

IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. II, No. 5

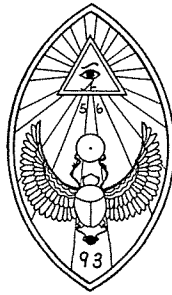
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
Love is the law, love under will.

An. LXXV, 1979 evv., Sun in 0° Cancer
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The College of Thelema
Founded in Service to
the A.:A.:.

COLLEGE of THELEMA



Founded in Service
to the A.:A.:

Summer Solstice
Sun in 0° Cancer
An. LXXV
June 21, 1979 e.v.

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

This issue of IN THE CONTINUUM features a few lighter works by Crowley as you see when you read some of his letters and STUART X. What he has to say, even though it is not an official Liber is extremely interesting as it gives some insight into the scope and extreme intelligence of the mind of the man. His comments can benefit all of us and sometimes they aid in understanding more official works.

Also, in keeping with the lighter vein of the Summer issue, you will find the beginning of the history of Jane Wolfe who was my teacher when I was 21 until her death. Jane was an aristocrat of the best type and her example inspired me on to greater efforts. Is this not the essence of what should happen when a person does his own True Will? In future Summer issues this story will be continued, but fascinating as it might be to you, can hardly take the place of serious instructional articles and Libers by Crowley which are featured in the two Equinox issues.

From time to time we will include letters from Karl Germer which are of general interest. He was not only of very high attainment in the A.:A.:, which Crowley recognised, but he was also the Outer Head of the Ordo Templi Orientis until his death. If he did not do much to expand that Order, there was probably very good reason for it which will be justified by history. After all, Germer was often observed to get decrees and instructions from other planes, and who can say if he did right or wrong with certain actions? There is probably no one alive at the moment who can judge this even though some pretend that they can do so.

Included in this issue are writings by others which are timely and thought provoking. This editor would like to welcome even more articles of the caliber of these.

Usually this type of article is short or non-existent in the Summer but I think a matter has arisen in the last few months which is of prime importance to many people and perhaps it would be best to discuss this matter now rather than wait for the Fall. This topic of interest concerns the A.:A.:.

The reason for this timely discussion of the A.:A.: lies in the fact that there are many conflicting claims to be a member of this secret Order by many people and a beginner, when looking for a bona-fide teacher, is often confused as to who might have a valid claim to this function, and who is less likely to lead him astray and into false and confusing paths.

For instance, as examples, one person claiming high Grades in A.:A.: asked for money and was a very poor teacher, neglecting his student's needs in great part. Another person never passed the Grade of Probationer but represented himself by lies as being of higher Grades. Even though he had a real paper and real descent from Crowley, his lies and posturing disqualified him and he is no longer of the A.:A.: Another person claimed $8^{\circ} = 3^{\circ}$ of A.:A.: but took a dead man's name and number. Also, there was no proof whatever in the outer world (as there must be) that he had accomplished the tasks of $6^{\circ} = 5^{\circ}$ or of $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$. Anyone wishing to see what these tasks are could refer to "One Star in Sight" in MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE and once one has thoroughly read and assimilated this Liber, such of those who are claiming these Grades could be laughed to scorn.

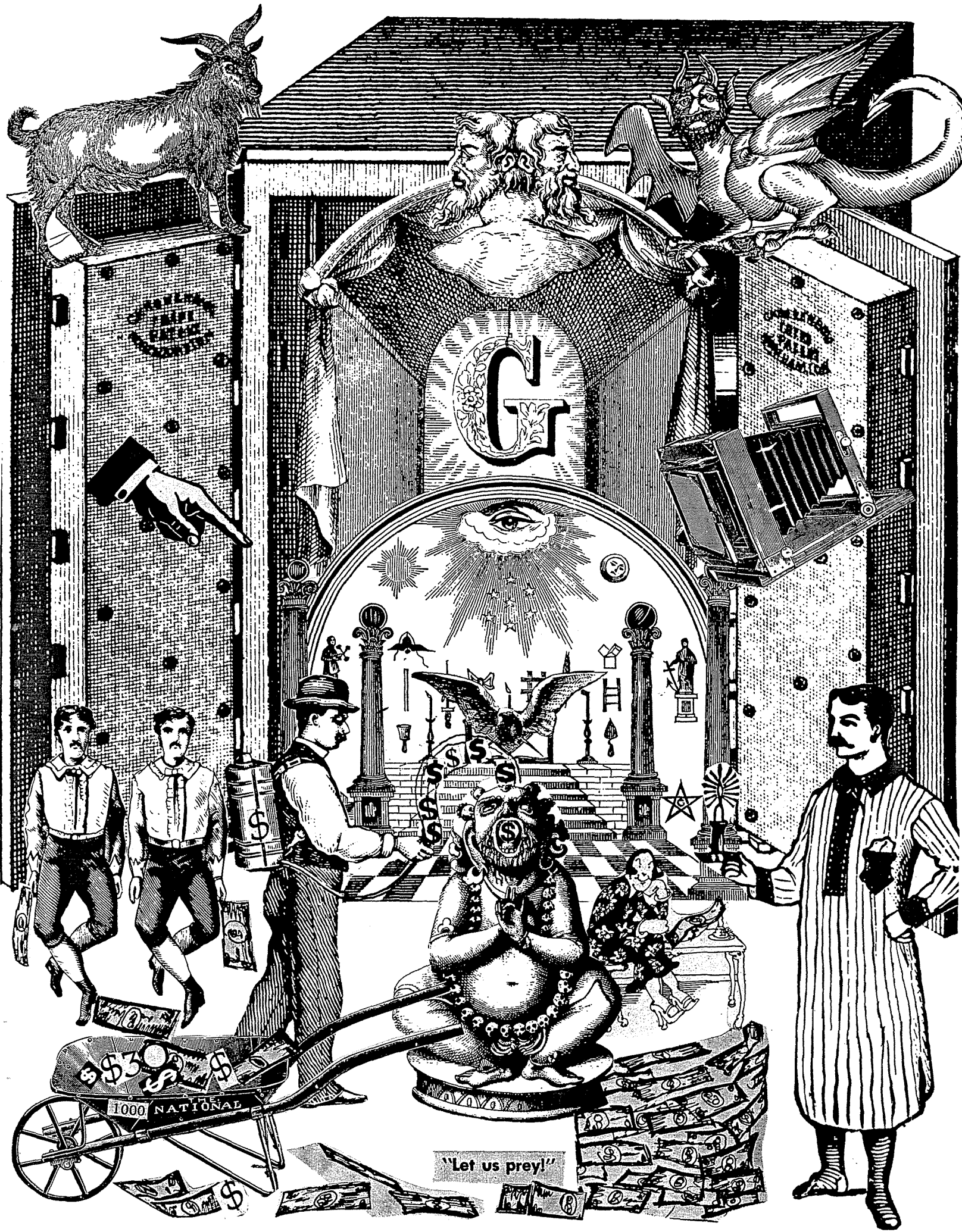
So it goes, the frauds are innumerable. Can a person have crossed the Abyss if his ego is still large and unwieldy and there for all the world to see? The answer is not at all!

