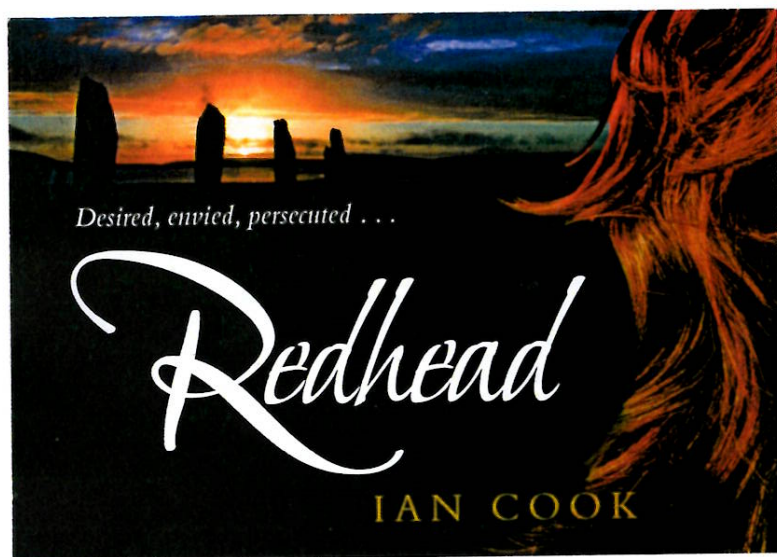
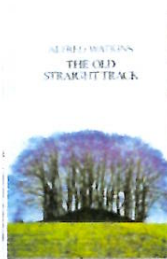




Network members
Lynn Genevieve and
John King enjoyed a
Happy handfasting on
21 January 212.
Lynn is the mother of
Arsenal and England
Footballer Theo Walcott.

Read Liza
Lewelyn's
review on
Pages 20 -21



Learn
about
Network
member
Ian
Cook's
new
novel
on
pages
14 -16

The Newsletter of the Network of **Loyal Hunters**

Issue 3 – Beltaine 2012





The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters Issue 3 – Beltaine (1st May) 2012

Editorial address: Laurence Main, 9 Mawddwy Cottages, Minllyn,
Dinas Mawddwy, Machynlleth SY20 9LW, Wales, United Kingdom
Telephone: 01650-531354

NB: We now have a website (set up by Ian Nicoll):
www.networkofleyhunters.com. This is not interactive. No email!
Snail mail and telephone calls always welcome.

The Network of Ley Hunters is an informal movement for all who are interested in leys and patterns within the landscape. This newsletter is available on annual subscription of £5 (or £10 if from abroad). That brings you four quarterly issues. Bank notes are best! If you must send a cheque or postal order, please make it payable to Laurence Main.

If your subscription is due, an 'X' will follow this sentence. Please subscribe promptly so that we print enough copies of the next issue.

Contributions are welcome for the next issue, to appear at Lughnasadh (1st August) 2012. The deadline for contributions (to L. Main) is 1st June 2012. Please send 16pt typed 'camera ready' copy, single side A4. This is your platform to share information with fellow ley hunters, so do feel welcome to contribute. Telephone calls are welcome (01650-531354) to discuss ideas. We have early deadlines because we are often away (on Pilgrimage). If you are an artist or photographer you can contribute too.

Forthcoming Moots in 2012

June 20 -22 (Wed - Fri) **CARN INGLI** (Pembrokeshire), summer solstice. Please see pages 4 -7 for details.

September 29 - October 6 (Sat - Sat) **ORKNEY**. Please see page 3 for details.



COME TO OUR ORKNEY MOOT

Our Neolithic ancestors recognised Orkney as a special place. Some of our earliest and most exciting monuments are found here. There is a concentration on the narrow isthmus running between the Harray and Stenness lochs in West Mainland. These include the great henge of the Ring of Brodgar with its stone circle dating from around 2500 BC. This is the third largest in Britain (after Avebury and Stanton Drew). To its north lies the Ring of Bookan and to the south are the Stones of Stenness. Then there's Skara Brae, the Ness of Brodgar, Maes Howe, Knowe of Yarso...have I whetted your appetite?

Why not make this trip of a lifetime in the company of fellow ley hunters? To my knowledge, six of us have already booked accommodation with Sylvia Brown, 45-47 Victoria Street, Stromness, Orkney, KW16 3BS, telephone 01856-850661, website www.brownselfcatering.co.uk. We will be there for the seven nights starting from Saturday evening, 29 September to Saturday morning, 6 October. Now is the time to book your accommodation there too.

Then do let me know that you are coming to this Moot. There is no moot fee, but you will be required to pay your share of certain costs, including bus hire, petrol, and insurance. We may hire a self-drive mini-bus on Orkney, or we may book a bus with its own local driver. Volunteer drivers (bringing identity) would be needed for the self-drive mini-bus. We need to know numbers urgently in order to book the bus in good time. Please write to Laurence Main to inform him that you will be coming to this Orkney Moot. Enclose a stamped and legibly self addressed A5 envelope (same size as this Newsletter) for a Fact Sheet. This will include details of how you can get to Orkney.

BOOK REVIEW

Phil Rickman: *The Secrets of Pain*, pub Corvus, 2011, hb, 578pp, £18.99, ISBN 978-1-84887-237-8 (also in pb, 978-1-84887-274-5 and Ebook 978-0-85789-474-8).

