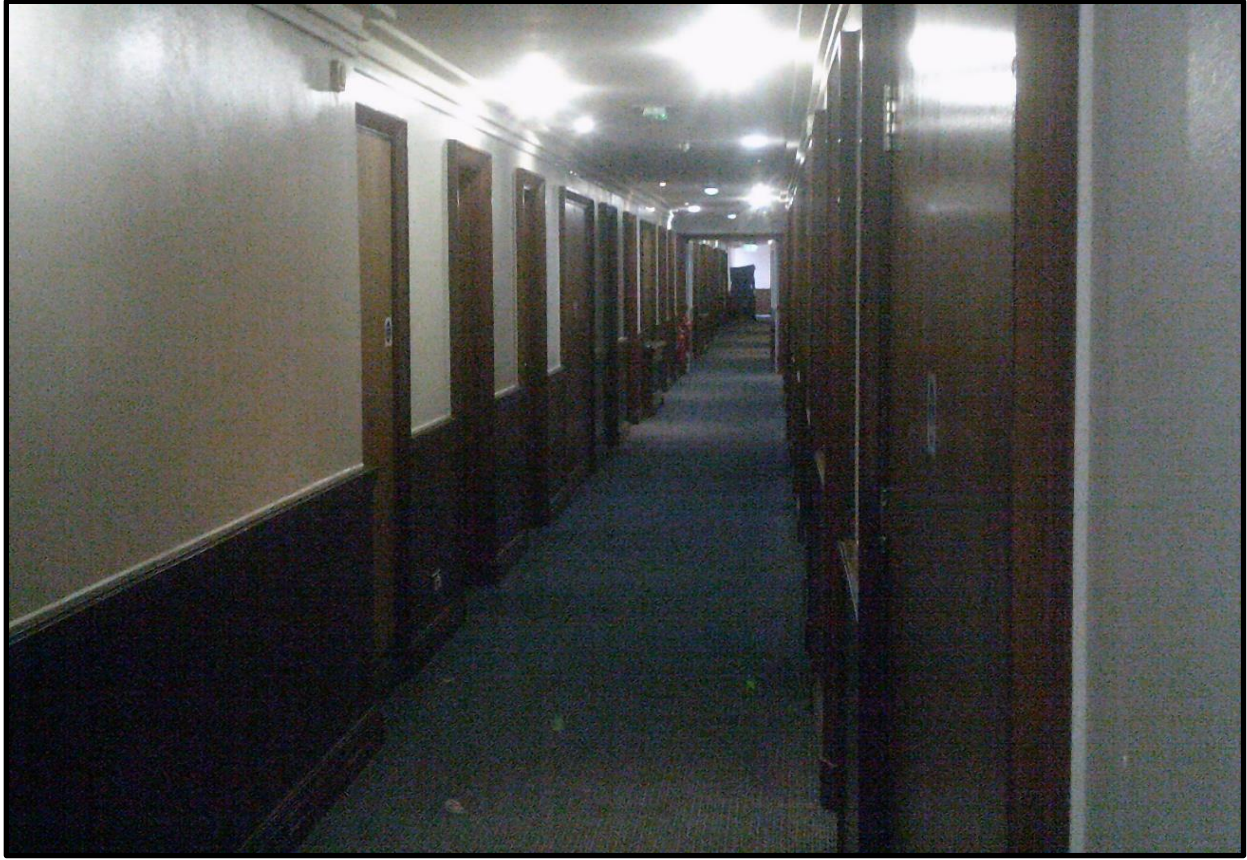
For the most part, hotel rooms reduce life to its basics. The aesthetics may change depending on your budget, but the offering is broadly the same: a bed, a chair, a table, a bathroom (one would hope) and a television. It's the television that's turned on as soon as the room is occupied, and it often provides a more detailed view of what lies outside the window than the window itself. The television will tell you if you're in London, in Spain, in Malta or wherever because it will tell you the time, it will fill the room with language, it will tell you what the locals love, hate, buy and are afraid of. Look out of the window, however, and things are much the same as anywhere else: an alleyway, a car park, a midnight shuttle bus slowly taking the curve of the roundabout. Even if you're lucky enough to get the postcard view, the details at the edges will worry away at the sense of elsewhere: the motorbike that passes, the guy on his phone, the voices that hover just out of earshot. No matter where you go it's as if the hotel is a generator of the anonymous, a machine that reverses the effect of the uncanny. Once you arrive at a hotel, all the unfamiliarity of travel is resolved into something more familiar thanks to the routine, the habit, the sheer repetition of getting the key and finally opening the door. In the room itself, of course, the effect is amplified. There, the markers of place become secondary to the vectors of space. Forget the brochure, the guidebook quietly offered, the convenient location 'branding' on the key card – *this* is your latent destination: a bed, a chair, a table.

