

The Newsletter of the Network of

Ley Hunters

THE GLASTONBURY TERRESTRIAL ZODIAC SYSTEM

BY FIONN RAWNSLEY



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The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters

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

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

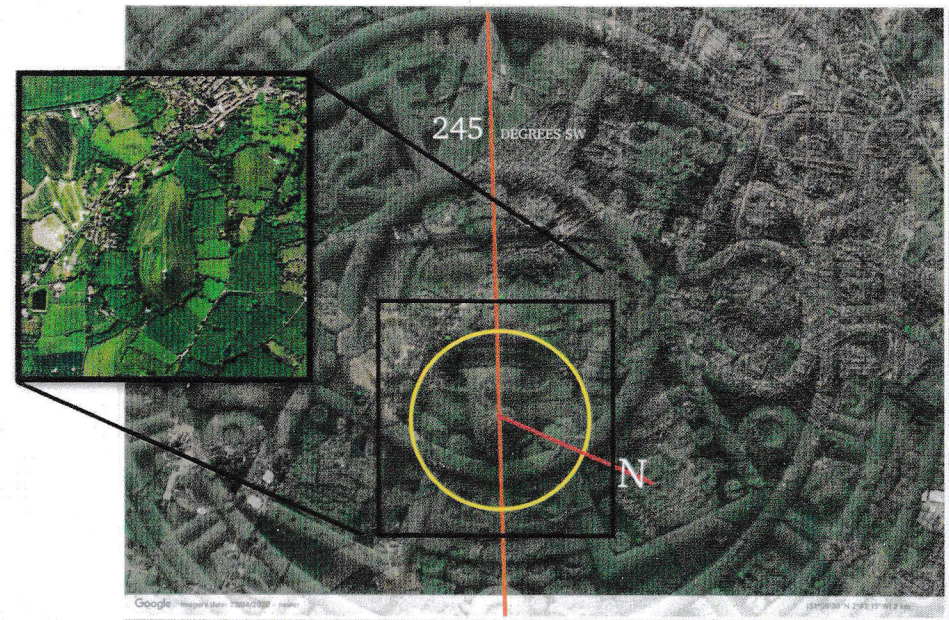


Fig 1; THE SUN CALENDAR OF GLASTONBURY; COMPASS ORIENTATION FROM GLASTONBURY TOR

THE GLASTONBURY TERRESTRIAL ZODIAC SYSTEM

By Fionn Rawsley

Ever since the heir to the oxo fortune Katherine Maltwood intuited an astrological pattern in the landscape around Glastonbury it has inspired generations of people to seek zodiacs and understand the patterns in the landscape. Are they there at all and what could they actually mean? Could it really be that previous generations inscribed giant astrological designs in the countryside. What's actually there can be revealed by using satellite imagery and a method which I have used to great effect called photo superimposition.

In high season Glastonbury is a thronging town full of tourists, many of them seeking some sort of connection with the mystery which surrounds the stories of Glastonbury Tor and the legend of Joseph of Arimathea coming to England and possibly even bringing the Holy Grail with him. I have a fully printed map of the zodiac surrounding Glastonbury and have often looked at the map, I have to confess I could not make head or tail of it at all but it did leave me with a sort of notion that in some way an astrological design in the landscape was possible.

Years later, I also became genuinely interested in finding out how cities were designed to emulate zodiac designs and how they were talismanic in nature, how that was achieved through an arcane tradition of magic to benefit the population. Eventually my trail of research has led me to discover a landscape zodiac in the area of Stonehenge which is so extensive that it

reaches right across to Glastonbury. I have continued my quest to understand the spiritual mindset of our distant ancestors. I have learned a great deal through terrestrial zodiacs. I discovered that our planet had a network of solar temples [Aztec sun calendars ASC's] engraved in the landscape with hills and slopes but also rivers, fields and woodland as the media for huge images all connected along arrow straight lines to the ancient Cosmic World Tree which also appears in landscape as a huge geoglyphic image.

The thing is that the true pole star of Earth changes with precessional movement (the very slow wobble of the planet) but I realised the magnetic pole of Earth was vital for the spiritual life of humanity. That almost metaphysical twitch of the compass needle towards magnetic North must have seemed like a direct link to an active and ever present celestial realm, even ancient fragments of loadstone floating around on pieces of wood may have given indications of a spiritual direction. Earth magnetism may have given rise to a belief that spirits of the dead were conducted along Sun temple alignments (meridians) towards the Cosmic world tree. Or maybe the spirits of the dead were swept along by the Earths magnetism and perhaps the spirit still is even now.

I recently came to have a look at Glastonbury with Mrs Maltwoods zodiac in mind. The Glastonbury zodiac has reached a kind of mythic level of faith in some people and I really wanted to try and understand it as it remains a mystery to me despite now being very familiar with Earth zodiacs.

I have a well established method for identifying astrological landscapes and I feel I am now beginning to understand how they work.

By making use of a satellite image from Google I was able to superimpose a very extensive Northern sky astrological chart right across the Glastonbury landscape. Once scaled correctly it fits in detail across the whole area. There are areas where the once flooded landscape around the Tor has left little still to be seen except field boundaries which still retain a sympathetic outline to the constellation which would be there. I was able to scale the chart to size exactly making use of the Constellation of Lyre Vultura in the area of the Tor. There are enough constellations with exact detail within the central area Hercules, Cygnus and Bootes and in locations such as Sagittarius and Argo giving me complete confidence that the entire chart was inscribed over an area of 10 km by 5km. Lyre being the most significant image corresponding with the Tor and the most sacred point just like it is for the Stonehenge zodiac. The first thing which struck me was that the whole design is not orientated North but as though the North Pole of Earth should be in the South West! North has always been the sphere of heaven which rotates around the pole star, the pole star is over the Northern axis of Earth, why is this zodiac orientated South West?

I then made another experiment, I superimposed Maltwood's zodiac directly onto the landscape and matched it to where she had defined her vision. Then I switched on my own zodiac layer of my image already



The Northerly distribution of the Glastonbury zodiac. Please note the compass orientation

achieved. Ooops! There is no match whatever, I am fully confident in my design, it is there in the landscape many-many outlines match exactly. Whatever Mrs Maltwood saw was not the zodiac which I have identified is there in classical form. Mrs Maltwood photographed hers from the air but I'm afraid the design does not have the elegance of a true traditional chart, I can see her outlines and how they match her drawing, but it doesn't work quite like one should. The key points of a true zodiac image need to have the six precessional constellations of Lyre, Hercules, Draco, Ursa Minor, Cepheus and Cygnus for it to be enduring through cyclical time. The image I superimposed does however work as it should, all except that it is orientated South West.

As I studied the six constellations of the pole stars progress as they are engraved into the Glastonbury landscape. I began to trial the Ursa Minor constellation so that I could pinpoint where there should be a precessional hinge. The little bear is very nicely outlined but unfortunately filled with recent development, his outline remains though allowing me to find his tail at the end of which would be the current pole star Polaris. Easy to pinpoint but by using a feature of the google app which allows a view of the street, I was

able to see that it is now a little roundabout, well it's bound to happen I suppose, I think one would need traffic cones to conduct a ceremony there.

Moving on to Cepheus which clearly was there but with a bit of a lack of detail, his head corresponded with a little village called Butleigh and his crown can be clearly seen in the orientation of the street pattern, there should be an ancient henge within the crown area where the pole star of Alpha Cephei would have been the corresponding Earth place of sacred practice some 20,000 years ago. As I worked on this image of Cepheus I became aware of another echo like shape, I superimposed another impression of Cepheus and found to my surprise a much larger geoglyph, up in scale by about x 3. 'o.k.' I thought 'this is very unusual', in my encounters with numerous other terrestrial zodiacs I have not really encountered this.

But then moving across the zodiac and the landscape I placed element after element into its precise location, like a child fitting puzzle forms into a plywood outline I was able to fit piece after piece. Cassiopeia, Perseus Taurus and Auriga, Orion and Lepus, [several of these do not appear in my Caprarola fresco reference so I had to source them elsewhere]



Southerly portion of the Glastonbury system with secondary figure of Perseus; note compass.
The Aztec Calendar is only placed in an approximation of placement.

At the outer limits of each end of the terrestrial scheme are two extremely complex images neither of which are constellations, on one side [lower left of whole system] is Pheaton as he tumbles from the chariot of the Sun with three horses in disarray while on the right furthest flank is Jupiter flinging his arrows of lightning. All detail exactly as seen in the Caprarola fresco. The constellations continue, Taurus, Aries, Andromeda, Pisces, Cetus, Aquarius, Capricorn, Pegasus, Dolphinus, Cygnus, the fish consuming the water from Aquarius, and then Sagittarius, above him Ganymede and Aquila, Ophiuchus, Scorpio and Fornax, Hercules and Draco seem to appear only once centrally in the town of Glastonbury, Serpent and Corona Borealis, below this Centaur, Libra, Bootes, Virgo, Corvus, Bootes dogs the Grail and directly below Leo a very large image of Argo followed by Canis major and minor, Cancer and Gemini. There is really nothing missing here, it's an all star cast.

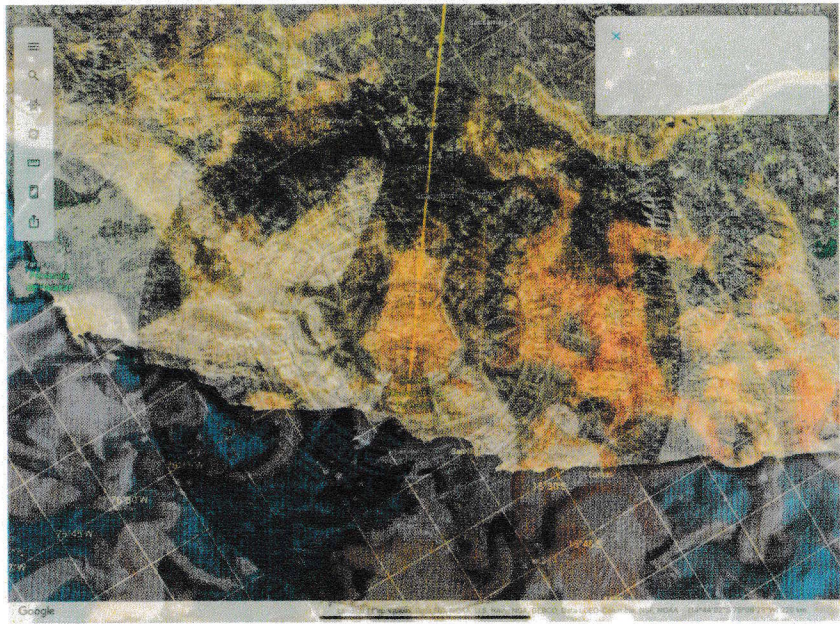
Suppose one uses a single point like the peak of Glastonbury Tor to project many lines out from that point radiating to many key points in the complex image of the star chart. These can be achieved quite exactly particularly if there is a line of sight, so the first ground image can be applied and once achieved it will be to all intents and purpose a perfect copy of a chart, all that needs to be done is elaborate the many elegant details to achieve the finished first stage. The second stage is a repeat of the first using the control of the line by sight from the source and a fixed length piece of rope. In this way described one could produce a perfect copy of the initial chart several miles across as has been achieved at Glastonbury and Stonehenge. Leonardo Da Vinci reversed this method to achieve a map of Imola for Machiavelli and I would suggest that this was why some ancient maps were round. Leonardo just used a known method, perhaps he did not invent it.

