

INTRODUCTION



Magic was my first passion, obsession, or love turned marriage for over forty six years, but now I have strayed and taken magick as my mistress. Her ability to take strong stories and ef-

fects and create interesting entertainment makes her an enchanting temptress few can resist. It is fair to say that some people cannot see the forest through the trees, others cannot see the Magick through the magic. What a pity that being consumed by magic does not qualify one as a magician, for that is the title I still strive to attain ... better yet, a Bizarrist.

I am indebted to Larry White for sponsoring me so I might apply for acceptance into the Shadow Network, and to Brother Shadow, Carl Herron for accepting me into their rather exclusive ranks. It is a closely knit family of performing artists, historians, writers, dream weavers and story tellers. Jacks of all trades who are often masters of them as well. I have been inspired and encouraged, nurtured and influenced by many over the years, to name them all would be to create a veritable who's - who of magic.

At risk of being accused of name dropping, two of the most recent mentors are Gene Poinc and Ed Soloman. Every bizarrist I have had the good fortune to know is his/her own person, a unique trait these days. I think magick demands that they be. Individuality is often proportionate to creativity and vice versa. The shadow Network is a caring, sharing community. If sources or suggestions are needed, they are found; brain storming and threads to be followed up are common place things. Some are wary of Bizarre Magick, they assume it consists of dark and sinister trappings, evil and the occult. They are misinformed. People tend to fear what they do not understand. Cast your fears aside, open your minds to a new adventure ...to a whole new world! Perhaps "A Darker Light" will lead the way. As a dear friend told me, it is time to unleash your dreams.

Many stories in this volume are true, others have crept onto the page from some twisted recess of my mind. Words and their power have always intrigued me; I can only hope that you will be as captivated by the possibilities, driven to hone your own performing persona and bring the stories to life. Now and again in a given approach you may find a new principle at the heart of the method. Begin seeking Jekyll only to encounter Hyde.

KOTAH

A DARKER LIGHT

A single candle is a lonely light. Its sphere of influence is limited, its very life gradually consumed. The wax of even the brightest eventually trickles down ...returning us to darkness.

A thought is like a candle's flame, if it is shared, if it is passed along, perhaps others can benefit, and perhaps the original light may never fully die.

*These pages are my
candle. I pass them
on to you.*

Ronald J. Dayton

4-11-00



WELCOME

There are dark corners in the recess of every mind my friends— and from these spring forth horrible wonderful things.

If you are new to the world of the bizarre, no doubt the format of this book will strike you as odd—almost more literature than the “pull the rags from the box” faire of most magicians, but THAT is truly the evil that must be destroyed.

Within this crypt of rants and hallucinations you will find the poems, the stories, and effects of Brother Kotah. The methods are implied, assumed and sometimes as hidden as the effects themselves, but in this niche of legerdemain we are more about theatre than worrying about which piece of thread to use or what method will be best. Doubtless you will have your OWN ideas of method when you read these dark inspirations, and imagine a piece of performance theatre where the effects themselves are punctuated by the eerie recitals of these magnificently dark couplets.

If I may add to the list of Brother Kotah's Memorials:

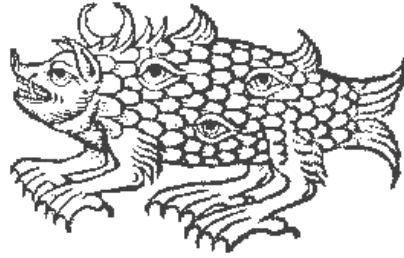
In Loving Memory Of Masklyn Ye Mage; mentor and friend.

It is a pleasurablely somber task editing and commenting upon such words as these... May they haunt you as well....

Rothchild T. Starke



COLD SPIRIT



Decades ago, my aunt and uncle lived in a farm house. Late one cold winter night around 1939, a thick blanket of newly fallen snow covered the ground. The air had a distinct arctic bite to it, but the presence of wind was almost non-existent. My aunt was relaxing at the kitchen table, sipping a cup of coffee. Her husband Stanley had already retired for the evening. Suddenly someone pounded loudly at the back door, it was much more than a simple knock, it was a loud and forceful pounding sound. There was no doubt at all that someone wanted in. Violet was understandably shaken. Stanley, who was in the habit of removing his hearing aid before going to bed, was unmoved and of little help. Violet turned on the back yard light and cautiously looked out the window.

