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LETTER TO BILL I

We did not realise that we might inconvenience you at this particular time of the year; so we will postpone the visit until you are more able to receive us. However, we would be delighted to meet you if you have any spare time during your forthcoming visit to London. I dig Jaqueline Murray also, she is quite a cat, man. I have never met her though, although I seem to remember something about the Atlantean Society, and a book published under the title of 'Daughter of Atlantis'. My only conclusion at the time was amazement at the number of books written by women who are interested in magic that either have the words 'daughter' or 'priestess' in the title. The trouble with women occultists as a whole, seems to be that they either have to be a blood relative of the Gods or at least the direct channel. Come to think of it, it seems to work out in mythology also. Still, I would rather have a sybil for a girl friend than a subtopian housewife any day. About this daughter thing though, I wonder what Freud would have made of that one.

I cannot foresee any future catastrophe for humanity as yet. The bomb, earth tilts, major mutations of the 'flu virus, anything like that is very unlikely to knock Adam off. My only fear for the future is based upon an insidious revolution that is now taking place, the march of the machines and machine man. I had an horrifying experience some time ago, when I had an opportunity to observe the technocratic mind of someone who had very nearly stopped functioning as a human being. He was literally turning into a biological computer, bunged tight with anagramic problems. Every human relationship had to be based upon strict logical control, and emotion was obviously unnecessary, if not positively unscientific. Love, and he was thirty years old, had not entered his life. For that matter I doubt if he ever felt sex... This is what worries me. All the bright boys and girls specialising, becoming good careerists, experts upon technology of any sort yet remaining like a rather ponderous child underneath it all. I don't mind admitting that it frightens me, and I have vague fears for the world. I don't think this type will ever destroy the world, but I do think that they will organise it out of existence. I personally can only say to the Julain Huxley's, the Congress of Mathematicians and the thousands like them, 'A pox on 'ee, I'll spite thee yet,' First there was man then man and machine, then machine and man, then only machine. It doesn't bear thinking about.

I found the Akashics difficult to contact at first, then once I found what I was seeking, the information trickled through, then grew steadily into a flood. The whole point about contacting anything I suppose, is to keep on at the one subject, or at least find a link between one thing and another before changing. Fortunately for me, my subject is one that covers the history of Western humanity, therefore I can afford to change from one century to another without too much loss. (Concieted as it sounds, it is all a matter of opening a channel, and being single minded about what you want. Typical Aquarian doctrine).

My apologies for the remark about 'image fixed minds', my intention was to remark upon the conceptual state of the old lady brigade who smother any spiritualist meeting. They appear to think that the next world is absolutely like this one, complete with stocks and shares and servants. Obviously the planes are just the same as this one. We all interpret them as forms and images, since that is necessary to the way we think, but in actual fact, reality is the better word for the other planes, they are all force, irrespective of what interprets them and how. We cannot conceive of force as being just that, our sense of reality will not let us, so we put them into forms and images that appeal to us personally. Nothing is so unreal than the reality that surrounds us. In certain states of hypersuggestion, the human mind can and does create anything that it sees fit as its own personal reality. The only difference between the visionary and the schizophrenic is in the emotional state. Even that, if we are to believe the Catholic church's claims for some of its saints, is a negligible difference. St. Augustine was a case in point, capable of speaking of the love of God one moment, and destroying the work of God the next. St. Ignatus (also the founder of the Jesuits) who was the father of the Inquisition, was also another visionary... When I am dead, I shall go to another place that myself and my ancestors created. Without their work it would not exist, since in my opinion, for many eons of time the human spirit had no abode, then finally be desire to survive created the pathway into the other worlds. Nothing is got by doing nothing, and whatever we do now creates the world in which we exist tomorrow. The same applies to death, what we have created in thought, we create in that other reality. Desire, as you know probably better than I, was the very first of all created things.

Whoa back, Billy boy. Who said anything about contacting the forces of nature? That sort of witchcraft belongs to the Shaman, not to us. Natural forces are means to us, not ends, and that sort of stuff died out with the primitives, Scotch hill farmers and all that. The sort of stuff we practice has little or nothing in common with pantheism at that level. To the best of my knowledge it has been out since the twelfth century at least, along with the group release of the primitive in tribal ecstasies, we have about as much in common with it as we have with Catholicism, for that matter, more in common with Catholicism. That was primarily the reason for me being a little bit uppity about the explanation of the origin of the circle. I suppose I had better tell you a little bit about the history of the craft as I know it.. This may not be necessarily correct, but it has a lot of historical backing. (Assumes heavy and pedantic attitude, clears throat, ruffles through notes and begins...) In the twelfth century, the Roman Catholics and the paganism of the country side were well and truly mingled, and each tolerated the other. But just before and during the first Crusade, emissaries or wandering pilgrims from Persia landed in both Britain and Ireland, and what they had to teach was a development upon the craft at that time. They had been forced to flee from the east by the triumph of Mohammedism and they knew the real mystery tradition of the Greeks, since the Pythagoreans and others went to them after the triumph of the Christians. The druidic and bardic orders of Britain and Ireland were converted to the new order, and it is with this that the Horned God comes into the ascendancy. Unfortunately, the Christians saw this new wave of thought as a threat to the established church, and with the reformation staring at Cluny, began the great persucution that

delayed the rise of western Europe for another three hundred years. The highest pagan ethic of the twelfth century was better and more defined than the best of the Christians, unfortunately Christianity and ignorance won. It is probably from the same source as the Persians that the Qabbala was derived, since quite a few years ago Waite traced it very nicely to Spain at that period. Hence the real witches and yourself have more in common than is generally realised. We have a tree system that is actually based upon trees, but meditational devices and all that are quite similar in many respects. If you would like to take a really good look at the Tarot, you will see my points about (a) knowledge travelling, and (b) the complexity of paganism at its best. All this stuff about the Great God Pan, nature worship, Gods of Fire, fertility dances and all that died in the official circles after the twelfth century. Pantheism still exists, but it is the lesser force for a witch of my tradition, not the greater. We are not people who want to join in the worship of Dionysus, losing ourselves in a welter of untrained emotion, shouting 'Evoh, evoh ha' from hilltops. We have our own disciplines and our own symbology and as much as we can believe it, we think we might be the last to possess the real mysteries of the past. Where everybody goes wrong is in believing that because sex was and still is used as part of an ancient ritual, we must therefore belong to the God Pan and all that codswallop about his ewes. I would advise anybody before following this particular idea to have a very good look at Osiris, and ask why the Pythian priestess sat on a tripod over a snake in the earth. You see, basically a second tradition of thought has been lost, a dual tradition in which nothing was as it appeared. This was the real secret behind the mysteries, and dancing peasants have very little in common with that philosophy. Witches did not die because they believed that their death would fertilise the soil, but to buy time by sacrifice, they did not dance around a circle to imitate the passage of the seasons, but to loosen their astro-physical bodies, and they did not die upon the stake in a belief that their magic alone made the sun come up, but because they would rather die than confess the truth of what they knew. The emotional cathartic atmosphere of a modern witch meeting would make them laugh, then feel slightly annoyed, since to a witch silence, intent and will are everything. Nature worship is a thing that belongs to genuine peasants or to twee old ladies at borderline medicine associations, nature worship to me is a part, not a whole.

I was vastly interested in your account of nature possession. For my money I would say that the hand of the Gods is upon you. They have chosen you for something and they will not let you go lightly. Through poetry the Great Ones speak, through poetic inference they teach. The invocation of fire interests me although experts tend to believe that the God of Fire was one of the witch gods, this is not strictly true. Like yourself we have the four elements that we evoke, and fire and your Michael are one and the same thing. We use him for purification at the simple level, and for higher symbolic work at the others. I have been in the prescence of fire at an elemental level, and have seen things burst into flame, he is not a faithful servant at that level. I only wish I could tell you how to continue

The English peasantry shouted "E.O.I.A.U., EOIAU - poor neddies work is done, EOIAU" My mother can remember them doing this whilst pulling a plough with a garland round it. Join that tradition to Set and Osiris, read the "Golden Ass" and you will get a clear idea of what we believe in.

your ritual (but my word forbids me) because I have a feeling that you and I will be one the same side before it is all finished. However from my point of view, the blank verse is a mantram, not a ritual. Work in silence, treading the mill, will does it all, is the way we work, and we get results. I have crossed the moat and into the spiral castle, and seen and heard some strange things. Last samhuin, all of us had that sense of terror that denotes 'virtue' and strangely enough I could not hear anything except the crying of a baby. It was months before the answer came to that one and when it did come it was quite breath taking. When you do get your full suit of invokations, remember that the Queen of Spades is the trump.

There is also a release of electro-magnetic energy from sourging. That and the decayed adreneline probably produce about anything they want to produce. The peculiar thing about the 'Aradia' though, is the fact that it is a fertility rite, and for human fertility! The sacrament of bread and salt however, seems to be capable of working up into something like a true rite. Leyland knew a lot about witchcraft, in fact he spent many years studying it in Italy, the fraud laid in the claim he made for sequence, not in the actual subject matter. It was not so much his writing that told me this, but his illustrations to another book 'Roman and Etruscan Remains'.

I have come across one of the elementals who disapproved of us everything went wrong and we had some horrible things happen for a while, but on the other hand we have sat quietly and seen physically, small lights appear and move around the room, and Jane once even 'lit up' with a flickering blue flame. Who said that fairies not no how, don't exist?

Thanks for the map reading, my birth date was correct to the best of my knowledge, but, and this is a big but for the Astrologer, I was born for at least three days before the final parting, owing to a mishap during parution. I was a bit in and a bit out, so this might make some difference to the reading. Basically the reading is accurate, although fire and I are not in oppositon since I was once even a blacksmith in a foundary. However the diseases of fire to affect me. The reason why you keep on sensing this feeling of the bridge, is because it is an essential part of the magical system we practice. Without a bridge, witches of our sort are nothing. The dangers from Pluto are appreciated, this again is something to do with our system. Both Jane and I are supposed to be psychic, been examined and approved for training by a very august spiritualist body, didn't like our religion though so we parted. We can do nearly everything that the sensetives are supposed to do except speak in little girls voices or xenoglossy. I was even supposed to be a good materialising medium, and have a little evidence to prove it. Still enough of myself. My weak point is that I adore talking about me, egocentric nit that I am. I will do a reading for you, ala my own method.

