





## Bodge Number 7



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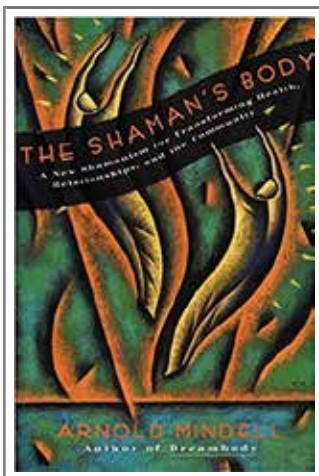
# Librarian's Corner

## Door

### The Texts of Festival, by Mick Farren

"Festival is the 21st Century: a community of merchants, bums and drag artists ritually celebrating the runes of the Rock era – the ancient words of the witch gods: Jagger, Dylan and Morrison. Around the hills and valleys of southern England roam primitive tribes, trading in dope and beer, surviving on decaying technology, talking in a hybrid of cockney, West Indian and rock slang, feuding and raping and speeding on 'crystal' while their despotic leader Iggy plans to invade Festival whose tenuous religion is disintegrating as much as the power of its figurehead, the vain, selfish Lord Valentine." A violent, nihilistic piece of pulp science fiction, the first novel by music journalist and rock singer Mick Farren. A sometime writer for the NME and International Times, doorman at London's legendary UFO club and frontman with The Deviants, Farren was a Ladbroke Grove street hippy, beatnik romancer and a godfather to punk. He wasn't always great: Festival isn't a masterpiece and it's not even Mick's best book, but it was the only one of his I'd read when we met, in 2011. He'd moved back to Brighton from the USA, where he'd lived since the 70s, essentially because he couldn't afford the medical care he needed in the last few years of his life.

We became friends. I booked Mick as a poet, putting him on several times in that capacity, even as he reformed The Deviants for a final round of shows. He encouraged me and inspired me as a writer, not least in helping me realise that it's okay to write in a pulp style if that's what serves the work best; you don't have to struggle to be 'literary' all the time. It's fair to say that The Texts of Festival was a big influence on Amorphous Albion. We had a lot of common interests, and while I knew him as a warm, funny, still righteously angry but dying man, he had lived the life and was the very model of the psychedelic outlaw rock n' roll writer. He was still writing and performing to the end, and died with his winkle-picker boots on, collapsing on stage at a Deviants' gig at the Borderline. His funeral, in 2013, was like a who's who of the surviving '60s underground.



### Dream Fisher The Shaman's Body, by Arnold Mindell

Drawing on his shamanic experiences in Africa, Japan and India, the author of this book takes readers on a "death walk" in which our worst fears and most profound emotions are confronted in order to awaken the shaman-warrior within.

Through this method, one's own internal sorcery is unleashed and used as a guide in everyday life. Mindell shows us how to walk the shamanic path and avoid the phantoms of unrealistic hopes and desires that limit and control our lives.

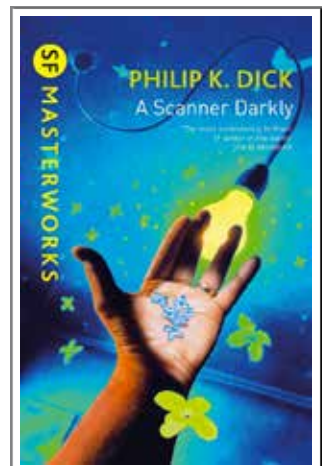
Arnold Mindell (born January 1, 1940) is an American author, therapist and teacher in the fields of transpersonal psychology, body psychotherapy, social change and spirituality. He is known for extending Jungian dream analysis to body symptoms, promoting ideas of 'deep democracy,' and interpreting concepts from physics and mathematics in psychological terms. Mindell is the founder of process oriented psychology, also called Process Work, a development of Jungian psychology influenced by Taoism, shamanism and physics.

## Dream Machine

### A Scanner Darkly, by Philip K Dick

A Scanner Darkly is a science fiction novel by American writer Philip K. Dick, published in 1977. The semi-autobiographical story is set in a dystopian Orange County, California, in the then-future of June 1994, and includes an extensive portrayal of drug culture and drug use (both recreational and abusive). The novel is one of Dick's best-known works and served as the basis for a 2006 film of the same name, directed by Richard Linklater.

Bob Arctor, a member of a household of drug users, is also living a double life as an undercover police agent assigned to spy on Arctor's household. Arctor shields his identity from those in the drug subculture and from the police. While posing as a drug user, Arctor becomes addicted to "Substance D", a powerful psychoactive drug. He also falls in love with Donna, a drug dealer, through whom he intends to identify high-level dealers of Substance D. Identity fragments as Bob begins to spy on himself, reprising Dick's obsession with madness, split personalities and doubles.







We riot for the future.  
We fight and play to keep you at bay.  
We push back.  
You're stealing the planet and destroying life  
with callous greed and violence  
But doing your best with empty ceremony.  
Everyone clap hands  
For the safety of the herd.  
Your neglect kills  
A hundred thousand over and again  
We're still counting  
While you profit.  
You are evil  
We have had enough  
Of your flesh-puppet-Punchinello's.  
Your game is going to burn  
like a purposefully abandoned police car  
on a dark side street in life's long riot;  
Like a five pound note,  
Pretty plastic blue flames and only a little regret.  
Our faces will resist the sharp end of your shield,  
Your truncheon -oh look it grows!  
We will chant you down and wear you out.  
We will breath in your gas until the air is clear  
and our tears have washed you away.  
We are the swamp monster,  
We have been here before, rising like the tide.  
Unorganised, with no leaders or plans.  
We are the random mob  
Not much left to lose  
The unpredictable petard.  
Wanna give us a lift mate?



# Cob-Adobe-Mud – Early Humanity at Work



We are making an octagonal, reciprocal frame-roof structure overlooking the river. It will be a hangout space with a table, chairs and a cooking hearth. The walls are being made of cob.

Cob, or adobe, is a natural building material used since antiquity around the world. Its combination of clay and sand, with a little water and straw. It makes a malleable mix for shaping and creating. Its labour-intensive process: in four days, eight of us mixed about fifty cubic feet and built just over half the wall.

The sand – some sieved from river gravel – is coarse, granular and crunchy. It runs through your fingers. The clay – dug from the blood-soaked banks of the Menai Strait – is sticky, squishy, heavy and fine.

The task is to blend them into a moist, soft, firm, pliable ball that holds together and can be moulded. To achieve this the raw ingredients – one bucket of clay clods and three buckets of sand – are placed on a small tarpaulin. Two people each take hold of two corners of the tarp and, lifting each edge alternately, step from side to side, rolling the mixture over and over. This is the first cob making dance.

When the lumps of clay are coated in sand the tarp is opened and the two cobbers repeatedly step and stamp on the mix with their bare feet, using their heels to further break up the clay. This is the second cob making dance.

