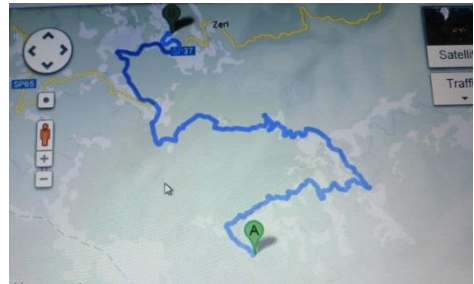


## Devas in Tuscany, back to the past.

Romantic Northern Italy. The word 'Roman...' says it all. The past is alive and well in Florence, Sienna, Pisa - all locations where the Middle Ages display their marble exoskeleton to the modern visitor.

No, I'm not going to talk about romantic Florence or Sienna. I'm going to describe my experiences in Northern Tuscany, in the mountains and valleys that are isolated, hilly and forgotten. Not much of the middle ages is present and there is even less of Roman times. Isolated villages are connected by a continuous curve of narrow road cut into a daunting slope. All this does much to keep tourists away.

It has also lead to the exit of people. About 70% of the population is over 60. Grandparents remain but their children - and their children's children are missing. The lack of children gives the eerie feeling that one is visiting a fantasy land like HG Wells' story "Country of the blind". There seems very little life force here, it is as if Spring has and will never come, there is lack of creativity. Exhaustion is the word, plants grow but reluctantly. Roses bloom but without excitement.



People talk in loud voices - struggling to fill the space that surrounds them. Hillsides are grassed. In hay making season, small motorized scythes cut the slopes and grass is raked by family members. Nothing is easy, plots are tiny, everything slopes and the terraces are collapsing. In the harsh winters the hay will be used for the hatched rabbits, the occasional horse, and the few remaining sheep and goats. Where there isn't grass there are trees. It's a primitive landscape, houses are built in solid stone, many are crumbling. Few are modern.



It's Sunday. In front of the hotel, a small cars, diesels noisily by, their fenders bent by encounters on blind curves. Conversations are toned down and the puttings of small tractors are missing. A dog yelps, a distant goat bell gives its hollow brass clang. High overhead a jetting fire dragon routes its way to some distant populated location. Later today at "Ave Maria", in the wooded hill nearby 4 of the remaining children will take Jesus Christ into their bodies. It's a first communion day.

## Deva insights

To me, the critical point about the Zeri hills and valleys are the Devas, the beings of interplanetary self-conscious intelligence that ring the hills and look across at me sitting here in Pontemoli. It seems that the whole of hilly Northern Tuscany acts as host to an interconnected web of Deva consciousness. Some locations seem to be focal points for individual webs; there seems to be layers of complexity. The whole area is a huge antenna of consciousness that adds an important note to our planet's galactic signals.

From the human point of view (a fact I became aware of within hours of being in Zeri) is that we humans are being used as nodes (like chips in a computer) by the Devas of the surrounding hills. They are not only in us, we and them are one ... they let us drift on unaware while they use our nerves, our channels of consciousness. It's not co-operative play (as is often be the case with Deva consciousness) it's far closer to domination and control.

But inside this domination and control the Devas give us humans a feeling of security. From a Catholic religious viewpoint it is as if Christ, a Saint or the Virgin Mary cares for each of us. This feeling is celebrated with innumerable statues in churches and roadside shrines. Sometimes it is St Bernard or Jesus (who gave his life in pain to show his concern and love for us) or the Virgin Mary.



St Bernard is the local Patron Saint. I suspect that he had 'conversations' with the Devas and established the caring, loving, Christianized relationship that gives peace and security to the people who live within the webs cast down from the hills. His ever-present statues seem to smile in satisfaction with what he achieved

There is very little dark, underworld feeling in the Zeri valley; the area feels sanitized. Yet there seems a lot of tensions between individuals and families ... I heard harrowing tales of how whole camps of Resistance Fighters were killed by the German Nazis soldiers because of the actions of informers. It is probable that there are many family feuds, running through many generations, circulating through the villages.

Maybe it is this that makes for faces that don't reflect much internal joy. Yet faces are not as set and determined as in Germany with its deep underlying national Angst. It seems that the Tuscan women carry most of this load ... even as the church attempts to make every woman a Virgin Mary, beloved by

her son who saved the world with his suffering. A suffering she had to watch in agony as Jesus, her son, died on the cross.

The hilltop Devas are like bubbles on the seashore bobbing up and down in a harmony of crests and troughs, acting out a joint rhythm. I can transfer my consciousness into some of them ... resulting in a strong feeling of personal dissociation.

