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THE OCCULT OBSERVER

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The

OCCULT OBSERVER

Volume One Number One May, 1949



TO OUR READERS

We are all units in an eternal pilgrimage, though few are aware of a plan or a purpose or of the existence of the arcane sciences behind this phenomenal world; but to those who do believe they are brethren of spiritual dynasties the study of occultism is of primary importance.

THE OCCULT OBSERVER will endeavour to maintain a high standard in its literature, in its thought and in its vision.

For many years occultism has been the hunting ground for confusing systems, unworkable techniques and grotesque interpretations of those levels beyond man's normal and limited vision. Therefore we hope whenever possible to publish and review such subjects as may disentangle the vast phantasmagoria misnamed occultism and bring a sense of proportion to these secret sciences of the illuminated.

Many articles in this first number concern psychological and artistic matters; for one of the noblest approaches to the study of man's fuller consciousness lies through the arts: avenues of awareness leading to great moments of revelation.

There is much controversial literature in occultism, and also much shallow and shoddy thought; because of this we shall endeavour to publish in future numbers only material either relating to the purely demonstrable technique in occult study or those visions revealing clearer understanding of the deeper purposes of man and the cosmos.

EDITORIAL

HOW IMPORTANT IS THE STUDY OF OCCULTISM?

How useful are occult principles in our everyday activities? In the art of living? In the solution to vital problems: economic, psychologic, spiritual?

Are occult philosophies and systems the phantasies of escape? Can they give warmth and glow to those in spiritual coldness? Can they give cover to the mentally naked and provide protection for the emotionally hurt? For if this complicated subject is examined by the unbiased and critical intellect one discovers so much confusion and absurdity; so much taken for granted without demonstrability that contempt is frequently justified.

There is only ONE occult science; but there are thousands of ways to it. There are also numerous branches stemming from this science; but only one of each of these branches can be correct. The others are pseudo and uncertain and therefore undemonstrable.

Unfortunately there has grown—through the centuries—a thick crust of doctrine, fogs of tradition, the folklore of peasants and the entangling interpretations of philosophers. In this vast terrain of jungle and marsh and abyss appear self-constituted guides: many well-meaning, some who have had a few flashes of illumination; some who have read the wrong books and believe they are going the right way because they have sincere motives, and a few—a very few—to whom have been given hints of the true science.

Now lightheartedly, without clear perspective, without knowledge of longitudes and latitudes, they scramble and wander about these nebulous worlds, and the spiritual quest sometimes becomes a farce, sometimes a tragedy;

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sometimes they break through these barriers and discover one of the hidden sciences.

Only then does occultism become important in the way of life and of wisdom. Then previous claimants are seen at their true value: all by correct or incorrect approaches had served some useful purpose, for they had taught discrimination; but now a hint of the vast and sublime edifice is revealed. They now find that though hidden it is dynamic and charged with the potent and secret interplay of influences and forces through the microcosm: the true esotericism, so smoothly used but never revealed.

Now true and false relationships are seen: here is not only revelation but revolution; meaning is given to what was meaningless; the hidden mechanics appear without the vapours of theories and speculation; both glib and gloomy interpretations are revealed in their true ignorance and narrowness and impertinence, and negative ways of life are contemptuously discarded: the joyless puritanism of the unbalanced.

Only the strong and the passionate can rend these various veils; only strong eyes face this spiritual blaze, and just as an engine pulsates with power so should they who would become gods; for the kingdoms of the true heavens are not for the emotional eunuchs, the arid and the colourless. Self-deception knits more veils of illusion than it ever unravels. Neither can any of the branches of these secret sciences be used if the human mechanisms are distorted, weak or incomplete.

Unfortunately many confuse flabbiness with goodness, and believe that bright and clean outlines of character and strength can spring from the sapless nature of a negative morality; not appreciating that the batteries of the body must be powerfully charged, vibrant with many forms of strength in order to bring any occult science into practical everyday use.

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Here emerges the usefulness and importance of occultism which takes numerous forms and many names; for these techniques are not called 'occult'. The great artist unconsciously applies projection and attunement to his work; the successful business man uses, unknowingly, a form of clairvoyance; the inspired doctors, correct diagnosis; the poet, powers of prophecy. Beethoven, Mozart, Shakespeare and Milton, heard the great pulsations of the higher realms and recorded them.

These are your true occultists: geniuses who have perfected vehicles through many incarnations, the masters; comprehensive in their visions and in their works yet who may never use the term 'occult' but who make glorious and practical use of their powers for the benefit of humanity. Whoever brings man more light and opens the way to individual liberation, reveals to us our own inner richness, and proves the importance of occultism in our everyday activities.

THE EDITOR

UNITY

Here I hold within my hand
Grains of shining silver sand;
But the mistiness of sight
Cannot see these worlds aright.

Then into the sky I stare,
Other sands are shining there
Scattered in a golden shower
By a vaster unseen power.

Yet these worlds below, above,
Are united in that love
Wherein ecstasy descends
And each separate atom ends,

Making earth and glowing sun
Sand and star and soul all one.

THE UNCONSCIOUS

There is among us a curious and fascinating as well as a most dangerous and deadly phenomenon, of which the destructiveness of the atomic bomb is a mere by-product, a phenomenon that might be called the *power of the sham-superior*.

Now although we are all so different from each other there really is such a thing as the 'common man'. The phrase has been ridiculed and mocked. It also has been exploited. Chesterton exploited it against protestants and free-thinkers, Dickens against the rich, the aristocratic and the official. But it exists all the same.

There are proletarian 'common men'; there are lower middle-class common men. There are upper middle-class common men; and there are a lot of aristocratic ones! What then is a common man?

Well! He or she is a person who by luck or by temperament or by natural wisdom *has escaped the perils of education*. Whether a he-dub or she-dub in the opinion of the sham-superior person, the ordinary person is a dub.

Now quite apart from Catholic or Communist Apologists who try to prove that the species *homo-dub* is either 'naturaliter' Catholic, that is to say a Totalitarian of the next world, or 'naturaliter' Communist, that is to say a Totalitarian of this world, it seems to me that there are two modern philosophers who have deserted the ranks of the pseudo-superior and have descended like gods from a machine to champion the instinctive 'credo', or 'catechism' or 'Confession of Faith' or 'Handbook of Doubt' of the inarticulate masses of us dubs. Now I am not saying that we dubs can clearly follow these two clever ones' defence of our mental position, or if you prefer, of this congenital 'dubbery' of ours, that no education, no culture, no mystical awe can quite obliterate, but we have the mother-wit to divine, letting

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their subtleties pass us by, that both Professor Ayer's Logical Positivism and dramatist Sartre's existentialism are on our side against the Brain-Trust Superiors who are at present running the world.

Now you don't have to be an extra dumb dub to know that human consciousness is still an unsolved mystery; and that the latest theory about it is, if you wait long enough, certain to be refuted by another theory, and that this other, if you give it enough rope, is, in its turn, equally sure of complete refutation.

There is a real irony in the fact that our professional prophets are most pitifully *unconscious* of what we may presume to name the 'Dubs' Credo', or in other words the *secret certainties* that have come to shape themselves at the bottom of the minds of ordinary men and women based on their practical experience of contact with life and with superior rulers, directors, and false prophets interpreting life for the last twenty thousand years.

I must of course, where we of these Islands are concerned, translate this Credo from paleolithic speech into neolithic speech and from that into 'runes and ogams', and from them into Iberian Brythonic, Roman, Saxon, Norman-French and so on and so on, till we come to the politicians, prophets, moralists, thinkers and scientists, whose superiority we enjoy to-day.

Thus translated into modern speech our 'Dub Credo' would run roughly rather like this; only it must be understood that its conclusions, though proceeding from no imaginary mental tank full of baby dragons, are crudely and simply expressed.

1. The recurrent dub-questions which we all naturally and sometimes rather irritably, keep asking ourselves, such as: 'Why is everything everything?' and, 'Why am I I?' will never, as long as we live, receive an intelligible answer.

2. When you hear from superior persons such words

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as 'cowardly', 'dirty', 'blasphemous', 'lazy', 'ignorant', 'disrespectful', 'melodramatic', 'sentimental', 'deceitful', 'stupid', 'wasteful', move with your wife and children as hurriedly as possible to another factory or another farm; but when you hear such words as 'ought', 'must', 'very soon', combined with such sentences as 'for the country' 'for the party', 'for the nation', 'for the family', 'for their own good', take the train without a word to anyone, to another county.

3. All that we Dubs want is to be left in peace, there to pursue our harmless avocations and to beg and borrow what we cannot earn. *We do not want War. We do not want Culture. We do not want to Save our Souls. We want to enjoy ourselves in the way we want to enjoy ourselves;* and we want to give our children more comforts, amusements and pleasures, than we have been able to obtain for ourselves.

4. We do not want any intellectual basis to religion. When we feel in a religious mood we want to enjoy the natural 'Religion of Dubs', which as everybody knows, is a friendly, irrational, sentimental, superstitious, poetical polytheism, much further removed from the Unconscious Mystery of the all-enfolding Absolute than such tribal deities as 'Jehovah', 'Unser Gott', 'Le Bon Dieu', or the 'God of Holy Russia', are removed from Mumbo Jumbo.

5. No rulers, statesmen, or politicians are to be trusted to give you what you want. They only learn what you want when they have become like you; that is, when they have ceased to be rulers, statesmen, politicians.

6. Disregard the opinions of superior persons, but never allow superior persons to know what you think of their opinions.

7. Persons become superior by blood, by taste, by holiness, and by devilish cunning.

8. All these superiorities are based on one superiority, the art of exploiting the darkness of the Absolute.

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'But why,' a superior person might naturally enquire, 'why do you, a privileged bourgeois bookworm, join in all this illogical rub-a-dubbery?' Such indeed is the question my ancient crony and most honest of honest cods, Mr. Louis Marlow, is forever asking.

'Why,' says he, 'all this nonsense about *us ordinary folk* when you yourself are such an extravagantly queer bird?'

My reply is simple. Because it's the upsetting truth. Such celestial intelligences as ST. PAUL and RABELAIS and DICKENS and WALT WHITMAN have succeeded in getting it into my superiority-ridden dub-skull that, while a man's a man and a woman's a woman, there's no need to await the common churchyard grin before recognizing that there's in us all a comical-tragical element that occupies 99 per cent. of all the space there is, and that responds '*en masse*' to what Shakespeare calls the touch that makes the whole world kin.

And it is this 99 percentage of our humanity's common stuff, that these superior persons set pulsating with their Absolute.

Now I do not for a moment, dub as I am, confuse the Absolute with the Unconscious. The Absolute is all there is, including all possibilities of existence, while the Unconscious, at present confined to human minds, is a receptacle for horrid memories, like a psychic kangaroo's pouch, which each of us is doomed to carry about, whether we like it or not, and which a skilled practitioner makes the motion of slitting open like a bird's crop and of shamelessly describing its contents, in spite of the fact that both he and the patient know perfectly well that it is extremely possible that there is no such receptacle at all and no way of emptying it if there were.

No, I do not maintain that the votaries of this imaginary Unconscious who awe us, scare us, excite us, allure us, into believing in this Master Night-mare Gaster, of 'the dim Lake of Auber and the misty mid-region of

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Weir', in whose dark pools are reflected the Taboos and Totems of twenty thousand years, are engaged in throwing across this twilight-land of their imagination a magic-lantern-shadow of the old metaphysical Kraken of the Deep, the 'Thing-in-Itself'. This were going too far; but I maintain that this whole thaumaturgical performance of conjuring up an unreal metaphysical entity like this 'Unconscious' exploits the human craving to do what commonsense cannot do, that is to get out on to the back of the world, where time and space are left behind.

