

Number Six

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THE OCCULT
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FEB 23 1951

*A Quarterly Journal of Occultism
Art and Philosophy*

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Themes from Dante: *poems* Ross NICHOLS
On Prayer: *from the Book of Mirdad*
Mikhail NAIMY
The Archetypes in Hindu Myth Ross NICHOLS
Notes on a Psychological Symposium: *review* R.N.
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The Philosopher's Stone Charles R. CAMELL
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The Zodiacal Signs: *letter* H. T. HOWARD
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*Titlepage, Contents Pages and full Index
of the First Volume of the Occult Observer*

Edited by Michael JUSTE

Assistant Editor: Ross NICHOLS

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Spirits of the Corn	Fergus DAVIDSON
Occult Principles and St John of the Cross	Bernard BROMAGE
Hindu Myth Considered as Archetypes	Ross NICHOLS
The Three Centaurs	Michael JUSTE
The Rhododendrons	J. MICHAUD, Ph.D.
Illumination by Gnosis	Iain FLETCHER

* * *

THE FIRST FOUR NUMBERS

Some of the Contents:

Mir BASHIR	The Book of Shadows
Dr. J. MICHAUD	The Bronze Mirror
John HARGRAVE	Black Magic and Modern Art and The Golden Flower
Michael JUSTE	Two Parables
Ross NICHOLS	The Great Zodiac of Glastonbury and Scheme of Symbols
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The

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Volume One

Number Six

1950



Editorial

DIOGENES AND THE OCCULTIST

We all know Diogenes was a Greek Philosopher who lived in a tub and walked about with a lamp looking for an honest man. To the anchorite this is an original and admirable condition of life; for here was one who had developed the capacity to do without to such a degree that, with only a slight difference, one could live almost as comfortably in a coffin: the spiritual idea being to dispense with the riches of this world until only rags and a few planks were sufficient. There is little difference between the tramp who has nothing and the psychological tramp who wants nothing. The important question is, whether wanting nothing is a virtue and suggests progress of a spiritual kind, or whether it signifies complete lack of interest in worldly things?

To make a virtue of a lack is not truly honest, though it may be accepted patiently; but one should ask oneself why does the cultured person wish—whenever possible—to surround himself with lovely things? Does this prove he is lower than he who is satisfied with bare walls, water and a crust of bread?

The highly sensitive, mature person feels hunger for lovely things and whenever possible attempts to purchase pictures or books. All those forms of art he considers to be doors leading to other realms of beauty; this hunger would not be there if a recollection of these things had not been in his memory either through past lives or

OCCULT OBSERVER

through recollections of higher realms to which he travels in sleep.

Hence one can see that a Diogenes or the unkempt hermit, the fervent anchorite or the ascetic, expresses an arid and unimaginative outlook; for if the saying 'as above so below' is true, a material pauperism can be but an expression of spiritual pauperism.

THE EDITOR

THEMES FROM DANTE

I

A God appeared behind a veil of flame.
Joyful he was in himself, to other eyes terrible.
Upon his left arm he carried a maiden sleeping
wrapped in a crimson cloth. 'I am thy lord'
said this God to me, and I was afraid
and hardly understood his other speech.
In his right hand a burning thing he carried,
an eye of flame in smoke, and cried again:
'This is your heart, behold it.' In his left arm
the maiden he awakened, who in fear
through his enchantment ate that burning heart
and slept. And then my joyous lord was weeping
and gathering her to him did ascend
into the heavens still in a golden haze;
and I upon the dark earth yet drew breath.
She was not a daughter of men but a daughter of God.

II

Weak and in illness painfully I lay
and faces of great terror floated by
with torn and floating hair and marked with weeping.
'You too will die,' they called; and more evil faces
came close and muttered: 'You yourself are dead!'
Then women in torn dresses disarrayed
came in a darkness where the burning stars
themselves dropped tears, and underfoot the earth
trembled and opened. Then there came a friend
who wonderingly said: 'Why, know you not?
'Your lady, your wonderful lady, from earth is gone.'
I gazed to heaven, and my memories
joined with my tears. I saw a tiny cloud
shining and moving; after it closely flying

THEMES FROM DANTE

a crowd of winged shapes went with voices singing
'Hosanna be, and to the highest come.'

At last my vision downward drew, and saw her
before me laid in death; her face so humble
spoke to me in its quiet lines, thus saying:

'I am come now where I can see indeed
'to the beginning of peace.' 'O blessed are you,'
I cried aloud, 'O Beatrice, O blessed one!'
and as I cried, they wakened me who watched.

ROSS NICHOLS

With acknowledgments to Charles Williams

ON PRAYER

From the Book of Mirdad

By MIKHAIL NAIMY

MIRDAD: You pray in vain when you address yourselves to any other gods but your very selves.

For in you is the power to attract, as in you is the power to repel.

And in you are the things you would attract, as in you are the things you would repel.

For to be able to receive a thing is to be able to bestow it also.

Where there is hunger, there is food. Where there is food, there must be hunger too. To be afflicted with the pain of hunger is to be able to enjoy the blessing of being filled.

Yea, in the want is the supply of want.

Is not the key a warrant for the lock? Is not the lock a warrant for the key? Are not both lock and key a warrant for the door?

Be not in haste to importune the smith each time you lose or misplace any key. The smith has done his work, and he has done it well; and he must not be asked to do the same work over again. Do your work, and let the smith alone; for he, once done with you, has other

OCCULT OBSERVER

business to attend. Remove the stench and rubbish from your memory, and you shall surely find the key.

*

When God the unutterable uttered you forth, He uttered forth Himself in you. Thus you, too, are unutterable.

No fraction of Himself did God endow you with, for He is infractionable; but with His godhood entire, indivisible, unspeakable did He endow you all. What greater heritage can you aspire to have? And who, or what, can hinder you from coming thereinto, except your own timidity and blindness?

Yet rather than be grateful for their heritage, and rather than seek out the way of coming thereinto, some men—the blind ingrates!—would make of God a sort of dumping hole whither to cart their tooth and belly aches, their losses in a trade, their quarrels, their revenges and their insomniac nights:

While others would have God as their exclusive treasure-house where they expect to find at any time they wished whatever they did crave of all the tinselled trinkets of this world.

And others still would make of God a sort of personal book-keeper. He must not only keep accounts of what they owe and what the others owe them, but he must as well collect their debts and always show a fat and handsome balance in their favour.

*

Aye, many and divers are the tasks that men assign to God. Yet few men seem to think that if, indeed, God were so charged with many tasks, He would perform them all alone and would require no man to goad Him on, or to remind Him of His tasks.

Do you remind God of the hours for the sun to rise, for the moon to set?

ON PRAYER

Do you remind Him of the grain of corn springing to life in yonder field?

Do you remind Him of yon spider spinning his masterful retreat?

Do you remind Him of the fledglings in that sparrow's nest?

Do you remind Him of the countless things that fill this boundless universe?

Why do you press your puny selves, with all your trifling needs, upon His memory? Are you less favoured in His sight than sparrows, corn and spiders? Why do you not, as they, receive your gifts and go about your labours without ado, without knee-bending, arm-extending, and without peering anxiously into the morrow?

And where is God that you should shout into His ear your whims and vanities, your praises and your plaints? Is He not in you and all about you? Is not His ear much nearer to your mouth than is your tongue to your palate?

*

Sufficient unto God is His godhood, of which you have the seed.

If God, having given you the seed of His godhood, were to attend it and not you, what virtue would you have? And what would be the labour of your life? And if you have no labour to perform, but God must perform it for you, of what account were then your life? Of what avail were all your praying?

Take not to God your countless cares and hopes. Implore Him not to ope for you the doors whereto He furnished you with keys. But search the vastness of your hearts. For in the vastness of the heart is found the key to every door. And in the vastness of the heart are all the things you thirst and hunger after, whether of evil or of good.

A mighty host is placed at your beck and call ready to

OCCULT OBSERVER

do your slightest bidding. When properly equipped and wisely disciplined and fearlessly commanded, it can be made to leap eternities and sweep away all barriers to its goal. When mal-equipped, undisciplined and timidly commanded, it either churns about, or hastily retreats before the smallest obstacle, trailing behind it black defeat.

No other is that host, O monks, than those minute red corpuscles now silently coursing through your veins; each one of them a miracle of strength, each one a full and honest record of all your life and of all Life in its most intimate details.

In the heart does this host assemble; from the heart does it deploy. Hence is the heart so famed and so revered. Out of it gush your tears of joy and sorrow. Into it rush your fears of Life and Death.

Your cravings and desires are the equipment of this host. Your Mind is thereof the disciplinarian: your Will, the driller and commander.

When you are able to equip your blood with one Master-Desire that silences and overshadows all desires, and trust one Master-Thought with the discipline, and charge one Master-Will with drilling and commanding, then certain you may be of that desire's fulfillment.

How does a saint attain to saintliness except by purging his blood-stream of every wish and thought incongruous to saintliness, and then directing it with an unwavering will to seek no other end but saintliness?

I say to you that every saintly wish and every saintly thought and every saintly will, from Adam till this day, will rush to aid the man so bent on reaching saintliness. For ever has it been that waters anywhere will seek the sea, as rays of light will seek the sun.

How does a murderer accomplish his designs except by whipping up his blood into a frenzied thirst for

ON PRAYER

murder, and marshalling its cells in serried ranks under the lash of murder-mastered thought, and then commanding it with a relentless will to strike the fatal blow?

I say to you that every murderer, from Cain until this day, will rush unasked to strengthen and to steady that man's arm who is so drunk with murder. For ever has it been that ravens anywhere will consort with ravens, and hyenas with hyenas.

To pray, therefore, is to infuse the blood with one Master-Desire, one Master-Thought, one Master-Will. It is so to attune the self as to become in perfect harmony with whatever you pray for.

*

This planet's atmosphere, mirrored in all details within your hearts, is billowing with vagrant memories of all the things it witnessed since its birth.

No word or deed, no wish or sigh, no passing thought or transient dream, no breath of man or beast, no shadow, no illusion, but ply in it their mystic courses till this very day, and shall so ply them to the end of Time. Attune your heart to any one of these, and it shall surely dash to play upon the strings.

You need no lip or tongue for praying. But rather do you need a silent, wakeful heart, a Master-Wish, a Master-Thought, and above all, a Master-Will that neither doubts nor hesitates. For words are of no avail except the heart be present and awake in every syllable. And when the heart is present and awake, the tongue had better go to sleep, or hide behind sealed lips.

Nor have you any need of temples to pray in.

Whoever cannot find a temple in his heart, the same can never find his heart in any temple.

*

Yet this I say to you and to the ones like you; but not to every man. For most men are derelicts as yet. They

OCCULT OBSERVER

feel the need of praying, but know not the way. They cannot pray except with words, and they can find no words except you put them in their mouths. And they are lost and awed when made to roam the vastness of their hearts, but soothed and comforted within the walls of temples and in the herds of creatures like themselves.

Let them erect their temples. Let them chant out their prayers.

But you and every man I charge to pray for Understanding. To hunger after anything but that is never to be filled.

Remember that the key to Life is the Creative Word. The Key to the Creative Word is Love. The key to Love is Understanding. Fill up your hearts with these and spare your tongues the pain of many words, and save your minds the weight of many prayers, and free your hearts from bondage to all gods who would enslave you with a gift; who would caress you with one hand only to smite you with the other; who are content and kindly when you praise them, but wrathful and revengeful when reproached; who would not hear you save you call, and would not give you save you beg; and having given you, too oft regret the giving; whose incense is your tear; whose glory is your shame.

Aye, free your hearts of all these gods that you may find in them the only God who, having filled you with Himself, would have you ever full.

BENNOON : Now you speak of Man as omnipotent, now you belittle him as a derelict. You leave us in a fog, as it were. . . .



THE ARCHETYPES IN HINDU MYTH

BY ROSS NICHOLS

Hindu mythology is probably the oldest, certainly the most philosophic of the world's myth-systems. Its enhanced importance for us now is that it shows more clearly than any other mythology the oneness of the archetypes deduced by C. J. Jung from dream analysis, with the religious myths of mankind. The pervasive nature of sex in the unconscious was a discovery shocking to the west when made by analysts. In the Indian east it had been an accepted commonplace for centuries. In particular, the virtual identification of religious emotion with the sexual group of feelings is something from which the West has instinctively shrunk. It has been admitted only here and there, in the devotional writings of certain saints, such as St. Theresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross.

This it is that makes the study of the Hindu pantheon a peculiarly apt one for the psychoanalyst. Rather curiously however no such study, save for a few fragmentary references, seems to have been made. The symbolism of Indian religion lights up when interpreted by psychoanalysis to a surprising degree. Eventually one concludes that Indian religious thought provides nothing less than a complete realisation in myth form of the teachings of Jung, and much of those of other analysts as well. It is a fuller, franker, more concrete illustration of them than any other religious system provides.

From this angle the following is written. It must not be taken as denying, however, the possibility of the objective existence of occult powers corresponding to the figures in this or any other pantheon. We are, rather, showing how these gods and goddesses correspond with elements in the human mind, which by the mystic

principles makes the probability of their actuality in the 'overworld' the greater.

Let us take first the Hindu myth of creation. Vishnu is the original potential; he or it is supported on the endless dark coils of Ananta, the serpent of the dark waters beneath. Now this is a plain statement or objectification of the subconscious or unconscious* resting upon its lower layers, with convolutions stretching away from the personal and group associations into the racial and pre-racial layers. This is before the creation. But at the creation of the world, which is of course also the birth of the individual, part of the unending Ananta is cut off; it is rounded into the endless but finite ring of Sesha. Just so does the individual cut off for himself part of the universal or racial unconscious and make it his personal unconscious.

The waters of darkness in which are Vishnu and Ananta are most evidently the mother-waters of the womb, as known from much western dream material. The many cobra hoods which form a shelter over the head of Vishnu, as illustrated again and again in classical Hindu sculpture, reinforce the idea of creative potency; for the swelling cobra head has always been a symbol of the enlarging *lingam* or phallus. Vishnu's characteristic colour, black, is a dream-token of unconsciousness itself.

Ananta as a water-snake may be identified with water and its mother significance. Besides this association, the creator god has two other aspects or mates which, being similar symbols in meaning to Ananta, reinforce the interpretation; they are Narayana, the Milky Ocean of heaven, and Shri-Laksmi, humanised form of Padma the Lotos. The milky water or fountain of life is a well-

* Analysts differ in their use of these terms; on the whole, that apparently illogical word unconscious seems to have gained the day and will, rather grudgingly, be used here.

THE ARCHETYPES IN HINDU MYTH

known archetype with connotations of maternal milk. Around this ocean of heavenly milk live the supreme gods. This is the mythical way of saying that all power has its ultimate source in mother beneficence.

The Great Lotos of Creation

The lotos of creation stems from the side of Vishnu the creator, as does Eve from Adam. The lotos is a general female symbol; closed, it has the outline shape almost universal as a symbol or representation of the womb. Now this flower and its leaves, floating so stilly upon quiet waters, suggest very completely the meditative consciousness or imagination arising from and resting upon the unconscious. From its shape and beauty Padma is obviously female, rooted in or stemmed from a contrary masculine creative potency. Vishnu's two mates therefore correspond to the two aspects of woman; she who is an ocean of origin and of food, the mother Narayana, and the shape of desired beauty, the closed lotos-womb, the mate Shri-Laksmi.

