

# THE LEY HUNTER

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# QUICKSILVER HERITAGE

Your editor has written a book upon the subjects dealt with in THE LEY HUNTER entitled QUICKSILVER HERITAGE. The book will be published by Thorsons at £4-50 on November 21.

There is no better way of summing it up than to reproduce the blurb on the dust jacket:

A new understanding of the ancient skills and wisdom of prehistoric society has led to an entirely fresh appraisal of our distant forebears, current philosophy, and our vision of tomorrow. In addition to providing a challenging reassessment of the quality of prehistoric life, the author charts a process by which key factors in supporting the Neolithic "golden age" civilization have continue to influence us -- and how we may utilize them in the future.

The basis for this account of "live" archaeology is a network of straight lines -- ages-old trackways and paths of a subtle energy -- across Britain, known as the ley system. These mercurial lines of inspiration are our QUICKSILVER HERITAGE; they grant access to the heart of Albion's enchantment.

Through consideration of leys and megalithic monuments, Paul Screeton -- editor and publisher of THE LEY HUNTER -- presents a balance between an antiquarian's re-evaluation of prehistory, and a conception of a science of spiritual physics whereby mind and body functions were integrated with currents in the earth and powers from the cosmos.

The book constitutes a guide for those who are endeavouring to regain lost knowledge as they strive towards cosmic consciousness. Participation by the reader is encouraged for there are many gaps to be filled in this charismatic study, which embraces leys, prehistoric monuments, terrestrial zodiacs, dragonlore, giantlore, astronomy, astrology, alchemy, spiritual physics, and other phenomena.

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MISCELLANY: A.S. Cromarty, of Lodge Hill, St John's Road, Mortimer, Berks, would like to contact people in the Reading area interested in ley hunting.

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HOW DO YOU FEEL?

by CIRCUMLIBRA

# LEYS

Again my thoughts are brought into focus by the several articles in T.L.H. 56/57. Mollie Carey writes of maps being lacking in many ways for the tracing of leys. Almost every day I pass a point on the ley on which I live where I have decided once stood a stone circle; I have even settled in my own mind its approximate centre but little to shew in material form to confirm this. My main clue is the name of the one time hamlet Greystones and, of course, the fact that I am able to trace several leys from this point.

At this point five ways once converged. Today three of these ways are roads, one a footpath and the other all trace almost obliterated. Beside the path is a wall and until recently two gateposts were to be seen. One gatepost disappeared leaving the other isolated. Now it looks like the one remaining stone of my surmised circle; chipped about somewhat to make into a gatepost but by some strange coincidence, if you like, just where I'd expect it to be. There's nothing to prove my contention but to me it is as valuable as a stepping stone in my studies.

Until our scientists evolve some approved instrument to detect ley energies we shall have to be content to use what means we have at hand and one is the "feel" of them. At certain times this "feel" can be very strong and striking; There's no mistaking it for the one who "feels". To mention one or two of my own experiences. Our one-time parish church has within its walls an etheric centre. On one occasion around noon as I was walking in the vicinity I felt very strongly each ley as I walked through it. At that particular time it was as though the whole ley system was supercharged with energy. Never since have I felt such a pronounced flow of energy when in that part of town.

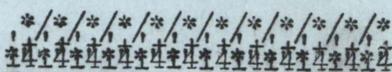
One bright moonlit night in a quiet part of Derbyshire I was passing close by a small, flat area which I have long suspected to be a ley centre. The moon was at full and just touching this spot or so it seemed as I viewed it from a lower level. Here again as I/through a ley I felt the energy very strongly. To be sure I was not mistaken I walked to and fro a number of times noting the exact line on which the energy was flowing.

Walking up a Derbyshire hill on one of those sharp, starry nights I felt a ley as I crossed it. No moon this time but one of the planets shining directly along the ley to a point high above me. And so, for me, I have sufficient evidence from personal experience to encourage me to think that not only the sun with its "Tides of the Day" but the moon and the planets add their quota of energy to our leys.

Close by the Giant's Causeway a path leads around the coast over several ridges which point out to sea. I think these are possible ley lines for as I crossed one in particular I felt a tremendous "pull to earth"; so strong I had almost to crawl across. A similar thing has happened to me in Derbyshire also. Heights do not normally trouble me and once over the line I can walk erect.

To Maes Howe and similar constructions, if that is the right term. Possibly there is a "pull to earth" in such places for some and so those who used them walked stooping or even crawled through the entrance. I am aware that burials have taken place in many of these ancient places but after carefully studying several of the chambered cairns on Orkney and the Shetlands I rather think they may have been used as seed stores. Being on centres of energy and probably carefully tendered plus a bit of ritual at the right time, the seeds would give a far greater yield than if left alone.

Those of us who do feel such things may each interpret our feelings in different ways. It is only because I am aware of leys and the direction in which I would expect any energy to flow that I link the imaginary line of the ley to the "feel" I experience when passing along or across.



by MOLLIE CAREY

I was born in the town of Witney in Oxfordshire, just a stone's throw away from the church of St Mary, and when I was very young I found the carving of an elephant's head with a stone rolled up in its trunk not far from the door of the church that was near the old Rectory. I was too young to think it odd that such a carving should be in the wall of a Norman church, but I do remember that when I showed my friends this carving, I was told not to show this to strangers in the town. Everyone agreed that it was an elephant, but I hear that the present Rector believes with some others that it is an owl-like bird.

I suppose that it would be less of a puzzle if it was a bird that some stonemason put there as his builder's mark, but then surely there would be many more of them on other churches, and it would be known for what it is, for the masons built more than one church surely?

But an elephant is not out of place in my line of research, for to me it could have been an attempt to show anyone who understood the sign that this church was built where there had been a circle or alignment of stones that had the elephant carved in the megalithic manner on them, as at Avebury and Stonehenge. The elephant and lion and other animals were a sort of totem sign.

Throughout my childhood and right up until the war stopped it, I used to go camping for weekends and holidays to a place called Newbridge, near Oxford, and it was just a mediaeval bridge with a pub on each side of the river, and a favourite resort for Oxford undergraduates and people generally, and there was always quite a few campers by the river. These were happy days, for I spent hours playing with children from a nearby farm, wandering along the river and meadows, bathing and drifting along the river in a boat, and the years passed by in blissful content.