How is it then, that some people have difficulty understanding "One Star in Sight"? Really, it would be worth anyone's while to try to assimilate this book if they are looking for a real teacher in the A.:A.: It will have to be the alert person who can spot the frauds and phonies and apply his own tests and make his own conclusions. Be alert then!

How? Crowley recognised that this confusion might arise and in several of his writings, tried to forestall the efforts of those who might be mad for power over the souls of others and who might like to boast of Grades as a form of ego-aggrandisement.

First then, the aspiring student could be very careful of those who boast of A.:A.: Grades. He would be justified in thinking that such boasts reveal a person interested only in his own small ego and not in students. Sometimes, the greatest of Adepts, and I have seen such, will scoff at the idea of Grades. What has this to do with gaining the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel? What has this to do with a sincere give and take between student and teacher? Truly, the idea of Grades is very superfluous!

And in MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS we read this passage in letter 13: "- - - the A.:A.: concerns the individual, his development, his initiation, his passage from "Student" to "Ipsissimus"; he has



"Let us prey!"

no contact of any kind with any other person except the Neophyte who introduces him, and any Student or Students whom he may; after becoming a Neophyte, introduce."

Notice that Crowley says a person must first be a Neophyte before taking on another student. This is also clear in Liber 185 at the back of GEMS FROM THE EQUINOX.

What can the student think then, of the Probationer who takes on A.:A.: students? Is this not the blind leading the blind which Crowley so deplotes in several places?

How can the enquiring person know if he has a real Neophyte to be his teacher? This should be possible to verify by a very simple method. The Neophyte in question should be able to exhibit a paper which has been given to him as a result of passing the tasks of a Probationer as given in Liber 185. Or, lacking such a paper, as is entirely possible today as a great many things are still in confusion in both of Crowley's Occult Orders, the student might ask another simple proof by asking his future teacher if he would please recite his chosen Chapter of LIBER LXV. In the present state of confusion, I am sure any true member of the A.:A.: would oblige willingly in order to set the mind of the student at rest.

Further proof can be had by other methods. Again a quote from MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS, Letter D. "By their fruits ye shall know them." you have read LIBER LXV and LIBER VII; that shows you what states you can attain by this curriculum."

However, many fitted for teaching lower Grades in the A.:A.: system are not capable of such sublime utterances as those mentioned above. But many teachers do have a work and many teachers can write. Evaluate then, what is written and how the work seems to you. Evaluate the fruits of the teacher in question.

To help you do these evaluations and careful weighing of the evidence, you will find after this letter some pertinent quotes from "One Star in Sight". Do learn these at least, if you are very serious about a real teacher. When you have prepared yourself by a little solid groundwork, you will be ready for a teacher and it is a tradition that such a teacher will be available to you at that time, but not before.

Further considerations ought to be mentioned for those who wish to work alone and apply Crowley's instructions to all their work. There is a danger in working alone, that the person will be so blinded by his own ego that he will not truly balance himself and apply also processes of psycho-analysis to himself. This is partly the reason why we have such frauds as described above. A good teacher can administer ordeals or point out to you things which you, if left alone, would rather not have to face. This is extremely dangerous as it can leave you a candidate for the insane asylum or otherwise in a very bad situation. Let us hope then, that all of you can find that which will further your own True Will.

Love is the law, love under will,

Soror Meral

Quotes from "One Star in Sight" from MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE by A. Crowley.

Remarks on the 5^o = 6^o Grade of A.:A.:

"His work is to manifest the Beauty of the Order to the world, in the way that his superiors enjoin, and his genius dictates."

"They (Masters of A.:A.:) have taken the only proper course; to train aspirants to this attainment in the theory and practice of the whole of Magick and Mysticism, so that each man may be expert in the handling of all known weapons, and free to choose and to use those which his own experience and instinct dictate as proper when he essays the Great Experiment."

"He is furthermore trained to the one habit essential to Membership of the A.:A.:, he must regard all his attainments as primarily the property of those less advanced aspirants who are confided to his charge."

"No attainment soever is officially recognized by the A.:A.: unless the immediate inferior of the person in question has been fitted by him to take his place."

"There is also a rule that the Members of A.:A.: shall not know each other officially, save only each Member his superior who introduced him and his inferior whom he has himself introduced."

"The real object of the rule was to prevent Members of the same Grade working together and so blurring each other's individuality; also to prevent work developing into social intercourse."

Further remarks affecting everyone in A.:A.:

"The Grades of the Order of the G.D. are fully described in Liber 185 (in the back of GEMS FROM THE EQUINOX), and there is no need to amplify what is there stated. It must, however, be carefully remarked that in each of these preliminary Grades there are appointed certain tasks appropriate, and that the ample accomplishment of each and every one of these is insisted upon with the most rigorous rigidity."

"Members of the A.:A.: of whatever grade are not bound or expected or even encouraged to work on any stated lines, or with any special object, save as has been above set forth. There is however an absolute prohibition to accept money or other material reward, directly or indirectly in respect of any service connected with the Order, for personal profit or advantage. The penalty is immediate expulsion, with no possibility of reinstatement on any terms soever."

"So must all Members of the A.:A.: work by the Magical Formula of the Aeon."

"They must accept THE BOOK OF THE LAW as the Word and the Letter of Truth, and the sole Rule of Life. They must acknowledge the Authority of the Beast 666 and of the Scarlet Woman as in the book it is defined, and accept Their Will as concentrating the Will of our Whole Order. They must accept the Crowned and Conquering Child as the Lord of the Aeon, and exert themselves to establish His reign upon Earth. They must acknowledge that "The Word of the Law is Thelema" and that "Love is the Law, love under Will."

"Each member must make it his main work to discover for himself his own true will, and to do it, and do nothing else."

"He must accept those orders in THE BOOK OF THE LAW that apply to himself as being necessarily in accordance with his own true will, and execute the same to the letter with all the energy, courage and ability that he can command. This applies especially to the work of extending the Law in the world, wherein his proof is his own success, the witness of his Life to the Law that hath given him light in his ways, and liberty to pursue them. Thus doing, he payeth his debt to the Law that hath freed him by working its will to free all men; and he proveth himself a true man in our Order by willing to bring his fellows into freedom."

"Such is a brief account, adapted as far as may be to the average aspirant to Adeptship, or Attainment, or Initiation, or Mastership, or Union with God, or Spiritual Development, or Mahatmaship, or Freedom, or Occult Knowledge, or whatever he may call his inmost need of Truth, of our Order of A.:A.:."

