

The Occult Digest

A Periodical of Reprint and Research.

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2 #3 TRIBUTION ANYWHERE OF GILLES de RAIS 25¢ 1972

THE BANNED LECTURE

GILLES de RAIS

to have been delivered before the
University Poetry Society by
ALEISTER CROWLEY
on the Evening of Monday, Feb. 3rd. 1930

Long ago, when King Brahmadata reigned in Benares, a gentleman whose Christian names were Thomas Henry - you may possibly have heard of him - he was no less a personage than the grandfather of the great Aldous Huxley - once found himself threatened by a predicament similar to that in which I stand tonite. He had been asked to lecture to a distinguished group of people.

What bothered him was this: what assumption was he to make about the existing knowledge of his audience? He adopted the sensible course of asking the advice of an old hand at the game; and was told "You must do one of two things. You may assume that they know everything, or that they know nothing." Thomas Henry thought it over, and decided that he would assume that they knew nothing.

I think that merely shows how badly brought up he must have been; and explains how it was that he became a dirty little atheist, and repented on his death-bed, and died blaspheming.

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Gilles de Rais was born sometime in 1404. He married Catherine de Thonars on the 30th of November, 1420, thus becoming the richest noble in Europe. He lived extravagantly until his arrest by the Church. He began alchemical studies under the instruction of Gilles de Sille, a priest of St. malo. Montague Summers believes he sacrificed around eight hundred children and quotes the proceedings of the ecclesiastical high court in which a Dominican priest named Jean Blouyn took over as the delegate of the Holy Inquisition for the city and diocese of Nantes. Needless to say, Gilles "confessed", and was put to the stake and charcoaled on October 26th., 1440, leaving his estates and untold riches to Mother Church, who, wasting no time, added them to her list of material gains. Included in this particular cache were Gilles personal hand-painted manuscripts which were eagerly welcomed into the Mother Lode's vault where they sit to this day. Unfortunately, the Vatican's library is inaccessible to "common folk", and will probably remain so until the demise of Mother Church herself, at which time this author will assist other interested persons in converting it into a public library.



USE OF THE I CHING
by Morning Marsha

To rightfully use the I Ching, you must start with The I Ching or Book of Changes by Richard Wilhelm and Carl F. Baynes as it is futile to buy any other for they will only refer you to the latter. In order that everyone will understand, I am going to start with the very basic beginnings of the I Ching. In actuality, the only difficult area of the I Ching is in the understanding and translation of the hexagram explanations to fit your individual situation and question. The I Ching is not to be read from cover to cover as would most books, but it is to be referred to. The I Ching is not a religious book, but a book of wisdom. The divination has nothing to do with Gods or the supernatural. It is a search for decisions in relation to action. Just as a great teacher can guide us in times of indecision, the I Ching can be a guide in times of uncertainty. Confucius once said, "If some years were added to my life, I would give fifty to the study of the I Ching and then I might come to be without great faults."

The Book of Changes is made up of 64 hexagrams. Each hexagram is made up of six lines which are divided (yin) and undivided (yang). Each hexagram is also divided into two parts, the bottom three lines are the lower triagram and the top three lines are the upper triagram. The hexagram is always read and constructed from the bottom up. It is very important to first read the introduction by Carl Jung in The I Ching or Book of Changes by Wilhelm-Baynes to at least acquaint yourself with the Yin-Yang or theory of opposites in the I Ching.

There are three ways in which one may consult the Ching: the yarrow stalks, the three coins, and the six wands method. I have chosen to explain the three coins method as it is the easiest for beginners.

To begin, you will need three coins of normal size and the same denomination. Chinese coins may also be used, however, they are very hard to find and you will probably have to resort to using modern coins.* Now you must decide which side of the coin will represent the inscribed side of the old Chinese coin. The side most often used is the side showing the value of the coin. Shake the coins in your hands and drop them on a level surface, noting which way the coins fall. The value of each then must be added together. The inscribed side or head counts as three and the tail side counts as two. In other words, if you have three heads showing (3 plus 3 plus 3) then the first line is number 9. Should you have three tails showing (2 plus 2 plus 2) then your first line will be number 6 and so on. Let us say that your number or line, as they say, is eight (two heads, one tail: 3 plus 3 plus 2 equalling 8) then this is the first or bottom line of your hexagram. You must always remember that while you are throwing the coins, deep concentration of your question is required. You will throw the coins a total of six times to make your six line hexagram. When a six or a nine is thrown, you must mark the middle of the line with either a zero for six or an x for nine. These lines will change in your second hexagram and emphasis on these lines will become important in the following interpretations. When you throw the six lines of your first hexagram (representing the present), you then change any number six (yin) line to a nine (yang) line and vice-versa in your second or future hexagram. All other lines or possibly the entire hexagram (if you have thrown no six or nine lines) stay the same. The following demonstration will explain:

Use of the I-Ching cont. on p.16

*See Digest 2, #2, for places to purchase Ching coins and sticks.

WHAT IS AN ESOTERIC ASTROLOGER
AND HOW TO BE ONE, TOO

by Roger A. Jacobson

I discovered long ago during my wasted and misspent youth that the essential difference between an esoteric and an exoteric astrologer was that the latter knows very well that a logarithm is in fact not a quaintly primitive tribal beat; and that the former, while priding himself on his ignorance of numbers exceeding twenty, delights in surrounding himself with the mystical atmosphere that only comes with a profound lack of knowledge. Or to put it in another way: an exoteric astrologer knows what he is talking about; an esoteric astrologer does not. The esotericist confines himself to counting on his fingers and toes, like the rest of us. But rather unlike the rest of us, the esoteric astrologer does little else beyond that, except write magazine articles.

And now, gentle reader, you may be asking yourself at this very moment: Is it hard to become an esoteric astrologer? What must I do, that I too may be saved? The answer is as simple as it is satisfying: the less you do, the better. Why not dispense with the seemingly endless preliminaries -- the ephemerides, the tables of houses, the soul-wrenching agony of computing the adjusted calculation date? Why not circumvent the interminable controversy and shattered nerves of deciding among Placidus, Porphyry, Campanus, Regiomontanus and (achtung!) Dr. Koch? Does it really matter? Life is short, sometimes nasty, sometimes sweet. Y'know what I mean?

You may be thinking that the esoteric astrologer does not lead a normal life. This is not true. Dispel from your minds, fellow truth-seekers, the popular image of a savant in white robes sitting cross-legged in front of a censer fuming forth the aroma of cheap incense. Dispel from your minds the image of a shriveled maiden, old beyond her years, emptying the master's chamber pot and wiping viscous drools from his saintly cheek, notebook and tape recorder at the ready. Dispel these images from your mind, because if they are there, you're really strung out on something or other, and it's probably not astrology.

So I want to emphasize at the outset that esoteric astrologers need not feel different from other people. They are different, but they don't feel that way. The reason is that they are neurotic. Now there are a lot of neurotic people running around, and they are not all astrologers. Take for example the person sitting next to you as you are reading this rag truckin' home on the L. If you turn and stare at him, and he (or she) smiles, he is either neurotic or does not live in the big city. Then, too, consider our public officials. I think we will all agree that not all neurotics are astrologers. Now that I have proved this point, we can go on. Those of you who cannot (or do not) appreciate the penetrating logic of the argument thus far can go back to picking your nose or re-reading last Sunday's color comics.

Let us, then, milk a few sacred cows before exploding them:

"Esoteric astrologers do not know anything about astrology." This is definitely not true. It only SEEMS that they don't know anything about astrology. They, like politicians, simply cannot cope with the crushing finality of making meaningful statements.

"Esoteric astrologers do not know the symbols of the planets and signs." This, too, is false. They use their OWN symbols but keep changing them. Better than most common folks, they well know that variety is the spice of life.

"Esoteric astrologers are highly spiritual individuals possessed of great insight." Contrary to what you may think, this is true. The rest of us simply cannot understand them. Who, I ask, could understand Einstein when he first

SEASONAL FESTIVALS SUMMER SOLSTICE TO LAMAS

The year is divided into four great tides: the Equinox and the Solstices, two ebbing and two flowing. They are concerned with destruction, sowing, reaping and planning. Traditionally, the times between equinoxes divide the year into a light and dark aspect. Spring and summer are considered the light aspect or the time of the Goddess, and winter and fall the dark aspect of the hunter, the ancient God.

