

# The Listening Voice



The newsletter of the Equi-Phallic Alliance & Poetry Field Club

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"Neither Noddyland Nor Pogles Wood"

## LET'S RETURN TO THE OLD WAYS!



Modern antiquarians are not interested in stones arranged in circles or in racial or cultural stereotypes. They have gone into the time before memory where they have fun with the prehistory of the self! *Come on children, this way...*

### Antisocial Behaviour - the new lycanthropy

The concept of Society had been getting into trouble for some time, then late one evening - as the shadows lengthened across the playing fields - Society vanished on her way home. The police couldn't find her, neither alive nor dead (but Society had always got on their nerves).

Cheeky though she was, and she was always answering back, Society was never really bad. It's a long time since Society disappeared, it seems quaint and old



Noddy says: don't get angry children, get homicidal!

fashioned to talk about it now. Some say she didn't die, but still waits patiently - trapped in childhood - making up stories.

Society's body was never found. After the holidays the other children pretended not to miss her. They seemed to forget that Society had ever existed. In her place, goody-goody Community was creeping around their parents and teachers, repeating all of her lessons as if they were true. We all know what antisocial behaviour is, but who can describe social behaviour? Was it really little more than obedience?

If we try to compare yesterday with today we find only idealised representations of redundant manners. We become trapped between two versions of the absurd. It can seem that we are viewing the world through yesterday's technologies, only to be consumed by a sense of nostalgia for the past. We want to go there. We do not know the way. *But the old way still exists.*

This is the road to Trumpton - not many people know this now - you turn left at Camberwick Green. Utopia isn't a fantasy, it's a memory of what we did when we were young. The only meaningful revolution would be one enacted by children, for only then could technology and its products embody - rather than represent - play.

The adults can't get it right. They have ruined everything. The mass murder of adults is thus the ultimate expression of childhood innocence. Let us arm the children and loose them onto the streets!

### This way to Utopia

The "mesh of narrative" - the sum total of all the stories told - is a psychic landscape. This ground is more real to us than geology and the surfaces it underpins. We walk this ground - trapped within the given meanings, the rules of this or that - or we break the meanings down and go into the underworld, beneath the roots of language. There are caverns - there is the hidden machinery of the story and how it might be told - and echoing spaces, an emptiness. Somewhere in the distance we can hear Society screaming. Any day now we will be setting her free.

The land is all around us. It is the perfect propaganda delivery system, a medium for mass alienation. Each narrative - each obvious "truth", each separate narrative layer - is a machine, buried in what we perceive as "nature". Power creates the narrative fictions that validate power and there are flavours of the story to suit every political taste. Anyone who wants status and the recognition that implies must negate those who don't behave. This is the sadism of everyday life. It draws us into the narrative vortex called "adulthood".

### Fear & Loathing in Camberwick Green

In 1966 Gordon Murray brought us Camberwick Green as part of BBC television's "Watch With Mother" series, then came Trumpton in 1967 and Chigley in 1969. "Here is a box, a musical box, wound up and ready

to play. But this box can hide a secret inside. Can you guess what is in it today?"

And out of the box would rise the episode's star character. The background would then appear and the story would begin. Camberwick Green was a small village near Trumpton. As its name implies it was a green, surrounded by shops, including a fishmongers, bakers and post office. Nearby was Colley's Mill, Pippin Fort and Jonathon Bell's Farm.

Windy Miller lives at Colley's Mill, which is just outside Camberwick Green. The railway runs nearby. Windy makes home brew cider and whittles wood. When going into or out of his windmill he amazingly always manages to miss the sails. Windy is rather old fashioned and very superstitious - he believes in whistling for the wind, and touching a sweep's collar for luck. He keeps a cow for milk and free range chickens for eggs. He is referred to as "Mr. Miller" on several occasions. On Sundays he burns witches.

Windy Miller, Windy Miller sharper than  
a thorn,  
Like a mouse he's spry and nimble when  
he grinds the corn.  
Like a bird he'll watch the wind and  
listen for the sound  
Which says he has the wind he needs to  
make the sails go round.

