

The Occult Digest

A Periodical of Reprint and Research.

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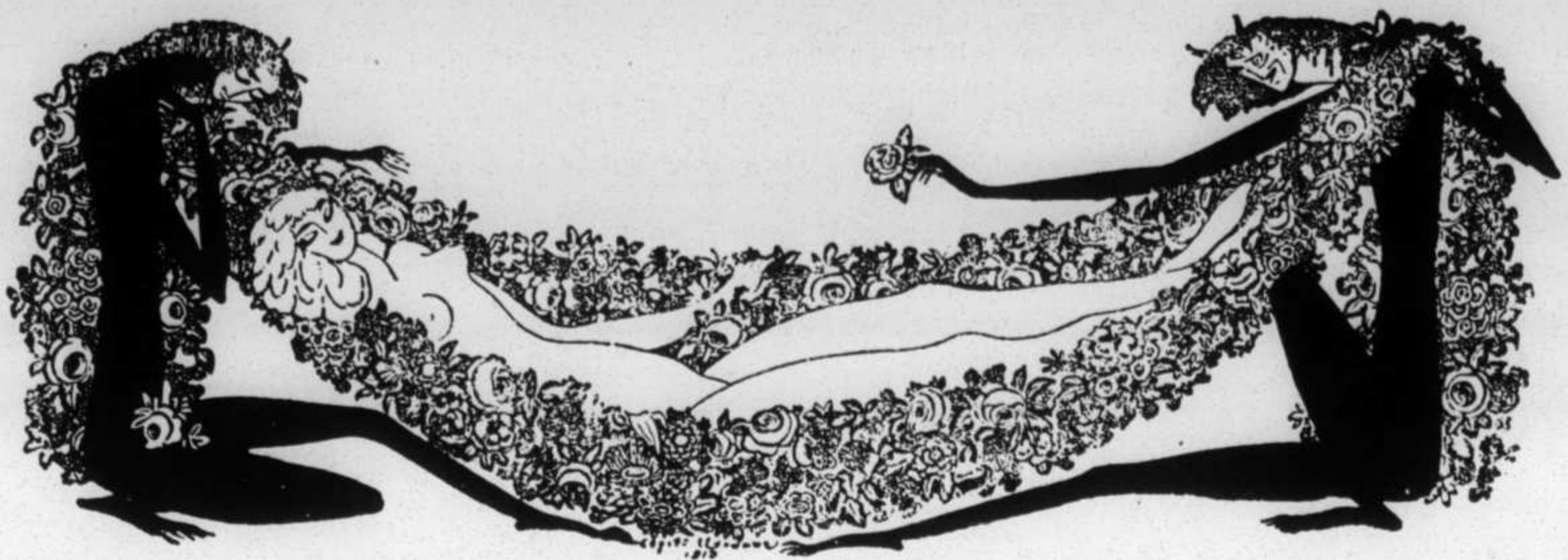
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STELLAR INFLUENCES
CARNARD CORNER
POETRY & PROSE
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1972



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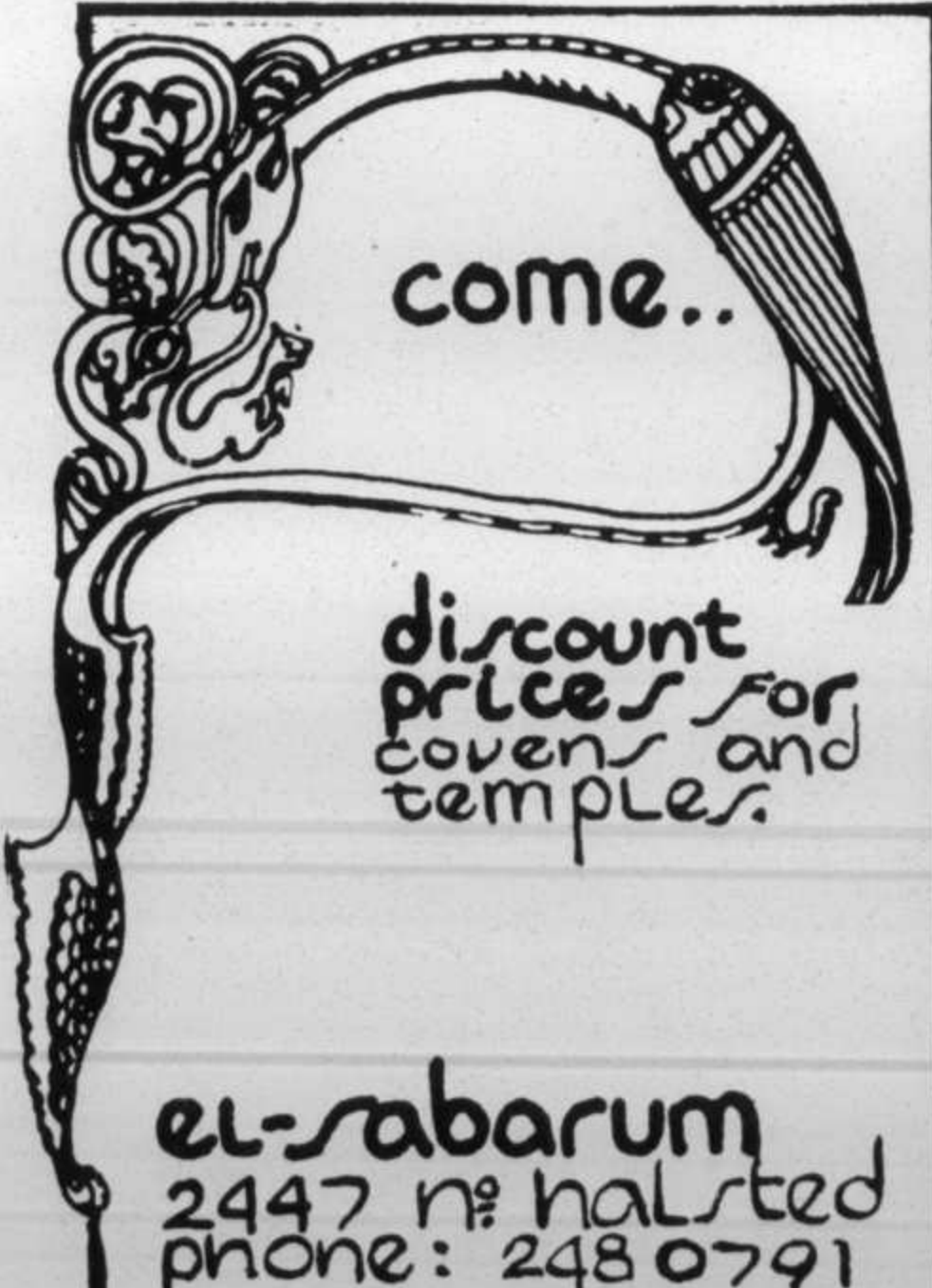
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The Mead of

Occult Digest Page 4

By C. F. RUSSELL

ODHRAERIR

THIS is the Wine of Dionysos, that intoxicates mankind; the Elixir which the Alchemists are brewing. We are not instinctively intelligent in our acts, but are creatures of habit. Our conscious personality dwells in the organ of memory, the cerebrum. In order to arrive at a consciousness which shall be that of the cerebellum, and perceive the true identities of things, we must free ourselves from habit. We must lift ourselves above the fixed necessity of laws external and guide ourselves by the light that we ourselves generate by our own inmost activity. The progress of the human race depends on the evolution of new faculties. The prophet knows where the race is going and is able to interpret the signs which reveal nascent faculties; then he sets himself to work to guide and direct their unfoldment. The group of psychic organs now in office are all limited by the categories of the external world; the sensibilities are restricted by time and space; the reason is bound by the laws of thought, such as the law of identity, of contradiction, of excluded middle; the conscience is restrained by the rules of the narrow personal sphere, albeit these rules are the fruit of ages of experience. The function of the new faculty is most precisely stated at this point by saying that its business is to achieve transcendence; by its aid mankind shall surpass everything hitherto accomplished and reach the goal of all dreams. The condition which needs changing is that the faculties now in charge of man's career interfere with each other; so that each may work properly toward its own goal each must become independent of all the others. For example, as things are now the illative mood is corrupted by factors due to the necessity that the materials of thinking must be present under some shape and form in consciousness; i.e. reasoning must be conducted by the aid of symbols. In the future, symbols will be found not only unnecessary but a handicap to pure thought, a hindrance to the approach of brilliant intellectual illumination. Hitherto it has been possible to arrive at conclusions only by manipulation of apparent objective realities, such as words and signs. In the future these will be discarded and an engine con-

structed capable of penetrating to the heart and core of each idea in the mind, and the whole process of illation shall be carried on without the faintest semblance of word or other symbol making its appearance. Ideas will then be given an independence which hitherto would have been a dangerous procedure, owing to their confused and fettered connections with the feelings and impulses. The work to be accomplished is the development of the Will as a conscious faculty, its operation clearly, distinctly and adequately presented in human consciousness. The function of the Will is contra-categorical, it is itself the creator of categories, and transcends them; it denies extension in every category. Man has arrived at a grade where he is to be trusted with real power of Will, and thoughts will be given an independence which heretofore would have been dangerous. Every illation instead of being designed to serve the purpose of something already in the content of experience shall work with something in view which has never entered into experience.

