



kult ov kaos

Volume 1 Issue 7

Published by Saint Natas
Edited by Soror ZSD23

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kult ov kaos

magazine

Volume 1

Issue 7

The Conspiracy Theory issue

Almost all people are hypnotics. The proper authority saw to it that the proper belief should be induced, and the people believed properly. –Charles H. Fort

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Kult ov Kaos

Edited by Soror ZSD23

Layout and design by Soror ZSD23

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Cover image: Lumea Noua St si Lit 1895. Illustration from the Romanian socialist magazine *Lumea Nouă Științifică și Literară*. A torch bearer, wearing a Phrygian cap and a sword marked “Universal Suffrage,” tramples upon four snakes (representing, from left, Exploitation, Militarism, Corruption, and “Ignorance”). She is leaning on a rock marked “8-hour Day,” above which is a red flag with the paraphrased Marxist slogan “Proletarians from All Countries Unite.” The three strips of cloth tied to the mast read, from left, “Brotherhood,” “Liberty,” and “Justice.” At the foot of the rock are agricultural utensils and a bundle of grain. The open book in the foreground is Karl Marx’s *Das Kapital*, and the open one to its right reads “Union Makes Strength.” In the background, over the anvil and cogwheel, a rising sun marked “The World of the Future.” Several words used show antiquated or incorrect spellings: *țerile* for *țările* (“countries”), *corupțiune* for *corupție* (“corruption”), *exploatare* for *exploatare* (“exploitation”). For unknown reasons, the “N” in *UNIVERSAL* is turned into a “U”, and the “ă” (schwa) is turned into a plain “a” in the words *frăție* (“brotherhood”) and *ignoranță* (“ignorance”).

Editor's notes:

Conspiracy Theory, Disinformation, and Hagiography

I have a friend who believes in Reptilians, who believes that when certain politicians or other "Illuminati" go home after a long day of ruining the World for fun and profit, they doff their human suits and transform into lizards from outer space. But perhaps I shouldn't laugh; maybe you believe this too.

As you scan through this issue, you will find that we've presented a thing or two—in its original format despite the bad syntax and grammar—that, for some people, is True and continues to be circulated in the media (i.e., the Internet), quoted, and used as the foundation of paradigms despite being debunked by authenticated facts and findings. Remember, folks, "Belief is a tool." Happy reading -ZSD23

And a Message from Our Sponsor

Confessions of a Black Magician, a semi-autobiographical novel by Nathan Neuharth (alias St. Natas, your host, co-editor, and publisher here at *kult ov kaos*) is now available through The Original Falcon Press. See http://originalfalcon.com/b-confessions_black.php. Hear the interview with Joseph Matheny at Aliterati at <http://www.aliterati.com/blog/?p=4364>. Follow Natas through the fall out of a Babalon working and encounters with Illuminati of the secret tiers of occult societies. Rendered into a hungry ghost, Natas paces through a Bardo of sex, drugs, and magick, weighing the value of satisfaction against redemption as he confronts truths about what the World is and who rules it. An engaging read if I may say so. -ZSD23

Have You Been Enjoying Yourself?

[A Critical Analysis of Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut*] FOR REZA

by mark k-p

If you've been puzzled by the title *Eyes Wide Shut*, you're not alone. According to ritual abuse and mind control survivor Arizona Wilder, it's a satanic cult term that means that whatever you've seen here is not to be revealed to anyone . . . or else.

"Monarch [mind control] programmers use this term," says Wilder in a recent interview. "It was so cult [like]," she continues. "Put him [the Tom Cruise character] in a double bind."

The movie was also reminiscent of her ritual experiences."In one of my journals from 1990, I talk about a ritual where they all have golden masks and hooded robes," she says. "It has to do with the sun god. They use these masks in Egyptian-type ceremony rituals. The masks mean "we are not individuals, but we have one purpose in mind."One thing they did is they never unmask."

Wilder also finds a deep significance in the sign for Rennes Street and the name of the pianist whose name, Nightingale, means "messenger from the dark." "The name of the costume shop was representative of getting to the ritual by going 'Over the Rainbow,'" she says.

"The movie was making a statement. We [the Illuminati] are here. What are you going to do about it?" she concludes.

- **Uri Dowbenko, Offline Illumination - Eyes Wide Shut: Occult Entertainment**

Even the street sets (criticized by the uniquely provincial New York press as "inaccurate") are expressionistic, with newspaper headlines (LUCKY TO BE ALIVE) and neon signs (EROS) foreshadowing and commenting on the action. In Kubrick's work, nothing is incidental. - **Tim Kreider, Introducing Sociology: A Review of Eyes Wide Shut**

Whose idea of an orgy was this - the Catholic Church's? - **Stephen Hunter, The Lust Picture Show: Stanley Kubrick Stumbled with his Eyes Wide Shut, Washington Post**

Responses to Kubrick's final film can be divided into roughly three groups: 1. the "official" view, which is the apparently widely held media consensus that Kubrick's adaptation of Schnitzler's *Dream Story* is at best flawed, at worst wildly misconceived and embarrassing; 2. the Occult Conspiracy theorists (represented by the passage by Dowbenko above), who maintain that *Eyes Wide Shut* (EWS) more or less accurately depicts magical mind control techniques, especially associated with the fascinatingly deranged hyperfictional Monarch mind-control meta-mythos (in which Kubrick himself is positioned either as an Illuminati insider-initiate or as whistle-blower and whose death is explained as a consequence of his hubristic courage in exposing these clandestine rites to the world); and 3. a view largely

confined to Kubrick enthusiasts such as Michel Chion, author of the British Film Institute's short study of EWS, and the denizens of the now (sadly) all but dead alt.movies.kubrick that the movie is a masterpiece at least on a par with the great director's other landmark works.



Kreider's analysis, *Introducing Sociology: A Review of Eyes Wide Shut*, is especially interesting because it begins by explicitly taking on the critical consensus that has settled around the film. "Critical disappointment with *Eyes Wide Shut* was almost unanimous," he says. Moreover, "the complaint was always the same: not sexy." Kreider's argument is that critics were disarmed and misled by the film's advertising, which seemed to offer the promise of a psycho-sexual thriller. With expectations so raised, critics were either bored or dismissive or both when faced with (what seemed to them) the film's quotidian languors and pompous excesses. Indeed, critics have been frustrated by the alleged duality between these two modes, when it is the consistency and secret complicity between banal commonsense and obscene power that is the key to the whole film.

Kreider's reading stresses the economic and the political or rather the political-economic at the expense of the sensual. Or better: he argues that Kubrick's film shows that the sensual cannot be seen outside the political or the economic. In the political-libidinal-economic world of EWS, money and status—or to be more accurate, signs of money and status—are everywhere, even if they go unnoticed by the characters themselves. Like the audience, Bill and Alice Harford "don't really see their surrounding *mise-en-scène*—their wealth, their art, the ubiquitous Christmas glitz. They're preoccupied instead with their own petty lusts and jealousies."

Bill's journey into an even more rarefied strata of obscene privilege takes him, famously, beyond the rainbow of "normal" social reality to, as Kreider relates:

[T]he pot of gold, Somerton, the innermost sanctum of the ultrawealthy where the secret orgy is held. The orgy scenes in particular were singled out by reviewers for disappointment and derision. Listen to the groans of critical blueballs: David Denby called it "the most pompous orgy in the history of film." "More ludicrous than provocative," said Michiko Kakutani, "more voyeuristic than scary." "Whose idea of an orgy is this," demanded Stephen Hunter, "the Catholic Church's?"



Again, they misunderstood Kubrick's artistic intentions, which are clearly not sensual. When Bill passes through the ornate portal past a beckoning golden-masked doorman, we should understand that we are entering the realm of myth and nightmare. This sequence is the clearest condemnation, in allegorical dream imagery, of elite society as corrupt, exploitative, and depraved—what they used to call, in a simpler time, evil. The pre-orgiastic rites are overtly Satanic, a Black Mass complete with a high priest gowned in crimson, droning organ and backward-masked Latin liturgy. What we see enacted is a ceremony in which faceless, interchangeable female bodies are doled out, fucked, and exchanged among black-cloaked figures, culminating in the ritual mass rape and sacrificial murder of a woman.

The scene is indeed characteristically Kubrickian in its allusive and expressionistic sumptuousness. Fittingly perhaps, "the high priest gowned in crimson" (or Red Cloak) reminds you of nothing so much as one of Bacon's screaming popes.

Meanwhile, the "faceless, interchangeable female bodies" clad only in masks and heels, strangely desexualised in the way that Helmut Newton's models often were, seemed to have walked out of the paintings of Delvaux or Ernst.

Yet this conspicuously excessive scene—itsself an echo of the ornate party scene at Victor Zeigler's house—can only be understood as a mirror to the later conspicuously banal scene in Zeigler's pool room. This latter scene was criticized for more or less the opposite reasons that the Somerton episode was targeted. Whereas the Somerton scenes were derided as limp high camp, the pool room scene was dismissed as over-long and lacking in drama; nevertheless, the end result was the same—the encounter with Ziegler, we were assured, was no less boring than the orgy scenes.

It is important to utterly resist this reading, and once again Kreider is so acute on this latter scene that it is worth citing him again at length:

When Ziegler finally calls him onto the carpet for his transgressions, he chuckles at Bill's refusal of a case of 25-year-old Scotch (Bill drinks Bud from the can), not just because this extravagance would be a trifle to him, but because Bill's pretense of integrity is an empty



gesture—he's already been bought. Bill may be able to buy, bribe, and command his own social inferiors, and he may own Alice, but he's Ziegler's man.

Although Ziegler has a credible explanation for everything that's happened—Harford's harassment, Nick Nightingale's beating, Mandy's death—we don't ever really know whether he's telling the truth or lying to cover up Mandy's murder. The script carefully withholds any conclusive evidence that would let us feel comfortably certain either way. But Ziegler does have suspiciously privileged access to details of the case: "The door was locked from the inside; the police are happy, end of story! [dismissive lip fart.]" He also claims to be dropping his façade and coming clean a few too many times to be believed: "I have to be completely frank," "Bill, please—no games," and finally, "All right, Bill, let's . . . let's . . . let's cut the bullshit, all right?" And notice how he introduces his explanation: "Suppose I were to tell you . . ." He's not being "frank"; he's offering Bill an escape, a plausible, face-saving explanation for the girl's death to assuage his unexpectedly agitated conscience. (And it's one of the few things that Bill has a hard time buying—watch the way his hand adheres to his cheek and slowly slides off his face as he rises to his feet and walks dazedly across the room, trying to absorb the incredible coincidence Ziegler's asking him to swallow.) Ziegler's "no games" plea notwithstanding, this entire conversation is a game—a gentlemanly back-and-forth of challenges and evasions over a question of life and death, throughout which the two opponents circle each other uneasily around a blood-red billiards table.

When Bill persists in his inquiries, Ziegler loses his temper and resorts to intimidation and threats. He reminds him of their respective ranks as master and man: "You've been way out of your depth for the last twenty-four hours," he growls. Of his fellow revelers at Somerton, he says, "Who do you think those people were? Those were not ordinary people there. If I told you their names—I'm not going to tell you their names, but if I did, you might not sleep so well." In other words, they're "all the best people," the sorts of supremely wealthy and powerful men who can buy and sell "ordinary" men like Bill and Nick Nightingale, and fuck or kill women like Mandy and Domino. The "you might not sleep so well" is also a veiled warning, and it isn't Ziegler's last. His final word of advice—"Life goes on. It always does . . . until it doesn't. But you know that, don't you, Bill?"—proffered with an avuncular, unpleasantly proprietary rub of the shoulders, sounds like a reassurance but masks a threat. (We immediately cut from this to a less friendly warning, the mask placed on Bill's pillow.) Bill's expression, in the foreground, is by now so tight and working with suppressed and conflicting feelings that it's hard to read, but one of those feelings is clearly fear for his life—he looks as though he might burst into tears or hysterical laughter, and when Victor claps those patronizing hands on his shoulders, he flinches. In the end, he chooses to

accept Victor's explanation not because there's any evidence to confirm it, but because it's a convenient excuse to back down from the dangers of further investigation. He finally understands that he, too, no less than a hooker or a hired piano player, is expendable.

To say that the pool room scene is doubled by the Somerton orgy is not to say that one is the "truth" of the other. Or, rather, it is to say that they are BOTH the hidden truth of each other. EWS is very clear-eyed about the way in which power always contains two aspects simultaneously: excessive mystagogic staging and banal normalization are two sides of the same coin. In other words, in retaining Kreider's social-economic reading, we should not abandon the sublimely ridiculous hyperfictions of the Monarch conspiracists.

Zeigler's different gambits in relation to the Somerton episode might appear to devolve into ad hoc reactive defense strategies, but in reality the whole episode—from his offering Bill the cases of scotch to threatening him—is part of an overall strategy of disabling opposition and producing impotent confusion: the production of what Arizona Wilder is absolutely correct in identifying as double-binds.

Gregory Bateson, Deleuze-Guattari, and William Burroughs have all analyzed the role of the double bind—the issuing of simultaneously contradictory but complementary commands—in systems of control. Zeigler's implicit and explicit communications with Bill are full of such double binds:

I am the Good Father of social order AND Pere Jouissance, the Father-Thing obscenely indulging in excessive enjoyment.

and:

What happened at Somerton was a trivial charade* AND extremely, perilously, grave.

and

It was fake AND the hidden reality of the social.

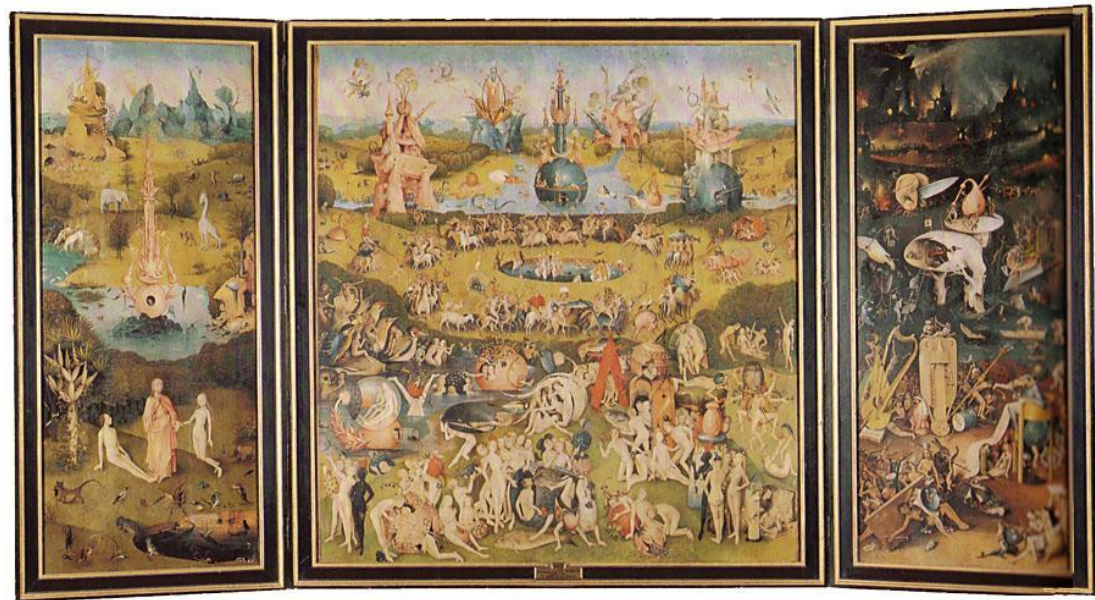
What could be a clearer exemplification of philosopher and critical theorist Slavoj Žižek's claim that the Marquis de Sade was a Kantian, that, far from demanding that we abstain from pleasure, the (post) modern superego is relentless in its demands that we indulge in pleasure.

Masked woman to Bill at the Somerton ritual: "Have you been enjoying yourself?"

The affectless, banal quality of the orgy that so turned critics off is in fact the truth of sex. Ironically given the Dennis Wheatley-esque ornateness of the staging, the tediously mechanical couplings are pure sex, i.e. sex stripped of any fantasmatic component, sex that is merely phenomenal-physical rather than fantasmatic-Real. The joyless Somerton sex carnival is the Burroughs-Bosch garden of earthly delights, the venal idiot-mechanical repetition of the pleasure principle laid bare.

The dominant red coloring in both Zeigler's pool room and at Somerton inevitably puts one in mind of Edgar Allen Poe's *Masque of the Red Death*, the principal intertext in the hyperfictional labyrinth of Stephen King's *The Shining*. Interestingly, Kubrick removed all explicit allusions to Poe's

tale from his film version of King's novel, but he retained the association of Pere Jouvissance Overlook owner Horace Derwent with licentious pleasure. Kreider: "A ballroom full of naked, masked couples dancing to 'Strangers in the Night' recalls not only Zeigler's party but the Overlook Hotel, whose ghosts also danced and coupled in costume. [Remember the quick, surreal zoom shot in *The Shining* of someone in a bestial costume fellating tuxedoed millionaire Horace Derwent in an upstairs room?]"



Halfway through "Ticket to Ride," the band wound up with a brassy flourish.

"The hour is at hand!" Horace Derwent proclaimed. "Midnight! Unmask! Unmask!" —**Stephen King, *The Shining***

"What kind of fucking charade ends up with someone turning up dead?" Bill explodes at Zeigler.

Well, Bill, we call it life . . .

Poe's story is crucial because it makes the essential link between pleasure and death. Now it is important not to fall into the easy, misleading interpretation that would see death as extrinsic to pleasure, that is to say, as a consequence of sex (via the agency of disease, etc). Poe's puritan point—the view from the sober Protestant New World of a fantasticated-intoxicated Old Catholic Europe—was that PLEASURE IS ALREADY DEATH.

"Unmask! Unmask!"

Red Cloak to Bill: "Kindly remove your mask . . ."

To illustrate this point, it is crucial to distinguish between two forms of death and two forms of death drive. The intensive death of Poe's revelers in *Masque of the Red Death* is in dialectical denial but simultaneous confirmation of the organic death that awaits them. Their attempts to intoxicate themselves into forgetting this death gives their divertissements an inescapable melancholia.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood . . . a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when . . . the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clearer and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause . . . to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly . . . and [they] smiled as if at their own nervousness . . . and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes . . . there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.



But in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel . . . —**Edgar Allen Poe, *The Masque of the Red Death*; this section used by King as the epigraph to *The Shining***

The clock ticking—the chronic climax—brings the tristesse proper to all climatic libidinal economies; the little death as a presaging of big death, both disavowed and perpetually reconfirmed in the ever-climaxing, ever-resuming Schopenhauerian merry-go-round of the pleasure principle.

Recall in this connection philosopher Søren Kierkegaard's comparison of life with a large hall, entry to which is gained only through a dirty, disgusting tunnel which leaves you soiled. At the end of the night, Kierkegaard says, everyone is unceremoniously kicked out, but nevertheless, throughout the night "everything is done to inflame the merriment." Kierkegaard's point is not the injunction to indulgent misery that it might appear to be. On the contrary, in fact, his argument is that it is only through a constant acknowledgement of our finitude and an embracing of life's tension—or life AS tension—that life can be fully lived. Precisely in avoiding death, in treating it as an appointment in chronos that must be kept (and of which the oppressive ticking of the clock periodically reminds them), the revelers condemn themselves to a lifelong intensive death.

Another way of getting to this is via psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan's distinction of the Nirvana Principle and the death drive proper. Lacan shows that the Nirvana Principle—the impulse towards quiescent satiation—far from being opposed to the pleasure principle is in reality only the pleasure principle in its highest form. By contrast, the death drive is that which disrupts any lapsing into satisfaction, that which introduces tension back into any libidinal tendency to slacken—in other words, that which keeps the libidinal apparatus in tension, literally intense.

The first form of human slavery is to the Burroughs orgasm drug (the lure by means of which the organic death machine reproduces itself). It is inevitable that power should fixate on this bio-default as one of its principal means of exercising control. The really rather trivial transgressions at Somerton—masked sex!—serve also as an Initiatory Secret, less important for its own content than for dividing those in the know from outsiders. Kubrick's obsessively cultivated ambiguity leaves open the possibility that the whole episode at Somerton—TOGETHER WITH the later scene in the pool hall—are some kind of initiatory rite that draws Bill into closer proximity with the power elite. As if what Zeigler himself calls the "staged charade" was, like the gate in Kafka's famous parable, meant only for him . . . So that Alice's final "fuck" —the last word in the film, that is, the last word in Kubrick's last film—operates as the order word indicating the Harfords' quietist acceptance of/into the Core (or at least, in an inner circle closer to the Core).

In any case, EWS demonstrates that, however banal it must be to be normalized into—and AS—everyday life, power depends upon mystagogic authoritarian ritualization. There is always a secret society, even if the secret it protects is its own vacancy, void:

Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers threw themselves into the black apartment, and seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave-cerements and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

—The Masque of the Red Death

The theatrical show, the mystagogic mummery, is there to conceal this Void. Hence the power's need for (simulated) superstition, the tendency toward conspiracy theories that propagate themselves via their denial and operate only through their victims' recovered memories. In turn, there is also the need to diagonalize between Ziegler-esque commonsense and Monarch paranoia:

Like all conspiracy fictions, [this] is spun out of an all-encompassing narrative that cannot possibly be falsified (because "they" want you to believe in their non-existence).

To attempt to refute such narratives is to be drawn into a tedious double game. "One" either has to embrace an arbitrary and outrageous cosmic plot (in which everything is being run by the Jews, Masons, Illuminati, CIA, Microsoft, Satan, Ccru . . .), or alternatively advocate submission to the most mundane construction of quotidian reality, dismissing the superstitious chaos that operates beyond the screens (cosmological "dark matter" and "dark energy"—virtual, imperceptible, unknown). This is why atheism is usually so boring.

Both conspiracy and common sense—the "normal reality" script—depend on the dialectical side of the double game, on reflective twins, belief and disbelief, because disbelief is merely the negative complement of belief: cancellation of the provocation, disintensification, neutralization of stimulus—providing a metabolic yawn-break in the double-game.

Unbelief escapes all this by building a plane of potentiality, upon which the annihilation of judgment converges with real cosmic indeterminacy.

For the demons of unbelief there is no Monarch programming except as a side-effect of initiatory Monarch deprogramming (= Monarch Paranoia).

. . . Deprogramming simultaneously retro-produced the program, just as witch-trials preceded devil-worship and regressive hypnotherapy preceded false memory syndrome. Yet, once these "fictions" are produced, they function in and as reality. It isn't that belief in Project Monarch produces the Monarch Program, but rather that such belief produces equivalent effects to those the reality of Project Monarch would produce, including some that are extremely peculiar and counter-intuitive.

