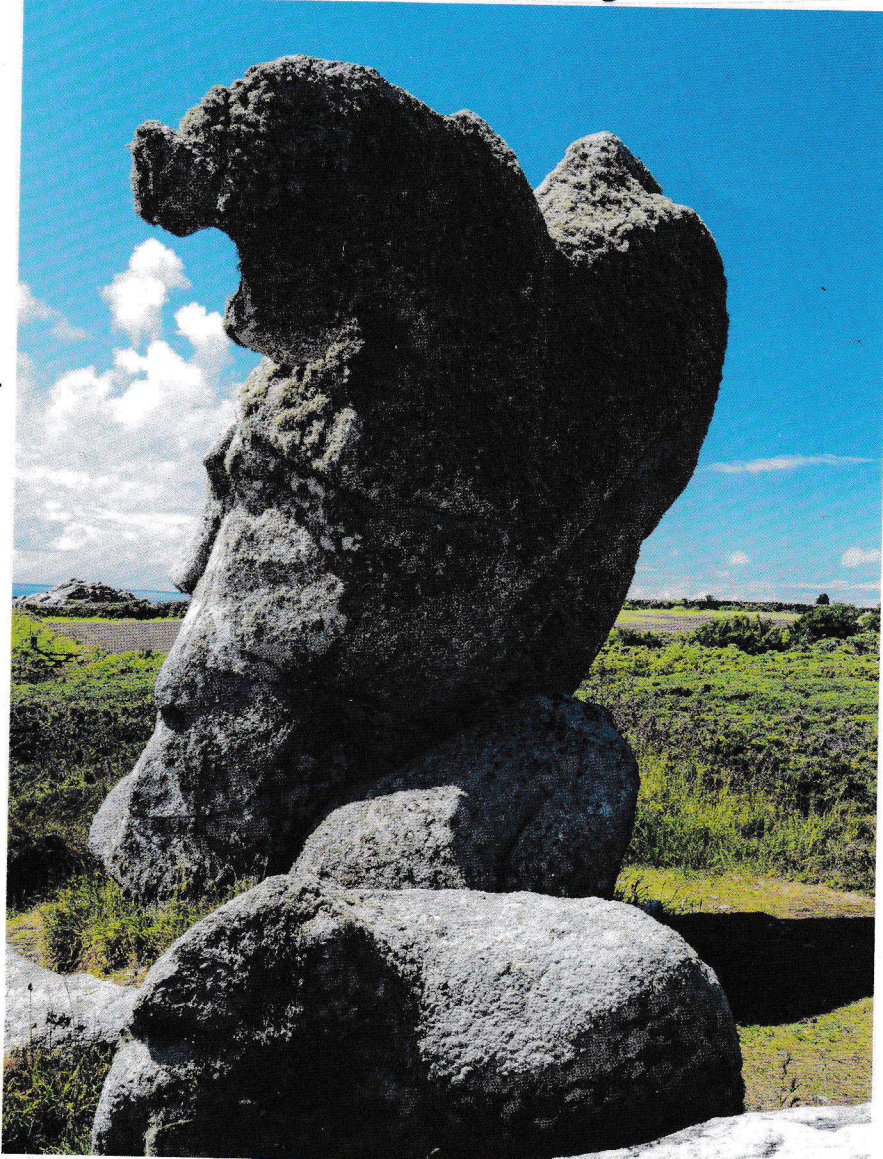


The Newsletter of the Network of
Ley & Hunters

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Issue 32 - Lughnasadh 2019



Nag's Head, St Agnes (Scilly Isles) by Denis Chapman

The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters

Issue 32, Lughnasadh (1st August) 2019

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www.networkofleyhunters.com 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 then are 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 can 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 local territory. Please provide six figure grid references and details of relevant Ordnance Survey Explorer maps (1:25000). Don't forget the letters of your 100km square. The grid reference for Stonehenge, for example, is SU 123422 (OS 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 better 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.

The History and Mystery of Kirkby Stephen and The Upper Eden Valley by Claire Heron

The Network of Ley Hunters September 2019 Belinus Line Moot will be based in my local town, Kirkby Stephen. Whilst our daily expeditions will take us further afield, Ley Hunters could have the opportunity to discover the local environment as well. We have ancient castle mounds, Arthurian connections, a haunted waterfall, Viking crosses, and a holy well. I hope that this brief introduction will inspire some exploring and some discovery of Leys!

Kirkby Stephen sits on the River Eden, one of the few major rivers that run towards the North. The source is about six miles south of the town high on the peat moors above Mallerstang Valley, where the young beck gathers waters and plunges down into the notorious Hell Gill, a narrow precipitous chasm formed where a collapsed cave system cuts through the limestone. The gulley lies on the old county boundary between Westmorland and Yorkshire and local legend tells of Dick Turpin urging his horse, Black Bess, to leap over the 85 foot drop to escape pursuit and arrest. The telluric energies here are elementally dynamic. In dry summers it is possible to walk through the Gill, although wetsuits & safety gear are recommended!



Before arriving in the town the Eden skirts two castles with Arthurian connections. Pendragon Castle is said to have been built by Uther Pendragon, and Lammerside Castle is known in local lore as Castle Dolorous, the home to the giant Tarquin. The two are reputedly connected by a lost tunnel, often a memory of an energetic connection. Folklore suggests that the water spirits at Pendragon have been slighted more than once. Uther attempted in vain to alter the course of the river to fill the moat, giving rise to the local verse "Let Uther Pendragon do what he can, Eden will run where Eden ran." There is also a tale of a hundred of his men dying when the Saxons poisoned the castle well.

As the Eden comes close to the town it passes Wharton Hall, a 14th century tower house which still retains a medieval curtain wall. The immediate surroundings boast a tumulus, a huge hollow veteran oak tree growing on ancient earth terraces and the erstwhile Gallows Hill, crowned with a copse of trees and also on terraced ground. Gallows in areas such as this, rich in Viking history, were often placed on hills sacred to Odin. The hill is a prominent landmark as one drives down into the town from the south.



Also at the southern entrance to the town we see Croglam Castle, a hill topped with the oval enclosure of an iron age hill fort. Nearby archaeological finds include a prehistoric axe, Roman coins and a quern stone. It has been suggested that this may have been a ritual enclosure having a relationship with Wild Boar Fell the flat topped hill to the south, seen by some as the local holy mountain.

Heading back to the river from here the unique geology of Kirkby Stephen is on view. At Stenkrith Park the underlying brockram has been shaped to form glorious pools, shadowy gorges and marvellous waterfalls in the young Eden. This land is the meeting place of limestone and sandstone, brockram is a kind of combination of the two. The caves, pools and gullies here are variously known as The Angel's Drainpipe, The Devil's Grinding Mill, The Devil's Mustard Mill, The Devil's Hole and Coopkarnel Hole. Legend has it that the Druids of old worshipped here. It is a place of elemental beauty but it also has the story of a tragedy. Two lovers are said to have met their deaths at the waterfall. The man, Deville, found out his sweetheart had cast her eye elsewhere and killed her in a furious rage. The sounds of the subterranean waters are the lovers' moans and wails of anguish.

A delightful riverside walk from Stenkrith leads into town. Along the way one passes some of the modern inscribed stones of the Poetry Path. Nearing town coming out of the woods the view opens up into a large meadow named Gramskeugh. Looking up to the east a farm on a prominence marks the site of Hartley castle a 14th century manor house now almost completely lost. The manor was the residence of the Musgrave's before they moved to Eden Hall, known for its holy well and associated fairy legend. Hartley Castle also had a well of repute. It is recorded in Hope's 1893 opus *The Legendary Lore of the Holy Wells of England* "At Kirkby Stephen is a wonderfully copious spring, on the brink of the Eden,

known by the name of Lady Well, which has within these few late years been appropriated to private uses. This semi-sacrilegious act was committed by Francis Birkbeck, of Kirkby Stephen, who diverted the current of its waters down to his brewery to convert into ale." The spring is still to be found in Gramskeugh on the riverbank. Elders of the town can remember a drinking trough, but today no stone work remains and the site is rather neglected although still flowing with bright water.

Walking into the town itself one crosses Frank's Bridge. Named for the same Francis Birkbeck, this 17th century bridge was a "corpse bridge" on the route from Hartley and Winton to Kirkby Stephen church. At the far end of the bridge are ancient stones called coffin stones, where the dead (or more likely their carriers) could be rested. The bridge is also claimed by some to be the haunt of Kirkby Stephen's most famous long term resident, Jangling Annis. The modern story is that Annis was a prisoner from the doomed Pilgrimage of Grace who had been held at Hartley castle in 1536/7. Despite her chains she managed to escape, only for her manacles to drag her down as she forded the river, leaving her drowned spirit haunting the area of the bridge. This story doesn't bear much scrutiny. Annis is a name given to many (usually unquiet) water spirits throughout England. Other versions of the tale are somewhat different. Her jangling is interesting though as she is not the only notable local figure in chains...



Kirkby Stephen church sits on high ground above the river. The earliest written record of Kirkby Stephen dates from 1090 and lists the town as Cherkaby Stephen, meaning church on the moor. The church itself is known as the Cathedral of The Dales, and is not, as is often assumed, dedicated to St. Stephen, but now seems to have no dedication although it was once called St John's. The earliest part of the fabric of the current church dates back to 1170 although successive rebuilding and alterations over the centuries have lost most of the original stonework. The church is a fine building and contains some interesting cross fragments and other carved stones. Here we find Kirkby Stephen's second enchained celebrity, the Loki Stone. This fragment of an early Christian cross depicts a horned figure in chains. It is

widely believed to be a depiction of the Norse God of Mischief Loki being punished for his deeds, although some scholars disagree.

It is interesting that we have these two enchained mythological figures in the folklore of the town, perhaps in antiquity they were related. Early sources suggest that the site of Jangling Annis' haunting is not Frank's Bridge, but New Bridge, further north on the road out of town towards Brough. This bridge is at the end of Kirkbank Lane, which goes nowhere near any known church. Between Kirkbank Lane and the bridge next to the river are mysterious earthworks of unknown age. Could they be the traces of an early church? "There used to be a wandering spirit between Winton & Kirkby Stephen, it is said, of the name of Jangling Annas, which was laid to rest (exorcised) near the bridge crossing the Eden, by the intervention of a wise man from Stainmoor. Who he was the legend does not acquaint us with. The rock is, however, pointed out beneath which the quiescent spirit now rests." (Gibson's Legends & Historical Notes of North Westmoreland. 1887)

Some versions call her Jangling Nannie, and she is variously described as a ghost, a dobbie or a boggle. Some say the wise man was a priest, some say a magician. The location of the stone underneath which she is trapped is now uncertain, but there is a boundary stone by the bridge at Winton known as "The Boggle Stone," upon which local youths were encouraged to spit and see it turn to blood.

Looking down on all the Mysteries of Kirkby Stephen from the top of Hartley Fell in the Pennines is the biggest enigma of all. Here on the watershed between east and west England stands a row of stone-built cairns known as the Nine Standards. Up to ten feet tall these sentinels can be seen for miles around. No one is certain of their origin or purpose, although some say the Romans built them to look like troops from afar. Documents from the 16th century refer to the "Nine Stander" boundary markers, recent surveys suggest they stand in an older enclosure, but so far there has been little investigation of these great cairns and they remain as testament to the enduring nature of Mystery.



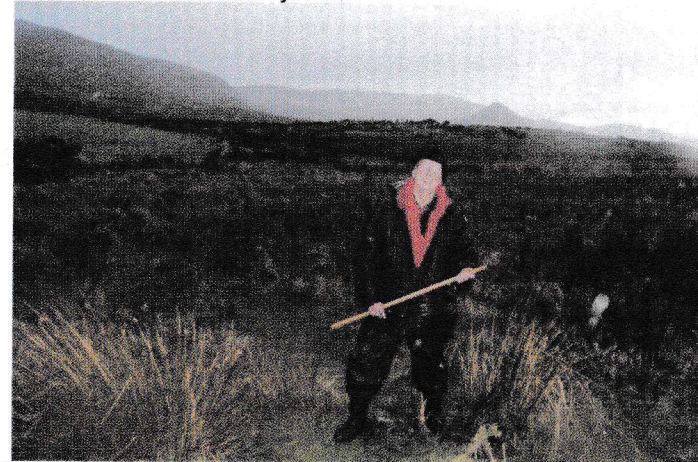
A few places are still available on the Spine of Albion Moot based in Kirkby Stephen, September 14-16. Authors Gary Biltcliffe & Caroline Hoare will be leading visits to sites on the Belinus & Elen lines including Kirkby Lonsdale, Shap, Mayburgh Henge, Long Meg, Carlisle and Arthuret. Book with Laurence NOW on 01650 531354.

