

*E. Howard Hunt's*  
*Dept. of Occult Tricks*

# Patriotic witchcraft

by Craig Karpel

*"I want to put on a Black Mass to end all Black Masses—topping the one I broke up—one they'll talk about in Satanist circles for the next hundred years. . . I want special effects—the whole schmeer. P-sychedelic brew, apparitions, musical backgrounds, levitation. Everything up to and including a terrestrial appearance of the Devil"*

*"Diabolus." 1971*

*"When anyone invokes the Devil with intentional ceremonies, the Devil comes and is seen."*

*—Eliphas Levi, "Histoire de la Magie," 1860, as quoted by Hunt in "Diabolus"*

One dank London day in 1589 a smudge-face serving-boy named Thomas Cawndell found in Lincoln's Inn fields a grotesque poppet of Queen Elizabeth, a rusted pin thrust through its very heart. Shortly thereafter Her Majesty's Privy Council summoned John Dee, the Astrologer-Royal, to come to court

and, in utmost secrecy, undo the harm that had, thereby, been done to the Queen. Doctor Dee replied that he would come immediately to London, signing himself, as he always did, 007: 0 and 0 for Eyes, as Elizabeth fondly nicked the name of her favorite alchemist and spy, and 7 for the seven angels of the seven circles of heaven, the seven letters of the names of the governors of the Aethyrs and of the watchtowers, etc., etc.

Sometime in July 1971 H.R. Haldeman summoned E. Howard Hunt, author of a series of treatises on Black Magic and witchcraft, to come to court and harm the enemies of the President. Hunt did not sign 007, though, to read his oeuvre of 40-odd (and I mean odd) mediocre spy novels one would think he'd have rather liked to. Hunt had been a spy, but he was no an alchemist. Indeed, in short order he became quite the opposite: a "plumber." The alchemist strives to trans-

mute lead into gold. The word "plumber" comes from the Latin "plumbum"—lead. Hunt's dark mission was to reverse the vector of alchemy: the transmutation of gold into lead, of everything that is precious in human governance to everything that is base. It didn't quit quite work. Hunt tried to turn the alchemical furnace topsy-turvy and ended up with philosopher's egg on his face. Sorcerer, if you want your basement flooded never hire an apprentice so indiscreet as to give out his return address is Witches Island, 11120 River Road Potomac, Maryland.

Some weeks ago my article, "The Road to Paramoid Scenarios is Paved With Perverse Intentions," appeared in *The Voice* (October 18). In it, I excerpted a letter from an anonymous correspondent who suggested after a previous episode that Nixon's trips to Abplanalp's island in the stream was for the purpose of recharging his pineal battery with Poseidon brand orgone energy. "A Reader" told me in an authoritative tone that I was on the verge of a major discovery related to the deviant form of sexuality practiced by Nixon and his boyfriends. So I speculated as to whether, presented as we were with Gordon Liddy singing his claw to impress steward-di, John Dean being implicitly threatened with gang rape by White House sources, Dave McReynolds's having run into a certain top Nixon aide in an S/M bar, Nixon having bent the suit of a certain top Nixon aide on national tv, and a desire for privacy unprecedented in American political history, that form of sexuality was of the type noted Egyptologist and Mansonemesis Ed Sanders calls "spank spank." I wrote that I knew A. Reader would strike again, and he/she did.

Dear Craig,

Richard Nixon is not to be taken on such a simple level as merely an S&M enthusiast.

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‘The most important book of 1969  
was “The Sorcerers,” by E. Howard Hunt’

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*However, there may be a group of men in high positions who have a very sophisticated understanding of sexual ritual and who perform selected sexual acts in order, in their perception, to maintain and acquire power. . . .*

*Could it be that R. N. requires privacy for ritual?*

*Could he believe in such simple-minded folk fantasies? Could it be that Howard Hughes requires privacy for ritual?*

*Are the mysteries of “sex-magic” ridiculous and merely to be dismissed as aberrations of the rational mind-or is there perhaps a basis in reality.?*

*For instance, is it possible that Wilhelm Reich’s discovery of orgone energy was actually a codification (scientific) of principles that have been known to Black Magicians since the beginning of time? . . . .*

