

The Newsletter of the Network of
Loyal Hunters

Issue 5 – Samhain 2012



Drizzlecombe (Thrushelcombe), Dartmoor

By Ethan Pennell. See Cover Story on page 11

The Newsletter of the Network of Ley Hunters
Issue 5, Samhain (1st November) 2012

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The Network of Ley Hunters is an informal movement for all
who are interested in leys and patterns within the landscape.
This newsletter is available on annual subscription of £10 (or
£20 if from abroad). This brings you four quarterly issues. Bank
notes best! If you must send a cheque or postal order, please
make it payable to L. Main.

Contributions are welcome for the next issue, to appear at
Imbolc (1st February), 2013. The deadline for contributions (to
L. Main) is 1st December, 2012. Please send 16pt typed
'camera ready' copy, single side A4. We have early deadlines
because we are often away (on Pilgrimage).

Forthcoming Moot

Saturday, 6 April 2013, 10am – 9pm, Town Hall, Wells,
Somerset. Programme of expert speakers. Tickets £30.

Sunday, 7 April 2013. Coach trip to Cadbury Castle and
Stanton Drew (guided tour with Gordon Strong). Tickets £15.

Wednesday 3 April – Friday 5 April. Walks on the Glastonbury
Zodiac. Free but local bus fares payable.

Campsite and B&Bs in Wells. Good bus service from/to Bristol
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KEY TO A MIRACLE

*As the Age of Pisces slips away and the Age of Aquarius
gains strength, **Graham K. Griffiths** invites us to
see the landscape of the British Isles with new eyes.*

Glastonbury Road

CHRISTMAS MORNING, 1962. At a house in Glastonbury
Road [a hundred miles away from that Somerset town] a
boy sat up in bed and pulled out of his pillowcase full of gifts.
One, when unwrapped, hadn't the glitter of the boxed model Spitfire,
the Lone Star Colt 45, or the shiny leather football which lay already
opened at his side. For he held now the rather educational-looking
Readers Digest Great World Atlas. Nevertheless, and so has to not
seem ungrateful to his mum and dad who were watching him open
his presents, he made a gesture of interest by turning to the page
illustrating the British Isles so as to find the town where he lived.
And he saw on that page something he'd never noticed before.

continued on page 4....



THANK YOU

One year ago the first edition of this Newsletter appeared. It
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subscriptions were invited. You did subscribe and played your
part in creating our Network. You are asked to renew now.
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reflects the reality of our costs. In the year ending 23 August
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copies, giving out promotional leaflets, and advertising the
Network. With a total of 234 subscribers, nine being from
abroad, our subscription income was £1,215. The difference
(£1,623) was covered by generous donations. As ever, you, the
members are the Network's most valuable assets. **PLEASE
RENEW!**

Laurence Main



Sure, the shape of the British Isles was already familiar to the eleven year old, but on this magical morning that distinctive green slab magically transformed itself. For, silhouetted on the coast of North Wales, he saw in a flash a cackling old hag, her bonneted head the entire island of Anglesey, and she seemingly pointing with outstretched arm at the tiny speck which was Bardsey Island. Then in quick-fire succession he saw outlined just below her a snarling beast lashing a barbed claw out of the coastline of South-west Wales, followed by the whole of England's South West peninsula flipping itself into the shape of a gigantic fish – its head buried somewhere deep inland. And finally on the other side of the country he showed his parents how that East coast held the colossal profile of a bald-headed man who was pointing a stubby finger towards Europe. The lad laughed with his parents at these almost-cartoon figures, although a moment later the atlas was closed and put aside, because more presents still were jostling to get out of that pillowcase.

Truth was, that sixty-second interlude of spotting giants profiled in Britain's coastline was no big deal to either him or his parents, for his imagination had always run wild. That said, those four giants in the atlas were to prove a case of 'once seen, never forgotten', as from that day on he'd always see them just behind the TV weather forecaster's shoulder. But never did he associate them with the characters of the zodiac. Another seventeen years would have to pass before he'd make that connection, and realise that that big boring atlas had itself contained the most wondrous gift imaginable.

Glastonbury High Street

And so the kid from Glastonbury Road was now 28 years old [his eye keener than ever, for he'd become a professional illustrator] and 'Chance' found him in a Glastonbury, Somerset, book shop, idly thumbing the artist Mary Caine's book *The Glastonbury Zodiac – Key to the Mysteries of Britain*. It was his first ever visit to that town.

Until that moment he'd never heard of this so-called Glastonbury Zodiac, but soon found that Caine's book was based upon a discovery made by Katherine Maltwood. Maltwood, another artist, had claimed in the 1930s to have found a 10-mile-diameter circle of the twelve signs of the zodiac, gigantically outlined by the hills, streams, lanes and hedgerows around Glastonbury itself. However, to most who have come across her theory as published in her own book *A Guide to Glastonbury's Temple of the Stars*, she'd found nothing but a coincidental freak of nature, indeed, if that.

Freak of nature or not, listen to this. When I opened Caine's book I found, almost perfect outlined, replicas of those four giants I'd seen animating Britain's coastline on that Christmas morning all those years ago, although my versions were hundreds of times larger. Moreover, I could see that my 120-mile-tall cackling crone was in fact a rendering of the Earth Mother aspect of Virgo, my 117-mile-long snarling beast and 155-mile-long fish being Leo and Pisces respectively – and her head of Sagittarius was that profile I'd spotted looking out of the East coast!

Without a second thought I purchased Caine's book there and then, and amid the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey avidly read the print off its pages.

The gist of what I read went like this: after receiving a commission to illustrate an itinerary for the then newly-translated mediaeval manuscript *'The High History of the Holy Grail'* [purportedly written at Glastonbury Abbey] Maltwood had, in following the tale's Grail-questing knights and their confrontations with giants and ferocious beasts, had a hunch that the vividly-described locations for their adventures seemed familiar to certain areas around Glastonbury itself.

Prompted by her hunch she was soon scanning a map of the area. It was then, perhaps without any thought that those confrontational giants and beasts might exist as part of the actual landscape itself, that her sculptor's eye saw a vast landscaped lion shaped by streams, ancient country lanes and even by the way the fields seemed to have been laid out so as to accentuate its feline stretch – while an expansive beech wood gave it a perfect mane. But that wasn't all. Close by this lion she then discerned, by the same topographical means, a giant human figure with one arm upraised above its head – a head perfectly formed by a prominent hill. She was obviously intrigued by this, but it was only when later mentioning her curious finds to an astrologer friend that the names Leo and Gemini got tentatively attached to those two figures. A casual enough connection, but boy! did it let the zodiacal cat out of the bag, as in next to no time the full compliment of zodiacal figures revealed themselves to her in an enormous circle upon that Somerset landscape.

Her amazing discovery was of course to inspire her greatly. After years of further research on her mapped giants (augmented by aerial photographs), she settled on the theory that the *'High History of the Holy Grail'* was itself revealing that the adventures of those Grail-questing knights were in truth played out amongst the astrological giants and beasts of the constellations, as mirrored upon Somerset's pastures! An interesting theory, especially when read alongside current opinion that, encoded between the lines of the mediaeval Grail romance *'Parzival'*, are strong hints that the *'Way'* to the Grail was, at least for those in the know, always an astrologically-signposted one.

Fascinating stuff. But by the time I was leaving the abbey for my journey home, I'd come to the conclusion that my own childhood discovery of giants in a map, no matter how startlingly similar in shape to Maltwood's own giants, couldn't possibly be zodiacal, for I'd found but four characters and thus 'coincidence' had to have the final say.

Star Giants – In Triplicate

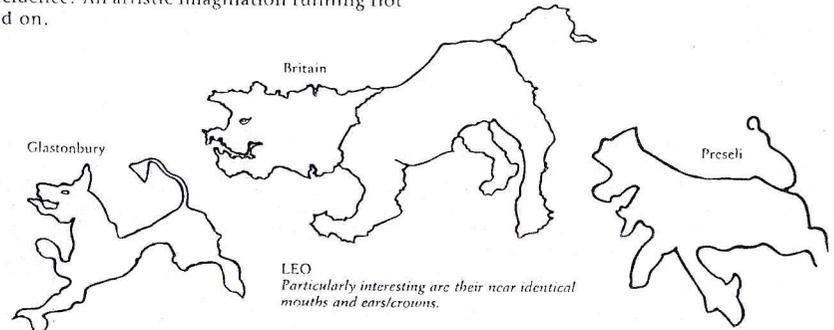
For mile after M5 mile, however, the whole thing nagged me. On arriving home I reached again for that big old atlas, and guess what? Upon the page bearing Britain my eye was instantly beguiled by the sight of another two virtual carbon copies of Maltwood's giants, though again massively enlarged. I saw Libra represented as a white dove [as at Glastonbury] suddenly filling every bird-like inch of the Isle of Wight, whilst directly in her flight path,

continued ©

Capricorn was bucking in the mainland's south coast! As for Maltwood's remaining six figures, these would become the templates of the six extra figures that I would eventually find, over the next thirteen years, cut out of the rest of Britain's coastline. Maltwood's own 10-mile-diameter circle of star giants became dwarfed in the process, yet is so wonderfully placed, that I found it to be prescribing exactly the starry eye of the whopping fish my 11-year-old self caught on that Christmas morning!

