

THE LEY HUNTER

THE LEY HUNTERNUMBER 40FEBRUARY 1973

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IF A CROSS APPEARS
ON THE LINE BELOW
IT WILL INDICATE
THAT YOUR
SUBSCRIPTION HAS
EXPIRED.

* * * * *

MISCELLANY:

The pop group Hawkwind has released a new album, "Doremi Fasol Latido", on which they sing of orgone accumulators and other intriguing matters. The lyrics printed here are quite fascinating:

LORD OF LIGHT

The elements that gather here
Upon this hill shall cast no fear
Of lines that march across the world
For travel which no man has heard

The moon that shines its neams so bright
Of stones that measure the silvery light
Of energy that travels here
It happens on the seventh year

From the realms beyond the sun
Here our lifetime has begun
Perhaps to die
A day shall come we shall be as one

APPEAL

THE LEY HUNTER requires "grassroots" ley articles. Descriptions of leys would be welcome; particularly accounts of walks along such and experiences upon them.

CYRIL DAVSON's books presenting Karl Schappeller's work and its implications:

THE COSMOS IS QUALITATIVE £2

THE PHYSICS OF THE PRIMARY STATE OF MATTER £3

now obtainable, post free, from Elverton Books,
North Moreton House, near Didcot, Berks.

THE LITTLE GREEN MANby CIRCUMLIBRA

Aeons ago when what is now England was being formed a rift was made in the mass of land which became Derby's share. Naturally a river made its course in the bottom of this rather narrow valley. Today this river rises amongst the peat of Featherbed Moss, winds its way through beautiful scenery to the Matlocks, a limestone gorge here, then through well wooded countryside until it meets the built-up areas towards Derby. It is named the River Derwent and so the valley is known as the Derwent Valley. A bridge crosses the river at Whatstandwell and from here a narrow lane climbs the hill to the tiny village of Alderwasley.

The incident which has prompted this story took place one delightful day when the trees and all things growing were at their best, a day when it was grand to be alive. I climbed the steep hill from the bridge, out of sight of the busy main road which traverses the floor of the valley, passed by the few houses which are Alderwasley. Here the lane is less steep and just above the houses it makes a bit of a twist for no apparent reason which has always intrigued me, and so on this occasion I climbed the stile at this point.

I noticed a slight mound on the hillside and went across to investigate. It told me nothing, and being such a delightful day I chose a spot on the grassy bank to relax. Soon I became aware of a presence beside me and turning saw a rather strange looking creature, a dumpy little chap less than four feet from the ground to the tip of his pointed hat, everything the same colour as the grass which grows around. I was neither disturbed nor excited, just curious to know more about him for he was the first of his kind I had met.

I felt there was a reason for his appearance and perhaps he had a message to deliver. He had, and so we carried on a short conversation. Well, we will call it conversing, but more likely it was an exchange of thoughts which were fully understood by each of us. I gathered his work was in breaking down decaying materials into food for plants. We spoke of other things also but what impressed me most was his assertion that he was a man, a human being, when I thought he was an elemental or nature spirit.

In a little while he left and walked across to the mound and disappeared from sight to carry on with or to supervise the endless task of processing. How he does his job I do not know, but I'm sure he appreciates all the good composting material that comes his way. This incident happened several years ago and I'm still trying to fathom all I learned from him or through him, for it could have been some other entity who used him to illustrate a point and get some information across to me.

Did I imagine this encounter -- well if I did I must also have imagined some new to me enlightening and thought-provoking ideas which had never occurred to me before. The most startling thing of all was that he was most insistent that he was a man. If so then the first of his kind must have come with the earliest of the plants or even before. I haven't quite sorted that out yet.

A man, he said, yet here he is manifesting on a different level of matter than we appear to be on and not normally visible to our eyes. Is he a soul in the making to develop later to join us on our own series of incarnations? If so I wonder how he will behave on his first incarnation. Maybe he would be rather backward in the things we all like our children to be brilliant in. I wonder; I cannot

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prove anything, and yet with this experience to go on I cannot deny it and it could explain quite a lot.

