

Exorcists expel devils, everyone knows; but who can expel witches? Rosaleen says, "Headmistresses!"

I AM constantly surprised anew at the fantastic, disproportionate fuss about the "sex" aspect of my work.

This disproportion suggests that it is something deep in the racial unconscious, which is aroused by my drawings.

A life, in my view, makes an abstract pattern "in the round"—rather like a musical symphony wherein are themes and variations, counterpoint, and harmony, and sometimes deliberate dissonance.

One such recurrent motif in my own life is expressed in the term "corrupting influence" applied to myself and my drawings. This first appeared at 14, when I was quietly expelled from school for — yes, you've guessed it — drawing what the headmistress regarded as "fleshy pictures."

I remember them clearly. One was an impression of "Danse Macabre," by Saint-Saens, depicting a gathering of vampires, ghouls, werewolves, and every sort of grotesque horror I could put pencil to—Noctules, as I called them—in a great cavern under the earth. I kept it as a memento until quite recently.

The other was also a festival, but of a more cheerful type—satyrs, sylphs, and other inhabitants of Faery, holding high revel in a moonlit forest.

These disappeared from my desk, together with a copy of "All Quiet on the Western Front," a war novel considered "stark" in those days, which I had been reading surreptitiously.

These tastes, according to the headmistress in an ensuing note to my mother, indicated "A depraved nature which would corrupt the in-

Witch was no class at school

nocence (!) of the other girls were I to remain at school."

In retrospect, it seems to me that the "innocence" (or "ignorance," which to her were apparently synonymous), was mainly on the part of the Head in her estimation of the contents of the average adolescent female mind.

The same motif appeared again four or five years later, when a Bohemian night club, "The 49 Steps," was raided by the police, and various paintings, including some of mine, were seized by the police as "indecent." (The joke of it was that the only really dubious picture, from the legal angle, was left hanging on the wall—it was a skit by another of the club members.)

One of the paintings seized (mine) showed a girl dancing in the moonlight with a black panther—and this again established a minor motif: WHENEVER THAT PANTHER APPEARS IN ANY PAINTING, IT IS AUTOMATICALLY FOLLOWED BY OFFICIAL ACTION OF SOME SORT.

On this first occasion there was no prose-

LEFT: Rosaleen Norton, in fancy dress. (This outfit is not to be taken seriously, she says. Witches wear normal hats.)



BELOW: Voodoo in Brixton, England. The man is a chicken worshipper, engrossed in his strange devotions.



cution: "Smith's Weekly" (now, like the "49 Steps," no longer extant) took up our cudgels with such enthusiasm that the paintings were eventually returned—an event which I celebrated by nearly getting myself arrested.

I had made myself a topical costume for a special fancy dress night at the club, a dress (what there was of it) festooned with caricatures of the said paintings, the words "Feeble Pictures" on a belt encircling my waist, and a home-made fez to suggest Port Said (proverbially the home of pornography and low "dives").

On the way to the club this rather striking outfit attracted the attention of a constable, and I had to do quite a lot of talking before convincing him that it would look far more appropriate at a night club than in a cell at Central Police Court.

Is Pan the Devil?

EVER SINCE then, a refrain of two phrases has been continuing with monotonous regularity, from both official and other directions, as a kind of Greek chorus, "OBSCENE PICTURES" and "CORRUPTING INFLUENCE."

However, as so deep-rooted a misconception of my paintings cannot be dealt with in limited space, it had better wait for a subsequent instalment.

In the previous chapter I wrote of my first ritual to Pan, thereby raising a point that can be clarified here. "What is Pan?" people often asked me. "IS HE THE SAME AS THE DEVIL?"

Obviously, I can give only the barest and briefest of outlines in reply, as the subject in detail would fill volumes, but it will convey the general idea—and, incidentally, is NOT an attempt at "missionising."

The following summarises some of my beliefs, and, frankly, I don't care whether anyone else agrees with them or not; (misrepresentations were the only things I ever objected to: how can anyone agree or disagree with an idea unless it, and not some garbled version of it, is known?)

