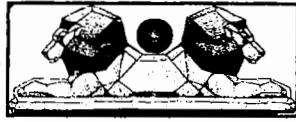


LJONGATE

Opening the imagination – Expressing the Heart



Volume 12



Opening the imagination - expressing the heart

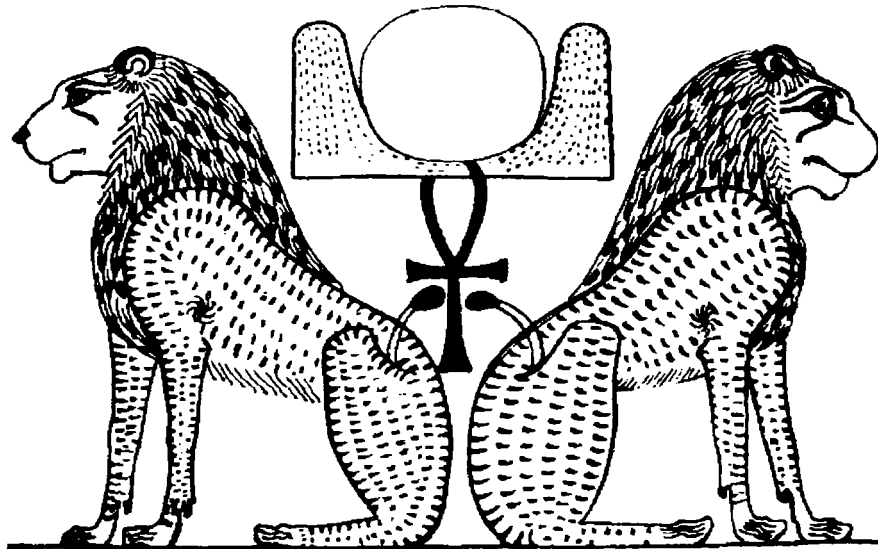
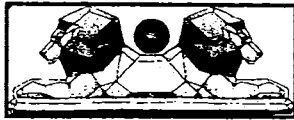
Volume Twelve

Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of Today. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to be in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins to coaches, mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has a fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space; it is:

*To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Sold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour;*

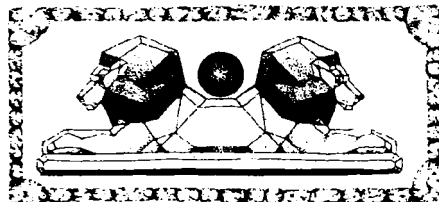
It is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it is to be commuted into death.

- Francis Thompson

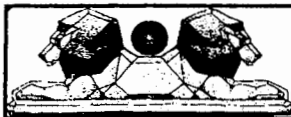


“ The image Aker, two lions, or sometimes the double forepart of a lion, symbolises two extreme times in the Dwat. One of the lions is ‘yesterday’ and looks west, the other is ‘tomorrow’ and looks east. Both turn their back on ‘yesterday’s’ sun, which is below the horizon. It is night. The sun is travelling in the Dwat. They are the keepers who open and shut the gate into the shadow-world. That is why we use the lion in the theme of the bolt, the part that slides east and west in the fastening of a door.”

The symbolist’s description of Aker from Herr-Bak by Isha Schwaller de Lubicz



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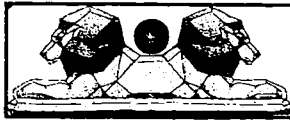
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By Fanna Ruel

Reflections

It is fascinating how insight comes to us in our everyday lives and routines, something comes 'out of the blue' and we immediately become aware of a different state of mind as if lifted out of everyday reality. When walking to work in the rain recently I took shelter and thought how like meditation to take 'shelter' was. One steps out of the rain into a place of quiet; the mind naturally attunes and one becomes aware of a sense of stillness and silence. Rain poetically can be a metaphor for our everyday mind, our obsessive and incessant strivings etc. When we 'step out of the rain', we make the transition from our personal selves into the realm of the sacred-a timeless place between the worlds. Such moments become imbued with meaning and numinous experience, a moment of reconnection with the presence of spirit.

There is a blessing on all who serve.



Daimonic Echoes

by John Crabtree



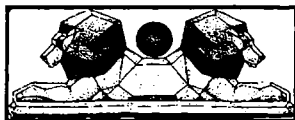
The man who has lost his angel becomes demonic-James Hillman.

The soul of each of us is given a unique daimon before we are born ,and it has selected an image or pattern that we live on earth. This soul-companion, the daimon, guides us here; in the process of arrival, however, we forget all that took place and believe we have come empty handed into this world. The daimon remembers what is in your image and belongs to your pattern, and therefore your daimon is the carrier of your destiny. (James Hillman, The Soul's Code).

A ' dispenser' is the meaning of daimon, but not a human one. In the plural, in the language of Homer, daimones is completely equivalent to theoi, 'gods'. Daimon in the singular also is personal in sense. It appears in personal occurrence, in a personal fate, we might say, although we must not understand 'fate' here as being existent on its own. The 'dispenser' occurred only in a personal case; it was a personal dispensation each time it happened. (Kerenyi-Zeus and Hera).

Ethos Anthropoi Daimon-Heraclitus.
(character is fate)

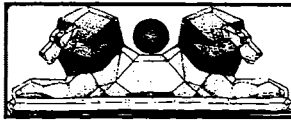
The daimon is an inner force, a spirit that energizes us and calls upon us to be and become creative. It is a total and full identification- the complete engagement and absorption in the work of art/medium, object of passion or action. It is the passion, intensity and enthusiasm of sexual desire and intimacy; creative work and the ecstasy of spiritual experience and transformation. It is experienced in every state from the divine to the demonic. Rollo May in his classic 'Love and Will' describes the daimonic and comments 'We can say that the daimonic is any natural function that has the power to take over the whole person, for example, sex and eros, anger and rage and the craving for power. In this regard the daimonic refers to an archetypal, fundamental function of human experience. The daimonic is the urge in every being to affirm itself, assert itself, perpetuate and increase itself. The daimonic becomes evil when it usurps the total self without regard to the integration of that self, or to the unique forms and desires of others and their need for integration. It then appears as excessive aggression, hostility, cruelty-all the things about ourselves which horrify us most, and



which we repress whenever we can or, more likely, project outwards onto others. This is only the 'dark' or reverse side of the same assertion which empowers our creativity. All life is a flux between these two aspects of the daimonic. We can repress this side of the daimonic, but the we must be prepared for the onset of apathy, and the later explosion which such repression always causes. If we throw out our devils, then we had better be prepared to bid farewell to our angels as well. In the daimonic lies our vitality, our capacity to open ourselves to the powers of eros, or desire-and not only in the realms of physical love. But the daimonic needs to be directed and channelled, and this is where human consciousness becomes so important because consciousness can integrate the daimonic, make it personal and creative'.

In the poetry of Yeats it is the 'other Will' and what Goethe described as a tremendous power emanating from the daimonic person. Goethe who was enthralled with the world of the daimon states, 'All united and moral powers do not prevail against them...and they cannot be overcome except by the universe itself which they have challenged to combat'. This succinctly hints at the deep sense of empowerment and natural authority of the authentic self which is liberating and fulfilling. There is a surety and decisiveness, a conscious recognition of where one is going in ones life-a sense of destiny and fate. In the poetic words of Fiona Macleod (William Sharp)- 'a destiny that has no concern with crowns and empires and the proud dreams of men, but only of the soul'. I have myself experienced this feeling of being totally attuned to the creative flow in my own artistic endeavours. There is a feeling of spontaneous response to the work where one feels a sense of unreflected immediacy. There is an alert, awakened and assertive power-a boldness about what one is creating, where one places a line, a colour or shape. In another sense one feels moved out of the way in a timeless moment where play and work merge. The daimonic reveals itself particularly in creativity and bears testimony to its presence in the works of poets, artists, musicians, composers and in mystical fervour and insight. It is the voice of the

generative process and often speaks in a language we find incomprehensible, sometimes even frightening-and always awesome. It is alluded to by W.B.Yeats, 'Only when we have seen and foreseen what we dread shall we be rewarded by the dazzling unforeseen winged-footed wanderer. We could not find him if he were not in some sense a part of our being and yet not of our being, but as water and fire, a noise and silence. He is all of these things the most difficult, for that which comes easily can never be a portion of our being'. Yeats here emphasises the crucial element within the creative struggle-that by facing and confronting what we most fear and dread we open the imaginal door to the daimonic. In a nutshell facing the fear is where the power is. In the film *The Fisher King* by Terry Gilliam, Perry is searching for the Grail and is pursued by the Red Knight, a demonic figure who breathes fire and terrifies him. The Red Knight represents his own agony and pain that nearly drives him to the verge of madness an insanity- until he turns towards it, confronts it and even begins to pursue it. As soon as he faces it, the Red Knight flees and disappears. When the terror of challenge is faced we discover the sources of freedom and turn the chaotic energy of fear into inventive and creative directions. The word is spelt 'demonic' in its familiar form and in medieval terms it is the daemonic used by Yeats. Daimonic is derived from the Greek daimon which means a spirit that bridges the divine and human state. It can be described as an intermediary and mediator-the mouthpiece of the inspiring god. In Roman and Latin it is akin to genius and is taken to mean a tutelary deity, guardian angel, spiritual helper and companion-a psychopompos of the soul. Genius comes from the Latin genere which means to beget, to generate. In Gaelic it is known as the Anam Cara, the soul companion. Aristotle puts his finger on it when he describes eudaimonism or happiness as one who lives in harmony with and is blessed by a good genius. The daimon has its resonance with the contrasexual concepts of Jungian psychology, the anima and animus. It has connection in such images and figures as guardian, inner twin, hearts calling, breath-soul, moira, the ka of Egyptian myth and is familiar in



the classical images of myth and legend of Dionysus and the Green Man.' Eros is a daimon', said Diotima the authority on love among Plato's banqueting friends. Eros connects us with creative power, vision, purpose and possibility. In Aristotle we find the doctrine of universal eros as that which drives everything to its to highest form. It is the yearning for union with the beloved ; the search for knowledge and truth-a drive towards the light. Creative artists and poets alike have a conscious awareness that they struggle with the daimon and that the struggle to create involves actualising and working through, or giving birth to their vision. Blake said, 'Every poet is of the Devil's party'. Ibsen, giving a copy of Peer Gynt to a friend wrote in the fly-leaf, 'To live is to war with trolls in the heart and soul-to write is to sit in judgement of oneself'. William Butler Yeats again probably spoke universally for all poets when he said, 'And in my heart the daemons and the gods wage eternal battle'. This emphasises the 'contained conflict' within each heart and soul that strives to become conscious, a war and battle which will inevitably ignite the creative fire and passion that leads to breakthrough and resurrection. In Blake's analysis we have the option to fight mentally within ourselves or physically between ourselves.

