

The Newsletter of the Network of **Ley Hunters**

£2.50

Issue 30 – Imbolc 2019



Alderley Edge (photo: Martin Morrison)

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 14th, 15th, and 16th 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 13th September) by telephoning Denise Robinson on 07812-558-525 www.kirkbystephenhostel.co.uk. You must **book early!** **ADVANCE MOOT TICKETS** are available now for £135. After 9th 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).

The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters Issue 30, Imbolc (1st February) 2019

Editorial address: Laurence Main, 9 Mawddwy Cottages, Minllyn, Dinas Mawddwy, Machynlleth, SY20 9LW, Wales, United Kingdom. Telephone 01650-531354.
www.networkofleyhunters.co.uk Denis Chapman is our Webmaster. Email nolh@btinternet.com

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.

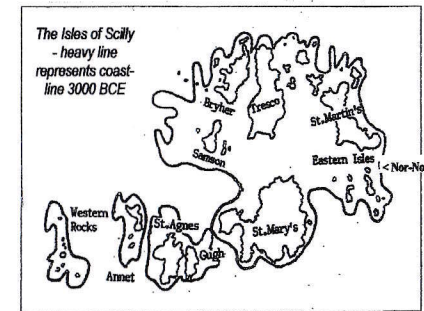
This newsletter is available on annual subscription of £15 (or £30 if from abroad). This brings you four quarterly issues. Please send a cheque or postal order payable to the Network of Ley Hunters. Bank notes are also welcome.

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.



Lying 28 miles off the coast of Land's End, the Isles of Scilly are Britain's most south-westerly landmass. They consist of some 54 islands or 200 or so isles, islets and rocks. Only 5 are inhabited, and then only relatively sparsely: St. Mary's (the main island), St. Martin's, Treviso, Bryher and St. Agnes (with the adjoining island of Gugh cut off at high tide).

At the end of the Ice Age, 10,000 years ago, the separate islands were probably just one, and were first visited in the Mesolithic and early Neolithic periods, probably from Europe (about 4000 BCE), with possible seasonal occupation. By 3000 BCE, when the first permanent settlers began to arrive (probably from Cornwall), the seas had risen so that the island had shrunk into one main one, sometimes referred to as Ennor, meaning "the land", with three separate smaller island groups to the west, consisting of St. Agnes and Gugh, Annet + islets, and the western rocks. [map above]. These Neolithic and early Bronze Age peoples would have farmed the low-lying land (now covered by the sea that has further risen since then), and constructed their sacred monuments on the hill tops above, which are now the tors and peaks of today's islands. [1]

These people had a particular propensity for constructing entrance graves and there are 125 or so of these remaining on these islands, some in a better state of preservation than others. By comparison, in Cornwall there were less than a dozen. [2] Most of the ones on the Isles were aligned to significant calendrical points around the wheel of the year, with the largest number facing NE (midsummer solstice sunrise), closely followed by SE (midwinter solstice sunrise), SW (midwinter solstice sunset) and NW (midsummer solstice sunset), with a lesser number facing E or W for Spring and Autumn equinoctial sunrise or sunset. [3] Examples of the midsummer solstice sunrise alignments are Bants Carn on St. Marys [photo i], Buzza Hill on St. Marys, and Samson Hill on Bryher. The two entrance graves on the twin peaks of Middle Arthur (Eastern

The Isles of Scilly – the Blessed Isles by Cheryl Straffon

COME TO OUR MOOT ON THE ISLES OF SCILLY NEXT JUNE!

Isles) face respectively SE (winter solstice sunrise) and SW (winter solstice sunset), and may have both been used to view the solar alignment at opposite times on the shortest day of the year. Or perhaps we should say that the rising and setting suns entered the tombs at this time, for their purpose may well have been to connect the sun with the dead buried within, perhaps to facilitate their passage to the afterlife.

Although we cannot be certain what the Neolithic and Bronze Age people believed, it seems likely that there was on these islands a 'cult of the dead', and given the plethora of entrance graves, it may well be that the remains (cremated or otherwise) of the dead were taken by boat from the Cornish mainland to be buried in these isles, although the Scillies' resident archaeologist, Katharine Sawyer, disputes this [4]. It appears that many of the entrance graves are positioned deliberately with their 'backs to the sea', i.e facing inland rather than out to the sea. This may have been to emphasise the connection between the land and its people, and the spirits of the ancestors buried within. The ancestors were thought of as watching over the people who still lived and worked the land, and were perhaps in some way protecting them. Thus in the case, for example, of Obadiah's Barrow on Gugh, the entrance faces SE, the midwinter solstice sunrise, but it faces the flanks of a hill, which may have been thought of as sacred to the people. Behind the barrow, a stunning seascape unfolds to the eye, but this is not where the entrance faces [*photo ii*].

An exception to this rule seems to occur at Innisidgen Upper entrance grave on St.Mary's, where the entrance (facing SE, the midwinter solstice sunrise) looks out over the sea [*photo iii*]. But there is something else going on here. Anybody (or any spirit) emerging from the entrance at the winter solstice sunrise, would have faced a distinctive shaped rocky outcrop above the grave, a natural carn on the shoreline that has a channel cut through the rock. So the grave was deliberately placed in order that the emerging being or spirit would face a sacred rock in the landscape. The journey would then have been from the darkness of the underworld in the tomb to the first light of the winter solstice sun, and then up to the rocky outcrop highpoint [*photo iv*]. This would have been both a literal and a metaphorical journey from the underworld of the tomb to the upper world of the rock and through to the sky beyond, and walking it would have been a powerful ritual experience of death and rebirth at the lowest point of the year's cycle.

There was clearly a relationship between the natural tors and hills in these islands, and the people who built the entrance graves. As already mentioned,

sometimes the entrance graves look up towards the tors and hills, but sometimes they have been built on the tors themselves. In the Eastern Isles, there are a number of what are now islands with distinctive peaks all crowned with graves. One of these is Great Arthur, Middle Arthur and Lower Arthur, all crowned with the remains of entrance graves and cairns. Another is the island of Nor-Nour, which also has three distinctive peaks, which may have been considered to be a sacred area in Neolithic and Bronze Age times. If so, it may well be that this memory of the sacredness of this island remained important to the descendants of these people, for some 2000 or so years later, in the late Iron Age and Romano-British period (approx. 500 BCE – 400 CE), this island became a principal shrine to a native marine Goddess. The site was excavated during 1969-1973, when 11 interlinked circular stone huts were found, each with a main room about 4.6m – 5.2m in diameter, with a smaller annex alongside. The settlement probably consisted of one extended family, with different generations occupying the three main houses [*photo v*].

At some point in this period, the houses were abandoned, except for two on the west side of the settlement. These became a shrine, which may have been a 'stopping-off' place for people travelling by boat from Ireland, Wales and Cornwall to and from Gaul, all places known to have been linked in Celtic times. Here, the travellers could have made offerings to a Goddess of the Sea in thanks and hopes for a safe passage. No inscriptions have been found naming this Goddess but Professor Charles Thomas [4] has suggested from place name evidence that she was called Sillina, and that she gave her name to the Scillies. The site proved to be a major treasure trove of finds, including 300 brooches, 35 bronze rings, 11 bronze bracelets and bangles, 2 bronze spoons, 84 Roman coins, 24 glass beads and numerous fragments of pots and figurines, including a Dea Nutrix (nursing Mother) and a Venus or Goddess figurine. These were all interpreted by the excavators of the site as votive offerings to the marine Goddess to ask for a fair wind and safe passage.

The Isles of Scilly are full of such hidden and little-known secrets and are a delight to explore. There has been no space to talk about the standing stones on St.Mary's and Gugh, or the statue-menhir on St.Martin's, or the holy well and pebble labyrinth on St.Agnes, so these may have to wait for our visit. Take the ferry or skybus plane or helicopter to the islands and enjoy the amazing jewel set in a crystal-blue sea that are the islands of the Scillies.

REFERENCES

[1] for more details see *The Earth Mysteries Guide to ancient sites on the Isles of Scilly* by Cheryl Traffon [*Meyn Mamvro publications, 1995*].

[2] Details of sites are listed in *Isles of Scilly Survey* by Vivien Russell [*Isles of Scilly Museum & Institute of Cornish Studies, 1980*] and by Katharine Sawyer.

[3] See *The Prehistoric Island Landscape of Scilly* by Gary Robinson [*BAR British series 447, 2007*]

[4] *The Isles of the Dead?* by Katharine Sawyer [*Archaeopress, 2015*]

[5] *Explorations of a Drowned Landscape* by Charles Thomas [*Batsford, 1985*]



Photo (i) – Bants Carn, St.Marys



Photo (ii) – Obadiahs Barrow, Gugh



Photo (iii) – Upper Innisidgen, St.Marys

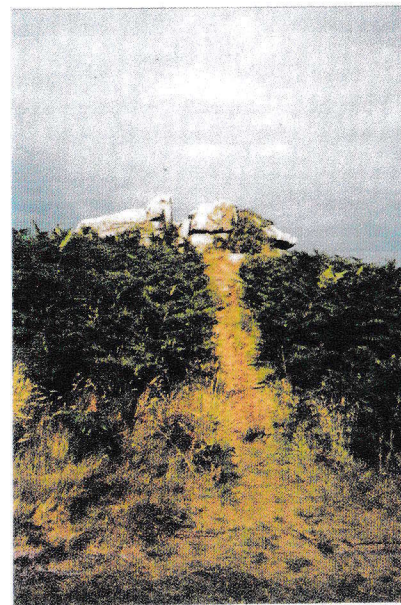


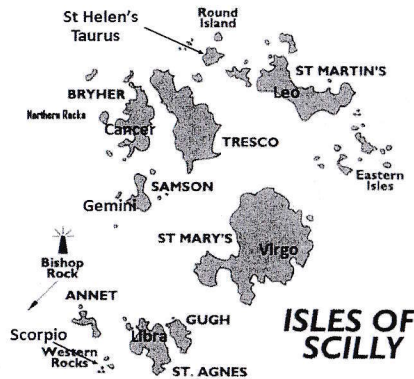
Photo (iv) – Spirit path from Upper Innisidgen, St.Marys



Photo (v) – Nor Nour settlement

THE SCILLY ZODIAC
The Temple of Lyonesse?
 by Jimmy Goddard, 1994

The Isles of Scilly, twenty-eight miles out into the Atlantic off the coast of Cornwall, have a dual nature. They are a place of storm-lashed rocks, where many ships have come to grief, but at the same time the kindly effects of the Gulf Stream give them a sub-tropical climate where many unusual and spectacular plants thrive.



That most of the islands were one land mass in the Bronze Age is generally accepted - there are the remains of houses on the tiny island of Nornour in the Eastern Isles that have now been partly destroyed by the sea.¹ Indeed, Scillonians usually refer to their land simply as "Scilly". Legend, however, goes further, and holds that a fertile land called Lyonesse stretched outwards from what is now Land's End, and that the islands

are hilltops once part of this land. A map of this was drawn by Agnes Stickland in 1901, and published in *Lost England*, by Beccles Wilson.² There is a large copy of this map on display in the *Scillonian*, the ship that brings hundreds of holidaymakers to the islands each year. It is claimed that at the Seven Stones rocks, between Land's End and Scilly, where legend has it that there was a great town called the City of Lions, "small diamond shaped panes set in lead and forming rude casements have been found, and the tops of buildings have been observed under the sea".³ There is also evidence that the area of Scilly was considered a holy place in ancient times, for prehistoric sites are concentrated in its tiny area - in fact there are more chambered cairns than in the whole of Cornwall.

Lyonesse also figures in Arthurian legend; it figures in Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur* and the Rev. Whitfield in *Scilly and its Legends* paints a Moses-like scenario of Arthur's followers fleeing Mordred over Lyonesse after Arthur's death. Merlin appeared, causing the earth to quake and the land to sink engulfing the rebels, while the loyal followers of Arthur escaped safely to Scilly.³

When visiting the islands, I noticed that there seemed something familiar about the local map. Suddenly I realised what it was - the outline of the islands bore a distinct similarity to the figures of the Glastonbury Zodiac found by Katherine Maltwood - but going in the opposite direction!⁴ (In Somerset the figures go round anti-clockwise, while in Scilly their sequence is clockwise). When looking at the under-sea contours, this similarity became even more apparent. Most of the figures

seem to be in their correct position, though there are some strange anomalies. Also, there are a number of significant place-names.

Cancer is a ship in this Zodiac, as it is in Somerset. It is the island of Bryher. The rear structure of the ship is clearly outlined by Stony Porth, and there is a Stoneship Porth just to the north. The ship appears to have a large figurehead called...Shipman Head!

Leo is a huge, bounding lion formed by St. Martin's, its head formed by White Island, one front paw being Lion Rock. One back leg is formed from the Eastern Isles, Great Ganilly and Great Innisvoulis; Little Ganilly and Great and Little Arthur form the other. It is also the figure facing the Seven Stones, legendary site of the City of Lions, capital of Lyonesse.

St. Mary's is, of course, Virgo, the next figure in the Zodiac. I thought at first that the Hugh, on which the Garrison is built, was the head and Peninnis an arm, but a closer look shows that the latter is in fact the head (although not very obviously at the present time). Peninnis means "island head", and, although many headlands are called "head", in this case it is emphasised by the presence of "Inner Head" and "Outer Head". There is no obvious corn connection with the Hugh, but there is a Rat attacking it - Rat Island, by the quay, which seems to be somewhat rat shaped. John Leland, the antiquarian, who claimed to have visited Scilly in about 1540, wrote: "There is one isle of the Scilleys cawled Rat Isle, yn which there be so many rattes that if horse, or any other lyvyng beast be browght thither they devore hym".

