

Dear Mr Wilson,

20 Dec 1965

I read your advertisement in 'Pentagram', with considerable interest; being somewhat interested and involved in the Faith of the People.

I have recently been delving into the symbolism of the ley systems, and the corresponding Herme posts that are scattered throughout Europe - and also America. I wonder if you have any knowledge of the Amer-Ind system that was a marked part of the Sioux religion, and which appears to have extended from Mass: throughout the Great Plains, and into South America. I appear to have worded that somewhat badly - I meant the tradition of the ley-path, not the actual system itself. The South American maze leys are of particular interest, since they correspond very closely to part of a tradition that exists in Britain today; albeit the symbolism used is of a somewhat different origin.

I understand from your advertisement that you are also interested in Druidism, an interesting thing is that the original Druids still appear to exist - since I am in contact with an old man, born inside the pale of the Faith, who claims hereditary knowledge of the druidical beliefs - and it appears that what he was taught as a child and young man, and what is claimed to be druidism by modern sects and historians, are two very different things.

Are you a member of admission, and do you understand the order of 1734? A somewhat rude question, but since I cannot ask the traditional three questions in writing, I have to ask somewhat impolite questions.

I understand from the family that there was at one time quite a considerable influx of the Faith into America - in settlements in the Midwest. The symbols used by the state of Texas point towards this being a fact. Some of the neo-pagan traditions of the hill folk also point towards a considerable belief in the religion of the Three Mothers, Kansas being one of the states in which this appears. The Horsemen, of which my father was a member, appear to have settled in force in the cattle and sheep areas, so it is very possible that the clan system is still present in the Midwest.

I appear to have asked many questions and given you no information about myself. I am male, married, a member of the People of two admissions, and aged 35. I know the right and left hand language, the story of the flood, and of the child that survived, I have seen One become Seven, and Seven One, "Whirled without motion between three Elements", as Gwion said - and am still learning how many beans make five, and the number of steps in a ladder. I come from the country of the Oak, the Ash and the Thorn. I am against the present form of Gardnerism, and all kindred movements, although, like 'Taliesin', I believe they could become something far greater.

My religious beliefs are found in an ancient song, "Green Grow the Rushes O'", and I am an admirer, and a critic of Robert Graves.

Flax Flax and Fodder.

/s/Robert Cochrane.
Robert Cochrane.

Y

12th Night. 1966.

Many thanks for your letter, which I read with great interest. You obviously have a deep interest for the Faith, and I will attempt to explain something of it to you - this will be a difficult task, since talking about the People (we describe ourselves as such) is a matter that every hereditary group trains out of it's members'. The religion is also more mystical than most - so words are very poor approximations of what we actually discover or feel about our beliefs.

A 'driving thirst for knowledge' is the for-runner of wisdom. Knowledge is a state that all organic life possesses, wisdom is the reward of the spirit, gained in the search for knowledge. Truth is variable - what is true now will not be true tomorrow, since the temporal truths are dependent upon ethics and social mores - therefore wisdom is possibly eternal truth, untouched by Man's condition. So we come to the heart of the People, a belief that is based upon eternity, and not upon social needs or pressures - the 'witch' belief then is concerned with wisdom, our true name then is the Wise People, and wisdom is our aim.

Some groups seek fulfilment in mystic experience - this is correct if one does not forget the duty of 'involvement' - the prime duty of the wise. It is not enough to see The Lady, it is better to serve Her and Her will by being involved in

humanity, and the process of Fate (The single name of all God's is 'Fate'). In fate, and the overcoming of fate is the true Grail, for from this inspiration comes, and death is defeated. There is no fate so terrible that it cannot be overcome - whether by a literal victory gained by action and in time, or the deeper victory of spirit in the lonely battle of the self, Fate is the trial, the Castle Perilous in which we all meet to win or to die - therefore the people are concerned with Fate - for humanity is greater than the Gods', although not as great as the Goddess. When Man triumphs, fate stops and the Gods are defeated - so you understand the meaning of magic now. Magic and religion are aids to overcome Fate, and Fate is a cradle that rocks the infant spirit.

Now you know what 'witches' are.

You are confusing 'Ley', a story told to music, with 'Ley', which means in keltic 'Flat'. The Ley paths were drover's roads, used by the Neolithic herdsmen to drive sheep and other cattle. They were designed to go from one part of a country to another in an absolutely straight line. If you are in what was Indian country, and look along the horizon of hills or plains, you will sometimes see an artificial nick out in the plains or hills. If you go to that point, you will notice that that mark corresponds to another within eyesight, and so on until you would have travelled either the whole length of Great Britain or Northern America. These Ley paths

are very strongly connected to the religion of the Wise, since the sheep-herders who carved out the hills also made the stone circles such as Stonehenge, Avebury, the Rollrights, and so on. The Herme post is the solitary altar stone that one often finds upon these ancient roads, and if they are approached correctly may be used as places to gain whatever you desire by means of prayer and of magic. They are sites of ancient power now nearly forgotten, but still places where more than one world meets. I will see if I can send you some photographs later of such places, since they will help you to find the Amer-Ind equivalent - and there you will find the answers to all your questions, although the form it will take at an Indian site will be somewhat different to how it comes to me. It is at such places that one may see the Goddess become as Seven, and then return to One. The Seven are hinted at in the days of the week - but consider those days as feminine not masculine. Likewise the order of 1734 is not a date of an event, but a grouping of numerals that mean something to a 'witch'. One that becomes Seven states of Wisdom - the Goddess of the Cauldron. Three that are the Queens of the Elements - fire belonging alone to Man, and the Blacksmith God. Four that are queens of the Wind Gods. The Jewish orthodoxy believe that whosoever knows the Holy and Unspeakable Name of God - has absolute power over the world of form. Very briefly the Name of God spoken as tetragrammaton ("I am that I am") breaks down in Hebrew to the letters IHVH, or the Adon Kadonon (The Heavenly Man). Adon Kadonon is a composite

of all Archangels - in other words a poetic statement of the names of the Elements. So what the Jew and the Witch believe alike, is that the man who discovers the secret of the Elements controls the physical world. 1734 is the witch way of saying IHVH.

The language of the hands is complex and I will deal with it much later. The Oak, the Ash and the Thorn are the Names of the Three Elemental Mothers. All this is quite a complex philosophy - I will deal with it later.

Gardnerism is the title given to the work of the late and unlamented Gerald Gardner - who, driven by a desire to be whipped, and to prance around naked devised his own religion which he called 'Witchcraft'. As you by now have gathered - we do nothing like this. Since the Gardnerians are very publicity conscious - they tend to give us a very bad name, and will one day possibly restart the persecution. Hence they are thoroughly disliked.

Graves' White Goddess contains the Predul Annwn - this will answer many questions if meditated upon - not only does it speak of the seven worlds, but it also tells you how to get there. "Where the evening star and the dark of night meet" is one way.

Green Grows the Rushes O is an archers song from the middle ages. It is somewhat corrupt now from Christian influence but parts of it are still original - "One is One and all alone - and ever more shall be so".

The Stars on the American Flag are Pentagrams - The steer skull of Texas is another witch sign - as is the star within a circle. Diagonal bars and 'V' shaped bars are also witch in origin, like triangles, fleur de leis, roses etc of heraldic tradition. Coats of arms contain many pagan memories.


The man I work with is called John Armstrong, and he is an actual descendant of the Armstrongs of Cumberland and Durham. Armstrong was not only a bandit, but also a chieftan of no small merit.

My regards to yourself, wife and children -

Flays, Flax, Fodder.

(I bless thee by water by air,
by earth)

/s/Robert Cochrane. 
Robert Cochrane,

This breaks down to ?  - work out what it means.

Many thanks for your letter which I read with interest.

You appear to learn with speed. Your interpretation of 1734 is correct. The dialect name for this principle in Shropshire is the Broom, or the Seven Whistlers (so named because some of the Family summoned with a silver whistle). These first and feminine principles are Earth, Air and Water. Translated into the Broom they become Ash, Birch and Willow - the Besom broom that the Family "Turn without motion between three elements" upon. Which is the basic substance of magic, and mysticism. The fourth, and some postulate the fifth,

metal, element is the one substance of power given freely to man - Fire. With fire, and it's many spiritual and intellectual ramifications man conquered the world of appearance. Therefore the four elements conjoined come to mean Female and Male in One - represented by the figure of eternity, 8 or Union. Fire, as such is the province of Alder, the God of the Underworld - Time - that which creates and destroys the world of appearances - finally Bran or Brian/Baal the God of Fire, of Craft, of lower magic and of fertility and death. All things that are of this world belong to him, the star crossed serpent. So you come to the true meaning of the Cauldron and the understanding of the rite of the Cauldron. Bring forth the Star son, and you have Dionysus, the Horn Child and Jesus Christ in one - So the Cauldron is Generation and Re-generation. Taliesin asked 'what two words were not spoken from the Cauldron?' A question I now ask you, giving these pointers. The Cauldron at this level means movement, a becoming of life - ever giving birth, ever creating new inspiration. There is within the Cauldron all things and all future - fate. Therefore there is one state the Cauldron cannot be - What is it? In finding the answer you will come to understand the Cauldron.

As you have gathered we teach by poetic inference, by thinking along lines that belong to the world of dreams and images - There is no hard and fast teaching technique, no laid down scripture or law, for wisdom comes only to those who deserve it, and your teacher is yourself seen through a mirror darkly. The answers to all things are in the Air -

Inspiration, and the Winds will bring you news and knowledge if you ask them properly. The Trees of the Wood will give you power, and the Waters of the Sea will give you patience and omninesence, since the Sea is a womb that contains a memory of all things.

Obviously you wish to know how one asks correctly - This is known as 'Approaching or Greeting the Altar'. There are many altars, one is raised to every aspect you can think upon, but there is only one way to approach an altar or God-stone.* There is a practice in the East known as "Kundeline", or shifting the sexual power from it's basic source to the spine and then to the mind. Cattle use this principle extensively, as you will note if you creep silently up to a deer or cow - since there is always one beast that will turn its back to you, and then twist it's neck until it regards you out of it's left or right eye alone. It is interpreting you by what is laughingly known as 'psi' power and that is how an altar is used - with your back to it, and head turned right or left to regard the cross of the Elements and Tripod that are as sacred to the People as the Crucifix is to the Christians. Before you do this however, it is necessary to offer your devotions and prayers by bowing three times to the Altar, with arms crossed upon your chest and then turn about the Altar (which for normal purposes should be round, hence King Arthur) the number of the Deity you are invoking or praying to. The Maid is usually three times three - the Mother six times three, the Hag (which is anything but the true title).

Flags are a form of rush, a plant that grows in European waters - so the answer is Flax, water, Flax, being the weavers plant and blue - thus representing the Goddess of Birth and Death (Fate) being the principle of Air, and Fodder - which means grass, the Earth. The ancients swore an inviolable oath by grass roots - the answer will come to you if you think on it.

I will go into involvement more fully next letter - since I am somewhat tired.

Regards,

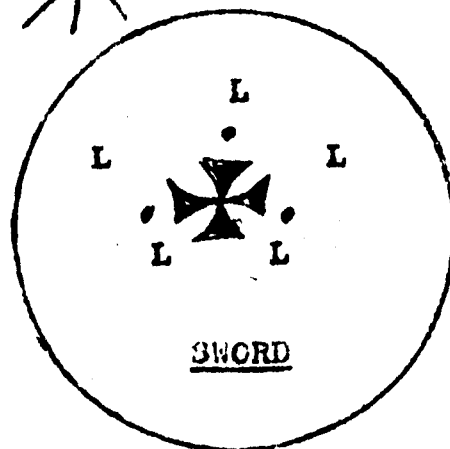
3. P's

/s/Robert Cochrane - ✕



A silver or pewter disk for cross of Elements - Tripod can be either broom or the three woods bound with flax yarn thus ✕ - bind. Upon Altar place thus

Lights = L



put disk so that it is seen easily

Surround ring perimeter with salt, sprinkle with water thrown from broom -

Ash from need fire makes outer perimeter surrounding Altar.

Incense is used to smoke area before beginning

Many thanks for your letter which I read with interest.

"I am a Stag-- Who survived the Flood
 I am a Flood-- That destroyed the world
 I am a Wind--- Of God moving across the desolate world.
 I am a Tear--- The sorrow of Fate
 I am a Hawk--- The Child who survived the Flood.
 I am a Thorn-- The beginning of Fate (Death)
 I am a Wonder- For I am Ressurrection
 I am a Wizard- For I alone transform."

The Song of Amerigin, combined with two other poems both of which are known, is like the Qabbala - a poetic commentary upon a religious work. The Song begins with a reference to the Golden Age of Man, in which men were Gods. This age of innocence was destroyed when movement began (Fate). The Child is Hope, borne out of the Flood by a stag of seven tines - and like the early Christian doctrine, the horn child travels the world seeking a place to rest. This is a common legend found in all mystery systems. Now to give a more detailed translation. The Stag is Welsh symbolism - it has seven tines on each antler, and represents $1 \times 7 \times 3 \times 7$, like 1734. It is the Roebuck, or the inner mystery of Godhead.

The Flood is again symbolic and represents Time. The Wind is the Shekinah, the feminine principle of Godhead - that which the Christians name the Holy Ghost.

The Tear is akin in principle to the passion of Christ. The Hawk is the young Sun King Baldar - Jesus - Buddah - Llew Llaw Gyffes. The Thorn is Death or the process of Fate and as such the first principle of the Broom.

The Wonder is survival of Death -

The Wizard is Merridwen, the Sky re-creating Life out of Death - Now you explain something of the next five lines to me. What I have given is a basic translation only - it is far more involved, and to explain fully needs a considerable amount of time and space. However it has a rough parallel with some of the Old Testament, and with the Babylonian epic of Gilgamesh. The five lines following are an explanation of the Pentagram, so that the pattern makes $8 = 1 + 7$ 1

$$5 = * \star 2$$

$$8 = 1 + 7 3$$

$$21 \text{ or } 3 \times 7$$

Now this becomes also = $24 = 2 + 4 = 6$ or the combined Cauldron ritual, in which both male and female meet - this is described as a Star of David.

I understand that you are corresponding with friend Taliesin - a nice fellow, albeit temperamental. He says that he belongs to a West Country group, and since he is ever so hush hush about it, I wouldn't be surprised. A friend of mine who has been in the People all his life made contact with them some time ago, but got on very badly since they appeared to be very snobbish - not at all like the People in the Midlands, who will talk to anybody. Anyway this old boy from the Midlands was put off by the cloak and dagger approach - he had to go through practically the whole history before they became interested - but got so fed up that he

broke contact - it was a pity, since he was one of the last of the Lonis Compton People, and from my own experience of him he could have told them a lot. It was he that taught me the mechanics of the wand and stone - which is the secret behind the standing stones, if it is understood fully.

As you say, one is never through with learning about the Faith. It is a process that begins in childhood and continues throughout life. Some modern groups such as the Gardnerians have contained the active principle of belief and faith into dogma and ritual - this limits the process of wisdom severely, since wisdom cannot be contained but must be free to all that seek it. They appear to have confused the actual mystery, which is beyond words, with procedure - and evolved a secrecy about nothing except nudity and flagellation. The real mystery is only uncovered by the individual, and cannot be told, but only pointed to. Any occultist who claims to have secrets is a fake - the only secret is that which man does not understand - otherwise all wisdom is an open book to those who would read it. One is discreet about certain things because of blank incomprehension or misunderstanding, but wisdom comes only to those who are ready to receive it - therefore much of the nonsense believed by Gardnerians and some hereditary groups alike concerned with secrecy. There is no secret in the world that cannot be discovered, if the recipient is ready to listen to it - since the very Air itself carries memory and knowledge. Those then that speak of secrets and secrecy and not of discretion or

wisdom are those who have not discovered truth. I personally distrust those who would make secrets - since I suspect their knowledge to be small. I was taught by an old woman who remembered the great meetings - and she took no terrible oath from me, but just an understanding that I would be discreet. She did not require silence, only a description of what I had seen and what I had heard and said when I was admitted. The Gods are truly wise - they know the future as well as the past and they admit not those who would abuse knowledge or wisdom.

Wisdom is cyclic - when one makes the discovery, one creates the alchemy that brings an answer - and in turn creates more questions from that answer. It is the hare and hound. When the hare (pussy) is pursued by the hound it twists and turns, and turns until eventually it creates a great circle and crosses it's own path. Therefore Pussy pursues the hound at one point, and not the hound pussy. Symbolically the hare then becomes the hound, and the hound the hare - therefore they are but one thing - it is the same with knowledge and the pursuit of wisdom - one thing becomes the other, as also life becomes death, and death life. What is wise now is the desire for wisdom later. The Cauldron is the same, constantly moving, creating, bringing forth, tearing down, building up, movement - therefore the simplest way of expressing what the Cauldron is not is by saying 'Be Still'. Even death is movement, one disintegrates and is recreated. The past moves in the future, since past shapes the future to come - this is Fate. All things

that are of this world belong to the past, the flesh is heir to the sins and wisdom of the past - therefore the past lives on. There is no such time as 'Now' since that would require stillness to create it, and now is an impossible fragment of time - even to think of now is to think of the past. Therefore, and very simply to put your feet on the road - the words are 'Be Still'. Mayhap the true pursuit of man is in capturing stillness - since when the moment of silence is created magically man becomes as God.

The true cross is created out of four circles leaning slightly to the Northeast. It should be seen clearly - therefore it does not matter how it is fashioned. It should have the same quality as the dark mirror - that is it should reflect light softly so that the conscious world is lulled, and the world of dreams may come to the surface. It needs time and practice to use it but if a genuine desire to see is there you will see. You will find that it assists in meditation if the gaze is fixed on it while a small light burns nearby.

I understand that in the past the Maid would wear a cloak sewn with little silver discs that the People would gaze upon - and she acted as a medium for the People whilst they reflected upon her cloak.

Flax is a common cultivated flower known as Linum. The variety known as *herbonense* is very good - it is also a decorative in a garden. It is gathered and hung to semi dry in darkness. When it is nearly dry beat it with a mallet made of wood until the fibres are separated from the stem.

This produces a linen 'shoddy'. These are combed out with a teasle head until they are reasonably separate, then spun upon a distaff by a woman who 'sings' to the moon (sounds crazy!) This linen shoddy should be dyed before combing or spinning by Alder bark for red, blackberries (or equivallent) for blue, and bleached in lime or chalk for the white. Your whole length should be measured in this then seven knots tied in the pleit - and then you have the beginnings of a cord which is worn about the waist or neck and used as a meditational device, a la 1734. The remains should be kept in the separate colours and spun upon the distaff. This, used with Mother Broom, and symbolic herbs will assist the cure of most illnesses if a piece is tied and charmed around the afflicted part and three knots tied. I know it sounds crazy but from personal experience I know it works. I have seen the common cold cured, cancer of the womb, warts, and bleeding stopped by this yarn - but it is dependant upon the moon's phases, and Mother Broom for the inner workings. The slow process of creating the yarn is a form of alchemy. If your wife uses it, she must not use the Alder, but instead turn to blackthorn for a black thread, but be careful of that yarn for it carries the power to blast.

What is known as 'witchcraft' is full of apparent superstitions that upon reflection have a sound scientific basis. Alchemical formula produces a resistance free copper - although analysis shows this copper to be of the normal purity rate, approx 98%, yet normal copper has a resistance of 7% to electricity. The slow process of creation works its own magic -

just in the same way that the innumerable firings of the copper produced a 'normal' article that has an unusual power. This applies to all materials used in working, since they are accumulated and collected carefully, and have power of their own.

It is intent and the love of God in creating the magical substance that transmutes it not any particular power in its own right. The best example of this is woman.

