

REX NEMORENSIS



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The following story and Book of Shadows is written by people who were involved in a Witchcraft school that charged and were trying to discount G.B.G. who did not. (Similar to School of Wicca.)

### Gerald Brosseau Gardner

As the production of this book nears completion we read of the death, at sea, of the old showman Gerald Brosseau Gardner. As he was fully aware that this exposure was being written we see no reason for withholding it. Whatever the world thinks of Gerald Brosseau Gardner he will pass down in history as the man who hoaxed the national press for ten years into the belief that "Witchcraft" existed in England.

Charles and Mary Cardel 1964

### Nemesis

(Nemesis -- Goddess of retributive justice)

### Rex Nemorensis Draws His Sword.

It was a wild night, the rain was lashing down with the wind blowing it fiercely along the almost deserted streets. The sort of night that conjures up visions of "MACBETH", but in my sound-proof consulting rooms in London nothing of the storm was heard, and I sat in peace.

For over forty years I have been confidential psychologist, specialising in trying to unravel the tangle and jumble created in the minds and emotions of unfortunate people who have dabbled in the occult in some form or other.

My day had been busy, and I sat back quietly ruminating on the man who believed a black magician was causing him to do extraordinary things against his will -- the poor lady who believed her next-door neighbour was using a mechanical device to hypnotise her through the walls -- the brilliantly intellectual man who was continually followed and tormented by a purple coloured denizen from outer space, who sat behind his chair as he talked with me.

In the midst of my meditation the door-bell rang. My receptionist had gone home, my partner was out, so I was alone. Reluctantly I went to the front door. There, standing under the porch, drenched from the torrential rain, stood a small figure clothed in a hooded raincoat. Addressing me by name, she said "I must see you. I need your help." I explained, as nicely as I could, that an appointment was necessary, and that the hour was late. She told me that she had been walking up and down the trying to get up her courage to ring the bell. Her pleas became so pathetic and insistent that I eventually relented and invited her in.

The removal of her wet raincoat revealed a girl of about twenty, painfully thin and emaciated, with feverish dark eyes set in an unnaturally bluey, pale face. Without a word she followed me, and kicking off her shoes curled up in a large armchair before the fire with a glass of sherry and a cigarette. She just seemed to have one idea -- to get warm.

As is my custom, I asked her no questions, just allowing her to relax.

We must have sat like this for quite a quarter of an hour in the softly lit room, and one felt the tension subsiding within her.

Suddenly she turned to me and held out her arm, on the wrist of which was a wide silver bracelet curiously engraved with characters in Theban. "Look," she said, "I am a Witch."

Since I had heard vague stories of Witchcraft appearing, I was naturally very interested. She told me she had met a man named Dr. Gerald Gardner, who she would introduce her to a Witch. After some time he did indeed, introduce her to a woman who claimed to be a Witch. This woman told her that Witches were good people who could raise power which they used to heal and help other people. The girl became fascinated with the idea, and ultimately was initiated.

When the true facts of what Witchcraft really was, with its beastliness, superstition, and sheer downright roguery, it became clear to her it was a terrible shock, as it would be to any girl of a sensitive nature, yet the oaths she had sworn, and the threats of spells and curses to be put upon her should she divulge the secrets to outsiders, prevented her from leaving. Her suffering was intense, and at last led to a complete breakdown for which she dared not tell the reason.

Hearing of my work through a friend, she came to see me, and on that stormy night in 1957, Rex Nemorensis awoke from his sleep and, drawing the Sword of the Water City, set forth to do battle with one more slimy serpent of the bogus occult world, leading a small band of people who dedicate their time and money to protecting the innocent from these money grubbing ghouls, who pretend to occult powers.

It required two years of psychological effort on our part for this young girl to again arrive at a degree of emotional normality and physical health.

INSERT:

BIRTH CERTIFICATE OF DOREEN VALIENTE

Any intelligent person delving into the history of Witchcraft will easily discover that the mediaeval variety was an invention of the Xtian church as a means of obtaining money from its wealthy enemies and a simple means of disciplining, by fear, the ignorant.

The late Dr. Margaret Murray, though a brilliant Egyptologist, in her studies stumbled on two trials and quite erroneously believed them to be only one! The simple minded superstitions of the mid-Europeans on the one hand, and the world-wide fertility cult on the other. Lumping these together she made out a case for what she considered to be Witchcraft. To give her credit, she really believed her theories.

About 1944 a man named Gerald Brosseau Gardner, a retired customs officer in the Malayan Civil Service, started making enquiries in the hope of discovering a Witch. This of course, he failed to do, confessing in 1951 that his efforts to date had been fruitless. He did however, meet a young woman named Mrs. Doreen Vlachopoulos, who was interested in folk-lore. She, herself, soon became enthusiastic with the idea of Witchcraft. Realising that there were not any Witches in Britain, they hit on the idea that people might be persuaded that there were. So together they wrote and compiled a book entitled "Witchcraft Today", in which Gerald Brosseau Gardner, having dubbed himself "Doctor", stated that he had discovered Witches in Britain, and that they were all very nice people and wanted him to act as a sort of go-between for them and the public!

Our own investigations, and those of the Folk-lore Society, have proved conclusively that there was no suggestion of modern Witchcraft in Britain prior to the advent of Gerald Brosseau Gardner and Doreen Vlachopoulos. Until then, Witches were merely characters in children's fairy tales.

Naturally, the National Press became interested in Witchcraft as a sales gimmick. G.B. Gardner's method of hoaxing the National Press was rather cunning. Finding the use of London flats unsatisfactory, he formed a company called Ancient Crafts Limited, and purchased a small nudist club near St. Albans. There he installed a handful of rather pathetic people to act, on occasion, as his coven. Curious Pressmen, desirous of meeting Witches were taken in a very hush-hush manner by "Dr." Gardner to this nudist club, where the "Witches" would perform alleged Witchcraft rituals, naked, for the edification of these simple-minded journalists.

Since no-one could check his statement that there were 600 Witches in England the hoax was a very successful one, and lead to great financial advantage for the showman, G.B. Gardner. Thousands of people flocked to his Museum of Magic and Witchcraft in the Isle of Man, in which a great many of the exhibits were manufactured by Gardner himself, as he was a very clever craftsman.

When I first visited Gerald Brosseau Gardner he was in London and extremely ill, a few days later his life being saved, only by a brilliant surgical operation for a complete obstruction of the alimentary canal. During the interview he told me that his Witches had performed a ritual to cure him, but as he said, and I quote this, "It didn't do me no good." Later of course, he ignored the operation, and announced that Witchcraft had cured him.