After a good squishing the cobbers hold up corners of the tarp once more and do the rock and roll dance again. This happens many times until it's ready for water, which is sprinkled in. More



treading and rolling. Eventually a handful of straw is shaken and trodden into the blend. This process is repeated until there is an evenly-mixed, flat, sand-clay-straw pancake which is then rolled into a giant sausage.

Next there is a sitting down dance where chunks of mix are pressed, squashed and rolled into round cob loaves. Then the loaves they are tossed along a line, chain gang style, to the place of work. This is the cob tossing dance.

Now it's time to work on the wall. The cob loaf is broken into two or three parts. One part is pressed between hands, squeezing and rolling it till it's the size of a cricket ball, except soft and mobile, like a divine breast. Keep working the mix, now squeezing from the sides until it begins to lengthen, growing into a salami or, if you like, a divine phallus. There is an erotic sensuality to this work – if you want to see it that way!

This is the one time in all eternity where this piece of Universe is held and shaped by human hands. You are giving your vitality to this matter, impressing it with your spirit. You're like the gods and goddesses shaping the first people. For a few moments you are breathing life into this handful of cosmic dust. Soon it will be part of your sheltering wall. Charged and transformed.



Take the cob salami and press it into the wall, squashing, smearing, blending it into all that went before. Use your palms and fingers. Put your weight into it. This is the fifth cob making dance. You mixed it with your bare feet. Now you are sculpting it with your bare hands. Layer by layer the mud-adobe-cob wall grows.

You could be building a palace in ancient Sumeria; or a Dogon minaret in Mali; or a Navajo hogan in New Mexico. This is an ancient, timeless art.

Wet cob is like a human body, supple, soft, smooth and textured. You press, squeeze, stroke and smear like you touch your lover's body. Likewise, lovingly you create a shape. There are no hammers or saws or drills. Your tools are your hands and feet. You measure in handbreadths, knee highs and feet longs. The baker's oven is the Sun. This is primal, primitive, prime... Early humanity at work.

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I was taught cob building by the incomparable Ianto Evans and Linda Smiley, authors of 'The Hand-Sculpted House'. They helped us design and build the Cob Cottage at Cae Mabon.



# Glitch your stories

## Glitch experiment 7(a)

Write a list of six things you strongly believe to be true: things that if someone disagreed, you would consider them wrong, foolish and perhaps malign.

Roll a die to select one. Allow the feeling of that truth to well up in your body. Resolve to allow your machine to manifest it for the day - in thought, emotion, act and speech.

Write a short piece promulgating and justifying it. Do your best to persuade the reader. Sign and date it.

Put on a item of clothing you don't like. Go to a public place (perhaps an open-mic place, or the corner of a busy street) and read out loud what you wrote. Even better if you memorise it. Make a real effort to engage and persuade others. Be sensible about this depending on the degree of freedom of speech in your current locale: don't get arrested or beaten up.

Go home and sit quietly for an hour doing nothing in particular.

Make an audio recording of the story of how the belief came to be installed in your machine. Speak in the third person past tense. Describe the chain of happenstance that led up to the moment of imprint when the truth was adopted.

Burn the piece you wrote earlier.

Visit your favourite sacred water; a holy well or spring, and wash your face. Even better if you can get naked and fully immerse your body. If the water is drinkable, collect some of it. The next time you urinate, simultaneously drink the holy water and visualise it flowing through you.

## Glitch experiment 7(b)

Write a list of six beliefs that you strongly feel are wrong. Be sure to include at least one that you find really abhorrent.

Roll a die to select one. Decide to sincerely adopt the notion that it is true. If it helps, do some research and find evidence or justification. Perhaps find others who believe it and immerse yourself in their manifestations. Allow it to feel as if true in your body. Resolve that your machine will manifest it as true for the day.

Write a short piece promulgating and justifying it. Make a genuine effort, and make sure there is no trace of sarcasm or any

other subtle escape. Polish it until you notice a creeping sense of pride in your creation. Sign and date it.

Put on a garment you really like, a different type of clothing from before. Go to a public place and read out loud or recite what you wrote, with passion and sincerity. Make a real effort to engage and persuade. Again, be sensible: don't get arrested or beaten up.

Go home and sit quietly for an hour doing nothing in particular.

Now start an audio recorder and close your eyes. Spot the universe where your biological machine really holds this opinion as true. Spot your machine there. Spot the pivotal moment when the truth is adopted. What is the location? Say out loud 'The location is...' What activity is the machine engaged in? Say out loud 'The activity is...' What is the machine having an encounter with? Say out loud 'I am having an encounter with...'

Set the scene, speaking in the first person present tense. Describe it using all your senses 'I am seeing...' Tell the story of this truth arising for this version of your machine as it happens. Stay in the first person present tense.

Put the piece you wrote earlier in the place where you keep your most precious things, with love and reverence.

Return to the source of holy water and wash. Again, collect some water and the next time you urinate, simultaneously drink the holy water and visualise it flowing through you.

## Glitch experiment 7(c)

Save the two recordings to a portable device. Even better, mash them together in alternating short segments or overlaid. Put on both pieces of clothing. Go somewhere in nature with trees or moving water. Sit comfortably and watch the play of light on the water, or the movement of the trees as you listen to the recordings.

Over the following days watch for signs of the beliefs with which you experimented or their opposites. Do you feel any attraction or repulsion? Decide that this time you will choose to withdraw your energy from the battle and deliberately take no side in the debate; in word, thought or deed. Observe carefully the results.

Allow some time to pass. Do some 'maintenance' experiments such as Zen Basics. Upon finding equilibrium, roll the die again...

*[These experiments are invitations, which you may choose to accept at your own risk. You are responsible for your own wellbeing. Don't hurt yourself, but don't use that as an excuse for inaction. You are the authority, but you may not be what you think you are. For entertainment purposes only.]*

For more experiments and tech support email [lab@glitchexperiments.com](mailto:lab@glitchexperiments.com)



# Hare-Piece Sèt

My friend Dafydd on the Lleyn Peninsula recently described to me an important Hare encounter of his youth. He was 15 and had been brought up in the traditions of how to hook, catch, snare and shoot all the living things of that landscape. Everything was fair game. One misty autumn dawn he was out with a shotgun and spied a Hare, in Welsh, Ysgyfarnog. The Hare started at the movement of him placing his gun into firing position but he managed to get a shot in just

before it disappeared. He searched around the area and eventually found the injured hare. He had managed to clip its hind leg. He described standing for many minutes holding the Hare and being held by the gaze of its bulbous and staring eye. Once it had died he knew his hunting days were over and threw away his shotgun into some nearby bushes.

The Hare has a power in both myth and reality to inspire by its self-sacrifice.

