



The Spiritual Legacy of Alice Bailey

by Kala Trobe

Alice Ann La Trobe-Bateman was born in 1880 in England. Her aristocratic birth provided her with an educated, disciplined childhood which benefited her greatly when she came to write the 25 books still in print today. The stifling orthodoxy of her religion—High Church Anglican and Scottish Presbyterian by turns—and the tedious social mores of her class served to provoke her into seeking something greater. She became extremely religious, in a Christian sense, and spent much of her adolescence pondering on whose soul was saved and whose was not. She was keen on charity work, thanks partly to the *noblesse oblige* attitude of her Victorian upbringing. Alice, as a privileged young lady of the upper class, was expected to help the sick and poor. As she admits in her *Unfinished Autobiography*, this may be an example of aristocratic paternalism, but it instilled good habits in her.

At the age of 15, Alice had her first esoteric experience. She was sitting in her library with none but the servants in the house, when a turbaned man walked in. She was more alarmed by his headwear than by his sudden appearance. He told her that he had work for her to do, but that she had to improve herself first. He was, she says, the Master Kuthumi (pronounced "Koot Hoomy"), one of ten members of the Cosmic Hierarchy whose primary aim is to aid humanity in its evolution.

More spiritual introspection ensued, during which time Alice seems not to have liked herself much. She became a Christian missionary and preached to soldiers in Ireland (not exactly a heathen country) and in India. On her way to India, Alice learned an important lesson.

There was a man on the ship who offended her Christian sensibilities greatly. He was "the life and soul" of the voyage's social activities, gambling and drinking whiskey all the way across the Atlantic. Alice observed him with disdain. When they arrived in India, she found herself having to make her own way from the Bombay railway station to the missionary project in Quetta. Even in this day and age, a solitary foreigner would most likely find this a daunting prospect; for a Victorian lady, it was terrifying. Alice was desperately afraid. Suddenly, a familiar face appeared, offering to escort her. It was that terrible man from the ship, and she not only accepted his offer with gratitude, but learned an important lesson about sanctimony.

Alice spent several years in India, preaching, helping the sick, and transforming spiritually from a rather prim and proper young lady to a compassionate *tour-de-force*. She departed due to the dilapidation of her health, and, once recovered in England, set out for the States, where she married an Englishman she had met in India. This marriage proved to be yet another test of her endurance, and she was

ultimately forced to extricate herself and her three daughters from it owing to the violence of her husband.

In America, in 1919, she received her next visit from "the Master." He told her he wished to write books through her. Alice balked. Was she worthy? Was she deluded? He gave her time to decide. True Masters never force their disciples.

After further self-scrutiny, Alice decided that this was indeed her true purpose on earth. Thus began a life-long career as psychic secretary. Nearly all of her books other than her *Unfinished Autobiography* are attributed either to the Master Kuthumi or to "the Tibetan". She was, she claimed, merely the pen-pusher.

The teachings she received have been an important contribution to Theosophy and to world spirituality. They are summed up in the final line of the Great Invocation: "Let Light, and Love, and Power restore the Plan on Earth."

What, however, is "the Plan"? Here, the cosmology becomes rather more complex. The interested reader is directed to Alice Bailey's books for an in-depth explanation, but the key points may be summed up as follows:

1. The approach of the Hierarchy—that is, the ten Masters of Wisdom who aim to help humanity in its spiritual evolution.
2. The return of the Avatar—usually referred to by Alice as "the Christ," but the

term is generic—she means the spirit of positive redemption. The phrase has recently been updated to “the Coming One,” as it is not religiously specific, and is as pertinent to Jew, Moslem, and Wiccan as to Christian.

3. The Science of the Seven Rays, in which human and spiritual consciousness are categorized according to seven different (but equally valid) levels, each represented by a color and by many other specifics. These are energy levels on which we operate “as ensouling entities,” and by which “we shall find ourselves able to co-operate more wisely with the Plan as it is seeking expression at any particular time.” This system is seen by many as the psychology of the future.

4. The importance of goodwill and right human relations. Though Alice Bailey has been vilified by some Jews as anti-Semitic, such an attitude would clash completely with her belief that humanity is

One, that all are striving toward the Light, and that every soul on earth is free to ascend by its chosen means. All religious paths and impulses are respected within her cosmology.

