

THE

LEY

HUNTER

THE LEY HUNTER

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A CROSS IN THIS PANEL DENOTES THAT
YOUR SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED WITH
THIS ISSUE.



LEAD-IN

This issue is shorter than usual as it is intended to get it printed and forwarded as quickly as possible so that the April issue will appear on schedule. Due to lack of space a number of features have been held over. Next month's issue will include:

- "Alvediston - Shades of Avalon" by Mollie Carey.
- A review of John Michell's "City of Revelation".
- A bulky letters column - Lundy, Wilton Church, the Post Office, Cley Hill, etc.
- The Long Man of Wilmington column.
- Magazine reviews.

"INFO": This magazine covers the whole gamut of the unknown. It is published by the International Fortean Organization and is well produced, big, thick and packed with Forteana. Articles, snippets of information, cuttings and an overall approach which is serious but refreshingly light. Send s.a.e to Bob Rickard, at 31 Kingswood Road, Moseley, Birmingham 13 9AN, for details.

"ORE": The latest issue is No. 15, but it is in its 17th. year. It specialises in poetry, but also publishes articles and reviews. It proclaims itself as "the magazine which remembers the island of Britain and those who first came to it." There are articles on the Book of Kells and witch trials. In Brian Louis Pearce's poem there is "Is he a poet, thinking/of all who went along/that ley or grassy trackway/when England's race was young? Ithell Colquhoun writes also in a poem of the leys' tingling magnetism. From Ore Publications, 11 High Plash, Cuttys Lane, Stevenage, Herts. Price 18p (inc. postage).

A COUPLE OF LEYS - PLUS

by.....CIRCUMLIBRA

Few ley hunters would think of starting a ley hunt from a traffic island situated in a busy city centre even though it is slightly mound shaped and at the junction of five roads. I have long suspected an Energy Centre in the vicinity although to pin point it would be extremely hazardous under present conditions. Let us forget for the moment the snarling commuters at rush hour and think back a hundred years or more to a time when a little foot bridge crossed the stream which now flows beneath the traffic island.

Older people referred to this spot as "Bottom o' Moor". Today it is officially known as "Moorfoot", the one time moor is now a busy shopping street. It is not easy to visualise the time when the people of the little village of Heeley waited by the footbridge after their visit to Sheffield market until they were numerous enough to brave the perils of The Highfields frequented by footpads. Later when the town had grown somewhat and Methodism became a popular form of worship a large chapel was built substantial enough to last a thousand years,

Then came the present wave of change and Brunswick Chapel became an early victim but strangely a new church to replace it was built on the same ley less than a mile away. Between the two a surprising number of meeting places were built. Strictly the ley appears to run down the centre of Cemetery Road and so they are built to one side, the north side. For a number of years my home was on the south side.

As a ley is probably endless we could have started to consider it further to the north-east, say at Conisborough Castle, made famous by Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe." However, we will turn towards the south-west to first pass the Vestry Hall, then a Baptist church, a meeting hall of one of the newer religions, a Congregational church recently demolished to make way for factory extensions, the chapel of a cemetery now closed as all the plots are filled, an old coaching inn and the new Methodist church. Two miles from our starting point we reach Ecclesall Parish Church, and at six miles we find the site of a stone circle on the moors. Many ley features can only be found by a diligent search.

Next we come to Robin Hood's Well on the Longshaw estate, then by Castle Naze, a much quarried "nose" overlooking Padley, across an old chapel at Grindleford to terminate this section at Eyam Parish Church, with its Saxon Cross and nearby Cucklet Dell where Mompesson preached during the plague, to continue to Taddington Church, reputed to be the highest in England, if we wish. Eyam Church is approximately ten miles from the island and in striking contrast.

