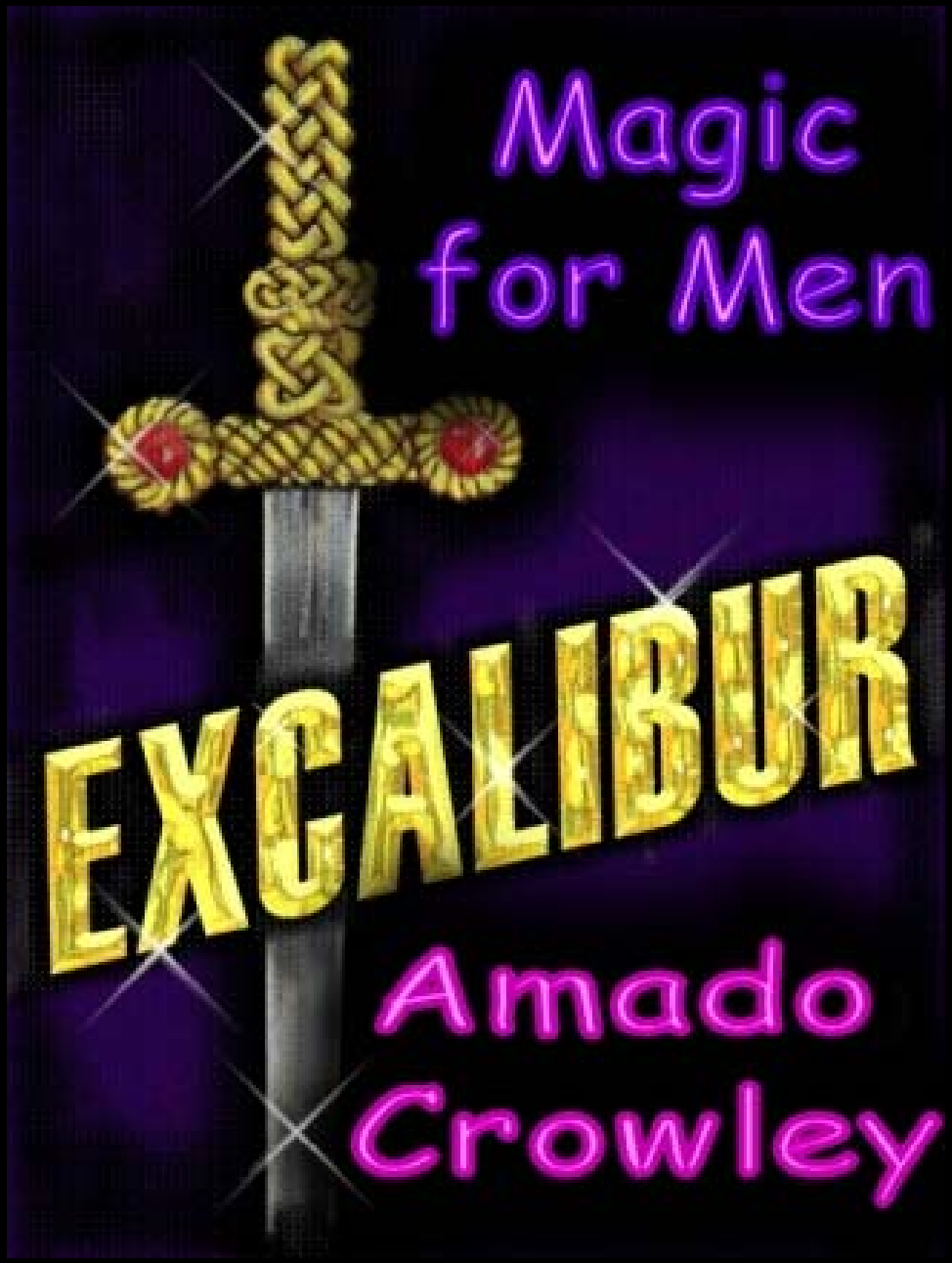

Magic
for Men
EXCALIBUR
Amado
Crowley

EXCALIBUR

Magic for Men



by

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edited and produced by S.R. Johnson

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Preface

I saw this book in the library - in Chapter One it said that American Indians have the longest penises in the world, and in Chapter Two it said that Scotsmen have the thickest penises in the world. The author was some guy called Tonto MacTavish...

