

The Newsletter of the Network of
Loyal Hunters

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At the heart of the Beltaine fire by Alwina

The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters

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

Website: www.NetworkOfLeyHunters.uk

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

This newsletter is available on annual subscription of £15 (or £20 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.

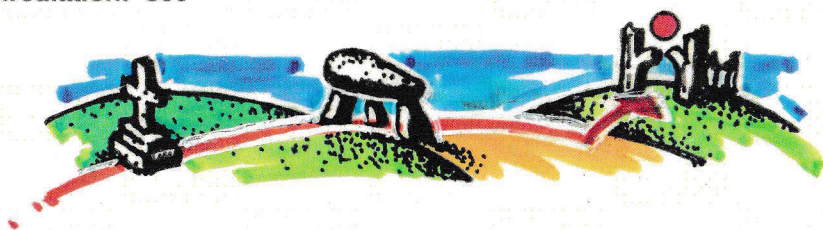
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Contributions are welcome for future issues. Please send 14pt typed camera-ready copy on a single side of A4 with 1 inch margins. Pictures and diagrams are welcome. Remember, **we** will reduce to A5. Please contact the editor re length and subject,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

Circulation: 360



Straight Lines and Royal Landscape Geometry

How the Royal Funeral revealed a forgotten Neolithic Science

Robin Heath

*"Only when a nation has a system of weights and measures,
can it be said to have become civilised".*

Vivian Linacre,

[Founder of the British Weights and Measures Association]

This article identifies a tangible link between straight lines (and/or geometries) on the landscape (*leys*) and the locations of 'Royal' or Sacred monuments. The British Royal Family are shown to be intimately connected to these monuments and to the straight lines and geometry that connects them.

The sudden passing of Queen Elizabeth II, was surely the most significant historical event in the UK in 2022. Her Majesty's 'long to reign over us' had lasted longer than that of any other British Monarch, from her coronation on 2nd June 1953 until mid-afternoon on 8th September 2022.

Within the funeral rituals surrounding the death of Elizabeth II was evidence of a very ancient practice that has much to do with the origins and history of what today are commonly termed Leys, or 'Ley lines'. This was not picked up by the media, despite it being clearly exposed and available to an observant eye. The British are presently blind to this 'other' aspect of our distant past, once known as '*the Matter of Britain*', it having long been effectively suppressed within modern historical times.

When identified, leys can reveal a widespread and once massively important cultural activity from Britain's ancient past, one that our modern society does not presently comprehend. Related to the siting (location) and building of temples that are cosmologically aligned, it is very much related to the study of Leys (or incorrectly 'Ley lines'), which Alfred Watkins, author of *The Old Straight Track*, made popular during the interwar years. Watkins was no fantasist nor a dreamer, he was a scientist and engineer, a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society. The 'Watkins light meter' remains a cherished historical invention of his. Watkins also drew attention to *Leys*, straight lines that connect ancient sites, starting this process of investigation into, well... *Right Royal Leys*.

The Journey from Balmoral to the Royal Mile

The place of the Queen's passing, Balmoral Castle, had always been the Queen's favourite residence, seemingly the ideal Scottish summer residence for a woman whose childhood had been lived out in Scotland, at Mey Castle, a Royal palace a few miles west of John O'Groat's and quite close to the most northerly point on the British mainland, Dunnet Head, near St John's Point.

A line from Mey Castle running directly south eventually reaches the Royal Mile in Edinburgh, 186.44 miles away. Balmoral is just 75 miles north of the Royal mile and within 1.44 miles of the same line. The ratio 186.44 : 75 is almost 2.5 : 1 [to 99.43%].

The Royal family rapidly assembled at Balmoral, having been summoned there by the Queen's doctor. The morning following her death, her Majesty's body was driven from Balmoral to Edinburgh, in order to then lie in state in St Giles' Cathedral, on the Royal Mile, between the two traditional Scottish Royal family homes of Edinburgh Castle's Royal Palace, at the highest point of Edinburgh's craggy outcrop, (at 290 ft) and Holyrood Palace, the lowest point (at 120ft). These two edifices are located one Royal Mile apart, (*more on that measure comes later*). As the nation went into mourning, this first drama took place along a straight line that connects many of the most important Royal buildings in Scotland involved in the late Queen's life.

Edinburgh Castle & Palace
The Western end of the Royal Mile



In a country that is thought by some to be obsessively interested in its historical roots, we appear to have lost contact with perhaps the

prime source of our remarkable and very ancient origins. The sad fact about our media, our education system, our history books, our archaeological models, indeed our entire society, is that it has forgotten, intentionally or otherwise, something that was once a highly important and sophisticated component within ancient cultures, even prehistoric times.

However, it is clear that those that have guided and advised the Royal family understand something of the Power of Place and how it is connected to location, while we commoners never get to hear about the matter and have lost contact with sacredness within our increasingly secular society. Fortunately, exploring this 'missing dimension' is well within the ability of any thinking person who wishes to explore this ancient cultural practice.

Royal Measures and Holy Rods

'Royal' units of measurement all have seven in their denominator - the lower number within fraction - and it appears that almost all known measures were once related through simple fractional ratios in order to form an integrated ancient system of measurements. Thus a Royal Mile is *exactly* 8/7ths of our traditional mile in *length*, just as a Royal cubit is 8/7ths of the Egyptian 'common cubit'.



The Royal Mile, in Edinburgh appears to be just that, a narrow straight cobbled road, whose length is precisely one Royal Mile, or 8/7 of a standard 'English' mile (of 5280 English feet). One Royal Mile connects the centres of two Royal Palaces, Holyrood and Edinburgh Castle's Palace.

A *rod* is metrologically defined as being five and a half yards (one yard = 3 feet), which is sixteen and a half feet long. In area measurements, forty rods, 660 feet (one *furlong* or one eighth of a mile in length) multiplied by four rods (66 feet) defines a rectangle whose area is exactly *one acre*. Once the basis for land surveying, the *rod, pole or perch* mentioned in all school exercise books until the early 1960s, was a universally accepted standard measure

whose origins derive from an ancient system of 'customary' weights and measures, lengths, areas and volumes. It has quite recently been obliterated, by the adoption of the *metric system*, which obfuscates the ancient metrological system.

The word *Holyrood* derives from *Holy rod*, an 'archaic' English unit of *measure*' but also known throughout Scotland, in ancient times. The word later came to describe the Christian cross. The name *Holyrood* plus the length of the Royal Mile within the Royal monuments of Edinburgh suggests that historians might wisely become more focussed on measures, while the N-S line between Mey, Balmoral and Edinburgh suggests an astronomical in addition to a geometrical component in all of this. To determine the directions north and south requires *astronomical observation*. Astronomy is an essential part of determining angles and *direction*, and in understanding the many varied calendar systems that have been applied throughout past epochs.

The Royal Mile is therefore not merely a street sign identifying the straight and largely cobbled track that connects the Royal sites of Edinburgh, it is first and foremost a *length*. It may once have been a component within the prehistoric landscape of Edinburgh, one clue being that it is located under Arthur's Seat, the Salisbury Crags, and a nearby St Andrew's well. It is a spectacular geological location, overlooking the City (*see photo on page 2*).

The Elephant in the Room

Until quite recently, no one had suspected that there might even be an elephant in the room! The researches described here make it possible to take a closer look at this elephant in the darkened room. The reader can gain access to something really relevant to this process – objective evidence supporting the existence of that North-South (a 'ley') line connecting the ancestral family home of the late Queen Elizabeth II, at Mey Castle to Balmoral Castle and thence to Edinburgh's Royal monuments. Below are listed sites that lie directly on or very close to this line

Mey Castle – Lossiemouth – Kingston – Innes House – Elgin Cathedral – Balmoral House – Scone Palace – Perth – Kinghorn – Leith docks (HMS Britannia) – Holyrood House/Palace and the eastern end of the Royal Mile.

This line of sites listed above does not terminate in Edinburgh, it carries on southwards and eventually passes through NW England and then Eastern Wales. There follows a list of sites found from *Edinburgh to Cardiff* – our second Capital city.

Edinburgh – Scottish Parliament Building – Royal Mile – Arthur's Seat – Royal Commonwealth Pool – University of Edinburgh King's Buildings – Roslin Chapel – Roslin Gunpowder Factory (!) – Roslin Institute (Dolly the Sheep) – Loupin Stanes stone circle – Castle O'er – Springkell Mansion – (into England) – Castle Rigg stone circle (3 miles) – Walney Lighthouse (Barrow) – Caldey, Liverpool – (into Wales) – Holywell, St Asaph Church and an ancient Monastic Abbey – Valle Crucis Abbey and Llangollen (home of the Eisteddfod) – Eliseg's column – Berwyn Triangulation Point – Allt-mawr summit – Arthur's Stone – Tretower Castle – Cardiff Castle.

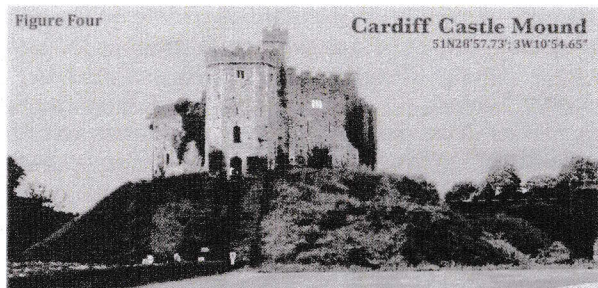
It may astonish the reader to discover just how many 'royal', military, sacred and ancient 'power' sites are positioned on or very close to this *imaginary* line drawn through or adjacent to each of the sites listed here. Ethereal it may be, but the line between Edinburgh and Cardiff has physical, tangible properties. *It can be measured*. It even has a name, it is called the *Rose Line*.

The Rose Line was known to the founders of Scottish Freemasonry, for the St Clair dynasty constructed the weirdly wonderful Roslin Chapel on the line. In Cardiff, the Scottish Earls of Bute built the strangely extravagant Palace and Barracks on the pink granite foundations of an earlier Roman fort. An earlier Earl of Gloucester built the circular castle's walls on top of the mound.

The line between Edinburgh and Cardiff Castle can be accurately measured, its length measures the apparently uninteresting 308.6 miles (2160/7 miles). However, expressed in Royal Miles it becomes 270 RM. In megalithic yards it becomes the highly significant 600,000 MY. This line also has a measurable longitude of 3° 11' west. Also tangible are the many other sites located along this line. These are surely intentional aligned such, and cannot reasonably be thought coincidental nor randomly located.

Royal Links with monumental structures on the Rose Line

Very soon after the family arrived at Balmoral, Queen Elizabeth II passed on. HRH The Prince of Wales immediately acceded to the throne and became HRH King Charles III. Our new King travelled immediately to, ... Cardiff mound, where he relinquished his Prince of Wales-ship, passing it on to his first born son, Prince William. This entire ceremony was well televised, with Cardiff mound as the chosen background to this ancient and symbolic Royal ritual.



So, what is so special about Cardiff Castle's mound? It is, after all, only a circular stone castle wall built onto a conical mound, like some kind of castellated Silbury Hill. Only recently in the 1950s did Cardiff become the modern capital city of Wales. The mound itself has since become an iconic *logo* for the City, yet few know that it is a geodetic marker, just like Silbury Hill, a fact that identifies the mound as being purposefully placed at a highly significant location. Not a mention of any of this is available for the many thousands of tourists who flock to see it. That's the sad truth and it needs rectifying.

The Journey to London - The Third Capital City

There is more. Cardiff tump's latitude is 51°N29, enabling an 'imaginary' E-W latitude line to connect Cardiff directly to Britain's third capital city, London, where all manner of significant 'power' structures are located. *En route* are found many more, the most significant of these being Windsor Castle, another Royal castle, the oldest, built on its own tump, whose centre is just 0.38 miles south of the line and spaced at a distance of 111.25 miles, or 97.34 Royal miles from Cardiff. It is where the body of our late Queen was interred, having lain in state at Westminster Palace.



The line then follows the serpentine body of the *Isis* (Thames) to Westminster and Buckingham Palace, the seat of political and Royal power in Central London. The distance to Westminster Abbey from Cardiff tump is 131 miles. All three capital cities are seen to be geometrically linked, creating a huge right angled

triangle. Royalty and governments have located their main power buildings where the lines cross, at the three corners of the triangle – i.e. *the three capital cities of mainland UK are geometrically located.*

The Royal Landscape of Britain

It may come as a shock to suddenly be faced with the fact that Britain houses a very ancient network of landscape geometries related to an original prehistoric culture of high status and civilised rulership. This culture originated in a time when a currently ruling Monarch was taken to have direct access to God, the original creative force of the Cosmos. Many of its older monuments deified Sun Kings and Moon Queens.