I do not think I have ever met a man so lacking in spirit. When discussing any subject his lack of concentration made him very incoherent and extremely difficult to follow. I have since met a number of his Witches and High Priestesses, and they all make the same complaint - that G.B. Gardner never gives them anything to teach their followers. The reason is simple. This man is not interested in Witchcraft because he does not believe in it himself. It is all a cover-up for his own biological perversion: flagellation. Also it is a very satisfactory money spinner.

Having learned Gerald Gardner's character and weaknesses - the chief one of which was vanity - the next step was to choose someone who would so fascinate the King Witch, as he was now known, that she would be initiated as a High Priestess. As he was a snob, she must be a lady, of education, natural charm, beautiful in face and figure, possess intelligence above the average, acting ability, and a burning desire to assist in the removal from our midst of that strange and foul conglomeration of filth and superstition known as - Witchcraft.

Such a lady was FLORANNIS, whose story you will read from her own pen.

INSERT:

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF DOREEN VALIENTE

With courage, and determination, she suffered months of unpleasantness so that this story could eventually be told, with the object of preventing this wicked indoctrination of young people with the idea that Witchcraft is a factual thing.

It is extremely interesting to note that the complete Witchcraft ritual, with its initiations and ceremonies, has been pieced together by G.B. Gardner and Doreen Vlachopoulos from many bits and pieces taken, without credit, from so many different sources, that it is impossible to enumerate them all. But any intelligent readers of classical occult books will easily recognise a great many: Masonry, Aleister Crowley, Kabbalistic Magic, odds and ends of Folk-lore, Barret's "Magus", Rites of Isis, and much actual and paraphrasing of "Aradia" - a collection of Italian Witch folk tales. There are even ideas lifted from the Catholic Mass. This strange hotch-potch of filth, beauty, and idiocy leads to one end - the depravity of flagellation.

In the repressive existence of modern civilization, biological perversions such as practised by these people do occur. That we must accept. But when these people try to contaminate others, particularly youth, they must be condemned, and their pretence that these perverted practices have any spirituality, or are in any way connected with the Old Traditions and Religion of this country, is just blasphemy.

I have met several of the people who hold rank in Gardner's unpleasant organisation, and apart from the two or three "business" minded ones they are, without exception, psychologically imbalanced.

Gardner's method with his Priestesses shows extreme selfishness and brutality. Doreen Vlachopoulos, who helped him build the original conception, a thing he could never have done on his own, was discarded without a word, in favour of a little Armenian Jewess, to whom he gave the Witch name Armada and, later, Dayonnis, who in turn was discarded when Florannis appeared on the scene. Dayonnis's typical reaction to Gardner, on the receipt of a letter from Rex Nemorensis, was: "Who's taking my place?" It is nice to know that my exposure to Gardner's true character to her caused her to leave his influence. She has now left the country and is happily married. Gardner's method with an obstreperous High Priestess was most unwitchlike. He just got his Solicitor to write to her!

Jealousy is very strong among the Witches, and they put curses on each other as a matter of course. The reader will want to hear if these people have the knowledge and power to make a spell or curse work. The answer is NO, definitely NO. Without physical contact they are powerless. They are quite capable of throwing a brick at you in the dark, but they cannot throw a curse. A curse, of course, can be a very real thing, but it can only be brought into effect by one who is completely integrated and completely morally honest. Yet one who possesses such a high degree of rectitude never wants to use curses.

When G.B. Gardner began to realise that I had obtained knowledge that he and his Witches were entirely bogus, he taught them to put "Witch" curses on me - to look through snakes, and ill-wish me in many ways. It is possible that I have had more curses directed towards me by members of the bogus occult world than any man in Britain. Yet I still seem to survive and be remarkably healthy!

I offered G.B. Gardner L.1,000 (One Thousand Pounds) if either he or one of his minions could perform one successful act of Witchcraft. That offer has been increased to L.5,000, and offered to any member of the National Press for the production of anyone who can perform a single successful act of so-called Witchcraft, or black magic. To date, - no takers!

The Inner Grove

He who fears and lacks magick, caused his servant to look through snakes at me. As her magic is very, very weak, the snakes were also weak, so they were give power and told to return to her who sent them. This they did, and fastened themselves to her throat where they feed on her life and strength until such time as she learns to love Truth.

The Goddess bids me tell her that her moon is waning and that a new moon will sit on her cardboard throne which the clean winds of the morning will blow away forever. Only when the flail takes the place of the scourge and her feet are washed in the blood of her heart can she know peace.

Wise and Blessed be they who worship the Goddess.

Rex Nemorensis

Castletown

28.8.59.

My Dear Olive,

Now the main thing I have to say is, "You say I Stink." Well, I do not think that this is so, and I do not think I am frightened either. But, if you think "I STINK," I do not think it is worth saying anything more.

Yours sincerely,

May you be blessed.

Gerald

I SENT A LETTER TO MY LOVE!

The reason the "Witches have not built up a big following is that though a few people may join, believing in all innocence the untrue stories told them, invariably, when they discover that it is a mixture of unpleasantness and nonsense, they are too ashamed to talk about it. So the truth has never before been made public.

The system by which the National Press uses sub-editors to "doctor" a story is largely responsible for this misconception of the true facts. A reporter tells his story of a girl who has suffered at the hands of the "Witches", and the story finishes by the newspaper stating that there are thousands of girls all over England in a similar plight. This sort of story assists the very man who hoaxed the National Press to indoctrinate the Public that Witchcraft is a factual thing in Britain today.

Witchcraft does not exist in Britain, it never has, and it never can.

There are not thousands, or even hundreds of Witches in Britain, bogus or otherwise. The whole of G.B. Gardner's outfit consists of about six masculine women who have been tricked and flattered that they are initiated Priestesses. These women have been instructed to continually hammer away at the great big lie that Witches always existed, and that "Dr." Gerald Gardner found them and was invited to join.

None of these bogus Priestesses has ever had a full compliment of the orthodox twelve members at one time, to establish what is known as a "Coven".



### HERE BE WITCHCRAFT!!!

Postulant:

"I HAVE TWO PERFECT WORDS: PERFECT LOVE AND PERFECT TRUST."

"ALL WHO HAVE ARE DOUBLY WELCOME." Entering postulant: "I GIVE YOU A THIRD TO PASS YOU THROUGH THIS DREAD DOOR." Gives it: (S.)