As I grew older I cycled for miles, and often I would stay at Newbridge until Monday morning, get up very early, have a quick swim and then cycle home seven miles in time to go to work. Sometimes I would choose a longer way home and go by Stanton Harcourt, and it was along this way that I would feel compelled to linger by a gate or just to stop my bike and gaze across the fields, and the sun shining, birds singing and a faint mist drifting across the meadows would affect me in a strange way, for I seemed to be among a shadowy people who were all around me though I couldn't see them and I felt that I belonged with them and that somehow we had become separated. Blurred pictures would stir in my mind, but nothing clear, and a glance at my watch would bring me back to the present and the need to press on home.

There was another patch of road that used to affect me like this only not so strongly, and this was on the normal way home. But it was only in the early morning and in certain conditions of weather in both places.

We moved from our house near the church while I was still a child, and it was not far to the chalk downs from our new house, for the Cotswolds started their sweep within walking distance. I had always had relatives who were fond of walking to take me around with them, and so it was that I learned to love to roam with my dog all along by the river, and along the old tracks that swept for miles over the countryside, and it was the chalklands that attracted me most strongly, and all my happiest hours were spent either there or camping at Newbridge or staying with friends somewhere among the hills and downs.

Sometimes there would be fetes, fairs or a carnival in some village or town, and then there would be music, and whenever there was pipe music played by some Scots band, the wild skirl of the pipes would stir something in my heart, and if there were hills nearby I would be seized with an urge to go to the top of the nearest to look for "them" although I hadn't a clue who "they" were, but they could be found somewhere on the hills. Other instruments would affect me like this, but it had to be outdoor with the sun shining. A solitary piper would have my feet actually running. I could never understand this, and more that once

while I was walking my dog near a village where there was a fete and the pipes were playing, I would run like mad along the road or track, and only stopped when I was exhausted.

Then there was a certain field above our house which was built on a slope where I would go to watch the sunset, and then my sights would automatically set on a certain range of low hills, and my heart would long to be "in a place beyond those hills", and I knew that someday I would go there and I could hear bagpipes playing in the distance, not like the Scots pipes, but like the ripple of little bells, and the music would tear at my heartstrings.

Now, many years later, I know that it was Avebury that was beyond those hills, and I have heard the bagpipes playing like the ripple of little bells both there and at Stonehenge. Walking around among the stones I somehow felt closer to those ghostly people who haunted the early morning mists at Stanton Harcourt, and a great peace fills my heart. For the pipes I heard here are echoes of a time long ago. The Scots pipes just stir up ghostly music of the past.

I have found out about the "Blue Sky God" of Cley Hill, the place that was once surrounded by wet marshy ground at Warminster, and there are places in this town that affect me strangely, and when the Irish Rangers came marching out of the church of St Denys at the ceremony of the twinning with a French town last summer, as they played the pipes and drums I wanted to run to the top of Cley Hill, blurred pictures in my mind showed a time long ago when there were Frenchmen at another ceremony here on this spot, and somehow the Irish Rangers seemed just right, because pipers from an island in Ireland had been at the other ceremony. There were doves and there was PEACE. The church seemed to vanish and the old yew tree seemed to grow even larger, something flashed in front of my eyes and I realized that Ken Rogers and the procession was almost out of sight. I found myself wondering if the "Blue Sky God" was one of "them" I used to have an urge to seek on the hills. Warminster was once a place where people came to seek the WISDOM; there was a "Place of Learning" here and I feel this strongly. From Cley Hill there is a link with Glastonbury which was also a centre of learning, and Glastonbury was an island. There was something either taken away from here or destroyed, and this prevented the monks of Glastonbury from carrying on the true tradition; only the old paths leading to it could alert the senses, and the Holy Grail is a lot of things tangled up into one tradition. Joseph was only one of many who had tried to bring the truth to those who could understand. There were times when the people had the Grail where they could touch it, but it always disappeared because they disobeyed the laws that kept it safe. I think that the ARK OF THE LORD was a Holy Grail, or served the same purpose. But this has got so tangled up that it is difficult to get hold of a firm thread.

Last summer I was looking at some maps trying to link up old sites and seeking to find an old centre long lost when I happened upon one that had my old home town on it and, of course, I started to look at the places I knew. Funnily enough this was the first time I had ever looked at this map, and to my surprise I saw that the farm where I used to play near Newbridge was called Stonehenge Farm, and I had not known that before. Now I wondered why a farm so far from the real Stonehenge had that name! It seemed really queer in the light of all that had happened to me at the real Stonehenge. I saw in an archaeological magazine that there was a rescue excavation going on to find out about a henge that was going to disappear under a gravel pit at Stanton Harcourt, and I had not known about that. Was this the source of the name? It seems too far away for the henge to have been on the land of this farm. Had there been another down by the river nearer to this farm? It is my great regret now that I knew nothing of these old sites while I had the chance to learn more by being there. But I had only developed an interest in archaeology since I had come to live in Wiltshire. Looking at the maps of the area around Witney and Oxford I saw to my amazement that there were many ancient settlements, and then I remembered the elephant's head on the church at Witney!

Stanton Harcourt henge was a major site known as the Devil's Quoits and was in a medium to large category. Before the war it consisted of three standing stones

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remaining, and these were buried during the war so that aircraft shouldn't hit them, as an airstrip was built across the henge. But the strange thing was that it is in the area that affected me so when I went there in the early morning! I had no idea that there were these settlements there. Blow me if there wasn't another settlement on the other patch of road that had affected me.

The next logical step seemed to be to find out what I could about the name Witney, and this really shook me...oh,yes...WITMA'S ISLAND. As I read that I seemed to hear a voice echo. "No! Wicca's island. The isle of the Wise". Could this be true? Had the name

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The Editor of THE LEY HUNTER  
would welcome grass roots  
articles on leys walked  
describing all mark points  
and special features. This is  
a magazine primarily of ley  
hunting, but too few articles  
on this vital aspect are being  
submitted. So.....  
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been corrupted from "Wicca"? I seem to recall legends told by word of mouth when I was a child of.... There once lived a people not far from here who were very fair but not of Saxon stock as they were here long before they came...and THEY WERE VERY WISE." there were sort of fairy stories told about them but I cannot remember any of them. Was there something in these old folk tales, and is Witney one of the wisdom centres I was looking for? Glastonbury, Warminster, Witney, all

surrounded in the ancient past by water. To the S-E of Witney at Dorchesterm Sutton Courtney and Crowmarsh there were henges and those long strange strips known as cursus, and I don't know anything of the archaeology of this area so there are probably more sites. There should be a ley centre somewhere here, and the feeling I have is that there was a strong link with Avebury and Uffington, also the Roalright Stones. There are some lost circles north of Oxford I think. I have written this down in the hope that someone else may have heard of the ISLE OF THE WISE, or of the FAIR RACE, or may have some more clues to confirm some of this. If I am on the right track then there will be some confirmation, somebody else will have found something. Witney was not the centre I was looking for, for that one was north east of Buckingham somewhere near Lillestone, but often I find one thing leads to another. However, there must be leys passing over this area and there should be a ley centre somewhere near.