Human faculties or powers are not all equally strong in an individual and at different eras of racial evolution one of these faculties is the strongest and dominates the others. Recognition of this domination is reflected by the nature of the religion which governs the education or initiation of man during any particular epoch. During one cycle the human race will be especially under the influence of that faculty which is being developed during that period; this faculty will be anthropomorphised and worshipped as "God" and its nature will govern conduct and serve as the supreme criterion and test for measuring the value of all thoughts, feelings, and acts. For example, during one period, the Grecian, the sensibilities, the feelings, the taste of man was being developed and the criterion of value was an aesthetic one. The supreme "god" was Beauty, dynamic. During another period the reason, the judgment, the logical powers of the intellect were especially favoured in their growth, the criterion was illative and the supreme "god" Truth, dynamic. During another time the moral and ethical powers achieved expression and everything was made a matter of con-

science and principle, the criterion was ethical, pragmatic, humanitarian; the supreme "god" was Goodness, personified.

During all these periods there have been philosophers and Initiates of varying ranks who saw clearly that the "god" of the Times was but one phase of the Supreme Being. During all times there have been schools who recognized all the deific traits and attributes, and who taught that they should all be equilibrated, harmonized, co-ordinated. But each school had its doctrine and teachings tinged and more or less corrupted by the spirit of the times, so that instead of a perfect co-ordination and correlation it taught a subordination of the rest of the faculties to the one belonging to the "god" of the Time. So that even the adepts in their conception of the supreme God were influenced by their own predominant faculty and consequently could not discover and express a primary idea of sufficient scope to genuinely represent the idea of Mastery over all the faculties. During the last epoch the Conscience of man has reached its maturity and if it be suffered to continue growing, the Will of which it is an off-shoot can no longer succeed in preserving and propagating the race. The result would be that mankind as a whole would degenerate into something resembling a brute rather than a human being. To prevent this, at the end of one cycle and the beginning of another a new word is given out by the Masters which is to govern the new aeon and develop the new faculty by the inherent force which it awakens, nourishes and stimulates.

During the latter part of the last period a preconception of this new word has been felt and shadowed forth in the confusion of Conscience with Will; philosophers have termed the will the moral faculty. So during this last period the moral faculty has directed the volitions but it is not their natural king or ruler. Also one school of initiation, perceiving the approach of the abnormal development of the Conscience has taught that the counterposite faculty, the Taste, which it signified by the term Intuition, should be enthroned in the place of Conscience. The result of this teaching

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THE STRANGE WORLD OF BRAD STEIGER

"The Ghost That Would Not Be Exorcised"

Not all ghosts respond to the traditionally prescribed rituals of ecclesiastical exorcisms. In the case of the Eric Moulton family, a local priest's rites of exorcism brought on more vigorous harrassment than the household had suffered before his visit.

For several years the Eric Moultons of Middleton, England, had patiently endured the bumping, scraping, and scratching noises of a ghostly inhabitant of their home. They had become so used to the ghost's presence that their indifference to it was only ruffled when the sounds it produced interrupted a favorite television show or interfered with a family discussion.

Then, in mid-January of 1968, Eric Moulton decided to call a priest and have the ghost exorcised. On January 20, Rev. Frank Murphy of St. Mary's Church in Middleton, dutifully arrived and performed the rites that should have banished the restless spirit forever.

That night as they were preparing for bed, Moulton told his wife, Dorothy, "Well, now, that should be that. Our playful spook has been sent packing." But the words were scarcely out of his mouth before his wife's startled shout directed Moulton's attention to a misty black form hovering in the doorway. While he watched, the eerie form slowly drifted up to the attic.

From that moment on the Moulton household was to contain no peace. The mild scratchings of the past gave way to great banging noises and the sound of heavy feet angrily stomping throughout their three-bedroom, two-story house. The Moultons began to suspect that the priest had only succeeded in unleashing the ghost's full vengeance upon the hapless household.

Then one day Dorothy Moulton returned home from an errand and found that all the clothes in her bedroom closet had been pulled out and thrown around the room. Thereafter no member of the family could walk into any room without finding drawers yanked out of dressers, their contents strewn about the room.

Moulton could not bring himself to believe that their formerly mild mannered ghost was the agent of such harassment. In vain he taped every window of the house and took the family away for the day. If the tape were disturbed in any way, then that would prove that a human agency was responsible for their problems. When they returned home that evening, though, the tape remained undisturbed and their home was in chaos.

The besieged Moultons were visited by John Daly, a member of the Psychic Research Society of Manchester. His thorough investigation, coupled with a night spent in the Moulton home, convinced him that the phenomena was completely authentic. Father Murphy, the unconscious prompter of the violent haunting, offered character witness for the Moultons, adding that he, too, saw no possibility of fraud.

Extensive research produced no clue as to why the house should be so afflicted by a restless denizen from another dimension. The house had been built in 1955 as a farmhouse. The farmer who had worked the land had died in 1963 and there was no evidence to support the contention that the spirit of the farmer might be attempting to reclaim his home from a living family.

Eventually, the violent eye of the psychic storm in the Moulton house spent its preternatural energy and was reabsorbed into the cosmos, but not before another eerie case of haunting had been entered into the annals of psychical investigation.

THE RETURN OF THE TRUE LIGHT
FROM THE WEST

The Supreme Mystery Cult of Ancient Egypt Survives
in Polynesia

Reprinted from Occult Digest, July, 1941
by Max Freedom Long

Pyramid Prophecy indicated the year of 1936 as the beginning of the period during which the Magico-Religio-Psychological "True Light" would be recovered by the modern world. The title of this article gives the prophetic text.

The "True Light" was the great "Secret" Huna of the builders of the Great Pyramid. Through a knowledge of this science of Huna, the Pyramid itself was built, the future which it predicted was foreseen, and later, the "Secret" was carried away to the distant islands of the Pacific to be preserved down to the Dark Centuries which were to follow.

In 1936, a study carried on for some forty years by Dr. William Tufts Brigham, long curator of the Bishop Museum of Honolulu, came to a successful ending in the hands of the author, who in his turn had spent some twenty years of investigation. In that year enough had been learned concerning the practice and theories of ka-huna--"Keepers of the Secret"--in Hawaii, to make possible a report in book form.

Up to that year all religions and occult systems had come to us from the East. But, true to Pyramid Prophecy, Huna returned from the West, that is, from Hawaii to America and thence to Europe.

Huna, which is more of a science than a religion, was the one unit of the Arts and Sciences which was not recovered after the Dark Ages. It is the last of the "lost" sciences, and it is far greater than any of the others. Without it men could not understand THEMSELVES. The ancient command, "Know Thyself" was impossible. A perilous gap was left in human knowledge by its loss.

About fifty years ago the gap became so outstanding that efforts were begun to evolve the science of OURSELVES, or of CONSCIOUSNESS, and, with Mesmerism as the springboard, Dr. Freud patiently worked out the primer steps in PSYCHOLOGY. He discovered in a vague fashion, the "subconscious", then the "complex". Soon the method of recalling memories by way of a process of "association of ideas" was announced. Shortly thereafter the work became stalemated. In the past several years no single additional discovery of worth has been made. None might have been made for another century.

It is fortunate indeed, therefore, that we can now avoid the long toil of evolving Huna by recovering it as the last of the lost sciences. At the moment we have a very vague and jumbled idea of THREE of the TEN elements which go to make the CONSCIOUS MAN. As we understand these three elements so incompletely, it may be said that we have evolved ourselves about a tenth of the complete science.