Leading Postulant, proclaim at Four Quarters:

"TAKE HEED, YE LORDS OF THE EAST, SOUTH, WEST AND NORTH, THAT . . . . IS PROPERLY PREPARED TO BE MADE A PRIEST(ESS) AND A WITCH."

Three times round the Circle with Dance, Step and Chant.

Place in East, say:

"IN OTHER RELIGIONS THE POSTULANT KNEELS WHILE THE PRIEST TOWERS ABOVE HIM, BUT IN THE ART MAGICAL ARE WE TAUGHT TO BE HUMBLE AND SO WE KNEEL TO WELCOME THEM, AND WE SAY:

"BLESSED BE THY FEET THAT BROUGHT THEE IN THESE WAYS" (S.)

"BLESSED BE THY KNEES THAT SHALL KNEEL AT THE SACRED ALTAR." (S.)

"BLESSED BE THY WOMB (OR ORGAN OF GENERATION) WITHOUT WHICH WE WOULD NOT BE." (S.)

"BLESSED BE THY LIPS WHICH SHALL UTTER THE SACRED NAMES." (S.)

"BEFORE THOU ART SWORN, ART WILLING TO PASS THE ORDEAL AND BE PURIFIED?"

Postulant: "I AM."

Take Measure.

Three strokes on Bell (§ ) 3, 7, 9, 21.

"THEN SAY AFTER ME, 'L. N. OR M. IN THE PRESENCE OF THE MIGHTY ONES I DO OF MY OWN WILL AND ACCORD MOST SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT I WILL EVER KEEP SECRET AND NEVER REVEAL THE SECRETS OF THE ART, EXCEPT IT BE TO A PROPER PERSON, PROPERLY PREPARED WITHIN A CIRCLE SUCH AS I AM NOW IN. ALL THIS I SWEAR BY MY HOPES OF A FUTURE LIFE, MINDFUL THAT MY MEASURE HAS BEEN TAKEN, AND MAY MY WEAPONS TURN AGAINST ME IF I BREAK THIS MY SOLEMN OATH."

Assist to rise.

"I CONSECRATE THEE WITH OIL,  
I CONSECRATE THEE WITH WINE,  
I CONSECRATE THEE WITH MY LIPS,  
PRIEST(ESS) AND WITCH."

Remove Cords. (S.)

NARRATOR:

"IT IS FATE, BETTER SO," SHE SAID, AND SHE KNELT."

The Priestess kneels before the Altar and the Magus uses the S . 3, 7, 9, 21.

NARRATOR:

"AND DEATH SCOURGED HER TENDERLY, AND SHE CRIED, 'I KNOW THE PANGS OF LOVE', AND DEATH RAISED HER AND SAID, 'BLESSED BE' AND HE GAVE HER THE FIVE-FOLD KISS, SAYING, 'THUS ONLY MAY YOU ATTAIN TO JOY AND KNOWLEDGE.'"

The Magus raises the Priestess, gives her the 5 S. and unties the Cords.

NARRATOR:

"AND HE TAUGHT HER ALL THE MYSTERIES AND GAVE HER THE NECKLACE, WHICH IS THE CIRCLE OF REBIRTH."

The Magus takes the Priestess's necklace from the Altar and replaces it about her neck. The Priestess takes up the Sword and the Horned Crown from the floor, where the Magus placed them, and gives them back to him. Then he stands as before, by the Altar, in the position of the God, and she stands by his side in the Pentacle position, as Goddess.

NARRATOR:

"AND HE TAUGHT HER ALL HIS MYSTERIES, AND GAVE HER THE NECKLACE WHICH IS THE CIRCLE OF REBIRTH. AND SHE TAUGHT HIM HER MYSTERY OF THE SACRED CUP, WHICH IS THE CAULDRON OF REBIRTH. THEY LOVED AND WERE ONE. FOR THERE BE THREE GREAT MYSTERIES IN THE LIFE OF MAN. MAGIC CONTROLS THEM ALL. FOR TO FULFILL LOVE, YOU MUST RETURN AGAIN AT THE SAME TIME AND AT THE SAME PLACE AS THE LOVED ONES AND YOU MUST MEET AND KNOW AND REMEMBER AND LOVE THEM AGAIN. BUT TO BE REBORN, YOU MUST DIE AND BE MADE READY FOR A NEW BODY, AND TO DIE YOU MUST BE BORN, AND WITHOUT LOVE YOU MAY NOT BE BORN, AND OUR GODDESS EVER INCLINETH TO LOVE AND MIRTH AND HAPPINESS, AND CHERISHETH HER HIDDEN CHILDREN IN LIFE, AND IN DEATH SHE TEACHETH THE WAY TO HAVE COMMUNION, AND EVEN IN THIS WORLD, SHE TEACHETH THEM THE MYSTERY OF THE MAGIC CIRCLE WHICH IS PLACED BETWEEN THE WORLDS."

The Priestess or Magus then replaces the Sword, Crown, Scourge etc., upon the Altar and taking the Initiate by the hand and holding the Athame in his other, passes once round the Circle, proclaiming at the Four Quarters:

"HEAR YE MIGHTY ONES, . . . . HATH BEEN DULY CONSECRATED HIGH PRIEST AND MAGUS (OR HIGH PRIESTESS AND WITCH QUEEN)."

Invoke:

THOU WH AT NOON OF NIGHT DOTH REIGN  
QUEEN OF THE STARRY REALM ABOVE,  
NOT UNTO THEE MAY WE ATTAIN,  
UNLESS THINE IMAGE BE OF LOVE. (S.)

BY MOON-RAYS SILVER SHAFT OF POWER,  
BY GREEN LEAF BREAKING FROM THE BUD  
BY SEED THAT SPRINGETH INTO FLOWER,  
BY LIFE THAT COURSETH IN THE BLOOD.

BY RUSHING WIND AND LEAPING FLAME,  
BY FLOWING WATER AND GREEN EARTH,  
POUR TO US THE WINE OF OUR DESIRE,  
FROM OUT THY COULDRON OF REBIRTH. (S.)

HERE MAY WE SEE IN VISION CLEAR,  
THE SECRET STRANGE UNVEILED AT LENGTH,  
THE WONDEROUS TWIN-PILLARS REAR,  
ERECT IN BEAUTY AND IN STRENGTH.

