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SPRING/SUMMER 1997

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ancient stones and sacred sites in cornuall



CRAIG WEATHERHILL'S EPONA ● WELLS
MYSTERIOUS PLACES ● STANDING STONES
RITUAL SITES ● FOGOUS ● NEWS ●

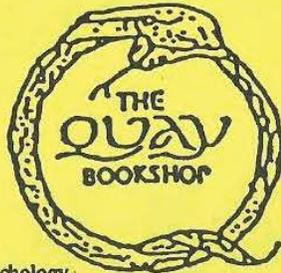
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THE EARTH GODDESS- Celtic and Pagan legacy of the landscape
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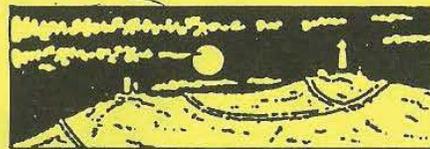


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After the coldest winter for over 100 years in West Cornwall, Spring is now returning to the land. And with it the annual events that have become such a part of the welcoming back of the year's growth and celebration: the May Day Eve maypole dance on Carn Bosavern, the Padstow Obby Oss, and the Three Wells Walk, to be followed in the summer by the Midsummer bonfires, and the Penzance Mazey Day and Golowan festival. Let us hope that this year will not be marred by some of the controversies that seem to have reared up in previous summers. In 1995 it was the destruction of the trees at Madron Well & Baptistry by the Methodists, and later on the attempt to steal one of the Merry Maidens stones by someone who may or may not have been a visitor. In 1996 it was the turn of Sancreed Well to have its clouties and branches cut off which provoked outrage by the local Druids and pagans, and the Midsummer Golowan festival banner which was attacked as being a "pagan symbol" by a woman, whose name, believe it or not, was Dorothy Pentreath! [For non-Cornish afficiandos, Dolly Pentreath was supposedly the last native Cornish-speaking woman and is commemorated at Paul Churchyard].

Sometimes it seems as if the sheer numbers who are attracted to Cornwall at this time of year threaten the very traditions and uniqueness of Cornwall that they come to enjoy. The ancient sites are themselves heavily used by both visitors and locals, and the Cornwall Archaeological Unit and English (sic) Heritage are concerned at the amount of activity going on at these places, especially the lighting of fires and digging up of turf within the area of the sites. The local pagan community were concerned last year at some of the "offerings" that seem to have been left at Boscawen-un circle in particular, and, on at least one occasion, blood and bones were found near the centre stone, and a cleansing and blessing ceremony had to be performed. Although we know that ancient sites were probably built by our ancestors for ritual purposes [see p.4-5 of this MM], and that they continue to be so used today, it behoves us all to treat them with care and respect. It is not that any one kind of visitor has more right of access to a site than another: archaeologists, earth mysteries researchers, pagans, New Age folk, travellers, casual visitors and tourists all need to be accommodated and have space to do what they need to do there, providing they do not harm the site or anyone or anything else. At the end of the day no-one can have the "right" to own or exclusively control places that were built 3000 or so years ago for purposes we still do not fully understand. We can only all try to be accepting of each other's needs at these special sacred places, oppose any misuse of the sites of whatever kind, and try to avoid a conflict of interests. Let's hope for a summer of care and consideration and tolerance in Cornwall!



The 1997 series of talks began on January 30th with **Jill Harris**, who had been a popular speaker before, and this time came to talk about "Solar Games". Jill spoke about great ritual games played out in the landscape for real following the great energy fields in different parts of Cornwall, and enshrined in the myths of the Arthurian legends. There was good audience feed-back to this wide-ranging talk that encompassed druids, dragons, the I Ching and many other topics, but which always returned to its central theme of the land and its interaction with humans.

February 27th brought CAU field archaeologist **Jackie Nowakowski** to give a talk based on her article in MM32 "Aspects of Life and Death in Bronze Age Cornwall". This was a state-of-the-art look at what has been revealed about Bronze Age people's funerary and ritual monuments through recent excavations at barrow sites in Cornwall. It emerged that what we see at these sites is only the final event in a long complex story perhaps spanning some thousand years, in which the significance of monuments changed from mainly ritual, whereby rites were performed at places of ancestral worship, to places of actual burials. Many sites had trampled areas, perhaps used for ceremonial dancing, and others wooden posts that were perhaps carved like totem poles. Profusely illustrated with slides and plans, the talk attracted a large audience who found it all most interesting.

The March meeting consisted of a talk by **Barry Reilly** on "Druidry and the way to the sacred space". This was a gentle look at the meaning of Druidry in the past and today, acknowledging the sacredness of the earth and all its living creatures. Along the way, Barry dispelled a number of myths about the Druid path, showing that it was as much a deep inner spiritual journey as an outward show of ritual. He explained about the triple order of bards, ovates and druids, the 8 festivals, and the rôle of women in Druidry. He also spoke of the healing power of the Druid way in relationship to his wife Kate, and his talk was much appreciated by all.

Finally, in April **Terence Meaden**, well-known author of many books on the crop circle phenomenon and megalithic belief, came to speak on "Sexual Symbolism and Fertility Aspects of Megalithic Art and Monuments". His lively and challenging presentation focused on the lost religions of the megalith builders, who created sexually-explicit cult objects and stones, ceremonial monuments in a world of Goddess belief. He showed that all aspects of the agricultural calendar were manifestations of this belief which was an attempt to understand the whole rhythm of the universe. A dramatic and powerful presentation that was a fitting end to an excellent season of talks.

Lost and Found — IN MEMORIAM

An inscribed stone dating from the 6th or 7th centuries has been unexpectedly discovered in West Penwith. During their conversion of a cottage at Kerris, the owners Trudi & Barry Taylor uncovered an upright stone supporting the lintel of the fireplace and facing into the recess. It appeared to have some lettering on it, so Professor Charles Thomas, the expert on Dark Age/Early Christian period inscribed stones, went to have a look, and made a preliminary reading of the inscription. It consisted of 2 lines, reading downwards, as follows:-

MACACE
CARASIMILIUS

The reading is only a provisional one, but it would appear to be a name, hitherto unknown, from this period. The first line may be a rendering of the Latin name Macarius from the Greek Makarios. This pronomen was known in Gaul and Wales from about 450 onwards when it was recorded in Rufinus's "Historia". The second line is a name Carasimilius, an unattested but presumably local name. Who Macarius Carasimilius was is unknown, but he joins Rialobran, son of Cunoval, commemorated at the Mên Scryfa stone near Madron, and Quenataucus, son of Dinuus, commemorated at Bleu Bridge near Gulval, both in West Penwith. There are also the inscribed stones to Cunaide at Carnsew near Hayle (discussed by Charles Thomas in MM19 p.13), to Taetuera at Boslow (discussed by him in MM30 p10-11), to Qonfal at Madron Church, and (unknown) at Sancreed Church. They all speak of a time when there were a number of early Celtic settlements in this part of Cornwall, and if one were looking for a "home" for Macarius Carasimilius, one perhaps might look no further than Kerris round nearby, an Iron Age enclosure that may originally have been part of a homestead, and which may have continued to be occupied into the later 6th/7th centuries. Wherever he came from, the discovery of his memorial stone, adds another piece to the picture.

DON WILKINS, one of Cornwall's most interesting characters, died in January at the age of 69 of a sudden heart attack. Don started his working life as an explosives expert, and then discovered he had a good skill as a water dowser. He was so successful with this that he set up his own business as a Water Diviner & Well Borer, and would undertake to find sources of underground water with the guarantee of "no find, no charge". As time went by, Don discovered that he was picking up other reactions with his rods which he did not understand, and this eventually led him to the Cornish Earth Mysteries Group to see if he could find out more about the "earth energies" that he was registering. He was a regular visitor to the CEMG meetings, and on one occasion gave a talk himself, in which he spoke of his pride in erecting a menhir on an "energy centre" and then striking it with deer horn to "charge it up", a procedure he felt had been used by the original megalithic builders and subsequently forgotten. Don was featured in a 3-part BBC TV series, where he spoke of the standing stone on Gugh on the Isles of Scilly, which he believed the fishermen of old used in order to navigate their way through the fog by "sensing" its energy. He was a man of many interesting ideas and theories, with a very gentle and kindly manner, and will be much missed by all those who knew him.