The reason why we did not recover Huna along with Mathematics, Astronomy and other sciences may be listed roughly as follows:
(1) No written record of Huna was permitted, so none could be

found through which to "recover" the science. (2) Huna was handed down by word of mouth only, and under vows of utter secrecy. It was discussed only in a language of its own. Thus it was not common property which could be handed down to laymen and come to light in due course of time. (3) The Kahunas or initiates of Egypt--as of about 2650 B.C.--did not remain in lands available to European students after the end of the Dark Ages. Most of them migrated with their immediate tribal followers in the Pacific, there to settle in the most isolated islands in the world. Hawaii, most isolated of all, was the place where the "True Light" of Huna was best preserved down the long centuries. This group of Islands was not discovered by moderns until 1778. (4) After the discovery of Hawaii the cult of secrecy still prevailed. No stranger was initiated into the science of Huna. In 1820 the Christian Missionaries arrived and began making a dictionary of the ancient language of the people--the language which had once been used in Egypt to discuss Huna. Names of the ten elements in Huna were listed in the Hawaii-English dictionary, BUT COULD NOT BE PROPERLY TRANSLATED. In English we had no counterpart words for even such items as the "subconscious". (5) Until we had made the first short steps toward developing Huna for ourselves as "Psychology", we were totally unable to comprehend Huna, even had the secret been made public. It was inevitable that we should mistake all kahuna or other "native" magic for childish superstition. (6) As Huna is the Science of Consciousness of man AFTER DEATH as well as during life, we had also to go well along in our psychic research and begin developing Psychic Science, otherwise how were we to grasp Huna, which deals with and EXPLAINS psychic phenomena as a part of its scope. (7) We had also to wait until science had advanced in Physics to a new electronic theory of matter-as-force. Huna deals with matter thus, and only in this generation could we have accepted that part of the teaching.

Not only does Huna deal with human consciousness in the state after death, it deals also with OTHER GRADES OF CONSCIOUSNESS with which man comes into contact, with conscious entities higher in evolutionary scale and lower. In so doing, touches the field of Religion. But this touch is so sure and deft that it tends to make Religion itself a science. The impact is severe in that it throws a blinding light which destroys religious dogmas, dear though they may be.

Research has not as yet uncovered the exact origin of Huna. It can be traced back to tribal peoples living in the Sahara Desert at the time when it was better watered and highly fertile. Its initiates moved quietly into Egypt during the Fourth Dynasty, and left for Polynesia (one tribe going north to Morocco also), as stated, sometime after the completion of the Great Pyramid and before the invasion of the Shepherd Kings.

Huna existed apart from the other Mystery Schools and religions, apparently giving to them only a slight part of itself. Some common knowledge was publicly held at the time, but very little.

By about 1900 the full knowledge of Huna began to die out in Polynesia and among the few Berber tribes in Morocco who had retained the lore (also the language of Polynesia in so far as

cont. next p.

the names of the elements of Huna were concerned.)

Today as a recent survey shows, no kahunas seem to be left in Hawaii who have more than a smattering of the science. Had Dr. Brigham not begun his study of the kahunas in Hawaii when he did, in about 1880, it is almost certain that Huna would have been lost to the world beyond recall.

But now the "True Light Returns from the West". Its theory and practice has been explored and it remains only for students of the occult and for psychologists to become informed as to the findings. Once informed, experimental work can be undertaken to the end of duplicating the performance of the kahuna of both distant and recent times past.

For the student of the occult and of Truth, no greater news has broken in long centuries than this rediscovery of Huna. For those delving into psychic phenomena, Huna offers the explanation of phenomena which years of work have failed to find. For the religionist with open mind, Huna will separate the False from the True, and will teach the secret behind the "prayer of faith" which works the miracle of healing--healing of both body and purse.

In articles to follow, the Science of Huna will be presented step by step, going from what little we know into things so new that they may be difficult at first to grasp. The time has come, after how many countless centuries of preparation?--when ALL men shall be privileged to know the Secret which has been undivulged except to the chosen few.



THE OCCULT (1942)


by Donald Montgomery

Who knows of my mysterious power?
I am bewitched.

The message of my love or hatred
is carried to distant places,
Simply by my emotion.
He whom I love prospers, and he
whom I hate meets disaster or
misfortune.



I have the strangest dreams:--
Once I dreamt of floating through
the air
Into the arms of a girl.
That was very pleasant.
Then once I dreamt of an avalanche,
Of which I was always just ahead.
That was terrifying.
I have dreamt of beautiful things,
and terrifying ones.
I have been called schizophrenic.
I am unique.

Come, take me by the hand and I
will show you things unheard of.
I will show you how emotion rules
the universe;
How I influence the mind of Man.
Who knows of my mysterious power?



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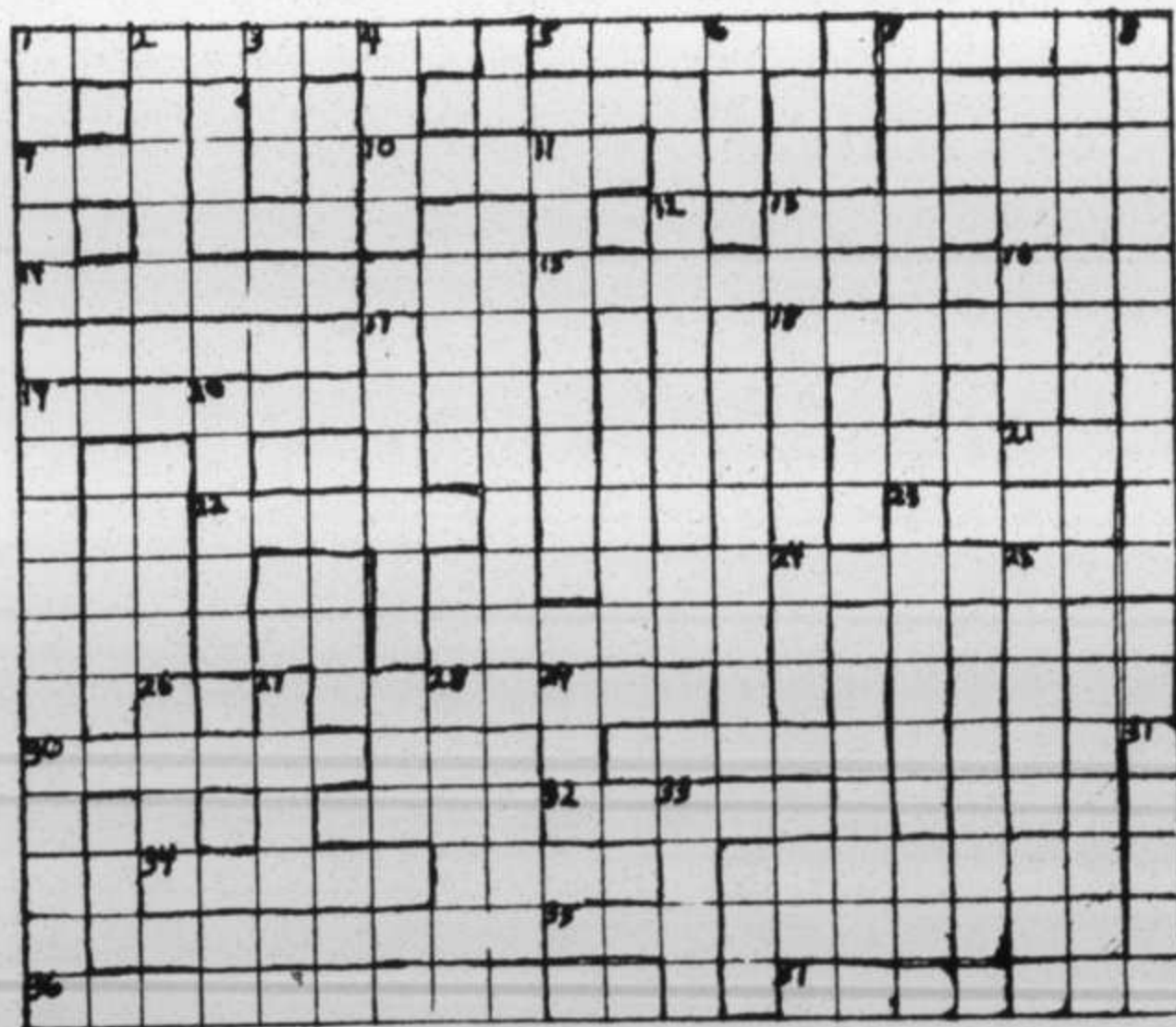
P. DAUM.

