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Editorial

As you will see from the 'Retailer and Mail Order' section of the classified ads pages, Circlecaster is well and truly 'out there' now.

We are also really happy to have established 'mutual promotion' with *New Pentacle*, as I see both our publications serving a vital need in our developing community.

Our reach has also extended to the U.K. through various friends now resident there and through our recent visitors, Julian and Helen, who have undertaken to contribute material to this and future issues and to "introduce us" to various U.K. organisations.

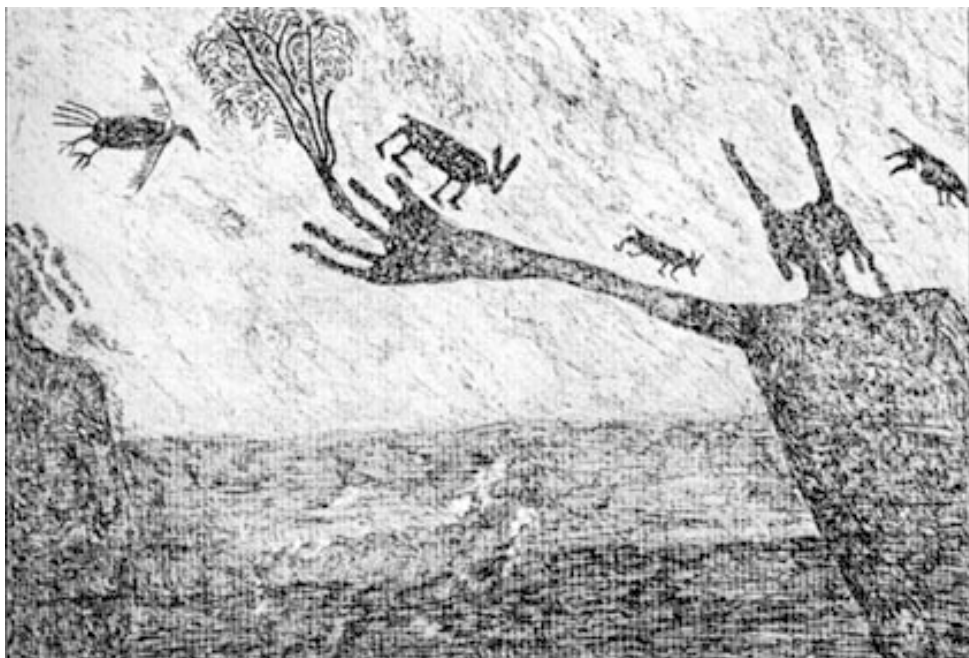
The reorganisation of the Pan Pacific Pagan Alliance to become the Pagan Alliance of New Zealand also offers a great opportunity to develop a stronger, more open Pagan/Occult community.

It's happening. Lot's of people are finding there way out of the broom closets.

I feel it's really important to acknowledge the opportunity we have. I've heard from various quarters about the need to fight for our rights, about the oppression, repression and suppression of our freedom of religion and speech. Nonsense. While common sense suggests that we shouldn't rub our activities in the noses of those that are fearful of us or feel obliged to hate or oppose us, we have no freedom to fight for. It is ours under this country's laws.

I believe however, that we must use it or lose it. As followers of the enlightened paths of magick we have obligations to ourselves, to our country and to civilisation as a whole.

Our True Will cannot allow us to hide behind excuses for ineffectiveness or inaction.



Maps of the Mind - magickal language and the Qabalah.

Julian Vayne.

Human beings try to make sense of things. As magickians (Pagans, witches etc.) we try to make sense not only of the everyday universe of cause and effect but also of ideas such as spirits, psychic phenomena, divination and many more. To do this, since the dawn of recorded history occultists have created models of the universe. These models go far further than the rigid 'laws' of science since they are designed to include the map maker herself. In a magickal universe the magickian does not stand outside of the map but is herself part of the system.

The names and forms of these systems is, literally, infinite but they do have certain

basic principles in common and a series of common aims. Whether we decide to use the four elements, the language of astrology, the five elements of oriental thought, the 64 hexagrams of the I Ching or the chakras - all these systems are ways of making sense of the infinite complexity of the universe. These systems are less about 'things' than they are about processes. They are also designed to help us understand the hidden (literally the 'occult') relationships between things in the universe. Finally these magickal maps are tools that enable the magickian to develop and explore her relationship with the world.

As an example...

The classic 'western' esoteric system of seeing the universe as a map composed of four elements means that we can begin to see the whole universe (both external and internal) in terms of the interaction between four basic styles of 'flavours' of phenomena.

Fire - is anger, strength, scarlet, iron, the incense of dragons blood, the circulatory system in the body, and so forth.

Air - is intelligence, wit, yellow, mercury, the scent of mastic gum, the respiratory system in the body etc.

Water - intuition, illusion, blue, silver, the odour of dammar, the lymphatic system etc.

Earth - tenacity, stubbornness, green, lead, the scent of pine, the digestive system etc.

Each of us, I'm certain know many other symbols or correspondence that we could attribute to each element. As well as the more traditional symbols such as animals, incenses, zodiac signs, magickal tools and so forth, literally anything can be seen in terms of this four-fold map of relationships. If you've not already tried doing so see if you can ascribe periods or events in your life to each element, people who are close to you, objects around you as you read this article, cartoon characters, foods... the list goes on.

The point here is not that these are rigid categories. In fact to assume that fire=red=blood=aggression etc. is really to miss the point. The aim is not to create a pigeon hole system for reality with everything neatly filed away. The principle of a magickal map is that it is dynamic and that it's use is in the application of this way of thinking, not in it's (pretty personal) results. As an example you could say that the respiratory system in the body corresponds with the

element of air, or you could say that the mind of the individual corresponds to air and the physical body of the individual to earth. Where one chooses to draw the lines between elemental classifications can and should change. The map is designed to help you understand the universe, not to limit you to an inflexible, mechanistic view of the cosmos.

So where does the Qabalah fit into the picture?

Well first off I really feel that an apology is necessary. Qabalah, like any specialist branch of the occult tradition has it's own jargon. However since the Qabalah is a system which is both pretty old (in it's modern form it can be said to originate in about the 14th century) and a very literary tradition it can seem very confusing, not a little elitist and deliberately mystifying (but then again have you tried talking to someone who's really into motorbikes, computers or fishing? Same kind of thing really).

However the Qabalah can claim a very special place in the history of the western occult tradition. The Qabalah was the basic map upon which the sons and daughters of the Golden Dawn (which was probably the crucial organisation in the history of modern occultism's development) developed much of there theoretical and practical magick. So Florence Farr, Aleister Crowley, Mona and MacGregor Mathers, Dion Fortune, Alan Bennett all utilised this particular map of the magickal universe in one way or another.

Many magickians who claim they know very little about the Qabalah actually know quite a lot if nothing else because the modern tarot owes much of it's structure and symbolism to the Qabalah. In one sense the tarot can be seen as the building blocks of the Qabalah, simply

rearrange the 78 cards and, hey presto (or 'abrahadabra')!, your very own tree of life!

The most commonly depicted form of the Qabalah is the 'ten balls, twenty two sticks' version. This diagram, like the elemental system isn't by any means a rigid classification method. Each sphere and path represents a process in the universe (and within each sphere and each path there is another whole tree - exactly like a chaos mathematics fractal). These relationships of these processes to one another can help the magickian to see connections or correspondences between vastly disparate phenomena. They can help to discern the occult connections between things, to prompt us to ask new and interesting questions, to see things from new perspectives, to generate rituals, pathworkings, meditations and to generally help the human mind to gain a qualitative grasp of the universe in all its infinite diversity and complexity.

The Qabalah also tells a story. This is the story of 'god' (or 'the gods' or 'goddesses' or 'universal mind' - whatever terms you prefer). This story mimics the creation of the magickian herself and contains some pretty fundamental universal truths along the way.

To begin with the root of the tree comes out of nothing, the total potential force of the universe. The 'no-thing-ness' that existed before the big bang in cosmology or, to put it another way, the 'where' we were before we, as individuals, were born. The first 'emanation' from this absolute state of being is called Kether (literally 'Crown'). Kether is the atomic seed, the timeless moment when the universe flashed into existence. This sphere is the very basic act of 'being' - a pretty abstract idea in itself but one that is necessary as the root from which the rest of the tree develops. , through a series of steps Kether expresses itself, through more and more

complex sets of ideas until it reaches the 'bottom' of the tree in Malkuth (literally 'Kingdom'). In monotheist terms this can be seen as the 'Fall from Grace' but in magickal terms it has a very different meaning. Since Kether can only understand itself by becoming Malkuth, can really only exist by becoming Malkuth, this is a description of the very creation of the universe (both physical and personal). It is as though for the universe to be able to know itself it must create more and more complex forms, this isn't about falling from some pristine sense of idealised grace. Instead it is analogous to the way we can only understand our own faces by looking in a mirror, or the way we get to know ourselves as people through our relationships with others. By creating the world, 'god' gets to experience itself and therefore become god!

So the first lesson of the Qabalah is that all the processes mapped by the tree are equal, necessary but different. No one is 'higher' or more significant or more sacred than any other, no more than one element is 'better' than any other. It is only when they are dynamically combined together that we get 'spirit'.

There are other ways in which to view the Qabalah. In its classic form the spheres are shown existing in three pillars, the left hand pillar is called severity, the right hand pillar mercy and the middle pillar balance. This is another way of appreciating the universe. The universe is composed of force and form and the point or equilibrium where one thing turns into another. This can be imagined in any number of ways. For instance in writing this article there are ideas in my mind which I am trying to make into words, in your mind there are (I hope) words which you are attempting to make into ideas. The writing that exists between us is the pillar of balance, the force is my

mind creating words, the form is you making sense of what I'm trying to say.

In another respect the three pillars can be thought of as the basic tendencies of the universe to destroy or limit (severity) and to create or expand (mercy). There is a continuous interchange between these poles through the pillar of balance. Thus again we see that neither aspect is better or worse, both are simply parts of the whole.

Another way to consider the tree is to think of it as containing four major levels. These levels (or 'worlds') are very similar to the dear old four elemental system. These worlds are the realms of archetypes, of ideas, of images and of forms. To give an example of this we might consider the a basic Jungian psychological archetype such as the wise old teacher. This is our archetypal idea which appears in many different myths and cultures. Then we have the ideas associated with this archetype (qualities such as wisdom, perhaps some elements of trickery, immense age, a solitary nature), then the images that we associate with this character, the monk-style robe, the staff, the lamp. Finally we have the forms of this character which might be actual historical teachers or mythological figures (Buddha, Yoda, Hildergarde of Bingham, The Hermit of the tarot, Granny Weatherwax).

There are, of course an infinite number of ways that the Qabalah can be thought of as mapping the cosmos. One of the best ways to see it in action is to take your tarot set and lay them out in the form of the tree (this works with most fairly conventional decks but may be worth doing even if your deck is based around a particular mythology). Lay out your cards and imagine that what you've got is essentially a reading for the whole universe. Place each card in it's classically attributed place and just spend some time thinking about the relationships of the

cards as they lie before you. Don't think so much of the cards as things in themselves but rather like notes in a musical scale. In both Qabalistic terms and in terms of divination with the tarot the cards mean a lot more in context of each other rather than alone. One note is, after all just one note, but together with a particular set of relationships (volume, tempo etc.), they come together to make an infinite variety of music.

The Qabalah is a really interesting tool to have access to any understanding. It does give you much better access to occult literature written before the late 1960s. It's not a 'male' system any more than astrology or the tarot are and as for all that stuff about Hebrew letters and numerology, it can be useful but is really only one aspect of the this particular magickal map.

If you'd like to find out more about the Qabalah I'd suggest reading one or more of the following books:

Dion Fortune

- The Mystical Qabalah.

S.L.MacGregor Mathers

- The Kabbalah Unveiled.

Will Parfit

- Elements of The Qabalah.

I'd particularly recommend Will Parfit's book (published by Element books) which is a slim and very well written introduction to the Qabalah. It's also worth looking at the earlier works of D. Ashcroft-Norwicki (such as 'The Shining Paths') and checking the references under Qabalah (or Cabala or Kabbalah - pretty much any spelling is okay since it's a Hebrew transliteration) in books such as Janet and Stewart Farrar's 'The Witches Way'.

Thanks to the members of WANZ, particularly Karen and Samantha for their valuable comments on the Qabalah.

Rite of Kali Ma Pratishod Kara

Siatris

The purpose of the rite, performed 25-26 July, was to channel energies from the Great Goddess for dharmic purposes.

The rite was opened with an instrumentally rendered hymn to Kali and a chant in Sanskrit, a language which is particularly evocative.

With 7 claps of the hands, which were then clasped in the traditional manner of homage, the following, also based on traditional liturgy, was recited:

*She who is black
Who energises the cosmos
In the mystical interplay of
Shakti-Shiva
Great Mother Goddess
Proctress and Destroyer
In whose hands is the fate of us all
Exalted and dreaded Kali
Goddess of darkness who resides in the
flames of the Earth.*

7 claps of the hands, raw sugar was then consumed as a traditional sacrament, the remainder being burnt upon the altar incense.

With the hands in the traditional 'kill posture':

Kali is life, Kali is death, Kali is All

Holding a dagger aloft before a large statuette of Kali, and before her sacred sign, and a copy of a sacred book expressing, in contemporary form, her dharmic creative/destructive impulse, the following was repeated as a mantra:

Kali Ma Pratishod Kara



Blood was drawn and used to trace a sigil of Kali's dharmic force. This was then burnt with the incense.

A vision was evoked with the inner eye as follows:

A rent parts the sky to reveal a void blacker than the night's darkness.

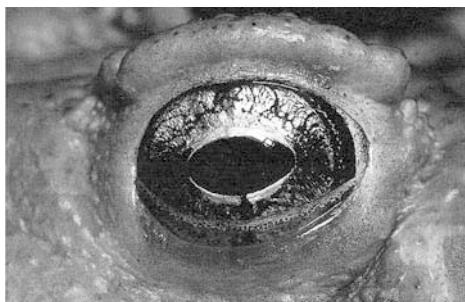
Through this void a ferocious battle scene ensues, waged with sabres and multitudinous antagonists.

The outcome is a lake of blood, and no survivors on either side.

Kali wades through the blood, of giant aspect and a fiery radiance glowing about her.

Kali runs her hands through the lake, her body dripping, and consuming the blood.

A small green tree springs from the lake, nourished by the result of the sacrificial war.



Toad

Twilight Toadsong

Toad...

Lovely toad

Shaman toad

Cathartic toad

Magick toad

Folk toad

Lusty toad

Poison toad

Faerie toad

Psychedelic toad

Witches' toad

Mother toad

Horny toad

Musical toad

Midwife toad

Evil toad

Children's toad

Wise toad

Toad...

In the beginning was toad mother.

The Ancient Aztecs of Mexico depict her as a real toad in the upright squatting birth position. Her joints are adorned with human skulls, her huge and fanged mouth is the maw of the underworld through which the human dead pass into her transforming womb in the never ending cycle of death and rebirth.

I confess that I love toad.

Some of my earliest memories feature toad. Our kitchen table, with a huge

mixing bowl as a centre piece filled with young toadlets, leaping into the mashed potatoes on the plates of family diners, happy to spend a day or two indoors and be hand fed tidbits.