At the centre of the Glastonbury terrestrial chart is an unseen and amazingly well integrated image of the Sun executed in exactly the same style as the Aztec sun stone design found during the 1700's in Mexico City [see title image]. Because of the scale of these huge terrestrial images, I have found that several can be achieved as though one on top of another, or at least the traces of them having been there are still detectable. By the magic of photo superimposition it is possible to resurrect each of these images separately and by over layering one can clearly see each as it is brought to light. I suggest that all of these images were achieved solely for the relationship with the divine and were never really supposed to be viewed by us mere mortals. Please bear this in mind as I explain the nest of designs as they lay one over the other within the Glastonbury plan.

The Sun scheme is a round mandala type of design of twenty animals each representing a month and four quadrangles set at angles to each other with four different images, signifying the five epochs of man and how they have come to an end in turn. The face of the Sun God Tonatiuh representing the fifth epoch of man. Tonatiuh's jade tongue is out and upon it is an



Cornish Zodiac orientated to South West with Lyre on the Glastonbury meridian constellations lost of the North coast



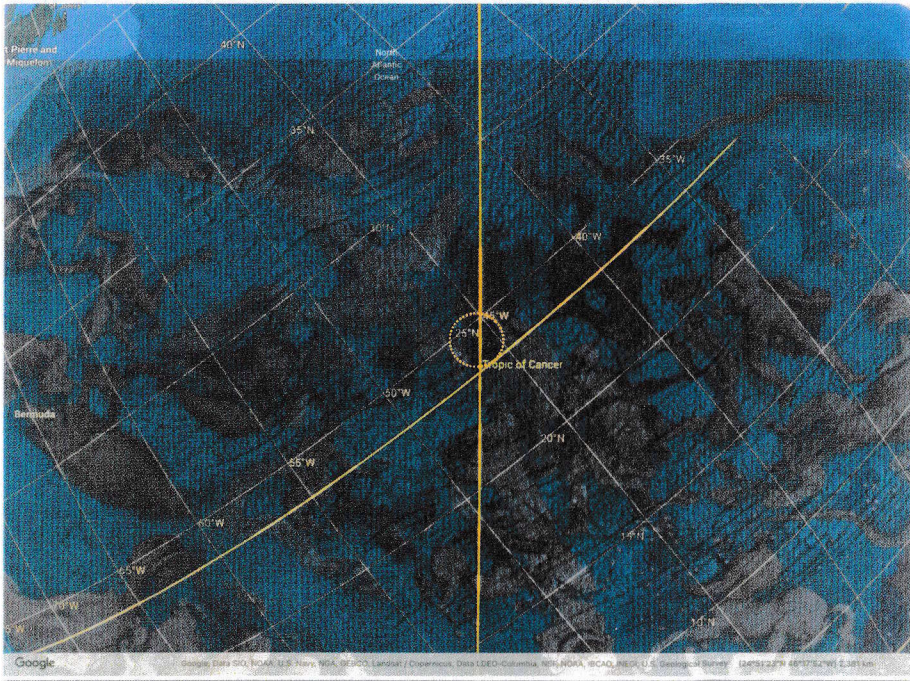
Three layer image. 1, Pacific coast of Peru with Astro chart superimposed in its position with the ASC also in place. Glastonbury meridian marked in yellow

eyeball. At Glastonbury the Tor corresponds with his tongue and the apex of the Tor with the church tower of St Michael's is exactly upon the point of the eyeball upon the tongue (see Fig 1) By superimposing the Sun calendar design [ASC] over Glastonbury at about thirty percent transparency using the tongue to scale the image one can achieve an exact match. Many lines and details fall in with the geometry and detail of the sun calendar, it is emphatically a clear matching. If we take a central axis through the middle of this design and project it through the top it is 245 degrees S.W. By extension it is possible to reach the coast in Cornwall at a beach called Bedruthen steps. A more magical beach I could not dream of. Bedruthen is a huge expansive silver sandy cove washed by the Atlantic and left pristine with every tide, from which rise colossal rocky crags with powerfully anthropomorphic formations. Being aware that this projected line is in alignment with what should be North for the Glastonbury Zodiac but is effectively South Westerly now.

The edge of Bedruthen steps provides the setting of another broken Sun ASC, again on a very large scale indeed and at the heart of this another astrological figure of Lyre Vultura. When I saw this I realised that I had yet another terrestrial zodiac also orientated South Westerly. By superimposing the Zodiac I have already used in Glastonbury [and Stonehenge] I was able to identify the zodiac figures across the landscape of Cornwall, but with some significant zodiac figure loss to the sea off the North coast.

Projecting the Glastonbury line across the Atlantic it is possible to find the adjacent shore landing for this meridian in Guyana, South America as remarkably it is still aligned. This alignment makes me think that there should be a landscape where the Atlantic is now. Further I am able to project the Glastonbury meridian across the entire continent to the Pacific coast of Peru. Another circular ASC in the landscape in Peru and another beautifully figured image of Lyre Vultura with Nazca within its feathers. Again I trialed the zodiac using Lyre and again it fitted. The zodiac is spread across a huge area but some of the design is yet again lost off the Pacific coast as is also a portion of the ASC. This time the zodiac and sun calendar are North Easterly in orientation. The Sun calendar at the most Northerly coast of Guyana South America also is orientated North Easterly and is partially lost to the ocean also.

As the two ASC patterns on opposite sides of the Atlantic show that there should be something in between. There is an element to this design which must be beneath the waves of the Atlantic. All lines I have traced of this nature culminate in an image of the Cosmic World Tree of the Inca people, always on a huge scale. The Sun Calendar designs are always orientated towards the Cosmogonic World Tree, it is the ultimate take off point from this Earthly realm. I know now what I need to look for and so have superimposed the design of the Cosmic World Tree onto the image of the Atlantic ocean floor. The result is that the mid Atlantic ridge area can be identified as a vast image of the Cosmic World Tree. This is again the cosmic



Atlantis as Zodiac aligned with Glastonbury meridian, the central city area should be where Vega is, 24N 46W [the pole star point corresponding with Glastonbury Tor]

tree of the Inca and very possibly part of a system of images which belong to the lost continent of Atlantis. Sadly I do not have space here to place the image of the Cosmic Tree.

The design on the Atlantic Ocean bed is also enmeshed with a terrestrial zodiac system of images which can be clarified by the magic of the superimposed image. By methodically checking the sea bed features with each constellation design it is clear that Atlantis was an astrological continent with Lyre Vultura at its heart, like Stonehenge and Glastonbury.

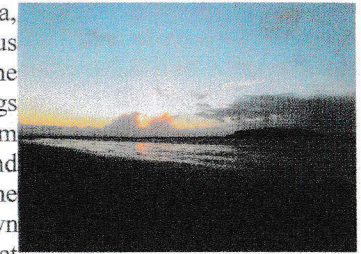
A peculiarity of using photo superimposition to check a landscape is that several images can reside within the same area, they can coexist. While the images may be different scales, they may also be from different periods of use. The landscape has served as a canvas over and over again; all that photo-superimposition does is distinguish whatever remains.

This string of Sun designs within larger astrological landscapes are the work of the advanced civilisation which we all know once existed, this is but one method whereby the astrological Atlantis may be pinpointed. The Egg stone on the slope of Glastonbury Tor is very likely the Omphalus point of the ancient English countryside; vestige of the Atlantis Cosmic World Tree.

Weston Super Mare to Wells July 2021

by Johanna van Fessem

This time I've decided to walk FROM the sea, instead of TOWARDS the sea and I've taken the bus from Glastonbury to Weston Super Mare's beach. The weather is good and I feel happy stretching my legs on the firm sand. Usually when I arrive at Weston I'm tired after a long walk, but now I'm still fresh and keen and look forward to it all. Especially doing the walk the other way around will give some unknown perspectives and yet be familiar. After I turn inland at Black Rock I realize how much tarmac is involved in the first 7 kilometres, but there are nice bits of footpath and I eat lunch in the shade of a hedge on Hellengo Hill beyond Bleadon, as it is already very hot in the sun.



A gentle descent to Loxton follows. In the village, after having stocked up on water, I admire an estate of 19th century mock Tudor buildings, and then start crossing the Motor Way on the traffic bridge bending over it. What a different world is this. I stand in the middle of the bridge and look out over the wide ribbon of concrete over which a wild, hot procession constantly proceeds with frightening speed and momentum. Small cars and huge lorries keep thundering under my feet, both towards and from me, a constant stream of iron and fire, uninterrupted and unstoppable. A strong smell of exhaust hangs over the bridge. What a different world is this from the one I just left and the one I'm going to. On the east side of the M5 rises the iconic summit of Crook Peak. While I climb its steep moorland sides on the narrow footpath, I have to be very careful, and rest a lot, to give my heart the chance to manage without having to give up. There are often cows on the narrow path between the hedges, and so there are now. How I wish they'd just let me pass and keep chewing peacefully the grass they have found, but no, they think I'm chasing them; I'm not! But there they go, ever further ahead of me on the narrow path between the heather, away from their lush grazing grounds, nervous, distressed, unhappy, and so am I. But here is a side path. I enter it, drawing back and wait for them to turn around, which, after long hesitations, they do, eyeing me on the side path; suspiciously and frightened. The top of Crook Peak is a widely recognized landmark and vantage point and you see it easily from Glastonbury Tor. It is also a place of beautiful primeval moorland. Last year's Autumn Equinox I had a most profound experience here, camping on the saddle between the Peak and Compton Bishop. But for now I continue over the ridge. Vista's both to north and south. I can see Chalice Hill beneath which my home lies, the Tor, but I'm still far away. This part of the walk is easily the most beautiful. While the day stretches towards evening I start looking for a place to camp; it is hard tonight. Either the fields are too steep, or there grows too much hay and long grass (morning dew is wetter than rain) or otherwise it is too close to houses or too filled with cow pats and cattle. It is 10.30 pm. I am exhausted; the sun has already set and I MUST stop. I am at a quiet enough place just south of Shipham, but it is sloping and although so tired, I can't sleep, as I constantly glide to

the bottom of the tent and I have to work my way up countless times during the night. In the morning I finally extract myself from the sleeping-bag, and, like the sun, I slowly rise, still exhausted from yesterday and the uncomfortable night.