Within the paranoid mode of the double game even twins are turned so as to confirm a persecutory unity—that of the puppet master, the reflection of God, the Monarch.

How absurd to imagine that Lemurian Pandemonium has One purpose or function, or that it could support the throne of a Monarch. From the perspective of Pandemonium, gods and their conspiracies emerge all over the place, in countless numbers. “My name is Legion, for we are many . . .”

Unity is only ever a project, a teleological aspiration, never a real presupposition or actual foundation. Monarch paranoia is primordially an allergic panic response to seething, teeming Pandemonic multiplicity. Everywhere it looks it finds the same enemy, the Rorschach-blotted hallucinations of the Evil One masked deliriously in its myriads of deviations, digressions and discrepancies.

—**Cybernetic Culture Research Unit**

Hitler and the Secret Societies

by Julius Evola

from *Il Conciliatore*, no. 10, 1971; translated from the German edition, published in *Deutsche Stimme*, no. 8, 1998

It is remarkable that some authors in France have researched the relationship of German National Socialism to secret societies and initiatic organizations. The motivation for this was the supposed occult background of the Hitler movement. This thesis was first proposed in the well-known and very far-fetched book by Pauwels and Bergier, "Le Matin des Magiciens" (English ed., "The Dawn of Magic"), in which National Socialism was defined as the union of "magical thinking" with technology. The expression used for this was "Tank divisions plus René Guénon": a phrase that might well have caused that eminent representative of traditional thought and esoteric disciplines to turn indignantly in his grave.

The first misunderstanding here is the confusion of the magical element with the mythical, whereas the two have nothing to do with one another. The role of myths in National Socialism is undeniable, for example in the idea of the Reich, the charismatic Führer, Race, Blood, etc. But rather than calling these "myths," one should apply to them Sorel's concept of "motivating energy-ideas" (which is what all the suggestive ideas used by demagogues commonly are), and not attribute to them any magical ingredient. Similarly, no rational person thinks of magic in connection with the myths of Fascism, such as the myth of Rome or that of the Duce, any more than with those of the French Revolution or Communism. The investigation would proceed differently if one went on the assumption that certain movements, without knowing it, were subject to influences that were not merely human. But this is not the case with the French authors. They are not thinking of influences of that kind, but of a concrete nature, exercised by organizations that really existed, among which were some that to superiors, "almost like a Golem, and that the movement then pursued its fatal direction. But in that case one must admit that these "unknown superiors" can have had no prescience and very limited power, to have been incapable of putting a stop to their supposed medium, Hitler.

A lot of fantasy has been woven on the concrete level about the origin of National Socialism's themes and symbols. Reference has been made to certain organizations as forerunners, but ones to which it is very difficult to attribute any genuine and factual initiatic character. There is no doubt that Hitler did not invent German racial doctrine, the symbol of the swastika, or Aryan antisemitism: all of these had long existed in Germany. A book entitled "Der Mann, der Hitler die Ideen gab" [The man who gave Hitler his ideas] reports on Jörg Lanz von Liebenfels (the title of nobility was self-bestowed), who had formerly been a Cistercian monk and had founded an Order that already

used the swastika; Lanz edited the periodical "Ostara" from 1905 onwards, which Hitler certainly knew, in which the Aryan and antisemitic racial theories were already clearly worked out.

But much more important for the "occult background" of National Socialism is the role of the Thule Society. Things are more complex here. This society grew out of the Germanenorden, founded in 1912, and was led by Rudolf von Sebottendorf, who had been in the East and had published a strange booklet on "Die Praxis der alten türkischen Freimaurerei" [The practice of ancient Turkish Freemasonry]. Practices were described therein that involved the repetition of syllables, gestures, and steps, whose goal was the initiatic transformation of man, such as alchemy had also aimed at. It is unclear what Turkish masonic organization Sebottendorf was in contact with, and also whether he himself practiced the things in question, or merely described them.

Moreover, it cannot be established whether these practices were employed in the Thule Society that Sebottendorf headed. It would be very important to know that, because many top-ranking National Socialist personalities, from Hitler to Rudolf Hess, frequented this society. In a way, Hitler was already introduced to the world of ideas of the Thule Society by Hess during their imprisonment together after the failed Munich Putsch.

At all events, it must be emphasized that the Thule Society was less an initiatic organization than it was a secret society, which already bore the swastika and was marked by a decided antisemitism and by Germanic racial thinking. One should be cautious about the thesis that the name Thule is a serious and conscious reference to a Nordic, Polar connection, in the effort to make a connection with the Hyperborean origins of the Indo-Germans--since Thule appears in ancient tradition as the sacred center or sacred island in the uttermost North. Thule may just be a play on the name "Thale," a location in the Harz where the Germanenorden held a conference in 1914, at which it was decided to create a secret "völkisch" band to combat the supposed Jewish International. Above all, these ideas were emphasized by Sebottendorf in his book "Bevor Hitler kam" [Before Hitler came], published in Munich in 1933, in which he indicated the myths and the "völkisch" world-view that existed before Hitler.

Thus a serious investigation into Hitler's initiatic connections with secret societies does not lead far. A few explanations are necessary in regard to Hitler as a "medium" and his attractive power. It seems to us pure fantasy that he owed this power to initiatic practices. Otherwise one would have to assume the same about the psychic power of other leaders, like Mussolini and Napoleon, which is absurd. It is much better to go on the assumption that there is a psychic vortex that arises from mass movements, and that this concentrates on the man in the center and lends him a certain radiation that is felt especially by suggestible people.

The quality of medium (which, to put it bluntly, is the antithesis of an initiatic qualification) can be attributed to Hitler with a few reservations, because in a certain respect he did appear as one possessed (which differentiates him from Mussolini, for example). When he whipped up the masses to fanaticism, one had the impression that another force was directing him as a medium, even though he was a man of a very extraordinary kind, and extremely gifted. Anyone who has heard Hitler's addresses to the enraptured masses can have no other impression. Since we have already expressed our reservations about the assumption that "unknown superiors" were involved, it is not easy to define the nature of this supra-personal force. In respect to National Socialist theosophy [Gotteserkenntnis], i.e. to its supposed mystical and metaphysical

dimension, one must realize the unique juxtaposition in this movement and in the Third Reich of mythical, Enlightenment, and even scientific aspects. In Hitler, one can find many symptoms of a typically "modern" world-view that was fundamentally profane, naturalistic, and materialistic; while on the other hand he believed in Providence, whose tool he believed himself to be, especially in regard to the destiny of the German nation. (For example, he saw a sign of Providence in his survival of the assassination attempt in his East-Prussian headquarters.) Alfred Rosenberg, the ideologist of the movement, proclaimed the myth of Blood, in which he spoke of the "mystery" of Nordic blood and attributed to it a sacramental value; yet he simultaneously attacked all the rites and sacraments of Catholicism as delusions, just like a man of the Enlightenment. He railed against the "Dark men of our time," while attributing to Aryan man the merit of having created modern science. National Socialism's concern with runes, the ancient Nordic-Germanic letter-signs, must be regarded as purely symbolic, rather like the Fascist use of certain Roman symbols, and without any esoteric significance. The program of National Socialism to create a higher man has something of "biological mysticism" about it, but this again was a scientific project. At best, it might have been a question of the "superman" in Nietzsche's sense, but never of a higher man in the initiatic sense.

The plan to "create a new racial, religious, and military Order of initiates, assembled around a divinized Führer," cannot be regarded as the official policy of National Socialism, as René Alleau writes, when he presents such a relationship and even compares it, among others, to the Ishmaelites of Islam. A few elements of a higher level were visible only in the ranks of the SS.

In the first place, one can see clearly the intention of Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler to create an Order in which elements of Prussian ethics were to be combined with those of the old Orders of knighthood, especially the Teutonic Order. He was looking for legitimization of such an organization, but could not obtain it, since these old Orders of Catholicism were openly opposed by the radical wing of National Socialism. Himmler was also seeking, without the possibility of any traditional connection, a relationship to the Nordic-Hyperborean heritage and its symbolism (Thule), albeit without those "secret societies" discussed above having any influence over it. He took notice, as did Rosenberg, of the researches of the Netherlander Herman Wirth into the Nordic-Atlantic tradition. Later Himmler founded, with Wirth, the research and teaching organization called the "Ahnenerbe." This is not without interest, but there was no "occult background" to it.

So the net result is negative. The French authors' fantasy reaches its high point in the book "Hitler et la tradition cathare" by Jean-Michel Angebert (Paris, 1971). This deals with the Cathars, also called Albigensians, who were a heretical sect that spread especially in Southern France between the 11th and 12th centuries, and had their center in the fortress of Montségur. According to Otto Rahn, this was destroyed in a "crusade against the Grail," which is the title of one of his books. Whatever the Grail and its Grail-Knights had to do with this sect remains completely in the dark. The sect was marked by a kind of fanatical Manichaeism: sometimes its own believers would die of hunger or some other cause as a demonstration of their detachment from the world and their hostility to earthly existence in flesh and matter. Now it is assumed that Rahn, with whom we corresponded during his lifetime and tried to persuade of the baselessness of his thesis, was an SS man, and that an expedition was sent on its way to retrieve the legendary Grail which was supposedly brought to safety at the moment when the Cathars' fortress in Montségur was destroyed. After the fall of Berlin, a unit is said to have reached the Zillertal and hidden this object at the foot of a glacier, to await a new age.

The truth is that there was talk of a commando unit, which however had a less mystical commission, namely the rescue and concealment of the Reich's treasures. Two further examples show what such fantasies can lead to when they are given free rein. The SS (which included not only battle units but also researchers and scholarly experts) mounted an expedition to Tibet in order to make discoveries in the fields of alpinism and ethnology, and another one to the Arctic, ostensibly for scientific research but also with a view to the possible situation of a German military base. According to these fantastic interpretations, the first expedition was seeking a link to a secret center of the Tradition, while the other was seeking contact with the lost Hyperborean Thule . . .

Enochian Chess

by J. H. Brennan [Book excerpt]

ENOCHIAN CHESS is one aspect of a system of Enochian Magic developed in Elizabethan times by the Court Astrologer Dr John Dee and his assistant Edward Kelly. Dee, who was the first to discover those mysterious earthworks known as the Glastonbury Zodiac, lived most of his life in a house at Mortlake, near London. It was here that he developed the rudiments of an esoteric system still profoundly respected by occultists to the present day.

Towards the end of the 16th Century, Dee and Kelly sat in a room at Dee's Mortlake residence and, over a period of some years, communicated (so they firmly believed) with an Angel. The method of communication was, to say the least, unusual. There was a table in the room on which had been placed various magical pentacles and wax seals. Among them was a type of crystal ball, or shewstone, into which Kelly gazed with rapt attention. At a writing table nearby, Dee sat with a series of 49 by 49 inch charts, each ruled into squares, many of which contained letters. As Kelly passed into trance, he reported the vision of an Angel. The being held charts similar to those of Dr Dee and was equipped with a wand. The Angel would point with the wand to various letters on the charts, and Kelly would then call out the rank and file so that Dee could locate the letters on his own charts.

In this way, letter by letter, a series of messages was dictated—and dictated backwards since it was believed that the words contained such potent magic that it would be unwise to reveal them the correct way round. The messages, in a language some occultists reckon to have been spoken in Atlantis, were eventually collected into what became known as the Enochian Calls; evocations of the elemental forces of the Universe.

Some 300 years later the story of the Calls continued within the closed doors of a Victorian Rosicrucian Lodge known as The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. Here the system was expanded and developed. One of its developments was the game that is the subject of this book.

The full Enochian system of magic is so complex and advanced that it was only taught to those Golden Dawn initiates who had risen to at least the rank of Zelator Adeptus Minor. It required, according to one Adept, a comprehensive knowledge of Tarot, Geomancy, Qabalah, the Hebrew alphabet, various magical formulae, the symbolism of the Candidate, the Temple, the Ceremony of the Neophyte Grade, working knowledge of the art of Invocation and Banishing, Pentagram and Hexagram rituals, formation of

Telematic Images, the drawing of Sigils, and complete familiarity with the Enochian Tablets and their properties. Small wonder that this same Adept remarked that he had never met anyone who had worked on the Enochian system with any degree of thoroughness!

Enochian Chess seems to have been a particularly neglected aspect of the total system. In the Golden Dawn, Enochian Chess was played for recreation, but more importantly, it was used as a means of divination and esoteric study.

Each of the four boards used in the game is directly derived from the relevant Angelic Tablet, and thus associated with an Element and a Watchtower (realm of magical space located towards the edges of the cosmos). Taken together, the boards symbolise, in miniature, the entire esoteric backdrop of the Universe.

The boards make use of a technical device of practical occultism known as flashing colours. This device is based on a peculiarity of the human eye: when you gaze fixedly at a symbol painted in a colour exactly complementary to its background, involuntary refocusing of the optic muscles causes the symbol to appear to flash brighter at intervals. Flashing Tablets that make use of this principle have, according to occult lore, a Talismanic quality. That is to say, they attract, accumulate and discharge the secret energy associated with their symbolism. Thus, to an occultist, the four boards of Enochian Chess are not merely abstract artworks, but are actually storehouses of Elemental energies. In brief, each square is, as it were, the name and symbolic address of a different Angelic force.

The Godforms of ancient Egypt are potent archetypal symbols of certain spiritual realities. Their precise and total nature is only discernible through personal study and meditation, but some details of their prime associations are given later in this book. In play, the movement of the Godforms represents the motion of the Ruling Angels across the face of their demesne (represented in microcosm by the Servient Squares as painted on the chessboards).

The ultimate cause of physical phenomena is held to be rooted in the astral plane, so that developments in the astral world will eventually make themselves felt in Enochian Chess enables us to both study events in the astral world as reflected in the movements of the pieces across the boards and, if we should so wish, to funnel astral energies into the physical world using the boards and pieces as a medium. The student is reminded however that the Enochian Calls and Tablets are embodiments of great spiritual truths and that: "Anyone profaning them by using them with an impure mind and without due knowledge of their attribution and application shall be liable to bring serious spiritual and physical harm onto himself."

Since Enochian Chess is based on the said Tablets, this caution applies to some extent to the game, when used for magical or divinatory purpose.

From the foregoing, it will be evident that, with Enochian Chess, you have NOT bought some cookbook grimoire of magic spells, or even some push-button machine that spews out results in the manner of a cafeteria dispenser. Rather, you now possess a finely made and complex instrument of esoteric science that you may eventually learn to use with great skill and precision . . . but only if you take the trouble to study and practice. The real key to Enochian Chess is meditation. For only meditation will enable you to perceive the actualities behind the symbols of the pieces and the boards.

Telepathy

by E. E. Rehmus

Telepathy does exist, and its explanation is so simple as to astound. The understanding of it begins truly at the moment of death or sleep. It is in the unconscious mind.

We share all thought, literally and already. Difference of experience creates an imagined gulf between us. Voices whisper sentencelessly through the dark corridors. Turn on a light and they scatter like nocturnal insects. To glimpse the tail of one can be absolutely terrifying. The insane are locked in this confused whirl, amid the roaring voices.

Two strangers sit down next to one another in a cafe, their minds buzzing with separate conscious thoughts. They notice one another and smile—each knows the other is married and lonely for his wife. One is lonely because his wife is on a trip, the other is lonely because he is a widower. “You seem lonely,” says the widower. “Not at all,” says the other, “I am waiting for my wife.” They never know their minds had met.

Two children are playing. A ball is coming towards them. It is a many-colored ball. “Catch it!” cries one. The other reaches for it as it bursts. They awaken—ashamed.

The audience sits in a theater spell-bound by the scene before them. When the actress speaks, all lips move inaudibly. When the actor suffers, all muscles tense imperceptibly. Then a new face looms out of the screen, grows larger, and the lips open on a scream: “It is you!”

It is raining. The clock ticks. I am leaning on my elbow. The wind blows through the cracks. The door rattles in its frame. My arm is tired of staying in one position. There is a pressure on the wrist. My temple burns on one side. I wonder what will happen next. Someone laughs. If he had heard the rain, the clock, and the door, he would have kept silent. Had I been laughing, I would not have heard these things.

Gaze into a cat’s eye or a gorilla’s. You will notice a peculiar thing that will make you shudder. Sometimes cats claw at human eyes. Sometimes gorillas enrage.

Telepathy and death are wound inextricably together. To see why this is so, you must understand consciousness. When, late at night in your bed, you hear a distant automobile, you and the driver are parts of yourself. When you speak, you are alone and the listener is both you and another. Two men, one on the mountain and the other

in the village, cannot communicate. Each is looking into a mirror. Wave, and he waves; shout, and he replies. All of us see the same moon and feel the same heartbeat, but we can never admit it. One says the moon is a pale disc, another that it is a satellite of the Earth, a third that it is a silver world. My heart thumps, yours clatters, and his booms. Consciousness is distortion.

But much telepathy passes unnoticed. Dogs in the night, a dream of Mabel, Dr. Rhines' dice games—these are self-conscious tricks that mean nothing. What of the more obvious examples? You know when another is lying. You know who is going down the stair. You know emotion without seeing it. You know the intelligence of others. Some sign gives them away. Is it coincidence? Guessing games again? Then think of what you could not possibly know, what no one could tell you. Is there any doubt that you do not know that fellow on the gibbet or the thought of that girl on the stake? Watch someone die and you may read his mind at ease.

You need not got so far. We human beings understand one another better than we think. Argue, deny, shout, denounce, destroy. Nothing alters truth. You, reader, see my flaws and concentrate on them. You wonder why I choose this word and not that.

My arguments are weak, and you can drum up stronger ones against them. But we are eye to eye for all of that.

I am a fool and you are wise,

You and I know the sun will rise!

Stop it. What do you mean? I don't like it. What is it? And all these fears prevent us from speaking without words. Men are most conscious. They are alone in the world. The responsibility is great. Whom could we talk with if all minds were one? We would be alone and too conscious.

Now, in schizophrenia, where the symbol is taken for the object, telepathy is relatively simpler. That is, it involves not merely communication of a verbal nature between people, but subverbal or superverbally interconnection between all things. Thus, the objects in a room, strut-noises, animals, and one's food are all parts of the general interconnection and equal in the content of their meaning. The trouble is that schizophrenics are usually less intelligent than others and, therefore, misunderstand what is happening. They use psychosis as a retreat from the world. Intelligent schizophrenics, many of whom achieve fame, know full well what the truth is.

It is just as in the formula for making oneself invisible: Make sure you are not merely making yourself invisible to yourself! In mind-reading, make sure the voices in your head are not your own.

SLIPTRIPULA

by James Hootman

Life is a Labyrinth. We are constantly looking for an exit in the middle of all sorts of inner Inhibitions. What is important is to become aware of this so that one can systematically start looking for a way out (of patterns that keep repeating themselves). Unconscious ones go in circles, always returning to where one started –Auora

Some say the devil is a lie . . . others say the devil lies, and this is the greatest lie. Yet there is a god whom ye know not, for mankind hath forgotten it. We name it by its name ABRAXAS. It is more indefinite still than any god or devil. It is improbability, unreal reality. Had the pleroma a being, ABRAXAS would be its manifestation. It is also creatura because it is distinct from the pleroma. The power of ABRAXAS is twofold, but we see it not because, for our eyes, the warring opposites of this power are extinguished. What the sun god speaketh is life. What the devil speaketh is death. But Abraxas speaketh that hallowed and accursed word, which is life and death at the same time. Abraxas begets truth and lying, good and evil, light and darkness, in the same word and in the same act. Wherefore is ABRAXAS terrible! It is abundance that seeketh union with emptiness. It is holy begetting. It is love and love's murder. It is the saint and his betrayer. It is the brightest light of day and the darkest night of madness. It is the mightiest creature, and it is the creature afraid of its self. It is the manifest opposition of creatura to the pleroma and is nothingness. It is the life of creatura. It is the operation of distinctiveness. Seek a cube of electron, ice that is at once both solid and fluid, static yet alive . . . and within its center lies the great vortex of unnamings and dis-becomings . . . the mighty and fearful Sliptripula. A way into this world, and guarded by watchers . . . for it is also A way out. A magickally charged void . . . The Ginnungagap. Rebirth . . . Psychogenesis . . . thru this womb of Nuit, Sha'ar ha Gilgulim, you shall find the light of the ultrafine of the transfer tribes . . . the extended rays that draw their powers from the fertile soil of darkness. In this great fall-into, we shall be entwined and combined, interlaced with spectrums to employ all seven rays. Lovers, painters . . . Fall into creators.

Certainly the road to Homo Novus is not without its perils . . . yet a Shamanic healer can embody both disease and cure for the patient. His ability to jump across all boundaries of time space and being are at once his healing gift. Only the wounded physician heals and then only to the extent that he has healed himself. Coal to diamonds . . . pressure, heat, and time. This activation of Thee Sliptripula . . . an egregore. A Sorcerer's Continuum . . . My attempt to heal and evolve with a magical technology capable of hitting the CTRL/ALT/DELETE to break the loop programs, and release us into the 5th freedom . . . a manifest being of Zen that is the work of the ever elusive Tao . . . The Sun Tzu (Practice) to open the eyes to the path to Lao-tzu (Theory).

Unafraid will such gods be to go splunking in DAATH . . . travel the endless circuitry of thee tunnels of Set (knowledge is endless, we need not be afraid of the ever-veiled mysteries of eternity). Transmit angelic and ghoulish dreams from the Towers of Koth, meet Choronzon for tea and thank him for a job well done! When we realize that he only freed us from an iron mask in the dungeons of attachment and loveless desire . . . We find a new self . . . a new name.

So as we, tied to the rotisserie Wheel of Dharma, going thru our alchemical equation of repetition, endurance . . . separation . . . reach towards the infomulations of twirling light sequences . . . emerging forth from the Siva/Shakti cusp of void and form. The Vesica piscis where resides the 10,000 whirling eyes of Zerubbabel. Where miracles still occur . . . and as Willy Wonka said . . . "What happened to the boy who finally got everything he wanted? He lived happily ever after!" This impulse is not some transitory want or mundane desire. It is our birthright. Remember the one red button he'd never pushed before on the wonkavator . . . that he saved for Charile . . . Up and Out. . . Nirvikapa Samadhi or bust!