Another thought has struck me; now suppose that in our descent from the finer things of life to the more dense physical levels we disintegrate too much of the older material substances and distribute them to the detriment of ourselves and other forms of life what will be the outcome for each of us as individuals. We all have a varying degree of responsibility and it may be that the most callous of our polluters will be condemned for an eternity to tending natural processes, converting compost into foodstuffs.

I may pinpoint the mound on the map, may even find it to be on an etheric centre from which radiate several leys. It would make interesting reading, sketches could help me prove my theories but there are so many other things about leys I cannot prove. One is the little green man and what he told me. Now I have told you and I am open, wide open for criticism and ridicule, but who cares for I know quite a bit more now of things that really matter thanks to meeting the little green man on a very pleasant afternoon.

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NINE MEN'S MORRIS: A GAME WITH AN INNER MEANING?

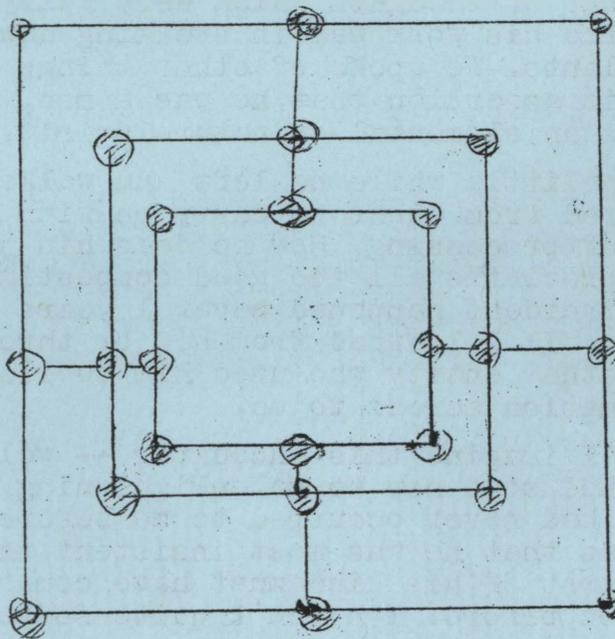
by DOREEN VALIENTE

Recently I bought a Nine Men's Morris board. It was made in Stratford-upon-Avon, and is identical with the game played in Shakespeare's day, and mentioned by him in A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The board has a design upon it like this:

Three concentric squares, with 24 holes, and two sets of nine pegs, one representing "Black" and one "White". The game is played by each side moving its "men" in attempts to form alignments of three, which entitle it to capture a "man" from the other side.

Apart from being an entertaining game of skill, Nine Men's Morris, or Merelles, is one of the oldest games in the world. According to Mr. A. Newman-Mond, of Cheltenham, who has published several booklets about the game, the earliest known example of it occurs upon a roofing slab found in the Temple of Karnak in the Nile Valley. The design had been cut upon the



slab before it was placed in position. (It is not, of course, necessary to have a board with holes; the game can be played by simply drawing the basic Merelles figure, and using counters, or even pebbles, to play with).

Also mentioned by Newman-Mond is the incised slab from Black Eary, in the Isle of Man, now in the Manx Museum. This, too, bears a rough version of the basic figure of the game, certainly very ancient, probably dating back to Viking days. In England, a 13th Century manuscript from Cerne Abbey in Dorset has a picture of the Merelles design.

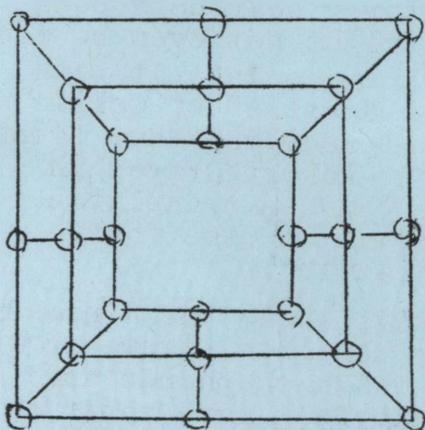
It was in the 15th and 16th Centuries that the Morris Dancers took to playing Merelles with the dancers themselves for pieces, and the Merelles figure cut upon the turf, the size of a dancing floor. This is the version that Shakespeare refers to, along with the Maze Dance:

"The Nine Men's Morris is filled up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are indistinguishable."