All females, irrespective of species is a lesser moon reflecting the Greater. She is made of three elements, the poor male possessing the fourth. Through these elements she creates a chain unbroken that ranges from primitive child-bearing and nest making to the Goddess woman flying in strange climates. Man is individualised and solitary - lead only by reason or passion. Woman by her physical structure is part of the cycle of evolution, and therefore part of the group soul. You notice in homemaking how they create a nest of security, a bond that is shared with all other females, and how the female passion embraces all creatures that have need - a bitch in whelp will mother kittens, etc. The woman, as a possessor of this common instinct, shares experience with the group soul - and what she and thousands of others do shapes that soul for time to come. Therefore if one observes the way a woman instinctively works reflecting the tides of her body, and of the group soul - one learns about the creation of charms and remedies by 'magic' since the slow tide of growth and protection shapes the group entity, so can another principle

if undertaken as naturally shape it also. A plant grown with intent, a branch cut with intent and prepared according to the natural rhythms of life can affect any natural creature the only creature it may not affect is men, and that man will be the product of a corrupt society in which nature has become a whore. The yarn spell has everything in common with the instinct that makes a mother knit for a forthcoming baby - each stitch is a spell for protection and comfort, wrought love. Woman is a magical creature, not because of the tides of her body as Graves suggests, but because she has this power to shape the group entity to her desire and following the tides of her soul she creates magic of no small order in making a home for her offspring. It is the Earth Mother working in her deep instinctive acts and she both creates and influences the group soul. It follows then in charming one should follow the tidal movements of the soul, and of the group soul, rather than the intellect and haste of the fire male. A rhythm worked upon like this strikes a resonance in the group - as power contacts are made. Alchemy and transmutation takes place not because of the material or what is done, but because of the resonance upon the group - and the power of the group. A tide is created, and another tide stilled - a balance wrought.

My regards and blessings to you and yours.



FFF

/s/ Roy Bowers
Roy Bowers.
Alias Robert
Cochrane.

P.S. This month's problem -

I received your second letter, just as I was going to post the first. I am very glad you and your wife have come to an understanding - since domestic sorrow is a very big price to pay in order to belong to the Faith. There is no necessity that ones beloved should also belong - since one of the basic tenants of wisdom is that of tolerance. The People have had and experienced many centuries of intolerance, persecution and pain - therefore we make no attempt to convert - but instead we are just content to belong, that being enough in its own right. Your wife probably felt insecure in the face of a belief that inevitably obsesses its male followers - and to many people who have as yet to see the Goddess triumphant, the Faith is a strange and alien belief, intertwined with childhood memories of wicked witches, and later sensationalism from the gutter press. To a young girl looking in from the outside it must seem frightening, since to her she must have seen the man she loves, subtly change and a side to his character appear that she does not understand - and although this character is not malignant in any way - it is alien to what normally passes as 'normal' in this world. You no doubt have discovered that a whole new philosophy, a new morality, a new personality has begun to awaken in yourself and subtly alter your life - yet in spite of the excitement of the chase, and the desire to know that drives all 'witches', you must try to think of the effect this has upon someone who has not as yet kindled the flame. This is a frightening experience, and one that brings a sensation of tremendous insecurity, especially to a girl with a child in her womb. A piece

of advise if I may be allowed to give it; is that no philosophy, no creed, no God is worth more than the love that one human being may give and receive in their life time - this is what I meant by being 'involved'. It doesn't really matter how wise or knowledgeable one is - providing one can love and be loved in return - in this way the Christian ethos of 'loving ones neighborhoo' is very true - all one needs after that is the witch 'Law': Do not do what you desire - do what is necessary.

Take all you are given - give all of yourself.

"What I have - - - I hold!"

When all else is lost, and not until then, prepare to die with dignity.

These may sound like peculiar laws, but they are wise and based upon experience - the first is perhaps one of the most difficult criterions to live by - since there is no room for illusion - the second allows you little time for yourself - the third is the keystone of wisdom and the fourth is the basic key to the witch personality.

Now how can I teach your wife - Shall I tell her that the Faith is the Mother of all Gods and Goddess's - that Christianity is only a part of the ancient faith, and not the whole, that the People are the direct descendants of the ancient priests and priestess's of the Mysteries? Or shall I tell her that the Faith is basically feminine - and in it she will find her deepest self reflected? It has been the repository for centuries

of the deep feminine wisdom, the protector of the dispossessed female - in that it recognises her for what she is, man's total and absolute equal - and the Goddess's representative upon earth. That the Gods created the world, and to man they gave Earth, Air and Fire - and to Woman they gave Earth, Air and water - and that it was decreed that these elements would be worthless until they were brought together in male and female - therefore the Faith believes that both men and women play their separate and united roles in the comedy we call life - Still this is poetic and to a young mother sounds like a strange language - so I will put into the language of logic and rational thought, something of the Mysteries.

The Faith is made of three parts - of which I know two. The first part is the masculine mysteries - in which is enshrined the search for the Holy Graal - and is the basis of the Arthurian legends. This is the order of the Sun - the Clan of Tubal Cain. Under it come learning, teaching, skill, bravery, and truthfulness. In the distant past the male clan was lead by a woman who was their priestess and chieftan. This is the origin of the legend of Robin Hood - and surprisingly enough began the Old Testament, and later, Christianity since both Jesus and Moses alike preached a version of the Masculine mysteries - Mithrism was also a development of this - and the tradition was followed through into the Middle Ages when the Plantagenet Kings were officers of the masculine aspect of the Faith (The name 'Plantagenet' means 'The Devil's Clan'). The effect of the masculine mysteries upon the world can hardly

be under emphasised - since a very considerable portion of civilization owes its origin to them. To name but a few - Commerce, Lawmaking, Lawgiving, Parliament, The early forms of universities and craftsmens guilds - which lead to knowledge being contained and taught, Surveying, all sciences such as metallurgy, astronomy and so on ad infinitum. The masculine mysteries were the direct creators of modern civilization as we know it now. It must also be remembered that originally the Mystery was conducted by a woman - and that she was the presiding genius behind many of the fundamental discoveries that created civilization. These mysteries are depicted as a Javelin, a cockerel upon a pillar, a ladder, a flail, a twelve rayed sun and a ladder of eight rungs and a sword or battle axe. Basically they have to do with control over three of four elements, especially that of fire.

The feminine Mysteries are the deeper - connected with the slow tides of creation and destruction, of the cycle of life and death. They are best expressed in the pentagram - Life/Birth, Love, Maternity, Wisdom, Death/Ressurrection. They are connected with all things that grow - all creatures of flesh - fertility and sterility - the mystery of the woman who is virgin/Mother/Hag in one person. They are in essence the cycle of life, and the universality of life - and they express themselves in deep intuition and feelings - in otherworld terms they control the unconscious, as the male controls the conscious. That is they are what the Jews describe as the

second emanation of the Sephiroth - emotion, sensation, imagery, empathy and intuition. They are expressed in symbols as a broom, a flask, a cup, a glove, a distaff and a shift - all of which have a symbolic meaning in the Faith. The clan of Women is lead by a man, who acts as a Priest, and teaches the feminine mysteries. Each one of these symbols has a value in wisdom, and I will teach you both what I know about them in forthcoming lectures. Today, since there are so very few, the old system has broken down and the families teach their children both mysteries, so that the tradition will not be forgotten entirely. In the past the male and female clans were seperated except for the nine Rites or 'KNOWS' of the Year - when they came together and worshipped Godhead. Also a great deal of traditional rite has been lost - but it will be recovered again one day, since things and thoughts alike do not die, they only change.

It was common for the people to meet once a week - like a service or a teaching session, or even to work some particularly difficult piece of magic. As the persecution grew harsher, the meetings became more secretive, and for security's sake the Clans divided and knew nothing of each other. The mysteries were also united so that nothing would be forgotten - yet I personally think it is better that they now divide - since there is a mystery in sexual difference, and some things may only apply to men and some things only to women. No man may ever fully understand the mystery of menstruation or birth - and how it affects not only the female body but mind and emotion. No

woman may fully understand the male passion for knowledge or craft etc, since it is a part of the male mind in which most women have difficulty in understanding. Yet the Faith teaches wisdom that has to do with both of these aspects of male and female - and when it was taught properly as it was in the past - it produced some really remarkable people. One of the deepest and most appealing images in the Faith is that of the Virgin and Child - whom the Catholics stole from us as late as the twelfth century - yet the approach of a man and the approach of a woman are very different to this one image.

I have enclosed a leaf out of a book which has the photograph of a French Menhir upon it - I helped the woman who wrote this book, and explained something of the menhir to her - but she is a fool, and her book is a shame to read since it is only interested in the sensational, and not in wisdom. However the menhir contains all 'Witch' theology and belief - and if it is studied, it will answer many questions for you. The carvings date from the 17th century, the menhir is at least 2,000 years old. Archeologists believe it to be a depiction of the Passion of Christ, which shows how little they know. You will see upon it both male and female mysteries - with the bottom line reading as the third part - that of the Priest/Magician, Understand it, and you will have the basic groundwork of the Faith. Ask me questions about it, and I will explain them to the best of my ability.

You will be coming to Britian within one year, when you do come to us when you have free time (or maybe it is me going to America)

FFF

Many thanks for your letter - which I enjoyed reading.

I found your interpretation of the five Queen lines of Amergin of great interest, since it shows you are well on the road. Basically they follow the Pentagram, that is Life, Love, Maternity, Wisdom, Death. Obviously, since the interpretation of the Faith is deeply personal, we differ somewhat in our approaches but basically we seem to be travelling in the same direction. The line "I am a Spear" refers to the Cauldron mystery - the original Holy Grail - in the sense that the Grail (Divine Inspiration) was activated originally by a priest bearing a spear, who like Sir Gawain performed the sacred marriage by thrusting the spear into the cauldron. Symbolically he was taking the principle of life made of ash and steel (Ash the Mother tree - earth - steel or iron the metal of Chronos - Wayland - the God of Time/physical life) and so continuing life by bringing down the principle of movement to earth - literally drawing down the Moon. In thrusting the spear the priest performed an act of love - thus bringing us to the next point of the ritual, "I am a Salmon". Ritually as you will find by reference to the Arthurian legends, he then withdrew the Spear, and cast drops of blood that fell from its tip upon the earth and surrounding congregation. This action was based upon observation of the actual mating habits of the salmon (a fish who anciently represented fertility and wisdom - there are records of trout or salmon being used for divination as late as the sixteenth century). The salmon

comes in from the sea to spawn and die, but in dying the male salmon casts his sperm over the eggs - so a sequence of love and death is built up - which idea is confirmed by Gwion's further poem 'Prediue Annwm', when he writes - "Where the evening star and the dork of night meet together". The ritual at this point then is like the Catholic sacrament. The Host has been raised and transubstantiated - in other words spirit and matter have been brought together in the action of the ritual - as spirit and matter may be considered as the Female Spirit, and the "pear as phallic in the sense that the Goat God represents time or physical life, the ritual becomes that of Union or Love.

The contents of the Cauldron are now transformed into the "Aqua Vitea - the Waters of Life. Anciently, as Taliesin pointed out, the Water of Life was impregnated with one of the plants that bring dreams such as Fly Agaric, or the Peote mushroom. However I am not suggesting that you do this, since they have extremely bad side effects and need care, caution and discipline to use effeciently. However, the sacred drink is now administered in the same fashion as the wine of the sacrament. Now how does this tie up with Motherhood? The Goddess feeds us, as a mother does - so in this aspect She is Bountiful Nature - Mother Earth, feeding Her children, in the same way as any mother feeds the child. The priests of Isis carried a dish that was shaped like a female breast, and from the nipple fell a constant stream of water and milk, with perhaps wine mixed in i

So then the congregation at the assembly are fed with the water of Life - which as you already appreciate is inspiration or spirit brought to earth. This is, apart from the actual physical differences, exactly the same concept as the sacrament to be found in Christianity.

Then we come to the extremely puzzling line 'I am a lure'. The lure was more than a snare, it was usually an imitation bird or animal used to attract the genuine article into the trap - Why is love a lure? Because it creates inspiration - and from inspiration comes the thirst for wisdom. The onset of physical love is also the onset of the two destructive/creative forces in man. He can be fascinated by the object of his fancy, so that he will forget everything else. The stress of the love act produces poetry - and in poetry is wisdom. Therefore, as we English say - "A sprat to catch a mackerel" - something smaller to catch something bigger. The reason why the Goddess of Love in Britian was depicted as carrying a net, was that she ensnares the souls of Her men with a devotion that very few women are able to command. In Her love (this is a hard thing to say) there is death - and She rends Her poets/lovers apart before finally making them all wise. Graves follows this theme in the White Goddess - and there is always considerable truth in it. Be careful throughout your life of Her traps - They will make you wise, but you will sing sweetly and sadly afterwards. She is Fate, the Creatoress and the Destroyer. You will understand why She destroys, but the destruction will bring its own sorrow. As the Goddess of Love, She humbles us all at some time - and that sorrow is perhaps Her greatest gift to the moon-struck poet.

When
ode

'I am a Hill' is a reference to Wisdom, since in vision you will see the Castle of the Seven Gates or Winds, standing upon a gloomy hill, turning four times to the elements. The Hill is Life - the steady climb with its triumphs and disasters to Illumination or Wisdom. It is the Dark Tower that Roland fell in front of, it is the Castle Lolor of the legend of the Grail, the Coer Cochren of 'Friedu Annun'. The abode of the High Sordeas - the One in Seven Wisdom, the destroyer and creator of men. You will die many times to be reborn in this religion, and each little death is the resurrection of new hope and spirit. Whatever Madame Le Guider has in store - the law is that you will overcome - and in the overcoming find spiritual strength. Never be like I was for a short while, arrogant in the knowledge of power, for She soon tripped me up, and brought me home across my black horse, and I like the knights of old lie wounded, and at this desert without hope.

Anciently the castle upon the hill is a very common motive in folk art. You will find many specimens of this in traditional Romany caravans - in that the inner walls are painted with roses (red and white), a roadway with nineteen trees lining it, and a castle at the end of the road upon a high hill. Armourial and coats of arms are also good examples, and about a 150 mile trot from here there is an old inn that has as a sign a castle founded upon three silver spheres. In cabalism the sphere becomes the moon - and is known in Hebrew as Malkuth, or foundation. Now the three moons represent inspiration or spirit in these aspects; Life, the Virgin. Love, the Mother

and Death/Wisdom, the Hag. As such then the hill is representative of the three major sources of inspiration and fate in physical life - the problems that we face are based upon these three foundations - Graves writes they are the poetic theme - but they are the structure of existence before that.

"I am a sow" or 'I am a bear' This refers to Maridwen - the greedy sow who in Keltic poetry eats her own farrow. The nightmare fertility and death in one creature - and so we come to the end of the Pentagram. The principle of Fate giving birth to life, then for reasons of her own destroying her own litter - a fact that any pig farmer will tell you about.

As you have realized - the poetry of the ancients was based upon observed natural fact. From the lesser phenomena of nature, they drew conclusions about the greater and spiritual phenomena - reflecting as I do, that there is nothing created but it has a symbolic link with spiritual principles. I am not saying that physical creation has what the Theosophists like to call a purpose - that is something different - but in creation one uses a greater force to create the lesser - and there is an indivisible link between all things and their spiritual counterparts. As you say Gods are in Man, and Man is in Gods.

You will also find contained within my letters to you, a ritual which is the basic ritual of the Faith - that Of the Cauldron. You know now how to approach an altar, how to create an altar - how to create the sacrament house (bread and wine), and what to expect from it. You have in your possession the

Broom - later we will speak of the Sword and Stone which is to do with Fire. But now you are girded, and can administer the Water of Life to your family - if you so desire. Remember though that male and female work together - and where the male intellect or fire gutters and burns out, the female water will wear at the problem gently, until it is reshaped and understood. In the final analysis rely upon what a woman feels rather than upon what you think is right. Of air and earth we have those between us.

Please do not thank me for helping you - you also help me. To describe the Faith is like teaching, but if you teach then eventually the pupil must turn on the teacher, since wisdom is only found in freedom, and teacher and pupil alike are not truly free, since the teacher is bound by dogma in order to explain - and therefore forgo's inspiration. The pupil has to follow the dogma in order to understand the teacher. Wisdom is not dogmatic - and when the pupil becomes wise he must necessarily break from the teacher, and interpret dogma and the promptings of his soul as he sees fit. Therefore I explain to you what I know - but I am not teaching you, you are taking from it what you require - and transmuting these ideas to your own needs.

The buckle in the photograph is a spouted pot used for pouring the Water of Life. You will find all the physical paraphernalia of ritual in it, and much of the symbolical stuff also.

If you wish I will do a complete reading upon your immediate future - or for that matter upon your complete future. It is easily done.

My best wishes to Daisy, yourself and the children - I sense that it will be a girl, and I got an impression that she will be fair headed. She (if I am right) will live long and happily - and also be wealthy by marriage to a man that she will love.

FFF

/s/Roy

LETTER TO NORMAN

Thank you for your letter which I read with very great interest. I take it that you write in symbols, and your descriptions of Two Kings, and Two Queens are purely symbolic, since we have something very similar in my own branch of the Craft.

I was worried because of the outburst of symbols. My own conclusion is that you were probably still suffering from the after affects of night-shade wine, but even so I didn't want to push the issue at that point. You should really be careful, since all dream drugs can have a very dangerous side as well as a marvelous sensational side. There is a place in the other world (if place is the right way to describe it) which is literally chaos, and can destroy the human mind. In the past they had very careful directions and sign posts to help the congregation over the difficult way. Today much of those directions have been lost.

I read your remarks upon the practices you follow with interest, and perceive in them a conglomeration of various ideas that are not strictly of the Faith I know. The animals you speak of I do possess a very considerable knowledge about, and I can assure you that a rat, as distinct from a mouse is the last shape to be assumed by Long Compton, any more than an alder rod would be used in a ritual devoted to the Mother of the Waters. Trees, like animals have a use and a meaning - and combined with a maze pattern of the right sort and understanding, form a series of compound images that produce necessary effects. Taliesin was too fond of relying upon Toad, and the Taniast have lost because of this. Glorious dreams may be valid, but unless they have a reason for 'becoming', they are of little use except in convincing the devotee of the beauty or horror locked away in his own unconscious.

We have been pretty busy recently, organizing a magical group along the Seven and One basis, as opposed to the old rural Twelve and One. The Clan seem to be responding, and our ancestors are appearing to give their approval, that is the only approval that counts for us. The Hallows of the Covenant went off all right, had to cover up somethings since strangers were present, but we got through a few results. Sorry about not bringing you along, but since it was already overbalanced with outsiders, there was not very much else we could do. We could not have helped you under those circumstances at all. The summoning of the Hound and the Raven had to be done symbolically as it was, and there were only four of us who knew what we were about. Still one of the outsiders said she had a vision of the Old Queen, and Old Tubal was definitely there. Not a bad night out all in all

We have been experimenting with the balanite and ash, and find that even without certain aids, it works remarkably well combined with a witches cradle. As far as we can see it has two effects One is the activating of the power in a human body, and the other is moving a center of power from one point to another. The thing that did strike us as interesting was that even without the cone of power being present from the ring, it works as an activator. It evidently affects the nerve and mind power that has it's center just over the front of the head. The Indians call this a "Chakra", and it is supposed to spiral either left or right according to the sex. In sick people it looks like a closed flower, and in a psychic it looks like a votrex moving round. I have felt and seen this effect at times, so it is true I think. Now from what we gather, when you move the cleft stick down, it also affects the other

centers on the body, such as the one just under the heart and above the sexual organs. In other words it is a far more advanced method than that used by the ceremonial magicians who do all this by breathing.

Presumably combined with a witches cradle, it helps the spirit to leave the body, anyway this is what we did with it. Also working in a ring, once the power has been raised, it joins the directional power of the Maid or Master to the power of the group, and since the Maid has been instructed to go in a certain direction, the whole group will follow and anything that happens must be shared by the group. It is very interesting.

