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THE OCCULT OBSERVER

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The
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EVOLUTION

We are all parts of Him
'Prisoned in earth;
Flung over heaven's brim
Into black birth;
Forgetting the sparks will rise:
Burning through clod,
Up, into paradise,
Gods greeting God.

★ ★ ★

THE MAN IN THE OCCULT STREET

Where is this street? And who is the man?

Every street and each individual man has a hidden counterpart. Hence the 'man in the occult street' is one who attempts to find his way in the unfamiliar surroundings about which he has heard and read, but to which he has not found the entrance.

We all know the phrase: 'What does the man in the street say?' We try to visualize an amorphous individual who has certain opinions generally, to our way of thinking, utterly commonplace.

Now the man in the occult street has read many opinions about the mysteries, the path, initiation, masters, adepts, Mahatmas, Tibet, Egypt, and India, . . . an immense flotsam and jetsam of traditional occult phraseology which lies stewing and fermenting in the great cauldron of the sub-conscious. To him, and for him, is a vast new literature and teaching for his spiritual digestion.

Where is this eager and hungry man going?

In the beginning he has an ingenuous and innocent attitude. He is so willing . . . so very eager . . . to travel

EDITORIAL

this long pilgrimage, but he has no experience, his intuitions are clouded by the confused thinking of teachers. He is willing to stand on his head, squat on haunches, meditate in some vacuous manner upon impossible imagery, remain in a mental rain and in occasional emotional thunderbursts, bareheaded and bewildered wondering where to run for refuge and guidance only to meet equally dazed fellow-creatures who are seeking, as he is seeking, for refuge and understanding.

But here we come to the moment when he is an ordinary man in the street. He has found a few opinions, some vague hints about the Cosmos, he has picked some straws from the gutters of occult information, and with these little treasures he explains to others equally ignorant the Sublime Meaning of Things. He becomes a trifle arrogant. He is the man in the street with definite opinions, with an impertinent air, and the strut of egotistic nonentity. Now, however compassionate the gods, however willing to help, this attitude can find no room for that incarnation, his journey. One of the habits of the man in the street is to be attracted to crowds, and not to go his separate way. For the seeker can rarely find his true path or his true road unless he has the courage to travel fearlessly, examine the opinions of others honestly, and have a bigger comprehension than the average man in the street.

If he would tread the loftier altitudes that the Teachers are only too anxious to reveal to the pilgrim, there is an occult road for each person. He would travel fast he must travel free. He must learn to discriminate the stupid from the wise; he must not accept the clamorous opinions of the mass; and he must be capable of disentangling his emotions from the crowd about him. In that manner he will no longer be lost in the grey nonentities of which the men of the street are composed.

THE F

THE OCCULT INTERPRETATION OF THE GOLDEN FLOWER

By JOHN HARGRAVE

The last words of my article on *Black Magic in Modern Art* read as follows:

'But why not try a healing picture, instead? Or don't you know that there is such a thing, or what, exactly, it is?'

This leads-in directly to the making and proper use of a *Mandala*, because such a geometric symbol, representing The Golden Flower in various forms, is in itself a psychograph, or 'healing picture'. The serious student of occultism, as well as the ideopraxist, will therefore, if he wishes to operate White Magick, turn his attention to the *T'ai I Chin Hua Tsung Chih* (The Secret of the Golden Flower), an esoteric Chinese teaching that, for some long time, was transmitted orally. It can be traced back to the seventeenth century as having been engraved upon and printed from wooden tablets. However, the oral tradition goes further back than that, linking with the Golden Elixir of Life (*Chin Tan Chiao*), formulated in the T'ang period in the eighth century. The founder is said to have been the well-known Taoist adept, Lü Yen (Lü Tung-pin), recounted in folk-lore as one of the Eight Immortals, around whom, in course of time, a rich compost-heap of myths was built up. Lü Yen, or Lü, the Guest of the Cavern, was born in the year A.D. 755, and lived during the end of the eighth and the beginning of the ninth century.

He himself attributed his teaching to Kuan Yin-hsi, for whom, according to tradition, Lao Tsü wrote down his *Tao Te Ching*. Not until 1920, it seems, was a reprint made from the original first printing, when a thousand

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copies were run off and issued to a small group of people who, in the opinion of the editor, understood sufficiently the questions dealt with in this remarkable handbook. In this way Richard Wilhelm (a sinologue endowed with some insight who was, nevertheless, much strictly conditioned by Western psychological concepts to be effective in penetrating the Secret of the Golden Flower) came to have a copy.

From Wilhelm, it is recorded, Dr. C. G. Jung, the well-known psychologist, gained a knowledge of the *T'ai I Chin Hua Tsung Chih*, and he supplied a European Commentary to the translation and explanation of the book made by Wilhelm (translated into English by C. F. Baynes); the fifth impression of which was issued in 1942 by Kegan Paul.

Alas! Jung's Commentary falls foul from start to finish of the central occult warning given in the Third Section of the Golden Flower, entitled: 'Circulation of the light and Protection of the Centre.' The whole teaching, of course, upon which the Golden Flower is based, is to be found in the following words (quoted by Wilhelm in his 'Explanation' to his translation of the Chinese text): 'Out of the *Tao*, that is to say, out of the *T'ai Chi*, there develops the principles of reality, the one pole being light (*yang*) and the other darkness (*yin*).' But Jung is no 'Guest of the Cavern': he shows himself out by the use of his own intellect. And he smiles silently—a calm, celestial smile—as he listens to the thought-shapes given off by Jung in his Commentary.

If the teaching of the *T'ai I Chin Hua Tsung Chih* is to be regarded as revealing a great truth—and Jung seems to admit that much—then his Commentary can only be judged by reference to that truth; for Jung is not setting forth some other, greater truth, but attempting to show (Section 2, of his Commentary

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(the title thereof) that 'Modern Psychology Offers A Possibility of Understanding' the Secret of the Golden Flower. That is an astonishing notion, and quite untenable.

The Central Occult Warning

The warning given by the Chinese adept is as clear as the cloudless summer Sun without a leaf-shadow to dim it. Yet both Wilhelm, the original translator, and Jung, the psychological commentator, ignore it. It is also clear (and most amazingly so) that, despite certain sentences—for example: 'In general, and looked at from the incurable point of view of the intellect, it will seem as if the things so highly valued by the East were not desirable for us. Above all, mere intellect cannot fathom the practical importance eastern ideas might have for us . . .'; and again: 'We should do well to confess at once, that, fundamentally speaking, we do not understand the utter unworldliness of a text like this, indeed that we do not want to understand it' (Jung's Commentary)—neither Wilhelm nor Jung were fully aware that they had fallen into the very trap (of the intellect) that the entire teaching of the Golden Flower is designed to 'spring', and so avoid.

Before saying more upon this point, let us take a plunge into the non-thinking world of this ancient Chinese spiritual technique, so that we may, first of all, 'get the feel of it'. That is, obviously, the first essential, not to any 'understanding' of course—since who can 'understand' the flower of a scarlet pimpernel, much less the Golden Flower?—but in order to sense this teaching, as one senses the light and heat of the Sun.

'The Light of Heaven cannot be seen. It is contained in the two eyes.'

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'The Golden Flower is the Light . . .' 'The secret of the magic of life consists in using action in order to achieve non-action.'

'The Heavenly Heart lies between the Sun and Moon (i.e. the two eyes).'

'Darkness returns to darkness and like things attract each other. But the pupil understands how to distil the Dark (*yin*) so that it transforms itself into light (*yang*).

'When the Light is allowed to move in a circle, and the powers of Heaven and Earth, of the Light and the Dark, are crystallized. . . . When one begins to apply this magic, it is as if, in the middle of one's being, there were a non-being. When in the course of time the work is finished, and beyond the body there is another body, it is as if, in the middle of the non-being, there were a being.'

'In the midst of primal becoming, the radiance of Light is the determining thing. In the physical world it is the Sun: in man the eye.'

'When both eyes are looking at things of the world it is with vision directed outward. Now if one closes the eyes and, reversing the glance, directs it inward and looks at the room of the ancestors, that is the backward-flowing method.'

'All methods take their source in quietness. The marvellous magic cannot be fathomed.'

'All holy men have bequeathed this to one another: nothing is possible without contemplation.'

'What has to be changed by reflection is the self-conscious heart, which has to direct itself towards that point where the formative spirit is not yet manifested. . . . We must strive for the form that existed before the laying down of Heaven and Earth. If to-day people sit and meditate only one or two hours, looking only at their own egos, and call it contemplation, how can anything come of it?'

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'The Light is something extremely mobile. When one fixes the thought on the mid-point between the two eyes, the Light streams in of its own accord. It is not necessary to direct the attention especially to the central castle (mid-point).'

'Fixating contemplation is indispensable, it ensures the strengthening of illumination. Only one must not stay sitting rigidly if worldly thoughts come up, but one must examine where the thought is, where it began, and where it fades out. Nothing is gained by pushing reflection further. One must be content to see where the thought arose, and not seek beyond the point of origin; for to find the heart (consciousness)—*to get behind consciousness with consciousness—that cannot be done.*'

In those last ten words we have the central occult warning that both Wilhelm and Jung have ignored. They have attempted to do precisely what the *T'ai I Chin Hua Chih* reveals as impossible. They attempt to 'get behind consciousness with consciousness'. And that, as Master Lü Tzū said, 'cannot be done'. Therein lies the total failure, and the cause of the total worthlessness, both of the Explanation and the Commentary. *The Secret of the Golden Flower* contains, within its original text, its own explanation and its own commentary, and nothing that the intellect can say about it can do anything more than cast a beam of Darkness into the Light.

To put it another way: you cannot pick the Golden Flower, pull it to pieces and examine its parts in the hope of 'understanding' it. There is literally nothing to understand, for it has nothing to do with any intellectual process whatever, and does not deal with concepts that can be examined logically by the reasoning faculty. The same, of course, may (and ought) to be said of any botanist. He never really understands anything

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at all about a flower by means of his intellectual examination of sepals, petals, anthers, ovaries, stigma, stamens etc. The same applies also to the whole sphere of what is called Science.

The Golden Flower which is Light Itself

You might as well write an explanation and a commentary on the Sun, as on the Secret of the Golden Flower; and, indeed, the Golden Flower actually means 'Sun', or 'Light'. Wilhelm himself observes that: 'It is worth mentioning that the expression Golden Flower (*Chin Hua*), in an esoteric connection, includes the word "light". If one writes the two characters one above the other, so that they touch, (they) make the character for "light" (*kuang*).'

We shall see what lengths of intellectualized meaninglessness Wilhelm reached if we read such sentences as: 'Essence (*hsing*), undoubtedly related to *logos*, appears closely knit with life (*ming*), when entering phenomena.' And again: 'The sign for *Sun*, wind, wood, gentleness characterizes the streaming of the reality-forces in the form of the idea. Just as wind pervades all places, so the principle for which *Sun* stands is all-pervading and breathes "realization".' And in his translation of the Chinese text itself, Wilhelm made use of such terms as *anima* and *animus* in their modern psychological meaning, which has nothing whatever to do with the Secret of the Golden Flower. Thus, for example, he translated (in Section two, entitled 'The Primordial Spirit and the Conscious Spirit'):

'The one effective, true essence (*logos* united with life), when it descends into the house of the creative, divides into *animus* and *anima*. The *animus* is the Heavenly Heart. . . . It is that which we have received from the great emptiness, that which has formed

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from the very beginning. The *anima* partakes of the nature of darkness. . . . The *animus* loves life. The *anima* seeks death. All sensuous pleasures and impulses to anger are the effects of the *anima*. . . .’

