

Occult Nation



Myself, the woman to whom I am husband, and others of our tribe just spent Monday evening impersonating dead people, drinking alcohol to the point of inebriation and dancing to exhaustion. There were devils and wizards in our midst, and at least one of us appeared to be possessed by demons. In other words, we celebrated Halloween, one of the few holidays that doesn't even try to disguise its pagan origins. It seems we will never outgrow the need to placate our ancestors, and All Hallow's Eve will always be with us.

Nor is Halloween the only pagan holiday that persists in our time. The date of Christmas and most of the customs associated with it have nothing at all to do with Christ or the Bible and are instead derived from Winter Solstice rituals that predate history. Groundhog Day is a contemporary echo of Imbolc, May Day and the maypole keep the ancient tradition of Beltane alive and did you know the very name 'Easter' is derived from the Teutonic Earth Goddess Ostara?

And of course it's not just holidays, and it's not just good old-fashioned paganism. Here in the United States, our dollar bill is emblazoned with a pyramid topped with the Eye of Horus, a magick symbol that can be traced to Dynastic Egypt, our military headquarters is housed in a version of the pentagram, and our current president is a member of the initiatory ritual magick order known as Skull and Bones and so is his father, the former president, and so was the democratic candidate in the 2004 presidential campaign - but at least the Bonesmen are a break from the usual Presidential magick society, Freemasonry. Our elite males gather yearly at the notorious Bohemian Grove to worship Molech and our

National Capitol is laid out around a reconstructed Egyptian obelisk that projects male power with the same blunt symbolism as a church steeple. And I could go on, and on and *on* and on, and if you catch me at happy hour no doubt I will, but for now let us move on to something like a point:

There is simply no escaping it; we are a superstitious people obsessed with the occult. But we certainly *try* to escape it. We burden our holidays with tacky Biblical symbolism, we accept the reflexive debunkings of the official media, and we slather on meaningless official explanations to help us deny what our own lying eyes are telling us. And that's enough for most of us, most of the time.

But as I can tell you from personal experience, being one of those people for whom it's *not* enough can be a drag - there are so many strange things that are undeniably true that it is hard not to think that some of the *really* strange things are probably also true. And once you go down that particular rabbit hole your world becomes a different place, and a scarier one.

And here is the truth that we all dance around; if the world really is overlaid with occult trappings, as it certainly is, then we can be pretty sure that they're not just trappings. Where there's smoke there's fire, and sometimes where there's fire there are burnt offerings. *We* may not believe in magick, but some of those in power clearly *do* and have felt that way for a long time... so you know what *I've* been thinking? Maybe *I* should give it a try.