We start to talk with ghosts as soon as we enter this essential emptiness. We await the call from the unmarked phone. Removed from the pace of things, with all the usual apparatus left behind, the layers start to slip away too. We're either hailed into another role, allowed to greet anxieties otherwise kept at bay or else pushed somewhere between, happily or ominously beside 'ourselves'. For Noon, this other 'version' was the writer: indulgent, hermetic, full of quiet self-

loathing. For others, like Jack Torrance in Stephen King's *The Shining* (1977) that which comes through is the hidden, demonic identity: a combination of desire and possession. Extreme examples, but examples that nonetheless foreground what really waits in the hotel room: a strange encounter. We enter and agree however briefly, unconsciously, or comfortingly to come face to face with ourselves.

This is what makes the rooms haunted. Whatever quiet dramas happen there at an individual level, the same silent ritual has happened over and over with each individual guest. When you're settled into the room – TV on, bag spilled open and you hear other voices, it's not just bleed-through between the thin walls. Rather, it's the sound of those who stayed in the room before you – traces still held by the space itself. In Dutch households, W.G. Sebald tells us at the end of *The Rings of Saturn* (1995), it was once customary, in the event of a death, "to drape black mourning ribbons over all the mirrors and all canvases depicting landscapes." This was to ease the passage "so that the soul, as it left the body, would not be distracted on its final journey either by a reflection of itself or by a last glimpse of the land now being lost forever". Good advice, and we should be encouraged to do the same in hotels. Clear the space. Evacuate the spirits still held there. Make it so you can be alone with your own ghosts to carry on the conversation uninterrupted.

*Cambridge. March 2020. Lockdown. I've been on the phone for most of the day, trying to get those elsewhere to stay inside. Go inside, dig in, and don't come out until it's safe. Please. Meanwhile, we're all being told to leave our offices and go home. There's a strange atmosphere about the building. In some quarters work is continuing as normal; elsewhere people are packing up, fleeing with bags and papers like they're trying to get the last helicopter out of the embassy. Out in the car park it's a peculiar combination of panic and politeness. We're not fighting each other. Yet. All I can think of is getting back. I want to get in and bring the shutters down. I'll be OK then. The thoughts come in sequence. Once I've worked through the list of those I worry about, once I've got a rudimentary plan in place, then an image starts to form. I can't help but think of it. I see a bed, a chair and a table; I see a glass of water and a dose of sleeping pills; I see blank walls and a window with a view yet to be defined. My default setting seems to be an anonymous hotel room. As the news seems to get more out of control, I go to the room more and more often. It's a thinking space and a safe space. When I'm there I can travel far. Lucidly, I start to see beyond the walls and the view comes into focus. Fields and treelines. Scenes from old photographs with figures of quiet familiarity. I go on long walks with those I cannot be with. A small town with a river running through it and a factory site of grass and white ashes. Outside, I feel like I'm coming apart. Here, in this room, I'm together.*



*Corridor and gateway*

Peter Underwood should have gone to America. There he would have found a landscape of over-lit ghosts, particularly in the city of supermodern hauntings, Los Angeles. In LA, the ghosts do not confine themselves to the shadows and the city's hotels - from the Château Marmont to the motels at the limits - are as overpopulated as the *Gazetteer's* crumbling castles. One of the most recent and distressing stories from this interzone concerns the downtown Cecil Hotel, a legendary flophouse whose weekly rates have been paid by all manner of restless sleepers including, for a brief but terrible spell in the 1980s, the so-called 'Night Stalker' Richard Ramirez. In January 2013, the Cecil welcomed Elisa Lam a young Canadian tourist who was happily making her way across the US on a gap-year, of sorts.

On the evening of January 31st, the hotel's security cameras recorded her lurking inside one of the elevators. She was distressed, furtive, looking in and out of the elevator doors as if keeping watch on the corridor outside. She was hiding from someone, it seemed. Her face was an image of anxiety and her hands, clasped down in front of her, twitched with nerves. The footage shows the scene repeating itself: Lam constantly peers in and out of the elevator, continually checking on the corridor which remains, to the eye of the camera, teasingly out of view. Why was she hiding there? Was there someone waiting in her room? If so, why didn't she make her escape *in*

the elevator to another floor or down to reception? Maybe, she was not actually hiding at all. Maybe *she* was the one waiting; waiting for and worrying about someone who was going to join her, a second passenger who was visible to Lam alone.

This peculiar footage came to light after Lam had been reported missing. The hotel staff duly scanned through hours of video traffic until they found the strange performance. Soon after, the search extended to other parts of the hotel. Last of all the enormous rooftop water tank was checked and Lam's body was found, floating. She had been missing for three weeks.

Lam's case remains open. Murder, suicide and misadventure have all been posited but neither offer a conclusive explanation, particularly if the elevator footage is factored in. What did the camera record? Was Lam hiding from a pursuer or was she intoxicated? The urban legends were quick to take hold. The most persistent reads the footage not as a crime scene but as paranormal evidence: proof that Lam was lured to the roof by one of the hotel's malevolent ghosts.

