

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

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Issue 29 – Samhain 2018



The Sun Stone, Whalley Abbey (photo: Denis Chapman)



## The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters Issue 29, Samhain (1<sup>st</sup> November) 2018

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The Network of Ley Hunters is an informal movement for all who are interested in leys and patterns within the landscape. The importance of this in these critical times may be that many find their eyes opened to the living nature of the landscape and are then led to act accordingly.

This newsletter is available on annual subscription of £15 (or £30 if from abroad). This brings you four quarterly issues. Please send a cheque or postal order payable to the Network of Ley Hunters. Bank notes are also welcome.

If your subscription is due an "X" will follow now. ✕

Please subscribe soon so that we print enough copies of the next issue. Please **PRINT** your name and address clearly. Thank you!

Contributions are welcome for future issues. Please send 14pt typed camera ready copy on a single side of A4 with 1 inch margins. Pictures and diagrams are welcome. Remember, we will reduce to A5. Please contact the editor re length and subject, or if you need help with typing. Volunteer typists are also most welcome to contact us. We have early deadlines because we are often away on Vision Quests and Pilgrimages (which you are welcome to join). We are delighted to read about your local leys, but please remember that we are not all familiar with your territory. Please provide six figure grid references and details of relevant Ordnance Survey Explorer maps (1:25,000). Don't forget the letters of your 100km square. The grid reference for Stonehenge, for example, is SU 123422 (O.S. Explorer 130).

A major function of the Network is our Moots and Field Trips. Apart from the interesting places visited and the expert speakers you can hear, these are good ways to meet other ley hunters. We have much to teach each other. By coming together as a group we hire buses and drivers for our trips, and even book carriages on sleeper trains to and from Scotland and Cornwall. Apart from encouraging group spirit, providing transport for all, and being better for the environment, buses allow us to be dropped off and picked up on narrow lanes where there is no room to park a car. Early booking helps us to organise buses and drivers. Our Moots are also located with regard to public transport and affordable accommodation, including a campsite where we can be grouped together. We try to provide vegan food at Moots.

## GO SCILLY WITH THE LEY HUNTERS!

**EXPLORE LYONESSE – THE TRUE START OF THE MICHAEL LINE**  
Assemble on St Mary's, Isles of Scilly, on Saturday evening 8<sup>th</sup> June 2019. Enjoy six days (Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> – Friday 14<sup>th</sup>) being guided by Cheryl Straffon, author of The Earth Mysteries Guide to Ancient Sites on the Isles of Scilly. Book for this **NOW** by sending £90 (cheque payable to Network of Ley Hunters) to Laurence Main, 9 Mawddwy Cottages, Minllyn, Dinas Mawddwy, Machynlleth SY20 9LW. **I will advise you about paying for inter island ferry trips when we know numbers for group bookings.** Visit [www.simplyscilly.co.uk](http://www.simplyscilly.co.uk) or telephone 01720-424 031 for information on travel and accommodation. You must book EARLY for B&Bs. I will be camping at the Garrison campsite, telephone 01720-422 670. There is a Friday night sleeper train from London Paddington which arrives in Penzance on Saturday morning. Go by ship from Penzance to St Mary's or fly.

Laurence Main



**Jimmy Goddard inspects an entrance grave on Gugh, Isles of Scilly**

Photo: L.Main





## THE ANCIENT SEA CAVE HOLY WELL

by Alex Langstone

Holywell Bay lies roughly midway along Cornwall's northern coastline, close to the popular resort and surfing destination of Newquay. The beautiful sandy beach, surrounded by unspoiled dunes and rocky cliffs is typical of this stretch of coast, but hidden within a cave, below the tide line lies a small hidden cave. Which contains one of Cornwall's most amazing holy wells. The cave and holy well can only be viewed at low tide and can be hazardous without prior knowledge of the site. Nineteenth century antiquarian and folklorist Thomas Quiller Couch had this to say about this well:

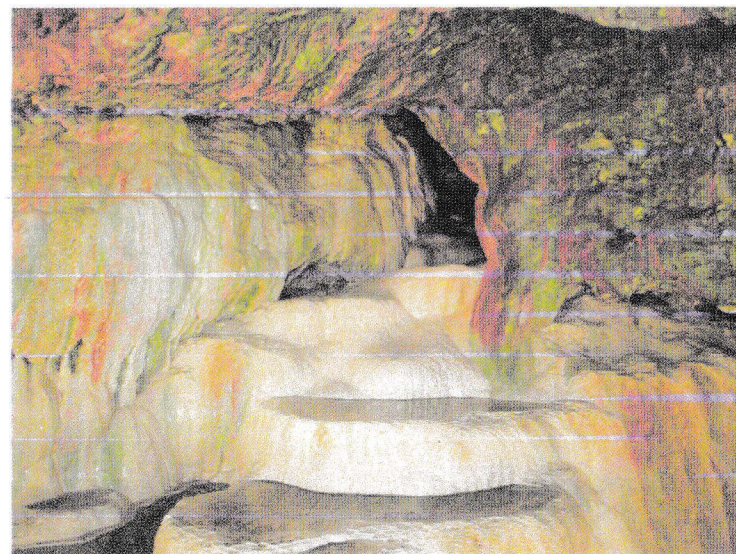
*"This well has Nature only for its architect, no mark of man's hand being seen in its construction; a pink enamelled basin, filled by drippings from the stalactitic roof, forms a picture of which it is difficult to describe the loveliness. What wonder, then, that the simple folk around should endow it with mystic virtues?"*

As would be expected, this site has some interesting folklore attached to it. The qualities of this healing place have seen miraculous cures over the centuries. Mothers would make a pilgrimage here with their sick children on Ascension Day. They would dip them in the healing waters of the well, before passing them through the small aperture at the top of the well basins, and it was here that they became healed of their disease or deformity. The well's rich mineral water is also said to have healed the infirm and unsteady and it was customary to leave your walking sticks and crutches in the small cavern at the head of the well as proof to others that miracles were occurring.

A curious legend associated with this well tells us that in 995 AD, Alchun, Bishop of Holy Island, took up the corpse of St Cuthbert, who was once abbot of Lindisfarne. In escaping the ravages of the Danish invasion, he and his monks resolved to transport the saint's relics to Ireland but were driven onto the north coast of Cornwall where they settled and built the church at Cubert. Told by an oracle to take the sacred bones to Durham, they left, but not before the relics accidentally touched the well, communicating healing powers to the waters. However, the parish is named after the 8th century Welsh missionary St Cubert, so some confusion has arisen over the centuries, and the Cuthbert story may have been added to Christianise the sea cave holy well. Richard Polwhele, writing in 1803, in his *History of Cornwall* had this to say about the site:

*"In this parish is that famous and well-known spring of water, called Holy Well, so named, the inhabitants say, for that the virtues of this water were first discovered on All Hallows Day. The same stands in a dark cavern of the sea cliff rocks, beneath full sea-mark on spring tides. The virtues of the waters are, if taken inward, a notable vomit, or as a purgent. If applied outward, it presently strikes in, or dries up, all itch, scurf, dandriff, and such-like distempers in men or women. It is a petrifying well."*

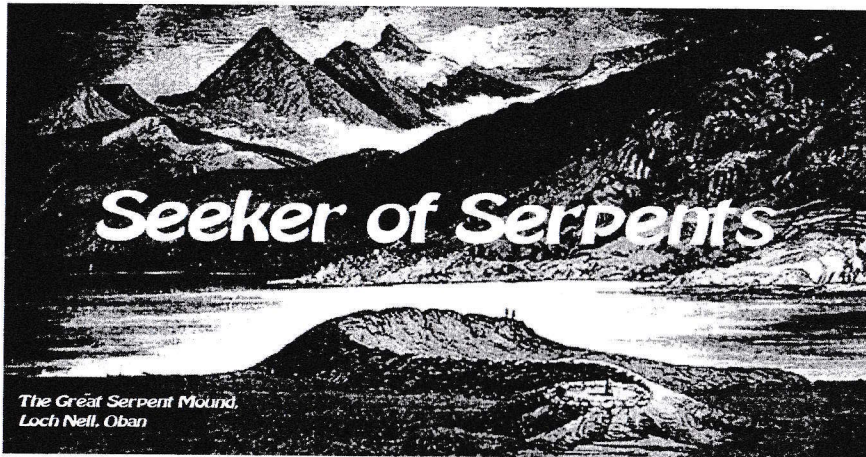
The well's lore is particularly connected to Ascension Day and All Hallows Day, which ties the well into the more ancient holy days of Beltane and Samhain which in turn, may give us a clue to the original function of this liminal site, where the energies of the land and sea merge so perfectly. The light and dark aspects of the turning seasons, death and rebirth and the alchemical fusion of the sea, the earth, the fresh water of the ancient spring and the rich mineral deposits that gush forth at this site all come into play, and maybe make this cave and its sacred spring a gateway into the deeper mysteries of the land and sea.



The mineral rich holy well, Holywell Bay, Cornwall. Pic: Alex Langstone

**Visit this cave and well on your way to or from our Moot to be held on the Isles of Scilly next June!**





by Eddie Murray & Susan McKim

ON 25 SEPTEMBER 1888 *The Scotsman* reported that “an examination was made of a long, serpentine mound by Dr Phené, FSA, London.” The name was familiar to newspaper readers – Phené’s discovery in the early 1870s of ancient serpent mounds at Loch Nell outside Oban and at Skelmorlie on the Clyde had brought him fame and public acclaim. Here he was again, years later, opening yet another serpent mound, this time at Scallasaig farm in Glenelg, on the west coast of Scotland opposite Skye.

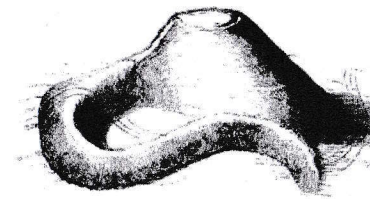
*The Scotsman* described how, having made “a very careful examination of the area,” the ageing antiquarian “determined to open the mound in question” and, “its peculiarities having been pointed out to some principal residents. . . it was admitted to be of artificial construction, and labourers were furnished.” The dig began. Slowly the sinuous mound began to slough its mossy skin to reveal a stony spine beneath. But Phené, said the report, “did not allow a single stone to be moved till a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen were present,” including the parish minister and some local bigwigs.<sup>1</sup> Phené wanted witnesses. The finds that made him famous had been dismissed by the mainstream as mere fantasy or fraud. This time he was taking no chances.

#### A WORLDWIDE WORSHIP?

John Samuel Phené was born in 1822, the son of a wealthy London businessman whose riches allowed John Samuel to travel the world. His wanderings in India, Egypt and Greece convinced the young Cambridge graduate that serpent worship had once been universal and that its shrines were connected to triple-peaked mountains – and that it had once existed in the British Isles. He set to prove his theory and in 1871 made the discovery that would bring him fame. On the south bank of Loch Nell in Glen Feochan outside Oban he discovered an ancient serpent mound with an altar in its head containing cremated bones and a chalcedony knife. The three visible peaks of Ben Cruachan were visible only from the mound.

