



INTRODUCTION

When I conducted my psychiatric studies among the pagan AmaXosa I was astonished to find an admixture of rites with spiritual significance, but often associated with certain forms of sacrifice, which seemed cruel to me.

Many of these cruelties in pagan practices were abolished by the white man's influence and culture. One has only to think of "Umhlahlo" the ceremony of smelling out the evil one; as told me by Dwali Nkompelo. His father told him that the victim was tied to the ground, and the nests of the tree ants were smashed over him.

These wild and ferocious ants would attack through eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth and wherever orifice could be found. Death eventually followed agony. When I pointed out the benefits the white man brought by stopping these cruelties, the answer was virtually that the sort of evil known to the African was unknown to the white man, and hence the ants were but a means to eradicate these powers from their midst.

Their ideas of black magic sounded naive, and yet I had the feeling they implied some human mental power, for which they had inadequate words. That which they acted out in their rites had archetypal roots going far back in the origin of their people.

As I sat and listened to the intelligent and word-rich translation of that amazing Xhosa linguist, P. van der Merwe, I could psychically feel and visualize the origin of their thought forms, and was aware of the expansion of my consciousness in this mythical school of the red blanket Xhosa. I listened to the elders telling about the prevalence of "Black Magic" as a power of the dark regions, and I thought about the strange groups in U.S.A. and Europe, which I came across in those countries, where I learned of the existence among educated city dwellers of devil worshippers, witches covens and Satanic cults. They had their priests and priestesses of Satan, with ingenious rites, whereby they deified their animal

natures and glorified sex. From these sources of worship and emotional exaltation a super sex power would emerge, and the animal nature would be imbued with superhuman powers.

The goat's face in the pentagram, the nude girls with red cloaks draping their shoulders, the sensual appeal to the deeper nature, by serpentine movements of writhing, twisting, wriggling to crystallise this wild force as a personal possession, seemed to be a regressive phenomenon, to blend with matter as the antithesis of those who sought the spirit.

Among them were university graduates all indulging in the dark emotional strata of the unconscious.

Did the pagan in his red blanket have a collective unconscious memory of a psychic experience once lived in conflict with those darker forces of the mind?

The clouds of evil, and black magic, were always present to stifle the life pattern of the Izinyanya.

So with these thoughts, one turns a blind eye to the tree ant as an ancient executioner.

But then there is that fascinating unseen world from which an array of mythical characters emerge and again disappear into the "nothingness" where physical eyes cannot follow.

But once the pagan had found that one understood the psychic life, then the barriers fall away. Little was said about these matters in abstract thought, for experience and reality seemed tied to events and memories, even if the latter were mythical.

This was an emotional understanding and we shared a world of feeling of the inner life. When one had come close in psychic relationship, then one became conscious of palpable sincerity and hospitality. The warmth of the friendship was hard to doubt. I was fortunate for my quest was in the sphere of psychic matters, and in doing so I sincerely revealed the mental world of my inner self. I had a feeling I would be understood by means of the sixth sense. Soon I was drawn into a circle of friends, with whom there was this resonance of understanding the unseen life.

There was the great psychic sensitive, the Isanuse Solomon Daba; and the Isanuse whose greatest faculty was precogni-

tion – that lingering smiling face of Xaglelagusha; and then on the brighter side of things, the man who instructed the initiates in tribal traditions, the irrepressible Dwali Nkompele. He was a nascent poet, and an adept in the rich choice of humorous and tragic Xhosa metaphors, as Van der Merwe rolled them off from that sonorous language of the Xhosa.

My visits to these people and their Kraals and my participation in the seances of Solomon Daba, made me feel as though I had stepped from one sphere of life into another, conscious of adventure in the world of mind.

My tutors also became intrigued with my pursuit of the origin of the mythical creatures that emerged from their unseen world, and took us on journeys into the deeper regions of the psyche.

Somehow in time I was telepathically aware in that pagan setting of an understanding among us that required no articulation.

We were beyond its frontiers. Then came the evening when Solomon Daba gave me the masonic sign of "Distress". No white man had taught him this sign nor its purpose. But what story lies hidden in its forgotten memories?

Was there a time when Black and White shared the spiritual knowledge of initiation and protected each other's lives because of "The Brotherhood of Spirit"?

Even if these mighty thoughts are hovering on the horizon of our continent the birth of a receptive condition is indeed so far above our world of material interests that it might take some time to descend to become part of our mental world.

As I think back over the years and vividly recall the faces of Solomon Daba, Xangalelagusha, and Dwali Nkompele, I am impressed by the simplicity of pagan dignity and self-respect. They have made a contribution to my life, unknown to them, nevertheless, it is one that has a reciprocal nature.

I sincerely hope that this book may be enclosed in the aura of the great thoughts of the Transkeian poet, the late Enoch Sotonga.

"Nkosi Sikelel i Afrika Malupakam Upondo Iwayo."

"Lord Bless Africa. May her spirit rise high up."

It only remains for me to thank Miss Anne Llewelyn Williams for enjoying typing my manuscript, and my friend Mr. Bruce Mann for enlarging my photographs.

INKANYEZE

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CHAPTER I

IZINYANYA

It was in 1936 after a post-graduate study period in Europe and America, that I found myself transferred from Cape Town to the staff of the Komani Mental Hospital, Queens-town. Fresh from sophisticated Europe, I found myself treating Bantu patients of the primitive Xhosa culture.

In the U.S.A. at that time the Freudian psychology was made to provide an explanation for every facet of human behaviour and thought. It reminded me of the mental environment of much of my early youth, when people turned to the Bible for an explanation of phenomena they could not understand. So psychiatrists, especially at that time in America, turned to Freud's thoughts as containing the great principles that would explain all. Even long before my American experience, I too had spent many, many hours a day analysing schizophrenic thought and finding in the mental productions of those brains a vast amount of evidence on which Freud built his ideas. It was, however, the schizophrenic of a primitive Xhosa culture which revealed to me that it was the schizophrenic illness itself which was throwing up mental material from the deeper layers of the mind into regions of consciousness, where they were completely out of place, and in fact did not belong. These ideas and feelings were not the causes of the illness, they were the debris, erupted from their natural psychic levels of time and age by a process that had its origin in the genes and biochemistry of the brain.

It was as though suddenly a great door opened, as I sat there among the mentally disordered Bantu. Far down the passages of their delusions, from which inappropriate ideas came streaming out as words, hovered the beings of their mythology, and were thrown up on the shores of the mind like the products of a storm. My mind stood before a challenge which issued from the nature of things and directed itself at my profession. The schizophrenic delusion that heard the voice of the ancestral spirit, seemed to me to come from un-

derneath layers and layers of thought piled upon each other by ages of human consciousness groping for an inner reality in eternal boundless values.

What, for instance, was "Ukutwasa"? Most patients who heard the voices of the Izinyanya or ancestral spirits, or the "call" of the River People, the Abantubomlambo, claimed that these events took place, because of the change brought about in themselves by "Ukutwasa". What role then did "Ukutwasa" normally play in this primitive culture and the traditions of the AmaXosa peoples, quite apart from schizophrenic thought?

So from the archaic of the disordered mind, the mythical world of the Xhosa beckoned to me. Here in our midst and around us was mystery wrapped in ancient remnants of thought, relics of man's primordial attempts to understand his inner promptings and experience. Soon with the inroad of church and school, all these treasures would be lost and ploughed under by new Western ways. Already then these events were closing in driven by the forces of economic necessity. I felt like an explorer entering a complete new world; like astronauts must have felt when they first set foot on the moon. It was not the physical appearance of things that contributed to the major fascination, such as the red blanketed, red ochred bodies and the clay whitened faces, all proclaiming an eternal affinity to the earth, and somehow blending with the landscape like one long soft melody. Beyond these appearances embracing the ochred and fawn surface of mother earth, was the world of my search. That mental universe, which the White man had scoffed at as nonsense. The regions where the invisible life of the AmaXosa have their forms of existence, their liberties and their customs, with their roles of intrusion into the lives of earth people. From this shadow world come mythical beings to take part in the drama of human relations. They even interfere between husband and wife and often, like certain perverse and immature personalities of our culture, their erotic needs would drive them to upset the even course of many lives. Their powers of magic and witchcraft were indeed feared, and I was brought face to face with beliefs that gave

a mysterious power to thought. Images and beliefs, had a pristine form of energy whose magnetism could bring about devastating physical effects. So one had to be protected, because this invisible world was real in the Xhosa culture.

For me, however, it had a meaning whose profundity extended far beyond the imagery of mythical creatures as presented by Xhosa thought. Its parapsychological elements, its free use of telepathy and precognition, and its belief in an existence in an after life, marked the pagan Xhosa thinking as a museum of a prematerialistic archaic consciousness. What were the deeper psychic and otherworldly contents that were disguised as mythical beings? Somehow I sensed that there was an esoteric thought world in which I would find the spirit of the mythos.

So right at the outset of my quest I came up against protective barriers of thought built within the mental world of the Xhosa; like the enclosure that formed the cattle kraal. Between the mind of women and that of men fences were created by taboos, and between the mind of the initiate, that one who had gone through the Abakweta ceremony, was circumcised and had received instructions about one's obligations to one's parents and to the ancestral spirits, between these initiates and the uncircumcised was indeed a mental gulf.

These barriers of thought, the taboos and their emotional effects and the intriguing methods of preparing a mind to receive knowledge of spiritual phenomena made the psychic world of the pagan Xhosa a treasure house for me. I sensed the presence of ancient ideas disguised by the images of many generations as well as the deposits of time.

So every interview, visit to kraals, delusions of patients, performance of a rite, all were watched and studied for mental treasures of primeval times. The past was palpable and yet invisible. Something was always hovering just out of reach. I would say to male nurse Van der Merwe, who was an expert Xhosa linguist, at one time in our ancient past, our ancestors had similar ideas and interpreted the world in a corresponding manner. Their foundation to consciousness

was spirit. I could not prove it, but I could feel it, that somewhere they started from a common idea, some universal truth about spirit, what their minds did with it through millenniums of time, we do not know, but I had an intuition that among pagan Xhosa I might come across relics of some great idea, which swept through searching minds.

And then it happened. My friendship with the Igqira or doctor, Solomon Daba was several months old and I had often visited his kraal. On this occasion it was almost sunset and I had left my car behind the hills several miles away. There were no roads in that area for a car. Solomon Daba told Van der Merwe he did not have an escort for us to the car. He hoped, as there was some beer drinking in that area, we would not be molested by intoxicated people. He would give me a sign and words to use should such an occasion arise. He regretted he could not give the sign to Van der Merwe as one had to be initiated into this knowledge and Van der Merwe was not so initiated by his own people. Having learned of this conversation from Van der Merwe, I followed Solomon Daba to his hut. He addressed me in Xhosa but since my vocabulary was meagre he embellished his ideas with a smattering of Afrikaans. He asked me to copy his movements and speak the words as he uttered them, and then before my eyes a Xhosa Igqira performed the Scottish Masonic "Sign of Distress". I thought of the many Lodges in which I had seen this sign given, and then the words ending with "Camagu". Literally stating I claim the protection of "The Most High", I thought at the time far superior to our European version. No white man has taught this sign of distress to them in Africa. From where in the mystic archives of the human soul did they obtain their share of a spiritual preservation?

Among the pagan Xhosa the word Camagu is used in the sacrifice very much as the Christian employs "Amen" in his religious service. Camagu, however, has an emotional effect of a mystical nature which "Amen" certainly does not have among Christians. In studying the various examples given of the occasions when "Camagu" is employed and the mental and emotional atmosphere which accompanies it seems to

convey or call up such feelings as reverence, holiness, sublimity, blessedness, and I think a power that pardons or forgives. In the sacrifice of Indini it is decidedly a mighty call, a great volume of sublime feeling that is crystallised into one word. In the burial service it has not only a significance of peace, hope and a desire for happiness, but it is decidedly a call to the Spirit world. It is a holy word which is sent across the frontier of the spirit world. As the sign of distress ends with the word "Camagu", no one who has been initiated into its meaning and its rites would ever attack a person who employs this sign and uses the correct words to go with it, for at that moment the unseen world of goodness is around one.

Anyway, since the AmaXosa could not have learned this sign from Whites if anyone knows anything about Freemasonry, where could they have obtained it? And then not that of Dutch, Irish or English Freemasonry but that of the Scottish constitution. According to Solomon Daba and Dwali Nekompela, the latter was an instructor during the Abakweta ceremonies, this sign of distress has always belonged to their people; even as legend has it, when their remote ancestors lived in the far land with great waters and tall reeds. This could only mean around the great lakes of central Africa.

What puzzled Van der Merwe was how Solomon Daba knew that I was taught the sign and its significance and when to use it but not by Bantu people. When at the same time he also knew that Van der Merwe was not a Freemason and hence he could not impart this knowledge to him. I could only attribute this amazing manner of getting to know things to his psychic faculties as I was to learn in the months that followed. When I asked him how he knew, he of course answered that his ancestral spirits revealed this knowledge to him. Later with the help of Dwali Nekompela the words were repeated without the sign, and the most appropriate interpretation I could place on the words from a literal translation of each word separately was, "I am protected by the Most High". The literal meaning could be also "The Most Glorious", or "The Most Beautiful" or "The Most Holy" would also be appropriate. It seems as though in this "Cama-

gu" sign one claims kinship with a mighty host of spirit life.

Before I began my actual field work in what was known as the Native territory I was informed by members of the Bantu staff at the hospital that it would be of no use first to go to the territories and ask questions. I must make contact with influential people who have the right knowledge and the authority to impart it. I was told that there were many ways of telling the White man about their customs and rites without revealing the real secrets which they knew he would not believe. I was advised to gain the co-operation of at least a headman or patriarch and indeed most essential of all a Diviner or Igqira. The Isanuse is a Diviner of the highest order and is invariably a clairvoyant. It was not at all easy to obtain an introduction of this most desirable nature.

Visitors from far away places, where the traditional customs were most faithfully carried out, on occasions came to the hospital to enquire after members of the family, and from them information about doctors or Isanus was obtained, also times when certain rites would be performed or feasts be held.

Then I met Dwali Nekompela. I had treated a relative of his with insulin coma and he made an excellent recovery from his schizophrenic illness. Dwali Nekompela was very grateful and wanted to know if I could visit his kraal, for he was going to kill a goat as sacrifice to his ancestral spirits to thank them for their help in the recovery of his relation. Unfortunately I could not obtain leave from the hospital for this occasion, but Dwali introduced me to his friend the famous Igqira, Solomon Daba. When we met and we shook hands, he held my hand for some time and closed his eyes. Then he opened them wide, smiled a most welcome smile, and led me into his large reception hut. I had Van der Merwe with me. He grew up among the Xhosa people, and when he spoke their beautiful sonorous language they reacted with expressions of appreciation and admiration. Solomon Daba told me he had never heard a White man who could speak Xhosa like a native orator, the way Van der Merwe did. Before I met Solomon Daba I had heard many accounts of the remarkable mental powers of the Amagqira or witchdoctors

as they are commonly known. This designation of witch-doctor rather gives the impression that they are only concerned with so called cases of belief in witchcraft and hence excluded the fields of extrasensory perception, which play such an important role in the practise of their profession.

The practice of healing is performed by three classes of practitioners. Those who rely exclusively on their psychic powers are the Isanuses or Diviners. The group just below them, who prescribe medicines and who search for these herbs, are the Amagqira or Doctors, singular Igqira. They also employ divination and invariably have varying degrees of psychic abilities. The lowest rank are the Amaxhele or Herbalists. They look for plants, roots or herbs, and have the reputation of being frequently involved in the performance of witchcraft. The Isanuse is hence at the head of the profession and is consulted by the Amagqira when the problem is too difficult for them, or the illness one for which they have no remedy. The Isanuse diagnoses by means of his psychic abilities. He is said to rely on communication from his guardian spirits, known as the onomathotholo. These inform him what the illness of the patient is and which remedies to employ.

The Amagqira usually but not in all cases employ women and men, who perform with handclapping and singing. This technique corresponds to European seance conditions with sitters, except the Xhosa psychic performs a dance while the others chant and clap hands. This particular ceremony is called ukwombelela; and it is believed by the Diviners that the singing and hand-clapping gather the power for the guardian or ancestral spirits to manifest themselves in thought. Those who develop psychic powers such as telepathy, clairvoyance or the faculty of precognition usually by interpreting their own dreams, describe a psychic experience, called ukutwasa. This is of course an experience which anyone can lay claim to, as no one can prove that the person concerned has not experienced ukutwasa, unless there is evidence of supernormal psychic abilities or extrasensory faculties. Evidence of this nature at least bears witness that the process of developing psychic faculties is an experience,

which is remembered as transcending the world of the senses. The Isanuses describe ukutwasa as an experience of becoming aware of an invisible state of existence of those who have died. One is convinced of their presence, and may even see them with one's mind and not one's eyes. One could also receive their thoughts and more often their warnings about unpleasant events to come. The experience brings an awareness of two worlds, as if there is a wall or sheet of thin water like a pane of glass through which the other world is seen.

The awareness that is brought by ukutwasa, is the opening of a new consciousness of a reality of which previously one merely thought, or heard other people talk. But it is above all, a power, wherewith one hears and sees, which does not require ears nor eyes, and must be a power that is asleep in one's being, because few people develop it, yet people have it all their lives. Some have this experience only once or twice, and some only occasionally, and most people never at all. Then again there are those who are born with it fully developed and see spirits of the dead, even as children. They have usually found, however, that psychic abilities of this nature are found in families. They were not able to explain why this should be so, but often Isanuses and Amagqira come forth in families for generation after generation. There were those who believed that it had something to do with the body in which one travels in one's sleep for it is with this body that one sees things. People have described their journeys to far away places and could tell what was happening elsewhere while their bodies were at home.

Evil people could commit deeds of witchcraft in this second body, especially where the victim is about to develop ukutwasa or had already passed through that experience and was psychic. It was all too clear according to this description that this primitive culture, especially among their psychic sensitives had knowledge of what the Western world knows as astral projection, and the existence of an etheric or astral body which leaves the psychical during sleep or in trance states. Deep insensitive trance states as I have seen among Europeans were never observed among the AmaXosa psychics. The idea of committing witchcraft by means of the as-

tral body was described as the result of an evil intention to do someone harm. The person would then leave his physical body behind, and travel invisibly in his astral body and so begin to control the thoughts of the victim and make him or her do things they would not normally do, and even at times drive them to insanity. The Xhosa Diviner hence not only has a fairly definite idea of the astral projection but also a firm belief of possession of someone by the astral body of a living person with evil intentions

Most of the elements of psychic phenomena as known to the European and described abundantly in the Bible appear in this primitive culture, but of course adapted to their imagery for mythical presentation. In this respect the story of the Abantubomlambo is a fascinating illustration of the many different psychic interpretations, which are reasonably applicable to the Xhosa myths.

The Abantubomlambo is a race of people who live in a world of their own underneath the deep pools of the flowing river. The word means "The River People". These people are half fish and half human and they have unlike the Bantu people long flowing black hair. They have been seen, so the story goes, sitting in the early summer mornings on the rocks in the middle of the Kei river, but this was very seldom because they are shy of human vision, and when aware of humans would suddenly and most mysteriously disappear. But the Abantubomlambo have a connection with the people living on the land. They have an influence on these people on the earth, but they very seldom are seen in our world in the manner people have seen them in the Kei just after dawn. They have a "call" for earth people and he who receives this call will be unable to resist it. Only he or she will hear the call and no one else, for it is heard inside the head, although some may think it comes through the ears.

Often someone who hears the call is restless for days and wanders about aimlessly and then suddenly runs to the river or deep pool and plunges into it. Later his body might be found eaten by crabs. In olden times a special ceremony was performed. The cattle were driven into the pool or river and the beast that went in farthest into the river was slaughtered

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and the flesh cut into pieces and thrown into the water. The flesh from the right side would stay in the stream, and that from the left would float to the side of the pool. We observe the symbolism of right and left. These pieces are picked up by those present because it means the Abantubomlambo have returned the meat in appreciation of the sacrifice. In the meantime the people clap hands, chant and dance. They are not to weep or display grief for such emotions prevent the Abantubomlambo from returning the one they have called. Here again is a meaning that grief affects the spirit life. If the dancing and the sacrifice are successful the "called" one may appear from somewhere alive and well, and if not his dead body will be found in the river. Usually if his corpse is found some one has wept and this has offended the Abantubomlambo.

On the face of it this myth appears to be silly and meaningless. The elders, however, felt assured that there were people like the Abantubomlambo but all this assurance implied that custom and belief could be trusted although people do not see the Abantubomlambo except on rare occasions.

The elders and members of the headman's council informed me that the Abantubomlambo had greater wisdom than those living on earth. They knew the thoughts of the people on earth and were also the guardians of the tribal customs and tradition, because the Abantubomlambo work with the Izinyanya.

In the Freudian language the River People fitted nicely into the function of a superego or conscience. Then we have the symbolism of entering the waters to discover a new world which could mean a return to the womb, or the uterine waters from which the person was delivered, and so be significant of a psychological process of re-birth. But as we shall see this re-birth in the Xhosa myth refers to a spiritual state and not simply a psychological process or change.

This myth does not signify an innate knowledge of regression of the mind, as if it would retrace its course, and again occupy the womb of the mother. The mystery inherent in the myth fascinated me, and the more I talked about it and explained that the story as it was told and known to the

people did not appear to be all there was to it, the more the elders agreed that there could be more to the Abantubomlambo than was shown in the story about them.

To me they had a deeper meaning than the conscience of the tribe.

As the conscience, the "call" could mean sacrifice to atone, and so the guilt of depression and schizophrenia can lead to suicide. The Abantubomlambo as the tribal conscience could very well be heard as an hallucination. Under such conditions guilt could generate an impulse of self-punishment and self-accusation of violating tribal law and so seek the judgement of the Abantubomlambo by hearing the call of conscience, and sacrifice a life to right a wrong. The Abantubomlambo could thus represent a process of re-birth; or a psychological regression of mind, as an attempt to recapture the life of warmth, suspension, and no action in the womb, and it could also represent the superego or conscience of the tribe.

But why should these people be half fish and half human? No one could tell me. Have they lost the original meaning or were they guarding it from the mind of the uninitiated? The thought occurred to me that one could only unravel these mysteries by looking for meanings, which correspond to some sign which stands for something having a covert significance. The immediate after death state has often been described as going through water or crossing it. Do the River People live beyond this barrier to another life?

Then one day Solomon Daba very casually mentioned an association between ukutwasa, the development of mediumship, and the call of the Abantubomlambo, and my mind at once seized this as a new and valuable lead. I was informed that during ukutwasa some people dream about speaking to their ancestral spirits. These dreams are repeated and coming events are described, the prediction of which by the person who is twasa, is considered as evidence that he has gone beyond the world of his senses and was in touch with the world of spirits. Often they dream of the whereabouts of strayed and stolen cattle, and when these are found as foretold in the dream, the people know that the person is developing the

inner power to become a doctor or Igqira. From then on he will be guided, where to look for the herbs with which to cure disease and often this guidance comes like a call to the hills to look for medicines. There one feels the plants are friends. It is at this stage when things are revealed to one inside one's head. One talks to a person who is ill, one just knows where he came from and how he feels, where the pain or discomfort is. At first this is vague and one has to ask many questions to let it become clear and more precise, but it is from inside one's own head or mind that the knowledge comes, as it is sent to one from the ancestral spirits. Solomon Daba described all this in a most serious and logical manner. He was taking me on a mental journey into the hidden world of Xhosa thought. The feelings and perceptions which underly the awareness of the pagan mind and give it a wisdom which raises him and gives him the distance of dignity and makes him feel the satisfaction of a deeper contact with life which somehow means more to him than the knowledge and power of other people. I for one could not help becoming aware of some common universal level of consciousness in which our thinking was having its existence. Indeed that we were in tune on a certain universal level of the Cosmic Mind. The unison of understanding transcended his red blankets and my European clothes, my education and his illiteracy, we were in contact with a stratum of the Cosmic consciousness. We were mentally floating in a world transcending space and time. It was then the word "Ukutwasa" that showed the way.

The Xhosa Isanuses describe many facets of this strange experience of ukutwasa, the chief characteristic, however, remains an awareness of things and events far beyond the world of our senses. Ukutwasa can take you out of yourself and even visit the Abantubomlambo, and gain a contact by means of which wisdom can flow. It was at that moment that an intuitive flash like sheet lightning in a Transkeian night, suddenly laid bare a landscape of psychic significance. I saw the symbolic meaning of the long hair of the River People and their fish tailed bodies, and above all the medium of water that separated their world from ours. A water through which we have to go to reach them, and a water which often

leaves a dead body behind, but a water from beyond which comes a call, the Ukubizelwa ngumlambo. Hence this is a call of life from another world to which even those can go who are in the changing process of ukutwasa, only they can go there with bodies that live like a fish in a world of water, in a world different from the one of the earth. Indeed like a fish they can live under conditions no physical human body can survive.

The half-fish symbolised this power of man to live in and penetrate a substance or sphere that somehow could only be represented by water. During ukutwasa the aspirant Igqira is often called and is able to visit the Abantubomlambo. At times he is away from home for days, but since they know he is twasa they are not worried. They have faith he would be alright for if he has been to the Abantubomlambo he has gained secret knowledge and could have gone to the far away hills for new herbs to cure their ills and become a great Igqira. But I discovered that the aspirant Igqira could not disclose where he has been and what he has seen. His lips were sealed.

And then the elders smoked their long stemmed pipes and spat through their teeth with ponderous looks, for these were profound things, I told them that the Abantubomlambo, were not made by the story tellers of old, but represented a true world where no one in a physical form can live.

It is a name for the spirit people where the Izinyanya also stayed when gathering the knowledge of the new life. Their reaction was quite astonishing, postures were changed. The pipes were removed from their mouths. Their eyes turned to me. I continued: "We do not know how the Izinyanya communicate because even Solomon Daba does not hear words. They communicate like a small stream that comes from an underground river. It seeps out of the earth and we quench our thirst for knowledge." I put my hand in my glove and then slowly pulled it off, and said: "This is how we die or should die. This glove is the body we put in the earth and this hand is the Abantubomlambo. It cannot drown in water for it is spirit. The River People are spirit people. Like a fish has a body to live in water, so man has an inside body of

spirit which can live in and go through that world that feels like water to the newly dead." As Van der Merwe's Xhosa rolled on, I felt a wave of warmth, and a oneness of human consciousness, passing through us.

"This world between this earth and the Abantubomlambo is the world where the spirits stay who have not lived the lives the Izinyanya want man to live. They are the spirits who are seen about the kraals after they have died. They are caught in the water and have lived there like fish even if they were human on earth."

Their heads nodded in agreement. What I had spoken was the truth for they have always known that man can leave his physical body and come back to it, but not when he had died. But these were not matters which the uninitiated can understand. It was knowledge which was discovered by those who are the original Izinyanya. When a man can understand that the Izinyanya are as necessary to man as the sun is to the world; then that man should have a name whereby he could know his inside life. So they named me "Inkanezi" – "The Firefly".

For a moment I wondered why "The Firefly"? Then the answer came. "All these things you said about the Abantubomlambo few people know, and those people usually find their way in the world by their own light. Therefore as Inkanezi, The Firefly – you must always carry this light in you, where there is darkness. Then others will see it." It seemed to me at that moment, that these people had a strange influence on my mind. They represented the guardians of some treasured archetype of man's primordial psychic life and when in that semi-circle talking about the mysteries of their customs, their minds acted on mine like a catalyst, and sent mine soaring into regions where they housed their ancient memories of spirit life.

I was interested to know what was the Bantu's reasons for the chanting, the drumming and the clapping of hands during a seance. Could they explain what effect all this had on the medium, Igqira, or Isanuse? It was apparent to me that these "Diviners" knew about an unseen power round about man, for I once raised the question as to why Africans built round

huts, because once they used European furniture their houses became four cornered and the circular design disappeared.

I gathered there was an unseen power surrounding everyone. The Isanuse Xagalalegusha said that he could feel the presence of a person as far as three feet away from the person's body even with his eyes shut. This power was around the body and protected the spirit from evil, if the person knew how to use it. Could this idea of the human aura have led to the building of the circular hut by primeval man?

The Isanuses said that these unseen powers around people flow together when they clap hands and chant and beat the drum - The Ukwombelela.

It is then that this power coming from many people become a covering around them all and form the attraction for the Izinyanya.

Because without this power one cannot hear the voices of the makosi (spirit voices) which speak from the thatch of the hut.

It seems that they think of this fusion of the auric fields of force, as something in the nature of the form of a hut. Hence these pristine psychic perceptions could very well have served as the model for habitation.

Having attended several seances with Solomon Daba and his wife I found those with ukwombelela most fascinating. In this type of seance Solomon Daba requested men and women to chant, clap hands and join in the dance. They have to assist in the build up of power. It is quite clear therefore that in this primitive conception of psychic power it is considered as a property of the individual which has to be loosened as it were, by chanting, dancing and clapping. In this manner a Force Field is no doubt created. As the perspiration oozes out of their bodies so this power also exudes as it were to join with that of the next person.

At first the presence of two White men in suits sitting on the floor of a large hut backs to the wall in the midst of a circle of black red-blanketed bodies, caused no end of amusement. Our presence was indeed outwardly somewhat odd but on the inner side of things it was a different story. These people were keenly conscious they had a contribution

to make, for by means of the power they in unison could produce, would come the manifestations of the deeper things, which Solomon would learn from the Izinyanya. This greater wisdom they all would share, so there was at-one-ment in purpose and aim. It felt as though the hut itself embraced them all, and was kind and protective. I thought to myself as I felt the impact on my senses and my psyche of movement and vocal sound, that the gathering was experiencing an intuitive harmony one could say, the smooth operation of a group soul. Was there an emanation from each person merging into a Force Field of a magnetic atmosphere? Was it an archetype that was relived or re-enacted by the simplicity of consciousness of a primitive culture whose feelings had so few barriers to cross, which enshrouded the European mind?

On this particular afternoon the large hut was crowded, and although the cold August east wind moved across the bleak veld, the hut inside developed a stifling warmth which soon deadened the sensitive olfactory nerves to the density of body odours. Not only one's sense of smell, but also the sensation of the discomfort of sitting flat on the ground were swallowed up in the oblivion of all personal matters as the hypnotic and enchanting rhythm of the ukwombelela swept through the hut and filled it. Seated along the wall to the right of the door were ten women each with a short stick in hand. Before them and touching their knees was a rolled up hard dry cow skin in the shape of a roll of linoleum. As they intoned a melodious chant, the hands were clapped and the drummers filled in the required rhythm by drumming with their sticks on the cowskin. All this sound with the sonority of the Xhosa voice grew into an urgent volume almost before one's eyes, as if it were substance and palpable, while out of its shapeless presence came the call of reverence: "Come, O Ancestral Spirits, and make these things clear to us." Onwards and onwards on one's ears rolled the volume of sound, sweet, pleasing, enchanting and pleading.

I nudged Van der Merwe, "This is a prayer. This is how man evidently first expressed his soul in prayer and reverence in the early dawn of his awareness of life's course beyond death." So from the earliest days man has been receptive to

spiritual aspiration. As the sound glided on in waves around the hut, the formlessness became individualised. Something definite was building up in our midst. The bodies now began to sway from side to side from the hips upwards. Harmonious chords were held on to for longer periods, then drifted away far beyond hearing as if they went to call, plaintively, "Come O Ancestral Spirits and make these things clear to us."

At that moment, as if all were timed, when the inner need of those present reached its zenith, Solomon Daba and his wife entered the seance hut and plunged into the dance. Suddenly a new flame of vigour impassioned the group. Solomon's wife who is also psychic or a *ingqirakazana* danced with him in the centre of the hut.

Solomon Daba was a fine looking man and a magnificent dancer. His presence seemed to call for more and more vitality from those around, as though strength, energy, power, force and liveliness were now needed more than ever before. One was conscious that the receptacle for the messages from beyond had to vibrate with power. He began that famous stamping dance of the Bantu, when the heel is raised and a pause follows on the toes. This prancing, prancing, thud, thud, thud, as a part of the chanting, the hand-clapping and the drum sounds, formed an actual pulsation of sound and movement linked with the unconscious rhythm of life within the body. Indeed a form of expression seeking in the depths of almost each cell of a man a channel for manifestation, or perhaps an assertion that there is a unison somewhere to which all life belongs.

Solomon stopped in his dancing and started to speak about the things people have done that have found favour with the ancestral spirits. He described the state of mind of one of the sitters and said that she was about to become "ukutwasa" and that her mind would be opened to another world. From time to time he would stop and his deep voice boomed: "Siyavuma" (we agree) and then the response would come from all those present: "Siyavuma" (we agree). We could sense this all as part of the groping and groping for complete harmony and accord. It occurred to me that his was a process of moulding all the different minds into one, with one feeling,

astral body left the physical while such a person was in a swoon of religious emotional rapture.

At a seance dance Solomon Daba informed me that the ancestral spirits approved of my interest and would help me, when conditions are suitable.

It was afterwards decided to carry out certain tests on Solomon and I informed him that I would come the following Sunday in the forenoon and that he and his people must be ready for a seance the moment I arrived. They should be waiting for me and I would afterwards explain why I wanted these conditions.

A few days later I went casually into a store for all sorts of goods in Queenstown. There was a Jewish shopkeeper behind the counter. I picked on a cheap little red leather purse, wrapped in brown paper. Apart from the shopkeeper no one knew that I bought this purse. At home I locked it in a drawer in my study. I never mentioned my plans to anyone nor did I open the drawer to examine the purse before the test.

On the Sunday morning arranged, Van der Merwe and I drove to Solomon's kraal. I had the purse wrapped in brown paper in my jacket pocket. Van der Merwe knew nothing about my plans, except that a test would be carried out with Solomon Daba.

About halfway to Solomon's kraal, I stopped the car, leaving Van der Merwe in it and went down a fairly deep donga until the car was out of sight. I waited a while and carefully scrutinized my surroundings to make quite sure that no human knew what I was going to do. I was well hidden from the car quite a distance away and there was no one about. I took the purse in its brown paper wrapping and with a flintlike sharp edged stone scooped a hole in loose soil at the bottom of the donga. I placed the purse in this hole, and then over it I placed a flat brown stone as large as a dinner plate and over the brown stone I placed a flat grey stone which I found nearby in the eroded earth, for this donga was easily at that part about eight feet deep. Having completed my task I again inspected my surroundings but saw no one. At the car Van der Merwe was absorbed in reading my notes on our last investigations as I was having

difficulty in spelling Xhosa names. He did not ask me where I had been and what I did. In spite of a very rough road I drove at a speed of between thirty and forty miles an hour, so that if I was seen doing what I did, I could out distance any runner from reaching Solomon's kraal before me.

On arrival Solomon was ready and the hut was filled with people. This time there were no women drummers. Immediately on our arrival the seance began. From time to time he would stop and talk and after each communication came "Siyavuma". This is how he communicated what he received from his Izinyanya about my test of his psychic powers. After dancing for awhile: "You went to a shop. It was a shop of a Jew man." Pause. "You bought a little red purse." Pause. "You took it home and hid it from all people." Pause and dancing and Siyavuma. "This purse was wrapped in paper, brown paper, Siyavuma." Pause and dancing. "This morning you brought this purse where the big dongas are, you stopped your car and walked away down into the donga. Siyavuma. You climb up the side, you look around. You look for people. You see no people. Siyavuma." Pause and dancing. "You take stone, make hole in the ground, put red purse in brown paper in the hole. Siyavuma." Pause and dancing. "You put flat brown stone from deep under the earth over purse and then flat grey stone over it and you left. Siyavuma."

Van der Merwe who was translating into Afrikaans as fast as Solomon spoke was quite amused, when I too having heard this amazing description of my actions shouted, "Siyavuuuuumaa," to the delight of all present.

Really one is mystified how this almost photographic form of telepathy takes place. It is most fascinating to think that entirely in the absence of any of the senses used for communications by any known and possible physical means, this Xhosa Diviner with dancing, chanting and hand-clapping believed his ancestral spirits would tell him exactly what I did, and so he danced and made many pauses, and communicated what he believed he received from his Izinyanya, and all this was correct in every detail. Just how do these things happen and what is the mode of operation?

What is the picture of the mechanisms and invisible structures, the lines of force, the vibrations of energy, the medium of transmission that make these amazing experiences possible? That Sunday morning this man of a primitive culture shook my Western mind to its foundation.

Some parapsychologists find great satisfaction when they guess cards correctly, and these tests are performed *ad nauseam* almost as if the whole of psychic manifestations has nothing else beside telepathy as E.S.P.

I have mentioned how these Xhosa settings and these people acted on my mind like a catalyst. It was at that time when the thought first entered my mind that telepathy was not the transmission of thought through space between persons or from one person to another, but it was someone becoming conscious of an idea in some other person's mind and that this process was facilitated by the all pervasive presence of the Cosmic consciousness within which the individual consciousness exists. It appeared to me as an activity within the Universal Mind initiated by individual areas of consciousness. This conception stayed with me, and demanded deeper and deeper insight into its importance in our lives, as different layers of frequency of an ethereal substance of which the world of time was one of the lowest continuums of frequencies.

To Solomon Daba the information he received came from his ancestral spirits, which implied an element of omnipotence if not omniscience on the part of his ancestral spirits. Even if one imagine them to form a layer of spiritual consciousness in the Cosmos, it means that every little event such as my purchase of the purse was registered by them or communicated to them. This idea did not appeal to me, even if they occupied some degree in the Cosmic consciousness, similar to what Moses Maimonides describes in his Mishne Torah as the degree of God or Haiioth.

I was sitting in Solomon's hut, but did not feel in any way that I wanted to dispute his belief that all his information is given to him by his Izinyanya. Yet while sitting there thoughts about mirror writing in children came into my mind. I was puzzled about this type of idea, until I thought of reflection.

Somehow the Izinyanya were associated with "reflection". I was up against a barrier and yet I could not get past the idea of reflection.

It was indeed an enigma. Then days later I woke in the middle of the night with the clear thought "reflection of memories".