Coincidence? An artistic imagination running riot again? Read on.

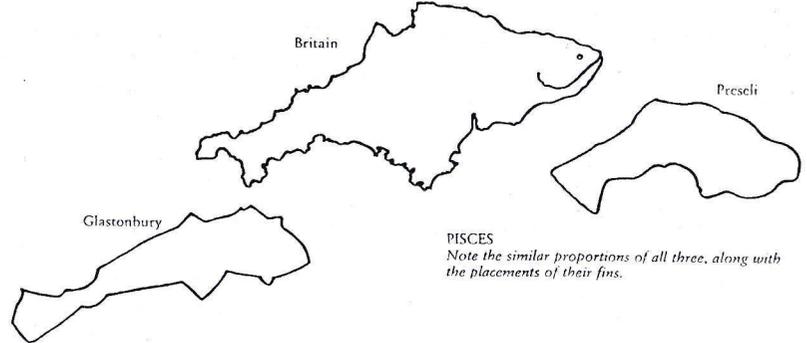
In 1972 members of the Pendragon Society discovered another landscaped zodiac in the Preseli mountains of Wales. These figures, too, were miniature duplicates of the coastal set I would later find. Taking all these discoveries into account, I submit to you evidence in triplicate of the heavens come down to Earth, indicating that something absolutely astonishing is going on beneath our feet. And for a taster of this triplicated phenomenon, just check out the following:



LEO
Particularly interesting are their near identical mouths and ears/crowns.



VIRGO
Just love the replica bonnets and breasts of Britain and Preseli, also those dancing legs of Britain and Glastonbury. Also, check out the outstretched arms and pregnant bellies of all three – surely beyond coincidence?



PISCES
Note the similar proportions of all three, along with the placements of their fins.



So if landscape zodiacs are no one-off fluke, who or what was behind them?

Are they the work of extraterrestrials with a penchant for enormous landing pads fashioned after the signs of the zodiac; technologically super-advanced Atlanteans armed with cliff cutting lasers, or what? Well, neither, for I believe these terrestrial star giants can only be the product of what must be an unsung intelligence working through, in this case, the not-so-random chiselling of tide, wind, rain and frost; dictating even the way rivers cut their courses and worms contour their hills. Indeed, even in the mundane doings of humankind, from their tramping-out of ancient track ways to their later canal cuttings, it seems they have aided and abetted the inland shaping of this aeons-in-the-making wonder work. I even have found, just as Maltwood did, that sometimes place names seem miraculously to verify whichever giant happens to lie beneath their signpost!

Thus, I believe that there can be no other cause behind these gargantuan figures than an aware and articulate God/Goddess/Cosmic Mind /Metaphysical Force, call it what you will, more beautifully everywhere and in everything than most of us over the past 2000 years have ever conceived. And if so, my, how our earth has proved once and for all, through this masterpiece of communicative landscaping, that she is (just as the shamans always said she was) a sacred, living, thinking and articulate Being.

But you ain't heard nothing yet!

Agreed, it's all sounding pretty wacky, but get ready to hear that even this preposterous sighting of giants in a landscape is but the tip of what may prove to be an almighty iceberg, one coming out of a fog of forgotten knowledge and on course to challenge every darned thing we of these times think of as watertight fact. If this artist's eye is true, the implications will be staggering.

You see, what's on the front cover of my book Behold Jerusalem! is far more than just a pretty picture. The starry Miracle now arrived upon the doorstep of the entire world also contains, via It's cunning rearrangement of the astrological sign sequence, both a terrible warning to us today, and yet also word of a fabulous future beyond our wildest dreams. And neither should we be surprised by the earth's chosen way of conveying such. The twelve characters of the zodiac, those mythologised star clusters, have, since the dawn of civilisation, strangely compelled folk around the globe to look up in the hope of distilling guidance from their nightly alignments. Is it not apt, then, that those constellations, wherein humans intuitively sensed they could read their fate, should become a prophetic pictorial sign language? Remember, too, that myths were our ancestors' favourite way of preserving and passing on essential truths to future generations. Taking these things together, it seems our not-so-mute planet may have commandeered the past's classical sign language in order to speak to us all, as universally as possible, at a time when we must be so urgently in need of guidance that the fate of Creation may hang upon its interpretation.

I can think of no other reason for this almighty materialisation of mythic star pictures upon the face of our planet.

The writing on the walls of Britain

Therefore, and without having to leave our armchairs, this enchanting ground plan invites us upon an incredible clockwise journey through topographical constellations, in an effort to decipher what our earth might be crying out in this picture sign language. But be warned, to tread some passages of this pictorial land-poetry could be to trigger such a strange sense of recognition of something infinitely remote, yet so acutely intimate, that a peculiarly poignant tug of the emotions can become a regular occurrence – don't ask me why. At other points on this journey, though, we might laugh your socks off at the sheer down-to-earth humour sprinkling the path, presumably as a sign that we're neither lost or insane!

Who wouldn't laugh when finding out that standing in the corner of Sagittarius' right eye will be to stand in a town called Eye? And what fun when we get to Nateby on the buttock of the crucified figure in Cumbria – 'nates' being old English for buttocks – so 'By buttock'! Then again, if you love this planet, a smile might be hard to summon when the land demonstrates how, by striking straight lines around Britain's coastal extremities, one can erect the all-enveloping shape of an almighty ark, and with it all that an ark warns of. Its shape, another dazzling replica of the ark Maltwood found imprinted

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ARIES



on Somerset's pastures as the sign of Cancer. And could this almighty 189 x 290 mile ark enveloping Britain have reached our perception at a more crucial time? *'What we cannot deny is that sea levels are rising... We cannot ignore the situation.'* Elliot Morley, Environmental Minister November 2001

And when upon this strange journey we arrive at the ground-sign that is representative of our presently dawning astrological age of Aquarius (which, as at Glastonbury, is landscaped as a flaming Phoenix), I feel that we shall be left in no uncertain terms why this miracle was forever planned for our eyes of today. For the present perilous time is itself succinctly summed up by the actual pose of this Firebird – in Britain's screaming ground plan Aquarius is the only sign the land has seen fit to turn completely upside down! To muse upon the map of her

flaming wings, and to find there the red-hot sore of Sellafeld, is to read land-poetry fit to take away your breath.

But there'll be amazingly hopeful signs too, for via this same mythological picture sign-language I believe this old, taken-for-granted planet of ours could be offering us one last chance to recognise that heaven is attainable on earth if only we can open our eyes before it's too late.

Not the first to know?

The startling evidence on the ground may even show that the 11-year-old-boy was not the first to spot wisdom-bearing giants in Britain's foundations.

Take the enigmatic 6th century Welsh Bard Taliesin, thought by some scholars to be the flesh and blood truth behind the legendary figure of Merlin. Listen to him here

tease the unaware of his own time about the colossal lion that he too knew to be concealed within the landscape:

*There is a load of nine hundred wagons
In the hair of his two paws.
Three Springs arise In the nape of his neck;
Sea roughs thereon*

The stunning fact is that, even as you read this, sea is indeed roughing the neck of the catlike creature the boy found lashing out of the coast of Wales!

Intriguing, too, is the ancient Egyptian idea of where their heaven [Duat] was, for this place had dual locations. One occupied an area of the starry night sky; the other, a mirror of the first, was located somewhere on earth. This 'Lower Sky', however, was deemed an Underworld frequented by monsters. Through this, their God, Osiris, grappling in turn with each monster [star giant?], would quest in union with the Sun God in an effort to win knowledge. With this knowledge he sought to illuminate the dark places, bringing bliss, and even resurrection, to the dead who resided there.