Perhaps the most beautiful of the figures is the next - Libra - which is a dove as in Somerset. It is the island of St. Agnes. Its wings are outstretched, the southern one being formed by Wingletang Down! The under-sea contour shows the other, with Great Smith and Halftide Ledges. Its beak is Long Point and the Troy Town labyrinth, formed of white pebbles, is in the right position to be its eye. The island of Gugh, joined to St. Agnes at low tide, is its great fan tail.

Scorpio is formed by the treacherous Western Rocks, and its outline is formed by the under-sea contour. The HMS Association was wrecked on the Gilstone, on the western claw of this fearsome figure.

Gemini is not clear, but the twin hills of Samson may be part of it. Tresco is something of a mystery, being between Cancer and Leo. It could possibly be the other Twin - if so it is a girl twin, from its general shape and Skirt Island to the south, but this is in no way as clear as with the other figures. Tresco also seems to have a twin nature which reflects the duality of Scilly as a whole. Its north is wild and rugged, while its south is lush and sub-tropical, with its famous Abbey Gardens.

Taurus is even more of a mystery, being seemingly completely misplaced. It would appear to be St. Helen's, looking very much like the Somerset Taurus (just a

head), with its horns being Golden Ball and Men-a-vaur. Its neck is Beef Neck! But it would not appear to be in the right place. Annet and its attendant islands, with the under-sea contours, looks very like a fish, but is once again in the wrong position for Pisces.

Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius and Aries would seem to have been claimed by the Atlantic, if they existed.

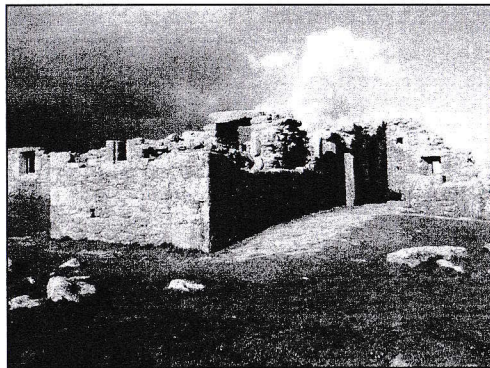
References:

- 1 *Scilly's Archaeological Heritage*, by Jeanette Ratcliffe, Cornwall Archaeological Unit.
- 2 *Lost Lands and Sunken Cities*, by Nigel Pennick.
- 3 *The Fortunate Islands*, by R.L. Bowley.
- 4 *A Guide to Somerset's Temple of the Stars*, by Katherine Maltwood.

Visiting Scilly and its zodiac figures, on the Society of Ley Hunters Moot in 2008

A small group of us set off on the Scillonian III for the Isles of Scilly, where three of us camped at the Garrison campsite (on Virgo's wheatsheaf in the Zodiac) while the other two stayed in the town.

On Thursday morning we took the boat to Tresco, its dual nature (tropical in the south, rugged in the north) giving it Gemini characteristics. We first visited the famous Abbey Gardens, which as well as its exotic plants has the ruins of the original twelfth century Abbey. There seems to be a ley through it; two entrance



King Charles's Castle

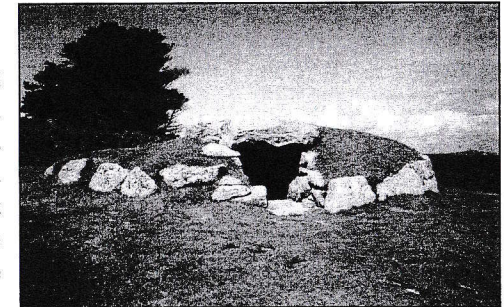
graves on Samson Hill, Bryher align with it, first going through the monument to Augustus Smith on Tresco, then the Abbey and a crossroads, then two tiny islands, Guthers Island and Damascene before going through the northern part of Great Ganilly in the Eastern Isles, where there are cairns. Then we were in the rugged north and approaching King Charles's Castle (actually built in the sixteenth century). The E

-line, the wide powerful ley running from the Isle of Sheppey to Cape Cornwall, appears to go through this, and the entrance graves on Tregarthan Hill.

On Friday we went to St. Martin's, the huge, bounding Leo figure, and found the stone row on the beach is aligned with a notch on Little Ganilly, one of the East-

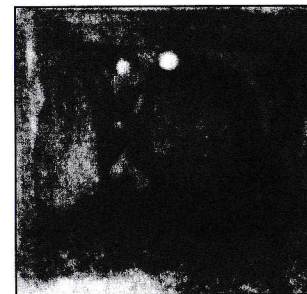
ern Isles which form the lion's back legs. There was a possible fallen menhir nearby, and a possible cairn which lined up with Bants Carn on St. Mary's. We then went to the prominent red and white Daymark; the lion's paws were easily visible from here. We then visited Burnt Hill, a possible cliff castle, which Laurence found powerful and thought the name might have indicated a beacon. There seems to be a ley from here to Nornour. Also there is another from two entrance graves in the north of Tresco, through Tresco Church, a crossroads, Skirt Island south of Tresco, the Long Rock on St. Mary's and the Cloudesley Shovell monument.

Returning to St. Mary's, we walked to the famous Long Rock, a standing stone which seemed to slightly resemble a dolphin. Its edge is at 240°, and Laurence felt a ley running at this angle. This could be the alignment of Bants Carn, the Long Rock, Lower Innisidgen entrance grave, and a marked



Upper Innisidgen Entrance Grave

cairn on Menawethan in the Eastern Isles. The stone is in a clump of amazingly shaped Scots pines. We then visited Upper Innisidgen entrance grave, aligned 15-20°, and a cairn nearby. I later found some strange "orbs" had appeared on the



Upper Innisidgen interior and orbs

picture of the interior.

Saturday brought a trip to Bryher, the Cancer figure, a ship as in the Somerset Zodiac. There were two entrance cairns aligned with the left end of North Hill, Samson, and another chambered cairn aligned with a peak and the same place on Samson. On Gweal Hill were two cairns aligned with Bishop's Rock, where there is a lighthouse.

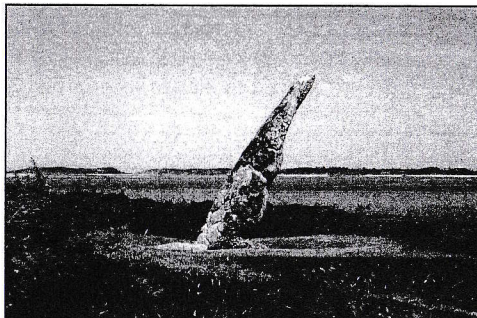
On Sunday we went to Harry's Walls on St. Mary's with the nearby standing stone. The walls are an unfinished sixteenth century fort; the stone is a Bronze Age menhir in its original position. Continuing to Lower Innisidgen entrance grave, we found it to be pointing towards Cornwall, the direction of the alignment detected by Laurence.

Arriving at Samson in the afternoon, we found it to be particularly rich in Bronze Age entrance graves, cairns and cists - some seem to have been built in

alignments. A line of three on South Hill skirts the eastern side of the Garrison on St. Mary's, and an alignment of four on North Hill align with a chambered cairn on Gweal Hill, Bryher and the Old Man of Gugh, a standing stone on Gugh, adjoining St. Agnes. In the Zodiac, Samson is probably one of the Twins, with its twin hills.

St. Agnes was the destination for Monday, the loveliest of the figures, the Libra dove with its beak at Long Point, its wing at Wingletang Down and the adjoining island of Gugh forming its tail.

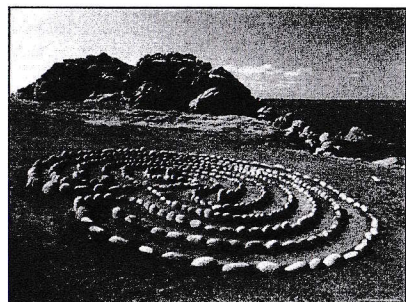
We were landed at the beach at Gugh and came to the Old Man, a quill-shaped stone, a feather in the Dove's tail. It is opposite the Garrison on St. Mary's and on a ley found by Andy Norfolk, which runs along Kittern Hill from Droptnose Point, through the Old Man, a cairn and along a stone row to another cairn.



The Old Man of Gugh

Crossing to St. Agnes, we came

to the Nag's Head, a rock formation like a horse with wings. Laurence found this particularly powerful. We then made our way to the Troy Town maze, traditionally laid out by the son of a lighthouse keeper in 1720, but may be earlier. It is in



Troy Town, St. Agnes—the Dove's eye

the right place to be the Dove's eye, and a line from it to the Old Man of Gugh goes across the Bar - the line of flight of the Dove. We walked round to St. Werna's Well and crossed Wingletang Down with its many cairns.

On Tuesday we went to St. Helen's and Tean, viewing Nornour, a religious centre in Roman times with a shrine where many goddess figurines have been found.

There is a line from an unmarked centre on the E-line and an entrance grave on White Island, through Burnt Hill on St. Martin's (which Laurence found powerful), a cairn centre on St. Martin's, Nornour and a cairn on Menawethan which is on the Long Rock-Innisidgen ley. St. Helen's resembles quite closely the Taurus bull's head in the Glastonbury Zodiac, but seems to be out of place. But it does have a stretch of sea called Beef Neck to the south, and Golden Ball Brow under its horns. Also the E-line skims its southern coast, going through the remains of the hermitage church and a round hermit's cell there.

THE CAILLEACH

By Tim Willcocks

"Blessed be and blessed are the mothers, maidens, crones"

Last year a storyteller in my local group had us enthralled with an episode of a Celtic story ... the power of winter, and the coming of spring ... enthralled that was until my stomach cringed at his talk of the mystical 'cally-ach': the maiden mother ... wise woman crone.

Fifty years previously as a student I had been the unofficial 'surveyor', for the Schools Hebridean Society, and I had plenty of practice poring over detailed 6" maps of Scotland. With glossary in hand I would tease out the names, meanings and sometimes pronunciation of Gallic words and phrases.

I loved this detective work, and even enrolled in a 'Gaelic for Beginners' evening course in Covent Garden, London.

But back to the 'Cally-ach', and me cringing.

I felt deeply within me this was a complete mispronunciation, but how could I prove it, and what was the correct lingo? For a start, surely 'ch' in Scottish is pronounced softly as in 'loch', and maybe the double 'll' is something like a 'y' sound.

That would get us nearer to a sound more like 'caiyach'.

No-one down south could help, and listeners in Malvern were less than impressed "I really don't get this kayak that keeps turning up in your non-seafaring stories please explain."

The next stepping stone was an empowering storytelling course with Michael Harvey, at which I met a young teller with memorable copper coloured hair. She worked in Edinburgh and is friendly with that brilliant young Scots teller, who has the little dreadie in his hair. "I shall ask him" said she. And she did. But sadly her emailed reply within the week informed me that he is not a native Gallic speaker, and did not wish to give possibly incorrect information!

Once again set back to my own resources, I decided to do the obvious thing: 'Phone a friend'.

I dialled 01859- (on Harris), and after Coinnich Lachie's surprised comment of "Hello there Tim, is that you Tim - in England? Well, how are you, and what are you phoning me for today?"

I responded by saying "Kenny, what is the Gallic word for 'the old woman' or the 'wise woman', or 'a healer' Is there such a word?"

COME TO OUR MOOTS!

"Och aye, indeed, you'll be meaning the 'Chaiyach Lickisto'. Aye that's right enough."

So that nugget of 'chailleach' was the all-important piece of information ... with a soft Scottish 'ch' at start and the finish, and a soft Spanish 'll'.

And Lickisto?

Well that's the name of the campsite at the foot of 'Hag Mountain', which lies at the eastern end of the 'Coffin Path' on south Harris.



Harris and Lewis lie one at either end of the 'Long Isle', and I was staying in a Stornaway hostel for a week in April 2018 with the UK Network of Ley Hunters. What an inspirational adventure in itself, and highly recommended!

It turns out that they have a similar Cailleach in Lewis, and she overlooks the great stone circle and alignments of Callanish. In the magical 'simmer dim' of those islands the full moon appears to glide along her pregnant belly on the horizon at specific lunar intervals. In the Lewis dialect she has the name of 'Cailleach na Mointeach' (Cailleach of the mountains).

Our bus driver's pronunciation was 'cayach', so I questioned her about Kenny's rendering of 'chayach'.

"Och, aye, that's how they say it over in Harris."

Fifty miles is a long way!

Contact TIM at twillcocks2@gmail.com or 01684-567721

The Callarde Experience

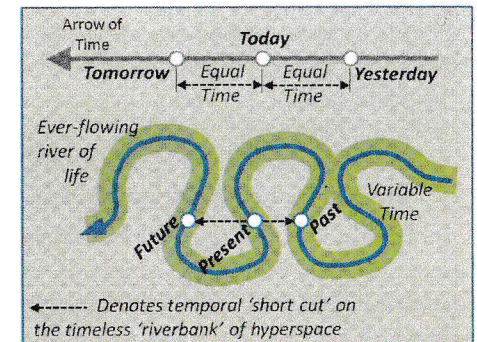
Part 8 : Soul Resonance – Reincarnation Makes a Comeback!