It was not difficult to arrive at the theory of a world memory plane. Could it be part of the astral world, a plane on which all earthly events are recorded, the original home of the archetype and the "collective unconscious" of Jung?

Does the expanded inner consciousness of the clairvoyant not tune in to this astral memory plane of the Cosmic Consciousness and so read our records of thoughts and deeds? Here then I found an explanation for the Akhasic Record of occultism. When I discussed this theory with a friend he drew my attention to the sentence in the Gospel, "One sparrow shall not fall without your Heavenly Father knowing it". Did the ancient Bantu clairvoyants also make this personification? And how do we not know that these psychics in the beginning did not become the omniscient Izinyanya in the memories of descendants?

Then came an occasion when Solomon Daba sitting in my office in the Bantu wards of the hospital gave a most amazing description of a theft of cattle of which to all available evidence he could not have had any outside knowledge. On this occasion there was no dancing and no handclapping. There were four of us in my office drinking coffee and discussing Bantu customs. We were, Solomon Daba, Van der Merwe, Charge Nurse Victor and myself.

I must explain that on several occasions when my work made it difficult for me to leave for the hinterland, I would phone the police sergeant at the Cofimvaba police station. Solomon's kraal was not far from there, and the sergeant, being also interested in my research, would send a messenger to Solomon asking him to visit me by means of a hired motor car. Solomon enjoyed these trips. I paid for the taxi, rewarded him and he had a day with me as my guest. On such occasions he would dress up in all his professional regalia, wearing his famous kilt covered with coloured beads and a monkey skin

head dress and carrying a cowtail swish, a sign of dignity and authority.

On one of his visits I showed him how we treated patients with insulin coma. He examined the unconscious patients perspiring profusely and Van der Merwe asked him what he thought of the White man's way of treating mental patients. He answered that we made it very uncomfortable for the evil spirits to stay in the patient.

Anyway on this visit while we were drinking coffee and discussing the activities of certain mythical creatures and their influence on Xhosa rural society, Mr. Victor asked whether Solomon could perhaps help him to solve a crime. Solomon expressed his willingness to help and Mr. Victor said that he had lost some cows from a small holding where he lived not far from the hospital. He wanted Solomon to describe the cows and give their whereabouts.

I did not know about these missing cows, but Van der Merwe did. Anyway Solomon did something I have never seen him do before. He took a piece of bark from his bag and started to chew it. He chewed and stared straight ahead of him. His gaze was fixed and far away and then spoke as follows: "I see the cows and know where they are and how they have been stolen. There are two cows, both black and white, and the younger of the two was going to calve; in fact she has calved because there are three cattle now. The younger of the two cows has a peculiar mark on its left side, the hair has grown in the opposite direction in the form of a crown or a whorl. There was a little White boy about six years old, who was very fond of this cow. He always fed her with bits of grass and corn stalks. Late one evening the cows were driven away from the field by a native man who works in this hospital. He kept them at his house in the location that night and the following morning early he hired a native boy to drive these cows to a friend's place near Lady Frere. He crossed the railway line this side of Essex and took a little known track across the veld."

The little White boy puzzled me because I knew Victor had no children. Anyway the description of the cows and the whorl on the left side of the younger cow in particular was

to Victor most uncanny and perfectly true. The boy was a neighbour's child, who loved to feed the cows.

There was to our knowledge really no way in which Solomon Daba could have personally known about the cows except by psychic means. Now if his description of the cows and the doings of the little White boy were true to facts, why could the part about the native man who worked in the hospital and the details of the theft not also be true?

Solomon left in his taxi and Victor felt convinced that what Solomon said actually happened. According to the description of the native man given by Solomon, Victor became suspicious of an African member of the staff. Then some days later this man was away sick and he sent a native boy to the hospital to fetch something or other he left at the ward. Victor being suspicious that this could be the boy who drove his cows to Lady Frere, accused him according to the story of the direction he drove the cows as given by Solomon Daba. He admitted driving the cows and confirmed almost in detail the time and direction as described by Solomon.

The police were informed and the cows were recovered from where Solomon said they were kept.

While Solomon sat in my office with that far away look, describing the events of the theft of the cows, he kept on chewing as though his conscious mind had two streams of activity. The one was chewing the bark and the other stream, like his gaze flowed over and above the senses, as something far above the earth and high above the hills he was looking at through the window. When he stopped telling us about the matters concerned with the theft it virtually seemed to me as if he stepped down from some mental elevation back onto our level. And yet he was not in a trance for he answered questions we put to him and he elaborated on certain points when asked to do so. There was nothing automatic about his talk. It was animated, but he was mentally behaving in his expression and attitude, as though he was busy keeping something in sight. There was no mention of Izinyanya and no dancing or any of the usual requirements for building up power as at a seance dance.

Then came the seance dance some months later when my

book on the Xhosa, his customs and his psychiatric illnesses was completed. I have described this particular seance in *Where Mystery Dwells*, but it is so pertinent and it opens such a vast world of the psychic realms that I must briefly describe the events again. It was a seance with drumming on the cowskin, chanting and handclapping as well as dancing by any one present who wished to be swallowed up more completely in the power of inner expressions of harmony and unison. And from time to time some one would jump up with ecstatic expression as if every movement silently had its own mystery, and then each action seemed measured and loaded with feeling and the dance poured this power into our midst. I gained the impression that everyone was trying to find some mental world of feeling, some elusive sensation, which the inner revelation of the ancestral spirits would manifest. "Come ancestors and make things clear to us."

Van der Merwe and I were sitting among the people on the floor with our backs to the wall. After a drink of kaffir beer, now called Bantu beer, the dance and the ukwombela swept on and I closed my eyes in reverie. I thought of my arrangements to spend Christmas in the United Kingdom, and to have Professor Seligman's opinion of my book, the meeting of friends I had not seen for a long time and the enjoyment of a white British Christmas. Mentally I was transported and in London. Then I felt Van der Merwe nudging me, while the chorus of "Siyavuma" filled the hut. Solomon Daba was addressing me and as fast as he talked, Van der Merwe, that brilliant Xhosa linguist, put it across to me in apt and descriptive Afrikaans.

He said these thoughts have travelled through the skies of another world, they concerned me. He said I was thinking of going over the huge ocean in a big ship to a land with many houses and much smoke; where the skies were dirty and the clouds not as white as ours and where the stars seemed to be without light, I was going there. At least this was what I was thinking, of warm houses, warm fires, many friends and snow like fleece of the lamb falling all over making all dirty things appear clean and white. I was thinking of going there before Christmas, so that I could talk to other men about my book,

and things which I had seen and learned about the AmaXosa people. But all these things which I had dreamed that day will not happen because he had received word from his Izinyanya about the future. I would take ill, my throat would become very painful, and I would go to a hospital where a doctor with dark rimmed glasses would attend to me.

Then after leaving the hospital I would be weak, and a friend who lived high up in a mountainous country with many fruit trees would invite me to come and recuperate on his farm. He then went on to describe this friend as a man who had sailed the seas and had two rows of brass buttons on his jacket. He was shortish and stout. I would stay up there among the high mountains and every day when the sun was near the middle of the heavens my friend would open a bottle of bubbling wine and we would drink this to make me strong. Then after a while I would take another ship and the next year the last day of March, I would walk ashore in England. At the end of the "Siyavuma" I felt strongly disinclined to believe Solomon's predictions. In the first place they were disappointing and did not suit me and I wished he were wrong. I proceeded to make my arrangements to sail for England and to arrive there just before Christmas. But when it came near to the time of my departure I developed a sore throat and within a few days had a double quinsy. I could hardly swallow and felt very ill. My colleague, Dr. J. M. van Schalkwyk decided to remove me to the Frontier Hospital in Queenstown. He wore dark horn-rimmed glasses. After the condition subsided I went home and received a letter from my old friend, Commander Thomas of Elgin in the Cape. I was invited to come and recuperate on their lovely apple farm snuggled among the forests and gigantic mountains of the Western Cape. There during the balmy days of the Elgin summer I soon began to regain my former energy and health. Now I did not tell my friends about the wine part predicted by Solomon Daba. They were tremendously interested in my experiences with the psychic sensitives among the AmaXosa and we of course talked about all that, but what was my astonishment when the first day there at noon after having spent the morning travelling all over the farm, my friend,

Commander Thomas said, "I am no doctor but I know what is good for you," and opened a bottle of famous Cape sparkling dry wine. It was then I told them about Solomon's prophecy about the wine, and we made it a ritual to drink Solomon's health on every one of these occasions. I often wondered whether he received these thoughts of goodwill and good health.

Due to circumstances of life over which I had no control our ways parted but I used to phone the police at Cofimvaba from far away and from time to time to convey my best wishes and greetings to Solomon Daba.

My experience that day was indeed unique in the world of parapsychology. There was I, absorbed in my own future and my enthusiasm at the success of my book, because I had word that Professor Seligman at Oxford was greatly interested in this psychiatric study of a primitive culture. Lulled into a day dream of reverie by the hypnotic trance rhythm, I envisaged my wish to visit London and Professor Seligman at Oxford, and the meeting with my friends dating from my student days in Britain. The film of ideas and images unrolled itself in my mind with a background of melodious intonation and the thud of the beat. The wild soul of the African was unfolding itself like a flower come to bloom. This was an archaic mental world; a primeval emotion, stepping out of the shadows cast over it by Western civilization. With my thoughts and this backdrop to my conscious drift of mind, I felt detached. I was there in far away Britain under the direction of my wishes, and the pleasure that went ahead of the physical presence. It was at that moment that Solomon Daba began to tell me first what I was thinking of as if he were intimately aware of my flow of thought. Having told me what I was thinking he brought into the picture what he saw as the real series of events that seemed to be laying in wait for me in the future, events that were to disillusion my own wishful thinking. Solomon Daba had moved months and months ahead in time. He was describing pain and discomfort almost as they actually occurred, and then the days to follow in Elgin, and last but not least the date of arrival in England, eight months later.

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Commander Thomas said, "I am no doctor but I know what is good for you," and opened a bottle of famous Cape sparkling dry wine. It was then I told them about Solomon's prophecy about the wine, and we made it a ritual to drink Solomon's health on every one of these occasions. I often wondered whether he received these thoughts of goodwill and good health.

Due to circumstances of life over which I had no control our ways parted but I used to phone the police at Cofimvaba from far away and from time to time to convey my best wishes and greetings to Solomon Daba.

My experience that day was indeed unique in the world of parapsychology. There was I, absorbed in my own future and my enthusiasm at the success of my book, because I had word that Professor Seligman at Oxford was greatly interested in this psychiatric study of a primitive culture. Lulled into a day dream of reverie by the hypnotic trance rhythm, I envisaged my wish to visit London and Professor Seligman at Oxford, and the meeting with my friends dating from my student days in Britain. The film of ideas and images unrolled itself in my mind with a background of melodious intonation and the thud of the beat. The wild soul of the African was unfolding itself like a flower come to bloom. This was an archaic mental world; a primeval emotion, stepping out of the shadows cast over it by Western civilization. With my thoughts and this backdrop to my conscious drift of mind, I felt detached. I was there in far away Britain under the direction of my wishes, and the pleasure that went ahead of the physical presence. It was at that moment that Solomon Daba began to tell me first what I was thinking of as if he were intimately aware of my flow of thought. Having told me what I was thinking he brought into the picture what he saw as the real series of events that seemed to be laying in wait for me in the future, events that were to disillusion my own wishful thinking. Solomon Daba had moved months and months ahead in time. He was describing pain and discomfort almost as they actually occurred, and then the days to follow in Elgin, and last but not least the date of arrival in England, eight months later.

No matter what theories we may advance, on the face of it, Solomon Daba was able to become aware of a series of happenings concerning my life of which I was utterly in ignorance, and which were at that time not actually in existence, as memories that had been lived and experienced by me or anyone else. But if they were not in existence in the universe how did Solomon become aware of them? The fact that they ultimately occurred as events on this earth in the course of my life, suggest that they were even then related to my life on some other plane, which had not yet become a physical or a sense experience. These events appeared to have a transcendent existence like something that was lying in wait far outside the range of our thinking. We are accustomed to accept that the thoughts we recollect or are aware of, are thoughts we are thinking or have thought of at one time or other. We find it difficult, as if it is some incomprehensible world, to think of thoughts or ideas existing in a Universal Mind outside any particular mind belonging to a personality. It seems quite irrational and illogical to imagine for one moment that ideas foretelling my destiny or events I would encounter in my course of life could have had an existence in Solomon Daba's mind, and not in mine, since I was the one who had to experience them in my life, and not Solomon in his life.

So since these ideas were not a part of my consciousness they also had to come to Solomon Daba from somewhere; and this somewhere this mysterious container of knowledge of my future life, which was not at all familiar to the human consciousness as a mind, where was its existence, and what relationship did it have to my mind and that of Solomon Daba? It was a strange world into which this illiterate pagan mind capable of crossing the frontiers of sense barriers had plunged me. I accepted that Solomon Daba during his seance dance had by means of a state of mind entered a level of consciousness from which he was capable of awareness in another dimension in which telepathy and clairvoyance were natural functions. Could it have been perception by means of the inner spectrum of his astral consciousness?

If so he was receptive on a level where he was conscious of the actual thoughts my wishful thinking was picturing about

my visit to Britain, but at the same time he was aware of another series of mental events, not produced by my wishful or any other kind of cogitation at that time.

He was aware of the real things that would happen including my illness, and my disappointment, as well as my holiday in Elgin with Commander Thomas and his charming wife, Brenda. So besides the stream of thought flowing or radiating from my mind, there was another like a backdrop of the true destiny of things to come, and Solomon Daba was somehow aware of the one that did not tally with my reckoning and my wishes.

From this consciousness of the astral he was not only aware of the present, but of a panorama of the future, as though to me he was peeping into some fathomless creation over the horizon from whence came thoughts and ideas of human destiny.

To my consciousness encased in a brain and trained on the principles of sense perception and observation of a material and objective world, this vastness which Solomon Daba opened to my spiritual curiosity, seemed to reach out to me and draw me closer, so that a strange familiarity was left on the deeper levels of my psyche. I could feel an extraordinary enchantment mysteriously concealed beyond the unknown. I was a mere unit in an Infinite Organism.

To Solomon all these revelations had a simple origin, they came from the Izinyanya. The latter were capable of knowing these things. Their minds could reach beyond the unborn tomorrow.

But to me it was not all so simple. Solomon agreed that the Izinyanya could not possibly know of anything that was not already a thought in some mind. And if no one on earth had true knowledge of the future from where then would his Izinyanya obtain this information? He was quick to answer that they obtain all knowledge from Qamata – the Almighty. Naturally this did not explain what I was after. The idea of Qamata was one which provided an answer but my mind was busy with the Izinyanya as a collection of spiritual beings, who had at one time lived on this earth and now form some hierarchy of consciousness. To Solomon

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Daba this was nothing new because he compared it to the tribal chiefs and their councillors.

In fact what was on earth was a reflection of the life in the world of the Izinyanya. At least this was the impression I formed of his explanation.

Strangely enough his mind had never questioned anything. He had not imagined how the Izinyanya lived, what they did. His thoughts on this subject were entirely limited to the ideas expressed by tradition and the ritual.

And yet to me sitting there on the floor of a hut, listening to the clapping of hands, the chanting and drumming and watching the rhythmic expressive movements of the dancers, there appeared a volume of aspiration, thoughts were flowing somewhere. Something was rising from them and soaring upwards towards a transcendental world, which they believed in but had no imagery of. The appealing chant, repeated and repeated: "Come ancestors and make these things clear to us," was like a knock on some celestial door. The walls of the hut, the sound, and the meaningfulness of movement and word, all seemed to generate a collective or a fused aura, like a spotlight from far above the gallery on to a dark stage of human consciousness.

And then as an assertion of an absolute unity and harmony of thought and emotion, there came that strange bewitching sound of the word "Siyavuma" (We agree), receding into the unknown. The conditions were prepared, the receptive minds were there, the aura for receiving the power of thought from the Izinyanya was formed, all that remained was for the Izinyanya to send their thoughts of wisdom and make things clear to us.

Into my awareness crept a feeling of sharing some deep common property of the human soul over-laden by and hidden far beneath the facade of endocrine glands and a biochemical make-up of the physical personality. This feeling of intunement was at a deeper psychic level than our sense world. It felt like an actual layer or sphere of energy vibrating through all our beings with "Sigavuumaa . . ."

These people had body odours, normally repulsive to my nostrils and yet I was immune to odour, which was quite

foreign to my life. My adaptation was no effort, no pretence, no discomfort. It was as though I entered a museum with relics of an archaic consciousness, preserved by ritual and tradition, as remains of a time when the human mind first made contact with higher levels of existence, the dawn of the Izinyanya.

It was then by means of this chanting, drumming and dancing that we discovered the underlying oneness, which inhibited the intruding world of the senses outside of the hut, and made us sink deeper and deeper into ourselves, until we reached that stage where beauty was felt even if not seen. Sigavuma meant intunement, and yet there were only the Izinyanya, when the feeling of power generated told the story of intunement with a profound inner level of consciousness.

Here was I steeped in the thought world that we had to do with Bantu spiritual thought, and Bantu souls, who once lived their tribal traditions, died and graduated to reach the status of Izinyanya, the wise men of the spirit world, and yet while thinking along the lines of this pattern, in the midst of the vibrations of the seance, my mind opened to a new realization, the dynamic suggestibility, the tempo of feeling and the overpowering presence of traditional belief in the minds of the participants, were all gently pushed aside by an idea which virtually alighted in my consciousness and informed me that the Izinyanya was a spiritual order of beings and not particularly ancestors of any Bantu tribe. It was a grouping of souls with certain ties of affinities, and were not necessarily racial or tribal or Bantu. It could be racial or tribal in the beginning of life hereafter, in the early stages of progress, but eventually the soul seeks its group for its universal functions.

To me this was an amazing experience for actually it was as if I were in conversation with the minds around me, and with their beliefs, and then suddenly some one interrupted and started a new line of thought. Solomon at this time was describing the sickness of one of those present and certainly made no reference to my thoughts.

For years afterwards this intriguing subject would from time to time come to mind and with it bring memories of

that afternoon in a Xhosa seance, as if a beam of thought was directed to me and found a mind free from the inhibitions imposed by traditional Bantu beliefs, to reveal the deeper functions of the Izinyanya. But even if my impression of the Izinyanya as a group soul is true, or could be true, there still remains the amazing ability Solomon Daba had of predicting detailed events many months before they occurred in human experience. Very able thinkers have advanced theories about precognition, and everyone somehow fought shy of the idea that life is determined for us and that we live according to a blue print.

I must admit I too have struggled against this idea, especially when the facts foretold by Solomon happened in that order even to the day I would land in England. One feels one would like to have some responsibility in the matter of living and the expression of choice and creativity, and not be a puppet whose strings are being subconsciously pulled. And yet when events are foretold and they happen, then if not everything, at least certain things in our lives have existence in a world of ideas, before they occur to us in the course of life's experience. The manner in which I planned my trip to England to have my book published there and have a holiday, of course, at the same time was apparently in conflict with another scheme of life affecting me, of which I was in complete ignorance, but which Solomon Daba learned about several months before the time.

To follow his way of thinking we have to accept that certain non-physical beings, who at one time lived on this earth, and who he himself did not know personally, had at that time knowledge of what would happen to me months afterwards.

Now what he foretold and what happened are facts of truth. Hence what I planned for myself with my conscious will, did not coincide with some scheme affecting my life, which was already then in existence and in the shaping of which I had consciously no share. I began by telling myself that I must begin to accept reality as I know it. Having done so then the reality of my illness and all that followed, were just as real before they happened to me as when they did in

actual fact. Now before they happened to me these events could only be imagined by us to have a thought existence. I at least am unable to think of any other form of existence they could have had other than that of thoughts.

Now if they had such an existence, they were in the cosmos in such a way that a human mind on earth could actually become aware of them as Solomon Daba so ably did. But he claimed that there was an intermediary such as he believed his Izinyanya represented.

Hence his Izinyanya could obtain access to that layer or stratum of the cosmos which concerned our earth lives, and which in turn in some mysterious manner reflect in our activities here, ideas about us which had existence before we perform their meanings as our deeds. This sort of reasoning brings one to the conclusion that our souls are in some mysterious way connected with a cosmic thinking process, or that a soul on its way to be born on earth acquires genes of thought, which will form part of its earthly destiny, but which are already registered or part of cosmic memory.

It could be that we weave the mental and emotional content of our lives around some central theme of the genes of thought which are acquired on our way to earth. But all this as well as the hierarchy of souls forming the Bantu idea of an Izinyanya, seem to be components of some immeasurable thinking process, whose basic thoughts for us form the rudiments around which we weave our consciousness.

On this conception precognition is natural for our inner perception because we have our existence within a Cosmic Consciousness, which surely must have knowledge of the life course and of all its contents.

The infinitude astronomers see in the universe of galaxies all seem embedded in a continuum of time and matter. Could time in this stratum of the Cosmic Consciousness not be a certain frequency of cosmic energy?

What might appear strange is that this type of thought came into my mind in the midst of the Ukwombelela. I asked myself could the inner consciousness of soul know one's future, while this power is not shared by the consciousness of the astral, nor that of the brain, except for occasions

of inner psychic expansion and increased sensitivity when there is a seepage from within.

I could not introduce Solomon Daba to these far flung abstract thoughts about God and man, because his thought world had the barriers which habit had placed on it. His Izinyanya were spirit people each with an individual consciousness. They lived in a real world of their own and could help and influence the lives of those on earth, but greater than all their powers was that of Qamata for he produced the things of the earth by means of which man lived, a magic inherent in plant life. Here then were ideas crystallised out of certain thoughts and psychic experiences over ageless time.

To me these thoughts of the pagan Xhosa, especially about his faith in the spirit body that leaves the physical at death, were like primeval treasures that man had discovered in the beginning and had never forgotten, but had always encased in the fabric of ritual and myth. His Izinyanya, however unsophisticated his ideas may seem, are capable of far reaching cosmic significance. He has the germs of things which our refinement of language and observation as well as technology have enshrouded, and so excluded the respectability of spiritual ideas and beliefs that primordial experience made him remember and ritualize.

THE BURIAL OF A PATRIARCH

The status of seniority in the pagan culture appeared to me to be derived from the belief that the head of the kraal, at death is received by the exalted company of the Izinyanya, and so becomes one of this great spiritual council. The ritual that has been woven around the death and burial of such a patriarch carries with it such faith in the reality of the process of entering another life, that one feels that by seeing it performed, one has lifted a cover which Western civilization had placed over the world of the innerself.

The movements of these pagans, their words and their solemn rites, all have such an honesty, that one is impressed by a mysterious power of faith in a spirit life, as the jewel of life's experience that has been treasured in ritual from their mental dawn.

If then in those remote periods of human life on earth, psychic sensitives corresponding to Solomon Daba and Xagalelagusha, could give convincing communications about the future of people then living, then the separation at death, of an innerself from the physical body while retaining its mental faculties must have been the very zenith of all worthwhile knowledge.

And yet it is strange, that at no time did I come across anyone among these people who during his own life pondered on the power and the destiny of this spirit within him. At least I did not find anyone who expressed ideas of valuing the sacredness of the eternal worth of his soul. It seemed that the thoughts on this subject from a personal point of view were not developed, and that people only thought of that conveyed by the ritual or custom almost in the same manner as the Christian is incarcerated in dogma.

The sensory mind and the instinctive needs were of primary consideration to the pagan, and a consciousness of the soul as the surviving entity was not entertained. This shows how limitations of thought can come about and the mind be con-

ditioned to live on one plane of consciousness, and not even experiment with the imagination about the role and reason for this spirit in him. And all this in spite of the belief especially among the Isanus that people can leave their bodies during sleep and dream-life, and visit other places by means of their inner selves. In fact it is believed that certain people can perform witchcraft in this manner.

Solomon Daba claimed to have seen people about the kraal, who were actually asleep physically in their huts. It seems quite clear that the primitive pagan's belief in the power of certain medicines to make him invisible comes from this psychic evidence of seeing people in their astral bodies while the physical body is elsewhere.

All these psychic experiences which have been carefully studied as psychic phenomena in our Western culture, contribute to the reality of another world after this one, or another dimension of existence after death, and yet this is all taken for granted, and there appeared to me to be no incentive to be curious what the next existence could be like. But this need not astonish anyone, since the church in our culture seems to lack the rudiments of thought about a spiritual life hereafter.

Death in this pagan culture is literally a departure from earth of man's inner self. In the case of the patriarch his illness is looked upon as the occasion on which especially his sons, and particularly the eldest surviving son show the devotion, the loyalty and esteem due to the head of the kraal. His sons nurse him so that they can always be present to receive his last instructions should the end come. The nature of this reverential devotion could be ascribed to the higher status death will bestow on him.

How ancient and how profound is this respect for age. The hierarchy of pagan conscience, the stability of his culture somehow rest on this foundation of respect. I have often wondered whether this veneration and regard do not stem from some innate spiritual value, which our Western world appears to be losing. Perhaps in remote times the patriarch was a teacher of wisdom and was actively concerned with the character formation of youth.

At the death of the patriarch the sons communicate the news to the neighbouring kraals. Then the surviving brothers and sisters of the deceased are called to his kraal. The men inspect the body and having completed this task and having assured themselves that death had occurred, they proceed in a solemn procession to the cattle kraal to choose the burial place for the head of the kraal. For other members of the kraal, there is a recognized burial place which is sacred to members of the kraal, others are not allowed to walk over the graves for such an action implies disrespect for the spirit of the dead.

The cattle kraal in primitive Bantu culture is the place of gathering of the elders of the tribe, and all important discussions are held there. It strangely enough is a sacred and holy place and when the ancestral spirits visit a kraal it is the cattle kraal they choose for their presence. It is there the elders will receive the wisdom of the spheres. It is above all the most venerated and dignified place in the whole home setting. In this phallic culture no wife is permitted to approach too near, or to enter the cattle kraal. The taboo is always upheld, with the exception of one or two customs associated with marriage.

Only for the wedding ceremony is the bride allowed to enter the cattle kraal, where the marriage is finally solemnised. We observe this profound significance of the circular cattle kraal with its wall made of stones piled on each other. It has somehow a resemblance to the Holy of Holies in the Hebrew Tabernacle. Has it derived its sacredness from a period when Taurus was worshipped, or when the vernal equinox was in the constellation of Taurus? The time when the Israelites worshipped the golden calf? The mere possession of cattle for wealth and currency seems inadequate to provide an explanation for the sanctity which is associated with the cattle kraal and with the value attached to cattle in the sacrificial rites.

Somewhere there is an association between cattle and the symbol of eternal life; and the only significance that suggests a celestial origin is the sign of the Zodiac, when the bull was worshipped as the symbol of the deity. If this idea

was the reason for making the cattle kraal a consecrated place it has since been forgotten. But they could very well have had a religious tradition which was influenced by the ancient North African cultures with the Almighty in the form of a bull.

In the centre of the cattle kraal a deep subterranean chamber is made. This silo which is usually closed by a huge flat stone is covered under layers of cow dung. Here the corn or grain is stored and preserved.

The place chosen for the burial of the head of the kraal is always at or inside the gate of the cattle kraal. Another opening is made for the entrance and exit of the cattle. Once the arrangements have been made the grave is dug in two portions. First a vertical hole of about four feet wide and six feet deep is dug. From this recess of another six feet is tunnelled in a horizontal direction towards the rising sun. The distance between the roof and floor of the tunnel is usually about three feet.

An important part of this funeral service is that all food stored in the silo in the kraal has to be removed before the body is interred, otherwise the women are not allowed to eat of the grain if removed after the body has been buried. It is believed that should the women partake of such food which came from the silo after the body is placed in the earth they would somehow acquire the qualities of masculinity, and furthermore such an act would interfere with the spiritual happiness of the deceased.

There is a wealth of symbolism in this association undoubtedly based on the principle of sympathetic magic. Whatever goes into the earth become part of its nature and is in time absorbed and as it were consumed by it. The corn as the staple foodstuff is stored in a silo in mother earth, so that somehow the interred body and the corn or mealies in the silo become products of mother earth, and so the masculine qualities of a male body believed to influence the food stored underground.

To the pagan this eating the mealies or kaffir corn from the silo, after the burial, would be the same as eating of the body of the dead patriarch.

The question arises could this taboo be a revulsion against a known archaic custom in which the body of the dead chief or head of family was eaten as a sacrificial meal to absorb his power into the people, and that with a change in culture and custom, this taboo was introduced? Although no Xhosa has any memory relating to such a custom. Nevertheless this concept of sacrifice and participation of power is even found in Christianity.

The magic power which was left by contact with the body of the deceased during his life time could be described as invisible force, which in some mysterious manner is retained by the object, and having in it links with the memory of his personality.

Solomon Daba was once handed a match box by me to light his cigarette. He told me this match box was not mine, that I put it in my pocket unthinkingly and that it belonged to a certain person, who he then proceeded to describe in amazing detail of appearance. His warning to me that this man would cause me trouble was indeed true, for the man was immediately recognized from his description.

Apparently it is this power, which makes psychometry possible, which has become associated in an exaggerated manner with all sorts of deleterious influences. We can only think of it as some etheric energy most probably ectoplasm left by the force field, of an individual's aura on the objects he contacted during life.

Solomon Daba maintained that pictures came to his mind about a person when he handled an object belonging to the person concerned whether dead or alive.

Evidently this discovery of a contact with the memory of the dead by means of handling objects led to all sorts of extravagant conclusions of influences which made it necessary to introduce taboos.

The same applied to the calabash or fermented milk a great delicacy in the Xhosa household. Now after the death of the head of the kraal no woman was permitted to touch the calabash milk unless the calabash was first handled by the heir of the late head. He must sever the relations with the

dead, even though they are invisible, they are there, and are capable of causing thoughts which could be disturbing to those in the spirit world.

One wonders whether this association could have anything to do with the idea of an earth bound state. I was told that those who were not instructed or initiated in the beliefs and customs of the people and above all have not implicit and absolute obedience to the Izinyanya, that such people would roam about the kraals after their deaths, as though they did not know the way to the other world.

What emerges from this ability to read histories and descriptions of persons from articles they have handled or owned is the pagan knowledge that man became aware of such influences by means of his psychic perceptions. Today we could best describe these powers as vibrations of ectoplasmic particles given off in the force-field of a person, and possessing the capacity to reflect memories and impressions of the owner of the articles.

To return to the burial of the patriarch, when the grave has been made and the mealies and kaffir corn removed from the silo, the body is washed by the brothers of the deceased, and if no surviving brothers then the nearest senior relations. The body is then neatly sewn in the blankets he wore during life. It is then placed on his sleeping mat underneath which is a cow skin. The presence of the cow skin has significance. The body is then carried on a stretcher by the sons and their paternal uncles, in a slow, almost measured, step to the cattle kraal.

The procession of pall bearers goes right into the centre of the cattle kraal. Here they turn and carry the body to the gate where it is deposited. The eldest present then opens the blanket over the face. He steps back and two men climb down into the vertical portion of the grave and receive the stretcher with the body, which is then gently lowered, and pushed on the stretcher into the tunnelled recess, with the open face looking towards the late head's hut. One elder remains standing in the grave and speaks in a loud voice for all to hear, "You have left us Grandfather, but we will remember you and what you taught, and in time join you in the place

where you have gone, since it is our desire to follow you to that world where you are going."

He then climbs out of the grave and each of the sons throws stones into the first portion saying: "Grandfather, you have left us but we promise that we will follow you." These stones are then built into a wall which shuts off the tunnelled recess with the body from the vertical shaft.

The body is now in a tomb and the vertical portion is filled in with earth. The wives and other women pay their last respects by throwing handfuls of soil into the grave. As soon as the grave is filled, there is a moment's silence and then with one voice all present shout "Camagu". This is a most dramatic moment because this "Camagu" is a great call or prayer for blessings on the spirit of the dead, and also serves as an announcement for the Izinyanya to receive him.

After this ceremony the mourners used to wash themselves, a purification rite. Is there any association with the Hebrew funeral rite of washing? After the performance of this custom the women collect at the huts and lament loudly as part of the mortuary rite. The spirit world has to be informed that this man was greatly esteemed and loved and that his absence is a great loss. The men in the meantime assemble at the cattle kraal, where they sit in silence, each with his own thoughts. I was informed that while the womenfolk expressed the emotions of grief and sorrow, the men have to think of the path of death that awaits everyone, and the land beyond this world where the Izinyanya live. At times the women lament too loudly and the wailing disturbs the men in their meditations and so some one is sent to ask them to express their grief in a more subdued manner. After a while a master of ceremonies is elected who then addresses the people present to thank them for contributing to the solemn occasion by their loyalty and respect for the deceased head of the kraal. Some of the words which must have been repeated over the ages are as follows: "I want you to know that your grandfather has gone to his Izinyanya. The way he has gone is the only way. There are other ways of death but they do not lead to the Izinyanya. Let us never be afraid to follow his example."

Thereafter the Master of Ceremonies instructs the new head of the kraal to choose a goat from the late head's herd and kill it. This sacrifice is known as *Ukuhlamba* (wash hands) and is symbolic of purification of hearts. It signifies that those with clean hands have attended the funeral and that no one present has enmity and jealousy in his heart.

The hut of the deceased is shut up, and never again occupied. It has to fall into disrepair and become a ruin. It has to deteriorate and disintegrate in time like the body in the earth, it once housed a living being, and as the spirit had left the body, for it to be reabsorbed by mother earth, so the living personality who dwelt in the hut had left it, and so without that occupant it too must return to the formless condition before it was built.

The profound significance of the form of the grave and the tomb like recess which is walled off, reminds one of the passage and the womb of the female. The symbolism of death as a rebirth into a spirit world is implicit in the design of the grave. If air and light or any entrance is made to a pregnant womb, the birth does not take place. Hence the recess is sealed off by a stone wall and then the shaft is filled in with earth. The womb is closed for the new life to grow, but this new life does not grow there in the earth, but in the spirit world, where its growth is a process of adaption to non-physical life. The rebirth symbolism of the grave indicates that the ancient Bantu whence this custom was derived had a clear idea of death as process of spiritual birth. Even in this regard degeneration had set in, and the consciousness of a spirit preparing itself at death to take a new form and enlarged consciousness, was no longer consciously associated with this ritual. It was a custom and things had to be done that way. Nevertheless I put my interpretation to Solomon Daba, and he agreed that some of them among the Isanuses know, but the people as a whole do not know these meanings.

When one looks at these customs of this primitive culture and carefully analyses the pagan psychic significances one is convinced with the evidence that the spiritual significance

of life was recognised by the human consciousness in its pristine days.

Judging from my impressions and intuitive interpretations which were later confirmed by statements made by pagan councillors in an unsolicited manner, I came to the conclusion that the psychic and spiritual components of this culture were tremendous assets to help psychic research to understand the manner in which the human mind operated in those primeval times, when warmth, sex and food were thought to have exclusively dominated life.

The belief in the *Izinyanya*, the factual evidence of telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition and psychometry which in turn determined the shape and evolution of their rites and customs, to me, tell a story that primordial man survived and was aware at the dawn of consciousness that he had had a spiritual innerself which would live a future life. His consciousness opened to the world not only from without but also from within. Even in his most primitive, earliest times did he have his extrasensory perception and he treasured these faculties for they provided him with the means of communicating with the dead. These powers came with the experience of *Ukutwasa*.

When I asked *Xagalelagusha* if he could explain to me how *Ukutwasa* took place, and what it was that happened inside the person during *Ukutwasa*, he took me to the door of his hut and pointed to a patch of orange on the other side of the *donga*: "Before the rains came that hill was like that *donga*, it had no colour or life. The seeds were there but no plants, and then came the rains and then the seeds became plants, and the plants grew buds and the buds became flowers and the flowers are *Ukutwasa* to the plants."

He did not have the words of our universe of discourse, but he had the primordial understanding and insight into the correspondence of life, that the opening of the psychic sense was like a plant opening its bud to show a blossom in colour. In this change in nature his intuition saw a corresponding metaphor of life. The *Ukutwasa* was a flower that bloomed. The mind became colourful and beautiful,

Thereafter the Master of Ceremonies instructs the new head of the kraal to choose a goat from the late head's herd and kill it. This sacrifice is known as Ukuhlamba (wash hands) and is symbolic of purification of hearts. It signifies that those with clean hands have attended the funeral and that no one present has enmity and jealousy in his heart.

The hut of the deceased is shut up, and never again occupied. It has to fall into disrepair and become a ruin. It has to deteriorate and disintegrate in time like the body in the earth, it once housed a living being, and as the spirit had left the body, for it to be reabsorbed by mother earth, so the living personality who dwelt in the hut had left it, and so without that occupant it too must return to the formless condition before it was built.

The profound significance of the form of the grave and the tomb like recess which is walled off, reminds one of the passage and the womb of the female. The symbolism of death as a rebirth into a spirit world is implicit in the design of the grave. If air and light or any entrance is made to a pregnant womb, the birth does not take place. Hence the recess is sealed off by a stone wall and then the shaft is filled in with earth. The womb is closed for the new life to grow, but this new life does not grow there in the earth, but in the spirit world, where its growth is a process of adaption to non-physical life. The rebirth symbolism of the grave indicates that the ancient Bantu whence this custom was derived had a clear idea of death as process of spiritual birth. Even in this regard degeneration had set in, and the consciousness of a spirit preparing itself at death to take a new form and enlarged consciousness, was no longer consciously associated with this ritual. It was a custom and things had to be done that way. Nevertheless I put my interpretation to Solomon Daba, and he agreed that some of them among the Isanuses know, but the people as a whole do not know these meanings.

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and this beauty came from within the plant where it was hidden. The unfoldment of consciousness.

Was it not exactly like this in the beginning of things? Did not the earliest man also look upon his Ukutwasa as a blossoming from within and so by these means laid foundations of a spiritual consciousness, and mentally made his rituals and practice to give expression to this innerself, that could see into tomorrow and communicate across the barriers of death? The Izinyanya must therefore be a most ancient institution of thought almost as it was first revealed to the earliest man in Ukutwasa.

Hence in the nascent human mind there was the extra-sensory ability, as a manifestation of the innerself around which the physical body became an abode in time.