Apart from its entertainment value, there are certain intrinsic features of this old game which lead me to suspect that it has an inner meaning, which perhaps accounts for its survival through so many centuries. The figure itself is based upon the magical number 3, so beloved of the Celtic Bards, who cast their esoteric lore in triads, and claimed descent from the ancient Druids. Can we see, in the three concentric squares, the equivalent of the Bardic "Three Worlds" of Annwn, Abred and Gwynvyd?

The two opposite sides, referred to by different colours, can symbolise the interplay of forces, positive and negative, Yang and Yin, light and darkness, and so on. The 24 holes or points resemble the 24 hours of the day. The nine "men" are the mystical three times three.

A game of such antiquity has naturally developed a number of variations. One of these permits play, not only upon the lines of the squares, but upon the diagonals also, giving a figure pictured thus by Henry Dudeney in his book Amusements in Mathematics (London, 1917):



This figure immediately recalls the "Eight Ways to the Centre", different versions of which occur in esoteric lore all over the world. It also resembles the Great Pyramid seen from above, as it exists today with a flat area on top instead of the missing apex.

However, perhaps the most significant point for us is that the game essentially consists of forming alignments of three "men". Could it be a kind of commemoration of the leys? We recall how the Tarot cards, also of

unknown antiquity, contain occult knowledge hidden in a game. Is Nine Men's Morris another instance of the same thing?

In Henry Dudeney's book mentioned above (which incidentally also contains much information about mazes), some further history of the game is given:

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"IT was found on an old Romantile discovered during the excavations at Silchester, and cut upon the steps of the Acropolis at Athens... ..It has been discovered cut in the choir stalls of several of our English cathedrals. In the early eighties it was found scratched upon a stone built into a wall (probably about the date 1200), during the restoration of Hargrave church in Northamptonshire. This stone is now in Nothampton Museum. A similar stone has since been found at Sempringham, Lincolnshire. It is to be seen on an ancient