Mark Herbert

Journeys Along the River Bank

Is time a straight road or a meandering river? On face value it appears very much a one-way street with the clock moving ever forward at a constant chronological Earth rate. But what if it were really a river snaking back and forth on itself, speeding up and slowing down along its course? Such a paradigm could present openings to make convenient "short cuts" to moments in both the future and the past. We could hypothetically imagine disembarking life's boat, hiking either down or upstream along the river bank to a time before or after we were born to re-embark another vessel along the river of time. We would be time travellers; the body our time machine; the moment of disembarkation our death (of the temporary body, not the eternally conscious soul); the instant of re-embarkation, our re-birth. The "river bank" thus becomes a metaphor for the timeless realm of hyperspace between existences.

I have just outlined a version of the reincarnation process, a conviction that remains central to many of today's Eastern cultures. Spiritually advanced western civilisations in history also held re-embodiment as a core belief including the Druids, the ancient Egyptians, the Cathars and the Templars; in her book "*Pilgrimage to Iona*" (2014), Claire Nahmad writes of crucial times ahead causing the Templars to return ...



Perceptions of Time : (above) the straight one-way road of linear time; (below) the two-way winding river of non-linear time

"... the uniquely valiant spirit of the Templars will come again to help vanquish Enlil once and for all. The whole world will be freed; but Britain has a special mission in that she will lead the way. That is her responsibility and service. We need the spiritual will with which the Templars are ready to infuse us. Ignorance and doubt regarding spiritual reality and our global destiny beset us now, but this will be swept away in the coming days."

Margaret Jonas, in her book "*The Knights Templar : The Mystery of the Warrior Monks*" (2007) brings to light the little known Templar creed, which undeniably encapsulates the Templar belief in rebirth, Earthly elementals and the celestial clock that drives the fate of humanity ...

"We believe **once more** in the elemental forces that are present in the world. We believe that the destinies of human beings are the result of the stellar constellations and that human beings themselves are born out of these constellations in conformity with the laws of nature."

Their emphasis "*once more*" plainly implicates life in another time. Some **700 years** after their corruption and abrupt demise, can we doubt the word of these enigmatic time travellers who once held great influence over kingdoms and the Church for almost two centuries? Yet the modern western world, whose technological advances have been founded on a scientific precept that fundamentally sanctions recreation – i.e. that energy must be conserved in the universe, neither being created nor destroyed, only changing form, refrains from teaching such a spiritual revelation. It is as if one half of humanity has been conditioned to consider itself separate from everything else in existence, making no sense whatsoever. Even a water droplet reincarnates! Fill a kettle with water and allow it to boil, thus changing its liquid state by increasing its energetic vibration until vapour expels from the spout. As the vapour meets with cooler air and surfaces, it visibly condenses out, "re-born" again as water droplets, recycled from the same energetic pool. It is the interminable consciousness field around the water molecule that encodes it to remember how to be a droplet. Intriguingly, the vessel which we label our body is made up of 70% water!

As science delves deeper into the quantum realms, it exposes many more quirks that have spiritual parallels. Take, for instance, our temporal "short-cut" along the allegorical "river bank"; could this oddity be what theoretical physicists refer to as an *Einstein-Rosen bridge*, more commonly, a *wormhole*? Whilst far too small and transient to carry a physical body, this passage linking two universes, might instead hold the means of transferring soul consciousness in some exotic form. After all, virtually every account of near-death experience describes a mystical journey through a "tunnel" to someplace else.

It is fair to state that the nature of time is perhaps the most intangible and profoundly vague matter of human existence. What we perceive time as being is not what it really is. As satirical author Douglas Adams once hinted, "*Time is an illusion; lunch time doubly so!*"

If we are to improve our perception of illusory time then we first need to make some basic observations about time itself. Two vital clues can be gleaned from available accounts of human history. First note how mankind's progress has been strikingly impulsive and altogether unsteady. For instance, if we were to represent merely the last 2000 years of man's annals on a 52-week calendar, virtually all milestones crucial to en masse progress (i.e. transport, communication, education) occurred in the last 4 weeks of that year. Should we not ask why everything is so recent? Is it because the consciousness needed to markedly advance varies with time, is cyclic and thus why history tends to repeat? Is this effect driven by specific cosmic sources? Or is it that the fabric of time itself is non-linear? With such landmark events being 'stretched' out or 'compressed' down through the ages, a rubber-band model of time appears a far better analogy than one of a straight road!

The second important clue about the nature of time is held by the rate of change of Earth's populace. At the beginning of the 20c. the world population amounted to 1 billion people; by the end, it soared to an unprecedented 6 billion souls. We must ask why the unmatched six-fold increase in just the last century? What is so special about this interval of time more than any other that we know about? Is this further evidence of the rubber-band effect of non-linear time? Not only that, but ponder this unparalleled surge in birth rate from a reincarnation perspective and enquire why are all these souls wanting to be here, on Earth, right now? Let us not forget that, in AD 1244, hundreds of courageous Cathar priests, resolute in their belief of re-birth, vowed to their slayers that ...

"after seven hundred years, the laurel will grow green again."

With the *laurel* a symbol of immortality, the Cathars were surely eluding to the prospect of reincarnation! We can only surmise that they understood the nature of time because, with exquisite insight, those years post-1944 inspired much of that six-fold boost in Earthly souls, better known as the "baby boom". Eternity's "river bank" has never been so crowded, souls queuing on the quay as far as the third eye can see!

Rebirth : The Biggest Secret!

I would not have given the prospect of reincarnation a second thought pre-23 April 2007, the date when my soul shifted its life path to Callarde. Yet, I now find it highly conceivable that this is not my soul's only experience at this holy place, as reputable psychic mediums have frequently revealed, including renowned Welshseer, Carol Clarke ...

“The reincarnation thing is really finding out what you are bringing to this world. I’m unsure to call you Mark Herbert or Mark Callarde. But for this reading, I’ll put it as Mark Callarde because you and Callarde are the same!”

Carol’s insight has gone a long way to explaining a series of uncanny real life concurrences. Forty-five years after being born on the Templar revered Baptist (Midsummer’s) day 1962, I found my life being unwittingly drawn to the enduringly held, yet concealed Templar site of Callarde, a place long awaiting re-discovery for our time. Its earliest Templar guardians had preserved an older purer wisdom stemming from Callarde’s lost pre-historic incarnation as Kaldrade, signs of which I would revive. Disclosure by a life-long astrologer that 1962 had given rise to a mass reincarnation of sincere learned souls with humanitarian hearts, added credence to Carol’s vision. The triple conjunction of my natal Aquarian Saturn, ascendant and south node, is the celestial drive impelling my quest forward, as the aforesaid Templar creed had told.

Knowledge of the stars from an astronomical perspective had been a passion from an early age into professional life. So I was well acquainted with the Sirius star system long before my move to Callarde. It was only after, through unique esoteric discoveries, that I recognised the enormous influence that this stellar source has on mankind. According to the 5000-year old Dogon tradition of sigui or “world renewal”, emanations from Sirius arrive on Earth every 60 years. Intriguingly, I was conceived in 1961, the year of the most recent sigui; my initiation of the night sky followed in 1976 (sigui+ $\frac{1}{4}$); my conscious awakening occurred in 1991 (sigui+ $\frac{1}{2}$); finding Callarde came in 2006 (sigui+ $\frac{3}{4}$); the next sigui is due 2021! My life’s key turning points are not only synchronous with sigui but Callarde is also situated on the same Earth meridian as Bandiagara –home of the Dogon. Callarde’s crest adorns three baphomets of these Moorish elders out of highest respect. Carol not only saw Callarde’s Sirius connection but also disclosed ...

“... what you are being given is a **tool**. And this tool is amazing because it feels as if you’ve been chosen to do **something**.”

That given “tool” is what I have come to identify as “**Soul Resonance**”, a simple, first order, quantitative means to show that a divine blueprint, determined pre-birth, tied to both time and the land, governs the path of soul relations. That “something” is to present undeniable proof that souls are linked in ways we would not thought possible. That which I have started to unmask on my journey is just the tip of a giant iceberg ultimately becoming a body of work proving reincarnation is for real.

Transforming the World for Good

It was Albert Einstein who so eloquently pointed out that ...

“Concerning matter, we have been all wrong! What we have called matter is energy, whose vibration has been lowered to be perceptible to the senses. There is no matter!”

Yet, when we survey today’s world, we find societies overwhelmingly founded on insatiable material consumption rather than conservation! Everything is based on relentless growth not satisfied maturity; for profit not equitable service; of taking not giving; with unfeeling not caring; on a planet having an established order racing to replace natural with unnatural. Exploitation of the Earth and her inhabitants has never been so rife. Such are symptoms of a world obsessed and conditioned with a self-seeking “*one life, live it*” philosophy as opposed to one of “*many lives, learn from them*”. How much longer can this en masse seduction continue? Living life to the full is sound advice but only if it is done conscientiously with a spiritual foundation based on balance, truth and love. Materialism is the barrier, a construct of greed, power and control put in place to obscure the true spiritual multi-dimensional nature of existence. In reality, we shall all depart with nothing as we arrived and Mr Einstein will be proved correct –there is no matter!

But imagine the instant transformation of world society if only reincarnation were easily and tangibly provable! Would we not all live our lives differently if we knew that our actions and deeds of today have consequences for our individual and collective tomorrows? Would we not realise that those to whom we now give our energies to build our material prisons, will cause us to reap the global destiny we deserve? Proving life’s regenerative nature is key to dissolving the ignorance and doubt of spiritual reality to which Claire Nahmad so rightly refers.

Yet take heart! For the western world is undergoing spiritual revelation and revolution. Reincarnation is literally making a comeback with mounting credible evidence to show how soul relations actually work! Callarde makes a leading contribution by advancing research in the groundbreaking field of Soul Resonance. My spiritual duty is to teach those founding principles, help others comprehend their soul journeys, so develop this fresh thesis by its growing application. Results from early studies are encouraging; succinctly put : the hereafter is real, the grave is not the goal, Henry Longfellow’s psalm of life still holds true ...

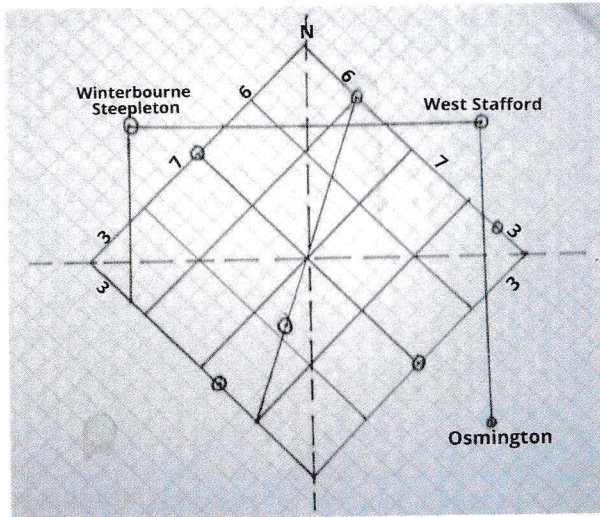
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul!”

Hidden Heresies in the South Dorset Landscape: Part 3

By Jonathan Harwood

I self-published a booklet in 2002 describing the discovery of a figure that takes the form of a grid of squares. I explored the interesting ways in which this figure interacts with churches both within outside the grid. Then in 2003 I made another extraordinary discovery.

Figure 7



The churches at Winterbourne Steepleton, West Stafford and Osmington form a right-angled triangle (not shown). The Winterbourne Steepleton to West Stafford line is exactly bisected at right-angles by the north/south axis of the grid. It is the diagonal through 13 grid squares and is equal to $\sqrt{338}$ 'grid units'. The effect of this whole figure is to divide two sides of the grid into lengths of 6, 7 and 3 'grid units'. The other two sides are divided into lengths of 3 and 13 'grid units'. This arrangement eventually provided the necessary key to unlock the meanings concealed within the grid.

That, however, was as far as I had got when, in 2004, I put the work away in the cupboard. Why? Firstly, because I had satisfied myself that a deliberate geometry had been hidden in the South Dorset landscape. I could not see how to take what I had discovered any further. Secondly, I had failed in my efforts to publicise this work. It was too complicated and there was no clarity about what it was supposed to mean or when or why it had been created. Thirdly, it had become too much of an obsession. I needed to get on with my day job and family life.

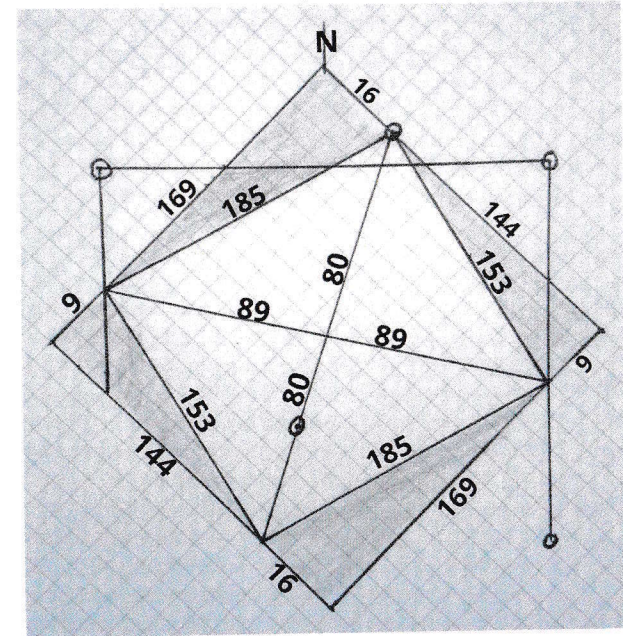
I was fortunate enough to retire in 2009 and I then spent several years teaching myself to paint. In 2015 some friends decided to start a discussion group. They were looking for

interesting topics. I volunteered to do a talk about the geometry. When I looked, with fresh eyes, at what I had done, I started to see the things that I had missed.

