SKOOB Occult Review

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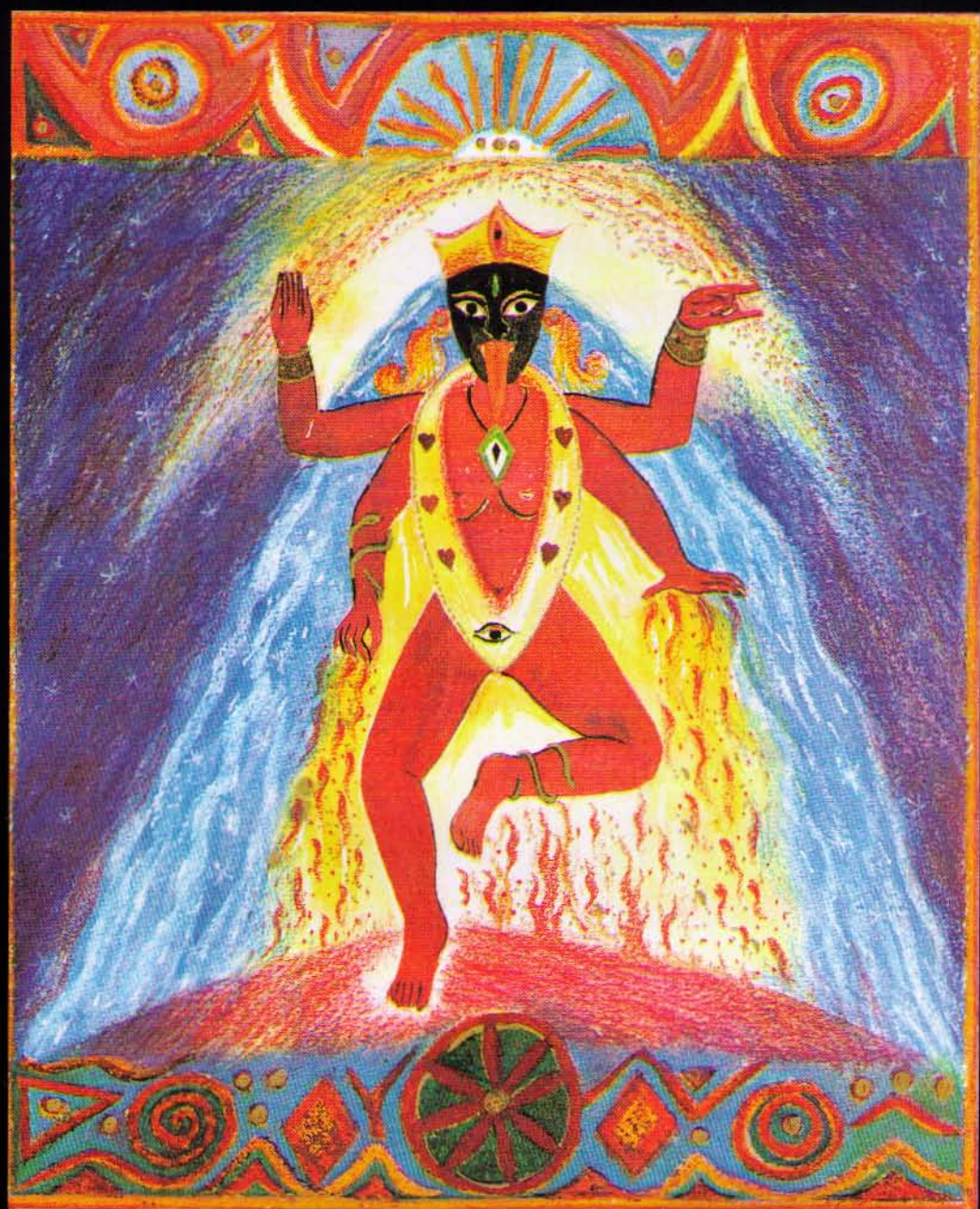
INTERVIEW WITH KENNETH GRANT



THE SEARCH FOR A GURU – *Frank Letchford*

LANGUAGE OF WITCHCRAFT– *Michael Harrison*

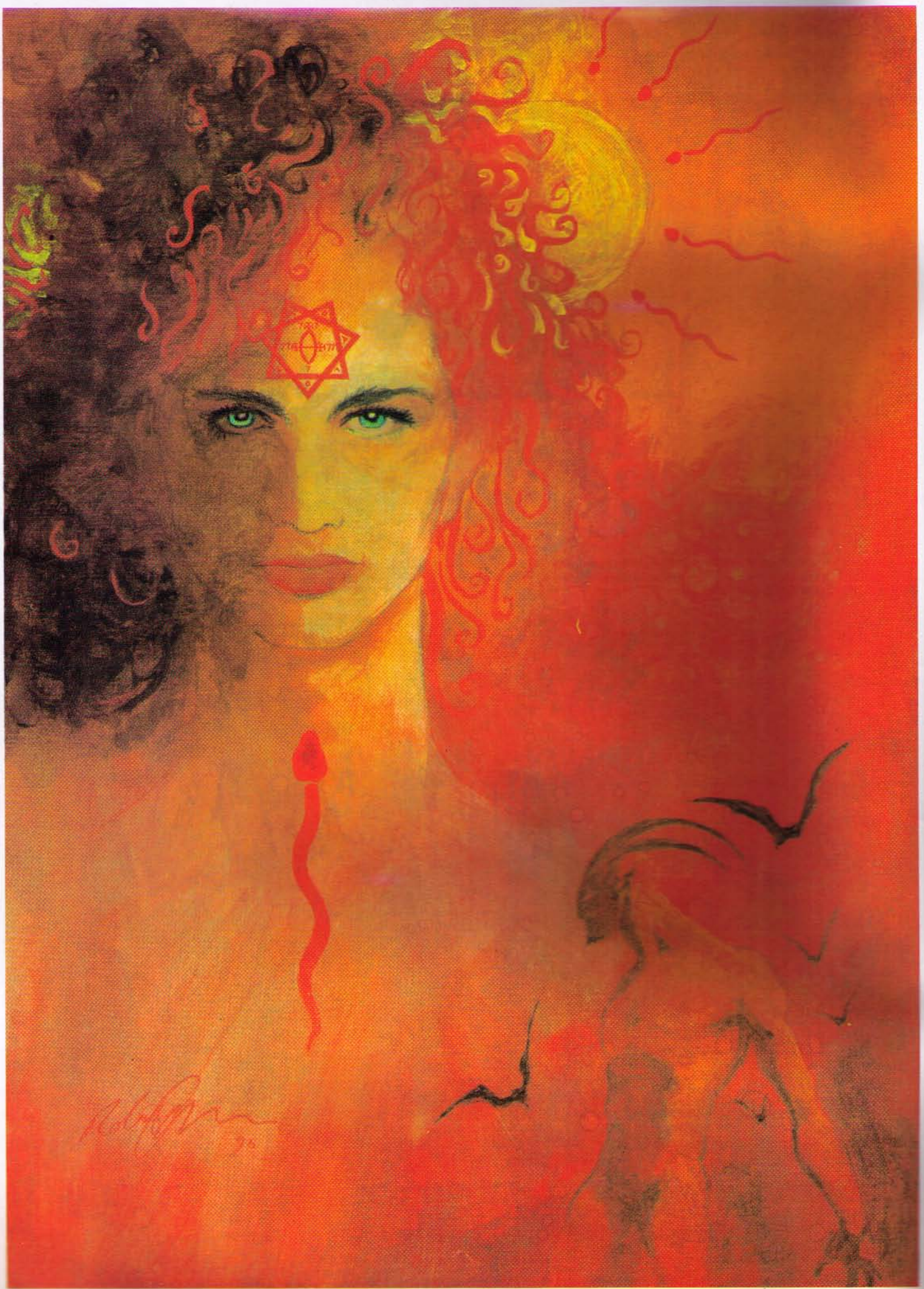
THE SLEEPER – *George Hay*

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE – *Churton Fairman*

I WAS A CHILD DISCIPLE OF THE BEAST – *Vivienne Browning*

Plus

Diana Fernando – Alchemical Dictionary
Magical Art ☆ History of La Couleuvre Noire
Steve Wilson ☆ Gerald Suster



SKOOB OCCULT REVIEW

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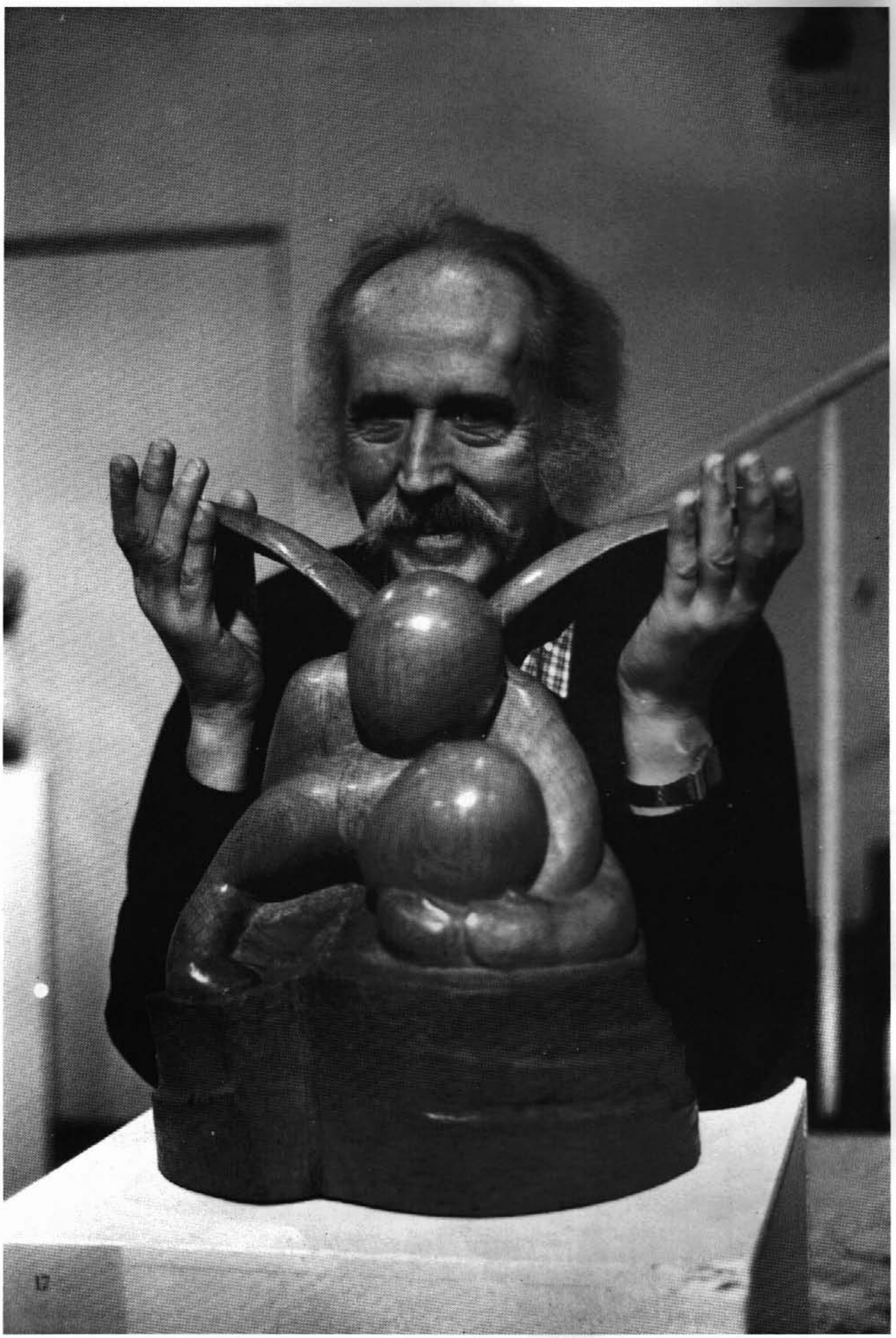

The Wheel of Fortune

The Art of Churton Fairman

Photos by Ruth Bayer

Earlier this year Churton Fairman's work was exhibited in the crypt gallery of Nicholas Hawksmoor's St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. The powerful pieces on display had a profound effect on many who experienced them. We asked Mr. Fairman to tell us about his life and art, and he chose to do so using the framework of the Major Arcana of the Tarot, with the artist as *The Fool.*

" I came across the Tarot just after the war, and still regard it as the most important remnants of the Old Knowledge. I've looked fairly closely at many of the occult sciences.

Let's start with *The Magician.* As a boy my hobby was conjuring tricks. I thought the world could be manipulated like this. Now I realise there are other powers. Next, *The Papess*, the old Hidden Lore which I was studying from the age of ten. (I started practicing hypnotic techniques at prep school, and I was taught to read palms) *The Papess* she means a lot to me.

Let's take 3 and 4, *The Emperor and The Empress*, the male and female principles together. Being a Scorpio, these images are of intense importance to me and my coming to terms with my own bi-sexuality.

The Pope or Heirophant represents my formal education. I was brought up in a Christian background. I lost Faith, then in 1960 had a violent re-conversion, a mystical experience (mystical sounds so grand!) while with a powerful psychic and healer. This brought me back to the church, where I still am these days. I am a practicing Christian, though not always approved of by its authorities.

The Lovers. I've had many -also twice married with six living children. Number 7, *The Chariot*, in the literal sense represents the time I served in the Second World War as a Lieutenant of Infantry and saw action throughout the last campaign in Europe.

I take liberty with the order of the trumps now. Eliphas Levi did, Crowley did, everybody has their own theories. Cards 8, 9, 11 and 14, I see as the four cardinal virtues: Strength, Justice, Prudence and Temperance. Though admiring them all, they have had less influence on my life than perhaps they should have done! 10, *The Wheel of Fortune*, well, I am convinced that all of us have very little ultimate control over our destinies.

12, *The Hanged Man*, is possibly the most important card in my life. His image contains the basic idea of detachment which I think is the secret of all mystical, or if you prefer, magical progress. (Meister Eckhart is my greatest influence at this moment.) Then we have 13, *Death*; death is nothing more than a gateway to me, but I also believe there are many little deaths that each one of us has to achieve in our lifetimes before we go through that gateway. 15, *The Devil*; I believe in an abstract power of evil - although the Church doesn't. It believes there is absolute good and a lack of goodness. It's a very comforting thought for them. Jung of course thought that evil and good both existed in the human psyche as antithetical identities. I tend towards this concept, which is rather like the Manichean belief.

The Maison Dieux, The Tower. This is important to me because it demonstrates a major difficulty for many people: why are 'good' people often struck down by the most hideous

misfortunes, while the 'bad' continue to flourish like the green bay tree? It's one question you can't answer, but the Tarot shows the way this concept strikes into peoples' lives.

The Star to me is always primarily a card of hope.*The Moon* is the moon of deceit, and *The Sun*, the sun of success.

Judgement to me always represents the Resurrection, not just of Christ, but of every human being, and in this life.

Finally, *The Fool* on his travels reveals the 21st trump which I sometimes think I am in sight of now, which is spiritual achievement and some finding of the inner harmonies of life. I was nervous about the exhibition because none of my work had been seen in public before and this exhibition was a complete opening of my soul to every passer-by in the street. The greatest pleasure that it brought me was to find how many people felt able to respond to my work. I read a letter by a priest in 'The Tablet', the most intellectual and sophisticated Catholic Journal, saying that no one was interested in Christian art in London. He said he ran a gallery. So I contacted him.

I started carving when I was 50, with no art training whatsoever. I was given a piece of wood, and was whittling away, and carved a small statue of the Virgin. I keep it on my desk as an icon. Whatever I do comes through me, not from me. One of my other activities at present is travelling about Bodmin Moor finding lots of unrecorded megalithic and other sacred sites. I have my own theories about these.

The Crucifixion of Eve. Several of my friends are nuns whom I have known for over a quarter of a century. Since Vatican 2 changed their thinking about a great many points, many orders of nuns were thrown into a melting pot. They lived in an absolutely defined universe. With Vatican 2, a new dimension was offered to them. Then in the Anglican Church, the ordination of women became a big issue. One of the nuns is a keen supporter of the ordination of women, and in this image of a woman hanging from the cross, she's exposed herself with her support of this, and the male principle has caught her between the heels. It's an image of what's happening in the Church at the moment. It's a comment on what I see happening. Another idea in my mind was the myth that the mother of Alexander the Great was entered by a serpent during a religious festival. The Great Hero was the result. (This is similar to the conception of Christ.) It could be that the resultant birth of the rather unpleasant event could be very positive. Underneath the Church's mystical teachings we go back to the Orphic, the earliest teachings recorded. The origins of the Eleusinian mysteries came out of the Orphic beliefs, and they were the fore-runners of Pythagorean and Platonic teachings which came down into Christianity.

With this exhibition, I have come out. It's my life story."

KENNETH GRANT TALKS TO SKOOB

INTERVIEW WITH KENNETH GRANT

Q. What is the purpose of your books?

KG. The main purpose is to prepare people for encounters with unfamiliar states of consciousness.

Q. Do these include extraterrestrial encounters?

KG. Yes, extra-, sub-, and ultra-terrestrial encounters.

Q. You think such events are imminent?

KG. They are likely at any time, but whether now or at some future period, their occurrence is certain and it is necessary to be prepared for such events.

Q. If these forms of consciousness are other than terrestrial what exactly are they?

KG. All one can say is that there will be extraterrestial contacts, have in fact already been extraterrestrial contacts, but there will also be other forms of contact. But although man may learn to assimilate extraterrestrial contacts he may find it impossible to cope with those from the Other Side.

Q. Is that what you mean when you refer, in your books, to the back of the 'Tree of Life'? Is that the Other Side?

KG. The 'Tree' serves as a comprehensive model. The known universe is represented by the hitherside of the 'Tree', the unknown by the other side.

Q. And your books provide maps, so the speak, of the other side?

KG. They seek to indicate certain 'gateways' through which alien forms of consciousness may manifest to man, and through which man may go to meet them.

Q. The book you are now writing is entitled *Outer Gateways*. Do you suppose that such encounters are imminent because there is a desperate and world-wide wish that something, someone, somewhere will help us out of the mess we've made of things?

KG. Man has evoked certain energies, and therefore certain entities, the nature of which he is ignorant, and for confrontation with which he is almost totally unprepared.

Q. He has called them into being by his own folly?

KG. Ignorance is the prime culprit, but there are others. There is a deliberate and perverse determination on the part of mantoday to amass material possessions. Complete materialisation is desired and therefore a state of total materialism dominates and conditions his activities. With exclusively materialistic motivations man can but destroy himself for they admit of nothing beyond himself.

Q. And he is not equipped to face the consequences?

KG. Decidely not. His attitude has closed his mind to real knowledge and deprived him of the power of recognising it when it presents itself, as it does today in numerous but unfamiliar forms. If man is to survive he will have to prepare himself for a total encounter with *himself*. Even so, it may be too late.

Q. How much time is required?

KG. That depends entirely upon individual circumstances. Time Outside is not as it is here; in fact, there is no time there where all is perpetually present. Man could realise instantaneously that present, and that *presence*, if he were not ignorant.

Q. Then it follows that certain individuals, perhaps those able to realise this Presence, would be immune to the explosion of new forms or consciouness?

KG. In a sense, that is so.

Q. In a physical sense?

KG. No survival is possible in a physical sense. Those that imagine there is are deluding themselves.

Q. But some individuals would survive in some state or other?

KG. In the states to which you allude there is no question of survival because there are no individuals to survive. Let us say that there will be a transformation. If man is able to integrate these new experiences into his psyche he must begin NOW to think in terms at least of extraterrestrial encounter. If he does this the rest may follow.

Q. All this suggests UFOs and similar phenomena. Surely, if such grave dangers are imminent those in authority will take steps to see that precautions are taken?

KG. How can they? Besides, it is well known that some governments are considered to be responsible for evasions and distortions of information about UFOs. But UFOs are merely projections within the terrestrial sphere, occasionally registered by waking and dreaming humans, and radar screens, of something beyond them; and those 'in authority' know nothing about that 'something'.

Q. Your books do not treat specifically of Ufology.

KG. Others are taking care of that aspect of the matter; there are literally hundreds of books on the subject.

Q. But are they reliable?

KG. Their details are controversial and they are mainly speculative, but the fact of their existence in such abundance suggests that an increasing number of people are experiencing unfamiliar forms of consciousness, or that they are becoming aware of the existence of these forms.

Q. Which brings us back to my initial question: The purpose of your books?

KG. To provide concepts that are essentially strange so that the faculty of intuitive insight may be awakened and aligned with such alien concepts.

Q. Is this the reason for the inclusion in your books of weird sigils, symbols, and outré art?

KG. At this primitive stage of man's evolution the visual sense is of paramount importance.

Q. Surely sound is equally important; yet you do not lecture.

KG. Sound is important, but in the form you have mentioned it can be a positive hindrance. All sorts of conflicting vibrations impinge upon the listener compared with the silence and stillness that attends the reader. And the reader can again immerse himself at will in the current, if necessary.

Q. So your negative attitude to lecturing is a positive affirmation of the power of silence?

KG. The silent or printed word is more potent than its spoken counterpart except in very exceptional cases, and it reaches those for whom it is intended. People attend lectures for different reasons, but few attend to gain knowledge. They go to meet people, to pass the time, but they are rarely affected deeply by the spoken word, which is quickly forgotten. Books on the other hand have been known to change lives. My own was changed by Crowley's *Magick*.

Q. Because it opened a gate for you?

KG. Precisely.

Q. But the Bible or the Koran can do that.

KG. Certainly they can, I mention Crowley because his work is more especially relevant to our present discussion.

Q. Have other occultists touched upon these matters?

KG. Blavatsky's work is replete with insights that suggest she was in touch with some source of ultraterrestrial knowledge. The *Book of Dzyan*, of which *The Secret Doctrine* is a comment, contains evidence of contact with Outer Intelligence.

Q. The Bible, Blavatsky, Crowley... Are there any writers today who approach the subject from your particular angle?

KG. Not many.