Merrily Watkins is back! Phil Rickman is the leading ley-hunting novelist and one of us. All his loyal readers will be delighted by this latest work, while if you are a newcomer to him, get cracking now with the Merrily Watkins series, starting with The Wine of Angels. The Secrets of Pain is the eleventh in an engaging series. I can't wait till the twelfth appears.



CARN INGLI – Peak of Angels

By Laurence Main



Our moot this summer solstice will centre on Carn Ingli, the holy hill in Pembrokeshire that overlooks Newport (Trefdraeth). I have slept and dreamt for over 1000 nights here, have hosted a dozen television crews and have recorded the dreams of hundreds of others, some returning regularly and some coming from thousands of miles away. Standing apart from the Preseli hills at grid reference SN 062372 on Ordnance Survey Explorer OL35 and reaching up to 1138 feet above sea level, Carn Ingli's pyramidal shape can be seen across Cardigan Bay from Ynys Enlli (Bardsey Island).

Much of my time on the mountain (and it is right to claim it as a mountain) is in the dark since I sleep and dream on it. It all started by accident. I'd never been to Carn Ingli before Paul Devereux asked for volunteers to tape record dreams there as part of the Dragon Project associated with The Ley Hunter magazine. So it was on 8 May 1993 I found myself for the first time in a tent with a strange lady in a small grassy circle surrounded by the summit crags. There were no dreams to record that Saturday night, since the said lady couldn't get to sleep on the uncomfortably sloping and bumpy surface. A howling wind during the night heralding an abrupt change in the weather didn't help.

That Saturday's sunny evening had given us the opportunity to stroll westwards across the plateau and look back at the peak, radiant in the shining light of the setting sun. I did say out loud (and the lady agreed with me) that the mountain (looking from the west, slightly north-west) formed the profile of a sleeping goddess with her feet to the north and her hair flowing down to the south, whilst our tent was pitched in the navel of her pregnant belly. The power of the human mind to dismiss what it observes is real, because that is what I did, for nearly one year. The Dragon Project, after all, was a scientific exercise to gain academic credibility. Fanciful notions weren't allowed, and my mind was self-regulating.

Nobody else volunteered to dream with me that year. Many would wistfully refer to the idea but normality would prevail. Behind the curtain, however, the stage was being set for drama. Personally, I was going through a critical time and felt compelled to fast and pray a lot. Things were beyond my control, and I sought help from a higher power. It was in such a mood that my second trip to Carn Ingli happened at a few hours' notice that Samhain, 1 November 1993. It seemed the right place to go and the only thing to do, despite its distance from my home (80 miles) and my reliance on public transport (it is bus number 412 from Fishguard or Haverfordwest, where there are also railway stations).

I was there for myself, alone. It just felt comforting to be on this windswept mountain-top, looking at the stars from the unzipped door of a tiny tent (NB: tents are not now allowed – so choose a fine night and sleep under the stars). Then I had a dream. I was crossing a lake by means of a wooden causeway. The water lapped the timbers as I reached the centre of the lake, and I accidentally dropped my burden, my large rucksack, into its deep waters. I was desperate to try to retrieve it, but was not allowed to do so by a figure who appeared at my side and urged me to leave it and proceed to the far shore. This I did, where I followed a straight, shining path through woodland and hillside and was joined by new companions along the way.

That winter I happened to be in the vicinity of Carn Ingli and even climbed it a couple of times as I worked on two walking guidebooks to Pembrokeshire. I was starting to know the surrounding landscape. Even here I was helped by a strange coincidence (typical of many more). In September 1993 I'd been sent a poster advertising The Ley Hunter's Moot to be held in Wells, Somerset. My poster went up in Machynlleth library in Powys. I felt a fool for asking the librarian to put it up for an event of no local relevance. But when I was selling my guidebooks during the interval of that moot, Nigel Pennick introduced me to a lady from Machynlleth who had just been to his stall. She was Letty Rowan (still in the Network of Ley Hunters) and had come to the moot because she had seen my poster! Letty also had my books but would welcome a companion because she wasn't confident walking alone. She said she'd also be glad to drive me to remote walks where there was no public transport. Then Letty revealed that she needed to explore Pembrokeshire with a view to moving there. All this when I was about to need transport to isolated walks for my forthcoming guidebooks on Pembrokeshire. So we joined forces to mutual benefit in the land of the Demetii (followers of the goddess Demeter).

Whilst writing my guidebooks, I also wrote weekly walks for The Western Mail. I took advantage of my rambling column to promote the Dragon Project, asking any readers willing to dream on Carn Ingli to contact me. This was just one obscure footnote. About the same time, at home in Gwynedd, I woke up from a powerful dream. It involved a date pointed out by a hand. Awake, looking out of my bedroom window, I immediately saw a shooting star. Before the date whirled into my dream, I'd had a vivid memory in my dream of when, way back in 1978, in reality I had experienced what I later realised was the kundalini. It was as though I was experiencing it again in my dream. My spine felt like an open channel visualised with white light as bright as the shooting star I observed on waking. The date in the dream proved to be when I met Emma Orbach, whose spiritual community now resides in Iron Age huts in woodland at the foot of Carn Ingli (Tir Ysbrydol, Brithdir Mawr). Emma came to dream with me on that very date because she had met Letty Rowan...