*Ysgyfarnog, Stubble-Stag  
Sprints and dances, zig-zags  
Through farmers' fields of peas and beans  
There is a Haas in your old dreams  
Recalls the rising sun*

*So look into its bulbous eye  
And dare to ask the question why  
It will not happen twice  
This offer of a sacrifice  
For you a chosen one*

*It's older mountain cousin feeds  
The ticks and eagles' needs  
And bothers neither grouse nor sheep  
But keeps guard the rich man's keep  
With stick and gun.*

*A species' worth is stock and share  
The grouse has value not the Hare.  
The land which rich ancestors stole  
The wild which they keep in control  
Uncared for, damage done*

*Trespass the fields and guard the trees  
From wealth addiction's sad disease  
Which cuts the land in clumps and sods  
Time-Travel to when Hares were Gods  
And Run, Friend, Run!*









# Next Slide Please

Welcome, everyone to the rest of your life  
I'm here to tell you how it's going to be:  
Basically, you're doomed, the rumours were right.  
That's it. Next slide please.

You'll get no protection, you're on your own  
Good luck if you get the disease;  
Criminal neglect means it's out of control.  
That's it. Next slide please.

If it helps, imagine me standing  
On corpses piled high as the trees  
A mountain of misery, topped off with a flag.  
That's it. Next slide please.

As you can see, all the money has gone  
Now you all must live on your knees  
World economy sinks like the setting sun.  
That's it. Next slide please.

The outside world's a hostile place  
Best stay home locked up with your keys  
An infinite prison, across infinite space.  
That's it. Next slide please.

We've changed the rules, shop and work you must  
Stay alert for a cough or a sneeze  
We're throwing the lot of you under the bus.  
That's it. Next slide please.

So go and get pissed at the Albion Arms  
Lie with Wetherspoon dogs and get fleas  
It's last orders for you and your children.  
That's it. Next slide please.

Brace yourselves for a drop of the hard stuff  
Brexit's the name of the wheeze  
Part of a worldwide fascist conspiracy.  
That's it. Next slide please.

Climate catastrophe's here  
As the world warms up by degrees  
Apocalypse horsemen are galloping  
That's it. Next slide please.

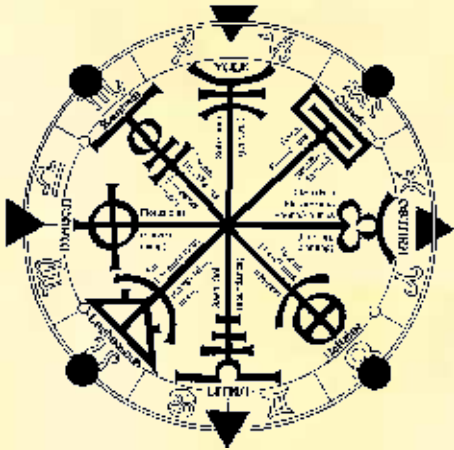
Petri dish Britain says fuck it  
Jeopardising the whole species  
The Omega variant's coming  
That's it. Next slide please.

My final slide says abandon all hope  
We slide into oblivion with ease  
Extinction waits down a slippery slope  
From the Land of Do-As-You-Please.





# Lughrasadh – the Festival of Lugh



A cross quarter festival between solstice and autumn equinox, the first of the three festivals celebrating harvest. A time when seed drops and the land becomes fertile. Historically people gathered for harvesting wheat, corn, and barley, for bread, whisky and beer as well as playing games held in honour of the Celtic craftsman god



Lugh. Thought of as a triple god, he was one of triplets although his three faces also infer birth, death and rebirth. God of thunder he had many talents – a smith, wright, craftsman, swordsman, harpist, poet, historian, sorcerer, physician and champion. After learning the secrets of the land – when to plough, sow and reap – from a member of the Otherworld, Tuatha De Danann,

he became Sun God of the harvest. He was known to be mischievous, very similar to Loki in Norse mythology. Here Sif, married to Thor, had beautiful golden hair and Loki the prankster cut it off. Thor was very upset and wanted to kill Loki, but dwarves spun new hair for Sif, which grew magically as soon as it touched her head. The hair of Sif is associated with the golden grain of the first harvest, celebrated on the 1st August.



Christianity and modern Paganism call this day Lammas, Lam meaning bread. The Goddess is in Her aspect as Grain Mother, representing the ripe corn while her daughter Persephone represents the grain – the seed drops back deep into earth, hidden through winter, re-appearing in spring. At Lammas the fullness of the present



harvest already holds at its heart the seed of all future harvest. As when a pregnant woman carrying her unborn daughter is already carrying the ovary containing all the eggs her daughter will ever release – she is already both mother, grandmother and beyond. The harvest is gathered in, there is food to feed the community through the winter and within the grain is the seed of next year's rebirth, regeneration and harvest. The Grain Mother is ripe and full as she carries the seed of the new year's Sun God. Meanwhile the Sun God, the Green Man, or John Barleycorn, surrenders his life with the cutting of the corn.

Historically there are many Lammas traditions all over the UK. For example, "The Wicker Man" is set on Lammas Eve, here are some rather more friendly suggestions to mark the day.



## Make a corn dolly

Collect seeds and dry them in the sun, ready for next year. They could be given as presents...

From the first wheat sheathed bread was baked then ripped into quarters and placed in the four corners of the barn to protect the gathered grain. We may not have barns but we could bake bread, perhaps seed bread, and share it with friends in a meal with fresh fruit and local vegetables.

Play games, read poetry, dance, sing and light a candle or bonfire. think about decisions made over the season. Have we "reaped what we have sown". Then let go of this, clean the house and mind to make room for a bountiful harvest.

"May you have a bountiful harvest and many more bountiful harvests throughout your life."



# Magic Words

## **There's always been a dance element to my magic**

The first musical-fashion subculture I was part of was Goth. Pretty standard for the would-be future wizard, right? But actually, I didn't properly tap into a clear magical current until my later teens, when I got into the Stone Roses and the Happy Mondays and then, via a fortuitous dose of mushrooms at my first Glastonbury Festival, experienced a belated conversion to Acid House and the early rave scene.

That was when I discovered that dancing wasn't just about posing, or a mating ritual, or a laugh when drunk, but could also be a serious magical action. I was already a dancing goth, but now I was a scallydelic magician. It was sustained, low-impact grooving to hypnotic repetitive beats, preferably outdoors, in a field, beneath the stars, that truly opened me up to dancing as a generator and conduit for magical energy.

Long-form dancing is a powerful magic-making machine. It's also a consciousness-altering natural high that doesn't require drugs or alcohol to be effective. You can do it alone, but it's best if it's communal; feeling part of one multi-faceted, pulsing organism, drawing energy from all the other dancers around you and throwing it back out as shining particles that feed back into the ever-shifting whole.

## **Keep on moving**

Lift your feet as little as possible. Use them to draw energy up from the earth, then focus and channel it through your upper body movements and gestures. The moves you make when dancing serve a similar purpose to those in disciplines like Tai Chi. You're working with the same stuff: Chi, Orgone, The Force, whatever you want to call it. Fuel for life.