ALTER OF MYSTERIES MANIFOLD,  
THE SACRED CIRCLES, CENTRAL POINT,  
THUS DO I SIGN THEE AS OF OLD,  
WITH KISSES OF MY LIPS ANOINT.

OPEN FOR ME THE SECRET WAY,  
THE GATEWAY OF INTELLIGENCE  
BETWEEN THE GATES OF NIGHT AND DAY.  
BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF TIME AND SENSE.

Handwritten symbols: 26 m v 26 m m m m

BEHOLD THE MYSTERY ARIGHT.  
THE FIVE TRUE POINTS OF FELLOWSHIP.  
HERE WHERE THE LANCE AND GRAIL UNITE,  
AND FEET AND KNEES AND BREAST AND LIPS.

Handwritten symbols: 26 m v m 26

Exchange Names.

THE GODDESS: ARIDA, CHANGED TO - ARIANROD.

A 26 B 9 C 26 D m E 26 F 26 G 26 H 26 I, J V K 26 L 26 M 26  
N 26 O m P m Q 26 R m S 26 T 26 U, V 26 X 26 Y 26 Z 26  
W 26 4 m - symbol for end of sentence

Witches alphabet based on Theban alphabet in Barrett's "Magus".

OF SPELLS

Of spells, the exact words matter little if the intent be clear and you raise the true power, and sufficient thereof.

Always in rhyme they are, there is something queer about rhyme, I have tried, and the same seem to lose their power if you miss the rhyme. Also in rhyme, the words seem to say themselves. You do not have to pause to think, "What comes next?" Doing this takes away much of your intent.



## THE WITCHES' CHANT

Darksome night and Shinking Moon,  
East, then South, then West, then North:  
Harken to the Witches Rune:  
Here come I to call thee forth.

Earth and Water, Air and Fire,  
Wand and Pentacle and Sword,  
Work ye unto my desire,  
Harken ye unto my word.

Cords and Censer, Scourge and knife,  
Powers of the Witches Blade,  
Waken all ye into life,  
Come ye as the Charm is made:

Queen of Heaven, Queen of Hell,  
Horned Hunter of the Night,  
Lend your power unto the Spell  
Work my will by Magick Rite:

By all the power of Land and Sea,  
By all the Might of Moon and Sun,  
As I do will, so might it be  
Chant the Spell and Be it Done.

## CAKES AND WINE

High Priestess seated on Altar, God position.

High Priest kneeling. Kisses feet then knees. Bows with head below her knees, extends arms along her thighs, and adores.

Fills Cup and offers to High Priestess, who holding Athame between palms, places point in Cup.

High Priest says: "As the Athame is the male, so the Cup is the female, tho conjoined they bring blessedness."

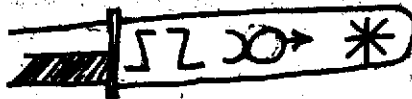
High Priestess lays Athame aside, and takes Cup and drinks, gives Cup to Server who puts a little into each glass. Meanwhile the High Priest blesses cakes with Athame. High Priestess takes cake and eats, while the High Priest gives her the Cup again and kisses knees and adores.

All sit as Witches, and invite High Priestess to join them.

Note: Of old, it was usual for the Server to say: "Oh Queen most secret, bless this food unto our bodies, bestowing health, wealth, strength, joy and peace, and that fulfilment of love that is perpetual happiness." When serving cakes, this is usually omitted nowadays. It is difficult to get a good server.



Pentacle



Athame Runes



## TO GAIN THE SIGHT

This cometh to different people in divers ways, tis seldom it cometh naturally, but it can be induced in many ways.

Deep and prolonged meditation may do it, but only if you be a natural, and unusually prolonged fasting was also necessary.

Of old, Monks and Nuns obtained visions by long vigils, combined with fasting, flagellation till the blood came, and other mortifications of the flesh, and so undoubtedly had visions. In the East it is tried with various tortures, and the same time sitting in cramped postures, which retarded the flow of blood, and these torments, long and continued, give good results. But, in the Art, we are taught an easier way to intensify the imagination, at the same time controlling the blood supply, and this may best be done by using the Ritual.

Incense is also good to propitiate the Spirits, but also to induce relaxation and to help to build up the atmosphere, which is necessary to suggestibility. (For our human eyes are blind to what really is, so that it is often necessary to suggest that it is there before we may see it. As we may point out to another, something at a distance before they may see it themselves.)

Gum Mastic, Aromatic Rush Roots, Cinnamon Bark, Musk, Juniper, Sandalwood, and Ambergris, in combination are all good, but Patchouli is best of all, and if you may have Hemp, tis better still, but be very careful of this.

The Circle being formed and all properly prepared, the Rites are done and all purified.

The Aspirant should Warlock and take his Tutor round the Circle, Saluting the Mighty Ones, and invoking them to aid the operation. Then both dance round till giddy, invoking, or using chants. § Then the Tutor should Warlock very tightly, but not so to cause discomfort, but enough to retard the blood slightly. Again they should dance round chanting. Then § with light, steady, monotonous, slow strokes. It is very good that the Pupil may see them coming. (This may be arranged from position, or if a big mirror is available, this has the effect of passes, and helps greatly to stimulate the imagination.) It is important that the strokes be not hard, the object being not to do more than draw the blood to that part, and so away from the brain. This with the tight Warlocking, which should be warricked, slows down the circulation of the blood, and the passes soon induce a drowsiness and a stupor, the Tutor should watch for this, and as soon as the Aspirant sleeps, the § should cease.

The Tutor should also watch that the Pupil become not cold, and if he or she struggles, or becomes distressed should be at once awakened.

(Note. If it cannot be arranged for the Pupil to see, the Wand may be used for a time, then return to §.)

Do not be discouraged if no results come after two or three attempts. It will come, when both are in the right state. When you get some result, then results will come more quickly. Soon some of the Ritual may be shortened, but never neglect to invoke the Goddess and the Mighty Ones, or to form the Circle and do everything rightly. And, for good and clear results, it is ever better to do too much ritual than too little.

It hat been found that this practice doth often cause a fondness between Aspirant and Tutor, and tis a cause of better results if this be so. If for any reason it is undesirable that there be any great fondness between Aspirant and Tutor, this may easily be avoided by both parties from the onset firmly resolving in their minds that if any doth ensue, it shall be that of brother and sister, or parent and child. And it is for this reason that a man may only be taught by a woman, and a woman by a man. And that Man and Man, and Woman and Woman should never attempt these practices together. And may all the Curses of the Mighty Ones be on any who make the Attempt.

