



IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. I, No. 1

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
Love is the law, love under will.

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The College of Thelema
Founded in Service to
the A.'.A.'.

COLLEGE of THELEMA



March 20, 1973 e.v.

Founded in Service
to the A.:A.:

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

It seems that there are still a few points to clear up about the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. Let me first advise that you read THE EQUINOX, Vol. I, no. 2, pp 17 - 19 and 26. This Ritual also appears in MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE by Crowley. Israel Regardie has many important things to say about it in THE MIDDLE PILLAR, Chap. 3, and in THE TREE OF LIFE, Chap. 10.

Let me quote to you from MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, pp. 378 and 379 and comment as I go. I have also added later instructions by Crowley which are not in any of these books. These additions make the ritual a truly Thelemic one and so affirm the authority of THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

"3. The Vibration of God-names. As a further means of identifying the human consciousness with that pure portion of it which man calls by the name of some God, let him act thus:

"4. (a) Stand with arms outstretched.* (See illustration, in Equinox No. 2, p. 13).

(b) Breathe in deeply through the nostrils, imagining the name of the God desired entering with the breath.

(c) Let that name descend slowly from the lungs to the heart, the solar plexus, the navel, the generative organs, and so to the feet.

(d) The moment that it appears to touch the feet, quickly advance the left foot about 12 inches, throw forward the body, and let the hands (drawn back to the side of the eyes) shoot out, so that you are standing in the typical position of the God Horus, and at the same time imagine the Name as rushing up and through the body, while you breathe it out through the nostrils with the air which has been till then retained in the lungs. All this must be done with all the force of which you are capable.

* "This injunction does not apply to gods like Phthah or Harpocrates whose natures do not accord with this gesture."

(e) Then withdraw the left foot, and place the right forefinger* upon the lips, so that you are in the characteristic position of the God Harpocrates.

(f) It is a sign that the student is performing this correctly when a single 'Vibration' entirely exhausts his physical strength. It should cause him to grow hot all over or to perspire violently, and it should so weaken him that he will find it difficult to remain standing.

"6. It is a sign of success, though only by the student himself is it perceived, when he hears the name of the God vehemently roared forth, as if by the concourse of ten thousand thunders; and it should appear to him as if that Great Voice proceeded from the Universe and not from himself.

"In both the above practices all consciousness of anything but the God-form and name should be absolutely blotted out; and the longer it takes for normal perception to return, the better."
"* Or the thumb, the fingers being closed. The thumb symbolizes spirit, the forefinger the element of water."

The mistake of many beginning students is to think that these instructions do not apply to the Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram, but I assure you that the God names of IHVH, ADNI, AHIH, and AGLA should be so vibrated. The instruction under (e) is performed at the end of the Ritual.

Let us go on with our exposition:

"The Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram"

- "i. Touching the forehead say Ateh (Unto Thee)
- ii. Touching the breast say Aiwass"

(The reference to Aiwass links you with Thelema and places this God in the sphere of Tiphareth, which refers to the Sun. Aiwass stands as a symbol of your own Holy Guardian Angel, Who has led you thus to Thelema, the Wisdom and Law of the New Age. Malkuth, then, is not designated at the breast as practiced in the Golden Dawn Banishing Ritual. Ideally, we should think of Malkuth as being at the feet and Yesod, the Foundation, is at the genital region when we think of the Tree of Life in terms of the human body. To Yesod is attributed the chakra Muladhara, wherein sleeps Kundalini. The gesture to Malkuth implies Yesod. The breast is the center for the Anahata chakra. Notice that you are affirming the middle pillar of the Tree of Life in this section. I quote from LIBER LXV, LIBER CORDIS CINCTI SERPENTE, Cap. I, v. 9.

"One mounteth unto the Crown by the moon and by the Sun, and by the arrow, and by the Foundation, and by the dark home of the stars from the black earth".

- "iii. Touching the Genitals say Malkuth (The Kingdom)
- iv. Touching the right shoulder, say ve-Geburah (and the Power"

This corresponds to the sphere of Geburah, Strength, Mars on the Tree of Life.

- "v. Touching the left shoulder, say ve-Gedulah (and the Glory)"

This corresponds to the sphere of Chesed, Mercy, Jupiter on the Tree of Life. By pointing to these areas on the shoulders you affirm the pillars of Severity - Geburah, and of Mercy, - Chesed on the Tree. Let me here emphasize that you are the Tree of Life and that you see a mirror image of it on the printed page. But when it becomes you in actuality, the right side is the pillar of Severity. Imagine that you back yourself into the Tree to get the 2 sides in the proper places. You should imagine a cross of brilliant light form upon yourself when you have completed this part of the ritual. I might remark here that we are all sufferers upon the Cross of Life. The spiritual coming and going of the True Self is the vertical bar, and the horizontal bar signifies the material world, or the raw materials out of which we each fashion our version of Life. The point where the vertical and horizontal meet is the actual materialization in Time and Space. There is a very wide symbolism attached to the cross. I would advise you to meditate upon this symbolism and also to keep a notebook with your observations about the cross written down.

- "vi. Place the two palms of the hands together and say le-Olahm, Amen. (To the Ages, Amen).

- vii. Turning to the East, make a pentagram (that of Earth) with the proper weapon (usually the Wand.) Say (i.e. vibrate) IHVH. (Pronounce Ye-ho-wau.)"

The wand signifies the Will and fire. In this sense it is better than the dagger as the latter signifies intellect and Air. The element of Fire, Δ -Shin, has a hidden meaning which links it to Spirit.

The pentagram is traced by starting in the corner attributed to Earth - the lower left one - and continue until completed. One should see it aglow with a sort of fire. Practice is necessary until this can be done. It helps to trace it out in a darkened room. Also, make sure that the lower left point meets when finished at the very place where it was started.



"viii. Turning to the South, the same, but say ADNI. (Pronounce: Adonai)"

Trace a circle in glowing light on the same level as the pentagrams as you go from quarter to quarter. The wand should not be dipped. It should be pointed at the center of the pentagram as you vibrate the God name. Also try to see that Name in glowing fire in the middle of your pentagram. During the whole process of vibration as in (a) to (d) the pentagram should continue to glow. The tips of the fingers ought to seem as though streaming with electric force which is flung forth with the divine Name.

"ix. Turning to the West, the same but say AHIH (pronounce Eheieh).

"x. Turning to the North, the same but say AGLA."

Return the point of the wand to the very same point in space where you started the first pentagram. The circle must be closed completely.

"xi. Extending the arms in the form of a cross say:
xii. Before me Raphael.
xiii. Behind me Gabriel
xiv. On my right hand, Michael
xv. On my left hand, Auriel.
xvi. For about me flames the Pentagram
xvii. And in the Column stands the six-rayed Star.
xviii and xxiii. Repeat i through vi, the Qabalistic Cross."