ACROSS

1. Remove unwanted or evil spirits.
5. Magic cult prevalent in West Indies.
7. Religious assembly
9. (Astr.) Sphere of influence allowed in determining aspects.
10. Asiatic Indian
13. Egyptian Symbol of Life
14. Medieval demon capable of changing shape at will.
15. Taurus Ruler
18. Witch who changed food into stones.
19. The Great Beast
21. Self-Luminous Body
22. Egyptian God of Magic
24. Practice of changing structure or appearance.
28. Ancient art of fortune telling
30. Bull-ey for him!
32. Malignant, immaterial being
34. Arabic term for devil
35. When he's present, he's king.
36. Astrological Guide
37. Pertaining to Stars

DOWN

1. Call or Summon Forth
2. A planet's fixed path
3. Animal associated with magical powers.
4. Sorcery (Iran)
6. Powerful Demonic Ruler
7. Etheric Energies enter here
8. Practicing evocation of spirits of the dead.
- 11, 29 (two words) Forked tree branch used in locating hidden objects.
12. Character of existence
13. In astrology: rising sign
16. First planet outside of earth's orbit
17. Person dealing in occult matters
19. Focus on one thought
20. Sorcerer -- member of the craft
23. Unseen; hidden
25. Weekly meeting
26. Subtle emanation or exhalation
27. Excrement
31. Pertaining to moon
33. Planet's satellite



Answers will appear next issue

REFLECTIONS ON CHICAGO'S OCCULT METAMORPHOSIS

by Allen Hartmann

During my last cruise through Chicago's streets I noticed many new additions to the occult world, namely commercial businesses, and in stopping in, I picked up many new reflections on the scene. It was during this excursion that I ended up at the Metaphysical Bookshop, and being encouraged into conversation (as is the custom there), I took up the subject of my journey through the new occult stores, hoping that my conclusions would be perhaps one-sided. The gentlemen who manage the premises there then informed me that they were responsible for the metaphysical journal, the Occult Digest, and that if I chose to, I was welcome to submit an article expressing my views on the subject. I accepted, and this is the outcome.

Being absent from Chicago for many months, I was at first taken aback by the increase in occult activity here. Everywhere I went virtually reeked of occultism. Stores that had never even thought of the occult now carried volumes of magic, theosophy and such. As I adjusted to the fact, I began to browse through them, hoping to locate something that would be welcomed in my own collection of esoteric literature, as well as opening up the possibility of meeting a new face or two for communicative purposes. I was greatly disappointed by the adventure.

The first thing I felt was the utter lack of sincerity on the part of the stores in general. It is as though they have no concern for their subject of occupation, save that of material advancement. I realize this sounds callous, yet I feel it a true statement. Upon entering many of the stores, you are either totally neglected (which is highly unorthodox in Pagan and esoteric societies) or approached with the standard, "Can I help you?" As to the former, I took the liberty to scan the shelves as well as the clerks, and I found them equally boring. After three or four stores, I realized that they all had the same stock on hand. Not that the books are unimportant, yet it shows the narrowness of thought on the part of the proprietor. Show biz is the closest I can come to in connecting this thought. All flashy and swirly. Another thing of importance, at least to me, is the way the clerks/owners come off. Some of them assume that because of their business, they have gone above the common man, and their egos show it. I am quite sure that many of them consider themselves Counts or Kings. Costume is prevalent, and the cloak and dagger is definitely in. So is mind control. The old, "I'm heavier than you" attitude is everywhere and hostility backs this up. As of this writing, I am researching vampirism (not the Dracula kind) because of a sudden loss of energy and control I experienced both within and after leaving one of these pseudo-occult stores. The symptoms are standard, and the suspected guilty party looks and acts the part. I would not be surprised that this black art is being used in other stores, and if and when it is proven, the parties involved will be dealt with in an equally occult way.

This story sounds bizzare, and I expect several people will dismiss it as such. Yet I also imagine that some will take the time to examine the scene a second time. Before concluding, I would like to say that several of the businesses in Chicago are running what must be called legitimate and honest stores. They

have, for the most part, been around long before the current wave of faddism, and will undoubtedly continue long after the demise of the newer arrivals. Capes, swords and gaudy paint do not make one more occult, though I must admit it does wonders for business. The recent news of the Metaphysical Bookshop's plans to move and relocate elsewhere strikes a cruel blow to the "group" who spent many days there in enlightening discussion. It is, in my opinion, a sure sign that we have reached the end of an era.

I salute thee, O Chicago, hub of the occult world in the States, and I bid thee farewell.




T H E S U N

by Richard Wolf

We are Love, the energy of life, we give and co-operate and carry the missions of the Divine One. Look and see the necessary Changes of Life and the Heat and Warmth with light which Blinds man during the Day and Blinds him at Night. Pierce between the center of your mind and see the blazing Sun: the Sun we carry is no larger than your own. As we draw all planets around us so shall you see that the Sun within you is Brighter still and can draw and supply all life and bounties of nature that is necessary to you. Greater not your power, but the power of your universe. When your blazing Sun burns and shines in each pore of your being, then shall you see the universe. We are not the Rulers, nor you. We reflect and shine the eternal glory of the One, and offer you your inner picture which when read and looked at is your key. You rise and set as all man and spirits do, be the Sun and Live. You are the Sun; you are Life at one with all and when not me, not one, Sun, are you, but many, each cell a galaxy blazing with the glory of Life.

This Sun you call your own, know it to be but one dot of significance held in Eternal Flow and Mental Conception. Be thee aware with each being there is his Sun and many more. Recognize me as the key and picture the same as yourself, but different: given to you as a blind till you truly see your own. Cast down not our Sun for it is yours. We address greetings to all beings whether they seek us or not, but to you all that are now here present do we convey this message: absorb yourself in yourself, call upon your Star of Being; we are the spark. You have been lit; Blaze the Eternal Soul. Yes, we control and bind man to his season, but only till he makes and creates his Sun within. Until this is done, we humbly submit to our duty as one with you to guide and protect showing silent, screaming Lessons, ever calling and promoting your well-being. Yes, you are blind until you see your sun; yes, you are bound to our Sun and season, till that spark within you blazes to the vibration of your universe. You need no more. Look at yourself. Look at the Sun. Look back to yourself. For you are all the same. Until the Path Blazes, we as your Brethren, Greet you and bid you Farewell. We are always Present, as you are. You ask whence you came -- we answer, yourself.



T H E G R E A T B E A S T --
ALEISTER CROWLEY
by Robert Anton Wilson

(Reprinted from The Realist,
Sept.-Oct., 1971)

O -- The Fool

All ways are lawful to innocence.
Pure folly is the key to initia-
tion.

--The Book of Thoth

Crowley: pronounced with a
crow in it so it rhymes with holy:
Edward Alexander Crowley, b.
1875 d. 1947, known as Aleister
Crowley, known also as Sir
Aleister Crowley, Saint Aleister
Crowley (of the Gnostic Catholic
Church), Frater Perdurabo, Frater
Ou Mh, To Mega Therion, Count
McGregor, Count Vladimir Svareff,
Chao Khan, Mahatma Guru Sri Para-
mahansa Shivaji, Baphomet, and
Ipsissimus; obviously, a case of
the ontological fidgets --
couldn't make up his mind who
he really was; chiefly known as
The Beast 666 or The Great Beast;
friends and disciples celebrated
his funeral with a Black Mass:
or so the newspapers said.

Actually it was a Gnostic Cath-
olic Mass (even John Symonds, Crow-
ley's most hostile biographer,
admits that at most it could
be called a Grey Mass, not a
Black Mass -- observe the racist
and Christian-chauvinist impli-
cations in this terminology, but
it was certainly not an orthodox
R.C. or Anglican mass, I mean,
cripes, the priestess took off
her clothes in one part of it,
buck naked, and they call THAT
a Mass, glorioski!

So the town council had a
meeting -- this was the Ridge, in
Hastings, England, 1947, not 1347 --
and they passed an ordinance that
no such heathen rites would ever
be tolerated in any funeral ser-
vices in their town, not NEVER;
I sort of picture them in the
kitch Alpine-Balkan garb of Univer-
sal Studies' classic monster
epics, and I see Aleister himself,
in his coffin, wearing nothing
less spectacular than the old

black cape of Bela Lugosi:
fangs showing beneath his sensual
lips: but his eyes closed in deep
and divine Samadhi.