When the sun sets the Devas seem to shut down, they withdraw like snails to become onions hiding inside their layered skins. At night people seem freer, the web that smothers them withdraws. It becomes peaceful, at sunset busy chirping of birds ceases, sleep descends into the valleys.



## Further, later Deva insights

After two weeks, as my time in Zire was drawing to a close, I became increasingly aware of just how deeply the local Devas had penetrated my body and brain. They seem to have programmed me in so they could read my conscious processing.

Imagine how Devas feel. They are rooted to a spot for thousands of years. Some have gigantic intelligence, far beyond what we can imagine and live in an almost timeless reality. Some are slow thinkers, others fast, but all are deep, curious and bored. We humans can move around to change our perspectives, Devas, once anchored to their site, can only change their point of focus. And, strangely, they seem to be limited by some sort of line of sight interaction from the top of their hill. So humans they can use, or saints they can talk with, are precious to them.\*

So, when a new person arrives the Devas check to see what they have to offer and what use they can be. (Sort of like staff assessing you when you walk into a restaurant). The Devas are weaving a group web for interstellar communications - which is their first priority - but after that they try to astringe their boredom.

When I read something the Devas were fascinated. I visualize as I read and they watched my minds working. I saw that the German Walt Disney comic books that I struggled through were a particular delight. It seems that they thought the doings of Mickey were abstractions from real worlds. When I read from my computer screen the Devas got much less, books were good but Comics were best.

When I read the Devas grabbed what ran in front of my mind's eye and was matched to previous experiences to create what to them was a fascinating game of interconnections. For example when I read about the forgotten but significant Nazi Martin Bormann they referred the information that I was absorbing back to the experiences they observed between the Italian Freedom Fighters and the German army. It was as if they opened a file drawer marked 2<sup>nd</sup> World War and started to cross match information. All this was made all the more mysterious by what appears to be the very different way in which Devas sense 'time'. Devas have a horizontal sense of 'now' while modern humans arrange time in a vertical way. Humans live day by day, Devas in packages of linked events.

.....footnote.....

\*Deva types and ‘personalities’ vary tremendously. Most care little for humans and just go on doing their ‘thing’. The charm of Romantic Tuscany is the quality of interaction between humans of the local Devas. In the Tuscan plains, in Florence and Sienna the interaction gave a cultural avalanche. While in the forgotten hills a different interaction takes place. There the Deva/human dynamic remains from Neolithic and Celtic times – see below.

## Neolithic and Celtic times in the Tuscan Hills.

Speaking to a local Historian through an interpreter was difficult. I was seeking information on what was around the hills 4,000 or 8,000 years ago. But, as he kept explaining History is about what is has been written. Yet he gave the name of the god that Romans placed on the hill above the village as “Alberex”. There used to be fire temple up there. I have found no reference to such a god. It could have been Jupiter.

Archeology is difficult in the Hills. The soil is acid so metal remains disappear. The trees have huge annual leaf falls, earthquakes and heavy rains cause land slips. Recently a mediaeval church was discovered under 30 meters of soil. Groups of round rocks are found when roads are built. I’ve seen in France and Australia that such river stone on hillsides indicate Neolithic camp sites and flint making locations. The rocks can now be seen embedded in cement on footpaths in the between houses in villages.



A glance at a map shows that the easiest way into the hills was along walking paths some of which have become modern roads. I don’t think the area was ever host to many people but some, yes certainly. The springs and little creeks would have made good fish ‘farming’ locations.\* The local historian even showed me a location that is called ‘the ponds’ in a cleft that ran down the side of a hill - landslip had eliminated any sign of ponds.

.....footnote.....

\*Evidence from the late (or is it recent?) Australian Aboriginal Neolithic culture of a mere 200 years ago describes the extensive and complex fish management techniques. In fact archeological evidence has shown that in wet climatic periods Aborigines relied on fish not meat for their protein needs. Very little evidence remains of fish ponds or weirs can now be seen.

As climate changes impacted the area populations must have come and gone. Which populations. Let's ignore the German Nazis, the Italian Resistance fighters, the Romans, and Etruscans. Let's go back to Neanderthal man, the Celts and out of Africa man. This, I suggests covers the 10,000 BP time period that is the core this essays deliberation.

