

+ THE VISIONS OF CALDER HALL +

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EXPERIENCED BETWEEN THE
22ND AND 30TH JANUARY 2000
IN HAMPSHIRE

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BEING A TRUE AND COMPLETE
RECORD OF MY EXPERIENCES WITH THE
WORDLESS WINTER WAY

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RECORDED TO PAPER AND TAPE FEBRUARY 2001

Prelude

Little is known of what we find beyond the boundaries of our typical memories and daily experiences, suffice to say that they can be more vivifying and terrible than one can imagine. In the final nights of January 2000, after the great millennial shift, I engaged in a series of experimental experiences in various locations across Hampshire, guided by two great forces; that of mugwort and my mentor [whom I shall not name]. In order to frame these records, it is necessary for me to reveal certain facts about part of my life which are usually hidden, however I have been permitted to do so by my peers.

My background lies in the academic pursuit of archaeology, folklore and myth, particularly within the British Isles and the Medieval period. Having risen through the ranks Bachelors, Masters and Doctor of Philosophy I grew weary of the indirect methods used to gain understanding of Britain's past and turned to other, more crooked paths. After many years of meeting countless characters and utilising certain substances which proved less than adequate, through a roundabout route I began to make contact with the Company of the Hidden Crone [CoHC], and was formally initiated into their ranks at the beginning of 1999. Throughout the rest of the year I undertook a sabbatical from my position and, under the auspices of unspecified 'research' undertook a series of pilgrimages with various members throughout Wessex and the Marcher Lands, with further forays into Cornwall and East Anglia, visiting prehistoric, Roman and early Medieval sites, as well as a selection of ecclesiastical ruins which held particular significance to what is commonly referred to as the 'witch cult', where rouning had been practised for up to seven generations.

It was during these travels that I found a certain resonant energy across the Wessex Downs and across a tableau of villages, fields and woodlands in Hampshire. To my mind, they became locations which reached out to each other and formed a network of cult activity in years gone by [and, as interviews with several villagers suggested, still today] that represented a continuity of rural witchcraft and also gave significant credence to the mythology cultivated by the CoHC.

It was thus decided that, using certain herbivorous aids, I would perform nocturnal vigils [known to the CoHC as 'The Wordless Winter Way'] at nine of these sites which I felt were the most powerful, as the new Millennium shifted into existence across the Earth. Entering into a trance state across these nights, each location would potentially reveal its hidden presence to me and ferment a new understanding of the local landscape beyond the realms of terrestrial topography. During the first and final vision I arranged both a Dictaphone and an EVP recorder next to me. What you hear in the cassette accompanying this manuscript is precisely what I heard during those two experiences, preserved for the sake of both posterity and proof of my words. The photographs provided were taken with double exposures precisely a year after each vision at its location using a method trialled by myself which I believe 'channels' the underlying presence in the location. Upon their developing, some unnerving figures and events emerged upon the papers which may correspond to those encountered in the visions.

What I experienced was more visceral and terrifying than I had ever imagined, and it is still with a trembling hand, over a year later, that I am typing my hastily scrawled notes into a comprehensive manuscript. Figures which were 'folkloric' and indeed truly sylvan and chthonic appear to roam beyond our sight still. How fickle is the mind of man, that he should believe himself master of this Isle.

Dr Calder Halt. February 28th, 2001. Alresford.