## **Children of the Stones**

I like to imagine that the ancient monuments of Stonehenge and Avebury were sites for this kind of ecstatic ritual dancing, meaning that the Stonehenge Free Festivals of the 1970s were totally in keeping with how the location was originally conceived and used. Feasting, orgies and other high-energy activities might

also have taken place within the circles. The stones are batteries for storing the energy so generated, concentrating it and saving it up for future use. Alternatively, they could just create a powerful energy field within the stone circle itself, like a giant outdoor orgone accumulator, that can be used for healing, fertility or just making people feel good.

## **Cosmic Dancers**

If you're less able-bodied, magical dancing doesn't have to involve strenuous physical movement. As I suggested earlier, in some ways the lower impact the better. Don't splash the energy around but keep it close, slowly and steadily working it up into a concentrated form. If you're with others, remember to send regular bursts back out to your fellow dancers as well.

The important thing is to feel like you're dancing, not necessarily to look like it. You can do it sitting down, gently nodding your head, tapping your fingers, or whatever minimal, rhythmic movement is easiest for you. Get into the music, through your ears or your body or in your head. Find your trance state and tune into it.

True dancing is done on the etheric level anyway, where all kinds of other entities see it and join in. Real cosmic dancers can get there without even moving at all.

## **Go with the flow**

My most magical experiences and epiphanies have occurred when dancing, and being in a flow state of magical consciousness, when stuff happens and the synchronicities line up, is essentially like dancing your way through life. I think that magic is dancing with the multiverse, and the various beings within it, human and otherwise.

It's dancing with concepts of reality and unreality, dancing with dreams and desire. It's daring to swap places; it's being able to hear the music and follow the tune. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that if it doesn't feel like you're dancing then it's not really magic. But what do I know anyway?

## **The Door**



LEARNING  
TO DRAW  
TREES

JULY

COPPED HAZEL

WYTCM WOOD  
CREWKERNE



# Freedom Day

The Procrastinator

The sun's intense, it's beaming down  
Plans are made to hit the town  
A quiet drink down by the river  
Nothing heavy on the liver  
My shirt is pressed, I feel okay  
About heading out for Freedom Day  
Not a pint please, just a half  
Oh go on then, for a laugh  
Today's the time for celebration  
With everything in moderation  
A single malt from Glen Moray?  
I think I will... it's Freedom Day  
Let's get some of the Spanish fizz  
The French stuff's always such a swizz  
The boat is out, we're living well  
An Aperol sounds pretty swell  
I list a little – start to sway  
On happy-jolly Freedom Day  
Yes okay, one more tequila  
Stub that joint I spy a Peeler  
My energy begins to flag  
I'm off the loo, who's got the bag?  
My tomorrow-self is going to pay  
But I don't care – it's Freedom Day  
What the fuck's my fucking name?  
Why the cock am I aflame?  
20 ciders downed for fun  
A smoking flare placed up my bum  
I made the front page of The S\*n  
On mother-fucking Freedom Day



time to  
change the script





# FlameChapel MoneyPoem

by Moksha and Tom Calderbank

THIS is my flamechapel. This is where hurts heal  
With humani people in the actual.  
Habitual de la Ritual. Necesstinctual.  
Discombobevicerated, yet strangely elevated.  
Lost for meaningpop, dancing in the Wake,  
Scorching desires into nightveil for nowsake.  
Are we seeking comfy? Then we'll beglean....  
Once upon a weantime, in a far off fallacy,  
Ape-man-made-money-voca-bewlery:

## KundiDengiDineroQianTien-baeGeldWang

Paleolithic, Neolithic,  
Showtime storytime,  
Frankensublimestein.  
Hob man shining in the Wyrld.  
Witch woman burning on the pyre.  
Creation mythoflops simply for everypop:

## CompraKuptiOsyaeKaufenHokoBeliMua

Slavecollar blingdollar,  
Blood diamond gold mind,  
Ironised thinkshine,  
Metal precious big lie,  
Moneytree skyhigh,  
Imagination occupy:

## DhiolViendeSatBonFirotinEreKunzaGwetheBuy

Steal it -sell it back  
Take the dream - sell it back  
Destroy Eden - sell it back  
IOU - take it back



## DebitoDividaBashiUtangDebitumNamaSuc

Fossilcrunchy boneyard,  
Earthblood warstart,  
Greedhoard Thrillionaires,  
Moneyclass noshare  
Haveys and the haveynots,  
Claimystuff, biggyshots:

## BoodleBacksheeshKickbackHushmoneyDoucerPayolaOil

Priceknow everything,  
Valueknow nadating,  
Lucrenoose ropeswing,  
Lacorruption Soulsting,  
Notebearer promising,  
Ethereal puffping:

## TaksePorezImpostoAdoCukaiTributumSee

But this is our flamechapel.  
This is where hurts heal.  
With humani people in the actual.  
Habitual de la Ritual. Necesstinctual.

Widda  
Manblong cashsmoke. Staff hit money bloke.  
L'argent provocateur. Blazing Grandeur  
Lucre vanisher. Destroyer cash fabricar  
Alchemical, magical, total transformational.  
Coinage canceller. Moolah banisher  
Betterworld visionary. Currency apothecary.  
Manblong cashsmoke. Staff hail money bloke.

## Dave the Tree

There's a special tree in our park  
Half way up, half way down the hill  
Me and the kids named him Dave  
Dave the tree  
He's an Oak  
His real name is Genus Quercus - but we prefer Dave

The name David means beloved  
But I don't think Dave minds what anyone calls him

I'm not sure how old Dave is, but he's old enough to know better  
Better than those who pass him daily, but never stop to say hello  
You see Dave waves at everyone, constantly  
He's steadfast in his inclusivity  
Resolute and non-discriminatory  
Dave treats everyone the same

He spends his time communing with the wind, greeting passers by  
Gestures the horizon in a complex dance; waves beyond the  
environs

From his hillside vista, Dave signals across the city, around the world  
Further than the eye can see  
Connected to the entire planet, rooted in the whole

He makes a walk in the park a joyous affair  
Good for mind, good for body and for soul

Dave and his friends are generous to a tee  
Gift us air to breath, shelter from the rain.  
Food for our bellies, medicine to ease the pain  
And all they ask in return is our bad breath...  
and a bit of respect

It's important work, tree work  
Roots, trunks, branches, leaves  
Bark, cones, buds, fruit - Acorns

Just being near Dave and his colleagues improves wellbeing  
Reduces stress, re-invigorates, calms  
Forests, woods, a small copse, a single solitary oak  
Trees heighten our senses  
We feel peaceful around them, in touch with the ground  
The smells, the textures, their shape and their sound

Oxygen

The Japanese have a word for this - Shinrin-yoku  
It means forest bathing

You want to sit and think? Lean against a tree  
Might help you reach enlightenment  
Like Buddha, (re)discover gravity

Attributed them with magical powers  
Holders of ancient wisdom, envoys of Mother Earth  
The ancient Celts called the Oak derwo-weyd  
It means strong knowledge, forms the word Druid  
So, in his way Dave's been calling us names too

Me and the kids hug Dave occasionally  
It's made him dear to us  
I like to think we're dear to him too  
That we hold a special place in his heart, me and the kids  
Of course, I know it's stupid to think this way  
After all Dave is a simple oak tree

And, as we know, trees love everyone equally.