Q. Why is this so if the subject is of such urgency?

KG. There are several reasons. The mystic, who is probably the most qualified, is concerned essentially with liberating consciousness from the illusion of embodied existence. The magician, on the other hand, seldom cares about states of consciousness that do not promote his personal aims. The mystic is little concerned with the ego; the magician's is so inflated that he sees little else! The scientist bases his science upon the assumption that the world has a reality independent of consciousness. He therefore finds it difficult to understand the mystic or the magician, who do not.

Q. So there is no one you can name who writes intelligently about the subject?

KG. Somewhat surprisingly a few writers on Ufology, some of them 'contactees', have supplied valuable insights. Incidentally, Crowley himself could be classed as a contactee.

Q. He had contact with extraterrestrial Intelligence, hence the Message and the Mission?

KG. Not necessarily extraterrestrial, but certainly ultraterrestrial. Crowley described it as 'praeterhuman'. The history of *The Book of the Law* as given in his *Confessions* reveals him as one of the more important contactees of our age. Some would say the most important.

Q. But contactees are considered disreputable because of their conflicting messages and outlandish statements.

KG. True, but the overall drift of the messages is similar in the majority of cases. One has to allow for the type of mentality through which they are channelled and by which they are interpreted. Very few contactees are versed in magick, mysticism, metaphysics, science. A distinction should be made between communications of a general ethical nature and those in the category of *Dzyan* and *The Book of the Law*, both of which contain specialised information and formulae.

Q. What is the message for the non-specialist?

KG. That caution is required in the use of the technologies which man is in process of developing. Owing to distorted growth, man in the mass suffers severe moral deficiencies. It is the defective moral element that threatens humanity with catastrophe.

Q. What exactly is the moral element to which you refer?

KG. The Will. The development of man's will is in excess of his other moral faculties. He is strong willed but weak minded.

Q. You mean he wants things and will go to any lengths to acquire them?

KG. Precisely. Hitler was an extreme example, his will was a vampire force that grew monstrous at

the expense of other faculties and was inflamed to the point of madness by a lust for power. On the other hand, his message, his doctrine, the vehicle of his will, was puerile to the point of idiocy. The same applies to many another so called leader of men.

Q. Crowley was not in this class?

KG. Crowley's mind was lucid and highly developed. Had his will been equal to it, the doctrine which he received may have gone far towards preparing man to deal with the new forms of consciousness that are now beginning to manifest. There is little evidence that contactees in recent years have any proper understanding of the messages they receive. What is not in doubt is that none has yet sufficient will effectively to transmit them. Crowley at least has provided a coherent system.

Q. What then is the solution?

KG. There is none. It may now be too late to think in terms of doctrines. They take time to be absorbed. As with all concerns of ultimate value it is up to the individual.

Q. A sort of 'Operation Noah's Ark'?

KG. Not exactly. Noah was able to take a lot with him.

Q. It's no good if you can't take it with you!

KG. That is a profound observation. If people understood it and acted accordingly no problems would ever arise, even those we have been discussing.

Q. Is there a document such as the *Book of Dzyan*, the *Necronomicon*, the *Book of the Law*, etc., that contains more specific references to the terms we have come to associate with your own books and the Typhonian gnosis which they express?

KG. The *Wisdom of S'lba* is one such document. It is presented in *Outer Gateways*, together with a preliminary analysis by way of a tentative comment.

Q. How was *Wisdom of S'lba* obtained, and when?

KG. It was 'distilled', by a protracted process extending over years, from the intensive Rituals performed in *New Isis Lodge* between 1955-1962. Some idea of the nature of these Rituals may be gathered from my book, *Hecate's Fountain.*

Q. Does 'S'lba' contain the keys you have discussed elsewhere in *Outer Gateways*?

KG. It does. It is the purpose of *Outer Gateways* to provide those keys but the 'Wisdom' must be lived, not merely discussed; and, preferably not discussed at all.

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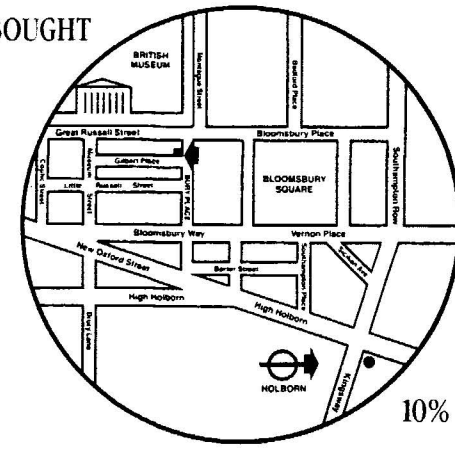

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DICTIONARY OF ALCHEMY

Part Three

MACERATION, the process of steeping herbs in *alcohol over a low heat (see *Dung) to extract the vegetal *tincture.

MAGNUM OPUS, the Great Work, the whole alchemical search (for many hopefuls, life-long) to make the Philosopher's Stone. (see Bernard de Treviso under *Egg.)

MASONRY. Along with *Rosicrucians and the Knights Templar, Masons are associated with alchemical practice. Amongst England's monarchs who were Masters of Masonry are said to be: James I (a match for Rudolph II in irregularity of temperament), Charles II ("amiable but worthless") and George III (who addressed an oak-tree as the King of Prussia, and hid inside his piano).

MERCURY. "Heaven and earth have been created out of nothingness, but they are composed of three things - mercurius, sulphur, and sal," saith our Helvetian Hermes, Paracelsus. Alchemical mercury is the "essence," salt is the "body" or "ashes", and sulphur the "oil" clinging to mercury. The most important yet the most elusive - nay, volatile - of the metals, mercury has a myriad names, ranging from moderately explicit: 'Mother of minerals and metals and their first matter," to pompous: "terrene *unctuosity," to odd: "gluten," to allegorical: "blood of the red lion," to kabalistic: "azoth," to chemical: Hg (hydrargyrum, silver water). However, philosophic mercury is not to be confused with common *quicksilver.

METALLIC WOMAN, not someone from Dr. Who, although Sci Fi is only another way of looking at all these myths. The Metallic Woman is the Moon-Lady and Medicine for the White, "so-called because she hath received a whitening splendour from the sun," - which riddle, from the Aesh Mezareph, (see *Fire) refers to the realm of medicine and healing within the metallic *kingdom.

MOLYBDOCHALCUM. All this mouthful means is an alloy of copper and lead.

MONAD. The hieroglyphic monad as a symbol of the world, expatiated on by the learned Dr. Dee and by our loyal Loyalist Kircher (designer of magnetic toys for noblemen), mutated from Mercury's caduceus. It shows the planets intersected by the moon, over the four elements or four corners of the earth, with a serpent at the base (Divine penetration). The Egyptians knew it as Ankh (spirit over matter.)

NAOMETRIA, a cumbersome build-by-divine-numbers book by a pre-Rosicrucian concerning the mystic measurement of the Temple of God, involving measuring rods for the Temple of Solomon, prophecies past, present and future, and the Prophet Mohammed as the spiritual son of the Pope (both Anti-Christs who would come a cropper in the year 1620.)

NEHUSETH, copper, but mistranslated in the Old Testament as "brass" (except in Ezra VIII 27, for those who care to check this).

NIGREDO, the first stage of the work towards the *Grail: the black - not only lead, earth, but "kemi" the prime matter, the sludge of the Nile, the *stone that was to be purified into the Philosopher's Stone - and what attempts passed for that stone! Any black solid made from non-precious metals jammed together with sulphur or arsenic was deemed possible. As the substances transformed, so did the colours "reverberate" from black > white > yellow > red.

NIX ALBA, "white snow" or "philosopher's wool" - the "woolly flocks" of *zinc which settle out when zinc is heated in a crucible.

NUMBER. Magic numbers leap gymnosophically all over the hermetic world of Pythagorian mathematics, *cabala and architecture: a nightmare network of sacred cubits links the pyramids, the Temple of Solomon, the *Vault of Christian Rosencreutz, the Knights Templars' cathedrals, and - transmogrified into Chinese - The Ming-Tang Temple of Enlightenment based on an alchemic square talisman whose central number was 5. (see *Jabir's Alchemical Square.)

NUPTIALS. While other works of his perished, to Protestant Utopian J.V. Andreae's surprise his "Nuptiae Chymicae" survived, "with its foetus fruitful of monsters... its banners and pennons, its virgins and light-bearers, its palaces and towers, its astrological ship sailing over hermetic seas, its transformations and resurrections..." (see *Ludibrium and *Wedding)

OCCULT goings-on are as ancient as the seven wonders of the world (all reputed to be demonstrably occult monuments), but the Occult Movement was, properly speaking, created c. 1850 by Eliphas Levi, which unfortunate, in spite of his *nom de plume* (and truly a "plume" of magic) was really a defrocked abbé, a brilliant gentile kabalist who turned to the secret sciences possibly in consolation for being shooed from the church.

OIL oozes its way through alchemical literature, ancient Babylonian and Jewish magic, and practical experiments. There is a recipe for oil of egg (marvellous for burns) that is extracted with ether, - but let the reader be warned! Ether boils at hand-temperature, and this compiler has witnessed unlimited scrambled egg hitting the ceiling. (see *Egg)

OILY. Sulphur was oily, mercury was airy, salt was firm, according to our categorical Paracelsus.

OPERATION. The whole process of transmutation, the *Magnum Opus, from *Calcination to Distillation, with all the accompanying change in substances and colours.

ORATORY. (see *Laboratory)

OUPNEK'HAT. Indian *grimoire gleaned from the Upanishads, and so récherché that it took Schopenhauer's gimlet insight to discover within its "repellent husk a kernel of invaluable philosophical significance."

PALINGENESIS, regeneration, the art of bringing a plant back to life from its ashes. Paracelsus, poking around, held that when a physical entity is destroyed, its invisible "astral" form remains. Experimenting with dead flowers on blotting-paper, he did in effect what every child does to make mustard-seed sprout, or what c.20th. Egyptologists have done to bring mummified roses back to life.

PELICAN, a still, so called for obvious reasons: alchemical ornithological and less obvious reasons such as mythical.

"The pelican lives in solitude on the Nile, whence her name" (Greek for "Egypt" is "Canopos"); and being excessively devoted to her young, having killed them as they flap fledgeling wings in her face, brings them back to life with blood pierced from her breast; and has become, in ecclesiastical heraldry, blazoned as "a pelican in its piety." (according to a c.12th. Bestiary)

POISON. "He who despises poison does not know what is hidden in it," and "in all things there is a poison, and there is nothing without a poison. It depends only upon the dose whether a poison is a poison or not." Thus spake Paracelsus, precursor of homoeopaths.

POWDER of PROJECTION, the alchemically produced powder (ixir or menstruum) that is cast (projected) into a crucible containing a metal, in order to effect its transmutation.

PRAXIS, the practical laboratory work, as opposed to the spiritual. Jakob Boehme, (1575-1624), contemplative cobbler from Silesia, confessed of alchemy, "albeit I have it not in the praxis," he had revelations about its spiritual nature; and again, of the *Stone he said, "I cannot yet make it myself, albeit I know something."

PUFFERS, amateur alchemists and quacks, so called because of their frantic use of the bellows.

PUMPKIN (as "egg" or "womb") That shadowy Catalan alchemist, Arnold de Villanova, reportedly shipwrecked in 1313, is said to have put strange drugs into a pumpkin in the hope of creating a *homunculus. Cinderella's fairy godmother of course really effected an alchemical transformation with her pumpkin, and in Tula, the Toltecs' city of craftsmen, everything was larger than life, including man-sized pumpkins.

QABBALAH [see *Kabalah and *Cabala]

QLIPOTH, Sin, Eve's fault.

QUEEN, the highest feminine principle. The Queen as mercury marries sulphur, with salt the priest officiating!

QUICKSILVER was known to the ancient Greeks as "liquid silver" or "silver water," and to Pliny as "hydrogyrum" - the origin or its chemical symbol Hg. Often confused with its philosophical counterpart mercury, common quicksilver is the *Flying Slave, and as such this ignis fatuus has led many a quacksalver into the mire and pitfalls.

QUINCE TREE, a mucilaginous plant whose seeds after maceration provide a soothing astringent *tincture for gastritis, is governed by Saturn, that planet of constraint who, in the mineral kingdom rules lead, and in the animal kingdom rules the spleen. The quince is also mentioned in the enigmatic early Welsh poem, *Cad Goddeu*, The Battle of the Trees. [see connection of trees and letters under "goetic"]

QUINTESSENCE, the fifth essence or element, born of ther other four: earth, water, fire, air, leading man higher up the gamut of *vibrations. Hamlet knew it - "What is this quintessence of dust?" and so did Paracelsus - "The quinta essentia can cleanse a man's life ... Therefore, each disease requires its own quinta essentia."

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Now For Reality was the title of the frontispiece that appeared in Austin Osman Spare's book *The Focus of Life* published in 1921. It was also the title of the first of a series of poems which Aleister Crowley later wrote to accompany Spare's illustrations for the book. The present volume comprises the complete text and illustrations of *The Focus of Life*, re-set to incorporate the first ever publication of Aleister Crowley's attendant poems. *Now For Reality* is thus a unique fusion of the artistry and occult vision of two of the twentieth century's greatest magicians, Aleister Crowley and Austin Osman Spare. Included in this volume is an introductory essay on the relationship between Spare and Crowley by Keith Richmond, a student of both men's work.

NOW AVAILABLE

THE FORBIDDEN LECTURE

Gilles de Rais by Aleister Crowley

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In February 1930 the famous English poet and occultist, Aleister Crowley, was scheduled to deliver a lecture to the Oxford University Poetry Society on the notorious medieval French 'black magician', Gilles de Rais. At the last moment the University's Catholic Chaplain, Father Ronald Knox, intervened and brought about the cancellation of the lecture. The Oxford ban on Crowley made newspaper headlines. In retaliation Crowley had copies of the lecture printed, which he distributed among students. *The Forbidden Lecture* tells for the first time the full story of the Oxford ban on Crowley. It contains Crowley's complete revised text of *Gilles de Rais* - the lecture he was to have given, and a previously unpublished essay by him; *How I came to be banned at Oxford,* together with a historical introduction by Keith Richmond.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Aleister Crowley

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Crowley claimed that the Rites were designed to inspire the audience with 'religious ecstasy', and that merely reading them would help people 'cultivate their highest faculties'. The popular press thought otherwise, and considered them an immoral display, riddled with 'blasphemy and erotic suggestion'. This volume contains the complete scripts of the Rites of Eleusis, Liber 0, and Liber 963, together with an introduction by Keith Richmond and explanatory essays by Terence DuQuesne. Numerous photographs of the original performances are also included with additional illustrations by Dwina Murphy-Gibb.

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I WAS A CHILD DISCIPLE OF THE BEAST

Part one
The Stirrings in Oz

Vivienne Browning

I was born, a Sagittarian, on 1st December 1922 at home in Fitzroy Street, Milson's Point, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

This was an appropriate introduction to the world for a child disciple of the Beast, from the point of view of environment and heredity. The house was called *The Abbey,* after the Abbey of Thelema, Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum which Aleister Crowley, self-styled The Beast, ran at Cefalu on the island of Sicily. My father's old friend Frank Bennett had spent several months there with Crowley at the end of the year before my birth.

John Symonds tells us about the whole stay of Frank Bennett (1867-1930) at the Cefalu Abbey, (*Note 1. Chapter 9. *The Redemption of Frank Bennett* in the book *The Magic of Aleister Crowley.* Pub. Frederick Muller Ltd. London 1958) including details from the Magical Record kept by him. 'Bennett arrived at Cefalu on the 17th July 1921...' and '...Before the end of the year, Bennett had left the Abbey and sailed for home...' which had been Sydney since 1913...' where he spread, by all means in his power, Crowley's word.'

For nine years Frank Bennett and my father had exchanged information on Crowley. Frank Bennett and Sister Veni Cooper Mathieson, an American evangelist, had met Crowley in London about 1908. The former was called Progradior and Dionysus and the latter quoted her magical motto as being, 'Veni, Vidi, Vici.'

In November 1915, when Crowley had taken refuge from the 1914-18 war in America, Sister Veni and 'Sir.' Frank Bennett, both having attained to VII°, obtained authority from 'His Excellency the Viceroy of the OTO for South Africa' one L.B. Yardley, 'for themselves *and those associated with them'* (italicising mine as the words included my father) to hold and rule... Lodge No.2 on the Register of the National Grand Council of the Order Templi Orientis for the Union of South Africa with the right to work the Grades of the M..M..M Rite subject and according to the Constitutions of the O.T.O and M..M..M.. in the City of Sydney, New South Wales.' The authority was granted naturally in the name 'of the Grand Master Baphomet' - Aleister Crowley.

The name of the Lodge was left blank. My father had already run classes for Christian Mystics of the Rose Cross in 'J' Lodge. It was known that Crowley was not partial to the Rose Cross - but years later Frank Bennett was to tell Crowley 'We have called our lodge, Sydney Rosicrucian-Lodge.' My parents said that although Frank Bennett was intrigued by the O.T.O he was inhibited by feelings of guilt over sex and as a result vacillated between Theosophy and the O.T.O. My friend of the 1960s - Gerald Yorke, confirmed this. The relaxation of that inhibition after the visit to Cefalu was remarkable.

Although I was born in Sydney I was conceived in New Zealand, where my father (Note. Vyvyan Deacon [1895-1938]) had gone from Sydney in May 1920, to act as resident lecturer on the Spiritualist platform at Churches in the main cities of New Zealand, starting with Christchurch and Wellington. This was as a forerunner to the famous spiritualist Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who was on his way to tour Australasia.

My father was renowned as the 'Silver-tongued Orator,' a gifted Spiritualist medium, whose reputation was not diminished by a three-month contract in Christchurch being extended for a further three months due to the greatly increased congregation and membership of the Church, especially by young men and women. Popularity was achieved by launching a full and varied programme of mystical lectures, Occult training in Oratory, socials, Drama classes specialising in Shakespeare; he was Grand Master of the Order of the Golden Girdle, for which he wore a large silver star with a central raised hand of Christ imprinted in the centre of the palm with a ruby heart, where the imprint of the nail is usually shown. As Frater Memnon for the Christian Mystics of the Rose Cross for whom he was the Sole Custodian in Australasia, he wrote a controversial treatise on

LOVE. The C.M.R.C's pamphlets and tracts show clearly that his C.M.R.C was a cover for the O.T.O and found favour among the youngsters in Christchurch and Wellington.

My father had left my mother, Eunice Mary Deacon, nee Lew Tong, behind in Sydney with their only baby daughter Hypatia Sybil born in 1918. They had married when she was a child-bride in January 1916, her father having died the previous year. They had become estranged because my father had changed from a tee-totaller, non-smoker vegetarian to a smoking, meat-eating, alcohol-drinking follower of Crowley. He had been a qualified herbalist running a shop in Melbourne and in Sydney where Frank Bennett was the most regular customer for herbal remedies including drugs which could be used for experiments with different phases of consciousness and O.T.O rituals.

My parents and sister had moved in 1919 to stay in a Commune called 'Ivyeliffe' based on the principles of William James Chidley, [1860-1916] (sex-reformer and Naturist friend of Havelock Ellis,) whom my father had known since 1910 until his death. A journalist Chidley-disciple John Shirlaw opened up as a Chidley Commune his beautiful home with tropical gardens leading down to the Sydney Harbour. While staying there with a friend of Frank Bennett's called Curtis, my father was rumoured to have introduced 'Black Magic' at some of the uninhibited parties and accused of making a love potion. Frank Bennett visited and on occasions brought a picnic with him. Mymother was wary of Frank Bennett and his drug-taking, although she approved the study classes held at The Commune in Nietzsche, Steiner, Psychology, Philosophy and Literature. The change in my father's basic life-style was sufficient for my mother to decide to stay behind when he went to New Zealand.

A year after my father had settled in New Zealand my mother heard that he was ill and troubled. For all her disapproval of a Thelematic life when it involved strong drink, smoking and eating meat, she was a devoted and loyal wife, so she dutifully packed up her belongings and set off to join him with their baby daughter, unannounced and uninvited.

I was a childhood disciple . . .

In Wellington, the spiritual meetings which had swelled the congregations did not compensate for the uneasiness felt by the female Church President at the reputation of the 25-year-old tall, dark handsome popular young Leader who had been separated from his family for over a year. Again there were rumours of love potions of 'unmentionable ingredients' (bodily fluids associated with the Gnostic Mass said to have been adopted by the O.T.O.), and of visits to a notorious sinister small Chinese restaurant where it was said there were scantily dressed dancers, and strange strong drinks.

My mother found my father eventually in Wellington and took an active part in the Church's activities with the Sunday school and musical services, but she was not amused by being taken to the Chinese restaurant where she was 'made drunk' for the first time in her life. She did not become reconciled with my father until the end of the year 1921 when my father had been forced to resign as Lecturer/ Teacher at the Church, ostensibly because of his unguarded behaviour with young girls in the congregation, using hypnosis to cure their headaches and meeting them unchaperoned, but the real reason was the Mystery masking O.T.O. proceedings.

Undeterred, my father was qualified to set up his own Church Universal

with his own Copyright Catechism, and the Church showed signs of thriving with its social amenities, Healing, Library and Orchestra, but the girl with whom my father had formed a liason in the belief that my mother and he would never be together again and reconciled, left Wellington abruptly for an unknown destination. Suddenly my father found life as a Religious Leader incompatible with family life, so, having become reconciled with my mother, in April 1922 the Deacon family, incubating myself, returned to Sydney, where Frank Bennett had come home and was awaiting them with all the fresh news from The Abbey of Thelema in Sicily.

Vyvyan Deacon's powers as a direct voice medium, cultivated in New Zealand, became sensational in 1922, they could even be described as Magickal. A journalist who was sent to denounce him, wrote an article describing how his scepticism was shattered. (Note. Tuesday 5th September 1922 in *The Sun* headed NIGHT WITH THE DEAD.) Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's protégé Horace Leaf attended 'incognito' and was moved to write an account of some surprising evidence. (Note p.132 of *Under the Southern Cross* pub. London Cecil Palmer 1923). The phenomena of violent vibrations which shook the walls of the house occurred for the first time on 31st August 1922.

Although the popular Direct Voice seances were new and time-consuming, Frank Bennett's first-hand accounts of the Magical proceedings at Cefalu and his ability to import Crowley books, were not wasted. They formed stimulating additions to the Occult training classes and the Occult Library attached to The Abbey, where my father still maintained the Dispensary. My mother did not welcome Frank Bennett to her home and no longer wrote details about him in he diaries.