Elements of this 'Royal' system or spiritual hierarchy remain today, having survived into our more secular times. Modern representatives for God on earth include the Pope and the Dalai Lama and, closer to home, our Constitutional Monarchy, and Britain's newly acceded Head of State, King Charles III. This Royal hierarchical structure will shortly be shown linked to the location of Stonehenge, which ought to raise a few eyebrows.

The origins of this 'spiritual' legacy are currently hidden from the uninitiated. It is forgotten, we were never informed or educated about it at school, yet these old monumental structures, prehistoric or medieval, shout a much bigger story about power, human history and life on earth than knowing when the Battle of Hastings was fought, or when the first aeroplane flew. This ancient legacy bubbles away in folklore and legend, as these things do, but it has all but completely been forgotten, entirely absent from our educational curriculums, and our written history. Evidently it is considered to be a fantasy, having no worth in modern times.

What luck then, that the ancient landscape mentioned in this article is not at all hidden, it lies across the British landscape *in plain sight*. It is revealed by noting the *locations* of our prestigious monuments from prehistory and well into more recent times, and by measuring their distances and angles from each other.

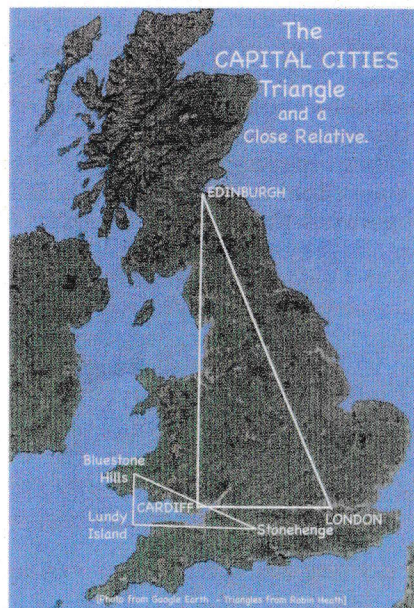
Location also forms the vital basis for Feng Shui, Dowsing, the surveying and positioning of Leys, Astronomy and its *Cinderella* sister, Astrology. All these subjects once guided the process of locating and positioning sacred ancient temples, churches and other sacred monuments, and defined the structure of various calendars, solar and/or lunar, identifying the very structure of

time itself, that mysterious fourth dimension we all randomly swim about in, while all travelling in the same direction! It is no coincidence that all these subjects have been variously connected with evil, the devil, the underworld, hell and those things that go bump in the night and which 'good' people stay well clear of.

Although one may employ the term *symbolic* or *sacred landscape*, the sacred, holistic or 'temple' aspects of landscape architecture are clearly shown here to derive from objective and scientific roots. They involve precision surveying and a system of measures based on the size of the earth, even to displaying knowledge of the astronomy of the sun-moon-earth system. It suggests that prehistoric human ability to think may have been superior to that of present day man, who has, ...er, *devoled*. Quite something, eh!

A Grand Reset to a Big Re-Awakening

To summarise - the three capital cities of the UK mainland, London, Edinburgh and Cardiff clearly define the corners of a huge and accurately defined right angled triangle, whose side lengths are in the ratio 5:12:13, a form very familiar to geometers as a Pythagorean (right-angled) triangle, or simply "a five, twelve, thirteen triangle". Two further significant examples are identified.



Edinburgh : Cardiff **308.6** miles
 Cardiff : London **128.6** miles
 London : Edinburgh **334.3** miles

In Megalithic yards the above distances are **600,000**, **250,000** and **650,000** MY respectively.

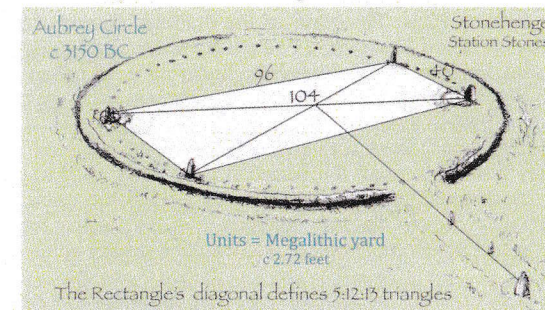
In units of Royal Miles (RM), these measures are **(5x22.5)** RM, **(12x22.5)** RM and **(13x22.5)** RM

Stonehenge-Lundy centre is **123.4** miles, or **240,000** MY: Lundy to Preseli Bluestone hills is **100,000** MY : From Preseli Hills to Stonehenge is **260,000** MY.

The Stonehenge station stone triangle (*over page*) is another **5:12:13** MY, in units of **8** MY.

This 'Capital cities' 5:12:13 triangle is astonishingly accurate, and has roots that incorporate the *heiros gamos*, the sacred marriage of the sun and moon, and which date back into prehistoric times. A similar, much smaller 5:12:13 triangle can be found at **Stonehenge**, in the geometry of the *Station Stone Rectangle*, whose sides measure 5 x 12 units, each of 8 megalithic yards. In feet, the '5' side measures **108.6ft**, '12' side measures **262ft** and the '13' side measures **283.6ft**. It has been dated to circa 3,100BC.

The Aubrey circle at Stonehenge around 3100BC



The author surveying.



Stonehenge, the **Preseli Bluestone** site and the centre of **Lundy Island** (also a 5:12:13 triangle), is accurately 2,500 times larger than the Stonehenge rectangle. Finally, and most unexpectedly, the **Edinburgh - Cardiff - London** triangle described in this article is accurately 2.5 times larger again, its size determined by the locations of our capital cities and whose historical monuments, the corners, are also tangible. Note the repetition of 2.5 or 5/2. *These three triangles are connected through both their geometrical form and their employment of the same units of measurement - the megalithic yard.* This alone sets off a cultural time bomb, being a historical theme of great significance and longevity.

The Royal 5-12-13 triangle described here has apparently remained unknown, unpublished until its presence was revealed in 2004. [Heath, *Powerpoints*, 2005]. The significance of such evidence is presently of no interest to academia nor within the compass of most ley hunters or *megalithomaniacs*, who now need to stop sweating the small stuff and go reclaim this lost legacy! Welcome to Aladdin's cave and the Great Resetting of our history. It's all yours, so good hunting!

Robin Heath, for the *Network of Leyhunters*, February 25-2-2023
 email: mail@skyhenge.plus.com. Website : www.robinheath.info

The Spine of Albion from Loch Inch to the Black Isle

By Gary Biltcliffe and Caroline Hoare

Loch Insh

Leaving behind the beautiful landscape of North Perthshire, with its spectacular river valleys and historic towns, the male and female serpents disappear into the inaccessible regions of the Highlands, passing through the Cairngorms National Park and the Grampian Mountains. In a bid to locate them further north, we enter the area of Badenoch deep in Glen Truim, which includes the towns of Newtonmore, Kincaig and the ski resort of Aviemore.

The alignment crosses the River Spey through the Insh Marshes National Nature Reserve near Loch Insh, an area once occupied by the Caledonii and the site of another key battle for Scotland's freedom fought between the Vikings and the Picts. The grave of the defeated leader of the Vikings, King Harold, lies on the side of a nearby hill called *Creag Righ Tharailt* in the shape of an upturned boat through which the alignment also marks. He apparently viewed the battle on a hill called *An Suidhe*, meaning 'fairy hill', to the east behind Kincaig House. The nearby Dunachtonmore Farm may refer to the Dun or settlement of Nechtan, a great Pictish king.

Dowsing around the ancient battleground, there was no indication of the currents; instead, we found Elen just over a kilometre away flowing through the beautiful Loch Insh, next to the town of Kincaig. As we stood on the shore, its ethereal setting surrounded by Scots pine trees with an old white church overlooking the scene on a tall mound instantly captivated us. As the sun broke through the clouds bathing the magical landscape in a shimmering glow, we watched swans and ducks gliding upon the tranquil waters.

After climbing the many steps to the church, we discovered it has a remarkable history. Local legend says this site was sacred to the Druids, later built over by Culdees as a place of worship. The guidebook informed us of its dedication to St Adamnan, and judging from its northeast-southwest orientation, this mound may have been a platform for the Druids to honour the summer solstice. St Adamnan, St Columba's biographer, would have preached here to convert the pagan tribes.



St Adamnan's Church at Loch Insh

The marshy terrain of the surrounding landscape may indicate that the church once stood on an island. The only surviving remnant of its antiquity is an ancient granite bowl possibly used for baptism and a damaged bronze bell displayed in the church. The bell has wrought iron supports in the form of doves, symbolic of the Holy Spirit and the totem bird of St Columba or possibly St Colm. According to local legend, this ancient relic has healing properties and must never leave the church. On one occasion, when taken to Perth for safekeeping, the bell rang without aid, perpetually producing a sound that seemed to call the words 'Tom Eunan, Tom Eunan', the name of the sacred hill on which the church stands, so it was duly returned. This legend may be a symbolic clue to the magical ways of the old Druids who revered this place. Furthermore, the source of the bell's healing power may originate from the sacred mound by the lake, probably cast within the energy of this ancient earthwork. According to some sources, such practices facilitated the alchemical processes involved with the craft of bell foundry, using specific metals to aid the resonance of the bell as it was rung.

The Clava Cairns

The alignment crosses the Findhorn Valley west of Findhorn Bridge before eventually passing through the eastern suburbs of Inverness at Inshes, once a site of a Neolithic settlement and the royal seat of the old Pictish King Brude. However, both currents avoid this most northern capital of the Highlands on the Spine of Albion, preferring one of Scotland's best-preserved prehistoric sites further to the east known as the Clava Cairns.

From Daviot, Elen weaves her way northeast along the valley of the Nairn River, strewn with countless signs of prehistoric settlements, including cup-marked stones. At a bend in the river, Elen crosses a field to a ruined cairn and standing stone, one of a group of seven along a ridge that includes a group of Bronze Age burial tombs within the Clava Cairn complex. There are over 50 in the area, but this group, known as the Burial Cairns of Balnuaran, is the most impressive. They are smaller versions of the passage tombs at Newgrange in Ireland.

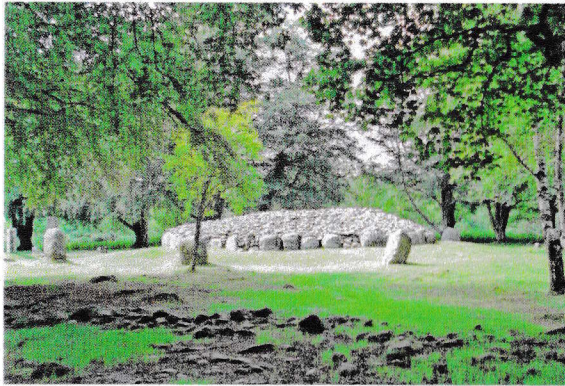
This unusually large number of cairns overlooks the Moray Firth situated on an area of land formed by the Great Glen Fault. Balls of light or plasma are often witnessed emerging from such faults, which early tribes may have revered as the manifestation of the Earth Spirit, marking the site where they appeared with stone monuments. The Great Glen Fault is the result of a massive collision during a tremendous cataclysm between two landmasses millions of years ago. It runs southwest-northeast almost exactly in line with the winter solstice sunset and the summer solstice sunrise. The enigmatic Loch Ness is part of this fault, famous for its monster and the many paranormal events that occur there, including floating balls of light.

Our journey along the Spine of Albion has revealed several Node points over geological faults, drawing upon the fountain of telluric energy produced during movements and stress in the Earth's crust. The Clava Cairns actually stand upon a ridge formed by a secondary fault of the Great Glen Fault. Often these minor faults produce more instances of plasma, because the major faults release the built-up energy more efficiently. For example, minor faults in Arizona in North America produce more light-ball activity than the great San Andreas Fault in California.

Before entering the sacred enclosure of the Clava Cairns, Elen visits the stone foundations of a chapel at Milton of Clava, next to an ancient route that leads to the Black Isle and Northern Highlands. The information board could tell us little about the chapel's history except for its possible mode of construction using the stones of a large cairn. Its northeast-southwest orientation, similar to the church at Loch Insh, perhaps indicates a place of worship of the early Culdees.