Sliptripula (#2)

(Part II: lingusitc meme/dream sequence to communicate twilight string code to Super Species Metaprogrammers)

Alphabets of Desire . . . Algebras of Need . . . Each magician must ultimately create his own. Begin assembling worlds, building creatures . . . mytho-poetic analogies alluding to cosmic and trans-dimensional superstructures of thee multiverses of infinite potentials . . . How to avoid, and if not avoid . . . escape the harrowing terrors used by the Sliptripula to test the integrity of said human vehicle to process other forces past the 4 mighty ones and wear the crown of spirit. Jung said God's animal . . . not the animal's god . . . We put our clay feet in a house of fire polished gold and wonder why the cyclic pathologies

continue. We seek psychosynthesis . . . Parallel processing in an Indra net mind . . . yet we poison our bodies . . . and become victims of entropy. St John . . . I don't do what I would do, and what I would do I don't do . . . what a terrible man am I? Reverse polarity . . . make inner outer/outer inner. . . . She is thy eternal love bride. . . . The crowned and conquering child will be created and born from such unions. Mean what you say . . . when our word is weak . . . so are we. We are our works and actions . . . choices/pathworkings . . . Pick your adversaries and friend wisely . . . they will both serve you in the end. Some will even play both roles several times throughout your existence.

Divinity must be born in (Wo)man forever said Meister Eckhart, The Creator sees himself thru the eyes of (Wo)Man's consciousness. Only thru the most extreme and menacing conflict does the *Christian* or those upon "THE WAY" (also used for the tao) experience deliverance into divinity, always provided he doesn't break, but accept the burden of being marked by God. In this way alone can the imago dei realize in him and God become Man . . . Perhaps an equation for an aeon . . . Yet it doesn't seem to have any lack of support . . . A dark night of the Soul. That picture by Alex Grey with the sick sleeper awakening to the creative/destructive powers of PEH . . . the tower on the way to central control. Yet just when we think we are king, we just begin. This merely qualifies us.

For Merkaba vehicle activation . . . and this is perhaps even just a student drivers permit? Perhaps we will prove to be reckless pilots and have our licenses revoked? Perhaps imprisoned in a geometrical array or high energy particle suit . . . placed in arrested and frozen time units . . . shot out and drifting in open space . . . given a cheap dream loop designed by the blue light police to give us an phantasm of life in lifeless shell? Perhaps this is all being recorded . . . and we will be grilled by the one child born of a Jehovah type Il elohim with delusions of grandure . . . frame by frame, scene by scene . . . step by step ~ inch by inch, we are driven into deeper awareness by threats and fear. Yet sometimes instead of being jettisoned like the booster rockets on a shuttle craft (like they should be). The childish nightmares acquire an autonomy of their own as default pathologies, emotion disturbances, phobias, ghosts in limbo . . . the goetic hordes . . . of repressed Chi . . . caged KA, confounded Kia . . . the distorted words and oppressive infernal Shedim. Alas, we are divided for the sake of love . . . Separated for the bliss of union. Yes . . . I am terrified by the engines that are engaged when wake up calls are due. If the Divine architect, has to terrify us out of the womb of Maya, it will. Usually starts with a small pinch and ends with a huge bang . . . arkhitekton . . . that chief builder has plans that go beyond our myopic keyhole view of the Universe. If you can't beat 'em . . . join em. . . Wash on, wash off . . . we don't understand the mundane repetitions, rejections, mistakes, trappings . . . until we find out that in wisdom, knowledge has become a part of us. For knowledge to become more than an abstraction and conjoin with flesh and blood . . . we have to Experience pain and suffering, happiness and joy before we can transcend them in a state

of ultimate freedom from bondage called bliss. We are initially bound . . . because that is part of a transformational process. Read a story sometime by Kurt Vonnegut about a world where everybody has to wear chains, and it was enforced at gunpoint, I recall . . . in the end, two dancers finally took their chains off and . . . they flew thru the air . . . the most beautiful dance to be danced . . . but like a butterfly, I guess it was short lived . . . for they were killed . . . like Prophets, Avatars, and Messiahs at least 80% of the time are. All our lives held down like a pressure cooker . . . then, in a cocoon . . . turning to black liquid . . . for a short period of transfiguration to shine up the world. We will all have our moment . . . everyone their 15 minutes . . .

To recognize and employ those nodes/moments of Xeper when Hadit enters Nuit . . . New physics (Magick) reminds us that all is energetically connected in physical fact and psychic meaning. Synchronistic events nearly always occur during or because of heightened emotion. Is not this the catalyst we seek in ritual magick? Here the threshold of consciousness is lowered, which allows the unconscious and its contents to show themselves in conscious life. Such occurrences have no logical explanation or physical cause. Psyche and Matter have merged, inner and outer life coincide . . . not as in cause and effect, but a falling together in time simultaneously. The point in such events is its meaningfulness to the experiencer, which, in turn, signals larger forces in life that operate in the background . . . thee *organizer* of the phenomenon, the transcendental cause.

Magickians over the years have sought various ways of entering the programmable twilight zone between waking and sleep . . . Hyperthelgia . . . the ambient realm of potencies combined . . . that unique and vital state of Hypnagogia . . . on the apex of void and form . . . the treasure house of dreams . . . Yesodia Neptunia . . . where Akasha is stored inscribed upon the psyche tou Kosmou . . . a horn of plenty for musicians, visual artists, writers.

Methods include psychodramas (rituals) driven by Archetypes and Mythopoetic meme weavings (a language spoken by the Unconscious) and wise folk in general . . . trances and various mode of awareness and gnosis induced via etheogens (although chemignostics often become victim of a wide open pandoras box . . . and are exposed prematurely to modes of intelligence that become destructive to neural networks that are not fully developed and arrayed properly for the stealing of fire from heaven so to speak . . . this like Set cutting his way out of his mother's womb . . .ripping, warping folding tearing holes in dimensional internal veils between worlds . . . and maybe become delusional...not having vanquished the impurities and ID dominance of a modern TV mind set) Sleep deprivation, repetitive mantras, and wiring the nervous system to psychically potent flow charts thru a series of mudras . . . all to reach that cherished magickally charged gap . . . between her legs and your wand . . . deliver the seed . .

. and like a good male . . . fall asleep. Actually, Austin Spare suggests (important component to success) taking the mind immediately away from the desired effect and thinking about something else. Let the Will do its work . . . get out of its way. Do not do the work for the fruit of the work . . . this last element of detachment is even addressed by Anton LaVey in the Satanic Bible. He knew that . . . he probably had successful magick. You either limit or interfere with the various mechanisms from taking part on a deeper level if you continue to hang onto it.

So this concludes another broadcast from the mighty and terrible Sliptripula! Where Aleph Null is the principle principleness . . . and The Fool number (octave?) two is a bit wiser for the wear!

On thru the spiral of time we travel . . . as this Cosmos . . . expands and contracts . . . like a breath and the beating of a heart.

Those who catch her beat . . . will never be without.

In her Infernal Majesties Secret Service,

Aleph Null, A Wizard a true Star

Rosaleen Norton. Australia's Favourite Witch

by the Question Mark Collective

Rosaleen Norton was unique in her time, and sadly, would still be unique today. She was a born mystic and visionary artist when to be such things meant being dismissed by most people as either possessed or insane. To the deadening forces of conservatism and conformity she was the epitome of wickedness, but despite the scandals which regularly erupted around her she carried herself with terrific style and a sense of humour. If she was the face of evil, she was a remarkably nice face of evil.

Rosaleen Norton, "Roie" to her friends, made a suitably dramatic entry to this world during a thunderstorm on the night of 2 October 1917, in Dunedin, New Zealand. She was born with a sinewy strip of flesh extending from her armpit to her waist, and later took this, along with physical peculiarities such as pointed ears and two dark spots on her knee, as signs that she was destined to be a witch.

She was the youngest of three daughters in a solidly Church of England family, her father being an affable merchant seaman named Albert. When she was seven, the family moved to Sydney. Rosaleen grew up a solitary child, looking down her nose at other children, preferring spiders. Night was her favourite time, when ghosts were out, and for years she slept in a tent out in the garden. She liked drawing too, ghoulish stuff that got her into trouble with her teachers. When she was 14, the headmistress of her school, Chatswood Girls Grammar, became the first in a long line of people to identify Rosaleen as a corrupting influence on others, and she was expelled.

She studied art for a while, and at the age of 15 had several horror stories accepted by *Smith's Weekly*, a famously irreverent and lively newspaper which seems to have kept almost all of Sydney's bohemian community in gainful employment at one time or another. She preferred to work as an artist, but during her months there she failed to produce anything conventional enough even for *Smith's* and was let go.

She scraped a living doing odd jobs—kitchen hand, waitress, postal messenger—and as an artist's model for, among others, Norman Lindsay, whose work her own was often compared with. He called her "a grubby little girl with great skill who will not discipline herself." In 1935, she met and married another 17-year-old whose name is only recorded as Beresford, and the pair spent some time hitchhiking around the country from Brisbane to Melbourne. The marriage lasted until after the war.

In 1949 she scored her first major exhibition, at the Rowden-White Gallery at Melbourne University. She had been experimenting with self hypnosis and automatic drawing for years, devising rituals which would put her into a trance state in which she could explore other dimensions. Her paintings and drawings for the most part were depictions of the myriad of gods, demons, and other entities with whom she communicated—and caroused—on these journeys. These beings—with god Pan being her personal favourite—were as real to her as the people around her. Rosaleen's swirling, flamboyant compositions, full of grotesque detail and writhing, interlocked forms, were at their best extremely powerful. They were certainly strong meat for 1940s Australia, and Constable Plod, turning up at the 1949 exhibition, predictably found them obscene. The police seized four works. Various academics came to Rosaleen's defence in the ensuing trial, and perhaps surprisingly, the charges were dropped and the police ordered to pay costs. Rosaleen's comment on the affair was, "This figs leaf morality expresses a very unhealthy attitude."

A similar reaction greeted the publication in 1952 of *The Art Of Rosaleen Norton*, a collection of her illustrations accompanied by poems by her young boyfriend, Gavin Greenlees. The book's publisher, Walter Glover, was charged with obscenity and Rosaleen was back in court defending her art in terms of Jungian archetypes. Such arguments notwithstanding, the magistrate fined Glover five pounds and ordered that two pictures, including one of "Fohat," a cheeky looking demon with a snake for a penis, be obliterated from unsold copies of the book.

Rosaleen was by now firmly ensconced as one of the great characters of Kings Cross, the stamping ground of Sydney's prostitutes, criminals, artists, and would-be cosmopolitans. Her paintings adorned the walls of its cafes, and visitors to Sydney, whose first trip was likely to the Cross anyway, began to seek her out. The press had by now come to label her as a witch, and whilst the term never really described what Rosaleen was all about, she reveled in the attention, for a while at least. She certainly looked the part, her eyebrows plucked into high arches, her whole face, framed with jet black hair, a pattern of striking black curves which resembled nothing so much as one of her paintings. She was now being called the leader of a witch cult and whilst the "cult" never seemed to amount to much more than a few friends gathering in her small flat for occult talk and the occasional friendly ritual, this was too good a story for the tabloids to let go. Here is a typical account of a night at Roie's, from the 1965 pot-boiler *Kings Cross Black Magic* by "Attila Zohar."

"There were about eight or nine cult members present. They all wore hideous masks so were quite willing to be photographed, although they pointed out that there were certain rites which could not be performed before outsiders or cameras."

Later Rosaleen Norton (reportedly) changed into her witch's outfit. She was nude except for a black apron for and aft from her waist and a black shawl over her shoulders. A cat mask covered her face, but did not prevent her smoking from a long cigarette holder.

The reporter noticed that the witches did not seem to walk—but rather to "drift silently" on bare feet. Later, Roie discarded the shawl, leaving herself bare from the waist up. "Miss Norton has modeled in her time, and she was as unselfconscious with the shawl off as with it on," observed the reporter.

All the witches denied a somewhat facetious suggestion that they were merely people who liked dressing up. They insisted they were serious minded practitioners of the black arts. The reporter persisted and wanted to know what they got out of the cult.

Rosaleen Norton answered for all the witches present when she said, "I get a life that holds infinite possibilities and is entirely satisfactory to me on all planes of consciousness."

Little outbreaks of scandal kept the legend of "The Witch of Kings Cross" bubbling along nicely. In 1955, the police picked up a homeless adolescent girl, Anna Hoffman, who blamed her sorry state on one of Rosaleen's black masses. She later admitted that she had made all this up, but not before the newspapers had taken the story and ran with it. In the same year, *The Sun* was approached by two men offering allegedly pornographic photos of Rosaleen and Gavin Greenlees performing unnatural acts. These, it transpired, had been taken as a joke at one of Rosaleen's birthday parties. All the notoriety had proved too much for Gavin Greenlees, it seems. He had been diagnosed as schizophrenic in 1957 and institutionalised. Juiciest of all was the sage of Sir Eugene Goosens, The British-born conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, a friend of Rosaleen's and participant in her rituals. In March 1957, he was caught at Mascot Airport trying to smuggle into the country a whole swag of goodies including banned books, ritual masks, and "1,166 pornographic photographs." Sir Eugene was given a hefty fine and returned to England in ignominy. This was not the sort of behaviour expected of a conductor at all.

Rosaleen Norton began to drop out of the public eye in the 1960s. Suddenly her behaviour didn't seem so strange anymore—who wasn't into the occult revival? In the June 15, 1967 issue of *Australian Post*, journalist Dave Barnes gives an account of a visit to the increasingly reclusive witch. He describes how he and a colleague started their search at the flat she had occupied at the height of her fame in the '50s, questioned a few less than helpful locals, and eventually located her front door through which they dropped a request for her to ring their office so an interview could be arranged. The following day, they were invited into Rosaleen's dark, 10 foot by 6 foot room, adorned with "giggling masks, a Satan statue, gongs and strikers, snakes and growing creepers." They found her in an apparently cheerful mood, playing up her reputation for all it was worth. As they reported "She produced a little box and said 'look, these are real bat's feet, there are not many of them about and I wear them for ear-rings, attractive aren't they?'"

Politely ignoring their more flippant questions, she told them she enjoyed TV shows like *The Munsters*, *The Addams Family*, and *Bewitched*, suggesting their makers may know a thing or two about how witches really operate. She was particularly interested in how the journalists tracked her down and at what time. Puzzled, they told her they left their office just before 4 PM and dropped the message through her door at 4.45 PM. This made her laugh. Later, back in their office, they found that Rosaleen's call-in answer had been logged in at 4 PM the previous day—before they had actually delivered it. Game, set, and match to Rosaleen.

Rosaleen Norton's health began to fail in the '70s. She was diagnosed with colon cancer and, in 1979, admitted to the Sacred Heart Hospice for the Dying. One of her friends during her last years was Richard Moir, who published a memoir about her in 1994. Moir draws a distinction between Roie, the private person he knew, and the Rosaleen Norton persona she created for the public, and paints a vivid picture of her final days.

When I arrived at the hospital, I was ushered into the visitors' lounge room, strange I thought, as Roie couldn't walk.

I waited in the lounge room for some time patiently; suddenly Rosaleen Norton appeared physically standing on both legs, welcoming me, escorted by two sisters. The vision I beheld was mind blowing.

Rosaleen Norton (not Roie) standing there in full garb, her hair flaming back, carefully arranged in her look. Her make-up had been very carefully applied, the face powder, the Rosaleen Norton full eye makeup and eye brows, the red lipstick. It was the Rosaleen Norton as I had always remembered her—but even more so.

She stood for only one minute . . . The last words Rosaleen Norton ever said to me were “Darling, I can't stay too long; I just came to say hello. Ah! I must go Darling.” And with her head in a proud position, Rosaleen Norton was escorted away out of my sight forever.

Rosaleen Norton died on 5 December 1979, surrounded by nuns, but needless to say, a pagan to the last.

Fairies and UFOs?

by Ken Korczak

The most popular belief today is that UFOs are spaceships piloted by aliens from outer space. But another good theory that never gets as much press is that UFOs may, in fact, be right here from earth. Instead of being Extraterrestrials, UFO aliens might be Ultraterrestrials—a species that has always been here and that evolved on earth along with *Homo sapiens* but represents a species far superior.

These Ultraterrestrials are so superior to us that it is almost impossible for us to comprehend their existence. All we know of them are fleeting glimpses of lights in the sky, occasional bizarre encounters between human beings and so-called aliens, and other unexplained phenomenon.

Think of how a group of monkeys in the wild perceive human beings. Because their own level of consciousness is so limited, they cannot comprehend that we humans are beyond being just another kind of animal. They may see a jet or a helicopter or a car, but to the monkeys, nothing in their consciousness can explain these amazing things.

A monkey may think of an airplane as some kind of magical giant bird. It relates to it with the level of understanding that it has about its environment. The speculation of the monkey, at best, is a crude idea about an airplane. That it represents levels of consciousness that are so advanced, it may be literally invisible to monkey mind.

Now think of a human being who encounters a UFO. To us a UFO seems to be some kind of flying, mechanical aircraft—but the true nature of the UFO may be as different from a spacecraft as a bird is from an airplane. Like the monkey, we just don't have the advanced levels of consciousness needed to comprehend the true nature of a UFO.

As humans, we make the naturally egotistical assumption that we are the species at the top of the heap—we see ourselves as the peak of achievement of evolution. We even make the bold claim that God, the supreme architect of the entire universe, created us in his own image!

But it's not a big leap to consider that we are just another link in a vast chain of species, many which are below us, and some which may be above us.

People who support the Ultraterrestrial theory point out that supernatural beings that are seemingly superior to humans have been reported throughout history. In previous eras they were called gods, angels, ogres, fairies, brownies, little people, demons, and more. The Bible is filled with references to supernatural creatures, including giants, "wheels" flying in the sky out of which incredible creatures emerge, and more.

But references to flying disks were recorded centuries before the texts of the Bible. Cave drawings dating to 30,000 B.C. depict numerous drawings of disks floating around in the sky, remarkably similar to modern UFO photographs.

Some maverick UFO investigators have pointed out the amazing similarities of modern UFO aliens to that of elves, fairies and the various "little people" of folklore of many cultures. Fairies are well known for kidnapping people, the same irritating habit UFO aliens have. People who are abducted report incidents of missing time, a phenomenon very similar to time lapses reported by people taken to and returned from "fairyland."

Fairies, like modern aliens, tend to be diminutive creatures with large magical eyes. Many reports of alien abduction even include "power rods" used to paralyze abductees, just as fairies wield "magic wands."

One of the most interesting comparisons between aliens and fairies is that both are interested in stealing babies. One of the most common fairy activities is swiping babies from cribs and sometimes replacing them with a false double, or "changeling" as they are sometimes called. A large part of modern UFO literature involves aliens abducting women, impregnating them, and later abducting them again, only to remove and take the unborn baby right out of the womb. Clearly, both UFO occupants and fairies have a strong affinity for the baby stealing business.

Fairies are closely associated with nature, just as modern aliens also display a certain obsession with environmental issues. One of the most common alien abduction scenarios involves aliens who force people to watch "movies" depicting massive environmental degradation caused by modern human civilization. The aliens then give them a lecture on environmental issues and let them go. If aliens truly are a superior species from earth and evolved on earth, it would make sense that they would be concerned about another species wrecking the planet.

But then you might ask, why don't the Ultraterrestrials simply step in and "manage" us the same way humans "manage" wildlife, including chimps and other large primates? The Ultraterrestrial theorists answer: "They are!" That's what all the abduction and experiments are about!

Just as human beings capture and tag various species, UFO abductees report experiences of extreme similarity. Many people report being "tagged" during frightening sessions on a UFO operating table. Some of these "tags" have even been recovered, or show up on MRI exams, and remain unexplained.

It is also possible that Ultraterrestrials comprehend and operate within higher levels of dimension than we experience at the human level. A monkey could never understand that time and space are actually two parts of the same dimension, as scientists have discovered.

Mathematicians tell us that many additional dimensions of reality exist—dimensions that only the most brilliant math minds can glimpse through numbers, although they cannot experience them psychologically in any meaningful way. If Ultraterrestrials can exist “above” or “beyond” space-time, that means they can easily see us, trick us, and manipulate our existence, while we can’t see them at all, or only in the most crude manner, or perhaps only when they allow us to see them.

Imagine when a bear is shot with a drugged dart from a helicopter hovering above him. Imagine how terrified the bear is of the bizarre flying monster and the noise and lights that come out of it. Now imagine that the bear thinks of the strange beings that come out of the flying monster. The strange beings poke and prod him, look inside his mouth, apply a tag to his ear, and then let him go. Why? How can a bear understand or interpret the meaning of this incident on its level of consciousness? It can't.

Is it so difficult to believe that the ongoing bizarre and seemingly incomprehensible phenomenon of UFOs and their activities are the actions of an earth-born species far advanced and superior to human beings?

Just ask a bear or a monkey.

Rumors, Myths, and Urban Legends

by Thomas Lyttle reprinted from *Secret and Suppressed: Banned Ideas and Hidden History*,
edited by Jim Keith [On Jim Morrison]

So much has been written and speculated upon surrounding Jim Morrison's life, death and after-death that it is no longer enough to address just the facts. One must now also address the self-perpetuating myths that has developed and enveloped the facts. In the late nineteen sixties, Doors' singer Jim Morrison founded a publishing company named Zeppelin Publishing Company with the help of the legal department of Warner Brothers Pictures and Atlantic Records. According to promotions for Zeppelin, "Jim wanted to get his hands on the trademark "Zeppelin" before Led Zeppelin did. He did this while everyone in America knew who the Doors were, but before the other rock group was well known . . ." Zeppelin Publishing Company was chartered and put into hibernation for later resurrection.

On July 3, 1971, rock and roll wunderkind James Douglas Morrison was supposedly, reportedly, found dead in a Paris, France apartment he had sub-leased as a writer's studio. His "wife," Pamela Courson, was the first to discover the body in the bathroom. Jim lay in the bathtub, naked and half-submerged. At first she thought that "Jim was pretending," noticing that he had "recently shaved."

What immediately followed was a series of bizarre and convoluted events, probable conspiracies, strange coincidences and surreal news reports surrounding the death of James Douglas Morrison. Following the death there was a three day news blackout. This was reported on and questioned widely in the media, including articles in *The Berkeley Barb*, *Esquire*, the *LA Free Press*, *Sounds*, *The Baltimore Morning Sun*, and many others. Robert Hillburn writing at that time in *The LA Times*, called his obituary of Morrison "Why Morrison Death News Delay??" igniting a spark that has yet to smolder.

The blackout prevented Morrison's close friends from getting at the principals and witnesses—and the corpse—for close inspection. Even Jim's parents and his in-laws were prevented from seeing the corpse.

Pamela had called a local French medical examiner—Dr. Max Vasilie—to take charge upon finding her husband's body. Dr. Vasilie listed the cause of death as "heart failure." Several people viewed the sealed coffin, including Doors manager Bill Siddons, who apparently chose not to view the corpse. Siddons official statement to the press was that "Jim Morrison died of natural causes" and that "the death was peaceful."

Although Jim's death was listed officially as "heart failure," his personal physician, Dr. Derwin, stated to the press that "Jim Morrison was in excellent health before travelling to Paris."