"RITUAL PHOBIA"

Jackie Nowakowski's article "Life and Death in Bronze-Age Cornwall" in the previous MM (no.32) was an apposite reminder of how the ritual use of ancient sites and the natural features of the land are nowadays generally taken on board by archaeologists in their excavations and interpretations. It was not always so: even as recently as 1987 Ralph Merrifield (in "The Archaeology of Ritual and Magic") was bemoaning the fact that possible examples of religious or magical ritual were ignored or were "likely to be greeted with nervous laughter" by the archaeologists. He commented: "There is a considerable amount of prejudice to be overcome among both excavators and interpretive archaeologists before we can make much progress."

We can observe this prejudice at work locally quite easily with regard to fogous. The widely accepted interpretation of them in the 1960s and 1970s was as places of refuge or storage. An article by Michael Tangye in "Cornish Archaeology 12" (1973) emphasised that "it is now generally accepted that some fogous were built and used as communal cold stores". Eight years later Susan Pearce in "The Archaeology of South-West Britain" (1981) was saying much the same thing: "Fogous were well-ventilated barns for the storage of grain and other foods". Still by 1987 Professor Malcolm Todd (in "A Regional History of England - the south-west to AD1000") was arguing that they were storage chambers, and it was not until 1992 that Rachel Maclean ("Cornish Archaeology 31") actually properly investigated whether they could perform this function or not, and concluded that they generally could not. However even then she refused to consider ritual as an alternative explanation, preferring one of refuge from enemies, a suggestion that had also been made by CAU archaeologist Peter Herring after a comparison with souterrains in Ireland (pers.comm.).

There seems to have been, in Ralph Merrifield's words, a "ritual phobia" among some archaeologists that has prevented them from objectively considering the most likely explanation. And yet among their less prejudiced colleagues warning bells were being sounded as long ago as the 1970s. In an article in "Current Archaeology 44" (May 1974) the editor Andrew Selkirk reported on the excavation of Carn Euny fogou by Patricia Christie in the late 60s and stated: "The obvious impression is that we are dealing with a ritual structure where an earth god or goddess was worshipped at the end of the passages and in the round chamber." Remember that this is 8 years before Susan Pearce and 13 years before Malcolm Todd were still arguing for storage (on no particular empirical basis). The Selkirks go on to say the following, which appears quite startling to read now 23 years later:-

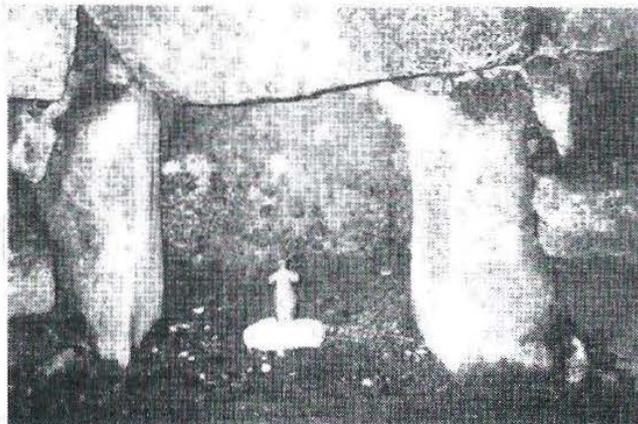
"The main problem is that British archaeologists have still an obsession against anything ritual. Yet in doing so are we not committing the number one sin of historical interpretation, that is putting back into the past the obsessions and prejudices of the present? Today we live in an intensely secular age, and many archaeologists seek to demonstrate their own prejudices by denying that ritual ever existed in the past. Yet anthropological studies of primitive man (sic.) remind us of the intensely ritual nature of much of primitive life. Is it not time that we abandoned our prejudices, and re-admitted the term 'ritual' to an honourable place in the archaeological vocabulary?"

Perhaps if this cutting had been pasted up on the walls of every archaeological unit in the country over the last 20 years, we may not have had such a struggle to get to the place where we are today, where the findings and research of the "new generation" of archaeologists like Jackie Nowakowski can be published for the first time in "Meyn Mamvro", and where recent books like Ian Cooke's "Mother and Sun: the Cornish fogou" can be reviewed in "Cornish Archaeology" (though even then the reviewer claimed that the idea of fogous as refuges was "persuasive"!).

The problem may be that archaeology allows for too much idiosyncratic interpretation based on inadequate or partial data. A case in point is Carn Brea hilltop fort near Redruth. Because the 1970 excavation by Roger Mercer showed that it was a Neolithic site that yielded, amongst other things, an enormous number (over 900) of flint arrowheads, it has been interpreted as an example of how the Neolithic was not the peaceful settled period we had all formerly thought. This in turn has led to some commentators (for example Ronald Hutton in "The past and post-modernist challenge" The Ley Hunter no.125) to suggest that if the Neolithic were a gynocentric Goddess-celebrating society, then it must also have been a war-like one and not an egalitarian co-operative one.

However, we have to remember that archaeologists are only presenting a snapshot of what happened at a site at certain periods. It seems that Carn Brea was founded right at the beginning of the Neolithic, so if it ended in destruction and death, then that was actually after centuries of peaceful existence. And can we be absolutely sure that it did end that way? We know from many other sites that during their active lives and at their abandonment, a ritual of depositing and breaking significant objects was performed. Garton Slack in Yorkshire is a fine example, where excavation showed that chalk figurines had been ritually decapitated and placed in ritual enclosures. Jackie Nowakowski suggests that something of the same may have occurred by the breaking of pots at the Trelowthas Barrow and the Cataclews and Carvinack sites (see her article in MM32). Now the interesting thing about the arrowheads found at Carn Brea is that many of them had also been broken. They may indeed have been the result of an attack on the settlement, but could they not have been equally well placed there in a ritual context? We should always keep at the back of our minds the strictures of Ralph Merrifield and the editors of 'Current Archaeology' Ritual is as likely an explanation of a site as anything else, and in many cases the most obvious alternative.

Cheryl Traffon



Carn Euny fogou round chamber shrine with Goddess.



DAMAGE TO STONE CIRCLES

"I am concerned at the increasing evidence of damage to some stone circles and ritual monuments in West Cornwall. Most circles have hollowed fire pits at their centres; at others, turves have been lifted and deposits made beneath the ground. At the least, such actions can make a beautiful monument untidy and thereby spoil it for others. At the worst they can be highly destructive of valuable archaeological evidence. It may be that some people are not aware that monuments like stone circles do not consist of the stones alone. There is also a vital below-ground component of complex layers containing evidence of how these sites were built and used in the past. These layers beneath the turf are extremely fragile and easily destroyed by digging. Most are also scheduled monuments, on which ground disturbance is in any case against the law.

I do not know who is responsible, and by writing to you I do not wish to cast blame on all those interested in Earth Mysteries. Indeed, some of the damage could easily be the result of digging by metal detector enthusiasts. But I would be grateful if you could help spread the word. There may be a small minority of people who simply do not appreciate that by disturbing the ground within stone circles, they may be destroying the below-ground remains of structures and deposits put there by early worshippers and the people who built these sacred sites. A better understanding of the nature of the sites might help increase the respect paid to them."

Ann Preston-Jones, Cornwall Archaeological Unit.

PISKIES, LEY-NODES AND HOTSPOTS

"The most interesting article in MM32 was undoubtedly the one on the piskey sites. I had no idea that these were actual locations in the landscape, and this is an important development! Of course the idea of 'hotspots' for ghosts, UFOs, elves, etc is now quite an old one, and piskeys are Cornish fays, so it's not unreasonable. The best work on 'hotspots' in my opinion is 'The Undiscovered Country' by Stephen Jenkins, who also covers fairies in relation to UFO sites, etc. Steve also mentions disorientation at 'hotspots', which he calls 'ley-nodes', and commenting on this, Colin Wilson mentions his own experience of disorientation at the Boscawen-un stone circle some years ago. Steve's belief is that 'hotspots' occur at the crossing point of ley lines and the ley-nodes, and perhaps you could see if this is so for the piskey sites. I know there is an alleged 'spirit-path' at St. Leven. It would be good to mount a watch at the main sites on significant days and log anything seen! Could the dreaming research take in the piskey sites as well? The 'demonic being' that sent Uther Boscence rolling around sounds very Carlos Castaneda-ish in the use of 'medicine plants': if this is right these places would cause amazing dreams perhaps!