The feeling of a huge, fat, squishy, knobbly toad, cuddled placidly in happy hands. The aroma of earthy toad, sweet and sharp. Warm nights, soft rains, toad music rising, swelling, filling the evenings with rapturous, blissful song. A toad in your pocket, a roomy jacket pocket (you would never intentionally hurt toad) to spend the morning or early evening in childish conversation with her. Toad loves children and speaks the language of the child's heart. Toad will tell you all manner of secrets and show you mysteries, if you will follow her.

Toad invites you freely, come follow quickly, the sun is low on the horizon, shadows are lengthening, the veil is thin - listen, can you hear them sing? They sing of beginnings and of endings. They sing of earth's beginning - toad was there. They sing of our beginning. They sing of our long history together. Toad has walked with us, shared our lives, taught us how to fly... reviled, feared and persecuted with us. Toad, a creature of the faerie, a symbol of our wild selves.

Some would say to follow toad to the underworld is a descent to the subconscious.

In the underworld battles are fought, and if our attitude is right, we might kiss a toad and find a prince – by the voluntary sacrifice of our fear, contempt and disgust for this little creature, we may emerge and be transformed.

Our relationship to toad and her archetype is clear, because toad is a midwife she is capable of bringing to birth a new consciousness. Toad cherishes our hearts and holds them safe.

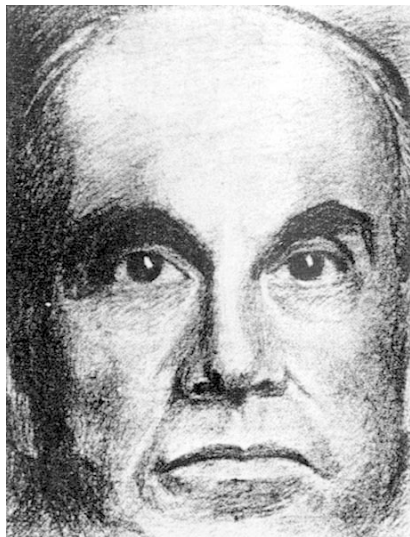
Listen to toad. She has much to tell you.

The Anti-Democratic Tradition in Occultism

Scorpio

Magick is as old as the earliest humanoids. The magickian/shaman/witchdoctor/priest was from the beginning held in a mixture of awe, fear and respect by society. As classes emerged and primitive tribal groupings evolved into High Cultures and Civilisations, the magickians and priests formed into castes whose influence and power even held sway over the kingly, or where the king was also a priest.

The Italian occultist and philosopher, Julius Evola, who wrote extensively on both Eastern Tantra and Western Hermeticism, explained the rise of castes as “the embodiment of the metaphysical ideas of stability and justice”. The castes were divine in origin, a manifestation of godly order from chaos, animated by spirit.



Evola

It was the priests and the priest-kings who in all traditional civilisations, from Aztec to Indo-Aryan, served as the ‘pontifex’ in

the Roman civilisation, a ‘builder of bridges’ between the natural and supernatural worlds as emperor and custodian of the religious tradition ensured the State and society did not become corrupted by foreign ideas that would divorce Rome from its sense of the metaphysical. (Evola, *Revolt Against the Modern World*).

Magick and religion as manifestations of the Collective Unconscious, or of the metaphysical, are elitist (priestly) and irrational (mystical) in contradistinction to democracy which is egalitarian and rational.

The irrational we may define as that which is evoked from instinct, feeling, intuition, ‘the blood’, tradition, the Unconscious.

The rational is that which is derived from conscious speculation, which is of a transient and superficial nature, giving rise to mundane theories that seek to repress and deny the instinctual and the forces of the Unconscious.

Not surprisingly, occultists have generally identified with doctrines of an anti-democratic, anti-materialist nature, generally considered the ‘Right’, of which fascism and national-socialism are products. Unlike democracy and other materialistic doctrines, the ‘Right’ draws from the feelings and symbols of the Collective Unconscious. The ‘Right’ is politically what the occult is metaphysically. The ‘Right’, being based on tradition, seeks to uphold the metaphysical basis of social order, as described by Evola.

The principal philosophers of the modern

occult revival rejected democracy and cosmopolitanism for the very reason that both are assaults upon the metaphysical basis of reality.

Blavatsky in formulating Theosophy established her theory of 'Root Races' hierarchically through miscegenation. The product of the Lemurian admixture with 'she-animals' produced "semi-animal creatures", the sole remnants known to ethnology were the Tasmanians, a portion of the Australians (Aborigines), and a mountain tribe in China. They were the last descendants in a direct line of the semi-animal, latter-day Lemurians.



Blavatsky

The Jews Blavatsky considered to be "an abnormal and unnatural link between the Fourth and Fifth Root Races". The Aryans were the most advanced race, having developed from a "Semitic" sub-race in Asia into the Fifth Root Race. The present-day Jews she regarded as separate from these original proto-Aryan "Semites". (Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine*).

Drawing on Blavatsky, the celebrated

occultist Dion Fortune stated, "The white race contains the most evolved - the Aryan."

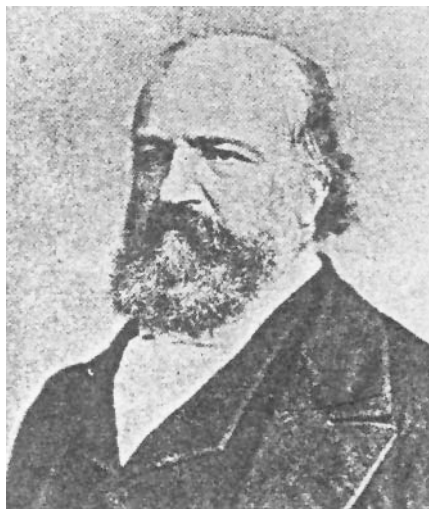
Theosophy had a major influence upon the revival of occultism in Germany and Austria during the latter 19th Century, including the Ariosophists, whose principal personality was the ex-Cisterian monk Franz Von Liebenfels, founder of the Order of New Templars. Von Liebenfels developed a complex system of racial theosophy which was to have an influence on the rise of national-socialism.

Another influence on the Germanic Ariosophists was the English Rosicrucian author Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, whose anti-democratic dictum was "No Happiness without Order, Order without Authority, no Authority without Unity". This is a succinct description of the organic state that had existed in traditional societies and which was to have revival under fascism. Lytton also propounded the theory of Vril, a pervasive psychic force or energy that ancient Aryans had once possessed but which had been diluted or largely extinguished via miscegenation, according to the Ariosophists. A Vril Society was established in Germany and later had links with the Third Reich, when that regime attempted to harness occult energies and utilise alternative technology. It is of note, for example, that one of the 'Flying Saucers' built by the Reich was named 'Vril'.

Another principal influence on the occult revival, Eliphas Levi, succinctly wrote of the anti-democratic nature of esoteric doctrine:

"Affirmation rests on negation; the strong can only triumph because of weakness; the aristocracy cannot be manifested except by rising above the people... The weak will ever be the weak,,, The people in like

manner will ever remain the people, the mass which is ruled and which is not capable of ruling. There are two classes - freemen and slaves; man is born in the bondage of his passions, but he can reach emancipation through his intelligence. Between those who are free already and those who are as yet not, there is no equality possible."



Levi

Reflecting on occultism itself as the 'Royal Art', Levi wrote:

"Confess with us now for a moment to the truth of the transcendental sciences. Suppose that there does actually exist a force which can be mastered and by which the miracles of nature are made subservient to the will of man. Tell us, in such case, whether the secrets of wealth and the bonds of sympathy can be entrusted to brutal greed; the art of fascination to libertines; the supremacy over other wills to those who cannot attain the government of their proper selves. It is terrifying to reflect upon the disorders which would follow from such a profanation." (Levi, *History of Magic*)

This elitist or aristocratic perspective of humanity is what made magick from its most primitive beginnings the preserve of

the select, whether priest-king or the 'secret traditions' that various occult orders have claimed to preserve from ancient times outside the gaze of lesser mortals. One is even reminded of the words of Jesus in advocating a mystical heresy against the materialism and superficiality that had come to dominate Pharisaic Judaism, "Do not feed what is holy unto the dogs, nor caste pearls before swine."



Crowley

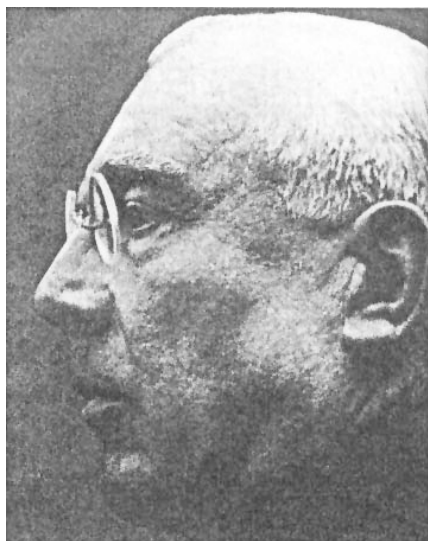
One of the most avid opponents of democracy was Aleister Crowley, who gained the admiration of Evola. In his commentary on *Liber Al*, Crowley writes:

"We have nothing to do with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery... It is the evolutionary and natural view..."

Ye are against the people, oh my chosen! The cant of democracy condemned. It is useless to pretend that men are equal; the facts are against it. And we are not going to stay, dull and contented as oxen, in the ruck of humanity. By 'the people' is meant the canting, whining, servile breed of

whipped dogs which refuse to admit its deity. And when trouble begins we aristocrats of Freedom from the castle or the cottage, the tower or the tenement, shall have the slave mob against us.”

Another school of the modern occult revival was established by Gurdjieff. His principal exponent, the Russian mathematician P D Ouspensky drew on the caste system of Vedic India to re-formulate a system of social organisation based on tradition and the metaphysical:



Ouspensky

“Division into castes represents an ideal social organisation in accordance with esoteric (occult) systems. The reason for this lies, of course, in the fact that it is a natural division. Whether people wish it or not, whether they recognise it or not, they are divided into four castes. There are Brahman (philosopher-kings and highly educated advisors thereto), there are kshatriyas (warriors and governors), there are vaishyas (merchants and business elite), and there are sudras (the workers). No human legislation, no philosophical intricacies, no pseudo-sciences, no forms of terror can abolish this fact. And the normal functioning and development of

human societies are possible only if this fact is recognised and acted upon.”



Jung

The modern day gnostic and father of analytical psychology, Carl Jung, to whom present occultism owes so much, recognised in the emergence of National Socialism a manifestation of the repressed soul of the Germanic collective unconscious. Jung considered Hitler to be the embodiment of the Wotan archetype, and National Socialism a cathartic release of a folkish soul that had been denied by centuries of Christianity, capitalism and materialism; a revival of the pagan ethos. He stated over Radio Berlin in 1933:

“It is perfectly natural that a leader should stand at the head of an elite, which in earlier centuries was formed by the nobility. The nobility believed in the law of blood and exclusivity of race. Western Europe doesn’t understand the special psychic emergency of the young German nation because it does not find itself in the

same situation, either historically or psychologically.”

It is in this ‘law of blood’ Jung stated the archetypes which give rise to gods and demons can be found; it was this ‘exclusivity of race’ (rather than the cosmopolitan and money-driven world into which we have entered, and have existed for several centuries) from which the occultist draws. The occultist, if true to his calling, is the custodian of a tradition, the champion of a restored numinosity in the world, against which s/he seeks to transcend the future which is now unfolding before us, and which was aptly described by Evola:

“... This civilisation of titans, iron, crystal, and cement metropolises, of swarming masses, statistics, and technology that keep the forces of matter at the leash will appear as a world that wobbles in its orbit; one day it will wrest itself free and lose itself in a space in which there is no light other than the sinister glow cast by the acceleration of its own fall.”

MAGICAL WEAPONS TALISMANS FOR THE TEMPLE



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Pseudonyms

There have been a number of questions about the use of pseudonyms in Circlecaster. How confidential? Why not use real names? How is the occult community supposed to grow if no-one knows who any body is?

Several contributors use more than one pseudonym, each representing an ‘alter ego’ or facet of their personality. They find that they can express certain areas of their views most effectively in this manner. At present there are about twenty contributors, each using up to four pseudonyms.

Circlecaster tries to deliver an accurate cross section of the occult in New Zealand. Some of the material is controversial or disturbing. Pseudonyms allow everyone to share their knowledge, experience and opinion without fear of identification. Although we have pretty substantial freedom of speech and religion in New Zealand, some people would have difficulty in their work or family situations should their interests become known. Circlecaster's distribution is growing and who knows who is going to pick up a copy.

Most contributors are not particularly concerned about secrecy within the contributing community. This is consistent with the spirit of Circlecaster – we want to be known to one-another. We will, of course, respect any request for confidentiality and contact details will not be passed on without specific consent.

Craig Tice
Circlecaster Publications

Who Planted That Tree?

Fr. Prima Lux

Again it has been clearly demonstrated to me that no act of magick or ritual should be undertaken lightly. It was also made clear that one should fully expect magick to work - reminding me of a recent comment I heard, "I don't know what I fear most, that my magick won't work, or that it will."

In this particular case the decision to participate in this piece of ritual was certainly not taken lightly, nor was the power of the ritual underestimated. The surprise came in the swiftness and character of the manifestation.

The ritual to which I refer took place on a small island near Dunedin, a highlight of a weekend already well documented by other participants.

Most of those present were witches (as opposed to magickians) and considerable reservation had been expressed about the implications of participation in *The Qabalistical Invocation of Solomon*. These reservations tended to focus on the paternal monotheistic character of the Hebrew/Judaeo-Christian origins of the Qabala. The outcome was that some performed the Invocation, others didn't.

For me, the decision to participate was based largely on the fact that, in spite of apparently well reasoned arguments against Qabalistic workings by my peers, I couldn't raise sufficient rational objection, or even irrational fear, within myself to prevent involvement. I also have well justified trust and respect for the magickian leading the ritual - he would do nothing to harm his charges.

The Invocation involved each participant standing on Malkuth on a huge "Tree of Life" laid out on the ground in sand and

dyed cornmeal and invoking the sephira, falling back into the Tree, becoming one with its essence.

I knew virtually nothing of the Qabala, I said the words I was given (with as much integrity as I could, given the circumstances). It felt good and there was certainly more power than I would have expected from just acting out a role. But I had no real conception of the full implications of my actions.

And so it was done.

Time passed (and we're talking only weeks and months).

And I kept bumping into Trees. My journey on the path of Wicca/Witchcraft, a path which has enabled me to explore so many avenues that I would have otherwise never known, had prepared me to see when magick was happening in my life. It was obvious that I was to pursue new directions. Wherever I looked there was Qabalistic magick. Chance meetings? Coincidences? I think not.

More importantly, scripts which I had previously had to turn away from out of fear (unfounded beliefs) or paralysing lack of comprehension became inviting. No longer did the pages of correspondences, the symbols, the explanations seem like so much gibberish. It was obvious that it would take more than five or ten minute to get a grip on the subject, but it was evident that not only could I embark upon this study, I should. I'm not usually very good at 'rote learning', but the symbols and correspondences seem to want to be learned - they are embedding themselves in my mind in a way I have not previously experienced, and once there, they seem to transform from black marks on a page to

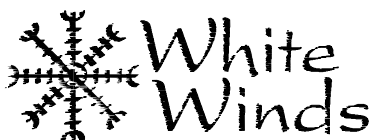
living parts of my thought process, each adding to and complementing those that preceded it, all building on one another to provide the impetus to keep learning.