The summer solstice is largely a Nature festival that occurs when the sun is at its height. From that period, we move toward Lamas, the harvest festival, the time of maturity. In ancient Pagan religions, Midsummer was the time of death for the God of the Waxing year, the Yule (Winter Solstice), the birth of the God of the Waning year. Sacrifices were offered to assure a good growing and harvest season, and midsummer fires are still to be seen in many parts of Europe.

As a sun festival, let us remember that the sun is the center of All in this system and is known as the Logos. The system of planets, including ourselves, are known as the Solar Logos. We are a part of this system, subject to the subtle forms of influence radiating from the sun and its family. The Whole, ourselves included, may be considered One Great Life. This Solstice is the celebration of that fact. It is the recognition of the fullness in the realm of self and that greater Self, "...in Whom we live and move and have our being." Lamas, once a harvest festival, now is a celebration of the maturity of life. At Midsummer, we gladly know the full experience of being alive; at Lamas, we acknowledge the wisdom of that living experience. The Earth is growing full, pregnant with life soon to bear fruit and grain. In many ancient lands, this season is the marriage of the god and goddess, already with the child to be born at Yule. Fertility ritual is brought into action to assure the fullness of the crops. There usually were dancers carrying lighted torches around the fields. These torches lit the fires in the high places in honor of the Sun God. Love was made in the fields by the people, sometimes symbolically by the High Priest and Priestess, to guarantee a high harvest and children. The ancient ritual expresses much of what I have said above.

The Priest points the wand to the four quarters and says:

"All things change..
Yet ultimately are the same.
This is the Turning of the year,
As all years do turn.
May the Winds blow cool
The Sun shine warm
The Waters bright and pure.
May the Earth regain her former glory
And the race of man endure."

Human beings, all, are as head, arms, trunk, and legs unto one another.

(Veda)

No man liveth unto himself. We are all parts of one another. God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth.

(Bible)

All creatures are members of the one family of God.

(Quran)

B O O K B E A T

By Momus

This month's book review is a feeble attempt to deal with the famous work of Mr. Owen Rachleff entitled, "The Occult Conceit". The subtitle properly noted as a debunking of the occult. Mr. Rachleff plays the role of the debunker with the occult movement as the debunkee.

Mr. Rachleff takes great pains to skim the occult and takes aim at its so-called weak points. The only problem with dealing with the weak points of any movement is often times the information for the attack is made up of the same weak points. Thus, the book is like the fabled house built upon sand.

Unfortunately for the person looking for something of value, they will not find it in this low budget production. I must warn the reader to check the bibliography of this work to see the amount of time and money that were put into this great advisory of occultism. At first glance, one is affronted by the relatively small amount of materials listed for an attack on such a vast subject. Any well-read individual of the occult will see the type of material which the author is debunking. And rightly so. If one examines the Waite Pictorial key to the Tarot, then one must take side with Mr. Rachleff. Anyone who has studied the Tarot has seen Mr. Waite's book and has gone beyond this shallow edition on such an esoteric subject.

A pity, the public library doesn't stock the proper amount of occult books because it limited Mr. Rachleff's availability to the much greater texts. If he had spent some time and money to investigate, like any true scientist would have done, he may have discovered that the Tarot contained much more than the so-called divination of one's future.

Apparently, the publishers weren't enthused enough to increase his budget to pursue the subject more objectively. However, the author does attempt to justify his lack of time and effort by saying that the general public buys the peripheral material. Therefore, he is acting as a watchdog for the general public. I can appreciate his great concern for the consumer. My only regret is that his publishers didn't share the same zeal.

When commenting on the ever-popular subject of witchcraft, Mr. Rachleff had this to say, "Historically, witchcraft is Satanic and the white witch is a misnomer." This historic reference sounds as though it came from the very distinguished expert on the subject of witches and demons, Mr. Montague Summers.

A brief note about Mr. Summers is in order to spare our readers their money. Mr. Summers is noted for his ability to get into the fourteenth century mind when writing about witchcraft. The only flaw with this style is that he never leaves this period in time. Born out of his time, but still attempting the return.

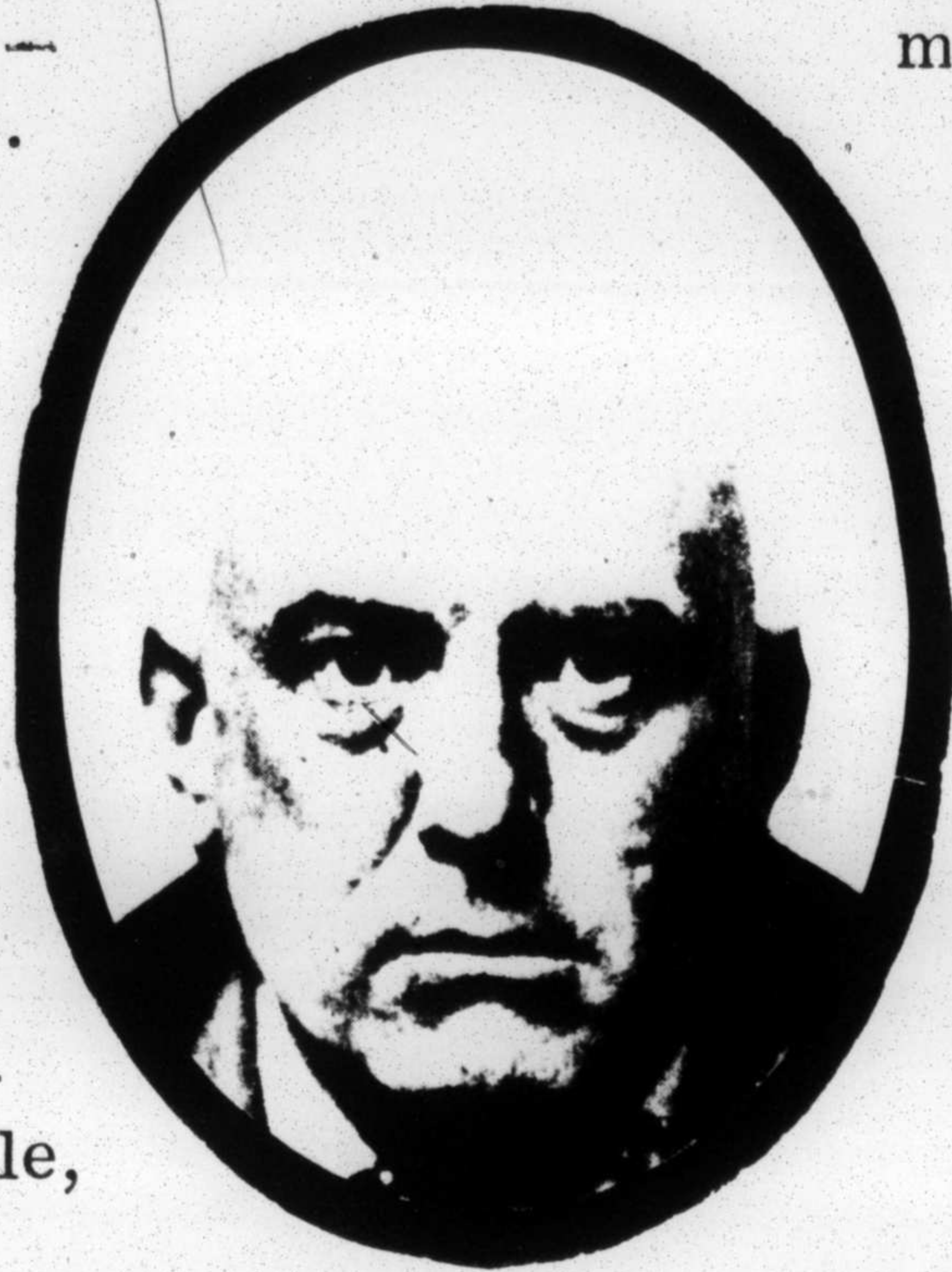
If there's anything to reincarnation, then surely Mr. Rachleff is the return of Sprenger. The recent popularity of this book has made the "New York Bull" known as TIME Magazine. This magazine of New York origin has used Mr. Rachleff to level a joint attack upon the occult movement. With the hooded Klu Klux Klan type of figure on the cover, it shouldn't be long until the civic square is filled with the smell of burning wood. In TIME, Mr. Rachleff describes occultists with the skill of Matthew Hopkins. "Most occultists are either frauds of the intellectual and/or financial variety or disturbed individuals who frequently mistake psychosis for psychic phenomena."