We eat anything, cat and all if you don't put him out of the way in time, but tell Bobby not to worry, we will not be coming for tea, neither will we be more than four.

Thanks a lot for the address, we will use it when the article is finished, that is, if it ever gets written. The group is agin it, says it will have to tell too much in order to prove various points

and that they don't like, secretive lot that they are. As far as I am concerned I could shout the truth from the roof trees, and only those who would understand would know it was the truth, and those I would call brother, but the group say NO!, and although in some ways I have power over them, they also have power over me, and this is one of their decisions.

Thanks alot though, very kind of you.

We must try and meet, since I feel that there is something we will have to do together sooner or later, very vague though.

Regards,

Roy

LETTER TO BILL II

Thanks ever so for the missive. We enjoyed meeting you, and as you say, it was like renewing an old friendship. It definitely was Germany, the moment I saw you I started to remember something but then it vanished. I wonder, did we leave a kettle on the boil in our last round? It was a bit like that feeling...

I will try and get to the lecture given by Sandra, I am not certain but I think that I will be required to drop down dead as a demonstration of her magical powers. Easily enough done for a joke, but the old lady brigade will certainly faint if we tried it. Incidentally, J. Murray appears from my gentle probing to be a case of potential hysteria, I wonder if we can straighten her out a bit, before it gets too big a hold? I honestly felt the approach of a mental disturbance, not actually mental but emotional to be more specific. It worries me a bit, I will have to run around in circles to find out more. Anyway I will be there for the lecture.

I think we have been brought together again for a purpose also... The way I see it is that you are children of the sun, we are children of the moon... you are light... we are dark... you are open... we are secretive... your brand of magic deals in intellectual truth, our brand (sounds like a bloody detergent advertisement) deals with the essential nature of illusion. Yet above all this we seek the same final truths, the same finality of expression and experience. It is really amazing the way our rituals come together at so many points. (been reading 'Mystical Qabala) and then wind off again into our respective worlds. There must be a middle pillar that we can both ascend, a place where the moon and the sun can both shine together in the miday/midnight sky... sounds as if I might have unconsciously discovered it, a very good description of the real Inner Planes.

You know then why we are reluctant to do anything about dis-integrating the image of your mother. It if was me, (and I have walked the lonely path of near insanity at one time), I would use the same process now as I did then, look outwards, love everything and everybody, get as near to the earth as you can, and achieve equilibrium with your past. Ignore what is going on, and force yourself to get out and meet people, accepting them for what they are. The power that possessed me vanished with this treatment, and a terrible power it was... violence, death and destruction possessed me, and I was a walking threat to anything or anybody. It it hadn't been for my beloved Jane, I would have eventually really tangled with the Law and gone down fighting rather than be taken prisoner. The broken nose and the scars upon my face are constant reminders of the time when it was easier for me to kick out and fight about anything in order to avenge my outraged sensitivity. There seemed to be nothing but horror and destruction in the world and it was pure anger at war and the bestiality of war that made me a wild animal myself. There is always a path back, my love for Jane was my path back. I think that your love for your chosen field will bring you back, and Bobbie will hold the torch that will guide you. We will try and give you all the power we can in your lonely fight.

Surprisingly enough , someone from the St. Alban's mob phoned me just after I had recieved your letter and news about Charlie Cardell. They apparently have cursed him formally and with intent, but for my money he will go from strength to strength on that alone they havn't got any power worth speaking of. I have heard from various sources that Charlie is quite a naughty boy in many things and is well on his way to becoming the Tarot fool at its lowest representation. I think he will destroy himself eventually, but before he goes down he will try and drag everybody that is around him down with him. Still the Watchers and the Hounds will be after him soon, and they when the Horn is sounded are truly terrifying. I honestly feel sorry for Doreen Valiente though, she is getting the blame for events that took place a few years before she appeared upon the scene. Gardner was, in my estimation, and in the estimation of other people who are in the possession of the apostolic 'breath' an out and out fake, who through various degenerate habits first came into this field. He was in various occult movements around London before the war and is reported as asking around as to the whereabouts of the 'witches'. Nobody could help him, and then after the war he published a crude novel 'High Magicks Aid' which was absolute nonsense with a strong flavour of sexual deviation. From this novel he went on the game of writing books about witchcraft, and became an 'authority' who in turn started his original group somewhere in Southern England, then came the St. Albans people, then various other groups. No real authority except maybe one, ever accepted Gardner as being the genuine article. However according to my information dating some years ago, Cardell was initiated himself by Gardner, then quarreled over something or the other (presumably inflated ego) and they parted. They have all made the one fatal mistake of believing that witchcraft was the relics of a fertility religion, and misunderstanding the phallic rite that the puritans were so horrified by. I am not supposed to explain this to anyone except a female witch, but for this purpose I will consider you as a witch and as a female, either that or Bobbie will have to read this explanation. Here goes the, the real explanation behind the apparent phallicism of the witch cult.

To begin any work, like yourself, we go to Kether, Tiphareth, Yesod and Malkuth. It is with the Malkuth however that we walk the bridge and open the Gate. Hermes is the Guide at this point. Now in spite of 'historical' evidence, Hermes was NOT a God that was phallic, but essentially the Guide through the Underworld, Kay of Castle Arianrhod. Phallicism does come into it, but historians, antiquarians and foolish wouldbe witches have misinterpreted it. Remember I have always said that in witchcraft nothing is as it appears. The rituals in which the male and female generative organs were used were rituals of (a) Magick, (b) Death, (c) Ressurrection, in the sense that virtue, our word for power, can be passed from one person to another (now you know why witches must pass from male to female). This virtue originally was given to 'Hecate' by union with Saturn. They between them produced a Son 'Hermes', now he by combining his function with that of the Guide, generated in the female witch virtue by the same process, she in turn passes it to the male warlock. Now remember that each piece of witch philosophy has many different interpretations, and is never quite what it seems to be, and I will leave you to work it out from there.

They in spite of their many names, are all aspects of the Two Pillars, or as we call it, the knife and the cord. This ritual can be actually carried out with certain reservations, or else it can be transmuted into another form, which is the process we use. Obviously the near savage villagers of the past used the most obvious form, we are of the twentieth century and we do not. But from this piece of esoteric knowledge, you will find many beliefs about witches and their attributes. I for instance, cannot die until I have passed my virtue on, I carry within my physical body the totality of all the witches that have been in my family and their virtue for many centuries. If I call upon my ancestors, I call upon forces that are within myself and exterior, now you know what I mean when I speak of the burden of time. This is why witches lose their power when blooded by an outsider, why they float when others sink (virtue is supposed to be the force that lets us fly) Why iron is a good defence against it, since it earths it, why this and why that. However, now to bring you back to male form again... Before we return from our excursion from the underworld, I would like to say that Hermes, Hecate, Saturn are only approximations of what we really mean. Enough said.

I am seriously considering leaving my group and working alone. I may sound dreadfully un-humble, but Jane and I have reached a stage when we can go faster by ourselves. The group is beginning to pull us backwards, and I for one would like to establish a new leader and move on myself. We had a brilliant 'flash of light' recently that may lead to the end of an old era and the beginning of a new for us. The Gods seem to favour us leaving also since they are going their hardest to stop new blood from coming in. We shall see whether it is meant that way or whether the Gods are just saying 'This is what it is like. See! you bumbling little worm'.

That article I have written for New Dimensions has been accepted, and I received the magnificent sum of three nicker... well, well... I suppose now that I am considering moving on, hundreds of very suitable people will want to come crowding in. We have had trouble in the past with various unsuitable types, I once was in charge of a full and balanced coveen, but they wanted to play silly beggars, so I let them (we moved on). Net results broken hearts and broken heads, but they still don't seem to have learned. The last I heard from them was that they had gone over to the Aradia 'since it is so exciting' and have taken a vote to share the women out. Sex and Witchcraft, whee! The messes some people get into over that little bit of flesh. I suppose one cannot make silk purses out of sows ear'oles.

My cat, when waiting to be fed, dances around Jane widdershins with tail up and meowing. Jane suggested that she was chanting 'Eko, Eko Azarack...Eko...Eko...Kiti-Kat!'

Blessings,

Roy and Jane

LETTER TO BILL III

Thanks for your letter. Oh well, so much for J.M. Evidentially she belongs to the 'wanting' group rather than the 'having'...

Agreed as to the phallic basis of the Qabalists Rod. In spite of all the evidence to the contrary, the witches staff or 'stang' as we name it, is not phallic, but has the same position as the Tree of Life in your system, with Knife and Cord as Father and Mother Pillars. Of course the basic meanings are very similar, but the symbology and the use is very different. The Phallus (a symbolical staff made from Alder wood) is quite a different proposition and is very rarely brought into being. It is in fact the handle of the Broom, and has usually been carved to quite interesting traditional patterns. The Broom, we have has a carved face and writing all over it. Kether to Malkuth or Malkuth to Kether, what a thorny remark to make. Obviously one has to replace anything that one takes out, but how this is done is usually one of the deep secrets. The Christians use Divine Love as the input and output, but that is rather a matter for speculation, since disinterested service is rarely without pitfalls. The essence of all magical undertakings is balance, without it anything and everything seems to happen. You and I have a basis for some disagreement here..from what I can gather the Qabalists regard Nature as being limited to a cyclic phenomena with limitations upon the actual scope of the phenomena. Witches would disagree philosophically with this concept, saying that Nature Is, and that whatever Man is so is Nature, since Man and Nature, like Beast and Nature are one and the same thing. All known relationships and many 'unknown' ones are to be found within natural laws. The supernatural never comes into it. The Planes are extensions of the Dark Side of the Moon, where Nature ultimately fails is that Nature is illusion as we see Nature, but not as Nature really is. What a magician of any school would describe as transmutation, is in actual fact, just an increasing perception into the deeper aspects of Nature. All mystical perception is based upon the fact that we go to God, not that God comes to us. There are as many ways of seeing God as there are creations of God, and each individual creation is the Totality, the Hand that Writes as well as the Writing. What is lacking is perception, that is what makes the Path so bloody and so long. Still enough of the Truth department, let us put down the shutters.

Now what are you to do with the charm. I will tell you after the X-ray. One word of warning though, never take anything that a witch says literally, when they have been working on you. We are up to all sorts of psychological trickery, and as I have often remarked, nothing in witchcraft is quite what it appears to be. For my money, though, the charm has already worked. You feel better.