The circular imagery present in Camberwick Green - firstly of the rotating platform of the musical box, but also of the mill - implies the cyclical pattern of the seasons. It is clear from the archetypal characters associated with Trumpton that the inhabitants of Britain's most hermetic county were worshippers of both a Goddess and a God, each balanced in harmony as if reminiscent of "the Old Religion".

Every morning, the people of Trumpton take in their milk, open their shops and set out their wares. They do this with one eye on the town hall clock, and one ear too, for they know that dead on the hour a slight rumble from the recesses of the tower will announce that pagan worship is about to begin.

With a loud clonk the two doors on either side of the clock face slide open. To the regular rhythm of a gay mechanical tune, the gilt figures of Sir Rufus and Lady de Trompe emerge and solemnly strike the hour on a bell. Not until the automatons have returned to the tower and the doors have shut do the townspeople resume their mundane activities.

### Let's return to the old ways

These automatons - often referred to as "the Lord and the Lady" - embody echoes of the stories told to Gerald Gardner by his beloved Irish nurse "Com" (Josephine McCombie). He looked back into his own



prehistory when he invented Wicca, his "religion of the craft". This is why Wicca is such a childish religion and can only be described using primary colours. It institutionalises the childhood physical punishments, and associated sense of powerlessness, endured by Gardner as a boy. This was particularly intense because Gardner never went to school and - the third of five boys - he never really had a proper go on a nipple.

Gardner's claims about a New Forest witch coven are not only implausible, but they make him implausible too. As a character he is less realistic than the figures that emerged from the Trumpton clock tower. They are sacred - or "double" - puppets: they are "unreal" - being puppet representations of automatons - as opposed to the puppets of "real" characters such as Windy Miller or Gardner himself. In recent years the development of "eclectic paganism" has made worship of arbitrary authorities into an easy lifestyle option or "the pagan way of life". Children know this as "pretend". It is a very powerful magical tool and it is called "sympathetic magic" by the intellectual elite. Gardner recovered or pretended an early years hermeticism, a repressed tantrum. Calling it "the craft" he cast it like a spell, unleashing its power in a series of novels and theatrical poses that impressed young and inexperienced "High Priestesses".

During rituals Wiccans still mimic the clunky movements of the automatons in the Trumpton clock tower. We played mummies and daddies in the woods when the moon was full. But it all got very Freudian. The



Great Goddess with her consort? They are only Mum and Dad luvvey. Now stop your nonsense and go to bed.

### The Trumpton Witch Trials

In November 1999 the UK press suddenly took an interest in the fate of all the Trumptonshire puppets, after Gordon Murray admitted that he had burned them years ago. "I burnt them in a bonfire in my garden. I'd had them for some time after the transmissions had stopped. And various people had said "oh they're old fashioned", and they always were old fashioned actually. They were old fashioned from the word "go". They had been used an awful lot you know so I burnt them, together with the scenery."

The Daily Telegraph of Wednesday 10th November carried an article: "The bonfire that did for Trumpton Fire Brigade". The article carried a picture of Trumptonshire's Windy Miller, and a picture of Gordon Murray with the caption "no regrets". The smouldering corpse of a witch can be seen in the background, still attached to its stake.

The following day, the Daily Telegraph carried a follow up article: "Soldier escaped Camberwick Green bonfire". It told how Gordon Murray's daughter, Emma, gave one of the Pippin Fort soldiers to a friend, Steve Fletcher, as a birthday present in 1986. This puppet, which now lives in a shoe box in Stamford (Lincs), may therefore be the only surviving citizen of Trumptonshire.

Gordon Murray created an alignment between the mythical "burning times" of the past and those of the future - As above, so below? As before, so after! - and a neat way for children to participate in a traditional community activity. Burning witches brings people of different generations together. The old ways are clearly the best.

### Yet more familiar symbols

The September 14th 1999 issue of the Daily Mail included a letter by Gordon Murray, the Great Architect of Trumptonshire. A debate had developed in the letters page about the True Location of Trumpton. He said:

"Camberwick Green, Trumpton and Chigley are representative of real locations which are one-and-a-half miles from each other in an equidistant triangle. But their exact position must remain a mystery as disclosure could lead to the actual places being inundated with tourists, something I couldn't bear to see happen."