*You credited me with a certain “even-tempered” logic uncommon to “cranks.” I’m afraid that the above few paragraphs bespeak the crank. Or, perhaps, intimate a truth which, as far as I can tell, has been untouched by any journalist in interpreting the strange behavior of the President. I’ll leave it to your reporter’s intuition to determine if there is any credibility herein.*

*A Reader*

A Reader’s letter arrived as I was reading the most important of 1969. No, friends and neighbors, not “Woodstock Nation” by Abbie Hoffman. The fantasies of the left got more enthusiastic press in the late ‘60s than the fantasies of the right, which got none at all. The liberal media were hoodwinked by hippie hype to the effect that LSD gave the left a monopoly on metathought—despite the fact that the first experiments with acid in the U. S. were designed to expand the minds of naval strategists by psychotomimesis, and as if the right didn’t have its share of ambulatory

psychos who had gotten there without drugs.

For the past decade it has been the fantasies of the right that have been operative in this country, and the most important book of 1969 was the ultimate exorcism to date of those fantasies: “The Sorcerers,” by David St. John, known better today as E. Howard Hunt. “The Sorcerers” is, among other things, a primer in Black Magic and before I say another word on this subject I want to address myself to the witches and warlocks in our studio audience.

After my Nixon-S/M slur appeared, The Voice received a number of letters from irate sadomasochists accusing me of having tarred them with the brush I used against the administration.

The writers insisted that consensual sadomasochism is a healthy form of sexuality, not a perversion. The only sado-masochists I mean to smear are the ones who are getting their strokes from vamping on consensual behavior in all its forms, whether sexual, political, or pharmaceutical. The last thing I wanted to do was cause sado-masochists with no predilection for geopolitical discipline and bondage any pain. Please accept my most submissive apologies, and the next time I fall by the spike you can stamp on my toes to your heart’s delight.

Similarly, lest I offend The Voice’s diabolist constituency: some of my best friends are Satanists-no jive. Sympathy for the Devil is as ennobling as any other

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... he checks out Guazzo's *Evangelium Maleficorum*." "The Black Pullet." "Grimorium Verum." and other worst-sellers. He locates a secret chapel where Communist-sponsored Black Masses are held, but how to gain entry? A brilliant stroke: pose as a devil-worshipper. He fronts himself as a Satanist to a female devotee by dropping a black mouse in front of her!

"He raced under Justine's table and she screamed. Peter barked. 'Jacomet!' . . . scooped him up and replaced the mouse in his pocket. Walking quickly to Justine, he sat down and said. 'The Grand Master appears in many forms. Justine. Have no fear.'

... She drew in one shuddering breath, gasped. 'La souris . . . la souris noire!' and leaned forward weakly.

"'Jacomet,' Peter said. 'My familiar sought you out. You are a Sister of the Shadow . . . Your soul belongs to the Devil, to Asmodeus, the all-powerful. Take me to him who leads your coven in worship.'"

Which she does, taking him to Lucien.

"Entering, Peter said. 'I am called Black Paul—Paul le Noir. My familiar led me to Justine.'"

But Lucien is no slouch, and in short order he coshes Ward/Hunt. "The darkness clouded his eyes, and from a great distance he heard the coven leader snarl. 'You will as-

Where were we. Ah yes. "The Sorcerers." Charming little volume. "At first the case seemed to be a simple matter of blackmail and treason." Oh, is that all! "The daughter of a high government official had vanished and top secrets were leaking into enemy hands. Except that this time the enemy was different-frighteningly different! What started out as a search for a missing girl exploded into a nightmare of strange satanic rites, savage sexual ceremonies, and a mind-shattering chamber of horrors."

*(Hey great! This guy would be with us on the White House team.*

The star of "The Sorcerers" is one Peter Ward, CIA agent, pheasant-hunting Virginia WASP, connoisseur of brand names, and an obvious surrogate for E. Howard Hunt. His search for the missing girl takes him to Paris, where he discovers that she had taken Stapleton's "Fornic-trial Appearance of the Devil" out of the library, along with the "Witches' Hammer," and Hysmans's "La Bas," which contains a description of the Black Mass. Next we find Ward/Hunt at an occult bookstore,

sist at the Devil's rites. Brother Paul. The coven will drink your blood."

No wonder Howard looked so drawn on the televised hearings!

But Ward Hunt escapes and sneaks into the Black Mass.

