

Walking in Albion
—Chronicles of Plan-Net Geomancy
Part I: Child of the Ancient Giant

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As I stood on the windswept cliffs of Tintagel in northwestern Cornwall in the middle of an English winter, Merlin said to me, "It's time to do it again, to walk in Albion. Hatch his eggs. Unbind him. Talk to him from the emerald. Celebrate his awakening on America's Independence Day." It was blowing wind and rain so hard I felt if I lost my balance on this high promontory I'd easily be blown across the sea to Wales. I was so thickly padded in wool and down that I'd have made a handsome dirigible in my windblown sea passage. So I envied Merlin. He didn't have "weather" where he was. I wished he were incarnate again so we could measure our footfalls together as we paced Tintagel headland this midday in January contemplating the future of that ancient mythic giant, Albion.

Mythic? I used to think both Merlin and Albion were both old figures of Celtic myth, intriguing reliquaries of a fabulous legendary past---until I realized how integrally involved they are today in the well-being, the *redemption* of our host planet Gaia and all Her residents.

Mythology always seems to lead us back into a forgotten initiatory domain, an experiential realm shimmering with heightened reality and expectancy. As J.R.R. Tolkien once said, ancient figures of household legend suddenly spring up from the grass as living heroes in a time of need. Take Tintagel, fabled birthplace of King Arthur, the once and future King, champion of the Knights of the Round Table, and royal sponsor of the Quest for the Holy Grail. As I penetrate deeper into the mythopoeic reality of the Celtic landscape, I realize that Arthur is much more than a charismatic king. Arthur is a cosmic energy, an ascended master from the constellation Great Bear, a perennial mentor both for human culture and Gaia---for isn't the Big Dipper often called Arthur's Wain?---and that Tintagel is the numinous point on the skin of Gaia where the Arthur light is born in each individual who *wishes* it.

It isn't only the Celtic landscape that is mythopoeically alive. The entire global skin of Gaia scintillates with an etheric geography made of the stars and their cosmomythic portent. Some people today call Gaia's subtle spiritual anatomy the planetary grid and speak of energy lines, power centers, and sacred mountains. The world grid is like a planetary onion replete with dovetailing layers, like shells of consciousness in which great supersensible events are continually happening. In the late 1970s James Lovelock, the British atmospheric scientist, boldly formulated the Gaia Hypothesis, asserting that the planet is a single self-regulating homeostatic biological organism. The world grid hypothesis develops Lovelock's model further, bringing it into the realm of consciousness and intention.

Gaia, as we world grid proponents like to postulate, is a self-conscious planetary being whose energetic anatomy and physiology are as complex and as cosmically interwoven as that of the human being---as ourselves. The grid is an energy and consciousness matrix, a net with a plan. Through Her complex grid body---the *plan* of Her *net* ---Gaia mirrors the essential higher spiritual nature of the human. Both mirror images of planet and human derive from the original projection of the galaxy, which means when we describe Gaia's etheric geography we're really modelling the galaxy on Earth. Gaia is a multidimensional hologram of the cosmos.

The plan of the net, Merlin tells me, is conscious evolution and geomancy is the way we help this plan-net along. Tintagel is a good place to make plans and formulate wishes because this is where all the power of *AL* enters Earth from the Great Bear. Tintagel is one of about 1750 numinous grid points around the planet, engulfed by a dome, an etheric energy canopy about five

miles wide. Domes correspond to individual stars, and Tintagel's dome is the Earth home of the Great Bear's *delta Megrez*, "The Root of the Tail" in the Big Dipper.

Domes are like huge bells of light ringing perpetually in the ethers to enhance human consciousness. Tintagel is aflame in the *tints of angels*, a magnificent rainbow kaleidoscope of cosmic and angelic energies. The tints of angels surround the Arthur light at domed Tintagel; through their focus the co-creative potency of *AL* becomes available. *AL* is what *Al bion* is made of, the radiantly-hued love of the Great Mother Bear. *AL* is the power to make wishes reality. *AL* is how we re-vision the world along positive lines, how we reimagine Albion, the wished-for land. (1) Arthur is Albion's spokesman, so as grid engineers we're all working for Arthur. "You make your sincerest wish for Albion at Tintagel," said Merlin. "That begins to loosen his bonds of Time."