The existence of the Trumpton Triangle has long been denied by many in the earth mysteries and neo-pagan milieus. Efforts by neo-pagans to get others to take them seriously have varied from group to group. In the case of the Pagan Federation these activities have centred on the development

of a banal bureaucracy with a pseudo corporate style. They favour:

- (1) the development of Public Relations publications, such as Pagan Dawn magazine
- (2) a determined effort to be included in "multi-faith" activities
- (3) worshipping the media in the hope this will be reciprocated
- (4) an unhealthy close relationship with State centres of sadism such as prisons, hospitals and schools. The interest in schools is particularly daft.

Children, it seems, already know where Trumpton is - they don't need telling - and they know that neo-pagans have to die. Imagine my satisfaction when I heard a small girl cry, "It's time to return to the Old Ways - so start burning witches!" "Good girl," I thought, climbing the hill to Colley's Mill as the children dragged the hippie from her Volvo into the bonfire field. *Traditions are important.*

**The Goddess: best served with mint sauce**

Murray's "Trumptonshire construct" embodies a spatial arrangement based on the (holy) trinity. This places the entire Trumptonshire project in the same category as the lately demolished Tricorn Centre, Paganism and Christianity. It owes much to the Pythagorean conceit peddled by the troubadours. Like a deity manifestation from an early medieval romance - such as "the Tranny of the Lake" - the Lamb of God likes mincing about in women's clothing pretending to be divine. Mary Magdalene - called on the street "all muses in one" - merely helped him with his make-up.

He disappeared in a sticky frock, not in a cloud of light.

The triangle is the form that is fixed and not fixed, it is both stable and dynamic. In its normal position, with the apex uppermost, it symbolises fire and the aspiration of all things towards the higher unity. This is a graphical representation of "the urge to escape mediocrity". It is a return to the origin, but also a journey to the Irradiating Point. As a symbol of fire the Trumpton Triangle predicts and explains the eventual ritual burning of the inhabitants of Trumptonshire.

In the "Olde relygyon" witches were meant to be burnt, it was an essential part of the process of attaining personal transformation. Common people were playing an important role, ascribed by the goddess, when they burnt a witch. Afterwards, witches were pleased they had been burnt as they got to feel even more self-important. In a spiritual sense, the witch had taken the fast track to "the higher unity" that ordinary people just don't understand.

A triangle inverted, with the apex pointing down, represents water - this also implies a sacred ritual, that of "dunking", which is still recalled in our workaday break times. When we plop a biccy in our tea we are unconsciously acting out our natural urge to lob witches - tied to heavy objects - into a nearby river or lake.

Whatever the associated religious behaviours, triform symbolism conforms to the general symbolism of ternary forms, in its depiction of power as holiness, science and armed might, which in turn clearly corresponds to the spirit, the intellect and vitality. The Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost - a version of the

"Hippie social workers burnt alive, their mouths stopped up with playdough, will herald the return to paradise..."

symbolism intended to inspire obedience - reversed traditional polarities. In constructing Wicca as "High Magic's Aid" Gardner exploited this, applying it to "the Maiden, Mother and Crone construct" first channelled by the White Goddess poet, Robert Graves.

Trumptonshire, then, is the mythical "place of the Goddess": It is one indivisible unity and "three places at once" or the three-cornered square of the Occidental Tradition. Trumptonshire both echoes and embodies (controls) the goddess principal. The original Trumptonshire story cycle was both oral and symbolic. The later stories, written into stillness, contain all of the elements of the original British Pagan Tradition.