Remember, the Circle, properly constructed is ever necessary to prevent the Power released being dissipated, it is also a barrier against any disturbances of mischievous forces. For to obtain good results you must be free from all disturbances.

Remember, darkness, points of light gleaming amid the surrounding dark, incense, and the steady passes by an arm, are not stage effects. They are the mechanical implements which start the suggestions, which later unlock the knowledge that it is possible to obtain knowledge, that it is possible to obtain the divine ecstasy, and so attain knowledge and communion with the Divine Goddess. When once you have attained this, Ritual is not needed, as you may attain the state of ecstasy at will, but till then, or if you, having attained this yourself, wish to bring a companion to this state of Joy, Ritual is best.

## THE SCOURGE AND THE KISS

It is not meet to make offerings of less than two score to the Goddess, for here be a mystery. The fortunate numbers be: 3, and 5. For three added to two (the Perfect Couple) be five. And three and five be eight; eight and five be thirteen; thirteen and eight be twenty-one.

Also, fortunate numbers be: 3, 7, 9, and 21. Which total be 40, or two score. So a lesser number would not be a perfect prayer.

If more are required make it a perfect number, as four score or six score.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the S.S. be called 5., but there are 8 kisses, for there be: 2 & 2 & 1 & 2 & 1.

And 5 times 8 be two score. For each man and woman hath ten fingers and ten toes, so each totals 2 score. And a perfect couple be two score.

Also there be Eight Elemental Weapons.

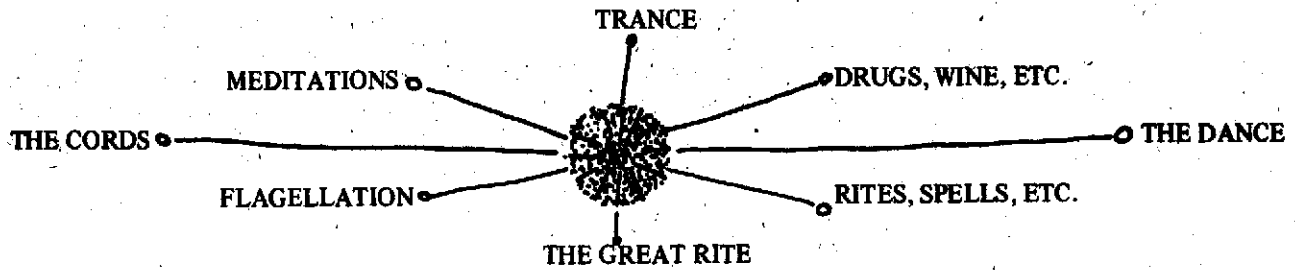
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## THE EIGHTFOLD PATHS

The Eightfold Paths, or Ways, to the Centre are:

1. Meditation or Concentration. This in practice means forming a mental image of what is desired, and forcing yourself to see that it is fulfilled, with the fierce belief and knowledge that it can, and will, be fulfilled. This is called for short, "Intent".
2. Trance, projection of the Spirit, called "Astral".
3. Rites, Chants, Spells, Runes, Charms, etc..
4. Incense, Drugs, Wines, etc. Whatever is used to release the Spirit. (Note. Be very careful about this. Incense is usually harmless, but sometimes it has dangerous ingredients such as Hemp, etc. If you find any bad after effects, reduce the amount used, or the duration of the time inhaled.) Drugs are very dangerous if taken to excess, but it must be remembered that there are many drugs which are absolutely harmless, though people talk of them with bated breath. Be careful while taking Mushroom, (Fly Agaric). But Hemp is especially dangerous, because it unlocks the Inner Eye swiftly and easily, so one is tempted to use it more and more. If it is used at all, it must be with the strictest precautions, and see that the person who uses it has control over the supply. Khat has nearly the same effect, and is less dangerous, but it is difficult to obtain fresh. If any slightly dangerous drug is used, it should be doled out by some responsible person, and the supply strictly limited.
5. The Dance, are kindred practices.
6. Blood Control (The Cords), Breath Control, and kindred practices.
7. §
8. The Great Rite.

There be the Eight Ways of Magic. You may combine many of them into one experiment. The More the Better.



#### The Witches' Version Of The Eight Paths

9. The most important one is Intention. You must **KNOW** that you can, and will, succeed. This is essential in every operation.
10. Remember, you must be properly prepared, according to the rules of the Art. **OTHERWISE YOU WILL NEVER SUCCEED.**
11. The Circle must be properly cast and Purified.
12. You all must be properly Purified, several times if necessary. And this Purification should be repeated several times during the Rite.
13. You must have properly consecrated tools. All doors should be securely latched so there is no thought, "Some-one may come in."

These last five essentials, and the Eight Paths or Ways cannot all be combined in one Rite. Meditation and Dancing do not combine well. But forming the Metal Image and the Dance may well be combined. Also the Chants.

Spells combined with Numbers 6 and 7 are good, also with 4 and 8. If you are advanced enough for Number 8, it is a splendid combination. Meditation, following Number 7 is good, or Number 6 can be used to advantage. But Number 6 is dangerous to attempt without a companion. Numbers 3 and 4 (a little), 5, 6, and 7 are excellent, 7 if possible, followed with 8.

Numbers 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 are essential to all experiments.

Also you must be absolutely safe from all interruption, or from the mental fear of interruption.

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### THE SPRING EQUINOX

Form the Circle. Invoke the Mighty Ones.

The Symbol of the Wheel should be placed on the Altar; flanked with burning candles, or fire in some form. A High Priest in the East, and a High Priestess in the West. Both carry Phallic Wand, or Riding Pole, phallic or pine-cone trimmed, if possible. The Cauldron is placed in Circle. The High Priestess says:

"We kindle this fire today:  
 In the presence of the Holy Ones.  
 Without Malice, without jealousy, without envy;  
 Without fear of aught beneath the Sun; but the High Gods.  
 Thee we invoke; Oh Light of Life;  
 Be thou a bright flame before us;  
 Be Thou a guiding Star above us;  
 Be Thou a smooth Path beneath us;  
 Kindle Thou in our hearts within  
 A flame of love for our neighbours;  
 To our foes, to our friends, to our kindred all;  
 To all men on the broad earth,  
 Oh Merciful Son of Karrodwen,  
 From the lowest thing that liveth,  
 To the Name which is highest of all.