For what is this Absolute whose *Mysterium Tremendum* is tapped and drawn upon in this *Mysterium Parvulum* of the Unconscious? Well, the Concise Oxford Dictionary defines it as: 'unqualified, unconditioned, self-existent, conceivable without relation to other things.'

Now what has not been sufficiently recognized by us dubs in regard to these superior persons who have ruled us for twenty thousand years by their cunning sorceries is that in the matter of aristocratic blood, or of religious holiness, or of scientific knowledge, or of skill in battle, or of devilish cunning in affairs, or of artistic, literary, or any other kind of taste, what these superior people tap is nothing less than the awe of the Absolute whether the Absolute exists or not.

Yes, whether it exists or not, in our imagination we feel the aura of its awe. And as it is with blood and taste, so with holiness and knowledge and devilish cunning. I don't care whether such people are 'good' or 'bad'.

It is the Human Totem. It is the awe of the Absolute. Now let us carry our analysis a step further. What, in the name of all the devils, is the predominant characteristic of this great Cosmic Totem before which, in its human forms of blood, taste, sanctity, devilish cunning and miraculous knowledge, we awe-inspired dubs are scared into doing what my evangelical progenitor used to call 'bow and scrape'?

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I will answer this important question in one word: THE DARK. Yes, like children, we simple dubs are awed by the obscurity of the Absolute.

About fifty-four years ago when I first went to see Thomas Hardy I found him looking up the word 'dim' in the then newly-appearing Oxford Dictionary to find if he could use it as a Noun and write of the Dim. But it is one thing to describe THE DIM on Egdon Heath and quite another to introduce it into the superiority of our fellows. Wasn't it the seminal Nobodaddy of all the dim serpents that are biting us to-day, spawned by that Thing-in-Itself from which the great Kant tried to protect us, wasn't it Hegel himself, who, pretending to do what Kant had shown couldn't be honestly done—except mathematically, which is a different story—that is to say by scrambling through the sky-light, or by climbing up the chimney, or like Mr. H, the Medium 'going round by the air', to get on the roof, outside Time and Space?

Wasn't it Hegel who literally collared that slippery sea-lion, the 'thing in itself', and opening his Conjuror's Box showed clearly that It was Us and We were It, and then coolly declared that in the Dark all Cows looked alike?

Yes, and in this phantasmagoric world of 'the Dim', where Being and Not-Being are the same, Angels and Devils grow so alike that none could tell the difference between those entranced cattle the shepherds saw kneeling in the manger and those very different cattle Pharaoh saw coming out of the Nile!

Our dictators and magicians, our prophets and statesmen, have been aeons and aeons trying to set up signboards of superiority in fields of vision where superiority is totally out of place.

The two things that ordinary men and women all over the world dread most are: *first*, war, where we are openly tortured and killed; and *second*, a totalitarian Police-State, where we are secretly tortured and killed.

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And what are our superior artists, scientists, psychologists, and the cleverest of our poets and novelists doing to exorcise from our minds and hearts and nerves and from the pits of our stomachs the vein of madness in us that these superior people work upon to drive us into war, and into that horror worse than war, the totalitarian Police-State?

They are putting over on us once again that Dreadful Totem of the Dark which Kant's *Critique* disposed of but whose sinister eggs the crafty Hegelian Serpent of an Absolute with its dim tail in its black mouth, laid in the heart of Europe.

Why, because we have forgotten all the dreadful things that happened to us as babies, as children, as boys, as girls, and all natural reactions we had to the infuriating peculiarities of our human parents, to the trying femininity of the one and the intolerable maleness of the other, and because in our wrestling-bouts with the world we have been forced to suppress various feline, fishy, monkeyish, dragon-scaled, insect-horned urges, are we to be doomed by conclaves of superior mind-rakers followed by swarms of sub-artists, demi-semi-poets and succubustical fabulators of short stories into believing that we carry about with us an invisible Tartarus of writhing monsters, an interior Sargasso-sea full of twisting and twining devil-fish?

And the teasing thing is that we ordinary people, who hate a despotic police-state even more than we hate war, know perfectly well in our shy, secretive, authority-scared souls that the whole Theory of the Unconscious is as certain to be refuted, cast aside, condemned as old-fashioned; thrown into the historic dust-bin as is the 'Quantum Theory' or that intrusive bundle of squirted energy called the 'Photon'.

'All passes; nothing abides,' said Heraclitus. And no scientific thinker realizes this tragic-comic truth better

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than the world's dubs with their weary, aeons-old continuity of disillusionment. We may be pleasure-loving and lazy, but we have something in us, a funny kind of natural fellow-feeling perhaps with other low animals, that causes us to know for certain that the political atrocities of this age are closely connected with the monstrous assumption that for scientific knowledge *any* torturing of living things is justifiable.

But once more let me ask, why is it we are so scared, awed, and reduced to hopeless silence, by these superior theorizers and their fanatical practitioners?

What do they put over on us, knowing for certain as we do, with our world-old disillusionment and our unanswerable questions, 'Why is everything everything and why am I I?' that when 'a time, and a time and half a time' has passed, a whole new set of ideas will possess the field?

Yes, we dubs are absolutely certain that a day will come when all reference to complexes will cease; all practice of vivisection will be regarded as a revolting barbarism, while the idea of 'the Unconscious' will join the idea of 'Damnation' in the great Limbo of mythological illusions. But how is it that we huge armies of dubs, for putting aside Communists and Politicians and Experts and Scientists and Artists and Specialists and the leading Lights in all the great Professions—this is what the masses of human beings all over the world obviously are—how is it that we who only want to be left in peace to earn our own living, cultivate our own gardens, enjoy our little hobbies and pleasures, give our offspring a chance to get a few more of this world's goods than have fallen to us, should be so easily gulled into 'bowing and scraping' before the obscure portals of the Unconscious?

Why are we so perpetually lured into its dim purlieus? Why are we so constantly hypnotized by the jabbering of its Plutonian high-priests? Well, neighbour dub, I will tell you in one little sentence. From fear of the dark.

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From fear lest the dark should really and truly prove to be everything.

In other words from the blind, sick, awe-struck panic at the thought that there's no escape from a Totalitarian Ultimate. This is the old old old terror—I repeat 'old' three times—that the grey magicians of our race, for in the Absolute, as Hegel reminds us, 'black' and 'white' are the same, have put upon us from paleolithic times even until now!

It is indeed a holy terror. That is to say it is the terror of 'Thing in Itself' that has the unnatural power of being Something while at the same time it is nothing.

One poor gibbering dub in these dim outer courts may whisper to another that nobody has ever *seen* the Unconscious, and that nobody has ever gone down into that cistern 'for toads to gender in', or, with his wits about him, fished up some of its scaly denizens; may whisper that there was a great philosopher once who denied that the 'Thing-in-Itself' could be reached at all by any rational approach; may whisper that of course mathematics could go anywhere, simply because it only went in paper-boats and under its own steam of algebraical figures, and could never inform us what really existed in those dim regions, but only how any imaginary reality would have to behave if it weren't to contradict the necessity of its own nature; but none of these whisperings can stop our trembling.

The only thing to do is to deny the existence of the Great Totem Itself. The only thing to do is to refuse to pay our 'obols' to the superior Charons who take us on these imaginary health-excursions over the black Acherons of our mythological selves. The only thing to do is to make a commonsense Co-op of this mad world where matters can be rendered less complex and more conscious by a revolt of the dubs.

JOHN COWPER POWYS

THE COMING OF THE FOOL

He will not come
because of fear of death or of a duke's
displeasure; he will not come for fame;
for threats not come, nor for fair looks,
nor nations' private saints and public crooks.

But he will come
for any other Fool,
and those who hold the name
of Reason sacred, if they will
put self outside, and throw away the till.

And he will come
to be the friend of those
the world rejects—the mad, the dumb,
the poor, the prisoner. He will refuse
none who have only life to lose

and will not seem
to be devoted to an evil cause.
Those whom a pin will charm
he blesses, for all magic laws
are his. He will not open doors

for poet-bishops, those who scream
for war in wartime, yet in peace
give prayers for politics, and dream
atomic dividends. But he will release
from judges those whom conquerors oppress.

The Fool will come
among you: he is here
already, brother, if you will give room
to innocence, and let the Truth appear!
A Fool shall lead you out of fear,

deliver you from harm
and winter's want, if you will turn
from pleasures that are cold, to warm
your hunger at a real flame; and learn
to know the fire that feeds, and does not burn.

JAMES KIRKUP

THE MATRIX OF MYTHOLOGY

To the agnostic and the materialist of the Victorian epoch the word *myth* was synonymous with falsehood. To the somewhat more enlightened literary critic mythology has long appeared to embody simple allegories of moral or political truths as when Bacon tells us that when Orpheus made trees order themselves according to his music, this refers to the commencement of agriculture, or when Tooke, in his *Pantheon*, remarks that lions drew the chariot of Bacchus, the god of wine, because drunkenness makes men rage like a lion. Another school of thought reduces mythology to the poetic description of simple natural phenomena. The latter idea was widespread at the end of the last century.

The critical scientific study of human thought during recent years has put an altogether different complexion on this subject. It has, to a large extent, vindicated a view of the nature of mythology which has always been upheld in the arcane schools. Mythology is akin to dream. In fact myths are, to mankind in general, what dreams are to the individual. And just as dreams are concerned with the most vital interests of the individual, so mythology is of paramount importance for the life of human society.

The conscious mind is only part of the whole human being. Within it appear the sensations which are part of the external world, the physical universe or world of sense. These are correlated by what the psychologists term *directed thinking*. But from the senses and the concepts, arising from the senses in this way, we obtain only a very one-sided view of the universe. Entering the consciousness in the form of symbols, in dream and myth, are other data, just as truly parts of the universe, but forming the substratum of the *imagination*. Psychologists call these irrational, but they have an order and

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coherence of their own, which is not to be confused with that dealt with in natural science.

Turning now to things which as yet have scarcely been dealt with by psychologists, and which have been the subject matter of philosophical discussion (although it is admitted by the greatest of philosophers that they are proved by direct spiritual awareness rather than by argument) we find that there are three principles which are intuitively accepted by all religious systems, an example of 'blind faith' so much despised by materialists, rationalists and modernists, but which to the student of spiritual science form the fundamental basis of all knowledge.

These principles are three in number *viz.* (i) the existence of God, (ii) the immortality of man and (iii) human freedom. We are not concerned with discussing these principles from a philosophical or theological point of view. All we have in view is to point out that they are the basis of mythology and without them the myths cannot be regarded as anything but meaningless fictions. As psychology shows, this is not the case.

Nearly all mythology deals with gods and goddesses, and all these divine beings are subject to one central divine Being of whom they are forms and aspects. The curious way in which gods and goddesses grade into one another¹ has always confounded and annoyed the rationalists. The apparently muddled character of myths however is quite in keeping with their origin from the unconscious; the same is seen in dreams. It results from putting the unlimited or spiritual into the forms of the limited or material.

That myths deal with immortality is sufficiently

¹ Porphyry, one of the greatest exponents of the classical mythological system, says that Bacchus, Attis, Adonis, Priapus, Silenus, Vesta, Rhea, Ceres, Themis, Proserpine and even the satyrs were one and the same. Proclus says: 'Jupiter is a man, he is also an immortal maid,' also that 'all things are contained in the womb of Jupiter'.