This has recently been complicated by "Queen Mu" writing in the avant garde magazine *Mondo 2000* (Summer, 1991). Apparently *Mondo 2000* surfaced a rare medical file regarding Jim Morrison's various sexual diseases, and the treatments he was undergoing for them. There was mention of "cancer of the penis . . ." Queen Mu reports:

. . . Hey! No one wants to be expunged from the Book of Life. How many medical workers at UCLA knew that Jim Morrison was being treated for gonorrhea in the Fall of 1970? Knew of the biopsy that confirmed adenoma of the penile urethra—often consequence to repeated gonorrhea? This is a particularly swift form of cancer whose only alternative may have been radical castration . . . — Queen Mu, p. 131

No autopsy was performed on Jim Morrison's corpse, as is the usual custom in unusual or suspect deaths in France. Had friends been able to at least see the corpse this might have been done.

According to several reports, a Morrison confidant Alan Ronay also helped maintain the blackout surrounding the death. Jim Morrison's body was quickly whisked away to be buried at Pere Lachaise. Pere Lachaise is a national French monument and notables like Balzac, Edith Piaf, Moliere, Oscar Wilde and other French countrymen are buried there. Regarding Pere Lachaise: Jim had handpicked the gravesite on several occasions for his impending "burial." He had visited the site as late as three days before his "death." This is reported in *Break On Through* and other Morrison biographies.

The media at once showed suspicion regarding Morrison's grave due to the fact that foreigners are rarely buried in a national French monument. Reports like those in the *Baltimore Morning Sun* questioned how he might have cajoled his way into the cemetery to be buried.

Upon viewing the Pere Lachaise grave site, Doors drummer John Densmore stated: ". . . the grave is too short!" Doors manager Bill Siddons, when asked about Pere Lachaise, stated: ". . . how it happened is still not clear to me." He was quoted in *Bam!*, a rock magazine back in 1981 regarding the controversy. At any rate, Morrison's grave at Pere Lachaise remained unmarked for several months, adding and maintaining a further cloak around the corpse and the evidence.

Only two people saw Jim Morrison's dead body—his wife Pamela and Dr. Vasilie. Dr. Vasilie has repeatedly denied interviews and will not answer questions, and Pamela is dead.

The Occult Connection

Besides the “facts” as laid out in countless books, films, interviews, and press reports, there exists also a wild and surreal assortment of rumors regarding “what really took place.” Many of these rumors center in on the occult, black and white magic, Voodoo, Magical Christianity, and assorted mystical strangeness.

In J. Prochniky’s biography of Morrison, *Break On Through*, there is this description of Morrison-based occult rumors:

. . . even more incredible were theories that Morrison had somehow been “murdered” through “supernatural means.” While Jim was fascinated with the occult, it is quite an assumption that a jealous rival or jilted lover could cause his death in a Paris bathtub by stabbing a Voodoo doll or melting down a Doors album while chanting a curse.

. . . Another supernatural-based theory is that Morrison’s body had been driven to great extremes by the spirit of the shaman he believed had entered his body as a child on that New Mexico highway. When this spirit or a demon exhausted its talents to influence the world, it abandoned Jim and left him a physically wasted and mentally exhausted man who felt betrayed with no desire to go on . . . —Riordan and Prochniky, p. 466

Another occult theory exists in *No One Hear Gets Out Alive* by Sugarman and Hopkins. Regarding Jim’s death they state:

. . . Other theories abounded in Jim’s close circle of friends. One had him killed when someone plucked out his eyes with a knife (“to free his soul,” as the story had it). Another had a spurned mistress killing him long distance from New York by Witchcraft . . . — Sugarman and Hopkins, p. 372

Anthropologist Allison Bailey Kennedy even went so far as to tie Morrison in with Orphic mystery cults and the initiatory uses of various spider venoms, which release the “*duende* in Gypsy tradition—the dark soul that burns incandescently like a cicada, immolating itself in fiery passion.”

Jim Morrison many times claimed connections to the occult and specifically Voodoo or Voudun philosophy and magic. It was a part of his “path.” The moniker “Mr. Mojo Risin” was an anagram—a rearrangement of the letters in Jim Morrison. Mojo is a religious term describing shamanic “power icon” or affiliation. The African root Mo refers to the dark or darkness. Mojo is a specific African/Voudun/Obeah traditional term.

“I think that there are whole regions of images and feelings that are rarely given outlet in daily life . . . when they do come out, they can take perverse forms,” said Morrison circa 1968. He goes on to say that “the shaman is the healer, like the Witch-doctor.” Morrison reiterates elsewhere that “we must not forget that the snake or

the lizard is identified with the unconscious and the forces of evil . . ." So says the legendary "Lizard King." "The Lizard King" was one of Jim Morrison's occult code names. He was also called "The Exterminating Angel" in occult circles, according to film critic Gene Youngblood and others.

In *No One Hear Gets Out Alive* authors Hopkins and Sugarman recount Morrison drinking blood with a Witch-initiate. In certain occult traditions, the use of blood combined with certain sexual acts is regimen, part of a hidden technology for spell casting. This is especially so in the Tantric Vama Marg (left-handed) rites. It is also a part of Western ritual magic, used in groups like La Couleuvre Noir, the Ordo Templi Orientis, Les Ophitis and others, although it is more uncommon than common in occult work. This sort of sorcery is also used in Voodoo/Voudun Petro rites to summon different Loas (gods and goddesses).

Speaking of the Tantra Vama Marg and the Voudun Petro, there is this description of death mythology pertinent to Jim Morrison's occult beliefs and possibly his practices. At the very least he would have known of these ideas:

. . . but the human form is no means just an empty vessel for the Gods . . . Rather it is a critical locus where a number of sacred forces may converge. The players are the basic components of man: the *z'etiole*, the *gros bon ange* and the *ti bon ange*, as well as the *n'ame* of the corpse cadaver. The latter is the body itself, the flesh and the blood. The *n'ame* is the gift from God and the spirit of the flesh that allows each cell in the body to function. It is the residual presence of the *n'ame* for example, that gives form to the corpse long after the clinical "death" of the body. The *n'ame*, upon the "death" of the body begins to pass slowly into the organisms of the soil . . . A process that takes 18 months to complete . . ." —Davis, p. 99

Remember, Jim Morrison's grave at Pere Lachait remained unmarked for several months so that no one might disturb the corpse and the surrounding site. The whole event from day one was part of a blackout, remember.

According to Tibetan tradition, something similar is believed to exist so far as naming the components of the soul and the body. The Vama Marg and especially the Bardo Thodol (the Tibetan Book of the Dead) relate specific death myths concerning what occurs right after someone dies. Writing in *Psychedelic Monographs and Essays*, psychiatrist Dr. Rick Strassman shows that:

Another model of birth and death, and transformation in which the 49-day interval appears is in the Bardo Thodol . . . This is the time when the life forces of the deceased—the energetic tendencies accumulated during "life," "decide on" or gravitate towards or coalesce around the next incarnate form . . ." —Strassman, p. 182

Rock writer Greg Shaw, writing in *Bam!* and *Mojo Navigator* interpreted Morrison's song *The End* along these lines also, stating that each line in the song is a direct quote from the Bardo Thodol. It all "makes perfect sense, if one is familiar with the mystical background," said Shaw.

What are the implications for these ideas in light of the supposed “death” of Jim Morrison? At clinical death, according to the above, the person actually splits up into his or her true parts, formerly connected into a whole being.

According to occult lore, it is possible to ensnare or trap parts of the personality or spirit during this transition. Wade Davis, author of *The Serpent and the Rainbow* and *Passage of Darkness: The Ethnobiology of the Haitian Zombie*, has this to say:

During initiation, for example the *ti bon ange* may be extracted from the body and housed in a clay jar called a *canari*. A *canari* is a clay jar that has been placed at the inner sanctuary of the *hounfour* (ritual house).

. . . During the stages directly following the physical death and the first stages of after-death the *ti bon ange* is extremely vulnerable . . . Only when it is liberated from the flesh . . . is it relatively safe . . . —Davis, p. 102

Is it Jim Morrison's *ti bon ange* that is at the root of all these occult rumors? Was it his *ti bon ange* that was bought, sold, and then collected on that fateful day in Paris when he “died”?

That *canari* has a name. It is called Zeppelin Publishing Company. And the *bokor*, or Voodoo high priest who cajoled Morrison's *ti bon ange* into the *canari*? He runs a company called the B of A Company (or B of A Communications), formerly of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and now of Fort Lauderdale, Florida. He owns an active passport and IDs under the name of James Douglas Morrison and claims to actually be the no-so-dead rock star!

Apparitions and Appearances after the “Death”

In the first two years after Jim Morrison's “death” in Paris, many sightings of the rock star were reported. These sightings range from the totally spurious and ridiculous to the reliable and very hard to shake.

The *LA Free Press* and several wire service reports described someone in 1973 appearing on several occasions in San Francisco. There Morrison was involved with business and banking transactions with the Bank of America of San Francisco. The employee that handled the transactions, Walt Fleischer, confirmed that someone resembling Morrison and using that name was indeed doing business at the Bank of America. He did add that he “was far from sure that this was the ‘dead’ artist” as Morrison showed no identification. Could this be because a photo ID was already on file at the bank with the name James Douglas Morrison? Yes, it is still on file.

According to authors Riordan and Prochniky, Morrison was also seen on several occasions hanging out in “unpleasant places” in Los Angeles and wearing Morrison’s leather garb, all in black. This was over a period of two years right after the Paris “death.” I researched this a bit further and found out that the “unpleasant places” meant notorious gay leather bars, and the underground gay community in Los Angeles.

There were also many rumors that Morrison was also appearing regularly in Louisiana and had made several radio interviews. Again, Prochniky and Riordan reveal that:

At an obscure radio station in the Midwest, Jim supposedly showed up in the dead of night and did a lengthy interview that explained it all . . . After the interview he vanished into the darkness again. As you might guess, no recordings of the interview exist and no reliable source remembers hearing the broadcast. . . .

An LP record called *Phantom’s Divine Comedy* was released also in 1974. This was rumored to be Jim Morrison singing with an anonymous band with the names of “drummer X, bassist Y, and keyboardist Z.” The music reportedly resembled Jim Morrison’s sound quite well. All this again added and sparked the rumor mills and stirred public fascination.

However, in a 1992 press released from the Zeppelin group, it is revealed that Morrison pal Iggy Pop was actually doing all the singing and helping the “hoax” along. This added more fuel as to how many people were actually involved in maintaining his “death hoax.” Up until the 1992 press release, the record company that had released Phantom had refused to divulge the names on the LP, or the singer’s name—which was indeed Iggy Pop.

Regarding all these rumors, Doors keyboardist Ray Manzarek stated: “If there was one guy that would have been capable of staging his own death—getting a phony death certificate and paying off some French doctor . . . And putting a hundred and fifty pound sack of sand into a coffin and splitting to some point on this planet—Africa, who knows where—it is Jim Morrison who would have been able to pull it off.”

Jim Morrison’s friend Tom Baker, writing in *High Times* (June, 1981) had this to say: “I was very tempted to believe the rumors that Jim had faked his own death.” A group of fans actually went so far as to try to get Morrison’s dental records, apparently to try to get permission to dig up his body and match the records to the remains. This was immediately blocked both by Morrison’s parents and their attorneys—at least for the time being.

It is known that Jim Morrison had repeatedly planted the seeds that would lead to this sort of speculation—that he had somehow faked his own death and dropped out into a new identity. At the Fillmore in San Francisco in 1967, Jim started suggesting that he should pull a “death stunt” to bring national press attention onto the band. This was when he came up with the “Mr. Mojo Risin” anagram, which would be used after he “split to Africa” and wished to secretly contact friends.

Morrison also told Danny Sugarman and Jerry Hopkins on more than one occasion that he could see himself “radically changing careers, reappearing as a suited and neck-tied businessman.” Jac Holzman’s assistant Steve Harris even remembers Jim Morrison asking what might happen if he were to suddenly “die” . . . how might it affect business, record sales, the press, and would people believe it? With confidant Mary Francis Werebelow Jim “entertained long conversations about how the Disciples had stolen the body of Christ from the crypt, jokingly calling it the ‘Easter heist,’ etc.”

In a *Rolling Stone* article for September 17, 1981, author Jerry Hopkins recounts many other Morrison sightings:

The first one I remember was a beaut . . . He surfaced in San Francisco shortly after Morrison’s death and began cashing checks in Morrison’s name. He was not writing bad checks, mind you; it was his money he was spending. It was just that he was dressed as Jim would in his ‘leather period,’ and that he told everyone that he was indeed the ‘dead singer.’

The telephone operator asked: ‘will you accept a long distance collect call from Jim Morrison?’ It was an interesting conversation . . . Our conversations were unsettling. He told me to go to Paris and dig up the corpse, but that you would need permission from ‘12 Catholic Bishops’ to do it . . . A visit to his home was more jarring. There at the end of one room was a Morrison ‘shrine,’ converted with posters, flowers, religious icons—the works!” —Sugarman, p. 33

Years later, I actually got the chance to visit and interview the shrine’s owner, who claimed to be Jim Morrison. He told me matter-of-factly details about Hopkins, as well as that other reporters had actually burglarized the shrine in an attempt to get a scoop.

Another surreal sighting involved “Donny” of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. He described Jim Morrison at Morrison’s home in 1978. Donny told his friend “Larry” about it, as Larry was trying to break in to the world of rock and roll:

I remember Larry telling me about the whole wall of one room lined with books all across it. Every one of the books were about Satan, or had something to do with him. He also told me about a large chair that looked like a throne, on which this man sat and watched over his nude children running around . . . I guess that you can probably guess who that kinky old weird man was—Jim Morrison, The Lizard King! —Sugarman, p. 33

Another person named Rhea (the Greek goddess of fertility) claimed she was living with Jim Morrison in 1979 with their son “Jesse Blue James.” She matter-of-factly claimed that Morrison had “evolved into a state of pure energy . . . And can materialize and dematerialize at will.” She and Jim were also in direct telepathic communication and in “electromagnetic synch.”

The Intelligence Connection and JM2

Rock icon Jim Morrison’s father was an admiral in the United States Navy, privy to intelligence and counterintelligence information. His name is Steve Morrison. During the first few years surrounding Jim Morrison’s “death,” a number of interesting articles surfaced. These cited references showing various intelligence interests either in Morrison’s underground activity; his “death” or that intelligence had even masterminded Morrison’s death itself! One of the more explicit appeared in the Scandinavian magazine *Dagblatte*. This article detailed French intelligence efforts to assassinate Jim Morrison in Paris. Author Bernard Wolfe writing *The Real Life Death of Jim Morrison* for *Esquire* (June 1972) related the story of:

Sherry, a Pasadena girl who knew Morrison well: “I couldn’t make sense out of the stories in the papers. Suppose he had a heart attack exactly as they reported, is that what he died of? My God, you might as well say that Ernest Hemingway died of “extensive brain damage.” If you want to know the cause of Jim’s death—not just the physiology of it—ask what triggered his heart to stop . . . And whose finger was on the trigger.” —Wolfe, pp. 106

In the first few years after Morrison’s “death,” the owner of B of A Communications, named James Douglas Morrison, claimed to be operating as an intelligence agent for a number of domestic and international groups including the CIA, NSA, Interpol, Swedish Intelligence, and others. There are also connections between James Douglas Morrison and various occult groups with probable intelligence connections. [Author’s note: from here on the B of A Morrison will be referred to as JM2].

The enclosed plates show several documents implicating him in intelligence circles. JM2 also claims to be the “dead” rock star and former singer of The Doors. The new JM2 dropped the old JMI rock and roll identity to become a “James Bond” wearing the suit and tie that Morrison predicted when he was with The Doors. This author has in fact seen what appear to be stacks of official-looking documents and letters between the CIA, various government agencies, national news groups such as CNN and NBC, and JM2, involving what looked like personal meetings, projects and ephemera. Of special interest is that when I viewed parts of the files, all the reports had a paper-thin metallic band affixed to them with colored UPC bar codes. There is no way for me to authenticate the claims of JM2, but everything looked extremely official and very elaborate.

From about 1972 through 1992, JM2 has left a surreal trail of paper and appearances all over the world. These include letters to and from Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards and CIA Director William Colby, through the Washington DC law firm of Colby, Miller and Hanes.

A courtroom transcript that I have seen implicates the FBI and CIA in several cover-ups regarding JM2's intelligence career. These show that there seems to be a systematic destruction of files relating to JM2's spy activities. An enclosed plate also shows JM2's Swedish Intelligence ID card, obtained from the FBI through the Freedom of Information Act. Unfortunately the only copy I have is obscured in the facial area, but the ID numbers are intact. Also in my possession are files concerning JM2's rogue financial activities with the Bank of America and news reports regarding lawsuits by and against JM2 for bank fraud and espionage, which he claims was done under intelligence auspices as part of financial experiments to destabilize foreign currencies and exchange rates.

There also appear to be hundreds if not thousands of miscellaneous files—both classified and declassified—regarding one James Douglas Morrison, dated after his “death” in 1971. These also refer to “WBC,” a nom de plume of JM2. These look like real letters, documents, and court transcripts involving intelligence circles. These involve the CIA, Danish Intelligence, and others. There is also an active passport and banking IDs under the name James Douglas Morrison.

Is this all for real or is this an elaborate hoax? It is not the scope of this work to determine the truth—or lack of truth—or the consequences of such activities. The important thing to note for the sake of this study is that someone or some group are actively pursuing and setting up a mass “urban legend” regarding James Morrison. They are painstakingly documenting it also. Whether this is a hoax or not is not as important as the fact that a lot of official-looking information is being generated surrounding the myth and legendry of Jim Morrison, his life and his supposed “death.”

Just why might this be?

Multiple Morrisons

Like the “multiple Oswald” theories of Kennedy assassination buffs, there also exist rumors and urban legends describing the “multiple Morrison” theory. The idea that Jim Morrison was in fact several different people and actors, or intelligence agents has been going on for some time. Besides the “Morrison” singing on the Phantom (now shown to be Iggy Pop), there also exist rumors that a Louisiana banker as well as Richard Tanguay—a close friend of Mick Jagger—perpetuated the hoax. Even *High Times* ran an old news story about someone claiming to be Jim Morrison (post 1971) running for governor of Louisiana! Supposedly Richard Tanguay (related to vaudeville legend Eva Tanguay) took on the Morrison persona on several occasions and even sang with The Doors when they toured Europe with the Rolling Stones. Is this possible? In fact JM2 has claimed publicly that there have been numerous James Douglas Morrisons and that they all knew one another and met from time to time to work it all out. The impersonations were part of CIA sociological experiments like Artichoke or MK-ULTRA.

It is impossible to substantiate wild stories like this. But the fact that there are people and groups out there making these claims in a big way and perpetuating “urban legends” about Jim Morrison is a curiosity in itself. . And funny, in a dark sort of way.

ANARCHY

by David Andrade,
in *Honesty*, Melbourne, February, 1889

Anarchy! There is no word which conjures up such feelings of terror to so many who hear it; nor is there one which so raises the hopes of those who ever see so little to hope for. It makes their eyes glisten, their blood course a little faster than usual, and they once more clutch at that almost forlorn hope of a "good time coming."

Never in modern times has an idea, of such revolutionary nature and such weighty import, so seized upon the mind of man, as that which the great French philosopher first promulgated less than a half century ago. Never have humanity's oppressors been so bewildered as to the course to adopt to shut out this light which has so suddenly burst on the mental vision of the world's proletariat. Armies cannot rout its adherents; spies cannot distort its open secrets; exile cannot banish the hopes it brings; courts and tribunals, laws and special commissions, cannot combine to check its enormously extending popularity; and even the hanging of its adherents cannot silence their sympathizers, but only adds to their numbers and stimulates their courage.

And what is Anarchy?

Professional liars of every station, and fools of every bias, have been telling the people that Anarchy is destruction, rapine, and murder, and that the Anarchist is the most dangerous foe to all that is good in civilisation. But even these perjurers are losing their influence as instructors of the people, and the multitude are beginning to enquire of the ideas of the Anarchists from the Anarchists themselves.

Anarchy is nothing more nor less than human liberty. It is that principle in humanity for which man has been striving, but has seldom perceived. We Anarchists contend that life without liberty is slavery, and that slavery is wrong and must be banished from the earth. Why should man seek to govern his fellow? Why seek to restrict his liberty and make him hate his brief existence? Why add to the inequalities of nature, the harsher inequalities which spring from man-made law? We say, and say again, that "the government of man by man is oppression." We appeal to history, to science, to reason, to every-day experience, for testimony in support of our position; and everywhere we are successful. Do our opponents do likewise? Do they appeal to fact, to reason, to argument, to show that we are wrong? No! they denounce us unheard, and cry as of yore, "Crucify him!" They appeal to the bullying State -that low disgraceful institution, which never reasons with its victims, but silences and then destroys them-and ask that we be suppressed.

Ye who ask for our suppression, learn what it is ye vainly hope to suppress.

To be an Anarchist is to believe that no man has a right to govern another, that is, to arbitrarily restrict his liberty; that the robbery of another is wrong, no matter what the pretext or the method may be; that discord, warfare, and strife of every kind are not essential to human intercourse; that the world is wide and fruitful enough for us to live together harmoniously, and that we should do so did we but cease to aggress upon each other, and we accordingly affirm that every individual must be sovereign over his own personality; that he shall have equal opportunity with every other man to work out his own salvation without begging for existence at the feet of privilege; that he shall enjoy that which his labor brings him; and that recognizing there is room in the world for all, he shall be free to voluntarily perform those actions which are most conducive to his comfort, and to live on terms of equity, peace, and fraternity with his fellow-men. In short the Anarchist does not wail forever, "Is life worth living?" but sets about to make it worth living.

No man can suppress Anarchism. They may kill off its adherents one after another but only to find their places filled with others, who have reached the same mental elevation. All the studies of the greatest thinkers are strongly marked with the Anarchistic tendency. No one can study the writings of the most advanced sociological writers without coming to the general conclusion that the only social solution is the freedom of every individual.

Sirius Unveiled

by HiddenLight777

There are two stars in the Sirius star system that are astronomically proven, Sirius A, and B, but C has been known to exist for thousands of years by the Dagon tribe of Africa. Sirius C is thought by the astronomers to be disproven. We will now discuss the symbolism of these three stars in Egyptian mythology and how their mystery connects with the Great Pyramids of Egypt.

Sirius A, B, C represent three worlds, three Suns, and this idea is reflected in the three Great Pyramids of Egypt, each representing suns: the local sun, Sirius, and the galactic sun.

A phrase within occultism is: "The Egypt of Above and the Egypt of Below." Exoterically, this means Upper Egypt and Lower Egypt. The more arcane meaning of this statement refers to the original starlit birth place or Eden in the skies. This would mean Sirius.