A highlight of this same period of my gestation was the Theosophical Convention in Sydney, attended by Annie Besant, Leadbeater, Wedgwood, Krishnamurti and his brother, and in which my parents and my father's mother were involved. My parents were early members of The Star in the East, the Theosophical Society and the Liberal Catholic Church. (Note.*The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* pub. Rupert Hart-Davis 1963. Part VIII The Deserted Leader. Chapter Two. *A Little Storm* in an Australian Puddle 1922.)

My father, who had run away from home to go to Australia, was discovered by Leadbeater in India in 1909, the same year that he discovered Krishnamurti. Both Krishnamurti and my father were born in 1895. As a Leadbeater boy he had his hair parted in the middle until his initiation (Christus) in the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society (courtesy of the Ibis Lodge Melbourne) in 1914. He had the motto Vicarius Filii Dei. Sister Veni Cooper-Mathieson who had been ordained in the Church Universal by Levi, (Note. Author of the Aquarian Gospel Levi H. Dowling 1844-1911) had acted as his spiritual guardian since his arrival in Australia.

My father's mother Elizabeth Chamberlain, formerly Deacon, nee Browning [1859-1942] attended the Convention. She was first cousin of Crowley's favourite poet Robert Browning, who introduced her to the Oscar Wilde home in Tite Street in the 1880s. Through Constance Wilde she met members of the Golden Dawn, like novelist Violet Tweedale with whom she attended seances with Gladstone. She also met W.B. Yeats.

Robert Browning had many Theosophist friends, including his biographer William Kingsland who headed a Special Committee of the Theosophical Society opposing Leadbeater's membership of the Theosophical Society because of charges of Immortality brought against him. This resulted in Leadbeater's holding a prominent position in the Liberal Catholic Church whereby he could maintain his former contacts without upsetting the Theosophists supposedly but in fact, it caused a schism.

Browning also knew Julia Wedgwood [1833-1813] (Note. *Robert Browning and Julia Wedgwood.* Letters edited by Richard Curle. Pub. John Murray & Jonathan Cape 1937), who raised the nephew James Ingall Wedgwood [1883-1951], who was to become head of the Co-Masonic Lodge in the London Theosophical Society.

Wedgwood, like his senior friend Leadbeater, had charges of immorality against him. He was raised to the Episcopate in theLiberal Catholic Church in London and immediately went to Australia to raise similarly his friend Leadbeater. Thus, at the Theosophical Convention, both were active Liberal Catholic Bishops, and my father had been involved with them ceremonially since his childhood.

The whole set-up in the Theosophical Society Storm was known to Aleister Crowley who, with his wicked sense of humour, used it as ammunition to fuel his vitriolic pen. He had lampooned the lot as each other's 'prostitute' in articles of which my father had copies in typed purple ink, with which he regaled audiences from my birth - they made stimulating, hilarious and provocative reading.

I was born at 9.10 a.m. on 1st December. 1922 weighing a healthy 8 1/4 lbs. My birth coincided with local Elections for which my father Vyvyan Deacon was persuaded to stand in (unsuccessfully) for a candidate who had fallen ill. The effort and cost of fighting the campaign proved financially and psychologically disastrous taking my father temporarily away from his Life's work.

To re-assemble his flock my father attracted those interested in the subject, to his publicised lecture:- *The Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries* on Sunday 14th January 1923. This somehow put a strain on the ten-year friendship with Frank Bennett

who reported to his master Baphomet that O.T.O rituals were being performed without funds swelling the coffers of Aleister Crowley. Frank Bennett knew that would touch a sore spot in addition to the fact that Vyvyan Deacon was a Spiritualist medium, a profession abhorrent to the Master, as he loudly made known although he himself had made exceptions when it suited his purpose. (*In the CONTINUUM* Vol. III No. 1 Pub. by College of Thelema 1982 e.v. Page 14). Crowley's reply from Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum, Cefalu, Sicily. February 23rd 1923 stated:- 'I am glad you are quite through with Deacon. If he is using our name to acquire wealth I think you should complain to the authorities. It is obtaining money under false pretences. As you know I have always set my face against spiritualism. I relaxed the rule in favour of one person, because, although a self-deluded old fool, she was honest and enthusiastic.' (Martin Starr of Teitan Press believes the woman medium referred to was Mary Davies, who was active in the London Lodge. Deacon had a Regent Street address for her.)

O.T.O activities in July and August 1923 involving Vyvyan Deacon with a particular Soror required my father to live at 'the office' for a few weeks, but again my mother welcomed him back to the fold when he persuaded her.

It was said that in 1924 Crowley 'died unto himself.'For my parents it was a testing time. Early in the year my mother had alarming symptoms of a miscarriage, but when everything appeared at its blackest, my father nursed her devotedly from the brink of death. I was privy to details of his wonderful gifts of healing and spiritual powers in coping with illness at this time and thereafter.

Coinciding with my mother's recovery came a lucrative offer of an engagement for my father with the Melbourne Spiritualist Lyceum. This enabled them to settle in Melbourne in a large house in Hoddle Street for which they put down a deposit with intent to buy. This house was freshly established as THE ABBEY, Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum, where I learned to travel astrally and explore the fourth dimension and become nurtured with the Pan cult with which my father had become obsessive since his early days in Sydney. He was great friends with Norman Lindsay for whom he gave seances and together they read Browning and discussed Browning and Roses and Pan. Norman Lindsay made known his favourite Browning poem was *Women and Roses.*

My father's especial Pan ring was immortalised by Gustav Pilling, an artist sculptor member of the 'I Felici' Bohemian set, who followed my father from Sydney to Melbourne. (Note. The Pan ring was worn on the right hand in Pilling's 1924 portrait. Later it was worn on the Left hand.)

The Abbey was very popular with the Fraternity which consisted mainly of young men who had followed my father from Melbourne to Sydney, even one or two to New Zealand and back again to Sydney and Melbourne.

Then came the blow! A journalist who had been engaged to 'frame' my father to expose him as a fraud, shone a torch in the middle of a direct voice seance and claimed in a scurrilous article to have discovered him 'in the act' putting a trumpet to his lips. The article alleged my father confessed to being a fraud, that someone as sensitive as he was, found it difficult to earn a living, that his mother was a Mrs. Chamberlain, not Deacon, (implying an irregularity), that his mother claimed she was a sister to poet Browning and many other distortions of truth or outright falsehoods. A test seance was

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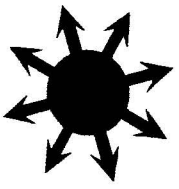

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abortive.

Frank Bennett suddenly arrived at The Abbey and was busy making himself some 'cocoa' (cocaine preparation) while my father wrote to my mother who had taken me and my sister to a friend in Geelong.

Frank Bennett's appearance gave a new slant to the adverse publicity for my father since they had no more news of 'seances'. The journalists made hay with interviews with Frank Bennett at The Abbey while my father took to the roads with his old music-hall magician friend 'Uncle Mac' with whom he performed magical 'parlour tricks', Memory feats and Hypnotic acts.

The Press confided, 'It is not generally known... that among the activities of Deacon, is that of a "Frater" of the Order of the Christian Mystics of the Rose Cross and of its kindred body, the "Ancient Order of Oriental Templars"...' 'Deacon presides at the rites of the order in a queer priestly garb bedecked with triangle and zodiacal signs...'

At the end of November, having exhausted the subject of Deacon and Crowley, Smith's Weekly gave a profile on Frank Bennett headed 'Sydney's love Temple - Will it be at Roseville?' Roseville was where Deacon's earliest followers had their home - the Bell family whose daughter married occultist Buijs who brought magical items and Crowleyiana back from Shanghai. There was no news that Frank Bennett succeeded in opening a Love Temple.

During the following year the hubbub died down. The Abbey News Vol.1 No.1 in June announced the social activities, and included a weekly programme of The Christian Mystics of the Rose Cross. In addition Vyvyan Deacon lectured to large audiences at the Brunswick Spiritualist Lyceum and broadcast weekly on Psychology on the Radio Station 3 AR. He was said to be the first spiritualist medium to broadcast (Note. *The Listener In* of 17th October 1925 p.44 under the heading Radio Reflections gave an account of an interview with Vyvyan Deacon - with photographic portrait.)

Vyvian Deacon in ritual Oriental Costume.

I was a blissfully happy toddler, well cared-for and nourished, whom my adopted 'uncles' always welcomed as a person with whom they could share the Good Things of Life.

My father rose late and dressed in his dressing-robe. On a sunny day he sat cross-legged on the ground and enjoyed a pipeful of powerful tobacco. The upkeep of The Abbey was expensive and the activities of the Rosy Cross were FREE, so that in September 1926 The Abbey was abandoned and my father spent four months exploring the possibilities of the magnificent bush countryside of Tallangatta for a secluded Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum and Nature Commune.

At Tallangatta, as a child of Thelema I played with snakes and goannas. I watched the kookaburras swoop on to the snakes draped over their perches; clutching them in their beaks they would thrash them against a post, and then, releasing them, they would cackle and chuckle in cascading laughter.

It was from there, The Wyllies, that my mother wrote to Crowley and told of the appreciation he was receiving in Victoria, and sounding out the possibility of a prospective visit from the Master Baphomet. She received an early reply dated 6th January 1927 from Paris, France. It was typed (probably by one of his minions of the time) in general terms and urging the sending of funds by registered mail, as 'many hundred pounds are necessary...'

Throughout 1927 the words of Crowley's Hymn to Pan were the most familiar sound. The spirit of Pan moved with us and our huge circle of friends and acquaintances while we rented a shop at Port Melbourne with ample premises attached, which my father ran as a bookshop and my mother converted to catering during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York from England. The Spirit of Pan was stirring new life into the Flapper and Pyjama Party Age -just about to begin. On 19th July we moved into our favourite little house in Athol Street, Prahran - This was to be no grand Abbey - but THELEMA.

I could be seen in 1928, aged five, hop-scotching in the chalk squares drawn on the asphalt pavement outside Thelema.

As I kicked the 'taw' from square to square I chanted:-'Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law,

Love is the law, love under will.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

Love is the law...'

over and over again. I was sometimes joined by neighbouring children for whom my chants were as infectious as my father's rendering of the Hymn to Pan.

Although I was unaware that the words were the signature greeting of Aleister Crowley, self-styled the Beast, I knew them as a way of life. In our family, from the dawn 'aum' to the dusk 'Doxology' chants took precedence over conversation.

Thelema was open house to writers, actors, artists, politicians, heads of religious groups, (including Theosophists, New Thoughtists, Christian Scientists, Spiritualists, the B'hai faith) musicians, scientists, Music Hall Artists, sculptors, poets, gardeners, shop-keepers. Nearly all of them had their own favourite spontaneous outbursts:- witty original ditties, odd jingles which had taken their fancy, and by which I identified them as well as by their names.

Librettist Harry Bunn, ship's steward who managed to make whatever city we inhabited a 'port of call' sang from his most famous original composition:- *The Mystic Mantle; the Demon Spider and Angel Fly*. (Note. An account of the adventures, after death of a New York Stockbroker told in song and story. Pub. James Harry Bunn, Wellington, New Zealand 1913) He had visited me when I was ten days old so I knew him 'forever'.

I thought Harry Bunn's title strange for we had an *Angel* SPIDER, a tarantula called Nipper who had built his own webby Heaven in the sunniest corner of our verandah so the gossamer shimmered in the light... and I fed him Demon (not angel) Flies. I felt queasy about flies ever since I squashed a blow-fly on the thunderbox at Tallangatta to stop its buzzing. I did not mean to harm it, but what appeared to be a million minute maggots wriggled out of its abdomen and I had an evil feeling of nausea.

Tall, dark, handsome but Demonic Bomberg with his dark flashing eyes and sun-tanned skin contrasting with his white teeth was fun with his:-'Silk ships and airships and little bits of fluff,

Marmosets, and other sets and

Double sets of marmosets.

Silk ships and air ships and little bits of fluff.'

Older Bernard Ingolby intoned his own splendid, magnificent poetry, full of raunchy words, colloquial words and long words I did not understand. Veteran actor John Booth had me repeat after him When Polly puts her Apron On and Nona Purdie, perhaps the least gifted with words gave a confident performance of:-'Timothy, two, had ten little toes,

Ten little toes had Timothy, two.'

Dozens of professionals gave of their best, and the verses were alternated with song, dance and solo instruments.

I recall vividly, for I took part in them, the 'At-Homes', Parties in Fancy dress, Solemn religious services with constant references to the Gnostic Mass, Hymn singing, and clairvoyance at spiritualist churches, meditation, alternating with Pyjama Parties and Country house-parties in the Bush, where I played with children of the Crook family. Madame Crook was French and her children were Marcelle, Robert. Robert, Raymond, Maurice, with whom I fell in love when I was six and he was about ten, because he picked me up when I fell over and hurt my leg, and there was Malcom who was younger than I was.

I was able to join in the meetings of the I Felici Lunataci Conoscenti Club of which Vyvyan Deacon, my father was the Grand Master. Performers were poets Godfrey Ashwin, Howard Aitken, Bernard Ingolby, Henry "Bartimaus" Patterson, Dickens actor Stanley Brookes, Shakespearean actor John Booth, concert violinist Stanley Gibson and his wife portrait photographer Marietta, and many others. My mother sometimes played 'The Pipes of Pan', dressed as Peter Pan, or she played her own accompaniment on the Ukele of popular songs, like Frankie and Johnnie were Lovers; the restauranteurs had us back to their Greek and Italian cafes for supper and there were dramatic parties among the ancient Egyptian antiques at the back of the Aitken's antique shop. Glamour was provided by the Evelyn Laye look-alike actress Ethel Newman, named 'Kethel' who delivered dramatic monologues.

I could light incense whenever I wished, and joined in exercises in Mind over Matter, and the study of Vibrations and Thought Transference and the Power of Thought.

From my bedroom-window I could watch the grass-green blade-like praying mantis rocking itself as though in a breeze as it balanced on the slatted

wooden fence. I was at One with the Universe and I found the Thelematic life good.

We had a cat Tinker and many a snake as a pet. My father had a skull on the table in his room - he had a single bed at one end of his dispensary. The Dispensary in itself was an entertainment with its pestle and mortar, cedar-wood boxes, blue and green phials, and bottles. There were apothecary scales on which he could weigh apparently weightless things - like saffron petals.

Thelema was a wonderland to exercise the senses with its scents and ancient Egyptian and Chinese objects d'art and musical instruments.

In 1929 my father successfully sued for libel a newspaper and was awarded damages. I did not attend the Court - but remember the people who spoke to me about the awe in which my father was held at Court, and I echoed my father's phrase, 'I am a protected child of God' and believed I could accomplish anything with Will and Love.

In 1930 we sailed for England. It was 'Coming Home' for my father, who was born in Newbury Berkshire. I did not realise as I chanted 'Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law, Love is the law, Love is the law, love under will' as I hop-scotched round the hopscotch squares marked on the ship's play-room floor, that I was heading for the land where Aleister Crowley lived and that I would meet him as a personal friend - The Beast!

Part II - **The Missing Years** to follow.

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The Whispering Gallery

The summer Sun that floods into every atom of our bodies like a sea of birth at last gives way to the ashen march of the sweeping shadows of Autumn that creep upon us when our guard is down in the half glimpsed perpetual motion and dissolution of the seasons. Sleepy eyes chatter like mad things let loose in a frenzied ballet of rapid eye movement, attempting to recapture the transient memory of the beauty of soaking solar heat upon our flesh. There is a certain sadness in the air, for it is so deigned my last visit to the secret sanctuary of The Hermit, hidden by powers learnt over many years from nearly one and all but me. In his love of knowledge he has cast back these wastrel moving shadows into lines of subjugated obeyance with the radiated power of his philosophy. He resides, although you would not know it, in a sleepy part of North West London; has lived there for years and years pleasing himself and the lucky few others with his conjured visions of a summer that never dies. He looks old now, has aged so quickly, his skin now like the surface of ancient dried up fruit that defiantly sticks to its rightful place upon the branch of the sacred tree, never moving, but shrinking, concentrating itself, making ready to fall within the pile upon the ground, to be trodden in and born again sometime. He has been kind to me, instructing and reflecting, building citadels of knowledge within my mind in the tranquility of his home. For him the Sun and the Moon, the Parent Holy Guardian Angels of Nature are special, very special even within this darkness that he now inhabits, day in and night out. He has retreated, made his choice and fallen back through upon the altar of his will, into these encroaching shadows, his own personal conjuration of the seasons that revolve under the auspices of the Sun and Moon above. I have visited him in the depths of winter and in the height of summer, casting with him celebrations in his polished stone floored temple in the centre of his house that is open to the sky. He is sad; bemoans the love lost by the people for the Father and Mother of all life, the smiling reflection of the Moon within the polished held forth shield of the Sun. This Hermit in his silence, under this arch of Nature has a sculpture in this temple, an eyeless classical bust with elegant close-set marble curls that fall about its ears, housed upon a limestone column. It is singular indeed, like Man and Woman conjoined, cleverly sculpted long ago so as to belie its years, all seeing in this temple darkness. And at night it stares with vacant sockets to the Mother Moon in her radiant shimmer, soaking in somnambulistic flooding rays of ancient windswept dried up lunar seas; and by day it is anointed by the Father Sun, heat sinking deeply into its timeless polished face. The Hermit seems to understand the sculpture's vision in this perpetual frieze of gazing, beckons me to look into its eyes in the smoking atmosphere of this temple; thus under the dual blessing of the Sun and Moon I do so delve into the darkness of the void of this head's eyeless sockets, where vast kaleidoscopic vistas form and disappear like painted shining snakes uncoiling from out ones spine, from out the mind of one old enough to have known the beauty of the ancient world of Sun and Moon, where worship of such things was but what we now balefully call "second Nature". With each visit that I make, The Hermit grows more distant, seems to want to fade into the background as my knowledge, my experience grows, solidifies like the secret building of the architect's impression of a night-lit gold-filled pyramid. The cards are set aside, the

candles snuffed and all his books replaced within the solace of their shelves and I enter now this temple having spent the day waiting upon the Heath, my body brimful with far distant searching solar heat. With his sword, he draws a smile upon the surface of the dust within this temple haven, illuminated now with the silver edging beauty of the Moon, her face like unearthed marble, raw and pitted, unwashed by slaking waters, drawing me further in with her penetrant swirling rays. All is silence, all is peace, staring into this head's eyes, mine own closed in solemn yearning for some sign of becoming and transition. And there I pass into this silver-bath-kissed head, exposed to night's unlocking of the mysteries that hang static, hidden in our world.

And now I walk in a lush green grove surrounded by strange trees, a sunlit scene that changes now to night as with the motion of one hand. There is strange music upon the air like insect prayers, from lovely sirens awakened back upon the coast, beautiful lyric tones that rise and collapse upon the air. Now all is silence in this place, save for the sound of flaming torches. Tongues of sacred flame eating up the surface of the air, expectant of something, someone that walks apace amongst the trees. It is as The Hermit told me many Moons ago, when I began this quest, catching his gaze by accident in the street, his eyes like blackened ancient beetles wings; my own as watery as the oceans that the Sun and Moon command. And now mine eyes have left North West London and do settle upon a silvery becalmed lake below a mountain, and all is tranquil in this grove, but for the measured footsteps on my path, feet that step within my prints, deft and noble like the feet of panthers' free for that one second before captivity. And there the images congeal before a strange-trunked tree The Hermit often mentioned. And now as vistas crumble at the corner of my eye, the flames of those torches illuminate the raising of a sacred sword, mine own within my hand. And blood runs down the blade in rivers, tinting the very air, the very mountains of the Moon, atop those seas and pits and craters, and the lake below the mountain is scarlet in this flaming night, The Hermit's words falling away, demolishing the gnostic mass within my head. Within the lake there is something bobbing, something not unlike a head, that floats out to the centre into darkness that grows and sinks my spirit and my vision. No more footsteps, no more rustling of the undergrowth. Vague capering visions fill my head as from out a sacred cup that pours itself across my brow; symbols and characters from lore flooding my face in ecstacy and rebirth. The flaming torches now recede as did The Hermit some two hours since and figures dance about this lake bathed in glowing Moonlight wash. And daylight comes now amidst a solemn frieze of benedictions that invade my head and pierce my heart. There is London now, a hundred thousand years ago, a glowing smoking grove kissed by low-hung rain-filled clouds that fades upon my sight and I am crowned by hands I know so well and in my hand the sword I used is sheathed.

I remembered his purity, his child-like sensibilities, his essential goodness and his love of Nature, his worship of the Sun and Moon, his winning of the highest prize of magick's goal-PURE KNOWLEDGE. And now I sit alone beneath the Sun within the centre of his temple room. The sculpted head lies in fragments on the floor, vacant sockets lost forever in the dust that circles my head of flame.

And so I must walk abroad, for I am somewhat different, expectant of a meeting somewhere within this city, splendid in my priestly robes, my eyes like blackened ancient beetles wings, my mind a galaxy of frenzied childlike Godfilled thought.

And The Hermit? He has disappeared, is nowhere to be seen, his temple now in flames amidst the ancient rubble of the knowledge of his head.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Books

Reviewed by Steve Wilson

Esoteric publishing is not a simple affair. Where the larger houses can spread their fare across a broad table, others must specialize and develop a 'house style' that lets the prospective buyer know what to expect. For example, Polygon, a recent Scottish imprint, have gone all out for class, and have managed to achieve it.

The Atom of Delight by Neil Gunn was the author's last novel, written just after his autobiography. He wrote over twenty novels, and seems to be part of the 'common-sense' philosophical tradition that swept Scotland after the works of David Hume. In his own work considerations of the nature of self and experience reached a stage where a friend gave him a copy of *Zen and the Art of Archery* in the early fifties, and Gunn recognised the fellow spirits of the Japanese tradition. This final work uses a biographical-novel technique to consider experience as the framework around which self comes to realize itself, using the reference point of 'the Boy in the Trout-Stream' that was once himself to chart his early life. Polygon deserve great credit for reprinting this fine philosophical tale.