Grave and worthy

It is possible for a thing to be both funny and serious, because laughter is one of the ways that human beings cope with fear, tension and anxiety. Whatever it is that makes the heart feel heavy, we attempt to lighten the burden with touches of wit and sparkle.

That humour is perfectly capable of dealing with matters of pith and moment is shown by the existence of satirical magazines such as 'Punch', 'Mad' and 'Private Eye'. Broadsheets, cartoons and theatrical farce have lampooned royalty, dictators and public figures for centuries and their ability to deflate self-importance is feared by oppressive regimes, who try to ban them.

Smoke detectors

The kind of art and entertainment endorsed by officials in Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia or Communist China, is dull and inhuman. The public was invited to sob in sympathy for a village whose tractor died, or to glory in the victories of Aryan soldiers trampling down freedom. Laughter was not allowed and no one could poke fun at the state which showed all the symptoms of national paranoia.

For you, the reader of this book, there is the other problem that your Intruder Alarm might be tripped by simple error. There is no real danger – it is only a book, after all – but if your mind thinks it perceives danger, then it may let loose a barrage of intercontinental blasts of emotion. We had best begin by doing things gently and speaking softly. It is vital that you feel safe at all times.

Cosy chuckles

And indeed, you are safe. Your anonymity was guaranteed from the outset. You never had to show your face in a bookshop. No sales assistant saw what you were buying so no one can sneer or point a finger. The best antidote for fear is laughter. It helps to cure illness and some doctors even act like clowns. If Evil exists, then it makes use of fear to turn people into putty and make them pliable and submissive. In a very real sense then, laughter can banish the devil.

I often crack a joke during a ritual, or act like a buffoon. At weddings I give a performance worthy of an Oscar as I toss in a bit of good-hearted ribaldry. Some people are shocked. They feel that solemn occasions should be stately and dignified, but I believe it isn't a good thing to take oneself too seriously. Let the

gods see that we have seen behind the absurdity of existence – by smiling at ourselves.

No genteel titter

Animals do not laugh, though I have a Rottweiler who comes close. It's a gift that God kept for humans and, though it can be malicious, it is mostly childlike and cleansing. Look at the things that amuse us, and it is clear that laughter is wholesome and good. It adjusts the balance and, when we are lonely, a good laugh makes us less so.

Embarrassment is really a kind of mild humiliation, but it can be pure torture for some people. Perhaps this explains the ancient belief that the devil too can be made to suffer by lashing him with scorn. If we read the old Miracle Plays, or inspect some of the carvings in old churches, we see fine examples of 'holy mockery'. Autun cathedral, in France, has a gargoyle that farts splendidly straight into the devil's face. Such an earthy attitude is healthier by far than the nonsense depicted in 'occult' horror films.

Joining in

I trust that my own sense of humour is one that invites fellowship without being the least bit hurtful. The aim is to give you a bit more courage and to help you face up to your problems. These may be painful but .. if you could learn to see the funny side of them .. they would start to become less grave immediately.

We are all brothers and we should all be friendly towards one another. Those of us who are hale and happy want to help you find the simple, honest beauty of life. We can all identify with each other and plug in to the same reservoir of profound feelings. We can lend each other an arm, a shoulder, and a bit of the power that we have been saving for a rainy day. Nobody is poking fun at you. We laugh the way that clowns do in order to help you forget the trials of adult life and to be as carefree as kids again. Will you throw your hat into the circus-ring and join the fun?

Years of Experience

I have been teaching Occultism and Magic for fifty years and along the way I have helped a great many young (and not so young) people to find sexual happiness. I am well-qualified to do this because I am an Occult Master and Occultism regards sex as crucial, and I was also a psychologist until I retired.

I hope you will find that I deal with sensitive issues in a happy, matter-of-fact way, and I hope my book will prove helpful to you too. Let me know.

Amado Crowley, London, 2001



Filling in the Background

Whenever her new husband brought her a present, she rewarded him with sex. To show her just how grateful he was, he brought home a big bunch of roses. "And now I suppose you expect me to lie back and open my legs again?" she smiled cutely.

"Why?" he blinked. "Haven't we got a vase?"

