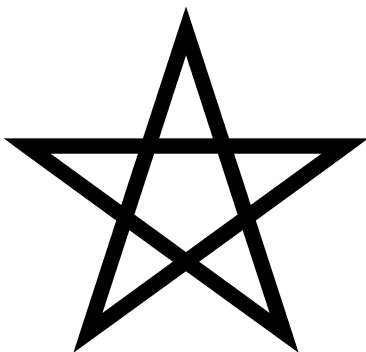


WARNING

A wide range of social,
political and spiritual views are
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Reader discretion is advised.



Including
'the Ankh'
and
'Cranebag'



CIRCLEEASTER

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Circlecaster Publications
PO Box 33-010, Petone
e-mail: ocaster@xtra.co.nz

Editorial

This month you will notice the inclusion of material from another two New Zealand organisations... introductory material from The Church of Odin, and the Wiccan Association of New Zealand (WANZ) newsletter, Cranebag.

After a period of controversy over what is appropriate content for a publication such as this, I am pleased to find that the balance is being established. I'd like to think that everyone now has a reasonable idea of what we are about, and we can now get on with doing some good work.

I'd like to convey a special thanks to our overseas contributors. It's exciting to think that our little journal is getting around so extensively and that we are deemed worthy of your attention.

Also a thanks to our retailers. Over the last few issues some of you have had to deal with 'offended parties' personally, but then you've also been the channel for some pretty nice feedback. Thanks for sticking by us.

Obviously we are indebted to the local contributors too, particularly those who have really put their beliefs on the line. It's not easy sharing such an intimate part of oneself.

And finally, our subscribers. Subscriptions are growing slowly, and single copy sales are steady. We're a long way from financial self support, but our contribution is more than amply rewarded.

All in all, I feel that we're making good progress. Feedback to date suggests that we're achieving an acceptable mix of theory, practice and levity. The one thing we're really light on is original art – there must be some occult artists out there.

Thank you all for your support.

Craig.

Letters to the Editor

Occultism & Politics

Unfortunately I have not read the past articles in Circlecaster concerning 'fascist occultists', so I am coming in at the tail-end of the debate on this subject. However, I would like to make a couple of comments which I think are relevant.

Firstly, we should be very careful not to pass moral judgment with the gift of insight on events that happened seventy or a hundred years ago. It is very dangerous to project modern 'politically correct' ideas back into the past, which is a foreign country. Today what we perceive to be 'racism' was a cultural norm in past society.

The beliefs of theosophical occultists of the past like Madame Blavatsky and Dion Fortune on racial matters have to be examined and judged within the context of their historical period and cultural framework. Although occultists are *supposed* to be exemplars and teachers, far too often they merely reflect or mirror the socio-cultural philosophies of the society they live in. For instance, it has to be remembered that in the 1930's when Dion Fortune was writing and teaching, Sir Oswald Moseley's Blackshirts were supported by a leading national newspaper in England and many in the British Establishment were Nazi sympathisers.

Which brings me to the political views of Aleister Crowley. While Crowley may be seen as right-wing, and despite Lord Haw-Haw's claim that when the Germans occupied London the Great Beast would hold a Black Mass in Westminster Abbey, his hatred of Nazism cannot be denied. One of his biographers, Charles R. Cammell, describes a scene he witnessed during the

Blitz in 1940 when a German bomber was hit by anti-aircraft fire and crashed near Crowley's home at Richmond Green in Surrey. Despite suffering an asthma attack at the time, Crowley ran down the stairs from his flat, into the street, and whooped and leapt with joy at the sight.

If other stories emanating from intelligence officers can be believed, Crowley offered his services to the British Secret Service when war broke out. In the spring of 1941, it has been claimed by several independent sources, Crowley organised an anti-Nazi ritual under the auspices of MI5 and the Naval Intelligence Department in Ashdown Forest, Sussex. This ceremony, which was a bit of a pantomime, featured over forty occultists and a unit of Canadian Army Engineers. It was allegedly part of Operation Mistletoe, the scheme hatched by Lt-Comdr Ian Fleming, later the creator of James Bond, of Naval Intelligence to lure Rudolf Hess to Britain. It seems to have worked as Hess flew to Scotland on his ill-fated 'peace mission' a few weeks later in May 1941, having been fed astrological data by an employee of the British Secret Service that recommended that time as occultly auspicious.

In common with many other practitioners of the Art, past and present, Crowley believed that magick should ultimately be able to accelerate spiritual evolution and create a superior type of human being. Likewise, some traditional witches believe they are a special 'race apart' and are supporters of the mystical concept of 'blood and land' connected to sacred kingship. Other contemporary occultists follow the 'Western Mystery Tradition' or the 'British Mysteries', which are firmly rooted in the

sacred and enchanted landscape of their native Blessed Isles.

This does not mean that any of these people are neo-Nazis, fascists or racists in the political sense. In fact, we should be wary of using such emotive and derogatory terms when describing esoteric beliefs that transcend the political beliefs and popular cultural trends followed by the masses of humanity.

Michael Howard (Wales)

Drugs

I read with interest the editors article on drugs in New Zealand, and how all are illegal to possess. Unfortunately this is incorrect, and will destroy the hopes and aspirations of many a humble shaman.

A friend has a page set up called "Salient Point" on importing, possessing and growing exotic plants in New Zealand which includes specific information on the legalities of growing *Papaver somniferum* (Opium Poppy) and *Lophophora williamsii* (Peyote). The url is:

[http:// www.geocities.com/RainForest/Vines/8234/](http://www.geocities.com/RainForest/Vines/8234/)

Please feel free to use any information from this site.

More important species are 100% legal in New Zealand. Some of the chemicals they contain are unscheduled, so even extracting them is legal (I refer to *Salvia divinorum*, diviner's mint... this is said to be the most powerful hallucinogen known to man. As I haven't tried DMT, which is also said to be the most powerful, I can't make a comparison, but I can say that *Salvia* is very shamanic...)

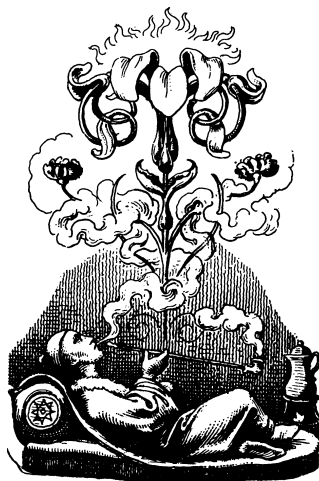
Of a side note, and in many ways a sad indictment of modern society, some manufactured and over-the-counter drugs are legal to possess and use (even

in concentrated form) and are in many ways ***very*** dangerous. In particular Dextromethorphan (in Vicks Formula 44) – this is a dissociative in the same class as ketamine and the notorious PCP. Why dangerous drugs like these are legal and over-the-counter, when far safer drugs are prohibited is anyone's guess...

Anyway, keep up the work with the great magazine,

Anon93

(The initial article was written to reflect the spirit of drug enforcement in New Zealand. Its main point was that spiritual or ethnic grounds provide no legal exception to the NZ drug laws. A point also worth noting is that while many substances are not illegal they would certainly not, in the first instance, be treated as legal if the extraction, use or supply came to the attention of enforcement authorities – it may well be that the technicalities would have to be resolved in court. Also be aware that legislation is currently before parliament that will lead to possession of information relating to the growth or extraction of illicit substances being an offense in itself. I'm sorry if my article was misleading or caused any spiritual venturers to cancel their journeys. Ed.)



Hecate Breathes

Jean de Cabilis

Hecate Breathes is a journal of the adept's journey with the goddess Hecate.

... am... i... I... dre... am... I... am... seer... ing.

Hail all witches; let us begin the journey from within ourselves. Will you enter then the feminine darkness with me?

Do you dare change yourself? Do you dare the growths of your many selfs? And if the moon is not nigh, can then prayer alter your mind? So that we might plunge into the mirror together. And as the moonbeams take a little over eighteen years, the art is waiting. Sun has become Dawn, new moon has again become new. So time enough, we have finished taking. Is there hope enough for our art to ride into the horizon together? Unicorns let your spells thrill me. Let's embrace and hug the quick path; for we are going to ride upon Mercury's saddle – together.

... clouds... mental invention... unclear mind forming patterns... desire to dream... desire to hold...

Witches, weavers, within the art there is a search. An ancient mystery. A riddle which has an instinctive longing, in which creativity

lays deep within our womb and being.

Our magic is a venture which has its roots far within inquiry. Old is it dear moon daughters, older than long before the dawn of time. Longer than even the mind of the Father. Yes, even then our magic did sustain him.

Daughters, do not be ashamed. Practice your art and let the magic you contain reign freely. Yes, reveal your Wicca desire to touch the great source.

Deliberate yourself as a lover expresses lust's passion, or as an Atlantean priest doth breathe desire while he tugs his star lost memories – Ah. Yes oh witch, let your magic unsettle your godly narcissism.

... visions hopes... lust and desire... another drop... but it is hard... hard to breathe... within Selene's water... relax more... empty self... seer... without power...

Sad, is that the weaker become aware? Dispirited are they led by the Father's lack of understanding. Being known of their primordial and Hecate's longings, the conflict does rage within their souls.

Earth, society, let your magic teach you, not to believe in the futures of things. As

often they are not what they seem.

Moon daughters, never stop to release the limitless of any dimension. Of those who, for it doubt which it most shames.

Hecate... I hear... ah... another word... another power... bring her closer... her visions... desire... another drop... but it is hard... hard to breathe within Selen's water.

Tell me oh mothers of Venus, to the birth of your handmaidens, from whence does grace come? And for elegance and beauty. Just how might magic arrive?

Yet the craft will hold itself to my name. I hear your concern, yet does Pan regress any? Or would even Hades bother again?

As Hecate is kind, perhaps she will fulfil his needs? Riddles is the art, upon which magic does hold all of yesterday's attitudes.

Such as demonology which is really the study of personal uncertainty. No, do not let love be careless in your chosen magic. Brave on dear moon daughters. Open up your book of spells, capture your priest and trap your sorcerer.

Don't wait for manhood when concerning his shyness, closeness and

shame. The action must be a woman's wonderment. This is yours dear daughters. Capture the unicorn, before the human male takes you to society's womb.

In Pan I see playfulness and the desire to return. Pray that he be an old goat welcoming his 'Moon'.

And for Aphrodite, she knows not Pan nor his lust. But pleasure, is the expression from whence magic doth give birth. Like yourself: I give life to my middle face, as you wish for your mother time. And yea for you, Aphrodite is alive.

Given the art and rapture is she; deep from within love's lust. Eroticism which I see is that which you try so desperately to contain. You who are nearly of age, be unlike Kore.

Take the unicorn as the one who came from the sea, and be enough for pleasure. Strive on dear maidens of the moon. Give it not yet laughter and scream, to touch Demeter's reign. As now is the time to harvest the grain of human man.

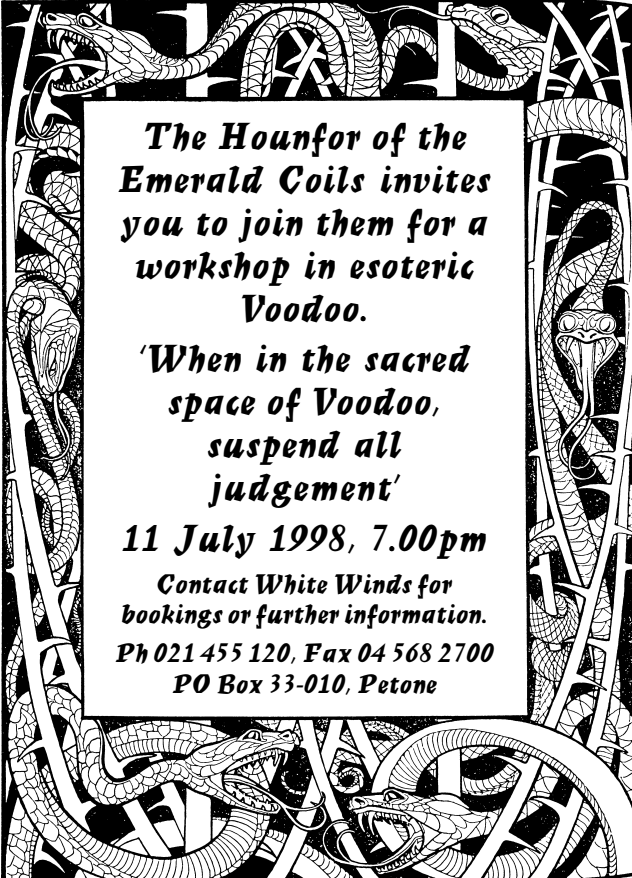
Look at the enchantment which you do. For this is my given seed of sorcery. Fighting are you always within your confusion. Relax oh moon daughter. This fate has laid for years within you. And I would rather it not, yet fates can change.

Be not compliant in your art; as your positions are not guaranteed. Kronos and Time are not your friends, oh playful ones. Daughters you are Hekate's chances. You are the gamble by which she rolls the dice. Oh pregnant with magic art thou, pregnant you are by the Moon. Sleep not, for Kronos is not so kind. A Plan has he, for even a much younger bride. And I say, will Hekate again lose?

Yet looking between your

eyes and the mirror, I see the potential of your vision. Please forgive the other, dear daughter. For in truth you are one and the same. Hold each other, for you share similar pains and hold each other's future within your wombs.

Moon daughters, we of blood give two season unto the goddess alone. And as Hekate is a triple goddess, so hath she two Moons. One is red like blood, and the nature of life. The other is



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young, just as it is ancient, it holds a dark secret. Two lives halt I from within an eclipse, as should my daughters. Each life has two seasons and yet the one same Lord. From whence does Kore come. Do you not believe.

Hear a mystery then, not of man's learning. Who do you think has Hades in Spring little goddess?

Just as it is in legend, it is so in the present. But I see surely that you are not looking male enough towards the womb.

Oh daughters of the moon, prey enter Hades' realm as Hekate's younger self. Be not kidnapped, but enter as I, your Goddess. Is it the moon's magic that allows you – and don't lack Aphrodite.

Give all form within your chain, walk naked into his domain. Touch the power which comes of your innocence and womanhood. Be youth's pleasure. Just as your girlhood would delight, as you touched youth – a unicorn's beauty.

... clasping I mummer a chant one learnt so well... the mirror... the way home... plunge deeper... weaving call a Star dragon... structure its pentagram... safety...

Oh daughters of the moon, from listening into the echoes do you also hear the ghost's whisper? Louder and louder until

the mirror... a way home... plunge deeper... weaving... call a Star dragon... structure its pentagram... safety...

Oh daughters of the moon, from listening into the echoes do you also hear the ghost's whispers louder and louder until the screaming begins. Crucify him, crucify him, burn them, burn those daughters of Satan. Choice is life, before the future and Saturn catches up with you. For she (life) is as magic as yourself.

Before the age of New to New Moon, believe this is the one you need sign up unto.

And if Hekate frightens you, don't wait upon Kore. Simply ride him, as you would the broomstick upon the unicorn. Witch, rather would I that see you there. Rather that you come up from within the ground, as young Hekate. But the promise of Saturn waits not long enough even for the likes of me.

... looking into the mirror... hearing the voices... The Goddess speaks... to me in a dream... and the sickle plunges into the waiting cub... Mistress Goddess... Ah

Looking at me from your magic mirror well, it is only one magic that allows youth. Teach life's experience to reach and let the new sex rage all for an age.

Even be it until the Fire is calm. For hungry are you to

channel the divine. And yet, I may not wait until the waters settle. For the Father has given us just eighteen tides of lunar as patience.

Perhaps oh daughters, it is a woman's curse that Demeter is not given mysteries yearning. Yet, looking into the eyes of my brothers, I find a glimmer of the fine crescent against your soul's window.

Thus Hekate need not to wait until the moon is Full. She bleeds from many a hardened heart. Yet until her handmaidens do touch their bleeding, there will be no magic, nor will they find their truth which lays at the centre of thy flow. Given to as such as rule, it be Hekate when Demeter comes of age to breathe earth's most ancient mystery. So better the learning, when standing naked before the Star.

Surely it has taken Hades by surprise, to find that earth hath chosen such a strange one. But as I see it; this is also a magic from which art and legend be born.

To myth, the magician's role is to plant those of them who have the quickening. So give of yourself bravely and take it out as rapture. Power the broomstick into the yonder worlds. Oh, Hekate your vision lays deep within earth and water. Hold fast the keys and unlock the entrance, you bold priestess.

See yonder, here comes the underworld advancing. Can you witness the seer's signs. Do you hear the hounds howling as I do. Can you see the fates weaving all about your destiny. Give then a little spell, to quicken the awaiting period.

And know as the Full Moon becomes dry, Hekate takes on the new goddess – unto herself. Not too late for Aphrodite nor her pleasures begging for release, from thy caged animal. Uncage yourselves oh wiles of the chosen, let your animals reign wild with magic and

offspring. Yea, a polygamist is thy Lord and why should not magic welcome back orgies in Aphrodite's temples.

... power raging... sickle lightening conjoined... the cup... Selene's princess... dragons... the Star calling...

Crawl out from the pool and find the path of the Moon. See what trail lays before you, between wolf and hound. Look up and hear the whispers; the song of Hekate's play face which sings lightly of the need to take them along. Does one

turn thyself into a dolphin or a mermaid from Sirius. No, simply let your magic carry your completeness, and your nakedness, into the new city.