The discovery inevitably drew comparisons with the Great Serpent Mound of Ohio. “Here then,” wrote an eminent professor, “we have an earth-formed snake, emerging in the usual manner from dark water, at the base, as it were, of a triple cone – Scotland’s Mount

Hermon – just as we so frequently meet snakes and their shrines in the East. Is there not something more than mere coincidence,” he wondered, “in the resemblance between the Loch Nell and the Ohio serpent, to say nothing of the topography of their respective situations? Each has the head pointing west, and each terminates with a circular enclosure, containing an altar, from which looking along the most prominent portion of the serpent, the rising sun may be seen. If the serpent of Scotland is the symbol of an ancient faith,” he concluded, “surely that of Ohio is the same.”<sup>2</sup> The following year Phené discovered another serpent mound in Skelmorlie on the Ayrshire coast. On its northern edge he uncovered a stone pavement and calculated that anyone standing in hilltop’s centre at the midsummer solstice would see the sun set on the platform’s western edge and rise a few hours later above its eastern edge, and theorised that cremation fires were lit on the stone pavement to light the gap between sunset and dawn. Both finds were dismissed by mainstream archaeology.<sup>3</sup>



Elevation of Mound, On the Clyde.

Phené’s elevation of the Serpent Mound at Skelmorlie

In July 1872 Phené held an exhibition of ancient pottery “exclusively from Scotland” in the RIBA building in London. The most interesting piece, according to the *Jedburgh Gazette*, was the large funerary urn exhumed by Phené from an estate at Old Jeddart. The paper gave an intriguing account of the master mound-hunter’s methods.<sup>4</sup>

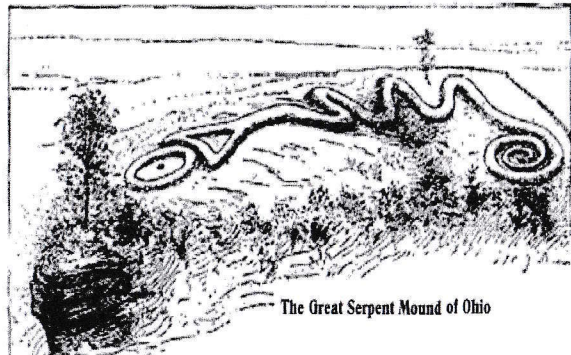
“As in the case of the three peaks of [Ben] Cruachan attracting the search of Mr Phené,” it said, “and leading to the discovery of the Great Serpent Mound, so in this case the three peaks of the Eildon Hills drew his attention, and not only led to the discovery of a similar mound, but to the exhumation of this urn.” Its discovery was remarkable, said the paper. “Taking the three peaks of the Eildons as the base of a triangle, and the single peak of the Dunion [a solitary fort-topped hill to the south of the Eildons] as the place of the third angle, a line continued from the centre Eildon over the summit of the Dunion, so as to bisect the triangle, and extended onwards, would,” predicted Phené, “pass over the spot of ancient internment and mystic ceremony.” His prophetic geometry worked – the serpent mound was found, and in its head the great funerary urn.<sup>5</sup> The paper quoted a description from *The Builder* of Phené as “the antiquary whose energy and research may hereafter lead to valuable conclusions on the reptile tumuli and serpent worship . . . now hidden in mystery.” It also quoted a plea from the *Oxford Journal* “that these relics, and these remembrances, should be preserved,” and that a “systematic enquiry” be made into these serpent tumuli so that there “may yet be discovered in the secret places of their sacred depositories . . . a key to unravel the mystery that surrounds them.” The plea fell on deaf ears. Archaeology had damned the serpent mounds and damned they would remain.

But Phené, undaunted, dug on.

#### HIS FURTHER ADVENTURES

The serpent-seeker’s trail is hard to follow. A couple of his lectures on serpent mounds were published as pamphlets<sup>6</sup> but he never wrote a book on the subject. His serpent hunting career can be followed only through fugitive pieces in the dusty *Transactions* and *Proceedings* of learned societies or in the columns of the contemporary press. For example, in September 1881 the *Western Morning News* reported Dr Phené reading a paper on ancient customs of the Anglo-Scottish Border to a meeting of the British Association in York. “He





The Great Serpent Mound of Ohio

spoke of the persistent retention of common customs, and the handing down from generation to generation of traditional lore of ages long past," said the report, "and then referred to some of those that were corroborated by ancient monuments . . . sculptured stones, earthworks, and actual ceremonies." The area was occupied by descendants of "Danes, Jutes, Fresians, Picts, Scots, Angles and Normans," Phené told the illustrious assembly, and that by studying the languages of these peoples "it was shown in relation to a particular class of the most curious monuments, that the Norse *ermr*, Anglo-Saxon *vyrn*, old German *wurm* . . . and the word *lint*, or *lind*, also German, and the Norse *linni* were all equivalent, and meant serpent . . . On this apparently rested the names of some of the places – as Linton, or Serpent Town; Wormiston, or Worm's Town; Lindisfarne . . . the Serpent Island, and also the various Worm Hills, or serpent mounds of these localities."<sup>7</sup> Which is where we find him six months later. "Dr Phené", according to the *Freeman's Journal*, "has lately made a discovery which excites a good deal of interest in archaeological circles." It went on:

As Dr Phené intends at the proper time, and in scientific form, to lay before the archaeological world the facts of his discovery and his opinions thereupon, it would not be fair to say any more than that the find is concerned with a 'serpent' mound in Gala Park, near Galashiels, and with the remains therein of a supposed Pagan altar. The circumstances of the investigation were so thoroughly genuine, and it was through an induction of so legitimate and logical a nature, that Dr Phené unearthed what will undoubtedly prove to be the veritable ashes of an old sacrificial fire, that all who are interested in a subject of wide and inexhaustible importance will await with curiosity the publication of his own report.<sup>8</sup>

On 25 September 1888 *The Scotsman* reported that "an examination was made of a long, serpentine mound by Dr Phené, FSA, London," at Scallasaig farm in Glenelg. As in the Loch Ness dig Phené focussed on the serpent's head. "The stones were then carefully removed, and beneath them was found a stone cist (4 feet by 2 feet), which had clearly been disturbed by treasure-seekers." The dig uncovered cremation remains in a decorated cinerary urn. "The urn is at the moment waiting the pleasure of Mr Baillie," the landowner, said *The Scotsman*. The mound's "outline was sufficiently like the serpentine mound in Loch Ness," remarked the reporter, "to show that it was constructed for the same purposes and by the same class of people. The cist was in the same position, in the head or elevated portion of the mound; a course of boulder-like stones led down the curvature of the back or ridge . . . Like the Loch Ness mound also, the locality is full of megalithic constructions." *The Scotsman* had another interesting fact. To the locals the Scallasaig serpent mound was "known as '*Cnoc an Sithean*' (Hill of the Fairies)."<sup>9</sup>

On his way back to London the ageing but tireless antiquarian re-visited his famous find at Loch Ness – and found *another* serpent mound nearby. "At the farm of 'Clachadu' (Black Stone) in Glenlonan (Glen of marshy river), about four miles east from the Lochness mound, remains of a similar nature can be traced near the roadside. Dr Phené made the second discovery when he was in the district in 1888. The length of the second mound is about 200 feet."<sup>10</sup>

The wealthy serpent-hunter remained active into old age, still searching for evidence of the ancient serpent faith. In 1903 he constructed for himself a five-storey house in Upper Cheyne Row in Chelsea and adorned its facade with a variety of strange fixtures and ornaments which led to locals dubbing it "the Gingerbread Castle." They looked on him as an eccentric recluse (though in fact he had numerous friends) which led to rumours of involvement in the "black arts." He spent little time in London, preferring to travel the world collecting an eclectic assortment of unusual artefacts and art, and filled his mansion's gardens with statues and ornaments. He died in 1912 aged 90. His work was largely forgotten but his name is still commemorated in "The Phené," the local pub he designed and built. But if he was remembered at all it was for his famous discovery of the Great Serpent of Glen Feochan seemingly frozen in earth and stone as it ascended from water to land. "If one asks for a description of the unconscious, even the answer-symbol will be usually in terms of dark water into which the light descends only a short distance," wrote John Steinbeck. "The harvest of symbols in our minds seems to have been planted in the soft rich soil of our pre-humanity"<sup>11</sup> Among the three symbols he lists is the serpent. And it is a curious thing that all these serpent mounds were once connected to or surrounded by water.

#### FROM DARK DEPTHS INTO DAYLIGHT

"All Peistes, Worms, Serpents, and Dragons, share a common feature," noted one researcher; "they came out of water. The Worm of Spindlestone Heugh was washed up by the sea; the Pollard Worm came out of the River Wear; the Dragon of Loschy Wood came out of the Rye, a tributary of the Derwent; the Worm of Sexhow came from the Leven, a tributary of the Tees; the Aller Dragon emerged from the Athelney Marshes; the Worm of Shervage Wood came from a stream rising near Crowcombe; the Wyvern came out of Cynwch Lake; the Bures Dragon came out of and returned to the Stour; and the Henham Dragon made its way out of a fen at the head of the rivers Stort and Cam."<sup>12</sup> And the Great Serpent slithered into sunlight from the depths of dark Loch Ness.

So perhaps it was somehow inevitable when in July 1933 a motoring London couple called Spicer reported seeing a bulky wet monster lumbering across the new road above the banks of Loch Ness – their car had almost crashed into it.<sup>13</sup> In the ensuing autumn months "monster hunters" managed to capture a hazy photo and a few seconds of film showing a disturbance in the loch. The media picked up on the "Loch Ness Monster" and the Spicers were interviewed by a national daily. The result for the couple was "a deluge of reporters" and an interview on BBC radio. Their story created a sensation.<sup>14</sup> A beast lurking in the murky depths of Loch Ness was one thing; a monster slouching ashore into the world of man and motorcar was another. The area was invaded. "Loch Ness became the most popular destination for motorists," according to the Automobile Association. "Monster-hunting parties became fashionable, and all the hotels in the area were filled over the Christmas season of 1933. Inverness was floodlit for the first time. On Boxing Day cars formed virtually a continuous line for the twenty miles . . . to Fort Augustus."<sup>15</sup> There was only one serpent in Scotland now and her name was Nessie. Who cared about a boring old earth and stone beastie of on the banks of Loch Ness when the real thing could be seen in Loch



Ness? Nessie swiftly evolved into a plesiosaur to the delight of numpty tourists. Nellie and the crumbling serpent mounds were all but forgotten. But not quite.