Soon all these pagan psychics will be gone. Western civilization, technology, school and church and Homeland Government must change all of the old order. A Christian theology will replace the psychic expression of the Xhosa proselyte and could, as has happened, condemn and suppress these psychic functions and expressions, and so obliterate the paths to the mystic awareness, for dogma draws frontiers around mind. The orthodox church could hardly be expected to understand Ukutwasa as the development of inner psychic faculties, or as the revelation of the consciousness of the innerself when the modern world, unlike the original man, is oblivious of the dynamics of a spiritual life.

It is hence with an element of sadness that one sees the institution of the pagan psychic faculties falling into disuse, and being forgotten in the new things of a materialistic culture. It is necessary, therefore, to recall for posterity these ancient gems of thought and experience of primeval man to show that what modern psychic research discovers has been known from the beginning of human existence, and were not inventions of man, but ingredients of innate spiritual truths, however much distorted by the human frailty of superstition.

The funeral service of the head of the kraal has a central theme of consignment of the spirit of the dead to the Izinyanya. This is a most profound spiritual idea, and far reach-

ing conception which should under no circumstance be logically excluded from any Western religion, which claims, however obscure the definition of the claim, that it believes in an after life.

The intense awareness and faith of the pagan in the immediate awakening in a new world of real existence, and not a dream world, give to the burial ceremony a richness of meaning which those who do not share such fundamental verities of life will not observe nor appreciate.

Now if this idea of consigning the dead to the care of the enlightened in the spirit world, came from a primeval spiritual revelation to man by means of psychic phenomena, how far have we not wandered from the basic truths in our mania for religious reformation?

For example, how often have we not heard from the pulpit of a church the statement on the authority of the church, that the mortal body of a man will be raised again at the Last Day and until that event there is no form of consciousness, no mental awareness whatsoever but a complete state of non-existence of mind. Actually there is no definite idea of what this state of non-activity and non-consciousness is. In any case it is understood by the clergy as a state in which the soul is utterly inactive, for no one has ever stated anything to the contrary, what the soul of the dead could possibly do in that long wait until the Last Day.

All that we know is that the loved one had died and has entered a state of oblivion which could last ages upon ages and we might as well forget about him for in reality he actually has no existence, if there is no consciousness that he is dead, or has lived on earth. The church is quite unable to inform us how long it will be until this last day of general resurrection of all the dead.

And above all is it implicit that this resurrection would be in the flesh. One is positively amazed that such an unspiritual conception of life and death could be propounded from a religious institution by men of intelligence and special education and known as the spiritual leaders of the people.

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minister of the church in any sermon inform his congregation that this doctrine is false, illogical and unspiritual. Let us for a moment pause before the back-drop of pagan Xhosa belief in an eternal life, and in his Izinyanya, and examine this Christian belief in the last day of resurrection against this Xhosa backdrop of thought and faith. A faith born out of his ages of psychic experience and phenomena. One must always bear in mind that man thinks of this resurrection on the last day as in the flesh. People will therefore rise from their graves and from the atoms of the ashes of their cremations, from the atoms absorbed into the earth and become reconstituted as physical beings.

But surely they cannot appear as physical beings other than what they were at the time of their deaths?

It is said that the Church obtained the idea from Job XIX: 26: "Yet in my flesh shall I see God." Whether this is a bad translation or not, and whether it should really have been "without my flesh" does not matter, because the church apparently is not concerned whether there is a consciousness after death or not, very unlike the primeval conception of the pagan AmaXosa.

If therefore we follow the church's idea of Last Day resurrection to its logical conclusion, what an eternal confusion there would be. Imagine billions of people from most primitive stages of the earth and human life, languages and cultures, all mixed together in one sudden coming into their original habits, minds, bodies, dress and knowledge. Indeed what a fantastic concept, and having so materialised physically no one knows what the next step in the process would be.

Are they all going to live peacefully together on earth? How would the poor Neanderthal man adjust himself to a modern New York, London, and Paris, for surely the Neanderthal man could not be overlooked in this Last Day resurrection?

Now if this mixture of different millions of humanity is not to live on earth, where then must they exist for the raising from the dead is in the flesh, yet it is said: "Flesh and blood shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven." The church hence offers no abode for this diverse resurrected humanity

with all its physical and mental characteristics of untold differences.

In contrast to this blurred picture of a future life, which is completely devoid of a spiritual philosophy of existence, we have the world of the Izinyanya.

We know the Bible is a book about spirit life, and about psychic phenomena from beginning to end and what is more Christ is said to have held communication with the spirits of the dead exactly as is believed and practised by the pagan Xhosa. It is written in St. Matthew XVII:1-3 that Christ deliberately went to some quiet and isolated place for the purpose of spirit communication and was accompanied by three apostles and there he conversed with the spirit forms of Moses and Elias, and this was some time before his death. Here then the Bible gives an example of a communication where thoughts were exchanged between a physical man on earth and two spiritual beings Moses and Elias, at that time long dead. This meeting between the spiritual beings and Christ were said to have been witnessed by the apostles.

Now what difference is there between Moses and Elias talking to Christ and the members of the Izinyanya talking to a Xhosa psychic sensitive? The principle is the same and the Bible abundantly provides evidence of the relation of psychic powers to religion.

In any case one finds it extremely difficult to understand the Church's approach to the human spirit, and death with the belief in a Last Day resurrection, and that in the flesh, and the story of Christ coming with two non-physical historical characters such as Moses and Elias. If the Last Day resurrection is the truth, then Moses and Elias could not have communicated with Christ because the Last Day was yet to come. If on the other hand the Last Day resurrection is false, as apparently it is, because it is also irrational and illogical then the communication between Christ, Moses and Elias is acceptable in accordance with psychic experience, and even that of pagan primitive culture.

Hence it would be quite logical for the Xhosa to say that Christ spoke to two of His Izinyanya from the spirit world.

In the pagan funeral service we have a clear cut directive

of an after life, which in the Christian service the clergy may have a great deal to say and a great deal to read from the Bible but say nothing about the survival of the spirit and its consciousness. In the meantime those loved ones left behind, those mourning and in sorrow, are so often conscious of this emptiness of words, because they are so devoid of the meaningfulness of spirit life, while Christianity is a religion whose cornerstone is resurrection from the dead in a spiritual body (Corinth. XV:44). And yet the pagan Xhosa has to go to school and by becoming literate he becomes a Christian and a member of one of the multitude of denominations. But in this process of becoming Christian he becomes involved in a spirit life without the goal of the Izinyanya, and his idea of an after life is swallowed up in the nihilism waiting for the Last Day. The Xhosa grows up in his traditional religion with the actuality of spirit and psychic life. There is even room to enlarge his ideas and teach a spiritual evolution of consciousness, for he has always believed in the spiritual hierarchies of the Izihwele and his Izinyanya.

What other meaning can one attach to the words "I go to prepare a place for you" and "In my Father's house are many mansions", but that the original Christian thought knew of spiritual dimensions and hierarchies as timeless spiritual verities.

Naturally the pagan has a great deal of superstition among which we find the ancient practice of sacrifice. There is no doubt about it that sacrifice by oneself has a profound meaning in life, but the sacrifice of life for some vicarious benefit seems to be derived from a time and a mentality when man bartered as it were with the deity. By giving a life man bought life in return. The sacrifice must therefore in the most remote times have acquired a magical power of appeal, and a return of some compensation in blessings, luck and health or above all, a protective power against the forces of darkness.

Before I deal with sacrifice among the pagan AmaXosa it is of interest to examine the influence of this ancient practice in the Bible, otherwise one is so inclined to imagine that these pagan practices among the pagans have no ancient lineage and had no association with our religious rites.

No doubt originally sacrifice could have been performed to propitiate angry gods. The story of Cain and Abel indicates a period when the sacrifice of blood was preferred to the sacrifice of fruit, and the firstlings of the flocks and herds became more acceptable to Yahweh. This evidently refers to the appearance of the blood sacrifice.

We read in Exodus XIII:13: "And every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break his neck: and all the first born of man among thy children shalt thou redeem." Apparently there was a practice of sacrificing the first born of the children.

It can be assumed that ultimately the animal goat or lamb replaced the human sacrifice. We know from Joshua VI:26 and 1 Kings XVI:34 that the foundations of buildings were laid on the bodies of first born children.

The belief was evidently that the magic of life would strengthen the walls. Also according to 2 Kings XXIII:10, children were passed through the fire to Moloch. This was another means of sacrificing children. It is said that originally in the Paschal rite the flesh of the animal was eaten raw. This was probably to acquire its life force. Something similar is found among the pagan AmaXosa when that portion of the sacrificed animal known as the Isipika is eaten.

The ancient Arabs drank warm blood of a camel and then hacked it to pieces and ate its flesh raw. They devoured everything of the beast. Such were the power of faith and belief in the new life each participant in the rite would obtain.

Even the paschal rite of the Hebrews suggest that it was primarily a Spring festival rite performed at the vernal equinox and was meant to bring fertility and promote the welfare of the community. It is said that the first born child sacrificed in ancient times at the vernal equinox was later replaced by the paschal lamb or kid, which had to be spotless.

The sacrificial rite of the first born at one time in the history of man reveals the profound magical value ancient man attached to the blood sacrifice. He must have firmly believed that the deity would be appeased or propitiated by the offering of a life. In this manner man would atone for his feelings of guilt.

The more the sacrificial offering or the victim is treasured the greater the value of the sacrifice of course. According to Exodus XXIV:1-11, Moses sealed the covenant with God by means of sacrifice of burnt offerings and the sprinkling of blood on the people. Hence from the most primitive days man had linked the magic of life and blood as the animating principle; and wherever the blood was used some vital alliance between people was established or sealed: such as a covenant between man and God.

This whole conception must have been a distorted expression of an intuitive feeling of reciprocity or compensation. The Xhosa for example firmly believes that if his cow died it was a substitute death, as it could just as well have been his child. It rests on the belief of a life for a life, or an eye for an eye. The pagan Xhosa's sacrifice of an animal for the dead has several implications since it serves as atonement and also an appeal for help and guidance from the *Izinyanya*, and it could be a commemoration service to convey to the deceased ancestor that he is still held in esteem, and that they wish him happiness.

It is of course of great interest to note how this ancient primitive idea of the mysterious power of blood which can only be described as magical in their minds crept into the symbolism of Christianity.

A literate Bantu once told me that he saw no reason why even if he were a member of a Christian church he should not make a sacrifice for his dead father, because Christianity claims that Jesus was a sacrifice for our sins: St. Mark XIV: 24: "And he said unto them, this is the blood of the new testament, which is shed for many."

Here the ancient blood symbolism as a redeeming factor is applied in its primitive significance. We know that the Eucharistic wine symbolises the blood of Christ by means of which the new Christian covenant is sealed with God. Whatever other mystical relationship St. Paul saw in this ancient partaking of the blood of the sacrificial victim, it seems that he meant it to convey renunciation of the old life, and a renewal of a spiritual consciousness in Christ.

The question is, was it necessary to associate the ancient



Solomon Daba



Wives in festive dress

and primitive sacrifice of life with Christianity, with all its magical implications of the power of blood?

Of course there could have been a belief that the soul was housed in the blood. The ritual slaughter of the Jews rather suggests such an idea as though man was afraid of incorporating the animal's qualities from the soul in its blood.

Among the AmaXosa there was the famous ceremony of the Black Bull. My friend, the late Colonel Woon, put an end to this most cruel of sacrificial ceremonies among the people of the Bacas tribe. In this ceremony the bull was thrown to the ground and some of the tendons in its legs were cut. This wounded animal was then chased and beaten to hobble along while the chief of the Bacas ran alongside of the animal and if he could not do it his heir took his place. As the animal struggled along bellowing and on its knees, the chief would run alongside and cut a hole in its side in the region of the heart. His hand would then be plunged into this hole to find the animal's heart and squeeze it until the bull dropped dead.

This life then enriched the chief and the tribe with vitality. The ancient magic of sacrifice included actually the stoppage of the heart so that the centre of life could be acquired by the chief and people.

We are reminded of the hearts of maidens sacrifice in ancient South America. No matter how we disguise the meaning with refined ritual and substitute wine for blood and bread or wafers for flesh we are actually enacting an archetype when a great mother or chief was eaten to revitalise the people. These rituals seem far far removed from man's true realization of his spiritual natures.

Colonel Woon and his South African mounted police could not tolerate what to their Western minds was barbarism and cruelty in the extreme, no matter what values the Bacas thought they obtained.

So the South African mounted police of those days surrounded the chief's kraal filled with regiments of glittering assegais. Colonel Woon warned the chief if the ceremony was held he would "eat up the kraal". The police would fight. The mounted men surrounded the kraal and waited

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and waited until the time was past. The ceremony of the Black Bull was never performed again.

The doctrine that blood, even that of Christ, washed away man's sins can never satisfy the reason of educated man. Traditional conditioning of the Bantu might make him even if literate susceptible to the ideas, but it would have been far, far better if the clergy dropped these primitive conceptions and concentrated rather on the psychic and spiritual teachings associated with Christianity as cleansing and regenerating factors of mind. The vicarious sacrifice of Christ for sin or atonement of man by Substitution comes from the dark ages of emotional magical thinking, when the precious blood or life could purchase redemption from God. Just as if God is always in need of man. Surely we have reached the stage where we are capable of realising that any doctrine of atonement by substitution is entirely contrary to the spiritual development of man, which fundamentally requires a conscious mind and will to understand these matters concerning men's spiritual self.

Man here and in the life beyond or with his Izinyanya is judged by the consciousness he has cultivated and the conduct he has displayed. He derives no benefit spiritually hereafter, however intense his faith, in this respect from a belief in the salvation of a vicarious sacrifice of another.

When I pointed out to my Bantu friend that Christ on his return from the spirit world did not seem to uphold the doctrine of sacrifice of life as salvation, he was astonished that Christ spoke from the spirit world in a manner the Isanuses claim their Izinyanya speak to them. He had been taught in the mission school that a Christian does not believe in these ideas. I could not remember the details at the time but when Christ spoke to John in Patmos, He said that "He will reward every man according to his work" (Rev. II:23). At this time no sacrifice and no blood as a redeeming factor were mentioned. In other words only by his own efforts can man attain salvation. This throws the whole responsibility on to oneself. This self should be known as that which includes the spiritual reality or the innerself, beyond the sensory consciousness of the brain. The explanation of Ukutwasa

given by the Isanuse Xagalalegusha, that it was a blossoming of the innerself into the mind, or a deeper perspective of life come to the surface, astonishingly reveals how coupled with the magical values of sacrifice the pagan has carried forward spiritual gems, in the midst of superstitious dross, throughout the ages.

In the case of the pagan Xhosa the performance of the sacrifice has such powerful roots of belief, such deep emotional ties that I have seen frustration and conflict bordering on a psychosis where the need caused by this faith could not be fulfilled.

In the pagan culture the feast of Izila is always held some weeks after the death of the head of a kraal. All members of the family are notified to attend and every effort is made even walking many miles to share in this ceremony of Izila. On the day set for the feast the men proceed to the cattle kraal while the women remain indoors. One man takes up his position in the centre of the kraal with the cattle all around him. He holds a riem, a leather thong in his hand. It is early in the morning and the sun has not yet risen. Now it is believed that the spirit of the deceased head of the kraal will select his own ox.

The man remains standing perfectly still waiting for an ox to approach him. This is virtually implied as a voluntary sacrifice. Sooner or later whether out of curiosity or some other cause an ox will move towards the man with the riem. Swiftly riems are tied to its horns and its right hind leg. It is thrown on its side in the centre of the kraal. The youngest brother of the deceased stabs the animal in its belly, and as it bellows in pain, he shouts, "Camagu" and the others shout, "There is your ox. Be at peace with us." Here the element of propitiation is quite clear.

The man with the assegai now quickly stabs the ox between its skull and spinal cord, severing the cord and causing immediate death. The ox is then cut up and roasted and eaten by all present.

One special portion, however, known as the Isipeka is reserved for the heir or new head of the kraal. The Isipeka is usually that portion behind the shoulder blade of the animal

where the last reflex twitchings are observed. This area is no doubt thought to be the last concentration of the life of the animal and therefore this portion of the meat contains the most life giving properties and carries the greater blessings.

One observes the same significance as the burying of the first born in the foundation of a building, the pagan Arab eating the camel and drinking the blood, and also the eating of the animal alive in the primitive Orphic rites. From the midst of the ancient superstitious mind, the Xhosa has brought into our age relics of this deluded past.

After the Izila every one is happy for it has a most uplifting psychological effect. There is a feeling of regeneration because they have partaken of consecrated animal whose life will lead to special invigoration.

After the lapse of several months, sometimes a year, depending often on economic conditions the head of the kraal may feel that he should do more for his departed ancestor to ensure that his kraal, family, crops and animals are blessed.

He then calls a family gathering, but this one is different from all others and it has a special name: Intlanganiso. It is the special meeting, which precedes the famous feast and sacrifice of Indini.

The family members from far and near having come together are addressed by the head of the kraal in the following manner: "It has come to me in my dreams that I have not sufficiently honoured my ancestors since his departure, so I have called you together to decide whether I should give an Indini feast."

Usually this sacrifice is readily agreed upon because it is the most important of all sacrificial rites. The preparations take a few days. The day of the sacrifice is begun with great rejoicing and the singing of a special song called Umhlahlo.

Branches with leaves are brought from the wooded kloofs and placed in the centre of the cattle kraal. The ox chosen for the sacrifice, is driven into the kraal and as it eats of the green leaves, an elder ties riems round its horns and one round the right hind leg. It is pulled to the ground. The head of the kraal then stabs it in the belly and as it bellows, they all shout:

“Camagu, sifuna nisondele nisibonise inzinto endizisayo” (Departed spirits come near and bless our home).

It will be noticed that the animal is stabbed to bellow in pain for it is believed that this bellow of pain is a call that will be heard in the spirit world and it calls the attention of the ancestor to the sacrifice that is being performed for his benefit.

Immediately the animal's right shoulder area is skinned the Isipeka is cut out, prepared and served to the elders on the green leaves from the branches brought into the cattle kraal. Here again the symbolism is the life giving properties. The green leaves of vigour and growth and the Isipeka of vitality. Implicit in it all is the magical suggestion of regeneration and a new spiritual power for health.

Now the members of the family gather around the elders and each is given a piece of Isipeka to eat. Then a bucket of kaffir beer is passed round from the most senior member, each takes a mouthful or a sip and so the bucket goes the round and is held to the mouth of the youngest child.

Here we find elements, which also occur in the eucharist, but these are more apparent in the ceremony of the Umtendeleko. The beer is usually consecrated and made from the corn of the first fruits. It is believed to contain the life giving benefits of the earth, which like the Isipeka and the blood, come from a higher order than the Izinyanya, but is given to the people by the intercession of the Izinyanya.

In olden times the women were dressed for the Indini with leather skirts made from cow skin. The unmarried girls were decorated with clay. The elders wore their blankets and the younger men wore something like a kilt, called Itshlali.

An interesting ritual unfolds itself in the course of the day. The men cook their meat at the cattle kraal and the women theirs at the huts.

Sometime in the course of the afternoon the head of the kraal stands up and calls out in a loud voice: “Do you people know what I have done?” And when they reply: “Let us hear what you have done.” He continues: “I have made this sacrifice of Indini for my ancestors.” Immediately he has

said this he calls out aloud the name of his deceased father.

This calling out of the name is believed to have a bad consequence if forgotten. I have often seen Bantu patients in deep depression because they had omitted one or other item in the procedure of Indini, and not infrequently it is this calling out of the name of the deceased.

After this part of the ritual has been performed the meat is apportioned to the men. Two full buckets of beer are brought and passed as before from mouth to mouth. The women have their beer outside the cattle kraal. The buckets are never drained, but are returned to three elders, with some beer left in them. The elders then walk to the centre of the cattle kraal and pour out the beer saying, "Camagu, come near departed father and come with goodwill and kindness to this kraal."

We observe that the consecrated beer is poured out in the centre of the cattle kraal. It will be remembered that at the burial of the patriarch, his body was carried first to the centre of the kraal, where they turned to take it to the grave at the entrance. The significance of the centre of the kraal could be the same as the altar, and hence the most sacred area of the cattle kraal.

In all sacrificial rites where beer is consumed it is passed from mouth to mouth like the Communion goblet and each takes a sip. The conditioning of the Bantu mind to the mysterious benefits of a sacrifice especially the Indini feast is not easily eradicated by education.

If it were not for the sacred values attached to this rite and the role it plays in the respect paid to the Izinyanya it would cease to demand attention once Western ways and Christianity have been adopted.

But for those to whom the Izinyanya are a vital reality capable of guiding and helping those on earth, the requirements of custom that a sacrifice of an ox be made, is something very, very difficult to ignore.

One matriculated Bantu told me that, in spite of his Christianity, his intuition as well as the content of his dreams remind him that his Izinyanya exist and that, however illiterate and primitive his forefathers were, the existence

of one's spiritual ancestors was something that came with life. He thought it was natural for man to venerate their memory.

In some people this awareness was revealed by means of Ukutwasa when the hidden things became visible to the mind.

But there were others in whom Ukutwasa did not come like a storm or a whirlwind, in them it was like a gentle breeze which stirred among your thoughts and gave new ideas to your mind which made you think not only of this life but also of a life to come.

These things which formed the tradition of the past of his people, these things were not invented by them, just to make life complex for nothing, something must have happened to their minds ages ago, the same as happened in Ukutwasa and to the Insanuses of his time to make them believe that the life of the Izinyanya is as real as this one.

One morning a Bantu constable was referred to me for an opinion about his behaviour. He had always been a man of good conduct, an intelligent and alert policeman, but for no reason apparent to his superior officers he got drunk, set his rooms on fire and drove and damaged a police vehicle without permission.

A wise police officer considered that this misconduct coming as it were out of the blue could have a psychiatric cause and so he was referred for examination and report.

He came into my consulting room and smartly saluted me before I invited him to sit down. I did not refer to the offence he was alleged to have committed, but inquired where he was born and what his tribal connections were. He spoke both excellent English and Afrikaans, and had left school somewhere in the matriculation class.

There was no difficulty in our communication and interchange of ideas especially when I revealed knowledge of some of the traditions of his tribe.

He asked me in a shrewd manner what was my opinion of the belief of his people in the Izinyanya. I assured him that my experience of life did not allow me to dismiss the belief in the Izinyanya as unreal or imaginary, although I found

many unnecessary superstitions practised and associated with this belief among the AmaXosa

Suddenly this Bantu constable stood up and asked me whether I knew the meaning of the word "Camagu" in relation to the Izinyanya. I told him what I understood by "Camagu" in the different senses it was employed. I described its special significance of reverential appeal for the attention of the Izinyanya in the feast of Indini. At this his face lit up. There was quite a transformation in this man. He said he was happy for he knew I would understand his trouble, and help him to explain matters to his superiors as he bitterly regretted having placed a black mark against his record. He then told his story.

He was the eldest and was brought up to believe in his traditions, and although he became a member of a Christian church, his belief in his Izinyanya and the customs of his people were always of great importance in his life.

He left school and joined the police force. He was happy as a policeman and he had ambition that one day he might be placed in command of a police station.

Then about a year ago his father died. He became the mainstay and support for his mother and the other children still at school. After his father's death he dreamt on several occasions that he saw his father smiling and well, although in his dream he knew that his father was dead. As a result of these dreams he felt more and more convinced, that even if the church did not approve, he should prepare to make an Indini sacrifice for his father.

He thought this over a great deal and discussed it with other Bantu policemen, and although they were all Christians they did not disapprove of his desire to hold this feast.

He then consulted some of his uncles on his father's side, and all of them told him that they had long expected him to do something for his father in accordance with the traditions of the Xhosa people.

He was by this time completely persuaded that he should hold the feast of Indini and invite his relatives, even those living in the Ciskei and the Transkei, to come to Cradock and attend the Indini in honour of his father's spirit.

And so over a period of months, money was saved for this great occasion and he bought an ox which was kept on a farm in preparation for the feast.

He had applied for leave so that he would have sufficient time to supervise all arrangements personally so that his Indini for his father should in every respect and to the best of his ability be as near to the traditional Indini as possible. He had even consulted an Isanuse about the procedure, and felt confident that what he was going to do should bring blessings to him and his family and be acceptable to his Izinyanya. As the time for his leave drew near he felt quite excited. Somehow this was a great thing he was going to do. He could anticipate the joy it would bring to his father's spirit, and his ancestors, and also the success and good fortune which tradition has taught will accrue to the one who performs an Indini sacrifice for his father or grandfather. Some nights he felt so excited he could not fall asleep.

All was arranged for the ox to be brought on the second day of his holiday, and the next day he would leave for his mother's place, where the Indini was to be held. It was the afternoon of the day before his departure for home, when all police leave was suddenly cancelled. The why and the wherefore of this did not concern him, all that he felt when he heard this order was as if everything stood still inside him. If someone had hit him a severe blow on his head he would not have felt it. He heard instructions and saw their mouths move, but nothing reached him. According to a law greater than all other laws at that moment, the Indini had to go on, but it could not be performed by anyone else other than himself. He was a policeman and he had to obey his orders, but inside him were other orders. He felt it like the call of "Camagu".

He had invited people from afar. His relatives would have saved money and made great efforts to attend this sacred feast and he was unable to tell them not to come. He was unable to do anything. He even felt the disappointment of his Izinyanya.

He made inquiries whether no exception could be made in his case, as he was urgently wanted at home, but he was in-

formed with regret, by his superior, that orders were orders and he had to remain at his post.

That night he could not sleep and he could not think clearly. A deep sense of disappointment made him more and more miserable. He felt sad and angry. He went on patrol duty but his unhappiness became greater and greater, until he felt he could jump out of the police vehicle even while it was travelling at speed. He felt desperate. He had to do something because his feelings were going to explode.

When he got back to his room, he felt he had to convince his Izinyanya that he was powerless against the forces that held him in the police station. He wondered whether everyone concerned with this Indini would understand the reason for the cancellation. Would they not think he was unreliable, irresponsible, and not a man in the Xhosa sense of the word man?

What would they think of one, who arranges an Indini, and brings the people together, and then not turn up to perform the ceremony, which only he is permitted to perform?

These questions became like wheels turning and turning inside his head, faster and faster until he had to stop their turning and bring everything inside his head to a standstill.

At once he knew what to do. He knew where to get brandy for only liquor can blot out these questions, these turning, almost humming, wheels. "What will they think? What will they say? Will his failure to hold the Indini admit evil forces into his life?"

At this stage he felt convinced that he was in the grip of something that was driving him mad. He had to have oblivion, and only strong neat brandy and lots of it would make him think of nothing. When there was nothing in his mind he would have peace.

This was a serious thing for him to do as a policeman, but somehow he must convince everyone, the police, his people, his Izinyanya, the whole world must know, that he was desperate, for he might have endless bad luck for starting and preparing for an Indini and then not holding it. One does not play the fool with these things especially where the spirits of one's ancestors were concerned.

He obtained the brandy. For sometime he sat on his bed and looked at the bottle. Something was holding him back. He saw before his eyes the picture as if it were happening there and then, of a teacher wiping chalk writing off a blackboard. He saw his years of police record of unblemished conduct wiped from the board of his life. He placed the bottle in his cupboard and walked outside. Up and down, up and down, but all this time he saw the kraal, the people and the ox, even the spirit of his father and all seemed to be waiting as if everything had stopped and only he could set them moving again. Something very great had stopped, and was waiting for him to set it moving.

He had to get away somehow. He felt that way in the police patrol vehicle, he had to escape, shout, scream, but in some way convince himself he was not to blame for the failure to hold the Indini. He had to do something desperate to get away from the wretchedness and the brandy again offered the only way out.

This time he grabbed the bottle and put it to his mouth and drank, and as he drank and swallowed the neat brandy, even when at times it took his breath away, he became more and more angry with fate. He was going to cause consternation.

Someone was responsible for his unhappiness and he must show this unhappiness, this hurt, this sorrow and this humiliation of his in the eyes of his people to all and everyone. He no longer cared a rap what he said and what he did as long as he could show the world how desperate he was about the great hurt that was done to him.

Suddenly he felt things must be set on fire. There had to be destruction. He had to destroy things which stood in his way, so he set his bed on fire. He took a police truck, drove it away and damaged it.

When he was sober the next day with the charge against him, he again saw the teacher with a cloth in her hand wiping his police record from the blackboard of his life.

The momentous significance of the Indini to this policeman, carried with it an intensity of faith almost as though his feelings united this feast with his entire self-preservation. The brandy provided the release of inhibition, for the acting out

of his feelings of frustration in a destructive manner. He had to convince an invisible audience of his mental distress, that he was in no way responsible for not holding the Indini.

The modern world may have little sympathy with the intensity of feeling which filled this policeman, because of the binding coerciveness of his expectations. To the educated mind they were no more than a set of overvalued ideas.

We no longer have faith in such mysterious luck and such direct benefits from an unseen world by performing a mere ritual. We see instead how this man in his moment of frustration hurled himself into a highly dramatic scene, activated by forces of belief, which welled up within him, because they owed their impetus and volume to a reservoir of emotions already filled by months of preparation.

Indeed they were ancient genes of thought and feeling that had a raw vitality, and little respect for the social order of our times. They were eruptions of archetypes of a subliminal mental world.

The recognition that life on earth had a mysterious origin, and that ancestral spirits revealed a continuation of this life, led men to offer life so precious to themselves as a mark of their submission, obedience and expectation of benefits.

The earliest guilt generated in the faculty of conscience, could be appeased and washed away in the life blood of man and animal. Furthermore sacrifice became the symbol of his unselfishness, the alleviation of his fears, and his need for protection. The dynamic influence of this principle of sacrifice in the depth of the psyche, was in all probability concerned with the surrender of those components of man's nature which could retard the development of his spiritual progress.

This inner drive of surrender, looking for understanding in the conscious mind, found expression by means of the ideas of sympathetic magic such as the similarities that one observes hidden in things which are outwardly different.

It is from this principle of surrender of the lower to the higher, from which came the superstitious magical ideas of the covenants with tribes, brothers and gods, by means of blood, which was also believed to have a cleansing effect on

one's soul, and so wash away sins. By such the primeval mind, with undeveloped intellectual levels was made to express the intuitive knowing of a principle of life, as the sacrifice of an animal, and thereby apportioning to man some of the universal life power which served the animal. It was the absence of a conscious understanding of his own spiritual nature, and its unseen and unheard links with other souls, as well as the cosmic consciousness they serve as components of its function, that made early man sacrifice life as a compensation for what he had received, and what he expected for the future.

The ideal of sacrifice could of course be motivated by love, sympathy, pity and help. That *caritas* that arises from the spiritual foundation of man, when it is said "greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend".

Here then we behold sacrifice as part of the evolution of the innerself in this world as well as in the life to come.

Man is such a complex creature in whom we find not only such great impulses of sympathy, love and courage as to sacrifice his own life for another, but we also find levels for impulses that are brutal, cruel, and at times barren of repentance and sympathy. These almost bestial, savage and crude elements are no doubt exaggerations and aberrations of his aggressive endowments for physical self preservation.

Nevertheless, he is predisposed to react in such highly undesirable and unpleasant ways through the medium of his animal nature. But within him is a spiritual nature, whose goal rises far above the needs of the outer physical personality. Hence in preparation for the life that has to be lived in the hereafter by the innerself, man is endowed with the principle of sacrifice, so that he can feel the need to surrender his lower nature for a higher and more refined world of feeling and thought.

In this life he cultivates intellectual and aesthetic interests, which in turn cannot exist entirely without ethical or moral values. Hence the whole trend of life is towards surrendering or sacrificing the component of a lower nature, which is in conflict with the ideal.

Much of the needs of the outerself such as forms of gratifi-

cation of physical life are often prone to come in conflict with a consciousness of an innerself and its aspirations. Hence the sacrificing process takes place within us, often almost imperceptibly, as a replacement of values, and really could be described as part of the growth of a mind into degrees of intellectual and spiritual refinement.

We cannot deny when we reflect on our history, that all progress has been brought about by the suppression of natural impulses. All education in a way consists of investing our instincts and impulses with don'ts. The sum total of these inhibitions which we call morality, entails the surrender, the offering up, the sacrifice of a lower impulse for an ideal of conduct, thought or feeling.

We can say that we have within the microcosm man, a little divinity, to which the outer nature must make sacrifices. Primordial man being mentally undeveloped could not deal with this intuitive inner awareness in an abstract mental way, and so he projected this need and feeling outwards, and converted it into an actual physical sacrifice of something of value to him. By means of this substitute action he surrendered life of the outer nature to the spirit world instead of his own lower nature to his spiritual innerself. The practice of the religious belief in a vicarious sacrifice of a redeemer, is the relic of an atavistic misunderstanding.

Among the pagan AmaXosa, even Christians find an emotional expiation and wellbeing in the traditional sacrificial rites as the latter still serve unconscious levels of man's mind. Even among Europeans, Jesus has been represented as the paschal lamb on whom the faithful feed as a true passover. These archaic levels of the Christian mind still have links with the pagan.

Without the roots of the Indini in religion, Christ would never have been converted into a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of man, especially when we bear in mind how the prophets condemned the idea and practice of sacrifice of animal life. Isaiah wanted to know what was the purpose of the multitude of sacrifice. And Jeremiah came back to the true idea of sacrifice of one's lower nature by saying that each man must suffer for his own sins and must be saved by

his own right conduct. He strongly disapproved of the vicarious sacrifice.

Indeed the call of the prophets was that man should desist from projecting his problems, his guilts and his fears as if these could be removed by sacrificial propitiation, but that he should recognise the hierarchy of his own nature, the sensual, mental and spiritual.

We have observed that in Biblical times the foundations of cities and buildings were at times laid on the sacrifice of human life of the first born. The motive went beyond the idea of strengthening the walls by the magic of life and must also have included the blessings that would come, the boon and advantage to those who performed this rite. We find a correspondence among the pagan Bantu when a new kraal is established.

A feature of special interest in this respect is the building of a hut known as the Isiquebe. This hut is used as sleeping quarters for men during the Indini feast. The pagans used to observe a period of sexual abstinence once a year for about sixty days. During this period the owner of the kraal slept in the Isiquebe hut. At other times the Isiquebe is reserved for visits of male relatives especially a chief, should the kraal be honoured by such a visit.

The interesting part of the establishment of a new kraal resembles the consecration ceremonies performed in our culture. An Indini feast but not of the usual elaborate proportions, is held during the building of a new kraal. The purpose of this small Indini is to introduce the Izinyanya to the new establishment.

For this feast the sacrifice is a goat and not an ox, but the animal is referred to as an ox. The eating of the Isipeka meat by the relatives of the kraal, seals a covenant of mutual assistance and help. It serves the same purpose as the sprinkling of blood in the time of Moses.

The father of the head of the new kraal is the important personage in the performance of these ceremonies of consecration. In the first place the small Indini is held to call the attention of the Izinyanya to the kraal, and to ask for their blessings, their guidance and their protection of the

people against evil forces. Here primitive spiritualism has much in common with the beliefs of modern European spiritualists, who firmly believe in the guidance, help and protection of their spiritual guides. In the pagan culture the Izinyanya and Izihwele fulfill the same role, hence an elaborate ceremony is performed which creates the mental conditions for the unseen presence of the guardian spirits. In the psychology of these people there is this belief in spiritual guidance, guardianship, warnings and protection in general, and the Izinyanya and Izihwele stand for the role of protecting and guarding spirits.

After the killing of the animal and the eating of the Isipeke with the usual communion way of sips of beer from a bucket passed from mouth to mouth, the father or grandfather addresses those present: "Do you people know what I have done here? Well, this is what I have done. I have gathered the spirits of our ancestors to this kraal." Those assembled then exclaim: "We thank you, son of so and so, who was the son of so and so, may this 'Camagu' ceremony be a great success, and may blessings rain upon this kraal you have established."

The next step shows elements of a fertility rite because of the choice of green branches, which are first carried by the men into the cattle kraal. Apparently here in the cattle kraal as a holy place the Izinyanya bless the new kraal with fertility. Once the branches have been blessed in this manner in the cattle kraal the rest of the animal is placed on these branches in the centre of the Isiquebe hut. All the elders who attend this ceremony sleep that night in the Isiquebe hut where the sacrificial meat is stored on the green branches. This sleep by the elders in the presence of the consecrated meat in the Isiquebe hut is to receive the communication from the Izinyanya in their dreams.

The next morning there is great eagerness to learn whether the ancestors appeared to them in their dreams, because if anything went amiss in the procedure and the ritual was not performed to the approval of the ancestral spirits they would communicate; but if no one dreamt of any ancestor, or received no message, they could interpret this as a good omen,



Girls at Intonjane dance - in Inciyos



Abakweta after circumcision in front of hut

and everyone is happy. The sleepers usually report: "Nothing has happened," which means the Izinyanya approved. At this the grandfather exclaims: "Camagu, my people. May it always be thus. We have heard nothing of disapproval." It is of special interest to observe that the pagan Bantu places a great importance on his dreams as a means of spirit communication. It depends, of course, how the spirit person appeared in the dream, for if he was happy the dream could be a good omen; but if he was sad or weepy, or looked away as if he was sorry for the dreamer then one has reason for anxiety. Anyway, the belief that sleep and dreams are the times of easy contact with the spirit world is in accordance with a great deal of "out of the body" experiences of people. Many have vivid memories of experiences in other planes of life during the period of sleep, when the astral body is out of the sleeping physical body and could communicate with spirits.

Now the Isanuses and Amagqira believe that one travels in a spirit body during sleep, and it is in this way that one could communicate with those in the spirit world.

The reverential attitude and the endowment of the spirit of the ancestral dead with powers which demand almost a worshipful respect are in no way consciously associated with the spirit being as the source of man's life and mental power while on earth. The absence in this culture of considering the spirit in physical man with reverence gives rise to somewhat of an enigma.

Because from the moment of death the spirit of father or grandfather is revered in a godlike manner. It is credited with an elevated status, increased wisdom and power, and the ability to bestow benefits on those who remain behind.