Jung, in his Commentary, is, of course, perfectly right in warning Western man against attempting to imitate Eastern yoga-techniques. Nevertheless, throughout his comments he is, in fact, attempting to ‘understand’ these techniques, while at the same time, as a master-psychologist, understanding perfectly that any intellectual grasp of *the actual experience*—the ‘healing moment’, or transmutation (to use an alchemical term)—would ruin the curative effect, if it could be done at all. Thus, for example, Jung writes: ‘The *anima* is nothing but a representation of the personal nature of the autonomous partial-system in question. The nature of this partial-system in a transcendental sense, that is to say, beyond the boundaries of experience, we cannot know.’ In other words, and, indeed, in other words, Jung is saying what Master Lü Tzü says with much greater simplicity and force in the Secret of the Golden Flower: ‘*To get behind consciousness with consciousness—that cannot be done.*’

Yet, most certainly, that is what Jung is all the time striving to do, and in so striving, merely proves the truth of Lü’s simple and final statement: that it ‘cannot be done’.

Occult Key to the Secret of the Golden Flower

He certainly does not succeed in doing it. The Secret of the Golden Flower remains, like the rest of life, a secret that cannot be ‘understood’ by the intellect. It can only be experienced. That is but another way of saying: life can only be lived. You cannot ‘understand’ life by means of reasoning-power, because, so far as the intellect knows—there is no *reason* why life should exist on this or any other planet.

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Hovering just beyond the range of the intellect, which Jung so rightly describes as being 'incurably external' in its point of view, and just out of the intellectual reach of all the other intellect-ridden psychologists, hangs the occult 'key', or interpretation of the Golden Flower. But, of course, when stated clearly, it will not be understood, except by Lü Tzü himself, and perhaps a dozen others. For, as Jung writes (with the utmost truth) 'fundamentally speaking, *we do not want to understand it*'. He himself comes close to it in his psychological teaching and yet always remains removed from it, shut out by the intellect. That is because the 'key' to the Secret of the Golden Flower cannot be stated without adding an over-all psychic reality to the psychologists' Conscious, Sub-conscious, Unconscious, and Collective Unconscious classification. What is this over-all psychic reality that has been entirely, or almost entirely, left out of account? It is a reality *above* the Conscious Mind and therefore above all the other classified psychological states. To wit: the *Superconscious*.

We may now make the matter plain, and leave it at that, remembering that most people (including the professional psychologists) 'do not want to understand'. How is it possible to 'understand' anything if you do not want to do so? Well, here it is, as plain as a pikestaff

1. 'To get behind consciousness with consciousness—this cannot be done.' But—
2. It is possible to get both beyond and behind consciousness by allowing the *Superconscious* to come into action. (The Golden Flower is only another name—and a much better one—for the term '*Superconscious*').

Whether modern Western man can find a technique of his own for bringing the *Superconscious* into action remains to be seen. It is, however, certain that he will never be able to do so by means of any normal, intellectual consciousness.

THE GREAT ZODIAC OF GLASTONBURY: II

BY ROSS NICHOLS

The Boat of Millions of Years

Let us return to the point of divergence between the eastern and the northern cults of the dead. The cult of the Cabiri, 'twins' and lords of the dead, appears as before-mentioned to be the North African origin of both the Egyptian Osiris-cult and the proto-Druidism of the Iberian traders. It is surely significant that the zodiac originated at the very period (c. 4500 B.C.) when the Twins began the year at the Spring Equinox. It becomes far more than coincidence when we find that the deepest and most complex symbols of the Glastonbury scheme lie unquestionably at this sign.

The final and deepest mysteries of this arcane system are lodged in the Gemini group of figures. Within this area lies the Boat of Millions of Years, the mystic origin of the alphabet, the regulating pointers of time, the secret name of God. Inadequate these accounts of the zodiac figures must necessarily be in a brief space; but the implications and overtones of mythical meaning in the symbolisms clustering here almost defy brief summary.

A strange-looking boat, her stern built a mile high, perhaps with a sail, her prow lower, with the stub of a mast, extends over three miles long and resolves itself into an outline as of an Egyptian type of ship of the IVth Dynasty. Above is a very plainly-modelled kneeling figure with an immense bowed head, holding up one arm in a square over it, the effect being that of a child or dwarf-shaped giant. To the south, a griffon

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shape emerges from the lion with long down-stretched paw and beaked head over the apparent prow. At this child the rampant lion sign appears to be gazing eagerly; the griffon, the little dog and, from the north the bull, also look towards him. A huge earthwork Dundon Hill Camp, forms the large ear of the head at the mouth is a tithe barn. The rest of the outline is mainly roads.

The Orion stars fall completely within the child's dwarf. He sits on the constellation Lepus the Hare called by Arabs the Giant's Chair. Into the clenched fist of the upheld arm fall the Gemini stars. Upon the ship's mainmast fall the thirteen stars of Eriganus, the River of the Sky. If one continues the lines of the mast they converge upon an apex which touches the sign of the goose-dove; the mainmast line passes on the way through two first magnitude stars, Aldebaran, the theta equinox star, and Capella in Auriga, patron star of Babylon, where it marked the year's beginning. Now the former sign of Gemini was two stars above a ship and this sign saved the good ship Argo.

The names of sun gods, Lugh and Hu, are quite thickly strewn in the neighbourhood, as e.g. Lugshorn and Huish. Dundon may be the Dûn or fort of Dôn or Donwy, a Welsh underworld god, originally a Jehovah, who in Eire is the ancestor of the Tuatha de Danaan. Hu Gadarn of the Welsh poems is the previously noted British patriarch; a Noah who taught the Welsh ploughing, then with his oxen evicted a monster from Llyn Llion, causing it to burst out in a flood which he and his wife alone survived, his wife being a cow-goddess of seeds. Hu appears also to be an old Channel Islands deity of waters, Hou. Such Noah figures and sun worship were linked; Osiris the sun-god enters the ark of the crescent moon, Huan of Babylon is deity of the great deep—and Huan is the alternative name of

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the hero of Welsh myth, Llew Llaw Gyffes, the Lion of the Steady Hand, who is again a sun-god identified with Lugh and mourned at Lughnasadh or Lammas-tide.

Osiris's soul was believed to rest in Orion, who was identified by the Egyptians with a long-eared ass-god, Set, who was brought from the desert by the Shepherd Kings and who later became a Cretan hunter. This long-eared god may link with the huge ear of Dundon. Hu may also be Uruanna the Phoenician sun-god; and the Arthurian Logrin is fairly surely a form of Orion.

The Three Pillars of God's Name

The dwarf-giant of Dundon, then, seems first to be a flood-hero-sun resting upon a crescent-moon ark; the sun and the moon together form the Twins. Secondly and mainly, however, the figure is the child of the sun hero. Osiris as the child sun-disc Horus or Heru was sitting in the Boat of Millions of Years when he was stung by Scorpio (the opposing Zodiac sign). The boat stopped, and Thoth the scribe-god descended uttering the word which heaven, earth and hades must obey; whereupon some of Ra's fluid of life entered Horus and he came to life, just as the arrow of Sagittarius the sun-hero, who appears to be aiming in the giant-dwarf's direction, may be entering him. We have to look hereabouts therefore for a magical word. Now the Chaldean teacher-god Hoa, who seems the same as Huan of Babylon, had as emblem the arrow-head wedge, the unit of cuneiform writing, hence appears to be god of the alphabet. (The actual cuneiform invention was adopted by Babylon from the Sumerians.) And the Welsh Barddas record that Hu Gadarn beheld three pillars of light on which were inscribed all sciences, and that this giant first made a letter which was the form of God's name; 'the letters of the Holy Name are called the three columns of truth'. Three

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pillars therefore, presumably converging in cuneiform or arrow shape, form at once the name of God and record all knowledge.

Does anything supply such a broad-arrow sign hereabouts? The converging lines from the masts, so obviously meant to intersect at an exact point, suggest compasses. Bisecting their angle, a line falls precisely through the mouth of the dwarf-giant and continues into his thigh. This must surely be intentional; and if so, then we have the broad arrow of three lines, rays or pillars. The passing of the centre line of God's name through the mouth is a clear symbolism for its utterance by Hu.

Further, the line cuts the thigh precisely where falls the brilliant star Rigel; which looks like the origin of the wounded thighs of resurrection gods like Adonis or Mithra or the Graal King. 'Upon the wound they lay the spear and the frost from his flesh so cold it draweth . . . as crystals of glass to the spear doth hold, as ice to the iron it clingeth, and none looseth it from the blade.' Again, it is the secret name from the giant's mouth that falls on the thigh, and there is a queer tradition of names written or hidden on thighs: 'he hath on his thigh a name written, King of Kings and Lord of Lords.' Jewish legend has it that Jesus obtained from the innermost Jerusalem temple the secret name of Jehovah, and cutting open his thigh hid in it the transcribed Word.

The two lines of the compass triangle converge, as noted, at the acute angle of a triangle below the goose-dove. Within this dove fall the stars of the Plough, and the revolutions of these have always been the time-piece of the sky. The secret name therefore radiates from the sign of Time, the central mystery of the universe. The centre line is that ray of creation which is dropped into the cosmic deep in the Book of Dayzan.

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Compasses and surveying-line associate themselves with the square, and the dwarf-giant's arm is held up in an unmistakable square, a mason's square. Hu is obviously meant for the measurer or architect of the sky, as was the Chaldean Hur, twin of the setting sun.

Again, since we have an enormous archer-father at Sagittarius and an earth-goddess mother at Virgo, this is evidently the child of the trinity. So that if Sagittarius is Arthur, the child must be his son Lohot; as we have seen, he is probably the parallel Heru, son of Osiris. The land round here seems peculiarly Arthurian, being red. The giant-child and the countryside around are of red marl; the name Redlands occurs twice, and Red Lake is to his south and outlines the ship. Arthur's chief tournaments were at Red Land, according to the 'High History'. To the present day a fair is held on the red-earth Fair Field. Red is well established as the primitive colour of the dead and of immortality. In the 'High History' Sir Percival hears a bell and sees a ship that sails in below the manor on the shore, bearing the Graal; and just above the Somerset ship, in the bull's dewlap, is a bell-like shape. And, if the Virgo-figure is the earth goddess Keridwen, her child may be Little Gwion the wine-god, or even Taliesin the sun-god.

This great Egyptian-shape ship itself, again, is likely to be not merely the Ark but also Argo, since that constellation falls within its form. Legendarily, Argo was the first ship built, and also the vessel of the Argonauts; but the story of Ulysses is much later than this effigy, if his date is the twelfth or thirteenth century B.C. Perhaps it was not Solomon but Sol the sun who built this ship whose masts converge on a sun position, which carries the Graal in the 'High History' but is manifestly, as we have seen, the former carrier-moon and twin of the sun or son of the sun. To the Druidically

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minded, too, the Ship of Glass comes to mind, the moon-shaped vessel from which it seems was drunk the draught of initiation or inspiration.