Now the idea of using it over water, bound to a wet tree such as a willow is interesting also, since it is forming a perfect link for the power to flow from heaven to earth, or earth to heaven according to which way the ring is being turned. As you already know, power must form a complete chain otherwise it will not work, since witch magic is like witch Gods, it is from the highest to the lowest, from the lowest to the highest. All is One, and one is all..... Thank you Norman for teaching us so much.

Obviously I cannot leave the matter like that, so here is a piece of knowledge that will help you, and which will explain about the Castles and Kingdoms. I have enclosed it, and I hope you will understand it, since it is really a map of the other worlds, you are welcome to use our names, or use the ones that you know personally. But I will guarantee that this works, if it is combined with things that both you and I know, but will not write down....cords,....smoke.....tapers...etc, etc.

Flags, Flax and Fodder,

Robert Cochrane

LETTER TO NORMAN

Many thanks for your kind letter, and the very good advice in it - however it is not what people said, but what they have done, which has hurt. John has also betrayed his trust - and spoken the name of a hereditary member to the Gardnerian's - who seeing that it is Taliesin, are now intent upon making trouble for him. As such when the Clans people get to hear about it, John will be put under the Ban - that I am sure of - and you know as well as I do, there is terror and death in that. The thing with Audrey and myself goes much deeper - but as you said - I should not get involved. Still enough of my troubles, and thank you for your attentions and prayers.

I am pleased to read that you know something of the old High Magic, not many do, although many claim to. Can you cast the Mound and the Skull? In fact thinking about it, I am more than pleased, since you are the first person I have met for many a long day who knows something about the Craft.

The mystery you speak of is that of the Broom. It is the basic magical and mystical practice, and corresponds with the exercise of the qabbalistic middle pillar. Unlike the principle and mystery of St. John though, the principle of Fire is removed, and that of Air put in its place. This practiced every day is the path way to the Seven Gates of perception - Now what is it all about. Firstly then we must begin with the fundamental practice of the Faith - the correct way to approach an altar.

Have you ever watched cattle? The way one cow will always turn her back upon you and regard you over her shoulder? This then is the correct way to approach an altar. The cow is using 'kundelini' to analyse you, to sense out what you are, and whether you are dangerous, and she uses her spinal column as a sensory device - in much the same way as water diviners use a wand to sense water. Now the practice of kundelini, is as you know, the transmutation of sexual energy. So this is where the broom comes in - in the sense that this transmutes the energy of the sexual impulse into the higher grade energy of sensation, feeling and thought. Physically one perambulates a given number of times around the seven sided ring such as seven to call upon the seven stars. One stops in the exact center of the ring, and has the back to the altar, balancing upon the right foot, with the left foot pointing out., and looking over your shoulder at the altar - so that the spinal column forms a spiral - which incidentally you have already performed in your turning about the ring. At this point of balance - one begins the first principle of the broom - which equates to that of the qabbalistic Malkuth. Before the altar is greeted though, one prepares the ring by imagining a bright star very far away, and above your head. From this star should fall waves of light, and one should imagine that it is getting nearer - or rather you are getting nearer to it. The light should enter your body through the right shoulder, and work in a spiral downwards, and emit through the left foot upon stopping to greet the altar. As such the ring, which has been censed and purged by whatever method you use, is charged, and this in its turn becomes a well of wisdom - of the water of Life. You like the trout spiral in this pool, and then by sheer poetry which should be spontaneous and inspired - take this sacred fluid and direct it via the right foot about your body in a anti-clockwise spiral until it reaches the base of the spine - Malkuth - which is earth, and corresponds to the anus and the genital area surrounding it. This is the foundation, and the seat of all transmutation, since the area of skin between the anus and the sexual organs is that which holds the super-physical power. Hence broom stick riding, since in the past they rode a staff in order

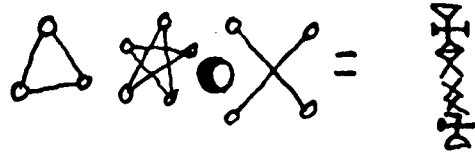
to activate that small area of sensation - and then transmuted it by mental power to the ascending snake. [Editors note: the broomstick was anointed with flying ointment] I will demonstrate the techniques of the broom when we meet - and if you can get Jill and her mother along since I have a distinct respect for Jill's psychism - I will show you how to approach the Holy Ones - that is the Deities who rule us. In this exercise, and once it is fully carried out and understood - the final stages is that when a sensation of being near a great bell is felt, and your mind and body appears to tremble with the vibrations. It is at this point that you utter the prayer for whatever you are requiring - but always remember Norman - no man has power within himself, we are all but expressions of Godhead. This belief that tricks, or techniques bring power is a blasphemy since the magician is nothing but a channel for the forces he raises by prayer - and prayer and faith are the greatest secret of them all. To be a channel to the force of Godhead is all we can ever hope to attain. Obviously you are well aware of this - but having told others - I always add this as a precaution, since some people think that power comes from within.

The ritual you speak of is pretty basic, although we begin with movement - for that is the correct way to greet an altar, and end with sitting still. To run about brings an emotional release that should for purity sake be sexually released in its final stages - but for the big prizes one meets before the Knot the number of days devoted to the Goddess awakened, and then upon the knot, invokes the Goddess through 'The dark of night and the evening star meeting together', which as you should know is brought about in the beginning by "in an uneasy chair above Caer Ochren."

"Spinning without motion between three Elements" this was the way it was in Long Compton, Shropshire, Lancashire and the Isle of Man, and since one of my informants is now a very old man, who has been in it all his life - and understands both the Broom and the Sword - I should think it has been traditional for many centuries. I agree though about movement - but as you know movement of any spectacular sort is nearly impossible once "Bell tone" has been reached, since by then you are verging up on the other world and preparing to enter beneath the hall of the King. Forgive me for saying so but you seem to be confused slightly as to the actual making of power - this of course is not suggesting that you have failed in discovering power, but that you have discovered it instinctively - which will work for you, but for nobody else. The Star of David is of course the basic explanation of the Sword and Broom - do you know how to apply this principle, or have you followed your instincts? As such it forms a cross pattern at the base of the throat and forehead - and is extremely difficult to operate, since it is a point of perfect balance of two totally different yet complimentary forces - and the Noble Ones are loth to help, since once it is mastered, it gives incredible power to the master - but in the search for it, one can so easily be destroyed, for it is the genuine philosophers work and Stone, and twice in my life I have grasped it, only to lose it again.

Really it is impossible to teach this - just as it is to teach someone how to bring the 'Morning Star and the Dead of Night together' by writing. It has to be demonstrated so that faith is created, and so a standard is wrought to work by. As for other rituals - The Cad Goduie and the Predieu Annwm by Gwion, who was a poet in the twelfth century, will act as a gateway - since in poetic form (and that means in terms of images, a matter for which you have a gift) the answers are all ruled and laid out for the eye of the seer. You will find these in that very excellent book 'The White Goddess' by Robert Graves. It costs 12/6 and is published as a paperback by Faber. In that book is indicated wisdom, and by unravelling some of the riddles - wisdom is to be found.

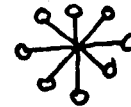
Concerning your magic mirrors....with or without the horn? Or do you mean a scrying glass. I know of two mirrors, one the Lady holds by a very old piece of wood, and the other that is between my eyes. One mirror speaks of the trees (eight in all) of the forest, the other speaks of Tides that is still to come.



My question to you as to where the witch wears her garter..... that needs an answer. However lets leave these things for the future. Perhaps we can meet some time in the new year. Perhaps your clan and mine could meet one day and discuss things. Staffordshire and Warwick don't come to Long Compton, maybe they went to another Well.

May the Hare, owl and pussy cat...

Robert



[Editors note: The ritual described is extremely powerful, and really should be done every day by each member of our cuveen -- however it may have destroyed Robert Cochrane. Take extreme care. I note two errors -- one, the spine should not make a spiral, since that causes an unnatural flow of kundalino and can cause insanity -- and two, all magical exercises should be preceeded by intensive concentration exercises such as we use in order to give one the mental strength to withstand and controll the power invoked.]

LETTER TO NORMAN

Many thanks for your calendar, and especially for the crossed owl feathers upon the back, a blessing only a witch can understand
 * * * Life...Love...Wisdom, or as we're taught to say, 'Flags, flax, fodder' I return them back to you with my good will. Different traditions, but the same basis. I noticed that you wrote to us in Theban script, which I translate as "Three hundred and sixty five days of happiness," Ta, ever so.

Witch ointments presumably work if they are used upon an empty stomach and combined with one other thing, dandelion stems. The stems cause the nerves to swell and become sensitive to other drugs. It is very dangerous to apply such ointments. they were usually incorporated into drink or food...

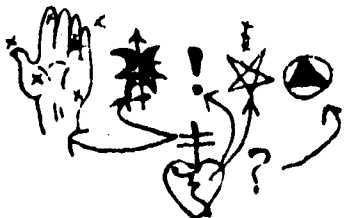
The news you gave me of a vision is of interest. You are saying in effect that I am to be awarded the sword. The Gate is that of Fire - The Serpent that of Earth, and the Rake the power that brings the two together. Water and Air is the first admission - Fire and Earth the second - Air and Spirit the last.

I agree with you about the Gods from the East, but as you know not all the Craft accepted the Eastern Gods, many still preferred the Old Ones, and continued the ancient observances. I for one do not like the Eastern Star, but prefer the Mill as did my ancestors. I must confess that I am very interested in that you mention it, since I thought the wisdom about that was almost lost, and it was only through mere chance that I heard about it. It seems to have begun at the end of the twelfth century and ended by the Craft almost being wiped out by the Church at the end of the seventeenth century I honestly believe the Old Ones of Britian did not like their people taking up with foreign gods, and I have never heard of anyone getting results from them that did practice the Eastern system and who followed the walnut and the Almond, rather than the Rowen, The Oak and the Blackthorn. Agreed that we still need to be careful, but this time even more, there are enemies within as well as without the Castle, and we do not trust anyone who cannot give the true signs today. I think that the Craft will come back, but as you say in a very different form. I was in Wales last week, and you could feel the Old Forces stirring in the mountains. I think that maybe Our Lady will come down to earth once more and we can begin all over again.

I am very sorry to hear that your girl died, I can think of no greater loss than the person one loves. In the Craft maybe, love is even deeper than it is amongst others, since the two walk such a close path together in that strange half world that only the Crafters can know or understand. The Craft is something born or something given in love, once the gift is received there is no going back, once a witch always a witch and it is there forever. I am sure that your girl often comes back to you, as only witches will, there is an old story in my family in which it is said that the witches heaven is in the setting sun, and as the old song ends

There you and I my loves,
 There you and I will lie,
 When the cross of ressurection is broken
 And our time has come to die,
 For no more is there weeping
 For no more is there death
 Only the golden sunset,
 Only the golden rest.

Jane and I give you our word, and our thumbs, that we will help you as best we can, and however we can.








Wise and blessed be,



Robert and Jane Cochrane

P.S. Do you know any more Crafters? Any more Jack or Gills?


Your symbols read — ≡ ||| Δ are all ☆, ≡ ||| Δ ♂ can

also be   this one is to me  or  for

the top and  or love for the bottom - wisdom (death + power)

and love - we say  viii the others all are  or

phases of the moon suitable for  the    are

all variations upon  and , try this one , what

direction? Incidentally  is a Quabbalistic symbol it means Iron

or Saturn

  1734.



LETTER TO BILL I

We did not realise that we might inconvenience you at this particular time of the year; so we will postpone the visit until you are more able to receive us. However, we would be delighted to meet you if you have any spare time during your forthcoming visit to London. I dig Jaqueline Murray also, she is quite a cat, man. I have never met her though, although I seem to remember something about the Atlantean Society, and a book published under the title of 'Daughter of Atlantis'. My only conclusion at the time was amazement at the number of books written by women who are interested in magic that either have the words 'daughter' or 'priestess' in the title. The trouble with women occultists as a whole, seems to be that they either have to be a blood relative of the Gods or at least the direct channel. Come to think of it, it seems to work out in mythology also. Still, I would rather have a sybil for a girl friend than a subtopian housewife any day. About this daughter thing though, I wonder what Freud would have made of that one.

I cannot foresee any future catastrophe for humanity as yet. The bomb, earth tilts, major mutations of the 'flu virus, anything like that is very unlikely to knock Adam off. My only fear for the future is based upon an insidious revolution that is now taking place, the march of the machines and machine man. I had an horrifying experience some time ago, when I had an opportunity to observe the technocratic mind of someone who had very nearly stopped functioning as a human being. He was literally turning into a biological computer, bunged tight with anagramic problems. Every human relationship had to be based upon strict logical control, and emotion was obviously unnecessary, if not positively unscientific. Love, and he was thirty years old, had not entered his life. For that matter I doubt if he ever felt sex... This is what worries me. All the bright boys and girls specialising, becoming good careerists, experts upon technology of any sort yet remaining like a rather ponderous child underneath it all. I don't mind admitting that it frightens me, and I have vague fears for the world. I don't think this type will ever destroy the world, but I do think that they will organise it out of existence. I personally can only say to the Julian Huxley's, the Congress of Mathematicians and the thousands like them, 'A pox on 'ee, I'll spite thee yet,' First there was man then man and machine, then machine and man, then only machine. It doesn't bear thinking about.

I found the Akashics difficult to contact at first, then once I found what I was seeking, the information trickled through, then grew steadily into a flood. The whole point about contacting anything I suppose, is to keep on at the one subject, or at least find a link between one thing and another before changing. Fortunately for me, my subject is one that covers the history of Western humanity, therefore I can afford to change from one century to another without too much loss. (Concieted as it sounds, it is all a matter of opening a channel, and being single minded about what you want. Typical Aquarian doctrine).

My apologies for the remark about 'image fixed minds', my intention was to remark upon the conceptual state of the old lady brigade who smother any spiritualist meeting. They appear to think that the next world is absolutely like this one, complete with stocks and shares and servants. Obviously the planes are just the same as this one. We all interpret them as forms and images, since that is necessary to the way we think, but in actual fact, reality is the better word for the other planes, they are all force, irrespective of what interprets them and how. We cannot conceive of force as being just that, our sense of reality will not let us, so we put them into forms and images that appeal to us personally. Nothing is so unreal than the reality that surrounds us. In certain states of hypersuggestion, the human mind can and does create anything that it sees fit as its own personal reality. The only difference between the visionary and the schizophrenic is in the emotional state. Even that, if we are to believe the Catholic church's claims for some of its saints, is a negligible difference. St. Augustine was a case in point, capable of speaking of the love of God one moment, and destroying the work of God the next. St. Ignatus (also the founder of the Jesuits) who was the father of the Inquisition, was also another visionary... When I am dead, I shall go to another place that myself and my ancestors created. Without their work it would not exist, since in my opinion, for many eons of time the human spirit had no abode, then finally the desire to survive created the pathway into the other worlds. Nothing is got by doing nothing, and whatever we do now creates the world in which we exist tomorrow. The same applies to death, what we have created in thought, we create in that other reality. Desire, as you know probably better than I, was the very first of all created things.

Whoa back, Billy boy. Who said anything about contacting the forces of nature? That sort of witchcraft belongs to the Shaman, not to us. Natural forces are means to us, not ends, and that sort of stuff died out with the primitives, Scotch hill farmers and all that. The sort of stuff we practice has little or nothing in common with pantheism at that level. To the best of my knowledge it has been out since the twelfth century at least, along with the group release of the primitive in tribal ecstasies, we have about as much in common with it as we have with Catholicism, for that matter, more in common with Catholicism. That was primarily the reason for me being a little bit uppity about the explanation of the origin of the circle. I suppose I had better tell you a little bit about the history of the craft as I know it.. This may not be necessarily correct, but it has a lot of historical backing. (Assumes heavy and pedantic attitude, clears throat, ruffles through notes and begins...) In the twelfth century, the Roman Catholics and the paganism of the country side were well and truly mingled, and each tolerated the other. But just before and during the first Crusade, emissaries or wandering pilgrims from Persia landed in both Britain and Ireland, and what they had to teach was a development upon the craft at that time. They had been forced to flee from the east by the triumph of Mohammedism and they knew the real mystery tradition of the Greeks, since the Pythagoreans and others went to them after the triumph of the Christians. The druidic and bardic orders of Britain and Ireland were converted to the new order, and it is with this that the Horned God comes into the ascendancy. Unfortunately, the Christians saw this new wave of thought as a threat to the established church, and with the reformation staring at Cluny, began the great persucution that

delayed the rise of western Europe for another three hundred years. The highest pagan ethic of the twelfth century was better and more defined than the best of the Christians, unfortunately Christianity and ignorance won. It is probably from the same source as the Persians that the Qabbala was derived, since quite a few years ago Waite traced it very nicely to Spain at that period. Hence the real witches and yourself have more in common than is generally realised. We have a tree system that is actually based upon trees, but meditational devices and all that are quite similar in many respects. If you would like to take a really good look at the Tarot, you will see my points about (a) knowledge travelling, and (b) the complexity of paganism at its best. All this stuff about the Great God Pan, nature worship, Gods of Fire, fertility dances and all that died in the official circles after the twelfth century. Pantheism still exists, but it is the lesser force for a witch of my tradition, not the greater. We are not people who want to join in the worship of Dionysus, losing ourselves in a welter of untrained emotion, shouting 'Evoh, evoh ha' from hilltops. We have our own disciplines and our own symbology and as much as we can believe it, we think we might be the last to possess the real mysteries of the past. Where everybody goes wrong is in believing that because sex was and still is used as part of an ancient ritual, we must therefore belong to the God Pan and all that codswallop about his ewes. I would advise anybody before following this particular idea to have a very good look at Osiris, and ask why the Pythian priestess sat on a tripod over a snake in the earth. You see, basically a second tradition of thought has been lost, a dual tradition in which nothing was as it appeared. This was the real secret behind the mysteries, and dancing peasants have very little in common with that philosophy. Witches did not die because they believed that their death would fertilise the soil, but to buy time by sacrifice, they did not dance around a circle to imitate the passage of the seasons, but to loosen their astro-physical bodies, and they did not die upon the stake in a belief that their magic alone made the sun come up, but because they would rather die than confess the truth of what they knew. The emotional cathartic atmosphere of a modern witch meeting would make them laugh, then feel slightly annoyed, since to a witch silence, intent and will are everything. Nature worship is a thing that belongs to genuine peasants or to twee old ladies at borderline medicine associations, nature worship to me is apart, not a whole.

I was vastly interested in your account of nature possession. For my money I would say that the hand of the Gods is upon you. They have chosen you for something and they will not let you go lightly. Through poetry the Great Ones speak, through poetic inference they teach. The invocation of fire interests me although experts tend to believe that the God of Fire was one of the witch gods, this is not strictly true. Like yourself we have the four elements that we evoke, and fire and your Michael are one and the same thing. We use him for purification at the simple level, and for higher symbolic work at the others. I have been in the prescence of fire at an elemental level, and have seen things burst into flame, he is not a faithful servant at that level. I only wish I could tell you how to continue

The English peasantry shouted "E.O.I.A.U., EOIAU - poor neddies work is done, EOIAU" My mother can remember them doing this whilst pulling a plough with a garland round it. Join that tradition to Set and Osiris, read the "Golden Ass" and you will get a clear idea of what we believe in.

your ritual (but my word forbids me) because I have a feeling that you and I will be one the same side before it is all finished. However from my point of view, the blank verse is a mantram, not a ritual. Work in silence, treading the mill, will does it all, is the way we work, and we get results. I have crossed the moat and into the spiral castle, and seen and heard some strange things. Last samhuin, all of us had that sense of terror that denotes 'virtue' and strangely enough I could not hear anything except the crying of a baby. It was months before the answer came to that one and when it did come it was quite breath taking. When you do get your full suit of invocations, remember that the Queen of Spades is the trump.