One finds an underlying similarity of thought between this manner of thinking among the primitive spiritualists of this pagan culture and the sophisticated churchmen of the Western world. For instance, even people who have an unshaken faith in spiritual reality and survival after death do not seem to worship with the awareness that they are doing it from their own souls as sources of deep and mystic contact with the Divine. In fact, the human soul is not given the same importance, reverence and spiritual value in the human



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body as after it has left the body for good. Could this be a result of its physical embodiment and the restricting consciousness of the sensory brain, which prevents the mind from feeling the transcendence of one's own inner self? These barriers do exist. Undoubtedly the many layers of substance which intervene between the outer body and the soul body, as the inner self must bring about a sort of psychic distance in consciousness which almost places the soul out of reach to the brain consciousness. It seems therefore that the real religious purpose in life is to educate the sensory mind about the soul as an innerself.

In this respect it is of interest to observe that a psychic experience, a sudden inspiration, a telepathic awareness or a precognitive realisation immediately has a reaction of inner awakening, an awareness that one consists of something boundless.

Although the pagan Bantu participates in all these rites implicitly acknowledging spirit life, and although he greatly values the psychic faculties of mediumship, especially clairvoyance and precognition, he is vague about their connection with his own embodied spiritual self. These relations are not inquired into. The path of ritual fulfills all needs.

The fact that this inner self is the receiving mechanism of thoughts from the spirit world has somehow not become a reality in his conscious mind. The receptivity of such impressions rather seems to be appreciated as a special gift, and not as a natural function of the psyche in man. Their thought has not reached such an analytical degree. One would expect that a culture based on guidance and help from a spirit world would in the first place revere its own spiritual equipment as similar to that which survived the death of the head of the kraal, and so evolve some rite in the nature of recognising and cultivating the powers of one's own soul. But such an attitude towards the self was not found as part of ritual life. Their spiritual thought and their practices in psychic matters were operations of activities outside their inner selves. The belief in spirit life was there, and also in survival after death; but there was not what I would call a spiritual consciousness – something that could generate empathy or sympathy and

abhorrence of cruelty. The cruelty, for example, of first stabbing the animal in the belly to make it utter a cry of distress, as a soul's call to the *Izinyanya*, was not in the least considered as cruel, because the soul of the animal was the gift, the real sacrifice of a life, and the cry was its announcement; but that it was communicating pain and agony were not recognised as inherent in the situation, these were not felt because of the satisfaction the blessings would bring. This attitude has always accompanied religious sacrificial practices throughout the ages. Although one can have awareness and compassion without believing in survival of the spirit, a true spiritual consciousness is never found without compassion, and would therefore not participate in any practice such as stabbing the animal to make it bleat or bellow from pain.

While moving among these people and trying to share their feelings, I wondered whether a spiritual consciousness could exist in anyone without contemplation and acceptance of one's own soul as a divine power? The answer must be no, otherwise man cannot form the conception that his own divinity is as much in need of recognition and valuation as the Eternal. Hence one would think that a people who know about "out of the body" experience during physical life would recognise that this "double" which leaves the physical body is the greater self, and therefore worthy of self reverence, and yet in spite of such experience this inner appreciation does not occur and is not part of their ritual life. When we turn to the Christian faith we not only find that there is no clear teaching or doctrine about an after life, but there is no teaching for developing a consciousness of one's own spiritual inner self as an enduring divinity, from which must come the impulse of worship. Most Christians ignore the spiritual inner self that causes astral projection, and a host of psychic phenomena, even those recorded in the Bible, when the Apostles were told about understanding the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven. The ritual of the pagan fulfills his religious needs, but it makes no direct provision for the cultivation of a spiritual consciousness by making the personal soul an object of esteem and reverence.

body as after it has left the body for good. Could this be a result of its physical embodiment and the restricting consciousness of the sensory brain, which prevents the mind from feeling the transcendence of one's own inner self? These barriers do exist. Undoubtedly the many layers of substance which intervene between the outer body and the soul body, as the inner self must bring about a sort of psychic distance in consciousness which almost places the soul out of reach to the brain consciousness. It seems therefore that the real religious purpose in life is to educate the sensory mind about the soul as an innerself.

In this respect it is of interest to observe that a psychic experience, a sudden inspiration, a telepathic awareness or a precognitive realisation immediately has a reaction of inner awakening, an awareness that one consists of something boundless.

Although the pagan Bantu participates in all these rites implicitly acknowledging spirit life, and although he greatly values the psychic faculties of mediumship, especially clairvoyance and precognition, he is vague about their connection with his own embodied spiritual self. These relations are not inquired into. The path of ritual fulfills all needs.

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The Churchanic system of worship draws attention to the sacred place where the blessings could be received. The pagan has the same idea in a crude form in the symbolism of the cattle kraal. In the *Church* man glorifies God, and in the pagan cult the Izinyanya. In comparison the pagan has faith in an after life, whereas the Christian is unsure, vague and often avoids this issue. His faith and hope are in the Church that if he does his duties he will be looked after; again the power of ritual dogma, but there is seldom a cultivation of knowledge about an after life. Yet, in view of the vast amount of psychic research and the enormous psychic literature, the photographic evidence of ectoplasm, and Dr. Robert Crookall's amazing collection of information of out of the body experiences have made little impression on the orthodox conditioned Christian mind.

There is a strange isolation and insulation of the intellect from a first hand acquaintance with psychic knowledge in an age of scientific method and reason even when such evidence appears in abundance in the New Testament.

The existence of this strange inhibition or resistance in the minds of people who are members of the Church in our times, present a psychological problem because it differs so remarkably from what was cultivated by the minds of the compilers of the Bible. Could it have been that the spiritual consciousness of the producers of the New Testament was far in advance of the average Christian intellect of our times?

The pagan Bantu's ritualistic religion and our dogma give one the impression that the inventions of the mind to express and accommodate a conception of soul by means of inner feelings of reverence, has not yet dawned on man's intellect. Therefore it cannot be correct to think that any pattern of religion must serve for all times.

Apparently this change must come with the fuller understanding of man that his own divinity is a field for conscious cultivation, otherwise the statement in St. Luke XVII:20:21 referring to the Kingdom of God in man would not have been used in that sense. Because Kingdom signifies a realm ruled over by a king, and the only realm in man of divine in-

dependent authority and of eternal supreme life connections, is the soul.

This surely brings us to the realisation that no one can discover the Kingdom of God *without* knowledge of his own psyche.

Religious dogma is hence prone to put the spiritual aspiration in a mould in the same manner as the pagan ritual confined the consciousness in a kraal. The level of religious expression among the pagan Bantu, for example, takes two forms. Firstly, that directed to the Izinyanya as intercessors, resembling the Christian spiritual insight of the communion of saints; and secondly, the Umtendeleko, which resembles the Holy Communion, but without reference to a sacrifice. The Umtendeleko is held when a greater power is required than that associated with the Izinyanya. The Izinyanya are concerned with the needs of a kraal, and the moral life of the people, while the Umtendeleko is an appeal to Qamata when there is great distress such as a severe drought.

The importance of dancing in a seance is to generate power by means of which the ancestral spirits communicate. The dancing appears exactly the same as dancing on all other occasions of traditional life; but the mind of the dancer contains the consciousness of appeal for help and guidance, and the expression of joy in motion and rhythm.

One does not come across meditation in this culture, but instances do occur in their customs, where silence and reflection cannot be otherwise described than group meditation. This is also seen in the ceremony of establishing a new kraal. When the grandfather thinks the period of silence has expired, he requests a dance in the house, and the grandmother repeats this request to the women. The grandfather, the grandmother, granduncles and their wives open this dance. After a short while other elders join in. Then the grandfather again calls for silence. He calls the first dance Umhlahlo, which is an appeal for the ancestral spirits to congregate. He proceeds: "I thank you people for honouring me in my old age the way you have done. May you continue to do so when I am no longer with you. It is not a pleasure in life to work without the company of one's friends and relatives

and it is therefore a joy to me to have you all here. You may now all join in the Umhlahlo."

It is apparent that dancing on these occasions signifies the communication in rhythmic movements of feelings of gratitude and joy to the Izinyanya.

Then there is the sacred part of dancing in which the kraal and its people are blessed and the kraal consecrated by the appeal of Camagu.

It is apparent that hand clapping, chanting and dancing, where each person almost improves his spontaneous self-expression generates a feeling of exaltation. The emotional satisfaction obtained in this manner could be of therapeutic, mental value. Similar reactions and feelings are seen in Christian revivalist meetings, when bodies sway, hands are clapped and voices raised in "Hallelujah, Glory be to God." One could call this a religious expression on an emotional level, articulated by the rhythmic movements of the body. It certainly brings about an elevation of mood among the pagan Bantu. From the most primeval times the conscience of man had found this form of religious emotional expression, a means of expressing the joy of life before the ancestral spirits, or Gods, and so elevate his feelings to heights he could not otherwise reach. This form of expression would therefore be natural to any primitive culture, where the dance is not intellectually invented to symbolize the evolution of the human soul, as the Dance of the Seven Veils was originally.

In this ancient temple dance of the Seven Veils one can picture the dancer as the soaring spirit rising from plane to plane by discarding the substance and covering of each plane of life as a veil.

To the Bantu the dance remains a profound means of expressing the pressures within his psyche. It is his means of generating the required emotion for the occasion, and it is therefore not in the least surprising that the Bantu would like to introduce the dance into the Christian church as a form of religious expressions. On the other hand, those who do not share the African psyche would look upon dancing in church as a regressive phenomenon. If on the other hand it is considered necessary that religion keeps itself informed

of the findings of psychic research and so evolve with the intellect of man to gain deeper insight into his own psychic universe and the nature of existence beyond the grave, then the mere emotional religious expression is not a fulfillment of one's spiritual consciousness.

We can learn from the pagan Bantu the pristine faith he has carried forward through ages of illiteracy that man's soul survives death. With the development of his intellect and his capacity for abstract thought it will be far easier for him to accept the sacredness and value of his inner self than it might be for those reared in ignorance of a spirit world to which we all go, and which we all share according to the degrees of our inner development. Many might disagree that religion should be considered as falling under a principle of evolution, and yet when we look at these pagan rites framed to induce certain sacred, religious and worshipful states of mind, we realise that we have beneficially discarded the actual sacrifice while retaining the symbolism. Although we observe in this respect an evolution of consciousness insofar that the actual sacrifice of life is no longer performed nor condoned, nevertheless the original primitive significance and value of the blood sacrifice forming a covenant is retained as having been made by Christ.

We can accept that the original principle of sacrifice is natural to life, but it appears that primitive level of sacrificial expression arrested the spiritual growth of mind. The life of the animal has to do what thought and feeling should do. So by making Christ the paschal lamb, we satisfy the most primeval expression of the archetype of sacrifice, and we remain oblivious of this regressive phenomenon.

When one reads the parapsychological evidence in the Bible it becomes quite astounding why the significance of these psychic testimonies did not become important and essential components of the later Church doctrines.

The original association of psychic powers with religion as the Bible abundantly illustrates seems to have been ignored by the theologians of later times. Surely there must have been a valid reason for this association of the psychic powers with religion and worship? Could it have been the

intention of the ancient Sages and the prophets to teach man that knowledge of the psychic laws and nature was the first step in the direction of a spiritual understanding and worship? Among the pagan Bantu one finds belief in spiritual survival and belief in psychic faculties and manifestations, and yet somewhere there is lacking the mental ability to synthesise these forms of knowledge into a coherent mental and emotional system of worship. It seems that the shortcoming in this respect is the absence of reverence for the personal soul during physical life.

One can assume that this reverence for one's inner self, and a belief in it as a source of guidance and inspiration during earth life, must play a tremendous role in one's adaptation to spiritual existence after death in a new world of consciousness. This attitude of mind is hence progressive and dynamic, and so would in all respects give the idea of evolution to religion to facilitate this adaptation to a future life. The idea of a progressing spirit life is not explicit in the thinking of the pagan Bantu, so we can say that the limitation of mind to the ritualistic requirements has arrested the growth of a spiritual consciousness as a personal possession and achievement.

Yet when we bear in mind the spiritual orders the dead enter in the next world of the pagan AmaXosa, we find the lower order of Izihwele superseded by the order of Izinyanya. The Xhosa has no system of thought which speaks of spiritual progression, so that the Izihwele may in the future evolve by becoming members of the order of the Izinyanya.

The idea of a spiritual evolution must be implicit in this conception of spiritual hierarchies, because we find this idea also among the Mashona Africans of Rhodesia.

The Mashona, for example, believe that there is an emanation from God, who acts as a messenger between the Supreme spirit and the three spiritual orders below it. This messenger is Chaminuka. Below Chaminuka comes an order of spiritual beings known as the greater Mhondoro and below this hierarchy comes the spiritual order of the lesser Mhondoro. Then between the lesser Mhondoro and man on earth comes the spiritual order of Vadzimu the true ancestral spirits.

Here then we have the conception of higher hierarchies of spiritual beings, but more elaborate than the hierarchies of the Xhosa forming the Izihwele and the Izinyanya. All these conceptions of hierarchies of spirit life and power must at one time have had knowledge of progression and evolution in terms of consciousness from the immediate after death state to the degree of the greater Mhondoro. It is apparent that this knowledge of spiritual evolution has been lost, and only the concept of the hierarchies as separate spiritual degrees have been retained in ritual memory.

Yet when one recalls the burial of the patriarch or head of the kraal, the words of promise and hope are that they would follow him.

So they would not rest at the stage of Izihwele forever, but progress to the degree and world of the Izinyanya. The implication seems clear that at one time primitive man had an idea of spiritual evolution to higher states.

The emergence of the belief in an inner self, or the spiritual body mentioned by St. Paul, should in a spiritual consciousness direct attention towards inner peace and harmony rather than rhythmic movement, music, singing and general physical exertion in response to the pressure of emotions. These reactions appear to come from the awakening of archetypes or primitive layers of the psyche which still slumber in the depths of our beings. In contrast to these traditional forms of energetic release of emotions of joy and exaltation, we have the solemn devotional attitude of the Umtendeleko.

“UMTENDELEKO”

At no time did I hear from any Christian source that a ceremony resembling the Holy Communion of the Christian Church has been in existence and practised by these people ages before they made contact with the White man and his religion. In times of severe epidemics or prolonged drought this most sacred ceremony is held. Now we know that it is directed to the Most High, but Qamata is the Almighty and yet in the Umtendeleko the appeal is to Umdali. I came to the

conclusion that Umdali is not a separate personality. In fact there is no image of a personality. It is rather the idea of power that understands. My own interpretation is that Umdali stands for the creative principle of Qamata. In other words Umdali is the power that brings life to nature.

One cannot help but become aware of an aesthetic element linked with profound reverence and introspection to harmonise with sacredness in this partaking of the Umtendeleko. I have deduced these states of mind from the solemn feelings in the behaviour of the worshippers.

The Izinyanya are not mentioned in this ceremony. It is the creative power itself to which the prayers are directed. The symbolism shows the common archetype which also gave rise to the eucharist, when it is decided that man in his plight and distress must seek help by means of the Umtendeleko then a suitable place is first selected. Traditionally this should be an area away from human habitation, and in a mountain or kloof where there is a natural stream even if only a mere seepage of water.

The leader used to be one of royal blood, but in my time Christian priests have conducted this ceremony. Whether they used the term Umdali I am not sure. It is understood by all that the Umtendeleko is the supreme form of worship. The requirements for participation are strictly adhered to. It is a ceremony for adult persons only. Especially those that have been initiated among the males. Now it is left to the conscience of each one whether he or she is fit to participate, but where transgressions are known the person is prohibited. It is required that the participant be free of sin for at least three weeks or so before the ceremony.

There should be no ill-feeling against anyone, nor violation of tribal custom. There must be only harmony and charity in all relationships. Now although one is told as a reason for all this behaviour that it is required by custom; one's intuition opens a vast archaic vista. Here is observed the cultivation of goodwill, sympathy, charity, kindness, and harmony. The same states of mind are cultivated for a seance and a "Camagu" ceremony when the Izinyanya are revered. The underlying at-one-ment is indeed very evident.

Now why should different individuals try so desperately to be of one mind for this occasion? Standing there on the African veld, and watching this outward symbolism of perhaps incomprehensible inner action of souls, the awareness flooded my mind, that all this striving for harmony and at-one-ment is an inner process of the psyche to tune in to a Cosmic Consciousness. Here was the representation of relics of a phase of spiritual consciousness their Isanuses must have taught in ages past.

Another important aspect of this preparation is a week of complete sexual abstinence among men and women. They are not permitted to sleep together. These are distractions of the mind which must only be thinking of the importance of the Umtendeleko and his or her contribution for its success. How many of us of the Western culture have given thought to such intense mental preparation in a pagan mind? Candidly up to the time of understanding the spirit of the Umtendeleko, I did not credit the Xhosa with this potential of the psyche.

The beer for this occasion too is brewed by the elderly women, in whom there is no longer sensual sexual needs and therefore they are apart from the world of conflict and temptation.

The beer is made from the first ripe corn of the harvest which is kept for the ceremonies of Umtendeleko, Indini and Izila. It is common sight to find bundles of this corn of the first fruits stuck in the thatch of the Isiquebe and living huts.

The water for brewing is fetched from the spring where the Umtendeleko is to be held. Each family brings their contribution of corn and the beer is brewed at the kraal of the one who will conduct the ceremony.

The corn belongs to the consecrated first fruits, some of which is cooked to be eaten at the ceremony.

On the day the beer is ready for consumption they all gather at the leader's kraal dressed in skins. The beer and boiled corn are carried by the elderly women who fetched and prepared these. The procession is timed to reach the selected spot when the sun is directly overhead - full noon.

Why this significance? They do not know. Yet we cannot ignore the ancient association of the sun with the human soul; and the external source of life to the world. The Freemason will perhaps know what "full noon" means in his ritual. Again we have this archetype of primeval significance dictating the expressions of man, and so the AmaXosa in the Umtendeleko commence their spiritual labours at full noon.

On arrival at the spring or little fountain the men and women perform a purification rite and wash the exposed parts of their bodies. They then form in rows, the men in front and the women in the rear. The leader takes up his position some distance in front of them.

He addresses the gathering as follows: "Do you people know what we are here for? (pause) "We have come here to ask for rain. Therefore everyone of you must desire from deep in your heart that Umdali may know what we need and grant us our prayers." After this there is a pause of some duration, which one could consider as a period of meditation on the thoughts expressed by the leader.

At the appropriate time the leader opens the song of prayer, "Please Umdali hear our prayers as you have heard them and granted them to our ancestors over many many years now gone. They too have prayed in the manner we do today." Several other prayers are offered by heads of kraals and then the leader closes the service. Exhorting them to have patience and come again.

Then each member comes forward and deposits two little white beads in the hands of the leader saying "Camagu". The beads represent a symbol of sacredness and I think their similarities portray the unison of all hearts present.

After this "Camagu" call, grasswoven bowls lined with beeswax and filled with boiled concentrated corn, are passed from person to person along with a can of beer. Each dips a hand into a bowl and places the corn between the closed fingers in the mouth. This is eaten, followed by the can of beer placed to the lips for a mouthful and passed on. This ceremony is only performed on the first day.

The whole performance is a concentration in minds of an intense desire, and the acting out of this need by con-

suming the beer and corn made from first fruits. Indeed a presentation to creation to repeat the process and provide the conditions that bring about the production of the harvest and its first fruits.

One cannot exclude from the depth of mind the intuitive knowledge experienced by these rites that something within our beings can by means of thought tune in to principles or hierarchies of power in the Cosmos. At least some such belief must have induced the earliest Isanuses to formulate these ceremonies. I know of an occasion when thunderstorms and torrential rains followed the Umtendeleko after a clear sky. That it was coincidence would satisfy all non pagans.

THE MAKING OF A MAN AND A WOMAN

The man making, or Abakweta ceremony among the pagan AmaXosa people, makes one wonder what originally inspired this mutilation of the male genital. It marks the ceremonial transition from adolescence into manhood, also a period of training for the change into manhood and a test whether the candidate has the courage to assume a man's attitude and responsibility in life. But what is most impressive of the correct pagan ceremony is the mysterious evidence which reveals itself in certain symbolic acts, that there is sacrifice and a blood covenant at the back of this ceremony. Indeed, certain very ancient relics of thought which have arisen when the patriarchal rule of man came about.

The Abakweta ceremony is a process of weaning the rule of women - in Freudian terms the severing of the Oedipus complex. In this ceremony the purpose of admission into the Brotherhood of man is quite clearly defined. But what led man in those early days of his existence to invent such a ceremony, and for what reason?

Contained in the Abakweta rite is evidence which supports the view that at some remote period the male sex broke away from female rule. At first there must have been the Matriarchate, namely the descent from the Mother blood, which in time was superseded by the Father-Right and derivation from the Fatherhood. It is this change, to my mind, which is commemorated by the Abakweta ceremony. When I studied the performance of this ceremony it was quite clear that it was an initiation into the mystery of Fatherhood. The ceremonial amputation of the prepuce which in its adolescent state represents an opening to the glans penis must have originally meant the sacrifice of an orifice, the casting off of something resembling a female or opening. The initiate sacrifices his prepuce as a symbol of the immature to emerge with a phallus that leaves no doubt as to his masculinity.

It is said that it was in Atum, the son of Ptah in ancient

Egypt that man was perfected and the Matriarchate was completely superseded by the Father-Right.

By means of the rite of circumcision the prepuce which is amputated is of an oval shape, and this has always throughout the ages been the emblem of the female. One can assume that by cutting away this oval symbol the male is magically, as it were, freed of the female element, and by these means he rejects the Mother and claims begettal by the Father, as a result of the male blood containing the male soul. For instance, when a Jewish child is circumcised it is said that he is made to "enter into the covenant of Abraham." Now Abraham was the Great Father in Israel. Besides this it is said that the man who stands sponsor as the Godfather is called the Master of the Covenant. Here, then, from a Hebrew source we also have circumcision as entering in a Covenant of the Fatherhood. In this respect it is of great interest that Joshua was ordered to circumcise the children of Israel a second time, as shown in Joshua V: 2-4. Was this a change in the rite, for the words are: "Make thee sharp knives and circumcise again the children of Israel the second time." So it could not only have been those that were un-circumcised. It seems as though a new covenant was sealed by the second circumcision.

In the "Egyptian Book of the Dead" Horus is changed from a child of twelve years into an adult as he rises in the world of Amenta, the Egyptian Hades, the same as the Jewish Sheol. In this state Horus is a figure that has gone through the rite of circumcision. He had risen from the dead and was resurrected and regenerated.

Apparently then circumcision like baptism was a rite of regeneration. We will observe that among the pagan Ama-Xosa circumcision, baptism or purification by water, and anointing as significant of a new life all occur. So they have brought with them from ancient inner Africa all these rites and symbols of a renewal of life by means of the Abakweta ceremony.

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In view of this regeneration of Horus, we find among the AmaXosa that at a certain stage of the initiation rite, the name Mkweta – the singular of Abakweta – is changed to irwale, meaning a new life, or a regenerated one. The first Horus is a youth; the second one who rises in Amenta is circumcised and rises in the likeness of his father “full of grace and truth”. He was called the first born of all creation. So the mystery of the AmaXosa goes back far, far beyond the hills of time, and if we associate it further with Horus rising in Amenta, in the world of the newly dead, then the Abakweta ceremony could originally have implied a spiritual regeneration as well. Again we come across the principle of sacrifice. He endures great pain and surrenders the oval piece of skin from his prepuce as an act of giving up his female nature and his childishness, and enters the estate of manhood and Brotherhood.

The Abakweta ceremonies are usually held in Autumn and Spring, but are dependent on the state of the crops. During drought periods Abakweta ceremonies are postponed until conditions are favourable. Well filled stores of food are essential for these ceremonies, and so the elders decide when the times are most suitable. The lad must express his own desire first and foremost. It is not suggested to him that he should undergo the rite. This is significant for it must arise from a need within himself and a desire to change to manhood. By placing the responsibility of choice on the lad himself those who are afraid, immature, feeble-minded and/or mentally disturbed are not initiated in the proper pagan initiation schools; they may, however, be circumcised by a travelling “Incibi”; the man who performs the operation, but there is, of course, no comparison between these urban and semi-urban circumcisions and the pagan process of initiation, for in the latter there is special instruction in the beliefs and custom of the people, inclusive of the sign of distress, with great emphasis on the evils of witchcraft by contact, eating or drinking.

Weeks prior to the commencement of the ceremony a meeting is held by all the fathers who have sons to be initiated. One man called the “Isutu” is appointed as sponsor

or father to the Abakweta. He is usually a leader in the community. They then choose the "Incibi" or operator – usually known as the expert. The necessary qualifications of the Incibi are that first he must have dreamt of circumcising lads and this dream would in all probability be interpreted as guidance from his Izinyanya. Secondly, he must have gained experience by performing the operation on his own relatives, and he must have been successful. Any complications, such as an infection, would debar him in future. They are extremely cautious and careful in selecting an "Incibi" because sympathetic magic plays a formidable role in this rite. They enquire about the people he had circumcised and whether there were ill effects, and whether there were any changes for the worse in these characters. Even years later the Incibi could still be blamed for having brought some evil influence with him.

In olden days the lads used to wait to be initiated with a Chief's son: this was always a great honour. On such occasions more than one "Incibi" is appointed. The next important office is that of the instructors, known as Amakankata – singular Kankata. The number of instructors varies with the number of initiates. Their duties are to guard the lads, dress their wounds and teach them the laws, customs and beliefs about contact with the Izinyanya. These men are usually held in great respect among the people. Dwali Nakompelo was a chief Kankata for years and one of my best teachers.

It was from him that I was privileged to learn about their customs, and even permitted to make a cine film of the ceremony.

As the time of the ceremony draws near the family of each Mkweta makes a sheepskin Kaross and a leather strap support for the penis; at the same time beer is brewed and poured into barrels for the occasion. Then the Junior Kankata gather the boys together to cut and collect flexible sticks for the building of the Mkweta hut, or lodge. The number of huts depends on the number of Abakweta. Usually they are housed ten to a hut. The building material is then hidden somewhere near a spot where the hut is to be erected. The next expedition is to gather the Swadi bulb, which peels off

like an onion: the smooth, velvety sheaths are used to dress the wound. Naturally, great secrecy is exercised in concealing all these materials near the site, because should anyone with evil designs contaminate these materials with witchcraft medicines, the Abakweta will suffer, and usually it is said the wounds become infected. The actual circumcision is performed with the new Moon. The night before this event the boys and girls have a dance, and here they say Goodbye to their girl friends. They dance throughout the night and early next morning in exultant moods shouting, challenging and very jubilant, the lads plunge into a fierce stick fight. Here the first buds of manhood and display of courage for what lies ahead are exhibited. It is quite a powerful form of auto-suggestion before the ordeal of being circumcised with the blade of an assegai.

We observe that the ceremony is held at the new Moon. Here again we behold the identification with power of growth and development in the Universe. The Moon growing from a narrow rim into a glorious globe of light symbolises the universal power of development which by means of sympathetic timing promotes the growth of the new character and the new and natural conception of life. It is as if the mind extracts power from every manifestation of nature which the imagination can make beneficial. The stick fight as the overture to the world of manhood and aggression at times becomes so violently savage as the emotion takes an epic leap before the admiring sweethearts, that skulls have been smashed, legs and arms broken in the process. After the fight the lads in the company of the Junior Kankata fetch the building material from the secret hiding place and deposit these at the chosen site for the Abakweta hut, or lodge. This site is usually near a stream, but so situated that it is off the beaten track where women would usually walk. Although Abakweta huts are always in the same area once chosen, no new hut is ever erected on the spot where one stood in the past. No old foundation will ever do, since all things must begin anew, like the new Moon, so the new manhood must not have a childish foundation. This change of personality must be complete. It is the recognition of a new

and original individuality which the process of initiation will release. It is not meant to be like anyone else; but it will have its own difference, its own special entity, its own character and its own peculiar power. For it was pointed out to me by Dwali Nekombelo that Umdali do not make all plants of exactly the same size, beauty and strength. There are stupid people, wise people and those whose heads have opened to the power to read thoughts and see that which is invisible to most people. This Abakweta ceremony brings out this new different person now hidden inside the Mkweta. The only people who know about the actual location of the hut are the fathers of the Abakweta, the Isutu, Incibi and Amakan-kata. The men build the framework while the women cut the grass for thatching. No clay is used in the structure of the hut for a reason we shall later observe. When the framework is finished a lonely figure of a man appears on a hill top.

To me these scenes were taking place on the vast stage of nature. The drama of life's processes. The men and women who somehow had an inarticulate awareness that by their rites they were participants in the power of creation. The new Moon, the new spot, the new hut and then the making of the new persons and their new lives, and in all these dynamic processes they were sharing. The song Umyeyezelo the women sing tells everyone the hut is thatched. But the symbolism is deeper. The women made the Abakweta hut inhabitable. Lined with soft grass it becomes the womb from which will come new lives. Because it symbolises a womb therefore women build it and make it a receptacle for the phallic person.

Now comes the first sacrifice of Umngcama. The Mkweta after having finished his task at the Abakweta hut goes to his kraal, and there he waits patiently inside the cattle kraal. Now, we know this is a place for men; it is also a consecrated locality, and is as we have seen the centre where the power of the Izinyanya can be manifested. The Mkweta stands there conscious of the mystery into which he steps that day. He is aware of the presence of power, of an impending change, of the long, long history of his Izinyanya who never flinched at the first incision by the assegai of the

Incibi. His heart pounds with excitement to prove to all men that he has no fear, and could triumph over any pain. There is nothing he could not endure. The Umngcama is like a first degree, except that the degrees are marked not by regalia but by sacrifices. While he stands in the kraal, a goat is killed, and this is a "Camagu" sacrifice. The appeal is for blessings and protection for the Mkweta, for evil is everywhere; even men with smiles on their faces carry it in their hearts, and a carved stick thrown away by someone could be the bewitching Momlambo in disguise, so one must have the power of good on one's side. While the elders skin the goat others come and shave the hair from the Mkweta's body. Usually these instruments are not like razor blades and the operation is rough and ready; but the Mkweta is a statue. He is rigid and like stone. It is important that he buries his hair in the cattle kraal when no-one is looking, or far away out on the veld, for should one with evil intentions obtain his hair a great deal of harm can be done to him. In his hair is an invisible power of his body, and people can by these means gain access to his own invisible power and so influence his mind.

Even if these are exaggerated superstitions, they are primarily derived from the knowledge which psychic research in our times has revealed as ectoplasm forming in one's aura and becoming absorbed by the etheric double of matter. It is by handling an object containing these etheric radiations of the owner, that some psychics like Solomon Daba could obtain knowledge about the personality.

Whether anyone can bewitch him by means of his etheric hair is not now the issue, but the fact that these superstitions are based on germs of psychic knowledge which the primeval intellect could not define but knew of the existence of something invisible yet substantial. The shaving of the Mkweta is, of course, symbolic of the rebirth process.

The first lesson is to learn humility, therefore as soon as the "Isipeka" is prepared it is thrown on the dry manure floor of the cattle Kraal, from where the Mkweta must pick it up and eat it. Once it is born in mind that the Umngcama is a "Camagu" ceremony and that the aura of the Izinyanya

is in the cattle kraal, then the Isepeka as the blessed life from the sacrificial animal is picked up from a hallowed place, and has quite a different meaning for the Bantu initiate than it would have for anyone else not imbued with this faith. To him there is no dirt. The right leg of the goat is taken to the Abakweta hut by the Kankata.

It is of interest to note that immediately after the circumcision all Abakweta are fed like babies. They are not permitted to feed themselves. They are newly born, and this feeding by the Amakankata continues until after the third sacrifice, or one could say the third degree of initiation. The meat is grilled and fed to them on sticks, while the stamped mealies are fed to them by means of wooden spoons.

After having eaten his Isipeka the Mkweta is given a dish of whole mealies and milk as well as meat from the right shoulder of the goat. He eats his food in the cattle kraal. At this stage men gather around him and begin to tease and annoy him by passing disparaging remarks. They remind him of all his misdeeds as a boy and impress it upon him that they are going to beat him for his misbehaviour. These are never idle threats, for they have the right to beat the Mkweta for any disobedience in his past. The Incibi is usually present at this time, but he sits apart and shows no spirit of friendliness. He remains austere, stern, cold and hard. The rest of the men chatter away, drink their beer and threaten the Mkweta with punishment for his sins. He must pay for his past misdeeds. He must shed all that, and can only do so and free his mind of that influence if reminded in this manner of forms of behaviour which must be left behind, and can never be permitted into the future life as an adult. Hence the threats, the derision, are ways of intensifying his consciousness of his unwanted past experiences, and at the same time to test his power of controlling his temper and resolving to discard all childish traits from his mind. Then a leather belt to support the circumcised penis is tied round his waist. This is followed by placing the ubulunga round his neck. The deep significance of the ubulunga has often intrigued me. Its symbolism refers to fertility, renewal and potency. It is a necklace made from the hair of the tail of a

fertile cow, and since the latter is an emblem of fertility and even purity this necklace has in it the qualities to give health, virility and potency to a man. Childless women commonly wear the ubulunga.

These ceremonies having been completed the Mkweta in company with Incibi, Kankata and friends proceed to call for the other Abakweta on the way to the Mkweta hut. From the moment that the women sing the Umyeyezelo the Abakweta must not be seen by wives. The singing of the women always warns them to avoid them. This taboo is significant for it represents the weaning process. From now on all bonds with wives as mother beings are severed. The blood bond, the covenant with the Fatherhood and Brotherhood of man is to be formed.

The sacrifices, the Camagu, the Izinyanya all represent the same archetypal roots that in Jewish custom entered into the covenant with father Abraham, the great father in Israel at the circumcision of the Jewish infant. So the Abakweta avoid wives – they are being transferred from female control and authority to that of a male society. If, perchance, a Mkweta should meet a wife he pulls his kaross over his head and hides himself, as it were, and looks the other way. They are, however, permitted to converse with girls because these females are not of the mother class.

This custom makes it all too clear that somewhere in the remote past the males took over from the mother rule society.

Another interesting taboo that suggests that sympathetic magic is derived from the intuitive knowing that man's aura has a substance that leaves its influence on other persons and objects, is the taboo on sex relations with women by Incibi and Amakankata from three days prior to the actual circumcision until the third sacrifice – a period of almost three weeks. Any sexual act committed by them during this period will have a reciprocal effect on the Abakweta. It could result in causing erections which would be painful before the healing is completed. But also such sexual relations will bring the aura of wives into the Abakweta hut and so interfere with the growing away from wives and mothers.

Such are the subtleties with which the primeval mind was occupied.

To return to the Abakweta on their way to the circumcision rite. In company with the Incibi and Amakankata the Abakweta walk in a quiet, dignified procession to the river or stream with pools of water suitable for the purification rite. Usually men on horseback accompany them. It is said that this show of force is to intimidate them in case someone becomes faint-hearted at the last moment. It means to show them that as nascent men they cannot withdraw like children even if a thing is feared.

In the meantime the fathers sit and smoke and talk pleasantly at the Abakweta hut.

Having arrived at the water, the lads sit down. The Incibi leaving his assegai under his blanket on the bank first enters the water. For a moment he stands still, as if in a state of prayer. I am sure he appeals to his Izinyanya, and then he bends down, scoops up water in his cupped hands and splashes it all over himself. This is the signal for the Abakweta to enter the water. Of course, this is a purification rite, a forerunner of Christian baptism, but it has a deep significance, for it is at the same time a catharsis. Here in the water, while it is being splashed over the body the Mkweta confesses all his misdeeds of his life. He confesses and washes away his sins at the same time. The mind must be cleaned out and the water must cleanse and cleanse the aura – that invisible portion of man extending from his physical body; the region where his thoughts and his moods become substantial and are absorbed by any object which contacts the body. They do not consciously think so, and yet they perform this rite as a means of physically removing something which is not dirt. It is the language of the archetype that elementary or primordial thought which obeys an impersonal and universal law, a form of thought whose psychic content is the law of radiation, the etheric components of all physical things. The conscious mind performs the rite and the collective unconscious provides the meaning and the drive. At this moment all must be confessed, and will first by means of the water reach the Abantubomlambo who also fulfill the role of

guardians of justice and morality of patriarchal laws. From the Abantubomlambo the confession reaches the hierarchies and finally Qamata. By this confession, which is supreme, they atone for their sins against law and custom.

This rite and its performance is so rich in occult meanings and knowledge, which are completely obscured by the myth, whose truth has become a faith in the magic of performance; but the knowledge that should support this faith is not in the conscious mind. Somewhere along the trail of time it has been lost, and the shell of a myth with its inner contents unknown has travelled in rites and their performance down the ages from inner Africa.

Let us look at this vast array of archetypal knowing in the subterranean world of the African psyche. The Mkweta enters the water; but we know the water symbolises the world of Hades, Sheol, Purgatory, the world where the soul sheds its vehicle of vitality which consists of ectoplasm, the substance in the aura of man that carries his thoughts to the etheric doubles of inanimate things, and so records the memories of time and human personality on man's possessions. Hence the water as a sphere, not only one that surrounds the microcosm man, but also a sphere and a substantial one of semi-physical material – like ectoplasm in its various stages, which surrounds the earth as its first layer of spirit life is entered by the Mkweta. In that act the Mkweta is a newly dead. He represents the spirit of man just freed from the physical body going through the waters of purgatory, or Hades to shed the ectoplasmic covering layers of the soul which encumbered it with the sensualities or physical interests of this world. These have to be shed. Hence the water and the confession before the Mkweta can enter the new life of spirit symbolised by the initiation. The same process or archetype is symbolically presented in Freemasonry in the Apprentice Degree, but like the pagan Bantu the educated Freemason has no knowledge of the spiritual significance of his rite. He carries out a ritual in words, the real meaning of which it is hoped will dawn on him immediately death supervenes. Beyond the waters of the Abantubomlambo are the real spiritual beings who are the righteous. They

have discarded their earthly iniquities and they can appeal to God – Qamata.