Pastoral Care

Birds and bees

I'm edgy, uneasy, and ill at ease. It's like hearing the Hound of the Baskervilles when you have just started to pee. I am not a hero and I confess that I'm losing my nerve. A voice tells me to drop this book and run for the airport, but would it sell with only one paragraph finished? I don't want to be rich or famous; it doesn't appeal to me. I just want to help people. I'm not promising miracles, but as magicians go, I'm a good one. It runs in the family. I will tread carefully though; talking to men about sex is like waving red flags at a bull.

When our vicar came to talk to the choir, he did his level best to seem casual, but he was a rotten actor and looked horribly tense. Choirboys are not famous for their sympathy, but we did feel sorry for him. He hummed and hawed all of ten minutes before blurting out that, as it was Sexagesima Sunday, he was going to

talk to us about the facts of life. He was not well up on biology and would have liked this cup to pass from him, but when parents are too shy to do it, they pass the job on to the nearest representative of the Holy Ghost.

Speaking in tongues

Vicars lead sheltered lives since nobody talks much to them. Ours was out of his depth in this world and would have felt more at home taking tea with Jane Austen. He was vague as to how many facts of life there were and had no idea which, if any, were relevant to choirboys. We had the faces of angels, but poised 'twixt childhood and delinquency, the vicar feared the devil hovered close, and didn't know which was more appropriate, a blessing or an exorcism.

A shiny man with polished head and wobbly chins, he floundered like a traffic warden faced with the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. "Strabble," he spluttered. "Plobity binkship". He knew at once that things weren't going well, so he sucked in his cheeks, and meditated on the pains of hell, which had the same effect as a kick when the car won't start.

"Boys," he thundered like a peal of bells, "do not stay boys for ever". A shudder ran through him. "They change into men."

Once more unto the breach

We were way ahead of him. Having been told that masturbation turned brains to jelly, we bet that Piggy Pogson would be first to go. The Vicar had once been spied on the cricket-field, showing a lady what was meant by a maiden over, so he knew he was on a sticky wicket.

"Isaac begat two sons," he bellowed. "Jacob had a smooth skin, but Esau had an hairy one." Eyes on stalks, we leaned excitedly and alarmed him so much that he lost track. "Things will fall into place," he floundered, "but your Heavenly Father doesn't want you to touch them, and mothers prefer them not to be mentioned."

He hacked on like Henry V at Agincourt. "No one minds you passing water," he said. "God forbid you ever stop, but do it quickly, and no hanky-panky!" We went so red, he recoiled like Pharaoh when the Nile turn to blood. "When boys come.. " he stopped. "When boys reach a certain age, nature opens a valve..." His eye flicked at Pogson, " .. or a sluice gate. The juices flow. Trunks thicken, branches get longer, and sunbeams turn the tiny tips into rosy red apples." Every boy felt his tendrils sprouting and he squirmed. "This is nature's egg-timer telling you that, although the whites are hard, your yolks are still soft."

Domino theory

One metaphor died, the Vicar kick-started another. "No boy was born already riding a bicycle," he said. "But you all do it now. It's the same with the army. April, you are too young to enlist, but come May, they give you a rifle and tell you to defend the Queen." He smiled ruefully. "But it isn't a toy. Let off a stray shot and you could knock a young girl off her bicycle." We could all picture April and May being toppled. "Let's get down to brass pricks," he blustered. "Wherever you go, remember King Arthur .. and his knights under the round table."

One boy squeaked and we exploded like a row of bottles. The pews creaked like maritime timbers. "Take Mrs. Fanshaw," cried the vicar. "Week in, week out, she tussles with the oldest organ in the diocese. The Lottery offered a grant to go electric, but she knows you boys like pumping it by hand. Except Pogson who used his foot .. and got a nasty thwack in the middle of Vidor's Toccata."

"You're so puny these days. All pop-music; no sport. Don't you like playing with balls?" Our wheezing alarmed him and he dashed for the home straight. "Don't do anything beastly until after your exams."

Gooseberries

Faint hearts

We were cherubs with minds like sewers but we meant no harm. An American girl once told me that sex was 'a bit hairy'. My mind flooded with revolting images, but all she meant was the topic was fraught with difficulty. It's easy to raise a smile when you're afraid. It sounds comical to say that teenagers are martyrs to masturbation, but the grin suggests our knees are shaking. Dangerous trains of thought are switched to safer tracks. If I touch on topics that trigger your alarm, don't launch a red-alert. Give things a chance to work first.