Gunn's direct approach to thoughtful narrative has gone out of fashion, modern authors preferring to let the characters rather than the narrator seem to put the points across. So while Gunn might not win any Booker or Whitbread prizes today, were he still alive, the same cannot be said for the other Polygon title reviewed here, *A Sparrows Flight* by Margaret Elphinstone. This novel, set in 'a future', tells of two people; He a tortured nomad outcast by a shunned people; She a travelling 'Fiddler'. Thomas tempts Naomi into a difficult journey through a changed Celtic landscape. He wants her to play for a Dance, based upon the Tarot trumps, that holds together the society he left. The temptation is the promise of the Old Music, from before the change.

This could have been standard science-fantasy, but the future-based scene is barely relevant. Instead we have well-drawn characters and situations that led me to read the book almost compulsively. It would also have been easy to use the Tarot as a static reference-point from which to draw characters, but instead Naomi and Thomas seem to switch imperceptibly from Fool to Juggler and back again as the story progresses and as they themselves change. This is so much the nature of Tarot it is a joy to see this insight so skilfully woven into such pristine text. Elphinstone is surely the best novelist to use an SF framework since Doris Lessing. Literary Prize committees take note.

Polygon uses the 'Half-back' format, with a pleated jacket onsetted to a stitched text, first pioneered in the early seventies but rather neglected since. It does their books justice while keeping the price low, and I wish them every success.

And now a look at four Elements:

The Elements of Astrology, by Janis Huntley, does give a fairly good beginners guide to creating Charts, but the interpretation is of the 'Linda Lovelips Sex Signs' type. As a Leo, I was fascinated to learn that we are usually blest with thick, wavy blond or red hair. No doubt the hundreds of millions of Leos in Africa, India and China will be surprised at this.

Marian Green has always attracted the everyday occultist rather than the fanatic, but I blanch with terror at some of the ideas in *Elements of Ritual Magic*, where we are informed that magic is like making a cup of instant coffee. Marian states that the altar in the quarter of Earth can sport a pottery bowl of (no, I am not joking) SAND! Elsewhere we are told that sand may be bought from a garden centre! The only other case that I have heard of where sand was used as an Earth symbol was in the USA where a Maatian group quite properly used it to represent the Qliphotic earth, which indeed it is. As Kenneth Grant points out, the Qliphoth, the sterile forms on the Nightside of the Tree of Life, must be mastered by the adept, but they are in no sense for the beginner. This book contains the standard information about the Western Mystery Tradition, and if it seems a bit watered down and hobbyish it is clearly the author's intention, and will make a consistent addition to her other works on the subject.

W*hat The Buddha Never Taught* is an account of a meeting between Thai Buddhism, in this case of a very pure form, and a young Canadian, Timothy Ward. I doubt that a less adventurous publisher would risk this rather delightful tale, and that is a shame. The austere practices of Anapanna and Vipassana meditation might make tedious reading to someone without personal experience of them, but this true-life adventure into the practice of killing the ego through cultivated tedium manages to be quite fascinating. Little has been written of the Thai way, and since only a few weeks pass in the course of the narrative the inaction remains intense and the non-story fairly rattles along. The penultimate scene, where the author meets the founder of the sect, is priceless,

and perhaps answers every query about the Value of the Guru.

Living Gurus may well inspire good books, but there is always the danger that they might actually read something by one of their disciples and publicly rubbish it. Timothy Ward has few fears there, as those who read his excellent memoir will realise,but for the less brave, Dead Gurus are more convenient. The most obvious example is Carl Jung; since his death just about everything he ever said has been grabbed, stretched, twisted and pummelled into whatever fits the needs of the particular author, most of whom display barely a hundredth of his insight and rarely seem to understand him with any depth at all. But for those really out to make their mark the best of all are Hardly Even Buried Gurus. Anthony Lunt, an ideal candidate for the post of top disciple and chief spokesman for the only-just late R.D. Laing, or 'Ronnie' to Mr. Lunt, has produced *Apollo Versus The Echomaker*, a voyage of self-discovery and personal illumination subtitled 'A Laingian Approach to Psychotherapy Dreams and Shammanism'. (sic) Those of you thinking that this sounds suspiciously Jungian would be wrong, because it's Laingian. There are two main differences between the two schools; Laing is only just dead, so there has been little opportunity for senior pupils to branch out into their own particular avenues, and Jung wasn't a Laingian, so whenever his disciples spot a difference they castigate Jung, and where they are the same it justifies Laing. Such is the logic of the psycho-shaman.

Like most cultish therapies the techniques work very well on minor frustrations and quirks. The case studies in this book sound and read exactly the same as all the rest in all the other books of this kind. The patient 'suffers', the therapist treats, the technique seems to work and the therapist writes it up, collects a few more and publishes a book. The difference here is that the technique is Laingian, and that is the only difference. It is obvious that Mr. Lunt, who was an advanced student of Ronnie from as long ago as 1982, has had a major personal revelation or two as a result of his experience, and such make the best apostles. The main difference between Jung and Laing as people seems to be that while Jung seemed genuinely against being cast as a spiritual master, Laing was far less shy. A reverent interview between the author and R.D. in the appendix contains some of the worst attempts at false modesty I have ever read, when after denying having the effect of a living Guru, Laing stresses that lots of other people say that he has. There then follows a list of achievements, climaxing at the revelation: "I've got one of the longer entries in The Compendium on Mind... bigger than Freud."

Those who think that no-one crass enough to boast about having a bigger one that Freud could possibly attract a major following should beware. This book could well be a good investment. Laing is ripe for the picking, and this first example might well become a collectors item. Laing's stuff may be little better than many other therapies but there are worse, and given the seemingly insatiable need for new gurus this one could run and run.

MEANWHILE Aquarian, who have the ability to publish the entire spectrum of Occult literature, have brought out *The Sacred Cord Meditations* by Dolores Ashcroft-Nowicki. Whether or not this really is an 'Atlantean Rosary' is irrelevant, the systematic programme of spiritual development is without doubt the author's best work. I have no doubt of the power of the technique, nor its ability to radically transform the lives of its users. Neither would I undertake the system without the constant guidance of someone who had already gone through this, or at least extemely similar disciplines. I do not believe that a book can ever be far-ranging enough, even with ten times as many pages, to deal with every possible individual reaction to this system, which more or less changes day by day, in a satisfactory manner. Perhaps Dolores should consider setting up another group, parallel to or part of her Servants of the Light, to deal with this training. I do hope that anyone using the book already will contact her at the address given at the end, and that anyone with problems will receive a speedy reply. From what I know of the SOL course this programme goes far deeper in three weeks than the SOL system manages in several years, and the fact that thousands of copies of this book will be available, while the SOL course, an adapted and revised version of Gareth Knight's Cabala course, is still only for the chosen, makes me wonder whether priorities might not be a little awry. Nevertheless, in case any thrill-seekers are tempted to rush out and have a go in the way that the same publisher seems to want them to do with the Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin (gain untold riches! Seduce women!), think again. It is the sincere seeker rather than the shallow occult butterfly who might be in danger, the latter will merely flit throught the pages for a few weeks, say that they've 'done it' and annoy the hell out of everyone they meet until they find some other fad. *The Sacred Cord Meditations* deserve better than that.

Starhawk

Dreaming the Dark

(Magic, Sex and Politics)

New Edition. Unwin Hyman, 1990, £6.99.

Reviewed by Chesca Potter

It is six years since the first publication of this book. At the time it was profoundly influential, bridging the gap between left-wing politics and the occult.

I expected to find it dated, but instead found it inspiring. The style was refreshing, being down to earth, neither obscure nor condescending. It

was a relief to see that Starhawk continually questions the intent to which people do rituals, counteracting the numerous books being currently published on topics such as "How to use magic to be rich and powerful" etc.

As she states in the new introduction she has written; "Although the tools and principles discussed in this book help our individual growth and empowerment, they are not aimed only at personal transformation. Their goal is to help us restructure our culture, creating the circles of support that we need, developing new ways to live and work and love."

The title *Dreaming the Dark* refers to Starhawk's magical work involving women going into their darkness and pain and reclaiming it as strength. It is sad that this should still seem such a radical idea in Britain where there is still tremendous pressure for women to hide their breakdowns and their dark pasts, in this era of personal ambition.

As she states in the introduction; "If you have a vision of the Goddess, if you dream of Her, you are obligated to work for Her for the rest of your life."

A timely reprint of a classic.

Hamish Miller and Paul Broadhurst

The Sun and The Serpent

Pendragon Press, £10.95

Reviewed by Chesca Potter

This is one of the most inspiring books I have read. It describes the so-called St. Michaels and St. Marys lines; alignments of ancient sites that stretch from Lands End to the Suffolk coast.

Dion Fortune was the first person to mention the St. Michaels line and its potential magical properties in her novel, *The Goat Foot God.* The authors of the Sun and the Serpent tell of the discovery made by several who investigated ancient sites, of a complementary and more curvilinear alignment which weaves in and out of the St. Michaels line. They have called this the St. Marys line because of the number of St. Marys dedications upon it, and because it includes many wells and waterways, considered more lunar and female than the "solar" hill top sites of Michael.

It is essential to realise that they are just two kinds of earth energies, neither male nor female but polaric in their interaction. I could spend years just exploring each of the sites mentioned in this book. As more people become aware of these neglected earth currents, they will be revitalised, but not if approached as one more source of energy to use and drain for personal gain as this will drain and unbalance these sacred spots.

Austin Osman Spare and Aleister Crowley

Now For Reality

Mandrake Press. £25.

Reviewed by Gavin Semple.

The reprinting of Austin Spare's books is a noble task, alas, one which is all too often undertaken without the love and attention which the artist himself lavished upon his creations. A few years ago there was little enough demand to tempt a publisher to risk his money on AOS; unbelievably Kenneth Grant's *Images and Oracles* was remaindered in its day. As the second Spare revival gathers momentum, a number of well produced books have begun to appear amid the overpriced and blurry xeroxes. Now, as one of their preliminary offerings, Mandrake Press publish *Now for Reality* as a strictly limited edition of one thousand numbered copies.

The book we find nestling within its exuberantly coloured dust jacket, is, basically, *The Focus of Life*, published for the first time since 1976 and long overdue. Not content, however, with a simple re-print, editor Keith Richmond has unearthed a series of poems by Crowley, inspired by Spare's gorgeous illustrations, and combined these into the text of the book. In addition he contributes an introduction drawn from original research giving long awaited insight into the relationship between the artist and the Poet.

In 1922 Crowley was eager to sell some of his articles to "Form" which Spare was co-editing with W.H. Davies, but the periodical was on the verge of collapse. Spare presented his former mentor with a copy of "Focus", and , moved by the Muse, Crowley set about writing a series of poems for the pictures. He completed nine poetic vignettes before his attentions were diverted elsewhere, and these are reproduced here beside the appropriate illustrations.

Those who appreciate the Beast's verse will be greatly stirred, and those who do not, will not. The differences between the personality of Crowley and that of Spare become very obvious when their works are set side by side. To me, a lot of Crowley's poetry seems technically contrived and stilted; words clatter and collide. That said, there are also the devotional and ecstatic pieces which blaze with truly magical spirit. Most of the pieces here are typical Crowley *sturm und drang*, contrasting sharply with Spare's exquisite pencil and charcoal drawings. The illustrations are reproduced very well, and they convey the essence of his magical vision - of vision itself become tactile, projecting through these magic mirrors a starry realm of sensualism, of perpetual flux and flow, timeless, where the fleshing of desire takes place and may be glimpsed, through smoke and shadows, frozen in a moment of eternal becoming. Strangely, there is a certain dynamic tension generated between Crowley's words and Spare's pictures; certainly this book has much more than historical value to recommend it.

Richmond notes that in re-setting the text an opportunity arose to correct and edit the errors and bizarre syntax of the original, but this was not done.

Spare's style is often difficult, yet the obliquity of his prose gives the writing a subliminal potency, allowing meaning to proliferate just beyond the threshold of logic - his juxtaposition of visual elements achieves a similar effect. *The Focus of Life* is full of secrets, concentrating less on theory than did *Book of Pleasure* and framing its ideas within dreams, visions and aphoristic soliloquies. As a compendium of magical lore, poetry, art and history, *Now for Reality* will refresh the weary traveller along the path of the Kia and the Zos, and may sustain him until the next oasis is sighted.

John and Caitlin Mathews

The Arthurian Tarot

A complete package of book and cards.

Illustrated by Miranda Gray

Aquarian Press, £15.99

John and Caitlin Mathews

Hallowquest, Tarot Magic and the Arthurian Mysteries

Aquarian Press, £7.99

Reviewed by Chesca Potter

Finally, a new tarot deck that is both deep in content and a work of art. With many of the recent tarot decks, there has been an incompleteness, so that after the initial enthusiasm, people have returned to using reliable classics like the Rider Waite deck. In the Arthurian Tarot, as the title suggests the cards are based upon characters, landscapes and archetypal images from the Arthurian Myths. Because the images have a strong symbolic presence, the meaning of the cards is not obscure, but self evident from a close examination, which is as it should be. The usual suits have been altered to the four Grail Hallows, stones for pentacles, grails for cups, spears for wands, swords remainas swords. The major arcana cards substitute for instance, the Lady of the Lake for the High Priestess, or The Washer at the Ford for Death. The minor arcana have been completely recreated, and make this deck into something really special. Each card represents a landscape that reflects their individual meaning. There are woodlands and heathland, snowbound towers, rivers, etc in all kinds of weather and at various times of the day. I feel they work very well, both as tarot cards and as paintings in their own right.

Each card is incidentally for sale from Miranda Gray, the artist. With each pack comes a slim paperback called *The Halloquest Handbook*. This explains the meaning of each card and gives various spreads for the deck. Although the meaning of the characters and symbolism is given in detail I thought the few lines giving the divinatory meaning could have been substantially expanded.

The larger book Hallowquest gives more or less the same information as *The Hallowquest Handbook* expanded with in depth 'Arthuriana'. If one is familiar already with the books of the Mathews', I think you will find a lot of the information in this book is familiar. You do not necessarily need this book in order to use the cards.

Anyone interested in buying any of the original paintings should contact Miranda Gray, 41 Lodge Road, Portswood, Southampton, Hants, S02 0RL

Freija.

Freya Aswynn

Leaves of Yggdrasil

Llewellyn

Reviewed by Ruth Bayer

Dutch-born Freya Aswynn, dedicated priestess of Odin, is the leading authority on the runes and in this her first book, originally only available as a limited edition, we learn of her own discovery and subsequent mastering of the runes, their history, mythology and use in divination, healing, magic and counselling.

With a personal style lacking the dogmatic approach of other writers in this field, the individual runes are explained in chapter 2, the "Elder Futhark", the ancient Nordic alphabet.

Freya's skill with the runes is well known, and the chapter concerning 'runic divination' is a clearly explained description of the methods she uses, including such unique techni-

ques, as her psychological profile readings, and marriage and relationship counselling.

In "Runic Magic" Freya introduces us to the Nordic Pagan Year, Rune Charms, Symbols, Shamanism and Shapeshifting.

God Profiles gives a detailed description of the Nordic gods, their aspects, elements, colours and appropriate runes. But the "Feminine Mysteries" throws light on the often overlooked feminine principle of the North, its goddesses and priestesses.

Freya Aswynn's book is an essential purchase for anyone interested in discovering this ancient Northern alphabet and will appeal to both the expert and beginner alike with its informative and very personal style.

Rae Beth

Hedge Witch: a guide to solitary witchcraft.

Robert Hale, . ISBN 0-7090-3931-X

Reviewed by Terence DuQuesne

These days, interest in magic is considerable. Are the people concerned those who have a particular affinity for the archetypal deities? Or is it just that we all begin with a sense of connectedness with natural phenomena and rhythms, but that this faculty is beaten out of most of us? There are parallels with the problems faced by gays who come out. Pagans, like gay people, are very well aware that it is not they but their uninformed critics who have a problem. We know that magic is spiritually and ethically demanding, as well as intellectually scrupulous. The difficulties arise when one looks for appropriate literature which may be recommended for two groups in particular: for people who do not understand the intellectual and symbolic basis of paganism, and for those, especially young people, who are intuitively drawn to the service of the deities but do not know where to find reliable information. When people ask me, I have to admit that there are few books I can recommend. And this is partly because of the nature of the material. There are books about meditation, but it can't be taught: one can only discover for oneself, from within, the techniques best suited to our individual temperament.

As Rae Beth wisely observes (p 87), there are no rules for spiritual practices, and no holy texts which are believed to be uniquely inspired, to the exclusion of others. This is indeed an important characteristic which distinguishes pagans from monotheists: we do not require, and will not tolerate, books which tell us how to live. The Cathars could not have read the Gnostic Gospels, but they knew about reincarnation and the Conjunction of Opposites. Moreover, the writings of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam depend for much of their effect on the common belief of their adherents that human beings are intrinsically bad. I don't serve the deities because I am afraid that they will zap me or refuse me entrance to heaven: I am a pagan because (if one must be teleological) I choose to celebrate the beauty of the archetypes and the interconnectedness of the universe.

Rae Beth is, at her best, an accomplished poet, who has won two major literary prizes in as many years. It is not surprising that she is a writer of clear and direct prose. Hedge Witch consists of a series of letters to young people interested in magic. These range through the Eight Festivals to the purpose of rituals and the nature of the male and female divine principles. The author recognizes the 'spirituality of pleasure' (p 62) and sensibly acknowledges (p 54) that sensitive males respond to the cycles of the Moon. She accepts that polarities do not depend on physical gender and understands the equal legitimacy of relationships between those of the same sex. She does not state, although she undoubtedly knows, that there are more archetypes than the Triple Goddess and the Horned God, but this is a book for learners.

Rae Beth provides a sane, thoughtful overview of current (and timeless) principles of witchcraft. Much of the information contained in Hedge Witch applies to all who call themselves magicians or pagans or witches (and one problem is the absence of suitable value-neutral terms). Rae Beth's particular path involves working alone or with one partner, rather than within a group. The disposition of the poet, healer and shaman does not lend itself readily to work in covens, perhaps because the magic of such people is ipsa natura powerful and must be directed with peculiar intensity. Those who have the stigmata of the shaman (and they know who they are) do not need the reinforcement of societies: like the Fool in the Tarot, they can travel anywhere and are at the end and the beginning. Rae Beth's book, though expressed in simple terms, reflects a passionate and honest spiritual commitment: the kind of commitment which enables the shaman and the witch to bow to no doctrine and to live a life of spiritual self-determination.

Dr. E. Graham Howe

The Mind of the Druid

Skoob Books Publishing Ltd, £4.95

Reviewed by Gerald Suster

'My uncle was as mad as a hatter,' Mr. Ellic Howe smugly proclaimed to an audience during the course of a debate hosted by The Society in December 1984. 'Then one hopes it doesn't run in the family,' the present reviewer responded. Fortunately, it doesn't.

Ellic Howe has received some notice as the author of books which unite meticulous and painstaking research with a bizarre hostility to his subject-matter. Again fortunately, the peculiarities of his mental functioning are not the subject of this review. That is best left to psychiatrists of the calibre of his uncle, Dr. E. Graham Howe whose *The Mind of the Druid* conclu-

sively demonstrates the author's refreshing sanity.

Thank heavens! for as far as I was concerned, Dr. Howe was on trial, as any author of a book should be. One who asks: 'Who am I to judge?' automatically evokes the question: 'Who am I to live?' And of course, the First Virtue on the Path is Discrimination. I had heard unstinting praise of Dr. Howe from two men who have taught me so much: the late Dr. Israel Regardie, who life and work has been set forth and examined in my *Crowley's Apprentice*; and Mr. Gerard Noel, at least an equally remarkable man, fortunately still in being, and formerly editor of that classic journal of esoteric scholarship and intelligent opinion, *Pentagram*. Much as any sane and educated man or woman would obviously respect these two, one might well not concur with their every opinion. How did they perceive Dr. Howe?

Israel Regardie had nothing but praise for the author under review. When the former's *The Tree of Life* came out, it was savaged with notable stupidity in the London *Saturday Review* by the editor, a Mr. H. Warner Allen who hid behind the debasing pseudonym, *A Student of Life* and a pitiable title *The Way of Madness*. The fact that Mr. H. Warner Allen was clearly not a student of anything was courteously exposed by Dr. E. Graham Howe in the same publication on 10 December 1932. The intelligence, clarity and common sense of this honourable protest led Regardie to contact him, as a result of which Dr. Howe joined the Stella Matutina, the Golden Dawn offshoot of which Regardie was a member. As for Gerard Noel, whose youthful idealism was augmented by Second World War combat experience with the Royal Marines, one can only state his sentence on Graham Howe: 'Everything I am today, I owe to him.'

Notable words by notable men indeed - but can today's reader find much justification for them in *The Mind of the Druid*? After all, this book is open to instant objections. Although the author tells us about the mind of the druid in a series of essays and lectures, he never pauses to present concrete evidence for the historical contention that there once was a body of people in the British Isles in whom was enshrined a sacred and sensible wisdom tradition espousing Man and his place in Nature. One could call this approach arrogant. One could equally well call it wise. But whatever one calls it, it is guaranteed to infuriate third division, would-be scholars like the author's nephew. They would be the last to appreciate the point that this book does not pretend to be a work of history: it is a work of philosophy and so far beyond their ken, on account of - no, not the author's lack of documented historical facts - no, their own wilful blindness, a principal subject of this book. But let us not waste time in arguing with those wise in their own conceit: as the Golden Dawn rightly has it in a noble document of the human spirit, there is more hope of a fool than of them. Let us instead examine the contents of this work and ask whether and why it is worth spending money, time and energy on this read.

What's it all about? It is about a tradition of wisdom and body of knowledge annihilated by the advent of Christianity but, according to the author's forecast, returning in our own day. Even if it could be proved that the ancient and original Druids did not in fact share the trenchantly expressed views of Dr. Howe, which I doubt, this would not affect the work's worth one whit. One is consistently startled by Howe's remarks, which shock one into attention.

'Without any doubt the most important word of all is **attention: to pay attention** is required of all of us as the grassroots of our meditation; especially to our own state of mind, or cliches of mental attitude.'

'"The point is..." we sometimes say; but how difficult it is to keep to it!'

'It seems as if fathers, as real fathers, are in very short supply nowadays. They are either absentees from the domestic scene ("I am too busy. Ask your mother!") or else additionally supportive mothers.'

