

Circles in the Grain
—A Mythopoeic View of Crop Circles

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If you were an angel, how would you write your name on the Earth so people could read it? I mean, if you were an angel for whom a name is an energy, a sound, a power, and an assignment, how would you write a living letter to men and women who spend their days in worry and doubt?

For you, a thought is a reality, an intention is an act, an idea is a creation, and you have all the thoughts, intentions, and ideas of the world at your command. Let's say you have an alphabet of symbols and pictograms at your fingertips, like so many neon signs floating numinously in the ethers where you live. And let's say you wanted to impart the gentlest angelic kiss upon the face of Nature by swirling a field of ripe grain into one of your many signs but without breaking a single stalk. With your breath you will sculpt the seeds of life itself into a beautiful pattern, an invocation.

You know well that your heavenly beauty carries a little jolt of terror for us. Angels bring terror and beauty, said the German poet Rainer Maria Rilke. "For beauty is only the beginning of a terror we can just barely endure"—the recognition of a "stronger presence." But you are so finely subtle. Your terror is really the beauty of awakening, the jolt of pure reality, and you say, making circles instantaneously in the grain, "Look, how close we are."

These thoughts came to me the other morning as I sat on my porch looking at pictures of the crop circle phenomena in England. I was half-tempted to take a vacation in Britain to check them out for myself. Since the mid-1980s, during the summer months British farmers have often awakened to find their wheatfields mysteriously stamped in

unbelievable patterns and designs. During the night some agency branded swirled-circles and strange pictograms on their grain fields, like a designer stamping her logo on a finished product. Almost always not a single plant was destroyed; it looked as if they all willingly laid themselves down in a particular pattern as commanded by a superior artistic force in Nature. The British started calling these anomalies “crop circles.” For some reason they tended to cluster heavily in Wiltshire, a lush district of rolling hills (and the home of the world-famous Stonehenge) in southcentral England.

Earth Mystery experts and geomancers in Britain immediately got to work trying to figure out what was going on. Crop circles baffled and excited everyone. They seemed to appear suddenly out of nowhere, as if the grain were etched by an invisible but artful hand. Nobody ever saw one being created; it was as if they were made in the blink of an eye. There were never any tracks or footprints through the field leading to the imprint. And the grain imprints were large, often fifty yards wide or bigger. Even more intriguing, you can only appreciate the designs when you see them from above, which usually means in a helicopter or small airplane.

First, simple circles manifested, as if to catch people’s attention. Then came more complex images and symbols, mandala shapes, geometrical figures, linked designs occupying an acre. First they appeared only in Wiltshire, then they spread to other southern British locales. A few crop circles started appearing in Germany, Bulgaria, America, and Russia. Theories were rife: “explanationism” went wild and scientists got a terrible headache. Articles were drafted, videos made, books published, specialist magazines founded, conferences held. Tourists came to England specifically to see the crop circles. Crop circles became a living enigma of metaphysical proportions. It was a field day for speculations. In 1989, Pat Delgado and Colin Andrews, who had been investigating crop circles and interviewing farmers about them since 1981, published probably the first detailed study of the crop circle phenomenon. “While theories have naturally abounded since the circles came to light,” they wrote in *Circular Evidence*,

theories that the team have considered and tested, the book does not set out to prove anything beyond the existence of a persistent and compelling enigma in our midst.”

Enigmas have a way of deepening of course. So in 1990, John Michell, the British scholar who had put *Earth Mysteries* on the intellectual map for an entire generation, launched *The Cerealogist*, as a free-form journal for crop circle studies. As of this summer, it has published 12 issues and is a lively forum for this arcane subject.

Thumbing through its pages, you get a vivid idea of the astonishing range of theories that are taxing the imaginations of cerealogists.

Crop circles are produced by strange atmospheric effects called plasma vortexes or labile orgone energy, proposed one person. No, they’re made by rutting deer or by the plants themselves, said others. Don’t be so materialistic, said the mystics: the extra-terrestrials are making them. Don’t be so unbearably flakey, said the scientists; they’re obviously accidental freaks of Nature. Then came the “hoaxers and circlefakers.”

In 1991, several men claimed they had made the crop circles as a hoax and could prove how they did it. This really stirred things up. Since then, other self-proclaimed hoaxers have publicly made crop circles, flaunting them as if for peer review. Their cynicism upset the legions of theorists and pilgrims for whom crop circles had become a mystery worth wondering about. In 1993, an internationally-funded effort called Argus set out to study the crop circles using scientific criteria. They studied electromagnetic anomalies and residual traces of radioactive isotopes in the plant tissues. Unfortunately, the study proved nothing, most cerealogists conclude, and their efforts “thus far have been a frustrating but still tantalizingly baffling operation.”

Despite the circlefakers and unproductive rationalists, inquiry into crop circles continues. In a recent issue of *The Cerealogist*, Palden Jenkins, a well-known British astrologer, author, and *Earth Mysteries* researcher, made some stimulating speculations about the purpose of crop circles. Jenkins sees them as “educational riddles that activate a deeper consciousness in us.” He’s one of the Celtic-flavored mystics who lays the

initiative, design, and intent behind crop circles in the laps of the ET intelligences.