Vishnu himself has two other main vehicles or mounts (*vahanas*) which he rides, and these extend his scope as creator and sustainer up to heaven and down to the depths. His heavenly vehicle is the sun-eagle, Garuda. Great birds have always signified heavenly power in some form; even smaller ones are messengers from gods to men, the owl bearing Athena's wisdom, the raven carrying death. A golden bird that seems to face the sun without shrinking becomes a sun emblem—it is first cousin to, if not the original of, the sun-vulture of Egypt. Vishnu, sun and eagle, form one notion.

So far, all this is seen to establish itself from dream symbols very easily. What comes next in the myth is of different quality. At first sight, that which the lotos

discloses as its leaves fall apart in creation, Brahma, is a pure rationalization, the 'word' or principle of creation. Indeed it is probable that originally the lotos disclosed a mother divinity, a world-mother, the need for which was later partly filled by the personification of the lotos itself in Shri-Laksmi. However, the original figure was evidently replaced by a rational principle by the Aryan conquerors of India. At a second glance Brahma does resolve into something familiar to dream process; for he is a foursquare cube. From his four sides the four oceans proceed and the detailed particulars of creation are impressed upon it. Now four, the square, is universal dream symbol of basis or foundation; and red, Brahma's characteristic colour, is the general dream symbol of life and energy. Brahma therefore is the plan upon which creation proceeds, its idea and shape and life-blood. Originally perhaps he was conceived as a flat square, and upon this four-sided basis was erected the building of the Manifest and its ramifications.

Brahma may be conceived for the west as akin to the 'formal cause,' in the language of the scholastics; and this would account for his gradually being somewhat ousted from the Hindu pantheon so far as popular cult is concerned, since he is in this reading merely a principle, a notion. He might be compared analytically to the axial basis of an archetype as it seems to lurk in the unconscious before it takes phenomenal shape. Brahma is thus a kind of abstract or spiritual 'idea' in the Platonic sense; and therefore is he visualised as spirit, the swan or gander (*hanesa*) who accompanies his mate Saraswati and who mounts into heaven—geese are ever holy because of their hissing utterance of breath, *pneuma* or spirit, something mysterious to early man.

This spirit or gander therefore is aspiring upwards into the sky; and it is seeking there the heavenward goal

THE ARCHETYPES IN HINDU MYTH

of the giant pillar of manifestation. At the root, on the contrary, seeking the finality of this pillar in the depths, we come upon Vishnu's other vehicle, the Boar which is the supporter of earth. If earth *vis-à-vis* Vishnu is taken to be feminine, as is always indeed represented in Hindu myth, then the creature that rootles in her and lives in her swamps is evidently, once again, a phallic symbol. The Boar lifting and bearing upwards the earth when weighed down by demons early in the history of creation is the fundamental creative act, the male erection—the boar's tusks, like all horns, are phallic. Vishnu in his Boar *avatar* rootling in dark earth helps up her creation.

The White Shiva Bursts upon the World

Between the black unconscious physical depth of this boar-activity and the aspiring spirituality of the white gander in the brilliant sky stretches the whole range of manifestations in creation. It has for its gigantic symbol the cosmic *lingam*, the pillar endlessly growing upward and downward. And from this suddenly bursts, through a womb-shaped rent, the god Shiva, the white figure embodying physical manifestation in all its forms, with his great circle of flames. He is a plain incarnation of sex in its many shapes and activities, from the creative and destructive fire which is a general symbol of the 'heat' of sex, to Shiva's gentle pastoral work as Pashupati, lord of animals and pastor of souls, embodying protective affection; he has the trident and spear, one as sea-god and the other as warrior, and both are phallic emblems; he bears the hour-glass-like drum which produces the rhythms which are sexually exciting and which cause the movement of matter into creation. His are the noose or rope and hook which are emblems of killing and war—the sadism which is also sexual; com-

monly about his neck is the bowl which is the begging bowl of the holy beggar, for Shiva is also the supreme ascetic. Now this bowl is connected in the dream world with the moon, a mother symbol which is another of his emblems, usually held to be a symbol of time (*kala*) of which Shiva is the lord, as he is also of fate (*rudra*). The snake which is almost invariably somewhere in the Shiva representations again recalls the fundamentally sexual nature of the god; and the ring of coiled snake seen in his ears is the before-mentioned *Sesha*, or time. Further, Shiva rides on a white bull, *nandi*, symbol of justice but also a common incarnation of fierce and magnificent masculinity; the Indian bull whose face is taken as a model for the ideal Indian male torso.

In his dance postures, with his upraised hand having the prayer-wheel at its centre, Shiva makes a gesture (*mudra*) of male protection called *abahihasta*; with his downward-tending and inward-pointing hand he invites solicitation (the gesture of *naradahasta*). It is consonant with this ambivalent male-and-female aspect that his third eye in the forehead seems to symbolise the sun but also has ringing it the crescent of the moon. Shiva's other pair of arms, in his common four-armed representation, similarly hold the opposed emblems of creation and destruction, which are the drum of the dance-rhythm of life and the flame which is annihilation and transformation, for Shiva is the lord also of fire (*agni*).

Corresponding with the manifold nature of sex are Shiva's many mates embodying the various qualities. Mother-illusion, Shakti-Maya, incarnates as Parvati, the snowy daughter of Himalaya—a figure representing an ideal of feminine beauty. Destruction is Kali or Durga, who slays the demon Mahesa and is worshipped with blood. Parvati's sons by Shiva are the monstrous-comic Ganesha, the elephant-headed, very phallic god of luck,

THE ARCHETYPES IN HINDU MYTH

the popular folk-god who rides on a rat as his *vahana*—which perhaps itself represents *l'homme moyen sensuel*, the dark creature who penetrates any available female hole—and the self-eating god of war, Karttikaya or Skanda, whose vehicle is the peacock—the vain creature typifying the showy warrior of the heroic periods of civilisation when battle was largely personal and a good deal of it was shouting and display.

The Dancer King with the Piled Hair

Shiva's characteristic form of energy is the dance. He is above all perhaps the Dancer King, *Nataraja*. With its rhythmic sensuality, the dance is ambivalent; it can be either a dance of tenderness, or a dance of destruction, in it can be sex constructive or ruthless. Either is equally a manifestation of Shiva's essential nature, which is sex primarily masculine; since Brahma the absolute was divided into the one constant male element, Shiva, but into the female under many names—besides Shakti-Maya and Kali there are Devi, Chandi, Sati and others, all mates of Shiva.

The god's piled, matted and overflowing hair is a symbol of strength and potency, as hair always is. He dances death into the world, since life, as sexual expenditure, involves exhaustion; the rounded cycle of life which is his ring of flames means equally birth, potency and death, all of which are symbolised in each completed sexual act.

Shiva has drawn to himself in one or other form the bulk of Indian devotion, drawn it away from the more philosophical and elevated consideration of the earlier trinity of gods, that of Vishnu or Vasudeva the creator, Padma or Laksmi-Shri the lotos, and Brahma the Word—or, even earlier, the Mother Goddess. He is in himself the most complete mythical representation of sex that can very well be imagined; his characteristics and wor-

ship stretch back into unfathomable antiquity. From him derive numberless characteristics of more western gods; the trident of Neptune, the thunderbolt of Jove—the characteristics of Jove himself—and the hourglass of old Time which is a misconception of the little drum of creation carried by Shiva. No western analyst has anything but a paltry conception of sex compared to the imaginative grasp externalised in this great figure. Let our little Freudians, Jungians, Adlerians and Groddeckians go and sit at his feet in meditation for seven years. Then they might begin to understand the elements of what they are talking about.

Review

NOTE ON A PSYCHICAL SYMPOSIUM

INTO THE UNKNOWN: Report of an Investigation, etc.
Odhams 10s. 6d. net.

A group of eight intelligent and well-known people were set to examine a cross-section of the world of spiritualist phenomena. Amongst other mediums Estelle Roberts, Helen Hughes, J. Benjamin, and Alfred Rayner were experienced; and of the healers Nan McKenzie. As might have been expected, the reactions were according to individual prepossessions. The reports of believers like Sir John Anderson are favourable; those of sceptics remain on the whole critical. Amongst the summaries of their experiences finally written by each of the panel, the critically detached stand out as considerably the more valuable: Lord Amwell's and Dr. Laurence Bendit's contributions are the best things in the book. The general tendency of these investigators—who also include such well-known figures as Canon Knight of St. Paul's, the Rev. Leslie Weatherhead and L. A. G. Strong—is to account for the great bulk of the phenomena by telepathy from the memories of one or other present. This leaves precious little of the 'spirit' communications; and that little is held to be accounted for by the hypothesis of a 'psychic field' wherein all our separate personalities are united (*vide* Lord Amwell) as in the concepts of C. J. Jung.

Presumably the Odhams millionfold public is prepared to buy to a satisfactory extent this well-arranged amalgam of informative facts and disparagements concerning matters whereof many still want to know 'what it's all about'. It gives little to anyone who has made even a superficial study of the subject.

R.N.

THE PARAPSYCHOLOGY OF HAND

By MIR BASHIR

When we reflect on the distinctive attributes of different types of human hand we observe that the Conic is essentially predisposed to be artistic whereas the Psychic is differentiated by its love of the mystical. Aesthetic taste, idealism and interest in things of the spirit are their common features.

A Conic hand is true to its name. In general outline it tends to be somewhat wide at the base and gently tapers towards the fingers. Each finger is slightly broad at the root phalange and gradually grows thinner till the tip whereat it terminates in the shape of a cone. It is smooth at the sides (Fig. I).

When you come across such a pair of hands you are sure to discover something artistic about the person. Such people are endowed with an æsthetic sense and favour the ideal in preference to the real. They are prone to be lethargic and indolent, but they have remarkable intuition. Unusually sensitive, they are chiefly governed by inspiration. Their first impressions tend to be accurate.

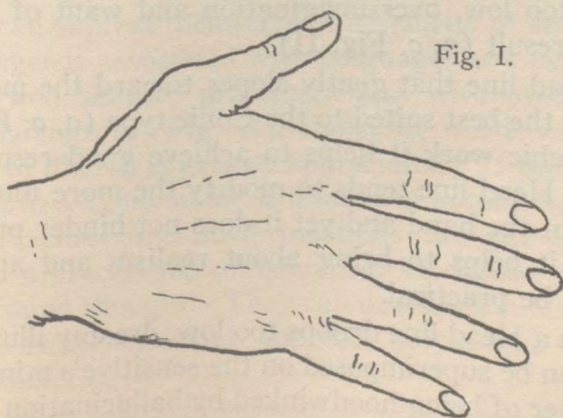


Fig. I.

Conic hands can prove to be great assets for psychometrical work. Independently of other symbols in the hand, they can form a sure basis for development on these lines. Aptitude for accuracy of first impressions and intuitional quickness marks them out for this category of mediumistic work.

Conic hands have a dependable reputation for inspirational work. An effort at automatic writing can prove useful and their æsthetic sense can help, bringing them into contact with sources that may transmit inspirational messages of beauty and loveliness.

Such people tend to revel in ruminating over their impressions of the beautiful. In fact, a kind of dream-like artistic languor greatly delights them. Such a predisposition is ideally suitable for trance mediumship which if concentrated upon can yield good results.

Between the index finger and the thumb at the edge of the palm a line takes its start and runs its course towards the percussion of the hand. This is the line of Head. When straight and even, the approach to life is realistic and the mind tends to be practical (*a, b*, Fig. II). When it slopes toward the mount of Moon, the mind tends to be creative and imaginative (*a, a*, Fig. II). When it droops too low, over-imagination and want of realism are the result (*a, c*, Fig. II).

A Head line that gently slopes toward the mount of Moon is the best suited to the Conic type (*a, a*, Fig. II). For psychic work it helps to achieve good results. A straight Head line tends to modify the more intuitional quality of the hand and yet it does not hinder progress. In fact it helps to bring about realism and approach tends to be practical.

When a Head line droops too low, dreamy illusionary states can be superimposed on the sensitive's minds, and the danger of being hoodwinked by hallucination is hard

THE PARAPSYCHOLOGY OF HAND

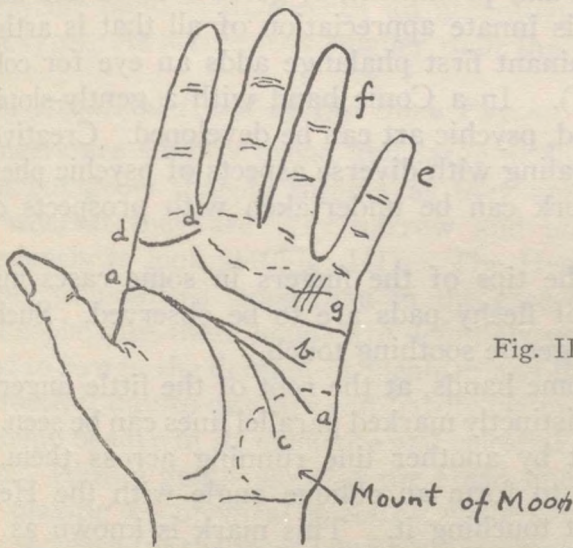


Fig. II

to reckon with (a, c, Fig. II). In such a case mediumistic work must not be indulged in. The subconscious mind can conjure up misleading messages that may cause more harm than good. It can be all the more harmful if trance work is attempted.

At its termination, if a Head line splits into a small fork (c, Fig. V) it shows descriptive aptitude. Such people can express themselves with clarity of style. The little finger is associated with languages and expression. When well shaped, prominent and with predominant first phalange (e, Fig. II), choice of words as well as beauty of diction is greatly appreciated. If these marks co-exist in a Conic hand, brilliance in automatic writing can be achieved. Such mediums are pre-eminently capable of receiving complete works of literary value or profound thought. They can develop a state of semi-trance awareness and can be quick and accurate 'sensitives'.

The third finger is associated with art. When well

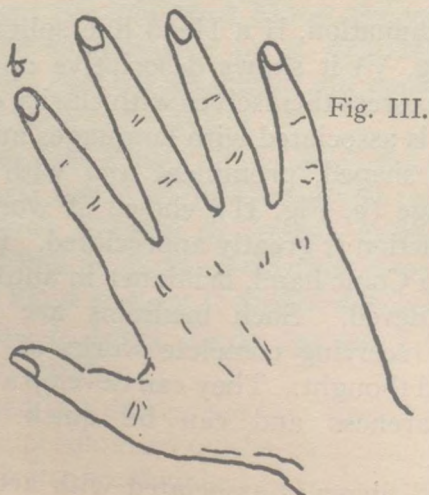
ORGAN OF OCCULT OBSERVER

shaped and prominent, it gives love of the beautiful. There is innate appreciation of all that is artistic. A predominant first phalange adds an eye for colour (*f*, Fig. II). In a Conic hand with a gently-sloping line of Head, psychic art can be developed. Creative paintings dealing with diverse aspects of psychic phenomena and work can be undertaken with prospects of good results.

At the tips of the fingers in some cases miniature cones of fleshy pads are to be observed. Such hands have a gentle soothing touch.

In some hands, at the root of the little finger two or three distinctly marked parallel lines can be seen. These are cut by another line running across them. They appear to form an oblique angle with the Heart line without touching it. This mark is known as medical stigmata and gives power to heal (*g*, Fig II).

When the medical stigmata and the fleshy pads at the tips co-exist in a Conic hand, the gift of healing is innate. Such people can develop as psychic healers and wonderful results can be expected.



THE PARAPSYCHOLOGY OF HAND

The Psychic hand is in essence an accentuation of the Conic type. As a rule it is smaller than the Conic.