*Dave the Tree was written for the Wild Medicine Podcast Pilot – Search Soundcloud to hear this wonderful aural experience featuring Sheffield activists, artists and academics exploring their connection with nature - Produced by Sophie Toes and Ali Makavelli.*

*Dave the Tree also features in 'A Tempting Magic' a new collection by Tim Holmes aka The Buddhist Punk feat artwork by Max Charles*



Available at [www.lulu.com/spotlight/tim-holmes](http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/tim-holmes)

Or grab one in person at

## Blame Blake

### Airy Fairy – Sheffield

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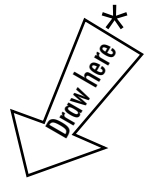
**JOHN HIGGS**

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PART DAY TICKETS - £12 | ALL DAY TICKETS £23 | BBQ £7  
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# Create a Currency



**F  
R  
O  
N  
T**

**F  
R  
O  
N  
T**



**Pure  
Potential**

Everything / nothing /  
imagine continuum

If the symbols on our money express our society,  
what would go on yours / your community's?

Do you want to live there?

What are your rates of exchange?  
What are your games? Are they real?

Feel free to draw for yourself,  
share, create and exchange  
with each other, or send  
creations to [myra.stuart@  
churchofburn.org](mailto:myra.stuart@churchofburn.org)

**B  
A  
C  
K**

**B  
A  
C  
K**

\* or collage, write, doodle...Whatever you like no worries about drawing ability.



# An Adaptation of an Adaptation by The Discordian Dungeon Master

*(approximately as played by his nephews Summer 2020)*

Through the fog-shrouded marshland, as night began to fall, a curious band of adventurers followed the road towards a remote fishing village. A tall, black leather clad elf pushed a beleaguered and trussed bandit before him with the point of his rapier, while behind them trudged another, half-elven, figure with a lute, and an elderly man with a slightly haunted look. It had been a hard journey since old Albrecht had hired Eldon and Malthador to see him safely back to his childhood home, and for his escorts the last day had been the worst. They'd been set upon by a gang of bandits on the road and, as was his habit, Eldon had used his Immovable Rod to try and pin one of his opponents' feet to the floor - a ploy that had worked perfectly on the goblins and orcs they'd encountered before. Not so much this time - the leader of the bandits had watched the elf place the magic rod on his foot, then simply reached down, pressed the same button to release it, and fled on horseback, taking Eldon's beloved treasure with him, pleased to get at least something from the ambush that had ended with most of his crew dead. The one survivor had either not known or refused to tell where his captain would have gone, so Eldon had decided to take him along to interrogate later.

Passing by an abandoned chapel and the overgrown gates of a decaying stately home, the strange quartet arrived in the centre of the village in darkness. The only place open was a tumbledown building with a sign advertising the "Sea Wind Lodging House", so Eldon and Malthador took their prisoner inside, while Albrecht went to see if his nephew was up. Inside the seedy inn, the travellers were met by the landlord, a pale man with a pencil moustache and oddly bulging eyes, who seemed to have no problem at all with strangers wanting to lock a prisoner in one of his rooms. As the two companions sat finishing a questionable fish stew in the dank dining room, Albrecht returned from his family's place pale and shaken. There was definitely something wrong with his nephew, and, settling up for the journey thus far, he offered to pay them more gold to help him find out what was going on.

That night, they left the prisoner locked in his room, while Eldon watched over Malthador while he slept, with a chair jammed up against the door. He heard someone outside the room, but rushed out to the corridor to find no one. In the morning, their prisoner had disappeared from his room. Heading to Albrecht's nephew's place and knocking on the door, they got no answer, and Albrecht asked Eldon to pick the lock. His nephew was nowhere to be seen in the house, so they left to check out the rest of the village. At the Village Hall they were met by the mayor, who invited them to a dance there that evening, then Albrecht led them to the library to investigate recent happenings. They found stories about an old captain returning from the sea with strange treasures, which prompted them to investigate the old Marsh Manor that they'd passed by on their way in. It was, indeed, abandoned and derelict, and their search for clues was interrupted by the appearance of the ghost of the old sea captain, who they fled from in terror.

Back at the lodging house they found their prisoner once more locked inside his room, with a vacant look on his face and a strange pallor to his complexion. He would not or could not say where he had been. Another check for Albrecht's nephew being fruitless, they decided to go to the dance at the Village Hall to see what could be seen. The party was largely unexciting, but they did spot various people being taken one by one down to a basement by the mayor. Eldon sneaked down himself, and found various cabinets of odd golden jewellery and a mark on the wall where something had once hung. As he lurked down there, a secret door opened, and Eldon was forced to feign drunken confusion as the Mayor and a pale villager emerged from a hidden door. He was ushered back to the dance above, and a guard put on the door.

Resolving to return later that night, they went to investigate the old chapel, where they found the remains of the priest which were not entirely human. They decided to break into the Manor again where Albrecht found the old captain's diary, but were once again chased away by his ghost.

While Albrecht read the diary in his room, the others broke into the Village Hall, and found the secret room in the basement. There, lit by the guttering flames of countless candles, hung the decayed and seaweed wrapped figurehead of a sailing ship, whose face glistened strangely in the candle light, as if alive. The two friends gazed upon the figurehead and, like it was the most natural thing in the world, they fell to their knees in worship, croaking glossolalic prayers into the night as the candles went out one by one...





### **Mrs Bleat**

**While the hedges drip with shadow  
and the fields are daubed in black  
you may hear small hooves and coughing  
something coming down the track.**

**When the countryside is sleeping  
you might catch a fleecy sight  
Mrs Bleat with eyes like pebbles  
Slowly shuffling through the night**

# *Bob's your Auntie - No problem too weird*

**Dear Auntie Bob,**

I have a terribly hoarse throat from *excessive* ranting. I find the following recipe to be of some utility.

Sliced red onion rings  
Local Honey  
Single Malt Whiskey

Place the onions into a jar, fill to cover with local honey. Leave Overnight. Mix one part of sliced red onion ring honey mixture with two parts Single Malt Whiskey and test/taste your ranting capacity. My question is: what is the correct volume for ranting about the Bodge?

Yrs & c. The One True Bodger

What a very helpful recipe TOTB I have a feeling many of our readers are feeling the need to rant at this time and might benefit from it. Bodging is your passion deary you rant about it as much as you need to and those whom are your true ones will love you none the less.