Is it, again, coincidence that the other chief Druidic myth-figures that we can reasonably identify with the zodiac signs lay at the other quarterings of the year in the fifth millenium B.C.? At that period, as we have seen, the Archer was at the Autumn Equinox; and the colossal archer figure of Glastonbury is without much doubt the figure of the sun-father-god, who to the Druids was Hu or Hesus, corresponding to Osiris in Egypt and later identified with Arthur. At the Summer Solstice was then the Virgin; and there is not much doubt that the Somerset Virgo is indeed a vegetation goddess of the type of Kiridwen or Ceres. Now Hu and Kiridwen we have noted as perhaps the most powerful figures of the Druidic pantheon. Let us therefore take these two in detail.

The Celtic Sagittarius who is Arthur

The Hesus-figure is above Capricorn, to the south and in close contact with the creature; he forms the year-hero of the zodiac, Sagittarius, mounted on his horse and wearing a Phrygian cap. His right leg is in fact behind Capricorn's head, and the 'horn of plenty' might be considered to be nourishing and supporting the hero, just as Gilgamesh was nourished by the goat Enkidu and Zeus by the goat's horn: 'in the horn Cornucopia was found all that could be desired of flowers and fruit.'

This fire sign, who is, besides Osiris and Arthur, at once Centaur, Herakles, Adonis, Assur, perhaps Gilgamesh himself and a dozen other identifications, covers, together with his horse, a colossal area whose overall length is more than 7,500 yards. The constellation Lyra, which has been called Arthur's harp, falls upon

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the figure's neck. At the place of his beard is Balsborough or Boltonsborough; the sun's head obviously being the golden ball. Where he straddles the horse the fork of his buttocks is marked by Breech Lane, whilst Canter's Green, surely a riding name, runs up his thigh. The finger of his hand points to Butleigh, centre of the system, formerly known as 'the most holy grave' and a favoured burial ground amongst the local inhabitants. The hero's arms are outstretched, but one is half bent, as drawing a bow; his eye looks along the Equinox line stretching between Aldares and the star Aldebaran; he forms a cross, he is in a sense crucified on the Winter Solstice. The inner meaning of crucifixion in the pre-Christian period seems to have been connected with mystery initiation. The initiated adept, says Madame Blavatsky, was tied on a cross in deep sleep, and at a certain time the beams of the rising sun struck him and he was re-born.

If Arthur's is the sun-father shape, the almost equally large form of the earth-sign Virgo, holding out a wheat-sheaf or Kern-doll towards the centre of the system, corresponds as the Earth-Mother, Kiridwen. Her form lies partly on Wheathill, and though the definition of the shape by the Cary River and Rag Lane is not perhaps wholly convincing, the hill of Wimble Toot ('teat of an auger'), lying where her breast should be, strengthens the probability, whilst the outline of the corn-baby by the roads and fields around Keinton Mandeville is most definite. Cadbury Castle may be held to guard these lands from one side, Castle Cary, whence is the best view, from another. The Cam flows from Cadbury towards them with Queen Camel beside it, a name perhaps recalling the God Camulus, or the Carmelites, who were most devoted to the cult of the Virgin. The Kern itself lies exactly across the path of the old ecliptic; and the Virgo star of 20th September falls just on its centre.

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Here, then, is the stellar explanation of virgin birth for the Virgo constellation descending slowly with the season after September, the sun of the Winter Solstice seems as though in the arms of Virgo at the heliac rising; 'he is as a child nursed by a chaste virgin,' says the Abbé Chauve-Bertrand. Thus from the bosom of the Virgin is born the small sun who is to be the year-herald.

Within the Kern area is the church of St. Mary Magdalen, a frequent surrogate of goddesses. September is both the reaping month of the Corn Goddess and the month of the Virgin Mary's birthday.

Here, clearly, is the great mother goddess, the prototype Kiridwen, the earth of eternal virginity and fertility, the basis for a western cult of Robert Graves's 'white goddess'; capricious, witchlike with her beaked nose and chin and Phrygian cap, bountiful, being all things to all men. She is Demeter the barley goddess, Danae or Ana the Danaan goddess of plenty in Munster, Nana, mother of Attis and Hermes, or a dozen other forms. In the Arthurian saga she seems to correspond with Percival's sister, the damsel Dindrain.

What of the fourth quarter of the then year, Pisces in mid-winter? This is not so obvious.

Three miles up a tributary of the Severn, a river which was traditionally haunted by the Salmon of Knowledge, lies the salmon-shaped fish round Wearyall Hill, some 1,500 yards long. It coincides with the sign Pisces and this corresponds with the King Fishermaid of the 'High History'. Part of the elevation is known as Fisher's Hill, in local legend the burial place of a giant sacred salmon.

This fish is pre-eminently the wisdom fish of Celtic lore; it fed upon the red hazel nuts (or, alternatively, the berries of the sacred rowan-tree) which were the food of the gods or the dead, and so obtained its red spots. Upon this hill landed St. Joseph of Arimathea

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carrying the blood of the new god 'beyond the ocean to the isles called the Britannic Isles' (Eusebius of Caesarea, A.D. 260-340); and he represented that religion whose earliest symbol was the fish. About this time in the precession of the equinoxes the sun was passing into the sign Pisces. It was in Chaldea that the fish was a sun symbol indicating the resurrection both of sun and man; whilst in Babylon Dagon the fish-god was probably the same as the sacred man-fish Oannes of Chaldea (Greek *ioannes*=John; cp. John the Baptist—another link with water). Oannes was the god who instructed in wisdom and the arts; the wise salmon of the Celts, therefore, had a respectable ancestry. In the light of the twelve zodiac signs, Joseph's twelve companions and the gift to him of twelve hides of land, 'confirmed after the heathen manner', take on a different aspect. Had Joseph come to lay the sacred blood on the ancient altar of the Fish? And has the planting of the holy thorn any connection with the inserting of a peg, an early calendar custom?

Kiridwen's Initiate in the Skin Coracle

More immediately to our purpose, Kiridwen's connection with water and its purifying rites is undoubted. One of Gwidion's transformations, representing one of the initiation rites of the Druidic training system, is into a fish, when he is pursued by an otter, and this represents some baptismal lustration. Again, the re-born initiate was found in the weir in a skin bag, and this is now held to mean that he or she was floated in a skin coracle into the tides of Caernarvon Bay, where its course was held to indicate the divine will or the state of adeptship of the coracle's occupant. When we add to this the general dream symbolism of water as the womb and maternity, and the clearly maternal connotations of Kiridwen's cauldron of rebirth, we may fairly

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conclude, since this at the beginnings of the zodiac was the mid-winter sign, that it was placed intentionally opposite to Kiridwen's mid-summer and signified in fact the rebirth of the year and of the human soul once.

This perhaps is as far as we can go. It seems indeed likely that the rest of the Druidic pantheon was elaborated at a period much subsequent to this zodiac, perhaps in the period of recession from the Romans, or in the Dark Ages. All one can expect reasonably to find is a group of the largest proto-figures; and these—the cult of the dead in the Cabiri-Twins, the sun-father god who is lord also of the dead, and the Great Mother in some form—we have in fact found, and surely at key points of the zodiac. If Arthur's three queens may be the other threequarters of the zodiac beside his own autumnal one—a reasonable supposition, since they were definitely the three seasons of his bride the earth—there is no real trace of it here; nor can we identify Kiridwen's very early egg of creation with any special feature. At this distance of time indeed it is surprising to be able to identify so much.

The remainder of the most significant details of the zodiac appear to be referable largely to the Sumerian origins already indicated.

Such is the case set forth by Mrs. Maltwood, with certain amplifications. If it is a mere imaginative linking of apparent shapes such as the eye makes for itself in gazing at a detailed map, such as we have all made for ourselves gazing into a coal fire, the coincidences of names and traditions in their turn need explaining. Her books have been published some years; but no one of archaeological authority has pronounced, nor apparently even taken the trouble to examine the material upon which this thesis is based. Many wild and unsound theories have been propagated purporting to

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be based on Glastonbury; and it seems that this zodiac has been classed with them as meriting merely the scorn of serious archaeologists, who are mostly hard-worked along their own lines and have learnt to avoid speculative propositions as time-wasters. He who would pronounce usefully upon this matter, moreover, would need considerable qualifications besides archaeology, for it involves sub-history and astronomy and the near-eastern cultures, as a minimum equipment, not to speak of myth in many forms.

ERRATUM—In the first part of Glastonbury Zodiac the approximate date of Aurignacian burials on page 83 should have been printed as 14,000 B.C., not 1,400 B.C.



ARIES: CARDINAL FIRE

By JULIAN SHAW

Astrology, rightly regarded, can be the basis of a technique of liberation, not from existence but from slavery to form. Yet how often astrologers fit their clients to their maps as closely as the coffin fitted Osiris! Much the same thing happens with inexpert psychologists who use terms such as extravert and introvert with too little regard for the mixed and often surprising behaviour of individual human beings.

We can easily recognize the flamboyant type of extravert who, with plenty of assurance, bluff and plain impudence starts some adventure and gets away with it. 'Adventures are to the adventurous'; 'ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte'; 'the best form of defence is attack'; sayings such as these seem to be closer to the purpose of experience than 'look before you leap' and

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'safety first', however relevant the latter may be in times of crisis or indecision.

The truth is that everyone, in small matters if not in great, has the opportunity, many times in his life, to step out of his circumscribed pattern and say, 'I will do so-and-so'. No competent astrologer would accept such a question as 'Shall I change my job?' He would say: 'Go and make up your mind. If you decide to change, let me know the date on which the change will be made, and I shall give you some general indications about the prospects'.

Every decision to act is of a Cardinal nature and, in taking an example, it will be easiest to take the sign Cardinal Fire, Aries. Cardinal Fire is available to everyone who wills to act, irrespective of the apparent strength or weakness of Aries in the horoscope. If Aries means to you an overbearing boss, a truculent neighbour or an unsympathetic partner, forget it. Here is a chance to free yourself from the one-word-one-idea complex which is the accepted method of fitting the nails into the coffin of Osiris.

Now, as Aries, you set out gaily, confidently—a trifle over-confidently perhaps—for the next thing you know is that you are beset by difficulties; but romances and thrillers can't get on without difficulties and near-failure and they would not be so popular the world over were they not of the stuff of hope and experience. Aries, in our hypothetical case, has not taken into account his two neighbours: Pisces, Mutable Water and Taurus, Fixed Earth. When you throw Water and Earth on a fire that has just begun to take, what happens? We assume for the sake of the story that the fire, although near to death, is not quite quenched. Fire holds on, hoping to attract its own complement, Libra, Cardinal Air, but before help comes, the danger is intensified! Help, in all good stories, comes only at

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the last moment. The two villains of the piece attract their own complementaries, Virgo, Mutable Earth and Scorpio, Fixed Water. In extremity, the Seed of the Spirit is found: Aries comes into relationship with Libra and the whole pattern of the operation is changed. Earth becomes useful as a bed for the fire and water, heated in a container, becomes steam, useful for power.