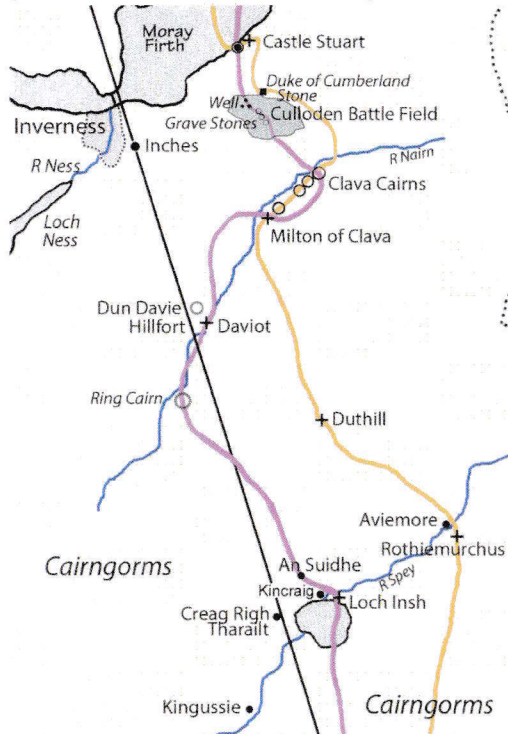
A standing stone still survives next to the foundations of the chapel possibly part of a stone circle that once surrounded the former cairn. The Culdees built many of their churches over former ceremonial temples of the Druids, who themselves continued honouring the sites sacred to the Bronze Age dwellers. While researching the chapel in Inverness library, I discovered its former dedication was to St Bridget, the Christian aspect of Bride, the goddess of the Celts. Having travelled along the axis of the chapel, Elen crosses with Belinus at its east end. If a burial cairn did indeed exist here, its construction over the Node where both yin and yang forces were present would have been seen as favourable by the early priests. The ancient Chinese geomancers would have viewed such positioning as auspicious

to future generations, safeguarding dynastic success. For those disputing dynastic control, many of the tombs placed over these Nodes were destroyed, to sever their enemies' control over the land.



The Clava Cairns

Both currents now direct us to the nearby Clava Cairns, enclosed within a beautiful wooded glade next to the Nairn River, imbuing the site with nourishing chi. All three cairns have central circular chambers, but only two have passages leading to them. They are unique in that each includes an outer circle of standing stones, originally consisting of twelve in all. Unfortunately, because the site was once utilised as a quarry by the locals, the central chambers of the cairns are now open to the elements. Our dowsing indicated that Belinus enters from the southwest, from a cairn near the chapel at Milton of Clava, passing through all three monuments. Elen enters from the southeast, forming a second Node with Belinus inside the most northerly cairn.



Recent research by Douglas Scott has revealed that the cairns, along with their cup-marked kerbstones and outer standing stones, form a prehistoric calendar charting the passage of the sun and moon throughout the year. The passages in both the outer cairns align to the winter solstice sunset, the day the sun dies before the rebirth of a new solar cycle. As the early morning sun casts its golden rays into the chamber to illuminate the back stone, the Bronze Age priests would already be inside communing with their ancestors whose bones were stored in the chamber. The cairns were once covered in red and white stones, possibly a combination of sandstone and quartz, high in silica, to store the energy from the sunlight and enhance the telluric power built up inside.

Culloden and the Highland Conspiracy

We soon realised our next destination was Drumossie Moor near the village of Culloden, the scene of perhaps one of the most karmic events in Scotland's history, just under a kilometre away from the cairns. The outcome of the Battle of Culloden in 1746 shook the nation and its effects still reverberate amongst its people today. Culloden was an important victory for the English, decimating the Highland forces almost completely and ending the Jacobite Rebellion for good.

Although the alignment is over 4 km (2.5 miles) away to the west, we had a horrible feeling that both the male and female serpents had entered the old battleground. A guided tour seemed the best way of confirming this and understanding exactly what went on that day and how it might have affected the currents. As we wandered through the site, we had to navigate our way across difficult and boggy terrain just as the Highlanders had experienced over 260 years ago. A local wizard, known as the Brahan Seer, uttered the following prediction:

'Oh! Drumossie, thy bleak moor shall, ere many generations have passed away, be stained with the blood of the Highlands. Glad am I that I will not see the day, for it will be a fearful period; heads will be lopped off by the score, and no mercy will be shown or quarter given on either side.' (Mackenzie 1909)

The Battle of Culloden was the final showdown between the English troops under the direct command of the Duke of Cumberland and the Jacobite army led by the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stewart, also known as Bonnie Prince Charlie, grandson of the deposed James II. The first attempt to restore the Stewart line of kings began in 1689 with the Jacobite uprising under General John Graham Claverhouse at Killiecrankie also on the alignment and visited by the male current. In 1745, Bonnie Prince Charlie managed to rally the Highland clans once more, hailing his father James III as the rightful king.

The site of the battle in 1746 was at Drumossie Moor near the village of Culloden, chosen by Bonnie Prince Charlie's quartermaster, the Irishman John William O'Sullivan. Why this occurred was a mystery because Lord George Murray, the Jacobite leader's long-time army commander who had always served him well up until then, would usually have made such decisions. To the dismay of Murray, O'Sullivan for the first time ever was placed in charge of the battle. He first ordered the ill-equipped Highlanders to stand downhill from a 5000-strong English army, located just out of sight below the brow of the hill. Their drastically depleted numbers were partly due to many of their comrades having failed to return from home leave just before the battle.

Although unaccustomed to such a disadvantaged position, the Highlanders felt reassured by the presence of the French and Irish armies standing in the wings ready to support them. As the Duke of Cumberland ordered his men to charge, O'Sullivan held the Highlanders back. However, realising their disadvantage, they ignored his command and surged forward, only to be bogged down by the treacherous terrain.

The Scots, already weary from previous campaigns, were easy targets for the lethal 'grape shot' fired at them by the English, cutting swathes through their ranks. For Bonnie Prince Charlie, the final straw came when, due to a mistake by O'Sullivan, the Scottish artillery found their cannon balls too large for their field guns. The young Prince fled the scene, abandoning his army to their fate. The Irish and French stood back as the slaughter went on around them, later reports suggesting they saw no action that day.

Only an hour after the first charge, the battle was over and more than a thousand Highlanders lay dead on a blood-soaked moor. Any wounded survivors were finished off where they lay and those who deserted the field were hunted down and killed along with their families. Curiously, the only punishment the French and Irish armies endured was brief imprisonment.

The Disarming Act of 1746 that followed was a direct attack on the culture of the Highlanders as it forbade them to carry arms, to wear their tartan and to play the bagpipes. Many of those shipped abroad ended up in 'His Majesty's Plantations overseas' or the colonies. 'The Highland Clearances',

as it became known, was devastating for the region, and the lairds according to John Knox 'began the devilish custom of ejecting fifty or a hundred families at a time to make room for a flock of sheep'. Those who escaped the colonies were herded into cities such as Edinburgh and Glasgow. Although many flouted the law, the Highland traditions began to die as the pipers, fiddlers, poets and sennachies (Gaelic for bards who recite family history and Gaelic heroic tales) disappeared. Those who remained lived in poverty while the wealthy landowners enjoyed the fruits of sheep farming on land once owned by the Highlanders.

To our dismay, we dowsed the Elen current snaking her way through a line of gravestones and mounds representing the various clans that died here. Her real focus, however, is a sacred spring at the heart of the battlefield known as the 'Well of the Dead', here it is said Alexander MacGillivray of Dumnaglass was killed. Caroline sensed that such an act left the female serpent violated, injured and depleted, destroying her ability to nourish and heal the land. The male current meanwhile passes through a huge glacier boulder to the east of the battlefield next to the road to Inverness, called the 'Duke of Cumberland' Stone, on which the Duke stood to observe the battle. Perhaps subconsciously, by mounting the stone, the Hanoverian prince may have embodied the power of the male dragon and possibly influenced the way he directed the battle. Carving his name into the boulder after the battle would have had the effect of fixing the event within the psyche of the local people. Interestingly, one individual informed us that people in the area are still very sensitive about the tragic event at Drummoissie Moor as if the battle had taken place only yesterday!

Although other battles have been fought on or near the alignment, the effects of the Battle of Culloden seem to have been more powerfully felt, perhaps due to its proximity to the largest fault line in Britain near two Nodes of Elen and Belinus. We sensed that the foreboding energy here was continuing to diminish and unbalance the flow of Elen and Belinus and potentially the whole energy grid matrix of Scotland. Did the Hanoverian Kings of England know that the devastating effects of this battle would tear Scotland apart like the Great Glen Fault, or is it all just an unfortunate coincidence?

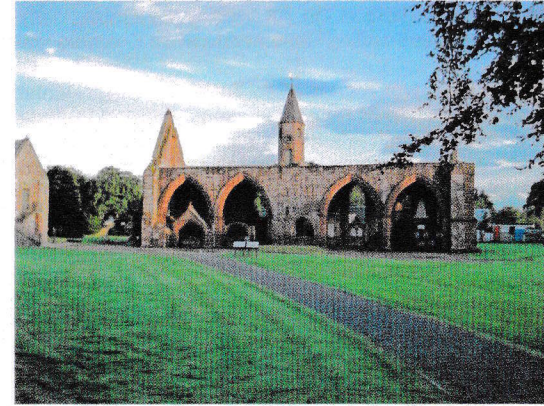
The Black Isle

From Culloden the currents cross the Moray Firth to the Black Isle. Although not strictly an island, its land is part of a peninsular jutting out into the North Sea, with the Moray and Beaulie Firths to the south and the Cromarty Firth lapping its north shores. Compared to the rugged and often austere terrain of the Highlands, the landscape of the Black Isle has soft and undulating hills and lush wooded valleys. Some say the origin of its intriguing name stems from the black fertile soil and dense natural forest that once covered the area. Often, when the rest of Scotland is covered in snow during winter, this peninsular is untouched and appears black in contrast to the rest of the Highlands when viewed from the air. Others say the name refers to witchcraft and the dark occult practices recorded on the island for hundreds of years.

After crossing the Kessock Bridge just north of Inverness, the crop fields and wooded valleys soon come into view, reflecting the unique climate experienced in this area. As we drove east towards the town of Munloch, I was instantly reminded of the Isle of Wight. Next to the road we spotted a holy well formerly dedicated to St Boniface or Curitan, a 7th century Bishop of Ross. Interestingly the Isle of Wight also has wells to another St Boniface, a strange coincidence. Today it is called the Cloutie Well because the islanders still honour the old pagan custom of hanging pieces of cloth or 'clout' on branches of the trees overhanging this healing spring.

On the coast of the Moray Firth, we find Belinus in the town of Fortrose, famous for its ruined cathedral dedicated to the saints of Peter and Boniface. Its stunning position on the shores of a sharp protrusion of land called Chanonry Ness overlooks the Moray Firth towards Culloden. This unusual natural feature, made up of glacial deposits and jutting out to sea like a horn, was according to local folklore built by a band of fairy workers for a wizard thought to be the infamous Michael Scott. He was said to have assembled the elementals to bridge the narrows across the Firth, but while work was in progress some unthinking passer-by shouted 'God's speed' and broke the spell, causing the little workers to flee.

As we drove into the quaint tree-lined square, we noticed the late afternoon sun highlighting the rose colour of the sandstone blocks used to build the cathedral. Only a portion of the original cathedral founded in 1126 by King David I survives, having fallen into ruin in the 17th century. Tradition blames



Ruins of Fortrose Cathedral, the Black Isle

the demise of the cathedral on Cromwell's soldiers who took many of the stones to build a great citadel in the Highland capital of Inverness. The paths that mark the old foundations reflect the colossal size of this once grand cathedral. We wandered around the grounds and soon detected the male current passing through the site of the old High Altar at its east end. According to historical records, 'one of the purposes of the cathedral was for the clergy to sing an unbroken round of worship fit to celebrate the glory of God'.

The Belinus male serpent resides at the old south chapel and the tomb of Euphemia, Countess of Ross.

Her second husband was the notorious Alexander Stuart, the Wolf of Badenoch, buried in Dunkeld Cathedral. The current continues to another holy well dedicated to St Boniface on the outskirts of the town, now in a sad state surrounded by a residential housing. He continues through Easter Templand, thought to be a Knights Templar site, to the little hamlet of Killen meaning 'white church'. The tiny chapel here once stood on a mound above the Killen Burn, with a spring at its base called the 'Bishop's Well'.

Returning to the Moray Firth, Elen introduces us to a memorial stone at Chanonry Point, just over a kilometre away from Fortrose, erected in memory of a 17th century local prophet known as the 'Braham Seer' who predicted the Battle of Culloden. According to local legend the prophet, whose Gaelic name is *Coinneach Odhar Fiosache*, was burned to death at this very spot in a barrel of flaming tar having insulted the wife of the Earl of Seaforth, chief of the MacKenzie Clan. His ghastly demise was the result of a request by the Countess of Seaforth to predict the clandestine activities of her husband during a prolonged business trip to Paris. He misguidedly described his vision of the unfaithful Earl in front of a great gathering of her friends and family.