"But the systems here given shows the correct order of events, as they are arranged in Nature; and in no case is it safe for a man to neglect to master any single detail, however dreary and distasteful it may seem. It often does so, indeed; that only insists on the necessity of dealing with it. The dislike and contempt for it bear witness to a weakness and incompleteness in the nature which disowns it; that particular gap in one's defences may admit the enemy at the very turning-point of some battle. Worse, one were shamed for ever if one's inferior should happen to ask for advice and aid on that subject and one were to fail in service to him! His failure - one's own failure also! No step, however well won for oneself, till he is ready for his own advance!"

"Every Member of the A.:A.: must be armed at all points, and expert with every weapon. The examinations in every Grade are strict and severe; no loose or vague answers are accepted. In intellectual questions, the candidate must display no less mastery of his subject than if he were entered in the 'final' for Doctor of Science or Law at a first-class University."

"In examination of physical practices, there is a standardized test. In Asana, for instance, the candidate must remain motionless for a given time, his success being gauged by poising on his head a cup filled with water to the brim; if he spill one drop, he is rejected."

"He is tested in 'the Spirit Vision' or 'Astral Journeying' by giving him a symbol unknown and unintelligible to him, and he must interpret its nature by means of a vision as exactly as if he had read its name and description in the book when it was chosen."

"The power to make and 'charge' talismans is tested as if they were scientific instruments of precision, as they are."

"In the Qabalah, the candidate must discover for himself, and prove to the examiner beyond all doubt, the properties of a number never previously examined by any student."

"In invocation the divine force must be made as manifest and unmistakeable as the effects of chloroform; in evocation, the spirit called forth must be at least as visible and tangible as the heaviest vapours; in divination, the answer must be as precise as a scientific thesis, and as accurate as an audit; in meditation, the results must read like a specialist's report of a classical case."

"By such methods, the A.:A.: intends to make occult science as systematic and scientific as chemistry; to rescue it from the ill repute which, thanks both to the ignorant and dishonest quacks that have prostituted its name, and to the fanatical and narrow-minded enthusiasts that have turned it into a fetish, has made it an object of aversion to those very minds whose enthusiasm and integrity make them most in need of its benefits, and most fit to obtain them."

"It is the one really important science, for it transcends the conditions of material existence and so is not liable to perish with the planet, and it must be studied as a science, sceptically, with the utmost energy and patience."

"The A.:A.: possesses the secrets of success; it makes no secret of its knowledge, and if its secrets are not everywhere known and practised, it is because the abuses connected with the name of occult science disincline official investigators to examine the evidence at their disposal."

"This paper has been written not only with the object of attracting individual seekers into the way of Truth, but of affirming the propriety of the methods of the A.:A.: as the basis for the next great step in the advance of human knowledge."

O.M. 7^o = 4^o A.:A.:
Praemonstrator of the
Order of the R...C...

"Given from the Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum, Cefalu, Sicily, in the Seventeenth Year of the Aeon of Horus, the Sun being in 23^o Virgo and the Moon in 14^o Cancer."

JANE WOLFE

Chapter I.

The Ore

Who was Jane Wolfe?

It is seldom that we get the full life story of someone who worked with Crowley's Thelemic system of training in Cefalu for three years, and who was, besides, a woman, and who emerged from those years with The Great Beast with some degree of attainment. She managed to survive Crowley's ordeals, as did Karl Germer later, a no mean feat!

Let us start at the beginning. Sarah Jane Wolfe was born in St. Petersburg, Clarion County, Pennsylvania at 4:00 a.m. on March 21, 1875. The reader will notice that she was born in the same year as Crowley, over six months prior to his birth on October 12 of that year.

Her name at birth was Sarah Jane but when she later went on the stage, she adopted the single name of Jane. She was the middle child, her brother, John, was born in the previous year and her sister, Mary K., was born a year and a day later, the same year that their father died. John was to spend many years in Montana but Jane and Mary K. were to be closely associated through much of their lives.

The mother of the children was embittered against their father, spoke of him in a derogatory sense many times and was never to marry again.

The children spent their earliest years on their Grandfather's farm in Pennsylvania where they had a beautiful and very free life, roaming, romping and playing with cats, dogs, frogs, which they considered their toys and their friends. Jane liked to climb trees and jump from great heights in the barn. She always acted like a tomboy and could not get up any interest in the usual pursuits of girls.

Jane loved her grandfather and snuggled up in his arms whenever she could. He was a very busy man as he raised very nearly all that the family ate and used on his farm. Grandmother worked hard in the kitchen and turned out delicious Pennsylvania Dutch treats for the family and the hired hands. Jane was equally fond of her too, for whenever she got smacked or punished by her mother she was all for running to Grandmother and telling on mother. Mary K. remarked in later years that they had too many bosses.

Jane's mother read the best of literature to her children, Milton's "Paradise Lost", Coleridge's "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" and other good poetry and, of course, the Bible. Jane was then to read her first novel when in her teens.

When Jane was six the family went to Florida for the winter and the children had a gorgeous time, wild as Indians. But the school was a trial to Jane and Mary K. because of one girl who kept teasing, saying, "Ugh, the Wolfie might bite me!" over and over again. This would cause them both to return home in tears.

When Jane was seven and eight years old the family lived at McKnightstown, only four miles from their grandfather's farm and they used to visit there with great enjoyment. During this period Jane had a serious attack of croup, her second; the first attack was as a baby. When Jane was eight the family again moved, this time to Cashtown, and still the children enjoyed a free and unrestricted life, romping, climbing trees and roofs, playing ball at school, and many other active sports. Jane preferred to play with boys rather than girls and could not stand to remain quiet for any long period of time.

When she was ten, she and her brother attended an orphan's home and school maintained by their church. John's tuition was paid, but Jane was allowed to attend free. Her mother was later to insist that it was here that Jane's stomach troubles began and too many times Jane was compelled to eat food so detestable to her that she would rush from the table and vomit it up.

She was precocious and far ahead of other girls in her studies but at the Church home she was put back into lower grades. This home made John's life such a hell that in two years it was abandoned.

During this period of Jane's life, her brother showed both girls his male organs in the bushes at the farm. One can only speculate on the Victorian type of repressions that were then the vogue.

She also got typhoid fever in these years and took to her bed on Christmas day and was lying around for weeks afterwards. At Easter she was up and around once more. But her nose bled almost every day during the fever period. Also, during these years, the big toe joint on her left foot got sore from too short a shoe and resulted in a ghastly mess of puss and inflammation and consequent soreness and only subsided after she came to California in 1910.

When Jane was thirteen the family was again back on the farm and stayed there until she was nineteen. She was to enjoy one year of boarding school at the age of 16 which she found free, exhilarating and stimulating. After this experience, Jane found

that her home was too cramped and small and she began to dream of the future, carrying in her head an idea of her dream man as any young woman is like to do. It was also during this time, when she was perched high in a tree, that her first mystical experience came to her. The world seemed to open up into a blaze of light and glory and vague understandings stirred in the young woman.