For the writer Steve Erickson, the case has less to do with the LA underworld - criminal or spectral - and more to do with the occult energies of the hotel itself. No single ghost lured Lam, what happened to her was linked to the spooky action of the building. Spending a night at the Cecil as part of a literary investigation, Erickson felt the "Angel of Death" walking the corridors and sensed that everyone he met was in a state of flight. "If you aren't in the Cecil to hide", he mused, "you're probably a foreign traveller stranded by expectations". Within this rootless atmosphere, the logic of the building becomes one of awful revelation. "The Cecil will reveal to you whatever it is you're a fugitive from". Locked in his room, Erickson ends his dispatch speculating on the attraction of the "siren city" beyond his bolted windows. It goes unspoken, but having sought out the footsteps of Elisa Lam, it seems that Erickson is also waiting. Writing with a calm apprehension it's as if he expects a red-eyed knock at the door and the revelation of his own fugitive fate.

Erickson's room at the Cecil could easily be an annex to Noon's Manchester hideaway. Both are oubliettes in which the world is shut out and the mind is locked in before something unforgotten emerges. They're difficult spaces and yet they hold a resonant fascination. As waiting rooms they speak of passivity, stasis and a queasy feeling of the imminent. One might initially think it best to avoid the encounters they invite. At the same time, when seen as rooms that wait, spaces that wait for us and for us only, they become possible points of imaginative anchorage in a fluid and otherwise uncertain world. Their doorways are portals into the head and their blank interiors are way stations, jumping off points for journeys to come. We all have one booked for us. It's just a matter of finding it, of being sensitive to the co-ordinates that will yield the meeting long sought for but never consciously known. These rooms wait for us on the other side of the mirror.

*Travelodge. Sunday. Morning. The room has allowed us to leave. We're driving back but I'm still there. The key has not been returned. It stays with me so I can unlock the door whenever I want. Up on the horizon there are two sights of interest: an open field of fuzzy memory and the empty cities of invisible crisis.*

For more information.

# WAIT FOR THE CALL

Dial first - pay on answer

Dialling codes and charges  
are shown in the booklet

**HAVE MONEY READY**, but do not insert yet  
**LIFT RECEIVER**, listen for dialling tone, and  
**DIAL** carefully - then wait for a tone  
Ringing tone changes, when number answers, to

Pay tone (rapid pips) - Now **PRESS** in a coin  
(Coin slots are shut until first pay tone)

**INSERT MORE MONEY** on dialled calls  
at any time during conversation, or  
at once if pay tone returns

For the Operator dial 100  
For Emergency Calls dial 999  
(Emergency Calls are Free)