The entire operation of this formula is clearly and exactly set out in the parable of the Good Samaritan. The man who journeys is Cardinal Fire; the thieves are Mutable Water and Fixed Earth; the priest and the Levite, Mutable Earth and Fixed Water; the Good Samaritan, Cardinal Air. The story, although relevant to the theme of the good neighbour, is basically a formula for equilibrium. Unless Aries is in equilibrium with his complementary sign Libra; unless he can translate 'thy neighbour as thyself' into 'thy opposite as thyself' he is not equilibrated and the smallest difficulty may throw his efforts into confusion.

The Good Samaritan of the Soul

The man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho typifies the search for the soul as in such longer works as the 'Pilgrim's Progress' and the 'Divine Comedy'. When the Samaritan pours in oil and wine we see the fruits of the equilibrium in the Grail and in Inspiration. When he sets the man on his own beast and takes him to an inn, we see the restored value, not only of the physical apparatus of the lower man but also of the recognized institutions of civilization.

Goethe once said, when he heard of the early death of a man of promise: 'I wonder that man *consented* to die!' There are two kinds of death within life; there is the constantly recurring death to small circumstances of the man who moves on to new opportunities, but there is also the death of the man who puts his hand

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to the plough and who turns back; he rots inside, he consents to die.

Fire is continuous as life is continuous. When we invoke the Fire by saying 'I will', the Fire aids us, no matter how great the obstacles seem. But if we hesitate, doubt, fear, fall into uncertainty or inertia, the Fire we have invoked will destroy us.

A distinction must be made between misfortunes due to inexperience or imprudence or to the true perils of the journey, as in the case of the man in the parable and the flight into illness, physical or psychological. Illness which is not sought as escape from responsibility draws out the recuperative forces of the total man if he allows them to work and co-operates with him. Cardinal Fire, whether as Fire of Will, Fire of Mind, Fire of Love or Physical Energy, is irresistible. Whether you were born in Spring, Summer, Autumn or Winter, Morning, Noon, Sunset or Midnight, you can use the sign of Cardinal Fire, equilibrate it with Cardinal Air in any operation which seems to you to be wise and good. Your aim may have to be modified or amplified as you proceed; you may gain what you never anticipated or your losses may be overwhelming and grievous nevertheless, persist. If circumstances compel you to give up the work, withdraw in good order, taking the gains of your experience to your next work.

It has been said that 'to travel hopefully is better than to arrive'; it would be better to say, to travel hopefully *is* to arrive. Our journey is endless and we meet with crises, with fulfilments and with further crises. Do not invoke Aries if you want a quiet life; rather occupy yourself with thoughts of your National Insurance grave. But if you are of the company described in that lovely line of Chaucer's: 'pilgrims were they all', then say, 'I rejoice that everything can be passed through. The strength of Agni is in me!'

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The use of the signs in the method outlined here must be sharply distinguished from natal astrology where no precedence must be given to one sign over another. Older writers called Scorpio 'the accursed sign' and some modern dabblers in astrology have their own pet aversions, thereby making manifest their own inability to see clearly in the matter. The great value of a thorough horoscopic analysis is that the person concerned learns to accept himself and to find opportunity in his weakness as well as his strength. But he must return to his circle or community ready to take his part in all normal pursuits as best he may. The introvert who sits darkly brooding in a corner when a game is being played in which he knows he cannot shine, may, none the less, make a valuable contribution by taking part if he is asked to do so. The symbolism of the twelve signs is too valuable to be limited to individual patterns. Because a wider frame of reference is not generally accepted, men adopt restrictive practices in work, thus slowing down the free expression of their activity. Rousseau's well-known saying, 'men are born free but are everywhere in chains', is far nearer the truth to-day than when he uttered it. Restrictions imposed from outside need not interfere with freedom of the spirit, but restrictive practices, except as a temporary weapon against a conqueror, lead straight to psychic illness.

We must, of course, recognize our limitations in any given situation. A man who can only speak English should not expect the gift of tongues if asked to address an audience in a language he does not know. Also we must not scatter our energies and start one thing after another, tiring of the activity once the novelty has worn off. The great secret of Cardinal Fire is that through using our will to further a reasonable aim, we release the imprisoned spirit in ourselves, and at

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once we meet the thieves lying in wait, Pride and Humility. Pride leads to megalomania and results in Hitlers of varying degree; Humility leads to pseudo saints on pillars. The true alchemists knew the secret of the Fire and because they longed to communicate it and feared lest they might lead the unprepared to disaster, they hid their meaning in parables and tales



THE BOOK OF SHADOWS: I

BY MIR BASHIR

Occult beliefs in India are as old as this land and its unusual arts of divination. Throughout the length and breadth of this home of secret lores one comes across pundits who are fantastically correct in their uncanny ways of looking into your very being and telling you your past, your present and your future.

It was in 1941, in Bombay, that I heard of the Book of Shadows. The story ran that there was an ancient manuscript written on palm leaves, some thousands of years ago, in Sanskrit which tells you all about your self by measuring your shadow.

Unbelievable, I thought to myself, though my previous ventures into secret India had armed me with caution. I had known and seen several such books about which fantastic stories were current, and when I endeavoured to probe into them, they proved staggering in their mysterious accuracy and left me wondering.

A leading city merchant friend of mine was at the dinner party when a doctor, erudite and a man of flawless integrity, narrated his experience with the Book of Shadows. He explained to us at length the *modus operandi* ordained by the book. You have to face the sun barefoot and let your shadow fall behind you

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while you stand erect. It is measured by the pundit in charge of the ritual who follows it up with some difficult calculations, looks at your palms and retires for a while into the sanctuary wherein the sacred Book of Shadows is reverently kept.

A restless longing to probe into the hidden mysteries of this strange book of ancient lore seized me. My friend the merchant, too, felt an irresistible urge to join me. We arranged to visit it.

Over the week-end we managed to get sleeping accommodation in the train that was to take us to our destination. The doctor told us before we left: 'You need not worry about a letter of introduction. Tell the pundit I have recommended you.'

We left Bombay in the evening and the following day late in the afternoon we reached a small station. It is called Patan. This was our destination. During the journey we speculated for long hours over the chances of accuracy of reports about shadows and their significance in connection with human destiny—a nebulous shadowy theorising. With strange expectations we stepped out of the station.

We asked the driver of a tonga (a kind of buggy drawn by a pony) as to the whereabouts of a pundit with a Book of Shadows. He bowed and asked us to take our seats in his carriage. He drove us to a small house of red brick with steps leading to what looked like a semi-temple.

'There lives the great pundit.' He pointed to the door. 'Could you wait to take us back to some hotel when we have finished?' asked my friend as he made his way to knock at the door.

The tonga-man nodded in the affirmative and moved his carriage to the shade of a roadside tree.

Presently the door opened and we were ushered into a kind of old-fashioned Indian lounge in the corner of

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which was a small patch of bare brick floor. The man who let us in pointing to it courteously suggested, 'Would you care to take off your shoes and make yourselves comfortable?' We unlaced our shoes, placed them on the brick patch and approached the pundit who was sitting with his legs crossed on a kind of rough textured rug. We exchanged greetings and reclined for a while on the big bolsters that were arranged on each side of him. Though weary with the long and tiresome journey, we were burning with expectant excitement to hear the much-revered and talked-of book.

The pundit was in his late thirties, handsome and well-built with a look of serene piety and confidence about him. His head was shaven and crowned with a tassel of thick dark hair that stood stiffly, like a feather in a tightly-fitting black cap. His broad forehead was beset with a *Kunkun*—an amber-pink dot made from a paste of scented herbs—the mark of the priestly class.

Our Shadows are Exactly Measured

We had relaxed for a few minutes when coffee was brought in and he asked us to join him. We told him about our doctor friend, his talk at the dinner party and his verbal introduction.

He was evidently delighted. 'The great book never fails,' he said, and looking at the sun now rapidly going down, hastened to add 'the shadows are lengthening. Let us get the measurements before it goes down.'

He then guided us into the open and made us stand one by one facing the sun, barefoot and with heads uncovered, and in the careful and thorough manner of the expert measured our lengthened shadows.

'Now we can go in,' he suggested, whereupon we returned to his lounge.

As we took our seats, a petite maid entered the lounge. She carried a shining incense stand of brass in her hand

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Tiny wafts of curly blue scent slowly began to mellow the atmosphere of the room. As she knelt down to place the stand in front of the pundit, she asked, almost in a whisper, if it was the time to light the *depavli*—the Indian earthen oil-lamp. The pundit nodded in the affirmative. She retreated into the adjoining room but without turning her back on us. As she re-entered her anklets jingled in a rhythmic movement. She had the oil lamp in her hand. She placed it next to the incense stand, bowed to the pundit and with the agility of a ballet-dancer retreated smoothly, facing us till she was out of sight.

We looked at the pundit. He was deep in prayer, his eyelids calmly closed, his hands in a reverential position and he was muttering some sacred hymn. 'Forgive me, the light has come into the room,' he said as he opened his eyes. We nodded to suggest we understood. It is customary in India to say a few words of prayer when the lamps are lit at eventide.

Then raising his eyes towards my friend, 'Let us start before it gets too late,' he said. Then he examined the palms of my friend, made some notes and sat down to some difficult calculations. He took a long time in doing them, then slowly but reverently got up and entered the adjoining room which looked like a sanctuary. A quarter of an hour later he came back. In his hand were a few amber-coloured leaves of a book. They looked faded and old, but seemed to be very well kept. They were not palm leaves but of a kind of synthetic paper which appeared more akin to deer-skin.

He took his seat, crossed his legs and muttered some prayer. As he held one of the leaves in his hand, I remarked: 'I thought the book was on palm leaves.'

'So it is. This is a duplicate of it,' he replied.

In a deep and soft melodious voice he then began to chant some quaint piece of poetry. His incantation

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seemed to cast a spell. There was strangely haunting and yet endearing music in it. He pressed his unoccupied hand on the sacred thread round his neck all the while as if telling the rosary. He came to the end of a passage.

'It is a prayer to the Sun God,' he interpreted. 'It is to invoke his aid in calculating the essential figures to erect a horoscopic chart for the reading of life events of the One we are now going to talk about.'

He chanted another passage and described in detail the astral configurations, the ascendent, and the planets as located in the various parts of the horoscopic chart. Then he gave the exact time, day, month and year of the birth of my friend.

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed my friend completely shaken. 'Do—do—you—mean . . . it is—all—there' he managed to stutter.

'Yes brother, all that and more too,' replied the pundit quite unmoved.

'How on earth is it possible?'

'I could not tell you that.'

'When was it written?'

'That too I have no means of finding out. I have only a copy of the original manuscript.'

'How old is the copy?'

'This one is dated over five centuries back.'

'Well I am'—my friend looked a picture of abject wilderment.

'May we proceed?' suggested the pundit.

'Please do,' I interjected. My friend was too stupefied for words by this time. His eyeballs suddenly seemed to have dilated and large white rims appeared to surround his dark stationary pupils. His sallow countenance looked starched, his forehead heavily wrinkled, his well-trimmed beard lost its tidy cut. He resembled a deftly sculptured life-size statue of a man.

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immobile bewilderment . . . and yet he was very much alive.