Reconstructing the Seasonal Calendar as devised and used by the Megalithic Peoples of the Neolithic and Bronze Age in Britain and Ireland

By Terence Meaden
Oxford University

This article recounts how years of megalithic research led me to discover the principal properties, including likely festival dates, of the ancient calendar used by the Neolithic farming peoples of Ireland and Britain from the fourth millennium BCE onwards.

My projects studying megalithic sites, begun in 1983, led to four books published in the 1990s by Souvenir Press. In the 2000s I worked chiefly on certain aspects of the 80 Wessex long barrows and the characteristics of the cursuses of Southern England. This served as part of an Oxford University M.Sc. degree in landscape archaeology. The work embraced several megalithic landscapes including those around Avebury and Stonehenge. After 2011 attention turned to the recumbent stone circles of Ireland and Britain which gave rise to many research expeditions to S.W. Ireland and N.E. Scotland. For example, in the 12 months ending Christmas 2018 there were five expeditions to Ireland and two to Scotland carried out in all seasons and all weathers including winter ice, snow and heavy rain.



South-west Ireland in hail and heavy rain, 19 December 2018 and the day's work at Ardgroam Outward Stone Circle just finished. The stones top the nearest ridge three fields and several bogs away.

One of several important results was finding unequivocal proof that an 8-fold basic calendar of annual events was *definitely* in use during the Neolithic and Bronze Age prehistory of our islands. Details of the calendar steadily emerged as I kept returning to study the stone circles ever more thoroughly to obtain the essential photographic proof needed. We now have solid proof that the ancient calendar of these first farming peoples was in use throughout the megalithic period of the Neolithic and Bronze Ages.

The peoples who planned and built the stone circles recognized eight significant dates of the year, each separated by 22 or 23 days from the next. For practical purposes of analysis, it is convenient to commence at 21 December and name it Day 1. This makes it the First Quarter Day of a Four-Quarter 365-day Year.

The new insights arose from analyzing alignment unions between the sun, megaliths of particular shape standing at specific positions, and observing the resulting shadows cast upon a selected waiting stone at and during the first minutes after sunrise.

THE NEOLITHIC FARMING CALENDAR

<i>Neolithic Calendar Day Number</i>	<i>Dates on the modern calendar for the 8 traditional festivals</i>	<i>BASIC CALENDAR OF THE 8 AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL DATES</i> <i>Additionally, the 8 bonfire nights are included and marked by an asterisk *</i>
Day 1	21 December	Midwinter solstice: 1st quarter day
Day 46	4 February	End of winter; eve of spring *
Day 47	5 February	Start of spring; Celtic Imbolc; cross-quarter day
Day 91	21 March	Eve of vernal quarter day *
Day 92	22 March	Spring vernal day or 2nd quarter day
Day 136	5 May	End of spring; eve of summer *
Day 137	6 May	Start of summer; Celtic Beltane; cross-quarter day
Day 182	20 June	Eve of midsummer solstice *
Day 183	21 June	Midsummer solstice: 3rd quarter day
Day 228	5 August	End of summer; eve of autumn *
Day 229	6 August	Start of autumn; Lughnasadh; cross-quarter day
Day 273	19 September	Eve of autumnal 4th quarter day *
Day 274	20 September	Autumnal fourth quarter day
Day 275	21 September	Alternative, less likely, 4th quarter day
Day 319	4 November	End of autumn; eve of winter *
Day 320	5 November	Start of winter; Celtic Samhain; cross-quarter day
Day 365	20 December	Eve of midwinter solstice *

The agricultural festival year incorporates four cross-quarter days in addition to the four quarter days.

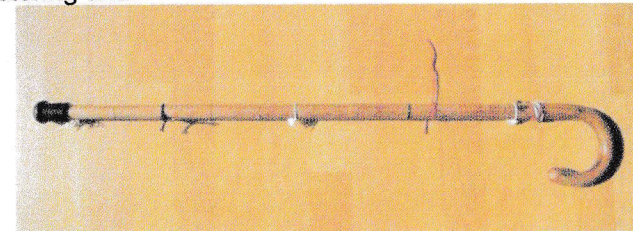
They were likely community festive occasions with agricultural trade shows and an accompanying religious background.

Of these eight dates the best known to present-day megalith enthusiasts are the winter and summer solstices. They take place at the first and third quarter dates which are separated by 182 days, for which refer to the table. Day 1 being the winter solstice, this means that the summer solstice is Day 183, or 21 June on our Roman calendar. Thus starts the second half of the year which ends on 20 December or Day 365.

The two Neolithic calendrical mid-year dates occur midway between the solstices on Day numbers 92 and 274. The corresponding Roman calendar dates are 22 March and 20 September but they are better styled for what they really are—the Second and Fourth Quarter Days. Note how close these happen to be to the equinoxes—but they should never be designated by the word 'equinox' which is what many current people do. The prehistoric farmers could never count day lengths in seconds and minutes as a means of determining which days had equally long days and nights.

Between the four quarter dates, taken in consecutive pairs, are the cross-quarter dates. Their modern calendar equivalents are 5 February, 6 May, 6 August and 5 November (refer to the table).

These eight specific dates are each separated from the next by 45 or 46 days, and correspond to the azimuthal rising point of the sun that a chosen clan-appointed skywatcher may well have had the duty to monitor daily. A notched tally stick would be useful for registering this.



As a practical test I constructed my own tally stick by notching a 100-year old walking stick.

With 92 grooves and moveable date-markers, day-counting begins by progressing from the winter solstice (the First Quarter Day on

21 December) to the Second Quarter Day (Day 93, 22 March which is close to the true equinox).

Returning along the notched stick brings us back to the notch where we started but this notch now represents the day of the summer solstice (i.e. the Third Quarter Day or 21 June).

A longer version of the table—published in the 2016 book *Stonehenge, Drombeg Stone Circles Deciphered*—includes the azimuth directions for the rising sun on all of these dates. This is to help the modern sunrise investigator know the points of sunrise for level landscapes both for the current year and for the era of the third millennium BCE.



Ardgroom Outward Stone Circle

HOW WERE DETAILS OF THE ANCIENT CALENDAR RECOVERED BY WATCHING SUNRISE POSITIONS?

Surveying the stone positions of the axial recumbent stone circles of Ireland and similar circles in Scotland revealed the importance of sunrise observations.

It was initially noted at the first Irish recumbent stone circles visited that many stones were unevenly spaced, and had selected shapes of which some appeared to be symbolically male or female. To me this immediately intimated that the solution as to interpretation lay in the casting of shadows at sunrise between what were *intelligently located* stones of certain shapes.

Noting that the primary stones in the east—among them the portal stones—were tall and straight-sided whereas the broad flat-topped recumbent stone, and sometimes a lozenge stone too, were in the west, this suggested a union by shadow seeing that the sun rises always in the eastern quarter. Hence the tall narrow straight-sided shadow-casting stones could be male-symbolic, while the stones awaiting the arrival of cast shadows could be female-symbolic.

Union by shadow is the consequence—but only for specific

occasions of the year, namely those on and close to the eight grand festival dates.

Hence the calendar with its watchable shadows on portentous occasions is a primary motive for stone positioning, if not *the* primary motive.

Yet might there be an additional motive, one important for farming clans and tribes in their endless quest and longing for success at farming? Might the reason be religion? After all, we know that the force and appeal of religion encouraged people to spend decades building cathedrals, so might prehistoric communities have been inspired to move megaliths great distances and stand them upright for spiritual reasons too?



*Drombeg: the male shadow from the male pillar stone is in suggested sexual union with the middle of the female lozenge-shaped stone.
Sunrise on the Second Quarter Day in March 2015.*

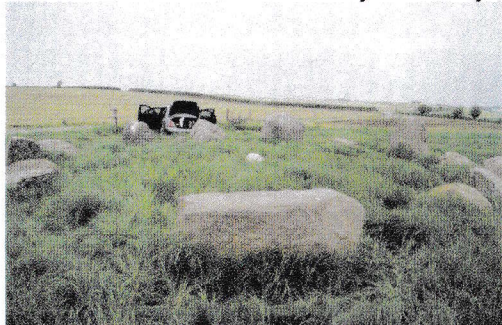
WHY ARE PARTICIPATING STONES GENDER SYMBOLIC?



Bohonagh: A type-1 recumbent stone circle with the recumbent stone at the west.

A typical Type 1 recumbent stone circle has a female-symbolic recumbent stone in the western quarter, usually at the W, WSW or

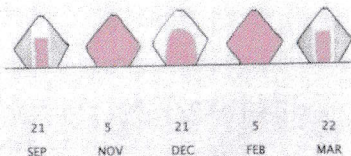
WNW, while the tall shadow-casting stones are in the east, between NE and SE. The latter are always male-symbolic.



Curraheha:

A type-2 recumbent stone circle with the recumbent stone at the south-west.

By contrast, in a Type-2 recumbent stone circle the recumbent stone is in the SW or SSW [or very rarely at the south]. In these circumstances a winter sun rising in the ESE to SE can never cast wanted shadows on to such a recumbent. To achieve the aim of stone-to-stone union in the winter, a second female stone was introduced at the perimeter. Sometimes lozenge-shaped (as at Drombeg or Easter Aquhorthies) or broad and low—in contrast to the tall and narrow—it had to be positioned in the NW or NNW.



Showing how shadows fall at particular dates upon the lozenge stone positioned on the north-west perimeter at Drombeg.

Hence, union between symbolically male and female stones by male-symbolic shadow was made possible for all the required dates of the calendar. Thus the key moments at the numerous multiple-stone circles of Cork and Kerry begin when the rising sun reaches full orb and continue during the minutes afterwards.

Union by shadow, if not begun a little sooner than full orb, then takes place and reaches an optimum. Often the shadow smothers most or all of the receptive stone. Otherwise the shadow arrives at the stone centrally and in the vertical. At some stone circle monuments the sun initially illuminates the waiting stone, before the shadow arrives. The obvious example is Stonehenge in which

the male-principle Heel Stone and the female recumbent Altar Stone are joined by shadow at the midsummer sunrise.

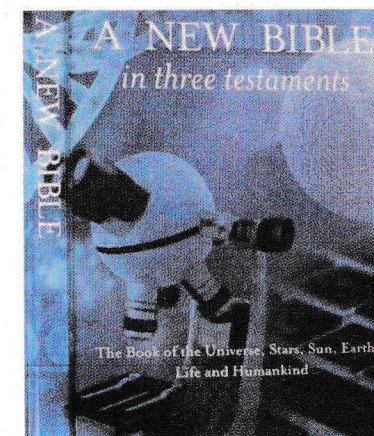
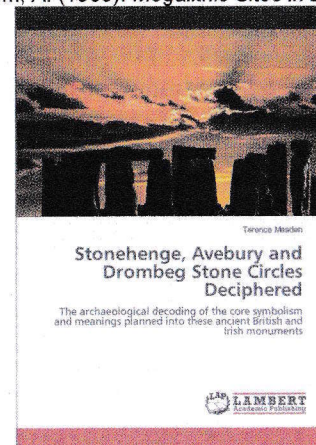
WHY WERE THE PLANS MADE FOR THE FULL SOLAR ORB ?

—probably because the sunshine, falling on the stone that was deemed to be the megalithic representative on Earth of the male deity, would then cast a more impressive 'impregnation shadow'. The sunshine from a weak partial orb during the first seconds and minutes after the first gleams was too feeble, hence disappointing. A full and dramatic *hieros gamos* would best be initiated by the strong light of the completely risen sun to create a strong shadow reaching to the waiting female-deity megalith.

This approach to a fertility religion in which the community can watch and enjoy the mating drama can explain the intellectual planning of all the Irish recumbent multiple stone circles—and Stonehenge and Avebury too.

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THE BIRCHOVER SHAMANIC LANDSCAPE by Geoff Blenkinsop

Part 1 - Overview and Stanton Moor

I first heard the expression 'shamanic landscape' quite recently, applied to an area of Dartmoor. It means an area with a high amount of what I'll call 'sacred sites' - stone circles, cairns, standing stones, rock art and so forth. I thought "we have one of those on our doorstep!" Ours is centred on the small Derbyshire village of Birchover. The maps which cover this area are OS 1:25,000 Explorer OL24, Peak District White Peak Area; OS 1:50,000 Landranger 119, Buxton and Matlock; Harvey 1:25,000 Superwalker, Peak District South and Harvey 1:40,000 British Mountain Map, White Peak.

Why does an area become shamanic, a focus for sacred sites? I would say two factors, energy and appearance. Merrivale, the area of Dartmoor in question, and the Birchover area both have distinct natural rock outcrops. The tors of Dartmoor are well known, but I'd guess only some Peak District residents are aware of the dramatic rock outcrops around Birchover.