Medicine aims to cure, not to taste nice. In the First World War, soldiers sang 'Pack up your troubles in your old kitbag'; in the Second, they sang 'We're going to hang out the washing on the Ziegfried Line'. Their apparent pluck veiled a dreadful fear. They grinned and gritted their teeth. The forces of death are loosed by war, but love will liberate the forces of life. Those two things, death and sex, have been linked since time began. In public, most people pretend nothing is wrong, but we're alone now. Nobody else can hear. So let's admit that, as far as sex is concerned, we never quite found what we were looking for.

Bad habit

When sex is good, the soul streaks across the Milky Way like a shooting star, but when it's bad, it feels like lead. Can we leave these things to chance? Is this the proper way to deal with vital issue? If we knew what it was like for other people, it might help, but hey .. what if nobody has it any better? For all we know, it could be hit-and-miss for the whole world. Common sense says: take a deep breath and tackle the cause, but we're not that brave. We squeeze our eyes shut and hope it'll be all right eventually. I wouldn't write a book if none were needed, but if you are okay then please don't bother to read it. I don't know if you've got a problem. Maybe you don't either. Or have you got your fingers crossed?

When people were asked why they went in a sex-shop most said they were just sheltering from the rain. Do they buy Viagra? Only for the dog. Vibrators are used to clear sinks and inflatable dolls are fun in the swimming pool. I joke, but why are we ashamed of natural needs?

Stimulation

If you say you're a super stud living in ecstasy, I'll believe you even though thousands wouldn't. I won't argue. I can accept that you bought this book for a backward cousin. Like most kids, I tried pornography once. I had a tape recorder whose speed could be varied, and I hit on the idea of making sexy stories and renting them out. I was keen on sound effects though, and for a touch of realism I recorded a sexy moan and played it back at a lower speed. The pitch dropped by several octaves and sounded less like people having it off than whales, or someone having it amputated.

Commercial porn made me giggle. To check that I was normal, I tried it on friends and we howled fit to die. All pleasure is enhanced when shared, but none more so than sex. Men love to let it rip like splashing in a big pool. We had our own foul language, of course. It marked us as members of the gang. There is nothing like breaking taboos and defying the world.

White for virgins

Today we speak of virgin wool, virgin rain forest, and Virgin Records, but yesterday virgins was us, and we haven't learned much since. But if sex *is* good, why not make it better? Like cooks, we could earn four-stars and offer marvels to our partners. There was a book-stall in the market. Sex was shelved under Naval History. I remember titles like 'Approaching Manhood' or 'Now You Are Sixteen'. They were all full of medical terminology and technical drawings that utterly baffled us. You had to double check in case you'd picked up something on torpedoes.

Dry and long-winded, they never came to the point. It was like ploughing through 'Treasure Island' to learn that the parrot had been stuffed. Some turned

to naval books instead, which explains why one or two married women resemble battleships.

Good question

Men are not taught anything. No wonder that sexual attitudes are ambiguous. Is it supposed to be good or a sin? Ought it to be nasty? Doubts like these makes it sordid. Even today, many babies are a mistake and many marriages miserable. Did you know that 'living proof' used to mean a child in the pram? No man was ever sure that it was his, but none of them knew if they had done it right.

People today are so clever and well informed. I belong to an older generation - not past it, but no longer running for gold. We admire you, wish you well. It's wonderful that you are such experts on sex, but … where did you get your knowledge, since it wasn't from any of us?

Birds and Bees

Insult to Injury

You think you're an expert but you don't know everything. I'd be less blunt face-to-face, but you can't hit me in a book. So how did you find out? Did dad give you a cigarette and suggest rolling your own? Did mum explain why the pet rabbit had died? Or was the buck passed to a friend of the family, like the vicar? In my day, they put us in the Boy Scouts, which kept us too busy to worry, or so they thought! Today, teachers bring white mice to school. Men don't look down when they pee in case beady red eyes are staring back.

