



IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. II, No. 7

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

An LXXVI, 1980 e.v., Sun in 0° Aries
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The College of Thelema
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TRANSCENDENTAL MAGIC, Its Doctrine and Ritual - by Eliphas Levi

Prayer of the Sylphs.

Spirit of Light, Spirit of Wisdom, whose breath gives and takes away the form of all things; Thou before whom the life of every being is a shadow which transforms and a vapour which passes away; Thou who ascendest upon the clouds and dost fly upon the wings of the wind; Thou who breathest out and the limitless immensities are peopled; Thou who breathest in and all which came forth from Thee unto Thee returned; endless movement in the eternal stability, be Thou blessed for ever! We praise Thee and we bless Thee in the fleeting empire of created light, of shadows, reflections, and images and we aspire without ceasing towards Thine immutable and imperishable splendour. May the ray of Thine intelligence and the warmth of Thy love descend on us; then what is volatile shall be fixed, the shadow shall become body, the spirit of the air shall receive a soul, and the dream be a thought. We shall be swept away no more before the tempest, but shall bridle the winged steeds of the morning, and guide the course of the evening winds, that we may flee into Thy presence. O Spirit of Spirits, O eternal Soul of Souls, O imperishable Breath of Life, O Creative Sigh, O mouth which dost breathe forth and withdraw the life of all beings in the ebb and flow of Thine eternal speech, which is the divine ocean of movement and of truth! Amen.

Prayer of the Undines.

Dread King of the Sea, who hast the keys of the floodgates of heaven, and dost confine the waters of the underworld in the caverns of earth; King of the deluge and the floods of the springtime; Thou who dost unseal the sources of rivers and fountains; Thou who does ordain moisture, which is like the blood of earth, to become the sap of plants: Thee we adore and Thee we invoke! Speak unto us, Thine inconstant and unstable creatures, in the great tumults of the sea, and we shall tremble before Thee; Speak unto us also in the murmur of limpid waters, and we shall yearn for Thy love! O Immensity into which flow all the rivers of life, to be continually reborn in Thee! O ocean of infinite perfections! Height which reflects Thee in the depth, depth which exhales Thee to the height, lead us unto true life by intelligence and love! Lead us to immortality by sacrifice, that we may be found worthy one day to offer Thee water, blood, and tears, for the remission of sins! Amen.

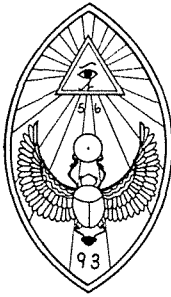
Prayer of the Salamanders.

Immortal, eternal, ineffable, and uncreated Father of all things, who art borne upon the ever-rolling chariot of worlds which revolve unceasingly; Lord of the ethereal immensities, where the throne of Thy power is exalted; from which height Thy terrible eyes discern all things, and Thy holy and beautiful ears unto all things hearken, hear Thou Thy children, whom Thou didst love before the ages began; for Thy golden, Thy grand, Thine eternal majesty shines above the world and the heaven of stars! Thou art exalted over them, O glittering fire! There dost thou shine, there dost Thou commune with Thyself by Thine own splendour, and inexhaustible streams of light pour from Thine essence for the nourishment of Thine infinite spirit, which itself doth nourish all things, and forms that inexhaustible treasure of substance ever ready for generation, which adapts it and appropriates the forms Thou hast impressed on it from the beginning! From this spirit the three most holy kings who surround Thy throne and constitute Thy court, derive also their origin, O universal Father! O sole and only Father of blessed mortals and immortals! In particular Thou hast created powers which are marvellously like unto Thine eternal thought and Thine adorable essence; Thou hast established them higher than the angels, who proclaim Thy will to the world; finally, Thou hast created us third in rank within our elementary empire. There our unceasing exercise is to praise Thee and adore Thy good pleasure; there we burn continually in our aspiration to possess Thee. O Father! O Mother, most tender of all mothers! O admirable archetype of maternity and of pure love! O son, flower of sons! O form of all forms, soul, spirit, harmony, and number of all things! Amen.

Prayer of the Gnomes.

King invisible, who, taking the earth as a support, didst furrow the abysses to fill them with Thine omnipotence; Thou whose name doth shake the vaults of the world, Thou who causest the seven metals to flow through the veins of the rock, monarch of the seven lights, rewarder of the subterranean toilers, lead us unto the desirable air, and to the realm of splendour. We watch and we work unremittingly, we seek and we hope, by the twelve stones of the Holy City, by the hidden talismans, by the pole of loadstone which passes through the centre of the world! Saviour, Saviour, Saviour, have pity on those who suffer, expand our hearts, detach and elevate our minds, enlarge our entire being! O stability and motion! O day clothed with night! O darkness veiled by light! O master who never keepest back the wages of Thy labourers! O silver whiteness! O golden splendour! O crown of living and melodious diamonds! Thou who wearest the heaven on Thy finger like a sapphire ring, Thou who concealest under the earth, in the stone kingdom, the marvellous seed of stars, live, reign, be the eternal dispenser of the wealth whereof Thou hast made us the warders! Amen.

COLLEGE of THELEMA



Sun in 0° Aries
Anno LXXVI

Founded in Service
to the A.∴A.∴

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

When reading either the MAGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL COMMENTARIES ON THE BOOK OF THE LAW¹, or THE LAW IS FOR ALL², the student comes upon some references to Crowley's writings, some of which were written by him before the dictation of THE BOOK OF THE LAW by Aiwass on April 8, 9 and 10 of 1904.

One reference is to "The Soldier and the Hunchback", another is to "Time", another to "Eleusis", another to "Berashith". Some of these articles are included in Crowley's COLLECTED WORKS. Some are in THE EQUINOX volumes. Many people have been unable to buy any of these books, they are either scarce or too high priced. Therefore, IN THE CONTINUUM has made it an editorial policy to seek out important cross-references and to print them once again for the assistance of the student. The Commentaries on LIBER AL are extremely important for every Thelemite. It is very necessary for anyone to understand in as complete a fashion as possible just what is meant by some of the cryptic sentences in LIBER AL. Some messages are for future adepts to expound. Some are clearly explained by Crowley and these we must be acquainted with if we are to behave as a true Thelemite and grow and develop under this new Law of the Aeon.

It is also the policy of IN THE CONTINUUM to publish various poems and other works referred to in the Rituals of the Ordo Templi Orientis, since this body has gained some activity of late and its members, unfortunately, often work with insufficient knowledge and preparation. Any Lodge Master may write to the Editor of I.T.C. and thus ask for a complete list of the poems and articles referred to in the Rituals. This list will inform him or her in which issue of IN THE CONTINUUM he can find the desired reprint.

This publication also has as its prime reason for existence, the many and various answers to questions asked by the student.

1. Published by 93 Publishing, 4345 St. Dominique, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Edited and annotated by Symonds and Grant

2. Published by Llewellyn Publications, St. Paul, Minnesota, and edited by Israel Regardie.

Our policy is to teach and explain. Many times articles are written because questions are asked. Recently, there have been many questions in regard to LIBER O. Since this is a very important collection of practices and rituals for the student and absolutely necessary as part of his groundwork in Magick, the answers to some of these recent questions are of interest to all.

Some have asked about the necessity for the Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram and the Greater Ritual of the Pentagram. For the former, please refer to I.T.C. Vol. I, No 1. Plenty more can be added to this basic instruction. For instance, why is Air attributed to the East and Fire to the South, water to the West and Earth to the North?

If we review the work of The Golden Dawn which was basic to Crowley's magical instructions and from which he derived many of his rituals, we will find there many things which he left out of his writings. True, some of the rituals of The Golden Dawn were too verbose, but along with unnecessary words, Crowley also left out many of the reasons for things. Advice to the student is that if a big question arises in Magick ritual, see if the question can be answered by a reference to THE GOLDEN DAWN by Regardie.

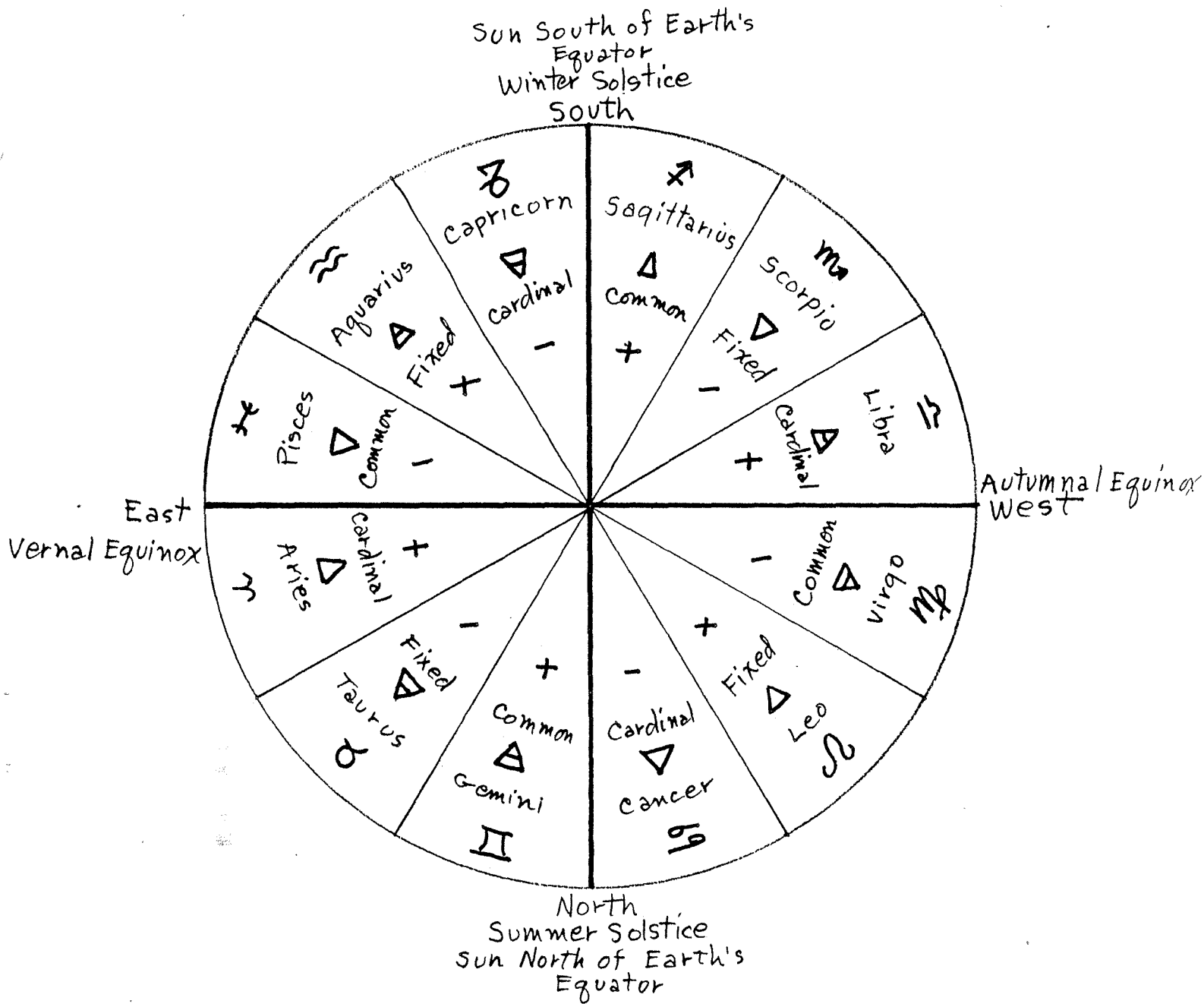
The explanation for the attribution of various elements to the quarters is stated in THE GOLDEN DAWN¹ to be due to the winds. Further, as the elements vibrate between the Cardinal points, their attribution is not unchangeable. The East wind is stated to be of the nature of Air, the South wind of the nature of fire, naturally, for those of us in the Northern Hemisphere, as the Sun is always seen to the South of us. West winds have moisture and rain and the West is the place of the setting sun. LIBER AL attributes this direction to Nuit in the sentence from Chapter I, v. 64. "I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky."

Water and Earth have been attributed to feminine qualities in nature, at least in Astrological and Zodiac correspondences. Please refer to diagram No. 1. In some of Crowley's rituals, this attribution is switched and Air is attributed to the North and is of Nuit, feminine, and Earth refers to Therion, or the perfected man. See LIBER V vel REGULI.

The North winds bring cold and dry air from the pole and the ice sheets there. Here is the Golden Dawn table which explains this further from Volume I, Book 1.

