



kult ov kaos

Issue II

Edited by saint natas

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Gratia Lachrymarum

By Richard Stanley

Once upon a time a young nobleman named *Ignatio* set out across Spain on his horse. On the way he met a 'Moor', a baptised Arab, and lured him into a discussion on the Virgin Mary. The Moor believed in the Immaculate Conception but contested that her virginity could have survived intact after the birth of Christ. Ignatio took this as an insult to his faith and in typically violent terms sought immediate justice.

At that time, being the early 16th century, the chevaliers of Spain lead an idle life around their sovereign and had lost the bravery and dignity of their ancestors. While demonstrating an excessive humility to their king and his favourites, they were rude and arrogant towards those they considered their inferiors, especially foreigners and people of a darker complexion. Ignatio had the outward appearance of a knight, hardy and provoking, dressed in a leather doublet, armed with both sword and pistol, his dark, receding hair curling from beneath the broad felt brim of his travel-stained hat, but his inward character was displayed by the murderous look in his eyes and is perhaps best described by an official document of the time, a claim brought by the Corrigidor of Guipozcoa in 1515 at the Episcopal tribunal of Pamplona in which the magistrate described the young nobleman as "treacherous, violent and vindictive..."

Accordingly the Moor was on his guard and beat off Ignatio's unprovoked attack before high tailing it, his Persian stallion easily outrunning the psychotic chevalier's long-suffering Spanish pony. As he watched the dark man's dust cloud dwindle across the flatlands, Ignatio asked himself if it was his duty or not to pursue his slanderer and kill him or at least die trying. In his soul and conscience he could not resolve this dilemma so following an old superstitious tradition of chivalry he decided to rely on a 'sign', on this occasion the judgment of his horse. He freed the bridle and allowed his steed to choose it's own path.

Before long he caught sight of a strange, jagged mountain range on the horizon and felt himself borne helplessly towards it. As he drew nearer to the gleaming white cliffs the young chevalier noticed what looked like a monastery built on a plateau high above the clouds and tying up his faithful steed he started up the winding stone steps towards the basilica. And so it was that the nobleman, Ignatius of Loyola, came to the mountain of Montserrat and the temple of La Moreneta, the black Madonna.

He spent the night meditating in the presence of the mysterious icon and and later claimed to have been visited by "a blinding, celestial light" and a series of bizarre visions.

"Something white resembling three keys of a clavichord or an organ" appeared to him and he immediately thought it was a manifestation of the Holy Trinity. Then the three shapes merged into the glowing body of a single luminous being and the young chevalier began to weep uncontrollably as he realized the error of his ways and all the harm he had caused to others during his worldly life. Later this miracle came to be known as the 'gratia lacrymarum' or the 'Grace of Tears', that marked the quest knight's spiritual metamorphosis.

Then his luminous visitor took another form, becoming a huge, coiling rainbow-hued serpent which, in spite of its beauty, terrified him. Noticing that the nearer the supernatural creature came to the cross the less its beauty shone, Ignatio concluded it was not God concealed within this hallucinatory image but the Devil.

Laying down his weapons at the feet of our Lady, the chevalier swore himself to Her service as a 'knight of God' or a defender of the 'celestial kingdom.' In the fullness of time he would become renowned as the founder of the 'Society of Jesus', the black-garbed warrior monks we call the 'Jesuits', most commonly remembered perhaps by the uninitiated as the protagonists of *The Exorcist* and other works by author/screenwriter *William Peter Blatty*, himself a former member of the order.

Ignatius came down from the mountain to set off on his conquest of the 'kingdom of the sky', sojourning for a while in a humid grotto at the foot of a cliff near Manresa, where he sought to cleanse himself by inflicting the most severe exercises of penitence on his suffering flesh. He would spend seven or eight hours every morning kneeling in prayer and would sometimes fast and go without sleep for days on end. He would flagellate himself heavily and it was not uncommon that he would wound his chest with a stone.

One day he went so far he fell seriously ill and was carried unconscious into the house of one of his benefactors. The doctors gave him up for lost and some of the pious women began to beg the lady of the house to cede pieces of his clothing to them as relics. To satisfy their desires she opened the cupboard containing Ignatio's belongings, only to recoil in shock. Suspended within were neatly arranged the worst instruments of torture and mortification; penitence belts in plaited steel threads, heavy chains, nails disposed in the form of a cross and an undergarment bristling with iron tips...

This seemingly medieval penchant for self-harm is reflected today in the barbed 'celice' worn by devout followers of Opus Dei, the order founded by another tortured soul who found solace of a sorts at Montserrat, *Jose Maria Escriva*, who, like Saint Ignatius, was posthumously canonized with unseemly haste. Yet there is more to this morbid sexual fetish than uninitiated eyes might readily discern. A method to its madness...

These are the "Spiritual exercises" of the Jesuit order as laid down by it's founder, Saint Ignatius of Loyola:

"He who practises them must, with the help of all his senses, undergo the experiences of Heaven and Hell, from sweet beatitude to devouring woe so that the difference between Good and Evil might imprint themselves forever on his soul. So that Evil is made tangible the spiritual exercises serve as a terrifying enactment of Hell. It must be represented in all its horror, full of the legions of the groaning damned..."

Saint Ignatius codified this strange 'enactment' into a series of precise points:

"The first key consists of looking with the imagination of the eyes at the length, width and depth of Hell and the immense fires of the abyss and the souls imprisoned in their burning bodies.

The second key consists of listening with the imagination of the ears to the lamentations, cries, vociferations and blasphemies which slander our lord and his saints.

The third key consists of breathing with the imagination of smell, the smoke, the sulphur, the mire and rot of Hell.

The fourth key consists of tasting with the imagination of taste, all things bitter, tears, sourness and the maggot of conscience.

The fifth key consists of touching with the imagination of touch the flames that burn the soul..."

Then, and only then, is the candidate ready for Level Two.

There are many paths to enlightenment, as varied as the chemical elements that make up our material world and not all of them as dismal as the one chosen by Ignatius, but it is a path nonetheless, a hard way perhaps, but the only one available to "those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved... by conspiracies from without and conspiracies from within... in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks", for those who have come without knowing it into the domain of Our Lady of Darkness...

The Man, The Mermaid, And The Sea

by

Adam Gorightly

A mermaid, washed ashore, lay dying on the sands. Fifty feet away, a man sat on a rock, peering out at the waves, pouring forth his soul, crying. He lifted the revolver to his temple, then dropped it in the sand, crying.

“Darkness, emptiness, all about the Earth,” he whispered, weeping. “Darkness, emptiness, all about the Earth.”

He heard a voice in the distance. “Help me. Hel-l-l-p!”

He followed the voice, which he barely heard against the beating breakers, and found a mermaid, nearly dead.

“Dear God,” said the man.

“Help me,” said the mermaid. “Please help me back to the water.”

He took her in his arms, walked waist high into the ocean and gently dropped her in. She was beautiful and alive.

“Thank you,” she said. “Bless you.”

“May I see you again,” he asked.

“Yes,” she answered. “Tomorrow at midnight in the cove over there,” she said, pointing her finger.

Then she was gone.

“Goodbye,” said the man.

The following night he went to the cove and waited, but she did not arrive.

He thought about her eyes, her hair, her soft, green scales. He was in love with her and she was not there.

He waited every night in the cove for her coming, but she never came. Months passed and there was still no sign of her. Night after night he heard her saying, "Here I am, my love, here I am." But it was only the whispering of the wind.

Then one stormy night he walked into the sea, saying, "Here I come, my love"

Then he drowned.

Some fifty feet away, a mermaid, washed ashore, lay dying in the sands.

"Here I am," she said. "Here I am, my love".

Interview with IAO131

By Saint Natas

Saint Natas: "To begin with what are your qualifications to speak on the subject of Thelema?"

IAO131: I am the creator & editor of *the Journal of Thelemic Studies*. That being said, I don't think qualifications really matter, for "Success is your proof" (*Liber AL, ch.3*) If people find a view useful they will adopt it, and if they find it unfounded or silly they will discard it. Being a high degree in some order doesn't mean that your ideas are clear or concise.

SN: "Are you affiliated with any occult orders?"

131: I am affiliated with a few but I don't find that to be important.

SN: "Tell me about *the Journal of Thelemic Studies*. It's origin? It's purpose and goal? It's content?"

131: *The Journal of Thelemic Studies* was created around Winter of 2007 and came about largely because of the widespread dissatisfaction with the availability of good, modern essays on topics of Thelema. Another reason was to create a venue for exploring Thelema in written format that is not connected to an order like OTO. The three-fold purpose of the Journal of Thelemic Studies is stated in its mission statement: "*The Journal of Thelemic Studies* was created to foster the most modern, current thought in the Thelemic community by propagating the literature of various authors on the subject of Thelema. The subject matter of the Journal of Thelemic Studies will not be that of a certain ideology within Thelema, but will give equal voice to those of divergent and perhaps even conflicting viewpoints. The Journal of Thelemic Studies is not affiliated in any way with the estate of Aleister Crowley, or any formal organizations including Ordo Templi Orientis and College of Thelema." In the Spring 2008 issue, the purpose of the Journal was elaborated, "...The Journal endeavors to give a voice to the most modern writers and artists in the Thelemic community even if they disagree on certain points. The idea is not to promote rigid fundamentalism or some universal agreement but, instead, a lively process of creation, debate, analysis, and artistry. Being the first academic journal to collect the work of various modern Thelemites into one place, we attempt to give a voice to Thelemites of very diverse backgrounds. The Journal of Thelemic Studies serves to stand as a non-partisan synthesis of the many diverse manifestations of Thelema, both literally and symbolically, and also to the fact that many, often contradicting, opinions may be harmoniously cultivated and understood together."

SN: "Can you answer the same questions about your book, *Fresh Fever From the Skies*? What do you want your readers to walk away with?"

131: The book *Fresh Fever From the Skies* is essentially a book detailing my writings in an approximately

one-year period about the philosophy and psychology of Thelema. I want people to walk away with several things: that it is OK to talk about Thelema, that Thelema need not be an abstract & incoherent idea but can be explained concisely, and also I would hope that my ideas inspire not a legion of followers and further dogma but rather a new open and fresh discussion about the topics surrounding Thelema. The first and central part of the book, as I said, deals with the philosophy and psychology of Thelema. It has essays dealing with the ethics/morality of Thelema, the symbology of Thelema, a *Psychological Commentary on Liber AL vel Legis* showing how it not only works with but often predicted many facets of modern psychology, as well as other essays like *the Manifesto of Ra-Hoor-Khuit*. Another part to my book is a section called *Naturalistic Occultism* where I attempt to describe various facets of occultism through the understandings of modern neuroscience. The main issues dealt with are how we can explain the astral body, 'astral projection,' and the astral plane in terms of neuroscience. The last section is miscellaneous writings which include aphorisms from myself, a "neutral, dialectical monist" approach to philosophy, and mystic prose in *The Writings of V*. This and the issues of the Journal can be found at <http://www.lulu.com/iao131>

SN: "Now I'd like to ask you some questions concerning Thelema. First off, what exactly is the definition of Thelema?"

131: Thelema, meaning 'Will' in Greek, is both the name of this system as well as its only law, for "There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt" and "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" (*Liber AL*). Thelema is an all-encompassing paradigm which ramifications in both philosophy and practical life. The Journal calls Thelema a "psycho-spiritual religious tradition" but many labels can be applied to it. It is both a religious and spiritual framework as well as containing many keys to the problems of Initiation, the Great Work.

SN: "Where did Thelema come from?"

131: Thelema comes from Aleister Crowley, primarily from the text *Liber AL vel Legis* which was 'received' in 1904. Thelema did not come out of nowhere but can be seen as a continuation of many threads of religion, philosophy, poetry, etc. Thelema has many antecedents from Hinduism to Nietzsche to Christianity to Schopenhauer to Heraclitus to William Blake to Buddhism to Francois Rabelais to St. Augustine to many other people & traditions. That being said, Thelema is a unique combination with a unique emphasis on the unique & individual Will.

SN: "What is true will?"

131: There are many ways of going about understanding the true will. Metaphorically & symbolically, "every man and every woman is a star" (*Liber AL, ch.1*) and each star has its particular true orbit or path. The goal of each person is to find this particular, unique, individual path. Each person is inherently divine yet our various thoughts & preconceptions can veil this from us just like the Sun is always shining although clouds may cover it. In Thelema, the only "sin" or "error" is to restrict or divert from the Will. As I said, one can go about understanding the true will in many ways. From a Christian/Western

perspective, it is the uniting of one's personal will with the impersonal will of God; from a Buddhist perspective, it is following one's dharma; from a Hindu perspective, it is identifying with & uniting with the Atman/Brahman and its will; from a Qabalistic perspective, it is the purifying of the Ruach (mind) to let the Chiah, the will/motion/activity of the Supernal triangle, to guide one's actions. One can both clear away the clouds of misconception through destroying the notion of conventional, absolute morality as well as the various dogmas we cling to but this is only half the equation - we must also partake in the quest to "Know Thyself" wherein we search for our particular path through life. Therefore, it is both extremely liberating in that no one can say what you should or should not do - it is up to yourself - but it is also extremely binding in that we must explore the depths of ourselves and adhere to our Will. That is why Crowley writes in Liber II: The Message of the Master Therion, "From these considerations it should be clear that "Do what thou wilt" does not mean "Do what you like." It is the apotheosis of Freedom; but it is also the strictest possible bond. Do what thou wilt--then do nothing else. Let nothing deflect thee from that austere and holy task. Liberty is absolute to do thy will; but seek to do any other thing whatever, and instantly obstacles must arise. Every act that is not in definite course of that one orbit is erratic, an hindrance. Will must not be two, but one."

SN: "Is there a difference between the Thelema presented by Francois Rabelais and Sir Francis Dashwood and the Thelema presented by Aleister Crowley?"

131: Sir Francis Dashwood essentially appropriated Rabelais' ideas so the question is really whether there is a difference between Rabelais and Crowley in this sense. In the broadest sense, Crowley's Thelema and notion of the Will is dealt with in much more depth and detail than Rabelais ever does. Rabelais certainly influenced Crowley - for example, Crowley created an "Abbey of Thelema" which is spoken of in Rabelais' *Gargantua & Pantagruel* - but Crowley often differed in many regards. First of all, Thelema has a whole aesthetic of occult, Christian, Greek, Egyptian, Hermetic, etc. symbology that Rabelais lacks. Further, Thelema requires us to "Know Thyself" as I said earlier and it often prescribes strict practices of Magick & Yoga to do just this. Whereas Rabelais' notion of "Do what you will" was more of a social and political commandment, Thelema is social, political, religious, philosophical, psychological, etc. - that is, it is an all-encompassing paradigm.

SN: "I've come across the criticism that "Do what thou wilt" of Thelema is simply an excuse to be irresponsible and selfish with behavior. Do you agree with this? Why or why not?"

131: People will always call those who do not do what they think is right "irresponsible" and "selfish." No one can stop others from complaining about your actions. In a way, Thelema is a form of "enlightened self-interest" insofar as the individual Will is the pinnacle of importance and center of attention. As I said above, the Will is both extremely free in that no other can criticize one's particular path but it is also extremely strict insofar as one must adhere to one's true way and let nothing divert you from this (often it is one's own thoughts which are most responsible for this). In this sense, it is one of the highest conceptions of "responsibility" but it is responsibility to one's self (and the Universe) but not the state or conventional norms & morality.

SN: "Is Thelema a left-hand path? If not, what type of path is it?"

131: I don't like the dichotomy of left-hand/right-hand path as I find labels limiting. I have seen Thelemites say they are both left and right-hand path-followers but I can't help but notice that almost everyone has a slightly different definition. Thelema is not a license to unbridled egotism (for much of it is about Love and dissolution of self into infinity/impersonality) but it also doesn't deny or chastise the self - it is a careful balance which I feel isn't done justice with these labels.

SN: "What is the difference between a Thelemite and a Crowleyan?"

131: Again, labels tend to be restrictive and limiting. All I can say is that one could perhaps entertain Crowley's ideas and even collect & read his books without becoming a Thelemite and accepting the law of Thelema into one's life. In this sense it might be possible to be a 'Crowleyan' and not be a Thelemite, but to be honest I am not sure whether any kind of label is useful except for other people to put others into convenient boxes.

SN: "I am interested in any comments you may have regarding some individuals associated in one way or another with Thelema and their work. Charles Stansfeld Jones?"

131: C.S.Jones was an interesting character. His vigilance and dedication to the work of the A.'.A.'. is inspiring, which can be seen in *A Master of the Temple* and elsewhere. Otherwise, I tend to agree with Crowley that Jones went a bit crazy - I see no use in flipping the Tree of Life upside-down for example - but that being said, I find many of his insights to be interesting.

SN: "Jack Parsons?"

131: Jack Parsons was a great man with a huge depth of both religious and political knowledge (not to mention scientific). I really wish there were more Thelemites who were also scientists if only to recognize the beauty and utility of the scientific method. Parsons' writings on freedom as well as the Will are exemplary for their conciseness. Unfortunately, Parsons' genius did not exempt him from trusting too much in the swindler L. Ron Hubbard.

SN: "L. Ron Hubbard?"

131: L.R.H. is essentially an evil genius. He is obviously good at what he does: manipulating and ruining other people. I find his Church of Scientology to be disgusting in many ways and I find his manipulation of Jack Parsons' to be disgraceful. Why someone would take a science fiction reader with so much seriousness is beyond me.

SN: "Kenneth Grant?"

131: Kenneth Grant's writings are interesting to read in terms of being fiction. Most of his writings are

99% fantasy, mixed in with some wishful thinking and some fact. I am not a fan of his flights of fancy regarding Tantra, the Lovecraftian mythos, etc. if they are taken as works regarding real magic and real history. What he does write about is hopelessly incoherent and reads as if he wrote it down after being burnt out on LSD. Further, I think his notions about Lam are utterly unfounded and are through-and-through the result of fantasy-mongering. In short, he is a writer of fiction.

SN: "Kenneth Anger?"

131: Kenneth Anger was an enigmatic and intelligent artist who helped bring Thelema and the occult to the movie screen. I appreciate his efforts as well as any other Thelemite's efforts to manifest their creativity in various ways. I find Anger's films to be intriguing and very clever.

SN: "What do you think was accomplished with the Babalon working?"

131: I am not sure - what I know was accomplished was the robbing of Parsons of his money and woman. I think writing of *Liber 49* is somewhat interesting but I don't think it is the '4th chapter' of *Liber AL* by any stretch of the imagination as some claim.

SN: "Where do you see Thelema in the future?"

131: I see Thelema being discussed more openly by all types of people (all degrees, all ages, all ethnicities). I hope that people will learn to engage in courteous debate where we don't need to agree necessarily but when we don't it isn't necessary to be vicious, malicious, and start gossiping, etc. Thelema has infinite potential to be applied in the various mediums of art as well as expansion to different organizations, social and/or spiritual, for endless reasons. What this all depends on is the participation of a few dedicated individuals.

SN: "How do you think Aleister Crowley will be regarded in 2000 years?"

131: I do not know nor do I care because I am concerned with the present and the immediate future. I know that Crowley & Thelema do exhibit a strong, if occult, influence in modern culture. It can be seen most explicitly in the era of the 60s with the figure of Timothy Leary and the band Led Zeppelin (and the Beatles). One could also argue that LaVeyan Satanism and Gardnerian Wicca would not exist without Crowley's Thelema. But also, in very recent times, references to Crowley and Thelema can be seen from the Billy & Mandy show on Nickelodeon to Xena the Warrior Princess to lonelygirl15. He is certainly not forgotten.

SN: "Where would you direct someone wanting to learn more about Thelema?"

131: It matters where they come from and where they want to go to. If they want to learn about Crowley's life, I suggest his own 'Confessions' as well as biographies like Sutin's *Do What Thou Wilt* and Kaczynski's *Perdurabo*. If they are interested in the ideas/philosophy of Thelema, I would recommend

them reading the Holy Books of Thelema (especially *Liber AL vel Legis*) and my own writings (I wouldn't have written & published them if I didn't think they were worth reading!) If people are interested in the practices of Thelema, I would direct them to *Liber E* and *Liber O* specifically as well as *One Star in Sight*. Again, it matters where a person comes from and what they wish to accomplish.

SN: "In closing, is there anything you'd like to add?"