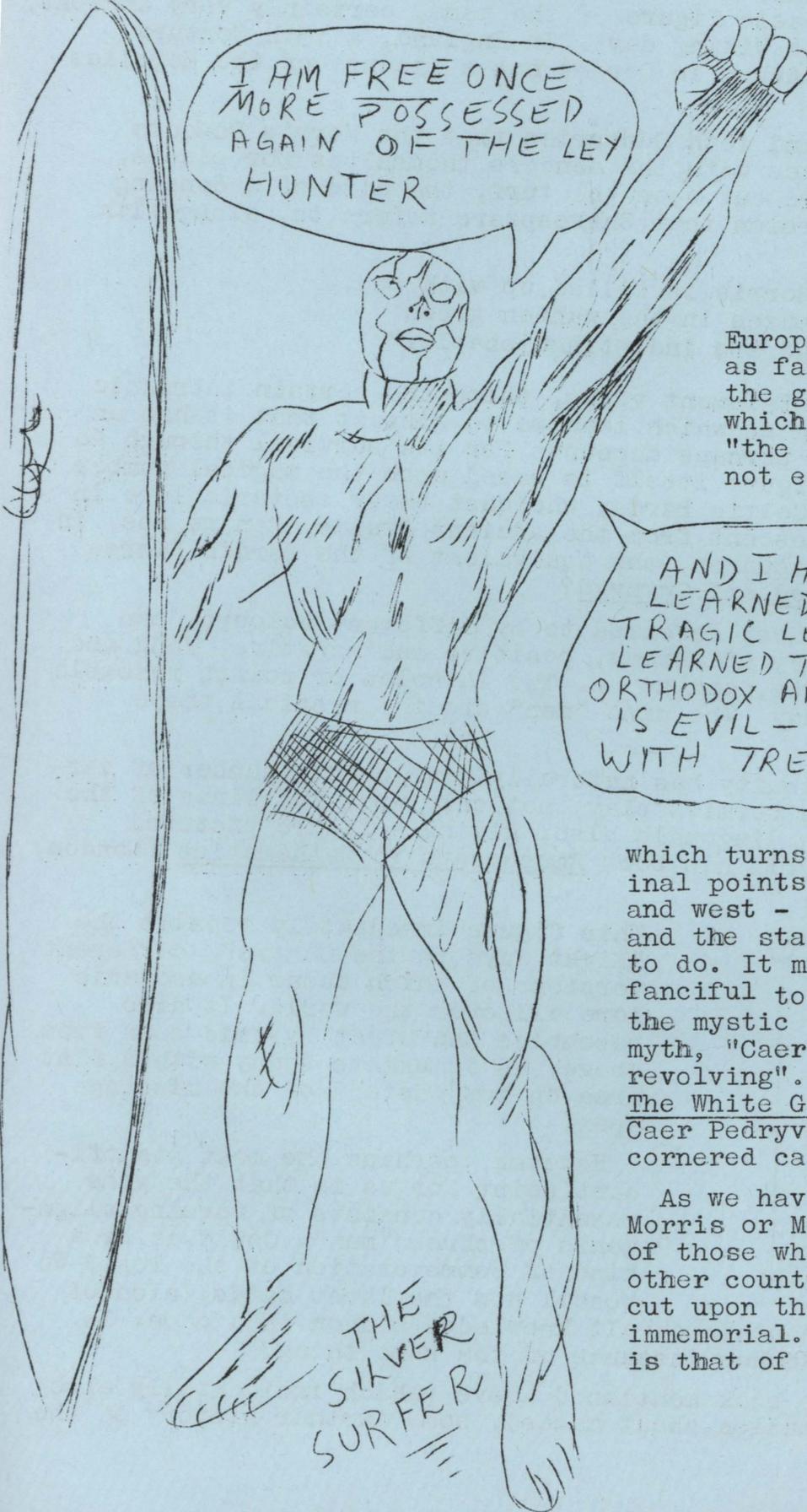
tombstone in the Isle of Man, painted on Dutch tiles. And in 1901 a stone was dug out of a gravel pit near Oswestry bearing an undoubted diagram of the game."

In different European countries, and as far away as Iceland, the game has various names which generally mean "the Mill Game". It is not easy to see why,

unless the basic figure is thought to resemble the sails of a windmill, or something

which turns between the cardinal points, north, south, east and west - like the earth does, and the starry heavens appear to do. It might not even be too fanciful to associate it with the mystic "castle" of Celtic myth, "Caer Pedryvan four times revolving". Robert Graves in The White Goddess translates Caer Pedryvan as "the four-cornered castle".

As we have seen, the Nine Men's Morris or Merelles figure is one of those which shepherds and other countyfolk have habitually cut upon the turf, from time immemorial. The other figure is that of the Troy Town maze,



I AM FREE ONCE
MORE POSSESSED
AGAIN OF THE LEY
HUNTER

AND I HAVE
LEARNED A
TRAGIC LESSON,
LEARNED THAT
ORTHODOX ARCHAEOLOGY
IS EVIL - TAINTED
WITH TREACHERY

THE
SILVER
SURFER



hic has been associated with Caer Sidi, or Spirial Castle. So this may be another instance of the way in which ancient lore of deep meaning has been hidden in simple things.

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WILHELM REICH

by LESLIE MARR

Writing an article on Wilhelm Reich is a formidable task, firstly because the man and his work present such a paradox, almost everything which he did or said constituted a head-on collision with the Establishment, and secondly because of the enormous scope of his work. This embraced Psychology, Medicine, Bacteriology, Physics, Cosmology, Religion, Philosophy, Sexology, Politics, Education, etc., etc., and was always original, different, opposed to existing theories, and containing many claims of entirely new discoveries, sometimes of earth-shaking possibilities. In this age of specialists which tends to produce an increasingly fragmentary view of life, strongly reminiscent of the story of the blind men investigating the elephant, Reich stood out as a man big enough to join all the pieces together into one harmonious system, a man who made the astonishing claim to have discovered the Life Force, and to have found out at least to some extent how to use it.