Merlin ought to know. He's the one who bound Albion in the Pit in the first place at the beginning of Time. Merlin was involved with the Earth long before he gained his reputation as the magus of Arthur's Camelot. Wasn't the oldest name for Britain *Myrddin's Precinct* as the Welsh remembered Merlin? The other remarkable thing about myth and the landscape I've discovered is that when you pull on the threads persistently enough you inevitably unravel the unwritten history of the planet---and that's a story with many surprises. The Earth, Merlin told me, is a designer planet made expressly for human higher conscious evolution within matter. Gaia's energetic anatomy, which recapitulates the spiritual structure of the galaxy, is the starwoven body of the Holy Ghost, that first primordial cosmic human appearing in a form of light---variously called Phanes, Adam Kadmon, the Rich Fisher King, Kronos, Saturn, Albion.

Earth history began with a sacrifice. The Holy Ghost living in eternity was bound in matter, crucified on the cross of time and space. When Merlin bound Kronos in the Pit, Time began on Earth. The Greek myths remember this in their account of Zeus dispatching his castrated father Kronos into permanent guarded exile in the golden halls of Ogygia far off in the West. William Blake also recounted this ancient sacrifice of the Holy Ghost caught in Time in his lamentations of the ancient giant, Albion. The holy image of Man caught in the Time of planet Earth---that's our Albion, **A Light Being In Our Neighborhood**.

Albion is the collectivity of human experience over time on Gaia. Albion is what we've made of this primordial endowment of the cosmic spirituality of the Holy Ghost in the material context of our planet. The plan of the net in which Albion is bound is that he should one day wed Gaia in a planetary marriage of spirit and matter. As geomancers, our work is to facilitate the arrangements and then serve as bridesmaid and best man, and the most astonishing news I can report is that the wedding is slated for approximately 1999. Albion is expected to wake up at last in an apocalyptic rush of planetary self-consciousness joyously embracing Gaia, our bride clothed in the Sun. In a curious reversal of relationships we as humanity give away the virginal bride, our planetary Mother.

It all starts here, at Tintagel, here in this numinous mythic British landscape, the vestigial remains of that very old land called Hyperborea that flourished long before even fabled Lemuria. Blake knew this: "All things begin & end in Albion's Ancient Druid Rocky Shore," he wrote in *Jerusalem*. Yet this kind of millennialist expectation isn't a matter of pro-British sentiment; it's an evolutionary necessity based on the inherent structure of the planet. If the Earth is the planetary embodiment of cosmic Man, then Albion's belly button will always be found at the same place, no matter who's occupying the land.

As Plato commented in the *Timaeus*, the Earth when seen from afar resembles a ball stitched of twelve equal sections. Plato was describing the world grid. The planet woven of twelve sections is dodecahedral, twelve-faced, and each face of Gaia is a five-sided pentagon. Each pentagonal face is the net in which an image of Albion is reflected, and each is under a different astrological influence in the planetary zodiacal wheel. There are twelve reflected Albions, each a face with a different expression, and all the faces are cast by the one Albion bound in the Pit at the energetic center of the planet, at the heart of Gaia's grid net. In the very old

days of Hyperborea (Tolkien called this the First Age of the Elves, the First-Born) the planet was first energized through this particular pentagonal face, which occupies one-twelfth of the surface of Earth, including the North Pole, Greenland, Iceland, Great Britain, Ireland, France, Spain, and a lot of the Atlantic Ocean.

This Hyperborean face of Albion was Gaia's original umbilical cord to the cosmos---as it still is today in the 1990s. That's why Merlin wants us to walk in Albion, to meditatively traverse the Hyperborean landscape body of that ancient giant bound in the Pit of Time, and to rouse him into wakefulness for his glorious future. Albion, I keep reminding myself, is ourselves writ large in the Earth.

Our first stop was the tiny Lincolnshire village of Tetford in the north of England. Tetford and the neighboring villages of Somersby, Bag-Enderby, and Maidenwell, is topped by a dome corresponding to *Sadalmelik* (meaning "the Fortunate Star of the King"), the brightest star in the constellation of Aquarius. Aquarius is the energy of the Water-Carrier now moving into planetary and human consciousness for the coming age, emphasizing collegiality, individuation, self-authority, freedom, expanded consciousness, world brotherhood, cosmically rational new ideas, and the communication of these values. Aquarius rules the human ankles, without which we couldn't walk in Albion.