I travel through an intimate landscape. Woodland, farmland; the footpath passes the invisible old ruins of Charterhouse Priory. I get lost between the high grass and have to wade through it and get told off by electric fences, before arriving back on the path. A wide field full of beautifully horned sheep stretches out before me, a long row of ash trees on my right hand. One of the larger lambs has put its head through the wide-wired fence to get at some juicy grass, but cannot get back, because its horns have got stuck behind the wire. It must have been here for some time, for the poor thing looks exhausted, one of its horns has come off and the little stump that is left looks bloody and painful. The other horn still on its head, is also bloodied from the pulling and yet the poor lamb is still as stuck as Abraham's sacrifice. Its eyes bulge in terror, especially when I take off my rucksack, because I'm going to help it. One step closer to it makes it jump around in panic, its left eye behind the iron fence staring at me wide and frightened. I step back until it stands still again and then I start to talk to it in a soothing voice; I must gain its trust. Very slowly I approach him, stopping whenever it gives a sign of fear. I am coming closer now. I know exactly how I must do it; quite easy as long as the lamb won't move, but will I be strong enough to hold and control it while untangling it? I don't think too much. I know I must help it, otherwise it will be dead this evening by stress and exhaustion.



Thank Heaven and all Angels! I see some walkers coming over the stile in the distance and as they come closer I ask them to help me. The man is slightly reluctant, after all it is not his business, but he does help; he will get hold of the sheep while I untangle it. The sheep struggles desperately with its last powers. It is strong, its body is hard, its legs kick us painfully; I would never have been able to do it on my own, but now it is free. With a loud baaa it runs to its mother, who has been looking at us from a distance. It now kneels down to drink wildly from her udder for reassurance. Its bloodied horn lies under the fence in the grass. 'That was a happy end' says the man and continues with his companion.

I have lunch under an ash tree; it is not yet affected by ash die-back. (I see a lot of sick ashes these days; Ash die-back has finally reached the West Country) and continue through the forest along the lovely brook, down through Cheddar Gorge crossing the main road through it and slowly up over a very steep, very stony and very busy path. Halfway I know: 'Stop NOW!', my heart whispers strange unheard-of things; I get an impulse to vomit. There and then I drop my backpack and lie down on my back, head on my rucksack. I breathe slowly. It is dangerous. I will stay here at least one hour. Never mind the dozens of day-trippers passing at only seven yards distance. I'm resting!

Slowly I'm coming round; I don't think anything was damaged, but I will try to avoid climbing any more today. After a revitalising forty winks I manage, very carefully, the rest of the ascent. While I walk on the top of the Gorge, sensational, literally gorgeous views down the cliffs unfold as usual.

After having come down to Cheddar, back in the civilized world, I sit down for dinner at the socially distanced White Hart pub. It serves the best vegan burger I ever ate and I tell them they must enter it for an award. It doesn't just taste well, seasoned and perfumed with a special garden herb, familiar to me, yet I cannot think of the name. The burger looks beautiful as well, with its deep red and green filling.

I leave at six, having replenished my water bottles. I can walk until sunset at 9.00, although I am tired; no wonder after such a bad night. I leave the village and ascend a gentle slope entering a lush forest. The slanting sun-rays shine on a small patch of greensward surrounded by a grove of mature sycamore trees. I look at it. It is the ideal camping place. But it is too early. It is only 7.00. I continue on the path. At the next turn I look back: It is a perfect painting seen from here! I would so love to pitch my tent there! I am in limbo. Why not take it easy today and have an early night? My body is already turning around, walking back by itself while my mind tells me: You've only done 8 miles today!

I climb the elevated sunny patch of grass; tall friendly trees bowing over it, welcoming any human in their midst. I have all the time in the world before sunset to pitch my little tent. I make it stand perfectly level, proper, stretched, a shop window model. I arrange mattress and sleeping bag inside, position the rucksack neatly under the flysheet. I take my time to wash, having plenty of water, to refresh my sunburnt face and arms and the rest and massaging my sore feet; brush my teeth and then sit in front of the tent. It is still light. I gaze at the map and then gaze at nature: the leaves, the grass, the view, the lowering sun. How tired I am and how happy. I'm in bed at 9.00 and sleep like a log through the night waking up at 7.00, the trees having watched over my comfort during the night. I am fully restored with plenty of energy for the coming day.

How to tell the story of that morning. There is no story really, just an expanse of harmony. I go through my usual morning moves. Then I sit on a fallen tree on the edge of the greensward and eat my breakfast. It is time to get out my meditation kit, folded in a handkerchief. But no, this doesn't fit today. I'm already in such a place of peace.

I can't see much of the morning sun as it hides behind the brushwood just outside the circle of sycamores. Little sunbeams penetrate between the dark branches and change place as a tiny breeze moves the leaves. You cannot look straight into the sun, but you can into these fragile beams. I half close my eyes and look through my eyelashes and see a bright round spark within a dark patch of leaves. Waves of little rays emanate from it and centre around it and come towards me filling my brains and body with streams of photons. This sunny spark is feeding my being with, with Being. And suddenly the ever incoming light has



become God Herself, laughing Her way into everything; and everything around me is throbbing with Her life and Her joy of creating and sustaining. And so am I. And my little tent is, and my shoelaces are and the very trunk on which I sit, and also the view up the footpath which I will be walking on shortly. Everything around me is one great dance of photons, particles, neutrons, electrons, quarks and whatnots, swirling around each other, holding each other in balance. Worlds are created and uncreated in nano seconds and I, my body and thoughts, consist of that very dance. I myself am the dance and a gratitude so deep that it almost hurts pervades me and I want to stay alive for always, and I will.

After what seems like hours I tear myself loose from this place of grace. I pack, I say 'Thank you' to the trees, the grass and the good spirit which brought me here and continue on my walk, slightly upwards through the green tunnel of the footpath, walking through the puddles of sunlight at my feet. I cross the natural ridge in the nature reserve above Draycott, walk along the majestic beech avenue so clearly visible from



Glastonbury Tor and continue over the spine of the hill, but become fairy-led in Stoke Woods in a little dell full of rare flowers and an abundance of St. John's Wort, the plant with the yellow flowers always blooms at Summer solstice. It is a flower of the Sun of which Paracelsus said that it contained a great secret. Held against the light you see that the petals are perforated with little red pinpricks, which contain a red fluid said to heal fresh wounds. Many are the stories about this plant, Pagan and Christian both, each with their own teaching. It is said that the power of the sunlight in it will lift your depression and when cows have eaten too much of it, they must be kept in a dark stable for a few days until their: 'sun illness' has subsided.

My own sun fulfilledness of this morning has subsided a little too, but there is still a strong undercurrent of deep contentedness and a sense of everything around me standing out individually, every tooth on the edge of a bramble leaf etched in my consciousness, all things vying for my attention, equally full of an enhanced state of being.



I walk on; it is hot. My body isn't entirely comfortable, but my spirit is, and so it doesn't matter. I climb over centuries old sturdy, stone stiles. They separate the wide fields on the top of the Mendips. Ahead I see Nine Barrows loom on the top of their hill at Priddy. They are Bronze Age Barrows, burial mounds of which there are actually 19

instead of 9. The first row of nine barrows is visible from the Tor if you know where to look.

Just after Priddy the steep but glorious descent towards Wookey Hole begins, and from the hillside a fairytale landscape spreads out under your eyes, an endless wooded vale with the Blackdown Hills and Quantocks on the horizon and in the middle the pimple of Glastonbury Tor and its Tower. Small and minute, yet it somehow is impressive and dominates the whole semicircle of the panorama.



Having arrived at the bottom I come back to ordinary life again. I eat a big ice cream at Wooky Hole and continue past Arthur's Point, where in the past many prehistoric arrowheads were found. I walk through a wooded area where I know prehistoric natural caves are well hidden behind the trees, former places of shelter for both humans and animals, I visited some of them years ago. I pass the Wells quarries into Wells itself, crossing Ash Lane via a shortcut into the Blue School precincts, crossing the main road on a footbridge and along Lover's Lane past Waitrose supermarket to the bus station. I am tired and have sore feet but am full of lingering, sated happiness. The bus comes and brings me back to Glastonbury. When I open my front door a welcoming smell wafts towards me. It is my lovely gentleman's famous stew waiting for me on the slow burner. And then there is he himself! It is wonderful to walk and camp out and wonderful to come home.

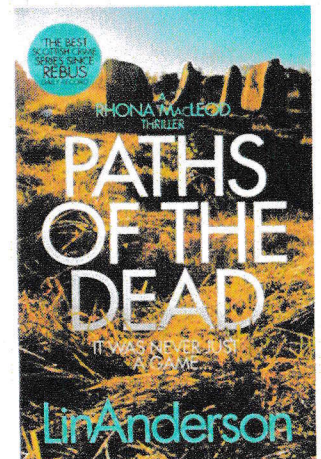
BOOK REVIEW by Liza Llewellyn

Paths of the Dead

Lin Anderson

Published by Pan Books, 2014,
London (Edition shown in photo opposite 2019)
paperback, 419pp, ISBN: 978-1529000672

Murder mystery set in Scotland. Many scenes set in Orkney which our readers will enjoy. Part of the Rhona MacLeod series of thrillers. Rhona MacLeod is a forensic scientist who gets involved in all sorts of adventures. Ignore the nonsense about a "gruesome druidic game" (as mentioned on the book's back cover) – there is nothing gruesome about a nature-loving goddess-based religion! -and enjoy the more positive descriptions of druid spirituality (they are there) and the references to the sacred sites. Also, just enjoy a damn good murder mystery!