### RETURN TO THE HILL OF THE FAIRIES

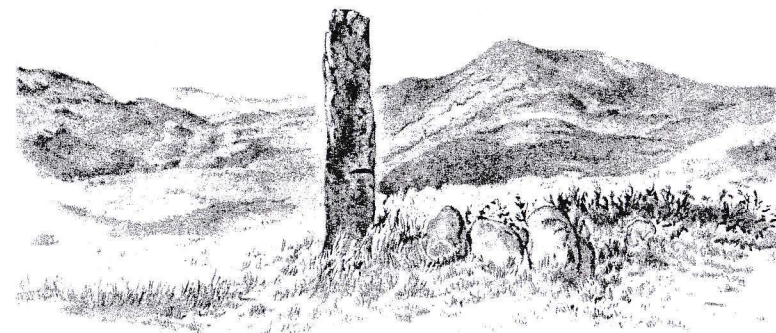
"By the roadside up near Scallasaig there is a serpent-mound, where the people in olden times used to worship the serpent," wrote A.A. MacGregor in 1937. "The mound was in the shape of a serpent," an old local told him, "and when the chief of the people would die, he would be buried in the head of the serpent. One from London opened the mound, and they found in the mound a big stone coffin," the old man explained. "And there the bowl was found with the ashes of the chief of the people at that time." ((The one from London was of course J.S. Phené and the bowl was the "decorated cinerary urn" *The Scotsman* had described as "awaiting the pleasure" of the local landowner.) "The bowl was taken to the Manse. That's about fifty years ago," the oldster recalled. "It was there for a few months; and they took it to Edinburgh, to some museum. They were saying that there was a funny noise in the Manse when the bowl was lying there." Was there any treasure in the urn or the grave? If so, it was taken out before the dig. "You see, had he any treasure," old John explained, "it would be going into the grave with the dead man, so, when he would rise in the next world, he would be ready to start at the same game as he was carrying on here on Earth." Reborn to the ancestors from a serpent mound called the Hill of the Fairies? MacGregor had more local lore. "At Cosaig there is another serpent-mound," he wrote. "Some years ago the suggestion was made by a number of archaeologists that it should be opened. Indeed, all the arrangements for the excavation of the site had been completed. But a violent thunderstorm broke the night before; and the people of Glen Elg were convinced that this storm was an expression of God's wrath at the proposed opening of the serpent-mound, which the natives regarded as an act of desecration. So great was the local pressure brought to bear on the archaeologists that finally the project was abandoned."<sup>16</sup>

### THE SERPENT AND THE SUN

MacGregor's mention may have aroused some late interest in Scotland's serpent mounds. "The famous Serpentine Mound at Loch Nell," reported a Dundee paper, "believed to be the most perfect serpent mound in the world . . . is now held by experts to be perfectly natural."<sup>17</sup> A team of geologists and others had examined the mound and pronounced it a natural feature. Soon after, an anonymous writer from the *Scottish Educational Journal* visited the scene of Phené's first find. "Situate near the south end of Loch Nell," the report began, "distinctly serpentine in form" and lying "as if the monster were crawling out of the loch, the Serpentine Mound is supposed to be a relic of serpent worship in remote primeval Scotland." In Phené's day the "approach to the head from the west was marked by two rows of large boulders, strongly suggestive of an alignment for processional purposes," while at "intervals along the spine of the mound" were "small boulders which must have given the serpent a more ferocious, dragon-like appearance." Around the tail were remnants of "a smaller stone circle. Unfortunately most of the boulders about the mound and circles have been removed," and the writer rued that "the appearance of the serpent has been spoiled by the failure to fill up the head after it was opened, as well as by cutting of the roadway through the tail." The once-famous mound was falling into dereliction.

"Around Loch Nell are numerous indications that the district was formerly the centre of great activity, which must have continued for a long time," said the report, "for while the prehistoric remains tell clearly of the occupation of the district by Megalithic people, the association of these remains by local tradition with Celtic mythical heroes would seem to

point to some strong nucleating tendency around these parts in Celtic times." South of the serpent mound "is a cromlech which, according to local tradition, is the burial place of the Ossianic hero Cuchullin; Ossian himself is buried hard by; and Dairmid's Pillar," a standing stone, "and other landmarks help to maintain a strong local tradition. Indeed, the surrounding district" was "rich in antiquarian associations," stretching from the Stone Age to the Celts who from "the primitive Megalithic people . . . seem to have adopted the special doctrines, ritual and priestly organisation that we label 'Druidism'." The writer wondered: "Was our Serpentine Mound used for tree and serpent worship? Was it associated with the propitiation of the *genius loci*, the spirit of the loch? Had it an astronomical significance? Was it associated with Sun-worship? Is it a multiple dolmen? Or merely morainic debris? Even if it was a gift of nature, man could have used it for his own purpose."



*Clach Dhiarmaid — Lochnell.*

This last was an astute observation, an early glimmering perhaps of an archaeology of natural places. If the "serpent" was a natural feature modified by man, what was its purpose? "By calculation I found that from the Mound the sun should rise about 15 degrees north of east on May 1," the report went on, "and Cruachan lies just at that angle; so that the sun would shine over Cruachan at sunrise on May Day."<sup>18</sup> The Old Serpentine had surrendered a secret. Shortly after its discovery by Phené travel writer Constance Cumming had visited Loch Nell and pointed out that only from the serpent's head could the "three sacred peaks" of Ben Cruachan be seen. So only from its head could the May Day sunrise over Cruachan be seen. It must have seemed a natural miracle to its Mesolithic finders, evidence of intelligent design in the landscape, proof perhaps of a serpent deity. Nonetheless, "the most perfect serpentine mound in the world" was doomed to dereliction.

Its cousin in Skelmorlie would fare little better.

### THE DEBATABLE MOUND

Dorita Fairlie Bruce, author of 39 books for girls, most famously a series about that heroine of schoolgirl fiction, "Dimsie," may seem an unlikely contributor to the story of Scotland's serpent mounds. Bruce spent her early childhood in Scotland but lived in Ealing from about 1895 to 1949, when she retired to her native land, to Skelmorlie, to live out the rest of her life. In 1953 she published *The Debatable Mound*. "The ancient Serpentine Mound was the cause of all the trouble," says the book's blurb. "When Professor Crawford and his family move to Scotland they find that the mound, which he intends to excavate, lies on the boundary



between his property and that of his neighbour, the irascible Admiral Majendie. And as soon as the Professor starts to dig, a neighbourly feud starts up because no one can discover to whom the mound legally belongs . . .”<sup>19</sup> Their feud is about more than mere ownership; it also concerns the nature and role of the Mound, an echo of a long-running debate between Phené and an eminent geologist who insisted that the Mound was nothing more than a hill fort and that its finder had imagined the rest.

Fairlie Bruce died in 1970, by which time Skelmorlie had become a bustling seaside resort. Its Mound was terraced and transformed into a holiday park, leading a contemporary local history to cynically suggest that “whatever rites may still be performed on the Mound will be in the seclusion of the caravans now occupying the site.”<sup>20</sup> But there were no caravans on the Old Serpent of Loch Nell, as one young explorer was about to discover.

### THE SERPENT REDISCOVERED

“Ancient and Celtic peoples have shaped the fabric of this land and through the mists of their mysteries and legends the dragon force still lingers,” wrote archaeology student Michael Wysocki in the *Ley Hunter* in 1982.<sup>21</sup> “There be dragons here still, or – to be exact – one particular dragon, still basking under the western sun and waiting for those who care to seek him out.”

Wysocki’s quest had begun on a cold damp London evening the previous November. “It was Paul Devereaux who started the whole thing off,” he wrote. “Wrapping up an evening class on North American Earth Mysteries he had come to the final slide – the Ohio Serpent Mound – ‘. . . there are no serpent mounds that we know of in the British Isles,’” he said. The remark had jogged a memory in Wysocki’s mind – hadn’t he read somewhere about one in Scotland? He finally found the reference<sup>22</sup> but when he mentioned it to Devereaux “the reaction was pretty sceptical.” He took his find to his archaeology tutor. No such thing, she said. So he decided to get on his bike and go find it for himself. He found Loch Nell easily but cycled past the mound repeatedly until, exhausted, he stopped at the ruins of Kilmore Church, just south of the loch, where he met a frail old local woman feeding her chickens. She was happy to discuss what she called “the old ways” with the young seeker. “The church lay, she said, at the centre of the ancient right-of-way tracks which crossed the mountains and came into the glen. *The old right-of-way tracks radiated ‘like spokes from a wheel’*. . . It was her choice of words that I found most interesting for I had heard the same phrase used in a description of the South American spirit lines only a few weeks previously.” All the ancient tracks led to the church, she went on, and in the old days people walked along them bringing the dead to be buried. “Just behind the church she pointed out a high knoll, which translates from the Gaelic as Holy Hill, and legend has it that an angel appeared, and that’s why the church was built. Apparently a cathedral had been planned for the site about 1250 and there are traces of the foundations of a much larger structure.”

She told him much more – but “the old serpent was still skulking around in the back of my mind.” It’s about a mile back, she said, but invisible from the loch road. Ask at the farmhouse. He did. “It’s right there,” said the farmer, “but you have to climb up and around the head to get the best view,” adding that he had read about the mound as a child but had never found it until, years later, he “actually sat on the head one evening while taking a stroll and saw the serpent form, winding away from him,” once again buried under thick moss and grass. Wysocki found the mound. “It is, of course, quite magnificent,” he wrote. “About 300 ft. long and over 20 ft high . . . winding away to right and left, its tail almost at the edge of the Loch – one can imagine it as a great lizard that has crawled out of the water to bask in the sun,” but “can only really perceive it when one stands on its head and looks down along its

body,” across the shining water to the horns of Cruachan.<sup>23</sup> It is there still.

### NOTES & REFERENCES

<sup>1</sup> ‘Pictish Towers’, *The Scotsman*, 25 September 1888.

<sup>2</sup> Prof. J.G.R. Forlong, *Rivers of Life: Sources and Streams of the Faith of Men in all Lands*, quoted in E.O. Randall, *The Serpent Mound, Adams County, Ohio: Mystery of the Mound and History of the Serpent*, Ohio 1907.

<sup>3</sup> For a much fuller description of Phené’s finding of the serpent mounds at Loch Nell and Skelmorlie see our ‘The Serpent Shall Rise from the Mound’ in *Northern Earth* issue 152 (March 2018) and follow-up article ‘The Serpent Reprised’ by Gordon and Tom McLellan in issue 153 (June 2018.) Both issues still available from *Northern Earth* (see Listings.)

<sup>4</sup> *Jedburgh Gazette*, Saturday 13 July, 1872.

<sup>5</sup> We have unfortunately been unable to find any further information on the Eildons serpent mound

<sup>6</sup> See for example his *On Prehistoric Traditions and Customs in Connection with Serpent Worship*, Robert Hardwicke, London 1875. Reprinted from the *J. of the Trans. of the Victoria Institute, or the Philosophical Society*. Free download at <https://archive.org/details/onprehistorict00phengoo>.