'So watch your "loving", and watch your "understanding". Watch your "relationship" with the other person. Is it phantasy or fact? I will bet you that it is nearly always founded on phantasy.'

'...the **Mother** problem is the problem of the world.'

'Surely, in this war waged for room for him at the top, woman, always so inferior, has suffered most.'

'So that in our experience of Woman, my Oedipal friends, myself, we men - it is not **woman** whom we want to marry! It is "Mother"! And why? Because Mother will take care of us. Mother will feed us, Mother will look after us, Mother will protect us. But **Woman** - NEVER! She is a total threat to my Oedipal friends. That is why they get into so much trouble with their women, if they have women - which please God some of them have, because these women will teach them a lesson.'

'I have been accused of many things, including of wanting to shock. But there is no need for me to want to shock. The truth is shocking enough!'

Hmm, yes, in chapters whose titles range from the predictable FIRE; STONES; TREES and MISTLETOE to the unpredictable THE DOOR, 'ONE WORLD, ONE SICKNESS'; THE RETURN OF MERLIN; THE CIRCLE AND THE SQUARE; and A VERY SHORT HISTORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE, done in eight pages. There's something here to annoy and shock anyone imprisoned in unthinking and unfeeling dogma. Even if you think you aren't you may well have to reconsider yourself.

Howe always returns to the original inspiration of his work. It all comes

from what he terms THAT, which we can also call Tao-Teh or Nuit-Hadit. One could also unite the term as IT. IT is beyond description and cannot be declared either by speech or (even) by silence. IT remains beyond human rational comprehension. Related propositions can be understood only by those who already know them - so aren't pointers a rather futile exercise? No. Suggestions can greatly assist those who don't yet understand. By these they may find, each one for oneself, an individual marriage with the Universe. BABALON, some say: BABBLE-off one tells boring charlatans. But Dr. Howe points his finger at the stars, urging us to stare at these stars, not at his finger.

It's obvious that he cares so much about the fate of our beautiful planet. So do I. So does any sane being here and now. The sheer stupid callousness, which suggests a positive malevolence, prompts this reviewer to a sarcasm which may yet be the highest form of wit.

After all, there's Nothing important here and now. We are only contemplating Infinite Space and the Infinite Stars thereof, in which we are and live and die and have our going, of which we are a part and with which we are One and All, which All is ultimately Nothing. Such is the mind of the Druid.

What utter nonsense! Thus speaks the Rationalist. The Rationalist is quite right, of course. Any endeavour to describe in words that which lies beyond them is bound not to make sense, as Wittgenstein demonstrated in his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus,* though as he added; 'There is indeed the mystical: this shows itself.' How so? Here one moves from descriptive statements to the prescriptive - i.e. that class of statements which say **do something, man**! If the pursuit of reason to its terminal conclusion leads to its own negation, as Hume demonstrated in *A Treatise of Human Nature* and *An Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding,* and even to its own self-contradiction, as Kant demonstrated in *Prolegomena,* is there any way of transcending this reason, which appears to be a barrier between us and a true apprehension of the Universe and our place within it?

The claim of Mysticism is that there is a method or a variety of methods whereby we can activate neglected parts of the brain and central nervous system so as to attain this intimately desirable apprehension. Even if we don't realise IT fully, there's a good chance of experiencing ecstasy, which makes this game worth the proferred candle. Too many self-proclaimed mystics are merely semi-educated stutterers wallowing in oceans of gush, as Aleister Crowley rightly stated; but Howe supports his theoretical clarity with practical instruction on how to meditate. His instructions are not only brilliant; they are so uniquely refreshing. Try them and see for yourself.

'But in our great darkness today, I wonder whether THAT, which is supreme Consciousness, Father, Master, Lord, can show us a better way towards tomorrow?' Howe concludes. What's this? Patriarchy in some new disguise? No, not at all. The attentive reader of his book will have noticed that THAT manifests through a point within nothingness. We must identify with this point within-then unite with all without. If we can do that - and the issue remains in doubt - then we can indeed have a better tomorrow.

Alternatively we can all be dreadfully stupid and blow the planet or choke to death on our own division from Nature and the consequent rapine and greed. It's our choice. The Universe couldn't care less. However, some of its creatures do.

A further favourite theme of Howe's is the distinction between 'I' and 'me'. Those who can distinguish between Will and Want, between Spirit and ego, will find gems of wisdom in his remarks. There are gems also in his analysis of the cross within the circle in its major manifestations, which reveal magical secrets. This information will assist many honest seeks after wisdom.

Is there anything wrong with Howe's book? Well, he doesn't tell jokes, but Crowley told so many in his works that perhaps it's a relief, though Howe is not without his relaxed humour. Moreover, although *The Mind of the Druid* displays intelligence of a very high caliibre, it is bound to annoy those intellectuals who are nothing else. Let's remind them that an intellectual is one who says: 'That's all very well in practice: but how will it work in theory' and turn from the ridiculous to the sublime.

In the Bibliography, Howe writes:

'There is no bibliography of the **mind** of the Druid. The only clear instruction that I have ever received from "them" is "Follow the Path!" But what path? **Your** path: which is not my path.'

Quite. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. And Love is the law, love under will. Let's not forget, as the Druids didn't; that Every man and every woman is a star; and the Druids said, as the Christians did not, that: The Word of Sin is Restriction.

Skoob Books should be warmly congratulated on publishing a noble work by a noble man. I am still cogitating over the first-rate work I bought.

Go thou and do likewise.

SLEEPER

George Hay

Almost into the Conference Room, Report in hand, Jansen overtook me, looking grim. "Really sorry sir, but it's Mr. Adrian. Absolutely insists". He held out the phone, which I grabbed. "You've got ten seconds, Adrian, and it had better be good."

"Good? It's appalling. Look, I know your position, but I can't help it - you'll have to come. Now. I'm in the car downstairs."

"Well?"

"It's Lethaby. He's starting to surface."

Jansen, who has been my aide for what seems like forever, gets the salary of a Director. For this, he is expected to cope with situations like this. I shoved the phone back into his hand, said "Handle it", and took off running.

****

The multiverses are kept intact by continual prayer. What is prayer? Repetition. *Om mane padme hum.* The prayer-wheels go around and around, and just as long as they do so, appearances are saved. Literally so. Human beings keep talking to themselves - they call it thinking - in order to remember who they are. Just words, over and over and over. And of course, the principle applies at other levels. What did you think the music of the spheres was *for*?

Now, take the case of Lethaby -

****

"You realise what this will mean? "Director abandons key investigation" - I can see the headlines from here. Of course, the Report bears us out to the last decimal point, but the fact that I avoided presenting it myself at the key moment means they'll all assume that"

"Oh, do shut up, Peter. You know perfectly well we have no choice."

And of course I did know: it was only anxiety that had made me run off at the mouth. Adrian said nothing more, just driving south in silence. We were passing Bromley in the late afternoon before I brought myself to ask the obvious question.

Adrian grunted. "Not quite certain, but I think van Ghent has fallen out. When last seen, just after his shift, he showed every sign of being about to go on one of his heavy binges. Last time that happened, if you remember, he slept through an entire rota."

"I don't follow. There's nine of us, on three shifts: even if it's true about van Ghent, that leaves a minimum of two on hand for the odd shift. As I recall, in the last flap, when Frean and Sebly got knocked out in a car shunt - we were two down - and Lethaby didn't even twitch."

Adrian shrugged. "I dare say. That was fifteen years ago. Maybe van Ghent's got more stopping-power than the others. Maybe if we'd kept a closer watch on the log we could have anticipated this, and adjusted our watch schedules accordingly. What does it matter? The point is, he's coming up, and it's your job to put him under again."

I said nothing. He was right. An oath is an oath. For far longer than I cared to think about nine of us had carried out the ritual chants one day in three, on the understanding that, should the procedure ever fail, I would step in and repeat a very original feat. Why me? Well, I'd done it before, hadn't I? None of the others had. Perhaps the managing directorship of one of the oldest firms in the City carried supernumary abilities...

The only trouble was, I had not at that moment not the slightest idea of what it was that I was supposed to do...

Daylight was fading as we passed through Ashdown Forest, the lees of light ebbed away as we entered East Grinstead.

****

There's nothing new about disorientation techniques: where you look through a little window into a room with trick furniture, built out of proportion: a table built on the slant, a chair nine feet tall, and so on.

That's usual, of course. In the Old Days, they made more use of sound, since the ear undercuts the eye, so to speak. The mother of a new-born baby can distinguish its cry out of dozens of its kind. The decline of this culture is the story of sight's victory over sound. Before then, the Elder Gods had this well taped. Did you ever read Robert Graves' story, 'The Shout'?

****

Funny place, East Grinstead. Nothing remarkable, on the face of it - just masses of Stockbrokers-Tudor mansions on the outskirts, a messily indeterminate centre, if you can call it that, and then a sprawl of smaller houses fading into industrial estates. Neither charming nor particularly ugly: just a sort of nothing town. And yet -And yet the whole area had been some sort of mana-accumulator as far back as one can trace. The Druids

were just the earliest one could be certain of, but we know there were other practitioners long before they **were** put down by the Romans. Down, but not out... the place was, and remains pagan, in any true sense: friendly, in fact, to just about any belief short of orthodox Christianity. Today, you have the great Mormon Church, the Rudolf Steiner school, the Church of Scientology, and more witches than one could shake a broom at.

And, right now, we had Lethaby.

****

The town lay behind us as we pulled into a small lane behind an abandoned church. Adrian pulled down the window, cocked an ear. "*There* we go." His smile was grim. I sighed. "Yes, I can hear them... but unless my ear fails me, we've only got Marley, Jones and Whycherly. What about the others?"

He shrugged. "We decided against it. With van Ghent out, the others here will be exhausted before the job's finished."

He looked me firmly in the eye. "That is, if you do your job and it *is* finished. Then we'll all need to sleep. The others will have to take up the chant then, and they had best be well rested. We could have had them here, and had an extra margin of safety - but we can't risk a break in the line. Especially under the circumstances, don't you agree."

I did - reluctantly. "O.K. - I guess I'm as ready as I'll ever be. Let's go-"

****

I've called him Lethaby: it was after all, the name he was using when we tracked him down. It was not, of course, even remotely like his second let alone his first name, but then, none of the names I've mentioned here were our given names. Anyway, would you recognise them if I gave them? And if you recognised them, would you sleep any more soundly? Read what I write, and welcome, but it is set down for other eyes than yours.

****

Getting out of the car, we joined the others in a little rattlebag of a gardener's shed in the churchyard. Well, it looked like a gardener's shed from the outside. From inside, it was the size of Beauvaise Cathedral, with the roof-trees soaring into shadow. Sourceless lights came and went in endless flickerings, casting equally sourceless shadows. They only item of furniture was a black basalt tomb. It had no inscription, but then it needed none. On it - we noted with some relief - were the three white stones and the two pigeon's eggs, apparently undisturbed. The other striking feature of the place was the fine view of the Milky Way: striking, because it was what you saw when you looked down beneath your feet.

But if I shuddered now, it was not because of what I saw, but because of what I heard. Ever since we pulled out of London I had been trying to convince myself that Adrian had got the alarm-message wrong: that Lethaby was simply muttering in his sleep, not actually surfacing. Here, at the Gate's threshold, a cold clutch at the pit of my stomach signalled recognition of my self-delusion. Thirty feet from us, at the far side of the tomb, theothers were intoning the Words that Bind, as they had been all evening, and most of the preceding day.

And it wasn't working.

Even as I watched, their bodies started to blur. Marley and Jones were still comparatively stable, but you could see their outlines fading in and out. And Wycherly was far gone. Her voice faded, and with it her plump housewife's body, to be replaced by Basic Shape, something I hadn't seen since - well, never mind. Desparately, the other two picked up the chant more loudly, and the overweight housewife flicked back into being. Her eyes stared straight into mine, and they were pools of horror. Flinging back my head and listening, I heard, understood, and *remembered.*

****

Humans understand that there are things they do not understand. Even a fool would admit that. What he would never admit would be that there are things he never could understand. Worse, there are people he could never understand. Hence atheism, since the Godhead is, in a sense, a People. And, with the Godhead, its inversion.

JOHN COWPER POWYS

THE DIARY: 1930

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And it gets worse than that. Whether you hold that the Godhead is within or without the great Hierarchy, your intelligence tells you that there must of necessity be Others in the Hierarchy whom a man could not more understand than a chimpanzee could understand differential equations. Yet these beings are not necessarily superior in any ethical sense. They may be barking mad. Indeed, the condition of intelligence without ethics is itself a definition of madness.

So now: imagine a human mind suddenly put in contact with such an Intelligence - good or bad. As well imagine a household fuse subjected to the output of a nuclear power-station. Zzzt - *blowout*! From the moment Jansen overtook me outside the Conference Room, I had been running on sheer reactive response, Standard Operating Procedure for Homo Sap. As Peter Richard, City financier, how else could I operate, and still function? Now, as Peter Richard heard the opening theme of that solo from Hell, he - the 'I' of Richard - fused into non-entity. It was *I myself,* Ytris the Guardian, who responded, who remembered across the epochs, who

Who was once Sir Thomas Browne, Ulysses, and how many, many others, and who knew only too well what song it was that the sirens sang, the song that dedicated bands of guardians had been chanting to drown out since before human history began, the song that an awakened Lethaby was now singing. Lethaby, indeed! He was, when first we sang him down, the choirmaster of the Fallen Angels, whose name was Lucifer, and whose voice, no less angelic for its insanity, now flooded upwards from that inverted Morning Star beneath our feet.

Somewhere, from the stricken mind of Peter Richard, arose the knowledge that around the world men were being impelled bythat song towards the controls of countless instruments of destruction: that Armageddon. Faintly, that knowledge inpinged on the Guardian. Ytris, though, knew that there was something at stake infinitely transcending the fate of the human race. Many such races Ytris had known, some remained, and some... no, no, there was something else, some duty, something to be done. Done? No, not to be done, but to be remembered, something to which Ytris must hold fast... But what? His mind rocked in agony as it drowned in the deadly sweetness of that old song of Lucifer's, rising ever louder from below. If Ytris could just recall, could just for one moment seize hold of - and that saving recollection slipped away, slipped away and was gone as that paean from the Pit swelled around them. Ytris bowed his head in despair, seeing blackness and all the stars of heaven beneath him. *Beneath him.* But - but then -

And a Voice spoke, infinitely far, infinitely near. "Yes, Ytris. You see, you did remember, after all. Our Trust was not betrayed. Tell me now, Ytris, what was it We charged you to remember?" And, I, Ytris, raised my head, looking now at the others grouped around me, and said:

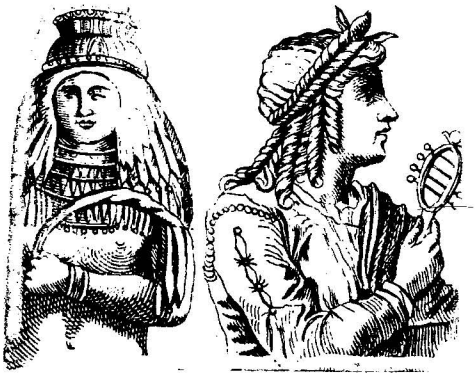
"As above, so below."

The song was as though it had never been. In the silence, looking down once more, he saw only the grubby planking, and around him the decaying walls of a garden shed. "You see"? Whispered the Voice, "you did not betray your Trust, and We did not abandon you. Now, Ytris, you can go back to sleep, back to humanity." And then, after a pause that might have been for seconds or for centuries. "But only till next time."

But already the words were losing their sense, slipping away from me: indeed, I could hardly recall what I was doing at this hour, or in this pokey place. I glanced at my watch. "Come on, Adrian. If you put your foot on it, we might just get two hours' sleep before the office opens. By God, we'll need it. They'll be putting the Report to press this very moment. With luck, we'll get away with it..."

Adrian nodded and smiled. He is a patient man. After all, he has been my remembrancer for a very long time.

A very long time indeed, you might say.



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The Search for a GURU

Frank Letchford

Along the path of life often by reading we discover for ourselves thinkers from the past under whose spell we fall. Socrates, Plato, Shakespeare, Goethe, Nietzsche and in our own time we have come under the influence at times of van Gogh in his letters, Henry Miller, the American rebel, Garcia Lorca, Samuel Beckett, Aleister Crowley, Austin Spare.

Think about your own influences and you will know something about yourself. Religions, Philosophies, Cults and Ways of Life in book form fill libraries to bursting providing endless food for examination, tasting, enjoying, spitting forth - strange indeed if nothing is accepted.

In Autumn 1937 I met Austin Spare on his home ground and was to become patron pupil and friend until the end of his days in 1956. Immediately after this encounter I became involved in his thoughts about comparative religion and spiritism. At the age of fifty I anticipated his views to be crystal clear whereas in fact it took the rest of his life to finally decide that through adversity he had become a Stoic rather than Fatalist and his penchant for the exotic turned him ever towards Oriental Taoism.

Initially in conversation and afterwards his emphasis lay with the Ancient Greek philosophers who laid down the bedrock for the West but he was to recommend in due course to myself that *A History of Western Philosophy* by Bertrand Russell and a good primer on Eastern religions and cults should suffice.

His own reading in the 1920's was based upon Folklore and Anthropology and as proof he cited his correspondences with Donald A. Mackenzie, author, and editor of the famous hard cover *Myths and Legends* series, each on a separate civilization - Greece, Crete, Assyria, Babylonia, Pre-Columbian America, Ancient Egypt; indeed he produced a copy of the latter with its colour plates for me to read: Gresham Publishing actually kept the series afloat from 1913 into the 1930's and today they retail used for about £15.00 each.

Since the 1890's hundreds of authoratative hard cover volumes appeared on Theosophy, the Occult, Gods and their consorts, African witchcraft, Secret Societies Haunted Houses, Ghost lore, and Spiritualism.

Apart from a recommend to dip into the magnum opus of Sir James G. Frazer - *The Golden Bough* that author had compiled *Folklore in the Old Testament* in three volumes (then abridged) which relates religious wonders and miracles to archaelogical discoveries, natural phenomena and past disasters which turned into legend.

Mr. Spare loved to seek out origins in pre-history, the pagan and the archaic in preference to the historical scene and pointed out that on our country churches, carven heads of pagan gods could still be traced in situ to placate those old gods.

Many early visits prior to the Second War to his well-lit warm Studio at the Elephant & Castle, Southwark, with traces of incense in the quiet interior, convinced me of the artist's humanism for many portraits were of workers like himself - artisans skilled in varying trades.

As life in Britain from 1938 and into 1939 became ever more precarious and expensive and the able-bodied were forced to decide which uniform to choose before authority thrust one upon them, Austin became a Fire-Watcher and in May 1939 I volunteered for the Royal Air Force.

On our Saturday afternoon perambulations he had expressed regret at the gradual disappearance of so many little family shops and old-fashioned residences giving way in Westminster to palatial hotels, mammoth stores and tall out-of-scale suites of offices.

Leaning our elbows on the parapet of Lambeth Bridge we gazed across the Thames to the Northern Embankment where now stood the comparatively new Imperial Chemical House of I.C.I.:

"It will weather to a creamy patina with time" was his philosophical observation as he and propelled me across to examine its 20-foot high side doors of metal made up of twelve panels to illustrate Man's progress from Primitive outdoorsman to his work for Modern Science in Industry:

"These doors are judged to be the finest since Ghiberti cast his bronze gates to the Baptistry at Florence in the 14th century

At the studio, surrounded by marvellous pictures, it has of late occurred to me that the artist's images form a kind of Tantra from which we share his ecstasy in creation.

The occult in Austin Spare's life was a secret revealed very slowly and possibly deliberately: he did refer to the 'calling down of energy from the gods', certainly not to injure or destroy others but to aid in his work.

The scales loosened from my eyes. Spare was street-wise. He knew stall-keepers, publicans, sinners, which cafe gave the cheapest but nourishing meals, where to purchase occasionally small antiques - pottery, glass, brass, carved wood totems, chairs,tools and spent hours in search of good framiers who gave discounts on quantity, collected and delivered -even travelling into London's East End for his purpose.

Architectural gems such as handsome doors, knockers, bow windows, railings - all came in for close scrutiny; preferred pubs were those proud of polished mahognay counters, ground glass partitions, old framed prints, pump handles burnished likewise all brass.

Many jaunts led us to Thames-side; not that dockers and lightermen were around at night or on every Saturday afternoon, but pubs immediately revealed a score of hearty weather-beaten drinkers, elbows all over counters, caps askew engaged in controversy, animated laughter, secret schemes whilst serious men concentrated upon dart board, skittles or shove ha'penny boards.

Were they all philosophers I wondered, more likely fatalists. For sure they were solid men who loved London, the river, Southwark and its pubs and markets.

It was a restless clerk dis-satisfied with a no-hope job that found a tiny niche in the Forces, and I became known as 'The Prof' from my reading habits. None of them were well read though and they made no attempt to influence authority.

A traumatic shock awaited us innocents after stumbling up the gang-plank of the old P. & 0. S.S. Dilwarra (named after a town in Northern India) converted to an ocean-going Troopship. Used as I was to my own attic bedroom, an R.A.F. bedspace with nothing bar two hooks on which to sling my hammock above Mess-Decks was alarming. Once Atlantic storms and Biscay slipped away I transferred to two more hooks beneath the forward gun turret.

Directly one lays a foot upon any Far Eastern soil or concrete one's curiosity is awakened never to be fully slaked. The supposedly religious multitudes, their Festivals, Temples, High and low life absorb one's mind, deafen one's senses, assail one's nostrils - one longs to become involved.

Yet all remains alien and their true beliefs seem to be an admixture of legend, superstition, divination and astrological charts. Gods, goddesses and their attendant priests abound but I can aver that only once in four years was I halted from entering any temple, compound or precinct provided that sandals were slipped off tired feet.

Early confusion between Mantras, Tantras, Chakras and Sutras was understandable; a Catholic Father pointed out that Buddhists have no monopoly upon meditation, inherent to most religions. I sought no comparison, only enlightenment.