Agreed about whooping it up occasionally, and about the high mindedness of Qabalistic magic. It is too rigid a la Dion Fortune standards, and so inflexible that eventually it will fracture like glass. It is not that the Qabalah recommends this particular attitude, but that some of the practitioners have put unresolved inhibitions and repressions into their interpretation of it. Surely to be good one doesn't have to be constantly moral also? The Vase that is of

the greatest beauty is often the one with some small carelessness in its design, rigid design can be the ruination of an otherwise perfect object. The way we regard 'magick' is that it is a fluid, moving, flowing, force, usually started with a laugh and end in deadly seriousness. For my money Violet(Shrinking?!!!) Firth was obsessed by perfectionism, that (a) she has cheerfully kiboshed the chances of anyone finding joy through the practice of her particular interpretation, and that (b) she was sexually out of balance, hence the perfectionism. In fact some riotous living would have made a different woman out of her, much more human and fluid. Quite apart from Violet Firth though, the menopausal state is usually the motive behind much feminine prudism, and that again has nothing to do with 'Nature', but with unresolved catchments of basic energies. Eileen Garret is my favourite femme terrible, she is without a basic problem anywhere, and absolutely truthful. Which you must admit is really something amongst the dull dreary females of the occult and spiritualist world. (Bobbie and Sandra apart). I don't know about 'glamour' but I do know that genuine friendliness can make for more in a group than anything else.

Whooping it up, part two. Orgiastic behaviour. Oh Brother William, Brother William I am in complete agreement with riots, getting drunk, having big scenes, eating too much, sleeping too much, making love to pretty girls, laughing, poking gentle fun, talking too much, going to bed with the woman you love and then sleeping it all off..... occasionally. I do all these things, but never when I know that they will bring unhappiness in the wake of the general the jolly confusion. Unfortunately the majority of people in our society are incapable of doing any of the above things without being unhappy afterwards. Puritanical inhibition brings some terrible messes in its wake, and the happy playmate of yesterday is quite liable to wake up and brood about hangovers, who said what to him, and lost maidenheads, twentieth century man has no wildness worth talking about and absolutely no spontaneity. He or she is a guilty transgressor once they let things slide for a bit. I personally like the idea of the orgia believing it to be one of the best steam safety valves ever invented by a loving God, but genuine orgies have to be spontaneous in order to work and remain clean. The ones I've been to all wanted (a) sexual performances as a religious ritual accompanied by chanting and words of power (b) as an organised group performance, discussed seriously beforehand, with notes and editorial comments upon performance, endurance, each others sexual deviations, and the partners expectations, 'Who sleeps with who and I bags the prettiest girl'. Honestly they were the sorriest, most morbid inhibited orgies of any time and of anywhere, and there is always someone who is obsessed with whips or 'servants', voyarism, which makes the whole atmosphere as clean as pig manure. Orgies have to be spontaneous if they are to work, and amongst the types who make a practice of them spontaneity is completely unknown. One we went to had all the usual beginnings, and terribly intellectual it was and all, at last someone actually made a pornographic joke and everyone smiled in that nice cultured way that 'clever' people have. Then it was politely suggested that we should all undress, and get drunk. We undressed and got drunk, then someone else lit joss sticks, put a 'hot' record on the player and began the serious business of having an orgy. Jane and I asked for our pants back and left, but from what I was told afterwards, someone actually got up and changed

the record in the middle of it all. All very well if you like copulating on a dusty carpet, but I suffer from hay fever, and get sore knees very quickly. Have an orgy? No thanks, I'm trying to give them up. Used to get through twenty a day at one time.... Happy, happy youth.

I would like to discuss the exorcism with you when we meet, perhaps the second or third week of July.

I agree with the need for a magical association. Now, as you say, what do we do? I suggest that we advertise in the N.D. constantly, and let 'em organise themselves. we will have a minimum of paperwork, disorganise any attempt to organise committees and generally run an introductory service, with a possible draft telling of all the services and organisations we can put them into contact with. Let them find their own levels, and the ones interested in genuine occultism will be known by the signs, the old lady brigade will organise themselves into the usual tea party, and just for kicks we will introduce all the sexual cases to the old ladies, that way we will put one variety off and bring untold excitement to widowed mothers and emasculated men (Honestly, there is a place in the other world where one bloody great tea party goes on and on for all eternity. I think they call it 'Heaven' or some such name). We will have to charge fees for hiring halls, but I will back the advertisements until it gets going. One fly in the ointment, though. Publicity, I hate it. Do you know anyone who would be willing to have their name advertised? (Incidentally, tell D.V. to keep the newspaper reporter away from me, or else I will not be responsible for MR Roberts general health or well being). A few wining and dancing sessions will be a good idea also.

Our cats name is 'Jinxie', otherwise known as Madam, very dignified, plump and aristocratic, but she has a tendency towards gypsy lovers and slumming. Hates my myhna, who hates her. So far the bird is one up, since he got the first bite in. Jinxie wouldn't come in for three days after that event.

Enjoy your holiday. We have got to go to Weymouth, serves me right...

Regards to all

LETTER TO BILL IV

My apologies for not writing before, but events, lethargy and holiday's caught up with me in no uncertain fashion. I hope you will forgive me, otherwise I shall have to charge a damned circle round my bed each night, and ward off your thoughts of indignation (joke).

The second group seems to organising itself around me, people are coming in quite happily from all nations and walks of life. My two apprentices have found others, it would seem, and I have acquired an American who confesses to more than a passing interest in paganism. Factory workers, rough diamonds, schoolteacher, artist, mechanical genius, etc, it looks as if we have the basis for a working group at last. All different types, stars and personalities, but all interested in magic and the God. If we fail to get more women, I shall have to start calling myself a sort of Robin Wod and his merry men, with Jane as Maid Marion. However I cannot see myself taking up archery in order to do the ritual properly (shooting an arrow through a garland of flowers at a distance of forty nine paces. Sun and moon marriage). Still, see what the future will bring. When 'New Dimensions' eventually get round to publishing that article, who knows, a couple of females might get brought in by that. Anyway that is what it was designed for, very tricky, calculated to influence the female rather than the male. See what Bobby picks up from it, and watch reactions for me and I will be your eternal friend.

Sorry we didn't get the chance to visit you when we were on holiday but the bloody distance was too long, and the buses too short. They did a day trip to Glastonbury, but with only a twenty minute stay, and two buses a day to your home town that were distinctly unreliable. So we scrubbed round it, and held a private little ritual on top of Chalbury rings (and very nearly had our heads blown off for our pains--wind and more wind).

Doreen Valiente is still writing to me, but the last letter was so full of questions I had to cry aloud. I wrote and rewrote the bloody answer three times, then scrapped them all and wrote a fourth. I mean what or how can you answer a friendly letter that asks you to explain Arabic influence upon witch thought during the twelfth century, Leyland's inferences from the 'Aradia', the explanation of the four stones of the Universe, and a side question as to the meaning of the Maze? Apart from this, other questions cropped up as to the interpretation of the Sword and Graal, Cauldron and Cup. Jesus Wept! When Doreen goes to town, she really goes to town, and I wrote a short and fusty treatise upon Arabic influence upon modern 'witchcraft' with quotations from a discipline of the Ka'ba which covered about a thousand words, whizzed round the other questions as briefly as I could without actually answering any of them, and prayed for a fair wind to the coasts of France. I shall leave England, I really shall, and flap my way to somewhere that will understand me. Yours sincerely, 'Blue Eyes'.

As per usual, I have quite suddenly dried up on the writing side, so the stream of ideas that would have got both of us out of our respective bug holes, has petered away to a mere barren trickle. I expect the full flush of new ideas will come crowding in when I start work again on Monday, and I aint got any time nohow. She always does this to me, write poetry she whispers, I write poetry, write a great novel she whispers, I write a novel, then I turn round, get hold of her by her doves wings, and bawl in her ear'ole, 'Whatta 'bout the lolly, spondulicks, paper nickers, eh?' and she looks at me with a pitying smile, and sweetly says, 'Art, Dear boy. ART! Is greater than mere material wealth' At that point I wring the muses neck, and have her for dinner ala capon. Well, I either eat her, or go on national assistance. I mean what would you do Guv'ner? No! The bitch has just come to me again and in best blue stocking has said snootily 'Emancipation for Muses, fourty hour week, and three weeks paid holiday. Sorry old chap, but the Muse holiday roster coincided with yours.' And with that she has just marched away, bearing a banner with the inscription of 'Votes for Muses. Muses of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your brains.'

We will be caving in Wales round about October, so we will possibly drop in and see you on our way through. Incidentally we have found a stone age temple in one of the caves. very difficult getting to it though.

Regards,

Roy and Jane

LETTER TO BILL V

Thank God someone has at last understood what I have been driving at in this Troy maze of witches and wizards. Hooray! Paganism is a religious pantheism, a comprehension that Nature is a reflection of the Hands of God, and that God is in Nature complete. Witchcraft, on the other hand, is a science, an occult science with it's own distinct traditions and philosophy that in its lower stages, can be confused with paganism, but in its higher stages can no more be pagan than the Qabbalah. Its origins lie in Paganism, but for that matter so does every other philosophy that is genuinely concerned with the spiritual. For instance the Old Testament's JIEVOAA, is A.O.U.E.I or to put it closer, II.I.E.U.O.A.A.A. which are the sacred vowels of witchcraft. Read them sunwise from Hebrew to Latin and they become the Sacred name of the Sun King, (Jah! IIO. miss two). But apart from this display of erudition, the vowels are the sacred tree sequence of the North, which amount to a statement of the mysteries of witchcraft as opposed to paganism. All this points towards a common magical tradition based upon a transcendant God, not a God of the Sun or the fields, but a God that represents the transcendant spirit of Man the unknown God in fact. The Jews had no actual vowels in their language since to write the sacred Name was blasphemy. The witch holds up five fingers. Now then what is a witch? A witch today is an unlicensed practitioner of the mysteries of witchcraft since there is no longer (apart from one clan in Dorset an unbroken tradition of discipline. What do witches call themselves? They call themselves by the names of their Gods. I am Od's man, since in me the spirit of Od lives. Now you know how that old country dance 'The Goddesses' got its name. Want to argue 'simple old pellars' now? In other words there is only one way of finding the witch, judge them by their works, and their silence. If one who claims he or she is a witch can perform the tasks of witchcraft, that is they can summon spirits and spirits will come. they can turn hot into cold and cold into hot. they can divine with rod. fingers and birds. They can claim the right to omens and have them, above all they can tell the Maze and cross Lethe (all this and many more in our surprise bumper packet). Now what do I call myself? I don't. Witch is as good as any, failing that, 'Fool' might be the better word. I am a child of Tubal Cain, the Hairy One.