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.

The Star Maps of Gwynedd not only mapped the stars *and* defined the constellations above, but sustained a whole society in conjunction with the star maps.

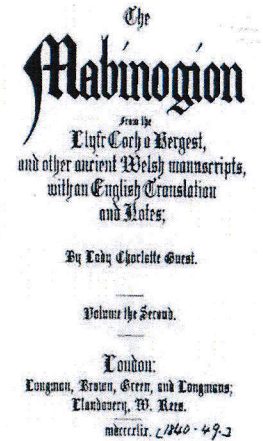
My previous articles on the St Mary's and St Michael's churches demonstrated this society's evolution. The important sacred sites go back into the midsts of time, back to Enoch, also known as Idris, who charted the heavens from his chair atop Cadair Idris.



But the sacred sites across Gwynedd are likely older than Enoch, grandfather of Noah (c.4500BCE). The Book of Enoch states that Enoch went to receive instruction on charting the stars from Uriel (+ Michael et al), who presumably were already in Gwynedd! Uriel is depicted holding the rod and hoop of celestial measurement and control. The sacred sites may be as old as the dawn of civilisation following the last cataclysm.

The Great Flood of Noah is recorded scientifically as a geomagnetic signature hard-coded into the rocks all about us. It was also recorded by our ancient ancestors in the second book of the Mabinogi, that of Branwen. I believe the people of Gwynedd created the Mabinogi: Branwen's grave still exists today, it is on Ynys Môn (Anglesey) at a CADW scheduled monument called Bedd Branwen. Ancient people in Gwynedd experienced the rising sea levels and the widening gap between Ireland and Gwynedd from c.9000BCE, until it stopped c.4500BCE when the star maps were re-charted by Enoch/Idris under the supervision of Uriel. They preserved this experience in the Mabinogi, first as a verbal story.

Most people know the Mabinogi by its longer title *The Mabinogion*: the *-ion* suffix was added c.1840 (to avoid censorship) by Lady Charlotte Guest, who commissioned the first English translation. My 1907 (Pwllheli) copy of the *Llyfr Gwyn Rhydderch*, contains the Mabinogi in the original archaic Welsh.



What does Mabinogi mean? Mab (son of/descended from) -in (suffix forms nouns => descendant) -og (suffix indicating abundance / people => many descendants) -i (plural / name). The Mabinogi are the survival stories of the people (our people), descended from the ancients.

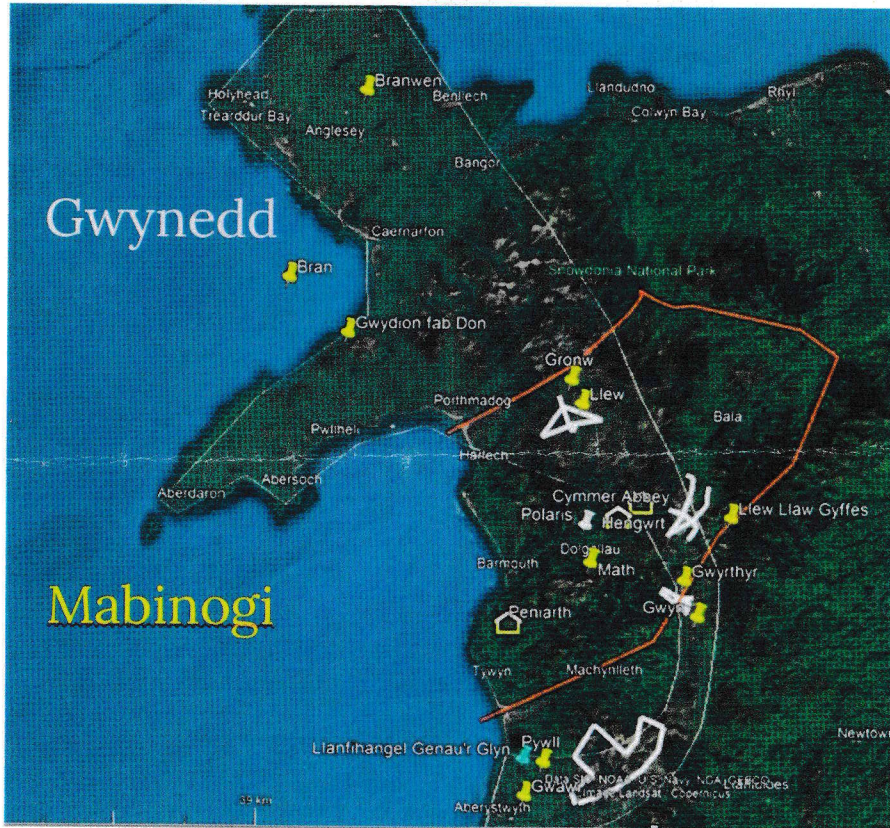
The four books or 'Branches' of the Mabinogi are:

Branch	Main character	Main events
1 st	Pwyll Pendefig Dyfed	Dawn of creation, disturbance in the heavens (x3?), the arrival of Venus (x3).
2 nd	Branwen ferch Llŷr	The Great Flood, survival of the few (7?).
3 rd	Manawydan fab Llŷr	Crisis, survival, migrations (x3), conflict, return (x3)
4 th	Math fab Mathonwy	Celestial disturbance, perpetual winters and the final reappearance of Spring.

My White Book reports its earliest included Mabinogi fragments date to 1235CE. However, we can see from the Star Maps of Gwynedd that the characters and stories of the Mabinogi are literally set in Neolithic stone into the landscape of Gwynedd. Surely now we can date these wonderful British creation myths correctly and sit them alongside, or at the front of the greatest ancient Neolithic creation myths of humanity!? The Mabinogi has for example, far greater detail and understanding than the Greek creation myths: castrated with a sickle? It's a metaphor, and one explained only with Welsh – that's for another time.

My research has located sites relating to the Mabinogi across the whole of Gwynedd and to **ALL** the main stories, without exception. These

locations have not changed for thousands of years, and the sites are in the correct locations on the Star Maps of Gwynedd relating to the story in their particular Branch. I have included many of these sites in my book *The Origin of the Zodiac*, and explained parts of the stories. I will present my remaining findings in my accompanying book, *The Origin of Time*, which I am currently writing.



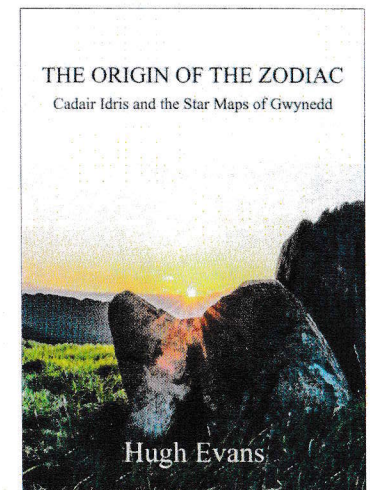
For example, the story of Pwyll and his adversary Gwawl from the First Branch, is a battle in the underworld at the dawn of creation. And that's where we find the two ground features *Caer Pwyll Glas* and *Castell Gwallter* below the ecliptic at Llanfihangel Genau'r Glyn, on the Star Maps of Gwynedd, at the edge of creation, by the west sea (the great abyss) near Borth (gateway), St Michael standing guard again.

The Mabinogi was first written down piecemeal in the (Hengwrt) Peniarth manuscripts, and was 'collected' by Robert Vaughan c.1592-1667, of Plas Hengwrt, near Dolgellau. The National Library of Wales describe these manuscripts as 'the most important...' in their collection; rightly so. Cymmer Monastery, central to the Star Maps of Gwynedd, now a ruin near Dolgellau, is also connected with the Mabinogi: Plas Hengwrt being part of the monasterial estate was perhaps the most secure repository of a people's heritage at the time of the dissolution. As elsewhere, the monastery was likely built on an ancient site, to benefit from the previous history. Our great creation myths were maintained for millennia in a verbal tradition by a dedicated group of intelligent, enlightened people: it was only when this group waned and the verbal tradition was about to be lost, that they reluctantly wrote it down, as a last resort.

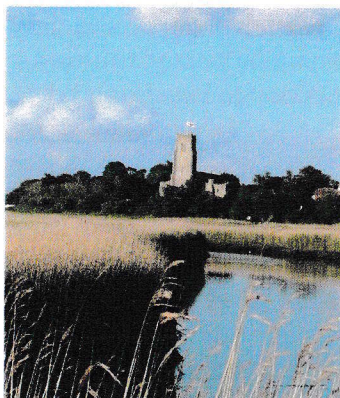
Peniarth is in the constellation Boötes on the Star Maps of Gwynedd, Boötes was Enlil in Babylonian mythology, the great progenitor of mankind, who repopulated the world after the great cataclysm. Enlil is recounted as having 'planted a vineyard'. It was the first thing Noah did after the Great Flood (as you do). The Roman demigod Dionysus is attributed with the procreation of mankind's tribes as he toured the Med on a drunken Club 18-30 binge, planting vineyards hither and thither. Planting a vineyard is *plantio gwinllan*, and this is a metaphor of *plantio gwir/gwyn llan* implying 'establishing a pure lineage': a much better post-flood first chore, having mulled over a to-do list for 40 days and 40 nights. Was the flood not intended to remove the impure?

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. I have just completed *The Origin of Numbers*.

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Blythburgh – King Anna’s Resting Place by Sue Pine



The view of Blythburgh church across the marshes is one of the most famous in Suffolk. In order to make sense of the earth energies there, you need to know a bit about the history of the place.

Blythburgh is a very ancient river crossing. In 654 the Battle of Bulcamp was fought on the northern side of the river, between the armies of King Anna of East Anglia (Christian) and King Penda of Mercia (pagan). King Anna and his son were both killed. According to some legends, a spring miraculously

appeared at the very spot where the king was slain (visitors to the Latitude festival pass right by it).