131: Thank you for having me - I would like to shamelessly plug *the Journal of Thelemic Studies* website at ThelemicStudies.com and its official video channel, HeruTV, at <http://www.youtube.com/HeruTV> ... One can also keep up to date with my writings at my LiveJournal at <http://iao131.livejournal.com>

The Revenge of Gunga Din:

The Wartime Anti-Cult Scare 1941-1945

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2008

Cults and fringe religions are not among the themes and images that come immediately to mind when we think of the American home front during the Second World War. For most casual observers, "cults" are more directly associated with the post-hippy world of the 1970s, the time of Jonestown and Charles Manson, of "Moonies" and Hare Krishna devotees. Yet a glance at the mass media of the 1940s will show just how potent an issue fringe religions were in this time, to the extent that we can speak of a wartime anti-cult scare just as vivid as that of the seventies. The very diverse targets included Jehovah's Witnesses, Mormon polygamists, radical Pentecostals and "serpent-handlers," Black Muslims, and adherents of many occult and esoteric sects. And unlike during the 1970s, widespread public concern in this earlier period was accompanied both by intense official investigation, and by popular vigilantism. Between 1942 and 1944, a newspaper headline about "Cult Arrests" or "Police Seek Cult Leaders" might refer to any one of twenty groups, and in any part of the country. ¹

Throughout American history, war has often been linked to fringe religious activity. Partly, this reflects the greater social role enjoyed by women while their men-folk are away in the services, since new and fringe religions generally draw greater support from women than men. But other factors might also be at work. Particularly damaging conflicts lend credence to apocalyptic beliefs, and the sects that preach them. War, obviously, also implies death and bereavement. Naturally enough, spiritualism flourished both during and after the civil war and the first world war, as families tried to contact their lost loved ones. In the same eras too, exposés of fraudulent mediums laid the foundations for a long-standing tradition of anti-cult rhetoric. The new geographical horizons opened by warfare can also have an impact on religious attitudes. The very word "cult" acquired its pejorative present meaning precisely in 1898, the time of the Spanish-American war, and the attendant exposure to Asian culture and religion.²

Repeatedly, we find that racial prejudices and stereotypes underlie anti-cult hostility. The vigorous anti-cult mythology of the 1970s drew heavily on Korea- and Vietnam-inspired images of sinister Orientals brainwashing loyal Americans into mindless obedience. Anti-Black stereotypes also had their impact, since followers of fanatical sects were believed to be slipping into a stereotyped "blackness," abandoning rational religion for degenerate primitivism. In both types of rhetoric - anti-Asian and anti-Black - the suggestion is that white "cultists" are betraying their proper White roles, forsaking Whiteness.

To this extent, it was only predictable that significant anti-cult activity should have occurred during the second world war, with all the nightmares conjured by the Japanese

threat. Worse, many of the cults appeared to be linked to sedition or pro-fascist sentiments, so they became obvious targets for patriotic outrage. Yet we are not dealing with a simple story of religious repression, and the critics of the religious fringe were by no means unchallenged. America in this time experienced a searching and innovative debate about government's role in regulating the religious fringe. Many of the issues are familiar today. Though few could object to the notion of religious freedom, how far did toleration extend to unpopular behaviors justified in the name of religion? Polygamy and pacifism were obvious examples for discussion, as was right of Jehovah's Witnesses to engage in highly provocative public testimony. When was the right to religious freedom outweighed by the interests of public order? And when could government intervene to protect religious believers from their own suicidal foolishness, which was basically the issue in snake-handling trials? Also at issue in the 1940s was a still more basic question. Was there a point at which a religion or cult become so "self-evidently" extreme or bizarre that the police could legitimately suppress it?

Though both press and courts argued these questions at length, generally, the emerging jurisprudence of religious dissidence favored the unpopular minorities. In some instances, notably the I AM occult movement and the Jehovah's Witnesses, protests against repression led to libertarian court decisions of enduring significance. In the long run, the laissez-faire legal principles that now emerged would do much to make possible the religious and social experimentation of the 1960s. In some ways, the anti-cult scare led to some real advances for the cults themselves.

The Kingdom of the Cults

Gauging the influence of fringe religious movements in the 1940s is extremely difficult, because millions of people could (and can) graze cult ideas without formally joining a movement. Thus the religious censuses that were periodically taken up to the 1930s are of little use, because they only tell us about the groups formally organized into churches., The statistics tell us nothing about looser-knit sects like Guy Ballard's esoteric I AM movement , or the very popular mail-order enterprises like Psychiana, that was attracting the business of millions (and Psychiana spawned plenty of imitators). By about 1940, the proportion of Americans who at least dabbled in mystical, occult and New Age ideas was at least as large as it would be today, and overall numbers ran into the millions. Historians tend to neglect this activity, though, perhaps because it so rarely appeared in the principal form of popular culture, namely the cinema. Under the Hays Code, American film-makers could show nothing that openly attacked religion, so there were few exposés of (say) bogus healers and spiritualists. ³

At the same time, we find next to nothing about authentic contemporary cult activity within the US. For all the countless productions about the supernatural, all the ghosts, vampires, werewolves and the like, very few "cult" settings come to mind: one of the few examples is the 1943 film The Seventh Victim, about a Satanic cult in modern-day New York city. Cults and fringe groups were extensively described elsewhere - in popular magazines, newspapers, and pulp fiction - but they just do not appear in the celebrated movies that have done so much to shape the popular image of wartime America. Also, the mainstream media were all but blind to whole areas of religious activity, above all, among African-Americans.

In my book Mystics and Messiahs, I sketched the enormous range of occult and New Age activity that could be found in the US between about 1915 and 1945. ⁴ While I can cite no

reliable statistics for fringe activity in these years, some impressionistic case-studies of individuals will serve to illustrate the breadth and intensity of this subculture, I would offer four studies, namely Jack Parsons, Alfred Ligon, Marie Ogden and Frank Waters. I make no claim that these are in any sense representative, but they do indicate the existence of a world that seems so very different from most stereotypes of the "Good War" years. In fact, they rather appear to have been misplaced time-travelers from the 1970s.

The most influential of this trio would be Jack Parsons, a legendary rocket scientist based in Pasadena, who would be a principal founder of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory.⁵ He was passionately interested in the darker side of the occult, and followed the tradition of the controversial British magus Aleister Crowley, who made extensive use of sexual rituals and mind-altering drugs. In 1935, Parsons established a lodge of Crowley's Ordo Templi Orientis, and through the war years, the Pasadena police regularly had to deal with outlandish-sounding charges of the goings on at the Parsons residence. Had a pregnant woman really jumped nude through a fire nine times? (She probably had, though the police refused to believe it). Had a teenager been repeatedly sodomized during a "Black Mass"? (Probably not). Generally, the police took such accounts lightly, partly because they thought them beyond the bounds of possibility, but more because Parsons was such an important figure in American rocketry research. Articles in popular science magazines made him something of a popular folk-hero. By 1946, Parsons was deeply involved in a massively ambitious ritual that would involve a woman friend giving birth to a mystical being, the Moonchild - something very much like the classical notion of the Antichrist incarnate. And to reiterate, this farrago of sex, drugs and black magic occurred in the mid-1940s.

One would have needed to venture only a short distance from Pasadena to find another quite different strand of the contemporary New Age. In 1941, Alfred Ligon was one of the countless contemporary "seekers" exploring various metaphysical traditions: he supported his quest through his job as a waiter for the Southern Pacific Railroad. One major influence he encountered was the Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ, a 1907 book purporting to be a channeled account of Jesus' career in Egypt, India, Tibet and the mystic East. The Aquarian Gospel was phenomenally popular, and was probably the single most influential book for America's New Age milieu.⁶ In 1941, Ligon settled in Los Angeles, where he established the Aquarian Book Shop and Aquarian Spiritual Center. Under Ligon and his wife Bernice, the Aquarian became a pivotal force in African-American culture in California and beyond, the spiritual home of countless Black writers and thinkers. (By a horrible irony, the store eventually perished during the Los Angeles riots of 1992). In terms of our images of the era, the picture of a railroad waiter devoting his life to the search for New Age truths is deeply strange - about as odd as America's cutting-edge military devices being designed by a medieval sorcerer born out of his time.

As a third illustration of the forties' New Age, we might take a woman described by Wallace Stegner in his 1942 study of Utah, Mormon Country.⁷ Near Monticello, in one of the remotest corners of the state, Stegner found the "Home of Truth", a communal Theosophical settlement first founded by Marie Ogden in 1933. She envisaged this commune as a nucleus of The Kingdom That is Being Built, on the principles laid down in the Aquarian Gospel. Like the many such occult colonies which then operated in America, the Home had grand aspirations, with its Middle and Inner Portals, its Community Houses and Dormitories. Mrs. Ogden

"controls and directs the community with the aid of messages from the spirit world and from Jesus Christ". On the spiritual plane, she would regularly converse with Tibetan lamas. On the mundane level, though, her major influence was perhaps the best known American magus, William Dudley Pelley, who in 1928 had experienced a mystical vision while in the hills of California. From 1933, he had channeled his energies into politics, founding his Silver Shirt Legion, which combined New Age mysticism with violent anti-Semitism. But many of his old less political followers remained focused on their metaphysical quests, and Marie Ogden was one of these. During the 1930s, she attracted her own kind of notoriety over a gruesome scandal in which she had tried to effect the faith-cure of a follower. Though most observers believed the patient to have died, Marie Ogden insisted that the subject was in a kind of suspended animation pending revival in a sanctified higher state. She therefore refused to release the mummified body until the state was forced to institute legal proceedings. By 1942, her commune was reduced to a few hard core supporters.

Frank Waters and the American Indian

I have also argued that American Indians were a focus of intense esoteric interest in the 1940s, and that this attention was well reflected in popular culture. (The following discussion is adapted from my 2004 book *Dream Catchers*, Oxford University Press). One intriguing pioneer of New Age Indianism was Frank Waters, whose work links the speculations of the 1930s and 1940s to the more modern esoteric movements. He is best known for his *Book of the Hopi* (1963), which exercised a vast influence over the counterculture of the 1960s and 1970s. All subsequent neo-Indian spirituality owes a vast debt to *Book of the Hopi*, which was as familiar a fixture of student dorm rooms as the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* or Jack Kerouac's beatnik odyssey, *On the Road*. In fact, Waters symbolizes a significant trend in American cultural history, namely, the connections among those eras of explosive social and political radicalism that occur periodically. Much of what we associate with the radicalism of the 1960s had older precursors, especially in the second decade of the century and the milieu of the early Taos colony. Another wave of radical cultural and religious experimentation can be seen in the late 1940s. In fact, the connections between this era and the 1960s are strikingly close. It is almost

as if currents of thought welled up in the 1940s, went underground through the following decade, and then returned to full view in the mid-1960s

The Second World War was followed by an era of social and intellectual ferment. This was the era of the Kinsey Report (1948), which did much to foster the sexual revolution; it was a time of rapid progress in civil rights and racial integration; and modern environmentalism also has its roots in these years, with the publication of Marjory Stoneman Douglas's *The Everglades* (1947) and Aldo Leopold's *Sand County Almanac* (1949). *On the Road* records a road trip undertaken in 1948–1949, when the Ginsberg-Kerouac circle was already speaking in terms of a "Beat" movement. The UFO scare that began in 1947 would become a major element of later New Age and esoteric speculation. So would the Jungian system of myths and archetypes popularized in Joseph Campbell's 1949 book, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. Campbell popularized the Native myths discovered and translated by ethnographers like Washington Matthews and Alice Fletcher. He would also describe *Black Elk Speaks* as "the best example . . . in our literature" of a guide to shamanism and the shamanic universe. Robert Graves's *White Goddess*, a key source for later neopagan and feminist spirituality, appeared in 1948.

In such an atmosphere of questioning and experimentation, Indians could not fail to arouse romantic interest, and particularly in spiritual matters. As the United States became more technologically and socially advanced, more involved in the world's problems, the more Americans sought out the traditional and nonscientific spirituality of Native peoples, which offered a refuge from modernity. In 1947, *Travel* remarked that "while watching the ancient rites of the red man, the visitor will be made aware of the fact that despite the world's entry into the atomic age, an ancient culture is still to be found, a culture based upon religious ritual of thanksgiving, prayers for help to gods of rain, abundance and peace."

Appropriately, then, Frank Waters's career was well under way in the 1940s, when he was part of the Taos circle around Mabel Dodge. His major books from that period include the novel *The Man Who Killed The Deer* (1942), and *Masked Gods* (1950), an encyclopedic view of "Navaho and Pueblo Ceremonialism," written in 1947–1948. Waters's works show how easily available quite detailed studies of southwestern cultures had now become. *The Man Who Killed The Deer* explores the political dilemmas of the Pueblo reservations during the Collier era, and the overwhelming pressures to tribal conformity faced by Indians who sincerely wished to assimilate and Americanize. Throughout the book (which is dedicated to "Mabel and Tony"), Waters gives intricate descriptions of Pueblo religion, its rituals, beliefs, and dances.

Masked Gods powerfully demonstrates the growing integration of Indian thought into the esoteric system. Already in the 1940s, Waters's work is based on several "New Age" assumptions: American Indians belonged to a common cultural and religious tradition that included the Mesoamerican world of the Mayas and Aztecs; both North American and Mesoamerican cultures grew out of very ancient societies on lost continents; both shared core cultural elements with Asian religious and mystical traditions, especially Buddhism. Native Americans also had access to advanced powers that must be understood in the light of the most modern Western science; and their religious and spiritual traditions reflected the most

modern insights of psychology and psychotherapy. None of these ideas was new with Waters—witness the Theosophists, and the pre–First-World-War circles of Mabel Dodge—but it was Waters who most creatively synthesized these ideas and applied them specifically to North American Indians.

Though Waters ostensibly gives a scholarly account of Pueblo and Navajo rituals, he uses them as a vehicle for his personal mythology. He strays far from the scientific methods of scholarly anthropology: introducing the book, Harvard anthropologist Clyde Kluckhohn remarks how often Waters makes him “wince.” In his autobiography, Waters makes no secret of the personal agendas driving his work. His own mystical experiences included a vision of the Mexican metropolis of Teotihuacán as it would have stood a thousand years ago (the visions sound very much like peyote experiences). In trying to make sense of these “periodic deviations from the usual aspects of reality,” Waters immersed himself in Hindu, Tibetan, and Taoist thought, and in the writings of Jung. He read “dozens of such books. All revealing mankind’s ages-old search for the Otherworld under different names, and by different disciplines.”

The most powerful contemporary influence on his work was Russian mystic George I. Gurdjieff, who so often emerges as a prophet of the later New Age. Waters was introduced to Gurdjieff’s thought by Mabel Dodge, who had known the guru since his first American tours in the 1920s. Gurdjieff taught an influential esoteric system designed to awaken humanity to full spiritual consciousness, the next stage of spiritual evolution (Gurdjieff’s system closely recalls that of Richard Bucke, whose idea of Cosmic Consciousness was cited by John Collier). In order to create this fully conscious human being, Gurdjieff stressed the need to integrate mind, body and emotions. Part of his method was an emphasis on sacred dance, on gesture and ritual movement, features which had been lost in Western religion but which evidently survived in Native traditions.

Jung is another powerful influence throughout. Reporting the Deer Dance of Taos Pueblo, Waters sees:

the two deer mothers symbolizing the female imperative, the instinctual forces of the unconsciousness of the earth. And the deer dancers, the men trying to break free from the circle, symbolizing the masculine intellect, the forces of the will of man. So there’s a bipolar tension here—whoops and yells, scrambles in the snow, as one breaks free and is brought back by the deer watchers, etc. A lot of fun, a drama of what takes place inside of us.

The “mystery play” of the Deer Dance proved the greater psychological sophistication of the Pueblos, their superior psychic integration. In contrast, “we excessively rational white, Anglo-Americans by our force of will can’t break free from the forces of the unconscious, from the realm of instinct embodied within us.”

Waters’s treatment of Native symbolism is wholly syncretistic. If Navajos or Pueblos accept a dualism of light and darkness, he promptly finds parallels in the Chinese concept of yin and

yang, in Jungian thought, or cites Gurdjieff. He delves into esoteric Christianity and the Gnostic gospels, speculates about the mystical teachings of the Essenes and the secret learning that Jesus allegedly acquired in Egypt, India, and elsewhere. He already knows Graves's *White Goddess*, and probably his *King Jesus*.

But by far the most frequent references are to Asian and specifically Buddhist sources. Like many other esoteric theorists of the time, Waters was also fascinated by Tantric theories, and especially by kundalini yoga. According to this tradition, the material system of a human being is paralleled by a spiritual or etheric body, structured around seven chakras, "wheels", centers of spiritual power. At the lowest chakra, located at the base of the spine, there lies a potentially vast source of spiritual energy, kundalini, which is symbolized by a sleeping serpent. Through meditation and mystical exercises, the adept can awaken the serpent, which rises through the higher chakras until it reaches the highest "wheel" at the top of the head. At this explosive moment, when the serpent is fully uncoiled and the highest chakra is energized, the adept experiences total awareness and spiritual illumination. In the English-speaking world, the kundalini system was popularized by the work of Sir John Woodroffe ("Arthur Avalon"), who linked the spiritual body of Tantrism with the physical anatomy as understood by Western medicine. (The highest or Crown Chakra thus correlates to the pineal gland). His 1919 book *The Serpent Power* heavily influenced both Jung and Gurdjieff. Woodroffe's ideas can also be seen in another long-influential text, the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, published in 1927 by W. Y. Evans-Wentz (Woodroffe contributed a foreword to the book). Waters would later work personally with Evans-Wentz.

Though superficially these various writers say nothing about Native American matters, for Waters, these Asian insights are critical. He claims extensive similarities between the Native eschatologies he describes "and its parallels found in the *Bardo Thodol*, the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, in the *Secret of the Golden Flower*, the *Chinese Book of Life*, and in the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*." The Hopi myth of emergence through successive worlds is compared to the Tibetan myth of the world-mountain, Mount Meru. The tale reflects stages of spiritual and psychological consciousness, so that evolutionary progress through worlds symbolizes personal evolution, as described by mystics like Gurdjieff and Ouspensky. "It is only by such a synthesis of Eastern religious-philosophies and Western sciences with Navaho and Pueblo ceremonialism that we can see clearly the intent and meaning of the latter . . . it is not the purpose here to present the main principles of Mahayana Buddhism beyond an elucidation necessary for fuller understanding of Pueblo and Navaho ceremonialism." (Waters is comforting: one does not need a *total* understanding of Mahayana Buddhism to understand southwestern cultures, just a working knowledge.) All these ideas are integrated into a New Age synthesis that was largely novel in 1950, but which now reads like the commonplaces of a thousand New Age bookstores scattered across the United States. It was Waters above all who made the Ganges flow into the Rio Grande.

Waters is sympathetic to alternative archaeology, to stories of Atlantis and other lost continents. Discussing the origins of the Hopi, he challenges the official version of migration across the Bering Strait to suggest that perhaps, as they claimed, they had always lived in

America. Or possibly they came from “a submerging yet unverified but certainly sometime existent continent that lay in the Atlantic.” In *The Book of the Hopi*, Waters would suggest that ancient lost continents might correspond to the various bygone Hopi worlds of emergence. He speaks further of “a legend of continental migrations that stem back into the remote prehistoric past,” and asks, “From what ancient race of world mankind did the Hopi spring?”

Occult and New Age writers then and now commonly present their ideas in pseudoscientific form, suggesting that the mystic forces they portray are based in a science that we have not yet learned to appreciate. Already in 1942, in *The Man Who Killed the Deer*, Waters depicts a group of elderly Pueblo men worshipping in a kiva as precisely analogous to whites operating an electric generator, each in their way manipulating objective forces and power sources:

Calling up through the little round opening in the floor the warmth and power of the sleeping earth-serpent. Calling up from the depths of their own bodies, from the generative organs, the navel center and the heart, their vital life force. . . . And all this infusion of strength and power, grace and will, they loosed as if from the sagittal suture on the crown of the head, covered by the scalp lock—from the corresponding aperture at the top of the kiva. As one, powerful, living flow, they directed it upon the focus of their single concentration.

The description is pure kundalini yoga, though Waters sees the mobilization of inner power as the generation of literal, objective energies. “Who doubts the great magnetic currents of the earth, or the psychic radiations of man?” As to what Indians might accomplish with these powers, this was “a race that had raised pyramids by ways now unknown to man . . . [who had] developed a civilization whose ancient mysteries still defied the probings of modern minds.”

Pioneers

In part because it was published by an academic press, *Masked Gods* did not reach the mass audience that Waters would find with the *Book of the Hopi*. Even so, he was certainly not alone in his esoteric vision of Indian ways. Illustrating the esoteric appeal of Native culture was Leslie Van Ness Denman, who came from a great San Francisco family. She has recently earned some historical attention because of her influence on her husband, Judge William Denman, in one of the leading religious-freedom cases of the 1940s. This was the trial of Guy and Edna Ballard for allegedly operating their Mighty I AM cult as a cynical money-making racket. Leslie’s influence helped enlighten her husband about the mind-set of New Age believers, and prevented what could have been a devastating legal blow against fringe religions. But she was not a dispassionate observer. Already in the 1940s, she was thoroughly immersed in Indian and pseudo-Indian lore in a way that would be thoroughly familiar today. Every year, in lieu of a Christmas card, she would mail to friends a pamphlet based on tribal lore, with titles such as *A Chant, A Myth, A Prayer: Pai-Ya-Tu-Ma, God Of Dew And The Dawn*; *Sh’a A-La-K’o Mana: Ritual Of Creation*; or *The Flute Ceremonial, Hotevila And Snake Antelope Ceremonial Of The Hopi Mesas*. In 1957, she edited *The Peyote Ritual*, celebrating the movement and praising its

insights. She believed that the peyote worshiper “prays to the great Light to understand the light within himself.”