Heat and dryness	Fire	△
Heat and Moisture	Air	△
Cold and Dryness	Earth	▽
Cold and Moisture	Water	▽

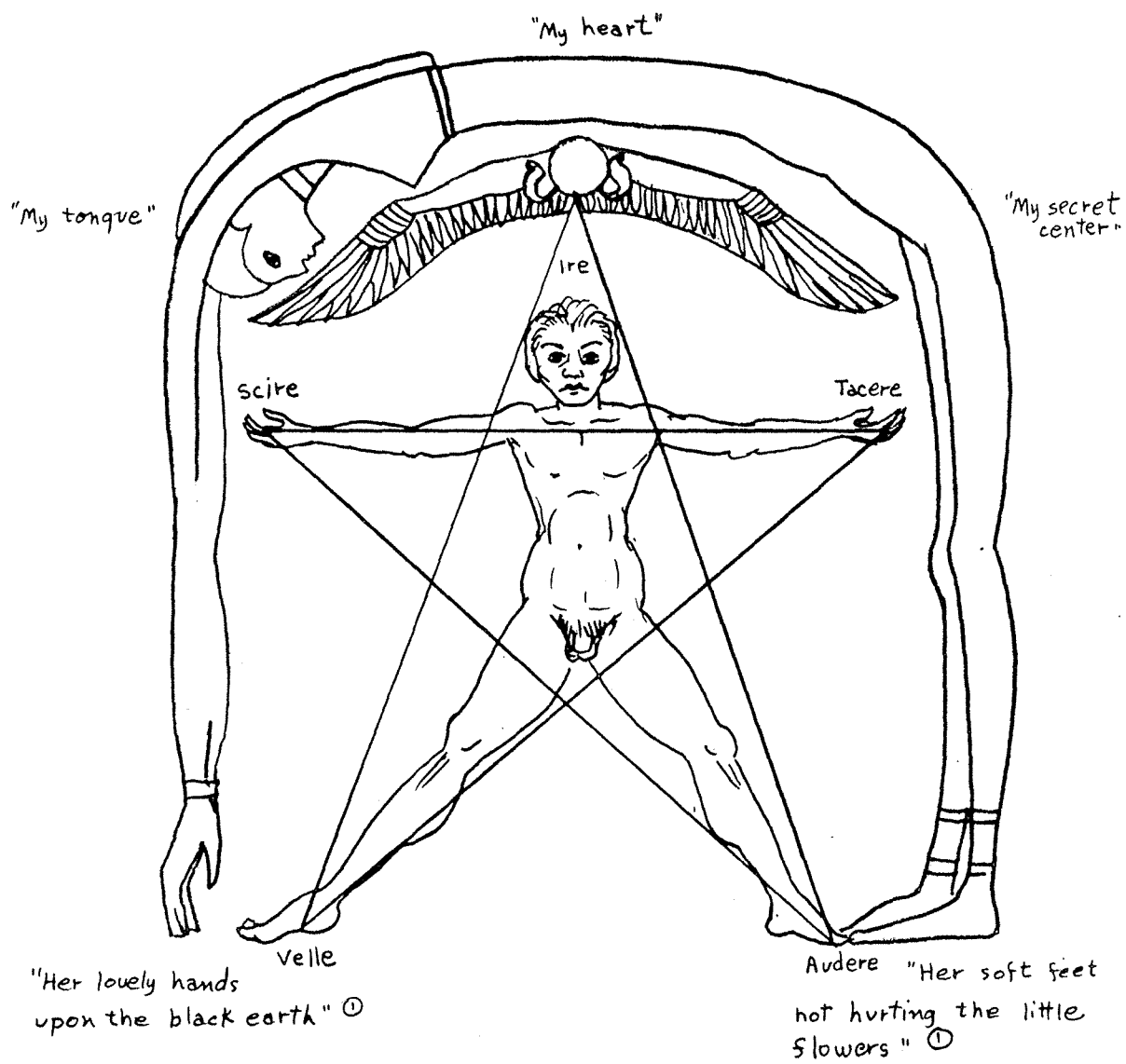
1. Volume III, Book Four.



All positive(+)Zodiac signs attributed to Δ Fire + Δ Air

All negative(-)Zodiac signs attributed to ∇ Water + ∇ Earth

Diagram 1.



① From LIBER AL, Cap. I, v. 26.

Diagram 2.

However, if we place the elements according to the beginning of the seasons in the zodiac, formed from the apparent placement of the sun in the skies relative to Earth's Equator and the revolution of the earth around the sun, thus making the seasons, we would find that Aries, the season attributed to the East and to the start of life in the Springtime, is a Fire sign and therefore we might expect to find fire in the East. At the Summer Solstice the sun moves from Gemini into Cancer and is the farthest North of the Equator in its travels through the sky. Cancer is a Water sign and therefore Water would be attributed to the North.

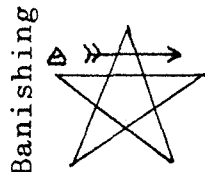
When the sun is at the Autumnal Equinox position, we find that its movement takes it from Virgo into Libra, which is an Air sign and, therefore, the West would be attributed to Air.

At the Winter Solstice, the sun moves from Sagittarius to Capricorn and the latter is an Earth sign and we would expect Earth to be attributed to the South. This is not the system used for the Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram but it is the system for the Lesser Ritual of the Hexagram. Here you have the reason, then, for the placement of the Hexagrams to their various quarters. Please refer to Diagram 1.

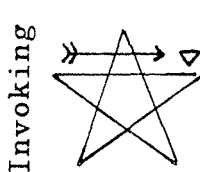
THE GOLDEN DAWN goes on to state that it is better to use the position of the winds in invoking due to the fact that the earth is ever whirling upon its poles. But if working in the Spirit Vision, the book advises that it is better to take the attribution of the elements to the four quarters as they are in the zodiac.

The advice goes on to state that Air and Water have much in common as one contains the other. Water has a chemical formula of H_2O and both of these gases are in the air. There is moisture in the air at all times also. Because of this, the symbols of Air and Water are sometimes interchanged and the Eagle, usually of Scorpio's third and highest attribution¹ is often associated with Aquarius instead. In the Zodiac, Aquarius is a Fixed Air sign, therefore the Cherub of Air and its symbol is the head of a man. But we note also that this sign is the Water Bearer. Here then is one of the reasons why the very same top bar is used for Air and Water for banishing and invoking.

Pentagrams of Air



Pentagrams of Water



1. The symbols attributed to Scorpio are the Scorpion, the Snake and the Eagle. See LIBER ALEPH, Cap. 157 or I.T.C. Vol. II, #4, in which there is a reprint.

Also, these symbols of the elements as they are placed on the Pentagram correspond roughly with the elements of the Fixed signs as they are seen on the Zodiac wheel. These Fixed signs represent the four powers of the Sphinx. For a table with the correspondences of the Sphinx to the Zodiac, etc., please refer to I.T.C. Vol. II, No. 4.

We can refer these attributions of Zodiac and Sphinx to certain sentences in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, Cap. I, v. 6. "Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my heart & my tongue!"

Crowley's Commentary¹ on this reads: "Nuith selects three centres of Her Body to become 'Two' with Hadit; for She asks me to declare Her in these three. Infinite freedom, all-embracing, for physical Love; boundless continuity for Life; and the silent rhythm of the Stars for Language. These three conceptions are Her gift to us." In this sentence he mentions, Liberty, Love, Life and Light (stars).

We may go further, and as an experiment, not to be taken too rigidly, we could draw a pentagram with Nuit surrounding it and indicate the five points and their attributions to Her words. Remember that the Pentagram is a symbol of Hadit and is referred to also in LIBER AL, Cap. I, v. 60 as "- - - - - The Five Pointed Star, with a Circle in the Middle, & the circle is Red." See diagram No. 2.

Next the question is asked, "What use is the Greater Ritual of the Pentagram?" If you are doing "Liber Samech", you would find that each Pentagram traced invokes the proper element in its quarter, according to the winds attribution as before explained. This ritual uses the traditional correspondences of the elements to the quarters. But you have a chance to invoke each element. This is good practice, for you may need this knowledge if travelling on the Astral or skrying in the Spirit Vision.

Further, in "Liber Samech" you become acquainted with the use of the Pentagrams of Spirit as you use the invoking pentagrams of "Equilibrium of Actives" and "Equilibrium of Passives". When we count how many Pentagrams we have traced in this ritual, we notice that there are six of them. Remember that $5 + 6 = 11$, the number of Thelemic Magick.² This number refers to the union of Macroprosopus, the Universe, and man, the Microprosopus. The active spirit Pentagram is a moving towards the H.G.A., a yearning, an active event which you start in order to invoke and unite with Him. The passive invoking Pentagram is like a waiting in passive love, like a cup, for His arrival. In LIBER 7 this idea is written thus: "Nor by memory, nor by imagination, nor by prayer, nor by

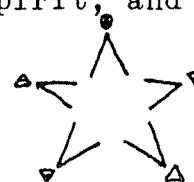
1. THE MAGICACAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL COMMENTARIES ON THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

2. Refer to the analysis of 11 in I.T.C. Vol. I, No. 5.

fasting, nor by scourging, nor by drugs, nor by ritual, nor by meditation; only by passive love shall he avail."¹

The invoking Pentagrams are also used in LIBER V VEL REGULI but with the Zodiac attributions to the four quarters, those of the Fixed Signs, or the Cherubs of Air, Water, Earth and Fire. This ritual will give you good practice in using the Pentagrams in this way, and should certainly be worked by every Magician in Thelema.²

Also, notice that V is an angle of the Pentagram, Hence, Crowley's motto, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, (V.V.V.V.V.) translated as "In my lifetime I have conquered the Universe by the force of Truth," is a reference to the complete control of all of the powers of the Sphinx, plus the angle of Spirit, and is made up of the 5 V's to be found at each angle of the Pentagram.



For practice in banishing, using all of the Pentagrams and Hexagrams, the student should refer to LIBER YOD, The First Method.

The best learning comes with practice. Intellect is not enough, one must live the experience to know it.

With each Pentagram, a Divine Name is given. It would assist in our understanding if we should enumerate these according to the Qabalah, and also give the Hebrew spelling.

Pentagram	Name	Pronounce	Hebrew	Enumeration
Spirit, active	AH IH	(Eheieh)	אֶהְיֶה	= 21
Spirit, passive	AG LA	(Agla)	אֶגְלָא	= 35
Fire	AL HIM	(Elohim)	אֱלֹהִים	= 86
Water	AL	(El)	אֵל	= 31 (3)
Air	IH VH	(Ye-ho-wau)	יְהוָה	= 26 (4)
Earth	AD NI	(Adonai)	אֲדֹנָי	= 65 (5)

Referring to the SEPHER SEPHIROTH to be found either in THE EQUINOX, Vol. I, No. 8 or in THE QABALAH OF ALEISTER CROWLEY⁶ We find that AH IH is Existence, Being, the Kether-name of GOD and that this number, 21, is also a Mystic Number of Tiphareth since it is the sum of the numbers from 1 to 6. Also, if we count the Fool of the Tarot as No. 0, there are then 21 Atu.

1. Cap. 5, v. 46.
2. See MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.
3. Refer to I.T.C., Vol. II, No. 1 for an analysis of this number.
4. Refer to I.T.C. Vol. I, No. 6.
5. Refer to I.T.C. Vol. I, No. 3.
6. With Introduction and Edited by I. Regardie, Published by S. Weiser, New York, 1973.

AGLA, a name of GOD, is a notariqon of the sentence, "Ateh Gibor le-Olahm Adonai" translated as "To Thee be Power unto the Ages, O Lord." or: "Thou art mighty for ever, O Lord".¹ We can enumerate each word thus:

AThH	=	406
GBUR	=	211
Le-OVLM	=	176
ADNI	=	65
		<u>858</u> = 21

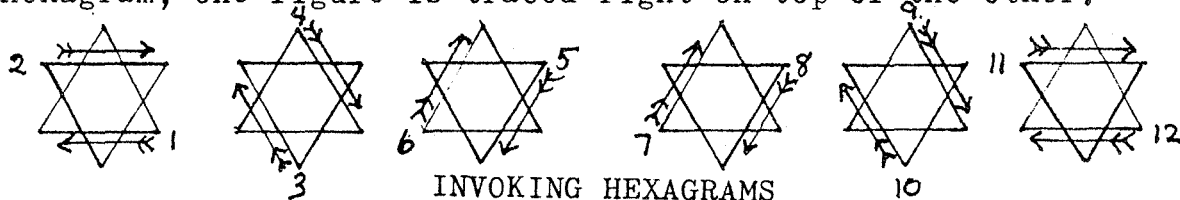
We can find further references to this word in BOOK 4, Part II, Chapter 8, "The Sword". We also can quote from "The Temple of Solomon the King", found in THE EQUINOX, Vol. I, No. 5, "A brief explanation of Agla is this; A, the one first; A, the one last; G, the Trinity in Unity; L, the completion of the great work."

If we reduce 35, we get 8 and this number is very important in Thelema as it is referred to in LIBER AL, Cap. I, V. 46, "- - - I call it eight, eighty, four hundred & eighteen." I leave it to the student to chase down 8 as Cheth, etc. But also see I.T.C., Vol. I, No. 2 and this issue.

ALHIM is thoroughly analyzed in MAGICK IN THEORY IN PRACTICE, Chapter 4.

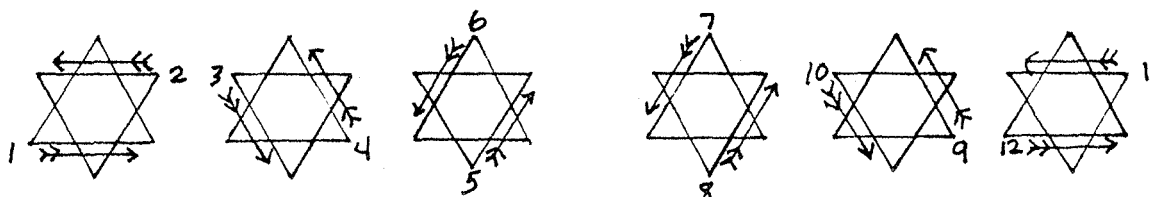
AL, IHVH, ADNI are also analyzed in the above book and there are meanings for their numbers in the issues of I.T.C. already cited. Again, let me stress that it is an invaluable aid to the student if he should keep a notebook of important Qabalistic numbers which he discovers by his own research. It is too time-consuming to chase down meanings of numbers through various books; these enumerations and their correspondences should be at the finger tips and available at a moment's notice.

Now let us consider the Lesser Ritual of the Hexagram, which has also been the subject of many questions. Many are very puzzled as to just how one traces the Hexagram for Sol and it doesn't help that one of the angles has a wrong number on it - the upper left. It should read 2:11 and not 2:4.² Here is a diagram which pulls the Hexagram for Sol apart and which explains how this is done. However, when tracing this Hexagram, one figure is traced right on top of the other.



1. From "The Temple of Solomon the King" as above.

2. See MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. The mistake also appears in GEMS FROM THE EQUINOX.



BANISHING HEXAGRAMS

Trace the sigil of the Sun in the center, of course, as soon as all 6 of the Hexagrams have been traced. Then vibrate the Divine Word ARARITA.

