

TOYS OF JUPITER?

THE JEFFERSON MARKET GEOACTIVE ZONE

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I first became aware of the astral/material oddity of the Jefferson Market triangle in 1977 but thought that the incident which I experienced there was part of a flow of “supernatural” incidents I was experiencing in context of ufo investigations.

I incorporated this slightly memorable incident – which is basically a mild version of a “man in black” experience – into a first draft of my book on “Sorcery and the UFO Experience” and then did not think about it frequently.

But in 1990 at a Thanksgiving party, I heard a tale of an odd mirage experienced at the intersection of Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue. I was interested in this anecdote because the location of my previous “man in black” experience – which involved a sinister voice speaking to me of personal details from a payphone which had been ringing as I passed – had occurred on a traffic island about one half block from the site of the mirage experience.

During the alleged mirage – which occurred in 1988 – the traffic along Sixth Avenue seemed to disappear to the eyes of several witnesses, then reappearing a few moments later.

I had a mildly skeptical reaction to this mirage anecdote. It happened that my new residence – after moving back into Manhattan from upstate New York – was about three blocks from the three way intersection at Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue. This was not planned. This was simply the fortuitous apartment which opened up for me amid the great NYC apartment renovation scramble of the 1990's.

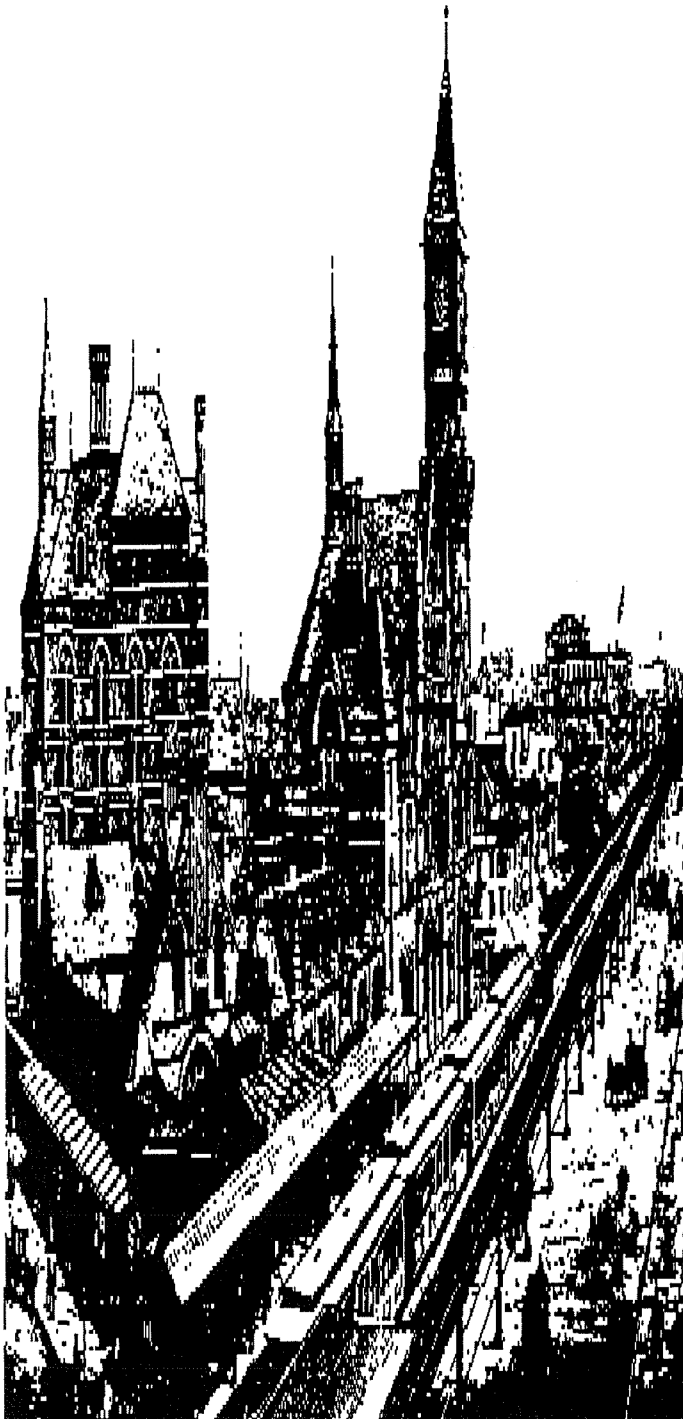
There is a haircut business at Tenth Street and Sixth Avenue and one day I had gone in on the spur of the moment to get my hair cut. I had an odd experience when I looked into the mirror as my hair was being trimmed. I did not exactly see myself but saw the visage of a different person: a woman about ten years older than myself and with a world-weary face.