Robin Ellis, Sheffield.

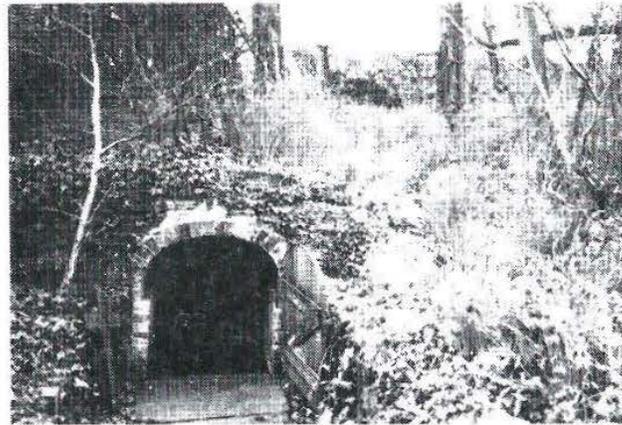
**It seems that MM32 was premature in announcing the Dandelion Trust had bought St. Nectan's Glen. Negotiations have fallen through at the last hurdle, and it appears that the site is once again up for sale, though the waterfall has been opened up for 1997 for the first time in 3 years.*

in search of cornwall's holy wells -5

Many moons ago when we were young(er) and carefree (?!), me and Bobbie McGee (names have been changed to protect the guilty!) set out to ride the Atlantic Highway in search of some of Cornwall's holy wells. The A39 runs along the north coast of Cornwall and into Devon, and we joined it at Fraddon where it leaves the A30 and heads north.

The miles ticked by as we cruised past St.Columb Major, St.Breock Downs and Wadebridge and headed towards Camelford. At St.Kew Highway we turned off coastwards into the village of **ST.KEW** where we knew there was a holy well (SX023 768).

Despite it being a small village, the old Rectory took a bit of finding, being further on and round the corner from the church. Inside the entrance to the drive to the rather imposing house, in a corner lay the well, consisting of a roofed building and clear running water.



St.Kew formerly had a monastery here, where the monk Winnianus turned away the famous St. Samson who then went on and found some pagans in the area worshipping a standing stone! It has also been suggested that St.Kew may have been a 'she', the sister of one Docco, a name given elsewhere to 'God', so St.Kew may originally have been a Goddess. It all seemed an auspicious start to the trip.

So it was back to the Atlantic Highway and on towards Camelford. On the outskirts of the town at Valley Truckle we turned coastwards again in the direction of Tintagel, but after $\frac{1}{2}$ mile or so turned back on ourselves westwards up a side road to a Caravan Park. Here we parked, and having asked permission of a friendly owner, made our way through the caravans towards the tennis court. It was early in the season and everything was being given a lick of paint and spruced up ready for the tourists.

St.Julitta's, Valley Truckle



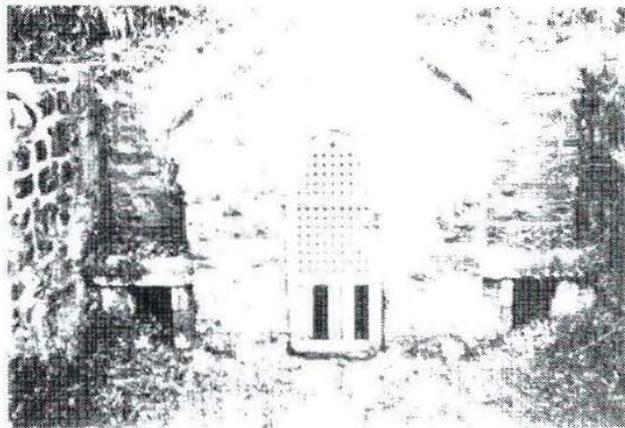
Mother nature was sprucing herself up too: the hawthorn trees were coming into blossom, and we saw three young rabbits lollipping away down the field beyond the tennis court. We walked down the field following a line of trees to a beautiful stream that flowed through the valley at the bottom. Just before the stream in a small hollow under a huge spreading tree lay **ST. JULITTA'S WELL** (SX093 829), an exquisite small roofed building enclosing clear still water. It felt as if we had stumbled on a real pixie house, and the dryads or spirits of the trees and land felt very close to us round about. Julitta is connected with the parish church at Tintagel, and she was one of the daughters of the Welsh saint Brychan. Her little well here was an absolute delight.

We were drawn towards Tintagel, so diverted to the magnificent coast road that runs from Tintagel to Boscastle. We knew there was a well on the island of **TINTAGEL HEAD** itself (SX048 892) which we had seen before, but we wanted to visit the holy well of St.Perran at **TRETHEVY** (SX076 892), which lay at the beginning of the beautiful walk up to the waterfall at St.Nectan's Glen. It is a pity that more care is not taken of the holy well: it was rather sorry-looking, having crumbling masonry and some old iron dumped around it. The well entrance had a locked gate, and it all seemed rather derelict compared with the wild elemental beauty of the water that flowed down from St.Nectan's Kieve above.



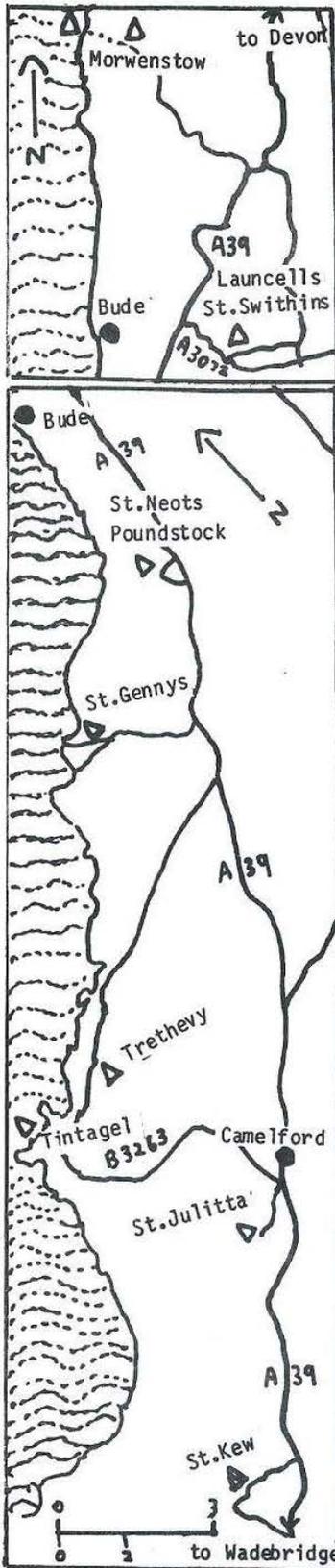
From here it was back via Boscastle onto the main road again for a short distance until we reached Wainhouse Corner and turned coastwards again towards the hamlet of Crackington Haven. Before we reached the sharp downward drive to the sea we turned northwards onto a minor road that led in a mile or so to the settlement of St.Gennys, a peaceful spot consisting of a green surrounded by a church and a few dwellings. The National Trust own the place and keep it immaculate, but only as far as the edge of the road. Beyond that was a piece of waste land covered with an overgrown wilderness. We had come here to find **ST.GENNY'S WELL** (SX149 971) but a search of the green and the churchyard proved fruitless. We even asked some locals from the cottages who didn't know! Eventually we found it, buried in the overgrown wilderness, a charming little well tucked into the fold of the slope. Gennys or Genesis is an unknown saint, though it has been suggested that he was either a Roman actor or a war-weary ex-soldier. Either way the dedication seems bizarre, and we had the irreverent picture of him standing on the green lamenting the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire! We felt like standing there and lamenting about the decline and fall of his well.