The Beautiful Hand of the Born Psychic

The fingers are slightly broad and large at the root phalanges but grow sharply thinner as they approach the tips whereat they are very narrow and pointed. They are lovely to look at (Fig. III). The Head line has a more pronounced slope than in the case of the Conic. People with these hands are definitely psychic. They tend to live in the domain of idealism and mysticism. Practical day-to-day life can hardly claim them. They worship beauty in its exquisite and celestial manifestations. With a gentle slope of the Head line, they have the making of mystical poets or writers with a definite preference for the sacred and for the composition of hymns.

They are predisposed to meditate and have a marked introspective trend of mind. Automatic writing and trance work fall well within their range of activities. With a well-shaped prominent little finger and predominant tip phalange, exquisite specimens of mystical literature can be received with fluency and facility that can be truly uncanny. A small fork at the termination of the Head line will be an added asset, but is not essential.

Seership and divination is well within their province. They are born mediums whose visions of the 'unknown' tend to be very vivid and accurate.

When the Head line slopes too low, such people live in a dreamland of visions that border on fantasies. In such a case, if they do unfold any mediumistic aspect the weird and fantastic prevails in their output.

When there is a well-shaped and prominent third finger with a predominant first phalange, the psychic

hand can develop a deft mediumship of artistic transmission of mystical and metaphysical visions and ideals. When combined with a marked slope of the Head line, weird fantasies and entangled, inexplicable paintings alone can be the result. A somewhat straight Head line helps to bring in a touch of realism, either in style or presentation. It tends to eliminate vagueness.

When the miniature fleshy pads at the tips of the fingers and a medical stigmata are found together in a Psychic hand, such people can develop their inborn gift of healing. Meditative trend of mind and love of the mystical can aid in developing an aptitude for healing through prayer.

At the foot of the little finger, a major line begins to slant towards the wrist. As a rule, it tends to meet the Life line. This is known as the line of Health (*a, a*, Fig. V). It crosses the Head line near the latter's termination.

In the vicinity of the wrist, a prominent line begins and makes its way toward the base of the second finger. This is the line of Destiny (*b, b*, Fig. V). It crosses the Head line about the latter's mid-point.

When the lines of Destiny, Head and Health are well marked, they form a clearly defined triangle in the middle of the palm. Such a triangle is a symbol of aptitude for occult sciences. Such a mark is not confined to any particular type of hand. It is not a definite index to any particular aspect of the occult, but it reveals a general interest in the pursuit of it.

To a Conic hand this triangle is an additional asset, and alongside the psychic aptitudes, pursuit of occult studies is thereby augmented. It improves the general tone of psychic faculties. In a Psychic hand it intensifies the search and fosters keener awareness and deeper meditation.

THE PARAPSYCHOLOGY OF HAND

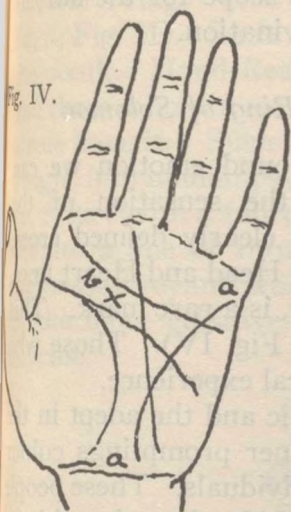


Fig. IV.

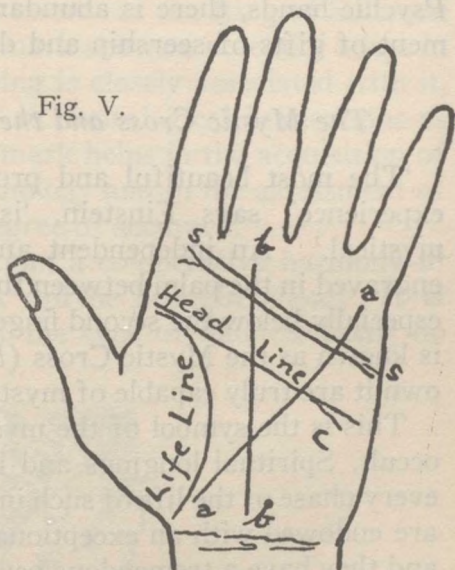


Fig. V.

In some hands, irrespective of their type, a semi-circular line traces its course between the mount of Moon and the base of the little finger. This is called the line of Intuition (*a, a*, Fig. IV).

When well-marked, it is a strong indication of intuitional gifts. Such people can be excellent mediums. Clairvoyant faculties are associated with it. When found in Conic hands, great potentiality for mediumistic work exists. These people can successfully undertake 'private sittings' as well as platform work. Fingers ought to fall well apart for effective operation of clairvoyant faculties.

When the Intuition line forms a well-defined triangle with the lines of Destiny, and Head, it is a symbol of great aptitude for the occult that amounts to gifts of divination (Fig. IV). There is ability to peep into the future. When found in a Conic hand, clairvoyant faculties never remain dormant. When found in

Psychic hands, there is abundant scope for the unfolding of gifts of seership and divination.

The Mystic Cross and the Ring of Solomon

'The most beautiful and profound emotion we can experience', says Einstein, 'is the sensation of the mystical.' An independent and clearly defined cross, engraved in the palm between the Head and Heart lines, especially below the second finger, is a rare mark. This is known as the Mystic Cross (*b*, Fig. IV). Those who own it are truly capable of mystical experience.

This is the symbol of the mystic and the adept in the occult. Spiritual longings and inner promptings colour every phase of the life of such individuals. These people are endowed with an exceptional gift of sensing things, and they have a tremendous psychic potentiality. They can develop as excellent mediums.

As a rule such people devote themselves to the arts of divination and tend to do great things in the field of one or more of them. Cheiro, the world-famous seer, had this unique symbol distinctly marked in his hands. Such individuals have an unlimited thirst after the occult and with intense zeal they probe into the mysteries of the unknown. Seership is inborn in them.

At the root of the index finger a prominent line begins to trace its course and reaches the percussion below the little finger. This is the line of Heart. In rare cases a sister line runs parallel to it (*s*, *s*, Fig. V).

Heart line stands for human emotions. A sister line adds intensity to feelings. In a Psychic hand such a sister line tends to bestow mystical feelings of deep religious fervour and inner awareness. Such people are potential saints and divines.

Just below the index finger on the mount of Jupiter a semi-circular line pierces from the palm-edge and tends

THE PARAPSYCHOLOGY OF HAND

to form a ring. This is known as the Ring of Solomon (*d, d*, Fig. II). Such a mark shows a potential adept in the occult. Hand-Reading is closely associated with it, and those who can excel in cheirological delineations as a rule have it. Such a mark helps in the acquisition of insight into human psychology and in the assessment of the future with a fair degree of accuracy.

With a line of Intuition, a co-operative harmony in cheiro-clairvoyant work can be brought about. It is all the more effective if the type of hand is Conic or Psychic.



THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

By CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL

Upon few subjects are such erroneous opinions held as upon Alchemy. This fundamental ignorance of all that the Science of Sciences, 'the Great Work,' signifies is not only found among the general public, but among intellectuals, even among the learned.

Nor is the universal ignorance concerning Alchemy new. In all ages—and the science in question has its roots in remote antiquity, in China, India, Arabia, Persia—vague and preposterous misapprehensions concerning it have prevailed. What is true of Astrology and of Spiritism, is as true of Alchemy: the science is confounded with its caricatures, and its adepts confused with the multitude of quacks and charlatans who have juggled with its vocabulary and exploited its venerable name.

There is, it must be admitted, excuse for the prevailing ignorance concerning Alchemy. The would-be student may consult dictionaries, encyclopædias, all the compendia wherein he might hope to discover information, and he will be little the wiser. Erudition he will find in plenty, and much argument 'about it and about,' but the keys will be found wanting. Moreover, the writers of the articles headed 'Alchemy' have also their excuse. They have hazarded the exploration of a literature, not only profound and tenebrous, but one, the argument of which has been deliberately mantled in mystery by its authors.

Alchemical literature appears, and must remain, to the uninitiated a maze of terms, symbols and formulæ which have no counterpart elsewhere. It is a labyrinth wherein he that enters without a clue is inevitably lost. Little wonder that the baffled explorer consoles his wounded vanity by concluding that the maze leads nowhere and that the quest itself is a myth.

Alchemy, or Alchymy, signifies THE PHILOSOPHY BY FIRE: it is *The Science*, above and beyond all sciences. The word is of composite derivation: *al* or *el* is the Arabic definite article (as in Algebra, Alcoran, Elixir, etc.); *chema* is Greek. In English, until the seventeenth century and often later the terms 'Alchymist' and 'Chymist' were inter-changeable, and 'the Chymical Art' was Alchemy. Modern Chemistry is, of course, directly descended from this 'Chymical Art': it is the same body, vastly evolved and expanded; but it is a body that has lost its soul.

It was in the Middle Ages that the word 'philosopher' became almost synonymous with 'Alchymist.' The word philosophy derives from the Greek and means the love of wisdom, and in ancient Greek and Roman times it was broadly applied to the masters of all sorts of learn-

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

ing, physical or metaphysical. The decline of the Roman Empire cast into Europe a medley of Eastern cultures, and the Great Work, the Philosophy of Fire, by the very immensity of its conception, absorbed all other philosophies. Hence the term THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE was used to signify the Alchemist's quest.

The term 'stone' has here a symbolical sense. The Philosopher's Stone typifies the foundation stone of the Temple of Solomon; it is thus the symbol of the keystone of the Temple of Wisdom.

True Alchemical Masters are Adepts

No greater error can be imagined than that which conceives of the Alchemist as a fanatic whose faith was a chimæra and whose life was foredoomed to failure. (I speak naturally of the true Adept; a rare personage; for his quest was arduous, and none but the finest minds could hope to attain the goal.) Failures assuredly there were many, but the successes were signal and startling, and they were in the several paths of the Science. These successes were the spur which urged the knights of this transcendent quest through dangers and disappointments towards their achievement.

When we consider the eminence in character and genius of many of those who have pursued the science of Alchemy, or endorsed its theory, who shall venture to assert seriously that they were dupes to life-long delusions? that the penetrating minds of those lofty pioneers of empirical medicine, Paracelsus and J. B. van Helmont, were obstinate victims of the vainest speculation? that intellectual giants like the theologians and philosophers, Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, should have credited and venerated the ravings of madmen or the dreams of dotards? that the father of modern natural philosophy, Sir Isaac Newton, should have spent

his latter nights investigating a science which was no science?

Nor must we forget that 'The Tempest' of Shakespeare has been shown to be an exposition in dramatic form of alchemic principles, and that the author of 'De l'Esprit,' Helvetius, perhaps the most materialist philosopher of the most material of all periods, the eighteenth century, testified, with a detailed narration of the facts, that he had actually witnessed a transmutation of lead into gold, a gold which was duly tested and found pure.

The masters of Alchemy were neither fools nor liars; neither avarice nor selfish ambition were the motives of their burning enthusiasm. 'Rather were these men inspired by a vision, a vision of man made perfect, of man freed from disease and the limitation of warring faculties both mental and physical, standing as a god in the realisation of a power that even at this very moment of time is lying hidden in the deeper strata of his consciousness, a vision of man made truly in the image and likeness of the one Divine Life in all its Perfection, Beauty, and Harmony.' (I quote from a book to the author of which I am deeply indebted: *Alchemy Rediscovered and Restored* by A. Cockren: Rider, 1940.)

And beyond the circle of the philosophers how many famous men have experimented, have touched the fringe, have believed: intrepid captains, wise statesmen, learned lawyers, astute financiers, even popes and emperors! To dismiss the credentials of so distinguished a company were ridiculous.

The object of Alchemy is transmutation—the scientific changing of what is lower into what is higher. Its two main paths may be termed the Spiritual and the Material. The end of the first path is the transmutation of the lower Self into the Higher. The second path is twofold, the goals being, respectively, the attainment of

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

the Elixir of Life (the Panacea, the Universal Medicine, which prolongs life, and heals all physical ills), and the attainment of the Alkahest, which is at once the universal dissolvent of metals and the key to the successful accomplishment of this branch of Alchemy, namely the transmutation of one metal into another, the baser into the higher—the highest being gold, from which metal also the Elixir of Life is alchemically derived.

To attempt any description of the chemical processes involved in these connections is obviously outside the scope of a brief essay; nor, were it possible, would it be advisable. The theory supporting the entire edifice of Alchemy, spiritual and material, must however be understood.

The Great Work of Transmuting the Soul

Alchemy, and indeed the whole body of occult and transcendental philosophy, is based on the prime maxim of that legendary master of divine knowledge, the supreme Magus, Hermes Trismegistus (Hermes the thrice marvellous), who has been equated by scholars with the ancient Egyptian divinity Thoth. Hence Alchemy is often styled the Hermetic Art, or science; and the term 'hermetically sealed' in modern chemistry derives directly from a similar process in Alchemy.

The maxims of Hermes are said to have been engraved upon a tablet of emerald—the celebrated Tabula Smaragdina—which, according to one account, was discovered in the Valley of Ebron after the Flood, and according to another was enclosed in the tomb of Hermes, between the hands of the mummy, where it was found by Alexander the Great, by whose orders the characters were deciphered and transcribed. What became of the original tablet, after that event, is not recorded.

The prime Hermetic maxim has been translated thus :

'What is below is like that which is above, and what is above is like that which is below. By this is performed the miracle of the one thing.' While 'the one thing' has been identified by Alchemists as signifying expressly the Great Work of transmutation, the preceding words of the maxim have been held by all occult philosophers to have a general and universal application. Every sphere or plane of spiritual or physical existence is believed to resemble both the one which lies below it and the one which lies above: only, in an ascending scale, each sphere becomes more ethereal, spiritual, beautiful; the lowest spheres, which are the circles of Hell, being of all the grossest, and the highest, which are the circles of Heaven, being the most sublimated. The earthly and other planetary spheres lie between the two extremes.

It is curious that Swedenborg, the great Swedish man of science and mystic, should have expounded on the authority of direct vision a similar view, and that the trance-communications of Spiritism, both ancient and modern, have invariably asserted the same doctrine.

The doctrine of a spiritual or Ideal world, of which the material world is a faint imperfect image, was taught by Plotinus (see Tractate VI of *Enniad* I), and this sublime conception was developed and expanded in transcendent poetry by Schiller, notably in his majestic ode *Die Künstler* (the Artists).

Of Alchemy, this view of the cosmos is the very root. All metals, as all animals and vegetables, are of one essence; but the seeds of this essence are several: to each metal, as to each plant its own seed; for every metal, as every animal, every plant, has a seed: the metal is a living thing, and by the skill of the alchemist may be shown to grow like a plant.

And since all seeds are of one essence, so the one species may be purified of its baser elements and will

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

emerge in a higher form of itself; the material man as a spiritual man, the base metal as gold.

The Two Alchemies Spiritual and Material

Alchemical medicine is capable of extraordinary results. Longevity and the cure of maladies by its aid are no figments of fancy. Why then, it will be asked, have not and do not the possessors of the panacea make it available in a general way for the use of mankind? The answer to the question is this: the Alchemist is a philosopher and is aware that no purpose of ultimate value could be achieved by prolonging the natural term of life for the ordinary man: rather would it lead indubitably to calamitous results. Their longevity would be put to the worst use by the worst men, and, in the same way, the revelation of the secret of changing base metal to gold would place in the hands of the unscrupulous a power of exploitation greater than any yet known to them.