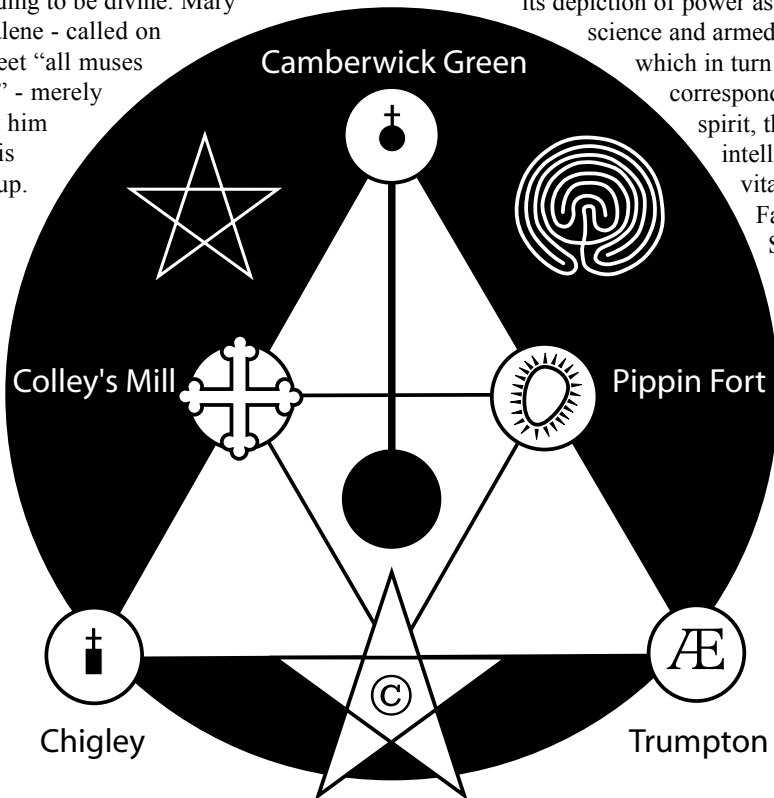
**High Magic's Aid (or Domestic Magic for Girls)**

The woman with a wand is a central figure in Gardner's version of this tradition. For him, the ideal and eroticised figure of his Irish nurse is rendered in memory as "milky". She squared his triangle. Gardner's infantilism was a feature of his life and his literary works, in both of which his masculinity is divided into personas - stern chaps in charge on the one hand and simpering goddess worshippers on the other.

In Hampshire his needs were satisfied by "Old Dorothy" - called by Crowley "Old Mother Clutterbuck" - a conflation of McCombie and a large-arsed Highcliffe Tory. Dorothy Clutterbuck, a magistrate who called for the return of corporal punishment, reignited his passion for spanking. She had a liking for the birch and Gardner honoured this in High Magic's Aid:

"The tree was not only living and dancing, but it sang as it danced, as an act of worship, obeying a law and performing a ritual that was ancient even when the world saw its first dawn. Drawn to the silver birch, Morven paced a wide circle in which she began to dance. . . her young body bent and swayed in rhythm with that of the tree. . . as if she wove a spell about the Dryad of the Birch." At this point Gardner knows he will be forced to say sorry for being so bossy earlier, when he had his trousers on.

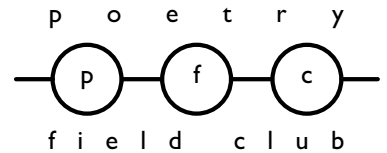
In High Magic's Aid, the division of the hero into three male characters enables Gardner to maintain his fantasy of control over women whilst also indulging his desire to be "initiated" by them. One hero segment is the boss who gives it to her regular - the other two submit to the bitch with the birch. To Gardner, ever the ex-colonial, women



Play this game at work during your tea break!

**Start Here**

# Join the Poetry Field Club putting landscape in its place



Rupert the Bear: more than just a communist!

were exotic. Their magic was low and perhaps not a little dirty. Such unstable elements needed to be domesticated.

At best their naked magic could apply a polish to that of the intellectual elite. Gardner, who pretended to have a PhD. and sometimes wore a robe to hide his hard on, needed women to play a role familiar to colonial wives during the closing phases of the Empire. Women were there to reinforce his fantasies of superiority. His anxieties reflected with neurotic intensity the anxieties of his social class about "the common people", who were demanding a better life after they had saved western civilisation from fascism. Snobbery is natural. This is why the neo-pagan dinner party is more important than the circle casting. It also explains why there are two kinds of neo-pagan politics - Tory and Whig.

## Boys and girls come out to play . . .

Reactionaries of Gardner's class were having fundamentalist fantasies everywhere (the rabid anti-Semite Lord Lyvington was scripting "organic farming" at around this time). Gardner's "return" to an old religion was one old colonialist inventing his own opium. It must have seemed very cosy; his two traditions - high and low magic - mimicking the class system. A truly cunning man, he redeployed the white man's burden as a wank fantasy. It didn't so much make him blind as make him into a visionary.