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FEATURE REAPPRAISING  
BOOKS WHICH REAPPEAR  
AS PAPERBACKS OR WHICH  
SEEM TO DESERVE A NEW  
PERSPECTIVE OF CRITICISM

As a start ERIC RATCLIFFE  
re-examines "THE DRUIDS"  
by Stuart Piggott (Penguin Books) 193pp, at 55p.

This account is now six years old in the hardback form, but needs further comment now that it has reached a "popular" edition. It is a pity that a man of Piggott's stature has thought to assemble this book; it asserts antipathy to Druidism and treats as plain fancy anything which is not plain fact as exhibited by the archaeological viewpoint. This is so pronounced that it almost appears that the book was written primarily to remove considered fallacies and with no positive motive other than this.

As one reads through, it is sufficient to quote one aspect, that of modern Druidism, to see the constant harping on its weakest points -- lack of continuity, divergences of groups, ceremonial practice in places not connected with the old Druids, &c. Here is no respect for the symbol, the inspired vision, deviation from modern commercial and old scientific thought, and by these negatives the attitude would be plain Victorian to the youth of today. Piggott carries his archaeological straitjacket with its corpus of agreed knowledge and method into the foreign field of semi-philosophy and semi-religion in a disastrous oil-and-

water emulsion account. Where he keeps to his own sphere of expertise he is interestingly and credible but he goes well beyond the bounds of justified interference by imputing falsehood, sheer foolishness, &c to those who practice Druidism today.

Perhaps his attitude may be summed up on p158 "religion is a social artefact, just as are language and literature, houses and pots, domesticated animals or the working of metals. It is brought into being within a society to fulfill certain psychological needs." Here is the archaeologist and pragmatist speaking in a pre-Heisenberg sense that the Universe is perfectly described by science without limitation; here is the amateur psychologist, the man of matter, leaning towards the Freudian and away from the Jungian, undismayed by the uncircumscribable collective unconscious or acausalistic phenomena, undismayed by the fact that we know that the world is an agglomeration of energy of unknown limitation, where 1g of matter doesn't represent 1000 baby ping-pong atom-balls, but  $8.98 \times 10^{20}$  ergs of energy, and that the ultimate truth of the elementary particle and the energy-bound Universe is still a long way from realisation. It is on this platform in 1974 that we hear the words of a professional archaeologist tell us that "religion is a social artefact" as if we had just finished reading "The Golden Bough" published decades ago.

Indeed this is a strange and wild book by a scholar whose head appears buried in the sand of 19th Century physics as he takes umbrage upon umbrage concerning Druids' dress, ceremony, Stonehenge hooliganism, "odd robed figures", and everything he calls "the romantic image". The diatribe goes on through almost half the book; it is even skillfully disposed amid long captions to figures in such phrases as "...in keeping with its ripe history of Druidic eccentricity.."/"The Welsh Druids, corporate in the Eisteddfod or crazily individual"/"druids, bards, seers and the rest..."/"..This group does not sing hymns to an harmonium accompaniment."

It is clear, however, that Stuart Piggott is sincere in his maniacal pressure to explode anything of the present day connected with Druidism. He does not feel impelled to find any TNT against modern Christians, Buddhists, politicians, the Monarchy, monks, nuns, in passing - the ethos connected with any group which is grooved in the mind as "orthodox and accepted" would of course not excite comment even from an anti-romanticist - the cloth worn and the mode of "ceremonial" of such excites no raised eyebrows!

Modern Druids in spite of Prof. Piggott's attempt to brand them all as psychological misfits include doctors, writers, painters, civil servants &c who are following a mode of development, ceremony, and inner teachings which suit them; they are peaceful and not turbulent; in view of the progress of science into the previous transcendental fields - investigations of ESP, the human aura, the high-frequency Kirlian work in Russia showing extra-physical form, proven kinetic effects by invisible force, proven telepathy, combined with anti-matter proposals by theoretical physicists, it may be that the Druids are on the right side of the fence after all, on terms with ultimate reality while Piggott gaily explodes the "myth" not knowing that HE might after all be the fit subject for the glowing match.

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#### READERS' FORUM

K. J. Kell, of Northants, writes:

"I have haphazardly considered the type of phenomena dealt with by your publication for some time, but I am afraid that I have yet to understand fully what you are getting at. I consider my mind to be an open one (though this is perhaps a dangerous thing to claim), but there seems to be something that I have missed.

I am a native of Knighton in Central Wales, and still spend quite a lot of time there when I am able to do so. This is an area which is still comparatively untouched by the worst excesses of man's assaults on the environment and which is graced by many unusual archaeological features, but try as I will I cannot find

any trace of a system of leys. There is no shortage of standing stones; there are the famous Four Stones at Kinnerton, and a circle of stones on a hill by Newcastle-upon-Clun. All the churches which include a part of Radnor Forest - a desolate area of moorland in the centre of Radnorshire - are dedicated to St Michael, as was the original church in Knighton itself, though the Victorian structure now standing is dedicated to St Edward the Confessor. Also dedicated to St Michael is the Parish Church of Stowe, surrounded by hills and set off the Teme Valley below Knighton. By the ancient church of St Mary at Pilleth is a sacred well, the remains of which may still be seen, which was a place of pilgrimage in Mediaeval times. Tumuli are consistent features of the landscape, though some have been planted over by the Forestry Commission, which makes observation from them rather difficult. (I did not say the area was entirely untouched by the worst excesses of man's assault on the environment.) With all this it should be easy, but I cannot find evidence for a single ley which will stand up to my own critical judgment; that is one which will connect more than three possible sites on a 2½" map. Would any of your readers who know the area be able to offer me advice?