THE MATRIX OF MYTHOLOGY

obvious. Human beings hoped to be united with the gods after death. In fact the gods and the spirits of the dead were thoroughly confused. In Egypt the faithful hoped to be united with Osiris after death.

Human freedom, even to rebel against the gods, was also the theme of many myths. The weighing of the soul in Egypt and the Indian doctrine of *karma* need only be mentioned as proof that the mythological system was based on the principle of human responsibility. This involves freedom. We also find that certain laws apply to the whole field of symbolism, as expressed in dream, myth, legend, fairy-tale and even in the products of all great arts and religions. These seven laws may also be applied, by those trained in this way of thinking, to the physical world, but in modern times only a few great thinkers having access to arcane knowledge, such as Goethe, Schelling and Oken, have dared to use this method of natural scientific investigation openly and on a wide scale. These unalterable laws may be called *cosmic laws*, provided we do not have in mind any of the one-sided and artificial concepts of the cosmology of our modern astronomers.

They are seven in number, as we have said, and this itself conceals a mystery. As they have already, on more than one occasion, appeared in print, there seems to be no reason why they should not be discussed here. We therefore enumerate them as follows:

The *law of order* asserts that the universe in all its aspects is a coherent structural unity, the parts of which have a definite pattern or form, with a definite relation to one another; in short that it is impossible to alter the slightest detail in the universe without affecting every thing also therein; the study of this order of the universe is known to the initiates as *Cosmic Architecture*. The manifestation of this law is seen in the tree of life of the Kabalah and in the system of the Tarot.

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The *law of correspondence, or analogy*, asserts that the unity, which is laid down in the preceding law, is expressed by perfect parallelism, without, however, any identity or compulsive interaction between the various systems. This law is, amongst other things, the basis of *Astrology* which deals with the parallelism of the movements of the planets and the behaviour of mankind upon earth and many other similar correspondences. The great manifestation of this law in mythology is the doctrine of the Macrocosm and the Microcosm.

The *law of series or sequence* is a further extension of the same way of thinking. In time it gives the appearance of the action of cause and effect, so beloved by the materialist, although caught up by the latter and used in a quite illegitimate way in relation to mankind, thus denying man's free-will. Its true meaning is, as it applies to us, that whatever we do will have its effects, but it must not be forgotten that movement in one direction can always be counteracted by movement in the opposite direction. The action of the law of series in time is generally known as *karma*.

The law of series is well illustrated by the labours of Hercules, the story of creation in *Genesis*, by the genealogy of the gods in Hesiod, by the hierarchies of the angels in Christian tradition and by similar pantheons in all religions.

However, in order to bring this law into relation with the first two, we must recognize a fourth, the *law of periodicity or cycles*. Here we see that series repeat themselves in orderly sequence, that lesser series form themselves into greater series. This law has been used for prediction of natural phenomena such as eclipses, but must not be applied to human life without taking into account the incalculable factor² of the divine gift of free will.

¹ In non-living things movement is, relatively to the centre, in circles or Ellipses, e.g. the orbits of electrons in atoms, or of planets

THE MATRIX OF MYTHOLOGY

Therefore its application to man is modified, but by no means abrogated. The law of periodicity is the basis of progressions in astrology. In Hindu mythology it is illustrated by the ten incarnations of Vishnu.

The *law of polarity* is the next cosmic law. According to it all limited things have their opposites, one implying the other. In other words, when anything becomes very clearly separated from the whole, it tends to become unstable, and it seems that an opposing force appears. This is, therefore, sometimes called the *law of compensation*. In mythology this law is seen in the great opposition of Hell and Heaven and it is quite legitimate to relate it to natural phenomena, as in sex, magnetism, the polarity of the earth, light and darkness, the seasons etc., provided it is recognized that the same law applies in the psychological sphere too.

The *law of rhythm* is formed by the combination of the law of cycles with the law of polarity, thus showing that each sub-cycle has its zenith and its nadir, its highest point and its lowest. In mythology the great drama of death and resurrection is its grandest expression; it also has some application in physical science, e.g. in the wave motion of the ether, birth and death of organisms, etc. The *law of synthesis* is the last of the cosmic laws and postulates the union of the opposites in the new state, that of *equilibrium* or *balance*. The whole of the myths dealing with redemption, transmutation, the Rosy Cross and the Quest for the Holy Grail illustrate this law. It is the fundamental principle of *Alchemy*. In natural science it is expressed in all processes of generation.

Besides the three principles and the seven laws, which have hitherto received insufficient attention among modern psychologists, there are certain typical themes

in the solar system. In the movement of growth in plants it is in logarithmic spirals.

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which have received full recognition, at least from psychologists of the Zürich school. The chief of these have been enumerated by W. P. Witcutt³ and it happens that there are just twelve of them. There are of course many of less importance and they grade with one another and mix in various ways, but it is not by chance that twelve main themes have emerged from this line of research, perhaps the most profound investigation of modern times.

The three principles of belief in God, freedom and immortality, the seven cosmic laws enumerated above and the archetypes or twelve typical themes, form the matrix of mythology. They correspond not only with the trumps major of the Tarot but equally with the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet and the corresponding twenty-two paths on the Kabalistic tree of life.

W. B. CROW, D.S.C., PH.D.

³ *Catholic Thought and Modern Psychology*, London 1943.

L A B Y R I N T H

Labyrinth, life, labyrinth, death
Labyrinth without end, says the Master of Ho.

Everything founders, nothing frees.
The suicide is born again to a renewed suffering.

The prison opens on a prison
The corridor upon another corridor:

He who believes he unrolls the scroll of his life
Unrolls nothing at all.

Nothing emerges anywhere.
The centuries too live underground, says the Master of Ho.
JAMES KIRKUP

From Epreuves, Exorcismes, by Henri Michaux

THE MYTHOLOGY OF FALSTAFF

The character of Falstaff is one of the richest and most complex of all Shakespeare's creations. There is none that shows more fully the all-embracing humanity of its author. There are several points of view from which we may approach this figure and the rôle he plays in the two parts of *Henry IV* and (off-stage) in *Henry V*. He was originally, as we know, Sir John Oldcastle, whom Shakespeare took over from the old play of *The Famous Victories of King Henry the Fifth*. Hostile tradition had represented the historical Lollard martyr as a drunken buffoon, one of the companions of Prince Henry's legendary wild youth. He belonged, therefore, to folk tradition before Shakespeare took up and elaborated the character. It appears that after the first production of *Henry IV Part One*, the family of Oldcastle protested against Shakespeare's treatment of their ancestor. The dramatist was therefore compelled to alter his name to that of Sir John Falstaff or Fastolfe, another, though less well-known Lollard leader.¹ Henry's rejection of Falstaff at the close of *Henry IV Part Two* is, therefore, in some respects, to be related to a folk-memory of that monarch's persecution of the Lollards—though there does not appear to be any evidence that he first favoured them, and then turned against them.

It has also been pointed out that Falstaff embodies many characteristics of the Vice, or traditional comic devil, of the old Morality Plays. His dramatic function, in the historical-political trilogy of *Henry IV—Henry V* (to which *Richard II* forms a kind of Prologue) is to act as the leader of a kind of comic Chorus, and as a critic, whose comments counterbalance the heroic values of the serious

¹ Sir John Fastolfe appears as a character in his own right in *Henry VI, Part One*. His reputation is vilified here also, for he is represented as a coward deserting to the enemy on the eve of battle.

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parts of the drama. Thus his famous soliloquy on honour in *Henry IV Part One*, balances Hotspur's high-flown sentiments on the same subject. His mock reproval of the Prince in the same play parodies, by anticipation, the serious scene between King Henry IV and his son which immediately follows. Falstaff represents earthy, sensual and un-ideal human nature. It is inevitable that when Henry reaches his full stature as an ideal political hero, Falstaff is rejected. On the realistic plane, only a sentimentalist could wish it to be otherwise. A king cannot be expected to put his drinking-companions before his duty to his people as a whole; Falstaff with access to the treasury of England would be unthinkable. Nevertheless, the Prince inevitably forfeits something of our sympathies at this point, and *Henry V*, which should have been the culmination of this series of historical plays, is something of an anti-climax. Perhaps Shakespeare was already becoming tired of political drama, and moving towards the world of profounder human values represented by the great tragedies. For in making his hero reject Falstaff for the sake of a political ideal, Shakespeare forced him to reject an important side of human nature. We feel almost as we do when, for similar reasons, Virgil's Aeneas rejects Dido. Dido symbolizes feminine romantic passion, for which the Augustan Roman political ideal, in whose service Virgil was writing, could find no place. But something of humanity leaves the poem at Dido's death—something which the Christian civilization and the Romantic Love ideal of the Middle Ages might finally redeem. As Dido stands for passion, so Falstaff stands for corporeal humanity. The political ideal of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—that of the strong, unified national state—was to allow less and less scope for this corporeal humanity, with all its earthy shrewdness, its lusts and appetites. This was to be made explicit some fifty years later, when the Puritan Revolution sig-

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nalized the victory of Malvolio over Sir Toby Belch (who is surely Falstaff's first cousin).

From yet another point of view, Falstaff represents a recurring type in mythology, folk-lore and heroic saga. He is the fabulous Glutton, who is sometimes the hero's friend and companion on his adventures, and whose enormous feats of eating and drinking form the subject of extravagant, humorous anecdote. This Glutton was originally a god—perhaps an Earth-god, to whom offerings were made by vast quantities of food and drink being poured into a pit in the ground, or the god of an aboriginal people, whose coarse tastes, and habit of gorging themselves when the food-supply happened to be abundant, roused the humorous contempt of their more civilized conquerors. The Irish Dagda is of this type, and so, often, is the Greek Heracles (as, for example, in Euripedes' *Alcestis*). In Norse mythology Thor sometimes plays the same rôle, and is contrasted with the more refined Odin—Odin being the god of the aristocratic, bardic class, as Thor was of the peasants. The most complete literary elaboration of this archetypal figure is to be found in Gargantua—who belonged to French, or rather Breton folk-lore before Rabelais made him famous throughout Europe. Mr. Lewis Spence² believes that Gargantua was originally a god, connected with the standing stones of Brittany, whom he associates with the Celtic deity Beli or Belinus. He sees Beli in another Gargantuan figure, belonging to an English nursery rhyme:

Robin the Bobbin, the big-bellied ben,
He ate more meat than fourscore men;
He ate a church, he ate a steeple,
He ate the priest and all the people.

² Lewis Spence; *The Minor Traditions of British Mythology*, (1948). Mr. Spence also thinks that Gargantua is identical with the legendary Celtic Saint Kentigern—whom we shall meet again presently.

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Falstaff, too, is radically pagan. It is to a pagan paradise, 'Arthur's bosom'—the Celtic Otherworld in which King Arthur sleeps, awaiting his return—that, in one of the most tender and moving passages he ever wrote, Shakespeare assigns him, after his death at the beginning of *Henry V*.