For these reasons the secrets of transmutation have been guarded throughout the ages with extraordinary care. Many alchemical treatises embody a solemn imprecation upon him who, having discovered the keys, shall reveal them to any but to those of the loftiest and most disinterested character. An abstruse code of terms and symbols has always been employed to conceal the indispensable processes from the curious and unqualified. The wisdom of this attitude may be judged by contemplating the monstrous abuses to which almost every scientific discovery has been subjected; notably atomic energy—itself a phase of Alchemic study, one which scientists who were not Adepts or Philosophers unhappily explored. Its nature and possibilities were not unknown to Newton and to some earlier alchemists, and concerning its misuse grave warnings were uttered.

Between the two branches of Alchemy, the Spiritual

and the Material, there is a mysterious link. The lower, the Alchemy of gold, both in its medicinal aspect and as relates to the transmutation of metals, is unquestionably dependent on the higher: 'what is below is like that which is above.' This explains the failures of so many skilled alchemists working in the laboratory; this explains the inability of the greatest modern chemists to discover the secret of transmutation. Only by those who follow effectively the higher path can the keys to the lower be found. Those exalted faculties associated with the Mystic, and with the Mystic only, are necessary for deciphering the code, for comprehending the symbols which guard the secrets of this Sacred Science; and the highway by which the Mystic travels is the way of prayer.

The affinity of Spiritual Alchemy to Mysticism and Transcendental Magic (Theurgy) is apparent. The Adepts of all creeds and fraternities are in this sense Alchemists. Saints and sages of all religions have alike followed the higher Alchemic path, have sought the same goal by means differing but in detail; and that goal has been veritably the accomplishment of the Great Work, the achievement of the Philosopher's Stone.

PARACELSUS AND OCCULT MEDICINE

By JOHN HARGRAVE

Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombast von Hohenheim, known as Paracelsus the Great—a true Scorpio-type in every way—was born at Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, in 1493, and died (or was rejuvenated at death's door by the *Elixir Vitæ* at Salzburg in 1541. Oh-ho! what a boy—what a magus—what a Bombastes Furioso! Too much solar energy for this world of mysticated wide-boys and intellectual spivs—and too

PARACELSUS AND OCCULT MEDICINE

much for his own. How they hated him! especially the doctors, barbers and apothecaries. They had good reason for their venomous hatred. He shot them into supersonic stardust and left them with no *materia medica* but one word. And that one word was—*Imaginatio*. It meant nothing to them—and it means nothing to most people even in our day.

That one word is the king-pin of the entire Paracelsian Praxis. Listen to Theophrastus himself :

Perfect Imagination is the Great Arcanum. All arcana belong to Medicine. All arcana are volatile, without bodies, they are a chaos, clear, pellucid, and in the power of a star. This being so, by what right, I ask, do the sausage-stuffers—here comes the bombast!—and sordid concocters of the pharmacopœia give themselves out to be learned in Medicine and true dispensers? They are dispensers and concocters—but of mere trumpery! . . .

Imagination is Creative Power. Medicine uses Imagination strongly fixed. Phantasy is not Imagination, but the frontier of folly.

What a phrase—“the frontier of folly”! But listen now, as he develops his theme :

He who is born in Imagination discovers the inner forces of Nature. Imagination exists in the perfect spirit, while phantasy exists in the body without the perfect spirit.

And now comes the fundamental statement :

Because man does not imagine perfectly at all times, arts and sciences are uncertain, though, in fact, they are certain and, by means of imagination, can give true results. Imagination takes precedence over all. Resolute imagination can accomplish all things.

That may seem to bring us perilously near the teachings that Phineas Parkhurst Quimby (1802-1866), the somewhat poorly educated son of a New Hampshire blacksmith, imparted to the equally poorly educated Mary Baker Eddy (1822-1910). In fact, however, the earlier Paracelsian teaching was far more subtle and powerful, in that it avoided the error of supposing that "error" (disease) could be denied, and, at the same time, "treated" (cured). To put it simply: *Imagination is real whether it is operating as Good or Evil.* And the changing of Evil (disease) into Good (health) is done, not by denying the fact of Evil, but by superimposing the *image* of what is Good (usually by the faculty of visual imagination). The Evil image is then, so to speak, blotted out by the Good image held "strongly fixed," in the seat of the imagination (the pineal gland, or "third eye" of the healer), and, when the patient and the healer are in harmonic poise, the diseased tissues of the physical body follow the change in the *image* (as imagined by the healer), and are "made whole." Thus, *Perfect Imagination (image-ing) is the Great Arcanum.*

Was Paracelsus able to make this understandable to the medical men of his time? No more than he would be able to do so to the B.M.A. were he alive to-day. They would either scoff openly, or attempt to explain the Paracelsian Teaching in psychological terms. But Occult Medicine (White Magick) cannot be explained psychologically, because no psychology can explain the Superconscious (i.e. God). Jung does his best, but always comes a cropper by attempting to use the logical processes of the human intellect. That, of course, is fatal. Why? Simply because there is nothing to understand. What would you expect to understand or explain about God?

Every practising occult healer knows what every

PARACELSUS AND OCCULT MEDICINE

practising artist knows, and what every practising poet knows. That it is impossible to have any worthwhile effect if the logical, reasoning, thinking mind comes into play. The treatment of a patient has to be done mindlessly, without conscious thought, or there will be no healing. And they are the best healers who either have very little intellectual power, or have a very great deal and yet know how to shut it off and allow the intellect to "free-wheel."

"Magick," said Theophrastus, "is a Great Hidden Wisdom—Reason is a Great Open Folly."

Now listen to him when he addresses the medical men of his day :

You doctors have entirely deserted the path indicated by Nature, and have built up an artificial system which is fit for nothing but to swindle the public and prey upon the pockets of the sick. Your safety is due to the fact that your gibberish is unintelligible to the people, who fancy that it must have a meaning, and, in consequence, no one can come near you without being cheated . . . You poison the people and ruin their health. You denounce me because I do not follow your schools, but your schools can teach me nothing worth knowing. You belong to the tribe of snakes, and I expect nothing but venom from you. You do not spare the sick : how could I expect you to respect me while I am cutting down your income by exposing your pretensions and ignorance to the people?

And what about this?

Magick is a teacher of medicine far preferable to all written books . . . and if our physicians possessed this power all their books might be burnt and their medicines thrown into the sea—and the world would be the better for it.

Plain speaking, eh? All great men speak plainly. Only the little tiddlers, their minds cluttered with facts, figures, formulæ, and suchlike flapdoodle, circle the plain truth a-widdershins and circumbendibus, building up a babble of worthless blather and argey-bargey spun out of the slang, cant and jargon of their stupid little minds. They imagine they know something because they suffer from the wind-of-words. Paracelsus called them the "Aristotelian Swarm." They are still with us. They crucified Christ—"Give us Barabbas!" they bellowed—and hounded Theophrastus to his death. To-day they run the National Health Service.

How about this for a 10,000-ton kick-in-the-pants for the medical men of to-day with their M. and B., their penicillin, their "wonder-drugs," and their "shock-treatments"? It was written by Paracelsus over 400 years ago :

Medicine is not merely a science, it is an art. The character of the physician acts more powerfully upon the patient than all the drugs administered.

What do you make of that? No wonder they pushed him from pillar to post and did their damn'dest to do him down—and, finally, did. So they would to-day. For the truth is : *Occult Medicine is in head-on conflict with Materialist Science.* The first is a Great Hidden Wisdom, the second a Great Open Folly. Listen again (Bombast speaking) :

A physician must be a Philosopher. That is to say, he must dare to use his own mother-wit, and not cling to opinions and book-authorities, be they old or new. He must, above all, be in possession of that faculty which is called intuition.

There's a fat lot of intuition in modern medicine! Bandages, splints, and codliver-oil—crutches, plaster, pills, and a few gadgets like x-Rays—and there you have

THE OCCULT OBSERVER

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INDEX

Adept and the Imp, The Michael Juste	311
Anonymous	
Dream Tree, The, Book of Sa-Heti, (Review)	51
From 'A Chela's Book of Nursery Rhymes' (Poem)	245
If Visions (Poem)	65
Tryst with Lilith: from a MS.	328
Unity (Poem)	4
Aphorisms, etc., by Quaestor	
Aphorisms on Observation	104
Inspiration	210
Magic and Art	57
The Art of Wisdom	332
What is a Truth?	183
Apollonius, Birth of (Poem) Iain Fletcher	189
Approach to Art: A De- fence of the Moderns (Letter) Isobel Day	198
Archetypes in Hindu Myth, The Ross Nichols	345
Arjuna's Hymn to the Sun: A-Um J. Michaud, Ph.D.	299
Art of Wisdom, The Quaestor	332
Astrology	
Aries, Cardinal Fire Julian Shaw	153
Planets of Crisis Julian Shaw	240
Rejuvenate your Horo- scope Julian Shaw	86
Saturn, Jupiter and the Sun Julian Shaw	388
Zodiac and You, The Julian Shaw	323
Bannister, Y.	
Prose of Francis Thomp- son, The	185
Bashir, Mir	
Book of Shadows I	154
II	211
Parapsychology of Hand, The	303
Psychology of Hand, The	303
Bee is Strong, The (Poem) R. Mednikoff	120

Biographical Notes and Articles	
Aleister Crowley G. J. YORKE	121
Dion Fortune, Warden Society of Inner Light	58
Gurdjieff: a New Path for the World Dorothy Phillpotts	253
The Essence of Ouspens- sky Bernard Bromage	169
The Prose of Francis Thompson Y. Bannister	185
Black Magic in Modern Art John Hargrave	
1st Part	43
Continued	112
Book of Sa-Heti, The (Re- view) Anonymous	331
Book of Shadows Mir Bashir	154
I	154
II	211
Bromage, Bernard	
Ouspensky, The Essence of	169
Tarot, The	267
Bronze Mirror, The James Michaud, Ph.D.	
228	
Brook, George H.	
Symbolism of the Eagle, The	106
Bynham, Dion	
Cosmic Patterns and Spirals	218
Cammell, Charles R.	
Philosopher's Stone, The	361
Catholic Symbolism and an Occult Orthodoxy, On an (Letter) Marcus	
195	
Centaurs, The Michael Juste	
375	
Chela's Book of Nursery Rhymes, From a (Poem) Anonymous	
245	
Codas Ross Nichols	
62, 126, 191, 263, 335,	
406	
Conversion of a Materialist, The Fergus Davidson	
208	
Corn and the Development of Intellect Fergus Davidson	
278	
Cosmic Patterns and Spirals Dion Bynham	
218	

INDEX

Crow, Dr. W. B., Patterns of Culture and Cosmic Plan	98	Gurdjieff: A New Path for the World (<i>Biographical Article</i>) Dorothy Phillpotts	253
Matrix of Mythology, The	15	Hanna, Leslie, M. Palmodiagnosis	216
Crowley, Aleister (<i>Bio- graphical Note</i>) G. J. Yorke	121	Hargrave, John Black Magic in Modern Art 1st part	43
Dante, Themes from (<i>Poem</i>) Ross Nichols	338, 405	Continued	112
Davidson, Fergus The Conversion of a Materialist	208	Paracelsus and Occult Medicine	368
Corn and the Development of Intellect	278	The Occult Interpretation of the Golden Flower	131
Day, Isobel Approach to Art, a De- fence of the Moderns (<i>Letter</i>) Anonymous	198	Heard in Sleep Munchausen Redivivus	275
Designs in Fantasy (<i>Re- view</i>)	189	Heath-Stubbs, John Literary Career of the Devil	288
Review Ross Nichols	333	Mythology of Falstaff	21
Voodoo Ballet R.N.	261	Hopkins, Ernest Tree Forms and Nature Spirits	91
Dignity of Occultism, The	65	How Important is the Study of Occultism? (<i>editorial</i>)	2
Diogenes and the Occult (<i>Editorial</i>)	337	Howard, H. T. The Zodiacal Signs: A Query (<i>Letter</i>)	386
Dion Fortune (<i>a Biographi- cal Note</i>) Warden, Society of the Inner Light	58	If Visions (<i>Poem</i>) Anonymous	65
Dream Tree, The (from an unfinished MS.) Anonymous	51	Juste, Michael Adept and the Imp, The	311
Editorials		A Parable (<i>illustrated</i>)	31
Dignity of Occultism, The	65	Man and his Beast	162
Diogenes and the Occult	337	Three Centaurs, The	375
How important is the study of Occultism	2	King, Frank A. Ghost - Dance Religion, The	402
Man in the Occult Street, The	129	Witchcraft and Witches in Scotland	246
Misleaders of the Occult	193	Kirkup, James Translations of Henry Michaux 20, 30, 56, 61,	62
Murder and Mysticism	265	The Coming of the Fool (<i>Poem</i>)	14
Eli, Marxism and the Occult	71	Letters	
Falstaff, Mythology of John Heath-Stubbs	21	Approach to Art: a De- fence of the Moderns Isobel Day	198
Fool, Coming of the (<i>Poem</i>) James Kirkup	14	On Catholic Symbolism and an Occult Ortho- doxy Marcus	195
Fletcher, Iain Birth of Apollonius (<i>Poem</i>)	189		
German Mysticism (<i>Review</i>) R.N.	395		
Ghost-Dance Religion, The Frank A. King	402		

INDEX

- The Zodiacal Signs: a
Query H. T. Howard 386
- Literary Career of the Devil,
The John Heath-Stubbs 288
- Magic and Art Quaestor 57
- Man and his Beast
Michael Juste 162
- Man in the Occult Street,
The (*Editorial*) 195
- Marxism and the Occult Eli 71
- Matrix of Mythology, The
Dr. W. B. Crow 15
- Meaning of Mantra, The
G. J. Yorke 295
- Mednikoff, R.
The Bee is Strong (*Poem*) 120
- Michaud, J., Ph.D.
Arjuna's Hymn to the
Sun: A-Um 299
- Book of Sa-Heti, The (*Re-
view of*) 331
- Bronze Mirror, The 228
- Rhododendrons, The 396
- Michaux, Henry
Translations of by James
Kirkup 20, 30, 56, 61, 62
- Misleaders of the Occult
(*Editorial*) 193
- Munchausen Redivivus
Heard in Sleep 275
- Murder and Mysticism
(*Editorial*) 265
- Naimy, Mikhail
On Prayer (*From the
Book of Mirdad*) 339
- Nichols, Ross
Archetypes in Hindu
Myth, The 345
- Design in Fantasy (*Re-
view*) 333
- Great Zodiac of Glaston-
bury Part One 78
Part Two 139
- Sanskrit Hymn (*Poem*) 50
- Scheme of Soul 40
- Themes from Dante 338, 405
(*Poems*)
- Occult Interpretation of the
Golden Flower, The
John Hargrave 131
- On Catholic Symbolism and
an Occult Orthodoxy
(*Letter*) Marcus 195
- Orton, I. R.
Panacea (*Poem*) 266
- Ouspensky, The Essence of
Bernard Bromage 169
- Palmodiagnosis
Leslie M. Hanna 216
- Panacea (*Poem*) I. R. Orton 266
- Parables**
The Adept and the Imp
Michael Juste 311
- A Parable (*illustrated*)
Michael Juste 31
- Man and his Beast
Michael Juste 162
- The Centaurs
Michael Juste 375
- Paracelsus and Occult Medi-
cine John Hargrave 368
- Parapsychology of Hand,
The (*illustrated*)
Mir Bashir 353
- Patterns of Culture and
Cosmic Plan
Dr. W. B. Crow 98
- Percival at Corbenic (*Poem*)
Rachael Taylor 78
- Philosopher's Stone, The
Charles R. Cammell 361
- Phillphotts Dorothy
Gurdjieff: *A New Path for
the World* 253
- Planets of Crisis
Julian Shaw 240
- Poems**
If Visions Anonymous 65
- Michaux, prose - poems,
translations of
James Kirkup
20, 30, 56, 61, 62
- Panacea I. R. Orton 266
- Percival at Corbenic
Rachael Taylor 78
- Sanskrit Hymn: from the
Sanskrit Ross Nichols 50
- The Bee is Strong
R. Mednikoff 120
- The Coming of the Fool
James Kirkup 14