Poor folk believed in 'least said, soonest mended' and certain words were never spoken in front of children. Forbidden topics had to be spelled out as if sending signals in Morse code. 'The dog is on h-e-a-t again', they said, or 'Mary has a lump in her b-r-e-a-s-t'. Worse still were euphemisms: 'You-know-who forced her to rum-ti-tum behind the thingummy'. Small wonder we had twisted minds! The clergy were expected to provide leaflets but not all churches can afford to print anything lavish. Thriftily, they shoved several topics between the same covers so that 'sex' got squashed in between the Shroud of Turin and Women Priests.

Independent research

Men read the letters in women's magazines. Many boys cobble it all together from a few blue jokes, a drunken cousin and something seen in a car park. No treasure house of wisdom, this is a ragbag of information dredged from dustbins, myth and rumour. It is hardly a solid foundation for a philosophy of life. How sad that sexual truths are whispered and that many lads mistake their first wet-dream for pus.

We must not mock the lack of knowledge or poke fun at those who are innocent. Not all changes are for the better. Half the marriages in France now end in di

vorce and quite often women take the step, giving sexual disharmony as the cause. France, would you believe! The land of 'oo-la-la' and 'vive l'amour'. If it's so bad there, can things be better elsewhere? Nobody understands how it goes wrong. They list the minor quarrels and trivial events, but marriage does not end with a bang, it deflates like a balloon after a party. Love isn't killed with a hammer – it withers one petal at a time.

Statutory age

Know-how doesn't come by post on your thirteenth birthday. It's not delivered with a moustache and pimples. Babies don't always know how to suck and some are smacked to make them breathe. If nature is so lax here, is she likely to provide a sex manual ten years in advance? There is only the potential. If sex were food, we'd get by on gruel and junk food. Nobody looks for a banquet. We are nibblers, not gourmets; hooligans, not gods. Sex could bring joy, but often it just brings anguish!

Fun is okay if it does no harm, but beware of danger to yourself and others. Bliss can soar to a level called 'ultimate orgasm' which brings mystic union with the Beyond, but to climb this far, you must get rid of pretence and drop the façade. To be master of your own destiny, you must abandon slavish attitudes and servile opinions. Like a knight earning his sword and spurs, you must prove yourself worthy by displaying will and valour. Hold your head high and step forward.

On the rack

One sided sex

A man's kit is a more complex than a woman's and more can go wrong. She can purr on a cushion and wait to be fertilised, but he doesn't just make the stuff, he has to deliver it and risk failure and humiliation every time. Sex is means more to him than mere physical pleasure. It has a deep mystical significance that is lost on a woman. Virility to him matters more than babies to her, and dirty jokes veil his wonder at this awesome power.

She enjoys sex, but doesn't feel the same triumph. She can't have babies without him, but he never has babies at all, and this difference accounts for their attitudes to life. Magically, she is the cave of the sacred flame and he is the spark that ignites it. But let's not get lyrical. We must keep our feet on the ground. I tell jokes and add a bit of wit and sparkle otherwise your discomfort would grow, reality might slip .. like wearing your shorts back to front.

Aesthetics

Underpants are a washable lining to shield your suit from the body's natural soil. There was never much material in them, but nowadays there is less. One wonders if the purpose has changed. They look like catapults or slingshots. But if the garment is skimpy, male anatomy has not shrunk. Packaging experts make the genitals look in danger of tumbling. To boost this effect, some pop-singers put a sock in it. One hopes the lady's fingers do not start darning.

As abstract art, the male thong takes some beating. Michelangelo's David has a jock-strap draped over one shoulder as if it came off in the scrum, but his genitals are a bit on the elfin side for Florence. Perhaps the sculptor's hand took off more than intended – a chip off the old cock?

Male underwear is risky to put on: toes snag, two legs go in one hole, elastic twangs and they're so flimsy and nondescript that other things are easily mistaken for them. A hand in haste may light on something inappropriate. A husband came home early to startle a plumber into lagging himself with the wife's tights. One sailor tried to tuck his kit into a high-heeled shoe. Not to mention the poor stiff who, when the fire alarm went off, slapped on a sleeping Jack Russell terrier.

Fandango

On holiday in Spain, the man lazed naked while his wife went for a dip. Arms behind his head, the sun warming his oranges, he dreamt of a flamenco dancer when the door burst open and in waddled a fat, Catalan cleaning lady. She stopped dead in her tracks at the sight of an Englishman with testicles trapped in a toast rack.