It is there, I am sure, that Shakespeare would have wished to have left him. But he was compelled to resurrect him by the whim of a capricious, ageing and cynical woman. Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, as presented in the two parts of *Henry IV*, that she commanded the poet to write a comedy, in which he should represent Sir John in love. This is the tradition, and the internal evidence predisposes us to accept it. The *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which was probably written for a royal visit to Windsor in 1599, bears evident marks of having been composed hurriedly and to order. After his custom, Shakespeare has taken his plot from an Italian tale. But he has given it an English setting, and made his hero (who is not really in love, but over-reaches himself through having an eye to two main chances at once) into Falstaff. But the vigour has gone out of him; the prose speeches put into his mouth lack their former wit and strength. The humiliations to which Shakespeare allows this poor battered creature to be subjected bear witness to the fact that the poet had lost imaginative interest and sympathy in his creation. *The Merry Wives* would nevertheless do credit to any dramatist less great than Shakespeare. It is a lively, well-constructed comedy, which has always remained popular on the stage. But the critics have generally taken little interest in it. There is not, they say, much poetry in it. Nevertheless, I think it may provide us with an illustration of the remarkable way in which Shakespeare, in common with other great poets, intuitively grasped the nature of the mythological and traditional

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symbolism which had found its way into his material.

To the statement that there is little poetry in the play, there is one striking exception. It is the description of Herne the Hunter, by whose oak Falstaff is to meet Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, so that they and their husbands may exact their final revenge upon him. Falstaff, decked with a pair of buck's horns, is to impersonate the ghostly hunter, but Anne Page, disguised as the Fairy Queen, is to appear leading a band of children similarly dressed as fairies, who will punish Falstaff for his unchastity, as the fairies were said to do, by pinching and burning him. The description of Herne and his oak is worth quoting in full:

There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit; and well know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Shakespeare is here drawing on local tradition. According to a story given by A. Porteous in his *Forest Folklore*,³ Herne was keeper in Windsor Forest under Richard II. He was cured from the wound inflicted by a wild stag which had attacked the king, and which Herne had killed, by a mysterious dark stranger called Urswick, who bound the head and horns of the dead animal to Herne's head. The king made Herne his chief keeper, but his jealous rivals obtained from Urswick the promise that he should lose his skill in woodcraft. When this came about, Herne hanged himself in despair on the oak which afterwards bore his name. His two rivals, who

³ Quoted by Lewis Spence, *op. cit.*

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succeeded him in his office, likewise lost their skill, and were later adjured by Urswick to form themselves into a band, with Herne's spirit as its leader, which killed the king's deer by night.

All this suggests that Herne was the tutelary deity of an ancient cult surviving clandestinely among the foresters of Windsor Forest, and connected with the worship of the stag and the oak-tree. The death of the deer is regarded as a ritual sacrifice. The slayer is magically identified with the animal he has killed, in order that its potency may pass from its body into his. He becomes the Deer-king of the forest, and the fact that Herne is said to have killed a stag that was attacking King Richard, suggests that he may have been a surrogate for the true king in a ritual combat. When the divine king's potency begins to wane he is ritually sacrificed by hanging on an oak tree, and a new Deer-king takes his place. The later part of the story suggests that Herne became the cult figure of a group of foresters who resisted the feudal forest laws, and poached the king's deer. He is thus similar to Robin Hood (another cult-figure, connected with the May Day spring-games), and his worship seems to have been related to that of the witch-cult. 'Urswick' is clearly the Devil of witch-belief, and the activities of Herne's spirit, as recorded by Shakespeare, in injuring cattle and trees, are of the same nature as the acts performed by the witches. What had been originally a fertility-cult has taken on an opposite character, and is directed *against* animal and human fertility. Herne, the old Deer-king, who has been hung upon the oak, is connected with the waning of fertility, cattle-plague, and winter.

Herne the Hunter has been identified as the Celtic god Cernunnos, figures of whom have been found in France, and who is also represented on the Gundestrup silver bowl from Denmark. He is shown squatting on the

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ground, with deer's antlers springing from his head. In one hand he holds a ring or torque,⁴ or two torques hang from his antlers. His other hand grasps a horned serpent. He is accompanied by a wolf and a stag, evidently his cult animals. It has been suggested that the legendary St. Kentigern, the patron of Glasgow, who miraculously yoked these animals to a plough, is really a form of Cernunnos. Another attribute of the god is an open sack. Professor Rhys,⁵ who regarded Cernunnos primarily as a god of riches and of the underworld—the Gaulish Dis—takes this to be a money-bag. But it may be a sack of acorns.

The cult of an antlered god, associated with the oak-tree, must go back to a very early stage of European history, before the introduction of agriculture and the domestication of cattle. At this stage men lived primarily by hunting, and magical ceremonies naturally arose to insure success in this, and also the fertility and abundance of the deer. The oak-tree was also sacred, because acorns were still an important article of human food. Men wearing deers' masks and antlers, evidently for ritual purposes, are shown in Palaeolithic cave-paintings, and dancers similarly attired take part in one traditional Morris Dance at Abbott's Bromley in Staffordshire.

Further evidence of the survival, among foresters, of primitive ceremonies connected with the killing of the deer, is provided by the song which Shakespeare introduces into *As You Like It*:

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.

⁴ The torque of Cernunnos may be represented by the chain which Herne shakes (though this is a common attribute of ghosts). Mr. John Masefield, who introduces Herne as a character in his fantasy, *The Box of Delights*, represents him as hung about with small silver chains—but I do not know on what authority.

⁵ John Rhys: *Celtic Heathendom* (1886).

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Then sing him home.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wert born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

This is, of course, a piece of horseplay, a rude joke. The point of the last lines is the perennial Elizabethan jest over cuckoldry, of which our ancestors appear never to have grown tired. Horns were supposed to sprout on the brows of the deceived husband. The reason for this belief has often puzzled scholars, but it was long ago suggested that it was connected with the myth of Actaeon, who was turned into a deer and torn to pieces by his own hounds as a punishment for violating the privacy of Diana. But the analogy between Actaeon and the deceived husband did not, on the face of it, seem very clear. Mr. Robert Graves has, I think, arrived at the true meaning of the Actaeon story.⁶ According to him, Actaeon represents the divine king, who held office by virtue of his marriage to the Great Goddess, of whom Artemis, or Diana, was a form. When his term of office expired, in the waning of the year, the goddess took a new husband, the rival of the old king. The latter was then dressed in a deer's skin, and ritually hunted and torn to pieces with dogs. In classical art, Actaeon is represented torn to pieces, not as a deer, but as an antlered man.

The point of the joke in *The Merry Wives* is, of course, that Falstaff, in donning Herne's horns, is made to assume the insignia of cuckoldry, just at the moment when he hopes, by seducing Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford

⁶ Robert Graves: *The White Goddess* (1948). Some years before the publication of Mr. Graves' book, the late Sidney Keyes and myself reached a somewhat similar interpretation of the 'horned cuckold' idea when discussing it in conversation.

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together, to bring this very fate upon their husbands. But it is he who is in fact the deceived one; like Herne he is the old, superannuated god, whose potency has waned. All through his soliloquy, when awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, the contrast between his actual impotence, and the virile power of which his horns ought to be the symbol, is clearly brought out. The reference to Jupiter's seduction of Europa in the form of a bull suggests the connection with the horned god of mythology. When Anne Page appears with her pack of fairies, Falstaff is subjected to a fate similar to, though less tragic than that of Actaeon. Anne is disguised as the Fairy Queen, who was commonly identified, by Medieval and Renaissance writers on demonology, with the Diana, or Titania, of the ancients. She is, in fact, the Goddess, in her rôle of ever-desired virgin, or nymph, as Falstaff is the old fertility-god whose power has waned.

The titles and attributes of Diana, the virgin huntress were universally accorded, by her courtiers and poets, to Queen Elizabeth. In *Cynthia's Revels*, written after the execution of Essex, Ben Jonson was daring enough to equate the queen's unlucky favourite with Actaeon. There is good reason to suppose that Shakespeare, through his patron Southampton (who may have been the beloved youth of the sonnets), was linked with the Essex party, and in sympathy with their hopes. While the poet was writing, at the queen's command, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the star of Essex was already about to decline. His expedition to Ireland, for whose success Shakespeare, in *Henry V*, had expressed high hopes, was proving disastrous. The next two years

⁷ Bacon, in *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, interprets the Actaeon myth as an allegory of those who imprudently violate the secrets of princes. One wonders if he, too, had Essex' fate in mind. The Earl had been his benefactor, but Bacon unscrupulously acted for the prosecution at his trial.

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were to see his return to England, his futile attempt to seize power, and his execution for High Treason.

Whether or not this was connected with the political disillusionment brought about by Essex's fall, or to a personal crisis of which the Sonnets may furnish a clue, Shakespeare was shortly to turn from comedy to tragedy. Falstaff belonged to a stage of his development which he was fast leaving behind. His bringing him back to life, in *The Merry Wives*, was forced upon him by the whim of Elizabeth. It is possible to discern, in his treatment of Falstaff in this play, and his identification of him with the sacrificed fertility god whose potency has left him, a subconscious realization of these facts, and a desire, ritually, to abandon his spiritual past, so that a fresh creative power might be re-born within him.

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

THE MASKS OF EMPTINESS

Often in my inner retreat, the masks of emptiness appear before me. The masks that emptiness puts on are never full. That is not necessary.

A few faint features to take care to mask the emptiness, and are sufficient. Certainly, it is there, but one would almost forget. . . . These masks are generally found in pairs, and are stamped, fragile but hard, upon the finished disk of the universe.

One could believe in gestures, in the algebra of gestures arrested in a Pompeian cataclysm. But there is no trace of cataclysm. On the contrary there is a strange immobility, and everywhere the Specter of power himself, the terrifying suction of emptiness, of the Void.

There are also the deserts of the morning, strewn with dead animals. . . .

JAMES KIRKUP

From Epreuves, Exorcismes, by Henri Michaux.



A PARABLE

There was once a devout Christian who believed Christ said a certain thing, and as he journeyed through life he came upon the brethren of a church who replied that the Lord had meant otherwise. So they indulged in argument, politely at first; for good people never quarrel—in the beginning. But later, because this good brother still believed that Christ did say a certain thing, they despaired for his soul and saw wickedness therein—though he was a Christian.

Therefore they said that his crooked thought needed straightening. They beheld small red flames burning within his being, and saw that the Evil One had made a nest therein. So, unwillingly and with great sorrow in their hearts, and because he was unaccompanied by followers, they resolved to exorcize the Devil by putting their brother to the torture.

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After long trials and preliminary rituals and much compassion—and also prayers, they began, with careful ceremony, the infliction of diverse methods of pain.

First they twisted his limbs—not in order to kill him, but to make him admit they were right and he was wrong. Yet he did not do so; on the contrary; he was exultant and fixed his mind upon Christ and gloried that he should suffer even as his Saviour had once suffered.

Then, as the acolytes sprinkled from impressive censers sweet incenses and chanted low-toned prayers, they inflicted numerous flesh-peelings upon his nude form until the smell of his own blood tasted saltily in his nostrils, and the perspiration from his pain diluted his welling blood. Yet he exulted exceedingly despite a few animal moans; for he still fixed his mind upon his Lord: the blessed Jesus Christ.