So unknown Tetford is one of Gaia's primary receptive points for this new Aquarian energy, but that's not the whole of Tetford's secret. Albion like humans has a progression of energy-consciousness centers in his landscape body, what we usually call chakras. Tetford is the root chakra, the source of creative kundalini for the once and future Albion of this Hyperborean pentagonal grid face. And nestled like a jewel in the landscape folds of his root center under the Tetford dome is an egg-born Golden Child.

That's why we positioned ourselves as geomantic midwives in the miniscule parish church at Somersby at midmorning a couple days before Christmas. We were breathing as the angels do, as Love from Above from the tiny blazing Star at the center of our being to the massive diaphanously golden egg with its slumbering cosmic child within. The egg is a supersensible presence almost the size of the dome itself, which is 8 miles across. The ancient Mystery tradition called this the Mundane Egg, and H.P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* concisely summarized the egg's esoteric attributions. The Egg was the consummate cosmogonic symbol, representing the origin and secret of being, both human and universal. Various solar heroes---Dionysus, Ra, Brahma, Osiris, Apollo, Phanes, Vishnu, Castor, Pollux---emerged from the Golden Egg.

A staggering amount of mundane eggs were distributed around the etheric landscape of Earth at the beginning of Time, Merlin told me, and many of these still haven't been hatched. That's probably because when you hatch a golden egg you have to be able to deal with the dragon that comes out first.

But then dealing with dragons is what a Grail Knight is trained for. I took my sword, the insightful focus of mind wielded at the brow chakra, and gently penetrated the eggshell. The blade's cutting edge flamed lilac with the transmutative energy of the Christ as it touched the sleeping form of a blue dragon. When the blade contacted the skin of this somnolent dragon, it suddenly woke up and flushed crimson. This is the tricky part. I held the sword very steady, breathing Love from Above to the waking passionate dragon of the lower elemental self, the zoomorphic expression of the animal part of each of us. My body twitched sympathetically with the dragon's own prodigious struggle and I felt like a skewered serpent. The dragon flushed golden then crumbled like a shattered ceramic sculpture, revealing a resplendent golden apple amongst its glittering shards.

As that initiate hero Hercules discovered long ago, the dragon Ladon guards the golden apples of the Hesperides, but the dragon fruits of wisdom are *inside* Ladon's heart. You only get the golden apples by transmuting the dragon. I cleaved the apple in half revealing the golden child resting wakefully in the pentagrammic inner apple core as if in a celestial manger. This all

happened very quickly and seemed to be as large as the entire Tetford domed landscape, but it's just another paradox of the grid which has its prime reality outside of time and space. We grid engineers tie down the guide wires connecting the two realms.

The child, awake and smiling, turned first into a crucified man then a crowned king---but I was looking ahead in time. The golden child's destiny as the egg-born progeny of Albion is to recapitulate the five traditional Grail changes (dragon, apple, child, crucified man, crowned king) which are stages in the awakening of human consciousness. It turns out this sequence is identical to the five initiations of the Christ Alice Bailey described in *From Bethlehem to Calvary* , namely, birth, baptism, transfiguration, crucifixion, and ascension.

The emergence of the solar hero proceeds according to the dictates of an archetypal etheric physiology, but the destiny of this golden child is somewhat special. This child will receive on Gaia's behalf the consciousness influx of the Solar Logos, which is the Christ consciousness working through the Sun as spoken communication. As Merlin explained, the focus of the Solar Logos at this time works through the alpha Aquarius star dome at Tetford into the being bodies of Tetford's golden child who is awake and creatively astir within the root chakra of the Hyperborean Albion.

Merlin grinned of course as he told me this. As a Grand Square Master from Sirius who helped design our planet in the first place, he enjoys this kind of complexity. For him Albion's anatomy is as obvious as a crossword puzzle. For us it's a continuing revelation. The next morning at dawn we meditated at Maidenwell, a lovely grassy prominence overlooking Tetford valley. Our experience was like placing the golden infant at the breast of the Mother, creating a geomantic tableau reminiscent of the Renaissance portraits of Madonna and Christ Child. As none of this landscape awakening work is in any way separate from our own attainments in consciousness, our experience cycled continually from being the infant to being the Mother. At Maidenwell, the unbounded, timeless clairvoyant awareness of the Mother welled as celestial nourishment into the crown of the golden child.