Suddenly I had a long list of dreamers starting because of my obscure footnote in The Western Mail in January 1994. If anything, I acted subconsciously to prevent the process. The Independent sent a photographer all the way from England, and I failed to meet him. I thought it was the next day. The photographer could not have been more considerate and polite as he arranged another try in a couple of days. So it was that a giant picture of me praying at the summit of Carn Ingli appeared in The Independent. It was soon copied in Wales on Sunday (13/2/94 - reproduced here, and the lady in the tent is Letty Rowan) and the BBC phoned to make a programme about the dreaming. I'd just received a phone call from my first volunteers (would you believe a Fay Morgan was involved?) so all was arranged for that early March. Everything happened quickly and richly without my doing.

Meanwhile, I didn't even have a serviceable sleeping bag for the dreaming. I prayed for one, and the very best arrived for free within days. I took it up Carn Ingli on my own that Imbolc. There was a force 10 gale, and my tent was torn to shreds. Now I needed a new tent! My new sleeping bag, by the way, had proved that it really could keep me warm and dry in the worst conditions. I prayed again. In quick succession three of the very best tents reached me, also for free.

When the first dreamers came with the BBC in March 1994, one of them dreamt that the mountain was a sleeping goddess (just as I had observed and then dismissed from my mind the previous May). This dreamer had never been to Carn Ingli before and had climbed it in thick mist and

heavy rain. In her dream this 'white goddess' rose to walk up the hill to where we were camped and offered me a cupped hand full of seeds.

Find out more about Carn Ingli and the dreams at this summer solstice's moot. Do book local accommodation (there's a youth hostel and a campsite plus B&Bs in Newport) in case of bad weather. Meet me at the summit of Carn Ingli (grid reference SN 062372) at 12 noon on Wednesday, 20 June. Do allow plenty of time for what is a steep and craggy climb. Contact me well beforehand to say you're coming.

News

WELSH STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN: Scientists and dream experts will question pilgrims who sleep on 'the summit of angels'

PEAK PERFORMANCE: Laurence Main prepares to enter the dream world on top of the Pembrokeshire mountain of Carn Ingli. PICTURE: Stephen Pease

Top silk in ex-police officer's libel case

By Michael Settle

THIS WAS THE STRENGTH OF A... (text continues with details of a libel case involving a former police officer and a silk, mentioning a £100,000 claim and a £5,000 offer of damages).

The Sacred Mountain

Proving the legend of St Brynach

LAURENCE MAIN is taking the Welsh stairway to heaven... (text continues with details of the dream project, mentioning the mountain of Carn Ingli and the legend of St Brynach).

For Quality Windows, Doors and Conservatories.

HPV... (text continues with details of a company offering quality windows, doors, and conservatories, including contact information and a list of services).

Patterns in the Landscape *Part 2* The World's Most Sacred Mountain and Lakes

by Eileen Roche



In my previous article I wrote about the fantastic Himalayan Mount Kailash in remote Tibet, and the many faiths which consider it such a sacred landscape that often their lifelong ambition is to make a difficult pilgrimage around it. My companion & I had traveled across India &

Nepal to the border crossing at Zhangmu, where 4 x 4s were waiting to take us across Tibet to Mount Kailash. Signing forms taking total responsibility for our own safety, we learned that 4 people in the previous party travelling to Kailash had died on the journey. It only took three & a half hours to get through the border on foot, due to baggage searches, passport scrutiny & disinfections. From there we found that the monsoon was washing away the mountain roads & it was one-way only. The journey was frightening & perilous; at one time we had to drive through a gap with an entire river falling on the vehicle roof. It was observed that the driver never once used the handbrake, & whenever we stopped, which was every few yards, he jumped out to put rocks under the wheels. Some of us started praying. When we reached Nyalam (3,700 metres or 12,140 feet above sea level) the passengers broke out in spontaneous applause. We had half a day to acclimatise to the altitude & practice mountain climbing, & we explored the shrines with their prayer wheels to be turned clockwise, the mani stones & walls with their prayers carved calligraphically & always passed to the right, & noticed the many swastikas painted for good luck on doors. Companions in the rudimentary hotel included rats in the bedrooms.

The next day the vehicles climbed a many-looped road to the Lalung La Pass (5,050 metres / 16,560 ft) where we bought prayer flags to flutter in the wind & disperse our blessings over the landscape. It was a desolate landscape inhabited by antelope & large long-legged birds. From there we drove to Sa Ga (4,640 metres / 15,299 feet), enjoying the views of sheep & goat herds, with green agriculture in terraced fields. There was the luxury of a hotel with tap water & sometimes electricity. After that we continued 255 km to Paryang, admiring the sand dunes along the way. It

was the first time I found out that some of the Himalayas are just gigantic sand dunes. At Paryang (4,750 metres / 15,600 ft) we watched the monsoon rains pass by on the plains, missing our party. We practiced our mountain climbing again & to my horror I found I could only take 3 steps before I had to sit down on a rock & pant. My peripheral vision went; I could not breathe, & thus found out what altitude sickness is. The only cure for it is to go down the mountain, but in Tibet there is no down, only up. This wasn't helped by the Tibetan dogs at settlements which bark all night long & keep the unwary awake. We were warned to keep away from dogs as many of them are rabid. Leaving our compound the next day we continued to the beautiful Lake Turquoise ringed by snow-covered mountains. We enjoyed the highly decorated Tibetan tea-house, with even the furniture painted & covered with bright weaving or tapestries. We noticed many nomads camped in their tents around the plains.