The Guarda Civilia were frosty. The doctor had a stomach pump, (you know what the Mediterranean's like), but didn't carry a blow-torch. A mean German remembered that the bullring had a tool for cutting off horns. A scream is the same in any language. He had heard about the Spanish Inquisition. 'Take Gibraltar," he wept, "but don't touch my weasel with that!'

"Eez not for wizzles," said a policeman. "Eez for bools!"

Matadors and ice-cream vendors held him down as he clawed the constable's crotch in panic.

'No trophies!' he wailed.

'We sneep it off."

'I want to keep it on.'

'We geeve it back,' sobbed the Spaniard, 'a souvenir of Costa Brava'.

Valour

Laughter can cure fear. When tribes in Borneo declare war, they turn up early and chuck insults. If honour is satisfied, they go home again without bothering to fight. It may take more than a few jokes to ease your terror though, but at this point magic enters the scene. I mean, like, wow! Magic!

Millions of people are believers, and you'd be delighted if it worked for you. All that stands between you and success is your own caginess. There's no danger here. I'm not asking you to join a sect or swap religion. You don't have to drop any special beliefs. All you need is an open mind.

Our aim is to fulfil nature's plan, but that depends on attitude. The more you commit yourself, the better your magic will be. If you have no problems, good; if you are a phallic phenomenon, cheers. If your orgasms go off the Richter scale, smile as you wave goodbye. Otherwise, whether you're a king or commoner, pauper or millionaire, you were born a man with the right to be happy. Start the quest by slaying the dragons of shame, guilt, and fear. This is the beginning of a wonderful journey.

The World of Men

The sergeant ordered the men to come on parade stark naked at six o'clock in the morning for inspection. He smacked one guy on the shoulder with his stick: "Stand up straight". He hit another on the feet. "Toes together." When he found a third man with a big erection, he whacked it. "Did that hurt?" he asked.

"No sergeant. It belongs to a guy in the row behind".

War zones

Maps of our world

There are three concentric zones around our body. Imaginary and invisible, we act as if they were real.

- The first, as small as a shower, is kept for friends or family. If they don't enter, we know they are hurt. In crowds, we offset the unwanted contact by not looking at people's eyes.
- The second, is a lobby for all social meetings. If someone's job brings him closer, like a doctor, he is very official. A tailor measures your inside-leg in a way that denies interest.
- The third is twenty yards across and marks the limit of attention. We scan it as we move through a crowd to avoid bumping. In open land, the zone expands; we'd see someone a mile off in the desert.

Occult Sexuality

A man and woman, strangers to each other, were drinking in a bar. "I am celebrating the fact that I am finally pregnant after ten long years of trying," she said.

"And I am celebrating the fact that after two years as a poultry farmer my flock of hens has finally started laying eggs," he told her.

"What did you do? she asked.

Changed cocks," he answered.

"Now there's a coincidence!" she winked.

Relief

One-eyed Jacks

Sex serves more than one function and needs a lot of upkeep. Men would be happier if there was just one way of doing this, but most are so busy extracting the last drop of pleasure that they have no time for bettering their knowledge or polishing their technique. They long for quantity, not quality – more like rabbits than great lovers of the calibre of Casanova. Most blokes know more about soccer than sex.

Masturbation is solitary, self-relief. Mutual masturbation is more like a round of Bridge where hands combine to win a rubber. The most popular kind of partnered sex takes place between one man and one woman. In an ideal world, they would make love like ambassadors, each doing it on behalf of all other members of the same gender. But it's more frenzied than that, more a case of every man for himself.

No Man is an island

A grain of soil is part of the earth, a breath of air is part of the sky, and you are part of a greater whole. Do not be misled by your sense of personal uniqueness. Individuality is an unreliable feeling and can be lost. Pay too much heed and you stunt spiritual growth.

Sex partners must be licit. You don't have to be married, but both must be free and consenting. Sex is too important to leave to whim or fancy. When love is present, sex can be so sublime it takes our breath away, but we can't control love – we can scarcely control our bodies. Therefore there are rules. We are free to choose our beloved and free to contract our hearts, but when we do so, we sacrifice that freedom. Afterwards we are not as free as before.