We spent the remainder of the week meditating each day in nearby Lincoln Cathedral, one of England's great Gothic churches, set prominently on a hill overlooking the old city. Each day we drove the 20 miles from Tetford to Lincoln knowing we were moving through a tunnel of light connecting two great centers of awareness in this ancient landscape giant. Lincoln is also an Aquarian consciousness point, topped with the star dome for the second brightest star in Aquarius, *Sadalsuud* ("Luckiest of the Lucky"). Lincoln in the body of our giant, Albion, is the second chakra. Our Aquarian transiting and church sitting was in preparation for the Epiphany, that majestic annual event on January 6 in which the Christ focusses the creative force of the Logos upon one matrix point in the planetary grid net. This year the Epiphany would be focussed in the British Midlands, through another unsuspected numinous point, an unassuming stretch of wood and water between Burley and Hambleton outside the town of Oakham in Rutland.

Burley Wood wasn't that unassuming a couple centuries ago when the polymorphous Rosicrucian master St. Germaine inspired the local landed gentry to carve a stately Eight Riding Tree out of the thick woods. The aristocratic owners of Burley thought they were making an elegant 8-spoked equestrian circuit through the Burley woods, suitable for galloping fox hunts and Sunday canters on horseback. What they didn't know is that their forestry work made it possible for St. Germaine and Merlin to install an astral 8-spoked lilac wheel of transmutation in roughly the same spot. St. Germaine slipped this massive wheel under another of those mundane solar eggs, knowing in advance that when the Epiphany of 1991 permeated this golden egg set like a hub in the lilac wheel, it would awaken Albion's solar plexus and umbilicus to the cosmos, and repercuss throughout the planet. They also intended to flush the Earth grid with intense lilac light through this wheel for the first time in 10,000 years, Merlin told me, trying not to boast.

This wasn't precisely our cover story when we applied at the security guard's office at Burley Mansion for permission to wander around the privately owned Eight Riding Tree. The ownership of the wood was a little vague owing to legal complications of bankruptcy, fraud, and

imprisonment, but we obtained quizzical permission to spend a couple hours each day in the mud, rain, and wind of Burley dowsing, taking photographs, watching the wild boars rut for tubers, enjoying the inimitable British scenery---or whatever it is American tourists come to England for. Merlin, St. Germaine, and the Archangel Michael didn't apply at the security office, advising us they already had the okay from a higher authority.

Our grid work fell into a manageable routine. At dawn midday, and dusk we meditated at the heart of the lilac wheel, breathed Love from Above to the Golden Child like the three magi in adoration of the Christ infant. We pacified the irritable elemental spirits, dispatched negative thought-forms that kept trying to bend our intentions, and made forays with Merlin into the wild supersensible yonder. In the evenings we drank Guinness, ate quiche, talked about Albion with our neighbors, and dried our sodden clothes by the open fire in a lovely cottage we rented for the week. Clarissa wrote postcards to friends back home in sunny Australia about why she came to England in the height of winter, while Marty joked about stuffing her parka pockets with bricks to keep from getting blown away.

As always, the Christ came like a thief in the night in a flush of magnificent scarlet warmth. Like the Apostles of an earlier time we fell asleep to the higher perception of this epiphanous appearance of the Logos. Of course, you can't see the Christ anyway, because that's a mistaken anthropomorphism. That's because the face of the Christ is your own and these days the Christ incarnates individually in human consciousness, Merlin told us with a wink. We expanded our individual identities to include the Burley golden child and the lilac wheel at the belly of Albion then took the full permeation of the Epiphany on Albion's behalf. The face of the Logos isn't necessarily some smiling, beaded, new age pacifist type, either. The transmutative effects of Epiphany are profound, disruptive, and sometimes rapid. Ten days later the United States went to war with Iraq in a pentagonal grid face under the astrological influence of Aquarius.