Bald mountain and Halloween. Are you sure? The ritual is our hardest and the pace is killing. It is also our most rewarding, the one with the objective phenomena. Last year I sweated fearfully as I heard the crying of a baby, it prophesied a death which came true later that year. Since I do not normally have eyes that see I have to give you others descriptions of some of the things observed. A woman dressed in white pacing with us, a skull from the North, and the many others all seen by the group. Necromancy? Never, just the opening of the castle's gates, these things appear for a short while only, then the big event begins. One cannot cross the Lethe without some heart searching and nail biting. It is hard like this until our Guide appears, then we are through. If you really want to join in with us then I will give you these warnings. Discipline is absolute seven days before, and it means fasting, simple foods without any form of salt, and considerable preparations that concern

the bringing through of various images in a sequence. Really to do it well, I would have to tell you the master keys since I do not think your own will work on our myth. The sequence is Keltic, and since I have been thinking of holding it in Wales instead of the Mendips, we will be in Dylan's territory, which for me is untried. Anyway I have shot over it as quickly as I can, and will leave you to make your own decision. I would prefer that we get together and work out a mutual arrangement beforehand, so that neither of us tread on the other's toes in the process of working. God help us if we do. Will any of your group be joining you?

I cannot whisper sheep, cats or birds (except chickens which are dead easy) But I can make a dog do practically anything. Horses need two mechanical aids, fennel and the issue from a mare in heat. Basically it is based upon two things, Love (sex and pure) and overlooking. If you can transmit a strong enough desire to the animal it will respond. Try getting into Selina, transferring your motive desire to her motive energies and you will probably make her do anything. I can't touch cats at all, too independent. My one waggles her ears when I waggle mine, but that is about all. I have tamed ferocious dogs, in fact I have sent them crazy also by a bit of extra knowledge that concerns itself with their language.

I can stop burns, bleeding is another matter since I have never tried a severe case. Aches and pains are relatively easy. Incidentally I have straightened John's neck out, he now has no hump on his back and is an inch taller.

Received an offer from Mrs. Bone through a friend of mine, to make contact with her group. She knows nothing of me except that I live in Slough. I had a feeling that an offer was coming from one of the "others", but I wrote it down as August, I was six days out.

I will write to Gerard Noel this weekend, I doubt if he will answer though, which is not a piece of foresight, but an intellectual guess.

I have no intention of selling my soul to 'sperritts' merely a piece of mutual aid. Even God can't do everything, in fact He has left more than enough for us to do.

Regards and Briget Bardot (I reckon that's a better wish than Blessed be.)

Roy and Jane

P.S. See you on Saturday at approx 2pm.

PPS Reading another authority, he claims the bardic tradition during the 11th and 12th centuries was based upon the O.T. and not upon Paganism. Robert Graves states the same in "King Jesus", and Graves is an ardent Ladies man. It apparently works out much the same as we were tending to think. Influx of Semetic (Arabic) influence lead to the O.T. being taken up by witches.

LETTER TO BILL VI

Many thanks for your most interesting letter.

Do I think that Jesus was a 'born witch'? Basically the teachings of Jesus are very near to my own perception about 'morality'. The crucifixion is a much older story of hundreds, if not thousands of divine kings who died upon the tau cross of the kerm oak, and the supernatural is commonplace legend surrounding such events. It was well known to the ancients that if man draws out power, he must sooner or later replace it with something that is better if the social continuity is to survive. Sacrifice is the key note of survival, and the ancients thought to sacrifice their very best in order to replace the energy loss, Jesus, if I read the legends rightly, literally did die to 'save us all' since he as a developed man, created with his own solitary sacrifice a 'field' that many have drawn upon and added to since. The fault with Christianity lies in the churches and the apostles, not in the founder. The basic law behind the techniques of magic and fate is that nature abhors a vacuum, and it is with this in mind that mystics and magicians alike attempt to lift the world fate. They replace that which is empty or negative with that which is positive. The trouble lies in the interpretation many casual 'mystics' or divines put upon the word 'love'. Love is the most divine force, but it is only gained through pain and insight.

The Virgin Mary... whee, what a subject you have given me. Where do I start? The twelfth century also saw the beginnings of the papacy's absorption of the Mother Goddess, since the Marian cult (a Christianisation of the Mother Goddess) gained tremendous power at that time. At first the church decided that the worship of Mary was a rank heresy, but in order to save their own crumbling structure, soon climbed on the band wagon. As for the vision of the Virgin, people see God in basic images that belong to the racial consciousness, not in images that an exterior power has foisted upon them. The racial memory is far more conscious and stronger than people realise. The Kelts for instance are still basically orientated to a Goddess (Queen worship). Concepts of a Father God is Anglo Saxon, hence one of the most noticeable differences between Saxon and Kelt. These differences begin with the origin of thought itself, which was probably evolved through the practice of simple magic. (Don't ask me to explain that one, at least three volumes). Again the Keltic mind is strongly addicted to nature worship, although basically God is apparent anywhere at any time, what is not so forthcoming is the alteration in personal perception so that we may see God.

The Christian faith prefers that we see goodness and charity in the Image of Jesus, but in actual fact, the first three aspects of the Mother Goddess are basically more sound psychologically. The aspects of the Virgin, Mother and Compassionate/Wise woman are factors that exist apart from the personal unconscious. Where I find many people fall down, is in their belief that no other aspect

of the Goddess exists. This accounts for much of the hoo ha of modern pagans. Nothing is purely good or evil, these are relative terms that man has hung upon unaccountable mysteries. To my particular belief, the Goddess, white with works of Good, is also Black with works of darkness, yet both of them are compassionate, albeit the compassion is a cover for the ruthlessness of total TRUTH. Truth is another name for the Godhead. Male or female doesn't really matter, what does matter is the recognition of neither good or evil, black or white, but the acceptance of the 'will of the Gods', the acceptance of truth as opposed to illusion. Once we deviate from the search for truth, then our works are nothing, our lives as the winter winds. Whatever we do we cannot escape from Truth, it will follow us and speak, no matter what ramparts we build against it, no matter what stories we tell ourselves. Truth speaks for itself, outside systems, religious beliefs, beyond and before the grave. The visionaries whether they be Bernadette, Joan of Arc, some of the early revolutionaries or Appolnorius (have I spelt his name right) are all human beings that somehow have triggered off a perception of some small part of Truth, and who have created something from it. Whatever interpretations others may try and give to these 'visions', the explanation is only to be found in the person who saw or felt the presence of 'Truth'. We all have some small particle of these truths in us, man rolls forward, cresting the waves of 'God's will' upon these minute particles. He reached out from the mud and slime of evolution to the stars, and the stars turned back in their courses to help him, and those same stars still gleam brightly for twentieth century man. Become in one with Truth and you must certainly die. Take up works that are based upon truth, and you are a condemned man, for the human race as a whole does not want truth, but the comfort of illusion. We are still babies suckling at a breast whose milk is poisonous, yet we think that we flourish upon poison. Truth, no matter how we interpret it, feeds demons as well as saints.

Saturday I phoned you this morning as you know. We will be working upon your trouble tomorrow night. My left hand tells me something about it, and one thing that comes up is the diagnosis. I feel that the doctors are wrong, you have a glandular infection that is almost gone, possibly the prostate, since I get it very heavily upon my thumb. You will have some further trouble from the same source, but it will not be serious, possible trouble connected with unination. The gall bladder, if it is functioning badly, is a by product of this, not the cause. According to my hand, the trouble has been with you some time (which fits to your description), but it will be healed. I cannot see a knife in it, so surgical work may be out. Your life will end when you are in your late seventies, 76 possibly. You feel defeated about physical things, but there is a feeling of wealth coming to you before two years have passed, but with this wealth will come the necessity to work in a different field from the one you are in now, surprisingly I get that this money comes in some way through your practice of magic, the Art of Hermes. You will also suffer violence over this, there will be opposition coming from the quarter of fire, but you will overcome it. To some extent this has to do with writing, but getting the thing to come first of all will be a painful process, don't be taken it by a new thing that is coming your way, I feel that someone

will try and make a fool of you, possibly something over medicine (sounds like me, won't be, though). Damn, don't read that last sentence, the power shifted before I cottoned on to it... It was to do with your health, repeating the same facts again. You will be ill for a short while, but it will not be serious, then your health will improve immensely. That's all...

At last I managed to write that article. Basil Wilby has it by now, but you should have heard the fuss, the boys were up in arms. The ritual described is largely fictional, upside down and wrong way up, but the intention behind the article was to describe the feelings that an operation of this kind engenders. 'Impressions of a Missionary Tour in the Darkest Underworld' by the Very Rev. Rapist, Ernest. Vice President of the Society for the Propagation of Original Sin. I hope it gets accepted, I keep on getting the word 'original' but that is too much to hope for.

By all means give my very best regards to Doreen Valiente, but I would be pleased if you did not tell her too much about anything I have sent you. I don't know very much about Doreen as a person, (although I get a pleasant enough feeling) but her book rather put my teeth on edge when she described a ritual in which an old man bawled 'Evoh, Evoh ha!'. It sounds so much like the late Dr. Garnder, that I am terribly suspicious. However, I suppose Doreen has just as much right to bend the truth as I have when it comes to describing ritual, so I may be wrong. However Brighton is also Mrs. Leek's stamping ground, whether the two are together, I do not know. It is not that I object to them as people, or for that matter, to their religious beliefs, but I do object very strongly to the habit that some of them form of going into press and making the most ridiculous statements imaginable. Doreen seems to be the exception, but even so I remain suspicious until I meet her personally.