Because that's the sort of
images that come to mind when
Aleister Crowley is mentioned:
this damnable man who identified
himself with the Great Beast in
St. John's Revelations in an age
when the supernatural is umbil-
ically connected with Universal
Studios, Hearst Sunday Supplement
I-walked-with-a-zombie-in-my-
maidenform-bra gushings and, God's
socks, Today's Astrology ("Listen,
Scorpio: This month you must
look before you leap and remember
that prudence is wiser than rash-
ness. Don't trust that Taurus
female in your office" -- I
repeat: God's socks and spats);
this divine man who became the
Logos when Logos was just a word
to pencil into Double-Crostics on
rainy Sundays; this damnable and
divine paradox of a Crowley!

Listen, some critic (I forgot
who) wrote of Lugosi "acting with
total sincerity and a kind of
demented cornball poetry" and the
words, like the old crimson-
lined black cape, seem tailored
equally well for the shoulders
of the Master Therion, To Mega
Therion, the Great Beast, Aleister
Crowley. This is the final degrad-
ation: this avatar of anarchy,
this epitome of rebellion, this
incarnation of inconsistency,
this man Crowley whom his contem-
poraries called "The King of
Depravity", "The Wickedest Man
in the World", "A Cannibal at
Large", "A Man We'd Like to Hang",
"A Human Beast"; and, with some
anti-climax, "A Pro-German and
Revolutionary".

Now, to us, he is quaint. Worse:
he is Camp. Worse yet: he is
corny.

We don't even believe his boast
that he performed human sacrifice
150 times a year, starting in 1912.

None of these cordial titles was
invented by myself. All were used,
in Crowley's life-time, by the
newspaper John Bull, in its heroic

and nigh-interminable campaign to save England from the Beast's pernicious influence. See P.R. Stephenson, The Legend of Aleister Crowley.

I -- The Magician

The True Self is the meaning of the True Will: know Thyself through Thy Way.

-- The Book of Thoth

For there is no clear way, even on the most superficial level of the gross external data, to say what Edward Alexander Crowley (who called himself Aleister: and other names) really was trying to do with his life and communicate to his fellows.

Witness: here is an Englishman (never forget that: an Englishman, and bloody English at times he could be) who in the stodgiest year, of the dreariest decade of the age we call Victoria, commits technical High Treason, joins the Carlists, accepts a knighthood from Don Carlos himself, denounces as illegitimate all the knighthoods granted by "the Hanoverian usurper" (he also called her a "dumpy German hausfrau" -- poor Vicky), yes, and then for years and decades afterward continues, with owl like obstinacy, with superlative stubbornness, with ham heroism, with promethean pig-headedness, to sign himself "Sir Aleister" -- a red flag in the face of John Bull.

But more: the same romantic reactionary, the same very parfait bogus knight, hears that the French authorities, scandalized by the heroic size of the genital on Epstein's statue of Oscar Wilde, have covered it with a butterfly -- and, bien bueno, you guessed it, there he is, at twilight with hammer and chisel, sworn enemy of the Philistines, removing the butterfly and restoring the statue to its pristine purity -- but why by all the pot-bellied gods in China, why did he turn that gesture into a joke by walking, the same night, into London's stuffiest

restaurant, wearing the same butterfly over the crotch of his own trousers?

A Harlequin, then, we might pronounce him, ultimately: the archetypal Batty Bard superimposed upon the classic Eccentric Englishman? And with a touch of the Sardonic Sodomist -- for didn't he smuggle homosexual jokes (hidden in puns, codes, acrostics and notarikons) into his various volumes of mystical poetry?

Didn't it even turn out that his great literary "discovery" the Bagh-i-Muattar (The Scented Garden) was not a discovery at all but an invention -- all of it, all, all! from the pious but pederastic Persian original, through the ingenious but innocent English major who translated it (and died heroically in the Boer War), up to the high Anglican clergyman who wrote the Introduction saluting its sanctity but shivering at its salacity -- all, all from his own cunning and creative cranium?

Yes: and he even published one volume, White Stains (Krafft-Ebing in verse) with a poker-faced prologue pronouncing that "The Editor hopes the Mental Pathologists, for whose eyes alone this treatise is destined, will spare no precaution to prevent it falling into other hands" -- and, hot damn, arranged that the author's name on the title-page would be given as "George Archibald", a pious uncle whom he detested.

Sophomore pranks? Yes, but in 1912, at the age of 37, he was still at the same game: that was the year he managed to sell Hail Mary, a volume of versatile verses celebrating the Virgin, to London's leading Catholic publishers, Burns and Oates: and he even waited until it was favorably reviewed in the Catholic press ("a plentiful and varied feast for the lovers of tuneful verse", enthused the Catholic Times) before revealing that the real author was not a cloistered nun or an uncommonly talented Bishop, but himself, Satan's Servant, the Great Beast,

cont. next p.

the Demon Crowley.

But grok in its fullness this fact: he really did it. You or I might conceive such a jest, but he carried it out: writing the pious verses with just the proper tone of sugary sanctimoniousness to actually sell to a Papist publisher and get cordial reviews in the Romish press -- as if Baudelaire had forced himself to write a whole volume of Edgar Guest: And just for the sake of a horse laugh?

To understand this conundrum of a Crowley we will have to Dig.

II -- The High Priestess

Purity is to live only to the Highest: and the Highest is All; be thou as Artemis to Pan.

--The Book of Thoth

These jokes sometimes seem to have an obscure point, and one is uneasily suspicious that there might be Hamlet-like method in this madness. Even the alternate identities can be considered more than games: they might be Zen counter-games. Here's the Beast's own explanation of the time he became Count Vladimir Svareff, from The Confessions of Aleister Crowley: An Autohagiography.

"I wanted to increase my knowledge of mankind. I knew how people treated a young man from Cambridge. I had thoroughly appreciated the servility of tradesmen, although I was too generous and too ignorant to realize the extent of their dishonesty and rapacity. Now I wanted to see how people would behave to a Russian nobleman. I must say here that I have repeatedly used this method of disguise -- it has been amazingly useful in multiplying my points of view about humanity. Even the most broad-minded people are necessarily narrow in this one respect. They may know how all sorts of people treat them, but they cannot know, except at second hand, how those same people treat others."

And the Hail Mary caper has its own sane-insane *raison d'etre*:

"I must not be thought exactly insincere, though I had certainly no shadow of belief in any of the Christian dogmas...I simply wanted to see the world through the eyes of a devout Catholic, very much as I had done with the decadent poet of White Stains, the Persian mystic of the Bagh-i-Muattar, and so on...I did not see why I should be confined to one life. How can one hope to understand the world if one persists in regarding it from the conning tower of one's own personality?"

Just so: the procedure is even scientific these days (Role-Playing, you know) and is a central part of Psychodrama and Group Dynamics. "You have to go out of your mind before you can come to your senses," as Tim Leary (or Fritz Perls) once said. Sure: you can even become Jesus and Satan at the same time: Ask Charles the Son of Man.

For Artemis, the goddess of nature, is eternally virgin: she only surrendered once, and then to Pan: and this is a clue to the Beast's purpose in his bloody sacrifices.

To be continued next issue



Belphegor, the Biblical demon of evil

M U S I N G S O N
D E A T H A N D L I F E

by Verlin Caley

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Death often makes us sad, because we do not know,
 What is best for the soul -- we miss the soul, also.
 Death makes us grieve if we don't see the "Other Side",
 Where the soul is alive, and joy must still abide.
 Death can depress if we see the body decay
 And think the soul has gone, never to come our way
 Or know it has a form, like its body was here
 In a relative way, to its own higher sphere.
 Death can bring grief to those who fear that death brings pain,
 And don't know their prayers for loved ones are not in vain.
 Death might confuse you if you only see God and
 His will or purpose when life is pleasant and gay;
 And you can't feel or see the Eternal God when
 Suffering or pain and misfortune comes your way.
 Death might deceive you if you only see God's work
 In green and growing things which come with Spring Showers;
 But not see the other side of life which works and lives
 Beyond the fallen leaves and frost touched flowers.
 Death might puzzle you if you don't know that life in sod,
 While dormant here, lives there, to work with Nature's God.
 Death might worry you if you don't know that mankind
 Will have a form to use, like that they left behind.
 Death might bring fear if you think the form in the grave
 To be the same as the soul whose life you would save.
 Death might bring fear if you thought that death brought decay
 To the whole soul when the form was carried away.
 Death might bring fear if you think the form in the grave
 Still imprisons the soul, like a master and slave;
 Nor realize that they are two separate things
 And the soul now enjoys the peace which freedom brings.
 Death is not destruction or annihilation -- that is not nature's way.
 Matter and life just separate when they leave to go away to stay.
 Death is separation of man's body and soul
 Or spirit and form, not extinction of the whole.
 Death might hide his purpose, unless you learn his way.
 In occult teachings, it becomes as plain as day.
 We cannot see life work beyond our Sun's bright light
 Or know what must be done -- it is beyond our sight;
 But nonetheless real, it must absolutely be,
 Just as things live, we know, so small we do not see.
 Sometimes a microscope can help to clearly see
 A little of that world of complex mystery.
 Just so far can it go, limitations appear,
 Many things it can't see of this world that is near.
 We only see effects, vibrations, so to speak.
 The world of space is full, but our reception weak.
 And with a telescope scanning the stars in space,
 We see no bounds anywhere, yet all is held in place.
 I find each star a sun, around which planets run
 And our earth with its strife, is a small part of life.