After Epiphany, we headed south for Avalon, one of Merlin's favorite spots on Earth. We called in at Avalon's epicenter at Glastonbury in Somerset, one of the leading new age mystical watering holes. We didn't find any mundane eggs in Avalon; instead we found a landscape zodiac. Glastonbury's esoteric community prides itself on its starwheel which is an apparent imprint on the landscape topography of the standard features of the zodiacal constellations. Aerial photographs and close-detail topographical maps exhibit the outlines of Taurus and Sagittarius and the rest of the tumbling round table of zodiacal images etched in hills and streams and hedgerows, explain the Glastonbury savants. True enough, said Merlin, but that's only part of it. The star imprint is actually a complete experiential hologram of the galaxy made of twelve dozen constellations arrayed like the pith of a cleaved apple about 35 miles wide in the etheric domain around Glastonbury.

The Glastonbury zodiac is the heart center of our Hyperborean Albion, said Merlin, but his attention was focussed on his old haunt, Park Wood, in nearby Butleigh. Park Wood is a modest copse of a few acres preserved in the midst of Somerset farmland a couple miles from Glastonbury's most prominent hilltop feature, the Tor. Park Wood marks Polaris the pole star, the axis mundi that connects planetary and cosmic worlds at the center of the Glastonbury zodiac, but the Wood is even more than that. It's the inner heart chakra, the *ananda-kanda*, for Albion, and as such, it's the seat of the emerald, the *mani* jewel in the *padme* lotus of the Holy Ghost---the green stone from the crown of Lucifer.

The emerald signifies the Heart of Man, the swinging doorway into the worlds of matter and Edenic light. The Park of the Wood is a hologram of that primal Eden---that's the *esplumoir* he really disappeared into, that's the hollow hill into which his protegee in magic Nimue seduced him, Merlin explained a little wistfully. Park Wood is also a shortcut to Shambhala if you know how to make your moves in light---and that's exactly the kind of move that Albion desperately requires now to wake up.

We only had one afternoon at Park Wood to make our Shambhallic connections because we were expected further south in Dorchester at the King's Arms Hotel for a *mitzvah* for Albion.

Close friends from Tetford were feting us all to a lavish weekend in celebration of our seven years of grid work on behalf of Albion. Merlin, St. Germaine, Michael, and other angelic colleagues of long-standing acquaintance joined us in our jubilee at Dorchester. Our time was doubly productive of course, because Albion's throat chakra was centered just outside the city limits at Maiden Castle, an absolutely massive three-tiered earthwork, probably Europe's largest. Maiden Castle, said Merlin, was made that large because it marks the grounding of the Mothership on Earth, that beneficent panoply of the Feminine, the three archetypal aspects of the Mother of the World as the maidenly guardians of Gaia.

Maiden Castle was topped with a dome and its extensive elevated acreage was also the center of a modest five mile wide landscape zodiac. But what was most palpable about the earthwork was the overwhelming presence of the Mother. Images of the Mother no doubt vary with individuals. For me, She appeared as Leda the Swan, mother of the egg-born solar hero Apollo, her breast aflame with the scarlet radiance of the Christ as She sailed the infinite cosmic sea in perfect equipoise. The Mother of the World speaks to Albion from his throat, speaking Logos syllables of life, and She speaks to the world from Maiden Castle, too, recreating human life and thought with maidenly words made of the power of *AL*.

Our moments with Leda got us in the mood for a sea voyage. The next day we took the Brittany ferry to Roscoff in northwestern France, then drove a couple hours south to the resort town of Karnac on the Gulf of Morbihan. It was winter, most of Karnac was boarded up, and we were practically the only non-French tourists in sight, but that didn't matter because we came for the stones. Karnac is famous among megalithic enthusiasts for its five miles of stone rows, something like 3000 standing stones, varying from two to fifteen feet high, arranged in ten to twelve parallel rows, striding enigmatically across the countryside. We would spend a fortnight aligning our energies with the cranial stones of Albion's brow chakra at Karnac under the aegis of Sirius, Merlin told us with understandable pride, being one of the original Sirian engineers who installed Karnac's stones.

The grid engineering at Karnac is complex, Merlin warned us. First, Karnac and environs is the site for the Sirius dome for Earth, which is about 30 miles in diameter. Sirius is the brightest star in our galaxy and the heart of Canis Major, the Great Dog. The Dog is a mythological big shot. In myth, the Dog is the guardian of the zodiac, the conductor of souls through the Underworld, and the faithful companion of all solar heroes, including Arthur. Second, a large zodiac 44 miles in diameter is situated here, with Karnac occupying the landscape position of Canis Major. Third, the entire stone row alignment and Karnac zodiac mark the brow center of the Hyperborean Albion. And the whole complex is directly connected by energy lines to Albion's crown chakra at the cathedral city of Rennes in eastern Brittany, which also has a small zodiac.