Does this idea of water, as Hades, or the Egyptian Amenta or Purgatory only occur in this myth? Oh, no! We have only to read Virgil. The boatman Charon and the crossing of the river Styx. We remember David's turmoil of the soul: 2 Samuel XXII:5: "When the waves of death encompass me, the floods of the ungoldly men make me afraid." Here we have the waters of the Abantubomlambo in the Bible, Psalm XVIII: 4 & 11: "The sorrows of death encompass me, and the floods of the ungoldly men made me afraid." Here David pictures the newly dead soul among the undeveloped spiritual humanity in an earthbound state, in what the Catholics call Purgatory. He does not want their company; he wants to shed his semi-physical ectoplasmic body, symbolising the waters of the Abantubomlambo. In verse 11 he says: "He made darkness his secret place, his pavillion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of skies." Almost the identical description as that of Amenta, the nether world of the Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

In Romans X: 7: "Or who shall descend into the deep?" refers to the same sphere through which the soul must pass and leave behind those memories of conflict and unhappiness which the Abakweta confess to the waters of the river so that the waters may wash away those thoughts and leave him with no more memory of them. The waters of forgetfulness are in Hades. It is where they found the stream of Lethe with its waters that caused oblivion the river of forgetfulness in the lower world. We see the same archetype operating in the Abakweta's confession to the waters of the Abantubomlambo to bring about oblivion of his past life, for he is going to be born again, or renewed. Beyond these waters man's soul will be free of earthly physical needs and cravings, and come to the wisdom of the Abantubomlambo who can only be reached by crossing the river Styx and the waters of Lethe.

In Deuteronomy XXX:13: the same symbol of water is employed as a sphere around the physical: "Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say: Who shall go over

the sea for us and bring it unto us"? Hence the novice is enacting the process of death of his earthly consciousness, and in his new life acts out the soul once it has freed itself in Lethe by confession and discarding earthly interests. There must have been a time in man's primordial past when the spiritual laws governing what he has symbolically portrayed in the rite and the myth were known and explained to the initiate; but as in Freemasonry all these have been forgotten and only the shell remains as myth. Perhaps deep in the psyche this archetype activates the soul, and the conscious mind gains an impression that somehow it has changed, without any real knowledge of what it all represents. The retrospections of the initiated support this supposition.

To sit in a Masonic Lodge and watch the performance of the ritual, one beholds the missing link in the case of the Mkweta; the archaic idea of the mystery telling man about his entrance into a spirit world. It is significant to note that the setting free of earthly interests absorbed by the ectoplasmic covering of the astral body in the symbolic waters of the Abantubomlambo, is represented as washing away, by means also of confession. The same rite and archetype shows how Christ was twice born through baptism in the Jordan river. He was reborn and regenerated from water and spirit. Jung mentions that in Roman Liturgy the font is called uterus ecclesia.

Once the confession in the water is over the Abakweta proceed to collect the Swadi bulbs for the dressings, which they hid away from evil eyes. Even while the lads are at the river performing the purification rite the Junior Kankata guards the Mkweta hut to prevent any person coming near who could bring an evil atmosphere to the place.

Now it happened in olden days that if a lad had an identical twin sister she also confessed and bathed herself at the river, but below the place where the males were. A symbolic circumcision was also performed on her before the operation was performed on the males. The only explanation for this inclusion of a twin, however briefly during the ceremony, was that twins share something more than the same mother. They have the same blood and similar temperaments. As the

Abakweta approach the hut they sit down a certain distance from it in a row, each in his kaross. The fathers of the lads decide who should be the first circumcised; the second one is always the Isutu's son. The fathers of the Abakweta take up their positions a little distance away, but so they can closely scrutinise each reaction and expression. It must be remembered this is also a test of courage, just as man with the knowledge that he will go through the waters has the courage to face death. The Incibi always works from right to left along the row. He takes the prepuce in his left hand while the Mkweta sits in his kaross with his legs apart, and with a to and fro movement of the assegai he amputates the prepuce. During the operation the lad maintains an unflinching expression and poise. If he shows any sign of fear he is rejected by the Incibi and must leave at once, and wait another year before he can re-apply. As soon as the prepuce is severed the Incibi says: "Yiti uyindoda," (You are now a man), and the Mkweta answers: "Ndiyi Ndoda," (I am a man). The Incibi wipes the assegai on his kaross and hands him his prepuce, which he immediately ties inside his kaross. Blood must not drip on the ground, but every drop must drip only inside the kaross. Blood on the ground is the most vulnerable part of him for the practice of witchcraft, because if anything outside the bounds of goodwill should happen to his blood it could harm his peace of mind and his future potency. As the Incibi moves along the row the Amakankata come along and apply the dressings of the Swadi bulb. Each lad is given his sleeping place, and at night a stick is tied between the knees spanning them during sleep. When the second dressing is applied a short while after the first and the Kankanta thinks the operation could be neater, the Incibi removes what extra skin appears not quite becoming. Thereafter the Incibi leaves.

From the moment the circumcision is performed, the Abakweta become infants. They are not permitted to smoke, drink water or feed themselves until the third sacrifice. Each one is given a new name by the chief Kankanta, and new names are also given to eating and cooking utensils. This is known as Hlonipa. The new life has begun, and these outer

activities are merely to keep pace with the inner creation of a new personality. It is now when the real individual previously hidden from view will gradually make its appearance like Xagalelagusha said: "The bud opens slowly and we have a flower." As I listened to this Isanuse, I felt inwardly convinced, that he was describing a law governing the development of spiritual consciousness.

The next day after the operation the fathers personally inspect the wounds and build a cattle kraal at the Mkweta hut, so that the lads can have cows for the Amakankata to milk. The Isutu visits the kraal twice a day and reports to the fathers. Should there be some difficulty in the healing process of any Mkweta then it could be that he did not make full confession to the river people. Should he disobey he is punished by cuts with a Quince cane, and those who threatened him with punishment at the first sacrifice are now permitted to administer the caning. The possibility of infection is at first ignored.

The cooking of whole mealies and unground Kaffir corn – the staple diet – is cooked at the family kraal of the Mkweta, while meat is cooked at the Mkweta hut. All the grain or corn must be old and not fresh, because even the food has the power of stimulating maturity or ripeness.

The disposal of the amputated and soiled dressings has to follow a prescribed ritual. The bag with soiled dressings supplied to each Mkweta is closely guarded by him, and when it is dark he goes into the veld to bury the dressings. The prepuce is usually buried on an anthheap. The ants consume the prepuce and the Mkweta drinks a mixture of anthheap and water, and thereby regains from the ants what he has lost. This law of compensation is found everywhere in Bantu thought. A paste is also made of ground anthheap with which they decorate their faces. Then after the passage of a few days they decorate or smear their bodies and faces with clay called ifuta. They take hours to make up, for this is a daily task. The inner purification now becomes externalised as purity and white is the emblem of the pure new life. This symbol of purity as white marked the dress of ancient Egyptian priests, down to the Druids of ancient Britain.

One cannot help but trace this outward appearance to a psychic vision associated with man's spiritual evolution. It is said that after the inner self has discarded its semi-physical layers in the waters of Hades, it emerges as pure and white in what is known as a soul body. Here again, one has an archetype, a thought form of the new spirit life which is enacted quite ignorantly by the Mkweta covered with ifuta. His idea of a new life is a transformation from a boy into a man, "Ndiyi Ndoda."

As soon as the wounds are healing the second sacrifice of Umdaga is performed. A goat is killed for each Mkweta in turn. He eats the Isipeka of the right shoulder and later the right hind leg. Each father kills his goat at the Mkweta hut. This is a very short sacrificial rite, and seems solely concerned with incorporation by the Mkweta of the life giving properties of the Isipeka. When the wounds have healed the sacrifice of Osisa is performed, and a further stage of adult responsibility is achieved. One can imagine how deeply it must hurt an African adult to be called a boy.

On the occasion of the Osisa only one animal is killed at the Mkweta hut. This meat is served to the Abakweta and their fathers; a covenant is formed between the new men and their fathers. At the conclusion of this ceremony the Isutu gives permission to the Amakankata to release their wards from their pledges. They can go hunting, drink water and milk by themselves, smoke, eat fresh food, green mealies, but not the pointed end of the cob which resembles the phallus. It is believed that this could suggest sexual ideas, since they as yet must not think of sex relations.

Now, during the period in the Mkweta hut the Abakweta are instructed in the laws, custom and myths of the people. The sign of Distress is undoubtedly taught them. When permission is given for them to act for themselves as men the chief Kankata says: "Again I want to remind you of what you have been taught, and remember:

You must not steal.

You must not quarrel among yourselves.

You must be loyal to your friends.

You must not quarrel with other people.

You must avoid wives, and under no circumstances must they see your faces.

You will be punished if it is discovered that you have had sex relations.

You are from now on allowed to receive payment for work." From that time the sexual prohibitions placed on Icibi and Amakankata are removed. The Junior Kankata now alone remains in charge of the Abakweta.

An interesting feature of this new found freedom is the right of the Abakweta to steal from a kraal should their request for food or tobacco be refused. He is a privileged person.

The Abakweta roam about hunting and snaring small animals. When hungry one would approach a kraal, and enter the cattle kraal; there he will stand until seen. A small boy will then inquire his needs, and the wives will give the food and tobacco to the small boy to give him.

After the sacrifice they are allowed to receive presents from their sweethearts. The girls cannot deliver these gifts in person, but these must be conveyed by divorced women, or unmarried women who have had illegitimate children. These are known as concubines. These women are neither girl, nor wife. At this period they enjoy what is known as Tshila dances. The Isutu opens with the first Tshila, and a bull is slaughtered. Drumming, singing, hand-clapping always accompanies the Tshila, and the Abakweta decorate themselves like peacocks. They dance night and day at a kraal until all meat and beer are consumed. They then move on for the next kraal and its Tshila. So a gay time is enjoyed by the Abakweta. Always the Isipeka is eaten by the Mkweta and the kraal. After the last Tshila and Chata ceremony they gather at the Mkweta hut and the chief Kankata tells them this is the day of release. Now all their presents of gifts made to them are tied up in their karosses and hung up inside the Mkweta hut. Absolutely naked – without a string to their bodies – they are marched to a specially selected spot. Arrived at the place previously decided on about a mile or so from the water they await the signal to run, and as they set off as fast as their legs can carry them, they are pursued

by a howling pack of young men and boys armed with sticks, who beat them without regard as long as the blow strikes the body. But as a rule the Abakweta out-strip their pursuers and plunge into the water. There the Amakankata are waiting for them and immediately help to wash and scrub them from top to toe. Then when all traces of the Abakweta days have been removed the chief Kankata standing in the water announces in a loud voice that they are from that moment no longer Abakweta; that all traces of their past lives have been removed. They can now call utensils by their proper names. The Hlonipa is now at an end. They are now Amarwala, (New lives). The process of rebirth is complete. The tremendous importance of the new name irwala – new life; fully conveys the idea of regeneration and spiritual rebirth. The vista of a new life in the Brotherhood of man and his Izinyanya now serve as his guide. The Amarwala are now fully admitted into the ranks of the fathers or begetters. From now on their fertility and potency are important factors, and the Umbulunga made from the cow's tail as the emblem of fertility should by now have accomplished its magical purpose. The last purification rite is one of baptism, and it is of importance in this regard when we observe in these rites of baptism the washing away of a past character in the form of physical effects; that in the ancient Egyptian Ritual the deceased is purified at least ten times in the next world of Amenta by separate baptism on his way to Paradise, or passage through the ten gates of Elysium.

In how far has the Bantu originally obtained knowledge from the same source, for the rebirth of the Egyptian dead was first illustrated with water in one place and anointment in another? We find the same pattern in the Abakweta ceremony, especially at the emergence of the Amarwala. The latter corresponds to the 3rd degree in Freemasonry.

Now as the Amarwala step out of the water a dense crowd of men closely encircle them. What amazed me at this ceremony was where at the moment all the men and boys came from. It seemed as if every donga, every hill and bush came to life with male persons. Anyway, enclosed by a dense crowd as if to obscure them completely from the gaze of

females, who in any case are indoors miles away, the Amarwala are conducted to the grass woven Mkweta hut. They are accompanied by song, dance and playful stick fights. On reaching the hut each irwala dignified and quiet is presented with an isidla by his father.

A word about the isidla at this stage is most appropriate in this phallic culture. From the age of twelve boys begin to wear the isidla, which is made of a dry calabash with a hole in it for the male organ. It is pulled up tight against the body by a string over the small of the back. These isidlas are decorated with bells which ring as the boys run, or with coloured beads, bits of coloured glass, and brightly polished strips of brass and copper wire. Before circumcision the isidla is not compulsory, but after circumcision the pagan, not in his Western clothes, must also wear an isidla. The decoration of the isidla and its ornamentation shows masculine phallic pride and exhibitionism in parading the sexual organs in this manner of dress. Girl friends are known to give their favourite presents of isidlas and other ornaments to decorate their isidlas. One is reminded of the echoes over ages of the phallic festivals of ancient Egypt and the Bacchic orgies of Greece.

And yet all this was to commemorate two grand principles of life as the ancient philosophers understood them. The Linga – Yoni of ancient India, and the Ankh of ancient Egypt. All are but symbols of the life that throbs through the world.

The father having presented the isidla and a new pure white blanket, the Kankata prepare the irwala for his anointment. He hands him a piece of fat or butter if the latter is available. The irwala rubs this all over his body. He must be entirely covered by it. His ebony body must shine in the sunlight. The pagan says this is part of his manhood. Without this anointing his life as an irwala is not really complete. It is like a person born with some missing member – a limb, or a finger.

I asked myself why this culture think of anointing, what hidden meaning is there behind all this, and what does it reflect? Why do men act out these patterns of ancient custom



Xagalelagusha with wife and assistant



Women in traditional dress - New Xaal

Uninitiated young men



if they do not represent something which belongs to life even if the true significance has been lost to mind.

According to Gerald Massey in his *Ancient Egypt Light of the World*, anointment can be traced to the Totemic mysteries, and marked the transition from the divine matriarchate, or rule by the Great Mother. There was a social organization with Mother as head of the family. "For example, when Horus the child who was born of the Mother only under the divine matriarchate, makes his transformation into Horus the adult who rises from the dead in Amenta (Purgatory), it is in character of the Anointed Son of the Father. Anointing had become the mode of showing the Glory of the Father in the person of the Son. This was imaged with the Holy oil upon the face of Horus. He who had been Horus the mortal in the flesh, is now Horus in spirit personalized and established as the Anointed Son."

This separation of the male from the female domination was envisaged hence as a part of the male resurrection in the ancient after death world as part of the Fatherhood of God. In time this became part of the puberty rite of man making, and the Mother's child was made to assume the likeness of the father. This rite of anointing is traced to the Totemic animal of the tribe. The Totemic animal must have been in primordial days a sacred beast, like the cows in India. Hence in this animal were the great qualities and powers for renewal of life and health. This animal was sacred and was not killed or eaten except in some religious or magical ritual affecting life. This animal was originally no doubt slain for sacrificial purposes in the dawn of the Eucharist rite, and so transformed those who partook of the rite. It gave a new life. This has remained as an archaic relic in the eating of the body and drinking the blood of Christ. The same was applied to Horus in ancient Egypt. Ancient man clothed himself in the skin of the Totemic animal to absorb the powers of its life. In Ancient Egypt Horus had the skin of a cat for his badge, because the cat must have been an ancient Totemic animal and so was sacred. Among the Red Indians the skin of a Totemic animal was placed beside the dying person, and conveyed the meaning of a renewal, resurrection for another

life in spiritual world. It has always been a common custom for the dead to be buried in the skin of an animal. The pagan Xhosa is buried on a cow skin.

A collection of English hymns (1745) show how these primeval relics came out in Christianity:

“What greater glory could there be
Than to be clothed with God?
He drew his skin upon my skin,
His blood upon my blood.”

In the initiation of the Aborigines of Australia when the novitiate came out of the period of initiation as in the case of the Abakweta he was rubbed by an old man with fat that was taken from the Totemic animal, which was previously forbidden food. He was not permitted to eat the female of any animal which, of course, referred to the primordial Mother totem. What a tremendous change this event must have been in human society. Not only do we find it in Africa, but even in far flung Australia and in America. By having the fat smeared over him he is virtually covered by the substance of the animal; in fact a new skin is spread over him. He is coated by fat. The anointing of the irwala makes him a free man. He becomes a figure of the anointed, a memory relic of man's discovery of his procreative powers and his renewal of life in a new body after death – the anointed body of the resurrection; the spiritual body of St. Paul in Corinthians XV:44:

So we find that thousands of years before the advent of Christianity Horus was anointed when he transformed from the mortal Horus to the Horus in spirit who rose again from the dead. It is most fascinating to see how these disguised archetypes of putting on a new body, as astral body, a soul body as universal knowledge, became transformed by the images and impressions of the primordial mind, into covering the body with something man had made sacred, to raise it above the common everyday things of life. Hence the skin, the blood or the fat of the sacred animal became the symbol of a future spiritual body and life, and the Christian

actually had a hymn of being covered in God's skin. Are they not roots of the same tree?

But even today in the extreme unction of the Roman Catholic rite, this ancient totemic custom lingers on, because the extreme unction is performed when the dying are about to pass into a future life. In some ancient culture a lump of fat was placed in the mouth of the dead, a form of anointment for the resurrection; actually the symbol for becoming clothed in a spirit or astral body. This special significance of anointment is hence part of the ancient custom of covering the mummy in layers of ochre and fat, a resemblance is seen in the rite of the pagan Amaxosa. In the mind there is no thought of an inner spiritual body, and yet from the unconscious unbeknown to and unrecognised by the conscious mind, comes the impulse of an ancient archetype to cover the body in fat, and even red ochre as a silent reminder of a future life and an ethereal body. All these customs of primeval man reveal that he never had an idea or a belief in the resurrection of a physical body, as so many Christians are unfortunately made to believe by their articles of faith. Even in ancient Egypt with their mummies the anointment never referred to a corporeal resurrection. Perhaps the Christian idea is an utter misrendering of the Egyptian wisdom. Their dead who rose again in Amenta rose in the inner earth, the Hades, known as the earth of eternity, not this physical plane. In fact, a lower astral region. The Egyptian ritual clearly shows that the earthly mummy was left outside the gates of Amenta. In St. John XII: we read how the feet of Jesus were anointed by Mary with a pound of ointment of Spikenard which was very costly, and that she wiped his feet with her hair. Apparently this symbolism is meant to represent Jesus as the eternal life. But perhaps nowhere in the Bible is this ancient significance of anointment more clearly brought out than in St. Matthew XXVI: 7-12, where a woman brings an alabaster box of very precious ointment and poured it on his head as he sat at a meal. His disciples thought it a waste of very precious ointment which could have been sold for much money, but Jesus said: "For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my

burial." Here, then, from Jesus himself we learn that he was anointed for his burial to renew his life and to enter into a new body, a precious body like the ointment, which here replaces the animal fat or the skin of the sacred animal. Hence we see how far back go the roots of Christianity with its symbolism of a future life now almost completely obscured by its doctrines.

The pagan AmaXosa have no token animal to my knowledge; but apparently cattle fulfilled that role in their remote past. Anyway, the irwala feels that by anointing himself he has fully entered his manhood. At this stage of the ceremony a far reaching symbolic act is performed as the Amarwala walk away from the Mkweta hut. They must under no circumstances turn their heads and look back. Inside the soft grass woven hut are their karosses – all their belongings they acquired as gifts during their Abakweta days. And now as they walk away towards the Isutu's kraal the Mkweta hut is put on fire, with all of their past lives and possessions in it. The fire is lit from all sides and within minutes the hut is a roaring mass of flames, and all is reduced to ashes. The Mkweta hut was the womb that gave birth to the new lives. The memory of its influence must remain for it tells the story of birth and childhood. The irwala must never regress, never look back. Not only is his attachment to his mother's influence destroyed for all time because he is now a man and belongs to the Father rank, but the burning of the hut has also a reference to a future life. Solomon Daba remarked to me that when man dies, like the irwala he must not look back, only forward towards his Izinyanya.

From these remnants of what might have been much more elaborate ancient thought, the anointed irwala, like Jesus prepared for his burial, could represent the spirit released from the physical body. The Mkweta hut going up in flames was his home before anointment, and so it too could represent the physical body he inhabited during his formation period from Mkweta to irwala.

These rituals reveal a sort of shadow play in which the infant consciousness of man attempts to act out the mysteries of life which link his inner self to the Eternal.

When the Ammarwala arrive at the Isutu's home they enter the cattle kraal. We bear in mind the sacred significance of the cattle kraal, all delighted and filled with pride and admiration for the new men. They are not the same people they were before initiation. Then a huge fire is lit inside the cattle kraal, and the leaping flames represent the manly passions of the new life, their potency and virility. This is the everyday interpretation, the one best known to the women. But Xagalelagusha said this was one reason for lighting a fire and making a flame; but it is also a sign to the Izinyanya who are said to look like flames, or are made of light. However, this view is only known to Isanusus. Apparently, then, the original meanings have been lost especially in a nomadic people as the Bantu. The fire ceremony is followed by the killing of an ox, and this is a Camagu sacrifice. The Ammarwala are housed in a special hut and the meat is served to them in ritual manner. They can only eat of the right half of the animal. After the meal comes the exhibition dance of the Tshila by the individual irwala. The girls and other young men sing, chant and clap hands. During these dances they symbolise some animal, usually the ferocity of the bull. Perhaps this is a faint survival of totemic days and Taurus. They dance throughout the night, and towards dawn the Junior Kankata orders them to the river or water pool. Here they bathe and wash themselves; again it is a purification rite, because at this time the Senior Kankata prepares the imbola, the ochre and red clay mixed with fat. On return from the river they smear their bodies with this imbola and so they are covered from head to toe in red clay and ochre. This is a further symbolic representation of the new life, because their new white blankets are also dyed red. It is said that this covering with red clay and blanket signifies that they are men of the same blood. A covenant of the Brotherhood and the Fatherhood. After the ceremony the Ammarwala are given gifts by parents and relatives, usually animals and in modern times also money. Speeches are made: even the grandmothers address them and inform them firmly that although they are men and independent, they owe a responsibility to the mothers of the kraal, and

must provide care for them in the manner their fathers do. The official orator has the most to say, and his warnings lay particular stress on the conduct of the new men towards wives and unmarried girls. They are not to have sexual relations with the wives of other men, no matter what the temptation, neither must they have sex with girls, make them pregnant, and expect their fathers to pay the cattle for compensation, because from that day they are entirely responsible for all debts they incur and all punishments by traditional law. They are warned that obedience to their elders, to the laws taught them by the Amakankata are the matters which bring the blessings of the Izinyanya.

Today, with the urbanization of millions of Bantu peoples, the old rites and customs are disappearing. Nevertheless, underneath the western ways and even literacy there slumbers the African psyche. In many of these strata of social life, in all its gradations, there are those who cannot face life unless they have been circumcised. So one comes across an itinerant Incibi, who informs the police about the dangerous weapon he carries in the form of his assegai. He circumcises the lads and they live in a bushy area for a while, covered in white clay and so undergo a mere skeleton imitation of a ceremony that was originally meant to prepare man not only for this world, but also for the next.

THE INTONGANE

This initiation ceremony into womanhood, is perhaps hardly ever performed these days except in the most remote pagan districts of the Ciskei and the Transkei. Nevertheless it has a significance in so far that it, like the Abakweta ceremony, implies a process of rebirth. Although the father decides that his daughter should be initiated the management of the ceremony is in the hands of women.

The eldest aunt as the chief Nkazana and another aunt, the second Nkazana select the other females who have to assist. The girl should be over sixteen years of age. She is placed behind a screen in a hut which is usually as dark as it can be made during the day.

The hair on her head and genitals is shaved. All bangles and other ornaments are removed. Her body is covered only by a blanket and a black veil is placed over her head.

She is not to see sunlight until she is released from the initiation ceremony. Every morning she is taken to a stream to bathe almost at the break of dawn. This is a purification rite. The absence of light signifies a gestation process, and again one observes that the ceremony must begin with the appearance of the new moon.

Analysis of the symbolism conveys the impression that the process of rebirth is an unfoldment from within. It is an inner awakening of a new consciousness of the self, hence there is a symbolic repetition of the developmental process bringing to the fore an awareness of responsibilities and maturation. That which has to produce this wiser and more matured person is in a nascent state in the girl, and is awakened and stimulated into growth by the nature of the rites. The taboo on the consumption of meat and milk together, also applies to the *Intongane*, because these two foods are believed to arouse the sexual urge.

The ceremony begins with the sacrifice of a goat. The *Isipeka* is fed to the girl by the chief *Nkazana*. On the first night uninitiated lads are admitted into the hut, while the "*Intongane*" remain hidden behind the screened off portion which apparently serves as a symbolic womb. In the other portion of the hut the girls and boys sing and dance until late in the night.

Order and discipline are maintained by a male known as *dindala*. He is especially appointed for this task, and has the choice of any girl he fancies as a partner for the night. It is observed that the first night the girl behind the screen listens to the singing, dancing and general gaiety of the uninitiated. From the second night however only *Abafana* – young men, are allowed. After the first night she takes leave of her immaturity, and the process of development into a greater self is begun. All these symbolic acts appear to have had their origin in a conception of man which credited him with unlimited potential for growth into a more enlightened being from within himself. An idea of this nature could only

have had its origin in the knowledge that man's spiritual destiny extends beyond this earth as an eternal growing process. The various spiritual hierarchies in this culture support this conclusion. Such a conception implies that there were cultures in primordial times when the psychic sensitives of the people acquired spiritual knowledge of a high order, which could only be perpetuated by allegory and symbolic ritual. The story of the Abantubomlambo illustrates this operation in the world of representation.

On the second day of the Intongane the girls gather a special soft grass for bedding, for they are permitted to sleep together with their male partners. In the meantime the "Intongane" behind the screen is fully aware of what is happening beyond the partition. Now this sleeping together does not permit the sexual act hence the watchful presence of the dindala. They are however, at liberty to perform metsha, which is a pseudo; sex act performed between the thighs. All girls after puberty were examined by the senior women of the kraal, at least once a month, and particularly after ceremonies such as the Intongane. Should they find evidence of defloration the name of the man must be revealed and the usual traditional marriage with lobola is arranged; or he has to pay compensation of several heads of cattle. This ancient traditional moral pattern of the pagan culture has in urban industrial communities been replaced by permissiveness. There is no substitute, nothing yet has replaced the moral inhibitions of the society of the red blanket and the kraal. Christianity apparently is not sufficient.

Anyway after the cutting of the Inxopo grass an animal is sacrificed. This sacrifice of Izicama is an expression of thankfulness to the powers that be for providing a mother and friends who have reared the girl up to this first step into the world of womanhood. The Isipeka is fed to the novitiate.

From that night onwards the young men visit the hut and are given partners for the night by the dindala who usually selects the most attractive girl for himself. For three weeks every night the girl behind the screen listened to the dancing and singing, and then the awareness of couples on their Inxopo beds in close embrace with the liberty to metsha,

while sleeping under one blanket. All the while however the senior Nkazana keeps an eagle eye so that matters of love making do not exceed the traditional limits. This sort of external control reminds one of the "bundling" of the Highlands of Scotland.

Then comes the day when the famous dance of the "Intonjane" ceremony called the Umgqungqo is performed. Having been fortunate to observe the details of this ritual, I was so vividly reminded of the Bard's words: "All the world is a stage and men and women are merely players." Here was the theatre of the veld with actors and actresses unconscious of playing a role. The enactment was a participation, and I felt that in the deep unconscious levels of their psychics they were sharing and were functioning as units in the universal power of creation and change.

First the men formed a circle facing the entrance to the cattle kraal. They faced towards the East and towards that place sacred to the kraal. To the left of them the married women form a circle, and to the right of the cattle kraal, the girls form another circle. One observes the circular pattern always reflecting the aura, the power of fusion and unison. The circular design that has no end, like the world that encircles us. On this occasion they indulge in whatever is decorative, brass bangles, anklets, large earrings, bright coloured cloths tied round the head, and newly dyed blankets symbolic of the red blood of vitality and fertility.

The wives wear short cow-skin skirts. Their breasts are covered by a broad strip hanging from the neck and called incebeta. But the girls are usually striking with their beautiful and graceful bodies painted with red clay; while their faces are painted with a mixture of ochre and fat. This gives a most attractive brownish appearance. Combined with this decoration their lips are blackened with a mixture of soot and fat. On each cheek bone is painted the design of the spread out foot of a little bird. This is often most delicately executed, as if the artist had spent hours on the task. I think this symbol is to represent the lightness on the feet of the dancers. Around the arms and legs are an abundance of brass and bead bangles, as well as anklets.

Then comes the famous inciyo and nothing else of cloth or skin to cover the body. The inciyo is a little beaded apron-like curtain, around the waist from the iliac crests, and so covering the genital region. The many strings of beads are no more than about six to seven inches long, and only cover the area in front between hips. The longer part of the inciyo is no more than two or three inches below the genital area, and yet the dances are performed by these girls with such smooth delicate rhythmic movements, keeping always within the bounds of gracefulness, that at no time is there even the faintest suggestion of exposure. This is indeed a manner of manipulating nudity in which sex takes a back seat, to grace and the fluidity of the ethereality of the human form in motion. One knows every movement is part of a narrative. The dance unfolds a story. Legend and tradition are the choreographers in this ballet of the Intonjane.

Their rounded firm breasts are exposed; for without these there can be no real womanhood. The Umgungqo is a debutante's ball as well. It is the ancient marriage market. Here the fathers look out for the brides for their sons. The fathers are responsible for the dowry or lobola.

The circle of married women begin the proceedings by chanting and stamping their feet. As the tempo mounts the men begin to sway with prancing movements. It is as if a swell of sound and movement sweeps along towards the circle of girls. Suddenly they come to life with song, dance and clapping of hands to punctuate the narrative the song is about.

The movement become more varied and the rhythm grows bolder and more forceful. The seductive sexual significance in the shimmy of the pelvis, and the sly smiles which accompany some of the more ostentatious rhythms of the hips and buttocks, cause their men to plunge into expressive dance movements. Everyone is conscious of the implicit sexual vitality all this action portrays. Each girl knows the fathers are watching to choose the brides for their sons, so individualism becomes more and more emphatic for the Umgungqo should reveal the desirable qualities of a future wife.

These dances are performed every afternoon for several

weeks and all this time the veiled novice sits behind her screen away from the scene of jubilation. She is however, fully aware of all that is taking place in the kraal. She is a spectator by ear and imagination. The events out there, and those which take place at night in close proximity, are all somehow part of her growing up. There is a sensually stimulating tempo of life around her, and she is stirred by the promise of things to come. It all fulfills the expression of the female principle in a phallic culture.

The process of rebirth is not only represented by the shaving of hair, the veil and the screen, but the Intonjane ceremony, where the girl is not kidnapped and placed behind the screen is even more impressive. The girl is placed behind the screen before sunrise. After sunset a crowd of women and girls all singing and dancing and packed closely around the girl take her to some secluded spot in the hills.

She must not be seen by any man and is wrapped in her blanket and heavily veiled. The procession is escorted by dancing girls, while all clap hands and sing the song which hails a new life.

There in the hills while dusk is falling a transformation is begun, and generated by the performance of a ritual which remains the woman's secret.

When darkness creeps over the kraal they return, and again with song, hand-clapping and dancing. There is great rejoicing for they are bringing back a new person to the kraal. From that moment she goes behind the screen to live her life into the future in the world of her imagination. The nightly visits of the young men begin and each young man who visits the Intonjane hut must leave a gift. These gifts usually of money, are claimed by the father of the Intonjane girl. Several sacrifices of animals are made towards the end of the girl's initiation. Each sacrifice has some special significance like: "Go into the hut", "Brew the beer" and so on.

After the last sacrifice the debutantes dance the "Chata". At this time each gives an exhibition dance and the fathers make their final choice of wives for their sons. The sacrifice of a goat at this stage means, "Burn grass" and the Inxopo

grass is burned, the flames of which signify the new life is complete.

One observes the resemblance to the burning of the Mkweta hut or lodge, and the fire made with leaping flames in the cattle kraal when the Amarwala arrive. In the morning the girl is taken from behind the screen, a large gathering of friends and relations are there to welcome her. The chief Nkazana facing the girl makes the magical declaration to which the girl as a transformed person responds: "Ungumfazi" (You are now a woman). "Ndigumfazi" (I am a woman).

In all primitive cultures we find evidence of initiation into manhood and womanhood. What made uneducated people living as close to nature as man could – conceive of this idea of a transformation of youth into adult responsibility by means of special lessons about life? Girls and boys would in any case in the course of their lives grow into the bodies of adults, why then should they be made to go through a conscious mental process? One cannot find any other explanation but that the adults had knowledge of a spiritual life and that the initiation was originally the means whereby youth was made aware that death was rebirth, and here I do not imply reincarnation for the Isanuses flatly reject any idea of this nature.

The Izinyanya do not relive their lives on earth.

The initiation ceremony is therefore an awakening process that this life is not the be all and end all. Naturally it was always an ideal period of life to teach social responsibilities, but surely the latter by itself does not require knowledge about the Izinyanya, and a special symbolic rebirth which had lost much of its reference to death as a birth into another life. Is this deeper importance and meaning of initiation not something that man was not meant to discard? Does it not teach us that even in his raw state, primeval man had psychic perception, which made him aware of the principles of the inner life, and that these should be taught to youth, in such a manner that the adolescent could become aware of his link with the spiritual life of those who preceded him on earth? In religious systems with a theology of intellectual and not psychic and spiritual origin, we do have pseudo initiations,

for example as confirmation in the church. But do these teach about an inner and future life, or are they merely concerned with admission as a member of a church and a new believer in a creed? The pagan's initiation, however carries a significance which concerns the very mystery of Becoming. That which must be awakened to transform the person is within him, and within the realm of mind. This is of course what the symbols tell us. Although there is no articulate consciousness of all the spiritual meanings of an inner evolution, they do produce evidence of feeling this expected inner change, without having words for it.

There is an instinctiveness about these initiation ceremonies, as though they contain information belonging to the human principle of life and to maturation.

Could it be that our modern problem of youth and drugs and the formation of a subculture for youth with a screen between it and its parental generation, has come about because the bridge of initiation no longer exists?

If this is so then we can learn from the pagan and uncover the archetypes of a pristine spiritual perception when man, awakened to realities beyond the physical world.

The ritual bathing of the Intonjane and the Abakweta are understood and felt as purification by water. It is of interest therefore to note that in the ancient Egyptian ritual there is a lake of propitiation in Amenta, (the immediate next sphere of life) in which the souls of the newly dead bathe to free them of earthly attachments. Perhaps in remote times much of this inner meaning was lost by the Bantu; yet they retained sufficient symbols to allow us to uncover the overlay of the sense world. All these archaic ideas of a life process which man is to encounter after his death are found in bits and pieces here and there in the initiations and myths. They are meant to fulfill a two fold purpose – a preparation for a future earth life, and a future spiritual life. These two processes have a very decided reference to renewal of life in a new body after death. This change is to take place in a sphere for spiritual rebirth by purgation or cleansing. It became very clear to me that the pagan Bantu acts out his prayers or the blessings or favours he requires from

Qamata. The ceremony of the Umtendeleko is an outstanding example of this acting out by suggestion in eating corn and drinking beer. Their deeds are already part of a creative process. Hence in the initiation ceremonies we have the requirements of the future life all wrapped up in the ritual for producing a transformation. But before this can come about there has to be purification by purgation or cleansing. In the Catholic Church doctrine there is a plane, or state where penitent souls departing this life are cleansed from venial sins. We glance back at the Mkweta confessing his misdeeds as he washes himself before circumcision.

The Catholic doctrine is the same as that of Amenta in the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*, where it has existed for many thousands of years, before it came to Rome.

These initiations therefore tell their own story of man needing some eternal awareness an undefined knowing that life demands a preparation, and that somewhere ahead of us is a process of renewal following the death of the old.

To discover these meanings as they emerged in my mind was a fascinating process. The pagan mind was acting out treasures of knowledge obtained by his ancestors when they could tune in to the rhythms of nature of the world of psychic perception. If primeval man did not commune with the things of nature how does it come about that the pagan Xhosa believed in a sympathetic union with a tree?

The old Xhosa custom of planting two Euphorbia trees at the birth of twins has long ago died out. Yet I have seen several of these pairs of tall Euphorbia trees, standing there like lonely couples on the veld.

One day I came across such a pair of trees like two solitary beings on a barren veld. I left my car and walked with my Xhosa companion towards them, and to my surprise I found two women sitting there next to the trees, the one was middle aged and the other old and frail.

My companion explained that we were interested in the story of the twin trees.

Then the old woman told me she came to talk to the trees for they were planted when her twin boys were born. They went far to the North some years ago and she has not heard

of them, but the trees will know, for their lives began at the same time, and they will feel what happens to her sons. All she has to do is sit there and think of them and a message will come in her thoughts which will tell her how they are. This message comes through the life of the trees. If her sons had died, the trees would have gone into decline, but they look well and healthy therefore her sons should be well. Now one might say this is a magical belief and what one would expect from an ignorant primitive person.

But a few years ago an American, Cleve Backster discovered that plants were sensitive to stress and could feel threatening intentions and deeds. Here then is a perception that exists where life is, so that our pagan Xhosa woman believed in something which was not far removed from the truth.

My experience was many years before Cleve Backster's discovery, but to me the Xhosa woman's belief was not nonsense. I knew intuitively that there was a Cosmic consciousness pervading all forms of life, and that primeval man passed through a phase when he could tune his consciousness to communicate with plants and trees by means of a spectrum in the Universal Mind, which he shared with other forms of life.

One senses that the life of the pagan was somehow influenced by a subconscious urge to synchronise with nature. The timing of the initiations to begin with the new moon is based on a belief that the moon has a direct influence on life. Not only is the initiate conscious of the waxing moon, but it gives him confidence that he is growing with the moon into a being to surpass his former self. Today we have scientific evidence not only of the moon's effects on our earth, but of its magnetic effects on the human organism.

So among these ancient relics in the pagan rites are the treasures of knowledge of a spectrum of life to which the psyche was once attuned, when man could sense the cosmic forces which determined life's course.