As this was happening, I ran a ‘reality check’ on myself. Were the overhead florescent lights making me look older? Was I actually tired and cynical that day? Etcetera. However, when I got up from the chair to walk to the front counter and pay the barber I spontaneously turned to the side and glimpsed myself in another mirror – wherein I saw a normal reflection.

Then as I approached the cash register it became apparent to me that one of the barbers was having trouble making the machine work. My barber stepped up to him and said: “Here, let me touch it. It sometimes starts to work when I touch it.”

It did start to work when she touched it. So I paid for the haircut, tipped her and exited the shop without commenting on the apparition I had seen while she was working on my hair.

Since this shop is only two blocks from the intersection of



Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue where the other odd, marginally supernatural events had occurred, my interest in the area itself began to activate. I do not remember exactly when I began to assume that the Jefferson Market area was actually an approximately triangular "geoactive" zone and to study it as such. But it was shortly after the incident at the barber shop and a few other incidents in the area which involved oddly "significant" totals on cash registers.

I recalled also the words of the realtor who had negotiated the lease on my new apartment adjacent to the Jefferson Market area: "People looking for apartments in this area usually find exactly what they are looking for. I've noticed that."

It seems that in my simple quest for a convenient city residence I had blundered (or perhaps accurately dowsed myself) into a "wishing well" zone which facilitates astral/material manifestation.

It is an interesting fact that all buildings within the Jefferson Market triangle are commercial or public property locations and that residential dwellings (mainly occupied by out of towners seeking their fortune in Greenwich Village) are found only on the periphery of this approximately three block square area. Things seem to be "processed" here in the astral/material sense. An artist with a dream may actually sell a picture to a tourist with a similar dream who has come into the market area to attend a weekend street fair.

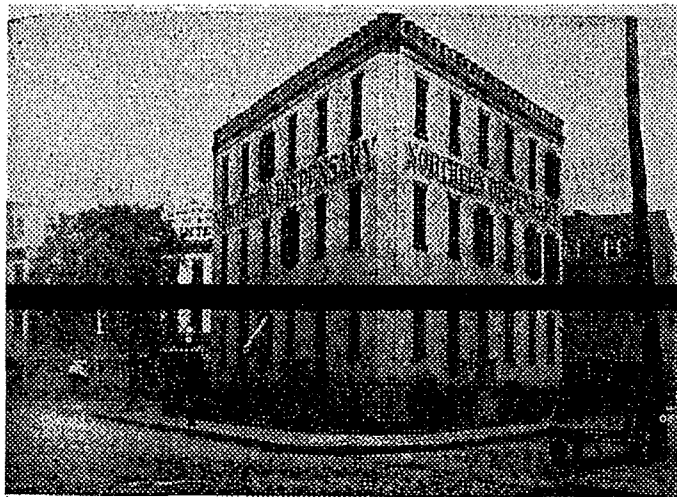
Deliberate mental magick is not actually so simple transactionally but the "dream for dream" example will give a handle on the materialization facility of the area — which is also useful for such brief, mentally-triggered events as reconciliations and the inception of business and marriage contracts. The key to positive use of such an area by an "aware" individual is the image of sales, planning and material shifts of destiny. But since the occult activation is astral/material, the aware individual should not remain within the area indefinitely or a great number of reconciliations and beginnings will accumulate without any long term continuation.

I found—for example—that toward the end of my three year residence in the area a number of "prizes" and "bargains" had begun to fill my small apartment. I had won travel clocks, radios and other such gew gaws and had found fantastic deals on TV's, silverware and jewelry. But since I am not a magpie I really had no basic use for all these trinkets which had been so easy for me to acquire on a casual whim.

On another level: I did manage to transact various contracts, sales and personal reconciliations which are positive, not entirely material and will stay with me as continuation when I do reside elsewhere.

Since the idea of an active magickal and/or geoactive zone within an urban environment may be a completely novel idea to people used to thinking of these areas as obscure locations in the mountains or at sea, I have fused diverse aspects of my study of the Jefferson Market area in a concise form which will help the reader to grasp the situation.

Once an area has been perceived as an astral/material "hot spot", one of the first questions which arises is: "Is there underground water?"



After research in the local library, which is conveniently located within the zone in question, I can verify that the land which is now the Jefferson Market area was once a marsh. In fact: the library itself was once a fire tower with waterworks attached beneath.

As I researched the history of this marsh area, I learned that a distinctive triangular building called the Northern Dispensary had once been the far northern marker of the small village at the tip of Manhattan Island. This building is maintained as a historical site and is located only one block from the address I occupied during my residence on Waverly Place at the edge of the Jefferson Market triangle area.

It seems that there must have been a "reason" for building a triangular hospital building just at the edge of a geoactive area. Perhaps the early residents of the island knew of the unusual astral activity in the marsh and were setting up a "marker" building to indicate the near northern edge of this area. We can never know for sure since many architects and masons have used geomancy in their planning without indicating overtly the actual occult reason for setting a building at a certain orientation.