"Naked, she lay on her back, seemingly suspended in air . . . hung over what he saw was an altar . . ."

"Young and impassive, it was the face of Diana Waring.

"The last celebrant paid homage to the goat, and once again it became invisible. Moving behind the altar, Lucien held out a black chicken, lifted it above the body of the girl, and cried out:

"Oh Satan, le plus puissant des dieux, c'est a toi que nous faisons ce

sacrifice!"

"The knife rose, glinted, and flashed across the pullet's throat. Blood gushed into the waiting silver chalice."

(Ever wonder what goes on in the East Room late at night?)

"As the knife took effect, the congregation gasped and moaned, began to strip off their clothing, disrobe. This was the night the devotees had been promised. The night each one would be granted violation of the virgin.

But as Lucien invokes the Devil, Ward/Hung jabs him with a hypodermic mickey (the same kind they used on Martha Mitchell?) and—lo!—appears as the Devil incarnate.

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## Patriotic witchcraft

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nafé, carries the girl away, through the consternated throng, to the safety of the CIA office. Pretty damned clever, huh?

The next David St. John is "Diabolus," 1971. Ward/Hunt Ward/Hunt's wife has been murdered in his place!!!!!!

This time the problem is the French foreign minister's wife, who is exposing herself to blackmail by officiating at Black Masses. So he finds a look-alike for madame, throws the Black Mass they're still going to be talking about in the 21st century at a time he knows she will be with her husband at an opening in Rome. When the blackmailer, a Chinese Communist agent who is himself a Satanist, tries to put the touch on the foreign minister, he is told, "what are you, nuts? She was on television that night!"

Afterwards, "Peter reflected, the whole evening had been of inestimable service to La Patrie. Patriotic witchcraft."

*Patriotic witchcraft.* Isn't that adorable? I had to read that about 13 times to make sure he really said that.

Finally we have "The Coven," published in 1972. This time Hunt is Jonathan Gault, attorney for Blues Alley-which happens to be a real nightclub in Washington. This bizarre Black singer appearing there and the owner is worried because there's something macabre and the crowd she attracts. Before you can say "Get thee behind me, E. Howard Hunt," the chanteuse is a stiff and Gault is defending her accused killer, an indigent spade who bears a striking resemblance to Mr. Bojangles. To make a short story shorter, if the roman a clef's key be turned, Ted Kennedy, who sends her to Africa on a Fulbright, where she studied Black Magic.

Gault is seduced by it-must-be Joan Kennedy, who gets it all on videotape so she can shake him

gets her to take him to a seance featuring the corpse of the singer, boosted from the morgue. Joan does a number with some fresh-killed poultry, with Ted looking on. I'll leave you hanging on this one.

So we have top Nixon adviser visualizing himself as the Devil carrying away the virgin from the Pinko/Satanic altar, as the Perle Mesta of a Black Mass intended to protect a Satanist woman's husband from being blackmailed by a Communist Satanist, and as a sleuth called upon to figure out who killed a girl in whom a prominent liberal Senator had taken an interest.

It is noteworthy that the last is a role actually played by Hunt, whose first assignment at the White House was to poke around Chappaquidick looking for a way to nail Teddy Kennedy. One is led to wonder whether the first two books are similarly autobiographical. Has Howard Hunt engaged in "patriotic witchcraft", i. e. sicking "our" devil on "their" devil? Was his rationale the same as the one for the burglaries-that the right could hardly be blamed for having borrowed from the left? Was

his office at the White House a sort of Department of Occult Tricks?

(To be continued)

## Hickerson Concert

Joe Hickerson, the archivist of folk music at the Library of Congress will sing Anglo-American songs and ballads on Friday, December 14, at 8 p. m. at the Church of Our Lady of Peace, 237 East 62nd Street. Admission is \$2. For information call 672-6399 or HA 9-3437. The event is sponsored by the New York Pinewoods Folk Music Club.

## Hungarian Quartet

The New Hungarian Quartet, formed in the tradition of the Hungarian Quartet which disbanded after some 38 years, will give a concert on Monday, December 10, at Lincoln Center's Tully Hall. The new group includes violinists Ander Toth and Richard Young, violist Denes Koromzay, and cellist Andor Toth, Jr. Koromzay was one of the founders of the original quartet.