Well now I am inspired to share some of my special recipes with you dear hearts...

## **Auntie Bob's Blessed Baubles**

**1 tin coconut cream**  
**3.5g of pollen (or whatever you have available but pollen is tastiest). This is a medium strength batch, you can increase or decrease for taste or purpose...**  
**300g 70% cocoa dark chocolate**  
**1 or more chillies to taste**  
**A lump of fresh ginger**  
**1 tablespoon of marmalade**  
**3 drops vanilla essence**  
**200g of your favourite dark chocolate for coating**

Break up small the 300g of chocolate into a 1litre sealable Tupperware.  
Heat the coconut cream in a pan and crumble the pollen into the mixture.  
Stir until pollen has dissolved muttering your blessings then bring to the boil removing from the heat as soon as it begins.  
Pour cream onto chocolate and stir until all the chocolate has melted into the cream.

Grate fresh ginger into the mix to taste then add the chilli (fine chopped).  
Add the vanilla essence and marmalade then stir till fully mixed.  
Leave to cool then give a thorough stir and leave to sit in a cold fridge overnight.  
Now for the messy bit! Make into baubles with a spoon or a melon baller, melt the 200g of chocolate and use a toothpick to hold the bauble whilst you spoon melted chocolate on it, arrange on a tray covered in baking sheet and when complete transfer to the fridge for setting. Enjoy the pleasant giggles followed by a deep sleep.

## **Jedi Mind Trick**

**1 shot of your preferred spiced rum**  
**1 shot of Limoncello**  
**Fiery ginger beer**  
**1 spoon of mushroom honey: gather mushrooms. Empty half a jar of local honey into another jar then fill both jars with mushrooms till they are full and leave for a year shaking the jar once a month (this is a long drink in more ways than one)**

Add the shots to a tall glass, stir in the spoon of honey while pouring the ginger beer in. Add ice as required and enjoy the journey with friends.

Yes, I love ginger, what about it...



**From William Blakes Europe a Prophecy 1794**

The views of Auntie Bob should be taken with a pinch of salt as she comes from an alternate reality which has differing dimensional parameters.





# WILL HELM RIGHTLY'S WORLD OF PLAY

"You gotta know when to hold em, know when to fold em, know when to walk away, and know when to run..." Kenny Rogers

## **Will's notes to self (and others) on playing with self:**

- ★ I've heard it said that the way to make your way in the world is to form a cohesive story your place in it, that works for you. This may be so, but don't forget you can shift and change this story whenever and as you wish! Is it more interesting to treat it as a game? No need to hold such things firmly.
- ★ **No explanations are owed for doing this! Ever!**
- ★ Why not consider and play out some of the different narratives that appeal to different parts of you/your different personalities. Who do you find in there? What are their stories?
- ★ Not sure about any of this or how to play it right now? Having a wobble? Feeling unconvinced by the idea of ego driven narrative? Now's a great time to feel deeply into the sensations in your body and textures of the world around you. Forget narrative for a bit, don't worry, it will come back alright.
- ★ When you are playing with narrative what plot twists might you develop? What surprising takes? Unusual combination of stances? Are you having fun with it? How might you?
- ★ **When playing, holding ritual or exploring through experience, enter into the realm of the game as entirely real. Is not like.**
- ★ Conversely, never impose this on others, no matter how real it seems - this includes suppositions of the games of consensus reality.
- ★ It may be especially wise to extend this lack of imposition to yourself.

**Ever your committed and curious captain, Will x**

# Letter

## Gerunds and Infinitives,

I grasped, insofar as once can when one is grasping the intangible of the digital, the *Bodge* #6 and instantly felt the void, where my heart once was, elevate and swell with glorious pride. The cover was the most astounding tribute to all that Bodging aspires to: the most laudable Bodger, c. 1929, and his bodging lodge with draw shave to turn the Universe from bleakness to veritable stardust. I could feel my face reminiscing on the possibilities of smiling.

It was a short lived joy.

In *Bodge* #1 there was no letter to the Editors. I had penned a missive of unbridled joy, a jouissance of turned wood and panegyrics upon that rediscovery of the Antient and Laudable Art of Bodging. The letter to *Bodge* #1 had been deliberately suppressed. Undoubtedly by a shady Cabal. In *Bodge* #2, #3, #4, and #5, the trajectory seemed upwards. Towards the embrace of the Bodge. The Cabal have, it becomes apparent, have now reasserted their malignant presence. Lurking, as is their wont, and inserting their horrifying fingers into innocent pies.

In *Bodge* #6, we are all affronted by a scurrilous forgery. An article penned in the vilest bad taste and the epitome of bad faith. In *Bodge* #6, Hellene Hallmark was duped into the creation of a magnificent facade, in order to lure genuine Bodgers into the fray. We cannot but applaud the representation of the astral and stellar truth Hellene Hallmark has depicted so astoundingly. Yet, it is all driven to drivel by the vilest of articles. A forgery. Purporting to be by mine hand.

## The Science of Farting

It is an affront to the Scientists of Glitch Laboratories. It is a slap in the face of The Grain Of Sand, whose depictions of trees root us all in the oeneric woodlands of Bodging. It is the Gong Farming of the Yellow Press. It is a terrible insult to the Bodgers of the World.

We must admit that the forgery is convincing and well researched and yet it is simply a terrible assault upon mine reputation and thine. For it prattles like the ninnypoop and nincompoops from the nether baritone of the Cabal. I might strenuously deny having penned 'The Science of Farting'. Any person to have done so, would have submitted to an appropriate journal – perhaps *Acta Pujolia*, or *The New England Journal of Flatulence* – under a pseudonym of shame and disavowal. No. The article in *Bodge* #6 was a line, pooted into imaginary sands.

The Cabal destroying my fine reputation.

For who could take anybody seriously if they were to utter forth upon the colonophone and methane orchestra and, much, much, worse: Health and Safety in Schools. Let Schools be flattened by flatulent ignitions, says Me. My sympathy or interest in such matters is as absent as mine aorta. It is the Bodge and the Bodging and the Bodger that I hold to be the Beautiful, the Good, and the True.

There are questions. Serious and of import. Why were the letters of *Bodge* #1 and *Bodge* #6

suppressed and who is the real

Author of "The Science of Farting"? This is a conspiracy, hidden in plain sight, which suppresses all whose Spirit is captured by the Bodge. A terrible conspiracy that treats us all as pies ripe for the insertion of digits.

It is Little Jack Horner Against The Bodger.

I remain,  
Yours & c.

**sur Hubert Huzzah (postmortuarist)**

Written this day, 17 Gidouille 148.

(Ste. Femelle, technicienne)

Post scriptum: the original letters for *Bodge* #1 and #6 are safely secreted beyond the grasp of the Cabal. Transcriptions to be made available to serious Bodgers upon subscription.