He wrote some 26 books as well as numerous articles which appeared in various scientific journals. For most of his life he attacked the Establishment, and at the same time trying to persuade it to listen to him. In the end the Establishment, in the form of the Food and Drug Corporation of America, rose up and killed him, and destroyed his books, scientific apparatus, laboratory notes, his life's work.

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The only difference between this and a Middle Ages witch-hunt was that in these so-called enlightened times it was Reich's books which were burnt (in the municipal incinerator), while the man himself was allowed to die in prison. Now 15 years after his death it is very apparent that the Food and Drug Corporation completely failed in its attempt to obliterate Reich. In spite of the injunction his books are reappearing in America, and some have been reprinted in Britain. Other books have appeared written by Reich's associates. Last September a substantial article on Reich appeared in The Observer Supplement, by David Elkind, and reprinted from The New York Times. The magazine Yoga and Health promises an article in the near future. A film about him, W.R. and Secrets of the Organism, ran in London recently for six months. No, Reich is by no means dead, although the present day revival of interest in him seems largely concerned with his political views, which are being eagerly digested by university students, who, for example, pelted the Berlin police with copies of Mass Psychology of Fascism, and painted Reichian symbols on the walls of the Sorbonne. To preach sexual freedom to students is to preach to the converted, and the much more difficult task of persuading doctors and scientists to reinvestigate Reich's scientific work still remains, and may be no easier now than in his lifetime. Although himself a qualified doctor, he tended to rush on from one discovery to the next, sometimes leaving behind only the vaguest explanations, or even explanations which seemed to contain the most elementary mistakes, thus handing plenty of ammunition to his opponents, who in any case greatly outnumbered his supporters. Since he attacked most of the sacred values held by society, this is not surprising. Nor is it surprising that society hit back, often below the belt, usually in the form of newspaper attacks of the most scurrilous kind, culminating in the final attack which destroyed the man but failed to destroy his message.

The writer was actively engaged in repeating some of Reich's scientific experiments some 25 years ago, particularly in connection with the Orgone Accumulator and the famous "Experiment xx" which claims to show that living cells can be produced from sterile substances. It is this aspect of Reich's work which will be discussed in a further article, but first here is a brief history of his life and work. It is not easy to write a true chronological account as so many things were going on at the same time.

Wilhelm Reich was born in 1897 of Austrian-Jewish parents, He served in the Austrian Army as a lieutenant from 1914 to 1918, and then entered medical school where he showed outstanding brilliance, obtaining the M.D. degree in only four years, and with it an appointment as chief assistant at Sigmund Freud's Psychoanalytic Clinic in Vienna. However, he was soon to become dissatisfied with Freud's method of free association, and to develop his own method of psychiatric treatment which he called Character Analysis, in which the attention was focussed on the patient's characteristics and mannerisms. These, he said, constituted the patient's defence behind which the neurosis would be revealed. (Character Analysis is perhaps his one book which has been generally accepted. David Elkind has called it, "An enduring milestone in the history of psychoanalysis ... the book for which he is most widely known.") This method of treatment was subsequently extended to investigating the actual muscular tensions which were part of the patient's defence, or character armour as Reich called it, and it was found that this armour could be more effectively broken down by physically working

on the tensions, as well as making the patient aware of how he spoke, sat, etc., and by breathing exercises. Like Freud, Reich believed that the primary cause of neurosis was sexual frustration, in fact he went further and said that to be capable of having an orgasm was not enough; it must be accompanied by completely involuntary movements of the pelvis. This Reich called Orgasm Reflex. In the case of neurotic patients it was blocked and prevented by muscular tensions, which in turn were the result of fear, repression, faulty upbringing, etc., and if these tensions could be broken down, then the orgasm reflex would spontaneously appear, and further treatment would be unnecessary.