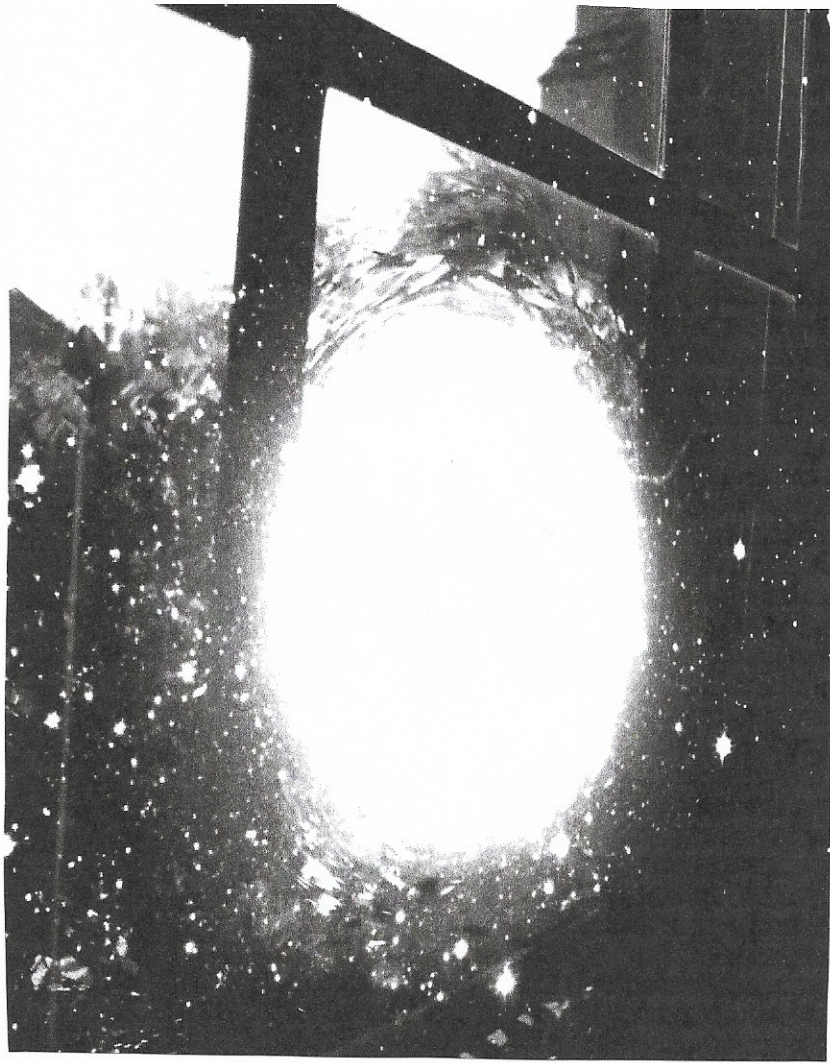
Vision #1: 'Cottage Whispers'

22nd January 2000. Sutton Scotney.

Cold moons gather at the window, seeping beneath loose glass. They are eager to find a way inside, drawn by Mugwort and Datura drying before the hearth. Outside the lanes are empty, the hedges are silent in the night with only crows sleeping upon the brambles. The spirits in this house are tired, but they find the will to carve themselves across old beams, spelling curses against gentry and past lives. Far across the fields I can hear the Red Hag shuffling, tracing the boundary, her shrieks rattle throughout the cobbles and thatch. Inside the cats wait, watching for mice that stumble fearfully from the walls. A sickle is drying against the door, washed clean after use.

The years lean into this cottage, pressing down on its rafters and plaster, reaching in to the lights that flicker beneath the floorboards. A nest of swallows sits within the eaves, in Spring they dance all the evening long but in these nights they sleep still, as does the land around the village. In the small hours I hear their dreams come quickly, creeping along the hall and into me with such fervour that I too see the great void of stars that welcomed them after death. Void mother, death lover, mould grubber, that maw which yawns across the welkin when dusk sinks below the horizon. They teach much but never quieten, so keen are they to bring the moons within and allow their milky tendrils to touch the earth, to seed the mind, to bring them here.

On nights like these one must walk out among the stars and the winds, light candles in the woods and bring crystal and cosmos together in the soil. A ruined cottage, timbers fallen to earth and rotting among nettles where the whispers fall freely under the open sky; the churchyard, where broken yew clings to the lychgate and gnarled graves gather open; the grim copse where heads once hung and teeth fell among the leaves. These are the spaces where the presence can be seen, coiled and walking in the dark, waiting for your answers to the time. Not yet, more must be seeded upon the earth, but still the moons reach down to touch us and find a fissure in our hearts, probing and insisting with their sharp tongues. This is why the sickle must be cleaned, no trace can be left when the lips fall open and lifeless. A heart stuck with pins torn from the corpse as it lingers steaming on the heath, devoured by cold lights and hungry jaws. All this keeps the balance.