There is also a release of electro-magnetic energy from sourging. That and the decayed adreneline probably produce about anything they want to produce. The peculiar thing about the 'Aradia' though, is the fact that it is a fertility rite, and for human fertility! The sacrament of bread and salt however, seems to be capable of working up into something like a true rite. Leyland knew a lot about witchcraft, in fact he spent many years studying it in Italy, the fraud laid in the claim he made for sequence, not in the actual subject matter. It was not so much his writing that told me this, but his illustrations to another book 'Roman and Etruscan Remains'.

I have come across one of the elementals who disapproved of us everything went wrong and we had some horrible things happen for a while, but on the other hand we have sat quietly and seen physically, small lights appear and move around the room, and Jane once even 'lit up' with a flickering blue flame. Who said that fairies not no how, don't exist?

Thanks for the map reading, my birth date was correct to the best of my knowledge, but, and this is a big but for the Astrologer, I was born for at least three days before the final parting, owing to a mishap during parution. I was a bit in and a bit out, so this might make some difference to the reading. Basically the reading is accurate, although fire and I are not in oppositon since I was once even a blacksmith in a foundary. However the diseases of fire to affect me. The reason why you keep on sensing this feeling of the bridge, is because it is an essential part of the magical system we practice. Without a bridge, witches of our sort are nothing. The dangers from Pluto are appreciated, this again is something to do with our system. Both Jane and I are supposed to be psychic, been examined and approved for training by a very august spiritualist body, didn't like our religion though so we parted. We can do nearly everything that the sensetives are supposed to do except speak in little girls voices or xenoglossy. I was even supposed to be a good materialising medium, and have a little evidence to prove it. Still enough of myself. My weak point is that I adore talking about me, egocentric nit that I am. I will do a reading for you, ala my own method.

We eat anything, cat and all if you don't put him out of the way in time, but tell Bobby not to worry, we will not be coming for tea, neither will we be more than four.

Thanks a lot for the address, we will use it when the article is finished, that is, if it ever gets written. The group is agin it, says it will have to tell too much in order to prove various points

and that they don't like, secretive lot that they are. As far as I am concerned I could shout the truth from the roof trees, and only those who would understand would know it was the truth, and those I would call brother, but the group say NO!, and although in some ways I have power over them, they also have power over me, and this is one of their decisions.

Thanks alot though, very kind of you.

We must try and meet, since I feel that there is something we will have to do together sooner or later, very vague though.

Regards,

Roy

LETTER TO BILL II

Thanks ever so for the missive. We enjoyed meeting you, and as you say, it was like renewing an old friendship. It definitely was Germany, the moment I saw you I started to remember something but then it vanished. I wonder, did we leave a kettle on the boil in our last round? It was a bit like that feeling...

I will try and get to the lecture given by Sandra, I am not certain but I think that I will be required to drop down dead as a demonstration of her magical powers. Easily enough done for a joke, but the old lady brigade will certainly faint if we tried it. Incidentally, J. Murray appears from my gentle probing to be a case of potential hysteria, I wonder if we can straighten her out a bit, before it gets too big a hold? I honestly felt the approach of a mental disturbance, not actually mental but emotional to be more specific. It worries me a bit, I will have to run around in circles to find out more. Anyway I will be there for the lecture.

I think we have been brought together again for a purpose also... The way I see it is that you are children of the sun, we are children of the moon... you are light... we are dark... you are open... we are secretive... your brand of magic deals in intellectual truth, our brand (sounds like a bloody detergent advertisement) deals with the essential nature of illusion. Yet above all this we seek the same final truths, the same finality of expression and experience. It is really amazing the way our rituals come together at so many points. (been reading 'Mystical Qabala') and then wind off again into our respective worlds. There must be a middle pillar that we can both ascend, a place where the moon and the sun can both shine together in the midday/midnight sky... sounds as if I might have unconsciously discovered it, a very good description of the real Inner Planes.

You know then why we are reluctant to do anything about dis-integrating the image of your mother. If it was me, (and I have walked the lonely path of near insanity at one time), I would use the same process now as I did then, look outwards, love everything and everybody, get as near to the earth as you can, and achieve equilibrium with your past. Ignore what is going on, and force yourself to get out and meet people, accepting them for what they are. The power that possessed me vanished with this treatment, and a terrible power it was... violence, death and destruction possessed me, and I was a walking threat to anything or anybody. If it hadn't been for my beloved Jane, I would have eventually really tangled with the Law and gone down fighting rather than be taken prisoner. The broken nose and the scars upon my face are constant reminders of the time when it was easier for me to kick out and fight about anything in order to avenge my outraged sensitivity. There seemed to be nothing but horror and destruction in the world and it was pure anger at war and the bestiality of war that made me a wild animal myself. There is always a path back, my love for Jane was my path back. I think that your love for your chosen field will bring you back, and Bobbie will hold the torch that will guide you. We will try and give you all the power we can in your lonely fight.

Surprisingly enough, someone from the St. Alban's mob phoned me just after I had recieved your letter and news about Charlie Cardell. They apparently have cursed him formally and with intent, but for my money he will go from strength to strength on that alone they havn't got any power worth speaking of. I have heard from various sources that Charlie is quite a naughty boy in many things and is well on his way to becoming the Tarot fool at its lowest representation. I think he will destroy himself eventually, but before he goes down he will try and drag everybody that is around him down with him. Still the Watchers and the Hounds will be after him soon, and they when the Horn is sounded are truly terrifying. I honestly feel sorry for Doreen Valiente though, she is getting the blame for events that took place a few years before she appeared upon the scene. Gardner was, in my estimation, and in the estimation of other people who are in the possession of the apostolic 'breath' an out and out fake, who through various degenerate habits first came into this field. He was in various occult movements around London before the war and is reported as asking around as to the whereabouts of the 'witches'. Nobody could help him, and then after the war he published a crude novel 'High Magicks Aid' which was absolute nonsense with a strong flavour of sexual deviation. From this novel he went on the game of writing books about witchcraft, and became an 'authority' who in turn started his original group somewhere in Southern England, then came the St. Albans people, then various other groups. No real authority except maybe one, ever accepted Gardner as being the genuine article. However according to my information dating some years ago, Cardell was initiated himself by Gardner, then quarreled over something or the other (presumably inflated ego) and they parted. They have all made the one fatal mistake of believing that witchcraft was the relics of a fertility religion, and misunderstanding the phallic rite that the puritans were so horrified by. I am not supposed to explain this to anyone except a female witch, but for this purpose I will consider you as a witch and as a female, either that or Bobbie will have to read this explanation. Here goes the, the real explanation behind the apparent phallicism of the witch cult.

To begin any work, like yourself, we go to Kether, Tiphareth, Yesod and Malkuth. It is with the Malkuth however that we walk the bridge and open the Gate. Hermes is the Guide at this point. Now in spite of 'historical' evidence, Hermes was NOT a God that was phallic, but essentially the Guide through the Underworld, Kay of Castle Arianrhod. Phallicism does come into it, but historians, antiquarians and foolish wouldbe witches have misinterpreted it. Remember I have always said that in witchcraft nothing is as it appears. The rituals in which the male and female generative organs were used were rituals of (a) Magick, (b) Death, (c) Ressurrection, in the sense that virtue, our word for power, can be passed from one person to another (now you know why witches must pass from male to female). This virtue originally was given to 'Hecate' by union with Saturn. They between them produced a Son 'Hermes', now he by combining his function with that of the Guide, generated in the female witch virtue by the same process, she in turn passes it to the male warlock. Now remember that each piece of witch philosophy has many different interpretations, and is never quite what it seems to be, and I will leave you to work it out from there.

They in spite of their many names, are all aspects of the Two Pillars, or as we call it, the knife and the cord. This ritual can be actually carried out with certain reservations, or else it can be transmuted into another form, which is the process we use. Obviously the near savage villagers of the past used the most obvious form, we are of the twentieth century and we do not. But from this piece of esoteric knowledge, you will find many beliefs about witches and their attributes. I for instance, cannot die until I have passed my virtue on, I carry within my physical body the totality of all the witches that have been in my family and their virtue for many centuries. If I call upon my ancestors, I call upon forces that are within myself and exterior, now you know what I mean when I speak of the burden of time. This is why witches lose their power when blooded by an outsider, why they float when others sink (virtue is supposed to be the force that lets us fly) Why iron is a good defence against it, since it earths it, why this and why that. However, now to bring you back to male form again... Before we return from our excursion from the underworld, I would like to say that Hermes, Hecate, Saturn are only approximations of what we really mean. Enough said.

I am seriously considering leaving my group and working alone. I may sound dreadfully un-humble, but Jane and I have reached a stage when we can go faster by ourselves. The group is beginning to pull us backwards, and I for one would like to establish a new leader and move on myself. We had a brilliant 'flash of light' recently that may lead to the end of an old era and the beginning of anew for us. The Gods seem to favour us leaving also since they are going their hardest to stop new blood from coming in. We shall see whether it is meant that way or whether the Gods are just saying 'This is what it is like. See! you bumbling little worm'.

That article I have written for New Dinensions has been accepted, and I recieved the magnificent sum of three nikker... well, well... I suppose now that I am considering moving on, hundreds of very suitable people will want to come crowding in. We have had trouble in the past with various unsuitable types, I once was in charge of a full and balanced cuveen, but they wanted to play silly beggars, so I let them (we moved on). Net results broken hearts and broken heads, but they still don't seem to have learned. The last I heard from them was that they had gone over to the Aradia 'since it is so exciting' and have taken a vote to share the women out. Sex and Witchcraft, whee! The messes some people get into over that little bit of flesh. I suppose one cannot make silk purses out of sows ear'oles.

My cat, when waiting to be fed, dances around Jane widdershins with tail up and meowing. Jane suggested that she was chanting 'Eko, Eko Azarack...Eko...Eko...Kiti-Kat!'

Blessings,

Roy and Jane

LETTER TO BILL III

Thanks for your letter. Oh well, so much for J.M. Evidentially she belongs to the 'wanting' group rather than the 'having'...

Agreed as to the phallic basis of the Qabalists Rod. In spite of all the evidence to the contrary, the witches staff or 'stang' as we name it, is not phallic, but has the same position as the Tree of Life in your system, with Knife and Cord as Father and Mother Pillars. Of course the basic meanings are very similar, but the symbology and the use is very different. The Phallus (a symbolical staff made from Alder wood) is quite a different proposition and is very rarely brought into being. It is in fact the handle of the Broom, and has usually been carved to quite interesting traditional patterns. The Broom, we have has a carved face and writing all over it. Kether to Malkuth or Malkuth to Kether, what a thorny remark to make. Obviously one has to replace anything that one takes out, but how this is done is usually one of the deep secrets. The Christians use Divine Love as the input and output, but that is rather a matter for speculation, since disinterested service is rarely without pitfalls. The essence of all magical undertakings is balance, without it anything and everything seems to happen. You and I have a basis for some disagreement here..from what I can gather the Qabalists regard Nature as being limited to a cyclic phenomena with limitations upon the actual scope of the phenomena. Witches would disagree philosophically with this concept, saying that Nature Is, and that whatever Man is so is Nature, since Man and Nature, like Beast and Nature are one and the same thing. All known relationships and many 'unknown' ones are to be found within natural laws. The supernatural never comes into it. The Planes are extensions of the Dark Side of the Moon, where Nature ultimately fails is that Nature is illusion as we see Nature, but not as Nature really is. What a magician of any school would describe as transmutation, is in actual fact, just an increasing perception into the deeper aspects of Nature. All mystical perception is based upon the fact that we go to God, not that God comes to us. There are as many ways of seeing God as there are creations of God, and each individual creation is the Totality, the Hand that Writes as well as the Writing. What is lacking is perception, that is what makes the Path so bloody and so long. Still enough of the Truth department, let us put down the shutters.

Now what are you to do with the charm. I will tell you after the X-ray. One word of warning though, never take anything that a witch says literally, when they have been working on you. We are up to all sorts of psychological trickery, and as I have often remarked, nothing in witchcraft is quite what it appears to be. For my money, though, the charm has already worked. You feel better.

Agreed about whooping it up occasionally, and about the high mindedness of Qabalistic magic. It is too rigid a la Dion Fortune standards, and so inflexible that eventually it will fracture like glass. It is not that the Qabalah recommends this particular attitude, but that some of the practitioners have put unresolved inhibitions and repressions into their interpretation of it. Surely to be good one doesn't have to be constantly moral also? The Vase that is of

the greatest beauty is often the one with some small carelessness in its design, rigid design can be the ruination of an otherwise perfect object. The way we regard 'magick' is that it is a fluid, moving, flowing, force, usually started with a laugh and end in deadly seriousness. For my money Violet(Shrinking?!!!!) Firth was obsessed by perfectionism, that (a) she has cheerfully kiboshed the chances of anyone finding joy through the practice of her particular interpretation, and that (b) she was sexually out of balance, hence the perfectionism. In fact some riotous living would have made a different woman out of her, much more human and fluid. Quite apart from Violet Firth though, the menopausal state is usually the motive behind much feminine prudism, and that again has nothing to do with 'Nature', but with unresolved catchments of basic energies. Eileen Garret is my favourite femme terrible, she is without a basic problem anywhere, and absolutely truthful. Which you must admit is really something amongst the dun dreary females of the occult and spiritualist world. (Bobbie and Sandra apart). I don't know about 'glamour' but I do know that genuine friendliness can make for more in a group than anything else.

Whooping it up, part two. Orgiastic behaviour. Oh Brother William, Brother William I am in complete agreement with riots, getting drunk, having big scenes, eating too much, sleeping too much, making love to pretty girls, laughing, poking gentle fun, talking too much, going to bed with the woman you love and then sleeping it all off..... occasionally. I do all these things, but never when I know that they will bring unhappiness in the wake of the general the jolly confusion. Unfortunately the majority of people in our society are incapable of doing any of the above things without being unhappy afterwards. Puritanical inhibition brings some terrible messes in its wake, and the happy playmate of yesterday is quite liable to wake up and brood about hangovers, who said what to him, and lost maidenheads, twentieth century man has no wildness worth talking about and absolutely no spontaneity. He or she is a guilty transgressor once they let things slide for a bit. I personally like the idea of the orgia believing it to be one of the best steam safety valves ever invented by a loving God, but genuine orgies have to be spontaneous in order to work and remain clean. The ones I've been to all wanted (a) sexual performances as a religious ritual accompanied by chanting and words of power (b) as an organised group performance, discussed seriously beforehand, with notes and editorial comments upon performance, endurance, each others sexual deviations, and the partners expectations, 'Who sleeps with who and I bags the prettiest girl'. Honestly they were the sorriest, most morbid inhibited orgies of any time and of anywhere, and there is always someone who is obsessed with whips or 'servants', voyarism, which makes the whole atmosphere as clean as pig manure. Orgies have to be spontaneous if they are to work, and amongst the types who make a practice of them spontaneity is completely unknown. One we went to had all the usual beginnings, and terribly intellectual it was and all, at last someone actually made a pornographic joke and everyone smiled in that nice cultured way that 'clever' people have. Then it was politely suggested that we should all undress, and get drunk. We undressed and got drunk, then someone else lit joss sticks, put a 'hot' record on the player and began the serious business of having an orgy. Jane and I asked for our pants back and left, but from what I was told afterwards, someone actually got up and changed

the record in the middle of it all. All very well if you like copulating on a dusty carpet, but I suffer from hay fever, and get sore knees very quickly. Have an orgy? No thanks, I'm trying to give them up. Used to get through twenty a day at one time.... Happy, happy youth.

I would like to discuss the exorcism with you when we meet, perhaps the second or third week of July.

I agree with the need for a magical association. Now, as you say, what do we do? I suggest that we advertise in the N.D. constantly, and let 'em organise themselves. we will have a minimum of paperwork, disorganise any attempt to organise committees and generally run an introductory service, with a possible draft telling of all the services and organisations we can put them into contact with. Let them find their own levels, and the ones interested in genuine occultism will be known by the signs, the old lady brigade will organise themselves into the usual tea party, and just for kicks we will introduce all the sexual cases to the old ladies, that way we will put one variety off and bring untold excitement to widowed mothers and emasculated men (Honestly, there is a place in the other world where one bloody great tea party goes on and on for all eternity. I think they call it 'Heaven' or some such name). We will have to charge fees for hiring halls, but I will back the advertisements until it gets going. One fly in the ointment, though. Publicity, I hate it. Do you know anyone who would be willing to have their name advertised? (Incidentally, tell D.V. to keep the newspaper reporter away from me, or else I will not be responsible for MR Roberts general health or well being). A few wining and dancing sessions will be a good idea also.

Our cats name is 'Jinxie', otherwise known as Madam, very dignified, plump and aristocratic, but she has a tendancy towards gypsy lovers and slumming. Hates my myhna, who hates her. So far the bird is one up, since he got the first bite in. Jinxie wouldn't come in for three days after that event.

Enjoy your holiday. We have got to go to Weymouth, serves me right...

Regards to all

LETTER TO BILL IV

My apologies for not writing before, but events, lethargy and holiday's caught up with me in no uncertain fashion. I hope you will forgive me, otherwise I shall have to charge a damned circle round my bed each night, and ward off your thoughts of indignation (joke).

The second group seems to organising itself around me, people are coming in quite happily from all nations and walks of life. My two apprentices have found others, it would seem, and I have acquired an American who confesses to more than a passing interest in paganism. Factory workers, rough diamonds, schoolteacher, artist, mechanical genius, etc, it looks as if we have the basis for a working group at last. All different types, stars and personalities, but all interested in magic and the God. If we fail to get more women, I shall have to start calling myself a sort of Robin Wod and his merry men, with Jane as Maid Marion. However I cannot see myself taking up archery in order to do the ritual properly (shooting an arrow through a garland of flowers at a distance of forty nine paces. Sun and moon marriage). Still, see what the future will bring. When 'New Dimensions' eventually get round to publishing that article, who knows, a couple of females might get brought in by that. Anyway that is what it was designed for, very tricky, calculated to influence the female rather than the male. See what Bobby picks up from it, and watch reactions for me and I will be your eternal friend.

Sorry we didn't get the chance to visit you when we were on holiday but the bloody distance was too long, and the buses too short. They did a day trip to Glastonbury, but with only a twenty minute stay, and two buses a day to your home town that were distinctly unreliable. So we scrubbed round it, and held a private little ritual on top of Chalbury rings (and very nearly had our heads blown off for our pains--wind and more wind).

Doreen Valiente is still writing to me, but the last letter was so full of questions I had to cry aloud. I wrote and rewrote the bloody answer three times, then scrapped them all and wrote a fourth. I mean what or how can you answer a friendly letter that asks you to explain Arabic influence upon witch thought during the twelfth century, Leyland's inferences from the 'Aradia', the explanation of the four stones of the Universe, and a side question as to the meaning of the Maze? Apart from this, other questions cropped up as to the interpretation of the Sword and Graal, Cauldron and Cup. Jesus Wept! When Doreen goes to town, she really goes to town, and I wrote a short and fusty treatise upon Arabic influence upon modern 'witchcraft' with quotations from a discipline of the Ka'ba which covered about a thousand words, whizzed round the other questions as briefly as I could without actually answering any of them, and prayed for a fair wind to the coasts of France. I shall leave England, I really shall, and flap my way to somewhere that will understand me. Yours sincerely, 'Blue Eyes'.