Last year I read "The View Over Atlantis", but could not comprehend much of what was written. I just cannot see why it is not possible to accept Stonehenge as a Bronze Age religious monument. Why must there be a search for the practical significance of the thing, as if religious expression is something that is impractical. If the author of the book has difficulty in imagining the people who built it as so crazed with religion as to build such an apparently "irrational" structure, he would do well to consider the example of the Ancient Romans, surely a practical and down to earth people if ever there was one. At certain times the 12 Salii, or jumping priests of Mars Gradivus, would cavort through the streets singing hymns in an archaic form of Latin and brandishing ancient shields, one of which, according to Lug at any rate, was supposed to have dropped from Heaven. At other times naked youths ran through the streets striking out at girls with whips made from wolf slain in order to increase their fertility. Even the ancient Greeks, much vaunted for their "liberalism" and "humanism", would consult the Oracle at Delphi before engaging in any important undertaking. These things only seem strange to an enlightened culture -- in 1,000 years' time much of what we do now will appear equally as crazy. The same is true of the pyramids: I am reasonably satisfied these are the tombs of some of the earlier Egyptian kings. If it seems absurd to us to have wasted so much of the country's resources on constructing palaces for the dead, surely it is because Ancient Egyptians saw things very differently from the way we do. What will the archaeologist of 4,000 AD think when he unearths St Pancras station, the Olympic Stadium at Munich, or the Statue of Liberty? Besides, my brother was sufficiently heretical to suggest that the "bluestone" from which the monoliths are formed was dumped on Salisbury Plain by retreating glaciers -- Qui sait?

With regard to UFOs and related phenomena, I believe that there is some real explaining which needs to be done. My somewhat jaded appetite has recently been stimulated by reading a most extraordinary book about the appearance of the Angel in 1916 and the BVM in 1917 at Fatima. What really surprised me was that Pius XII apparently claimed that he saw the sun behave in a similar manner from the Vatican garden shortly before his Definition in early November 1950 of the Assumption of the Virgin into Heaven. Von Daniken, le Poer Trench, et al seem to want to demythologise these and similar happenings and get at what really happened, which according to their dogmas is that we were visited, and still are being visited by an alien intelligence. Perhaps more attention should be given on the impact on human thought of these phenomena -- indeed the phenomena themselves may only be secondary to changes in the collective human unconscious. It may well be that there is a connection between this and the system of leys, but I am not yet convinced.

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# CUSTOMS

JOHN  
RADFORD  
looks  
at

THE  
ABBOT'S  
BROMLEY  
SWORD  
DANCERS

Abbot's Bromley is a large village or small town near Rugely in Staffordshire. On the first Monday after the first Sunday after the 4th September each year it is the scene of the famous Horn Dance. When I saw it in 1973, the event seemed to attract little interest. A few people stood about in the streets to watch. Traffic did not stop -- the main street is a fairly busy high road. Nor were the pubs full of folk revivalists as happened elsewhere. Perhaps interest grows during the day -- I was there about midday. However, the dance is unique, as far as I know, and is one of our very few still remaining traditional events with, it seems, an unbroken link with the past. The dance is a processional one, lasting all day and covering 20 miles or so around and about the town and outlying farms. The dance itself is a slow but rhythmical one involving a sort of figure-of-eight movement, the dancers beginning in single file, then weaving around, facing, crossing, changing, finally coming out into line again and so on to the next balt.

There are six dancers, dressed in pseudo-mediaeval costumes. These were actually designed late in the 19th Century by the daughters of the then vicar, who felt they would improve the performance. Previously, the dancers had worn no special costumes. What is unique about the dancers is that each carries an impressive set of horns, weighing between 16 and 25lb (which is partly why the dance is a slow one). The horns are fixed upon a pole and the dancer holds this in front of him, partly balancing the horns on his shoulders. Three red and three white. The horns are those of reindeer. What this means one cannot tell. It is almost incredible that there could be a persistent memory of an animal so long extinct in England -- and quite incredible that the horns themselves could date back that far. On the other hand if they were imported, someone must have had a reason for that at some period, when perhaps really ancient horns needed replacing, some travellers recognised the sort that were required and where to get them. Replicas of these horns are to be seen in Cecil Sharp House in London, headquarters of the English Folk Dance and Song Society. When these were made in 1928, it proved very difficult to get suitable horns. There is certainly a mystery here.

Published accounts of the dance state that four other characters are involved: a fool, a hobby horse, a Maid Marian (i.e. a man-woman), and a bowman; and two musicians, playing generally accordion and triangle. When I saw the event the hobby horse seemed to be missing, I hope not permanently. These are familiar characters from the pagan seasonal ritual. Here they have little to do and they may have become entangled in a dance which was originally a hunting ceremony. The event itself, or parts of it, may have slipped around the calendar, coming to rest on Wakes Monday, formerly part of a seasonal fair known as Barthelmy Fair. The earliest written account (1686), says that the dance was performed at Christmas, New Year's Day, and Twelfth Day. According to A.L. Lloyd (Folk Songs in England), when the dancers were being provided with their 19th. Century olde-worlde costumes, the vicar took the opportunity to curtail the phallic and fertility-enhancing nature of the ritual. This seems highly plausible, but I do not know his authority for asserting it.

This is an excellent example (like the Hare Pie ceremony at Hallaton and others) of the early Christian church taking over what it could not suppress. Through the year the horns and other gear are kept in the church: dedicated appropriately to St Nicholas, for who could be a more appropriate guardian of the horns than Old Nick himself? The name Bromley probably means something like "the grove where broom grows". Broom, of course, is well known as a magic plant, being used both by and, contrariwise, against witches. "Leah", from which "ley" comes, was often used for places of pagan worship, according to Ekwall (Oxford Dictionary of Place Names).

"Abbot's" speaks for itself. Money collected during the dance goes to the upkeep of the church. An account by William Hackwood (1904) states that until the Dissolution money was given to the abbot for distribution to the poor.

The pamphlet on the dance which is sold locally, and to which I owe some of this information, quotes As You Like It. Shakespeare was not far from being a local man.

Jaques: Which is he that killed the deer?

1st Lord: Sir, it was I.

Jaques: Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror, and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2nd Lord: Yes, Sir.

Jaques: Sing it! 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it makes noise enough.

Song

What shall he have that killeth the deer? His leather skin and horns to wear.  
Then sing him home.

Take no scorn to wear the horn!  
It was a crest ere thou was born:  
Thy father's father wore it  
And thy father bore it.

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. (Act IV, Sc. II)

This is more or less a verse of the Hal-an-Tow song with which May is celebrated at Helston in Cornwall: one more link between the fragments of living archaeology that still survive in these islands. It is hardly possible, surely, to see the horn fancers, even dressed in their quaint costumes, and even competing against modern traffic, without feeling a link with something at least Neolithic in origin; something vital and mysterious; or more fancifully, a door that opens briefly on another world, timeless and universal.