Soon it was time to rejoin the Atlantic Highway again and move on, this time for only a few miles to Treskinnick Cross, where we turned off for the hamlet of Poundstock. Parking beside the village church, we took a muddy lane heading northwards, and at the second gate on the right turned into a steeply sloping field. Some sheep with their newly-born lambs cantered off to the bottom of the field out of sight, and we followed them down until we reached a wooded part over a stream at the bottom, a similar situation to the first well at Lanteglos. Walking along the edge of this wood, we saw below us the top of the building that was **ST. NEOT'S WELL** (SX204 999). This was by far the largest well we had seen that day, consisting of the building itself, and an enclosed area in front surrounded by walls to prevent the sheep breaking it down. It was an attractive place, the more startling to discover in such a remote setting. We refreshed ourselves with its clear and cold waters and lingered awhile with the pervasive silence, before returning along the lane and back again onto the A39.

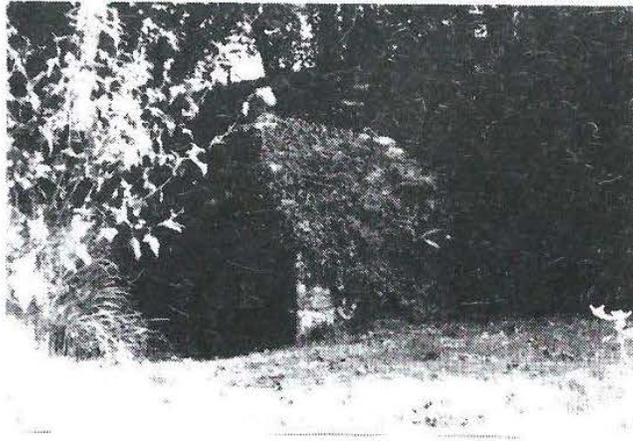


A few miles up the road and we were into the large sprawling holiday towns of Bude and Stratton, which came as something of a shock after the remote wells we had seen. However the A3072 leading eastwards from Stratton soon took us to the hamlet of Launcells, where, in front of the church, was the well of **ST. SWITHINS** (SX244 057). By contrast to St. Genny's Well this was finely preserved with a step down into the well building that was like a tunnel into the side of the slope beside the road above a wooded stream. This is the only dedication to St. Swithins in Cornwall, and what he is doing here far from his native Wessex is something of a mystery. perhaps there was too much rain for him in Winchester!

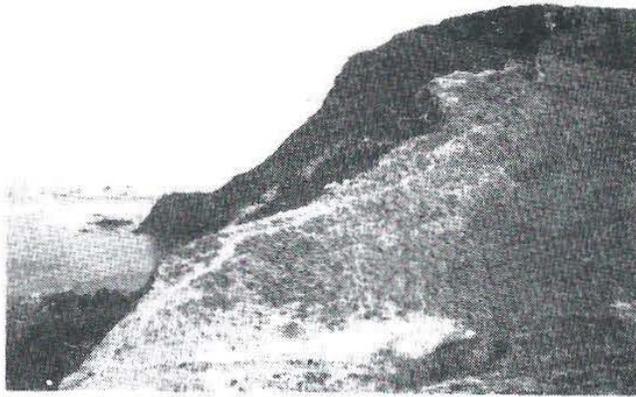




Finally, we came to Morwenstow, a couple of miles only from the border with Devon. This beautifully remote and peaceful place boasts two wells. This was Parson Hawker country, the eccentric incumbent of the church who rescued half-drowned mariners from shipwrecks, and was reputed to sit on the rocks dressed as a mermaid with his comb and mirror! He also built a hut on the cliff edge (where he went to meditate and have visions) and also the Vicarage, around the back of which (reached by a lane running eastwards from the church entrance) was **ST. JOHN'S WELL** (SX206 154). Nestling among the trees on the lawn, this was a picturesque 'wendy-house' of a well, unfortunately padlocked, but nevertheless a real little treasure.



We then took the path above the church to look for a much more elemental kind of well altogether. The path ran through 2 kissing gates and up to the cliff edge where a stile led to the left to Hawkers Hut. But we turned right and walked about 70yds until we came to a break in the gorse where some scree looked down an almost vertical cliff face into a dizzying rock-strewn ocean beneath. This was the 'path' to **ST. MORWENNA'S WELL** (SX197 155) which was not visible from the cliff top but lay half way down the cliff looking out over the Atlantic ocean. This is not a well to be recommended, except for those with good boots, protective clothing and a head for heights! But it is a truly amazing site for the last well in North Cornwall, for here Morwenna's well was hewn out of the rock, long before the church was built, and here it has remained for at least 1500 years, though now unfortunately dry.



The cliffs and sea nearby to Morwenna's Well

Morwenna was a daughter of King Brychan of Wales and sister of Nechtan, himself commemorated not far south at St.Nectan's Glen near Tintagel. Both of these 'saints' may originally have been goddesses and gods of the old pagan faith, and the site of this natural well in the side of the cliff face above the Atlantic ocean seemed to owe nothing to the neat lines of the church $\frac{1}{2}$ mile inland. The day was azure blue, the shape of Lundy Island outlined on the horizon, and beyond that Wales, to where the dying Morwenna's eyes gazed, as she was lifted up by her brother Nectan for one last look across the sea over which she had voyaged to Cornwall. We too were at the edge of the land, at the end of the day, at the far point of Cornwall, and we took one last look across the sea before turning back inland away from Morwenna's dramatic well.



GRANNY'S ATTIC



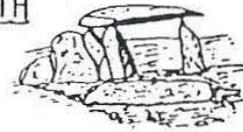
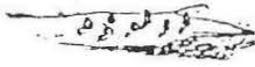
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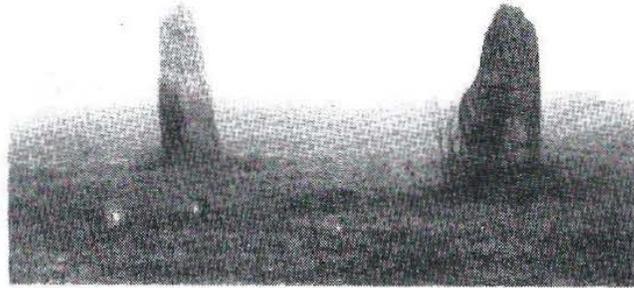
LESSER-KNOWN SITES IN WEST PENWITH

SOUTH-EAST AREA

by RAYMOND COX



Drift Stones (SW437 283) They could have been lost in the middle of a moorland expanse, instead of a few yards from the A30 at Drift, as on both occasions I saw them they were just visible through a mysterious pall of mist over the field. This pair 7½ft & 9ft tall, and about 18ft apart, have been



described by a number of Cornish writers since Dr. Borlase in 1754. In 1871 W.C. Borlase found that a precise wide pit had been dug between them, though out of line, but no remains were found. John Michell found leys going through them.

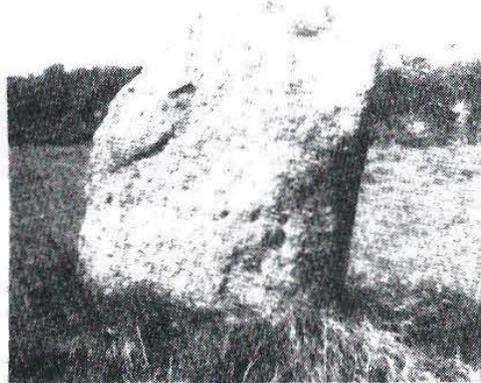
The mist swirled and curled around the stones to give them the wierd effect of alternatively appearing and disappearing. It must have been doing this in such atmospheric conditions for centuries. And so I thought of the other pairs not far away. Would the same be happening there? Is there a connection between these and the similar pair at Faughan (SW452 282)? Or are they just entrance stones to the Roundago there, one of a number of strange earthworks in this area?