At age 19 she attended Eastman Business College in Poughkeepsie to prepare for stenographic work. She loved to flirt with the boys and it was here that she met her first flame, a Spaniard from Puerto Rico.

Her pride and contempt for weakness and meanness is shown in her own words in this incident: "At Eastman College was a professor who was a cripple, both legs dangled, his face and body were soft fat, and his hands boneless to some extent, misshapen and lumpy. He insisted on shaking hands with me; his hands made me squirm. One time he made me re-write a long article because I had used the plural "we" one place when it should have been "I" - or vice versa.

"I said nothing, looked at him silently, without a trace of emotion. My inner being was purple with rage. What I wanted was to have him under my feet, where I could have ground my heels into his face and made a complete pulp of it."

When she left the Business College she went to New York where she got a job as a stenographer at the sum of \$10. a week. Of this money, \$1.00 a week went towards music lessons which she took once a week in the evenings. She practiced very hard, too, but was not to play the piano very much in later life.

The first two years in New York started out with a happy attitude towards life, she thought all was one ray of sunshine and was so innocent that she believed anyone who clasped her hand and smiled on her was a true and reliable friend. She so trusted life and everybody she met that strangers would often ask her if she had never experienced unhappiness.

But after two years she never laughed and only smiled perfunctorily. She wore a mask of indifference and was to her own thinking, no more than an animated corpse. Due to this, she sought the stage as an outlet for her absolute despair.

In her own words, some of her early psychological states really affected her deeply. "The cramping and in-drawing did begin before going to New York, as I now recall. We lost respect for mother through her quarrels with her mother. She was not always truthful with us. She did things which humiliated and

chagrined us - both when we were alone with her and also when others were about. We felt a really violent physical repulsion. We got to the point where we could not bear to come into physical contact with her - she seemed somehow unclean.

"Mother was never troubled with suppressions or repressions. She was brought up in some ways carefully, in other ways she partook of the rough, uncouth country life around her. Whatever she felt like doing, that she did without considering what we might think or feel." In later life Jane was to enjoy her mother's antics and laugh at them. She became more tolerant due to life experience, but as a young girl she felt loathing and disgust which sometimes rankled into a rage and spilled out. She felt this was opposite to her own nature for when she was thirteen she felt shy and dumb.

After ten years working as a stenographer she experienced an attack of neuritis in the right arm and she could no longer take notes or type. This incident decided her on a stage career, which had appealed to her for some years, but she had seemed unable to make the necessary break. The neuritis settled the problem and she sought the life of the stage.

Here she was successful and much happier and worked with the Kalem Company, an early acting outfit which later experimented with early movies. Also, for a year or two Jane was on the road with the "Buster Brown Show". From New York she went to Hollywood in 1910 where she was active in early silent movies, usually taking supporting roles, as her face was strong and decisive and did not fit into the idea of the very feminine type of ingénue of the time. She was an excellent actress and rarely lacked work.

CHAPTER II.

The Fire

In the Fall of 1913 the book "Magic, Black and White" was given to Jane to read and after this she dipped into various magazines and books of an occult nature. She tried to do some meditation but abandoned it.

Meanwhile, Mary K. had finished her nurse's training in New York and had worked for some years there. She joined Jane in California and worked for a little while as a nurse on location for the same studio which employed Jane. There were many things going on between actors and actresses which Mary K. did not approve of, but she grew in tolerance. By 1916 she was with the American Red Cross in France, nursing the wounded of World War I.

In August of 1917 the ouija board came to Jane's attention and a spirit whom she called "Bab" and another called "Gan", a Chinese, gave her definite messages and then departed. After this, spirits who represented themselves as the first two came and gave messages but Jane discovered the fraud and abandoned the board.

October of that same year saw her with "The Equinox", Vol. I, No. 1 and "Book 4" which she had ordered. She then tried Prana-yama for a month and discontinued it also. She also tried a teacher for about three weeks but found this unsatisfactory.

She met a person who was to have a great deal of influence on her, one L.V. Jefferson, who did a lot of automatic writing and was very psychic. A disembodied spirit named Fee Wah used the hand of Jefferson and said he would be glad to take Jane as a student. Early in 1918 she tried her own automatic writing and was told by Fee Wah to go to Montana as her brother was about to pass through and needed instruction from Jane before the going.

At intervals "Bab" appeared again and exercised her arm for flexibility and relaxation, telling her it was necessary for the writing she was to do later.

She decided to test Fee Wah's reliability and resolved to go to Montana. When she told this to "Bab" a tremulous radiance permeated the room and he wrote: "You are giving more than you know."

In Montana the expected event did not transpire and a violent reaction took place in Jane. At this, another spirit whom she could somehow obey came at the request of her "guide" and told her to return and that matters would be explained and signed himself, "Elder Brother".

The second day after her return to California in the afternoon, she was told by "Bab" to remain home in the evening as she was to be told of herself and her work. Fee Wah came and in answer to her demand said that it was necessary to reach her in that way. She asked, "Then lies are permissible?" At this the pencil was taken hold of by "Elder Brother" who said that the automatic method of communication with himself and "Bab" must be discontinued and that she must learn the lesson of unselfishness, get her lessons where she would, walk alone and thus develop her strength and that she had been watched for some time as she had a work to do.

She stopped automatic writing.

So in February she began a course of instruction by Fee Wah

given through the hand of L.V. Jefferson and took up meditation again seriously and without a break.

The lessons were seriously typed out by Jefferson and were given once a week. They read as standard metaphysical advice is apt to do, were intelligent and coherent. During the week the lessons were studied by Jane, Jefferson, and his wife Adelle.

In the late part of April she was told to again take up the automatic writing. "Bab" came and continued to exercise her arm and Fee Wah would occasionally write a few lines.

Again an entity arrived who called himself John Myers who told her he was aligned with evil and desired nothing else, that he loved her and that she belonged to him. When she refused to receive him he tried to come as "Bab" or Fee Wah. After a few deceptions she learned to distinguish him with the first two or three words written and sent him away.

In May of 1918 she took writing signed with a Sun and Moon symbol when she was sitting in a light headed fashion. These writings came with more and more frequency until she was sitting two or three times a day, her hand moving with a rapidity which she normally would be incapable of doing. When she wanted to yield to fatigue Fee Wah would enter and admonish her not to do it, not to quit.

During these writings she became conscious of a center at the top of her head and after a time she became concerned. She was told, "Fear not, we are working with you". She was conscious of speech in this center from an outside source. One night she was awakened at 4:00 a.m. and told to "Prepare for work". When she arose to obey she was then told, "Retire, we wished to know if you were willing." During this period she reported that often she would be tucked into bed by unseen hands.