We could commence our second ley on a Roman Ridge in South Yorkshire, but will choose The Royal Infirmary as our starting point, then over the house tops or, as leys are supposed to go, through the hill, to St Mark's Church and on to Greystones, which no longer exist but were, I would say, a stone circle as from this spot many leys radiate. We cross our first ley on Stoney Ridge not far from Little John's Well, which is on the ley and less than half a mile from Robin Hood's Well, also on the Longshaw estate. We will jump a few miles across the Derwent Valley to Stoney Middleton

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Church which is rather unique, being almost circular in shape. If we continued we should reach Longstone Church, but will restrict ourselves to Stoney Middleton at about $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

It is interesting to note that our starting points, a little over a mile apart are both on a cross ley. The churches of Eyam and Stoney Middleton are rather less than a mile apart and both on a cross ley. In every instance the ley points mentioned are or have been meeting places. At Moorfoot we first see people congregating for mutual convenience and protection, then for mutual worship and upliftment, but unfortunately today this Holy Ground' has become a dreaded focal point where people meet frustration and if on foot are placed in great danger. Almost everybody curses everybody else. No wonder the World is in turmoil.

Where people meet and emotions are stirred there is a concentration of energy which is obviously transmitted and influences other people. When the various surges take place along the leys this emotional charge is swept up and carried forward to encircle the earth and beyond. Ley plotting is fascinating and very revealing in many ways but yet only an interim exercise; an understanding of ley forces and function is really far more important, but so difficult to measure and comprehend.

When studying the remains of leys we are led to believe that ancient man had far greater knowledge of the things which are to us so intangible - probably many of them had. We think that they knowingly placed certain things in definite places, but then it would appear that modern man also builds and arranges in such a way as to often fit in with these old patterns and we know how chaotic he works.

Perhaps we are not all that important after all and there is an overall plan into which we are all fitted according to our needs and deeds. There are other levels of matter which interpenetrate each other and on which other entities are living and operating. Maybe we are only the stooges, the puppets on a string.

There is no doubt man has sunk very low into dense, physical matter and only knows a small part of where he stands in relation to the scheme of things. Perhaps ancient man, living nearer to nature was more readily able to contact the entities in charge and to co-operate with them in closer harmony. It could be you think I've gone a little off course. Not to worry, but to look and listen within and you may contact those who work unseen for common good, but don't expect curses sown on Holy Ground to sprout blessings.

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ORDER OF BARDS, OVATES & DRUIDS

KINGSWAY HALL MEETING, April 12, 7-15p.m. Dom Robert Petitpierre will speak on Christian exorcism. He is perhaps the best-known exorciser operating within the Church of England and has dealt with many different cases. His theory and experiences will make this a talk which no one interested in such matters can afford to miss. Admission by ticket at the door: 20p.

BELTANE AT GLASTONBERRY.

This May festival will be held on May Eve, Sunday, April 30, upon the Tor at noon, assembling about 12-10 inside the stile at the Pilgrims' Way approach to the Tor. Culminates noon (13-00 hours). Enquiries to Secretary, O.B.O.D., 42 Gledstones Road, London W.14.

GREAT WRYLEY REVISITEDby PAUL SCREETON

A little shed adjoining a house in Great Wryley was laid out as a museum earlier this century. A former miner, William Rigby exhibited fossils and other curios in the hope of encouraging neighbourhood youngsters to share his joy in palaeontology. To make the subject more palatable he provided soft drinks and primitive fruit machine entertainment.

Some discerning visitors were surprised to find not only fossils but carved stones, much to the chagrin of Rigby, who was not inclined to believe the hypothesis, though being puzzled at the process which must have shrunk such beasts to such a tiny size.

Samples of carved stones bearing designs of men, animals and plant forms were brought from him and expert advice sought. Distinguished archaeologists and learned societies were baffled, and nothing came of attempts at verification. The museum was not a success, and in December 1922 closed and most exhibits were sold. At the auction there was only one buyer, though several stones had been sold previously, and the rest were bought shortly before Rigby's death in 1928. At this time at least seven people had what had become known as the Wryley Stones.