I had completely missed the significance of the fact that each square within the grid has sides measuring 525 metres. Heinsch had plainly stated that the length of the royal cubit was 0.525 metres. Each of my 'grid units' measured 1,000 royal cubits! Furthermore, the whole grid was exactly 800 times the size of Heinsch's Holy of Holies floorplan. Could the grid have been intended to represent the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Solomon? Did the number 800 have any meaning?

I also discovered that a quadrilateral figure could be drawn within the grid, based on its interaction with the right-angled triangle set out by the positions of the churches at Winterbourne Steepleton, West Stafford and Osmington.

Figure 8



I worked out the numbers associated with this figure, expressed as squares so that they were all whole numbers. I then began studying gematria to see if these numbers meant anything. The perimeter of the quadrilateral figure has sides measuring $\sqrt{153}$ grid units and $\sqrt{185}$ grid units. These numbers 153 and 185 added up to 338, the number of the length of the line between the churches at Winterbourne Steepleton and West Stafford. In fact, the numbers added up to 338 and multiples of 338 in many combinations. Here, I thought, was a sign that I was on the right track.

I already knew something about the number $\sqrt{153}$. The square root of 153 is a very close approximation to the number of lunations in a solar year (12.368). 153 is also the number of the 'fishes in the net' in the famous story in St John's gospel (John 21:11). It represented 'the saved' and the net represented Christ's means of salvation. It is part of a famous equation, the 'measure of the fish', $153/265$, that gives the value of $\sqrt{3}$ correct to three decimal places. In Pythagorean terms it is a 'triangular' number, being the sum of all the numbers from 1 to 17. Then I read this in Margaret Starbird's book *Magdalene's Lost Legacy* (2003):

"The number 153 is also by gematria the sum of the letters η Μαγδαληνη, "The Magdalene".

This is monumental! The correlation of these numbers irrevocably links this beloved Mary with the mystical bride of Jesus ... She is the bearer of the archetype of bride, since 153 – the number of fishes in the net (John 21:11) – represents the chosen community or church of the new covenant. In 1224, she is united with the bridegroom of her longing, represented by the number eight."

What about 185? I knew that it was a multiple of 37 and that many multiples of 37 were numbers referring to Jesus's names and epithets in the New Testament. This turns out to be the number of Jesus when he is referred to as Ο Ραββι, "The Rabbi", a Greek transliteration of the Hebrew phrase meaning 'The Master'.

I then discovered that the 16 numbers shown on *Figure 6*, if added together in various ways, are unquestionably 'programmed' to produce all the possible multiples of the numbers 153, 185 and 338. This is one of the ways in which gematria works. For example, $153 \times 8 = 1224$. This is the number of both The Net and Fishes. $185 \times 8 = 1480$. This is the number of Christ.

I looked again at the outer dimensions of the grid. In metres, the perimeter measures 33,600m. This is 42×800 . The gematria of Κύριος (Kyrios), meaning Lord, is 800. It is an epithet of Jesus in the New Testament (and Jehovah in the Old Testament) and is also, according to John Michell, part of his full title as Lord of the Age of Pisces, the Fish. Early Christians, the 'fishes in the net', were called 'little fishes'. 42 is the number of generations specified in Chapter 1 of the Gospel of St Matthew between Abraham and Jesus. The Temple of Solomon was built on the site of Abraham's intended sacrifice of his son, Isaac. Its Holy of Holies was the 'bridal chamber' of Jehovah. The rites of his 'sacred marriage' spread fertility and well-being throughout the land of Israel. This sacred union was represented by the six-pointed Star of David. It is clearly meaningful that the perimeter measures 800×42 metres.

In 'grid units', the measure of the perimeter is 64, or 64,000 royal cubits. The gematria of this number is Alethia, meaning Truth. The north/south and east/west axes of the grid form a cross. Each arm measures $\sqrt{128}$ grid units. They add up to 512 and this is equal to $8 \times 8 \times 8$. The gematria of Ιησούς (Jesus) is 888. His particular number is eight because this is the 'new day' following the six days of creation and the seventh day of rest.

The grid is the net (1224) of Salvation, containing 'the saved' (153), that will be drawn up on the Day of Judgment when all Christians will rise physically from their graves and enter heaven. At the top of the net, on the western fringe of Dorchester, where the Marabout Trading Estate can now be found, there was a Roman Christian burial ground. Between 315 and 420 AD some 4,000 Christians were buried very close together in neat rows according to a pre-determined plan, like fishes in the net, some packed in gypsum as a preservative, to await the Day of Judgment. Nothing else quite like this cemetery has ever been found.

As a representation of the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Solomon, the grid is the 'bridal chamber' of The Master (185) and his consort, The Magdalene (153). She represents Sophia, or Holy Wisdom, the feminine aspect of God, now restored to her rightful place within the Holy of Holies.

As I have said, if a theory is correct, everything should fall into place. Nothing much is known about South Dorset between the fourth and eighth centuries, other than that the Saxons arrived at some point in the seventh century. There are no written records at all. The Christian burial ground was excavated in the 1970s and indicated a rapid conversion of the townfolk of Roman Dorchester to Christianity in the early fourth century. By then, the rural population had completed a move from their hill top settlements to the valleys where richer but heavier soils could be farmed. It would seem that South Dorset was Christian both before and after the arrival of the Saxons.

The old Durotrigian landowning nobility adopted Roman ways and built themselves villas in the fourth century containing mosaics with Christian motifs, including the earliest known depiction of Christ from the villa at Hinton St Mary. He is surrounded by pomegranates, a well-known fertility symbol in the ancient world. Dominic Perring analysed the (now lost) mosaics in the villa at Frampton in a paper entitled *Gnosticism in Fourth-Century Britain: The Frampton Mosaics Reconsidered* (2003). He concluded that the imagery could well be Gnostic, providing a setting for the heretical sacraments of baptism, the Eucharist and, possibly, the 'sacred marriage' within the 'bridal chamber'. The same could be said of the Hinton St Mary mosaics. Here is evidence, in other words, that there may well have been Gnostic initiates amongst the villa-owning elite of Dorset in the fourth century.

At the end of the second century Irenaeus, Bishop of Lugdunum (Lyons) in Gaul, wrote a diatribe against the Gnostics entitled *Against Heresies*. He directed most of his fire against the Valentinians and Marcosians who, he stated, were present in the Rhone Valley. Given the close links between South Dorset and Gaul at the time, Perring confirms that it is not at all unlikely that these heresies might have crossed the Channel. The Gospel of Philip (found buried in a jar at Nag Hammadi in Egypt in 1945) is considered to be a Valentinian Gospel. This Gospel confirms that the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Solomon was the Bridal Chamber that was central to Valentinian and Marcosian ritual. It also confirms that Mary Magdalene was the 'consort' of Jesus.

The Gnostic myth of Sophia was central to Valentinian and Marcosian beliefs. Very briefly stated, Sophia was one of the pairs of 'Aeons' who inhabited the Pleroma (or 'Fullness')

that had been 'emanated' by the unknowable highest divinity. As a result of seeking to emulate this divinity she fell from the Pleroma and caused the creation of the material cosmos where she became trapped. Fragments of divinity were also trapped within the bodies and souls of mankind. A Saviour was sent to rescue Sophia and gather together these fallen fragments so that the Pleroma could once more be complete. Jesus and Mary Magdalene within the Holy of Holies represent the Saviour and Sophia restored to their rightful place as a pair within the Pleroma.

Irenaeus stated that the Marcosians had adapted Pythagorean number theory and Greek Gematria to Valentinian theology. He recorded their belief that each letter of the Greek alphabet was one of the Aeons, containing within itself an infinity of mysteries. It made its own sound, but had no knowledge of the sound of the adjacent letter, nor of the whole. Marcosians held that the restitution of all things will take place when all the letters are brought to make the same sound, and then a harmony will result of which we have an image in that made when we all sound The Amen together. When all of the 16 numbers within the grid are added together the result is 1690 (338 x 5), the number of Ο Αμην, The Amen. The grid, with all its levels of meaning, must surely be a Marcosian document.

The only people who would have been in a position to commission this geometry were this wealthy landowning elite, living in their luxurious villas. But who exactly would they have commissioned to undertake this highly skilled work? In the pre-Roman period there had been three orders of Druids, known as the Druids, the Bards and the Ovates. It was the Ovates who were the technical experts and it would have been from this order that the specialists in the ancient sciences concerned with such geomantic arts as land surveying would have been drawn. There is no reason why this aspect of Druidism should not have survived the suppression of the Druids by the Romans in the first century AD. I think that there may be a direct line of descent from these secretive Druidic technicians to the masonic fraternities who built the great Cathedrals of Europe in the Middle Ages.

Why was it done? The 'sacred marriage' of the sky god and the earth goddess was about that most fundamental of concerns in the agricultural communities of the ancient world: the fertility of the land. At one level these patterns were invocations in order to enlist the help of the new god and goddess of the Age of Pisces (the Saviour and his consort, Sophia) with the annual harvest. At another level, the 'sacred marriage' had developed into a complex philosophical idea about how to free the spirit or divine spark from the prison of the body. Gnostic Christianity had embraced the whole legacy of 'pagan' science, mythology, philosophy and theology. The developing orthodoxy of the Roman church preached the virtues of faith in a literal interpretation of the authorised gospels and obedience to bishops, priests and deacons. During the fourth century, with the connivance of the Roman State, it set about the complete suppression of Gnosticism and all other manifestations of 'paganism' which were considered to be the works of the Devil. One way to preserve this heritage was to bury books in a jar, as happened at Nag Hammadi. Another more ingenious approach was to hide these 'heresies' in such a way that they would continue to cling to the church so long as it continued to occupy the selected sacred sites.

BEHOLD JERUSALEM! by Graham K. Griffiths

The Missing Revelations

My book *Behold Jerusalem!* [2004] described my 'stumbled over' discovery to the effect that the entire coastline of England, Wales, and Northern Ireland had somehow miraculously conspired to mirror the 12 signs of the zodiac [staggeringly surmounted by a 48 mile tall depiction of Christ crucified] and in so doing had likewise mirrored, albeit on an even more gigantic scale, those famous landscaped zodiacal signs we today refer to as The Glastonbury Zodiac, and discovered by Katherine Maltwood in the 1930's – her 10 mile diameter circle of star giants becoming the perfectly placed eye of my own 155x70 mile giant of Pisces. And like Maltwood's figures, my own giants also had uncanny place name verification of their presence underfoot – take just the Suffolk town of Eye, it happens to mark the very eye of the colossal 140x150 mile figure of Sagittarius.

Fascinating too, I was to find that my own star giants were also near carbon copies of another set of terrestrial star giants found in the 1970's by members of The Pendragon Society, and located in the Preseli mountains of Wales – proof in triplicate [at least to me] that I was not insane!

However, my original manuscript of over 300,000 words had to be brutally chopped to nearly half on the advice of my then literary agent, and in doing so much information was deleted. Ever since I have worried that I have failed in my duty to tell all I knew of this wonder. Thus my friend Laurence Main, knowing something of that which was lost, and feeling that such might be too important *not* to tell, has kindly given me this opportunity to finally unburden my conscience. Thanks Laurence.

Article 1 - PISCES, Fish within fish within fish....

The first cut I had to make to the manuscript was to fillet out the Dartmoor gut of Pisces, and wherein I had found the proof of that great 155 mile long whopper's last supper; this a swallowed sprat [albeit itself still some 16 miles long from nose to tail] and as such creating a charming image of a fish within a fish.

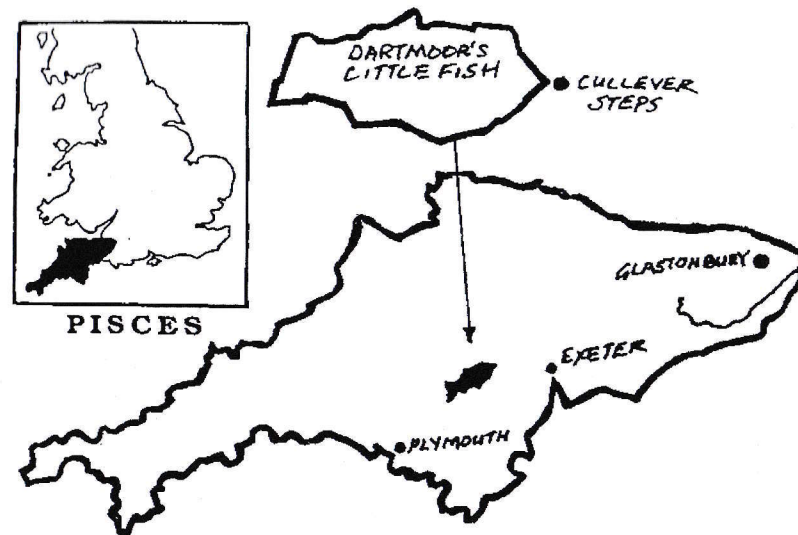
GRAHAM K. GRIFFITHS

★ **BEHOLD** ★
JERUSALEM!