© John Radford

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HOW STRAIGHT IS THE "OLD STRAIGHT TRACK" ?

by PETER MABEY

PROBABILITY

Earlier this year, as part of my Open University course on "New Trends in Geography", I discovered that I had to write an essay showing how some of the new methods described in the course could be used in solving a geographical problem of my choice. These new methods are largely mathematical and statistical, and are frequently used in various aspects of urban and economic geography. If possible, I wanted to tackle something a little different and my mind went back to "The Old Straight Track" that I had read as a teenager, and about which there had been some recent references in the Press. I wondered whether it would be possible to prove or disprove, mathematically and statistically, the existence -- or not -- of the alignments which form the basis of Watkins' theory of ley-lines.

From this point it struck me that it might be possible to harness a computer to the task I had set myself, though I knew -- and know -- little enough about the working and programming of a computer. Fortunately a friend and neighbour, Hugh Burnett, was an expert, and when I consulted him he confirmed that my idea of programming a computer to check the alignments of a number of points "fed into" it, was technically feasible, and even more fortunately for me, he offered to help me with my project.

Briefly, our idea is to program the computer so that we can "feed in" the Ordnance Survey references of a number of points selected from the 1" O.S. map as fulfilling the criteria laid down by Watkins as likely points through which ley-lines might be expected to run, and that the computer will then print out lists of those grid references which align with at least three others.

Technically one of the problems is the amount of "latitude" to build in to the program. Working from the O.S. map it may be difficult to pinpoint a particular site, as many sites extend beyond the 100 metres square area which is the area indicated by a normal O.S. 5-figure grid reference. If too strict an alignment is required some of these points may be rejected; on the other hand if too much latitude is allowed, some alignments may be produced by the computer which will prove to be unacceptable when checked by observation on the ground.

One of the advantages of investigation by this method is that (apart from the original selection of possible points on the map) it is completely objective. If one uses the method described by Watkins using pins in the map, one is liable to be deceived by one's own enthusiasm into seeing points where none in fact exist -- the operation may become subjective instead of objective. With the computer the alignment is calculated completely objectively by purely mathematical criteria. (It is, of course, perfectly possible to make the necessary calculations on paper, but the enormous volume of permutations if a large number of points are involved make a computer a virtual necessity.)

In our project we do not intend to make any comment on the possible significance of ley-lines -- we leave that to the experts of the various disciplines involved. Our aim is simply to prove or disprove the existence of alignments, firstly in the Somerset-Dorset area, and subsequently possibly, in other parts of the country by the use of 8-figure grid references. In addition we hope to produce a program which will determine the inter-visibility of the points, because if Watkins' theory of ley-lines as the signposts and landmarks of a system of trackways is correct, it follows that adjacent points must be inter-visible.

If this proves to be the case in a significant number of examples, we shall feel that we have proved the case, and would hope that this might suggest to archaeologists possible locations for exploratory "digs", where, for example, two or more ley-lines cross. It was at such points as these, according to Watkins' suggestion, that shrines would have grown up, or centres of trade, which may still be awaiting excavation.

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Following the planning of our project, Hugh Burnett, my partner, suggested we might enter it for the Honeywell "Dial-a-Computer" competition, which seeks new uses for time-sharing of a central computer, by means of telephone-linked terminals which can be situated in the users' homes or offices, and which offer all the advantages of a computer in the next room. The winners gain the use of one of the teleprinter-type terminals for a year, with free connection by the Post Office and £1,000-worth of computer time.

To cut a long story short we were fortunate enough to be among the winners, and we now await the delivery of the Honeywell terminal so that we can start to put our project into operation. Hopefully, at some future date, I shall be able to report in "The Ley Hunter" on our results. (Editor: I am sure all readers will look forward to the results with great interest; thanks also to those who sent cuttings with regard to this important project).

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# METROLOGY

## ANCIENT METROLOGY

by R.D.Y. PERRETT

1. This may be an appropriate time at which to bring together a few separate threads of this subject.

2. From his statistical study over many years of the dimensions of the Megalithic circles (circa 1700 B.C.) of Britain, Prof. A. Thom extracted the megalithic yard as a unit of length, this being 2.72 feet. He conjectures (Megalithic Sites in Britain, O.U.P., 1967, p.34) that the Spanish vara, with values ranging from 2.7425 to 2.778 feet in different places, is a descendant of the megalithic yard. Vara apparently means rod.

3. From my habit of using a type of surveyor's wheel to measure distances on moorland etc. when surveying local ancient monuments, I came to realise the relationships set out below, which were published in an article of mine in Vol.2, No.1, of the former The Ley Hunter (Jan. 1966), published by Philip Heselton.

(a) On the back of school exercise books there is (or was) often shown, among the units of length, the span. This represented the distance between thumb tip and little finger tip of the hand with fingers outstretched, and was given nine inches.

(b) If one takes a wheel of radius one span and rolls it round through one revolution along the ground it travels a distance of 4ft.8.55in. This is the rail gauge to within 0.05in. - a measure which had always previously struck me as very odd, not obviously related to any of our usual measures of length. I understand that the rail gauge is ancient, being characteristic of Roman chariot tracks and of certain tracks dated to about 400 B.C. in quarries in Malta.

(c) If one rolls the aforementioned span wheel round seven times, it travels 33 feet, which equals half a chain or 2 rods, poles or perches. Ten chains are a furlong, eight furlongs a mile, and so our usual "English" measures of length could have been built up from the span. On this theory, the curious occurrence of the factor 22 in our measures (e.g. 220 yards in a furlong) results from the numerator of the close approximation  $22/7$ , for the value of  $\pi$  (pi), the ratio of the circumference to the diameter of a circle.

(d) Since the denominator of the approximations to pi is 7, rolling a wheel round seven times takes it a distance which, for all practical purposes, is an integral number (22) times the diameter of the wheel. Thom has concluded that Megalithic Man was evidently at great pains to observe integral dimensions of his unit of length in his constructions. The figure 7 thus could have had a special significance for him, and I suspect that this might have been the origin of the idea that 7 was a "magic number".

(e) If one divides the half-a-chain arrived at by seven revolutions of the "span wheel", by the useful divisor of 12, one gets 2.75 feet. This is within one per cent of Thom's megalithic yard, and could have agreed with it if the 'span' of the megalithic hand was 8.9 inches.

(f) The distances between certain sites (some known to be ancient, some suspected by me to be so) in this locality can be expressed closely as "round numbers" of rail gauges - e.g. 6,000.

