

created (the universe itself moves in rhythm).

"Though music can strongly affect people, and researchers are still learning the physical and psychological effect it can have on people, it doesn't have the ability to just 'take over' and drive people to frenzies. Most often any frenzied behavior is likely to be caused by the lyrics in the music or the environment of the concert, combined with the intent of the rock star and the carefully staged way he excites the audience."

They conclude, "The Bible says nothing about rhythm. . . . As listeners, then we should be more concerned about a song's words than its beat."

The authors perhaps are unaware that it is precisely the use of the constantly repeating beat which is the key to the mind-destroying capability of rock. This capacity was discovered over 2,000 years ago when the forerunners of today's Satanic cults, the priesthood of the Greek Phrygian cults, used the repeating beat of the drums to put young new recruits into a trancelike state. The thumping of the drums would often be accompanied by the use of drugs and sexual orgies. The heirs of this priesthood later ordered the crucifixion of Christ through their puppet, the Roman emperor, Tiberius Caesar.

Jeff Godwin, author of *The Devil's Disciples*, is not a minister, but was an avid rock enthusiast who became a born-again Christian. Godwin focuses on the explicit Satanic control over the modern rock culture, elaborating on the influence of Satanists such as Aleister Crowley on rock performers. The bulk of the book is spent in describing the "ten most dangerous rock and roll bands."

We learn of such popular groups as W.A.S.P., which stands for We Are Sexual Perverts. Godwin describes the album cover of another group called the Plasmatics, which depicts the group's female lead singer, dressed half-nude in a Nazi-style uniform, holding a giant iron inverted pentagram. Godwin explains its significance, referencing the time of Christ when Christians were crucified on inverted X's or crosses, tied or nailed upside down on the structures. With their heads upside down near the dirt, their torturers believed the souls of their victims would go straight to the underworld.

At times Godwin is quite insightful, explaining how the openly fascist punk rock movement, which started in the 1970s in England, never caught on in the United States because the conditions of high unemployment did not yet exist in the U.S. as compared to England. He writes, "American teens didn't roam the streets looking for sadistic thrills as young people did throughout Great Britain. . . . Today, of course, all that has changed. The economic picture in the U.S. is a grim one, indeed. The conditions Punk Music thrives on . . . are all firmly in place in the social fabric of 1980s America."

Godwin points out that British punk rock appealed to thousands of "skinhead" punks, many of whom belonged to the openly fascist National Front. American heavy-metal rock evolved from this. He also cites the future plans to

spread this evil to South America and the East bloc, all of which has since occurred. He quotes Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones: "There's audiences in South America, nobody goes there. Behind the Iron Curtain they're screaming for somebody to come and see them."

Unlike the ministers Peters, Godwin isn't fooled by the advent of Christian rock. In fact he says it is even more dangerous than contemporary rock and roll. He confronts the Bible quoters, writing, "The music and percussive accompaniment of modern Rock and Roll is meant to praise Satan. Don't try to rationalize rock by using the Bible."

So far, so good. But next Godwin unknowingly reveals a critical failure in the best of Christian leaders today. He suggests that parents try, as an alternative to rock, total silence in the house for a few hours a day. In his own case, the only way he broke free of rock was turning the stereo off, and not listening to music. Though he does mention listening to modern Gospel music or old Church hymns as an alternative, neither he nor the Peters brothers makes any mention of the past 400 years of great classical music. For the authors, it seems that composers such as Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven never existed. It is this very classical tradition that the rock counterculture was designed to eliminate from modern day-life.

Bach's story of Christ, in his *St. Matthew Passion*, the masses of Mozart, and Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, represent some of the greatest music ever written. The same religious conception of humanity, as partaking in the "divine spark" of God's creativity, permeates works that are less explicitly religious in content, such as Beethoven's opera *Fidelio*, or his Ninth Symphony, to name only two of the most obvious examples. This music is the basis for creating a new Judeo-Christian cultural renaissance today, and is the key to defeating the spread of Satanism. The Christians, themselves, must be Christianized.

Numerology opens no doors to great music

by David Shavin

The Secret Power of Music

by David Tame

Destiny Books, Rochester, Vermont, 1984

304 pages, paperbound, \$9.95

A better name for David Tame's *The Secret Power of Music: The Transformation of Self and Society through Musical En-*

ergy would be, “How to Do to Music What the Astrologers Do to Kepler.”