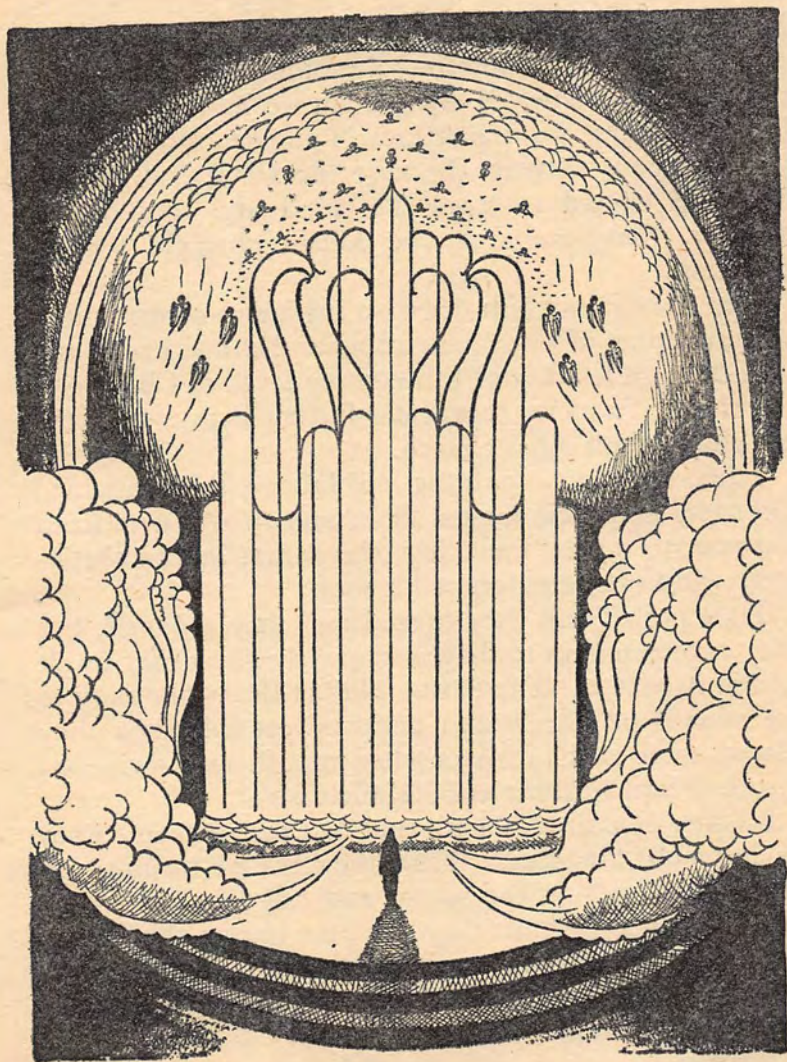
Thus his opponents were exceedingly grieved; for they saw that he was stubborn and would not admit his unrighteousness. So in that windy chamber of torment they prepared, with lamentations in their hearts and pity in their eyes, a third infliction.

And they placed his body of twisted limbs and many wounds within a harsh cradle of inflexible nails, and, with loving care, rocked him gently to and fro. This suffering hurt sorely; for, though it did not thrust his soul from his body, the nails discovered fresh portions of his frame untouched before. Yet still he was exultant; for his mind and heart were fixed upon the vision of his Saviour Who had once died for him. And his tormentors heard feeble cries issuing from his mouth, and because they were low and faint they bent and listened and heard, in astonishment and wrath, that he did not recant his heresy; but sang in praise of his Lord.

So they cried: 'Alas! he is still possessed of the Devil who must be driven forth.'

Then in that gloomy vault of shadows and torchlights

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they lifted him from his cradle and laid him gently upon the freezing flagstones; for he was ill in mind and his body sadly exhausted. And with loving hands they placed the crucifix upon the ruins of his face; for much of it had been destroyed by the severe nails, and amid bitter sobbing, for the hearts of the cowed brethren were heavy with tears, because the Devil had entered and had caused to stray the mind and soul of this brother, they prepared the fourth struggle for his salvation.

And they raised him upon an ingenious construction: an instrument of wheels and ropes and strong knots, and into the dim hearing of this ecstatic lover of Christ rose the clang of massive metal and further hymns from the sad choir of this other church.

Then, with much panting and labour, they entwined the ropes about his ragged flesh, and strove, with fixed purpose, to thwart the thing of evil that lurked obstinately within the crevices of his soul.

They pulled and they tugged and they groaned; but they strove in vain to drive out the sly ghost that dwelt within its victim. The dark arches of the vaults rang to the sounds of wheels and panting, yet lo! when they placed their ears to his parched mouth and shrivelled lips they heard thin cries of 'Hallelujah'.

So they despaired; for his soul had not yet come unto its heavenly kingdom. Then they ceased turning the wheels and pulling the ropes, and sat down and conferred. And afterwards they lifted the uneasy thing from its high place, and were, with great care, preparing the fifth torment, when, with a loud cry of 'Hosannah', their fallen brother expired.

For the ties of his enraptured being were easily unloosed, and the filmy robes of his soul became wings upon which he sped, with great rejoicing, heavenwards.

Now his soul was filled with a sea of light; his imagina-

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tion expanded like a tree with many fruits; the embroideries of his vision filled all space, for had he not died for his Lord? Had he not suffered four torments that were bewildering in their rich varieties of pain? And had he not withstood such assaults for the sake of his Redeemer?

Thus his spirit was glad-eyed, and the subtle elements of his being danced with deep joy about the boundaries of his senses. And he foresaw the jewelled throne upon which he would be seated; he heard the angels clap their hands and the organ of the stars welcome him with a new song in praise of his martyrdom. As he darted into the deeps of the Universe he imagined the tender fingers of the Lord clasping his and His shining face welcoming him with love; for had he not fallen about the battlements of his body to keep the light of his Lord's words aflame? Had he not fallen for His sake? Because of this would not a mansion be prepared for him of agate and onyx and silver and gold and ivory: a house of precious things?

Thus he rejoiced as his intangible substances plunged through many layers of celestial life; for his mind was fixed strongly upon his Lord and the gardens of the Universe could not tempt him to pause amid such eternal Edens for rest. In such wise did he reach the dwelling place of Christ.

Before the ornate gates of Heaven he stood; for they were closed, and high above he beheld, peering through the graciously-curved bars, the countenances of many cherubs; as they fluttered and called with sweet voices the lambent feathers of their wings filled the serene air with soft flames, and he gazed in great pride at their delicate beauty; for were they not the servants of the Lord, and would not even He command them?

Now through the slim rods of crystal and lapis lazuli and rare metals he beheld a simply-clad man who

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walked in great dignity towards the gates; and he recognized this man as St. Peter; for he held a key that shone like a sceptre and was heavily encrusted with gems. And St. Peter nodded gravely and unsmilingly to him as he slid the key into the mysterious wards of the lock; for they were of Heavenly conception, and are not the least things made in Heaven possessed of beauty and wonder?

Now St. Peter greeted the exultant figure in low tones and chill words; so that the pilgrim felt that a frost had entered Paradise and blew coldly upon the rapture of his desires. And he looked up and saw that the eyes of St. Peter were harsh stars of angry grey. Then astonishment and dismay fell bleakly upon the spiritual essences of this wanderer and he waited humbly as the gate swung smoothly back and gave him freedom to enter.

In this wise did he enter Heaven; sorely puzzled and his exultation dropping from him like a falling fire.

Now as he trod the enchanted floor of Heaven—a floor of strange surfaces that was as a stream of smooth waters that gently sang, yet was also soft as down and yielding, and yet again as a benign sunlight brushed by the bloom of dusk—the chemistry of his substances distilled a heaviness within his limbs, so that they moved slowly and in fear; for he was sadly afraid.

He did not gaze at the trees of emerald and ruby and chrysoprase planted by the seeds of prayers, whereon the angels and cherubs could rest: for is it not known that the holy flocks of God have not, nor need, the physical counterparts of man? His eyes were humbly lowered and a perplexed foreboding bemused his mind. Had he not been violently translated for the sake of his Master? Yet the glad cry of trumpets did not sound in greeting. Neither did the hosts of the Lord aureole him in loud music. Nay, cold silence lay as a seal upon all Heaven.

Therefore he sighed and trod meekly after the figure

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of St. Peter: whose back showed disapproval. In this wise did he tread to the very house of the Lord: a noble habitation whence issued doleful harmonies and sometimes a quiet weeping. And here it was that St. Peter departed.

Before the intricately-fashioned portals of the Lord's home he stood; the Hosannahs that had shouted in his heart now silent; the rich visions of his mind shrivelled up. His spirit had flown like a proud eagle; his soul had brought forth wings. Now both powers had passed away. Thus he stood and waited.

Then as he faced this shining door glazed with cunningly-wrought enamels that was shaped like two wings that nestled one to the other, they unfolded, and a voice, soft as a bell heard amid twilit hills, bade him enter. And in awe and joy and fear he trod over the thin threshold of woven blossoms; for the sad mystery that awaited his homecoming was about to be revealed to him.

Now before him ran a corridor of such light that he could not see the marvels inscribed upon its walls, and in his ears breathed the holy voice, beckoning him to his destined place. And as he trod with hesitant footsteps he heard a frail whispering: 'Lo! he cometh. It is he, it is he.' Then his fear grew and overclouded his awe and joy; for he did not understand, and the widespread draperies of his senses receded within him. Thus it was a small spirit that entered the holy chamber of our Lord.

Now a sore sight greeted him; for he beheld that within that noble place stood a most marvellous bed instead of a throne, and, resting within that bed, lay a very sick Man. His brows were damp with the thrust of some inward agony; the fingers of His shining hands were knotted as though in great pain; and the wells of His godlike eyes were aflame with some deeply-rooted scourge.

And about Him stood austere archangels who chanted magic words that fell as cooling flowers about the bed,

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and in the air small cherubs fluttered unhappily and uttered shrill and distressed cries. And the archangels made way for the small spirit that had entered; drew back in disdain as he approached the bedside. And a cherub darted down and hissed angrily into his ear as he knelt adoringly beside the bed; for he recognized that he worshipped the Lord Jesus Christ: Who again seemed crucified upon an unseen cross.

Now this was the greatest mystery of all; a mystery above all mysteries; a matter never recorded by the sages and saints of the Church. And daringly he ventured within the circle of the Lord's halo; for he heard sounds that gasped from the parched lips as though his Lord had fallen into a divine delirium. Yet the cries were familiar. As he hearkened, he remembered the sounds, remembered. . . They were the same, these cries, as the cries he himself had uttered when afflicted by those diverse torments upon earth.

MICHAEL JUSTE



SCHEME OF SOUL

In the basis of human nature lies the primary situation which is the root of religion. The mother is the primary fact to the child; in her and by her he exists. She is the tree fruit-bearing and sheltering; she is the guarded paradisaal garden. In the beginning was Eden and its tree; and with the coming of women into his consciousness—the budding-off of Eve—Adam, who is every-child, wishes to rape the first woman, his mother—to pluck the fruit of her tree; the woman-imago leads him to this fruit, he tries to put off the guilt upon her. Before that desire arose was his paradise state, enclosed protected garden-womb, the bliss to which he would ever after wish to return. But the God, the father, forbids the plucking of the tree-mother; whether Adam has actually done it or not, he has done it potentially, in wish; and the garden is henceforth closed and guarded.

Adam's main wish is to return, to gain access to women. The father is the Old Man who keeps the harem of women in the tribe; the Adam-child grows, he desires, he is kept from that garden of woman. The brotherhood of young men conspire, they kill the Old Man of the tribe. The garden of woman is reopened, but with a great guilt attached; the garden is indeed now enlarged to the world, but it brings forth briars and thistles. It is the world, for man is now grown and outside the mother-garden; he faces the objective, he knows woman as a separate entity, and, knowing himself separate from her, he knows for the first time death—hitherto he was part of the continuous whole of the family, of the animal creation; now he is aware of himself and of his separate end.