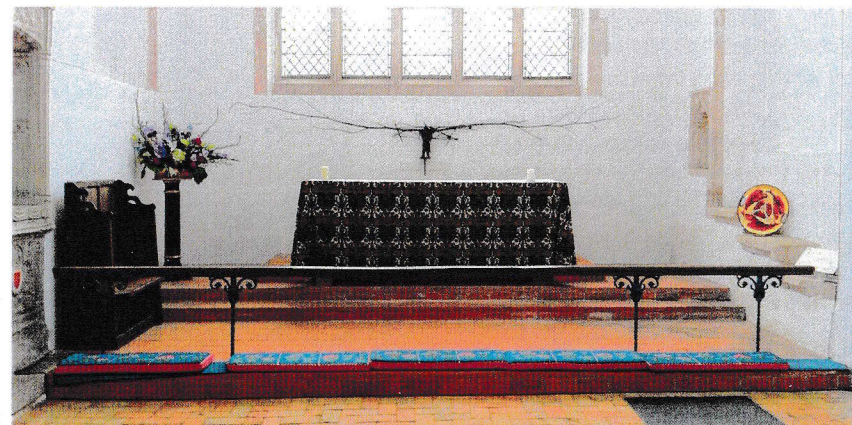
The bodies of the king and his son were brought across the river to the Saxon Christian church at Blythburgh for burial. For centuries, pilgrims flocked to visit the king’s grave. The money poured in. Soon, the modest church was rebuilt as a beautiful cruciform church, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. It even had two ‘daughter’ churches. The present parish church, a Mediaeval masterpiece, was built on the site of one of them.

Although St Mary’s was destroyed at the Reformation, enough ruins remain to show that it was not aligned due east-west, **but in fact somewhat north-west to south-east**. This may reflect a pre-Christian sacred alignment. Other early Christian foundations in this area line up with the Beltane sunrise and the autumn equinox. There is also an extremely powerful blind spring very close to where the high altar would have been. Even today, the energies have a healing, spiritually uplifting quality.

The fun *really* starts when we look at the energies inside the present-day parish church. It has never really ‘worked’ as well as we expect a sacred building to do. There have also been some odd goings-on.

Of the various earth energy lines converging on the church, two in particular are interesting because of their ‘disobedience’. The square tower is huge, rising up above the surrounding marshes in a manner reminiscent of Glastonbury Tor. An earth energy line comes in at forty-five degrees on either side of the tower. The master mason skilfully ‘bent’ these lines to persuade them to embrace this church and to process side by side, like bride and groom, down the centre of

the nave, heading towards the high altar. However, that is *not* where they go. At end of the nave they bend sharply left to go through the lady chapel (where most of today’s prayer takes place) and out *together* through a tiny door in the north wall. The energies are veer *away* from the high altar. *They do not want to know about it* (see diagram).



There are a couple of factors at work here. One possibility is that the lines just *want* to go to the earlier sites. The ‘blue’ line goes from the present church, right through the site of ruined St Mary’s church door. The blind spring then ‘bends’ it before it crosses the river towards King Anna’s spring. The ‘red’ line heads north, straight across the river, towards the possible battle field. A second factor is the unusual modern tau cross behind the high altar. It’s a large, very disturbing piece, made of iron. Certainly, the chancel area feels very ‘cold’ and spiritually dead. Walk a few paces to your right, into the lady chapel, and the contrast could not be more apparent.



The final factor to be considered is the most famous of all – the legend of the **Black Shuck**. The Black Shuck is a huge, black demon dog, with flaming red eyes. On 4 August 1577, he is said to have burst in through the doors of Holy Trinity Church during a service, accompanied by a clap of thunder. He ran up the nave, past a large congregation, killing a man and boy and causing the church steeple to collapse through the roof. As the dog left, he allegedly clawed 'scorch marks' on the north door, which can be seen at the church to this day.



Although the legend has been 'embroidered', there is a possibility that it provides a way of talking about freak earth energy conditions that are inimical to humans. When *Norfolk and Suffolk Dowsers* visited, some of them detected past occurrences of fast-moving, unpleasantly 'dark' energy moving down the nave and stopping at about the point where the earth energy lines turn right.

Whatever the truth of it, you won't catch *me* lingering in Blythburgh's ancient lanes after dark!



The Spine of Albion from the Black Isle to Faraid Head

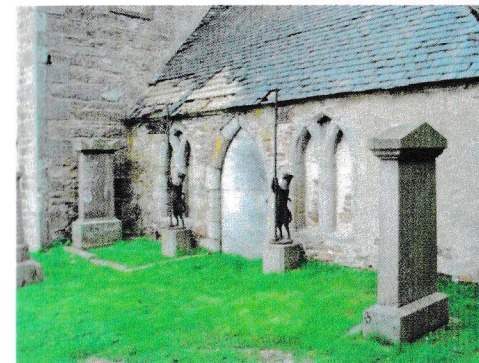
By Gary Biltcliffe and Caroline Hoare

Returning to the outskirts of the Culloden battle site, we soon discovered both currents flowing in a northerly direction through the grounds of Castle Stewart just to the east of Alturlie Point, now a five-star luxury hotel with no public access to non-residents. Just beyond the hotel, we noticed a sign indicating 'to Petty Church' which we found next to a farm. After parking our car in a lay-by, we were still mystified as to what was drawing both currents to this isolated place. This whole region including the castle and church was once in the possession of James Stewart (Stuart), Earl of Moray, the illegitimate half-brother of Mary Queen of Scots.

The site of Petty Church has been a place of worship since the time of St Columba, previously a Culdee cell. A local legend says that in 565 CE, St Columba founded a church here, having sailed into the Bay of Petty after a storm raised through the magical machinations of King Bridei's Druid. St Columba it seems upset King Bridei at his royal fort in Inverness after the saint sought permission to 'carry the light of the Gospel throughout his kingdom'. Having survived the storm, Columba apparently built the church on the spot where God had steered him to safety.

At the eastern end of this tall and imposing rectangular church are two bronzed statues of female lions, holding a flag between each paw while standing guard over the entrance to the burial vault of the Earls of Moray. Also buried here is Alexander MacGillivray of Dumnaglass, killed at the Well of the Dead, through which Elen flows at the centre of the Culloden battlefield. Standing in the churchyard we both sensed the same atmosphere of foreboding we had previously encountered at Culloden, and had the distinct feeling we were not welcome. Putting these impressions aside, we continued dowsing the church, finding the female current arriving from the direction of the castle through the Macintosh Clan vault in the churchyard and continuing northwest avoiding the church completely. We followed her to the boundary hedge where to our surprise we could just make out an extremely overgrown mound or motte in a private garden of the neighbouring house. Belinus meanwhile travels along the east-west axis of the church to form a Node with Elen on the mound.

The church itself stands on a spur of land with an inlet accessible to boats long ago. To the northwest is an enormous sand quarry, which may be another factor disrupting the local earth energies. Further dowsing revealed an anticlockwise spiral or vortex of negative energy issuing from the top of the motte or mound. Standing between the paths of the serpents close to the mound, we meditated beneath the nurturing boughs of an old ash tree. After creating a protective force around us, we visualised golden healing light spiralling into the mound. We called upon the dragon energies of Belinus and Elen to help us clear the negative orgone that had accumulated inside it, disrupting the free-flowing chi. Suddenly we felt a shift in the atmosphere, as if a change had occurred in the frequency of the magnetic field. The gentle breeze grew into a raging wind, forcing us to cling to the tree.



Petty Church, near Castle Stuart

Enduring this sudden gale, we continued to send healing thoughts along the serpent lines to Culloden in the south and the Black Isle in the north, dispelling any further negative charge that might still linger. As suddenly as it began, the wind ceased. The menacing atmosphere of foreboding surrounding the church was gone and we sensed harmony and balance returning to the site. The origin of the motte is a mystery and the presence of another smaller mound nearby may indicate a sacred ceremonial place stretching back to a lost age. Many mounds similar to these have marked nodal points at other sites along the Belinus alignment including the Devil's Punch Bowl on the

Isle of Wight, the mound at Kirkby Lonsdale, Skellaw Hill at Shap and the Moot Hill at Scone.

We were intrigued by the absence of a Node on the Black Isle for the Great Glen Fault runs right along its southern coast under the cathedral at Fortrose and the ancient Culdee site at Rosemarkie. Perhaps the great fault is too powerful and disruptive for the currents, preferring its secondary fissures instead. The mound at Petty Church is in an ideal place to harness the telluric energy from this geological scar. Certainly, this little-known site, together with the Clava Cairns and the countless chambered tombs that litter this region, demonstrates that the Picts and their ancient ancestors revered this sacred area. Recent historical accounts tell us that the Picts honoured the goddess in the land through their worship of Bride. We wondered if this particular mound at Petty marks the start of a sacred route to the Clava Cairns, where the early priests processed along the path of the female dragon as it passes by the sacred well on Drummoissie Moor to the church of St Bride at Milton of Clava. With mixed feelings, we left the Black Isle to continue our journey north crossing the Moray Firth to the wilds of Easter Ross. On the coast, just west of Invergordon, we traced Elen to a ruined chapel at Rosskeen. According to the guidebook this was once a site of ancient religious significance and in a field nearby is a standing stone known as the 'Thief's Stone' which still has traces of Pictish carvings of the familiar crescent symbol and a pair of smelting tongs.

Further north, nestling behind a farm at Nonikiln, Elen arrives at yet another ruined building, believed to be one of St Ninian's churches, abandoned in 1714. A well dedicated to St Columba once existed here; some believe it was the large spring next to the church. The current disappears over a ridge lined with three stone-covered chambered cairns similar to 'Maevae's Grave' in Ireland. Belinus is further west visiting another ruined church of St Ninian at Kiltearn near Balconie Point. A cup-marked stone at Ardoch marks his flow to Ardross Castle, once part of the Duke of Sutherland's estate. However, it was once the abode of the Picts, and traces of their roundhouses are evident in the landscape. Two carved stone slabs depicting a wolf and a deer were uncovered nearby, said to be amongst the finest surviving Pictish animal symbols ever discovered, now displayed at Inverness Museum.

Several kilometres north of Easter Ross, the serpents take us through the breath-taking scenery of the Dornoch Firth, about 1 km east of the alignment. We first locate Belinus at the Heritage Centre at Kincardine, once the local church dedicated to St Columba, which until the 1790s was thatched with heather. It stands at the mouth of a river known as the Kyle of Sutherland just where it flows into the Dornoch Firth, south of a town called Bonar Bridge. The river once formed the natural boundary between a tribe known to the Romans as the *Decantae*, or the 'Black Isle nobles', and the *Smertae* who revered *Rosmerta*, the great goddess of fertility.