Now place the finger (or better yet, the thumb) on the lips. (See (e) above). This is the sign of Silence of Hoor-paakraat, (Harpocrates, the Lord of Silence, of Innocence, the Babe in the Egg of Blue) and the twin of Ra-Hoor-Khut.

It is better to vibrate all words. In this case the words are said as a chant with all the syllables accented evenly. One should feel the vibration in the body - mostly up the spine and out to the fingers and toes. Remember that the proper kind of sound is an extremely important part of Magick, it has a definite effect on the subtle atmosphere or astral plane around you. The words should also be clearly said and not slurred. Anyone who has never heard this ritual should be able to understand them from the first.

As you say the names of the Archangels you ought to see them towering beside you in glowing light. Also try to imagine their colors - such as yellow and lavender afterglow for Raphael and blue and orange afterglow for Gabriel and red with green afterglow for Michael and for Auriel the colors of earth; citrine,

olive, russet and black. As you become more experienced with this ritual you might also want to imagine their other attributes. For these you will need to take each letter of the name of the Angel and analyse it along the lines suggested by Crowley. The EL (or AL) at the end of each name announces that the Angel is a creature of God. It is suggested that after you have worked out the attributes, that you spend some time during your meditation periods in imagining the form of each Angel so that this form is easily called to mind during the Ritual. For this, you will need to study carefully in LIBER 777.

Also, each correspondence to the name of the various Gods you have used should be studied carefully. For instance, you will discover that AHIH is attributed to the Sphere of Kether on the Tree of Life; that IHVH runs all through the Tree and is part of its structure, that ADNI represents your own Holy Guardian Angel until you know His name for your own case and has many even higher meanings than this. AGLA is a notariqon of the sentence Ateh Gibor Le-olahm Adonai (To Thee be the Power unto the Ages, O my Lord). Much can be discovered also by a Qabalistic enumeration of these names.

I am going to add some "Notes on the Ritual of the Pentagram" by Crowley, which I believe have not been published elsewhere but which had a circulation in O.T.O. Lodges. I might also add that this version of the Lesser Banishing Ritual is different from that used in the Golden Dawn and by various authors. The reason for this is that it also was used in various O.T.O. Lodges and was not generally published. These "Notes" by A.C. would be useful in certain types of magical work as they ask that you imagine you are standing on the Tree whereas in the usual type of work you need to imagine that you are the Tree itself.

Further in this Thelemic Ritual of the Pentagram you are the Hexagram as well, as this figure is traced out in the center of the Tree of Life; therefore, "In the column stands the six-rayed Star" The column refers to the central pillar of the Tree of Life and also that central light of Sushumna. It also refers to the Kundalini force, then. But you will need a great deal of advanced experience to gain this idea as part of yourself.

As a start of an understanding of the Hexagram I would strongly advise that you also begin on the Lesser Ritual of the Hexagram which you will find in A.C.'s LIBER 0 in MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE and in other of his works.

Briefly towards an understanding of the symbol of the Hexagram, you might remember that it is made up of the symbol for Fire Δ and the symbol for Water ∇ and shows the Union of these two elements to make up your being. Δ is the Yod of Tetragram-

maton and ∇ is the He. Their union produces Vau, air, and the final Hé, earth. $\Delta \nabla \Delta \nabla$

"NOTES ON THE RITUAL OF THE PENTAGRAM

"You are supposed to be standing at the intersection of the paths of Samekh and Pé. You are facing Tiphareth (the Sun), thus on your right hand is Netzach (Venus), on your left hand Hod (Mercury), and behind you Yesod (the Moon).

"You take one step with the right heel in the hollow of the left foot towards Tiphareth and vibrate the Divine Name as given in the ritual. You then carry round the point of the Wand towards Netzach, then take a step again (always recovering after each forward step so that you remain in the centre) and vibrating the Divine Name as before.

"Continue the process facing Yesod and vibrating; then Hod, and vibrating; but carry the point of the Wand round to Tiphareth so as to complete the circle.

"As you vibrate the Divine Name the angels, as given in the ritual, appear, (note well that they should appear and if the ritual is properly performed do appear).

"You are thus standing in a Column which is protected by your microcosmic invocation. The consequent result, being macrocosmic response, is that without any effort on your part the hexagram or sixfold star appears both above and below you. (Note the equilibration of $5^0 = 6^0$).

"In this way you are completely shut off from the outer and Qliphotic parts of the universe.

"Get well into your mind the realization of this Column with it's surrounding pentagrams and it's hexagrams above and below you. Continuous practice is essential if you are to perform this ritual as you should.

"It is particularly important not to slur any part of it; to visualize clearly and cleanly the forces invoked, with the exception of the Divine Beings, who will not appear, in the ordinary course of events, for such slight cause.

"You can figure out for yourself the forms of the angels, or rather archangels. For instance, Raphael, commencing with an "R" will have a head of solar glory and the Pé which follows shows that the rest of him is martial: the "AL" which concludes the name (in the case of most angelic beings) indicates that they wield the sword and the balance."

Perhaps you can see that the compiling of a notebook is so necessary. Under the name of Raphael, for instance, you will notice that this Archangel is attributed to Air and the East. (You should be facing the East when you voice sections xii through xvii), You can think of Raphael as all sorts of air, the winds, calm air, whispering zephyrs and the roaring hurricane, also the gases of chemistry. He rules the Ruach, the center of which is Tiphareth. Magical weapons corresponding to air are the small dagger and fan. His name -רפאל- enumerates to 311. His symbolism is seen in the Atu of the Fool, Aleph, the OX. He rules the Yetziratic or Formative World; his secret name is מלמע - which enumerates to 45. The ruler of the Element of Air is אהרן Ariel, the Alchemical element is א. He rules the Court cards of the Princes which are of the sphere of Tiphareth. His place on the Pentagram is the left upper point, his plant the aspen, the sense of smell is attributed to him, and so on.

Thus you should accumulate under the name of each Archangel all that you can find about him in various of your books.

It is very convenient to keep a notebook in this way on all the correspondences as they appear in 777 and elsewhere, but to arrange everything differently. For instance, one should have some pages where one can put in everything that refers to the sphere of Kether. Thus one would not have to turn pages in 777 to find out all the correspondences of Kether, nor would one have to pick up one book after another to find out what else is attributed to this sphere. One could enter references to Kether from THE BOOK OF THOTH, THE HEART OF THE MASTER, LIBER ARARITA, KONX OM PAX, LIBER LXV, and so on. One learns so much easier if this writing and compiling and copying goes on. It makes it easier to do the memorizing that is so necessary. This is very different from just reading a book and forgetting most or all of its contents as soon as it is put down. The process of making a notebook involves you in a real learning situation. Also, remember (and it cannot be stressed too strongly) that it is absolutely necessary to have all the main correspondences to each Sphere and Path of the Tree of Life by heart before attempting Magical practices or Rising on the Planes. Failure to do this lays you open to very dangerous situations.