The father returns in dream, he is reincarnated; always there is an Old Man to be killed, always it is a

SCHEME OF SOUL

fearful act. Propitiation is called for and the religion of aversion begins.

Always the early god is a jealous and wrathful god, for he is the forbidding father. And historic facts take on mythic and compulsive force from this universal infantilism. The early killing by the sons of the family tribe of the Old Man who monopolized the women was fact which took on awful power in the subconscious; the repetition at a late date in man's evolution of such communal murder would revive such guilt-sense, render the descendants of its perpetrators peculiarly liable to the wraths of a jealous god. Such, says Freud, was the fate of the Jews who killed in the wilderness their god's inspired son, their father, teacher and leader, Moses.

How is man, how are the Jews, to be redeemed from the sense of guilt? Expiatory rites bind themselves heavily on the people peculiarly of God, but no relief is found from this compulsive piety. Animal blood flows in sacrificial torrents and conduct is bound about with rules, but always the god broods angrily. No people of antiquity was free of this sense of guilt; vainly they sacrificed the animal passions embodied in beasts, made libations and oblations to the gods of the dead, in Egypt, in Greece, Rome, Phoenicia as well as Palestine.

An active search for saviour figures began to be felt; a series of human ones appeared in Palestine, mythical ones elsewhere—divine Isis-mothers sacrificed sons, Mithra was identified with his bull, initiates washed in his blood.

It becomes clear that only some god-like man sacrificed to expiate the sin of killing the Old Man-become-God can suffice. He will be the complement and reflection of the Old Man, his representative Son. Just as all participated in the ancient killing and enjoyed its fruits, so all must identify themselves with this sacrifice and be cleansed. Representative man is a teacher, a

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benefactor, even as Moses; one sent from God must appease God, one who shall undo Cain's first murder and be in turn a sacrifice to the spirit of Moses of the Thunder-mountain, now with God and demanding vengeance. No legend would do, it must be a historic man even as Moses was real, to undo that great evil. So comes the freer from sin, a man whose existence could be vouched for, who was lifted up upon the mother-tree whose rape was the Fall; the representative man does not now face and desire the tree but is crucified with his back upon it; the cause of evil is the means of suffering. Cast out from the guarded Eden of infancy, it is the outside world of adulthood now, the corrupted thistles, the representatives of many nations, which rejects him. The blissful garden has become the world-Garden of Gethsemane, the passion-place of suffering. The son is forsaken of the father, takes upon himself the guilt of having killed that father; his life is lived as a sacrifice in constantly refusing women, rejecting his mother. And those who identify with the sacrifice of the one for the many, who are 'oned' with Christ, are freed for ever from the guilt if they believe that for them He bears it. God becomes a loving father, reconciled. The means of identification with the sacrifice becomes the means of grace, and the ritual eating of flesh and drinking of blood becomes a flow of positive good. Not until this sense of 'convertio', this reversal in the subconscious, has been accepted and lived by all men will the work of the Son cease and He be wholly ascended to the Father. Until then, the Sacrifice is stretched and the divine pity in the inward censor-father waits. And the subconsciousness of each human being needs this redemption, for the original sin—the desire to eat the apple, to rape the mother, to kill the father—is in each. Jesus died for the sake of goodness to redeem the general sense of guilt; He is the way to peace and the freed libido. That is more

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important than to die for the true, like Socrates, for intellectual integrity can but build upon queasy foundations when the subconscious is riddled with guilt. No one has died for the third of the Greek trinity yet; perhaps he who dies for the beautiful has yet to come, that it will happen in a machine age; or perhaps beauty is a false third, a by-product of the other two.

The redeemed libido can enter again the paradisaal garden within the wall, the Johannine heavenly Jerusalem, through which runs mother-water of refreshment, over which is the Tree of Life. The pale of the garden has become a city wall of ineffable gems, an apotheosis of stone, which encloses forever; the beasts who are the animal nature of men are transformed into the servants of God. The whole is the city and bride who descends to the divine man from above. The process of man's psyche is at an end, history is at an end; timelessness begins with the completed redemption.

ROSS NICHOLS

BLACK MAGIC IN MODERN ART

I

The Theme Stated

Knowingly or unknowingly, willy-nilly, whether he likes it or not, the artist is a magician. His subject-matter may be pleasing, revolting, or merely boring, according to individual taste or community trends. His technique may be good, bad, or indifferent, according to prevailing standards of judgment (if any), and individual or group dogmas and preferences. No matter: the artist is a magician, and his output has a Good or Evil effect upon the community as a whole.

The artist, sodden with neo-Marxist materialism, may

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deny his magical power. The community as a whole, drenched in the same 'dismalizing' myth, and 'scientifically' planned in accordance with it from the cradle to the grave (if not beyond the grave, and so back to the womb again), may take little or no interest in art or the artist. Nevertheless, the artist is a magician and his art works a Good or Evil magic upon all classes of society.

So now we plunge headlong into the everlasting whirlpool of: What is Art? What is Magic? What is Good? What is Evil? What is the function of the Artist? and a thousand and one other questions? In fact, however, we only take that plunge if we are devoid of art: that is to say, bereft of magic. That plunge can result only in never ending 'intellectual botheration'—not 'Twenty Questions', but 20,000 questions, in which every answer turns (magically?) into another question, words without end, and no *Amen*.

Without asking questions, and without answering any, we shall proceed by making a number of assertions, remembering always that 'Assertion is stronger than argument', as Samuel Butler (1835-1902) asserted. To 'recap' the statement of our theme:

1. *The artist is a magician, whether he knows it or not.*
2. *Art has a Good or Evil effect (or influence) upon the whole community.*

In his innermost heart (and apart from his clever but stupidly-clever intellect) every man knows, without being told, what is Good and what is Evil. 'Knows', but does not know that he 'knows' with his fact-finding, fact-ridden intellect: and so has to be told.

*That is Good which makes him alive and free.
That is Evil which devitalizes and enslaves.*

Any influence that vitalizes and frees the human spirit, mind, and body is a Good influence (White Magic). Any influence that has the effect of devitalizing, or dis-

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integrating, and therefore enslaving, the human spirit, mind, and body is an Evil Influence (Black Magic).

Upon that basis it can, we submit, be shown that Modern Art, in which disintegrating shape, colour, and lines-of-force predominate, is a manifestation (and a very powerful one) of Evil influence—i.e. Black Magic.

In order that there shall be no confusion or misunderstanding, we define Modern Art as those art-forms that began to make themselves felt in pictorial representation through the work of the Catalan painter Pablo Picasso, about the year 1906.

From roughly about the year 1900, discord, angularity, disintegration, deliberate chaos in design, turmoil, and centrifugal lines-of-force became more and more dominant in pictorial art, sculpture, music, poetry, prose, singing, dancing, the drama, films, and, later, radio programmes. We have now had fifty years of it. That half century has been one of speeding chaos in the sphere of social-economic factors throughout the so-called 'civilized' world, culminating in the 'atom bomb' and Planned Poverty.

II

The Artist and his Environment

The artist finds himself in a smashed-up world, and, like the 'scientist', takes no responsibility for the smash-up. He merely reflects it like a mirror (and a distorting mirror, at that). By doing so, he speeds the smash-up, increases the confusion, and (usually without knowing it) directs the human race towards spiritual, mental, and physical disruption and final extinction.

That is because the artist looks upon himself as a mirror. 'How can I help reflecting what is all around me?' he wails. 'The whole world—the whole of this civilization—is in whirling chaos. I am part of it. Therefore my art reflects the helplessness, hopelessness,

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and general disintegration of the age. It's no use blaming me. I merely reflect what I see and what I feel.' And so on.

But that attitude, and those words, prove that he is no artist. He has declared himself devoid of art, bereft of creative magic. He is merely a looking-glass—and we are not in need of looking-glasses to reveal to us the rotten state of our civilization. We can see it all around us without the aid of reflecting mirrors, human or otherwise.

In the past it was thought to be the function of the artist to 'Hold a mirror up to Nature', and he is still doing it: yes, even the Surrealists are doing nothing more than hold a mirror up to the psycho-phantasia of 'human nature'. They are merely reflecting the psychic confusion of 'civilized' mankind. But that, again, merely makes the confusion worse confounded.

If all the artist can do (with many a skilled if laboriously tricky technique) is to reveal what is Evil (that which devitalizes and enslaves), he is, whether consciously or not, a 'black magician'. And he is not to be excused because he is not conscious of that fact, for the artist, in order to be permitted to hold that title at all, must not only be conscious, but *superconscious*.

In other words, he is not an artist simply because he happens to be a part of his environment that has the facility for reflecting the other parts, plus himself. To be an artist he must be more than a glittering chip of looking-glass lying in the gutter.

Borrowing a notion from the intellectual-materialist outlook of the psychologist and the psychoanalyst, the artist sometimes attempts to wriggle out of the dilemma by excusing himself in some such way as this: 'By revealing the conflicts and confusions of the age I may be helping mankind to solve his problems: to think his way through them, to recognize them for what they really are.

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At least I make him conscious of them, and thereby help to "cure" the trouble.'

But there, again, he reveals that he is no artist, and that he is bereft of creative magic. For he ought to know the great magical dictum: *Like begets like*. Thus, the *image* of Evil begets Evil, and can never beget Good. 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report . . . think on these things,' and not on untrue, dishonest, unjust, impure, and ugly things.

If, therefore, the artist living in an Age of Ugliness can do, and does, no more than reflect that ugliness, he, by doing so, assists in the spread of ugliness and disorder. That (you may say) does not show that he is bereft of magic, for if what you assert is true, his magic is a powerful 'black magic'. Very true, but, in the main, it is not only unconscious 'black magic', but 'black magic' that the would-be artist does not desire to use. He is, in fact, as we have said, bereft of *Creative Magic*—White Magic, the Magic of Light, God's Magic. He is used by and is using the Magic of Disintegration, the power of desiccation, atomisation, that ends (logically) in the destruction of the fabric of this world and the known universe. We shall be right in asserting that a man using such magic (Black Magic) is not to be classified as an artist at all, but a black magician who knows not what he does.

An artist, to be properly classified as such, must not reflect or portray what is already manifest on earth, and more especially he must not reflect or portray what is ugly, beastly, diseased, distorted, stunted, malformed, crude, hateful, and obviously Evil. And if, in consciously avoiding this, he cannot find anything but what is vapid, dull, and 'pretty-pretty', he, once again, proves that he is no artist.

We assert here, in parenthesis, that H. G. Wells in his

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Shape of Things to Come, for example, and Aldous Huxley in his *Brave New World*, and more recently in his *Ape and Essence*, project images of beastliness, disorder, chaos, and catastrophe that are (a) reflections of the three-dimensional world of reality we know and see all around us, and (b) powerfully magical suggestive forces that speed-up the decay, misery, and fear of mankind, thus acting as a 'spell' or 'curse' that assists in the dooming of the human race. This was not, we believe, what either of these authors intended. On the contrary, they probably wrote these and other books in the hope that they might, so to say, frighten mankind not out of, but 'into his senses'. But, as we have pointed out, such a hope ignores the fact that an image of Evil begets Evil. This is something that the 'No More War' idealists should consider, for by setting up a powerful image of the horrors and evil of war, the horror itself produces an automatic fascination ('spell') that, again automatically, shuts the imagination from any positive image (imaginative visualization) of the Splendid Life in which war is meaningless nonsense.

We assert, then, that the artist must not reflect his environment; especially if it is an Evil environment, because, by doing so, he helps to perpetuate the Evil and speeds-up the processes of destruction and disintegration.