Centuries ago, the church was referred to as *Eaglais Thomhaldidh*, Thomhaldidh being a 7th century missionary from Iona sent by St Columba. According to a local legend, the Lairds of Kincardine and Tulloch were in dispute as to whose land should provide the site for a new church. The Laird of Tulloch won the day and the construction of the church duly commenced. However, the builders were constantly hindered by the stones mysteriously moving at night by some unseen hands to Kincardine. After several more occurrences of this strange phenomenon, both Lairds accepted this as a sign from God and Kincardine became the site of the new church.

Inside the Heritage Centre is an exquisitely carved stone said to be one of the finest examples of northern Pictish art. Carved in the 8th century, it includes images of David saving a lamb from the jaws of a lion with his harp nearby, the only surviving monument of this type with such scriptural imagery. A later crude carving on the stone suggests that at one time it served as a grave slab. On the northern banks of Dornoch Loch opposite Kincardine, we find the female current at the small ruin of Creich Church mentioned in 13th century records as dedicated to St Devenic or Devenick. The saint was reputedly one of the last missionaries sent out from St Ninian's monastery at Whithorn. In a field next to the church, Elen is drawn to a pink granite standing stone incised with a Celtic cross called St Demhan's Cross. The act of carving the megalith into a preaching cross served to Christianise an already existing pagan site; even the orientation of the church honours the direction of the rising and setting sun at the solstices.

Elen continues north over Tulloch Hill through a prehistoric settlement of hut circles, chambered cairns and field systems. The site has the protection of supernatural beings, for it was from here that unseen hands at night transported stones over to Kincardine. Were the powerful spirit guardians protecting this pagan sanctity for the new religion? In 1900, workers discovered a priceless collection of early Bronze Age jewellery during the blasting of a granite knoll near Tulloch Hill. The hoard dating from about 2000 BCE includes bronze bangles, anklets, beautifully carved jet buttons, bronze hair ornaments and fragments of an elaborate bronze headdress, now in the National Museum of Scotland in Edinburgh.

A large number of burial cairns also cover this area, reflecting the density of settlement during prehistoric times. Marking the alignment and the male serpent is Carbisdale Castle standing on a commanding ridge overlooking an ancient fording of the Kyle of Sutherland. It was built by the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland between 1906 and 1917 and later purchased by the shipping magnate Theodore Salvesen in 1933. The Salvesen family gifted the castle and its contents, including marble statues and magnificent paintings, to the Scottish Youth Hostel Association in 1945. The hill behind was the site of the Battle of Carbisdale in 1650 between Royalist troops under James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, and the Covenanters, who opposed the religious reforms of King Charles I. Hundreds died, either from their wounds or by drowning in the river, the soldiers still haunting the castle to this day. Also close to the alignment a little further north, where the Kyle of Sutherland meets the River Shin, Belinus passes through a mound surrounded by trees known as Invershin Castle. Viewing this inaccessible site from the road, we could just make out the remains of this raised earthwork and a defensive ditch encircling its base on three sides. Elen follows the Shin Valley to the picturesque town of Lairg, set next to the shores of Loch Shin surrounded by romantic glens and unspoilt wilderness.



St Demhan's Cross Creich Church

On the hills surrounding the town are many prehistoric hut circles, mounds, cairns and chambered tombs the most concentrated being on Ord Hill, once an important prehistoric complex. In the centre of Lairg, located on a high rocky mound known as the 'Knoll at Milnclairn', is the Victorian parish church.

We continued to a graveyard at the northern edge of the village overlooking the loch, once the site of a Pictish settlement and an early church dedicated to St Maelrubha, patron saint of Lairg. Maelrubha was a Culdee monk who lived in a hermitage cell on an island of Loch Shin, now submerged by the dam. He arrived in Lairg in the 8th century wearing a coarse woollen garment, carrying a black cane and bible, and ringing a bell calling people to prayer. Described as fearsome, with fiery eyes gleaming beneath his long shaggy eyebrows, he wore a sharp pointed red hairy cap crowning his flowing red hair.

The new visitor centre beneath Ord Hill provided the source of much of this area's history. From there, we climbed the path to the top of the hill where fabulous views of Loch Shin and the surrounding Highlands awaited us. Lairg, situated next to the River Shin that flows from the loch, was for the early tribes a strategic place to receive trade by river or over land from the north, south and west. The loch

itself has a mysterious atmosphere and locals say it has a monster just like Loch Ness, perhaps the legendary golden-haired water horse that supposedly haunts the loch.

Three large Neolithic stone-covered chambered cairns dominate Ord Hill where we find the Belinus current passing through two of them and skimming the edge of the central cairn, the largest of them measuring 27.4 m (90 ft) in diameter. Unfortunately, tall mobile phone transmitters and Tetra Communication masts also share this summit, which has the effect of distorting the energy field of this ancient site.



Cairns on the summit of Ord Hill, Lairg

The Faraid Dragon

Realising that both currents head for the north coast of Scotland, we decided to take the A836 across the wild open moors and mountains of Sutherland's upper Highlands. We first arrived at the Dornadilla (Dornaigil) Broch, about 32 km (19.8 miles) north of Lairg, lying within metres of the alignment just to the south of Ben Hope, Scotland's most northern peak. Now standing at half its original height, this circular Iron Age broch is a dry-stone structure with a single narrow entrance, typical of the many found throughout Scotland.

The hollow walls contain a stone staircase to access the narrow galleries above, possibly used for storage. The inner courtyard would have held a thatched wooden dwelling, housing the small farming community, who archaeologists say built the broch as a fortified shelter against inter-tribal raids. However, if brochs were used as a means of defence, why were they mysteriously abandoned in the 1st or 2nd centuries CE when the Romans invaded Scotland?

The design of the Scottish broch is similar in style to the round towers found on the Balearic Islands, Sardinia and Malta, but much wider at the base. They are also reminiscent of the Irish round towers, which many researchers believe act as antennae for focusing cosmic energies to bring fertility to the land. Here, inside the broch, Elen and Belinus merge at a Node, with Belinus entering from the south and Elen from the east having passed through an ancient stone-lined well opposite. Did the ancients build this structure to contain the crossing of the male and female serpents to enhance the energies of this sacred place next to the Spine of Albion? The male current continues north across the summit of Ben Hope, where many lines of the Earth's planetary grid converge. Another ruined broch on the northernmost shore of Loch Hope also attracts its flow as it wanders towards the small coastal town of Durness, nestled between Loch Eriboll and the Kyle of Durness. Elen makes an appearance high above the western shore of Loch Eriboll at a prehistoric settlement. Here we trace her entering a subterranean chamber, known as a souterrain, identical to the Cornish 'fogous'. Similar to the chambered long barrows, the early tribes may have used the souterrain to access the cosmic realms, communicating with the spirit world to receive ancient knowledge and wisdom.

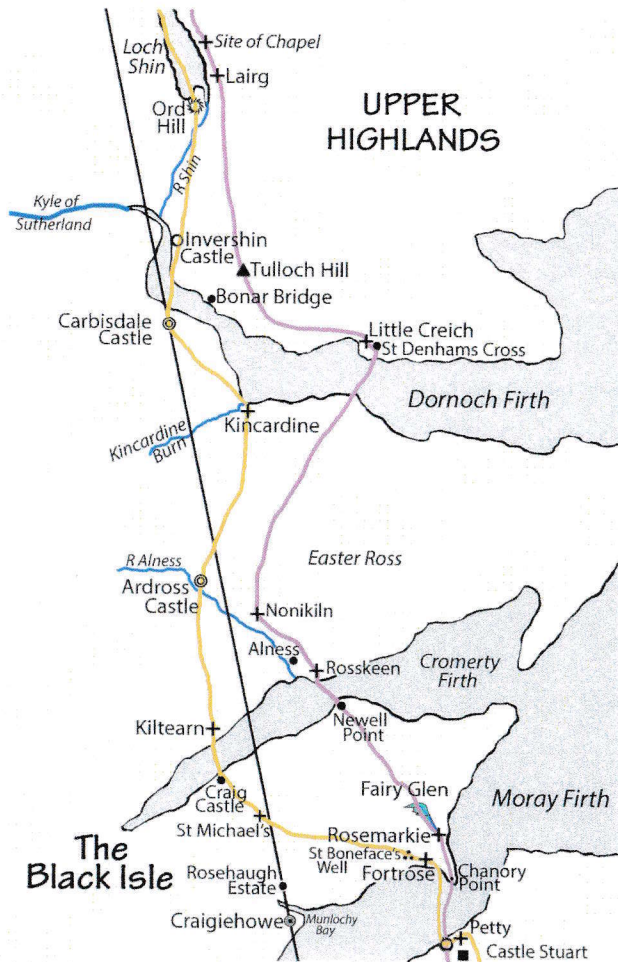


Ruins of Dornadilla Broch marking a Node north of Lairg

Perhaps they also served as dream chambers where, in absolute silence and darkness, the conscious mind becomes free from everyday thoughts and impressions, allowing one to obtain higher states of consciousness. Having been fortified by the natural energy in the Earth and rocks, time, space and logic give way to a fathomless connection to the divine feminine and to one's inner knowing – the oracle of the soul.

A single-track road, said by locals to lead to the 'end of the world', guided us into the town of Durness, an idyllic place that has within its bounds the tallest cliffs in Britain and gorgeous long sandy beaches. We arrived in glorious sunshine and stopped off at the visitor centre, where I spotted a book on the area's local history and archaeology. Apparently, Durness is one of those ethereal places where people visit and never want to leave, some finding a home in the abandoned buildings of the MOD early warning station, built during the Cold War in the event of a nuclear attack. Today it is a Craft Village run by gentle folk where we enjoyed a delicious mug of hot chocolate at the café. One local mentioned that great white whooper swans stop off at Balnakeil Bay on their migration from Iceland, bringing with them the snow. Trudging up and down the moorland to the sound of eagles, we dowsed the currents heading towards the coast and a ruined church in Balnakeil Bay.

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The remains of the church and graveyard also fall exactly on the alignment as it reaches its most northerly point of the British Isles. The idyllic ruin stands next to the beach at the foot of a 3.2 km (2 miles) long spur of land or peninsular jutting out to sea called Faraid Head. As the low sun softened the evening light over the pure white sand and the grassy dunes, our eyes rested upon a rugged stone structure called Balnakeil House. According to the guidebook, this intriguing building to the right of the church was built in the 18th century over the former summer residence of the Bishops of Caithness. From 1263, it became the home of the clan chief of the MacKay's, after he acquired the land and its church through his betrothal to the bishop's daughter and remained in the family's possession until 1829.