Notice that the proper tracing of any of the Hexagrams teaches you to think of the proper polarities of the planets or spheres on the Tree of Life. Thus, Mars is opposite to Venus, one planet is positive, the other negative. Mercury is opposite to Jupiter and Saturn is opposite to the Moon. This is a completely balanced use of the Spheres and planets and remember that we should always seek out this balance in everything we do so as not to become lopsided and fanatic when growing and developing our powers. This is not only true and very necessary for Magick, but it is true of all of Life!

Please refer to Diagram 3 for the placement of the planets on the Tree of Life. The Sun appears in the middle as it is the center of our whole manifestation in life. Saturn is placed at the topmost point as it represents the whole of the Supernal Triad. For further reasons for this type of thinking, the student should refer to THE VISION AND THE VOICE. Others of Crowley's writings give us the same ideas, but these are too numerous to quote here.

A very fine Adept uses the Unicursal Hexagram, especially for this difficult Hexagram of Sol. (Uni - one, cursal - tracing). This can certainly be done but I am inclined to think that one then misses out on the mastering of something difficult.

Many times students have asked about ARARITA. This is a notariqon of the sentence: "One is his Beginning, one is his Individuality, His permutation One." In LIBER 813 vel ARARITA, Crowley changes the word Individuality to the word Spirit. Here is how the sentence breaks down:

One is His Beginning - Achad Rosh

אחד ראש

One is His Individuality - Achadoth Rosh, Yechidothoh

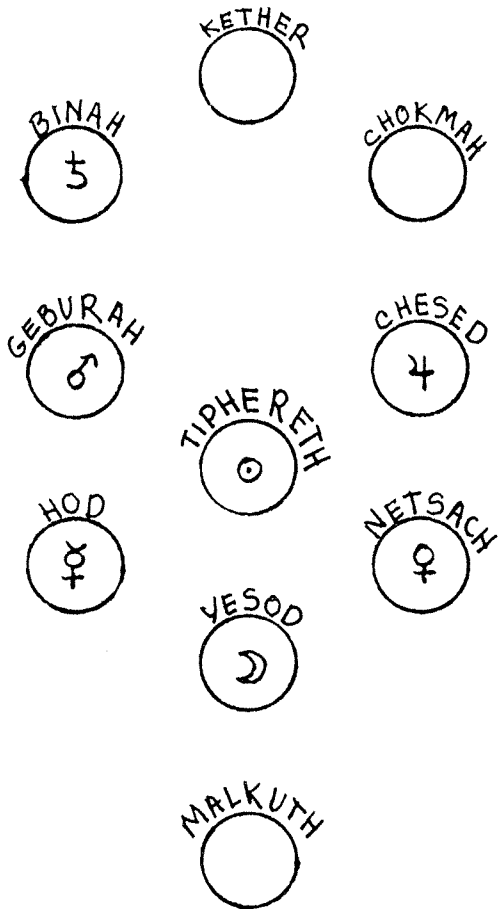
אחדות ראש ייחודותו

His Permutation is One - Temurothoth Achad

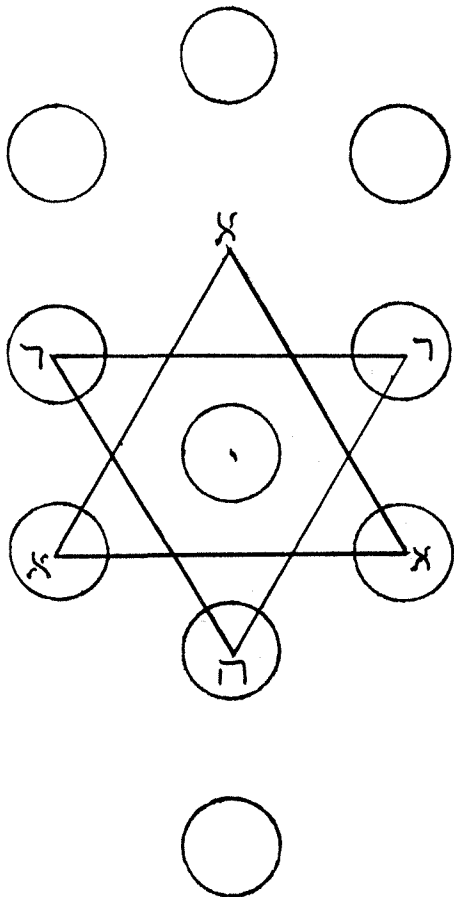
תמורתו אחד

Rosh means head, beginning, Yechidah is a name for a part of the Self, the individual, Temurah means permutation and Achad = Unity
ARARITA is 1 + 200 + 1 + 200 + 10 + 400 + 1 = 813 = 12

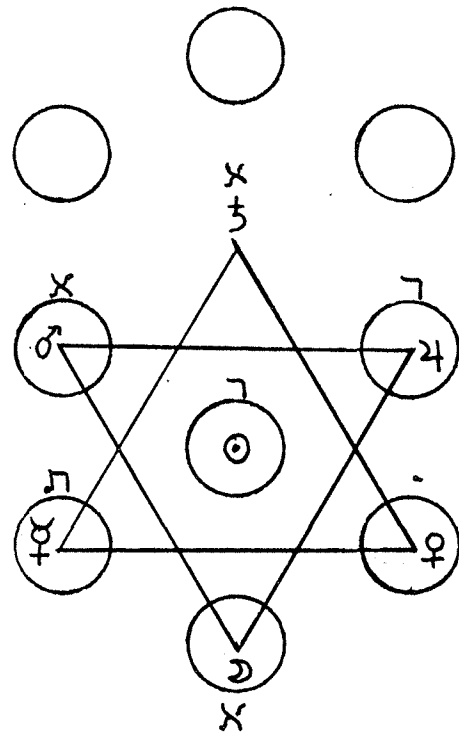
Diagram 3



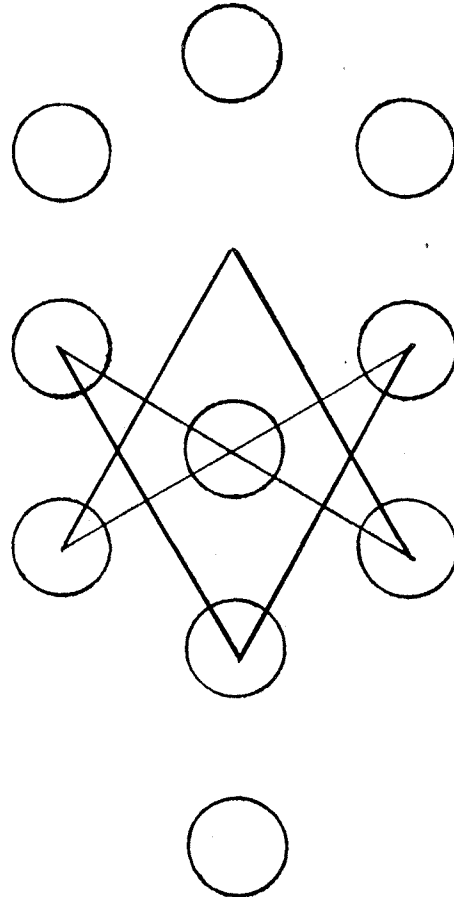
Planets on the Tree of Life



A.C.'s Attributions for Ararita



Hexagram + ARARITA on Tree



Unicursal Hexagram

The traditional attributions of the points of the Hexagram to each letter of the Divine Word of ARARITA is as follows:

	Sphere --	Planet --	God Names in Assiah ¹ --	Hebrew
A	3	Saturn	JEHOVAH ELOHIM	
R	4	Jupiter	AL	
A	5	Mars	ELOHIM GIBOR	
R	6	Sun	JEHOVAH ELOAH VA-DAATH	
I	7	Venus	JEHOVAH TZABAOth	
T	8	Mercury	ELOHIM TZABAOth	
A	9	Moon	SHADDAI EL CHAI	

These are to be found in THE GOLDEN DAWN, Book 4. Refer to diagram of the Planets on the Tree of Life, No. 3.

Crowley has this to say about ARARITA in THE VISION AND THE VOICE, 22nd Aethyr, note 33. "- - - -The use of this name and formula is to equate and identify every idea with its opposite; thus being released from the obsession of thinking any one of them as "true" (and therefore binding), one can withdraw oneself from the whole sphere of the Ruach. See Liber 813 VEL ARARITA, THE HOLY BOOKS. Contrast each verse of Cap. I with the corresponding verse of Cap. II for the first of these methods. Thus in Cap. III (still verse by verse correspondence) the quintessence of the ideas is extracted, and in Cap. IV they have disappeared into the method itself. In Cap. VI they reappear in the form appointed by the will of the adept. Lastly, in Cap. VII they are dissolved, one into the next until all finally disappear in the fire Qadosh, the quintessence of reality."

Then students have asked what is the use of the Greater Ritual of the Hexagram? Of course this is used to invoke and banish Planets and Zodiac signs, but as to the type of ritual to be used, this is often another matter. It is left to the ingenuity of the student to devise the ritual.

Perhaps an example made up by a student of Alchemy and Magick will give an idea of how the student could proceed. Each angle of the Hexagram refers to a particular planet and in turn, each planet is referred to a day of the week. A student of Alchemy could then devise a ritual which will give him/her practice in the Lesser Circulation as well as practice in Magick. Talismans are made up for each day of the week. For an excellent description of how to do this, please refer to I. Regardie's HOW TO MAKE AND USE TALISMANS². Then a tincture is made of an herb which is suitable to the particular day, 7 tinctures in all. For instructions³ on this please refer to Frater Albertus' ALCHEMIST'S HANDBOOK.

1. Taken from 777 by Crowley

2. Published by S. Weiser, Inc. N.Y.

3. Published by S. Weiser

The days of the week are ruled by the planets as follows: Monday, Luna (Moon); Tuesday, Mars; Wednesday, Mercury; Thursday, Jupiter; Friday, Venus; Saturday, Saturn; Sunday; Sun.

Upon arising, the student should perform the Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram in order to purify the atmosphere and clear away the influences of the night. If at the proper time of day, and he/she is a Thelemite, LIBER RESH can be performed too.

The talisman can be referred to or worn for the ritual or perhaps worn on the person all day. If a Thelemite, some verses from LIBER AL VEL LEGIS which seem appropriate to the planet can be inscribed as well as the usual God and Angelic names and the Kamea of the planet, etc. This has the effect of reminding the student of the things he should have memorised by now and of course aids in memory. Let me remark here that Crowley had all these details readily for use at any moment and the student interested in Thelema is too apt to forget these methods of Magick; and then laughingly, I say, how many times have I seen pretense of high Magick powers when the student is so obviously ignorant?

One person I know of even went so far as to wear the appropriate color of the planet for the day as an extension of his awareness of what day it was and what influences could be expected.

In the ritual proper, the Hexagram corresponding to the planet is traced and the Divine Name of ARARITA is vibrated. Then follows the name of the Planet and the names of the Angel and the Intelligence set over that Planet and, of course, the God Name as given in the table. The student can make up his own conjuration to suit what he knows of the effects of the Planet and what he expects of it during the day. Usually, the name of the spirit is not used due to the advice in the GOLDEN DAWN, as it is said the spirits can cause quite a bit of trouble and are mischievous. This whole ritual can be finished off with an appeal that the Planet, etc. will bring further knowledge of the Holy Guardian Angel and His workings in the life of the student. This can be followed by the Anthem from the Gnostic Catholic Mass found in MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, and after this, the teaspoon of the tincture can be taken.

At the end of the day the ritual can be reversed and the planet is banished, using the proper banishing Hexagram and the events of the day are recited as giving important knowledge from the H.G.A. which should be noted. This is then followed by any other appropriate ritual, perhaps Reguli, or whatever appeals to the student, and the whole is finished off with the Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram.

This scheme, as can be seen, gives plenty of practice in the Greater Ritual of the Hexagram. Should the student be working on the Astral plane, all Pentagrams and Hexagrams should be

so well known and understood, that they become a part of one and available for use at any moment and under any circumstance. It is only too easy to be led astray by all sorts of visions and experiences on the astral plane as the forces are so fluid there, being made up of very subtle vibrations not usually known to our everyday consciousness. Many are the lying spirits eager to prey on weaknesses in the human aspirant. If the events on the astral are taken too seriously, the student ends up with all kinds of obsessions, difficulties, insanities, etc. which are pretty obvious to the trained observer, but which remain as goads to action and thinking to the poorly trained student. Usually, too, he is entirely unaware of the well-springs of his behaviour and often is so poorly fitted for the fight that he goes down with his subtle essences badly maimed for several lives. It may take considerable incarnations to mend the damage, too. No wonder the occult arts were so carefully guarded in the past!

One use of the Hexagrams is to banish Astrological effects which may be bothersome and not related to the True Will. One could either banish the negative effects of a planet and invoke the positive and more desired effects, or one could invoke the powers of the planet most likely to offset the negative action of certain planetary aspects to one's own horoscope. For this reason, also, a person should know what happens in his horoscope so as to be really informed on the matter. The horoscope is a map of the present entity and it is also a picture of a series of events which the person can use either to his detriment or to his larger growth and development. Working with such a map is only one part of the work of a real Magician, but it is very essential, nevertheless. It can hardly be stressed too much that one must know what one is doing! The foundations of one's pyramid must be strong and without omissions and weaknesses. The development of the student must be well balanced and even in all directions and in proportion to his capabilities. He must ever see to it that he does not become lopsided, stressing one approach too much over another.

Then remember the injunction in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS when Nuit says in Cap. I, v. 52, "If this be not aright; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one; or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me: then expect the direful judgments of Ra Hoor Khuit!" The underlining is mine to bring it home forcefully to the mind of the student that all ritual (and, as Crowley says, all of our lives) must have the highest purpose. Crowley laboured hard to indicate the next step for mankind, and this is to achieve the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

Ra Hoor Khuit is a symbol of this attainment, so when the verse says a person can expect the "direful judgments" they are those of the ~~own~~ H.G.A., who administers appropriate punishments,

troubles, karmic effects, lessons or whatever else is needed for the person who strays from this one purpose.

We perform rituals for the purpose of knowing and controlling unseen Forces in Nature which reside in ourselves, in our own Hell (Hélé, the concealed place, or the Unconscious). The H.G.A. resides in this vast reservoir of Unconscious forces. They are the forces also, of the whole Universe, of which we are a part.