III

Responsibility of the Artist

We assert, further, that the artist has a responsibility to the community as a whole, and that any so-called artist who says, 'My art is more important than any of your definitions of Good and Evil', is not an artist, but a (more or less) conscious black magician.

We all know that by looking again and again at a picture we disliked at the first glance, and by listening to

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music that we 'could not understand' (as though any music could be 'understood'!) we may come to like what we disliked and to appreciate sounds that, at the first hearing, were nothing but the most horrible discord. But this process of 'coming to appreciate' is, in fact, nothing more than 'conditioning', as Pavlov's dogs were conditioned by a dinner-bell. By this very dangerous process we come to distrust our own first impressions, and to 'take on' the judgments and appreciations of those who set themselves to 'educate' us 'up' to some particular standard. Thus, in time, the general mass of the people can be conditioned to 'like' what is, in reality, thoroughly bad for them—as, indeed, it was bad for the artist who produced it.

The artist who has to have 'conditioners' and psychiatrists and boost-up art-talk journalists to 'explain' his pictures (or what-have-you?) to the public is, and must be, a black magician who is working *against* the natural instincts and impulses of the 'uninstructed'. Such an artist may maintain that he has 'a message', but the truth is he is placing some 'crankism' in place of any life-giving message, and desires to force the public to recognize what is not there—i.e. creative art. The responsible artist, the artist who recognizes his priesthood, does not have to have his work 'put across'. And although it may be strange in subject-matter and technique it will also be so startling in its life-giving magic that all desire to 'understand' or 'appreciate' vanishes—we merely gasp with joy!

With joy, please note. Not with horror and fear. It is the responsibility of the artist to superimpose an image of life-giving joy upon the reality of the world as we know it: 'Reality's dark dream', as Coleridge correctly called it. Modern Art has projected no such image. On the contrary, it has projected an image of Atomic Disruption in a world of exactly that Evil. That most artists do not

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'see' this clearly indicates that they are not really artists; for any sensitive, and especially a super-sensitive (which is what a creative artist must be), would instantly recognize the failure of Modern Art to project a constructive image (vision—without which 'the people perish'). At one time striving for perfection in objective, or photographic, representation, the artist denied his own magical powers and merely 'copied Nature', then, revolting against 'realism' because the camera could beat him at it every time, and also because the 'real' external world became steadily more and more beastly and stupid and worthless (with Poverty and War dominating) he sank into the black quagmire of the so-called 'sub-conscious'. But, alas, he was still dealing with 'reality'; the reality of the psycho-pathological effects of the smashed-up world we see, hear, taste, touch, and smell.

The artist can only shoulder his responsibility to the community and project an image of life-giving joy when he begins to use something that the 'scientific' psychologists (notably Jung) are just beginning to fumble around with—and that is, the so-called *Superconscious*. 'I said, Ye are gods.'

The artist can shape a New World for To-morrow, but not if he keeps on reflecting the wreckage, the hopelessness and the helplessness of to-day.

JOHN HARGRAVE

(The theme having been outlined, it is hoped to develop it further in other articles in later issues of THE OCCULT OBSERVER.—Editor.)

SANSKRIT HYMN

Black-faced and many limbed, he is the one
with hair of flame, that two sticks have engendered.
He was snake-like in his birth and his food was butter;
men groom him as a master's horse is groomed
in the evening and the morning, and in his couch
as a stranger is honoured, so they honour him
in watching constant and in servicing.

THE DREAM TREE

Bright-faced is he with the brightness of the lightning
and his powerful brilliant arms change every moment
not to be trusted in their leaping power
when his great jaws have grasped their fatal food:
see he shaves off with the sword of his tongue
the hair of the earth the tall forest.

You are he O Agni whom Manu made
whom Adam caused to be.
You in the smoke of the sacrifice man sends
his messenger of prayer up to the gods.
In death you carry him
into the sky transformed, born again from life.

Lover of all maidens is the many-limbed one,
and of all wives the husband.
He travels a black path with a flaming tongue
two-forked, and each grows to a wife and image—
Kali the dark and she whose face
must not be seen, Durga the terrible.
So companied and mounted on a ram
Agni proceeds.

ROSS NICHOLS

Adapted from Sanskrit original.

THE DREAM TREE

When I was seven I had a remarkable dream; an experience that—child though I was—stood out with a strange shining vividness; and this dream would return again and again like a luminous memory of a place that I knew was not of this earth, and the sweetness and beauty and wonder of it would awaken such intense and utter longing that for days after I would fall into a deep melancholy; for this vision was of a fragrant place I could not enter at will; was remote and hidden in the misty territories of sleep.

Some hours before this dream I had greatly annoyed

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my foster-mother through having broken an ornament she valued and was sent to bed even earlier than usual. Having put out the light and taken away my favourite book I cried myself to sleep. Then abruptly I was awake again; awake in the vital colouring of an unfamiliar countryside and I was standing before a door.

It was an ancient wooden door; green and worn and knotted; smooth and shining with a patina painted by great age. It beamed friendliness; like a personality who welcomed, and had always welcomed, the visitor. The lintels had curiously carved devices like medieval knights and giants and beasts, but only through the petals, delicate leaves and tendrils garlanding these lintels could I see these small vignettes in the wood. Overhead, the porch glowed mellowly, enamelled with tones of colour, and from all these flowed exhilarating fragrances.

So I stood there; with keen longing, staring and waiting before this door in my dream, which was closed, and upon which I dared not rap; for there was neither knocker nor bell. And it seemed, after the burden of long, heavy hours that this door slowly opened to me. . . .

Even now this dream of my childhood is unforgettable: the intensity of that moment when the door silently opened and a tall figure whose face whether hidden beneath the fine light of purity or veil—I could not distinguish, stood shining down. Wonder and awe and a happy confusion eddied within me as her eyes smiled; eyes carressing and compassionate. Perhaps the small griefs of my daytime life were still reflected in my face, for she stooped—remember I was but seven—and lifted me up, and it seemed I was lost in a bewildering blaze of tender singing light, and she pressed me to her breast, and there was such sweetness, that I no longer had self-being but was bathed in an unbearable vastness of

THE DREAM TREE

weaving light. Then, gently, very tenderly, she set me down.

So I stood there, yet much of me still in her arms, and the blissful light still echoing and dimming away within me; it was as though I had been upon a great flight; now vaguely remembered, but without longing or uneasiness. Now I was content to stand there and wait. . . . Then in my dream she led me: through rooms barely remembered; the first being in shadow; but such brightness flowed through the window of the second room that I saw nothing else. Then into a garden we stepped.

To this day I can feel the firm friendly clasp of this veiled woman—fingers smooth and of a sweet whiteness—gathered about my hand and leading me through this fragrant place. And I knew that the elements from which she was made were not human and that radiant qualities coursed through her. Light she was and her tread made no sound; likewise were her robes of a texture of an unfamiliar silver and golden shining that draped and folded about her; and she wore a girdle of dazzlingly enamelled doves cut from precious stones.

In this dream I walked as in a trance: without haste, without fear or doubt; with the certainty that what was to be revealed was exceedingly great; for in the distance I beheld a hill of light; its manifold brightness adding to the glitter of petals and translucent grasses. But as I gazed at this hill and neared it I saw it was a tree, but whether light emerged from this tree or the tree emerged from the light I could not discover; but I knew I was now entering a high place where all moments were great moments, and—child though I was—I felt not only reverence but expected revelations. I was aware of deep imminent matters. Holy presences breathed in this garden and spread a tender anodyne of healing: comforting and caressing me.

Now amid the branches of this tree I beheld many

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fruits shaped like plums, yet richly coloured; some of burnished fiery gold, others opalescent blue with glints of scarlet in their depths, and others as swift silver veined with trceries of amber tendrils, and there were many to which I could give no name. But there was one fruit beyond all amid a caress of leaves and far beyond my childish reach that fascinated: of bluish jade and with an ardent fire breaking through its smooth haze and lighting the leaves about it. At this I stared, enchanted. Forgetting the gentle lady beside me. Even the light of the tree was less than the light of this fruit. Oh! to possess this! Thus did a new longing overwhelm me. Having entered this celestial garden another hunger now awoke.

Then the cool rich voice of the lady came to me; and there was laughter in her tones as well as a little sadness:

‘It is not for eating, child, it is not ripe.’

I turned to her, my small eager greedy hands clutching at her garments:

‘Please, please,’ I cried, ‘It is so pretty, so pretty.’ My shyness had gone: I was all impulse and urgent pleading. The fruit filled my vision. ‘Give me it, give me it.’

She laid her hand on my restless head, and a soothing sweetness drifted through me: ‘Listen child, the fruit is not yet ripe, but if you will do what I ask you, someday you will receive that fruit, but not yet. Now look higher, there, right to the top of the tree. Do you see it? A nest.’

At first it was difficult; for though the tree did not have many branches the shimmer of light from twig and bough and leaf hid the top of the tree within a great haze. Yet as the lady pointed the nest became clearer and like a lattice crystal basket it seemed to sway within a fragile clasp of leaves. To my smallness it was frighteningly high.

‘Yes, I see it,’ Then again I turned to stare at the fruit.

THE DREAM TREE

She stopped: 'Now child I want you to do something for me. I want you to pick that fruit, but,' she paused, 'but this will not be easy; I want you to climb with the fruit to the nest and place it in the nest.'

I stared wonderingly at her: to climb the tree and pluck the fruit would not be difficult. I had climbed many trees, but to put fruit into a nest? This did not make sense. Eggs were in nests, not fruits.

So I stood in this bright dream within the dazzle of this tree staring and puzzled till, most reluctantly, I obeyed.

Into this tender all-embracing glow I stepped and I glanced back at the veiled figure who stood beyond that fringe of light; but the golden haze suffused her in a tall dimness and a distance. Yet in that moment she was almost forgotten; for a child's interests are intense, but of short duration. I had now discovered a fresh delight: the tree called me with an attraction not to be denied. I placed my cheek against its cooling yet luminous bark; my small hands stretching and embracing it and the tree welcomed me: it was vibrant and lapped me in an enfolding light. Then, lightly and eagerly I began the ascent; my small fingers easily gripping the crevices in the bark; and though the trunk was high I soon reached an overhanging bough, and peering here and there, located the fruit.

Not all this dream is vivid, and from the moment I plucked the fruit and felt the tree quiver to the moment I reached the interlaced light that was the nest into which I gently placed the fruit, all was a happy trance.

And then—and then—from above there flashed a feathered rainbow; a darting harmony of hues—great bird eyes above a glaze of scintillating breast and amid the echo of golden gongs and a spindrift of perfume. I fell and floated; fell through and drifted down a funnel of darkness, fell and—awoke.—From a MS.

IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

Walking on both banks of a river at once is a painful exercise.

Fairly frequently one comes across a man (a student in magic), following the course of a river, and walking on both banks at once: he will be very pre-occupied, and will not see you. For what he has brought about is a delicate thing and will not allow him to be in the least distracted. He would soon find himself, alone, on one bank only, and what deep disgrace that would be!

* * *

I have seen water which does not allow itself to flow. If the water is used to you, if it is your very own, it will not flow, even if the carafe is broken in pieces.

It simply waits until someone puts another one round it. It does not try to flow away.

Is this the power of the Magus at work?

Yes and no. Apparently no, as the Magus could not be aware of the breaking of the carafe, and of the effort the water is making to keep itself in place.

But he must not make the water wait too long, for it is uncomfortable in this attitude, which is difficult to hold, and, without exactly being lost, the water might spread itself out not a little.