We aren't the beginning or the ending of all,
Whether we look within the infinitely small
Or to limitless space, we can't fathom it all.
But as I meditate about God's earth and space
I can see why no one has ever seen His Face.
For the God that I find in Nature where I look
His thoughts and words cannot be put in any book.
No one has ever proved God literally worked, through any human mind,
And regarding His use of hands to write a book, no real proof
Will you find.

The Gods who speak to us are lesser Gods than He,
Yet far above us where some day we hope to be,
The powers which work through them are natural, too,
But higher than those which are used on earth by you.
God didn't hang the stars like bright buttons on a hook,
To give light to our earth when night comes into birth.
Our Bible scribe has just revised an older book
To personify God for the children of earth
When the truth was too deep for them to see its worth.
But now that all mankind has grown upward in mind,
No longer a child, he seeks more wisdom to find.
In the Occult only will he find the right keys
To help him understand these sublime mysteries.



CARNARD CORNER

Dear Mr. Carnard,

A friend of mine who is the sister of one of the owners of an occult store here in Chicago told me that recently, a union was formed by all the stores dealing in occult things. It seems to me that the concept of an "Occult Union" is very un-occult, and I find it hard to believe that honest occultists would even consider such a thing. Could you clear this rumor up for me, and please leave my name out of your paper?

Ed. -- Thank you for your honest inquiry. It seems as though a union was indeed started here by several businesses. The purposes of it are multiple, and each will have to decide for himself how occult it is. For information, you can contact Mr. Benjamin at The Store at This Address, 1559 W. Howard St. I'm sure he can tell you how it is indeed occult.

Dear Mr. Carnard,

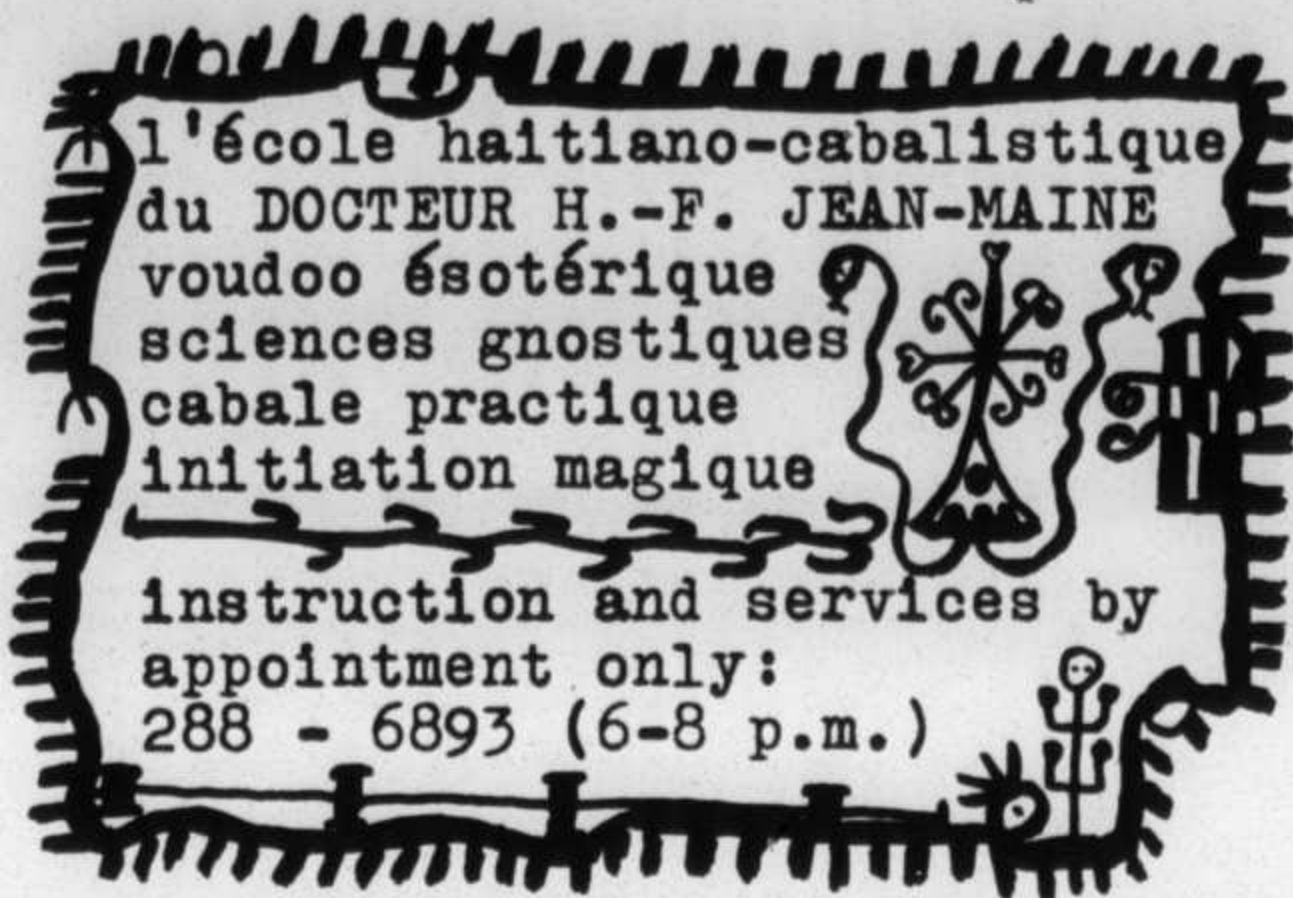
I am interested in sex magic and the yoga system called tantric yoga. Can you suggest any people or books that might be of assistance in these matters.

Lou Bido

Dear Lou,

There are some books on the subject but as for people, we can't help you. Try reading Sex Magick and the G.B.G. by Louis Culling for the Western version. As for the Eastern aspects, there are many books dealing with the subject but some are unavailable. Serpent Power is considered a very great work but it is difficult to read. Also, Tantra, the Yoga of Sex is good and if you really like to dig for your knowledge, try Treatise on Cosmic Fire by Alice Bailey.