The forces of the Unconscious have a tremendous power. Some old writers referred to these forces as Leviathan, a mighty and powerful creature that lived in water, whose powers, set loose without proper control, could wreck the magician and the world.

We can liken this force and wellspring of power to a mighty engine which can be controlled by the Will of the conscious mind. But one needs to know that the powers of the Unconscious work only with a deductive reasoning process. This mighty engine can only go forward according to the events and commands of the conscious self. What is programmed into the Unconscious mind by what the person allows to happen in his/her life is manifested again into life events. Thus, if one is addicted to programs on T.V. which are strong on violence, or to tom-tom music which appeals to primitive emotions and awakens these powers of emotion, one will experience events in the life which mirror what has gone down into the depths. One has programmed the Unconscious forces to behave in this manner.

It is the sign of a weakling if he/she will not admit that all events are of his/her own making. True, one cannot at first see the connection, perhaps. Here enters the uses of Astrology and Psychology to aid the student in understanding. He is encouraged to use inductive reasoning to see how it is he helped a certain event to manifest. Then, when seeing this clearly, it would help considerably to analyze if the event had anything to do with the True Will?

One should never underestimate the powers residing in the Unconscious self to produce events in accord with what you are and what has been fed into this vast reservoir by your actions, thoughts and emotions. Ritual tends to lift brute tendencies to higher purposes of evolution. We perform ritual in order to program the unseen and highly powerful forces of our own Unconscious towards more beneficial ends. We work ourselves out of a lower evolutionary state into the "next step". We program Unconscious forces to bring about higher states of consciousness, which at our present development, we know by the words, the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

What better way to illustrate this point than by a quote from the Commentary on LIBER AL by the Master Therion? Let us

refer to the Commentary on Chapter I, v. 37.

"Now one more point about the obeah and the wanga, the deed and the word of Magick.

Magick is the art of causing change in existing phenomena. This definition includes raising the dead, bewitching cattle, making rain, acquiring goods, fascinating judges, and all the rest of the programme. Good: but it also includes every act soever? Yes; I meant it to do so. It is not possible to utter word or do deed without producing the exact effect proper and necessary thereto. Thus Magick is the Art of Life itself.

Magick is the management of all we say and do, so that the effect is to change that part of our environment which dissatisfies us, until it does so no longer. We "remould it nearer to the heart's desire".

Magick ceremonies proper are merely organized and concentrated attempts to impose our Will on certain parts of the Cosmos. They are only particular cases of the general law.

But all we say and do, however casually, adds up to more, far more, than our most strenuous Operations. "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves". Your daily drippings fill a bigger bucket than your geysers of magical effort. The "ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold" have no organized will at all; and their character, built of their words and deeds, is only a garbage-heap.

Remember, also, that, unless you know what your true will is, you may be devoting the most laudable energies to destroying yourself. Remember that every word and deed is a witness to thought, that therefore your mind must be perfectly organized, its sole duty to interpret circumstance in terms of the Will so that speech and action may be rightly directed to express the Will appropriately to the occasion. Remember that every word and deed which is not a definite expression of your Will counts against it, indifference worse than hostility. Your enemy is at least interested in you: you may make him your friend as you never can do with a neutral. Remember that Magick is the Art of Life, therefore of causing change in accordance with Will: therefore its law is "love under will", and its every movement is an act of love.

Remember that every act of "love under will" is lawful as such; but that when any act is not directed unto Nuith, who is here the inevitable result of the whole Work, that act is waste, and breeds conflict within you, so that "the kingdom of God which is within you" is torn by civil war.

To the beginner I would offer this programme.

1. Furnish your mind as completely as possible with the knowledge of how to inspect and to control it.
2. Train your body to obey your mind, and not to distract its attention.
3. Control your mind to devote itself wholly to discover your true Will.
4. Explore the course of that Will till you reach its source, your Silent Self.
5. Unite the conscious will with the true Will, and the conscious Ego with the Silent Self. You must be utterly ruthless in discarding any atom of consciousness which is hostile or neutral.
6. Let this work freely from within, but heed not your environment, lest you make difference between one thing and another. Whatever it be, it is to be made one with you by Love."

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

Soror Meral

QABALIST'S CORNER

Some more meanings of the number 418

19 x 22 = 418 Sphere 2 = Yod (י) = 10 (Chokmah)
 Sphere 3 = Heh (ה) = 5 (Binah)
 Path between = Daleth (ד) = 4 (Venus)

IT = 19 See endings for Hadit, Nuit, Ra Hoor Khuit *

IT = Yod, 10, Atu The Hermit, q.v.

Teth, 9, Atu Lust q.v. (See THE BOOK OF THOTH)

22 = 11 (the number of Thelemic Magick) x 2 (Beth, the Atu of the Magus) (Also see for 11, Teth, Atu 11, Lust)

There are 22 Atu in the Tarot and also 220 verses in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS.

Also, adding ABRAHADABRA by Aiq Bkr we get $1+2+2+1+5+1+4+1+2+2+1=22$

Tau (ת) Hebrew letter, last in alphabet = 406

also THOU: a name of GOD (יהוה) = 406

HUA = 12 and EVA = 12 HUA refers to Kether, Sphere 1 (הו"א)

$$406 + 12 = 418$$

From LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, Cap. II, v. 16. "I am The Empress & the Hierophant. Thus eleven, as my bride is eleven."

The Empress is Atu 3

Hierophant is Atu 5

$\frac{1}{8} = \text{Cheth} = 418 = \text{ABRAHADABRA}$

(Cheth is spelled ח·ת = 8 + 10 + 400 = 418)

From AL VEL LEGIS, Cap. III, v. 38.

"By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;"

B 2 Note that MAUT refers to the Sphinx

I 10 M = 40 = Water

Sh ψ 300 A = 1 = Air

$N(a) = 50$ $U = 6 = \text{Earth (Taurus, Cherub of Earth)}$

M 40 T = 9 = Fire (Leo, Cherub of Fire)

A X 1 56

U 1 6 (For more on the Sphinx, see I.T.C. V.II,#4)

T 4 $\frac{9}{418}$

From the same verse, LIBER AL, Cap. III, v. 38.

"Bid me within thine House to dwell."

Beth, spelled out - בֵּת = 412 The meaning of Beth is house.

$$B(i)d \quad (B = 2, D = 4) = \frac{6}{418}$$

* These endings are pronounced - eet

Letters from Aleister Crowley to Jane Wolfe

"Thelema"

R.F.D. No. 2, Decatur Georgia,

Oct. 16, 1919

My darling child,

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

I have been very remiss in writing to you - but I have been sick - bronchitis, etc. - and am now convalescing at this Abbey.

I am beginning to discover that if I read your letters over and over, there is some sense lurking beneath the apparent drivel. So go on: the above address should find me for the next week or two.

Mary Katherine knows nothing of art, but I like her all right; I've always had a weakness for these half-witted man-eaters. I wished her at the devil at first: reason, I was in a bad temper, and wanted to see nobody at that minute, but she charmed me and I got a good line on you, which was my main object.

Yes, Yorick tried to murder Jo one day and I did the movie hero act. It is surely vulgar to complain about barristers in such tragic moments. He was practically a maniac and I had to hold him down for an hour and a half 'till help arrived. Betty ought to have quit right there, but instead she tried to stick a carving-knife into his gizzard and at the supper which concluded the evening's entertainment, and that made her feel friedly again. There were several quite amusing episodes about that time.

I wish I had you here: I would love you, if I had to split your head with an axe for stove-wood - - - is that the right spirit?

Love is the law, love under will,
Ever thine,
Aleister

57 Grand River Avenue West
Detroit, Michigan

November 15, 1919

My jo, Janet!

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

I go to Detroit; thence, about Dec. 14, to a free country. I am sorry I have had no chance to go to Los; but we shall meet when the Gods will. However, why shouldn't you be bound for happier lands?

Do write and tell me all the news and be very serious and make forecasts for the future. I will write again as soon as I hear, and tell you further details of my plans.

Love is the law, love under will,
Ever yours extremely,
Aleister

c/o Dennies Lamb and Pierce Gould
22 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

(from Detroit
Nov. 25, 1919)

My very dear,

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

I have yours of Nov. 7. I leave Detroit Dec. 16 for England, Home and Beauty, and I do wish you were coming. But why don't you? I must be in Switzerland in the middle of January and shall probably be there all the summer. Then to Tizi-Ouzou! The above address is permanent - so far as human things can be. So keep on merrily writing, or a p.c. to say you are coming over to devote yourself to the Great Work.

I am in great shape, having had six weeks working in a nigger gang of lumbermen.

I wish I could see you before I go.

Love is the law, love under will.

Your Aleister

c/o Universal Book Stores
57 Grand River Ave. West
Detroit, Michigan

November 29, 1919

Jane dearest,

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

Your card of the 21st made me very happy and very sad. I am perfectly distressed at not being able to see you. I really do hope that the way will clear for you to come to a free country soon, to work with me. Of course I shall never return to U.S.A., unless there is a revolution. This, however, appears not so unlikely. However, why not be in a better country anyhow? I wish you would write me something sane and practical. Your letters mostly tantalize; I am so eager to drink at the fountains of your soul, and your style is butterfly. However, I can divine the truth of you in all your coquetry. Try to come over

the sea to sunland. California is so gross and rank; it doesn't suit your delicacy. You'll get fat and coarse if you stay there too long. You were born for highlands. You are a nuisance; I feel you pulling at my heart; but my will is fixed to do the Work.

If you answer this at once I shall get it before I leave Detroit. Why don't you answer it in person? There are studios in Paris, if you are determined to make Mary Pickford jealous.

I am too annoyed to write more.

Love is the law, love under will.
With a thousand rays of Light and Love toward you,

The Beast.

7 Dec. 1919

My love,

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

Yes, love waits for you at the end of the journey; but is there an end, and what is love?

I accept your word that you will come to me in June. I don't know yet where I shall be at that time: but you shall have a letter by the end of April to make a definite appointment. Make your plans that you can reach Paris or Algiers by June 21. You are Jane, the Sun-Moth in that season - and its the same name as Diana.

I hope to leave N.Y. on the 16th for Marseilles, and my address, up to Feb. 10 at least, will be

c/o Mrs. Buschor

18 Tivolistrasse

Lucerne, Switzerland

My soul will be with you oftentimes sufficiently for you to know it.

I am desperately busy getting away - and a little sad that you are not with me now - - -

But I am singing

Do you love me, Jane?

Love is the law, love under will.

Thine Aleister

c/o Dennes Lamb and Pearce Gould Dec. 14, 1919
22 Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 'till Xmas
c/o Mrs. Buschor, 18 Tivolistrasse, Lucerne, Switzerland 'till
Jan 21. Then the London address again. S.S. Lapland

Beloved,

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

I make up my mind slowly, but when I have done so, I act quickly. Behold me steaming out of New York Harbour!

I have yours of Dec. 5. You miss one thing: me. It only needs a touch to switch the Light on when the machinery is ready. You'll spring full-armed, Minerva, from the brain of Love.

I understand perfectly. Never mind what lies in store for us; the thing is to get things going.

I shall expect to see you on June 21 next year; and I will send you careful directions in good time.

The High Gods watch over your sweet soul!

Love is the law, love under will.

Thine

The Beast

666

Grantham Dames Habitation No. 505
Eton Lodge
Outram Road, Croydon

Dec. 28, 1919

Janet o' mine,

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

I've been thinking of future practical things, and divining; and it would be a very good plan if you could get a contract for an expedition to take pictures in the Congo "Across Africa" or some such place where there are picturesque natives and wild game and so on.

Of course Central Asia is my regular beat, but I doubt if I could do that any more, unless my leg proves sounder than I think.

I've had two Himalayan Expeditions, walked across Spain, China, the Sahara desert, etc. (Why not "The Garden of Allah"

or "To Timbuctoo") and lots of big game shooting.

If you could make some arrangement of this sort, it would solve two very important practical problems out of hand, besides being an ideal condition for the Work. I want you, too, to get Asana very well advanced, and Pranayama. Also, please don't, on any account, allow yourself to get messages, directly or indirectly, from anybody; or attempt any 'astral' work. I want you a very steady, normal, sane, human person for our Beginning.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours,
The Beast
666

c/o Dennes Lamb & Pearce Gould
22 Chancery Lane
London, W.C.

Xmas 1919

My darling Janet,

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

Here I am safely at home. Not only has the war changed nothing in this house of my aunt's where I have roosted, but they haven't altered the position of a piece of furniture since Queen Victoria came to the throne.

I expect to be around London or Paris in June. I should really like to meet you in the Great Court of Trinity. Of course Algeria holds Tizi-Ouzou, but I don't think we can go there 'till the autumn. I'm very upset about THE EQUINOX, when I allow myself to think of it. One gets nowhere by this everlasting self-sacrifice. That was all right in the past Aeon, and I have clung to the stupidity because it seemed noble, and a guarantee of Good Faith, so to speak. Now I'm through the Initiation of a Magus - six years of spiritual Helen Holmes stuff. And the next thing, please?

I'm rather looking to someone to show me - - - -

Love is the law, love under will.
The Beast.

(Editor's note: It is to be regretted that there are no copies extant of Jane's letters to Crowley as she didn't keep copies of what she wrote and so they have been lost.)

To be continued.

THE SWORD OF SONG

(Excerpt from
Pentecost)

There is a lake* amid the snows
Wherein five glaciers merge and break.
Oh! the deep brilliance of the lake!
The roar of ice that cracks and goes
Crashing within the water! Glows
The pale pure water, shakes and slides
The glittering sun through emerald tides,
So that faint ripples of young light
Laugh on the green. Is there a night
So still and cold, a frost so chill,
That all the glaciers be still?
Yet in its peace no frost.

Arise!
Over the mountains steady stand,
O sun of glory, in the skies
Alone, above, unmoving! Brand
Thy sigil, thy resistless might,
The abundant imminence of light!
Ah!