Doors of Perception

The strongest connection between the older esotericism and the later New Age comes through the use of peyote and the attendant idea of shamanism. Peyote had some limited white use early in the century, and a ceremony is described at length in *The Man Who Killed The Deer*.

Experimentation was inevitable, especially in academic settings. With so many anthropologists studying Indians, some were bound to try the drug, and were so impressed that they spread its use among their colleagues and friends. When Alice Marriott recorded her peyote experiences in the *New Yorker*, she could find no words adequate to describe the effects. It was “Paradise. . . It’s like seeing the door to life swing open.” The academic link was especially fruitful in the San Francisco Bay area: Berkeley had one of the nation’s most prestigious anthropology programs, with many graduate students, in a setting conveniently close to experimental urban subcultures. By the late 1940s, “a small band of white peyote users emerged, and peyote was easily available in San Francisco.” In Southern California, one peyote advocate was the astonishing Jack Parsons, whose group by the 1940s was using peyote in occult rituals, which included kundalini techniques.

Drug use as such does not necessarily have any spiritual connotations, but the peyote experiments of the 1940s soon acquired mystical and shamanic dimensions, which users saw in the context of American Indian myth and belief. One evangelist was Jaime De Angulo, who neatly spans the generations between the great anthropologists of the early twentieth century, and the later figures of the counterculture. A brilliant linguist, he worked at Berkeley in the 1920s under Paul Radin and Alfred Kroeber, though Kroeber soon found him irresponsible and erratic. De Angulo spent time in the Dodge-Luhan circle at Taos, where he was close to D. H. Lawrence and Robinson Jeffers, and he protested the suppression of the pagan dances. He acted as Jung’s interpreter with his Pueblo informants, and at Berkeley, De Angulo was among the first to teach Jungian psychiatry. From the mid-1930s until his death in 1950, he was a legendary countercultural figure in Northern California, an exponent of shamanism and peyote, and reputedly a member of the Native American Church. De Angulo loved the image of Coyote, the creator-trickster figure, one who traveled between the worlds. In 1949, De Angulo delivered a dazzling series of radio talks, “twenty hours of story, poetry and song broadcast over KPFA radio in Berkeley,” which became the basis of his book *Indian Tales*. Through his work, the nascent Beat movement learned the connections between peyote use, shamanic theories, Jungian ideas, and trickster imagery. Gary Snyder described him as “a now legendary departed Spanish shaman and anthropologist [who] was an authentic Coyote medium.” De Angulo’s disciple Robert Duncan described himself as a poet-shaman.

While we cannot say that such figures were in any sense typical, fictional and literary accounts strongly suggest that mystical ideas had penetrated far beyond the elite, or even the

literate classes. Nelson Algren offers a nice portrait of a lower-class occult subculture in his 1949 novel The Man With the Golden Arm, which is largely set in the immediate post-war conditions of 1946. Algren offers a realistic account of ethnic (Slavic) working class Chicago. One character desperate for healing visits "Old Doc Dominowski", an "electric blood reverser", a "spine manipulator and ray caster". Old Doc's diplomas proclaim him "a member of the American Association of Medical Hydrology... Furthermore he was a deacon of the Royal Aryan Society for Positive Christianity and as such was privileged to throw in divine healing without extra charge. That went right along with the three dollar treatment for a touch of the astral power and a short lecture in the latent powers possessed by all of us." ⁸ He induces a patient to attend "a meeting of the Royal Aryan Crusaders." For all his pretensions, though, Old Doc is a simple con-man who had learned his racket in prison, and he uses the language of auras and astral powers as a charade to grope his female patients.

As in the true-life cases noted earlier, we are struck by the heavily eclectic nature of this picture, in which chiropractic merges with ideas about mystic auras, astral planes, esoteric Christianity, and populist racial theory. Marie Ogden also practiced "spiritual therapeutics" and claimed to heal cancer. It has been said of William Dudley Pelley, that he dabbled with "so many movements that [he] seemed a fictional creation: Christian Science, atheism, Rosicrucianism, Theosophy, New Thought, Spiritualism, Darwinism, the occult, the Great Pyramid, telepathy, sexology, metaphysics, Emersonianism, more of conventional Christianity than he or his enemies recognized, and science of the sort later associated with extra-sensory perception." ⁹ This was very much the same package of fringe notions that was being peddled

by I AM, which by 1940 was reaching hundreds of thousands of eager followers, and perhaps many more.

Algren's account of this fictional fraud is all the more credible because it meshes with so many of the exposés of fringe medicine and quackery in these years. Some alternative medical treatments acquired amazing popular support, notably the controversial polio treatments pioneered by Australian nurse Elizabeth Kenny, who began offering her therapies in the US in 1940. The Kenny treatment had much to recommend it, but her movement rapidly acquired the character of a charismatic leader-cult focused on the Sister herself. She acquired a supernatural reputation as a savior of children, and her public appearances became almost messianic in tone. When she visited Washington in 1944, one newspaper recorded how, "Swept along on a tidal wave of faith, more than a thousand patients of crippled and cured children surged into the room, packed the mezzanine and overflowed into the corridors, even into the lobby while police vainly tried to hold them in check... 'It's like watching a miracle,' a policeman whispered hoarsely." All the condemnations by the medical profession could not prevent desperate people from believing that this woman channeled cures from on high.¹⁰

Algren's pseudo-technical language also closely parallels that found in one of the major news stories of the late 1940s. In 1948, it was revealed that third-party presidential candidate Henry Wallace had been associated in the mid-1930s with occultist Nicholas Roerich, whom Wallace had addressed as "guru." The media paraded the now-familiar range of anti-occult stereotypes. One Chicago newspaper mockingly declared that "If only Wallace the Master Guru becomes president, we shall get in tune with the Infinite, vibrate in the correct plane,

outstare the Evil Eye, reform the witches, overcome all malicious spells, and ascend the high road to health and happiness.”¹¹ The accounts of Wallace - and of the fictional Doc Dominowski - illustrate just how commonplace occult and esoteric terminology had become during the 1940s.

The Purges

Anti-cult movements are as perennial a feature of the American landscape as fringe and mystical movements themselves, and "cult booms" like those of the 1930s and 1940s are often accompanied by quite active "cult scares". Anti-cult activism was already growing dramatically just before the war. In 1940, for instance, Gerald Bryan published a celebrated exposé of I AM in his book Psychic Dictatorship in America, one of the first texts to argue that the cults were so dangerous because they were crypto-fascist.¹² This identification was all the more plausible because of the visible activities of William Dudley Pelley, who in early 1940 made a notorious appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee. Also in 1940, the media were reporting the first great wave of scandals involving snake-handling churches.

Finally, the Jehovah's Witnesses were causing repeated public disturbances by their insistence on publicly preaching unpopular anti-Catholic sermons, and by refusing to salute the US flag. This last issue led to serious difficulties for the sect in the patriotic atmosphere of the time, as the Supreme Court refused to see their dissidence as a conscientious right. In 1940, the Court upheld a local Pennsylvania ordinance requiring children to salute the flag as a means of inculcating political loyalty. The next three years were bitter ones for the Witnesses, who faced what has been termed “the greatest outbreak of religious intolerance in twentieth

century America.”¹³ Much of the worst mob violence occurred in 1940, with instances of shooting, castration, and tarring and feathering. Between 1940 and 1943, a series of further state and federal cases further restricted the Witnesses rights to public preaching.

The flag salute cases of 1940 foreshadowed a growing public intolerance of religious dissent, of activities that in earlier years would have been regarded as or merely silly. Marie Ogden, for instance, might have been viewed as quirky or mildly crazy, but it would have been absurd to view her as a serious threat to national well-being. The year following Pearl Harbor, however, was marked by intense repression of any fringe group regarded as politically suspect. Pelley found himself facing charges of sedition, and the Silver Shirts were suppressed by 1942. Other sects were treated equally harshly. Also accused of sedition was Arthur L. Bell of the California occult sect Mankind United: in December 1942, Bell and sixteen followers were arrested by the FBI for disseminating false information about the US war effort. Psychiana also encountered difficulties, with investigations of its activities by the Treasury Department, Post Office, and the FBI, as well as the American Medical Association, and the group's British-born founder Frank Robinson briefly faced the threat of deportation.¹⁴

Other victims of the purge included the Nation of Islam, who rejected the war as a contest between Whites, and refused to serve in the military. Adding to its suspicious character, the movement had genuinely been courted by Japanese intelligence agents. After Pearl Harbor, an alarmed FBI investigated accounts of the spread of pro-Axis sentiment among Black Americans, and undertook a national survey of Black racial consciousness and dissent, RACON. The RACON findings attest to the influence of fringe and sectarian beliefs among

African-Americans. Though little active disloyalty was found, NOI temples were raided in Chicago and elsewhere, and federal sedition charges were pressed against leaders in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Washington DC. Dozens of Muslims were prosecuted for draft evasion, including the movement's leader Elijah Muhammad.¹⁵

With some groups, little explanation was needed for the ferocity of the purge. In the circumstances of the time, any government was likely to act against groups like the Silver Shirts or the Nation of Islam, with their professed sympathies for enemy powers, while some of the sect leaders were suicidally provocative.¹⁶ Arthur L. Bell had claimed that American planes had bombed Pearl Harbor under orders from the “hidden rulers of the world”, a phrase that seems to reflect the anti-Semitism of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Some of the fringe groups that had flourished since the 1920s had some sympathy with racist and anti-Semitic theories: we recall the Aryan Crusaders of Algren's account. Many sect leaders, also, were fascinated by the charismatic authoritarianism that found its highest expression in the European fascist parties, and they admired the fanatical anti-Communism of such groups. The Silver Shirts were unabashedly modeled on Naziism, and the Ballards invited fascist comparisons by their growing use of super-patriotic rhetoric and symbolism. I AM boasted of being “not a religion but a patriotic movement,” aimed at purging the United States of “vicious forces” within its borders, variously identified as black magicians, Communism, the war menace, and so on. The group spawned an inner circle of Minute Men of Saint-Germain, along with Daughters of Liberty and an Inner Secret Service.

Ballard, Bell and Pelley were not the only cult leaders to look and act like fascist dictators. Even among more respectable sects, we find Frank Buchman, founder of the Oxford Group (later Moral Rearmament). Buchman would long be haunted by his cry that "I thank heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler who built a first line of defense against the Antichrist of Communism! ... Think what it would mean to the world if he surrendered to the control of God. Or Mussolini. Or any dictator. Through such a man God could control a nation overnight and solve every last bewildering problem." In 1938-39, Buchman launched an international revival campaign demanding Moral Rearmament, amidst rallies and pageantry of a kind that had acquired fascist political connotations. Also troubling was the fact that so many of the New Age groups were based on the West Coast, perilously close to any potential scene of Axis invasion, and Silver Shirt leaders were barred from residing in any West Coast state for the duration of hostilities. Some sects genuinely did appear fascist, and others on the esoteric fringe received a kind of taint by association.

Other movements, however, were hit hard on grounds that had nothing obvious to do with issues of national loyalty or subversion. One group was the dissident or fundamentalist Mormons who maintained the practice of polygamy in remote sections of the west. From 1935, state courts began the criminal prosecutions of Mormon polygamists, but official activism became much more intensive in the war years.¹⁷ In 1943, one family was arrested after they had transported a fifteen year old girl across the Utah-Nevada state line to become a plural wife. This action was held to violate the Mann Act, a law normally applied in cases of commercial prostitution and white-slaving. Such scattered arrests marked the beginning of a crescendo that culminated with mass raids on the core fundamentalist settlement of Short

Creek, on the Utah/Arizona border. Significantly, state agencies worked in close cooperation with the FBI, almost as if the religious dissidence of Short Creek made it as threatening as a nest of spies or saboteurs. In March 1944, a multi-agency raid netted 46 Mormon dissidents, while the government prosecuted their publication Truth merely for its advocacy of the practice of plural marriage. Dozens of dissidents served prison sentences on related charges, and a number were still incarcerated at the end of the decade.

Also attacked were the snake-handling sects that had spread during the 1930s, and which came to public attention through sensational and very hostile media reports during 1940. After several reported deaths, states responded forcefully: Kentucky banned snake-handling in 1940, Georgia the following year. An intense wave of official repression followed between 1944 and 1947, when Virginia churches were raided by police, who killed the snakes kept by the believers.

Other groups too suffered on non-political grounds. Though I AM had a fascist tone, the charges it now faced were phrased in alarmingly broad religious terms. In the late 1930s, the movement had become a major money-spinner, as it played to enthusiastic audiences across the nation, with a series of crusades focussing on particular cities and regions. The movement dubiously claimed a million followers, but there were at least tens of thousands prepared to support a sizable merchandising operation which included books, records, pins, rings, posters, and portraits of the Masters, including the legendary magus, the Comte de Saint-Germain, and Guy Ballard himself. I AM rings sold for \$12, photographs of Ballard for \$2.50, a Chart of the Magic Presence for \$12, and \$1.25 bought a special binder in which to store the flood of

continuing I AM edicts. New Age Cold Cream was also available.¹⁸ By such dubious means, I AM allegedly took in \$3 million during its first decade of existence.

In 1940, a federal grand jury in Los Angeles indicted 24 of I AM's leaders for mail fraud, on the grounds that the Ballards were falsely claiming to heal the sick and communicate with the spirit world, and that they "well knew" these claims were bogus. The group's final provocation was using the mails to sell paintings of Jesus and St Germain, supposedly taken from life. The group may have been wholly disreputable, but in effect, I AM leaders were tried and convicted for distributing false religious teachings, and this in turn raised the knotty question of what was "true" religious doctrine. And how was such a fact to be judged? Guy Ballard's claims to revelation were no more intrinsically unlikely than those of any other prophet through the ages. Also, how reasonable was it to apply the "well knew" principle just to the fringe? Might a future government prosecute a liberal Presbyterian cleric for teaching a creed in which he had no faith?

The Ballard case was appealed to the Supreme Court, which in 1944 upheld the exclusion of any testimony concerning the truthfulness of the Ballards' claims.¹⁹ An often-quoted dissent by Justice Robert Jackson presents the classic libertarian view of the relationship between church and state, even such obnoxious churches as I AM. Jackson "could see in [the Ballards'] teachings nothing but humbug, untainted by any trace of truth. But that does not dispose of the constitutional question whether misrepresentation of religious experience or belief is prosecutable; it rather emphasizes the danger of such prosecutions." Cults could do financial harm to "over-credulous people," who sometimes received "mental

and spiritual poison” in consequence, but even so, “the price of freedom of religion or of speech or of the press is that we must put up with, and even pay for, a good deal of rubbish.” If religious motives were to be examined, “such inquiries may discomfort orthodox as well as unconventional religious teachers, for even the most regular of them are sometimes accused of taking their orthodoxy with a pinch of salt.” In short, “I would... have done with this business of judicially examining other people’s faiths.” Jackson’s words are rightly quoted as a milestone in the defense of religious freedom, but we should note that the prosecutions effectively destroyed I AM as a mass movement.

Explaining Repression

To understand the generalized nature of anti-cult hostility, it is helpful to recall the schizophrenic attitudes to fringe movements which Americans possessed at that time, and which in some measure they still demonstrate. The division is neatly illustrated by two of the most popular movies that would have been in people's memories at the outbreak of war. On the one hand, images of "Oriental" fanaticism, primitivism and violence are epitomized by the 1939 film Gunga Din, with its portrait of the lethal death-cult of Kali worshipers. In total contrast to this, we see the world of Shangri-La, the Edenic world of all-knowing, all-wise, Tibetan lamas offered in Frank Capra's romantic classic Lost Horizon (1937). American images of the religious fringe have often floated between these two stereotypes, and shift easily from one to the other, depending on which incidents or individuals are currently in the headlines.

Events of the late 1930s brought what I have called the Gunga Din image very much to the fore. Americans now experienced a powerful and sustained fear of covert foreign

intervention through what had recently become known as the fifth column, a fear partly stimulated by the US government. If such overseas agitators were to operate on American soil, it was more than likely that they would use religion as a cloak: after all, two of the best known potential subversives were spiritual leaders, namely Father Charles Coughlin, and Pelley himself.²⁰ As the government and media attacked these figures and the dangerous religious fringe groups through which they acted, they were consciously drawing on the old-established stereotypes of religious fanaticism summarized by Gunga Din. In this view, cultists were blindly and irrationally obedient to pathological leaders with messiah complexes, ready to commit whatever violent or deviant acts they might demand, and however much their orders conflicted with traditional loyalties to flag and family. For example, I AM prohibited sex except for procreation, and recommended against bringing children into a world so close to its end. "Husband, wife, mother, or some other relative living in a fanatical Mighty I AM family has actually been kept in another part of the house and denied former privileges because he or she would not embrace the Ballard doctrines."²¹ Conversely, Mormon polygamists were believed to keep women enslaved, often after they had been virtually kidnapped as young teenagers. The sexual attitudes were quite different from I AM, but they were equally aberrant from accepted American norms. By 1940, therefore, it is not surprising that the anti-cult stereotype was so pervasive, or that the whole notion of Psychic Dictatorship gained such credence.

Reinforcing these images was the barrage of anti-Japanese propaganda from 1941 onwards. Anti-Japanese rhetoric presented the "typical Oriental" as a slavish follower of a messianic god-emperor, so that both cultists and Japanese were depicted as seeking a society

as regimented and anti-human as an ant-colony. Another common theme in anti-cult and anti-Japanese propaganda was that of atavism or primitivism. We are familiar with the notorious wartime posters depicting Japanese as little better than monkeys, obviously much lower forms in the ladder of human existence.²² This theme too emerges quite powerfully in the common indictment of cults in the 1940s. Cult followers were said to be forsaking reason and independent thinking when they joined fanatical movements, and in many cases, they were accepting the unquestioning obedience that supposedly characterized the lower races. How could a mid-westerner like Henry Wallace have been so obsequious to his autocratic "guru"? Free people did not act thus. The domestic religious campaigns in the war years were exploring potent xenophobic and racial themes.

In extreme cases, cultists were said to engage in bloodthirsty rituals that clearly signified their abandonment of rational ways of thought. By the late 1930s, it was commonly believed that Satanic sects and human sacrifice rings were operating in the United States, and some self-proclaimed experts were suggesting that unsolved serial murders might be the work of such ritual killers. The idea was popularized through pulp fiction, and crime novels. In 1939, Raymond Chandler's The Big Sleep features a joking reference that seems to fit much better into the Satanism scare of the 1980s than the New Deal years. When asked to explain a bloody crime scene, detective Philip Marlowe suggests sardonically that maybe "Geiger was running a cult and made blood sacrifices in front of that totem pole." In his 1947 novel The Scarf, Robert Bloch depicts a sensationalistic California journalist urging a colleague to write a book on a recent serial murder case: "People like to read about it. Look at the way those true detective

magazines sell. Sex crimes. Blood. Everybody wants to know... Ever hear about the ritual murders we had out here? The devil worshipers? They cut up a kid." ²³

This idea of racial degeneracy was even applied to the Pentecostals who formed so large a part of the anti-cult critique in these years, the despised "Holy Rollers", and the even more notorious snake handlers. The fact that these groups received so much attention from the late 1930s can partly be seen as an outcome of social changes during the New Deal years. Before the early twentieth century, it was relatively easy for unpopular religious groups to find remote corners of the nation in which to settle, but the vastly expanded state machinery constructed to respond to the Depression made it difficult to evade the new network of social welfare agencies. The polygamists came to public attention only when welfare authorities drew attention to their very atypical household structures, and similar means brought Southern Pentecostals and fundamentalists into an unwanted public spotlight. Once discovered, though, media and government responded as if these fringe religious believers represented some radically new cult.

Once "discovered", though, Holy Rollers and snake handlers attracted the worst stereotypes of racial primitivism. They were condemned in large measure because they were poor whites who had so thoroughly adopted Black styles of worship and belief that they were in peril of permanently losing their privileged racial status. By their ecstatic shouts and bodily convulsions, their "fits, jerks, barks and rolling frenzies", white believers were succumbing to what W. J. Cash would term a "primitivism" or "hysteria... infected by the example of the Negro's Voodooism." ²⁴ During the 1930s, the news media occasionally suggested that

Pentecostal groups in remote rural corners of the nation might even be engaged in forms of ritual human sacrifice.

Atavistic themes reappeared during the repeated investigations and persecutions of snake-handlers in the mid-1940s. Life magazine offered a harrowing photo spread of the group's services, with captions describing the "cultists," "hysterical saints," led by their "self-appointed, unordained parson." When these "illiterate" believers spoke in tongues, the magazine reported this as "a frenetic gibberish to which the cultists resort." Newsweek similarly portrayed a "weird cult" of "fanatical, jerking, cultists."²⁵ The snake, in fact, served as a key symbol of atavism. Much of the writing on Voodoo in these years presented it as a survival of primitive African worship centered around the worship of the serpent. In 1937, the Literary Digest agreed "in the turpentine camps of Georgia, the cotton fields of Texas, and the cypress swamps of Louisiana, good old fashioned snake-worship with all its half-crazed rites is known to exist. Chickens, goats and cows are offered up at rough jungle altars."²⁶ It was only natural then, that the allegedly primitive worship of the Pentecostals should culminate in ceremonies involving a kind of snake worship, in the form of serpent handling.