As a Jew and an anti-Fascist (he was Communist too for a time, but became anti-Communist as well), Reich was forced to leave Germany in 1933. He settled in Oslo and continued his work, including new research on protozoa, and culminating in the publication of Die Bione (the Bion) in 1938. This was a most daring work and claimed to demonstrate the production of living organisms from sterile substances, and finally reached fruition with "Experiment xx" in 1945. This experiment is very simple and can be done by anyone with "A" level chemistry, a pressure cooker and a microscope. Some test tubes are filled with water, a little sand, coal, or earth is added, and they are put in the pressure cooker and boiled for half an hour at 110°C. and sealed. After some days a tube is opened and examined under a microscope. It will be found to contain irregular flakes, which Reich called Plasmatic Flakes. These soon break down into tiny particles, which in turn group themselves into what Reich called Bions, which look like single cells with nuclei and boundaries, exhibiting movement, expansion and contraction. A living form without a parent! Abiogenesis rather than Biogenesis. As usual, scientific heresy rather than the generally accepted theory. Naturally Reich's findings were dismissed as being simply the result of air infection. Reich countered by pointing out that Bions were a new and unidentified organism which could not be produced by deliberately allowing air infection to take place. He went on to attack the air germ theory, in fashion since Pasteur, and the sheet anchor of every G.P.. and in doing so gained the applause of some of the more unorthodox schools in medicine, naturopaths in particular.

At this point it is interesting to digress for a moment, and refer to a book called The Beginnings of Life, published in 1872 by Dr Charlton Bastian, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Medicine at University College, London, and Consultant at U.C.H., etc. His findings were in essence the same as Reich's, and anticipated him by 70 years. As his books, of which there were at least four on this subject, were also considered heretical, and probably remained on the shelves of secondhand bookshops gathering dust, it is very doubtful whether Reich ever read them, or he would not, with a clear conscience, have been able to claim Experiment xx as his own original work. It is, however, a characteristic of Reich's later work that he writes very much in the first person with almost no references to anyone else working in a related field (I shall refer to this again later). Dr Bastian did in fact try to confront the great Pasteur with his findings but was thwarted by a mean trick. The committee appointed to investigate Dr Bastian's claims found that it was one member short and declared that it was not a quorum, and therefore unable to give judgment. History seems to show that the Fringe has little chance of landing a blow on the Establishment, unless it can precipitate a revolution.

To return to Reich. In 1939 he moved to America and established a laboratory at Firest Hills, New York, where research continued on an ever-increasing scale, backed up by a team of doctors and qualified assistants. This was known as The Orgone Institute, and included The Orgone Institute Press, which insured that everything which Reich wished to say was printed. In addition to many books, the press published an annual journal, and later a smaller quarterly journal which gave details of work in progress, and contained articles by "co-workers".

It was in 1939 that Reich made his most important discovery of all, Cosmic Orgone Energy, otherwise the Life Force, or Orgone for short. While working on the Bion experiment he made a culture of sand which he had heated to incandescence. This produced a bion which could be seen under the microscope to have a blue radiation. These he called SAPA bions. He found that they would kill cancer cells if placed near them. He himself developed conjunctivitis after looking at them through the microscope. Test tubes containing cultures produced a prickling sensation when held against the back of the hand. In the lab. photographic plates became fogged, and small metal objects became magnetised. In the dark a faint blue glimmer could be seen. In order to try and contain this radiation Reich then made a small metal box inside a larger wooden one, the idea being that the outer layer of wood (organic material) would prevent the radiation from escaping from the inner metal box. Cultures of SAPA bions were placed inside, and Reich saw through a small observation hole the same blue glimmer which had been seen near the cultures in the lab. This was as expected, but he was astonished to find that another similar box, which was empty and being used as a control also contained the blue glimmer. Further experiments convinced Reich that he had found a new form of energy which was present in sand, and could be released by heating the sand to incandescence, and that the same energy was present in the atmosphere, and could be collected in a simple box as previously described, the construction of which he had stumbled on by accident. This box he called an Orgone Accumulator.