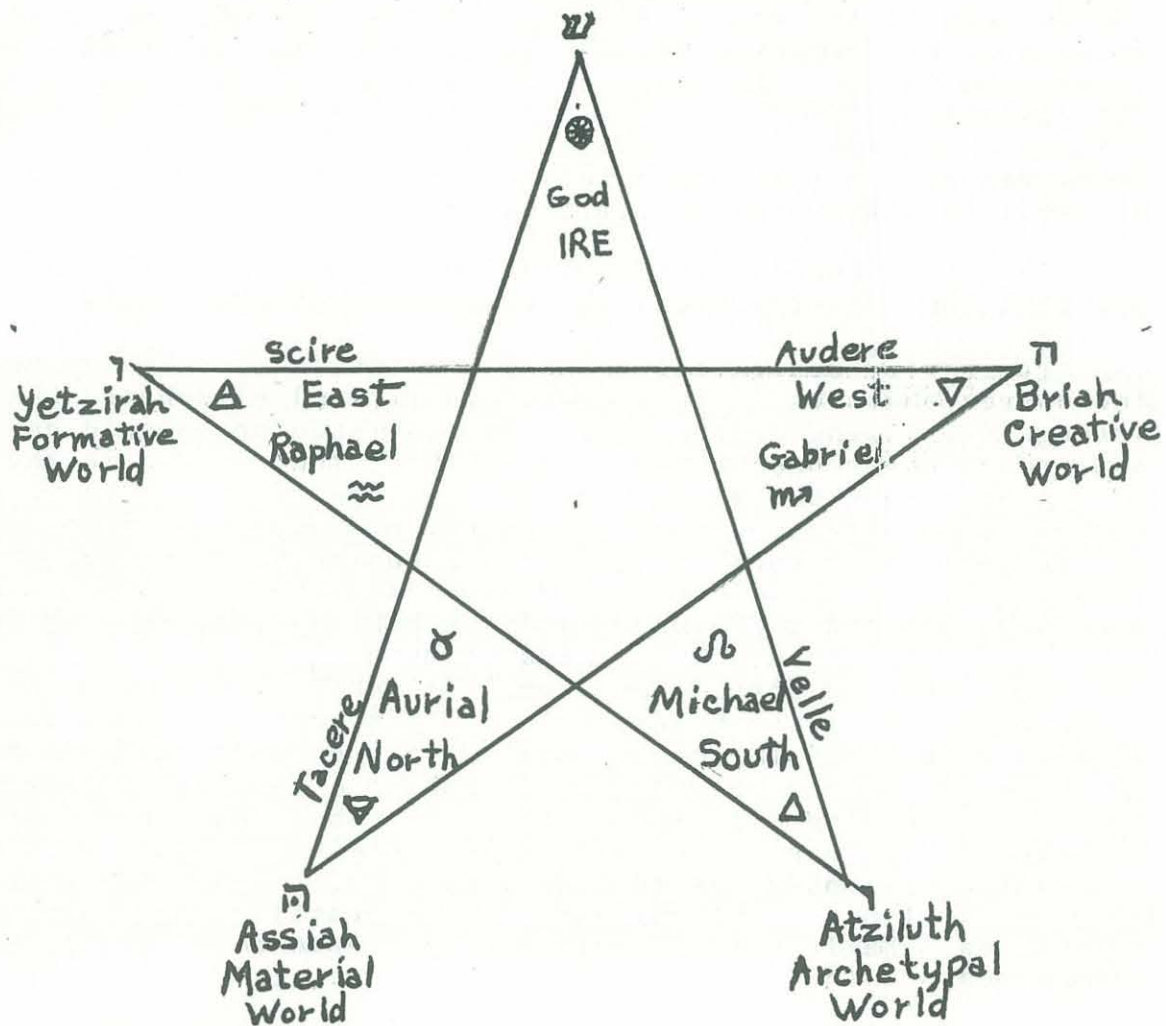
You were asking about the meaning of the number 93. I have added some numerical correspondences which help to elucidate this meaning.

Love is the law, love under will,
Fraternally

Soror Meral

THE PENTAGRAM

Some Attributions



A description of the spiritual aspect of the Lesser Ritual of
the Pentagram

THE PALACE OF THE WORLD

The fragrant gateways of the dawn
Teem with the scent of flowers.
The mother, Midnight, has withdrawn
Her slumberous kissing hours:
Day springs, with footsteps as a fawn,
Into her rosy bowers.

The pale and holy maiden horn
In highest heaven is set.
My forehead, bathed in her forlorn
Light, with her lips is met;
My lips, that murmur in the morn,
With lustrous dew are wet.

My prayer is mighty with my will;
My purpose as a sword
Flames through the adamant, to fill
The gardens of the Lord
With music, that the air be still,
Dumb to its mighty chord.

I stand above the tides of time
And elemental strife;
My figure stands above, sublime,
Shadowing the Key of Life,
And the passion of my mighty rhyme
Divides me as a knife.

For secret symbols on my brow,
And secret thoughts within,
Compel eternity to Now,
Draw the Infinite within.
Light is extended. I and Thou
Are as they had not been.

So on my head the light is one,
Unity manifest;
A star more splendid than the sun
Burns for my crowned crest;
Burns, as the murmuring orison
Of waters in the west.

What angel from the silver gate
Flames to my fierier face?
What angel, as I contemplate
The unsubstantial space?
Move with my lips the laws of Fate
That bind earth's carapace?

No angel, but the very light
And fire and spirit of Her,
Unmitigated, eremite,
The unmanifested myrrh,
Ocean, and night that is not night,
The mother-mediator.

O sacred spirit of the Gods!
O triple tongue! Descend,
Lapping the answering flame that nods,
Kissing the brows that bend,
Uniting all earth's periods
To one exalted end.

Still on the mystic Tree of Life
My soul is crucified;
Still strikes the sacrificial knife
Where lurks some serpent-eyed
Fear, passion, or man's deadly wife
Desire, the suicide!

Before me dwells the Holy One
Anointed Beauty's King;
Behind me, mightier than the Sun,
To whom the cherubs sing,
A strong archangel, known of none,
Comes crowned and conquering.

An angel stands on my right hand
With strength of ocean's wrath;
Upon my left the fiery brand,
Charioted fire smites forth:
Four great archangels to withstand
The furies of the path.