# AND THESE BIRDS CAN SING

WWW.KATYANNEBELLIS.CO.UK/AND-THESE-BIRDS-CAN-SING







***BREATHE***



***BATHE***



***BURN***



# The Dreams Are Rising

## Mugwort (*Artemisia Vulgaris*)

At this time of year, one of our most beloved dreaming herbs is coming into full potency, springing up along roadsides the length and breadth of the land.

By mid to late August, the active part of the plant associated to strong dreaming is rising up from the soils, through the stalks and travelling into the leaves.

Mugwort is a witch's herb, a stirrer of visions and an opener of portals. It's long been connected to dreaming, intuition and visioning.

Taken as a tea before sleep, she can fling the doorways wide open into deep and vivid dream realms.

She's often found growing along borders, at the edge of



things, by gates and styles, along the edges of roads. As an ally that can assist you to cross the border from wakefulness into the dreaming lands, her growing place feels very apt.

There's an old saying the mugwort will remain hidden to you until it's time for you to get to know her. When that time comes, a mist of unseeing clears and suddenly she's everywhere.

Her Latin name is *Artemisia*, after Artemis- the goddess of the moon and protector of childbirth. The silvery underside of mugwort's leaves shine like moonlight on a dark night and are a beautiful reminder of her connection to the moon and all its mysteries.

Mugwort tea was also traditionally used as a women's herb. It increases circulation, warms up the uterus and moves the blood through to ease cramping. It's definitively not suitable to take if you're pregnant.

## Working with Mugwort

Mugwort has so many layers of knowing. The more time you devote to getting to know her, the deeper your relationship will be.

- Take a walk in the wilds and see where she's growing. Sketch her leaves, acquaint yourself with her shape, her blossoms, the way she moves in the wind.
- Sleep with a sprig by your pillow, set an intention to connect to her wisdom and see what dreams may come.
- If you're picking some of her leaves with the intention of dreaming with her, pick just before her tiny white buds open in mid-late August.
- Gather and dry her leaves and bind them together to make a smudging stick to cleanse

spaces before and after ritual, or add them to oil to make an anointing oil.

- Place a few leaves in a cup before bed, on a full moon even better. Go gently to begin with, the dream realms she can unveil can be strong.

"Mugwort opens up chambers of ancient memory within the brain, bringing to one's dream life stirring visions of past and future that overflow with magical imagery. The symbols that dance through your mugwort-touched dreams pull out the cobwebs of our forgetfulness and assist us in remembering old, unwritten ways of healing and living that attend to the needs of spirit and soul." Judith Berger, *Herbal Rituals*

# The Journey of the Mitchell-Hedges Crystal Skull

When it was discovered in 1924, Frederick Albert Mitchell-Hedges referred to the crystal artifact as the Skull of Doom.

He wrote "It is at least 3,600 years old and according to legend was used by the High Priest of the Maya when performing esoteric rites".

He continued, "It is said that when he willed death with the skull, death invariably followed. It has been described as the embodiment of evil."

His adopted daughter, Anna, had no such misgivings.

Anna had first spied the skull as a teenager, whilst looking down through the ancient ruins of a Mayan temple where her father was carrying out his excavations.

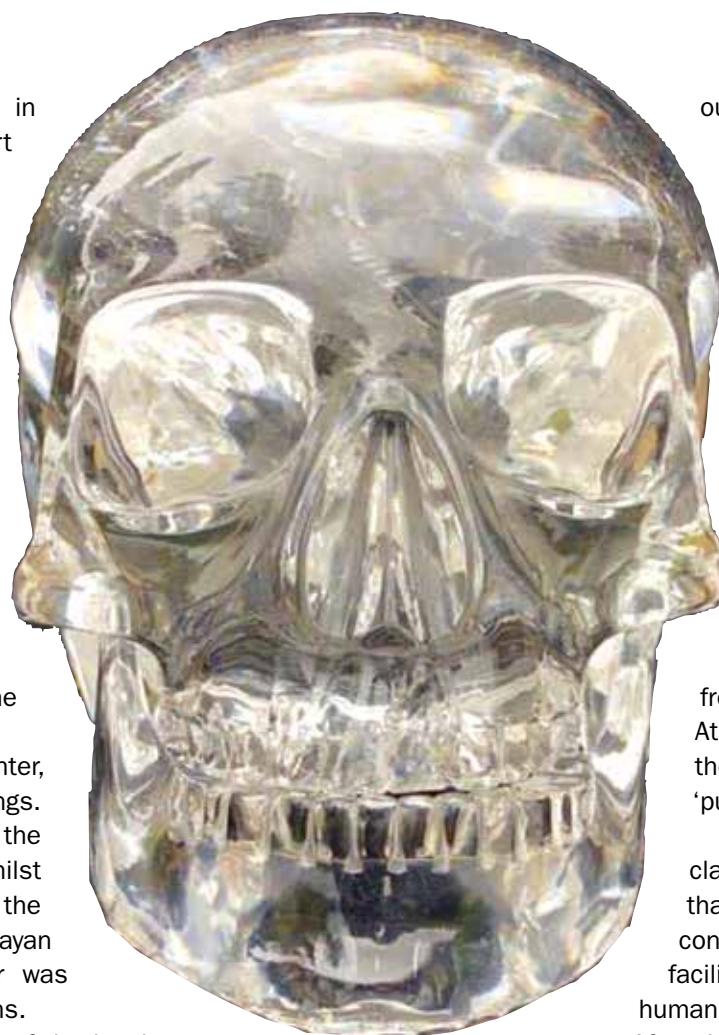
Such was the gratitude of the locals towards the Mitchell-Hedges expedition for their employment and shared knowledge during the dig, that they gifted the skull to Frederick, who in turn handed it on to Anna.

Rather than have the artefact locked away in a museum display case, Anna was keen for the public to see the skull up close and personal.

In later years, after receiving a steady stream of pilgrims at her home in Kitchener, Ontario, Anna decided to travel the world, taking the skull to wherever there was public interest. Along the way, she had audiences with many celebrities of the day, including noted actors such as Peter O'Toole, Shirley MacLaine and William Shatner.

During the years 1964 to 1970, she loaned the skull to Frank Dorland, a San Francisco-based art conservator, who took several castings and carried out his own limited scientific experiments to try and establish a definitive date for its creation.

None of his findings ever proved conclusive but when he engaged with scientists at Hewlett Packard to carry



out laboratory testing on the quartz skull and jawbone, Anna became upset and travelled via Greyhound bus to California to retrieve the artifact.

A Canadian psychic, Carole Davis, added to the lore surrounding the skull by conducting trance-medium sessions whilst in its presence.

The sessions began in 1983 and it was quickly established from channelled messages that its origins were from the lost continent of Atlantis, being fashioned many thousands of years ago using 'pure thought'.

Perhaps the most intriguing claim to have emerged is that the artefact provides the conduit for off-world entities to facilitate communication with humanity.