WITCHES AND MYTHS

It was in the delusional world of the mentally disordered, especially those suffering from schizophrenia that I came across the mysterious unnatural and peculiar creatures of the Xhosa myths.

They have an invisible existence, and seem to be screened off from the sight of man by an unseen partition. Some say they came from and again disappeared into the sky.

They indulge in depraved sexual activities, and appear to exist beyond all the sexual inhibitions and taboos of society.

It is from behind the barriers of these moral inhibitions that they emerge to plague the erotic proclivities of women.

Their roles are those of seducers, whose magic is almost exclusively directed to exploit female sexual passion to a pitch where their love making becomes utterly irresistible.

These are the Tikoloshe, the Impundulu and the Inyoka, who are solely concerned with female sexual gratification.

But somehow the male sex is not without its sexual temptress in the form of the beautiful Momlambo. She is indeed the queen of love, noted for her enchanting sexual allurements and perfection of form. According to those who know their folklore there can be no woman as beautiful and as full of charm as the Momlambo. It is said that she can captivate and enslave the affections of any man, and so drive him mad, and lead him to suicide if he fails to carry out her will.

At first she comes like a shadow, but one that can be felt like the stroking of a soft feather over one's naked body

Out of all these sensations, and very suddenly too, a soft voluptuous body forms, pressing its being against the man in a fleeting embrace, which fades into the unseen with a lingering gurgling laughter and is gone.

The magic is in the sound of this laughter for there are people who have heard it, and have followed it even in the dark of night, and so have walked to their death over precipices.

Dwali Nekompelo was a past master in the art of relating the thoughts, actions and habitual attitudes of the inhabitants of the mythical world. As a Xhosa narrator among those I have met, he was unequalled, and he especially excelled in his portrayal of the Momlambo. He seemed to enjoy every moment of it, when he dramatised her bewitching laughter, and described a form which was like a combination of feathers and a soft breeze. Indeed this primeval theatre of mind, where man identified his feelings and acted them out in images and words depicting the objects of the creative imagination, must have been among the first arts awakened by consciousness.

Before I listened to the stories of Dwali Nekompela, I had already heard a great deal about the Tikoloshe from my patients. Some objected to his amorous attentions, while others were exalted by the depths of love into which he took them.

The forbidden regions of mind no longer had their frontiers nor barriers. The mythical beings that always slumbered behind these barriers in the rational world now rushed forth unabashed.

Conditions such as the biochemical and biogenetic disturbances which disorganize the brain, apparently throw up this mental lava from deeper psychic levels.

But let Dwali tell the story of the Tikoloshe, as we sip Bantu beer and eat green mealies roasted on the cob on red glowing coals in the centre of the hut.

No one knows when the Tikoloshe came into the lives and kraals of these people. He could only have been there from the beginnings. Anyway there is no doubt about his existence as he can be seen by young boys, who once they reach the age of puberty lose this power of seeing what is invisible to others. Apparently this reference to the ability of children to see the unseen confuses clairvoyance with seeing the Tikoloshe. But as the latter cannot be classed among spiritual beings, and is really best described as a "Thoughtform", certain liberties have been taken with the natural clairvoyance of children and made an ability to perceive the Tikoloshe.

Dwali's description of him agrees in every way with the delusional visions of him seen by schizophrenic female patients.

But from the manner in which Dwali presents the personality of the Tikoloshe, one cannot help but sense an element of admiration, if not liking, because of the fighting skill with sticks and above all his clowning abilities when the Tikoloshe amuses small boys.

Among the rest of his characteristics, there are buffoonery, practical jokes and the disturbance of household utensils which stamps the Tikoloshe as one who also plays the role of a poltergeist.

According to Dwali Nekompelo the Tikoloshe has a head larger than that of an adult male. He has short muscular arms, which reach down to just about his hips, and his legs equally muscular and powerful are also short and no longer than his arms.

The peculiarity of his appearance is his long body from shoulders to hips. His arms and legs are out of proportion to his trunk.

But his most outstanding feature is his enormous male organ. This peculiarity is of course described by all the patients.

He usually wears a soft sheepskin kaross, which is tied above his left shoulder, leaving his right arm and chest bare and it is in his right hand that he carries his powerful heavy fighting stick. The kaross conceals his sex organs.

It is only when he is going to seduce a woman that he pulls the kaross to the right to expose his giant phallus.

He usually finds his paramour among women who have been bewitched and many who because of evil spirits have lost their senses. That was the reason why he was the lover of so many women in the hospital.

But even in the kraals there are women who have dreams in which they experience sex relations with the Tikoloshe. It is seldom that these women talk about their dreams, but it has been mentioned that one who has had a sex dream about the Tikoloshe lives in a state of erotic excitement for days afterwards.

There is no doubt it is not only the manner of his sex act with women that remains unforgettable, but it is also some powerful magic which ties all the senses together in a bundle, and makes them feel only the pleasure of sex.

There are women who change towards their menfolk. They become cold and not interested in these approaches from their men. This is a bad sign, and one need not be puzzled when the Igqira can see the Tikoloshe is the lover of the woman. Like the Impundulu the Tikoloshe also make magic passes which place the husbands of these women they fancy into unnaturally deep sleep.

It is among these spellbound sleep states, that the Tikoloshe make the woman experience sexual gratification which no woman normally can have from a man.

But it inevitably happens that any woman who enjoys this relationship with the Tikoloshe, becomes bewitched and in the end pays the price of losing her senses.

It was during this period of my field work about the mythical beings in the folklore, that a female Xhosa patient was admitted who talked freely about her experiences with the Tikoloshe.

She had some schooling and had been married for some time to a school teacher, who was considerably older than herself. Her people were pagans but became Christians of the Catholic faith late in life.

Her marriage was childless and she knew that this made her husband very unhappy, because African women must bear children, otherwise people would think the man has no virility and lacks the power of manhood.

She spoke to the priest and other people of her church about her unhappiness at not having children and was advised to pray for a child.

She prayed but nothing happened. Then one day a woman spoke to her and said she could wear a "Lobulunga" under her blouse, and no one would know, because the church condemned belief in these pagan customs. She explained that the "Lobulunga" was placed round the neck of a sterile woman, and it also cures and prevents many forms of ill health.

Its fertility power is in the fact that it is a necklace made from the long hairs of the tail of a fertile cow. She confided her secret desire for a "Lobulunga" to her husband, but he was afraid, that because the priest would not approve that it could very well bring a curse upon them as Christians.

He would get some medicines for himself to increase his potency. But although he drank several bottles of medicines from a herbalist she still did not become pregnant.

Then an African man came to the house selling insurance policies. He spoke about a policy for the education of her children, and when she told him she had no children, he was most surprised and told her that a pretty young healthy woman like her could not miss to have a child. Perhaps her husband was either too old or not fertile.

She should take a chance with a younger man like himself, for no one would ever know, and the husband would think it was the result of his medicines. She could encourage her husband to drink more of the medicines from the herbalist. For a moment the idea appealed to her, and then she thought that she could not hide such a deed and not confess it to the priest. So she refused him and told him to leave her alone.

But for sometime before she met this insurance man she had noticed people staring at her. She felt that there was something about her which they could sense, something queer, something which made them look at her as if she could be bewitched. She did not tell her husband about this, but it made her dislike people because she was sure they were talking about her and saying she was looking for sex with young men.

One Sunday in church she actually heard whispering about her. Some woman was saying she should not be there as she was bad and wanted to seduce their husbands. This upset her very much. There was a peculiar influence that drew her eyes to the private parts of young men, even when they were dressed in European clothes.

Then she began to hear the whispering. It was like a voice, which did not want to say aloud that it wanted to make love to her. It spoke about a sort of sex which no man could give her.

She began to enjoy this secret whispering, because it excited her; so much that she asked her husband to make more love to her. Somehow she knew the voice could come from no one else but the Tikoloshe. She had of course heard about him and his power over women, because of his phallus. She felt sure it was the Tikoloshe, who made her look at the front of men's trousers and think of their genitals.

The whispering sometimes came when her husband was home and it made her turn her head and smile for it gave her a lovely feeling and excited her.

It told her that her husband could not gratify her, nor for that matter could he give her satisfaction because she was more powerful sexually than other women, therefore only the Tikoloshe could be her lover.

Her husband no longer gave her pleasure and she began to feel he was no good for her. He quarrelled with her and said she was lazy and didn't answer when he talked with her. He wanted to know why she smiled to herself and who she whispered to?

Then one moonlight night, while her husband was asleep and the moonlight was streaming in through the open window, she saw the Tikoloshe coming in through the window as if he was gliding in by means of the moonlight.

He was short and muscular, with a long body but short arms and legs. He pulled his Kaross aside and showed her his phallus.

When she woke up the next morning she knew that during the magic spell he made love to her and she felt happy because God had heard her prayers and sent her a lover.

This schizophrenic condition improved under insulin coma treatment and she was well enough to go home. She thought that the Tikoloshe was not real but came out of her imagination.

It is the origin of the Tikoloshe, his powerful sexual drive, his body build and his abnormal phallus, which give the impression that he is derived from a primordial period when the exuberance of the male sexual instinct had to be exalted and admired as the power of procreation symbolised by his phallus.

This aspect of the mythos could have come about during a struggle between the matriarchal and patriarchal cultures.

He is indeed a composite mythical being representing the emotional and erotic elements which the phallic cult could provide.

His size and the disproportion between his arms, legs and trunk place him in the category of a dwarf. In other words a man with a juvenile component to reveal an ever growing power of procreation. His clowning, his pranks and his companionships of boys almost suggest the symbol of eternal puberty.

The Tikoloshe is bound by no taboo, and one must look upon him as an amoral creature. Indeed he symbolises the wild fire of pubescent sex. He is the chief actor in the Xhosa world of female erotic phantasy. The emphasis on the size of his phallus suggests that time and imagination have made him a depraved creature of a human type, whereas the size of his phallus cannot really refer to a physical human origin, but is rather representative of a universal procreative power. It symbolises the fructifier of all nature, and fits well into a world of mind, when the earth was looked upon as the womb of universal life.

One can be sure that human minds did not deliberately with preconceived design create this dwarf-like creature. His composition is something that emerged with time from a status of divinity to that of a human type, with its unbridled passions in the erotic life of man.

For instance in ancient Egypt the god Seb was represented as a priapus or phallic deity. But Seb was also the earth god and hence the father image; the one that fructified. Hence it was his potency to generate the products of the earth that made the phallus the symbol of his power.

The priapus hence had no vulgar or crude significance to the primordial intellect for in man it also represented the power of procreation.

There was a universality about it, associated with spring, fertility and the renewal of the face of the earth.

We find for instance in *The Book of the Dead* that Horus fought the Apap-dragon of drought and sterility with his

phallus. Here then we have the phallus of Horus symbolising fructification, generation, procreation and fertility, against drought and the barrenness it brought. It is actually stated "that the enemies of Ra are repulsed by the phallus of Horus."

Also Herodotus about 480 B.C. mentioned that an enormous phallus was carried in processions of the people. It was venerated as symbolic of solar power. The sacred significance cannot therefore be excluded from an enlarged image of man's organ of procreation, nor can one dissociate this display of potency from the advent of a period when the particular father took control of what could have been a promiscuous culture when women had free access to all men.

The solar association of generation and germination became linked with the light of the sun, for it is said that even the sacred candle and its light owes its importance to derivation from the phallus and its original representation of the sun's power.

The Linga and Yoni of the Hindu religion have basically the same meaning symbolising a divine and supernatural origin of fertility and procreation. It was the superhuman significance that survived in the form of a male organ, even when the mind of man had long ago lost contact with the true power it represented. Relics of this universal idea of the magic of the phallus even cropped up among the Aborigines of Australia, where the widow of the deceased wore his amputated phallus suspended around her neck for seven years.

The latter number of years is also significant since the number seven has many spiritual associations which rise above the physical interest of mind.

The widow believed that by wearing the phallus suspended from her neck she prevented its decay. Such is the course of man's degeneration of values which were once upon a time superhuman. The real symbol of wearing the phallus could only have had reference to eternal life, with the number seven as a period of renewal in another world.

The story of Isis looking for the dismembered parts of the body of Osiris, tells us how she found his phallus, as the

symbol of his resurrection, when all the parts were put together.

So it is really a hope and prayer for the resurrection of her husband and a new life to come that made the widow of the Aboriginal Australian wear his phallus around her neck.

From ancient Egypt to far Australia travelled this symbol of divine eternal life and superhuman procreation, to become in the course of ages a relic with the magic to prevent decay.

The mind could not retain those other meanings which were derived from the god Seb. Even in the ancient Egyptian resurrection scenes, the rising of Osiris from the dead is indicated by the re-erection of his male emblem.

With all this evidence it is quite amazing to think that the composition of qualities and drives that finally fashioned the Tikoloshe in the Xhosa mythos had their origin in the powers of the god Seb.

We see in the youthful strong and sexually potent Tikoloshe all the original symbols that were once procreation, germination, and fructification, reduced by degeneration to a promiscuous sexual animal.

In time the phallus had shed its divine significances and became a huge penis for satisfying the mere act of sex.

This image of the Tikoloshe could also have received much of its degenerate purpose from the glorification of the phallic cult, which centered itself on a human function and discarded by degenerate narrowing of consciousness the meaningfulness of the days of Seb and Osiris.

One would imagine that the appropriation of the phallic magic really came about with the emergence of the patriarchal culture, when men possessed women and became the fathers of their families.

Even the initiation rites into manhood have all the evidence of having been derived from the Fatherhood cult, which led to the Brotherhood by means of initiation.

It was in these ideas, and the performance of their rites, that I saw the pagan Xhosa enact a framework of thought of ancient lineage with its finer meanings left behind in a world of lost memories.

In ancient Egypt Ra was God, the power behind the sun,

whose potency on earth was represented by the phallus, but out of all this universality that Ra represented, the Tikoloshe as a degenerate relic only retained the phallus and was even classed among evil spirits. Yet the Tikoloshe must have had a profound effect on the mind of men in this culture, because he seems to be an unconscious rival to them. His sexual powers are superior to that of the human male and he is therefore a constant challenge in a sexual marathon.

Could this be a reason why the African of low cultural status considers that the production of children is the prime function of a woman? It seems to have taken on obsessive compulsive proportions, as a subconscious expression, meeting the constant unknown challenge to prove virility and potency.

This phallic cult is still operative at a conscious level, among thousands of this calibre and in urban industrial communities, population explosion, inability to feed and clothe and house large broods of children do not seem to stir a social conscience.

No one can exonerate the inherent phallic cult even if the sexual rivals of man, such as the Tikoloshe, Impundulu and Inyoka only emerge into active thought when the mind is deluded. There remains the sexual preoccupation to establish the unconscious and original meaning of the priapus as the procreator of children.

It is so dynamic that it fails to consider the economic pressure and distress and above all it prevents mind from becoming aware that a mass mankind of low level intellect and culture will always emphasise the cultural differences prone to racial discrimination.

The archetypal significance of the phallic cult, as it is revealed among our African peoples, must have been a great force in the life of man, when degeneracy confined its universal meaning to the functions of a male organ.

One has only to think of the phallic symbols of ancient Greece in the form of upright pillars and one cannot exclude from this phallic symbol of procreation Jacobs pillar at Bethal (Genesis XXVIII:18). Then the Hindu obelisks of the Linga and Yoni, and the Druidic structures in Britain, all in the

end seemed to have become fossilised in the sensual nature of man.

But there is one other non sexual manifestation for which the Tikoloshe is as a rule blamed, and that is the role of the poltergeist.

When things are thrown about by invisible means, and stones rain on huts, and even come through thatched roofs and through walls, or just drop from anywhere, then only the Tikoloshe could be at work.

Naturally counter measures are immediately taken and the Tikoloshe as part of evil forces is driven away.

But when I raised the question that these things only happen in families, where someone is becoming "Ukutwasa"; Solomon Daba agreed.

He said it was the girl or boy, or woman who was developing this form of "twasa" for moving things, who attract to them these wicked forces or spirits.

They cannot do these things simply because they are "twasa", but these things or stones coming through a wall happen, because the spirits outside the "twasa girl" use the power which she gives off, and then they do these wicked things with this power which is set free by Ukutwasa. This is an interesting view of poltergeists, and if one has to interpret the hidden meanings of Solomon Daba and uncover what has become overlayed with the Tikoloshe and evil spirits in general, then the picture of the poltergeist, of which I have investigated several cases, could be interpreted in another light.

At present there is the poltergeist focus or person, who has an aura or force field highly geared with the power, probably an ectoplasmic substance, in invisible form for the manifestations of which psychological agencies can be found.

Now we do not know the variations and extent of these auric force fields around the person. Such a force field could send out radiations and be concentrated as a narrow jet of invisible ectoplasm, which by means of its electromagnetic force might move objects.

Solomon Daba's view can be interpreted that other spiritual beings can become linked with these radiations, and so

direct and control them, and do things which are disturbing and at times even do harm to the person, which that person would not do to herself.

It is therefore, necessary during all seances that the Izinyanya or the Ixhwele are called because they keep these wicked spirits away. He knows there is a world of wicked spirits, who cannot get away from the earth, and who are always waiting for people, who have the power of Ukutwasa, and then these wicked spirits jump inside this twasa power and play the fool or just become a nuisance.

But usually it is serious.

When asked why they always throw stones and break things, he said they have minds like children and they do not care for the comfort of people. They are like children screaming, shouting, fighting and pushing each other under water when the kraal children go swimming in the river pools.

When these spirits find a "twasa pool" round a person, they enjoy themselves in it, and use all the powers that they can exercise for they live their lives again.

This story of Solomon Daba extends the powerfield of the poltergeist. It is usually assumed that the subconscious motivations and thoughts of the person who is the poltergeist focus are the cause of the manifestations, and modern parapsychology tends to consider the person herself or himself as the mental source of all the mischief.

But in my experience I have seen a cloth on a wall in a kitchen start smouldering and burning in the centre. I have seen a huge stone which dropped from a high ceiling, and virtually for some distance float down before it began to fall and hit the floor.

There was no physical way that the stone could have got into that passage absolutely soundlessly and then come from an unbroken ceiling and float a few feet as if waiting to be seen, before falling, and that in the presence of a policeman.

It is not man's normal usual mental power that can entirely by itself select objects from outside and then reduce them to a state in which they come through walls inside a close passage, return to the organization of molecules and their density the stone had before it came through the wall.

If this is an innate power of man's mind, no matter what level, it would surely have been revealed far more commonly in life?

For this stone to penetrate the door or a shut window, a wall or ceiling, its molecular state must have become of such a frequency as to behave like an astral body.

What average human mind has the power or has in the history of man revealed a personal conscious mental power to make a stone invisible, or reduce it to a molecular state which the eye cannot see, and then reduce it again to solid stone?

There is no evidence that man normally possesses a mental power to make objects invisible entirely by his own efforts.

It appears, however, that there could be forms of energy in the cosmos which could be attracted to the aura of a mediumistic person, and that this cosmic spectrum of energy so attracted by ectoplasmic concentrations, could be manipulated by intelligences to separate the physical molecules by an increase of frequency of vibration.

By means of this process the physical object becomes invisible to normal sight.

It would then exist fundamentally in the form of its astral double.

Once however, the object has passed outside the sphere of influence of this energy the molecules revert to the normal frequency rate of a solid object, as in the case of the stone in the passage of the house.

The thought which produces these changes in solid objects comes from outside the person, although in poltergeist cases the mediumistic changes could be influenced by emotional states of dissatisfaction or distress in the person, and so attract those spirit agencies which behave like projections of the mind of the person.

Some psychological or emotional need in such a person could cause auric disturbances and radiations of ectoplasmic matter causing a field of force attracting earthbound spirits.

The peculiar destructive and noisy patterns of these manifestations give the impression of a certain type of mentality. In

this respect the poltergeist becomes one of the most interesting fields of study for parapsychology.

To consider it as a form of personal subconscious activity entirely devoid of extraneous mental influences does not seem to answer the case. Because poltergeist manifestations reveal effects at a distance from unseen and unknown causes at times causing physical harm to the person who is believed to be the poltergeist focus. Among the Xhosa people these disturbances are due to witchcraft caused by evil spirits.

I once attended what I would call an exorcist seance by Solomon Daba and several other Xhosa psychics.

The possessed or bewitched person in this case was quite rational, and a girl of about twenty years of age.

The trouble began when in broad daylight, while this girl was grinding corn in the presence of others, blood suddenly streamed down her arms.

She was taken to Solomon Daba who found scratchlike incisions over the front and back of her arms. There were a number of them grouped in definite patterns all of which were the same.

The position of those on the back of the arms could by no means have been self inflicted.

I examined these scratchlike incisions. They appeared as if made by pulling a sharp pin hard over the skin. They were inflicted for the second time, when I examined them. The incisionlike marks were about an inch apart and four inches long and all were identical.

The story was that they happened with a burning sensation and all at once.

At the time the parents of the girl believed they were made by the Tikoloshe, because the calabash hanging on the wall has been heard to knock, and was actually flung across the hut narrowly missing the head of the girl herself.

Solomon Daba said the girl was developing a form of "twasa" and that some evil spirits or a deceased witchdoctor had attained power over her.

The incisions were those commonly used by native doctors to administer certain medicines by rubbing the fluid or powders into the incisions.

The exorcist seance was conducted inside a hut. The patient was in the centre of the circle of dancers, while others chanted and clapped hands. The chanting was an appeal to the Izinyanya to help and free the girl from these evil influences. They were sure that after a seance dance of this nature the spirits causing the trouble would depart, because they cannot do harm when the power of the Izinyanya is present.

As I could not follow up this case because of my hospital duties, I never learned whether this infliction of scratches ceased. The mystery however, puzzled me for years, for if the story was genuine that unseen agents inflicted these scratches, the question remained how and by what means were they inflicted?

One could not rule out intelligence and intention to produce a certain effect. But what was employed to scratch the skin to a depth that made wounds bleed?

Whatever force caused these wounds could only have been directed by thought. Therefore this thought came from invisible beings with the intelligence to carry out their intentions.

The matter was left there as I could not find a solution, nor could the native doctors explain how it was done, except that this sort of witchcraft was possible and did happen.

The years rolled by and left this phenomenon as one of the unsolved cases of my psychic experiences.

Then one day a White bank official in the city brought his wife to see me; as they were puzzled at the inexplicable manner in which by invisible means, scratches of a definite pattern suddenly appeared on her body. First there was a burning sensation and then bleeding from several clusters of scratches all over her arms, back and front.

These started first seven years ago in Pretoria, when she was about to climb into her bath. No physical cause could be found and the process has repeated itself every few months over a period of seven years.

The patient was a stout placid woman and a mother of several children. She was not depressed or visibly anxious and merely wanted to know whether I could prevent this sort of thing.

On questioning her about possible psychic experiences, to ascertain whether she could be mediumistic, she described feelings of forebodings and one or two visions which could have been clairvoyant. She had no knowledge of psychic matters and did not appear to be really interested apart from polite attention to what I had to say.

The reason for coming to me was that these scratches were last inflicted two nights before seeing me, and happened in bright light as she was climbing over her husband who was lying reading on the front of the double bed.

On examining the scratches I found to my amazement that they were identical to those I saw years ago on Solomon Daba's patient. They were the same distance apart and of the same number and length. The idea of self infliction could be completely ruled out because of the location of those to the back of the upper arm, and then there was the evidence of the husband, who had seen this sudden simultaneous appearance with bleeding in daylight on several occasions.

They claimed they did not know what caused the condition. They talked about the matter in a manner which did not give the impression of people who were deeply concerned.

The problem was to convey a possible psychic explanation, and to elicit co-operation in people whose attitude seemed to be one of wanting a cure without their participation or understanding of a possible physical being at work.

I told them of my experience with Solomon Daba's patient and that since the native doctors claimed successes by obtaining the help of their *Izinyanya*, we could perhaps dispel these earthbound influences by developing a consciousness of one's own inner spiritual powers.

I reminded them that in Cor. XV:44: Saint Paul mentions that man has a spiritual body and a physical body.

I explained that in my opinion if one could train one's mind to think of this spiritual body as a divine reality, and the inner source of one's consciousness, and also think of the soul with reverence, such an attitude if sincere should influence one's aura, and an earthbound spirit would not be able to inflict such injuries.

I would help to train her mind to develop this spiritual

consciousness and so bring about a state of her aura which could resist being utilised for these nefarious purposes.

Emphasis was placed on the fact that if Solomon Daba was correct that these scratches were caused by people who died with evil minds then the power to free oneself must come from one's inner resources, and therefore one must accept the soul as a divine reality and the dynamic source of the spiritual body mentioned by Saint Paul.

The cures described by Solomon Daba seem to me to be largely dependent on the person believing that the power of the Izinyanya will form a protection around him or her.

I gave her one of my books to familiarise her with psychic phenomena and the worlds of the unseen.

She was to come and see me again to help her along the lines of developing her own inner powers by conscious efforts.

She came once, and thereafter failed to keep appointments. She kept the book for months until requested to return it, and probably never read it. She made excuses that household duties prevented her from coming to see me.

It was clear therefore that she had no intention of following my advice, if I did not have a magical remedy to stop the infliction of the scratches.

Experience with this type of mind leads one to conclude that she believed she was bewitched.

Although she denied it one cannot rule out the possibility that at some time or other she had consulted a witchdoctor and so established an association between that level of mentality and herself.

One does not know whether at some period in her childhood a witchdoctor or herbalist did not make some skin incisions to rub in medicines for some ailment.

There are many Whites who consult these native doctors and who believe in their magical powers.

Again the fact that I raised the question that these inflictions could come from earthbound spirits, probably gave rise to ideas about spirits and spiritualism, which I happen to know are condemned as evil by her church and forbidden in the Bible according to this type of theology.

Hence with her ignorance and lack of spiritual insight my

advice would be in conflict with her church, even if she was hiding the fact that somewhere in her life she could have been associated with native medicines. Perhaps she came to obtain medicines with the necessary magical properties to cure this evil affliction.

Not long after seeing this patient living a civilized existence in a city, I received a letter from a White ex-maternity nurse somewhere near Pretoria. She wrote that after she gave up nursing she became a receptionist to a European medical doctor. He did a great deal of surgery. He passed away some-time ago and it was a considerable period after his death that she suddenly in broad daylight felt a burning sensation on her legs up to her thighs.

To her astonishment she found bleeding scratches in groups of four or five – about four inches long and about an inch or so apart. These scratches had been made on her legs on several occasions and some people had suggested that it was the deceased doctor who was haunting her.

Could I please give advice?

I wrote a sympathetic letter pointing out that according to her description of the pattern of the scratches they were identical with the method of applying medicines through the skin commonly employed by native doctors. It would therefore be most unlikely that a European medical man who was a surgeon, and who one can accept would never have employed native treatment methods could be held responsible for a so called haunting.

It would be necessary to know what experience she has had of native medicines or whether she had ever consulted a witchdoctor.

I mentioned that since she implied that she was inclined to accept the opinion of her friends that the spirit of the deceased doctor was responsible, I considered it would not be difficult for her to understand that an earthbound witchdoctor could be attached or attracted to her aura because of some association or experience in her past.

Having outlined the sort of information I would require, I wrote to her full of expectation of a reply; I never heard a word from her in reply to my letter.

Here again the scratches followed the same pattern only in the last case they were on the legs, and in two cases were thus inflicted on persons not of African culture.

It appears that both these European women were frightened off by something contained in my quest for further information.

Could it be the idea of spirits associated with one's aura or magnetic force field? And therefore a fear of becoming involved with spirits, which their church condemns, or is it that they wish to hide the fact that they consulted native witchdoctors and used native medicines?

All this is most unfortunate because co-operation by such people could have been great value to parapsychology.

Anyway one can expect reactions of this nature from people who belong to taboo ridden religions.

There is of course the common Christian theological conception of the Devil as a solitary individual going around carrying out his nefarious deeds in opposition to the good of God. Apparently then according to this type of Christian theology part of the universe is ruled over by the Devil, and therefore God is apparently powerless to conquer him altogether, except occasionally preventing him from free play with human lives.

The pagan idea of evil spirits possessing people by getting into them could be interpreted as entering their auras or force fields and is certainly more in accordance with psychic experience than a Devil leading a host of fallen angels. The latter conception is so incongruous with the idea of spiritual advancement to an angelic degree, that it cannot be considered otherwise than a myth born out of ignorance of spiritual philosophy.

But to return to the persons on whom these scratches were inflicted by invisible means. How was this act accomplished?

The Amarqira or native doctors and Isanuses all seemed to agree that these evil or earthbound spirits can only bring about such strange and abnormal deeds, with people who are beginning to be "twasa".

The knowledge we have acquired from many sources about manifestations of this nature leave us with the only conclusion

that such spirit beings are underdeveloped and unable due to ignorance of spiritual matters to free themselves from the habits of earth life.

Under these conditions the mediumistic aura has certain properties of attracting these earthbound spirits.

These properties could be ectoplasmic radiations filling the force field beyond the normal confines of ectoplasm in the physical body.

This invisible field of ectoplasm could provide a means whereby the thought of discarnate beings with an earthbound consciousness could produce these physical phenomena.

Of course advanced spiritual beings of a high order have in my personal experience utilised this force field of the medium to bring apports; and have on other occasions produced physical healing powers.

It is the spiritual developments of the discarnate being which appear to be the main criterion in such matters.

The undeveloped earthbound consciousness is attracted to the aura of a mediumistic person no doubt by the concentration of invisible ectoplasm.

The condition of like attracting like, could also operate between the spirit being and the physically alive, if they are of the same mentality in tastes and desires.

The nefarious deeds are the products of spirits who considered survival nonsense and who thought death was a final annihilation, and who were mentally depraved in many respects.

A person addicted to drugs or alcohol could attract discarnate beings from a sphere next to physical life.

Such spiritual beings are ruled by their earthly habits and sources of gratification, and if there is a similarity between the tastes of the discarnate and those in the flesh the former could take possession of the aura of the latter and relive his earth life and enjoyments in an illusionary manner. If an earthbound witchdoctor, who sold medicines for magical purposes and rubbed these into incisions, enters the aura of a mediumistic person he could continue his earthly habits and methods of treatment.

It seems logical to conclude that such a spirit would be attracted to a mind believing in these native medicines, and more so if the aura of the person has properties which facilitate such an attraction.

We are informed that the Russian medium Nelya Mikhailova was found to have an electromagnetic force field much more powerful than that of the average person, according to *Psychic Discoveries Behind The Iron Curtain* by Ostrander and Schroeder.

This force field was described by Dr Sergeyev as a cocoon of energy.

These phenomena have been scientifically established by means of a detector. It is considered that each living body has such an electronic mould of energy surrounding it and extending about four yards away from the body.

If we can now imagine that this cocoon of electromagnetic energy can become loaded with invisible ectoplasmic substance in mediumistic persons, or those known as "twasa", then this condition of the aura could provide the means for the production of the scratches.

The authors Ostrander and Schroeder mention that Nelya Mikhailova could by mental concentration separate the yolk from the white of an egg in a salt solution.

This experiment and many others which appear miraculous like that of the power of Uri Geller to bend the hands of a watch under glass cover by merely concentrating on it, could only take place within this cocoonlike field of force of the aura.

Now we know that ectoplasm is ideoplastic. The research work of the late Dr Glen Hamilton is irrefutable on this point.

Nelya Mikhailova thought hard that the yolk of the egg should separate neatly from the white, and after a while it happened.

If her aura with its electronic power was filled with ectoplasmic radiation, which might even on occasions extend beyond the boundary of the aura, then her thoughts could operate on this substance and make it separate the yolk from that of the white of the egg.

The secret appears to be the operation of intelligence and

thought on an object within the force field containing a certain concentration of ectoplasm. These experiments by Mikhailova and Uri Geller emphasise that the prime factor is the thought, which is directed at an object to bring about the effect willed and desired in the consciousness of the person.

If we interpret Solomon Daba's ideas in terms of these experiments and the findings of Dr Sergejev, then the "twasa" person attracts an evil spirit into her force field.

Once this spirit being is in that position it could manipulate objects by means of the ectoplasmic substance with its responsiveness to thought.

If Uri Geller can bend a spoon and the hands of a watch by thought then it is the mental picture impressed on ectoplasm which is translated into a physical fact.

The thoughtform becomes a reality in ectoplasm which in turn alters the radiation of the molecules in the spoon or watch hand and so produce the bending and alteration in structure.

The actual electromagnetic mental processes under the direction of mind which separate the yolk from the white, and bend a watch spring, reveal the strange physical effects that can be produced by substances and forms of energy in the field of the aura.

The evidence is such that one cannot exclude the power of intelligence to operate at certain vibrations and produce these incision-like scratches.

We must assume that these thought effects take place in a force field wherein there is a concentration of the radiation of ectoplasm in an invisible state.

Since it seems most improbable that rational persons, against man's propensity for self-preservation, would deliberately utilise their own thoughts and will power to injure themselves, one has to look to agencies extraneous to the victim.

For the Xhosa there is no mystery, because only an evil minded spirit of a deceased person can do such things.

These ideas when expressed in accordance with our present day knowledge of psychic phenomena lead to the conclusion that the victims of these scratchings provide the temp-

tation for such earthbound mentalities, because of the invisible ectoplasm within the areas of their auras.

No doubt to the discarnate intelligence an aura with ectoplasmic radiation becomes a focus of attraction.

This factor could also account for many so called poltergeist manifestations especially those that have been described as the sudden appearance of stigmata.

There is the authentic account of Elenora Zugun, aged thirteen, who in the presence of others with her hands occupied with a game "diabolo", would wince and suddenly bite marks and scratches would appear on her cheeks.

She could also produce apparitions. All this to my mind showed a mediumistic personality with a fluidic ectoplasmic aura.

Even in her case parapsychologists assumed that her own mind in some mysterious way due to frustration, rejection or distress of some sort inflicted these bites and scratches on her face.

Somehow this explanation seems to be determined by what is comfortable to accept, and thereby excludes the possibility of considering discarnate influence.

If, however it is possible for a spirit being to enter the area of the person's aura it would then be within an area of power by means of which thought could produce these inflictions.

The research work of the late Dr Glen Hamilton has clearly demonstrated that ectoplasm was ideoplastic. This fact must be borne in mind when we think of the sudden and simultaneous appearance of scratches in patterns in several places on the arms, and in the case of Elenora Zugun on both cheeks as scratches and teeth bites.

If the intention in the mind which was responsible for these scratches and bites, also was accompanied by an idea, a mental picture of the harm to be inflicted, then the ideoplastic ectoplasm would like a photograph produce the effects.

This conception accounts for the simultaneity and suddenness of these inflictions in different areas.

The only puzzle is whether this ideoplastic effect is not

first inflicted on the astral double of the person with its ectoplasmic covering?

If so then the physical effects of scratches and bites are reflected from the astral double, but how?

My impression is that apart from this inner reflection outwards, there is at the same time a materialisation of an instrument by means of which the external effects are produced.

The religious stigmata we have so often heard about, where persons have shown blood marks on hands and maybe feet bearing a resemblance to crucifixion wounds, could have arisen from this mechanism of reflection from the astral double into the ectoplasmic body. But in such a case there would have been a state of ecstasy and a joyous identification with Jesus.

If such experiences were authentic they still do not exclude the assistance of discarnate beings. The intensified desire for identification with the image of Jesus on the cross could have reached trance states.

If Nelya Mikhailova could separate the yolk of an egg from the white by means of the power of thought utilising her ectoplasmic atoms, and then bring the white and yolk together into the natural state again, then discarnate minds operating on an astral dimension are hence as capable of handling atoms, as we are capable of handling knives and forks.

THE IMPUNDULU

There is a mystery about the existence of this myth. When its main activity is studied it appears to be a skeleton of a notion, which at one time had great dynamic power.

It could only have been fashioned out of the expression of human propensities, and the precipitation of these formed a mythical creature which survived in the minds of the people as a concentration of vindictive, cruel, vicious, sadistic and depraved impulses.

The Tikoloshe has a humorous side, there is a prankish element in his behaviour coupled with unbounded promiscuity, as if he represents an obsessive compulsive element of

human behaviour in which the sexual impulses dominate the mind.

To me there was always a strange fascination, a peculiar curiosity laden with feeling, when we delved into the details of the lives of those creatures.

Sitting there at the cattle kraal the place where wisdom is most likely to be received, these red blanketed, long stem pipe smokers would take me into a primeval world, even long antedating the archaic.

I was introspective, and had for years assembled evidence that man's mind operated on several levels within the cosmic consciousness.

Hence while listening to their expressions and descriptions in words; and often perceiving the sort of artful signlanguage, the shade of an ancient mime creeping in between ideas, I would relax my mind to tune into what I accepted as the astral mind level which others would call the unconscious.

After a while absorbed in the mystic side of life and the great memory planes on the astral, which could feed consciousness with new perspectives of bygone ages, I became aware of a sort of revealing activity which brought new connections and meanings of symbols together.

It appeared to me that as thought of ancient heritage stirred this cauldron of time, my mind tuned in to the origin of things and was vibrating on two levels. One of conscious time and words, and one of the remoteness of the mind working with thought in its search for the understanding life.

I could imagine the thoughts, whirling like bees, buzzing around hives, where our brains, minds or areas of consciousness in the ocean of the Cosmic mind were the hives.

I was assured that on an occasion like that the Izinyanya would help to make "things" clear to us.

So I thought that below the level of the senses flowed the stream of intuition, seeping here and there into the sense world of ideas, and giving it the colourfulness of inspiration.

That a common mental bond was forming and reforming beyond the words about the things we were talking about, was to me not in doubt.

Because often while I was thinking deeply how to present

a certain impression of the Impundulu or ask a question that will make them search their minds, someone would suddenly begin talking about that very idea.

Were we gathering threads and weaving reproductions of ancient pictures that once furnished mind?

The story of the kick of the Impundulu which caused the victim to cough blood was found by Western medicine to be none other than tuberculosis.

This is however only one of the indications of his wicked and iniquitous deeds. He is noted for a peculiar form of sexual gratification which women find hard to resist.

In this respect he is like the Tikoloshe a seducer of women, but his manner of performing the sex act is different.