In England I had decided that Christianity was founded upon guilt with atonement through sacrifice, the washing away of sins by the blood of the Lamb. Guilt we have, but to succumb

Hindu priest works over susceptive devotees (note his 'sacred thread')

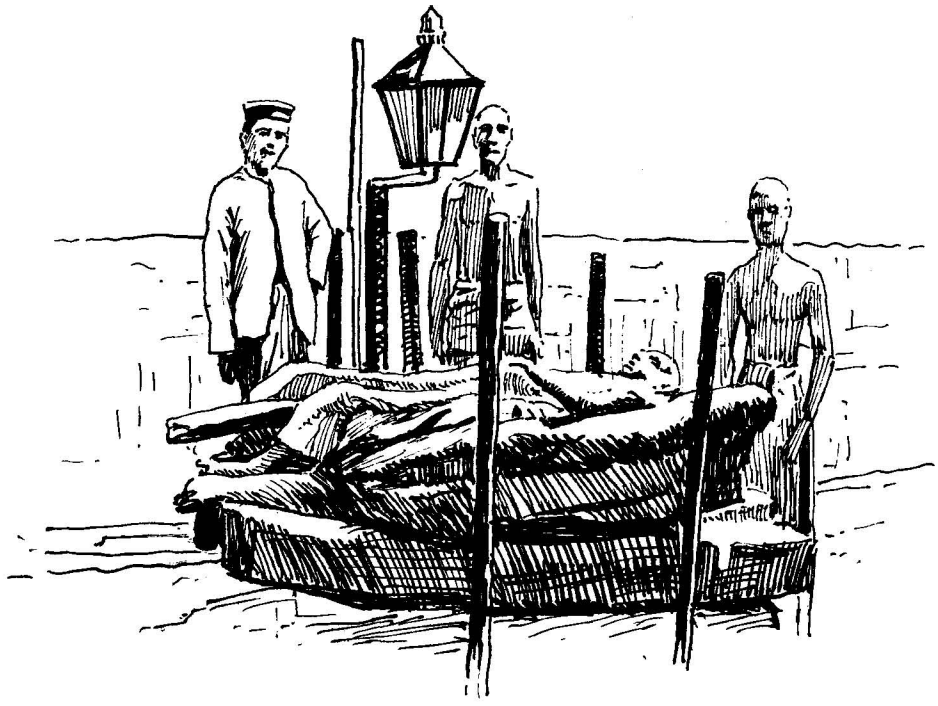
to guilt was the sin.

Christian Missions and the Salvation Army exist and do fine rescue work the world over and in Britain, one does not denigrate their work. Duality may exist; for example a Catholic may accept spiritism, a Buddhist may be Communist - freedom of choice is the key.

High in the Nilgiri Hills of South-Western India near Ootacamund bracing to the English community at some 8,000 feet, I was astonished to discover a small patriarchal community leading the simplest of lives - the Todas. Of ancient Dravidian origin, bearded pards in Roman Togas, their Australoid featured women-folk crawl to kiss the feet of the Father of the tribe. They all cohabit in stoutly constructed Nissen-huts of timber, bamboo-plait and thatch, the compound surrounded by rough-cast walls. Within this Reserve is a flat stone which is sacred to their obscure religion.

Jew, Gentile, Hindu, Mussulman - we all end up buried, fried or gorged upon by vultures, sharks; machines chew us into pieces; in Bombay a whim led me pensively up the winding road to the Towers of Silence on an exposed but pleasant hill in a salubrious neighbourhood. Patience was rewarded. Soon a short column of Parsee mourners, followers of the Persian Zoroasters who worship earth, fire, water and air disappeared around the rear of the white towers for a ceremony culminating in a wisp of smoke and gobbling by a number of piebald vultures then, silence.

Following this morbid trend a step further, on leave in Calcutta set amidst its intricate Delta filaments of water, traversing a multitude of narrow alleys and bazaars I reached a walled enclosure convenient to the holy river into which are tossed the ashes. Within, with wide eyes and open mouth one discerned amidst drifting smoke the biers and pyres, bundles of bamboo and branches stacked by the wall, Hindu Priests draped with the Holy Thread ready and willing to conduct the last rites; A white-clad column mournfully makes its way from the road after arguments as to which family should carry in the flower-draped stretcher; from the blossoms peeping a dark and shrivelled face - the corpse.



Burning ghats Calcutta, Bengal; Attendant Custodians.

Once the bamboos flame the heat becomes intense; guardians of the Ghats retreat, mourners drift away except perhaps the widow, and the little boy acolyte gallantly pokes back a greasy black arm and adjusts the logs with his tapered wand.

We three air force boys in khaki shirts and shorts, fresh laundered, draped with heavy kitbag, side-packs, water-bottle and helmets had spent twenty four hours on the trip from Arakan's Forward Area by truck crossing 80 plank bridges to the motor-boatwhich connected with the Paddle Steamer. Since Japanese air raids, the steamer hauled anchor at Midnight, bound for 'Railhead' - no

platforms just the rear end of a train against buffers high up above on the earthen bank, destination Howrah Station Calcutta.

Final advice from Spare in 1941 had been to look, listen and learn and he had envy for my Far Eastern experiences. Leave periods, and convalescence from malaria, enabled me to search for the elusive Guru.

Crossing the dusty Maidan in warm sunshine to Calcutta's street of dreams with its fascinating Hotel names, cool Restaurants, souvenir emporia, pushed to the kerb, I nearly stumbled across a prostrate naked male, dust-covered, with lank hair and dark beard, bedraggled moustache; bending over a possible corpse I noted the weeping sores to thighs and shins, and finger-nails as talons.

This lean and lank body scarcely breathing was a Sadhu of the ascetic Jain sect owning not even a loin-cloth, with beliefs similar to the Buddhists without a Gautama or High Priesthood. Kindly food-stalls handed boiled rice, a chapatti or a drink into his outstretched palm as he slid noiselessly and dreamily into the throng with infinite care to avoid disturbance of the spirits in the air.

Holy men in two's and three's may be approached and conversed with by the Ganges River but my encounters so far had proved fruitless, for example that silent rock-like figure in lotus-pose beneath the creaky stairs of the Y.M.C.A. at Chittagong Port; a Red Monk with his little hand-held prayer-wheel whirling seated on a rock with a little boy on the mule train above Grangtok in the great Himalaya chain, another dark-red cloaked priest cross-legged in the shadows of a Tibetan Buddhist temple at the head of the Teesta Valley - grinning slyly as I thought.

The practice of magic throughout the East generally consists of (according to Sir Richard Burton[1].) talismans and different ceremonies for inspiring love, causing hatred, destruction of enemies, raising oneself up in this world, avoiding mysterious dangers such as the Evil Eye *or* the praise of a foe (very dangerous!), averting or curing pain, disease, barren loins, destroying the foetus, securing one's wishes, the detection of thieves and rogues.

Yet, Burton suggests, philtres and amatory talisman were never accepted fully by suspicious customers. Prostitution (female and male) may be older than any religion and throughout the East; prices range from incredibly cheap to highly expensive dancers; the philosopher remains detached, impartial!

A treat at Government expense: by truck one bright afternoon; winding hillside tracks into the Western Ghats; jumping down onto a patch of grass, bewildered by the deafening roar of a mightly waterfall cascading and tumbling by our heads over rocks into the gorge below; spray drenched, myself with a pal gave up to get dry but became aware nearby of a short construction of polished red granite over which we ran our hands; there was not a trace of mortar. A brief enquiry of the smiling guardian who advised the removal of sandals, and we doubled ourselves in halves and slid into the first cool dark chamber, crawling on its sanded floor into the second and final one lit solely by oil and wick floating in a cusp gouged from the granite; a Jain Temple containing nothing except atmosphere.

I have met men and women devoted to either or both parents, happy to live with and look after them - the son with his mother, daughter with her father even unto death.

So why do the young seek a Confessor, a Master, a Teacher, A Guru? I am convinced that many join the Church because the Pastor, parson, presbyter, patriarch, padre or priest doth 'call' to them, his personality strongly appeals and presumably this human influence awakens or dampens ardour amongst Buddhists, Hindus, Moslems.

The seeker, the layman, the outsider in our time may well find an influence from Lawrence of Arabia, Vincent van Gogh, Pablo Picasso, Jean Genet, or Aleister Crowley.

In pride we imagine our discoveries unique, yet books poured from explorers and travellers to Africa in previous centuries describe magical practices, sexual customs and from 1890 in Britain Routledge & Co., printed large book selections on Theosophy, Spiritualism and the occult and Wm. Rider on Hauntings, Ghosts, Werewolves, the Vampire; in the 1920's massive tomes on the Veda and Upanishads were followed by Indian lecturers on philosophy. Between 1927 and 1929 the 'Eastern Anthology' of Powys Mathers in 4 volumes was purchased widely for its coverage of sexual lore, love tales, prostitution; authors disappeared up the Indus Valley to dig out shrines, mystics, holy men; even in 1890 Monier penned 238 pages by way of an Introduction to the Rig Veda, Brahmanas, Upanishads and the Puranas, Tantras and Vaishnavism for good measure.

However, all that interested myself was how to banish nightmares! Arise at once and take a hot lemon!

This alien but terribly fascinating world of the Far East with all its extravaganzas, cultures, excesses, deprivation and super wealth, remains for the traveller from the West but a Peep-Show: it would indeed have stunned and delighted Austin but as spirit he has and will continue to travel widely; Frazer's *Golden Bough* he had informed, has a belief that after Magic, the primitives became a little disillusioned, for example with Rain-Makers and well-defined cults based upon the natural world and phenomena developed in unsophisticated forms, Pantheistic or more like Monotheistic, certainly Totemic. Fear of the supernatural remained.

However, supernatural forces aided

Nigiri Hills Reservation: Todas Community 1945.

not the poor Bengali village farmers as their economy disintegrated beyond survival point; due to mid-war and successive rice-crop failures. From a train one realised that depleted and emaciated families shuffling along dirt roads and tracks were heading for Dacca, Chittagong and above all Calcutta, in hundreds, thousands then by tens of thousands, until in gutters, Maidan, empty lots, riverside banks and floating downstream to one's horror one realised that death stalked this productive land.

By night from pile after pile the tumbrils rolled through the streets hushed except for the wail of dying children.

Spare had advised my examination of religions and philosophy then to make up my own mind: so far I felt that aspects of Buddhism suited the Westerner and that Gandhiji's home-spun crafts and creativity (including a goat!), busy hands and mind held to solid ideals.

Two further important contributions to my well of knowledge also came by observation and experience: Mr. Gompu's eldest daughter had eloped with a young clean-living English soldier: they married at Calcutta, lived in married quarters until his joyful repatriation when he carried off his lovely bride to the parental farm deep in the English countryside.

'Gompu's' was the only tea-house in Kalimpong, staging post on the mule trail to Lhasa in Tibet: constructed of teak timbers one sipped tea on the first floor served by the youngest but now closely guarded remaining daughter, educated at the Catholic Convent Schools.

Dressed in the national costume of Sikkim which resembles the dress of noble Tibetan women she informed me in between serving her customers that her people are Animists who adore and are devoted to the spirits of trees, plant life, streams, birds and even the mighty icy Teesta River. What beautiful minds especially as these admirable people have never engaged in warfare despite being cornered in the triangle of Nepal, Tibet and Bhutan!

The second valuable encounter occurred after journey by truck, river-craft, train, and rack-and-pinion steam-train up and up into the mighty forests of Assam which have the world's highest rainfall (380 inches' at Cherapungi!); looking across a steep valley, from the shrouded tracks lead-

ing to the village waved dumpy female figures - whom we learned earned extra cash from visitors by night with the knowledge of their menfolk carousing in some grog-shop: that's what happens in a matriarchal society where property is inherited down the female line!

Struggling up the gangplank of the ex-passenger liner 'Duchess of Richmond' upon repatriation from Singapore in 1946, a letter from Austin was thrust into my outstretched hand; asquat on the hot deck like a flash I realised that the guru I had subconsciously sought high and low in the Indian sub-continent was languishing in a basement at Brixton!

After a few nights at my parents I dashed to No.5, Wynne Road off the main road just before the shops to discover a commonplace care-worn Victorian terraced villa with a heavy iron knocker at the top of steps. Uncarpeted stairs led me down into a stuffy basement, for its windows were rarely opened, which looked out if one peered closely through their opacity onto a garden scrub. Here Spare had spent his years amongst empty bottles, washing lines, piles of back-dated newspapers (none of it his property but his landlady's) seated on a hard wood kitchen chair before a cheap scrubbed table.

'One must have *some* belief' were words of his I remembered from the old Studio days.

His own opinion now after survival of two world wars, bombing, illness and all, was that he was a Stoic as his parents before him who had advised 'Hold on to life - it will get worse before it gets better'.

To my surprise he had gone back to the construction from bits of plywood of radio loudspeakers fitted with his own peculiar fretwork facia designs; in testing them he listened to Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, Delius, Walton, Tippett on the newly-founded 'Third Programme'.

A few days after a visit to Brixton I received a letter from him:

"The Church cannot and will never convince us of God's omniscience as an intangible Being whose presence is everywhere and in everything at one precise moment... Churchmen would have more success were they convince people that God should be worshipped as a strong beneficent father like Zeus"

Spare had realised that to become 'as God' man must *regress* to the Primate or Ape-state, i.e., an *original* state of consciousness. Kenneth Grant warns all Magicians, however, to keep rigidly to the Right Path in any attempt to leap backwards and inwards into the Tree of Life, or end up as larvae!

If a recent scientific theory proves to be correct in that 530 million years

Todas: non-Aryan Dravidian Types, S-W India, 1945.

ago basic multi-cellular forms spawned with total irrationality in great profusion out of which *by hazard* appeared the mammals; in retrogression and rebirth mammals and man might not appear next time around!

Mammals already have amazing diversification of which we are but one in the spin-offs from bats to Mammoths, from the flying fox to whales!

"Who are we, where do we come from, whence go we?"

AOS explained that the adept uses these 'animal propensities' to achieve reversion, i.e., as wolf-man, leopard-man, stag-man; the obverse of the Tree is our world of deception, untruth, double-speak, hypocrisy.

All of us in a competitive society are victims of the inferiority complex (so-called) which *may* be expressed by a manly determination to 'make good' or a desire for perfection demonstrated by some unimportant form of escapism like stamp-collecting or a tiresomely aggressive attitude.

Convinced of his own feelings of inferiority, homage by dependants is as balm and honey to such a one (like the Godfather) to appease and reassure the Ego. Think of the Colonial Administrator, the Missionary, the Pioneer as examples all prone to this vanity (I am indebted to a Mr. Mannoni for the idea).

So far, Man has existed to exploit everything within reach for personal or commercial aggrandisement, kudos, survival; ivory, ambergris, oil, coal, wood, gold, silver, diamonds may go the way of all flesh, even oxygen for all we know. Do we not cut off our noses to spite our faces?

Life is not *all* folly, frustration and delusion even though the late Samuel Beckett made this the theme of his enigmatic plays; there is pain but also pleasure - and mystery.

We exist to examine and re-examine the nature and properties of that which exists and lies available within our material world, available to our senses. Ill-defined they may be (as Spare pointed out) but 'Mind' 'Soul' 'Spirit' will not go away and have been accepted by both philosopher and metaphysician.

Good and evil have occupied mens' minds since before the Garden of Eden: in Kennth Grant's occult works I learned for the first time of Kundalini whilst noting the serpent in Hindu culture (Naga the snake god) and in drawings by Austin Spare not as a symbol of evil but of sex which is good as the unconscious representation of Prana as energy to nourish our Astral envelopes from rain, sunshine, water vapours, radiation from other formssuch as plants, flowers - an 'envelope' seen by a few clairvoyants, yogis and cats I understand.

Spare may or may not have heard of Kundalini but the pituitary gland and Bernard Shaw and his 'life-Force' were in the news in his time.

From memory I believe that Mr. Grant infers that Kundalini corresponds to the Tree of Life in Genesis as knowledge inherited by the Hebrews from the Ancient Eygptians.

By elimination AOS and myself reduced our accumulated thoughts to a system which is a non-system - TAOISM[2].; AOS did not use I Ching and its Trigrams and Hexagrams for long since had he developed his Sigils which do not represent Words but multiple Images, representations of ideas.

Lao Tzu (6th century BC) thought of an Evolved Individual as one who giveth in equal proportion to that which he receiveth: thus we serve (love) hopefully without 'spoiling' our lovers, friends, family and pets.

Perhaps the most fully developed and long-lasting system is that

YOGA - a word that means 'joining' i.e., man with Cosmic

Consciousness (God, Truth, Revelation, Infinity, the Ultimate or what you will); Work and Action, Knowledge and Study, selfless love and devotion with regard for the welfare of our bodies and bodily functions.

Expect not spiritual bliss, however, nor the attainment of a completely empty mind!

To understand 'the way' humans must imagine themselves not only as part of Nature but of the Cosmic world: Chinese potters, poets, painters thought themselves a microcosm of the Whole.

Taoism encapsulates thoughts, ideas, beliefs within Aphorisms and so did Spare: PR. Lionel Giles of the British Museum (1937[3].) likened these Aphorisms to 'white dwarf' stars which radiate energy at white heat with outstanding weight for their size.

Discover Taoism for yourself if you so have mind: relate to life today, banish fear and guilt - Enjoy! Enjoy!

1. *The Erotic Traveller*, Sir Richard Burton. Ed. Leigh. Pub. Ortolan, 1966.

2. Being in Step with Universe = Tao te Ching.

3. Quoted from *The Tao of Power* by R.L. Wing. Pub. Aquarian, 1986

Drawings are by Ed. L. Blandford from authors snaps and two old postcards.

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THE LANGUAGE OF THE WITCHES

Part Two

Michael Harrison

In this part the author reveals how, besides the various nursery rhymes, ordinary colloquial expressions preserve, in everyday English, the ancient language of the Old Religion. Even popular songs demonstrate the tenacious hold of the Witch-tongue.

Basque remains unique amongst languages; there is not even another language to which it seems remotely akin. It is this unique language which has been, for perhaps as much as four thousand years, the ritual language of Witchcraft, the ancient Fertility Religion in Western Europe.

Personal 'Witch' names

In a notorious 'Witch' case of 1324, in which the Bishop of Kilkenny brought charges against a local aristocrat, Lady Alice Kyteler, one of the allegations was that she had met a 'Black Man , Robin Artisson, at a crossroads, and had there sacrificed a black cock to him. 'Artisson' is simply the Basque, artzañ, 'shepherd', a name which links the 14th Century Irish Fertility Cult with that very ancient Fertility Cult from which primitive Christianity derived, and whose Founder was named, by His followers, 'The Good Shepherd'.

Studying the names of those charged in the various witch-trials extending over some four centuries, I have found, like other researchers in this field - (especially the late Dr. Margaret Murray) - the prevalence of 'witch-names'. In particular, Joan (Janet, Jonet, Jennet, etc.), Isabel, Anne, Andrew, John, etc.

I decided to investigate this and I concentrated on the 'Witch' name, Isabel, with its variants.

I recalled that the ritual death of King Edward II (who had saved Lady Alice Kyteler from the Bishop of Kilkenny) had been carried out by his wife, *Isabella*, 'The She-Wolf of France', and her lover, Mortimer.

That Edward II was a 'witch', reigning as a 'witch-king', is evident form the length of his reign - 1307-1327 - twenty-one years (3 x 7).

Three centuries later, one of the most outspoken witches of her time, Issobell Gowdie, tried at Auldearne in 1662 (when the witch-persecutions were almost over in Europe), confounded her judges by her frank admissions - with details that she was 'guilty as charged'. What, I asked myself, was 'sacred', in this witch-connection, about the name 'Isabel', whilst - in regard to this latest Isabel (or 'Issobell'), her surname seemed familiar. *Issobell Gowdie*..

Resisting here an inclination to pursue a possible connection between Basque, *goiti*, 'on high', and Greek *goetis*, 'witch', I permit myself to recall that De l'Ancre, a vicious persecutor of Witchcraft in the early 17th Century, reported that 'At the elevation of the Host, the congregation cried "Aquerra goity, Aquerra beyty, Aquerra goity, Aquerra beyty". which means *Cabrón arriba, Cabrón abaro*, which, is correct Basque, except that the word, *abaro* (Spanish) should have been spelt *abajo* - 'below, beneath, underneath', as the sense of the translation of the Basque makes clear. The Basque means: 'The He-goat on high! The He-goat below!'

'Gowdie' sounded so much like *goity* (modern spelling *goiti*), that I wondered what - if anything - was the meaning of 'Issobell Gowdie', considered as a single phrase. The proof that it *did* mean something important came as a shock:

'English' : ISSOBELL GOWDIE

Basque: Izarbel goiti

Meaning: 'planet, star' 'on high, up above' 'The Star up above'

In other words, just as Roman Catholic and Anglican monks and nuns adopt a 'professed' - that is, a 'religious' - name on taking their vows, so, on the evidence of 'Issobell Gowdie's' name, the ministers of the Ancient Religion also took *their* 'professed names' on pledging themselves to the high service of the God and Goddess of Nature.

Some sixty years ago, a mildly vulgar song emerged from the 'underground'. *Itchy-Koo* When, in, say, 1912, we sang:

Oh, in the middle of the night,

When the candle was alight,

And the fleas begin to bite - *Itchy-koo*

Most of us hadn't the least idea that we were reviving the ideas - and even some of the words - of an ancient Witch chant.

First of all, 'Itchy-koo', has nothing

to do with itching but is plainly pure Basque *etxiko* (pronounce it 'etchykoo'), 'of the house' (*etxe*, 'house'). It is merely the description of a nocturnal Sabbat, related to some special House (or meeting-place).

Where 'Goosey-gander' has wandered

A familiar nursery-rhyme presents less difficulty in interpretation: the well-known:

Goosey-goosey-gander!

Where do you wander?

Upstairs, downstairs;

In my Lady's chamber!

Not only the nature, but also the *purpose*, of this extensive 'wandering' become apparent when we first recall to what use the root of the *goose-gander* plant was put in the rituals of the Sabbat, and, second, appreciate the true meaning of the original Basque now corrupted into the familiar nursery-rhyme-ese of *Goosey-gander*. Let us first see what use was made of the goose-gander root in the Sabbat.