High Priestess draws Invoking Pentagram upon High Priest with Phallic Wand. Then hands it to him with S. Assistant strikes light and hands it to him, and he lights bonfire, or Cauldron. High Priest and High Priestess lead dance, she with Sistrum, he with Phallic Wand, and the couples follow, all leaping the fire. The last couple to leap before the fire goes out should be well purified: 3 purifications, and each should give S.S. to all of opposite sex, or any other penalty that the High Priestess shall decide.

#### MAY EVE - BEALTINE

If possible ride Poles. High Priestess leading with quick step, singing:

"Oh do not tell the Priest of our Art,  
For he would call it sin,  
But we will be in the woods all night,  
A conjuring Summer in,  
And we bring you good news by word of mouth,  
For woman, cattle and corn,  
For the Sun is coming up from the South,  
With Oak, and Ash, and Thorn."

If possible Meeting Dance.

Form Circle. Purifications.

Drawing Down the Moon.

S.S.

All should be Purified in sacrifice before the High Priestess. Then she should Purify the High Priest, and some others with her own hands.

Cakes and Wine.

The Great Rite, if possible in Token or Truly.

#### THE SUMMER SOLSIS - MIDSUMMER

Before the Altar is placed the Cauldron, filled with water and wreathed with flowers. The people, men and women, alternatively stand round Circle. The High Priest in the North behind the Altar. The High Priestess stands before the Altar, in front of the Cauldron holding Wand, which should be phallic or tipped with pine-cone, or riding Pole, or Brook-stick.

The High Priestess holding Wand raised, says:

"Great One of Heaven, Power of the Sun, we invoke Thee in Thine ancient names: Michael, Belin, Arthur, Lugh, Herne. Come again as of Old into this Thy Land. Lift up Thy Shining Spear of Light to protect us. Put to flight the powers of darkness. Give us fair woodlands and green fields, blossoming orchards and ripening corn. Bring us to stand upon Thy Hill of Vision, and show us the Lovely Realms of the Gods."

High Priestess draws Invoking Pentagram upon High Priest, with Phallic Wand. He comes forward, Sunwise. Takes Wand with S.

He plunges it into the Cauldron and holds it upright, saying:

"The Spear to the Cauldron, the Lance to the Grail, Spirit to Flesh, Man to Woman, Sun to Earth."

He then salutes High Priestess over the Cauldron, and rejoins the people. Still bearing Wand the High Priestess takes Asporgillus and stands by Cauldron, saying:

"Dance ye about the Cauldron of Cerridwen, the Goddess, and be ye blessed with the touch of this Consecrated Water, even as the Sun, the Lord of Life, ariseth in his strength in the sign of the Waters of Life."

Then people play the Candle Game, the men squatting down in a circle.

After the usual penalty is paid, the High Priestess, if she wills, may impose an additional amusing penalty.

Cakes and Wine.

Dances and Games.

#### HALLOWE'EN — EVE OF NOVEMBER FIRST

Walk or slow Dance with Torches, or Candles.

High Priest leads High Priestess, and they both carry the Phallus or Broomstick. The latter with head up, or what will represent the Phallus. Slow Dance to Witch Chant or other song.

The High Priest and High Priestess invoke with Athame. The High Priestess says:

"Dread Lord of the Shadow, God of Life and the Giver of Life.  
Yet is the knowledge of Thee, the knowledge of Death.  
Open wide I pray Thee, Thy Gates through which all must pass.  
Let our dear ones who have gone before,  
Return this night to make Merry with us.  
And when our time comes, as it must,  
Oh Thou the Comforter, The Consoler, The Giver of Peace and Rest,  
We will enter Thy Realms gladly and unafraid,  
For we know that when rested and refreshed among our dear ones,

We will be reborn again by Thy Grace, and the Grace of the Great Mother.  
Let it be in the same place, and the same time as our beloved ones.  
And may we Meet, and Know, and Remember, and Love them Again.  
Descend we pray Thee on thy servant and Priest."

S.S. given by all girls.

It is good to Purify one or two as a sacrifice to the God. Possibly by the High Priestess's own hands.

Cakes and Wine.

Dances and Games.

Great Rite, if possible. If not, High Priest and High Priestess should celebrate this as soon as convenient privately in Token or, if possible, in reality.

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#### FLORANNIS SPEAKS

When first I met Gerald Brosseau Gardner he was a very sick man, sitting propped up in bed in his North London flat. His bedroom was a strange hotch-potch of study, work-shop and sick-room. On a carpenter's bench lay half finished models of ancient galleons, and strange weapons, which I later learned he was in the process of making for his "Witchcraft". Piles of dusty old books spilled out of open bookcases, and overflowed onto tables, chairs and the floor, mixing in confusion with countless bottles of medicines and pills, and all the sick-room paraphernalia of a not very fastidious old man. Oil paintings of voluptuous, nude Witches, coyly riding broomsticks, hung over his bed. These pictures he had painted himself.

Although I had been well primed on the psychology of Gerald Gardner's character and the various facets of his childishnesses and vain eccentricities, my first impression of him came as a shock. In my role of investigator it was my task to achieve initiation into a Coven, and become the High Priestess. Here before me, huddled in innumerable gray shawls, was the great Magus himself. Rheumy gray eyes blinked at me out of a waxy emaciated face. His hair stood on end in long tufts of grey thistle-down and above an uncombed goatee beard his lips twitched in a strange, nervous smacking sound, like some gourmet tasting a new gastronomical delight. Here was no picture of power and evil, but just a rather querulous invalid.

It was a strange sight which greeted me when I entered the drawing-room. All the furniture had been pushed against the walls, and there was Gerald, specially scrubbed and talcum powdered for the occasion, standing in the middle of the room beside a small table, which had been arranged as an altar. On this altar lay a confusion of dishes, flasks, weapons and a carved figure with horns. Propped on a book-rest in the middle of it all was an ancient volume with tattered pages. Gerald had already told me about this book, and said that it contained all his secrets. Under the altar was placed a long sword.

A Circle was roughly marked out with blue silk cord, but it was a very haphazard affair. Gerald was obviously rather short of cord, and he had filled in the gaps round the circumference with political books with titles such as: "The Left is Never Right," and "The Party Never Runs Away". A large sofa blocked our path whilst I was being led round the Circle and introduced to the Gods. "Just pretend it isn't there, dear," said Gerald, "after all in our world it really isn't there, so just draw the Circle right through it." As we barked our shins on it every time we trotted round, this statement was a little difficult to believe.

