

I then went into my deep calming mode, closed my eyes, gently opened them and then almost closed them again allowing them to go out of focus. By now I have blended into the chair and am completely unaware of anything behind me (very unlike Mark who found the object on the wall behind to be intrusive) but I know that the white horseshoe is still glowing brightly although I do not look down – I have no need to.

The image in the Mirror now changed to a lady in Regency dress – Empire line – and my pearl necklace has lengthened. There is a little lace cap, or more like a tiny, white handkerchief, on my (her) head. What amazes me is how white her face and neck are; I thought of how white I am without makeup but this was unbelievable – I did wonder whether she was alive or dead.

Next, I suddenly had a mass of wiry, black hair – maybe a wig – and then I realised that this was a man, perhaps of the Stuart period. I did feel him to be alive, if you know what I mean, but I felt no inclination, need or wish to communicate with either of these images; this I cannot explain.

Suddenly the door opened and Alistair and Mark returned. I felt that they had given me only five minutes but apparently it was more like 15 or 20 minutes.

(Alistair and I then left Mark alone with the Mirror for a while. He has written some notes of his experience.)*

My time with the Mirror was all too brief, but what I now know is that I am on a mission of restoration – the Mirror must be cleaned, with the correct ceremony and ritual, etc., restored, enjoyed and admired.

Although I do not hear voices, evidently my subconscious does and I then translate them into questions to be answered.

My session with the Mirror was so exhilarating and I can only explain it as if I had received an electric charge which was followed by a sense of elation.

I think that the Mirror should not be used for scrying until the past is closed – what went before is no longer. After cleansing it can re-open for the good of all.

On a personal note, I feel an enormous affection towards this Mirror and, perhaps appearing just a silly female to the guys, I waved and blew a kiss on departing from my new friend and I hope that I can be of help and act as a channel.

I went home – two tube trains, a mainline train and a bus – but did not fall asleep or even close my eyes.

On my return home, before even removing my jacket or shoes, I immediately did the experiment with cleaning an ordinary mirror – I had to do it while the previous experience was still fresh in my psyche!

I like to be in bed by 10 p.m. as I have an early start for work in the mornings but, really weird, I was still bouncing around at 11 p.m. Then I thought that I really must try to get some sleep so I climbed into bed, placed my head on the pillow and slept like a baby!

I now feel that I am on a mission to do my utmost to help my new friend.

* Mark Joell was unable to attend the MSG meeting on 16th October but his notes were read by Alistair Lees. (TPD)

Notes after "Freerange Scrying Session" in Mme Blavatsky's Mirror by Frater Mark Joell

Stanfield Hall c. 19:00 - 19:30 - 06/10/10

On sitting in front of the mirror I decided to relax, quieten my mind and not contemplate any particular subject.

The initial series of images appeared relatively quickly and as per my prior experiences were transformations of one's own reflection. They included the following:

- A man with thick, wiry black hair and long beard. Strong and swarthy in appearance.
- An oriental man with a blue complexion. A blue Buddha!
- A rather austere, plump & frumpy looking lady - seen twice:
 - Firstly, when she appeared to be middle aged
 - Secondly, a little older and wearing a broad brimmed hat.
- An old man with thinning grey hair and grey moustache, with his head inclined down and to the left hand side (as if asleep or dead whilst sitting in a chair). This was particularly interesting as the posture was different to that of my own.

After these images of people had dispersed and the feeling of being consumed by the mirror occurred (where I was no longer aware of the room in which I was sat) a strong image of a "stylised" tree trunk were seen. The tree trunk was black, deeply gnarled and of a shiny appearance as if made from a ceramic or volcanic glass rock. This was accompanied by quite a lot of electric blue flashing of light emanating from the top of the image. One other image which was prominent and kept reappearing was that of a black cross. At the time I believed that this was purely formed from the image of my own torso and the black velvet on the mantelpiece behind me - thus forming a cross. However, when the mirror was later removed by Alistair, the College black cross was revealed, which had been behind the mirror for the duration of the exercise. This may be co-incidental, but one never knows. For future experiments I would recommend a more blank background (a screen or plain wall behind the scryer) to avoid distraction and the use of candle light, rather than subdued electric light.

Fra M Joell

Scrying, Magic and Mirrors
A warning. (Andrew Stephenson)

Scrying

A discipline whereby a person can view faraway scenes, and frequently through gazing into crystals. Studied at great length by the Russian military and taken up by the U.S. military. Their experiments since abandoned and most of the scryers now in mental institutions.

The problem was that, whilst human beings are subject to **time**, scrying is random, either the past, the present, or the future. **It** is believed that certain eastern 'masters' can scry accurately besides other 'impossible' such as teleporting themselves, but they have trained for a lifetime.

It is recorded that the gifted Mrs. Felkin, the second wife of Dr. Felkin (appointed Chief Adept for Australasia in 1916), spent two years in restoring sanity to a man who had experimented in scrying.

The development of television tends to make scrying obsolete by bringing distant scenes into one's sitting room.

Magic

True, good, and safe magic comes from the Divine and thus is not subject to human control. Prayer can help providing it does not conflict with the Divine will. To be guided and led by the Divine is the greatest of all joys. All human magic is dangerous and can lead to 'possession' by evil forces (spirits). In addition there are independent or free spirits which love to play tricks on humans. They are **pests!**

Crystal Balls and Magic Mirrors

Crystal Balls are made by pouring liquid glass from a certain height into a vat of oil.

