

“I’ll Put a Spell on You”

By Alan Miles ([email](#)) – July 2013

Back in the early 70s, the Polytechnic of North East London had a great rock scene mainly due to its art department and facilities which taught a large creative student population and most of the students lived in Waltham Forest. These lively young people came to many rock concerts and many, many parties. The college had a resident band called Biffo who later changed their name to C O Jones, a silly name but still. This great R and B band played every Saturday night in the bar turning out great old Stones stuff, and a few other great 60s R & B sounds.

The singer would introduce the band and address the audience with “OK you fuc**n lot” and then the band started with “Bye Bye Johnny” or some other classic R & B. The bar had a very good juke box which seemed to forever play “Black Night” by Deep Purple or “ All Along The Watchtower” by Jimmi Hendrix , but most of all “ Alright now” by The Free. The range of beer was excellent with a well stocked bar full of the best beers and lagers. It is there that I got into Newcastle Brown and Heineken lager. Nobody seemed to smoke dope in the bar, which I think was very wise, for we didn’t want the place to be busted and closed down. The place got really smoky sometimes; there was strong wafts of petunia oil with Gitarns mixed with beer, and occasionally a waft of bad eggs and/or cabbage!

It was on a Midsummer’s eve, I was enjoying seeing Biffo and the noise from their performance, drowned out all conversation with their singing. The band finished their set playing “The Wanderer”, so the place was quiet for a while. I began chatting to Rowena who was a delightful 17 year old and I can still remember her lovely little giggle, she had lovely blue yes, long dark hair , and wore a very short miniskirt with calf length boots, I thought she was adorable.

My old mate Eric brushed past us and I called out to him “Hey Man who are you screwing?”, he replied I’ve shacked up with Chrissie man” and then I replied “ Don’t you screw Sue anymore?” , Eric replied “ Only now and again”. Rowena asked me “are you coming to the Sabbat tonight?” puzzled I asked “where and what for?” She replied “to see Maxine at the Sabbat”. Rowena was referring to Maxine Saunders, self proclaimed ‘Queen of the Witches’, who had split-up with Alex Saunders, her husband and the ‘King of the Witches’. Maxine was going it alone now and had formed her own coven. I declined Rowena’s offer as then I was quite atheistic, but then Alan walked into the bar, the boyfriend of Rowena he was a self proclaimed Magnus.

Alan approached me and asked “Coming to meet Maxine tonight?” I said “no man no way not me”. He called me a coward and walked off and got himself a drink at the bar. Rowena said “Come on come along”, so I asked her if she was going to take all of her kit off. She answered “probably”, and on that I spun round and called out to Alan “Yeah man I’m coming its cool”.

I remember a van was waiting outside the bar, and we all clambered into it about five of us. One guy was called Mick and he had a flat in Albert Road in Walthamstow. Here I was given a hooded cloak to wear; we all wore hooded cloaks apart from Alan. He wore a little dress and with his hair and beard he looked like a mini Demis Roussos. They painted my face with

cabbalistic symbols and I was given the job of a Temple guard to keep out intruders along with Mick.

We are arrived at Chingford Plains and parked the van outside The Royal Forest Hotel. It was the 21st June, the Summer Solstice and there was a slight mist gathering on the fields, it did look a little eary. Now my mind was full of hopes and joys of taking part in an 'all in orgy' and hopefully a screw with Rowena, I was hoping to call it a fertility rite!

We trekked across the fields heading towards the forest, as we neared the forest an elderly couple came along they must have been in their 70s and they held in their hands little posies of flowers. They asked us where the coven was and Alan told them to follow him. We followed Alan for a few minutes, and after a few minutes he put his finger in his mouth and said "Oh I don't know where it is". In the near distance we could make out a glow of a bonfire, it was near Connaught Waters. Mick said "that's it there, up there Alan" we were already about ten minutes late.

Alan couldn't wait to get to the sabbat as he was appointed "The Fire God". When we arrived at the sabbat there was a lot of overweight men and women stark naked, holding hands and dancing around the fire. It sounded like they were singing out loud "Hickory Dickery Dock", incredibly there was a young man standing naked in the fire with his arms outstretched a very clever trick. Supervising the dancing was a woman whom I mistook for Babs Lord of Pans People; this was in fact Maxine Saunders. I couldn't help thinking then those naked men and women aren't very sexy, in fact they all looked rather silly. They had pot bellies and not very much to be proud of!

Poor little Alan in his dress, and then he broke down in tears and he cried out pointing at the man in the fire "he's got my job; I usually stand in the fire". The dancers stopped for a while and a tall bespectacled man walked towards the dancers and Maxine greeted him with a Five-Fold Kiss, starting at his nipples and stopping just short of his pubic hairs. I wondered if I could have a kiss like that without having to join the coven. Then they all sat down and Maxine sat down too and she looked somewhat sad. Alan said to me "do you want to come over and meet Maxine?" she was an incredibly beautiful woman and it seemed like her features were overshadowed by Goat-like features , mind you she is a Capricorn the sign of the goat.

The witches were now sitting down chatting and giggling and eating a snack of roast chicken and chips, someone must have brought them in. I asked Maxine a question, "aren't there supposed to be only twelve to a coven,?" she replied " there is more than that here" . I continued and asked further "don't you think they're all a bit stupid taking all of their clothes off?" and she said "they must be", I think she was practicing "hurtlessness". Then Maxine jumped up and called to the others "Let's be witches" the tea break was over I suppose and they all held hands and began to dance around the fire.

In the process of dancing, the elderly lady who arrived with us tripped over (she remained fully-) and banged her nose on the ground. Maxine hurried over and picked her up.

Next to me stood Rowena still fully clothed. Annoyed I said to her "ain't you gonna take your clothes off" and she replied "no not me", I thought "bug*er it".

I got home tired and bored at about 4 am and was pleased to get to bed albeit alone, but there were a few sexual fantasies at least to indulge in, and chicken and chips forever brings back memories of that Midsummer Eve.