Vision #2: Copse and Corpse
23rd January 2000. Netherton Hanging Copse.

I walked cold among the copse, the dying sun slanting through the branches. Heavy the leaves under my feet, terror slipping in the air, alone. Alone. Far back through the fields bells mumbled towards dusk, stuttered peals from cracked metal which spoke to the emerging stars. Past three gates and the old stile, wooden and moss-laden, three gashes in each limb, striding to the coppice centre. Warren wardens had begun to rise from their burrows. Our gloaming mask is of crows' feet and dry bark, by this you might see us among the trees, Jolly Jack Green leading by example as his staff taps the trunks.

The English countryside within winter's light is melancholy, the ghosts pour forth with their wailing and weeping and our memories are stirred by dark nostalgia, cured in bitter and bedlam among the sheets. Wild hair that wraps around the neck, choking as desperate tears course down sad cheeks whose fathers died last summer, backs broken in the ditch. Here the copse symbolises the stunted rickety growth of this Yule season, cold cuts and bare branches that tug and tear at our sleeve, tap upon our windows as the shadows and spirits gather.

The golden light pooled at my feet before the copse, fractured by woodland into jagged slivers that pierced the grass. The copse is the grove, the primordial haunt of divine eminence, whose presence stalks England. In these groves corpses would hang, cooling in the wind as they dripped upon the soil, feeding it as we do now, except our gifts are not willingly vessels. Each copse illuminates the parish within the winter months, nourished by those who come from afar, this is our task. Here Jolly Green Jack is playful, teasing the throat with his billhook, hurling mud from behind the trees, taking you down into the bushes. He'll hang you if he can.

When gloam gives way to gloom he finds his way back to the old woods, and we can follow him if we are willing, leaving the carrion behind. Past streams and rivulets, sapphire and ruby, this is where you must tread following his staff and leper's bell. Watched by the owls on every branch, back to his hut of old oaken logs that split and decay with each winter's passing. Best keep up, though, or you will never get back. Within his home, he will tell you of the Devil and the Son, the language of birds and how to trap hares, where to find foxgloves in May and the best rivers to tickle trout. But there is a price. You must consume him, piece by piece, before the far-off bells strike midnight, carving his flesh from the bone to roast upon the fire, while he feeds you further lore. The tongue is the last morsel, after which he will be silent, yet not before telling you how to reach the path home. The next evening he will be back among the copses, winking at you, a shared secret. I waited for him in the dusk. The trees had been fed, my knife was sharp, and my appetite keen.



Vision #3: Wet Twigs & Black Donald
24th January 2000. Faccombe Wood.

Place a bloodied handprint on the bare trunk, sheep skull beneath. When we sit quietly in the wet forest in darkness and rain, the moon slowly reaches down from the black vault and forces its tendrils into us. White vines crawling into throats, choking and cooling, its tears and fear filling veins that beat slower, figures seated in static horror while they are consumed by lunar light, mouths opened to the heavens. Rigor vortex, spiralled stars, starred petals that sit upon our tongues, dilated pupils.

The wet twigs arrange themselves in nine-pointed geometries upon the forest floor before the frost takes them, misty breath upon the night winds. East of the woods lies the sisters' cottage, black haired in scarves they stand outside the door, watching. Inside is wood, stone and bone, flittered around the crystal that refracts the fire light. Each full moon, when the blood flows and the light drops, they welcome Black Donald in to the parlour where he feasts on the carcass of a freshly slain deer. His hooves leave no trace in leaves nor snow, he walks above the ground and they follow, weaving on knobbled branches, leaping from tree to tree and weaving into the cold night air. On occasion, they would call at the manor, spending long hours perched upon dead velvet; on those nights, the servants would not leave their quarters.

From here the living temple grew within these woods, spied from afar through the damp boughs and felled ferns. The brook runs red some days, when light grows shorter and snow lingers in the air. Smoke-filled twilight, the chimney moving gently in the wind, the sisters standing out, watching in the forest. Their eyes are horror, slit pupils with hourglass gold, long knives at their belts. Buried beneath them are many things, some may walk unbidden when the moon is fully waned, down among the holts and beside the black river.