To some extent, the religious fringe suffered collateral damage from the central themes of American political propaganda before and during the war. The nation defined its values in terms of democracy, individualism, reason, progress, and representative government, and highlighted these features by emphasizing the differences from the barbarities of the dictatorships: we are what they are not. The problem was that the small and esoteric religious movements - the cults, for short - could also be portrayed as violating these crucial American

tenets, and were pilloried accordingly. Once war was declared, the cults were declared fair game for the new American security state, which had to observe few restraints in its crusade against internal subversion. And little distinction was drawn between groups that plausibly might be actively disloyal, and those that were merely unpopular or inconvenient.

Away From Repression

Yet as we have seen, the record of official repression was by no means uniform: the outcome of the Ballard case proves that. The previous year, a new Supreme Court case reversed the flag salute decision, and a series of cases struck down local ordinances designed to curb Jehovah's Witness street preaching. In 1948, a divided Court even agreed that police could not prevent the Witnesses from using loudspeakers to spread their controversial views. The pro-Witness decisions were of far-reaching legal significance, as marking the first time that the Supreme Court asserted the need for the states to defend first amendment protections. Perhaps unwittingly, these cases laid the groundwork for many later controversies over political protest. As Martin Marty remarks, "ironically, it was the anti-national Jehovah's Witnesses who did most to nationalize religious freedom cases."²⁷

By 1944, attitudes towards the cults were becoming much more relaxed, and the nightmare Gunga Din image was fading, becoming almost laughably implausible. Global circumstances certainly contributed to this change. By this point in the war, clearly, the Allies were on the offensive, and the chance of foreign invasion had disappeared. With the military background so changed, other concerns could now come to the fore, especially a distaste for anything that smacked of contemporary European totalitarianism or religious persecution. The

more the media discovered atrocities against European Jews, the more repugnant it became to persecute unpopular religious groups within the United States.

In addition, other cultural forces help explain the decline of repression. While the general public might sympathize with the suppression of particular cults or leaders, there is no evidence of a diminished interest in supernatural or occult beliefs as such. On the analogy of other wars and times of natural disaster, it would be surprising if there was not an increasing interest in ideas like omens, spiritualism, dreams, ghost sightings, and communication with the dead. Ghosts, spirits, angels and witches were a common feature of popular culture throughout the war, and were often shown in a favorable or humorous light. Major films in this tradition included The Devil and Daniel Webster (1941), Here Comes Mr Jordan (1941) | Married a Witch (1942), Heaven Can Wait (1943), Blithe Spirit (1945) and It's a Wonderful Life (1946). Often, distinguished or notorious ghosts from earlier eras were made to make a political point about current affairs, most obviously in Dalton Trumbo's The Remarkable Andrew (1942).

TABLE ONE

GHOST AND SUPERNATURAL FILMS 1940s

1937

Topper (also sequels, *Topper Takes a Trip*, 1939, and *Topper Returns*, 1941)

1940

Our Town

Turnabout

Beyond Tomorrow

The Ghost Breakers

1941

Here Comes Mr. Jordan

The Devil and Daniel Webster

1942

I Married A Witch

The Horn Blows at Midnight

Cat People

The Remarkable Andrew

Thunder Rock

1943

Heaven Can Wait

A Guy Named Joe

1944

The Canterville Ghost

The Uninvited

Curse of the Cat People

1945

Blithe Spirit

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Dead of Night

A Place of One's Own

1946

Stairway to Heaven

It's a Wonderful Life

Angel on my Shoulder

1947

Ghost and Mrs. Muir

Nightmare Alley

1948

The Night Has a Thousand Eyes

Portrait of Jennie

Obviously, there was a powerful and sympathetic public interest in the supernatural, and no sense that the subject itself should be taboo.²⁸ In this case, the American public seems rather more liberal in religious matters in the 1940s than in the 1980s, when evangelical enthusiasts were campaigning so hard against institutions like Halloween, and were denouncing supernatural themes in popular fiction..

Furthermore, since anti-cult sentiment was grounded in racial and ethnic stereotypes, then the hostility could not but decline as those stereotypes lost their force, and they did so quite rapidly in the domestic political atmosphere of the mid-1940s. The portrayal of African-Americans is a case in point. Through the 1920s and 1930s, mainstream cultural images of Blacks were by and large very demeaning, and between about 1928 and 1938, the most grotesque and murderous images of Voodoo were a staple of popular culture. During the war years, depictions of Blacks improved enormously, notably in the cinema. Treatments of Voodoo became less popular or, when they did appear, they were sometimes intelligent and thoughtful accounts like the 1943 film I Walked with a Zombie, or like the books of Robert Tallant. By the end of the war, civil rights issues had become central to liberal thinking, and this change had its impact in anti-cult rhetoric. If "acting Black" was no longer thought disreputable in itself, no longer implied bloody savagery, then it was scarcely useful to apply the concept to white groups, while using the language of "jungle primitivism" would discredit the speaker as a racist. Holy Rollers might still be despicable, but they were less often discussed in terms of Voodoo and the jungle.

In the same way, an indiscriminate anti-Asian polemic was hard to sustain when China was a key American ally, and when wartime Hollywood was at pains to present Chinese and Chinese-American people in the best possible light. We think for instance of productions like the 1944 film The Keys of the Kingdom, a story of Catholic missions in China that still managed to present Chinese people and traditional culture in a highly sympathetic light. Other Asian peoples like the Filipinos were equally idealized, especially as those islands once more became a theater of war in 1944. Even if the Japanese were still portrayed as subhuman, this concept could not be extended to become the generic Yellow Peril of bygone years: there were good Asians and bad Asians. By this time, "yellow peril" imagery was as unfit for mainstream political discourse as was "jungle Voodooism".

Also, the benevolent Lost Horizon/ Shangri-La image of Asian religion never entirely vanished, and actually grew during the mid-1940s as Americans took a sympathetic interest in the emerging Indian nationalist cause. For liberal New Dealers, Indian independence and anti-colonialism were fundamental beliefs, so that making a pro-imperial film like Gunga Din would have been unthinkable after, say, 1943. More typical of the new mood was the film The Razor's Edge (released 1946), in which a traumatized world war one veteran finds spiritual peace in India and Nepal through the teachings of a Hindu mystic. This treatment would have had an enormous appeal for an audience largely composed of more recent veterans and their families, and the film did very well in both box-office and critical terms. The stage was being set for a powerful revival of the Shangri-La model of mysticism that would burgeon over the next two decades - the age of the Beats and Zen, of the popularization of Buddhism, and the wave of Hindu and Hindu-influenced sects that would become such a feature of American life.

²⁹ By the latter part of the war, therefore, anti-cult passions were cooling enough to make intolerance suspect, and to permit a much greater public openness to the religious fringe.

Looking at the experience of the cults and fringe religions in the 1940s, I believe three main points emerge.

The first is that, however we term it, "fringe" religious belief and activity was far more prevalent in these years than would be suggested by most accounts. One reason we are not seeing the fringe is that social scientists paid little attention to it at the time, except as a subset of abnormal psychology, and subsequent historians have not generally looked for it.³⁰ Yet mystical and esoteric beliefs were very common, often among people whose formal religious affiliations might have been with mainstream denominations. Recent surveys have suggested a strikingly high rate of esoteric and mystical beliefs among members of mainstream churches like the Lutherans, even extending to ideas like karma and reincarnation. A taste for the heterodox is especially marked in matters of spiritual healing and alternative medicine. We do not have comparable evidence for the 1940s because as I remarked, nobody thought to ask the believers about such arcane matters. Yet we might be surprised if we could elucidate the content of what ordinary believers actually thought, especially in western states with a powerful esoteric tradition.

Secondly, following for this, events during the second world war do not appear radically different from patterns that can be observed in American history before or since. Cults and anti-cult movements both flourished in (say) 1942 as they had in 1870 or 1915, and would again in 1980. Strikingly, too, both types of movement (cults and anti-cults) look very much

the same from one decade to the next. Certainly the religious fringe changes over time, as new movements and ideas gain or lose in popularity - for instance, flying saucers only appear in the cult thought-world following the first reports of their existence in 1947. But largely, the American esoteric world in 1880 or 1980 would have been quite comprehensible to a seeker of the Good War era. Equally, the anti-cult arguments advanced in Psychic Dictatorship in America were not radically different from what might have been presented in earlier or later periods. Gerald Bryan's 1940 title was actually reused in 1995 for a denunciation of modern day cults and conspiracies.³¹

But it is not exactly true to proclaim that there is nothing new under the sun. Though the rhetoric directed against fringe religions is fairly constant, courts and governments have made some progress over time in learning to respond to them. When applying conscription during the second world war, the US government largely avoided the horrible errors it had made during the previous war in the treatment of pacifist sects like the Amish and Mennonites, and the conscientious objector system worked quite well. The main storm centers in the 1940s were the unpopular sects that lay far beyond the familiar religious consensus, and some states tried to use draconian means to root these out. However, the experience of the Jehovah's Witnesses and Ballard clarified and expanded the scope of religious dissidence, in ways that would shape and moderate official behavior during the Vietnam era. As so often in American history, new and fringe religious movements perform their greatest service to society when they raise troublesome questions about the proper limits of authority.

FOOTNOTES

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2. For the origin of the term "cult", see Jenkins, Mystics and Messiahs, 49-50
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4. For contemporary studies of the cults, see Arthur H. Fauset, Black Gods of the Metropolis (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1944); Marcus Bach, They Have Found a Faith (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1946); Charles S. Braden, These Also Believe (first published 1949. New York: Macmillan, 1963). See also the amazing unpublished collection of tales in Federal Writers' Project, New York, "Look Behind You" (psychic phenomena), records, 1937-1938 (bulk 1937). New York City Municipal Archives.
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8. Nelson Algren, The Man With The Golden Arm (New York: Seven Stories, 1999), 77-79
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13. John T. Noonan, The Lustre of Our Country (University of California Press, 1998); Shawn F. Peters, Judging Jehovah's Witnesses (University Press of Kansas 2000).
14. Jenkins, Mystics and Messiahs, 149-164.
15. Claude Andrew Clegg, An Original Man (New York: St. Martin's Griffin, 1997); Robert A. Hill, ed., The FBI's RACON (Boston: Northeastern University Press, 1995).
16. Richard W. Steele, Free speech in the good war (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1999). The account of the purges is taken from Jenkins, Mystics and Messiahs, 149-64.

17. Ken Driggs " 'This will someday be the head and not the tail of the church'," Journal of Church and State 43(1) 2001: 49-80; Martha S. Bradley, Kidnapped From That Land (University of Utah Press, 1993).
18. "Mighty I AM," Time, Feb. 28, 1938, 32; Carey McWilliams, "Cults of California," Atlantic, March 1946, 105-110.
19. United States v Ballard, 322 U.S. 78 (1944).
20. Donald I. Warren, Radio Priest (New York: Free Press, 1996); John L. Spivak, Shrine of the Silver Dollar (New York: Modern Age Books, 1940).
21. Bryan, Psychic Dictatorship in America, 187.
22. John W. Dower, War without mercy (New York : Pantheon Books, 1993).
23. Jenkins, Mystics and Messiahs, 135-48; Robert Bloch, The Scarf (New York: Dial Press, 1947).
24. W. J. Cash, The Mind of the South (1941. New York: Vintage, 1991) 291.
25. "Holiness Faith Healers: Virginia Mountaineers Handle Snakes to Prove Their Piety" Life, July 3, 1944: 59-62; "They Shall Take Up Serpents," Newsweek, August 21, 1944: 88-89; Deborah Vansau McCauley, Appalachian Mountain Religion (Urbana, IL: University of Illinois Press, 1995).
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Inside The LC: The Strange but Mostly True Story of Laurel Canyon and the Birth of the Hippie Generation

Part II

May 13, 2008

By Dave McGowan

“He was great, he was unreal – really, really good.”

“He had this kind of music that nobody else was doing. I thought he really had something crazy, something great. He was like a living poet.”

[Today’s first trivia question: both of the above statements were made, on separate occasions, by a famous Laurel Canyon musician of the 1960s era. Both quotes were offered up in praise of another Laurel Canyon musician. Award yourself five points for correctly identifying the person who made the remarks, and five for identifying who the statements refer to. The answers are at the end of this post.]

In the first chapter of this saga, we met a sampling of some of the most successful and influential rock music superstars who emerged from Laurel Canyon during its glory days. But these were, alas, more than just musicians and singers and songwriters who had come together in the canyon; they were destined to become the spokesmen and *de facto* leaders of a generation of disaffected youth (as Carl Gottlieb noted in David Crosby’s co-written autobiography, “the unprecedented mass appeal of the new rock ‘n’ roll gave the singers a voice in public affairs.”) That, of course, makes it all the more curious that these icons were, to an overwhelming degree, the sons and daughters of the military/intelligence complex and the scions of families that have wielded vast wealth and power in this country for a very long time.

When I recently presented to a friend a truncated summary of the information contained in the first installment of this series, said friend opted to play the devil’s advocate by suggesting that there was nothing necessarily nefarious in the fact that so many of these icons of a past generation hailed from military/intelligence families. Perhaps, he suggested, they had embarked on their chosen careers as a form of rebellion against the values of their parents. And that, I suppose, might be true in a couple of

cases. But what are we to conclude from the fact that such an astonishing number of these folks (along with their girlfriends, wives, managers, etc.) hail from a similar background? Are we to believe that the only kids from that era who had musical talent were the sons and daughters of Navy Admirals, chemical warfare engineers and Air Force intelligence officers? Or are they just the only ones who were signed to lucrative contracts and relentlessly promoted by their labels and the media?

If these artists were rebelling against, rather than subtly promoting, the values of their parents, then why didn't they ever speak out against the folks they were allegedly rebelling against? Why did Jim Morrison never denounce, or even mention, his father's key role in escalating one of America's bloodiest illegal wars? And why did Frank Zappa never pen a song exploring the horrors of chemical warfare (though he did pen a charming little ditty entitled "The Ritual Dance of the Child-Killer")? And which Mamas and Papas song was it that laid waste to the values and actions of John Phillip's parents and in-laws? And in which interview, exactly, did David Crosby and Stephen Stills disown the family values that they were raised with?

In the coming weeks, we will take a much closer look at these folks, as well as at many of their contemporaries, as we endeavor to determine how and why the youth 'counterculture' of the 1960s was given birth. According to virtually all the accounts that I have read, this was essentially a spontaneous, organic response to the war in Southeast Asia and to the prevailing social conditions of the time. 'Conspiracy theorists,' of course, have frequently opined that what began as a legitimate movement was at some point co-opted and undermined by intelligence operations such as ColIntelPro. Entire books, for example, have been written examining how presumably virtuous musical artists were subjected to FBI harassment and/or whacked by the CIA.

Here we will, as you have no doubt already ascertained, take a decidedly different approach. The question that we will be tackling is a more deeply troubling one: "what if *the musicians themselves* (and various other leaders and founders of the 'movement') were every bit as much a part of the intelligence community as the people who were supposedly harassing them?" What if, in other words, the entire youth culture of the 1960s was created not as a grass-roots challenge to the status quo, but as a cynical exercise in discrediting and marginalizing the budding anti-war movement and creating a fake opposition that could be easily controlled and led astray? And what if the harassment these folks were subjected to was largely a stage-managed show designed to give the leaders of the counterculture some much-needed 'street cred'? What if, in reality, they were pretty much all playing on the same team?

I should probably mention here that, contrary to popular opinion, the 'hippie'/'flower child' movement was not synonymous with the anti-war movement. As time passed, there was, to be sure, a fair amount of overlap between the two 'movements.' And the mass media outlets, as is their wont, did their very best to portray the flower-power generation as the torch-bearers of the anti-war movement – because, after all, a ragtag band of unwashed, drug-fueled long-hairs sporting flowers and peace symbols was far

easier to marginalize than, say, a bunch of respected college professors and their concerned students. The reality, however, is that the anti-war movement was already well underway before the first aspiring 'hippie' arrived in Laurel Canyon. The first Vietnam War 'teach-in' was held on the campus of the University of Michigan in March of 1965. The first organized walk on Washington occurred just a few weeks later. Needless to say, there were no 'hippies' in attendance at either event. That 'problem' would soon be rectified. And the anti-war crowd – those who were serious about ending the bloodshed in Vietnam, anyway – would be none too appreciative.

As Barry Miles has written in his coffee-table book, *Hippie*, there were *some* hippies involved in anti-war protests, "particularly after the police riot in Chicago in 1968 when so many people got injured, but on the whole the movement activists looked on hippies with disdain." Peter Coyote, narrating the documentary "Hippies" on The History Channel, added that "Some on the left even theorized that the hippies were the end result of a plot by the CIA to neutralize the anti-war movement with LSD, turning potential protestors into self-absorbed naval-gazers." An exasperated Abbie Hoffman once described the scene as he remembered it thusly: "There were all these activists, you know, Berkeley radicals, White Panthers ... all trying to stop the war and change things for the better. Then we got flooded with all these 'flower children' who were into drugs and sex. *Where the hell did the hippies come from?!*"

As it turns out, they came, initially at least, from a rather private, isolated, largely self-contained neighborhood in Los Angeles known as Laurel Canyon (in contrast to the other canyons slicing through the Hollywood Hills, Laurel Canyon has its own market, the semi-famous Laurel Canyon Country Store; its own deli and cleaners; its own elementary school, the Wonderland School; its own boutique shops and salons; and, in more recent years, its own celebrity ~~reprogramming~~ rehab facility named, as you may have guessed, the Wonderland Center. During its heyday, the canyon even had its own management company, Lookout Management, to handle the talent. At one time, it even had its own newspaper.)

One other thing that I should add here, before getting too far along with this series, is that this has not been an easy line of research for me to conduct, primarily because I have been, for as long as I can remember, a huge fan of 1960s music and culture. Though I was born in 1960 and therefore didn't come of age, so to speak, until the 1970s, I have always felt as though I was ripped off by being denied the opportunity to experience firsthand the era that I was so obviously meant to inhabit. During my high school and college years, while my peers were mostly into faceless corporate rock (think Journey, Foreigner, Kansas, Boston, etc.) and, perhaps worse yet, the twin horrors of New Wave and Disco music, I was faithfully spinning my Hendrix, Joplin and Doors albums (which I still have, or rather my eldest daughter still has, in the original vinyl versions) while my color organ (remember those?) competed with my black light and strobe light. I grew my hair long until well past the age when it should have been sheared off. I may have even strung beads across the doorway to my room, but it is possible that I am confusing my life with that of Greg Brady, who, as we all remember, once converted his dad's home office into a groovy bachelor pad.

Anyway ... as I have probably mentioned previously on more than one occasion, one of the most difficult aspects of this journey that I have been on for the last decade or so has been watching so many of my former idols and mentors fall by the wayside as it became increasingly clear to me that people who I once thought were the good guys were, in reality, something entirely different than what they appear to be. The first to fall, naturally enough, were the establishment figures – the politicians who I once, quite foolishly, looked up to as people who were fighting the good fight, within the confines of the system, to bring about real change. Though it now pains me to admit this, there was a time when I admired the likes of (egads!) George McGovern and Jimmy Carter, as well as (oops, excuse me for a moment; I seem to have just thrown up in my mouth a little bit) California pols Tom Hayden and Jerry Brown. I even had high hopes, oh-so-many-years-ago, for (am I really admitting this in print?) aspiring First Man Bill Clinton.

Since I mentioned Jerry “Governor Moonbeam” Brown, by the way, I must now digress just a bit – and we all know how I hate it when that happens. But as luck would have it, Jerry Brown was, curiously enough, a longtime resident of a little place called Laurel Canyon. As readers of *Programmed to Kill* may recall, Brown lived on Wonderland Avenue, not too many doors down from 8763 Wonderland Avenue, the site of the infamous “Four on the Floor” murders, regarded by grizzled LA homicide detectives as the most bloody and brutal multiple murder in the city’s very bloody history (if you get a chance, by the way, check out “Wonderland” with Val Kilmer the next time it shows up on your cable listings; it is, by Hollywood standards, a reasonably accurate retelling of the crime, and a pretty decent film as well).

As it turns out, you see, the most bloody mass murder in LA’s history took place in one of the city’s most serene, pastoral and exclusive neighborhoods. And strangely enough, the case usually cited as the runner-up for the title of bloodiest crime scene – the murders of Stephen Parent, Sharon Tate, Jay Sebring, Voytek Frykowski and Abigail Folger at 10050 Cielo Drive in Benedict Canyon, just a couple miles to the west of Laurel Canyon – had deep ties to the Laurel Canyon scene as well.

As previously mentioned, victims Folger and Frykowski lived in Laurel Canyon, at 2774 Woodstock Road, in a rented home right across the road from a favored gathering spot for Laurel Canyon royalty. Many of the regular visitors to Cass Elliot’s home, including a number of shady drug dealers, were also regular visitors to the Folger/Frykowski home (Frykowski’s son, by the way, was stabbed to death on June 6, 1999, thirty years after his father met the same fate.) Victim Jay Sebring’s acclaimed hair salon sat right at the mouth of Laurel Canyon, just below the Sunset Strip, and it was Sebring, alas, who was credited with sculpting Jim Morrison’s famous mane. One of the investors in his Sebring International business venture was a Laurel Canyon luminary who I may have mentioned previously, Mr. John Phillips.