Picture the place in the early Mesolithic period. A comet or asteroid struck the North American ice sheets about 12,000 years ago and precipitated a sudden and final melt of the large ice-caps in North America and Northern Eurasia. Our own ice sheet had been slowly receding North for millennia and the poor soils exposed had been colonised by rough grasses forming Arctic tundra. Poor though they were, these grasses attracted herds of grazing animals; Aurochs, Giant Elk, Red Deer and Roe Deer, moving North in the cold summers to take advantage of fresh growth. The herds were followed by predators, including Wolves and Man. Not that long before, the last Cave Hyenas had vanished.

We know Mesolithic man visited what is now the Peak District. Our only indigenous cave art is found at Cresswell Crags, just to the North-East of the Peak. You can join a tour and see this art yourself; highly recommended. A few years ago an excavation of the Iron Age hill fort, Fin Cop, not far from Birchover, revealed Mesolithic fireplaces, dated from their charcoal remains. The Ancestors who followed the herds had visited Fin Cop for chert, which they used to make stone tools.

These Mesolithic Ancestors cannot have failed to notice the rock outcrops of the Peak District. The Birchover area is particularly blessed by massive gritstone tors and the edge outcrops of Stanton Moor, hanging like ramparts above the Derwent valley. Strange pinnacles of gritstone rear up too. The most famous outcrop, Robin Hood's Stride, is a massive tor with a pinnacle at each end. Our local hero is said to have been able to step from one to another. If so, the feat has never been repeated as they are 50 feet apart!

It is appealing now, with tree cover, but in the treeless Mesolithic these outcrops would have made the place memorable; a significant point in a journey after the migrating herds; you can imagine the place having its own memorable, descriptive name; a waymark on a Mesolithic songline.

There are other significant rock outcrops in the Peak, such as Stanage Edge, Ramscliffe Rocks and The Roaches, but none have sacred sites. The reason? There's a 'feel' to the Birchover area which draws you too. I have failed to find any evidence of a major ley, but even someone as insensitive as myself can sense an underlying energy, which brings me back time and time again. Fortunately the place is only 10 miles from my house by road, shorter by footpaths. I visit the area weekly and have walked there and camped on several occasions.

We have no evidence of Mesolithic fire pits, however, and scant remains of any Neolithic or Bronze Age dwellings in the Birchover shamanic landscape. I don't find this surprising or negative, as I believe these ancient dwellings would have been where the villages are today, the locations where springs gush forth; Birchover, Stanton in the Peak and Stanton Lees.

The works of the Ancestors are everywhere. Stanton Moor holds three stone circles and there are two others close by. The moor has about 120 cairns. Elaborate rock art adorns one large outcrop, Rowtor Rocks, and there are cup marks on many other rocks scattered around Birchover. There's also a large enclosed area, perhaps a trading area or perhaps a ritual area. Despite the current tree cover it's easy to work out that a lot of these features would have been visible from one another.

I'll look at one part of the shamanic landscape in this issue and at the rest in a later one. First, I will cover the greater concentration of sacred sites, on Stanton Moor.

Stanton Moor

Stanton Moor is an isolated part of the Peak District Eastern Moors archaeological area, resembling a miniature South American paramo, although a lot more accessible. It has been described by archaeologists as a "Bronze Age necropolis." As mentioned, it has 3 stone circles and 120 cairns ranging from 2 yards to 20 yards across. Not all of these have been excavated; most of those that have were dug by the Heathcote brothers in the 1930s and 1940s, whose numbering system is still in use. The moor also has one standing stone, disappointingly only 2 feet high, together with numerous natural outcrops and a tall tower commemorating Earl Gray's 1832 Parliamentary Reform Act. There's slight evidence of a couple of possible

small Bronze Age dwellings and field boundaries; it was thought to have been intensively farmed in those times, when the climate was warmer and drier than at present. Who says climate change is just a modern occurrence?

The major features, the stone circles and largest ring-cairns, are aligned roughly NNE - SSW and were inter-visible before tree cover. The moor was more or less preserved by being afforested in the 1800s. While the planting and felling caused some disruption it prevented worse damage from quarrying, which occurred around the moor's fringes. Some of the felling was done by the Canadian Army Forestry Corps in WW1 and the wood was used for trench revetments in France and Belgium. Surprisingly, the lumberjacks concerned were women. The mind inevitably turns to Monty Python's lumberjack:

*"...I cut down trees,
I wear high heels,
Suspendies and a bra..."*

Joking apart, we must be grateful to these people who came across the world to help us in our time of need.

The Nine Ladies stone circle (SK 249635) is the most impressive of the sacred sites on Stanton Moor. About 20 feet across, it comprises 9 raised and one recumbent stone on a raised platform, and it is believed it was embanked, in other words the stones were part of an interior wall. On the outside of this wall, a sloping embankment will have been erected, leaving a yard-high circular pit with an entrance. Circles like this were a feature of the Peak District. A few miles away, Barbrook 2 stone circle (SK 278758) has been reconstructed to show what such a stone circle would have been like.

Until the 1950s, the Nine Ladies circle was enclosed by a dry stone wall, a relatively modern feature to keep the area 'special' and free from planting, felling and quarrying. There are a few information boards on the moor showing the circle, the nearest depicting white-clad "Druids" dancing by moonlight and one a bit further away showing the way the circle might have looked when embanked. As well as the dancing Druids, there's more artistic licence on these boards, a woman on one looks just like a Native American squaw and a man on the same board looks like a 1960s hippy!

Two of the three other circles on the moor are marked on Natural England's map as "cairn circles" in other words, they would have been stone circles with central cairns. During excavations, the cairns were removed. Some of these circles aren't easy to find, so dowsing is recommended. They all lie on the main North-South track across the moor. From the North, the circles, their grid references and official numbering are as follows:

The Lost Circle (Stanton Moor 1, SK 249637) is hard to find and consists of a shallow depression with a few stones. It certainly doesn't look like anything man made.

The Nine Ladies Circle is two hundred yards or so further South and can't be missed. There's a notice board and the circle stands clear of trees and other obstructions.

A couple of hundred yards further along the main track, on the right heading South, is the Heather Circle (T56, Stanton Moor 3, SK 248633) a few yards from the track with a couple of faint paths showing the way. This circle is slowly disappearing in deep heather, but is worth searching for, as it is the second best circle on the moor. This is was a cairn circle, but there's no cairn now,

About four hundred yards further South, just off the main track on the left, lies the Dark Circle (T43, Stanton Moor 4, SK 247638). Despite being beset by heather it looks noticeably circular, although the stones are hard to see. It was another cairn circle but the central cairn has gone, leaving a depression.

A nine hundred yards South of the Dark Circle is perhaps the best ring-cairn on the moor (T2, SK 247638). At the junction of two tracks, it's impressive and quite unmistakable, but sadly half of the mound has been removed.

At these and other cairns on the moor, various items, such as flint tools, pottery, cremated human bones, quartz pebbles and unspecified personal ornaments were found and some of these are in Sheffield Museum. Of course, any charcoal deposits were thrown away as useless, which has ensured we can't date these places accurately. Just West of the moor's highest point, marked by a triangulation pillar, was a cairn (T13, SK 243629) which contained the cremated remains of 13 young females, 6 in urns. Only a pit and a few stones remain now. I always think of them as 'The Princesses of Stanton Moor' - certainly women of importance. Their discovery sadly came before modern archaeology, so we know nothing whatsoever about them.

Natural features include several notable outcrops, The most prominent is the Cork Stone (SK 243628), the name obviously Bowdlerised as it is dramatically phallic. Victorian hollowed-out foot steps and iron handholds set into the rock allow the nimble to climb to the top; I can just about make it. On the top is a beautiful man-made circular bowl of uncertain date, always filled with water, plus more modern engraved graffiti including runes

and a pentacle. Other outcrops fringe the Eastern part of the moor, the most prominent being the Cat Stone (SK 253633), which also has footsteps.

There are many footpaths across the moor, the main being an ancient packhorse trail. Others mark where horse-drawn railways ran to a sawmill and another was a carriage way, "The Duke's Drive" where the Duke of Devonshire would take his guests; drawn there not by the sacred sites but by the views and the energy.

As mentioned, old quarries lie to the West of the moor and have probably obliterated more sacred sites. There's an active quarry to the North and a few years ago the East of Stanton Moor was at risk from the re-opening of a couple of ancient quarries, one perilously close to the Nine Ladies. The stone here is particularly good for construction, being free of veins and faults. A "peace camp" sprang up and for years squatters prevented further development. The moor first came to my attention through an article in Pagan Dawn and although I then lived many miles away, I was compelled to visit. The camp had a large sign saying "You've had your stone, now leave alone!" and a large, beautiful painting of the Egyptian night goddess, Nut, stretching over the Earth. Fortunately the protesters won their court case, then an appeal, and even better, the quarry owners had to pay all costs. The quarry was to remain closed, the protesters have gone and the moor is safe from development.

Stanton Moor attracts crowds of people at each of the 8 'wheel of the year' Pagan festivals. Sadly not all of them are respectful. At those times, 'new age traveller' types outnumber the genuine Pagans, leaving much litter and doing quite a bit of damage such as burning the turf and carving graffiti into the outcrops. At least one Pagan group, however, is working on the healing of the moor; my wife Rosemary is a member. The moor is an Historic England designated site and is managed by the Thornhill Settlement, which does an excellent job cleaning up after each festival and at other times.

The best way to access the moor is from the road to the West, which runs from Birchover to Stanton in the Peak. You can park near the entrance (SK 243628), which is marked by notice boards; a kissing gate leads to the moor. Continue along this track passing the Cork Stone on your left, and turn left when you reach the prominent ring cairn mentioned above. This track will lead you to the Nine Ladies stone circle in about half a mile. Follow any of the other tracks to explore further. Barn Farm campsite on the moor's South-Western fringe is recommended, as are Birchover's two pubs, one appropriately called the Druid Inn.

Part 2, dealing with the other features of the Birchover shamanic area, will follow anon!

Top right - the Cat Stone, with Victorian hand-holds. Top left - the Cork Stone (Cock Stone!) with similar handholds. The walking pole propped against the front shows the scale.

Below - the Nine Ladies Stone Circle in winter. There are actually 10 stones; the recumbent stone just visible behind the dog was revealed only as recently as 1976, during a severe drought.

(All photos by Geoff Blenkinsop)

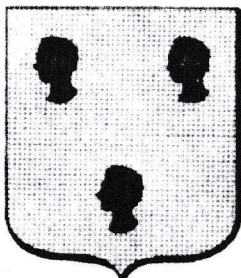


The Callarde Experience

Part 10 : Three Sufi Heads of Payen, John the Baptist and the Goddess Grail

Mark Herbert

The 'Hughes de Payen' Parallel



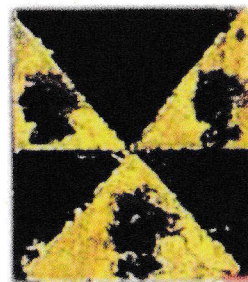
3-Sufi heads on Hughes de Payen's Arms

Image ack. Elisabeth van Buren's "Refuge of the Apocalypse" (1986)

Tradition claims that the Knights Templar was founded ca. 1119 by French noblemen Hughes de Payen (ca. 1070-1136) and Godfrey de Saint-Omer. Twenty years earlier Christianity had secured Saracen-held Jerusalem following its victorious First Crusade. An influx of pilgrims then sought to converge on the city's Holy shrine despite the route being rife with assault and robbery. Earliest chronicler, Guillame of Tyre, records Hughes' appeal to Jerusalem's new King, Baldwin II, that he and Godfrey along with seven other knights protect those on pilgrimage.

How so few could reliably protect the passage of so many casts doubt over safeguarding being their primary role. Chances are this was a pretext for a fixed local presence. Indeed, the Templar's origins are covertly sketchy. With limited reliable records existing pre-1129, their first formal decade is openly clandestine. Even their founding date is nebulous, as if it all began as an unsanctioned private venture that grew to be a church within a church. Written mention of Jerusalem's "Militia of Christ" by Bishop of Chartres, Ivo (1089-1115) in 1114 bears out the Order's existence at least 5-years before tradition claims. That Hughes' band of brothers expressly requested a base at the Holiest of Holies, the Temple Mount (formerly King Solomon's Temple), a place sacred to all three Abrahamic faiths, evokes a mission of great purpose and mystery.

The Temple underwent major alterations from 1120, itself a prospect or strategy for covert excavations. What the Templars were searching for or unearthed is anyone's guess. Some say they found relics central to Christendom : the legendary Ark of Covenant, the Cup of Christ, proof of Jesus' true bloodline, the head of John the Baptist. No one knows for sure. What is certain, however, something triggered Hughes' return to France in 1127, his first meeting with Bernard of Clairvaux; the Knights Templar became official, thence immensely powerful for two centuries.