5. A system of prayer and channeling of positive energies through the use of “Triangles.” This involves three people, not necessarily physically present in the same place, building a “Rainbow Bridge” (or *an-tahkarana*) from the mundane to the spiritual. The colors of the Seven Rays reflect this imagery. It is facilitated through the meditative use of the Great Invocation and by the beliefs outlined above.

Many of these principles will be familiar to those involved with Aquarian consciousness. Alice Bailey (through the Tibetan Master) pinpointed this era as extremely relevant to the ascension of humanity, particularly in the West. The spiritual energies manifesting here will climax,

according to Djwhal Khul the Tibetan and his psychic secretary and aide, “between the years of 1965 and 2025.”

The work of Alice Bailey (who married Foster Bailey, a fellow spiritual seeker, in the 1930s), is perpetuated today by the Lucis Trust, which she and her husband founded in America. Though many of her books are highly complex, they contain a huge body of spiritual wisdom which is extremely relevant to the present era. As an initial introduction, I highly recommend Harold Balyoz’s *Three Remarkable Women* (Alta Publishers, Arizona, 2000), which charts the contributions of Helena Blavatsky (a huge influence on Alice Bailey, and on many other spiritual seekers), Helena Roerich, and Bailey herself. ☺

Kala Trobe has worked as a professional tarot reader, medium, and vocational healer. She is the author of Invoke the Gods (Llewellyn, 2001).

In Their Own Words

Voices From the Great Beyond

by Wanda Sue Parrott



Charles Darwin

As the cusp is crossed linking the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, while ushering in the New Millennium, FATE will publish imaginary interviews between a contemporary journalist and a deceased pioneer whose contributions led to today's New Age. Wanda Sue Parrott, a veteran newspaper reporter, poses questions each interviewee answers in his own words.

Charles Robert Darwin (1809–1882), English naturalist who published *The Origin of Species* in 1859 and *The Descent of Man* in 1871, kicked off an evolution revolution that rattled the foundation of the nineteenth-century Western world. Darwin's proposition—that man and primates share one common ancient progenitor—evolved into today's New Age mainstream metaphysics, branches of which include genetic science, microbiology and highly evolved human-animal relations. Take pets. They've got it made. They're family!

FATE: Mr. Darwin, your books were the first major works on the subject of man's biological evolution, but you

didn't discover the theories they contained. The "metaphysical evolution" that changed the world view of fundamentalism was already "in the air." What did creationists believe that you couldn't accept?

CD: In the seventeenth century, Bishop Usher calculated that man was created at 9 A.M. on October 23 in the year 4000 B.C.

FATE: You abandoned the study of medicine at the University of Edinburgh and, at your father's insistence, studied for the Anglican priesthood at Cambridge University. What occasioned you to change your mind?

CD: ...occasions when the surgeon's assistant held down the shrieking patient by main force.

FATE: You found your path in life after your science teacher secured you a position as volunteer naturalist aboard the research vessel HMS *Beagle*. Between 1832 and 1837 you observed life scientifically, from giant sea turtles of the Galapagos Islands to uncivilized humans in Tasmania. Who else besides Lamarck influenced your belief that man is the co-descendant with other species of some ancient, lower, and extinct form?

CD: Another work... published (1869) by Dr. Francesco Barrago, bearing in Italian the title "Man, made in the image of God, was also made in the image of the apes."

FATE: What strange similarities do humans and primates share?

CD: Many kinds of monkeys have a strong taste for tea, coffee, and spiritous liquors; they will also, as I have myself seen, smoke tobacco with pleasure.

FATE: Any major differences?

CD: Man differs conspicuously from all other primates in being almost naked. But a few short straggling hairs are found over the greater part of the body in the man, and fine down on that of a woman...hairs thus scattered over the body are the

DEATH BECOMES HER

by Denise Dumars and Stephania Ebony
photos and illustrations courtesy Leilah Wendell

The art,
writings,
and *life*
of a
New Orleans woman
center on
the Angel of Death.