Pacts and promises

One deal rules out other deals. Love that has been given to one person cannot be offered elsewhere. Once bound, we must not cheat, but we may seek to become unbound. No special pleading though because things aren't changed by wishing. We can break the rules, of course, but that would be a retrograde step taking us back towards animal. The soul is diminished and made less bright.

Practical Magic

The guy from up-town says: if you'll keep your eye on my rooster and hen I'd be happy to feed your donkey. The country hick puts it slightly differently: Catch hold of my cock and pullet and I'll stick some carrots into your ass.

Someone special

Harmony

The sitar is an Indian musical instrument that possesses two sets of strings. When one is played, the other "sings" in sympathy without being touched. Male sexuality is a bit like that. There are psychic vibrations that accompany every physical act. Even a simple erection, to take but one example, causes ripples to spread outward and ruffle the tranquillity of the astral plane.

Other acts and other kinds of behaviour will generate correspondingly bigger waves, while orgasm itself can erupt in light and make the aura glow. Yet on another day, it will just fizzle out like a dud squib or disappear like the flame of a candle in the wind. This book is for men who respect themselves. They hold their human dignity dear and seek simply to step over certain obstacles. The recommendations and the recipes are offered to help you become good wholesome individuals.

To one side

All over the world, certain men are seen as "special". They are not celebrities, stars or famous public figures. They are known by whispered names because they walk with the wind and converse with spirits. They are the green ones, the brethren of the woods—druids, shamans or even witch-doctors.

I suppose the title we'd give them today would probably be wizard or magician, and they do still exist. You will find them in every corner, from Siberia to South America, from East to West. They are men who have stepped aside from the hubbub of ordinary life. They have left the highway and the market-place of commerce and affairs to live a different kind of life. They are 'the strange ones'.

Weirdoes and drop-outs

They have very little ambition of the kind that the everyday world would recognise. Closer to nature than most, such men have huge reserves of power that they can call upon which they gather it in by various means: fasting, physical endurance, spiritual exercises, and solitary living. To a greater or lesser extent, they have withdrawn, or stepped to one side.

Like the holy men of India or the hermit of the Middle Ages, they seek an encounter with the Beyond

and look for a doorway out in the wilderness. Quite often, such men forego the joy of marriage and children, retreating into caves or desolate places. In some cases, the only comfort they allow themselves is a magical form of 'restricted homosexuality'.

Being a child again

A holy man has the power to see into the human soul and discern the child, the original child, the one who still lives at the centre of every man's being. A holy man can persuade that child to respond, to talk about its hidden fears, and to hold his hand while together they go out and conquer the darkness .. possibly by camping in the garden.

I am not for one moment suggesting that you should copy these sacred persons, but I am proposing that you introduce just a little of their discipline into your life. As a result, you will develop a little of their power—not enough to heal other people, but quite enough to sort out your own problems. Or to put it in a nutshell: you will be able to cast out your own devils.

Right now, we're talking about ways that magic can help sex. It is not the time to discuss metaphysics or the supernatural - any more than the basics we have already covered. Critics would say I was trying to frighten you or play on your superstition. I will simply assure you that it is quite safe to use any of the magic that I describe. Later on, you'll read about the snake-ribbon and I give you permission to make a ribbon for your own use. It invokes a special energy called 'serpent power'. It is quite safe to make and use this ribbon, but you ought not to make them for anyone else.