<sup>7</sup> ‘The British Association: the York Meeting’, *Western Morning News*, Tuesday 5 September 1881.

<sup>8</sup> ‘An Archaeological Find’, *Freeman’s Journal*, Wednesday 22 February 1882. We have been unable to trace Phené’s report or any other information on this find. Gala Park now lies buried beneath a housing estate.

<sup>9</sup> ‘Pictish Towers’, *The Scotsman*, 25 September 1888.

<sup>10</sup> Hugh Sheddon, *The Story of Lorn, its Isles and Oban*, Oban 1938.

<sup>11</sup> John Steinbeck, *The Log from the Sea of Cortez*, Viking Press 1951, Chapter Four.

<sup>12</sup> F.W. Holiday, *The Dragon and the Disc: an Investigation into the Totally Fantastic*, Futura 1974, p.93.

<sup>13</sup> Recent evidence suggests that what they saw was one of the elephants from a travelling circus whose trainer let them bathe in the loch.

<sup>14</sup> Nicholas Witchell, *The Loch Ness Story* (revised edition), Book Club Associates, 1979, pp. 133/134.

<sup>15</sup> Henry H. Bauer, *The Enigma of Loch Ness: Making Sense of a Mystery*, Johnson & Bacon Books: Stirling 1991, p.4.

<sup>16</sup> Alisdair Alpin MacGregor, *The Peat-Fire Flame: Folk-Tales and Traditions of the Highlands and Islands*, Ettrick Press: Edinburgh 1937, pp.86/87.

<sup>17</sup> ‘Serpent Mound a Natural Feature’, *Dundee Evening Telegraph*, Wednesday 29 December, 1937.

<sup>18</sup> Anon, ‘The Serpent Mound, Loch Nell’, *The Scottish Educational Journal*, March 4 1938.

<sup>19</sup> Dorita Fairlie Bruce, *The Debatable Mound*, Girls Gone By 2011.

<sup>20</sup> Walter Smart, *Skelmorlie: the Story of the Parish consisting of Skelmorlie and Wemyss Bay* . . . <https://www.scribd.com/doc/1289541/Skelmorlie-Original-Walter-Smart-History-1968>

<sup>21</sup> Michael Wysocki, ‘Scotland’s Serpent Mound’, *The Ley Hunter* number 94, autumn 1982, pp. 26-30.

<sup>22</sup> An original newspaper report quoted in Anthony Roberts, *Atlantean Traditions in Ancient Britain*, Rider 1977.

<sup>23</sup> Curiously enough, shortly after returning to London Wysocki was given a free gift at a filling station – Bartholomew’s 1982 *Road Atlas of Great Britain*. “Turning to the map for the Oban area,” he wrote, “what should I find but the Serpent Mound, marked, in position, in all its glory. Page 70 2B.”





## Hidden Heresies in the South Dorset Landscape: Part 2

By Jonathan Harwood

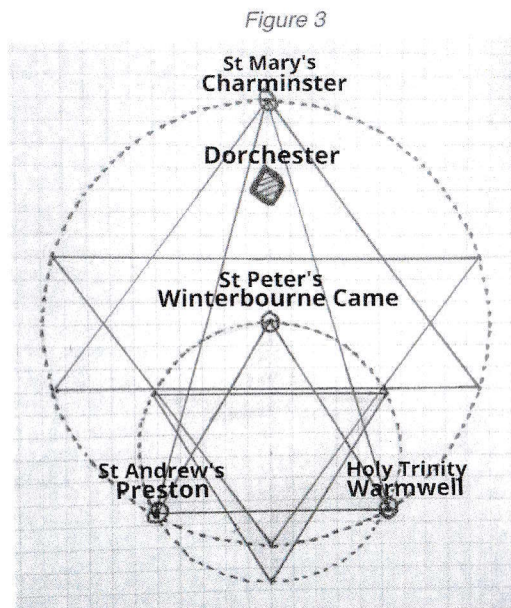
Joan Moore began by drawing mandalas based on the design of Stonehenge (which, according to Michell, incorporates the 'canonical' numbers). She then became interested in the design of the Abbot's Kitchen, the only intact building in the Glastonbury Abbey complex. The Abbot's Kitchen has a square floorplan on the outside and is octagonal on the inside. Joan and a friend measured this floor plan and found that each exterior side was 42 feet in length and that the interior octogen was based on a square with sides of 34 feet. From this starting point she developed a complex geometry, full of remarkable symmetries, which she explored in a series of hand-made and self-published books. This is a geometry involving whole numbers that is based in part on the interactions between the Fibonacci and Lucas numbers.

There seemed to be strong similarities between the numbers that I was finding by drawing lines between church symbols and the numbers that she was finding as she created ever more complex patterns from the original Abbot's Kitchen floor plan. Although we met a number of times and corresponded frequently, in the end collaboration proved impossible. We lost touch when I finally put all my work away in a cupboard in 2004, where it remained, gathering dust, until 2015.

I met Joan's son, Anthony, at the annual Megalithomania conference in Glastonbury in May 2017. I learnt that she had died but that a publisher had been found for her life's work. Joan received little, if any, recognition in her life time. Nothing would have given her greater pleasure than the knowledge that her work would eventually be studied and appreciated.

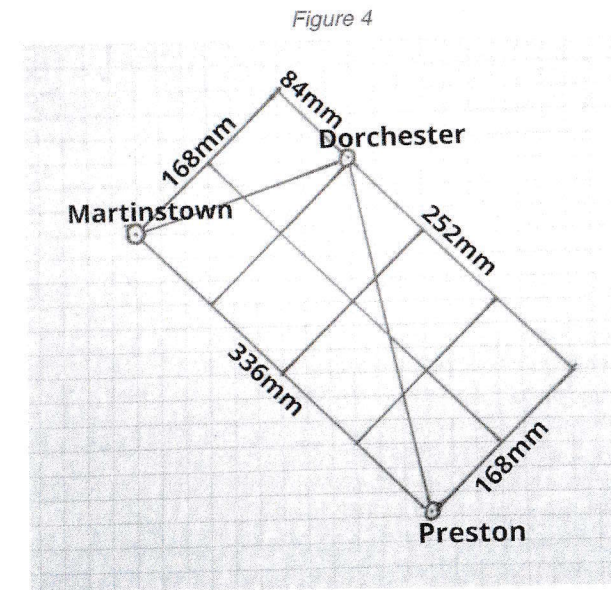
I gave a number of talks about my work between 1999 and 2003. I also joined the Saunière Society where I met Henry Lincoln on one occasion. I made what, looking back, were rather embarrassing attempts to interest him and other established authors in my work. I even wrote to John Michell. He was kind enough to reply, saying that, although he was 'not quite convinced', he did not want to discourage me. He added that he too had tried for many years to find deliberate patterns set out by the positions of churches but that 'nothing had quite worked'.

In 2002 I made some real progress. I had already discovered a genuinely interesting pattern.



Three churches form an equilateral triangle, and a fourth church forms an isosceles triangle on the same base line. Circles enclosing these two triangles have diameters measuring 252mm and 420mm (or 12 and 20 'grid units', as I was to discover much later). This is a 3:5 ratio. A simple development of the geometry of these triangles produces a Star of David and a six-pointed star, composed of four 3:4:5 Pythagorean triangles, that is positioned right over Dorchester. (For more information about this figure please see the Assessing the Probabilities section of my website: [www.dorsetgeometry.com](http://www.dorsetgeometry.com).) Then I realised that the line between the United Church in South Street, Dorchester and St Andrew's, Preston, that I had taken to be 304mm was actually the diagonal of a rectangle measuring 168mm and 252mm.

Suddenly I could see that the triangle set out by the positions of the churches at Martinstown, Dorchester and Preston fitted exactly within a rectangle measuring 168mm by 336mm.



The 'key measure' 188mm line from Martinstown to Dorchester was revealed as the  $\sqrt{5}$  diagonal of a double square. I had studied Robert Lawlor's book, *Sacred Geometry* (1982) and I knew that he had described the  $\sqrt{5}$  diagonal of a double square as the 'Christic' principle, bonding the world of spirit, represented by the upper square, with the world of matter represented by the lower square.

I think that it was Joan Moore who gave me a photocopy of a paper entitled *Principles of Prehistoric Sacred Geography* that had been delivered by Dr Joseph Heinsch to the International Congress of Geography at Amsterdam in 1938. This had been translated by a Cambridge mathematician called Michael Behrend in 1973 and included a Foreword by



Nigel Pennick, who was then the editor of the *Journal of Geomancy*. In this Foreword he wrote:

“Heinsch’s principles stand verified wherever they have been tested; by Heinsch himself in Wiltshire, England; France; Germany; Czechoslovakia and Palestine, and by Michael Behrend in Lincolnshire, Aberdeenshire, Hertfordshire and the Netherlands.”

Although I did not realise it until much later, this paper provided the key to unlocking the secrets of the landscape patterns in South Dorset.

Dr Heinsch’s extensive research had led him to the conclusion that the metre (cosmically defined as one ten millionth of the Earth’s quadrant) had been used as the basic unit of measure in ancient times. John Michell championed the Imperial foot as the standard for all ancient measures and detested the upstart metre. Henry Lincoln championed the English mile and its usual subdivisions in the Rennes-le-Château geometry. In *The Holy Place* (1991), he devoted a chapter to the Paris Zero Meridian. This was the line of longitude that was measured by Giovanni Domenico Cassini and his son between the 1680s and 1718. This measurement was used to calculate the length of the metre. Lincoln observed:

“There can be no doubt that churches, calvaires, castles and obscure ruins -- almost every structure of note upon the map -- form an intricate web of alignments which intersect with perfect regularity on the zero meridian.”

A current champion of the primacy of the metre is Howard Crowhurst, who has spent many years studying the geometry underlying the famous standing stones at Carnac in Brittany. As a starting point he noticed that 63 metres is equal to 76 megalithic yards. (The megalithic yard had been discovered by Professor Alexander Thom in the 1960s, based on the statistical analysis of a great many stone circles.) As it happens, the numbers 63 and 76 exemplify a fixed relationship between the Fibonacci and Lucas sequences. Three times any Fibonacci number plus the preceding Fibonacci number will always equal a Lucas number. For example,  $13 \text{ (Fibonacci)} \times 3 = 39 + 8 = 47 \text{ (Lucas)}$ ;  $21 \text{ (Fibonacci)} \times 3 = 63 + 13 = 76 \text{ (Lucas)}$ .

In *Carnac: The Alignments* (2011), he wrote:

“I have already expressed my belief that the metre length was a secret measurement known long before the French revolution and revealed at that time for political reasons. Evidence for this is to be found in the well-attested Drusian or Teutonic foot, examples of which were found to measure exactly 333 millimetres from the 13th century.”

This is also Dr Heinsch’s view. He commented that the metre was first ‘profaned’ by Napoleon.