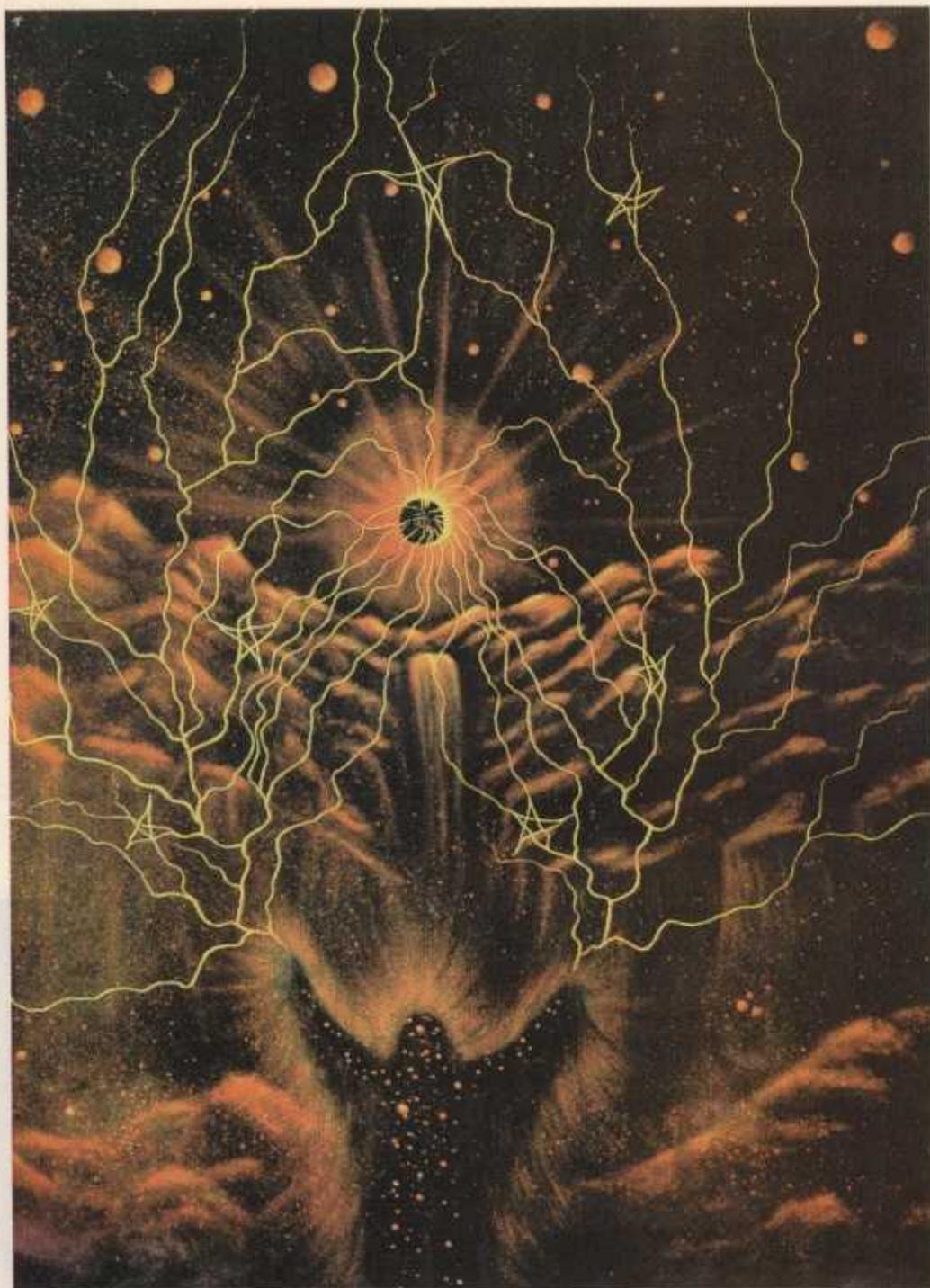


Leilah Wendell braves a cold, windy night on her first Southern California speaking engagement. A Long Island native, Leilah now lives in New Orleans and has built a body of lore and ritual around a most unusual relationship. It has shaped her career, her writings, her art, and her philosophy.

"I've spent my life researching personifications of Death, mostly because of my own experiences," she says. "The personified Death energy has become an obsession and a lifestyle. It is my life."

Leilah remembers asking her father about "the man in the corner" when she was four years old. But her father couldn't see or hear who she was talking about. The man, as it turned out, was the Angel of Death, whom Leilah now calls Azrael.

"I was just lying in bed one night, and I kept hearing all this rattling," Leilah says. "My father thought there were rats in the attic and put all sorts of traps around, but I kept complaining about the rattling until he finally just told me to be quiet and go to sleep."