Sharon Tate was also well known in Laurel Canyon, where she was a frequent visitor to the homes of friends like John Phillips, Cass Elliott, and Abby Folger. And when she wasn't in Laurel Canyon, many of the canyon regulars, both famous and infamous, made themselves at home in her place on Cielo Drive. Canyonite Van Dyke Parks, for example, dropped by for a visit on the very day of the murders. And Denny Doherty, the other "Papa" in *The Mamas and the Papas*, has claimed that he and John Phillips were invited to the Cielo Drive home on the night of the murders, but, as luck would have it, they never made it over. (Similarly, Chuck Negron of *Three Dog Night*, a regular visitor to the Wonderland death house, had set up a drug buy on the night of that mass murder, but he fell asleep and never made it over.)

Along with the victims, the alleged killers also lived in and/or were very much a part of the Laurel Canyon scene. Bobby "Cupid" Beausoleil, for example, lived in a Laurel Canyon apartment during the early months of 1969. Charles "Tex" Watson, who allegedly led the death squad responsible for the carnage at Cielo Drive, lived for a time in a home on – guess where? – Wonderland Avenue. During that time, curiously enough, Watson co-owned and worked in a wig shop in Beverly Hills, Crown Wig Creations, Ltd., that was located near the mouth of Benedict Canyon. Meanwhile, one of Jay Sebring's primary claims-to-fame was his expertise in crafting men's hairpieces, which he did in his shop near the mouth of Laurel Canyon. A typical day then in the late 1960s would find Watson crafting hairpieces for an upscale Hollywood clientele near Benedict Canyon, and then returning home to Laurel Canyon, while Sebring crafted hairpieces for an upscale Hollywood clientele near Laurel Canyon, and then returned home to Benedict Canyon. And then one crazy day, as we all know, one of them became a killer and the other his victim. But there's nothing odd about that, I suppose, so let's move on.

Oh, wait a minute ... we can't quite move on just yet, as I forgot to mention that Sebring's Benedict Canyon home, at 9820 Easton Drive, was a rather infamous Hollywood death house that had once belonged to Jean Harlow and Paul Bern. The mismatched pair were wed on July 2, 1932, when Harlow, already a huge star of the silver screen, was just twenty-one years old. Just two months later, on September 5, Bern caught a bullet to the head in his wife's bedroom. He was found sprawled naked in a pool of his own blood, his corpse drenched with his wife's perfume. Upon discovering the body, Bern's butler promptly contacted MGM's head of security, Whitey Hendry, who in turn contacted Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg. All three men descended upon the Benedict Canyon home to, you know, tidy up a bit. A couple hours later, they decided to contact the LAPD. This scene would be repeated years later when Sebring's friends would rush to the home to clean up before officers investigating the Tate murders arrived.

Bern's death was, needless to say, written off as a suicide. His newlywed wife, strangely enough, was never called as a witness at the inquest. Bern's *other* wife – which is to say, his common-law wife, Dorothy Millette – reportedly boarded a Sacramento riverboat on September 6, 1932, the day after Paul's death. She was next seen floating belly-up in the Sacramento River. Her death, as would be

expected, was also ruled a suicide. Less than five years later, Harlow herself dropped dead at the ripe old age of 26. At the time, authorities opted not to divulge the cause of death, though it was later claimed that bad kidneys had done her in. During her brief stay on this planet, Harlow had cycled through three turbulent marriages and yet still found time to serve as Godmother to Bugsy Siegel's daughter, Millicent.

Though Bern's was the most famous body to be hauled out of the Easton Drive house in a coroner's bag, it certainly wasn't the only one. Another man had reportedly committed suicide there as well, in some unspecified fashion. Yet another unfortunate soul drowned in the home's pool. And a maid was once found swinging from the end of a rope. Her death, needless to say, was ruled a suicide as well. That's a lot of blood for one home to absorb, but the house's morbid history, though a turn-off to many prospective residents, was reportedly exactly what attracted Jay Sebring to the property. His murder would further darken the black cloud hanging over the home.

As Laurel Canyon chronicler Michael Walker has noted, LA's two most notorious mass murders, one in August of 1969 and the other in July of 1981 (both involving five victims, though at Wonderland one of the five miraculously survived), provided rather morbid bookends for Laurel Canyon's glory years. Walker though, like others who have chronicled that time and place, treats these brutal crimes as though they were unfortunate aberrations. The reality, however, is that the nine bodies recovered from Cielo Drive and Wonderland Avenue constitute just the tip of a very large, and very bloody, iceberg. To partially illustrate that point, here is today's second trivia question: what do Diane Linkletter (daughter of famed entertainer Art Linkletter), legendary comedian Lenny Bruce, screen idol Sal Mineo, starlet Inger Stevens, and silent film star Ramon Novarro, all have in common?

If you answered that all were found dead in their homes, either in or at the mouth of Laurel Canyon, in the decade between 1966 and 1976, then award yourself five points. If you added that all five were, in all likelihood, murdered in their Laurel Canyon homes, then add five bonus points.

Only two of them, of course, are officially listed as murder victims (Mineo, who was stabbed to death outside his home at 8563 Holloway Drive on February 12, 1976, and Novarro, who was killed near the Country Store in a decidedly ritualistic fashion on the eve of Halloween, 1968). Inger Steven's death in her home at 8000 Woodrow Wilson Drive, on April 30, 1970 (*Walpurgisnacht* on the occult calendar), was officially a suicide, though why she opted to propel herself through a decorative glass screen as part of that suicide remains a mystery. Perhaps she just wanted to leave behind a gruesome crime scene, and simple overdoses can be so, you know, bloodless and boring.

Diane Linkletter, as we all know, sailed out the window of her Shoreham Towers apartment because, in her LSD-addled state, she thought she could fly, or some such thing. We know this because Art himself told us that it was so, and because the story was retold throughout the 1970s as a cautionary tale about the dangers of drugs. What we weren't told, however, is that Diane (born, curiously enough, on Halloween day, 1948) wasn't alone when she plunged six stories to her death on the morning of October 4, 1969. *Au contraire*, she was with a gent by the name of Edward Durston, who, in a completely unexpected turn of events, accompanied actress Carol Wayne to Mexico some 15 years later. Carol, alas, perhaps weighed down by her enormous breasts, managed to drown in barely a foot of water, while Mr. Durston promptly disappeared. As would be expected, he was never questioned by authorities about Wayne's curious death. After all, it is quite common for the same guy to be the sole witness to two separate 'accidental' deaths.

Art also neglected to mention, by the way, that just weeks before Diane's curious death, another member of the Linkletter clan, Art's son-in-law, John Zwyer, caught a bullet to the head in the backyard of his Hollywood Hills home. But that, of course, was an unconnected, uhmm, suicide, so don't go thinking otherwise.

I'm not even going to discuss here the circumstances of Bruce's death from acute morphine poisoning on August 3, 1966, because, to be perfectly honest, I don't know too many people who don't already assume that Lenny was whacked. I'll just note here that his funeral was well-attended by the Laurel Canyon rock icons, and control over his unreleased material fell into the hands of a guy by the name of Frank Zappa. And another rather unsavory character named Phil Spector, whose crack team of studio musicians, dubbed The Wrecking Crew, were the actual musicians playing on many studio recordings by such bands as The Monkees, The Byrds, The Beach Boys, and The Mamas and the Papas.

To Be Continued ...

(As for the trivia question, the person being praised, of course, was our old friend Chuck Manson. And the guy singing his praises was Mr. Neil Young.)

Death in the Center Ring

Timothy Leary's High Dive

by Douglas Rushkoff

"That's probably the worst place in the house to leave those," Tim barks at a beautiful young assistant as she clears a pile of videocassettes from the path of his oncoming electric wheelchair. Then he stops short. "What are they, anyway?"

"Dead Man Walking, Nixon, Babe, some documentary..." the purple-haired girl reads off the labels on the tapes.

"Susan gave me those, you know," Leary says, referring to longtime friend Susan Sarandon who has been smuggling him the special promotional tapes sent to Academy Members. "Take whatever you want. I've seen them all already."

He stares at the writing on one of the cassettes, drifting into deep thought.

"Oliver Stone's here," the assistant reminds him. "Out on the back porch."

"I know that!" Tim says, as if he didn't care who it was. "So, let's go."

His bandaged hand (bleeding cancer sores) nimbly manipulates the chair's joystick, sending Leary careening through a strobe-lit bedroom doorway into the powder-blue faux-fur-lined corridor that leads to the rest of Leary's rented Beverly Hills home. Paintings too numerous to display lay on the floor while plastic, mirrors, and fabric cover every other surface, even the windows. The house is a day-glow catacomb.

Tim crashes into a signed Kenny Sharf, then stops short again.

"Is Kenny coming this week? We have to make sure to put it up! Somewhere nice." Tim likes visiting artists to see themselves on the walls.

He gets distracted again, and slowly reaches up towards a light switch. The movement makes him grimace, but he's committed to the task, and carefully flicks the switch on and off again, waiting around for a light to respond. Nothing.

"Go find a lightbulb."

"We're out," the assistant answers, sheepishly fingering the small silver hoop in her navel. "We'll get some more tomorrow."

“Oh well,” Tim says, nearly running over the girl’s foot with the tire of his chair as he barrels out towards the sunny living room.

“Hi hi hi!” he shouts to the assembled guests. The movie director and two stars, some old Harvard pals, a rock musician and three newspaper journalists waiting for deathbed interviews all sit around the room making contacts, drinking Leary’s wine, smoking his pot, or holding onto something they want Leary to sign or otherwise legitimize. Everybody but Stone and a psychedelics expert from the Bay Area – who are deep into a conversation about a crack in the dashboard of Kennedy’s limo – break off their activities and turn to Leary, crown jewel of a waning psychedelic empire.

A stranger to the home is the first to greet Leary. The young man bends down and patronizingly spaces his syllables.

“Hi Tim-o-thy,” he says. “How are you?”

“Dy-ing,” Leary responds without a pause. “How do think I am?”

Timothy Leary has been rehearsing his death for thirty years. As a longtime admirer and personal friend of Leary’s for the past ten years, I was alternatively thrilled and disgusted by the circus attending him at his final departure. For a man who invented the notion of “set and setting” as the key prognosticators for the quality of a psychedelic session, Tim engineered an environment and mindset for this, his ultimate trip, that were at once inspiring and horrifying.

Leary always saw psychedelics as practice for the final process of de-animation that the rest of us call death. One of his early books on LSD, “The Psychedelic Experience,” is an adaptation of the ancient Tibetan Book of the Dead that Leary and his Harvard cohorts believed was a guide not only to the final exit into the post-life, but for the test-run of that journey experienced on LSD.

Leary began his death act as a continuation of his lifelong stage show – a confirmation of his devil-may-care repudiation of obsolete social customs, from prosecution of drug-users to the persecution of smokers. On learning of his inoperable prostate cancer, he realized he was smack in the middle of another great taboo: dying. And once again, true to character, he wasn’t about to surrender to the fear and shame we associate with death in modern times. No, this was going to be a party. A celebration. Our media-savvy cultural renegade was going to milk it for every second of airtime and column of newsprint it was worth. Timothy Leary, High Priest of LSD and Champion of Cyberspace was back.

First, there was the “75th and Final Birthday Party,” in October 95, at which Timothy and about 500 of his closest friends – ranging from Tony Curtis and Liza Minelli to Perry Farrel and Yoko Ono – consumed champagne, nitrous oxide, and a giant birthday cake meticulously designed from 1960’s blotter-acid art into a mosaic of Leary’s head. We praised him and then we ate him, all courtesy of a generous catering budget from film director Tony Scott. As the sun came up on

the revelers the next morning, workmen on the bluff overhead bulldozed the last remains of the Sharon Tate house, where Charlie Manson's family had a party of a very different sort, giving Leary's vision of a psychedelic future for America a decidedly darker media spin.

Then there was the Web site – www.leary.com – Tutakamen in cyberspace. The thoughts, texts and images of Timothy's life uploaded into the datasphere for eternity. The next best thing to consciousness on a microchip, the web site was designed to live on long after his death, growing ever bigger as Leary's tremendous thousand-carton archive is scanned and digitized, and visitors contribute essays or converse in chat rooms. To promote the dying agenda, Leary listed his daily drug intake, both legal and illegal, as well as the status of his disease.

A big book deal (for which I served as literary agent) soon followed. Design for Dying will be published by HarperCollins next Spring. In it, Leary argues for taking charge of one's own death process, from cryonic freezing of the brain to assisted suicide. A detailed appendix gives readers the chance to calculate their own "Quality of Life Scorecards," so that they may more accurately assess their desire to stay alive after losing various physical, mental, and social skills. David Prince, a fast-rising music journalist and rave promoter from Chicago, was enlisted to co-write the book based on Leary's extensive outlines and long, late-night interviews.

Most important, and most controversial, were Leary's decisions about how he was going to enact his death: consciously, by suicide, and over the net for all to witness through live, CUSeeMe broadcast. He would "do" death as he had done everything else: publicly, and in grand style. No fear, and no apologies.

The mainstream media was quick to seize on the spectacle. With Kervorkian still grabbing headlines in Michigan, designer dying was a hot-button issue. Dozens of network news programs and national newspapers and magazines competed for morbid quotes from Leary. Remote video vans were parked in the driveway more often than not, and journalists packed the living room to wait for their fifteen minutes of Q&A. Documentarians faxed contracts for exclusive film rights to the moment of death. Leary was all-too happy to oblige. For a time.

"This is just like it was at Millbrook," Rosemary Woodruff, Tim's third ex-wife, tells me as she peels potatoes in the kitchen. And she should know. A member of Leary's upstate-New York LSD commune in the sixties, Rosemary spent several years in exile with Timothy after helping him escape from jail, and then many more underground in the United States afterwards. Ironically, even after Tim was released for his own crimes, the warrant on Rosemary remained in effect.

Rosemary knew Tim at the height of his popularity and the depths of his infamy. Though she paid dearly for Tim's transgressions against the State, it sounds like the peace of infamy was preferable to the zoo of popularity. The couple never had a moment alone – even when they went out camping together in the woods near the Millbrook Estate, Tim's followers would wander out to their tent in the middle of the night to rap with the Great One. Rosemary would collect wood for the fire and cook for the surprise guests.

She could barely tolerate it then, and she isn't going to tolerate it now. Sighing as she looks out at the mob scene in the living room, she decides to leave for her quiet bed and breakfast up north that night, just one day after she got here.

Out on the back patio overlooking the panoramic haze of Los Angeles, Tim's hip helpers – a half-dozen young artists and computer whizzes who tend to his needs day and night – set up a video camera to record his interactions with Oliver Stone. But the young man who clumsily introduced himself to Leary out in the living room is so annoyingly persistent that Tim decides to process him first and be done with him.

The boy tells a circuitous tale about his father, who was a graduate student at Harvard when Leary was conducting his LSD sessions. The student was strongly opposed to psychedelics use, and when he wandered into one of Leary's private, off-campus parties, he was scandalized by the goings-on.

"So what?" asks Leary, annoyed. "Why are you telling me this now? I know all this." Leary impatiently drags the boy to the conclusion of his story. Leary has much bigger fish to fry.

"My father went to his own therapist," the boy explains, "and told him what he saw and how it upset him. And it was the therapist, and not my father, who went to the faculty and told them about the party and the drugs."

Leary could care less about soothing the conscience of a detractor from thirty years ago, especially through a boy one-generation removed. The long letter that the boy's father sent Tim detailing the whole ordeal had sat unread on the imitation Keith Haring dining room table for the past two weeks.

"Fine," Leary says, dismissing the supplicant and turning to Stone for the real business of the afternoon.

"Oliver," he calls across the circle of lawn chairs. Stone is deep in another conversation about the effects and availability of DMT – a short-acting psychedelic joyride of epic proportion – and doesn't respond to the first summons.

"Oliver," Tim repeats, a bit louder, as he hands off his glass of white wine for a refill. (Glasses with stems have been outlawed in the house because they topple over too easily.)

Stone finally turns to Timothy and smiles. The power of the entire entertainment industry seems to sit in his chair with him. Tim's autobiography, *Flashbacks*, has been optioned by Interscope several times now, and Stone's frequent visits to the house may herald his interest in signing on as the movie's director – finally giving the project a "green light." Tim isn't sure he wants to become remembered as just another Stone icon, but after Larry Flynt dropped in yesterday and said what a good job Oliver was doing producing his biographical film, Tim warmed up to the idea.

“What can I do for you, Tim?” Stone asks casually. His face is bright red from the heat of the sun, in stark contrast to his snow-white Nautica windbreaker. Tim doesn’t mince words. He didn’t sleep well at all last night, and he’s spent a day’s worth of energy getting dressed, into the wheelchair, through the sycophants, and out onto the porch. Tim’s pretty sure Stone is here to make a deal so he takes a gamble.

“Are you interested in making a movie about me?” Leary asks bluntly. There are at least a dozen of us on the patio, and we are all in hushed attention. We are witnesses to the transaction, and both men know it.

“What?” Stone asks. He is stalling for time, I assume. He must have understood what Tim asked.

Tim repeats himself boldly. “Are you interested in making a movie about my life or about one of my books?” In other words, put up or shut up.

“Um, right now? No,” Stone says. “I’m not thinking about doing that now.”

“Then why are you here? Do you want something?”

“No, Tim.” Stone says. “I’m just here to visit. Just as a friend.”

“Well, good,” Tim responds without a second’s hesitation. “I don’t want anyone to make a movie.”

We are all shocked. It’s all Tim has been talking about for weeks. He even did an interview about the film with the LA Times. Then it hits me. How else could he respond and save face?

“Really?” Stone pursues where perhaps he shouldn’t. “Why not?”

“I just don’t want that right now.”

After a bit of smalltalk, Leary maneuvers himself off the porch and back inside. The owner of a small book company gets Leary to sign a few dozen copies of a reprinted work. Each signature will add value to the stash. As he signs each book Tim asks hopefully “Who is one this to?” only to be reminded, each time, that he should just sign his name. It’s business, not personal.

Before leaving with his entourage, Stone procures the number of someone with connections to exotic psychotropics, and gives his own number to a photographer selling fundraising portraits of Tim. A fair exchange.

Later that afternoon, most of the strangers have left and Tim sits with his loyal assistants – the grad students of Leary U. – going through boxes of photos, signing the back of each one and identifying the subjects. It’s as if he wants to fill his brain with the images of his own life – load

up his cerebral ram chips so that at the moment of death he'll be taking everything he has experienced with him to the other side.

"Who's that?" a beautiful blonde girl in a satin halter asks. She shows Tim a picture of a man in a strange uniform holding a drink.

"That's Captain Al Hubbard," Tim answers, squinting at the photo.

"Who was he?" asks another.

"He, uh," Tim accesses his cerebral hard drive, "he stole all this LSD from the CIA and gave it out in San Francisco." He thinks back a bit further. "I remember he had Sheriff's badges from all over the country, and diplomatic immunity. Strange fellah."

These quiet moments are the best time – other than 4am in his bedroom – to glean what's really going on inside the dying man's head. I wait for a pause to tread on delicate turf.

"What did you mean," I eventually ask, "when you told Oliver that you didn't want anyone to make a film?"

Tim doesn't say anything. I backpedal.

"He kept coming around acting like he wanted to make one," I offer.

"I said I didn't want him to and I meant it," Tim answers.

"But what if he walked in with a briefcase with \$100,000 and said 'here, let's make the movie.'"

"Well," Tim replies, "first, it doesn't happen like that. It would be much more complicated than that."

"But you said you didn't want it."

"I don't want anything," Tim pierces me with his gaze. He's still here, all right. "That's all I meant. I don't want. I wasn't asking him to do something because I wanted it." After a few more minutes of photo-gazing, Timothy goes back to his bedroom to work on some felt-pen word-paintings with Los Angeles artist-photographer Dean Chamberlain. These sketches are about the only creative expression Tim still has the patience to complete and, according to the wild-eyed, bleach-blonde artist egging him on, the paintings could be worth a lot someday. If nothing else, their execution affords Tim some privacy.

Everyone else spends the rest of afternoon decorating the apparatus that the cryonics people have brought to drain Timothy's blood at the moment of his death as preparation for freezing his brain. It's pretty morbid stuff: large plastic tubes and bottles for collecting blood, nitrogen

for cooling it, buckets, needles, catheters, worklights, and, at the center of it all, an aluminum gurney where the body will rest.

By the time the artists and web designers are done with it, the equipment has been transformed into a pagan shrine to Timothy. The gurney has been filled with items Tim might desire on the other side, such as wine, pot, a bong, Tylenol, balloons for nitrous, the poetry of Allen Ginsburg, a book by William Burroughs, photos of Tim's friends, and junk food. Where Tim will lie rests a shiny mylar mannequin with Yoda mask affixed to the top. The lights have been gelled blue and red, and strings of beads hang over everything else. A picture of Tim, adorned with flowers, sits in front of the whole installation.