Let your animal teach you love. Desire which is based below reason. Let your god edify your passions, as a waved mind into the beyond.

... clouds shifting... tugging my fate... accepting madness... need to release... awake dragon... carry me home... END

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The Coven of the Triple Moon

The “Coven of The Triple Moon” is a Boucca Wiccan group which offers training and initiation in Wicca and the Magical Arts. The training at higher levels incorporates practices and mysteries of the “Guardians” and the “Golden Dawn” – however, we approach the mysteries from a Wiccan perspective.

Our particular coven works strongly with the Alexandrian Tradition of the Craft, and this formulates much of our coven work and the basis of training in the Outer Order.

It is our aim to create a safe and supportive environment, in which people may learn the mysteries and grow as individuals by the way of “Communion, Compassion and Cooperation”. Hence people come together, so that they can share in their experiences, celebrate with each other, learn from one another and thus be a greater force for good in this world. We do this by working with the cycles of the earth and moon, and by aligning ourselves with the forces of nature. By doing this, we better serve in the “Great Work of bringing all beings into the full realisation of Life, Light and Love”.

The Coven of the Triple Moon is registered as having a valid temple charter in Boucca Wicca. Boucca Wicca is in the egregores of Alexandrian Witchcraft, “Whare Ra” (Stella Matutina, Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn) and the “Society of Guardians” (a 12th century Order of Technical Mystics).

For further information please contact:

Coven of the Triple Moon

PO Box 46280, Herne Bay, Auckland

Hel

A dark star explodes showering me in its fiery brilliance. A sharp knife makes the incision and the blood flows - an offering to my Mistress. Before Her I am humbled - a mere servant-slave - yet at the same time I am all-powerful, a gift bestowed to Her plaything. Lately my mind has wandered, often, to thoughts of Her, for she subtly twists the hands of fate, teasing me, testing me, loving me and hating me. Her violent - paradoxical - sense of humour half drowning me in rivers of sensory deception. A violent - non-consensual - mind-fucking or the bitter sweet caress of the harlot of the night, prompting me to play DeSade in a psychedelic - dissociative - Shakespearean play. The Black Sun congeals the Air, and at once ignites the Fires of lust, jealousy, guilt and madness. Again the stones slip from my twisted grasp, falling for eternity in patterns of force, spelling out my destiny in a cryptic illusive instance. Her laughter mocks The Fool, while Her fingers pull the strings contorting his body, stripping him naked before the watchful eye of the Hanged Man. This is change, the never ending cycle, the comic-tragic interplay - a confrontation of the Self. Egos are flayed and baked in a relentless desert, before being cast into the unfathomable void of the Abyss.

This crossing has been done before, but now my feet are slipping upon stones of torment. Struggling to regain a footing She cruelly continues the test, my trial by Water, making my nightmares - my deepest fears - a reality. Holding my head under now, I wonder if this is the end, but no, it is only the beginning. Afloat I know it is Her.

The madness continues - obsessions, self deception, lost at the edge of despair.

The Scarlet Woman, the Semitic aspect of She who is dark - all-powerful - loving for a night, yet years of unspoken, unthought, unknown, empathies are shared. A conquest, but am I Everest? Accusations, yet did the contemplative - primal - exchange kindle a loyalty? Honour shining through, conquering all bounds.

The fine net of guilt entraps - entangled in a karmic horror show where the voyeur is forced to watch his darkest, deepest fears lived out before him in the broken glass reflection - the sands of time scattered uselessly at his feet.

Through the destruction the creation can begin again - anew - the spiral downwards also ascends. From Her home...

Anon93

6th January 1998

The Magic of AVEBURY

by Jean de Cabilis

“Yonder look at land and priests below, a great circle of 100 stones to cross the spot, in which the heathens greatness lair burrow. Wherein which soul, an ancient dragon sleeps? And whence once fought men, giants and gods, for Serpent Power the winner keeps!”

- Boucca Wicca

Within Boucca occult tradition, it was at such locations as Avebury that the power of the ancient serpent, worm or dragon was worshipped by the shaman priests of earthen lore. These shamans practiced the mysteries long before the Druids and before the Great Stones of the Isle.

The builders of the great circles were the descendants of the Beaker Folk. The Beaker Folk were an early dark haired aboriginal people which settled throughout Europe and the United Kingdom during the early Bronze Age, around 4000 BC. One group of these people who migrated northwards made base near Avebury upon discovering water. There they built their settlement, which survived for many years as a pastoral community. They had learned the skills of farming throughout their travels through western Asia. Boucca myth also suggests that these people also acquired knowledge via Jericho an earlier home.

The Beaker Folk and their descendants recorded the stories, history and mysteries of their ancestors in a language of stones. And perhaps the progeny knew some secret whisper which we can only now guess at, a mystery or message still laying unsolved.

The Great Circles which were built by their descendants over many generations, were in fact a living representation of their mysteries, the date usually given to these Great Circles

is around 2500 BC, however usage of the stones at Avebury as barrows are in fact older than the pyramids. Megaliths were stationed in religious positions for the burrows from around c. 3500 BC. Standing stone work began at Stonehenge I around 3100 BC. About 2500 BC the earth work for Avebury henge was begun and over the generations more megaliths were slowly grouped together in circles called henges. The Avebury henge construction took around 500 years to complete around 2000 BC.

The Avebury religious mysteries are older than Stonehenge I. The West Kennett Long Barrow is dated around 500 years earlier than Stonehenge I. Also much of the stone used to build Stonehenge III was actually rocks dragged from the Avebury area. This is quite an accomplishment when you consider that these megaliths were dragged without technology for 29 kilometers by primitive peoples. John Aubrey the 17th century writer, who rediscovered Avebury during January 1648 while fox-hunting; wrote of it comparing Avebury to the Stonehenge III said:

“.. as much exceeded Stonehenge in grandeur as a cathedral does an ordinary parish church.”

Avebury is certainly a fabulous structure. The henge is surrounded on three sides by the Marlborough chalk downs. The total area of Avebury surround is

approximately 11.5 hectares. The surround is encompassed by a huge 6 meter deep and 21 meter wide ditch. Avebury is likely the longest henge in the world. Within the Avebury henge contains Avebury village. But more importantly there are two smaller stone circles. And each of these two smaller stone circles are large enough in themselves to contain the Stonehenge. From the air the Avebury ditch appears to be a Celtic or Square Earth Cross, having four entry/exit points at each quarter. The outer ring of the Avebury Henge originally had about 100 standing stones. Today only 27 of these great standing stones remain. Some of these stones weigh up to 60 tonnes and stand up to nearly 8 metres high.

In Boucca myth, at Avebury gathered large covens of witches who harnessed the great power of Avebury and practiced their occult arts, long before the arrival of the Druids. William Stukeley an 18th century antiquarian knew some of the pagan myths. He saw the two circles being representative of male and female. Stukeley wrote of its mystery:

“The form of that stupendous work is a picture of the Deity, more particularly the Trinity, but most particularly what the ancients called the Father and the Word, who created all things...

A snake proceeding from a circle is the eternal procession of the Son, from the first cause...”

Death and fertility are the certain themes of Avebury, which in my opinion, was once the centre of the ancient Serpent fertility cult. The two circles represent the mystery of our duality such as male and female, sun and moon. Today, however, contrary to my opinion, the idea that Avebury was once a serpent worshipping temple has been just about



disregarded by archeologists. However it is accepted that Avebury was an important religious centre for it's prehistoric inhabitants, the exact function of which has, however, posed many questions for researchers over the years. Researchers now believe that was Avebury was also used as a burial site, however if the myths are correct the buried are the scattered remains of sacrifices. Michael Dames, a British archaeologist, in his book “The Avebury Cycle” suggests the stones were built by the Beaker People who worshipped the Mother Goddess. They celebrated nature and the seasons of the year with songs and dancing.

Perhaps the occultist who listens and watches silently can answer the question. For it is suggested that, if you look closely, you will see the that the shapes of many of the stones suggest masculine and feminine aspects - a clue to the magic of Avebury. And just perhaps, even today the rituals and celebrations of Avebury ghost (emanate) into the present. And perhaps (s)he will hear or see whispers of the mysteries as told by the Older Folk who practiced their religion for over a thousand years worshipping the land and dragon.

Note: JdC is an occultist and not a scholar.

Old Town, New Town

It is dark, I can not see the moon. I look up into the cloudless sky and I see all the stars fall.

The betrayal, the spell is broken and innocence dies, alone. Childhood memories, immortalised, and placed upon a pedestal. Does she think of me? Hate me? Wish me dead? Compliments given, yet naive Fools are lost in mazes of unknowing. All this destruction of sanctity, yet it is the birth of the Self, the kindling of the Fires of honour and loyalty. Perhaps forgiveness was looming, yet smashed again upon the rocks of inexperience, fear, and guilt. The regret of not having said one simple word before I left, "goodbye."

A means of survival of the Ego, and perhaps also the Self... internalising, repressing, only hatred making one feel alive. Tears flow in a drunken moment of weakness, the sword of guilt humbling the giant, making him drop his cards, revealing for all to see the hand he was holding - Death, The Hanged Man, The Devil, The Lovers, and The Fool.

I shut my eyes. Before me is the door to another place. I enter, and begin my decent. Deeper and deeper into the Earth I go, images appearing, as spectres of other realities, crossing the boundaries. But nothing can compare to the nightmare that awaits below. Now I am adrift, memories are vague, perhaps repressed, not wishing to relive the torments endured by the Soul. Here there is madness, total and unrelenting. Bestial screams, the man runs around as though possessed. Animated no longer by sentience, now by something primal, animalistic - shapeshifting through liquid vistas. Day breaks and I am back, it is time for more reflection, a time for raising, and perhaps slaughtering the lambs. The path that has been travelled...

Anon93

8th January 1998

Sacrifice.

During a night of “Howling Necromancy”, one of our members brought in The Barons, the Wild Card of the Voodoo Tarot. As we were unprepared for this we did not have the required offering or sacrifice.

The idea came to us that as soon as we could we would do another ritual to give the required offering. The Barons are associated with cemeteries and so we went to a local cemetery where there is a small Temple shaped stone crypt

A few small sorties the first to get a small lump of marble for an altar. You know how these places are full of broken marble? Well this one was so tidy! We found a piece and then a lone walker went by and say us two in black carry this large lump of marble into a tomb. “Did you see that guy “ we said and carried on with the offering.

The next trip was for water , in the dark with my robe on, drinking what was supposed to be the Barons rum (only so I could empty the glass) I went out to get a glass of water for the water ways. As luck would have it I had walked through in the day light and seen a tap.

The ritual was well done and we returned home.

Three weeks later I passed that way again and found the sheet we had drawn the Veve on still there pinned under the altar and the temple undisturbed. Imagine my surprise when I saw all the writing and the lovely blessings from two local witches who claim to “ know our Name”. Well ladies we also know your names as you signed them. Dear M.L. and K.D. of Dunedin if you would like to KNOW what we were doing and or talk or maybe work Magick our address is in this magazine. Our enthusiasm for the work with the New Orleans Voodoo Tarot is such that if there was enough interest we would look at starting a Honfort (or Voodoo Temple) in the Dunedin area.



Keep an eye on our country

In April of this year WANZ, the Wiccan Association of New Zealand, responded to our Prime Minister’s comments about re-introduction of religious education in schools by submitting a letter to the Wellington newspapers. Unfortunately the issue promptly faded into insignificance in the eyes of the press, and so the letter was not published. PANZ, the Pagan Alliance of New Zealand, commented on this matter in their newsletter.

Much has been said about politics and the occult – whether you like or not we live in a politically manipulated world.

Be aware that there are those that would gradually strip away our rights and freedoms, that it will be done little by little, affecting minority and marginalised groups one by one, so that the majority don’t notice until it is too late.

We have made informed choices in our way of life. Don’t let ‘them’ remove that freedom of choice. While our paths are diverse, let us not be afraid to be seen as one in these matters.

A minor shift in plans

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Down to three – the diehard core members on this almost fateful night – no need to describe the reasons for the absence of the others on this cold, clear, frosty Friday night. Suffice it to say that the night was to be for the ‘Barons’.

Top hats.

Shades.

And cigars.

The spirit of Death itself.

And there was to be a trip to the local graveyard to invoke them!

First, however, the formalities need to be attended to with equal, no more than equal, care and attention as any other Voodoo Rite that splits the night in the southern reaches of the South Island.

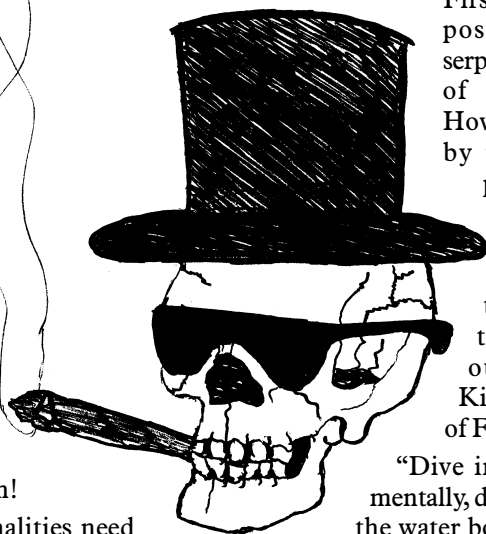
Three men, soon to become possessed by the unknown, robed in purple and black, took up their positions in the lodgeroom of the unnamed temple of darkness, lit by one red ‘glow lamp’ and three black candles.

Now, on this occasion there was a new construct – a voodoo spirit trap carved in black wood with the veve of the great serpent of flames on the top.

The carving was of two double-coiled serpents, and housed therein were the sigils of the Great Old Ones of the Night of Time along with a black voodoo spirit manikin.

Having split the atmosphere asunder with

the giant crossroads of our Papa Legba, the veve of our Serpent was made, with appropriate offerings – and things began to warm up a bit.



First there was a part possession by the serpent with the master of ceremonies. However, unsatisfied by the speed of the proceedings, commanded brother ‘not-so-enthusiastic’ to take up asana on top of the veve of our great Voodoo King, The Dumbalah of Flames.

“Dive into the waterways mentally, dive your hands into the water bowl physically and invite the fate of being overtaken!”

“How are you going?”

“No, no good.”

“Try again! Dip in... go on!”

“Grab it... go with it!”

“You’d better grab it before it grabs you!”

O, what are we going to do with our dear frater fearful?

Wait on. What’s this, there seems to be steam rising from the neck of his robe. Yes, on closer inspection I do declare he is heating up!

Good Lord – there is power in it!

He looks rather dreamy, but perhaps something is happening on the inner – more to this frater than meets the eye.

But our other brother was steady in his

Shamanki

asana and only stirred when the words, “Good Lord, he’s on fire!” issued into the darkness of the temple.

“There’s a big green flame leaping up his back – oh – his robe’s on fire!”

However he got so close to that one black candle I will never know, but aflame he was – unaware, lost in his attempt to connect with the spirit of spirits.

“We’d better put him out – where’s the water?”

And now we have one of our members consecrated by fire and purified by water – Voodoo style.

BLAME THE BARONS!

Blame the Barons for the rolls of laughter that followed from the two brothers of compassion.

Blame the Barons for overtaking an ordered and proper ritual.

Blame the Barons for all the other things the three brothers got up to that almost fateful night – in the confines of the lodge room, in the local graveyard, and in the world at large.

There were little veves in the most unusual places – harmless enough (or is it) – and as for the lodge room – what a mess!

But the manikin did not escape from the spirit trap, so all was not lost and nobody went permanently mad.

We hope.



Hail Belladonna Felinus, Terrible Sister!

Singer of the mysteries, seeker of spirits, dancer at the crossroads!

Hail Mighty Strongarm! Brother!

Spirit Chief, powerful maker of magick, nightside dancer!

We, your sisters and brothers of the Clan of the Four Winds, sorrow with you on the passing of your gentle maiden, to the Sacred Forest beneath the waters. We honour you, we sing with you the song of “Letting Go”.

Our hearty love and strength to you and yours. Be at peace, until once again the mountains and valleys thunder with the sound of pounding drums and feet, as we dance the “Dance of Gladness!”

Yours fearlessly

Aminita Raptor

Stinkhorn

Fire Cub

Aconita Pythia

Ragwort

Psilicybe

Mandragoria Thornapple

Juniper Berry

Running Bear

Shortform Hellabore

Oleander

Red Weaver

She who is too terrible to be named

Little Isis No More

by Jean de Cabilis

I wish dear Sister
I, too, had sung then
All hymns before
the Creators did madly decide
upon confused tongues
to proof Desire
and to slacken thy Tower
with hail and flame.

Your hope which now lays
upon an ancient dream
is so much likened
as children within Eden's lore
where joy plays upon Nature' day
and the promised Sun warmed rain.

Yes, Sumer where else
may hope doth return?
after burning the anguish
upon women's bleeding charity
woe, Time enough did we try
to perfect our Lord's essence
yes, he, too, cooled the River Nile
long before our stream.

To whence Babylon arose
all cried and were amazed
to see you harlot'ed
from the prophet's blind
yet the legend supported you
for every mummer did produce a hero
yea, your breath is the living truth
but Time has committed the Master's
word.

Now looking up
into the Heavens
I imagine as to how
the Father became blind?
and wonder why the Art causes
Fire the Elder to descend!

Dear Inanna my husband's promise
also became the curse
and no moon bar the Lotus
did reach my funeral tears
yes, only the Fool
and his mirror Death may grasp.

