

PRELUDE

Chapter One

§1

During 1955, at the age of 23, I had been working at two jobs, one in an Irish pub near King's Cross railway station in London, and at closing time as a temporary porter at the Railway station, mostly concerned with loading the newspaper trains which left for the various regions of Britain during the night. Life had been not very kind to me (or so it seemed) and I dreamed of raising enough money to buy a replacement piano-accordion for the one that was lost overboard during a collision at sea near Plymouth in 1951. Seven men died when the Royal Navy ship in which I served was struck by a merchant ship in the English Channel, and my accordion had floated out through the hole made in the side of H.M.S. Grenville, which was a destroyer that had seen service in World War Two.

My dream was to earn my living in some way from my music, which started with a very small accordion when I was thirteen. I had no idea how, but without an instrument it was clearly impossible. So I did two jobs, saved enough money, and after a few months, I had enough money to go to Boosey and Hawkes second-hand music department in Charing Cross Road, where I found a quite serviceable instrument. With the help of an experienced street entertainer I had met, I was introduced, with considerable fear and trepidation, to the world of the London busker, finding pitches in parts of London's West End where I would play the older songs that most people knew, while Nat, my friend, bottled for me. That is to say, Nat – short for Nathan – would stroll about nearby collecting donations for our mutual upkeep. It was called bottling from an old tradition of street collecting where a bottle was used; you can put coins into one easily, but you can't take them out again.

Before long I had the confidence to work on my own, though there were still many occasions when I would enlist or be offered the services of Nat. Be that as it may, I was fortunate enough to meet up with, and be accepted by, the swing jazz musicians – almost all guitarists – who met regularly at the Gyre and Gimble coffee house in John Adam Street, close by Charing Cross Railway Station. It was here that I met Morry, who, like Nat, was Jewish, and we teamed up regularly as a duo, working the various pitches, but especially the Gyre and Gimble, until about two in the morning, when we made our way to Mick's café in Fleet Street, where in those days the newspapers were printed, with Mick there to meet their need for refreshment during their meal breaks. We would play at a table by the door, and the printers would leave their offerings in a strategically placed saucer. We liked it, they liked it, and Mick liked it, as it attracted more custom. During those heady days of the Gyre and Gimble, we met, or endured, depending on how you look at it, a number of people who went on to fame and fortune in various degrees – Tommy Steele (still Tommy Hicks then) Wally Whyton, who went on to host TV children's programmes, Long John Baldry, who sang a lot, and Jim Dale, who became a good comedy actor, especially in the British "Carry On" films. All were, at that time, what we called "three-chord merchants" who sang to their guitars, and were regarded as inferior beings by those, like myself, who were acquainted with the intricacies of the

Gimble

diminished seventh and the augmented fifth. Our shining light however, was the great Diz Disley, a fan and fanatic follower of the guitar style and music of Django Reinhardt. Diz went on to greater heights for a while in the eighties, when he found himself, with trio, backing the great Stephan Grapelli, who had played with Django in the thirties.

Apart from my jazz accordion playing, I was pretty much of a useless wimp, with little idea about real life and human relationships. This was to change dramatically after I took up with the girl of Morry's dreams, Pauline, who, like Morry and Nat, was Jewish, and we lived together for nine months. It didn't – couldn't last, even though we got to the stage of my meeting her mother (just the once) which for a gay boy was a daunting experience.

Pauline became pregnant, and horrified at the prospect. I, from a loosely Christian background, was certain she should have and keep the baby, and that we would somehow get by. Naïve, or what? Pauline left, had a back-street abortion (illegal and dangerous then) and so far as I recall we never properly met again.

Which is where my story really begins.

§2

It is the night of April 3rd to 4th, 1956. My agonizing with my conscience over Pauline's predicament has been severe. Some deep-rooted conviction in me has said that abortion was wrong, and plead as she might – and did – there was no way I could back down. Nothing could dissuade me from it, and I have lost the girl I loved.

I agonize within myself for hours, my thoughts going round in circles, always coming back to the same firm, convinced question of principle. Looking back, I am inclined to think that it was not the principle itself which led to what followed, but the fact of my holding fast to it, come what may. I had not yet reached sufficient maturity to understand the horror and shame of *Pauline's* predicament, but had the totally self-centred sense of my own importance concerning what was right and wrong.