The Egypt of below is, of course, the earth's Egypt. Sirius is a copy of this universe of the Milky Way galaxy, but yet there is another, more hidden copy, the original birth place, the Galactic Center or Sun, where the true godhead resides.

Sirius is the true Qliphothic Universe B, explained in esoteric terms in Kenneth Grant's *Nightside of Eden*. This means that the Qliphoth of the Tree of Life is indeed the reverse or averse universe of our galaxy, which is Sirius. Those beings in Sirius created this world of Earth as a copy of their world because their worlds are being destroyed by constant war and destruction.

The phrase "Visit the Interior of The Earth by Rectification You Shall Find the Hidden Stone, VITRIOL," in reality symbolically refers to the Qliphoth Sun and universe, which is in fact Sirius. This phrase is found in Aleister Crowley's Art card of the Thoth deck. The alchemical phrase represents the Great Work, and the Great Work is not only about achieving immortality and becoming a god, but about destroying this earth of humans and resurrecting the initiates to be reborn in a new Earth, the second Golden Age, the first being Atlantis.

Sirius C correlates with the third chamber of the great pyramids, and nothing is known concerning it except that it was not finished, since the great godhead cannot be finished and is ever producing and infinite in nature. The other stars in Sirius, Sirius A, and B, are represented as two chambers also: the King's chamber and the Queens chamber, respectively. These three Chambers are also represented by the three Suns and universes.

I hope this research has given you some insight to the mysteries. I hope you were enlightened.

The History of the Golden Dawn

by W. Wynn Westcott

Some years have passed away since it was decided to revive the Order of the G.D. in the Outer, a Hermetic Society whose members are taught the principles of Occult Science and the practice of the Magic of Hermes; the decease during the second half of the century of several eminent adepts and chiefs of the Order, having caused a temporary dormant condition.

Prominent among these Adepts were Eliphaz Levi, the greatest of modern French Magi; Ragon, the author of several classical books on occult subjects; Kenneth Mackenzie, author of the Masonic Encyclopedia; and Frederick Hockley, famous for his crystal seeing and his manuscripts. These and other contemporary adepts received their knowledge and power from predecessors of equal and of greater eminence but of even more concealed existence. Many of them received indeed the doctrines and system of Theosophy, Hermetic Science, and Higher Alchemy from a long series of practical workers whose origin is traced to the Fratres R.C. of Germany, which association was founded by Christian Rosenkruetz and his brethren so far back as 1398.

Valentin Andrea, the German theologian and mystic, has left us in his works, published in and after the year 1614, an account of the doctrines and exoteric management of the R.C. Society. But even the revival of mysticism was but a new development of the vastly older wisdom of the Kabbalistic Rabbis, and of the most of all secret knowledge, the Magic of the Egyptians, in which the Bible itself tells us that Moses, the founder of the Jewish System, was "learned," that is, in which he had been initiated.

Through the Hebrew Kabbalah, we have indeed become possessed of more of the ancient wisdom than from any other source, for it must be born in mind that the Hebrews were taught at one time by the Egyptians, and at a later date by the Chaldean Sages of Babylon. It is a very curious fact that the Classical nations, the Greek and the Roman, have handed down to us but slight glimpses of the Ancient Magic, and this is the more notable because Greece succeeded to the Mastership of Egypt, and Rome to the Empire of both the Greeks and of the Jews. Greece indeed succeeded to a share of the Mysteries of the Egyptians, for the Eleusinian Mysteries were copies of those more ancient and solemn ceremonies of Isis, Osiris, and Serapis, but they lacked the true Magic of Egypt and further the classics retain but faint glimpses of even the Eleusinian Secrets. And these glimpses serve only to disclose the fact that the Eleusinian pupils were partly ignorant of the Isiac Mysteries, a notable example of which is seen in the use of the words, Knox Om Par, of which even they knew not the meaning, the words being merely the Greek incantation of the real ancient Egyptian words whose meaning has been a secret for centuries.

Hence the 0 = 0 grade of Neophyte is found to possess Egyptian characteristics and symbolism, and further an attentive study of the Higher Grades will reveal the source of much of the culture, and illustrate the language of the late Eliphaz Levi, through whose adeptship and advocacy the study of Occultism has been popularized.

The first Order is a group of four Grades to each of which in succession Neophytes are admissible. When duly approved of by the Greatly Honored Chiefs, after showing themselves possessed of sufficient aptitude and knowledge. Beyond them above are three Grades of Adepts forming the Second Order; these have the power of initiating students into the lower grades, and of issuing Warrants for Temples such as that of Isis-Urania. But highest of all in this most ancient scheme are the Great Rulers of the whole system, who severally sustain and govern the Third Order, which includes three magic titles of Honor and Supremacy. These represent the Supernal Triad of the Sephiroth, and are shrouded and unapproachable to the profane, and to all others but the Chiefs of the Adepts; in case of a vacancy in this Order, the Chief most learned and most famous Adept obtains by decree the coveted Supremacy.

The scheme of the G.D. then is formed upon the type of the Decad of the Sephiroth, the ten emanations of Deity, as figured in the very ancient Kabbalah of the Hebrews, whose professors were illuminated by the Higher Magic of the Ancient World. The Grades of the First Order will be found to be of Hebrew Design and inasmuch as the efflux of the time brought on the revelation of the Christos, the Tiphareth, the Beauty of the Microprosopus, so Christian design is reflected in the Higher Degrees.

The Neophyte Grade, and the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Grades, which this present Isis-Urania Temple is authorized to confer, after due examination and approval in each case, possess Rituals and secrets which had been received from the Greatly Honored Chief Adepts, and were placed by them in the care of V.H. Frater 'S Rioghail Mo Dhream, an eminent Kabbalist, Hermetic Student, and Magister of the Soc. Ros. in Anglia, for revision, and to render them suitable for English students of the present day.

The wording and working arrangements have alone been revised; the foundation of the Sephirotic scheme, and the relative dependence of its several parts, the secret names, and references are untouched and unaltered from the Cipher Manuscripts which were handed to V.H. Sapere Aude, 5 = 6, (whose motto at that time was Quod Scis Nescis), already an Adept and an Honorary Magus of the Soc. Ros in Anglia, some years before by a most eminent and illuminated

Hermetist (since dead), whose title was Frater "Five Momor Lethi" He had been for many years in communication with prominent British and Foreign Adepts, and he had enjoyed ample access to the writing of Eliphaz Levi. This collection of the Manuscripts has since been supplemented by a varied collection of Manuscripts chiefly in cypher, which have been either given or lent to the Chiefs of the Temple by our Continental Fratres and Sorores.

These Manuscripts provide the Adepts who possessed of the secret of their occult meaning with the ability to extend the Order of the G.D. in the Outer subject to the approval of the Chiefs of the Second Order.

This approval having been obtained from the G.H. Soror "Sap: Dom. Ast" in Germany, the Fratres "Quod Scis Nescis," "S Rioghail Mo Dhream," and "Magna est Veritas," the Supreme Magus of the Soc. Ros. in Anglia, were duly instructed to extend the Order in England, and this Temple was consecrated as a successor to Hermanubis No. 2 which had ceased to exist, owing to the decease of all of its Chiefs.

The Temple No. 1, of Licth, Liebe, Leben is a group of Continental Mystics who have not been in the habit of performing ceremonies in open lodge, but have conferred the Grades chiefly in private, and in the presence of only two or three members. For this reason there is no accurate record of the names and rank of all their members, and very great reticence is shown by them in their communications.

Very soon after the formation of this Temple No. 3, permission was granted for the consecration of the Osiris Temple No. 4 at Weston Super-Mare under the rule of our Very Honored Frater "Crux dat Salutem," and the West of England has been assigned to him as a province. Almost at the same time, the Horus Temple No. 5 under the rule of the Very Honored Frater "Vota Vita Mea" was also consecrated at Bradford in Yorkshire. These three Temples have now members not only in this country, but in the United States, Hindustan, Palestine, Denmark, etc.

It will be convenient if I now give you the name of our order in the several languages:

In Hebrew the title is Chabrath Zerek Aour Bokhr, which means Society of the Shining Light of Dawn.

While yet Latin was in universal use among persons of culture, the name was Aurora.

In Greek, Eos Chryse.

In French L'Aude Doree.

In German the title is Die Goldene Dammerung.

Reference may now be made to the Rosicrucian Society which was reconstructed by Frater Robert Wentworth Little, a student of the Mysteries, assisted by Fratres Dr. W.R. Woodman, Captain F.G. and Dr. Kenneth Mackenzie. This Society, which has branches in England, Scotland, and the U.S., perpetuates the form of Rosicrucian initiation, which was conferred a hundred years ago in England, and is mentioned by Godfrey Higgins, in his famous work "The Anacalypsis, or an attempt to withdraw the veil of the Saitic Isis."

Frater Little was a student of the works of Levi, and was also an eminent Freemason and the Rosicrucian Society as revised by him was made by intention and permission essentially Masonic, thus severing all connection with the many eminent Adepts who have not been craftsmen.

History narrates to us the splendid mental achievements of Basil Valentine, Artephius, Nicholas Flamel, Pastellus, Petrus of Abano, Cardan, Gaffarelli, Jacob Bohem and Robert Fludd. The Society in the same manner fails to recognize any worth for Occult research in women. This also is an innovation upon the scheme of the Ancient Mysteries in many of which, notably those of Isis, Priestesses and Virgin Prophets were prominent ministers.

I wish indeed to call especial attention to the fact that in several instances of the Ancient Manuscripts written in Cipher, where reference is made to the Fratres and Sorores, the words "her" or "him" occur, thus clearly showing that in older times, as at the present day, women rose to high rank and attainments in the Secret Knowledge of the Order.

History is by no means silent in respect to the success of woman in Occult researches; mention may be made of Pernelle, the wife and fellow-worker of Nicholas Flamel, of Martin Bertheran, companion to the Baron Jean de Chatelet, who died about 1645, and of the widow lady (afterwards symbolized by him as Sophia - Heavenly Wisdom), fellow student and inspirer of Johann Georg Gichtel who died in 1700, famous as a Mystic Theosophist. The Occultists of today do not need to be reminded of the Great Hermetists and Theosophists of our day, of Dr. Anna Kingsford, of whom death prematurely robbed us. She was indeed illuminated by the Sun of Light, and no one who ever heard her lecture, and discuss the Hermetic Doctrines will ever forget her learning, or her eloquence, her beauty, or her grace. Of Madame Blavatsky, the leader of the Theosophical Society, a modern prophet of Esoteric Buddhism - no occult system, however wide apart may be his or her own favored path to wisdom, can fail to recognize in her a master-mind in a woman's frame.

The Soc. Ros. in Angela is, to some extent, exoteric in its lower Grades, but its concerns are regulated by Adepts of eminence (an inner circle) who still hold the Secret Knowledge of R.C. and in addition, the special, concealed secret information in the English Society, in which, of course the Members of the G.D. have no claim nor part, although they move along parallel lines.

The Soc. Ros. and its branches in the several countries, and the G.D. Order, both descend from the same parents and predecessors; the one developed into a masculine and Masonic system; the other retaining the ancient and more extended basis of the admission of all bona-fide students; rich or poor, and without regard to sex, may alike go on and prosper without interfering with the tranquillity of the other, and can lead true and patient students who can Will Dare - Learn, and Be Silent to the Summum Bonum, True Wisdom, and Perfect Happiness.

The Merovingians

by G. C. H. Nullens

The Facts

This Frankish dynasty has always been known as the “first race” of the kings of France. It reigned on Gaul from the 5th to the 8th century that means from Clovis I (481-511) to Childeric III (743-751). Its name comes from Merovech who was Childeric I's father. Childeric I ruled over the Salian Frank tribe from his capital in Tournai, Belgium. His son, Clovis I born in 465 succeeded him in 481 or 482 A.D. He rallied under him in addition to the Salian the Ripuarian Franks and the Alamanni. He defeated Syagrius and the Visigoth king Alaric II in 507. His country extended this way to the Pyrennées. His conversion from Paganism to the Catholic religion promoted the fusion between the Franks and the Gallo-Roman population of the conquered countries. This assured the survival of his achievements whereas his Visigoth predecessors had been Arians trying to rule the Catholic Gaul.

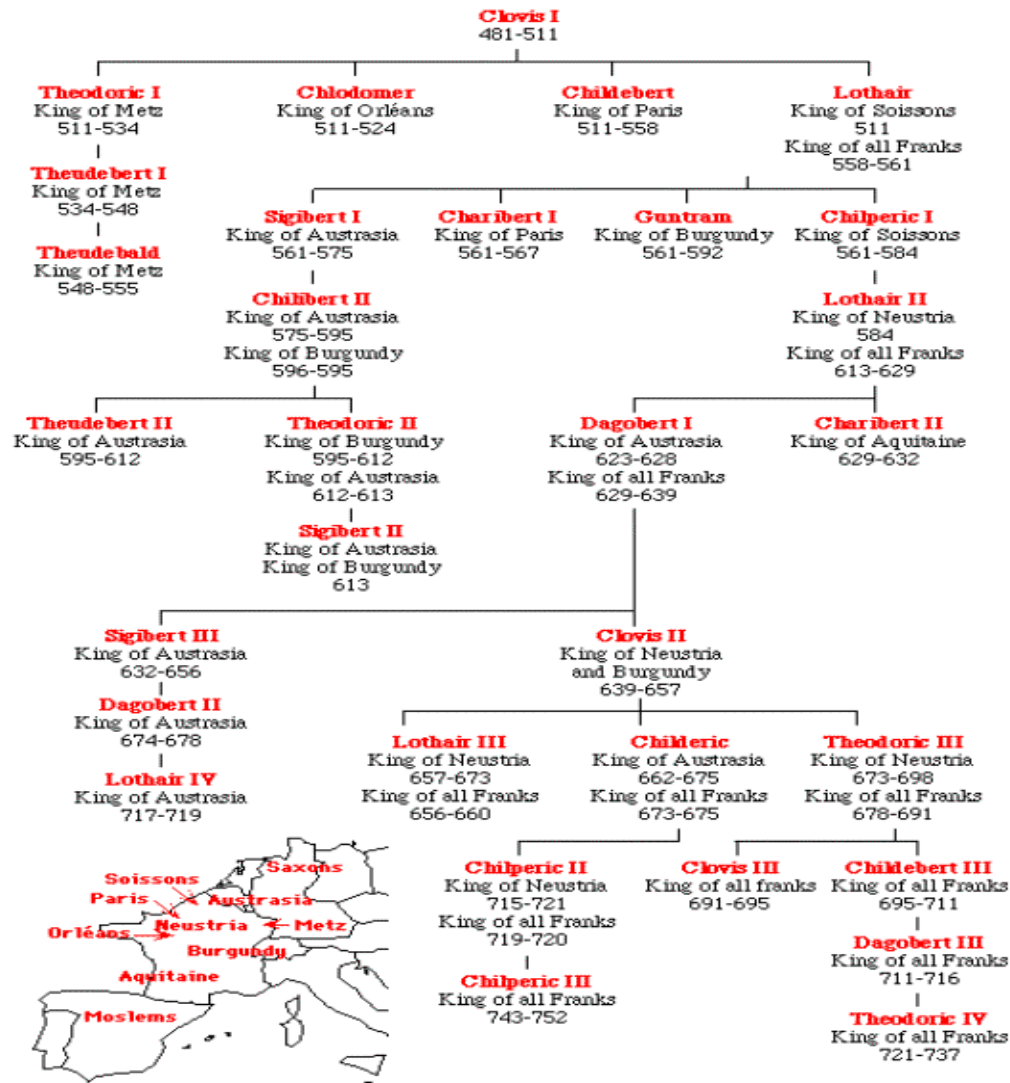
The territories were partitioned between his three sons at his death in 511 but the expansion went on with the conquest of Burgundy. Clotaire I reunited the territories in 558 but it was partitioned again in 561. It took half a century of internal battles and the arrival of Clotaire II to reunite them again in 613. Dagobert I became the sole king in 629. On Dagobert's death in 639 the kingdom was divided again. Sigebert III had been King of Austrasia under Dagobert I until 639 and then sole king until 656. At his death Dagobert II became King of Austrasia until 660 or 661 when the Carolingians took over. Dagobert II was restored in 676 until his assassination in 679. He had a son called Sigebert IV. It is not known for certain if he was killed with his father or if he escaped.

The Carolingians took gradually over as Grand Master of the Palace and reduced the Merovingian Kings to mere puppets especially with Pepin II of Herstal. In the winter of 751-752 the last Merovingian King, Childeric III, was deposed and the Carolingian Pepin the Short was elected King in his place. He was sent to a monastery with his son and did not leave any successor.

The only possibility to have continuity in the Merovingian dynasty would be with Dagobert II's son, Sigebert IV, if it could be proved that he was not killed with his father.

The Merovingian Kings

by Ed Stephan



The Story

The treasure found by the priest Bérenger Saunière in Rennes-le-Chateau was saved for the future King of France. This King is not the official pretender from the Orleans family but the offspring of the Merovingian King, Saint Dagobert II. His son, Sigebert IV, was thought to have died with his father. This is not true according to the fourth parchment found by Saunière. As we know it was taken from Saunière and kept in Paris by the experts of Saint Sulpice. The abbot Bieil gave it to Emile Hoffet who kept it for himself.

When he died this document was bought by the British "International League of Antiquarian Booksellers" or so the story goes. A copy was given to the owner of the castle of Rennes-le-Chateau, Mr Marius Fatin, a well-known mason. According to this league, the castle is important due to the fact that it is there that Sigebert IV hid himself after he escaped after his father's assassination. His descendants, the counts of Rhedae and the Dukes of Razès lived there too. This was written in the fourth parchment signed by Blanche de Castille found by Saunière in the Visigoth pillar in his Church. The parchment, according to the same source, was put there by the priest Bigou in 1788-1789. Before that date it was with the will of François-Pierre, Baron d'Hautpoul de Rennes and registered by the public notary Captier on 23 November 1644 in Espérazza. Saint Dagobert II was the grandson of Dagobert I. This last one succeeded to keep the Francs kingdom created by Clotaire II united until his death in 639. His successors divided the kingdom and Dagobert II, for instance, was only the King of Austrasia. After the death of his father, Sigebert III, in 656 his adopted son, Childéric I, reigned from 656 to 662. Childéric II followed him from 662 to 676. Finally Dagobert II climbed on the throne but he was assassinated in 679 as well as his son Sigebert IV according to the official history. The assassination was ordered by the palace Master Pépin d'Héristal.

The Merovingian dynasty continued formally with Thierry IV and Childéric III who was removed in 751 and this was the end of the dynasty. According to the parchment found by Saunière, and this could be true according to some historians, Sigebert IV escaped and arrived in the Razès on the 17 of January 681 where he took refuge with his grand father. Dagobert II had as a second wife Gisèle, the daughter of Béra II the count of Razès. The Merovingian line included, after Sigebert IV (676-758) also known as the "Plant-Ard" - from whom Mr Plantard took his name!-: Sigebert V (695-768), Bera III (715-771), Guillemon, Bera IV (755-836), Bera V (794-860), Hildéric I and finally Sigebert VI known as "Ursus". From this lineage came the Blanchefort family who gave three centuries later a Templar Grand Master, Bertrand de Blanchefort. The Pope who destroyed the Templars, Clement V, came from the same family. According to the parchment found by Saunière the lineage did not stop with Sigebert VI but continued up to this date although nobody claimed the French throne.

an excerpt from

Emerald Cup-Ark of Gold

by Col. Howard Buechner

Otto Skorzeny and the Last Crusade

Germany invaded Poland on September 1, 1939 and WWII began. England and France declared war on Germany two days later. Germany invaded France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg in May 1940 and entered Paris in June. Shortly thereafter, the French asked for armistice terms and Marshall Petain ordered all troops of France to stop fighting. Within a matter of weeks all of France was under German jurisdiction but not fully occupied until November 1942.

Heinrich Himmler was now in a position to remove the treasure of Montsegur to German soil, with little fear of interference, but for some mysterious reason no action was taken. Perhaps he was preoccupied with other things as the forces of the Third Reich rolled to one success after another or perhaps he had decided to wait until Germany was all victorious before he seized the treasure and announced to the world that Germany had come into possession of the priceless relics. It is also possible that Himmler was holding back until the time when France would be fully occupied by German troops.

It is notable that the Ahnenerbe remained active during the period in question (1940-1943) and sent excavation expeditions to Biskupice, Poland; Olympia, Greece; Slovakia; the Croat fortress of Surval; Serbia and Caucasia. A second expedition to Tibet was also initiated at this time with the mission of seeking clues related to the origins of the Aryan race.

During the first part of the period referred to above, the war was going so well for Germany that Himmler saw no reason for haste in recovering the Emerald Cup. He thought that he knew exactly where it was hidden. France was under the complete control of German forces and the Cup could be easily unearthed whenever Himmler decided that the time was right.

However, in the summer and fall of 1942 some ominous signs began to appear which to the astute observer pointed to the eventual defeat of Germany. During this time the mighty German advance into Russia began to grind to a halt at Stalingrad and the "Desert Fox", Marshal Erwin Rommel suffered his first defeat at El Alamein. As his army began its retreat from North Africa, Rommel came to the conclusion that the war could no longer be won. At about the same time, one of the top leaders of the Third Reich,

Reich Protektor Reinhard Heydrich, was assassinated in Prague, Czechoslovakia. Before he died he predicted that the war would be lost. To make matters worse, America had entered the conflict against Germany and U.S. troops began pouring into North Africa and England. It was then only a matter of time before an Allied invasion of continental Europe would begin, probably from both the south and the north. In fact, Allied forces invaded Sicily in July 1943 and shortly thereafter, the assault on southern Italy began.

The situation was changing rapidly and, by this time, Himmler became convinced that he must make a move to recover the treasure. In June, 1943 a group of German scientists, consisting of geologists, historians, and archeologists appeared at Montsegur. They were under the protection of German troops and German controlled French militia. They explored the grottoes in the surrounding mountains and carried out excavations in various places for six months but came up empty-handed.

Simultaneously, similar teams were carrying out digs at Rennes-le-Chateau and various other locations in France, largely with negative results. The failure of his scientists to find the treasure came as a bitter disappointment to Himmler and led his advisors to the following conclusions:

1. The treasure did not exist.
2. The treasure did exist but was not in the Montsegur area.
3. The treasure was in the Montsegur area but Otto Rahn had not discovered its location.
4. The treasure was in the Montsegur area and Otto Rahn had learned enough to predict its exact place of concealment, but he had simply misinformed his superiors about its location and had taken his secret to the grave. This may have been the reason for Rahn's death.

Himmler flatly rejected the theory that the treasure did not exist. He also rejected the premise that it was located in an area other than the Montsegur region.

Rahn had undoubtedly reported to Himmler after each visit to the Languedoc.

