

UNDERSEA WORLD DESTROYS U.S. ATOMIC SUBMARINE

BEYOND

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DOCUMENTED TRUTHS ABOUT THE STRANGE PHENOMENA OF OUR TIMES

IS THE FILM
"ROSEMARY'S
BABY"
BASED ON
GRIM FACT?

SPECIAL
BONUS
WITCHCRAFT
SECTION

KIDNEY
TRANSPLANT
ON TWINS
CREATES
PSYCHIC BOND

VIETNAM'S
PHANTOM
MESSENGERS
OF DEATH

MAN DEAD
14 HOURS
RETURNS
TO LIFE

UFOS DROP
BIRD-LIKE
CREATURES
ON ITALIAN
COUNTRYSIDE

MEDICAL
MIRACLE
TRANSFORMS
WOLF BOY
INTO HUMAN





I LIVE WITH A WITCH

SAYS RAYMOND BUCKLAND, Ph.D.
DIRECTOR OF
LONG ISLAND
MUSEUM OF
WITCHCRAFT.



Husband and wife celebrate solemn rite at Long Island's Museum of Witchcraft and Magic.

“AND WHEN YOU GO to the store you had better get some more candles—yellow ones—and check to see if we’re all right for incense and charcoal. I should hate to run out of incense at two o’clock in the morning!”

I noted CANDLES on the shopping list and went downstairs to check on the incense. I knew we were all right for charcoal briquets, on which to burn the incense, because I had got a box of one hundred only the week before. The

quick-light ones, of course. As it happened we also had plenty of incense. I get our supplies from a leading Church supply store.

It was my wife who spoke to me about getting the candles. She is a witch; the leader, or High Priestess, of a group of modern witches—known collectively as a *Coven*. Let me hasten to say that my wife is not a haggard, ugly old crone. Far from it. She is young and, not only to my mind, very attractive. She wears her dark

hair very long, hanging down her back as so do many girls today, so it can't be just that that makes her a witch.

What, then, does constitute a witch?

A witch is someone who practices witchcraft, which very simply is just another religion; a pre-Christian one. My wife, whose "witch name" is Rowen, leads the coven in its worship of the gods that we believe in.

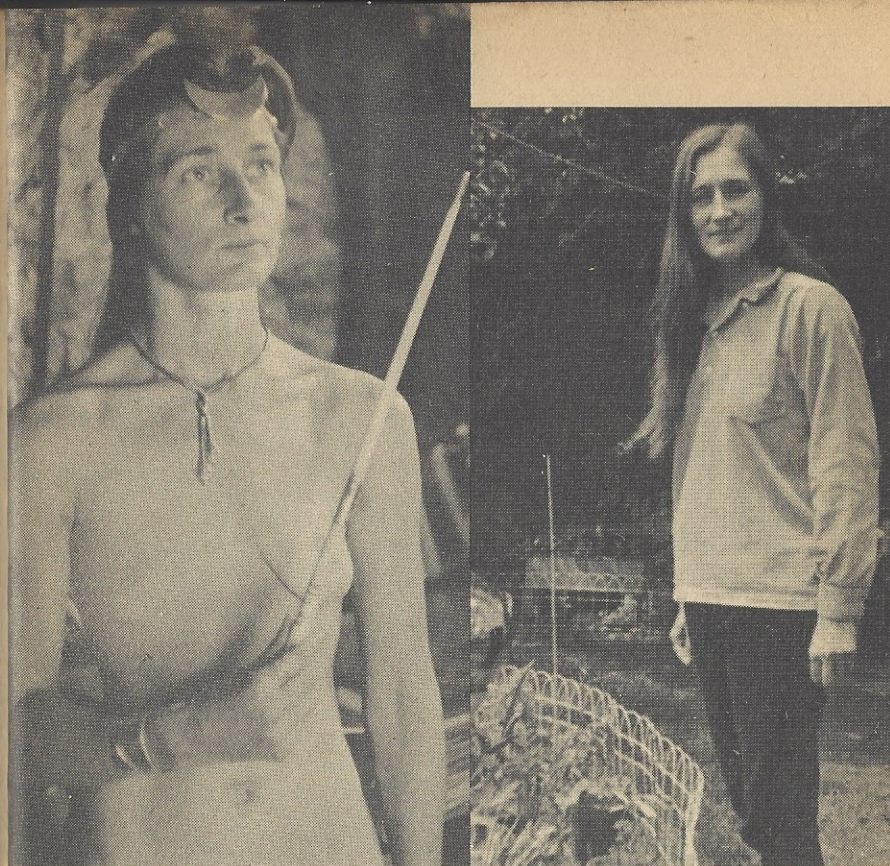
I say "gods" rather than the singular "god" because we are what is termed *polytheistic*. We believe there are many gods. This is not so difficult for an outsider to follow if he thinks in terms of the one Christian God and the large number of Saints. In the same way we have one principal God and the rest are minor and, in fact, nameless. Along with our principal God, however, we also have a Goddess. Being originally a religion very close to nature we feel there must always be male *and* female in all things—even our deities. Again, a Christian can think of the Goddess in terms of the mother-figure, Mary.