Like Kerris for example (SW445 272). The two stones here are in a wall, enclosing a small yard behind a house, a former chapel. They also mark the southern boundary of another Iron Age Roundago. The mist had gone, but the mystery remained. Not just the leys - they're through here too - but the Roundago itself. In the 19thC Halliwell said that a large portion of the enclosure was removed to enlarge the field and two other stones just inside the entrance were also removed. So there were four stones together here, which led Dr. Borlase to contemplate an entrance to a place of worship. He saw other large recumbent stones which might once have stood upon the four. A portal, then, some place of sanctuary?

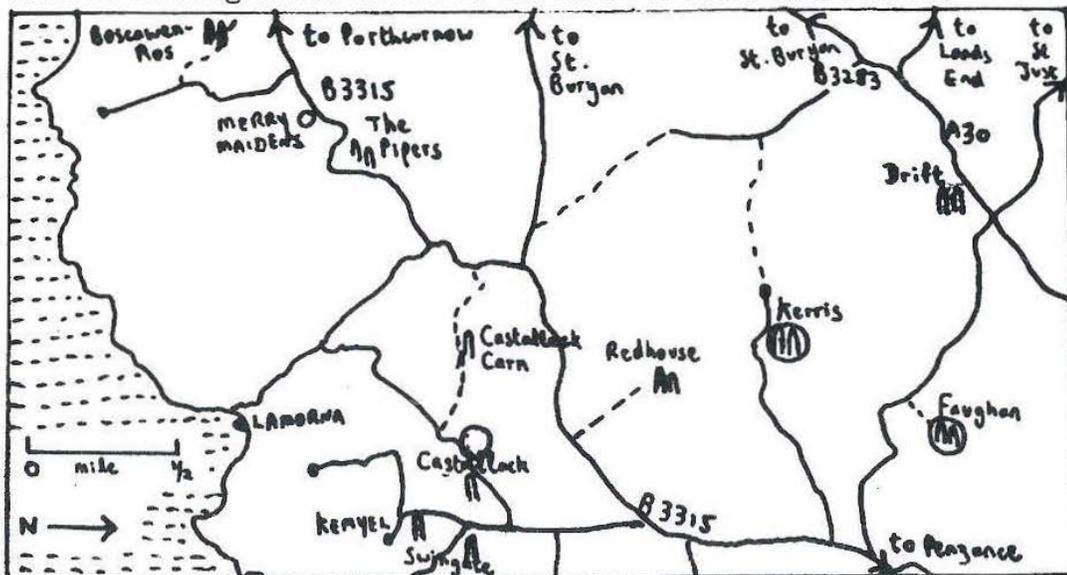
Not far away at Redhouse (SW448 266) is another pair. Or is it? Was I eager to see pairs and so mentally conjure them up, for these stand in neighbouring fields and are, in fact, dissimilar: one a thin slab, the other more of a menhir, nearly 6ft tall. Again, according to John Michell there are alignments with the former. No mist, no Roundago mysteries. Just a remoteness, unseen and mostly unvisited. I am again bemused and tricked in my search for pairs, when, on to Boscawen-Ros beyond the Merry Maidens (SW428 239) I find there might this time be three (see MMno.6 p.5). The two main stones were knocked down earlier this century, and the eastern re-erected; the other is in the hedge.

The pair search becomes even more confounded with the Swingate stones (SW457 251/458 254). These are on the plateau above Lamorna: one is a 6ft triangular stone, with another smaller triangular stone in the neighbouring field. But there is another 6ft stone not far away to the east towards Kemyel Drea, and Michell mentions several unrecorded stones around [see also "The Old Stones of Lamorna Plateau" MM25 p.6-7]. Local farmers say it was formerly the practice where there were two or more stones, to remove all but one, leaving that for the cows. How many also were genuine, and how many now gateposts for example? How many more pairs indeed?

So to nearby Castallack with a complex of features, particularly another Roundago, an Iron Age feature that measures 180ft x 160ft. The extant parts of the huge wall have tall pillars, some of which are horizontal blocks. There is a 6ft standing stone overgrown with ivy to the west on Castallack Carn (SW447 253), with another nearby (SW454 254), both on leys. This latter stone [photo right] has the added feature of cup-and-ring marks, 7 in a line and another 2 beneath. There is also a cupped stone in the wall of the Roundago itself. There were also some other possible stones nearby, and a fogou, now long gone, a few hundred yards away.



What a profusion of interest, of history and of speculation in these isolated standing stones hidden in the fields of south-east Penwith!



epona's children

by CRAIG WEATHERHILL

From the earliest times, horses have captured the awe and respect of human society. Large and impressive, their beauty and nobility wove a deep spell on many cultures. In tune with their Indo-European precursors, the Celts revered the horse as a powerfully sacred creature, a solar symbol. Their goddess of horses Epona (the name means "divine horse" and is the origin of the word "pony") was honoured throughout Britain and Gaul and became the only Celtic deity to be adopted by Rome, where her festival, December 18th, is close to the winter solstice and falls within the equine star sign of Sagittarius.

The worship of the horse goddess and the ancient association of horse with sexual virility and fertility became prominent in rituals of Celtic king-making. As late as the 12th century, and in spite of the power of Catholic Christianity, the crowning of a king in Donegal involved the king-elect appearing before the people naked and on all fours. Declaring himself a stallion, he then publicly and actually copulated with a white mare, thus symbolising the marriage of the king with the goddess (quite how he managed this without being kicked into the middle of the following week wasn't reported), and affirming the king's own virility upon which the prosperity of his subjects and the fertility of their lands depended.

An Indo-European parallel to this was found in India where in the *asamvedha* king-making ceremony, his queen was expected to perform the awesomely eye-watering act of mating with a stallion which was then sacrificed. The white mare of the Irish king making was also killed, her flesh being prepared in a broth which the king drank and bathed in, thus imbuing himself, inside and out, with the essence of Epona. With the exception of these ceremonies, however, there was a general *geasa* (taboo) against the eating of horseflesh.

The horse plays a major part in Celtic mythology, as it does in other European and Asian cultures, for example the Greek flying horse Pegasus and Odin's six-legged Sleipnir. To the Celts, famed throughout the ancient world as supreme horsemen, horses were central to their welfare and prestige. Epona, although known by that name in Britain, also appears in Welsh and Irish myth as Rhiannon, Macha and Edain Echraidhe, while a number of Welsh Triads are reserved for heroic horses. Equine heroes are well known in Irish mythology, for example Cu Chulainn's faithful Liath Macha, one of twin horses born at the same moment as the hero himself and presented to him as his chariot horses who, although fatally wounded, fiercely defends his dying master.

Horses of a more supernatural kind also feature in Celtic myth: the Kelpie or waterhorse and others capable of treading water and air with consummate ease. White-capped sea waves - still called "white horses" - were once called "The Horses of Manannan" (Manannan MacLir, the Celtic sea-god).



The Obby Oss at Padstow.

Cornish tradition retains the ancient reverence for our noblest companion. Of many Obby Osses (not "Hobby Horses" please!) we still have the Padstow Oss, with its overtones of fertility, hints of a water horse origin, and, as its ceremony is held at Beltaine, its solar symbolism. Christmases in West Cornwall, close to the solstice and the festival of Epona, once saw the appearance of Old Penglaze and his horse (the modern Golowan applies considerable licence here, introducing a figure wholly inspired by the Welsh Mari Llwyd, as well as bringing it out at the wrong time of year). When the Spaniards burned Paul church in 1595, their commander, Captain Carlos de Amezola, reported that the church contained an effigy of a horse "carved in wood, greatly embellished and serving as an idol worshipped by the people".

If, as in Ireland, Cornwall's Small People represented a diminishing form of the old gods, it might go some way towards understanding their love of horses as sacred and deified creatures. South-east Cornwall has many tales of night-riden horses, their manes plaited into tiny stirrups. In the wilds of West Penwith, the elemental Piskey himself rides a yearling colt, his toes twisted into its mane. Other legends maintain that the Small people can transform themselves into horses, whilst further echoes of the water horse may be found in the legends of lords escaping the inundation of Lyonesse. Both the Trevelyan and Vyvyan families claim an ancestor fleeing the flood on a white horse which would become the family symbol, just as in Brittany a fleet horse delivered King Gradlon from the flooding of Caer Ys.