As per usual, I have quite suddenly dried up on the writing side, so the stream of ideas that would have got both of us out of our respective bug holes, has petered away to a mere barren trickle. I expect the full flush of new ideas will come crowding in when I start work again on Monday, and I aint got any time nohow. She always does this to me, write poetry she whispers, I write poetry, write a great novel she whispers, I write a novel, then I turn round, get hold of her by her doves wings, and bawl in her ear'ole, 'Whatta 'bout the lolly, spondulicks, paper nickers, eh?" and she looks at me with a pitying smile, and sweetly says, 'Art, Dear boy. ART! Is greater than mere material wealth' At that point I wring the muses neck, and have her for dinner ala capon. Well, I either eat her, or go on national assistance. I mean what would you do Guv'ner? No! The bitch has just come to me again and in best blue stocking has said snootily 'Emancipation for Muses, fourty hour week, and three weeks paid holiday. Sorry old chap, but the Muse holiday roster coincided with yours.' And with that she has just marched away, bearing a banner with the inscription of 'Votes for Muses. Muses of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your brains.'

We will be caving in Wales round about October, so we will possibly drop in and see you on our way through. Incidentally we have found a stone age temple in one of the caves. very difficult getting to it though.

Regards,

Roy and Jane

LETTER TO BILL V

Thank God someone has at last understood what I have been driving at in this Troy maze of witches and wizards. Hooray! Paganism is a religious pantheism, a comprehension that Nature is a reflection of the Hands of God, and that God is in Nature complete. Witchcraft, on the other hand, is a science, an occult science with it's own distict traditions and philosophy that in its lower stages, can be confused with paganism, but in its higher stages can no more be pagan than the Qabbalah. Its origins lie in Paganism, but for that matter so does every other philosophy that is genuinely concerned with the spiritual. For instance the Old Testament's JIEVOAA, is A.O.U.E.I or to put it closer, II.I.E.U.O.A.A.A. which are the sacred vowels of witchcraft. Read them sunwise from Hebrew to Latin and they become the Sacred name of the Sun King, (Jah! IIO. miss two). But apart from this display of erudition, the vowels are the sacred tree sequence of the North, which amount to a statement of the mysteries of witchcraft as opposed to paganism. All this points towards a common magical tradition based upon a transcendant God, not a God of the Sun or the fields, but a God that represents the transcendant spirit of Man the unknown God in fact. The Jews had no actual vowels in their language since to write the sacred Name was blasphemy. The witch holds up five fingers. Now then what is a witch? A witch today is an unlicensed practitioner of the mysteries of witchcraft since there is no longer (apart from one clan in Dorset an unbroken tradition of discipline. What do witches call themselves? They call themselves by the names of their Gods. I am Od's man, since in me the spirit of Od lives. Now you know how that old country dance 'The Goddesses' got its name. Want to argue 'simple old pellers' now? In other words there is only one way of finding the witch, judge them by their works, and their silence. If one who claims he or she is a witch can perform the tasks of witchcraft. that is they can summon spirits and spirits will come. they can turn hot into cold and cold into hot. they can divine with rod, fingers and birds. They can claim the right to omens and have them, above all they can tell the Maze and cross Lethe (all this and many more in our surprise bumper packet). Now what do I call myself? I dont't. Witch is as good as any, failing that, 'Fool' might be the better word. I am a child of Tubal Cain, the Hairy One.

Bald mountain and Halloween. Are you sure? The ritual is our hardest and the pace is killing. It is also our most rewarding, the one with the objective phenomena. Last year I sweated fearfully as I heard the crying of a baby, it prophecied a death which came true later that year. Since I do not normally have eyes that see I have to give you others descriptions of some of the things observed. A woman dressed in white pacing with us, a skull from the North, and the many others all seen by the group. Necromancy? Never, just the opening of the castle's gates, these things appear for a short while only, then the big event begins. One cannot cross the Lethe without some heart searching and nail biting. It is hard like this until our Guide appears, then we are through. If you really want to join in with us then I will give you these warnings. Discipline is absolute seven days before, and it means fasting, simple foods without any form of salt, and considerable preparations that concern

the bringing through of various images in a sequence. Really to do it well, I would have to tell you the master keys since I do not think your own will work on our myth. The sequence is Keltic, and since I have been thinking of holding it in Wales instead of the Mendips, we will be in Dylan's territory, which for me is untried. Anyway I have shot over it as quickly as I can, and will leave you to make your own decision. I would prefer that we get together and work out a mutual arrangement beforehand, so that neither of us tread on the other's toes in the process of working. God help us if we do. Will any of your group be joining you?

I cannot whisper sheep, cats or birds (except chickens which are dead easy) But I can make a dog do practically anything. Horses need two mechanical aids, fennel and the issue from a mare in heat. Basically it is based upon two things, Love (sex and pure) and overlooking. If you can transmit a strong enough desire to the animal it will respond. Try getting into Selina, transferring your motive desire to her motive energies and you will probably make her do anything. I can't touch cats at all, too independent. My one waggles her ears when I waggle mine, but that is about all. I have tamed feroscious dogs, in fact I have sent them crazy also by a bit of extra knowledge that concerns itself with their language.

I can stop burns, bleeding is another matter since I have never tried a severe case. Aches and pains are relatively easy. Incidentally I have straightened John's neck out, he now has no hump on his back and is an inch taller.

Recieved an offer from Mrs. Bone through a friend of mine, to make contact with her group. She knows nothing of me except that I live in Slough. I had a feeling that an offer was coming from one of the "others", but I wrote it down as August, I was six days out.

I will write to Gerard Noel this weekend, I doubt if he will answer though, which is not a piece of foresight, but an intellectual guess.

I have no intention of selling my soul to 'sperritts' merely a piece of mutual aid. Even God can't do everything, in fact He has left more than enough for us to do.

Regards and Briget Bardot (I reckon that's a better wish than Blessed be.)

Roy and Jane

P.S. See you on Saturday at approx 2pm.

PPS Reading another authority, he claims the bardic tradition during the 11th and 12th centuries was based upon the O.T. and not upon Paganism. Robert Graves states the same in "King Jesus", and Graves is an ardent Ladies man. It apparently works out much the same as we were tending to think. Influx of Semetic (Arabic) influence lead to the O.T. being taken up by witches.

LETTER TO BILL VI

Many thanks for your most interesting letter.

Do I think that Jesus was a 'born witch'? Basically the teachings of Jesus are very near to my own perception about 'morality'. The crucifixion is a much older story of hundreds, if not thousands of divine kings who died upon the tau cross of the kerm oak, and the supernatural is commonplace legend surrounding such events. It was well known to the ancients that if man draws out power, he must sooner or later replace it with something that is better if the social continuity is to survive. Sacrifice is the key note of survival, and the ancients thought to sacrifice their very best in order to replace the energy loss, Jesus, if I read the legends rightly, literally did die to 'save us all' since he as a developed man, created with his own solitary sacrifice a 'field' that many have drawn upon and added to since. The fault with Christianity lies in the churches and the apostles, not in the founder. The basic law behind the techniques of magic and fate is that nature abhors a vacuum, and it is with this in mind that mystics and magicians alike attempt to lift the world fate. They replace that which is empty or negative with that which is positive. The trouble lies in the interpretation many casual 'mystics' or divines put upon the word 'love'. Love is the most divine force, but it is only gained through pain and insight.

The Virgin Mary... whee, what a subject you have given me. Where do I start? The twelfth century also saw the beginnings of the papacy's absorption of the Mother Goddess, since the Marian cult (a Christianisation of the Mother Goddess) gained tremendous power at that time. At first the church decided that the worship of Mary was a rank heresy, but in order to save their own crumbling structure, soon climbed on the band wagon. As for the vision of the Virgin, people see God in basic images that belong to the racial consciousness, not in images that an exterior power has foisted upon them. The racial memory is far more conscious and stronger than people realise. The Kelts for instance are still basically orientated to a Goddess (Queen worship). Concepts of a Father God is Anglo Saxon, hence one of the most noticable differences between Saxon and Kelt. These differences begin with the origin of thought itself, which was probably evolved through the practice of simple magic. (Don't ask me to explain that one, at least three volumes). Again the Keltic mind is strongly addicted to nature worship, although basically God is apparent anywhere at any time, what is not so forthcoming is the alteration in personal perception so that we may see God.

The Christian faith prefers that we see goodness and charity in the Image of Jesus, but in actual fact, the first three aspects of the Mother Goddess are basically more sound psychologically. The aspects of the Virgin, Mother and Compassionate/Wise woman are factors that exist apart from the personal unconscious. Where I find many people fall down, is in their belief that no other aspect

of the Goddess exists. This accounts for much of the hoo ha of modern pagans. Nothing is purely good or evil, these are relative terms that man has hung upon unaccountable mysteries. To my particular belief, the Goddess, white with works of Good, is also Black with works of darkness, yet both of them are compassionate, albeit the compassion is a cover for the ruthlessness of total TRUTH. Truth is another name for the Godhead. Male or female doesn't really matter, what does matter is the recognition of neither good or evil, black or white, but the acceptance of the 'will of the Gods', the acceptance of truth as opposed to illusion. Once we deviate from the search for truth, then our works are nothing, our lives as the winter winds. Whatever we do we cannot escape from Truth, it will follow us and speak, no matter what ramparts we build against it, no matter what stories we tell ourselves. Truth speaks for itself, outside systems, religious beliefs, beyond and before the grave. The visionaries whether they be Bernadette, Joan of Arc, some of the early revolutionaries or Appolnoriis (have I spelt his name right) are all human beings that somehow have triggered off a perception of some small part of Truth, and who have created something from it. Whatever interpretations others may try and give to these 'visions', the explanation is only to be found in the person who saw or felt the presence of 'Truth'. We all have some small particle of these truths in us, man rolls forward, cresting the waves of 'God's will' upon these minute particles. He reached out from the mud and slime of evolution to the stars, and the stars turned back in their courses to help him, and those same stars still gleam brightly for twentieth century man. Become in one with Truth and you must certainly die. Take up works that are based upon truth, and you are a condemned man, for the human race as a whole does not want truth, but the comfort of illusion. We are still babies suckling at a breast whose milk is poisonous, yet we think that we flourish upon poison. Truth, no matter how we interpret it, feeds demons as well as saints.

Saturday I phoned you this morning as you know. We will be working upon your trouble tomorrow night. My left hand tells me something about it, and one thing that comes up is the diagnosis. I feel that the doctors are wrong, you have a glandular infection that is almost gone, possibly the prostate, since I get it very heavily upon my thumb. You will have some further trouble from the same source, but it will not be serious, possible trouble connected with unination. The gall bladder, if it is functioning badly, is a by product of this, not the cause. According to my hand, the trouble has been with you some time (which fits to your description), but it will be healed. I cannot see a knife in it, so surgical work may be out. Your life will end when you are in your late seventies, 76 possibly. You feel defeated about physical things, but there is a feeling of wealth coming to you before two years have passed, but with this wealth will come the necessity to work in a different field from the one you are in now, surprisingly I get that this money comes in some way through your practice of magic, the Art of Hermes. You will also suffer violence over this, there will be opposition coming from the quarter of fire, but you will overcome it. To some extent this has to do with writing, but getting the thing to come first of all will be a painful process, don't be taken it by a new thing that is coming your way, I feel that someone

will try and make a fool of you, possibly something over medicine (sounds like me, won't be, though). Damn, don't read that last sentence, the power shifted before I cottoned on to it... It was to do with your health, repeating the same facts again. You will be ill for a short while, but it will not be serious, then your health will improve immensely. That's all...

At last I managed to write that article. Basil Wilby has it by now, but you should have heard the fuss, the boys were up in arms. The ritual described is largely fictional, upside down and wrong way up, but the intention behind the article was to describe the feelings that an operation of this kind engenders. 'Impressions of a Missionary Tour in the Darkest Underworld' by the Very Rev. Rapist, Ernest. Vice President of the Society for the Propagation of Original Sin. I hope it gets accepted, I keep on getting the word 'original' but that is too much to hope for.

By all means give my very best regards to Doreen Valiente, but I would be pleased if you did not tell her too much about anything I have sent you. I don't know very much about Doreen as a person, (although I get a pleasant enough feeling) but her book rather put my teeth on edge when she described a ritual in which an old man bawled 'Evoh, Evoh ha!'. It sounds so much like the late Dr. Garnder, that I am terribly suspicious. However, I suppose Doreen has just as much right to bend the truth as I have when it comes to describing ritual, so I may be wrong. However Brighton is also Mrs. Leek's stamping ground, whether the two are together, I do not know. It is not that I object to them as people, or for that matter, to their religious beliefs, but I do object very strongly to the habit that some of them form of going into press and making the most ridiculous statements imaginable. Doreen seems to be the exception, but even so I remain suspicious until I meet her personally.

What can I say about your invocations except that they are good blank verse. As you know our methods are different, and to me they are meditational aids, builders of atmosphere, not commands to the superconsciousness. We hardly have any speaking at all, since after a certain point it gets in the way. We have chants, series of words and all that, but they are rarely used once things get moving. In fact I would find anyone who insisted upon voicing words of power a nuisance, and probably kick him out of the compass to act as a corner man. Obviously your methods work, you have the feeling of a genuine occultist, but East and West and all that. Where you would use words to build up an atmosphere conducive to working, we use physical actions to produce the same effect. Where you would use words as a key to the transformation of basic power, we again use actions, (No, not orgies). There is in effect a dual tradition of thought that witches have always used, one part has been discovered by the west and is called science, the other part will never be discovered since it concerns understanding the essential nature of illusion, and thinking at a tangent. Nothing ever is as it appears. As a matter of fact the Zohar (I have never studied it) appears to have the same basis. Where ceremonial magicians have described the Zohar as being hidden and deliberately confused in certain patterns in order to avoid persecution, and to hide its secrets, a witch of my particular school would regard the

verses as an actual method of thought designed to gain illumination. The whole point is that it is symbolic thinking of quite high degree. Unfortunately the real twist lies with individual interpretation of that particular symbolology. I know that symbols are supposed to contain the seeds of their own revelation, and that they are appearances of 'force' but man fashions his own interpretations according to his time. Perhaps you would like to consider all the different meanings of a pentacle, that you have heard of during your lifetime. The odd thing is that each of these meanings is basically correct for the group using it. Where the image of virtue really comes into its own, is when a group has formulated an old symbol, then developed it into a 'new' symbol, i.e. Eliphas Levi's 'Goat of the Sabbath'. This is not the original Bran by any means, But Levi in fact made up an illustration that incorporated all the powers that are of the Hermes of the Witches. It is no simple animal God by any means, but a god who is literally Pan. There again the order and type of symbol used alters with the age. We use a 'tree' system, like, yet unlike, yours. You would possibly find the symbology of our system alien, just as I find the three tree system alien to myself. We work upon an anthropomorphic pattern to shift virtue from one transcending state to another. Graves, quite knowingly gave one ancient interpretation of it in his 'White Goddess', and also, incidentally, left out a chunk of it;

I am a wind of the sea
 I am a wave of the sea
 I am a sound of the sea
 I am an ox of seven fights
 I am a stag of seven tines
 I am a hawk upon a cliff
 I am a tear of the sun
 I am fair amongst flowers
 I am a boar
 I am a salmon in a pool
 I am a lake upon the plain
 I am a hill of poetry
 I am a God who forms fire with his head.

This is Taliesin's riddle, Graves has thoroughly mangled it, and as for the language of trees that he propogates, this suffers from real misinterpretation. It is a high code, and Graves gives a poetic meaning to it.

I was sorry to hear of your adventure with the Essenes. Still they must be fools to play at magicians on one of the most potent sites in the world. Glastonbury is more than an archeological site, it was at one time, the Temple of the High Goddess. If you look at a ground map of the workings, you will see a hand mirror shape, this has to do with two opposing forces that can be called upon there. I would like to know if the Essenes had this Bat' before or after working at lastonbury. From the sound of it they have attracted one of the 'watchers' that wait for the foolhardy upon such sites, the classical 'fury' which always accompanied the Goddess. These sites are reflectors, doorways by which something enters the world. The old witches used a hand mirror for a similar purpose, but they were well aware that Cain lived in the moon as well as the Museos. Not all the practices of witches are moonshine, some of them had a found-

ation in truths that are now known to very few, one of those truths was to do with the reflection of virtue or destiny. Incidentally the Essenes sound like a big brother of the 'Communication groups' which about amongst the pip and peel water brigade up here. The poor dears sit in a circle and unload their neurosis upon each other, then take it in turns to say 'fuck' loudly to release the inhibitions, some of the more wild sort then start a round of pornographic stories in order to arouse their overstimulated sexual passions. Presumably groups of this nature end up with a sexual binge. I can never image them having an orgia. It seems from Gossip that a lot of semi occult groups use much the same methods. One modern 'witch' meeting I went to sat around all evening declaiming 'Eskimo Nell' and kindred nursery rhymes. They would not tell me why they did it, but I presume they had heard somewhere that sex is the raw force that makes magic. It hasn't occurred to the poor boys and girls that this is the best way of untransforming sex. The same group believe that it is a good thing to become purely instinctual whilst working, so much for them. One of their members once confessed to me that he thought Crowley was the only ceremonial magician who bridged the difference between witch and qabbalist, and that Crowley had been misunderstood. Phew! It is mainly because of factors like the above that I remain suspicious of all the modern, port wine type witches. I must admit whenever I move in such circles I play the innocent for all I am worth, it is amazing how much you find out.

Agreed about old ladies, and spinster ladies also. They are emotional vampires, who feed upon rumpus, confusion and lost tempers. Incidentally, I agree whole heartedly with folk wisdom in its attitudes towards the average spinster lady. Maybe one day some religious organization will take compassion upon them and found a new brotherhood, devoted to helping 'our sisters in distress'. Services three times daily, and absolution afterwards. Extra penances given by dispensation. (I am certain those terrible women are basically sado-masochist).

Reincarnation... Spain, same period (Elizabethan), small village, cliff top Moorish architecture, vultures and a tall man with wild hair who had a sword cut down one side of his face. Remember me?

Wesak Day. Do you go the meeting of the White Brotherhood? I find it a story hard to believe, somehow the attraction of the Hymaleyas is not for me. I must admit that I regard stories of the White Brotherhood, Masters who are in the flesh, Alice Bailey's 'wog' (what a cruel word), the Count St. Germain. and Uncle Tom Cobblv. with very deep suspicion, and tend to raise my eyebrows slightly whenever I hear dear old ladies speak of them. I'll gladly admit the fact of Masters who are not in the flesh, since I have had that one forced upon me, but the annual meeting, well... Tell, is it really true? I must admit that I have always wished it was true.

Jane is most upset because you think her shell like ears have never heard basic English. We have been married fourteen years, that and being professional bargees once, has given us a deep insight into common everyday English.

Bobbie's poems are good material. I don't like her opening lines to Father Image but they keep to the principles of genuine poetry, and that is something in an era where poets display their own entrails for public inspection. I like them.

As you will have noticed, I have written myself out, spelling, English and all that is up the wall.

Regards,

Roy and Jane

P.S. Have you ever come across a real witch cuveen in your area, not the Garnener's. I would be pleased if you could give me some information upon them. I only know of two genuine cuveens in the country. One of those is very near to you, and I have only heard of them through hearsay.

LETTER TO BILL VII

Many thanks for your letter and copy of the magazine. Sorry and all the rest of it, but I view some of the statements in it as rather niaf, not so much the editorial but the article by Ariel. I do not think that I can ever cross the line between them and myself, since the basic philosophy is so very different. I really think it is time that a distinction was made between witchcraft and paganism. One can be an ardent Christian, and practice witchcraft. One can be a raving pagan and never touch the stone or cord. The real trouble lies in Victorian interpretation of the Mysteries and the philosophers who have foolishly accepted such writing as being the last development of thought upon paganism. Witches existed during the pagan reign, and were recognized as such, and the mysteries of witchcraft were also recognised as different and distinct from the mysteries of paganism. The nineteenth century attitude that lumped them quite cheerfully together, was refuted before the advent of folk-lore, and refuted since by such authorities as Carl Jung, etc. Even Shakespear made a difference in 'The Merry Wives' in which he refers to something very similar to modern witchcraft as 'rustic games'. The magazine still seems to make this basic mistake, and cheerfully asks that we should all join together and be friends. Ariel may as well asked that Catholics and ceremonial magicians sould all join together and practice the Mass in joint harmony. It just would not be possible. there is too wide a gap between religious faith and religious science. Like you, I despair of ever finding people who can accept the discipline of thought necessary to achieve magic, and this is what drives Jane and I apart from the others. Apart from that gloomy outburst, the presentation of the magazine is excellent, and the editorial hand is light but firm, and you have my sincere and grateful thanks for sending me a copy.