4. In The Ley Hunter No. 51 C.S. Hay announced that he had produced a booklet on his ideas about ancient metrology. I have been in touch with him and the following has emerged in our correspondence:

(a) Mr Hay finds many instances of sites separated by 11.12 kilometres, or multiples thereof. 11.12 kilometres is the length of  $1/10$  of a degree on a great circle of the Earth. He links this with early efforts to determine the circumference of the Earth.

(b) There is always bound to be debate as to whether any apparent regularity of this sort has arisen by chance, or by conscious selection of only those cases which happen to "fit the theory".

(c) I hope at some time in the future - unless I find that someone else has already done it - to try to study the statistical characteristics shown by the intervals between pairs of spots when the spots are scattered at random over a given area. This might provide a background against which to judge the probability of the occurrence, by chance, of an apparent high proportion of distances of a particular length between pairs of spots.

(d) Different systems, and different units of length, may have been used at different periods, and these may all be now confusingly incorporated in what we find when we study ancient sites nowadays.

(e) Pending my being able to devote time to item (c), I took a set of 19 sites in Scotland to which Mr Hay drew my attention. I measured the 171 distances between all the (171) possible pairs of spots taken from the 19, classified these in the ranges 0.0 - 0.9 miles, 1.0 - 1.9 miles, and so on, drawing what is known as a histogram. The result certainly did not look like a random distribution, as it had two main peaks and four subsidiary peaks. The main peaks corresponded with -

(i) 10,000 megalithic yards or 6000 rail gauges. (These lengths are admittedly not equal, but since the steps in my histogram were necessarily rather "coarse" - 1 mile - I could not distinguish between 10,000 MY and 6000 RG).

(ii) 25000 megalithic yards, and possibly 15000 RG and 0.2 degrees.

The subsidiary peaks possibly indicated - (iii) 5000 MY ; (iv) 20000 MY ; (v) 40000 MY and 0.3 degrees ; (vi) 50000 MY.

I am inclined to consider that this method of analysis is a good one to try, although it is laborious. If enough people could do a number of these analyses with various groups of sites - without biasing the picture by conscious selection of sites, so far as this is humanly possible, the overall results might be very interesting.

5. In The Ley Hunter No. 53, David Aspinall says that he has discovered an ancient unit of measurement of 24,327 feet, which, he says, "is related to the British value of longitude (i.e. 1/15 of a degree). I do not understand why he says "British", as the number of feet quoted correspond to about  $1/15^\circ$  on any great circle. It is thus the distance at the Equator between lines of longitude of difference  $1/15^\circ$ . On this basis, Aspinall's unit is two-thirds of Hay's.

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#### THE DUAL NATURE OF ENGLISH MEASURING SYSTEMS

by CAPTAIN (C.F.) M.  
STOPANI-THOMSON,  
C.D., P. Eng.

To measure distances between ley markers or to measure the height or circumference of mounds using only modern English feet and inches is to ignore the fact that there is another system of measurement that is in use in England to this very day; proof of this other system is the survival of the ancient weights and measures. The interdependency between the two systems has been lost in the passage of time and this loss has given rise to the wish to discard the whole thing and to start afresh with the Metric System.

The basic measurement of the "ancient" system was the distance of the arc subtended by one minute of latitude being equal to 5000 remen on the surface of the Earth; in turn there are 20 digits in one remen or 100,000 in a minute of arc. This distance will be recognised as the statute mile which is about 6080 feet in England. Somewhere in time the inter-relationship between the remen and the foot was defined by using the length between the intersection points of two circles whose radii are a function of the remen and whose centres are each the other's circumference; this length is called a "viscera", and is shown in Fig. 1. Before being able to understand the complete definition, the family of measurement based on the remen must

be established. This family relationship is shown in Fig 2 where it can be seen that the diagonal of the square of 1 remen is equivalent to 1 Royal cubit; the diagonal of a rectangle of 1 remen and 1 Royal cubit is a Palestinian (Hebrew) cubit; and so on. Completing Fig 1 can now be done by defining the radii as equal to seven megalithic yards which will result in viscera being exactly equal to 16.5 feet in length; this length is known and used to this day as a rod, pole or perch. Working backwards to calculate the length of 1 remen for purposes of refining the English system of weights and measures and using simply geometry, it becomes:-

$$1 \text{ rod} = \frac{7\sqrt{3}}{2} \text{ MY} = \frac{7\sqrt{3}\sqrt{5}}{2} \text{ remen} = 16.5' = 66 \text{ span,} \\ \text{hence } 1 \text{ remen} = 1.2172 \text{ feet.}$$

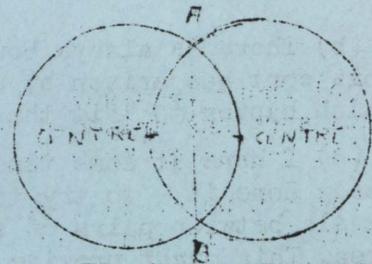


Fig.1. If radii  
= 7 MY,  
viscera AB = 16.5'  
= 1 rod or  
= 1 pole

The English system of weights is based on a cube of side one remen, filled with water adjusted to a temperature of 93°F; there is the possibility of error as this temperature may not be the body temperature of ancient unstressed man, or the modern English foot may not be exactly the same as the old one. This cube weighs exactly 112 pounds or one quintal; the various weights of quintals around the world can be seen to be based upon the latitudes of those countries. This cube can be very easily divided into fours and eights to give "quarters" and "stones", however a little imagination is required to define a stone as 14 pounds. In the linear English measurement system the finger bones of one hand are used to count to 12; in the system of weights and measures, the bones of the thumb are included for a grand total of 14. Is the expression "Get your thumb out" an ancient one? Table 1 shows a summary of weights.

The system of dry and liquid measures are based upon the solidity of a square prism; this is a rectangular block whose square end is 1 remen long and whose length is 1 Royal cubit (RC). Note the ease of checking the merchants' containers in the market place for the diagonal of the base is 1 RC when one side of the base is 1 R. This basic unit is called a strike and is equivalent to two English bushels. Table 2 shows dry weights, while Table 3 shows liquid measurements. It must be remembered that there are 20 digits in a remen and the basic English unit of one gallon becomes 5 digits times 5 digits times a height of 1 Royal cubit. The loss of knowledge of the basic measurements of this system has resulted in the modern definition of the gallon as "The volume of 10 Imperial Standard Pounds of distilled water weighed in air against brass weights at a temperature of 62°F, with the barometer reading 30 inches of mercury." Calculations will show that the errors between Table 3 and the modern equivalent are in the order of 1 per cent.