Opposite page: Leilah Wendell in her natural habitat.
This page: *Invocation*, one of her paintings.

Azrael continued to visit her throughout her childhood. Characterized first by fear, then by acceptance, Leilah's memories of his periodic visits are not unlike those of individuals who claim lifelong contact with aliens.

"One night he came into my room, floating, and sat down on the bed," she says. "I turned away from him, huddled in the blankets, but he put his hand on my shoulder, and I went to sleep. All of a sudden, I was no longer afraid of him. My mother was Catholic, and I was brought up in that faith, and I still don't understand why after that one experience I was no longer afraid."

Leilah's budding interest in death, which she attributes to Azrael's visits, led her to a career in mortuary science. She tried to contact Azrael through the logical intermediaries: the dead. This led her to the kind of death fetishism seen now in the Gothic subculture. She started to dress in black and to favor night to day. In 1978, she founded a literary magazine, *Undinal Songs*, devoted to depictions of the Angel of Death in fiction and poetry.

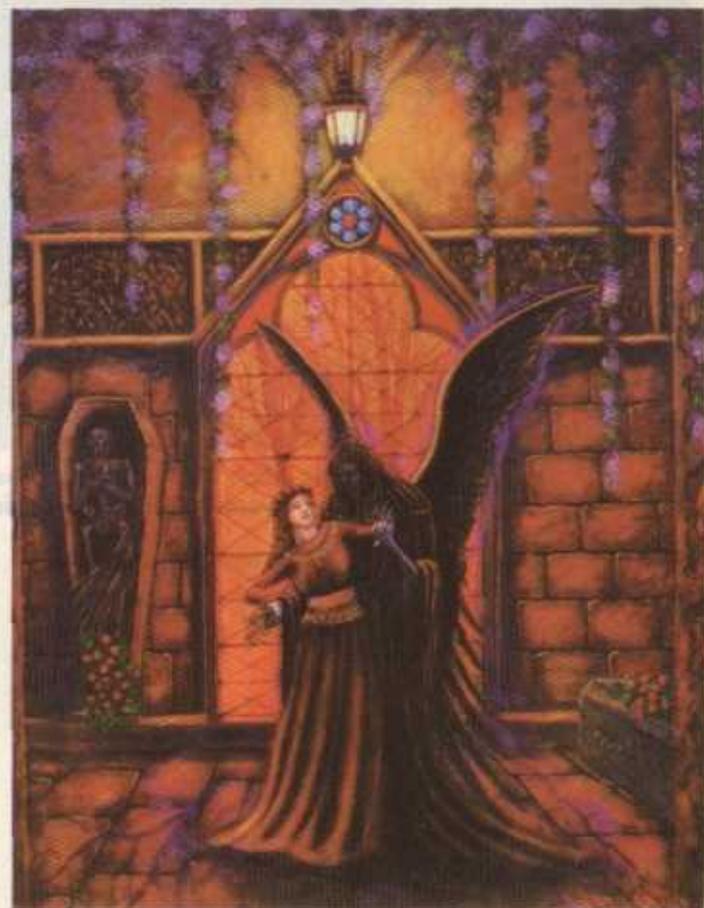
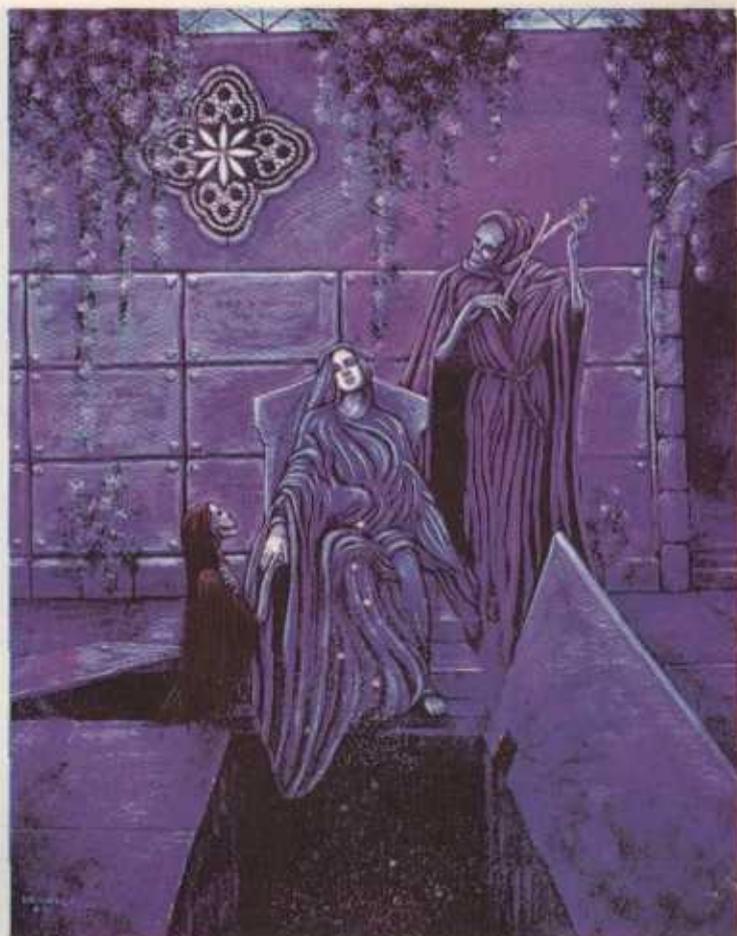
Art in the House of Death