**FOUND! - THE ZODIACAL MIRACLE
IN THE MAP OF BRITAIN & N. IRELAND
AND ITS MESSAGE FOR OUR TIME**

Buy this book for £15 (incl. p&p) from Graham Griffiths,
The Laurels, 186a Exeter Road, Exmouth EX8 3DZ.



Pisces then, and which fills the entire South Western Peninsular, was one of the first four giants I saw leap out at me from my newly unwrapped *Reader's Digest World Atlas* on Xmas morning 1962, a fish shape so striking that these 55 years on I still can't understand why it's not referred to as one by every BBC1 weather forecaster, especially Michael Fish! In fact, so clear to me is its coastal shape alone, that it was only due to my pernickety nature that I went the few extra miles inland in order to dig out its buried head – this a simple 10 minute job with an Ordnance Survey map, for Mother Nature, seemingly aided and abetted by the subliminally guided hand of man, has made the whole thing child's play to discover.

However, 2 years into what was to become my 10 year writing-up of my discovery of all 12 zodiacal giants found in Britain's floor plan, and in effort to try and put some bread on the table, my real job being a professional artist, I decided upon a painting expedition to Dartmoor with hopefully an exhibition to follow. But not knowing the moor too well, I thought it prudent to firstly study as many books as I could on this vast area so as to earmark the locations where I'd like to go and paint. And yes, this my planned attempt to earn some much needed cash was equally an excuse to give my brain a rest from the fantastical stuff I'd been struggling to make written sense of, but there was to be one

Dartmoor reference book that was to grab me by the collar and drag me right back to *Behold Jerusalem!*

The book was *Dartmoor's Greatest Walk* by Bill Ransom, and upon its first page was a map of this said walk, a walk of some 50 miles, and seeing this lined route was like being slapped in the face with a wet haddock, for it was [although Ransom didn't mention it] the perfect outline of a fish – *a fish situated smack-bang in the Dartmoor belly of my already discovered Piscean whopper*, and a chapter I thought I'd already put to bed! And yes, I got further reeled-in when I then read that this Dartmoor Fish had been originally marked out under the orders of King Henry III, no less, and who in 1240 had twelve [interesting number] knights perambulate his Forest/Chase of Dartmoor so to fix its boundary for all time....for a future time when crazy blokes looked for terrestrial star giants perhaps?

OK, and with my tongue now taken out of my cheek, I thought I'd take a closer look at this old King Henry. Seemed he was a learned chap with a strong interest in all things Arthurian, and his private tutor in such matters was one Walter Map - *Maps*, the very things that had driven me to hunt constellations where none should be! Anyway, I couldn't help but to wonder if it was under the guidance of this tutor, well versed as he probably was in the so called mysterious 'Matter of Britain', that Henry ordered that a 'fish out of water' be massively mapped out [this via that very Arthurian gesture of twelve knights, albeit under the pretext of merely marking out a King's land grab] in the very belly of that greater fish I'd already denoted as Pisces. If so, such would have been a lovely nod and a wink gesture towards his knowing too that his realm of Britain was, as teacher Merlin had earlier told King Arthur, a gigantic terrestrial Round Table/Wheel of the Zodiac - to Quest around it being in truth the pursuit of the *Truth of Oneself* – The Holy Grail no less?

Enchanting thoughts/questions, but which today's historians would of course rightly dismiss out of hand amid riotous bellows of belly laughter. However, my own tutor in all of this, like Henry's own, has always been a good *Map*, and with such to hand let's go fishing.

In Walter Map's tutelage of Henry I'm sure he would have told of how King Arthur himself [whilst out questing for the ultimate Truth/Grail] supposedly spent, Jonah-like, three days in the belly of a monstrous fish/whale....so in this voluminous Dartmoor gut of Britain's own Piscean monster perchance? Such a

location would certainly have been on Arthur's doorstep, but should you be thinking that rock strewn Dartmoor is the opposite to what a warm and slimy gut should be, I'd recommend casting an eye over the Bible's own story of Jonah, for his own sojourn of learning in the belly of the Leviathan is described as anything but a place of fishy entrails, but rather a location very much on dry land....yeah, and even 'rock strewn' too!

I call then Jonah to the witness box, and ask him to describe it for himself....*"The waters encompassed me about [a peninsular location?] even to the soul: the depth closed me round about, the weeds [an allusion to seaweed/fish entrails, or exactly what he says – the dense trees and undergrowth of a Dartmoor 2000+ years ago?] were wrapped about my head. I went down to the bottoms of the mountains [undersea canyons, or the granite tors of the moor?] : the earth with her bars [tree trunks?] was about me for ever: yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption O Lord my God"* Jonah 2: 5-6.
*Brackets mine.

Thank you Jonah. But it's not only him who describes a hard landscape rather than a mess of squelchy guts as being the innards of a Leviathan, as Job too [41:24] seems to have it on good authority that these same innards were not what we'd normally expect – his Lord told him; *"His heart is as firm as a stone: yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone."* Even weapons can't hurt it *"slingstones are turned with him into stubble."* – *"he laugheth at the shaking of a spear."* And this regarding the location the Leviathan haunts; *"Sharp stones are under him: he spreadeth sharp pointed things upon the mires."* Well, the geological heart of this Dartmoor Fish is indeed granite [perfect material for millstones?] and what with it being some 16 miles long to boot, let's not bother with those slingstones and spears either eh? As for "sharp pointed things upon the mires", Dartmoor is strewn with granite boulders, *clitter* to the locals, which stick up out of its thin soil like the bones of an half eaten fish of gigantic proportions, while its treacherous man and beast swallowing mires are indeed still the stuff of local bar room legend to this day. But should you be still uncomfortable with this fish out of water I wonder if a small grin might flicker across your face when I mention that the word *moor* may itself be smiling, for the Welsh word for *sea* just so happens to be *mor*.

So what the hell then am I now suggesting – that *Jonah too* spent his three days in this Dartmoor gut of Britain's Pisces? "Yep!" Whether in the flesh, or in some spiritual/subconscious state, I feel it *was*, just as it was for Arthur too; the

pair of em swallowed down the throat of this 155 mile long landscaped Fish of the Heavens, a Leviathan by any other name, in order to be initiated into the truth of themselves within the Cosmos....likewise, to the Cosmos inherent *within* themselves. And what better meaningful location to experience one's own inner truth than within this fish within a fish which is Dartmoor's own gulped down sprat? The imagery here is indeed fathoms deep....yet only a good Ordinance Survey map away!

But of course you want more proof - *I damn well knew I did too!*

If Jonah really was then swallowed down into the gut of this Dartmoor Fish, which has itself been already swallowed down into the greater gut of Britain's colossal Pisces, I then asked myself where would he make his exit out of this inner sprat once his three days were up [and assuming he'd *passed* the tests, otherwise I'd have to probably look for its anus!] and logically guessed that it would be the same place as he entered, namely it's mouth, and in this wilderness area, so sparse in actual place names, would there be a marker set to ignite my steadily smouldering half-theory into a veritable blaze? I was not hopeful, even though there was indeed a place name smack on the lips of that sprat, this being the initially meaningless *Cullever Steps*, 'Steps' because all that was there to give a name to was a few granite fording slabs placed across the rushing East Okement River [although no more than a rushing stream] and which gurgles charmingly out of our sprat's mouth. But as I re-read that name *Cullever* a shiver went through me, as hidden within it was a name which had thrilled me years earlier when finding it written upon the wing of Libra's Dove, and whose own shape is entirely formed by the Isle of Wight [White Dove? - see my book's chapter on Libra] - I'm talking of Culver Cliff, and *Culver* in Old English meant *Dove*!

Hang on a mo though; so why the bloody hell is the mouth of this Dartmoor sprat weirdly cooing out *Dove* too - OK, via man's ongoing re-pronunciation/spelling of a hitherto earlier form of a particular place name can produce certain oddities, but a fish cooing like a dove must surely mean that my cobbling together of a 'fisherman's tale' on Dartmoor had suddenly become a laughable Red Herring? Such went my own thoughts, until that is, it hit me. You see, I suddenly remembered from some previous research that the Hebrew name Jonah meant *DOVE*, and in a graphic flash I was seeing the newly enlightened Jonah 'stepping' out onto those fording slabs after his ordeal - simple stepping stones in the middle of nowhere yet seemingly now bearing

stunning proof of something beyond belief....a 16 mile long fish with *Jonah/Dove* written upon its lips! And yet I still wanted more.

Back I rushed to the *Book of Jonah* for to see what happened once the fish had "*vomited him back out onto dry land*", and found "*And the Word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time.....*". With that I knew, again from previous research, that this Word of the Lord sometimes took the symbolic form of a dove, and in another few seconds I was in amongst the gospels of the New Testament, there being reminded that when Jesus came up out of the water after being baptised by John the Holy Spirit of God came from heaven and "*descended upon him like a dove*".

Blimey, Jonah on Dartmoor was ludicrous enough, but I think you'll know where this is going now; I was thinking like - and was not even Jesus some forty days in 'a' wilderness after being baptised, a baptism followed by *The Word of God came and hovered* [as a dove] *above his head as a sign that he was ready* - Initiated even? So was Jesus' own testing-ground likewise set amidst Dartmoor's own renown wilderness, indeed, where a sign of a Dove has been left to hover over the place of a fish's mouth which gurgles with crystal clear waters - waters fit for the head of the Messiah himself?

OK, OK, I know I'm pushing my luck, but to picture Jesus treading here too may actually prove slightly easier to swallow than Jonah's proposed visit, for there still remains in these parts that stubbornly persistent legend that Jesus as a youth came to this very area of Britain with his uncle Joseph of Arimathea, and thus trod this star giant of Pisces on his way to Glastonbury. Although it's said that the pair first made landfall at St Michael's Mount, at the tip of this great Piscean tail, and thereafter continued by sea along its finned back so as to finally head inland via the wetlands which edged Glastonbury at that time - there to stay for a time in that smaller Zodiacally encircled sanctuary of the Druids [this the actual glassy eye of my all enveloping Pisces] for to glean the wisdom they held. Certainly, the legends say that these wise men already knew exactly who he was, and had even foretold of his coming long before his first cry in Bethlehem, and thus duly welcomed him here to their renowned Glastonbury College of Learning with open arms.

However, let's kick around another scenario. Certainly, this proposed sea route from St Michael's Mount to Glastonbury would have avoided any leg work in sloggng north through the wilds of Dartmoor, and seems entirely sensible. But

could we also speculate that this youth, hence his coming all this way to Britain, knew already the great mirror of the heavens that had for some holy reason been ordained to shape this Isle, and if so, and in first making landfall at St Michael's Mount [of all places] knew too that the most potent Ley Line on the planet ran singing and dancing from there straight to Glastonbury, and this all along the very spine of Pisces? Therefore, could his route have been rather *on foot* along this energised track so as to be filled with the vibrations which may have at that time been even more alive than our present day sensing/understanding of the same - a forty day wilderness trek along the ley-lined backbone of Pisces, from its tail to its Glastonbury eye, but stopping off halfway along [because this same ley line passes right through Dartmoor and its sprat] so as to be himself symbolically swallowed within Dartmoor's own swallowed fish within a fish, and thence, as any would-be Initiate, to have his wits put through the spiritual mincer! And would he not have been attracted to this place knowing that Jonah had already done time here too?....*boy, he would gone there like a shot!*

Remember though, that ultimately only a Loving and Benevolent Mind could have created this visually enchanting wonder beneath our feet, and thus for the successful Self Illuminated Initiate a very meaningful sign of a Dove has already been stationed at that fish's mouth/exit in welcoming readiness. Simply magical!

Or am I continuing to be silly? Whatever, allow me to meander on with stars in my eyes, for the truth of a youth named Jesus having once tarried here still sings from atop of two of Dartmoor's highest tors.

Dartmoor is still today a place of great mystery; 3000+ year old standing stones and circles shout out that the Druids had marked the whole area out as holy to both Sky Father and Earth Mother, and perhaps too to a boy called Jesus whom they knew would one day journey here. To them he was called Yesse, Jesse, Hesus, and Esus - so read even to this day the names of two tors seemingly remembering his passage through this wilderness, two otherwise strange names which have via linguistic twists and turns come down through the ages so as to arrive now into this our new way of seeing, and so add their own voices to this unfolding wonder underfoot. I give to you then *Hessary Tor*, a tongue trying to pronounce Hesus? - another name for this same tor being *Ysfother*, Yesse Father perhaps? The other tor being, wait for it, *Yes Tor*, the second highest tor on Dartmoor, and "Yes", that Michael Ley goes straight to it! And with this another emphatic "*Yes!*" too to Blake's question of "And did those feet in

ancient time walk upon England's mountains green?" Let us not forget either, that Jesus was indeed born under the sign of Pisces, and prior to the Cross it was the sign of the Fish which his followers used to mark their faith in him, and thus another enticing reason why, if Jesus did ever come to Britain, and knowing already it's starry ground plan, that its own mighty Fish of Pisces would be the magnet for his first port of call - his footsteps along its ley lined backbone confirming the miraculous imagery underfoot. That said, I'm still a long way off from resting my case in my pursuance of a seemingly hard to believe possibility, because trust me when I say that the evidence still to come is as spellbinding as it is so crystal clear to see....even without having to first go to Specsavers!