The odd remaining English measurements of the butt and the hogshead are one cubic megalithic yard and one-half this volume respectively or 126 and 63 gallons respectively of water, density corrected to 93°F. This is also a logical measurement that does not require the complexity of Fig 2 to be drawn up to derive the megalithic yard from the one remen ruler; the distance from one corner of a square of one remen to the midpoint of the opposite side is exactly 1/2 a megalithic yard. It can be seen therefore that all weights and measures can be derived or checked by the use of simple geometry, a measuring rod of one remen long and a piece of string for a compass.

This system has defied the test of time and all are warned that its loss will remove more of the knowledge that has resided in England for so many ages. Think then when two markers on a ley are 2027' apart, the measurement is 1666.66 remen and for meaning, all measurements should be converted; according to Sir Richard Hoare as measured by Edward Crocker, the last distance is the circumference of Silbury Hill! Think also that when the ancient built a mound 131 feet high, he was maybe trying to leave a record to show at a scale of 1 digit to the English mile, that he was defining the diameter of the moon (2160 miles). The possibilities are endless for proof of other systems exists in the survival of the English system of weights and measures.

Table 1. Weights

Name	Weight (lbs)	Volume
Pound	1	1/112 remen <sup>3</sup>
Stone	14	1/8
Quarter	28	1/4
Quintal	112	1 remen <sup>3</sup>
1/4 ton	560	1MY <sup>2</sup> x 1 remen
1/2 ton	1120	1MY <sup>2</sup> x 1(Roman) pace
Ton	2240	1MY <sup>2</sup> x 2(roman) paces

Miscellany 1: An article on East Anglian leys with detailed map of one district is included in LANTERN. By M.W. Burgess "The Search for The Straight Track" appears in the summer 1974 edition. Copies 10p + postage from Borderline Science Investigation Group, 3 Dunwich Way. Lowestoft.

Table 2. Dry weights

Name	Bushels	Strike***
Quartern	1/16	1/32 = (5 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 1/2 RC
Peck	1/4	1/8 = (5 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 2 RC
Bucket	1/2	1/4 = (10 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 1 RC
Bushel	1	1/2 = (10 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 2 RC
Strike***	2	1 = 1 remen <sup>2</sup> x 1 royal cubit
Bag	3	3/2 = 1 Palestinian (Hebrew) Cubit x 1/2 RC
Coomb	4	2 = 1 royal cubit cubed
Seam	8	4 = 1 (Roman) pace <sup>2</sup> x 1 RC
Quarter	8	4 = 1 RC <sup>2</sup> x 2 RC
Chaldron	32	16 = (2 (Roman) paces) <sup>2</sup> x 1 RC
Wey	40	20 = (2 MY) <sup>2</sup> x 1 RC
Last	80	40 = (2 MY) <sup>2</sup> x 2 RC

Table 3. Liquids

Name	Gallons***	Strike
Noggin	1/32	1/512 = (5 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 1/16 RC
Pint	1/8	1/128 = (5 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 1/8 RC
Magnum	1/4	1/64 = (5 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 1/4 RC
Pottle	1/2	1/32 = (5 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 1/2 RC
Gallon***	1	1/16 = (5 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 1 RC
Peck	2	2/16 = (10 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 1/2 RC
Firkin	9	9/16 = (15 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 1 RC
Kilderkin	18	18/16 = (30 digits) <sup>2</sup> x 1/2 RC

Barrel = <sup>36</sup>(30 digits)<sup>2</sup> x 1 RC

Note: Rpots become whole numbers when used for areas!



$\sqrt{1R} = 1 \text{ remen}$	= 1.2172'
$\sqrt{2R} = 1 \text{ royal cubit}$	= 1.7214'
$\sqrt{3R} = 1 \text{ Palestinian cubit}$	= 2.1083'
$\sqrt{4R} = 1 \text{ (Roman) pace}$	= 2.4344'
$\sqrt{5R} = 1 \text{ megalithic yard (MY)}$	= 2.7217'

SITES IN THE ESTON AND GUISBOROUGH AREAby C.S. HAY

If any Cleveland County readers who are interested in ancient sites consult the O.S. 1:10,000 map they are advised to note the following five locations: a, Earthwork at Eston Nab (prehistoric); b, St Helen's Church, Eston (ancient); c, St Ellen's Chapel (site of) Wilton (1528. It was originally St Helen's and was demolished about 1846); d, Court Green Howe (prehistoric); e, Mount Pleasant (prehistoric cairn). Using a as a centre, a circle is described, having b, c, d and e on the circumference. The radius of this circle is found to be 6,600 Roman feet of 12.16 English inches, which is equivalent to 1' 06" or 1.10 British nautical miles.

The writer has come across similar cases, but the name Helen makes this local example of special interest to a student of British mythology.

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UFOs OVER TYNESIDE

The following is a paraphrasing of a news story in The Journal, Newcastle, of Aug. 17 this year.

Apparently American mind-reader and entertainer Kreslin predicted the UFO syndrome would hit Tyneside and they did all were some variation of lights. "Latest sightings came latest on Thursday night when the lights appeared to move from the Tyne Valley out over the North Sea." A Mr Nolan described them as a circle of lights. Prof. A.C. Hardy, of Newcastle University said: "I was out in the yard of my house at Stamfordham just after midnight when I saw the lights travelling across the sky to the north. I have no idea what the lights were, but I have never seen anything like them before." -----

Latest book in the was-God-an-astronaut vein to touch upon ley power is Robin Collyns' "Did Spacemen Colonise Earth?" (Pelham Books, £3). It draws attention to John G. Williams' work in a superficial way. Mostly it's old ground reworked by an Antopodean..... -----

Hands up those who know the meanings of the words "concatentations" and "lucubrations"? William Cooper does and makes this plain in a silly review in The Sunday Times of Carl Sagan's book "The Cosmic Connection". He uses "concatentations" three times in one paragraph and "lucubrations" and "lucubrate" in the next paragraph, before commenting "For example, anyone can see the reports about sighting UFOs are nonsense....."

----- "MAN AND THE STARS" by DUNCAN LUNAN (Souvenir, £3-50)

Ever been interested enough to read a thick book right through and though having enjoyed it feel its substance was lightweight and it really added nothing special to one's understanding? Duncan Lunan writes lucidly on scientific hypotheses, is intellectually fair, and speculatively interesting.

Perhaps by its title and cover the book implies a revelation or concept which is not borne out in the text. But that sells books. The thesis herein is, in fact, drawn around a dubious proposition of radio signals supposedly emanating from a space probe circling the Earth. The signals, received in the 1920s being deciphered as a series of star maps, are included with discussion of probable aims, means and problems of an Earth programme to find other planets suitable for life. Perhaps paradoxically the author is a UFO sceptic -- yet an SF writer.