Mr. Rachleff is not the type of man to debunk something and not propose something better. In this masterful volume, he has a chapter called, "True Magic". The type of magic that the author proposes is similar in scope to the so-called science practiced by the Nazi doctors. The process of cloning or creating test tube life is

No! No! that would be quite impossibly bad manners. I shall assume that you know everything about Gilles de Rais; and that being the case, it would evidently be impertinent for me to tell you anything about him. So that we can consider the lecture at an end, and (after the usual vote of thanks) pass on immediately to the discussion, which I think ought to be more amusing, if scarcely as informative.

It is rather an hard saying--however worthy of all acceptance in a university like Oxford, where, I understand, the besetting sin of the inmates is lecturing and being lectured, but discussions are always apt to turn out to be amusing, especially if conducted with blackthorns or shotguns, where-- as lecturing is merely an attempt, doomed to failure, to communicate knowledge which usually the lecturer does not possess.

I am sure that we all this kind is impossible in posing to inflict upon you Scepticism of the Instru- going to refer to the first fered at a dud university in which the specimen of trum began by remarking very difficult subject to were no reliable data. Ne- on a Monday evening, with looming darkly in every mel- to be just friendly and sensible, expect me to be cheerful.



recognise that an attempt of nature. No! I am not pro- my celebrated discourse on ment of Mind. I am not even and last lecture which I suf- somewhere near Newmarket, old red sandstone in the ros- that political economy was a theorise upon because there ver would I tell so sad a story the idea of Tuesday already ancholic mind. I should like though it is perhaps too much to

The fact is that I am in a very de- pressed state. My attention was at- tracted by that little word "knowledge," of which we hear so much and see so little. I don't propose to inflict upon you the M.C.H., and demonstrate that the life and opinions of Gilles de Rais were inevitably determined by the price of onions in Hyderabad. But I do think that in approaching a historic question, we should be very careful to define what we mean--in our particular universe of discourse--by the word "knowledge."

May I ask a question?

Does anyone here know the date of the battle of Waterloo?

Pause -- (Someone -- I bet -- tells me "1815.")

Thank you very much. To be frank with you, I knew it myself. I did not require information on that particular point. What I asked was, whether anyone knew the date. I felt that, if so, it would have created a sympathetic atmosphere.

But since we are talking about Waterloo, we may ask ourselves what, roughly speaking, is the extent of our knowledge?

I have heard plenty of theories about why Napoleon lost the battle. I have been told that he was already suffering from the disease which killed him. I have been told that he was outgeneralled by Wellington. I have been told that his army of conscripts was underfed and not properly drilled. I have also been told that the battle was won by the Belgians.

Now, all these things are merely matters of opinion. There may be a little truth in some of them. But we have practically no means of finding out exactly how much, even if our documentary support is valid to establish any of these theories. It is, also, almost impossible to estimate the causes of any given event, if only because those causes are infinite, and each one of them is to a certain extent an efficient determining cause.

Take a quite simple matter like the time of year. If it had been winter instead of summer, the hens would not have been laying and Hougomont and La Haye Sainte would

Gilles de Rais cont.

not have been able to nourish the contending forces. But though it is profitable for the soul to contemplate the extent of what we don't know, it is in some ways more satisfying to our baser natures to consider what we do know in a reasonable sense of the word.

It is not disputable that the battle of Waterloo was fought and won. It is not disputable that it was the climax, or rather the denouement, of campaigns lasting over a number of years. And there is no reason for doubting that Napoleon was born in Corsica, that he entered the French army, and rose rapidly to power by a combination of military genius and political intrigue.

There is a vast body of indirect evidence which confirms these statements at every point. Taken as a whole, they would be totally inexplicable on any other hypothesis. But when we consider the character of Napoleon, we are at once involved in a mass of contradictions. Probably no one in history has been more discussed, and every writer gives a totally different account. Each seeks to buttress his opinion by incidents which we have no reason to suppose other than authentic, but seem incongruous. So far as we can get any truth out of the matter at all, it is that the character of Napoleon, like that of everybody who ever lived, was extremely complex. And the writers are more or less in the position of the Six Wise Men of Hindustan who were born blind and had to describe an elephant.

Spiritually fortified by these simple meditations, we may apply their fruits to the problem of Gilles de Rais, and ask ourselves what we really know about him as opposed to what we have heard about him.

We know that he was a gentleman of good family, because otherwise he could not have held the offices which he did hold. We know that he was a brave soldier, and a comrade of Joan of Arc. We know that he had a passion for science, for the basis of his reputation was that he frequented the society of learned men. We know finally that he was accused of the same crimes as Joan of Arc by the same people who accused her, and that he was condemned by them to the same penalty.

I do not think that I have left out any verifiable fact. I think that all the rest amounts to speculation. The real problem of Gilles de Rais amounts, accordingly, to this. Here we have a person who, in almost every respect, was the male equivalent of Joan of Arc. Both of them have gone down in history. But history is somewhat curious. I am still inclined to think that "there aint no sich animile." In the time of Shakespeare, Joan of Arc was accepted in England as a symbol for everything vile. He makes her out not only as a sorceress, but a charlatan and hypocrite; and on top of that a coward, a liar, and a common slut. I suspect that they began to whitewash her when they decided that she was a virgin, that is a sexually deranged, or at least incomplete, animal, but the idea has always got people going, as any student of religion knows. Anyway, her stock went up to the point of canonisation. Gilles de Rais, on the other hand, is equally a household word for monstrous vices and crimes. So much so, that he is even confused with the fabulous figure of Bluebeard, of whom, even were he real, we know nothing much beyond that he reacted in the most manly way to the problem of domestic infelicity.

A moment's digression; in fact, the main point. What is the most precise and most atrocious charge that is made against him? That he sacrificed, in the course of alchemical and magical experiments, a matter of 800 children? I submit that, a priori, this sounds a little improbable. Gilles de Rais was the lord of a district whose population would not have been very extensive, and even in that age of slavery, dirt, disease, debauchery, poverty and ignorance, which seems to Mr. G. K. Chesterton the one ideal state of society, it must have been a little difficult to carry out abductions and murders on such wholesale principles.

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Whenever questions arise with regard to black magic or black masses, invocations of the devil, etc., etc., it must never be forgotten that these practices are strictly functions of Christianity. Where ignorant savages perform propitiatory rites, there and there only Christianity takes hold. But under the great systems of the civilised parts of the world, there is no trace of any such perversion in religious feeling. It is only the bloodthirsty and futile Jehovah who has achieved such monstrous births. Such upas-trees can only grow in the poisonous mire of fear and shame where thought has putrefied to Christianity.

There is thus no antecedent improbability that Gilles de Rais (or any other person of that place and period) was addicted to black magical practices, for they were all Catholics. The power of the Church was, at that time, absolute, and even research was limited by the arbitrary theology imposed upon the mind of everyone. The abomination was at its height. But its decline has been rapid. True, one hundred years later it was still possible for Queens to be bulldozed by Presbyterian pulpiteers, but the time was already predictable when their best was for undergraduates to be bluffed by homosexual ecclesiastics. I suppose it is all in the family.

While these profound thoughts were producing a hypochondriac obnubilation of my mental faculties, it suddenly occurred to me that after all, I had heard this story before. And I saw the connection.

In the pitch-dark ages, when Christianity held unchallenged sway over those portions of this globe which it had sufficiently corrupted, the pursuit of knowledge--knowledge of any kind--was justly estimated by the people in power as the one and only dangerous pursuit. Even so, as late as 300 years ago, it was not considered very gentlemanly to be able to read and write. I am not sure that it is.

In any case, it is a great error in education to teach these things. Grammar, we must never forget, appears in the word "Gramarye," beloved of Sir Walter Scott, and "grimoire," a black magical ritual--that is to say, any written document.

Precious little knowledge filtered through Christianity. It was against the interests of the Church, and in those time it was much easier to suppress people and ideas than it is now, though even to-day we find priests--at least in Oxford--who appear not to have heard of a certain recent invention by a notorious Magician inspired by the Devil--the Printing Press.