Flames on my front the fiery star,
About me and around.
Pillared, the sacred sun, afar,
Six symphonies of sound;
Flames, as the Gods themselves that are;
Flames, in the abyss profound.

The spread arms drop like thunder! So
Rings out the lordlier cry,
Vibrating through the streams that flow
In ether to the sky,
The moving archipelago,
Stars in their seigneury.

Thine be the kingdom! Thine the power!
The glory triply thine!
Thine, through Eternity's swift hour,
Eternity, thy shrine --
Yea, by the holy lotus-flower,
Even mine!

from

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF ALEISTER CROWLEY, Volume I, pp. 204-205

QABALIST'S CORNER

93

Thelema - in Greek ΘΕΛΗΜΑ A Greek word for will

Θ	-	9
Ε	-	5
Λ	-	30
Η	-	8
Μ	-	40
Α	-	1
		<hr/>
		93

Agape - In Greek ΑΓΑΠΗ A Greek word for love

Α	-	1
Γ	-	3
Α	-	1
Π	-	80
Ε	-	8
		<hr/>
		93

Ayivaz - ייבז another spelling of Aiwass

י	-	70
ב	-	10
ז	-	6
ו	-	7
		<hr/>
		93

Tzaba Xזב Hebrew for Will, also a star or host

ז	-	90
ב	-	2
א	-	1
		<hr/>
		93

Legis - Latin for Law

L	-	30
G	-	3
S	-	60
		<hr/>
		93

LAShtAL

Sh	-	Atu XX
T	-	Atu XI
		<hr/>
		31

אב - LA - Not - 31

אב - Al - God - 31

אב Sh T 31

See "Magick in Theory and Practice" p.261

VIAOV - 93 (See Magick in Theory and Practice" pp. 28-38.

MGN - New pronunciation of Aumh-to Aumgn. (same pp. 46 to 49)

Betsayfa - another name of Persephone - daughter of Nuit.

B	-	2
E	-	5
T	-	9
S	-	60
Y	-	10
F	-	6
A	-	1
		<hr/>
		93

See "The Vision and the Voice" - 9th Aethyr. P. 174.

Notice that Betsayfa refers to Malkuth, the Virgin of the World, the final Hé of Yod, He, Vau, Hé.

DIONYSUS

I bring ye wine from above
From the vats of the storied sun;
For every one of ye love,
And life for every one.
Ye shall dance on hill and level;
Ye shall sing in hollow and height
In the festal mystical revel,
The rapturous Bacchanal rite!
The rocks and trees are yours,
And the waters under the hill,
By the might of that which endures,
The holy heaven of will!
I kindle a flame like a torrent
To rush from star to star;
Your hair as a comet's horrent,
Ye shall see things as they are!
I lift the mask of matter;
I open the heart of man;
For I am of force to shatter
The cast that hideth—Pan!
Your loves shall lap up slaughter,
And dabbled with roses of blood
Each desperate darling daughter
Shall swim in the fervid flood.
I bring ye laughter and tears,
The kisses that foam and bleed,
The joys of a million years,
The flowers that bear no seed.
My life is bitter and sterile,
Its flame is a wandering star.
Ye shall pass in pleasure and peril
Across the mystical bar
That is set for wrath and weeping
Against the children of earth;
But ye in singing and sleeping
Shall pass in measure and mirth!
I lift my wand and wave you
Through hill to hill of delight:
My rosy rivers lave you
In innermost lustral light.
I lead you, lord of the maze,
In the darkness free of the sun;
In spite of the spite that is day's
We are wed, we are wild, we are one!

—Aleister Crowley

ATALANTA IN CALYDON - Swinburne

Before the beginning of years,
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.
From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought,
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision,
Between a sleep and a sleep.

INVOCATION

Adonai, Lord, come to me on the wings of Love.
Brilliant soul-self, interior light, white dove,
I adore Thy breath, soul of night and stars.
Thou art my star-self, thou canst undo the bars.

Far, far, deep within the faint glimmer of your light
Approaches to my conscious mind and pure delight
Breaks over my being; gone is the barrier of thought;
Mind annihilated, see what you have wrought.

I am a pure virgin in your Light; how I have longed
For Thy presence, and now events that have thronged
Through this life are melted in your fiery crucible
Of strong desire; Thou who art the Holy One, adorable.

Adonai, I am a grail that Thy spark I might receive,
White clothed, worshipful, Thy presence I retrieve
Yet again from Thy lurking place in my soul.
Light divine, come to me and again make me whole.

As a red rose I await your passionate kiss;
Come and wrap me away in your unending bliss.
By Thy presence do Thou unfurl my petals wide,
Golden One of Song, come now to my side.

As a lyre I await Thy plucking, honeyed voice
Stirring the tuned strings of my desire. Ah, I rejoice
As Thy soft feet approach nigh, your Angel wing
Brushes my brow, Enfold me while I sing.

Adonai, Spirit of delight, of bliss transcending.
Adonai, my love for Thee has been unending.
Thy faintest voice has perfumed my soul;
Speech and Silence has been yours as aeons unroll.

Break open this shell; transcend the bonds of mind;
Ravish my being, pull away the material blind.
Show Thy Star-nature, whilst my foundations are shaken.
Adonai answers this my call. He loves and I am taken.

Meral



THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK: ! AND ?

"Expect seven misfortunes from the cripple, and forty-two from the one-eyed man; but when the hunchback comes, say 'Allah our aid.'"

ARAB PROVERB.

I

INQUIRY. Let us inquire in the first place: What is Scepticism? The word means looking, questioning, investigating. One must pass by contemptuously the Christian liar's gloss which interprets "sceptic" as "mock"; though in a sense it is true for him, since to inquire into Christianity is assuredly to mock at it; but I am concerned to intensify the etymological connotation in several respects. First, I do not regard mere incredulity as necessary to the idea, though credulity is incompatible with it. Incredulity implies a prejudice in favour of a negative conclusion; and the true sceptic should be perfectly unbiassed.

Second, I exclude "vital scepticism." What's the good of anyfink? expects (as we used to learn about "nonne?") the answer, "Why, nuffink!" and again is prejudiced. Indolence is no virtue in a questioner. Eagerness, intentness, concen-

THE EQUINOX

tration, vigilance—all these I include in the connotation of “sceptic.” Such questioning as has been called “vital scepticism” is but a device to avoid true questioning, and therefore its very antithesis, the devil disguised as an angel of light.

[Or *vice versa*, friend, if you are a Satanist; 'tis a matter of words—words—words. You may write x for y in your equations, so long as you consistently write y for x . They remain unchanged—and unsolved. Is not all our “knowledge” an example of this fallacy of writing one unknown for another, and then crowing like Peter's cock?]

I picture the true sceptic as a man eager and alert, his deep eyes glittering like sharp swords, his hands tense with effort as he asks, “What does it matter?”