O in the silence, in the dark,
In the intangible, unperfumed,
Ingust abyss, abide and mark
The mind's magnificence assumed
In the soul's splendour! Here is peace;
Here earnest of assured release.
Here is the formless all-pervading
Spirit of the World, rising, fading
Into a glory subtler still.
Here the intense abode of Will
Closes its gates, and in the hall
Is solemn sleep of festival.
Peace! Peace! Silence of peace!
O visionless abode! Cease! Cease!
Through the dark veil press on! The veil
Is rent asunder, the stars pale,
The suns vanish, the moon drops,
The chorus of the spirit stops,
But one note swells. Mightiest souls
Of bard and music maker, rolls
Over your loftiest crowns the wheel
Of that abiding bliss. Life flees

* This simile for the mind and its impressions, which must be stilled before the sun of the soul can be reflected, is common in Hindu literature. The five glaciers are, of course, the senses.

Down corridors of centuries
Pillar by pillar, and is lost.
Life after life in wild appeal
Cries to the master; he remains
And thinks not.

 The polluting tides
Of sense roll shoreward. Arid plains
Of wave-swept sea confront me. Nay!
Looms yet the glory through the grey,
And in the darkest hours of youth
I yet perceive the essential truth,
Known as I know my consciousness,
That all division's hosts confess
A master, for I know and see
The absolute identity
Of the beholder and the vision.

Aleister Crowley
"The Sword of Song"
from THE COLLECTED WORKS.
pp. 174-176

DELIRIUM BREEZES

Delirium breezes
Blow within a madman's mind
Stirring airy, mental scrapbooks
To those pages stained by time
And yellowed with such gasses caused
By old dreams soaked in wine.

Delirium breezes
Blow within a madman's mind.
Then one day he lost his reason,
Interred by magic wine.
He knew the fever raged inside him - -
He had finally crossed the line.

FOOD OF MAGICIANS, FOOD OF FOOLS (Part II)

Searching for the food
Of magicians, of fools,
The god of the streets
Thumbs a ride through his palace.

Ten noisy demons pass,
Their gullets full of visitors to the realms;
Their eyes,
Like tiny solar disks
Brag of their lanterns to the moon.

One weak metal elemental
Swings by this god of hardness,
But fails to shake his spell - -
He resigns to serve this god,
For it is lonely,
And lacks the love
And danger
Of strange loves
And their strangers.

Possessed,
This force is blessed
With the obedience
Of a poor orphan
To a rich man.
And he probes with smiles,
And ponders:
"This cold god must need my warmth!
(The heat of an old devil burns)."

This hungry god asserts then
His plan of search for feast.
With oval eyes
He prods stiff words
From one quite homely beast.
"Where lies my food of wondrous thought,
And wondrous bitter taste?
Come, oh beast of clatter,
Saith the Lord,
You must resolve this matter!"

The beast,
Recognant of a language full of games,
Does bellow forth
A mouthful of the same!
The god did gorge up
On this bellowing!

"Kind monster,"
Praised the burping god
Of narrow, shady lanes,
"I think that fruit
Has left my gut
And travels to my brains!"

"Kind monster,"
Praised the reeling lord
Of travel, death, and change,
"I know that plum I ate was dumb,
I'm blissfully insane!"

In answer did the demon quip,
"Breathe deeply,
and maintain!"

DELIRIUM BREEZES (Part III)

Delirium Breezes
Blow within a madman's mind,
Stirring airy, mental scrapbooks
To those pages stained by time.

If all his hopes are stormed to ruin,
Like seashells crushed to lime,
Then with despair - -
His only sin - -
His memories ride whirlwind ferries
To the birthplace of his crime. . .
To the birthplace of his crime.

Charles Harris

CREATION

Analysis steals away the body of an art.
My lords, I must create, and wilt thou say me nay?
Those who have nor spirit nor heart,
Who cold, unthinking, speakest what they say,
And only heed the world and not the highest voice;
Who say it of the outside and not of Inner Self.
My lords, I say the artist has no choice;
He must damn thee for scriveners,
For men who own a lack,
Mere grovelers upon the ground
Who can nor will not feel of Beauty's rack;
But who must instead devour her face
And smother all in words that turn
Against her grace.

Oh, let me be an artist
And turn my scorning eye
Upon the dissecting words of men
That disgrace the heaven high
Of love's creation.

Oh, let me burn my life out
And turn a deafened ear
To those who would speak of me,
Be it harm or cheer,
Of my creation.

I would live unknowing
Of the tearing up of life
And the wars of words upon my work.
Begone! thou dogs that lurk
'Gainst my creation.

Meral
1955

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love?
Love is faith in the dark
Life that stirs in the womb of time;
Union across the stark
And ancient terrors of the mind.

What is love?
Love is cohesion sought;
Love is union on every plane
Beyond emotion and thought
In coldest ice and ardent flame.

What is love?
Love is sacrifice of Self,
A soul-felt urge for immolation;
Love is death and rebirth
Into a god-like transformation.

What is love?
Love is purifying fire,
Burning spirit in the crucible of life,
Spaceless and timeless desire
Creating creation's husband and wife.

What is love?
Love is homage rendered,
Our speech with God who is the end
And goal of Self surrendered,
The Will of the Soul unpenned.

What is love?
Love is the only Law
To govern earthly and heavenly ways:
The sole reason for the flaw
Of division that melts in union's bright blaze.

Meral

TIME*

A Dialogue Between a British Sceptic and an Indian Mystic.

"He (Shelley) used to say that he had lived three times as long as the calendar gave out, which he would prove between jest and earnest by some remarks on Time -

'That would have puzzled that stout Stagyrite.'"

-Prefix to the "Wandering Jew" in Fraser's Magazine.

(The philosophical premisses of this and the other essays in this volume should be studied in:

Keynes. Formal Logic

Erdmann. History of Philosophy.

Berkeley. Three Dialogues

Hume. Works.

Kant. Prolegomena: Critique of Pure Reason.

Locke. Human Understanding

Huxley. Essays (Philosophical).

Patanjali. Aphorisms.

Bhikkhu Ananda Metteya. Essays (principally in the quarterly Buddhism).

The Tao Teh King and the Writings of Kwang Tze.

The Sufis, to whom chiefly Crowley is indebted for the foundations of his system of sceptical mysticism.)

Scepticus. Well, my dear Babu, I trust you have slept well after our fatiguing talk of yesterday.

Mysticus. Ah, dear Mister, if you will forgive my adopting what is evidently your idiom, I found it, on the contrary, invigorating. What is it the Psalmist says? That the conversation of the wise is like unto good wine, which intoxicates with delight, while it hurts not the drinker? The balm of your illustrious words, borne like spice upon the zephyr -

Scept. Shall we not rather renew our inquiries into the nature of things, than, in unfertile compliment, waste the few hours we snatch awhile from death?

Myst. Willingly. But lately you were the "sahib" asking questions concerning Indian Philosophy as a great prince who should condescend to study the habits of horses or dogs - yesterday we changed all that.

Scept. I have but one apology to offer - that of Dr. Johnson.¹

* It must not be supposed that the author of this dialogue necessarily concurs in the views of either disputant, even where they are agreed.- A.C.

1. Taunted with having described a horse's "pastern" as his "knee," the great lexicographer pleaded "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance."

Myst. Pray forbear! Yet it may be for a moment instructive to notice the consideration which led you to assume a happier attitude; viz., that such identities of thought (implying such fine parallelisms of brain structure) were discovered, that, in short, you admitted the Indian (as you have been compelled to admit the Gibbon)¹ to classification in your own genus.

Scept. You are hard upon my insolence.

Myst. Only to make the opportunity of remarking a further parallelism: that the said insolence is matched, maybe surpassed, by my own. A witty Irishman, indeed, observed of the natives of the Tongue of Asia that "the Hindu, with all his faults, was civilised, like the Frenchman: the Musulman, with all his virtues, was, like the Englishman, a savage."

And indeed we are too apt to think of you only as red-faced, drunken, beef-eating boors and ruffians, with no soul and less sense, as if you were all soldiers; or as prim, conceited, supercilious, opinionated prigs, as if you were all civilians; or as unspeakable stupidity incarnate in greedy oiliness, as if you were all missionaries. Your highest placed women make virtuous our courtezans by a comparison of costume and manners; if our advices be true; the morality test is still in favour of our light ones. Your law wisely forbids your own venal women to set foot on Indian soil; a rumour is even got about that you have no such women: but political economy is to be thanked, if it be so.² Now, though you know that I am aware that India is simply the refuse-heap for your vilest characters and your dullest brains, I see that you so little appreciate the compliment I am trying to pay you, that your foot is already itching to assault my person, and to cause me to remember that your cook never forgets to spit into your honour's soup, were it not that we may find a refuge from difference of caste and race, custom and language, in the supreme unity, that of the ultimate force of which this universe is the expression.

Scept. I have listened with patience to what is after all (you must admit) a rather spiteful tirade -

Myst. Forgive me if I interrupt. Do me the honour to remember that it was said in self-blame. I tried to give your honour "the giftie" (as one of your worst poets has said) "to see

1. See Huxley, "Man's Place in Nature," and elsewhere.

2. Cf. Crowley, Epigrams (1550 A.D.) -

"The bawds of the stews be turned al out;

But some think they inhabit al England throughout." - A.C.

yoursel' as ithers see you," the "ithers" in this case being average Hindus, as ignorant of your real character as you confess your untravelled folk to be of ours.

Scept. Pray spare me Burns! We are - that is, you and I - on a better understanding now. Let us return, if you will, to the subject we too lightly touched on yesterday; that of TIME, and the real signification of that mysterious word, which is in the mouths of children, and which to affect not to understand is to stamp oneself, in the opinion of the so-called intellectual classes, as a fantastic.

Myst. Yet who of us does understand it? I, at least, am at one with you in declaring its mystery.

Scept. You are of the few. Even Huxley, the most luminous of modern philosophers, evidently misunderstands Kant's true though partial dictum that it is subjective, or, in the pre-Kantian jargon, a form of the intellect.

Myst. Lest we involve ourselves in controversy, Homeric body-snatchers of Patroclus Kant, let us hastily turn to the question at issue itself. The scholastic method of discussing a point by quotation of Brown's position against Smith may do for the weevilly brain of a University don, but is well known to bring one no nearer to solution, satisfactory or otherwise, of the original problem.

Scept. I heartily agree with you so far. We will therefore attack the question ab initio: I await you.

Myst. As exordium, therefore, may I ask you to recall what we agreed on yesterday with regard to Tat Sat, the existent, or real?

Scept. That it was one, unknowable, absolute.

Myst. Objective?

Scept. Without doubt.

Myst. Did I not, however, observe that, however that might be, all intuitions, if knowable, were subjective; if objective, unknown?

Scept. You did: to which I pointed out that Spencer had well shown how subjectivity, real or no, was a mere proof of objectivity.

Myst. And vice versa.¹ Ah! my friend, we shall be tossed about, as the world this 2500 years, if we once enter this vortex. Let

1. This is not an *ignoratio elenchi*, but a criticism, too extended in scope to introduce here. - A.C.

us remain where all is smooth in the certainty that the Unknowable is Unreal!

Scept. We agreed it to be real!

Myst. Oh never! The word "real" implies to us subjectivity; a thing is only real to us so far as it is known by us; even its Unknowability is a species of knowledge of it: and, by Savitri! when I say real to us, I say real absolutely, since all things lie to me in the radius of my sensorium. "To others" is a vain phrase, -

Scept. True; for those "others" only exist for you inasmuch as, and in so far as, they are modifications of your own thought-stuff.¹

Myst. Agreed, then; instead of looking through the glasses of the metaphysician, we will content ourselves with the simpler task of measuring our thoughts by the only standard which is unquestionably valid, i.e., consciousness.

Scept. But if that consciousness deceive us?

Myst. We are the more deceived! But it is after all indifferent; for it is we who are deceived, idle to pretend that any other standard can ever be of any use to us, since all others are referred to it!

Scept. Ah! this is equally a branch of the former argument.

Myst. That is so. However, we may defer consideration of this problem, though I suspect that it will sooner or later force itself upon our notice.

Scept. No doubt. This is very possibly the ultimate unknown and infinite quantity, which lurks unsuspected in all our equations, and vitiates our most seeming-certain results.

Myst. But, for Heaven's sake, let us postpone it as long as possible, eh?

Scept. Indeed, it is the devil of a subject. But we wander far - By the way, how old are you? You appear young, but you know much.

Myst. You are too polite. I am but an ultimate truth, six world-truths, fourteen grand generalisations, eighty generalisations, sixty-two dilemmas, and the usual odd million impressions.

¹. The physical basis of thought, as distinguished from its physical mechanism. A Hindu conception, Sanskrit, Chittam.

Scept. What is all this? You are surely -

Myst. No, most noble Festus. Put me to the test, and I the matter will reword: which madness would gambol from.¹ How old may your honour be?

Scept. Forty-five years.

Myst. Excuse the ignorance of a "Babu", but as Mr. Chesterton²

1. I am not mad, most noble Festus. Acts xxvi. 25. The rest is from Hamlet. There are many other such apt or perverted quotations in the essay.

2. MR CROWLEY AND THE CREEDS
and
THE CREED OF MR. CHESTERTON
with a Postscript entitled
A CHILD OF EPHRAIM*
Chesterton's Colossal Collapse

MR. CROWLEY AND THE CREEDS
by G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Aleister Crowley publishes a work, "The Sword of Song: Called by Christians 'The Book of the Beast,'" and called, I am ashamed to say, "Ye Sword of Song" on the cover, by some singularly uneducated man. Mr. Aleister Crowley has always been, in my opinion, a good poet; his "Soul of Osiris," written during an Egyptian mood, was better poetry than this Browningsque rhapsody in a Buddhist mood; but this also, though very affected, is very interesting. But the main fact about it is that it is the expression of a man who has really found Buddhism more satisfactory than Christianity.