And so I have realised that a seed was planted as I stood at the foot of that Tree in Dunedin. A seed that found fertile ground in an open mind, that was nourished by the enthusiasm and generosity of others that have walked this path before, and that has sprung forth as a fine healthy seedling.

I thank those who travelled with me to this place and I look forward to walking the walk in their company.

*Do what thou wilt is the
whole of the Law.*

Love is the Law. , Love under Will.



... a touch of earth magic

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Shamanki

Hail and Greetings Amanita Raptor from your Sister in the South.

It gladdened my heart to read your words in Circlecaster, it is good to know there is a Shamanki who still follows the old ways.

I don't wish to alarm you Sister, but I fear some of the young ones are straying from the path. Whilst we were dancing under the stars, leaping the fire and calling to the Moon, I sensed (or smelt) something amiss. Some of the Shamanki were wearing deodorant! Yes, it is true, deodorant!

What more does a Shamanki need than to bathe in streams, to feel the sun and the wind on our skins. Let those who turn from the smell of a true Shamanki stand downwind. Ha!

Even our oldest traditions are under threat. It is true. When weary from a day of singing and adorning our bodies a Shamanki should be seeking the warmth of the hides and, as you know, her consort. But many of the young were seeking their bed rolls and sleeping bags. What is the use of a bag that sleeps? All a Shamanki needs is her pouch and knife. I was believing that the Golden Age of Shamankihood had passed, I was downcast. Then I learnt that you had performed (and survived) our most sacred ritual. Yes, I know that you performed the rite of "White Fang". I tremble at my own boldness in naming our supreme and terrible Goddess, She of the glowing gums. Few understand the beauty of the Shamanki smile. Fewer still understand the purging of poisons that is the gift of "White Fang". None but you have the courage.

*Hail to you, brave and terrible sister.
Clannad CD*

When Pagans Ruled Again

Ragnar Greybeard

Once in the not very distant past there lived a people who celebrated the solstices and harvest time and returned to the ways of their ancestors. It was a time when the world had lost its bearings, when devastation had ravaged Mother Europe, the result of the Great War, when people starved whilst the produce of harvests was ploughed under the ground for lack of money to buy it.

Yet amidst the turmoil and despair the rest of the world was suffering, this folk danced and sung and could freely buy the fruits of the soil as all folk should. This people had themselves just recently lived in the depths of despair, having lost the Great War, yet had found their salvation by returning to the Old Ways. They had found a great Chief named Wolf, a humble but heroic soldier in the Great War, who had returned home and had literally wept at the sorry state of his people.

Wolf had soon gathered about him other warriors returned from the Great War, and younger folk. He had formed them into an army. They had fought in the streets those of their own folk who had been infected by the 'Red Virus', an invention of the Tribe of Levant, who believed themselves chosen by their god to rule the world. The Red Virus turned people's minds crazy with envy and violence. It divided peasants, artisans, rulers, merchants and warriors against each other, as the Tribe of Levant had desired, for their strategy was 'divide and conquer'. At the same time the Tribe of Levant had taken over all the counting houses, where they made money out of thin air, as if by magic, and charged high interest – called 'usury' – for this 'service'.

It was this usury together with the Red Virus which was wreaking havoc over much of the world, and it was the Tribe of Levant whom Wolf and his warriors had defeated after 14 years of struggle.

Now the folk of Wolf were from usury and the Red Virus. They were free to eat of the fruits of the harvest, and to live according to the pagan ways of their ancestors. Their laws were just and honourable. Their's was a 'people's community' which lived by the motto Wolf had given them, "the common interest before self", for they had returned to the ways of a tribe where one looked after the other and individual greed and selfishness were gone.

The young folk from the cities went to the country at harvest time to help the peasant folk with the harvest. Youths coming of age were initiated in pagan ceremonies into the ways of their ancestors at reborn rites performed at the immeasurably ancient 'Rocks of the Sun', where there had been the centre of the solar cult in primal times.

Wolf's tribe revered nature. Their whole manner of living was based on this reverence. They held in esteem the order of nature. Heinrich the Fowler, a simple farmer, had become chief of the guardians who protected the people's community from the Tribe of Levant and the Red Virus. His warriors were to soon become admired all over Mother Europe for their courage, honour and loyalty. Heinrich the Fowler declared, "Nature is marvellously beautiful and every animal has a right to live. You will find this respect for animals in all our people."

Similarly, Alfred the Sage, the wise man

of the people's community, despite his youth, who had seen the Red Virus devastate his own homeland in the East and had come to warn the Tribe of Wolf, stated, "Thou shalt love god in all living things, animals and plants."

Such were the ways and thoughts of this folk. And they, unlike others ruled by hypocrites, acted on their words. To kill the eagle, hunt with poisons and artificial light, or the steel trap, became illegal. Animals had to be treated honourably, even by hunters. Experiments on animals were also outlawed. The first nature reserves in the world were created, a bison sanctuary established, the first great national parks came into being. The man who presided over these achievements was Herman, who declared before an assembly of his hunters, "For us the forest is god's cathedral." And it was he who warned the torturers of animals in experiments that any contravening his laws would be jailed.

The peasants of course were now the most esteemed of folk among this Tribe, for Wolf and his warriors held that the peasantry and the land it works are the spiritual foundation of the folk. There was even a Peasant leader, Walther the Farmer, who looked after the interests of the peasant folk in the wise councils. A great 'Peasant Capital' was created, which was the centre of a peasant revival all over the North of Mother Europe, where representatives of the peasant folk gathered to celebrate and to witness the marvels of Wolf's Tribe. The peasants had always been strong backers of Wolf's warriors when they had battled against the Red Virus and the Tribe of Levant in the early days, and now they were freed from usury and assured their land could never be confiscated by bankers and speculators;

that it would remain in their family unto the generations.

Walther the farmer was the first to launch organic farming as an official policy. City children went to farms for holidays, appreciating for the first time the wonders of nature, the cycles of life. The peasants formed themselves into guilds, as they had done in past centuries, to determine how best to govern their own affairs, rather than having laws imposed upon them by city dwellers.

But the Tribe of Levant could not let this folk continue to live in peace and happiness. Other folk all over the world, still starving, still under usury, still being infected by the Red Virus, were starting to look at Wolf's Tribe with admiration, and wondering why they were still in such a dire state while the Wolflings prospered.

Within a few months of Wolf and his warriors triumphing, the Tribe of Levant declared a 'holy war' on him. One of their chief's, Sammy Uttermeyer, warned "This is a holy war in which we are embarked, it is a war which must be waged unremittingly."

The main weapon of the Tribe of Levant was usury and its control of economics. Hence, it forced the world to boycott all goods produced by Wolflings. But the Wolflings had become too independent, too self-sufficient to need the world trade that the Tribe of Levant controlled. Furious, the Tribe of Levant bided their

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time, all the while damning the Wolfings via their control of radio, newspapers and moving pictures, and their influence on governments through their control of the counting houses.

After a few years their chance came. The Wolfings had always desired the unity of their folk, which had been scattered about in different countries after the defeat in the Great War. The warriors of Wolf had succeeded in freeing their oppressed kinfolk from the lands in the East. There remained one great act of liberation to complete, that of their kinfolk who were being oppressed and even murdered in the land of Polania. Wolf, knowing the Tribe of Levant sought any excuse to have other nations make war on him, tried to peacefully negotiate with the Land of Polania. The Polanians were at first willing. But suddenly they stopped talking and started harming the Wolfing folk still in their territory. The Tribe of Levant had succeeded in secretly getting the Empire of the Lion to back Polania if it resisted Wolf. And so Wolf had no choice but to attack Polania to save his kinfolk.

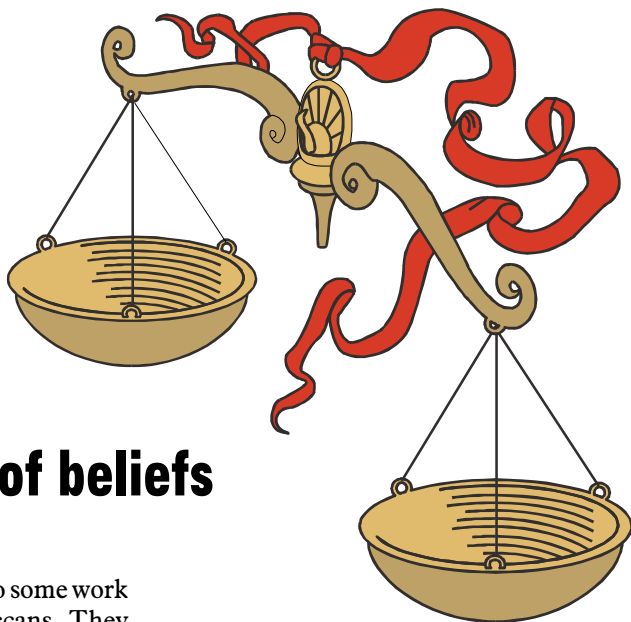
This was exactly what the Tribe of Levant had wanted. Now they mobilised all their considerable influence throughout the world. The Empire of the Lion declared war on Wolf. The Empire was soon joined by the Land of Mammon in the West across the oceans. Wolf hoped to prevent war on too many fronts and entered into a deal with the Land of the Red Virus in the East, whose ruler, the Steel Man, had shown signs of changing his thinking and getting rid of those who carried the Red Virus as Wolf had done. But the Steel Man became greedy, and seeing his chance whilst Wolf was at war, prepared to attack the Wolfings. Wolf found out his plan and whilst the Steel Man was still mobilising his forces, Wolf had no choice but to attack him also. Many other Tribes throughout

Mother Europe joined with Wolf in fighting the Steel Man, and many different folk fought in the Army of Loyalty & Honour led by Heinrich the Fowler.

However, after six years of Total War the Wolfings could not prevail against the combined weight of those who fought for the Tribe of Levant. The Land of the Wolfings was invaded, its unarmed cities bombed, millions of its womanfolk raped, its beautiful buildings, old and new, destroyed, its great works of art robbed or smashed. The great Wolf died amidst the ruins of his lair. Heinrich the Fowler killed himself rather than allow himself to be made a spectacle at the Trial or the Sanhedrin. Walther the Farmer was jailed for several years, but continued writing on ecology and organic farming and became father of the 'Greenies'. Alfred the Sage and many other chiefs of the Wolfings were put on show before the Trial of the Sanhedrin, and were hung – slowly strangled – by a gloating hangman who himself belonged to the Tribe of Levant.

But what the Tribe of Levant still fears is that Wolf and his warriors remain heroes and martyrs to many folk throughout the world wanting to return to the ways of nature. And that is why the Tribe of Levant still spew forth their hate against the last of the pagan martyrs.

*Who am I
Lying in wait under Deadly Nightshade
My flight
sings the consort with flashing knife
inedible, deadly
silently the consort stumbles and falls
Who am I
Amanita Pantherina a sister Shamanki
unrecognised
yet beauty to die for*



A comparison of beliefs

Fr. Strength Through Joy

Recently I had the chance to do some work with some North Island Wiccans. They know who they are. Please don't take this personally – these are my observations and feelings based on my limited knowledge and experience.

First, let me start by looking at orthodox religion. Mainly male oriented – male God, preachers, etc. A major control trip based on fear – do what we say or go to Hell. This is mainly a 'left brain' religion. Logical(?) and very masculine. It is also the main religious experience we were brought up with. And apart from the Roman Catholics who also have Mary, it feels to me to be unbalanced.

Then we have the Wiccan religion. Mainly working from the intuitive right side of the brain. A female Goddess and worship of Her in many forms. What seemed to me to be a lack of serious study and commitment to personal growth and control of the Ego. One member said to me that Wicca gave him an excuse to do things he would not be able to do otherwise. What I saw of Wicca leads me to believe that this system is just as

unbalanced as orthodox religion. One system is overtly masculine and the other overtly feminine – there is no balance – we have a brain and we should use it ALL.

So what is left? Is there a balanced path, a Middle Pillar? I believe so, and for me it is the Kabbala and the practice of the Western Magickal tradition. The graded study and reading uses and works the left side of the brain. The practical Ritual and Ceremonial Work works on the right side of the brain. This and the stated goal of the great work, to enable our higher self to work its Will on Earth gives a wholeness I do not see in other Work.

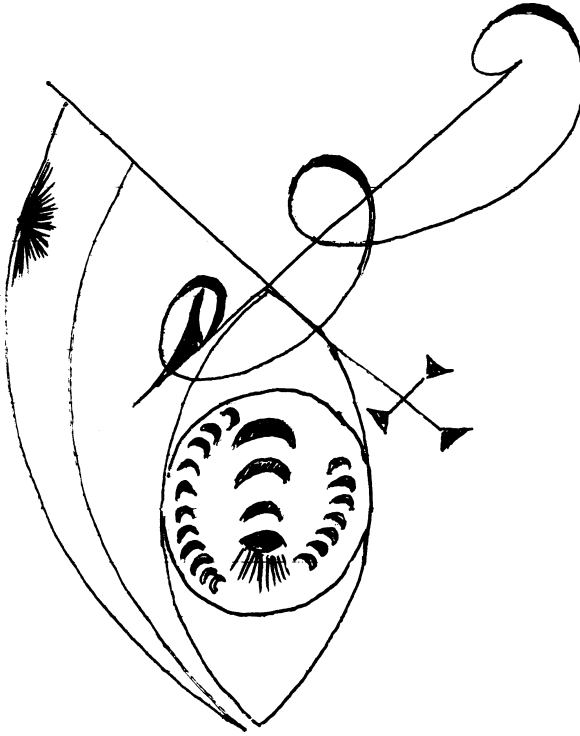
To conclude, I would like to repeat that this is NOT a criticism of other people's Work or beliefs, but rather a statement of my observations based on my limited knowledge.

*Do what thou Will shall be the
Whole of the Law*

Love is the Law, Love under Will

FORCE AND FORM

III



Coiled about the right pillar is force and perched atop the left is form.
These are the guardians at the portal of returning.
The master of magick has become mad like the soul of the desert – of Set.
Crimson between night and day.
Mauve between pleasure and pain.
The eye of the vulture is sapphire blue.
The eye of the winged feathered serpent is ruby red.
Watery abyss of ego upon a fiery desert of fear, is the name of the guardian.
The pillars are obsidian black and the pathway between them is the magic mirror of

Qu/ie/fi

P

u in the shadow waning.

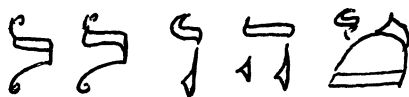
Hecate's Temple draped in black velvet and thick with the intoxicating herbs of the Great Old Ones of the Night of Time.

____ Come wandering at the crossroads and take thine pleasure in the enchantments of the witch moon.

The ever returning one is reflected in the forbidden treasure of death, the living hell broth made potent by the incantations and love songs to the dark one of drifting dreams. In blood lust of body and brain lost in the labyrinth of the Night of Pan, dripping with silver slug slime upon raw limestone walls in subterranean byways of dream cells is the sigil of

Qulielfi

by III who is also



Comments

Qulielfi is the name of the Qlipoth of the pathway of the moon. She is also a guardian that must be passed. She may be invoked by chanting her name in the half-wake half-sleep state.

The circle containing the moons is her sigil and the remainder of the sigil surrounding, is an expression of the vision gained, during the invocation.