This Egyptian belief in an earthly reflection of the heavens will certainly catch the attention of anyone who, Osiris-like, hikes through the starry monsters hidden in Britain's foundations – especially as this underworld of theirs had twelve sections to pass through, and that the words 'To the West!' were always inscribed on the underside of ancient Egyptian coffin lids (this being the direction the soul of the deceased would have to take in order to find its way to Osiris' blissful realm in the 'Lower Sky').

On the strength of the above and other curiously Egyptian-sounding clues scattered over these Western fields, it will be hard not to consider whether the catalyst behind their whole concept of a 'Lower Sky' was a subconscious sensing of Britain's own mirror of the heavens, which was even then being prepared just beyond their western horizon.

Or then again, did their priests, those scribes of Osiris' quest through that 'Lower Sky', have intimate firsthand knowledge of the place? Either way, at 12 o'clock high on Britain's prophetic star-clock, there is enough stunningly-mapped evidence to suggest that Osiris [true to his own story, his penis just about to be swallowed by a fish!] is himself graphically nailed, along with other Pagan Deities, to the very same 180-mile-tall cross that bears the landscaped Christ held aloft by the gigantic Lamb of Aries. Indeed, their overlapping right hands are even pierced by the

continued ©

VIRGO



same nail. And in a stroke of mesmeric land-craft, all those Deities will be seen finally to merge into one dancing God whose left foot is cloven – the cross upon which they dance doubling-up as the mast of the Cancerian ark.

And speaking of Christ...

But surely this is all too fabulous to be true? Let me share with you a moment which I always relate to myself whenever a fit of doubt harangues my own reason, for in it is something so disarmingly beautiful that doubts tend to melt into ripples of goose bumps. It goes like this: "So what the hell has the crucified Christ got to do with the zodiac anyway?"

Such went my one-line rant in the bewildering moments following his sudden and totally unlooked for 50-mile-tall arrival out of a bog-standard Michelin road map. Simply, I was appalled by this blatant Christian hijacking of what I thought should be the non religiously dogmatised stars.

I remember nervously 'phoning a friend who knew what I was working on and telling him of my latest find, almost willing him to say, "Graham, take a holiday." For surely star giants filling the map of Britain was absurd enough without capping them with Christ? But to my surprise he only asked, "Has he a side wound?"

OK, I knew all about that spear thrust into Jesus' side and how his uncle, Joseph of Arimathea, supposedly collected a few drops of the Messiah's blood in the cup which Jesus had himself used at the Last Supper, this act inaugurating the Christian variant of the Grail epic. And because Joseph had then allegedly brought that cup to Britain, the quest for it primarily focused upon these Isles. Anyway, like some modern day Doubting Thomas I wedged the 'phone in my neck and jabbed an angry digit into the spot on the map where such a wound would be... and found beneath it, in the wilderness of Cumbria, a solitary high peak which someone sometime had named 'High Cup Nick', completely freaking me out a few days before Good Friday 1994.

High Cup = Grail! Nick = Wound! I had found the wound which bleeds its knowledge of Christ Consciousness into the cup which is in reality this whole magical Landscape – King Arthur's entire realm.

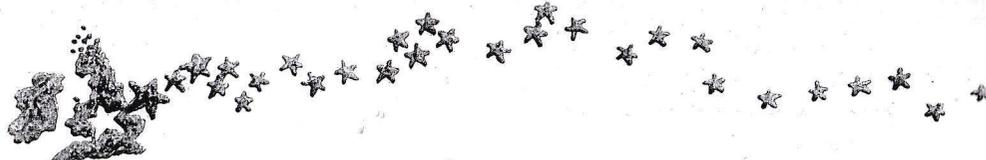
Is this the spell-binding reason behind the story of Joseph's bringing of the Holy Grail [which I believe to be the symbol of tasting/experiencing the God within oneself] from the Old Jerusalem to this the New – in the shape of the almighty picture of heaven on earth now emerging out of the fabric of Britain and Ireland? If so, and if we can successfully decode the message in this landscape, will we too come to experience, intimately and to an incredibly intense degree, the God within ourselves and within every grain of sand? Is this, the hidden truth of the whereabouts of the Holy Grail, now finally and spectacularly unveiled beneath our very noses?

Indeed, can we now even shout "Yes" to William Blake's haunting questions in his hymn *Jerusalem*, that veritable second national anthem; questions like '*And was the Holy Lamb of God on England's pleasant pastures seen?*' – I say check out the gigantic lamb of Aries spread out across the entire width of Britain! And as to his '*And did the Countenance Divine shine forth upon these clouded hills?*' I suggest looking at the astonishing face now sculpted upon the clouded hills of Cumbria! Who can not also join me when he asks '*And was Jerusalem builded here among these dark Satanic Mills?*' in shouting "Yes!"
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POWER BETWEEN THE THIGHS: SHEELA-NA-GIGS AND RECLAIMING SOVEREIGNTY IN THE MODERN AGE

by Meghan Rice (to speak at Wells Moot)

Amongst the many carvings peering down at you from church doorways and castle walls you may one day encounter a figure to inspire feelings of shock, disgust, confusion and more than a little intrigue. Brazenly displaying all their assets, these unusual carvings known as sheela-na-gigs have mystified scholars and inspired artists for centuries. But WHAT they are and WHY are they there in some of the last places you'd expect to see an image that could arguably be considered lewd, is still very much open to debate. Not only that, but historians still dispute WHEN were they carved and, indeed, by WHO. Do they have any relevance today or are they simply antiquated curiosities shrouded in academic mystery? My presentation at the Ley Hunters Spring Moot in Wells, Somerset will explore all of these facets of the sheela with especial focus on her relevance to modern society. It will contain images of sheela-na-gig carvings, as well as modern artist's interpretations. It will also discuss their place and relevance in more detail, and due to the explicit nature of the talk, it may not be suitable for young audiences; parental discretion is advised!

It is especially appropriate that the introduction to this deeply fascinating figure should appear in the Samhain addition of Ley Hunters. Though sheela-na-gig is, for obvious reasons, often identified with the Goddess of fertility she has a darker side as well. Some carvings are identified with the Crone and she is also a symbol of death, regeneration and rebirth. A lady never reveals her secrets all at once, if ever, so for now I'll leave you with this peek and a tease; I do hope you will come along in April 2013 and discover more.

Meghan Rice holds an MA in Early Modern History (King's College London) with a concentration in Irish and British history. Her undergraduate dissertation was on sheela-na-gigs, a topic she still avidly pursues, while her MA dissertation discussed why the Tudor English characterised the Irish during that period as 'pagan'. She also works as a 'doula', helping women and couples to have a more rewarding and empowering birth experience, with images of sheela-na-gigs acting as one of the many visualisation tools she employs in this role.

THE COVER STORY

My oil painting is of the Drizzlecombe (Thrushelcombe) Ceremonial Complex on Dartmoor, a place that I visit regularly, drawn by its breathtaking location in a remote valley surrounded on all sides by the ghostly remnants of a our prehistoric ancestors (huts, enclosures, kistvaens and reaves). It really is a magical place, where one feels a million miles from civilisation, exposed to the elements.

The name is said to mean valley of the thrush, 'drish' being old moorland dialect for thrush (drishel combe). There are three stone rows in total, orientated to the south-west and dating from the Late Neolithic/ Early Bronze Age. Each row consists of a menhir (all re-erected in 1893) at one end and a cairn at the other. The large standing stone in my painting, known as 'The Bone', is at 14 ft high the tallest on Dartmoor. It is aligned to mark the rising of the midsummer sun and the setting of the midwinter sun.

I am currently studying for an MA at the Plymouth College of Art. The main theme of my work is the re-enchantment of the land through creative interpretations of its folklore and how this links to issues of sustainability.

My practice is influenced by the ancient belief that the land is 'ensouled', each rock, tree and river, etc having its own attendant spirit. I'm particularly interested in how the concept of the Spirit of Place or 'genus loci' has been encapsulated in the western esoteric traditions of Neo-Platonism and Hermeticism, as well as the works of artists such as the great British visionaries J.M.W. Turner, Samuel Palmer, William Blake and their neo-romantic torchbearers (Paul Nash, John Piper, Graham Sutherland, etc).

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FROM UNA WOODRUFF

RESPECTING WILDLIFE

I visited West Kennet Long Barrow on Friday 31 August 2012 and was somewhat taken aback to find a pagan ritual taking place inside the barrow. This involved very loud chanting which 'vibrated' at the mouth of the tunnel, incense, candles, drumming and shouting. There were about 15 individuals crowded into the barrow.

UNFORTUNATELY, there were swallows with young chicks nesting inside the barrow. The parent birds were desperately trying to get inside to feed the chicks, (who require feeding at very frequent intervals), but were frightened off by the awful din.