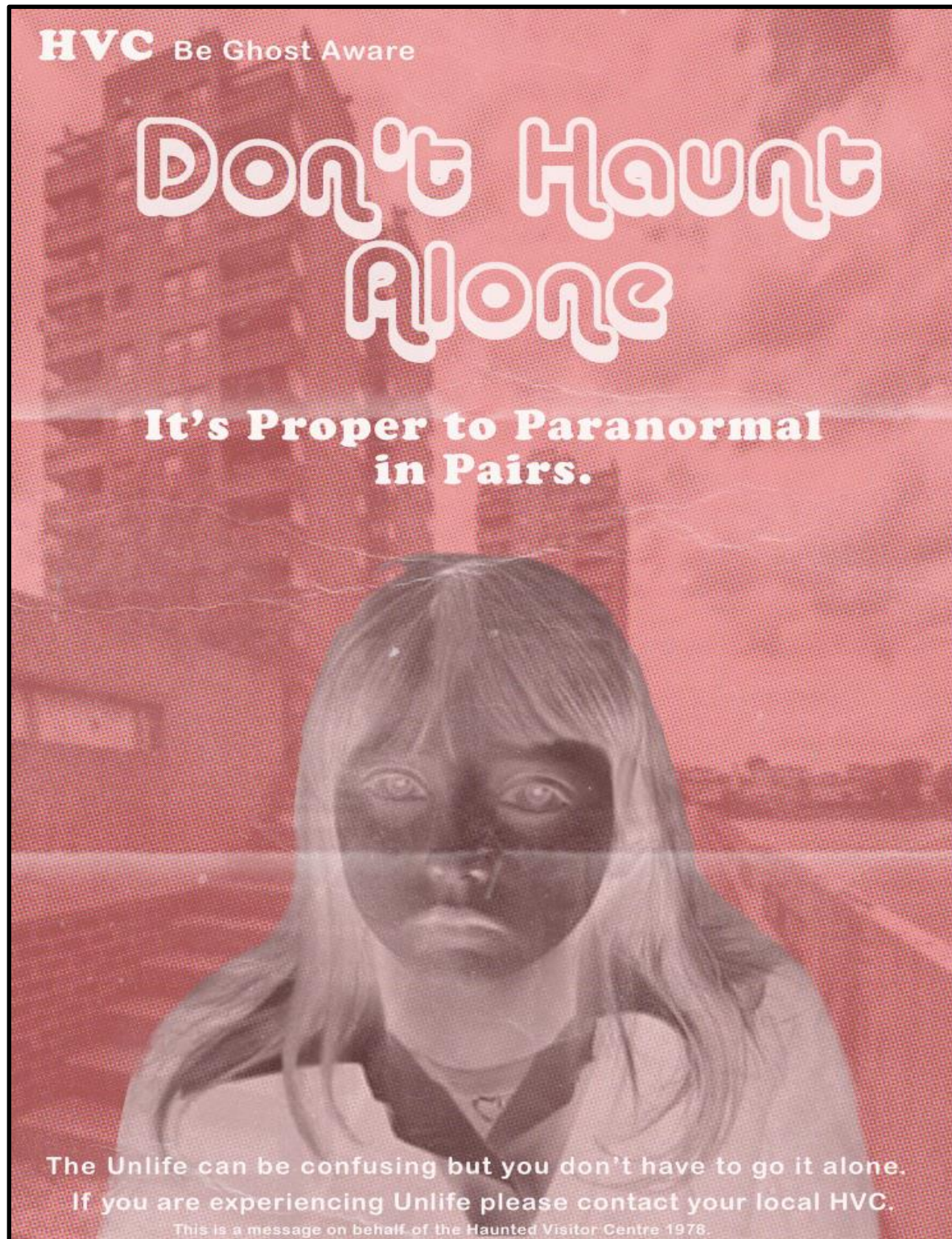
# DON'T Answer the phone

Advice from ISEU and HVC

Don't answer - HVC

# Postmodern Haunting: The Haunted Visitor Centre

Terence Maughan



**HVC** Be Ghost Aware

# Don't Haunt Alone

**It's Proper to Paranormal  
in Pairs.**

The Unlife can be confusing but you don't have to go it alone.  
If you are experiencing Unlife please contact your local HVC.

This is a message on behalf of the Haunted Visitor Centre 1978.



The ISEU recently unearthed a trove of documents and publications issued in the mid-1970s by the HVC or Haunted Visitor Centre. The HVC was / is an organization dedicated to the public education and understanding of paranormal and temporal matters. What follows is a selection of posters and the complete text of the leaflet *Ghosts in the Town of Tomorrow: 1976-1978*. The leaflet was issued for residents of new towns and metro-based modern developments. It gave advice on how to live with and exist alongside hauntings and apparitions.

Beyond the contents of these texts, little is known of the circumstances surrounding the formation of the HVC or its wider history. We at the ISEU suspect it is a distinctly non-linear and atemporal organization. It could still be in operation in some form and at some time. Archival discoveries such as this are never accidental. Documents come to you for specific reasons. The Haunted Visitor Centre seems to have succeeded in haunting us for a period of time. We now have the responsibility of trying to listen out for its message.

Taken as a whole, this material helps us to further embellish the eerie history of Britain's lost institutional future.

\*

INNERSPACE SPRITUAL WELFARE

# COULD YOU BE A GHOST?

Do you suffer from a sense of unease?  
Do you have an eerie feeling of being  
haunted by your own past? Each year  
millions of people like you find out they  
are in a spectral half-life.

Don't worry help is at hand.

Contact our **HAUNTED VISITOR CENTRE**

Use of Ouija Boards and Mediums are done at own risk!



The Haunted Visitor Centre

Ghosts  
in The Town  
of Tomorrow  
1976 - 1978

**HVC**



Do you live with Ghosts?  
Maybe you do and have not  
noticed yet? Maybe someone  
you know is a ghost?  
Ghosts are just like you and  
me. In fact they were once  
just as we are now. They like  
to do the same things we do.  
We do not stand around in  
graveyards and neither do  
they.

Ghosts want to haunt modern  
homes and well designed  
living spaces with all the  
modern conveniences that we  
enjoy.

The British Housing Estate  
is one of the best places to  
connect with the Modern Ghost.  
You may even sense someone  
you know.

**WARNING:**

As in life not all Ghosts  
can be charming and easy  
to get along with. Some  
like to throw pots and  
pans about the house,  
rearrange your bedroom  
or cause distress to your  
pets. Should you find  
yourselves living with  
such a spirit, please do  
call a local spiritualist,  
Paranormal Expert or  
member of the HVC. There  
is often a way to reason  
with them.



# Paranormal Post-Modern

HCV



All across Britian you are never more than a few feet from a spectre or apparition, yet often we do not expect these encounters on our way to work or visiting the local shop. Learning to be Ghost Aware will be part of living in a modern and progressive society.

Being Ghost Aware is the understanding that the Unlife and Living inhabit the same spaces and often because someone has passed they will feel the need to return to spaces that are familiar to them. Town Councils in many of the New Towns are factoring these considerations into their town planning and new builds. Examples include the use of concrete to build new homes. Because of its porus nature, it allows spirits to move from place to place with ease.

Be Ghost Aware.