Rigby claimed that he found them in oits in the Cannock area of Staffordshire, and in levelled land, formerly a pit mound. No witnesses, it seems, were ever present. Also, had he manufactured them himself, no one ever saw him at work. He found the stones and there would appear to be no contradictory evidence that until experts saw them that he had regarded them as being anything but fossils.

Nothing similar, I believe, has been found in Britain, no further examples have come to light, and during the past 40 years no one has attempted a revival of interest in these mysterious stones.

They are beautifully worked and are all meant to stand up. The designs are intricate and some show evidence of a third eye; as I have discovered on a mark stone with figures in the West Riding.

A book on the subject, written in 1929, is still available. "The Wryley Stones", by Helen Travers Sherlock (Markham House Press, 58 West Street, Brighton, BN1 2RA, 38p, inc. postage) largely concerns itself with descriptions of the stones, the photographs of which are excellent and several were taken by the late Alfred Watkins, the rediscoverer of leys.

Miss Sherlock wrote: "It would appear then that these carvings are of sufficient importance to require, in the public interest, a more thorough investigation if they are genuine, and if they are fakes a more reasoned dismissal. It may take time to establish or disprove their authenticity.... Meanwhile we suggest that these stones show decided affinities with primitive art, and in particular with that of the Stone Age, using the term to mean a stage in culture rather than a period of time: and we believe that after a careful examination that it will be found that none of these lines are meaningless, none fortuitous, none obscure. Whether these stones came from Great Wryley is another question." (The editor would be interested to hear from anyone with anything fresh to add to this, and what has happened to the stones.

HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVES IN ANCIENT AMERICA

by ANTHONY ROBERTS

(Part II)

The Chimus were conquered in their turn, by the last of the great stone empires to rule in South America, the Incas; those 'golden children of the sun', who drawing on the histories and relics of their past, created a new age of gold, as an unconscious final homage to all that had passed before them.

The Inca Empire finally reached its height in 1200 A.D. covering the whole of the western line of South America with its bright array of long, geometrically aligned roads, huge public buildings and geomantically placed temples and pyramids. It was a spiritual and cultural resurgence of the high civilization of the antediluvian world, tempered and indeed flawed by the influences of the harsher times that had seen its inception and shaped its growth. The Incas created a very civilized and well ordered community, that was energetically conducted along the lines of completely communal social patterns. In the fields of agriculture and economy, they were unsurpassed, presided over by a learned priesthood and a genuinely inspired royal family. It was really a theocratic communism with the Inca a religious symbol, hailed as a representative of the universal powers of solar energy. In the temples of the Incas the walls were completely covered in gold, and gigantic golden discs, carved with mystic symbols, were hung upon them. This helped to create an atmosphere of communion with the burning sun that presided over the natural world, outside the precincts of the sacred ground.

The American writer Henry Prescott in his book "The Conquest of Peru" describes the interior of one of the Inca temples, and his words give a powerful hint of the grandeur and mystery of this majestic civilization.

"The most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched that it received the name of Coricancha, or 'the Place of Gold'...The interior of the temple was literally a mine of Gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the Deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold, of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones...The walls and ceilings were everywhere incrustated with golden ornaments; every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal; the cornices were of the same material."

The Incas developed a wonderful and complicated socio-economic system, that functioned efficiently without many of the so-called essentials of civilization, like the wheel, gunpowder and factious politicians. Because it drew so strongly on the examples of the

great cultures of American antiquity, the Inca society achieved a harmony and balance between the conflicting forces of economic and religious application, that made it an enduring monument to the organizational abilities of mankind.

The capital city of Cuzco in Peru was built entirely from the usual immense, meticulously cut stone blocks, that were fitted to a standard of engineering accuracy that could not be equalled today. This was because the Incas like all their predecessors, had access to many secrets preserved from the Atlantean past. They could soften stone by using a carefully prepared alchemical liquid, that when poured over the stone's surface, reduced it to the consistency of soft clay which would later harden after cutting and shaping. They could produce levitational effects by striking specially made golden discs with a wand, which vibrated the discs to the correct sound frequency needed for magical flight. They executed efficient medicine and surgery, widely using the technique of trepanning the skull, and they also used a very complex form of mathematical computation by employing a system of cunningly knotted cords, known as 'Quipu', which we are only just beginning to decipher today. All of these remarkable attributes can be found chronicled in the forgotten corners of Inca folklore and history, though they are often disguised in a language of formal and even formidable complexity.