In the rock climbing world, some rock faces, cliffs etc. are 'off limits' during the breeding season. The same restrictions should be imposed on pagan/occult rituals in places like long barrows or caves as the potential disruption to breeding birds or bat roosts could be very damaging indeed.

These pagan groups pride themselves on being 'sensitive', but often seem to have no regard or understanding of wild creatures. There are caves and other sites all over the country which could be used for rituals, but this should NEVER happen if there are bats, birds or other wildlife in residence. Often, these animals are difficult to spot unless one knows what signs to look for.

West Kennet Long Barrow should be considered 'off limits' for the duration of the breeding season, (April - October), as swallows return to the same nesting sites year after year.

On this particular occasion, I was able to persuade the group to leave promptly, but I am concerned that this message has to be communicated to the wider pagan community.

The Spine of Albion

An Exploration of Earth Energies and Landscape Mysteries along the Belinus Line

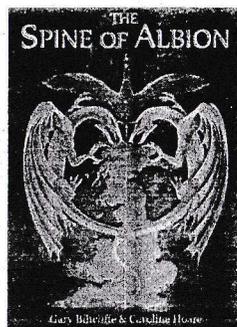
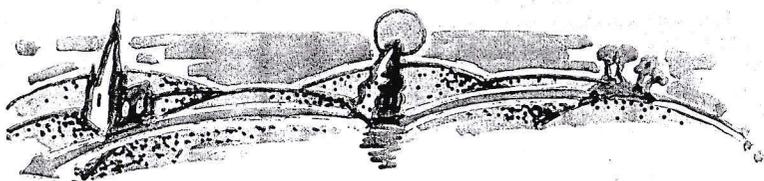
By Gary Birtcliffe

Many ancient megalithic and indigenous sites around the world reveal a reverence to the north in the orientation of their sacred monuments and roads, which often target the setting of one of the northern stars. I later discovered that our ancient ancestors honoured this direction because they believed it was the path of the soul to the afterlife or the 'realm of the dead'.

Whilst on a pilgrimage of the St Michael Line, the longest east-west land route through Britain, I was drawn to a second-hand bookshop in Glastonbury and pulled out a copy of *Brigantia: A Mysteriography* by Guy Ragland Phillips, published in 1976. To my amazement, the book fell open at the page illustrating an outline plan of Britain with a north-south alignment all the way from the Isle of Wight to the top of Scotland called the Belinus Line. Phillips remarked that the line has visible traces of a prehistoric route, linking many prehistoric centres and cities including Winchester, Manchester, and Carlisle, founded long before the Romans. I began to wonder if this line, which marks a middle route through the country, was Britain's sacred 'road of the dead', laid down by the ancient tribes towards the realm of the Gods.

In *Twelve Tribe Nations* by John Michell and Christine Rhone, there is reference to a north-south corridor of great sanctuaries through the Holy Land, comparable to the Apollo/St Michael Axis across Europe, which includes places of vision mentioned in the Old and New Testaments of the Bible. Israel's 'Axis of Vision' is a wide line following the north-south spine of hills from Bethlehem in the south to Mount Lebanon in the north, featuring Jerusalem, Bethel, Shilon, Jacob's Well and Mount Tabor. Michell discovered that the geomantic centre of the Holy Land lies somewhere on the axis in the region of Jacob's Well and suggests a place nearby called Meonenim, a plain near Sheshem. I also noticed that the Meonenim is mentioned in various translations of the Bible in connection with the 'Oak of the Soothsayers', 'Oak of the Diviners' or 'Oak of the Wizards' (*Judges 9:37*). Perhaps this sacred oak represents the *axis mundi* of the Holy Land.

The location of the *axis mundi* symbolically functions as the *omphalos* or *navel* of a region or country, the point of its origin. Finding the centre is important to people, for it is from the centre that we receive nourishment. In the womb, the umbilical cord feeds us through the centre of our body, the 'navel', and connects us to our mother. This fundamental experience transfers symbolically to our existence on the Earth plane, hence our natural propensity to locate our 'centre'. According to Nigel Pennick in *The Ancient Science of Geomancy*, 'The individual's spirit is centralised in the body and the body has a physical location, so the world's spirit was thought of as centralised at a fixed point'.



The Belinus Line begins its journey on the south coast of mainland Britain by the Meon Estuary. I later encountered this name in England's central county of Warwickshire where the line passes by Meon Hill. *Meon* is the ancient British word for 'middle', similar to Meonenim in the Holy Land. Michell refers to other related names at the centre of other countries, such as Myon in France, Milan in Italy, anciently known as Mediolanum, and Midhe or Meath, the central province of Ireland.

In the north of England, the proximity of the Belinus Line, passing close to two geographical centres of Britain, further substantiates it as a middle axis. According to Ordnance Survey, the small Lancashire town of Whalley is at the centre of Britain when surveyed without its outer islands. The carvings on the ancient crosses in the churchyard also allude to the *axis mundi*. Remarkably, only 18 km (11 miles) NNW of Whalley, the alignment passes near a hill called 'Middle Knoll' just north of the tiny village of Dunsop Bridge, which is the nearest natural feature to the exact centre of Britain if you include her 401 offshore islands. In Scotland, the alignment passes through Pitlochry in Perthshire, the most geographically central town in Scotland, Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, and the prehistoric centre at Lairg, the centre of Sutherland. Therefore, I believe the Belinus Line is Britain's north-south *axis mundi* of sacred centres.

David Furlong discovered that the St Michael Line was probably surveyed using high points in the landscape, towards the setting of a star in the constellation of Orion called Mintaka; perhaps using beacon fires on prominent hills. I discovered with the help of Stella computer programs that the Belinus Line, orientated at 346 degrees, targets the setting of the bright star Deneb in the constellation of Cygnus around 500 BC during the reign of the historical road-builder King Belinus after whom Phillips named the line. Moreover, it was during this period that the Iron Age tribes constructed the chain of hillforts along the Belinus Line. Another bright star called Vega, in the constellation of Lyra the Harp, also seemed significant to the alignment for it leads or escorts Deneb to its setting on the northern horizon. Perhaps, as Furlong discovered with the St Michael Line, the ancient geomancers used these bright stars as markers to set out the Belinus alignment using the beacon fires along its hillforts.

My co-author Caroline and I also reveal the path of hidden terrestrial energies along this great backbone of Britain similar to the Michael and Mary currents discovered by Hamish Miller, which entwine the St Michael Line. Ancient indigenous tribes around the world were aware of the fertilising masculine and feminine dragon force in the land and their geomancers knew how to manipulate them along sacred north-south and east-west routes to empower their Emperors or Kings and religious leaders.

Having a gift to locate these Yin and Yang energies through dowsing, I discovered that they follow the Belinus Line and cross at certain key places of power. In pursuit of the dragons or serpents, we were led on a fascinating and thrilling pilgrimage uncovering a landscape full of hidden secrets and untold treasures from the Isle of Wight off the south coast of England to the very tip of northern Scotland. Some of the places visited include ancient capitals such as