Noel sounds like one of my type, I would like to meet him, and discuss more fully what he thinks the mysteries are. There is something about modern witch thought that makes its adherants intellectually incapable of going further than the last variations on fertility, pantheism and rolling in the dew. Noel sounds as if he has begun to inquire further, and examine something of the faith he practices. I definitely would like to meet him since both he and I might be upon the same track through a very devious and difficult passage, and we might have something in common.

You sure you want to try your hand a caving? The caves are at Llangastock by a quarry over a gentle drop of about a hundred feet. The one which interests me is fondly known as Fanny, and is a triple layered cave big enough to take a double decked bus in the entrance, and small enough to squash me flat at the end. A crawl followed by a transverse bedding plane, opens out on a stream tunnel that is horribly low. It is the end of the passage that the interest lies, since I felt the living rock move when I sat on it. I think there is another system underneath this point, and we will be digging down to find out this trip. The part where the mound and stone is, is at the back of the cave in a very tight spot.

I could not manage the whole crawl myself since it was very low, but according to reliable caver's report, there is a recent rock fall, then a chamber where the stone is. The crawl to it is our own discovery, since it is not marked upon the reference of the cave. Since Aggy Aggy, the longest cave in Britain is only a few hundred yards away (Aggy is thirteen miles long), it may be another system that extends for a few miles on. If you would really like to try your hand out, and incidentally work on top of a Welsh mountain the previous night with Jane and I, we will be setting out a fortnight from now and passing through Cheltenham about five o'clock on the Saturday. You will need a good pair of boots, a tent and bedding. We can arrange for a helmet and light, but wear old and warm clothes since the caves are dirty and very cold. Fanny is a fascinating cave, with many water markings that are very beautiful, plus a small cavern that could be possibly used for magical work on the right. It is well worth the ride just to feel the atmosphere, it is very Keltic and green, and the mountains are all around the site. We will camp overnight since the nearest inn is a Crickhowell, about four miles down in the valley. Jane and I intend to hold a meeting on top of the mountain, which is a moor about twenty miles square without any human habitation. It is only a easy scramble to get up the rock face to the top, and we will be working out that Saturday, just the two of us, since John and Dick are not up to scratch as yet. As I said, you will need good boots with the maximum of nails and a tent (or if you feel like a long walk, Crickhowell may offer some possibility of accomodation. The main entrance is very easy, Adrian has done it with knobs on, but the floor is slippery and strewn with boulders. If you would like to come, you will be very welcome, and to add some sauce to the meat, you will also be welcome to join us on the mountain that night. I am preparing a 'callin', that is, I am going to try to summon spirrits' from the Netherlands, since I need some help in the next stage of my magical argosy, and I am going in for some bargaining with the powers that be. Perhaps we can work out something between us and try to get some reaction from the other side, even if it is only a loud rasberry. In spite of everything, Jane and I are still fighting on. I reckon we will be working by ourselves before long.

I am very inclined to agree with you about apprentices. People either have the desire to learn or they haven't. If they want things easy, then it is no use. I find that the most difficult job is teaching them the first basic steps in abstract thought. They all appear to think that physical actions will have spiritual results, and they can take an untidy and undisciplined mind and work miracles with it. Witchcraft generally seems to be cursed with types that want nudism, sex and free beer as a religion. Try and teach them the next stage beyond desire and the howl of anguish is fantastic. I have definitely got beyond the point when I am willing to teach someone who just wants an excuse for senseless blathering about his particular fantasies, and I really do sympathise with you trying to teach ordinary disciplines of the path, since I have tried it so often myself. 'Magic' is all science fiction to the average inquirer, and they bloody well expect miracles with two penn'oth of action and thought.

As you know, magic is blood and tears all the way, and with no let up. I suppose a strong instinct for self preservation of the personal ego is responsible for most of the errant and erratic meanderings of the student, because when the first light does come through, it is so bright and clear that what little we have is so very small in comparison. I think I will ask only one question in future, that is 'Do you really want to die?', and if the answer is positive, then I will have someone to learn from and teach. To practice genuine magic is to literally throw your life away upon imponderables and half apparent truths, that you know will never become clear until death overtakes all of us. Magic is the rejection of illusion in favour of what may be a greater illusion still. Still somewhere, somehow, someone will listen and understand.

I am pleased to hear that you have one in N.D., Doreen V. wrote and told me that she has a poem in also, both your letters arrived at once. I just cannot get to any understanding with D.V. We seem to be circling each other and then she asks a key question, I counter, and code up one for her, so far we have missed in the middle and shot off to our divergent paths. I shall have to work with the woman so that she will understand. Up to date we sound rather like two Dons trying to outbid each other with snippets of academic knowledge. Not my game, but each time I start fooling it up a bit, she takes me seriously. Oh well, love will overcome. So help me if this keeps on, I shall go out of my way to either make a really wild and fantastic statement with suitable cooked up historical backing, and invent a totally new mystery, or I shall work moon and birch upon her and so fascinate her, that she will get all coy everytime she writes (Joke.) Talking about fascination, I did a bloody silly thing when I was on holiday. I was demonstrating to a friend, rather talking about whispering animals, and they looked rather sceptical, so I did a live show on the spot with a couple of chickens that seemed to be hanging around. About ten minutes later I realized that we were being followed by not two chickens, but a whole bloody chicken farm, thousands of 'em, 'ollering like mad at me, evidently thinking that I was the biggest and best rooster that they had ever seen. My friend is now convinced, that is the evidence of three thousand hens takes some beating, and the farmer gave us a very old fashioned look.

We will see you on the twelfth, God willing (if 'E ain't, I am) and best wishes for your group.

Three F's,

Roy and Jane

P.S. I will give you a telephone call the night before we move out to confirm arrangements-- Bloated Capitalism- how nice for you. I can't even get plump on my money. 'Break a leg' for your opening performance.

Roy

LETTER TO BILL VIII

Thanks for the three letters. We will probably meet in London upon this weekend, But I thought I would like to get these impressions down on paper, so that the form they have come to me in does not shift. Now about this trouble of yours. I have rarely experienced so much difficulty in working as I did that night. It was rather like pushing the millstone round and grinding sand. It appears to have worked though, since you were put through the patterns of the maze. As we ended (we started much earlier than arranged because of various things), I offered the final actions and words that finish and hold the matter. In the middle of this, a form of words was used that normally constitute a blessing, to my horror I became conscious of extreme interference, that nearly changed the whole operation into a very dangerous curse. I began to use a form that would have reversed the whole thing... Jane spotted it and took over and finished the job. Now the interesting thing was the feeling of extreme malignant force, we dealt with it then and sent it running, we are certain that it did not have any effect except to cause me to mangle the last and final part of the particular ritual used. but the question arises, WHY? Why should something that exists upon the other side want to interfere particularly with work done for you? Why should it want you ill? Why is it with you? We embarked upon an analysis of the situation, and made our intuition work overtime. The answers we have found are these. That (a) it is unlikely that you have dabbled in black magic during this life, so there is no fury sitting at your table, (b) there is no living person who holds you a sufficient grudge, as to want you dead, (c) That you are basically a good man, therefore you would not attract this particular malignant force. Therefore we had to look over the walls at the situation and what came flooding through was interesting, albeit painful, since it concerns your mother. We have sensed this, right or wrong, for good or for evil. That the spiritual part of your mother has moved on, and is now well adjusted to the next life, BUT the etheric body has not yet disintegrated, and still contains that original bitterness, and has used you as a supply of energy so that it could survive (hence your sexual trouble). Obviously you are emotionally involved with the image of your parent, and it has used this as a bridge in order to tap your own vitality. It resents interference, and to a certain extent any other woman in your life. It is not aware that it is only a shadow, but believes that it is the corporate whole. Your mother evidently used some of the methods of the east to project, and as such formed a body of light...it is this body of light that is now out of control, that is your trouble. It must be disintegrated or cast off to wither away. How you will do this, (and you alone can do it), I do not know. I have an old Italian spell for things of this kind, and know that it works for mental illness, but this one is beyond my personal powers. However before you take any action, I would advise you to get the opinions of other occultists upon this matter, and see what they say. Here is the charm, it can be used by you to form a ritual, and to act as a corner stone in that ritual, but the binding and absorption of 'devils' is not my particular branch.

'Shadow! It is known
 When Thou followest anyone
 Be the victim who he may
 Thou art ever in his way
 Shadow! Hear me. If free
 Thou wilt leave the road to me
 For better it shall be
 If thou wilt not, then from this hour
 I will hold thee in my power
 Shadow! Thou shalt learn
 That I am a witch in my turn..
 All the power of sorcery
 So about thee I will throw
 All around, above, below
 That thou shalt accursed be
 Held in fear and in agony
 And as a dog shall follow me
 Shadow! Thou shalt know what thou art..
 Ere thou goest
 If ye come here again
 To torment or give me pain
 As thou wouldst make a dog of me
 I will make swine meat of thee
 Shadow! Sorry cheat, filled with hate
 From head to feet
 Be malignant if ye will
 I am more malignant still
 Shadow! For thy own sake
 I pray thee no more trouble make
 To torment me for thy gain
 Will only by thy greater pain
 For so accursed shalt thou be
 I must need pity thee
 Shadow! Now confess
 That with all thy cunning
 Thou didst not know of what I now tell
 That I am protected well
 By a lovely Witch(Hecate)
 And She is mightier far than thee
 Shadow! Ere we go
 If thou more of me would know
 Come at midnight
 I shall be leaning on the standing stones
 And what I shall make thee see
 I swear will be enough for thee
 Shadow! In that hour, thou
 Shalt feel my power
 And when at last thou shalt learn
 That upon the triple stone I stand
 Then to thee it shall be known
 That my shadow is thine own
 Shadow, Everywhere
 With me, these charms I bear
 Ivy, bread, salt and rue
 With them my fortuneing too
 Shadow! Go away
 Unto thee no more I say
 Now would I go to sleep
 See thou this warning

I am not in power of thine
 But thou art in power of mine.

This old charm is murderous poetry, but it works. Out of all the curses and near curses in my possession, this Italian spell is perhaps the most deadly, since it states the witch attitude completely. Will against will, illusion against illusion, eye for eye, life for life and death for death... When I first started this business many years ago, I cursed someone, they fell seriously ill... I have never forgotten the lessons I learned from that one episode. Will, sheer malignant will, is one of the most terrible forces in the world. This spell is based upon that very attitude. Whether or not you will be able to use it properly, or whether you will weaken because of the moral training of the Qabbalist I do not know, but once you begin it never leave it or weaken, otherwise it will return to you. That is all the help I can give you. Remember you will be challenging something on its own grounds, this is against all the training of modern occultism, but for a witch of my school, this is the only way. Rise or die.....In your left eye the power of death and disruption, in your right eye the power of life and growth, this I give to you.

Master is a term that we use, and use often. I myself, am a master of a small clan, the devil in fact. I in turn recognise the authority of others who are higher than myself, and that authority, once stated, is absolute, do what we may. Higher plane adeptii, or physical adeptii are terms that sit uneasily upon the witch. Master is the old word for the particular function we all (witches I mean) have to fulfil. My job is to train and organise, fulfil the letter of the law and to function to discipline and to curse, as well as to elevate and expound. To Jane all the men owe absolute allegiance, to myself (or rather the law that I represent) they owe duty. We have to train any new members up to certain standards, develop any hidden power that they may have, and finally teach them the manipulation of various images of virtue. We may be the very last of the old school, but we still uphold the old attitudes and expect the same things. Above we two rises another authority whose writ is far older than ours, to that authority we give absolute allegiance, and whose function it is to train us and work with us. I was in the fortunate position of having been blooded, therefore I have some hold on their ears.

I and Jane have powers that have been developed over a number of years. I believe that every human being who has at least some sensetivity (by that I mean the ability to percieve others as they are) has also the ability to develop these senses until they are like a second eye. We use various methods to develop latent powers, but unless the person involved is willing to fall, pick himself up, then fall and rise again, we cannot teach them. Unfortunately most people do not basically believe in various things, therefore they do not get results, irrespective of whatever they do. We try and establish a climate of opinion where the miraculous is commonplace, and the results seem worthwhile. I aquired my own powers the hard way, I was not born with them. To this much I owe Jane everything, since it was by her example upon another field, that I began to develop. The surest way of developing power is by observing the path of example, from that all other things grow. It is only in the inter-action of man and woman that the will of the Gods becomes apparent, and one learns all from the other, and with it learns the necessary

understanding of other human beings that must go with such powers. Our personal ability has not reached its zenith as yet, that will take another five years at least, but we can normally function with nearly everybody. We hate making a show of them since this breaks away from the way of humility, but we do use them when there is a worthwhile purpose.

Doreen Valiente (she seems to be taking up a lot of my time one way and another) As I said I have no objections agin her or her particular beliefs, since I am too long in the tooth to cry heresy. You are quite welcome to discuss me, witchcraft or anything else connected with me. I have no worries on that score since it appears we are fated to meet sometime in the future (round August if I have it right) and an offer will be made, considered and rejected. I would be grateful if you did not tell her any revelant matter such as that nursery rhyme, I do not want it in the press.

From your account of local witches, I would say we are the last left in Southern England. So be it, we are too old to have lived much longer, and the past is too great a burden for a small group to bear alone. Incidentally the Rollaright stones are the meeting place of one of Gardner's cuveens on May day, there is the source of your rumour. I am surprised that a county with such a history should be so psychically dead, I must liven it up a bit, and throw a wild dance on the Tor.

Sorry about the rambling of this letter. Jane and I were out last night, and we still haven't recovered our proper senses. Honestly, trying to 'fly' around here is like swimming in black treacle. Trying to get over the 'wall' is murder under those conditions. Its all the groups mind round, L.C.C. estate and all that, the inhabitants are the biggest load of monkeys that have been trained since the original ark. If I travel about five miles away, getting outside is as easy as anything. Ugh! Those minds sleeping or waking, they would deflate J.C. himself.

The old chap you saw, I can't place him, except as a man I know as Willum, he was a Norfolk witch and a great friend of a living friend (one of the clan) of ours. He was the husband of a delightful old woman who initiated George (our friend) when he was a young man. George swears by old Mary Maiden and Willum, they were his great friends. I have good reason to thank her also, she has never let us down.

I don't suppose you have friends who are interested in occultism ala witchcraft, but if you do I am always pleased to hear from them. The clan is badly out of balance, we number five men and one woman, you try anything that needs a delicate touch with a group based upon those proportions, and it is amazing at what creeps in. They all get much too aggressive... Still women have lost the instinct for witchcraft, they are all like little painted dolls today, afraid to do anything which aint all that respectable. Either that they are so bloody inhibited they go to the opposite extremes and play at silly beggars with nudism, tea leaves and dancing a la wild pagan ecstacies. The real witch instinct seems to have gone for a burton... been trained out of the little dears by too much deodorant, and not enough

nature. The ones who do go in for what they describe as witchcraft, all seem to have remarkably well developed histrionic ability, and lose no time in putting on a great show for the hoi polloi, and generally making up for all those years of masculine domination and feminine inferiority complexes. I suppose nearly all of those I have met who belongs to the latter day saints, sorry, witches, have all got a hidden neurosis to do with (a) feelings of inferiority, and (b) a marked desire to handle a mans tools (My God! That is bad imagery. Terrible slip up) with feminine wiles. They never seem to have got the idea that being feminine in its truest form is better than being masculine at its worse, infact being truly feminine (a increasingly rare quality) is marvellous for both the woman who is like that, and the man on whom she decides to be her lover, husband and mate. Two sides to a coin and all that, today though the coin appears to be standing upon its edge.

Regards,

Roy and Jane

LETTER TO BILL IX

Ta everso for the letter. We seem to be gradually extending our range of subject matter until these letters of ours stretch from here to this side of the grave. Occultism, though, is man so presumably whatever part of it one decides to examine, one always ends up with more knowledge and more detail than one was originally bargaining for. Probably like that old saw of art teachers about the one model who can be sculpted by an artist for his total working like, and still remain undiscovered.

Agreed about the fuller life of the past. I for my part have a distinct impression of being a rough old bastard, but as you say, we all lived then, felt, loved, hated, desired and all for real. This century has had the effect of making everything genteel, clouding the pang of life in clouds of deodorant. Everything is so nice, everything is so grey and completely without taste. We are all Victorian gentlewomen neatly stitched into a twentieth century, that is not really nice or so easy going as the ad man and mass consumer redi-mix culture would have us believe. I feel that one day someone is going to kick over the scenery, then we will all see the bare brick walls of the theater. I have more than a shrewd suspicion that it is this that affects the boys who tore up the sea side towns, it is there that the real mass castration has taken place. Where the desires of millions of genteel people have coalesced into the monstrosities known as sea side holidays, 'getting away from it all' and having a good time. Youth with its good instincts, decided to try and kick the whole sorry mess over by doing everything that is agin the mass concept of the good life and the genteel way. When they are more mature and have stopped warring amongst themselves, we may see some interesting things from this generation. As for the modern artist, he is a poet without a theme, afraid of looking outside himself because it hurts his precious sensitivity, warbling around inside his own head, a delightful little love affair with himself. I was listening to one explain a painting of a woman, and I realised that he wasn't talking about woman as she is, but the pitiful creation of himself that he called woman. One day they must all realise that reality is outside not inside, and that reality hurts as well as teaches. So what if naked truth does kill the man who looks upon her, at least our kind have had the fun of the chase. A little iconoclasm is the best emetic for the indigestion of modern life. My own opinion is that this is the age of the drums, when somewhere from the inner planes a war drum is beating, calling all men of good intent together and to arms before it is too late. Sooner or later we must face the enemies of life and decide once and for all who and what is going to be the guiding light of this planet. Mars himself is esoteric at times, and I feel that there has been a dangerous infiltration from the Firbolg, the children of Dylan and darkness are covering the old human light.

Poverty is a good master, a bad bedfellow though. I was born in a slum, one of eight children. I have had riches in the places where they really count, I have also known genuine hunger though. There is something to be learned from it, now I can look back upon some things with quiet joy, not because they were good at the time,

but because I have learned the lesson from them. One thing about poverty is that it teaches compassion as well as anger, but its biggest drawback is frustration, frustration at never having the right things at the right time, of being at the mercy of anyone who employs you, of being constantly misunderstood. I personally would rather walk behind the plough than be in my present job, but this at least is skilled and offers me some escape from the run of work that is open to people like myself.

Destiny.....destiny the one word that means so much and is so very real and unreal together. I personally believe strongly in destiny, but although I can see it for others and sometimes for nations, myself to myself is a closed book. I do know there is something afoot, some force that controls me, not I it. Maybe a son born to some old carpenter somewhere, who is just gathering his wits together to say 'Follow me!'. I keep on getting the feeling that we are preparing ground for a crop that we will not reap, waiting for a dawn that may never come, but wait we must. We are force for something else that is to occur, the creators of opinion for a new concept that is arising somewhere in the world. The St. Johns the Baptists, hundreds strong, waiting, waiting, waiting. So far the new word hasn't come through, but it will, that I feel certain of. I am also certain of the workers of the inner planes. The one who I see is a man dressed in sixteenth century costume, cloaked and with a cynical smile. I have heard him speak and surprisingly he spoke with a broad accent that must have been sixteenth century English. It was the very first time I saw the Power we call God, at least a representative of Her. That night both Jane and I were sleeping, and I woke up suddenly to find myself sitting upright in my own body, half in half out. A dark form was in the room with me, and I was genuinely frightened. Protesting weakly, I was hauled out of myself and taken to a wood, where I saw my master for the first time. He was dressed as I described him, and said 'Here comes the Lass. Let us worship Her'. I looked up from the ground where I was laying (The moss was so distinct and so real that every individual plant stood out clearly in the most brilliant green) and saw coming through the oak trees a white Light, and I realised that it was a naked woman on horseback, but brilliant pure light also. I have never felt anything like I did then before or since, but then I was shot back to myself with a thundering crash, and got out of bed trembling and shaking. It wasn't for many years afterwards that I realised that what I had seen was the cosmic power we call truth. However since that time I have believed very strongly in the Inner Planes, and have occasionally seen my master. I also know that when he bends his will to a task, there is no gainsaying, it must be done or else. Of course all this may be illusion, but like yourself, I have an inner conviction that is stronger than all the psychiatric texts ever written. We do what we are told, protesting complaining, even whining, but we do what we are told, not because we are slaves to something running loose in our own heads, but because whatever it is that writes out the company orders, knows.