Dr Heinsch told the Congress in Amsterdam that in prehistoric times large tracts of land

were being accurately surveyed according to fixed angles and universal measures of length. The metrological laws used in these extensive landscape patterns corresponded exactly to the laws used in canonically-constructed stone circles, temples, churches and mosques. They gave both to the landscape and the buildings a ‘cosmic-sacred quality’. He also emphasised the importance of the numbers 42 and 84 in this grand scheme. He gave, as an example, the biblical dimensions of the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Solomon. The floor plan was a square of 20 by 20 cubits. He identified these cubits as royal cubits that each measured 0.525 metres. (In 1930 Clarke and Engelbach had taken careful measurements at the quarries in Aswan and arrived at a value for the royal cubit of 0.525018m.) 20 cubits would therefore equal 10.5 metres and the perimeter of the Holy of Holies would be 42 metres. I completely missed the significance of all of this until I returned to the study of the geometry in 2015.

Dr Heinsch also emphasised the importance of diagonals of double squares measuring 42 by 84 metres. I was later to realise that the double square illustrated in *Figure 4* is exactly 100 times this size (4,200 metres by 8,400 metres).

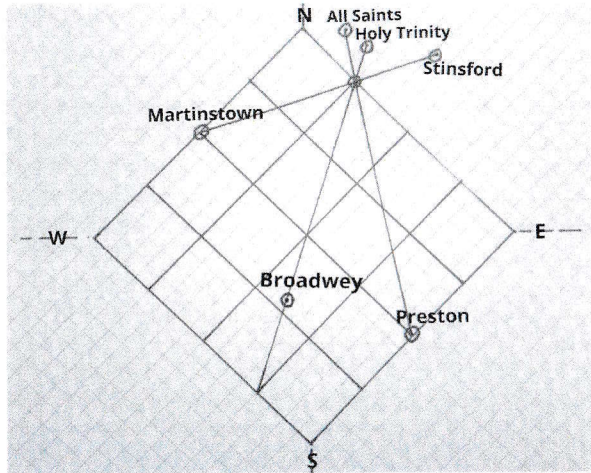
In connection with his study of the region lying between Jerusalem and Sichem he wrote: “First of all the religious sites mentioned are shown to be old centres by (1) regular orientations on the diagonals of double squares clearly equal to  $42 \times 84\text{mm}$  ...” He used a map at scale 1:50,000. Converted into metres at this scale these measurements are 2,100 metres and 4,200 metres. This is exactly the dimensions of the double square whose diagonal is the ‘key measure’ line between the churches at Martinstown and Dorchester. The length of this diagonal is 4,695.7425 metres or 187.8297mm at scale 1:25,000.

21 is a Fibonacci number. The diagonal of a double square is based on  $\sqrt{5}$ . If any Fibonacci number is multiplied by  $\sqrt{5}$  the result is a closer and closer approximation to a Lucas number, the larger the numbers get. For example, here are three Fibonacci numbers, 21, 34 and 377, and three Lucas numbers, 47, 76 and 843:  
 $\sqrt{5} \times 21 = 46.957425 \text{ (47)}$ ;  $\sqrt{5} \times 34 = 76.026308 \text{ (76)}$   $\sqrt{5} \times 377 = 842.9959 \text{ (843)}$   
Henry Lincoln’s ‘key measure’ does, after all, exemplify a relationship between the Fibonacci and Lucas sequences. It is in the process of becoming a perfect Lucas number. To give this its religious meaning, it is in the process of Salvation when all imperfections, including the so-called ‘irrational’ numbers like  $\sqrt{5}$ , will be resolved. This is a mathematics and geometry that is very much in keeping with Joan Moore’s work.

I have, however, got a little ahead of myself. I faced a problem. All the churches used in the geometry were ancient, with origins lost in the mists of time, except the United Church in South Street, Dorchester. This was not built until the 1850s. How could it possibly occupy such an important position in the geometry?

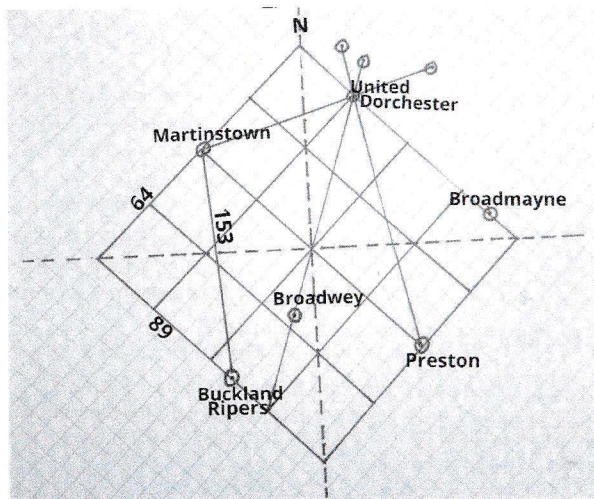
If a theory is correct then everything should fall into place. *Figure 5* extends the rectangle marked by the positions of the churches at Martinstown, Preston and Dorchester into a square.





The church in South Street, Dorchester, is the meeting place of lines drawn from the sites of three ancient churches, two in Dorchester (Holy Trinity and All Saints) and one in Stinsford. (I think that St Peter's, in the centre of Dorchester, is not related to the geometry because it occupies the probable site of the Roman Basilica and could not, therefore, have been on the site of a church or temple in Roman times). These lines run to the churches at Martinstown, Preston and Broadwey. It is also the meeting place of the lines of the Roman roads leading west, towards Exeter, south towards Weymouth and north east towards the Roman town of Vindocladia (Badbury).

This square is orientated almost perfectly to the cardinal points but its true character is only revealed when it is divided into 256 smaller squares, 16 by 16.



Each side of the square is marked by churches. The church at Broadmayne falls on the 14 point and the church at Buckland Ripers is revealed to be  $\sqrt{153}$  'grid units' from the church at Martinstown. (A 'grid unit' is simply the length of the side of one of the small squares comprising the grid. Thus, the church at Martinstown is 16 'grid units' from the church at Preston.)

To be continued.....

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(top: Denis Chapman) OUR CLITHEROE MOOT (bottom: Martin Morrison)

On Pendle Hill (photos: Martin Morrison)





## Network of Ley Hunters Moot, Clitheroe, September 15th-16th 2018

by Jimmy Goddard

Mark Valentine began the moot speaking on the Forest of Bowland. When thinking of the most sacred places Clitheroe would probably be low on the list. The Forest, remote and lonely, always a borderland, north-west of Clitheroe, has its own folklore. Three miles away is a village called Grindleton where there was spiritual ferment in the seventeenth century. Roger Brearley was curate—he held that man-made laws had no consequence compared with conscience, that someone imbued with the Holy Spirit could not sin, and paradise was possible on earth. He came to be called the Angel of England. He was a healer and a cunning man who may have stopped many witch persecutions. John Webster, a Grindletonian, was an alchemist with a 1,660 volume library. He believed the two universities should teach alchemy, hermetic studies, and astronomy. He became known as the great-nephew of the queen of the fairies. Grindleton was considered a celestial realm with immortal splendour.

Eileen Roche then spoke on the Pendle Witches. Pendle Hill looms over Clitheroe, and is well-known for odd happenings. George Fox had a vision here which led to the Quaker movement. Whalley Abbey had ruled a widespread boundary with a rod of iron, but had succumbed to Henry 8th's Dissolution. Mary's reign reverted to Catholicism, Elizabeth reversed this, and had a law against conjuration and magic. James 1st, who wrote a book on demonology, was frightened in a storm at sea, thinking witches were responsible. This led to a paranoid community around Pendle where some poor families, some of whom may have been mentally ill, were feared, and many were executed. Eileen showed their family trees. But they may have been just poor herbalists trying to make a living helping people.

Gary Biltcliffe followed with a talk on the Spine of Albion's stretch in this area. The Forest of Bowland could be the centre of Britain and Pendle Hill could have been the World Mountain of the Brigantes. - we saw a number of other World Mountains. Some of them had the recurring legend of sleeping warriors awaiting a time of great need. We then saw several cases of landscape geometry—the London-Cardiff-Edinburgh lunation triangle, the circle of Perpetual Choirs with the equilateral triangle of Hereford, Worcester and Gloucester and the Glastonbury-Lindisfarne-Iona triangle. Alderley Edge is mystical with mounds Bryn Low, Fin Low and the Beacon. There is a legend of sleeping warriors at the Wizard's Well. Castle Rock, is another node point of the currents. The Golden Stone, a puddingstone, is on the Spine of Albion alignment. In Manchester, Deansgate is a straight road between two breast-shaped hills - the Elen energy flows along it and runs through the theatre with carving of Apollo with caduceus, and John Rylands Library with dragon and green man carvings. Clitheroe Castle is a node of Belinus and Elen with a labyrinth in the grounds. Pendle Hill is millstone grit with layers of limestone - another magnetic and electrical place. Whalley with its abbey has a lion zodiac figure west of it. Af-

ter a vegan lunch in the Atrium cafe by the castle, we went with Gary and Caroline to the keep where the energy currents cross. They spoke on the currents' courses, and suggested that the de Lacys built the castle to control the node. Witches doing a ceremony there had made the energy shrink, and it was suggested the place was in need of regular healing because of its history.

Maria Wheatley then spoke on the Elongated Skulls of Stonehenge. There were two types of civilisation on the plain - the Neolithic people, who had long skulls, built long barrows and cursuses - while the Bronze Age ones had round barrows and circles. The long barrows were "decommissioned" around 2500 BC. packed with earth and with blocking stones. She found a Neolithic skull in Cambridge University was very unlike ours - elongated with a bigger brain and no third suture - bigger jaws, but smaller chins. The Alans of Iran, skulls in Malta and the mummy of Tutankhamun were similar. The skulls all had injuries suggesting they were murdered and packed in the long barrows. She felt they laid out the leys. With the coming of the "Beaker" people the cosmology of living changed - it became "my land" rather than "our land".

Next was John Billingsley, who spoke on leys as "desire paths" in a wilderness, becoming a network with a combination of easiest routes, marker hills, etc. The tracks were not precisely straight, as illustrated in Watkins' depiction of a ley on the cover of the Ley Hunter's Manual. He felt that energy present was due to long use - old roads feel "well walked", and mentioned an experiment where a line was "visualised", and dowsers asked to find lines there had detected this. Old straight tracks and alignments are a secondary phenomenon.

Caroline Wise finished the Moot speaking on Elen of the Pathways. She had been involved with The Ley Hunter and had picked up the figure of Elen of the Ways. In Bulgarian Elen means deer, and we saw there were similar names in other languages. In which deer do the females have antlers? Only reindeer. Shamans tethered reindeer to eat fly agaric mushrooms, then used their urine. Everything came from reindeer, so they were revered. The first roads were for people following herds. The deer goddess Sami flew in a wagon of a reindeer ribcage, and the Milky Way was called Deer Leap. Tuda Ilona, the Hungarian fairy queen, rides on a deer. The traditions are very ancient and widespread.