You ask when might
little Isis be known - widowed?
She did enter Ra's soul
where the pain is hard to fake
and where once did the Serpent await
for an infant God dying in my arms
but I strong in the ancients eyes
a young promised and virgin bride
so entered into the Father's mind
there slaying the evil within
Mother Goddess did I become
Mother Spirit now I am.

Shamanki

Shamanki of the Four Winds, Hail!

Such joy sisters and consort! Our clan has a cubling!

“Bradley the Bold and Beautiful”, kin of our Stinkhorn and Aminita Raptor has joined the Clan of “White Fang” our supreme and terrible goddess. Know ye well one and all that the Goddess is most pleased.

Cubs and cublings are most dear and precious to our Goddess. They already have that most sanctified of shamanki smiles. Toothless and fearless, they truly have “glowing gums”.

Dear, dear Aminita, the task of raising a cubling in the ancient ways is not an easy one. You will need all your cunning sister, if the babe is not to be seduced. Yes sister, seduced! By the soft ways of the new order! What can one expect of a generation where the young are wrapped in paper and plastic, very like a parcel for posting. Nay sister, not for our cubling these disposable nappies and bottles of plastic!

Raise him on the milk of the mother, let him lay on furs. Find him a pack to hunt with, teach him the songs of the wind, sister! Take him to the high places so he may touch the very stars. Teach him to fly!

Fear not that your burden be too great sister, for we, the children of “White Fang” are ever at your call.

Go in peace sister and may the blessings of White Fang go with you and your loved ones.

Yours in Joy,

Belladonna Felinus

Untitled

Steven, (G) 1998 e.v.

“Do you renounce the flock?”, I questioned
For before me stood a lamb in wolf’s guise
Embracing the very essence of the Sickness
The momentum behind decline
As I watched and realised
True Pagan Blood is beyond all duality
And therefore eschewing the feeble ways of Judaeo Christs
Embracing Balance through Polarity

Untitled

Steven, (G) 1998 e.v.

... And Winter’s call is the bane of man
The echo of his suicidal scream
The nominal enlightened West
Exemplifying its narcissism with
Nature on Her head

A Dark Vision...

(c)Infernus N.N. 1998 e.v.

With flaming sword we attack
destroying
Cleansing
Creating
Phoenix like, arising from the ashes
A new world
A new age
A triumphant sign
A triumphant name...
Satan



Book Review:

Hecate's Fountain

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This is possibly the most controversial of Kenneth Grant's books.

It is a report of the most spectacular results of some experiments and rituals performed in the New Isis Lodge between 1955 and 1962.

The term tangential tantra is used to describe unusual results of the workings. These were most useful, in focusing attention on previously overlooked and unexplored magickal correspondences.

The results were indeed spectacular on the physical plane. There were times when explosions took place and other times when death occurred due to pure magickal tangents, as well as much other strange and fantastic phenomena.

Hecate's Fountain deals with the dark side of Magick – a black type of magick that leaves black magick per se for dead. An absolute inspiration, for those among the magickal community that are fearless in their magickal investigations.

However, most of the rituals described have large and important parts missing. This was done to prevent others

repeating the experiments, and coming to a sudden and unnatural end.

This is most frustrating when one is attempting to put a ritual together, but in another way, perhaps helpful to have so many gaps where new tangential tantra can manifest.

Some reviews have dismissed this volume as fiction, and it is easy to see why they have done so, with the fantastic nature of the reports.

In a similar way, reviewers have decried the books of Carlos Castaneda.

I would suggest that both these authors are presenting material for the magickian to experiment with according to their own ingenium.

With that said, it would be best to remember that the whole magickal cycle is just that, a cycle through life and death, dreamed and dreamer, and so such minor magickal results as death or burn-out are all part and parcel of the adventure.

Highly recommended - purchase at your peril.

Hecate's Fountain, Kenneth Grant, Scoob Books, 1992

Shape Shifting

(c) Sam Fleming (UK)

Shapeshifter. What an evocative word. Its meaning is almost immediately apparent. Or is it? The Chambers Dictionary does not mention such a thing under its entry for “shape”:

Shape: to form, to fashion, to mould into a particular shape or form; to give form to; to embody; to plan, devise; to direct; to determine; to purpose, to take shape; to develop; to give promising signs; to conduce form; figure; disposition in space; guise; form or condition; that which has form or figure; an apparition; a pattern; a mould; a jelly, pudding, etc, turned out of a mould.

So a shapeshifter could, if we went by the dictionary, be anything or anyone from the proverbial jelly wobbling on the proverbial plate, or at least the person who serves it, to someone influential in the world of haute couture. But that isn't what the meaning is generally taken to be.

Shapeshifter immediately makes one think of Native American shamans, taking on the persona of a wolf or an eagle, or perhaps something out of a horror film - who could forget, having seen it, the mesmerising transformation sequence in American Werewolf in London. In the pagan world, shapeshifting is, in many senses, far removed from the world of Hammer Horror, with its werewolves and virgin-sucking vampire bats. In *The Celtic Shaman* John Matthews says: “It does not, of course, imply that you ‘physically’ change your shape; rather that you are identifying with the creature in question.” He uses shapeshifting to describe the act of placing oneself in what one imagines is an animal's point



of view - imagining what it must be like to see with their eyes, to feel with their limbs.

As an example, one might choose a hound, and try to conjure up a world in which sight is now one of the least important senses, unlike the visually oriented human world - a world coloured by smells, where each living thing has a scent so distinctive and obvious it is possible to track one for miles, hours or even days after its passing. Or even, perhaps, the aforementioned bat, with its world revolving around the high pitched clicks and pings of sonar - not because it is blind, but because eyes are not the most useful organs in the dark, unless you are a creature that has evolved especially for this, like an owl. Matthews suggests an exercise in which the sensory perceptions of the chosen animal are so strongly evoked that the spirit of the animal merges with the practitioner, who can then partake of the animals' strengths.

I will admit to having long standing doubts about this. No disrespect to Mr Matthews, but how can we, as humans, possibly imagine what it is to be another species to the extent of the spirit of that animal finding us suitable housing, when so many of us have difficulty imagining what it is like to be another member of our own? This exercise does, as he states, constitute shapeshifting, for the practitioner is changing the form of his thoughts and senses, but could there be more to shapeshifting than this? What is it about the concept that sends a thrill down the spine, that has sparked so many myths and legends, so many stories? What aspect of shapeshifting has made it one of the most thought-provoking and envied abilities of a native shamanic practitioner?

Why should the question be so important? In this day and age, in the fluorescent-lit world of science and technology, what else could shapeshifting possibly mean? We have, mostly, gone beyond the times of men whose eyebrows met in the middle wearing fur on the inside of their skins, beyond the times of making the evil eye at the full moon for fear of what might be prowling beneath it. Should a creature such as a werewolf exist in this time, it is probable he keeps himself well hidden for fear of being caught and locked up in a lab somewhere. Laboratories all over the western world offer cash rewards for anyone who can demonstrate some sort of paranormal ability in controlled conditions. There has certainly been no report of any shapeshifters stepping forward.

There are many people out there right now calling themselves shamans. In some cultures the very word shaman is synonymous with shapeshifting.

That in itself is important enough to make it an important question. Are those

that send to a PO box number in the back of some magazine they picked up in their local rock shop as deserving of the title as those who get dragged down the path kicking and screaming and crying for their Mums? Can a person who has seen a practising shaman dancing around in a mask and liked the look of it truly call himself shapeshifter because he went out and bought a drum with knotwork on the skin?

There are those that do. Even more basically, are all shamans shapeshifters and are all shapeshifters shamans?

So what is it? Can there really be people out there who can take on the form of a wolf, a bear, a salmon, a mouse?

It has been a difficult question to address without taking the option of reading what other people have written of their own thoughts. To take that option would have been to shift my own thoughts, much as observation in the quantum universe changes that which is observed. In the end, I have come to the conclusion that there are two basic types of shapeshifting, both important, both valid, but costing different prices. All other forms of shapeshifting, be they astral or otherwise, can be accommodated within one of these two categories.

The first type is as Mr Matthews describes, but it is also more than that. It is the changing of the self, by the self, for the self, using the imagination of the self to construct another perspective complete enough to adopt as one's own. In this respect, Matthews is right to describe the exercise in his book as shapeshifting, but wrong to imply that this is the only shapeshifting exercise in the book. In this sense of the word, every act of magick is shapeshifting. Every time one changes one's mindset, one is shapeshifting. When someone imagines an animal in order to

take on it's qualities, he is imagining the qualities. They are the qualities humans see in animals, not the qualities the animals see in themselves, if indeed they see anything of the sort. In that respect, the magician is changing the self using what is already contained within the self, but giving the new form an external shape to emphasise that difference. This sort of shapeshifting allows a magician to take on the apparent qualities of everything and anything and is extremely valuable and highly recommended as a magickal tool, as well as being relatively straightforward. There are more books than you can shake a stick at detailing shapeshifting exercises, and it is recommended that the interested reader seek out one with an approach that appeals.

The form of shapeshifting in which a practitioner takes on the form of an animal in the astral, or during shamanic journeying, is of this sort. The imagination is wholly responsible for the changes in sensory perception. This is not to say that none of those changes accurately models the senses of the chosen animal. The imagination is a powerful tool, sadly underrated in modern times, and the more informed the practitioner is about his chosen animal, the more likely it is that his imagination will conjure up an accurate facsimile for him to wear. The change still has an internal source rather than an external one, however, a point with an importance which will become apparent in the following paragraphs.

The other sort of shapeshifting is a little different, and to demonstrate that difference there has to be a general understanding of the term "empathy". Returning to our faithful dictionary, empathy is defined as "the power of entering into another's personality and imaginatively experiencing his experiences; the power of entering into the

feeling or spirit of something, (a work of art) and so experiencing it fully."

The Greek roots of the word are en, in and pathos, feeling. Empathy itself is thus almost a concise term for the act of shapeshifting itself.

This is where things start to depend on your own beliefs, for the second sort of shapeshifting requires that you remove the word "imaginatively" from the above definition.

There was once an article, the reference long since forgotten, in which a member of the Society for Psychic Research propounded the theory that telepathy formed the basis for every other sort of psychic ability. It was an interesting theory, and the point was well made, but perhaps it is not telepathy but empathy which is required. To share thoughts with someone is to share some part of an experience, but a definite part. To share feelings with someone is to share a far less restricted part of that experience. Feelings colour thoughts, memory, experience itself. Many people have the ability to sense the emotional state of another person, especially if that person is a close friend or relation.

Take this a little further, and you have people who can not only sense the emotional state of close friends and relations, but who can sense the feelings of strangers, of almost anyone. A little further still, and there are people who can experience the feelings of others. Empaths.

We're not there yet, though. For an empath to be a shapeshifter he has to be able to take that experience and make it his own. He has to change the self using a form taken from outside the self. He has to use the feelings he senses to colour his own thoughts, to change the pattern of his mind to resemble the pattern of the one he is changing into. This does not mean he

literally becomes the other person. To be the other person, he would have to discard all of his own life experiences in favour of those of the other person, which is highly improbable to say the least. He can become something similar, however, something not so far removed.

Empathically shapeshifting into another person is easier by far than shapeshifting into an animal. To accomplish that, the empath must adopt an entirely new way of looking at the world, completely unrelated to any of his own experiences, at least in modern times. Perhaps it was not so difficult back when hunting and gathering were a way of life, when the human existence was not so far removed from those of the other creatures man shares this world with. And, of course, this sort of shapeshifting can only take the empath into a creature he has met and experienced. This sort of shapeshifting will not allow the magician to take on the mindset of the dragon, or the wyvern, or an animal that lives on the opposite side of the world. It may, however, be the sort that is involved in deity possession, such as that found in Santeria and Voudou. After all, we all give the Gods faces specific to ourselves to some extent.

The price for this sort of shapeshifting is the ability to do it, is to be continually affected in a direct way by everyone else.

There are other practices which have been described as shapeshifting by some. Examples of these are given in many of the old folklore tales, and are worth a mention if only to explain why they are not really shapeshifting in the senses described above.

Witches were supposed to be able to change into their familiars, in times long gone, but it is generally accepted now that this was more a case of consciousness projection. Consciousness projection can be

undertaken in two different ways; an image of the animal can be constructed in a different location from the practitioner, or an animal can be “borrowed”, which Pratchett fans will know to be Granny Weatherwax’s particular speciality. Neither of these is really shapeshifting as such, because there is no change of form to the self.

The practitioner is controlling a different form external to the self. An analogy can be made with driving a car - the practitioner’s consciousness is in the driving seat, but is not really changed in itself. The latter of these two examples is more closely akin to shapeshifting than the former, as the different perspective produced by the animal’s senses will have some affect. I hesitate to classify this as shapeshifting, however, as the change is taking place externally, outside the self. It can perhaps be best compared to the different sense of touch produced when wearing gloves; the inner hand is not changed, but it has an extra layer of sensation to work through. In the two categories of shapeshifting, the self is changed primarily in order to produce the experience, rather than being changed by the experience.

These two differing forms of projection are also separated by the requirement for empathy. While it is possible to construct an impression of an animal with only a cursory knowledge of its habits, such as can be gained from a television documentary (although the impression will not be very convincing), borrowing an animal obviously requires a certain gift for mental communication. It is interesting to ponder whether someone capable of borrowing an animal is also capable of shapeshifting. As a shapeshifter is required to be able to surrender the form of the self to another creature, while someone borrowing an animal can only do so if he is capable of

maintaining the self despite the different sensory inputs, it is possible, perhaps, that the two skills are mutually exclusive.

We have gone some way to answering our questions, although our answers cannot be applied with any confidence to the magicians of yore, whose practices can only be guessed at from myth, legend, and what fragments of ritual survive in modern times.

So, our questions were, is every shaman a shapeshifter? Yes, every shaman is a shapeshifter.

Every practising shaman, that is, and not all shamans practise. Some just use the name. Is every shapeshifter a shaman? No. You don't have to be a shaman to be a shapeshifter. You don't even have to be pagan.

Shapeshifting is something that many people do unconsciously, much of the time, as part of everyday social interaction. In the pagan frame of reference, however, anyone who makes a deliberate effort to see the world through eyes other than those

they normally use can be called a shapeshifter. Are there those that really take on forms external to themselves? Yes, I believe there are, and I do not believe that all of them do it deliberately.

Neither do I believe that there are those who take on a different external form physically - although I am prepared to be proven wrong on this point. If any werewolves or vampires who are prepared to do just that would care to make themselves known, you can contact me care of Pagan Central International. I promise to be discrete.

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Aeon

586

But your true will shall be tested by the ordeals of initiation.

Until the changing of the Aeons when the angel sounds the great trumpet to herald the Aeon of Maat.

Another prophet shall arise (Nema) to bring fresh fever from the skies (Maat Current from the Pleiades, directed through Sirius, focused like a laser beam on humankind). Another woman shall awake the lust and worship of the snake (Marie Laveau, Snake = Voodoo). Another soul of god and beast shall mingle in the globed priest/ess (Great snakes of Voodoo take possession of their followers and so they experience divinity directly).

Another sacrifice shall stain the tomb (Priest/ess of Maat will continue to incarnate on earth to aid, until the evolution of humankind and planet is completed (Sacrifice=Birth, Tomb=Womb). Another King shall reign (Maat) and so, there will no longer be any need to pour blessings to our Hawk-headed mystical Lord!

Sitting in the chair, I leave. I am in eternity. A carpet of red extends to the horizons - and beyond. A revelation, nay, an experiencing - time is spherical! Einstein is crucified upon the elemental cross - linearity but a projection of self-deception.

My mind drifts - the first sensing of things truly beyond - outside - of normal perception. I awake, feeling nauseous - the food I ate? - irrationality descends... wake Mike? No - better to crawl a kilometre to the phonebox, don't want to disturb him. But 3D leaves and an indescribable multi-dimensional world explodes - a buzzing, whirling vista of insanity - cannot compute.

Matter, a synthesis-projection of Spirit and Soul. An illusionary phantom to be transcended.

Again I am a child, hurled out of the womb of consensus reality - born into a great unknown, to learn things afresh, unfettered by the constraints of the masses.

True reality, a geometric progression of increasing complexity. Fragile minds could not, would not, grasp the razor edged chaos - simplicity the curse they choose to endure. Vegetative, they become mere dots, points on an endless curve, the moebius of destiny.

The music plays on, lulling the physical body into a temporary sense of security. Again I leave, I am outside of time, outside of all. The universe a mere dot, an atom waiting to be split - an ephemeral eternity - immortalised in the throes of life and death.

Through the desert a dark figure...

Anon93

13 January 1998



From the Founder and Original Editor of Magic Pentacle

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the Ankh

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continuing in the egregore of the Society of Guardians and Whare Ra

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Boucca Wicca

Each of us has a hidden hurt or pain and no matter how we may try to disguise this fact, the pain still remains. Whether a recent hurt or an ancient pain that we lay buried within us; the hurts can come haunting us without warning. We grow, mature in the environment that humankind has built up around itself, in order to separate, harden and protect itself from really is inside ourselves. And as far as the hurts are concerned, we become very good at burying the wounds. The hurts lay sleeping for the most part and we don't often remember them that much often. Except that they surface every now and again. The faces are forgotten, but the situations are retold, adding lie upon lie as we built up our alternative memories. On the surface it seems so natural and easily, but the hurts do remain, so something must be wrong. And they the hurts, do slowly acquire interest, weighing us down like sin, until they kill us.