They should probably be working on that web site instead. Despite almost a year of effort, the four or five kids assigned to the Leary.com project have gotten frightfully little done. The skeleton of the site is ingenious – a tour through Timothy's real house, where clicking on doors brings you into different rooms. But so far the rooms are still empty. Each bookcase and cabinet, though neatly labelled "archives" or "unpublished works" just brings you to an empty page apologizing for being "under construction."

Tim's older friends and patrons – mostly part-time visitors – have been grumbling for weeks that the kids, while sweet to the core and dedicated to Tim's well-being, are just slackers. The patrons resent that Tim has put the kids on salaries, and that the money they have "loaned" Tim during these lean years is leaking out faster than it goes in.

What they don't see is that these kids are with Tim 24/7, changing his linens, responding to his whims, and jumping into action whenever he shouts "Hello????!!!!!" only to find him collapsed, bleeding, and disoriented. If it looks like they're just sitting around rapping and smoking cigarettes, it is because they are shell-shocked. These kids are right there with Tim in the piss and blood-soaked trenches of his losing battle against death. And just when they need their mentor the most – to explain to them how to take all this in stride – he is slowly fading away. It's a traumatic experience.

Meanwhile, the kids watch each of Tim's weekend guests with wary eyes. Everyone has a "deal" to make with Tim, and nobody is to be trusted. In most cases this is justified – the sharks visit every day – but sometimes it's pure reflex. Danny Goldberg, of Gold Mountain (Nirvana) fame and a longtime supporter of Timothy's career, has gotten Tim to agree to a record deal for a tribute album. He believes he can get stars like Madonna to record songs that use passages of Tim's writings or samples of his voice. But the kids from the house also have ideas about releasing their own tribute album using lesser-known but "cooler" artists.

They pore over Goldberg's contract after he has left, objecting to points of law and tiny stipulations – partly out of concern for Tim's welfare, but just as concerned for the competition this deal could create for their own project. However earnestly they attempt to separate their own interests from Timothy's, the conflict is inevitable. Tim is both the greatest friend to them

in the world, and their best shot at personal growth and successful careers. Love mixed with aspiration mixed with fear mixed with guilt.

None of us at the house can help ourselves from checking the huge monthly calendar on the wall for advance notice of which celebrity is going to show up when. Ram Dass and Ralph Metzner on Sunday afternoon attracts the rising psychedelics scholars, while Larry Flynt catches a budding journalists' eye. We all take note of Wynona Rider and William Burroughs' names, though the latter won't be arriving until mid-July, which will turn out to be too late.

Worse yet is the fate of the archives. What happens when Tim dies? Will the archives get sold to Stanford? Will the IRS – who has agreed to leave Tim's estate alone until after he's gone – jump in and take everything? Does the film company have rights to them? Where's that contract? What about the electronic rights?

Tim is no help in sorting these questions out. Like a guru with competing devotees, Tim entertains everyone's visions, and then lets them fight it out amongst themselves. He just says "yes" to everything, leading each of us to believe we alone are exercising Tim's true will. If only we heard him – "I don't want anything!"

By evening Timothy is back in bed with a fresh Fentanyl patch on for pain relief, and a nitrous balloon in his hand. Everyone siphons off a balloon of his or her own from the fresh tank next to Tim's bed with a loud SHHHHH!

Tim winces at the sound.

"You can tell a lot about a person by the way he fills a balloon," Tim complains.

Dave Prince, Leary's co-writer, comes in with a belligerent fax from a biographer named Peter O. Whitmer. Apparently Whitmer believes he is Leary's official biographer based on an agreement he and Leary signed back in the seventies while Leary was in jail. Whitmer wants to know how Leary could now be making biography agreements other people (including me).

But Leary has gone cold on Whitmer, who wrote a scathing biography of Hunter S. Thompson and reportedly posed as flower deliveryman to get access to Hunter's mom's house. Leary declares that the writer's insolence must be avenged – and in style. After attempting to conceive a few practical jokes of his own, he has Prince send a fax to Hunter. "I'm being mugged by a literary soundrel," Leary dictates, praising Thompson for his ability to "deal with this rascal," and asking him for help crafting a cunning scenario to "punish him and his ilk." Thompson eventually responds with a phone call, and outlines a plot to invite Whitmer to Leary's house on the pretense of working out a deal; Thompson would be waiting at the door with a shotgun, and scare the poor writer away. While the payback never comes to pass, the cordial conversation allows two old friends to connect one last time.

Everyone who comes by has his or her own way to say good-bye. Yoko Ono opts for a relatively private audience in Tim's bedroom – a chaotic mess of articles and photos, blood-stained sheets, pill bottles, empty glasses, a few roaches and old balloons on the nightstand, and a huge isolation tank humming ominously in the corner. Art by friends – some great and some just weird – hangs everywhere, even on the ceiling. All four seats in the room are wheelchairs, so Yoko clears a place for herself on the bed next to Tim. A giant, 5×6 foot photo of Timothy with John and Yoko at the “bed-in” recording of “Give Peace a Chance” just happens to hang on the wall.

“You were a great man,” she tells him, patting his knee.

“Was?” he responds.

They laugh over the gaff. After she's gone, Tim tells us, “She comes only when she wants to. On her own terms.” I look at Tim, ready to diss her. “But that's just fine,” he says. “I love her so much. Isn't she just so lovely?” Nothing makes Tim happier than to hear his friends praised. Too bad he had to do most of it.

William Burroughs calls later that afternoon. Timothy extols the virtues of his pain-relieving fentanyl patch, and then takes down Bill's mailing address. The old beat wants to try one on. Tim is honored to be turning on “the Bill Burroughs” to a new opiate. We send it to Kansas by Federal Express.

John Lilly visits a few nights in a row to share some of his favorite drug, Ketamine. He administers a syringe to Timothy and then one to himself, and the two old friends lie on the bed together as the dissociative anesthetic draws them out of their failing bodies for a time. It is Timothy's first experience with the chemical – now snorted in smaller doses as a club drug – and he doesn't have the best trip.

“The whole universe had turned into a book,” he tells me at about 3 the next morning. “But the binding had come out and the pages were floating free. I knew it would take some work to find out which page to climb back onto.”

All Tim's friends say farewell in their own ways – some by getting something, and some by giving something. Timothy accepts and receives with the same graciousness.

“Everyone sees their own Timothy Leary,” he tells me, then drifts off to what looks like sleep. He suddenly stirs, stares at me, and asks, “what do you want?”

“I don't want anything,” I joke.

He laughs. “You got me! Now you know how I feel!”

It has been a long night, but Tim gets one of his second winds and we are all sucked in. He makes us take him to two parties, and then the Viper room for a quick listen to an LA band whose members are friends. On the way back, he directs us as we steal huge round driveway mirrors from the mansions on Benedict Canyon Drive. We put them up all over his bedroom – the deanimation chamber – so he can see around the whole room without moving his head.

“Are you scared of dying?” I ask him after the last mirror is fixed in place.

“Not a bit.”

“And you’re going through with the freezing of your head?”

“It can’t hurt.”

“But what if you’re already dead, going through the Bardos you wrote about in the Psychedelic Experience, and then all of a sudden you’re stuck – frozen in the process?”

“Well,” he says, looking away for a moment, “I don’t think it works like that. I hope not.”

I am suddenly overwhelmed by guilt. How dare I try to pull him into a bad trip? Why did I feel the need to project my own fear of death onto him? Because for me, like everyone else, he’s just a mirror for my own unfinished business.

While I don’t believe my questions caused him a moment’s doubt, a few days later one of the “Cryocare” representatives comes to visit with a covert photographer, and something in Timothy snaps. He kicks them out of the house and they dismantle the shrine and take back their equipment. Timothy later spun the story for the media: “They were so serious, I was scared I’d wake up and there’d be all these people standing around me with clipboards.” I still think it had more to do with the “strings attached” to his cryonics deal. They wanted to exploit their access to his dying and freezing for a photo spread in *Wired*. Tim would rather just die than be reanimated with someone else’s spin.

In the next couple of weeks, Timothy becomes more protective of his private space. A photographer who has known him for years is stunned to tears when he tells her she is too demanding and to leave. Several people are banished this way. Then he begins granting interviews only to those he knows, or those who pay. When his stepson Zach returns from music school, Tim begins to treasure his time with family and friends at the expense everything else.

The hospice nurses tell us that his level of pain is extraordinarily high, and that we shouldn’t be surprised by new behaviors. But what surprises us all the most is his final decision not to go out as he had originally planned. He says he doesn’t want to implicate any of us in an assisted suicide legal charge, and then cancels the online death.

The next week, after a string of Ministry concerts that he, John Barlow, and some of the kids attend in a wheelchair convoy, Tim becomes too weak to make any real decisions at all. No one has been fully entrusted to make the suicide decision for him, and we realize that Timothy Leary will end up dying pretty much like the rest of us: quietly succumbing to the inevitable. Besides, he finds he loves life so much, that he can't even conceive of ending it. He will endure any amount of pain for the pleasure of another day.

Zach, Rosemary, the kids at the house, and a few close friends are at his bedside in the last moments. It is an intimate and loving finale, where the politics, personal issues, and media hoopla surrounding him finally give way to the deep love and respect all Tim's friends have in common. A hi-8 camcorder discreetly tapes the final vigil.

Just before losing consciousness for the last time, Timothy asks "why?" The room goes silent. Is he afraid? Does he feel forsaken? Then he smiles and says "why not?" Everyone laughs. He repeats "why not" about fifty times in fifty different voices. Comical, loving, tragic, afraid. His reassures his audience through a clownish performance, which somehow gives him the strength he needs to face the final curtain himself. The last thing he does is applaud, for himself and his audience. In this paradoxically dignified fashion, Tim provides the comic relief at his own death. By dawn, helicopters are already swooping in to capture aerial footage of the house; but Leary has left the building.

While some see Tim's final retreat into the solitude of death as a lack of conviction, or a submission to the same forces that seem to conquer everyone else, I think he has more than proved his point. He died the way he wanted to, even if his chosen method and expression changed over time. He didn't owe it to us to die spectacularly online any more than he owed it to consensus culture to die shamefully in a hospital.

Just as in the 1960's, when he was jailed for telling us to turn on, it is those of us around him who are unable to let a free soul do as it pleases. Timothy Leary has been imprisoned twice by a culture incapable of seeing who he is through its own fears and prejudices.

It is we, and not Timothy Leary, who have failed to meet the challenge of the center ring.

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The Thelemic Origins of Wicca

by Aaron Leitch (Khephera)

As I have delved ever deeper into the historical origins and development of Wicca, I have come to find that the influence of "ceremonial magick" has long been apparent in Traditional Wicca. The Golden Dawn has certainly had its say from the beginning, but then so has the Thelemic system of Aleister Crowley. I've come to understand that Gerald Gardner intended from the very beginning for Wicca to be a largely Thelemic system.

This has been a concept mainly ignored, or fought against, by the majority of Wiccans, even from the very beginning. One of the most influential figures in the development of Wicca was a woman named Doreen Valiente, who entered the history of Wicca while Gardner was still perfecting his system. Sadly, she had a bias against Crowley, and proceeded to convince Gardner to remove as much Thelemic material as she could find from the Book of Shadows. She is on record as having stated "...this [Thelemic material] was not really suitable for the Old Craft of the Wise, however beautiful the words might be, or how much one might agree with what they said..." ("The Witches Bible", by Janet and Stewart Farrar, p.42, footnote 8). So arose "Text C" of the Book of Shadows (1), which serves as the primary basis of modern Wicca. However, it does appear that Gardner put his foot down at some point, as this essay will show.

The Thelemic Origins of Wicca

Perhaps the best method of attack on this subject would be to simply relate the origins and history of Wicca, and to highlight the most obvious Thelemic links to this young Faith. The story (such as we understand it at this time) begins in the 1920s with a woman named Margaret Murray. A well-known anthropologist, she constructed a theory about the Inquisition reports of the Church. She felt that there must be some truth buried within the lies, given the rather consistent nature of most of the confessions obtained from the accused. The idea of making pacts with spiritual entities, invocations of a Horned God, wild Sabbats held around bonfires on the equinoxes and solstices, and more; these are not only all pervading in the confessions of the accused "witches", but are similar to many practices of the ancient pagans themselves. Murray's conclusion was that the church was indeed finding practitioners of an organized religion that spread all throughout Europe, and extended into history beyond the founding of the Christian Church. This she called the "Old Religion", and published her ideas in "The Witch Cult in Western Europe" as well as "The God of the Witches".

Today we know that Murray was wrong. It is true that the descriptions in the church records are drawn from older pagan sources, but this was done quite deliberately by the church itself in order to demonize its "heathen" neighbors. The real pagans who did exist at this time were many, but were not organized in relation with each other. There was no "Old Religion" in the middle ages.

On the other hand, there was suddenly an "Old Religion" in the late 1920s. Many groups- called "covens"- of witches began to arise, and were based quite liberally on Murray's concepts. They claimed to be the very groups she was describing in her work- having survived from ancient to modern times underground. Of course, most of what they practiced was new, and no small amount of their system was drawn from other movements of the day; such as the magickal tradition of the Golden Dawn, and the philosophy of Thelema. Perhaps today it is common to see much ignorant contention between ceremonial Mages and Wiccans, but in the early days of Neo-Paganism such boundaries did not exist.

It was in the middle of this modern occult revival that we first meet Gerald Gardner. Gerald was quite a well-rounded individual when it came to magick and mysticism. It would appear that he denied no source of possible illumination in his path toward the Divine- the mark of a true wizard. He was a mason, hung around with Rosecrucians and Golden Dawn-types, and even joined one of the "Old Religion" Covens who called themselves New Forest (who also focused somewhat on Golden Dawn ceremonial magick).

An even less well-known fact among modern Wiccans (especially those of the later sects based largely on the mass publications of semi-Wiccan material) is the fact that Gardner was conferred an OTO charter. According to Paul Hume, Gardner was given the charter to act as Master of a "camp of minervals", and the document itself is now hanging on the wall of a senior member of the OTO.

There is also some confusion on what grade Gardner held, and in which Thelemic Order it was held within. Also according to Mr. Hume:

"Actually, Gardner gave his motto and grade as "Scire, 4=7" in High Magick's Aid (2), but whether he claimed the degree elsewhere I don't know. I know he was a IVo, but don't know if he was bumped to VIIo. [...] I think it was the IV and 4 that he got confused on, not the VII and 7."

It may be that he was actually granted a VIIth degree in the OTO by Crowley in recognition of his actual Masonic degree. Another well-known OTO member, Bill Heidrick, has the following to say on the issue:

"Gardner had full rights and possession of not only IVth but VIIth Degree OTO membership. Crowley also chartered him with initiation powers and the right to form a local OTO group. In 1948 e.v., after Crowley's death, Gardner wrote to Frieda Harris, claiming that he was the named Grand Master for OTO in Europe --- that's not supported by any documents I've seen, but his charter and degree membership is a matter of record. Karl Germer had the latest European OTO officer chartering Crowley, as far as I am aware. Gardner corresponded with Germer for some years, sending Germer an inscribed copy of one of his books on Wicca. At the time of Crowley's death, Gardner was in Tennessee, in the USA, recovering from an illness with his relatives. (information on that latter part comes from Gardner's letters)."

"Gardner was brought into the IVth degree OTO by Crowley in May of 1947, about 7 months before Crowley died (ref. Crowley's diary of that year). Gardner quickly progressed to the VIIth degree and received charter to initiate and operate an OTO Camp in the first few degrees. At the time of Crowley's Greater Feast, Gardner believed erroneously that his charter gave him paramount authority of OTO in Europe (ref. a letter from Gardner to Frieda Harris in the Humanities Research Center collection, University of Austin, TX)"

Based on my knowledge of Traditional Wicca (especially pre-Valiante Wicca; or texts A or B of the Book of Shadows), I have come to formulate my own theories as to the purpose of Wicca in Gardner's mind. Being an amateur anthropologist himself, Gardner was familiar with the ancient systems of magick practiced by people such as (for example) the Egyptians, Greeks, Celts, and many other pagan cultures both ancient and modern. At least, he understood those systems as well as most occultists of his day. When we compare those systems with Golden Dawn and Thelemic practices, there is only one major notable difference: the older systems were based upon the tides of nature (mainly related to the cycles of the crops or live-stock). The seasons, the motions of the sun and moon, the harvest, the hunt, fertility, all of this was not only the main focus of the older systems, but the very origins of the symbolism used by the modern systems.

However, the modern practices themselves had become removed from those natural concerns, and in many cases their earthy origins had been forgotten. It would seem that Gardner's intention- actually a continuation of the work of the New Forest coven- was to reform

ceremonial magick. Wicca was, and continues to be, a ceremonial system at its very heart. Like the ancient temple faiths of the agricultural societies, Wicca simply reaches downward into nature to find the Divine, rather than reaching upward to an unknown Deity. This, of course, is hardly a philosophy removed from Thelema itself; which largely stresses the recognition of the true nature of the human animal, and celebration of the Divine through acts of pleasure and joy.

A full analysis of the Thelemic aspects of Wicca would go far beyond the scope of this essay. However, I will here cover some of the more obvious examples, and the reader is invited to look deeper into these clues. I would suggest "The Witches Bible" by Janet and Stewart Farrar, as that is nearly the only decent source on Traditional Wicca readily available today. It does not discuss the Thelemic connection in any depth, but it does highlight much of the Crowley material to be found in the Book of Shadows.

The Great Rite and the Third Degree Initiation

The third degree initiation ceremony in Gardnerian Wicca (which features the Great Rite) is derived almost completely from the Gnostic Mass. They share many specific points in common; such as the enthronement of the priestess upon the altar, and the Consecration of Cakes and Wine. They even share one invocation word for word (as pointed out on page 52, footnote 1, of "The Witches' Bible"). This invocation can be found in Crowley's "Magick in Theory and Practice", Liber VX, section III: "The Ceremony of the Opening of the Veil". Interestingly, this invocation in the Wiccan Great Rite involves the removal of a white veil from the body of the priestess, who lays in the center of the circle. The invocation (in both Gnostic Mass and Great Rite) is spoken by the priest:

"O Circle of Stars,
Whereof our father is by the younger brother,
Marvel beyond imagination, soul of infinite space,
Before whom time is ashamed, the mind bewildered, and the understanding dark,
Not unto Thee may we attain unless Thine Image be Love.
Therefore by seed and root, and stem and bud,
And leaf and flower and fruit do we invoke thee,
O Queen of Space, O Jewel of Light,
Continuous one of the heavens;
Let it be ever thus
That men speak not of Thee as One, but as None;
And let them not speak of Thee at all, since Thou art continuous."

Further, the recitation "...by seed and root, and stem and bud, and leaf and flower and fruit..." is a very well known Wiccan invocation (used in the Opening Ceremony); although to my knowledge its origin from Crowley's writings has always been unknown or ignored.

Other Thelemic material pops up within the Rite in various places. The use of the scourge (which actually appears in many places in Wicca) has been discussed at length by Crowley. It is used in the third degree initiation as a method of purification. Another point of interest in the Rite is the appearance of this invocation to bless the cakes before consumption, which includes a hint of the Thelemic Law:

"O Queen most secret, bless this food unto our bodies, bestowing health, wealth, strength, joy, and peace, and that fulfillment of Will, and Love under Will, which is perpetual happiness."

The Consecration of Wine and Cakes

The principals behind our Consecration of Wine and Cakes can be found in chapter 20 of "Magick in Theory and Practice" which deals with the Eucharist:

The Eucharist of "two" elements has its matter of the passives. The wafer (pantacle) is of corn, typical of earth; the wine (cup) represents water. (There are certain other attributions. The Wafer is the Sun, for instance: and the wine is appropriate to Bacchus). The wafer may, however, be more complex, the "Cake of Light" described in Liber Legis. This is used in the exoteric Mass of the Phoenix (Liber 333, Cap: 44) mixed with the blood of the Magus. This mass should be performed daily at sunset by every magician. Corn and wine are equivalent to flesh and blood; but it is easier to convert live substances into the body and blood of God, than to perform this miracle upon dead matter. [...]

A Eucharist of some sort should most assuredly be consummated daily by every magician, and he should regard it as the main sustenance of his magical life. It is of more importance than any other magical ceremony, because it is a complete circle. The whole of the force expended is completely re-absorbed; yet the virtue is that vast gain represented by the abyss between Man and God.

The magician becomes filled with God, fed upon God, intoxicated with God. Little by little his body will become purified by the internal lustration of God; day by day his mortal frame, shedding its earthly elements, will become in very truth the Temple of the Holy Ghost. Day by day matter is replaced by Spirit, the human by the divine; ultimately the change will be complete; God manifest in flesh will be his name.

This is the most important of all magical secrets that ever were or are or can be. To a Magician thus renewed the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel becomes an inevitable task; every force of his nature, unhindered, tends to that aim and goal of whose nature neither man nor god may speak, for that it is infinitely beyond speech or thought or ecstasy or silence. Samadhi and Nibbana are but its shadows cast upon the universe.