About eleven at night, I become irrationally convinced that I am going to die. Not at some time in the future, but this very night. So sure of this am I that I am desperate not to go to sleep, as I know that this will be the end of me. About four hours later, I realise that there is no way I can stay away forever, and become reconciled to my own imminent death. So, about three o'clock I lay down on the bed, and strangely become calm, reconciled to my fate.

Later that day I wake up – dead. The Alan who had fallen asleep on the bed is no more. A new, "reborn" and more confident Alan has appeared. To be sure, he has all the memories of the old Alan's past, but as if they were those of some other person, now gone forever. He never came back.

I cannot honestly say to this day what truly happened, except to restate it as it was, which is why I tried to say it in the present tense, for it was a reality of

experience which remains with me in a way which most other experience cannot. I do know it was *not* the "rebirth" experience of the born-again Christian, despite my background. No one "saved" me, and Jesus was not involved, even though my probably childish perception of his teaching may have been. Some might wonder if this was what some people describe as a "walk-in" – where the inhabiting soul or entity departs the body, and another, with work to do, takes its place. I know from later reading that the late Dion Fortune, in her maiden name of Violet Mary Firth, wrote to the Glastonbury archaeologist and psychic researcher, Frederick Bligh Bond, explaining her own conviction that this had happened to her. The girl she began with died, and the "new girl" took her place, but at a much younger age than that of my own experience. Like me, however, she reported having the memories of the girl she believed she had replaced.

It could just be thought of as a kind of near death experience, except that it wasn't "near" at all, I actually "died" in some way. Later I would recall a much earlier near death experience from my childhood, which would seem to rule this experience out as one such, as well as negating the possibly romantic idea of a "walk-in" spirit with "work" to do. Why? Because in the childhood experience I was very ill – aged about ten or eleven, and had passed out of my body in a high fever. Some entity, seemingly dressed in white, had come to collect me, but from somewhere within my own spiritual depths I heard myself telling him (?) that I couldn't come yet, *because I had work to do*. So it would seem that any spiritual work – which is how I understood it, and still do – was somehow programmed in me quite early on.

So there I was, dead, and greatly improved, ready to discover the world of "The Occult," beginning with Ernest (who was not Jewish) and the bedrock of all my later work and study – Astrology.

To be continued

Ernest Page

Mick's Café, apart from being a warm place to earn a few shillings at night, was, of course, somewhere to eat, and in those days, somewhere to meet. Although not obvious at the time, it was to mark a turning point in my life. I had gone there to eat – steak and chips – and maybe to see a friend or two, but no one I knew was there at the time. I could not help but notice, and overhear, a nearby stranger with long, greying hair, and a full if tobacco-stained beard. He was giving free “off the cuff” “astrology” readings to some young women, who hung on his every word – as did I. They were clearly impressed. He had with him a small book which he consulted for his purpose, and so, when there was a lull in the conversation, I asked him if he could “do” a reading for me.

Ernest, as I later got to know him, asked me the usual basic questions – my date, place, and time of birth. With this information he produced from a battered small suitcase his copy of a book still in my possession (though a later edition) called *The New Waite's Compendium of Genethliacal Astrology* (later editions had *Natal Astrology* as does my copy, edited by Colin Evans. Many years later a new editor, Allan Armstrong, would introduce Chiron (with ephemeris) into a Penguin *Arcana* version. But, as usual, I digress. Having extracted from *Waite* (as it came to be known) the necessary information, he turned to his small book. This was a copy of one of Alan Leo's *Astrological Manuals*. A large quarto volume of this also existed, which I was to discover later on, but the “reading” Ernest gave me was from the small version, and in particular the section which gave the Sun and Moon combinations throughout the zodiac. That is, Sun in Aries, Moon in Aries, Sun in Aries, Moon in Taurus, and so on until Sun in Pisces, Moon in Pisces.

Mine was Sun in Taurus, Moon in Aries (it still is) and simple though the reading was, it seemed to describe me far more accurately than I would have expected. Clearly there was something in this Astrology, and after the young women had left, I moved across to his table for a chat. The chat became a long conversation which continued as we left the café, which was when I discovered that Ernest Britten Page had a severe curvature of the spine so serious that he seemed to be looking at the ground the whole time. (He was related to the author Vera Britten, whose main claim to fame was a book, *Testament Of Youth*). I was later to discover that although his astrological prowess attracted the young women, his own interest was far more in young men – usually around seventeen, which let me off the hook. Ernest had worked for the Post Office for many years, until he discovered astrology, whereupon, overnight (as it seemed to him) he left his job to devote himself full-time to its study. And that is exactly what he did, even to the extent of finding himself homeless and often penniless. About astrology though he would hold forth enthusiastically for hours to anyone he thought was serious about sharing his study. I was, and he held forth! A better mentor I could not have found.