I now call Mr Robert Graves as my next witness.

In his book *The White Goddess* he tells us that from ancient times the wise of both the East and West sought to extend the Act of Genesis into a strange Astro/Earth calendar lore whereby gods, planets, creatures, trees, along with a plethora of other strange bedfellows, were allotted to certain days of the week, and yes, it all gets a bit weird, but for us anglers standing at the mouth of Dartmoor's swallowed sprat it's Thursday's listings which demand our careful scrutiny, as they include Sea Beasts, Birds, and Trees among its allocated oddments.

So may I firstly tick-off *Sea Beasts* as pertaining to both the great all enveloping sign of our Pisces, and of course this sprat within its gut? Reasonable, I think, and so too my call for these Cullever Steps, with a Dove/Culver buried within its spelling, as addressing the need for a *Bird*. As for *Trees*, let me throw in that East Okement River which pours out of our sprat's mouth, because surely there's an Oak in there somewhere?

I know, you're probably thinking that I'm here now grasping at any old straws going so as build my case, but Thursday's shopping list hasn't all been ticked off just yet, for Graves also tells us that *John the Baptist*, and, wait for it, *Jonah too* belong to this same day, and I think in the context of what I've been proposing, and with us standing here before this landscaped sprat amid the entrails of Britain's *Piscean Sea Beast*, a sprat which gurgles out its stream of *Oke/Oak/Tree* themed water beneath the sign of a *Bird/Culver/Dove* - well, these old straws might be more than just gold in colour after all! But hang on, I'm still teasing, because Graves then finally reports that there is also a god

allotted to Thursday – this the great god Bel, god of thunder and lightning, and he being one and the same with the Celtic sun god Belenus/Belenos....so with us again gathered here at this sprat's snout look you now to the east and see that we are here looked down upon by a towering crag, and which goes by the stunning name of **Belstone Tor**, indeed this whole area which encompasses the head of our sprat is called Belstone Common – ding dong! Oh, and by the way, that Michael Line goes *arrow-like* to this tor too. And did I just say “arrow”? Well, the Renaissance scholar Pierre Pithou told that the name Bel came from the Greek *belos*, meaning *arrow*. “*Oh, come on Graham, that really is grasping for a nonexistent straw!*” I hear you say. Perhaps, but just keep this Grecian snippet in mind for later on.

“All fine and dandy, but you still haven't as yet threaded John the Baptist into this your Dartmoor tapestry of still hard-to-believe bumph – are you going to say that he too was a traveller with Jesus, and Joseph to Britain, and thus the perfect chap to baptise Jesus here at the Cullever Steps, because if you are, why then in that legend of Jesus' visit to these shores is not the presence of The Baptist himself never alluded to?” And a damn fine question too!

Jesus and John were indeed cousins, so perhaps not too greater leap of the imagination to see them both onboard uncle Joseph's ship, and yet if such were true I too would have thought John's arrival on these shores would have been fully recorded in that legend, but neither does this absence mean he categorically wasn't with that party of seafarers. However, let's say that he never came here, and that some High Druid of these shores, one who knew, of course, this mystic floor plan of Britain, and who not only acted as a welcoming guide to these travellers from the East, but who also performed the actual baptism of Jesus – here on Dartmoor. “*Preposterous!*” OK, but please hear me out.

I can only put forth one name as to the druid who could have performed this baptism on British soil, and he the famous Taliesin – he of ‘The Radiant Brow’, Chief Bard, and Seer of these Isles, and remembered as such in the *Mabinogion*. Here is a character who would demand an entire book to fully do justice to, but for us looking for a home-grown Baptist, hear these words from out of his own prophetic mouth; “*I was called Johannes the Diviner, and Merrdin*”, names which in the language of The Mysteries meant John the Baptist, and Merlin. To vindicate this apparent boast, however, the Welsh Triads themselves list Taliesin as one of the three Baptismal Bards of the Isle of Britain, the other two

bearing the name of Merrdin/Merlin – and all three one and the same bloke anyway! Thus, if Jesus was baptised here by the Baptismal Bard/Druid of Britain, one Johannes the Diviner [Merlin, by any other name] he was indeed baptised by Britain's own acting John the Baptist!

As a point of interest here, we should note that the above name Johannes is thought to be one and the same with the ancient Babylonian Fish God *Oannes*, their Teacher of all Knowledge - a strange chap by all accounts, who was from the waist down a fish [a nightmare in trying to get around on dry land!] although some stone carvings show him more likely to be wearing a fish costume, the fish's head becoming a helmet, while the god's face appears to be looking out from where the fish's mouth would be, and which to my artist's eye has the almost cartoon effect of giving the god the dramatic appearance of a man in the process of being swallowed feet first by a fish. Now I think you know again exactly where my thoughts are heading, but I'm not going there just yet.

Getting back to Taliesin, some will rightly argue that history has him down as some misty bard of the 6th century, and therefore 500+ years too late to have ever met Jesus. However, this dating of his verse is understandably based upon the earliest manuscripts that have come down to us, and although I'm no expert, I can't help but to ask if these pages are but later copies/remembrances of a far older body of work, work previously only ever orally passed down. Whatever the exact time when his verses were first voiced, hear again Taliesin sing of himself the following; “*I have been with Noah in the Ark, I have seen the destruction of Sodom and Gomorra*” and this; “*I have been teacher to all intelligences; I am able to instruct the whole universe. I shall be until the day of doom on the face of the earth*” Basically, this Welsh Wizard is saying that there has never been a time when he hasn't been here....so a lying ‘old big head’ to boot? Yep, you could be forgiven for assuming such, but let's just keep on casting our fly, or better still, an *acorn*.

Before we cast that new bait, however, I feel no one can argue that all six weird and wonderful items earmarked for Thursday, have, and against all the odds, indeed been found to be provocatively gathered here at this lonely spot in the middle of nowhere....*for a reason*, a reason which just might be adding up to the possibility that this ‘Nowhere’ is a spectacular ‘Somewhere’, and where another buried secret of Britain is now returning to the surface.

Let's then flick our rod again, and plop that tempting acorn bait into this here East Okement river, for we've still not netted all that this little fish has to say for itself, and since we're fishing in Druidic territory let's take a look now at their most revered of all fish – their Salmon of Knowledge, a fish which supposedly fed upon the fallen fruits of the Tree of Life, and if caught, and partaken of would impart all Knowledge to that lucky fisherman. Now these fruits of the Tree of Life were said to be hazel nuts, but in other accounts it was acorns, thus marking this great Tree of Life as an Oak, and of course a tree most sacred to the Druids. Thus with this new arrival in our net, and with us still standing here at the sprat's mouth, note again the East Okement/Oak River which gurgles at our feet – sign that our sprat has acorns at its lips? Before you answer know that the all enveloping Piscean Sea Beast [itself a veritable Salmon of Knowledge] which has itself swallowed this tiddler, has leading from its own mouth north of Glastonbury [on my Ordinance Survey map a dotted line] a very short remnant of the ancient Roman track known as the Fosse Way, and which, with me fishing for clues, I followed to where this fishing-line of a track fizzled out and there dangling on the end like an enticing bait – was **Oakhill**, and a name fit to freak-out any fisherman angling for the Salmon of Knowledge! Brilliantly graphic or what? But this the greater Salmon has seemingly swallowed this tinnier Dartmoor version of itself for to accommodate a more focused three day stay for those 'in the know' – thus Salmon within glorious Salmon, and both dining on the Acorns of Knowledge, surely a fish supper spiritually fit for any would-be Initiate to feast upon and swallow for themselves – Enlightenment/Rebirth in a very graphic nut shell!

But do excuse me, I think I hear someone at the door.....

"Knock Knock", Who's there? "It's me, Taliesin again; just wondering, and what with all this talk of 'swallowing/salmon' stuff, if you've told the reader yet of my own, err, rebirth?" No mate, but here goes: to cut a long story short, Taliesin started life as a very bog-standard little boy named Gwion, but who one day had the almighty cheek to go stick a finger into Ceridwen's famous Cauldron of Wisdom/Rebirth [no less!] and to then lick said digit with much relish! Well, Ceridwen being the Goddess in her most frightening Hag-like personification, got royally pissed-off by this, and after a multi shape-shifting chase she finally spies the thief disguised now as a grain of wheat [via his taste of her liquor he'd got the magic too, see] and swallows [yes, I said *swallows*] him – 'end of', you would have thought. However, and I'd guess much to her

horror, after nine months she gives birth to the little rotter again, I guess a 'rebirth' of sorts, so promptly ties him up in a leather bag and lobs him into the River Dovey [get that Dove vibe again?] so as to drown. But he doesn't, for the bag instead gets caught in a Prince's salmon net [yeah, *salmon*] and when untied the babe speaks in miraculous and prophetic words of wonder – naughty no-good Gwion had suddenly become Taliesin of the Radiant Brow!

So nowt but a kid's story then? You decide. But before you do get this – so important must this tale be in Britain's overall pictorial message, that her Conscious Bedrock has seen fit to stunningly sculpt the sign of Virgo as an animated depiction of Ceridwen actually reaching for that grain of wheat, and which in the next breath, because the Land has willed it that her mouth is gleefully gapping wide open, she'll gulp down the blighter who was Gwion. Indeed, and as if to leave no one in any doubt that this is the Welsh Goddess herself, this depiction of her fills the baulk of her homeland! And that Gwion-cum-the Bard Taliesin infused grain of wheat she reaches in glee for, well it's Bardsey Island, and no, you really couldn't make it up! *See *Behold Jerusalem!/Virgo, and just smile.*

As for another Druidic titbit worthy of our consumption note now, while reminding yourself that we're still standing here at the sprat's nose, how that East Okement River which is gushing from its mouth is met at this very same spot by another sparkling stream slanting in from the southwest, and this sudden joining of waters does indeed give our little fish a most perfectly pointed snout, indeed, a veritable arrowhead of a nose. I'll return to this feature of two merging waters shortly, but for now let's just add to our catch the strange name of the stream which clatters into the side of that East Okement so as to create that arrowhead - it's the *Black-a-ven Brook*, and in it an enticing reflection of the Druidic word **Awen**?

Now Mary Caine tells us in her book *The Glastonbury Zodiac* that to the Welsh Druids, the creative Word of God could be sensed as a divine inspiration, this via a dialogue with the Muse, and to this force of inner illumination they gave the name *Awen*. Furthermore, they symbolised this vehicle of inspiration as three bars of light in the formation of an arrow head with a centre shaft, and which Mary quite rightly saw as echoing a dove in its simple bird-like shape – thus the Spirit/Word of God, encapsulated in this form of a dove, would mirror perfectly the imagery of that one which the Bible says hovered above the baptism of Jesus, and perhaps over Jonah too – remember, Jonah being the

Hebrew word for *Dove*. Delightfully, Mary also informs us that the Druid pronunciation of Awen was *A-hoowen* – perfect mimic of a dove’s repetitive call! And so what better place for this ‘Dove-like Inspiration’ to descend but on these ‘Jonah the Dove’ calling Cullever Steps, with the Black-a-ven/Black-awen-Brook offering one line, while the East Okement scribes the other, in defining that sharp arrowhead of merging waters, and which in a grand economy of line likewise defines our fish’s pointed nose.

You might be thinking, however, “*Why then is this Dartmoor Awen colour coded Black rather than the more obvious dove white?*” Such a question bobbed up into my own mind, but was quickly answered by Mary Caine’s own understanding that the Word of God could be sensed as a divine inspiration, this via a dialogue with the Muse, and Muse to me means the Goddess, the Earth Mother, and she’s as symbolically jet black as that Feminine/left side of the Yin and Yang symbol. What’s more, when exiting our sprat’s mouth you’ll find this Black-a-ven Brook rushing in from your left so as to greet you, while what must be now the more masculine Oak/Okement, and hence coded white, will be on your right – so both of them in perfect Yin/Yang placement before joining as One in a perfect arrowhead before your very eyes – thereafter gushing onwards as one and the same water in a swirling liquid embrace so poetically befitting of that most fluid of logos.

Still musing whilst we take our leisure beside these two enjoined waters, know that in my book I have said that Britain is a vast land-mirror to the heavenly constellations, and therefore logical to surmise that even this little fish we’ve found in the gut of Pisces should itself be expected to have its reflection above. Certainly, Pisces is the sign of the ‘fishes’, although nothing more than a hunch had me looking towards a somewhat lonely little fish which swims in the wake of those of Pisces, and which goes by the name of *Pisces Austrinus* [the Southern Fish], although in Giuseppe Sesti’s book *The Glorious Constellations* I found that it’s also referred to as *Pisces Solitarius*, and with that name, and seeing our sprat caught amid the lonely wilds of Dartmoor, I was hooked! However, I hope you, like me, will swallow this starry candidate hook, line, and sinker when I tell you that the brightest star of this constellation is known as *Fomalhaut*, and its placement upon this starry sprat, just as those glowing Cullever Steps are upon its earthly counterpart, is precisely upon its lips. And sure, I hoped like mad that there’d be something in the meaning behind its own Arabic name that would coo out “Dove” too, but all I got was the *Mouth of the*

Fish, oh, and *The First Frog* - so no coo there, only a bloody croak lol! But on this my journey through land stars I’ve learnt to persevere, because if I was on the right track I always knew *something else* would eventually show up and have me whooping with delight.