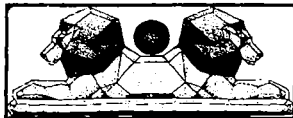
Ghandi remarked that 'the only devils in the world are those running in your hearts. That is where the battle should be fought' This necessitates a creative relationship with the dark and shadow side of ourselves and a process of introspection, a re-absorbing of projection and the differentiation of the many guises and masks that veil the authentic self. A freeing of ourselves from the imprisonment of attachment and addiction-a movement towards transformation and self-realisation. This relationship with the dark side of man's nature is essential for vitality. As Blake once again reiterates, 'Go to heaven for form and hell for energy'. This emphasises the need to hold and bear the tension until the moment for creative response is appropriate and right. Response rather than reaction.

Art then is primarily the way contemporary man allows himself to be shown and revealed, to

expose the unflattering, cruel and gruesome aspects of himself. It provides a mirror for self interpretation and revelation, vulnerability and human reflection that can be described as soul-exposure. The creative and destructive dynamic of creative expression and passion highlights Rilke's dilemma that if his devils are driven away his angels will take flight too. It is the creative and destructive elements that are intrinsic and present in the daimonic. Picasso commenting on Matisse's work said, 'where is the terror?', an observation that possibly inferred that the element of terror gave the work of art authenticity and 'bite'. Most artists live on the edge of creative and destructive energies, hence the notion of Plato's divine madness.

Significantly Satan or the devil derives from the Greek 'diablos' which in English means 'to tear apart', (dia-bollein). The antonym to diabolic is symbolic which means 'to throw together'. The symbolic then is the power that draws together, integrates and unites in contrast to diabolic which disintegrates and tears apart. This can be seen in the re-membered and dismembered gods of myth and legend such as the interplay of Osiris and Seth.

The moral dynamic of splitting good and evil, devil and angel became more apparent and acute in the Hellenistic and Christian epochs and had the effect of creating dualistic and divisive worlds of Heaven and Hell. Adversary, enemy and outsiders etc were demonised, i.e. projected and externalised rather than seen as the creative and destructive dynamic essential for creative expression and spiritual realisation-integral to our own nature. Poetically the native American Indians say it is the wolf that makes the buffalo strong. Without our natural adversaries we could not hone our craft, wit or skill. The Celtic mind and world were not burdened by such dualism. The Celts brought a sublime unity of life into experience and expression. Fascinatingly, the finest examples of Celtic art and prose evoke an almost bard-like dimension of life and death. There is a haunting, stark, raw and terrifying quality. R.G. Collingwood considered the Celtic patterns and knotwork designs as being derived from dance patterns used in their rituals. He observes a



quality of voluptuousness and terror that is evoked from these designs, the ecstatic and awesome elements flow in an exquisite flow and dance, a continuum of wonder, complexity and spirit.

The Aker symbol itself has daimonic aspects, indeed it is the 'genius' behind Liongate magazine. Such images can be described as a network of compressed ideas, insights and meaning, they help mediate cosmic and universal realities and truth. It is the precision of imagination that makes the Egyptian images fascinating. Aker is revealing in the fact that the lions have solar, apotropaic and terrifying significance-they are guardians to the underworld. The chthonic aspect of Aker is poetically described in myth that attributes earthquakes to the trembling of Aker's bones. The 'Lions Roar' is often used as a metaphor for the terrifying moment of awakening. There is an element to the image that evokes a paradoxical ambivalence that displaces and opens perception-a portal to the inner world. Intriguingly we can view the Aker symbol as having a horizontal and vertical axis. The lions looking in opposite directions, past-future, yesterday and tomorrow represent the horizontal dimension while the sunrise/sunset and

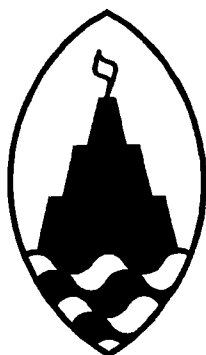
underworld represent the vertical axis. The twilight zone is the exact intersection of day/night, night/day between the horizontal and vertical axes- the meeting point where these energies balance, the present moment i.e. Aker. Aker has the power to initiate balance and polarise the inner aspects of the psyche and to mobilise the creative will. Such images create a reciprocal dialogue that grows with our knowledge and experience and has the ability to reflect our place in the pattern and meaning of our lives.

to be continued.

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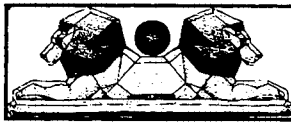
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A Triad

By Fiona Macleod

In the thirty-second Triad of the 'Mystery of the Bards' it is said that when the soul inherits Gwynnfyd, that is to say Happiness, three supreme gifts- once, long ago, its crown, but long, long ago, lost -will be restored to it. And these three things are , we are told in this Triad, primitive genius, primitive love, and primitive memory.

No doubt there have been many interpretations of these Triads. It is not easy to say of one quality what it is; nor what another may stand for; nor what a third may indicate. What is meant by genius, and what by primitive genius? And what love is primitive love, and between whom, and what altar lit, and under what star a creature of joyous or malign life? And what is primitive memory, and of what is it the energy; of the mind, called into brief life, like a match lit in the wind; or of the racial spirit, that lives upon the nerves as the aerial spirits of old legend live upon the beauty and fragrance of flowers and grasses; or of the soul, that has so much to recollect in its single transient passage before it can gather again the sound and colour of its earlier migrations, and so far travel along the dim road of vicissitude before it can meet the shining brows of the forgotten children of beauty and wonder, who were with us, once?

In the 'Roman de Merlin,' when that son of earth and fire is wooed in spiritual ecstasy by the mysterious Radiance, this Triad is recalled in the words: 'J' eclaire la partie imortelle de ton ame..... je serai ta Force, ta Muse, et ton Genie.'

But I think the unknown Druid meant more than this. I think more is meant than the original possessing spirit, a daemon or genius; than a first love, burning with the white flame of purity and inspiration; than a divinity born of the passion that desires and the will that achieves.

For I think that nowhere, in any age, in any faith, there a finer spiritual promise than what this Triad holds. If we be sure of these things, we need not trouble about any other. To remember, with the remembrance of the soul; to love, in the ecstasy of the morning of the world; to enter into the genius of the earth, to be at one with every breath of life, to share every separate rapture; to see thought like

flame, and life like clear water, and death like the shifting shadows of clouds; to *be* an eddy in that clear, swift flowing water; to *be* a flame of thought, shaken like a plume of fire before the mirrors of a myriad minds, or to descend like fiery snow into the hills and valleys- and yet never be lost, never to be drowned in light or fire, or eternally errant yet ever at the call of the Herdsman- that, indeed, is to live on into life that is.

To be possessed by primitive genius. That would be to arise each morning with the wonder of a child awakening, for the first time, by the sea, or among great mountains, or in a forest roofed with wandering cloud and inhabited by a whispering wind. It would be to arise, too, with the heart of a woman suddenly knowing all things because of her shaken heart. It would be to arise with the spirit of youth, proud as a young eagle staring across the dominions of the sun or upon the green lands and grey seas far below. It would be to arise with the thrill and longing of the poet, with the ecstasy of the seer, with the uplifted silence of the visionary.

It would be to arise with the Instinctive gladness of every child of the bushes, of every little one of the grass; of the salmon leaping in the sunlit linn; of the swallow and the wild bee, of the lark in the blue pastures of the air. Do not the creatures of the hour rejoice in wheeling their grey mazes in the green shadows of the boughs? The communion of life! To feel the brotherhood of life, from the blossom on the grey silence of the old hills; from the least of the blind offspring of the earth to the greatest of the winged children of the four winds; from the wild lives that lurk and are afraid to the fearless lives that openly rejoice; from the stilled lives that do not move, the hill-rock and the sea-caverned coral, to the wild swan of the arctic wave or the swallows that with white breast and purple wing thrid an ever moving maze from the Hebrid Isles to where the Nile narrows in tufted reed and floating nenuphar. To feel thus, with the thrill of conscious oneness, rejoicingly; as children of one mother, nestlings of one brood; and , thus feeling, to perceive and be at one with the secret springs of the inward life, in caverned thought and image building dream, and of the life made visible in motion,



colour, and form- this would be to know the primitive genius, to be possessed by it, to be of the genii of the morning. Love, which is at once the little shaken flame in a single heart and the shoreless fire of immortality, could not with its mortal eyes see beyond death; but memory- mother of all art, overlord of destiny, the Word of humanity- she sits apart. She looks down upon the whirling of the wheels of chance and the dust of empires; she holds the clues of interpretation. Sitting at the throne of Life, she has seen the passage of the divine multitude; many gods have gone by her; she has stood by the starry graves of great deities. Like love, she is an eternal, and incommensurable, and yet can whisper in a sleeper's ear or lie tranced in a dreamer's mind. She has all songs on her lips, all music in touch of her hands, all desires in her eyes, all hopes in her breath, all joys and all sorrows, all faiths and all despairs. It is she who gives joy to genius, and a pulse to love; she knows the secret roads; wisdom is the star upon her brows.