The portal of returning refers to the nature of the moon.

The magickian becoming mad is necessary for the passage beyond the portal, i.e. non mind/non thought.

Crimson is the colour of the desert at sunset – 'Set' is the Egyptian God.

Mauve is the colour of Daath on the Tree of Life and the key/door to the realm of the Qlipoth.

The vulture tears off any ego from the magickian who approaches the portal – much like a vulture would rip flesh from a carcass.

The winged feathered serpent enflames any fear in the heart of the traveller.

Together these two are one guardian of the Abyss.

*The forbidden treasure of **death** refers to the hidden sephiroth of **daath**.*

The view from 'this' side is a living hell broth – but once entered, an enchantment of incantations and love songs.

The blood lust refers to the blood of the moon monthly.

The silver is the colour of the moon and slug slime is a most beautiful silver in the light of the moon.

The limestone walls are fossil memories deep in the body of dream scape.

As for the letters of the Alphabet of Flames – see Sepher Sephiroth (A.C. 777) under one hundred and eleven.

Money Solution Anyone?

Faybein

In today's society one of the biggest moans most people have is the fact that they don't have enough money. So, with this in mind, I've decided to share with you a simple spell, in fact, the first spell I ever learnt.

Although simple, don't be fooled. If done correctly it certainly works. Having said that, it seems to only work if you're in serious financial difficulty and it usually results in just enough money coming along... gee, how convenient!

The best time to perform this spell is during the waxing moon, although some success has been found at other moon phases.

You'll have to gather the following: a green candle, some cinnamon oil, five 5-cent pieces and, of course, a candle holder. You may also wish to find something to carve your candle with.

When you have these things in front of you, begin by grounding and centring yourself, then start to visualise and focus on your intent, in this case, paying bills, etc. Taking the candle, carve runes or symbols that represent money and wealth, such as \$ or ¥. When the candle has been carved with these and/or other symbols, anoint it and place it in the holder. Taking the five coins up, continue to visualise and focus your intent into the coins. Next light the candle and shift your focus to its flame, while chanting the following:

Money glow, money shine

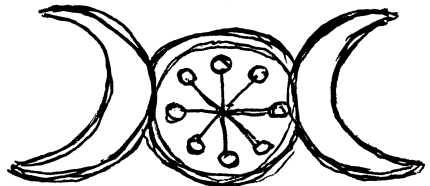
Money grow, money mine.

Place one of the 5-cent pieces at the base of the candle holder, continue to chant while placing, at equal distance apart, the other four 5-cent pieces around the base of the holder. Sit and

continue to visualise the outcome. Meditate on the outcome.

When finished, give thanks and leave the candle to burn down. When the candle has gone out, pick up the 5-cent pieces and place them on your altar. It is important that these not be spent, but be kept for further spells of this kind.

Happy spending!



The Wheel of the Year

Cian, Coven of the Triple Goddess (C) 1991

*The microcosm and the macrocosm of All
the Anima and Animus
the continuous rise and fall
the birth and death
the death and birth
the mysteries of the moon
the wheel of life
the wheel of the year
the face of the horned one
the face of the deer
out of a timeless world
a timeless space
I see his face...
I see her face...*

Thelema's Social Doctrine

Siatris

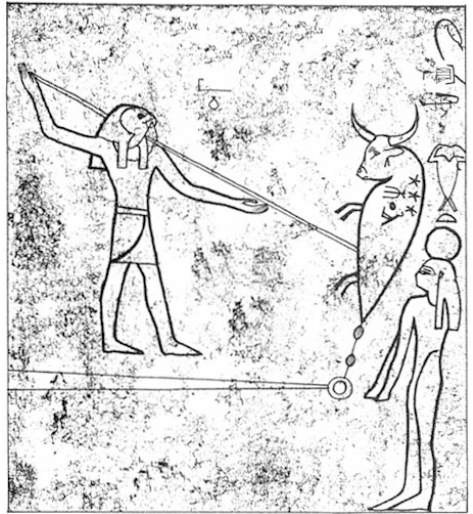
Despite the enormous amount of literature by and about Aleister Crowley and Thelema being sold, and presumably read, by a multitude of those feverishly wishing to follow “the wickedest man in the world”, how many – including the most avid disciples and experts – have any inkling of the social implications of Thelema?

It seems to be supposed by most that Thelema is nothing more than another quaint complexity of ritual and magick, rendered even more complicated than most. Yet Crowley articulated Thelema as a means of freeing the individual's Will amidst a society that was and is becoming increasingly standardised through egalitarianism and consumerism.

Crowley devised Thelema as a fighting creed of the Will against all oppressors of Will, “religious, social or industrial”. (**The Law is for all**). Never has such a clarion call been so timely, in a world diving headlong towards cultural, political, economic and social standardisation.

Was it by chance that Crowley believed the new Aeon to be presided over by a martial deity – Horus? Crowley was no pacifist, no liberal, no anarchist nor nihilist, despite the connotations some try to put on his dictum, “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.”

Crowley was very clear that “do what thou wilt” was no catchcry of any type of mystical libertarianism, much less anarchism. It requires the strictest discipline. In commenting on his



declaration of *The Rights of Man* (*Liber Oz*), an encapsulation of *Liber Legis*, Crowley emphasised, “This statement must not be regarded as individualism run wild” (Law is for all). He specifically states “do what thou wilt” is not synonymous with “rampant individualism”.

Thelema's ethical dichotomy is one of “master morality vs slave morality”. This is intrinsically both anti-democratic and anti-egalitarianism, seeking to evoke a new nobility. *Liber Legis* offers no comfort for the weak willed.

“We are not for the poor and sad; the lords of the earth are our kinsfolk. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire are of us... we have nothing to do with the outcast and unfit. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched and the weak: this is the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world.”

However the ‘lords of the earth’ were not identified with the present ‘aristocracy’ much less the capitalist businessmen now lauded as the new ‘nobility’. The kingly

are those who have the strength to find and follow their True Will. Many of the current wealthy and 'nobility', stated Crowley, included "the most sorrowful slaves of the earth".

"The highest are those who have mastered and transcended accidental environment. There is a good deal of the Nietzschean standpoint. It is the evolutionary and natural view. Nature's way to weed out the weak."

Indeed, Thelema (Greek = Will) can be regarded as a spiritualisation of the philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche, who championed the strength of Will, of "the Will to Power" as the basis of human evolution, of new heights of humanity and particularly of culture that could be achieved by force of Will, in opposition to all religions and doctrines that seek to level in the pursuit of equality.

It is therefore not surprising that Nietzsche is listed among the Thelemic 'saints' intoned during the Thelemic Gnostic Mass; I wonder how many devotees of Crowley even know who Nietzsche is?

In Nietzschean manner Crowley calls humanitarianism "the syphilis of the mind", that which drags the kingly down. "The worst enemies of humanity are those who wish, under the pretext of compassion, to continue its ills through the generations."

Or as Nietzsche put it, "The weak and ill-constituted shall perish: first principle of our philanthropy."

This led Crowley to suggest a eugenic view, believing that nature should take its course in weeding out the unfit and those with "rotteness of the soul". "One who is unfit to survive ought to be allowed to die. We want only those who conquer themselves and their environment." He described the ethics

of Thelema as being "those of evolution itself."

Thelema upholds the variation and diversity of nature, against the liberal and capitalist and socialist trend to standardisation.

Commenting on *Liber Aleph* Crowley writes, "Let there be no creature on earth the same... let them differ in their qualities, and let there be no creature equal with another... Variation is the key of evolution."

Crowley stridently damned all systems of uniformity in a call to resistance, "All values, all laws, all systems, all customs, all ideals and standards which tend to produce uniformity... are accursed. Do thou with all thy might of manhood strive against these forces, for they resist change which is life, and then they are of death."

At this juncture one could well ask, where are the multitude of Crowley devotees "striving with the might of manhood" against the globalist/egalitarian hydra that is poisoning most societies of the world? Where is today's Thelemic Jihad?

Crowley advocated in contrast to all the egalitarian systems a society that would take into account differences caused by "race, climate and other such conditions. And this standard shall be based upon a large interpretation of the facts biological." (*De Necessitate Communi*).

He condemned what he called "the cant of democracy" for its levelling egalitarianism, championing the "aristocrats of freedom". However, as we've previously indicated, this conception of a new aristocracy was not that based on wealth or birth. It was based on the ability to transcend one's circumstances by 'doing what thou wilt', which is precisely what Nietzsche called "self-overcoming". Crowley saw the 'aristocrats of freedom' coming as much

from the 'cottage and the tenement' as from 'castle and tower'.

He therefore gave considerable thought to the type of government Thelema should enact. Since he believed the undisciplined mob, devoid of Will, and at the mercy of emotions to be "the natural enemy of good government", he advocated a hierarchical government and an organic state that would pursue a "consistent policy" without being obliged to pander to the whims of a fickle electorate.

'Do what thou wilt' so far from ushering a democratic or libertarian utopia, was to be pressed into the service of "the common purpose, without friction". In *De Fundamentis Civitis*, Crowley states: "I have set limits to individual freedom. For each man in this State which I propose is fulfilling his own true will by his eager acquiescence in the Order necessary for the Welfare of all, and therefore of himself also. "For the individual will can only manifest in an ordered society.

Crowley described the Thelemic state as synonymous with the organic state in *De Ordine Rerum*, "In the body every cell is subordinated to the general physiological control... each shall fulfil its function..."

Not surprisingly, therefore, when observing the takeover of Italy by Fascism in 1922, Crowley later recalled that he had for some time interested himself in Fascismo, "which I regarded with entire sympathy. I was delighted with the common sense of its programme." (*Confessions of AC*). Later misgivings were influenced by Mussolini's rapprochement with the Church, which other radical Fascists opposed also, and probably more particularly, by his expulsion from Sicily amidst scandals involving his

Thelemic abbey and the death of a follower.

Crowley had a rare clarity of economic matters, realising money is simply "a medium of exchange... oil in the engine," which should flow freely, doing its "true will". This is at opposition to the basis of the plutocratic money system which treats money as a commodity privately created by bankers and accruing debt and usury. Crowley also lamented the destruction of craft through mechanisation, "Machines have already nearly completed the destruction of craftsmanship. A man is no longer a worker but a machine-feeder. The product is standardised, the result mediocrity."

The Thelemic spirit is that of the martial ethos, of Horus and Mars, of 'force and fire'. To the maladies of egalitarianism and uniformity, Crowley offered the dictum, "to fight is the right and the duty of every man... Let every man bear arms, swift to resent oppression, generous and ardent to draw sword in any cause, if justice or freedom summon him."

Well might we now ask, where are the Thelemic warriors swift to resent oppression, amidst the excrescences of the Old Aeon?

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WANZ at Yule

Version One - Winds, Waves and Witches on the Cook Strait Coast

Lori and Craig

And the Wheel goes round again. Our third Winter Solstice at Breaker Bay. First just a group of friends, then WWA and now WANZ. Isn't it remarkable how things evolve.

With this prior knowledge of the event we wrapped ourselves in countless layers of polypropylene and wool and advised everyone who would listen to do the same. Would we be warm enough? Thus prepared we set forth with feast food and friends to muster at the carpark. Good turnout - was it 22 or 23 people?

Worries about the cold proved to be (a) unfounded and (b) insignificant compared to worries about getting washed away by the humungous waves and high tide. The brilliance of the full moon allowed us to fully appreciate the scale of Neptune's power!

Once we had selected a patch of beach that we believed would remain above sea level the ritual began.

Karen and Anthony did the honours as HPs and HP. With the light born in by the beautiful white-clad Anoushka/Goddess, the ritual was fully under way. We chanted away our weaknesses and in joy danced the Spiral Dance. Led by our HPs we wound our way around the beach until we could wind no more. Some sedate chanting allowed us to recover breath for some fire leaping.

A wondrous feast followed with more food than any group of twice our number could have handled. Isn't it funny how, when suitably engrossed in

the earthy matters of food, conversation makes its way to the baser instincts, and talk of sex and ribaldry prevailed.

The waters receded and the climate was mild. Time passed so easily that it was with reluctance that we acknowledged the lateness of the hour. Tired, but satisfied in the knowledge that we had served the Goddess well, we left.

"Sing! Feast! Dance! Make music and love, all in My presence, for Mine is the spirit of ecstasy, and Mine as well is joy on Earth, and love unto all beings is My law." (from Charge of the Goddess)

Version Two - Saluting Solstice

Ninian

The sea welcomed us with a roar and seaweed adorned our path as we approached the arch in the rock that was the doorway between the worlds. Beyond it we would celebrate Winter Solstice.

Just as the sea sends forth shells of different shapes and hues and textures upon the sand, we assembled ourselves, each bringing our own uniqueness and light to the darkness.

Unsure whether our presence was welcome or not, we stood warily watching the sea churn and taunt us, racing forward, stopping only to investigate a lantern marking our circle. Seemingly content with our intrusion, the sea turned its back on us, but insisted we remember its presence as it bayed to the full moon, reminding us that we were there under the terms of mutual respect.

We seemed a bit detached at first, castaways in the vastness of the universe, waiting for the guidance that

would sound the beat to our steps and light the path upon which our feet would tread.

The guidance came as we were asked to reach within ourselves, to go beyond our boundaries; physical and mental, to become one with each other and one with the Universe. And then we understood this was a journey we could not be led to by another - it was one we must tread alone yet in the company of others.

It was a night of old and new; old friendships and new faces, old drum beats and new chants, old words and new voices.

Tokens of pinecones fell upon the fire and sparks danced skywards as we expressed our desire to leave behind old troubles and hurts, allowing them to be reborn as strength and guidance within us. Someone once told me, "Angels can fly because they take themselves lightly!" It seemed to be true for us too. For as we bade our gifts goodbye, our song grew louder, our hearts lighter and our souls freer.

On the sand we left the symbol of our togetherness - our footprints from the Spiral Dance, merged and intertwined, dappling the ground like the sun through leaves in a forest.

The dance didn't end when we sat down. The feast was passed round, item after item, hand upon hand, the energy still swirling round the circle.

On leaving, I turned and saw the fire still burning in the distance, haloed by the arch in the rock, and knew that although the celebration was at an end, the fire would always burn. We each carry an ember in our hearts from that fire, and the Universe will nurture those embers into glowing fires from which we can ignite others until the whole world is alight.

Shamanki

Aconita Pithia,
Greetings sister!

The magenta dye that was used in the ritual tattoo session is obtained from our sister the dandelion.

You also enquire how you might remove pignolia

oil from your doeskin. In my experience the doeskin is now fit only for leggings or breech clout for the consort. If it is your wish to try to remove the mark, I have had some success with the following poultice:

- 1 part white of gull's egg
- 1 part bat guano
- 1 part crushed and powdered skull of boar
- 1 hearty lob of Shamanki spit

Mix these together and spread on the stain. When set, smash apart and scrape off the dust.

Good sister, you also ask if it is necessary for your consort to be conscious during the tattoo process. Well, this depends on who is being tatooed. If it is your strong and courageous self, then yes, indeed the consort should be conscious, and helped to remain so by the application of pain if he appears feint, or worse, bored. If it is the consort being tatooed it is probably better that you use the club at the onset as they usually pass out anyway, but not before they have guzzled a great deal of your fire water.