And in this case ‘something else’ did indeed turn-up, thanks again to those Druids, because I found that the star Fomalhaut was known to them and associated it with their Goddess Brigid - Goddess of the birthing time/midwifery [Dartmoor’s midwife to the Initiate’s rebirth into Enlightenment?] and so too of sacred springs wherein it was said a small spotted fish would appear as sign of healing – and would that be *spiritual* healing prior to, or after Enlightenment? The Oak/Oke was also sacred to Brigid, likewise the so called Nine White Stones which were symbolic of the nine virgins who attended her: interesting, because just a 10 minute walk towards Belstone Tor, that tor of the Sun God Bel [Bel, the Grecian for *arrow*] you’ll come across a circle of standing stones called *The Nine Maidens!* Moreover, know also that Brigid was herself a Sun Goddess, thus her title of the *Fiery Arrow*....here at this watery arrowhead at the snout of our solitary sprat, along with thoughts of the *Awen* arrow glyph, and I think it’s high time now for that “Whoop of delight”....but wait.

Guess which fellow the ancient Babylonians thought this same Pisces Austrinus/Solitarius represented?.....well don’t guess, I’ll tell you, one Oannes, their Fish God [and whom we’ve already met in the shape of Johannes/John the Baptist] - he in that theatrical costume which gave him the look of a guy being swallowed by a fish! And yep, we’re right back to Thursday’s magnificent shopping list - oh, and right back too to that man Taliesin, and who also said of himself “*And it is not known whether my body is flesh or fish*”.....so “Whoop” with me now, but only if you feel like it!

Surely there’s now so many pennies dropping upon our heads at this solitary spot on Dartmoor that they’re adding up to a very tidy little lottery win – but get ready; there follows another coppery cloudburst!

But don’t duck just yet, instead can we just for the fun of it try to visualise him now, he that once was ‘caught in a salmon net’ Taliesin, indeed, he the self proclaimed Joannes/Oannes [and yes, of course playing the part of John the Baptist] stood waiting here at the mouth of his Babylonian ordained constellation of Pisces Solitarius, here gigantically landscaped in Dartmoor’s

wilderness – here waiting for the Initiate to either enter or exit this most awesome of solitary confinements – this oval within an oval; this the so called *Jesus Fish* or *Vulva of the Virgin* at the centre of the Vesica Pisces; this indeed the salmon scented vulva of the Fiery Arrow Goddess herself – Brigid; to dare to dip a naughty Gwion-like finger into this her Dartmoor Cauldron, wherein the essence of the Salmon’s Knowledge swirls like the firmament, will be to either have her as both mother and midwife to one’s Spiritual Rebirth....or else in her other aspect of the Hag Ceridwen would such a failed one have to flee screaming and quite insane – the astonishing Truth of themselves being just too much to handle! Reckon Gwion’s own mantra must have been “*Fortune Favour s the Brave!*”....and isn’t that really the nub of all of this, for are any of us brave enough to **really see** what’s being presented to us not only here on Dartmoor, but upon the entire face of Britain – have we the nerve to stick a finger in and to then suck it and see? Gwion certainly did, and became in a flash the all-seeing, and seemingly Immortal, Taliesin.

Our own trials apart, however, let me say now that I personally couldn’t give a monkey’s as to whether it was a fish costumed Taliesin, a Fish called Wanda, or Michael Fish himself who did the officiating here, as I believe we’ve seen enough already to know that the real intrigue of this relatively tiny area of Dartmoor’s vast expanse of wilderness is the inescapable fact that it has seemingly been done-up as good as any Old Vic stage set could be in readiness for the grand finale. And rightly so, for as with any Initiation, whether within the inner sanctum of some temple, or here on a lonely moorland, the Initiate would first be confronted by the place itself, by the visual effects laid out in preparation, and by the array of pertinent mystical signs and objects etc - all in position to firstly ignite the outer atmosphere, but then to instil a heightened sense of the inner spiritual journey/test which the Initiate is about to undertake. In a word, I’m talking “Theatre” – and Dartmoor’s curtains are here opening to reveal a stage set full of every conceivable prop possible; a multiplicity of signs from man swallowing sea beasts, to the watchful stares of a Pagan God and Goddess – and all to the effect that the intended performance here is to be one where the lead actor/Initiate is to be tested upon a mind-blowing scale, indeed, stood upon a stage which is itself a terrestrial mirror of the Universe! Oh, and for worthy Initiate – *Look* – a Dove has been positioned in readiness to greet that fortunate one – the magnificently glittering sign of Jonah so as to leave no one in any doubt whatsoever that they are retracing the exact steps of both

Jonah and Jesus upon this landscape, a landscape wherein the *Awen* is animated in every singing rock!

However, let’s tug these Dartmoor curtains open some more, because there’s still more deftly positioned stage props for us to find and marvel at – and with them still more heaven dropped pennies set to bounce off our sore bonces!

Standing then at this sprat’s nose where two provocatively named waters define an arrowhead, surely in sympathy with that arrow-like imagery of the *Awen*, and amid thoughts of an acorn eating Salmon of Knowledge, our next enquiry should be “*Where exactly would a swallowed down would-be-candidate for Initiation end up after passing through its mouth?*” Logically, I guess that after entering the mouth he’d head down some straight gullet-like pathway until some prominent feature of the landscape would perhaps signal the prime location where such a candidate would have to give himself up to whatever forces were about to put him to the test. Follow me then a mile and a bit down its gullet to where rises a prominent tor whose name, under the circumstances, immediately catches the eye - it’s *Oketor*, and with it a charming affirmation that our mini Salmon has already swallowed down a Knowledge bearing acorn, fresh fallen from off the Tree of Life [as already previously swallowed by the greater Pisces in the shape of that earlier mentioned Oakhill nut] in readiness for such a knowing candidate to climb and stand upon, and there be tested as to whether or not they are worthy to truly dine upon this Salmon within a Salmon.

And who’d be the judge of such a postulant atop of this dizzying crag? Well, because we’re here within the veritable Womb [that oval within an oval] of the many faced Goddess, I’d guess she’d first arrive in her guise of the wild and screaming Hag/Ceridwen; as with Taliesin, not wanting to give up her secrets easily. However, should that candidate survive the hallucinatory horrors of her testing ground, it would be the gentle midwifery of Ceridwen, now become Brigid, who would administer the final enlightenment/rebirth. For a taster re the nature of Jesus’ own trials here, well, hear just a snippet of the kind of stuff which was whispered into his own spinning mind at the top of this same crag: “*If you are the Son of God*” he said, “*throw yourself down....*” Matthew 4:6.

*Note: “**he said**”??? So no Feminine force doing the dirty work here then, as Matthew is certainly equating that voice of dangerous temptation as being Male, indeed, as the Devil’s own. Thing was, however, that in the early years of the Church’s, and sometimes brutal, wiping out of the older religion of the

*Earth/Fertility Goddess, it was part of their game plan to pretty well denounce all Nature [especially an untamed wilderness] as the province of the horned and hoofed Devil. That said, my own theory regarding the possible visits here of both Jonah and Jesus are all set in a time prior to any Church scaremongering, and thus when the Goddess was still highly revered. Indeed, in Szekely's translation of the Gnostic book *The Gospel of Peace of Jesus*, and allegedly originally penned by the disciple John, it certainly shows that Jesus revered her too: "For truly, no one can reach the Heavenly Father unless through his Earthly Mother."*

By the way, and just a passing thought here regarding Jesus' forty days in the wilderness; it could be, if my theory is anywhere near being correct, that these forty days were spent in trekking from St Michael's Mount to Glastonbury, and maybe three of these days were set aside for to spend within that testing ground of this Fish within a Fish. I suggest this based upon the following strange morsel from the lips of Jesus himself: here he is being grilled by some Pharisee scribes "But he answered and said unto them, an evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign: and there shall be no sign given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas: For Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly: so shall the son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." Matthew Chapter 12. Now could Jesus be here suggesting that Jonah-like he too will [or probably already had] spend three days in the belly of a whale, indeed **this** Piscean giant of Britain? So too, is there another hint in that "heart of the earth" that the location for this Whale is certainly not in any obvious ocean, but more likely Dartmoor's own encrypted version - *Mor=Sea. Dart=Arrow=Awen=Dove=Something IS definitely going on here!*

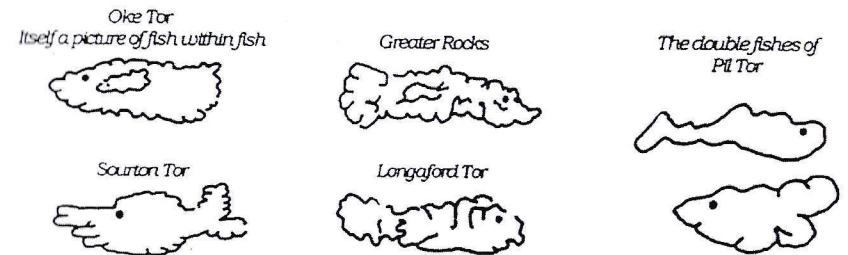
I know, I know....my craziness seems to know no bounds! My only defence being that my theories are but born out of this series of colossal pictures found upon a landscape, and which themselves spark the gut-feelings which when sounded-out against mythologies from around the world, have time and time again received astonishing, yet uncannily simple verification. And these verifications themselves, and always at a much later point in my research, finding confirmation in the very place names which man has seen fit to drop exactly where they should be so as to spur on the thought-lines which have birthed both my book, and these articles. Admittedly, a not very scientific way to go about things, but a way, nevertheless, which has dug-up things that a modern enquiring mind must sift through - for surely us humans must take

every opportunity possible for to look beneath every single stone, no matter how outlandish in appearance, in effort to know exactly why we're all here, and let's face it, after thousands of years seeking for this same truth billions of us today are still none the wiser. Perchance, if we for a moment drop our eyes from the stars above to these their reflections underfoot we could find that the real Truth of ourselves, and of our ultimate destinies, has always been waiting right beneath our stuck-up-in-the-air noses in the shape of these land-crafted constellations underfoot. For myself, all this proof aplenty that we, and all creation, are not some accidental by-products thrown out of an equally accidental 'Big Bang', to think otherwise is surely to think yourself as no more than cosmic detritus. Rather, I say, look you down - see that the stars have come down to our feet - you are not shit, you are God!

Sorry for both my above digressing, and impassioned blast, but just be reassured that whenever we get overdosed on the head-whirling questions which this extraordinary evidence on the ground seems to demand we try to unravel, it so often suddenly relieves our trepidations with a gem which prompts only a child-like joy, and which seems to say "Smile, for you are indeed upon the right track". So laugh now, as I did when I first fell over it [thanks Ordnance Survey!] for that Force which has created this whole miracle has, via millions of years worth of wind and rain, sculpted Okeator, that Acorn of Knowledge in the gut of our acorn eating mini Salmon of Knowledge, into the astonishing shape of another **FISH!** - yes, it's now a fish within a fish, within a fish! But this absolute joy does not end even here, because upon further studying the rest of this Dartmoor gut I found another five granite-hard tors which, from a dove's eye view, have all been shaped to blow our tiny minds....**another five tors all**

Fish shaped Tors

Copied from Ordnance Survey Outdoor Leisure Map 28



beguilingly sculpted as little fishes, and thus now netting us a total of seven fish within this astonishing gut of Britain's almighty Pisces. The only thing I can add to this, other than the fishy eyes I couldn't resist dotting in, is to say that whatever Creative Force has done this thing to Britain, it can surely only go by one name, that name being *Love Divine*.

Lovely would it be for me at this delightful point to wrap up this my first article regarding my book's deleted revelations, but I feel the need to now invite King Henry III himself to the witness box in order to answer a few pertinent, and for me, still nagging questions.

"Across Time, I send greetings to you Your Majesty. May I firstly ask whether in sending out your 12 knights [were they Templars by any chance?] to mark out your boundary upon Dartmoor you were simply doing what kings did, namely putting up 'No Trespassing' signs so as to keep the riffraff out of your rich hunting grounds, and that fish shape they seemingly outlined being nothing but a charming coincidence - do pray answer." The King looks dreamily to the ceiling while pulling upon his trim beard, but gives no reply.

I then ask, *"Or was it that this boundary perambulation was all along a ruse for to put off the scent of those who shouldn't know. Indeed, I put it to you that it was your intention all along to scribe out a fish, and this, because it had come to your attention via information given to you by your tutor Walter Map that in this, your zodiac sculpted realm, and within that belly of the greater fish which is Pisces, was another very special fish shaped enclosure. Moreover, this enclosure was of immense age and sanctity, for you had information that the Lord Jesus himself had found the ultimate Self Illumination therein, and it was thus your wish to therefore have its contours again made clear for future generations to rediscover for themselves and know the truth and wonder of its ancient pedigree?"* Again, the King fails to answer, but smiles warmly up to the gallery where Walter is seen to be trying desperately to control a bout of chuckling, chuckling bordering upon a full blown Norman Wisdom-like laughter meltdown!