No one. Nothing was there, no footprints were in the undisturbed blanket of snow. Violet squinted to see better all the way out to the barn. With a back drop of faded red, a pale white wisp of a form circled slowly around an old abandoned well down near the stock pens. Several more evenings during that cold and lonely winter, the vapor-like form circled slowly around the well ... never touching the ground, just seeming to float a foot or so above.

The following summer, my relatives risked appearing foolish by asking the local sheriff to investigate the mystery. When the boards which covered the open, ground level well, were removed; the skeletal remains of what the sheriff assumed to be a vagrant or hobo who had fallen into the well years ago were discovered. He must have been headed toward the barn in the dark -- looking for a place to sleep. Once again, I cannot verify its authenticity but I am told that this piece of wood was part of that which covered the well, and had fallen inside with the remains.

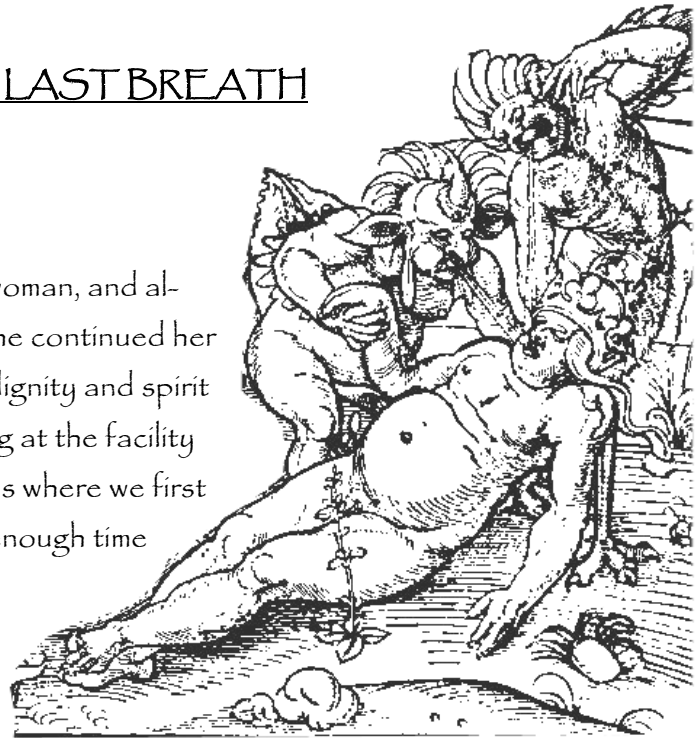
Show a weathered board on both sides (paddle move) Hand it to a spectator and ask -- "Do you think it really was?" When the spectator turns the board over.. The words HELP ME are scratched onto it.

KOTAH

(I would do the move before telling the story, then have the guest hold the wood between her hands revealing the words at the end of the tale.... A bit of blood in the palm, ala the old ash trick, would also make this more powerful.....Starke)

AMANDA'S LAST BREATH

Amanda was a silver haired pixie of a woman, and although she might be termed 'elderly', she continued her years in the nursing home with a warm dignity and spirit which belied each decade. I was working at the facility as an aid during the fall of 1984. That's where we first met. Nursing homes are, if you spend enough time in them, like a microcosm of life itself. It is a school of hard knocks in which, if you take the time to listen, you will learn lessons in love and heartbreak,



hope and shattered dreams. People there deal with issues healthy people rarely consider. It is an existence of enduring. Sometimes enduring pain, loneliness, boredom and fears. When we were young we were not wise enough to treasure each day, each friendship or love as fully as it should be. Perhaps that is why so many old people seem to live in the past. I think it is their way to hold on to treasures they have known.

Amanda's mind was very keen. Some afternoons when I would bring her a dinner tray, we would find time to talk. Looking back on it now I believe I enjoyed it every bit as much as she did. I have often thought about our conversations, and the way her eyes would light up when she spoke of her children and her husband, George. They met at a USO dance and it was love at first sight. They married after the war and settled down in a Cleveland suburb to begin raising their family.