I seem to remember something about Liz standing with her feet apart, puffing away at a clay pipe in one of the pieces of historical research I take up occasionally. She was an out and out pagan, that

is if I am to believe what was written about her by various poets. There is an interesting inscription on a door at Hampton Court which refers to her as Diana, and gives her all the classical attributes of the Goddess of Hounds and hunting.

I would very much like to join you at Glastonbury Tor, since these places are doorways (Stonehenge is a collection of doorlintels). Perhaps we can work our differing patterns together at fifteen paces and see what results we can get. Midsummer is my big night, or the nearest I can get to it. Quite simply our ritual falls into this pattern:

This is the taper that lights the way.
This is the cloak that covers the stone
That sharpens the knife
That cuts the cord
That binds the staff
That's owned by the maid
Who tends the fire
That boils the pot
That scalds the sword
That fashions the bridge
That crosses the ditch
That compasses the hand
That knocks the door
That fetches the watch
That releases the man
That turns the mill
That grinds the corn
That makes the cake
That feeds the hound
That guards the gate
That hides the maze
That's worth a light
And into the castle that Jack built.

As you can see, it is a child's game, but one that works. We use a skull as much in the same fashion as the Knights Templars, but Mithraic worship is out for us, two differing concepts. The druids, however, were eastern in origin, they again superimposed a different pattern upon the aboriginal gods of the Kelts. They were supposed by the Romans to have more magic than the rest put together, however they were a bloody minded lot. If you want to use nature magic, then you must work outside, preferably by running water, or failing that, as high as you can get. It must be open to the four winds, since they carry the seeds of life and destruction, and they represent your four elements. The earth should be disturbed, and preferably a small sacrifice made of wheaten meal or wine. Working amongst timber tends to put too much wildness in the results, since it is the dark forest of Pan. The more water there is the better, the best sources of all is near a country churchyard, but be very careful of that one since you are liable to disturb the 'watchers' and they are something to be reckoned with.

There are no hard and fast rules, it must be played by ear. The sense of power is usually denoted by a sensation of extreme panic, then comes the 'gathering' in you feel that you are being surrounded by hosts of 'watchers'. You may possibly see them out of the corner of your eye, these must be ignored, and the panic overcome.

Then there comes a cold blast of wind, and the power which is being asked for begins the manifestation, this will appear in the form that you expect to see, the main difficulty is in holding it, since (and I speak from experience) it is rather like being hit with a hammer. Usually green, brilliant lights flash on and off in the centre of the working space. Incidentally you will find that a metal sieve placed in a central position gives no end of aid, and acts as a form of working grid for the force that the power is using to transmute its own energy. Once he is established then is the time to ask the questions, and the answers may not come just then, but come they will. Whatever you do, resist the temptation to panic or to feel that 'everything is going wrong'. The Farmer has a reputation for affecting human beings in this fashion (hence the words 'panic', 'pandemonium', etc.) Here is a short prayer that may help to consolidate:

My Lord.....
 Here I be stripped of all finery
 No clothes, lover or home have I
 Excepting by thy Grace
 Master, I have descended the Paths towards
 Thy gates...
 Leaving all but my truthful spirit behind me.
 Here am I as naked as the sea, as the sky,
 As grave winter itself.
 I pray Thee take pity on me and listen unto my
 prayer.

The invokation of Earth may help you:

I do conjure Thee, Earth
 Now in the secret hour of night
 Ebb and flow meeting
 And as for my place precisely stand centered
 By this the mystery of my craft
 Entrenched I see the boundary round
 And of aught else, naught but the riding moon.
 And these possess my thought and soul
 Facing my truth to them
 For I do desire no other thought but these
 For since long time I do require to learn
 The Truth of Truths
 Yea Verily have I suffered to achieve
 The life becoming spirit
 And know that good and evil will prevail
 Within no forced equality
 Circle and moon be gracious unto me.

Basically nature magick is very simple, it is as simple as doing it, but like all simple things, it has some fantastic fortifications behind it. Witches believe that all things are One and joined, there is no singular (except human beings - Law of correspondence). To create spiritual effect, one must create physical effect, and to work nature magic, you must first do natural things. There are dangers though, these are in effect leaving anything undone. Once you have achieved your purpose, leave everything as you found it, or else you will spend some uncomfortable nights with nature spooks clomping around your room, taking it out of you for disturbing them.

They are elemental and know not conscience as we know it. However they can be tamed and kept by you as a friend. My family had one for years and he delights in practical jokes. According to how he has been used, so he has become, and I think Tomkins was used unnecessarily for tangle foot work. Once he took an evil delight in appearing before some friends of ours and worrying them silly, but we took him in hand over that one and he behaved himself. There is a possibility that he was responsible for playing the fool and making Bobby make errors in her map. However he is easily seen, and cannot resist making loud thumps and clangs upon metal objects (possibly a left over from the days when iron was taboo to him). He usually is seen as a large black cat or dog, if you do catch him out, tell him off and send him back. But apart from all my personal natter Robin Goodfellow was no figment of the imagination. They are mischievous, unfriendly at times, and completely unreliable unless you twist their tails. They will take a delight in leading you on, and generally making a nuisance of themselves. You will find that once they sense you are out to try and work nature magick, they will fool around all the time, tripping you up, leading you around in circles and so on. Once you begin though, they will be quiet and even help you to achieve your aim. Position five is your best defence against their unsociable side, position six is your best way of making friends with them.

As you say the teenagers are using magic all the time. If they but knew it they are doing what their direct ancestors called 'raising Cain'. All that noise, sexual hysteria and so on is a dangerous force to play with, and that is what the Beatles are doing. I would never be surprised to read that (a) a meeting of R&B had evolved into a fertility rite, and (b) that one of the Beatles has come to a very bloody and untimely end, a la primitive magic as the God of Vegetation. They are obviously tools of older forces that seek an outlet in our age, and what better than the twelve year olds who is basically everything man was at that particular period?

I have no knowledge of astrology at all, since it would be a bad mistake for me to know too many types of divination at once. I base my own divination upon three things, my intuition, Tarot cards and my left hand. At this very moment, my hand is telling me about your past lives. The onenearest to you for instance, you were in the occupations of Mars, Venus had too much control over your head, and that you were in the seat of Jupiter which you treated like a fool. Through Mars, via Venus, you came to an untimely end, and left with regret a life that satisfied the worse part of you. In this life you have gone to Mercury as a counterbalance and have succeeded in balancing the effect of the past. Now is the time when you can step forward, but remorse for your past is holding you back, there is little or no opposition to you advancing in occultism now, you have paid the price. My wrist hurts like crazy, so from this I conclude that in the last life, no, the one before that, you were in some fashion a prisoner or a cripple caused through circumstances of birth, or possibly your parent of that life died giving birth to you. These are only rough readings given as I sit here at the typewriter. However I will do it properly for the next letter.

I write as I speak, that is how I can do so much, that and a few years at knocking off a thousand words a day.

We must really try and get our heads together and see if we can work at some piece of nature magic. As I said I would love to work at Glastonbury Tor, it would be ideal. Perhaps when we meet we can compare notes and find out if there is a common way.

Regards,

Roy and Jane

LETTER TO BILL X

Ta ever so for your interesting letter. Like yourself, I enjoy writing. I have even had gear published in the New Statesman, but apart from personal correspondence, I never write anything connected with witchcraft. I have to discuss everything like that with the boys, and as such it will be a decision of the group. Thanks alot for the suggestion, though, very kind of you. I will probably post the article to you, since you know the address.

Shakespeare really knew his witchcraft. I have a wild theory that he spent some time in one of the more advanced clans; and that it was during his service that he first gave birth to the silver tongue. Nearly all witchcraft of the school I belong to, wrap its secrets in blank verse and kennings. Robert Graves in his 'White Goddess' writes a great deal on nonsense about many things, (mainly because he tries to explain everything), but he was absolutely accurate when he wrote that the protean Goddess was the true inspirer of the poet, and that all real poetry must deal with the themes that She is Mistress of. Shakespeare never deviated from these themes, and in many of his works, paganism is far more apparent than Christianity. His 'Wives' for instance, derives from a very ancient Keltic legend, and give an accurate description of rural witchcraft at its simplest. The same theme appears in 'Lear' which for me is pure paganism at its noblest and best. The characters of Lear are archetypes of the major legend. The fool is by no means a fool, but very much the simple god. Lear is the old god of death. Even Geoffrey of Monmouth could not quite confuse the issue, and the essential truth still remains in his hodge podge of mythology and racial memory. The latter day wica should read Shakespeare, then throw the Aradia overboard.

Our land of the dead, Apple Island, Avalon, Caerachren... is a place that to the image fixed mind, appears as a wooded countryside, with a bleak sea shore. Across deep pasture, lie hills that rise blue heads to the lowering sky. By the sea and across the woods is a small hamlet; 'There you and I my loves

There you and I will lie,
When the cross of ressurection is broken
And our time has come to die.
For no more is there weeping
For no more is there death.
Only the golden sunset,
Only the golden rest.' (witch song)

The woods are dark and terrible, and must be entered by crossing a stream. There the coward withers, the faintheart retreats, for it is there that Childe Rolande must blow the snail horn trumpet, and face the enemy whom no man can ever unhorse. (Browning). The other planes I have no knowledge of, except in the unconscious as all of us do. My mind is almost totally directed day in, day out to the Akashics, where I unravel the silver thread. There has been so much lost, and so very little time to find it again.

To work witch magic properly one must work out of doors, buildings, unless ectoplasmic displays are required, are useless and destroy 'Virtue'. Outdoors is the law for us, and it is also the law of correspondence necessary to the higher ritual. Nudity, although we do not practice it, has a good psychological effect, for the uninhibited types who are the latter day pagans. I understand, although this may not be correct, that they also regard nudity essential as a means to what they describe as power. Obviously scourging is also strongly favored because of this. It again is supposed to produce 'Power'. Probably something to do with the release of adrenaline and its decayed byproducts to produce psychological effects. Since they seem to run until they are in a thoroughly suggestive state, the suggestion plays a greater part in this than the scourge. I personally have very little time for such primitive behaviour from subtopians. It is 'all in the blood' as one of them told me. In the past the whip was used because of its symbolic correspondence. The 'Devil' or his summoner chased the others in a grim game of 'Hare and Hound'. It is a good way of bringing home the attraction of death, as well as the attraction of life, and a better way of imprinting a 'party line' I have never yet come across. Once someone has learned the symbolology that way, they are very unlikely to forget it again. Forbid that we should use it today though. Nothing can ever remain still. Thought must either grow or corrupt. To retain a primitive pattern is to corrupt minds and souls.

The path we have chosen was thrust upon us. (How's that for mangling English). "Thereby," he said, filling his pipe, "Hangs a strange story." "Tell me, Sir Humphrey," she whispered, her china blue eyes opening slightly..... My great granddad was the last grand master of the Staffordshire witches. It has evidently been in the family since at least the seventeenth century, since there are definite records from that period. Even the house my father was born in was between the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire, so that when there was danger of arrest, the family moved from one section of the house to the other. Anyway in the arch age of materialism, my grandparents decided to renounce the Gods and took up Methodism instead for Sunday afternoons. Thereupon my great grandfather was very angry and cursed them. This curse has decimated my family through the years and generations. Nearly all of them died in misery or violence. Whereupon I was born, which was probably the curse at its worst. My father who was again witchcraft, took one look at me, and said, "Gawd, the old bastard's come back." (My father was a Guard's R.S.M.) and promptly made my mother swear never to tell me the terrible truth of my heritage. However I had my first mystical awareness of the Gods at the age of five, and since then have progressed in my career. I am a professional, it is not because I am interested in it, but because it is interested in me. However after I learned the truth from my mother, after my father's death, and then went to see my aunt Lucy, who is a terrible old woman. She taught me the five arts and the tradition. However, the witch teaching officialism, is that witch blood must be possessed to gain the ear of the Gods, and that witch blood reoccurs every second or third generation, and in the same pattern physically. In other words only witches can bear witches, and to be without the heritage is the most terrible experience of all for a witch. It is literally slow torture. I personally would rather do anything than face the thirteen years of the wilderness again; but only another witch would understand me.

The information about the nine foot magic circle sounds a bit false. I am very disinclined to believe it as a possible historical event. Everything in the theory points towards a laboured nineteenth century hand, inventing primitive man all over again. No twentieth century man likes to admit the possibility that it has all been done before; But in a different way with different means. However, this is literally what a witch's compass is, a highly efficient and scientific machine, and it requires science to use it properly. The Kelts built in stone and wood, the rush huts that were used until the sixteenth century for milking and cheese making were called 'wiccens', which is a word that derives from the Saxons, and means salt. It may well be that charms were used in the building of these. Against the simple rural craft it must be remembered that another tradition existed, of which very little is recorded. This is the Key of Kings.

The witches blue band of hope and comradeship has been invented mainly by Mrs. Leek for her own amusement. They sent me a form to fill in which wanted to know all sorts of odd things. I very nearly returned it signed Mathew Hopkins. They would never have seen the joke or the danger. I can only say The Unknown God help them if they ever meet a master of the black art. As it stands I have kept the form as evidence of my contention that they are out to make witchcraft respectable; which will kill it outright. Mrs. Bone is the bosom pal of Charlie Cardell who describes himself as Rex Nemorensis, enough said.

Incidentally, we sometimes all go out on Sundays for a run in a friends car. Perhaps with your kind permission we could drop in and see you for an hour.

My birthdate 26.1.31. Time, 3 a.m. Place, London.

Our regards to your wife and yourself,

Flags and Flax,

Roy and Jane

~~THE~~ The Ash Tree. Written after a meeting in 1953.

I am what ye think me to be
 I am what ye consider of thyself.
 I am myself, and thou as thou art
 And will be... time come.
 I am Robin, and more of that with less.
 I am that without form
 I am that without force
 Yet form and force I be
 I am the loved and beloved
 I am the lover and his mate
 I am the whole and the part.
 I am compassion healing pain
 I am diamond cutting stone hearts.
 I am a mirror without reflection.
 I am the well without water
 From which all must drink.
 I am words, love and words
 Yea, but never speak.
 I am pain, grief, sorrow and tears
 The rack.. the noose... the stake.
 The flayer and the flayed.
 The hunter and the hunted
 I am the head without a body
 I am the body without a head
 Yea! All this and still I am whole.
 I am night and sleepless fear
 I am Fear
 Thou must conquer me to release thy soul.
 I am peace, compassion now if ye understand
 I am turned about, then turned again
 Three times, three time Thirteen I turn
 Then still more.. and more
 For the hare escapes me not.
 I am the dead, the living dead, the dead that walk
 I am the born, the unborn, the completed cycle.
 I am a root, a leaf, a tree
 I grow upon memory of past present and future.
 All things are mould for me
 My tap vests in eternity.
 I am the breast of infant suckling.
 My loves kind embrace
 Constant, ever demanding
 Yet I be fickle withal
 For all know me and have laid upon my breasts
 Yet few have had me, and they are dead.
 Secret I be, secret am, secret I am for evermore.
 Yea, but a plated host marcheth at my skirts
 For I am mighty as the berserkers knew me
 My nostrils are full of the scent of blood.

For the dead are heaped to honour my rage.
 I am weak as women knows me.
 In that is the fulness of my strength
 I am desire
 I am love.
 I am the first created
 The first of all sins.
 Behold I am Shal

Roy Bowers

WITCHES' ESBAT

by Roy Bowers (Robert Cochrane)

NEW DIMENSIONS (VOL. 2, NO. 10) NOVEMBER 1964

This article deals with an actual witch meeting and is a combination of fiction and fact since the full ritual cannot be described, but basically the forms used are correct for the witches of Warwickshire. Also there is no overstatement of phenomena, the writer has tried to describe accurately the actual feeling of working this type of ritual, which is not that type usually presented to the public as witchcraft yet is nonetheless of a pattern practiced by certain families for many centuries.

IT IS COLD, the damp grass steaming mist upwards to the moon as we walk across the fields to the caves. Across the hills, somewhere towards the west, a dog fox barks defiance at we intruders of the night world. In the silent world of Hecate, a billion insects spin their small webs of destiny. We feel like invaders from a more brilliant age, treading carefully, threading our way in silence past the still hedge rows. The cauldron in Peter's haversack rings faintly as one of the knives strike against it. He stops and shifts the weight slightly, then points upwards towards the looming hill. The wind clatters a few leaves upon the trees as we begin the ascent to the caves. Seven of us, six men, one woman, feet slipping upon grass that feels slimy with night dew and unmentionable insects, sinking in the sodden ground under our own weight. Down below in the valley, the representatives of the twentieth century shoot along dark roads, headlights slicing the night for a brief minute, then vanishing with a flutter of mechanical life. Standing bleakly against the moonlight we can see the tumbled rocks that hide the caves. Our lead man stops then turns round and comes to us. "Be careful here, the hillside falls away pretty rapidly". His face is anonymous in the moonlight. Joan reaches out and takes my hand, and we walk forward carefully in the gloom. Gusts of wind buffet us, a sensation of space to our left side grows more definite; then we are out of the wind and into the lee of the rocks. Arthur, the lead man, seems to vanish suddenly from sight in a flurry of white torch light, then his voice comes from beneath the ground muffled and faint. "It's all right, come on down". One by one my companions slide through the entrance of the cave, slipping on the wet chalk. Joan sits down prettily upon her heels and follows them, still holding my hand to give balance to her impetus. I slide down after her and into the cave. We straighten ourselves out and stand up, torches on for the first time in the hour long walk, the light gleams from the wet sides of the caves reflecting into the lime water pools on the floor. Out of the wind and underground the silence is suddenly oppressive, then everybody begins to talk at once, unloading themselves from the tension of the walk and the fear of discovery.

I shrug the haversack from my shoulders and note with some disgust that it has become covered with wet chalk. Opening it I search for my compass, looking at it carefully until I find true north. The rest begin to pull out the equipment from their haversacks, throwing firewood over to me as they find it. I begin to build a fire, soaking it with paraffin bought specially for this purpose. The caves suddenly become alive and friendly as the yellow flames soar to the roof, a million drops of water reflecting the light like a million individual diamonds. Piling more wood upon the fire I stand back and the flames descend to eat the fresh fuel. Smoke coils around the roof and the boys put out the torches. We stand around the fire warming ourselves and begin to undress. "Dig the circle out," Joan says to Blackie. He is in the process of removing his trousers, and stands stork-like upon one leg as he considers what she has just said. "Right, as soon as I'm changed." He hurries to stretch and

moves nearer to the fire as he puts on the garb of the witch, and wraps the cloak about him. He goes to the center of the cave and begins to cut the circle out with his knife. The others all go about their appointed tasks in silence. Joan and I search out the implements from the haversack, fitting them together and wiping them carefully, laying them upon the ledge that acts as a serving table. John and Peter fit the banner together, facing the mystical symbols inwards at the four quarters of the compass, throwing up the chalk as they thrust them into the wet earth. Blackie straightens up, his face dark with the effort of digging. "What do we say if we're caught?" he asks generally.