Callarde's Arms (1560): 3-black Moors heads upon the gold & black Gyronny of Six assigned later (1511-31)

In his book "The Way of the Templar" (2015), Timothy Hogan enlightens as to Hughes' family roots which are, undeniably, a causal impetus for Hughes' earliest occasion to head for the Temple;

"Hughes of Payen ... had originally been initiated into the Gnostic tradition from his grandfather Thibault de Payens le Maure de Gardille, who was a Moorish Sufi. This tradition ... is the reason why his original Blazon was composed of three Moor's heads (see first page)."

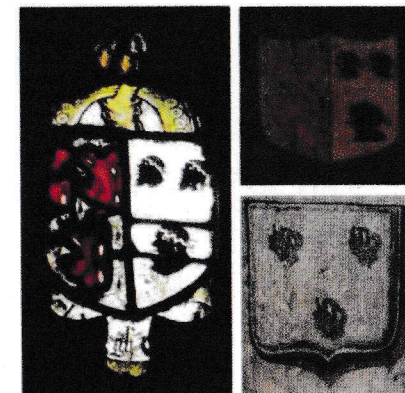
For the Moorish-Sufis had long since acquired a vast library of occult spiritual wisdom from ancient Egypt, Asia and Africa; as keepers of the Holy Grail mysteries, they became mentors to the Templars.

Through such roots Hughes potentially gained access to incredible and privileged knowledge including what lay under Solomon's Temple. That his pre-crusade ancestral shield comprised heads of so called "infidels" disproves them as battle trophies, rather in awe of his Holy teachers.

So it is intriguing and notable to discover that the armorial of the Callarde Templars bears the same arrangement of Sufi icons as the Knights Templar first Grand Master, Hughes de Payen, viz. three Moorish-Sufi heads caput at the neck, wreathed at the temples. Only a handful of families display three black moors heads, even fewer in this two-over-one inversion (typified on this page), viz. Blackmore, Callarde, Canynges (of Bristol) and Payan (Pagani).

Now comes surmise. Could the pre-Conquest Callardes also have had their beliefs set by Moorish-Sufi Gnosticism? Did those first Callarde ancestors share a genealogical or marital alliance with Hughes' lineage? Moreover, considering that which is revealed in final parts 11 & 12, were the Callardes also party to what was found beneath the Temple?

Uncovering this common thread with the Templar's founder is key to grasping Callarde's unfolding story, explaining the hidden meaning of the tripart icon and its relation to the Temple mystery.



(Left-upper right): **Early Callarde arms allied with Chudleigh** (St John the Baptist Church, Higher Ashton, Devon); (lower right): **Canynges arms, Bristol merchants** (St Mary Redcliffe Church, Temple Gate)

Three Moors Heads in Chudleigh

Ancient family banners evolved over time and from 1484 such changes were regulated by the Crown. An earlier Callarde arms (pre-1320), then absent of gyron, matrimonially allied with Chudleigh, can be found in St John the Baptist Church, Higher Ashton near Chudleigh. In 1899, Devon historian Maxwell Adams wrote a "*Brief Account of Ashton Church and some of the Chudleighs of Ashtori*". Therein, he describes two features bearing three moors heads: a 15c. window light and 17c. memorial tablet; he attributes both to Canynges (of Bristol). But there is much scepticism in Adams' verdict. In 1854, George Pryce, author of "*Ecclesiastical and Monumental Architecture*", critically examined the Canynges family, establishing their arms' colours as silver and bright blue. The Ashton colours are gold and black –the same as Callarde's. Besides, Pryce's meticulous study is deficient of any Canynges relation with Devonshire! In 1913, another local historian, Hugh Watkins, also challenged Adams' construal recognising that Canynges (and modern variant Cannings) go unmentioned with Devon antiquaries. He alludes to Callarde being the shire's most likely dynasty with such unique heads.

The Head Behind the Icons

The ancient practice of Gnosis was prohibited by the early 4c. Church, the Mandaeans of Mesopotamia being one of the last surviving Gnostic schools. Deemed the "cradle" of western civilisation, Mesopotamia (present day Iraq-Syria-Kuwait-Iran) literally means the "land between rivers" (viz. the Tigris-Euphrates). This water-enclosed ground forms a temenos-like entrance to the Goddess (nb. *Temenos* –a sacred region around a temple). The confluence of the Tigris-Euphrates at Al-Qurnah (Basrah's outlet to the Persian Gulf) is the telluric essence reputed to have been the "Garden of Eden". Water lay at the Mandaean's spiritual focus. Not only did they reside beside a few well chosen expanses of these rivers, regularly bathing as commended by God, but their elected redeemer sanctified with water. They believed the true Messiah and greatest of all prophets was the one they called *Yahya ibn Zakariyya*; western tradition knows him as John the Baptist! The Templars also regarded John as the anointed one as expressed in Margaret Jonas' book "*The Knights Templar : The Mystery of the Warrior Monks*" (2007);

"Christ as represented by the western Church means nothing to us. But we proclaim the Christ who walked in Jerusalem and received initiation through the Baptist; therefore our teachers about Christ are not the teachers and fathers of the Church but John, the initiator himself is our teacher."

–First Principle : Creed of the Knights Templar

In "*Refuge of the Apocalypse : Doorway into Other Dimensions*" (1986), Elisabeth van Buren provides the most likely resolution to the icons;

"Above all, it is the Head of St John the Baptist. A story relates that the caput Johannes was taken to Antioch by St Luke, and brought finally to France, where it was divided into three parts. It cannot be a coincidence that the founder of the Temple, Hughes de Payen had on his coat-of-arms three heads."

Neither can it be coincidence that Callarde proclaimed the same Johanite banner as Hughes, itself in recognition of the Templar saviour. Further evidence of Callarde's alliance with the Baptist surfaced in 2018 on discovery of 16c. oil panel painting of Ralph Callarde, of St Minver, Cornwall (b. c. 1530). He was the fourth son of the last and sixth heir, John Callarde of Callarde when the Templar mansion fell. This exquisitely detailed three-quarter length (36 x 27 inch) likeness by a Flemish artist (of the Gerlach Flicke school) portrays Ralph as a distinguished, lavishly apparelled long-bearded man with sword and three moors heads insignia. Above all, Ralph's hat bears a badge displaying John the Baptist's head! Art experts have verified the head's identity by a similar exhibit in the Victoria & Albert Museum, London.

None Greater Re-Born of Woman

The Holy Grail mysteries are often attributed to a physical object. Indeed, the powers of the universal life force may attach themselves and imbue any object or person strategically stationed on Earth. Yet everything in reality must begin in the invisible, in spirit, where it ends. And so, fundamentally, the Grail source is not a material entity. Christianity proclaims there is but one God; therein exist the three-in-one aspects of a supreme universal force, viz. the Holy Trinity –Father, Son and Holy (Ghost) Spirit. Inexplicably the feminine expression of universal duality is notably absent. How can that be? In all human understanding, to father offspring requires a mother! So where is she amid the Trinity? We speak of "Mother Nature", "Mother Earth" and these sacred isles as "Mother of the Free". By inference, the Holy Spirit must be the Mother Goddess which fills Earth's ethereal landscape.

The Templars worshiped the head they called Baphomet (meaning "Mother of Breath") believed to be the embalmed apex of the Baptist. Mark Amaru Pinkham in "*Guardians of the Holy Grail : The Knights Templar, John the Baptist and the Water of Life*" (2004) writes;

“Much of what we know about the Templars and their relationship to the Kundalini comes from their remaining images of Baphomet, which includes the three black heads that once adorned the shield of Hughes de Payen (collectively representing the universal Trinity and triune powers of the life force ...)”

With Baphomet adorning Callarde’s emblem too, did members of this Gnostic line come into contact with the real head, like Hughes? If so, is this why Callarde was entitled to leading sites in Canterbury and Dinsley (Issue 31)? Kundalini, the electromagnetic energy field transmitting consciousness, rises up from Earth and down from heaven meeting in the body. Scripture hints that John was imbued with Goddess energy;

“ ... filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother’s womb (Luke 1-15).”

By means of alchemical process using holy water, John activated Jesus’ kundalini, thus effecting his entry to the highest realm of illumination;

“And Jesus, when he was baptised, went up straightway out of the water and, lo, the heavens were opened up unto him and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him.” (Matthew 3:16)

Callarde may well have been a place for activating Ka –the life force (prefixing former name Kaldrade), it having the key elements needed to open portals to higher consciousness; viz. its long-term extraction of Gnostic initiators and their baphomet archetype, sited amid the neck of major Devonian rivers (the Taw and Torridge) forming a temenos opening to the Goddess, her sanctified waters deep beneath (Issue 27).

The Templars accepted rebirth from their Gnostic teachings; so John became their personification of the ever-living soul. It was Jesus who gifted humanity with crucial testimony that John’s spirit transmigrated from Elijah’s. As with people today, Jesus knew that when he told his disciples of this they might scoff at the idea of reincarnation;

“And if ye will receive it, this is Elijah, which was for to come.” (Matthew 11:14)

After John’s beheading, Jesus paid utmost tribute to his second cousin;

“Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist.” (Matthew 11:11)

There is no doubt, my 12-year placement with the Goddess in Callarde’s field has re-shaped my life, resulting in irrevocable “off the scale” spiritual activation and experiences. This account of Callarde’s three moor’s heads has been all the more extraordinary and personal given my birth falls on Midsummer’s Day, the Nativity of St John the Baptist!

The Isles of Scilly - Moot Report

Liza Llewellyn

The Moot took place between 9th and 14th June 2019 and had *eighteen* attendees. Weather was a mix of wet/windy and dry/sunny. We were guided by Cheryl Traffon.

Day 1 - Sunday, 9th June

We sailed to **St Agnes**, where we saw first the Labyrinthine rock structure known as the Troy Town Maze, dowsing indicated it was built 1579. Then we walked around the coast to the Well of St Werna, for whom offerings of pins were left. Next... to the Nag’s Head - a large (15’) stone that resembles a horse in shape, dowsing revealed it was natural. Then we crossed via the land bridge (appearing at low tide) to **Gugh** where we saw Obadiah’s Barrow and, further up the hill, Carn Valla and then down to Old Man Menhir, 9’ tall, leaning 60° E. (*menhir* = ‘long stone’)

Day 2 - Monday, 10th June

We sailed to **St Martin’s**. Walked up Cruther’s Hill to view three chambered cairns on hill summits, then onto a Chapel Downs ruined entrance grave and then, finally, to a wonderful 3’ stone figurine, at a high point, over-looking the sea, where we stopped for lunch.

Day 3 - Tuesday, 11th June

As weather was too rough for sailing, we stayed on **St. Mary’s**, starting at the Hugh Town Museum, then leaving for a walk along the coast calling at Long Rock Menhir (8’ high), then to Innisigden’s two impressive chambered cairns, with entrances aligning N-S and SE (winter solstice sunrise). Then onwards to the Halangy Down Iron Age Settlement and, just above it, to the (1500 year older) large Bants Carn entrance grave where we sheltered from the rain.

Day 4 - Wednesday, 12th June

We sailed to **Tresco** and visited the Abbey Gardens, viewing a double-holed stone and a Roman stone altar. Then we sailed to the smaller island of **Samson**, arriving by dinghy on a beach, traversing the South and North Hills (like breasts of an earth goddess) to view cairns and a stone *cist* - small coffin-like burial chamber where the corpse was placed in a foetal position.

Day 5 - Thursday, 13th June

We sailed to the little Island of **Nornour** where we saw the remains of a settlement and a shrine to a goddess, thought by some to be Sillina, from whom the Islands may have taken their name. Here (in the past) a goddess statue was found, along with a large number of offerings. We left our own offerings of shells and bread, Laurence Main sprinkling holy water from Carn Ingli. With apparent blessing of the goddess, the rain stopped only for our time spent at the shrine!

Day 6 - Friday, 14th June

We sailed to **Bryher**, ascended Samson Hill (so-named as it overlooks Samson Island), saw a cairn and, after saying goodbye to our guide, Cheryl, we walked, past Hangman’s Island, to Hell Bay, before sailing back to St Mary’s.



Clockwise : Halangy Down Settlement, St Marys; Upper Innisdgen Entrance Grave, St Marys;
 Long Rock Menhir, St Marys; View over Hugh Town, St Marys; The Old Man Menhir, Gugh;
 Lower Innisdgen Entrance Grave, St Marys;. Centre: Sculptured Stone, Chapel Down, St Martins.