Mr. Crowley begins his poem, I believe, with an earnest intention to explain the beauty of the Buddhist philosophy; he knows a great deal about it; he believes in it. But as he went on writing one thing became stronger and stronger in his soul - the living hatred of Christianity. Before he has finished he has descended to the babyish "difficulties" of the Hall of Science - things about "the plain words of your sacred books," things about "the panacea of belief" - things, in short, at which any philosophical Hindoo would roll about with laughter. Does Mr. Crowley suppose that Buddhists do not feel the poetical nature of the books of a religion? Does he suppose that they do not realise

* The children of Ephraim, being armed, and carrying bows, turned them back in the day of battle.

the immense importance of believing the truth? But Mr. Crowley has got something into his soul stronger even than the beautiful passion of the man who believes in Buddhism; he has the passion of the man who does not believe in Christianity. He adds one more testimony to the endless series of testimonies to the fascination and vitality of the faith. For some mysterious reason no man can contrive to be agnostic about Christianity. He always tries to prove something about it - that it is unphilosophical or immoral or disastrous - which is not true. He can never say simply that it does not convince him - which is true.

A casual carpenter wandered about a string of villages and suddenly a horde of rich men and sceptics and Sadducees and respectable persons rushed at him and nailed him up like vermin; then people saw that he was a god. He had proved that he was not a common man, for he was murdered. And ever since his creed has proved that it is not a common hypothesis, for it is hated.

Next week I hope to make a fuller study of Mr. Crowley's interpretation of Buddhism, for I have not room for it in this column to-day. Suffice it for the moment to say that if this be indeed a true interpretation of the creed, as it is certainly a capable one, I need go no further than its pages for examples of how a change of abstract belief might break a civilisation to pieces. Under the influence of this book earnest modern philosophers may, I think, begin to perceive the outlines of two vast and mystical philosophies, which if they were subtly and slowly worked out in two continents through many centuries might possibly, under special circumstances, make the East and West almost as different as they really are.

THE CREED OF MR. CHESTERTON by Aleister Crowley

When a battle is all but lost and won, the victor is sometimes aware of a brilliancy and dash in the last forlorn hope which was lacking in those initial manoeuvres which decided the fortune of the day.

Hence comes it that Our Reviewer's apology for Christianity compares so favourably with the methods of ponderous blunder on which people like Paley and Gladstone have relied. But alas! the very vivacity of the attack may leave the column without that support which might enable it, if checked, to retire in good order; and it is with true pity for a gallant opponent - who would be wiser to surrender - that I find myself compelled to despatch half a squadron (no more!) to take him in flank.

Our Author's main argument for the Christian religion is that it is hated. To bring me as a witness to this colossal enthymeme, he has the sublime courage to state that my "Sword

of Song" begins with an effort to expound Buddhism, but that my hatred of Christianity overcame me as I went on, and that I end up literally raving. My book is possibly difficult in many ways, but only Mr. Chesterton would have tried to understand it by reading it backward.

Repartee apart, it is surely an ascertainable fact that while the first 29 pages* are almost exclusively occupied with an attack on Christianity as bitter and violent as I can make it, the remaining 161 are composed of (a) an attack on materialism, (b) an essay in metaphysics opposing advaitism, (c) an attempt to demonstrate the close analogy between the cononical Buddhist doctrine and that of modern Agnostics. None of these* deal with Christainity at all, save for a chance and casual word.

I look forward with pleasure to a new History of England, in which it will be pointed out how the warlike enthusiasm aroused by the Tibetan expedition led to the disastrous plunge into the Boer War; disastrous because the separation of the Transvaal which resulted therefrom left us so weak that we fell an easy prey to William the Conqueror. Our Novelist should really make a strong effort to materialise his creation in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" of the gentlemen weeping by the graves of their descendants.

Any sound philosophy must be first destructive of previous error, then constructive by harmonising truths into Truth.

Nor can the human mind rest content with negation; I honour him rather whose early emotion is hatred of Christianity, bred of compulsion to it, but who subdues that negative passion, and forces his way to a positive creed, were it but the cult of Kali or Priapus.

Here, indeed, modern Agnostics are at fault. They sensibly enough reject error; but they are over-proud of their lofty attitude, and, letting slip the real problems of life, busy themselves with side-issues, or try to satisfy the spiritual part of the brain (which needs food like any other part) with the husks of hate.

How few among us can reach the supreme sanity of Dr. Henry Maudsley in such a book as "Life in Mind and Conduct"!

Hence I regard Agnosticism as little more than a basis of new research into spiritual facts, to be conducted by the methods won for us by men of science. I would define myself as an agnostic with a future.

* Pp. 144-163 in this volume. (Collected Works, Vol. II. A.C.)

* Pp. 164-184, 233-243, and 244-261 respectively, in this volume.

But to the enthymeme itself. A word is enough to expose it.

Other things have been hated before and since Christ lived - if he lived. Slavery was hated. A million men* died about it, and it was cast out of everywhere but the hearts of men.* Euripides hated Greek religion, and he killed the form thereof. Does Our Logician argue from these facts the vitality of slavery or Delphi? Yes, perhaps, when Simon Legree and the Pythoness were actually making money, but to argue their eternal truth, or even their value at that time, is a further and a false step. Does the fact that a cobra is alive prove it to be innocuous?

With the reported murder of Jesus of Nazareth I am not concerned; but Vespasian's "Ut puto Deus fio" is commonly thought to have been meant as a jest.

Our Romanticist's unique and magnificent dramatisation of the war between the sceptic or lover of truth, and the religious man or lover of life, may be well quoted against me. Though Vespasian did jest, though Christ's "It is finished" were subjectively but the cry of his physical weakness, like Burton's "I am a dead man," it is no less true that millions have regarded it as indeed a cry of triumph. This is so, subjectively for them, but no more, and the one fact does not alter the other.

Surely Our Fid. Def. will find little support in this claim on behalf of death. We all die; it was the Resurrection and Ascension which stamped Christ as God. Our Philosopher will, I think, fight shy of these events. The two thieves were "nailed up like vermin" on either side of Christ by precisely the same people; are they also gods? To found a religion on the fact of death, murder though it were, is hardly more than African fetishism. Does death prove more than life? Will Mr. Chesterton never be happy until he is hanged?

These then are the rear-guard actions of his retiring and beaten army.

The army itself is pretty well out of sight, There is a puff of artillery from afar to the effect that "no man can contrive to be agnostic about Christianity." This is very blank cartridge. Who is agnostic about the shape of the earth? Who prides himself upon a profound reserve about the colour of a blue pig, or hesitates to maintain that grass is green? Unless under the reservation that both subject and predicate are Unknowable in their essence, and the the copula of identity is

* In the American Civil War, 1861-64. But they were not men, only Americans.

* This is mere rhetoric. Crowley was perfectly familiar with the conditions of "free" wage labour.

but a convention - a form of Agnosticism which after all means nothing in this connection, for the terms of the criticism require the same reservation.

Our Tamburlaine's* subsequent remark that the poor infidel (failing in his desperate attempt to be agnostic) "tries to prove something untrue" is a petitio principii which would be a blunder in a schoolboy; but in a man of Our Dialectician's intelligence can only be impudence.

The main army, as I said, is out of sight. There is, however, a cloud of dust on the horizon which may mark its position. "Does Mr. Crowley suppose that the Buddhists do not feel the poetical nature of the books of religion?" I take this to mean: "You have no business to take the Bible literally!"

I have dealt with this contention at some length in the "Sword of Song" itself (Ascension Day, lines 216-247): but here I will simply observe that a poem which authorises the Archbishop of Canterbury to convey Dr. Clifford's pet trowels, and makes possible the Gilbertian (in the old sense of pertaining to W.S. Gilbert) position of the Free Kirk to-day, is a poem which had better be burnt, as the most sensible man of his time proposed to do with Homer, or at least left to the collector, as I believe is the case with the publications of the late Isidore Liseux. Immoral is indeed no word for it. It is as criminal as the riddle in "Pericles."

That our Pantosympatheticist is himself an Agnostic does not excuse him. True, if every one thought as he does there would be no formal religion in the world, but only that individual communion of the consciousness with its self-consciousness which constitutes genuine religion, and should never inflame passion or inspire intolerance, since the non-Ego lies beyond its province.

But he knows as well as I do that there are thousands in this country who would gladly see him writhing in eternal torture - that physiological impossibility - for his word "a casual carpenter," albeit he wrote it in reverence. That is the kind of Christian I would hang. The Christian who can write as Our Champion of Christendom does about his faith is innocuous and pleasant, though in my heart I am compelled to class him with the bloodless desperadoes of the "Order of the White Rose" and the "moutons enragés" that preach revolution in Hyde Park.

When he says that he will trace "the outlines of two vast and mystical philosophies, which if they were subtly and slowly worked out, &c., &c.," he is simply thrown away on Nonconformity; and I trust I do not go too far, as the humblest member of the Ration-

* Not to confuse with Tambourine or alter into Tamburlesque.

alist Press Association, when I suggest that that diabolical body would be delighted to bring out a sixpenny edition of his book. I am not fighting pious opinions. But there are perfectly definite acts which encroach upon the freedom of the individual: indefensible in themselves, they seek apology in the Bible, which is now to be smuggled through as a "poem." If I may borrow my adversary's favourite missile, a poem in this sense is "unhistorical nonsense."

We should, perhaps, fail to appreciate the beauty of the Tantras if the Government (on their authority) enforced the practices of hook-swinging and Sati, and the fact that the cited passages were of doubtful authority, and ambiguous at that, would be small comfort to our grilled widows and lacerated backs.

Yet this is the political condition of England at this hour. You invoke a "casual camel-driver" to serve your political ends and prevent me having eighteen wives as against four: I prove him an impostor, and you call my attention to the artistic beauty of Ya Sin. I point out that Ya Sin says nothing about four wives, and you say that all moral codes limit the number. I ask you why all this fuss about Mohammed, in that case, and you write all my sentences - and your own - Qabalistically backwards, and it comes out: "Praise be to Allah for the Apostle of Allah, and for the Faith of Islam. And the favour of Allah upon him, and the peace!"

War, I think, if those be the terms.

POSTSCRIPT

War under certain conditions becomes a question of pace, and I really cannot give my cavalry so much work as Our Brer Rabbit would require. On the appearance of the first part of his article "Mr. Crowley and the Creeds" I signified my intention to reply. It aborted his attack on me, and he has not since been heard of.

In the midst of the words he was trying to say,
In the midst of his laughter and glee,
He has softly and suddenly vanished away -

I suppose I always was a bit of a Boojum!

well knows, we do not easily grasp Western ideas. What is a "year"?

Scept. Hm! Well, ah, the earth moves round -

Myst. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Scept. Er - what?

Myst. You are then an astronomer?

Scept. I? Goodness gracious bless my soul, no!

Myst. Then how do you know all this about the earth?

Scept. Astronomers are paid, insufficiently paid, it is true, but still paid, to calculate the movements of the various heavenly bodies. These, being regular, or regularly irregular, which comes to the same thing, serve us as standards of time.

Myst. A strange measure! What is the comparison in one of your poets between "Fifty years of Europe" and a "cycle of Cathay"?

Scept. You know our poets well.

Myst. Among my loose tags of thought are several thousand useless quotations. I would give much to have my memory swept and garnished.

Scept. Seven other devils wait at the door. But you were saying?

Myst. That an astronomer might perhaps justly compute the time during which his eye was actually at the telescope by the motion of the planets, or by the clockwork of his reflector, but that you should do so is absurd.

Scept. Yet all men do so and have ever done so.

Myst. And all are absurd in doing so, if they really do so, which I doubt. Even the lowest dimly, or perhaps automatically, perceive the folly thereof -

Scept. As?

Myst. A man will say "Since the Derby was run" more intelligibly than "since May such-and-such a day"; for his memory is of the race, not of a particular item in the ever changing space-relation of the heavens, a relation which he can never know, and of which he can never perceive the significance: nay, which he can never recognise, even by landmarks of catastrophic importance.

Scept. One might be humorous on this subject by the hour. Picture to yourself a lawyer cross-examining a farm hand as to the time of an occurrence: "Now, Mr. Noakes, I must warn you to be very careful. Had Herschell occulted a Centauri before you left Farmer Stubbs' field?" while the instructed swain should not blush to reply that Halley's Comet, being the sole measure of time in use on his farm, was 133^o S., entering Capricorn, at the very moment of the blow being struck.

Myst. I am glad you join me in ridicule of the scheme; but you do not grasp how serious the situation has become?

Scept. I confess I do not see whither you would lead me. Your own computation strikes one as fantastic in the extreme.

Myst. Who knows? Think, yourself, of certain abnormal and pathological phenomena, whose consideration might lay down the bases for a possible argument.

Scept. There are several things that spring instantly into the mind. First and foremost is the wonderfully suggestive work, misnamed fiction, of our greatest novelist, H. G. Wells. This man, the John Bunyan of modern scientific thought, has repeatedly attacked the problem, or at least indicated the lines on which a successful research might be prosecuted, in many of his wonderful tales. He has (I say it not to rob you of the honour of your discoveries, but in compliment, and I can imagine none higher) put his finger on the very spot whence all research must begin: the illusionary nature of the time-idea. But I will leave you to study his books at your leisure, and try to give a more direct answer to your question. We have cases of brain disorder, where grave local mischief survives the disappearance of general symptoms. One man may forget a year of his life; another the whole of it; while yet another may have odd patches effaced here and there, while the main current flows undisturbed.

Myst. He is so much the poorer for such losses?

Scept. Certainly.

Myst. Did the stars efface their tracks to correspond?

Scept. Joshua is dead.

Myst. Yama¹ be praised!

Scept. Amen.

Myst. You have also, I make no doubt, cases where the brain, from infancy; never develops.