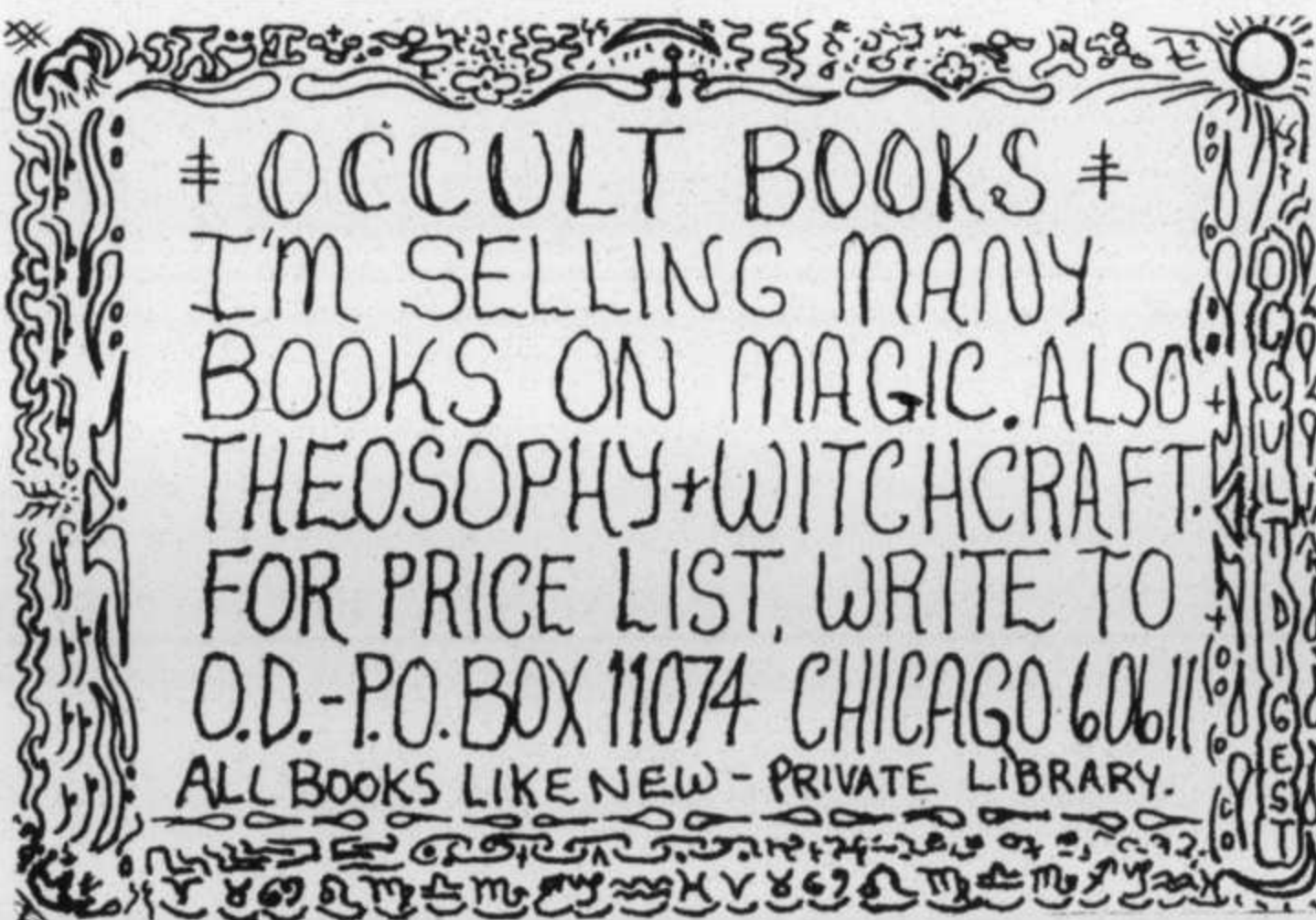

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I

The red/white flash of Mars at night
Shines patiently within our sight
And draws us to a Sherwinian beach
Where through its power it may teach
The splendor of a new found height.

II

Chicago, I am on my knees
The children of the mysteries
Need starry skies and whispering trees
The fragrances, the winds, the seas,
Yet with thy blackness thou doth tease.

III

You've stolen now the starry sky
With belching smoke that makes us' cry
The water once so fair and blue
Has taken on an oily hue
And though we see, we know not why.

IV

Chicago, you have held us here
We've put up with your laughing jeer
Yet now the end seems very near
The future path grows bright and clear
Your black soul we no longer fear.

V

The sanctuary has been found!
We go there now and feel the ground
A sacred place where we can see
Mars sending down his energy
It circles round, and we are bound.

VI

Chicago, you have lost your power
You're like the aging water tower
The source is dead, the life force sour
We're leaving you to seek the flower
The golden dawn will tell the hour.

VII

The calling flash of Mars at night
Sets off a fire of red and white
Which burns away the walls of love
And sets us free to merge above
Ascending, we become the light.

Norman Kaeseberg
Chicago 14/8/72

E S T A B L I S H I N G
M E N T A L C O N N E C T I O N S

Part I - The 3 Ways

Monograph #26
Part I

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- Much has been said concerning the contacting of spirits and forces in recent years. In fact, the subject is hundreds of years old. We have heard and read them all: John Dee, Barrett, Agrippa, Cagliostro, Levi, Mathers, Crowley and many more. All have a lot to say about this, and their work should be consumed by the aspiring magi. But let us look into a different aspect of contact, that being assimilation of one's mind into another's.

There are actually four separate ways of mental contact. The first is individual, or solitary contact. The purpose of this is to come into the knowledge and conversation of your other selves, those being your lower self, and your higher self, or as many will understand, your Holy Guardian Angel. So much has been printed on this that there is nothing I can add. Let us go on to the other methods.

1.) BI-MENTAL CONTACT. For this exercise, you shall locate a quiet place where you have someone in the room with you. They are not to be told of your plans but allowed to continue whatever it is they are doing. A library or den has a minimum of interference and would be perfect. Sit down and begin to concentrate of the person. At any given time, the breath in its depth and rhythm shows the vibration in which the person exists. Tune in to the rise and fall of the person's chest, and accordingly, start breathing in unison with him/her. Now close your eyes and picture the person in front of you. After several seconds, open the eyes and check your breathing to see if it is still matching that of your partner. Close the eyes and visualize again. Now slowly and deliberately modify the breathing either by speeding up or slowing down. While performing this, visualize your partner's breath following yours. Now open your eyes and see if what you have visualized has occurred. If not, try it again. This practice takes quite a while to perform consciously, though we do it unconsciously every day. Once you succeed, you will be able to feel the other person and doing so, have the ability to "read their mind" so to speak. Even greater than this, though, is the understanding you receive from this other being.

2.) GROUP MENTAL CONTACT. This exercise applies to those of you who have a group you work with or close friends who would openly experiment. To begin, everyone should form a circle and after sitting on the floor, join hands. If the group is mixed, you should have alternate sexes sitting together. One person should become the focus point in the beginning and begin rhythmic breathing. The rhythm can be from the four-fold breath (four count inhale - one count pause - four count exhale - one count pause) to the highest, or Master Rhythm (which is 7-1-7-1). With the Master Rhythm, you are tuning yourself in to the Master Thought or the Geoc Entity. The group should follow the leader until it becomes natural, at which point everyone should close their eyes. After five minutes of this, the group mind has been manifested and the results are obvious. Each one has taken in all the others, and the power charge works wonders to all. I

have been involved in various group workings similar to this and the varieties are endless. For example, it is also possible to chant the Master Rhythm, "YAT-HA-AH-HU-VAI-RI-O" while exhaling, and depending on the speed of the rhythm the results differ. Slowing the rhythm brings calmness, a sense of well-being and serenity. OM is also a good example of this type. I have been involved with a group who prefers to stand and holding hands, begins a chant and dances around in a circle, going faster and faster until exhausted, whereby we fell to the ground in a near hysterical state of awareness. This is the faster rhythm and is easier for Westerners to accomplish than the slower one because we are prone to faster vibrations here. Other examples include clapping of hands, body swaying and stomping of feet. There are many more and I leave you in charge of your own imagination.

3.) **MAGICKAL MENTAL CONTACT.** My words here are directed to the couple interested in mind awareness and expansion, as well as assimilation of emotions between themselves. By couple, I am referring to male (+) and female (-) or the opposite polarities. It is this mixing of polarity that brings about growth and understanding between the magickal couple and is considered High Magick in many circles. There are Magickal Contacts available to persons of the same sex, though of a totally different nature than these presented here, and I have not the space or total understanding to say more about this now. To begin with, let the couple arrange themselves on the floor in a cross-legged position. The removal of clothes in this example is optional, and is recommended only for comfort and freedom. Move close together in your lotus so that the knees touch. The man holds his hands outstretched, palms upward and the woman places her palms down onto his. Focusing attention on the third eye, you both begin the four-fold breathing techniques mentioned earlier. After several minutes, the focus will start to go out and features will be diminished. As this happens, you will both become fairly warm. The aura will be available for inspection at this point, though any conscious attempt to focus on it will destroy the assimilation process. Soon you will feel the bliss state that is yours whenever you wish it. The more you go into each other, the higher you get on each other. I doubt there is anything more beautiful than to see a Magickal couple involved in Mental Connection. Variations exist, and include such things as the Magickal Kiss, the Magickal Trade, and the Magickal Congrex. All of these things need explanation and I close now to contemplate their word structure for future issuance. Shine on Young Star!

Next month's monograph will be the final release to the public in this cycle. The serious student is, however, invited and encouraged to contact us for further research and information in the subject of his choice. We offer no initiations or Workings of the Grades, but rather, a free-form course of instruction and reflection suited to the individual. No payment of fees is expected for this or will they be accepted.