A friend when a small boy upset a table causing his mother's crystal ball to be broken. She took him to a glass factory where he saw the balls being made. His mother was one of those very rare ladies who can tell if a ball will work for gazing or not. Out of about 120 balls she picked four (the rest went back into the melting pot). The proprietor gave her one for her service, the other three were to be sold

for a high price. Apparently flawed balls, being cheap, are bought by fairground 'fortune tellers'.

Genuine magic mirrors are very rare. Madame Blavatsky had the gift of telling which mirrors were genuine and selected (I believe) 17 which she distributed among members of her Spiritualist Society. Each one was housed in a beautifully made case which locked. Frederick Hockley and his wife, being great friends of Madame, received the one now possessed by our Society. The case having been slightly damaged during the move to Hampstead, was repaired by me and locked. Thereafter the key was 'lost' despite being labelled. I assume the key has now been found. And now a story - or rather two stories.

Another of Madame's mirrors went to Bradford, probably to a branch of the *Golden Dawn* Society. On one occasion Dr. Wynn Westcott opened the case and looked at the mirror. Nothing seemed to happen so he turned away. Just then the mirror started to cloud over so he turned back. When the mirror cleared he saw - a portion of Oxford Street, London and a friend walking on the north pavement. The mirror showed the man walking until he came to a turning, followed him whilst he turned right again into a street parallel with Oxford Street. The man stopped at a certain house and pulled the bell-knob. A maid in starched uniform opened the door and welcomed him in. End of picture. Some time later Westcott met his friend and told him what he had seen. The friend was very embarrassed. Unknown to everyone he, a pillar of respectability, was visiting his mistress! Westcott wrote down the experience, which was found a few years ago tucked in the back of the mirror. The above is the content as far as I remember it.

The second story is not amusing. The above mirror, having been moved to fresh locations at least twice, was examined by a Committee of which I was a member. It had been roughly wrapped in brown paper. Inside was a case and the mirror together with Westcott's note, wrapped in somewhat moth-eaten green baize. The case had suffered damage but it could be repaired. I recommended that it be handed to a cabinet-maker accustomed to restoration work. Meanwhile the mirror was rewrapped in the baize (should have been black velvet) and placed at the bottom of a cupboard used to hang ceremonial clothes. A cardboard box covered it.

However curiosity overcame one of the Committee members. Shortly before the next meeting-date he borrowed a key to the premises, placed the unwrapped mirror on a table, propping it upright with books from the shelves, sat on a chair

and gazed into the mirror. For a while nothing happened and he was about to put it away when it clouded over. He waited, the mirror cleared, and he saw - the chair and the bookshelves behind - but not himself! Alarmed, he quickly he returned the mirror to its hiding place and left the building.

When I arrived for the Meeting he, very worried indeed, told me what he had experienced. Alas I had a pretty good idea what it foretold. **And I had to tell him the truth, but not the whole truth.** He, of course, would not realise what it meant. I told him about scrying not being tied to time, and suggested that had he watched a little longer, he would probably have seen someone in the future appear and pick up the mirror to place it in the restored case. Someone **did** do that eventually; the restorer of the case took his time over the repairs. Anyway I seem to have calmed him down. But I had been right: two weeks later he was dead.

Crystal balls, magic mirrors, tarot cards, hand-reading, even astrology (which is one of the four major Rosicrucian study themes) - fine. You can learn a great deal about yourself to your advantage, your strengths and weaknesses, and build on the knowledge gained. They will **never** tell you when you will die. **BUT** beware of using it on others. You will get to know too much about them - and there is always the risk of finding out when **they** will die. It is extraordinarily kind of the Almighty to keep humans from knowing **when** they will die. For another to know is a great burden, best avoided.

Frederick Hockley (1808 - 1885)

The brief article on pages 328-330 of the revised *History of SRIA* was included at my insistence despite his lack of interest in our Society. Whilst his most important contribution was to the *Golden Dawn*, he influenced the researches of many of our early members, judging from their letters to each other.

After his death his library and effects were auctioned and I have seen a copy of the auction catalogue. Only some of the items were bought by Freres and few have ended up in the High Council Library. However it is clear from the catalogue that he had spent a lifetime studying magic and knew what dangers to avoid in his invocations.

However, just because **he** could work ceremonial magic safely did not mean that others could copy him safely. I do not find it strange that, whilst Dr. Westcott ruled the Society, and Dr. Felkin ruled his *Stella Matutina* offshoot (New Zealand), all was well. When they ceased to rule, the Societies began to fall apart.

(Actually it was Mrs. Felkin who had known Hockley and his wife, and she ruled *Stella Matutina* after the Doctor died.)

It is the greatest pity that Israel Regardie published the rituals of the *Golden Dawn* (does **anyone** read the Introduction?) I know of two near-fatal 'experiments' - there must be many more.

But the above concerns ceremonial magic. What surprised me was Hockley's correspondence with Frater who had no interest in ceremonial magic, such as Fred Schmitger of Newcastle College.

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And so ends my contribution to your studies. Whilst we hold six lively study meetings per year of Felkin College in my lounge, they lack the atmosphere generated by being surrounded by the magnificent library of High Council. As a comparatively young man I attended meetings, first at 27 'Great Queen Street, and then at Stanfield Hall. I went to learn. I was not disappointed.

Andrew Stephenson. 28th May 2008

P.S. One man with more knowledge of this subject than I is Robert Andrew Gilbert (Bob to his friends), esoteric book-seller and author. At one time a senior member of Metropolitan College whilst commissioned to examine and sort the manuscripts at Grand Lodge Library. Much of the new information in the second (revised) edition of the *History of the S.R.I.A.* was supplied by him - eventually! Easier to get blood out of a stone! Latest excuse - grandchildren.