Every word of Crowley here was certainly taken deeply to heart by Gardner. As a directly obvious example, note especially the above phrase: "...it is easier to convert live substances into the body and blood of God, than to perform this miracle upon dead matter." Compare this to the phrase taken from the Book of Shadows, concerning what we should fill the chalice with: "It is said that spirits or anything can be used, "so long as it has life...".

The Consecration of Wine and Cakes is ever-present in the Book of Shadows; being performed either before or after every single Rite of worship or magick. It represents the body and blood of the Lord, being blessed by the power of the Lady from whence He springs, and consumed by the participants of the Rite. Its purpose is to realize the single highest Mystery of the Wiccan Faith- as Crowley wrote above- "God [and Goddess] manifest in flesh".

I would have to personally admit that the Great Rite and the third degree initiation are the most blatantly Thelemic rites to be found in Wicca. After all, the Gnostic Mass itself was the embodiment of the whole of the Thelemic philosophy of "Love under Will"; it holds all of the keys of Gnosis within its structure. No less can be said of the Wiccan "version" of this same formula.

The Charge of the Goddess

However, even with this being the case, the Thelemic Current within Wiccan material extends somewhat further. Various phrases in the Charge of the Goddess are quoted almost word-for-word from the Book of the Law. These examples are indicated below by italics, and comparable lines in the Book of the Law are referred to in footnotes:

Now listen to the words of the Great Mother, who was of old also called among men Artemis, Astarte, Athene, Dione, Melusine, Aphrodite, Cerridwen, Dana, Arianrhod, Isis, Bride, and by many other names.

"Whenever ye have need of any thing, once in the month, and better it be when the moon is full, then shall ye assemble in some secret place, and adore the spirit of me, who am Queen of all witches. There shall ye assemble, ye who are fain to learn all sorcery, yet have not won its deepest secrets; to these will I teach things that are as yet unknown. And ye shall be free from slavery; and as a sign that ye be really free, ye shall be naked in your rites; and ye shall dance, sing, feast, make music and love, all in my praise. For mine is the ecstasy of the spirit, and mine also is joy on earth (3); for my law is love unto all beings. Keep pure your highest ideal; strive ever towards it, let naught stop you or turn you aside; for mine is the secret door which opens upon the land of youth, and mine is the cup of wine of life, and the cauldron of Cerridwen, which is the Holy Grail of immortality. I am the gracious Goddess, who gives the gift of joy unto the heart of man. Upon earth, I give the knowledge of the spirit eternal; and beyond death, I give peace, and freedom, and reunion with those who have gone before. Nor do I demand sacrifice (4); for behold, I am the Mother of all living, and my love is poured out upon the earth."

Hear ye the words of the Star Goddess; she in the dust of whose feet are the hosts of heaven, whose body encircles the universe.

"I am the beauty of the green earth, and the white moon among the stars, and the mystery of the waters, and the desire of the heart of man. Call unto thy soul; arise and come unto me; for I am the soul of nature, who gives life to the universe. From me all things proceed, and unto me all things must return; and before my face, beloved of Gods and of men, let thine innermost divine self be enfolded in the rapture of the infinite. Let my worship be within the heart that rejoiceth; for behold, all acts of love and pleasure are my rituals. And therefore let there be beauty and strength, power and compassion, honour and humility, mirth and reverence within you (5). And thou who thinkest to seek for me, know thy seeking and yearning shall avail thee not unless thou knowest the mystery: that if that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee. For behold, I have been with thee from the beginning; and I am that which is attained at the end of desire."

There is also another Charge- the Charge of the Horned God- which has been written by Stuart Myers, and published in his "Between the Worlds" (Llewellyn Publications). There are, in fact, various available God Charges- each one with a differing focus. Mr. Myers' effort is the best that

I have personally seen, being structured specifically to match the Goddess Charge point for point. It, too, contains quite a few lines taken directly from the Book of the Law. This is the Charge of the Horned God which I personally use whenever my Rites of worship call for such.

The Wiccan Rede

I do feel it is important to bring up the controversial subject of the Wiccan Rede. This is a long poem which ends with the phrase: "Eight words the Wiccan Rede fulfill, An it harm none, do what thou Wilt". It is very often considered a theft by Gardner of the Thelemic Law "Do what thou Wilt shall be the whole of the Law". However, I don't feel that Gardner "stole" this concept anymore than he "stole" the other numerous aspects of Thelema that appear in Wicca. (Some Wiccans have claimed that Crowley actually stole his material from our- supposedly ancient- Faith before Gardner came onto the scene. However, this idea can be discarded as pure double-speak with absolutely no facts to support it what-so-ever. Already I've made it clear that there was no "Wicca", as we know it, before Gerald Gardner).

It is surely granted that he modified its wording to make it more readily available to a "general public". It's a basic moral guide (not a religious law, for which many mistake it) that helps guide one through daily mundane situations; even for those who have no grasp of the concept of what the word "Wilt" really means. On the other hand, for those who do know, it retains the same concepts as Crowley originally intended.

Very often the Rede is mis-quoted: "As long as you don't hurt anyone, you can do whatever you want". And this is what it means to the greater majority of neo-pagans today. However, Thelemic philosophy does not seem to agree. The Book of the Law, and all of Crowley's writings, speak very explicitly against ordering and restricting your life upon fear of offending others. Where this kind of miscommunication and misinterpretation of the Rede is concerned, the Thelemic philosophy is correct. And the true (properly quoted) Rede is actually on the side of the Thelemite.

The most obvious problem here is the word "harm". Note that the Rede does not actually state "And it hurt none..." Taken into proper consideration, the definition of hurt is to cause pain. "Harm", on the other hand, means to cause damage. There is a difference between hurt and harm; it is sometimes necessary to cause pain, even to avoid more severe damage. This is confirmed by "Webster's New World Dictionary":

Hurt: v.t 1. To cause pain or injury to; wound. 2. To harm or damage in some way. 3. To offend. v.i. 1. To cause injury, damage, or pain. 2. To give or have the sensation of pain; be sore: as, my leg hurts. n. 1. A pain or injury. 2. Harm, damage. 3. Something that wounds the feelings.

Harm: n. 1. Hurt; injury; damage. 2. Moral wrong; evil. v.t. To do harm to; hurt; injure; damage.

While both hurt and harm appear in the possible definitions of both words, it is a fact that the definitions of "hurt" are focused much more on physical injury. An injury is something that can be healed; as well as being something which makes us stronger in the long run. Note also that it lists the "wounding of feelings" as a possible definition of "hurt". This is perhaps the one thing which most mainstream Neopagans most wish was included in the Rede. However, take notice that "to wound the feelings" is not included in the definition of "harm" at all. The Rede does not

prohibit hurting another's feelings, nor offending their sensibilities. Sometimes these things simply can not be avoided.

On the other hand, the word "harm" lists as its second definition: "a moral wrong; evil". While there are many cases in life where we might be forced to cause pain in another human being, if we are saving them from greater pain or even death, that does not mean we are harming them on the whole. It does not mean that we are doing something that we would personally label as "evil" or wrong in some way.

In short, the word "harm" in the Rede is quite specifically related to the concept of "sin" in Thelema. Sin is nothing less than the intrusion of one person into the True Will of another. Sin is Restriction, and "thou hast no right but to do thy Will". To restrict another, then, is to harm them. The Wiccan Rede is saying nothing less.

Wiccan Philosophy and Theology

All of the above points are perhaps only the tip of the iceberg when it comes to the Thelemic influence upon Wicca. They surely do not exhaust our stores of examples; Thelemic philosophy pops up in many places within Wicca, even outside of the written material.

For example, it is possible to draw many correlations between the Wiccan theology of the Lord and Lady, and the entire first and second chapters of the Book of the Law concerning Nuit and Hadit. For example, verse 1:21 speaks on the concept of dual-theism between the Lady and Her Lord. Also, verse 1:62 speaks on the role of the high priestess in our rites of worship. It is apparent that the entirety of the Book of the Law had a large influence on Gardner's conceptions of the universe and the Divine.

Another example may be found in the Wiccan concept of cyclic nature. Like Crowley, Gardner believed in the power of the passage of the year- most especially the equinoxes and solstices. As the Lord dies each year (when the sun begins to wane), He re-enters the womb of the Goddess to be reborn in His time. Having been reborn, He matures and mates with the Lady once more, to re-enter Her womb and start the cycle again. This process is almost identical to Crowley's own description of the New Aeon- where the old "Osirian Death" concept is replaced with the concept of simply "growing up" (as did Horus in the wilderness). The mysteries of death and rebirth still exist, but they have become cyclic rather than the linear concepts of the church and related world-views.

There are also many probable relations between the Wiccan concept of "Perfect Love and Perfect Trust" and the Thelemic concept of "Love is the Law, Love under Will". Perfect Love and Perfect Trust are not simply Wiccan philosophies, but are actually used as passwords which the aspirant must give in order to be admitted to the circle for his or her first degree initiation. By the time of Text B of the Book of Shadows, this had been altered to "Perfect love for the Goddess, perfect trust in the Goddess." However, this would have been an alteration by Valiante; which I personally see as indicative that Gardner had meant the original phrase to indicate a Thelemic concept. The Farrars have opted to keep the original (which appears in "High Magick's Aid"), because they have better understood the far reaching implications of that phrase. Reference "The Witches' Bible", book two (The Witches' Way), page 17.

Also worthy of mention are the numerous aspects of ceremonial magickal techniques that were adopted directly from Golden Dawn and Thelemic sources. The association of Elements to the four quarters is identical, as are the methods of inscribing the Pentagrams. We invoke the "Guardians of the Watchtowers" (ref. Enochian Magick) in each quarter during the Opening Ceremony. Also, the Gardnerian Pentacle is not the six-inch disk which rests in the north of the altar of the Golden Dawn, but is instead a wider disk which rests in the center of the altar; reminding one of the Enochian "Seal of Truth". The Qabalistic Cross itself is even used in the 1st Degree Initiation Ceremony, and we also make use of the "Sign of Osiris"- which is simply a version of the Sign of Osiris Slain. This list could go on at some length, but I will resign myself to end here for the time being.

And with that I bring this essay to a close. With the current rise in popularity of the Wiccan Qabalah, as well as an interest in the true history of Wicca itself, I hope this essay helps bridge one more of the needless gaps in the mystical communities. Blessed Be.

ENDNOTES

1. There are three versions of the Wiccan Book of Shadows. "Text A" is said to be based on, and expanded from, the Book in use by the New Forest Coven which Gardner first joined in the early 1900s. "Text B", then, was the first version of Gardner's own system, which he personally coined as "Wicca". To my knowledge, the work entitled "High Magick's Aid", by Gardner, shows forth the "Text B" material. Finally came "Text C", the combined efforts of Gardner and Doreen Valiente. Valiente believed strongly in the "antiquity" of Wicca, and thus wished to "instruct" Gardner on what a system based on the "Old Craft of the Wise" should be like.
2. This is the book written by Gardner before the witchcraft laws were repealed in Europe. It was a work of fiction, but contained much hidden material of the Wiccan Faith and practices.
3. Compare to Book of the Law 1:13, 1:53, and 1:58
4. Compare to Book of the Law 1:58.
5. Compare to Book of the Law 2:20.

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ALCHEMY, SECRET SOCIETIES, THE AIRSHIPS OF 1897, AND NAZI UFOS

by Brad and Sherry Steiger

Helvetius, the grandfather of the celebrated philosopher of the same name, was an alchemist who labored ceaselessly to fathom the mystery of the "philosopher's stone," the legendary catalyst that would transmute base metals into gold. One day in 1666 when he was working in his study at the Hague, a stranger attired all in black, as befitted a respectable burgher of North Holland, appeared and informed him that he would remove all the alchemist's doubts about the existence of the philosopher's stone, for he possessed such magical powers.

Helvetius decided to humor the man, who appeared very simple and modest in his demeanor. The stranger immediately drew from his pocket a small ivory box, containing three pieces of metal, of the colour of brimstone, and extremely heavy. With those three bits of metal, he told Helvetius, he could make as much as twenty tons of gold.

The alchemist examined the pieces of metal and seeing that they were very brittle, he took the opportunity to scrape off a small portion with his thumbnail.

Helvetius then returned the three pieces of metal to his mysterious visitor and entreated him to perform the process of transmutation before him. The stranger answered firmly that he was not allowed to do so. It was enough that ' he had verified the existence of the metal to Helvetius. It was his purpose only to offer him encouragement in his experiments.

After the man's departure, Helvetius procured a crucible and a portion of lead, into which, when in a state of fusion, he threw the stolen grain he had secretly scraped from the

philosopher's stone. He was disappointed to find that the grain evaporated altogether, leaving the lead in its original state.

Thinking that he had been made the fool by the mad burgher's whimsy, Helvetius returned to his own experiments in attaining the philosopher's stone.

Some weeks later, when he had almost forgotten the incident, Helvetius received another visit from the stranger. "Please do explain further the process by which you *pretend* to transmute lead," the alchemist goaded the man. "If you cannot do as you claim, then please leave me at once."

"Very well, I shall show you that that which you most desire does truly exist," the stranger said, consenting to perform a demonstration of the philosopher's stone for the skeptical Helvetius. "One grain is sufficient," he told the alchemist, "but it is necessary to envelope it in a ball of wax before throwing it on the molten metal; otherwise its extreme volatility will cause it to vaporize."

To Helvetius's astonishment and his boundless delight, the stranger transmuted several ounces of lead into gold. Then he permitted the alchemist to repeat the experiment by himself, and Helvetius converted six ounces of lead into very pure gold.

Helvetius found it impossible to keep a secret of such immense value and importance. Soon the word of the alchemist's remarkably successful experiments spread all over the Hague, and Helvetius demonstrated the power of the philosopher's stone in the presence of the prince of Orange, and many times afterward, until he had exhausted the supply of catalytic pieces that he received from the mysterious burgher.

And search as he might, Helvetius could not find the man in all of North Holland nor learn his name. And pray as he might, the stranger never again visited Helvetius in his study.'

Down through the centuries, very mysterious individuals have appeared at certain moments in human history and provided convincing demonstrations that "impossible" in-

ventions *are* possible. The "respectable burgher of North Holland" appeared "modest and simple" to the alchemist Helvetius. It was his incredible knowledge that startled and inspired the alchemists of Helvetius's day, and though these learned and determined men never did acquire the philosopher's stone that would transmute lead into gold, they did fashion the seeds of the science of chemistry that has accomplished so many transmutations of the human environment and the human condition in the last three hundred years.

Out of the smoky laboratories of the alchemists, Albert le Grand produced potassium lye, Raymond Lully prepared bicarbonate of potassium, Paracelsus described zinc and introduced chemical compounds in medicine, Blaise Vigenere discovered benzoic acid, Basil Valentine perfected sulfuric acid, and Johann Friedrich Boetticher became the first European to produce porcelain. We can but wonder if they, too, received visitations from mysterious black-garbed burghers.

While each of the above is an important discovery, there are rumors that lying amidst the musty pages of certain ancient alchemical laboratories there are recorded experiments with photography, radio transmission, phonography, and aerial flight. Throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, there were many scholars who claimed that they had received late-night visits from mysterious members of a secret society that had accomplished the transmutation of metals, the means of prolonging life, the knowledge to see and to hear what was occurring in distant places, and the ability to travel across the heavens in heavier-than-air vehicles.

Some students of the history of alchemy have stated that crumbling, yellowed records of the alchemists remain in dusty libraries-more than 100,000 ancient volumes written in a code that has never been sufficiently deciphered. If certain master magicians, disciples of the Titans, individuals of exceptional intellect, power, and wealth, actually did achieve a high degree of technical accomplishment several centuries ago, then they could very well be responsible for a good many of the strange and mysterious vehicles seen in our skies.

And if alien life-forms apprehended their advanced technology at the end of the previous century, then they might have established an alliance with the society of humans that easily appeared to be the more advanced and worthy to receive the benefits of their extraterrestrial superscience.

Numerous European occult societies have been at least partially molded around the belief that a secret society centuries ago achieved a high level of scientific knowledge that they carefully guarded from the rest of humanity. According to these occult groups, certain men of genius in ancient Egypt and Persia were given access to the records of the advanced technologies of the antediluvian world. Many hundreds of years ago, these ancient masters learned to duplicate many of the feats of the Titans of Atlantis.

The decision to form a society within a society may have been based on the members' highly developed moral sense and their recognition of the awesome position of responsibility that the discovery of such applications of ancient knowledge had placed upon them. They may have decided to keep their own counsel until the rest of the world had become enlightened enough to deal wisely with such a high degree of technical accomplishments.

From time to time, the secret society may decide the time is propitious to make one of its discoveries known to the "outside world." Such intervention in the affairs of humankind is usually accomplished by carefully feeding certain fragments of research to "outside" scientists whose work and attitude have been judged particularly deserving. When these scientists accomplish the breakthroughs in their research, they credit the success of the experiments to their own diligence, and the secrecy the society prizes so highly is maintained.

On the other hand, the secret society may feel little or no responsibility of any kind to those humans outside of their group. They may be merely biding their time until they turn

the great mass of humanity into their slaves. For hundreds of years, certain scholars have worried about global conspiracies being conducted in secret by such groups as the Knights Templar, the Rosicrucians, the Vril, the Thule, and the Illuminati--who may all be waiting until the propitious time to complete world domination. If, as the argument goes, an ancient secret society of alchemists developed a technology that they managed to keep hidden from outsiders, the matter in perpetual debate is whether the Secret Ones are benevolently guiding us to a time when they may share their accomplishments more openly or whether they await the appropriate moment to conquer the entire world.

In 1871, when occultist Edward Bulwer-Lytton wrote a novel about a small group of German mystics who had discovered the truth about a race of supermen living within the Earth's interior, he inspired the founding of the Brothers of the Light, the Luminous Lodge, the Vril Society. Bulwer-Lytton's *The Coming Race* told the story of an advanced civilization of giants who thrived in the inner Earth. The super race had built a paradise based on The Vril Force, a form of energy so powerful that the older beings had outlawed its use as a potential weapon.

The Coming Race (1871), a novel by the occultist Edward Bulwer-Lytton, was set in the Earth's interior, where an advanced civilization of giants thrived. In this story, the giants had built a paradise and discovered a form of energy so powerful that they outlawed its use as a potential weapon.

This force, the Vril, was derived from the Black Sun, a large ball of "Prima Materia" that provides light and radiation to the inhabitants of the inner Earth.

There are persistent legends in nearly every culture that tell of an Elder Race that populated the Earth millions of years ago. The Old Ones, who may originally have been of extraterrestrial origin, were an immensely intelligent and scientifically advanced species who eventually chose to structure their own environment under the surface of the planet's soil and seas. The Old Ones usually remain aloof from the surface dwellers, but from time to time throughout history, they have been known to visit certain of Earth's more intelligent members in the guise of alchemist or mysterious scientists in order to offer constructive criticism and, in some cases, to give valuable advice in the material sciences.

The Buddhists have incorporated Agharta, subterranean empire, into their theology and fervently believe in its existence and in the reality of underworld supermen who periodically surface to oversee the progress of the human race. According to one source, the underground kingdom of Agharta was created when the ancestors of the present day cave dwellers drove the Serpent People from the caverns during an ancient war between the reptilian humanoids and the ancient human society.

By the 1840s, the legend of Agharta had already been widely circulated among the mystically minded in Germany. According to this ancient tradition, the Master of the World already controlled many of the kings and rulers of the surface world by exercising his occult powers. Soon this Master and his super race would launch an invasion of Earth and subjugate all humans to his will. The secret societies formed in Germany in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries wanted desperately to prove themselves worthy of the super humans that lived beneath the surface of the planet and they wished to be able to control the incredibly powerful Vril force. This ancient force had been known among the alchemists and magicians as the Chi, the Odic force, the Orgone, the Astral Light, and they were well aware of its transformative powers to create supermen of ordinary mortals.

In the year 1897, it seemed that scientific achievement had gone about as far as it could go, and it was poised confidently on the brink of the twentieth century. Many of the world's most learned men and women were filled with pride over a host of new

technological accomplishments.

To list only a few of the most notable inventions and **discoveries**:

In 1893, Karl Benz and Henry Ford built their first fourwheeled automobiles.

Thomas Edison's Kinetoscope (1889) was among the first practical systems of cinematography, and in 1895, Louis and Auguste Lumiere presented the first commercial projection. In that same year, Wilhelm Roentgen discovered X rays, Marconi invented radio telegraphy, and Konstantin Tsiolkovsky formulated the principle of rocket reaction propulsion.

In 1896, William Ramsay isolated helium, Ernest Rutherford accomplished the magnetic detection of electrical waves, and Henri Becquerel discovered radioactivity.

The Royal Automobile Club was founded in London in 1897, and cars were going faster every year.

There were as yet no heavier-than-air aerial vehicles to occupy the efforts and the interests of potential aviators, and a good number of brilliant scientists of great reputation doubted that it was aerodynamically possible to build such a flying machine. The future of balloon transport seemed promising, and gondolas could be attached to carry passengers. With all the other marvels of science, how could anyone bemoan the lack of heavier-than-air flying machines?