Later, to the exquisite excitement of our Hindu party, we had our first glimpse of Mount Kailash far away in the sunny distance. I was told that by expecting to see it, I brought great luck to my fellow-pilgrims as that view is usually shrouded in cloud. One habit that caused me more injury was that of falling to the knees on first glimpse of Mount Kailash every day, and prostrating the body. I hurled myself to my knees with great gusto along with the others until I found myself limping. An accident on a Scottish mountain a few weeks previously had caused a gash to one knee and on the hard rocks of the Himalayas this had swelled up. We followed the dusty tracks across the plains and valleys, catching occasional sunny glimpses of the great Mountain. We were happy & full of anticipation. Many enormous waist-high eagles were spotted along the way.

The Mountain is the site of the 12th Century *Battle of Sorcery* between the Buddhist Sage *Milarepa* & the Bon Shaman *Naro Bon Chung*. In a race to the summit, the Shaman flew up on a drum; Milarepa overtook him by flashing up at the last moment on a sunbeam. Milarepa lived in a cave on the east side of Mt Kailash & reached enlightenment in one lifetime. The site of his cave was lovingly pointed out to me later by my Porter.

Tibetan Buddhists believe Mount Kailash, its Lakes and great river sources are at the heart of a *natural mandala representing the Buddhist cosmology on the earth, a truly sacred pattern within the landscape*. The four faces of Kailash are considered to have colours & properties: the south is a sapphire, yellow; the east a crystal, white; the west a ruby, black and the north is gold, red.

Finally we arrived at the indescribably blue & stunning shores of the sacred Lake Manasarova – the Lake of Consciousness and Enlightenment, signifying the Mind. At 14,950 feet it is the highest body of fresh water in the world. Buddhists consider the Lake is where Queen Maya conceived Buddha, whilst our Hindu friends believed the Lake was first created in the mind of Lord Brahma. Adjacent & joined by a small stream is Lake Rakas Tal – the Lake of Demons. Although we stayed a day below Chiu Monastery overlooking Lake Manasarovar, we were only given a very brief glimpse of Rakas Tal, being driven away in a hurry in case a demon caught our minds. The saint Guru Rinpoche lived in Chiu Gompa, introducing Buddhism from India to Tibet in the 8th Century AD. He died by dissolving into a rainbow. I climbed up to the temple, resting frequently to avoid the altitude sickness & found on the summit a shrine where mani stones were being created, overlooked by the now-looming Mount Kailash. We stayed in a highly decorated Guest House, with a tent roof covering the bedroom ceiling. No running water but there was electricity for half an hour in the evening.

At sunrise, with a full moon, I went modestly alone down to the Lake to bathe. In Kathmandu we had visited the Budaneelkantha Temple, where a golden larger than life-sized statue of Lord Vishnu floats on a bed of stone-carved snakes in a pond representing the waters of Lake Manasarova. I had been told that to bathe in the waters is to be blessed by the god. Unfortunately, no-one had mentioned that the waters of the Lake lie on quicksand. I blithely jumped in, commending myself to the god and immediately sank in the mud up to my thighs. This was my only experience of quicksand but I knew not to struggle, and flinging myself on my back and getting an arm on the bank I had to wait aeons for my legs to slowly float up and emerge with a terrifying 'gloop'. 'Don't mess with these gods', I thought, as I crawled away. Later I was shown a safe area to bathe where the quicksand only came up to the ankles, so I was doubly blessed by Lord Vishnu in the end. Later, on the Lake, we saw some rare golden swans: another auspicious sign as swans in Tibet represent Wisdom & Beauty. That evening in our Ashram, our Hindu fellow-pilgrims performed a Puja or Prayer before the start of our Perikrama and I was entranced by the beauty of the hymns and at being invited to participate.

In my next article I shall share how I finally managed to begin the circumnavigation of the Holy Mount Kailash.



COVER STORY: THE LONGSTONE, DARTMOOR

By Graham K. Griffiths



I'm not a ley hunter as such but, luck permitting, I sometimes see perhaps the auric patterns that dance over standing stones, and especially the granite tors of Dartmoor. These plays of light, I'd like to think, being perhaps the result of the subtle workings of the leys which pass beneath them.

However, the Longstone gave me a performance like I'd never seen before – not just swirls of nebulous light but actual human-like figures! Female figures spiralling around the tip of that quartz encrusted phallus, while at its base two knights seemingly leaned leisurely back against it. I was blown away. I even left my painting area (some 12 feet away) and walked into this flickering hologram-like display but lost all sight of it. Only on going back to my original position did the vision come back into focus, and of course I painted like a demon in an effort to capture the vision.

It was only many months later that the events of my day at the Longstone came into an even sharper focus. While in Exeter Library researching other possible painting locations on the moor, I came across a reference which shook me to my core.

Seemingly, in 1240 King Henry III sent twelve knights to Dartmoor to mark out his Forest of Dartmoor. One of the many already existing barrows, standing stones and other natural features of the landscape they chose to define as the king's boundary markers was the Longstone.

May I venture then that on reaching the Longstone, those twelve knights took a break, and perhaps two of the party dismounted and leaned against it. And for some strange reason has that stone, along with whatever subtle energies that may wander there, recorded that mundane moment?

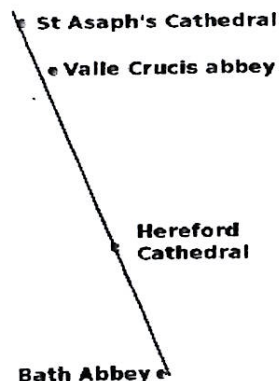
In another 800 years will someone see at that same stone a vision of a wide-eyed man with a paintbrush in his hand?