On Sunday Gary and Caroline gave us a tour of Alderley Edge with its significant places on the Spine of Albion - Stormy Point and The Beacon with its nearby holy wells on Elen, the Wizard's Well on Belinus and Castle Rock forming another node of both, and the Golden Stone on the straight alignment. We then went to Manchester, seeing the reconstructed Roman gate, the Roman well and John Rylands Library, (with dragon and green man carvings), and the Opera House with carving of Apollo and caduceus, all on Elen, as is the cathedral. There will be a video of the trip on YouTube shortly, with the title *Ley Hunting at Alderley Edge, Manchester and Clitheroe*. On Monday there was a visit to Whalley and Pendle Hill, which I could not attend. There were 58 people present at the moot.



## BOOK NOW FOR OUR SPINE OF ALBION MOOT

with authors Gary Biltcliffe and Caroline Hoare, in Cumbria. Visit Kirkby Lonsdale, Shap, Mayburgh, Long Meg, Carlisle, and Arthuret. On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday 14<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup>, and 16<sup>th</sup> September 2019. Our own coach and driver (9:30-5:30 each day). Our base and a variety of accommodation is at Kirkby Stephen (reached by train). Book your bed in Kirkby Stephen hostel (including Friday night 13<sup>th</sup> September) by telephoning Denise Robinson on 07812-558-525 [www.kirkbystephenhostel.co.uk](http://www.kirkbystephenhostel.co.uk). You must **book early!** **ADVANCE MOOT TICKETS** are available now for £135. After 9<sup>th</sup> June 2019 Moot tickets will cost £180 (or £60 each day). **RESERVE YOUR SEAT ON OUR COACH BY BOOKING EARLY.** We have to limit this Moot to 33 people. Cheque payable to Network of Ley Hunters, send to L. Main (see page 1).



## COME ON A VISION QUEST TO SERVE THE GODDESS

Small groups of us are dreaming on sacred sites, often on holy hills. You must be fit to do this. This could lead to **PILGRIMAGE** walking (backpacking?) every step of the way along a major ley. Please contact me if you would like to join us. Telephone 01650-531 354. I completed my latest Pilgrimage along the Greenwich Meridian on 3<sup>rd</sup> July 2018, when I paddled in the sea at Sand le Mere, east of Hull. I had walked 300 miles from Peacehaven in Sussex (in stages of about 50 miles each). Near the end I saw a crane – the bird of Rhiannon, my goddess. It was a wonderful walk with blue skies and sunshine all the way. I must thank Judy and Sebastian Nicholls and Pete and Dill Revell for their kind hospitality.

Laurence Main

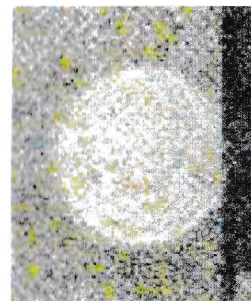


## The Callarde Experience

Part 7 : The Day the Portal Opened

Mark Herbert

### Mystifying Monks and Teleporting Tortoises



**A face from the past :  
manifestation beside  
Callarde's stone circle  
2014 Dec 13 06:23 UTC;  
exhibiting a monk's or  
Tudor hair style**

This serialisation has so far recounted Callarde's recovered history, its long-lost origins and concealed telluric pathways with other sacred Earth sites, both near and far. Yet very little has been said about what can actually happen there in any paranormal sense. So it is on that aspect I want to focus and convey a crucial experience in this instalment. Believe me, there is much to tell about living life on a tri-ley junction. I could fill a book with an array of strange occurrences; some magically inspiring, some alarmingly foreboding and, some totally bizarre. At first, you question your own state of mind and sense of judgement, always looking for a rational explanation, just as a trained scientist would be expected to do.

However, what becomes increasingly apparent is that such rare and unusual incidents are made to persist as if one is being purposely shown, serving a new apprenticeship on reality. It was the sixth moonwalker, Apollo 14 lunar module pilot and founder of the Institute of Noetic Sciences, Dr Edgar D. Mitchell, who said ...

"There are no unnatural or supernatural phenomena; there are only very large gaps in our knowledge of what is natural ..."


Indeed, a miracle is simply a label assigned to something we are unable to explain due to lack of understanding, under-development or limited consciousness. However, I submit that taking up prolonged residence at an Earth node causes one's perception to shift –either to expand with an awe and desire to daringly explore the unknown, or else contract in fear and incredulity. Whichever path is followed, life is never the same again, changing one's perspective on almost everything; relationships alter, behaviours fluctuate, values and beliefs once firmly held may no longer suffice to explain the world around you. A significant part of that transformative process is opening up and coming to terms with Earth mysteries, of which the leys and its powercentres are an integral part.



My long-term presence at Callarde has been for various reasons : to recall what exists there, recover its hidden past and raise that awareness; actions helping to resurrect it as a place of spirit and thus re-balance its spirit of place. Another crucial reason has been to bear witness to the entire experience, faithfully recording the journey and providing testimony, as once did the monks of old, especially Callarde's mysteries, as there is new knowledge to be gained. The light orb enshrining the monk's head (*above*) was such an occasion to gather credible evidence. This image, inadvertently captured hours after witnessing a dark silhouetted form in the farmhouse, was not the first time a phantom monk had been sighted at Callarde. The Romany quarryman of nearby Dolton, who supplied and assisted with Callarde's standing stones, told of an instance in the 1970s when farm labouring there. One day, his accompanying infant girl sighted a robed monk vividly walking the track despite the labourer seeing no one at all!

Such impartial accounts are of immense value when claiming Callarde's supernatural repute. Former residents mention the occasional incident too : doors opening on their own, clothing being removed from closets, thuds and footsteps without presence, electricity meter digits revolving without any appliances 'on' and, notably, a wall-mounted sword self-propelling across a room! There have been inexplicable episodes during my tenure too. Selecting one to recount here is by no means easy. Of fascination are two incidents of delayed teleportation, i.e. slow transport of a subject without any perceived means of covering a vast intervening distance for its size. One was a creature –a family pet tortoise of 46-years who had only been on the remote unpopulated site for 2 hours when he was abducted; the other, a computer memory stick. Each carefully chosen subject, spontaneously vanished from the farmhouse without trace for 21 consecutive days, only to reappear on the track three-quarters of mile distant recovered by baffled impartial witnesses. These co-related events, requiring lengthy testimony so not to overlook vital detail, must be kept for another time.

HAVE YOU SEEN OR DO YOU KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF THIS 46 YEAR OLD TORTOISE MISSING (BELIEVED STOLEN) FROM CALLARDE FARMHOUSE BURLINGTON BETWEEN 1300-1500 HRS ON THURSDAY 23<sup>RD</sup> AUGUST 2007?



IT TRULY BELONGS TO MY 82 YEAR OLD MOTHER WHO IS DISTRAUGHT HAVING CARED FOR IT FOR 46 YEARS.

THERE IS A £500 REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO ITS SAFE RETURN.

CONTACT - MR HERBERT 01769 520590

**Subjects of delayed teleportation from the farmhouse; (*above*) 'Lord Jim' 2007 Aug 23 and (*below*) 'Memory Stick' 2008 Mar 30**



## Lights from the Angels of Callarde

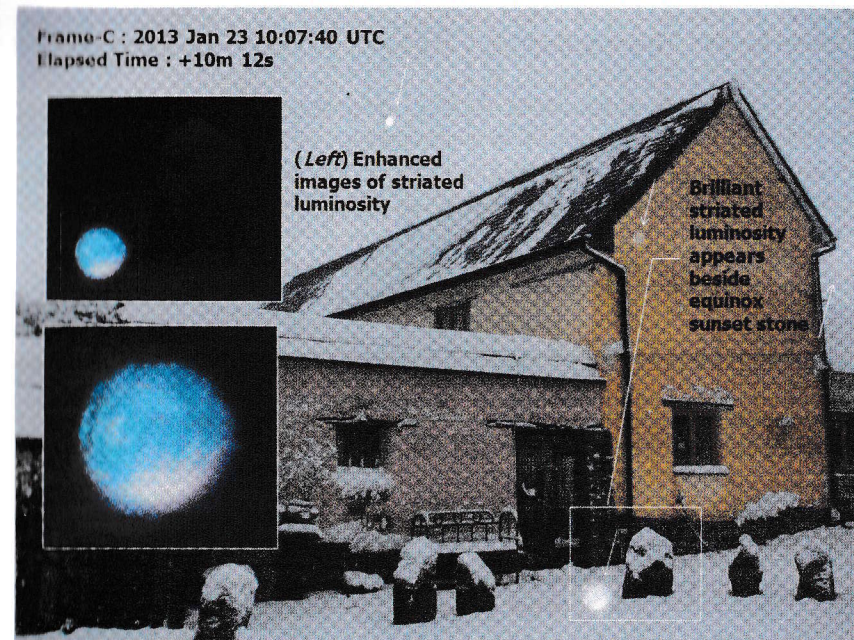
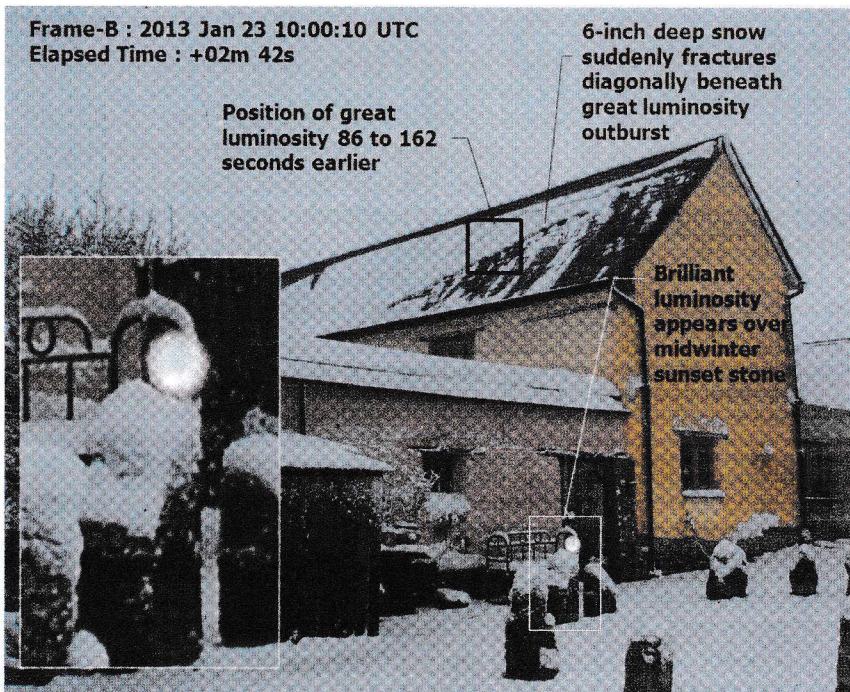
There is one account that was not only captured on digital imagery but also subsequently verified from beyond this Earthly realm. For extraordinarily, thirty-six days later, in what was to be my first reading since the experience, the leading item channelled by remote clairvoyant, Andrew Chaplin, was this familiar message from angelic beings ...