In the legend of The Hooting Cam, at Carn Kenidjack, a seemingly recent setting disguises an ancient origin. Here the devil rides a black horse in search of lost souls, but late Christian influence has recast the ancient gods (of what was to ancient people a sacred peak) as demons and devils, whilst retaining the link between horses and the immortals. Similarly, at Polperro, the devil bursts from the cliff in a very Celtic chariot pulled by a huge black horse. A hoof-shaped pool preserves the spot where the great beast planted his foot. Near Goss Moor, the horse of King Arthur also left a hoofprint in a rock, thought to be the recently rediscovered capstone of the Devil's Coyt. The flying horses of Greek and Nordic legend have a Penwith equivalent, the mysterious black horse which gave Jacky of St. Just his unexpected ride to Scilly - by curious coincidence the place from which Jacky took off and landed is now the Land's End airfield!



Another black horse famous in Cornish legend was the Arab mare owned by the Lord of Pengersick, unmanageable to all except the magician himself. She was held to be a demon cast into horse-shape to serve as the sorcerer's familiar. Demon or god? Black horses also pull spectral coaches, such as that at Blackadon, which came to the attention of the noted ghost-layer Parson Dodge of Talland. These were headless; not decapitated: their necks just faded away to an invisible head.

The courage and devotion of horses are well represented by Hector, the steed of the ghost-laying Pason Polkinghorne of Lelant. After binding the restless shade of Wild Harris at Kenegie, Polkinghorne, astride Hector, led the phantom up the hill to Castle-an-dinas, beset the whole way by storms raised by howling demons and elementals. Although trembling with fear, the courageous Hector braved the onslaught until Polkinghorne took pity on him and dismounted to take the ghost the rest of the way on foot. Hector's relief at seeing his master's safe return further shows the bond between man and horse. Another devoted steed was the white horse whose ghost has, for over a century, waited patiently at Porthgwidden beach, St.Ives for the return of his drowned master from his daily swim.

Other legendary horses have likewise suffered. In the Gothic tale of "The Spectre Bridegroom", Frank Lanyon's horse, released from its ghostly rider, was so maddened with fear that it bolted through St. Buryan and was found dead from its terror on Burnewhall Cliff. On the island of St. Martins, a woman whose sheep were dying from a mystery disease was told by a male Penzance witch that their deaths were due to an evil spirit residing within an old mare sharing the same field. To break the curse, the mare was burned to death. The supernatural forces protecting ancient monuments took it out on the wrong target when young, healthy horses employed to drag stones from Kerris Roundago and the Merry Maidens inexplicably died.

That horses can sense much that we cannot is well known. Members of the Cornish Earth Mysteries Group saw for themselves in the summer of 1996 the peculiar draw of the Tregeseal stone circle on my mare Larnie. Much is featured in the Press about the undoubted healing power of dolphins; little is known of the equine equivalent, which is extremely potent when applied to afflictions and stresses of the mind, as this Sagittarian horse-owner has good reason and gratitude to appreciate. He also more than appreciates that horses are not here to be mastered. A true partnership can only be achieved by way of emphatic bonding and a knowledge of equine psychology and communication. It is said that humankind could once communicate with bird and beast, a gift all but lost because of the human preoccupation with themselves. Less known is the fact that the secret of communication between humans and horses is not lost.

Majestic, intelligent, yet willing to be our companions, the Children of Epona continue to hold us in their power; a gentle yet irresistible influence and magic which has endured for centuries. To merely be in their company is enough to find instant understanding of why they were held in such reverence by our ancestors and by ourselves. We might kid ourselves that we are their masters, but the fact remains that it is they who hold power over us. And if my dear old mare is anything to go by, don't they know it!

Article [c] Craig Weatherhill. Artwork of the Celtic horse as a symbol of death/rebirth [c] Murray Vincent. The photo below shows Craig and his horse Larnie.



Cornwall's mysterious places

WARLEGGAN REVISITED

The previous MM32 had an article by Robin Ellis on Warleggan and Rillaton. Here **ANDREW HASSALL** follows it up with his perspective on the deep mystery of the place.

What were those tendrils of dread which reached the centre of England from a remote corner of Bodmin Moor? The aura of Warleggan, a lonely hamlet close to St. Neots, had been borne aloft like a magical imprecation, pulling the moth toward the flame. Warleggan, the very intonation conjured up troubled visions and disturbed images, for it had psychically knee-capped our local and most celebrated shaman.

Much has been written about the place, originally 'Worlegan', similar to a Welsh word meaning "a high place", and especially the eccentric behaviour of Reverend Frederick Densham, Vicar of Warleggan between 1931 and 1953. In a similar vein, rumours have reverberated regarding the 'near-heretical' activities of Ralph de Tremur, who occupied a former building on the same site as the Rectory in the 14th century. Warleggan has been described in one guidebook as "the loneliest village on Bodmin Moor", where, surrounded by the moody and austere elements, the population has halved in the last hundred years.

"Do you know anything about Warleggan?"

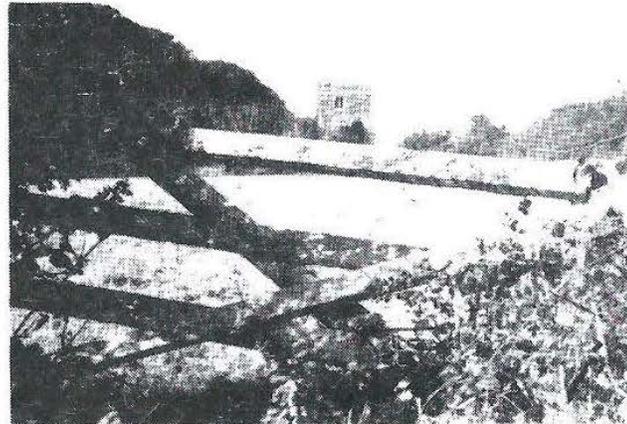
The question was put to a young woman who was working in a shop at one of the nearby villages. She pointed at shelves of Cornish guidebooks. Eventually, the relevant information was found.

"It reads here that 'Warleggan is not a sinister place'".

The negation of the fact was intriguing, but my amusement at the denial proved short-lived.

"Why are you seeking your power from the sinister?" said the woman, "Obsession with negative manifestations leads to imbalance and this is an error".

Perhaps she was right. I had just returned from that desolate place and the riddle of Warleggan was spinning in my mind like a vortex. The road from Mount passed through a wooded valley, before ascending a steep hill to the village. In the valley, the primeval waters of the River Bedalder were encompassed by the oppressive atmosphere of a dark, silent wood. The sense of stagnation and decay was compounded by a windless, overcast sky. At the bridge, something swept across my face like an invisible web, repeatedly, to and fro, until the rational mind banished the fleeting intrusion. Later enquiry revealed that a circle had been cast not so far away, downstream, amongst those gloomy forboding trees.



The church, dedicated to St. Bartholemew, stands over 800ft above sea level. In March 1818, the steeple of the church was struck by lightning and fell on the structure, causing great damage. Here, the eccentric Revreend Densham had preached inside an empty church, following bitter disagreements with his parishioners. As one entry in the church register had put it - "No fog. No wind. No rain. No congregation". Next to the church stood the high, imposing walls of the former Rectory, where a curious doorway led into neglected grounds, choked with clinging ivy, overgrown with nettles and brambles. Despite the profusion of vegetation, the underlying impression was of despair and decay. Indeed, it has been said that the sad spirit of Reverend Densham haunts the lonely path between the former Rectory and the church.

"I did have a strange experience, not far from Warleggan", said the woman. "It felt like there was something in the car. I must admit, at the time, I felt quite scared".

Is the unusual character of Warleggan an accumulation of past events or does the mystery go even deeper than that? There are those who believe that, where the veil is thin, there is something about the land which interacts with those who are responsive to the rhythms of nature and the powerful seasonal tides. To the north, half a mile distant, the prehistoric landscape around Carburrow Tor occupies the higher slopes, a place where rumours concerning the practice of the older ways are rife.