INDEX

The Birth of Apollonius Iain Fletcher	189	Rejuvenate your Horoscope	86
Themes from Dante Ross Nichols	388, 405	Saturn, Jupiter and the Sun	388
Unity Anonymous	4	Zodiac and You, The	323
Powys, John Cowper The Unconscious	5	Soul, Scheme of Ross Nichols	40
Prayer, On (<i>from the Book of Mirdad</i>) Mikhail Naimy	339	Symbolism of the Eagle, The George H. Brook	106
Psychology of Hand, The Mir Bashir	303	Tantric Hedonism G. J. Yorke	177
Psychical Symposium, Note on a (<i>Review</i>) R.N.	352	Tarot, The Bernard Bromage	267
Quaestor, Aphorisms, etc.		Taylor, Rachel Percival at Corbenic (<i>Poem</i>)	78
Art of Wisdom, The	332	Thompson, Francis Prose of (<i>Biographical Article</i>) Y. Bannister	188
Magic and Art	57	Three Centaurs, The Michael Juste	375
On Observation	104	Tree Forms and Nature Spirits Ernest Hopkins	91
What is a Truth?	183	Tryst with Lilith Fram a MS	328
Reviews		Unconscious, The John Cowper Powys	5
Book of Sa-Heti by J. Michaud, Ph.D.	331	Unity (<i>Poem</i>) Anonymous	4
Into the Unknown, by a Panel R.N.	352	Voodoo Ballet (<i>Review, De- sign in Fantasy</i>) Ross Nichols	261
Magister Ludi by Hermann Hesse	125	Warden, Society of the Inner Light Dion Fortune (<i>Bio- graphical Note</i>)	58
Nineteen Eighty-Four by George Overall	124	Witchcraft and Witches in Scotland Frank A. King	246
Prince Lucifer by Simon Staughton Ross Nichols	333	What is a Truth? Quaestor Yorke, G. J. Aleister Crowley (<i>Bio- graphical Note</i>)	121
Symphonic Fantasy by J. Michaud, Ph.D.	189	Meaning of Mantra, The	295
Theologica Germanica by Joseph Bernhart R.N.	395	Ritual Magic	254
Voodoo Ballet (Ballets Negres) R.N.	261	Tantric Hedonism	177
Rejuvenate your Horoscope Julian Shaw	86	Zodiac and You, The Julian Shaw	323
Rhododrendons, The J. Michaud, Ph.D.	396	Zodiac of Glastonbury, The Great Ross Nichols	78
Ritual Magic G. J. Yorke	234	Part I	139
R.N., Codas 62, 126, 191, 263,	406	Part II	139
Voodoo Ballet (<i>Design in Fantasy</i>)	261	Zodiacal Signs: The a Query (<i>Letter</i>) H. T. Howard	386
Sanskrit Hymn (<i>Poem</i>) Ross Nichols	50		
Shaw, Julian Planets of Crisis	240		

• 1 •

	<i>Page No.</i>
Editorial: How Important is the Study of Occultism?	2
Unity: <i>a Poem</i>	4
The Unconscious	John Cowper POWYS 5
The Coming of The Fool: <i>a Poem</i>	James KIRKUP 14
The Matrix of Mythology	Dr. W. B. CROW 15
The Mythology of Falstaff	John HEATH-STUBBS 21
A Parable: <i>illustrated</i>	Michael JUSTE 31
Scheme of Soul	Ross NICHOLS 40
Black Magic in Modern Art	John HARGRAVE 43
Sanskrit Hymn	Ross NICHOLS 50
The Dream Tree	From an Unfinished MS. 51
Magic and Art	QUAESTOR 57
Dion Fortune: <i>a Biographical Note</i>	WARDEN, Society of the Inner Light 58
Translations of Henry Michaux	James KIRKUP 20, 30, 56, 61
Coda: <i>a Summary</i>	R.N. 62

• 2 •

If Visions: <i>a Poem</i>	65
Editorial: The Dignity of Occultism	65
Marxism and the Occult	ELI 71
Percival at Corbenic: <i>a Poem</i>	Rachel TAYLOR 78
The Great Zodiac of Glastonbury: I	Ross NICHOLS 79
Rejuvenate Your Horoscope	Julian SHAW 86
Tree Forms and Nature Spirits	Ernest HOPKINS 91
Patterns of Culture and Cosmic Plan	Dr. W. B. CROW 98
Aphorisms on Observation	QUAESTOR 104
The Symbolism of the Eagle	George H. BROOK 106
Black Magic in Modern Art IV <i>continued</i>	John HARGRAVE 112
The Bee is Strong: <i>a Poem</i>	R. MEDNIKOFF 120
Aleister Crowley: <i>a Biographical Note</i>	G. J. YORKE 121
Designs in Fantasy: <i>Review</i>	QUAESTOR 124
Coda: <i>a Summary</i>	R.N. 126

• 3 •

Editorial: The Man in the Occult Street	129
The Occult Interpretation of the Golden Flower	John HARGRAVE 131
The Great Zodiac of Glastonbury: II	Ross NICHOLS 139
Aries: Cardinal Fire	Julian SHAW 153
The Book of Shadows: I	Mir BASHIR 154
Man and his Beast	Michael JUSTE 162
The Essence of Ouspensky	Bernard BROMAGE 169
Tantric Hedonism	G. J. YORKE 177
What is a Truth?	QUAESTOR 183
The Prose of Francis Thompson	Y. BANNISTER 185
The Birth of Apollonius: <i>a Poem</i>	Iain FLETCHER 189
Design in Fantasy: <i>a Review</i>	189
Coda: <i>a Summary</i>	R.N. 191

. 4 .

	Page No.
Editorial: Misleaders of the Occult	193
Letters: 1. On Catholic Symbolism and an Occult Orthodoxy	MARCUS 195
2. Approach to Art: a defence of the Moderns	Isobel DAY 198
The Conversion of a Materialist	Fergus DAVIDSON 204
Inspiration	QUAESTOR 210
The Book of Shadows: II	Mir BASHIR 211
Palmodiagnosis	Leslie M. HANNA 216
Cosmic Patterns and Spirals	Dion BYNGHAM 218
The Bronze Mirror	J. MICHAUD, Ph.D. 228
Ritual Magic	G. J. YORKE 234
Planets of Crisis	Julian SHAW 240
From 'A Chela's Book of Nursery Rhymes': a Poem	245
Witchcraft and Witches in Scotland	Frank A. KING 246
Gurdjieff: a New Path for the World	Dorothy PHILLPOTTS 253
Aphorisms	QUAESTOR
Design in Fantasy: <i>Voodoo Ballet</i>	R.N. 261
Coda: a Summary	R.N. 263

. 5 .

Editorial: Murder and Mysticism	265
Panacea: a Poem	I. R. ORTON 266
The Tarot	Bernard BROMAGE 267
Heard in Sleep	MUNCHAUSEN REDIVIVUS 275
Corn and the Development of Intellect	Fergus DAVIDSON 278
The Literary Career of the Devil	John HEATH-STUBBS 288
The Meaning of Mantra	G. J. YORKE 295
Arjuna's Hymn to the Sun: <i>A-Um</i>	J. MICHAUD, Ph.D. 299
The Psychology of Hand: <i>illustrated</i>	Mir BASHIR 303
The Adept and the Imp	Michael JUSTE 311
The Zodiac and You	Julian SHAW 323
Tryst with Lilith	From a MS. 328
The Book of Sa-Heti by Dr. J. MICHAUD, Ph.D.: a Review	331
The Art of Wisdom	QUAESTOR 332
Design in Fantasy: a Review	Ross NICHOLS 333
Coda: a Summary	R.N. 335

. 6 .

Editorial: Diogenes and the Occultist	337
Themes from Dante: <i>Poems</i>	Ross NICHOLS 338, 405
On Prayer: <i>from the Book of Mirdad</i>	Mikhail NAIMY 339
The Archetypes in Hindu Myth	Ross NICHOLS 345
Notes on a Psychological Symposium: <i>Review</i>	R.N. 352
The Parapsychology of Hand: <i>illustrated</i>	Mir BASHIR 353
The Philosopher's Stone	Charles Richard CAMMELL 361
Paracelsus and Occult Medicine	John HARGRAVE 368
The Three Centaurs	Michael JUSTE 375
German Mysticism: <i>Review</i>	R.N. 395
The Zodiacal Signs: <i>letter</i>	H. T. HOWARD 386
Saturn, Jupiter and the Sun	Julian SHAW 388
The Rhododendrons	J. MICHAUD, Ph.D. 396
The Ghost Dance Religion	Frank A. KING 402
Coda: a Summary	R.N. 406

PARACELSUS AND OCCULT MEDICINE

the entire how-d'you-do and rick-ma-tick of the 1950 Hippocratic fraternity. Hip-hip-hooray! and who-X-rays? too. What? They've included quite a lot of psycho-therapy, psycho-analysis, and psychiatry? Oh dear-O! you're not trying to squirt that cuckoo-spit across the plain, clear, star-born teaching of Paracelsus, are you? Listen:

Man is what he imagines. Imagination is, in itself, a complete sun—a star. If a man imagines fire, fire will result; if war, war will be the outcome.

Yes, sir, as plain as that. No psychological symbol-licking about, ner nothink! You are what you imagine. What you imagine becomes (what we call) reality. You don't believe it? I don't give a "Brummagem"-made scarab brooch what you believe. Nor did Paracelsus. He stated the truth plainly, and went on stating it as long as he lived. The astonishing thing is that, for 400 years, the "Aristotelian Swarm" have remained exactly what they were in his day! Just a mass of intellectualised nit-wits, devoid of—*Imagination*. Therefore dull. Therefore dangerous to themselves and everyone else. (You didn't know it was dangerous to be dull, or did you?)

Let's listen to Bombast Paracelsus on the Anatomy of Man, and try to empty out the seething hogwash of scientific dogmatism, doubt and interminable argumentation—the swirling vortex of the Great Open Folly of Reason—that swamps the mind of modern man and sends him scatty with Joad-in-the-hole philosophic jitter-bugging. That's it—tip up your brain-pan and empty the whole lot down the nearest drain! Splendid. Here we go:

I tell you that our sophists and medicasters know only the dead body of man, but not the living image presented by Nature. The Anatomy of Man is twofold. One aspect may be known by dissecting the

OCCULT OBSERVER

body to find out the position of bones, muscles, veins, etc. But that is the least important. The other is more important, for it enables us to impart new life to the organism, to see the transmutations taking place therein, to know what the blood is, and what kind of Sulphur, Salt, Mercury it contains.

All of which means nothing at all to the orthodox medical men of our day, as it meant nothing at all to the stick-in-the-mud medicos of 1520. Never mind. Listen some more :

He who can cure disease is a physician. The natural physician—born to the art—understands that the Archæus, or Liquor Vitæ, constitutes the invisible man that is hidden in the visible. It is the invisible food from which the visible body draws its strength. It contains the elements of all cosmic influences and is therefore the key by which the action of the stars upon the invisible body of man can be unlocked and explained. This Vital Force is not enclosed in man, but radiates around him like a luminous sphere. It is a radiating essence, and in these semi-material rays the imagination of man produces healthy or unhealthy effects.

But of these invisible causes of disease popular medicine knows next to nothing. Men who are devoid of the power of spiritual perception are unable to recognise the existence of anything that cannot be seen externally, and there are some who have learned so much that their learning has driven out all their common sense. Medical science may be acquired by learning, but medical wisdom is given by God.

Bomb-doors open—bombs away! And here's a final blockhead-buster from Bombast :

PARACELSUS AND OCCULT MEDICINE

Nature—not man—is the physician. Man has lost the true light of reason, and the animal intellect with its speculations and theories has usurped the throne.

There's Bombast for you! But remember, by Reason we have arrived at the atomic bomb, bacterial warfare, rockets, radio-active dust-clouds, and the H-bomb, and surely these things represent little more than a "great open folly"? Our modern psychologists have tried to discover and explain the workings of the Conscious Mind, the Subconscious, and the Unconscious. It is clear that we shall not act with any sort of wisdom until we recognise and begin to use the *Superconscious* in place of "the animal intellect with its speculations and theories" that has, according to Paracelsus, "usurped the throne."

The so-called Practical Men have wrecked the world. We need Men of Imagination. We need Paracelsus.

THE THREE CENTAURS

By MICHAEL JUSTE

John, who is narrating this tale, to seek the Crystal City must journey through the perilous jungle. He has met the gods Dionysus, Athene and Jupiter. He has been given an immortal flower and escaped the menaces of the City of the Great Voice and its factory of Mechanical Unity. Now, alone and defenceless, and some little way in the jungle, he comes upon three grotesque creatures within a glade.

They were caricatures of figures strangely familiar, and as I stared—their names eluding me—I suddenly knew: Centaurs. They were as those of Greek origin but smaller, the tallest was level to my shoulders. The Donkey Centaurs were three: one a young female. The eldest had a grey straggling beard, dark

angular features and wore thickly-lensed spectacles. A black frockcoat spread towards his rump and long tail, and he wore two pairs of short trousers—wrinkled and baggy—that came a little below his knees, revealing four small muddy hoofs. His beard concealed his throat, but the lower buttons of a stained waistcoat were unfastened. Slung across his body was a strap supporting a specimen case. His voice was pompous and booming.

The female was smaller and wore a two-piece costume dark and creased, the jacket somewhat masculine in cut and a stiff white collar about her small throat. Her face was pointed and sallow with bright anxious eyes and her brown hair was gathered loosely in a bun. Her arms were bare and bony and her nimble thin fingers picked from the grass small insects which she popped into her specimen case.

The third was a young male Centaur with a long solemn fair face and snub nose supporting large glasses. A thin jutting chin and thin mouth gave him an expression of great determination. His fair hair was neatly brushed, but his left cheek constantly broke into a spasmodic palsy which he would absent-mindedly slap into stillness.

As I watched this amazing trio the female Centaur suddenly saw me :

‘Look, look, a young antropoid!’

I stepped into the glade. I had assumed the undergrowth had hidden me; now concealment was unnecessary, and these creatures looked harmless enough.

‘Good morning.’ I could think of no other manner to greet them.

‘Good morning to you,’ they replied.

‘Where are you going, young antropoid, and why are you here?, the bearded Centaur questioned; then, before

THE THREE CENTAURS

I could reply, 'but first—introductions. My name is Dr. Achilles Wallow, and these,' pointing to his companions, 'are Miss Hermione Follow and Mister Hector Hollow, my pupils in psychological research and, as you can perceive, fully occupied. Now to return to my original question: what brings you here and where are you going?'

Again the questions 'why' and 'where'. I did not know how to begin, though I tried. 'I came through a door, a secret door—and then—and then I found myself on the other side. Then I met—' I paused. This was no time to give details. 'Someone who told me I would meet a friend after I journeyed through this jungle. He would take me to the Crystal City.' I stopped.

They had been listening intently until I mentioned the Crystal City.

'Rubbish,' the doctor snorted. Hermione tittered and Hector guffawingly brayed.