Where the Tikoloshe indulges in coitus after the human manner, the Impundulu's sexual act corresponds to what is known as cunnilingus.

His penis is compared to a thick flat tongue-like organ.

There has always been an Impundulu as long as Xhosa memory has existed. He is a bird resembling a young ostrich in size but has beautiful soft downy feathers.

It is said that these feathers are very hard to come by and if one should stroke a woman's body with an Impundulu feather it gives a feeling which set the senses on fire, and it is therefore a powerful love magic.

The Impundulu is usually associated with witches, and those who have called him with their desires for his kind of sex. All these people who find gratification from the Impundulu ultimately lose their senses.

Does the Impundulu portray the ratification of Lesbianism perhaps in certain respects, because I have only come across two Lesbians in the Xhosa traditional culture.

It is said that a woman who secretly has relations with the Impundulu will of course marry a man according to custom, but always lacks a normal sexual response.

She is cold and indifferent and yields because she is expected to and has been paid for.

My puzzle however was the strange association of human sex relations with a bird of all animals.

As has been mentioned the penis is said to be tongue-like

and my conclusion is that this description implies cunnilingus. It was added, however, that the Impundulu experiences an orgasm during which period it becomes visible and is paralysed for a brief moment. It could be killed at that moment and it was by such means that its feathers have been obtained.

One is amazed how the primordial story teller worked in all these human reactions and sensations to complete the drama of the Impundulu's existence.

Now it is of interest that the amorous associations of the Impundulu seem to be confined to married women.

If one associates the married women with the mother or matriarchal class.

The association of a bird with sexual seduction, and that by means of an unnatural form of gratification does indeed appear strange.

It suggests that this myth had its origin in a period when the particular father was unknown, and conception was attributed to some supernatural power symbolised by a bird.

This idea dropped into my mind as if out of the blue while the elders of the kraal were telling the many and varied stories about the erotic powers of the Impundulu. It was an uncanny experience to have a sudden realization that the prototype of the Impundulu was at one time a sacred totemic object.

If there was a period in the dawn of man when no particular father existed; and man psychically or intuitively knew that the soul of man or the life principle came not from man's seed but from another world of the spirit, then primordial man could very well have thought that the offspring came from a deity.

As I sat with my back against the cattle kraal, I was indeed amazed at this influx of ideas, because a few moments before this happened, I asked the Isanuse Xagalclagusha to make the traditional appeal to the Izinyanya; which he did and to which I responded with an appropriate "Camagu".

Was my mind being fed along the deeper levels of the astral?

In the midst of a world of archaic thoughts, and black red blanketed men to whom one could draw very close

through the deeper channels of humanity, our common wavelength was that of the soul. We were thinking by means of the Cosmic mind, and shared our Izinyanya.

I found it difficult to give my friends a clear understanding of the totemic system, but explained that at one time a bird such as a eagle or ostrich type was considered the father of man and that the Xhosa people must have obtained the story of the Impundulu long long before they were known as Xhosas.

It was flattering of course to be called Inkanyezi; the white Isanuse.

If my theory is correct, then the story of the Impundulu is a sad one. First he occupied a deified sacred position in the mind of primeval man, and then changes of culture and the advent of the patriarchal rule relegated him to a disdainful, contemptuous role, in the sphere of forbidden forms of sexual behaviour and that of an evil doer.

One cannot help but feel that the same psychological mechanism of debasement and depreciation, because of other sets of values newly acquired in that changing life of man, also operated when Lucifer was expelled from heaven with his fallen angels to set up the new procedure of colonising the Cosmic mind with devils or bad angels against good ones.

As the Impundulu with his enchanting feathers and erotic magic has become a physical reality so we have untold numbers of the Christian church believing in the devil, as though the Christian life was composed by Faust with Mephistopheles as the reigning monarch of a portion of the Cosmos.

When I thought of the Impundulu in this respect I could not help saying: "How has thou fallen O Lucifer son of the morning?"

Once the patriarchal rule and the phallic cult took over they became the procreators, and the Impundulu had to make way in a hostile world of belief wherein he was laden with this hate and man's mass projection turned him into a revengeful, bloodthirsty seducer of women. Almost like the scaper goat of the ancient Hebrews was he driven away.

Man's projections of his own resentments and hates and

dislikes of cunnilingus among Lesbians, projected all these qualities on the Xhosa "Lucifer", the Impundulu.

The totem of the Impundulu and Inyoka hence came along with the primeval mind of the "Black People", which in ages later became the AmaXosa. It is of interest to observe that in India and countries to the East of it the mind of man has bound ensigns to clans.

The belief reigned supreme that the clan was descended from some animal plant or flower. In time social complications were added to the totemic society.

But it is important to bear in mind, when thinking of our African myths, as veils over distortions of degenerate ideas, which were once of special and eternal spiritual significance to humanity.

The Ayrans who invaded India had their sun gods, who were their totems, and as we know eventually in Ancient Egypt it was believed the soul came from Ra. But here again, we invariably lose sight of the esoteric significance, that Ra was the spiritual sun and home of the mighty ones, who created the physical sun.

The Aryan sungods as offspring of Ra, were totems. No doubt all this was esoterically known as the human soul coming forth from Ra or the world of the mighty angelic host, from where it descended to be born from a woman on earth.

In ancient Egypt the soul came from Ra, the spiritual sun and so each pharaoh had no earthly father; for it was known that the eternal animating principle came from God or Ra. Only the material for reception came from the sperm and the ovum and the earth's ectoplasm.

Now if primordial man knew that any amount of sex with no attraction of soul from Divine Regions will not produce a pregnancy, this conception could have degenerated into a belief that a ritual was required to produce a pregnancy by invoking the aid of the totem.

In fact in some cultures the belief was that man could not impregnate a female, it had to have a totemic origin.

And so the idea of God impregnating a virgin to give his son to our planet, the only one among myriads in the universe,

has a very ancient origin indeed and could not refer to any other process of creation than the divine advent of soul as the son of man.

Horus and Chrishna and the ancient pharaohs all followed this pattern long ages before it was again repeated as Jesus Christ.

Anyway the totem played an important part in the evolution of society. It could have played a tremendous psychological role in the admission of boys and girls to manhood and womanhood.

The name "New Lives" or Amarwala among the Ama-Xosa, has a profound meaning and reveals that in the primordial days of the human mind there was a nascent knowledge that man is destined for spiritual change.

The initiations were mere physical reflections or ideas from far away in the abstract, accommodating themselves to the undeveloped intellect of man.

The mythical world of the Xhosa was to me a museum on the veld, whose contents were pictures in the minds of my red blanketed friends. I was a tourist in this world, in which ancient signs and meanings assumed animation.

One aspect of the Impundulu's power only came to light after we had spent some time on his sexual behaviour for apparently no one seemed interested in any other quality of the Impundulu except his need for sex with women. When I informed them that women patients in the hospital had told me how the Impundulu conducts his sex affairs with them my pagan friends said that these women had lost their senses because of their desire for that perverted form of sex. It was only thereafter when Solomon Daba informed me that the Impundulu could cause thunder and lightning; and at times one could see the huge wings of light stretched across the skies.

Here then was confirmation of my previous conclusion that at one time the Impundulu was a deified being and that in spite of having been deposed by man and made an evil creature, his associations with thunder and lightning were indeed relics with profound meanings.

Hence in those remote days when the Impundulu from the

world of light fructified women, he also caused lightning to fertilise mother earth with the formation of nitrates, and followed this power of his electromagnetism with the condensation of rain.

No wonder primordial man deified him, without knowing the scientific knowledge of the effect of lightning on the earth. So even mother earth was fertilised by the Impundulu. Perhaps cunnilingus really refers to his licking the earth with clouds.

Then one heavy, thundery evening I stayed somewhat late with my Xhosa servant Henry, at Dwali Nekompela's kraal.

I was fascinated by his manner of dramatising these lives of the unseen creatures, and especially his sense of humour and above all the poet behind all descriptions, the idioms, and the metaphors, which Henry interpreted as if he was completely under the spell of Dwali Nekompela.

Henry by the way was a schizophrenic, who had recovered under insulin coma, and the first time I heard him laugh heartily was when he listened to Dwali Nekompela's humour and his ability to mimic anyone he describes.

It was getting late the clouds were hanging close to the earth, dark and menacing.

But Dwali said I must stay for in this weather we might see the real Impundulu.

He brought in three big cans of Kaffir beer. I do not know what the alcohol content was but after some time I was no longer in any haste to leave over veld with mere tracks for roads. And suddenly the landscape was lit up by brilliant sheet lightning. We ran outside the hut and there in the west was a huge dark cloud; almost black like the breast and head of a bird facing us. Dwali pointed and said "The Impundulu. Watch his wings of light." We stood there, but Henry told Dwali he did not like it. The Impundulu could kill us with his light.

And then it happened, from either side of the dark cloud – as if the bird grew wings of light there issued half round the world it seemed two bright sheets of lightning, like wings enclosing our world.

Every donga showed up.

Distant hills and mountains were photographed by eyes.

The night, the cloud, the power, and the winglike illumination gave the Ciskei a beauty of landscape, as if an eternal artist had flashed a light on a divine perspective of the earth.

For several seconds as we stood spell-bound the lightning repeated itself.

I turned to Henry to tell him to inform Dwali Nekompelo that I had seen the original Impundulu when man first discovered his Izinyanya.

Dwali replied that while the White man has words for these happenings, to him it is "feeling without words".

As I drove home in torrents of rain I thought of the poet in Dwali Nekompelo, who is debarred from expression, because literacy and paganism are incongruous in our society.

Amidst sheets of lightning showing me where to drive over veld and track and downpours, I thought of Dwali the inarticulate poet, and then to my mind came the soul stirring tune of "Nikosi Sikelel i Afrika" composed by a Transkei African Enoch Sontonga, who was a member of the Tembu tribe.

Was Enoch Sontonga entirely free from that inner still voice of his Izinyanya, when he wrote:

"Nikosie Sikelel i Afrika,
Malupakam upondo lwayo,
Yiva imitandazo yetu
Usisikele
Yihla Moya, Yila, Moya,
Yihla Moya Oyinigewele."

"Lord, bless Africa
May her Spirit rise high up,
Hear those our prayers
And bless us.
Descend, O Spirit
Descend, O Spirit."

If ever there is a spiritual appeal in a National Anthem, it is in this one of the Transkei.

One only has to listen to hundreds of Africans singing it,

to know that one hears the voice of the African psyche, as it slowly descends on consciousness, in the words:
"Yihla Moya Oyinigewele."

With these people one can stand shoulder to shoulder. They are our allies and their fountains of friendship can run deep.

To return to the role of an ancient Totem, which the Impundulu once upon a time fulfilled as a power in the sky, we have the interesting work of Bromilaw Malinowski *The Sexual Life of Savages*.

He found that in North Western Melanesia the men did not associate sexual intercourse as the cause of pregnancies.

A woman could only become pregnant after the performance of a special magical rite, Malinowski writes: "It also gives good theoretical foundation for matriline (same as matriarchal) for the whole process of introducing new life into a community lies between the spirit world and the female organism.

There is no room for any sort of physical paternity.

To crown it all in support of the Impundulu, as a totem bird of old, Malinowski mentions that he found among the Trobriand Islanders that these most elaborate pregnancy rituals contain birds which play a divine role in bringing about a pregnancy. The association of the bird with spiritual power is as old as man.

Anyway the bird as a totemic progenitor was not only on the continent of Africa, but in far away Melanesia.

Did primeval man intuitively get to know that thunder and lightning enriched the earth with power to produce life? Otherwise how did the Impundulu as the "Thunder Bird" come to play a procreative role in the lives of women.

The conception that spiritual agencies only can produce pregnancies in conjunction with sexual intercourse could not as I have mentioned be dissociated from the fact that the animating principle is the soul and comes from beyond this physical sphere. For example in *The Book of the Dead* Horus is the divine child born of a virgin, thousands of years before the advent of Jesus Christ. Horus is described as a hawk,

but when he rises from the netherworld at his resurrection he does so in the form of a dove.

Now we also know that at the baptism of Jesus the spirit of God is described descending on him as a dove.

The dove was considered as a symbol of the soul for we read in Ps. LXXIV:19: "Oh deliver not the soul of thy turtle dove unto wild beast."

When the dead rose from Amenta in *The Book of the Dead*, they were depicted as bird headed.

In the iconography, the child Jesus is represented in the virgin's arms, surrounded by seven doves.

The association between bird and soul has existed from yonder time, so that the bird as a totemic object like the "Thunder Bird", the Impundulu, could at one time have been the celestial origin of man's soul.

From this understanding of ancient man, the latter priestcraft, who made their theologies, no doubt personalized God; then placed Him in the role of a physical progenitor, and so virgins gave birth to the physical sons of whom God was personal father. If they had confined themselves to the esoteric meaning that God was the source of the animating grand principle known as Soul, the theology would have remained in touch with the spiritual truth.

Yet all these virgin births, avatars and messiahs had their origin in those far off germinal spiritual ideas, which gave birth to the bird as a soul, and to the totems which followed eventually to degenerate into an Impundulu.

THE MOMLAMBO

Many are the stories told about the Momlambo, but it takes an artist in story telling and in animating with word and gesture language the vital presence of this queen of love.

I was lucky to discover that Dwali Nekompela could hold his listeners enthralled with the visions he painted and the emotions he enacted in his mental construction of the Momlambo. He claimed he once saw her in a dream. He thought she must have shown herself to him so that he could tell others about her.

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In the picture of the myth she seems to have emerged from the dim recesses of the mind, as a being whose purpose is revenge.

Indeed an echo of a grievance which comes from the primeval days of matriarchal rule.

Her vengeance is directed against the patriarchal cult which deprived women of their power of permissiveness and the promiscuous life.

When Dwali talks about the Momlambo one is aware of a feeling of admiration, if not veneration for her captivating charm.

She is presented as having the power of passion to enrapture any man.

Her perfect body is described as shiny, smooth and black, as if just rubbed with the finest sweet smelling oil. Her walk has a rhythm in every movement, and she can sway and quiver in a manner which awakens desires to ravish her. She lures men on until they lose their senses. It is the gesture of her head and the slant of her eyes which make one believe she will grant all one's desires.

The Momlambo is the queen of all human sex; love, and desire.

In her, all these qualities have explosive and impulsive values and can exude the aroma of desire which effortlessly enslaves a man. Who invented this siren of the veld? Dwali said she belonged to the unseen world from where people obtain their magic. All people can have magic, but the Momlambo has the magic of all women rolled in one, and this has a particular power expressed in her beauty.

Once a man has had even a fleeting vision of her, that picture stays in his mind and even when he does not want to think of her that picture intrudes itself, as if pushing all other thoughts aside.

But it was when Dwali Nekompela had seated himself and had his audience, then in sonorous Xhosa with an abundance of comparisons, he would create an image of the Momlambo, that moved among us alive and vibrant.

Sweeping his arms as if to embrace the rolling hills of the

Ciskei, he would tell the stories he had probably told hundreds of times.

She comes into one's life like the cool summer evening's breeze over a barren veld.

No one hears her for her feet walk on air, and besides, those doors of the unseen world make no sound when they open and shut. To us she comes from nowhere, because we do not see this world of the Momlambo.

Some say it is beyond there where the blue sky ends but no one has been there to come and tell us. So she is suddenly here beside you, while you are making a long journey alone.

But she has a way of knowing when a man walks alone with ardent desires filling his mind for a woman. His head becomes like the bucket of water on a woman's head. If she puts no leaves on top the water spills over the edges. So man's thoughts of beautiful women also spill over if not during the day, then when you sleep.

All thoughts like these which are full of longing for a beautiful body to caress, and to feel the softness of the thighs, are known to the Momlambo.

When she receives these thoughts and she fancies the man, she will step out of the unseen into our world. The moment she comes into our world she becomes physical and the most beautiful woman man has ever seen.

Sometimes a man with such desires in his heart walks alone, with only the birds and perhaps grazing cattle on the far hills as companions.

Then in the stillness of the day where there was no wind a moment before, a whirlwind would form close to him and move with him sucking up from the ground leaves, sand and dust and so become like a moving figure. Then out of this whirlwind will come the sound of gentle gurgling laughter. Then the wind moves faster and faster, the dust becomes more dense and one cannot see through the wind; when it suddenly stops. The leaves and dust it had sucked up from the earth fall back, and there where the whirlwind was would stand the Momlambo.

Round her head would be rows of many coloured bands of beads. Around her arms and ankle shiny brass bangles and

anklets, and for the rest she would only wear a white beaded Inciyo.

She looks over her shoulder and beckons him on with her eyes. He runs to her and many questions come from him. Who is she? Where did she come from?

And then as he comes close up behind her, she suddenly stops, and they are in close contact. He opens his arms to throw them around her and to fondle her pomegranate breasts, and as he does so she quivers her buttocks and sways as in the Intonjane dance. His passion is wild. He kisses her neck, her shoulders. He clings to her. Then suddenly the gurgling laughter and his arms are empty and like the whirlwind there is nothing to be seen.

For a moment he is stunned. He runs here and there. What has happened? What sort of magic is this? He shouts; come back, come back, but all is quiet. Did he dream all this? But how could she do this? He felt her body, so beautiful, so soft, so clean with the smell of herbs which was still with him as a scent. Indeed it was a fragrant scent. He would follow the scent and find her magic, for now he has forgotten what his business was in Lady Frere. He is filled with her person and the passion she exuded.

And then having collected his blanket where he dropped it during his embrace, behold he saw a short stick beautifully carved and inlaid with small sea shells.

He would keep and hide this stick on his person for this was her magic sign. He knew as long as he had the stick she would come again. He scanned the land around and wherever he saw the stir of even a tiny whirlwind he would run in that direction only to find the wind had died down on his arrival. No matter how he gazed in all directions she was nowhere to be seen.

Then he went into a kloof, where there were thick wooded areas. He sat down miserable, depressed and full of yearning, for at no time in his wildest dreams had he imagined any woman so perfect in every way to fulfill desire.

Something had happened to him. He had changed and he did not know how he could ever sleep with his wife again. He was heir to the kraal; and his wife had brought a big

dowry, and was a good woman, but now something new had happened.

Previously he thought of women to cook, work the lands, produce children, and provide for one's sexual needs. These things that stirred the passions would subside after gratification, but from this day it all changed. The woman had entered his mind as though an image was a thing of flesh and bone, inside his head.

As he sat in the shade of a big tree, gently stroking that ornamented stick she had left him, his mind repeated the picture of the moment when she went limp in his arms, and the feel of the swaying hips and quivering buttocks. He pressed the stick to him, imagining it was her, when he distinctly heard the gurgling laughter in the bush next to him.

And then as if from nowhere she stood before him. He flung his arms around her and her body came into him as if one was embracing a bundle of fine feathers.

He promised her his land and his cattle. He was on fire and no longer was master of his senses.

She put her lips to his and for a moment he felt he did not touch ground. He pleaded. He wanted a second wife. He would make her supreme head over all the women. He would take more wives to work for her.

Then she put her lips close to his ear, and blew the words into it as if they were music blown from a reed pipe. She told him she was the queen of love. She alone must possess the man, but she cannot give her sex to him until he has paid for it.

Only when his love for her was so powerful that nothing he has been taught can prevent him from obeying her wish, and only he had carried out her wishes will she come to him in physical form for his enjoyment and his eyes alone. For all others she will remain invisible. He can call her with the stick and his heart after he has fulfilled her request. He was mad with love for her, and promised to do anything she wanted. She had only to say the word.

Then she told him. If you want my love, my sex and my body under the same blanket or sheepskin kaross, you must

by your own will and deed cause the death of your father. Then only when you have done this shall I come to you, whenever you want me. But this is not the only reward. You will have large herds of cattle. Your mealies and corn will grow the height of a man, and the Impundulu will open his wings over your lands in the shadow of which your crops will grow as never seen before.

When you have done this deed and sacrificed your father for my love then and only then shall I fulfill my promise.

His arms remained in a position as if he was holding her in them, but they were empty. He was alone in the kloof with his little inlaid stick and all the stillness of a silent land.

Everyone asked, and what happened then Dwali? He replied that the story which has come over the tongues of many generations of people tells of a day that this lover of the Momlambo and his father went on horseback to visit some distant kraals. That night on coming back the father's horse stumbled in a donga. The rider fell forward and broke his neck. He was picked up dead.

Anyway the lover of the Momlambo became a very wealthy man and he had the finest crops and cattle in the district. His wives, however, were said to have been unhappy and among themselves called him "Umtombo Otshileyo". The fountain that has dried up.

The story of the Momlambo can only have its prototypes among the ancient goddesses of love.

Where did the forerunners of the Xhosa find this image, and how did it come to make the death of the patriarch the reward for her love?

There is a fascinating mystery beyond the witchcraft of the Momlambo. It signifies that the consciousness of primeval man already worshipped love, and somehow intuitively felt its power of selfsurrender to a greater combination of forces.

Eros was the god of love in the Greek mythology, and Astarte, that most important Phoenician goddess, again appears as Ishtar in Babylonia and Assyria, and as Astaroth in the Bible.

The principle of a goddess of love is innate in man. He

seems to have a capacity for adoration, and self surrender; to this powerful emotion, which communicates by fusion and atonement.

Its feelings can speak not only to man, but to animal and plants, and arouse a resonance in their beings.

The Momlambo's exquisite beauty and charm, as well as her exuding passion to arouse sex desire, somehow links her to that mistress of magic Isis; and all the rest were derived from her supernatural qualities, wherever man deified love down the ages. It is in this noble line of descent that I place the Momlambo.

But changes of culture in the ancestors of the Bantu peoples also changes the symbolic values, while the bipolarity of life and psychic function always had to provide the imaginary inhabitants of their netherworlds.

Sut, Typhon, Satan and the Devil, as well as the fallen Lucifer, all had to be known by craftiness, wickedness and depravity. They had to provide an imaginary world for those qualities, which form the sedimentation of man's external personality and his physical nature. In time man came to believe that the Devil's horde were real vital characters roaming the earth to lead us into temptation.

The Christian personification of the devil, and the Xhosa to whom the Momlambo is a sex dream that can give physical fulfilment, are thoughts of the same brood.

The fact, however, that the Momlambo demands the death of the father, and that by the intention and will of his own son, before she gives him the pleasure of her mystery show clearly that she is composed of the elements of the goddess of love. She comes from the great supreme female, who exercised power over men promiscuously until the patriarchal cult deposed and enslaved her. Hence to have and to enjoy her love, man must put right what he did wrong in primordial times. He must renounce the male rule. He must kill the patriarch.

What a profound and ancient drama is being played over and over again in the myths of the AmaXosa. One is inclined to dismiss these beliefs of the Africans as products of their untutored imaginations, and so miss the archaic values and

symbols which the memories of many generations have tarnished.

It was only time and daily association with them in their pagan cultural settings that provided me with an explanation of that mysterious fascination their mental worlds had for me.

This explanation came more as a revelation that at a deeper level of my mind there was an attunement. We were in the same ocean of a Cosmic Mind and had found a common wavelength.

It was strangely, almost impossible for Dwali Nekompela to accept my theory about years of ancient matriarchal rule. To him the male was master from the beginning for it is the man that must fight. One has only to look at women fighting to realize they can never rule men.

Anyway this was Dwali's perspective of life.

The matriarchal background to man's myths often appear as fragments of vitalised history wandering through time all on their own.

As though there is some endless screen of the astral world, which like a museum of our world, have these untold images, even from the first vortex of energy and thought that became our earth.

When we look around we find relics here and there of those days before women and sex yielded to the domination of men.

For instance we know that in Malaya a married woman was permitted to have twelve husbands as lovers, besides the one she married. The archaic impulse to choose a man was not denied her in this culture carrying the remnants of a dead past.

Even in ancient Spain, a woman was limited to one man for a month, and was allowed to change her partner with the new moon.

We now perceive new meanings of ancient vintage in the European custom of choosing a husband at leap year.

But we only have to remember the saturnalia of Greece and Rome, not forgetting those of ancient Britain, when all inhibitions were thrown to the winds and women regressively relived the days of the beginnings.

All these elements of abandon in sexual control have been consolidated in the promise of the Momlambo.

Then there were the Spring festivals and their fertility rites. How much of religion has not been ritualised around the vernal equinox?

Hidden deep in the myth is but a memory of age old human emotions and sensual pleasures. They are not now extant, but they are still part of life, and their dynamics can at anytime find a resonance in the human mind, for as I have said they are housed in the museum of the skies and are recorded in the astral regions.

But from time to time these memories obey the only real law of reincarnation, they reappear as thoughts and emotions.

We surmise that these resurrections in the thought world of man have some connection with the journeys through space of stars and planets, and the effects of their magnetic fields on the auras of humans.

By these means old impulses are reincarnated from that vast astral pool Jung called "The Collective Unconscious", "There is nothing new under the sun".

Archetypes come to light in our times in new guises, but with the same primordial impulses.

And what are the guises they assume in our day?

Surely among them must be the craze for pornography, the novel that whirls in a vortex of sex, and the nude men and women running or streaking among the clothed and the staid.

Even the spirit of the Tikoloshe seems to be at work here.

We behold in these forms of human behaviour, in a life destined for the development of a spiritual consciousness, an ignorance of man's inner self.

A personality without this inner spiritual valuation must ever be susceptible to such regressive phenomena, and live again these atavistic patterns, these symbolic manifestations of the sexual impulse.

In the beginnings, man's consciousness probably had modesty in a nascent or dormant state and so there was no exhibitionism.

Ostentation with the developing organs of sex probably existed at puberty from the dawn of human life.

Very young children often in our day experience exhilaration in running about naked.

At puberty and older, it carries the implication of interest in sexual organs and because of its regressive nature in reliving atavistic states it could also express rebellion against the establishment.

Even the Momlambo rebels against the establishment.

Yet one cannot help but view all forms of exhibitionism involving the sex impulse, like the permissive theatre enacting coitus, as nothing more primarily than a method of sexual invitation.

Without the nude and promiscuous history of mankind those regressive reactions of behaviour would probably not find expression.

The permissive primeval life of man was gradually inhibited with the growth of consciousness, by modesty.

Even in all the stories about the Momlambo, we do not find her ever exposing her sexual organs.

The Inciyo remains her emblem of modesty.

So one must assume that modesty had a dynamic role to prepare the mind for sublimation, by means of which sexual energy could be transmuted into a spiritual form of consciousness, and help man in his attempt to find a balance between expression and repression.

Today our regressive sexual forms of behaviour contain components of infantile tendencies and atavistic patterns of the erotic life.

We have not yet in our civilization learned that sublimation and the discovery of one's own spiritual self are divinely linked with the purpose of life.

There is a journey of consciousness which is eternal, and yet began from the roots of love in the physical, ultimately to flower in the psyche.

The Momlambo reflects a phase in the life of man, when the gratification of sex was the over ruling passion, and the ceiling of consciousness.

THE INYOKA (SNAKE)

If Freud knew about the Xhosa myth of the Inyoka, he would have considered it as corroboration of the theory of penis envy in females.

It is said by psychoanalysts that there is hardly a little girl who does not evolve an envy of the penis in her early years which is usually superseded by the feminine role as she grows up.

There is thought to be two types of reactions to penis envy. The one is "wishfulfilling" and the other is "vindictive", according to whether the woman desire to take over the male role or to revenge herself on the favoured male.

Psychoanalysis asserts that one of these types could be characterised by phantasies of having acquired a penis.

It is the latter psychoanalytic conception which is so illustrative of the myth of the Inyoka.

The Xhosa folklore tell the story of certain women, usually witches, who attract a certain kind of snake which curls itself up inside the female organ, and so provides sexual gratification by a variety of movements consisting of curling and uncurling itself.

It is, however, believed that most of these women who harbour snakes in the end lose their senses.

Nevertheless no one knows who really has a snake, since women do not talk about these matters unless they have lost their senses.

It is a strange coincidence with the psychoanalytic theory in that the Xhosa myth describes two types of snake that are associated with women in a sexual way. The one is the Ugatya, and is known as the charmed snake because it makes the person feel contented and happy. The other is the Ingumbane, which again makes the woman behave in a violent and aggressive vindictive manner.

These women derive pleasure from these snakes, which make them prefer the Inyoka to males.

Many women first become aware of the Inyoka in their dreams, and sooner or later there is a longing for such dreams,

and it is at this time that the Ugatya or Ingumbane reveals itself.

These snakes are treated like pets by their owners and are hidden from others.

Witches are known to have handed these snakes to their daughters because often their daughters have lost all interest in men and have even refused to attend Intonjane parties.

Women who are suspected of having these snakes wander about in the veld, and often smile to themselves and are secretly amused by something. They also talk to themselves, or sit and rock themselves. The latter movement of rocking and swaying always suggests the presence of the Inyoka.

The pattern of behaviour ascribed by folklore to the Inyoka is extremely common among African female schizophrenic patients.

In this psychiatric illness I have often found Xhosa females who claimed the Inyoka as their source of sexual gratification.

Interestingly too was the experience that several paranoid women said they had their own Ingumbanes, and of course they were aggressive and vindictive.

We find that this Xhosa myth of the female and her Inyoka fits neatly into the psychoanalytic theory of penis envy.

I have, however, never come across this delusion in any other psychiatric illness than in schizophrenia. Primarily the Inyoka is a phallic symbol, and a substitute around which the auto-erotic gratification centres.

But did this myth have its origin in the penis envy of the little girl, or does it go much further back in the history of man, as an ancient archetype, which identifies the phallus with the snake of totemic days?

The Inyoka, like the Tikoloshe and the Impundulu, is a seducer of women, but all of them are found from time to time in the delusional world of female schizophrenics.

Is it because auto-eroticism fits well into this pattern of illness, or is the regressive trend so deep in schizophrenia that the debris of ancient archetypes comes to the surface of mind?

It is not easy to accept that infantile penis envy is the author of this myth of the Inyoka, but it could be a contributory factor in the auto-erotic condition of schizophrenia.

The myth seems to be a symbolism which was universal.

Did man intuitively associate the snake with the phallus, because the spermatozoon is shaped like a snake and moves like a snake?

One shall of course never know for sure, but there is an antiquity of the snake in association with procreation, and as a phallic symbol.

Apart from all these the snake has always been associated in a religious sense with the renewal of life after death.

This conception and representation could only have been based on its sloughing of the old skin to renew itself in a new skin.

The snakeclasp on Masonic regalia cannot be dissociated from this connotation.

When all these significances are examined as well as the serpent's resemblance to a spermatozoon, one becomes aware of a vast range of meaning from the most crude literal and even vulgar in the physical form, to the great heights of immortality in the spiritual world.

Perhaps penis envy as seen by Freud has its origin in childhood, and can when part of erotic phantasy in schizophrenia have a limited physical meaning and sensation as in sex gratification.

But when we think of the other and more mystic significances of the serpent in the history of man we are confronted with profound meanings which transcend the primitive function of mere sexual pleasure.

There is an ancient African belief that when a girl reaches puberty and begin her menses, she is visited by the great serpent or is even in some legends changed into a serpent. Here appears the symbol of a new life, as we have seen among the Xhosa amarwala.

Certain African tribes used the lizard instead of a snake and even the Arunta tradition of Totemism had the lizard.

These changes were associated with the mysteries of motherhood, which became also the mystery of Totemism. Perhaps Totemism showed when the maiden could be admitted to motherhood after she had made her transformation like the snake shedding its skin.

The Totem has sometimes been called the original ancestor as we have seen in the case of the Impundulu and became the Totem of the mother in heaven.

According to Herodotus the first mother of the Scyths was a serpent woman. Hence the serpent must have been the Totem of the Scyths, and so became the heavenly procreator providing the life of the child.

There is no doubt that the Totem was widespread all over Africa, because we learn that the ancient kings of Abyssinia traced their line of descent to the serpent, so that somewhere in their past the serpent was the Totem, and the heavenly fertiliser of the mother.

Again on the other side of the world in Arizona there used to be a snake clan, who claimed to be the offspring of a woman who gave birth to snakes.

In this manner the symbolic significance could not be understood in its abstract meaning, and so was made physical and the birth of actual snakes.

The same mental process was responsible for the Inyoka, as a Totemic procreator to become an actual snake in the female organ.

And it required the uninhibited auto-erotic feelings of a schizophrenic to drag up from the subliminal regions of the psyche, these ancient archetypes and utilise them sexually.

The Inyoka is derived from a transcendental power, and was a image of the supernatural, from the unseen world.

Totemism does not imply worship of animals, when viewed as the groping of mind to find images for the meanings intuition produced.

Totemism could only have come into existence with primordial matriarchal rule and signified descent from the mother along the female line. This indeed must have been the first germinal growth of human society.

It gives the impression that the early human led a promiscuous life and sex belonged to gregarious hordes.

If we accept my theory that there is a mental sphere of the inner earth of astral, wherein thought forms or images, or archetypes if preferred, are automatically recorded, then there is no reason to doubt that reflections from this mental inner

earth could not occur in the human mind from time to time.

Man's regressive forms of behaviour, the Momlambo's revenge could play a part in women's liberation. Indeed as Solomon said: "There is nothing new under the sun," while we daily hear "History repeats itself".

When my patients first told me about the Inyoka that visits them and provides superhuman pleasures, the world of the Totem passed before me; and I was amazed how the spiritual concepts of the untutored mind of primordial days could descend to sexual vulgarities by degeneration of thought.

Malinowski's findings among the Trobriand Islanders make us aware of the strange ideas of our forefathers as if they had to decypher some code from which to evolve an understanding of life.

The Trobrianders show that at some time in the awakening of consciousness, man attributed the appearances of life as pregnancy to a divine cause; and not primarily to sexual intercourse.

He had to perform a magical rite; the acting out of a prayer with thoughts channelled in ritual form to cause a woman to have a child.

The gesture or sign language of the ritual has been with us ever since, even in its embellished splendour and showy forms, as we find in the Christian church in our times.

The Trobrianders attributed the child in the womb to a superhuman power which was the Totem.

Was this idea derived from a rudiment of truth that came to mind by psychic means, that life had to have a spiritual basis before the physical could be manifested?

The external consciousness of man had to find a symbol, having some correspondence to this inner awareness, so as to give meaning in a world of sense by objective life. By these means the image of the serpent with all its phallic resemblances became the choice.

This knowledge of the soul as nucleus of human life could have been obtained by means of mediumship.

Such insight into life could not have rained upon the mass mind all at once with the same degree of understanding, but

could only have come to a psychic sensitive, who in turn imparted this knowledge to others. Among them then as to-day the ability to understand spiritual ideas of an abstract life would have differed as night from day.

It was probably in this process of imparting spiritual knowledge that the representation form and symbol were chosen and the Totem was born.

The difference I found between the understanding of Solomon Daba and Xagalelagusha compared to the average pagan mind, left little doubt that this was the state of affairs from remotest times. A spiritual consciousness grows from within by cultivation, it cannot be imposed from outside alone.

The capacity must first be formed by self endeavour and inner sensitivity.

Nevertheless, such profound revelations will always be subject to the limitations of understanding, and so in time meanings will become changed and dissociated from the original; as when the Totemic procreator became a snake in a female, and the Abantubomlambo a people under the river. Is it to be wondered at that man's God was personified?

The delusion of the Inyoka is not uncommon among pagan schizophrenic patients, but to have come across the same delusion in a sophisticated European woman, who became schizophrenic at the age of thirty-five years, was indeed uncommon.

She was brought up in a city and received a good education, and above all, has had no contact with the pagan culture of the Africans.

She has never stayed in the Ciskei or the Transkei, apart from motoring through these countries without any personal contact with the inhabitants. She was married for fifteen years and apparently there was no marital discord. She had no children.

This was her great longing, and she prayed a great deal that God should allow her to become pregnant.

The birth of Jesus convinced her that God could bless her in the same manner. Her husband observed that she became

more and more distant and self-absorbed and could hardly be made to meet friends.

She read the Bible at all times, and would at times smile and mutter to herself. Then she began to tell her husband about hearing the voice of God, who told her she would give birth to a spirit child which would be caused by a special snake which she could already feel in her female organ. It was at this stage that she was brought to see me. She responded well to treatment, but retained a shallowness of mind which unfortunately is not a good prognosis.

Anyway the main criterion is the spirit child, which would be generated by a snake occupying the position and function of a phallus.

One could trace the idea of the spirit child to the belief in the virgin birth of Jesus, but the snake's role in the Christian faith is very much the opposite of spiritual good.

One accepts that there were the years of longing for a child and even the contemplation of adopting one, but always there was hope that by means of medical treatment she would conceive.

Anyway the family history revealed genetic factors which probably precipitated this illness under prolonged emotional frustration.

Nevertheless, apart from all these factors, what induced the mind to form an image of a snake behaving in the exact manner as the Inyoka does in the Xhosa myth?

We find that in her delusion the pregnancy had a spiritual origin. It did not come from her husband but from a snake which was associated with the voice of God.

In the absence of any system of belief or knowledge, such as contained in the myth of the Inyoka, the patient could only have obtained this image of the snake in the role of a pro-creator from her own unconscious. Was this a reincarnation of atavistic memories of totemic times from the buried past of the White man?

From memories still housed in the inner earth, that mental picture gallery of our world?

This unique experience of the delusion of a cultured and refined woman lends support to the conception that all

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earthly events have been and are being recorded on this astral sphere of the Cosmic Mind or inner earth. It is written that the fall of a sparrow's feather is known to God.

So our world could exist in an astral dimensionality in which are housed the akhasic memories, images or records of its evolution.

At some time or other deeper levels the psyche can receive reflections from this memory plane, because of some individual mental resonance with these memory strata of the Cosmic Consciousness. Hence the disturbance caused by this illness in the functions of her brain, made certain mental levels resonate with those primeval memory layers of the Infinite Consciousness, and so images of totemic beliefs, which produce the serpent as procreator, emerged into a mind yearning for a child.

This is the only form of reincarnation that is ever possible, not of soul and spirit, but of memories from the Cosmic Mind.

Even Xagalelagusha once said to me that he has learned of things that happened very long ago, when he travelled in his sleep and talked to the Izihwele who have obtained these memories.