As we get older, the pain is qualified as forgotten, and yes it does seems to fade

away. But I think that for many of us, that we have only learnt to conceal the hurt, to simply bury it, to forget it, and thus negate their existence. Perhaps that on the on the most part works for many of us. Else we use tricks like forgiveness which really is aimed at our own self healing, but in truth is not really forgiveness of Light. For our forgiveness generally is always the result of judgment, hurt and anger and thus again destructive. Or even when in the mode of goodness, are not more often our expressions of our own powerlessness, a vice or weakness within. Forgiveness yes is necessary for self-healing, but don't kid yourself that it is done for the other party. Love does not work like that, the compassion is simply given to every situation without judgment or self hurt. Whether we do forgive or not, we go about our daily business, with the good fortune of the hurts not effecting our daily lives. Or do they? Should we really reason, if they are not on mind, if they are not being thought of, they are not part of our every day lives then why worry. Is this not a tragedy? Is this not the reflection of coldness and hardness of heart. Should

such coldness be accepted as a way of life in such creatures of beauty? And yes that is what we are, potential creatures of the Light, children of the Light, baby gods of the Light.

We kid ourselves that perhaps we have gotten over the many hurts in our lives. But now and again the hurts, they resurface, and we realise that we are not so removed from the pain as we would like to think. The resurfacing of the hurts proves that they haven't actually gone or been dissolved, or better evolved into our beings as part of the make up of Light. But they show that we have somehow numbed ourselves. And by numbing ourselves, we no-longer live. We may exist, but do we really live. The hurts emerge and our natural reaction is to again harden ourselves over and over. To numb ourselves, to ignore that quite desperate voice that is screaming deep inside. Yet sadly what we don't often realise, is that the hurt, when it surfaces is a reminder that we are still alive. :) So then if we realise this, then sadness surely a reason to rejoice, to be happy. And make no doubt as Boucca paganism is about joy, laughter and happiness. The Boucca Way will not help you escape the truth, for the mystery and nature of light is part of the mysteries of our religion. And light has a habit of surfacing those things which we lay hidden in our personal darkness. Know thyself.

And surely as each day is unique, the very day will bring to us its own experiences, whether they are enjoyed or not. Our way of paganism is to help us not cling to these experiences whether pleasurable or those situations which are not so enjoyable. Certainly we bind ourselves to

life, but we do not cling to experiences of life. Rather we seek to grow as children, involving ourselves in the dance of Life and all that good things that are to offer. Be fully committed in the moment, be fully committed in communion.

We don't seek to cling to the moment, we do however attach ourselves to holistic All. This is a paradox:

*To fully involve ourselves with Life,
but not to cling.*

*To bind ourselves to Life,
but without attachment."*

- Boucca Wicca

Sadly this is difficult for many of us, so we bank on those joys that we cling to, in the hope of building up a reservoir of 'this is just purpose for living, for existing the way that we do'. And these moments we idolise, replaying their changing memory over and over again. But the thrill does go away all too quickly it seems. The payment for this is that we maintain caught up in an inner duality of our own making. And thus when we experience another newly acquired pain, hurt or anger, they are either remembered longer, or imprisoned, buried deep within us as the duality demands. Another rock in the barrier that we build between us, and our right to live and enjoy the world as free human-beings, as intelligent, but deadly and gentle animals. And this trade off enslaves us and eventually kills us. Without a wake up call, many of us do not really live, we simply exist.

*Mankind removed from Gaia,
imprisoned by his own devices,
sat watching without touching..
He knew unnecessary violence,
hatred, slavery and murder,*

*smiling at Heroes them all.
He worshipped greed and money,
harming for unnecessary tools
more than the community of Life."*

- Boucca Wicca

Boucca paganism stresses upon the principles of Light, Life and Love. And that we teach that these principles are reached by the practice of Communion, Compassion and Cooperation - with all living things. The Light to many of us initially painful, for the hurts are revealed, but with revelation comes healing and heart. It is by the Light that we must seek truth, by Light we may discover ourselves, whereby we can find all the inner honesty and openness required in order to heal ourselves - and our planet. For without allowing Light to surface the hurts, then we are empty, becoming like cold monsters rather than creatures of beauty. What use are we if we allow the hurts to chill our hearts? What use if we exist without compassion? What use are we if we exist without love? Mankind by almost his/her every action separates itself from Life. The dollar being more important than an entire ecological system or a wise old tree. The shareholders of illusion, become more important than other living things which are real and breathe. Oh have our hurts chilled us so much, we laugh at senseless violence on television and idolize Hollywood's lies to those who are more cruel amongst our fictional heroes.

All this begins at the Hurts.

Light Life Love

Jean de Cabillis

Regent Boucca Wicca

From Frater Fiat Lux Whare Ra Lecture Notes

Edited by Jean de Cabillis

Of the Letter Aleph

Aleph is one of the three Mother Letters. The Mother letters are : Aleph, Mem and Shin. Though little may be said here as to why they are called the Three Mothers. Before we addressed Aleph we discussed Yod, and this is because as Yod is, and as it were the hidden source of all manifestation and the Father of expression. The Letter Aleph is representative of the First Utterance.

Hieroglyphically Aleph fills all four of the lesser squares of the Great Square in which all the signs are drawn, and from which few reach beyond. Aleph has seated in its own lesser top right hand square, the letter Yod; and then diagonally opposite in the lower left square the Yod seems to be seated on the Earth. When you look closely you will see reflected and established between these, the flash of a great Yod running from the top of the top left hand lesser square to the very bottom of the lower right hand square. The great Yod uniting and expressing both Yod's, and thus forming an Aleph. And expressing the Triple Unity, for the value of ALEPH is ONE.

Aleph symbolises the opening of the glottis in preparation to utter the Word. Abraham is said to come from 'Ur of Chaldea' Now Abraham if we are to consider him an actual person, rather than another ADAM, then he probably

spoke Arabic. His 12 great-grandsons moved into Egypt, and after 400 years it is unlikely that they spoke classical or mystical Hebrew. As to the why our translators changed to 'Ur' from the Hebrew 'Aur' is unknown, but the word 'Aur' used is the same word translated as 'Light' in Gensis. "Let there be Aur, Light" and retained in our 'Aura.'

Aleph is the first emergence from potentiality into actuality. In Hebrew the letter Aleph is the word for Ox, the sole source of Power for the Hebrew. And as such Aleph can be said to be the All Power. It is the dynamism which drives all things from spiritual to material. Aleph the Primal Energy itself on all planes. The same Power that we share in thought, word and deed. The one limitless Power activating and animating all things. The Primal energy of manifestation which causes consciousness itself.

Consciousness symbolized by the Element Air, a giver and a sustainer of Life. Aleph Air the inspiration of all, the instigation of all. Two Yod's one reflecting the other, while the great third Yod flashes into being produced by them, uniting them. The Unity, the Son without whom neither the Father nor Mother can exist as such. Consciousness being aware of Being.

As it is written within scripture 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God. All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men. And the Light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not. (John 1:1-5)

Thus is epitomized the first two chapters of Genesis 'Gen-Isis'. This is Aleph, the

boundless, free, ever flowing power which leaps and darts throughout the hidden depths of the universe, animating all things, unifying all things, as the breathe of the Cosmos. Thus, AIR as one of the Three Principles who culminate in the Earth, the physical living.

JdC Footnotes:

The name meanings for Aleph are : 'Ox, cattle' and the Great Aleph,' to teach, thousand'. Esoteric meanings for Aleph are 'Father, wealth'. The key terms for Aleph are : Power, Stability and Unity, which signifies Aleph's independence and self-sufficiency. The planet-god Neptune is attributed to Aleph in our correspondences. Aleph's primary element is AIR, however in the correspondences of Boucca Wicca we also give Aleph another element, as Aleph is a cosmic Mother. The secondary element attributed to Aleph is FIRE. The numeric value of Aleph is One which reveals the totality of all things. Hence Aleph is sometimes placed (loosely) on the Sephiroth Kether, for reason that Aleph is representative of the ONE primeval beginning to which all things return. Hence the Great Aleph is the First Cause, the Aleph and Omega of the universe. The Qalabah of Boucca Wicca positions Aleph on the 11th path of the Tree of Life, which is Kether to Chokmah. In the mysteries of the 37 degrees of the Western Mysteries, Aleph is 10th degree and the Great Aleph is 37th degree. The Great Aleph corresponds to the Archangel Metatron-Sundalfon, while the little Aleph association is the Fool card within the Tarot. Like Aleph, The wandering Fool, who like Aleph carries all the keys within his bag as he wanders - just as Aleph contains all other letters. Aleph sits on the 11th path with the Fool, being where the Fool steps into No-Thing. The Fool, the innocence babe who is a beginning and the madman who is the end.

Of the letter Beyth

Beth, means a house when it is spelt at length. The importance of Beth representing house, is not the walls but the space within and its purpose. Beth occupies all four lesser squares, the top two carry the radical Yod as roof, linked by a vertical line down the right side to a floor running across the bottom two squares, but having a fraction in from the extreme right side.

Beth interior activity and virility is its inner meaning. Home of the family as self procreating and expanding. Beth is suggestive of “Be ye fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth” as was the scriptural purpose given to Adam and Eve. Beth suggests this scripture in human terms, however in the individual Beth refers to all activity concerning spiritual growth. Beth union of soul and mind, or conscious and subconscious minds productively, producing the “Son of Man”.

Beth is also translated ‘Daughter’ and as the first of the seven double letters, is the first of the seven daughters as they are known. Beth has the numerical value of two, and from the value we can see that duality is also seen as feminine, the reflection. Beth as a double letter thus has two meanings, each in polarity. Life and Death, Virility and Sterility are the double meanings of Beth.

As an interior action the letter Beth at the start of a word is crudely translated “in”, but as the first Letter of Genesis it is worthy of infinitely more than just “IN the beginning” for BERASHITH is a very profound expression. There never was a temporal “beginning” and so Beth

communicates the True Word of this mystery of creation. For this mystery of is only communicated in silence and that silence is found with Beth.

Beth the magical beginning to a mystical experience of Reality - the mystery of our very being.

JdC Footnotes:

The name meanings for Beyth are : ‘House, daughter’ Esoteric meanings for Beyth are ‘ Mother, demon’. The key terms for Beyth are : Virility, Inward & Outward which signifies Beyth as the Paternal Sign, which is Beth-El ‘the house of God’ and hence becomes the letter of creation In Beyth is housed the creation gnosis of Wisdom and Folly. The planet-god attributed to Beyth is Mercury, however the Moon could also be considered. Beyth’s primary element is Earth, however I have had some fun playing with both Water and Air as an element correspondence for Beyth. The numeric value of Beyth is two. Two the number of Beyth reveals to us the maternal, for Beyth is a feminine letter. Beyth by which the initial separation of the divine came into the creation through Sophia, and giving us the opposites of spirit and matter, light and shadow. The Qalabah positions Beyth on the 12th path of the Tree of Life, which is Binah to Kether. In the mysteries of the 37 degrees of the Western Mysteries, Beyth is 11th degree. In the Tarot, Beyth is often associated with the Magician. The magician who having duality, has the magic seen as feminine. The wise-man whose cube the house of Beyth for he too is eternal reflecting that which is above to that which below.

The Community of Guardians:

News in Brief

Frater Peter K. A Boucca Wicca temple license has been recently granted to Frater Peter K, the High Priest of the 'Coven of the Triple Moon'. 'Boucca Wicca' is the Outer Order of in the charter of the Community of Guardians..

Shomer Brian S. Brian is continuing in his role as Guardian and primary contact for South Auckland. We also thank Shomer Brain S. for his continual assistance in the development of the Boucca Wicca system of magic and the Guardian lodge. More exciting stuff next news brief.

The Guardians

After investigation of the 'Rules of the Society of Guardians Incorporated', Amended 16th October 1984' I have found that :

As the 'appointed' Senior Guardian D.C. has been absent from office for a period longer than 12 months, his office may be forfeited by election of the Guardians and that another Senior Guardian can be appointed.

Of course in my opinion, given all the events, the various breaches of principle and conduct as per the Rules 1984, and as per the 'Obligations of the Guardians' [MF] that D.C. has more than defaulted his right to hold the responsibilities of office as Senior Guardian. The Guardians should also consider the judgment made by A.B.S. secret Chief of the Third Order, and the public statement made by the Community of Guardians, as per the egregore being removed from him. To this end we have offered him healing.

Shomer Sue R. (former Abbess of the Guardians). The Guardians should also consider that rather nasty breach of conduct by the Senior Guardian appoint D.C. when he demanded Sue's obedience and threatened to strike her off the roll of members. Not only is this against the principles of the Guardians, but in my view, that terms of the Rules 1984 this action was also illegal. Given this I publicly validate the status of Shomer Sue R. as a Guardian.

I strongly urge all Guardians to sort out this issue. Take responsibility as Guardians, and make yourselves known, and make right effort to preserve the Michael's work and the Order. Do this as Guardians, be honourable, do what is right and resolve this problem

Any Guardian wishing to communicate with me, may do so via Email at boucca@mailcity.com.

Shomer Leonard Steven.
[Regent]

The Demons Within

Mercury

It's a really strange feeling having a born-again Christian reach over to you and start performing an exorcism. What exactly is it that this Christian has in his head? How does he perceive the relationship between demon and deity?

My concerned friend genuinely believed that there was a demon of external origin inhabiting my person and that I was under its control. He further believed that he could, by placing his hand on my shoulder and issuing a command in the holy name of his Saviour, cause that demon to depart.

In his mind he was performing his duty to set Good against Evil wherever he may encounter it. By simple definition, one who was overtly non-Christian must either be possessed by an evil entity or be intrinsically evil. When I thanked him for his concern and suggested that he refrain from future attempts to interfere, he had to decide whether it was the demon talking and continue, or consider me eternally damned. He chose the latter and went on his way.

This would all be just an amusing anecdote were it not for the similarities between his clumsy attempts and methods available to the magickian.

A treatise on the nature of Good and Evil is not what I'm planning here, but it would be helpful if the definitions for the purpose of this essay are understood. First, a God is not necessarily Good, nor is a Demon (Goetic Spirit, using the term a little loosely) necessarily Evil. One who invokes a God is not necessarily doing a Good thing, nor is one who invokes a Demon necessarily doing an Evil thing. In the popular sense, 'Good' is that which pleases the majority of observers (present or subsequent - and

with the potential to change with time or locality) and 'Evil' is that which displeases the majority of observers (with the same provisos). For the initiated, such distinction becomes meaningless and the matter comes down to pure intent. It is also worth acknowledging acts which are merely childish or perverse, if only to discount them from consideration.

Our Christian friend has the Bible as his primary source of instructions for right living and spiritual progress. It is generally taken literally and as an account of historical fact, and is flavoured and interpreted (including omission or denial of large sections) depending on the particular species of Christianity being practiced. I have no interest in taking exception to this, but being a magickian, I am predisposed to scepticism and naturally disinclined to doctrine.

The magickian has many sources - from every culture and phase of mankind (including the Bible and the bulk of literature of Christian Mystical Theology) - and may draw freely from this wealth of experience, and extract the common essence - that which by way of averaging comes as close to Truth as one can hope to derive from outside sources. Thankfully a few adepts have helped in this immensely by translating, condensing and commenting on this wisdom and relating their experience in applying it. I refer particularly to Crowley, Levi, Waite, Mathers and so on.

It quickly becomes evident to the magickian that both deity and demon are within. In his Introductory Essay to *The Lesser Key of Solomon the King*, Crowley states clearly that which many who have

escaped the shackles of doctrine have suspected - that the spirits [of the Goetia] are portions of the human brain and the names of God are vibrations to control portions of the brain.

If one chooses to follow the links, one finds many similarities between Goetic works and modern psychology. Even popular terminology includes 'overcoming one's demons' as a way of describing conquest over personal problems.

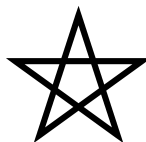
A magickian may summon his demons in the name of God, call them forth that they may be made to serve him.

The magickian will pray to God (Adonai, Eloim, Ariel, Jehovah, Agla and so on), confess, and make offerings. All with the knowledge that anything less than absolute devotion can lead to failure of the experiment, or worse, loss of control to the aspects of self being summoned. Then come the conjurations - in the many names of God the spirit(s) are called. Nothing is left to chance - every possible stimulus is synchronised to ensure that the right parts of the mind are stimulated - colours, shapes, words, scents, sounds. Upon the manifestation of the spirit, the commands are issued and the spirit is bound to the magickian's will.

It is worth noting here that the magickian's use of Chaldean/Hebrew/Christian forms is not important in the way it is to the Christian. On the one hand, they are certainly not used in parody of Christian ritual, on the other, they are not chosen for their uniqueness or intrinsic rightness. The choice of words is purely pragmatic - does it work. The Christian forms have countless generations of use to have burned them into Western minds - they are paths that are well used and well known. There are Eastern, Northern European, Polynesian, American and other paths of equal merit, but which tend

to be either less accessible to the Western mind or 'lost' from our tradition. The rise of pagan practice and the recovery of lost Gods will certainly re-open many of these channels. The magickian uses the words for their symbolic content. The Christian is generally externalising his need - treating the words as being the true names of external entities which may be called upon at times of need. The Christian is further constrained by the hierarchy of his religion - first there are limits to the rituals that may be practised without the earthly intercession of the clergy, and secondly they are generally limited to the one aspect of deity, that is The Son. The Gods and Demons of the magickian are simply pure constructs for the purpose of focusing will.