But they feared. So those who pursued knowledge were at the best under strong suspicion of heresy. I need not quote the obvious names. But there were certain bodies of people who did carry on the old knowledge, mostly by oral tradition, and who were perforce tolerated to a certain extent, because even the little knowledge that they did possess was so exceedingly useful. The best way to make armour, or to build Cathedrals, or to heal sickness would enable the Christian to get ahead of his friends. Therefore, although conscience evidently demanded the maximum amount of persecution compatible with the existence of the villains, the Jews and the Arabs were at least allowed to live. Besides, the Arabs saw to that themselves.

But no one was better aware than the Pope that knowledge was power. For all he knew, and he probably knew that he did not know much, the Jews and the Arabs might get together and overturn the whole construction of society. Had he not in his own records the very best example of such a catastrophe?

There is a large number of excellent people, possessed of even less than the minimum amount of brains required to grease a gimlet, who are always boring us with the bogey of the Jew-Bolshevist peril. But as most of them are Roman Catholic and unaware that Rome is laughing in its sleeve at them, they conveniently ignore

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what should be--if they realised it--their best argument. What was the ultimate cause of the destruction of the great civilisation of Rome? What corrupted the spirit of a people unconquerable in arms? What but the spread of the slave morality of Jewish communists of the period? If you will take your New Testaments from your pockets, you will find in the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and the thirty-second verse: "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and soul: and not one of them said that aught of the things that he possessed was his own, but that they had all things in common." Of course one of them, and he too was a Jew, tried to hold out on the kitty, and was struck miraculously dead for his pains. Lenin and Trotsky never did as well!

So, as Roman Catholics are always telling us, the Church has a monopoly of logic, and The Pope argued that all Jews were communists. Anyone who had or wanted knowledge must be a Jew, and therefore a communist, and therefore--well, the Pope too believed in preparedness, though he probably called it a programme of disarmament. When people scrap battleships in the name of peace on earth and goodwill to men, it means that they have found battleships useless and too expensive, and that they have found something cheaper and more deadly. So the Curia kept a weapon in reserve, in order to be sure of having a nice jolly pogrom whenever they gave the word. And what was the word to be?

Nice quiet peasant folk, or genial hard-working hunters and fighters, are not easy to arouse to indiscriminate slaughter without reason. In order to get them going, there are only two things which you can play on--greed and fear. The motive behind the Crusades was the story of the fabulous wealth of the East. We find, in fact, that well-organised armies of buccaneers, such as the Templars, did not bring back incalculable spoils, while the honest pious mugs ruined themselves in the process.

Now, in this particular sport of suppressing earnest enquirers, it was not much good trying to play on people's greed. For everyone knew that even if the Jews had wealth, they managed to hide it very successfully, and that they had a nasty way of arranging for protection with people who were too powerful to be bullied, and too good business men to be fooled into killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. So the only motive available was fear, and in those ages where ignorance was fostered with infinite devotion, it was even easier to create a scare about bogies than our propaganda in the recent scrap found it.

I was in Venice just before the war, when Halley's comet was around, and although the Pope himself sprinkled holy water over the comet, and sent it his special benediction and told the people it would do no harm, in his most ex cathedra manner, the Venetians gathered themselves in panic-stricken crowds in the Square of St. Mark and waited, howling, for the end of the world.

It was accordingly easy enough to associate the pursuit of knowledge with the most abominable crimes, real or imaginary or both. For this reason, we hear--not as a demonstrated thesis, but as a commonplace of inherited knowledge--that Jews were sorcerers and wizards. In other words, they knew something about grammar. We hear that they transformed themselves into cats or bats, and sucked people's big toes. I have never, personally, investigated the question as to whether this form of nutrition is palatable. But, alas! even in those idyllic Chestertonian times there was a little shrewd common sense knocking about; the instinct--sometimes very splendidly described as horse sense--which comes from intimate wordless unintellectual communing with Nature (please do not take that word "communings" in any bad sense; if it were

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Gilles de Rais cont.

not for Baldwin, I would be a Conservative myself)--the instinct of some people, who at the bottom of their hearts, did not so much believe in these phantasms. It was not so easy to get them to go out and murder a lot of inoffensive people at the word jump. They had to be supplied with something a little more tangible.

You will notice how all this sort of argument is invariably of the ad captandum variety. It is produced out of nowhere for a definite purpose; and, as the French say, does not rime with anything. If it did, of course, it would immediately be exposed as nonsense. It is satisfied that nobody can disprove it any more than they can prove it.

Take a concrete example. A nice young gentleman the other day wanted (very properly) to earn his living, and not being peculiarly endowed by Nature in the matter of original invention, he thought he might make a story out of the idea of a Suicide Club. In this he was evidently correct. Robert Louis Stevenson had in fact proved the point. So he took Stevenson's story and transferred it to Germany, and drivelled on about the ace of spades, and quoted statistics of suicides, and said that I was the president of the Club and that the Berlin police were after me.

Now, I am afraid it would be a little difficult for anyone to prove that I am responsible for any suicides that may take place in Germany. But, on the other hand, it is quite impossible for me to disprove it. So now, if you want to attack anybody without the slightest fear of contradiction, you know how to set to work.

I omitted to mention that all these suicides were excessively beautiful and even voluptuous young women of high social position, and that the wicked president had blackmailed them out of vast sums. You see, the people for whom this dear young gentleman was writing all get sexually excited by pictures of young women, and also by any statement about large sums of money. For they immediately have a wish phantasm--if they had large sums themselves, what terrible fellows they could be.

In the Middle Ages, the art of exciting the people was not very different. The Jew had always an immense hoard of ill-gotten wealth, and of course every penny that was exacted by Reginald Front-de-Boeuf was laid to the Jews' account. But there was another treasure that the peasant was afraid to lose, the dearest treasure of all, his children. As little boys, thank God, have a habit of straying in search of adventure and getting lost in the process, which is good for their souls, the peasant naturally has moments of serious disquietude as to whether something terrible can have happened to little Tommy. Very Good. All we have to do is to play on the alarm.

We put into his mind that little Tommy (who turns up all right, if rather muddy, half an hour later) has almost certainly been kidnapped by the Jews for purposes of ritual murder.

The main accusation against Gilles de Rais is therefore just this general accusation against anyone in Christendom who exhibited any desire for knowledge. Only, in his case, it was concentrated and exaggerated to fantastic lengths by some factor or other on which I feel it useless to speculate. The one thing of which I feel certain is that 800 children is a lot. I don't know over how many years these practices were supposed to have spread. As I think you must all feel sure by now, I know nothing whatever of my subject.

But scientific experiment in those days was always a very prolonged operation. They thought nothing of exposing some unknown substance to the rays of the sun and moon for periods of three months at a time, in the hope that in some mysterious way the first stage of some dimly-visaged operation might be satisfactorily accomplished. And even if they sacrificed a child every day, it would have taken a matter of two and a half years to dispose of 800 children. Besides, it must have taken more than a few minutes to kidnap a child with the secrecy obviously required. Did the disappearance of the first four hundred, say, put no parents on their guard?

I think, at the best, it is a case of little Tommy who told his mother that there

Gilles de Rais cont. next p.

Gilles de Rais cont.

were millions of cats on the wall of the back garden, but under cross-examination, in the style made popular by the dialogue of Lot with Almighty God, admitted that it was "Tom and another."

Of course, it will be obvious to you by this time that I have been seduced by Jewish gold, and the only way that I can think of to disarm your suspicions is to bring forward another case of the same kind, little more than a century old, with which Jews had nothing to do.

There was a poet laureate--I am not quite sure what this species of animal is--but his name was Robert Southey, and he lived, if you can call it living, about the time of William Blake. He wrote a number of words arranged in some scheme connected with rime and rhythm; apparently, like golf clubs, "a set of instruments very ill-adapted to the purpose." But, anyway, he called it a poem, and the title was something to do with the old woman of Berkeley and who rode behind her. The person who rode behind her was Mr. Montague Summers' friend, the Devil. What she actually did to merit this favour is to me rather obscure, because I have forgotten the whole beastly thing. But I do remember two lines, because I am in the same line of business myself

I have candles made of infants' fat,
I have feasted on rifled graves.

Southey was an ambitious man. He was not content with the brilliant success of this masterpiece of the poetic art. He immediately sat down and wrote another alleged poem all about infants' fat and rifled graves and the Devil coming for the villain at the proper moment. This poem has nothing to do with witchcraft. It is called "The Surgeon's Warning."

I think this is the best evidence in support of my thesis--whatever that is, I am not quite sure--that it is possible to adduce.