I can see it all as if it were only yesterday. Now, years later I still miss those talks. Yes, Amanda is gone, but she lives on as a dear friend in my memories. I remember the day I walked into her room and she was not there. The bed had been stripped, but her mirror, brush set and a bottle of her favorite perfume sat on the dressing table as if awaiting her return. I walked over to the table and picked up the brush she had used so many times. I discovered a long silver white strand and pulled it free. For me it symbolized the common thread which connects us all. (Begin your gypsy thread routine with the following patter)... There are times in life when our hearts will or may be broken, but with love and faith, all will be made whole again. (Show thread fully restored). The eyes it is said are the windows to our soul. If that is true, I wonder what Amanda saw as she gazed inside? Did she think of George who has preceded her in death, and tell him so with her final breath? (Exhale on the mirror and show that the words "I MISS YOU" appear.)

(Casually clean the mirror with your pocket handkerchief and continue.) Looking out the window of her room that blustery fall afternoon, I couldn't help thinking as the dying leaves fell to the ground that their season had ended. But in the larger scheme of things it was actually all a part of an unending promise of life. As I stepped outside to return home, the brisk cool air did not carry the aroma of decaying leaves. I detected only the lingering scent of Amanda's perfume. (This haunting fragrance is the last thing left in the mind of your audience).

THE SETUP/METHOD: The strand of hair found in the brush is actually a length of thread prepared as per the standard Gypsy Thread effect. The mirror is prepared by lightly printing the words "I MISS YOU" on it using a light coat of rubber cement and a fine brush. Allow it to dry completely. The handkerchief you use to clean the mirror has a bit of scented oil on it. The mirror is openly cleaned, and the rubber cement residue removed as well, leaving the lilting fragrance in the air. This approach of using a scented cloth was suggested by Brother Shadow.

KOTAH

" DREAM TURNED UNWELCOME NIGHT MARE "

REM sleep achieved, my body tossed and turned.
In my subconscious, the unresolved still burned.
The visions, visitations conjured, and savagely divined;
Haunting thoughts to demonize, specters of my mind.
Taunting, whirling spirits, prancing, dancing in my skull.
They mercilessly torment me in the evening's silent lull.
As if summoned by a mystic, something deep within me swarmed.
Ghostly recollections of you and I, the pictures that they formed.
Somewhere in the distance of my dream, I hear laughter.
It is you, demeaning me, refusing the affection I am after.
A dark dream filled with anger, a darker reality found when I awaken.
Not in my bed but in hers, where her life I've taken.
My dream turned nightmare, and yet I am not shaken
This is a rite the Devil's willed. The chosen are the killers, the others to be killed.

KOTAH



NAVAJO NIGHT

Silhouetted against the glow of a setting southwestern sun, a solitary form struggles to reach the mesas' summit. Stripped of clothing, save a loin cloth, without food or water, not even a blanket to protect him from the elements. Exhausted he slumps to the ground and falls into a deep sleep. This is the first night of many he will spend on this desolate stretch of land, enduring nature's ravages, the relentless scorching heat of the day and the brutally numbing cold of the night. Morning found him chilled and shaking uncontrollably, his body filled with pain. The break of day offered the false promise of relief, but like a lying lover, it brought only torment. The hunger and thirst weakened him, but it was the sun, the blazing sun that very nearly broke him. It carried him to the very brink of death itself. Drained and in a delusion, almost trance-like state, this Native American was closer to his goal than he was to death. He had chosen to make this journey, to endure these hardships as part of his quest.

He was a dream seeker in search of his destiny. He awaited a dream in which he would be visited by an animal spirit guide who would give him a sign. It was powerful medicine. As he slipped in and out of consciousness the first spirit guide made his presence known. It was a wolf, and in his mouth he carried an arrowhead, but what did that signify, a hunter or a warrior? The arrival of a second spirit helper, a falcon circling high over head did little to offer a solution. Held tightly in its powerful talon he clutched a single unspent bullet. Perhaps this vision foreshadowed the slaughter and near extinction of the buffalo, or did it warn of the massacres at Wounded Knee or Little Big Horn? Was it just such a bullet in the hands of just such a man, destined to kill George Armstrong Custer?

We may never know, but I find a sad irony in the fact that these proud people would repay our greed, our deceit and our injustices by serving as US Marine radiomen during WWII. The Navajo, speaking their native tongue, created a code the Japanese were never able to break. Dreams and their interpretations were, and continue to be, important to the Native

American, as is the symbolism and power of this authentic dream catcher. What magic does it hold?