There was a concern throughout the whole Empire for the well being of every individual, and the peasant farmers were always guaranteed a good proportion of grain, taken when necessary from the communal granaries in every major town.

One of the key aspects of the old Inca civilization was the fantastic system of geometric, interlocking roads that threaded their way the length and breadth of the country. All of these highways were constructed with great artistry and consummate skill. They were built in various materials such as cut stone blocks and pulverised gravel, and wherever possible, they ran in dead straight lines. It is noted in many early histories of the Inca Empire that these roads were laid down upon the ruins of a previous system that had existed immemorially prior to the advent of the Incas themselves. We can now see that these roads were constructed upon the remnants of the sacred astronomical alignments that charted the long paths of the terrestrial leys. Elaborate care was taken to ensure adherence to the straight alignments and the roads were driven across broken mountains and over deep ravines without any deviation from the line of "the old straight track."

In the main Inca towns and ceremonial centres the roads formed a mystical grid-system, based upon metaphysical mathematics, with the main processional routes aligning astronomically upon certain fixed stars. This Solar-Nature worship of the late Peruvian society was another direct inheritance from the distant Atlantean past. It was handed on from priesthood to priesthood through all the interconnecting cultures that reached back to the Elder Days of the Lost Continent and its waning glory.

Therefore, in the Inca Empire, the last great culture in South America that was influenced by the Atlantean heritage, there came together the various strands of magic, solar-religion, cyclopean architecture, legends of white Gods and Sky People, geomancy and communal harmony, that taken as a whole, reflected the lost patterns of the Atlantean world. It was a microcosm of what had once spanned the globe, and its spirit was the vaulting spirit of the mysteries

of the past. The tremendous public buildings and beautifully constructed roads, were rebuilt and put down on the foundations laid by the men and "Gods" who had laboured to shape the world so long before. Inca myth and legend is full of the potent images of these beings and events, and a shadowed spiritual history was contained in its deepest rituals and rites. These rites were themselves remarkably similar to those celebrated in such far-flung countries as England, Egypt, and Mexico. All of these countries were originally colonies of Atlantis, and all of their subsequent societies reflect some of the mystic aspects and haunting grandeur of those early "Giants in the Earth."

(From:- "Giants in the Earth", Volume 1, Part 2. The Colonies of Atlantis.)

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SUNSET AT YARBURY CASTLE HILLFORT

by MOLLIE CAREY

There's a crispness in the air and the sun is getting low,
The sky ablaze with colours that make the landscape glow.
I walk along the ramparts of the old fort on the hill,
The birds have stopped their signing and the air is hushed and
still.

Do I hear a step behind me upon the ancient wall?
The pacing of a sentry as he keeps guard over all?
I walk along the ramparts as they did in ancient days,
And pause to watch the glowing skies caught in the sunset rays.

Do I see shadowy figures below me on the ground?
Inside the fort the chieftain with his people gathered around?
The chariots and warriors arrayed to meet the foe;
The womenfolk are anxious for they know their men must go.
And can I smell the woodsmoke, hear wild drums' throbbing beat?
As I watch the glowing sunset, is that the sound of feet?
The chariots are moving out, behind come marching men,
For this their land is threatened by invaders once "agen".

(The shadows grow long, down in the valleys the pale mists rise,
I stand and gaze in rapture at the splendour of the skies.)
Scouts sought the enemy, were caught and then were cruelly slain,
And could not warn their people in the fort across the plain.
The chieftain and his men went out to join other tribes to fight
The foe, who nearer than was thought, now watched them out of
sight.

Inside the fort the fires burn and children go to sleep,
Around the sturdy ramparts sentries pace and watch do keep.