After Merlin bound Albion in the Pit, in cooperation with other Sirians and the angelic family called Elohim who temporarily manifested as giants, he came to Karnac and set up 365 stones to create the cycle of Time for Earth and to mark the nodal points within the cranium of Albion. The intention was to ground the Mind of Sirius, which is to say, the Cosmic Logos, within Albion on behalf of future human conscious evolution. Later they added more stones because the mixture was too rich, and still later, French farmers hauled a lot of the stones out of the fields because they got in the way of their potato crop.

Today even though some of the Sirian stone rows are curtailed by farmhouses, interrupted by criss-crossing roads, generally neglected, and sometimes abused, Karnac's cosmic cranial function is still intact, if a little sluggish. It required fully two weeks of walking around in Albion's brains for us to penetrate the thicker, more resistant French ethers and to come into cognition with the Sirian mind of our ancient giant. After this, our work got serious.

But I found I couldn't get dogs and hunting out of my mind. The whole of the Karnac stone alignment is like a living organism with progressive energy centers. We spent several hours at the heart center meditating in the shadow of an 18 foot tall single standing stone called Le

Geant Manio set in the woods a couple hundred yards away from the parallel stone rows. I spent some time poking around the dense ethers with my sword then finally found an opening. I made my way towards a golden spherical temple set atop a plateau of conifers. Inside the temple I found a high-level meeting in progress. It's the round table of the cosmic logos, Merlin whispered, and that big golden fellow is Sanat Kumara, the King of Shambhala and the Cosmic Logos of Sirius. The other spiritual beings around the table are individual solar logoi, and one of them is King Arthur, Merlin added a little fondly. Each of them energizes a stone row at Karnac like a chromatic chord of sound, and the whole alignment is metaphorically comparable to a twelve-string cosmic guitar.

It was when I stepped out of Le Geant Manio and surveyed the stone phalanxes of Karnac again that I suddenly understood what the Welsh myths meant by the Wild Hunt and why dogs had been on my mind all day. On Samhain, the moment of No-Time in the Celtic calendar (November 1), the abyssal cauldron of Cernwn, the awful "smoke barrel" of infinity, opens above our world and through this aperture storms Gwyn map Nudd and his Hounds of Hell, the red-eared, white-skinned dogs of the apocalypse, chief among which is Gwyn's special hound, Dormach. They basically scare everyone silly and wreak lots of havoc.

The Wild Hunt is all about the mind of Sirius. Gwyn is Sanat Kumara, the Cosmic Logos presiding over the domain of No-Time, the time before Time began on Earth. Dormach is his Karnac landscape dog, and the devilish hounds are the 3000 stones of knowledge, the group mind of the White Brotherhood expressed through the Karnac alignments as a megalithic frieze of canines. The hounds are the ferocious dogs of cosmic knowledge that tear the conditioned, time-bound mind of we humans to shreds. Of course that's the pessimistic side of it. We could see Gwyn and his Sirian dogs as psychopomps for an astounding, perpetual revelation.

This little insight prepared me for my descent into the Pit through the mind of Dormach. We walked to the far end of the Karnac alignments, to an almost completely neglected stretch of small stones in the woods called Le Petite Menec. The brow center of Karnac's Dormach, it felt still, soft, and very focussed. I slipped easily into a meditative awareness of the subtle environment around me. The woods teemed with astral dogs, but one especially captured my attention: black with foxy ears, he was a very old canine breed with an attentive semi-human face---Dormach, presumably. A crystalline jewel was set prominently in his brow and using my sword I penetrated this aperture and entered his domain. Inside, Dormach flushed golden and the 3000 stones of his landscape body hummed like a single crystal bowl. Not only the dogs of Karnac live in Dormach's expansive body; the dogs of all the landscape zodiacs on Earth (more than 500) reside in his Sirian being body, and these were all present with me inside the cosmic kennel of Dormach. Dormach is the Dog of Sirius multiply present on Earth through Karnac. Then we descended into the Pit.