The way ahead

Wishful thinking

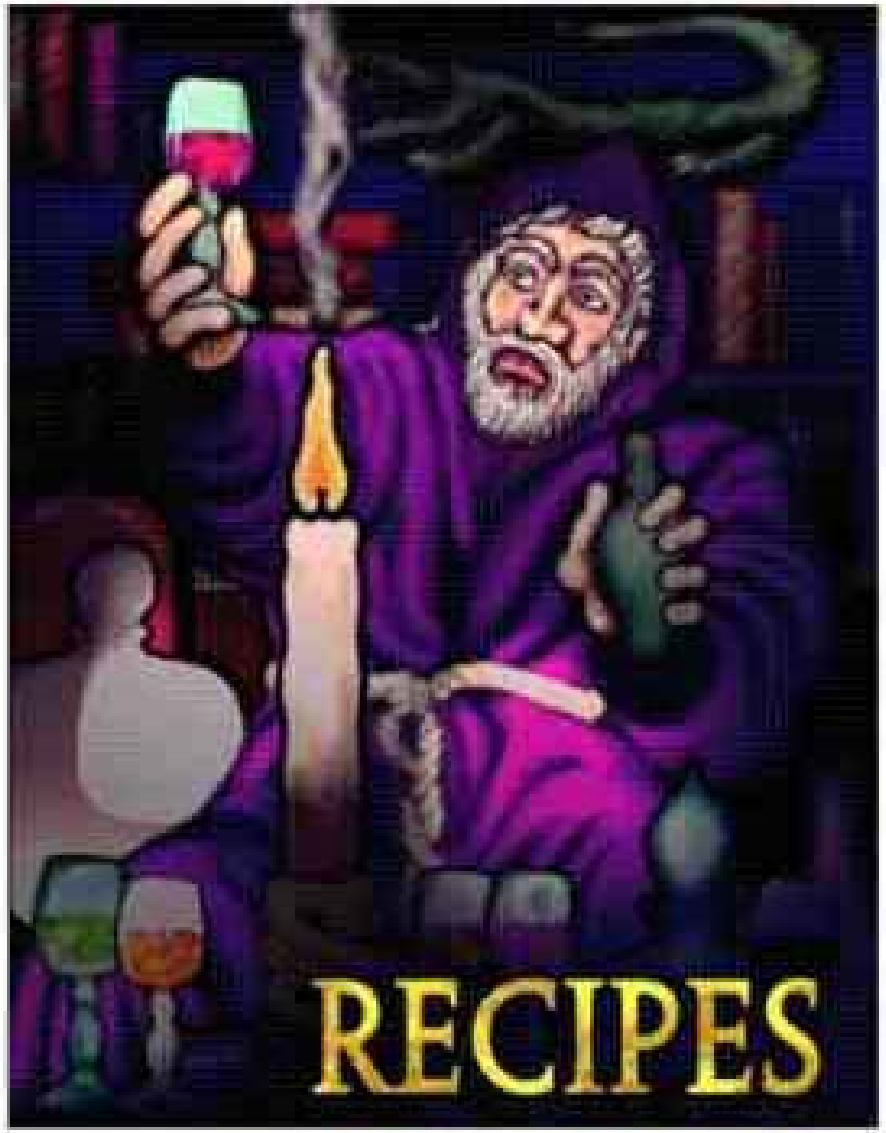
I do not propose that readers of this book become Occultists. I do not ask you to drop any beliefs, or change them. If you will just respect magic, that will do. If you are a decent man, you can make it work. Play fair though. Not even Doctors give guarantees, so don't ask Occultism to do so. I cannot answer for your will or commitment.

Forget fairy-godmothers; magic is more like a map. If you know where you are and where you want to go, it's fine; if not, it's useless. Maps aren't books. You read them differently and they use different conventions. Forget this and you'll get lost.

Like driving a car, you could take lessons from a qualified instructor, but you'll probably go it alone. That's all right but take your time. Don't rush it, and never try the practical stuff until you've grasped the theory. Stick this motto where you can see it, "Simple is not Easy".

Double-barrelled

There are two kinds of sex magic: the first generates power for magical purposes, and the second improves



THE RECIPES

No. 1 Moon-Water	Sexual Impetuosity
No. 2 Kern's Charm	Premature ejaculation
No. 3 Knotted Cord	Hang-ups, inhibitions
No. 4 Letter Home	After-sex sadness
No. 5 Mushroom Juice	Allure, virility
No.6 Cuckoo-Spit	Gratifying mate
No. 7 Skin-Sign	Social poise
No. 8 Sun-Water	Virility, appetite
No. 9 Rainbow Kiss	Inspiring love
No.10 Snake Dance	Various problems
No.11 Balm	Impotence, lost ardour
No.12 Oak Tree	Reinvigoration
No.13 The Greening	Semen, fertility
No.14 King's Apple	Gaining love
No.15 The Mark	Support, fellowship
No.16 Merlin's Ring	Arm against evil
No.17 Sizer	Penile sensitivity
No.18 Crossroads	Good choice in love
No.19 Druid's Hand	Vigour and stamina
No.20 Silver Tongue	Shyness, reserve