Rosemarkie, a Religious Centre of the Picts

The village of Rosemarkie lies on the northern shores of Chanonry Ness nestling next to an attractive sandy beach with cliffs draped in creepers and lined with trees. The beach is a haven for fossil hunters and dolphins are frequent visitors to the bay. Close by is the Fairy Glen with the Markie Burn cutting its way through an enchanted woodland of largely deciduous trees including rowan, birch and wild cherry. Next to the beach, Elen passes through a graveyard and church, the former site of a very large Pictish settlement.

The nearby Groom House Museum displays many of the Pictish stones unearthed in and around the village, one adorned with various magnificent carvings known as the 'Soul of Rosemarkie', indicating a highly articulate, artistic and cultured community. Anna Ritchie (1989) describes these monuments as unique, having baffled historians for years. Their animal designs, spirals, double discs and abstract patterns such as the Z-rod continue to intrigue them, some possibly construed as shamanistic. The double disc and the serpent carvings may represent a Sun-Moon eclipse, the serpent symbolising the effects of such an event upon the natural earth energy. Linear lettering known as Ogham script also appears on many of the stones, a form of writing some believe was introduced to the Picts in the 7th century from Ireland.

However, no one person has truly understood their meaning, many offering rather simple explanations for what appear to be quite sophisticated designs and patterns. The crescent moon

symbol, for instance, may be an adherence to the cycles of the moon or even the transit of the planet Venus. Venus is often viewed as reflecting a change in the Earth's vibration, re-aligning the Earth grids and electromagnetic forces. This important Pictish centre attracted the attention of both St Moluag and St Boniface, who built an early Culdee Christian settlement here in the 7th century. St Moluag came from Ireland and was a contemporary of St Columba, perhaps visiting Rosemarkie while Columba was further south converting King Bridei of Fortrui.

Legends say that St Boniface, also known as Curitan, was requested by the Pictish King Nechtan mac Derile to build three churches in his kingdom dedicated to St Peter, including Rosemarkie. Many of the later Pictish kings allied themselves to the Catholic Church in Rome and St Boniface was invited to the Black Isle based on his less than sympathetic views towards the teachings of the Celtic Church. Rosemarkie was the main Christian centre of the Black Isle at the time, serving ten smaller religious settlements around the island. In 1124 King David I built a larger church over this monastic centre, which eventually became the first cathedral of Ross until the cathedral at Fortrose replaced it in around 1240. A place known as Temple Croft also existed at Rosemarkie, a remnant of the Knights Templar who held property here.

From the present Victorian parish church, Elen enters the Groom House Museum before crossing the road to the magical wooded valley called the Fairy Glen. As we walked across the threshold of this enchanted realm, we sensed the elementals all around us curious at our presence as we followed the path through the rocky glen with dowsing rods in hand. The female current follows the fast-flowing river to a magnificent waterfall, where the true essence of Elen flourishes in this most beautiful of natural landscapes, such a dramatic contrast to the Culloden battlefield.

Below the waterfall, visitors over the centuries have pressed coins into the trunk of a large fallen tree as offerings to the fairies. Elizabeth Marshall recalls in *The Black Isle: A Portrait of the Past* how children used to decorate the clear pool by the waterfall with white stones and fresh wild flowers during a time when the whole area was a carpet of wood anemones, celandines and wood sorrel.

Perhaps the Fairy Glen was an important sanctuary of the goddess for the Pictish nation and the early Celtic saints who probably came to meditate by its sweet waters. The shift from the old Celtic ways of honouring the goddess energy at such places to worshipping the idols of the Catholic Church came in 1240 when the power base moved from Rosemarkie to Fortrose. The huge new cathedral, constructed over the path of the male dragon, was a massive statement by the new Roman Catholic Church during a time of great social change. The pagan culture led by the great matriarchs was soon abandoned for a new patriarchal religion introduced by Rome, when monarchs became rulers over their subjects rather than the Pictish tradition of serving the land and its people.

After placing our own offerings at the waterfall, we continued to an area called 'the Dens' where we discovered strange pyramid-shaped mounds crowned by a pile of rocks, said to be a natural geological feature unique to this area. Just north of here, a finger of pine forest at Mount High, on the northern edge of a wooded ridge at the centre of the island, indicated Elen's path through a hamlet appropriately called Ellenslea not far from the ruined church of St Michael near Balblair. However, Elen avoids the church, preferring a group of houses at Kirkton just to the north, before crossing the Cromerty Firth at Newall Point. Here in 1985 archaeologists unearthed human bones dating to the 11th century, believed to be from the site of an early Christian or Culdee burial ground complete with a chapel and holy well, still marked on 1880's OS maps.

After a long day touring the Black Isle, we settled down in the local Anderson's Arms in Fortrose with a well-earned drink while evaluating our findings. Looking at the map, we realised that the currents were the opposite way round to those leaving Culloden as they crossed the Moray Firth to the Black Isle. Why we failed to realise this earlier was a mystery to us, but we could only put it down to the strong energy of this enigmatic region jumbling our senses. This obviously meant there was another Node somewhere between the Culloden battlefield at Drumrossie Moor and the north coast of the Moray Firth. In the second part, we explore how we discovered a Node on a sacred mound holding some dark and mysterious energy.

The Origin of Numbers

Hugh Evans

Published by Hugh Evans, Great Britain, 2022.

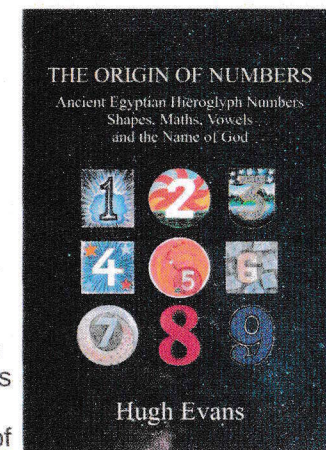
Paperback, 107pp,

ISBN: 978-191688-712-1,

£9.99 + p&p, available from OriginOfTheZodiac.com

or call on 07714 —839515 to order a copy.

After Hugh Evans told us what the origin of the zodiac was (see newsletter issues 43 & 45), he now shows us the origin of our numerical system! Hugh presents his fascinating hypothesis how the very symbol for each of our numbers is a visually-coded description of astro-theological import. In other words the very shape of the number is connected with a cosmological principle (*astro*) while also tying in with the gods (*theos*). What is important to note is that this principle is hidden or *cryptic* and, Hugh shows how it is the Welsh language (i.e. the original British language) is the key that unlocks its mystery and decodes its meaning.



Facts and Legends:

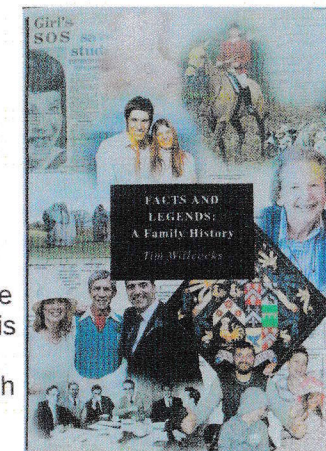
A Family History

Tim Willcocks

Printed and bound by Aspect Design, Malvern,

Worcestershire, 2022, Paperback, 138pp. £10.00

We have lots of interesting people in our Network, One good example is Tim Willcocks who has composed this collection of his fascinating family history and rich heritage, with tales and adventures going back through generations. (I should mention that some of our Network members have already purchased one of Tim's other books: *On the Trail of the Waitaha*, if you remember back to 2018).



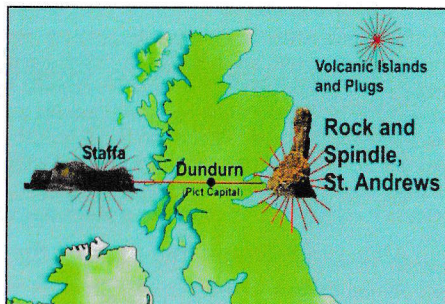
Copies of *Facts & Legends* can be purchased directly from Tim. He can be contacted via books@theBowenMan.co.uk, or call on 01684-567721

A SCOTTISH KING ON THREE LEYS

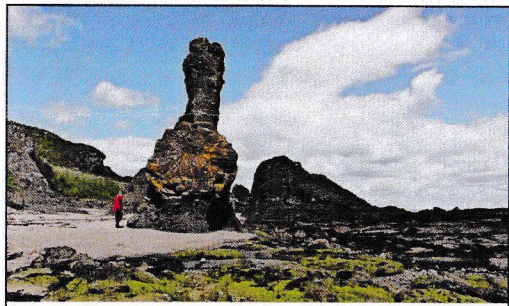
David R. Cowan

Volcanic anomalies, like plugs, sills and geological fissures are undoubtedly part of the ley system here in Scotland, which our clever ancestors used to power the standing stones and circles across the country.

The illustration (right) shows the volcanic island of Staffa emitting energy across the country. Not a single line as some believe, but a mass of waves close together, attracted to another anomaly, the strange Rock and Spindle, a volcanic plug on the shore of St. Andrews, passing through Dundurn hill (Gaelic, fort of the fist) built between 500 and 800 A.D. near St. Fillans in Perthshire.



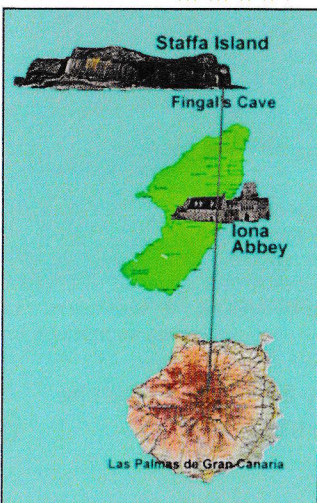
This is where the death of King Giric, known as Gregory the Great, took place. By the 12th century, Giric had acquired legendary status as liberator of the Scottish church from Pictish oppression and as conqueror of Ireland, most of England as well as Scotland, although this is disputed.



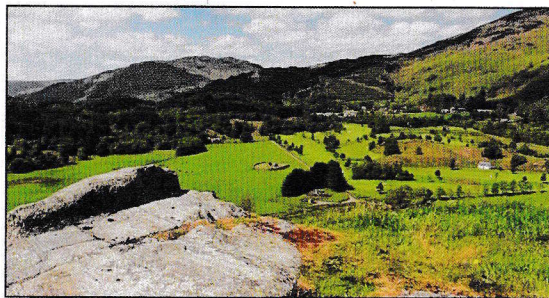
He was buried in Iona Abbey, beside another 48 Scottish, eight Norwegian and four Irish kings, according to an inventory of 1549.

Iona abbey is also connected to the island of Staffa, by another ley from the powerful resonating cavity of Fingal's Cave, which bifurcates Ireland to the extinct volcano of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria in the Canary islands - a curious connection!

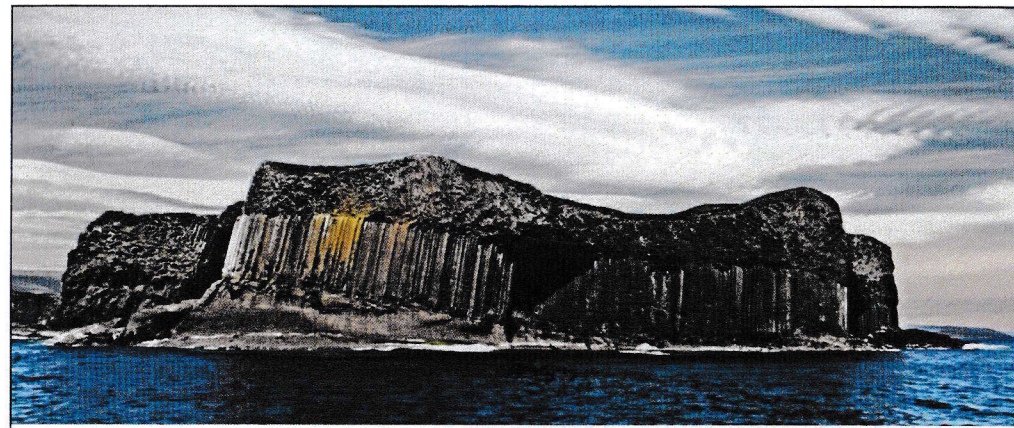
Dundurn fort also has another roughly circular ley through its summit from a cup-marked stone on top of the Highland Boundary Fault. Also on the summit is a curious stone altar, probably carved from the bedrock. This is where Saint Fillan, the leper or stammerer preached, looking up this beautiful glen.