In modern towns and cities Ghosts will become a part of our everyday lives and become useful members of society. This will certainly be the case for younger people who like animals are more sensitive to the paranormal.



They can be there to warn us of danger. As they have died already they will have more experience with these things.



You might even find them helping out in schools, or offering career advice to the young. When you look around you there are many useful roles they can engage with.

High-Rise, single storey,  
two-up two-down or bungalow:  
the modern Ghost Aware  
citizen understands that  
Unlife is as much apart of our  
lives as Match of the Day or  
the Football Pools. Having a  
greater understanding of  
our paranormal landscape  
will put us in touch with what  
it means to be a conscientious  
and industrious person with  
a mind for the greater world  
around us.

So next time you put on the  
kettle have a look around.  
Maybe someone would like a  
cuppa that you hadn't spotted  
before?


**BE GHOST  
AWARE!**



Keeping Your Council House After Death

Do you know your

# HAUNTING RIGHTS?



"I like to watch my soaps,  
but everytime I switch the  
television on, she starts  
screaming... in my own  
home mind you".

- Doris Fish, died 1972

HVC and Inner Space Welfare Project

**The Haunted Visitor Centre is here to help with all your Afterlife needs.  
Make friends and our highly trained staff will answer any questions you have.  
Maybe even pick up one of our newsletters**

**Tea and Coffee 15p**

Every Tuesday and Friday from 10:00 am until 17:00 pm

# Maps of the Invisible

*Evie Salmon*

## *Author's Note:*

The text below, 'Maps of the Invisible', records a series of walks in an uncharted section of the Cambridgeshire countryside. I found the place after an extended period of shielded isolation. During this time all ISEU participants were undertaking walks in their local areas. As part of this process I made and provided sigils to each member of the group to ensure safe passage through their actual and imaginary landscapes. Soon after, I happened upon the area in Cambridgeshire described below. It was as if the act of sigilization had manifested the zone for me just as my isolation began to ease. It has since become a place of welcome refuge and valuable imaginative exploration.

Upon sharing notes with the group, Dominic Shepherd revealed that he had used the sigil he received from me as a map. He allowed it to guide him through the forest close to his home in Dorset. Further correspondence between Dominic and I revealed that our walks – conducted at different times and nearly 200 miles apart – carried curious echoes in terms of topography, geography and creative response. On reflection it is not clear whether the two zones are in some way entangled or if they border onto a hitherto invisible area: a third space that occasionally permits moments of shared haunting.

Dominic's account of his journey, 'Traveller in Both Time and Space' can be found overleaf. Both texts have been provided alongside relevant photographic material and an image of the sigil I made.

*All photographs by Evie Salmon.*

\*



### **1. The Eye-Opening.**

The top of the lane, again. Thanks to the dimensions of the head and the track there's the distinct sense of departure; of leaving this time behind. Modern houses recede as does the ambient noise. Unfixed from the ground of the present and free to drift, with gratitude. This place has deep roots but has sat in the peripheral.

### **2. On the Doorstep.**

The space is fluid here. The way in stretches out, far ahead, before circling back round to the starting point. You travel far in one direction and hardly a step in the other. Walking more through time than through space. Inevitable night thoughts and the scattering of animals. A sense of being followed and a shape at the edge of things. Guided gently towards the anchor. Old oak network reaching back and slowing it all down.





### **3. Loop.**

At the far side with codes in the air. Still water at the core. Watching the horizontal and seeing things at a distance. Someone else walked by here. Walked by and then waited, under the blanket. Day to day and no arrival. The land kept her. Not buried; held. Smothered. Maybe suspended. Let go to the passing when the time is right. Not the same at the time of emergence. The walk lasted far longer than expected. The message returning had picked up the scrawl of lines underneath.

### **4. Offered by the Location.**

Secret. You do not notice, hear or get a sense of people passing as the zone forms. A fold within a fold. Falls like mist. The middle field is significantly bigger than the one which surrounds it. There is power here and a blissful disappearance, as if the world has faded. You can come back, the message says, because a golden feather floated down and landed at your feet.