Ernest showed me how to erect a chart from the complicated instructions in *Waite* and impressed upon me the importance of accuracy in the checking of data. One of my first proudly constructed charts was dismissed immediately by him as wrong. How could he tell so quickly, I wanted to know.

"Where is the Sun?" he asked. I looked, and it was (say) in the fifth house. ¹²

"And what is the time of birth?" It was in the afternoon. ⁵

"Then the Sun cannot be below the horizon, can it?" he gently remonstrated. I have never forgotten this first, basic check.

Ernest himself rarely drew a chart at all. He would list the planets their positions and houses, from which very basic data he could see at a glance all the aspects, correspondences – whatever he needed to know.

From then on however, I did chart after chart after chart. In those days we could purchase a book of "blank maps" from John Watkin's bookshop at No 21, Cecil Court, off Charing Cross Road. These were in a coarse paper cover, a sort of orange, with "Map Of The Heavens" printed at the top of each blank. The last time I visited the shop in the nineteen-eighties, it had been transformed from a single, small establishment, into a linked row of three shops, of which the original was to the right. In my day it was still run by Geoffrey Watkins, son of the founder, John Watkins. A picture of it circa 1960 will be found at the end of this chapter. A veritable treasure trove of occult and related lore, Geoffrey Watkins, assisted by a Mr. Miller, who "smoked" a dummy cigarette constantly, seemed to know every book in stock, plus the nature and value of its contents. If he thought you were a serious student, he would often quietly, gently, and firmly seek to offer you something more suitable than the possibly sensational "garbage" you were about to waste your money on. He had his own standards and preferences clearly delineated by the arrangement of his stock. All of the works of H. Spencer Lewis, American founder of A.M.O.R.C (Ancient and Mystical Order *Rosea Crucis*) were low down on a shelf behind the counter, and the short but broad Mr. Miller. I once asked him why, and he told me it made them difficult for people to get at them, but as a general occult bookseller, he felt obliged to stock them.

The only astrology books around at the time were those of Alan Leo, plus two others – *Astrology, its Technics [sic] and Ethics*, by one C. Aqua Libra (clearly a pseudonym) and *Astrology and its practical application* by Else Parker. I still have a copy of the latter, which was the first book I ever found which had an esoteric slant different from Alan Leo's, and gave readings for the Part of Fortune in the twelve houses. Both books were translated from their Dutch originals. The first was little different from *Waite* and lacked the condensed ephemeris and tables of houses of the latter; also, Else Parker's delineations were fuller and more interesting. There was also a second-hand section, where one could find such gems as books by Sepharial, and Zadkiel's version of Lilly's *Astrology*, which left something to be desired. The quantity and quality of other occult literature was astounding for its day – most of what is familiar to people today had been out of print since the nineteen-thirties, probably due to the interruptions of the Second World War. To read the serious literature of occultism, it was necessary to obtain a reader's ticket to what was then the Reading Room of the Library of the British Museum (now The British Library) which was accessed *via* the large round dome of the old building. To obtain this prestigious reader's ticket required a serious reference, and I was proud to obtain mine from the great Geoffrey Watkins himself. My adventures in the "Brit Mus.," as we called it, will come later. For now, I shall relate a couple of astrological anecdotes.

Ernest was a Virgoan, with Neptune rising in Virgo. Astrologers will not be surprised to learn that his calculations were meticulous. He once drew for me a copy of his own chart, which sadly has not survived my many journeys from east to west in the U.K. It was beautifully hand drawn on "copperplate" style, with neatly drawn "clouds" around the perimeter. By the Ascendant was written – I forget the exact details, so this is invented – $13^{\circ} 14' 09''$ (approx). Ernest also calculated all of his transits for every day in great detail. He was puzzled on one occasion as to how he could find himself in mortal danger involving a large number of papers at (say) three-thirteen on a Thursday afternoon. At precisely the predicted time, he later told me, his Neptune ascendant kicked in as he was crossing Charing Cross Road. He was almost run over by a speeding motorist near Foyle's bookshop, his battered case flew open, and his precious papers flew all over the street. Fortunately they were mostly all recovered.