Primitive genius, primitive love, primitive memory; what are these phantoms of the dreaming mind?

So many will say. For, they will add, where in any age, in any record of any age, in any dream, even, of the estates of man, did the soul rejoice in this genius, travail in this sacred love, crown itself as a god with this diadem of omniscient light?

I do not know. I have not read any. But I think the soul knows. I think the soul remembers. I think that the intuition is divine and unshakeable. I think, if we can fill the ruined palaces of the mind with the wind of immortality and the light of the eternal- not forgetting that the symbol is but the shadow of the reality, and that into no symbol can the inconceivable be translated- that we may doubt these unstable temples served by blind votaries rather than the spirit which Eternity breathes and immortality bestows.

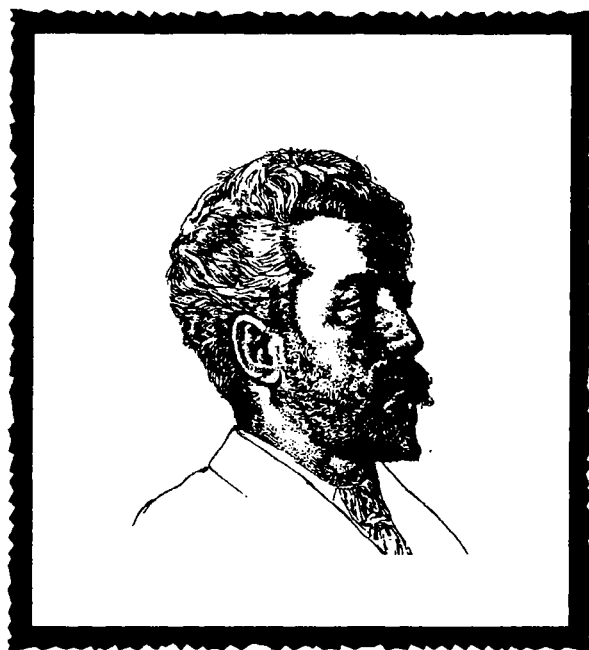
I think we have travelled a long way, and have forgotten much, and continually forget more and more. The secret road of the soul is a long road. When, at last, we turn, looking backward so as at last to go forward, we shall see a long way of the forsaken homes of joy, and above these our inheritance behold the stars of our spiritual youth.

*From the Winged Destiny pages 347-354.
Published by Heinemann 1927.*

William Sharp

1855-1905

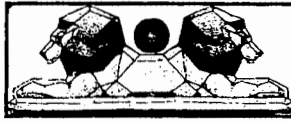
By Brian Fleming



In every period of literary history, the great names remain and are remembered, while lesser known writers who may have been important in their day, are forgotten. Household names in time slip into obscurity and as the years pass by, are remembered only by the bibliophile and the specialist.

William Sharp is a well known yet almost forgotten literary figure. Born in Paisley, just outside Glasgow in 1855, Sharp was a respected nineteenth century writer and critic, a close friend of men of the stature of D.C. Rossetti, W.B. Yeats and George Russell, yet today his work is obscure and for the most part out of print. Sharp as a 19th century man of letters, is now little more than an entry in the D.N.B.(1), yet in occult and Celtic circles, - his name or rather names live on, because Sharp wrote under two names, William Sharp and Fiona MacLeod.

The work published as the writings of William Sharp, are in the style of an age that has passed, while being well produced pieces of Victorian



a great deal of value to twentieth or twenty first century man. The writings of Fiona MacLeod, however, are of another order and are not just the work of William Sharp published under a pseudonym but are the outpourings of a part of one man's psyche that rarely reaches the objective world of literature. Fiona MacLeod wrote of inchoate Celtic mystery, of natural and moon magic, of the Great Mother and the green earth, of feminine archetypes, of the elements and the elementals, in a way that in later years, made Emma Jung write of Sharp and his writings in her work 'The Amina As An Elemental Being'. (2) Emma Jung saw the Fiona MacLeod writings neither as literary device, nor as the work of a trance medium but as the voice of the anima, of the elemental being itself.

Fiona MacLeod could spend ten pages describing the wind blowing through the grass and write short stories that introduced no characters at all. In a sense she did not write of nature but wrote nature, made magic rather than described magic and when we think in terms of this 'mysterious power over the imagination' (3) that magic is, then Fiona MacLeod was a true magician.

So different were the writings of Fiona MacLeod from those of William Sharp, that Sharp felt them to be almost the work of another person and to objectify this side of his nature, at a time when what he was doing was almost inexplicable to his contemporaries, Sharp began to write as two people. The writings of Fiona MacLeod were as unstructured and mystical as these of William Sharp were academic, polished and precise. This virtual bifurcation of one man's being led to one of the best kept literary secrets of an era.

During Sharp's lifetime, very few people knew that he and Fiona were one and the same person. They had their own followings and addresses, answered their own correspondence, though that of Fiona MacLeod came in a far greater volume than did Sharp's and even exchanged letters, Fiona advising Sharp in the voice of an older more experienced sister. This kind of life and the nature of his work was a severe strain on a constitution that had never been strong and in 1905, Sharp died at the age of fifty.

Much of William Sharp's writing was done in the heyday of the late nineteenth century

occult/celtic revivals and it is only now, a hundred years later, that the importance of this revival as an almost subliminal influence on western culture, is beginning to be realised. It is too early yet to say with any degree of certainty, just how important a part the work of Wilfion, as Sharp sometimes described himself, actually was, but W.B. Yeats and George Russell, together the founders of the Theosophical Society in Ireland and W.B. Yeats independently as a key member of the magic order of the Golden Dawn, believed Fiona MacLeod to be one of the clearest voices being heard at that time.

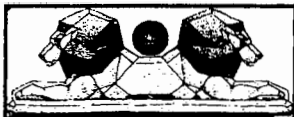
While Sharp was- never a member of the Theosophical Society, in his outlook he was never far from it, as the following excerpt from the Theosophical Review of 1905 will show.

"FIONA MACLEOD"

None have regretted more than the members of the Theosophical Society to hear of the death of William Sharp, the poet, essayist and critic, linked to the news that in his death the world of literature have lost the still more famous writer "Fiona MacLeod," whose works have charmed and delighted so many thousands, and whose mysterious personality was one of the best-kept secrets in the history of literature. By the death of William Sharp those of us who knew him in friendship, and still more, those who had met him in the intimacy of his inner belief and knowledge, have lost a source of great joy and refreshment; he was a true child of nature, and that, too, in no purely metaphorical sense; his knowledges were taught him by the Great Mother, and-well he knew how faithfully to paint her beauties and deftly to suggest her mysteries. In William Sharp the Theosophical Movement has lost a great sympathiser; for though he never actually joined the Society, he was with us in heart, and the 'Stanzas of Dzyan' were the subject of his constant contemplation; indeed, at our last parting he had promised us his notes on them for publication.

G.R. Mead

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2. The Analytical Psychology Club of New York, 1957
3. Oxford English Dictionary.

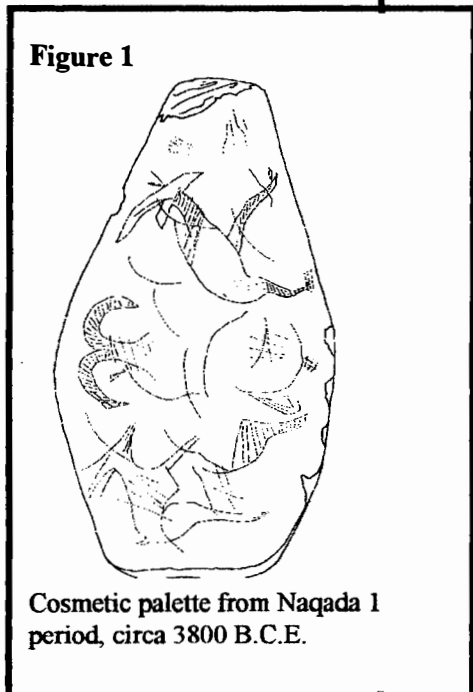
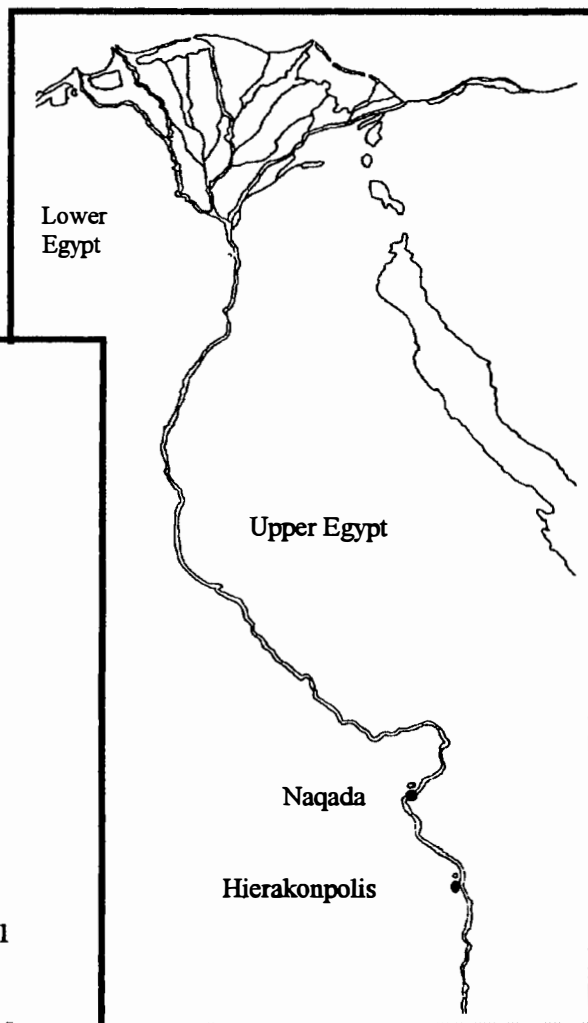


THE SEM, THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SHAMAN

by B. Walker-John

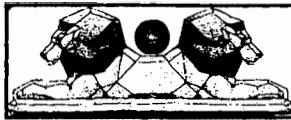
These articles will explore a little known subject- ancient Egyptian shamanism via the one figure that most discernibly embodied this role. This is the Sem, a specialist priest perhaps best known for his role in the Opening of the Mouth ceremony. Yet the Sem had many other roles besides the one in the Opening of the Mouth, as we shall see. We have no reliable records of how shamans were acknowledged, trained or precisely how they functioned in prehistoric Egypt, we can only be fairly certain that there were shaman-like figures in this remote period. Even so we cannot be sure that prehistoric Egyptians shamans followed a path of initiations or practice the same

as modern-day shaman in traditional cultures. The only surmise we can make is that the role of the shaman in Egypt underwent a dramatic change along with the culture and country when Egypt went from being a series of emerging proto-kingdoms into one unified state under a single ruler circa 3100 B.C.E. Once Egypt was unified the traditional role of the shaman as the tribal or village emissary between humanity and the-beyond was incorporated into the



Cosmetic palette from Naqada 1 period, circa 3800 B.C.E.