I picture the false sceptic as a dude or popinjay, yawning, with dull eyes, his muscles limp, his purpose in asking the question but the expression of his slackness and stupidity.

This true sceptic is indeed the man of science; as Wells' “Moreau” tells us. He has devised some means of answering his first question, and its answer is another question. It is difficult to conceive of any question, indeed, whose answer does not imply a thousand further questions. So simple an inquiry as “Why is sugar sweet?” involves an infinity of chemical researches, each leading ultimately to the blank wall—what is matter? and an infinity of physiological researches, each (similarly) leading to the blank wall—what is mind?

Even so, the relation between the two ideas is unthinkable; causality is itself unthinkable; it depends, for one thing, upon experience—and what, in God's name, is experi-

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK

ence? Experience is impossible without memory. What is memory? The mortar of the temple of the ego, whose bricks are the impressions. And the ego? The sum of our experience, may be. (I doubt it!) Anyhow, we have got values of y and z for x , and values of x and z for y —all our equations are indeterminate; all our knowledge is relative, even in a narrower sense than is usually implied by the statement. Under the whip of the clown God, our performing donkeys the philosophers and men of science run round and round in the ring; they have amusing tricks: they are cleverly trained; but they get nowhere.

I don't seem to be getting anywhere myself.

II

A fresh attempt. Let us look into the simplest and most certain of all possible statements. *Thought exists*, or if you will, *Cogitatur*.

Descartes supposed himself to have touched bed-rock with his *Cogito, ergo Sum*.

Huxley pointed out the complex nature of this proposition, and that it was an enthymeme with the premiss *Omnes sunt, qui cogitant* suppressed. He reduced it to *Cogito*; or, to avoid the assumption of an ego, *Cogitatur*.

Examining more closely this statement, we may still cavil at its form. We cannot translate it into English without the use of the verb to be, so, that, after all, existence is implied. Nor do we readily conceive that contemptuous silence is sufficient answer to the further query, "By whom is

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it thought?" The Buddhist may find it easy to image an act without an agent; I am not so clever. It may be possible for a sane man; but I should like to know more about his mind before I gave a final opinion.

But apart from purely formal objections, we may still inquire: Is this *Cogitatur* true?

Yes; reply the sages; for to deny it implies thought; *Negatur* is only a sub-section of *Cogitatur*.

This involves, however, an axiom that the part is of the same nature as the whole; or (at the very least) an axiom that *A* is *A*.

Now, I do not wish to deny that *A* is *A*, or may occasionally be *A*. But certainly *A is A* is a very different statement to our original *Cogitatur*.

The proof of *Cogitatur*, in short, rests not upon itself but upon the validity of our logic; and if by logic we mean (as we should mean) the Code of the Laws of Thought, the irritating sceptic will have many more remarks to make: for it now appears that the proof that *thought exists* depends upon the truth of that which is thought, to say no more.

We have taken *Cogitatur*, to try and avoid the use of *esse*; but *A is A* involves that very idea, and the proof is fatally flawed.

Cogitatur depends on *Est*; and there's no avoiding it.

III

Shall we get on any better if we investigate this *Est*—
Something is—Existence is—אִדִּיהָ אֲשֶׁר יִדִּיהָ?

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What is Existence? The question is so fundamental that it finds no answer. The most profound meditation only leads to an exasperating sense of impotence. There is, it seems, no simple rational idea in the mind which corresponds to the word.

It is easy of course to drown the question in definitions, leading us to further complexity—but

“Existence is the gift of Divine Providence,”

“Existence is the opposite of Non-Existence,”

do not help us much!

The plain *Existence is Existence* of the Hebrews goes farther. It is the most sceptical of statements, in spite of its form. Existence is just existence, and there's no more to be said about it; don't worry! Ah, but there is more to be said about it! Though we search ourselves for a thought to match the word, and fail, yet we have Berkeley's perfectly convincing argument that (so far as we know it) existence must mean *thinking existence* or *spiritual existence*.

Here then we find our *Est* to imply *Cogitatur*; and Berkeley's arguments are “irrefragable, yet fail to produce conviction” (Hume) because the *Cogitatur*, as we have shown, implies *Est*.

Neither of these ideas is simple; each involves the other. Is the division between them in our brain a proof of the total incapacity of that organ, or is there some flaw in our logic? For all depends upon our logic; not upon the simple identity *A is A* only, but upon its whole structure from the question of simple propositions, enormously difficult from the moment when it occurred to the detestable genius that invented

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"existential import" to consider the matter, to that further complexity and contradiction, the syllogism.

IV

Thought is appears then (in the worst case possible, denial) as the conclusion of the premisses :

There is denial of thought.

(All) Denial of thought is thought.

Even formally, 'tis a clumsy monster. Essentially, it seems to involve a great deal beyond our original statement. We compass heaven and earth to make one syllogism ; and when we have made it, it is tenfold more the child of mystery than ourselves.

We cannot here discuss the whole problem of the validity (the surface-question of the logical validity) of the syllogism ; though one may throw out the hint that the doctrine of distributed middle seems to assume a knowledge of a Calculus of Infinites which is certainly beyond my own poor attainments, and hardly impregnable to the simple reflection that all mathematics is conventional, and not essential ; relative, and not absolute.

We go deeper and deeper, then, it seems, from the One into the Many. Our primary proposition depends no longer upon itself, but upon the whole complex being of man, poor, disputing, muddle-headed man ! Man with all his limitations and ignorance ; man—man !

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V

We are of course no happier when we examine the Many, separately or together. They converge and diverge, each fresh hill-top of knowledge disclosing a vast land unexplored; each gain of power in our telescopes opening out new galaxies; each improvement in our microscopes showing us life minuter and more incomprehensible. A mystery of the mighty spaces between molecules; a mystery of the ether-cushions that fend off the stars from collision! A mystery of the fulness of things; a mystery of the emptiness of things! Yet, as we go, there grows a sense, an instinct, a premonition—what shall I call it?—that Being is One, and Thought is One, and Law is One—until we ask What is that One?

Then again we spin words—words—words. And we have got no single question answered in any ultimate sense.

What is the moon made of?

Science replies "Green Cheese."

For our one moon we have now two ideas:

Greenness, and *Cheese*.

Greenness depends on the sunlight, and the eye, and a thousand other things.

Cheese depends on bacteria and fermentation and the nature of the cow.

"Deeper, ever deeper, into the mire of things!"

Shall we cut the Gordian knot? shall we say "There is God"?

What, in the devil's name, is God?

If (with Moses) we picture Him as an old man showing us His back parts, who shall blame us? The great Question

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—*any* question is the great question—does indeed treat us thus cavalierly, the disenchanted Sceptic is too prone to think!