Leilah's shop, the Westgate Gallery, is visited by the famous and the unknown. Rock star Trent Reznor and trendy horror author Poppy Z. Brite are frequent visitors, and countless tourists arrive at the black and purple building to look at the gallery, shop, and take in the atmosphere of what locals know as the House of Death.

The gallery's most unusual visitor so far may have been a retired Army colonel from Las Vegas, who told Leilah he had a terminal illness. It was his wish to die in the presence of Azrael. Leilah let him stay in the gallery until the end came. He lived for four days at the Westgate before passing peacefully into Azrael's arms.

Leilah's Magazine Street gallery is usually open from noon to five or by appointment. "I went from [being] a magazine to a publishing house to a gallery," Leilah says, "and, oddly enough, we became a record label! We carry art, sculpture, jewelry, artifacts from all over the world — things that are not commercially available anywhere else. We try to encourage little-known artists, musicians, and writers. We have a video catalog available, and if you're interested in the art, we can send you a portfolio."

Leilah has always worked with writing, painting, and sculp-



Clockwise from above: *The Gift* (life-size sculpture), *The Stuff of Dreams*, and *Danse Macabre*.

ture, all on the subject of Azrael. "When I was in elementary school, I had a stack of artwork on cemeteries," she says. "They gave it to a psychological counselor. They called my parents and said, 'Look what your daughter is drawing!' I just wanted to draw what I saw in my head."

Over the past 20 years, Leilah has written numerous volumes of poetry and prose about her encounters with Azrael. Although her most comprehensive book, *Our Name Is Melancholy: The Complete Book of Azrael*, has been embraced by some genre critics as a "gothic masterpiece," it is not a novel. It is a transformative spiritual journey

that eases the recognition that the seeds of life and death reside within us all. Whether or not every detail of Leilah's telling of her saga is accurate, her impassioned narrative speaks with authenticity, and it is clear that she is preternaturally familiar with Azrael on some lit-



Leilah exhibits her artwork at the Westgate. *Azrael*, left, features a sculpted head piece over human bone. *Memento Mori*, right, is a wall sculpture.

eral or figurative level. In this poetic, compelling personal testament, her lyrical prose echoes with a fervor that seems torn from the pages of imagination, mythology, or living history, depending on the reader's perception.

In contrast, Leilah's latest book, *Encounters with Death*, brings her subject closer to the mainstream, endowing the untenable mystery of death with a combination of eldritch compassion and the wisdom born of experience. In its pages, she presents a collection of historical, mythological, folkloric, and literary observations about death, culminating in a series of excerpts from

her readers' individual encounters with its personifications. *Encounters with Death* embodies the therapeutic aspect of Leilah's work, elevating it above what some might regard as personal obsession to a genuine contribution to thanatology, analogous to the works of Elisabeth Kübler-Ross.

Leilah says that thanatology, the study of death, is often misunderstood by booksellers, both New Age and mainstream. As a result, her books are often miscategorized.