Below: Saint Fillan's pulpit or chair with his circular burial ground in centre of picture

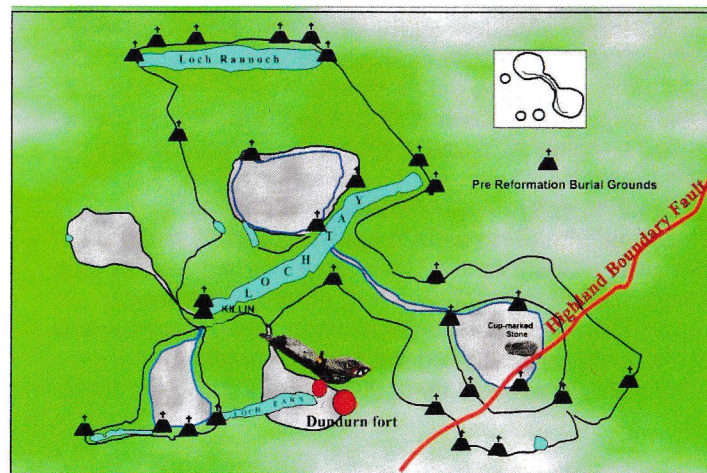


The island of Staffa, according to legend, was made by a giant wading across the sea from Ireland carrying part of the Giant's Causeway in his knapsack which split, spilling out the Treshnish Islands. "Hiv Haw Hoagrigh" he said, wading deeper across the sea until the island of Staffa fell out at which point he gave up and returned home.



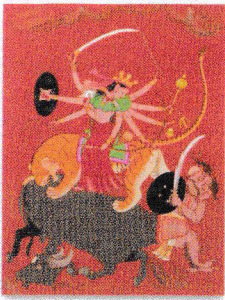
The name of the cave in Gaelic is "An Uamh Bhin" which means "the cave melodious", a powerful resonating chamber and at one time superstitious locals believed that Hell lay beneath. Is it not odd that there is a path formed by broken columns into the very back of this strange cave?

Another ley focused on Dundurn fort is from a cup marked stone on top of the Highland Boundary Fault which supplies its energy, passing down the length of "The Serpent" of St. Fillans. Website: leylinesexplained.com



Left: energy from a cup-marked stone on top of the Highland Boundary Fault is transmitted as two circuits, attracted to lochs where our ancestors placed their burial grounds. Inset, top right is the cup marks on the stone related to these circuits. Only two shown, there are others.

The "Serpent" of St. Fillans (middle, at foot) marks the ley leading to the capital of most? of Great Britain from 878 to 889.



BOOKS OF FLINT
Part 2.
FIONN RAWNSLEY

'Lugh' flint; a comparative study.Context;
The next flint I want to look at in this brief study is one which I picked up within an ancient monument in Norfolk TF 99731 26671 x E 599731 yN 326671 52 48 02 N 000 57 41 E. According to my landscape zodiac researches the find site is a pole star temple within the constellation of the Lyre Vultura (the eagle/lyre form asterism) which also is the focal point of a Sun-form landscape (ASC , Aztec Sun Calendar design in the landscape).

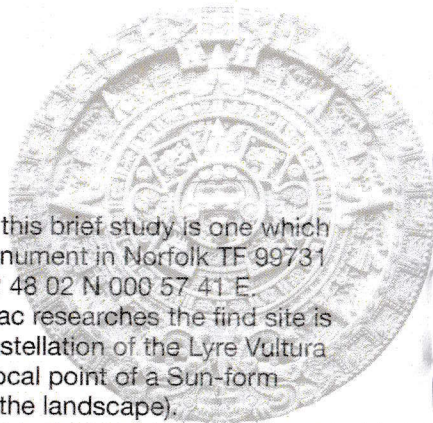
Due to the nature of huge scale images within the landscape it appears that several images are achieved within the same area and that the interpretation needs to hold in mind several other interpretations in order to achieve a knowledge of the layers of meaning embedded in the landscape, all this has a bearing on the stone Lugh as I will describe. (For instance the Geoglyph of Lyre Vultura is within a larger context of a whole zodiac designed-landscape ; The Aztec sun form circle ASC lies within Vultura and within that in turn can be smaller mythological images. The designs are like a nest of designs one within the other, this is paralleled for a flint in markings, form, chipping, orientation of reading, different readings are possible from every angle and inverted or shadow casting)

There are several levels of image in stone, scales of impression, they are at once sculptural and pictorial and can be seen to be different from each other in every aspect both sculpturally and by use of imagery. Pictures can be both found within the matrix of the flint utilised for the purpose of imagery as well as engraved upon the surface, from the gross down to the miniature; there is also inverted reading (like those books which one turns upside down for a different story within the same pages)

There are also readings of shadows cast by flint, in strong sunlight and it is different for semi dark lamp lit conditions as well as surface and virtice reading; that is reading the sharper edges as opposed to the planar facets. There is a text of cracks and chips, hollows and texture from smooth to naturally course. Naturally formed and hewn with chipping, each says a different thing.

Fig;6, LUGH meaning Light; I have named this flint because in my view its content is exceptional, it was found upon an ancient meridian line. The flint is about the size of a man's fist.

I am approaching this flint with a prior knowledge of its greater landscape context and setting and after years of study and visual research of stones. I found it in what was an earthen temple to the polar star within what was possibly also a place of sacrifice to the Sun and other gods both of heaven and the underworld. I have been studying flints for ten years now and have built up a good stylistic recognition of shape and form which is characteristic for this area like a regional accent, a cannon of form. I'm pretty



sure this flint was where it was dropped many thousands of years ago due to the undisturbed environment.

Fig 2; These are first impressions but do not describe the whole story by any means, further study demonstrated that the flint also serves the purpose of being an exact map of the area giving landscape details including the positions of the pole star henges in a Norfolk zodiac and their attribution to the constellations to which they relate, this flint map appears comparable to satellite images of Norfolk.

I also recognised the Sun god with his protruding tongue; so Lugh is a sort of sunstone in the same sense as the Aztec Sun-stone. Within Lugh it has been possible to see that the five previous Suns have been described using the same symbolism as the Maya used in the Aztec Sun stone found in Mexico City in 1790; See Fig.1. Part 2; Info graphic. Embedded in the Aztec design (Page 1) are the previous ages of man which were brought to an end by four causes, Flood signified by Noahs Ark 'D'. Jaguars who are said to have devoured all men 'B'. Winds; may have referred to vast tornado like storms 'A' and Earth quakes depicted by a human skull blanched and white 'C'. 'F'The central sun God's face and 'E' the leopard's claws. These are the basic recognisable elements of the Sunstone of the Maya which are also within this flint. An image which encompasses the entire flint on several different facets is that of Mater Durga battling the bull daemon as she is seen in the landscape at other locations ref; top left of page 1, of this article. Durga took me a while to collect from the design of the flint but the tiger she rides is recognisable; so by comparing the flint with my icon of Durga I was able to be confident that she is part of the flint's imagery. Durga makes an appearance at every henge location including Stonehenge so to find her here both within the flint and the landscape is almost to be expected. I made a search to find a landscape image of Durga as it was suggested in the flint 'Lugh' and by superimposing her Icon I was able to achieve an identification

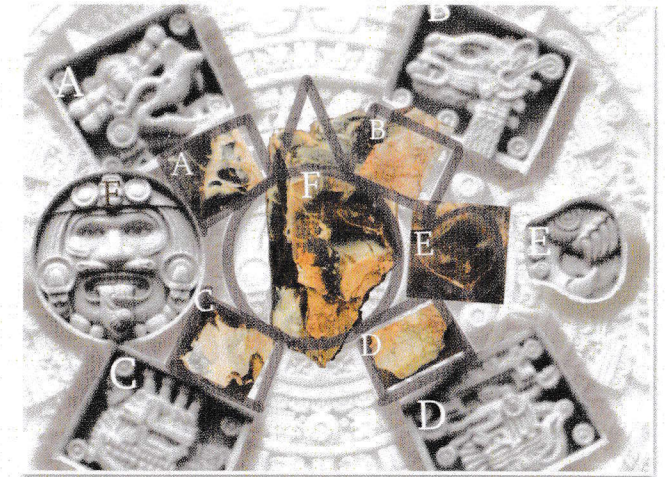


Fig 1.'Lugh' flint details compared with Aztec sun stone; 5 Olin A,B,C,D, and ABCD=5 F,Tonatiuh(Lugh) E,Jaguar claw & eye All the same significance

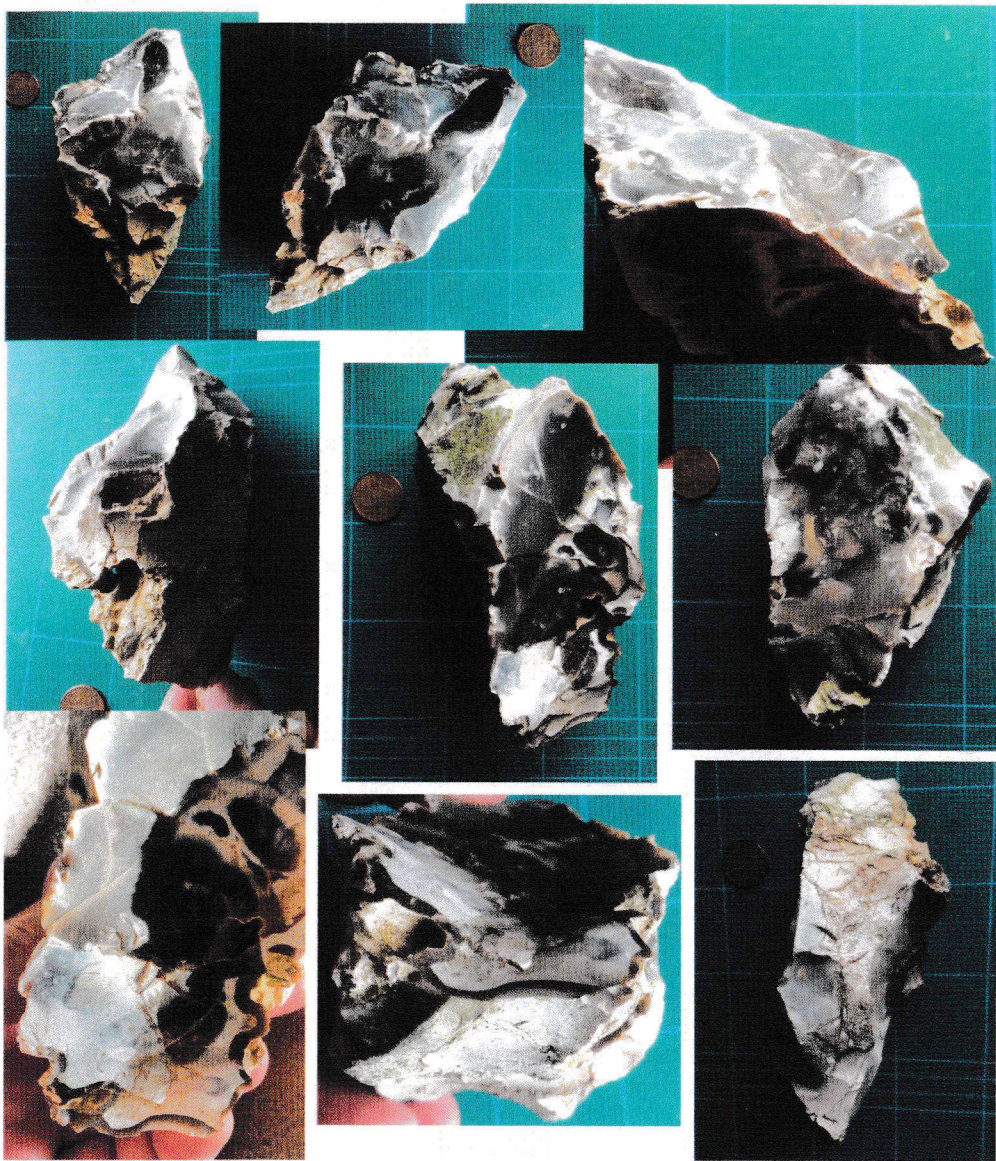
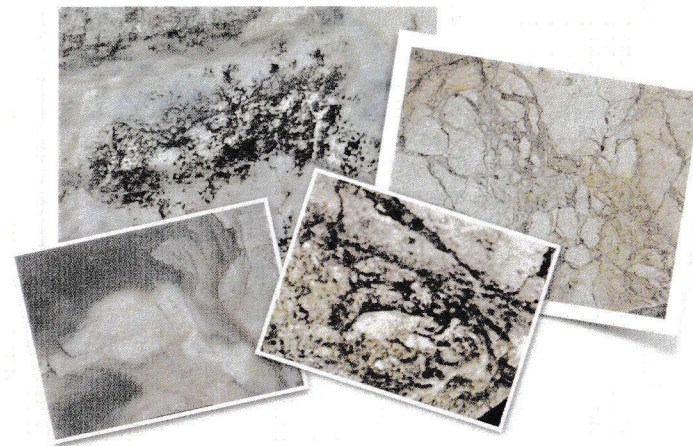


Fig.2; 'Lugh' flint, containing; Sun-stone/chart of landscape / Durga battles bull demon image /document/shadow.

of a huge image of her here in the Norfolk countryside. Piece by piece I was making a reading from the stone. 'Lugh' was giving up his secrets.