In exasperation I finally ask *"Did you, or did you not know in advance that your knights would map out for you the shape of a fish in those wilds of Dartmoor? And yes, I know that the map they brought back for your safe keeping, and which is still in existence today, was no more than a basic circle, this owing to the rudimentary map making skills of your day [no offence intended], but whose*

scattering of guiding place names they jotted down around the route of their 50 mile perambulation would, nevertheless, if joined up by a inked quill, present even to the eye of a child a fish shape of some 16 miles from snout to tail - now what say you?" The King's eyes again come to rest upon the gilded stars which decorate the ceiling of the courtroom, and get this - he begins to now whistle 'Dixie', of all bloody things...I give up!

Perhaps, however, I've been somewhat unkind to Old Henry in the questions I've put to him, for it may be that he really didn't have a clue as to why his knights mapped out a fish, and really never noticed such anyway. I say this [and I can't underline this gut feeling enough] because it's been a strong suspicion throughout my digging and delving into this zodiacal landscape of Britain that many hands throughout time have all been guided, albeit knowingly so, so as to aid and abet this steadily burgeoning miracle under our noses - this from the chosen routes of their ancient footpath network, to the uncanny naming of places, for just like the Glastonbury Zodiac, these delightfully deft touches have, and against all reasonable odds, both embellished, and underlined the presence of these my own green constellations. I have already mentioned the Suffolk town of Eye which someone sometime felt the need to place exactly where I would, unknowingly at the time, place the eye of Sagittarius. And who could not smile with me now when as another example I give the name of a mere hamlet situated on the edge of the Cumbrian Christ's right buttock, for its called Nateby - and no, it meant nothing to me either, until I checked it out in an Old English dictionary, and found 'Nate' meant 'Buttock' - so Nateby = *By Buttock*. Exactly!

On that giggling and totally innocent note, and because I think it's the duty of the author to give his own 'take' on the possible meaning behind what he reckons he has found, and just as I've tried to do throughout my book, the last chap in the witness box is to be myself. Thus, I will now try, for what it's worth, to make a stab as to why so many fishes within a fish are apparently trying so hard to catch our attention; a 'stab' purely based upon my own humble reading of the pictures and place names which are spread so gigantically before us - in short, the very graphic 'Evidence upon the Ground'.

Simply put, I feel that these 7 fish within fish [delightfully akin to those Russian Matryoshka/ Babushka dolls-within-dolls, "dolls with a secret"] must be prompting us, Jonah-like, to allow ourselves to be poetically, and fearlessly so, swallowed right down to into the central spiritual nucleus of our own inner

Being, and to where, in a sense, that Acorn of Knowledge [this the Divine Truth of us] resides – waiting for to ignite in us an almost orgasmic exclamation of sheer joy in the sudden and intimate understanding of the truth of our immortal Being within this oh so Conscious and Loving Universe. *For look!....even the bedrock of Britain is showing itself to be alive, knowing, and fabulously communicative.* But how to get to that inner place where this our buried Truth awaits? Maybe, just to quietly contemplate that which Love has heaved-up through the foundations of these British Isles might be catalyst enough to this cathartic moment? I don't know....either that, or we could all meet up at a certain magnetised spot on Dartmoor. Lol.

This my 'stab' at an explanation as to the possible meaning behind all those fish within fish is not, however, a million miles away from the guidance which Buddhism, and a host of other mystical teachings from time immemorial have given to us regarding the *Inner* route to Self Illumination – but I'm no guru, like Henry I'm just a bloke schooled by a Map [albeit one brought off a Waterstones shelf]....oh, and an artist's mad eye!

My following articles are all geared to lead towards a mind blowing, and real-time event [I will show photographic proof] of some 14 years ago, and which will send shock waves through every damn thing we ever thought was, or wasn't possible. For myself, that which occurred adds up to the profound and final message behind all I've discovered. Join me next then upon the body of Cumbria's 48 mile tall crucified Christ [see my book] for it's here where that which was to become the shock of my life had perhaps been lying in wait for me all my life, but which I had no idea of until a few months after my book was published, and when I went in person to visit Him for the first time. Until then...GKG x.

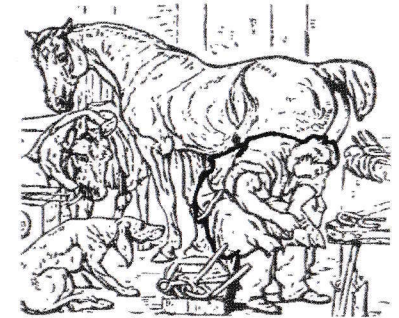
***BEHOLD JERUSALEM! - BOOK OFFER.** *This signed 1000 limited edition soft back/large format book, 304 pages, is available to members of the Network of Ley Hunters at £15, includes p&p [normally £17.99 + p&p] Please make cheques/postal orders payable to Graham K. Griffiths, and address to G.K. Griffiths, The Laurels, 186A Exeter Road, Exmouth, Devon, EX8 3DZ. *And please don't forget to give me your own address! Thanks.*

COME TO OUR MOOTS!

THE STABLE END

with

Richard Knight,
the Rustic Farrier



Leys of The White Horse ...continued

The Magnificent Moon Stallion

Around 1778, some criminal put the present-day normal-looking horse in the place where the MOON STALLION had reigned for an eternity. As Rupert Mathews says in his book, *Haunted Places of Wiltshire* –

'A phantom horse of terrifying appearance...leaves its hillside on moonlit evenings to take on three-dimensional form as a gigantic spectral stallion. It then gallops over the downs, past the enigmatic stone circle of Avebury and along the ancient Ridgeway...eventually, the Moon Stallion reaches the White Horse of Uffington. The two horses stay together for the night before the Moon Stallion retraces its path to Westbury.'

Isn't that just beautiful? And as we know, his path takes him through the Rockley Horse, there and back, so he probably stays there for a while as well. Have a look at him! (FIG. 5). Also, compare him to the one version of the RED HORSE OF TYSOE (FIG.6) - a brother, and one of the same age, which is also the age of the UFFINGTON HORSE.

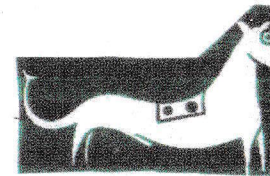


FIG. 5

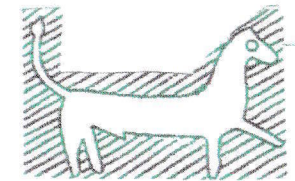


FIG. 6

SEE BACK COVER (SCILLY ISLES)

Tying Up Loose Ends

The centre of the circle at Avebury Trusloe is in the garden of a house in Bray Street.

A larger circle with the same centre at Avebury Trusloe passes through the Cerne Giant, the Red Horse of Tysoe and the white hill figure of a *triangle and cross* in the hills above Monks Risborough called WHITE LEAF CROSS at 51 degrees, 43 minutes, 43.01 seconds North and 0 degrees, 48 minutes, 42.48 seconds West on Google Earth (sorry, but this is the only way to test the circle without gluing goodness knows how many maps together!)

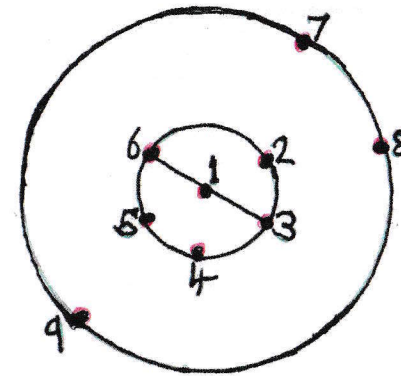
The Inkpen-Devizes line traverses Giant's Grave, Knap Hill, Milk Hill and Clifford's Hill.

In her excellent book, *Wiltshire Folklore*, Kathleen Wiltshire (yes that really is her name), states that an archaeological friend of hers is sure that all these horses replace much older ones cut to surround the great Avebury Circle in honour of the goddess Estonia who I confess I had not before heard of. Could she be one and the same as Epona the horse goddess? Anyway, this archaeologist seems to have his finger on the pulse. Ms. Wiltshire goes on to say that this whole area was used by the Celts to breed horses, with echoes of this in the surrounding place names like Stadfold Hundred ('Fold of the Stud'). She also says the mighty Moon Stallion looks like a dachshund ('sausage dog!') and is rather rude about his eye and stumpy little legs, but apart from that she seems lovely so I'll let her off.

A straight line from the circle's centre at Avebury Trusloe to Inkpen White Horse goes through the Great Lodge [SU 204 665] which crops up a lot in my findings and also has the Wansdyke ancient path running straight into the lounge. I think it was considered a very powerful place in the past.

The big circle of the three horses also contains the seven barrows just below Uffington and Castle Combe motte and bailey on the diameter to Inkpen Horse - See FIG. 7.

Anyone who plays cricket will tell you that the bat has a 'sweet spot' and, if you hit the ball there, there is no noise, no jarring, no effort and the ball is in the car park. I don't think the peoples of the ancient world walked around with maps and clipboards when siting the white horses, barrows, villages, etc. I think they just picked the SWEET SPOTS effortlessly and these spots happen to be linked by circles and the old straight tracks - i.e. LEYS.



1. Avebury Trusloe
2. Uffington
3. Inkpen
4. Durrington
5. Westbury
6. Castle Combe
7. Red Horse Tysoe
8. Whiteleaf Cross
9. Cerne Giant

FIG. 7

[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.

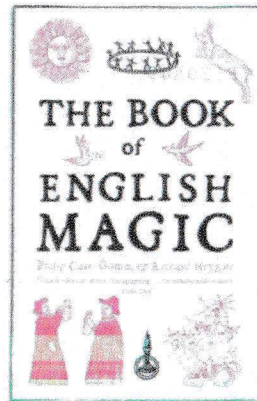
BOOK REVIEW

The Book of English Magic

Philip Carr-Gomm & Richard Heygate

Publisher: Hodder & Stroughton, London, 2014
(first published 2009 by John Murray)

563pp, paperback, ISBN: 978-1-84854-041-5



To put this book into perspective, it must be noted that one of the authors (Philip Carr-Gomm) is the leader of the largest Druid Order in the world today, The Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids. He is therefore well-disposed to know the roots of magic in Britain and his home country of England, as Druidry or Druidism is the original magical system of Britain. The book is not specifically about Druidry but all forms of magic in England, a country which has been the source of so many important occult movements. Naturally though, the book starts off with the druidic roots of magic in Britain during pre-Christian times and then goes into a discussion of other magical traditions of England and in this it includes Freemasonry, Rosicrucianism, the Order of the Golden Dawn. As well as classical druidic personalities such as William Stukeley, George Watson MacGregor Reid and Ross Nichols, the book discusses famous English magicians such as Aleister Crowley, Dion Fortune, and Gerald Gardner, founder of modern Wicca. It also looks at the Elizabethan era magician John Dee and the English alchemists: Robert Fludd and Elias Ashmole.

Of particular interest to our newsletter readers, there is a description of leys, and an introduction to the work of Alfred Watkins, John Michell, Paul Devereux and Hamish Miller. The book talks about field work and research on leys and also describes how to dowse. The longest East-West ley in Britain, the Michael Line, is referenced and discussed.

- Liza Llewellyn

48 COME TO OUR MOOT ON THE ISLES OF SCILLY NEXT JUNE!



The Golden Stone, Alderley Edge (photo: Martin Morrison)

EXCHANGE MAGAZINES

CADUCEUS, simon@caduceus.info (£4.25) **DOWSING TODAY**
www.britishdowsers.org **FOUNTAIN INTERNATIONAL**
suzannemthomas48@gmail.com **THE INNER LIGHT** 38 Steeles Road,
London NW3 4RG **MEGALITHOMANIA**, 01458-746101,
www.megalithomania.co.uk **MERRY MEET**, 23 Swanbridge Park, London
Road, Dorchester, DT1 1ND (£8pa). **MEYN MAMVRO**, Whitewaves,
Boscawell Village, Pendeen, Penzance, Cornwall TR19 7EP (£11 pa).
MYDDLE EARTH, myddleearth@yahoo.co.uk **NORTHERN EARTH**,
10 Jubilee Street, Mytholmroyd, Hebden Bridge, HX7 5NP (£8.50 pa, payable to
Northern Earth Mysteries Group) **PAGAN DAWN**, The Pagan Federation, BM
Box 7097, London WC1N 3XX. **PENTACLE**, 78 Hamlet Road, Southend-on-
Sea, Essex SS1 1HH (£20 pa). **PSYCHICAL STUDIES** 15 Brier Mill Road,
Halesowen B63 3HA **QUEST**, Marian Green, 80 Bishopsworth Road, Bristol
BS13 7JS (£10 pa) **RILKO (Journal of the Research into Lost Knowledge
Organization)**, Sylvia Francke, 35 Kennel Lane, Fetcham, Surrey KT22 9PQ
(£19 pa, £24 overseas) **SAUNIERS SOCIETY JOURNAL**, Arpinge Court,
Arpinge, Folkestone, Kent CT18 8AQ (£20 pa) **TOUCHSTONE**, J Goddard, 1
St Paul's Terrace, Easton, Wells, Somerset BA5 1DX (£4 pa, payable to J.
Goddard) **WESSEX RESEARCH GROUP NETWORK**, Robert 01749-
343016

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 8th June 2019.
Enjoy six days (Sunday 9th – Friday 14th) being guided by Cheryl Traffon,
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 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

COME TO OUR MOOTS!

Here we are at Whalley last September (photo Martin Morrison)