What I see in the work of my Christian friend is a sadly diminished form of Ceremonial Magick. Little does he know that he is so close to a technique with such potential. But then, like their Holy Days, their symbols, their personifications of deity, the practices of the Christian are but vaporous shadows of the mysteries of the ancients from which they arose.



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VISA WELCOME

Ti Bon Ange: A ritual

Nierika



Seven voodooists gathered in a sea cave on a wild white sand South Island beach. The night sky alive with stars. A place of telluric power!

We were united, of one mind, one will. A large fire had been lit inside the cave and carefully tended by the firemaster for the evening. All was made ready, a large rectangular trench of blue cornmeal was laid to hold the veves. The directions were set with cloths of red, brown, blue, and yellow. The altar was set with the Pots de Tete and held offerings for the dead and the Loa. Small votive candles were placed in natural niches and grooves in the cave wall. Inside surrounded by tiny twinkling lights, mirrored in the night sky as we looked out of the cave entrance.

We shared food and partook of a power plant as a sacrament. And so it started. We positioned ourselves in a circle around the

centre, drumming began, incense filled the air, smoke swirled. The bell sounded, eleven times it rang out clear. "Take notice, we are here!". The priestess took up her dagger and performed Nema's 8 fold banishment. Drumming and rattles began again, we moved quickly into trance. Mambo made the sign and the veve of Marassa in cornmeal on the bed of blue, her actions mirrored by the others. Waterways laid, sacrifice made. The first building blocks to our magickal universe had been laid. The Houngan (Spirit Chief) made the veve of Legba, laid his card over that of Marassa, made waterways and sacrifice while we all joined him in invocation to Papa Legba.

Tirelessly we called, he came on the beat of drum, a spirit of joy! The ancestors were next, the priestess made waterways, sacrifice and invocation to the ancestors and dead at the crossroads. We called them

all, by bone and blood we called them! By drum and rattle we called! We made a road for the spirits to cross. The intruding of energy was astonishing! A partial possession took some of the voodooists. Next, the directions. Damballah La Flambeaus' veve is traced in cornmeal on the red cloth with one hand while the voodooist continued to shake his rattle with the other. The huge fire snake made its presence known by a sudden surging of our central bonfire while we chanted the holy name. Next, Ayida Wedo, Damballah Wedo, Oldumare! Vevs drawn, waterways placed, sacrifice made, singing their praise names.

Drums and rattles reached fever pitch, a play of shadows and light on cave walls and ceiling, snakes, darting along the stoney surfaces, the vevs were smoking! The Loa huge, vast, found their way with ease to their temple in the far reaches of the southern hemisphere. One voodooist heard them calling on the waves outside the cave.

Mambo then approached the central vevs and over the others, laid out the veve for

Ti Bon Ange. The voodooists in turn, following her lead, collected their pots and stood at the crossroads balancing their pot on head as they were assisted by the others, to sing, drum, and rattle their Ti Bon Ange (small good angel) into the pot. Sacrifice was made and Rada Hounsies invoked by the altar. After Rada Hounsies had collected the pots and replaced them on the altar, she was asked to protect and care for them.

Mambo then led the hounfor in an anticlockwise dance through the vevs to release the spirits. As each veve was dispersed by dancing bare feet, the most holy names echoed through the cave. The houngan then skilfully brought all back to stillness and balance with drum and closed the hounfor (spirit house).

The joy was immense, the energy huge, the Loa most generous! We sing their praise names!

We acknowledge and give thanks to the great African continent and peoples, cradle of humanity, home of the Loa. Also, Louise Martinie and Sallie-Ann Glassman for opening the door and inviting us in!

White Winds

Our announcement last issue that we were closing our general mail order and retail operation has led to some interesting responses. Unfortunately it seems that we have led people to believe that we're closing completely!

Not so!

There are now numerous witchcraft and occult outlets throughout the country, and we believe that they are serving the community superbly.

We have developed close relationships with a number of craftspeople and artisans and have a small range of our own products which we are wanting to focus on. We will continue

to carry a selection of essential supplies, including many Dragonspace favourites.

Our own offerings will include made-to-order oil and herb blends with Abramelin Oil (a much sought-after specialty).

We also wish to expand upon our experience in workshop presentation and event organisation.

Our commitment to New Zealand occult publishing will continue, with Circlecaster, New Pentacle and Gypsy Moon. We'd love to hear from other publishers or those seeking to publish.

Thank you for your ongoing support.

White Winds

PO Box 33-010, Petone. Ph: 021 455 120

GodSlayer - Part II

"I look in the face of the devil and a mirror stares back at me."

I see a door - painted in my colours - and wonder if it is the door back to reality. It

appears impassable at present, but is perhaps merely an exit into nowhere.

Looking elsewhere, and elsehow, I see large rents, parallel in their intent to display their

own explicit form of reality - unreality.

They are tinted in my colours, the purple and green

ambience I am beginning to know so well. Rapidly subliminal vistas each lying to me in some

subtle way, jesting but speaking many a true word.

"the mind is a wonderful thing to twist"

I live at the feet. The parallel intent of the festering cunt and blood and semen stained anus leer at me beckoning in puerile tones of tormenting hatred. The host body is wracked with

seizures of hysterical - maniacal - guiltless laughter spattering me with vile pus which

reflects distortions of the panorama unfolding around me, a hateful mirror, unclean and condemned.

"the twist is a wonderful thing to mind"

Jealously the geminiic creatures descend drawing down around themselves clothing of the

finest treachery. What vile deeds can these traitorous tricksters statutorily force upon

unsuspecting candidates. Monstrous holocausts, incinerating the minds of the self-deceiving,

the insane, the lovers and the fools.

Dealing the tarot hands for those game enough to gamble their stake in eternity. DO I WEAR UPON MY HEAD THE CARD BEARING THE WORD

OPFER? Hung from that

great tree, but in this instance she is holding the wisdom stained runes just out of reach, my fingers occasionally brushing their tactile surface. The creatures are **spraying a fine mist above the runes, refracting the truth in a coercive manner.

The axe threatens to fall splitting the water logged timber of the temporal and unleashing fearsome beasts - those beasts that rip and tear apart the flesh of falsity and building anew the castle of reality with the bones of righteous synthesis.

"Reality defined... at last!"

My servants arrive to forcibly dress me.

Today is a very special day. The

day I finally marry

my bride. I linger to admire myself within the dim reflection of the lens.

The jacket is so

straight. It is comfortable.

We arrive at the chapel and the priest greets me, smiling. I suspect he

is crazy, like the

rest of them - every last one of them, except her. But where is she, she should be here. The

priest invites me to take a seat, his face grim. I suspect the worst, but goddess help me, I

pray for the best.

Yes, I know why I'm here, but where is she?

She is dead.

Anon93

28th September 1997

At the Crossroads

Mikhail 111

“The emphasis on other cultures is diluting voodoo. If it’s constantly diluted, in another couple of hundred years voodoo will become something very different from its beginnings.”

These are the words of Rose - aka Black Venus, Priestess of Palo Myombe Voodoo - New Orleans, printed in *The Cincinnati Journal of Magick*, Issue VII, 1989.

Voodoo touches the magick mind and soul of a few people sprinkled over the face of planet earth.

One of these special people is Lori, who brought the New Orleans Voodoo to a group of Dunedin magickians when the moment of ignition was just right.

Never before has there been ceremonial magick with such colour, vigour, purpose, and finely tuned will.

Lori is our honorary Mambo (priestess), self initiated, fearlessly walking a path that few dare to tread.

No, this voodoo is not the same as that practised on the African continent. It is carefully arranged to fit the Tree of Life and the 78 (+1) tarot cards. But the Loa come all the same, for they are so big they take little effort to call.

They come into the drum, and into the chants. They flow with ease along the waterways, those subterranean byways; the ground water of human consciousness, and dance their symbols, sigils, veves.

The Dunedin Temple has been overturned and a flood of force, fire, and water swell it’s walls to bursting!

Now, we would like to invite interested persons to join us in the celebration of

an age old magick - as old as the human life web of this planet.

We work within the structure of western magick.

We will do all we can not to dilute the voodoo.

We will seek to make magick with the full force of the Loa.

There are just two things to remember when you say: Yes! This sounds like me!

1. There is nothing in the universe that the magickian can not use.
2. When entering the sacred space of Voodoo - suspend all judgement.

For dates on open workings drop us a note to P.O. Box 24, Waitati Dunedin.

Love under will





Suburban Life

631/93

There are certain things the community at large is probably better off not knowing. Like what goes on in the suburbs of Dunedin after dark.

Located in a very ordinary street, in a very ordinary suburb is a very ordinary house. Or so one would think until one hears in the early hours of the morning the cries of "To Pan".

Yes, out the back is a small but magnificently appointed Temple, set up on this occasion specifically for the purpose of the invocation of Pan.

Walking down the path, past gothic statues, facing the circular mirror, stepping down into the half buried hexagonal temple, one is faced with the Goat's Skull on the Pantacle, the four Averse Pentagrams and the smell of strange herbs and incenses.

Six magickians take their places before the altar and with the appropriate groundwork in place, the serious work begins. With 'Hymn to Pan' recited, the chant of 'To Pan' intoned endlessly, the energy rose to fever pitch. In spite of the cold Dunedin night, the room rose to unbearable temperatures and the walls ran with sweat.

Pan's reputation is well earned - certainly one to never miss a party.

Not satisfied, the ritual proceeded - icons of other great Magii placed before the altar - Baratchial, Dr John, Lam, No and more - their names intoned. Each magickian, supported by the Maat Current, plunged into the depths of Baratchial, and emerged with new knowledge.

With time meaningless the ritual continued until it stopped. With neither fear nor disrespect license to depart was granted and the magickians collapsed into exhaustion.

But Pan energy is true - and strange tales may yet emerge from that night.



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The First of May

Fr L.I.



As the day passed Shamans ,Sorcerers, Witches, Magickians, Houngans, and Mambos from Otago and Wellington gathered at the cave. By a roaring fire they said “ We came to say that the weather is to bad and it’s all off.” Deja vu, the modern Shaman is so fussy - a bit of wind and it is out of the cave back to a comfy lounge. Then came a change as we left the cave. The sun came out and the moon and the cries of joy as the town Shamans returned to get equipped for another night of Voodoo Magick.

Later the seven explorers of Magickal realms gathered to perform a rite based on the one in *The New Orleans Voodoo Tarot* workbook and also working with Ti Bon Ange. Read the book to see what I mean.

The healing , helping , warm , vibrant , rush of energy from my angel was far more than I expected and was the climax of this rite. I also note in my Diary that I left home at 1.11pm and returned home at 1.11am.

This work, the first of four in three days, went very well, as did they all.

The next day was an Enochian ritual to

charge a Talisman for Fr Prima Lux to take to his Wellington Temple. While this was a very different ritual there were many similarities.

At 11.30pm enjoying some refreshments someone?? suggested that we do another ritual as we were all here and it is the weekend. One member said *N*O* and another also said NO!!! My suggestion othat we go to the beach and work the mad Arabs work to invoke Cthulhu was not widely accepted. And no one else in the country wanted to either (see the last Circlecaster). We did a very good practice , (and we lived!!) earlier in the month getting prepared for all the hardy souls we knew would respond to our ad.

So as we had the necessary essential equipment (not props) we did an invocation to PAN. A totally different and much higher energy from all the others. Some very fast and tight drumming as Mikail recited the Hymn to PAN and parts of Liber Samekh to great effect. Some people party all night these people ritual all night or at least until 2am.

On Sunday what had begun for me as a day of rest was to be another night of Magick. The Sorors had an idea, and so more Voodoo working with Rada 7. You will have to buy the book now!

And once more our neighbours were treated to the sound of the Loas playing.

Within one short weekend we had done four totally unique rituals and it will only be a matter of time before the lure of Dunedin becomes irresistible and our Lodge membership is increased by two.

We look foward to seeing our Northern friends again and anyone who wants to contact us can find our ad in Circlecaster.

Church of Óðin

The Church of Odin, PO Box 1627, Paraparaumu.

What is Odinism?

Odinism is the native religion of the Northern European folk from which most New Zealanders descend; including all those who can trace their ancestry to the English, Dutch, Germans, Scandanavians... While our Northern folk have weakened and corrupted by the alien creed of Judaeo-Christianity for almost one and a half thousand years through forced conversions, betrayal and deceit, the basic instincts of Heroism, Honour and Loyalty to Family, Kinfolk, and Homeland that are natural to the Northern Folk have never been completely smothered. Beneath all the decay and filth of Judaeo-Christianity, Capitalism and now-dead Communism, our instincts have survived, and have surfaced in those times when Northern Folk have needed to draw on them for their survival.

Today as never before, Northern Folk need to reawaken their instincts as embodied in their native folk religion of Odinism. This is so because we are threatened with final extinction by Judaeo-Christianity and money-grabbing Capitalism which are pushing all nations and cultures into what is being called a "New World Order", so that Big Business can move its money, technology and resources across the world unhindered by national, cultural, and ethnic boundaries. The result will be a world slave state where all are serfs under the heel of

those who control the money.

The Odinist religion has the ability to resist this new slavery because it is a religion of the Warrior, honour-bound to defend Folk, Family and Homeland, inspired by the deeds of our ancestors.

The task of instilling our Folk with the Heroic and Noble creed of Odinism is not as difficult as might at first be thought. Because, as we have stated, Odinism is based on what is in born and natural to the Northern Folk, those values of Heroism, Honour and Loyalty only need summoning forth. Odinism itself, despite centuries of Judaeo-Christian servitude, was never completely suppressed. Even our days of the week are named in honour of our Gods: Tuesday (Tyr, God of war and law), Wednesday (Woden or Odin, Allfather and god of wisdom), Thursday (Thor, storm god and warrior), Friday (Frigga, supreme Goddess, wife of Odin, overseeing marriage and home), whilst Sunday and Monday are named after the Sun and Moon. Our holidays, Christmas and Easter are festivals of Yule (Winter Solstice in the Northern Hemisphere) and the Saxon fertility goddess Ostara. Christianity soon found that it could only gain ground by subverting the celebrations and symbols of Odinism instead of trying to completely destroy them.

Since Odinism reflects the nature of the Northern Folk itself one cannot place a date on when it was "founded". In

Northern Europe the Allfather (Odin in Scandanavia, Wotan in Germany and Woden in England) is said to have replaced the earlier warrior Sky Father Tyr (Tiwaz) as the highest deity around 300BC. Ironically, however, it could be that a clue to the ancient origins of the Northern fold religion can be traced further back by looking not to Europe (which suffered the ravages of Christianity) but to Canada where in Peterbourgh, Ontario, Northern folk established a trading colony during the Bronze Age. Here they left rock inscriptions which depict major motifs of what became of Odinism, including the figures of Thor; with his hammer Mjolnir; Tiwaz, shown with his hand bitten off by Fenrir Wolf; and Woden with his spear Gungnir. The inscriptions show star positions indicating the date 1700BC, thereby tracing the possible origins of Odinism to over 3500 years ago.

As we have seen, Odinism was never fully suppressed by Christianity, and continued to live on in the folktales and customs, particularly of rural folk. As an organised religion, Odinism is even said to have continued in the form of a secret society, the Odin Brotherhood from early 15th Century until the present day. A more open 'revival' of the Northern folk religion was especially instigated by the composer Richard Wagner who wrote of pagan themes in his 19th century operas. During this period an Austrian, Guido Von List was on "Wotanism", and in 1908 some supporters founded a list society. List's work continues to be a major influence on Odinism and runic studies in the 20th Century.

Today many 'Odinist' societies exist throughout the world. Books on runes, the 'magical alphabet' of the Northern Folk, and on Northern mythology abound, and are readily available in public libraries and regular bookshops. However, few have the courage to point out the real significance of Odinism and of Why it needs to be embraced by Northern folk today: What is at issue is the sense of Identity and purpose to Odinism, as a religion, can give to our folk, and particularly the youth, as our folk lurch rudderless on a stormy world sea that is threatening to sink our birthright in a deluge of "world brotherhood", "world government", "world culture" and a supposed "world race". The result will be nothing but chaos.

In Odinist mythology these times of Chaos are predicted. The forces of Chaos led by Loki, Fenrir Wolf, the World Serpent Lormungandr, Surt the Fire Demon, and Gaem the Hel-Hound, attack the abode of the Gods, Asgard, in the final battle of Ragnarok. Here the Gods lay down their lives in battle against Chaos, but from out of the cataclysm emerges a new Asgard, new Gods, sons and daughters of the Old, and a new Earth, with a new humanity. Hence, through destruction all is renewed. This is the basis of the pagan approach to history, which runs in Cycles of birth - destruction - renewal. For without destruction or death there cannot be new growth. That is the natural - pagan or heathen - attitude to questions of Life and Death.

Another attitude of Northern Heathenism we can see from Ragnarok is the Ethos of self-sacrifice for Family, Folk and Land. In today's world of greed and selfishness

this Heathen ethos is urgently needed as society falls apart. This selfishness and greed manifests in varied ways from petty vandalism and street thuggery to the corruption of big business and 'white collar crime'. The Old Ways of Honour, Duty and Loyalty are scorned and ridiculed in this Age of Chaos. The Gods stand as examples of the ethos of our ancestors. They sacrificed themselves in Ragnorok, knowing the Fate awaiting them. Such Heroic Duty is also seen in Tyr who sacrificed his arm so that the Gods could bind Fenrir.

Such is the Ethos of our ancestors which must be restored if our Folk is to again have a sense of Identity, Purpose and Destiny in a world of increasing Chaos.