'The mythological mixture as before,' the doctor sneered, then turned to his grinning pupils. 'What is the formula?'

Both spread their forelegs apart, bowed till their noses touched the grass, raised their heads and chanted:

'Mud came before mind and death to moonshine.'

'Precisely,' the doctor boomed, 'precisely. Mud came before mind and death to moonshine.' He looked severely at me. 'Young antropoid, though you have come from the City of the Great Voice, originally we all come from here—the jungle, and there is no hidden door nor is there a Crystal City: they are the vestigial fragments of primitive antropoidal vision. You have, of course, spoken to the gods?' He smiled patronisingly.

'Yes,' I replied impulsively, 'Dionysus, Athene, Jupiter—'

'Enough, enough,' he interrupted, 'the yeast of your

OCCULT OBSERVER

mind has turned into *Hæmorrhagie Mythologica* or *Fantastic Fabulæ.*' He turned to his students: 'These are new terms; please record them.'

I was angry now. The steamy growths and sour-sweet smells of corruption no longer made me uneasy; for upon meeting these creatures the evils and perils of this jungle were temporarily forgotten. How dare they deny me my experiences, how dare they laugh at me! Surely the lapel of my coat revealed glittering proof, a cool blaze of petals Dionysus had given me?

'Look,' I pointed dramatically at the flower.

'That, my dear antropoid, is a flower which we observed when you first appeared. Well?'

'This was given me by Dionysus!' I shouted.

'Don't be foolish, antropoid. Just imagination. You wish to embellish your ego; you wish to be noticed, so you decorate yourself. A Nature Neurosis.' He turned to his pupils. 'Record this as well: Nature Neuroses.' He smugly stroked his beard as his pupils admiringly cried:

'A pun, doctor, a pun! Neuroses, new roses.'

Hermione sniffed: 'Antropoids are nasty creatures, all criss-cross and uncouth. All croth-crith and untooth. All crooth-cruth and untruth. All—'She was becoming incoherent and began to choke, her eyes glassy. Hector, who apparently knew these symptoms, padded up to her, and placed his hand across her mouth until she stopped.

'More control, Hermione, more control,' the doctor called. 'You may call him young Antropoid Incomplexicus.'

'My name is John Witless,' I shouted, 'and you are only donkeys with human heads.' At that moment I saw nothing amusing about my situation.

This incident was interrupted by Hector Hollow who was behaving in a curious manner. He became rigid,

THE THREE CENTAURS

his head aslant, one arm outstretched and immoveable. 'Do not come near me,' he warned, 'I am a perfume bottle of the most expensive kind.' He sniffed ecstatically and the sheer beatific silliness of his expression made me laugh outright. 'I smell beautifully,' he beamed.

Dr. Wallow made notes. 'The sixth transference within two hours,' he proudly remarked; then explained: 'Hector is very sensitive and can imitate many of our patients.'

'And does this go on all day?' I asked.

'Hector can imitate any patient,' he replied.

'Hector cannot help it,' Hermione added.

But Hector was no longer a scent bottle. The transference had left him and he moved about as though nothing had occurred. Then Hermione called: 'Doctor, doctor, you are doing it again.'

I also watched in amazement as the doctor began to tie his beard to his tail which was long and easily reached it, but he had already stopped when his pupils recalled him from an apparently absent-minded act.

'H-m-mm, h-mm-m, erh-mm,' he grunted. 'Forgetfulness, just forgetfulness. I feel that a short explanation to our young antropoid about his condition will be of great advantage to him. Now every antropoid is ill. This is the first great principle laid down after centuries of research. Every antropoid is ill.' He paused: 'Why?' Again he paused. 'They are ill because they are wrongly shaped. In their efforts to stand upright they subjected their anatomies to abnormal stresses, to pressures in wrong places; subjected them to their ambitions to pluck fruits from the highest branches.'

'But that is the giraffe, doctor,' Hector interrupted.

The doctor stared angrily at his pupil. 'Mister Hollow, both have attempted to stand upright.' He

OCCULT OBSERVER

turned to me: 'Do you like fruit?'

'Naturally,' I replied.

'Naturally: did you hear him say so?' Then pompously, 'It is the nature of the antropoid to attempt the impossible, and the burden of standing upright drives him into absurd directions leading to such ailments as the Myth Sickness, the Superiority Overflow, the Phoenix Sacrifice.'

'Or fry your eggs then hatch them,' Hector jeered.

'All immortality fixations, over-decorated and buried beneath flamboyant imageries, can be simplified into one great fear: refusal to return home. Antropoids being naturally diseased make desperate attempts to escape from their unhappy states. Thus the history of these poor creatures—' he paused and patronisingly stared at me—'reveal efforts to build systems and philosophies, religions and strange heavens for their comfort—and to move away from their ancestral memories, which are here, to non-existent Utopias, fabulous places—the antropoidal *Schema Mythologicus*. Ill at ease in his anatomical deformities, his conceits stronger than his reasoning, intoxicated by the noxious fumes of ill-health, he chases his hallucinations and believes them to be as real as this jungle . . . All this,' again he paused, 'is utter nonsense.'

'Yes,' I shouted, 'utter nonsense.'

Hector and Hermione, who were writing this lecture in their notebooks, looked up in surprise at my interruption.

'The young antropoid agrees with the doctor,' Hermione shrilled.

'But I do not agree!' I shouted.

'You said what the doctor said,' they accused.

I shrugged my shoulders over this absurd argument and listened to the doctor rambling on.

THE THREE CENTAURS

' . . . And this desire to be superior makes outrageous demands upon his animal appetites, for his true heavenly state is to be completely unrepressed, like ourselves. Personally speaking, and without offence, we think you are harmless monsters. Besides, perfection is not for all, and there are few like us,' he smirkingly concluded.

But he was not ended, and pointing at the savage surroundings: 'Look, all of these growths are uninhibited,' he said, 'they grow as they please, and are the free expressions of Nature. All antropoids should be in a similar condition, and our researches attempt to uninhibit the repressed antropoid.'

Again he reached for his tail, but was stopped by his pupils.

So intently had I been listening to the doctor that I did not notice what Hermione was doing until I heard the rattle of a falling specimen tin and turned to see the creature trying to climb a tree. She had already reached the higher branches before one had snapped and sent her tumbling.

'Hermione is always trying to climb trees,' explained the doctor. 'She tried to fly once. Said she was Pegasus.'

Hector and I ran to pick her up, but she was unhurt and began gathering in the various repulsive insects that were creeping from the opened specimen tin. This she did without a shudder, and I was amazed at her indifference.

The doctor looked musingly at me, then turned to his pupils: 'Students, what is the disease of this young anthropoid?'

'I am not ill,' I retorted.

Miss Follow ran round me crying: 'He is a tree! Stand still, stand still, and you will soon be an orchard.'

The others joined her dancing round me, Hollow's

OCCULT OBSERVER

voice echoing: 'An orchard, an orchard!'

They were serious; neither smile nor flicker was on their faces as they chorused this nonsense.

'But I am not a tree, I do not wish to be a tree, and all this is ridiculous,' I laughed.

'What, not a tree?' They sounded astonished. 'The other patient wanted to be one.'

'But I am not a patient!' I argued.

'You must be and we will cure you. I tell you *all* antropoids are ill, so you *must* be a patient!' The doctor panted, then stopped; the others did likewise.

Hector's cheek rushed into another spasm. Again the doctor absent-mindedly tied his tail to his beard before his pupils could stop him, and Hermione tried to walk on her hind legs—though with difficulty, her skirts falling away and revealing a curious jumble of underwear over which she stumbled and fell backwards. The doctor could not help her as he was disentangling himself, and Hector was motionless as though listening.

I heard it too—a monstrous grunt, and terrifyingly near.

Now these Centaurs and investigators into life in the raw and primitive did not wait to investigate and analyse. Neither did I. The doctor, in his efforts to disentangle himself, ran in feverish circles, but his delay was brief. I followed Hector and Hermione into the darkest and densest part of the undergrowth. Here the grasses sloped into a twilit cavern of roots: moist and unhealthily close, but bringing a sense of security. Here we huddled and listened.

'It sounded dreadfully near,' Hermione panted.

'What was it?' I whispered.

If these inhabitants were afraid, how should I feel? Fears I had before entering the jungle returned. I shuddered and felt sick.

THE THREE CENTAURS

'No one has ever seen it,' the doctor replied, 'only heard it.'

'Because we have always hidden ourselves,' Hermione explained.

'But there have been tales,' Hector added. 'It is too big to be destroyed; much too big.'

In this leafy refuge their little pomposities had vanished; now they were small creatures comforting one another.

'They say it lives in an abyss across the river.' Hermione's voice was dry and her eyes apprehensively bright. Her pointed face quivered as she nervously tidied herself.

'The most monstrous and biggest beast in the jungle,' said the doctor.

'And utterly uninhibited,' said Hector.

'And therefore the most perfect,' I suggested. Why I made this remark I was uncertain; but it did sound reasonable.

'There are limits, young antropoid,' boomed the doctor peevishly.

'But surely not in perfection?' I persisted. I had irritated him and felt justified. Had he not jeered at and patronised my species, suggesting we were all diseased? I had but carried his philosophy further, and if the doctor's idea was complete lawlessness—and the jungle surely expressed this—then the beast was obviously the jungle's finest expression. Nevertheless, I was greatly afraid; for I remembered my visions of the abyss and the challenge from the beast in the dawn.

Hector was now peering through crevices in the leaves and called: 'I think it has gone, doctor.'

The doctor, who had not replied to my argument, seemed pleased at this interruption: 'It is so huge,' he

OCCULT OBSERVER

said, 'that we receive ample warning, and we have not heard it for quite a time.'

'When the last antropoid visited us, doctor,' Hermione reminded him. 'Do you remember?'

'Ah yes, the one upon whom we endeavoured to operate,' the doctor agreed. 'A stupid antropoid; dreadfully tangled mind—deplorably obstinate. Said he did not wish to be improved. Called us donkeys. We, who have descended from the Centaurs!'

'You mean ascended,' Hector reminded him.

'Of course, of course.' The doctor nodded.

'That antropoid broke the Dream Disintegrator,' Hermione recalled.

'And the Neuroses Thresher,' brayed Hector.

'Also he disconnected the pipes of the Great Disordinator,' concluded the doctor.

'He must have been fierce!' I said.

'Fierce!' the doctor's deep voice became slightly falsetto, 'fierce! He was ruthless. He savaged me, punched Hector and slapped Hermione. He was in a most translucent state.'

'You mean truculent?' I suggested.

'Young antropoid, the words I use are precise. Each term has been distilled through retorts and test tubes; they have undergone the uttermost pressures till their exact proportions have been calculated. I said "translucent," meaning the mind in a clear gaseous condition possessing only a slight chemical content. An antropoidal condition of no use whatsoever: visionary, undefinable, almost invisible.'

Whilst he was explaining these matters we were already back in the glade, and Hermione and Hector were gathering their scattered specimen cases, ready to depart.

I stood watching, bewildered, unable to reply to the

THE THREE CENTAURS

doctor's explanations and undecided about my journey.

'You are of course coming with us,' the doctor called. The others had already disappeared through the narrow pathway. 'We are returning to the Academy.'

'An academy, here, in this jungle?' I questioned in surprise.

'And where else? Naturally in this jungle. An academy for all psychological ailments, abnormalities, obsessions, repressions, split personalities. Here we refit and recondition the most extreme cases sent to us from the City of the Great Voice.'

'And then you return them to the factory of the Mechanical Unity,' I added.

'Yes; so you have been there?'

'I visited it, though not as a patient,' I explained. Again I felt uneasy. Apparently these creatures also operated; though they spoke and acted so absurdly that they seemed quite harmless. 'You see I did not need any operation as I feel quite healthy.'

'Young antropoid, I am glad to hear this. The jungle is the home of your ancestors, and you should feel happiness and contentment here. A completely freed antropoid—'

'But I do not feel safe here and I certainly have no wish to live here,' I explained.

The doctor looked sadly at me: 'All the elements of the jungle are woven through you; you cannot discard its memories.'

I no longer argued. I had no desire to be alone in this jungle and these fantastic creatures were well-meaning. Also, my curiosity overcame my fears. A school for mental diseases administered by donkey Centaurs promised great entertainment.

Therefore I followed . . .

Letter

THE ZODIACAL SIGNS

A Query

Sir,

What is the correct order of the characteristics of the Zodiacal Signs? Is it (1) Cardinal, (2) Fixed, and (3) Mutable? This is the traditional order, borne out both by the order of the signs themselves, and by Julian Shaw's definition of them as Generation, Concentration and Distribution of power.

Yet there seems to be some justification for adopting, in some cases, another order, namely (1) Cardinal, (2) Mutable and (3) Fixed. The Adamites, a Gnostic sect that flourished in North Africa in the second century, made use of a hexagram of the Negative signs, those of Water and Earth (a figure of which can be seen in Edgar Wallace Budge's "Amulets and Superstitions")—to illustrate the six days of Creation. It also illustrates in a remarkable way the physical evolution of man. A companion hexagram can be constructed of the Positive signs—those of Air and Fire—to show the spiritual evolution of man, and the affinities of these signs with certain Major Arcana of the Tarot clarify and strengthen their symbolism. In both these hexagrams the mutable sign is the medial term in each triangle, and the fixed sign is the final term.

As a supplementary definition I suggest the following:

(1) *Cardinal* indicates a potential state, a state of "being."

(2) *Mutable* indicates a formative or kinetic state, a state of "becoming."

(3) *Fixed* indicates a resultant or static state, a state of "having become."

This order would seem to apply equally well to Julian

THE ZODIACAL SIGNS

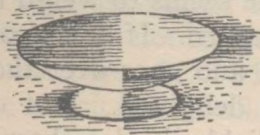
Shaw's illustration of the family trinity; the father is potential, the mother is formative or in a state of "becoming," and the child is the resultant—the state of "having become."

This symbolism has a very wide application. For instance, the Paddington to Penzance express may be regarded as Cardinal at Paddington (having the potential to travel to its destination), Mutable during its journey (the kinetic or formative state) and Fixed at Penzance (the resultant state). Similarly the piece of timber in the cabinet-maker's shop is Cardinal, Mutable while being worked by the cabinet-maker, and Fixed when it leaves the shop as a table.

Returning to Julian Shaw's helpful definition, I would suggest that there are occasions when the power is first generated, then distributed and finally concentrated, rather than concentrated and finally distributed. Would it not be fair to say that the cabinet-maker's power, which is his skill and experience, is "concentrated" or fixed in the table that he has made?

The highest application of this symbolism would seem to refer to the great truths of Involution and Evolution. The Divine Spirit is Cardinal in the first place; it descends into matter in general, and in particular is breathed into man as the "breath of life" so that man becomes "a living soul." It is then Mutable, in that it takes part in the varied experiences of man. Finally, after a series of reincarnations it returns to the state when it came, and is Fixed.

H. T. HOWARD



SATURN, JUPITER AND THE SUN

By JULIAN SHAW

If an astrologer is told of an accident or crisis and is asked to discover how it happened, he will be able to produce not one aspect but possibly a dozen, some forming in progressed aspects, some past but still within orbs, an eclipse re-activated by transits and so on; but, however impressive the array, they are not conclusive; for if they were, determinism would be proved. *How* is no substitute for *Why*. *Why*, properly investigated, will reveal a state of mind, over a period of time: indecision—dislike of a rival—seeing a clear duty ahead and being unwilling to face it—a mental state completely invaded by jealousy, envy, greed or fear. When, in fact, we attempt to answer the question *Why* an accident occurred in an individual life, we find that the obvious reasons are only evasions and that the true cause is to be found in character. Character is Destiny.