'You were born in a big town, near the sea, in a family known for business and riches. You have two brothers and one sister. She is the youngest, you are the second. Your father re-married after the death of your mother. You have step-brothers and -sisters too.

'You are married and have four sons and two daughters. One son is brilliant and will bring you much happiness. He will help you in your work.

'You are in the same business that your grandfather started. You deal in woollen goods manufactured abroad. Your father has retired and now you are at the helm of affairs. It is a great responsibility.'

The pundit came to the end of a leaf and showed signs of relaxing.

'Go on, please, don't stop,' anxiously urged my friend. He seemed to come back to life. He was leaning forward, his whole being a living picture of apprehensive expectancy—all ears. The pundit took another leaf.

'There is shaping a new order in your life. A near one will die. You will change the centre of your activities. There will be trouble all over the land, but you will be unharmed.'

Then followed a graphic survey of his future with detailed description of his character, habits, interests and hobbies ending with a note of praise for his high moral principles.

The outlook for the immediate future was pretty grim, but the book gave him sound practical advice. There was a way out.

Family Details are Exactly Told

Time had flown too rapidly in our entranced listening. The pundit was exhausted. He rested on his bolster for a while and gazing towards me in a weary way, but in a kind and soft voice suggested that I should see him

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in the morning. He had had a very heavy day. It was already very late for his prayer before his dinner, his only meal of the day.

I looked at my watch. It was past ten o'clock. I was a bit disappointed but as we hastened to take leave—'Just a moment. Let me make note of the symbols in your palms,' he said.

I stretched my hands one by one. He carefully searched for some marks, jotted down a few notes and made some essential calculations.

'That will do for the time being. I will find your leaves after prayer, first thing in the morning,' he ended.

We said good night. The waiting tonga-man took us to some small hotel. We asked him to call again in the morning.

After a meal of some kind we were shown into a room with two rather uncomfortable-looking beds.

'What do you think of the book now?' I asked as we began to settle down.

'It is uncanny. It is magic. Even the story of my grandfather is written there. You know he went to England in the middle of the last century. He was one of the commercial pioneers of India. He came back with the chief agency for the whole of the East for woollen goods that we deal in.'

He was silent for a while.

'How does the book know how many brother and sister we are . . . and how on earth it is written that I am the second in the family, when according to tradition it should be my elder brother who should be at the head of affairs, which he is not' . . . (then suddenly rudely awakened to a dangerous realization). . . does it mean by "a phase is ending. There is a new order in your life. You will change the nature of your business"?)'

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'Perhaps it refers to your business complications with seniors abroad,' I suggested.

'A phase is ending . . . does it mean loss of foreign agency?'

'It seems so.'

'That will be ruination. . . .'

'Don't forget the advice,' I encouraged.

'Yes, there is something in that. With a bit of luck it can work.'

'The book says it will.'

'That is encouraging . . . But how baffling it all seems. I can't understand it. How can it be written and that too, centuries before it happens . . . how . . . how?'

'I wish I could know how. But is there anything . . . any little detail, about your family, your past, your present . . . anything . . . that is wrong?'

'No, it is absolutely true. Every word of it. Strange, the book even knows that my younger brother and I are not only together in the same business but married in the same family and that, too, to sisters. . . .'

'Surely it is quite logical to expect the future to be right?'

'Yes. But it does not give details of it.'

'There is the advice and a graphic sketch of the pattern of your future.' I endeavoured to encourage him.

'That may be so, and yet I cannot see the slightest ray of hope, much less a major change.'

'Time will tell, though I am sure the book will be right,' I ended.

There was a long pause. In the darkness of the room I could see the incessant glow of his cigarette end and hear his restless breathing. We again started discussing and commenting and endeavoured to go through every detail of the reading, till unawares I fell asleep.

The continuation of the pundit's predictions, concerning Mir Bashir's own career, will be given in the next issue.

MAN AND HIS BEAST

By MICHAEL JUSTE

A Parable

There was once a young man who wished to do good. Greatly compassionate because of the wickedness and confusion that flourished everywhere, and because the sins of the world weighed heavily on his heart, he read much, travelled far and meditated deeply. He visited the wise who most willingly gave him what they believed would do much good—and in the dusky light of their understanding this was good advice—though rarely through practical experience. Ultimately he arrived in the market-place of theories and idealisms, and among the many he met there were some who sold empty bowls and hollow vessels, and who cried:

‘If you would be pure repress your lower nature.’

‘If you would rise above your lower self kill out all desire.’

‘By starving the animal within it will become weaker and your higher nature stronger.’

‘Desire causes sorrow; it grows the sins of the world; therefore be as these empty vessels. Where there is no soil neither can there be fruits to feed appetites; and without appetites there is non-attachment.’

‘Desire drew you into birth; break from desire and you break from sorrow.’

In such manner did they chatter and argue and quote, stroking their beards and looking solemn and wise. And they spoke about some who starved to death; about others who flogged their desires till their souls flickered over to the other side; and of others who through befuddled and sanctified stupidities were drawn to Nirvana, until the young man believed that the death

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of all action meant liberation from sorrow and pain. Though he did not know that even compassion was desire and therefore some desires were noble. Yet it seemed paradoxical that the words 'slay and kill' were so frequently used by those who bade him do good and avoid the infliction of pain upon even the lowliest of living things.

And after much meditation he considered: 'I will drive desire from me; I will escape the manifold sorrows of existence; I will pluck my desires from me and become non-attached. Then shall I be free from all suffering.'

Thus did he discuss these matters within himself, and thinking he was alone was astonished to receive a reply; a voice that rose to his mind in a mingled growl and purr and thick as from a tongue unused to speech: 'Master—I would speak to you.'

The man asked: 'Who are you?'

The voice replied: 'I am the Beast within you who attends to your wants and appetites. I am the servant of your body, and Master—I have heard your thoughts; they are harsh, and would oppress me.'

And the man, who thought this voice was but imagined and so of slight importance, laughingly replied: 'Why should I oppress you who calls himself Beast of my body and servant to my appetites?'

And the slow, thick voice replied: 'O Master, I have been long with you and have sat at the table of your mind and know your counsels. There are some seated about the outer gates of your being who have told you to kill out desire; have told you appetites are perilous and pitfalls to your feet, and that the illusions beyond our gates are evil snares to entangle your spiritual purposes. Master, I open the gates to the world and reveal the turmoil without, yet there is no evil in me; for do we not both enjoy pleasant things?'

And the Beast, encouraged by the silence of his

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Master, continued: 'Now when you gaze into the heavens and you see constellations and planets, and the cosmic mists that hold the seed of stars, know this, O Master, that they are the mightier expressions of desire, when those who were once men became gods and planetary architects, building within the deeps of the universe their shining handiwork.'

Now the voice of the Beast was as golden thunder beating against the ramparts of his Master's inner hearing: 'If there was no desire there would be neither Heaven nor Hell; neither gods nor stars. Before you would destroy, comprehend the nature of your nature: that all parts have their great purposes, though the beginnings may be infinitesimally small, and that each has its place through the infinity of cycles. You are of immortal substance and I am thy faithful servant. Though many have cast me for a villain because I have appetites and hungers, through my senses you inhale fragrances and hear music; you bite into pleasant fruits and see colours.'

The voice of the Beast dwindled; it was gentle, and purred; it drifted into stillness.

Then his Master replied, but because the Beast had spoken well and with vision he was confused; for he believed great truths had been spoken through the mouth of the Beast.

'You have spoken well, my servant, of heavenly designs and the fruits of nature; you have bewitched my hearing with your tongue and waylaid my understanding; but the tribulations of the senses, the travails and temptations, that which lies in the dark of you, ready to rend my goodwill and understanding, you have veiled; hiding the heat and fevers of your heart, which glows and scorches and degrades when I would advance to loftier levels. No, I will kill out all desire; for as it has been said: "All sufferings come from desire." No—'

MAN AND HIS BEAST

But the Beast interrupted hotly: 'O foolish Master, how can you slay me? What trap can you use to snare me? I dwell in the den of your nature. I prowl through the roads of your being and hide in the undergrowth. Can you slay water? Can you maim the wind? If you oppose me I will become terrible. I will enter into your slumber and into the garden of your mind. I will trample your dreams. I will break upon your peace and your works will be uneasy. Though I may not reach the throne of your spirit, I have much cunning, and I shall keep watch and spring through the secret gates, and will howl in your mind. I will claw at the peace you seek and rend it into the rags of tumult, for I will become a Hound of Hell if you torment me. You cannot kill me, Master; let us dwell together in peace.'

The man replied in despair: 'How can we live in peace? Your habits eat at me, and when I would stand upright and go my higher way you bark at my heels; when I would give love, you breathe lust into me; and in my visions you appear with sharp teeth. No! Who are you to attack the sayings of the great sages who have said, "Kill out desire and you slay pain and sorrow"?' And the man thought: 'At last I have silenced him; for have I not shown I obey the noble precepts of the divine ones?'

Yet in the silence that followed the man sensed derisive laughter; for the Beast replied: 'Surely the sage who had great compassion would never have used the word "slay or kill". If he had reached great wisdom he knew the nature of his nature; and that the Beast in him—who was also his faithful servant—was never slain, but raised up and ennobled; and worked with him in the wider field of compassion. Master, I believe a great truth has been twisted by those who followed but did not understand; for surely where there is no desire there is no movement, and no movement

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means death. And the compassionate who teach speak always of eternal life.'

Now the Beast spoke gently: 'Do you remember, Master, how friendly we were many lives ago? Do you recall the ancient days when you were strong and we worked as brothers, and life was rich and exciting? You did not oppress me, but found me useful. Then you did not wish to slay nor torment me. I am but an animal, Master, but a good servant and have always been with you; though you never heard my voice I have spoken to you through your instinct and have warned you of dangers when we hunted through the jungle. Then I was helpful and you heeded me; your mind was young and your thoughts simple. Now I am your enemy, since you were told desire is evil, and you wish to murder me.'

And his Master, who only wished to do good, had no reply; for he was perplexed. Many warnings had been given him by others who also wished to do good, yet were sickly and grim and barren and confused and obsessed with strong desires for health; who spoke of heaven, but most frantically desired to prolong their lives on earth; who meditated upon purity; who nibbled and nagged at their natures till their natures smote back and attacked their masters through devious and subterranean routes with disease and sickliness?

The inward voice continued: 'Men call me beast, the animal in you. Others have made me a monster; they have tyrannised over me; they would make me small; they would trim my claws, they would cut off my limbs; they would make me toothless. Thus would they misuse my power and make me a weakling. Master, I would make a bargain with you. If you decide we must show enmity one to another, I will depart at once. I will leave your body and take with me my part of our inheritance. Good-bye Master.'

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And the man rejoiced and did not reply but sat and meditated upon the Beast's decision, thinking: 'If this Beast departs I am free at last; the thorns of desire shall no longer prick me and there shall be peace within me.'

In this manner did he commune and exult; dreaming of the future bliss within himself when he would be desireless and rise into the pure light of wisdom. 'Now shall my understanding unfold. Now beyond confusion and the companionship of this Beast I shall dwell in the higher places of myself: the cathedral of my consciousness.'