In the minds of the kind of people who believe in their neighbours making candles of infants' fat and digging up corpses to economise on the butcher's bill, the surgeon--that is to say, the man in pursuit of knowledge which it is hoped may alleviate human pain--is the same kind of animal as the witch and the ritual-murdering Jew.

It is, no doubt, because it is a part of the old taboo complex about the corpses of one's relatives, that the clerical attack on surgeons concentrated itself on one fact--the fact that to learn to be a surgeon you must have corpses to dissect. For at that time, it will be remembered, hospitals were not as flourishing as they are to-day, and it was very difficult to find living people whom you could cut up to see what came of it. The surgeon was, in fact, not understood at all, except in the one way which such people were capable of understanding; i. e., as the body-snatcher. The rest of his proceedings were perfectly mysterious to them.

You notice that even Charles Dickens--who may yet go down to history for having wished to prosecute Holman Hunt, of all people in the world, for painting indecent pictures--takes very much this popular view of medicine and pharmacy in Pickwick.

I think, then, it is not altogether unfair to assume that Gilles de Rais was to a large extent the victim of Catholic logic. Catholic logic: and the foul wish-phantasms generated of its repressions, and of its fear and ignorance. He wanted to confer a boon on humanity; therefore he consorted with the learned; therefore he murdered little children.

I think it is about time that somebody got after J. B. S. Haldane. It is too late to do anything more to Ridley and Latimer, but I am quite sure that the candle they lit was made of infants' fat. It is no use your starting to rifle Graves, because his publishers might resent your interference.

Those in favor of the motion will now please signify the same in the usual manner. And may the Lord have mercy on your souls!

proposed his theory of evolution? Does that diminish Einstein's genius? Did YOU ever try to understand Einstein, huh, didja?

"Esoteric astrologers are hung up on Christianity." This is patently false. Why, some of my best friends...

"Esoteric astrologers have strong homosexual tendencies." Well, if they do, so what? That's YOUR problem, not theirs. Really, dahling.

"Esoteric astrologers are vegetarian deviates." Wrong, again. I once knew this crazy old lady who lived in Wichita Falls, well sir, she was an esoteric astrologer and made the finest chicken noodle soup you ever tasted. You may be asking yourself, what did she do with all those chicken feathers. But I won't tell. No I won't either. Whaddya think I am, dumb or somethin'?

"Esoteric astrologers use indefensibly determined hypothetical planets beyond the orbit of Neptune." This is the last sacred cow we'll ~~explode~~. Of course they don't. The better esoteric astrologers (indeed as in heaven, there are degrees of blessedness) do not use any planets at all. They are beyond all that. Eat your hearts out, all you unevolved types groveling about on the lower astral, and chew on that one. ✓

By now you have either arrived at a pretty good picture of what an esoteric astrologer is NOT, or discarded this mag and given the clerk a black eye. See how evolved you are?

But if we have so far cleared up misconceptions about what an esotericist is not, what, then, is he after all? Can I too become one, you may be asking.

Your future, dear reader, as an esoteric astrologer, is entirely in your hands. Will you reach out and grab what is rightfully yours, your birthright as a civilized neurotic? The measure of your success is directly proportional to your capacity for self-delusion. Can you convince yourself that black is white? That night is day? That war is peace and that Nixon means what he says? If you have answered yes to any three of these statements, or if you have answered the last question in the affirmative, you qualify. Success can be yours. You, too, can impress your friends and have beautiful women with fantastic boobs falling at your feet. If the latter happens, but you flunked the qualifying test, better check your mouth-wash, fella. Or tell her to wear a bra.

Assuming you do truly pass our little test (all others need not continue reading) and therefore number yourself among the materially damned but spiritually blessed, we can get down to brass tacks. Do you realize how potently esoteric is the simple phrase, "brass tacks"? Say, how esoteric are you, anyway?

The most highly evolved esoteric astrologers (as we said before, there are degrees of blessedness) do not DO anything at all. Nothing. Nothing that is, except consume prodigious quantities of Hunza bread, clarified butter and almond pits while continuing to live off their relatives beyond the normal weaning age of thirty-four. If that's your bag, blow it up, pop it in the face of the establishment, and go write your autobiography.

For the rest of you, your task is simple. You are permitted to DO things, but they must have no meaning whatsoever. If they did mean something, you could not be an esotericist. You would simply be some kind of nut. Those, we got enough already.

Your first task is learning how to write. Putting down your ideas on paper conveys a distance between you and your public, it lets your devotees have full rein in their imagination regarding the real you, whatever that is. Remember the days of old-time radio? The Great Gildersleeve? Henry Aldrich? Baby Snooks?

Bobby Benson of the B-Bar-B? Remember how you used to picture them? Know what Gildersleeve is doing now? Selling Alka-Seltzer on T.V., or some dumb thing like that. Wasn't that a let-down, a real drag? Are ya with me? Can YOU, as an esoteric astrologer, afford to let down your readers? Of course you can't. You might as well deprive a son of his faith in his father. Become a writer, you'll thank me.

But, you protest you can't write. Splendid! You can't communicate your ideas, get across? Marvelous! We are not, after all, talking about just writing. We are talking about writing astrology articles for the biggie magazines. There is a difference.

Assuming the best (that you have no writing skill at all), let us talk a little about how to go about it. First, develop a style. This "style" consists of your own particular set of catch-words and phrases. Get yourself a dictionary (a thesaurus is better) and pick out all the words you can find with fifteen letters or less. Make a list. Then burn it, and use all the other words you didn't write down. This is your working vocabulary. No writer (certainly not an astrological writer) can write without a working vocabulary. You can't watch the ball game without a program, can you?

Now transcribe all these words on little itsty bitsy pieces of paper and put them in a hat. You could use a shoe box, too, I understand they have a few extra down in Springfield. You should have at least two dozen slips of paper. Now put on the hat (or shoe box) and jump up and down, mixing them al-1-1-1-1 up. Take off the hat and sit down (you COULD stand up, but why bother?). Pick out the pieces of paper one by one. Start from the top and work down, it's easier: believe me, I've tried it the other way around. Line them up in a row. Now you have just created the outline of your magazine article. We're almost through. Take a break for a cool one at this point, if desired.

You exotericists may fatuously presume (exotericists ALWAYS presume, that is their nature) that we have nothing before us but a list of words, randomly arranged, full of sound and fury and signifying nothing. This is not true. Let's suppose you met your wife (or husband) while shopping for a potato masher. Was that an accident? How many times have you wanted on a deep and meaningful level to pop your loved one ("mash") right on the nose? See how it all fits together? Or: have you ever cast the I Ching? Is that an accident, too? Boy have YOU got a lot to learn.

So to the untrained eye, we have nothing but a randomly arranged list of sounds that people make with their faces. It is otherwise to the esotericist. He sees the inner nature of things. He'd better; the outer world doesn't make too much sense either.

And from this supposedly "random" arrangement we compose at least two beautiful articles, if not more. One thing you gotta learn right away: everything the esotericist does is beautiful. No grovelling around on the lower astral for them, no siree bob.

Let us suppose we came up with the following:

Reintegration	Polarity	Female	Mother	Total	Cheese	Be
Earth	Cosmos	Negative	Positive	Fulmination	Acidocis	

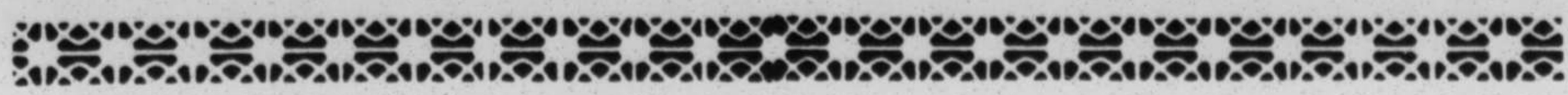
....and so on.

Do you really have what it takes? Stand up and be counted...take this free esoteric astrologer talent test and return it to where you bought this magazine... You have everything to gain, and nothing to lose.

Nothing, that is, except your sanity.