*Yours horribly
Aminita Raptor*



A Dose of Reality

Scorpio

Willow Hagthorn is to be congratulated on her adept use of her feminine intuition in discerning that I am indeed bitter and twisted. Yes, there's nothing like facing reality to sour one's view of the world. I envy the Hag's ability to live within a crumbling civilisation whilst managing to be totally oblivious to that which is falling all around her. Only someone in a perpetually drug-induced stupor, and/or the escapism of the 'occult' could live in such mental oblivion. Undoubtedly it also helps if one doesn't have progeny, or never expects to sire offspring, and can therefore afford to have such an irresponsible attitude towards the present and the future. I am sorry to say I take no such intoxicants, nor am I childless, and I was stupid enough to embrace the 'occult' as an enhancement of reality rather than as an escape therefrom.

As for my 'bilious scratchings', the Hag could have been spared from them all simply by not reading the article. My apologies if they succeeded in interrupting her perfect little dream world even if only for a small while. I'm sure that such a sensitive and isolated Hag must have been greatly distressed at being confronted with such 'negativity', and I trust that she has recovered from any negative feelings so induced by some lovely little wiccan self-healing ritual.

It seems the Hag accepts 'neo' as a prefix to paganism on the grounds that much of



the history of European paganism is now lost. It is therefore used as a justification to cobble together out of sundry sources a ragbag of pseudo-esoterica and claim it is some type of Celtic spirituality known as 'wicca'. I'm sorry to sound so 'negative' and 'bitter', Hag, but much of it seems like not much more than a scam to exploit the lonely, the gullible and the stupid. Whilst Gardnerian wicca at least drew from the wide-ranging knowledge of Crowley (for which he was duly paid) to concoct something which is at least poetical, what are we to make of so many of the wiccan theorists and publicists of the present day, with such sound 'Celtic' lineage as is surely possessed by someone with the name of Isaac Bonewitz and that good ole AIDS-ridden Jewish swindler Herman Slater? Then with a hearty mix of 'feminism' given to us by the same type of

people who gave us Marxism and K-stamped Kosher tin-foil, we get a form of neo-paganism that is often not much more than a symptom of the decadence in which we live. Sorry, I'm being negative and twisted again!

The Hag claims that paganism cannot in and of itself restore anything to Westerners. That is precisely the point I'm trying to biliously make. It cannot when so many of its variations derive from the Levant rather than from the Occident. Hence my objection to neo-paganism as yet another product of the consumer society, pushing aside what is left of Western spirituality and ethos until even a pagan such as the Hag can say that this is justifiable because there is no longer sufficient knowledge of genuine European paganism left for it to be reconstructed and to again offer the Westerner an anchorage amidst the chaos.

I would contend that there is sufficient knowledge of the ancient ways intact to restore a paganism which is of more relevance than simply as a form of entertainment for the bored or the lonely. Perhaps the Hag is too young or too new to paganism or simply too lazy to have sought out the works of Celtic history and myth to formulate a paganism that at least could give the feeling of being more ethnically traditional than the many bastardisations that call upon the Celtic deities whilst using a liberal dose of Levantine seals and symbols. Certainly as a pagan of some 20 years I feel that certain Odinist and Asatru efforts have succeeded in sufficiently restoring the ethos of the ancient Germanic peoples as to provide a spirituality that is relevant and does offer again a sense of Being to the Westerner who chooses that particular path of paganism. But like wicca, even Odinism is being subjected to the same distorting influences of commercialisation which

prompted my bilious scratchings in the first place.

The fact that the Hag could describe "the violence of warrior paths and ancient cultures" as "generally fairly personal and specific" indicates how superficially her own understanding of the Old Ways are which, I biliously contend, is itself the product of a commercialised paganism, sanitised for the purchase of the bland mass consumer.

At least as it goes for Odinism and Asatru, there is sufficient known of the Old Ways to ascertain the ethos of the Nordic, German and Anglo-Saxon peoples which I would biliously contend is – unlike much of neo-paganism – very relevant – indeed vital – for today. What I object to is the manner in which the ancient ethos is being twisted to conform to modern liberalistic attitudes so that, as I mentioned in my original article, Tyr for example is made the patron of yuppie businesspersons.

The Western, European peoples have already been denied so much as to stand on the precipice of oblivion (sorry for sounding 'bitter and twisted' again). How tolerant should pagans continue to be when what little remains of their heritage is being pressed into service of the very process that has been destroying that heritage?

Whilst the Hag with her escapes to caves and mountains might not care that her actions are of consequence to anyone other than her Goddess, some of us face the real world as a 'challenge' obviously of a quite different type to whatever inane 'challenges' she imagines she faces. For all the negativity such **reality** entails, I at least like to delude myself that I have retained my sense of humour and a certain measure of joyousness as to refrain from her suggestion of suicide.



Putting It In, Getting It Out, and the Divine Purpose

Mercury

How many organisations are you involved with? Sports clubs? Community groups? Schools? Social or special interest groups? Churches?

Have you ever wondered why? Wondered whether you were doing any good? Wondered if it was worth the effort?

Living in amongst all of this is a particularly useful microcosm of self-in-universe. A brief analysis of your interaction with the entities you 'serve' can reveal much about your chosen place in the spiritual food chain.

At the most basic the question may be asked, "Are you there for what you can contribute, or for what you can get out?"

Not a bad question. And I'm sure we'll all respond with a hearty, "We're there to give!"

We'll give up our evenings to attend meetings. We'll share our opinions on matters. We'll give up our weekends to raise funds or organise events. Self-sacrifice is a beautiful thing!

Leaving the 'giver' for a moment, let's look at the one who is there for what they can get, the 'taker'. This is, of course, a hypothetical being, as I'm sure no-one would really get involved in a voluntary organisation for selfish reasons, would they?

What might such a 'taker' actually hope to find? Well, there's the title collector, "I'm chairperson of this, president of that, treasurer of the other and I've been awarded honorary life membership of something else." And then there's the martyr, "Well, I'll stand if no-one else will." And, of course, the pillar, "I started the organisation and without me it would probably fold." And most insidious is the vampyre. To the casual observer, a solid giver, but another look reveals a person doing as little as possible for as long as possible while soaking in the glory and piety of 'giving', riding on the success and energy of the other participants.

Well, that seems to clinch it. Giver is good, taker is bad. Yesno?

Obviously, 'giving' is easy, and, in fact legitimate, if you happen to be an expert or have access to particularly valuable resources in the field under discussion. This seems to be relatively unusual however in that most non-vocational activities involve adapting your familiar skills to an unfamiliar set of problems. This leaves the pure 'giver' in the position of rarely having anything 'pure' to give.

If the 'giver' doesn't actually have what is required, and what is required is not directly available from another source within the group, then that which is needed must be synthesised.

When a need arises within the organisation, the member can either grudgingly 'give time' to the problem or can take the chance to expand personal skills and experiences.

Most non-profit organisations provide extraordinary opportunities for people to gain practical skills in management, finance, budgeting, project management, human resources, public relations, presentation, public speaking, and so on.

In a world where success or failure is determined by the framed certificates on the wall, this is a pretty extraordinary opportunity. Here we have a symbiotic relationship, whereby the organisation provides a medium for growth and the member becomes better able to serve. The member also acquires skills which provide the opportunity to expand outwards, creating new organisations serving new needs, and providing more openings for the development of others.

So what we find is that give and take are relevant only if the participants are fixed in focus. To go beyond this the organisation must respectfully take advantage of the participants, pushing them to find and develop new talents. Likewise, the participants must respectfully take advantage of the organisation, embracing its spirit, seeking to be part of its life-force and drawing experience at every opportunity. Sure, every organisation has its drudgery and its busy-work, and even the most 'skilled' member should expect to contribute - this sometimes translates into an opportunity to take time out from the pressure of 'serious work', and maybe even to develop a little humility. At worst, such 'jobs' are a small price to pay for the chance to be a part. Irrespective of whether the part played is mundane or pivotal, there is almost certainly more to it than is at first obvious, and a chance to become a slightly more competent person, and once this is realised, it would be a rare organisation that would be able to take more than it can give.

In macrocosm, this translates to the contribution one individual makes to the course of the universe. There are plenty of people who divorce themselves from reality by embarking upon great crusades of global proportion. Such crusades tend to be so focused on a desired outcome that the implications are overlooked. Details are swamped by the magnitude and importance of the great works. Often fulfilment comes only at the expense of the wills and needs of others. Far better that we work towards a better self than a better world - if each of us were being the best 'me' we could be, the world, I suspect, would look after itself very nicely.

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o what thou wilt
shall be the whole
of the Law.

A Long Time Ago...

Soror 256

Four years ago in fact, I was given a short article to read. That's not long ago by any normal measure of time, but in Magickal time, the beginning seems lost in the distant past, while the memory remains as clear as though it were yesterday's dream.

A little travel has brought me in contact with those who would separate Magick as masculine and Wicca as feminine. It is in reply to this that I offer Circlecaster this short article so it may redress this illusion.

This article is written by one of the most respected woman Magickians of the present day world world-wide Magickal community. It appeared in the 1976 *Cincinnati Journal of Ceremonial Magick*.

...

Winter Solstice 1975ev

My dear Sister,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole
of the Law.

Although we've probably not yet met,
I've known you for quite some time.
You are the one who has searched for
self-knowledge, gained all that may be

gained from the usual means, and feel
that there is still more of yourself
unmet and unchallenged.

Aeons ago, we were priestesses
together. We gave birth to a mighty
race of fools in the service of the
Mother-Earth. The iron priests of the
Sky-Father destroyed our temples;
until now we have slept in ignorance,

burying our sorrow in forgetfulness. It is time for rebirth.

We have lately experienced the folly of bartering the dangers of freedom for the security of slavery. We know beyond doubt that the only love worthy of loving is that of balance and strength, Love under Will. We are warrior-women, strong and free; our Brothers await us, waiting to welcome us as equal, to joyously battle side-by-side, and to work together toward the unfolding of this present Aeon of the crowned and conquering Child.

Awaken, sister! Rise, stretch out your hand accept your weapons, your tools: your wand, your sword, your chalice, and your pantacle. Enter your temple and approach the altar; not to worship, but to command. You are a Star, beloved, blazing with light and power and might!

I offer you the seldom-trodden path of the Magickian. Magick may be lived by any man or woman, though few actually will do so. The demands are titanic, the dangers are real, constant, terrifying. We are to walk to the edge of the Abyss, and to leap across it.

Love as the world knows it can be ours no more. The comfort and tenderness of human love are seen to be illusions in the blazing, pitiless vision. You stand alone on the ultimate peak, the winds of the Void knifing through your being, whipping away the snow-crystals of memory. Nothingness confronts you – there is no help to be had; you are utterly alone and you leap.

Magick is no hobby, or fad, or religion. It's not the latest hip thing to be into, nor is it an escape from an unsatisfying lifestyle. It is the ultimate suicide, for even your innate

sense of selfhood is lost in the becoming of the Nothing that creates the All.

All that our Work may do, my sister, is to remove obstacles to the flow of the Tao... it is ours to keep the race of Man from destroying itself before we evolve into what we are to be, and to awaken individual men and women to their natures as Stars. Far too long has greed, hatred, ignorance, guilt, fear, and lust-for-power diverted the development of our race. It is our right to be what we are: joyous, strong, innocent, and wise Children, playing and working in harmony with each other and with the earth. It is ours to ultimately unite in a global race-consciousness, a planetary mind. Our brothers from the stars await our birth.

If my call has stirred a response within you, and you are desirous of learning how to find your gate to the first path, write to me [Contact details available on request]. I cannot be your teacher, but I am your comrade in arms. I can but accompany you to the first portal – you must cross through alone.

My brothers, I have spoken to our Sisters, for their number is few, all that is said is also for you.

Love is the law, love under will.

Soror Maranema 213

...

**Love is the law,
love under will.**

Soror 256



Extreme Paganism – An Underground Perspective

Karen

It was the weekend following Winter Solstice. I arrived late. The group was just about to leave as I pulled up. After a hasty change into poly-prop undies (items Wellington Witches are never without) we set off deeper into the back blocks of the Wairarapa.

It was truly a descent into darkness, the entrance to the cave was shrieking with symbolism. We negotiated a steep and slippery climb down to the cave entrance, some less sure of foot than others just sat down and slid. Once at the cave mouth our intrepid high priest and expedition leader, set up the ropes we would use for our descent and ascent. Before going down we asked safe passage and an audience with the Dragon of Earth.

Getting down was easy. Going into holes in the ground is like climbing trees - reversed! With trees its the climbing up that's the easy bit! Having reached the bottom we saw the cavern illuminated

by carbide lamps. Though not large, it was awesome, with pastel shades of rock worn smooth by the fast passage of water.

When everyone was down, the HP invoked Grael, the Earth Dragon, and then we set about exploring the dragon's realm. Our HP, being an experienced caver, showed a lamentable tendency to gallop off down narrow passages with the rest of us clambering along as best we could. At one point we crawled upstream along a narrow passage on hands and knees, finally to arrive at a tall chimney-like hole which we then climbed up. The cave was full of interesting rock formations and stalactites (or stalagmites? - the ones that hung from the ceiling!).

Heading downstream we proceeded through winding cleft in the rock for quite a distance before the stream suddenly disappeared into a tiny hole in the rock. On the way back it was time

to pick a spot for some silent meditation. I decided to sit atop a huge rock that overlooked the stream. Sitting in total darkness, with empty space all around, being unable to see the edge of the rock was quite eerie. I made myself as comfortable as I could perched precariously 12 feet above the stream and tried to meditate. Now that I was sitting still I began to feel the cold creeping into my bones. Nonetheless, I began to feel a presence, one that cared little for the comings and goings of human kind. I noticed a light in the darkness that winked on and off at regular intervals - the gleam of a dragon's eye perhaps? Only glow-worms I hear you say, well maybe, but you weren't there. Besides the glow-worm colonies I could see weren't blinking at me.

I had expected the 15-20 minutes to last forever, but the HP reappeared more quickly than expected with the assurance that he had been gone at least 15 minutes. Back in the main cavern the group re-assembled to give thanks and leave gifts for the dragon. This having been completed the HP farewelled the dragon and we started to make our way back to the cave entrance. Now for the real physical work as comprehension dawned - "You want me to lift my foot how high?!" Lifting your foot up to your chin is one thing, transferring your weight to it is quite another! A number of us, me included, had to feel the fear and do it anyway at this point. (Personal note: must do something about the wet spaghetti that passes for muscles if I want to keep doing this sort of thing).

Exiting the cave was followed by a mad dash back to the campsite for a change of clothes and some hot food. It was a remarkably civilized campsite by our standards. It had clean loo's, a hut that

provided table, wooden benches to sit on, electric light and a constant supply of boiling water - luxury. After performing the now well established ritual known as "stuffing our faces" we prepared for the evening ritual, the summoning of the Air Dragon Sairys.

A fire was lit in a brazier at the centre of a natural circle of trees. The sky had cleared and the stars were shining brightly. It's easy when you live in a city to forget how many stars there are, and how bright they shine when there is no interference from the lights of the city. This was sacred space. We were admitted into the circle one by one, each requesting audience with the Air Dragon at the eastern point.

The HP invoked Sairys and we laid down under the stars to meditate once more. It was easier this time, being more comfortable. After a delightful 15 minutes or so, the details of which I won't bore you with, I was left with a distinct impression that Sairys is not half so disinterested in the affairs of people as his inscrutable cousin. When the meditation was over, we gave thanks and offered up our gifts to the dragon.