Apparently he had told the Reichsführer that he had not actually found the treasure but sincerely believed that he had come so close to success that he knew exactly where it was located. This is the reason a third trip to the Languedoc had been planned (in 1939) but never carried out because of Rahn's death in March of that year. On the basis of Rahn's testimony, Himmler remained firmly convinced that the Emerald Cup and its associated riches were indeed hidden away in the Rennes-le-Chateau Montsegur area in a place which Rahn had not yet explored.

Himmler also believed that it was Rahn's intent to search certain specific grottoes on his return to the Languedoc and had he done so, he would have been successful in finding the long lost treasure.

Nonetheless, the always suspicious Reichsführer had long entertained the idea, albeit in secret, that Rahn knew where the treasure was hidden but had lied about its exact location in anticipation of claiming the riches for himself at some future time.

The failure of the 1943 expedition to find the treasure, even with Rahn's specific notes as a guide, brought the last postulate into sharp focus as the leading possibility. However, Rahn could not be interrogated about the matter because, by this time, he was dead (or so it was said).

Nevertheless, Himmler refused to give up the search. However, he decided that he needed a more competent and imaginative leader for what was to be his last crusade in quest of the Grail. He needed, not a scientist, but a military leader with a background of daring, resourcefulness and success. One who could solve problems, pick up clues and improvise and change course as the situation dictated.

At that time there was only one man in Germany who fitted the qualifications which Himmler had in mind. Colonel-SS, Otto Skorzeny was then the darling of Germany, noted for his skill as a commando who never failed in his mission no matter how difficult or seemingly impossible it might be.

Skorzeny was born in Vienna, Austria on June 12, 1908. He was an engineer by profession and a gifted linguist. When WWII started he attempted to enlist in the Luftwaffe but was turned down because of his huge size and his age (he was 31 years old). He then joined the Waffen-SS and served with distinction in Yugoslavia and Russia. He was soon commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant and rose rapidly to the rank of SS-Standartenführer (full Colonel). During his very early career Skorzeny distinguished himself as a brave and bold soldier who consistently displayed great ingenuity and cunning. When Adolf Hitler decided to establish a commando force similar to that which had already been developed by the British, Skorzeny was recommended to him as the perfect man for the job.

On April 20, 1943 Otto Skorzeny became "Chief of Germany's Special Troops, existing or to be created in the future". He established a commando school in a hunting lodge at Friedenthal (the Valley of Peace) not far from Berlin. Here he began to build his special task force in spite of many obstacles placed in his way by the red tape bureaucracy of the German General Staff. It was Skorzeny's objective "to weld his fighting men into small, compact units; volunteers though they were, each man had to be chosen singly for each mission and watched up to the moment he went into battle. He must know how to act entirely on his own, yet never forgetting his comrade's interests and the main purpose of the operation. If the smallest wheel of all this machinery slipped, everything was imperiled, and even if they brought off the action it might be at a higher cost. 'One for all and all for one' was no copy book maxim in Skorzeny's conditions for survival." ("Commando Extraordinary," by Charles Foley).

Skorzeny was heavily involved with Admiral Canaris, German Chief of Intelligence, during this period and sometimes received direct orders from Heinrich Himmler.

His unit was assigned several poorly thought out missions, such as interrupting the Middle East supply route to Russia and destroying various Russian installations in the Ural Mountains. However, in each case, the plan was abandoned.

Then something special happened. In late July 1943, Skorzeny was suddenly ordered to report to Adolf Hitler in person, where he was to be scrutinized and appraised for a special task by the Führer himself. He was one of six officers chosen from all of the armed forces of Germany as potential commander of the mission; Needless to say Skorzeny was selected for the job.

Benito Mussolini (Il Duce) had been taken prisoner by anti-Fascist forces in Italy and was being held in some secret place while arrangements were in process to turn him over to the Allies. Mussolini was to be rescued at all costs.

The importance of Skorzeny's mission was strongly emphasized by Hitler, including the fact that Germany would denounce him if he failed.

This topic was stressed again when Skorzeny was briefed by Reichsführer Heinrich Himmler in person. His assignment was a difficult one indeed, largely because no one knew where Mussolini was and it was believed that he was constantly being moved from one location to another.

After investigating place after place, sometimes at the risk of losing both life and limb, Skorzeny finally ran his quarry to earth. Mussolini was being held at a hotel which was perched atop the Gran Sasso mountain, the loftiest peak in the Appennine range at an elevation of somewhere between 6,000 and 10,000 feet. The mountain was guarded by a regiment of heavily armed troops and the hotel could only be reached by a cable car. It appeared to be impregnable. To make matters worse, much of the surrounding area was under constant attack by Allied bombers.

After studying the situation in great detail, Skorzeny decided that the mountain peak could only be reached by gliders, and then only at great risk, since they would have to crash land, with pinpoint accuracy, on a very small but relatively flat rocky surface just below the walls of the hotel.

To make a long story short, at 3 P.M. on September 12, 1943, Skorzeny and 18 men did manage to land on the peak of the mountain. They stormed the hotel, overpowered hundreds of Italian troops and rescued Mussolini unharmed. In an equally daring exploit Captain Gerlach managed to land a tiny Storch airplane on the mountain ledge and take off with Mussolini and Skorzeny as passengers. In Rome, Italy, they transferred to a larger plane and that night they were in Vienna. Skorzeny's men made their way down the mountain and into friendly German lines.

Skorzeny checked into the Imperial Hotel hoping to get some rest, but to no avail. The first telephone call came from the Grand Master of the SS, Heinrich Himmler, offering his congratulations on a task well done. After that the switch-board went crazy. Between calls, a full Colonel-SS was ushered in. He wore the Knight's Cross. He clicked his heels, saluted, bowed and took off the decoration which he hung around Skorzeny's neck. "Orders of the Führer," he explained. For the very first time, this high award was conferred on a recipient on the same day on which it was earned.

The next call came from the Wolf's Lair. Hitler, himself, was on the line. It is said that the Führer danced with glee when he heard the good news, having done so previously only after the fall of France. The report of Skorzeny's incredible feat burst like a thunder clap in the capitals of the world. Naturally, the man who was now "The Great Commando" became an instant hero in Germany and Austria, complete with his impressive size and the expected saber scar on his left cheek, but he had also won the praise of all who admired a man of great bravado, dash and courage. Sir Winston Churchill was included in this group.

Benito Mussolini helped fuel the fires of adulation by stating:

Tales of escape and rescue—dramatic, romantic, sometimes fantastic—are to be found in the history of every epoch and of every people, but my escape from the Gran Sasso prison appears even to-day as the boldest, the most romantic of all, and at the same time the most modern in method and style.

Skorzeny was to go on to many other adventures. He won an oak leaf cluster to his Knight's Cross and became known as "the most dangerous man in the world". He was also said to be "the man most responsible for prolonging WWII". Even when he was found innocent of war crimes at the Nurnberg tribunal, he was not set free because he was "too dangerous" to remain at large.

His continued acts of derring-do and heroic deeds were to earn bestowal of these titles at later dates, but as our narrative continues it is still September, 1943 and the aftermath of Skorzeny's adventures on the Gran Sasso are still to be savored, or in his opinion still to be endured.

More medals rained down on him and social invitations poured in. Tea with Adolf Hitler, lunch with Martin Bormann, coffee with Foreign Minister Ribbentrop, dinner with Dr. Goebbels and on and on it went.

Skorzeny longed to escape the glitter of the inner circle and return to Friedental and get back into action, but he did appreciate the thousands of letters which came from German soldiers on all fronts telling him that his success had bolstered their sagging morale and given them new hope of ultimate victory.

Once back in his headquarters, Skorzeny found himself inundated with new requests for his services, but most of them were so hare-brained that they were never even considered and those projects that were initiated were soon aborted.

On orders from Hitler, which could not be ignored, he was to kidnap Marshal Petain, the Vichy Head of State who could not be trusted and who was threatening to throw in his lot with the Allies. The mission was eventually cancelled.

Then he was to kidnap General Charles DeGaulle, who was residing in London, but this mission was also aborted. Next, he was to capture Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, who was giving Germany all manner of trouble. However, a higher ranking officer usurped command of the project and bungled it badly. Tito escaped.

Next, he was assigned to the development of secret weapons and special defenses against the impending invasion of northern France. In each case he was withdrawn from the project for one reason or another.

Thus it was, that as February 1944 approached, Skorzeny found himself to be a person whose services were in great demand but who actually had very little to do other than to sharpen the skills of his commandos.

It was at this point that he received a call from Reichsführer Heinrich Himmler who had a very important and highly secret mission for him to perform. The mission, of course, was the recovery of the Treasure of Montsegur. The evidence that Skorzeny did indeed receive this assignment is fragmentary, but it is not imaginary. It is based on a single sentence which appears in at least three different books by three different authors and is quoted as follows:

Discussions were held with Skorzeny to organize an expedition with the objective of stealing the Holy Grail. Another book says that, "Negotiations were entered into with Skorzeny with a view to stealing the Holy Grail."

(The Order of the SS, by Frederic Reider; The Morning of the Magicians, by Pauwels and Bergier).

It would seem almost impossible to believe that Himmler would simply "discuss" the matter with Skorzeny or "negotiate" with him about anything. When Himmler wanted something, he ordered it to be done, and he certainly wanted the Emerald Cup and the associated treasure. From foregoing descriptions of Skorzeny's ability and resourcefulness, it is clear that Skorzeny was the best man in Germany for the job and Himmler would have wanted the best man, not just someone who Skorzeny might recommend.

In addition, the situation was becoming desperate. The Allies had already invaded Italy and it was only a matter of time before they invaded France. If the treasure was ever to be recovered it must be now. It was a project of national proportions and no longer just a matter of retrieving holy relics for the glory of the Reich. Germany was running out of money and the treasure could be used to support the war effort.

There was one more factor which qualified Skorzeny for the job. He was known to have toured France in earlier years on what he called "picnic" trips and was familiar with the terrain of the Languedoc. In addition, he spoke fluent French.

On the basis of the above evidence it has been assumed that Otto Skorzeny was indeed ordered to head an expedition to Montsegur, find the treasure and bring it back to Germany. As a matter of fact, Skorzeny liked his new assignment. He could do something important, perhaps succeed where all others had failed, and train his men at the same time.

In characteristic fashion Skorzeny began making detailed plans for his new mission. He had no need for the scientists, geologists, historians, archeologists, ethnologists and intellectuals who had comprised the expedition of 1943. Instead, he carefully handpicked a group of men from his own commando force. Their qualifications were resourcefulness, ingenuity, intelligence, imagination and the ability to improvise. In addition, they were all highly skilled mountain climbers and were certainly capable of defending themselves in a hostile country should the need arise.

The commando force reached the Languedoc in early March 1944 and set up headquarters at the base of Montsegur. They spent a few days exploring the Cathar fortress and in reconnaissance of the surrounding mountains. They discovered remnants of what had once been a 3,000 step stairway, which led from the castle to an exit in the valley below, but little else that was new. They also, gently but firmly, persuaded any curious onlookers to keep their distance.

Skorzeny immediately came to two major conclusions:

First, he decided that Otto Rahn and the members of the 1943 expedition had searched in the wrong places. Rahn had concentrated on the well known and more accessible grottoes of the Sabarthez. He was blinded by his conviction that the Cup was to be found in the "Cathedral" or near the "Tomb of Hercules" or the "Altar" because Wolfram von Eschenbach had located it near these places in his story of Parzival some 700 years ago. Skorzeny cared little about what an ancient poet had written and he viewed the situation in a more practical light. If he had been in charge of the treasure he would have avoided the more obvious hiding places and searched out a location which was more remote and less well known. Partly because Rahn and the 1943 expedition had explored the grottoes of the Sabarthez rather thoroughly and partly because of his own ideas about treasure hiding, Skorzeny spent little time on these caverns.

Skorzeny's second conclusion was based on his military belief that all good troop commanders try to have a pre-planned escape route by which they can withdraw, from any given defensive position, if forced to do so, by the enemy. Military units in combat also do everything possible to prevent complete encirclement by the enemy in order that their escape route can be kept open. Skorzeny concluded that the Cathars must have had such a plan and that their path of retreat would lead him to the treasure.

Skorzeny also discounted the evidence that a long tunnel had once led from the fortress, down through the mountain and out into the surrounding hills. If such a passage ever existed it had probably been collapsed by the weight and shift of the mountain or filled in by the Cathars themselves before the siege of Montsegur began. Where then, was the escape route? Naturally, reasoned Skorzeny, it was where no one else expected it to be, in the most unlikely place of all. One of the four sides of the mountain was a sheer, perpendicular cliff, so smooth and bare that the soldiers of the French army considered it impossible to either ascend to the castle walls or to descend from the fortress in this area. So confident were the crusade commanders in this belief that they did not even bother to post a guard at the base of the precipice.

It may have been virtually impossible for anyone to climb the steep cliff but descent was actually easy. Throughout the 10 month siege of Montsegur, and until almost the very day of capitulation, Cathars were lowered down the precipice on long ropes. Many of these men were in possession of precious items of various kinds which they

carried along their escape route into the higher reaches of the Pyrenees. Since the fortress was surrounded on three sides by enemy forces, the escaping soldiers could have gone in but one direction, that is, in the one direction which led directly away from the face of the cliff.

Skorzeny and his men scouted along this path and soon discovered what appeared to be an ancient trail leading into the higher mountains. At an undisclosed distance from Montsegur they found a fortified entrance to a large grotto. Perhaps it was the grotto of Bouan, which was the last refuge of the Cathars after the fall of Montsegur.

Not far from this grotto was the mountain called La Peyre. Near the crest of this mountain was another grotto and in this cavern it is said, they found the treasure.

Skorzeny had accomplished his mission within 6 days of his arrival at Montsegur.

The next morning a message was flashed through to Himmler's headquarters in Berlin. It consisted of one word:

"Ureka"

[Signed] Scar

Back came the reply:

"Well done. Congratulations. Watch the sky tomorrow at noon. Await our arrival."

[Signed] Reichsführer-SS

At this point a very remarkable series of events coincided. Skorzeny had discovered the treasure on the very eve of the 700th anniversary of the fall of Montsegur (March 16, 1244).

The leader of the commandos had no way of knowing that each year on March 16, the local descendants of the Cathars, often joined by pilgrims from afar, gathered in the fortress of Montsegur to pay homage to their ancestors who had died there 700 years ago. Here, they prayed for the Pure Ones who had been burned alive at the stake rather than deny their Cathar faith or disclose the location of their treasure.

This year the ceremony was of particular significance because it was the 700th celebration of the massacre of their forefathers. In addition, the number 700 was of great importance to the Cathars because of an ancient prophecy which foretold that, "At the end of 700 years, the laurel will be green once more." Presumably this meant that there would be a revival of the Cathar sect and their religion would bloom again. As a result of the importance of this day the group of worshippers was much larger than usual.

They had sent a delegation to the German General who was Military Governor of the area to ask permission to make the pilgrimage since they knew that the fortress was in a restricted area. However, the General was totally without sympathy for their cause. They were told that it was forbidden to tread on this "German Soil" because the Third Reich had "Historic Rights" on Montsegur. Little did he know that after the war, the German government would petition France to allow the Bayreuth Society (admirers of Richard Wagner) to give a concert featuring Wagnerian music atop the summit of the Sacred Mountain. Permission was granted and the concert was played in honor of the German poet Wolfram von Eschenbach, who had first pointed the way to the hiding place of the Emerald Cup. (*The Occult and the Third Reich*, by Jean-Michel Angebert).

The pilgrims were greatly disheartened by the decision of the German General, but so great was the importance of this day that they decided to defy the official edict and go to Montsegur at their own risk. On arrival at the only pathway by which the mountain could be ascended the members of the Cathar cult met with another surprise and possible obstacle.

They had not expected to find the mountain guarded by armed forces (Skorzeny and his men), even though it was in a forbidden zone. Nonetheless, they gathered up their courage and begged the German Commander to allow them to climb the mountain and conduct their harmless services.

They were talking to the right man. Skorzeny had nothing but contempt for bureaucratic decisions and he could see no reason to deny the request. After all, the treasure was far away and there was nothing on the mountain that the pilgrims could harm.

Thus it was that the worshippers were on top of the mountain at precisely the time when Skorzeny had been instructed to "... watch the sky".

At exactly high noon on March 16, 1944 a small German aircraft appeared. It flew over Montsegur several times, dipping its wings in salute. Then it used its skywriting equipment and formed a huge Celtic Cross in the sky. The Celtic Cross was a sacred emblem of the Cathars.

The pilgrims on the mountain top were awestruck and reacted as if a miracle had occurred. They had no idea that the fabulous treasure of the Cathars had been discovered only a short time before and that the plane was saluting the victorious expedition. They thought that the occupants of the German aircraft were approving their mission and paying homage to their long dead ancestors. At any rate they left the mountain with a deep sense of satisfaction. Perhaps the pilgrims were not entirely wrong in their interpretation of the plane incident, since it is very probable, that Rosenberg was a passenger and quite possible that Himmler was his companion. Both of these men had great respect for the Cathars.

When the plane left the scene, it flew off to the east in the direction of Tibet like the dove which had split the mountain with its beak in the long ago ("The Occult and the Third Reich"). Everyone had had a good day with the possible exception of Skorzeny who was champing at the bit to get back to his headquarters at Friedental. His work at Montsegur was finished. Now the engineers could take over and bring the treasure down from the mountains. He wanted to get back to his normal work of fighting the enemy. However, he had been ordered to wait and so he did, but not for long.

Late the next afternoon an official delegation arrived to congratulate Skorzeny on his incredible success. He had done in six days what numerous explorers had failed to do in seven centuries. The delegation was led by none other than Reichsminister Alfred Rosenberg and Colonel Wolfram Sievers, a powerful figure in the Ahnenerbe. Himmler was not present. He had been called back to urgent duties in Berlin and had to miss his first opportunity to see the long awaited Emerald Cup.

Another medal was pinned on Skorzeny's chest in the name of the Reichsführer. Then he and his men were released from duty and allowed to proceed to their home base. A company of combat engineers had been brought up to take over the task of transporting and guarding the treasure.

The riches of Solomon and Jerusalem, Rome, Alaric, the Cathars, the Templars, the Merovingians and others was probably brought down out of the mountains by mule train. In the village of Lavelanet it was crated and transferred to a convoy of large trucks. Under heavy guard it was taken to either Toulouse or Carcassonne. Finally it was loaded into a series of box cars and transported, by train, across France and into Germany. Its final destination was not Berlin and the vaults of the Reichsbank, as might have been expected, but the small town of Merkers (about 40 miles from Berlin). Whoever was guiding the journey knew what he was doing because the riches of the Reichsbank disappeared in the final chaotic days of the war and have never been accounted for.

It is almost certain that a great number of gold coins from the treasure were distributed to the personal "care" of high ranking officials of the Third Reich. The true worth of the original treasure can only be a matter of wild speculation but an amount of 60 billion dollars does not seem unreasonable and even this figure does not take note of the fact that some items in the collection were indeed beyond price.

When Martin Bormann's wife (Frau Gerda Buch Bormann) was captured at a small hotel in Northern Italy, she had 2200 antique gold coins in her possession. These priceless coins were almost certainly a part of Hitler's personal share of the Treasure of Solomon. Bormann himself sent gold coins to Argentina by submarine where on arrival; his treasure was placed under the personal protection of Evita Peron. Adolf Hitler, Herman Göring, Joachim von Ribbentrop and others also sent great riches to South America. Beyond a shadow of a doubt their wealth consisted in part of rare gold coins.

Bormann's fortune in Argentina (not including other South American countries) has been estimated at \$800,000,000. This amount included 2,511 kilograms of gold (*Aftermath—Martin Bormann and the Fourth Reich* by Ladislav Farago).

Countess Gisela von Westrop, the mistress of General Ernst Kaltenbrunner made innumerable trips to Switzerland in her capacity as "Social Secretary" of various escape organizations. She is known to have carried large suitcases stuffed with virtually perfect counterfeit money but she also had numerous Swiss bank accounts containing large amounts of liquid assets some of which consisted of antique gold coins.

In 1983 a former ODESSA agent, treasurer and paymaster named Albert Willi Louis Blume, died in Brazil. Although he led a life of near poverty his personal vault in the Bank of Brazil contained 141,000 ounces of gold, documents of great commercial value, valid currency, fine jewelry and a hoard of ancient gold coins. (Personal communication

from Major R.H. Hodges, Pelham, NY). Mr. Blume was undoubtedly only one of many "paymasters" who presided over similar riches which were used to support various former officials of the Third Reich.

Thus the gold coins of the Treasure of the Ages were dispersed forever.

The remaining portions of the treasure, which had not been distributed or left behind at Merkers, were transported to Heinrich Himmler's Wewelsburg fortress near Paderborn. All of the Holy Relics, including the Emerald Cup, were contained in this shipment. The priceless collection, with the exception of the Cup, was buried deep beneath the castle wall. The exact hiding place has never been precisely determined but it is believed to be somewhere under the steep rocky slope which supports the great north tower of the castle and plunges precipitously into the river valley below. According to persistent rumors, at least a part of the treasure was sent to the "Externsteine" where it was sealed off in one of the many grottoes which pock-mark the great rock formation.

The Cup is believed to have been exhibited to Himmler's innermost circle of senior Knights of the Holy Lance on several occasions. Between these rare ceremonies the Emerald Cup and Himmler's duplicate Holy Lance were kept in a large safe which was imbedded deep within the castle's thick walls. Only the Reichsführer had a key to the safe and its very existence was known only to him and General Siegfried Taubert, the castle warden.

Near the end of the war, when Wewelsburg was overrun by American forces, on April 2, 1956, the safe was blown open by soldiers of the US 3rd Armored Division. It was found to contain a large quantity of documents. These papers promptly disappeared. It is unknown whether or not they contained information about the Lance or the Cup or the Holy Relics of Solomon's Treasure.

Just a few weeks prior to the capture of Wewelsburg castle, Allied troops had stepped onto German soil and breached the Siegfried Line. Only the Rhine river remained as a barrier to their penetration of the very heart of the Fatherland.

Hitler was then living in his underground bunker in Berlin. He knew that the war was hopelessly lost and all thought of victory had disappeared from his mind, whether he admitted it or not. The same was true of even the most aggressive, loyal and optimistic leaders of the Third Reich. It was time to think of hiding their wealth and saving their lives. There was a desperate need to make haste. On March 16, 1945 the treasure of Wewelsburg was exhumed. Whether this was a total or partial removal of the collection has never been definitely established. It was one year to the day since the priceless hoard had been discovered by Otto Skorzeny near the citadel of Montsegur.