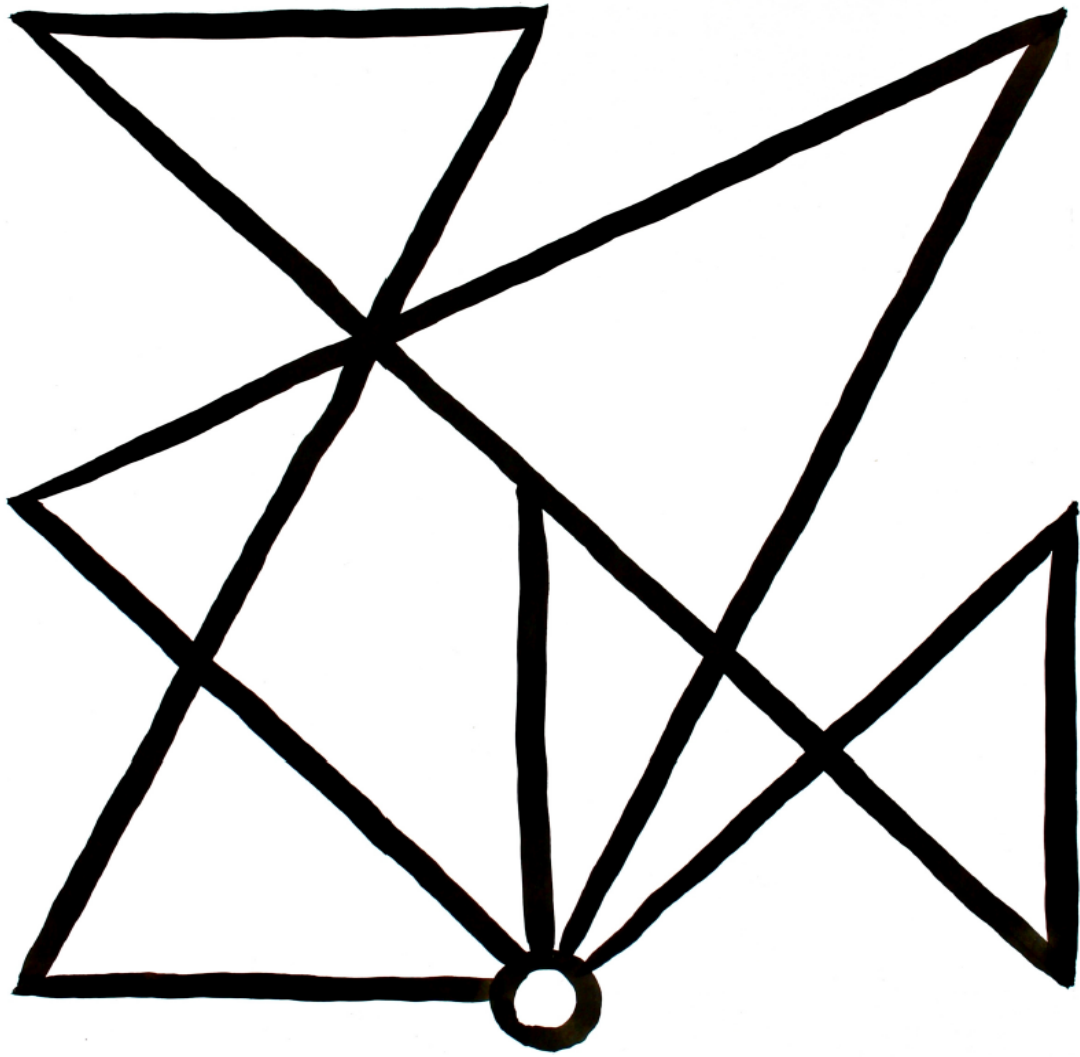
## 5. Shelter.

In a clearing, sketched out of branches, is a shelter. It jitters when first in the eye but, upon the quiet approach, it settles down into a more permanent placing. It's not clear where this has come from, who made it or, indeed, who uses it. An emanation, more like: a single symbolic spike from the mind of the ground, signalling the purposes of the zone. Retreat, refuge. The place to go when you are out. Later, a heavy cloud will roll over, bringing with it the force of the air. The sky seems to heat as the weight arrives. Tree tops bend as it passes. The space, is blanketed.



## **6. The Pathway.**

Space cleared. Loop complete. You sit with others at the anchor line. It is another time. The ground is yours again. This is what can be seen, just up ahead. The bird's-eye view. Back at the horizon there is enough of a pull to keep going. An occasional signal brings in the pathway's crackle. Walk forward, it says, and you will reach us. There is another world. Keep your eyes open. We will wait here for you.



*Sigil: Evie Salmon  
Drawn: Dominic Shepherd*

# TRAVELLER IN BOTH TIME AND SPACE

NORTH SOUTHEAST WEST

II The Grove

III In the Pines


VI  
The Limbless  
Tree

IV  
The Tunnel  
and  
The Cone

I The Door

V





## I The Door

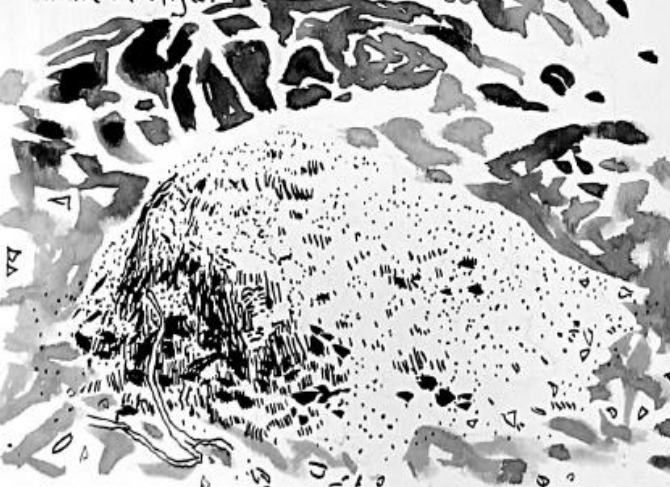
In the rough woods behind the studio, you will find a door between two trees, a branch lit up by the sun's rays is the lintel. Prepare yourself. A key is needed, wear it next to your skin. Be aware of the metallic coolness, the shadows under the trees, the glowing lintel. Pass through the door, you are in the other place, wander freely with no thought of future or past. All is now.