Another discovery of great importance is his postulation of the four beat rhythm of life, Tension-Charge-Discharge-Relaxation. This formula can be applied to many aspects of life. It is particularly pertinent in the sexual sphere, and its frustration; that is, tension and charge taking place without discharge and relaxation, could lead, so Reich believe, to certain diseases which he called Biopathies, the principle one being cancer, which he described as a kind of resignation on the part of the body when its natural rhythm was blocked, leading to what was virtually suicide. He experimented with blood from healthy and diseased subjects. He found that healthy blood when boiled broke down into bions, but blood from cancer patients broke down into very small objects which he called "T bacilli" (T=Tod, German for death). Mice injected with T bacilli died rapidly. As he had noticed that SAPA bions killed cancer cells, he first attempted to cure cancer by using tubes containing SAPA bion cultures, but the next logical step was to build an orgone accumulator big enough to accommodate a sitting adult. This was done, and there are a number of people who quite definitely had cancer, and in some cases had been given up as hopeless, who, for whatever reason, whether it be remission, or faith, or orgone energy, emerged from the accumulator cured; emerged, that is, after a daily or twice daily session over a period of weeks or months. It was over the orgone accumulator

that Reich was principally attacked, and all the hundreds or so accumulators belonging to The Orgone Institute (later the Wilhelm Reich Foundation) were ordered to be destroyed.

((To Be continued.))

THE GLASTONBURY DEBATE

---LETTERS---

A number of people have written regarding Tony Roberts's article in issue No. 38. One person supported Tony's view with reservations; another was congratulatory - "I too have had enough of hippies and the alternative society". The two following letters make valid points and it is, I think, worth making space for them. No further space will be given to this matter in this magazine.

GLASTONBURY - A CATALYST

-- Nancy Schinaldi

I am writing about Glastonbury. I have lived here for six years. Recently there has been much criticism about all the people living here. I would like to state my opinion as a resident. Many people have come here wishing to teach and have become pupils; others have come here, their only religion being, Man know thyself, understand the self, for your fault is my fault and all is reflection. It is difficult as we are all human beings, making mistake after mistake, but also in facing and overcoming each hurdle, able to look each other in the eye, because we are all searching for the truth, not only in Glastonbury, but the whole Earth is God's Universe. Glastonbury being I think one of many catalysts. In any big family it is hard, so I see our problem as just that, one big family taking the bad with the good. Yes, even moaning and delving in self pity (naughty Glastonians!). But forgive and forget the old folk ~~say~~. All are welcome to come here because nothing belongs to any sect or group, all opinions are accepted, because in all things there are many dimensions and new points. If anyone can and set us a better example, please come to our home - your home.

GLASTONBURY: A PERSONAL STATEMENT

-- Geoffrey Ashe

I have kept quiet through Tony Roberts's previous diatribes against the New Glastonbury Community, believing that the people on the spot could handle him very well without me. On the whole I would prefer, now, to let his 'case' crumble in silence under the weight of its own idiocy. But his article in The Ley Hunter concerns me personally and forces me, with regret, to speak up.

In the first place, this attack on the Community as a body rather than as individuals is an attack on myself, if an oblique one, because I am responsible for the Community's existing as such. Of course its members were living at Glastonbury before I met them, and were most commendably busy there. But the actual name and the informal corporate identity were adopted in response to a suggestion of mine, given at an open meeting during Easter 1972. Since then I have been in continuing contact with my good friend Patrick Behham and others who are running the centre and producing Torc

magazine. I have done whatever was in my power to give them tact-ful publicity, not only in England but on a lecture tour in America.

In the second place, Tony Roberts's article cites my book King Arthur's Avalon to press an outrageous charge that the Community is somehow renewing the crime of Henry VIII. I must condemn this attempt to make me look like an ally against a group which I whole-heartedly support.

As to King Arthur's Avalon, a word may be in order here. It appeared first in 1957, with the aim of drawing attention to Glastonbury and promoting the rebirth of the holy place. I have learnt a great deal since, and would now put many things differently, but I still think the book is much more right than wrong. It is not 'underground' literature, or 'overground', or 'alternative'. I have been delighted to find that it was having influence with readers in that realm, which I belong to myself as (so to speak) a senior citizen, but the book was written long before the realm took shape, and has always had a varied appeal. It is more than a sectarian pamphlet. Indirectly because of it, I became co-founder and secretary of the Camelot Research Committee which excavated Cadbury Castle, and with my archaeological colleagues I brought out another book, The Quest for Arthur's Britain. This too has been gratifyingly used by apostles of a New Age -- for instance, by Janet and Colin Bord in Mysterious Britain -- but this too can hardly be treated as a work of special pleading. I think my endorsement of the New Glastonbury Community may be allowed to reflect a fairly long, fairly full study of the issues, from a fairly wide range of angles.