The treasure and the Emerald Cup were placed in the care of one of only two persons in Germany who Himmler considered to be completely trustworthy. The one would deliver the Cup to the other, after he had secured the treasure in its temporary resting place

As a final act, Himmler dispatched his duplicate, but still cherished, Holy Lance to Nurnberg. Here it joined the insignia of the Holy Roman Emperors, dating back to the days of Charlemagne. The successive German Emperors who owned the insignia reigned for 1000 years and comprised the First Reich. The items consisted, in part, of the Holy Lance, a sword, scepter, crown, cloak, sphere, cross and gauntlets (see footnote). The above items were eventually discovered in a tunnel deep beneath the walls of Nurnberg castle by elements of the 7th US Army (of which the author was a member). The personal insignia of Charlemagne were found in a cave at Siegen. This great treasure, along with the imitation Holy Lance, was returned to the government of Austria in 1946 by General Mark Clark. It is still there to-day where it can be seen in the Schatzkammer (treasure rooms) of the Hofburg Palace.

The royal emblems of the Holy Roman Emperors had been stored in Nurnberg, Germany for hundreds of years. In 1806 they were sent to Vienna, Austria to keep them from falling into the hands of Napoleon. When Napoleon lost power in 1814, Austria refused to return the insignia to Germany. Hitler saw the collection in 1938 when Austria was annexed to Germany and brought it back to Nurnberg. He kept the Holy Lance in his personal possession but allowed Himmler to have a perfect copy made for use in his ceremonies at Wewelsburg (for further information on this subject see *Adolf Hitler and the Holy Lance* by Buechner and Bernhart).

Himmler did not have time to remove other items of great value from Wewelsburg Castle or from a nearby fortress-like building known as Boddeken. He decided that if he could not have them, at least he could prevent them from falling into the hands of his hated enemies.

On March 29, 1945 he sent a team of demolition experts to destroy his beloved castle. Under the command of Captain Heinz Macher this group seemed to have had a singular lack of enthusiasm for what they considered to be a senseless mission of destruction. As a result the castle was rather badly damaged but not destroyed. Nevertheless, Macher reported a successful mission and was promoted to Major on the spot. Since Macher wore the Knights Cross with Oakleaves his word was never doubted. Perhaps Himmler never knew that the mission has actually failed.

As soon as the demolition team departed from the area, the townspeople of Wewelsburg village swarmed in and began to strip the castle of its rich furnishings.

On April 2, 1945 when American soldiers arrived they released a number of inmates from a nearby concentration camp known as Niederhagen. The released prisoners, and the American soldiers, completed the job of picking the castle clean.

Among items which disappeared were paintings, statues, rugs, tapestries, porcelain, silverware, coats of arms, 16,000 priceless books, 40,000 bottles of vintage wine, a large number of silver SS honor rings, a solid gold bathtub Samurai swords, antique armor, firearms, fine furniture and other objects.

Thus, Himmler's personal treasure was dispersed, or passed out of his control. Barely one month later he would become a fugitive, stripped of office, rank and authority.

Meanwhile, Adolf Hitler also had precious items to dispose of before he died (on April 30, 1945) and before his Berlin bunker was overrun by Russian troops.

He was still in possession of the real Holy Lance, but the time had come for him to part with it, lest it fall into the hands of his despised enemies. In mid April, 1945 he sent it to the port of Kiel in the custody of one of his most trusted officers. It was then carried by submarine (U-530) to Antarctica where it found repose in a cave of ice in the Muhlig Hoffman mountains. A second vessel (U-977) sailed on the same day (May 2, 1945) and for the same destination. She was carrying a canister of the mixed ashes of Hitler and Eva Braun. In 1979, a German expedition recovered the Lance and the ashes. These *Hitler's Ashes* by Buechner and Bernhart).

Other valuables, which Hitler felt compelled to safeguard, were primarily those which were to be a part of his proposed museum in Linz. These were near and dear to his heart and the thought still lingered that he might survive or return someday to build the greatest art center in the world.

an excerpt from

The Case for the UFO

by Morris K. Jessup

Did Dr. Jessup commit suicide on his way to visit a friend, or . . . ? What happened to the manuscript of Jessup's book he was about to complete at the time he died?

When you read these portions of his first book, you will have an idea of the direction his thoughts were taking . . . and you may think that, just maybe, he was onto something . . . something so shattering to our reality, that he paid his life for this knowledge!

Extracts from *The Case for the UFO*

Flying Saucers are not new! For thousands of years men have seen mysterious objects in the skies . . .

Probably the oldest, and almost surely the most prolific of sources bearing on wingless flight, are the records of the Indian and Tibetan monasteries. These in themselves are almost conclusive. Records of 15,000 years ago imply wingless flight at least 70,000 years prior to that. Add this to the recorded visit of a space fleet to the court of Thutmose III, approximately 1500 BC, and we are close to paralleling the sightings of today.

Evidence of continued interest by the space dwellers comes from medieval France where Adamski was completely scooped by elements of the French populace who were given rides in the UFOs. If early visits to Asia, subsequent contacts with the Egyptians at the peak of their culture, rumored associations of flight with the disappearance of Atlantis, and tours of France some centuries ago, indicate a pattern, then it may be of little wonder that the civilizations of today, perhaps the most spectacular of all, are receiving attention.

In many ways, the most intriguing data of all comes from the skeptical astronomers. Their observations do tend to be quantitative, timed, and documented. The astronomical data is more than merely qualitative. In other words, the astronomers themselves, being conscientious data hounds, were not content with merely seeing

things move in space. Although unaware of the true nature of what they saw, they recorded as much as time and equipment would permit, and, as a result, they have enabled us to locate the habitat of the UFOs.

As with our own observations today, any single sighting by an astronomer could be a mistake or an illusion. But hundreds of sightings are involved, and dozens of serious reliable astronomers. Many round things have been seen crossing the discs of the sun and moon, and some in space with no background. Roundness implies spherical or discoid shapes.

Lights have been seen in space, some of them near Mercury, Venus, Mars, and the moon, and some between us and those orbs, so that they might be on their surfaces. In the case of the moon, lights have been seen on the surface.

There have been shadows on the moon and on the earth which could have been cast only by manipulated space contrivances. The advent of the great comets and the red spot on Jupiter in the late 1870's 'was coincident with the mysterious appearance of a new crater on the moon precisely the size of the UFO's seen by astronomers between the earth and the Moon.

The astronomers have seen two distinct classes of objects: the spherical, definitely outlined ones, and the hazy, nebulous ones. Both have appeared to undergo intelligent manipulation and exhibit erratic motions. In all of these are features that have counterparts among the sightings listed by lay observers since 1947. Simultaneous observations by two or more observers have at times established the approximate distances of the UFOs through study parallax. (Parallax is the displacement, often measurable, caused by looking at an object from two different points; e.g. hold up a finger and view it with first one eye and then the other. The displacement against a distinct background is parallax.)

All in all, the astronomical evidence for UFOs, while less voluminous than other types, is better grounded in factual and quantitative data. It must be given great weight. If, in reality, the astronomical profession is to be forced into the position of being the principal witness for the defense, in the case of the UFO's, its members will suffer a most peculiar type of embarrassment, for theirs is the unenviable position of having been most dogmatic and derogatory.

It seems unfortunate that astronomy, once the leader in the search for qualitative knowledge, is apparently degenerating into opposition to pioneering. Yet, astronomy, while strictly an observational and not an experimental science, takes front rank in denying authentic observational data which threatens in the slightest to upset its own scientific apple cart.

In an observational science such as astronomy, laws have to be built from innumerable repeated observations and not, as is partially true in physics and chemistry, on the basis of duplicative laboratory experiment. In such cases, as the astronomer knows only too well, repeated observations must be accepted as tantamount to proof.

Many of astronomy's tenets are in such a category. To take only one example, the hypothetical life history of stars is based entirely on the so-called spectral sequence built solely upon spectroscopic observations of thousands of stars and the subsequent grouping and arranging of these into some logical structure. Even in this ponderous sequence there are erratics, or stars with peculiar spectra, whose real nature is a matter of speculation even after a hundred years of spectroscopy. Yet, the astronomer can hardly deny the existence of the obviously shining star, no matter how recalcitrant may be its light waves.

There Is Intelligence in Space

The vast amount of material from the past, in all categories, shows clearly that intelligence exists in space! "Intelligence" is the sine qua non of our analysis. Without it our thoughts may be meaningless. With it, our corollary postulates are automatic.

Throughout this book, we make some rather fine distinctions. The difference between rain and "falling water" is one. For our concepts of our spatial environment we have to make a similar division between "mind" and "intelligence." "Mind," for our purposes, is the thinking function of the brain of mankind, or perhaps of lower animals. By "intelligence," we must conceive more broadly of an ability to think, construct, direct, analyze, plan, navigate, laugh, etc., which is not necessarily a part of, or associated with, a carnate brain, in short, we must adjust our ego to the possibility that intelligence exists in space, that it may be and probably is superior to our own, and that it may inhabit physical entities of a discarnate nature such as the nebulous or cloudlike bodies observed by Barnard (described later).

Throughout, we are searching for objects, bodies, events which have been made, shaped or guided by forces obviously controlled by an "intelligence" which has the power of decision, as opposed to those which have merely been acted upon by "physical" forces and "physical" laws, such as gravitation, and the Keplerian or Newtonian laws. Only thus can we establish "intelligence" as a universal component of neighboring space.

Nobody knows the precise nature of this spatial intelligence, much less the nature of the physical body within which it resides. This intelligence seems to manifest itself in many ways. In our study of storms we have been driven inexorably to admit that some storms have an artificial aspect, a sort of organic appearance, an air of being manufactured for a purpose and to be carrying out that purpose. We therefore postulate some percentage of artificiality, or intelligence, among that small percentage of storms which suddenly appear in otherwise undisturbed skies, proceed with a purposeful manner, as though concealing something, and discharge peculiar materials. They seem too concentrated, perhaps too directive, to be entirely meteorological in their origins.

As a means, then of assuring that we do not knowingly overlook any possible contributory evidence in the case for the UFO's, I ask you to keep these storms and cloud formations in mind, and, if possible, to fit them into the basis of any comprehensive conclusions which you may eventually draw.

I believe that space structures of five to twenty miles diameter are sufficiently large to produce such storms, and there may be elements of purposefulness in so doing, if only for camouflage or concealment.

It may be difficult to see the significance of antiquity in the consideration of space flight or space inhabitation. But failure to consider the sprawling background of the UFO problem is the greatest single factor in the appalling chaos which engulfs this enigma. Take but one small item: the little piece of meteoric iron which was found deep within a tertiary coal bed. The locale and the finding are authentic. The shape is purely artificial. It is but an inch or so square, practically a cube. Four sides are squarely faced, and the other two are convexly shaped, with complete symmetry. Around the four surfaced sides runs a groove, geometrically contrived. Here are three established facts:

1. Placement in an incipient coal bed some 300,000 years ago.
2. Made of meteoric iron, identifiable by structure and chemical content.
3. Clearly shaped by artificial means.

The number of explanations as to how it got into that coal bed may be few or several, but there is one underlying fact which cannot be scoffed into oblivion: This piece of natural steel was shaped by an intelligent instrumentation at least 300,000 years ago! We can go on, but somebody has to make a choice, or deny and ignore the entire factual substratum. Science has ignored it. The choice is most galling to face: Was this gadget, created as it was by intelligence, placed there by man indigenous to earth, or was it dropped from space by a space traveler?

You choose to say: placed by Man? Then there was a race of men here 300,000 years ago who knew enough to shape steel, and, by inference, make machinery. If they could do that, they most likely had locomotion of some sort, and there is no good reason to deny that they could have found space flight either by research or accident. At worst there was time to develop a civilization of any preassigned refinement. Science doesn't like that. Alternative to that horn of the dilemma, we must contemplate space flight of 300,000 years ago, capable of bringing this little machine part to the earth, or of bringing civilization itself and planting it here within that type of animal life judged most likely and suitable to perpetuate and develop mental capacity. It is indeed a nasty choice for inhibited minds.

We can conclude that space habitation has existed for many millennia. We do not care whether earthmen took to space as a matter of convenience, comfort, and safety after blowing off a portion of the planet; or whether space inhabitants created terrestrial intelligence "in their own image." Bluntly: "What's the difference?" The basic thought is that man is living in a world in which he is neither the completely dominant nor the supremely intellectual being.

There has been a raging controversy for generations between pro-Atlantians and anti-Atlantians as regards the antiquity of civilized mankind upon this planet. The archaeological remains of those nuclei civilizations which have, for 7,000 years or more, been recovering from the celestial impact which caused the traditional flood,

redistributed the surface soil of the earth, destroyed continents and made new ones, sunk Atlantis and Mu and raised hob in general, are readily available in quantity. They offer easy materials for study. Archaeology and ethnology, sharing with astronomy the feature of being observational and not experimental, have built their entire framework upon the study of those remains. Yet, underlying and intermingled with this vast array of material, there are remnants of cultures of almost unspeakable age. Their artifacts have been subjected to geological and cosmic cataclysms of almost incomprehensible violence and few major relics remain for perusal. Those few, however, are cast aside as the erratics of archaeology and ethnology, and their very existence is buried or denied in efforts to avoid toppling the house of cards so laboriously established by those branches of learning.

These studies break down almost completely at an antiquity of approximately 7,000 years, at which point they meet with what the mathematician calls discontinuity. Many of the oases of culture thus studied appear, suddenly, in final analysis, as going concerns, with little indication of forward development and considerable to show that they were degenerate remnants of something already lost behind the misty curtain of antiquity. It is my belief that we must admit to the "doings" of man in the eons prior to the collision of the earth with a vast aggregate of meteoric material which struck the Western Hemisphere some 10,000 to 15,000 years ago.

Books have been written, libraries of them, to show this antiquity, but it has not yet been accepted, even in principle, by any branch of science. Geology opposes any type of cataclysmic change in the structure of the earth and will go to any extremes to avoid coming to grips with its erratics. Yet every science breaks down when it is forced to contemplate the origin of man's intellectual development.

The few erratics in the following pages show that there have been very ancient cultures, or civilizations which may have and could have developed methods of flight much simpler and more effective than ours, and more directly associated with forces which we do not yet comprehend. Again we are dealing with indirect evidence, not always of the greatest clarity. Yet in support of an antiquity of such an order I have seen and touched stonework carved out of the solid mountain of rock in South America, which certainly antedate the Andean glaciers, and almost as certainly predate the formation of the mountains themselves. This work is superior in technique to that accomplished by our currently mechanized civilization. Much of that construction, sculpture and tunneling could only have been accomplished by forces different from those in use by us today. The quandary is largely resolvable by admitting to a levitating force developed and used by the same common denominator—space flight—which simplifies so many other puzzles for us.

On the basis of the evidence of an antiquity involving epochs of 50,000 to 200,000 or 300,000 years or more, we postulate the ancient development of some kind of science which either produced space flight or was brought to this third planet via space flight. I do not believe it is of great significance to our thesis at the moment whether one or the other, of these assumptions is most likely to be true. Either is abhorrent to science and to some religions, yet either presents a background of conditionality favorable to an extremely ancient development of wingless flight. Nothing else answers all of the conundrums presented by observed and recorded facts.

As you will see, history is replete with stories of another great category of phenomena: the mysterious and ghostly disappearances of people, singly and in groups, publicly or in unobserved obscurity. These skin-tingling episodes seemed at first to have little in common with the falls of objects and the antics of storms. Many are incidents which, if their reality has been admitted at all, are in the view of scientists, spiritualists, and students of the occult, considered to belong to or border on the so-called supernatural. Within these segregations we must place the disappearance of the crews of ships, such as the Sea Bird and the Marie Celeste; the disappearances of individuals while in the company of their peers. There is not much hypothesizing to be done with these. The stories can be told, and the cases lumped together as one big unexplained group of events. No explanation other than that of abduction by intelligently navigated aerial or celestial craft can be advanced! It is almost a case of proof by default. With planes, there is perhaps some added element other than metal fatigue which involves striking some apparently solid object while in the air, or being rent by unimaginable forces just before falling. (Because of this additional evidence I have put the accidents to planes into a separate section of Part Three, below.)

Planes seem to hit something which crushes them or tears them apart, which is nevertheless invisible, and which strikes with such suddenness that the pilots do not have time to make an outcry via their ever-live radios. Then, too, there are cases of dead or frightened birds, and the cases of people being struck by unseen forces, as with seventeen marching soldiers in eighteenth-century France who were simultaneously struck down by an invisible agency.

After analyzing these things, one speculates as to new types of obstacles as well as new forces. Take the mysterious Maunder object, which moved deliberately across the sky above southern England in November, 1882. Rand Capron, an authority on auras, said it was auroral, while other equally competent scientists said it was a physical or material object. Then there are the many modern sightings of things which seem to manifest intelligent action, and to possess all normal physical characteristics except mass or weight. We recollect that radar sees things which are not visible to the eye.

From such analysis we come by easy stages to conceive of a force, ray, or focal point, in some force field either unknown to us, or at least not understood, which produces rigidity in a localized or sharply delimited volume of air, or possibly in space itself. We are thinking of something like crystals of ice freezing within a body of water. The element remains the same but its physical attributes change suddenly and drastically.

Another example might be the passage of a limited but powerful magnetic field through a scattering of iron filings or iron powder. Before the approach of the magnetic flux, the powder lies loose, flexible, and capable of being penetrated. Yet, when the flux enters it, invisibly and imperceptibly to the senses of man, this docile powder becomes rigid, tenacious, coherent, and at least semisolid.

Do the space dwellers have a force which produces this temporary rigidity in the air, or even possibly in the gravitational field itself? Or do they create "local" concentrations of the gravitational field as we are able to do with the magnetic field?

Suppose that some intelligent entity was directing a concentration of potential which could make small volumes of rarefied air rigid, could set up a sort of island in the gravitational or magnetic field, moving the island about as the spot of a searchlight is moved on thin clouds. Such a thing would be invisible, would have many of the

physical attributes of a solid body, but very small mass. For example, its movement through the air would be wavelike, and would not involve translation of the medium any more than the spot of the searchlight would require movement of the cloud which enabled the beam to attain visibility. In moving, this island would simply "freeze" on the advancing edge and "thaw" on the trailing edge. In this way it could have almost infinite velocity, and also acceleration, just as the spot of the searchlight. In this manner it would appear to be free of mass, and actually it would be free of mass, because only the force beam would move, not the air. Yet, in resisting the impingement of a bird, a plane, or, perhaps a meteor, it would have mass, and a very destructive mass at that. A pilot flying a plane into such a body would have no warning. Yet if such a thing were a few hundred yards in diameter, its mass in resisting the plane would be thousands of pounds, perhaps tons. The analogy to a ship hitting an iceberg would be very close.

If such a force island were formed in the upper atmosphere, it might be very possible for it to have many of the physical characteristics of a solid body, and yet in matters of illumination it could behave exactly as any other auroral phenomena. In this connection we must remember that auroral phenomena are magnetic and may be caused by streams of electrons from the sun, which are, in effect, precisely the type of force beam upon which we are speculating.

It seems obvious that a single beam could not have the effect that we have suggested, else the freeze would take effect along the entire length of the beam. However, it is possible that the three-dimensional volume enclosed within the intersection of two beams might create such a congealed island.

Speculating further on this weird possibility, remember that oxygen is a magnetic substance. It is not, perhaps, paramagnetic like iron, manganese and nickel, but nevertheless sufficiently magnetic that it can be separated from the other constituents of air by means of a magnetic field.

If such a congealment were possible, consider the result of crossing the two beams at the exact aerial position of a flying plane and congealing the air around and in the plane. Could you, in this way, hold a plane in suspension, or even carry it away? Could you, by a similar concentration of beams, freeze two aviators on the sands of the Arabian Desert, and carry them away? Could you freeze a man and instantly lift him out of sight, or cause him to be invisible within the block of frozen air or oxygen? Could you freeze the crew of a ship, and remove them from the vessel? Could you catch or kill birds, quickly and over a vast area, with such a thing, and dump them on a city in Louisiana?

All these peculiar things happened, but we don't know how, or why.

Before we leave this tantalizing topic, give thought to the nature of an aurora borealis. As early as the time of Maunder's object, it was recognized that auroras are magnetic phenomena, or at least associated with the earth's magnetic field. It has been further ascertained that they are related to sunspots, and that they are probably due to the interaction of electronic streams from the sun or from sunspots.

Is not an aurora, then, something very much akin to the congealed islands which we have just postulated? Is it not a delimited volume of rarefied air caught within the gripping reaction of an electron stream passing through a magnetic field? Was Maunder's object, then, in a sense both material and nonmaterial; both massive and

nonmassive"? Is it the encounter with these "pockets," which makes meteors explode? Do they make blips on a radar screen? Have we a clue here, or are we dangerously close to science fiction?

Short-cut to Space Travel

It is but a step from such contemplations to a similar analysis of the "Foo" fighters, fireballs, the comet like objects usually seen in groups of six or eight, and the darting evanescent things seen now and then over Washington, DC. Such phenomena must be considered as most likely due to intelligent manipulation, or remote control, from distant structures, and technically trained observers have often said as much. We do not entirely rule out a self-contained intelligence, but many of these manifestations have more the quality of something which, for want of an established terminology, we might call the searchlight type of UFO. Many reports have described objects or UFOs as appearing to have been operated by remote control. I believe that they are exactly that.

It is by no means clearly established that all apparently self-luminous phenomena are of this nature. There are still a number of luminous spheres and discs which seem to have a more material nature and to contain the intelligences which operate them. The widgets seen by astronomers in space are examples, and I think, too, of such things as the ruddy disc which buzzed Captain Manning's DC-3 near South Bend, Indiana.

The "Devil's Hoofprints" and related phenomena, discussed below in Part Three, offer another key or clue, and in segregating them from the mass of unclassified data we can, again, remove a considerable segment of the load which burdens the psychic and paranormal field. The misinterpretations of the Hoof marks are more fantastic than the phenomenon itself. It is unbelievable, to me at least, that people intelligent enough to make a living among their fellows would try to interpret a linear sequence of exactly duplicated marks, crossing roof tops, walls and haystacks unfalteringly and indiscriminately as animal tracks. These marks were equally spaced, occurring singly, not in twos or fours. Even in the old mythology there is no tale of a one-legged animal.

Here is something clearly mechanical. With equal clarity it is something maneuvering in the sky. Since the mysterious phenomenon occurred half a century before our race developed mechanical flight, this, to me, is an isolated and clear-cut indication of space flight.

Throughout the series of modern (after Arnold) sightings of UFO's, there is a thread of frequent references to "Mother Ships" and huge superconstructions. The vast thing chased by Mantell and the ten-mile-long thing over Kansas are examples. There can no longer be serious doubts of their existence. It seems probable that these constructions are the domiciles of the smaller-fry discs, spheres, balls of light, etc., which are so frequently seen in proximity to the earth's surface and to our planes, rockets, airfields and cities.