STELLAR INFLUENCES
by Toni Meier

- JULY 10 DdO $18^{\circ}\text{E}17''$. New starts in the home. Real estate and property deals in the air. Good time to start home repairs.
- JULY 12 DdM . Im-patience with those slower than yourself. You test your will power over others. Tendency to quarrel. Hastiness.
- JULY 15 DOF . Moodiness, irritability. Things turn up to mar beauty. Problems with female relatives.
- JULY 17 $\text{h}\Delta\text{H}$. Ability to deal properly with changing situations. Endurance and will power are high. Difficulties overcome and growth follows.
- JULY 21 $\text{M}\ast\text{H}$. Unexpected changes bring good results. Energy high. Urges for freedom. Achievements through power.
- JULY 23 O enters $\text{O}\Delta\text{Y}$. Active imagination. Spiritual awareness. Understanding of others' problems. Long distance plans and journeys.
- JULY 25 Full D $3^{\circ}=24$.
- JULY 30 DOE . Disturbances of feelings. Inner shocks. Feelings of rejection.
- JULY 31 FdM . Lack of tenderness. Tendency to excitable action. Rash dealings in love relationships.
- AUGUST 4 DOY . Self-deception. Lies are told around you. Strange psychic influences.
- AUGUST 6 FOE . Stress with women. Distorted feelings of love. Desires at a low level. Asthetic attitudes not up to par.



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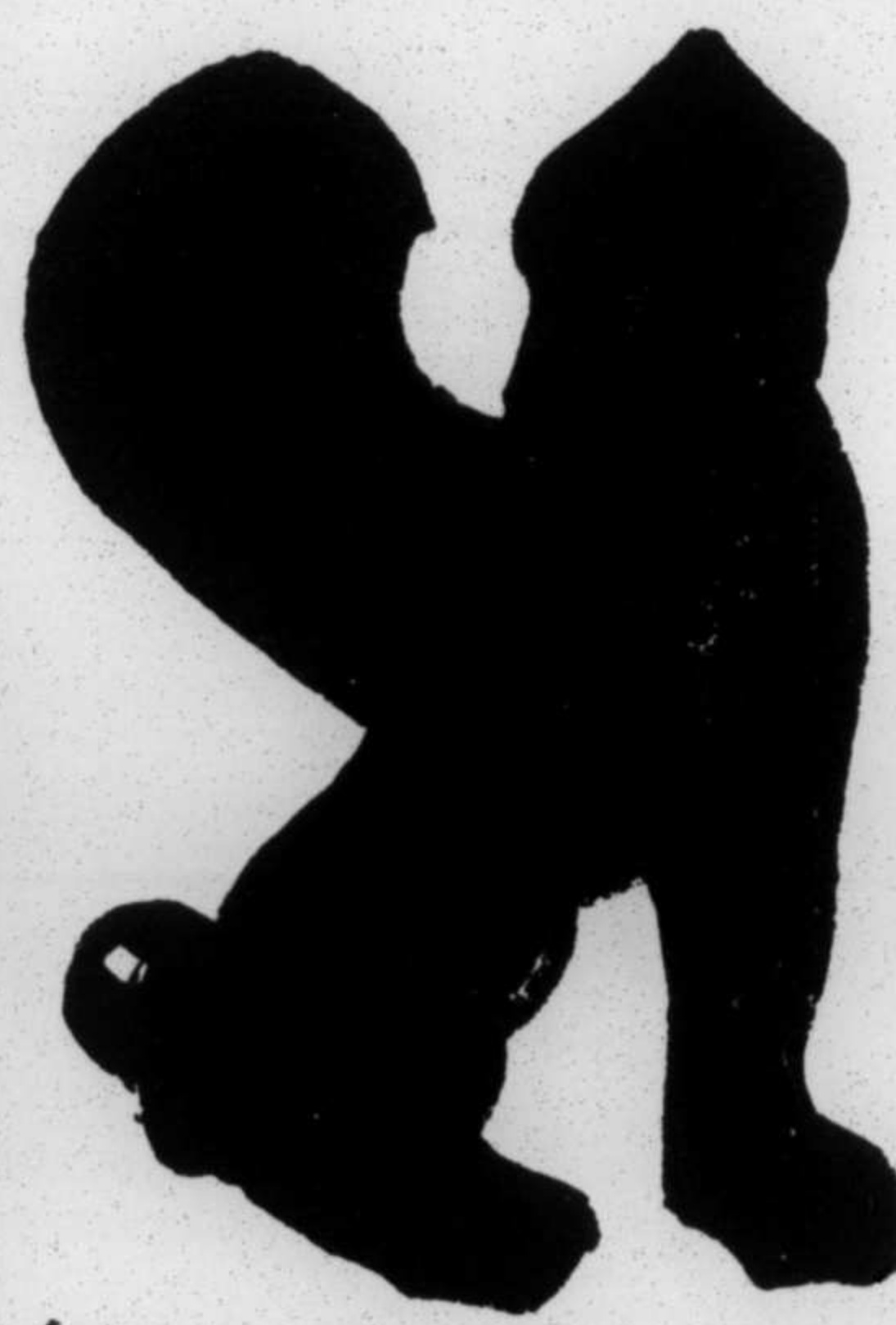
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 RITUALS OF THE PENTAGRAM

 Monograph #17-A
 PART I

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"MAY THE WORD OF THE COUNT BE THE LOVE OF THE LAW"

The figure and symbology of the five-fold star or pentagram is familiar to most students of Magick and occultism. Drawn properly, its sides are equal and the five points equidistant from the center so that a perfect circle may be circumscribed about the figure through these five points, which will divide the circumference of that circle into five equal arcs. This provides a geometrical problem which may not be easy to solve, but it is not likely that one who could not solve it would possess enough intelligence to get very far in the development of clairvoyant or Magickal powers. In actual practice, the making of the star is a work of art and exercises the artistic faculty of the operator. Invoking often is the key to success.

Each point of the star has an elementary attribution. The star can be placed in an upright position or upside down in what is called the averse position. In the upright star the topmost point belongs to light or Akasha, commonly referred to as spirit. The upper righthand point is attributed to water; the left upper point to air; the right lower point to fire and the left lower point to earth.

To determine the points of the averse star, simply write the above attributions against the points in the upright, then turn it upside down.

The pentagram is drawn in front of you in the air as though on a wall before you, or on a plane perpendicular to the floor and ceiling of the room and parallel to the vertical plane in which you are standing. You do not touch any part of your body while drawing it. If you were drawing it on the wall itself, your wand or athame would at no time leave the surface of the wall. Thus, you make five straight lines uncursally from point to point until you return to the starting point.

There are two directions which may be used in making the star. One is to draw it deosil - or dex to - rotary, as the hands of a clock move, around to the right, sunwise; the other is to draw it Widdershins - in the contrary direction, to the left. I believe I have seen the pentagram made or explained in a hundred different ways, and taking into consideration the present fadism of Magick, it is understandable though inexcusable. Thus I will now lay down the proper instructions that hold up to the test of practical application.

If you want to summons a force, begin at the point which is attributed to the force and draw the star deosil. Thus to summons the elementary Force of Fire called in Occult Science a Salamander, if you use the Upright Star, begin at the lower right hand point and make five straight lines continuously from point to point in the following order: FIRE, AIR, WATER, EARTH, SPIRIT, and return to FIRE. To banish the Salamander, reverse the process, i.e.: FIRE, SPIRIT, EARTH, WATER, AIR and return to FIRE.

NEXT ISSUE: PART II - THE THEOSOPHY OF THE FLAMING STAR.



Pageant magazine reporter: "You call your local ministers Boo Hoos. Why do you use such a ridiculous title?"

Father William Kleps: "We realize this title does have its absurd connotations but we have intentionally chosen something with absurd qualities to remind ourselves not to take ourselves too seriously."