What can I say about your invocations except that they are good blank verse. As you know our methods are different, and to me they are meditational aids, builders of atmosphere, not commands to the superconsciousness. We hardly have any speaking at all, since after a certain point it gets in the way. We have chants, series of words and all that, but they are rarely used once things get moving. In fact I would find anyone who insisted upon voicing words of power a nuisance, and probably kick him out of the compass to act as a corner man. Obviously your methods work, you have the feeling of a genuine occultist, but East and West and all that. Where you would use words to build up an atmosphere conducive to working, we use physical actions to produce the same effect. Where you would use words as a key to the transformation of basic power, we again use actions, (No, not orgies). There is in effect a dual tradition of thought that witches have always used, one part has been discovered by the west and is called science, the other part will never be discovered since it concerns understanding the essential nature of illusion, and thinking at a tangent. Nothing ever is as it appears. As a matter of fact the Zohar (I have never studied it) appears to have the same basis. Where ceremonial magicians have described the Zohar as being hidden and deliberately confused in certain patterns in order to avoid persecution, and to hide its secrets, a witch of my particular school would regard the

verses as an actual method of thought designed to gain illumination. The whole point is that it is symbolic thinking of quite high degree. Unfortunately the real twist lies with individual interpretation of that particular symbol. I know that symbols are supposed to contain the seeds of their own revelation, and that they are appearances of 'force' but man fashions his own interpretations according to his time. Perhaps you would like to consider all the different meanings of a pentacle, that you have heard of during your lifetime. The odd thing is that each of these meanings is basically correct for the group using it. Where the image of virtue really comes into its own, is when a group has formulated an old symbol, then developed it into a 'new' symbol, i.e. Eliphas Levi's 'Goat of the Sabbath'. This is not the original Bran by any means, But Levi in fact made up an illustration that incorporated all the powers that are of the Hermes of the Witches. It is no simple animal God by any means, but a god who is literally Pan. There again the order and type of symbol used alters with the age. We use a 'tree' system, like, yet unlike, yours. You would possibly find the symbology of our system alien, just as I find the three tree system alien to myself. We work upon an anthropomorphic pattern to shift virtue from one transcending state to another. Graves, quite knowingly gave one ancient interpretation of it in his 'White Goddess', and also, incidentally, left out a chunk of it;

I am a wind of the sea
I am a wave of the sea
I am a sound of the sea
I am an ox of seven fights
I am a stag of seven tines
I am a hawk upon a cliff
I am a tear of the sun
I am fair amongst flowers
I am a boar
I am a salmon in a pool
I am a lake upon the plain
I am a hill of poetry
I am a God who forms fire with his head.

This is Taliesin's riddle, Graves has thoroughly mangled it, and as for the language of trees that he propogates, this suffers from real misinterpretation. It is a high code, and Graves gives a poetic meaning to it.

I was sorry to hear of your adventure with the Essenes. Still they must be fools to play at magicians on one of the most potent sites in the world. Glastonbury is more than an archeological site, it was at one time, the Temple of the High Goddess. If you look at a ground map of the workings, you will see a hand mirror shape, this has to do with two opposing forces that can be called upon there. I would like to know if the Essenes had this 'Bat' before or after working at lastonbury. From the sound of it they have attracted one of the 'watchers' that wait for the foolhardy upon such sites, the classical 'fury' which always accompanied the Goddess. These sites are reflectors, doorways by which something enters the world. The old witches used a hand mirror for a similar purpose, but they were well aware that Cain lived in the moon as well as the Museos. Not all the practices of witches are moonshine, some of them had a found-

ation in truths that are now known to very few, one of those truths was to do with the reflection of virtue or destiny. Incidentally the Essenes sound like a big brother of the 'Communication groups' which about amongst the pip and peel water brigade up here. The poor dears sit in a circle and unload their neurosis upon each other, then take it in turns to say 'fuck' loudly to release the inhibitions, some of the more wild sort then start a round of pornographic stories in order to arouse their overstimulated sexual passions. Presumably groups of this nature end up with a sexual binge. I can never image them having an orgia. It seems from Gossip that a lot of semi occult groups use much the same methods. One modern 'witch' meeting I went to sat around all evening declaiming 'Eskimo Nell' and kindred nursery rhymes. They would not tell me why they did it, but I presume they had heard somewhere that sex is the raw force that makes magic. It hasn't occurred to the poor boys and girls that this is the best way of untransforming sex. The same group believe that it is a good thing to become purely instinctual whilst working, so much for them. One of their members once confessed to me that he thought Crowley was the only ceremonial magician who bridged the difference between witch and qabbalist, and that Crowley had been misunderstood. Phew! It is mainly because of factors like the above that I remain suspicious of all the modern, port wine type witches. I must admit whenever I move in such circles I play the innocent for all I am worth, it is amazing how much you find out.

Agreed about old ladies, and spinster ladies also. They are emotional vampires, who feed upon rumpus, confusion and lost tempers. Incidentally, I agree whole heartedly with folk wisdom in its attitudes towards the average spinster lady. Maybe one day some religious organization will take compassion upon them and found a new brotherhood, devoted to helping 'our sisters in distress'. Services three times daily, and absolution afterwards. Extra penances given by dispensation. (I am certain those terrible women are basically sado-masochist).

Reincarnation... Spain, same period (Elizabethan), small village, cliff top Moorish architecture, vultures and a tall man with wild hair who had a sword cut down one side of his face. Remember me?

Wesak Day. Do you go the meeting of the White Brotherhood? I find it a story hard to believe, somehow the attraction of the Hymaleyas is not for me. I must admit that I regard stories of the White Brotherhood, Masters who are in the flesh, Alice Bailey's 'wog' (what a cruel word), the Count St. Germain. and Uncle Tom Cobble with very deep suspicion, and tend to raise my eyebrows slightly whenever I hear dear old ladies speak of them. I'll gladly admit the fact of Masters who are not in the flesh, since I have had that one forced upon me, but the annual meeting, well... Tell, is it really true? I must admit that I have always wished it was true.

Jane is most upset because you think her shell like ears have never heard basic English. We have been married fourteen years, that and being professional bargees once, has given us a deep insight into common everyday English.

Bobbie's poems are good material. I don't like her opening lines to Father Image but they keep to the principles of genuine poetry, and that is something in an era where poets display their own entrails for public inspection. I like them.

As you will have noticed, I have written myself out, spelling, English and all that is up the wall.

Regards,

Roy and Jane

P.S. Have you ever come across a real witch cuveen in your area, not the Garnener's. I would be pleased if you could give me some information upon them. I only know of two genuine cuveens in the country. One of those is very near to you, and I have only heard of them through hearsay.

LETTER TO BILL VII

Many thanks for your letter and copy of the magazine. Sorry and all the rest of it, but I view some of the statements in it as rather niaf, not so much the editorial but the article by Ariel. I do not think that I can ever cross the line between them and myself, since the basic philosophy is so very different. I really think it is time that a distinction was made between witchcraft and paganism. One can be an ardent Christian, and practice witchcraft. One can be a raving pagan and never touch the stone or cord. The real trouble lies in Victorian interpretation of the Mysteries and the philosophers who have foolishly accepted such writing as being the last development of thought upon paganism. Witches existed during the pagan reign, and were recognized as such, and the mysteries of witchcraft were also recognised as different and distinct from the mysteries of paganism. The nineteenth century attitude that lumped them quite cheerfully together, was refuted before the advent of folk-lore, and refuted since by such authorities as Carl Jung, etc. Even Shakespear made a difference in 'The Merry Wives' in which he refers to something very similar to modern witchcraft as 'rustic games'. The magazine still seems to make this basic mistake, and cheerfully asks that we should all join together and be friends. Ariel may as well asked that Catholics and ceremonial magicians sould all join together and practice the Mass in joint harmony. It just would not be possible. there is too wide a gap between religious faith and religious science. Like you, I despair of ever finding people who can accept the discipline of thought necessary to achieve magic, and this is what drives Jane and I apart from the others. Apart from that gloomy outburst, the presentation of the magazine is excellent, and the editorial hand is light but firm, and you have my sincere and grateful thanks for sending me a copy.

Noel sounds like one of my type, I would like to meet him, and discuss more fully what he thinks the mysteries are. There is something about modern witch thought that makes its adherants intellectually incapable of going further than the last variations on fertility, pantheism and rolling in the dew. Noel sounds as if he has begun to inquire further, and examine something of the faith he practices. I definitely would like to meet him since both he and I might be upon the same track through a very devious and difficult passage, and we might have something in common.

You sure you want to try your hand a caving? The caves are at Llangastock by a quarry over a gentle drop of about a hundred feet. The one which interests me is fondly known as Fanny, and is a triple layered cave big enough to take a double decked bus in the entrance, and small enough to squash me flat at the end. A crawl followed by a transverse bedding plane, opens out on a stream tunnel that is horribly low. It is the end of the passage that the interest lies, since I felt the living rock move when I sat on it. I think there is another system underneath this point, and we will be digging down to find out this trip. The part where the mound and stone is, is at the back of the cave in a very tight spot.

I could not manage the whole crawl myself since it was very low, but according to reliable caver's report, there is a recent rock fall, then a chamber where the stone is. The crawl to it is our own discovery, since it is not marked upon the reference of the cave. Since Aggy Aggy, the longest cave in Britain is only a few hundred yards away (Aggy is thirteen miles long), it may be another system that extends for a few miles on. If you would really like to try your hand out, and incidentally work on top of a Welsh mountain the previous night with Jane and I, we will be setting out a fortnight from now and passing through Cheltenham about five o'clock on the Saturday. You will need a good pair of boots, a tent and bedding. We can arrange for a helmet and light, but wear old and warm clothes since the caves are dirty and very cold. Fanny is a fascinating cave, with many water markings that are very beautiful, plus a small cavern that could be possibly used for magical work on the right. It is well worth the ride just to feel the atmosphere, it is very Keltic and green, and the mountains are all around the site. We will camp overnight since the nearest inn is a Crickhowell, about four miles down in the valley. Jane and I intend to hold a meeting on top of the mountain, which is a moor about twenty miles square without any human habitation. It is only a easy scramble to get up the rock face to the top, and we will be working out that Saturday, just the two of us, since John and Dick are not up to scratch as yet. As I said, you will need good boots with the maximum of nails and a tent (or if you feel like a long walk, Crickhowell may offer some possibility of accomodation. The main entrance is very easy, Adrian has done it with knobs on, but the floor is slippery and strewn with boulders. If you would like to come, you will be very welcome, and to add some sauce to the meat, you will also be welcome to join us on the mountain that night. I am preparing a 'callin', that is, I am going to try to summon 'spirrits' from the Netherlands, since I need some help in the next stage of my magical argosy, and I am going in for some bargaining with the powers that be. Perhaps we can work out something between us and try to get some reaction from the other side, even if it is only a loud rasberry. In spite of everything, Jane and I are still fighting on. I reckon we will be working by ourselves before long.