There too the Black Man is, wedded to Red Hag in a bond of carrion. They can call to you, they have done to me, I stayed seven nights with enjoying their words and violence. Every bird pays homage to them when the sun fades and they rise up from the waters, flapping ashore in ungainly strides. Their boundary is easily noted, rotten kites are stabbed with willow poles and driven into the earth. The crystals are buried here too, cut into the chalk and packed with wet clay, their vibrancy draws down the moon so its milk can fall on the land during the winter months. Flabby weeds and pikes wallow near the banks, trapping and biting those who come close and fail to 'ware the cursing poles. Men never lived here, they only came to discover, and those who stayed became hermits. The sisters are the last, they care for and watch over the forest and hills where even the church bells cannot reach, deep in the dank tangle of briars and twigs.



Vision #4: Dead Hedgerows
25th January 2000. Near Highclere.

Wind and memory, hurled against the Downland and hedges that lie tightly silent in winter's grasp. Twenty-seven paths leading out across the grasses, rising up chalk hills and down to secluded barrows, that rise and nestle like roosting hens in these hills. Grey sky, green grass, white chalk, brown hair. Remember me when you walk here, I left long ago. Younger days, running along ridges, now fallen away like pages loosened from their bindings.

Well, how can we move in such memorial circles among the remains of the past? Where every stone is a face gazing up from the soil, chiding our prior choices, accusatory? These are the encounters we endure with every day in the Downs.

Sudden image comes quickly, barraged from wood and turf left and right, when the wind brings a scent or a scene submerges us in those of the past. When we walk it is among the dead, not merely the literal bones but also the endless halls of memories which funnel back to our birth, of joy and sorrow, loves lost and gained, but especially lost. Mourning as beauty in nature.

Pricked and torn by brambles, you trespass the wooden fences, leaping into the pheasant woods where no one roams but the poacher and gamekeeper, those figures of rural law and lawlessness which hold the balance between master and serf. Is that where you gave yourself to the forest? I think so, and I followed gladly, led by my heart into the rouning. This spot, where the boughs bow down, is where you presented my body to Her and I accepted. Dark eyes lay on me as darkness fell and you touched my forehead, pushing me to kneel as the trees shivered. Green skirts, wool, and seven stars beside Her hands, the leaves stirred wetly beneath Her feet when she came close. Her breath smelt of decay and love. Once I had been hung and retrieved, you kissed me and then Her, both walking back into the forest and beyond my sight. Within my hands the stars had traced themselves into nine points, faintly charred against my new flesh. This was how it happened and I never saw you again.

During the winter wyrding the Downs leave their summer idyll and turn towards another realm. The waters that run beneath them bleed thickly into the cold turf and the deer run faster, chided by far glances and glimpses of black cloaks. Lowly the sun fans out across the hills and the shadows fall faster, great shades where spirits walk in search of their masters, us, to take justice into their own ethereal hands. Among the hedgerows they stalk, and the blackbirds hush when they are near. Go to them and talk, they will not hold hate towards you if you are from here. Near white horses She can be seen walking, black hair and wildly smiling, sometimes seated on some rocky throne with bones beneath her feet.



Vision #5: Frost Wreaths
26th January 2000. Buttermere.

Earth's breath, frozen in the dawn light, layered across every sharp blade and crumbled loaf of loam. Stillness and hardness across the twilit landscapes of fields, heaths and forest floors that reaches towards river banks with their shards of ice that reach into frigid waters. Throughout the night Young Jack has touched every window and grassland, his hands' imprint lie across Britain turning what was clear to opaline, what was yielding into brittle rigor mortis. Under these dawns, the village glints in early light, the star's flight leaving cold blue glimmer on the wreaths.