Well, shall we define Him as a loving Father, as a jealous priest, as a gleam of light upon the holy Ark? What does it matter? All these images are of wood and stone, the wood and stone of our own stupid brains! The Fatherhood of God is but a human type; the idea of a human father conjoined with the idea of immensity. Two for One again!

No combination of thoughts can be greater than the thinking brain itself; all we can think of God or say of Him, so long as our words really represent thoughts, is less than the whole brain which thinks, and orders speech.

Very good; shall we proceed by denying Him all thinkable qualities, as do the heathen? All we obtain is mere negation of thought.

Either He is unknowable, or He is less than we are. Then, too, that which is unknowable is unknown; and "*God*" or "*There is God*" as an answer to our question becomes as meaningless as any other.

Who are we, then?

We are Spencerian Agnostics, poor silly, damned Spencerian Agnostics!

And there is an end of the matter.

VI

It is surely time that we began to question the validity of some of our data. So far our scepticism has not only knocked

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to pieces our tower of thought, but rooted up the foundation-stone and ground it into finer and more poisonous powder than that into which Moses ground the calf. These golden Elohim! Our calf-heads that brought us not out of Egypt, but into a darkness deeper and more tangible than any darkness of the double Empire of Asar.

Hume put his little ? to Berkeley's God-! ; Buddha his ? to the Vedic Atman-!—and neither Hume nor Buddha was baulked of his reward. Ourselves may put ? to our own ? since we have found no ! to put it to ; and wouldn't it be jolly if our own second ? suddenly straightened its back and threw its chest out and marched off as ! ?

Suppose then we accept our scepticism as having destroyed our knowledge root and branch—is there no limit to its action? Does it not in a sense stultify itself? Having destroyed logic by logic—if Satan cast out Satan, how shall his kingdom stand?

Let us stand on the Mount, Saviours of the World that we are, and answer "Get thee behind me, Satan!" though refraining from quoting texts or giving reasons.

Oho! says somebody; is Aleister Crowley here?—Samson blinded and bound, grinding corn for the Philistines!

Not at all, dear boy!

We shall put all the questions that we can put—but we may find a tower built upon a rock, against which the winds beat in vain.

Not what Christians call faith, be sure! But what (possibly) the forgers of the Epistles—those eminent mystics!—meant by faith. What I call Samadhi—and as "faith with-

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out works is dead," so, good friends, Samadhi is all humbug unless the practitioner shows the glint of its gold in his work in the world. If your mystic becomes Dante, well; if Tennyson, a fig for his trances!

But how does this tower of Samadhi stand the assault of Question-time?

Is not the idea of Samadhi just as dependent on all the other ideas—man, time, being, thought, logic? If I seek to explain Samadhi by analogy, am I not often found talking as if we knew all about Evolution, and Mathematics, and History? Complex and unscientific studies, mere straws before the blast of our hunchback friend!

Well, one of the buttresses is just the small matter of common sense.

The other day I was with Dorothy, and, as I foolishly imagined, very cosy: for her sandwiches are celebrated. It was surely bad taste on the part of Father Bernard Vaughan, and Dr. Torrey, and Ananda Metteyya, and Mr. G. W. Foote, and Captain Fuller, and the ghost of Immanuel Kant, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, and young Neuburg, to intrude. But intrude they did; and talk! I never heard anything like it. Every one with his own point of view; but all agreed that Dorothy was non-existent, or if existent, a most awful specimen, that her buns were stale, and her tea stewed; *ergo*, that I was having a very poor time of it. Talk! Good God! But Dorothy kept on quietly and took no notice; and in the end I forgot about them.

Thinking it over soberly, I see now that very likely they were quite right: I can't prove it either way. But as a mere practical man, I intend taking the steamer—for my sins I am

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in Gibraltar—back to Dorothy at the earliest possible moment. Sandwiches of bun and German sausage may be vulgar and even imaginary—it's the taste I like. And the more I munch, the more complacent I feel, until I go so far as to offer my critics a bite.

This sounds in a way like the "Interior Certainty" of the common or garden Christian; but there are differences.

The Christian insists on notorious lies being accepted as an essential part of his (more usually her) system; I, on the contrary, ask for facts, for observation. Under Scepticism, true, one is just as much a house of cards as the other; but only in the philosophical sense.

Practically, Science is true; and Faith is foolish.

Practically, $3 \times 1 = 3$ is the truth; and $3 \times 1 = 1$ is a lie; though, sceptically, both statements may be false or unintelligible.

Practically, Franklin's method of obtaining fire from heaven is better than that of Prometheus or Elijah. I am now writing by the light that Franklin's discovery enabled men to use.

Practically, "I concentrated my mind upon a white radiant triangle in whose centre was a shining eye, for 22 minutes and 10 seconds, my attention wandering 45 times" is a scientific and valuable statement. "I prayed fervently to the Lord for the space of many days" means anything or nothing. Anybody who cares to do so may imitate my experiment and compare his result with mine. In the latter case one would always be wondering what "fervently" meant and who "the Lord" was, and how many days made "many."

My claim, too, is more modest than the Christian's. He

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(usually she) knows more about my future than is altogether pleasant; I claim nothing absolute from my Samadhi—I know only too well the worthlessness of single-handed observations, even on so simple a matter as a boiling-point determination!—and as for his (usually her) future, I content myself with mere common sense about the probable end of a fool.

So that after all I keep my scepticism intact—and I keep my Samadhi intact. The one balances the other; I care nothing for the vulgar brawling of these two varlets of my mind!

VII

If, however, you would really like to know what might be said on the soldierly side of the question, I shall endeavour to oblige.

It is necessary if a question is to be intelligibly put that the querent should be on the same plane as the quesited.

Answer is impossible if you ask: Are round squares triangular? or Is butter virtuous? or How many ounces go to the shilling? for the "questions" are not really questions at all.

So if you ask me Is Samadhi real? I reply: First, I pray you, establish a connection between the terms. What do you mean by Samadhi?

There is a physiological (or pathological; never mind now!) state which I call Samadhi; and that state is as real—in relation to man—as sleep, or intoxication, or death.

Philosophically, we may doubt the existence of all of these; but we have no grounds for discriminating between them—

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the Academic Scepticism is a wholesale firm, I hope!—and practically, I challenge you to draw valid distinctions.

All these are states of the consciousness of man; and if you seek to destroy one, all fall together.

VIII

I must, at the risk of appearing to digress, insist upon this distinction between philosophical and practical points of view, or (in Qabalistic language) between Kether and Malkuth.

In private conversation I find it hard—almost impossible—to get people to understand what seems to me so very simple a point. I shall try to make it exceptionally clear.

A boot is an illusion.

A hat is an illusion.

Therefore, a boot is a hat.