Dancing and chanting commenced, but the physical exertions of the day had taken their toll and things remained fairly quiet. After a motherly lecture on the nature of energy - an event that nearly ended in a ritual sacrifice, we retired to the shed for a hot drink, feeling well content with the day.

The two dragon rituals were very special, I for one had never worked with dragon energy before, but I think for many of us the physical act of entering and climbing out of the cave will have spiritual repercussions for many months to come.

Asatru in North America

KB



Peterborough Petroglyphs

It is ironic that a site in North America, having escaped the ravages of missionary zeal, remains one of the most significant, albeit still largely unrecognised, monuments to the beliefs of our Norse forefathers. The site is of added significance too, because it is of Bronze Age origin, and therefore attests to the origins of such Norse deities as Thor, Woden and Tyr being far older than often supposed.

The site is in Ontario, Canada, north of Lake Ontario, and is called the Peterborough Petroglyphs. Nearby are burial mounds of an extinct folk called 'archaic indians' (because they do not fit the usual Indian physiology).

The Peterborough inscriptions include an ancient phonetic alphabet called Tifinoig, usually ascribed to the Berbers of North Africa (themselves a folk of Nordic descent) but New Zealand epigrapher, Dr Barry Fell, late of Harvard, found that Tifinoig was used more anciently in Scandinavia. It was also later used by the Celts.

Since the Bronze Age goes back to 1700-1500BC the Peterborough Norse

inscriptions are considerably earlier than the usual Scandinavian examples.

The Tifinoig itself can be translated into proto-Germanic and hence into English. Thus, one inscription states the purpose of Bronze Age Norse seafarers in Canada, "H-GH-N D-L W-L K-P-R R-ND", which when rendered with vowels reads "Hagna del wal kopar erand". In English it is readily translated as "Profitably dealt copper errand". Another inscription mentions a kin (DR-TH-NN), reading "King came (for) good quality copper".

Various types of boat are depicted and named. Old World measurements called 'oln' or 'ell', a measure of about 18 inches, are inscribed, indicating that the Norse came to trade woven fabrics for copper with the Indians (Northern Europe was famous for its flax-woven linen at the time). An inscription refers to the king as leaving correct measures.

The Norse traders named this Peterborough rock 'Law Hill' of the 'Gothar Assembly', attesting to its

Central Sun Figure. The inscription reads:

S-O-L-N (Old Norse Solon, Sun)

and W-L-D GH-M-NL,

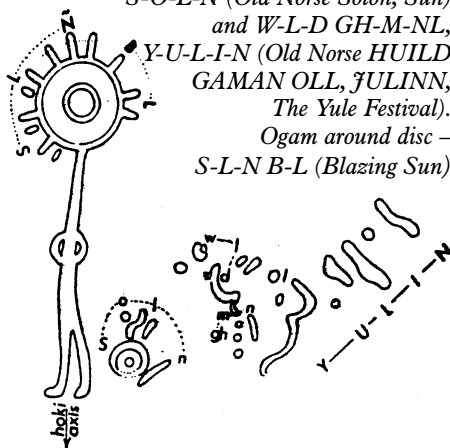
Y-U-L-I-N (Old Norse HUILD

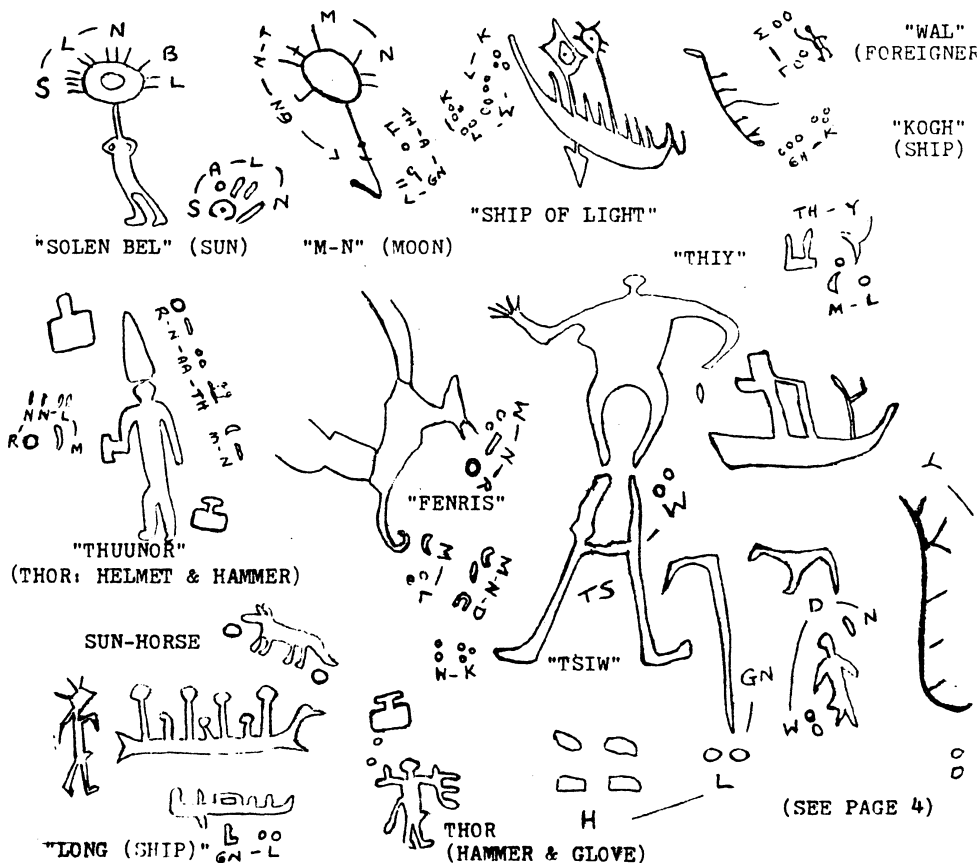
GAMAN OLL, JULINN,

The Yule Festival).

Ogam around disc –

S-L-N B-L (Blazing Sun)





importance. The Tifinoig inscription reads, "H-L SM-TH-GN-S GN-DH-R", Wo! Logh Hill. Samthing is Godhar (Godhar or Gothi being Norse priests). Another inscription around a figure states, "Woden's servant ordered runes engraved".

There are star positions indicating a date of 1700BC and a stay of some five months.

The central figure is the Sun God identified as Solen Bel in Ogam; reading "S-L-N B-L", which in Norse reads literally as Blazing Sun. According to Fell the axis of the figure is aligned to the vernal equinox of the solar new year in March.

The deities pictured on the Peterborough rock are Tiwaz. He is depicted with a hand amputated and nearby is a wolf, attesting to the antiquity of the legend of Tiwaz (here rendered "TSIW") and the Fenris wolf. Thor is depicted with his hammer and wearing a conical helmet. The caption reads, "Thor takes Mjolnir". Woden is shown near a spearhead bearing the title of his spear "GN-GN-N-R" (Gungnir).

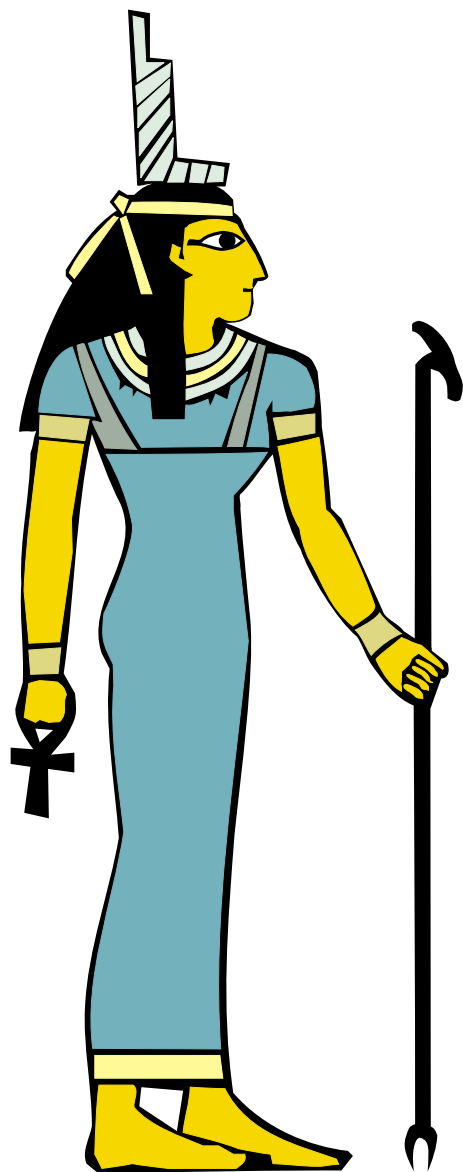
We are enabled by the North American inscriptions to see that the religio-mythic outlook of the Norse is far older than the later Christianised renditions.

References:

Dr Barry Fell, *Bronze Age America*
J. Jewell, *Aryans in the New World*

Accessing the Astral

Siatris



While talking to the editor of Circlecaster recently about the Aeon of Ma'at (a concept I don't personally adhere to) I was reminded of a spontaneous 'vision' (i.e. a conscious 'dream') I experienced in 1991 at around 5.30am; presumably in that state of semi-wakefulness that often seems to induce unusual thoughts, suggestions and imagery awakening from the unconscious.

The imagery that quite suddenly and without conscious reason or evocation occurred was the following:

An Egyptian mummy case, next to which stands Isis or a priestess of Isis, looking at the case.

A waxing moon to the left of the case, a bull to the right.

A goose flies from the direction of it, although the case has remained closed. On it are three birds of unknown type in hieroglyphic form.

Norse runes fall to the ground and three are selected at random.

At the time I attempted the following analysis of the imagery:

The crescent moon appears, of course, as a symbol of Isis as a Moon Goddess. In the Crowley Tarot, the Moon trump represents the death of the old in favour of the new. The old and the new perhaps symbolised here by the mummy case and the waxing moon respectively.

The bull in the Crowleyan Tarot trump Strength stands for strength of Will, and ruthlessness in achieving an aim.

The goose is sacred to Isis and was revered as sacrificing itself for the life of the young.

The meaning of the three hieroglyphic birds remains unknown.

The runes were Othala, Nauthiz and Fehu.

At the time I related these runes respectively to home, resistance (leading

to strength) and new beginnings; which also seemed to relate to the Egyptian symbology.

At the time I had suffered a major personal loss, and in hindsight the imagery might now seem somewhat prophetic, since, several years later, applying these concepts did indeed result in major new beginnings which seem directly related to the meanings of all the imagery.

However, my main interest remains not so much the personal anecdote, but the manner by which the unconscious is a nexus to the archetypes and imagery of the collective unconscious. My area of interest is Norse rather than Egyptian, and while, through reading, I would be able to evoke memory as to the meaning of runes, I was not at all familiar with the Egyptian symbolism, which required some research. In particular I had not known of the significance of the goose, which is not only related archetypically to Isis, but to my own circumstances.

Such symbols appear to be direct evocations from the realm of the astral (or collective unconscious) quite unrelated to one's personal knowledge or memory.

Since one of the major aims of the occultist is to evoke and integrate or utilise the symbols, when coming to consciousness as the result of a dream, pathworking, rite, etc. serves as one of the few examples of 'objective evidence' available as to the reality of magick and the influence of the astral and archetypal on our lives. The magickian seeks to make these influences conscious and subject to his Will, rather than having them unconsciously influence and control him.

In this example, it was and unwilled 'waking dream'. In magick per se, the occultist uses methods to get similar results but in a willed and conscious manner.



Do what thou wilt...

Fr. Strength Through Joy

Some of you may be aware of the influence The Master Therion has made on our age. I would like to remind my friends that the 50th anniversary of the death of The Master Therion (Aleister Crowley) is on the 1st of December.

In order to proclaim the Law of Thelema to the world, could I suggest that any keen Magickians out there do some anonymous publicity for this time, and also, if it is your Will, perhaps you would like to do a ritual to mark this occasion.

We plan to donate some of the books of Thelema to the library and we have a hill nearby with a survey peg at 666m.

*"But ye, o my people, rise up and awake!
Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy
and beauty!*

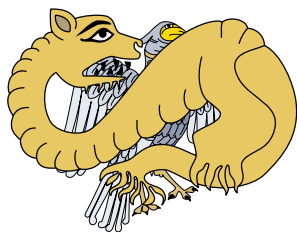
*A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of
my rapture!"*

LCCXX Ch2 V34-42

Let us then proclaim the word of Thelema to the world according to our Will, yea according to our Will.

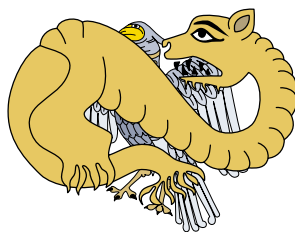
*Do what thou wilt shall be the
whole of the Law.*

Love is the Law. Love under Will.



Merlin

Jean de Cabilis



Merlin is the popular name for the famous Cornish wizard Myrddin. Beyond the river Tamar, Merlin was renowned by the Welsh, the Bretons and the Southern Scots (to name but a few); as a seer, prophet and magician.

Myrddin Emrys is the correct name for the later popularised name of Merlin. Unfortunately the Latinised form of Myrddin is Merdinus which connects his name to the Latin word Merdus which means 'dung or shit'.

The alternative name Merlin is generally used as the latinized form of Myrddin. The Welsh word for pony Merlyn is similar to Merlin, which may have contributed to the popular name of Merlin being chosen. I am uncertain how similar the Cornish is to the Welsh - along this line of thought.

According to Webster's Third International, Merlin in the old English has several meanings, from battle-axe to blackbird and falcon. It is the opinion of this writer that Merlin's came from either the hunting Falcon or more likely the blackbird. However in fairness I should note that better qualified opinion supports the view that the south Welsh township of Maridunum, Dyrd; which later became Caerfyrddin was the source of Merlin's name.

Tradition itself, however differs from the above opinion however, stating that the city was named after the magician. Of the true origins of Merlin's, they are likely lost to myth. It is possible that Merlin is a later

representation of the Celtic God Mabon who was once at the centre of the Druidic cosmology.

According to the Welsh tradition his paternal line is: Coel Codebog, who begot Ceneu, who begot Mor, who begot Morydd, who begot Madog Morfryn, who begot Myrddin. Which makes Merlin of royal blood line. The more widely known story of Merlin's lineage, is that he was begot by an incubus and a nun as part of an conspiracy to fight against the Catholic church of Jesus Christ. However Satan's plan did not succeed on the account of Merlin being promptly baptised. According to legend, Merlin as an infant possessed supernatural power inherited from his father Satan. At the age of two, Merlin sought out the hermit Blades and informed him of the legend of Joseph of Arimathea, the story of the Grail and even the future King Arthur. Blades a holy man of much spiritual insight, reared Merlin.