I am very inclined to agree with you about apprentices. People either have the desire to learn or they haven't. If they want things easy, then it is no use. I find that the most difficult job is teaching them the first basic steps in abstract thought. They all appear to think that physical actions will have spiritual results, and they can take an untidy and undisciplined mind and work miracles with it. Witchcraft generally seems to be cursed with types that want nudism, sex and free beer as a religion. Try and teach them the next stage beyond desire and the howl of anguish is fantastic. I have definitely got beyond the point when I am willing to teach someone who just wants an excuse for senseless blathering about his particular fantasies, and I really do sympathise with you trying to teach ordinary disciplines of the path, since I have tried it so often myself. 'Magic' is all science fiction to the average inquirer, and they bloody well expect miracles with two penn'oth of action and thought.

As you know, magic is blood and tears all the way, and with no let up. I suppose a strong instinct for self preservation of the personal ego is responsible for most of the errant and erratic meanderings of the student, because when the first light does come through, it is so bright and clear that what little we have is so very small in comparison. I think I will ask only one question in future, that is 'Do you really want to die?', and if the answer is positive, then I will have someone to learn from and teach. To practice genuine magic is to literally throw your life away upon imponderables and half apparent truths, that you know will never become clear until death overtakes all of us. Magic is the rejection of illusion in favour of what may be a greater illusion still. Still somewhere, somehow, someone will listen and understand.

I am pleased to hear that you have one in N.D., Doreen V. wrote and told me that she has a poem in also, both your letters arrived at once. I just cannot get to any understanding with D.V. We seem to be circling each other and then she asks a key question, I counter, and code up one for her, so far we have missed in the middle and shot off to our divergent paths. I shall have to work with the woman so that she will understand. Up to date we sound rather like two Dons trying to outbid each other with snippets of academic knowledge. Not my game, but each time I start fooling it up a bit, she takes me seriously. Oh well, love will overcome. So help me if this keeps on, I shall go out of my way to either make a really wild and fantastic statement with suitable cooked up historical backing, and invent a totally new mystery, or I shall work moon and birch upon her and so fascinate her, that she will get all coy everytime she writes (Joke.) Talking about fascination, I did a bloody silly thing when I was on holiday. I was demonstrating to a friend, rather talking about whispering animals, and they looked rather sceptical, so I did a live show on the spot with a couple of chickens that seemed to be hanging around. About ten minutes later I realized that we were being followed by not two chickens, but a whole bloody chicken farm, thousands of 'em, 'ollering like mad at me, evidentially thinking that I was the biggest and best rooster that they had ever seen. My friend is now convinced, that is the evidence of three thousand hens takes some beating, and the farmer gave us a very old fashioned look.

We will see you on the twelfth, God willing (if 'E ain't, I am) and best wishes for your group.

Three F's,

Roy and Jane

P.S. I will give you a telephone call the night before we move out to confirm arrangements-- Bloated Capitalism- how nice for you. I can't even get plump on my money. 'Break a leg' for your opening performance.

Roy

LETTER TO BILL VIII

Thanks for the three letters. We will probably meet in London upon this weekend, But I thought I would like to get these impressions down on paper, so that the form they have come to me in does not shift. Now about this trouble of yours. I have rarely experienced so much difficulty in working as I did that night. It was rather like pushing the millstone round and grinding sand. It appears to have worked though, since you were put through the patterns of the maze. As we ended (we started much earlier than arranged because of various things), I offered the final actions and words that finish and hold the matter. In the middle of this, a form of words was used that normally constitute a blessing, to my horror I became conscious of extreme interference, that nearly changed the whole operation into a very dangerous curse. I began to use a form that would have reversed the whole thing... Jane spotted it and took over and finished the job. Now the interesting thing was the feeling of extreme malignant force, we dealt with it then and sent it running, we are certain that it did not have any effect except to cause me to mangle the last and final part of the particular ritual used. but the question arises, WHY? Why should something that exists upon the other side want to interfere particularly with work done for you? Why should it want you ill? Why is it with you? We embarked upon an analysis of the situation, and made our intuition work overtime. The answers we have found are these. That (a) it is unlikely that you have dabbled in black magic during this life, so there is no fury sitting at your table, (b) there is no living person who holds you a sufficient grudge, as to want you dead, (c) That you are basically a good man, therefore you would not attract this particular malignant force. Therefore we had to look over the walls at the situation and what came flooding through was interesting, albeit painful, since it concerns your mother. We have sensed this, right or wrong, for good or for evil. That the spiritual part of your mother has moved on, and is now well adjusted to the next life, BUT the etheric body has not yet disintegrated, and still contains that original bitterness, and has used you as a supply of energy so that it could survive (hence your sexual trouble). Obviously you are emotionally involved with the image of your parent, and it has used this as a bridge in order to tap your own vitality. It resents interference, and to a certain extent any other woman in your life. It is not aware that it is only a shadow, but believes that it is the corporate whole. Your mother evidently used some of the methods of the east to project, and as such formed a body of light...it is this body of light that is now out of control, that is your trouble. It must be disintegrated or cast off to wither away. How you will do this, (and you alone can do it), I do not know. I have an old Italian spell for things of this kind, and know that it works for mental illness, but this one is beyond my personal powers. However before you take any action, I would advise you to get the opinions of other occultists upon this matter, and see what they say. Here is the charm, it can be used by you to form a ritual, and to act as a corner stone in that ritual, but the binding and absorption of 'devils' is not my particular branch.

'Shadow! It is known
When Thou followest anyone
Be the victim who he may
Thou art ever in his way
Shadow! Hear me. If free
Thou wilt leave the road to me
For better it shall be
If thou will not, then from this hour
I will hold thee in my power
Shadow! Thou shall learn
That I am a witch in my turn..
All the power of sorcery
So about thee I will throw
All around, above, below
That thou shalt accursed be
Held in fear and in agony
And as a dog shall follow me
Shadow! Thou shalt know what thou art..
Ere thou goest
If ye come here again
To torment or give me pain
As thou wouldst make a dog of me
I will make swine meat of thee
Shadow! Sorry cheat, filled with hate
From head to feet
Be malignant if ye will
I am more malignant still
Shadow! For thy own sake
I pray thee no more trouble make
To torment me for thy gain
Will only by thy greater pain
For so accursed shalt thou be
I must need pity thee
Shadow! Now confess
That with all thy cunning
Thou didst not know of what I now tell
That I am protected well
By a lovely Witch(Hecate)
And She is mightier far than thee
Shadow! Ere we go
If thou more of me would know
Come at midnight
I shall be leaning on the standing stones
And what I shall make thee see
I swear will be enough for thee
Shadow! In that hour, thou
Shalt feel my power
And when at last thou shalt learn
That upon the triple stone I stand
Then to thee it shall be known
That my shadow is thine own
Shadow, Everywhere
With me, these charms I bear
Ivy, bread, salt and rue
With them my fortunings too
Shadow! Go away
Unto thee no more I say
Now would I go to sleep
See thou this warning keep

I am not in power of thine
But thou art in power of mine.

This old charm is murderous poetry, but it works. Out of all the curses and near curses in my possession, this Italian spell is perhaps the most deadly, since it states the witch attitude completely. Will against will, illusion against illusion, eye for eye, life for life and death for death... When I first started this business many years ago, I cursed someone, they fell seriously ill... I have never forgotten the lessons I learned from that one episode. Will, sheer malignant will, is one of the most terrible forces in the world. This spell is based upon that very attitude. Whether or not you will be able to use it properly, or whether you will weaken because of the moral training of the Qabbalist I do not know, but once you begin it never leave it or weaken, otherwise it will return to you. That is all the help I can give you. Remember you will be challenging something on its own grounds, this is against all the training of modern occultism, but for a witch of my school, this is the only way. Rise or die.....In your left eye the power of death and disruption, in your right eye the power of life and growth, this I give to you.

Master is a term that we use, and use often. I myself, am a master of a small clan, the devil in fact. I in turn recognise the authority of others who are higher than myself, and that authority, once stated, is absolute, do what we may. Higher plane adeptii, or physical adeptii are terms that sit uneasily upon the witch. Master is the old word for the particular function we all (witches I mean) have to fulfil. My job is to train and organise, fulfil the letter of the law and to function to discipline and to curse, as well as to elevate and expound. To Jane all the men owe absolute allegiance, to myself (or rather the law that I represent) they owe duty. We have to train any new members up to certain standards, develop any hidden power that they may have, and finally teach them the manipulation of various images of virtue. We may be the very last of the old school, but we still uphold the old attitudes and expect the same things. Above we two rises another authority whose writ is far older than ours, to that authority we give absolute allegiance, and whose function it is to train us and work with us. I was in the fortunate position of having been blooded, therefore I have some hold on their ears.

I and Jane have powers that have been developed over a number of years. I believe that every human being who has at least some sensetivity (by that I mean the ability to percieve others as they are) has also the ability to develop these senses until they are like a second eye. We use various methods to develop latent powers, but unless the person involved is willing to fall, pick himself up, then fall and rise again, we cannot teach them. Unfortunately most people do not basically believe in various things, therefore they do not get results, irrespective of whatever they do. We try and establish a climate of opinion where the miraculous is commonplace, and the results seem worthwhile. I aquired my own powers the hard way, I was not born with them. To this much I owe Jane everything, since it was by her example upon another field, that I began to develop. The surest way of developing power is by observing the path of example, from that all other things grow. It is only in the interaction of man and woman that the will of the Gods becomes apparent, and one learns all from the other, and with it learns the necessary

understanding of other human beings that must go with such powers. Our personal ability has not reached its zenith as yet, that will take another five years at least, but we can normally function with nearly everybody. We hate making a show of them since this breaks away from the way of humility, but we do use them when there is a worthwhile purpose.

Doreen Valiente (she seems to be taking up a lot of my time one way and another) As I said I have no objections agin her or her particular beliefs, since I am too long in the tooth to cry heresy. You are quite welcome to discuss me, witchcraft or anything else connected with me. I have no worries on that score since it appears we are fated to meet sometime in the future (round August if I have it right) and an offer will be made, considered and rejected. I would be grateful if you did not tell her any revelant matter such as that nursery rhyme, I do not want it in the press.

From your account of local witches, I would say we are the last left in Southern England. So be it, we are too old to have lived much longer, and the past is too great a burden for a small group to bear alone. Incidentally the Rollaright stones are the meeting place of one of Gardner's cuveens on May day, there is the source of your rumour. I am surprised that a county with such a history should be so psychically dead, I must liven it up a bit, and throw a wild dance on the Tor.