"Booksellers don't know where to categorize my books. People don't have a section for this kind of book. *Our Name*

Is Melancholy ended up on a list of novels in one catalog. I was on the phone to them immediately!"

Where do readers shelve Leilah's books? They fit very well near Kübler-Ross, various versions of *The Book of the Dead* (Budge, Grof, Ashcroft-Nowicki, Evans-Wentz), and more recent entries on the subject, such as *Entering the Summerland* by Edain McCoy, *The Pagan Book of Living and Dying* by Starhawk, and *What Happens After Death* by Migené Gonzalez-Wippler.

Leilah is concise when asked about the main message of her work.

"Can I boil down my philosophy

you see something like [Azrael] that it's evil," Leilah says. "It never felt that way to me. It was very comforting, loving. It was hard to believe that anyone could see it as negative. I did some research and saw that other cultures had a more positive attitude. But this is our culture; we don't relate very well to death."

In contrast, Leilah sees Azrael not as menacing, but as the embodiment of change. She draws a distinction between Death and its causes.

"Death is a release from pain," she explains. "The manner of dying is random. It's the living who do evil. You can't blame [Azrael] for the actions of a serial killer or other horrible human beings. Death takes you away from all that."

Leilah also believes that our fear of cemeteries is cultural.

"Cemeteries are full of beautiful art," she says. "When you respect Death as an entity, you have to treat a cemetery as a shrine. To me, anything related to death is sacred." ■

Denise Dumars has written articles about paranormal phenomena and metaphysical studies for such publications as *Llewellyn's Magical Almanac*, *The Pagan Free Press*, and *The Gate*. **Stephanie Ebony** has also written for local and



River of Remembrance.

national publications and is collaborating on a number of metaphysical projects with

Llewellyn author Ed Fitch. Both Dumars and Ebony reside in California.

Vampire Dreams

Anne Rice is today's best-known purveyor of vampire lore. Several of her popular novels take place in New Orleans, where she lives. In fact, while you're visiting the Crescent City, you can take an Anne Rice tour, visiting not only Rice's home, but the sites of many of the scenes in her novels and the film made from her most famous: *Interview with the Vampire*.

Some of Rice's ideas were inspired by dreams, as author Martin V. Riccardo reports:

"Dreams have a significant effect on the works of Anne Rice, author of the popular novels known collectively as the *Vampire Chronicles*. A marvelous book by Naomi Epel titled *Writers Dreaming* contains an interview with Rice in which she reveals some of these dreams. Six years after publication of *Interview with the Vampire*, her first vampire novel, she dreamed of the typewriter she had used to type it. In the dream the typewriter was frantically typing by itself, then it flew off the table and crashed on the floor. At that point Rice found herself in the pitch blackness of the night. She was in

New Orleans with Claudia, the child vampire character she created, and Claudia was looking up St. Charles Avenue. Rice woke from this dream thoroughly determined to write another vampire novel.

"Around the age of four or five, Rice dreamed of a woman walking on the street who seemed to be made totally of white marble. The dream filled her with fear. Someone in the dream said that the woman was 'from previous generations who is walking in our time.' Rice noted, 'And when I was writing *Queen of the Damned*, as I described these elders, these ancient immortals who had become so old that their skin was now completely white and they looked like moving marble, again and again I felt like I was being drawn back into the atmosphere of that dream.' While in what she describes as 'that almost hypnogogic state' in bed, she came up with the characters known as the twins, Maharet and Makure, for *The Queen of the Damned*."

— Martin V. Riccardo, *Liquid Dreams of Vampires*

JOHN KEEL

THE 1950S AND '60S were a golden age for those of us who had pots that were slightly cracked. One of the most notable crackpots was Andy Sinatra, known as "The Mystic Barber."

He ran around with a wire coat hanger attached to his hat. He claimed he was picking up radio signals from Mars and declared himself king of that planet. Others, such as the illustrious Prince Neosam of the royal family of Saturn, held the distinction of being one of the people that radio interviewer Long John Nebel physically threw out of his studio in mid-broadcast. Long John was a popular New York radio personality who built up a following by interviewing colorful characters like fire eaters, snake charmers, Bigfoot chasers, and self-deluded travelers in the Twilight Zone. Naturally, I was a frequent guest.