The ruins of Balnakeil Church date to 1619, but the guidebook informs us that Culdee priest St Maelrubha, who resided at Lairg, originally founded it in 720. We both independently dowsed Elen and Belinus crossing in front of a tomb set into a recess of the south wall, next to a damaged ancient font – the final Node of our journey. The tomb belonged to Donald MacMorrow, whose epitaph curiously reads 'Here lies low ... Was ill to his friends and worse to his foe ... True to his master in prosperity and woe.' Also buried here is

Rob Donn Calder or Mackay, a noted Gaelic poet said to be the 'Robert Burns of Gaeldom', and the aunt of John Lennon.

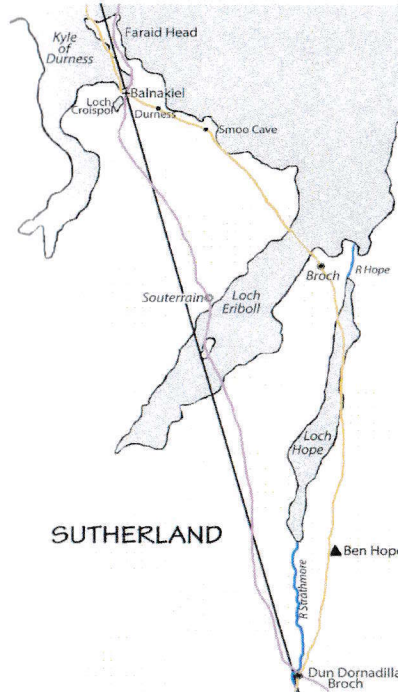
According to locals, this famous singer/songwriter spent many of his holidays here with his aunt and cousins. Faraid Head marks the end of the alignment in Britain and as I studied the angular outline of this peninsular, its shape seemed reminiscent of the head and shoulders of a dragon. Its open mouth, directed towards the sea, releases both the male and female dragons as they flow north towards other distant lands. As the setting sun poured its rays onto the multi-coloured ocean, we gazed across the glowing sand dunes from a standing stone that marks the eye of the Faraid dragon and the path of Elen. Beyond the dragon's snout, a distant island shaped like an Egyptian sarcophagus is the final destination of Belinus.

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View from Balnakeil Church of Faraid Head



It was hard to believe that this long and eventful journey had finally ended. It seemed appropriate that the very last destination of the Belinus Line and its serpents is a dragon-shaped peninsular, their journey having started on the southern shores of the Isle of Wight at the head of its serpent-shaped ridge. Our experiences of Scotland while following the alignment and currents have rewarded us with a great insight into not only its ancient history but also the psyche of its people. We were guided to the most secret places of the Neolithic, Bronze and Iron Age cultures and the lost sacred shrines of the Picts, an enigmatic people who fought endlessly for their freedom and whose sacred legacy is long forgotten. We visited long lost sites of serpent power, ancient places of inauguration of the Scottish kings, Culdee and Christian sanctuaries, and seen the true beauty of the Scottish landscape through its mountains, river valleys, fertile plains and lochs. We returned to the church to stand on the Node point. Here, we visualised both serpent energies as glowing beams of light, revitalising and healing the scars of the many wounded areas along the Spine of Albion. As we drove away towards a double rainbow, we wondered if this really was the end of our pilgrimage or the start of another!



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Know Your Node Stones - By Jayne Tovey

Who would have known that my recording stone stiles for the Gloucestershire Stone Stile Project would lead me to becoming so involved in the mysteries of old stones in our countryside?

Whilst walking and searching for stone stiles I began to notice and photograph low level stones, quite often next to walls, that looked as if they had been deliberately placed there at intervals. They were uniform in appearance, up to a foot high and looked pudding shaped, with round or flat



tops. Some are quite beautiful and the makers have obviously spent a lot of time forming them. Many have vertical clean cut grooves in them running from top to base but the reason for this embellishment is lost in the mists of time. Sometimes the stones are against houses, particularly old stone walled houses, where they have not been disturbed.



I was really intrigued to learn more about their placement and why and who put them there. I read two books which were particularly informative and fascinating reads. 'The Old Straight Track' by Alfred Watkins and 'Spirit Roads' by Paul Devereux. My history A-level certainly did not cover what I was now reading about! As I assimilated all the

fascinating information I had read, and observed the stones, I put a story together.

The British countryside seems to be covered in a vast network of straight tracks criss-crossing the land. Watkins proposed that these tracks were based on the beliefs of our ancient ancestors, namely that there were energies present in the earth. He purported that they lined up with the stars. Through careful photography and map work he did effectively prove that Neolithic people built their mounds, earthworks, burial chambers and sacred structures on definite lines, which he dubbed 'Leys' and that they sometime ran between holy wells, sacred sites or standing stones. Marker stones were often placed along these leys.

I noticed that the stones were often put where two leys crossed and this is maybe why they are also termed as 'Nodes' at such crossing points. Many marker stones are still found at junctions or present day crossroads and later versions of these can be found in the form of Christian or Celtic crosses. However, it is worth noting that some people refer to all marker stones as node stones, not just those at crossing points.

So it could be that the smaller marker stones were placed along these leys to be the route markers between two sighting points when neither were visible. It is thought that these way markers or 'Mark Stones' were deliberately placed as a guide to the merchants and travellers on their routes between villages and towns. Like stiles much of the stone furniture of our country side has been lost, discarded and moved during road building and development.

Around the country our pagan ancestors had smaller shrines and sacred spiritual places where they worshipped their gods. When the Romans settled in Britain in 43AD they were polytheists as were the native Britons. They tolerated and even embraced some of the local deities, often building their shrines on the ancient Celtic holy sites. So when they later introduced Christianity in the C4th they invariably built churches on top of the old pagan spiritual centres. Thus many ancient cathedrals and churches seem to be aligned on these ancient leys.



These tracks or lines were not random and have probably evolved over millennia. It is likely that animals first created these pathways. Watkins explains that the animals, which seem to have a sixth sense, follow specific lines, which could have a water source beneath them, which ties in with the uncanny abilities of modern dowzers. Later, humans took advantage of them and so developed them into tracks and footpaths. The

advent of field boundaries did not necessarily wipe out these paths and they became ancient rights of way, which is why they often cross fields. In the Middle Ages when animals were husbanded stone stiles were placed where the tracks crossed the field boundaries to keep the animals in the fields while still providing passage.

On my walks when the footpath signs have not been clear I have often ended up walking along what appear to be animal tracks, believing them to be the way. They sometimes twist and curve and then straighten out for no apparent reason.

The Fosse Way and many other Roman roads were invariably totally straight and therefore long sections of them lie on the old tracks used by animals and then men - in other words on the leys.

Paul Devereux calls the tracks 'Spirit Roads' and he too refers to marker stones or nodes. Along these tracks our ancestors also carried their dead to be buried in grave yards at the churches. As the funeral cortège travelled they often moved through dense woodland where sightings of the terrain ahead were not possible so they were guided by the marker stones and node stones which eventually led them to the church. This does not seem so obvious today but in the past there were fewer people, fewer buildings and large areas of woodland and meadows through which the tracks led, so it was quite easy to lose one's bearings.



Some stone stiles are designed to support a shrouded body and many have curious marble sized indents on the top surface which I have not yet found a reason for.



I was fascinated by these leys and I discovered that if I drew straight lines between a series of our ancient churches that many of them showed straight footpaths connecting them. These paths often pass conveniently close to villages and towns but many of course have been altered by developers. So once I realised this I

deliberately went out searching and was delighted to find more stiles, marker stones and often a row of nodes stones leading to the churches.

Up until 1215 (Magna Carta) there were no laws for the common people to attend church, this was a place for the elite of the land only. But after this date it was required that all people had to attend at least once a year for communion and confession. The Act of Uniformity in 1558 during the Tudors, made it mandatory for people to attend every Sunday and on feast days, it was repealed in 1650 but then reinstated in 1660 and was finally repealed in 1888. Almost the whole nation would need to walk to church to worship. So the markers would indicate the way and would indicate you were still "On the right Track".

I have also found taller individual stones, which look like gate posts in random places, which I guess were way markers. One tall marker stone I found was in the middle of a wood on The Old Bristol Road, which had been made into a gate post.



So when you are out and about on your walks look out for these node marker stones and realise how ancient a history they have and maybe you too will be guided to an ancient church without the use of a map or phone app! Happy Ley Hunting!

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL

By Roy Snelling

Published as an e-book under the imprint '*SPIRITUAL GENESIS BOOKS*'.

ISBN: 9781912317905 £4.99

What is evil? Where did it come from. This is a fundamental negative aspect of the Human condition that has engaged theologians, mystics and philosophers for centuries. And more recently, psychologists.

The whole evolutionary process of life entails the use of free will, in an existential sense, making mistakes, correcting such, learning, and then moving on. But evil is like taking hold of a hiking pilgrim who is just about to climb a steep hill, and filling their rucksack with rocks. Many different theories have been put forward as to where evil has come from (the Devil, the Fall, Man disobeying God, brain malfunction) but there is no universal agreement on such. The lack of agreement means that there is no universal concentration of effort to power Mankind forward onto, what should be, a faster evolutionary progression.

The book explores every conceivable source of information that is know to us, with a much wider scope than most books on the subject have done in the past. All the known World religions, present and past (including so-called mythologies). Many Native spiritual belief systems. In total over sixty. The book also explores the teachings of various Western Mystical and Esoteric systems. Somewhat controversially, it then goes on to explore the possibility of extra-terrestrial visitors to our Planet interfering with Human evolution for their own selfish ends. An examination of the development of Western Psychology over nearly three centuries has provided insights into human behaviour and the physiological workings of the brain. Conventional Society post 19th. Century has tended to develop its own set of norms as to what is evil, which sometimes feed back into a government's legislative



BOOK REVIEW by Liza Llewellyn

Arthur & Stonehenge

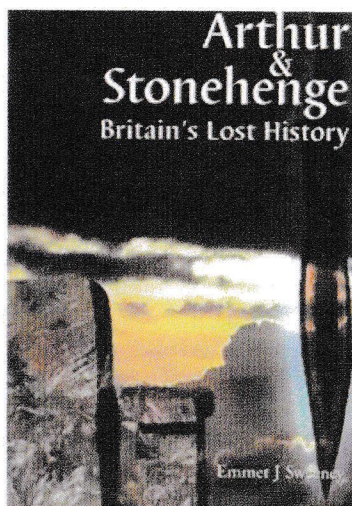
Emmet J Sweeney

Published by Domra Publications,
printed by ColourBooks Ltd, Dublin, 2001
Paperback, 206pp, ISBN: 978-0952441793

As the title indicates, the book brings together two of Britain's most talked about historical, myth-encapsulated icons – King Arthur of the Round Table and Stonehenge. Indeed, the author puts forward the idea that perhaps Stonehenge was the Arthurian Round Table of lore. What makes the book a most interesting read is the central idea throughout that Britain was seen by the ancient world as a most sacred island. Britain, the island of the mystic druids, the land of Merlin the Magician, King Arthur and his Knights and of course the home of the legendary, elusive and most sought after of mystical treasures, the Holy Grail. And I like Lewsi Spence's comment, quoted on the back sleeve and beginning of the book, that Britain was "the Egypt of the Occident."