Here we are at the Nag's Head (above) and walking Troy Town Maze (below) on St Agnes (Scilly Isles). Moot attendance : 18.
 (Photos by Denis Chapman)



Alignments from the Isles of Scilly to the Land's End Peninsula (West Penwith)

Over two dozen alignments of ancient sites and other features on the Isles of Scilly alone can be found listed under Isles of Scilly in Palden Jenkins's online maps on his website, and on the *Meyn Mavro* website. There are also alignments from the Isles of Scilly to places in West Penwith. This might be extraordinary given that the Isles of Scilly are almost 30 miles from the mainland, and so the lines are longer to the sites themselves. This extensive list of West Penwith lines and those linking the Isles of Scilly has nearly two hundred lines and was compiled over some time by Cheryl Traffon, Palden Jenkins and this compiler, who initially used the original work of John Michell (from his book *The Old Stones of Land's End*).

(The complete Alignments list incorporating the Isles of Scilly lines is available as a paper copy for £3 or as a CD for £1.50, via the Meyn Mamvro website. It would be useful for exploring the landscape of the Land's End Peninsula and the Isles of Scilly.)

Listed here are the lines which link the Isles of Scilly and West Penwith and compiled by Palden Jenkins using Google maps. The numbering is from the order on the *Meyn Mamvro* list. Grid references have SP prefix for West Penwith and SV prefix for the Isles of Scilly. (NF = natural feature)

#94 Obadiah's Barrow to Godrevy Head

Obadiah's Barrow, Gugh 8886 0847
Porth Hellick Down Entrance Grave, St. Mary's 9285 1084
The Brisons 341 311 **NF**
Cape Cornwall 351 311
Cairn 4350 3597 **NF**
Foage Barrow 4690 3779
Godrevy Head 581 433 **NF** (outside West Penwith)

#95 Bonfire Carn to Mulfra Barrows

Bonfire Carn, Samson Hill, Bryer 8793 1423
Knackyboy cairn, Tresco 9235 1586
St. Martin's A cairn 9262 1598
Cape Cornwall 350 319 **NF**
Carn Bean barrows B 3828 3313
Chûn Castle hillfort 4051 3395
Nine Maidens cairn 4367 3519

Bodrifty round houses 445 354
Mulfra barrows (centre barrow) 4495 3562

#96 Bryer cairn field to Lady Downs Barrows

Bryer cairn field, Bryer 876 156
Castle Down entrance grave, Tresco 886 158
Great Hill cairns, Tean 9098 1655
Cape Cornwall 350 319 **NF**
Portheras Common round barrow 3941 3327
Woon Gumpus 'A' tumulus 3937 3334
Mulfra Quoit 4519 3535
Try Round 4624 3575
Lady Downs Barrows 'A' 4681 3594; 'C' 4739 3511; 'D' 4752 3617

#97 Castle Downs cairns to Goldolphin Hill

Castle Downs Cairns, Tresco 8865 1647
White Island cairn, St. Martins 924 176
Mayon Cliff barrow 3481 2602
Rissick menhir (not extant) 3912 2694
Bunkers Hill W menir (not extant)
Boscawen-ûn Stone Circle (N edge) 4122 2376
Faughan Round (S side) 452 282
Goldolphin Hill enclosure 5923 3126 (outside West Penwith)

#98 Bant's Carn to Carn Brea

Bant's Carn, St. Mary's 910 123
Long Rock menhir, St. Mary's 914 124
Innisdgen NW cairn, St. Mary's 9211 1271
Cairns, Great Arthur 943 225
Nanjulian Courtyard House Settlement 3615 2888
Lower Numphra barrow 3810 2962
Trewern menhir 4298 3136
Carn Brea 6833 4073 **NF**

Raymond Cox





DATES FOR YOUR DIARY!

Come to our Moots in 2020. Full details in our next Newsletter. Meanwhile keep these dates reserved: Sat 23rd - Sat 30th May, 2020, LONGTOWN, HEREFORDSHIRE (Alfred Watkins Country) and Sat 5th - Sun 6th September, 2020: PORTLAND, DORSET



COME TO OUR MOOTS!

Here we are in Clitheroe Castle last September

(photo: Martin Morrison)



In Memoriam

Philip Burton

8 September 1935 - 9 April 2019



Philip was a veteran ley hunter, living in Pershore (Worcestershire). His speciality was checking standing stones for magnetic spots where a compass needle is significantly deflected. Ancient Druids could

have rested their heads on these, perhaps to facilitate connection with another dimension. Philip served as Hon. Treasurer for the original Society of Ley Hunters when it was formed in 2000 and, in retirement, supported the Network of Ley Hunters.

BOOK REVIEW

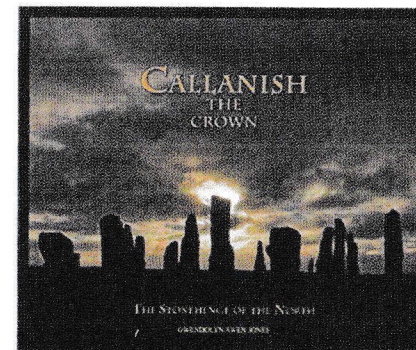
Callanish The Crown

The Stonehenge of the North

Gwendolyn Awen Jones

Published by Angels Of Light & Healing, Scotland, 2018, paperback, 94pp, coloured photographs and images throughout

ISBN: 978-0974073057



An extremely attractive presentation of the Callanish stones. A timeline and history are given along with a discussion of the location of this important and enigmatic stone circle, so as to place in time and space. The author displays her illustrations of the megaliths as well as some wonderful photography of the circle – all very beautiful. The author describes her personal experience of the circle that she calls the Crown of Britain.

- Liza Llewellyn

BOOK REVIEW

Moonstruck

How Lunar Cycles Affect Life

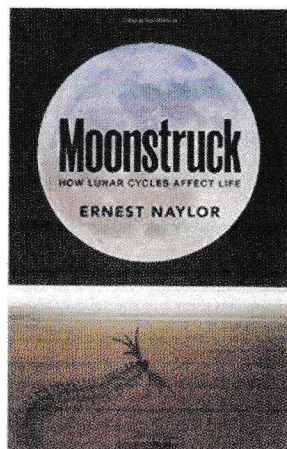
Ernest Naylor

Published by Oxford University Press,
Oxford, 23rd October 2018 in paperback

(orig. 2015 Hardback) 250pp,

B&W illustrations, £10.99

ISBN: 978-0198724223



The book examines both theories and evidence of the causal relationship between the Moons phases and various forms of life on planet Earth. It begins with a discussion of the various myths (of which there are many) that have been held by various cultures throughout history.

What is perhaps most interesting is that the book concludes that there is clear evidence through well-run scientific experimental studies that the Moon categorically does appear, for all intents and purposes, to influence life on earth, at least in the animal kingdom.

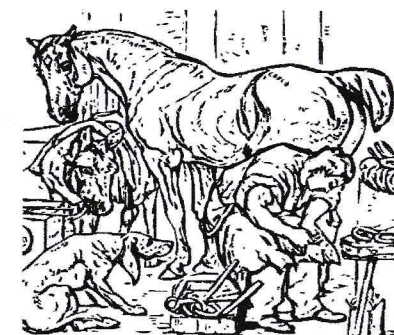
What the author is very sceptical of is any causal link between the cycle of the Moon and the female human menstrual cycle which have almost identical time periods. With Aristotle no less, he is in agreement that the whole thing is just a "coincidence". To support this, the author points out that more often than not the female cycle in an individual, does not follow that of the Moon. Yet, against his own conclusion, he quotes two studies which say that the percentage of times where a woman's menstruation *does* follow that of the Moon is statistically "significant". Could it be that the human species (like their closest extant relatives, the apes and monkeys) have, over large periods of time, fallen out of *exact* sync with the moon, and with nature generally? The fact remains that the average period of a woman's menstruation is remarkably close to that of the Moon, and very accurate in the case of the sidereal month.

- Liza Llewellyn

THE STABLE END

with

Richard Knight,
the Rustic Farrier



The Strange Story of Cleopatra's Needle

There is a big, bold obelisk in Bodmin, Cornwall, that looms up on the skyline but does not fit into any pattern, at least as far as I can tell. Erected in 1856 for Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert, it wants to be alone.

Hidden, 6.28 miles away, in the grounds of Boconnoc House (O.S. SX147607) there is a much more obliging obelisk. For a start, it is erected in 1777 by Thomas Pitt and dedicated to Richard Lytton, brother of George 1st Baron Lytton who was a patron and good friend of the genius Sanderson Miller of the Banbury Obelisk. So the following straight line connecting Boconnoc, Wellington and Cherhill obelisks through Glastonbury Tor is not entirely unexpected. This has to be charted on Google Earth as the scale is too big for maps and, if you can't work Google Earth, ask a passing toddler as I had to - they are very patient.

A _____ B _____ C _____ D

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| A. Boconnoc Obelisk - | 50° 25' 15.58" N, | 4° 35' 59.53" W |
| B. Wellington Obelisk - | 50° 56' 52.97" N, | 3° 13' 45.74" W |
| C. Glastonbury Tor - | 51° 08' 41.28" N, | 2° 41' 55.16" W |
| D. Cherhill Obelisk - | 51° 25' 21.94" N, | 1° 55' 57.28" W |

The line runs for 135.54 miles and is remarkably accurate. While trying to plot a course Northwards, via obelisks from down there, I found another very strong and very accurate line starting from one of only two genuinely Egyptian

obelisks¹ in England [the other is Cleopatra's Needle] and this one is at Kingston Lacy.

A	B	C	D	E
A. Kingston Lacy Obelisk -	50° 48' 34.88" N,	2° 01' 57.75" W		
B. Knowlton, a henge -	50° 53' 32.02" N,	1° 58' 00.34" W		
C. Old Sarum -	51° 05' 36.44" N,	1° 48' 15.73" W		
D. St John's College, henge -	51° 45' 22.41" N,	1° 15' 31.33" W		
E. Stowe School Obelisk -	52° 02' 32.15" N,	1° 01' 03.76" W		

Again, breathtaking in accuracy over a distance of 95.84 miles.

There are three Knowlton Henges close together from the Neolithic era. The one picked out by the line contains the ruins of a Norman church - quite a rarity! - and the line further picks out the tree that has been, and still is, dressed with ribbons, befitting a holy place. O.S. SU022103.

News of the henge at St John's College, Oxford was released by the Oxford Mail on Isis Day², 17th July, 2008. It is huge at 150m with an 8m wide mote and work there had to stop when 40 dead bodies were unearthed, evidence of a Saxon massacre. The college was founded in 1437 by St Bernard who was the spiritual beating heart of the Knights Templar and was destroyed during the Dissolution of the Monasteries, only to rise again in 1555 as the College of St John the Baptist (the statue of Bernard was given a cement beard to masquerade as John above the gate. The face furniture was only removed in 1915). A symbol of the Templars and of John the Baptist and St John's college was the lamb and flag or *Agnus Dei*.³

Out of interest, I tried a line from the Egyptian obelisk at Kingston Lacy to St John's College at Cambridge and unearthed a can of worms. The only other "thing" on the line between the two will not be found on maps and is redolent of the Knights Templar. It is cryptic, strange, astonishing, bizarre ... quite one of the maddest things I have ever witnessed in this sort of context and I would love for you to find it as I did. I will say it is not the flag of Australia which is nearby and the following diagram and key will help to locate it -

¹ I.e. Not merely replicas, but obelisks taken from Egypt.

² 17th July is said to be the official birthday of the Egyptian goddess Isis.

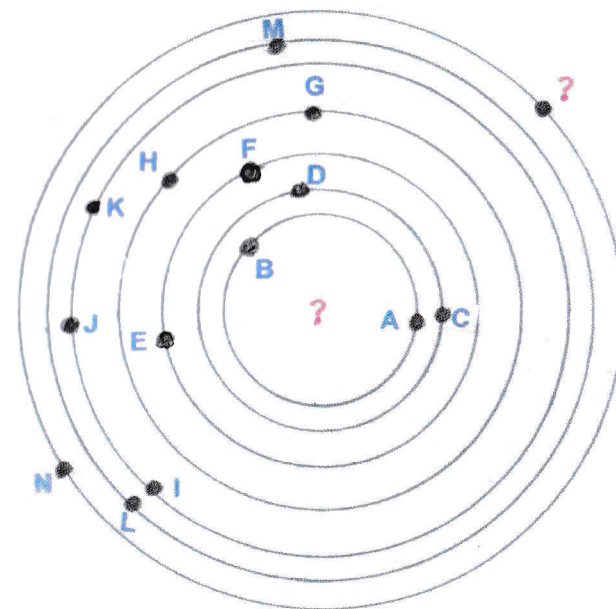
³ *Agnus Dei*, literally, 'Lamb of God'. The flag displays a cross. To this day there is a pub near St John's College, Oxford - and owned by it - called the 'Lamb & Flag'.

Obelisks In Circles Centred On the Mystery Landmark

On the diagram below, the central question mark is the landmark to be found, while the question mark on the outer ring is something very similar to it.