Hail to our Gods & Heroes!

Church of Odin

Northern Folk Magick

Every Folk has its own form of magick, evolved according to its inborn characteristics. Folkish magick and mysticism reflect the way a Folk looks at the world; the outward sign of something that arises from within, which we call the Folkish Soul.

As the Swiss founder of Analytical Psychology, Carl Jung, himself an initiate of Wotan, discovered, there is not only an individual soul or 'unconscious'. There is also a soul or unconscious that is common to each Folk. Every member of a Folk is a part of that common Folk Soul, or

"Collective Unconscious", as Jung called it.

The occultist seeks to uncover the Folkish soul from within by tapping the common Folkish unconscious which he shares with all other members of his Folk.

This Folkish Soul is like a 'memory recorder' that has recorded all the emotions, feelings, sufferings, victories, joys and history of the Folk and is inherited by each member of that Folk through their family lineage.

The runes are the manner the Northern Folk magickian taps into his Folk soul. They are a key to unlock the door of that Folk soul. Hence runes are the basis of Northern Folk magick.

ORIGIN OF THE RUNES

The use of the runes as a full alphabet for both magickal and ordinary purposes began around the first century of the common Era. However their origin goes as far back as Neolithic and Bronze Age times, during which Germanic tribes inscribed sunwheels, swastikas and other proto-runic signs on rocks. The full runic alphabet is known as the Futhark, from the first six runes: fehu, uruz, thurisaz, ansuz, raido, and kenaz.

The runes (meaning "secret or hidden") are said to have been obtained by Odin (German Wotan, English Woden) himself, who endured ordeals to gain a vision of the runes. A famous folk poem from the "Havamal" states of Odin's shamanic ordeal, where he hung upon the World Tree Yggdrasil:

I know that I hung on the windy tree,
Swing there nights all nine

gashed with a blade
bloodied for Odin
myself an offering to myself
knotted to that tree,
no man knows
with the roots of it run
None gave me bread
none gave me drink,
down to the depths
I peered to snatch up Runes,
with a roaring scream
and fell in a dizzied swoon.
well-being I won
and wisdom too,
I grew and joyed in my growth
from word to word
I was led to a word,
from a deed to another deed.

It can be easily seen from the rune poem that the Northern folk magickian first seeks to master himself, to sacrifice himself to himself", as did Odin, in the never-ending Quest for Wisdom.

Mastery of the runes is a key to this Quest of self-mastery and self-knowledge. Likewise, Odin also sacrificed an eye at the Well of Mimir, the well of wisdom and knowledge. It is this inborn thirst for knowledge and discovery that has made the Northern Folk the pre-eminent explorers and scientists throughout history, from the times of the Viking longboat to the spacecraft of today.

WIZARD AND VITKAR

Those who work runic magick are known by the names Wizard (Anglo-Saxon) and Vitkar (Norse), both meaning Wise One. A priest is a Gothi; a priestess a Gydja. Odinism teaches self-reliance and family. Hence, rather than encouraging worship

in large congregations under the domination of priests, Odinism is practiced in the household within the family, by the solitary vitkar, or in a small group (kindred) of friends.

ALTAR & MAGICKAL TOOLS

The focus of Odinist worship and magick is the altar (staller) which faces North. The altar might be outdoors and constructed of stone, or if indoors a small table covered with a dark blue altar cloth.

Upon or above the altar will stand a picture or figure of Odin (and any other deity of any special meaning to the vitkar if s/he so chooses). Dark blue candles in honour of Odin, and any other candle(s) of appropriate colour for any other deity or specific magickal working (see "Runic Correspondences"). A drinking horn or cup. (Although meade is the traditional drink, beer, ale, wine, water, cider or fruit juice might be substituted). An evergreen sprig. A copy of the "Havamal". A magickal weapon that best expresses the will of the Vitkar, such as a dagger, spear, wand, staff or sword. The weapon will be inscribed or painted in red with runes of the Vitkars choice.

RUNIC DRINKING HORN & DAGGER

The Blot is the Odinist ceremony; the Sumbel the ceremonial toasting. A ceremony can be as complex (by using the runic correspondences) or as simple as the vitkar desires.

The basic structure of a Blot should include: A two minute meditation. The candles are lit and a toast is given with:

Hail to our Gods & Goddess. The Gothi or Gydja then makes the Sign of the Hammer facing north. With both arms raised, one holding up a magickal weapon, Odin is called upon to be present, and then any other deity the vitkar chooses. The Gothi or Gydja dips the spring into the drinking horn or cup and sprinkles the altar and others present declaring “I give you the blessings of Odin” An appropriate passage is read from the “Havamal”

Each participant takes a rune at random from the rune bag and contemplates its meaning, as the vitkar says to each, “may this rune guide and protect you”

Any special magickal working, rune divination, blessing, hexing, etc. are then undertaken.

The Blot ends with the Sumbel dedicated to Odin and to any other deities. Each present chooses a deity, stating a desire (“Mighty Thor grant me strength...” “Grant me the wisdom of Odin...” , “I demand justice in the name of Tyr...” , etc.), all others present shouting “Hailsa!” and toasting.

A final toast is given with: “Hail to our Gods and Heroes. May they be forever with us, and we forever Honour them. Hail Odin!”

SIGN OF THE HAMMER

To make The Sign of the Hammer: with a clenched fist of the right hand, touch the forehead, saying “Odin”. Bring the fist straight down to the chest, saying “Balder”. Move to the left shoulder, saying “Freyja”; to the right shoulder saying, “Thor”.

RUNECRAFT

The vitkar should make his/her own runes, which might be easily done by painting in red runes on flat river pebbles. They are kept in a dark blue bag or cloth tied at the top.

The runes should become a part of the vitkar. One rune should be randomly taken from the bag at the beginning of each day and contemplated upon.

A simple rune divination can comprise as few as a single rune, or a three rune spread, each rune standing for past, present, and future.

A runic call: Hail, Odin, Lord of the runes. Here meet the norms in this casting: Urdhr, Verdhandi, Skuld. Might i read the runes aright.”

Note: This is intended as a broad guide to Odinic magick. Many books on runes and Northern myths are readily available from standard bookshops.

One that is not readily available, which we recommend is CREED OF IRON - WOTANSVOLK WISDOM by Ron McVan, (US19) 14 Word Press, HC01 Box 268k, St Maries Idaho, USA.

Creed of the CHURCH OF ODIN

The following principles of living are based on the HAVAMAL, “The son of the High One” - Odin and were the basis of the ways of life of our Anglo-Saxon, German, and Viking ancestors. The ethos of our forefathers was that of Honour, Duty, & Loyalty towards one’s Family,

Kinfolk and Homeland. These principles of Life are needed today by the SPIRITUAL WARRIOR who fights to regain a destiny for our European Folk which has been corrupted and weakened by 2000 years of the alien creeds of Judaeo-Christianity and money grabbing capitalism.

1. Be a hospitable and generous host to guests and kinfolk.
2. Do not boast of your cleverness by too much talk. Action speaks louder than words. "The wise man is silent",
3. Be on your guard against the advice of advice of others and confident in your own wisdom, "Others' advice is often bad council."
4. Do not drink to excess and thereby weaken one's wits and will around others. "The more a man drinks the less he knows how to keep his wits about him." (And today this applies also to drugs).
5. Always be on guard for a foe in an unfamiliar places.
6. Do not mock and ridicule your kinfolk. "The wretch of mean spirit criticises everything; He does not know, as he should, that he has faults himself."
7. Friends are to be most valued. Seek them out however far they may be. But never be a friend to your friend's enemy.
8. Do not overstay and abuse the hospitality of your host. Respect his house and kin.
9. An Odinst is never without his weapon, a mark of his honour and duty to Family, Kin, and Homeland, a Holy symbol of one's Oath.
10. Return a gift with a gift, a joke with a joke, a punch with a punch.
11. It is your sacred duty to your forefathers to continue your family line with children, well-raised, proud and healthy. Love and honour your partner and defend your family.
12. One's name and honour live on in one's deeds. "The voice of honour never dies for him who has earned a good name."
13. Spending one's life chasing after money does not bring true friends and the lasting honour of duty to ones's fold, family and homeland; but too often instead betrayal and dishonour.
14. Do not trust and judge by appearances.
15. Be of happy and joyful nature, and this will attract others like this about you.
16. Speak your mind clearly and honestly; no true friend and kinsman well be offended. "A friendship is firm when each can speak his mind to the other."
17. Do not waste your words arguing with the dishonourable, the treacherous and the cowardly.
18. Your word is your bond. To break your oath, or promise is to dishonour your ancestors, your family and your kinfolk.
19. Do not give your foe peace until victory or honour is won; but be mindful that not all are even worthy to be your enemies.
20. Honour, respect and heed the elderly. They are a living bridge to your ancestors.

An Essay

631

The following is offered in the spirit of the Comment to The book of the Law.

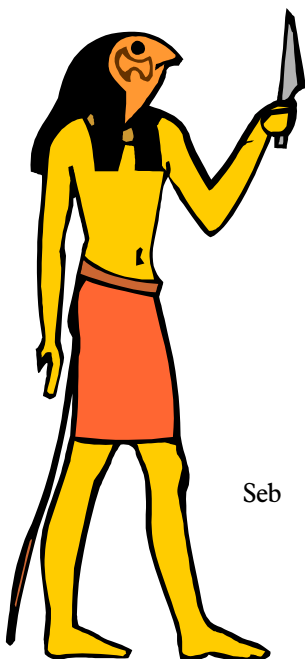
Liber AL vel Legis Chapter 3, Verse 34

"But your holy place shall be untouched throughout the centuries: though with fire and sword it be burnt down & shattered, yet an invisible house there standeth, and shall stand until the fall of the Great Equinox; when Hrumachis shall arise and the double-wanded one assume my throne and place. Another prophet shall arise, and bring fresh fever from the skies; another woman shall awake the lust & worship of the Snake; another soul of God and beast shall mingle in the globed priest; another sacrifice shall stain the tomb; another king shall reign; and blessing no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed mystical Lord!"

I consider that crucial to the understanding of this verse is a clear conception of the time frames and persons involved.

I shall therefore begin with a genealogy of the Gods...

- Ra
1. The body of Ra is the sun. Ra was the first being created by Tem out of the depths of Nu (Nu does not appear to relate to Nuit, but to Nun, the father of all manifestation, the vast



Seb

Osiris

Isis

watery abyss that contains the germs of all life.) Ra is the father of Osiris, Isis, Nephthys and Set. Also identified as father of Maat.

The name 'Ra' is sometimes prefixed to the names of the dead to imply unification with the great God.

2. Re - God of the sun in his noon-day strength. Falcon-headed. Ra-Hor-Khuit (also Ra-Heru-Khuti) is a form of Ra
1. The God of Earth. Also Keb and Geb. Also identified as father of Osiris and Nephthys.
2. Geb, Earth God, consort of Nut (Nuit).
1. The God of the Dead (God of Grains and Plants prior to reincarnation). Son of Seb and Nuit. Also identified as son of Ra. Brother of Isis, Nephthys and Set. Wife of Isis. Slain by his brother Set and reincarnated by wife Isis with help from Thoth.
2. No added information.
3. Key Scale 16 - Taurus - The Heirophant
1. Mistress of Words & Power, Goddess of Nature. Sister and wife of Osiris, mother of Horus. Sister of Nephthys and Set.
2. Mother of young Horus (distinction?)
3. Key Scale 2 - Chokmah - Fixed Stars - Wisdom or 15 - Aries - The Emperor/ The Star

Nephthys	1.	Daughter of Seb and Nuit. Mother of Anubis. Wife of Set. Sister of Osiris, Isis and Set.				Ibis-headed. ‘Truth-speaker’ of Osiris.
	2.	Distinguished as sister of Osiris and Isis, wife of Seth (Set).				2. Scribe of the Gods. Represented as ibis or baboon. Mediator between Horus and Seth.
Set	1.	Brother and slayer of Osiris. Husband of Nephthys. Son of Ra. Equivalent to Hadit (Chaldean), Shaitan and Satan (Christian).	Maat			1. Wife of Thoth. Daughter of Ra. Goddess of Law and Justice. Symbolised by feather.
	2.	Seth - murderer of Osiris, rival of Horus. Guards Re (Ra) from serpent Apep.				2. Goddess of truth, justice and cosmic order.
Horus	1.	Son of Isis and Osiris. Avenger (God of Vengeance) of Osiris (against Set). Hawk-headed. Two forms - Horp-Khart (Harpocrates - Horus the Child with finger to mouth) and Hor-Khuit (Horus of the Two Horizons).	Nuit			3. Key Scale 22 - Libra - Adjustment
	2.	Successor of Osiris to Kingship of Egypt. Also identified with Horakhty, ‘Horus of the Horizon’, often combined with Re as Re-Horakhty (Ra-Hoor-Khuit). Horus had over forty names, each identified with a different aspect. Also identified with the Winged Globe on the Stele (therefore Hadit, and Set, i.e. double God Horus-Set).				1. Goddess of the Night Sky. Mother of Osiris, Isis, Nephthys and Set. Often depicted arched naked over the earth, her body full of stars. At the time of creation she was separated from Geb by Shu.
	3.	Key Scale 6 - Geburah - Mars - Strength	Shu			2. Nut.
						1. Son of Ra and Hathor. Lifted up the sky (Nuit) and separated it from the earth.
			Hathor			2. No additional information.
						1. Goddess of the Sky, whose name means ‘House of Horus’. An aspect of Nuit. Consort of Horus.
Thoth	1.	The God of Wisdom. Assisted in reincarnation of Osiris. Husband of Maat.	Menthu			2. Patroness of the West.
						2. Warrior Lord of Thebes.

(Sources - 1. *Egyptian Magick*, Schueler, 2. *Book of the Dead*, Faulkner, 3. 777, Crowley)

Who was speaking? First person is used in Chapter 3 by both Osiris and Horus. Chapter 3 is in the voice of Ra-Hoor-Khuit (3:1, 3:3, 3:42, 3:51, 3:72). Apart from the clear switch to Osiris after 3:36 - ‘Then said the prophet unto the God’. The Stele reveals that the Lord of Thebes, Ankh-af-na-Khonsu, the priest of Mentu and Osiris

are one and the same. It is reasonable to assume that speakership returns to Ra-Hoor-Khuit at 3:39. It is important to remember that the Comment on the Book of the Law is signed Ankh-af-na-Khonsu, as this makes Osiris in the incarnation of Crowley the person to whom most of the speech is directed.

Numerous references leave no doubt that the double-wanded one is Ra-Hoor-Khuit. So at 3:34 it is Ra-Hoor-Khuit speaking.

Hrumachis (Heru-ra-ha/Hru - 'Book of Thoth, p115 and Harmachis - 'Youth of the Brilliant Morning' - Equinox VII, p380) is identified with Horus-of-the-Horizon, who was successor to Osiris. Is it likely that Ra-Hoor-Khuit will refer to another aspect of himself as another person - yes. So Ra-Hoor-Khuit is announcing to Osiris that he will, in the form of Heru-ra-ha, be rising to assume his throne. This is supported in 3:37 and 3:38 by the prophet, Osiris/Ankh-af-na-Khonsu, announcing and welcoming Ra-Hoor-Khuit and explains 3:35.

Crowley's commentary in Equinox VII, Liber Legis, mumbles about the Isis, Osiris, Horus, Maat sequence but does little to link the transitions to the verse. He considered that the event(s) described in the verse were sufficiently far in the future to not require his attention. Given that the first part of the verse appears to deal with the Osiris/Horus transition, there is either a misunderstanding, or the information is based from a point centuries in the past.

The problems of timing of Aeons (or Equinoxes) is asserted in Nema's 'Liber Pennae Praenumbra' - V10 - 'What means this showing forth? Is time itself awry? The Hawk has flown but threescore and ten in His allotted course.' This was penned in 1974, exactly 70 years after Crowley received the Book of the Law and indicates that the actual beginning of the Equinox of Horus corresponds to the time of writing

of 'The Book of the Law'. So why in 3:34 is there apparent reference to centuries before the beginning of the Equinox of Horus. The preceding verses appear to speak to the reader (scribe?) - they are direct instructions, and Crowley has taken them literally. 3:34 works best when read literally as communication from Horus to Osiris (Ankh-af-na-khonsu/Crowley).

Here Egyptian genealogy comes in. Osiris is the son of Ra. Horus is the Son of Osiris. Horus is Ra-Hoor-Khuit who is an aspect of Ra, hence we can determine that Horus can be speaking in first person from the perspective of father of Osiris (Yes, it seems that Horus can be both father and son of Osiris - supported by Equinox VII, 'Across the Gulf', pp298, 299 - 'Horus or Men Tu... was my Father and my God' (Crowley as Ankh-af-na-Khonsu/Osiris)). So, Ra (Horus) is telling Osiris that he will have a reign of centuries, although they will be turbulent with much violence (refer 'Across the Gulf', p338 - Shrine of Osiris - 'Your holy place'). The invisible house is almost certainly the House of Ra spoken of in the Stele. This suggests that upon completion of the secret ways into the House of Ra, it falls, making way for the rise of Horus the Younger.

It is worth noting here that an Aeon is presumed to be around 2000 years ('Book of Thoth', Atu XX, Aeon and in the comments to 'Liber Pennae Praenumbra'. This would be reasonably consistent with the Aeon of Osiris (associated with death and sorrow - sacrifice) corresponding to the birth of Christ (1904 years before the Aeon of Horus).