In the brief notice about TORC magazine last month the address was inadvertently missed. It is Avalon House, The Batch, Ashcott, Bridgwater, Somerset. Copies are 8p., inc. postage. Very good!

(The sun is setting now, pink sky flecked with red and gold,
 I shudder as I walk along it suddenly seems cold.)
 Inside the fort defenders rally, the gates now made fast,
 For they must watch and stay on guard until all danger's past!
 Wives gather with the priests to pray their men will win the fight,
 The chanting and the prayers they will keep on through the night.
 I walk along the ramparts with sorrow in my heart,
 In the story of these people now comes the saddest part.

The dawn came dewy pearly, promise of a golden day,
 But all around the fort only death and ruin lay.
 In the night the enemy had come, and all were slain,
 And when the deed was done they had swept on across the plain.
 (The sun has set and soon the rising moon will light the sky,
 As it did upon another night now so long gone by.
 I leave the ancient ramparts and walk briskly down the track,
 The whole place seems brooding as I take a long look back.)

Is that the sound of chariots from far across the plain?
 Do I hear the sound of warning horns ringing out again?
 The car is moving on now, and the old fort on the hill
 Is left with its ghostly defenders keeping a watch still.
 While the faithful sentry paces round the ancient wall,
 And I am returning homewards as evening shadows fall.
 It was a lovely sunset with magic in the air,
 And the spirit of those people will always linger there.

!!*!*!*!*!*!*!*!*!*!

READERS' FORUM

From John Michell:

IAMBlichus

You will be interested to hear of a direct reference by an ancient author to the esoteric, elemental science behind the ley system. It occurs in the magical treatise by Iamblichus on the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans and Assyrians. In Chapter XI he gives the reasons for certain religious practices which, he says, are partly symbolic, partly therapeutic, while some have "a certain arcane cause, which is more excellent than reason."

His first specific example is the erection of phallic pillars, which he describes as "a certain sign of prolific power, which, through this (erection), is called forth to the generative energy of the world. On which account, also, many phalli are consecrated in the spring, because then the whole world receives from the Gods the power which is productive of all generation."

This is a clear statement by a writer, who professed knowledge of the secret science taught in the Mystery schools, that phallic shaped standing stones were erected for the purpose of attracting cosmic energy to earth. He goes on to say that phallic stones had a secondary purpose and that the obscene words and images used in certain religious ceremonies were intended to make people consciously aware of such things in their own natures and learn to avoid them; also that human passions become violent when suppressed and need occasional moderate indulgence.



Iamblichus lived about the 3rd. century A.D. Of course, by that time the original meaning behind traditional rites had been lost, and the physical science for which the ley system was constituted had long been discontinued or practised unconsciously from custom. However, this quotation from Tom Taylor's translation of Iamblichus shows that a genuine tradition of the original, scientific purpose of standing stones existed in early Christian times in just the form that might be expected.

READING MATTER OF BRITAIN

READING MATTER OF BRITAIN

Garnstone Press will be publishing John Michell's "City of Revelation" on March 27. It bears the sub-title "On the Proportions and Symbolic Numbers of the Cosmic Temple", and presents evidence for the widely-growing view that more than 2,000 years ago man was highly civilized and completely understood the natural laws controlling seasons, behaviour, breeding, etc. This is to say that prehistoric man instinctively understood true mathematics (i.e. numerology), and "cosmic temple" in the sub-title is a reference to buildings with perfect proportions according to canonical law. Cost is £2.90. It will be reviewed in next month's issue.

Garnstone has also commissioned a book of 185 pictures and text from Janet and Colin Bord, called "Mysterious Britain." This will be published at approximately £2.50 in October 1972. They would be pleased to receive any odd/strange observations of places, facts, legends, etc., for consideration or inclusion in their book. They have a deadline to meet so anyone wishing to submit should do so promptly. Notes or pictures to them at 34a Barnsdale Road, London W9 3LL.