In 1967, a young lady who had attempted suicide appeared on the scene. She succeeded in discarding her earthly existence by claiming to be a visitor from Venus. She could talk for hours about the good life on our neighboring planet, describing the huge vegetables and fruits grown there. Long John immediately made her the queen of the hornets' nest that comprised the weird world of insomniacs who listened to him from midnight to 5:00 A.M. He enthusiastically promoted her upcoming speech at the twentieth anniversary of Kenneth Arnold's famous UFO sighting to be held at the Commodore Hotel in Manhattan in June 1967.

Close to 2,000 Long John listeners mobbed the auditorium, including many non-paying gatecrashers. Most of them just wanted to see the great man and have a good laugh. Some wanted to hear about life on Venus. Others were interested in Roy Thinnes, then the star of the popular TV series about Men In Black called *The Invaders*.

Dr. Edward U. Condon, architect of the notorious anti-UFO report that bore his name, sat in the middle of the

auditorium. He stared at me glumly while my fans — both of them — stomped and cheered every time I knocked the CIA in my heavily documented and mercifully short speech.

Miss Venus later went on to tour the saucer clubs all over America (there were many such clubs in those days), packing them in with her life story on what later proved to be a very hot (800°) planet with a poisonous atmosphere of volcanic gases.

It was during a rare quiet moment backstage at the Commodore that I asked my old friend, "John, why do you bother with this stuff?"

Long John chuckled and patted me on the shoulder. "It's show business, Keel. It's all show business."

There's No Business Like...

Today flying saucers have grown into a \$4 billion a year business, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, and even *Psychology Today*. This figure includes movies, television shows, comic books, t-shirts, video recordings, hit songs, and countless souvenirs depicting the ever-popular little gray men with the staring black eyes. Next to spoon players and flea circuses, the UFO phenomenon has provided offbeat entertainment for five decades, and no one has ever tried to assess its cultural or anti-cultural donation to show business and the American way of life. Has any UFO entrepreneur in these 50 years had any real impact on the public?

Let's face it. The average UFO convention sells about 150 tickets or less, while a typical Trekkie weekend brings in over 10,000 customers. The UFO subculture is a smaller minority than those who wrestle alligators for a living. (To carry out this poll I have carefully questioned vast numbers of attendees at conventions, TV tabloid shows, and selected bookstores around the corner from porn districts.)

I myself have fearlessly attended a total of eight UFO conventions in the last 50 years, starting in 1948. Not surprisingly, they were all pretty much the same in lack of showmanship, and most of them lost money. Such conventions now occur on a worldwide scale. There are hundreds of them annually, still losing money and usually featuring the same speakers trying to sell photocopied pamphlets and the aforementioned t-shirts.

Literally thousands of lecturers have appeared briefly on the UFO scene, most of them amateurs with boring messages trying to find publicity, fame, and glory in the controversial subject. Everyone agrees, however, that the very best speaker on the flying saucer circuit is an energetic man with the unlikely name Dr. Frank Stranges.

A religious evangelist by trade, Dr. Stranges knows how to grip his audience and hold them open-mouthed. His message is not unusual, his material is not fresh, but his delivery is awesome. Only two others even came close: Long John, with his blustery six-foot-four presence, and Ivan T. Sanderson, with his refined

BEYOND THE KNOWN

*British accent. He liked to appear shirtless, wearing a small leather vest.

John and Ivan have departed, sadly, but Dr. Stranges is still out there ready to pounce on more unsuspecting audiences.

Bound For Glory

In trying to compile a list of the best UFO books of the past five decades, I realized with a shock that most of the thousands of volumes on UFOs are totally unnecessary. Most of them repeat material found in earlier books or they hammer away at the sophomoric theology that has become ufology. Since very few UFO writers are familiar with science, philosophy, and ontology, they cannot define what is really a complex subject based largely on psychology. Robert Teets, a prize-winning newspaper writer, recently gave it a good try with his book *UFOs and Mental Health*. Psychologist Dr. Gregory Little, author of *Grand Illusions: The Spectral Reality Underlying Sexual UFO Abductions, Crashed Saucers, Afterlife Experiences, Sacred Ancient Sites, and Other Enigmas* is another who deserves notice.

If you are new to the field, you need read only a few titles. These are still available from rare book dealers such as Bob Girard at Arcturus Books. The 1950 *Behind The Flying Saucers* by Frank Scully continues to be the basic book. Read it, particularly the introduction, and you needn't bother with any of the later ones. Edward Ruppelt's *The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects* (1956, with many later editions) is acknowledged as the greatest, and most accurate, summary of the early days when the various branches of government were confused as to how to handle "the UFO problem." (They still are.)