1. The hindu Pluto.

Scept. True: so that a man of thirty thinks and acts like a child: often like a stupid child. Our social system is indeed devised to provide for these cases; so common are they: The Army, the Cabinet, are reserved for such: in the case of women thus afflicted they are called "advanced" or "intellectual"; the advantages of these situations and titles is intended to compensate them for Nature's neglect. Even sadder is it when young men of great parts and talent, flourishing up to a certain age, have their brains gradually spoiled by the preposterous system of education in vogue throughout the more miasmal parts of the country, till they are fit for nothing but "chairs" and "fellowships" at "universities." The schools of philosophy are full of these Pliocene anachronisms, as the responsible government departments are of the congenitally afflicted; in both cases thinking men are disposed to deny (arguing from the absence of human reason and wit, though some of the creatures have a curious faculty resembling the former, shorn of all light-quality) to these unfortunates any conscious life worthy of the name, or the capacity to increase with years in the wisdom or happiness of their more favoured fellow-creatures.

Myst. Yet the stars have a regular rate of progression?

Scept. I see what you would be at. You would say that of two men born on a day, dying on a day, one may be young, the other old.

Myst. Ay! But I would say this to vitiate the standard you somewhat incautiously set up.

Scept. Abrogate it then! But where are we?

Myst. Here, that we may determine this most vital point; how so to act that we may obtain the most from life; or, if existence, the word of which intuitions are the letters, be, as the Buddhists pretend, misery, how to obtain the least from it.

Scept. Let us not speak ill of a noble religion, though we lament the paradoxical follies of its best modern professors!

Myst. A truce to all controversy, then. How shall we obtain the best from life? It is this form of the question that should give you a clue to my goal.

Scept. It is so difficult to determine whether Sherlock Holmes¹ is dead or no that I will take no risks. But the answer to your query is obvious. He lives the longest who remembers most.

1. A detective in sensational fiction of the period.

Myst. Insufficient. There are lives full of the dreariest incident, like a farmyard novel, or a window in Thrums, or the autobiography of the Master of a College, who lives ninety years and begets sons and daughters, and there is an end of him by-and-by, and the world is nor richer nor poorer, scarce for an anecdote! Add to your "number of impressions remembered" (and therefore not expunged) the vividness of each impression!

Scept. As a coefficient rather. Let us construct a scale of vividness from (a) to (n), and we can erect a formula to express all that a man is. For example he might be: $10a + 33125b + 890c + 800112658e + 992f + \dots + \dots + \dots + n$, and, if we can find the ratio of $a:b:c:d:e:f:\dots:n$, we can resolve the equation into a single term, and compare man and man.

Myst. I catch the idea. Fanciful as it of course is in practice, the theory is sound to the core. You delight me!

Scept. Not at all, not at all. Further, I see that since the memory is a storehouse of limited capacity, it follows that he who can remember most is he who can group and generalise most. How easy is it to conjugate your Hindustani verbs! Because one rule covers a thousand cases. How impossible is it to learn German genders! Because the gender of each word must be committed arbitrarily to memory.

Myst. He then is the longest-lived, and the wisest, and the worthiest of respect, who can sum up all in one great generalisation?

Scept. So Spencer defines philosophy: as the art of doing this.

Myst. But you leave out this "vividness." He is greater who generalised the data of evolution than he who did the same thing for heraldry: not only because of the number of facts covered, but because of the greater intrinsic value and interest of each fact. Not only, moreover, is the philosopher who can sum up the observations "All men are mortal," "All horses are mortal," "All trees are mortal," and their like. into the one word Anicca, as did Buddha, a wise and great man: but Aeschylus is also wise and great, who from this universal, but therefore commonplace generalisation, selects and emphasises the particular "Oedipus is mortal."

Scept. Your Greek is perhaps hardly equal to your English; but you are perfectly right, to abandon the mechanical device of the astronomer, all states of consciousness are single units, or time-marks, by which we measure intervals. That some, no longer than others, are more notable, just as the striking of a clock emphasises the hours, though the escapement maintains its rate, is the essential fact in counting.

Myst. And what is the test of vividness?

Scept. I should say the durability of the memory thereof.

Myst. No doubt; it is then of importance to class these states of "high potential" - may I borrow the term?

Scept. It is a suggestive one, though I must say I am opposed to the practice of Petticoat Lane in philosophical literature. The broad-minded Huxley's aversion to "polarity" is not his least bequest to psychologists. Of course, to begin our classification, all states of normal waking consciousness stand in a class above any other -

Myst. I have known dreams -

Scept. Wells says: "There are better dreams!" - and a damned good way to look at death, by heaven!

Myst. Yes! But I meant that some dreams are more vivid than some waking states, even adult states hours long. You remember the "Flying dream," though I daresay you have not experienced it since childhood: it is part of your identity, a shape or defining idea of your mind: but you have forgotten the picnic at - where you will.

Scept. There is something to be thankful for in that. Then, there are incidents of sport -

Myst. Mysteries of initiation -

Scept. Narrow escapes -

Myst. The presence of death -

Scept. Shocks -

Myst. Some incidents of earliest childhood -

Scept. Memories which can be classed, and therefore fall under great headings; intellectual victories -

Myst. Religious emotions -

Scept. Ah! this minute too, for I group them! All these are intuitions which come near, which touch, which threaten, which alarm, the Ego itself!

Myst. Yet in those great ecstasies of love, poetry, and their like; the Ego is altogether abased, absorbed in the beloved:

the phenomenon is utterly objective.

Scept. To be abased is to be exalted. But we are again at metaphysics. The Ego and the Non-Ego are convertible terms. We are agreed that one of the two is a myth; but we might argue for months and aeons as to which of the two it is.

Myst. Here Hindu practice bears out Western speculation, whether we take the shadowy idealism of Berkeley, or the self-refuted¹ Monism of Haeckel. All these men got our results, and interpreted them in the partial light of their varied intellect, their diverse surrounding and education. But the result is the same physiological phenomenon, From Plato and Christ to Spinoza and Çankaracharya,² from Augustine and Abelard, Boehme and Weigel in their Christian communities to Trismegistus and Porphyry, Mohammed and Paracelsus in their mystic palaces of Wisdom, the doctrine is essentially one: and its essence is that existence is one. But to my experience it is certain that in Dhyana the Ego is rejected.

Scept. Before inquiring further of you: What is this Dhyana? let me say, in view of what you have just urged: How do you know that the Ego is rejected?

Myst. Peccavi. My leanings are Buddhistic, I will confess: indeed, the great majority of Eastern philosophers, arguing *à priori* from the indestructibility of the Ego - a dogma, say I, and no more! - have asserted that in the Dhyanic state the Object is lost in the Ego rather than vice versa, and they support this conclusion by the fact of the glorification of the object.

Scept. But this is all *à priori*. For be it supposed that Dhyana is merely a state of more correct perception of the nature of the object than that afforded by normal inspection - and this is a reasonable view! - the argument simply goes to prove that matter, as the Ego, is divine. And this is our old vicious circle!

Myst. Also, since the object may be the Infinite. All Dhyana proves is that "things are not what they seem."

Scept. Not content with our poets, you seem to have wandered into Longfellow.

1. Haeckel, postulating a unity, is compelled to ascribe to it a tendency to dividuality, thus stultifying his postulate. See the "Riddle of the Universe."

2. Hindu reformer (about 1000 A.D.), who raised the cult of Shiva from that of a local phallic deity to that of an universal God. The Tamil Isaiah.

Myst. Also Tennyson.

Scept. I can sympathise: there is a blot on my own scutcheon. You are just, though, in your statement that the glorification of one of two factors -

Myst. At the moment of the disappearance of their dividuality -

Scept. So?

Myst. Surely. They also themselves disappear, just as carbon, the black solid, and chlorine, the green gas, combine to form a limpid and colourless liquid. So it might be absurd to assert either that Subject or Object disappears in Dhyana to the advantage of the other.

Scept. But at least this glorification of the consciousness is a proof that reality (as shown in Dhyana) is more glorious than illusion (as shown in consciousness).

Myst. Or, that illusion -

Scept. Of course! We are then no further than before.

Myst. Indeed we are. Glory, real or false, is desirable. Indeed we are too bold in saying "real or false," by virtue of our previous agreement that the Subjective is the Knowable, and that deeper inquiry is foredoomed futile.

Scept. Unless, admitting Physiology,¹ such glory is phantom, poisonous, and your Dhyana is a debauch.

Myst. You will at least admit, as a basis for the consideration of this and other points that Dhyana is more vivid than any of the normal dualistic states.

Scept. I must. I have myself experienced, as I believe, this or a similar condition, and I find it to be so; intensely so.

Myst. I suspect as much.

Scept. But pray, lest we talk at cross purposes, define me this Dhyana.

Myst. The method is to concentrate the attention on any object (though in Hindu estimation some objects may be far more suitable than others, I believe Science would say any object) -

¹. As represented by Huxley, who, I fancy, spoke from imperfect knowledge of the facts. But vide infra. A.C.

Scept. That was my method.

Myst. Suddenly the object disappears: in its stead arises a great glory, characterised by a feeling of calm, yet of intense, of unimaginable bliss.

Scept. That was my result. But, more remarkable still, the change was not from the consciousness "I behold a blue pig" - the object I have ever affected, to "I behold a glory," but to "There is a glory," or "Glory is."

Myst. Glory be! Exactly. That is the test of Dhyana. I am glad to have met you.

Scept. Same here. Be good enough to proceed with your exposition!

Myst. In a moment. There are other Westerns who study these matters?

Scept. To follow up the line of thought you gave me but just now, we have a great number of philosophers in the West who have enunciated ideas which to the dull minds of the common run of men seem wild and absurd.

Myst. You refer to Idealism.

Scept. To more; to nearly all philosophy, save only that self-styled "of common sense," which is merely stupidity glossing ignorance. But Berkeley -

Myst. The devout, the angelic -

Scept. Hegel -

Myst. The splendid recluse! The lonely and virtuous student who would stand motionless for hours gazing into space, so that his pupils thought him idle or insane - ¹

Scept. Spencer -

Myst. The noble, ascetic, retired spirit; the single-hearted, the courageous, the holy -

Scept. Yes: all these and many others. But what mean your comments?

1. Cf. Plato, Symposium: Diotima's description of the Vision of absolute Beauty, identical with Hindu doctrine; and Alcibiades' anecdote of Socrates at Potidaea. - A.C.

Myst. That extreme virtue is a necessary condition for one who is desirous of attaining this state of bliss.

Scept. There, my friend, you generalise from three. Let me stand fourth (like Ananias) and tell you that after many vain attempts while virtuous, I achieved my first great result only a week after a serious lapse from the condition of a Brahmacharyi.¹

Myst. You?

Scept. The result of despair.

Myst. This may serve you as excuse before Shiva.

Scept. Quit not the scientific ground we walk on!

Myst. I regret; but my astonishment annulled me. On the main point, however, there is no doubt. These Westerns did, more or less, pursue our methods. Why doubt that they attained our results?

Scept. I never did doubt it. Certain of our philosophers have even imagined that "self-consciousness," as they style it, is the very purpose of the Universe.

Myst. They were so enamoured of the Ananda - the bliss -

Scept. Presumably. Far be it from me to set myself up against them; but I may more modestly take the position that "self-consciousness" is a mere phenomenon; a bye-product, and no more, in the laboratory of life.

Myst. Alas! I can think no better of you for your modesty: whoso would make bricks without straw may as well plan pyramids as hovels.

Scept. Your stricture is but too just. Teleology² is a science which will make no progress until the most wicked and stupid of men are philosophers, since like is comprehended by like: unless, indeed, we excuse the Creator by saying that, the Universe being a mere mechanism, that it should suffer pain (an emotion He does not feel) is as unintelligible to Him as that a machine should do so is to the engineer. Strain and fatigue are observed by the latter, but not associated by him with the idea of pain:

1. Chastity is probably referred to, though Brahmacharya involves many other virtues.

2. The science of the Purpose of Things.

much more so, then, God.

Myst. You are bold enough now! Our philosophers think it not fitting that man should discuss the ways of the inscrutable, the eternal God.

Scept. I have you tripping fairly at last! What do you mean by "eternal"? You who have uprooted my ideas of time, answer me that?

Myst. A woodcock to mine own springe, indeed. I am justly caught with mine own metaphysic.

Scept. Throw metaphysic to the dogs! I'll none of it. I will resolve it to you, then, on your own principles. The term, so constantly in use, or rather abuse, by your devotees as by ours, is meaningless. All they can mean is a state of consciousness which is never changed - that is, one unit of time, since time is no more than a succession of states of consciousness, and we have no means of measuring the length of one against another: indeed, a "state of consciousness" is atomic, and to measure is really to furnish the means for dissolution of a molecule, and no more. Thus in the New Jerusalem the song must be either a single note, or a phenomenon in time. Length without change is equivalent to an increase in the vividness, as we said before. And after all the Ego can never be happy, for happiness is impersonal, is distinct from the contemplation of happiness. This quite unchanging, this single vivid state, is as near "Eternity" as we can ever get - it is a foolish word.

Myst. That state is then impersonal?

Scept. Ah! - Yes, I have described Dhyana.

Myst. The heaven of the Christian is then identical with the daily relaxation of the Hindu?

Scept. If we analyse their phrase, yes. But Christians mean "eternal time," a recurring cycle of pleasant states, as when a child wishes that the pantomime "could go on for ever."

Myst. Why, do they ever mean anything? . . . But how does this eternal time differ from ordinary time? Our guarantee against cessation is the fact that the tendency to change is inherent in all component things.

Scept. Our guarantee indeed! Rather the seal upon the tomb of our hopes! But to sing, even out of tune, as the Christian does, that "time shall be no more," is, indeed, to cease to mean anything. The dogma of the Trinity itself is not less inane, the

only thing that saves it from being blasphemous.

Myst. To be intelligible is to be misunderstood.

Scept. To be unintelligible is to be found out.

Myst. To be secretive is to be blatant.

Scept. To be frank is to be mysterious.

Myst. I wish your poet-martyr¹ (I do not refer to Chatterton) could hear us.

Scept. To return, I would have you note the paradox that unconsciousness must be reckoned as a form of consciousness, since otherwise the last state of consciousness of a dying person is for him eternity. That this is not so is shown by the phenomena of anaesthesia.