Sorry about the rambling of this letter. Jane and I were out last night, and we still haven't recovered our proper senses. Honestly, trying to 'fly' around here is like swimming in black treacle. Trying to get over the 'wall' is murder under those conditions. Its all the groups mind round, L.C.C. estate and all that, the inhabitants are the biggest load of monkeys that have been trained since the original ark. If I travel about five miles away, getting outside is as easy as anything. Ugh! Those minds sleeping or waking, they would deflate J.C. himself.

The old chap you saw, I can't place him, except as a man I know as Willum, he was a Norfolk witch and a great friend of a living friend (one of the clan) of ours. He was the husband of a delightful old woman who initiated George (our friend) when he was a young man. George swears by old Mary Maiden and Willum, they were his great friends. I have good reason to thank her also, she has never let us down.

I don't suppose you have friends who are interested in occultism ala witchcraft, but if you do I am always pleased to hear from them. The clan is badly out of balance, we number five men and one woman, you try anything that needs a delicate touch with a group based upon those proportions, and it is amazing at what creeps in. They all get much too aggressive... Still women have lost the instinct for witchcraft, they are all like little painted dolls today, afraid to do anything which aint all that respectable. Either that they are so bloody inhibited they go to the opposite extremes and play at silly beggars with nudism, tea leaves and dancing a la wild pagan ecstacies. The real witch instinct seems to have gone for a burton... been trained out of the little dears by too much deodorant, and not enough

nature. The ones who do go in for what they describe as witchcraft, all seem to have remarkably well developed histrionic ability, and lose no time in putting on a great show for the hoi polloi, and generally making up for all those years of masculine domination and feminine inferiority complexes. I suppose nearly all of those I have met who belongs to the latter day saints, sorry, witches, have all got a hidden neurosis to do with (a) feelings of inferiority, and (b) a marked desire to handle a mans tools (My God! That is bad imagery. Terrible slip up) with feminine wiles. They never seem to have got the idea that being feminine in its truest form is better than being masculine at its worse, infact being truly feminine (a increasingly rare quality) is marvellous for both the woman who is like that, and the man on whom she decides to be her lover, husband and mate. Two sides to a coin and all that, today though the coin appears to be standing upon its edge.

Regards,

Roy and Jane

Ta everso for the letter. We seem to be gradually extending our range of subject matter until these letters of ours stretch from here to this side of the grave. Occultism, though, is man so presumably whatever part of it one decides to examine, one always ends up with more knowledge and more detail than one was originally bargaining for. Probably like that old saw of art teachers about the one model who can be sculpted by an artist for his total working like, and still remain undiscovered.

Agreed about the fuller life of the past. I for my part have a distinct impression of being a rough old bastard, but as you say, we all lived then, felt, loved, hated, desired and all for real. This century has had the effect of making everything genteel, clouding the pang of life in clouds of deodorant. Everything is so nice, everything is so grey and completely without taste. We are all Victorian gentlewomen neatly stitched into a twentieth century, that is not really nice or so easy going as the ad man and mass consumer redi-mix culture would have us believe. I feel that one day someone is going to kick over the scenery, then we will all see the bare brick walls of the theater. I have more than a shrewd suspicion that it is this that affects the boys who tore up the sea side towns, it is there that the real mass castration has taken place. Where the desires of millions of genteel people have coalesced into the monstrosities known as sea side holidays, 'getting away from it all' and having a good time. Youth with its good instincts, decided to try and kick the whole sorry mess over by doing everything that is agin the mass concept of the good life and the genteel way. When they are more mature and have stopped warring amongst themselves, we may see some interesting things from this generation. As for the modern artist, he is a poet without a theme, afraid of looking outside himself because it hurts his precious sensitivity, warbling around inside his own head, a delightful little love affair with himself. I was listening to one explain a painting of a woman, and I realised that he wasn't talking about woman as she is, but the pitiful creation of himself that he called woman. One day they must all realise that reality is outside not inside, and that reality hurts as well as teaches. So what if naked truth does kill the man who looks upon her, at least our kind have had the fun of the chase. A little iconoclasm is the best emetic for the indigestion of modern life. My own opinion is that this is the age of the drums, when somewhere from the inner planes a war drum is beating, calling all men of good intent together and to arms before it is too late. Sooner or later we must face the enemies of life and decide once and for all who and what is going to be the guiding light of this planet. Mars himself is esoteric at times, and I feel that there has been a dangerous infiltration from the Firbolg, the children of Dylan and darkness are covering the old human light.

Poverty is a good master, a bad bedfellow though. I was born in a slum, one of eight children. I have had riches in the places where they really count, I have also known genuine hunger though. There is something to be learned from it, now I can look back upon some things with quiet joy, not because they were good at the time,

but because I have learned the lesson from them. One thing about poverty is that it teaches compassion as well as anger, but its biggest drawback is frustration, frustration at never having the right things at the right time, of being at the mercy of anyone who employs you, of being constantly misunderstood. I personally would rather walk behind the plough than be in my present job, but this at least is skilled and offers me some escape from the run of work that is open to people like myself.

Destiny.....destiny the one word that means so much and is so very real and unreal together. I personally believe strongly in destiny, but although I can see it for others and sometimes for nations, myself to myself is a closed book. I do know there is something afoot, some force that controls me, not I it. Maybe a son born to some old carpenter somewhere, who is just gathering his wits together to say 'Follow me!'. I keep on getting the feeling that we are preparing ground for a crop that we will not reap, waiting for a dawn that may never come, but wait we must. We are force for something else that is to occur, the creators of opinion for a new concept that is arising somewhere in the world. The St. Johns the Baptists, hundreds strong, waiting, waiting, waiting. So far the new word hasn't come through, but it will, that I feel certain of. I am also certain of the workers of the inner planes. The one who I see is a man dressed in sixteenth century costume, cloaked and with a cynical smile. I have heard him speak and surprisingly he spoke with a broad accent that must have been sixteenth century English. It was the very first time I saw the Power we call God, at least a representative of Her. That night both Jane and I were sleeping, and I woke up suddenly to find myself sitting upright in my own body, half in half out. A dark form was in the room with me, and I was genuinely frightened. Protesting weakly, I was hauled out of myself and taken to a wood, where I saw my master for the first time. He was dressed as I described him, and said 'Here comes the Lass. Let us worship Her'. I looked up from the ground where I was laying (The moss was so distinct and so real that every individual plant stood out clearly in the most brilliant green) and saw coming through the oak trees a white Light, and I realised that it was a naked woman on horseback, but brilliant pure light also. I have never felt anything like I did then before or since, but then I was shot back to myself with a thundering crash, and got out of bed trembling and shaking. It wasn't for many years afterwards that I realised that what I had seen was the cosmic power we call truth. However since that time I have believed very strongly in the Inner Planes, and have occasionally seen my master. I also know that when he bends his will to a task, there is no gainsaying, it must be done or else. Of course all this may be illusion, but like yourself, I have an inner conviction that is stronger than all the psychiatric texts ever written. We do what we are told, protesting complaining, even whining, but we do what we are told, not because we are slaves to something running loose in our own heads, but because whatever it is that writes out the company orders, knows.

I seem to remember something about Liz standing with her feet apart, puffing away at a clay pipe in one of the pieces of historical research I take up occasionally. She was an out and out pagan, that

is if I am to believe what was written about her by various poets. There is an interesting inscription on a door at Hampton Court which refers to her as Diana, and gives her all the classical attributes of the Goddess of Hounds and hunting.

I would very much like to join you at Glastonbury Tor, since these places are doorways (Stonehenge is a collection of doorlintels). Perhaps we can work our differing patterns together at fifteen paces and see what results we can get. Midsummer is my big night, or the nearest I can get to it. Quite simply our ritual falls into this pattern:

This is the taper that lights the way.
This is the cloak that covers the stone
That sharpens the knife
That cuts the cord
That binds the staff
That's owned by the maid
Who tends the fire
That boils the pot
That scalds the sword
That fashions the bridge
That crosses the ditch
That compasses the hand
That knocks the door
That fetches the watch
That releases the man
That turns the mill
That grinds the corn
That makes the cake
That feeds the hound
That guards the gate
That hides the maze
That's worth a light
And into the castle that Jack built.

As you can see, it is a child's game, but one that works. We use a skull as much in the same fashion as the Knights Templars, but Mithraic worship is out for us, two differing concepts. The druids, however, were eastern in origin, they again superimposed a different pattern upon the aboriginal gods of the Kelts. They were supposed by the Romans to have more magic than the rest put together, however they were a bloody minded lot. If you want to use nature magic, then you must work outside, preferably by running water, or failing that, as high as you can get. It must be open to the four winds, since they carry the seeds of life and destruction, and they represent your four elements. The earth should be disturbed, and preferably a small sacrifice made of wheaten meal or wine. Working amongst timber tends to put too much wildness in the results, since it is the dark forest of Pan. The more water there is the better, the best sources of all is near a country churchyard, but be very careful of that one since you are liable to disturb the 'watchers' and they are something to be reckoned with.

There are no hard and fast rules, it must be played by ear. The sense of power is usually denoted by a sensation of extreme panic, then comes the 'gathering' in you feel that you are being surrounded by hosts of 'watchers'. You may possibly see them out of the corner of your eye, these must be ignored, and the panic overcome.

Then there comes a cold blast of wind, and the power which is being asked for begins the manifestation, this will appear in the form that you expect to see, the main difficulty is in holding it, since (and I speak from experience) it is rather like being hit with a hammer. Usually green, brilliant lights flash on and off in the centre of the working space. Incidentally you will find that a metal sieve placed in a central position gives no end of aid, and acts as a form of working grid for the force that the power is using to transmute its own energy. Once he is established then is the time to ask the questions, and the answers may not come just then, but come they will. Whatever you do, resist the temptation to panic or to feel that 'everything is going wrong'. The Farmer has a reputation for affecting human beings in this fashion (hence the words 'panic', 'pandemonium', etc.) Here is a short prayer that may help to consolidate:

My Lord.....

Here I be stripped of all finery

No clothes, lover or home have I

Excepting by thy Grace

Master, I have descended the Paths towards

Thy gates...

Leaving all but my truthful spirit behind me.

Here am I as naked as the sea, as the sky,

As grave winter itself.

I pray Thee take pity on me and listen unto my prayer.

