

Life Goes to a Hex Party

Amateur sorcerers in Washington
try black magic against Hitler

On the wet windy evening of Jan. 22, a youthful band of idealists went to a lonely cabin in the Maryland woods. With them they brought a dressmaker's dummy, a Nazi uniform, nails, axes, tom-toms and plenty of Jamaica rum. Their high purpose was to kill Adolf Hitler by voodoo incantation. No cultists, they were respectable residents of Washington, D. C. who had read William Seabrook's latest book, *Witchcraft: Its Power in the World Today* and understood how black magic, today as in the past, might bring death to certain susceptible individuals. They had asked Mr. Seabrook to join the party, and he readily accepted, seeing in the event a chance not

only to test his theories, but also to render a service to mankind.

For an hour after their arrival the young sorcerers bedevilled themselves with rum. Then, getting down to business, they prepared their effigy and warmed up the tom-toms. A few put on rented sacerdotal robes. The ritual, which was prepared by Mr. Seabrook, began with the naming of the image: "You are Hitler; Hitler is you!" Next the chief hexer intoned: "The woes that come to you, let them come to him. The death that comes to you, let it come to him!" Then the participants stepped forward and hammered spikes into the Hitler image, chanting in



Voodoo incantation is intoned by Chief Hexer Ted Caldwell, a young Washingtonian who dressed for occasion in witch

doctor's robe. Hitler image which hexers are about to maltreat is placed with back to window. William Seabrook is at

right. Maryland cottage where hexing took place belongs to Charles Tupper, who works in Naval powder factory.

unison: "We are driving nails and needles into Adolf Hitler's heart!" The chief hexer again intoned: "Hitler! You are the enemy of man and of the world; therefore we curse you. We curse you by every tear and drop of blood you have caused to flow. We curse you with the curses of all who have cursed you. . . ." After each line the entire group responded: "We curse you!" Finally all present joined in the *Great Death Ouanga*: "Istan, send 99 cats to claw his heart out and 99 dogs to eat it when he's dead. It will be soon! Soon! SOON!" At each intoning of "soon" more nails and needles were thrust home.

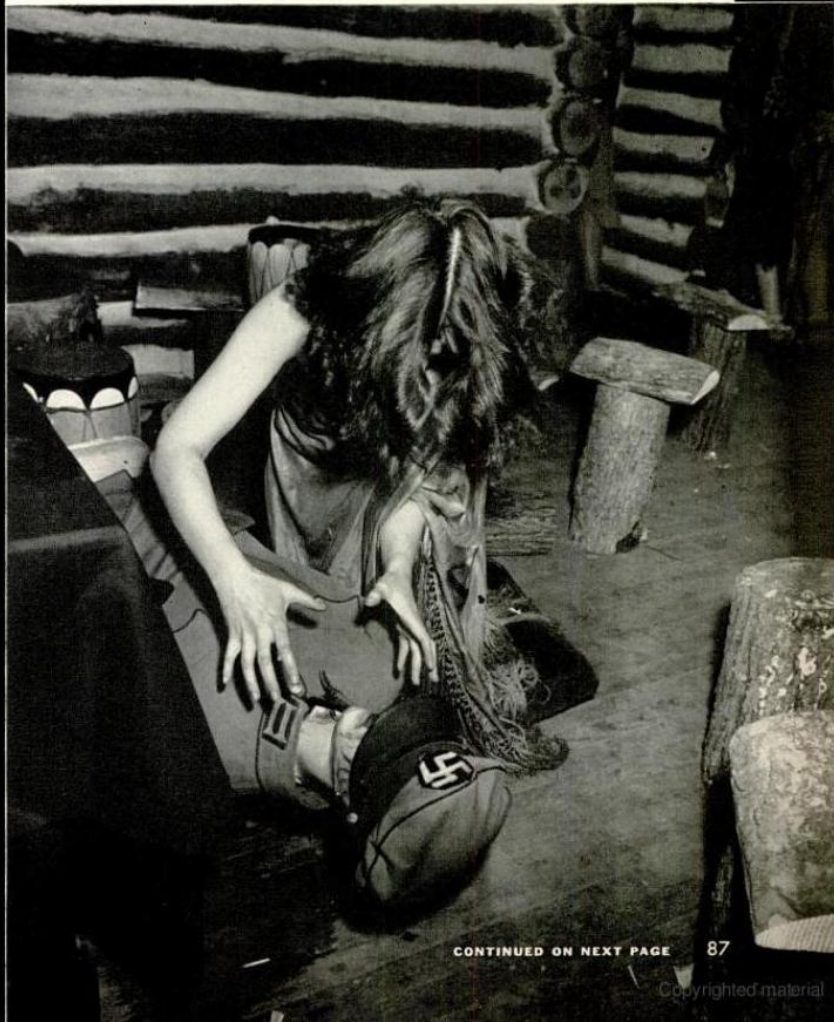
Mr. Seabrook made it clear that such voodoo incantations succeed only when the intended victim knows that they have taken place. Moreover the hexing ceremony must be repeated many times again. For those who may wish to hold Hex Hitler parties at home, Mr. Seabrook points out that a life-sized image is unnecessary. Small dolls, such as those shown on page 89, will do just as well.