To make a simple statement that is the best that I can make from the evidence currently available to which I add a bit of my own personal guesses. Firstly I think that the human species as we know it today. Was set from some common ancestor about 2 million years ago.\* From that groups wondered off here and there to become semi isolated. I use the word 'semi' because I know from Australian Aborigine culture that genetic diversity was huge underlying problem that led to complex marriage rule linked to sexually open Corroborees that contrived to make the most of available diversity. The clearest 'tale' about this is about the two Tasmanian women who explicitly offered themselves to some British seafarer just before 1800.

About 400,000 years ago there developed a separation. One group of proto humans became stuck in Europe and Eurasia these became the Neanderthals. Then there were other sub groups about which archeologists are finding out more about now. "Flores Man" is an acknowledged, cleat cut example of this hypothesis.

Archeology tells us that the Neanderthals were shorter, stronger and better adapted to cold. Stan Gooch\* wrote his guesses about their culture. One guess that I agree with (and has been ignored) is that the Neanderthals were nocturnal, which explains their huge eye sockets. Another guess that he made was that 'modern out of Africa humans' and Neanderthals interbreed. This was ridiculed until a few years ago when DNA research showed that we all have a share of Neanderthal genes in our bodies. Indeed we are physical hybrids and I believe (like Gooch) that we are cultural hybrids as well. I go further and suggest that the huge cultural jump towards settled agriculture that happened 5,000 BP was a result of this hybridization occurring in Eurasia during a period stable climate and minimum epidemic disease.

Did Neanderthals live in the Tuscan Hills? I believe so, the last ice age – that ended about 10,000 years ago would have favored the Neanderthals; the edge of the ice sheet ended nearby and the hills and valleys would have made an adequate and safe location – 'out of Africa man' would have found his style of 'running hunting' difficult in the hills.

There were bears until modern times in the hills. I guess dogs and rifles brought about their end.

.....**footnote**.....

\*The controversy about the Georgian skill finds can be followed from links to this BBC science video listing. <http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/science-environment-24587378>

\* To explore Stan Gooch's ideas wikipedia is a good place to start.  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stan\\_Gooch](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stan_Gooch)

.....**bear footnote** .....

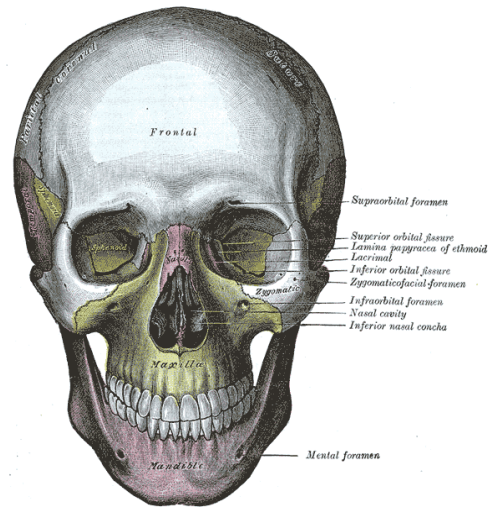
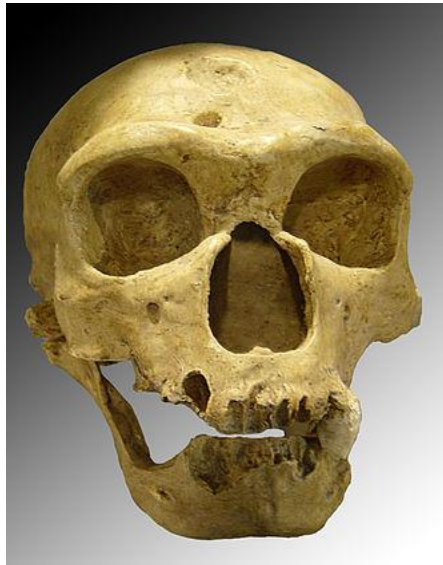
In old Germanic tribes, the ritual for the winter solstice was prepared by the women contacting the mother of a bear in September. They tame the bear by putting the young bear cubs on the breast with their own children. So they asked the bear to be the sacrificial animal.

The bear was to be a volunteer for the winter sun turning ritual.

The people of the tribe killed the bear, drank the blood and ate the meat. They needed it to strengthen their vitality as much iron is contained in flesh and blood. Then they put the skull on the top of a green FIR and the rest of the blood flowed over the leafy twigs. They celebrated the Union of life force (red blood) and hope (green tree).

Until today, the green tree (Christmas tree) and Red candles or red ornaments as tradition is adopted. But people don't realize that it comes from that old time. (Source, personal communication MS Mirian Sieber, Friedebach via Sayda Germany)

.....end bear footnote.....