And yet, in March of 1897, a bizarre aircraft, often described as resembling a cone-shaped steamboat, was seen flying across the United States and later throughout the world. (Note that the German Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin did not build his famous airship until 1898.)

Could some anonymous American inventors have beaten Count von Zeppelin to the drawing board with a much more impressive vehicle, a forerunner of the modern passenger plane? Or did extraterrestrials disguise their spacecraft as composite, awkward,

bulky terrestrial vehicles and their UFO-nauts as conventional humans in order to survey the planet undetected as aliens? Or was a secret terrestrial society of master magicians once again displaying their superiority over the outsiders?

In 1919, Karl Haushofer, a student of the Russian mystic George Gurdjieff, founded the Brothers of the Light Society in Berlin, and soon changed its name to the Vril Society. As Haushofer's Vril grew in prominence, it united three major occult societies, the Lords of the Black Stone, the Black Knights of the Thule Society, and the Black Sun and chose the swastika, the hooked cross, as its symbol of the worship of the Black Sun. While these societies borrowed some concepts and rites from Theosophists, Rosicrucians, and various Hermetic groups, they placed special emphasis on the innate mystical powers of the Aryan race. Theosophist Mme. Helena Blavatsky listed Six Root Races--the Astral, Hyperborean, Lemurian, Atlantean, Aryan, and the coming Master Race. The Vril and its brother societies maintained that the Germanic/Nordic/ Teutonic people were of Aryan origin, and that Christianity had destroyed the power of the Teutonic civilization.

In 1921, Maria Orsic (Orsitch), a medium in the society, now renamed Vril Gesellschaft, began claiming spirit messages originating from Aryan aliens on Alpha Tauri in the Aldeberan star system. Orsic and another medium named Sigrun, learned that the aliens spoke of two classes of people on their world--the Aryan, or master race, and a subservient planetary race that had evolved through mutation and climate changes. A half billion years ago, the Aryans, also known as the Elohim or Elder Race, began to colonize our solar system. On Earth, the Aryans were identified as the Sumerians until they elected to carve out an empire for themselves in the hollow of the planet. The Vril Force was derived from the Black Sun, a large ball of "Prima Materia" that provided light and radiation to the inhabitants of the inner Earth.

The Vril Lodge believed that those who learned control of the Vril would become master of himself, those around him, and the world itself, if he should so choose. This ancient force had been known among the alchemists and magicians as the Chi, the Odic force, the Orgone, the Astral Light, and the members of the Vril Society were well aware of its transformative powers to create supermen out of ordinary mortals. Such members of the Lodge as Adolf Hitler, Heinrich Himmler, Hermann Goring, Dr. Theodor Morell, Hitler's personal physician, and other top Nazi leaders, became obsessed with preparing German youth to become a Master Race so the Lords of the Inner Earth would find them worthy above all others when they emerged to evaluate the people of Earth's nations.

In 1922, members of Thule and Vril built the *Jenseitsflugmaschine*, the Other World Flight Machine, based on the psychic messages received from the Aldebaran aliens. W. O. Schulmann of the Technical University of Munich was in charge of the project until it was halted in 1924, and the craft was stored in Messerschmitt's Augsburg. In 1937, after Hitler came into power, he authorized the construction of the *Rund flugzeug*, the round, or disk-shaped vehicle, for military use and for spaceflight.

In April, 1942, Nazi Germany sent out an expedition composed of a number of its most visionary scientists to seek a military vantage point in the hollow earth. Although the expedition of leading scientists left at a time when the Third Reich was putting maximum effort in their drive against the Allies, Goering, Himmler, and Hitler are said to have enthusiastically endorsed the project. Steeped in the more esoteric teachings of metaphysics, the Fuehrer had long been convinced that Earth was concave and that a master race lived on the inside of the planet.

The Nazi scientists who left for the island of Rugen had complete confidence in the validity of their quest. In their minds, such a coup as discovering the opening to the Inner World would not only provide them with a military advantage, but it would go a long way in convincing the Masters who lived there that the German people truly deserved to mix their blood with them in the creation of a hybrid master race to occupy the surface world.

Students of the Vril Society also insist that aliens worked with Nazi scientists to create early models of flying saucers. UFO researcher Vladimir Terziski believes that an "alien tutor race" secretly began cooperating with certain German scientists from the Thule, the Vril, and the Black Sun societies in the late 1920s. Working in underground bases with the alien intelligences, Terziski says that the Nazis mastered antigravity space flight, established space stations, accomplished time travel, and developed their spacecraft to warp speeds.

The secret society of the Black Sun co-existed with the Vril and the Thule societies in Germany prior to and during World War I and was blended with the other groups in about 1919. While these societies borrowed some concepts and rites from Theosophists, Rosicrucians, and various Hermetic groups, they placed special emphasis on the innate mystical powers of the Aryan race. Others, such as Mme. Helena Blavatsky had listed the Six Root Races--the Astral, Hyperborean, Lemurian, Atlantean, Aryan, and the coming Master Race. The Germanic/Nordic/ Teutonic people were of Aryan origin, and Christianity had destroyed the power of the Teutonic civilization.

The symbol of the Black Sun is suggestive of the plight of the sun when, according to Norse myths, the great wolf Fenrir will swallow the solar orb at the beginning of the Wolf Age. Like many secret groups, there appears to have been more than one order--those who followed the Golden Sun and those who followed the Black Sun. The Black Sun, like the Swastika, is a very ancient symbol. While the Swastika represents the eternal fountain of creation, the Black Sun is even older, suggesting the very void of creation itself. The symbol on the Nazi flag is the Thule *Sonnenrad* (Sun Wheel), not a reversed good luck Swastika. The Black Sun can be seen in many ancient Babylonian and Assyrian places of worship.

A few years ago, when President George Bush began speaking about a New World

Order to beef up his campaign for reelection, evangelist Pat Robertson, who was briefly a presidential candidate, passionately spoke out that "new world order" was actually a code for a secret group that sought to replace Christian society with a worldwide atheistic socialist dictatorship.

Bush, the conspiracy buffs charged, was a member of one of the world's most devilish and powerful secret societies: the Order of Skull and Bones. What was more, according to these same buffs, Bush was linked to the Bilderbergers and the Trilateral Commission, dangerous elitist organizations.

At about the same time that President Bush's alleged secret affiliations were being exposed, a number of fundamentalist evangelists began to take their first real notice of the UFO phenomenon and saw the mysterious aerial objects as the "signs in the skies" referred to in apocalyptic literature and in the book of Revelation. It was a short leap for many evangelists to begin to blend accounts of UFOs with the secret societies of top U.S. government officials, politicians, corporate chairmen, international bankers, and many others who sought to bring into being the dreaded "New World Order."

According to the proponents of this cosmic conspiracy, when President Reagan gave his famous "alien invasion" speech to the entire United Nations General Assembly in September of 1987, he had already secretly advised representatives of the 176 member nations that the leaders of their respective governments must meet the demands of the technologically superior extraterrestrials or be destroyed.

As Reagan said in his speech: "I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world. And yet I ask you, is not an alien threat already among us?"

A plan agreed to by the aliens and the world leaders decreed that shortly before the year 2000 a carefully staged "alien invasion" will convince the masses of the world that a real-life *Independence Day*-type attack is about to begin. People of all nations will believe their

leaders who say that it has been learned that the aliens are a benevolent species and that unconditional surrender to them is for everyone's own good.

Immediately following the "surrender" to the aliens, the united leaders will form a One World Government, a New World Order, thus fulfilling biblical prophecies about a return to the days of Babylon. The aliens will reveal themselves as demonic entities that delight in doing Satan's work. The planet will be in torment and turmoil until Jesus returns to deal the final blow to the minions of evil.

A vast number of cultures—from that of the Vikings to Hitler's Germany—have believed in an underground empire inside the Earth. Couple this belief with the theory that the UFO-nauts are the descendants of a prehistoric Earth civilization that developed space flight, emigrated to another planet, and return periodically to monitor the motherworld, and we have a hypothesis regarding the UFO enigma that is even more ancient and integral to our species' evolution than a terrestrial secret society.

As we can see in this 1876 quote from Benjamin Disraeli, British prime minister, the concern over interference by secret societies in the affairs of government was considered very real long before our present-day paranoia:

"The governments of the present day have to deal not merely with other governments, with emperors, kings, and ministers, but also with the secret societies which have everywhere their unscrupulous agents, and can at the last moment upset all the governments' plans."

Wild Huntsmen

By Donald Correll

(Die Wilde Jager)Gottfried BürgerTranslated from the German by Walter ScottN.B. Wicca Portions from various sources.

Open Circle

Priest—ess:

I exorcise Thee O Creature of water, that
though cast out from Thee all the impurities
and the uncleanness of the Spirits of
Phantasm. In the Names of Araida and Kernunnos.
Blessings be upon Thee, O Creature of salt.
Let all malignity and hindrance pass
henceforth and let all good enter in (but ever
are we mindfull that as Water purifies the
body so the Salt purifies the Soul). Wherefore
do I bless Thee in the names of Araida and
Kernunnos that thou mayest aid me.

(Salt to water 3x; Trace Circle; Return to altar facing north;
Asperge East, South, West, and North; Cense circle with incense; Cut large pantacle;)

Priest—ess:

Hear Ye, O Mighty Ones, Dread Lords of the
Watchtowers of the North I (name).
Priest—ess and Witch, Do summon you and I
Do Command Your Presence at our Rite.
At this our meeting may our Circle be Guarded,
And Bear ye witness to our Rite!

Hear Ye, O Mighty Ones, Dread Lords of the
Watchtowers of the West I (name).
Priest—ess and Witch, Do summon you and I
Do Command Your Presence at our Rite.
At this our meeting may our Circle be Guarded,
And Bear ye witness to our Rite!

Hear Ye, O Mighty Ones, Dread Lords of the
Watchtowers of the South I (name).

Priest—ess and Witch, Do summon you and I
Do Command Your Presence at our Rite.
At this our meeting may our Circle be Guarded,
And Bear ye witness to our Rite!

Hear Ye, O Mighty Ones, Dread Lords of the
Watchtowers of the East I (name).
Priest—ess and Witch, Do summon you and I
Do Command Your Presence at our Rite.
At this our meeting may our Circle be Guarded,
And Bear ye witness to our Rite!

The Circle of Ecstasy under the light of the Stars

is Ever Open yet it has never been broken!
Ay we Feast every night always Unto Nuit. And
The Kisses of the Stars Rain Hard Upon thy Body.
As it is written:
For pure will unaustraged of the lust
of result is every way perfect.
So unto the forge we must renew
Forge and purge our will and will to love anew!
Malificum Defense, Honi Soit Qui Mal Y pense.
As my Will So mote it Be.

Alternate Chant:

Eko Eko Azarak,
Eko Eko Zomelek,
Eko Eko Araida,
Eko, Eko Kernunnos
Bezabi lacha bachababa,
Lamach cahi achababa,
Karellos cahi achababa,
Lamach, Lamach, Bacharous,
Cabahaji Sabalyos,
Barylos.
Lazos, athame, Calyolas
Samahac et famyolas
Harrahya!

Wild Huntsmen" Die Wilde Jager

Dramatis Personae:

Wildhuntsman (Gwynn Ap Nudd)

Narrator;

Earl;

Right Hand Hunter (RHH);

Left Hand Hunter (LHH);

Husbandman;

Herdsman;

Hermit;

Chorus;

Earl:

The Wildgrave (leader) winds his bugle horn;

Chorus:

To horse, to horse, halloo, halloo!

Narrator:

His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their Lord pursue.
The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.
The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd.

Earl:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;

Chorus:

Halloo, halloo, and hark again!

(When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join the train.)

Narrator:

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell:
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.
The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

RHH :

(He wav'd his huntsman's cap on high,)

Cry'd, "Welcome, welcome, noble Lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?"
"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cry'd the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.
"To-day th' ill-omen'd chase forbear;
Yon bell yet summons to the fane:
To-day the warning spirit hear,
To-morrow thou may'st mourn in vain."

LHH:

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"

(The sable hunter hoarse replies;)

"To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

Earl:

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
"Who for thy drowsy priestlike rede

Would leave the jovial horn and hound?
“Hence, if our manly sport offend:
With pious fools go chaunt and pray;
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow’d friend,

Chorus:

Halloo! halloo! and hark away!”

Earl:

The Wildgrave spurr’d his courser light,
O’er moss and moor, o’er holt and hill,
And on the left, and on the right,
Each stranger horseman follow’d still.
Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave’s horn,

Chorus:

“Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!”

Earl:

A heedless wretch has cross’d the way,
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still forward, forward! On they go.
See where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn’s blessings crown’d;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave’s feet,
A husbandman with toil embrown’d.

Husbandman:

“O mercy! mercy! noble Lord;
Spare the poor’s pittance,” was his cry,
“Earn’d by the sweat these brows have pour’d
In scorching hour of fierce July.”

RHH:

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,

LHH:

The left still cheering to the prey:

Earl:

The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.
“Away, thou hound, so basely born,
Or dread the scourge’s echoing blow!”
Then loudly ring his bugle-horn,

Chorus:

“Hark forward, forward, holla ho!”

Earl:

So said, so done—a single bound
Clears the poor labourer’s humble pale:
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December’s stormy gale.
And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along,
While joying o’er the wasted corn
Fell Famine marks the madd’ning throng.
Again up roused, the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.
Too dangerous solitude appear’d;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock’s domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.
O’er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace;
O’er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Herdsmen:

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;
“O spare, thou noble Baron, spare

These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care."

RHH:

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,

LHH:

The left still cheering to the prey;

Earl:

The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.
"Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"
Again he winds his bugle horn,

Chorus:

"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"

Earl:

And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.
In heaps the throttled victims fall;

(Herdsman and Husbandman Fall)

Earl:

Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;
The murd'rous cries the stag appal,
Again he starts, new-nerv'd by fear.
With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallow'd bour.
But man and horse, and horn and hound,

Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around

Chorus:

With hark away, and holla, ho!

Hermit:

(All mild, amid the route profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his prayer:)

“Forbear with blood God’s house to stain;
Revere his altar, and forbear!
“The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong’d by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head;—
Be warn’d at length, and turn aside.”—

RHH:

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads,

LHH:

The black, wild whooping, points the prey;

Earl:

Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.
“Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar and its rights I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs’ sacred song,
Not God himself, shall make me turn.”
He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,

Chorus:

“Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!”

Earl:

But off, on whirlwinds's pinions borne,
The stage, the hut, the hermit, go.
And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamour of the chase was gone:
For hoofs and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Narrator:

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around; —
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.
He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reach'd his ears;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.
Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.
High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

Wildhuntsman:

"Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate spirit's harden'd tool!
Scorner of God! scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.
"Be chased for ever through the wood,
For ever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is his child."

Narrator:

'Twas hush'd: one flash of sombre glare
With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.
Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;

A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.
Earth heard the call—her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.
What ghastly huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell:
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

Wildhuntsman:

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And hark away, and holla, ho!
With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng;
With bloody fangs, and eager cry,
In frantic fear he scours along.
Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.
This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears:
Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.
The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass, he hears

Chorus:

The infernal cry of holla, ho!

Close Circle

Priest—ess

Hear Ye, O Mighty Ones, Dread Lords of the Watchtowers of the East
We thank ye for your presence at our Rite

and er' ye depart to your lovely realm
We charge ye most earnestly that ye ever be quick to answer

and that ever there be peace between Thee and We.
Hail and Farewell

Hear Ye, O Mighty Ones, Dread Lords of the Watchtowers of the South
We thank ye for your presence at our Rite
and er' ye depart to your lovely realm
We charge ye most earnestly that ye ever be quick to answer

and that ever there be peace between Thee and We.
Hail and Farewell

Hear Ye, O Mighty Ones, Dread Lords of the Watchtowers of the West
We thank ye for your presence at our Rite
and er' ye depart to your lovely realm
We charge ye most earnestly that ye ever be quick to answer

and that ever there be peace between Thee and We.
Hail and Farewell

Hear Ye, O Mighty Ones, Dread Lords of the Watchtowers of the North

We thank ye for your presence at our Rite
and er' ye depart to your lovely realm
We charge ye most earnestly that ye ever be quick to answer

and that ever there be peace between Thee and We.
Hail and Farewell

The Circle of Ecstasy under the light of the Stars

is Ever Open but never broken.

Ay Feast every night but always Unto Me.
The Kisses of the Stars Rain Hard Upon thy Body.
For pure will unaustraged of the lust
of result is every way perfect.
Aye Hail and Farewell
Merry Meet,
And Merry Part
The Circle is Dissolved but never Broken.

As my Will So mote it Be.
Malificum Defense, Honi Soit Qui Mal Y pense.

END

Nach dem Tode

By Cynthia Mace

Was ist, wenn ich damals starb?

Auf dem Balkon, das strahlende Licht,
und meine Familie trug mich zum Grab,
doch ich merkte es nicht?

Was ist, wenn ich eine Parallelwelt durchwandere, nichts ahnend,
in der alten Welt leben alle ohne mich,
Bruchstücke in meinen Träumen, durchbahnend,
doch in Wirklichkeit erlebt jeder eine Realität für sich?

Was ist, wenn meine Tochter ohne ihre Mutter erwachsen werden muss,
doch ich erlebe sie jeden Tag, wie sie zur jungen Frau heranwächst,
doch sie steht in Wirklichkeit vor meinem Grab, mit Blumen als Gruß und Kuss.
Dieses Leben nur eine Illusion, die Einsicht fehlte, wurde ich nur verhext?

Die vielen Freunde sind kaum noch zu sehen,
fast einsam, um mich herum, Stille.
Muss ich sie herbei träumen, damit sie nicht gehen?
Vielleicht haben die Magier recht, „Macht“ durch Wille.

Was ist, wenn mein lieber Freund schon längst verstorben ist,
doch sehe, spreche und erlebe ihn weiterhin,
aufgrund der ungeheuerlichen List,

der Trieb zu Leben, der Geist, der weiterhin denkt: „Ich bin!“.

Was ist, wenn der Mann, der mich liebte und rettete, erst nach meinem Tode zu mir kam?

Lebt nun die vielen Jahre in Liebe, Glück und Zufriedenheit,

doch in einer anderen Welt, lebt er vereinsamt, unglücklich, erfüllt mit Gram?

Ein seltsames Gebilde, trügerisch noch dazu, die Zeit.

Doch, wenn alledem so ist, kann ich ohne Ängste im Leben stehen.

Es gibt dann nichts zu verlieren, nichts mit Gewalt was gehalten werden muss.

Leben, nach dem Leben, nach dem Tod, lässt Raum ins Unendliche zu gehen.

Das Leben, die alte Phrase, ein ewig wählender Fluss.

Juli 2008

Is Darkness really all that Dark?

By James Hootman

The Macabe...Lovecraft, Crowley, Austin Osman Spare, and your local Mason as part of an international satanic conspiracy. 9/11...drug addiction, loss, grief...despair. Things we hide, taboo and shame, the eternal lights nocturnal games. Could God make pizza as well as pickled possum?

The hurt...rejection, ignorance, the KKK, and Charles Manson...Ziggy Stardust as a seducing demonic spirit of American youth. Gay bashing, same sex lovers burning for eternity in a hell created by an infinite God of love and compassion...headaches and self defensive lashing out...we're not smart enough, we're not good enough..for who, for what? Liberating countries we enslaved in the first place. Market place, money..the haves and the have nots...the never had and the never will have...It is darkness to us...because we do not understand. We have a limited point of view, in a limited segment of time....YET we do have the light of consciousness that can shine in every unknown corner that we can become aware of. In our limited point of view...within our limited space of time.

We find romance in horror, love in the monstrosly surreal aberrations, affection for God's abominations. Sensual awakening in the isolation of the Vampire...The darkness can be illumination indeed. This darkness can be creative...a fertile ground for inspiration. Yet some forms of subjugation and exploitation can only be deemed shoddy art. The offspring of primates caught up in a poisonous and fitful nightmare. Is this all part of awakening..to a universe that dwarfs our personal keyholes of perception?

Are some things just simply sick? And why sickness anyway? Does it have to be this way...or could it go another way?...if we were able to heal ourselves(is this possible?) could we perceive a holy world?

These are the elements of my body perfected thru suffering gloried thru trial for the scent of the dying rose is the repressed sigh of my suffering and the flame red fire is the energy of my undaunted will and the cup of wine is the pouring out of my heart Sacrificed unto regeneration, unto the newer life and the bread and the salt are the foundations of my body that I destroy in order that they may be renewed...

Twin sister lovers has he...and those whom partake shall arise. The light we call light is only a glimmer of the resplendent intelligence that awaits us...outside of space, outside of time...yet a part of all of it the same. It is here and it is now. For both you and for me. Choose to be chosen. Shed the shell of the race of rats. It's all for you today.

knowledge is imagination not yet buried,
JIMMY the NULL

Thank you to Bethanne Feldman for the cover image. And a very big thank you to all contributors to the second issue of the kult ov kaos!

Saint Natas is Nathan Neuharth