Crashes, either on the road or in financial matters come, generally speaking, from two causes: (1) the theory of luck (*Nothing can happen to me*); (2) the theory of disaster (*Something is going to happen: I can't go on like this*). We may go further and say: both theories are the result of a materialistic outlook. Every materialist has one of these attitudes; when you meet a man who is either very rash or very gloomy, you are meeting a man who is out of touch with his soul.

*

Let us look particularly at the theory of disaster. The man on whom Fate seems to weigh heavily usually has a badly aspected Saturn. If an astrologer take a purely exoteric viewpoint and goes over the chart of his past life, the victim is delighted. Not only does it prove astrology to be reliable, it also shows the types of men

SATURN, JUPITER AND THE SUN

who have bullied him, hounded him, thwarted him in the past, the latest being his employer.

Let us look at the situation from the point of view of the employer. What does he see that causes him to show his displeasure or irritation? Perhaps day-dreaming, forgetfulness, inaccuracy, slovenly work, actions which disregard current regulations. X with Saturn weak may have a strong artistic sense and his mind may be working on creative levels but, instead of being conscientious on business levels or admitting incompetence, he gaily treats rules and regulations as if they were non-existent and so he causes confusion. If he is not allowed to be a law to himself, he may develop a situation which is likely to recur for the rest of his life. He may say: But for So-and-So, I should have made a success of that work! Instead of coming to terms with Saturn in his character and his work, he tries to eliminate it. As that is impossible, the more he refuses to recognise its claims, the more he projects them, quite unconsciously, on his associates and the framework of his life. Saturn should work from the bony structure outwards, giving strength and stability. Those who try to eliminate Saturn make constricting circumstances for themselves.

Saturn, of course, may be exhibited in restrictions which are accepted and transcended: such a case is shown in the well-known lines:

‘Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage.’

I do not suggest that all clashes with authority are avoidable and I certainly do not suggest that all are due to weakness, as in the case of X. If the soul impose upon a man a clear mission to challenge authority, he may pay the price of imprisonment or death, but his

mission may change civilisation. To the onlooker, there must seem to be something *unnecessary* in his challenge, for the ordinary man, quite rightly, fits into the pattern of the times in order to save his life as long as possible. He is right, until he learns that only he who loses his life shall find it.

The classic case of a man with a mission who, but for that mission, need not have asked for trouble, was St. Paul. He appealed to Cæsar because his mission was to go to Rome, not as an ordinary traveller but as a marked man.

One often hears astrological students label a certain person as the expression of Saturn in their horoscope. That is a most dangerous practice. Dr. Edward Bach defined disease as a 'kind of consolidation of a mental attitude'. One may use the same definition for misfortune for many difficulties are caused simply because a situation is not kept fluid, kept moving.

The Use of a Name that Consolidates Evil

The power of a name has been recognised in all ages, though in present-day materialistic circles it may be denied. Tell a patient that he has a dread disease and at once a mental attitude is consolidated and all but the strongest will succumb, not to the disease but to fear. The thought of the disease is in the background of all his thoughts and emotions. It is the conditioning factor in all affairs of the life represented by the twelve houses of the horoscope.

By realising that every emotion has an effect upon the whole horoscope, *not only upon the house which gives it its point of entry*, we may see the truly liberating effect of a blessing and the crystallising effect of a curse; only a man who cannot experience grace is untouched by the former: only a man free from sub-conscious fears is uninfluenced by the latter.

SATURN, JUPITER AND THE SUN

Saturn has been turned into a dread name by exoteric astrologers and contrasted with Jupiter, bringer of good fortune. As a corrective to this false view it is useful to consider the two planets together, the one necessary to the other, the one representing centripetal motion, the other centrifugal. When they are taken separately, we have the theory of disaster and the theory of luck referred to earlier; either taken alone is dangerous.

Bearing in mind the definition that disease is a kind of consolidation of a mental attitude, Saturn may be seen in action where there is depression, with some form of rheumatism as the physical ailment. Against this acquiescence in the process of decay we must set the ideal, the dynamic of the new birth. In truth, man should be born three times in his life—the first birth is the physical event; the second occurs when he starts on his life-work, having drawn out, by education, his powers; the third occurs after he has realised, or abandoned, his ambitions. He has then the choice between the slow descent into the grave and the ascent to the gates of new life.

If you try to cheer up a depressed person and to give him a more optimistic outlook, you are, in astrological terms, trying to revive Jupiter and restore it to its place in the partnership. Try to disprove the grounds for depression, and the afflicted one will only dig his toes in.

The pressure of Saturn should be recognised and accepted, then stimulated by a new dynamism, the expansive power of Jupiter. When the soul's mission is recognised and accepted, not only is old age a period of vigour and usefulness, but also the pressure of Saturn, instead of being a death activity, becomes actually the means for keeping the man on the physical plane. Without the limitations, voluntarily accepted, his spirit would

soar free. As he has no longer any personal ambitions, he may have to choose his own conditions, the limitations within which he will work. It is only when he identifies himself with Saturn, forgetting Jupiter, that its strong pressure becomes death to him. Then he dies, without experiencing the transformation which should be the major achievement of his life.

It may be asked: if there be imbalance after middle age, why should Saturn prevail rather than Jupiter? Saturn does not always prevail: we all know the convivial Jupiterians who seem, in old age, to lose all sense of responsibility. The depressed Saturnian does, however, represent the line of least resistance. Loss of physical power, uncompensated by spiritual power, makes for melancholy. Further, the depressed Saturnian, with his stiff limbs, cantankerous mind and gloomy spirit, is more easily noticed and there is a tendency to avoid him or, at best, if he be a relative, to treat him as an unpleasant duty. The more he complains the more he is avoided, although his complaints are often but cries from the pit, appealing for help.

A child knows that he has life ahead and, after an experience of illness or danger, his physical powers reassert themselves; if you help him, he is on your side. The depressed man, past middle age, finds his only enjoyment—perversely—in discovering a flaw in your arguments, a reason to counter every one of your suggestions. Unless he can revive his desire to live, he is doomed to suffer greater and greater restrictions and his sufferings may be protracted for his type dies slowly.

Between the child and the ageing man is the period when a true religious spirit should be developed so that the values of life may be sharply distinguished from prosperity and physical vitality without despising these gifts.

SATURN, JUPITER AND THE SUN

Wisdom is the Secret of Age

There is less likelihood of tragedy when there is a strong family sense and the father of yesterday finds himself the grandfather of to-day. Not only may he be a useful member of the family circle in devising games and occupations for his grandchildren and in taking some of the strain from the parents; he will also have a link with the children of a more spiritual nature. The direct statements of the children will astound him because of their unconscious wisdom. In wisdom lies the secret of a ripe old age. Men and women in the storm and stress of life should be able to talk to the aged and take solace from some platitude or proverb which will be received the more easily just because it sounds so ordinary, as a child takes a pill with a chocolate coating; but if a seeming platitude comes out of experience and fits exactly the need of the listener, it becomes a vehicle for the transmission of spiritual power.

Now that the expectation of life is increasing, alarm is often expressed about the numbers of elderly people who will be burdens on the state and useless from the productive point of view. The situation is serious and it underlines the fact that the triumphs of science divorced from spirituality can only lead to national decay.

The tendency to look to the Church for aid has largely broken down and it has been replaced by the tendency to look to the state. In neither direction will the answer for the future be found. The words of Christ to the woman of Samaria—words spoken for the future—have a special meaning for the present age: 'The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father'.

Saturn alone, in its function as the state, truly becomes

a mountain of crushing weight, the weight of materialism. Jupiter alone, in its function as the Church, becomes a place of rites and ceremonies. 'Worship in spirit and in truth' requires a third factor, the Sun, the light that lighteth every man.

The Egg of Saturn and Jupiter

The Sun in the horoscope should be revealed in greater strength after middle age is past. It is the factor which keeps Saturn and Jupiter in harmonious interaction. Because the Sun is individualised in one sign and one degree of that sign and because it has special relations with the Moon and planets, the individual concerned is more or less unique; he, as an individual, worships in spirit and truth. In terms of the Sun in the Zodiac, the Father represents the totality, the twelve signs of 360 degrees; therefore the individual knows that he is a part of the totality and he recognises the equal Divinity of all others. 'All things are concealed in all things' wrote Paracelsus out of his deep wisdom.

The word *worship* offers a difficulty to those who relate it only to temples or churches or to a passive state of resignation or self-abasement. Shri Krishna Prem defines it as that 'which gives itself because it can do no less, the worship of self-forgetful service compelled by the sovereign power of love. What need has he of temples', he goes on, 'when every form enshrines his Lord, and how shall he withhold his service when he sees the Divine beauty distorted by the gloomy ugliness of the world, the Divine bliss masked by the myriad sorrows of man?'

A useful symbol for the successful working of Jupiter with Saturn is the egg from which may arise the fledged bird. The value of the Saturnian shell is clearly seen

**The Yoga of the Bhagavat Gita.*

SATURN, JUPITER AND THE SUN

and we may equate the yolk with Jupiter and the white with that portion of experience which may serve the growth of the soul. Yet Saturn's function is not limited to the exterior. In a true sense, Saturn is also the germ cell which wills its own transformation by means of becoming. Jupiter then appears as its power, its *shakti* in that work. Expansion alone does not promote growth; within the limiting shell the process of contraction is also at work in every part of the organism to build and to strengthen. The desire to become would be vague and formless were Saturn not at work igniting the spark of will and sustaining the effort. 'Time' wrote Blake 'is the mercy of Eternity.' When we recall that Saturn has been named Father Time, we may see his limiting power in a new light, and by our gratitude for his mercy we recreate the power of Jupiter in ourselves.

Review

GERMAN MYSTICISM

THEOLOGICA GERMANICA: Translation based on that of Susanna Winkworth, revised and with introduction by Joseph Bernhart. Gollancz: 10s. 6d. net, \$2.50 in U.S.A.

This is a thorough and scholarly edition of the most famous single book of German devotional contemplation. Its use spread with early Lutheranism; it was in fact re-discovered and sponsored by Luther himself. It was regarded as the Reformation's reply to the mystical side of Catholicism. Yet it had been produced within the Catholic fold, vague as is its dogmatic side. Because of the non-institutional, practical and contemplative bent of the book Calvin rejected it, and Luther later on, as his own dogmatism hardened, dropped it. The fact that both Catholics and Protestants could use it with equal edification—which seems to us now to be a chief merit—was then enough to condemn it in that world of battling creeds which was the later 16th century in Germany and was Europe generally in the century after.

The unknown 14th century author calls himself a Teutonic Knight, priest and warden of the knights' house in Frankfurt; he has obviously been influenced by Master Eckhart. Of this edition nearly half is taken up by Bernhart's very full and philosophical introduction, which is not confined to this book but

OCCULT OBSERVER

forms a good short account of mysticism itself. The publication of a valuable theological work in a cheap format by such a firm as Gollancz, rather than by one of the religious publishing houses, is a significant sign. So is the fact that in origin this is a New York edition. There have long been symptoms that American religious feeling has been seeking increasingly doctrines and devotional practices more mature than those provided by the sects regarded as typically American. The immense spread of Roman Catholicism on the one hand, and on the other the very considerable influence now wielded by Aldous Huxley and his fellow neo-yogis, point the way to the location in the North American continent of perhaps the next significant development in the human mystical sense. The real question is, must the new wine of the young American spirit inevitably burst the wineskins of the older religious-mystical forms?

R.N.

THE RHODODENDRONS

By J. MICHAUD, Ph.D.

There stood once a huge Rhododendron Bush in the park of a great Continental City, and its flowers were like large roses in all colours, with velvet, fleshy petals on which mysterious gleams lay at rest when the sun had risen in the morning, and some vestiges of dew were speckled on the foliage and blooms, dew undispersed as yet by the golden rays, shed beauty upon the morning air. And in the centre of the bush, concealed from the eyes of the watchful keepers who are the unrelenting enemies of little boys, there stood a small lad, quite lost in wonder at the miracles displayed before his eager gaze. For not only were the flowers a very heaven of delight to look at, but they were also the haunt of many insects, beautiful with glittering sheens, and butterflies in colours fresh from the palette of their Creators, and they fluttered from bloom to bloom, and drank the nectar of the rosy, white or deep red goblets, especially prepared for them by the gods; and they trembled with delights quite inconceivable to man.

And those Rose-bay Trees and bushes welcomed their

THE RHODODENDRONS

dainty visitors with open chalices of beauty, the drooping stamens standing quite upright when softly touched with delicate care by the slender feet and searching antennæ, which carried pollen from other flowers to their ovaries. And, when the butterflies had drained the ambrosial cup, they sat upon the oblong smooth leaves and waved their lovely wings, as if saying grace with thankful hearts for the feast of their hosts, the lilac, purple, golden or any-other-coloured flowers, the bushes' lovely ball-frocks, as it were, in which they all were clad in the sunny month of June, when these shrubs abound in full perfection.

The Glory of Butterfly and Insect

Some think that butterflies and other insects are attracted by the colours of the flowers; others say it is their scent. But who can be certain of such things who is not a butterfly or bee himself?

At times the great Convolvulus Hawk-moth, with flesh-coloured body, black-banded, and wings with narrow grey and black streaks, is seen to hover over flowers in the dusk, but sometimes he appears also in the daytime, keeps company with the butterflies which the young lad beholds. Or the black-and-rose-bodied Privet Hawk comes sailing along, with his pale pink hindwings, transverse banded; he whose green but white-streaked caterpillar has been compared to the mystic Egyptian Sphinx; and the most lovely of all, the gorgeous Madder Hawk, dark olive-green with pale red band upon the hindwings, varied with white, the outer margin intersected by black nervures, is a very welcome visitor.

The larger butterflies sail in the air like winged canoes of fairies, the small ones flutter in dancing, jerking or sometimes hovering flight above the many-flowered bush.

Most common are the whites, the Brassicæ, the Rapæ, and the green-veined Napi. Sometimes there comes the

OCCULT OBSERVER

Orange-tip, or the fascinating *Colias Hyale*, pale-clouded yellow, or the magnificent *Edusa*, warm-tinted, like the child of sun he is. There is no end to the beautiful creations seen in nature.

The pleasant Bee and eager Wasp zoom in the air, and at times, some small adventurous beetle creeps up the stems in search of that which instinct tells him is needed for his sustenance, and rises then above the soil, his common habitat.

Weird caterpillars creep about or lie concealed along the twigs, invisible to the eye of the uninitiated. Sometimes they seem to have lost their way, like the velvety black larva of the Queen of Spain fritillary, densely sprinkled with tiny dots, each dot bearing a black bristle. Six rows of spines he has, brown, and his head is amber-coloured above, with black and bristly beard below. His food-plant is the Sweet Violet, or Heartsease, or the *Viola canina*; how does he come to walk upon the *Rhododendron* bush? And many of the male butterflies have lovely scents, to attract therewith the ladies. Some smell like chocolate cream, as does the brown *Megaera*, or Wall Brown butterfly; whilst *Semele's* odour, the Grayling, is like sandal wood. The Queen of Spain's perfume is heliotrope, and the Long-tailed Blue smells like the meadowsweet. The odour of the little Whites is like sweet-briar rose, and the green-veined White has all the lure of lemon verbena; whilst the lovely flier called *Cleopatra's* scent is a rich and most powerful freesia.