The ideas in the book are undoubtedly stimulating, especially at a time such as this when we now have the ability to reach for the stars. Though I prefer exploration of inner to outer space, our study is equally linked to both, and this book is a good, solid read.

To bring us right up to date, no serious attempt to make contact with civil-

-izations around other stars is justified, Prof. David Bates, of Queen's University, Belfast, told the British Association meeting at Stirling recently. It was "such a formidable, unpredicable task and the value of the reward for success is so debateable that I doubt if a serious effort would yet be justified," he said. He described as "utterly ill-founded" some of the assumptions on which project Cyclops is based. This is an American proposal - costing an estimated £60m. a year for 25 years - to try to make contact with other civilizations. Mr Lunan would no doubt disagree.

"UNINVITED VISITORS" by Ivan Sanderson (Universal-Tandem, 40p)

This book is an eminent biologist's opinions on UFOs and their possible occupants. He carefully weighs all the possibilities, comes to no dogmatic conclusions, gives the reader a wide spectrum of conjectural answers to the most baffling phenomenon of our time.

Personally the most enigmatic point, and one which he seems to stress in a quietly subjective way, is the origin of gypsies. I have spoken and drunk with gypsies at Yarm Fair and had an erratic contact with one in particular, who broadened my horizons in our sphere in a Don Juan/Carlos Castaneda manner. Sanderson suggests they may be extraterrestrial "permanents" for no one knows their origin or true culture. My contact's interest was terrestrial zodiacs, astrology, herbs and an alternative lifestyle. To believe that such a race has a different origin to ours is hard to accept, but not impossible. One odd fact I can verify is that a roadside site in Scotland I know of was piled high with earth to stop gypsies camping there -- it is directly upon a ley.

The book does not trot out the usual Atlantis/Nazca/Piri Reis Map/etc. regurgitations, but gets down to some solid speculation of a high quality. Definitely a very good UFO book.

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# REVIEWS

"THE BOOK OF DEMONS" by VICTORIA HYATT & JOSEPH W. CHARLES

(Lorimer Publishers, 47 Dean Street, London, £1-50)

Other reviewers have already criticised this paperback as misleading, and both "The Atlantean" and "Quest" have questioned Morgan le Fay's inclusion. It has been regarded with suspicion as regards the whole concept of demonology, but if one accepts the presence of other entities then one should treat the book with care for it seems that the practitioners should not regard it as a source book. Being far from expert in the subject matter, I cannot pass judgment on this aspect, but if this is dubious as regards practitioners' views, then who will buy? It is well illustrated and its format suggests an almost coffee table aim. There's Belphegor looking painfully constipated, but why, oh why, is Abraxas included? Tut, tut.

"THE BOOK OF SPELLS" by DAVID NORRIS & JACQUELINE CHARROTT-LODWIGE (Lorimer, £1-50)

In a similar vein to its compatriot volume above, this book should not be taken as encyclopaedic. It is obvious from the preface that the writers take their craft seriously and I doubt if the reader is meant to take every single instruction as a definitive cure.

It has a leaning towards botanical lore, but is cautious in the realm of hallucinogenic effects, alcoholic stimulation or vegetarianism -- all well covered elsewhere -- which are important aspects.

Not a book for the squeamish. Under remedies for impotence it is suggested that the tryst should be conducted in a bed with a crow's eye or badger's foot under the pillow.....

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"THE SPHINX AND THE MEGALITHS" by JOHN IVIMY (Turnstone, £2-95)

John Ivimy, it can be stated firstly, can be placed in the ranks of speculative antiquaries, but his diffusionist hypothesis -- central to this volume -- lacks, for me at least, plausibility. In a sense, his vision of Egyptian colonists harks back to the early archaeologists' Children of the Sun, now denigrated by the profession.

But this work does not recycle the old theories totally in defiance of current research, for he marries diffusionism with a knowledgable linkage of similarities between Egyptian culture and the latest reappraisal of megalithic constructions.

Colin Renfrew's book "Before Civilization" should be compared with Mr Ivimy's book, for the exhaustive tree-ring dating technique -- which Ivimy alludes to but briefly and unrepentantly -- makes his theory of Egyptians masterminding the stone circles as calendrical computers highly improbable. Ivimy admits this in a couple of lines, but forges on nonetheless.

He has obviously digested the astronomical argument perfectly and his sections on it are masterly and readable.

But where he scores most heavily is in tackling and examining (even if as, I believe, his conclusions are incorrect) the prehistoric paradox of an inspired, technological, cosmological, national geomantic science surviving together with a comparatively primitive living standard. Neolithic life pitifully uncivilized in one aspect, yet its geometrical megalithic monuments stand out as a supreme achievement.

As he says his "is simply a new version of an old idea," but if we object to his basic premise of colonisation it is still "more than ever necessary to look for a way of reconciling the mathematical with the archaeological evidence". As such, this book can be recommended as stressing this paradox.

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"THE CANON" by WILLIAM STIRLING (Garnstone Press in association with RILKO, hardback £6-50; soft £2-50)

This book is not easy to digest and as such may have minority appeal -- which is sad, for as tradition with the best and most knowledgable authors, the reader is required to utilise his faculties to the full to truly appreciate the scope and nuances of the work.

In the narrow concept of ley study and its ramifications, the section on "Geography" is quite definite in its geomantic decisiveness that there is a strict and meaningful plan to the situation of special centres. But, as is generally accepted among students of prehistory, geographical locations are but a small part of the earthy expression of recreating the cosmic plan on Earth. The enigmatic Stirling created here a work which mathematically proved that a canonical scheme standardised the arts and sciences in every sphere.

Not least in this scheme was a spiritual vision, studying the nature of the gods, which is only now receiving a welcome revival and whose eventual total revelation will be traumatic.

The introduction has been written by John Michell, and again we have a book accords Ancient Man with dignity, and it is to be hoped that its original neglect is not repeated in 1974.

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"STANDING STONES and MAESHOWE of STENNESS" by Magnus Spence (Research into Lost Knowledge Organisation)

Orkney is a distant domain of bare, windswept landscapes steeped in associations with the ancient days, and it was here that Megalithic Man built a stone circles which remains one of the most complete and a great mound like an upturned soup plate, known as Maeshowe. With a great expanse of sky the Stenness circle was a favourite haunt of schoolmaster Magnus Spence, who in 1893 first published his essay on astro-archaeology.