It is my belief that these constructions are few in number, not many (there is some possibility, in fact, that there may be only two of them) and that they do not come from distant planets such as Venus, Mars, Jupiter or the vastly more distant stars. It is my belief that they are usually globular, sometimes spindle like, and that they are an indigenous part of the earth-moon binary-planet system. I make this statement on the basis of hundreds of astronomical observations in which the rough determinations of parallax can be made. Parallax shows these objects to be somewhere between a few hundred miles away and a maximum of something less than the distance of the moon.

While I believe that these space islands probably use both earth and moon for their own convenience, I suggest that their most natural and permanent habitat is at the gravitational neutral of the earth-sun-moon, three-body system which is well within the orbit of the moon.

Dean Swift was prescient in regard to his astronomy, predicting that Mars had two small satellites, one of which was close to Mars' surface and made two revolutions daily. It has been pointed out that this inner body is too close to Mars to be in adjustment with any known postulate of the natural distribution of satellites relative to their parent body. This may be an indication that Mars' inner satellite is artificial. It has been postulated that gravitation need not be considered as acting with uniform continuity, from the center of the attracting body outward, even if subject to the inverse square law. Such a concept, today, would be especially horrendous to physics and astronomy. Yet, there is a suspicious rhythm to the distribution of planets outward from the sun. This has been somewhat crudely expressed in Bode's law, and in spite of scientific protestations there is a similarity between atomic structure as we comprehend it and the obvious structure of the solar system.

Refinements of Bode's law indicate nodes in the gravitational field, at which planets, asteroids, and possibly comets and meteors tend to locate themselves. An extension of the theory to the satellite systems of the major planets indicates a similar system of nodes on smaller scales, where planets, rather than the sun, are gravitational centers. This indicates a sort of generality, and since the smaller planets, such as Venus, Earth, Mars, do not have satellite systems (the moon is more of a companion than a satellite and may have joined the earth through acquisition rather than formation), it might well be that these gravitational nodes are occupied to some degree by navigable constructions.

Over a period of almost two hundred years there have been many modifications of Bode's law, in an effort to completely generalize it, and to make it theoretical as well as empirical. Many researchers have extended the law so as to establish nodes right down to the surface of the central bodies, and in so doing the nodes become closer and closer together so that there may be many of them at short distances from the parent body. Thus, if the law or its derivatives have significance, there could be a number of these orbital nodes between the moon and the surface of the earth.

We can, therefore, take it as highly probable that there are many zones of convenience around the planets, as well as around the sun, which are presently unoccupied by planets or satellites of any considerable size and which may well be used by enlightened space dwellers. Such zones, if they exist, are in addition to the demonstrable earth-sun-moon neutral.

Since this system of nodes appears to be some function of the radius of the attracting body, it may be that there is a complete series of them in concentric circles starting at the surface of a parent body such as the earth, but their existence or true nature can hardly be known to us until we can in some way determine the nature of gravity itself. There may even be hints available to us regarding gravity. For instance, no final settlement has ever been made of the argument over the opposed wave and corpuscular theories of the propagation of light. An assumption that the ether, a necessary adjunct to the wave theory, is identical with the gravitational field, whatever that may be, would reconcile the opposing theories and a quantum of light would then be merely a pulsation or fluctuation in the gravitational field. Intense studies of the movements of space-navigable UFOs might furnish vital clues to such problems.

Let us go back for a moment to the matter of masslessness of some of the UFOs. Their ability to achieve enormous acceleration has been one of the greatest puzzles to scientists. Time after time we are told that the UFOs could not possibly contain living bodies of flesh and bone—that such bodies could not withstand the stresses imposed by the observed accelerations. Yet such argument can well be based on entirely erroneous ideas as to the nature of the propulsive forces used by the UFOs. Acceleration is damaging only because the forces necessary to produce it are applied externally to the living body, or to the structural members of any flying machine. Any force which would simultaneously accelerate every molecule of either the living body or the mechanical structure would avoid all such stresses, and both the living and the mechanical could undergo any amount of acceleration without the slightest damage or discomfort.

Since the UFOs, even the material, structure-like ones, are observed to sustain acceleration without mishap, we cannot but conclude that whatever the force used for such violent propulsion may be, it must be of such a nature that all fractions of the accelerated bodies are acted upon individually. This could only come about through reactance with the gravitational field, because nonmagnetic materials do not react to a magnetic field. Therefore, since such movements are observed, we have to stop thinking in terms of jet or rocket propulsion, or reactance with a magnetic field, any of which subject both flesh and metal to outside pressures, and, instead, ascertain how space craft obtain reactance with gravity.

It should be obvious to all engineers and scientists that rocket propulsion will never solve the problems of space travel, not only because of the unavoidable problems of acceleration, but because of the impossibility of transporting the necessary fuel and carrying the heavy reactance motors. Few laymen realize that, for rocket flight, the fuel is of dual purpose. Its ability to produce energy is no whit more valuable than its ability to produce inertial reactance when expelled through a jet, and therefore, any rocket propulsion craft must carry mass in some form for the purpose of being expelled so as to create reactance. Using fuel for both energy and reactance is only a partial solution of the problem, and obviously limits both the range and speed of a space craft.

Atomic power is certainly not the answer, at least not as regards jet or reactance propulsion, for all of the atomic power in the world will not move a space craft, by reactance propulsion, unless there is an enormous mass to be ejected and lost. The amount of such expendable mass is proportional to the weight of the craft and the square of the speed obtained. It is exactly here that the great cost and impracticality of current attempts at rocket flight occur.

A cheap power must, therefore, be found. By cheap power we have in mind something like the effect of the winds on sailing craft, or the reactance of revolving cylinders with the winds, as was tried on a Scandinavian vessel twenty to thirty years ago. Such a force or power will have to originate in reactance directly with the gravitational field, since magnetic fields will not account for the observed accelerations, nor are they, so far as we know, extensive enough in space.

If the money, thought, time, and energy now being poured uselessly into the development of rocket propulsion were invested in a basic study of gravity, it is altogether likely that we could have effective and economical space travel, at a small fraction of the ultimate cost which we are now incurring, within one decade.

Our present path of development will not give it to us.

Science has consistently scoffed at any thought of gravity control or levitation, and such scoffing has had to be accepted as authoritative in the absence of proof to the contrary. Such proof now seems to be within sight, or at least there is increasingly strong evidence that gravity is neither so continuous, so immaterial nor so obscure as to be completely unamenable to use, manipulation and control. Witness not only the documented movements of UFO's in the form of lights, discs, nebulosities, etc., but the many instances of stones, paper, clothes baskets and many other things which have been seen to leave the ground without apparent cause. The lifting of the ancient megalithic structures, too, must surely have come through levitation.

The same inhibited thinking which has consistently aroused our protests is responsible for the maladjusted direction of our attack on the problems of space flight through rocket power. There must be, and almost certainly is, a better, shorter way of accomplishing it. The difference between the pre-Incan methods of handling huge stone masses and those of our present-day engineers offers a kind of parallel. We should be looking for the simpler, more direct course—not wasting our resources on unworkable methods.

Our procedure is expensive, cumbersome, tedious, and extremely wasteful of money, time, manpower, and intellect. If, on the contrary, we shift our concentration to the intensive study of gravity, and put on that problem brains and education comparable to those which have solved the problems of fission and atomic structure, it is my honest belief that we can whip the problem of space travel inexpensively within a decade.

It is my belief that something of the sort was done in the antediluvian past, through either research or through some fortuitous discovery of physical forces and laws which have not as yet been revealed to scientists of this second wave of civilization.

It is always easier to uncover a principle, or a fact, if it is known in advance to exist. It probably helped Columbus in his quest for the "Indies," even though he found something slightly different. It is my belief that the possibility of gravity control, or at least gravity reactance, has been strongly indicated by the phenomena listed in this book.

The Home of the UFOs

There seems to be something of periodicity in events of celestial and spatial origin. This has been called to our attention by John Philip Bessor in the *Saturday Evening Post* as early as May, 1949; but no one has thus far been able to catalogue and classify enough of this data to determine for certain whether such cycles exist, much less their time period or cause. It is not particularly astonishing that these phenomena should be cyclic, for practically everything astronomical is periodic. If periodicity could be firmly established for these phenomena, that fact alone would be proof of their reality and integration with the organic world about us.

The rush of oddities and unusual events in the decade 1877 to 1887 is very much in evidence. Perhaps it does seem to be drawing the long bow a bit if one tries to make out that the presence of the great comets or the activity of the Red Spot on Jupiter, were influential in causing such events, but that all of these were concomitant is undeniable. If space life is limited to the earth-moon system, there is probably no common cause, but it must, however, be borne in mind.

Of greater pertinence is the observed and authenticated activity on the lunar surface during these and the immediately preceding years. Not only were there appearances and disappearances of lunar craters about the size of some of the larger space craft which have been seen, but there is some evidence that nebulous entities hover over these evanescent craters and contribute to their obscuration.

Observations of UFO phenomena and related events on or near the earth's surface may be distorted by excitement, emotionalism and prejudice. But the direct observations of space life and its contingent activity, as seen by astronomers, are more objective and more coolly recorded. We can feel more relaxed in dealing with them, on more solid ground.

Astronomical observations break naturally into three categories: lights, shadows, and bodies. Lights and shadows, perhaps, in reality comprise one group since one is the counterpart of the other, while bodies, on the other hand, tend to divide into two groups, one made up of solid contrivances and the other of nebulous or cloudlike units.

Lights seem to be especially representative of intelligence, particularly when they appear to have independent movement, or to shine in places where there seems to be no natural organic activity, for lights have to be created as well as manipulated. The hundreds of observations of lights on or near the moon and in other parts of nearby space—lights which seem to exhibit volition, purposefulness and direction -- are extremely difficult to explain on any other basis than intelligent activity in space. On the other hand, they become a natural corollary to such activity. Again, since science has failed utterly to offer any other acceptable explanation, we ask that these lights be taken as one more phenomenon which can be simply adapted to our organic environment by the one common denominator of space flight and space life.

Shadows are almost as easily identified with intelligence as are lights, and one is pretty well the counterpart of the other. Their validity cannot be denied. Russell's shadow on the moon, 1,500 miles in diameter, holding a steady position for hours, cannot be lightly dismissed. The shadows on our own clouds, as seen in Texas and England, are irrefutable proof that some kind of dirigible bodies are moving in our upper atmosphere or in nearby space.

Bodies seen in space may be considered to have more direct and obvious connection with intelligence than do lights and shadows. There was a time when astronomers, seeing these by the dozens, thought them to be intra-Mercurial planets, or asteroids. Keen analysts have long since dispelled that misapprehension, but they have not discouraged nor discredited the sightings. These have remained without explanation for many decades, and some for hundreds of years. All of these observations gradually came to be regarded as erratics, to be ignored if possible. Astronomers who did not make any such observations liked to call them hallucinations, especially the spindle-shaped ones whose configuration did not resemble that of more commonly known celestial objects. Mass passages, such as those seen by Herschel and Bonilla, were laughed off as being bugs, birds or seeds; or at worst, meteor swarms.

Little effort was made to determine the parallax of such objects, so their distance was never fairly established. We cannot blame the individual astronomer too much for this, particularly since many of those observations were made by amateurs. In those days it had not entered our comprehension that any of these spatial wanderers could be so close to the earth that parallax would be noticeable between observers only a few score miles apart. It has remained for us, awakening to the importance of those old observations, to make what we can of parallax studies for determining the distance of the objects sighted. It is not astonishing that our findings substantiate earlier analyses, but there may be an element of amazement in finding that these bodies are being navigated within the earth-moon system.

There is something more of astonishment, however, in finding that the astronomical observations include two distinct and divergent types of bodies: the solid, geometrically shaped structures, and the ill-defined nebulous clouds. Both have been recorded by impeccable witnesses. Both have been shown to exhibit evidences of intelligent direction or control. Both have their parallel instances among the current observations of UFOs seen by the man in the street, since 1947, and by our forebears as shown in historical records.

Strangely enough, however, the cloudy types have been seen really far out in space, and rather probably associated with such large comets as that of 1882. But whether seen two-thirds of an astronomical unit away or hovering over New York Harbor, they have had peculiar characteristics. Some of those seen by Schmidt in the neighborhood of the great comet of 1882 were moving both with the comet and at right angles to it, and there were undoubtedly objects moving about within the head of the comet.

The astronomical observations are so definite that we must leave them largely to speak for themselves, other than to point out again their concentration in certain years. It may be that further investigation will disclose other years of concentration, but the task is an enormous one. It is possible to say, however, that the search has been fairly exhaustive for the years 1877-86. There is reason to think that the next intensive investigation might bear fruit if concentrated around the prior years 1845-1860.

It is my contention that these observations of space movement are well explained by the existence of controlled space clouds and space structures, and that nothing else known to man does explain them. That the structures are the habitat of some kind of intelligence seems reasonable enough, but we also begin to wonder if intelligence is also inherent in the big clouds. If it is, then we are almost certainly going to have to adjust ourselves to a new type of intelligence and "life."

Observations by Harrison, Gould, Perrine, Swift, Brooks and others demonstrate incontrovertibly that some of the objects seen by astronomers are subject to volitional and purposeful controls, whether they are cometary (nebulous) type (as per Harrison, Perrine, Gould, Bone), or of the planetary (structural) sorts (as per Watson, Swift, Lescarbault, et al.).

The astronomical literature from 1885 to the present has been but sketchily included and researched. If it is but a fraction as prolific as that of the "comet years," there is, indeed, a wealth of UFO lore awaiting some research. It is to be doubted if there is as much in later years, because it became increasingly unfashionable to publish such information. It is barely possible that the editorial offices of some scientific publications may retain some of their old correspondence, and, if so, readers who have enough interest and access to those files might reap a rich reward from a bit of browsing. Search of observers' notebooks and observatory files might also bear fruit, and the old files of daily and weekly papers, especially where there are professional observatories or active amateur clubs, might disgorge some valuable information. I welcome reports of such items.

I suggest an alliance between amateur astronomers with telescopes and UFO enthusiasts, for the purpose of keeping eyes on the gravitational neutral of the earth-sun-moon system. At times of new moon and of solar eclipse, this neutral point will be directly in line with the sun and moon, which will either be superimposed in the sky or be very close to each other. As the moon approaches first quarter the neutral will swing to the east (left) of the sun and will move back into line between first quarter and full moon. After full moon and until third quarter the neutral will move to the west (right) of the sun, and will again swing toward the sun between third quarter and new moon. The neutral will reach its maximum distance to left or right at first and third quarters, but will not follow the moon around the earth. At new moon the neutral will be very close to the moon and that will be the time to watch for objects landing or taking off from the moon, although it is the worst time of all to see anything in that region because of the glare of sunlight. On the other hand, at the time of full moon the neutral will be closest to the earth, and directly in line with the sun, and that will be the time to watch for objects crossing the disc of the sun, probably from left to right. All of this on the assumption that space structures do make use of the neutral on account of the lessened navigational problems. Look for formations and groups which are especially indicative of intelligent action.

Cometary masses, on the other hand, will be more easily seen in other parts of the sky and are less likely to be using the neutral. Look for them in the northern sky on dark nights and expect them to look exactly like small comets without tails or like a small nebula. Their rapid motions will give away their nature. Watch the region of the terminator on the moon for lunar surface activity. You might get a surprise.

In final summary, the UFOs have been around us for a long time and probably are a connecting link with the first wave of terrestrial civilization. They have been used against us in some very minor and insignificant cases, but, on the whole, have either been friendly or indifferent. [Laura's note: this is obviously an opinion based on limited data. One wonders if Jessup's later studies led to a different conclusion, and that this was part of the reason he died?] They are operated by forces currently unknown to us, but of vastly greater efficiency than anything we now contemplate. Space contains enough miscellaneous debris to supply many of the requirements of space life, and the remainder is obtained from the surfaces of the earth and moon, while the UFO's spend most of their time at the neutral points in space.

We do have the UFO's. They are of several kinds, always have been, so they may come from various sources. They are terrestrial, extraterrestrial, or both. We think they are extraterrestrial, but remotely of terrestrial origin. We believe they are both. We think that some new scientific principles are with us, perhaps even now operating within our own military laboratories, and may burst forth at any moment—and that as a race we may be on the verge of something akin to what the modern atomic scientist calls a "quantum expansion"! No other set of conclusions will serve as a common denominator for all observable facts.

Ghost Dance

by Frater Pip

Central ritual of the messianic religion instituted in the late 19th century by a Paiute named Wovoka. . . . The religion prophesied the peaceful end of the westward expansion of whites and a return of the land to the Native Americans. The ritual lasted five successive days, being danced each night and on the last night continued until morning. Hypnotic trances and shaking accompanied this ceremony, which was supposed to be repeated every six weeks. The dance originated among the Paiute c.1870; later, other Native Americans sent delegates to Wovoka to learn his teachings and ritual. In a remarkably short time the religion spread to most of the Western Native Americans. The ghost dance is chiefly significant because it was a central feature among the Sioux just prior to the massacre of hundreds of Sioux at Wounded Knee, S.D., in 1890. The Sioux, wearing shirts called ghost shirts, believed they would be protected from the soldiers' bullets.

Wicca: The Real History

by Steve

You wanted the real history? Here goes (extracted from my own research and that of Professor Ronald Hutton, whose *Triumph of the Moon* will prove to be the definitive work on the subject).

In the late 18th-early 19th century the Romantics began eulogising the pagan past. Associating Paganism with the countryside (wrongly) they chose Pan, a rather minor deity only much worshipped in the Greek backwoods, as symbolising nature. This led to such names as Peter Pan.

Rudyard Kipling, searching English folklore for something similar to the folktales he heard as a child in India, wrote *Puck of Pooks Hill*, a children's book featuring the phrase "by Oak and Ash and Thorn." Imitations of Freemasonry became common throughout Britain, usually these orders were for Health Insurance. This spread the sword-point initiation idea to the lower classes, along with the phrase "so mote it be". An early Masonic song includes the phrase "merry meet and merry part and merry meet again."

In 1920, Margaret Murray, an Egyptologist, wrote *The Witch Cult In Western Europe*, a spurious book full of deliberate mistranslations that claimed that the Witch Hunts were against a surviving sect of Paganism. Although this work was demolished 50 years ago it was very influential at the time. Note that there is no hint of any Goddess in her work.

In 1923, the Order of Woodcraft Chivalry (OWC) began adopting Murray's ideas of Witchcraft to its Scout-style camps. In 1926 a newspaper exposed them, and in 1927 the majority voted to return to Quakerism. A minority left to continue their work, including the owner of the estate where they met, situated in the New Forest.

In around 1939 a novel called *The Silver Bow* by Hugh Ross Williams was published. Based on Murray, it introduced the idea of "The Craft of the Wise."

In 1939, Gerald Gardner, a retired rubber plantation manager, moves to the New Forest and gets involved with the esoteric groups there, mainly the Rosicrucian Theatre, influenced by the general rag-bag of Theosophy and its offshoots. The OWC rebels were also into the same stuff.

During the war, Gardner was initiated into the Ancient Druid Order and the Ordo Templis Orientis (OTO). In 1947, he was invited to America to discuss his becoming outer head of the order of the OTO, presumably because he was in England, male and over thirty, unlike just about any other English member at the time. He declined.

In 1947 Robert Graves published *The White Goddess*. The product of personal insights into the muse of poetry, it is taken as a textbook of Celtic survival.

Around 1947, Gardner decides that he is more interested in a full revival of the Murray Witchcraft, with Graves' Goddess and the ex-DWC and Co-Masonic rituals, than in the OTD. He starts writing a grimoire for witches in pseudo-Mediaeval English: *Ye Bok Of Ye Arte Magickal*. He is by now also in the same nudist colony as Ross Nichols, later Chosen Chief of Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids. Between them, they add the four Celtic fire-festivals to the Druid Solstices and Equinoxes to invent the 8-fold wheel of the year.

In 1949 Atlantis Bookshop publishes *High Magic's Aid*, a novel by Gardner contrasting the High Magic Tradition with a form of witchcraft unrecognisable from modern Wicca.

In 1949/50 *The Occult Observer*, co-edited by Ross Nichols, prints an article about an Indian Divination manual called The Book of Shadows. Around 1950, *Ye Bok Of Ye Arte Magickal* becomes *The Book Of Shadows*. In 1951, the Witchcraft Act is repealed. In 1952, Gardner publishes *Witchcraft Today*, followed by *The Meaning Of Witchcraft*. He claims to have been initiated into a coven in the New Forest that nevertheless had only sketchy rituals. This is almost certainly the DWC splinter. Around 1954, Doreen Valiente contacts Gardner, is initiated, and instantly realises that about 80% of *The Book of Shadows* is cribbed from Crowley. With his permission, she replaces all of the Crowley with her own poetry, writing *The Charge of the Goddess*.

In 1964, Gardner dies. Alex Sanders appears claiming hereditary membership of the same Craft. Eventually it is discovered that his *Book of Shadows* has the *Charge of the Goddess*.

In 1989, *Pagan News* publishes an interview between me and Maxine Sanders in which she admits that Alex stole his Book of Shadows.

In 1994 in *Aisling*, I reveal the DWC link. This has been updated in *Talking Stick Magickal Journal*.

In 1995, Prof. Hutton and I visit the modern DWC and read their early magazines, teaching children the planetary correspondences around the camp fire!

In 1999 Hutton, a Wiccan, acknowledges my work but backs off of the DWC connection. Ignoring the fact that it was an ex-DWC faction, he emphasises the distance between the DWC headquarters and the Rosicrucian Theatre (an hour's drive) and concentrates on Gardner's "creative role" This is partly because there is a lack of written evidence for the period 1927-1940, and perhaps partly because he knows that I was treated like a leper by the Wiccans. The fact that, between us, we proved that there was, in the New Forest, a group working the four quarters, stark naked, and invoking a horned god and moon goddess using Crowley's *Hymn to Pan* by 1923 has been swept aside. Oh well, the truth will out.

Now, to demolish some myths:

There are no hereditary witches. Until the Church persecution of ugly old women, witches were supernatural beings, not people.

Only about 45,000 to 60,000 people were executed as witches, not the 9,000,000 claimed by some rabid Wiccans.

Gardner began incorporating Crowley in the Bok/BoS after Crowley's death, so Aleister Crowley did not ghost write it.

There is no evidence whatsoever that Gardner was into flagellation for sexual purposes. More fool him, but this is one of many stories about Gardner that issued from Cecil Williamson, a spiteful old man who used to own The Witches Museum in Boscastle, and who seemed perpetually enraged that Gardner had done so much better out of the idea of witchcraft than he had.