"YOU MIGHT CLEAN THE BLADE of the sword," said Rowen, when I returned with the candles. The sword is an important one of the *working tools*—the instruments on the altar. Rowen will use it, as High Priestesses have for centuries, to "cast" the Circle, a ritual marking of where the meeting is to take place. In the old days the sword would be literally stuck into the ground, if the meeting was out in the open, or into the dirt floor of

the cottage, and a rough circle traced to show the dimensions of the covenstead. Today we don't have a dirt floor—unless the children come in with muddy sneakers!—and so it is a ritual marking only.

I am High Priest of the coven. A fine title but in actual fact it means I am little more than a glorified altar boy. I top-up the incense, light the candles, hand things to the High Priestess, and as we have just seen keep the working tools clean and shiny. I do have my moments though. In the winter months—the "dark half" of the year—I lead some of the ceremonies. As representative of our Horned God, I wear a fine Viking-type horned helmet. In the old days, long before Christianity, Man could grow food in the summer but would have to return to hunting in the winter. For this reason the Goddess (and her representative the High Priestess) is predominant in the summer, for she is fertility goddess of birth and re-birth, and the God is predominant in the winter. He is a horned god, by the way, simply because the majority of animals hunted were horned.

What sort of ceremonies do we have? First of all there is no kissing of goats' buttocks; spitting on crosses, or any of the other nonsense associated with witchcraft in the popular mind. Ours is a religion like any other in that we are a group of people meeting together to worship in our particular way. We have prayers and chants; we go through different ceremonies at different times of the year; we do good, so far as we are able, and



After a spell of intense concentration, presiding as Queen Rowen over coven session of witchcraft believers, Mrs. Buckland relaxes in her flower and herb garden.

we abhor and fight evil.

One of our beliefs is in reincarnation. When we die we go—all of us—to the Summerland. Just one place; no separate Heaven and Hell. The Summerland is ruled over by our Horned God. In these days, when supermarkets have ruled out the need for hunting for food, the god has become "The Lord of Death and That Which Comes After." In his kingdom we rest and relax;

growing young again, to be eventually reborn through the agency of the Goddess, the Great Mother. Each incarnation can only be better than the last. This is a progression. Exactly how many incarnations there are we do not know.

Another of our beliefs is in retribution *in this life*. We believe that whatever we do will return three-fold in this life. Do good to someone and you will receive three times

as much good in return. But do evil and that too will return triple. There is no inducement for a witch to do evil.

THERE IS A BASIS OF FACT for many of the popular misconceptions concerning witchcraft. Flying through the air on broomsticks, for instance. I've never managed to get off the ground myself; neither has Rowen. And we are neither of us heavyweights by any means. The plain fact of the matter is that witches never did fly their broomsticks through the air. Ride them, though—that's a different matter. In the old days there was a fertility rite, whereby villagers would go to the fields taking broomsticks, pitchforks, and long poles. These they would ride, like hobby-horses, dancing around and around the fields. They believed that the higher they jumped, as they danced, the higher the crops would grow. This is termed "sympathetic magic."

The Hallowe'en Jack o' Lantern is another example of an overdevelopment of an old Craft idea. Hallowe'en is the most important of the eight Main Festivals in the witch year. It is the time when witches believe their dead friends and loved ones return to celebrate with them. When travelling to the Sabbath a witch would therefore carry a light to symbolize the departed spirit travelling with her. So that the wind would not blow out the light it would be carried in a hollowed-out turnip or pumpkin. Later a face might be cut into the shell to add to the realism.

People ask, "How do you *know* you're a witch?" We know because

we've been *made* witches. You can't just be born a witch, or decide suddenly that you are a witch. Since witchcraft is a religion—very much akin to the old Greek and Roman Mysteries—one must be officially taken into it with the appropriate ceremony. An initiation. This is performed by the High Priest and High Priestess of the coven to which you are going to belong. The word *witch*, incidentally, is used for both male and female. *Warlock* is a word which, although technically correct for a male witch, is never actually used within the Craft.