This process continued as I trialed the features on the stone with significant points on the course of the meridian. The meridian line links to a sunstone form next to an ancient meteor crater in Canada, the Manicouagan impact, dated to 250M.y. I made a comparison with the Lugh flint and a



particular detail that has the same qualities as the impact only of course on flint scale, then like a thread I compared the flint area by area, finding exquisite matching.

This description is just the beginning of an unfolding discovery which I have detailed in another article. A profound text is embedded in Lugh, one to which I have had the honour of gaining a little insight which I have tried to convert to text and image and share. There is also what I would call an angle reading of some of the surfaces which come out in a quite terrifying way as they are not direct and obvious but only visible by reading a certain tonality at an angle, really terrifying faces of deathly fear is all I can describe them as. So within this flint is the entire Canadian Shield landscape and its sacred images. The multiple meanings embodied within this flint are like the landscape in their layered meanings. Just like written Hebrew which is purported to have twenty different and sometimes contradictory interpretations. Let us not forget that to make a carved flint is a process of reduction from a lump with its own impurities and inbuilt potential. I think to achieve this flint carving would have meant that the artisan would need to have understood what lay within the matrix of his material, to actually know how to make use of what lay within and to chip it away in such a manner as to reveal the finished masterpiece; to intuit the markings within and reveal them by workmanship is simply beyond our current human level of awareness and ability.

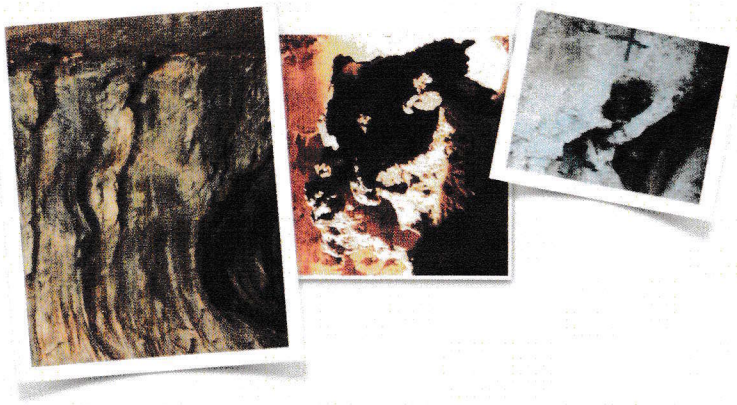
This flint had one more lesson to teach me after the charting of Norfolk and the charting of the huge Canadian Shield as though the flint and the landscape were in a complete synchronicity. I made a comparison with the Ramon Crater in Israel, which has given this meridian a singular quality along which the ASC image is repeated and emulates the Ramon landscape in a repeatedly tapered shape. Ramon is an extraordinary erosion basin, a geological wonderland full of volcanic rock extrusions and giant fossil

ammonites but also has the most amazing terra-glyphs outside of astrological landscapes I have ever read from satellite images.

I digress; my aim in this piece is to describe some of the genius of the lost literature of stone. Stones were often worked with subtleties beyond what I would call normal perception, by catching the light on surfaces which appear smooth and cleanly flaked one can often detect very very small engravings. I photograph these reflecting surfaces and by magnification of the image am able to retrieve tiny engraved images which are simply too small and fine to see with the naked eye. I cannot even with my technology get much more than a fleeting partial look at extensive and impressively rendered tableaux of tiny images on fractured surfaces of some stones. What these images tell of I cannot even guess, all I can tell is that they are there and generally they are not known about in any archeological studies as far as I'm aware.

As it takes a while to see a stone impartially I leave them on my desk and look at them periodically as I have mentioned. Larger stones like the heel stone at Stonehenge which appears to be a sculptural representation of Orpheus returning from the underworld for instance and others all over Europe often monumentally massive may have much smaller pictures upon them, apparently devoid of decoration on first assessment they may need to be looked at under a magnifying glass to reveal their text as in the four image scatter above from the 'Lugh' flint.

Cave interiors and rock escarpments often have sculptural elements. I'm particularly fascinated by cave entrances/ interiors which are nearly always covered by images, often the only way to see these is to photograph them and also invert the image which can give astonishing results in visual reading. Image was a way of communicating with the under-world and so of its nature needed to be read inverted. Anthropomorphic formations may be natural but perhaps those formations were also enhanced by deliberate work.



The first of these images (left) is upside down providing images invisible in upright view, sculpture in a cave. The second is a natural anthropomorphic rock? within another cave and the third is a human shadow profile and is half drawn and half a natural crevice. Stones are so full of exquisite images and forms, sunlight brings the shadows to play with the textures and a window opens into a lost text. Many of the stones which we commonly tread underfoot are both maps and sacred texts of huge value could we but read them. By using images passed

THE ORIGIN OF THE ZODIAC

by Hugh Evans, is rediscovered in Gwynedd, North Wales.

Covering 1,000,000 acres, 1,500 square miles, a quarter of Wales and all of Ancient Gwynedd, the Star Maps of Gwynedd is the largest, and *perhaps the most important* Neolithic structure on Earth.

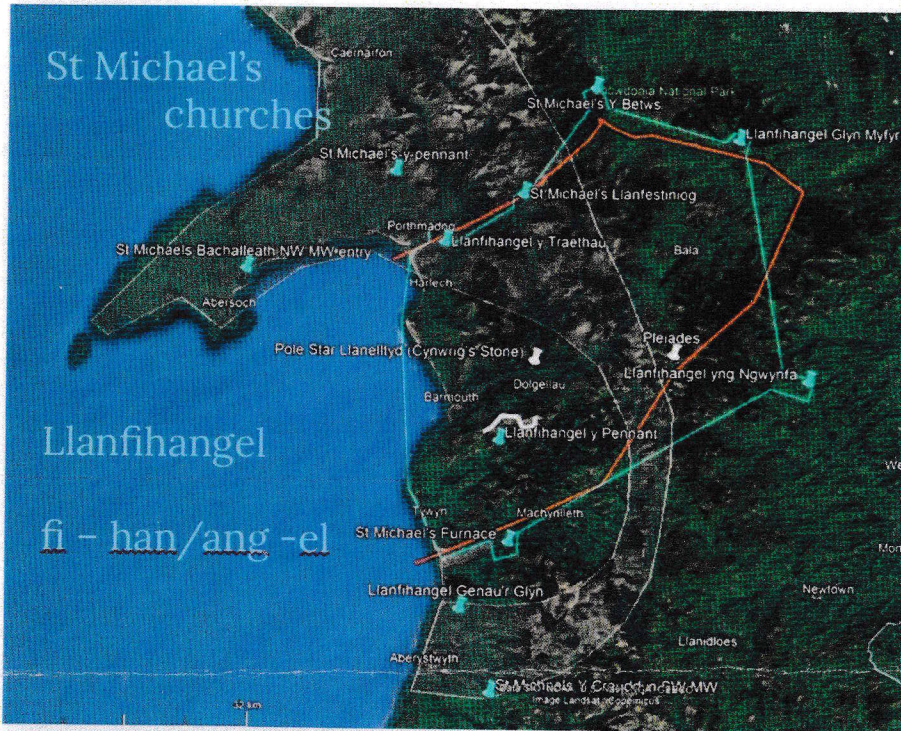
I discovered as I researched the Star Maps of Gwynedd, that not only had the constellations been mapped in the correct place, but a whole society had evolved in conjunction with the star maps.

My previous article demonstrated one such conjunction: the St Mary's churches. Their locations on the Star Map representing the major stars of the celestial heavens, and the meaning of Mary, the feminine energy of the cosmos.



This is a societal, spiritual and scientific convergence of feminine energy, in physical form on the ground, but also in a metaphysical sense. One of the seven hermetic principles would suggest that where there is feminine energy, a masculine, complementing energy also exists, and so it does. The people wished to reflect their beliefs so they built a St Michael's church in the exactly the correct location on the Star Map (and no-where else) to reflect the role of St Michael. This was a proactive process, without error or chance. The St Michael's sites have names starting *Llanfihangel*.

The Star Maps of Gwynedd are extremely old: the Welsh heritage organisation CADW estimate the scheduled monuments to be Stone Age or Bronze Age, predating the St Michael's churches by thousands of years. So how can these St Michael's sites be connected? The churches are simply built on original stone age religious sites; as attested by the Yew trees at each site, some of them are many thousands of years old.

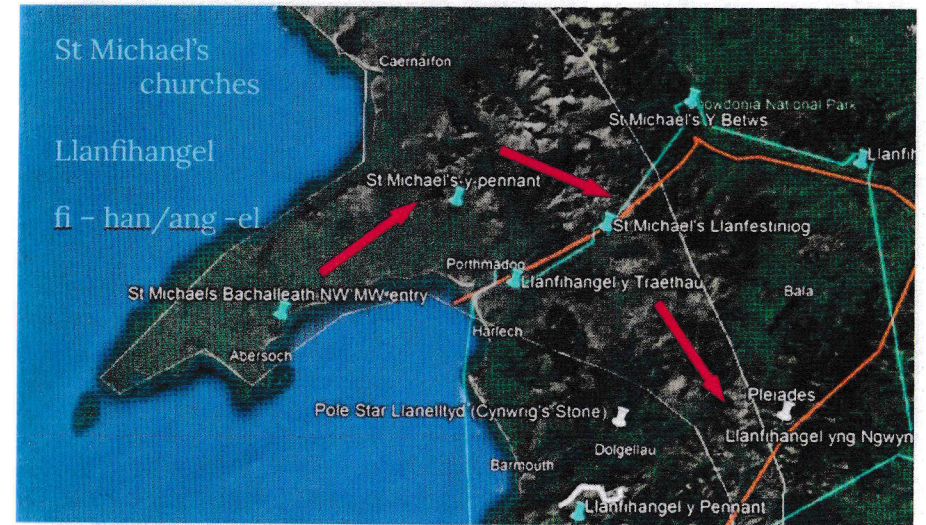


I have visited many of the St Michael's churches: they are all aligned with the rising sun at the summer solstice, as are the gravestones, not due east like most other Christian churches.

What is the connection between *Llanfihangel* and Michael? St Michael, the prime Archangel, is Enoch's first named, and is mentioned several times in the Book of Enoch, but only once in the Bible by name, in the Book of Revelations Ch12, Vs:7-12. Michael is the Guardian angel who protects the mortal world, battling at the end of days with the serpent, at the gates of the underworld.

That is what we see on the Star Maps of Gwynedd. The St Michaels churches are located around the ecliptic (orange line on the maps), the boundary bulwark between the mortal world (in the middle), the Spirit world above (north on the map) and the Underworld below (south). Four additional St Michaels churches protect the flow of goodness, of *Awen* on the Milky Way (white shaded area), two as the Milky Way enters through the Spiritual world (top right) and two as the Milky Way exits

through the Underworld below the ecliptic (bottom right)...



... protecting souls on their final journey to the West to be with our ancestors. So repeating the process in a never ending cycle of goodness, of *Awen*. St Michael is one of the angels present at the hour of death, and is there to help the passing to the spirit-world at the ecliptic.

What does *Fihangel* mean? *Ffi(n) / Mi(n)* means 'boundary, edge'. Han means separation, Angau is mortal danger. Angen is fate, destiny. El is a spirit, intelligence or elementary being. Michael is the 'elementary spirit at the boundary separating the mortal world, guarding our fates'.

This is St Michael, it is what St Michael did, and it is where the St Michael's churches are located on the Star Map.

