

Left: Head of the Witch Goddess, sculpted by Mr. Grenville Wright, as an eyeless mask. Pupils and irises which developed a few weeks ago, can be seen clearly in the sockets. Below: Reproduction of painting of the Witch Goddess by Arnold Crowther, used on the book lacket of Miss Glass's book. Pupils and irises did not appear in the sockets until some weeks after the picture had been used for reproduction and on the book Jacket, therefore, the face appears as a mask,

## ByJUSTINE C. GLASS

# The Eyes of the Witch Goddess

A MASK of the goddess of the witches appears the reality of force. Grenville Wright 'saw' on the dustcover of my recently-published her like that. book, Witchcraft, The Sixth Sense-and Us -a reproduction of the original picture by old. His goddess's face was still a mask Arnold Crowther, himself a witch.

This pictured face of the goddess impressed sculptor Grenville Wright so deeply that he

modelled it, also as a mask.

A few weeks ago, in both the painting and the sculpture, eyes appeared in the blank sockets of the mask of the goddess. In both eyes, there is a slight irregularity—it might be lèse majesté to call it a cast—in her right

No explanation—no rational explanation, at least—has been found of this phenomenon. Neither artist gave the goddess eyes. Arnold Crowther says that he painted her face as a mask, to symbolize the mask of form hiding

Arnold Crowther's painting is three years until about a month after the picture had been returned to its present owner, Mrs. Doreen Valiente, who had lent it to my publisher, Neville Spearman, for reproduction on the book-jacket.

One day, on a visit to Mrs. Valiente, I saw the clearly-defined iris and pupil in each dark, hitherto blank, hollow of the eye-sockets as I looked up at the goddess.

Everyone who sees the picture, sees the eyes. There is nothing imaginary about them, but perhaps it is in the imagination that their expressions constantly change, although Arnold Crowther would find nothing surprising in that. He explains that he worked

on the picture in the circle in his 'magic' room, and that 'anything could happen' to a painting made there. It is apparently a focus for strong and unpredictable influences.

When he paints in this circle, he is convinced that 'others use his hands'; John Rowlands, an artist who died recently at the age of eighty, for one. Rowlands, who lived for his art, was a great character in his time. Arnold Crowther, who regarded him as a father, remembers that he exchanged a fine, old oak dining-table for an enameltopped table, because, he said, it would make a wonderful palette. Crowther likes to think that to paint through him gives John Rowlands happiness. At a séance, John came through to thank Arnold for 'letting him use his hands'.

#### Compulsive painter

Arnold Crowther never paints until he feels a compulsion to work. Then he paints for days almost without a break, sometimes completing two or three pictures in a few hours, as if he were-and perhaps, indeed, he is—possessed.

A portrait of Aleister Crowley, whom he knew, was one of those produced under this constraint. He sold it to a woman who told him later she had had to burn it. She said it looked as if it were alive and it terrified

The Moon Goddess of Crowther's painting also gives one the impression that the picture is a vehicle for a living entity. Everyone who sees it feels the impact in one way or another. Grenville Wright reacted so strongly, even to its reproduction on the dust-cover, that he immediately began to model the head.

#### . . . and sculptor

Like Arnold Crowther, he used no model, nor did he work from the dust-cover design. The head took shape under his hands, he says, without the conscious direction of his mind. He began it only a week before the party given by Neville Spearman for the launching of my book, which was described by Mr. Murton in the April issue of PRE-DICTION. He could work on it only in the evenings, but he says his inward urge gave him no peace until it was done. It was on show at the party, as was Arnold Crowther's painting.

The goddess then was a mask, as I have said: eyeless. A few weeks later, pupils and irises appeared in the eye-sockets, as in the painting—and, in the right eye, an unmistakable cast.

There seems to be no particular purpose behind these manifestations; no message which they are to convey. And the goddess gives no clue. She has been accustomed to keeping her secrets from time immemorial, secrets of the beginning of life and of its

end. Even her true name is not known except to initiates, although she is called by many names, Hecate, Diana, Selene, and Artemis among them. As Hecate, the dying or decrescent moon, she is supposed to have the greatest magical force. Hecate's rites were held at night; their purpose was to avert evil.

#### Symbol of power

As Ceridwen, goddess of inspiration, she presides over the cauldron, symbolic of the womb of time from which all things come, to which they return, from which they re-issue. But by whatever name she is known, she is a symbol of power. She is the Mother Goddess, one of the earliest forms in which man personified forces he did not understand; what Jung calls an "archetype of the Unconscious".

Through millennia she has been worshipped as custodian of life's mysteries; paintings and images have been made of her; prayers

and invocations directed to her.

### Keeping her secret

Scientific experiments, such as those of Dr. Baraduct in Paris, have shown that ideas visualized and concentrated upon become objective; they can be photographed. Thought forms, consistently built up, eventually tend to develop individual existence. Prayer and invocation generate power. A mighty thought-form plus psychic force of immense potential . . . It may be that the work of each artist, forming a link as the wax image in sympathetic magic forms a link, made contact with these. After all, science is beginning to say nothing is impossible.

But whatever the explanation, the goddess is not telling. She is the goddess of magic and mystery. And her eyes are inscrutable.

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