"That we're bloody archaeologists of course", John answers. Blackie laughs then bends down and continues digging. We work steadily creating Caer Ochlen in the cave until at last everything is ready. The graal and cup reflect with silver the red flame of the fire. I build up the tripod and hang the cauldron. It swings gently in the heat. Joan brings over the wine in a thermos flask and pours it into the cauldron. Fragrant steam rises as the cold wine meets the hot brass base of the pot. "Smells nice, mum, what's for dinner?" Peter asks, smiling at his own humour. Joan laughs as she ties the girdle around her waist and arranges her shift, placing the seven knots carefully. We are all dressed now in our black garb, adjusting our cloaks as we stand now in humility and poverty; the beginnings of all magical power. Some more work, then I take up the skull and thrust the sword through it, tying the skull carefully to the carved hilt. Holding it aloft I go to the centre of the compass and thrust the blade deep into the earth. It is time to begin. Joan casts grains of incense into the fire, then blesses herself, first her left ear, then her left eye, up to forehead, then down to right eye and ear. She turns, outlined by the flames, touches her mouth, then her right breast, then finally her left ankle. We have grouped ourselves into a crescent about her, following the blessing, each action accompanied by buttered prayer to God. The old words reach out into the shadows of the caves, and echo faintly to the basso profundo of six male voices, with Joan's voice threading in between. The fire leaps up, and Joan reaches forward taking the graal from me. Holding it aloft she presents it to heaven and the moon, the herbs and apples floating gently upon the water, the darkness of the cave seems to surround it. I begin the words of the great chant, and the silence of the night suddenly breaks into life. Joan lowers the graal and breathes across it, then empties its contents into the cauldron. We stand up and walk towards it, still in a crescent, our hoods thrown back, and follow her as she begins the weaving dance of a maze in front of the boiling pot. Then the pattern changes and we dance around the fire. We stop, and she dips into the pot with the ladle and passes it from one to another, as we eat of the fruits of life. Whirling the ladle furiously Joan alone paces round three times more then plunges it back into the pot. We draw our knives and thrust them into the earth, then dance furiously around the fire once more. I, leading, dance off until we all surround the circle. The summoner, who is last, takes the cauldron off the fire and pours its contents into the ditch which surrounds the circle. Steam rises around us and the red liquid floods through and forms a completed circuit, washing the ash aside, swirling round the willow and rowan twigs. I step forward over the ditch and stand in front of the sword and skull. Raising my left hand I run the signs through with my fingers, then quickly go through the traditional gestures that mean so much to a witch, hands slapping upon my legs and body miming the old legends. The rest follow suit. Joan casts the cake upon the ground just by the door of the circle and at last we all step over the barrier which divides the quick from the dead.

"UEIOA", five fingers held high. UEIOA", slap upon the left thigh then forward with the wild horses and through the silver ring. We began to pace the compass round holding the ring in the air, then finally lowering it upon the skull. Turning, we place our staffs upon the ground fashioning the pattern of the ritual and begin to tread the mill. Round and round in absolute silence, fingers following the pattern that the seven knots make in the cord. Willing, thinking, concentrating upon

our work, the hoods of our cloaks down over our eyes, thinking, willing, visualizing the image of virtue shifting from one part of our bodies to the other, the sensations of changing like colours upon our minds eye. In the brief glimpses we get when our concentration lowers in its intensity the cave seems to be spinning around us, then back to the darkness of our hoods and our compressed wills. The smoke thickens as the fire lowers...and we all seem to have some difficulty in breathing, almost choking in the turgid atmosphere. Then suddenly it is like breathing pure ice, cold clear. The virtue has been transmuted. Immediately following this sensation a cold wind seems to whip around our ankles tearing off the physical power of the flesh. Fear suddenly descends like a clammy blanket and everyone receives the impression that we are being watched; it is the gathering of the force we are invoking. The sensation of fear deepens until we need every bit of our will to stop ourselves from running away. Knocks and taps seem to come from everywhere in the cave, and I give a start, coming back to complete consciousness for a brief second, then catching myself return back to the dark path of the will. I am no longer walking the floor of the cave, but treading on air. My body is in many different places at once, an incredible sense of disorientation fills me and I am no longer conscious of my body. Darkness rolls in upon my consciousness and I float in a void around the circle, my body stumbling mechanically on and on. I become aware of everyone else in the clan as if they were in me. I can feel them all. A strong feeling that someone is standing where the skull is impinges my mind. Immediately we begin to thrust our will towards it probing, questioning, a sensation of the stranger increases immensely. We know who he is. My heart gives a bound of fear and joy together. We intensify our will until it is like a bridge of iron, our total concentration is upon him. We can actually see green lights flashing on and off around the skull. "Master, Master" I can feel the group calling him. Blue slight twists and spirals in the centre. We work harder and harder still, our minds hurting with the intense effort. The light coalesces into the shape of a man, cloaked like ourselves. Wave after throbbing wave of power pulsates us. A feeling of exhilaration erases our tiredness, he exudes strength and wisdom. We greet him.

We come to ourselves again back in the dank cave, the fire almost out. Pins and needles stab at our limbs, we feel very tired, we stop pacing, the air of the cave flat in our mouths. Joan offers a prayer of thanks, and we break up the compass, returning everything to where it was. It is all over now, we sit listlessly for a short while getting warmth from the dying fire, for we are both cold and tired, our minds numbed. Blackie throws more wood upon the fire, tending it, blowing upon it until the fresh fuel catches and throws a cheerful warmth upon everything. We look for food and drink in the haversacks and begin the feast. Gradually we feel refreshed, then full of energy. Talk rises with the smoke, there is a lot of laughter, and we stretch our limbs luxuriously in front of the glowing coals. Six men, one woman, all devoted to each other, and above everything else, to our Gods. The conversation increases, various things are discussed. How to do this...how to do that...women, how to get them in, but they have no interest in witchcraft today...the group remains unbalanced, no women, no balance. We talk and eat, then finally clearing up, begin our journey home. Tired yet refreshed, dirty from the caves, but pure in heart. We walk across the fields shivering in the dawn air, back to the cars. A policeman steps forward out of the shadows. Excuse me...parking...dangerous place...what have you in the haversacks? We empty them and explain. You can see by the expression of disgust and horror what he thinks. Questions and still more questions, misunderstandings, always misunderstandings. Gods, the things we poor witches suffer.

THE CRAFT TODAY

by Roy Bowers (Robert Cochrane)

PENTAGRAM (2) NOVEMBER 1964

Witchcraft, according to those who are modern witches, is the Craft of the Wise. A simple pagan belief, full of old traditions which are appealing, simple virtues, and--if we are to believe their detractors--some ancient vices. According to further information it is a traditional religion based upon an exceedingly simplified concept of the works of Nature. It is by inference from their rituals as reported, an attempt to bribe Nature by various actions and beliefs into a malleable state, so that Nature will function according to the needs of the coven, and what the coven believes to be good for society in general, rather than Nature carrying on in her own sweet way. If we are to believe various interviews carried out by television and newspapers, this has an effect not upon Nature but upon the witch, since there is a report of a witch who claimed that she believed the sun would not rise again if she did not undertake her rituals.

The interesting facet to be gained from such blazes of publicity is that it would appear the Craft has rapidly become an escape hatch for all those who wish to return to a more simple form of life and escape from the ever-increasing burden of contemporary society. In many cases the Craft has become a funkhole, in which those who have not been successful in solving various personal problems hide, while the storm of technology, H- bombs, and all the other goodies of civilization pass by harmlessly overhead.

Modern Witchcraft could be described as an attempt by twentieth-century man to deny the responsibilities of the twentieth century. It is a secure and naive belief that Nature is always good and kind. It is also a belief, or so it would appear, that if you personally can go backwards in the evolution of thought, then perhaps the rest of the world might follow suit. Good enough, the Craft is all things to all men, if it is a simple pantheistic belief to those who think it so, so it has become, since the Mysteries were evolved for all men, and Man was evolved for the Mysteries. Which of necessity leads one to ask what the Mysteries are.

All mystical thought is based upon one major premise: the realisation of truth as opposed to illusion. The student of the 'mysteries' is essentially a searcher after truth, or as the ancient traditions described it, "Wisdom". Magic is only a by-product of the search for truth, and holds an inferior position to truth. Magic, that is the development of total will, is a product of the Soul in its search for ultimate knowledge. It is an afterthought upon a much larger issue, the ability to use a force that has been perceived while searching for a more important aim within the self. No genuine esoteric truth can be written down or put within an intellectual framework of thought. The truths involved are to be participated in during comprehension of the soul. Truth of this degree is not subject to empirical thought and is only apparent to the eye of the beholder, and to those who have followed a similar path of perception. Throughout the history of humanity there have been myths, schools of wisdom and teachers who have shown a way to attain a working knowledge of esoteric thought and philosophy by using inference rather than direct method to teach the approaches to cosmic truth. The secrecy of these Masters has nothing to do with protecting the Mysteries, since all that can be said about the Mysteries has already been written into folklore, myth and legend. What is not forthcoming is the explanation. It was recognised that these legends, rituals and myths were the roads through many layers of consciousness to the area of the mind where the soul can exist in

its totality. These and their surrounding disciplines and teachings became what the West describes as the Mysteries. The Mysteries are, in essence, means by which man may perceive his own inherent divinity.

During the persecution the adherents of the Mystery system went underground and joined forces with the aboriginal beliefs of the mass, and so became part of traditional Witchcraft. Centuries passed and the meaning behind much ritual was forgotten, or relegated to a superstitious observance to elemental Nature. Much of the old ritual that has survived became ossified and repeated by rote, rather than by understanding. Consequently it has become static and remote from its original purpose, which was to enlighten the follower spiritually. In what generally passes as Witchcraft today there is as much illusion and unresolved desire as there is in the outside world. In the closed circles of some covens there is greater bigotry and dogma than there is in many sections of the moribund Christian church. Many witches appear to have turned their backs upon the reality of the outside world and have been content to follow, parrot-fashion, rituals and beliefs that they know have little or no relationship with the twentieth century and its needs. There has been no cause for a fertility religion in Europe since the advent of the coultershare plough in the thirteenth century, the discovery of haymaking, selective breeding of animals, etc. To claim, as some witches do, that there is a greater need in the world for fertility of mind than before is understating general facts, since Western Europe morally and socially has advanced more without the Old Craft and its attendant superstitions than it ever did with them.

The value of the Old Craft today is that in it lie the seeds of the Old Mystery tradition. Through this the witch may perceive the beginnings of that ultimate in wisdom, knowledge of themselves and of their motives. The genuine Mysteries are open to all, because anyone having experience enough can understand that basic Message. To close the human mind in order to protect it from outside circumstances that are hostile, is not a way to discover that within oneself which is most profound, but a return to a claustrophobic mother who will eventually smother the child. If, as is claimed, the Gods are kind and They are all things, then why does the twentieth century witch run so rapidly away from them in the practice of the "age old Craft"? In fossilised superstitious tradition there are profound secrets hidden, secrets folded within the most mediocre belief and action. These great secrets, secrets of the soul and of destiny, are only apparent in the open light, not in the illusionary world of Ye Olde English Wiccen. If the witches are to survive then the religion must undergo some violent and radical changes. Changes that will open the ritual for examination, so that the spiritual content may be clearly seen. Changes that must kick over many sacred cows to see whether these old cows still give milk. The inherent philosophy of the Craft was always fluid, and fluid it must become again before it gasps its last breath under a heap of musty nonsense, half-baked theology and philosophy. Witches cannot retreat from the world any longer, there is no room for us in this society unless we have something valid to offer it, and participate in its social evolution.

ON CORDS

by Roy Bowers (Robert Cochrane)

PENTAGRAM (3) MARCH 1965

Mrs. Basford has raised an interesting point about the real purpose of cords, harvest twine, string dolls, etc. They appear to have originated from the woven strands of Old Fate, the major deity of all true witches. They are, of course, the origin of such descriptive terms as "spellbinders." When worked up properly they should contain many different parts--herbs, feathers and impedimenta of the particular charm. They are generally referred to in the trade as "ladders," or in some cases as "garlands," and have much the same meaning as the three crosses. That is they can contain three blessings, three curses, or three wishes. A witch also possesses a devotional ladder, by which she may climb to meditational heights, knotted to similar pattern as the Catholic rosary. The Celtic practice of binding the dead, used now as a devotional aid by some modern groups, was originally an indication that the dead person had undergone the necessary stages and purification towards the final judgement and redemption. The actual pattern of the knot was considered to be the important thing; the pattern formed by the lines of the binding being a symbol of secondary importance.

Alexander the Great, by cutting the Gordian knot, announced to all and sundry that he was going to cut his own fate with the edge of a sword. It was the action of a truly brave man, since the knot was bound upon the yoke of the Twin Bulls, the Masters over Life and Death. It may be that when he later built a temple to Nemesis he was attempting to buy off the terrible fate of his former action.

The art of binding is to be seen in one of its best forms in the old craft of thatching. The pegs and binders are traditionally put into a crossed shape, held by a final structure over the roof trees that also has a very close connection with Witchcraft.

The so-called "sacred object" held in such reverence by some witches was in fact a weaver's distaff--and could easily be mistaken for a phallic symbol. The weaver's distaff, bound with reeds or straw, appears frequently in rural carvings and elsewhere. It again has reference to the Craft and supreme Deity. It would appear that the witches were not in the least influenced by Freudian concepts.

There is good reason to assume that the nursery game of snakes and ladders originated in a much older pastime connected with binding. One aspect of the snake is that of the Tempter or Destroyer, and the game remains as a lesson upon life: one either ascends by the aid of the ladder, or descends via the snake. The action of the game is still dependent upon the throw of a black and white cube (dice)--a symbol of Fate from ancient times. Basically the cords of binding, as used today, are worked upon with mistaken enthusiasm. Originally they were cords of Fate, woven and bound into a charm for a defined purpose. Sometimes shaped into a semblance of the object or person to be influenced, they were also hung on a gatepost or nailed near to the object or person, preferably in a public place, as an indication of intent. In an Italian spell, the ladder is actually placed in the bed of the person to be enchanted. A beautiful witch ladder, incidentally, was once found in a church belfry: presumably one of the Old Craft could not sleep late on Sunday mornings because of the racket of the bells!

"Cat's cradle" as a game is interesting enough but as a form of witchery it becomes an interesting indication of the complex nature of the Craft. Each of the fingers on the hands of a witch has a defined meaning and purpose. It would be reasonable to assume that, to the knowing eye, the crosses and planes formed by the strings would tell much of a particular ritual.

THE FAITH OF THE WISE

by Roy Bowers (Robert Cochrane)

PENTAGRAM (4) AUGUST 1965

It is said by various "authorities" that the Faith of the Wise, when they do believe in its existence, is a simple matter: a pre-Christian religion based upon whatever Gods and Goddesses are the current vogue--full of simple, hearty peasants doing simple, hearty peasant-like things ... things that in some cases complex, nervous sophisticates also enjoy doing in urban parlours. Consequently we have an interesting phenomenon: civilised sophisticates running round behaving like simple peasants--and simple peasants who have never heard of such things! It is also maintained by the same "authorities" that we follow a belief which, as one dear old fellow put it, is headed by a deity "Who is the sweetest woman, everyone loves her." To quote someone else who is just a student of the Craft, "Witchcraft is about rituals," which I suppose to be true, if one cares to accept the definition as witchcraft.

All this worries me somewhat--since I am not a peasant and neither am I particularly interested in being led by a sweet woman, and ritual to me is merely a means to an end. So what is the Faith all about? Admittedly I can only speak for myself, and what I write here are my own opinions, but here goes. Unfortunately for authorities, students and "mere seekers after truth," the Faith is not about anything that has been written above. The Faith is finally concerned with Truth, total Truth. It is one of the oldest of religions, and also one of the most potent, bringing as it does, Man into contact with Gods, and Man into contact with Self. As such the Faith is a way of life different and distinct from any theory promulgated by the authorities or historians. Within the disciplines of the Faith, man may offer devotion to the Gods, and receive certain knowledge of Their existence by participation in something of the perfected Nature of Godhead, recalling that both within and without which is most true. The Faith is a belief concerned with the inner nature of devotion, and finally with the nature of mysticism and mystical experience. It has, in common with all great religions, an inner experience that is greater than the exterior world. It is a discipline that creates from the world an enriched inward vision. It can and does embrace the totality of human experience from birth to death, then beyond. It creates within the human spirit a light that brightens all darkness, and which can never again be extinguished. It is never fully forgotten and never fully remembered. The True Faith is the life of the follower, without it he is nothing, with it he has contained something of all creation.

Force requires form at this level of being, therefore ritual exists to contain that force. Godhead demands worship, therefore ritual exists to give and formulate that worship. Man needs help, therefore ritual is designed to give that help. It is possible to comprehend Godhead or Force without ritual, since the First Principle of Godhead is present at all levels and in all things at all times--but total perception is not present in humanity all the time. Therefore ritual basically becomes a matter of increasing perception until something of Godhead 's finally revealed, and that which is within and without is partially understood: comprehended in the physical person of the participant until it becomes one with his total being. The forces comprehended are part of the living person, incorporated into everyday life as part of a spiritual, mental and physical discipline that returns the devotee again and again to the original Source.

Devotion requires proof. Therefore that proof exists within the disciplines of the Faith. The nature of proof cannot be explained, since force can only be shown by inference and by participation, not

by intellectual reasoning. The nature of the proof falls into many forms, but amongst the most common are these:

- (a) **POETIC VISION**, in which the participant has inward access to dream images and symbols. This is the result of the unconscious being stimulated by various means. Images are taught as part of a tradition, and also exist.(as Jung speculated) upon their own levels. They are, when interpreted properly, means by which a lesser part of truth may be understood.
- (b) **THE VISION OF MEMORY**, in which the devotee not only remembers past existence but also, at times, a past perfection.
- (c) **MAGICAL VISION**, in which the participant undertakes by inference part of a Triad of service, and therefore contacts certain levels.*
- (d) **RELIGIOUS VISION**, in which the worshipper is allowed admission to the True Godhead for a short time. This is a part of true initiation, and the results of devotion towards a mystical aim.
- (e) **MYSTICAL VISION**, in which the servant enters into divine union with the Godhead. This state has no form, being a point where force alone is present.

These are proofs, since having enjoined with such forces, there cannot afterwards be any doubts as to the nature of the experience. Man suffers from doubt at all times, but to the participant in such experience, the doubt centres around the reality of the external world, not the inner. The reality of such experience illuminates the whole life.

Therefore it can be shown that the Faith is a complex philosophy, dealing finally with the nature of Truth, Experience and Devotion. It requires discipline and work; plus utter and complete devotion to the common aim. It can only be fulfilled by service, some labours taking many years to complete. The Faith tolerates no nonsense, and those who would come to it, must come empty-handed saying "I know nothing, I seek everything," since within the structure of the Faith, all things may be contained and are contained. It has survived, in secrecy and silence, the attacks of persecution, indifference and misrepresentation. It is secret because those only who are best suited may enter the awful silences of the Places of the Gods. It is silent because in silence there is strength, protection and a future. It is also silent today, because as the Greeks said "Those whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad." It is nearly impossible to enter unless the supplicant shows unmistakable signs of past memory and a genuine mystical drive, and is willing to undertake tests that will force him finally to disclose that matter which is most secret to himself. The Faith has no secrets in the sense that there are formulas which can be readily understood and taught. It is finally and utterly the True Faith., standing immovable beyond space, time and all human matters.

** Being requested by the Editor to clarify this statement I ask the interested reader to examine the Hebrew letters IHV as they would be in their original and matriarchal form, which will explain something of the basic nature of magical rite and ritual. It should be as clear as the Roebuck in the Thicket now.*