Britain contains the most famous Stone Circle in the world, Stonehenge, and also the largest one in the world, Avebury, as well as the tallest man-made mound in Europe, Silbury Hill. So, why was Britain viewed with such reverence by those in the past who came from all corners of the earth? The author reminds us how the West was seen by those in the Middle-East, the Levant and elsewhere, as the Land of the Immortals or the Gods – the place where the departed kings, battle-slain warriors and fallen heroes went to in order to be with the gods and meet with the eternal life. The West was viewed as the portal to the Underworld or Otherworld. Why? Well, for one thing this is where that greatest of all heavenly spheres, that god of the sky, the Sun, lay down to rest at the end of each day. So too, the solar hero laid down his sword and entered the underworld at the dusk of his mortal life.

Another reason for Britain's importance on the world stage, was the fact that it was an excellent source of tin. As swords, and shields and many artefacts used bronze, an alloy of copper and tin, other nations were grateful to Britain, especially to Cornwall, for the providing of this important metal. This coupled with the perception of metal as having magical properties. It is no accident that the sacred art of alchemy placed so much emphasis on the



transformative nature of metals, whether it be mercury, tin, copper, lead, silver or gold. On this subject, the role the seafaring Phoenicians had in trading this Cornish tin and Bronze is discussed in the book throughout.

The author talks about how the idea that the Druids built Stonehenge was removed from academic discussion with little justification or evidence. He discusses how influential Velikovsky's work* is in his understanding of how established history has overlooked, and even deliberately suppressed, some of the more interesting historical phenomena. He explains that radiocarbon dating cannot be trusted and many of the dates currently agreed upon by mainstream historians and archaeologists have many problems and could well be completely wrong.

The book will give you a greater appreciation of the importance of Britain in the ancient world, an importance at least as great as that of Greece, Rome, Egypt and the Levant.

* see Velikovsky Book Review in issue 42 of this Newsletter

BOOK REVIEW

THE PENDLE ZODIAC

Thomas Sharpe

Spirit Of Pendle Publishing; 65 pp

www.pendlezodiac.co.uk

ISBN 978-1-4716-0256-2

Originally published in 2012, I bought this after spending "Watkins Day" with my wife on Pendle Hill in Lancashire. It is a subjective overview of the author's evolving awareness of the Pendle Zodiac gathered through encounters with ethereal beings and messages received during his explorations of his local area – he was born in Pendle. Leys do form the focus of a chapter, but there is little "hard" information as such, and the depictions of the zodiac figures are small scale, though still useful as some sites are mentioned quite specifically. With so little written these days on terrestrial zodiacs, this is worth reading, but if you are looking for a guide to help you find the figures for yourself, this is perhaps not the book for you.

Norman Darwen



IN MEMORIAM

Wendy Houldcroft of Essex has died, aged 82.



THE STABLE END

with

Richard Knight,
the Rustic Farrier

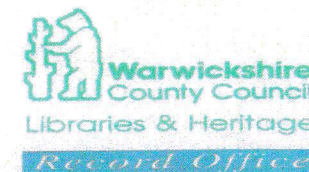


The Church That Moved, part 1

When I bought *The Old Straight Track* a couple of months ago it was specifically to look at "Hermes and the Hermits," I didn't want to read anything about this stuff because I want to be led by lines on maps that prompt the research. Having said that, the first thing that leapt out of the book was a ley from Radway Church to Chipping Norton Church. But it's OK because this is *my patch* and Radway Church is the left hand of the goddess Isis and one point of the Banbury Cross in my theory discussed in my previous articles.

Now, before anything else, I want to relate to something that happened right at the beginning of this research, back in 2001, even before I discovered the "St. Peter Ad Vincula" sign at South Newington Church. I had visited the other three Churches, Tysoe, Hornton and Alkerton, and was approaching Radway Church down a steepish hill and I knew it was going to be trouble because I could plainly see it had a ...SPIRE !! You see the other three had square towers and were about the same age, so I needed this one to conform to the pattern. I entered the church, parked myself upon a pew and read the leaflet. It was horrible. Some swine called Buckeridge had built the church in 1866, some 700 years after the other three so how could they all be in on a plot or scheme. I read on (luckily) and learned that all the stone windows of the OLD CHURCH were re-used without having to be redressed. A single shaft of sunlight pierced a stained glass saint onto my upturned face and a hooded monk who had entered unnoticed crashed into the Hallelujah Chorus on the organ...the church wasn't built in 1866, it was moved a few yards in 1866 by the good and diligent C.E. Buckeridge from St. John's College, Oxford.

Actually some of the above was made up for dramatic effect but the fact remains as attested by the lovely Rosalind in a reply to my subsequent enquiry. The main part of the letter is reproduced on the next page -



Dear Mr Knight,

Thank you for your recent letter about the rebuilding of the church. Unfortunately our records do not appear to give an explanation as to why the church was moved when it was rebuilt. I have found many references to the fact that it was moved but none give the reason why. There may be a report in the Warwick Advertiser of that year which could throw light on the matter [etc.]

Yours sincerely,
Rosalind Green
Principal Archives Assistant

Actually, the leaflet got it wrong. It was Charles Buckeridge and not his son, C.E. Buckeridge who moved the Radway Church to the position where it fitted into the Watkins' Ley and my Banbury Cross.... Was it wrongly sited in the first place, if only by yards? His College, St. John's Oxford, was founded in 1437 as St. Bernard's by Cistercian Monks, the Order from which the Knights Templar sprang and Bernard of Clairvaux was the spiritual beating heart of the Templars. He devised their rules and, indeed, what they essentially were, and he built the Granges and Lodges where they farmed and became rich.

Bernard was obsessed with the "Song of Songs", also called the "Song of Solomon," a strange, rambling and beautiful work from the Old Testament, a very sensual and erotic [piece that seems out of place in the Bible. He wrote and preached no fewer than 86 sermons on the subject. Here are some examples of their titles -

- Sermon 2: Various Meanings of the Kiss.
- Sermon 3: The Kiss of the Lord's Feet, Hands & Mouth.
- Sermon 9: On the Breasts of the Bride and Groom.
- Sermon 10: The Breasts and their Perfumes.
- Sermon 26: The Blackness of the Bride Compared to the Tents of Kedar.
- Sermon 83: The Bridegroom Loves First & More Strongly, The Bride Must Love with Her Whole Being.

Racy stuff !- and, with a boss like this, it's a shoe-in for the future attacks by the Vatican on the Knights Templar.

The Latin phrase at the top of the image¹ below translates as "there I will give you my breasts."

I feel underqualified to comment on this, but I think it's important to say that breasts and milk² were not a hidden subject of titillation in medieval times (absolutely no pun intended!)

When the statue of St. John the Baptist was taken down in 1915, his flowing locks turned out to be a later addition of sand and cement and his beard a stone carving attached by lead. Without the disguise, there stood St. Bernard of Clairvaux, tonsure and all.



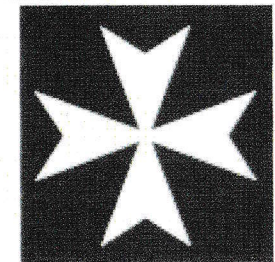
Bernard was born 1090 in Fontaine-Les-Dijon to a Holy Mother whose death when he was 19 caused him to join the Cistercian Monks at Cîteaux. Bernard was chosen to form the Monastery and Grange in the Val d'Absinthe in Clairvaux. This land was donated by Hughes de Champagne one of the founder members of the K.T. Hughes was given a wing of the Royal Temple which had been Solomon's Temple. In 1128, Bernard, or "Doctor Mellifluous" as he was known, got his old mate and ex-Clairvaux monk, Pope Innocent II, to make the Templars a favoured charity exempt from all laws and boundaries answerable only to the Pope himself...i.e. Bernard. The money flowed in and soon they were the world's first multinational corporation.

The Song of Solomon is probably based on the marriage of Ishtar and Tammuz who are Babylonian Isis and Osiris.

¹ *Dabo tibi ubera mea.*

² The bottom line on the image *Virgo MARIA BERNARDUM lactat* translates "Virgin Mary lactating with Bernard"

So of the four church's making the Banbury Cross, Tysoe was the home of a Knights Templar Preceptory, Radway has the link to St. Bernard of Clairvaux almost the founder of the Knights Templar and then we come to Horton with its fabulous wall paintings. In particular my favourite wall painting in the world described as The Black Prince Slaying the Dragon dressed as St. George, which is all well and good except for the fact that the cross he wears is not the cross of St. George but more the Patriarchal Cross denoting high rank in the Knights Templar.



There Seems to be some debate about the armour worn by the Hornton Black Prince but I think that even a cursory glance at the iron garb of the Warrior on the left is quite conclusive. The Hospitallers were the Templars in different coloured clothes and when the Templars were dissolved their possessions went to the Hospitallers, so nothing spoiled there then . Another name for the Hospitallers is "The Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem", and if you think the cross on the Habit of the Monk on the left is familiar, it's the cross of St. John's Ambulance...same people. The Black Prince is also known as Edward of Woodstock as he was born at Woodstock Palace where Blenheim stands now.

The Black Prince is also known as Edward of Woodstock as he was born at Woodstock Palace where Blenheim Palace³ stands now.

What's that all about??

Tune in next issue to find out more in the concluding second part of the 'Church that 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

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³ Blenheim Palace, as discussed in a previous *Stable End* article, is the birthplace of wartime Prime Minister and *druid*, Winston Churchill.