Some occult theories hold the stars and planets to be the bodies of great beings, and so do I. I think the God Pan is the spirit whose body—or such of it as can be seen in these four dimensions (the fourth being time)—is the planet earth; and who, therefore, in a very real sense, is the ruler and god of this world.

Perhaps that is why he was given the name "Pan," which in Greek means "All," for he is the totality of lives, elements, and forms of being—organic, inorganic, and otherwise, comprising the planet as a whole: much as an animal body is a totality of myriads of cells, bacteria, &c., in which ordered whole these live and function, having their own forms of "intelligence" and perception, according to type.

Such a body would be the "world" to any of its micro-organisms, and the integrated consciousness of the body's owner would exist in another "world," and on a different plane from theirs.

If a man could communicate with any of his body cells on its own plane, it would perceive its "god" in terms fitted to its understanding.

To see him as he is to himself, i.e., as a man, the cell consciousness would have to unite with and "become" that of the man, in a world outside anything conceivable in its entire experience. Of course, this is only a parallel, and shouldn't be regarded as exact: a god, for one thing, is a very different form of life, involving other laws and dimensions, and could (as far as I know) manifest simultaneously in any number of places and shapes, to those who form part of him, or others, without disturbing any plane of his multiple consciousness and activities elsewhere.

Forces against mankind!

CARRYING THE analogy further, an animal body remains healthy because a perpetual war between various types of micro-organisms goes on within it, keeping the balance of the whole.

The same applies in the "War of Nature," so-called; and if any one species, such as mankind, shows signs of upsetting the balance by eliminating too many of his natural enemies (or for any other reason), the intelli-



ABOVE: Design, tones and esoteric symbolism make this an arresting work. Rosaleen Norton called it "Apocalypse." The drawing gives a revealing picture of the conscious and subconscious contents of Miss Norton's mind.

gent Forces governing planetary balance must use other methods to restore it—such as cataclysms, wars, and new diseases on the physical level; and more subtle forces on the mental and other levels, according to where unbalance seemed likely.

Cancer is merely a proliferation of healthy cells beyond their rightful bounds; and if the viewpoint of such cells were alone to be considered, without relation to the body as a whole, any counter-acting measures by other of the body's forces would appear as inimical.

Similarly, with those who identify themselves exclusively with the human race, and consider it the only important life-form, spiritually or physically.

They could with some justification regard this aspect of Pan as the "Enemy," and as such the devil; especially if personifying him only as the power behind those which can cause large-scale disasters and hinder the dubious blessing of "human progress" in certain ways.

If, in addition, the sheerly human MOTIVES of cruelty, envy, malice, or destructive tyranny are projected on to him, the result is a very fair representation of the conventional devil.

This is partly what I meant by saying that

man creates the devil in his own image; generally as a very convenient scapegoat for his own shortcomings.

According to other occult traditions, including the Theosophical, the affairs of this planet are guided by a Being from the planet Venus, who is known on Earth as "The King or Prince of this World."

This in no way invalidates Pan as the earth god, as activities and affairs within this system—on the planet, as we would say—are regulated by an invisible hierarchy of lesser beings, spirits, adepts, &c., under a regent, who could very well be originally from Venus, particularly as a representative of each of the other gods is said to exist in some form upon every planet.

We know Venus as the evening star, but in her capacity of morning star she was also known to the ancients as Lucifer, the "Light Bringer," who heralded the dawn. The representative of the Venusian god on earth would be known by one of our names for him (or her; the gods being sexless yet many-sexed), hence "Lucifer, Prince of this World."

This brief sketch, as I said, conveys only a hint of what in itself is merely a part of a far more complex system, but I shall leave it at that for the present.

* Miss Norton's story will end in our next issue—subject to the usual qualification in all our contracts with witches, viz., that the copy arrives, in time. It does it will save us the Devil of a lot of worry, and we'll have more time to devote to spirits (Scotch, Irish and the Demon Rum.)