I have referred in my book, *The Roots of Witchcraft*, to the several 'delirifacient' ointments - mostly containing belladonna or aconite (sometimes both) - with which the women worshippers at the Sabbats were anointed. I have also suggested an interpretation of the charge against Lady Alice Kyteler (1324) that the inquisitors made, on finding 'a Pipe of oyntement'... in rifleing the closet of the ladie.

The charge was the 'she greased a staffe, vpon the which she galloped through thick and thin, when and in what manner she listed'. This charge I have interpreted as meaning that Dame Alice greased a 'staffe' - an *olisbos*, or artificial penis - with a delirifacient 'oyntment', which gave her the sensation of flying 'when and in what manner she listed'.

One such delirifacient ointment was compounded of *seven* parts: six drops of belladonna to one drop of *goose-gander* root, dried, macerated and dissolved in *aqua vitae*.

This mixture was rubbed upon the naked belly of the Sabbat-attending woman, and *how* it was applied, I think that we may look to the ancient *Goosey-gander* rhyme to tell us.

'English' *Goosey-goosey-gander* is generally held to refer to the well-known poultry bird, 'goose' (though why, no-one seems to know). In fact, the rhyme has nothing to do with either 'goose' or 'gander', but is a corruption of the ancient Witch-Basque:

English: Goosey - Goosey - gander...

Basque: Gose gizona - gan da...

Hunger man-the-in is...

Gose gizonagan da: 'There's hunger in the man!'

And we may feel sure, since we are dealing with the erotic Fertility Cult, that it is no simple hunger for steak-and-kidney pie which is being discussed here.

So that 'goose-gander' root is really Witch-Basque 'man-hunger' or 'man's hunger' root; and we can now explain what the 'innocent' nursery-rhyme means. Its is clearly a word-charm to go with the rubbing of the woman's belly with the mixture of belladonna and goose-gander:

Goosey-goosey-gander, *Line 1*

Where do you wander? *Line 2*

Upstairs, downstairs; *Line 3*

In my Lady's chamber! *Line 4*

In other words

Root of Man's hunger, *Line 1*

Where am I rubbing you in? *Line 2*

Upper belly, lower belly; *Line 3*

And then - *right inside*! *Line 4*

The percutaneous application of these delirifacients was followed by an application *within* the female pudenda, where placed against the highly absorbent mucous membrane within the *labia majora*, the delirifacient would soon penetrate the linings of the vaginal and urethral tracts at their meati.

It should be observed, in passing, that the influence of the Basque phrase, *gutxi-gutxika* (pronounce it 'goochy-goochyka') 'slowly-slowly, slowly does it!' cannot have been without its influence on the formation of the phrase 'goosey-goosey-gander', as it related to the *slow, gentle* rubbing of a delirifacient into a woman's naked belly.

'Fertility' rhymes

In spite of the 'awful denunciations' of the clerical and lay persecutors of the Witches - charges for which 'death is the only possible penalty!' - unbiassed research looks in vain for any evidence of the 'blasphemy', 'obscenity' and 'heresy' which were alleged against the accused. Their rituals, like those of the first Christians, were mostly concerned with eating in amity; the *agapè*, 'love feast' of early Christianity, which is illustrated more than once on the walls of the catacombs in Rome. Indeed, when we say our simple Grace before meals, we are continuing - no more and no less - one of the cardinal rituals of the Old Religion: thanking that Maker of All Good, form Whom 'all blessings flow'. That there was a sexual element in the Witch rituals, it would be idle to deny; but what the Church and Crown and the vested interests of the lawyers persecuted as 'obscenity' was certainly not that to the worshippers of the divine Spirit of Life, whose imitative and sympathetic magic was designed to ensure the immortality and perennial strength of that Spirit.

So that, when we examine the (now very corrupt) Witch chants, surviving only as nursery-rhymes and - provided they don't drive the children completely from the pavements, 'for their own good', and imprison them in the antiseptic 'project areas' of the ghastly

new schools - skipping-rhymes, we see that much of the meaning concerns itself with Food, as the prime manifestation of the Divine Fertility. References to animals (primarily considered as Food) come next, whilst the erotic element, so 'shocking' to the sensitive ears of churchmen and lawyers, comes a lagging third.

So much of the Old Faith lies concealed behind the innocuous nursery rhymes that the original sentiments are worth uncovering, if but to see how the simple Faith of our remote ancestors concerned itself only with the simplest ideas.

List of Possible Witch Derived English Surnames

Basque Meaning British name

aran dale, valley Arran, Horan.

Oram, Oran

arol porous, Arrol, Errol

'mops it

up'

bakar singular, unique Baker

bakun special, out of Bacon

the ordinary

baldoki temple (of head) Baldock

barabil testicle Barrable, Barraball

bat one, one of a Batt, Battman

kind

beiti below, beneath Beatty

beri new Berry

Beti always, for ever Beatty

burni iron Burney

dorna movable step, Dorner, Dorney,

platform, rostrum, Dorning

place of vantage

gari wheat Garry, Garrick

(from **garriko**)

gei excess, overplus, Gay

'Fatty',

'Fatso'

gor deaf Gore

goren superior Goren, Gorer, Goring,

Gorey - and probably

Gort

gori red Gore, Gorey, Goring,

Gorick

goudi (goiti) on high, raised up Goudie, also Geddie,

Geddie, Geddie, Giddy and perhaps Geddes

gutxi (pr. small Gooch

goochy)

jaki victuals Jack,+ Jacks, Jacklin,

Jackson, etc

kok crack, fracture, Cock, Cox, Coxon, etc.

'he's

cracked!'

laster a run, a running Last, Laster, Lester

listor drone, idler, Leister, Lister,

'attending Leister, Lister,

non-participant'Lyster

(at the Sabbat)

luzker cucumber Lusk, Lusker

maze fine sieve, Mays, Meysey, tammy etc.

tink firmly, robustly,(Tink is a , Kentish name),

&stubbornly,valiantly etc. Tinker

txekor. calf, veal Checker, Chequer

checker as pronounced

txirtxil . wood-shavings Churchill

cheerchil as pronounced (collector of...wood shavings

for the ritual fire?)

---

*i.e. 'of wheat' + or from XAK-HUR (see page)

Here are just under thirty Basque words, chosen at random, which seem to be represented in Britain (and also wherever names of British origin have reached) as fairly common surnames. The likeness of some *British* surnames to certain *Basque* words may, of course, be quite coincidental; but it is interesting to note that the likenesses do seem to occur in connection with those Basque words which *might* have Witch associations. Notice that the Basque words include those for some basic *foods* and such 'basics' of a pastoral life as the adjectives: fat, deaf, toping, 'cracked', small, special, unique, superior, red (of hair or face) new, 'big-headed', 'one-testicled' and lazy (or unemployed) - by which personal individuality is achieved in primitive social groups. Note also the reappearance of the 'sieve', which occurs in some words of the First Witch in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

The discovery of a possible source, in the old Witch language, of common British surnames led me to look farther afield. The effeminate Osric in *Hamlet* was not, as is commonly supposed, real or fabricated Saxon, but - again - pure Basque: *osorik*, 'intact, untouched, entire' - in other words, 'virgin', a description for Shakespeare's simpering Osric so apt that one feels that Shakespeare cannot have selected it by chance. (And, indeed, as I shall notice later, Shakespeare's works are full of witches and witchcraft, whilst only one with an unusual acquaintance with black magiccould have written - even in partnership with Fletcher - the conjuration scene from *Henry VIII*)

'Witch' personal names as common in, say, early Anglo-Saxon times as they were when the surnames common today began first to be used, say in about the early thirteenth century? I looked through lists of names dating

from the centuries after the Anglo-Saxon conquest of Romano-Celtic Britain, but from before the Norman Conquest. I found a most impressive list: the roll of the 'Saxon' Bishops of Selsey, Sussex, from AD 686 (King Aethelred) to 1047 (Edward Confessor). The list is incomplete, but five 'non-Saxon' names have been chosen which show, I think, how tenuous the hold was Christianity's upon Saxon Britain, and how tenacious the hold of the Ancient Religion. Here are five bishops' names, with my comments:

'Saxon' Bishops of Selsey

686 Hedda **Basque**: to stretch oneself out; to enlarge upon a subject to expatiate, etc. So Hedda = 'The Expounder (of the Faith)'

719 Eolla Basque **choile**, 'assassin', but here obviously meaning 'one authorized to perform a ritual killing'. Compare the **sochet** of orthodox Judaism.

790 Osa **or** Basque **oso** means 'complete, entire, Bosa perfect'; **osoa** means 'The Perfect One', the title adopted by the Cathars (Greek, **katharoi**, 'per-fected') of the early 14th Century, who were almost wiped out in the 'obliterating' campaign mounted against them by the Church.

844 Tota Basque **totoa** has four meanings, though all linked semantically: 'dog', 'seat or throne', 'plinth or platform' and 'sitting down'. The linking idea is that of **seated watchfulness**, proper to a religious guardian of his people.

1047 Heca Basque for 'work, occupation, appointed labour, duty'. But note that **echo** (**h** pronounced like **ch** in Scotch **loch**) means 'kill, grind, digest', and if the second meaning be the correct one, then Bishop Heca's name means what Bishop Eolla's does: 'priest appointed to make the ritual killings'.

In 1047, Edward Confessor, the most Christian of all the Kings of Anglo-Saxon England, had still nineteen years of his reign to run. In 1066, William, the Pope's protege, a loyal adherent of the Old Faith, would 're-convert' the English Royal Family to its ancient religion. In a later part of this article, I shall suggest that, for all the pious 'Christianity' of some, our Royal Family has remained loyal to a Faith quite different.

I am aware that it may be argued that the retention, by these Bishops of Selsey, of their Basque-Witch names need not imply that they were not sincere Christians; and some will think of modern cases, such as that of Bishop Montefiore of Kingston or of Father Levy, S.J., who have retained the surnames of the Jewish families from which they come.

The argument is not valid so far as the Bishops of Selsey are concerned. Imported Oriental prelates were trying hard to conquer 'paganism', and to get the Anglo-Saxon kings of the Heptarchy to combat the 'devilishness' of the 'heathen'. Any sincere Christian would have been anxious to divest himself of any name smacking of the abhorred Old Religion, and to replace it by some name of irreproachable Romanism. That the Bishops of Selsey continued to use demonstrably, Witch - names over a period of nearly four hundred years, proves that, first, they were Christian only nominally, and that, second, they lived in a society whose opinions favoured their cynical attitude towards the new, Roman faith.

'The Sun shines out of his arse'

There is a forceful but vulgar expression used in describing the uncritical admiration of a woman for a man. It is an earthy expression inherited from a pastoral society's religious ritual, in which the *osculum obscaenum*, 'the shameful kiss', was an important act.

At Aberdeen, 1596-7, Andro Man 'confessis that Crystsonday (whose name I have explained in *The Roots of Witchcraft* - M.II.) cum to hym in liknes of ane fair angell, and clad in quhyt claythis' - and when Man had done with his self-damning testimony, the Court thus summed it up: "Siclyk, thow affermis that the Quene of Elphene *(i.e. of Fairyland, of 'The Other People')* hes a grip of all the craft, bot Christsonday *(sic)* is the gudeman *(husband)*, and hes all power under God... (and)... all thay quha convenis with thame kissis Christsonday and the Quene of Elphenis airss.'

In witch-trials throughout the main period of persecution the accused affirm, time and time again, that they have 'kissed the airss' of 'the Divell', the Black Man, 'RobinArtisson' *(artzañ = Shepherd)*, or whatever name the Grandmaster or Grandmistress (Diana or Araldia) of the coven assumed.

That initiates into the Order were made to kiss the buttocks of the initiated was one of the main charges against the Templars; for it was held - correctly - that such an *osculum obscaenum* would be demanded and given only in an organization practising 'pagan' rites.

Now this practice has puzzled even those anthropologists sympathetic with - or, at any rate, not hostile to - the Old Religion. It is curious that through its preservation in a 'vulgar' phrase, we should at last be able to hazard a guess as to what, in the coven at least, was held to be its purpose and significance. Let me recall here - for the first time, I believe, in any discussion of the mysterious 'Shameful Kiss' - verses 18-23 of the 33rd Chapter of Exodus, in which Moses, alone with God upon the mountain, pleads to be permitted to see the divine face.

And he said, I beseech thee, shew me thy glory.

And he said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the LORD before thee; and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will shew mercy on whom I will shew mercy.

And he said, Thou canst not see my

face; for there shall no man see me and live.

And the LORD said, Behold, there is a place for me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock:

And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a clift of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by:

And I will take away mine hand, *and thou shalt see my back parts*; but my face shall not be seen.

We see, then, that the face of 'the God' must never be looked upon by the worshipper - 'Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live.' That the 'Devil', 'Christosonday', 'The Black Man' - to give him but three of his names - always presided over the Sabbats masked ('guised we have the evidence of hundreds of accused witches to prove "He spoke", one testified, "in a low, deep voice, as though he were speaking through the bung-hole of a cask..."

It is more than possible that the radiate creases of the anal sphincter would seem to the earthy mind of primitive religionists, a visual analogue of the rays of the Sun; but, in the still surviving reference to a 'sun' which 'shines out of his arse', the Sun here is used in a metaphorical sense. This is the 'Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world' (John, 1, 9.) and its memory is preserved, by an accident of fate, in the heedless expression of a vulgar phrase.

Witch-Basque has so permeated the simpler aspects of our everyday speech that we use Witch-Basque words and phrases quite unconscious of the fact that they are not 'English'.

COULEUVRE NOIRE

The History of La Couleuvre Noire

Frater Joseph

The publication of Kenneth Grant's very excellent book (*The Magical Revival*, London: Frederick Muller, Ltd., 1972) serves to show for the first time in public print connections between the O.T.O magical work of Aleister Crowley and the Haitian Voudoo and Gnostic Magic. In fact, it is Mr. Grant's contention that Crowley's magick, and especially his sex magick, are idential with the magic and especially the magie sexuelle of the French and Haitian Gnostic adepts. In view of this connection, it might be useful to give some information on the Franco-Haitian O.T.O.A. "Ordo Templi Orientis Antiqua" and its origins and derivatives.

It is now fairly well known that Crowley received the initiatic succession of the Ecclesia Gnostica Catholica from Theodore Reuss in 1912, at the time of his consecration to the order of the bishop for O.T.O. Reuss had received this succession in 1909 from Gerald Encausse, Grand Master of the Martinist Order and bishop of the Ecclesia Gnostica. Reuss and Encausse had exchanged initiations, with Encausse receiving the initiatic succession of the highest degrees of the O.T.O. from Reuss for France and the French-speaking countries.

Gerald Encausse, born July 13, 1865 at La Corogne, Spain, and known as "Papus" had re-established the Martinist Order in Paris. In 1890, he had been consecrated along with the mystical writer Paul Sedir (Yvon Le Loup) and the occult-book publisher Lucien Mauchel, to the episcopate of the Ecclesia Gnostica, by Jules Doinel (Tau Valentin II). Those who have read Crowley's autobiographies know that Encausse inherited John Yarker's Rite of Memphis-Misraim (which was originally French, but which had been transferred to England via the U.S.A., between 1860 and 1875, and which actually was the basis of the German O.T.O. since Sept. 1902) with the event of Yarker's death in 1913. Thus, Encausse was known to be connected with Egyptian and mystic masonry, Gnosticism, Martinism, and the Rose-Croix (through Stanislas de Guaita), the Elus Cohens, and P.B. Randolph's "Fraternitas Lucis Hermetica", which operated in French along sexual magical lines. It must be understood, however, that the O.T.O. which Encausse received from Reuss did not contain the secret degrees and work which Crowley was to develop within his own branch of that order. We are discussing the earlier period, 1909 to 1912, which is prior to Crowley's entry into the work.

One of the adepts known to Encausse, at the time in Paris, was a young Haitian Gnostic bishop, Lucien-Francois Jean-Maine. He had been consecrated to the episcopate by Tau Synesium (who had been consecrated by Papus, Sedir, and Mauchel) and by one mysterious Tau Orfeo VI (a Spanish Gnostic bishop of the golden line which drew upon one Albigensian and Memphis-Misraim currents) in 1899, at the age of 30. Lucien-Francois Jean-Maine took as his episcopal name in Ecclesia Gnostica, Tau Ogoade-Orfeo I. Lucien-Francois Jean-Maine was born on January 11, 1869 in Leogane, Haiti, and died in Boston, in 1960. Because of his position in the occult history of the times and because of his connections with French and Spanish occultism, he

was able to receive all the most important initiatic successions and currents and transmit them to other members of his race and also to that one line of Gnostic bishops which is derived from him and which has also absorbed the successions and currents of the American neo-Crowleyan derivatives.

In the Haitian Voudoo, esoterically considered, we must make two important distinctions. First of all there was already an order comparable to the O.T.O. of Karl Kellner and Theodore Reuss. I refer to the order and rite created by Toussaint-L'Ouverture, which drew upon French cabalism, illuminism, and Dahomeyan African currents. All students of Haitian Masonry are familiar with this rite, which is entirely too little known, but which cannot be discussed in this essay for reasons of space. Secondly ther is a very important distinction to be made between these mysteries of Voodoo which are parallel to the VIII and IX degree-work of the O.T.O. - I refer to the "mysteries de la solitude" and "mariage mystique" - and those mysteries of the very esoteric Voudoo, which are close to the XI and even higher work of Crowley's O.T.O. - here I mean the "mystery Luage". Thus, it is important to note that both Crowley and this line of esoteric Voudoo admitted to the development in sexual magic and to the existence of secret degrees of attainment. In this sense both the Haitian Gnostics and Crowley were to go beyond the O.T.O. of Reuss and Encausse.

It is noteworthy to mention that Lucien-Francois Jean-Maine received the Voudoo grades of initiate, servitor, priest, and high-priest in Haiti, in his own father's temple in Leogane before seeking his occult fortunes in Paris and Madrid. Also, there was a family tradition that the Jean-Maine line was traceable back to a French slave-owner, in Leogane, who had died there in 1774, a common enough claim. In this case, the slave-owner was the adept Martines de Pasquales who had founded the Order of the Elus Cohens, that theurgic current into which Louis Claude de St. Martin (born January 18, 1743), the founder of Martinist mysticism had been initiated in France.

Prior to his consecration to the episcopate, Lucien-Francois Jean Maine was ordained to the subdiaconate, diaconate, and priesthood by Tau Orfeo VI, orders of the sacred ministry of the Gnostic Church which fully matched in magical current his first three degrees in esoteric Voudoo, given to him by his father. Between 1899 and 1910, Tasu Ogoade-Orfeo I worked with the scattered followers of the African-American adept P.B. Randolph (born October 8, 1825) forming the loosely structured "Fraternitas Lucis Hermetica" which worked the sexualmagical techniques of their teacher and the three mysterious degrees of his inner order. It has been well established by historians that the O.T.O. of Kellner and of Reuss in Germany received most of its sexual

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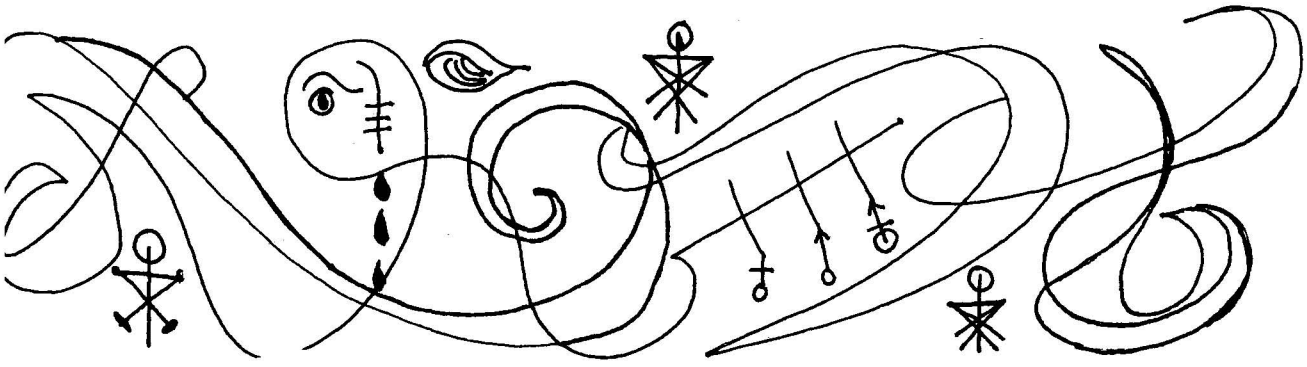
CADUCEUS

ritual from Liber 111 vel Jugorum as found in a certain book. I can well remember seeing him propped up at a certain Magickal Rally, for he was completely stoned, but then so was the GURU on stage, surrounded by his young wide eyed and starstruck initiates, beautiful bronzed youths wearing their triple crosses and watching adoring at their mentor, someone older not wiser than themselves, the teacher, the ragged monk. But then, this was the fruit of warped fascination and the eventual escalation of the process of change, that turns something emminently attractive into something with the face of death, the mask having been quickly bought by one establishment from another. NO MORE. My magick words, my chaotic confusion of numerology, my obese gematria and intrigue of unbridled barely recognisable incantations has beaten down this legacy, this infernal possession of my spirit. I had crossed the ancient dried up river, nearly drowning in the very memory of its flow and pulled a mask from out my pocket and raised it to my face and now I have crossed and broken up this paltry leprous demon with his wretched female chess pieces of subjugation and supplication. I have raised this legacy to the floor like sweeping dirt under a magick carpet and I'm away in the company of my guardian TAH, my raven headed lady, my vellum covered notebook, my Sicilian suntan, with you SIR in a bottle like some incredulous indignant genii bound across the belly of my will that needs not the trampling ramifications of thelema and its vain bed fellow-CROWLEYANITY. I AM free to swagger my way forward surrounded by the branches of the Tree of Life.