Tony Roberts has done more than just quote King Arthur's Avalon in this one place. Some months ago he told me that my book started him on his entire present course. Alas! One never knows, does one? His latest farrago of lies and libel (perhaps not in law, certainly in spirit) doesn't rate a direct answer. But I must utterly repudiate his attempt to drag in my name in support of it.

King Arthur's Avalon is to be re-issued in 1973 as a paperback, with a new preface bringing readers up to date on events since it first appeared. This preface emphasizes my constant hope for Glastonbury's rebirth, and ends as follows:

The real re-awakening -- as I believe it to be, though it has not taken the shape I once expected -- started with the discovery of Avalonian magic by junior seekers, so-called hippies or rather post-hippies, who were drifting into the district from the late 1960s onward... In June 1971 a pop-mystical festival called the Glastonbury Fayre drew national publicity. Since then the flow of junior pilgrims has been vigorous. At Easter 1972 about forty, who had settled in and around the enchanted area, formed themselves into a 'New Glastonbury Community'. Their Community has gradually taken root as part of the local scene. It publishes a magazine and maintains a centre in the town, quietly proclaiming a New Age that is to dawn in Glastonbury and spread without limit.

I do not know where this is going, but I do know, at least, that King Arthur's Avalon was not written in vain

That is my considered view of the New Glastonbury Community. That

is what will appear, all being well, in the paperback edition of the very book Tony Roberts draws attention to in his own support, and claims as one of his inspirations.

An author cannot prevent his name being taken in vain. But I would like to express my strong objection to being quoted by this person in his writings and publications. Also (since the possibility has arisen, for reasons which there is no need to go into here) I would like to give public notice of a matter that will be attended to through other channels: that Tony Roberts does not have my permission to reproduce copyright material of mine, either in anything he writes himself, or in anything he may publish by others; and that if he does so, I reserve the right to consult my literary agents and to take such legal action as circumstances may warrant.

JOINT METRICULATION BOARD "O" LEVEL PAPER IN ARCHAEOLOGY

1. Can you explain the rise and fall of the Roman Empire? Answer YES or NO.
2. Prof. N. Lockyer's book "Stonehenge" is primarily about what site?
3. What did men make tools from during the STONE Age?
4. Spell; AVEBURY, ARBOR LOW, ROLLRIGHT STONES.
5. The Brigantes were: sailing ships, an obscure form of lice, a TRIBE, relations of desperate criminals?
6. A fougou is: a Chinese dish, a strange UNDERGROUND PASSAGE, a foul smell?
7. Prof. Charles Thomas is: a rock 'n' roll star, lavatory attendant, ARCHAEOLOGIST, asylum warder, trapeze artist?
8. If your initials were G.D. would you write: ON ONE'S GASTRONOMIC PREFERNCES, DETECTIVE NOVELS, "The Naughtiest Girl in the Remove"?
9. Would you like to wrestle naked in mud with RAQUEL WELCH, JULIE EGE, Jaquetta Hawkes and MARIANNE FAITHFULL? Give three names.
10. Is a dolmen manufactured now as Action Man? Perhaps or NO.

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SERIOUSLY THOUGH the next issue of THE LEY HUNTER will publish:

"A Look At Avebury" by Mollie Carey.

"UFO Phenomena & Aircraft Accidents" by Ian B. Wright.
and much more.

JANE GASKELL hits the nail on the head in her new "Summer Coming" novel: "That was the year Lew was famous for the Cro-Magnon tooth-picks, and more famous because of the Jealous Professors who said he'd got it all wrong. My childhood was bedevilled as by bogeymen -- I used to think if I were bad, a Jealous Professor would get me."

"FACTS THAT ARE NOT FRANKLY FACED HAVE A HABIT OF STABBING US IN THE BACK." -- Sir Harold Bowden.