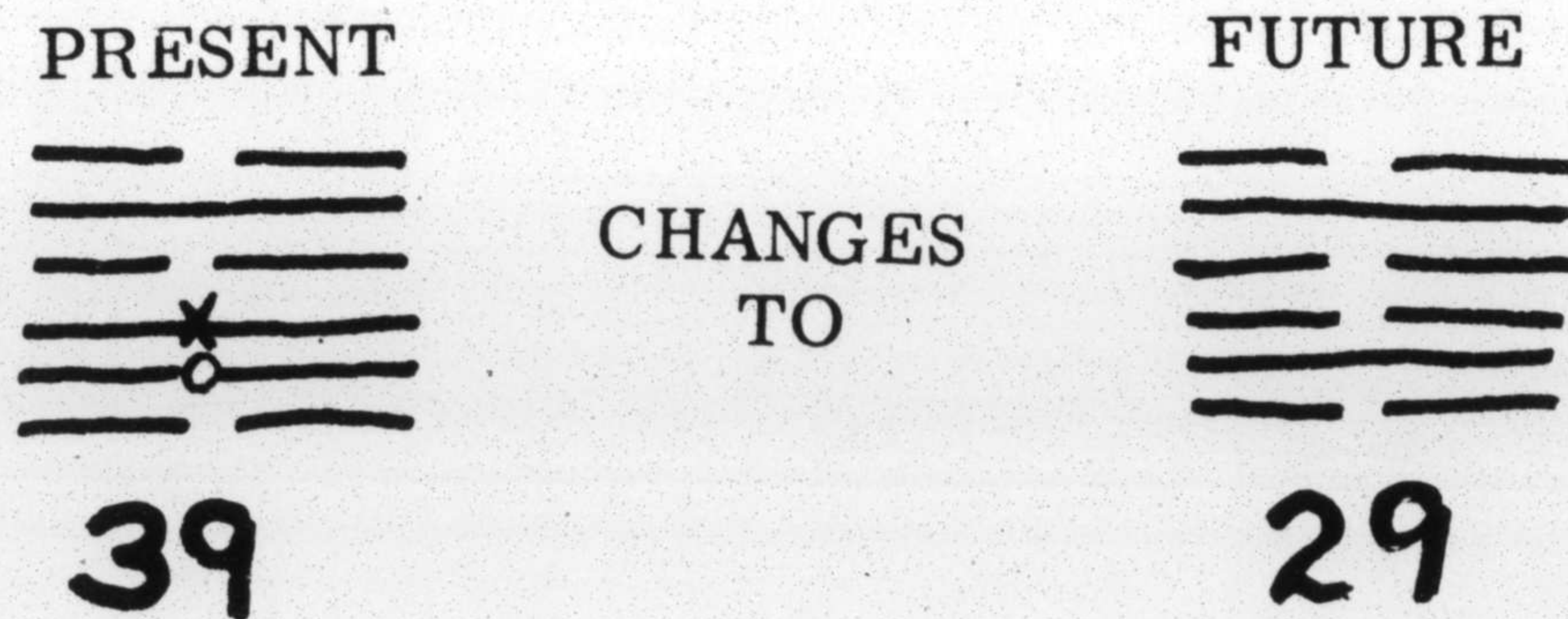
Why worry about original or second or third-hand accounts? Books are to be validated by experience, *not experience by books*. Reading about what others have done is all very well and good, but replication does not make a peak experience any higher or lower; the danger lies in thinking that the perfectly normal human urge to find company and to share with others is in any way related to the question of validity.

his replacement for pentacles, swords, and nudity. He proposes that we create humanoid drones. The drones made from genetic juggling would relieve the drudgery of the "slavish" work we all do. Subhumans is basically what they would be or in common jargon, a type of scientific zombie. This cloning or production process it seems, may upset some of the more humanitarian types so the author offers us comfort by insuring their inferiority. "In a sense, they would be merely humanoid extensions of machines."

This type of rational, cold, and unemotional thinking was present at the inquisition, the pogrom and Auschwitz. Until man is able to bridge the gap between his higher and lower self, we are going to be subjected to this type of logic. If given the choice between the prophesy of an occultist and the "scientific" attitude of Mr. Rachleff, I would choose the former. My only regret is that TIME Magazine did not print the material concerning the humanoid drones. But alongside nudity and religious expression, science of this type would be out of place.



Use of the I-Ching cont. fr.p.2



Now that you have your two hexagrams, look in the chart of triagrams on fold-out page in the back of the I Ching or Book of Changes (remembering that the hexagram is read from the bottom up). The lower triagram in my example is Ken \equiv and the upper is Kan \equiv which, by the chart, is hexagram number 39. Turn to that number hexagram in the book and you will find that it is Chien or OBSTRUCTION. To interpret your first hexagram, you read only the changing lines. In this case, the sixth line in the second place and the ninth line in the third place. This will give you the interpretation of the present. The same steps are to be followed in reaching your future hexagram's number and name. In this case, the lower triagram being Kan \equiv and the upper triagram being Kan \equiv which brings us to hexagram number 29, the Abysmal (water). You read only the image and the judgment (not the lines) for an interpretation of the future.

Try to always make your question have a definite answer. If you have no specific question, the Ching will tell you, in general, what conditions are like at the time of the throwing. If your answer seems as if it does not pertain to your question, study and meditate your given answer carefully. As I quoted Confucius, "...I would give fifty to the study of the I Ching and then I might come to be without great faults."

CARNARD CORNER

Dear Mr. Carnard,

I am planning on moving into a house reputed to be ghost-ridden. The present tenants are moving out because of the peculiarities going on there and have told me I'm nuts to move in, but the place is a one of a kind house, and ghost's or no ghost's, I'm taking it. The point is, I would appreciate your advice on what to do if I meet any ghost's sharing my home. Thank you.

Ms. Spahn, Oceanside, Calif.

Ms. Spahn,

With the scanty data of your letter I hate to even guess as to what these ghosts are, let alone offer advice as to what you should do if you get to meet them. I will recommend that you take the time to investigate the various books available on the subject to find out what ghosts really are. You might also seek assistance from one of the various "ghost-seekers", or better yet, from a society involved in psychic research. For methods of spirit contact and classification you might try one of Hans Holzers books on ghosts, and with a letter of your experiences and results I will be happy to help you further.

Dear Mr. Carnard,

Could you tell me what zen really is?
Thanks, John Cage

Mr. Cage,

Zen is..... No, I guess not. How about the first word that pops into your head - or the last, they're both equally worthless.

Mr. Carnard,

Is carnard really your name? Also, what is your first? Red Skwad

Dear R. S.

Yes. It's a lie. Also, my first what?

Feel free to send me your personal questions, zany or not, to CARNARD CORNER % this publication. *Mr. Carnard*



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SELF EMERGED

You heard a voice from the center of your being crying out, "Who am I? Am I just a creature of my environment struggling to survive and identify with my world? Am I just a victim of chemical interactions and chance given the media of infinity? Or am I truly this mysterious being who appears without warning, bringing powers and faculties beyond my normal self; who just as mysteriously departs leaving me bereft of faculties when I am most in need of them; yet who never fails me in ultimate crises?"

You found that the voice from the center of your self, was the Self, and the first step towards it had to be taken by you, from just where you were and just as you were. The Divine Self within having the patience of eternity, guided first with questions and then with answers.

Your Immortal Self awakened within, unfolding universal Manas to be used as thinking principles whenever discrimination is required, and then a deeper equilibrium was attained.

Your labors have become many and strange, they lead away from the life you have known. Even though you may continue to walk the same streets and dwell in the same house as always, a dawning light now shines about you and within you, even in the night-time of your journey. Your life now seems to be an endless testing.

You have cut the umbilical cord that caused your spiritual sustenance to be dependant upon material existence, and now realize the intrinsic valuelessness of external things.

You now walk through life letting the inner presence of the Great Teacher be your guide, a long lost friend had been found.

Oh, take care, those who know, for not all have had that glimpse of their innermost God-Self, and fewer still have established an essential identity with it.

by Chris Schenk



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Once again we welcome you to another issue of the Digest. For a new publication we are learning fast the fact that there's a never ending series of problems in the printing business. In Volume 2, No. 2 we said that we would see you at our Festival II, July 22-23rd. Since then, we have found out that we are financially unable to hold such a gathering. To our friends who were to have helped in it, we apologise and add that hopefully, at some future date, we may yet hold the Festival.

We also announce the departure of our third partner, Ms. Kathleen Ann Fry. Kathleen is moving on into other areas of reserch and will not be able to help the Digest any longer. We bid her farewell and wish her good fortune in her future undertakings.

Finally, we were happy to see the excellent turn-out for the Tony, wonder healer lecture/ film. For those of you who missed it, it is still possible to get Brent Ferre to come back again. If you are interested, drop us a line, and if responce is good we'll bring him back again. See you next issue, Norm & Dan.

come..

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MIDSUMMER EVE
by Ethel Archer ---1911

Faint shadows cross the shifting spears of light,
Pale gold and amethyst or warmly white -
Till velvet shod, unseen, the wizard hours
Hold thus their elfin court amid the flowers,
That wake to winged music of the night.
And silken sighs scarce stir the amorous bowers,
Where passioned sleep his poppy-garland showers,
In dreams which mock the hastening moments' flight.