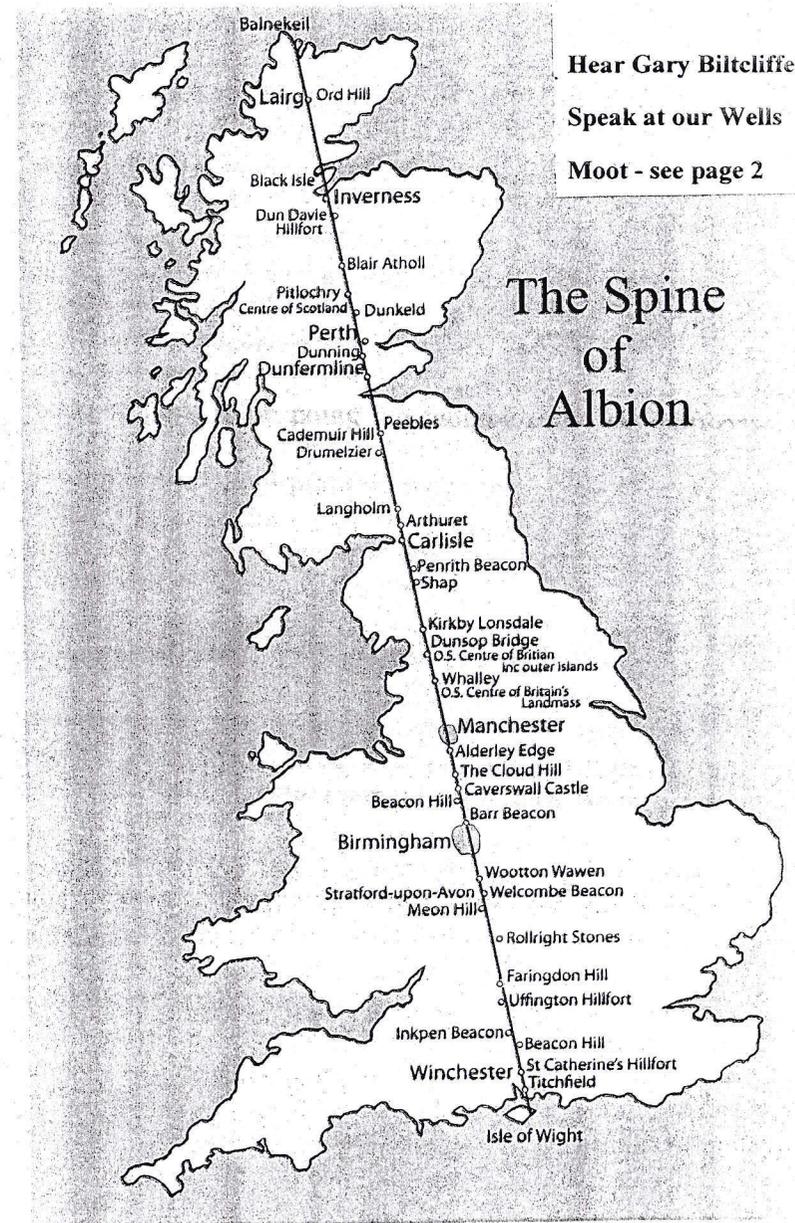
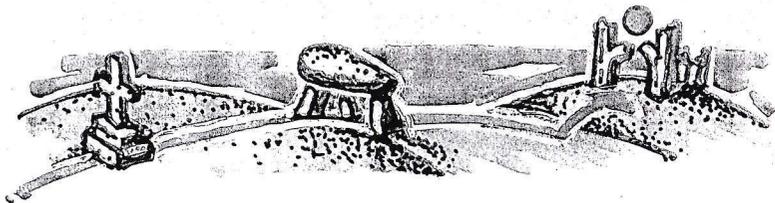
Winchester, Carlisle and Dunfermline and the modern cities of Birmingham and Manchester. The significant prehistoric complexes of Uffington, Rollright and Long Meg and her Daughters also feature and many lesser known sites such as Shap in Cumbria and Huly Hill near Edinburgh, once great centres of power before they were almost completely destroyed.

Many of the key nodal points on the Belinus Line, where the yin and yang dragons cross, are situated on beacon hills or escarpments, with a terrific view-point to the northern horizon, which we discovered was integral to their ritual function. In addition, some of the key hills that highlight the alignment such as Barr Beacon and the Cloud point towards the NNW as if deliberately marking its course. This also occurs on the St Michael Line, with the shape of Burrow Mump and Glastonbury Tor pointing in the direction of the alignment towards the Avebury stone circle.

Barr Beacon, overlooking the city of Birmingham, has lost its status as a venerable hill, its megalithic stones long gone and its Iron Age defences lost to the plough. Yet its importance flickers in the light of folklore as the seat of the Archdruid of Britain. Following the NNW axis of Barr Beacon towards the mysterious Hendesford Hills and beyond, the line brings us to another prominent hill called the Cloud on the boundary of Staffordshire and Cheshire. To the locals of this area it is as mysterious and enigmatic as Glastonbury Tor, standing at the centre of a hidden sacred landscape with the remains of what was once the largest long barrow in Britain nestling in its saddle. From here the Cloud and the Belinus Line point to a mysterious ridge of sacred sites south of Manchester called Alderley Edge. Within a setting of ancient trees and a warren of worn footpaths are prehistoric mounds, holy wells and a hidden cave where King Arthur sleeps awaiting a call to ride out and rescue England in her hour of need. For thousands of years man has burrowed into its rich seams of copper, but the Edge standing on a high ridge like a precipice to a new world with views to observe the northern setting stars, still has its secrets to reveal.

Through our meticulous detective work, we have peeled back the many layers of Britain's silent history, integrating folklore, legend, archaeology and geology to explain the true purpose of many of the places that mark the Belinus Line and its accompanying mysterious dragon force. This provided a greater insight as to why these sites were considered holy or special for thousands of years and why certain powerful and innovative individuals continued to be drawn to them. In addition, ground-breaking discoveries have uncovered a wealth of information that may prove that this corridor of power was considered by the ancients as a hidden cosmic axis of Britain aligned to the constellation of Cygnus symbolised as the swan. Certain legendary as well as real-life characters also feature prominently along this journey as influenced by this enigmatic north-south axis, which we have come to acknowledge as the 'Spine of Albion'.

To order a copy of the book please contact the authors at www.belinusline.com or write to Sacred Lands Publishing, PO Box 7737, Weymouth, Dorset, DT4 4FZ.

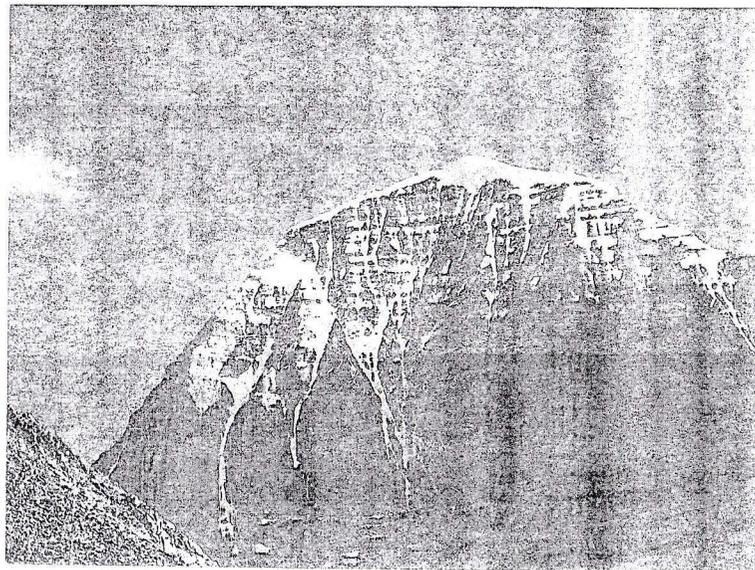


Patterns in the Landscape *Part 4* The World's Most Sacred Mountain and Lakes

by Eileen Roche

In previous articles I have described the wonder of traversing a sacred and mythic landscape imbued with the attributes and actions of deities of many faiths. The enormous Himalayan backdrop dwarfed the lines of pilgrims on the trackways, reminding us of the relative insignificance of

humanity. To continue the tale, arriving eventually at Diraphuk (4,750 metres / 15,600ft), we stayed at the Xi Xia Bang Ma hotel compound & had to spend half a day acclimatizing to the altitude. The



Mountain towered over us; during meditation, faces & figures became apparent in the cracks & fissures of its face - Mount Kailash was alive & communicating. I was informed the purpose of my life is to tell other people about the existence of this special Holy Mountain. Behind us, across the river, was the Lha Lung Dira Monastery with rows of stupas facing the Mountain. Alongside were many pilgrim's tents & pilgrim's camps dotted the plain in front of the Mountain.

At dawn we were off on the trail again & I thanked all the deities that I had Asha the horse to convey me. The climb was long, steep & arduous: I breathed in as much as I could so that I might be a lighter load. The Porter trudged enigmatically alongside, reaching regularly into my knapsack to give me a bottle of water to drink. We reached a glacier, icy & frozen on the way. We were climbing up to the Dolma La Pass, 5650 metres above sea level (16,540 feet). Asha and I passed the Healing Rock, a well-rubbed standing stone where people with disabilities rubbed themselves to be healed, & other standing stones we found were draped in silk scarves for

honour or covered in prayer flags for dispersing blessings on the wind. Many of the mani stones here were in the shape of what we in the west would call standing stones; they are elaborately carved with prayers.