Also Garnstone Press is issuing Peter Kolosimo's new book, "The Time Is Earth", also in October of this year, and in the summer, Allen Watkins's "Alfred Watkins of Hereford", in a signed limited edition of 300 copies only at approximately £3.50 per book, which will be very well produced.

"WITCHCRAFT", No. 2: (T.N.T. Publications, 30p).

Review by
Doreen
Valiente.

This periodical is a curious production. Although it describes itself as "The Monthly Chronicle of Horror, Satanism and the Occult", in fact only two issues have come out since its first appearance in autumn of last year.* None of the articles it carries are signed, nor does anyone's name appear as its Editor, in this number at least.

The publishers are given as "TNT Publications", of 344 South Lambeth Road, London, S.W.8. I presume these initials stand for Torture, Nudity and Twaddle, as these are the main ingredients of its contents. In the only advertisements the magazine carries, the same address, 344 South Lambeth Road, appears as that of Gresham Books, who offer a series of "Glamour Movie Films", and books for "Adult Readers".

((* A third issue appeared in the second week of March. The content differs little from Nos. 1 & 2. Crowley, law of the lash, death in voodoo village, encounter with devil, and rape wedding in New Guinea. - P. Screeton))

In the brief descriptions of the "Glamour Movies", I noticed one which shows that the treatment this magazine gives to witchcraft may be also extended to Buddhism! ("Disrobed by a fiery Chinese dragon, Nicole offers herself to Buddha as a sexual sacrifice".)

In spite of its pretensions, and its glossy and expensive format, there is nothing in this magazine about the history of witchcraft that you couldn't find better in any good public library for free. Moreover, it is so out of touch with witchcraft, in the present day, that it writes about the Museum of Witchcraft at Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire, apparently unaware that this museum closed years ago. The proprietor of the Bourton museum, Mr. Cecil H. Williamson, now has a Witchcraft Museum at Boscastle, in Cornwall.

There is some stuff about Mr. Alexander Sanders, the well-known "King of the Witches", including photos of Mr. Sanders doing his cabaret act. There is a nasty and unconvincing story about an alleged initiation into a black magic circle in Essex. There are all the sickeningly detailed descriptions of torture that the publishers can possibly find any excuse for including. And, of course, there are lots of nudes.

If this is the sort of thing you are looking for, then put on your dirty raincoat and creep out and get a copy. If, on the other hand, you really want to learn something about witchcraft, then save your 30p. and put it towards getting, say, "Witchcraft Today", by Gerald Gardner; "The Witch Cult in Western Europe" and "The God of the Witches", both by Margaret Murray; "The White Goddess", by Robert Graves; and "Witchcraft in England" and "A Mirror of Witchcraft", both by Christina Hole. All these, I believe, have appeared in paperback format in recent years; and they will provide a good background of basic knowledge. If you are lucky, you may find a copy of Gerald Gardner's witchcraft novel, "High Magic's Aid", which contains real magical knowledge under the guise of fiction; though this is not yet out as a paperback.

May I also commend a wonderful and beautiful book, now out in paperback form, which will show you the Old Religion, the Wisecraft of our forefathers, in the setting of life in the countryside as it really was, at the deep roots? This is "The Pattern Under the Plough", by George Ewart Evans (Faber Paper Covered Editions, 1971, 85p.).

ERRATIC THOUGHT: On the Feb. 26 "Chronicle" BBC-2 programme, viewers had the opportunity to hear a Mr Kellaway defend an absurd theory about Stonehenge being constructed from glacial erratics. Glyn Daniel, in his criticism, chose the unlikely tactic of quoting that Geoffrey of Monmouth stated categorically that the stones "were brought from the west". Odd that he should quote someone so "unscientific" and, of course, that ancient chronicler was insistent that the stones came from Ireland, not Wales. As for mark stones being erratics dumped during an ice age and never moved, I think this needs a great deal of research as a huge slab of granite near where I live, alien to the district, and regarded as an erratic, shows no signs of glacial scratching and is "active."