"Of course, it is possible to connect everything with everything", said the woman in the shop. "That is, if you want to. Have you read 'Foucault's Pendulum'?" I had. And that is why I returned to Warleggan a few days later with a disinterested third party. It was interesting to observe the same malaise, albeit subjective, and the intense feelings of alienation and hopelessness, culminating in an outright vow never to return to 'that awful place'. Warleggan, it seems, is one of those inexplicable enigmas which we stumble upon from time to time; one of those places whose aura exudes both raw power and mystery, hinting at a dark, forgotten secret, at once, open and closed, palpable yet elusive.

the penrose elementals

Penrose Manor stands in a lonely valley in the far west of Cornwall. As you approach it along the winding lane, you become aware of that strange atmosphere so often encountered in Penwith, a feeling that, somehow, you have strayed into a time before time began, into a world suspended within a world. At the end of the lane, standing on a grassy bank, is the brooding farmhouse, a grey stoned Georgian structure, with two cottages huddled before it. In the gully of the valley, a stream runs its chattering journey through the meadow where once grew an apple orchard. Several hundred years ago, it is said that the 7 year old son of Squire Ralph Penrose was murdered by his Uncle William and buried under a tree in this orchard. An account of this legend can be found in Daphne Du Maurier's "Vanishing Cornwall".

When I was very young I lived for a time in one of the cottages at Penrose. A solitary little girl, my only companions were a large black cat and my spirit friends. An elemental would sit on the end of my cot and clamber over my pushchair, and I wondered not at its presence, only that my parents seemed not to see it also.

One night I awoke to hear child-like voices and laughter coming from downstairs. Two little people, hardly bigger than myself, both dressed in white came into the bedroom, lifted me from the cot and carried me downstairs to the kitchen. They placed me in the middle of the room where I sat on the stone floor, mesmerised. Although it was the dark mid of night, the room within was light, and I could see several other little people, all similarly dressed. They were mischievously laughing and chattering as they climbed the furniture and looked into the cupboards. Then they gathered together, held hands and danced around me in a circle. I remember nothing more before waking the next morning, safe in bed.

Had it all been the dream of a highly imaginative child? I think not. I had been too young to recount my experience to my mother, but her concern for me grew as I began to frequently enter some kind of trance. She discovered that the only way to release me from these trances was to hastily take me from the house, out of the valley to my grandmother's, where I would return to normal. We soon moved from Penrose to another cottage in another valley and I was never seen to have the strange trances again.

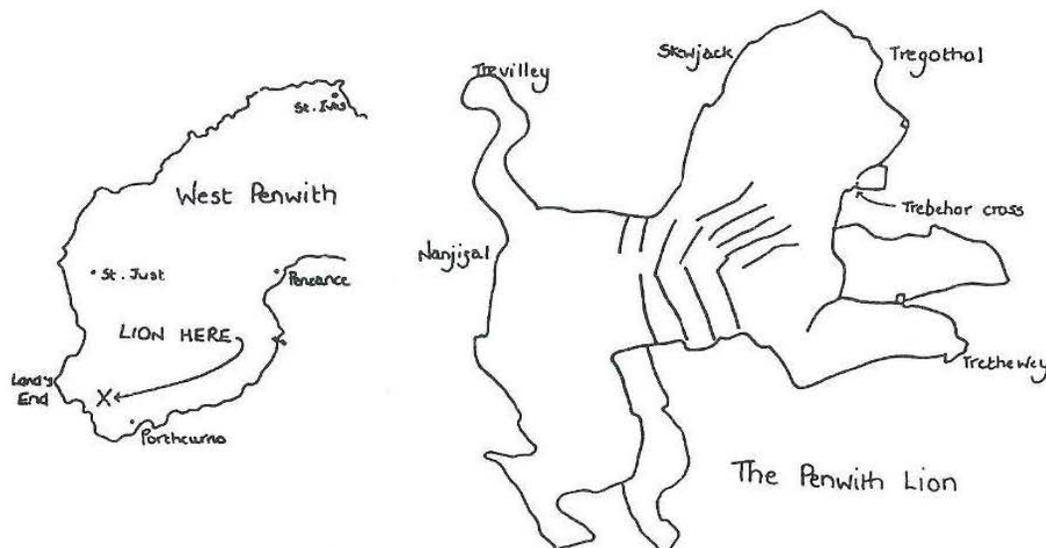
My nocturnal adventure at Penrose with the little people remains a vivid recollection, and over the years, as I have reached further into the Spiritual dimension, the Otherworld, I have realised that this is probably one remaining memory the Faery Folk allowed me to keep so that I would never completely detach the fragile thread connecting me to them.

Jean Harris



The St. Levan's Lion

Following the short piece in MM30 about the zodiacal landscape lion discovered on the Lizard peninsula by Sheila Jeffries, I wondered if people were aware that there is a similar feline figure in the Penwith peninsula, west of Penzance. Interestingly it is to be found in the parish of St. Levan, and 'lew' is the Cornish word for lion. It can be traced on the 1:25000 map fairly easily and is a mirror image of its Lizard cousin, looking to the east rather than the west, but it does have similarities: a tail which curves up over its back, field shapes which delineate its mane hairs, and a strong square jaw.

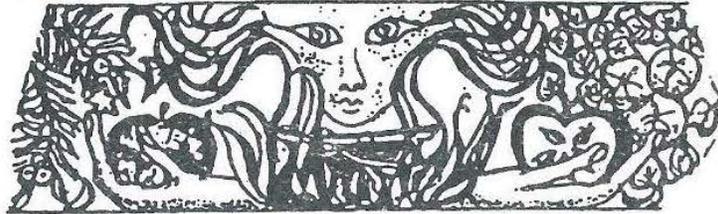


Its brow is marked by Tregothal Farm (SW378 249), and Skewjack Surf Village (372 248) lies on the back of its head. Its back is outlined by the water which flows out and enters the sea at Nanjizal. The tail curves over the back in a jaunty fashion and is made up of a series of fields snaking up to Trevelley. In Cornish Trevelley means 'Beli's Farm'. In Druidic lore Beli was the creator of the universe and Bel was also the name given to the Celtic god of the sun or light, from which, for instance, the fire festival of Beltane takes its name; the zodiacal sign of Leo is ruled by the sun. Trethewey, meaning 'David's Farm', lies on one of its front paws. Here there may be a Judeo-Christian link, as the Lion of Judah is a title of the Christian Messiah, Jesus Christ, a descendant of King David who belonged to the tribe of Judah. In Biblical times, the lion was a symbol of royalty and even today we sometimes refer to the lion as the king of the animals. Trebehor Cross (377 243) is on its mouth and its nose is marked by a very distinctive small field (379 247). Its mane is indicated by four long parallel field hedges and its ribs by hedges stretching out on each side of the road from Polgigga (377 238) to Lower Bosistow (366 239).

Elaine Gill

Elaine Gill, who lives in Newlyn, is the author of several books on Celtic themes, including *The Book of Celtic Saints* (reviewed in MM30). She would welcome any further ideas on landscape zodiacs in Cornwall.

Cerridwen's Cauldron



This edition's contribution is by local writer CAEIA MARCH and describes the celebrations at Beltane in Cornwall, culminating with her recipe for "Beltane Bake", a dish made especially at this time.

Our women's group here in Cornwall has a wonderful time during our festival of the Eve of Summer. We do ritual together eight times a year – the solstices, equinoxes and the Celtic cross quarter days: Imbolc, Beltane, Lughnasad and Samhain. We begin our Beltane festival with a celebration ritual somewhere on the moors at a stone circle or dolmen, starting at sunset on the night before May Day. Traditionally the Celtic day starts and finishes at sunset. Beltane is a fire festival, derived from the Irish words 'Bel Teine' meaning Good Fire. We give thanks for the summer to come and ask for fertility for ourselves and the earth. Our fertility doesn't have to mean having babies. We might be creating a new book, painting, sculpture, series of photographs or handcrafts, new friendships, gardens, lover relationships, and delight in one another. We leap over our Beltane fire in ones and twos to symbolise the passion and fusion of this creativity and the leaving behind of all that which we wish to discard. After the ritual we have a wonderful Beltane feast where we all bring food and wine to share. If the evening is too chilly, we return to one of our homes for our feast and then we drum and dance for a long time, tell stories and make merry.