The insects see and hear and feel and taste and smell in the strangest fashions, but it is known that they have glands or sense-organs of which the functions are quite unknown; and who shall tell the sweet enchantments of the ladies of their kind, when their lovers wave their wings towards them, and send unto their inamorata such beautiful, enchanting odours? At times the little lad

THE RHODODENDRONS

beheld the courting of the butterflies, and saw how the male holds down the female with his legs upon her body, and strokes her back, beneath the wings, with his antennæ, to the lady's evident delight. Such are great wonders to any thinking sensitive mind; but the greatest miracle occurs when those insects sit at rest upon the flower, first imbibing honey, undisturbed, and then in meditation. Then, if one has the capacity, like the small boy, and blends the human mind with that which the butterfly is thinking, feeling, seeing, new worlds of beauty open out, which cannot be compared with anything the human mind can see or feel or smell or imagine in the highest flights of fancy. For then it comes to pass that both the butterfly's spirit and the spirit of the flower have risen high on aerial wings to other regions; and all is magic there and unguessed beauty, and the enraptured spirit of the child flies with them to those splendid realms. And there he beholds a vast congregation of strange creatures beyond the dreams of Paradise, radiant with celestial plenitudes, luminous with glory. He is transposed into a world of quite unknown delights; a world of fragrance un-imaginable, and of delicate lights and colours.

The Elfin Voices and Drifting Scents

Here the flowers speak with elfin voices, and the butterfly's soul replies with murmurs which have the splendour of the honeysuckle and the rose; and both speech and murmur sound like the songs of the elevated spirits of a heaven over-canopied with the lusciousness of many stars which shine in the rosy light of such a Sun as only flowers can imagine. The very odours of the air are whispers of delightful adoration of that fairy Sun, and each whisper is a new revelation of the might of benediction of great Spirits whose divine hieroglyphs enrich the floral tenderness of that new Heaven.

270 OCCULT OBSERVER

The paint-brush of the Flower Gods paints love-tints upon the glory of their day, aflame with amorous ardour. And every tint is eloquent with smiles, and has the rosy countenance of an angel.

Who shall describe the Wisdom of the Gods who send their blessings even to the butterflies, born in rose or jasmine bowers, to become fine flowers upon the wind, and heedless of the low concerns of earthly man? But the virgin mind of a child can still enblend with godlike beauty, before it is ensnared in earthly woes. And the lad felt that the colours and the scents were pensive with the thoughts of God, the Maker of Mysteries divine. And the aromatic perfume and the colours seem to blend, and emit soft breezes of painted odours which drift about upon a sea of rosy light. And the incense takes on form, and countless winged beings float upon that airy sea of redolence, and it is as if the spirits of long-dead flowers of the earth are passing by in radiant happiness. And the spirits and the winged ones meet, embracing, as if they were affinities of angelic nature, now meeting after separations lasting for many ages of utter loneliness. And now the very air begins to smile, and the colours and the scents shed benedictions like unto sweet effluvia of myrrh and bergamot; of chypre and the attar of full-blown roses; as if a generous Khalif of some heavenly Arabian Nights did shower untold gifts in an apotheosis of royal splendour.

And all the while the scents and colours are drifting by; and the spirits and the winged ones trail gauzy fluttering robes and draperies angelical upon the scented winds which bear the fresh young smell of peaches, nectarines and apricots, sugar-melons and ripe grapes, but of a finer essence than the fruits of earth, sweetly sharp and fascinating. Pastel clouds are adrift within the sky in fancy dress of polychrome perfection, of

THE RHODODENDRONS

mother-of-pearl or opals in harlequin display. Most sumptuous and stately do the cloudlets walk upon the sky-floor, like gallants of the quaint Renaissance, who with courtly ceremonial escort their ladies, dressed in the pink, cerise or reseda splendour of a royal Court; and they step with a soft, sedate and delicate air beside their courteous companions.

And the butterfly's spirit beholds this beauty, as does the spirit of the little boy, and the twain are one and full of ecstasy, becoming part of this ambrosial happiness.

And the scents and colours whirl and mix and seem to leap with joy; each leap is the cause of countless aromatic sparks, which like a magic fountain rise up in the air with marvellous velocity and ardour.

A luscious rain of sweetness falls from the clouds in drops as small as atoms, and a vital drift of spiritualized beauty fills all that unsubstantial atmosphere with visionary intoxication—and the butterfly's wings tremble ever on, as if his spirit strained upon the leash which holds him down within the earthly realm of being; and all his mystic unknown centres and organs of perception are ablaze with tenuous, ethereal excellencies, fabulous but potential; and the spirit is rapt with exaltation. And all that realm was full of beauty's eloquence, a glorious burst of utter genius, and angelic oration; for true eloquence is the language of the gods. Listen, thou who readest this, to the voices of the gods, and thou shalt be heard by them—and behold the Splendour.

* * *

How graceful are thy bounties, O Lords of Beauty; how virtuous are thy creations. He who is One with Heaven hath Heaven in his Soul. That which the butterflies and the boy beheld was a coronation of all that is beautiful and chaste, a culmination of a rainbow glory. Blessèd is the spiritual Pilgrim that beholds such

OCCULT OBSERVER

marvels, which are hidden from the unblest blind.

It was as if a Bard of God had climbed the highest mountain of his Heaven, and gazed upon the wonders of an unknown Paradise. He saw, and beheld a torrent of celestial enchantment's rare nobility; but a torrent which ended in a Lake of Holy Peace.

Thus did the small boy dream and see within the centre of the Rhododendron bush: a vision which can never be forgotten.

THE GHOST-DANCE RELIGION

By FRANK A. KING

Sixty years ago, about 1890, for three years or so a remarkable religious creed swept through the tribes of the American Indians, and was connected with a Sioux outbreak. The movement became known as the "Ghost-dance Religion" and rapidly extended from tribe to tribe of the Indians of the western states until its influence was felt over an area covering nearly one-third of the United States.

The religion was the outcome of a belief that the long-awaited Messiah of the Indians had appeared. The hope and longing for the return of a deliverer is common to many races, and among the American Indians the belief in the coming of a Messiah, who will restore them to their original happy condition, is almost universal. This deliverer is usually described as a white man with a flowing beard.

It was this tradition and faith in the return of a white deliverer from the east which caused the simple natives of Haiti, Mexico, Yucatan and Peru to welcome the Spanish explorers. Only after the white strangers had spoilt very many of their most sacred objects did these natives

THE GHOST-DANCE RELIGION

rise up in 1680, and attempt to throw off the burden of their oppressors.

Despite their disappointments the natives continued to cherish the hope of a coming Redeemer. Whenever a prophet came forward who preached a union of all the red tribes and a return of the old Indian life he was always welcomed and soon gained numerous followers.

In 1890, Wovoka announced his mission and founded the Ghost-dance religion. Wovoka did not claim to be the expected Messiah; but he declared himself to be a prophet who had received a divine revelation and had been given supernatural powers.

The underlying principle of the ghost-dance religion was that the time was near when the whole Indian race, living and dead, would be reunited upon a regenerated earth, to live a life of aboriginal happiness, for ever free from death, disease and sorrow. The moral code promulgated by Wovoka was pure but comprehensive in its simplicity. 'Do no harm to anyone. Always do right. You must not fight. Do not tell lies.' These sentences were a few of the precepts which Wovoka gave to his disciples.

In addition to observing these ethical principles, his followers were ordered to dance every night for six weeks on four successive nights, and on the last night to maintain the dance until the morning of the fifth day, when all had to be baptised in the river and then disperse to their homes.

The ghost-dance thus established differed slightly in different tribes, but in all of them it was the purpose of the performers to work themselves into the condition of a trance. After painting and dressing themselves in a traditional fashion, the chief apostles of the tribe walked to the dance centre, and, facing inwards, joined hands so as to form a small circle. Then, without moving from

their places, they sang an opening hymn or song in a soft undertone. Having sung it through once, they raised their voices to full strength and repeated it, this time slowly circling round.

As the song rose and the volume increased, so the initiates and devotees came singly and in small groups and joined the circle, until any number, from fifty to five hundred men, women and children were taking part in the dance.

The most important characteristic of the ghost-dance, and the secret of its trances, is believed to be hypnotism. It cannot be said that the Indian priests or medicine-men understood this psychological phenomenon, for they ascribed it to a supernatural cause; but they knew how to produce the effect, and many of them were skilled hypnotists.

Some of the performers in the dance worked themselves into the hypnotic state without coming under the influence of the medicine-men; but others were hypnotised by a leader who stood within the ring, holding in his hand an eagle-feather, or a scarf, or handkerchief. Selecting a subject, the medicine-man stood immediately in front of him or her, and by rapid movements of the object he held gradually produced a hypnotic condition.

The subject would break away from the circle of performers, stagger towards the centre of the ring and would there become rigid, with eyes fixed or staring, and at last fall to the ground, unconscious and motionless. When this happened the medicine-man gave his attention to another subject amongst the dancers. Any man or woman who had been in a trance had, it was believed, derived inspiration from the other world, and he was then at liberty to go within the circle and later to bring others to the same state.

The doctrine and ceremony of the ghost-dance found

THE GHOST-DANCE RELIGION

more adherents than any similar Indian religious movement known to modern times; but among most of the tribes it is now extinct. Among several tribes in Oklahoma the ghost-dance became a part of the tribal life, and was performed at intervals for a few years; eventually, however, it settled down into being something approaching the hope of a reunion with departed friends and, in time, was discontinued.

The popularity of Wovoka lasted for about three years and then waned. Gradually the religious fervour ceased, in much the same way that religious revivals fade and die in other parts of the world.

*

THEMES FROM DANTE

III: *Beatrice in Paradise.*

In the third heaven
there the cone-shadow of earth ends. Here the divine Intelligences
are summoned, and by their thought this heaven is moved.
Here Venus rules, and golden rhetoric
has many tongues that please the inner ear.
Three Contemplations here are known: all three
the Sacred Spirit in differing grounds consider:
love in Himself, and love with the Father united,
one and yet recognised distinct, and love
separate yet and one with the Son of the Father.
Here Beatrice is the rhetoric of love,
her body a lucid thought adorned, persuading
to noble courtesy and the science of God,
showing the pattern of man in the vision of her perfect.

—All this indeed in any woman may be,
through any woman known; all imperfection
may be a glass stained with its colours, yet through it
may shine the veritable light and this
to those dull colours gave their burning charm:
and a love, any love, has its power over man
by the force of heaven within it.

OCCULT OBSERVER

In two chief places
the spirit does the body much adorn :
as on a balcony the quickshown feeling
appears within the eyes ; but by the mouth
the soul may demonstrate her very self
by laughter and the word. O marvellous
when the smile of Beatrice appears through her eyes alone . . .

ROSS NICHOLS



C O D A

A Summary

This number opens with an *Editorial* pointing out that asceticism often makes 'virtue of a lack', that it may be a mere philistinism that disdains the beauty that the sensitive collects. In *Themes from Dante* ROSS NICHOLS attempts a blank verse rendering, which is not a translation, of two of Dante's vision-pictures of his half-visionary lady Bice whom he called Beatrice, and a third further on in the issue of her paradisal form. From the Book of Mirdad MIKHAIL NAIMY'S excerpt *On Prayer* is an address by the master, hortatory and devotional, in the finest tradition of eastern exoteric teaching.

ROSS NICHOLS' *Archetypes in Hindu Myth* is an original essay interpreting some of the most widespread figures of the Indian pantheon as the concrete embodiment of some of the most powerful archetypes as found in Western psychoanalysis. This article deals with the creation myth including Vishnu and Brahma, and with the great Shiva, symbol of sex. The second article,

CODA

completing a brief survey, will chiefly deal with mother figures and with the saviour figure Krishna.

The Parapsychology of Hand is a logical following up of MIR BASHIR'S earlier *Psychology of Hand*; he completes a treatment of cheiromancy by dealing with conic hands and those of the born psychics and their symbols.

Two articles follow both of which deal with alchemy; CHARLES RICHARD CAMELL in *The Philosopher's Stone* deals with its history, truth and spiritual meaning in the transformation of the self, and JOHN HARGRAVE in *Paracelsus and Occult Medicine* vigorously maintains that Paracelsus' intuitional and philosophic approach to medicine was the right one as against today's arid Harley Street materialism. Hargrave's book on Paracelsus is in the press and will be published in spring.

Occult fiction takes fantasy form in MICHAEL JUSTE'S *Three Centaurs* which are, significantly, donkey ones and exhibit traits not confined to centaur-land. H. T. HOWARD'S interesting letter on the *Zodiacal Signs* contributes to their group interpretation and precedes JULIAN SHAW'S *Saturn, Jupiter and the Sun* which, as usual in this series, speaks a bookful in interpretation for those practising astrology.

The Rhododendrons includes a most striking and expert evocation of the beauties of the world of the butterfly consciousness by that advanced occultist DR. J. MICHAUD. Informative is an account of the transitory *Ghost Dance Religion* of the American Indians of the eighteen-nineties by FRANK A. KING. Most regrettably and unwillingly, we have been obliged to hold over IAIN FLETCHER'S important historical survey *Illumination* by *Gnosis* owing to space shortage.

Two short *Reviews* of books are interspersed with the other material in this issue, although reviewing is in

OCCULT OBSERVER

general no part of this journal's work. One of them is of interest mainly as showing that even purely commercial publishing houses now find an investigation into spiritualism, *Into the Unknown*, a likely big-seller. The other deals with that important manual of German devotion the *Theologica Germanica*; it is remarkable and encouraging to find that it is worth while for good publishers to bring out a new cheap translation of this both in U.S.A. and here.

*

With this our sixth number, a volume of the *Occult Observer* is completed. We find that our enterprise in printing reputable and authoritative occult material has been greatly appreciated by those for whom it was intended. But for that very reason we want it even better known, so that the good work can assuredly continue. In volume form, there is no doubt that astonishing value is given for its guinea price; articles can be read in series, and the plan of the whole, which was deliberate, makes each part more significant seen within the complete form.

Contributions to the journal must be authoritative, well-written and of reasonable length. Subject to these conditions and the limits of space, we shall gladly consider all material germane to our policy which is sent in.

R.N.



The
OCCULT OBSERVER

Articles in the Seventh Number will include:

Modern Poetry and Magic	Charles R. CAMMELL
The Mother and Saviour in Hindu Myth	Ross NICHOLS
Occult Principles and St. John of the Cross	Bernard BROMAGE
Spirits of the Corn	Fergus DAVIDSON
Illumination by Gnosis	Iain FLETCHER
Necromancy	G. J. YORKE
The Forsaken Temple	Michael JUSTE

THE FIRST FIVE NUMBERS

Some of the Contents:

Corn and the Development of Intellect	Fergus DAVIDSON
The Book of Shadows <i>and</i> Psychology of Hand	Mir BASHIR
The Literary Life of the Devil <i>and</i> The Mythology of Falstaff	John HEATH-STUBBS
The Tarot	Bernard BROMAGE
Poem <i>and</i> Translations from Michaux	James KIRKUP
Arjune's Hymns to the Sun <i>and</i> The Bronze Mirror	Dr. J. MICHAUD
The Adept and the Imp <i>and</i> Two Parables	Michael JUSTE
The Great Zodiac of Glastonbury <i>and</i> Scheme of the Soul	Ross NICHOLS
The Golden Flower <i>and</i> Black Magic <i>and</i> Modern Art	John HARGRAVE
Aries, Cardinal Fire <i>and</i> The Zodiac and You	Julian SHAW

*Articles on Ouspensky, Gurdjieff, Aleister Crowley and
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