Pharaonic state into uniquely Egyptian variations on the essential shamanic themes. The prehistoric shaman was transformed by the act of unification and became a close servant of the Pharaoh, a royal and state servant. As such a servant, the shaman became the Sem, a title and word that means 'to make a thing take form'. It is how the Sem used this talent in the service of Pharaoh that will be explored in the following articles.



Prehistoric shaman from Caverne des Trois Freres, France.



Figure 2

Prehistoric shaman with flute, Fourneau de Diable, France.



Figure 3

Origins

The Sem's origins, like much else about this compelling civilization within which he functioned, are shadowy. Yet there are discernable hints and clues to his beginnings in the numinous depths of Egypt's prehistory. Even here we catch only elusive glimpses of what will become the persona-changing potential of what the Sem will become in dynastic times. It is within the dynastic state religion that the varying persona/roles the Sem embodied is best seen, if not wholly understood. Vestiges of this shifting aspect can be gleaned from extant prehistoric fragments. Egyptologists, for the sake of convenience, have divided Egyptian prehistory into the Predynastic and the Archaic. At times they designate Dynasties 1 and 2 as the Proto-Dynastic. These designations span the millennia from roughly 5500 - 3050 B.C.E., and while this may reflect rather

conservative dating it will serve as a starting point. The ancient Egyptians themselves held that their beginnings originated in an Ur-Time ruled by the Neters (Gods), a date that would place them back 30,000 years, or into the Upper Paleolithic era by modern scientific reckoning. While there is no datable or acceptable proof of this claim, it is as well to permit the ancients to state their side of their history for we will have occasion to rely upon their explanations/insight into what might otherwise remain enigmatic to us.

The Predynastic and Archaic periods have been largely organised from the material remains at sites in Upper and Lower Egypt. (Map 1)

These remains include occupation sites, cemeteries, flint tools, pottery, everyday items like combs and jewelry, weapons, enigmatic carvings and even the earliest tomb paintings. It is from scenes on certain of these items,

Figure 4A



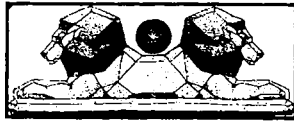
Prehistoric Egyptian shaman with flute, from Two Dogs Palette, Hierakonpolis

Figure 4B



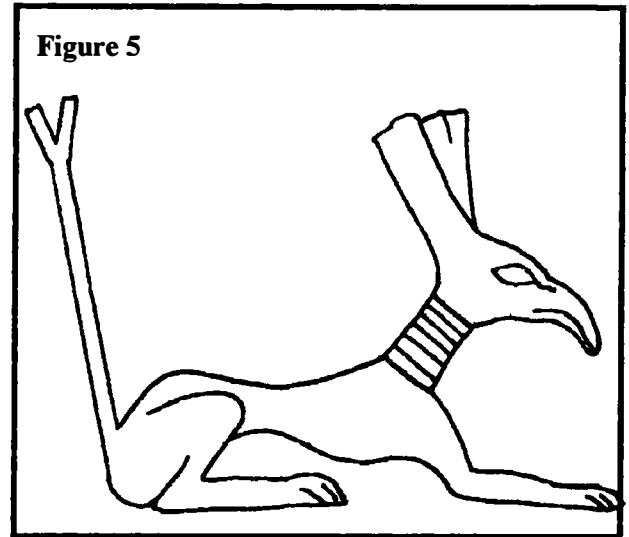
The Two Dogs Palette. Found at Hierakonpolis, Naqada II period, circa 3500-3300 B.C.E

for example, carvings and incised drawings on stones, that we begin to catch fragmentary glimpses into attempts to depict concepts that would, centuries later, develop into the



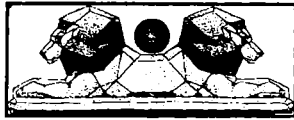
Pharaonic Neters and their worship. It is here too that we begin to catch fleeting glimpses of mysterious figures wearing differing guises. A stone cosmetic palette from the Upper Egyptian Naqada I Period, circa 4000 - 3500 B.C.E. has an incised scene that appears at first glance to be a herd of running animals on it. Closer inspection reveals that one of the animals appears to have only two legs instead of four. (Figure 1) Such scenes are well known from other prehistoric sites, of course, and recall the painting in the *Caverne des Trois Freres* in Ariège, France. Here an artist from before the dawn of history captured the image of a man wearing the horns and skin of a stag. (Figure 2) Another figure from prehistoric France has direct parallel with predynastic Egypt. This appears in the depiction of a figure garbed again in the skin and horns of an animal from the *Fourneau de Diable* at Dordogne. (Figure 3) This man appears to be dancing and accompanying himself with a flute. The Egyptian equivalent comes from another cosmetic palette, this time from the Naqada II period of circa 3500 - 3300 B.C.E. found at the southern site of Hierakonpolis. (Figure 4 A & B) This palette, sometimes called the *Two Dogs Palette* because of the outline of these animals that forms the greater part of the palette, features a profusion of animals: lions, giraffe, antelopes and a wild bull. The scene offers a rare insight of the animals that once lived in prehistoric Egypt. It also gives us a fascinating glimpse into this lost world of the remote past. The scene itself is clearly not meant to be entirely naturalistic despite the accurate representation of some of the animals. At the top of the palette two gazelles are kissing two lions, and a winged griffin is flying through the midst of this unpeopled Eden. The presence of this mythic creature is a clue to the shamanic nature of the scene. Aside from the telltale figure of the griffin, it is the bottom left of the scene which also intrigues the imagination for here is the only two-legged figure, an upright jackal wearing a belt and playing a flute. This upright jackal could well be a shaman, a distant ancestor of the later masked priests, garbed in the guise of his helper totem spirit and summoning his

power animal via the flute. The power animal is the griffin, flying above the jackal. Here we might have a telling clue into the identity of the power animal. All the animals in the scene are wild and the Egyptians always considered wild animals as belonging to Set, Lord of the Wild Places. The only supernatural animal is the griffin. In dynastic times the griffin was

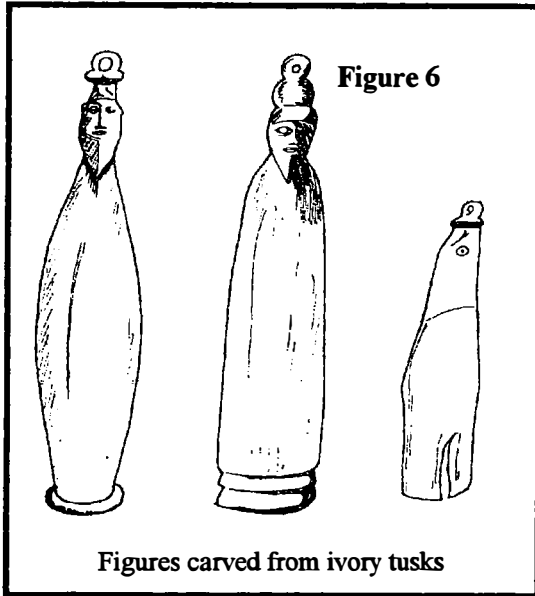


The Enigmatic Set - animal

regarded as a combination of the lion and the hawk, both solar images. In this form the griffin was seen as Horus and Ra combined. Yet the griffin was also one of Set's forms. He is seen in this form as a winged griffin yoked to a chariot and trampling over chaotic forces. Set's wild power is being employed in a beneficial way as guardian and defender. This reflects the Egyptians' ambivalent attitude towards Set. They often saw him as an enemy, but at times he could also be a powerful ally. The Set-animal, like the griffin, is a supernatural entity. It is a sleek greyhound-like animal with a long curved snout, strange truncated square ears and rigid forked tail that has never been correctly zoologically identified. (Figure 5) The reason for this can perhaps be found in the shamanic connection. The so-called 'power animals' seen and encountered in shamanic trances/journeys can be reflections of actual animals but they also combine elements not found in living animals. This is because they are denizens of the shaman's Otherworld and are beyond