On another occasion his predictions said he would receive financial gain in the middle of the night, long after the latest-opening coffee house had closed, and his usual supply of warmth was unavailable. Huddled up in his scruffy clothes, his battered case on his lap, he fell asleep on a bench in the forecourt of Charing Cross railway station. When he woke up, as dawn was breaking, he found that some well-wisher had carefully placed a ten-shilling note between his clenched fingers while he slept.



The most desirable thing for students of occult subjects in those days was a ticket for the reading room of the British museum. These were not easy to obtain. One had to get a suitable and influential person to sign one's application as being suitable and safe to use the facilities of the library. I was very fortunate in that Geoffrey Watkins was only too pleased to sign my application, and so it was that I became a proud holder of a ticket for the reading room of the British Museum Library.

The British Museum is a very imposing building. One approaches it from a long flight of steps and enters through huge doors into a large lobby. In the 1950s the museum in itself was still laid out in the 19th century Victorian style. Since then it has become more of an exhibition than a museum. Everything is designed to ensure an even flow of tourists and visitors through the various exhibits. In my time, however, one could wander about more or less at random, any of the exhibits were close to hand and could be approached or even touched. Nowadays, all too many are tucked away behind screens, or in glass exhibition cases with written explanations of the contents. But I detract. On entering the lobby, directly in front of the visitor were two double doors, fairly indistinguishable in themselves. A man in uniform stood nearby. These doors led directly into the great dome which appeared to house the books. The dome was a very high and the room circular. Around the circumference were tiers of galleries along which a person could walk and examine the books which crowded the shelves alongside.

These books, however, were rarely used, as the important stock was held in a vast labyrinth of many levels below ground. Having shown my ticket to the uniformed man I was able to enter these hallowed precincts. In those days there were no computers. All the book searches and to be made by consulting various indices. For example, there was an author index, a subject index, and a title index. The classification which has remained with me all my life was that for my chosen subject: Occult Science. Not Mythology, not Superstition or anything at all vague. Certainly, Mythology was available as a subject heading, so the inclusion of a separate category for matters occult showed an insight that was unexpected. For the trustees of the British Museum library the study of things occult were considered scientific, to be approached in a manner much the same as any other science subject. I have held the same view ever since. So-called occult studies invariably contain assertions and teachings which are likely as not very difficult to verify. For this reason a scientific approach is absolutely essential. Needless to say, such approaches are extremely difficult to develop!

As I have said elsewhere, most occult literature was unavailable in the bookshops of the day, and equally scarce in public libraries. But here was a public library where very little was scarce. The problem was where to begin. At that time, my main interest lay not so much in astrology as in the occult ramifications which had been derived from it by way of the theosophical allusions in the work of the astrologer – almost the only astrologer whose writings were freely available – Alan Leo.

I had worked my way from astrology to theosophy to Kabbalah, which, in the bookshops, consisted mainly of two or three important titles. One was "The Mystical Qabalah" by Dion Fortune, plus "The Kabbalah Unveiled" by S.L. McGregor Mathers, and Isaac Myers' "Kabbalah." Mention was made by Dion Fortune of the infamous Aleister Crowley, but not a single book by him was to be found. At first it was difficult to find him in the British Museum, as, being scientific, the museum classified authors by their real names and not

pseudonyms, although in some references the latter might be added in brackets. To find Crowley, one had to look under Crowley, *Edward Alexander*. Once this mystery was solved, a vast quantity of writing – one could not call it all literature – was available to be read. It will come as no surprise to my readers that being young and full of the glamour attached to such subjects, I went without hesitation to the so-called “forbidden fruit.”

Over about a year and a half I worked my way through all of Crowley’s writings. It didn’t take too long for me to realise that a huge amount of his work was written with a tongue in cheek, probably as a subtle means of ridiculing a highly esteemed in which frankly ludicrous ideas were held by so many. Crowley himself was, of course, the originator of many of the same ideas, which probably amused him hugely. It must be said, however, that among the dross he had written some useful material not least what I consider to be his major work, “The Book of Thoth,” devoted to the tarot, for which he had designed his own set of cards. The actual artwork for these designs was undertaken by one of his followers, Frieda Harris. His book and his cards – or, perhaps I should say, her cards – are still available today.