After the passing of Anna Mitchell-Hedges in 2007, ownership of the skull passed to Bill Homann.

Homann who had befriended Anna in 1981. Their relationship grew to the point where in 1996 they retraced the journey together that Anna had made with her father to Belize, revisiting the archaeological site where she made her discovery.

Official records note that Homann and Mitchell-Hedges married on 9 July, 2002 when Anna was 92 years old, with Homann nearly forty years her junior.

Bill Homann continues to carry out Anna's wish for the skull to be accessible to All and Carole Davis still holds sessions whilst in the presence of the Mitchell-Hedges crystal skull.

Bill explains that the message is to come together as "One Mind", a term given in a direct message from the Skull, to release our small minds; our egos and work together to support one another because we are ALL ONE, connected through the spirit of Universal Love.

**The SignMaker**



# Eight Circuits – Circuit Six.

Neuro-Somatic, Neuro-Electric/Neuro-genetic and psycho-atomic

Using Your Own Brain To Fabricate New Realities

Reality Goal: Control of one's own brain; neurological self-reward.

Be aware that 6th circuit intelligence probably cannot be imprinted within a heavy gravitational field so only rudimentary to date, can only be fully realised under weightless conditions – zero gravity – free fall.\*

## Stages 16-18. Tarot trilogy – Devil- Tower – Star

Leary says in Conversation with R.A.W in 'The Starseed Signals': " The Devil (Samadhi, Higher Intelligence) is the telepathic bond to a non-human nervous system. (Holy Guardian Angel, ally, deva) The Tower is the integration of such signals portrayed negatively ie. human chauvanisim) a project somewhat beyond the "liberal humanist" transcendence of racism,sexisim, nationalism and similar low level games...The Star represents the successful bonding transmission stage.

Crowly identified the Star with Sirius. Sirius fascinates other 6th Circuit types, Gurdjieff, Sufis and the Egyptian Priests with their annual Festivals for the dog star Sirius . Happily July 23rd is the beginning of "dog days" an expression still used today when the occult link between Earth-Sirius ( Through Hyper space) is most intense.

This is all rendered easier to grasp in 'Cosmic Trigger The Play' These last four circuits are still evolving , activated by shamans and mystics and now through psychedelic experience.

The Ensemble sing:

Neuro-somatic,neuro-electric,neuro-genetic and psycho-atomic.

Turn on Tune in, mutate, go cosmic!

Leary: Or one could say Sensory, Psychic, Mythic ,Spiritual.

Ensemble: Starseed! Starseed! Starseed! Starseeed!!!

As Ye wise olde witch says "We are star seeds all of us! We are sunlight made flesh!

We are born of the Cosmic Sea! Pleiadians,Atlanteans,Old Souls,old as ancient starlight. Light bearers are we."

With the space flights (almost ) of Virgin and Amazon with Tesla to follow, it would be interesting if they too transcend their first 4 circuit levels! All real astronauts have shown weird reactions to leaving earth gravity.

Had to type small and there is more to say. Don't just get high, get tripping.

"Circuit 6 is the universal translator often imagined by sci-fi writers. It is already built into our brains by the DNA tape, just as the circuits of the future butterfly are already built into the caterpillar." Matthew Clark



# Ley Lines for Fun and Profit:

The Walker

## Part 7. The English Motorway System

In their 2000 song, *The English Motorway System*, Black Box Recorder described the road network as something “beautiful and strange” that has “been there forever, it’s never going to change”.

I’ve always imagined a mythic aspect to the motorway network. I’m convinced that there’s an as-yet-undiscovered Saxon burial chamber, containing a design which looks like a motorway map.

This appeared in the LRB recently:

*The mycologist Lynne Boddy once made a scale model of Britain out of soil, placing blocks of fungus-colonised wood at the points of the major cities; the blocks were sized proportionately to the places they represented. Mycelial networks quickly grew between the blocks: the web they created reproduced the pattern of the UK’s motorways (‘You could see the M5, M4, M1, M6’).*

Maybe it proves nothing more than that the motorway system is ‘efficient’, but it feels important.

I recently bought a copy of *The Megalithic Empire* by MJ Harper and HL Vered. The book starts from the question of how pre-literate people moved tin from Cornwall to bronze foundries near Birmingham. How were the routes maintained over long distances with no central organisation? Any system had to be easy to maintain when resources were scarce.

The book suggests that the country could be navigated by ley-lines running between stone circles, with other monuments and cursuses in support. This system allowed the transit of resources including flint, metal and salt.

The network described by Harper and Vered is a trunk-and-branch system, like contemporary transport networks. You find your way onto a major route, follow until you’re close to your destination, then switch onto local routes – exactly how we travel long distances nowadays. Major leys such as the St Michael Line, would be used for long journeys, in the same way we travel motorways now. And stone circles? They

are effectively the roundabouts at the intersections. The huge works at Avebury are compared to a megalithic M25.

This is only the first couple of chapters of *The Megalithic Empire*. The rest of the book looks for evidence of the pre-literate empire which created these networks. The authors find traces of this everywhere, linking in references to the Cathars, Elen of the Ways, Morris dancing, freemasons, gnostic architecture, hares and Radio 4’s the Archers. Carnac is explained as the empire’s warehouse for standing stones. There’s even an answer to the Beowulf authorship controversy. It’s so relentless that I sometimes wondered if they were *taking the piss*. Certainly, there is scant evidence for overturning accepted history – as pointed out in a review by Geraldine Charles, you don’t need to navigate overland from Cornwall to Birmingham when it can be easily done by water. Maybe the simpler explanation that we’re used to makes more sense.

But I like reading different books, and I certainly won’t see leys lines in the same way after reading *The Megalithic Empire*. I love the idea of leys as motorways, and how stone circles are transformed into basic infrastructure that we’ve interpreted as having ritual significance. I imagine some future post-apocalyptic culture, trying to interpret our road system, deciding only ritual can explain something so beautiful and strange. To them, the M25 would be a mystical device, the junctions marking off the heavens as they would have been at the time when it was built. Surely ritual is the only thing that would explain why the M3 slams through the beautiful hills at Twyford Down?

Driving to Sentry circle in July 2019, we stopped at the M1’s Trowell Services. At the entrance three stones stand guard. They seemed out of place, but maybe they are a trace of the megalithic empire. And maybe, one day, future people might imagine them as religious artefacts of the Motorway People, who built incredible roads of devotion connecting magic roundabouts.



# i.e.

Inevitable Infinity. Extracted Expectations.  
Internalised Invasion. Extrapolated Evidence.

*How can we be sure? Because we know more.  
How can we just be? Because we are free.*

*we'll support love?*



We'll  
support  
Love!

Internal Incandescence. Eternal Evolution.  
Infernal Indoctrination. Education Emergent.

*Enough space between these hands to hold both.  
Open up to face the heart of one.*