Llanfihangel Traethau	N West	(the) Crossing; Statements of Account
Llanfihangel Glyn Myfyr	N East	Connection of Contemplation (to Annwn)
Llanfihangel Ffwrnais	S West	Furnace, severe trial
Llanfihangel Yng Ngwynfa	S West	Extremity (of) Our Heaven
Llanfihangel-y-pennant	Centre	Source of the spirit

Four St Michaels guard the flow of Awen along the Milky Way as it flows from the Spirit world, over Mount Snowdon / Yr Wyddfa and crosses the ecliptic into the mortal world:

Llanfihangel-y-pennant North (entry) The source of the stream
 Llanfihangel Bachellaeth North (entry) Inlet/spring (of the) milk

and crosses the ecliptic again down into the Underworld, guarding the departing souls as they journey to the West (gold) on the Great Ship.

Llanfihangel Genau'r Glyn South (exit) Golden Gateway (to Heaven)
 Llanfihangel-y-Creuddyn South (exit) (to) The Creator (Heaven)

Yr Wyddfa (Mount Snowdon)

Yr: the / what is of

Gwyddfa: tomb, sepulchre, but also monument, place of honour, prominence.

Gwydd: weaver, inc of poetry or song = Druids, therefore spiritual

Gwydd: forest-wood-tree-branch-twig; = also lineage, genealogy, 'stock'.

Wy: egg, implying the circle of life and death, **-fa** suffix makes a place

'The greatest spiritual place of honour of our ancestors'

My next article I will explain the locations connected with the ancient British 'Mabinogi' creation myths, over the vast area of the Star Maps of Gwynedd. This is where they were maintained over thousands of years, until eventually converted from a solely oral tradition, into writing about a thousand years ago.

All the zodiac constellations, their names, origins, signs, locations and neighbours are explained in my book, *The Origin of the Zodiac*. I am working on a companion book *The Origin of Time* that will complete the explanation of the heavens.

Full colour paperback £14.99+£2.99 p&p
at originofthezodiac.com.

Less £5 Leyhunters discount:

Please post a cheque £13 made out to:

Hugh Evans, Eversley, Hedsor Road,

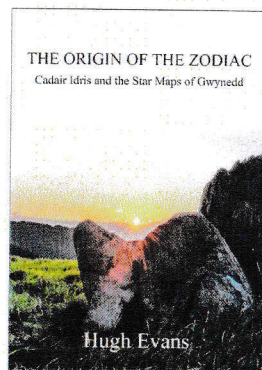
Bourne End SL8 5EE

Kindle also available.

YouTube at 'Origin of the Zodiac'.

Please share.

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Walking on Exmoor

by Johanna van Fessem

It's lovely weather when, after arriving at Nether Stowey by bus, and having looked at Coleridge's house, I finally shoulder my backpack and start walking. Stowey Castle is a medieval hillfort I climb up to and after that, many remains of the Stone and Iron Ages will appear on my path over the next few days. Slowly I find my way higher and higher into the Quantocks, the high ridge of hills east of Exmoor. At this time of year, the deep

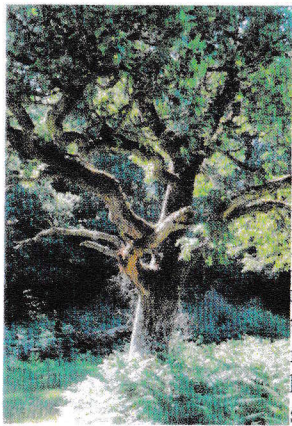


purple heather and the fragrant yellow gorse bloom profusely on the slopes. Exmoor is one of England's National Parks, but Exmoor has anything but a park-like landscape. It consists of sweet and wild "moorlands": raised bogs and moors, where springs rise in the sodden peat and flow out into the clear streams, which, tumbling over boulders and in sharply incised rowan and oak-lined valleys, disappear into the wider rivers of the lower lying land. In the 19th century landowners slowly started planting forest in the valleys, which has since matured and adds much to Exmoor's loveliness. On the moors herds of red deer and wild ponies are wandering; also many sheep graze in freedom on the wide treeless hills. The badgers are doing well. Unfortunately, the otters became extinct a few years ago.

I walk west and in the pristine atmosphere of the moorland I feel my mind clear and my body seems to gain more stamina. After a day of hiking I pitch my tent in a wooded valley. A small waterfall rushes next to the patch of grass under an oak tree, stretching out its low branches. Hopefully the oak can protect me a little from the midges, which, after I've had my evening sandwich, have come down in hosts. It is a paradise spot just off the footpath and not accessible for cows and walkers. Usually while walking in nature, and having pitched the tent and lying in my sleeping bag, my consciousness is clearer than usual, the images are fresher and more pregnant and unexpected. When I am about to fall asleep, I suddenly see a disturbing image in my mind's eye. A strange creature, resembling an upright elongated wooden box with four sides, walks with outstretched wooden arms like a blind man groping about, along the stream as if looking for something. Does it want to grab me? In the wooden box, at the height where you would expect the eyes, I see two dark holes. No light shines in those strange eye sockets. It is creepy and I'd rather not pay too much attention to it. I can't and don't want to leave this place; I turn on my side, think of something else and finally fall asleep.

The next morning the midges and mosquitoes seem to have disappeared. The waterfall is still flowing and the oak tree has protected me from the heavy dew, which glitters everywhere else on the grassy path and in the moor beyond.

I'm going to wash in the stream and fold the tent. I bump my head lightly against a low-



hanging branch of the oak tree. I hardly notice it until it happens again and again. Like I'm being alerted to something. And then I think, from the hyper-openness that a beautiful natural environment always brings about: "Does the tree want something from me?" And I leave packing for a while and stand with my arms around it. "Thank you for protecting me tonight." and I ask if there's anything I can do for him, or maybe he'll do something for me.

I see its branches stretch out over the field and my tent; suddenly I realize that they look like groping arms and – flop – the image of that eerie creature from last night in my half-dream is full before my eyes. And then I instantly know: That was the oak tree! A half-awake being in a wooden body. And it has a longing and it seeks. It wasn't creepy and it didn't mean to hurt me at all. I now

say with relief: "Look through my eyes for a moment, because I can see! Look at how great you stand here and how you have turned this place into a paradise. Can you see the sunlight shining through your own branches? Do you see those beautiful sun-lit leaves, your own oak leaves, on those branches? Do you see my tent? See how beautiful you've made it here!" I slowly turn my head from side to side, taking in everything I see in detail. I want the tree to see through my eyes. For a long time my gaze rests on the small waterfall, in which at this moment, constantly trembling and moving, the sunlight is brightly reflected. At that very moment I see the image of the strange, locked-in wooden creature with the two dark eye sockets in front of me. But in those eye sockets now suddenly two bright eyes light up. And I know: It sees! It has woken up. It has seen the waterfall with the sunlight playing on it!

Atop Dunkery Beacon, Exmoor's highest point, the panorama stretches for miles and miles around me. To the east I see the ridges of the Brendon Hills and Quantocks that I crossed a few days ago. To the south, beyond the wide farmed valley south of Exmoor, roll the endless yellow grass covered hills of Dartmoor. To the west I can see the rowbarrows a mile further, ancient burial mounds on the extended ridge of the Beacon; to the north a wealth of wooded parts, the semi-forested Ley Hill above Porlock. The winding road that leads to the village on the coast and the Bristol Channel, the light blue broad estuary between South West England and Wales. On a clear day you can see Port Talbot on the other side and if you're lucky the Welsh Mountains with their misty high peaks in the distance.

Dunkery Beacon is a much-visited viewpoint. The high cairns (century-old cairns, to which a stone is added by each subsequent visitor) testify to this, but I also see a -modern- stone circle of small stones, in which runes have been laid with smaller stones. I can't read runes, but to the left of the circle I see the rune consisting of two lightning bolts in S shape, which were used in the past by the SS in Nazi Germany. If you put them crosswise on top of each other, a swastika is formed with them. What a sorry thing it was to use a powerful and beneficial rune for Nazi purposes.

I descend the mountain towards Porlock. I'm craving a hearty hot meal, the first in a few

days, and the pubs and restaurants in Porlock are calling me from afar. I walk for a few more hours through lush valleys, where the beard mosses hang from the cliffs and the trees, where the ferns rise up high along the paths, where the fresh scent of green leaves permeates everything and the stars shine up from the moss, where the reddest rowan berries of the whole world grow, where the.....I have no words for all that beauty.....

After the lady from the Tourist Information Office in Porlock removed - at my timid request - a tick which had dug itself in on an unreachable place on my shoulder, I look for a pub, where I indulge in a pint of bitter, vegetarian lasagna with fresh salad and a Chocolate sponge cake with plenty of fresh cream. That sits all so comfortable in my stomach! Coming outside I see the weather has turned; fog is coming in from the sea. The foghorn begins to wail and the sun is gone. Yet I wanted so much to sleep on Ley Hill tonight. Towards the evening I start to climb back up again. I walk past the village church, past the houses, out of town until I'm back in the woods, on the steeply climbing forest path. The sky is cloudy, but luckily it's not raining. According to the map, the trail I'm on ends close to the top of Ley Hill. I keep walking and I arrive at the end of the forest and the top of the hill. The fog is thick around me and all I can do is follow the map and the path, visible only beneath my feet. Then suddenly a white sun begins to show through the fog patches. They are gently blown away and there I am in the middle of the field, with patches of bright blue sky above me and a little further on another fog bank, hiding the forest below from which I have just emerged. I realize that I am not walking in the fog, but in a cloud and I slowly rise above it. I walk further, to the tumuli that are indicated on the map. A little beyond them, a narrow road runs over the top of the hill. But I'll stop here, at one of these small bronze age burial mounds. It 'feels very good' to pitch my tent here. But only after I've walked a clockwise circle around the mound. It is covered with purple heather and yellow gorse, has a fence around it, and as a small gift of friendship, I give the gold-brown feathers of an unknown bird, which I found along the way. I stick them between the slits in one of the wooden posts, and they look so sweet, just like a little bird.

The view from Ley Hill gets wider. Below me there is a sea of fog over Porlock. Only the top of an iron turret that stands on a lower hill sticks out. Behind it I can see parts of the Bristol Channel and to the right a green cliff, Hurlstone point, rising above the beach east of Porlock. And I sit above it all, in front of my tent holding my breath and looking at the ever-changing and moving cloud blanket below me. The turret disappears into the fog and then reappears. Sometimes I can see a ship on the sea, sometimes the clouds seem to stretch as far as Wales. To my left is the radiant sun, descending more and more to the west. Sometimes the forest emerges from the fog for a moment, then it disappears again. Pink sunbeams play on the grass, play on the lovely mound beside me, glide warmly over the hilltop where I sit, on top of the world. A boundless gratitude flows through me that I can be here, that I exist. That this magnificent spectacle exists. That I get to see this, just for free, for nothing, out of sheer grace. There is such a soft atmosphere here, such a sweetness. How to express that sweetness and thank it at the same time, here near this sweet burial mound?

And I sing the 'Salve Regina', in tribute to the Great Mother, the great Mother Earth.

'Salve Regina, Mater Misericordiae. Vitam dulcedo et spes nostra salve.'
'Hail Queen, mother of mercy, sweet life and our hope, hail to you!'

I sit for a long time until the sun goes down. I can't get enough of it and at the same time I'm not large enough to hold all that grace. And then I go to sleep, but again tonight, between waking and sleeping, strange images pop up, which frighten me a little. I see a little black swastika, starting to spin to the right, faster and faster, absorbing and hiding all the light that surrounds it. I watch it with concern, but I remain calm. "Keep looking. See what happens. You don't have to be scared. Yesterday there was no need to be afraid." So I watch and wait for what will happen. The swastika turns clockwise very quickly, shrinking to a small black dot, in which all the light is hidden. The tension now becomes so great that the dot explodes and all the light it had captured is now thrown out in powerful pulses from that centre, having multiplied while in hiding. I have such a fright that I wake up with a shock. What is this? Then when I doze off again I see it once more. The swastika starts spinning again and now turns into a wheel. In the wheel I can see in silhouette a kind of black Christmas angel, blowing a trumpet. I wake up again. Happy now. The angel is black, but he still praises God on the trumpet: Even dark energy, in spite of itself, contributes to good. Then, just before I actually fall asleep, I see Her sitting on the hilltop, a grey mother goddess, carved from the rock, with a high stone headdress, and sculpted lines and wrinkles around her eyes, in her face and on her living, moving stone body. She looks like an ancient of days. In her arms she cradles a human child, a naked white human child, over whom she pours out her love, which she overwhelms with the infinite love that flows from her heart. She is a blind goddess, but not with the hollow, unconscious eyes of the oak-tree, but with unseeing, blank eyes that cannot discern between black and white as she doesn't care about what her children are, for she just loves them.