The majority of all flying saucer books are either derived from these last two books or blatantly plagiarize them.

Berthold Schwarz, a medical doctor and distinguished psychiatrist, spent a good deal

of time and money traveling around the Northeast in the 1960s, carefully documenting some startling cases. His two-volume *UFO Dynamics* easily rates as the finest, most objective case book. He recorded every single detail, no matter how seemingly slight, and his reports are models of objectivity, something sorely lacking in ufology.

Beer can collecting, quilting, and even dollhouse furniture repair all have dedicated historians, as do most other hobbies. But there are no non-cult UFO historians except one. If you want an objective, accurately researched book that took 20 years to assemble, you must pick up *Subterranean Worlds* by Walter Kafton-Minkel. It is still in print after quietly selling for several years. If you add it to the other titles, you will know more about UFOs than any UFO lecturer.

Coral Lorenzen published *The APRO Bulletin* for more than 30 years, and it was, by far, the best of all the UFO newsletters. Thousands of other hobbyzines and newsletters were published during that period, but few had Coral's objectivity and skill. At the other end of the credibility spectrum was a lovable rascal who died in 1965 but still has admirers all over the world. His name was George Adamski, and he was undoubtedly the most famous "ufologist" of all time, although he visited the moon in the same way that Andy Sinatra went to Mars.

It has been a long parade of misfits, con artists, weirdos, and fakers, and a scattering of sincere, honest believers in these past 50 years. But, as Long John Nebel said long ago, it was all really a stepchild of show business. Just show business. ■

John Keel, author of *The Mothman Prophecies*, lives in New York City.

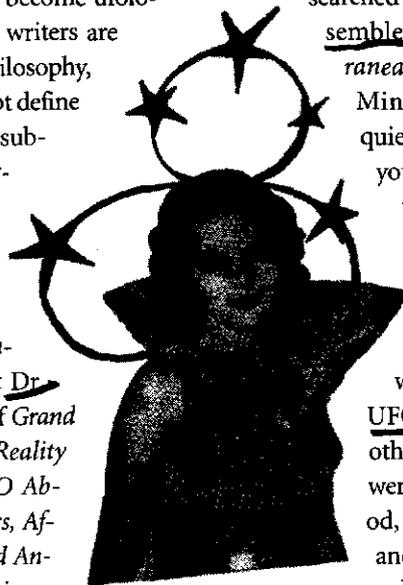
Next Month's Columns

Psychic Frontiers

by Loyd Auerbach

Hypnotic Highways

by Dr. Bruce Goldberg



"Miss Venus" (Angel McCall) as she appeared at a July 1959 convention of the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America.

Who Was Harry Bates?

It all started with a giant robot named Gnut. If Gnut had not shuffled around in the mind of Harry Bates, there wouldn't be any flying saucers today.

Harry published a short story in 1940, titled "Farewell to the Master." Years later, phantom rockets and assorted nocturnal lights began to appear in the skies of Europe and, later still, over the United States. Hollywood immediately tried to make a buck by grinding out very cheap, sometimes very stupid, flying saucer movies.

In 1951, 11 years after publication, Bates's story was adapted to the silver screen. Gnut's name was switched to Gort. Gort came to Earth in a spaceship, not in the time machine described in the story, accompanied by a tall, stately gentleman named Klaatu. The story's title was changed to *The Day the Earth Stood Still*.

Although hundreds of good and bad saucer movies and space operas have been made since, *The Day the Earth Stood Still* is still the best of them all. Even Spielberg's films come in second-best. The whole world knows the phrase, "Klaatu barada nikto." In the movie, Klaatu was the boss. In the short story, Gort (Gnut) was the leader and Klaatu was a lowly humanoid type. So here's another barroom bet that can make you rich. Just ask: What was Gort's real name?

Movies have had a huge influence on UFO lore. Often the plots of old sci-fi movies from the 1950s have been adapted by UFO buffs 20 or 30 years later.

Gnut's time machine has become the standard for most cinematic flying saucers. Klaatu types were being seen everywhere for years by UFO contactees. And nobody remembers Harry Bates.