At the summit of the Dolmi La Pass, I dropped off Asha, exhausted & sank onto a rock. Asha stood with heaving flanks. There were hundreds on hundreds of strings of prayers flags everywhere. Yaks, horses, people, most were resting after the arduous climb up, an exultant religious festival atmosphere, everyone worshipping in their own way. The Horseman called the Porter over & started rooting in my haversack. He produced a spare multi-coloured scarf & indicated that he wanted to cut it, I agreed, not being in a state or position to do anything else. A passing nomad pulled a long dagger out of his leggings & together they delicately cut off the end of my scarf. 'How lovely', I thought, 'They are going to make an offering to the gods.' Just then one of my fellow-pilgrims dashed by. 'Eileen', he shouted. 'What are you doing sitting there? You are too high. Get down at once!' So I started the descent, with no discernible path through the jagged rocks. Just then Asha trotted past me, quite recovered from her steep climb. Although she had carried me up, I had to make my own way down. I noticed that underneath her tail was carefully festooned the remains of my multi-coloured scarf. Woops! Some offering to the gods. We passed a beautiful turquoise pool below us at the edge of Mount Kailash, the birthplace of the God Ganesh at the foot of Mount Kailash. Ganesh is the son & chief attendant of Lord Shiva in his home on Mount Kailash. Parvati is his mother. Ganesh is the *Remover of Obstacles*. I prayed to him to get me down the mountain.

The files of pilgrims thinned out as we descended, we could see the great river below in another beautiful valley, this one green & not barren. The way was rocky, with no discernable pathways, in spite of the thousands of years of pilgrimage. I could go no further, & collapsed on a rock, calmly waiting for death & hoping that they would put my body on the excarnation plateau for the vultures to pick clean. The Porter brought me some herbs which he had collected from under the rocks. I don't know what happened after that, but I found myself sitting in the grass in the valley below & someone was handing me my lunch-pack. Later, Asha carried me to our camp site in the valley near Zuthulphuk, 4,700 metres / 15,400 ft above sea level. That evening the Porter arrived at my tent with a retinue of injured people, asking for a variety of medicine & aids, which I happily provided.

Next morning I set off again on Asha, following the river & walking along the valley floor. Prayer flags & mani walls showed the track to follow, which was quite precipitous in places. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the Mountain through sheaves of mist. The 4x4s were waiting for us around the next mountain. Such exhilaration, so many hugs & kisses, we had all survived safely. Sadly paying off the Porter & the Horseman, we said goodbye to them & Asha – between them they had saved my life and ensured that I completed the landscape pilgrimage. Driving off back again towards Nepal we saw more antelope & eagles. We said, 'Goodbye, sacred Mountain!' as it faded behind us. Passing huge herds of sheep & goats on the plain, we drove 270 km back to Paryang. However, there was disaster for our luggage van, which became bogged down in sand. Everyone had to jump out & push & push until it got clear. The monsoon passed by again without falling on us. We were invited into a nomad's tent, so clean, comfortable & brightly coloured: three generations of women and children lived on the left hand side where the cooking & food-preservation was undertaken. The men, who usually work on the right hand side of the tent, were all out looking after their herds of sheep & goats. The nomads bade us farewell with many blessings, headed by the 98 year-old matriarch. Driving back to Sa Ga one of the vehicles lost a wheel. While repairs were undertaken, we watched fish swimming in roadside ponds, escapees from the nearby river. From Sa Ga we returned to the Lalung La Pass, gathering chives & other herbs for dinner on the way & continued to Nyalam. There, we had a sleepless night with the rats again, listening to the noise of the hotel; people washing dishes, karaoke, dogs barking up to 5 am.

Then, back to the border crossing with Nepal, where soldiers officiously deleted many of my digital photos. It felt like a lifetime since we had been that way before, so much had happened to us, both physically & spiritually. In Katmandu we stayed again at the same hotel: after the privations of the pilgrimage it seemed like luxury, although on the way out we had complained about the cockroaches & erratic electric supply.

And now, all my sins forgiven, courtesy of Asha the horse, I embark on a new life: I have retired from paid work. I can spend my days contemplating the majesty of sacred place, the fickleness of deities, & how easy it can be to read the landscape if you only have eyes and feelings to do so. Aah! The gentle energy of ley lines along the Tibetan plateau! The powerful thrusts of earth energy emanating from Mount Kailash ...



A Twist in Coyote's Tale The Rebirth of a Native American Mother Tribe by Celia M Gunn

We have arrived: 2012 is upon us, and the end of the Mayan Long Count. Not the end of the world, as we well know, but one culture's indication of a globally-prophesised, pivotal period of time. Across the world over the past fifty years, esoteric information formerly held by ancient mystery traditions and secret societies has been opened up, alongside a growing awareness that our home planet is a complex cosmic entity with a higher subtle consciousness, inexorably approaching a critical point in ascension-realisation, just like her human residents. More recently, the intriguing phenomenon of crop circles seems to be offering subtle clues to accessing a higher level of consciousness. And it appears that what lies beyond this crucial time-period may well depend on the choices we humans are now making.

And things aren't looking good on the surface, are they? Excessive resource extraction, runaway consumption and an attitude of control over Nature appear to be compromising the Earth Grid – the energy lines and places of spiritual focus – and threatening life on Earth, if not Mother Earth herself. When viewed as Mother Earth's immune system, the Earth Grid's state of being is amply reflected in the microcosm of our own deeply stressed and compromised immune systems.

Yet what goes largely unreported are remarkable if subtle positive shifts in consciousness. So what is our personal responsibility in these challenging times?

We cannot change the world or other people, only ourselves: our minds, thoughts, attitudes, actions. We can remember not to get caught up in the negative thought-forms of a manipulated media (which can become self-fulfilling prophecies); to think globally and act locally; to take responsibility for personal levels and methods of consumption; and to support front-line peaceful warriors (ecologists and environmentalists, for example). Perhaps most importantly of all, we can go out and gently

commune with the natural world, and remember: if we take, we must do so with respect and give back. This is the way of indigenous peoples all over the world. It was once our own British way.

In 1987 (a crucial year of spiritual awakening, according to Jose Arguelles' interpretation of the Mayan Calendar), an ancient prophecy began to be fulfilled. Unaware of this when I first came into contact with the spiritual leader of the Sinixt (Arrow Lakes) people of what is now British Columbia, Canada, I had no idea of what I was about to be drawn into: the rebirth of a Native American Mother Tribe.

According to oral tradition, the Sinixt are a Mother Tribe, Keepers of the Order of Life. An active presence in their ancestral lands for over 10,000 years ('officially'; their oral tradition indicates a far greater time-span), the Sinixt were decimated and fragmented by European incursion, until in the 1950s this Mother Tribe was uniquely and falsely declared extinct by the Canadian government.

Some thirty years later, the Sinixt ancestors called their descendants home. And strangely, an Englishwoman had a key part to play in this extraordinary renaissance.

For six years, my life was entwined with the great wisdom of Native American tradition. Learning from Sinixt elders and wisdom-keepers, I witnessed and experienced things we might term 'magic', and a way of life that I believe was akin to how our British forebears lived.

Against many odds, the Sinixt are again an active presence in their ancestral lands, taking up their role as true stewards of the land and drawing in the local community. And in hindsight, much as I loved being with the Native American people, it was almost inevitable that I should have to return to my native England, where I soon began to appreciate that I had been gifted with (or reminded of?) an earth-centred spirituality that is our birthright, and was my responsibility to share, in turn. This resulted in an account of my experience, published as 'A Twist in Coyote's Tale'.



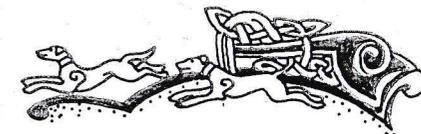
According to Sinixt mythology, trickster-teacher Coyote – ancient co-creator – was banished by the Creator for his arrogant presumptuousness. His return was prophesied for the time in which we are now living. Filled with amused tolerance and genuine affection, Coyote tales illustrate the ambiguity in the world and act as a symbolic representation of man's dual potential for good and evil. His foolishness and gullibility is matched only by his indestructibility. By demonstrating what not to be and what not to do, the tales strengthen social harmony and moral values.

Perhaps you have noted how children are often fascinated by the 'Red' Indian. (I was one of them, in the fifties!) But then children have the same innate sense of harmony and justice, and great love for and sense of connection to Nature. As adults, we would do well to recover in ourselves these qualities. Tragically denigrated and almost totally destroyed by the dominant culture, traditional Native American wisdom has much of value to teach us all about living in balance with the natural world, with each other and with ourselves.

Perhaps it is Mother Earth's humanity that holds the spiritual key to her enlightenment at this crucial time. As spiritual beings, it may be for humanity to birth, nurture and maintain Gaia in the New Age. Based on universal laws, indigenous traditions carry fundamental wisdom. It is my hope and prayer that in sharing my experience, people are reminded of the knowledge and wisdom of their own indigenous earth-centred traditions, and carry them forward into new and harmonious practice. In my opinion, by working in right spirit with Earth energies, we can be key back-stage light-workers. In this way, we are not only working towards healing the planet – and us all – but also co-creating the new lore of Mother Earth.