Presentation should be made with a short outline of your interests and information desired, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope in which we will forward to you our reply or monograph. Address presentations to The Daliniated Press, c/o The Occult Digest, P.O. Box 11074, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

STELLAR INFLUENCES
by Toni Meier

- SEPT. 7 $\odot \delta \delta$. Day of high activity. Don't over-exert. ♀ goes into Ω .
- SEPT. 10 $\text{♀} \Delta \Psi$. Strange revelation of love. Confused romantic notions. Creativity stimulated.
- SEPT. 12 $\odot \square \text{♃}$. Things go slow. Older people or ways influence the day. Avoid dealings with large establishments.
- SEPT. 15 $\text{♂} \square \text{♃}$. Action on old or forgotten projects. You hear from someone from the past.
- SEPT. 16 $\text{♀} \square \text{♃}$ AND δ . Watch out for arguments and negative thinking!
- SEPT. 19 $\odot \delta \text{♀}$. Ideas come quickly, mind agility increased.
- SEPT. 21 ♀ goes into ♁ .
- SEPT. 22 \odot enters ♁ . AUTUMNAL EQUINOX
- SEPT. 24 $\odot \delta \text{♁}$. Dynamic potential for today. Follow through on ideas.
- SEPT. 27 $\text{♁} \delta \text{♀}$. Deceit in emotional affairs. Self-deceit also. Analyze your thoughts.
- SEPT. 30 ♂ enters ♁ .

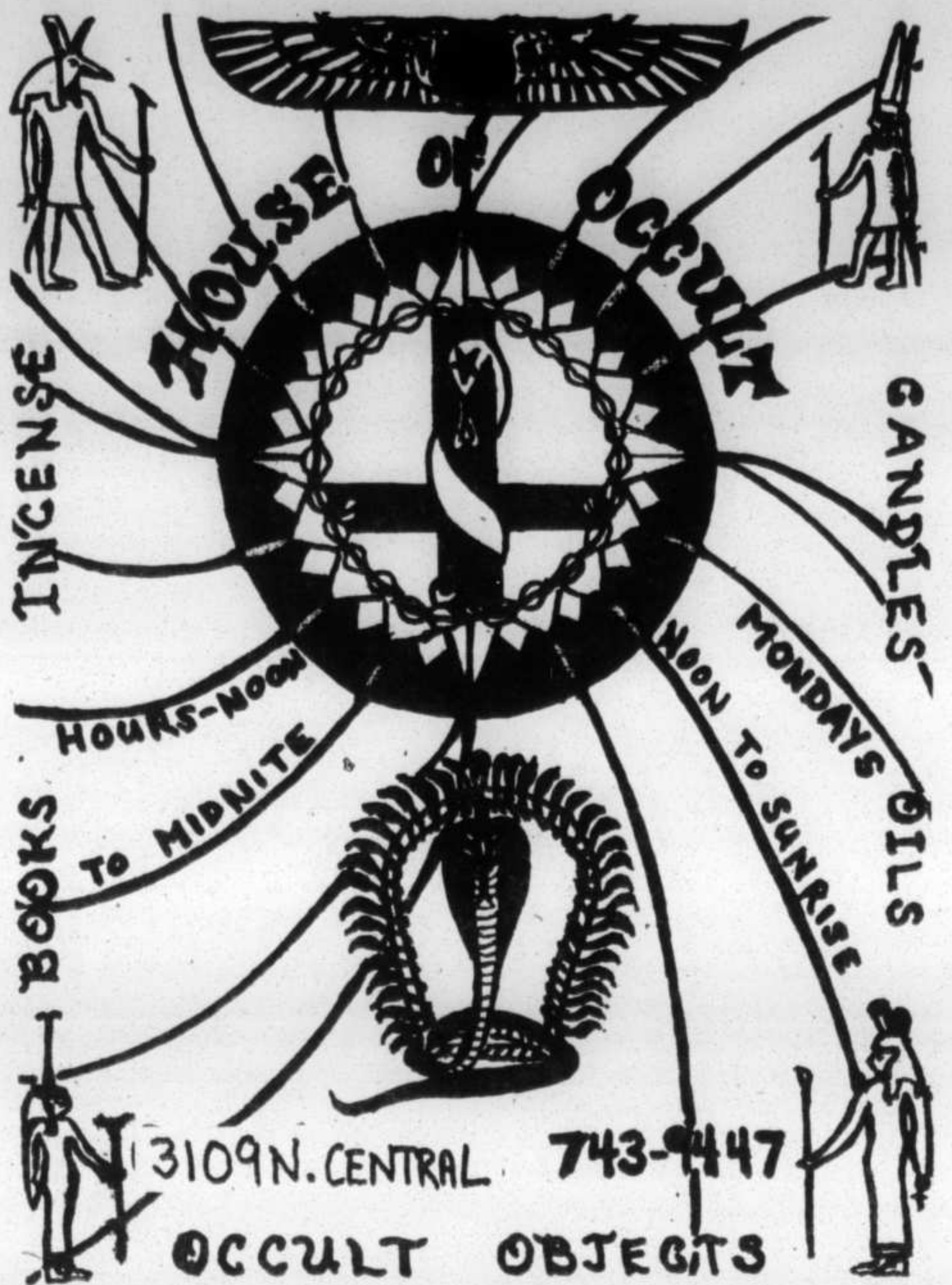
Ms. Toni Meier, Astrological Consultant for the Occult Digest. Contact this publication for information.

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JEWELRY of SILVER & BRASS
INCENSE OILS CANDLES
POSTERS BLACK LIGHTS



The Demon of Greed and the treasure-hunting fool.

The Mead of Odhraerir

Cont from page 4

was beneficial due to the fact that its practice must be an effort in the line of greatest resistance. In fact the terms in which his law was expressed show that this Prophet has an extraordinary development of the aesthetic faculty and a weak Conscience. This is as it should be; others who follow him as his disciples, must be similarly constituted.

To understand the words of the Masters one must have a sincere longing for Freedom. One must escape the sway of habit by breaking up the connections between the senses, disassociating the feelings from thoughts and from volitions, so that the powers which reside in each one of the faculties shall operate independently and each being shall come to full self-consciousness of its own. Mankind will then perceive that consciousness is an affair of the cosmos and will administer the Cosmic Sacrament as an enlightened High-priest of Reality.



The author Mr. C.F. Russell has been active in western occult circles for many years. He was a pioneer with many new interpretations of the Yi-King and various forms of magic. He is currently retired in California where he is writing his autobiography. It is available in three volumes at ten dollars per volume. The autobiography and his other works are available from Gilberts Bookstore 6278 Hollywood Blvd Hollywood California 90028

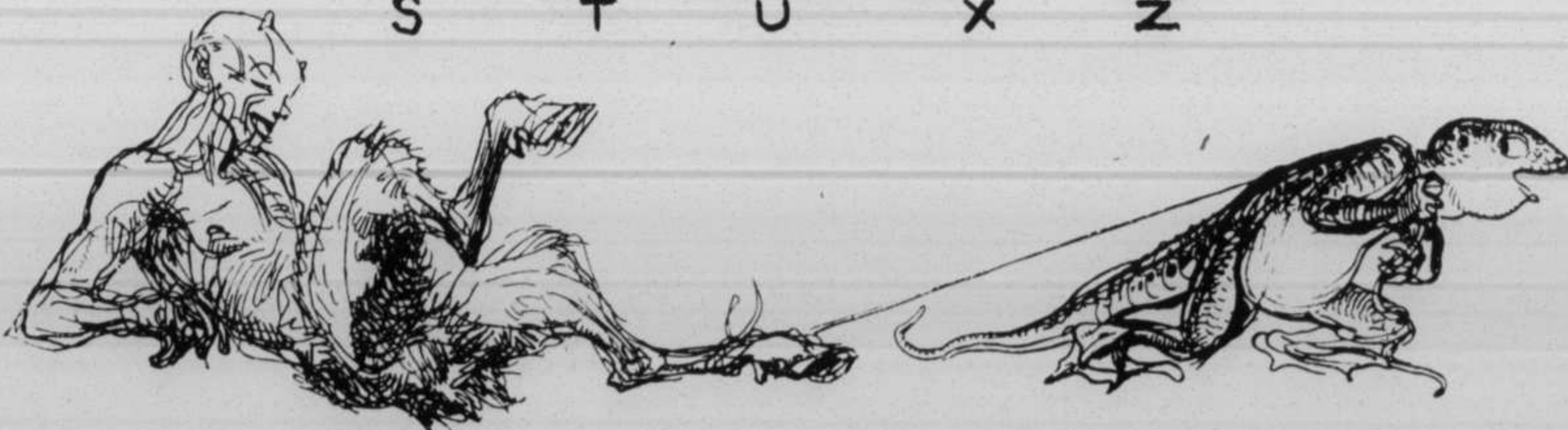


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