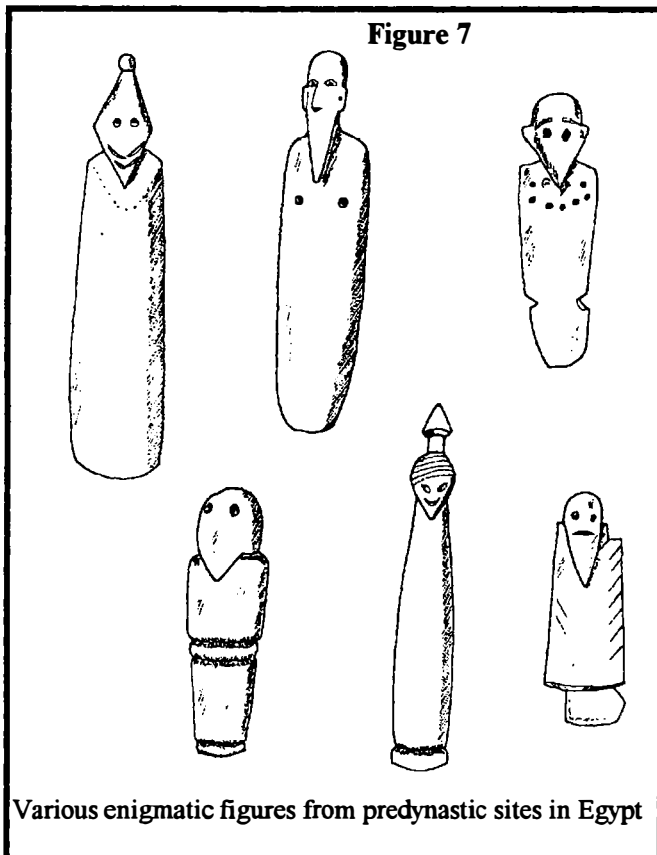


The Ivory Men



Figures carved from ivory tusks

physical zoological identifications So in the Two Dogs Palette it is possible that we have a scene of a prehistoric Egyptian shaman garbed as a jackal (or an early version of Set) and 'dancing his power animal', the griffin, the only animal on the palette that is outside or beyond physical nature.



Various enigmatic figures from predynastic sites in Egypt

The Predynastic and Archaic Periods present us with other enigmatic images. (Figures 6 & 7)

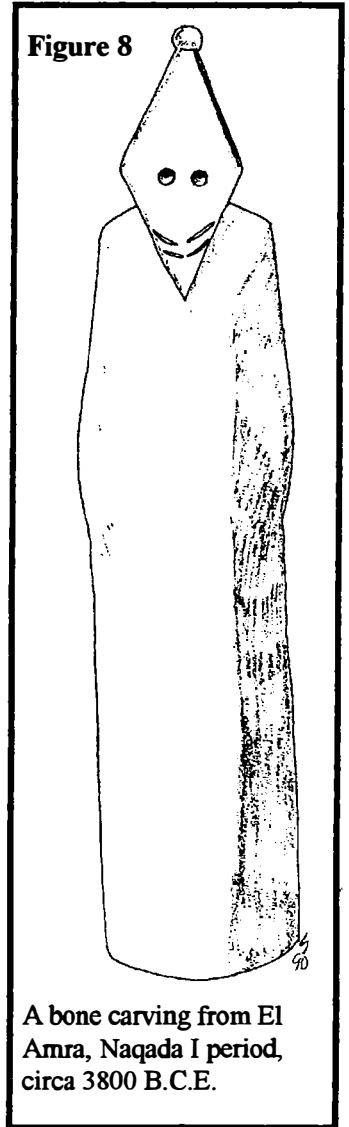
These figures are carved from bone or elephant and hippopotamus ivory/tusks, and come from burials. Jean Capart, writing in 'Primitive Art in Egypt' in 1905 described them:

"In certain tombs of the earliest primitive period, between sequence dates 33 and 44 (Flinders Petrie's early dating system) there is found a pair of ivory horns or tusks.

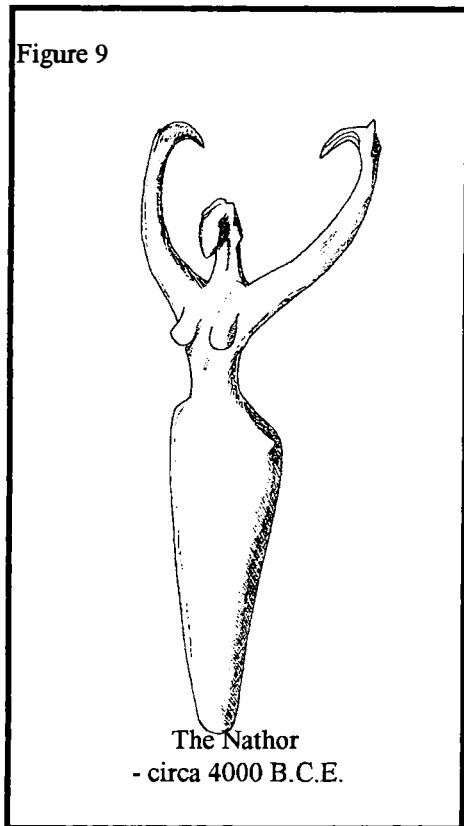
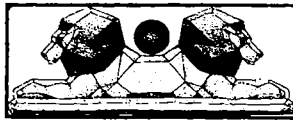
One is always solid, the other hollow. They are sometimes quite undecorated, ending in a point, and pierced at the end for suspension; sometimes at the pointed end there is a groove and ring. In this case there are two eyes, and lines indicating a beard engraved on the surface of the horn; in some instances the eyes are represented

by beads. Occasionally also, and this is the most interesting form, the horns terminate in a human head, worked with care. On the top of the head there is a ring for suspension. The precise purpose of these objects is difficult to determine. Dr. Petrie supposes that they formed part of the equipment of a sorcerer, or medicine man."

The enigmatic nature of these figures adds to their allure. One in particular (Figure 8) suggests that we are seeing one of these primordial shamans or sorcerers. This is clearly a ritually important person, cloaked,



A bone carving from El Amra, Naqada I period, circa 3800 B.C.E.



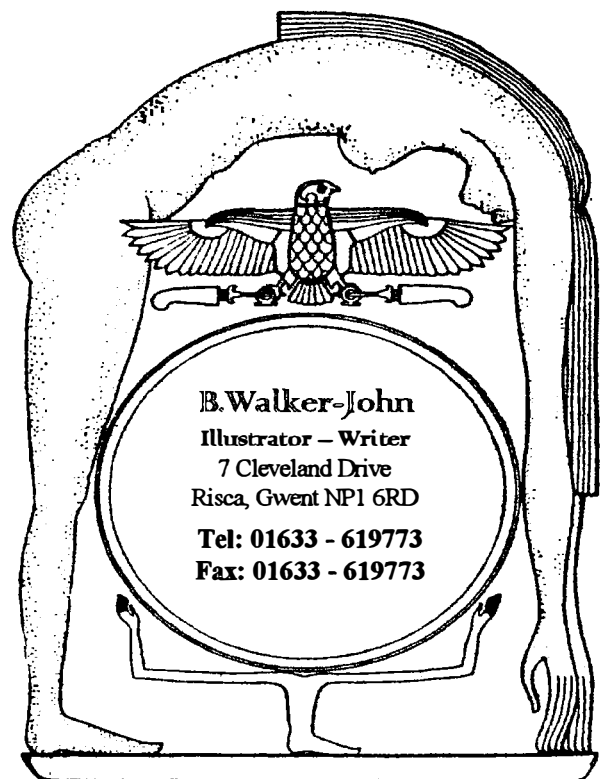
hooded and wearing a particularly eerie mask. The feeling this figure evokes is that of an Otherworld being peering into this world.

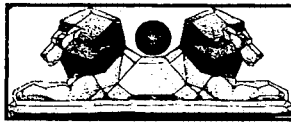
These mysterious figures do not always have clearly defined human heads or features. The famous figures known as Nathors (Figure 9) have bird-shaped heads atop a legless human torso. These figures have been called 'dancing Goddesses' or priestesses in the 'drawing down the Moon' ritual stance, but they could just as easily be images of female shamans. No one knows precisely what these figures were meant to represent by their makers: spirits of the dead cum ancestral figures, early attempts at depicting the emerging Neteru - or shaman. What does seem a more than likely possibility is that the prehistoric Egyptians were attempting to depict intangible concepts, ideas or shamanic ritual in tangible form. Such intangible or esoteric concepts are often difficult to express in written or verbal form, the former particularly for a pre-literate society who was formulating them at the same time. At the heart of this effort was the transformed - or transforming - shaman. The Egyptians did not use the word 'shaman' to describe this person or his/her function. The

title in the earliest dynasties and throughout the Old Kingdom Period was Zem - the early 'Z' sound was replaced by 'S' in Middle Kingdom Egyptian.

The Sem

From the first the Sem was entrusted with learning and performing the ceremonies that had originated in the prehistoric villages along the Nile. The greatest part of this primordial knowledge had to do with the equally primordial Egyptian belief in the life after death. The Sem knew that the intangible psychospiritual elements - the soul, the double, the shining spirit, the name, the spiritual heart - of each person survived death because he had experienced its mysteries and survived them via his shamanic abilities. The rulers of the emerging Pharaonic State were fully conscious of the Sem's use in ensuring their own Otherworldly immortality, and made full use of this ability. By Dynasty 1, if not before, the Sem was a close confidant of Pharaoh, if not Pharaoh's son and heir. Thus from the very beginning of dynastic history we find the image of the Sem already present, an integral part of the developing state and religion.





Gone Underhill

By David Goddard

Violet, adept and mage, stood alone that night in the Fraternity's temple. The rites had concluded several hours before; her fellow-initiates had since retired to their own private quarters; there to conduct their evening meditations or to temporarily shed their physical bodies and travel the astral pathways to rendezvous with various spirit friends. But Violet couldn't settle, she had tried but to no avail, and so she had returned to the now empty temple thinking to keep the watch until the dawn.

There was, it was true, much to disturb her. The Oracle had spoken during the ceremony, pronouncing that Europe would be plunged into another death-struggle; its second in the twentieth century. But that had been coming, and although her Fraternity, like others, had worked their magics so that peace might prevail, the dark billowing out of the abyss was too powerful. Now it seemed, only physical force could prevail against the dark's life-consuming advance. But there was a deeper restlessness upon Violet tonight, as if a tide, pervading the inner dimensions, was finding some resonance within her own soul.