So argue my friends, not distributing the middle term.

But thus argue I.

All boots are illusions.

All hats are illusions.

Therefore (though it is not a syllogism), all boots and hats are illusions.

I add :

To the man in Kether no illusions matter.

Therefore: To the man in Kether neither boots nor hats matter.

In fact, the man in Kether is out of all relation to these boots and hats.

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You, they say, claim to be a man in Kether (I don't). Why then, do you not wear boots on your head and hats on your feet?

I can only answer, that I the man in Kether ('tis but an argument) am out of all relation as much with feet and heads as with boots and hats. But why should I (from my exalted pinnacle) stoop down and worry the headed and footed gentleman in Malkuth, who after all doesn't exist for me, by these drastic alterations in his toilet? There is no distinction whatever; I might easily put the boots on his shoulders, with his head on one foot and the hat on the other.

In short, why not be a clean-living Irish gentleman, even if you do have insane ideas about the universe?

Very good, say my friends, unabashed, then why not stick to that? Why glorify Spanish gipsies when you have married a clergyman's daughter?

Why go about proclaiming that you can get as good fun for eighteenpence as usually costs men a career?

Ah! let me introduce you to the man in Tiphereth; that is, the man who is trying to raise his consciousness from Malkuth to Kether.

This Tiphereth man is in a devil of a hole! He knows theoretically all about the Kether point of view (or thinks he does) and practically all about the Malkuth point of view. Consequently he goes about contradicting Malkuth; he refuses to allow Malkuth to obsess his thought. He keeps on crying out that there is no difference between a goat and a God, in the hope of hypnotising himself (as it were) into that perception of their identity, which is his (partial and incorrect) idea of how things look from Kether.

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This man performs great magic ; very strong medicine. He does really find gold on the midden and skeletons in pretty girls.

In Abiegnus the Sacred Mountain of the Rosicrucians the Postulant finds but a coffin in the central shrine ; yet that coffin contains Christian Rosencreutz who is dead and is alive for evermore and hath the keys of Hell and of Death.

Ay ! your Tiphereth man, child of Mercy and Justice, looks deeper than the skin !

But he seems a ridiculous object enough both to the Malkuth man and to the Kether man.

Still, he's the most interesting man there is ; and we all must pass through that stage before we get our heads really clear, the Kether-vision above the Clouds that encircle the mountain Abiegnus.

IX

Running and returning, like the Cherubim, we may now resume our attempt to drill our hunchback friend into a presentable soldier. The digression will not have been all digression, either ; for it will have thrown a deal of light on the question of the limitations of scepticism.

We have questioned the Malkuth point of view ; it appears absurd, be it agreed. But the Tiphereth position is unshaken ; Tiphereth needs no telling that Malkuth is absurd. When we turn our artillery against Tiphereth, that too crumbles ; but Kether frowns above us.

Attack Kether, and it falls ; but the Yetziratic Malkuth is

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still there until we reach Kether of Atziluth and the Infinite Light, and Space, and Nothing.

So then we retire up the path, fighting rear-guard actions ; at every moment a soldier is slain by a hunchback ; but as we retire there is always a soldier just by us.

Until the end. The end ? Buddha thought the supply of hunchbacks infinite ; but why should not the soldiers themselves be infinite in number ?

However that may be, here is the point ; it takes a moment for a hunchback to kill his man, and the farther we get from our base the longer it takes. You may crumble to ashes the dream-world of a boy, as it were, between your fingers ; but before you can bring the physical universe tumbling about a man's ears he requires to drill his hunchbacks so devilish well that they are terribly like soldiers themselves. And a question capable of shaking the consciousness of Samadhi could, I imagine, give long odds to one of Frederick's grenadiers.

It is useless to attack the mystic by asking him if he is quite sure Samadhi is good for his poor health ; 'tis like asking the huntsman to be very careful, please, not to hurt the fox.

The ultimate Question, the one that really knocks Samadhi to pieces, is such a stupendous Idea that it is far more of a ! than all previous I's whatever, for all its ? form.

And the name of that Question is Nibbana.

Take this matter of the soul.

When Mr. Judas McCabbage asks the Man in the Street why he believes in a soul, the Man stammers out that he has always heard so ; naturally McCabbage has no difficulty in proving to him by biological methods that he has no soul ; and with a sunny smile each passes on his way.

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But McCabbage is wasted on the philosopher whose belief in a soul rests on introspection ; we must have heavier metal ; Hume will serve our turn, may be.

But Hume in his turn becomes perfectly futile, pitted against the Hindu mystic, who is in constant intense enjoyment of his new-found Atman. It takes a Buddha-gun to knock *his* castle down.

Now the ideas of McCabbage are banal and dull ; those of Hume are live and virile ; there is a joy in them greater than the joy of the Man in the Street. So too the Buddha-thought, Anatta, is a more splendid conception than the philosopher's Dutch-doll-like Ego, or the rational artillery of Hume.

This weapon, too, that has destroyed our lesser, our illusionary universes, ever revealing one more real, shall we not wield it with divine ecstasy ? Shall we not, too, perceive the inter-dependence of the Questions and the Answers, the necessary connection of the one with the other, so that (just as $0 \times \infty$ is an indefinite) we destroy the absolutism of either ? or 1 by their alternation and balance, until in our series ? 1 ? 1 ? 1 ? . . . 1 ? 1 ? . . . we care nothing as to which may prove the final term, any single term being so negligible a quantity in relation to the vastness of the series ? Is it not a series of geometrical progression, with a factor positive and incalculably vast ?

In the light of the whole process, then, we perceive that there is no absolute value in the swing of the pendulum, though its shaft lengthen, its rate grow slower, and its sweep wider at every swing.

What should interest us is the consideration of the Point from which it hangs, motionless at the height of things ! We

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are unfavourably placed to observe this, desperately clinging as we are to the bob of the pendulum, sick with our senseless swinging to and fro in the abyss!

We must climb up the shaft to reach that point—but—wait one moment! How obscure and subtle has our simile become! Can we attach any true meaning to the phrase? I doubt it, seeing what we have taken for the limits of the swing. True, it may be that at the end the swing is always 360° so that the !-point and the ?-point coincide; but that is not the same thing as having no swing at all, unless we make kinematics identical with statics.

What is to be done? How shall such mysteries be uttered?

Is this how it is that the true Path of the Wise is said to lie in a totally different plane from all his advance in the path of Knowledge, and of Trance? We have already been obliged to take the Fourth Dimension to illustrate (if not explain) the nature of Samadhi.

Ah, say the adepts, Samadhi is not the end, but the beginning. You must regard Samadhi as the normal state of mind which enables you to begin your researches, just as waking is the state from which you rise to Samadhi, sleep the state from which you rose to waking. And only from Sammasamadhi—continuous trance of the right kind—can you rise up as it were on tiptoe and peer through the clouds unto the mountains.