She was also given by automatic writing a system of exercises. She would stand up and the impulse flowed out and in the direction where it was desired that various parts of the body should be used.

On May 9 Fee Wah told her: "Now my daughter, you must put on your armor for the way is steep and thorny and will call for all your strength and courage. The need is great, the workers few, and you are to be rushed through. But I warn you that when once started there must be no turning back, for that way lies destruction." She was also told that she was one of the "chosen ones".

Two days later she started dictation at 9:00 p.m. and wrote continuously under tremendous physical fatigue until 4:00 the next morning. She slept for two hours and then she was awakened

and was told: "You have worked for us, now we shall do something for you". With this there came a drawing upward in the center top of her head which almost lifted her torso from the couch. This continued for some time and Jane found it was both painful and not painful and she felt no fear. The pulling ceased and she lay tranquil for some time.

Then came a lavender light followed by ecstasy. The after affect of this was to make her laugh violently and crazily, which was followed by a weeping episode of an ecstasy of gratitude and she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have found me".

She was compelled to go to the Laskey studio at 9:00 to report for work. In the dressing room she was told that Jefferson had an opportunity for illumination but that he had refused. This filled Jane with agony and she was entreated to reach Jefferson. Another entity spoke and Jane was filled with an infinite yearning and tenderness.

She was called to the stage and while there and waiting she was told to pray for Jefferson. She was dismayed, after all she was at work. But this refusal filled her with suffering. When she returned to the dressing room she was chided for her refusal and with this she sank into a hell of her own making.

She left the studio at 12:30 and spent the next few hours in an agony that she had refused to acknowledge that God was the gist. She was then put through a series of questionings and exposures which proved that at the studio she could not take a stand.

At 4:00 in the afternoon of that day she returned to the studio and wandered from place to place, not able to utter a word. The director and his full company took her to task and she sat down and went through such a strong emotional reaction that a doctor was sent for. She thought this was sufficient and left, but a short way outside of the studio a voice said, "But you did not acknowledge God". She returned and climbed on a high part of the C.B. De Mille set and the words were forced from her, "It is God, it is illumination!" She repeated this a few times and left. She passed through the grounds shouting the same sentence louder and louder, "It is God, it is illumination!"

Someone wanted to send her home but she promised to be quiet and left. When some distance up the street the shouting continued and it seemed that the words were forced from her lips. They sent an automobile from the studio but she was already on the streetcar and continued to shout, adding, "Jefferson, you must come through!"

While changing cars at Edendale in order to go to Glendale to see the Jeffersons, she again shouted. The studio car arrived

and she was asked where she wished to go. Then they told her that they had sent for the police. Her inner voice ordered silence and with this, she told them she wished to go to Glendale and gave the address of L.V. Jefferson's house. She arrived there feeling entirely calm and composed.

She sobbed out her story to the Jeffersons and they put her to bed and later prepared refreshment for her. But when she sat down to eat, again she was taken and L.V. was vehemently denounced for attempting to interfere with a "chosen one". At this, Jane could eat nothing. She left the house, saying that she was going to Los Angeles. Jefferson, understandably worried, said he would accompany her. She refused, but he followed after her. At this, she turned and denounced him so bitterly that he dared not go any farther.

On the streetcar, her thoughts all became entangled with considerations of Christ and she shouted again but now it seemed of her own free will. Her inner voice said, "Now you are shouting". At this she remained silent until she got to Broadway where it seemed to be most crowded. She got off the streetcar and started the shouting again, still now with the feeling that it was her own self that was doing it, and not that the words were being forced from her.

The police took her, two men from the studio were nearby, and she was taken to the receiving hospital. When at the door she protested violently that it was not the jail. But she was told that this was jail and so she entered calmly and was locked up for the night. Her ordeal continued all night, though not verbally, and she was unable to sleep.

In the morning she was put under restraint and at this her voice said: "And now the personality of Jane Wolfe is crucified."

Friends came and took her to a sanitarium where during the day she noted the feeble minded and the insane. Every night the ordeals continued from 9:30 or 10:00 until dawn without any sleep whatever. She was told her intellect was to be taken away from her, as it was a stumbling block. She was told by the voices many things which she did not understand, others seemed to be the truth, and others were falsehoods and also sayings which were neither. She was held in an asana for about three hours, different centers of her body were used, other eyes looked through hers, creating a line of light around them. She saw projected in front of her three heads and was told they were Fee Wah, Alester and "that one who called himself Christ". At one time these were represented as Black magicians and at other times they were White magicians.

She was shown the necessity for opposing poles of various types of manifestations. Will and Desire must be united for a complete off-spring, and this was demonstrated to her. Her memory was retraced from end to the beginning of a particular occurrence as though she was climbing a mountain. If any omission was made, such as a flower or a rock, the memory was taken back to note the omission before it could again continue the journey.

She was told that she must leave the physical body and remain away for two nights, returning the third day, and this was to be accomplished by a stopping of the breath. She attempted this but her fear was so great that she was told that this time she would be excused.

Her whole being was laid bare to herself and she was shown how she watched everything she did, how her egotism blocked her, and how she lacked a love for the things of God. She realized the spiritual side of music, even the crudest forms, and the spirituality inherent in mother love which had always seemed to her to be selfish more than otherwise.

Fortunately for Jane, the doctor at the Sanitarium had been in India and had studied their religions and their life there. He saved Jane from a psychotic ward and in the sanitarium she was able to come through her ordeal after two weeks.

After many of these internal talks which went on nightly, Jane obtained release while walking on the grounds with her nurse. They came to a hilltop and Jane saw before her a beautiful "City of God", one of the most ravishing scenes she was ever to behold. There were blankets of mist through which the sun shone, transfiguring the earth below, and creating one vast symphony. She looked long, drinking in the beauty of the scene and then turned her back, facing the valley from which she came. The valley now looked opaque and dull, without any light, and she said: "I will not be forced, I choose the valley".

She became calmer and was allowed to go home again where she worked at gaining self-control and the re-establishment of poise. The pain in her head was constantly of a greater or lesser intensity and every night for four or five hours a conflict took place until exhaustion released her and she could sleep. Everything seemed broken and disconnected, that part of her which was not the physical vibrated as with electric currents in broken and jagged lines. She actually feared to sleep and often had to battle an emotional reaction to the loss of sleep. She could only get about three or five hours of sleep, and about every ten days, she managed about seven or eight hours. She took on weight gradually, gained strength and felt a physical improvement.

This battle to gain normality and self-control went on all summer and meanwhile Jane worked at the studio as before. In the Fall the work could be slackened a bit but the original experience returned in lesser fashion again during the winter. By the Spring and Summer of 1919 she was experiencing less and less frequency of the elements of her illuminations and ordeals.