On May Day itself our group drives up to Padstow for one of the few remaining folk festivals in Britain. This time we celebrate without drums which would be intrusive there. We're in the crowd who follow the Obby Oss through the decorated streets for May Day. The Oss has its origins in Mare, Goddess of the sea (who resembles the Celtic horse goddess, Epona). These days, however, the Mare has become a male Oss, a reversion of the original meaning. A wonderful atmosphere and an ancient eerie drum beat, like a heart beat, fills the air between the granite terraces of fishing folk's houses there. Everyone is smiling – a Cornish carnival dating from pre-Christian times. We buy marzipan and ice creams. We return home weary but happy, passing through lanes lined with May blossom and white with native three-cornered leeks, looking like a cross between snowdrops and white bluebells, a simply delicious free food that heralds the summer here in the south-west of England. The Beltane Bake is made as follows:

Take 1 large Spanish onion, finely chopped; vegetable oil or Fry Light; 1½ cups/200g/7oz mixed dried beans, soaked overnight and boiled until edible; 1 cup/15g/4oz grated vegetarian cheese; fresh herbs (oregano & sage); one colander full of washed chopped stems and leaves of the three-cornered leeks, and 2 cups full of the washed flower heads. Sauté the chopped onion in a small amount of oil. Mix together all the ingredients except the flower heads in a large bowl. Put the mixture in an ovenproof dish without a lid and bake in a preheated oven 180°C/350°F/Gas 4 for about 45 mins. Serve hot or cold, decorated with the flowers which are edible and very pretty.

[From "Something to Savour" ed. Laurie Critchley & Helen Windrath. Women's Press, 1996]

BOOK REVIEW

"Fogou: A Journey into the Underworld" Jo May [Gothic Image Publications, 1997. £8.95].

"Beyond the walls of the old house and buried in a tangled mound of short tufted shrubs and undergrowth, is the mouth of a cave – or fogou as it is known in Cornish. The entrance, lipped with pillars of granite, nestles between two mossy banks, sucking life into its womb. You feel drawn in. It is a passage made by humankind, long, dark and narrow, slabbed with massive granite lintels, curving gently as it slides into the earth. Inside, its walls are wet with the earth's juices, and the air is heavy with soil musk. Silence hugs you, squeezing out the sounds of the world with a gentle contraction. You stand still, sensing the earth's pulse, waiting."

So begins "Fogou" by Jo May, who runs the CAER centre at Rosmerryn and who has become the "guardian" of Boleigh fogou in the grounds there. As Colin Wilson says in the introduction, it is "a remarkable book by an extraordinary man". Almost in spite of himself, Jo has come to experience a special intimate relationship with the Celtic structure, and in doing so has opened up to the voices from deep within Mother Earth that have spoken to him – "Locked in here for centuries, they want to be heard". These voices have spoken of a possible history of the fogou and the inhabitants of the settlement there, as well as the effect of the site on the people who use it today. The book includes some of the experiences of people previously recounted in MM, and the results of the Time Time visit in 1995. It is a fascinating, uniquely personal account of a very magical place. [CS]

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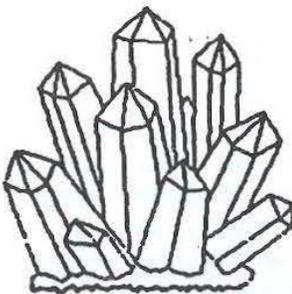
The Pipers Tune

The man who built the Mên-an-Tol on Carn Bosavern in St. Just, sculptor Rory Te Tigo [featured in The Pipers Tune in MM31] has run into some problems over planning permission! It appears that one or two local residents on the Carn objected to the siting of the replica monument, and feared that hordes of tourists would arrive to swamp the peaceful atmosphere of the Carn. They contacted Penwith's Planning Officer who told the owner of the Land, farmer Ivor Rowe, that he would need to apply for planning permission for the stones. By this time he had got cold feet over the idea and withdrew permission for the monument to be sited there. So Rory was left with a full-size Mên-an-Tol and Humming Stone without a home to go to.

Rory then offered the monument to St. Just Town Council, and, after some negotiations with various possible site owners (including Geevor Mine & Cape Cornwall School), the Council and Rory approached Cornwall County Council with a view to place it by the entrance of St. Just Library, where, entirely fortuitously, MM editor Cheryl Straffon happens to be the Librarian! Rory meanwhile had moved from Carn Bosavern to a house in the centre of St. Just and not far from the proposed site, which would be accessible to all the citizens and visitors to the Town. There has been a favourable response to the idea, and it is expected that the stones will be moved later this Summer, making St. Just Library (probably) the only one in the country with a modern correctly aligned megalithic monument outside its front door!

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THE DRAGON CHRONICLE (Dragonlore
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MEYN MAMVRO is available on annual subscription -3 issues £5.50 (inc p&p)
from 51 CARN BOSAVERN, ST JUST, PENZANCE, CORNWALL TR19 7QX. MM34 due
Sept 97 will include ritual sites, dragons, Sillina & mysterious places.

Most back numbers are now sold out, but photocopies can be done as a
special service to subscribers & regular readers upon request at £1.75 each.

CELTIC/ARTHURIAN

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from the flames (feminist
spirituality) Details from 42
Mapperley Rd, Nottingham NG3 5AS.

MRRN [Matriarchy Research & Reclaim
Network] c/o Wesley House, 4 Wild
Court, London WC2B 5AU £6

NOTICEBOARD

ISSN: 0966-5897

MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS 1997

Wed Apr 30th - 9th annual
Maypole Dance & feast at Carn
Bosavern, St. Just. Meet 6.30pm

Thurs May 1st - Obby Oss day
at Padstow. 10am start & then
all day. Details 01841-533449.

Sat May 3rd - Beltane cele-
brations at Harmony Pottery,
Scorrier, Redruth. Details
01209-890581.

Sun May 4th - 9th annual
Three Wells Walk. Meet
Sancreed Church 10.30am or
Sancreed Well 12.30pm.

CORNISH EARTH MYSTERIES

Summer outings on Sundays:
Sun June 1st - Pendeen fogou
& cream tea at Pendeen House
Meet at farmyard site 2pm.

Sun July 6th - Zennor Hill,
Sperris Quoit & Trendrine
Barrow. Meet at Wayside
Museum, Zennor 11am.

Sun Aug 10th - Eddie Pryn's
megalithic temple, St. Merryn.
Meet there at midday (ring
01841-521045 for directions)
Bring lunch & musical
instrument if wished.

Sun Sept 7th - Grand Lizard
Tour, visiting a number of
sites. Meet Traboe Cross near
Goonhilly Earth Station 11am.

All members & visitors
welcome. Details from Andy
Norfolk on 01209-831519

MIDSUMMER CELEBRATIONS

Sat June 21st Harmony
Pottery, Wheal Rose, Redruth.
Details 01209-890581.

TINNERS TRACK Sat June 14th
13ml walk across Penwith
Moors with Ian Cooke. Meet
St. Just 10am Tel: 01736-368282

THE WELL-SPRUNG WALK Visiting
7 wells & 2 springs in St. Just
& cream tea at Bosavern House
3½-4 miles with Rory Te'Tigo.
Sun July 20th. Meet outside
St. Just Library 1.30pm.

EARTH, HEALTH & MYSTIC

FAYRE Workshops, talks &
stalls at St. John's Hall,
Penzance on Sat Aug 2nd.
Tel: Karen Das 01736-332610.

CAER [Centre for Alternative
Education & Research] Courses
& workshops including Sacred
Sites & Ceremonies - Jo May.
May 27th-June 1st & Sept
16th-21st Details: 01736-810580

CORNWALL ARCHAEOLOGICAL

SOCIETY Summer field days to
the Scillies, Dartmoor, the
Lizard & Roseland. Details:
Les Douch 01872-72120.

PENWITH PAGAN MOOT at Acorn
in Penzance. Tuesdays May
13th, June 10th, July 15th
Further info: 01736-810809.

THE WELLBEING CENTRE Old
School House, Churchtown,
Illogan, Redruth 01209-842999.
Regular workshops & events.