Up soars the moon, and higher still and higher
The dancers leap to catch some fairy fire
To steal and prison in the glow-worms tail,
For pixie torches should the starlight fail,
Reflecting gems which deck the elfin choir, -
Melting like snow-flakes at the daybreak pale.

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It is the sincere hope of the editors to constantly improve upon and increase the quality of this publication.

We are still accepting articles and views from our readers and will print as many as space allows.

The object of this publication is to voice the theories and the practices of all occultists, and to give each one a chance to express his or her views, something that is exceedingly difficult to do in a biased religious culture. The editors do not necessarily agree with every view stated within these pages, but offer space to all in an attempt to show the necessity of religious and spiritual freedom.

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ASTROLOGER

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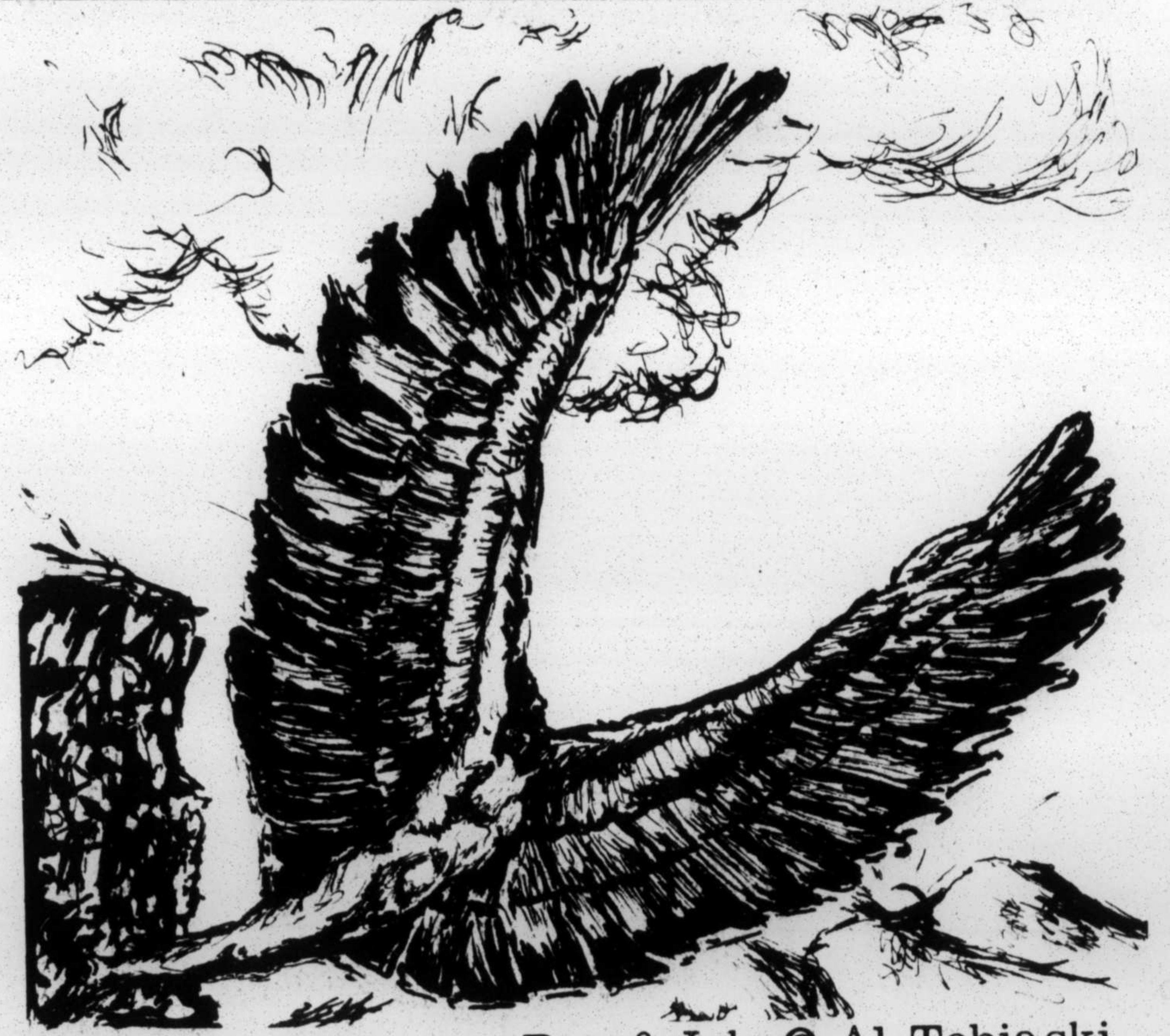
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INTERPRETATIONS ONLY

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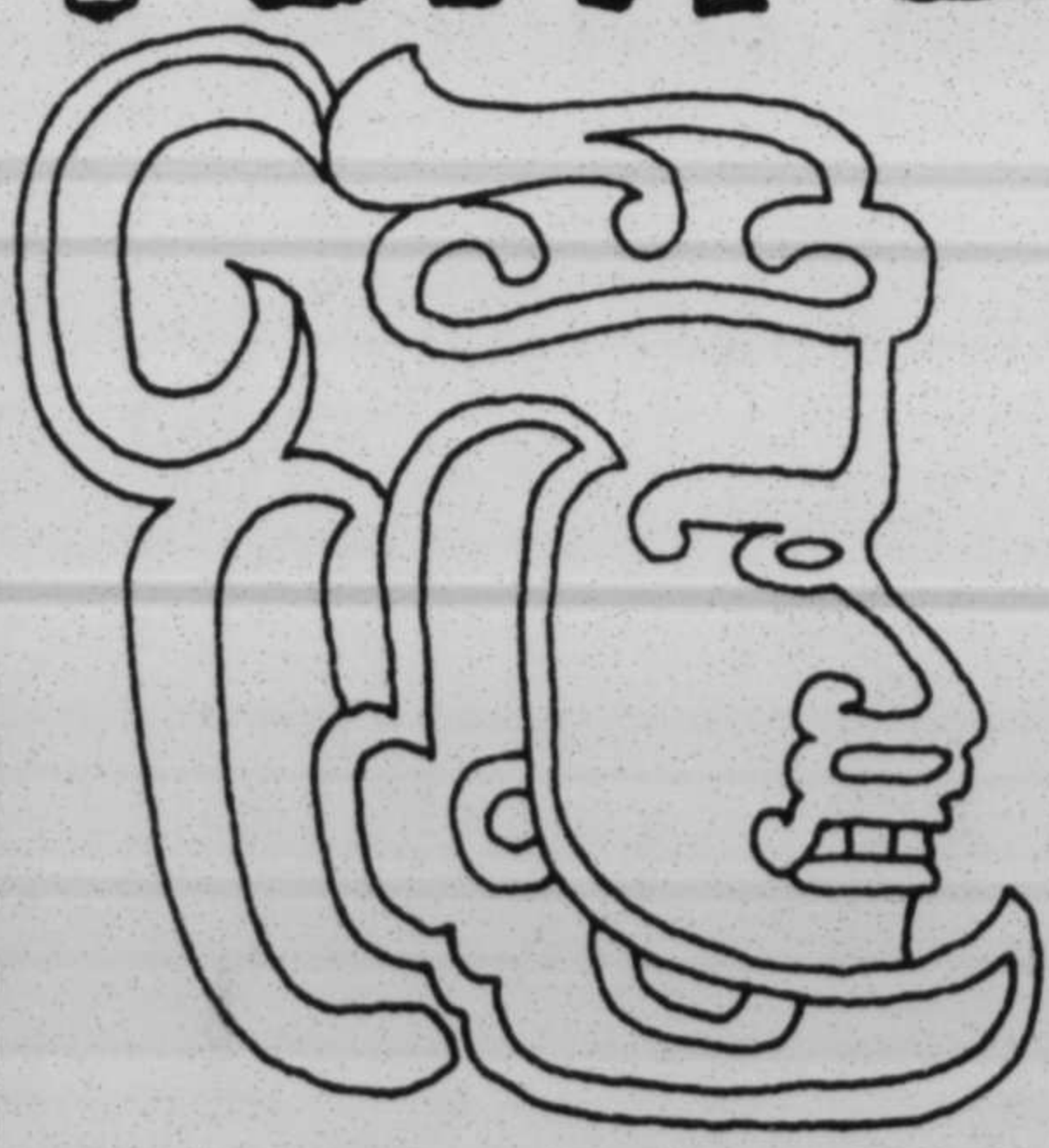
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