In July of 1920 she noticed that an occasional rigidity occurred in the head but that no pain was caused by it.

It was early in 1919 that Jane began writing to Crowley.

(To be continued)

MUSIC

Fleeting now is this essence of life
Forming in clouds in the empyrean.
Oh, Joy, that hovers near and hidden,
Sharp poignant thrust as a knife
Slicing through a heart shaken
By sounds sweet beyond those solemn
And majestic, slow-moving clouds
That ride the twilight wind;
Forming ever a rose and blue shroud
For hills far distant and limned
In the self-same blue of heaven.

Fitting accompaniment to a moment
This symphony of cloud and sound.
Fitting expression of music that foment
Tender love in the glittering round
Of thoughts twined in the voice of the heart.
Life's essence is in song and we are part
Of eternal Joy. Oh, Life, Oh, Love,
Oh, Beauty existing timeless and free
For the heart reaching along and among
The agonies of suffering. Now purified, sees
The eternity of joy that lies in a song.

Meral

Dec. 5, 1956

Letters from Crowley to an unknown Frater

Bankers Trust Company
3-5 Place Vendome,
Paris

January 6, 1927

Care Frater:

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

I was very glad to receive your letter of January 2nd. I am really exceedingly grateful to you: you raise a point which must be a serious handicap to you. I shall try to write this letter so as to cover the whole theory, and thus serve as a statement of general principle for the Aeon of Horus.

You need not bother about the people in India who cover their mouths for fear of swallowing an insect, and who strain their water with the same idea. There are numerous stories about this in the Hindu and Buddhist classics. I recall, in particular, the case of the blind Arahāt who walked on the terrace and trampled to death many million ants. The Buddha explained the whole thing by a long and ridiculous story about a previous incarnation, how it was that he was blind, and consequently capable of having such dreadful accidents. But all this is to be wiped out of our minds as superstition and misunderstanding of the nature of life.

We have a right to eat animals because it is the kindest thing we can do to them. Thus, and only thus, can we enable them to fulfil their ambition by building up their tissue into that of a higher organism (that is, if any one supposes that any justification is necessary).

You say you have an inhibition. The answer is:

"The word of Sin is Restriction."

Liber Legis, Cap. II, 41

You say this is caused by a fear. The answer is:

"Fear is failure", etc.

Neophyte Ritual of G.Ō.D.Ō.

Also:

"Fear not at all; fear neither men nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth. Nu is your refuge as Hadit your light; and I am the strength, force, vigour, of your arms."

Liber Legis, Cap. III, 17

Soror Estai makes a remark on the above which induces me to explain that the word 'fear' is used in two senses. If I wish to cross the road I 'fear' that I shall be run over. If I did not, I should be simply a fool. But I cross the road despite that fear, taking what I consider to be the necessary precautions. As it is written, "By courage conquering fear shall ye approach me."

With regard to your concrete example of the man stealing a book for a great purpose. I am inclined to answer, paradoxically, that he would not get the power if he did make reparation. To do so would be to admit the consciousness of guilt; that is, of having violated his own True Will. (Even though he were mistaken on the point.)

The case against theft, murder, etc., is given in LIBER ALEPH, where it is shown that all such acts are really crimes against one-self. It is thus just to take away from a man the physical life which he has taken from another. In the case of theft, it is absurd to imprison him. He should simply be deprived of the right to possess property since he does not respect property, until he learns sense. This has been tried on children and is very effective.

But, generally speaking, all ideas of moral right and wrong have got to be eliminated. Follow your own True Will and take the consequences of the act that this involves. Any errors that you make thus become indiscretions. There is no reason for being ashamed of them, except as one is ashamed of clumsiness in any work one is doing. All moral sense (in the conventional use of the word) is ignorance either inherited or acquired. In point of fact, you have no right to judge of an act, because you have not the means of estimating its issue. Consider the poem of Thomas Parnell, "The Angel".

It being thus established that no one is wise enough to judge any act in detail, we get to the question of general courses of conduct. For instance, suppose a man whose True Will is to be a great engineer. He decides to build a Forth bridge, or what not. He knows perfectly well that in the course of building the bridge a considerable number of lives will be lost. Is he to abandon his intention on account of that? It is scruples of this kind which prevent mean people from doing anything at all.

Now go back to what I said above about eating animals. The principle holds. Take my own case. I wish to benefit the human race by raising it to the jurisdiction of the Law of Thelema. It is evident that I who would not willingly injure the smallest animal, must contemplate with complete indifference the destruction of millions of human beings in the course of the operation. All I can do is to minimize the damage by inviting mankind to submit themselves, immediately and without question, to obey the dictates of my wisdom; and as far as they do not do this, I am not responsible

for their misadventures. And it is certainly going to be much worse for them, insofar as they do not do that.

You have only got to cast your eye over the history of the last 22 years to observe what senseless catastrophes have overtaken practically every great nation on the planet through their attempts to blunder through to the Law, instead of putting themselves under my enlightened guidance.

The moral for yourself should now be an obvious conclusion from these premises. You have got to put everything that you have or are into the work of establishing the Law of Thelema. You should not waste a moment in avoiding the smashes that will naturally occur in consequence of the stupidity of children playing "Last-Across"; and still less in trying to pick up the remains.

There is always this complete satisfaction about the problem: that Nature is exactly just in the scientific and not the moral sense of the word. (Consider the fundamental Laws of Chemistry.) Whatever you do is, therefore, perfectly compensated in one way or another. But there is a difference, if only a temporary one, between taking a lump of marble and carving it into a statue of Hermes, and taking that statue of Hermes and burning it for lime. The only question of morality arises by consideration of the True Will. Do we want the statue, or do we need the lime more? And this is a question that can only be resolved by a consideration of the circumstances, and that always is a question which one can only solve imperfectly, because one is inevitably ignorant of the totality of the circumstances, not only for the present, but for the future; and here one must simply rely upon one's own judgment as one has nothing else to guide one. What people call morality is in fact no more than a rough and ready statement of what the Law of Probabilities, based on experience, indicates as best on general grounds, a question of averages. And this is mostly for the benefit of people who never really think at all about what is right or wrong, who have not the capacity for such thought, and whose actual bewilderment is such that unless they had some such guide, they would be perfectly incapable of action of any kind for fear of doing the wrong thing. Or, dismissing this fear, to blunder along after the ignis fatuis of their desires of the moment: as many still do.

But if you will read the history of all the great men of the planet, you will notice that none of them have been bound by morality of any sort. When it has seemed that they were so bound, it was merely that the conditions of the problem were such that they thought it expedient to comply with the conventions of the mob by cloaking their intentions under a mask of conventional morality. One has only to think of the propaganda on both sides during the War. One needs scarcely add that appeals to the Tribal Deity in each case were simply emotional outbursts due principally to the

consciousness that their attempts to reason that they were right had broken down.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally yours,

666

March 2, 1927

Care Frater:

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

Glad to have yours of the 25th ult. I think I am beginning to understand the case fairly well.