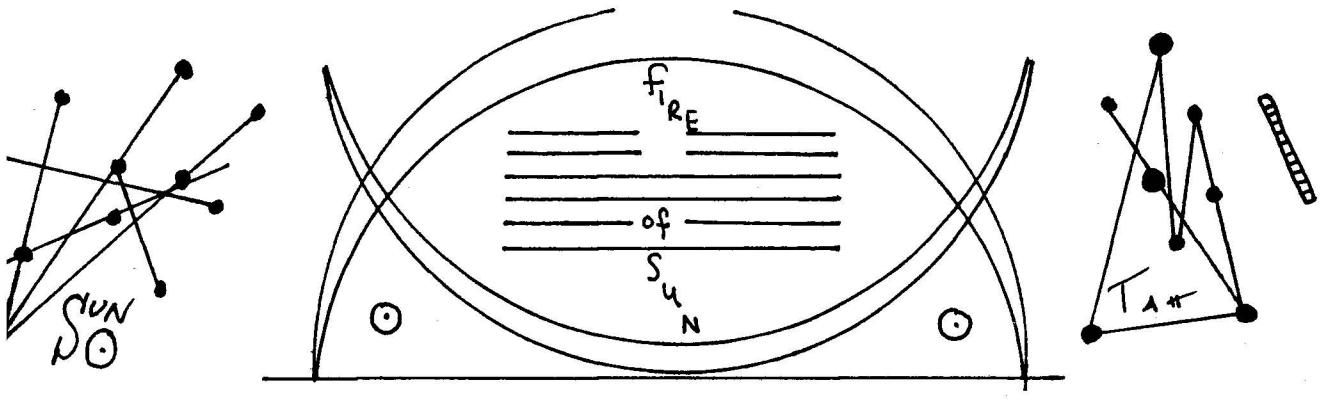
I dare say that it would be foolish to engender his shadow unless abolutely necessary. T'would be easy to let my guard down but no. I have left the mould, the death mask of the English Adventure upon the tables of many, both in London and Palermo and Cefalu, its vacant eyes raised to the ceiling in the knowing repose that comes with conceit and power. There is an end to that temple and its workings. Its work has been done and what has been evoked has not been truly banished. Rather from Church Street within the squint streets of Stoke Newington, there is something left uncovered and homeless from the voids of the imagination. I do not believe in the banishment of areas, entities that one has had the gall to call forth out of the mundanity of life and death. They are my friends with emerging prismatic faces, staring, probing deeply into my eyes to catch my powerful motives, forming currents in my brain, like those people whom you meet for the first time and hope never to meet again. They are in my power. The dung of ACELDAMA has burned in their nostrils and their characters have transmuted, become benevolent, throwing off their spectacles to reveal channels of vision I barely thought possible. It is fine to escape with your captors and be all the richer for it. The clogging cobwebs of that ruined church have been replaced with the stained glass windows of their eyes, shining and burning, becoming dull and imperial by turns, as if etched and planned and laid out into segments of some vast labour of love, a central heart illuminating all. Each segment of their eyes glows with a warmth that cannot be concealed, with a quality of honour drawing me on.....



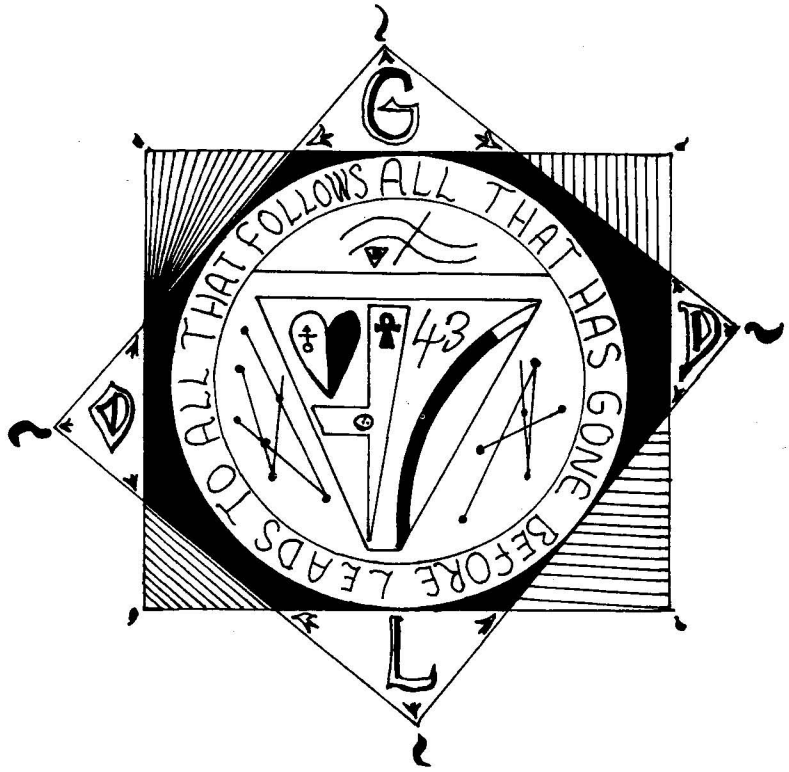
I have a pyramid of awakefulness in the realms of lovely sleep and ancient shadow creatures tramp and sit by my feet and yawn awhile, staring up to the empty crescent of the sky, rain and snow falling upward back across the winds to the beat of the heart in the timeless mouldering temples of time itself.

Ten thousand years have past and now each new day unfolds into something like a chapter from someone elses literary autobiography. All my present situations and past memories seemed to merge into one engendering, - a strange unwholesome feeling as when one hears oneself being talked about in an adjoining room, catching only the tips of vowels and syllables, the echo of laughter and the stoney resilience of a "tut, tut" and an agreement. Hours of drinking and smoking alone in public houses of central London have brought only further opportunities to brood and not to banish in this over extended magickal exile.

On one such occasion in a pub called The P-----, I sat drinking alone,



staring into the cloudiness of my pint, thinking of the meadows around Cambridge and the heat kissed hills of Sicily. Opposite me, fumbling through her hand-printed bag sat a dark haired foreign beauty, a woman of about 25 years or thereabouts. Her hair was short and above her ears, which both hung with beautiful metallic earrings, strangely fashioned but both displaying a wonderful symmetry like the images of snowflakes or sub atomic currents that stretch themselves like celestial wrought iron across the body of the universe like God's jewellery. She was feverishly working away at a postcard, writing with a definite neat hand, to someone obviously close to her. Her face would change with each word she wrote, from stern indignation to livid animation as if she was completely oblivious of her surroundings in the smoke-filled lounge of this pub where office workers mingled in shirt sleeves with tall lean tee-shirted young men fingers covered in rings with slow burning foreign cigarettes in their hands. I began to study this woman from behind the protection of my glass, watching her strong neck muscles twitch, her beautiful white teeth as she held her pen between them.....and then like the quickness that accompanies the summoning of a god, so she did look up and catch my eye with the capturing ingenuity of the EAGLE that catches its prey beneath a foot of water. For some reason I didn't avert my gaze as was usual in these situations, like some blushing story book bride, but sat there brazen opposite her with my eyes squarely upon her body, almost fixing her up and down, holding her prone with my invisible viscous aura, spreading itself upon her body like fixative from out a can held by some such Camberwell Beauty I had know years ago. Her precision of features melted into uproarious laughter, breaking the spell, staring straight back into my eyes; beautiful Goddess laughter resounding from years ago and from chapters behind this present one. It seemed that we both knew exactly where we stood.....



The English Adventure will be concluded in Issue Four.

A SHORT CRITIQUE AND COMMENT UPON MAGIC

Andrew D. Chumbley

Magic is said by some to be a Science, I think that in actuality Magic is a precise art and that there is but a resemblance between Science and Magic in their Method, that of verifying Knowledge by Observation, but Science is a rigid and theoretical construct dealing with empirically observable fact whereas Magic is concerned with the control of hidden energies via a complex cipher of Archetypes, Symbols and Correspondences.

Science cannot quantify Belief or for instance the energisation of Sigils, but Magic can; not with a standardised system of measurement but through the precise intuitive sense on the part of the individual magician. Science demands proof of its theories and hypotheses but Magic has no need of proof since this would nullify belief in it. Belief is the presumption of a Truth in order to induce its Reality. Magic depicts Universal Dreams that they might become Manifest Realities. The "Art" of Magic is to control (and channel the energies of) Belief to realise Desire. It is of note that the word "Art" in the sense of "artfulness" implies Cunning and it should be remembered that the old name for a Male Witch was a "Cunning Man"; it is a fitting name and Cunning is indeed a principal virtue of Magic, although sadly exchanged by some for common treachery.

There is a tendency to make Magic inclusive of far too many things, - Philosophies, theories and attitudes, some people seem to want Magic to include everything in its vast field of Knowledge. I am of the opinion that Magic is a Universal Power, but it is a Secret Power, of Mystery, and that there are secret means of using it. Magic is not for All. It is to be respected and guarded, and not generalised to the point of becoming vague and lukewarm; it is of no use to make Magic popular if it weakens its power, cheapens it, and only increases its commercial value.

Many can practice it and perhaps improve the quality of their lives but only the Few can work its Mysteries with the conviction of a Born Sorcerer. Magic is not for everyone, if it were then it would be a commonplace vulgarity. Fortunately no matter what is written or spoken the True Secrets are always kept Secret!.

The Arte Magical as a thing of subtlety, of grand poetic ardour, of Awe and of fierce beautiful inspiration is something of exceptional rarity; perhaps this is best.

For Myself the Purity of Magic is found in Solitude amid the Glory and Wonder of Nature, through this primitive fascination, which for many is missing or crushed by Society's culture and sophistication, can be found the fountainhead of Untainted Inspiration. The more "primitive" or the more simple magic becomes the more effective it is.

E.g.:-The Working of Rites derived from the innate oracle of Dreams, the use of basic fetishs of wood and stone for magical instruments, divination by Signs and Omens, such wisdom as is evident in the earth and stars.

This does not mean the spurning of the intelligent articulation of Magic's complexities in favour of a basic craft-magic that works well yet does understand itself, but rather it is a "Sigillisation" of specific abstract formulae of magical thought to Primal Obsessions and Glyphic Fetishs. By working through the Whole Nature the nature of the Individual is found.

But Nature's Spirit must be rediscovered, it is lost to most of us, and yet is our vital source of Inspiration. This Inspiration must be sought in earnest and if you are to succeed then it must be sought alone. The Solitude required is intense and curiously pleasurable despite its painfulness and desperate loneliness; it is a Forge in the Soul, of searing flames that enrapture the Mind and Body tempering it and shaping it into a Vessel fit for the Work. It is costly and rare, taking its toll upon the individual exiling him from all that is of conventional worth, and yet it is its own reward.

Such Solitude wherein the Individual is closest to the Spirit of Nature varies according to the predilection of the Individual, I myself have sought it in the activity of Drawing, "Art" in the more usual sense of the word and yet as my own Sacred Art it is my foremost method of magical working. The Self remains distant from the Work; it is absent, immersed in isolated contemplation; it is the Hand that is possessed of Inspiration driven by Nature's Spirit.

Art, in the aesthetic sense, when truly inspired is Illuminative. It has the ability to cause a revaluation and reassessment of our perceptions of the World, and can both clarify our attitudes and change them. It can contain our belief, giving it a concrete form that faith can focus upon, and yet Art can also transcend the forms of traditional idols and icons to grant us a glimpse of the Primal Dream that is the root of all Myth and Faith. The First Artist is the most important in History and fortunately is unknown, I say fortunately as he/she thus remains the more mysterious and magical. The importance of the First Artist is that he opened the way for Art to demonstrate its powers and gave rise to the awe of others in the artist's unique abilities, - thus making him a Magi-

cian. To Early Mankind the first artists must have seemed as mysterious as fire and the miracle of birth in their ability to translate aspects of Life and Death into the visionary permanence of Pictures and Carvings.

The Artist was the first to convey Desire and Dream to an objective state, he thus manifested the exteriorisation of our earliest fantasies that by the sympathy of Image to Reality they would become True. The role and function of the First Artist and the First Sorcerer are identical and inseparable, that is to fulfil the Dream and bind it to Reality. The more we embrace this primitive function the more effective we become as practioners of the Arte Magical.

It is such Sorcerers or Divine Artists in their Solitude that constitute the True Order of Magic. It is an Ideal, - the "Great White Brotherhood", it is without a single true name, its Initiates are those born unto the Art, some meet together and some do not, but the Ideal of the network of individual power-zones forming a Nameless Abstract Sodality has existed through the Ages and will, no doubt, persist through many more. It is not necessary to bring together a Unity of Magicians to work towards the unification of the many currents of Magic but it is of the utmost importance that the individual practioners are in themselves a Unity, - that each is an autonomous cell of the Whole Current. Thus whether in Orders or in Covens or alone the Individual is the Vessel of Magic, Unique in expression and yet capable of working co-operatively when necessary.

Through my own Art I have sought to uncover the fundamental initiating energies of Magic, to look beyond the Images of Deity and of Archetypes in order to gain access to that which gives them power. Behind corresponding God-forms there is an Identical Energy but its subtleties are infinite and this is evident in the countless forms and aspects of Deity in the Ancient Pantheons.

The One Current dwells in many houses, flows through many channels and is comprised of many streams.

The more I draw the greater my abstraction of Magic becomes, this being shown through the automatism of the Hand; the resulting pictures often transcending the conventional strategies of perception and of recognition, - they convey the Inconceivable. Yet in distinction to this I can become immersed in the imagery of Totems and Fetishistic idols, these surfacing in certain pictures and thus expressing the reciprocation between the Highly Evolved Formulae and fundamental/primitive aspects of ritual.

"I, by the Hand as the Vessel of all Sorcery, by the Silent and Telaesthetic Pathway, discover the Secret Image of the Initiator and reveal the Inconceivable Word:- Alogos. Thus give I Reality unto the Dream as Flesh Embodied and as an Image Pictorial."

Finally, there is the realisation of Magic as the Origin and Type of all Sapient Endeavour, and; returning to the subject of Science; it has set the patterns where-by all Knowledge has been sought. Magic was the root of Science and still has certain "scientific" aspects such a Alchemy and Astrology, likewise Magic is the root of Art and Inspiration. It is the starting-point to which those that are hungry and a-thirst for the Spirit of Original Vitality may return, that is, if they can find it!

Invocation*

In Cycles of Orbit and Revolution, the Gods' Round Dance of Nature's Whole,

where Chaos and Order are ever from the Truth astray,

where betwixt Star and Stone and Spirit spun, a Web,

a Complex Net Incalculable, Of Vast Unreason'd Geometry,

the Pulsing Veins of Aether hung, On Primal Man's Divinity.

Of this my Dreaming Spirit glimps'd

a Sigil 'pon all Space engraved, Called the Map of Possibility.

On four sides of the Sigil stand, four gods watching, hand in hand.

Two Male, Two Female, One at each Quarter, - Father, Mother, Son and Daughter.

And in a Fifth their Unity seal'd, the Dreaming Shaman's Soul Concealed.

Fire and Water, Air and Earth, In Myself Encircled as a Womb Gargantuan,

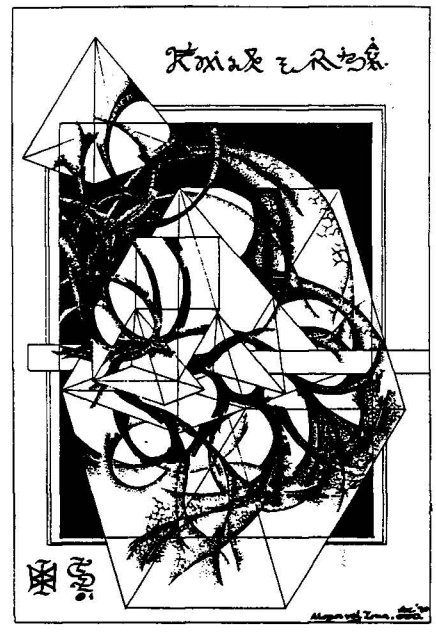
swarming Births and Emanation, in volcanic potency,

suffusing Spirit throughout Matter, by Self-Sexuality,

transcending, embracing the regiment'd sexes, - Male, Female and Androgyne,

And through co-eval aeons expanding, a Self-Patheon Divine!.

*The Invocation and the quoted formula are both taken from the forthcoming book, - *The Azoetia* or Book of the Magical Quintessence, a Grimoire of the High Sabbatic Arcana written and illustrated by Andrew D. Chumbley.



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The poem 'The Vampires Good Daughter' that appeared in Skoob Occult Review No. 2 was by Alan Dunnett. It was highly commended in the Skoob Books/Index on Censorship Poetry Competition judged by Stephen Spender and Jon Silkin.

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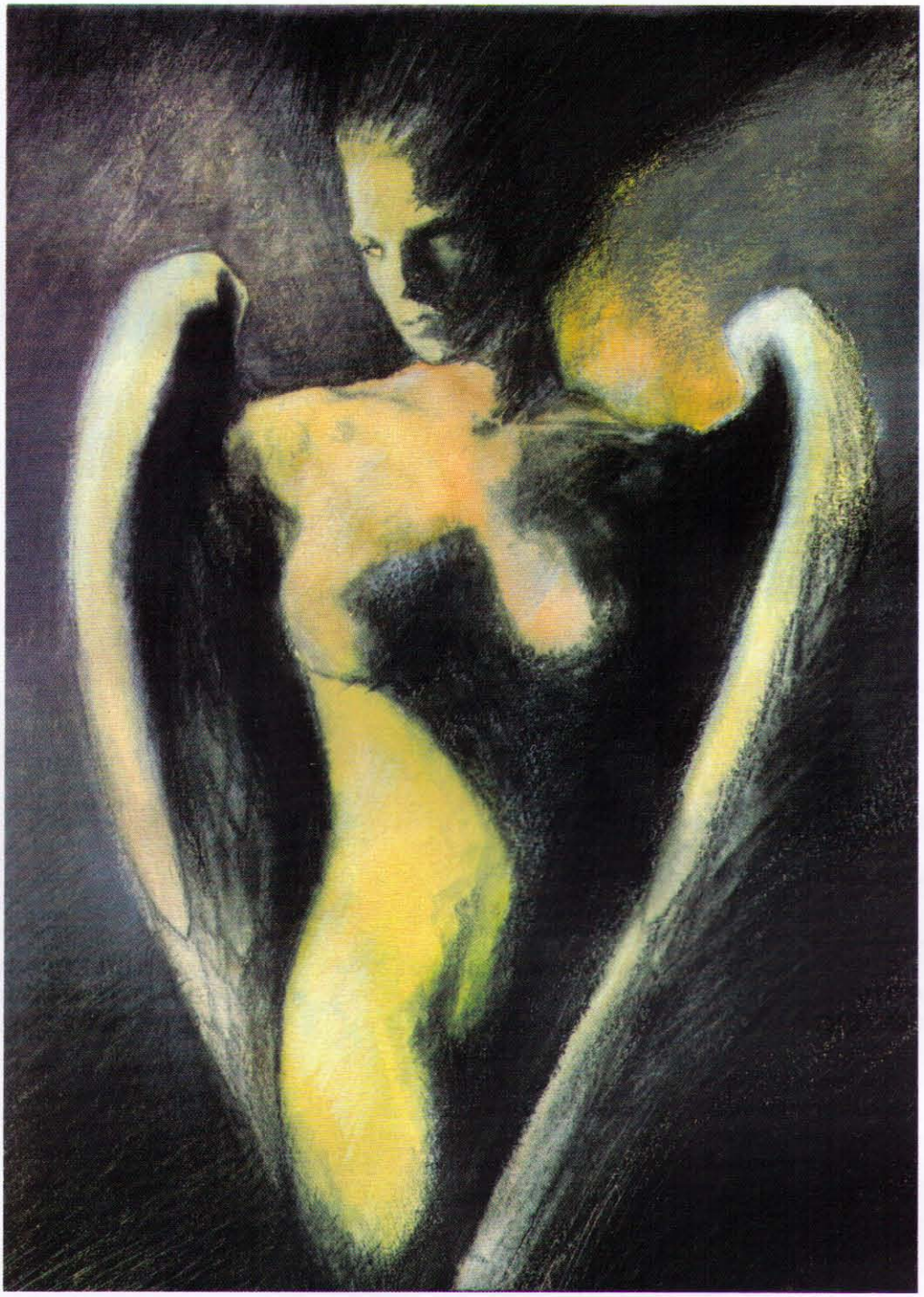

Rob Taylor is a professional illustrator who now works mainly with magical themes.

"My work is generally intuitive. I make a conscious decision of what I am going to do, but if I research the subject of a picture, I do it after I have completed it, and find that my depictions are confirmed. Sometimes I do a sigil or meditate on what I want to portray, but usually I decide what I am going to do and BANG!, it comes through. Quite a lot of my work is iconistic.

I want to work towards replacing ritual with the act of painting a picture. The picture will produce the same results as a ceremony although a finished painting can be a bit like an empty plate after a meal. The important thing is the production of it, and the intent that went into it.

In 'Babalon', I originally intended to portray Babalon and The Beast together, but at it progressed, I realised the Beast wasn't necessary to the picture. In 'The Angel of Death,' (above) I wanted to get away from his 'Grim Reaper' image."

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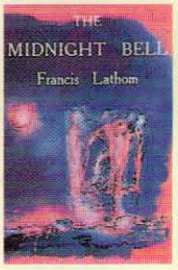

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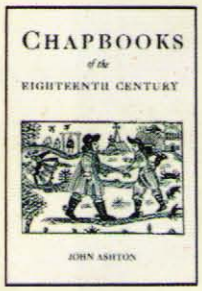

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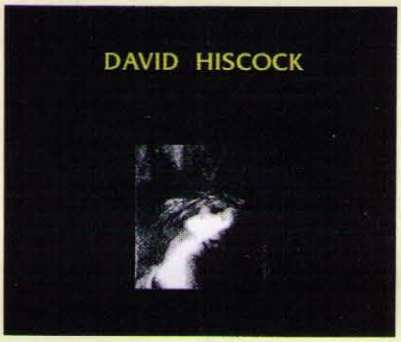

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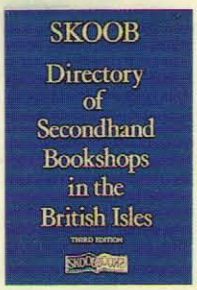

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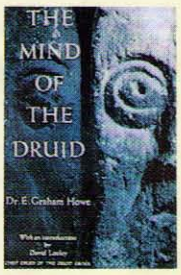

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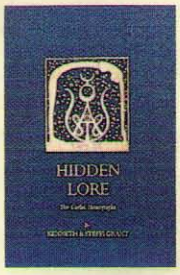

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