It is an interesting fact that the famed writer on the supernatural Edgar Allen Poe once lived on West Third Street not far from the Jefferson Market area. In historical records, it is documented that he was once treated for a cold at the Northern Dispensary clinic.

Possibly Poe, whose long term residence in the city was on West Eighty-Fourth Street, had an "aware" reaction to the astral/material "hot spot" and moved uptown.

In January 1992, I "walked aware" around the perimeter of this zone and took color photographs. On one of the photos, taken at the intersection of Seventh Avenue and Fourth Street facing Northeast, an unusual aerial shape is seen. This looks like a cross between a large dark bird and a wind instrument such as a saxophone or tuba.

There is nothing evil or sinister about the unusual image on the photo. It is just inexplicably "there". I thought that it might be a plastic bag somehow distorted by an updraft. But when it is magnified, no mundane object appears, only the shape of the flying horn.

In October of 1990, during the first Halloween celebration I experienced while living adjacent to the Jefferson Market, an unusual thought occurred to me. I was returning from watching the annual Halloween parade on Sixth Avenue when I felt that I was in the presence of Cernunnos, the ancient horned god.

In the OCCIDENTAL MYTHOLOGY volume of his series entitled THE MASKS OF GOD, Joseph Campbell states that in the Irish epics Cernunnos is called the Dagda, from "dago devas", the "Good God."

But I did not have any idea of this complex reference as I returned in my red alchemical costume from the 1990 Halloween parade. I knew only that the name had come to mind and that I remembered he was a horned god. In fact: Cernunnos wears the antlers of a stag and not the goat's horns. In ancient statues and carvings he may carry on his arm a sack of abundance from which a river of grain proceeds.

But in the Irish epics he is also a kind of clown who figures in various tales involving his caldron from which "no company ever went unthankful". According to legend, his incredible stew both restored the dead and produced poetic inspiration.

Perhaps the flying horn on the photo taken in January 1992 is the horn of Cernunnos. If so, the Dagda of the Jefferson Market triangle has been kind to me. He has allowed me to see certain aspects of his existence but has also left his operative image incomplete. Who knows what might be at the bottom of the stewpot, under the layers of concrete and at the source of the springs which once fed the marshland?

There was a jail located just behind the old water tower which is now the Jefferson Market library and, of course, the fire alert which was rung from the tower was a warning of disaster, not an angelus. Cernunnos in the old Celtic folk tales is often represented as an old clown who can be tricked into eating and drinking entire carloads of cattle and mead and it is clear that some of the transient inmates of the West Village jail must also have met that description – even after the old jail became the women's house of detention.

Now the jail building has been destroyed and the area sports a community flower garden. Possibly this represents one of the bountiful transformations of old Cernunnos.

The shape in the "flying horn" photo also resembles a cornucopia. According to BULFINCH'S MYTHOLOGY, young Jupiter broke off one of the horns of a goat belonging to the daughters of King Melisseus of Crete, endowed it with magic powers and gave it to the women who had been his nursemaids.

The concept of this magic horn of plenty does seem to correlate with the "wishing well" quality of the area which may cause a great many bargains, deals and reconciliations to pile up within the chambers of the "aware" individual who decides to utilize the astral/material transfer capacities of this unique urban geoactive zone. But if the aware individual remains too long within this zone, s/he may end up at the bottom of a stewpot with the Dagda or meet the mature god Jupiter, who was a crafty shapechanger and had the power of thunder.

Indeed, the "flying horn" hovers in the sky much like a thunder cloud. Or is this odd shape really a flying horn? I see it as such because I am familiar with jazz music and cornucopias but

another person might see it as an unidentified "demonic" emblem surrounded by a red "aura." The reddish outline of the dark aerial cornucopia is quite visible when the shape is enlarged.

While living adjacent to the Jefferson Market geoactive zone, I did experience a "night hag" presence which occasionally woke me in the early hours of the morning. This entity either was earthbound due to a form of insanity caused by poverty and abandonment or was deliberately trying to instill in me a negative self-image. Perhaps it was the "night hag" which I saw in the barbershop mirror and which initially prodded my curiosity and caused me to deliberately investigate the area.

If so: she may have been an "aware" individual who became fascinated with the preternatural "cornucopia/casino" quality of the geoactive zone – only to find that an easy avalanche of bargains and reconciliations is not completely satisfying in the long term. A topological analogy to this situation is simply that junctions in the road are useful, a place to turn around, visit a mall, or switch directions – but a road of continual junctions is not useful for a long journey.

Thus: the triangular shape of the old Northern Dispensary clinic may have been both a symbol of healing and a warning that there was something unusual about the marshland located directly North of the original Village on the tip of Manhattan Island.