## II The Grove


The elm grove with appear rising above the hot bracket and weeping birches. Dark and shady is its interior, enter. In the centre of the grove is a humped shape, a rough shelter made of branches and two tarpulins, the fallen leaves swept into an encircling bank. Dark and shady is the interior, enter. Evidence of a fire, roach ends, the whisper of the leaves in the high branches. An interior in an interior to find an interior.

## III The Dark Woods

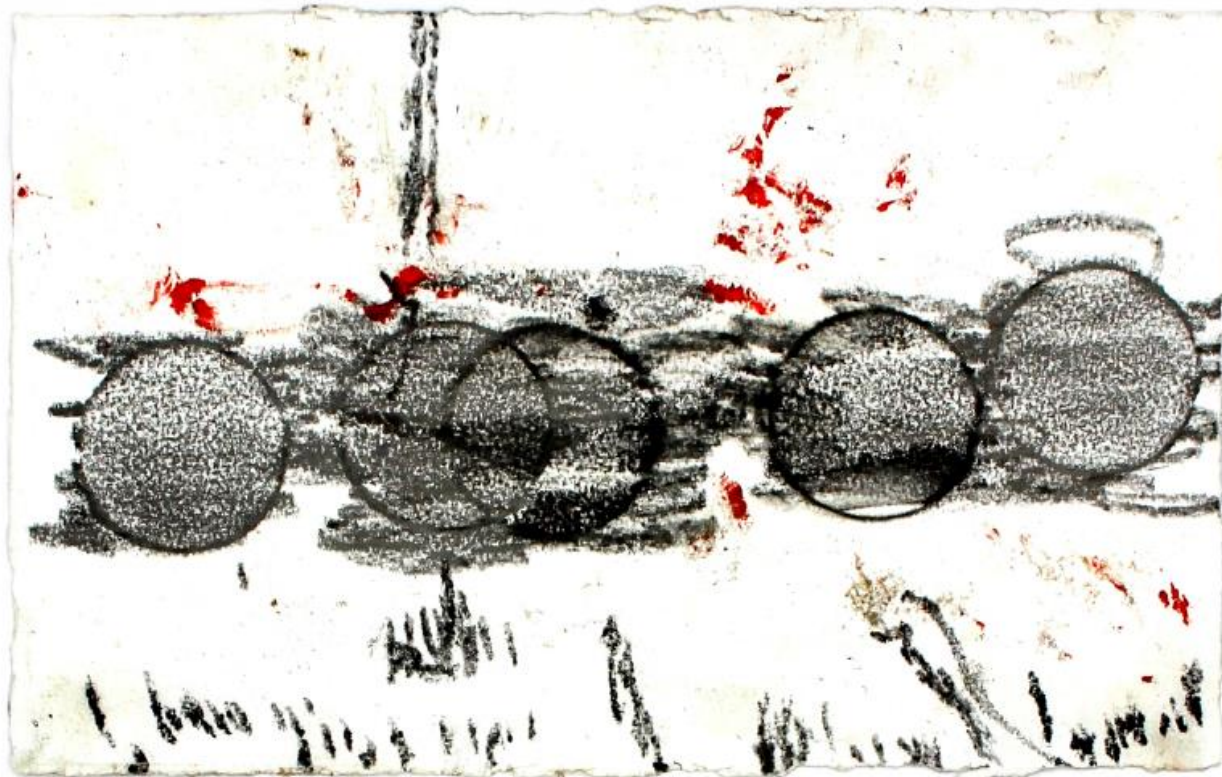
Pushing through the methodical and dusty ferns you come into an unkempt fur plantation. Rotted trunks dotted with pale fungi glow in the dim light.



You come upon two humps of sand, a prone man's width apart, wooded with vivid mosses and excavated with insect caves. They float in the gloaming, islands in a dead sea. Further in you stumble upon a sloughed skin, a deflated balloon. Unmoved it floated above us all, its silvery face now fades amongst the scrawby twigs.