So ends the first half of the verse. Horus as Ra-Hoor-Khuit. The prophet is Osiris. Nuit has the attention of the Snake (Hadit).

The verse then goes on to presage the next Aeon. 'Another woman shall awake the lust and worship of the snake' (opening lines

of the paraphrase of the Stele, plus the general instructions in Chapter One of 'The Book of the Law' make clear the relationship between Nuit and Hadit during the Aeon of Horus).

Both Crowley and Nema propose that the Aeon following Horus is that of Maat.

Crowley asserts this on the basis of his 'memories' in 'Across the Gulf' (which details his life as Ankh-af-na-Khonsu, son of Bes-na-Maut and Ta-Nech). He supposedly received the Stele 666 with the keys to that knowledge and was also able to write down in hieroglyph the formula of the Lady of the Forked Wand and of the Feather that shall assume his throne and place when the strength of Horus is exhausted.

He reinforces this assertion in his interpretation of the formula ShT in 'Liber V vel Reguli' and the Tarot trump, 'The Aeon'.

Nema supports the view on the basis of completion of the formula of Tetragrammaton - YHVH - where Y is the father (Osiris), H is the mother (Isis), V is the son (Horus) and the remaining H is the daughter (Maat). The lineage problem (Maat is the daughter of neither Osiris nor Isis) is resolved by establishing an aspect link to the infant Horus (Heru-Pa-Kraat).

Crowley has done a superb job of providing proofs of the validity of 'The Book of The Law', however much is circumstantial (Rose's test results - wild odds admittedly) or circular (the Stele proves The Law proves the Memory proves the Stele). What we have now, though, that Crowley did not have is ninety years of application of the formulae. Irrespective of their pedigree, there is now tangible evidence of their validity, and therefore of the reliability of Crowley. Likewise, the prediction that the Aeon of Maat was to follow is now

evidenced by fact - it is here. Its proofs too rely on a degree of faith in the integrity of the messenger, but those who have applied the methods of Maat, know there to be substance. It is satisfactory that the Aeons of Horus and Maat be parallel - and Nema's suggestion that the individual has the ability to select which manifests in their life is consistent with the general principals of Thelema.

The penultimate lines of the verse are confusing. Reference to 'another prophet' leaves one wondering to whom it refers as the 'first prophet' - if it means Ankh-af-na-Khonsu in the Egyptian incarnation, then the successor is unclear, if it means Ankh-af-na-Khonsu as Crowley (The Beast) then it probably refers to Nema (who is thus referred to as another soul of the Beast), in which case it will be interesting to see Nema's story develop to reveal whether she too has Egyptian past life connections. The globe and the Snake are both symbols of Hadit, however the priest suggests Ankh-af-na-Khonsu. The Osiris/Christ sacrifice is obvious - 'another sacrifice' maybe we have yet to see - it need not occur until the actual end of the Aeon of Horus - the beginning of the Aeon of Maat confuses this chronology. It is also possible that the death of Isis as described in 'Across the Gulf', leading to the Aeon of Osiris, constitutes the first sacrifice with Osiris being 'another sacrifice'. Characteristics of Maat do not seem to be compatible with the idea of Maat replacing Nuit as the counterpart of Hadit, although numerous references identify Nuit with Isis, so Nuit may be more symbolic of a status than a personality. Taking Maat to be female makes the reference to King strange unless one extends Nema's connection to Horus (Aeon of Maat = Aeon of Heru-pa-Kraat - Truth = Silence - not so unreasonable). Also Crowley refers to the god F.I.A.T. who may be referred to here. The last line seems,

however to be pretty clear - Horus as the Hawk-headed God is finished! I have not yet found a conclusion to Crowley's search for the Tomb which he indicated that he was appointed to find in the opening paragraphs of 'Across the Gulf' - oversight or not yet revealed?

I am aware of some apparent contradictions between the Stele and 'Across the Gulf'. Crowley makes statements in 'Across the Gulf' that variously connect or detach his identity from Osiris and/or Ankh-af-na-Khonsu. I cannot logically reconcile these discrepancies, even taking into account the strange Egyptian genealogy. I therefore have to ascribe these discrepancies to the timespan covered by 'Across the Gulf', and the 'mystical nature' of Crowley's part therein. The alternative is to not ascribe the five names, Osiris, the Priest of Montu, Lord of Thebes, Opener of the doors of Nut in Karnak, Ankh-f-na-Khonsu, the Justified to the right hand figure on the stele, ie, to in some way conclude that these names do not refer to the one person. I choose to consider the Stele to be correct, and not get too bogged down in the details of 'Across the Gulf', which Crowley himself confesses to based on memory which, at the time of writing was still obscure.

In summary, the verse simply announces the next Aeon. The means by which it does this, however, invites an intriguing search into the relationships of the key players. Crowley's account in 'Across the Gulf' represents a wonderful insight into the nature of God in general, and the deities of Thelema in particular.

Obviously this essay makes some assumptions which may or may not be valid – a quite different journey can be taken by simply changing these basic starting points. Also, some particularly promising leads were neglected – there is plenty of scope for further investigation!

Fragments

I see a beautiful crescent moon
and diagonally above it and to the right
I see a star

Mercurius possesses
with subtle grasp steering the hands of
fate

Footfalls in the darkness
echo through my madness
Tasting the evil on your lips
lost into the night...

Metaphysics of a dying world
Trapped within a timeframe no-one
wants to know
Lost upon a broken highway
Tattered and torn, like so many pages
from a worthless book.

Anon93

MAGICAL WEAPONS TALISMANS FOR THE TEMPLE



DAGGERS:
SERPENT WANDS CARVED
IN OAK: FIRE CENSERS:
SHAMAN'S DRUMS OF
WOOD AND VELLUM.

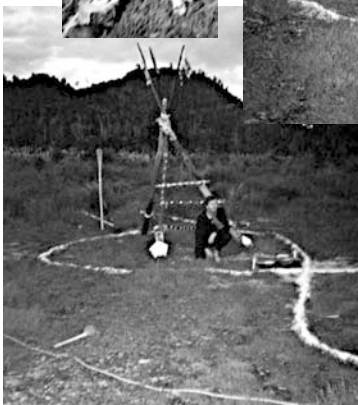
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Once in a Blue Moon

Pictures are from the Blue Moon Volcano '98 gathering...

It is Blue Moon policy to allow no photographs during ritual, so this just gives a bit of an idea of the setting.





Cranebag

The Newsletter of the Wiccan Association of New Zealand

Issue 5
June
1998

*This is a special edition of Cranebag for inclusion in Circlecaster.
Editorial comments are those of the editor of Cranebag, not of Circlecaster.*

Editorial

Merry Meet, WANZ people and friends thereof:

It's the end and beginning of another pagan year, and sometimes I'm surprised to have survived the last one, what with the heinous amount of complicated stuff in my life. Of course, all that pressure and hassle has its rewards. As I write this, a flagon of apple wine is fermenting away nicely on my kitchen table, my cat is looking at me and pre-emptorily demanding food, and I'm looking forward to getting out in the cold night on Samhain to bid my old ghosts good-bye. Life is good. Sometimes I think that the proof that you've lived a good year is how much you have to let go of at the end of it.

It's been an exciting year for WANZ as well, as I hope that I've managed to express within the pages of *Cranebag*. We've been round the Wheel of the Year twice now, and our group has solidified itself nicely - we've lost some people, we've gained some people, but we have proved that this organisation is not based on irreplaceable personalities. WANZ is a living, breathing, self-regulating entity, now. We even have our own traditions, like the concept of "Extreme Paganism" - getting close to the elements by lowering yourselves into them on ropes, that sort of thing - or our seasonal festivals, or the

Witchmoot... or the fact that we're branching off, becoming an umbrella for several different groups, concepts and projects. You can tell a tree by its fruit, and WANZ is fruiting nicely. Will it be like an annual plant, which bears its children and withers - or will we go from strength to strength? Only the coming twelve-month-and-a-day will tell us. But I think you can tell which outcome I'm hoping for. We've come this far, and it's incumbent on us to continue.

While I'm at it, it's time for an apology. I'm informed that at least one of our readers took grave offence at certain comments I made, that he took to refer to himself, in our last issue. I'd like to take this opportunity to state that no offense was intended, and apologise sincerely and without reservation for any offence incurred. Once again, I must reiterate that everything within these pages is the opinion of the authors. Please don't blame WANZ for my misjudgements.

*Blessed be,
Anthony Lawless, Editor.*

A Bit About The Cranebag...

The Crane Bag is a treasure of the Otherworld, and it contains mighty magic.

It is a compendium of the magical treasures of Ireland. It has the amazing habit of suddenly appearing, and just as suddenly disappearing. Manannan mac Lir, God of the Sea and Underworld, seems to be in possession of it most of the time. But he, being a God, and the bag, being magic, are able to move between worlds and realities at will - and sometimes, the Crane Bag on its own can do this, presenting a real challenge for those who would seek it!

Now, the things in the Crane Bag are not, as you've probably guessed, treasure in the sense of gold or silver, but spiritual objects. Shamanic stuff, in other words! Apparently, it held (and may still hold) Manannan's shirt, his knife, Gaibhne's girdle, a smith's hook, a King of Scotland's shears, a knight of Lochlainn's helmet, the bones of Asal's squire, and a girdle of the great whale's back. It was said that when the tide was in, its treasures were visible in the middle of the bag; and when the tide was out, the bag was empty.

At one time it belonged to Lugh Long-Arm. After Lugh was killed by the sons of Cearmid Honey-Mouth, it belonged to them. They were in turned killed by the great sons of Mile. Manannan took possession after them and kept it secret until "Comely Carlaine", grandson of a fairy-woman (*bean-sidhe*) appeared stark naked, carrying only a slingshot, in the plains of Tara. It is said that *"he slept on the side of Tara of the plains, when the cunning, well-made man awoke, the Crane Bag was found around his neck..."*

Happy Hunting!
Lori

The Festival Drumming Workshop

- the Lawless Report

"Ever since I was a tiny boy
I don't want no candy, I don't need no toy,
I took a stick and an old coffee can
And I banged on that thing till I had
blisters on my hand...

I don't want to work! I just want to bang
on my drum all day!

I don't want to play! I just want to bang
on my drum all day!"

Todd Rundgren, the fine American songwriter quoted above, sums up my feelings very nicely on the subject of percussion, and on January 27th I, along with other WANZ members and interested parties, had the opportunity to "bang the drum all day" for real. It was all thanks to Murray, the person responsible for the now-legendary Full Moon Drum Circles, who hosted a day-long workshop on Festival Drumming.

Much like Starhawk, I'm of the very strong opinion that the drum is one of the most important ritual tools. Circle drumming is an intensely magical phenomenon, which is simultaneously a powerful tool for solidifying a group consciousness, and yet leaves maximum space for individual creativity. When we assembled at the ritual site, there were all shapes and sizes of drums represented, from the mammoth-huge Japanese *taiko* drums which Murray and his eager helpers had brought along, to wonderful wild-looking percussives made from animal

skin stretched over a hollow totara log, to goatskin-over-pine *bodhrans* (what's the correct Gaelic plural? I forget) to the tiny little porcelain thing I hang around my neck. One of the important points about drumming is its splendour in diversity - every shape, size and tone has its place in the overall sound. Drums don't interfere with each other - they complement.

Murray and his helpers began and ended the day with an invocation on the *taiko* drums, which somehow managed to evoke a meditative silence from the midst of the intense pounding. It's always good to watch masters of any craft in action - I must admit that I'm quite proud of my own rhythmic capability, but these guys put me to shame. I suppose that that's just reward from devoting your life to such a thing.

Apart from the talks, most of the afternoon extended itself into spontaneous rhythmic interaction. In other words, people grabbed their drums and had what my friends would call "a jam session". This makes it sort of hard to pick out highlights - as a friend of mine would put it, "*it's all good!*" - but a couple of things really stand out. Murray's talk which was a survey of the theory and practice behind drum-making was very interesting - especially the digression into whether it was possible to have such a thing as a "vegan drum"! (Apparently, snake skin is *no* good for drum making, if any of you were thinking of going hunting in Queensland this winter.) But it's always wonderful how a spontaneous drum circle evolves, from one determined soul

tapping out a simple beat, to a few people joining in, to a joyous, polyrhythmic mass creating a beautiful pulse out of thin air, to the final exhausted silence. I listen to ritual with a musician's ear - music is almost universal, and pulse is *truly* universal, which makes it about the most direct way to approach religious ecstasy. Of course, my personal musical preferences nosed their way in - I found myself hankering at some times for a good bass guitar line to complement the drumming! - but, of course, everyone's mileage varies. It was wonderful to see even the shy, quiet ones among us throw themselves headlong into the rhythmic spirit that our group was so impressively raising.

The highlight of the day, though, was undoubtedly our introduction to the wonderful world of the *taiko*. Now, my own drum, which I've been using ritually for a good couple of years now, is about the size and shape of a mixing bowl. I like it because, although not loud, it has a trebly, tinny sound which carries it over the rest of the drums, and enables me to do interesting rhythmic things over the pulse of the beat. A *taiko*, on the other hand, for those of you not familiar with the concept, is about the size and shape of that water tank the Dog from *Footrot Flats* sleeps in, and it gives off a mighty boom that makes me suspect that its original use in Japan was to scare angry giants away. Murray handed out the cylindrical playing-sticks, the name for which temporarily escapes me, and introduced us to a few simple hand movements. In no time, we were at it - about five or six of

us to each *taiko*, two or three at each end - and the joyous cacophony was wonderful. Again, spontaneity asserted itself - to counterpoint the giant heartbeat of the drums themselves, some of us attacked the edges of the drums, the guy-ropes, even in extreme cases the floorboards, and the sonic palette of the afternoon was thus enriched. A couple of sticks were broken by the overenthusiastic, like me. Sorry. But I think you can understand from what I've explained what a sublime, powerful experience it was.

Percussion is a universal phenomenon, and our host brought several interesting books on its worldwide diversity which we flicked through during the calmer moments. Most people were entranced by the pictures of tribal peoples of the Solomon Islands, the Yucatan and the Gabon forests displaying their percussive crafts and traditions... I myself was sort of impressed at the New York four-piece electronic percussion ensemble, even though no-one else I talked to seemed to share my enthusiasm for the concept of an electric xylophone. Never mind. It was a wonderful day, and to Murray the greatest thanks for organising it. Oh yes, and in case you were wondering... when I went home, I did indeed, as the song says, have *blisters on my hands*. If you don't damage yourself, you didn't have a good time, as I always say.

And, of course, much thanks to the rest of the organisers (This was a White Winds event). The food, as always, was superb.

WANZ at the Autumn Equinox

The Ritual, by Sue and Tracy

(The 2 High Priestesses are denoted as HP1 and HP2)

Part One

Beginning with the person at the East, the following is spoken sunwise around the circle:

- E: What is this night?
N: It is the night of balancing.
W: What are the elements that balance on this night?
S: Tonight the light and the darkness are equals.
E: After this night of balancing, which will prevail?
N: From this night forward, darkness will prevail over light.
W: How do we recognize ourselves on this night?
S: We turn away from the light. We embrace the darkness. We find the darkness within ourselves.
E: Who helps us?
N: Our Goddess helps us.
W: What is our Goddess?
S: She is the brightness and the shade, the ash and the fire, the evening and the morning.
E: Who is our Goddess?
N: She is the Virgin of Light, the Crone of Darkness, the Mother of Time.
W: Where is our Goddess?
S: She is in our hearts in all seasons of the turning year.

E: Who is our Goddess?

N: Behold, she is ourselves.

HP1 casts the circle, using Starhawk's circle casting.

HP2 then goes around the circle to each participant and sprinkles water on them and welcomes them to the ritual and says 'Blessed Be' to each.

Invocations made to the God of the harvest.

Part Two

This is the time for each person to compile their little pile of harvest 'fruits'. Time is allowed to be spent plaiting or weaving the cord, drawing pictures, writing words or symbols of things the person wants to give thanks for, things that they have reaped from efforts made since the last autumn harvest, remembering spells that have worked, healings that have been wrought etc.,

Part Three

HP2 introduces this part by saying that the Equinox is about thanking the Goddess, God and elemental powers for the blessings and gifts they have brought into our lives.

Everyone begins drumming, and keeps it up while the thanksgiving is in process.

One by one (sunwise around the circle, beginning in the east), each person comes up to the altar with their pile of harvest, and stands in front of the altar. The HP's are in front of the altar, and may take turns at assisting the person with the thanksgiving, or maybe split up the words in some way. The HP says each line, and the person repeats it, holding up their pile of papers:

'This is my harvest, and I give thanks.

These things are the fruits of a year of my life, and I give thanks.

With the blessings of the Goddess

And through my own hard work,

Now at harvest time I give thanks.

These are my most perfect fruits:

I lay them on her altar in gratitude

I lay them on her altar in hope

I lay them on her altar in blessing.

For what we harvest now, we plant again next spring.'

The person then throws their pile into the fire, and returns to their place in the circle.

When everyone has finished, the drumming is focused, and a chant is started.

The circle is opened.

The feasting begins.

(EDITOR'S COMMENT: A fine time was, needless to say, had by all. It was a warm enough early autumn evening that staying out past sundown didn't occasion hypothermia. Additional warmth was provided by the roaring fire in the brazier, fuelled with our offerings of thanksgiving, and the impressive quantities of various fruit wines that people had brought along! Judging by the different sizes of the parcels that went into the brazier, some of us had more things to be thankful for than others, or perhaps just bigger things – but no matter quantity or quality. The point of the ritual, as I saw it, was to focus our reflections for at least one night on what had been given to us, rather than, as we do all too often, mourn for what was taken away.