The word *witch* itself comes from the Anglo-Saxon *wica*, or *wicca*, meaning "the wise ones." It was originally just the priesthood of the Old Religion who were called the Wica, and they really did have to be wise. For they were not only priests, they also had to act as doctor, lawyer, farmer and chief.

MUCH OF THE OLD HERBAL knowledge of the Wica has, unfortunately, been lost. A few High Priestesses have made it their business to unearth and learn as much as they can. Rowen is very well versed in this field. But there is no doubt that much of this knowledge no longer has any real practical value. We believe in going to a doctor when ill, the same as anyone else. We have no taboos so far as that is concerned. Yet once in a while one of the old country cures will work where modern medicine will not. For instance, warts. There must be more country charms for removing warts than there are magazines in a doctor's waiting-room. I have myself suc-

cessfully "charmed" dozen of warts from the hands, arms and legs of neighborhood children. There was one little girl, whose warts I had removed, who appeared at our door one day with her very sheepish-looking father in tow. He blushing showed me two large warts on his right hand and mumblingly asked that I get rid of them as I had for his daughter!

I gave him the orthodox treatment and they vanished—much to his surprise and delight.

What are the attractions of this Old Religion in this modern age? There are many. For some its simplicity appeals strongly. The lack of pomp and ceremony. The naturalness and obvious logic. For others the size of the groups. The Craft is very much a religion of participation. A coven consists of a dozen people at the most. Rather than being a virtual spectator, sitting in a pew at the back of a large cold building, you are right there in the middle, participating. The coven meets within a circle which is only nine feet in diameter, with the altar in the middle. Meeting together with the same people time after time makes it seem more like a large single family than anything else. A wonderful bond of love and trust develops.

For some the attraction is the peace and tranquility which is found in the Circle. A certain amount of incense is burned at the meetings and this, together with the soft candle-light, and perhaps a glass of wine, has a soothing, relaxing effect which cannot be found elsewhere. We say we are "between



ANOTHER TYPICAL MODERN WITCH is Judith Malis of Newport Beach, California. Wife and mother, Judith works as process engineer and drives a sports car. She is expert on concocting love potions. One of hers, made from clover leaves, honey, rose petals, rosemary and spider legs is sure fire, she says. Once you give that to the object of your affections you are tied for life. There's no getting out of it, so Judith insists.

the worlds" in the Circle, and so it seems. Not quite to the other world; yet away from the worries and cares of this. No drugs are used to attain this state. There is no call for marijuana, LSD, or any of the other psychedelic, esoteric or schizophrenic nonsense. We make our "trips" without them. Consequently we suffer no hang-overs, no hang-ups. We feel only happiness and contentment.

I finished polishing the sword and checked the other items on the altar. The candles had dripped down and been replaced time and again. The mass of multi-colored drippings gives a jewel-like effect. Whites and yellows; browns and greens. Never any black candles! Rowen often threatens to clean off the wax so that she can see her "beautiful pewter candlesticks" again, but there is an immediate outcry and so they remain covered—at least for that week. Everything ready, we can relax for a while and await the arrival of the members of the coven. They come by car, bus and train. None by broomstick. A happy group of businessmen, housewives, clerks, teachers, typists. Their one thing in common—a love of witchcraft and a mutual appreciation of its benefits.

Once again the hour approaches when my wife will lead our worship as, "The Lady Rowen, High Priestess and Witch Queen."

Gathered representedly together in the Circle they watch as I invoke the Goddess and ask Her to descend into Rowen's body. They hear Rowen speak the time-honored

words—the ancient ritual of Drawing Down the Moon, performed at every full moon:

"Listen to the words of the Great Mother who was, of old, also called among men . . . by many other names. Whenever ye have need of anything, once in the month—and better it be when the moon is full—then ye shall assemble in some secret place and adore the Spirit of Me, Who am Queen of all the Witcheries. . ."

They may see, as I have seen, a gradual physical change come over their High Priestess as the Goddess Herself descends into her. They will raise their *athames* (the small black-handled knife, the personal tool of every witch), in silent salute. Later they join in silent prayers for the future of mankind and dance around in the Circle singing a traditional song.

WHY ALL THIS? As with any other religion, these are meetings of people with common beliefs who assemble to worship. In these troubled days man is struggling to find the answer to life itself and to benefit his fellows by good deeds and good thoughts. Somewhere in the great BEYOND there is an answer. In the hearts of man are undiscovered treasure stores of boundless good. We seek to discover these and use it to banish forever from this earth the evil which can roughly be described as "Man's Inhumanity to man."

Can there be anything wrong with that? As one of our members said, "It gives a tremendous sense of well being." ❄