VALLE CRUCIS AND THE SUNLINE BY IAN PEGLER

Many of you will be familiar with my research into Valle Crucis abbey and will also have heard of my ley termed "The Sunline" (for further information e-mail me: janto09@btinternet.com) so I'll just do a very brief recap. Valle Crucis is a mediaeval monastery on the horse-shoe pass with connections to the Holy Grail legend. At different times people have intuitively made the same link even though they probably had no knowledge of each other. The Welsh bard Guto'r Glyn made the link in verse in 1452. Others have made the link through visions and dreams or through a combination of historical research and intuition. Many dowsers have been here and believe the place to have multiple "energy-lines" criss crossing the place.

The Sunline is an extended version of a ley first commented upon by Alfred Watkins himself in *Early British Trackways*. This is the A4110 designated as a Roman Road (although I believe it was much older). If you draw a straight line from Dinedor Camp, Hereford to Rhyl you will note that your line approximates this road for its whole length. However the line was (re)discovered when I noticed a near-alignment of pubs called "The Sun" which as a curious by-product of the ley seem to approximate this same line!

Since writing about all this I have stumbled across some more curious facts which I feel I ought to bring to your attention. In my book *Valle Crucis and the Grail* I commented on the local nobility linked with Valle Crucis. Although the Maelors brought about its construction it was the Trevors who seem to have been more intimately connected with the running of the place. One of these was a man named John Trevor (died 1410) who held religious appointments four of which turned out to be very close to the Sunline (see map 1).



Map 1 - four appointments of John Trevor

Back in the 1300's a Glastonbury monk known as John of Glastonbury had documented how the successive bishops of Bath and Wells had tried to divest this famous abbey of its wealth, power and property. The monks of Glastonbury never claimed to possess the Holy Grail *per se* but in my book *Valle Crucis and the Grail* I had theorised that during his time as preceptor to the Bishop of Bath John Trevor may have been given a "grail-like vessel" and taken it with him to Valle Crucis where he served as chaplain. He was a prebendary of Hereford Cathedral and may have been bishop there

for a while. It is certain that he served as bishop of St. Asaph and was the second John Trevor to occupy that post. He would eventually ally himself with Owain Glyndwr who is associated with Sycharth and Glyndyfrdwy – again, both places are very close to the Sunline!

Shakespeare suggested that Glyndwr could "call spirits from the vasty deep" and his English opponents thought so too because every time they crossed the Welsh border it poured with rain! Perhaps Owain's men knew how to manipulate earth energies?!

John Trevor is credited as having written a Welsh version of the Life of Saint Martin of Tours. There's a church dedicated to this saint just 2 km SE of the Trevors' ancestral home at Brynkinallt. His feast-day is November 11th but he actually died on November 8th 397 – very close to the Samhain cross-quarter day.

The only prominent stone circle on the Sunline is Mitchell's Fold in Shropshire and its tallest stone (the "witch stone") is aligned to Samhain. Even today Martinmas is still sometimes known as Old Halloween.

Coincidence? Well, St. Martin of Tours was (and still is) patron saint of the military. The S.A.S. Church in Hereford is dedicated to him and there are any number of military references to be found along the Sunline, indeed this seems to be its most salient feature. Archaeologists found a Templar chapel in Hereford near St. Giles hospital and there was also a Templar preceptory at Dinmore, following the Sunline to the north. The Templars are represented in stone within Hereford Cathedral itself on the shrine to St. Thomas Cantilupe.

Then there are the Iron Age hill-forts including Gaer Fawr near Welshpool; this is said to be the size of the Millennium Stadium in Cardiff! I also found a 650 acre WWII munitions factory close to the Sunline near Dinedor camp; also Monkton Farleigh the largest underground munitions dump in the country during WWII. Let's not forget the battle of Mortimer's Cross which was fought directly on the Sunline and those Sun pubs which refer symbolically to the winning side in that battle – the "Sun of York" Edward IV. The original Mortimer stronghold, Wigmore castle is directly on the line.

Note also that the shrine to the Celtic goddess of war – Aerfen – at Glyndyfrdwy which apparently was a place of human sacrifice – is also on or close to the Sunline.

I believe the energy associated with the line to be serpentine but the angle of the general alignment is interesting being parallel to the ley that Laurence Main has been walking with Judith Adams. The same bearing may also be found at Avebury between the centre of the North circle and the centre of the South circle. Gary Biltcliffe's Belinus line is about four degrees different.

Also on the Sunline near Welshpool was Strata Marcella – the mother house of Valle Crucis abbey. The name Marcella means "war-like"! There is a saint by that name but Marcella is also the name of one of the passengers of the rudderless boat which according to tradition ran aground at Marseilles carrying Mary Magdalene and her sister Martha.



TALKS GIVEN! FESTIVAL STALLS?

If you have an audience for a talk on leys or can offer us a stall at an event, please contact Laurence Main (address on page 2).



Laurence Main interviews Ian Cook, author of 'Redhead'.

LM Is this your first novel?

IC Yes, it is. But it took about ten years to research and write, and I had been thinking about the idea for many years before that.

LM What inspired you to write this novel?

IC It is difficult to think of a single physical trait that stirs up so much emotion as red hair. Being a redhead myself, I know. Desired, envied, pitied, ridiculed and even persecuted in the past, redheads have never been ignored. Nowadays, 'ginger' stories feature regularly in the media and 'gingerism' is a recognised phenomenon being seen by many as a form of racism. Surprisingly, there are virtually no fictional works that use red hair as a main theme, and I have come across only one non-fictional book. Conan Doyle's *'The Adventure of the Red-Headed League'* is the only well-known story.