"For you we are really trying to intensify and make as prominent as we can the Light forms. We realise you have a logical, rational and scientific mind that might explain it to something sensible. But you know it is not the case. We will show you as strongly as we can – the Lights, so you know it's not anything based on reason. You must prove what you know to others. We will continue doing this so, where ever you go, be ready for that!"

I was totally astonished by Andrew's recital of what had taken place a month earlier, becoming even more convinced that what I had experienced was literally out of this world! I refer to this event, a specific window in time, 2013 Jan 21-23, as the day Callarde's portal opened. In the 36-hour period leading up to the main light spectacle, numerous intensely bright "explosive" sky flashes, appearing as lightning (less thunder), were observed at various times of day and night from inside the farmhouse. This surge of electrical activity seemed to emanate from the space within and above the old wall enclosure; light phenomena later captured on imagery clarified why this was the case.

The morning of Jan 23 arrived to reveal an unexpected and pristine snow-scape. An even 6-inches had fallen overnight creating a photographer's paradise. At once, I felt an insatiable urge to go outside and catch the stone circle and surrounds clad in its temporary white overcoat. The clock was approaching 10 am, the sky completely overcast as it had been in previous days, seemingly laden with more snow. Yet the conditions were tranquil, without winds or further precipitation, the temperature just above freezing. I started to snap away using an older, quality, point and shoot digital camera. However, only when pointing to frame the house and old wall, did I inadvertently capture a rare and spectacular light show, abridged in the ensuing frame sequence. The first, a great ball of light (Frame-A), discerned as an "outburst" to the naked eye, reveals motion blur. The house bares no blurring that would suggest an unsteady camera. The object is thus dynamic, appearing to move upwards from the ground in the space enclosed by the old walls, consistent with electrical activity seen in previous days. The image also catches a myriad of other spots of light.





Inexplicably, some 86-162 seconds later, the entire 6-inch depth of snow on the roof beneath where the blazing luminosity had appeared, spontaneously fractured at the unusual diagonal angle shown (Frame-B), avalanching to the ground with an enormous roar. Yet the general signs were more consistent with a progressive melt, not an instantaneous one; solar radiation was absent, whilst the sloping roof is internally clad with 9-inch thick rigid insulation, preventing rapid uniform heat loss. Snow on the north face remained fully intact. The negligible time lapse between the luminosity's appearance and the avalanche, implicates the luminosity as the most likely cause; that it interacted with the airspace instigating a rapid line of fracture as opposed to a gradual melt. The presence of snow played a critical role in my understanding. As the spectacle drew to a close, a beautiful striated orb appeared in the stone circle (Frame-C), exhibiting a structure with alternating bands.

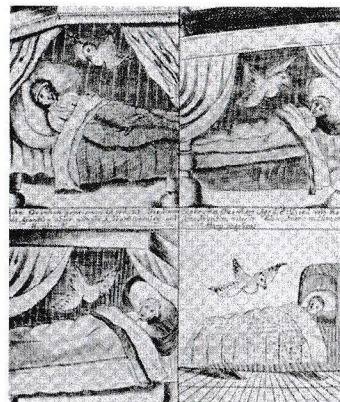
My rational side decided to maintain an objective approach throughout the subsequent image analysis. It was essential to eliminate the possibility that the captured lights were not inherent of the camera itself. Excluding the preceding electrical activity, snow avalanche and psychic message, I found other indicators showing that the lights were independent of the camera's operation. For instance, luminosities appear



randomly, visible in 6 of the 8 frames exposed automatically over a 14-minute period. Therein, they vary entirely in quantity, position, size and brightness –from pinheads to balls of light. Some appeared static, some in motion against the fixed scenery. Besides, numerous attempts have since been made to repeat these outcomes, using the same equipment, in daylight hours, but never with success. The prelude electrical activity, now attributed to the light show, has never manifested again either. One can only conclude that the phenomena was a rarity, a result of combined local environmental factors, prevailing conditions, a specific moment in time and even one or two overseeing angels!

### Oxenham's "White Birds" & Menhir

My experience has parallels with the well known Devon legend of 1635, itself linked with Callarde –the *Oxenham Omen* (see J.NLH Issue 25), also known as the *White Bird of the Oxenhams*. The protagonist in that supernatural tale was none other than James Oxenham (the younger, 1608-1637), founder of Callarde Barton and the farmhouse that remains today. The fleeting multiple "white bird" apparitions claimed in the legend hold a remarkable likeness to my daylight sightings of airborne transient luminosities, a "white bird" being a suitable expressive allegory of that time. There is also definite monastic ties; Oxenham's main Baronswood residence was located 10 miles south of Callarde in Zeal Monachorum, viz. *seat of the monks*. Moreover, the ancient family Oxenham had dwelt in South Tawton and South Zeal, on Dartmoor's northern edge, from at least 1216. South Zeal's 15c. inn –the *Oxenham Arms*, a former medieval manor house, was originally built in the 12c. by lay-monks (probably Cistercians) around a 4500-year old menhir, the depth of which has never been reached. It is yet another instance of monastic superposition of a pagan sacred site. As you would expect, the inn is haunted by a friendly monk!



(Above) The 'White Birds' of the Oxenham Omen (Below) Menhir at the Oxenham Arms



### Divine Fire at the Earth Temples

In his book, "The Templars and the Ark of the Covenant : The Discovery of the Treasure of Solomon" (2004), Graham Phillips writes of a phenomenon uncannily similar to those I had experienced at Callarde, once abode to the Callarde Templars of Canterbury, Buckland-in-Dover and Temple Dinsley. Graham was familiar with reports of strange lights seen at Jebel al-Madhbah (in the Sinai wilderness of the Edom Valley) recognising their likeness with Old Testament manifestations, the "Divine Fire" on Mount Sinai and the "glory of the Lord." Guided to research more about strange lights observed at the well of Burton Dassett (Warwickshire), place of the Herdewyke Templars, he writes:

"I discovered that similar strange lights had been seen all over the Burton Dassett Hills. I found dozens of newspaper clippings reporting all kinds of mysterious luminosities: spheres, columns and pinpricks of light ...on the hills, in woodlands, even in the Temple Herdewyke area."

Due to hundreds of sightings, Oxford University carried out studies during the 1990s concluding that the spectacle was electromagnetic, caused by a blend of local geology, seismology and fast-flowing subterranean streams. Occurrences came in waves, peaking for several days following heavy rainfall, before subsiding, often for years. Graham had found geoplasma as an answer to the enigmas of Jebel al-Madhbah. At Callarde, I recognise common environment factors matching those at Burton Dassett; a deep well (see J.NLH Issue 27), incessant underground water, higher than average rainfall and, proximity to the active Sticklepath seismic fault (aligned SE-NW), with a close relation to local low intensity earthquake centres of recent years including:

- 🌀 1996 Nov 26 : 1.5 Richter, Winkleigh (5-miles south of Callarde)
- 🌀 2001 Jun 1 : 3.6 Richter, off Hartland Point, Bristol Channel<sup>[1]</sup>
- 🌀 2011 Jun 23 : 2.7 Richter, Bovey Tracey/Moretonhampstead<sup>[1]</sup>
- 🌀 2012 Jun 22 : 3.6 Richter, off Hartland Point, Bristol Channel
- 🌀 2014 Feb 20 : 4.1 Richter, off Hartland Point, Bristol Channel

Geoplasma is for real as are advances in geoengineering. Exploitation of this resource is potentially enormous as are the impacts to the spirit of the landscape : for if one can make rain at will, induce and control the volume flow of subterranean streams, then 'free' electrical energy may be generated in the ground. Perhaps there is far more to the guise of widespread fracking and the prolific siting of trivial output renewables than meets the discernible eye. But that too remains an Earth mystery!

Note [1] : For Hartland and Moretonhampstead leys refer to J.NLH Issue 25 and 28



# THE STABLE END

with

**Richard Knight,**  
*the Rustic Farrier*



## Leys of The White Horse

The reason I didn't take Broad Towns White Horse seriously was the depiction of the beast on the sign at the local school. It is a morbid, sorry-looking animal, one glance at which would have you calling the vet for a lead injection out of sheer kindness. Then on one journey to Marlborough, I caught a glimpse of the actual White Horse of Broad Town, and I saw what had happened, the school had held a competition to design the school badge and the headmaster's son had won.

Anyway, I looked at a map and the horses of Broad Town, Hackpen and Marlborough were in a perfect straight line. Also, forming a nice number 7, a line from Marlborough Horse to Westbury Horse ran straight through Alton Barnes Horse. See FIG.1. There is a brilliant website, [WiltshireWhiteHorses.org.uk](http://WiltshireWhiteHorses.org.uk) which lists all the hill figures with map references, including ones that are lost, and had me gluing maps together ...again. [Landrangers 173, 174,184].

It is the lost ones that are the Key. Without them, it makes little sense, and chief among these is INKPEN or HAM HILL White Horse. The others are ROCKLEY, TAN HILL and DEVIZES OLD HORSE, while the one replaced at Westbury is a revelation, the wonderful Moon Stallion – more of him later!

The outer horses are Uffington, Inkpen and Westbury, and a circle through these has a centre at Avebury no less. Not the stones, but Avebury Trusloe, where the original village was built due to a Saxon respect for the sanctity of the stones, sadly lacking in later years. This was a good result but even better was the relationship of the Inkpen-Westbury line to the circle, namely: the line of intersection with an equal circle that is one side of an equilateral triangle - see FIG.2

FIG.1 White Horses in with Map References -

A. Broad Town	SU 098 783
B. Hackpen	SU 128 749
C. Marlborough	SU 184 682
D. Alton Barnes	SU 106 637
E. Westbury	SU 808 516

FIG.2 Map References -

A. Avebury Trusloe	SU 094 698
B. Durrington Walls	SU 150 437
C. Westbury (white horse)	SU 808 516
D. Inkpen (white horse)	SU 348 621
E. Uffington (white horse)	SU 302 866
F. Alton Barnes (white horse)	SU 106 637
G. Pewsey (white horse)	SU 171 580

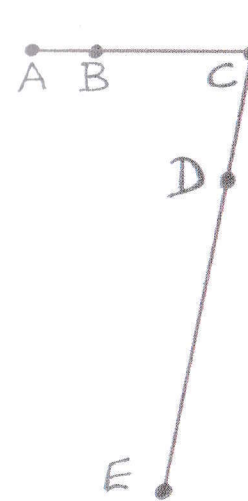


FIG.1

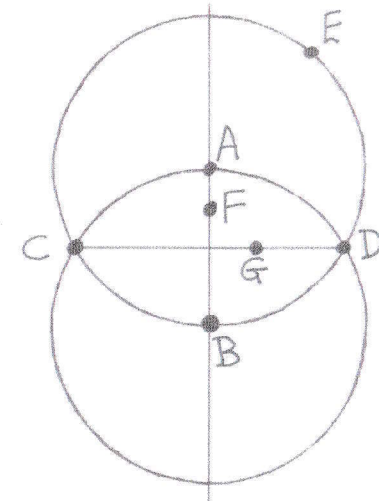


FIG.2



It can be seen that the lines of the intersecting circles hold five White Horses with Alton Barnes and Pewsey joining the three on the first circle. Durrington Walls is the centre of the second circle.