The invocation of Earth may help you:

I do conjure Thee, Earth

Now in the secret hour of night

Ebb and flow meeting

And as for my place precisely stand centered

By this the mystery of my craft

Entrenched I see the boundary round

And of aught else, naught but the riding moon.

And these possess my thought and soul

Facing my truth to them

For I do desire no other thought but these

For since long time I do require to learn

The Truth of Truths

Yea Verily have I suffered to achieve

The life becoming spirit

And know that good and evil will prevail

Within no forced equality

Circle and moon be gracious unto me.

Basically nature magick is very simple, it is as simple as doing it, but like all simple things, it has some fantastic fortifications behind it. Witches believe that all things are One and joined, there is no singular (except human beings - Law of correspondence). To create spiritual effect, one must create physical effect, and to work nature magic, you must first do natural things. There are dangers though, these are in effect leaving anything undone. Once you have achieved your purpose, leave everything as you found it, or else you will spend some uncomfortable nights with nature spooks clomping around your room, taking it out of you for disturbing them.

They are elemental and know not conscience as we know it. However they can be tamed and kept by you as a friend. My family had one for years and he delights in practical jokes. According to how he has been used, so he has become, and I think Tomkins was used unnecessarily for tangle foot work. Once he took an evil delight in appearing before some friends of ours and worrying them silly, but we took him in hand over that one and he behaved himself. There is a possibility that he was responsible for playing the fool and making Bobby make errors in her map. However he is easily seen, and cannot resist making loud thumps and clangs upon metal objects (possibly a left over from the days when iron was taboo to him). He usually is seen as a large black cat or dog, if you do catch him out, tell him off and send him back. But apart from all my personal natter Robin Goodfellow was no figment of the imagination. They are mischievous, unfriendly at times, and completely unreliable unless you twist their tails. They will take a delight in leading you on, and generally making a nuisance of themselves. You will find that once they sense you are out to try and work nature magick, they will fool around all the time, tripping you up, leading you around in circles and so on. Once you begin though, they will be quiet and even help you to achieve your aim. Position five is your best defence against their unsociable side, position six is your best way of making friends with them.

As you say the teenagers are using magic all the time. If they but knew it they are doing what their direct ancestors called 'raising Cain'. All that noise, sexual hysteria and so on is a dangerous force to play with, and that is what the Beatles are doing. I would never be surprised to read that (a) a meeting of R&B had evolved into a fertility rite, and (b) that one of the Beatles has come to a very bloody and untimely end, a la primitive magic as the God of Vegetation. They are obviously tools of older forces that seek an outlet in our age, and what better than the twelve year olds who is basically everything man was at that particular period?

I have no knowledge of astrology at all, since it would be a bad mistake for me to know too many types of divination at once. I base my own divination upon three things, my intuition, Tarot cards and my left hand. At this very moment, my hand is telling me about your past lives. The onenearst to you for instance, you were in the occupations of Mars, Venus had too much control over your head, and that you were in the seat of Jupiter which you treated like a fool. Through Mars, via Venus, you came to an untimely end, and left with regret a life that satisfied the worse part of you. In this life you have gone to Mercury as a counterbalance and have succeeded in balancing the effect of the past. Now is the time when you can step forward, but remorse for your past is holding you back, there is little or no opposition to you advancing in occultism now, you have paid the price. My wrist hurts like crazy, so from this I conclude that in the last life, no, the one before that, you were in some fashion a prisoner or a cripple caused through circumstances of birth, or possibly your parent of that life died giving birth to you. These are only rough readings given as I sit here at the typewriter. However I will do it properly for the next letter.

I write as I speak, that is how I can do so much, that and a few years at knocking off a thousand words a day.

We must really try and get our heads together and see if we can work at some piece of nature magic. As I said I would love to work at Glastonbury Tor, it would be ideal. Perhaps when we meet we can compare notes and find out if there is a common way.

Regards,

Roy and Jane

LETTER TO BILL X

Ta ever so for your interesting letter. Like yourself, I enjoy writing. I have even had gear published in the New Statesman, but apart from personal correspondence, I never write anything connected with witchcraft. I have to discuss everything like that with the boys, and as such it will be a decision of the group. Thanks alot for the suggestion, though, very kind of you. I will probably post the article to you, since you know the address.

Shakespeare really knew his witchcraft. I have a wild theory that he spent some time in one of the more advanced clans; and that it was during his service that he first gave birth to the silver tongue. Nearly all witchcraft of the school I belong to, wrap its secrets in blank verse and kennings. Robert Graves in his 'White Goddess' writes a great deal on nonsense about many things, (mainly because he tries to explain everything), but he was absolutely accurate when he wrote that the protean Goddess was the true inspirer of the poet, and that all real poetry must deal with the themes that She is Mistress of. Shakespeare never deviated from these themes, and in many of his works, paganism is far more apparent than Christianity. His 'Wives' for instance, derives from a very ancient Keltic legend, and give an accurate description of rural witchcraft at its simplest. The same theme appears in 'Lear' which for me is pure paganism at its noblest and best. The characters of Lear are archetypes of the major legend. The fool is by no means a fool, but very much the simple god. Lear is the old god of death. Even Geoffrey of Monmouth could not quite confuse the issue, and the essential truth still remains in his hodge podge of mythology and racial memory. The latter day wica should read Shakespeare, then throw the Aradia overboard.

Our land of the dead, Apple Island, Avalon, Caerochren... is a place that to the image fixed mind, appears as a wooded countryside, with a bleak sea shore. Across deep pasture, lie hills that rise blue heads to the lowering sky. By the sea and across the woods is a small hamlet; 'There you and I my loves

There you and I will lie,
When the cross of ressurection is broken
And our time has come to die.
For no more is there weeping
For no more is there death.
Only the golden sunset,
Only the golden rest.' (witch song)

The woods are dark and terrible, and must be entered by crossing a stream. There the coward withers, the faintheart retreats, for it is there that Childe Rolande must blow the snail horn trumpet, and face the enemy whom no man can ever unhorse. (Browning). The other planes I have no knowledge of, except in the unconscious as all of us do. My mind is almost totally directed day in, day out to the Akashics, where I unravel the silver thread. There has been so much lost, and so very little time to find it again.

To work witch magic properly one must work out of doors, buildings, unless ectoplasmic displays are required, are useless and destroy 'Virtue'. Outdoors is the law for us, and it is also the law of correspondence necessary to the higher ritual. Nudity, although we do not practice it, has a good psychological effect, for the uninhibited types who are the latter day pagans. I understand, although this may not be correct, that they also regard nudity essential as a means to what they describe as power. Obviously scourging is also strongly favored because of this. It again is supposed to produce 'Power'. Probably something to do with the release of adrenaline and its decayed byproducts to produce psychological effects. Since they seem to run until they are in a thoroughly suggestive state, the suggestion plays a greater part in this than the scourge. I personally have very little time for such primitive behaviour from subtopians. It is 'all in the blood' as one of them told me. In the past the whip was used because of its symbolic correspondence. The 'Devil' or his summoner chased the others in a grim game of 'Hare and Hound'. It is a good way of bringing home the attraction of death, as well as the attraction of life, and a better way of imprinting a 'party line' I have never yet come across. Once someone has learned the symbolology that way, they are very unlikely to forget it again. Forbid that we should use it today though. Nothing can ever remain still. Thought must either grow or corrupt. To retain a primitive pattern is to corrupt minds and souls.

The path we have chosen was thrust upon us. (How's that for mangling English). "Thereby," he said, filling his pipe, "Hangs a strange story." "Tell me, Sir Humphrey," she whispered, her china blue eyes opening slightly..... My great granddad was the last grand master of the Staffordshire witches. It has evidently been in the family since at least the seventeenth century, since there are definite records from that period. Even the house my father was born in was between the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire, so that when there was danger of arrest, the family moved from one section of the house to the other. Anyway in the arch age of materialism, my grandparents decided to renounce the Gods and took up Methodism instead for Sunday afternoons. Thereupon my great grandfather was very angry and cursed them. This curse has decimated my family through the years and generations. Nearly all of them died in misery or violence. Whereupon I was born, which was probably the curse at its worst. My father who was again witchcraft, took one look at me, and said, "Gawd, the old bastard's come back." (My father was a Guard's R.S.M.) and promptly made my mother swear never to tell me the terrible truth of my heritage. However I had my first mystical awareness of the Gods at the age of five, and since then have progressed in my career. I am a professional, it is not because I am interested in it, but because it is interested in me. However after I learned the truth from my mother, after my father's death, and then went to see my aunt Lucy, who is a terrible old woman. She taught me the five arts and the tradition. However, the witch teaching official-ly, is that witch blood must be possessed to gain the ear of the Gods, and that witch blood reoccurs every second or third generation, and in the same pattern physically. In other words only witches can bear witches, and to be without the heritage is the most terrible experience of all for a witch. It is literally slow torture. I personally would rather do anything than face the thirteen years of the wilderness again; but only another witch would understand me.

The information about the nine foot magic circle sounds a bit false. I am very disinclined to believe it as a possible historical event. Everything in the theory points towards a laboured nineteenth century hand, inventing primitive man all over again. No twentieth century man likes to admit the possibility that it has all been done before; But in a different way with different means. However, this is literally what a witch's compass is, a highly efficient and scientific machine, and it requires science to use it properly. The Kelts built in stone and wood, the rush huts that were used until the sixteenth century for milking and cheese making were called 'wiccens', which is a word that derives from the Saxons, and means salt. It may well be that charms were used in the building of these. Against the simple rural craft it must be remembered that another tradition existed, of which very little is recorded. This is the Key of Kings.

The witches blue band of hope and comradeship has been invented mainly by Mrs. Leek for her own amusement. They sent me a form to fill in which wanted to know all sorts of odd things. I very nearly returned it signed Mathew Hopkins. They would never have seen the joke or the danger. I can only say The Unknown God help them if they ever meet a master of the black art. As it stands I have kept the form as evidence of my contention that they are out to make witchcraft respectable; which will kill it outright. Mrs. Bone is the bosom pal of Charlie Cardell who describes himself as Rex Nemorensis, enough said.

Incidentally, we sometimes all go out on Sundays for a run in a friends car. Perhaps with your kind permission we could drop in and see you for an hour.

My birthdate 26.1.31. Time, 3 a.m. Place, London.

Our regards to your wife and yourself,

Flags and Flax,

Roy and Jane