For a long time now I've been collecting myths and legends about red hair and have found out that they span the world. Take 'First footing' at Hogmanay. Despite ten percent of Scots having red hair, it is considered bad luck if a man with red hair is the first person to cross the threshold of your home in the New Year. You yourself, Laurence, told me the Welsh folk story about the 'Red-haired Bandits of Mawddwy.' In India, red-haired demons called *rakshasas* lurk in forests to menace the unwary, and Japan has its own red-haired demon called *Aka-oni*. South Pacific culture is steeped in red hair mythology. When European explorers first visited Easter Island in 1722, they observed natives with their red hair done up in top knots, reminiscent of the red stone blocks that sit on top of their famous stone statues. Did the gene for red hair arrive from Europe long before, carried by adventurers who travelled by raft over the oceans, as Thor Heyerdahl demonstrated was feasible?

Some myths reach deep into pre-history. Redheads seem to represent our uncontrollable, lust-driven animal side. By tradition, Lilith, the first wife of Adam, famously refused to lie beneath him. Doomed to become a demon of the night, she used her hair, 'red like

a lily', to ensnare and seduce men before she killed them. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the Pre-Raphaelite artist, used the redheaded beauty, Alexa Wilding, as his model for *'Lady Lilith'*. The painting, inspired by Keats' *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, now smoulders in the Delaware Art Museum. Perhaps Lilith is the source of the belief that red-haired women become vampires when they die? More disturbing is the appearance of a redheaded man as a premonition of evil, a literary device used by Thomas Mann in his novels. Notably, Judas Iscariot has been depicted as a redhead. The reflected prejudice may even hark right back to Seth, the malevolent, bisexual red-haired ancient Egyptian god who attempted to rape his nephew, Horus. There is much, much more.

I decided the best way to use the knowledge I had acquired was to write a novel in which redheads develop disturbing powers which are triggered by a cosmic event. The story evolved into a supernatural thriller in which much of the action takes place at megalithic sites around the world, but especially in Scotland.

LM What fiction in your novel is really fact?

IC There is a very solid factual basis to the book. Nearly all the places where the main action takes place actually exist. The Standing Stones of Stenness, the Ring of Brodgar and Unstan Chambered Tomb are all well-known Orkney Neolithic monuments. Less well-known are the two Newton Stones near Aberdeen. One has a mysterious inscription on it that has never been deciphered, despite numerous attempts and guesses.

LM Do you believe your novel is meant to warn people of what may really happen soon?

IC A key element of the plot is a cosmic event that is long overdue and is now being taken very seriously by Earth scientists. I don't want to disclose what it is, but more frequent appearances of the Northern Lights are associated with this cosmic event. Interestingly, there has been a recent spate of such appearances.

LM What strange experiences have you had yourself?

IC The most eye-opening experience I've had recently was the demonstrations of dowsing during our visit to Ireland in 2010. It opened up a whole new world to me. Personally, I believe science is making rapid strides in the understanding of 'Earth Mysteries'. For instance, the 'Morphic Resonance' theory of Dr Rupert Sheldrake and his work on telepathy are attracting considerable scientific interest.

LM What are your experiences and feelings of Orkney, where our Moot will be this autumn?

IC To me, Orkney is magical. There is an air of ancient mystery and it's no wonder that so many artists, writers and musicians have settled there. Neolithic monuments abound. Some are very famous, others rarely visited. I believe now is a very good time to visit Orkney. The recent exciting discovery of the temple complex at Ness of Brodgar is likely to make the site as famous as Stonehenge and will make Orkney a much more popular tourist destination in the future. Believe it or not, whenever I've visited Orkney to do research, or as a tourist, it has rarely rained. The wind, though, can be something else.

LM Do you intend to write any more novels?

IC I now have enough material and ideas to write a trilogy about 'Redhead World'.

LM And finally, why do you belong to the Network of Ley Hunters?

IC Because the people I've met are so very interesting. 'Earth Mysteries' have attracted some very original thinkers whose ideas have previously been considered 'wacky'. Now many of those ideas are gaining credibility and resonating more and more with the public. Witness, for instance, the huge success of the play 'Jerusalem' and its call for a return to the old gods and beliefs of Albion.

'Redhead' is published by Matador at £7.99.

Author's website: www.iancookauthor.co.uk



PUMPSAINT ZODIAC, TEMPLE OF STARS

by Enaid

In the late 1940's, Lewis Edwards wrote a series of articles claiming that there was a 'zodiac temple of stars' on the landscape of Wales within a 10-mile radius of Pumpsaint; which covers an area that has many signs of iron-age activity. Pumpsaint, itself, is home to a rich source of gold-carrying quartz and there is evidence of gold-mining in the Victorian, Roman and Bronze-age times. Intrigued, I decided to dowse for the outlines of the zodiac signs (effigies) and began this project on Saturday 8th August 2009. Much of the dowsing has taken place on foot and, occasionally, from a car. Only rarely have I had to resort to map-dowsing with many of the effigy-outlines following a road or a footpath along old tracks. Each effigy has, contained within its outline, ancient sites and unexpected finds.