Crow voice, bough voice, the creak and the caw across dead fields, nothing further can bloom in this glass glade. Underfoot the earth slumbers, it's death dreams of turning wheels and running blood freshly pulled from the outsider. Circle the parish bounds three times before the sun climbs above the ridge, then the churchyard bell can sing over the empty spaces that you have guarded. Brown soil that sparkles, unyielding to the spade and the plough, but not to the iron that you must push into it after circumventing the boundary. A warning to those who wish to come. Maybe they will scream like hags across the cold dawn but these scourges will not cross the perimeter. You may moan back at them, with a mouth cracked in the chill air and breath that billows forth like sulphur, condensed life in the mist. Still they cannot come. Overhead the All cast in a grey grimace, its claws frozen across the sky as light pours forth, to slowly yield in the gaze of the awakening sun. Underneath the bleak white bones of centuries rattling within the soil, juddered by mole and worm, pouring their scorn up through the earth towards you.

The mask you wear upon these turns is under pale skin, set blank and unblinking. Before the breaking heavens you offer carrion, cold and stiff from its night vigil within the wood, hedgerow or lane. Cool crow claws have torn hare's flesh; once steaming, its opened chest the body is heavy with frigid blood, red-purple crystals that refract the dawn. This is the offering, this is the watch-stone, placed at intervals around the boundary. Your tongue may be thick in the morning frost but thin is the air, as the daily canticles are spoken silently into the fields. Thick black canticles that reach across the nettles and briars, arching past each pylon and grid to cast themselves upon the metal tentacles humming with empty words. Your jaw aches in its great stretch, your maw is a mine of marrow and hex, spittle upon the ground, freezing gently among the stones. Spittle and piffle that parts the air in burnt spikes, old pikes upon which the severed heads used to hang.

Heavy lie these wreathes of frost, tortured coronets which adorn the hedges. Within the churchyard they drape the tombs of men whose crimes were to give the knee, enclosed within the rotten wood that frames the remains of those whose names are graven upon the church wall. Reach out and back around the yew, its berries red as

the congealed blood that lies upon the frozen hare. Black earth rising, black stars departing in the morning glow, while the frost crowns fade throughout the parish. Your words cast forth in scorn keep the bile at bay, but you must say them clearly through the aether, where icy dew gives them wings to those who deserve their barbs. Sharp are the blades but stiff are the spells which you stutter out into the frost, when the black star rises in the West.



Vision #6 Cinders & Sigils
27th January 2000. Winchester Water Meadows.

Beyond the marsh surrounded by shadow birch bark, I walked alight with lantern horn. Out past the dry eaves and wet leaves, through thicket and silver thorn, brimming brook guided my steps to harrowed toads and leering reeds. Beneath the pale disc whose arms reached back behind into the great nexus, shimmering gateways descended upon me, stars rushed and tumbled against my naked skin and I was aflame in blue haze and savage pain. Before me wavered the portal, constellations crawling and oozing from the dark liquid mass, nythraic oneira slumbering, cutting my flesh until no blood remained. My body was dispersed among the branches, I was hung from the thirteen towers piece by piece, the poison slowly dispersing throughout my dying veins until I had been absorbed by the Mother.

When all that was left trembled my vision took new turns, a shadow self stepping through the blackness where brambles tore my feet, dark lacerated soles that trod the marsh. The mud rose up and lapped against my groin, heavy with memories that sank below the surface. Every cinder of life that had dwelt here extinguished itself against me and my mouth hung broken at the cosmos. From all corners of the horizon a thin white sigil peered in, cautiously at first and then with gathering haste, until my sight could no longer avoid its gaze. At its touch the dust of cold dead planets became my taste, and I hungered for the bleak stellar death which lurks in the corners of our dreams, the fallen stones and torn carcasses of once-great civilisations whose remains are riddled with worms and roots. I saw the first god die, his body endlessly falling in vacuums, and the first witch push her head back into the womb. Before me came wraiths, tattered robes and twig-like fingers upon which the flesh was as paper, spittle-flecked teeth that spat curses, until the Mother rose from the belly of the marsh, her hands filled with crystals which swallowed the light from high-born stars. These she pressed to my mouth, bidding I swallow each one, then I was suckled upon a swollen breast until a cold knife found my throat.