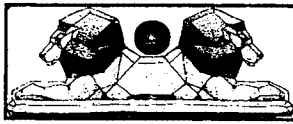
On returning to the temple, she trimmed the wick of the perpetual light and cast aromatic gums upon the red-glowing charcoal until blue-gray clouds of frankincense filled the sanctuary. She didn't circle the sacred space to place the seals of protection at the quarters, because this temple was permanently warded. Instead she went and sat in the western throne and, with an ease borne of long practice, she slipped out of her physical sheath. For a moment she looked at her physical body through the eyes of her luminous spirit-form. She was tall, for a woman, large-boned and fair-skinned, her long red hair, usually worn coiled up, and been shaken loose for the vigil. She was clad in a simple, voluminous black robe, thick enough to keep her physical body warm while its tenant went walkabouts on the astral.

And now, free upon the subtle levels, she took on the regalia of her high degree; for she was no longer only Miss Violet Firth, head of an small esoteric fraternity, now she become: her full self, the adept, Isis-of-the-Moon, a Hierophant after the Order of Melchizadek and a senior priestess of Avalon.

She floated towards the altar that stood at the centre of the temple and there, laid her wraith hands upon it. She contemplated the pillar of fiery light that rose from the altar up into the heavens above. Invisible on the physical, the radiant column was represented by the perpetual light; but now freed from the confines of the three-dimensional plane, she could see the inner reality of which the lamp was an outward symbol.

With the patience of one experienced in interior matters, Isis-of-the-Moon waited for some indication as to the root of her disquiet. The temple was pregnant with power, the inner guardians in place and alert and there was a residue of energy, left from the evening's ceremony, but that was all as it should be. She waited, opening herself to whatever came from the Light to guide her. Nothing. No teacher or messenger, no symbol to indicate the cause of her unrest, no hint of the cause of her unrest. She was about to return to her body, when she heard it.

It was faint, she had to exert her clairaudience to detect it, but there it was, the eiree sound of a horn. Like a call to summons or a signal to awaken, the horn resounded on the edge of hearing. She didn't recognize it. Oh, she knew well the sound of the horn that is blown when the Wild Hunt was abroad and wise folk bar their doors. She knew too the awesome note, of that celestial horn, that reverberates through the worlds when the Hounds of Gabriel relentlessly pursue an evil-doer. But *this* horn's undulating song was unknown to her. It pulled up images from her deep unconscious; pictures of sword-bearing knights borne by high-stepping horses, of



dragon-banners streaming in the wind and of a great, round table. As Isis-of-the-Moon watched and listened, the horn's long, wailing note become one, insistent, word,

"Come!"

With a jolt Violet found herself catapulted back into her body, with the word ringing through her mind,

"Come!"

* * *

Violet needed a few moments to calm herself. Being brought back so abruptly into physicality was always a shock. When her was composure regained, Violet rose from the western throne and, having revered the light upon the altar, she lifted the door-curtain and so left the temple. Still robed she stepped out into the grounds of her Fraternity's retreat house in Glastonbury; a collection of army huts nestled at the foot of the majestic Tor. It was Spring, but still cold, the apple-blossom would be late this year. Dark clouds scudding past a full moon; fitfully obscuring its light. The intermittent moonlight shone upon the Tor, changing the tower of St. Michael the Archangel, that stood upon its summit, from silver to black. But Violet paid little heed to the scene, for the sound of the clarion word still pulled at her and she knew where she must go.

She walked barefoot over the damp grass, oblivious, as if under a *geas*. Like a shadow she passed to the end of the garden, where, behind the mock-orange bushes, was the mound of the Tor. There she accessed one of the Fraternity's most closely-guarded secrets, an entrance and passage that led to caves beneath Glastonbury Tor: and to the Crystal Cave at its heart.

As Violet walked the passageway she slid into a half trance. She had no need for physical illumination to see her way, she had taken it before many times and besides the fey light, that-casts-no-shadow, filled her entranced sight. She came at last into great cave, deep in the earth and directly under the tower upon the Tor. In the ancient Mysteries, the most holy rites and initiations had taken place in caves; the cave at Delphi from which Apollo's pythia spoke

and the stable-caves in which both Jesus and Mithras had been born. This cave wasn't actually formed of crystal, but of granite, but it had myriads of quartz-crystal inclusions, so that, in the flickering candlelight of ritual, it did sparkle in a most wonderful manner.

She came to the centre of the cave - she knew now who would be meet her there. She sat in the *padma-asana*, the lotus posture of a Buddha, and waited. His thought-presence grew all around her, like the scent of hawthorn blossom, and now she gave verbal answer to his summons,

"Merlin, I am come."

A photon of light appeared before her. It elongated into a spindle of rotating light, grew brighter, spun faster, and formed into the Master's rainbow-body.

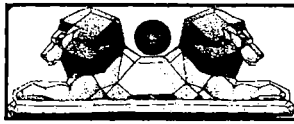
He appeared this time - for his guises are many - as a seated man clad in the snow-white of Druids; his head crowned with a garland of gold oak-leaves and acorns. His silver beard spilled over his chest, half concealing the emerald-studded breastplate of the sun-priests of lost Atlantis. His sparkling eyes were as old as yesterday and as young as tomorrow; and his voice, when he spoke, was rich and golden like the nectar of bees,

"In the One's Name, greeting, Isis-of-the-Moon; and again, greeting to thee, sweet Flower of Avalon."

"And to thee, Lord Merlin, Archmage of Britain," she replied in the same hieratic manner, "in the One's name, honour and greeting, Elder Brother."

The courtesies so observed, the Merlin spoke.

"I come to you now as spokesman for those who oversee the spiritual destiny of these isles, known by some as the 'Watchers of Avalon'. You heard this night, Isis-of-the-Moon, the declaration of the Oracle. We had tried to avert this dark time. It was to have been hoped that the restoration of the Cup from Brigit's Well would have brought deep healing unto the nations. But, alas, the evil facing us is both ancient and strong; and it has called to many Servants of the Dark Face to join it in its onslaught. While many souls, ignorant of the cosmic struggle, have permitted this evil to gain hold and to flourish, through their indifference



and complacency.

"I, the Archmage of Britain, tell you solemnly, the seal to the abyss is shattered and the blood-demons are abroad. The King of Fear himself has poured his power into a human, to be his foul vessel; for this human has said unto Evil, "Be thou my good." Behold, how the adversary perverts the emblems of Light, for now a dark antithesis of the Grail is regnant in the land of the Tautens.

"The human-vessel will not rest until all lands come under his sway; and his fell master, who has never known rest, lusts as always to bring all life beneath his ebony mantle of everlasting fear. I tell you most solemnly, civilization itself - which has enabled humanity to rise from savagery and barbarism - is threatened and may now perish.

"You well know, that these islands have long been an adytum of the Light; since the Ancient Ones and my kind came hither from that land which now lies dreaming beneath the waves. And this vale has been one of the sacred lamps of the Light. We, the Watchers, have sounded the horn to awaken the Knights of the Table-Round. That company of sacred warriors who epitomize, in symbol, the chivalric ideals of defending the weak, of opposing the Dark and of upholding justice. If you work with these potent symbols in meditation and ceremony, the influences they represent will flow into the group-soul of the people of these isles. For, in the days that lie ahead, the people will have much need of them.

"The horn has been sounded, the horn that awakens Arthur, the once and future king, summoning him from Avalon to his land's dire need. And so the powers are stirred and abroad. Yet without physical men and women, versed in the ancient arts, to channel their inspiring influence, the powers will be but impotent and sterile. And so we come now to you, Isis-of-the-Moon, and to the reason for your summons, here, to the heart of the sacred mound.

"We would commission and entrust you with the task of creating the magical channels so that the powers may flow through. To gather and focus those mages, seers and telepaths who will be, in truth, the invisible army fighting the magical battle for Britain. Yet even we may not, dare compel you. That which we serve endowed

you with free-will, and this unique gift we honour, aye, and defend."

"But lord," she asked, "Will the magi listen when I speak to them?"

He replied,

"They will hearken, for we will enflame their souls."

"But lord, they will ask 'Who sent you?' 'From whence comes the authority?' What shall I tell them?"

For the first time that night, the Master chuckled,

"Thus asked Moses upon Horeb, and thus has it ever been. Remember little sister, magical-motto you chose, and place your trust in God not in fickle fortune. You shall receive a token from the Queen of Elfame, herself; it shall be such a sign as none may deny."

A fate-filled silence fell upon the Crystal Cave under the Tor. Then, after a while, he asked it,

"Tell me then, Little Sister, wilt thou accept this mandate?"

Resolved now, Violet answered without hesitation,

"Aye, lord."

The Merlin repeated,

"Flower of Avalon, wilt thou accept the mandate?"

"Aye, lord I will," she replied.

And once more,

"Isis-of-the-Moon, for the third time of asking, wilt thou accept the mandate?"

And she answered, for the third and fateful time,

"My lord Merlin, in The One's Name, I accept the mandate.

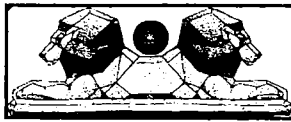
The Archmage's voice tolled like a great bell,

"Then, under the authority of *Yahveh-Zevaot*, so be it."

And then soft and gentle, for he knew what she had accepted, and the pain and toil it bore,

"Approach, Little Sister, and receive a name and a sign."

And when Violet had received them from the Merlin, the burden of the mandate fell upon her shoulders like a heavy, but royal, mantle.