Now of course it is really awfully decent of the adepts to take all that trouble over us, and to put it so nicely and clearly. All we have to do, you see, is to acquire Sammasamadhi, and then rise on tiptoe. Just so!

But then there are the other adepts. Hark at him!

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Little brother, he says, let us rather consider that as the pendulum swings more and more slowly every time, it must ultimately stop, as soon as the shaft is of infinite length. Good! then it isn't a pendulum at all but a Mahalingam—The Mahalingam of Shiva (*Namo Shivaya namaha Aum!*) which is all I ever thought it was; all you have to do is to keep swinging hard—I know it's hook-swinging!—and you get there in the End. Why trouble to swing? First, because you're bound to swing, whether you like it or not; second, because your attention is thereby distracted from those lumbar muscles in which the hook is so very firmly fixed; third, because after all it's a ripping good game; fourth, because you want to get on, and even to seem to progress is better than standing still. A treadmill is admittedly good exercise.

True, the question, "Why become an Arahata?" should precede, "How become an Arahata?" but an unbiassed man will easily cancel the first question with "Why not?"—the How is not so easy to get rid of. Then, from the standpoint of the Arahata himself, perhaps this "Why did I become an Arahata?" and "How did I become an Arahata?" have but a single solution!

In any case, we are wasting our time—we are as ridiculous with our Arahats as Herod the Tetrarch with his peacocks! We pose Life with the question Why? and the first answer is: To obtain the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

To attach meaning to this statement we must obtain that Knowledge and Conversation: and when we have done that, we may proceed to the next Question. It is no good asking it now.

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"There are purse-proud, penniless ones who stand at the door of the tavern, and revile the guests."

We attach little importance to the Reverend Out-at-Elbows, thundering in Bareboards Chapel that the rich man gets no enjoyment from his wealth.

Good, then. Let us obtain the volume entitled "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage"; or the magical writings of that holy illuminated Man of God, Captain Fuller, and carry out fully their instructions.

And only when we have succeeded, when we have put a colossal I against our vital ? need we inquire whether after all the soldier is not going to develop spinal curvature.

Let us take the first step ; let us sing :

"I do not ask to see
The distant path ; one step's enough for me."

But (you will doubtless say) I pith your ? itself with another ? : Why question life at all ? Why not remain "a clean-living Irish gentleman" content with his handicap, and contemptuous of card and pencil ? Is not the Buddha's goad "Everything is sorrow" little better than a currish whine ? What do I care for old age, disease, and death ? I'm a man, and a Celt at that. I spit on your snivelling Hindu prince, emasculate with debauchery in the first place, and asceticism in the second. A weak, dirty, paltry cur, sir, your Gautama !

Yes, I think I have no answer to that. The sudden apprehension of some vital catastrophe may have been the exciting cause of my conscious devotion to the attainment of Adeptship—but surely the capacity was there, inborn. Mere despair and desire can do little ; anyway, the first impulse of

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fear was the passing spasm of an hour; the magnetism of the path itself was the true lure. It is as foolish to ask me "Why do you adept?" as to ask God "Why do you pardon?" *C'est son métier.*

I am not so foolish as to think that my doctrine can ever gain the ear of the world. I expect that ten centuries hence the "nominal Crowleians" will be as pestilent and numerous a body as the "nominal Christians" are to-day; for (at present) I have been able to devise no mechanism for excluding them. Rather, perhaps, should I seek to find them a niche in the shrine, just as Hinduism provides alike for those capable of the Upanishads and those whose intelligence hardly reaches to the Tantras. In short, one must abandon the reality of religion for a sham, so that the religion may be universal enough for those few who are capable of its reality to nestle to its breast, and nurse their nature on its starry milk. But we anticipate!

My message is then twofold; to the greasy *bourgeois* I preach discontent; I shock him, I stagger him, I cut away earth from under his feet, I turn him upside down, I give him hashish and make him run amok, I twitch his buttocks with the red-hot tongs of my Sadistic fancy—until he feels uncomfortable.

But to the man who is already as uneasy as St. Lawrence on his silver grill, who feels the Spirit stir in him, even as a woman feels, and sickens at, the first leap of the babe in her womb, to him I bring the splendid vision, the perfume and the glory, the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. And to whosoever hath attained that height will I put a further Question, announce a further Glory.

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It is my misfortune and not my fault that I am bound to deliver this elementary Message.

"Man has two sides ; one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her."

We must pardon Browning his bawdy jest ; for his truth is ower true ! But it is your own fault if you are the world instead of the beloved ; and only see of me what Moses saw of God !

It is disgusting to have to spend one's life jetting dirt in the face of the British public in the hope that in washing it they may wash off the acrid grease of their commercialism, the saline streaks of their hypocritical tears, the putrid perspiration of their morality, the dribbling slobber of their sentimentality and their religion. And they don't wash it ! . . .

But let us take a less unpleasing metaphor, the whip ! As some schoolboy poet repeatedly wrote, his rimes as poor as Edwin Arnold, his metre as erratic and as good as Francis Thompson, his good sense and frank indecency a match for Browning !

"Can't be helped ; must be done—
So . . . "

Nay ! 'tis a bad, bad rime.

And only after the scourge that smites shall come the rod that consoles, if I may borrow a somewhat daring simile from Abdullah Haji of Shiraz and the twenty-third Psalm.

Well, I would much prefer to spend my life at the rod ; it is wearisome and loathsome to be constantly flogging the tough hide of Britons, whom after all I love. "Whom the

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Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son that He receiveth." I shall really be glad if a few of you will get it over, and come and sit on daddy's knee!

The first step is the hardest; make a start, and I will soon set the hunchback lion and the soldier unicorn fighting for your crown. And they shall lie down together at the end, equally glad, equally weary; while sole and sublime that crown of thine (brother!) shall glitter in the frosty Void of the abyss, its twelve stars filling that silence and solitude with a music and a motion that are more silent and more still than they; thou shalt sit throned on the Invisible, thine eyes fixed upon That which we call Nothing, because it is beyond Everything attainable by thought, or trance, thy right hand gripping the azure rod of Light, thy left hand clasped upon the scarlet scourge of Death; thy body girdled with a snake more brilliant than the sun, its name Eternity; thy mouth curved moonlike in a smile, in the invisible kiss of Nuit, our Lady of the Starry Abodes; thy body's electric flesh stilled by sheer might to a movement closed upon itself in the controlled fury of Her love—nay, beyond all these Images art thou (little brother!) who art passed from I and Thou, and He unto That which hath no Name, no Image. . . .

Little brother, give me thy hand; for the first step is hard.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