I began with the most northerly sign of the zodiac circle, Aquarius, moving anti-clockwise through the horoscope in the same way as described by the Morien Institute. The outlines are formed by features of the landscape, such as old tracks, rivers and roads. Katherine Maltwood (1948) describes one, now fairly well-known, in Glastonbury. While there is much understandable scepticism about astrological land-maps, we have evidence of images imposed on the landscape in many forms; for example, the White Horse of Uffington and the Cerne Abbas Giant, in Dorset. Additionally, some of the names of areas where outlines are to be found reflect the connection to the zodiac effigy of the landscape. For example, Aries in the Pumpsaint Zodiac is to be found in the parish of 'Ram' just outside Lampeter.

Aquarius (Explorer 199)

Aquarius in the Glastonbury Zodiac is described as a cat or squirrel-type outline; the route my rods had taken produced an outline which is similar, but would be better described as having a beaver-like resemblance (Henning, 2000). It is to be found in the area of the village of Llanfair Clydogau and begins on the summit

of Bryn Cysegrfa (SN643521) which, aptly, translates as Hill of the Sacred Place. Just outside Lampeter, I turned onto the A4343; following a clear, stony river, running through a quiet valley until my rod began pulling towards Bryn Cysegrfa at the turning for Gwar-ffordd (SN636522) and Plas-yr-allt (which continues up to Glan-crwyns and beyond to the road near Pengelli'r Bryn).

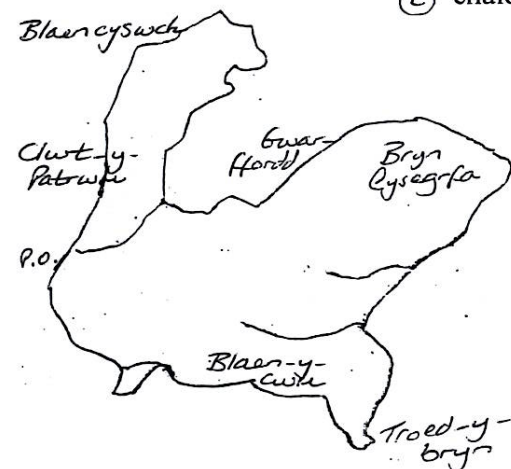
However, it looked like a private track and so I drove around to the other side of Bryn Cysegrfa, to begin my journey on foot. I failed to find an expected footpath sign, but noticed a couple of old routes, no longer in use, indicating that perhaps Bryn Cysegrfa was a site that had drawn people from different directions. The feel of the area was potent and full and my rod picked out what appeared to be a standing stone in the fence line, at the edge of the road. The stone was alive to the touch and, for me; it marked a gateway to Bryn Cysegrfa. After taking some moments to acknowledge this stone, I clambered over the fence and set foot on hallowed ground.

Bryn Cysegrfa was once open land; now fenced off into fields, but retains the sense of open, unboundaried space. I headed for the grassy summit; to the right and left were groups of stones which held a strong energy. At the pinnacle was a pile of stones and a 360-degree view. Descending, my rod picked up and followed an old track (SN645519), part of which runs alongside pillow mounds. The track forms part of the effigy outline and merges with the rowan-lined, mountain road as it curves down towards Llanfair Clydogau (SN625512).

At Llanfair Clydogau, I realized the footpath signs had all been removed, but my rod indicated to take a footpath which follows Nant Clywedog eastwards and then drops down towards Troed-y-bryn (SN639505), which translates as 'Foot of the Hill' and, as it turned out, foot of the effigy. There the route continued up past Pont Glanrhyd.

To dowse the 'tail' part of the effigy-outline, I crossed over a bridge to Pont Llanfair (SN622515) and onto a different farmer's territory. A footpath sign pointed towards Parcneuadd. Dowsing part of an old track to the right, I realized the original route had been diverted in later times. My rod wanted to follow the river, but there was no access. The outline of the tail, however, also follows the footpath to Blaencyswch (SN627532), past Pencaerodyn Farm, where I stopped to talk to a farmer whose family had been there for generations. I pointed to Bryn Cysegrfa across the valley and he told me that a long time ago people had wanted to build a church there and that it had always been known as "consecrated land". Fittingly then, to this day, locally it is remembered and recognized as a sacred place.

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BOOK REVIEW

The Old Straight Track

Alfred Watkins



Alfred Watkins

Publisher: Sphere Books Ltd (Abacus), London 1974, 218pp, paperback, b&w illus, ISBN-13: 978-0349137070

Alfred Watkins was a man of many talents: pioneering photographer, amateur archaeologist, miller, magistrate, inventor, brewer and business man. However, what he is perhaps best known for is his theory of Leys. He was living in a time when there was still considerable resistance to anything considered occult, while mainstream archaeology had a very limited view of what our ancient ancestors were capable of. That said, Watkins presents a theory that leys were man-made, initially for utilitarian purposes such as trade lines, but later took on religious and spiritual significance due to their strong and significant placements within the landscape, and in relation to astronomical factors, especially, as he indicates, with the arrival of the astronomer-priests and druids. So while *The Old Straight Track* does not propose a mystical theory or origin of Leys as such, it does talk about the existence of leys as interconnecting pathways between landmarks of political, practical or (later) religious significance, such as mounds, moats, megaliths, barrows, castles and stone circles.

As well as being pioneering, what is important about the book is that it is not merely theoretical, but details extensive and thorough fieldwork, at various sites and locations of interest. Despite the fact that it was said that he saw the concept of a network of leys in the land in a single intuitive flash, from that point on he seeks to be strictly scientific throughout. This is backed-up by a fascinating in-depth analysis of

place-names and etymology of terms. He points out for instance that mark stones (marking positions of leys) appear to have etymological connections with words like "markets" as traders used the leys as trackways to the markets, and he postulates that *Mercury* and *Merchant* are words etymologically linked to Marker/Mark-stones. The book is also useful in defining the term "ley" and showing how and why it is probably etymologically linked to words like "lea" and "light".