The Council of the Fraternity had been divided over the matter. Violet had postulated that, because the challenge was so great, mages both from within and without the Fraternity be summoned to answer the call. But also, and here is where the root of the dissension lay, she wished called those apprenticed to mages and even novice-students too, studying alone in their far-flung homes. She insisted that the veil of secrecy that concealed the temple and its workings be drawn aside, for, she said, the need outweighed the tradition. But there were those on the Council who felt that this contravened the traditional oaths of secrecy and might even endanger the Fraternity itself. The atmosphere generated by modern wartime politics and paranoia was not conducive to the understanding of arcane methods, however well intentioned. The Council remained divided. Finally, it was decided to put the issue before the entire Fraternity in open assembly; which was just since the decision would affect them all.

It was a cold winter's afternoon, when the assembly gathered in the high temple at the House of the Order, near Kensington Gardens in London. In the subdued lighting each person present could be seen to be robed according to their attainment in the Mysteries. For some it was the first time they had ever set foot within this sanctum-sanctorum. The temple was full to overflowing. The seats in the south, west and north were four rows deep and on the dais in the east sat the seven members of the Council, some twenty invited adepts and Violet, the Outer Head of the Fraternity. In the central space of the temple, on the black and white paved floor stood a simple altar and upon which rested the lamp of the ever-burning Light.

The assembly was silent yet poised; for these were men and women trained in the disciplines of meditation and self-awareness. The issue had been read to the gathering by the Council's and all were now silently weighing up its merits and ramifications. This was not an matter of Violet's integrity as an adept and seer; she was respected for they would not have come otherwise. But it was a grave issue and the proposed work flouted many of the conventions that those present had been trained under. Finally, it was a senior prophet of the College of

Theurgists who gave voice to the misgivings of many. Rising from his place with great difficulty, for he was crippled in one leg, he turned his venerable face towards Violet herself, and asked,

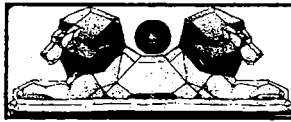
"With respect, Sister-in-Light, we have heard tell of the mandate you have received from the Watchers of Avalon, but ..." all eyes were upon him, "We have received no signs of verification by which to judge. And we have the right to 'Know in order to Serve'. I will not act without such assurance from the Watchers themselves." As he sat again a sigh came from the assembly, as if each one had been holding their breath.

Violet rose from the Hierophant's throne. She knew this to be the moment of truth, and although she had much experience and no little faith, each such moment tested the heart anew. Gathering the power she slowly took three steps forward on the dais; made a fleeting gesture, whispered a word and vanished!

The assembly was on its feet in an uproar! Never had these temple walls heard such raised voices since its consecration. "Where was she?" "What trickery was this?" It was only the habit of self-discipline that kept those assembled in their places. On the eastern dais the Council members looked dumbfounded one to another. The visiting adepts too were looking distinctly uncomfortable. The hubbub continued till through voices was heard the sound of laughter. Soft it was but deep. Gradually voices stopped and people looked to see its source. It came from an Irish mage, known as the Hibernian Adept, seated on the dais amidst the Council and dignitaries. It was so innocuous that the assembly fell silent once more but remained standing.

"She's stepped Underhill," he chortled. "In the midst of this monstrosity of a concrete city, she's actually stepped through into Faerie!" And his laughter pealed again.

"Was he unhinged?", some wondered. "Mad as the Irish", others thought. But before anyone could comment aloud, the Irish mage fell silent and bowed to the light upon the altar. And, as he rose from his adoration, there, on the exact spot from which she had disappeared, stood Violet once more;.



Her face was rapt. Above her head she held a shining object that cut through the temple's gloom like sunshine. She held, for all to see, a silver, leafed, branch which bore three apples of shimmering gold, that tinkled like crystal bells.

"Behold! the Silver Branch," cried Violet exultantly, "the token of Avalon's Lady of the Lake!"

She descended the dais and circled the silent temple. As she passed by each one present heard the singing of the fairy bells and the rich perfume of apple-blossoms filled the temple on that cold November afternoon.

Smiling with deep joy, Violet swept up to the prophet of the College of Theurgists and touched him upon the thigh with the Silver Branch. Then completing her circumambulation of the temple, she resumed her place upon the Hierophant's seat.

All were dazed, the atmosphere emanating from the Silver Branch couldn't be denied, yet, it was too subtle, too strange for most to cognize. But then, the old prophet moved forward from his seat in the west of the temple, towards Violet; his eyes riveted to the fey wand and singing apples. And as he shuffled forward, the walking-stick fell from his hand - he hadn't walked unaided in fifteen years - he straightened and walked erect and strong to the dais, while tears of joy ran down his venerable face. The assembly sighed. Then, with a ringing voice, he cried,

"I recognize the mandate given by the High Ones and pledge my powers to this cause. And may my weapons turn against me if I break this my solemn oath."

As if on signal, the assembled adepts, mages, the apprenticed and the students alike, gave their pledges. Magical swords and wands of power upraised in salute. Then Violet, raised the Silver Branch aloft once more and spoke,

"And I pledge my powers to the cause we now share. I vow by my magical motto, *Doe non Fortuna*, that I will shed my heart's blood, if need be, for Britain to remain free. And I, Isis-of-the-Moon, fling my defiance into the face of the Dark itself, 'Be warned, you shall come no further'."

With a circling motion, she gestured

with the Silver Branch over the assembled,
"There is a blessing on all who serve."

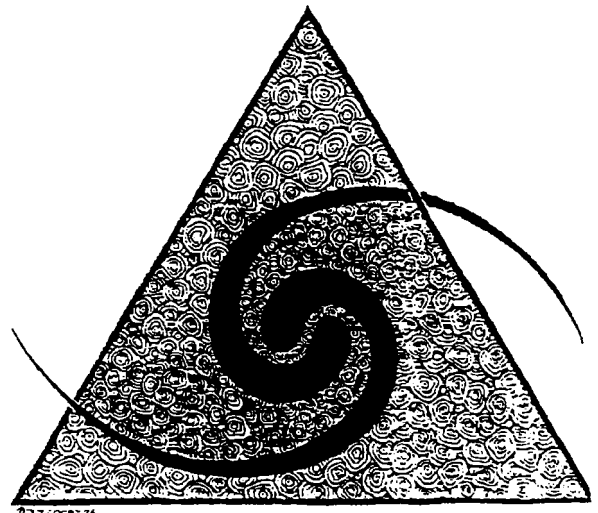
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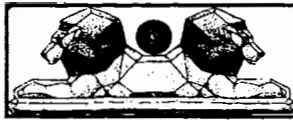
Two days later letters went out to all of the Fraternity's membership and supporters. Each letter contained the dates, times and details of the group meditations and attunements. Everyone united in the work, whether they be at the London temple, or by their own hearths - throughout England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland - would build the same thought-images and magically invoke into them the same archetypal energies.

The locus of their operation would be the Temple under the Tor in Glastonbury. They would spirit-journey to the hollow hill to join with Merlin, Arthur and the Knights of the Table-Round in the defense of the Blessed Isles and of the light of liberty.

Violet personally signed every one of the three hundred or so letters, so they would be linked to her like talismans. She signed them with her pseudonym - which was a play upon her magical motto - by which most people knew her ...

"Yours faithfully,
Dion Fortune."





The World Of The Soul

By Malcolm MacQueen



and Binah form the 'Father' and 'Mother' forces of this spiritual level giving rise to the created worlds.

In the microcosm this level corresponds to the spirit - Kether equating with the divine spark and Chokmah and Binah equating with the creative and intuitive modes of the spirit. The Abyss separates and veils this sublime level from the rest of manifestation.

The next six sepiroth (though Daath may be included) form the second part of this grouping which is known as Zoar Anpin or Microprosopus, the Lesser Countenance. This is said to be a reflection and a fuller expression of the Greater Countenance where God reveals himself fully in his creation. In the microcosm it corresponds to the soul which is known Qabalistically as the Ruach (though strictly speaking Yesod belongs to Nephesch).

It is given the image of a King which can both symbolise God ruling at the centre of his creation and the Jungian 'self' in the centre of the psyche. The soul may be subdivided into a 'higher' and a 'lower' level.

The hexagram is a symbol much rooted in the Qabalah (though also used in Eastern systems) and much can be gained through exploring its links with the Tree of Life.

Being a six-fold symbol is associated with Tipareth (the sixth Sephira on The Tree) and the six surrounding sephiroth. This area can be further studied in the light of various groupings or patterns of The Tree.

1. The Three-fold Division

Firstly it forms part of a three-fold division of The Tree. The supernal triangle of Kether, Chokmah and Binah comprises the first unit which is known as Arik Anpin or Macroprosopus, the Vast or Greater Countenance. This represents the primal manifestation of God which as the profile of the ancient bearded King (magical image of Kether) shows part manifest and part hidden. Chokmah