Driving nails in Hitler's heart and throat climaxes the occult ceremony. As hexers hammer they call on pagan deity, Istan, to transmit the image's wounds to the flesh of the living Hitler. Below: Priestess Florence Birdseye directs a curse at Hitler's reputedly sensitive throat.

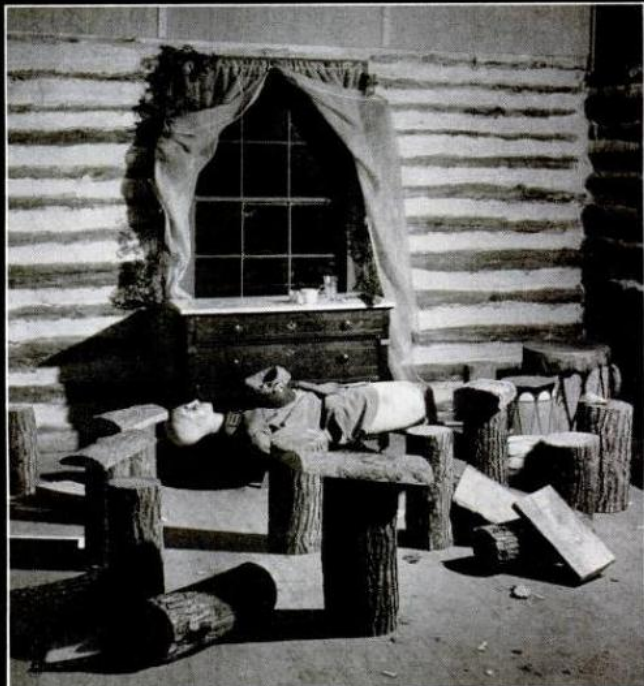


Hitler image is prepared from old dressmaker's dummy while hexers induce proper spiritual state through self-administered potions of rum. Hitler mustache is applied by Stanley Prince, young engineer and inventor. Many of those in group work for Government.



High priestess is dark handsome Florence Birdseye of the Birdseye frozen-food family. Mr. Seabrook adjusts her rented West Indian robe and shows her how to dress her hair.

Hex Party (continued)



Thoroughly maltreated, thoroughly cursed, Hitler's image lies amid ceremonial debris. Logs served hexers as seats according to Haitian custom.



Decapitation terminates the brief life span of Adolf Hitler's dummy.



Head falls into basket. Headsman Richard Tupper planned party.



Tom-toms were borrowed from Department of the Interior. Here Seabrook demonstrates proper rhythm: "Ta-da-da-doom . . . da-da-doom."



Small Hitler image is tortured with chicken bone, symbol of famine. Dolls like the one Florence Birdseye holds may be bought at any 5 & 10¢ store.



Nails in eyes induce insomnia. As she jabs, Ruth Davis croons: "Istan . . . Burn Hitler's eyes! Keep them open night and day! Kill his rest."



Hitler is buried in deep pine woods to be devoured by worms. After burial, hexers were exhausted by compounded impact of drums, ritual, emotion.