Key to diagram -

- A. Chiswick Park - 51° 28' 56.57" N, 0° 15' 40.58" W
- B. Blenheim Palace - 51° 50' 59.56" N, 1° 22' 10.49" W
- C. Cleopatra's Needle - 51° 30' 30.64" N, 0° 07' 13.02" W
- D. Stowe School - 52° 02' 32.15" N, 1° 01' 03.76" W
- E. Cherhill - 51° 25' 21.94" N, 1° 55' 57.82" W
- F. Farnborough Hall - 52° 08' 04.75" N, 1° 22' 20.79" W
- G. Naseby Battle Memorial - 52° 23' 57.94" N, 0° 58' 54.82" W
- H. Eavesham Battle Memorial - 52° 06' 28.18" N, 1° 57' 07.94" W
- I. Kingston Lacy - 50° 48' 34.88" N, 2° 01' 57.75" W
- J. Stoke Park - 51° 29' 32.06" N, 2° 33' 05.77" W
- K. Eastnor - 52° 02' 18.01" N, 2° 21' 44.78" W
- L. Wetherby Hill - 50° 45' 56.62" N, 2° 16' 29.64" W
- M. Old John - 52° 41' 46.87" N, 1° 13' 25.58" W
- N. Barwick Park - 50° 54' 52.41" N, 2° 37' 41.00" W



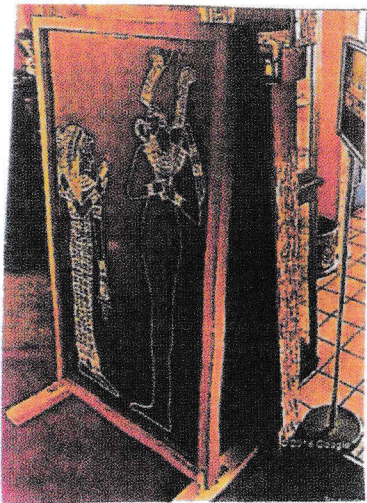
Not much more to be said for now, until we all know the identity of the two missing landmarks, but what I can show is two of the most extraordinary and baffling lines of obelisks ever.

There are *three* Cleopatra' Needles, one on the Isis⁴ in London, one on the Seine in Paris (48° 51' 55.76" N, 2° 19' 16.11" W) and one in Central Park on the Hudson in New York (40° 46' 46.75" N, 73° 57' 55.45" W).

The London and New York Obelisks are twins from ALEXANDRIA, Egypt (much more later on this) and a line, passing precisely through the two, ends up in ALEXANDRIA, Virginia, America (7 miles South of Washington, D.C.)! Passing through 38° 48' 32.37" N, 77° 03' 20.49" W on the corner of King Street and Peyton Street. Peyton Randolph, friend of George Washington and a Grand Master Freemason⁵. And near this point, only a few yards down the road, we see the George Washington MASONIC National Memorial (pictured right, as seen from above).



When I first arrived, via Google Earth, at the corner of Peyton and King, I switched to street level and saw THIS!! –



Osiris



Isis

⁴ The Isis = an alternative name for the Thames (river).

⁵ Peyton Randolph was the first *President of the Continental Congress (of the United Colonies of North America)*, making him the 'first President' of America. After the declaration of Independence, the title of the American leader changed from this to *President of the United States (of America)*, which, of course, was assumed first by George Washington – the First President of the *United States*.

I discovered The Google Earth land roving camera can sometimes enter buildings at the street level, and it had apparently brought me into a restaurant called Casablanca (now closed) which had an Egyptian theme or artwork inside.

CLEOPATRA was more Greek than Egyptian and had to learn the Egyptian language to be more like Isis who she aspired to be. Now given that an obelisk is the phallus of Osiris sought by Isis to complete her rebuild of him, (as told in the famous Egyptian legend)⁶ coming to the end of the line connecting two of Cleopatra's needles to be confronted by the God and Goddess themselves was a bit beyond the pale even for me.

It is worth saying at this stage that the line one draws on Google Earth is incredibly accurate because it has *no width* and is like a pencil line on the actual surface of the Earth. Also the curvature of the earth is taken into account. I am much happier looking at paper maps but on this scale you can't!

Draw a line from Cleopatra's Needle in Paris to the Statue of Liberty in New York and you will see that the line passes through a familiar friend: the obelisk at BOCONNOC dedicated to Richard Lyttelton, a friend of the genius SANDERSON MILLER⁷. By the way, the Statue of Liberty was a gift to New York from French Freemasons and was originally going to be used in the Suez Canal, Egypt and was of an Egyptian peasant woman, then it was changed to Libertas, Roman Goddess of Liberty, and the rest is history.

To be continued.

[Editing and footnotes 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.

⁶ In the ancient Egyptian story, Osiris was killed and then dismembered by his jealous brother Set, and Isis, his beloved wife, sought for all his parts to re-assemble him and allow him to be resurrected. In Plutarch's version of the story, Isis cannot find his phallus and has to rebuild it from scratch.

⁷ Mentioned in a previous Stable End article, Miller was a builder of obelisks in the Banbury area.

Article 2 – Part 2. Putting an ear to the mouth of Christ

Continuing **The Missing Revelations** as deleted from the book **BEHOLD JERUSALEM!** – *The discovery of the Zodiacal miracle buried within the foundations of England, Wales and N. Ireland.* By Graham K.Griffiths.

So where are we at? Well, we've just returned from a finger-tip walk [courtesy of Ordinance Survey] along an otherwise unassuming country road, albeit beneath the loincloth of Cumbria's crucified Christ, and which via its uncanny shape led us back 5000+ years to that Ancient Egyptian Opening of the Mouth Ceremony; this specifically intended for the raising/resurrecting of their dead. In short, this road actually copies the very shape of the adze-like tool their High Priests used in the performing of this rite; an instrument which was itself a copy of constellation of Ursa Major. On top of this we also found that the seven, again otherwise unassuming place names [there's seven stars which form the constellation of Ursa Major] strung along this same country road, not only mirror the placements of Ursa Major's stars, but when these names were delved into seem themselves to uncannily reiterate the Ancient Egyptian beliefs regarding the passage of the Soul from the mouth of the deceased back to its real home amongst the stars. However, when we then found that the place name on the very tip of the mouthpiece of this Cumbrian mimic of that adze was Gillbank, and that some 20 miles to the north the place that marks the actual mouth of this 48 mile tall Christ was another Gill Bank, then what else could we think but that both names were to be married-up **via the placing of this tool [which for some strange reason was hidden beneath his loincloth] in the mouth of this Christ whom is nailed here at the height of England...for to resurrect him!** Moreover, are we also being told, through these 'in your face' signs, that this same rite was likewise performed on Jesus himself soon after he was taken down from the Cross and left for dead in that tomb?

But of course we need more evidence so as to bolster this shocking possibility, although to get it we'll need to go where even angels might fear to tread. Before we go there, let's not forget that word *Gill* [as written upon the lips of this Christ as Gill Bank] when translated from both the Sumerian and Hebrew meant an **Exclamation of Joy**, and with this we're surely being told that whatever happened both during, and post his crucifixion was essentially a blissful experience for him, and ignited by that which this Landscape insists Christ had hidden beneath his loincloth, and kept warm right next to his genitalia. Blimey!

**Note: In a wonderfully graphic portrayal of what might be the above 'Exclamation of Joy' see the final chapter of my book where is shown the landscaped masterstroke which actually animates this Cumbrian Christ to the point of his very visual dancing off the Cross.*

Let's now tread very softly whilst listening intently for the reasons why a crucified and dying man could yet seemingly cry out with joy, indeed, a nigh on 'orgasmic' exclamation of it!

The Opening of the Mouth Ceremony. Unfortunately, although considered to have been the most important and sacred of all the Ancient Egyptian rituals, little information has filtered down to us regarding the actual mechanics of it, and the little which has, and this written down possibly thousands of years later than its original conception and practice [for prior to this the actual secret proceedings behind such ceremonies where only ever passed on orally from High Priest to High Priest] comes across, at least to my reading, as a likely 'bastardisation' of the original. In fact, I'd go so far as to suggest that what info has filtered down to us seems to be an almost pantomime mimic of that which was perhaps once the most mind-blowing spiritual act humanity has ever been party to – a ritual whose end result was the raising of the dead – yes, we're talking *on-the-spot* Resurrection, and that to me is no laughing matter at all! Indeed, some 'out of the box' thinkers of today, including myself, believe that Giza's Great Pyramid was in no way intended as some elaborate OTT tomb [surely a joke in itself?] but on the contrary, a building designed specifically for this ultimate of Ceremonies to be performed in – in short, a veritable Resurrection Machine. **Note: in my final article this theory re the Great Pyramid will itself gather some astonishingly visual support...and all this on British soil – where else!*

Sadly again, however, I fear that even by the time of Tutankhamen, and in whose tomb this same ritual is depicted so splendidly on the wall directly behind his sarcophagus [see Article2, Part1], the ceremony had been for the most part, misunderstood, or just plainly forgotten to a point where it was performed more out of habit than anything else. Again, I say this because what hieroglyphic records we have suggest that this *Opening of the Mouth* had become a lamentable mockery of the original intention, comically carried out on the already disembowelled, embalmed and bandaged-up mummies of the deceased, and thus with *no mouth to be seen*, and thus no lower locked [remember Mouthlock] jaw for that sacred and purposefully hooked tool to be hooked over and yanked down so as *to open* it in order that the Spirit/Soul, the Ka/Ba, could either leave the deceased and fly away back home to the stars, or else re-enter the same as a reanimating breath of Life...so Music Hall buffoonery or what?

The pitiful truth then, was that this sacred adze was being used purely as a symbolic gesture, it being merely touched against the bandages where the mouth was now both stitched forever shut and hidden from sight, and whatever once magical words were still chanted at the scene one just knows that the original point had been completely lost. Indeed, the object of the ceremony had

become in no way an attempt to resurrect, but rather a gesture, made more in hope than anything else, of the re-joining of the deceased's Ka and Ba so as it could wing its way to the Afterlife located amongst the stars of Ursa Major – admittedly, not a totally unworthy aim in itself, but in my opinion, one that was a million light years away from the original intention of that vitally important act of *actually opening the locked mouth of the deceased*, and thus sparking, for us anyway, the incomprehensible physical/spiritual alchemy needed for that on-the-spot resurrection – this a rite perhaps first performed some 1000, 3000, or even 10.000 years prior to those latter day 'pig's ear' attempts towards the same.

“Hold your horses, Mr Griffiths, where the hell is your proof that the performing of the Opening of the Mouth Ceremony ever resurrected a truly deceased, flat-lined, stiff as a board, kaput Pharoah? Surely the intention was always to merely speed the Soul onwards to the Afterlife, and this basically no more than any vicar would do while a coffin is lowered into its grave?”

In answer, and without looking for such, I've found a perfect copy of that Opening of the Mouth adze underneath the loincloth of Cumbria's Christ, and where his genitals should have been. And besides all the other place names, from Soulby to Mouthlock, and which as we've seen all sensationally pointing towards some Egyptian conceived route, or Passage of the Soul - that place on the very mouthpiece/hook of it just so happens to match the same place name as marks this Christ's own mouth. And never stop reminding yourself that that name *Gill* in Sumerian/Hebrew spells **JOY** – thus Gill Bank's "Joy" is upon the lips of him who is the epitome of one who was dead but whom was **resurrected in the flesh**, and in all but 3 days. Likewise, is this same 'Gillbank Joy' written upon the mouthpiece/tip of that star hook, double confirmation that *something* of immense importance regarding the behind the scenes truth of Christ's resurrection, this albeit as inconceivable as it is shocking, is nevertheless desperately trying to come to light? – and because this is spelt out upon this Landscape so colossally we must indeed be brave enough to at least *try to conceive*, for as mind-bending as it is for us to get our heads around some sacred/magical procedure which may have aided the raising of Christ himself, it may turn out to prove no more 'Far Out' than the idea of heart and limb transplants would have sounded to even my own grandparents.

Before we move on to examine another aspect of this same magical ceremony, you may be already thinking that if this Opening of the Mouth thing was, as I've suggested, already stripped of its true potentiality by the time of Tutankhamen, and this some 1300 years BC, then how come I'm proposing that it was the full and unadulterated original version that was performed upon Jesus, and which ignited his own resurrection? Well, as with all Ancient Wisdom which was over vast periods of time either weakened by misinterpretation, or else via ill

intended censorship, a pristine pearl of the original Secret often found safe keeping in the hands of those who knew its true value, and I suggest that Jesus, along with his uncle Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus, these the only three in that tomb after the crucifixion, *knew*. And let's not forget that soon after his birth Jesus was taken, and strangely so, to Egypt [surely an anathema to any Jewish family?] and reportedly to Heliopolis, the very epicentre and hotbed of Egyptian religion. Interesting too in a "No smoke without fire" kind of way, Jesus was sometimes, and this because of his miracle working, sneered at as *"The Egyptian Magician"*. Add to this the fact that the years proceeding his Ministry went by mostly unrecorded, and yet scattered with rumours that he travelled far from his homeland, even to Britain, in search of Ancient Knowledge, then who knows what Jesus knew by the time he returned from out of the so called "wilderness" – itself a shorthand term for the 'Secret Places of High Learning'? So let us too venture deeper into this same 'wilderness' of forgotten, or *purposefully* buried Truths.

