

Popular Witchcraft 2004!
...just in time for the new Inquisition.
(Watch history repeat itself at this very minute!)

“Witchcraft is a religion.”
–*United States Military Chaplains’ Handbook*

“Witchcraft is not a religion.”
–President George W. Bush

Glossary:

weir: a woods, a moor, a heath, as in Edgar Allen Poe, “the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir”

heathen: someone who lives on the heath

pagan: someone who lives in the country; the opposite is urbanus, someone who lives in the city; original Christianity flourished first in cities which looked at country folk as superstitious pagani

weird: the quality of someone who lives on the weir, suggestive of the supernatural, unearthly

POPULAR WITCHCRAFT:
Straight from the Witch’s Mouth,
Featuring Satanic High Priest, Anton LaVey

Question: Why have you written a book on witchcraft?

Answer: Something impelled me to write this book.

Jack Fritscher: After writing the first version of this book in 1969-1971, I came away if not believing in witchcraft, at least not disbelieving. So I wrote in the preface to the first edition in 1971. I was hiding my personal truth in those times so censorious about sex, witchcraft, and Satanism.

The actual completion of the book began a most revealing journey.

Called a classic by covens, cults, and college courses, *Popular Witchcraft* (like all good grimoires) has been in circulation for thirty-five years—including pirated photocopies, bootleg translations, and illegal internet copies!

As soon as the book was published, I investigated the seminars of the Silva Mind Institute. During the course of naturally altering my brain waves through alpha, beta, theta, and delta levels, I connected the dots and made intuitive sense of many things, and, among other things, my personal and family history.

In the 1950s, I had come out into Catholic ritual.

In the 1960s, I had come out sexually

In the 1970s, I came out mystically.

In the 1940s, I, however, I was already a weird child of the weir who at age four, as I painted leaves with a tiny brush, told the neighbors that I was not Jack Fritscher, because I was

Jack Frost.

I was in a play within a play, in a reality within a reality: a modern American boy in a hereditary gene pool.

My mother's mother, a Black-Irish Celt, was born on October 2, 1888.

My mother's father, a redheaded Celtic Irishman, was born on October 17, 1886.

My father's father, a strawberry-blond Celtic Austrian, was born on Halloween, October 31, 1870.

What is October's pedigree? (It sounds like a poem by Robert Frost.)

My Celtic Austrian father and Celtic Irish mother conceived me during the week of Halloween, 1938, and eight months later, one month premature, I was born on the Summer Solstice during the noon hour of the day of the year's longest light.

I was raised in a Catholic family, attuned to the Mystical Body of Christ, but clueless to its pre-Christian roots. Catholic school bent my nature. My natural instinct for rituals, incantations, and incense was re-directed to the Catholic priesthood.

At the age of twelve, I made arrangements to retreat to a Catholic seminary at fourteen, little knowing that my calling was too "weird" for the urban religion that always has been Christianity.

In the seminary, I listened hypnotically to the Latin intonations of Roman Catholicism as Gregorian Chant stylistically unlocked the rhythms of Wicca which came up from my unconscious. In the seminary, every boy believed that God called him, that he was visited by angels, and that he was tempted by Satan.

In October, 1963, I was ordained as an exorcist during my eleventh year in the seminary.

Instantly conflicted by that ritual, I fled the seminary six weeks later on the winter solstice because I realized I was inside a cult of people opposed to the white magic they did not know they had co-opted into their practice.

Pagan intuition interrupted Catholic reason which had interrupted natural intuition.

My sacred calling was not to the Catholic priesthood.

My sacred calling was to the natural path of intuition.

The Catholic path had preserved my virginity completely in tact.

At twenty-four, I had never even masturbated.

In a mirror ritual, that winter solstice, I did.

In the mystic vision, the invisible became visible.

Suddenly that winter, I saw that I had the natural gift of homosexuality.

I saw that homosexuality unfolded another gift: that of the outsider eye which is necessary to the parallax illumination of intuition.

Homosexuality is, like witchcraft and Wicca, an ancient religion, which should be protected the same as all other religions.

Without the gift of the outsider eye, I might never have realized my own personal nature.

I might have let American culture and Roman Catholicism shape my character and thoughts away from my ancient Celtic and Druidic roots.

My outsider eye revealed how much of the ancient weir was coded into my weird persona.

For the next five years, sex and magic guided my mind, spirit, and body.

During that time, at the end of the 1960s, this book began to write itself.

I thought the book completed in 1971.

I was wrong.

This book is alive.

It has reconsidered itself.

Times have changed.

What could not be written in 1970, can now be revealed.

If one can believe the writers of the Bible who say that God guided their hands, some spirits guided mine.

From the first draft of the 1960s to the this 21st-century edition, nature gave everything to this effort: the right people, the right questions, the right experiences, the right answers.

I imagine that for people who know little of their own religious or gender history, these pages may be a book of revelations.

After 9/11, as after every great catastrophe, a new Inquisition this way comes.

When religion combines with politics, somebody always gets burned at the stake.

Because humans who ignore their nature are consumed by their fears and desires, history always repeats itself.

This book is a warning.

Like an ancient grimoire, this manuscript opens itself once again.

Twice in thirty-five years this book has made me its servant.

Thirty-five years from now, 2039, I will be one hundred.

The book will find another servant.

—Jack Fritscher, January 13, 2004

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