PERFORMANCE: The dream catcher is held and displayed in the left hand. With a sweeping motion of the left arm, the right arm and hand come up to meet it. As you begin the sweep you say, "The Wolf." The right hand which has stolen an arrowhead from the rear edge of your table, where it has been held by a dab of poster putty, seemingly plucks it from within the web of the catcher. The feather and unspent bullet are also secured to the table edge with putty. On the second sweep of the left arm the right hand steals the bullet and the feather as you say, "The Falcon." The right hand pretends to pluck both the feather and bullet from the dream catcher web. The arrowhead had been placed on a folded Navajo blanket you have used as a makeshift close-up mat. The feather and bullet are now placed along-side it. A velveteen display box is in your right jacket sleeve. On the third and final sweep of the catcher, your eyes, as before, follow its path. Under cover of the larger motion, the right arm lowers to your side and allows the box to slip into your right hand. The box is then seemingly plucked from the catcher as well. It is immediately placed along-side the other artifacts, then opened to reveal A PURPLE HEART.

KOTAH

NIGHT TAKES QUEEN

Jacob Bremowitz had worked in the New York clothing district for forty seven years. An eternity ago it seemed. Amid the sick and weary deluge of emigrants at Ellis Islands seemingly safe harbor, he and his parents were but a grain of sand engulfed in this seething tide of humanity. The incredible problem of communication and documentation brought its own element of frustra-



tion, a Tower of Babble you might say, driving a wedge of doubt into the dream of building a new life in America. A dream following the nightmare they fed. But build they did, and the strength and sense of purpose in the infrastructure of the community they raised was strong. Strength was everywhere. Work ethics, honesty, family and faith.

When he was eighteen, Jacob met and married the love of his life Marda Sussman. When all is right in the world, joy is found in simple things. Marda had her gardening and bridge club, Jacob the chess games with a handful of cronies in the park. He would often leave in the morning to try out a new strategy without waking his beloved Marda. Life had been good and their fiftieth anniversary was very close. It seemed only yesterday that the heel of his shoe ceremoniously smashed their wedding toast goblet.

Jacob sat at his customary spot, chess board before him, his fedora lying brim down to one side of the board. The challenger sitting opposite him chose the white pieces, Jacob arranged the black. Albert Schwarts, a friend for many years approached their table. Jacob never noticed Al's oddly somber, almost hesitant gate. It was the weight of the news he bore that held his head down in sorrow. He put his hands tenderly on Jacob's shoulders as he looked into his friends eyes, leaned forward and tearfully whispered, " Jacob... Marda died in the night."

How macabre that the Night should take his Queen ...but life is a spin of the dreidel, and nothing is as it seems. (With these words the brim down fedora into which the pieces of a shattered goblet have been placed on is lifted to reveal the goblet is now restored. The white king is picked up and broken in two between the hands. When the pieces are dropped to the table, each half has become a pawn.) Pawns we all.

METHOD: A goblet is sitting mouth down under the fedora. The cloth in which the first goblet is wrapped is a Devils Hank, into which the broken pieces are placed. The base of the inverted goblet is grasped through the top of the hat. Watching your angles the hat is raised then lowered to table brim down once again. The make shift bag formed from the Devils Hank then dropped open to vanish the broken pieces. The king which is broken in half is actually a solid king which has been cut in half then joined together with rubber cement. When you pick it up and break it between your hands, one pawn is already palmed at the fork of each hand. As the supposed break is made, your left fist moves forward and over

the chess board as if you are going to drop the piece in that hand, simultaneously the partially closed right hand moves back to the rear edge of the table and laps its half of the king. The motions are now reversed. Right hand moves forward to the board and drops its pawn. Under that misdirection the left hand laps its half, then moves forward to open palm up revealing a second pawn. The pawns are obtained and thumb palmed, one in each hand as you go to your jacket pockets for the goblet and Devils Hank.

KOTAH

"DARK VOYEUR IN THE MIRROR"

Does our reflected image in a mirror, vanish when the lights are out?
Or does it remain like some silent shadow voyeur to watch us in the darkness of
the night?

Does it morph and change to a strange beast; released to roam our home?
Filled with demented lust, incubus/succubus to be dread, or demonic lover to
welcome to our bed?

Dark entity, devil's spawn; unseen phantasms.
Come to me quietly, and bring unholy orgasms.

And with the sun, the deed is done.

Darkness is no more, but as I awake, does that still make,
me the devil's whore?



KOTAH