But as he exulted he heard a distant muttering and vague lamentations as from a hidden multitude. His inward eyes opened and he beheld happenings that made him ill at ease. Neither could he hold back the events into which he was falling.

For the lamenting multitude he heard, and who were leaving him, were the hidden servants of his servant. Now he knew that the Beast was drawing its inheritance from its dwelling-place and he knew too late that he had possessed much treasure. Now strength was pouring from him as from a broken vessel. Now he knew not only that the jewels and precious metals of his house had been mined by the Beast; but that the radiance within the jewels and the shining gleam from the metals came also from his wisdom. That the foundations of his dwelling had been erected by the Beast; but that he—the man—had brought in the lamps of understanding.

The small chatterings of his mind fluttered from him: gossips from the nest of memory twittering away into the incoming darkness—the flashing colours of a moment's ecstasy—delicate fabrics of sound and all that had enriched the intricate mansion of the man—these were drawn from him, following the departure of the Beast. Slowly the locks of his will fell apart. The

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feastings and the fastings were to be no more. The gathering darkness that was enfolding him hid neither secrets nor evil, neither virtues nor vice; all was dimming.

And he thought: 'So this is death.'

And from the deeps of darkness came the voice of the Beast: feebly, sorrowfully: 'No, Master, this is not death, this is extinction, non-activity, this is eternal nothingness.'

Now his Master in great terror called: 'Return to me, Beast, for I am afraid; for now I understand.'

For now there was about the man a paralysing darkness, an abyss of nought, neither element nor desire, an utter oblivion to all his parts. And again he called to the Beast: 'Return, return Beast and my servant, return, for the darkness and the void are too great for me to bear.'

And in the voice of the Beast there was a cry of fear and of joy: 'Thy day was going from me, and the halls of our being falling apart; but now gladly will I return.'

And his Master replied through the crevices of the darkness: 'I was also afraid; but now I understand. Apart we are weak and dying, but together we are as metal.'

And the Beast added: 'Also our desires; we cannot kill our elements, nor can we dwell apart.'

And as the Beast returned, the elements of the man, the firmament of his consciousness, were restored, and his house again filled with the small sounds of the minute servants of his servant, and all the senses again revelled in the dance of living; for the foundations of his mind were made strong again. And the man knew there would be sorrows and swift delights and the long dull roads of living; but that his ethereal substance of the spirit and the metals of the Beast were eternal necessities.

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So they returned and greeted each other. And the man knew that the many threads of his being were entangled in the threads of his hidden servant; and that neither could live and be aware without the other. And both knew they were immortal and eternal companions; that in some distant time the essences of the Beast would be purified. And the man knew that to be without desire meant extinction, and that a stupid misinterpretation was stupid in any age.

Then he heard the whisper of the Beast: 'Master, Master, listen: I shall always be with you, and when you leave this body I shall follow you to the other side and still be your servant.'



THE ESSENCE OF OUSPENSKY

By BERNARD BROMAGE

Few will be found to deny the fact that 'Philosophy', like the Law, is only too frequently 'an ass'. Particularly at the present juncture in human affairs we tend to regard with sceptical gaze the metaphysician 'looking in a dark room for a black hat which isn't there'; the logician whose 'chopping' does little to stifle our yawns; the psychologist who blandly expands his academic categories with little, if any, recognition of the infinitude of mental complexity or the idiosyncrasies of the average sensual man.

The apparently almost insuperable difficulty of arriving at any certainty anent the scheme of things entire

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(sorry or agreeable, according to individual temperament) has led many quite intelligent people to forsake the search for finalities and to expend their energies in pursuits which at least lead to a quicker return and to a more verifiable standard of values. The modern passion for political, economic and sociological theories of all descriptions is a kind of consolation prize for the failure to grasp the flying coat-tails of religious and philosophic truth.

The phenomenon of Ouspensky is therefore of singular interest to a generation which had almost lost the taste for speculative truth. A thinker with an intuitive apparatus as powerful as his mathematical gifts; a courageous investigator ready to throw overboard without a moment's hesitation everything that he regarded as the superseded counters of dead philosophic systems; a mystic with the approach to life of a poet; a humanitarian with a dream of a better and higher Race—here was something new among philosophers. It is not surprising that this passionate and highly intellectual Russian (he died only recently) should have left, as well as an inescapable influence, a solid band of devoted and respectful adherents.

His own 'illumination' came to him in 1890 when he was a schoolboy in the Moscow Gymnasium. Sitting one day in the class-room, hopelessly bored with the Latin lesson, he read under the desk a book on physics lent him by one of the older boys. For the first time his intellectual world emerged from chaos. Everything in the universe became connected, forming an orderly and harmonious whole. 'Reading the Chapter on levers, a multitude of simple things which I knew as independent and having nothing in common, became connected and united into a great whole.'

Later, as a reporter on the staff of the *Moscow Morning*, he read everything he could procure on the

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subject of occultism and its relation to para-normal psychology and metaphysics. His conception of the 'fourth dimension' and of the essential unity of all being became integrated.

In 1912 he was able to set out on his travels. In London, Paris, Genoa, Cairo, Madras, Colombo and Calcutta he met people who were interested in the same ideas that interested him. He came to the conclusion that throughout the world there exists a 'secret society' closely connected by a community of ideas and language. This society, he became convinced, is composed of the pioneers of the 'New Race'—of a more harmonized and happier humanity. The outbreak of war in 1914 ('mud rising from the bottom of life') was an appalling shock. But, shortly afterwards, he found a guide, philosopher and friend in that remarkable personality, Gurdjieff, who conducted an establishment at Fontainebleu near Paris, for the investigation and training of the spiritual faculties of man and later engaged in much peripatetic lecturing for the benefit of small groups of disciples whose intellect was adequate to the assimilation of his recondite and rather 'revolutionary' doctrine.

All that he knew and thought about life and its problems is contained in two volumes, *Tertium Organon* and the *New Model of the Universe* respectively. At first sight Ouspensky is not an easy writer. His style is closely-knit. He demands of the reader the most painstaking collaboration. Many of the arguments adduced can appeal only to persons of a mathematical or mechanistic intelligence. But he has so many exciting things to say about the processes of intellection; so many novel and illuminating interpretations of the interplay of phenomena, that he can be read with the utmost profit by those who have suffered from the 'deadness' of much orthodox academic philosophy and who have been 'frightened off' mysticism, on account of the

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frequent ambiguity of its terminology and the 'religiosity' of its postulates. Here is philosophy as thrilling as any novel; and mysticism brought up to date with all the keenness of analysis and perception of a first-rate logical intellect who is at the same time an accomplished man-of-the-world!

The key-word with Ouspensky is *consciousness*. Nothing matters ultimately to the human being but the full exploration and intensification of his realization of the miracle and marvel of the world within him. The rest is philosophic trifling; for what can it profit a man if he gains the whole world and misses the rapture and the understanding which must accrue from an entry into that paradise which is the apperception of the transcendental essence of everything that lives and breathes? What does anything matter so long as one 'has one's life'?

Ouspensky's main search is the search for the 'fourth dimension'. Somewhere exists that deepening and widening and 'extension' of our senses and faculties which is the Open Sesame to all that we can desire of sympathy and appreciation and bliss. He owes much to an English writer, C. H. Hinton, whose *New Era of Thought* and *The Fourth Dimension* had first impelled him towards this aspect of his intellectual quest.

This clever, geometrically-minded thinker had invented a system for the development and education of the space-sense by means of experiments with groups of cubes of different colours. His contention was that, for the unfolding of the mind, the intellect must be led to the development of the ability to imagine objects, not in perspective, but geometrically; i.e. *from all sides*. It is from such simple analyses of the nature of dimension that the rarified world of the fourth dimension can be 'tapped' and entered.

Ouspensky, together with many modern physicists, regards space and time as Categories of the intellect.

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That is, they are properties which are attributed by us to the external world; sign-posts as it were, put up by ourselves because we cannot imagine the external world without their help.

It is an idealist standpoint; and, like a good idealist, Ouspensky insists on the necessity for expanding the limits of the *really* existing. We have wilfully limited ourselves by accustoming ourselves to judge as really existing only that which is measurable in terms of length, breadth and height. There are whole worlds of knowledge outside the normal faculties of experience. Infinity is not a hypothesis but a fact.

For the world as the ordinary man sees it Ouspensky has little respect. 'The civilization of our time is a pale sickly growth, which can hardly keep itself alive in the darkness of profound barbarism.' He is forced to conclude that true civilization is to be found only in esotericism, among groups of trained, elected spirits who are intelligent and disciplined enough to see through the shows and shadows of accepted convention and probe to the reality behind the 'camouflage' of appearance.

In some very engrossing chapters of the *New Model of the Universe* Ouspensky broods over our established religions, philosophies and psychological concepts, and sinks the plummet of his creative imagination into the morass of false ideology which the obscurantism of the ages has allowed to engulf the too gullible minds of men.

Consistent with his conviction that essential knowledge is only for the few, he analyses the teaching of Christ as primarily a message for those with minds and emotions keen and sensitive enough to read through the lines to the hidden meaning within. Even if he had lived in our more enlightened times, Christ could not have escaped the persecutions of the 'Scribes and Pharisees'.

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Perhaps only 'somewhere in a Russian hermitage' could he avoid misunderstanding and obloquy and persecution. Advisedly, the Saviour of Mankind spoke His message only to those who could understand. Christianity is a very stern religion!

The Devil, according to Ouspensky, is the arch-slanderer; and the sin against the Holy Ghost is to see and concentrate only on the negative side of things and people.

For an aperception of the essential Christian message, Ouspensky recommends us to read the Gospel of St. John in a mood of high emotional exaltation. Then, the bare phrases will become incandescent with the light that never was on sea or land; and one's urge for the fulfilment of peace and hope will be appeased.

Turning his attention further east, he writes profoundly concerning the age-old Science of Yoga, which he sees not only as a technique which, if properly mastered, can give us the possibility of direct penetration into the mysteries of nature, but as a mode of increasing our creative capacities in all spheres of life. An enhanced intellectual penetration will be followed, if the system is mastered, by an infallible mystical intuition.

One day the religions of east and west will have to unite; and Ouspensky draws some most interesting parallels between the processes of Yoga and the devotional discipline of the Russian Orthodox Church. In particular, he singles out an ancient manual, *Dobrotolubiye*, in which is contained a whole host of statutes and regulations concerning monastic life and minute rules of prayer and contemplation. (Is it entirely by accident that the present Indian Ambassador to the Soviet Union is no orthodox materialist, but M. Radakrishnan, a universally-acknowledged expert on Indian religious systems?)

Ouspensky thinks nobly of the soul. He constantly advises the student to absent himself from the busy haunts of men and practise all that he can of concentration

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on the hidden realities. Silence is recommended as a storing-house of force; and there is no end to the wondrous vistas which can open up to the disciple who practises Yogic contemplation. 'The farther a given phenomenon is from the visible and sensual, from the physical; the farther it is from matter, the more there is in it of hidden force, the greater the quantity of phenomena it can produce, can leave in its wake, the greater amount of energy it can liberate, and so the less it is dependent upon time.'