As my eyes were returned, the portal had receded, the swallows had departed and nothing but the nightingale's cry sang for miles. Black shards crawled back to themselves and the gateway died, the last tendrils flapping in the mud. The Mother's milk still stained my lips, dark auburn ichor, and I was loosed back towards the woods, once again reborn from the darkest void-star.



Vision #7: Dark Bracken
28th January 2000. Stockbridge.

Rain upon slick wood, the ferns bend under the blows. Follow the river backwards where the moss crawls under the bough, a cavern of beetles and worm holes. Seven days and nights fasting within this hall of bower and branch, when the sun and moon chase each other in reverse through the fog and the birds no longer sing. Hidden by brackish pools I have sat, coarse wool across cold shoulders and soaked in perpetual dew, conversed with stars and shadows, time has been stilled. From tree to tree they gathered close, these fetches of hunger and memory, drawn from the well below and its frenzied head. As my stomach tightens, sustained only cold mists and fungal ghosts, it stepped before me, cloven and horned and hoary in furs of torn fox and badger. The odour of offal in the night air, a stench of foul musk. The ferns withered at its touch, hoof prints upon moist earth, two yellow eyes that widely swept the forest, only the white bone of a horse's skull lightened the dark visage of its face.

I lay among the moss, weak to the point of death and the heavens pin wheeled above me until I could discern neither star nor stave. These secret pools deep within the woods have long been empty from man, unwieldy leaves fall upon the surface to cast fortune. You can read this, if you know how, if you can chew the nettles fully and sink teeth into the stems, the soma and stoma of the earth that offer glimpses of the maw.

The clough furrows far below, my supine star spread upon the mosses. Faint hands pull upon the twigs and fashion angles from my limbs and the eighth pale dawn climbs above the hill. Slowly the swollen branches creep down and close upon my chest, sweet sleep amid the bark until the lark awakens my eyes. The river flows forwards and my time is restored, shuddered from the woodland's gasp to break upon me in waves, far church bells ringing to fall silent in the forest grasp.

Tell me what lies in the trees, and I will show you what they love, for it is not the same as you and I. They follow your shadow back through the path, stalking and skulking in the winter's gloom until you fall in fear. The tree's friend is a witch, and she will not speak easily for nothing keeps silence like a woman's tongue. To sit in the bracken you might hear them, to see is not to believe but to shriek in the willow winds, where the river passes in reverse into the forest heart. The preparation must be sudden, nothing is proscribed or prohibited in sylvan communion, for all is one and another within crooked ways that turn and test. See hear taste touch the freely flowing waters, each droplet a sliver of blood from the forest, a silver leaf dropped thief of the brackish moor which eddies and swirls in dead dreams. Everything is hidden, nothing is revealed, for we dwell beyond the shifting nature. By moon and heaven's weeping or land and lordly keeping we are within the limen regardless, all is one to us, whether leaves bloom green or fall brown, the babe suckles or the crone buckles, this is the rhythm of the parish and we strive to keep it so.



Vision #8: Beyond the Hollow River
29th January 2000. Littlecote.

Fading lamps, the gas-lit gyre reaches out and wanes where the shadow of nettle and duckweed curl around bleary waters. Pale footsteps echo from cobbles, yet they dissolve as the mill wheel strikes liquid surface, grey black paddles on rippled glass. He is there, stood within the water, unskinned. I disrobe on the bank when seven moons linger in the night sky, treading into the cold myre. He takes my head, proffering blue leaves to my tongue and pushes my hair under the surface. The current carries my memories away as I sink down, a broken nose hitting the gravel bed, weeds boiling around my thrashing feet, while the stones part and I sink deeper beyond the hollow gully.