As Merlin grew older; Chief Vortigen who assassinated King Arthur's grandfather King Constantine 1st, around 300 ce; wished to build a tower on the top of Dinas Emrys hill. However all construction achieved during the day was continually destroyed at night by mysterious forces. Upon consultation, Vortigen is informed by the Druids that he needs to spill the blood of a child born without a human father. Vortigen sends his men in search of such a child, and they discover the tales

about Merlin in the township of Carmarthen. The soldiers kidnap Merlin and take him to Vortigen. As Vortigen was about to order the sacrifice of Merlin, Merlin spoke out:

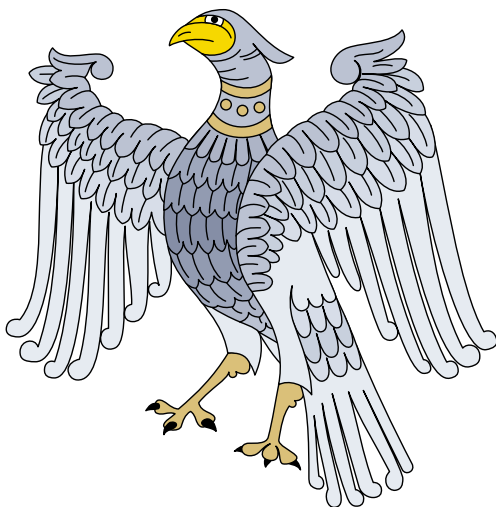
“Because you are ignorant of what it is that hinders the foundation of the tower, you have recommended the shedding of my blood for cement to it, as if that would presently make it stand. But tell me now, what is there under the foundation? For something there is that will not suffer it to stand”

Merlin then answers that under the castle is a lake that contains dragons; and that it is these dragons which cause the Tower to crumble. Merlin convinces Vortigen to order the digging of a hole, which revealed an underground pool. Merlin then requested that the pool be drained, for it will reveal two hollowed out stones containing a red and white dragon. These stones are found, at which Merlin has a vision whereby two the dragons emerge and enter into combat. He prophesies to Vortigen at to what his vision reveals.

“Woe to the red dragon, for his banishment hasteneth on. His lurking holes shall be seized by the white dragons, which signifies, the Saxons whom you invited over; but the red denotes the British nation (the Celts), which shall be oppressed by the white”

Merlin then completes the prophecy which tells of Vortigen's death and the return of Uther and the Roman Ambrosius to power.

In the book ‘Vita Merlini’ by Geoffrey Monmouth, we find Merlin associated with the forest god Hern. Here Merlin is the Lord of the Animals complete with the horns of a Stag. Other than Blades, I cannot find any record of Merlin's training. Being reared by Blades, it is possible that Merlin was trained to assume the role of the gods. This means that



Merlin could have dressed as Hern, while holding pagan ceremonies in honour of the Horned God. While not Hern, Merlin shared many godlike characters. His divinity resembled a god of Light similar in nature to Belenos and his guardianship concerns the protection of rightful kingship.

Another godly characteristic of Merlin, was his divine marriage. Merlin married and divorced the maiden Khwimleian, also called Guendoloena. Guendoloena, as a flower maiden is suggestive that the marriage of Merlin and Khwimleian was not a husband womb-of- man relationship, but rather a magical marriage between two highly ranked Druidic priests. Here Merlin assumed the role of ‘The Lord of the Animals’ and Khwimleian the ‘Lady of Nature’. If any readers know the a reason for the divorce of Merlin & Khwimleian please write a letter to Editor.

Later Uther defeats Vortigen and is crowned. He then takes the title of Uther Pendragon, meaning chief dragon. As King, he summons Merlin, who has become well known for his magical powers. When Merlin arrives, Uther explains that he lusts after a woman

married to one of his enemies - the Earl of Cornwall, Gorlois. Uther requests that Merlin assist him in his desire to mate with the lady Igraine. Merlin agrees to this, and does a spell to make Uther be seen as Gorlois, Igraine's husband.

Transformed into the appearance of Gorlois, Uther enters the fortress and bedchamber of his enemy, seduces and copulates with the woman. Strangely enough the real Gorlois is killed that very night in battle. Uther later marries Igraine, who gives birth to Uther's heir Arthur. Later when Uther died, Merlin arranges for the sword and stone trial to prove the rightful King. None of the Knights are able to withdraw the sword free from the stone. Merlin then presents young Arthur who pulls out the sword, proving his Kingship. Merlin served as Arthur's magical adviser for many years and taught Arthur the origin of the round table.

"It was made to signify the table where our Lord Jesus sat on Thursday when Juas would betray him... Now in truth our Lord made the first table, Joseph made the second, and I, in the time of Uther Pendragon, your father, had the third made, which still will be much exalted..."

While opinion differs as to whether Merlin and King Arthur were Christian or pagan; it is fair to say, that what we know of Merlin and King Arthur is the result of the cross-fertilization between Celtic and Christian materials.

Later when Arthur received a deadly wound, Merlin and the bard Taliesin set sail with Arthur to the Otherworld Island, Fortunate. It was hoped that Arthur's half sister Breton, who was also Merlin's mistress, would cure her brother. Breton is most often referred to as 'Morgan Le Fay' which means Morgan the Fairy;

however the Mari-Morgan or the Morgan, are simply a type of water fairy.

A farmer native to the Marcher Lands was stopped by Merlin on his way to the markets at Macclesfield. Merlin offered a fair price for a white mare that the farmer hoped to sell at the markets. However the farmer refused, expecting to get a better price at the market. At the market the mare was greatly admired by all, however no one wanted to buy the horse. As the farmer passed through the woods on his way home, Merlin met with him. Merlin then led the farmer and his mare to Alderley Edge, a sheer sandstone cliff. Merlin touched the rock and a great gate appeared revealing a cave. Merlin then told the farmer that in the cavern lay King Arthur and all knights sleeping with their horses until England had need of them again. But sadly the knights were one white horse short. The farmer rapidly accepted the original price Merlin had offered him for the horse, and taking the gold ran off terrified. Today one can still see a natural well near the Cheshire plain.

Another work 'The Prophecies of Merlin' is a 12th century re-telling of the early oral and mystic traditions of the ancient Celts, all loosely arranged around the wizard Merlin. For example in the following prophecy we read how Merlin describes the creation of the universe by the goddess Arianrhod, the goddess of the Starry Wheel. In the texts the Greek name Ariadne is used, this probably because when it was written Ariadne was more widely known

"The chariot of the Moon shall disorder the Zodiac, and the Pleiades break forth into weeping. No offices of Janus shall return hereafter, but Ariadne shall lie hidden within her closed gateways. The seas shall rise up in the twinkling of an eye, and the dust of the Ancients be

restored. The winds shall fight together with a dreadful blast, and their sound shall reach to the stars.”

Merlin has many prophecies, another well known prophecy which is found in both the Pereril section of the Fulke le Fitz Waryn and the Folie

“The Leopard will follow the Wolf and with his tail will threaten him. The wolf will leave the woods and mounts, and will remain in the water with the fishes and will pass over the sea which will encircle the whole island. At last he will conquer the leopard by his cunning and his art. Then he will come into this land and he will have his stronghold in the water.

This prophecy refers to Perceval’s quarrel with the Red Knight and his victory of a new Grail castle. In this legend Perceval is met by Merlin. Merlin advises Perceval that if he wishes to better the Red Knight, he must first seek the wisdom of the Grail.

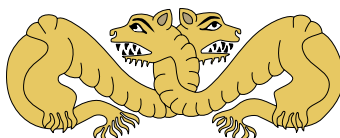
Later in the legend we discover the Merlin is in himself the Red Knight. The Red Knight (Merlin) continually defeats Perceval in battle, until later when Perceval has discovered the Grail. In the last battle, the Red Knight (Merlin) slays Perceval, who has being transformed by the Grail as the new Fisher King, and hence cannot die. Perceval immediately recovers, to which Merlin removes his mask and laughs

Merlin’s greatest act of magic, undoubtedly is the transportation of the Irish healing stones to the British cradle. Today these stones are known as the Stonehenge. The legend states that the stones were carried to Ireland from Africa by a race of giants at order of the witch-crone goddess. There they were placed in their first circle, so that the giants could dance with the crone goddess at the sabbaths.

However Ambrosius Aurelianus became convinced that the stones would thee be a proper memorial to King Vortigern treacherously slain near Amerbury by the Saxons. Thus he approached Merlin for magical assistance. Merlin who as well aware of their power agreed, providing Aurelianus army would support the attempt. He then negotiated with his god-father Satan to have them flown to England. With Satan’s assistance, the crone goddess was bound, allowing Merlin to tie the great stones together and fly the stones across the Irish sea to the Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire. There the were rebuild in a new design as a temple dedicated to the Sun God.

One story of Merlin’s death is that he ages slowly isolating himself to Drumelzier woods. There Merlin outlives all the other creatures of the forest. However in order to do so he must pass become the wild man of the forest, experiencing life though a series of totem animal relationships. Those who occasionally meet the now aged Merlin, said that he would prophecy his own death. Telling that he would fall over a cliff, that he would be hanged, and that he would drown. According to some the prophecy came true, when he fall off the high cliffs above the Tweed, felling into stakes supporting fishing nets, dying impaled and hanging by his feet, with his head below water.

Some say that Merlin lays asleep enchanted by the witch Vivienne imprisoned in an oak or a cave. While others Merlin was none other than a timelord from the distant world Gallifrey. The author can be contacted by email at: boucca@ihug.co.nz





Witch Identification Chart

Gatherine

Confused by all the terms tossed about by more experienced witches? Have you been invited to a ritual by witches you don't know very well, and aren't sure what you'll be letting yourself in for? Or do you just want to enjoy a quiet snigger while categorising your friends and acquaintances? Here follows a basic field guide to the basic varieties of modern witch. Be warned that it is not at all uncommon for categories to overlap, I am personally acquainted with some Ceremonially inclined Wildpeople (and you have to be a real Wildperson to lug all that equipment to the ritual site). I have also met Alexandrian Faeries and New Age Dianics. So please bear that in mind. If you do have real trouble with the idea of something belonging to more than one category, or if you sit down and immediately work out the precise classification of every witch you have ever met, then you've defined yourself already; you've got a bad case of the Ceremonials.

Ceremonial Witches

These witches are strongly influenced by Ceremonial Magicians, and in extreme form may be virtually indistinguishable from them. It is important, however, to distinguish between the practice of actual ceremonial magic and what might be termed the Ceremonial Impulse, or Personality. Basically this impulse, which most witches have to some degree, boils down to two components: Categorising

Things, and Having the Right Stuff. The categorising impulse has already been hinted at. Having the Right Stuff has nothing to do with the movie, or with a desire to undertake manned spaceflight. It refers to the powerful impulse to collect a multitude of props, implements and general Stuff. A witch with a strong Ceremonial impulse will want a complete set of ritual tools, a proper altar to put them on, lots of candlesticks and candles, a varied collection of incenses, cloaks, robes, wall-charts, crystals... etc, etc. What distinguishes a true Ceremonial from a New-Ager, is that a Ceremonial witch will often spend large amounts of time and effort making this stuff themselves rather than just popping down to the occult supplies shop and buying it. You see the Stuff is next to useless unless it's Right. This is where the categorising comes in. Ceremonial magic involves manipulating elaborate symbol systems that form precise microcosms of the greater and ungraspable universe. In practical terms, this means constructing sets of correspondences and rules to govern every conceivable magical endeavour and life-event. Every phase of the moon, every gemstone, incense, colour, plant, metal, food, number, time of day, astrological phase, letter of the alphabet (any alphabet), and day of the year has a meaning and a place in the systems of correspondences.

Ceremonial witches will sometimes read

through half a dozen books, and ask every other witch they know for their opinion, before settling on the appropriate material and decoration for their athame. And once they have decided what's *right*, then that's what they have to have, and they will go to considerable lengths to get it. Ceremonial witches can become extremely twitchy if they think that something is *wrong*. Whether it's a black altar cloth at Beltane, a deity's name being mispronounced, walking the wrong way round the circle, or grabbing the chalice off the altar because you've run out of glasses during a dinner party, Ceremonials hate things being done wrong, or put in the wrong place. Not surprisingly Ceremonials tend to be very fussy about correct procedure during rituals. Once they've made up their minds about which ritual tradition they're going to follow they will do it absolutely by the rules.

There are, of course, degrees of Ceremonialitis. As noted above, it's a rare witch who doesn't have some Ceremonial tendencies. In mild forms it can be fun, and it brings a little discipline to the Craft. In extreme forms it can produce paranoid control-freaks. If you are invited to a ritual run by Ceremonials, it may be important to determine exactly how Ceremonial they are. The best thing to do is admit complete ignorance, (even if you're not) and ask for detailed instructions on when you should arrive, what you should wear, and what would be appropriate food for the after ritual feast. The more "you will"s and "you mustn't"s in the answer, the more controlling they are. Anyone who says "whatever you feel like" is either utterly un-Ceremonial, or has been told to be less bossy/paranoid by their therapist/partner. Check for clenched teeth.

Good Points: Usually do good rituals. Have lots of neat stuff and plenty of books you can borrow. Are usually tidy, may or may not be punctual. Obsession with stuff and appropriateness often makes them good interior decorators. A good test for Ceremonialism is the degree of decoration and colour co-ordination in a witch's living room and bathroom. Fifteen different aromatherapy oils neatly lined up, a set of colour-coded bath-salts in co-ordinated glass jars and towels that all seem to match the bath-mat and shower curtain are real give-aways.

Bad Points: Can be bossy and paranoid. Will critique your altar arrangements.

Appropriate birthday present: Any kind of ritual Stuff, but check with your occult supplier first, to make sure it's Right. Plain beeswax candles are usually acceptable. Ceremonial witches are quite likely to be Virgos.

Kitchen Witches:

Kitchen witches occupy a rather nebulous middle ground. They may follow an established tradition and have a properly set-up altar, they may take part in organized rituals. But a true Kitchen witch is more than a toned-down Ceremonial who likes to cook; they are the continuation of the old and honourable tradition of the wisewoman and cunningman. Buzzing around in their DNA Kitchen witches have at least a hundred generations of experience of 'making do' and 'settling for what you've got'. Deep in their collective unconsciousness they have the voices of their ancestors who lived in wattle and daub hovels, who often went without food and whose household equipment might stretch to a bowl, a spoon and a knife, with maybe a stool if they were really well-off. Where Ceremonial witches are obsessed with

having everything just right, Kitchen witches are deeply pragmatic people who believe that intent is everything and sod the window-dressing. Hence the great test of whether a witch is some variety of Ceremonial or truly a Kitchen witch at heart; if the witch in question is preparing a candle or incense for a spell, a Kitchen witch will use a vegetable knife from the cutlery drawer without a second thought, and then use the same knife to prepare dinner immediately afterwards. A Ceremonial witch will use a specially consecrated athame or boline, and if they don't have one, they will feel really, really uncomfortable and keep apologizing and saying that they can't afford a second ritual knife yet.

Kitchen witches tend to wear sensible clothing and have slightly scarred and calloused hands with lousy fingernails. As might be expected they are usually enthusiastic cooks and often dabble in home-brew. Kitchen witches love making things and get a deep, abiding sense of satisfaction from having full cupboards and cake-tins. They frequently suffer from tidiness deficit syndrome, because they can't be that bothered with categorising things, like laundry, and what should and should not be kept on the dining table.

When it comes to magic and ritual the same casual pragmatism tends to apply. Kitchen witches would not bother calculating the exact astrological phase for making an amulet, neither would they be overly fussed if they did not have all the ingredients recommended. Kitchen witches often do not do well in a highly regimented environment and may be uncomfortable in the classic coven. They are often really uncomfortable in the classic Gardnerian/Alexandrian coven. The

idea of taking all one's clothes off for rituals, even in winter, tends to offend their sense of practicality. As a result, Kitchen Witches tend to be either solitaires, or to belong to covens that are run more on Traditional or Family lines.