All his life Ouspensky had interested himself in the *Tarot*, the seventy-eight divining cards whose origin is ascribed by competent scholars to the initiatory rites of Ancient Egypt. In Petersburg, before the First Great War, he had produced a booklet in which he gave inspired interpretations of the major cards of the pack. To the day of his death he regarded the *Tarot* as a veritable Book of Life to be consulted in all difficulties and to be relied on as a means of communication with those unseen presences whose knowledge of the interior structure of the world is so superior to our own.

In this spirit he describes his visits 'in Search of the Miraculous'. To Egypt, where the sight of the Sphinx suggests the mathematical and metaphysical problem of Eternity, and where he castigates the unimaginative Egyptologist for not recognizing the inherent majesty and wisdom of this ancient race whose very record gives the lie to the theory that we are descended from monkeys! To Ceylon, where a recumbent figure of the Buddha fills him with a sense of extraordinary peace, and gives him the impression that the Being who has passed beyond sorrow sees in him 'more than I could see in myself; all that was hidden in the most secret recess of my soul'. Indeed both the Sphinx and the Buddha speak to him of another life and a consciousness which is far too transcendental for words to describe.

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It is, we repeat, to this emphasis on 'consciousness' that Ouspensky, in Nietzschean phrase, 'eternally recurs'. In a homely enough image, he illustrates the endless dynamism inherent in 'material' things; dynamism, alas, which, owing to our insensitiveness, so many of us have eyes that see not, ears that hear not and hearts that neither feel nor understand.

'A man can go mad from one ash-tray. In one ash-tray it was possible to know all. Everything is alive. It is only *we* who are dead. If one becomes alive for a moment we shall feel that everything is alive, that all things live, think, feel and can speak to us.'

This religion of the sheer ecstasy of being alive leads Ouspensky to pen a rhapsody on the subject of *Love* which has hardly been excelled by any eulogy of the tender passion. It is a human love of which he speaks; but one whose richest harmonies can only be attained by the practise of right reverence and the elimination of all narrow selfishness. Love that adores but on the knees of prayer! And no one is more alive than he to the dangers attendant on any perversion or unbalance of an emotion 'which is perhaps a world of strange spirits who at times take up their abode in men, subduing them to themselves, making them tools for the accomplishment of their inscrutable purposes'.

Ouspensky is among the most satisfying of modern occult and mystical writers. While giving the fullest weight to the importance of the immemorial decencies and the necessity for following the mystic 'gleam', he at the same time proclaims himself in the vanguard of contemporary thinkers by his fearless advocacy of a rejection of the old logical categories and the creation of a 'four-dimensional' universe in which every sensation will count double, and every act of the mind will be a lover's embrace.

TANTRIC HEDONISM

By G. J. YORKE

Religions can be classified under two heads, the cathartic and the hedonistic. Buddhism and Christianity are cathartic, since while the one teaches that the world is a bad place, the other preaches original sin and they both advocate celibacy and the suppression of the senses.

On the other hand, Hinduism is hedonistic. It seeks the spiritual through the senses whilst denying validity to them. It is a religion of light, life and love in which the sting is taken out of death by the rosary of skulls round the neck of the naked goddess Kali, and in which sex, regarded as sacred, is freely portrayed in temple sculpture. Music, dancing and drama have not yet been secularized as in the west. Danger lies not in repression but in the riot of the emotions, for which the technique of yoga provides the required correction.

In the macrocosm that is the universe of the Hindu the Sun symbolizes the creative aspect of God and is daily hailed as such in the Gayatri mantra, the oldest prayer still in use in the world. The Moon is the receptive principle. In the microcosm that is man and woman these two planets are replaced by the *lingam* (phallus) and the *yonis* (womb), which are worshipped in temples dedicated to them.

God (*Brahman*) is without attributes, being neither male nor female nor neuter, neither Unity nor Trinity. From That came an Egg which divided in two, Male and Female. These uniting created the universe. Vedantic Vaishnava and Shivite sects worship the male, Shakti sects the female, half of these twin creators. Three out of these four schools agree that to return to Brahman, to realize 'That art thou', it is necessary

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to remarry the opposites and merge the resultant unit into That. Tantrics still do in the flesh what others have sublimated in symbol.

In Hindu theory—as in Hermetic tradition—the macrocosm that is the universe is reflected exactly in the microcosm that is man. Tantric Yogis teach that man must re-enact in and with his body—or rather bodies—the actual stages by which they believe the universe evolved, only in reverse order (*nivritti marg*) before he can become free (*mukta*) and be reabsorbed into God (*Brahman*). The first stage of this return journey is realized in Muladhara, an imaginary centre (*chakra*) at the base of the spine, which corresponds to the sphere of Malkuth in Qabalistic tradition. There sleeps Kundalini, the Virgin of the World, representing the creative principle at rest. She has to be awakened and sent up the spinal chord (*sushumna*) to the *Sahasrara*, which corresponds to Kether, in the top of the skull. There She meets Shiva, there the Moon and Sun mingle in an Immaculate Conception, as a result of which the subtle body is flooded with the Elixir of Life (*Amrita*). It is the completion of the IHVH formula of the Qabalists.

Tantric yogis who follow this path insist that physical processes are involved. For them semen (*bindhu*) is the gross form of a subtle essence called *ojas* which is the White Eagle of the Alchemists. *Amrita* is not normally present in the human body, but is produced by the marriage of the White and Red Eagles; yet its production is essential for that sublimation of the subtle body without which the final union of the soul or rather spirit (*atma*) with God (*Atman*) is impossible. Two methods are taught for making this Elixir, one by the three *oli mudras* of the Hathayogins, which are unknown to western tradition, the other in the *Kaula* circle of the Bhairavi Diksha, when the Suvacini dances naked.

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This latter technique is known in the west and is the treasured secret of an Hermetic Order known as the O.T.O.

The techniques hinted at above are dangerous for the average man who has not learned to dissociate his mind from his senses. Tantric teachers insist on a long period of probation before they initiate a candidate. In the Bhairavi Diksha this entails a five to seven-year course of Yoga and of Ayurvedic dieting during which strict continence in thought and deed is one of the minor tribulations.

To-day as in the historical past few Tantrics make a specialized use of sex. They employ erotic imagery with the freedom of the unrepressed, but that does not mean the actual use of sex in the ritual. They marry and are taught to honour their partner as a living symbol of the Divine Mother. Married couples acting in this way are called followers of the left-hand path (*vama marga*). No ritual is laid down, but the ideas of worship, self-sacrifice and gratitude to a beneficent Creatrix are brought into the play (*lila*). Sex is thought of as holy and not as a sin.

The Giving of Life to an Idol

Ritual worship is performed in one of two ways, externally with the idol of your choice, or internally by installing the chosen deity in a secret temple in your heart. The external ritual is elaborate and colourful. In the morning the image is woken with a hymn, bathed clothed and fed, honoured with flowers incense and light, and worshipped as if it were the god or goddess in the flesh. In the evening it is undressed and put to bed. The educated do not believe that the deity indwells the image unless a qualified person has performed the ceremony (*pranpratishta*) without which a wooden image is but a piece of carved wood.

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To give life and sanctity to an idol you must first identify yourself with the living essence of the deity concerned and then transfer that essence to the image. Identification is made by touching (*nyasa*) the specific parts (*marma*) of your body to which the various attributes of the god or goddess are traditionally assigned, while repeating the correct *bija mantras*. These are onomatopœic monosyllables which it is useless to repeat unless you know the secret of their meaning and pronunciation, and until you have learned to vitalise them. This means mastery of *mantra Yoga*. The theory behind these words of power survives in the west in the barbarous words of evocation used in certain magical ceremonies. There are two methods of transferring the living essence of the deity from yourself to the image, one by touch, the other by breath. When the ceremony is over you reabsorb the essence. The western tradition is similar, except that we invoke direct into the image when we consecrate it. Some sects maintain that the identification and transferring are an act of grace on the part of the god or goddess concerned, others that they result automatically from the powers (*siddhi*) which the worshipper has developed by the practice of yoga.

Success in the external worship of an image is achieved when it becomes for you the deity it represents. The shape, colours and ornaments of the idol represent in visible and tangible form the attributes of that particular aspect of the attributeless Brahman that you are seeking. They assist through the senses in getting your mind and imagination to work along the desired lines. At first there is an idol; if properly consecrated a deity indwells it, but that does not mean you are consciously aware of the fact. It is easier to become so if you work with a consecrated image, that is all. Finally you have the deity and not the image, at first only for a moment and

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only in your mind's eye. It is, however, claimed that on rare occasions the god or goddess as well as the image have been present to the normal sight and touch of the worshipper. Sri Ramakrishna, for instance, used to say that when the Holy Mother walked about his room she cast no shadow.

The external worship of a consecrated image is comparatively simple and requires no knowledge or experience of yoga; but to set up that image in your heart needs specialized training and long practice. It is not enough vaguely to imagine that something is there. The actual image with all its accessories has to be seen in the mind's eye, located in the heart and held still with all its parts in proportion. It cannot be worshipped before it has been set up, since you would merely be localizing in your body a vague urge towards God in general, instead of practising the precise worship of a particular aspect in a given place. Vague mystical woolgathering is a dangerous practice leading to self-hypnosis and the myriad simulacra of the genuine experience. The danger is so great that Tantrics insist on the necessity of learning the technique from a qualified teacher and then working under his direct guidance. Success leads not to the external appearance of a god or goddess in vision, but to the internal merging of yourself with the deity concerned. The complete process entails setting up and worshipping in this way different deities in various centres of your body.

In Tantric theory the universe evolved gradually from Brahman through various spiritual stages to the physical world here manifest. After a certain period, which has not yet been completed, the reverse process will begin and the cosmos will return in orderly regression back whence it came. This completes a cycle (*manvantara*). After a pause (*pralaya*) the whole process will be repeated and the series is infinite. Man can and

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should escape from his own minor cycle of incarnation by consciously repeating in himself the cosmic process. This evolution and involution of the universe as man obeys the laws of sound and follows a certain canon of proportion.

A theory of creation, destruction and rebirth through sound (*shabda*) lies behind the use of mantra, but is too complex for inclusion here.

The idea of God as Architect of the Universe is not confined to Masonry. The Hindu Demiurge made use of measure and proportion, of which the canon is known, so that each temple is a pattern of the macrocosm in wood and stone. The ground plan and vertical cross-section correspond with those parts of the human body in which a yogi works when practising *nyasa*.

Patterns drawn in accordance with this canon are called *mandala* when they are to act as talismans for more than one deity or force, while each deity has his or her peculiar *yantra*. The one in most general use for daily worship is the Sri Chakra of the Mother Goddess. The overall design gives the measure of Her qualities, while Her various aspects correspond with the different angles and segments of the figure. The attributeless Brahman is represented by an imaginary point (*bindhu*) in the centre. In external worship this talisman (*yantra*) is engraved on gold or drawn on the ground. In the Goddess is invoked therein and worshipped. In the Bhairavi Diksha the pattern forms the basis of a ritual dance. In internal worship the figure is correlated mentally with various parts of the yogi's body, so that when identification is complete he merges with Her.

Many Tantrics follow the path of Love (*Bhakti marg*), but there is no need to elaborate that here as it is understood and practised in the west.