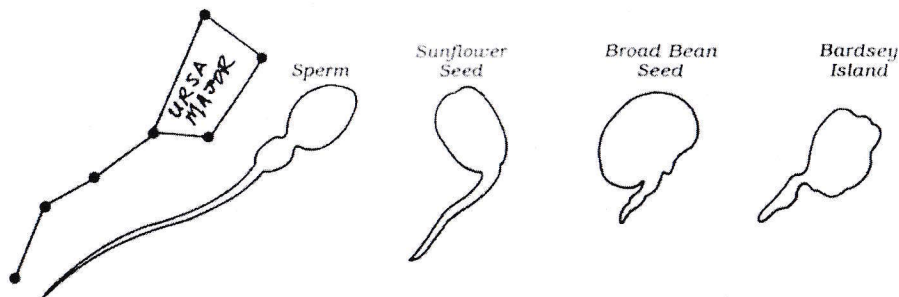
Sperm from heaven. I think most of us get a thrill when we're lucky enough to suddenly catch sight of a shooting star streak across the night sky, enough for some of us to even make a wish upon. For those Ancient Egyptians such a sighting was no less of a thrill, indeed, to them it must have been imbued with even more magic for that silver bolt shooting towards earth was perceived as the very sperm of their Creator god Atum, ejaculated so as to fertilise the Mother Earth, and as such to find a fallen metal meteorite was to hold something prized above gold - the sacred seed of God, no less. Added to this the fact that iron/nickel was not a material naturally found in Egypt, it meant that when a chunk of meteorite was found it was understandably reserved only for the most sacred of uses. One such use being the exciting theory that the capstone to some of their phallic obelisks were of meteorite iron, and thus the stone phallus was tipped with a symbolic globule of star sperm – but more of this in my final article. But perhaps for us who seek the reason why an Opening of the Mouth adze has been hidden, and shockingly so, beneath Christ's loincloth, know this – **another use for that meteoric iron sperm of Atum was for it to be wrought into the shape of that constellation of Ursa Major, and thus to become the magical handheld instrument/adze as used by the High Priests in that same death defying Opening of the Mouth Ceremony.**

**Note. Just to mention here that the current thinking as to how the so called 'building bricks of Life' first arrived on earth is now focusing upon them having been deposited here via fallen meteorites and comet debris....seed indeed!*

However, and before we take another breath, think on this too re the above news....surely the unavoidable and taboo infused image which follows fast upon the heels of this act of inserting a meteorite iron adze into the mouth of the deceased, is that the High Priest was also in effect, and knowingly so, placing

the life giving seed/sperm of Atum into that same opened mouth! And as you toy with that you must also ask as to whether that instrument of iron star seed was itself but a cover-up to the fact that *real semen was also put into the opened mouth of the corpse* – in itself an emphatic gesture of giving *real life* back to the dead. OK, a shocking thought perhaps, and yet we shall find later that the swallowing of sperm as part of the religious ceremonies of several belief systems, including an early form of Christianity, was not uncommon, and was seen as a sacred act of taking their living God within themselves – a Eucharist perhaps more profound than mere bread and wine? But again, more of this highly taboo stuff later.

**Note. What with all these sperm swallowing innuendoes seemingly stacking up, I am reminded again of how the landscape of Wales has seen fit to depict the colossal form of Virgo as our own British Goddess/Earth Mother, Ceridwen, and whom so graphically reaches for the equally sperm/seed shaped Bardsey Island for to swallow it [see Article 1 along with my book] and although neither the Ancient Egyptians or Celts would have had a clue as to what a single sperm looked like, I can't help feeling that the landscape, in particular that of Dartmoor, North Wales and now Cumbria, is trying to tell us of today something of monumental importance regarding this same 'swallowing of sperm/seed' in order to instigate some sort of rebirth. From here on in, be warned that this same taboo drum beat is only going to get louder still! Oh, and doesn't Ursa Major itself look like some cubist depiction of a sperm once its stars dots are joined up?*



**Note. By joining up the star dots of Ursa Major see how it too suggests the shape of a sperm.*

Anyway, and to further add to this growing rhythm to the beat of meteorite + Ursa Major = sperm = a seed = a strange hint of some mystic formula towards a catalyst for resurrection, I think we should now take a look at what images our ancestors envisioned when gazing up at those stars of Ursa Major. To some its shape suggested a Plough, and do not ploughs prepare the ground for the sowing of seed? While to others it was of course The Great Bear, and although a Bear

would seem to be bereft of any seed/sperm innuendoes, it was once, nevertheless, termed the *honey eater/honey licker*....could there be a touch of innuendo lurking there after all? No, perhaps not. No matter, and keeping this seed thing going; to the Chinese this same star group is known as *The Bushel*. While two further names for this same star group, although having nothing to do with seed, certainly have a lot to do with fellows famous for returning from the dead; these *The Litter of Lazarus* [and wow, did Jesus even use this same adze to resurrect Lazarus?] and *King Arthur's Chariot* - the mortally wounded Arthur being ever prophesied to one day return alive and kicking butt! Oh, and neither can we forget this constellation's title of *The Big Dipper/Ladle/Spoon*; a mere item of kitchenware and lacking all suggestion of either seed or resurrection, and yet when half filled with a sample from the cooking pot may well be touched to the lips and sexily sipped there from.....well, that's how Nigella tastes her broth! Sorry, I'm chuckling again.

All intriguing snippets of star lore, and all giving a 'nod and a wink' perhaps to the strange line of enquiry we're following, but how did that same starry configuration suggest itself to the eye of those Ancient Egyptian star gazers themselves? Well, and as earlier mentioned, the rather deflating answer is that they saw it as *The Thigh of the Ox, or Bull*, and except perhaps for a minor hint towards the fertility of that beast, this at first glance not a title especially sympathetic to my suspicions. In fact, this whole daft image becomes even more ludicrous when we learn that in those days when I feel that the original secrets of the Opening of the Mouth Ceremony had been all but lost, it seems that the Priests still practising it would sometimes touch an *actual thigh of an Ox to the lips of the deceased* - again, what a pantomime. But then again...!

Recollect now that place name of **Oxenthwaite** planted upon that Ursa Major shaped country lane which crosses the genital and thigh areas of our Cumbrian Christ; a touch interesting in the context of things maybe, but not half so damned interesting as learning now that the 'Thigh' was a codeword/image for a *Penis* – and no, that's not another piece of wishful thinking on my part, but it's exactly how the Bible prescribes the same. Hear George Ryley Scott in his book *Phallic Worship* say it for me: "*The persistent practice of the biblical translators of disguising sexual references and phallic indications by the employment of euphemisms or harmless terms is again illustrated in the deliberate use of the word "thigh" for penis.*" In short then, slip your hand beneath this Cumbrian depiction of Ursa Major/*Thigh of the Ox*, and you'll find that you've just touched the penis of Christ! Shock and horror? No, just the ongoing innocence of this fully Conscious Landscape in its efforts to speak to us, indeed, this depiction of Ursa Major beneath his loincloth *is his penis*....and just listen to that drumbeat of *dangerous taboo* getting louder and nearer still.

Seems then that maybe there was more to the Egyptian's hilarious touching of the lips of the deceased with a great hunk of meat than that which initially meets the eye? What I do know, however, is that these beliefs of Ancient Egypt, whether of clumsy thighs or sublime showers of meteoric sperm, are certainly nagging away at our thoughts as we lift that pastured loincloth and find an English country lane in the shape their Ursa Major inspired Opening of the Mouth adze, and this provocatively running across where the phallus of Christ should be; or then again, are we shown that this adze/Ox Thigh *is*, symbolically speaking, indeed *his penis*? And what with this sacred instrument being once used to slot into the mouth, well I think you may also like to hear the following titbit from Saint Isidore of Seville [560-636AD] - a scholar with a fondness for etymology. Anyway, and without, I'd guess, trying to validate any grotesquely heathen Opening of the Mouth Ceremony, he tells us quite innocently that the root source of Ursa/Bear is '*own mouth*' - so even the Great Bear himself comes now bearing his own gift to this table of dazzling imagery, and which surely adds up to the fact that we're bang on the right track....and 'Bang Bang' goes that taboo drum again!

Amazing then the multi cultural imagery allotted to this one constellation; and yet whether it be the allusion to seeds as in The Plough/The Bushel; the raising, or returning of the dead as in The Litter of Lazarus/Arthur's Chariot; or to that penis coded Ox's Thigh, and which was itself used in an after death ritual, it's apparent that this layering of seeds/penis next to two characters whom are famed for returning from the dead, not to mention that the shape of this star grouping was the inspiration to the shaping of that meteorite/sperm wrought Opening of the Mouth adze, and yep, a replica of one found beneath Christ's loincloth....well, let's just say that all these images seem provocatively suggestive of the ingredients needed for a cocktail so potent that it could restore life back to the dead - a medicine-cum-elixir to be taken orally, or as the Great Bear roars at us, "via ONE'S *OWN MOUTH*", and of course *swallowed*. And yeah, I think by now you must all have an inkling as to the direction this line of enquiry is now heading....and it really is signposted *Ultra Taboo!*

The Gnostics - now they seemingly *did* swallow sperm....and how! Without doubt, something highly taboo [to us, anyway] and stemming from out of the deep past, is being ramped-up as we peel back further the cloth from off his loins; more startling still, however, will be to hear these same provocative whispers both confirmed, and seemingly supported, from out of the very mouth of this Cumbrian Christ. Thus, and because this Landscape is seemingly demanding that we do so, we must now scrutinise the perceived heresies of some of those earliest followers of Christ - the Gnostics.

Reams upon fascinating reams have of course been written about them, but we're here only on the trail of one thing, this their supposed ingesting of sperm

as part of their religious practices. However, before we pursue such we must remind ourselves that for many an ancient culture there was absolutely no distinction between sex and religion, indeed, the term *Sacred Sexuality* would sum it up perfectly for them. Whereas, in orthodox Christianity it's no secret that sex was the great unspoken taboo, and although they may have since 'lightened up' a tad in this respect, it's still not a your regular pulpit topic prior to Sunday Communion - yet to those earlier Gnostics it certainly seems to have been unashamedly otherwise!

Because Gnostic Christianity pre-dated Catholicism by many centuries, one is tempted to come to the logical assumption that their beliefs/practices were orally passed on to them from a time far closer to the original source than the written, and much edited/censored version, the orthodox Church felt comfortable enough with to make known to her own flock. Moreover, one has to wonder whether the heretical practices which the Gnostics were to be later accused of by the Church, were but the Secret Doctrines that some believed Jesus to have taught only to his closest disciples [although I am of the opinion that some of these secrets may have only been shared with Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus - more in my Article3] and which the Church, for some reason, was perhaps hell-bent on keeping under wraps. If so, I must again ask if such a 'cover-up' is especially highlighted in that pertinent placement of that Stumbling Block/Scandal we found at Soulby [By the Soul] - namely the worrying Scandal Beck? Certainly for me, to see a *Scandal* stationed 'By a Soul' stinks to high heaven that something is amiss. Indeed, I see a sternly pointing finger towards the possibility that for thousands of years us the masses have either been purposefully duped - like, there's no such thing as a Soul, but such a concept was ever a good yarn by which the religious hierarchies could hold their flocks to ransom for fear of having their Souls condemned to Hell. Or else could it be that we do indeed have Souls, but have been maliciously robbed of something of profound importance relating to the true nature of them - a Truth which was perhaps at the very heart of Jesus' secret teaching but which has been kept away from us by the established Church on account that it would have spiritually uplifted mankind from the lowly station those same religious hierarchies preferred him to occupy....a Truth, however, which the Gnostics both knew something of and likewise practiced, hence their persecution by the Church under the trumped-up charge of Heresy.

As for myself, I firmly believe it is of this latter scenario [otherwise why this incredible miracle underfoot?]wherefore that potent word 'Scandal' has been so pertinently voiced in the same breath as Soulby - although a scandal now being brought to light upon the body of Cumbria's *joyful* Christ....*joyful, because he is now no longer being gagged; hence the Stumbling Block is to be removed, the Scandal outed, and the real and glorious Truth of our Souls, of our*

Immortal place within this Conscious Universe, is now to be verified from out of his own Cumbrian mouth.