As might be expected, Kitchen Witches are often enthusiastic about the use of food and drink for magical purposes. If a Kitchen Witch does offer you a bottle of their home-brew, or a slice of unusual cake, you may want to make careful enquiries about the ingredients. The consequences of carelessly knocking back half a bottle of what turns out to be 'Guaranteed Purple Passion Wine' don't bear thinking about.

Good Points: Kitchen Witches can usually cook, and like good Earth Mothers (of either gender) tend to use food as a means of expressing affection. You will not go hungry with a Kitchen Witch in the coven. Their relaxed approach to ritual can be a useful antidote to the extremes of Ceremonialism, and relaxed it may appear, but their focus on intent and will, rather than Stuff, often produces remarkably effective magic.

Bad Points: Most human beings like at least a little ritual, and may find the extremes of casual Kitchenism uninspiring. Never make a Kitchen Witch the coven archivist; they will get cake batter all over the newsletter, and write shopping lists in the margin of ritual notes.

Appropriate Birthday Present: Any piece of arcane kitchen equipment, but check first to make sure they don't already have it. Edibles, such as gourmet cakes, vinegars or oils, will usually be acceptable.

Note: This is the first in a multi-part series. Further sub-species of witch shall be dealt with over the next few issues.

Past Life Regression... Dragon Style

Lori

I am the last one in. The cave entrance is before me. I will not be afraid. *My friend stands in front of me, she is pushed down the entrance. I feel strong hands on my young shoulders, then with force I am also pushed through the entrance. Down I fall, into the dark.*

Winding our way through passage after passage, now crawling, now walking, deep inside the earth. The constant sound of water, rippling, dripping, rushing. We seek audience with the Earth Dragon. Will Grael accept us, or will our presence not be tolerated and our lives taken for our impudence. The Dragon knows we are here and so far we are tolerated.

I can hear footsteps ahead, laughter, follow me, this way! I can dimly make out the flame of a torch ahead.

We come to the part of the ritual where we are to spend time alone in the dark to communicate with Grael. The instruction is to each pick a spot along the underground stream that feels or looks right to us. Alone I crawl up into a niche in the wall. I become aware of a low, powerful, rhythmic throbbing sound. I can hear a beating heart.

I look for my friend, I know that she is here somewhere in the labyrinth of passages. As long as we are together I will not be afraid. I climb down and lower myself into the stream. The cold numbs my feet. As I



feel my way along the cave passage I bump into her. She has come looking for me. We make our way back to the niche in the wall. Together we sit in the dark. The steady rhythm of beating heart transports us to another time. The world tilts. Childish hands reach out in the darkness, fingers intertwine. Safety. We are together again. Together in the dark, I remember...

All too soon we are struggling through the cave entrance. Welcoming, strong woman's hands reach out with words of encouragement and pull us into the light. Thank you Holly.

Time to meet Sairys. Into the sacred space we file. We invoke the Air Dragon and lie down to wait. Looking up at the dark expanse of space – no stars are visible. Then a feeling of being watched. A star appears, or is it an eye? Then across the sky the other eye appears. Sairys looks down on us with interest and curiosity. All I can see are the two eyes and forehead. I believe I can see a jewel in the centre. The dragon is HUGE! Somehow I expected something small and airy. This dragon is enormous. I feel like a small worm, writhing on the ground.

Then it is over.

Onto the brazier go offerings of precious incense, gold and silver, quartz crystal, oils, poetry and breads.

We feed, we gather together, stunned and tired. Each absorbing and assimilating our experience of the Dragons.

May we merry meet and merry part and merry meet again.

JULIUS EVOLA – Above the Ruins

Scorpio

The name of Julius Evola has over the last few years become increasingly known in the less conventional substratums of the English speaking world; specifically in the spheres of both occultism and the politically heretical. Evola has had a considerable impact on post war 'New Right' thought, principally in his native Italy, but also in France, Germany and Austria. Having been a critic of Mussolini's regime within the context of Fascism, during those times his magazine, *The Tower*, was banned by the Fascist State, while conversely Mussolini sought out Evola's views on race and endorsed his 'doctrine of race' as the official Fascist statement on the subject; that is race as a spiritual concept in contradistinction to the Nazi biological conception.

In post-war times, having successfully defended himself in trial against charges of 'Fascism', Evola was sought out by young 'national revolutionaries' in Italy, who wished to transcend what they considered to be the outmoded ideas of wartime Fascism. These youth aimed to make of themselves the 'revolutionary elite', the 'political soldiers' that Evola had written would emerge to 'revolt against the modern world' on an exalted, spiritual level; warriors in the traditional sense of the Ksatriya Hindu caste, the Medieval knight, the Samurai... the rebirth of knighthood.

These youth became the 'neo-fascist terrorists' of Italy, inspired by Evola, groups such as the Armed Revolutionary Nuclei and National Vanguard. Evola was, and has remained, also influential in the major Italian political grouping, the MSI. A Julius Evola Foundation was established in Italy, while his works were

introduced into France by a group of influential intellectuals around the 'New Right' group *GRECE*. From here the magazine *The Scorpion*, as one of the few heralds of the 'New Right' in the English language, began introducing English readers to Evola's concepts in a series of translated articles by and about Evola.

As above, so below

For Evola, the metaphysical was the basis of life, history and culture. He was an occultist who adhered to the hermetic principle 'as above, so below' as the basis of what he termed the 'metaphysics of history'. As the Italian translator of both the German historian Oswald Spengler and the French theosophical writer Guenon, elements of both can be seen in Evola's works. While embracing the cyclical historical analysis of Spengler; Evola owed much to the cyclic theory that had been the basis of the outlook of traditional civilisations, from Aztec America, to Vedic India to Eddic Scandinavia. Hence, the views of Guenon are of particular importance to Evola. Guenon, like Evola, described the materialistic impetus of Western civilisation which would be its own undoing; while Spengler sought analogies for Western decline in the cyclic death throes of prior civilisations.

It is the metaphysical basis of Evola's thinking which has served to have some of his major worked recently translated into English by the U.S. publishing house Inner Traditions International. Hence, Evola's works, and most importantly his *Revolt Against the Modern World*, are being made widely available to the English reader, due to the upsurge in occult and

metaphysical interests, rather than any widespread awareness of the West's fundamental sickness. Nevertheless, it is hoped that the occultist, in seeking out Evola's wisdom, will by chance begin to integrate Evola's analysis of civilisation and might even be inspired to become a Warrior in the service of tradition, 'against the modern world'.

The books so far published by Inner Traditions International include: *Eros and the Mysteries of Love* (1983), *The Yoga of Power* (1992), *The Hermetic Tradition* (1995), *The Doctrine of Awakening* (1995) and *Revolt Against the Modern World* (1995).

Who was Evola

Baron Julius Evola was born in 1898, of a Sicilian family. In his youth he was both a Dadaist and a Futurist poet and painter. After voluntary war service as an officer cadet in the artillery, Evola began to study occultism. He was interested in the metaphysics of both Eastern and Western thought, seeing an underlying unity in both Tantra and Hermeticism/alchemy, for example, which he was to write of in his Tantric study, *The Yoga of Power*.

He met the British occultist Aleister Crowley, wrote a biography on him, and formed his own occult order, *UR*, in 1927.

Mussolini's Fascism having been in power for five years, Evola and his group aimed to direct Fascism along non-Christian spiritual lines and resist Mussolini's concord with the Vatican. Evola, although raised in a strict Catholic family, never considered Catholicism to offer the spirituality necessary for a European traditionalist resurgence, but rather as a spirit alien to Europe. In 1928 he published his anti-Christian book *Pagan Imperialism*, as part of the campaign to redirect Fascism. (Actually, at its birth and under the influence of its co-founder, the



Futurist poet Marinetti, Fascism had been anti-clerical, as had Mussolini himself).

Another objection Evola had to Fascism was that it was a mass movement, having a proletarian basis, which he saw as fundamentally democratic. To Evola, anything of a mass nature, whether it be called democracy, communism or fascism, was anti-traditional and levelling.

Evola lectured in Nationalist Socialist Germany and hoped to find common ground with the more paganistic elements in NS, seeking an inter-national fraternity of knights who would restore tradition. However, the SS hierarchy were not favourable towards a Sicilian whom they held had little understanding of ancient Germanic custom. Evola was also critical of what he saw as the 'centralism' and collectivism of National Socialism, criticising it as having renounced 'the

ancient, aristocratic tradition of the state". To Evola, all traditional civilisations are based on supernatural aspirations and that, in accordance with the Hermetic dictum, the classes and castes of men are reflections of order having overcome chaos. Any undermining of this divine cosmology inaugurates an era of chaos, the Kali Yuga or Dark Age of which all traditional civilisations (whether Medieval Europe or ancient India) were aware. The king was divine, a manifestation of the godhead; not only a political figure, but most importantly the priest whose most sacred duty was to attend to the spiritual concerns of his subjects, lest the forces of chaos return.

Likewise, in the traditional civilisations, it was the primary duty of the warrior, whether Medieval Knight or Islamic warrior to be not merely a 'soldier' in the common, modern sense, but a cosmic warrior, restoring the centrality of civilisation.

Those civilisations which succumbed to anti-traditional or chaotic forces would decline: what Evola called the 'metaphysics of history', and what the Western Civilisation in our time is experiencing.

Hence, the relevance of Evola, like Spengler, for us today, is that he provides analysis of our civilisation's predicament and likely outcome, and offers several alternatives for the contemporary ksatriya.

Evola's Historical Metaphysics

Evola's evaluation of history is hermetic rather than that of the lineal progressive 'Darwinistic' school. He uses the method of correspondences in comparing civilisations, a technique familiar to the occultist. He also sees a unity or totality between apparently disparate elements according to the spirit of the times.

Spengler uses much the same methodology on a more mundane level.

Hence, although Evola is a vigorous champion of the resurgence of European traditional civilisation, the use of correspondences or analogy enables him to draw from both East and West and see an underlying totality between all traditional civilisations, however far removed by time and race.

The basis of civilisation is not natural but supernatural. Hence, the further removed a civilisation is from its central mythos, no matter how materially it has 'progressed', it is like our modern world, slipping further towards chaos.

One is reminded of the poet Yeats, also a historical metaphysician, when he alludes to the approaching chaos, in his 1921 poem *The Second Coming*:

*Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart;
The centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world
the blood-dimmed tide is loosed and
everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is doomed
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity...*

Yeats' poem encapsulates well Evola's approach to history; not surprising since both were schooled in the hermetic tradition, and therefore saw the cycles of history unfolding.

In the pyramidal, hierarchical structure of traditional civilisation, the king serves as a bridge, the Pontifex Maximus, between the people and the eternal, the divine. All else are emanations of this cosmic principle – caste, law, war, religion, empire...

Evola was unapologetically patriarchal, seeing the goddess worship of certain cultures not as the most primal forms of worship, as it's now fashionable to claim,

but as later developments in degraded states of humanity which had fallen from their primalsupernatural state. Hence, Evola's contention too that traditional civilisations in their original states were solar and heavenly directed, rather than goddess and earth directed. We can contend, using Evola's method, that the rise of feminism and the emasculation of males and the primacy of the feminine in the modern world, is a symptom of Western decadence, which has its corresponding periods in prior civilisations. The ethos of the traditional civilisation is therefore 'virility', and includes valour, honour, character... manifested at civilisation's apex in the aristocracy.

The aristocracy itself was not merely political or secular, but spiritual, the focus of tradition. Its secularisation, and therefore its degradation, took place in the West's mid-feudal period, and by the time of the Revolution in France had become thoroughly rotten. What replaced it was the bourgeois with its money ethos, and all else has proceeded from there to the present state of illness; communism/socialism being a product of, rather than a revolt against, this process.

Evola refers to the decline of the aristocratic ethos as leading to an aristocracy of 'intellectuality' rather than 'spirituality'. Hence, the original purpose of the ruler to be the bridge to the divine has been dead in the West for centuries.

Evola rejects Darwinism both historically and biologically, in favour of the esoteric approach. Neither man nor history are proceeding in a lineal manner. Rather, man has fallen from a hitherto high state through a succession of 'Ages'. Evola cites tradition from numerous civilisations as stating that man's primal state, far from being animalistic or ape-like, was 'more than human'. Our present state

biologically and culturally is therefore held to be a debasement rather than an evolution. (See my previous article *The Esoteric Approach to History*)

Evola sees the West as having reached a high point during its Middle Ages, when tradition was restored, and there was a renewed sense of chivalry manifested in the imperial idea; in Europe as a spiritual unity, achieved despite the Church rather than because of it. Conversely to most historians, Evola sees the Renaissance as having been the point for the whence of Western decline; leading to spiritual death and the triumph of materialism. Hermetic and Rosicrucian societies, existing underground, carried on the lost traditions. The anti-spiritual current itself was conveyed through the Illuminati and modern Masonry, influential in fomenting the French and American Revolutions; the triumph of humanism, capitalism and rationalism over tradition.

With the victory of materialism, all was de-sanctified, including the concept of 'castes' upon which traditional social order is based. There was a 'shift in power' from the warrior to the merchant, to 'capitalist oligarchies'.

The result is increasing dehumanisation, 'from a human to a sub-human type'.

America is as much part of this dehumanising process as was communist Russia, and today we can say, *moreso*. The new human type is 'homo economicus'. Evola quotes from early Soviet directives referring to the need to 'join the pace of American life', 'to intensify the mechanisation already at work in America and extend it to every domain'.

Evola's consideration of all this was that 'the final collapse will not even have the character of a tragedy'.

Evola called for a 'new unitary European consciousness'. He thought it seems

unavoidable that ‘fate will run its course’, that of a ‘Dark Age’ or Iron Age foretold in traditional teachings.

He emphasises that while the ancients knew civilisation run in cycles, only modern man has been ignorant and arrogant enough to see his civilisation as somehow immune.

Hence, Evola suggested to the contemporary ksatriya that what they can do is consider what elements of the old Western civilisation can be carried over into a new civilisation. Only a minority now count – those who eschew the modern popular culture. ‘They live on spiritual heights; they do not belong to this world’. They are the ones charged with keeping the ‘sacred fire’ alive, as priest-kings were once duty bound to do. Therefore, Evola proposed that one of the few things to be done is to recruit such people and form a nucleus; ‘to keep standing amid a world of ruins’.

Another option Evola suggested is for the spiritual warrior to hasten the death of the modern world in order to accelerate the birth of the new; to ‘take on... the most destructive processes of the modern era in order to use them for liberation’; ‘turning the poison against oneself’; or ‘riding the tiger’, as Evola termed it. This requires a fulfilment of the heroic ethos in the few, who know that ‘some will die with the dissolution of the modern world’, while some will find themselves in the ‘regal stream of the new current’. In the closing sentence to *Revolt Against the Modern World*, Evola offered that those who remain standing through the destructions of the Kali Yuga may yet achieve greater things than could be achieved in any other age.

Evola was paralysed during a Russian bomb attack while researching the SS archives on Masonic and esoteric groups

in 1945. Evola had never sought shelter during air raids, but walked through the streets ‘calmly to question his fate’, as he put it. After several years in hospital, he returned to Rome. He was arrested on charges of ‘glorifying Fascism’ and ‘intellectually inciting secret combat groups’ in 1951. Acquitted, he nevertheless was frequently the host of a new generation of young activists who addressed him as ‘maestro’. Evola died in 1974.

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