On the left is a Neanderthal skull on the right is a modern skull. The different size of the eye sockets is obvious. The modern skull has a higher frontal area. Unseen in the images is the greater hind brain area of the Neanderthal skull - this is the area where optic nerve information is processed. Note also the larger nose hole. Behind the nose is the Ehtmond bone, a strange soft boney plate with curls that may well be the 'third eye'. Perhaps it is an information gathering and broadcasting structure. It seems to have been larger in Neanderthals. The photo here (from the web) does not show the loops and curls that are in the living soft bone tissue - they were lost in the extraction and preservation processes.



<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Neanderthal>

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Gray190.png>

Neanderthal, indeed yes, at times. It's complex, there are many things involved that we can't get our head around ... massive climate changes, ritual migrations, decimating plagues and who knows what else. As ice ages came and went people - including the Neanderthals - moved to survive. The hills of Tuscany, with its hidden valleys would have made safe havens for small tribal groups. The Neanderthals where cold weather survivors, the thinner faster 'Out of Africa' people who came into Europe 40,000 years ago were plains people, the hills and valleys would not have been to their liking. I suspect ('feel'

may be a better word) that a small group of Neanderthals could have tucked themselves away in the forested hills of Zire until very recent times.

Australian Aboriginals coped with the eucalypt forest by burning it, creating the patches of savanna which made hunting easier. The Zire forest with its dense greenness is impossible to burn.

In Australia people moved around - the term 'walkabout' is used - to keep the landscape alive by attending to the Devas that demanded human attention and dragged people to them. The people were needed to weave the warp and weft - just as is happening in Zire now-a-days. There are now more people in Zire than at any point in prehistoric times but now they are unaware of their spiritual connection to the landscape.

Neanderthals must have lived, played and prayed in Zire for half a million years. The number of large hammer stones that I've seen embedded in footways (and more are found when roads are widened on what must have been ancient pathways) indicates that people have lived and hunted in the landscape. The Mountain ranges make the Zire area hard to access, and so the modern 'Out of Africa' people would have come late. (This is unlike the Cognac valley which was adjacent to the pathways that lead from the Mediterranean to England ... more about this area later)



The mushroom cult. People in the valley go nuts about them for a month at harvesting time month. There is even a shop devoted just to mushrooms. The Stile indicate them too; here are photos of a male and a female. The male holds an early Celtic dagger. In the Pontremoli museum <http://www.statuestele.org/DATA/bacheca/file/depliant%20statue%20stela%20inglese.pdf> there are a collection of Stile, some genuine, some copies. From some I felt a radiating 'consciousness'. In an attempt to connect to the stile (they can be considered like Catholic sacred relics) I focused on the male statue in the photo and let myself slide into a meditation. I was drawn into a communicative dance.

The male statue asked me to dance to the right, clockwise. I became aware of the metal in the dagger, a precious object, I danced into connectedness with the local hill devas creating an amalgam of the sites. Then after a timeless space (perhaps 3-4 minutes) there was a beam, laser like, left the top of my head to connect to the stellar cosmos. It was as if I had sent a message into space. Maybe, someone, somewhere on some exo-planet, 'something' or somebody experienced my dance.



The female suggested that I dance left, which I did and felt myself sink into the soil and became surrounded in tree roots. There was what I've come to accept as the common European Diana spring energy - the joy of spring with its flowers and mating energies. It was more sexual than my previous experiences.

For lunch at a nearby restaurant I had mushrooms and pasta. A mistake. My heart beat rate shot up and I felt myself floating above my body. At the time I put this down to an odd mushroom in the batch but all the lunch time mushrooms were shop bought. On reflection I think it was because my dance at the museum created an invitation for invasion by a

mushroom deva. This persisted for hours and worried me because I faced an hour on the narrow continuously curved roads to get home. Some glasses of fresh orange later I was grounded enough to drive.

Thinking about my experience I came to the conclusion that Neolithic people had visited the Deva sites and kept the sites 'satisfied' with their presence and ritual. Some Australian Aboriginal, even today, feel a need to connect to the sites for which they have a family/religious obligation to visit. I think the Stile where created and placed at sites by the Celts as substitutes for frequent visits. Marko Pogačnik has written about similar stile and considers them as an important way of balancing the landscape.\*

.....footnote .....

Marko's best book is his first "*Nature Spirits and Elemental Beings - Working with the Intelligence in Nature*" (Findhorn Press, Scotland, 1996). He has a large web site <http://www.markopogacnik.com/> in which he describes his 'earth healing' work with stile.

.....