And, as ever, in the making of Wicca, a religion is being deployed to ensure obedience. That of women generally, but also of himself in a continuing act of

sacrifice to the birch of Old Dorothy. Times were changing for the worst, the post-war Labour government - Socialism, with its promise of economic transfers from nice people to rather grubby ones - meant the magic of the world was fading. But not to worry children, Uncle Gerald made time go sideways into a fairy tale.

That which Gerald Gardner felt compelled to invent - and which radical American liberals turned into a consumable product - was encoded in the three Trumptonshire series. The Goddess is the ground, all moist and passive, and the God is a complicated fellow made of a trinity of selves. The Father is Camberwick Green; the Son is Trumpton and the Holy Spirit is Chigley. Gerald Gardner is thus little more than a rather twee home counties suburban development. A sprawl of three Bishop's Walthams. This is about as unbroken as the pagan tradition gets. You can pretend granny was a witch all you like missy, no-one is impressed.

It is time to end the profession of idiocy and to replace it with the profession of comedy. The goddess is for real and not just April Fool's Day! Gordon Murray, a great big camp transvestite, had the secret of the goddess well hidden in his scripts, just like the frillies he wore under his corduroys. It's time to expose the goddess, her mummy wise old crone maidenly phallic self and all. Let's heave her from the ditch where she has lain since 1966.

Listen with Mother! Watch with Mother! This lone parent needs to get herself off tranquillisers and start telling the pagans where to go. This is what Society needs. Even given the slurred speech of symbolism, it seems clear from a careful reading of the Trumpton Mysteries that it's time to return to the Old Ways!

In the name of the True Goddess of these Islands, lets have a traditional Sunday roast! We must encourage the "anti-social behaviour" of children and build our social utopia out of the ashes of a faked and re-enacted past! Let's start burning witches!

The Pagan Federation are invited to state their position on "the Burning Times" - did they happen or not?

Given the published evidence a further question might be, why did neo-pagans need to make it up?

## Stakeholder Field Trip

Preliminary Meeting of the Campaign for Real Old Ways (CROWS)

**Saturday 16th July 2005 at 12pm  
The Bunch of Grapes, St. Peters St.  
Bishop's Waltham (Hants)**

We will gather at the **Bunch of Grapes** & prepare for the work to be done. We will leave the Bunch of Grapes at 12.30pm & proceed to Dundridge Woods where we will burn a witch. We will then continue on our way to **The Hampshire Bowman** in the centre of **Dundridge**, arriving there at about 1.30pm for a **Parliament of Crows**.

We will drink beer, eat lunch, sing **communist ballads** & gambol on the sod. Returning by a different route, we will have covered about 5 miles on foot.

## Public Transport

*From Southampton:* a No. 7 leaves from Bargate Street at 11.10am and arrives at Bishop's Waltham Square at 11.57am.

*To Southampton:* No. 7s leave the Square at 18 minutes past the hour until 17.18pm. The next bus is a 7A at 18.20pm and the last bus is a 7A at 20.20pm.

Solent Blue Line: 023 8061 8233

## Atlantico at the Palace

Atlantico (nee Mambo Jambo) play in the grounds of the Bishop's Palace on Saturday 16th July at 7.30pm. Bar by Oakleaf Brewery. Tickets: £10, £8 concessions and £5 for children under 16.

info@bishopswalthamfestival.com

http://www.bishopswalthamfestival.com

## GODDESS PANTIES!

### Worn for weeks by Pagan Dawn!

Specify an aspect:	Choose a style:	Select a path:
<input type="checkbox"/> Maiden	<input type="checkbox"/> Thong	<input type="checkbox"/> Ásatrú
<input type="checkbox"/> Mother	<input type="checkbox"/> Eclectic	<input type="checkbox"/> Heavily soiled
<input type="checkbox"/> Crone	<input type="checkbox"/> Tanga	<input type="checkbox"/> With Wings

Return your coupon with a £500 cheque payable to the 'PFC' to:  
Pagan Dawn, BM Box 5896, London WC1N 3XX  
*nb. With Wings is not available in Crone*

## Panties worn by the Goddess!

For further information about  
**The Listening Voice**

contact:

[www.nonism.org.uk](http://www.nonism.org.uk)