There were, it is a joy to recall, many gems in the collection held by the library. To sit at a desk beneath that vast dome to read William Lilly’s “Christian Astrology” in the original first edition is an experience that cannot be converted into words. One book I have yet to see reprinted is *The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians* by Franz Hartmann, an early theosophist and student of magic. This was published in New York in the late 1800s and contained some first-class colour plates representing the tree of life of Kabbalah. A better known work of his is *Magic Black and White*, which has been reprinted a number of times.

The very process of obtaining a book from the library archive was in itself almost occult and arcane. Firstly, one obtained details of the book or books one wished to study which had to be written on a prescribed form. This was then handed to an assistant who stood on a high dais from which all the activity in that the vast circle could be monitored. It will come as no surprise to learn that obtaining the books and bringing them, together with that the form I had filled in, could take some time. As, more often than not, I visited the museum with a colleague, we would both, having handed in our forms, go to a nearby café in Museum Street. Many a discussion and sometimes heated argument took place on these occasions.

On returning to the reading room, we would usually find the books we have asked for placed neatly in the space allocated for us. This consisted of a section of what resembled a long construction of cubicles, each with its own chair, together with the form we had filled in, which was a copy of the original. This was how the museum kept track of who had what books, when they had them, and where they read them. I doubt that such trust could be obtained today.

One of the greatest pleasures of having access to the vast store of literature in the library British Museum reading room was being able to read the many books referred to in the very few books available in bookshops. Not previously mentioned were the many novels of the late Dion Fortune, plus other germs of hers such as *The Soya Bean* and *The Psychology of the Servant Problem!* These were written under her maiden name of Violet Mary Firth. Many years later I was to discover, in a rare bound volume of the quarterly *Psychic Science*, edited by Frederick Bligh Bond, later to become famous - or infamous - as a consequence of his use of psychic material in the excavation of the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, where, as principal archaeologist, he was searching for the foundations of the Edgar Chapel. Bond had been interested in psychic matters were some considerable time, and one of the most interesting letters to his publication was from the same Miss Firth mentioned above.

This gives a little more detail to the remarks I made near the beginning of this manuscript. Violet had followed up an interest shown by others whereby the soul of a departed person with unfinished work to do in life was able quickly to change places with that of someone who was in the process of dying. She was convinced that she had herself come into this world for precisely this reason, and although known as Violet Firth, felt herself to be someone quite different, that is to say that while she had access to the memories of Violet, they seemed to her to be those of someone else. The original ten year-old girl had become very ill, and was on the point of death which is when the soul which later took the name of Dion Fortune inhabited the small body. In recent times I have heard this spoken of as a "walk-in," which seems to me to be a rather belittling expression of a most profound event, supposing it to be true - and science notwithstanding, why should we deny someone the validity of their own received experience?

I had originally intended to follow a sort of timeline, to a degree biographical, but rereading the above paragraph raises questions which would be common to both timeline and biography, at least in my case. Dion fortune believed that she entered the young body because she had a work to do in this life, but why she should do so in such a fashion, or such a manner remains a mystery. Although I have never felt quite the same thing, there was a time - I must have been about eleven - when I was very ill and close to death. Today we would call this a near death experience, which it certainly was. I found myself in the dark, surrounded by blackness, yet I knew I was not alone. Dimly, just behind me, I was aware of two figures; one appeared as though dressed in a long white robe, and I had the impression that he had come (he?) to collect me for whatever journey came next. I "heard" myself saying, "I can't come now, I have work to do." The figure in white seemed slightly taken aback, and looked over his shoulder to the other person (?) - a very shadowy figure -who nodded some kind of acceptance of my statement. Both figures, and the darkness vanished, and I began to wake up.

I had in fact had the measles, which, in 1944, was a disease one either recovered from or died. Others similar childhood diseases such as whooping cough followed the same sequence: first there was a rising temperature and a fever which reached what was called 'the crisis' at which point the patient either began to improve, or they died.

So the question arises throughout this essay, paper, book, or whatever it may become, of the possible reasons for us, as souls, to incarnate in the first place. Do we all have work to do? Are some of us just here for the ride?

My future was to centre around spiritual work and teaching, much of it within occult circles, and much of it within the ambience of Christianity and the church. In later years, with the culmination of my "Keys to Kabbalah" these two influences would become blended in that work. I gladly confess that it isn't the easiest book to read, but everything is there for those who are serious enough to work at it!