From one cause or another, you have never been able to relax properly. You are in a state of continual tension. I think that an important part of the adoption of the religious life is that the man throws overboard the Jonah of his social responsibilities. In the ensuing condition of complete relief he is able to go to work.

This applies, of course, to any system of going out of the world. Naturally, if such a step is taken in a fit of ill temper or impatience, or under the strain of some particular worry, the relief is not permanent. That I imagine is why religious orders insist on a period of probation, to be sure that the postulant has a real vocation.

It is certainly a great pity that you did not run away to sea. Generally speaking, doctrines never operate conversions. It is a radical change of environment which is necessary. What I said about an affair with a few barmaids, etc., still holds good, but it is not a practical scheme, for the simple reason that you are really tied up economically. I therefore find myself compelled to echo the late Horace Greeley. "Go West, young man! Go West!" If you could get a job more or less equivalent to your present job, in America you would find yourself enormously more free. Of course, you would have to leave the family at home for a year or two. For in New York you would meet an immense variety of people of all races and classes. You would get away from the obsession of the monotonous fixed idea of English routine, and you could lead a more or less adventurous life - - which is, of course, what you really need to allow yourself to expand without absolutely destroying your economic position.

I must say that I find it practically impossible to deal with the ordinary Englishman, even if he happens to be a rich man. He

is caught in the inevitable web of the 'Code of Good Form', which is really just as oppressive for a Duke as for a dustman - in some ways even more so. The time is past when Lord Randolph Churchill could say in public that the highest and lowest classes in England were united by their cheerful immorality - or words to that effect. Yet I remember those times perfectly well myself. The only enslaved class was the bourgeois. But now, thanks principally to the newspapers, everybody (bar a few rare individual cases,) has been forced to become bourgeois. With the result that a man of free spirit has to choose between exile and insurrection. That is the real meaning of the Communist movement. The economic theories of Marx, which are quite impracticable, have no importance; but one finds the best born and the richest people in the country making common cause with the rebel element. They realise perfectly well that their own material advantages will disappear in the revolution, and they shrug their shoulders and say, "Well, we can't help that. Anything is better than the present stagnation of smug respectability!"

Once you get these ideas into your head you should be able to think out for yourself a course of practical action.

I do wish, however, that you would manage to find enough time and money to come over to Paris for a few days, just to give you an idea of the possibilities of freedom so that you would have a conscious ideal for which to strive instead of a merely negative anguish of oppression. It is for that same reason that Adepts have often given to their more serious students doses of hashish, in order to prove to them that the bonds of Time and Space which they had supposed inexorable could very easily be broken. One such experience encourages the aspirant far more than any idealistic description of the 'Happy land, far, far away' and the 'Friend for little children beyond the bright blue sky', and all that which they learned before they were 20, is all lies and tommy rot, unless they have some actual spiritual experience strong enough to withstand all the assaults of the sceptical cynicism which is drummed into them by daily life.

It is hard to ask a man to take a drastic decision of a revolutionary character unless he is certain without error that the object for which he is aiming is at least possible of attainment and not a mere wish-phantasm.

Love is the law, love under will.

Faternally yours,

666

Lincoln Place
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Feb. 14, 1928

Dear Jane,
93

I had your letter (without date, as usual; when will Jane Wolfe learn to mark the date? Don't you put dates in your diary?) this morning.

No reply from S. - I feel myself always unable to say anything as soon as such topics as O.T.O. as distinguished from the A.:A.: are brought up. Also, I don't know what the oath of the Abyss really means, though I have heard the term frequently. If this Abyss refers to the crossing between $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$ and $8^{\circ} = 3^{\circ}$, then I believe Monsieur S. is less inspired by his H.G.A. than by vanity, ambition, etc., in short, by instinkations* (excuse my English) of his evil Persona. This was my immediate reaction, and the day has not changed it. Of course I know that I am absolutely unable to feel in terms of individual human beings with the exception of some very few for whom I have genuine affection. I am only capable of thinking and reacting in conceptions of humanity as a whole. So I say: "What's the use of preventing him from going to hell?" I do not say that no effort should be made to make him reconsider his idea. If you feel yourself inclined to do something, I am of opinion you should not restrict yourself. Naturally, Beast is the supreme judge. But as his reply may take a long time (provided He has not acted on the magical plane), I thought it right at least to tell you my opinion of the case. My view is: he should think and occupy himself with his step, which is to reach the next grade. He should do the little things: have a shoeshine, a shave, a haircut, his suit pressed, a bath, etc., etc., in order to be able to appear before his God. It is, I believe, a blasphemy to do otherwise, and the punishment will probably be accordingly.

The very fact that he "seems to be dissatisfied since he has been regularly seeing you" appears to show that you are having a definite magical influence on people. All the more is it important for you to watch yourself very carefully, lest the influence be detrimental. Everything may be perfectly alright; really nothing can happen unless it is in some subtle way the intention of the Gods. But the aim should be to be the conscious tool of Them. Or, in Beast's terminology: to do things in accordance with one's H.G.A.

Dorothy is still in Chicago. I think you can rely on her now to take in everything solely from the point of view of: How can I help the Work? with utter forgetfulness of her own personal interests. I believe she is "saved", as you say in English.

Your questions about AL. You ought to know all the dire punishments which came in the first 22 years from the fact that Beast and all around Him discussed certain passages of AL freely. He Himself openly connected certain passages with definite persons. Achad, Mudd, Leah followed Him. Leah evidently did it though she had had the

* from stink

Comment. Many of Beast's attributions seem to have been erroneous and created terrible harm. Achad fell. Mudd became practically obsessed and insane (though this was probably his own fault). It is so hard for anyone to resist the temptation to consider himself one or the other in AL. Why, don't you remember the punishment I got in 1926 for writing that stupid letter to Beast, though I should have remembered the Comment? - The Comment was inspired actually after Beast got one of those insane letters by Mudd; He got wild and into Samadhi. I think one has to keep this in mind. It makes one understand a lot. Beast erred so long Himself and was punished so terribly; just that He should be able to tell others how to avoid the same punishment.