What's their point? To change our whole mode of awareness, says Jenkins.

It's as if "they" are trying to trigger our memories, to remind us of ancient archetypes, to conceal information and energy in a circle stamped in living grain, Jenkins writes. "People who are smitten by crop phenomena are smitten because it activates memory; they alert us to remember the root purposes for which we personally chose to come to Earth, however long ago." Crop circles are catalytic. Walk around in one and see how you feel, Jenkins advises. The circle's "information-energy matrix" itself can initiate deep-set changes in your being.

In fact, indicating *change* may be the fundamental message the crop circles have for us in the 1990s. According to New Mexico geophysicist Gregg Braden, who has studied crop circle data and correlated it with known changes in geomagnetic factors on the planet, the crop circles are signaling widespread change using five different symbolic languages all known to us. Since 1990, three things have happened. Crop circles have appeared in nearly all countries that grow cereal grains, from Japan to Brazil, Canada to China; their number has jumped from about 40 a year to 500; and it has become more accurate to call them *crop pictograms* because of the complexity of the information their form presents. Microscopic analysis of the actual grain stalks within a crop circle reveal an unusual crystalline pattern in the atomic matrix of the plants. It's as if for a period of about 6 weeks after the circle is generated, the atomic design of the plant shows a higher degree of order than is shown in plants outside the circle. Add to this the fact that the cereal grains are never damaged when they are interwoven into the pictograms and that they continue growing and can be eventually harvested and we have a big mystery indeed.

Braden's research shows that the new generation of crop pictograms since 1990 is talking to us using the languages of mathematics and Chaos theory, genetics, sacred geometry, electronics, and the mythic vocabularies of native peoples including the

American Hopis and the Central American Mayans. “The glyphs in the new crop circles are mirrors or echoes of our own symbolic languages,” Braden says. “They all seem to carry a *common* message given to us in varying degrees of complexity and in different ways so that everyone will have a way of understanding them.” This message is about profound global change which scientists can now actually measure in terms of a planetary magnetic field that is decreasing, a planetary rotation that seems to be slowing, and a base resonant frequency or planetary “heartbeat” (called Schumann Resonance) that is increasing from 7.8 to 8.6 pulses per second. Time is measurably speeding while planetary rotation is slowing down. You can actually read this information in the crop pictograms. “That’s why I think crop circles are one of the most incredible phenomena of this century,” says Braden.

There’s something to the views of Palden Jenkins and Gregg Braden, it seems to me, basking in the spring sunshine that’s flooding my porch. The idea that crop circles are communications from on high that can trigger ancient memories and antique intentions is a fruitful one. It reminds me of what William Blake, England’s mystical-initiate poet, said in his famous poem *Jerusalem* in 1804. “All things Begin & End in Albion’s Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.” This needs a little unravelling. Albion was the ancient name for the Island of Britain; it was also, for Blake, the name for the primordial human whom Blake saw both as a giant and yet somehow identical with the British landscape.

In Blake’s gnomic statement “All things Begin & End” lies a complete view of history and its fulfillment. He was referring, I think, to the fabled era, almost entirely forgotten by historians, of Hyperborea. To make sense of crop circles and certainly of legendary Hyperborea, we may have to adopt a mythic or what some call mythopoeic, “myth-making” viewpoint.

Hyperborea was a time period on Earth, according to estoeric sources, far earlier even than Atlantis and Lemuria. If you poke through the Greek historians and poets, you

find occasional references to Hyperborea, the paradisaical land of immortals that lay far to the West and beyond the North Wind. The Hyperboreans were a very happy lot, given to music and the adoration of beauty. They were among the world's first residents, when it was as pristine and as full of promise and celestial memory as an April morning. If you are a fan of J. R. R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* and *The Silmarillion* and always wondered what epoch he was recounting in his earliest fictional histories of Middle Earth, I think it was Hyperborea. For Tolkien, this was the time in which Elves walked under starlight and sang to the Heavens above.

The key to the crop circle enigma is that the land mass today that is the residue of the fabled Western Hyperborea is the British Isles. Remember, there was no Great Britain during this inconceivably antique period; there were no nationalities or political identities of any kind back then. If you read Blake carefully and intuit what he doesn't quite come out and say, our spiritual forefathers came not from the Middle East or Africa, but the Island of Albion. Things *began* there; the Elves or Hyperboreans emerged there and subsequently wandered off to people the planet. That's pretty hard to prove of course unless perhaps you ask a panel of clairvoyant historians. But we do have the intriguing physical evidence that the British Isles today possesses the world's largest collection of megalithic monuments—stone circles, henges, sacred hills, tumuli, and single standing stones by the hundreds.

Possibly megalithic—true *stone* age—culture was worldwide at one time but for some particular reason, only the British Isles maintains significant traces of an undoubtable former glory. When you study the distribution of megalithic sites in Great Britain, you notice that one primary concentration of sites sits in southcentral England—in Wiltshire, “the heartland of cerealogy.” Stonehenge is there, but so is Avebury, the world's largest stone circle, occupying 28 acres, and so is Silbury Hill, Europe's largest deliberately made sacred mound. In Wiltshire, chalk-white dragons are etched in grassy hillsides and stone barrows sit like dark caves on the landscape. But there's something

else—and here I speak as a fond tourist who has been there many times—that *feels* positively Hyperborean.