Website: www.earthskywalk.com

Celia Gunn will speak at our Wells Moot – see page 2



BOOK REVIEW

EDWARD BABBS, assisted by CLAUDINE MATHIAS
Borley Rectory - The Final Analysis
Six Martlets Publishing, Sudbury, UK, 2003
(Order to: PO Box 7480, Sudbury, CO10 9WP - £15 net in UK)
ISBN: 0954485602 9780954485603
214 pp. Illus., index

The haunting of Borley Rectory has always been controversial, ever since psychic researcher Harry Price became involved in 1929. Since his death there has been a tendency to de-bunk everything and to denigrate Price himself, but thankfully this book examines the matter objectively and contains material that this local researcher has discovered himself. The haunting is put into context - similar events, particularly close geographically are also looked at, and towards the end of the book, there are several pages on ley theory and how it might affect Borley itself. This is not a new idea in the Borley story, and the author generously credits Frank Smyth for having first drawn attention to leys in the area (the only other link I could find was in an article by Eddie Brazil entitled "Did M.R. James Visit Borley?" - it has a mention of "ley line expert Stephen Jenkins" who had a curious experience at a crossroads close to Belchamp St. Paul, only three miles distant from Borley, in 1977; see <http://www.harrypricewebsite.co.uk/Borley/ModernBorley/jamesborley.htm>) and Mr Babbs then expands on the theory, postulating that there might be four leys meeting in Borley and that these could be the reason for the equipment malfunctions that are frequently reported in the vicinity of the church and the former Rectory site. Of course, if you are also interested in the Borley haunting *per se*, the book is a very interesting read anyway and is well worth tracking down.
Norman Darwen

PS: Edward did tell me that shortly after publication, he received "a letter which suggested there is a possibility of a fifth ley running through Borley, though it seems to be very much on the route of the first one that I described"



BOOK YOUR TICKETS FOR THE WELLS MOOT

(See page 2)

SPEAKERS

Speakers so far confirmed: Gary Biltcliffe, Carolin Comberti, Philippa Glasson, Jimmy Goddard, Celia Gunn, Adrian Incedon-Webber, Nicholas Mann, Christine Rhone, Meghan Rice, Anthony Thorley and Nigel Twinn.

Book stalls, artist stalls, meet people, share ideas, make friends!
See next issue (Imbolc 2013) for further information, including accommodation and public transport details.

Secure your seat for the Sunday coach trip now!



LETTERS

Dear Laurence,

It was very interesting to read Sue Pine's article "The Mating of Dragons" in the current Newsletter, and very gratifying to know my discovery in 1991 has passed into general ley knowledge. Also it was good to see that the serpentine Michael and Mary lines and the straight leys follow a similar activity, as it now confirms that they are both real parts of the energy landscape, although there seem to be some differences.

In the straight lines, the duration of the effect seems to increase as one goes further north - in Surrey it was about twenty minutes, in Youlgreave in Derbyshire, near Arbor Low (where the effect was discovered, when Doris suggested the possibility) it was twenty-five minutes, in Edinburgh it was thirty-five minutes and in Stornoway on the Isle of Lewis it was thirty-nine minutes. However, with the Michael and Mary lines in Sue Pine's investigation at Glastonbury, (a similar latitude to Surrey) the duration was forty-five to fifty minutes, much longer than the straight ley duration here. It would be interesting to see the duration at serpentine lines further north.

Also, the Michael and Mary lines gradually increased their widths until they doubled, whereas with all straight leys tested the increase and decrease is sudden, with no appreciable time duration for the change.



From
Jimmy
Goddard

All the best,

The Vicarage,
1, Rye,
Puriton,
Bridgwater,
Somerset, TA7 8BZ



24-Jul-12

LETTERS

Dear Laurence

The Geometry of Brodgar and Stenness

Firstly, I hope this letter finds you and your network in good health.

Secondly, Apologies for the typing error on page 11 item A. in Issue 4 of your news letter. There are two decimal points, and not one in the correct place. It should read $6.17142857142 = \text{reciprocal of } 0.162037037$. I am sure a person working through this would reverse the equation to establish the correct order of things as printed above on the fourth line.

Thirdly, I enclose sheets regarding the geometry of Brodgar and Stenness.

Yours sincerely

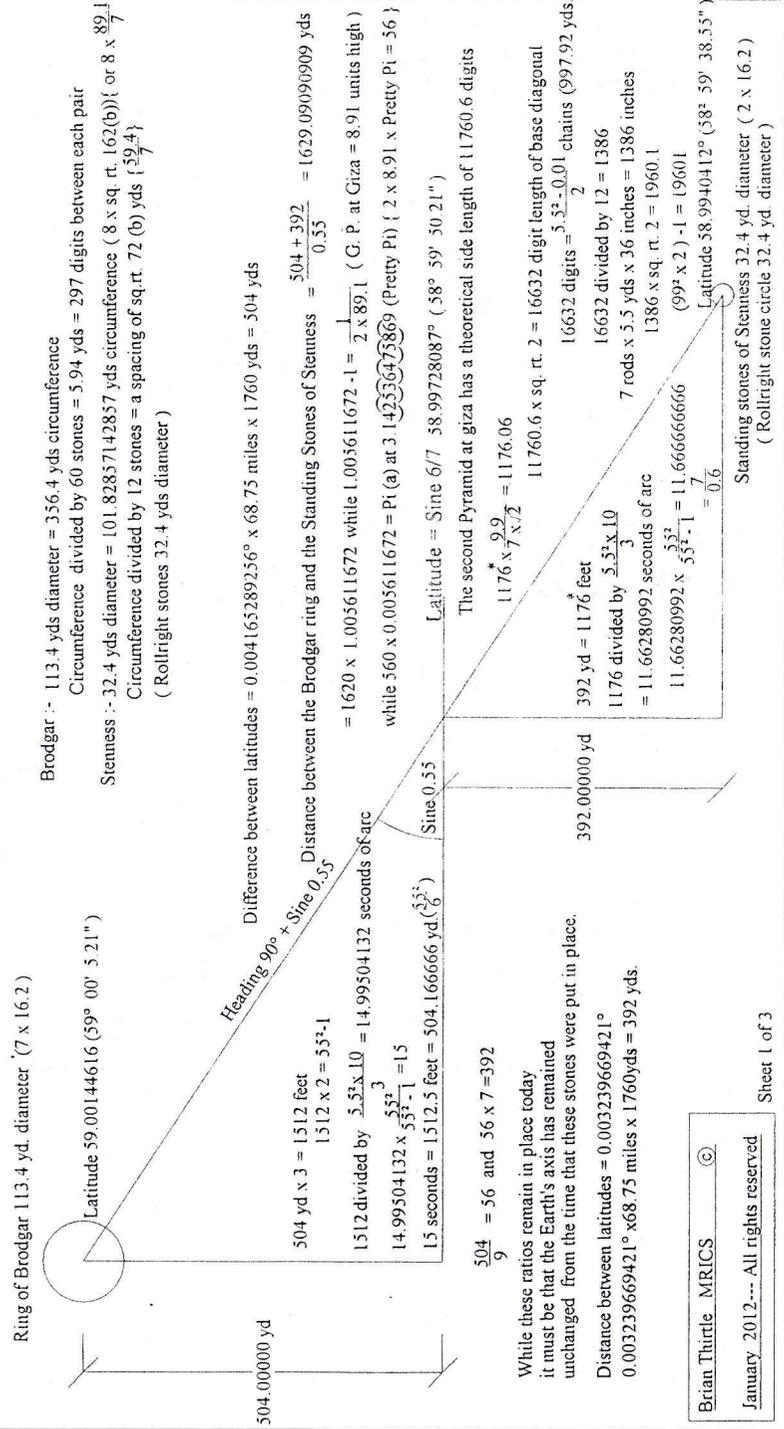
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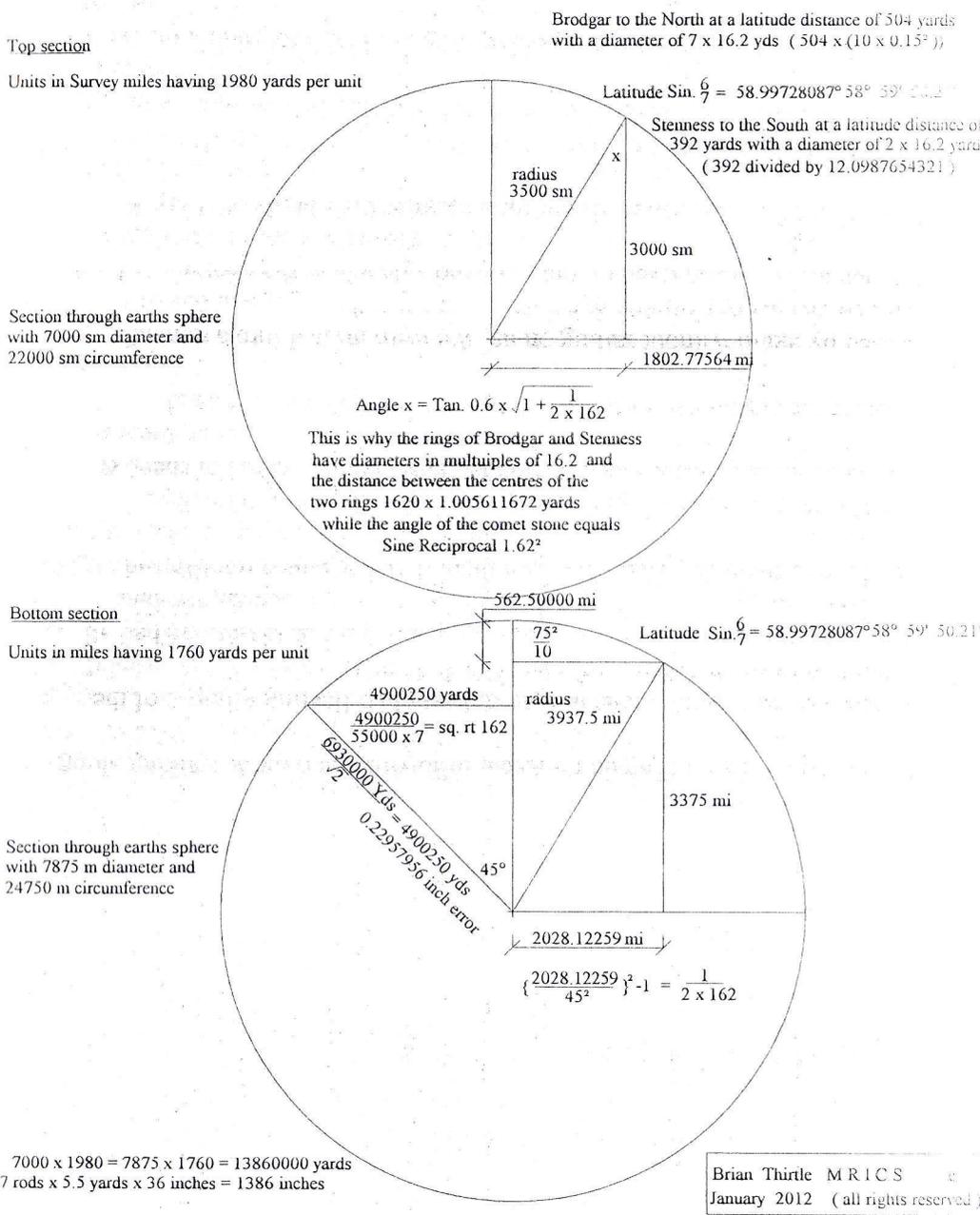
The Geometry connecting the Ring of Brodgar to the Standing Stones of Stenness