Mounds and beacons (since they are found on the lines) are thoroughly defined and their relevance discussed. Place-names containing "cole", "black" and "white" Watkins shows are most likely related to the light of the beacons ("cole" and "black" related to *charcoal/coal* that fuelled the beacons, and "white" relates to the shining light produced, essentially the light-path of the ley. Whether you choose to believe that the light of the ley was simply based on the beacons lighting the pathway, or whether you feel that the ley contains light in the mystical sense of being a pathway made of spiritual, guiding light (a "spirit path") running through the earth, this research of Watkins is significant.

There is also a chapter on Sun alignments, which looks at leys which appear to run from the points in the horizon where the midsummer Sun rises and sets. Watkins, includes in this analysis a discussion of Stonehenge, which he shows to be built at the junction of several leys, one of which being a Midsummer Sunrise line.

The Old Straight Track is the book that really launched our modern understanding and interest in leys. While, unlike many modern ley hunters, Watkins (apparently) didn't dowsing for leys or promote any sort of mystical theory behind their existence, his book is an ideal starting point for *anyone* interested in leys. — *Liza Lewelyn*



LETTERS

6th February 2012

Dear Laurence,

Please excuse my delay in sending you my subscription to the excellent newsletter (reminds me of the best days of *TLH*), times are hard! Hope this is of interest:

The news that Marlborough Mount, the motte on which the keep of Marlborough Castle was built, has been dated to around 2400 BCE, should be far better publicized! It serves as a vindication of Alfred Watkins' assertion that mottes used older monuments in their construction, which, if I remember correctly, was dismissed quite strongly in the book *Ley Lines In Question*. It would be good to see a similar investigation to date the castle mound in Penwortham, next to Preston, Lancashire. This lies next to a parish church with some fairy lore attached to it, and the mound itself features on the Belinus line, the long-distance alignment detailed by Guy Ragland Phillips in his 1974 book *Brigantia: A Mysteryography*. Local tradition says it is a prehistoric site and finds in the general area would certainly seem to support this.

Best wishes,

Norman Darwen

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Stonehenge was inspired by sonic illusions, scientist claims

THE GUARDIAN 17/2/12

Ian Sample

The Neolithic builders of Stonehenge were inspired by "auditory illusions" when they drew up blueprints for the ancient monument, a researcher claims.

The radical proposal follows a series of experiments by US scientist Steven Waller, who claims the positions of the standing stones match patterns in sound waves created by a pair of musical instruments.

Waller, an independent researcher in California, said the layout of the stones corresponded to the regular spacing of loud and quiet sounds created by acoustic interference when two instruments played the same note continuously.

In Neolithic times the nature of sound waves - and their ability to reinforce and cancel each other out - would have been mysterious enough to verge on the magical, Waller said. Quiet patches created by acoustic interference could have led to the "auditory illusion" that invisible objects stood between a listener and the instruments being played, he added.

To investigate whether instruments could create such auditory illusions, Waller rigged two flutes to an air pump so they played the same note continuously. When he walked around them in a circle, the volume rose, fell and rose again as the sound waves interfered with each other. "What I found unexpected was how I experienced those regions of quiet. It felt like I was being sheltered from the sound. As if something was protecting me. It gave me a feeling of peace and quiet," he said.

To follow up, Waller recruited volunteers, blindfolded them, and led them in a circle around the instruments. He then asked participants to sketch out the shape of any obstructions they thought lay between them and the flutes. Some drew circles of pillars, and one volunteer added lintels, a striking feature of the Stonehenge monument.

"If these people in the past were dancing in a circle around two pipers and were experiencing the loud and soft and loud and soft regions that happen when an interference pattern is set up, they would have felt there were these massive objects arranged in a ring. It would have been this baffling experience, and anything that was mysterious like that in the past was considered to be magic and supernatural.

"I think that was what motivated them to build the actual structure that matched this virtual impression. It was like a vision that they received from the other world. The design of Stonehenge matches this interference pattern auditory illusion," said Waller, who described his research at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Vancouver.



The layout is said to mimic changes in volume caused by interference patterns

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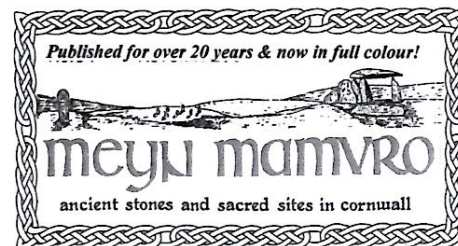
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James Bedding

TELEGRAPH TRAVEL Saturday, March 9, 2002

PLEASE SEND US ANY RELEVANT PRESS CUTTINGS!

The woman from the tourist office was adamant. "If you do decide to hike up to Carningli," she warned me, "make sure you don't fall asleep when you're at the top. Otherwise you'll wake up mad."

At my b&b in the Pembrokeshire village of Newport, just below the 1,000ft hill, my host was more specific. "When you're up there you might see a very tall man wearing extremely short shorts - no matter what the weather. He camps up there, and conducts experiments. He observes volunteers as they fall asleep, and the minute he sees their eyelids fluttering, he wakes them and asks what they were dreaming. You see, he thinks that Carningli is the physical manifestation of the goddess Rhiannon. The summit is where her umbilical cord goes up to heaven, and you can see angels spiralling up and down it. One egg or two?"