I'm referring to the Ridgeway. This is a single-lane dirt track that starts at Avebury and threads its clayey way for perhaps 50 miles across Wiltshire, skirting the edge of grain fields and vanished megalithic temple sites. British archeologists give it an ancient pedigree, probably pre-Roman, and nobody disagrees that it is Britain's oldest walkway. Walk a few miles of it someday; it's sufficient justification in itself for a trip to England. Walk it and listen carefully—listen for echoes from an astonishingly ancient time. I can't prove it in any scientific way, but I feel certain the Ridgeway was a Hyperborean track, than men and women of that glorious time made their way along its numinous thread, meditating at the dozens of temple sites beaded like pearls along its expanse.

All things *begin* in Albion's Shore, said Blake. What really began with megalithic culture, with the Hyperborean stone age? According to a friend of mine who is very intuitive about these things, if you look "behind" almost any stone circle, you see a kind of aura or energy template. In other words, in this rarified dimension stands a circle of light that is somehow the formative, energizing pattern for the tangible stone circle. It's as if the ancient geomancers who installed these megalithic circles placed the stones in the premarked spots, according to their perception of this subtle configuration.

This same friend shared with me her impression of a British Isles pockmarked with circles of light all delicately threaded together in a brilliant geomantic skein. Her impression was that once all of the planet was like this, but the first place in which this astonishing pattern arose was Hyperborea—that is, Blake's Albion or today's British Isles. She further thought that Avebury and Silbury, around which crop circles first appeared, were among the very first geomantic sites ever established in Hyperborea, which makes them among the oldest on the planet.

But Blake also said, in *Jerusalem*, that “the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion.” Here I think he was referring to the loss of geomantic awareness among men and women and how the nexus of sacred sites, once pulsing with spiritual life, fell into oblivion for a long time. But Blake was no pessimist. He foresaw a return of glory to Albion’s geomantic body. That’s why he said all things begin and *end* in the land of Albion. Not end of the world, but end of an era, which is to say, the beginning of a new time. Many people these days talk about the coming time—the age of Aquarius, the end of Mayan calendrical time, the new millennium. I think the crop circle phenomena is a geomantic harbinger of this new time to come.

Here’s how that angel I was thinking about when I started these reminations seemed to shape my thoughts on the subject. *“At the end of an era, there are always signs and portents. These circles and symbols are the interface between the transition from one stage in consciousness and another. The crop circles are light made manifest. They are a projection from the Hierarchical aspect of consciousness. You will see the recurring symbol is that of Venus or the alchemical symbol for the various elements. These signify the change or shift underway. Within this process of change, if your favorite attribute is flying saucers, then you may attribute these circles to those. If you favor angels, then we come as we are.”*

In other words, the angels are making the crop circles. There in the heartland of antediluvian Hyperborea, humanity’s unsuspected birthplace, the angelic hierarchy is writing celestial poetry on the ground, leaving their incalculable imprimatur on fields of living grain. Like a mark of blessing, a revelation of beatific presence, an angelic kiss upon the living biology of the planet, portents of wonder wafting through the seams between our worlds—they are touching our fragile Gaia with angelic love from above. That’s the poetic, Rilkean sense of it. But how would a geomancer look at things?

Perhaps we could see crop circles as a new form of highly mobile, even evanescent, geomancy. Once, the angels or “hierarchical aspect of consciousness”

marked out thousands of sites for sacred recognition and inspired people to build stone circles and monuments upon them. For this, Wiltshire and adjoining districts are prime spiritual real estate. Yet the proliferation of crop circles and the fact they are so transient, dependent on a ripe field of grain which is shortly after harvested, suggests that potentially any site can be sacred when touched from above.

At the same time, perhaps “they”—our friends from above—are marking out new mini-sites for future geomantic development and temple building. The crop circles might also be imparting an energy transfer to the planet, something like moxibustion in acupuncture, in which a pungent herb is burned and swirled over a special energy point on the body. And let’s not overlook the rather astounding message of the fact of crop circles. The fact that a crop circle appears magically as if in an instant shows us the awesome malleability of matter to projected thought. It demonstrates vividly how consciousness and energy instantaneously shape matter. I mentioned above that there seems to be an energy template behind every stone circle. Perhaps the crop circles are new energy imprints for which no megalithic monument will be needed. The light form imprint itself is geomantically sufficient.

Finally, the angels may be writing us a letter using the alphabet of crop circles. Perhaps we should study and link all the crop circle messages over time and decipher their veiled code. It could make very interesting reading. Perhaps they are looking on in expectation, as if reading over our shoulders, continually whispering, as my friend the angel did earlier, “Look, how close we are. See, how easily you can change the world.” Maybe this is part of what is beginning, as Blake foresaw, in Albion’s Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.