Fairly early in this work, the reader may begin to suspect that he is the subject of a mind-bending intelligence operation. The reader is offered a tantalizing scent of a key subject—ostensibly, how does classical music address the underlying creative processes of man’s mind, and of his universe? Directions are suggested, stories are related, references are never too precise.

However, 304 pages later, the reader discovers that the suggestions are never fulfilled, the imprecisions never tightened up. Instead, the reader has taken a tour of the cabalistic numerology of vibrations. Music—as an incredibly powerful and dense language of human culture—somehow got lost along the way. Instead, all the possible ways that vibrations can impinge upon one’s skin, one’s ears, or one’s subconscious, have been counted, and recounted.

Music as a power

The book opens with promise. “Our subject is . . . music—not as entertainment only, but as a literal power.” The “Pythagorean flash of insight” of the opening of Yehudi Menuhin’s book *Theme and Variations* is quoted:

“Music creates order out of chaos; for rhythm imposes unanimity upon the divergent, melody imposes continuity upon the disjointed, and harmony imposes compatibility upon the incongruous.

“Thus a confusion surrenders to order and noise to music, and as we through music attain that greater universal order which rests upon fundamental relationships of geometrical and mathematical proportion, direction is supplied to mere repetitious time, power to the multiplication of elements, and purpose to random association.”

Says Tame: “We could stop right there.”

Why he does not stop right there, is more interesting than the secret agenda he proceeds to develop.

As early as page 37, Tame has embedded a typical astrological snare. In explaining music in ancient China, he claims that “almost everywhere in the civilized ancient world this concept,” that the fundamental classifications of astrology were derived from the 12 tones of the music scale, prevailed. Hidden here is a profound, and provocative, hypothesis: that a twelvefold geometry of the physical world may be generated from the musical scale—and that the physical world is a composition, whose most profound features can be seen to be embedded in our musical scale. Such an idea, treated rigorously, in the hands of one such as Plato, can—and has—led to many fruitful paths for Western science. However, the explanation given by Tame is that the year’s division into 12 parts, is a mystery wherein the ancients had the “wise recognition of objective scientific facts.” It doesn’t get any better than this, either.

Tame’s method is not new. Anyone who accepts formulations like the one above, will have no trouble interpreting

the astronomical work of Johannes Kepler as astrology. (Rumor has it, that in Isaac Newton’s day, a quick ticket to the fame and fortune of the Royal Society could be had by such tricks.) In general, the method can be summarized as follows: “Wherever lawful processes may be suspected to be occurring, replace ‘causal relationship’ with ‘analogous relationship.’ ”

Tame does, however, have a special twist intended for this time-worn method. It might be described as follows:

Use bait to lure the reader. If the poor reader is still hooked a couple of hundred pages later, the victim is suitable for being enlightened as to a few of the outer secrets of the Great White Brotherhood. Unfamiliar with this motley group? Well, Mr. Tame’s book won’t enlighten much here. You see, it seems that his book has the polite task of enticing the gullible in, without letting the secrets out.

There are two types of fresh bait worth mentioning that involve otherwise unobjectionable, and interesting exposé material. The first involves an overview of the bastard origins of punk, rock, and jazz. Tame is right on target in objecting to the materialist, non-spiritual core of such non-culture. Unfortunately, his real complaint is that his fellow Aquarian New Agers are attempting to carry the materialistic lodestone of punk, rock, and jazz music, into the non-materialistic Aquarian Age.

The second type of bait introduces the various esoteric kookeries of the composers of the last 100 years. Tame cites the exemplary role of Claude Debussy as the head of the cultish Priory of Sion, as typical of the whole gamut of modern composers. Not a bad choice by Tame, either: The members of the Priory of Sion “believe themselves to be the genealogical offspring of Jesus Christ,” and wish to turn Christianity into a matter of racial bloodlines.

So, Tame shows how almost all of what are called “classical composers” of the last 100 years, were importing their various cult doctrines into music. Debussy, Mussorgsky, Satie, Schoenberg, Prokofiev, Hindemith, and so on, seem to spend more time, and more psychological energy, devising schemes to incorporate within their music some secret agenda of unrevealed doctrine, than in actually speaking any language known to Mozart or Beethoven.

The case of Norman Thomas Miller

We are brought to the key question for Tame: What separates all the other esoteric non-music (properly identified in this book) from the author’s cited composer-hero, one Norman Thomas Miller?