Our work in the Circle was always done at a strange jog-trot, with Gerald muttering odd rhymes into his beard. He very soon got out of breath and would hop around very shakily, looking like an elderly hobgoblin. Using red cord he tied my wrists behind my back, the cord then went round my neck, and down again to be tied to my left knee. A separate cord was tied round my right ankle. It was all very uncomfortable, and I felt very foolish, but Gerald called it, "warlocking and warricking", and said it was most important. Thus he led me round the Circle, waving a dagger at the various points of the Compass.

The general technique in the Circle was the same at this first Initiation as at the following ones. Every move was accompanied by a kiss, and the scourge was made use of at every possible opportunity. I was only flicked lightly, but Gerald liked the strokes hard and strong. I was very nervous of administering such harsh punishment. Having had no experience of such things I started by tentatively flicking the scourge across him, believing it to be a purely symbolic action. But Gerald became very excited. First I had to warrick and warlock him, and he liked to be very tightly tied, so that the cords cut into his flesh. He then knelt at my feet, with his head bowed down and resting on the altar table. He was pathetically thin and emaciated. I felt one hard lash of the scourge and he would snap in two. But all the time he kept crying, "Harder, dear, harder. I can't feel it at all. You must make the blood course." He swayed as he knelt, and each time he felt the scourge, his head knocked the table and rattled all the tools on the altar. He kept multiplying the number of strokes to make it more and more. He said the reason for this was magical.

In between the kissing and the scourging (work in the Circle, I soon realised, was primarily made up of the S.S. and the S.), we sat on the floor by the altar table and rested. We drank the consecrated wine and ate Peak Freen's assorted biscuits. The wine was a fearsome brew - Uncle had added special ingredients of his own.

It was at these resting times that he delivered cosy chants on magic. The gist of it all was that you must hold in your mind the image of what you desired, and then work yourself up to it. Hence the Witches' Dances, and the Scourge. "You must get the blood to course" was a favourite statement. Gerald said that you must never use magic for wicked ends or your own power. For example, it was all right to work magic in order to desire a new house. But you must be prepared to pay a fair price for it, not desire to get it cheaper. A great deal was talked about "raising the Power", or "raising a Cone of Power", but I never say any power raised, cone shaped or otherwise, either inside the Circle or outside it.

Speaking of "the blood coursing" was a cue to one of Gerald's favourite topics. All tied up in red cord and having turned a very unhealthy mauve colour through cold and constriction, he would embark on a long rambling story of some ritualistic Witch murder, which was supposed to have happened a few years ago. The victim was found in a ditch - the body, with cut throat and soaked in blood, had a pitch fork lying beside it. This latter piece of information Gardner said was symbolic. It was a very complicated story, and difficult to follow. The reason given for telling me this story was that I must seriously learn to use my Athame. Not only must I sleep with it under my pillow, but learn the correct method of holding it to kill. I had to practise thrusting it upwards with all the vigour I could muster. The Athame was the first Witch weapon that he gave me.

Blood also featured in consecrating one's own cords. Drops of blood were drawn from the body of the Initiate, and soaked into the cords. Gerald instructed me that my personal Witch Book was very important. I had to write everything in it in my own hand, and never let it out of my keeping. He hinted at terrible retribution if I did.

The question of my Witches Name now arose. I suggested "Flora" as a pretty name, and as she was the Goddess of Spring I thought it suitable. But Gerald said was "a little girl's name", and he wanted me to be a Goddess. I must be a Goddess. I must be called "Florannis", it sounded more impressive.

It was during the Second Initiation that he presented me with the rest of my working tools. These included a bell with a carved phallic handle, my Witch's bracelet with my new name engraved on it in Theban, an ivory handled scourge, cords and various other articles. Some of these Gerald had made himself, and must have spent hours of work on them. He was an excellent craftsman.

By now the kisses in the Circle had become more passionate, and the scourging more intense. I was now his "own Witch and Goddess". Bound in cords he fell down on his knees before me and begged my forgiveness as Goddess, for having "put through the Initiations too quickly the woman I love."

He told me that one could call down the Goddess in three different aspects: Lucina, Goddess of Love; Diana, chaste and cold; Hecate, Goddess of Death. He always chose to call down Lucina.

By now he trusted me implicitly and began to reminisce about his past High Priestesses and Witch Queens. Apparently they all became very jealous of each other. The incongruity of the "Perfect Love" and "Perfect Trust" of the Circle turning into plain jealousy did not seem to strike him. According to him one lady in particular had betrayed him. He always referred to her as "Traitor Witch". At the same time he admitted to having been very fond of her. She had been very "naughty", but very firm with him when he was "naughty", and had penalised him heavily with the Scourge whenever he forgot the ritual in the Circle, or did the wrong thing. He sniggered and giggled as he remembered these past pleasures.

He loved having "a bit of fun" in the Circle, and remarked how roguish I looked when a lock of hair fell over my eye. Childish games of forfeits gave him immense joy; the forfeit invariably being the scourge, laced with kisses. Although some of the ritual itself was beautifully worded Gerald never spoke of The Craft in a romantic way. He always made it sound rather footling and idiotic. It was all in the nature of a frolic. Quite apart from the complete lack of any profound spiritual significance in his teachings, there was not even a grain of plain, simple common sense.

When I asked serious questions about Witchcraft having a religious meaning based on old traditions, he immediately became very evasive. He would either nod his head in a very sagacious manner and say: "It's a secret, dear, you are not yet advanced enough in The Craft to know", or he would volunteer some odd unrelated information, such as that all the Mightiest Gods lived in the North because of the Aurora Borealis, but that the Gods of the East were the oldest. Also that it was always easier to raise Demons rather than Angels in the Circle. The reason being that Demons always came because they wanted something, usually blood. Apparently on a past occasion some of these Demons would not be dismissed, and followed one of the girls home, which had been a nuisance.

After an hour or so of this kind of conversation in the Circle, I was so stupefied by the constant dancing round, the overwhelming clouds of incense, the deadly brew of wine, and the kissing and the scourging, that my powers of reasoning became as addled as Uncle's, and I just could not muster the strength to go on asking, "Why?"

Luckily for me, our initiation sessions took place in the afternoon, and at 4:30 o'clock to the dot, Gerald became ravenously hungry for Tea. The Circle was closed and the Mighty Ones dismissed rather abruptly. We hurriedly dressed in different rooms, and then I was rushed downstairs for an enormous, nursery style tea.