Earth's diameter 7875 miles giving circumference of 24730 miles (25000 x 0.99) with Pi as 22/7
 24730 divided by Dioctetan pi. (3.14166032) gives 7878 mile diameter.
 $\frac{5.3^2 \times 10}{3}$ Feet per second of global arc (1.05" = 105 ft. + 10.5 inches) Find magic like this in the Metric system!



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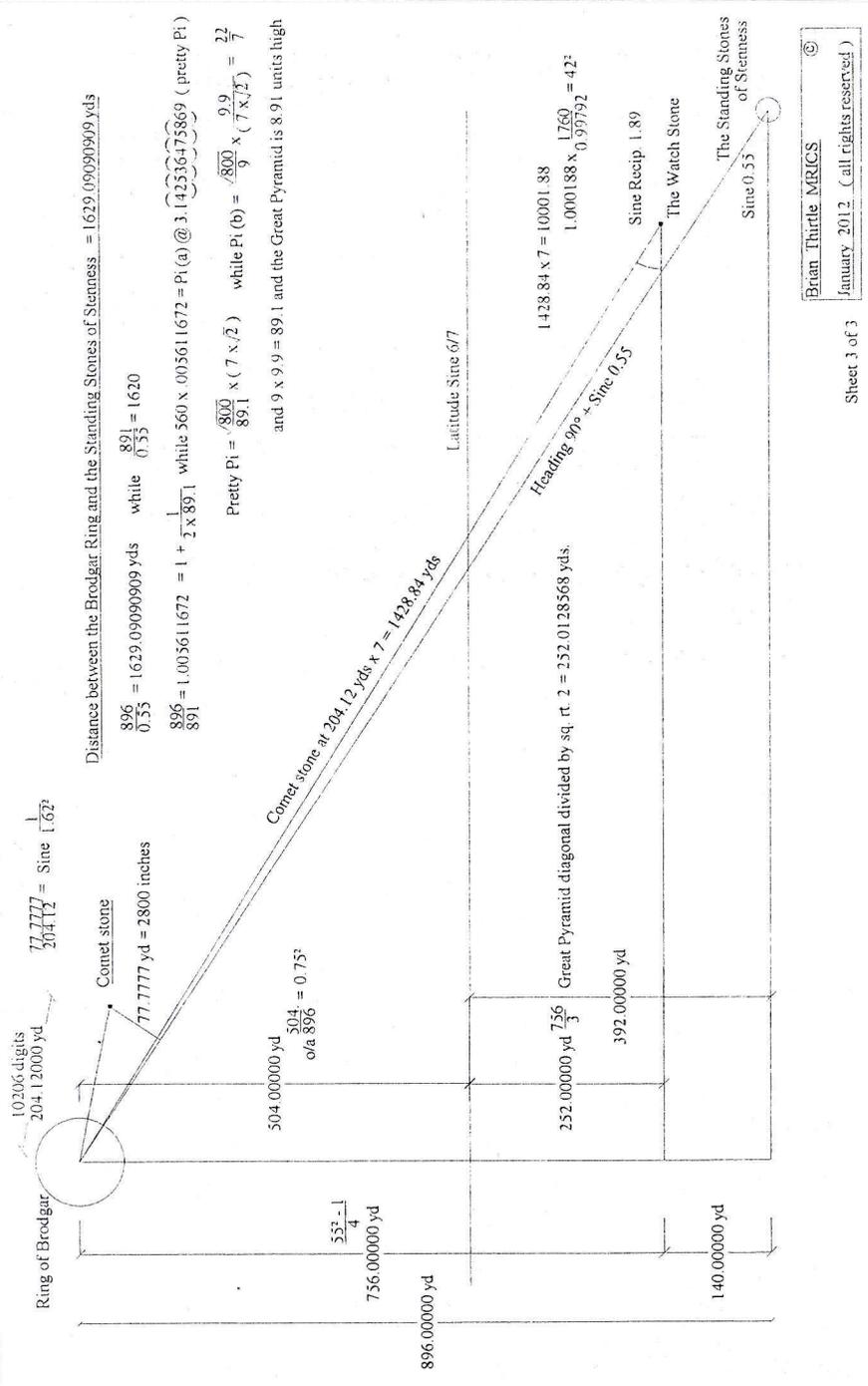
What is so special about Sine 6/7?



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The Ring of Brodgar and the Standing Stones of Stenness

General layout + The Comet and Watch stones geometry



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Sheet 3 of 3

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Nothing about your area?

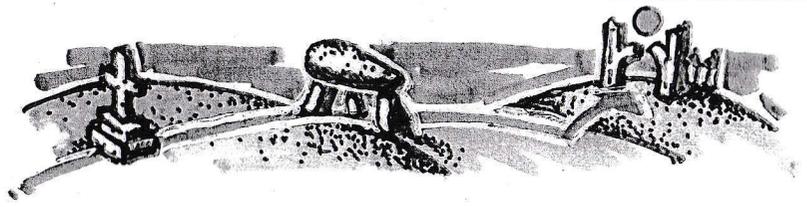
Please send us an article on your local leys.

See page 2.

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If you have an audience for a talk on leys or can offer us a stall at an event, please contact Laurence Main (address on page 2).

GRAHAM K. GRIFFITHS

★ **BEHOLD** ★
JERUSALEM!



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

SPECIAL OFFER - SEE PAGE 9