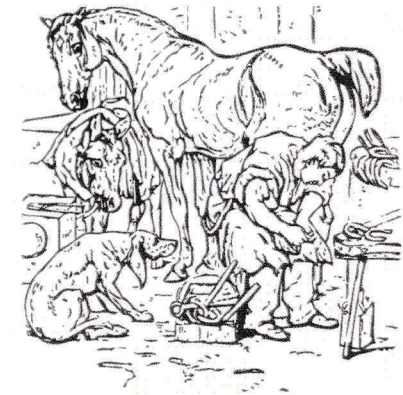
The next morning it is hard to tear myself away from this wonderful place. The little feathers still stand in the wooden post. I bow and fold my hands in a Namaste to thank for the hospitality of the night. The clouds are gone. Porlock Weir and the Bristol Channel stretch out cloudless and calm beneath my gaze. On the other side in Wales I see a sparkling light slowly move along the coast. That must be the sun reflecting in a car window.



THE STABLE END

with

Richard Knight,
the Rustic Farrier

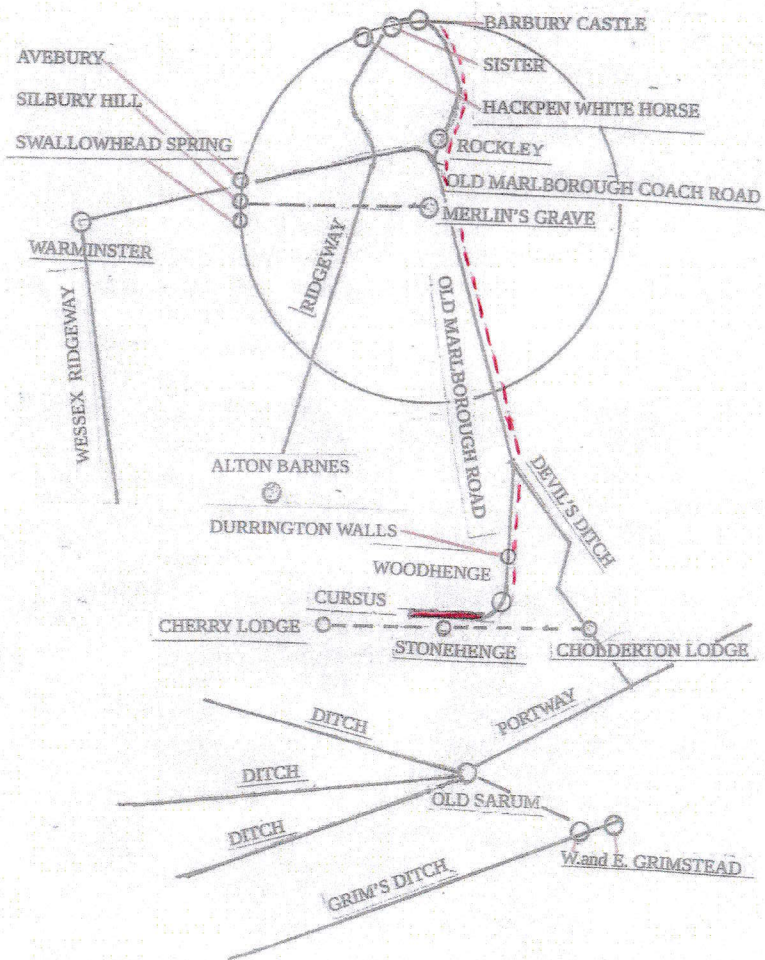


Ditches and Dykes, part 3:

Barbury To Stonehenge

The diagram *on the next page* can be broken into 3 parts. First, starting at the top, is this extraordinary circle, radius 4.5 nautical miles, centred at Merlin's Grave or Mound in the grounds of Marlborough School. Extraordinary because it has on its circumference all the local stars in the theatre of ancient sites. Starting at the top, we have Barbury Castle. Anti-clockwise, marked as "Sister", is one of the 3 groves on the Ridgeway called the "Three Sisters". Next is an old friend, the Hackpen White Horse, and further down Avebury, the largest stone ring in the world. Then it's Silbury Hill partner to Merlin's grave at the centre followed by Swallowhead Spring the birth of the mighty River Kennet.

- 1. BARBURY CASTLE.** Built around 2,500 B.C. and adapted by Romans and Saxons. SU149762
- 2. THREE SISTERS.** At one time I thought I'd dreamt up the name as nobody uses it. But they can be seen from everywhere up to 40 miles away.
- 3. HACKPEN WHITE HORSE.** Date unknown.
- 4. AVEBURY.** Built around 3000-2000 B.C. over a period of 700 years... The largest stone circle in the world. THE WORLD.
- 5. SILBURY HILL.** Built around 2500 B.C. Largest man-made mound in Europe.
- 6. SWALLOWHEAD SPRING** Source of The Kennet.



There is another spot further down which is actually part of the circumference of this star studded 4.5 Nautical mile circle, and it is a car park but before you start... it's probably been used by all of you. It is part of an ancient cattle drove and it's where you park between Adam's Grave, Knap Hill and Milk Hill

near Alton Barnes. During the great crop circle phase it became a sort of village with people living there in campervans etc. - a very sweet spot. Still love crop circles and don't care who, or what, made them.

Then there's Merlin's Mound – also know as Merlin's Grave - itself built around 2500 B.C. like Silbury, and once owned by the Seymour family. This name derives from anglicising "St. Maur", as in Aymeric St. Maur, Grand Master of Knights Templar, the most vital signature on the Magna Carta and the man after whom America was named...in my opinion.



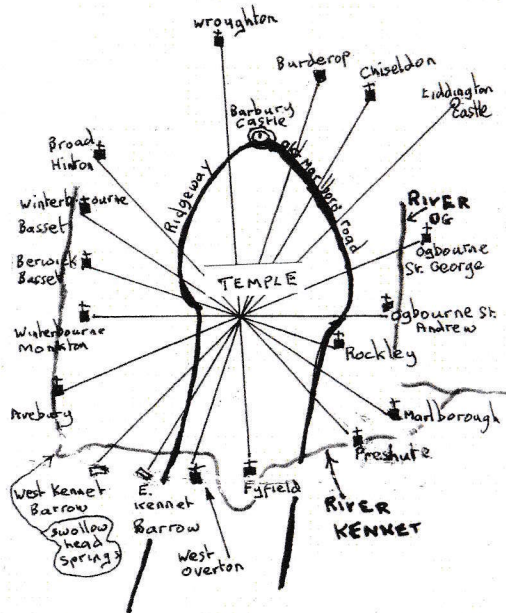
Merlin's Mound (Marlborough)

The second part of the diagram is the old road or track that connects Barbury Castle via Marlborough, Durrington Walls and Woodhenge to the Kursus just to the north of Stonehenge. The Old Swindon to Marlborough Coach Road enters the Ridgeway at Barbury Castle and runs to Marlborough as shown in red-dotted line, and the Old Marlborough Road then takes over and goes to Durrington Walls, Woodhenge and ends at the Kursus pre-dates Stonehenge by several hundred years, 3600 B.C. as opposed to 3000 B.C. so it could be that the Henges, stone and wood, and Durrington were built on an old route. Stonehenge stands on a straight line between Cherry Lodge and Cholderton Lodge. More of the patterns made by Lodges and Granges later!

The third part of the diagram shows the old "Ditches" converging on Old Sarum. Right at the bottom is Grim's Ditch which lends its name to East and West Grimstead. Also shown is part of the Wessex Ridgeway going to Marlborough from Lyme Regis.

I'm re-showing this diagram from a few years ago where the lines between the churches all cross at the same place, a place called "Temple" which is now some farm buildings and houses, reflecting the fact that a Templar Preceptory stood here at Rockley until it was trashed, at the time when the Templars were supposedly wiped out in the 14th Century – see below:

Quick sketch of Hackpen
 see Ordnance Survey Landranger 173
 Or One-lach 157



Temple and Knights Templar Preceptory complete with a large hollowed-out baptismal stone. And this phallus or snake (don't confuse them in real life!) has at its tip or mouth, Barbury Castle, connected to the CURSUS and Stonehenge, Woodhenge and Durrington Walls by two of the most ancient tracks in the world. At the base of the phallus, one big ball either side (!) are Silbury Hill and Merlin's Mound. You know I'm beginning to think this could be a fertility symbol!

I've just read that in this area there is a hollowed-out rock called "THE TEMPLAR'S BATH" !!! How much would Henry Lincoln have loved this evidence, because, of course, this ain't no bath! - it can only be for Baptism into a select group like the Order of the Bath which used to involve a real bath, probably still does. And how amazing that it still has the name, Templar's Bath. Compare this to the Temple Pool at the centre of the Banbury Cross of Churches.

The large stone is at a place called Templar's Bottom which is sort of comically apt, but I can't actually find the exact spot or get a photo of it. As I said at the time of writing this article (2016) represented here is a womb of Churches, or Barrows or Mounds as we can now call them... being entered by a phallus through the Kennet [Cunnet], with an inner

P.S. Comes with a pair of White Horses. Now I'm going to decamp and move back to Banbury Cross country having noticed when I bought a copy of the *Old Straight Track* that Alfred Watkins found a LEY starting at Radway Church, a building with which I have a bit of "previous"...as they say in police circles.

This finishes the saga of the Ditches and Dykes and, er... Devils! In the next Stable End, you will hear about a Church (and we mean the building, not the congregation)... a Church that somehow...moved!
 - Ed.

[Editor: 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.

EXCHANGE MAGAZINES

- CADUCEUS caduceus.info, Simon 01373-455260 (£4.50)
- CAERDROIA 53 Thundersley Grove, Thundersley, Essex SS7 3EB, labyrinthos.net (£8 pa)
- DORSET EARTH MYSTERIES GROUP LornaHeath5@gmail.com, 07891-614104
- DOWSING TODAY British Society of Dowsters, Wyche Innovation Centre, Walwyn Road, Upper Colwall, Malvern WR13 6PL, 01684-576969
- MEGALITHOMANIA megalithomania.co.uk, 01458-746101
- MERRY MEET 23 Swanbridge Park, London Road, Dorchester DT1 1ND (£8 pa)
- MEYN MAMVRO Whitewaves, Boscawell Village, Pendeen, Penzance, Cornwall TR19 7EP, meynmamvro.co.uk (£9 pa)
- NORTHERN EARTH 5 Foot Kiln, Old Town, Hebden Bridge, W. Yorkshire HX7 8TW, northernearth.co.uk (£10 pa, payable to Northern Earth Mysteries Group)
- PSYCHICAL STUDIES 15 Brier Mill Road, Halesowen B63 3HA
- QUEST Marian Green, 80 Bishopsworth Road, Bristol BS13 7JS (£12 pa)
- RILKO (Journal of the Research Into Lost Knowledge Organization) Sylvia Francke, 35 Kennel Lane, Fetcham, Surrey KT22 9PQ (£19 pa, £24 overseas)
- SAUNIERS SOCIETY JOURNAL Arpinge Court, Arpinge, Folkestone, Kent CT18 8AQ (£20 pa)
- TOUCHSTONE J. Goddard, 1 St Paul's Terrace, Easton, Wells, Somerset BA5 1DX (£10 pa, payable to J. Goddard)
- WESSEX RESEARCH GROUP NETWORK Robert 01749-343016.

JUST A BIT MORE...

We've nearly filled our coach for the climax of the Spine of Albion Highlights Pilgrimage. Just **TWO** seats are still available as we go to press! Book them by sending £180 each (cheques payable to Network of Ley Hunters). Gary Biltcliffe and Caroline Hoare will lead us on Tuesday 19th, Wednesday 20th and Thursday 21st September. We're based in Inverness.

Thanks to Ben Keyte our website survived the death of Denis Chapman. Now, **Paul Syrett** is taking over. He welcomes help (especially photos). Telephone 07836 588027 or email Paul@spiritman.me.

LOCAL CONTACTS are wanted! This could be in alliance with others. In Gloucestershire, contact Teresa Dellbridge of the Slimbridge Dowzers on 07833 752173. Similarly, 'phone 07891 614104 for Lorna Heath of the Dorset Earth Mysteries Group.

Come on Vision Quests! Contact Laurence Main, 9 Mawddwy Cottages, Minllyn, Dinas Mawddwy, Machynlleth, SY20 9LW. We are active – **Join in!** Telephone 01650 531354.



Gary Biltcliffe addresses us on The Cloud, Staffs, on the Spine of Albion
(photo: Denis Chapman)

IN MEMORIAM, Caerwyn Hughes of Powys has died (90+).