A vortex cone of light like a slow-winding tornado appeared and I travelled through it like water funneling down a sink drain. This vortex cone is actually a more dynamic expression of one face of the dodecahedral world grid which is made of twelve wide-mouthed spiralling cones that all taper down to meet at one common center. This is the Pit, or the golden halls of Ogygia, if you prefer. Lying before me bound and strapped to a massive table was the golden slumbering figure of Albion, that ancient colossus of consciousness caught in the planetary webs of Time. It's as if the Karnac Dog of Sirius sits at Albion's brow in the Pit because that's where I landed in a fractal collapsing of apparent spatial identities, spinning down vortices into larger frames of identity. Was I in the Pit of Gaia or was this Pit in the mind of Sirius?

The ropes binding Albion were stout and tightly knotted and his body was encased in a winding sheet like the Egyptians traditionally used for mummification. Merlin was there and he pointed to my sword. The blade easily sliced through the knots binding his neck, wrists, and ankles, then I delicately sliced through the winding sheet until Albion, still somnolent, lay free upon the table. O Albion, I exclaimed in a flush of exaltation. Now I know why Blake so rhapsodized about you. "Thou wast to me the loveliest Son of Heaven, the Angel of my Presence,

the mildest Son of Eden," the Christ declared in Blake's *Jerusalem* . This loveliest Son of Heaven was attended by his Mother, too. The presence of the Feminine as aegis was unmistakable. She towered like a benign Madonna over Her sleeping effulgent son. That's part of Merlin's task, actually, making the connection between the cosmic Father at Sirius and the cosmic Mother, establishing the line to the Mer, the Mother, the *Mer-Line* .

So with Merlin's help the Mer-Line was open to Albion, the resplendent image of Man somnolent but unbound upon the table in the Pit of Gaia. With the turning of every planetary age Albion shifted in his slumber, but he's never awakened on Earth. But now his sleep grows ever lighter as he struggles towards self-awareness, prying off the cobwebs of countless millennia of dreams. Albion winked in his sleep at the Harmonic Convergence of 1987. Albion stirs in the expectancy of a startling lucidity. We can reach him now, he can hear us in his lightening trance state. We all have a hotline to Albion. We all must speak the truth to him about his destiny, about what his life will be like when he wakes up. What is Albion's destiny? Albion's destiny is precisely *what we wish* for through our spoken power of *AL* . *AL* is the life blood of Albion, his once and future beginning, and his colossal destiny is entirely contingent upon what we say.

I walked down the huge recumbent figure and stood upon Albion's emerald heart. The emerald is the key. This is the true, the efficacious ear trumpet into which we must broadcast our good wishes for Albion's future. The emerald is the planetary modem of consciousness into which we're all patched. The emerald, or inner heart chakra, contains the jewelled altar and its wish-fulfilling tree, and we wish upon this tree with our highest, keenest, most sincere aspirations to communicate with the Absolute---on Albion's behalf. We've all been inside the emerald anyway. We know the place. It's the New Jerusalem that Merlin foretold in his *Revelation* when he spoke as John the Revealer. After all, Merlin wasn't always a "pagan." The Harmonic Convergence was a global meeting inside the one emerald of the Holy Ghost fractally multiplied around Gaia's net and present like a master key in the chest of every woman and man alive today.

I paced contemplatively upon Albion's heart, intoning an emerald benediction. I formulated my wishes with the breath of *AL* . Albion, I *wish* you will awaken. I *wish* you a world of *AL* . I *wish* for you a bright future. I *wish* for you the best there is---the limitless luxury of light. Merlin nodded approvingly. That's a good start, he said. "But you'll need to hatch another egg over in America. Get some more Grail Knights together. Celebrate Independence Day with a little panache. Albion wants this new golden child of the eagle born on the 4th of July."

(1) *AL* is a God-Name or mantric word from Qabala indicating the Sefhira Chesed on the Tree of Life. Chesed is about the expansiveness of Jupiter, the abundance of the higher mind, the Olympic realm of the Masters, and the primordial creative energy that recreates land, thought, life, and consciousness. As such *AL* is the celestial seed and core of Albion which is the collectivity of human consciousness over time expressed through the Land itself. *AL* is the once and future creative energy that makes Land and Human one.