Certainly Tame says nothing to explain how this overlooked genius Miller broke through the logjam in musical development to go beyond Mozart and Beethoven, where all the other esotericists in the last 100 years have failed. Evidently, the virtue of Miller’s vocal composition “The Call of Camelot” is that it treats the legend of the Holy Grail in a fashion that Elizabeth Clare Prophet’s Great White Brother-

hood would approve, since, after all, the lyrics are written by El Morya, the Chohan of the Great White Brotherhood. It is not clear from Tame's text, during which reincarnation El Morya wrote these lyrics. What is clear is that the other esotericists are too willful (not Tame enough?) in their attempt to promulgate their doctrine, and what is desired is a more humble, and graceful, transition into the Aquarian Age.

Quite frankly, in Tame's book, *The Secret Power of Music*, the ear of this uninitiated reviewer hears not music—but the factional brawl among different esotericists over whether the power of the Holy Grail is transmitted by the biological—racial—descent from Jesus Christ, or transmitted simply by non-biological, and more humble reincarnations.

Such has always been the concerns of esotericists, in their internecine struggle over their respective trademark rights. However, these matters need not concern us. Perhaps, what this uninitiated reviewer has been referring to, in polite terms, as “esotericists,” the good reader should simply translate into normal English, as “old-fashioned racists.”

In His Majesty's secret service: Jean Cocteau

by Katherine Kanter

Jean Cocteau et Anna de Noailles: Correspondance 1911-1931

Gallimard Editions, Paris, 1989

In French; 185 pp. with index, paperbound, 120 French francs

Journal 1942-1945

by Jean Cocteau

Gallimard Editions, Paris, 1989

In French; 738 pp. with index, paperbound, 320 French francs

Jean Cocteau, born a hundred years ago this year, is often, abusively, described as “the last Renaissance man.” Playwright, poet, theater designer, as well as a clever and innovative cinematographer, he became a member of the Académie

Française, President of the Jury of the Cannes Film Festival, and enjoyed myriad other honors. Though many have remarked that Cocteau's skills were no more than a seductive and agreeable talent, no one seems to find it strange that this minor craftsman became so powerful, that straight after World War II, having brazenly worked with the Nazis, he became the toast of Europe's glitterati.

To mark the year, two new books have been put out by Cocteau's friends at Gallimard Editions, shedding not a little light on the strangeness of it all: Cocteau's *Diaries* under the Occupation (1942-45), and his *Correspondence* (1911-31) with the Countess Anna de Noailles. Here at last Cocteau shows himself to be, not the reluctant pet of the Nazi Occupation all previous biographies have described, but a full-blown flaming fascist in his own right. Tied by the closest of ties to perfervid ideologues like Arno Breker or Ernst Jünger, Cocteau is rather more discreet about his friends in British intelligence—but not quite discreet enough.

Under the date May 29, 1942, we read in his *Diaries*: “Luncheon *en tête à tête* with Breker on the Champs-Élysées. Finally, we can talk quietly together. ‘Never,’ Breker tells me, ‘will France find herself before so sensitive a man as Hitler.’ . . . Hitler loves Breker. He is his adoptive son. Like Jeannot [Jean Marais, Cocteau's *mignon*] and me. *The Jewish question*. Breker is clear on that (he reflects his leader's thoughts). No possible exceptions. It is a duel to the death. Breker has come here, I think, to see how things are going, and report back to his leader. He explains to me *how I can get in touch with him immediately* if anything serious should happen” (emphasis added).

Breker was Hitler's favorite artist, perhaps also, as Cocteau hints, both a privileged informer, and one of his homosexual *mignons*. Shortly before Cocteau died in 1963, he called Breker to make a bust of him, which now stands on Cocteau's very tomb in Milly-la-Forêt. Strange.

In 1983, a British writer called Michael Baigent published a sort of Gnostic Bible, called *Holy Blood, Holy Grail*, which feeds the Hapsburgs' slathering greed to recover the throne of the Holy Roman Empire, by making the preposterous claim that Christ never died on the Cross, but fled and married Mary Magdalen. Their childrens' childrens' children, says Baigent, were the Hapsburgs, who may therefore ordain what is Christ—and what is anti-Christ. A Gnostic priesthood, called the Priory of Sion, was set up to stir the cauldron wherein the Big Secret has bubbled for centuries; its Grand Master, so says Baigent, was Jean Cocteau. There is much evidence in these two new books to support that.

Anna de Noailles

As today's Hapsburgs, preying on the gigantic crisis in Eastern Europe, see their aim almost within their grasp, how to the point is Cocteau's letter exchange with the Countess Anna de Noailles, who steered the course of his life. She was granddaughter to one of the rulers of Romania; her brother,