All these experiences with the pagans were but illustrations of the long way consciousness has come, and the manner in which it has groped around with the images of this world in its attempt to explain the mystery of life.

Yet one finds even in the pagan myth and ritual the germinal evidence that the destiny of man's consciousness is his future existence in spirit form.

THE PHALLIC CULT IN MARRIAGE

In the institution of marriage especially the one known as "Ukwenda", meaning to multiply, one is made especially aware of the phallic cult and the male as the procreator.

It is almost as if the fathering of many children is a compulsive traditional factor, and not without its reverential elements as if there is an ill-defined sacredness behind the production of large families, irrespective of the ability to feed, clothe and educate them.

Social responsibility in this regard is ignored, unless the individual has assumed Western culture and has attained an educational status.

In the pagan culture many children are blessings, and the ritual that is acted out before the actual nuptial act is apparently to prepare the way for wish fulfilment and good luck.

Again I was reminded of the theatre of the veld, when I witnessed how men and women and cattle enacted the symbolic play of defloration.

It will be remembered that the cattle kraal as the burial place of the patriarch, and the "Holy of Holies" for sacred rites, is indeed a blessed place.

All these mystic associations with the cattle kraal made our discussions held there appear as though we were in the midst of the Izinyanya.

The thought has crossed my mind whether the cattle kraal had its original significance in association with the sun in the constellation of Taurus, and does the African and his love of cattle have anything to do with this sign of the Zodiac?

Be this as it may, the day before the marriage the people of the bride's kraal joyously await the approach of the lobolo or dowry cattle.

People stand on hills to announce the first appearance in the distance of the lobolo cattle.

Excitement indeed runs high as the cattle reach the kraal.

At once women gather from all over and form a line in front of the entrance to the cattle kraal. They are mostly women related to the bride's father and again one perceives the emphasis on the male line of descent.

While the cattle are still some distance away, the line of women holding their skirts by the hems, spread them out from the body forming a winged phalanx to bar the entrance of the cattle to the gate of the kraal.

This winged phalanx symbolises the virginity of the bride, and the gate to the kraal the entrance of her sex organ to her womb.

In the meantime the bridegroom, his uncle and two male companions drive the cattle on with sticks straight towards the line of women barring the way to the gate.

As the cattle come close the women move forward to offer resistance to their passage and then fall back again as if yielding to some invisible pressure, but after a pause the wall of women move forward again to confront and bar the way of the cattle. Then the bridegroom and his friends realizing the bad luck if the cattle are turned by the women, beat the animals with sticks, shouting at them to charge the line of women.

The cattle are now driven right at the women towards the gate, and as the cattle come very close the line of women break and scatter left and right allowing a passage for the cattle through the gate.

The moment the charging cattle break through the line of women a great shout goes up and everyone calls out "Inkwenkwe, Inkwenkwe," "A son, a son."

Here then is enacted in a symbolic manner the drama of defloration and procreation.

The cattle playing the part of the phallus with the bridegroom urging them on from behind. The shout or wish "Inkwenkwe, Inkwenkwe," clearly shows that its implicit appeal is for one of the male line of descent, which has to be perpetuated and maintained by the language of the ritual.

One gains the impression that the bride and groom are mere participants in something greater and more all embracing than the sensual pleasures of two people.

Even the realistic physical act on the nuptial mat is part of the community and has its audience.

There is a primordial curiosity about the whole affair as though it is an event the world is awaiting.

Besides the bride and groom, several young men and women also sleep in the nuptial hut as witnesses, and part of the communal conscience, that matters should proceed accordingly to patriarchal requirements.

These young men and women who sleep in the same hut as the bridal couple, are not permitted to have sex relations.

Their petting could include "methsa" but intercourse is tabooed.

Outside the hut the parents and relatives stand with their ears to the door and the wall to listen to the vocal reactions, even remonstrations of the bride.

The scene of "defloration" performed symbolically at the cattle kraal has now to be enacted in real life.

The bride is expected to offer resistance and the magic power of the phallus, physical and non-physical, must overcome this resistance.

The greater the vocal protestations, audible enough for those with ears to the door to hear, the more pleased they are, when the actions and reactions are according to the traditional pattern.

The actual marriage ceremony between two people who probably have not met before is extremely simple.

It is the great symbolic play before the seen and unseen that forms the important mental aspect of the ceremony.

The chief Nkazana spreads the mat for the bride, and says "Here is your husband," and the "Indindala" does the same for the groom with the words, "Here is your wife."

Outside the hut those with their ears to the door wait for some vocal exclamation which tells the story of surrender. Almost an ancient echo for the triumph of patriarchal rule.

The superficial impression of this pagan ceremony, and all the details left to the imagination could quite easily give rise to the notion that the minds of those participating are lecherous and enjoy the knowledge of the pleasure of sensual gratification as the overriding factor.

Yet after discussions with diviners I became aware that there was a transcendental element at work. It was somehow a performance in which tradition itself was the audience before an unseen approving power.

It was the fulfilment of an act in which was incorporated the phallus as procreator and the victory of the patrilineal over the matrilineal.

The private sensual pleasures of course played their part but not the chief role.

The performance was that of a drama in sign language calling on the power of the unseen.

Those who listened with their ears to the door departed hoping in their hearts that Qamata would grant an Inkwenkwe.

CHAPTER VI
WITCHCRAFT

The stories about the Impundulu, Tikoloshe, and Inyoka, as creatures ordered to play their wicked roles at the behest of witches, leaves one with the impression of a phantasy world, and that these creatures in no way come near the world of physical reality. In this sense witchcraft is a false belief, and whatever witches do belongs to their wishfulfilling world.

The many tales about spells cast on people and witchcraft medicines buried near thresholds, farm gates, and even grafted on to trees, which led to accidents, illnesses, disease among crops and cattle, all appear as so much suggestion, delusive and fictitious.

But Solomon Daba and Xagalelagusha informed me that witches were capable of using a magical power for evil purposes, just as Isanusus could use this power to counteract evil and cure disease caused by witchcraft.

It was a question of the purpose for which the mind would employ this power. It was the same power by means of which the Tikoloshe threw stones on the huts, and brought stones through walls and closed doors, and start fires even sometimes when no material that could cause a fire was anywhere near.

It is a power by means of which things are moved in an invisible manner. The thought of the mind becomes linked with this power of magic, which can come from the body of a person or from plants growing deep in the forest as in the Amatola mountains.

It is the power of the human mind which a plant, flower, or herb can feel, which is used by magic to make men ill or heal them or make them do queer things.

Isanusus know how to communicate with plants, for when one becomes "twasa" you develop another sense which makes the plant feel what you desire, and it is by these means that certain herbs give their best medicines to cure man's ills.

There are herbs which give their magic to one's thoughts, and you can make people do things and even make them come to you, when they have not known you before or have not heard your name.

A female African doctor told me how her medicines, which she gathered in the Amatola mountains could make people do these things.

She called a man, Feelo, to tell me how he got his wife, Grace.

Feelo said that one night he was coming from work sitting in the bus when he saw a girl at a bus stop. He felt she was very attractive and he would indeed like to meet her. He was earning enough money to get married and she did not look to him as if married. She appeared about sixteen or seventeen. The bus moved on, and he turned to the man sitting at the window next to him and asked him whether he had seen the girl in the grey jersey and blue slacks? The man said he had seen her often, and that she worked in a shop in the city. He has heard people call her Grace. He told this man he would like to meet this girl, but the man did not know where she lived, but told him to consult an African Igqira woman who was ukutwasa, her name was Tiny. She could give him medicines to call Grace to his house. Then he went to see Tiny, who charged him five rand for a medicine of herbs called Ukuphosela. He had to put the herbs in a jug of water and then take a forked stick with a long stem and rub his palms across the stem of the forked stick, and foam will form as the forked stick stirred the water.

Feelo described in great detail how he rubbed his palms, and rotated the forkstick in the jug all the time doing what Tiny instructed him to do. Then as the Ukuphosela began to foam he started calling out the name Grace, and telling her to come to his house. He also called out the name and number of the street where he lived. He knew the Ukuphosela will give rise to a magic that will make Grace receive his thoughts as he spoke them aloud. He must make his thoughts call Grace aloud, as he stirred the mixture in the jug.

He kept this up for a long time until there was no more foam and then he washed himself and put on his new suit,

had his supper and just sat thinking that Grace would come and knock at the door. He looked outside; it was seven in the evening, but no Grace was in the street. He went inside and thought of the power of the Ukuphosela, because Tiny's medicine must bring Grace, and then there was a knock. He opened the door and there stood Grace. Tiny also told me that if a man wanted a girl to come to him, he could also write her name on a piece of paper, put it in a bottle, then walk up and down in the street where she lives shaking the bottle all the time and calling her name.

When asked whether the thought that desire could not have been sufficient to bring Grace without the Ukuphosela, she said no because the herbs have a magic which carries the "calling thoughts" to the person.

She admits the necessity of the thought and desire but the herbs would help to carry the call.

Many white people of social importance in their communities believe firmly in the mysterious magical powers possessed by Africans and Malays. Cases have been described to me by responsible country people who one would be reluctant to accuse of telling deliberate untruths. They claim the facts were known to many and they could bring witnesses to support the magic cures.

Many of these cases were published in the press with photographs of the people and their statements describing illness, crop failures, diseases among farm animals, and then the advent of the witchdoctor.

The latter was always called in as a last resort in a mood of desperation.

Always the findings of the witchdoctor were the same. They diagnosed witchcraft and buried medicines which in some mysterious way caused cattle to die, people in the house to be ill, accidents of the strangest nature to occur and crops to fail year after year.

All these misfortunes occurred because medicines buried at gates and near doors, even grafted in trees, have the magic power to bring about disease and disaster as intended by a person who wanted revenge for something done to him by the owner of the farm.

These little bottles of medicines, often containing powders or coloured fluids, are dug up by the witchdoctor or herbalist who in turn scatter powders, and make medicines to counteract the evil and cure the diseases, the success of which are affirmed by the owners of the farms.

It was amazing how educated White people would relate their first hand experiences and their personal knowledge of the people who were bewitched and even promised me personally to investigate, guided by my questionnaires, and yet I never heard from them again or received accounts which could give some clue as to the powers employed. Somehow one has to suspect that fear and superstition influenced their minds once they listened to the beliefs of those who were allegedly bewitched. This is particularly disappointing and one can only rely on a rational explanation that these deeds, if they do occur, involve psychokinesis and other psi energies as forms of reactionary power. It is then the various dynamics inherent in psychic phenomena that must be considered as primary factors in the traditional patterns of witchcraft. Behind them all is the power of thought, the intention, the will and the intensity of desire and wish.

Solomon Daba told me of the Isanuse who taught him after he became ukutwasa. One day this Isanuse had located some stolen cattle for a trader, the White man refused to pay him his full fee. The man was sitting on his cart drawn by two horses. The Isanuse told him the cart would not move until he had paid. The man whipped the horses, but although the wheels turned on the ground the cart remained standing until the man paid the full fee. When questioned about this power that could make the wheels turn while the cart stood still Solomon answered that everyone had this power, but those who were ukutwasa had more and could control and direct it.

He said it was the same power which the Tikoloshe is said to employ when stones come into huts, when the doors are closed and when objects are moved before your eyes by invisible means.

According to Solomon's description this form of magic is a psi quality, and it makes one think of apports, the bending

of watch hands and keys by thought, as done by Uri Geller, and the psychokinetic energies of Mikhailova and others.

Having in my student days learned about the aura from the work of Dr. Walter J. Kilner at St. Thomas' Hospital I explained these findings to Solomon Daba, and to my amazement he said every person is surrounded by his own magic power. His literal words were that each person walks in a cloud. The cloud will tell the Isanuse whether the person has good or bad thoughts. I told him that I believed man could only practise these strange powers, and produce invisible movements of objects, because of the power that is inside the cloud which surrounds a person.

He agreed that this magic power which made the wheels turn and kept the cart in the same place comes out of this cloud-like substance which surrounds people but which could be very powerful in some Isanuses. To me this was confirmation of my belief that psychic powers, psi phenomena, telepathy, psychometry, psychokinesis all somehow play a part in witchcraft called "Black Magic" or Kaffir poison.

These stories told by White people in an honest, sincere manner how these strange powers worked on farms and friends were difficult to dismiss as entirely groundless. One could discard the mythical creatures as mental devices or archetypal unconscious eruptions of thought caused by illness such as schizophrenia, but the cases of Ukuphosela were sworn to by so many that it must be a means for vivifying and intensifying telepathy.

In the case of Feelo, Grace had never seen or heard of him. He only saw Grace carrying out his wishes as he called her name and stirred the Ukuphosela.

I asked Tiny whether the herbs she used in the medicine could give off a power which can be drawn to the human thought of Feelo and then make the thought strong so that it could find the cloud power around a person Solomon Daba spoke about. She said there was this power and it happens as I think. The power is also in the skies and the winds.

When Grace got the call it made her drop her washing and go and search for that house.

The work of the pioneers on ectoplasm, which have unfortunately been neglected by the modern parapsychologists, have left us with one most important discovery about this semi-physical substance, and that is its ideoplastic property. It can retain thought in a photographic manner as so abundantly shown by the scientific research of the late Dr. Glen Hamilton. This substance can exist or appear in several forms but its natural existence is obviously in an ethereal state as part of our sphere of life. The important factor is the affinity between it and thought as well as the auric force field of personality.

Ronald Rose in his book *Living Magic* describes worm-like objects coming out of the mouth of an Australian Aborigine witchdoctor. This could have been nothing else but solid ectoplasm.

In *The Mediumship of Jack Webber*, Mr. Harry Edwards gives numerous photographic illustrations of this substance and its movements of objects as well as human levitation. Mr. Edwards confirms my impression that ectoplasm can perform most powerfully in its invisible and natural ethereal form. One can suppose that the rope of rodlike formations are physical forms corresponding to beamlike functions in its ethereal state if directed by thought forms or waves.

In my students days in Glasgow several of us interested in psychic matters found a trance medium, where in darkness a luminous trumpet was moved and spirit voices spoke through it. There was no solid visible materialisation, and no ectoplasm was seen by us although the trumpet floated up to the ceiling from where voices spoke. It performed numerous movements by invisible means, as there was not absolute darkness and we could make out persons in the circle. Then a septic suddenly switched on the lights. The trumpet fell to the floor and the medium was in acute distress, moaned and vomited. Later when she was fully conscious and put to bed it was discovered that there was subcutaneous bleeding over her solar plexus, as if severely bruised. She had pain after meals for weeks.

My conclusion was that invisible ectoplasm was sensitive to white light, and was repelled by it back into the body from

which it was radiated to move the trumpet and provide the conditions for spirit voices to be heard.

From that time I considered it most important for medical science to investigate and do research on the function of ectoplasm and in the human personality in particular. What is its relationship to consciousness, psychokinesis, psychometry and certain conditions following the taking of drugs?

These questions remained unanswered, but during my intimate association with the Xhosa doctors and listening to the stories of witchcraft, ectoplasm kept on returning to my mind making me feel that it was an important factor in witchcraft. This view is supported by the recent disclosures from Russia and Czechoslovakia.

According to *Psychic Discoveries Behind The Iron Curtain* by Shiela Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder, Robert Pavlita had discovered a psychotronic generation. "Supposedly as Pavlita stares, his bio-energy is drawn into the generator, which accumulates it and directs it." The generator acts as go between for Pavlita's psychokinetic energy.

The test carried out on this amazing Czech showed that vital energy could be drawn from him and could be harnessed and directed from his mind by the generator. This is exactly the impression of magic one receives when listening to the powers of witchdoctors.

The authors, Ostrander and Schroeder in their book, make mention of the fact that Dr. Paul Joire in France some years ago designed a special device with a needle that turned when a human stared at it or just stood near it. Now the latter part is important, because it makes us think of Dr. Kilner's discovery of the aura as a force field, surrounding the human personality and probably capable of being charged with this mysterious biological energy subject to the power of will and thought.

Various people experimented with this power and found it could create effects similar to magnetism, electricity, heat and luminous radiations, but was none of these. It was energy of an inner dimension. Are these not manifestations and effects we also observe in poltergeist phenomena?

If mediumship of some sort is at the bottom of witchcraft

then this strange energy or magic power of the traditional pattern of African culture could very well be one and the same as the psi powers and psychokinesis of poltergeist manifestations.

The question arises what relationship has ectoplasm in its invisible form to this magic power, which Dr. Joire and Pavlita also discovered.

I am prepared to advance the idea that ectoplasm in its invisible state takes on the vibration and meaning of thought, and that its radiations from the aura could be as directed by thought, either as a beam, or as little smoke rings speeding to their goal. "Tiny" said with Ukuphosela, the thoughts calling "Grace" were like the little rings people blow with cigarette smoke.

Now Tiny claimed that she was Ukatwasa. If so, could it be that she had seen thought radiations with minute ectoplasmic rings clairvoyantly?

One of the beliefs found in witchcraft is that plants and herbs used for medicines can absorb power from people, and store this power and that it could be released by the mind of an Isanuse. Even a witch could do this and use this power for malevolent purposes.

In my book *Where Mystery Dwells* published by James Clarke & Co., I mention the amazing healing power stored in a little primula. The story in brief is as follows: One night the late Mrs. Shearer was in a trance, and a spiritual communicant told me he had placed a little primula taken from a pot plant in the hall under my chair. It was said that I would know what to do with it.

After the seance I found the primula with its cluster of flowers, not more than two centimetres in diameter, and with a short stem where it was broken off – and which was no longer than one centimetre, if that. I tried to keep it in my button-hole for the rest of the evening, but the little stem was not long enough and I had to put a small pin through it. On arriving home about midnight I went to my study, and ultimately found a tiny bottle with a short narrow neck, just allowing the little stem to be at least half in the water. The water was changed every morning by me personally, and

quite an interesting relationship grew up between me and the primula.

Although I thought I willed all my actions, nevertheless, on reflection months later it did appear to me as if I was made to do certain things to the primula. I talked to it about its mysterious power to keep on blooming and have little fresh flowers opening almost daily. This process went on for over seven months, I had a Rhodesian African servant, a Mashona, called Peter and we talked about the Mashona's belief in Chaminuka as an emanation of God, and also about the spirit voices that could be heard in certain caves near Zimbabwe. Peter knew the history of the primula and was entrusted to water it when I was away from home.

One day Peter said to me that in his country there were men who were their doctors, who would be able to explain the strange magic of the primula.

I showed this phenomenal little flower to many people, told them how I obtained it, and above all stressed the fact that in similar experiments with other primulas they all decayed in the stems and wilted within twenty four hours whereas this one was gaily blossoming for months.

Their reactions were amazing. It seemed as if they could not grasp the significance of a tiny flower living and blooming vigorously in a little bottle for months.

Somehow the natural wonder one experiences when beholding a rare and majestic phenomenon of nature, was to my mind equally capable of being evoked by the silent activity of colourful life in the blooming clusters of the primula. It was a form of human blindness of the psyche, I thought.

Undoubtedly it was the absence of a spiritual sensitivity in consciousness, in spite of the fact that these were kind and cultured people. There was not enough power in the abnormal life of the primula to excite their sensory minds, in which they were marooned.

I spoke to Peter about these disinterested reactions of my friends when I showed them the primula, and he answered that they could not see with the eyes of the Great Spirit.

Then after seven months while the primula was blooming

as lustily as ever, my daughter Marlene, then twelve years old, had her tonsils removed.

Complications set in and even after she came home she had a relapse. While in acute pain that morning and unable to swallow, I examined her throat with the intention of phoning the specialist. I found an inflamed and swollen throat, red and angry looking. The throat was almost completely closed from the swelling all round.

I thought it imperative to phone the specialist who performed the operation. I went downstairs to the phone and picked it up to dial, when a thought came into my consciousness to wait with my call and take the primula to Marlene. I took the primula in its little bottle upstairs. Inwardly I was saying "goodbye" to it. I felt it would only cure by sacrificing its little life. I was definite about what I had to do. Marlene of course knew all about the miraculous little primula.

I told her to imagine that she was inspiring the power of the little flower, and therefore to hold it near her open mouth and breathe its healing power into her throat, but to exhale well away from the primula. I left for my rooms. On account of hospital calls and an emergency consultation, I did not reach my rooms until two and a half hours later. I immediately phoned home. My wife told me, "Your little flower has died. After about five minutes it began to wilt. The little flowers making up the clusters fell apart and were lying limply on each other. The whole primula sagged and hung over the neck of the bottle. We changed the water but it did not revitalise, even the little stem appeared to be decaying. Marlene has no more pain and has eaten some breakfast. She wants to get up."

On arriving home at 1 p.m. I examined Marlene's throat again with a good light and spatulum.

In a period of five hours the swelling had subsided and the inflammatory redness had greatly diminished, and what was more, she could enjoy a lunch of solid food.

The family thought it wonderful and forgot the whole episode.

In medicine one learns that the doctor who looks for gratitude of his patients is naive.

But here my own family somehow also forgot, and their minds did not pause to think of an invisible cycle of events in which only the primula revealed its role as a little medium of life carrying mysterious healing vibrations.

As I reflected on the whole process of healing the throat, I wanted to seek out the forces at work, for no miracle can escape the operation of love whether physical or in the ethereal dimensionalities of the Cosmos.

First there was the primula I received during a seance as an apport over seven months ago.

Was it placed under my chair by a discarnate agency, telling me I would know what to do whilst knowing full well at that time the series of events that would culminate in a primula healing an inflamed throat? And then the unnatural longevity of the flower in a bottle of water.

What powers were stored in the flower? How was it charged and what was the energy?

The manner in which I told Marlene to inhale from the primula could have set up a bipolar circuit of energy between Marlene's throat and the flower. The throat could have been the positive pole, while the primula was the negative pole, and the power hence flowed from the primula to the throat.

One must include the power of thought innate in the desire and the wish to obtain the healing energy of the primula by a process of breathing it in.

This polarisation of forces may be a common cosmic activity ever forming and dissolving even in the world of "thought forms" in a person's aura.

I shall have to return to polarisation when I discuss the traditional Xhosa conception of good and evil. But in Marlene's case the abnormal life of the flower was linked with healing power. Now the bringing of the flower into a seance room, when all doors were locked, implies that this act of psychokinesis was carried out by powers radiated beyond the room and in keeping with past experience I would say that this power which picked the primula and broke off its short stem was ectoplasmic energy in its natural ethereal or invisible state, in the same manner as some frightening

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manifestations take place where poltergeist activity is found.

The invisible radiation of energy is probably increased by an extension of the force field of the aura of the medium during a trance condition.

We know that a fusion of separate auras of sitters can take place in a seance. The fine invisible ectoplasm is probably always present in the aura of a person and in my opinion this ethereal ectoplasm is what the ancient occultists knew as *aura prana*.

The concentration of this *aura prana* in one's aura must vary from person to person. Not only its concentration, but the natural laws governing its frequency of movement and its polarity could account for extraordinary abilities of psychokinesis which some people reveal as the examples of Mikailova, Uri Geller, and Mr. Pavlita.

I must assume that in the case of the primula it was picked by an intensified force field of the medium's aura saturated with ethereal ectoplasm.

But then another factor appeared, the presence of the discarnate or spirit personality, whose words implied that the apport of a primula was for a purpose. "You will know what to do when the time comes."

I must add that this seance was preceded by a long and erudite discussion on spiritual healing. If this spirit being was going to give me the opportunity of studying these laws, then his thoughts directed the ectoplasmic energy or *aura prana* of Mrs. Shearer to the primula and so removed it from the plant.

But Dr. Glen Hamilton has left us in no doubt that ectoplasm in its more condensed states is ideoplastic.

Ideas gain form, figures and features form in it. It is photographic, and I see no reason why this characteristic is not also a property in ethereal ectoplasm.

The ideas of the spiritual being became "thought forms" around which the ectoplasm formed. Like the *aura prana* formed around the thought forms of the ancient occultists.

This thought form carried by the medium's ectoplasm was the power packet of spiritual and mental intention. It formed an ectoplasmic mould of atoms.

No doubt polarity and attraction of the ectoplasm joined the life force of the primula.

The thought form and its intention which was retained by the ectoplasm, as ideas, must have been absorbed by the ethereal ectoplasm in the primula. But were released by the bipolarity of the field set up between a diseased throat and a primula vibrant with power. It could be assumed that the spirit communicant during the trance state of Mrs. Shearer programmed the ectoplasm in the primula to react immediately and fully to the positive attraction of Marlene's throat. And the little primula did just this, a wonderful act of sacrifice, which left its wilted and decayed little body absolutely lifeless.

And yet on this small scale this little flower impressed one's mind to marvel at the infinite activities of the unseen universes beyond one's puny consciousness.

When therefore one comes across beliefs in witchcraft, and strange herbal cures, one cannot exclude the psi biology of man, his auric force field and his radiation of ethereal ectoplasm forming in our sensory world a sort of vehicle employed by thought.

The presence of ectoplasm as a semiphysical biological product of organic matter, having the property to change into many forms, as directed by inner frequencies of thought, cannot only confine it and limit it to substance contained in physical matter.

It appears to have an important function in any personality and as a retainer of thought and feeling in objects. The ability of certain psychic sensitives to read history in stones, or obtain memories, emotions and even historical occurrences by handling objects which belonged or belong to other personalities is known as psychometry.

This art of perception by means of a sensitivity, Solomon Daba claimed anyone can develop but it comes more readily to those who have been Ukutwasa, if they keenly desire to pick up memories from objects. He believed there was a magic substance in all things and this magic substance records all happenings, thoughts and feelings.

The property of this substance to retain impressions can-

not be dissociated from the ideoplastic nature of ectoplasm. Hence it can be concluded that ectoplasm is an inner degree of physical substance, and of a more subtle nature than physical atoms and molecules.

In matter it seems to correspond to a sensitive photographic plate and whatever is reflected on it from sound, light and feeling remains as a memory record.

It therefore has a universal existence and forms a vital part of man and his aura. It cannot be considered as independent in the Cosmos, and only being confined to earthly matter. It is in all probability the chief ingredient of that sphere of the astral world, which the Hindus say contains the Akhasic records of our earth.

I would prefer to call it the ectoplasmic astral reflecting layer of the Cosmos, than such vague terms as reflecting ether, and lastly Cosmic Mind, because it cannot be the entire Cosmic Mind, but only a sphere of it, forming an inner degree of substance to our earth life.

One can wander off into many avenues of occult thought, when one seriously thinks of this mystery of a human mind, holding a pendant of a person unknown to me, and to Solomon Daba, and then to receive a letter corroborating everything this Isanuse received like pictures with feelings from the pendant.

This universality of the property of ectoplasm leaves little doubt that it can be ejected with thought forms from a person's aura, and so play a dominant role in telepathic communications.

The calling of Grace with the Ukuphosela could be a ritual for intensifying thought and desire by propelling an ectoplasmic molecule laden with feeling. The thought form in ectoplasmic garb can impress any aura.

It is no longer possible to think of "thought" as such as something merely abstract, unreal, and of the stuff of shadows, like fancies, imaginings and the stuff of dreams, always ephemeral.

It could be the most important factor in developing one's aura by the cultivation of desirable qualities which in turn

feed the consciousness. This brings us to the traditional African world of good and evil spirits.

There is a clear dichotomy between good and evil, and as we have seen in the study of the mythical creatures that some of them were derived from Totems that no longer served the establishment, and so were relegated by mind to the domain of evil.

The Xhosa has a whole array of evil beings and have lately under Christian influence made all evil spirits subservient to the Devil or Satan, as in direct opposition to God. Indeed the antipathy of good. It is of interest to think that long before Christianity, Amen Ra the Theban Diety was shown in the appearance of the Ram, as the source of life and power, and he was opposed by the horned figure which symbolised Typhon, the evil one. The opposing force to good or the other pole of evil in the world.

It was of course from the horned Typhon that Christians borrowed their Devil.

But before even this period there were the powers of light and darkness in eternal conflict, which were symbolised by Horus the good one and Sut, later our Satan, as the evil one. It is said that the original Africans divided the year into two periods, one of rain and growth and one of decay and drought.

The first one was represented by Horus and the last one by Sut, who lived in the barren desert, a world of wickedness and evil.

This ground work of African traditional beliefs in a good world, and a world of wicked evil spirits, is as clearly demarcated as a physical reality.

The world of darkness, whence come the power of witchcraft, is not only inhabited by wicked mythical creatures but by the minds of people.

It was clear to me, that my efforts to persuade the Isanuses, Amagqira, and elders, to give me their views on these worlds of darkness and light showed that they seemed to have a superstitious reluctance to become too involved in such ideas.

Nevertheless, the world of light was that where the Izihwele

and the Izinyanya lived, whereas the evil world consisted of mythical creatures and witches dead and alive and other spirits.

I wanted to know of them whether there could be other people, who were not witches on earth but who did not believe in the Izinyanya?

And the replies were that such people could exist in a next world, and they could even make people on earth think the way they want them to think. This often happens when some one is beginning to be Ukutwasa, because then one is more receptive to spirit influence, and spirits from the dark world of witchcraft could make people do certain things.

The presence of spiritual hierarchies in the AmaXosa beliefs, and those I have met in Rhodesia, leave little doubt that the concept of spiritual evolution has not been lost but has become dormant.

They do believe in a great Hierarchy of Intelligences, who have reached the world of the Izinyanya.

Opposing this world of light is a world of evil minds and designs full of wickedness who use magic powers to commit evil deeds. They are said to be capable of the most horrible deeds and can cast spells that will continue to bring misfortune, accidents and death indefinitely.

All the impressions and beliefs, which these people could not think of in any other way than having a reality of an unseen nature, made me think of psychometry and the role of ectoplasm in the world of memory retention, beyond the human brain. There is a universality about ectoplasm. We seem to find it everywhere. It undoubtedly forms one of the layers of the soul body, which must be dissolved or discarded if there is to be spiritual progress after death, because ectoplasm is a semi-physical biological product. Hence one can picture a sphere of ectoplasmic ethereal substance at the lowest levels or regions of the astral plane. After death the spirit being must pass through this ectoplasmic sphere forming something like an inner earth.

This passage of the discarnate being will of course depend on his degree of consciousness, the thought world of his aura, and his awareness of a spiritual destiny, because with-

out the latter mental equipment, he will not be able to orientate himself and would therefore while in that state remain a dweller on this ideoplastic plane of ethereal ectoplasm. One can picture such a discarnate person as the product of his thought world, since in my opinion there is a reciprocal relationship between one's consciousness and one's soul development.

Soul resonates and responds to spiritual ideas and emotions is one's mind, and in its resonance it feeds back or reflects spiritual ideals to one's mind, and also relays to one's consciousness the inspirations it receives from the spiritual Hierarchies. I have found the germ of such thought, not clearly expressed, but inwardly understood by Solomon Daba when he spoke about the guidance of his Izinyanya.

Where a person dies without any spiritual thought or aim in life, and where antisocial and other antipathetic human qualities were practised, one would expect on the average that such a discarnate being would be in an ectoplasmic cocoon and in consequence be gravitated to the lowest planes of consciousness in the Cosmos.

In ancient Egypt those who had spiritual education were buried with a scroll on the chest, and the scroll contained the knowledge of the spiritual path he had to traverse.

Here one has a beautiful symbolic portrayal of the scroll as consciousness.

It is probably this after death sphere where one discards one's earthbound acquirements and ectoplasm, which the African has described as the waters between man and the Abantubomlambo. It is also the water of the river Styx, and Homer in *The Odyssey*, states "Thus she brought us to the deep flowing River of Ocean, and the frontiers of the world, where the fog-bound Cimmerians live in the city of perpetual mist." Here Homer describes those who have not developed the consciousness to free themselves by the power of thought from the gravitating ectoplasm.

We find the same awareness of this sphere that awaits man described as the shadow of death. The latter had taken place, but its shadow remained as if a little further along the line. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

death, I will not fear." It was for this reason that the ancient Egyptian was buried with the scroll of knowledge as a guide.

As the patriarch is buried the Xhosa shouts, "We will follow you."

Xagalelagusha said it is the path to the spirit world of the Izinyanya that we must learn to follow. Now these beliefs in spiritual Hierarchies by the traditional African and at the same time his belief in a spirit world which is just the opposite of that of the Izinyanya; because the latter live in a world of light. It is remembered that when the young men have been initiated and have gained their new lives, a fire with leaping flames is made in the cattle kraal; because the Izinyanya are clothed with the flames of the sun.

The other world is dark and misty for it is the breeding ground for evil thoughts, which those on earth can receive if they believe in the powers of the witches and subject themselves thereto. When I pointed out to Solomon Daba that the spirit world has two opposites, the Izinyanya and the wicked spirits, he agreed that these two sides of life are everywhere.

This is indeed true and seems to reflect a Cosmic principle, because our instincts are arranged in pairs of polar opposites, and we find this particularly in the treatment of psychoneurosis.

The autonomic nervous system obeys a similar law, and even as every instinct has a counter instinct, so we even have opposite temperaments.

The traditional African conceives, without much clarity expressed in words, that our spiritual world of light has an opposite of darkness, evil and wickedness.

If one looks at the Cosmos in its spiritual degrees through the eyes of a Xhosa Isanuse born and bred in his tradition, then the Cosmos is bipolar. Goodness, Holiness, Reverence and Kindness are countered at another pole of darkness and of unevolved spiritual beings, as the source for wicked thoughts.

Hence the pole of darkness and wickedness is the negative pole, and the pole of light where the Izinyanya are is the positive pole.

On this correspondence there is spiritual evolution from the negative to the positive pole. In the process of duration changes occur, monotony would play its part, and consciousness stirs and could become receptive to an inflow of thought from the Hierarchies. This radiation through and from higher planes to us on earth is no doubt a function of the Cosmic Consciousness, since it pervades all. But only those minds with receptive conditions will be able to receive these radiations which are received in mind via the soul.

One can imagine that the denser these negative layers of discarnate beings who are bound to the earth and not free from their ectoplasmic bodies, the more the higher spiritual radiations of thought could be prevented from being received by our world of consciousness. In this manner our minds could be deprived of higher spiritual guidance and inspiration.

The ability of spirit entities to radiate thought from their spheres to us does not imply that we receive what is telepathically sent, unless we are in harmony and consciousness is receptive.

Nevertheless it seems that there is a resonating influence between one's state of mind and the thought world of some spiritual layer of the Cosmic Consciousness.

My impression is that a certain state of consciousness can vibrate with discarnate layers of thought. It could be that one becomes negative to a plane of consciousness and its thoughts and attract these to one quite unwittingly.

According to some ideas expressed by Africans who were Ukutwasa they believe that the spirits of the wicked world find expression through witches, and even where things like stones fall on the huts from nowhere there is some person in the kraal who is going to be "twasa", and the evil ones are called by the magic power of such a person, and they do what they want with this magic power. They often do those things for which people blame the Tikoloshe. Dwali Nekom-pelo said that Africans know that there are little people in the unseen world, they are like those children who are born without senses, and eat and behave like animals and cannot ever learn like other children. He said these spirits want to

be like humans, and are quickly drawn to persons who have the power of *twas*. This traditional belief told by Dwali Nekompela could be interpreted that undeveloped beings from these lowest astral planes are attracted to persons developing physical mediumship. He said they work for the *Tikoloshe*, throw stones and make fires in sleeping mats.

This was very much the idea of familiar spirits obeying sorcerers, but it also fits into poltergeist activities.

On occasions when I have witnessed poltergeist manifestations the impression has been given of intelligences at work of an amoral nature, quite detached from any acquaintance with our human values and cultures. If physical evolution is true, one might ask on what spiritual planes are our animal-like ancestors, even those in the group of the first man?

Could one read in Dwali Nekompelo's traditional belief that mediumship in the pubertal or adolescent being sets up a force field of an aura which can attract these undeveloped intelligences and so produce poltergeist phenomena that are considered as the work of sorcerers?

If a mediumistic sorcerer practising black magic seeks in the unseen for spirit help to bring illfortune to someone, then similar strata of consciousness could be attracted to the aura of the witch, and so psychometric impressions can be made on the ectoplasm of an object which is then buried to act as the psychotronic generator discovered by Pavlita in Czechoslovakia.

The power can be used for good or evil and the capacity of an object for retaining ideas and feelings as discovered by psychometrists, could not be divorced from the powers of witchcraft claimed by the Africans.

In the case of the primula a power endowed with vibrations for healing, strangely maintained vitality in the little flower existing under abnormal conditions.

All these phenomena are too frequently viewed by us as isolated events, when they rest on cosmic energies subject to the world of thought and the infinite layers or spheres of consciousness of the Cosmos.

The principle of duality, with its nadir or negative pole where consciousness begins its development, has become

known as the dark regions. "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." The domain of evil, the Christian Devil, Satan, Sut and Typhon. The opposite of good.

This is the polarity from which witchcraft and Satanism feed the perverted human mind. Then we have the zenith of light with God and his angels, and the glorified and luminous beings such as the African Mhondoro and Izinyanya all operating in opposition to the spheres of darkness or undevelopment.

But all active in radiating the good thoughts from the worlds of light.

The Isanuse is conscious of this power for good, which comes from his Izinyanya. He is equally as firmly convinced there is an opposite region, whence comes evil thoughts, whereas only wisdom and beauty come from the Izinyanya.

The story of witchcraft unfolds that even among the pagan there is the belief that the mind of man is the attracting force. This appears in all relations with the mythical beings as well.

Nevertheless they intuitively believe in the existence of a magical substance which can be moulded by the mind. Tiny said it was "By right singing and ukwombelela" that this power can be concentrated and made to carry its message for evil deeds, even in a string of beads, a stick, or a bangle. But usually this evil thought wrapped in this power is carried best by certain medicines even ukuphosela.

There are plants for wicked and poisonous deeds, and there are just the opposite plants, but they all can carry this power which also comes from people with evil deeds in their hearts.

These people bring illnesses and all these things come from hate and revenge. But the Isanuse who knows the secret of Ukutwasa receives his thoughts from his Izinyanya, and these thoughts use this same magic power, which the evil ones use, but because his mind works with his Izinyanya, and not with the thoughts that come in the night from the world of darkness and wicked spirits, therefore the thoughts of the good Isanuse have the light which shines from the word "Camagu".

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