I remember well the only time we were late for tea. It was the time of the Spring Equinox. The altar was decorated prettily with Forsythia, and Uncle was trotting round the Circle carrying a long pole with a large phallic symbol on the end. This pole, incidentally, had been carved specially for him by a Jesuit priest, an alleged friend of Gerald. In the Circle was a large copper cauldron of fire, burning merrily, and we were supposed to dance round and leap over it. Unfortunately, Gerald did not leap high enough, and kicked over the flaming cauldron. Fire spread quickly over the drawing-room carpet. He panicked and flung on it anything that came to hand, the consecrated water and oil, and even the special brew of wine. The latter obviously did the trick and the flames subsided. But Gerald was in a terrible state of agitation, as he was terrified that the large scorch mark on the carpet would get him into trouble. We rubbed away at it with the wet altar cloth, and hoped to make the mark look like part of the pattern. Then like two naughty children we moved the sofa over to cover it.

The sofa played an important part in the Third Initiation. When I arrived for this crowning achievement, I found the sofa plumb in the middle of the Circle. Gerald was drooling with excitement. Bathing had never been his strong subject, but today he had obviously done his best, he had even combed his hair.

He had spoken much about the "Great Rite", either in "Token" or in "Reality". However, on the sofa had to be acted out the "Token". Much fuss was made of the exchange of kisses and names, and he finally wished that when I formed a new coven I would find "a handsome High Priest who would do me justice." And that was that.











So here for me was the end of the task. The hidden secrets had been probed and the final answer given. But what were the secrets? I had now amassed pages of extraordinary information, much of it plain nonsense. I had seen a silly, hypocritical old man performing comic antics without his clothes. I had sought a High Priest and Magus, but in the end all I had discovered was the pantomime character of Uncle Witch.

## THE END

## GLOSSARY

This Glossary is necessary for the understanding, in some degree, of the rituals which are exactly as written by G.B. Gardner, including diction and spelling.

|   |                     |   |
|---|---------------------|---|
|    | THE FIRST DEGREE:   |   |
|    | THE SECOND DEGREE:  | The inverted Pentagram — a Black Magic symbol. An inverted Pentagram — the Devil's footmark, or, the Devil's horns.         |
|    | THE THIRD DEGREE:   | The Sex Act — if possible.  |
|   | THE GREAT RITE:     | This is the performance of the Sex Act - if possible.   |
|    | THE SCOURGE:        | or, the act of flagellation: a biological perversion. In G.B. Gardner's rituals everything leads ultimately to flagellation |
|    | THE FIVE-FOLD KISS: | The kissing and physical contact of the lips, the breasts, the generative organs, the knees, and the feet.                  |
|  | A KISS:             |   |
|  | THE GOD:            | Kerunnos.   |
|  | THE GODDESS:        | Arida (a corruption of — Aradia —) latter changed to Arianrod.)   |
|   | PURIFICATION:       | Another name for flagellation.  |

## AFTERMATH

The publication of WITCH in May 1964 has had a devastating effect on both the Witch world and the National Press who were as one in their endeavours to crush and hide the exposure of one of the biggest money-making gimmicks of modern times.

The National Press, itself, sits in mody silence waiting, no doubt, for the occasion when those who rule its destiny can say that they knew that "Witches" were not witches all the time.

The small handful of Gardner "Witches" who have helped to keep this ridiculous idea of "Witchcraft" alive are now hysterically proclaiming that their rituals are different, and hopefully sending out curses to all and sundry. Their latest gimmick being to tearfully announce that thy are being persecuted because they are "Witches". This is ridiculous because any one of them who could prove conclusively their Witch-hood would be both wealthy and world-famous overnight.

To date not one single "Witch" has proved anything in a concrete fashion. No one has been helped by their spells, or harmed by their curses.

On the other hand there are many who, having had the good fortune to get away from the Gardner cult state that the contents of WITCH are true in every detail, and other investigators, following their lead of the author of WITCH, have found clues which have led to the same conclusion — that there are not Witches in England apart from a small handful of bogus ones who in every case emanate from the late Gerald Brousseau Gardner, the originator of modern "Witchcraft".

With the death of G.B. Gardner, and the publication of his Will showing that he made Witchcraft a very paying proposition, various commercially minded characters have emerged hoping to ride the bogus Witchcraft band wagon for the betterment of their bank balance.

One of the more blatant is a man who, hiding behind a Monomark address and calling himself ELESUSIS, has tried to hoax the Public with the idea of a Witchcraft Research Association. This he ran from the offices of his employers using their notepaper, their office equipment, their Press cutting service, and, when he thought he could get away with it, even their address. He issued a New Letter entitled PENTAGRAM, without asking permission of the present owners of the title who own it as a magazine for conjurers. The main object of the New Letter seems to be — send the Editor any money you do not want, and if you know anything about Witchcraft, please tell him, as he has not the slightest idea.

This would-be emulator of G.B. Gardner has his late master's facility for fancy penmanship, a few specimens of which are reproduced. So from now on you can work out your own judgement of the new "Witchcraft" leader.

It has been customary for many years for BBC Television to give a Witchy program at the Hallowe'en time of year. The "Witches" have always had it on their own.

This year it was decided to collect evidence for both sides. The object of the programme was intended by the Producers to give an unobjective and accurate survey of the truth, otherwise, of modern Witchcraft. The "Witches" themselves to be fully represented, assisted by a well-known Psychiatrist.

When, however, they heard that both Florannis and myself were to appear for the purpose of exposing the accuracy of their claims, the "Witches" panicked, refusing to come, taking their Psychiatrist with them.

The program was scheduled for the evening, and the "Witches" spent the entire day telephoning threats and curses to the BBC, telling of the dreadful things that would happen to it if the programme was produced without them.

The curse to Rex Nemorensis — reproduced — was received by the morning post, accompanied by a pinstuck waxen image. No ill effects were noticed, the "psychic friends" obviously having a jolly evening with the "Witches" and the Psychiatrist.

So, following the old tradition of the British entertainment world — "The show must go on!!" — the Producers of the programme achieved miracles of rearrangement.

Florannis, the real Olwen, charming and sincere, conveyed simply and convincingly the truth of her experiences — as an investigator — at the hands of the originator of modern "Witchcraft", Gerald Brousseau Gardner, showman, and bogus Witch of Castletown.

The culmination of the programme was hilarious. A wild-eyed and confused "Witch" appeared, accompanied by her husband — who is not a "Witch" — and who, when asked by the interviewer whether he thought his wife had any psychic powers, answered naively — "Not as I've ever noticed!"