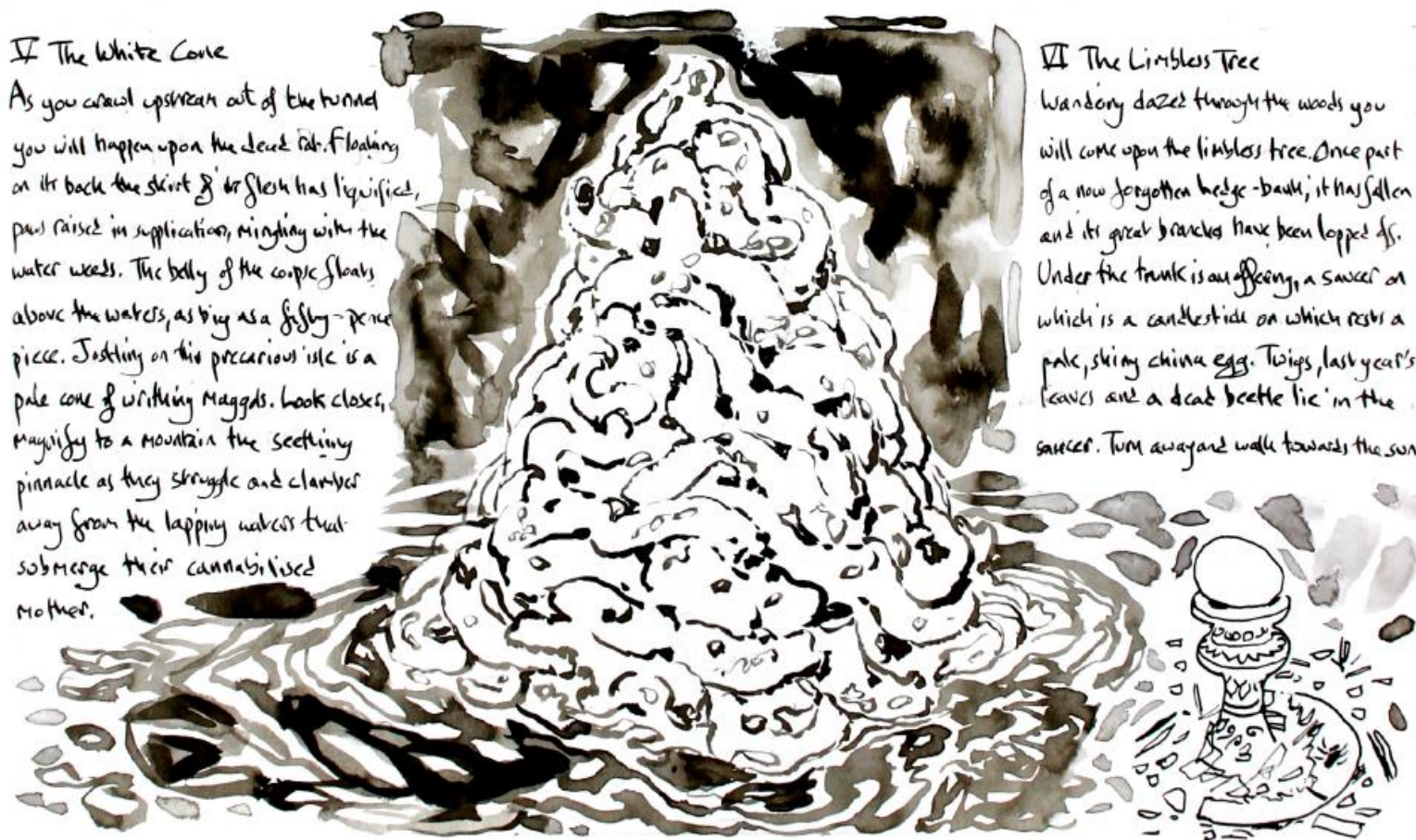


IV The Tunnel There is a bridge, a stream passes under the track. Both are ways of travel, one stone, one water. Ghosts cannot cross the flowing water, trapped in its rounds they are taken to the sea. Step into the stream, bend and crawl into the left-hand tunnel, cool and echoing. Light bounces. Wavertrichter push your knees and hands, the floor is hard and flinty. It is time to record the ghost voices, let the paper float upon the water, the indelible penicil will respond.



#### V The White Cone

As you crawl upstream out of the tunnel you will happen upon the dead rat. Floating on its back the skirt of its flesh has liquified, paw raised in supplication, mingling with the water weeds. The belly of the corpse floats above the water, as big as a fishy-pence piece. Jostling on this precarious isle is a pale cone of writhing maggots. Look closer, magnify to a mountain the seething pinnacle as they struggle and clamber away from the lapping waters that submerge their cannibalised mother.



#### VI The Limbless Tree

Wandering dazed through the woods you will come upon the limbless tree. Once part of a now forgotten hedge-bank, it has fallen and its great branches have been lopped off. Under the trunk is an offering, a saucer on which is a candlestick on which rests a pale, shiny china egg. Twigs, last year's leaves and a dead beetle lie in the saucer. Turn away and walk towards the sun.

# Where Are We To?

*Evie Salmon*

The shelter, to shadow other footsteps in a guided zone

The grove, to protect myself with thorns in a place out of time

The island, to circle the present past in a thread without length

The field, to intercept the signals of calls unanswered

The head, to find safe rooms and the maps of better days

The door, to cross the threshold, but whose house is this?





*Image: Terence Maughan*