Myst. Is it, though? Is the analogy so certain? Is there nothing in the attempt of all religions to secure that a man's last thoughts should be of triumph, peace, joy, and their like?

Scept. I have been reading that somewhat mawkish book "The Soul of a People". Disgusted as I was by its ooze of sentimentality, I was yet not unobservant of its cognisance of this fact, and I was even pleased - though this is by the way - to see that the author recognises in the ridiculous First Precept of the Buddhist Faith, or rather in the orthodox travesty of Buddha's meaning, a mere survival of some fetichistic theophagy.

Myst. Doesn't it say somewhere that "Long words butter no parsnips?"

Scept. It ought to. But pray proceed with your defence of religion - for I presume it is intended as such.

Myst. I was saying that if unconsciousness be not reckoned as consciousness, the death-thought is eternal heaven or hell, as it chances to be pleasant or painful. But, on the other hand, if it be so reckoned, if that and that alone has in death no awakening, no change, then is it not certain that there is the Great Peace? Disprove immortality, reincarnation, all survival or revival of the identical - -

Scept. Identical? Hm!

Myst. - of the consciousness which the man calls "I" -

1. The reference, presumably ironical, is to the late Oscar Wilde.

Scept. Which Haeckel has pretty effectively done.

Myst. And Nirvana is ours for the price of a packet of arsenic, and a glass of Dutch courage.

Scept. In a poem called "Summa Spes,"¹ a gifted but debauched Irishman has grossly, yet effectively, stated this view. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" is the Hebrew for it. But if we survive or revive -

Myst. The problem is merely postponed. If "death is a sleep": why, we know what happens after sleep.

Scept. The question resolves itself, therefore, into the other which we both of us anticipated and feared: What is this "identical consciousness" which is the cause of so much confusion of thought. We have in the phenomena of mind (a) a set of simple impressions; (b)² a machinery for grasping and interpreting these; of sifting, grouping, organizing, co-ordinating, integrating them; and (c) a "central" consciousness, more or less persistent, that is to say, united to a long series of similar states by the close bond of the emphatic idea, I, which "central" consciousness takes notice of the results presented to it by (b). A state which can be summoned at will -

Myst. What then is "will"?

Scept. You know what I mean. God knows I am bothered enough already without being caught up on a word! Which can be summoned at will: which in a succession of simple, though highly abstract states, observes the results (forgive the repetition!) presented to it by (b). But if we turn the consciousness upon itself, if we add a sixth sense to the futile five?

Myst. It is resolved after all into a simple impression, indistinguishable, so far as I can see, from any other. That is, logically.

Scept. An impression, moreover, on what? It is not the (c) that is really examined; for (c) is the examiner: and you have merely formulated a (d) expressible by the ratio $d:c::c:a$ - an infinite process. The final factor is always unknowable - yet it is the one thing known.

1. See Note 602, "The Sword of Song", Vol. II of Collected Works by Crowley.

2. This (b) may be divided and subdivided into certain groups; some, perhaps all of them, liable, in the event of the suppression of (a), to become (automatically?) active, and prevent (c) from becoming quiet. - A.C.

Myst. And because it is always present, therefore it is un-
kenned.

Scept. We are now nearer Spencer than appeared. For the fact that it must be there, unchanging in function, while consciousness persists, gives the idea of a definite substratum to subserve that function.

Myst. I cannot but agree; and I would further observe that when, in Dhyana, it ceases to examine, and apperceives, the "relative eternity," i.e., the intense vividness of the phenomenon gives us a further argument in favour of its permanence.

Scept. But that it should persist after death is a question which we should leave physiology to answer, as much as the obvious question whether sight and taste persist. And the answer is unhesitatingly "No".

Myst. Yet the mystic may still reply that the association of consciousness with matter is as incredible as the contrary conception. Cause and effect, he will say, are if anything less likely (à priori) than concomitance or casuality. Even occasionalism is no more improbable than that the material should have a manifestly immaterial function.

Scept. Yet it is so!

Myst. Ah! would it serve to reply that it is so! But no! the materialistic position, fully allowed, is an admission of spirit.¹ They must conceive spirit and matter both as unknowable, as irresolvable, like x and y in a single equation (whose counterpart we seek in Dhyana), so that we may eternally evolve values for either, but always in terms of the other.

Scept. Just so we agreed lately about subject and object.

Myst. It is another form of the same Protean problem.

Scept. Haeckel even insists upon this in his arrogant way.

1. Maudsley, "Physiology of Mind," asks why it should be more unlikely that consciousness should be a function of matter than that pain should be of nervous tissue.

True. So also Huxley extended the meaning of "nature" to include the "supernatural" in order to deny the supernatural. So also I (maintaining that darkness only exists) meet the cavil of people who insist on the separate existence of light by showing that light is, after all, merely a sub-section of one kind of darkness - A.C. This note is of course, ironical.

Myst. Huxley, at once the most and the least sceptical of philosophers, urges it. There is only one method of investigating this matter. Reason is bankrupt; not only Mansel the Christian but Hume the Agnostic has seen it.

Scept. We all see it. The Bank being broken, we do not put what little we have saved into the wildcat stock Faith, as Mansel counsels us; but add little to little, and hoard it in the old stocking of Science.

Myst. Well if no holes!

Scept. We expect little, even if we hope for much. We are pretty safe; 'tis the plodding ass that is Science, and the fat priest rides us still.

Myst. We offer you a Bank, where your intellectual coin will breed a thousandfold.

Scept. What security do you offer? Once bit, twice shy; especially as your business is known to be patronised by some very shady customers.

Myst. Do you offer to stop my mouth with security? We give you all you can wish. Let Science keep the books! I say it in our own interest; the slovenly system that has prevailed hitherto has resulted in serious losses to the shareholders. One of our best cashiers, Christ, went off and left mere verbal messages, and those only too vague, as to the business that passed through his hands. Too many of our most brilliant research staff keep their processes secret, and so not only incur the suspicion of quackery, but leave the world no wiser for their work. Others abuse their position as directors to further the ends of other companies not even allied to the parent firm: as when Mohammed, the illuminated of Allah, lent his spiritual force to bolster up the literal sense of the Bible, thus degrading a sublime text-book of mystic lore into the merest nursery, or too often bawdy-house, twaddle and filth. You will alter all this, my friends! Let Science keep the books!

Scept. For a cross between a plodding ass and an old stocking, she will do well! And what dividends do you promise?

Myst. In the first year, Dhyana; in the second, Samadhi; and in the third, Nirvana.

Scept. It is not the first year yet. Is this coin current?

Myst. Ah! I remember now your phrase "Dhyana a debauch." You are of course familiar with the name of Maudsley, perhaps the greatest living authority on the brain?

Scept. None greater.

Myst. By rare good fortune, at the very moment when this aspect of the question was confronting me, and I was (so any one would have imagined) many thousand miles from expert opinion, I had the opportunity of putting the matter before him. Our conversation was pretty much as follows: "What is the cause of the phenomenon I have described?" (I had given just such a sketch as we have drawn above, and added that it was the most cherished possession of all Eastern races. The state was familiar to him.) "Excessive activity of one portion of the brain: relative lethargy of the rest." "Of which portion?" "It is unknown." "Is the phenomenon of pathological significance?" "I cannot say so much: it would be a dangerous habit to acquire: but since recovery is spontaneous, and apparently complete, it is to be classed as physiological." I obtained the idea, however, that the danger was very serious, perhaps more so than the actual words used would imply. A further inquiry as to whether he could suggest any medical, surgical, or other means, by which this state might be produced at will, led to no result.

Scept. This is most interesting: for the very doubts which I did entertain as to the safety of mental methods directed to attaining this result, are dispelled by what is a cautious, if not altogether unfavourable, view from a naturally-inclined-to-be-unfavourable Western mind. (My mother was of German extraction.) How so? Because my teacher, himself a Western scientific man of no mean attainments, thought no trouble too great, no language too violent (though he is ordinarily a man of unusual mildness and suavity of manner) to be used, to impress upon me the extreme danger of too vigorous attempts to reach the state of concentration. "If you feel the least tired in the course of your daily practice," he never wearied of repeating, "you have done too much, and must absolutely rest for four-and-twenty hours. However fresh you feel, however keen you are to pursue the work, rest you must, or you will but damage the apparatus you are endeavouring to perfect. Rest for longer if you like, never for less." This adjuration recurs with great force to my mind at the present moment. Our Western "Adepts" - if you were a Western I would ask you to forgive the word - know, as the great brain specialist knows, the dangers of the practice; the dangers of the training, the dangers of success.

Myst. Blavatsky's mysteriously-phrased threats were to this effect. Maybe she knew.

Scept. Maybe she did. Well, what I wished to point out was that, had you pressed Dr. Maudsley, he might possibly have admitted that scientific precaution, under trained guidance and watching, might diminish the danger greatly, and permit the student to follow out this line of research without incurring

the stigma - if it be a stigma - of risking his sanity, or at least his general mental welfare?¹

Myst. It may be; in any case I follow knowledge; if my methods be absurd or pernicious, I am but one of millions in the like strait. Nor do I perceive that any other line of action offers even a remote chance of success.

Scept. The problem is perennial. It must be attacked on scientific lines, and if the pioneers fall, - well, who expects more from a forlorn hope? Time will show.

Myst. We have wandered far from this question of time.

Scept. Even from that of consciousness; itself a digression, though a necessary one.

Myst. An elusive fellow, this consciousness! Is he continuous, you, who declare him permanent?

1. Dr. Maudsley, to whom I submitted the MS. of this portion of the dialogue, was good enough to say that it represented very much what he had said, and to add that "the 'ecstasy,' if attained, signifies such a 'standing-out,' *ἐκ-στασις*, quasi-spasmodic, of a special tract of the brain as, if persisted in, involves the risk of a permanent loss of power, almost in the end a paralysis of other tracts. - Like other bad habits, it grows by what it feeds on, and may put the fine and complex co-ordinated machinery quite out of gear. The ecstatic attains an illumination (so-called) at the expense of sober reason and solid judgment."

Mysticus would not, I think, wish to contest this view, but rather would argue that if this be the case, it is at least a choice between two evils. Sober reason and solid judgment offer no prize more desirable than death after a number of years, less or greater, while ecstasy can, if the facts stated in this dialogue are accepted, give the joys of all these years in a moment.

But for the sake of argument he would say that there are certainly many men who have practised with success from boyhood, and who still enjoy health and a responsible and difficult position in the world of thinking men. This would suggest the idea that there may be men with special aptitude for, and immunity in greater or less degree against the dangers of the practice. He would cheerfully admit that the common mystic is an insufferable fool, and that his habits possibly assist the degenerative process. But he would submit that in such cases the brain, such as it is, is not worth protecting. At the same time, it is true, the truest type of Hindu mystic regards the ecstasy as an obstacle, since its occurrence stops his meditation; and as a temptation, since he is liable to mistake the obstacle for the goal. - A.C.

Scept. Do I, indeed? I gave a possible reason for thinking so; but my adhesion does not follow. The lower consciousnesses, which I called (a), are of course rhythmic. The biograph is a sufficient proof of this.

Myst. Were one needed. Spencer's generalisation covers this point?

Scept. A priori. That the higher (c) are also rhythmic - for we will have no a priori here! - is evident, since the (a)s are presented by (b) no faster than they come. Even if (a) being fivefold, comes always so fast as to overlap, no multitude of impacts can compose a continuity.

Myst. But those reasons for permanence were very strong.

Scept. Strong, but overcome. Is it not absurd to represent anything as permanent whose function is rhythmic?

Myst. Not necessarily. It is surely possible for a continuous pat of butter to be struck rhythmically, for example. That it is inert in the intervals is unproved; but if it were, it might still be continuous. That a higher consciousness exists is certain; that it is unknowable is certain, as shown just now, unless, indeed, we can truly unite (c) with itself: i.e., without thereby formulating a (d).

Scept. But how is that to be done?

Myst. Only, if at all, by cutting off (c) from (a): i.e., by suspending the mechanism (b). Prevent sense-impressions from reaching the sensorium, and there will at least be a better chance of examining the interior. You cannot easily investigate a watch while it is going: nor does the reflection of the sun appear in a lake whose surface is constantly ruffled by wind and rain, by hail and thunderbolt, by the diving of birds and the falling of rocks. To do this, thus shown to be essential to even the beginning of the true settlement of the time problem, and the solution of the paradoxes it affords -

Scept. How to do this is then a question not to be settled off-hand by our irresponsible selves, but one of method and research.

Myst. And as such the matter of years.

Scept. I have long recognised this. That it should be started on a firm basis by responsible scientific men; that it should be placed on equal terms in all respects with other research: such is the object of my life.

Myst. But of mine the research itself.

Scept. I applaud you. You are the happy one. I am the martyr. I shall sow, but not reap; my eyes shall hardly see the first-fruits of my labour; yet something I shall see. Also, to construct one must clear the ground: to harvest, the plough and harrow are required. First we must rid us of false phrase and lying assumption, of knavery and ignorance, of bigotry and shirking. Let us pull down the church and the Free Library;¹ with each stone torn thence let us build the humble and practical homes of the true "holy men" of our age, the austere and single-minded labourers in the fields of Physics and Physiology.

Myst. Here, moreover, is the foundation of race harmony; here the possible basis for a genuine brotherhood of man! He will never be permanently solidarised - excuse the neologism! - by grandiose phrase and transitory emotion; but in the Freemasonry of the Adepts of Dhyana what temple may not yet be builded?

Scept. Not made with hands - *ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς αἰῶνις*

Myst. Has not this mystical bond brought you and me together, us diverse, even repugnant in all other ways, yet utterly at one in this great fact?

Scept. We have talked too lightly, friend. Silence is best.

Myst. Let us meditate upon the adorable light of that divine Savitri!

Scept. May she enlighten our minds!

Aleister Crowley

"Time" from COLLECTED WORKS, Vol. II.

1. The sarcasm is perhaps against the popularity of the worthless novel, as shown in Free Library statistics; or against the uselessness of any form of reading to a man not otherwise educated.