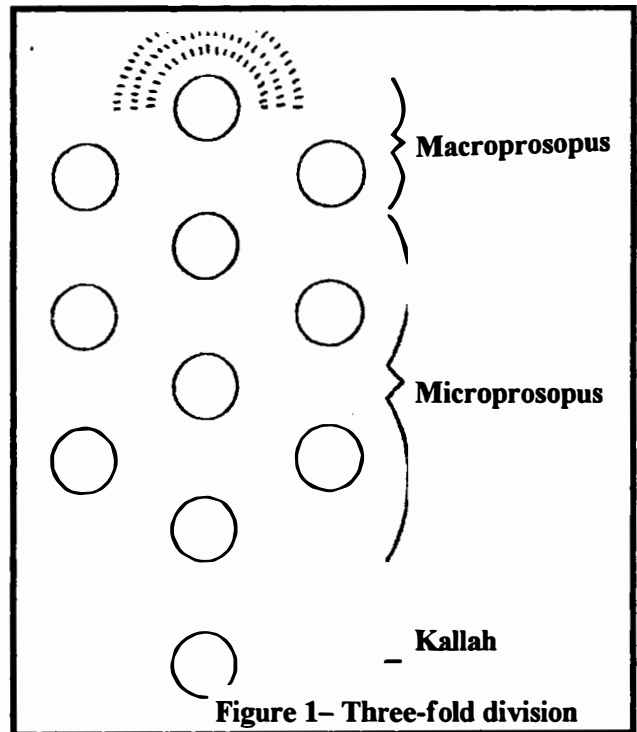


Figure 1- Three-fold division

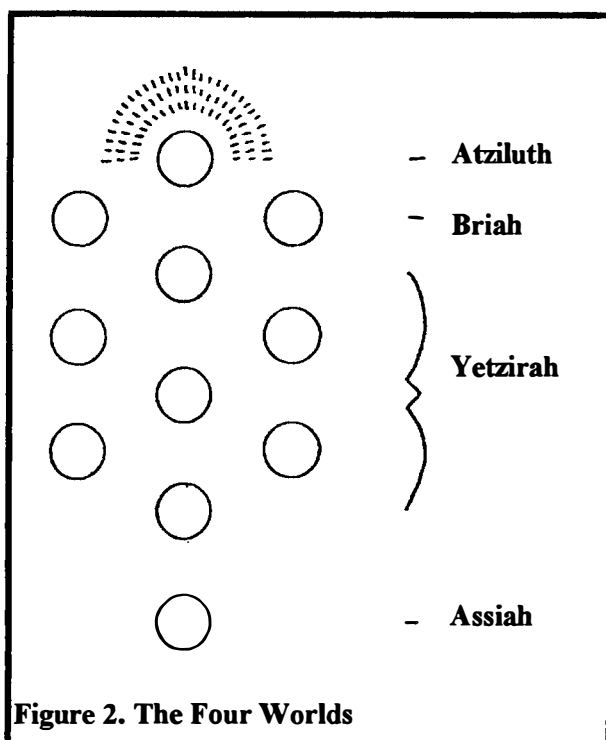
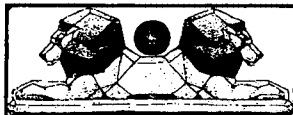


Figure 2. The Four Worlds

The higher level is known as the higher self or individuality and the lower level is known as the personality. The higher self is in touch with the spirit and builds up the personality as a vehicle to gather experience in the physical world - this harvest of experience being absorbed by the higher self at the end of each incarnation.

Most of us function mainly on the level of the personality, being unaware of our higher vehicles. It is largely the aim of occult work to build up contact with the higher self and unfold our true nature and place in the divine plan.

The final part of this three-fold division comprises Malkuth representing the etheric/physical world and the body. It is known as Kallah, the Bride of Microprosopus, pointing to the polarity between these two levels and their eventual union. The outer world or matter is redeemed or spiritualised through the fusion of our consciousness with the illuminated consciousness of the higher self. This process is symbolised by the two interlaced triangles of the hexagram. In this way we will become Kings or rulers of a rich inner kingdom - a process described by Jungian psychology as individuation. This three-fold image of God/man is brought together by considering the King in the soul crowned with the spirit and espoused to a destiny in the physical outer world.

2. The Four-fold Division

Further light can be thrown on the soul level or Ruach by considering the division of The Tree into what are known as the Four Worlds.

The first World comprises Kether alone (see fig. 2) which as already noted symbolizes God in his essence and the divine spark in man. It is known as Atziluth, the Archetypal World or World of Origins and at this level we are at one with God. Also Kether is the point where life wells up from the Unmanifest and hence is the source or origin of all things.

Chokmah and Binah form a functional pair in the next World of Briah, which is known as the Creative World. The Tarot Trump The Empress forms a good image at this level, showing the fertile mother of Binah impregnated with the life giving force of Chokmah. The child that she carries can symbolize the potential of the created World awaiting to unfold and has strong connections with Daath and Tiphareth.

God is said to manifest upon this level through the Archangels or Lords of Flame. These mighty spiritual beings are concerned with mediating the spiritual energies of Atziluth and also guide the hosts of angels and Elementals in the worlds below.

This is the general level of working of The Tree, contact with the Archangels being particularly helpful to man.

Tiphareth and the six surrounding sephiroth comprise Yetzirah, the World of Formation and of angels. Here we can imagine the creations of the supernal father and mother taking on shape and substance as they immerse deeper into form.

This level corresponds to the astral light or astral plane which can be imagined as a great sea of animating force which interpenetrates the physical world. The astral light is very plastic and can be moulded into any shape or form. It receives impressions from the beings of the higher worlds and also from the mind of man and beings of the physical world. It is upon this level that man and the other kingdoms of nature are one, forming what is known as the group soul of our planet. The Jungian concept of the-collective unconscious also belongs here.

Many beings of different stature populate this level, the lesser beings or elementals working under the orders of angels, who in turn are

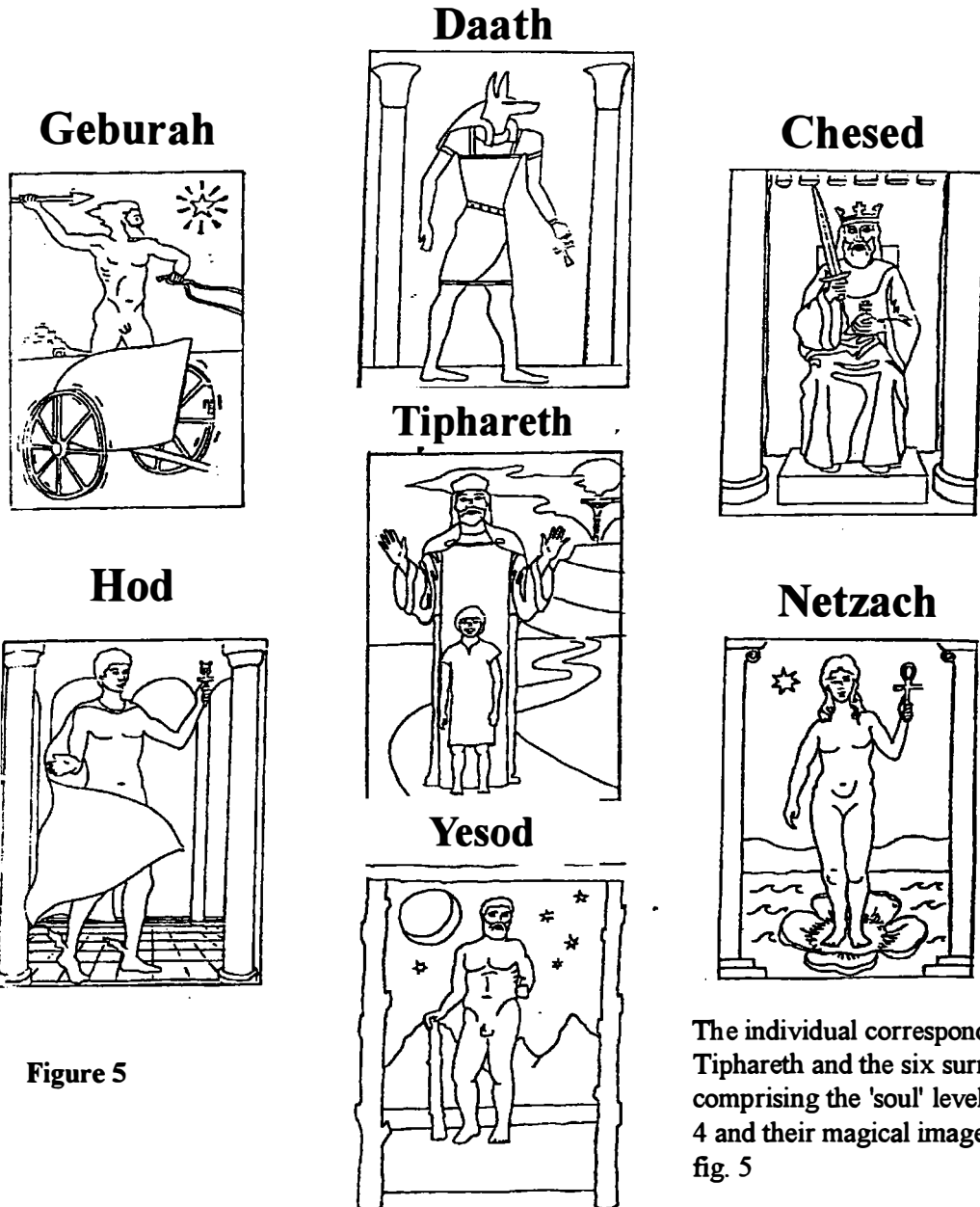
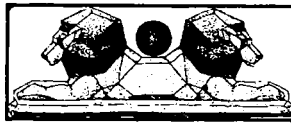


Figure 5

The individual correspondences for Tiphareth and the six surrounding spheres comprising the 'soul' level are given in fig. 4 and their magical images are shown in fig. 5

The Vau 'nail' is used in a building process to hold a structure together and this binding and fixing quality fits well with the Formative World of Yetzirah where creations are built up and take shape. It is also worth noting that the physical world is said to be held in being by the astral stresses of this level. Also the 'nail' gives us the idea of two levels of existence being held together, the spiritual level of Atziluth joined to the physical level of Malkuth by the astral level of Yetzirah. The 'nail' is also sharp and piercing and suggestive of the principle of sacrifice - the mysteries of the crucifixion being assigned to tiphareth. The spirit manifesting upon this level must sacrifice its free ranging powers and accept

the limitations of the planes of form. Also on the upward path the lesser life of the personality must be sacrificed and aligned to the divine will. This at first sight seems a great loss but in reality one finds a greater freedom. The sharp piercing quality of the nail can also be symbolic of the more perceptive inner psychic and intuitive faculties of man.

The final He is assigned to Malkuth/Assiah, the Material World showing the links existing between Binah, the supernal mother and Malkuth the inferior mother. Both are spheres of form, Binah shaping the creative forces of the spirit and Malkuth the outer or physical vehicle, the body.