(Full credit to Sue and Tracy for another fine ritual in the best traditions of WANZ.)

Lammas on the Wild South Coast

WARNING: One rambling, incoherent account of the Lammas ritual ably organised by John and Samantha – with help from Anoushka and Anthony – held on February 4 this year...

Anoushka speaks: We'd barely finished arranging our slightly kitschy pua shell circle – all shells side down – when the other circlers arrived in the rather damp and gloomy sunset. The day was darkening rapidly, but we of WANZ must surely by now be used to standing about on cold beaches in the rain. Our spirits were not dampened. The ritual took a form slightly different to those usually enacted by WANZ, relying more on performance than participation. The main part of the ritual took the form of ritual questions and answers, concerning the

death and harvesting of the Corn God, led by the High Priest and Priestess – who looked smashing, by the way! This section of the ritual focused us fully on the meaning of the turning of the season. At the climax of the ritual, we enacted the death of the Corn God – his sacrifice preparing us for the coming harvest, and the coming winter. In an enactment of symbolic death, a black veil was thrown over the head of the High Priest, and the Priestess sickled away the crown of oak leaves from his head. Bread, in the shape of five-pointed stars, or alternatively tiny people, were passed out as gifts from the Corn King, who was soon transformed and reborn as the Holly King. A sheaf of wheat was cut, and the heads passed out as a gift from the Harvest Mother, to keep as a promise of the spring that will follow the winter.

The ritual ended with the usual feasting and merriment.

WANZ EVENTS CALENDAR

MONTHLY: WANZ MEETING

WANZ meets on the first Sunday of every month. Business is attended to and an informal topic discussion is conducted.

MONTHLY: WANZ COFFEE EVENINGS

A public get-together each month. Come and meet the WANZ people, catch up with your friends, bring a guest.

WINTER SOLSTICE

WANZ organises celebrations or rituals for each of the four Solar Sabbats – Winter Solstice will be the next opportunity to participate in one of these (sort of) public events.

SPECIAL RITUALS

Various WANZ members enjoy sharing their own special experiences. Keep in touch to find out what's going on.

The Associated Darkness Series.

By Jean de Cabilis

Part Two. Magical Background

As such the Associated Darkness Series clearly supports the view that man, by the art of magic and blessings of Isis can achieve a reality which beyond the normal physical world. And that this reality is but his true nature. That man is capable of a perception which is more Co-realistic to the higher mystical worlds than our limited Terra bound existence. For it is by her magic, that the great liberator of spirit is gifted by the goddess to us her children. And it is by this path alone, that we return to the womb, to be born again as gods of womb of man and life as gods - which is in the Egyptian sense creative goddesses.

The Egyptians call magic 'Heka'. Magic itself was symbolised by a goddess known as the Great of Magic. The great of magic was the goddess 'Weret Hekau'. The hieroglyphic Egyptian for magic was "H.EKA3" (3 being unvoiced consonant similar to glottal stop in English). The idea of a connection between Hekate and Great of Magic (Egyptian) is one that has occurred to some scholars, but unfortunately there is no historical evidence of a connection.

I like to think that as language moved across Greek this Great of Magic became known as Hekate (Heka'te) from the Egyptian root Heka. Of Heka there are many possible Greek derivations of the name, but however the source of Hekate been unknown.

Also historically most of the connections from the East to Greece at that time were via Phoenicia rather than directly from

Egypt. Also the earliest references to Hekate in the Greek are from Hesiod (7/8th century) where Hekate has no magical connection or anything like that.

What is more interesting however, is to note that magic was attributed to a female persona rather than male.

Typically in the Egyptian mysteries all supernatural and natural powers were personified as gods and goddess's. In the experience of the mystic darkness, likewise explorations resulting from ones own depth meditations into the womb of Binah, do communicate an energy which is better to personify as a goddess. And from ones reading of Egyptian mythology, it became clear to me that, this world of manifestation and formlessness was in fact the result of womb of this goddess of magic. As such we find in the tradition of the Tree of Life of the Golden Dawn, that the womb of Isis is referred to as the great sea. The great oceans from which all life on earth became manifest.

In the Egyptian magical tradition the primeval state is chaos, and the great ocean is not the sea, but space. Frequently this chaos is characterised as a dragon. In the Egyptian mythologies it was Apepi or Apophis, the great primordial serpent whom lived in the waters of the celestial Nile - Eg: The Milky Way. In general Apepi is considered the dragon of chaos and destruction. However in essence Apepi is an early form of a light god who resided within the abyss before the creation of the worlds. For many years Ra (A Star) fought in battle against Apepi; and would always be victorious. Later however during one such struggle Ra became wounded and did not have the strength to hold back the forces of destruction against the world. In desperation he searched the gods to find warrior to assist him. The only god that Ra was able to find of suitable strength and courage was the jackal-god Suti. Today Suti

is more widely known as Seth. Esoterically Set is spirit and the dry hot desert as well as the night. Originally Seth was regarded as a loving and caring god by the Egyptians and only later became seen as evil. The Chaldean form of Seth was Shaitan which became the Satan of the Hebrews. At this point it may be worth to consider that Ra (the Supreme God) required the assistance of Seth (Satan) to battle against an even older adversary. Thus the jackal-god and Ra both fought together against the might of Apepi, to hold at bay the forces of destruction. As said by Seth.

"It was I who stood in the prow of the solar barque and vanquished all the enemies of Ra and cast them back into the abyss." EoQ.

Ra and Set fought together to ensure the triumph of light, life and love over darkness. However due to the adulterous relationship between Osiris and Seth's wife; Seth became soured and plotted revenge. Thus he was later wrongly used to symbolise the powers of evil and destruction that he had fought against. I have stressed the story of Seth, as I see this being an important issue to be realised by the Egyptian magician. For s/he who wishes to enter the Great Womb and be born as a god, must not only represent the forces of light but also darkness.

This is because the forces of light are not strong enough alone to hold back the forces of chaos. In the magician, what is required is the human duality (here-in represented by Seth) of both day and night to conquer the serpent of chaos. For once within the womb, the magician must hold fast to Seth's strength, in order to be reborn without losing ones magical identity. If one holds on only to the strength of Ra, the battle of life will be light against an older and perhaps wiser light. Sadly as shown by the myths, if one attempts to be as Ra, one will fail as this negates the duality of man.

And because of this the Egyptian priesthood has always required the fundamental principle that the initiate was firstly and for-mostly a 'Truth Seeker'. As obviously any person who denies one own sin and short-comings, is not or has not reached a point where-by ones truth is at the point of self knowledge.

However at a higher level from deep within the Egyptian mysteries, we find another characterisation of Chaos than other either Apepi or old man Nun. This is the predynastic Neith, who in her aspect as the Great Mother Goddess was also at times thought to represent the Waters of Chaos. Though often referred to as a daughter of Ra. It is considered that she gave birth to Ra out of old man Nun, another personification of chaos. Old man Nun is more commonly used today to represent chaos than Neith. This is because if the Egyptian magician was too use Neith in his correspondences, one would need to introduce confusing concepts. Ie: Such as Neith being the oracular body of the Great Womb and that the early Egyptian gods were androgynous etc.

By choosing Nun we have not only a more easily understood god, but also one of the divinities of the 'First Time' or 'the unknown time' representing the primordial waste of waters. Other names for the god Nun are 'Infinity, Nothingness, Nowhere and Darkness'. However the mystery is that Nun represented chaos only within his unfertilised state. According to Egyptian mystery religion, once fertilised by either god or priest-magician, he (Nun) becomes the female god Naunet.

This is what I have also chosen to personify as the womb. That womb of Binah in which the magician, like Amon-Ra or Ptah, may be born a god.

Part 3/5 next edition of Circlecaster.



DRAGONSPACE

Merry Meet!

Hello, how are you all?

We have decided to provide you with a newsletter in response to several of you asking about our mail order. Through doing this, we will be able to offer you information on new stock that we have, special dates for rituals and spells, and an on-going relationship with those of you who do not get to the shop very often.

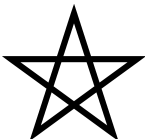
We would appreciate some feedback in regards to how useful you find this newsletter and any ideas put forward for making it more informative.

The Winter Solstice is coming up, so we have some neat spells for you to do at home to prepare for the Birth of Light.

We look forward to receiving your responses.

Blessed Be.

Dragonspace



Winter Solstice

June 22nd, 1998

7.32am - 5.17pm

*May the Log burn,
May the Wheel turn,
May Evil spurn,
May the Sun return.*

It is time to let go of what is no longer needed, to prepare for renewal. Decorate your house with wreaths made of holly, mistletoe, evergreens and apples. Make garlands of rosebuds and cinnamon sticks. Bring a pine or fir into your house: it will bring Nature indoors during the darkest month of the year. Burn lots of red, green, white and gold candles for protection,

abundance, purification and light.

Find a pine log. Carve the Sun into it with a white handled knife and burn the log in a fireplace. Remember not to burn it completely, so you can start next year's yule fire with it. If you do not have a fireplace, you can use a red or gold candle and do the same as above. Don't burn the candle all the way down - save some for next year too. As you watch the fire, meditate upon the Sun - the hidden energies lying dormant in winter, not only in the earth, but within ourselves. Think of birth not as the start of life, but as continuation. It is a good time to honour and give gifts to our ancestors.

Food...

Nuts, fruit, beans, apples, pears, egg nogg, pork and food spiced with cinnamon, cloves and ginger.

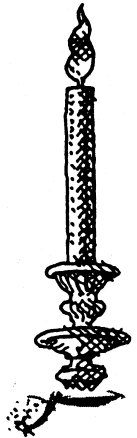
Purification Bath

Mix pine needles, bay and rosemary - tie in a cheese cloth bag - add to the bath and soak your troubles away.

New Products

Complete candle spell kits for:

- *Healing*
- *Goddess*
- *Legal*
- *Wishing*
- *Love*
- *Banishing*
- *Protection*
- *Business*



Aromatherapy Blends

\$9.00 for 200ml

Athames

We now have new athames in the shop for \$112.00.

Dragonspace Magical Calendar 1999

Orders are now being taken - it is nearly ready and will be available in September.



DRAGONSPACE

Unfortunately our publication dates lead to the seasonal component of this newsletter be a bit late. I trust that this insert will be appreciated for its general information value anyway – you can be well prepared for next year's Winter Solstice!

The Editor, Circlecaster.

A Community Rite

Oleander

The community rite to honour our ancestors and welcome the winter held at Hikoikoi Reserve was a great success, the public response far exceeded our expectations.

From out of the dark the rhythm of a drum beat and the emergence of 'Old Man Winter' dressed in black welcomed those who gathered. All eyes and ears were intent as Paul Maunder's (Cultural Work Centre) tale unfolded, of cold, dark, bleak months ahead. Not a tale of desolation and despair, rather of a time of rest and reflection for the Great Mother Earth and of all living creatures. A time to look back on the beautiful harvest that had been and now a time to look forward to what is yet to come.

All too soon his welcome to us ended and he invited all to follow him down to a welcoming fire on the other side of the sand dunes.

There Monique held everyone's attention with her remarkable storytelling on Norse mythology detailing the origins of the gods and goddesses. The soft resonance of Christine and Robert's drumming in unison accentuated the myth of 'The Beginning'.

During this time people were taken in groups through each of the three rituals beginning with the labyrinth decorated with shells from the beach. Next was the circle of remembrance, where the circle of rosemary and lavender was passed around while we remembered those departed. Finally the third ritual gave us the opportunity to take a quill of cinnamon and as we threw it in the fire so to we rid ourselves of a phase or aspect of our lives no longer needed to carry through the winter months.

As each group completed the rituals they were entertained by the final myth, this time a NZ Maori one by Moira.

Once all had gathered at the park the Spiral Dance began to the rhythmic beats once more.

(The Community Rite was co-organised by WANZ and The Cultural Work Centre, Petone. Storytellers Monique Leerschool and Moira Wairama and drummer Christine Conway contributed their talent.)



WANZ -Winter Solstice 1998

Karen

After a fairly grungy week weatherwise the day of the ritual dawned bright and clear. It was one of the beautiful winter days in Wellington, the sun shone, everything gleamed fresh and clean, and you didn't want to venture forth without your polypropylene.

About 20 hardy souls showed up to brave the cold. It was a calmer night than last year, we did not feel as though we were in danger of being washed out to sea. Instead of milling around the ritual site for half an hour 'til things got set up, the ritual organisers had got there early and we were all admitted to the ritual space one at a time after being cleansed and consecrated with air and water.

The ritual committee decided to vary the form a little from previous years. One priestess cast the circle and a second invoked the Norse Goddess Freya and the priest invoked the Egyptian Sun God Ra. This was accompanied by the lighting of torches symbolising the return of the sun.

The next part of the ritual was simple but effective. Each participant clutching their ritual chalice approached the second priestess and their chalice was filled with a ginger drink which had been blessed. The participant then passed onto the first priestess and was given a cookie and a blessing. Having shared part of the cookie with the Earth and eating the rest the participant moved on to the Priest where they were commanded to acknowledge the good thing and blessings that had happened to them during the past year and to take a drink from their chalice to confirm this acknowledgement. They were then commanded to recall the bad or unpleasant things which had happened and to toss the rest of the chalice's contents away

symbolising the casting away of the bad stuff. Each participant was then consecrated with oil. The priest and priestesses then called out the Witches Rune a line at a time and the participants responded by chanting it back, we then tried chanting it more freeformly, this didn't work so well for a number of reasons: not every one knew it, those that did know it knew it to a slightly different meter, or even slightly different words, and lastly even those who knew, found that chanting while moving and wading through two feet of sand was harder than they thought. You just can't tread a mill in sand that soft!

Before the moment slipped away the priest and priestesses came back with a much simpler chant that was quickly taken up by others, and that the new folk could join in after a round or two. By this time people had pulled their shakers and percussion sticks out, and this chant just kept on going. A lovely feeling of community built up. So when this one finished of its own accord as it eventually did, we sang another one during which a few brave souls leapt the bonfire.

After the singing we all settled down to enjoy a communal feast. The knowing had bought thermoses filled with hot mulled wine and hot blackcurrant juice. Those with metal chalices burnt their fingers. Much scoffing and chatting ensued. I know when it came time to depart that I left feeling fulfilled and happy. I felt, as I walked back to the carpark, tripping over my feet as I stared up at the Milky Way, that this ritual had had a real family/community feeling to it. I hope everyone else who was there enjoyed it as much as I did and congratulations to the organisers for a job superbly done.

"The Barons" of Voodoo

Fr. N.R.N.

There are but three of our number present this night, as we prepare to stand at the gate between the worlds, to dare and to Will to invoke the great loas of The Barons and Damballah La Flambeau into our sacred space.

All the preparations made, we enter the Temple with a sense of quiet expectation, our small number seeming not to detract from the mood. Candles are lit and incense begins to fill the place, helping to create a surreal atmosphere. 111 begins, as the circle is cast, and sealed with the Holy Names, and the drums slowly, rhythmically, disperse the shadows of worldly concerns, until our Will is unified and the rite of invocation begins.

The veves of cornmeal grow in complexity and power, as our voices join with each sigil, to call across space and between space; the Marassa, the Ancestors, Legba (the Guardian of the Gate) all accept their sacrifice and perform well their work of aiding a secure communion with the fiery serpent, and the cultured, yet unsettling, spirit of sex and death. The three most honoured aspects, or 'Barons' of this spirit are called, by the veve as well as by our fervent petition.

Their stubborn nature becomes evident rapidly, but we persist, and success is witnessed and sensed in much magickal force. Unaware that their disruptive natures will manifest in worldly affairs for several days (for one of us particularly) we proceed to call our next guest, the primal serpent of fire, Damballah La Flambeau, to indwell our sacred temple. One of our number is invited to attempt possession by this

fearsome loa, but the price of inexperience exacts a dramatic toll on proceedings, and the ruling element of La Flambeau is brought to physical space with a vengeance!

When the smoke clears and the temple is returned to order, we renew the focus and proceed to work with a sigil, received by 111 but of obscure origin, that is rapidly shown to be of great power, to the point of genuine concern for 111.

The presence of a 'spirit-trap' in the centre of our ceremony adds a very unique aspect to the atmosphere, but the full details of its function are known only to its creator. Various quite Martian aspects of Kundalini Yoga are performed and explained during the evening, as a graphic display of the physiological requirements of those who dare to aspire to the work of High Magick.

The final part of the evening's work is a quite spontaneous visit to a nearby cemetery, in keeping with the nature of those beings we have called forth. A small ceremony is performed in the still night air, we conclude and slowly return to our holy place, silently rejoicing in the madness of a journey in full magickal robes through late evening suburbia!

All in all, a successful and liberating experience to include in our magickal record of the as-yet-unnamed Dunedin Lodge.



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Leonard Steven (Guardian)
Email: boucca@mailcity.co.nz

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"Strength through Diversity"

The Pagan Alliance's primary aim is to provide a networking and information service to Pagans, primarily within New Zealand. However it is formally affiliated with similar bodies worldwide and so it also functions as part of an international network of Pagan Organisations.

A quarterly newsletter will be sent out two weeks before Lughnassad, Samhain, Imbolc and Beltaine. This will provide pagans with the chance to advertise events, groups and also to find out what's going on in Paganism around the country. There will also be articles on pagan-related topics to inform and encourage debate in an open forum.

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