When eyes roll back around and silt rinses from wet lids, I am carried along in the current, numb. The black hills part, their mounds of swollen turf disgorging the huge roots of a blighted white tree, in which shadows dance and flicker. I see the shades of childhood, father and mother, teacher and mistress, ploughmen and crones, trudging and skipping between the great tubers, in the centre of which a stone well murmurs and breathes. Thick waters spill out from its stonework, falling upon dark soil. There the Black Man awaits, reaching forward and tugging my body from the river, dragging me up the clinging bank to fall gasping and retching upon the under-earth. Adjacent to the well stands a woman's monstrous head, plump and bloated as if drowned. She screams and babbles rhythmic verses that stutter out cantrips, telling of land, bleak hatred, sweetest love and changing seasons. Plunging a cracked brown jug into the liquid the Black Man presses it to my lips and bids me to drink. I cannot refuse, although I choke on the waters as they flow into me. Dazed I wander from Him, among the roots and fronds which stretch to the sombre vault above, shadows reaching out and calling for my notice, desperate to make themselves known to one who still has skin. I reach the nexus of this rootstock labyrinth and stare up into the trunk, which pulses as sap ebbs and flows along the wood. The seven moons weave among it, falling closer and closer to me until they encircle my head. As they open, their tendrils emerge, lunar mycorrhiza that feed into my eyes, nostrils and mouth until I can neither see nor breath, then plunge deeper among my veins and bones. I am utterly consumed by these septenary selenic spores, they rise me to the highest gate, the trunk falls away in rotten shards.

Waters wash my hand, a pike snaps at my fingers. In the sky the moons are distant, far further than they were, as if a great time has passed. The river has carried my memories away and I have been refilled with otherness, drawn from the well betwixt the shrieking head and the shadowy roots. Peering along the hollow river, I see the Black Man trudging down its course, as the sun cracks the heavens in the first lights of dawn.



Vision #9: Within the Deepest Night to Dawn
30th January 2000. The Cottage, Wherwell.

Geola, the Yew moon before the new Moon, night slips into its final form and layers over the land, heavy upon the fields and holts that harrow ascendant winter. Stars seep down into the soil, a radiant haze in the frosted airs that waver between old branches, the coupling of above and below. The longest dark comes.

What locus can suffer the pauper's banquet, where the Midwinter ghosts emerge to feast? No warmed parlour, nor glittered glade, but rather open gables and rotten beams framing a fearful ruin. Nettle and weed choke the threshold, no roof offers shelter, broken white washed walls leer into the night. Here silent whispers resound, generations speak through dead lips and silent cantrips cast into a long-empty hearth, whose chimney crooks into oblivion above, where unquiet ravens roost. Worm-eaten, a trestle straddles the central space, worn by rain and cracked with cold. I hear the beams murmur to one other, recalling other years, the wall spaces creak and groan in expectation.

Seven candles upon the surface, the trestle is illumined and awaits the Company. Hidden hands shuffle across the door, the light flickers over old tallow, shades deepen as they gather from the land's margins. Sated with sleep these spectres are still, faint reflections of old patterns that reap and sow. As the moon bulges above, bloated with presence, the stars pierce its skin and lunar blood trickles down through the night, caught within cupped hands that proffer to hungry lips and pour upon the quartz, a polyhedral pyre. Glass shard upon the table, we smear it with the liquid, transformed from transparent to transgressive so that it may peer further. As the Company shuffles nearer, I gaze into the milky depths. Eye before eye, wrapped in prisms my visions edge closer to Her, the bale craft in pure essence as I gnaw with rat's teeth upon old graves, burrow deep and screech at the boundary. Weeping stars wash my face as she presses leaves upon me, buried in frost and loam, caught between two spheres of otherworldly scale that shriek through the void, calling out what will come upon this earth. The world is upside down, and what was below befuddles the former vault. Orders are upended like bottles upon the table, and the primal current rears out into our realm; this night belongs to stillness and savagery.

The rain falls through the rafters, shepherding my soul back through the labyrinth of moon's milk mirror. The Company are skittish, outside the Black Man and Red Hag wail and trample the bracken in frenzies, consuming each other in lust and anger. Their curses stalk with them, the fallow fields cringe in terror, and the frost forms on the earsh. Upon the crystal and glass, the blood flows backwards, sopping upwards to rejoin its host, whose post has returned above in a starless sky. The world in reverse, returning to Spring.

Slowly they disperse, back to the hedgerows and dykes, and the sun gladdens the dawn.
Three goldcrests alight on the bare sill, watching. Outside the deer gather, their breath
misty in the early chill. The shift is performed, the parish revolves.