**Note: Neither do I use the word 'gag' lightly. In my Article 3, and when I take you with me to stand beside Christ's Gill Bank mouth, you will for a fact witness an iron gag – a veritable Mouthlock!*

We know then that the Church denounced the Gnostic practices as heretical and strove to run them out of town, but as so often happens they only ran them 'underground' so as to resurface in another time, and perhaps such is happening here in our struggle to interpret that scent of taboo wafting up from the loins of Cumbria's Christ. I say this, because it was said that one of their heresies was to **sip semen** rather than wine from their Eucharist Cup - and from whose mouth exactly did they get that wild idea?...the Church said "*The Devil*", the Gnostics said "*The Christ*".

So do the Gospels, as we know them today, record *all* of Jesus' teachings? The 4th century Church father St Epiphane, whilst damning the Gnostics to hell for their "*filthy and heretical*" practices, and ranting that "*.....many of the rituals involved the anointing and swallowing of this sacred substance [semen], an orgiastic ritual that had been the bane of the Old Testament prophets of a thousand years before....*". Yet in the same breath he nevertheless confirms our suspicions that not all Jesus taught is recorded in the Gospels by cryptically stating "*....because some secrets where not for the masses*" – in other words, he's saying that these secrets were only ever passed on orally, and to the few. But don't take my word for it, take instead another scion of the early Church for Clement makes it even plainer, "*The secrets, like God himself, are entrusted not to writing but to the expressed word*". To my mind both Epiphanius, and Clement, as like many other Church leaders of that time, may have been just mightily pissed-off with the Gnostics because they were indeed openly practicing those very secrets taught by Jesus to his inner circle, and this simply because they got to them first! If so, one cannot then dodge the question as to what exactly did Jesus ask his disciples to consume in his name at the end of the Last Supper – Epiphanius again, this time his first hand observation of a Gnostic Eucharist, "*...men and women reciprocally ate the reproductive seed of humans, turning to the altar, and saying [to the Almighty] We offer in sacrifice this the Body of Christ*". No two ways about it then, they were saying that **semen was itself the living Christ!**

Ultra Taboo or what!...or then again, just another example of Sacred Sexuality in all its innocent beauty?

If, however, you think the above heresy shocking enough, well get a load of this too - Epiphanius really does now 'stick the heretical boot in' so as to build his damning case against them, this time by quoting from their *Greater Questions*

of Mary, or Gospel of Mary: "Jesus took Mary Magdalene to the mountain, prayed, and took from his side a woman, he began to mingle with her [have sex], and so, forsooth, consumed his own emission [semen], he indicated that we must act thus, so that we might live. And when Mary was disturbed and fell to the ground, he raised her up and said to her "O person of little faith, why did you doubt?". This not the Jesus we are familiar with in the New Testament, but then again, maybe a side of Jesus that was simply misunderstood and thus censored out....or more worryingly still, was it perfectly understood but still removed from the eyes of us the masses, because within it was a kernel of that which held the rudiments of how to rise from the dead - "so that we might live"?

On the other hand, it has been questioned as to whether all the above heretical evidence was spuriously produced in order to 'stitch-up' and thus remove those wicked Gnostics from competing with the Church, and if so maybe they never ever ingested semen as part of their version of the Eucharist. Either way, the object of our research here is not to make a case for or against such, but merely to lay the above examples alongside the strange evidence we have been challenged with upon the body of this great green Cumbrian Christ....and I don't know about you, but I get a whiff of smoke. Let's then carry on looking for the fire.

Certainly, sex/fertility was in many ancient cultures the ultimate expression of their living god/goddess, and in the following Tantric titbit I do so hear the crackling of flames: seems then that in these sexy Tantric rites of India that a man whom, after masturbation, offers up his semen to the Divinity, was referred to as a fish - ok, a bit abstract, but again, was not the fish the very first sign of Christ? But for me it got far more "fishy" than this when I reminded myself that the place which marks this Cumbrian Christ's lips is *Gill Bank*. Think about it! So too does that same 'crackling' sound issue forth from out of Ancient Greece, and where the sacramental swallowing of semen was likewise practiced, **for the human sperm was believed to carry the very essence of the Soul**. And as for our friends the Ancient Egyptians, well even their own creator-god Atum created via masturbating/ejaculating into his own mouth, and thence literally 'spitting' out other life forms.

**Note. Do factor-in too all that 'fish swallowed within fish' imagery we dissected in my Article 1.*

Sure, I could easily go on listing many other examples [and believe me, there's loads of em!] of the sexually infused rituals that mankind has offered up to its many deities, and which to continue overlaying upon this Cumbrian evidence underfoot would I'm sure unearth other correlative gems. Although, and before we move on, if you really want to see sparks flying from beneath *this of all*

loincloths check out the following, and which in the context of all the above should really set your thoughts ablaze, as they certainly did mine.

John Marco Allegro, the distinguished British scholar, and who was one of the translators of the *Dead Sea Scrolls*, found that the name Jesus/Joshua in its Greek form meant *'the semen that heals or fructifies – the god's juice that gives life'*. And isn't resurrection itself the most profound example of *healing* ever? Jesus is indeed remembered as *the* Master Healer, but with this strange clue singing out of his very name are we being told that he used sacred semen, even his own, so as to perform those recorded miracles of healing, not least upon Lazarus, and this same fluid then finally used upon himself as part and parcel of that Opening of the Mouth Ceremony, and which I propose was performed upon him in the tomb so as to bring about his Resurrection?

Allegro then goes on to inform us that the word *mas*, and this very similar to the Catholic Latin name of the Eucharist meal, *Mass*, translates as *'male seed'*, and with that how can we not help but to question as to what exactly did Jesus instruct his disciples to consume in his name at that Eucharist of The Last Supper? An explosive question, but hearing Epiphanius tell of that which the Gnostics ingested at their own Mass, and which they glorified as *"The Body of Christ"*, namely semen, well, it does make you wonder. Certainly, the Last Supper, partaken of in that Upper Room, itself indicative of the importance of what was to be instructed therein, was the last Master Class given by Jesus to his closest followers, and hence could have been of the Highest Secret of all, indeed, even the secret of how exactly he would himself defeat Death.....even how his uncle, Joseph of Arimathea, would heal/resurrect him on the third day via some version of that Opening of the Mouth Ceremony, and this even via the use of Jesus' own miraculous semen? Little wonder that both the resurrections of Lazarus and Christ were carried out in complete privacy!

I'm aware, of course, that for some the only flames to be seen in all the above are those licking up from the bowels of Hell. For others, however, I hope that these same flashing tongues will be seen to have their source from beneath the metamorphic wings of the mythical Phoenix, and which like Christ, resurrected itself. Certainly, in my Article 4 will this same imagery explode off the map.

Neither am I unaware that this seemingly once 'heretical path' that we find ourselves treading brings with each step questions piled on top of questions....questions so damned dizzying that I fear that we might never get to the bottom of them all, although not to at least try to answer them would, in my opinion, be a travesty, for it isn't I who am asking them, but the scintillating body of landscaped evidence which comprises this colossal Cumbrian Christ, and which now we've seen it, demands us to decode. That said, I feel that if we can drop off the cumbersome burden of our adult reason, if only for a moment

or two, and to approach these same daunting questions in the happy-go-lucky way we as children once tackled the things that initially perplexed us, but which we nevertheless just loved to fearlessly investigate anyway, then perhaps the answers we seek will present themselves in a reciprocal playful way. Once again know that such has certainly been the case for me throughout this my journey over earthly constellations, namely, whenever I've tried disparately to bring an adult intellect into play I've found myself lost, and sometimes even afraid, and yet when I've just allowed myself to have fun everything has fallen into magical place. Why!, the very first glimpse I ever had of giants in Britain's coastal contours first appeared not to me as a man, but to the eleven year old boy I once was. Believe me, *Love* adjoined to a sense of *Play* is the simple key which turns this landscaped Great Zodiac Machine *ON*.

Come with me then as an exploring child [*"Truly I tell you, whoever does not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it"* Mark 10:15] to the mouth of him who is not gagged anymore, but who is I believe singing his heart out. How do I know this? Well, you already know that the name which marks his mouth is *Gill Bank* - the Sumerian/Hebrew word *Gill* meaning an *Exultation of Joy* – a *Joy* not only prompted by his absolute victory over Death, but so too perhaps *just how it was achieved*. What's more, this same joyful knowledge to the effect that, like Jesus Christ, no one else either will be hitherto condemned to rot in a grave, or get burnt to ashes in an incinerator, indeed, this same monumental news might be the main reason why this whole wonder in Britain's foundations has come to light. Staggering, I know; ludicrous beyond words; BUT, check out that which only a Force of Love could have done to these astonishing fields of ours....if it has already brought the stars down to your feet, then do not mistrust these scintillating signs that the *End of Death is nigh, and that only eternal Joy awaits us all - and all whilst still in the living/breathing flesh....just read the lips of this 48 mile tall Land Christ!*

That said, some readers may be thinking that I have above only reiterated that which is promised by present day Christian teaching, this to the effect that if we follow the scriptures we too will find eternal life after death....but no, I'm not saying that at all. What I am saying, and this once more based purely upon the strength of what *this* Landscape is show seems to be ramming home, is that Christianity has, whether by accident or design, not told us the full story.....and this that an on-the-spot transfiguration/metamorphosis [Resurrection, if you like] is possible whilst, and I say again, still very much within the flesh of *this* world. Indeed, and as a direct consequence, even this old Earth of ours might be belatedly revealed as the Province of Paradise it always was intended to be, but which we have been, under Church tuition, advised to see as a Paradise Lost – shame on us! But should you doubt such wondrous transformations, well, in my next article I'll show you a staggering photograph to prove that 'on the spot', and in 'real time,' miracles do indeed happen....and yeah, this in complete and

awful defiance of every damn thing we in our arrogance ever thought was an irrefutable Law of how this material world ticks. Trust me, this one photograph alone will blow the balls off *everything*....just hang on until my next article to see it for yourselves.

Join me next then upon the bank of the sparkling beck that defines his lips as I, childlike and clumsy, went through my own playful re-enactment of that Opening of the Mouth Ceremony in echo of that which may have been carried out upon him in that tomb at Golgotha - although 'stupid me' being at that time supremely oblivious to that which my ignorant gesture of an archaic act would then trigger. The events which followed will, I guarantee, send shock waves through the very foundations of all you yourself have ever thought was possible/impossible in this life.....a miracle no less, and one instigated by no High Priest, but by a bloke whom merely dared to allow his own boy-within to innocently play upon the bank of a Cumbrian beck one bright November afternoon. And yes, that which transpired there, along with the events that would blow my mind a week later, I admit, horrified me both man and boy, although these 14 years later the pair of us are now left forever enraptured by that which initially freaked us out, for I now feel it was an underlining of what must be our true and marvellous potential within this Great Loving Mind - the Mind which we prefer to tag as merely *The Universe*....thus I guess bypassing [for it's too damned shocking to contemplate] even the slightest suggestion that this Immensity is both *as ALIVE* and *CONSCIOUS* as ourselves!

Moreover, let me tell you that I believe that even the air we breathe, let alone the earth beneath our feet, is likewise *ALIVE* - is *KNOWING*, is utterly *AWARE* and *CONSCIOUS* of every Swallow's wing beat, as it is our every thought, for see how it has read the hearts and minds of our ancestors towards the hopes and prayers they offered up to their gods of Earth and Sky, and as such has made them all gigantic and alive beneath our boots.....and so so *LOVING* must this *FORCE* be [because surely such wonders can only come about via something that loves us and this world beyond our comprehension] that I warrant that all it wishes is to now work miracles with us, and yes, this even including that miracle of miracles which will be our ultimate victory over Death - so says not I, but rather these stunning pictures in a landscape. For me, something stupendously joyful is blossoming upon the face this our ill treated planet, and so colossal are its pictogram's of Love that they can now be seen even from Space.

And OK, judge me a crank [because surely all this is too beautiful to be true?] but please allow me just two more Articles before you dismiss me as such.

Until my next Article wherein will be disclosed perhaps the most visually shocking of all these 'Missing Revelations', I would just like to sincerely thank you for coming thus far with me. Yours GKG x.

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DATES FOR YOUR DIARY!

Come to our Moots in 2020. Full details in our next Newsletter. Meanwhile keep these dates reserved:
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SAT 5th - SUN 6th SEPTEMBER, 2020: PORTLAND, DORSET**

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Our Scilly Moot 2019 (photos: Denis Chapman)



Clockwise: Obadiah's Barrow, Gugh; Lower Innisidgen Entrance Grave, St Marys; Entrance Grave, Samson; Looking out at Cruther's Hill Passage Graves, St Martins; On the boat to Nornour; Troy Town Maze, St Agnes; Burial Cyst, Samson; Arriving at St Agnes;