Yet the fact must be faced that's not many people seem to have followed any kind of spiritual path to such a degree; in fact there seem to be very few of us, sharing a common ideal, even though from different perspectives, that centres round and places great emphasis upon humanitarian principles and, let us not shy away from the word, morality. The other emphasis arises from the consequence of following a spiritual path, namely what comes next; what happens when we die? Do we go on to another life in another world, on another plane, or do we reincarnate to do more work? One thing that the near death experiences make clear to those that have them is the reality of other levels of being, if only the next one. So whether we believe in an afterlife or not, we all share this awareness of "something other" which is a major factor in our existence in this world, in *this* life. And it is true to say that all we do as we travel our various paths is concerned with how we live our lives in the here and now.

Returning from the moment to the timeline, after and during my time as a London busker, I found myself more and more involved with esoteric work and groups, and curiously, for one so young, as the leader. People sought me out as a consequence of hearing of my enthusiasm for esoteric studies, especially Kabbalah.

Busking, Brotherhood and Bongo

Going back to the timeline, between 1957 and 1960 I mostly earned my living by playing the piano accordion in the streets of London. Generally speaking I lived quite well, and could afford a bedsit in the Brixton area. Most of the time however I slept on the cushions of a coffee bar in the West End. This was called *The Gyre and Gimbale*, from a verse in Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. Situated near Charing Cross station, in John Adam Street, just off Villiers street, the coffee bar was in the basement of an office building owned by a Mr. Garfield, known to the initiated as Mr. Garfinkel, a fine old English name. Here, contrary to a number of biographies, some well-known British names of the time began at their careers, such as Tommy Steele and Jim Dale. While the former faded relatively quickly over the years, Jim Dale went on to well-deserved success in the Carry On films, as well as becoming an accomplished actor in his own right. Both young men, as we all were at that time, were what we called "three chord merchants" by which we described their accomplishments on the guitar.

Guitars are featured prominently as part of the free entertainment (unpaid) at the coffee bar, though occasionally other instruments joined in. The music we played - I say "we" because mine was a more or less permanent occasional other instrument - was swing jazz, inspired by the highly talented guitarist "Diz" Disley, who was renowned for his devotion to the music of Django Reinhardt and the Hot Club de France. This was the kind of music I had grown up with, much of it being played regularly on the radio during my childhood and World War II, so I was truly at home with the usual number - three or four - of guitarists. Here too were to be found from time to time most of the eccentric characters of London's West End, among whom was of course dear old Ernest Page, astrologer. I could not have found a better environment in which to pursue my main interests.

Having studied with Ernest in depth, I was also well into Kabbalah and its ramifications, so that when not playing, I would usually be found chatting with others about such matters, mainly in relation to their connection with Astrology. And it was about this time that I would spend my days studying in the British Museum library, which, I suppose, gave me something of a mysterious air plus a certain cachet of importance. In consequence people would approach me with questions, treating me as a kind of Guru, which status, with youthful pride, I was more than pleased to enjoy. I also discovered that I was indeed a kind of Guru relatively speaking compared to those who were asking questions. Thus it was that I found myself the leader of a small group, called, as such groups often still are, "The Group." I was to head many and various groups over the following years, until as recently as 1990! Having come from a generally Christian background, the root of my teaching was brotherhood, which of course included sisterhood, for the groups included both sexes, although males predominated. Most curiously a group of say 12 members nearly always included seven or eight Taureans like myself.

In those days occult ideas in general derived either from theosophy or the so-called "occult orders" such as the "home-made to order of the golden dawn" and "The Society of the Inner Light," which latter had been founded by the previously mentioned Dion Fortune, herself a former theosophist and member of the famous "Golden Dawn" from which emanated the writings of Crowley, Mathers, Westcott and more famous names such as W.B. Yeats, as well as others not known for their connection with the Order. All in all the various mishmash of

topics which have expanded to include some of the lunacies of the later "New Age" were to become dubbed by a friend of mine as "Bongo," hence the opening words of this chapter. Mix Bongo with its Christian affiliations derived from the Jewish-based Kabbalah and you may be able to gather a hint of the nature of the rest of my life. In terms of literature - well, writing - this culminated for me in my book *The Keys to Kabbalah* which is available free of charge on my web site:

<http://geocities/ambain2000/kabbalah.htm>

Next Bit to follow