The principle is the same whatever path you follow. To achieve the Unitive Vision you have to det

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everything you meet on the way. Since the Tantric regards everything as an aspect of God, the higher his aim the broader must be his base. Starting with the senses he must ever refine, ever seek new paths and scale fresh heights before he can experience the Whole. Finally he finds Brahman, That which cannot even be thought of since It is 'not this, not this' (*neti, neti*), nor even that. Before so doing, however, he must decide whether or not to return to this world afterwards. To return he must deny the one Vision which is no vision, in order to devote the rest of his life to helping others along the path. He cannot describe the Goal, since That is beyond thought, but he has found freedom while on earth (*jivan mukti*), and so is at last qualified to guide others, each along his path, whether or no that path be Tantric.



WHAT IS A TRUTH?

By QUAESTOR

'"What is truth?" asked jesting Pilate, but stayed not for an answer,' says Bacon. It is also possible that he feared one.

*

The veils before a truth may be from one's own weaving: entangling strands of dishonesty, the glittering tinsels of egotism, sackcloths of stupidity; wrapping round wrapping, till one's world is a sluggish darkness. And for such there is neither enlightenment nor liberation; though the word 'Truth' comes often to their lips.

If we creep round the mountains of our errors we shall always remain on a low level. Heights are to be climbed, not avoided, if the search for a truth is honest.

*

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A truth is a demonstrable imponderable.

*

What is a truth? What is my relationship to the universe? and to myself? the ethereal in me, the monstrous in me? For I am indefinite, confused, tangled in instincts and intuitions, a blur of localized sense-impressions submerged in the hot swamps of myself.

Yet my intuition tells me there is a vague path leading out. But again, to discover a truth means a release from one set of conditions to another set of unknown conditions. For truths do not free, they bring burdens; they give clear hearing, and a greater clamor is heard; they bring clear sight, and a greater confusion is seen. Truth does not set you free; it only makes you stand upright.

*

To say 'I seek truth' is to mean that I seek the roots of God. I seek beyond and beyond and beyond, an immortal mariner sailing infinity.

*

It seems that a truth has a shining surface and is buried behind a field of force; it is invisibly cushioned and repels enquiries and research, keeping the investigator at a distance. A truth avoids definition, yet teases the intuition and the intellect; for though it slips and eludes us it keeps us under control and forces its laws upon us. Our opinions and biases, our conceits and dishonesties make no impact upon a truth; it becomes more elusive—and when we lack intuitive understanding—which is a spiritual fact—we are further than ever from its power and light. Certain theologians when in darkness about the mechanics through which spiritual truths work use the word 'Faith'.

The dishonest who would seek truth could more easily entice the reflection of sunlight on water, or

PROSE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

winnow a shadow to find its virtue; refine the intangible,
or pirouette in a vacuum.

*

What one wishes to know is not an explanation about
our everyday practical activities but about our inner
conditions, that are such profound mysteries.

*

The primitive is curious but dull; the scientist seeks
practical solutions, but does not discover the origins
hidden in the unknown. The intellectual seeks and
gropes into philosophies, but the results are beggarly.
Many use mysticism, some meditation; but few receive
revelation, for the ultimate truths are forbidden.

★

THE PROSE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

By Y. BANNISTER

Francis Thompson, walking the streets of London in
dire poverty, bore within the fastnesses of his spirit a
treasure beyond price. The stigmata of mortal sadness
pierced him, and in his shuddering anguish, he glimpsed
the vision of Divine Reality. He clothed the eternal
paradox in imagery and metaphor whose brilliance
place him amongst the hierarchy of the modern meta-
physical school of poetry. The majestic, measured
cadence of his prose is no less remarkable.

The heart of suffering yields up its secrets.

'Sorrow is fair with an immortal fairness, which
we see not till it is humanized in the sorrowful. The
sweetest smiles I know her rod draws forth from the
rock of an abiding melancholy. Foolishly we shun

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intuitive perception of the source of all visible loveliness

'Shelley had an instinctive perception (immense in range and fertility, astonishing for its delicate intuition) of the underlying analogies, the secret subterranean passages, between matter and soul; the chromatic scales, whereat we dimly guess, by which the Almighty modulates through all the keys of creation'.

'The universe is his box of toys. He is gold-dust with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gate of heaven.

Against the uncouth verdict of the world, Francis Thompson reaches out his protecting arms. His devotion to that wayward spirit follows him beyond the threshold of mortality, where perhaps

'some tender undreamed surprise of life in doom awaited that wild nature, which, worn by warfare with itself, its Maker, and all the world, now sleeps!

And to end this appreciation, is a perfect little picture in all its consummate artistry—the subtle interpretation of a mood, quiet, silvery, with undertones of a resigned tranquillity:

'I sit now, alone and melancholy, with that melancholy which comes to all of us when the waters of sad knowledge have left their ineffaceable delta in the soul. As I write, a calm, faint-tinted evening sky sinks like a nestward bird to its sleep. At a little distance is a dark wall of fir-wood; while close at hand a small group of larches rise like funeral plumes against that tranquil sky, and seem to say, "Night cometh". They alone are in harmony with me.'

It is like a note in music, whose searching sweetness stirs some ineffable response within us.

THE BIRTH OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA

Those swans that sang the Apollonian birth
White emanations of the Father's thought
Who bore light's wounds upon their streaming plumes,
Beheld beneath them, in a trance of honour,
The Mother gazing on a daze of flowers;
And heard above them in the halcyon air
The hovering thunderbolt as gentle as a dove.

IAIN FLETCHER



DESIGN IN FANTASY

SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE: Diablerie in Four Movements, or a Symphony in Words, by J. Michaud, PH.D.: Uma Press, 10s., \$2 in U.S.A.

Here is a new and important work upon vital occult teachings. Beginning with an astonishingly detailed description of the inner spiritual or higher astral appearances of trees and their magical healing qualities, and revealing methods of curing some of man's deadliest diseases, this book should be read by every genuine student for whom so much mystical literature is written but who receives little which deals with Nature's great laws and her techniques.

The setting is most original. Two children, Dolci and Farni, escaping a storm, seek shelter and fall asleep in a ruined castle, but, on awaking to their higher selves in full consciousness, find they are in hell amid grotesque imps and monsters who make them captive by the command of Lucifer who rules this realm.

Throughout the colourful dialogue that follows between Lucifer, his foul imps and the divine children are interspersed important teachings from which the intuitive and the initiated will learn much.

The language is as fantastic as the subject, and, though not a

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lengthy work, it reveals to the reader so many facets of the mystery that the student will re-read this work many times, always discovering something new. Works of spiritual power are like bridges between the spiritual kingdoms and the earthly ones: the reader can cross again and again, receiving a renewal of spiritual strength.

One might describe this work as a mystical romp where the eternal battle between light and dark is fought in musical terms. Many of Lucifer's friends and servants are given such names as Rotondo, Phonascus, Zoppo, Staccato, Cachuco and Quint.

The solemn-minded reader who is out-of-tune within himself will not enjoy this work; though if he will persevere he may discover highly-charged voltages of great occult truths. The lugubrious-faced puritan of occultism, to whom laughter seems blasphemous, will wince many times at the author's occasional slanginess, but this really only reveals a mind at home and at ease in matters of a spiritual nature.

This is undoubtedly a great book.

It is divided into four movements, and is in the form of a play. Almost every musical term is used, including description of numerous historical and modern instruments, in an amazing dance and bacchanal as it races to a climax in a mad medley before Lucifer. The fourth and final movement rises to an inspired climax: a description of the warriors from the cosmos, again in the great battle; the planetary gods and their soldiers attacking the castle of hell and their weird and distorted inhabitants under their fallen god Lucifer.

Symphonie Fantastique will puzzle many readers of the occult who will probably ask why the author has used musical terminology, but when we fully realize that all forms of matter are but vibrations and that all forms are part of a universal orchestration, the reader will appreciate the significance of this original work.

Certain great mysteries have been explained that should clear many confusions in occult belief, and the beautiful revelations about affinities should illuminate the minds of the honest seekers.

In addition, this work is a significant and noble addition to literature; it will be read when the muddled and dull stuff of occult theory is forgotten. For though entitled *Symphonie Fantastique* there are in it more correct descriptions of spiritual appearances than in many detailed works of non-existent states written by the scissored-and-paste occultist.

Yes, this is a great work. Beyond its fantasy gleams a very great light.

C O D A

A Summary

A short leading article opens the present number, a sharp warning to *The Man in the Occult Street* against the cheap intellectual conceit of popular mysticism. JOHN HARGRAVE then convicts the learned of error, deducing in his *Occult Interpretation of the Golden Flower* that JUNG is himself breaking the teaching of Lü Tsü by trying to go behind the conscious with the aid of consciousness, a typically western error. He interprets the Flower as the inductive symbol of the superconscious. ROSS NICHOLS then gives the main and concluding part of his exposition of some of the giant signs apparently modelled across North Somerset's *Great Zodiac of Glastonbury*, relating them so far as may be to the Druidism that came later.

JULIAN SHAW continues his new approaches to astrology, equating *Aries: Cardinal Fire* with the adventurous and freed will, typified by the traveller in the parable of the Good Samaritan, which is 'a formula for equilibrium'.

Two narrative contributions follow. The well-known Indian palmist, MIR BASHIR, now in London, gives the first part of his remarkable experience with an Indian sage operating the strange and ancient *Book of Shadows*; then MICHAEL JUSTE tells the parable of *Man and His Beast* against the HUXLEY doctrine of non-attachment and, indeed, all the violent ascetics.

The heightened consciousness latent in the new four-dimensional universe is a main theme in the *Essence of Ouspensky* as BERNARD BROMAGE interprets him, 'most satisfying of modern occult and mystical writers'.

G. J. YORKE's *Tantric Hedonism* is a careful and clear summary of that philosophy and technique of training

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which has played such a large part in Indian thought but which certainly is not to be adopted lightly by the west. The article is at once both an information and a warning.

Another appreciation of an individual genius is MRS. BANNISTER'S *The Prose of Francis Thompson*, which is certainly much less read than its luminous quality deserves. Between these substantial expository articles are set a series of QUÆSTOR'S aphorisms under the title *What is a Truth?* Finally, a first-rate new work in the field of the occult but readable—the two qualities are, sad to say, not so frequently found together—is given some adequate recognition in *Design in Fantasy*.

In the fourth number more definitely occult interests will be represented by DR. W. B. CROW'S *Myth and Culture* and G. J. YORKE'S *Ritual Magic*. On the more universal plane will be DION BYNGHAM'S *Cosmic Patterns and Spirals*. MIR BASHIR will conclude his account of the Indian sage of the *Book of Shadows*. Aspects of religion are the substance of both IAIN FLETCHER'S article on the Gnostic predecessors and rivals of Christianity and of BERNARD BROMAGE'S *Occult Principles and St. John of the Cross*, whilst religious superstition was the ground of the persecution of *Witchcraft in Scotland* by F. A. KING. *Conversion of a Materialist* by F. DAVIDSON and G. H. BROOK'S *Obscurity in Occultism* both present everyday aspects of the man in the street's approach to higher things.

Substantial contributions from *Letters* on Christian occult symbolism and on art, unfortunately held over from this issue owing to lack of space, will indicate how widely this journal is now casting its net.

R.N.

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