The oval shape ADBC is the famous "VESICA PISCIS" or Fish Bladder, revered by Christians, Templars, Pagans and Mystics, with it's association with the fish, it was the secret symbol of Jesus. Is this the oldest man-made Vesica Piscis - consisting as it does of AVEBURY, DURRINGTON WALLS, INKPEN WHITE HORSE and WESTBURY WHITE HORSE with 2 white horses thrown in, on the interior lines?

FIG.3 shows the completed diagram with more lines of white horses and a rather shocking addition that had me reeling. For when I first showed the Banbury Cross (see previous Stable End article<sup>1</sup>) to Gary Biltcliffe and Caroline Hoare, ages ago, they said that this stuff was all about me and, at the time, it just didn't seem possible. A bit later, the smashing of the cross (referenced in that article) became very personal to my family, more of which we will come to soon, but for now we can see in FIG.3 that the lines and circles of white horses *include* The Forge I was born in – very important!

In FIG.3, the red spots are White Horses and the two unmarked green spots are Avebury Trusloe and Durrington Walls, the line through which is roughly MAGNETIC NORTH.

**FIG.3 – Map names**

- B = Broad Town
- U = Uffington
- BH = Broad Hinton (Hackpen Horse)
- C = Cherhill
- R = Rockley
- D = Devizes Old Horse
- AB = Alton Barnes
- M = Marlborough
- W = Westbury
- P = Pewsey
- I = Inkpen

<sup>1</sup> See: Lughnasadh 2017 newsletter

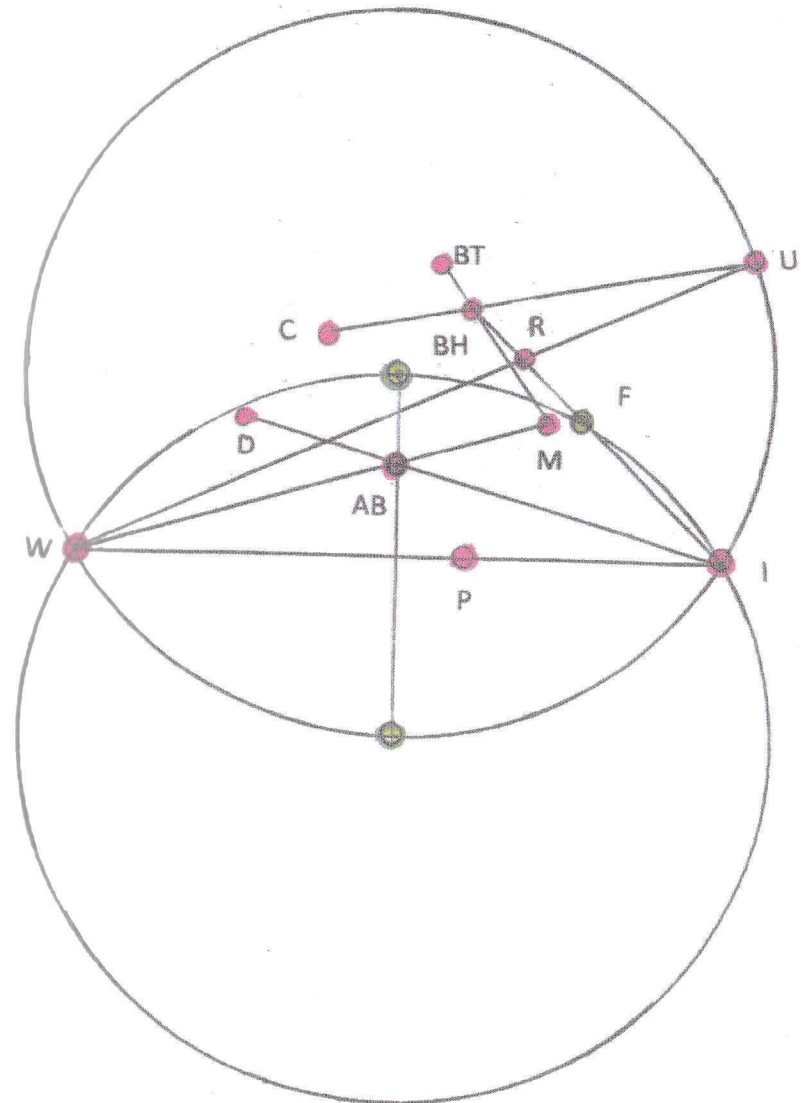


FIG.3

The green spot marked 'F' is The Forge in Mildenhall where I was born, SU 215 698.



As you can see the line through Hackpen, Rockley and Inkpen horses passes through The Forge and, viewed on Google Earth, the line goes through the room I was born in as well as my first school across the road. The lower circle does the same, while the line through Westbury, Alton Barnes and Marlborough horses points to the village pub in the Mildenhall [Minal to locals], the pub called, of course, The HORSESHOE INN ...great place!

Minal is, of course, the Roman Cunetio excavated by the Time Team and I reckon The Forge was going then, I have a horseshoe dug-up in the garden, given to me by the present incumbent and it is very old indeed. For one thing, The Forge is very handy for water and I still remember my dad fitting a hot tyre to a cartwheel and throwing it in the river, so as not to burn the wood as it shrank on.

The line passing through each horse is orientated so that the horse in question could stand, walk and gallop upon that line as if it was the ground beneath its feet – see FIG.4 below. Initially, there were two horses that, oddly, didn't follow this rule, even if they did align with each other – Cherhill and Broad Town. So I dropped a perpendicular line through the two offenders and, interestingly, it went through one of our most celebrated Hill figures – the one that would perhaps make a good nun blush – I am of course referring to the Cerne Giant!

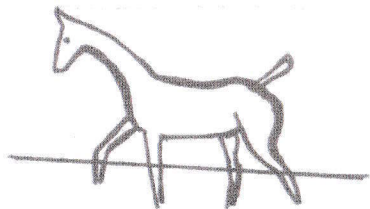
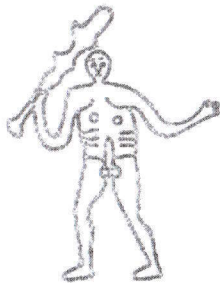


FIG.4



Cerne Giant

To be continued...

[All editing by Liza Llewellyn]

#### Brief bio of Richard Knight, the Rustic Farrier

Richard was born about two yards from the River Kennet in Minal, Mildenhall, Wiltshire in what is now called The Old Forge. His father was the last blacksmith in the area and was a Romany Gypsy who taught his son the trade of farrier which he still is to this day.

## BOOK REVIEW

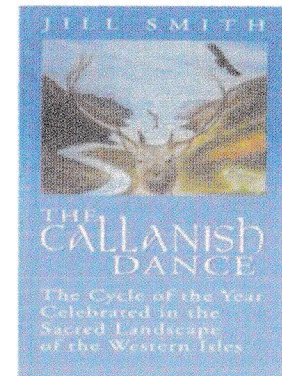
### The Callanish Dance

Jill Smith

Publisher: Capall Bann Publishing, Berks, 2000. 168pp, paperback,

b&w illustrations and photographs.

ISBN: 978-1861631103



In a previous Network of Ley Hunters Newsletter (Imbolc 2015), I reviewed Jill Smith's book, *Mother of the Isles*.

This is an earlier book. While *Mother of the Isles* is written about the author's experiences on the Western Isles of Scotland including, Harris, Skye, St. Kilda, and the Isle of Lewis generally, this earlier book focuses more specifically on Callanish itself and its magnificent main stone circle.

It tells of her arriving on the Isle of Lewis and what brought her there. She discusses what she did *before* Lewis - her awakening to the spiritual dimension of the landscape when she spent time at Avebury stone circle and complex, how she was inspired by Michael Dames' books, *The Silbury Treasure* and *The Avebury Cycle* (both reviewed in the Imbolc 2012 of this newsletter) and her feeling of having a rebirth from Mother Earth at Maiden Castle hillfort, Dorset. The author also refers to her experience of *Dzog Chen*, the Tibetan Buddhist practice of returning to the 'natural, primordial state' – elements of which I would imagine were helpful in tuning into the stones and landscape at Callanish.

Those interested in landscape zodiacs will enjoy reading about the author's account of working the 'Gypsy Switch', a journey around England and Wales in a caravan, one month at a time, stopping off in a different geographical area each month - an area corresponding to that particular month's sign of the zodiac. She also talks about her awakening to the power of the mysteries of the earth and of the gods while working in her theatrical company, via the power of ritual drama.

Eventually, she felt a calling to go the Isle of Lewis and specifically to visit the main Callanish stone circle. She talks about camping out near



the site and her strong desire to stay with the stones all summer. She describes living on the Isle sometimes in harsh conditions and challenging circumstances, struggling to repair and maintain her house, working hard to make a living producing and selling her artwork, burning peat and staying warm in the winter.

In the book are the eight chapters dedicated to each of the ancient Fire Festivals: the two Solstices, the two Equinoxes, Imbolc, Beltaine, Lughnasadh and Samhain. The author describes how she observed these sacred solar festivals, which, for the most part involved time spent at the main circle of Callanish. There is also a chapter on the salmon and the author's appreciation of them as the legendary salmon of wisdom then actually seeing them leaping at Loch Roag on Lewis.

The book's title can perhaps best be explained by a reference the author makes to the fact that the main *circle* at Callanish with its four stone *linear* 'extensions' (one stone avenue in the North and three single rows of stones in the East, West and South), from above, resembles a figure dancing with its arms out, the 'body' and 'head' forming a North-South axis and the 'arms' forming a East-West axis. Metaphorically, the stone figure *dances* through the cycle of the seasons. With an artist's eye she describes how she saw the stones dramatically change colour with the seasonal variations in light and shade.

What makes Jill Smith's experience particularly special among megalithic mystical adventures is the fact that she didn't just visit the places she details and then go home at night, but rather, she slept out on the landscape itself, under the stars - when the weather was dry, sometimes sleeping on the heather or, when raining, wrapped in plastic wrapping and without even a tent.

Finally, the book has examples of Jill's artwork, including illustrations of the Callanish stones and surrounding hills, which look lovely even in black and white and decoratively enhances the narrative.

- Liza Llewellyn

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Gary Biltcliffe addresses us at Whalley (photo: Denis Chapman)

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Our Clitheroe Moot (photos: Denis Chapman)