Naturally, you must have the right kind of water and not the kind that was there five minutes ago, or water which has just been taken from the tap. That would run away in no time. What would stop it?

* * *

On a broad highway, it is not unusual to see a wave, a single wave, a wave apart from the ocean.

It serves no useful purpose, it is not a trick.

It is an example of spontaneous magic.

JAMES KIRKUP

From In the Land of Magic, by Henry Michaux

MAGIC AND ART

All the high moments in art are magical in quality; that is, have an untranslatable and indefinable influence that is unforgettable; for a vital consciousness enters in just as life enters an organism and makes it move.

Critics endeavour to analyse it—and fail. Students try to imitate but unsuccessfully; and the envious belittle it, but are themselves forgotten.

Now a great work of art is also a spiritual mystery; for the artist has pierced many veils, probed beyond the illusions into the permanent, and a hint—fragrant with infinite richness and intensity—has been given. And this enduring loveliness, whether distilled into words or music, into colour or stone, is given to man. A great adventure has been recorded; a spiritual illumination has been saturated in virtue, which gathers—strangely enough—strength through the ages.

To analyse this elusive magic is impossible; as well try to analyse the divine; for even the artist cannot analyse this gift though he has captured and expressed it. Magic, like electricity, can be used, but not defined.

The great artist has no necessity to be consciously revolutionary as his inspirations are of a unique nature and comprehensive sense. Neither does he express his age; he expresses himself through the medium of his age, which is vastly different. The great artist, though frequently prophetic, can be equally retrospective and can incorporate in his work as much of the past as he does the future. His mind ranges over far greater perspectives in visions and in ideas, and it is not because he is ahead of his time that makes him either prophetic or retrospective, but because he is above his time; though this quality would be exceedingly rare, as such a quality would defeat one of the purposes of art: to be a bridge between lower and higher man.

QUAESTOR

DION FORTUNE

A Biographical Note

'Dion Fortune', who founded the Society of the Inner Light, died in January 1946. Her life was dedicated to the revival of the Mystery Tradition of the West, and when she died she left behind her a solidly established system of teaching and school of initiation based on her wide knowledge of many systems ancient and modern.

Among sundry papers left by her occurs the following statement, which is given here since it defined the outlook she had on 'occultism': 'Occultism is not a safe water for the inexperienced to swim in and the occult movement has more than its fair share of knaves and fools, and even with the best intentions in the world self-delusion is painfully easy. Centuries of persecution in the West have broken up its organization and destroyed its literature. The wonder is that the Tradition exists at all—not that it is no better than it is. I hold no brief for the gimcrack pretensions of organizations with portentous titles—especially when they offer to raise your consciousness to the astral plane for one guinea and to the spiritual plane for ten guineas, irrespective of any personal qualifications you may or may not possess for the experience. I regard the commercialization of the "occult arts", such as fortune-telling in every shape and form, and the retailing of talismans, lucky pigs and other occult haberdashery, with contempt and disgust. These things have nothing to do with occultism as it is known to the initiate who binds himself in his initiation-oath not to employ the occult arts for gain. An initiate, as I understand the word, is someone who has been through ritual initiation into an occult Order, is in possession of certain key knowledge which alone makes the occult system comprehensible, and is in psychic or intuitive

DION FORTUNE

touch with the aspect of occultism which is not on the physical plane at all and is variously called "The Temple not made with hands", "The College of the Illuminati", and "the Great White Lodge". All her life she had an outspoken contempt for charlatanism and pompous claims, and a sincere desire to help all who were in earnest in the search for the truth. The Society she founded continues along those lines.

In the papers to which I have referred, 'Dion Fortune' describes her first meeting with occultism. She was working at the Medico-Psychological Clinic in Brunswick Square, an institution (now defunct) for the treatment of functional nervous disorders by psychoanalysis. She was an early student of Freud, but later discarded his system in favour of that of Jung, for whom she had a great esteem. She maintained that Freud—or rather his system as practised—had in it much of great value, but was by no means as comprehensive as then thought, and she found in the Jungian school much of the mystery teachings and a more sane and balanced outlook.

In the course of her visits to Brunswick Square she found herself one day lunching in the company of some students of the Theosophical Society, then in its heyday. She was much attracted by some of its teaching and its officers, though equally repelled by others. The works of Madame Blavatsky were held in high esteem by her, but she did not find what she was looking for in the eastern bias of the Theosophical Society and was much opposed to the use of eastern methods of training applied to the conditions of the west.

Later she was an initiate of the Order of the Golden Dawn and left the Main Temple for a branch formed under another name. Eventually she resigned from this and founded the Society of the Inner Light, holding her authority and her contacts direct from the Inner Planes and the Hierarchy. These contacts and authority,

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developed and expanded, passed from her to her successors, as is the way of succession in properly founded fraternities.

I have given a very brief outline of the more overt life of a great initiate who from the date of her first independent contacts with the Inner Hierarchy—made at Glastonbury in 1926—to the day of her death, was unceasing in her pursuit of the reality behind appearances. In her various books, articles and writings generally she has given many details of her own life, and those who are interested will have no trouble in filling in the chapters whose headings I have briefly sketched.

It was inevitable that a courageous and outspoken woman should have trodden on sundry corns in the course of a lifetime spent in working for a sane understanding of the great way of life and vital truths behind what was, when she started her career, largely a tawdry and bombastic screen of pretence. Her preface to the *Mystical Qabaleh* and references therein and in others of her works leave no doubt of her point of view, or of the hostility of some interests she had damaged by giving out publicly what it was right and just should be known generally.

Esoteric practice and training is rightly kept secret and imparted only to those considered worthy to receive it for it can do damage otherwise; but the lofty philosophy and metaphysics of the Ancient Wisdom (which is also the Modern Wisdom) should be available for all; and indeed to help in making them available is a privilege and consecrated task—and not a task for simpletons, however well-meaning.

THE WARDEN, *Society of the Inner Light*

REVELATIONS

On the man who threw himself from the Sixty-second floor of Kree-Kastel on Broadway and who was called Benson

He died of shock!

He was a coward. It was not until he was actually falling that he felt afraid, seeing the enormous emptiness beneath him. Only his body fell. He, Benson, held himself back, and stopped at about the fifty-ninth storey, or in between the fifty-ninth and the sixtieth storeys, and watched his body dropping, dropping—until it dropped on the ground and was smashed to pieces. Only then, slowly, Benson (Benson's soul) began to descend, looked closely at his body and saw that it was no longer fit for habitation; he began to watch, with some embarrassment, the crowd that had collected, the policeman writing in his pocket-book, and the people who went on to their homes with yet another little story to tell that evening.

Yes, Benson was a coward. But it needs incredible will-power when one is falling through the air to stay inside one's body in spite of what one knows will be a complete shattering of one's tissues.

Oh, terrific will-power.

But sometimes the fall takes place merely from the third storey; then the body does not suffer so much damage.

The doctor has recourse to artificial respiration, and keeps saying to himself: this damned patient has got to come round, has got to come back to life! But the soul is already far away, so he might just as well try to make an empty raincoat start breathing again.

It can also happen that the soul regrets its cowardice. It begins sneaking round the body, decides that it is still in satisfactory condition, slips inside, tries out in rapid succession one or two suitable positions, and finally settles down in the body, which begins immediately to breathe. And the doctor smiles, mopping his brow.

THE MONSTER ON THE STAIRS

I met a monster on the stairs. It really was a sight, to see the pain, the atrocious pain it cost him to climb from step to step.

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And yet his thighs were enormous. He was even, one might say, all thighs. Two heavy thighs on a plantigrade's feet.

The top of him did not seem very distinct to me. Little mouths of shadow, or shadow, or...? This creature had really no body at all, excepting for the necessary soft, confused zones of moisture hinting at the dreaming sex of some unoccupied man. But maybe it was not that at all, and this great monster, probably a hermaphrodite, was climbing, unhappy, crushed and bestial, a staircase which undoubtedly would lead him nowhere. (Even though I had the impression that he had not come out just for a stroll.)

The sight of him was disturbing, and surely it was not a good sign to encounter such a monster.

One sensed at once that he was filthy. It was extraordinary, the way one hesitated to touch him.

He seemed to carry on his indefinite mass what looked like lakes, tiny lakes, or were they eyelids, immense eyelids?

JAMES KIRKUP

From Qui Je Fus and Epreuves, Exorcismes, by Henri Michaux.

C O D A

A Summary

The broad theme of occultism has thus been presented in this journal from many angles. The editor, who has been a close student of occult matters for many years, first sets forth his general answer to the query of his title: *How Important is the Study of Occultism?* He dissociates himself and the *Occult Observer* from peasant superstitions and from the shallow exploiters of the arcane, and claims that occultism is only for the strong and passionate and that often the occult powers work unconsciously and through artistic genius.

JOHN COWPER POWYS, whose great work has always stood for the magical, intuitive approach to both nature and literature, reinforces this in a hard-hitting demand in *The Unconscious* for a mental revolution by the commonsense of intuition against the false science of psycho-

CODA

analysis, tracing back most of the authoritarian dogmas of mankind to fear of the 'totem of the dark', which needs to be overthrown in all. In poetry, JAMES KIRKUP, whose work is now well-known, especially to readers of the *Listener*, sings of brotherliness and innocence in the guise of the Fool—that is, of the spiritually intuitive.

More definitely intellectual is DR. CROW'S study of Mythology, in which he traces three beliefs which are prerequisites of religion, and details the seven cosmic laws which apply to all symbolism, art and religions.

Applying mythology to Shakespeare, JOHN HEATH-STUBBS, the critic, then brings a fresh approach to Falstaff, in whom he finds elements of the fabulous glutton and, when horned, of the Gaullish horned god Cernunnos.

In parable form MICHAEL JUSTE then takes the occult to the highest level and sets forth the mystical unity of all suffering and of all evil.

In the first of a series of articles on *Black Magic in Modern Art* JOHN HARGRAVE, the author of *Summertime Ends* and of various works bearing on Social Credit, and himself a healing occultist, sets forth the general theme that modern art has largely been a breaking-down of the wholes in which art consists, that the artist has merely followed and intensified the general disintegration, and contends strongly that he has a true responsibility to create life-giving magical forms from the 'superconscious'

ROSS NICHOLS in *Scheme of Soul* sets forth a basis for religion and for the Christian scheme of salvation in terms of Jungian myths from the unconscious. *The Dream Tree* tells the story of the soul's eternal search in dream form.

Throughout the journal appear extracts from the works of the well-known contemporary French writer HENRI MICHAUX, whose fantasy has frequent glimpses of the intuitive and symbolical approach; he is translated by

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KIRKUP, who is a notable French scholar as well as one of the more important younger poets.

It will be seen that a broad basis is laid in the above articles for an approach to occult matters which is both intellectually respectable and artistically important. It chimes in with that reaction against the more soulless and inhuman aspects of ill-applied science which has already begun; setting up against it the assertion of an immutable, indeed a Divine plan showing itself in many forms, not merely in the conscious occult knowledge of e.g. DR. CROW, but in the integral artistic intuitions of e.g. MICHAUX—KIRKUP.

In future numbers work on the same lines and by many of the same writers will appear. The editorial will deal with the dignity of occultism.

New features will include selected reviews of certain books under the title *Designs in Fantasy*, and the opening of the journal to a limited amount of *correspondence*, provided this forms a genuine exchange of thought and material on occult themes.

R.N.



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