Then also, things should not be discussed for argument's sake. It is magically bad: if a man does not understand, and you think you do, it is absolutely no use to argue: you can only try and teach him, and even this probably only on a higher plane. (Compare what the free discussion of the Bible, etc., has led to in the past. Nothing but controversies; innumerable sects based all on one Book. And everybody thinks he or she is right in the interpretation.) Argumentation falls under the heading: "Because" who is damned for a dog. But the main thing is, you weaken your magical force and point of view. If you want to help, try and teach in a round-about way. Suppose you tell a savage or a child the Earth is round and he says: now that is positively absurd, the Earth is flat, can't you see it? You must be insane! What's the use of arguing? Don't say a word; at the first opportunity (which will positively come, if you really have the Will to help him), take him by the hand to a plain and make him explain the fact that in the far distance no tree is visible: then, as you approach with your car, etc., first a roof of a house is visible, or the top of a hill, or on the sea, the smoke of a ship and very gradually the whole. Let him draw his own conclusions. Later give him further food for thought. In the end he will come and clasp your feet and say: what a fool I was. He will have implicit confidence from then on.

So also with AL. (You see I know these things fairly well, yet I never act by this wisdom.) - However, I don't see a need for showing somebody your copy of AL, though I equally don't see why it should do any harm, though I would perhaps hesitate to give it out of my hand. It is a well known fact that if there was a publisher it would be immediately distributed all over the world in the reproduction with the Comment. And if you can show a man in the meantime the Comment, I think you are only doing him a great help.

Why should it be wrong to quote AL? Does not Beast quote it daily in His greetings? There will probably be someday a preacher or preachers all over the world who will popularise and explain the Law. Unless I may be mistaken. Just how it would have to be done I cannot see at the present.

I know that these remarks leave many questions and raise new ones. I believe everybody has in this early stage to guide himself or herself by his own judgment.

I don't know if you know that Viator, or Schneider, has broken off diplomatic connections with me some time ago. I wanted you to be informed about it. He considered my definite request to contribute in finances as an imposition and an interference with his True Will. Beast, to whom he sent the correspondence, let him down. I believe he is in a critical state and either conquers his money-complex or becomes stagnant.

No progress with C.E. I believe it is an "ordeal" or a "test" for me to get her to contribute. If the Gods don't help me, I don't see how I am going to succeed. These women!

I am glad that "you have rounded the corner". I hope it means more.

93 93/93

With fraternal greetings,

Karl

From LIBER VII, Cap. III, v. 17 & 18.

17. Thou shalt have a lover among the lords of the grey land.

18. This shall be bring unto thee, without which all is in vain; a man's life spilt for thy love upon Mine Altars.

Aleister Crowley

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

It is very interesting to examine the evolution of Women's Liberation movements in the light of recent developments.

Before an honest appraisal of this phenomenon can be made it is necessary to dwell a moment upon the more extreme elements such as is personified by Germaine Greer.

In practically every case of extreme behaviour in this movement there is a history of unhappy childhood, which, whether resulting from parental, religious or other environmental causes, produces in the female extremes of frustration, rejection and latent hostility which, taken to uncontrolled lengths, often results in the psychopathology occasionally manifesting itself as a direct attack upon the male sex.

Unfortunately, in this modern civilization with its accent on materialism, we in the Western world have neglected or tossed aside as effete the true reality behind sex. The polarity which exists, not just on the material or mundane plane, but upon every plane of existence, is now completely ignored. Much blame for this can be laid at the door of the religionists, and other self appointed so-called guardians of human morals and society who, in their narrow-minded, restrictive dogmas have caused more psychopathology of sex than any other one factor could have produced in so-called modern times.

Only in the higher mystical philosophies such as are practiced in the Tibetan Tantra, the Hindu Yogic, etc., and to a larger extent in the Western mysteries is this basic fact of nature, sex, acknowledged and utilized as it was intended. Brought down to simple terms, this means the correct use of polarity. It is fundamental to life; we see it in the positive and negative aspects of nature all around us. Light and darkness, black and white; even the least educated among us are aware of these polarities. Electricity, the motive force of all life, is simply this, positive and negative.

Today due to the tremendous speed of technological advancement which has far outpaced men's ability to keep up with the bewildering discoveries daily being made in every field of science, uncertainty and doubt about the future, and indeed every aspect of life becomes more evident. Religion is struggling to survive; old established rules and regulations are being replaced; values of every kind are being changed in an effort to find some meaningful existence. Along with this has come the inevitable struggle for individuality, a perfectly normal desire in any human being.

It is curious to note in this context that even the more moderate among the Women's Liberation movements are attempting to negate their sex by the insistence upon use of such neutral terms as 'person', instead of the more positive female titles. The word person stems from the Greek, "Persona", meaning a mask; long used by the ancients to define the outer disguise we adopt to cloak the inner spiritual reality from the world around us.

The ancients taught that male and female are simply aspects of positive and negative polarities. Due to a total misuse of the facts, positive has come to mean that which is all powerful, while negative is taken as the opposite; whereas both are simply two equal but opposite sides of a perfect equation. The male or positive force is powerful, but inert; it requires the stimulus of the female potential to awaken it. When this is done, like our electrical analogy, current flows in circuit and life re-creates.

Male dominance in things mundane or worldly is simply a result of natural application of these laws of polarity and any attempts to usurp these laws invite chaos such as we see all around us, typified in various sexual aberrations.

Unfortunately, with the passing of the old Nature Religions, the true aspects of sex were deliberately suppressed by early Christians in an effort to have the male dominate not only the mundane planes of existence, but also the spiritual. The female was relegated to an inferior status upon every plane. The male, unaware that on the higher planes of existence he is negative while the female is positive, attempted to overcome this law by forcing females into a spiritual bondage as seen in the earlier Christian hierarchy where women were totally subject to the male.

For centuries the female accepted this status quo, she had to, else she could suffer punishment even to death for daring to speak out against this form of spiritual slavery. Such a state of imbalance could only last until women began to realize their potential. This came about more or less during the Industrial Revolution when women were being recruited as cheap labour to work long and dangerous hours in mines, in factories, and other male dominated enterprises. Culminating in the suffragette movements of the late nineteenth century, the Liberationist movements were born.

It took two world wars for this movement to gather the strength needed for bringing about reform. After being made aware that the male dominated societies of the West must rely upon the female to support his wars, women began to realize the changing pattern of existence and responded to the urge for individual recognition.

The old natural instincts, so long suppressed and forbidden by male dominated religions commenced to rise again. Women saw themselves as they really were, a potent and equal force of life which had been manipulated by the male for centuries, denied the equality of life, the polarity, yet aware that it existed. Through two costly wars, the male dominated society had found itself in a predicament not visualized before. The economic chaos caused by the waste of war had resulted in women being called upon more and more to enter the male fields of dominance and become proficient at managing these fields. Yet still the female was denied any true recognition of this fact. A bitter rivalry developed, with women on the one hand striving for equality and the male society blocking every step of the way.

If both sexes today could but realize that in any one life they are not only equal and opposite to each other but are alternately positive and negative on each and every plane of existence, there would be an end to this sterile rivalry which daily grows more disturbing. Our Judeo-Christian oriented society stubbornly refuses to accept re-incarnation despite overwhelming evidence supporting this fact, thus the paradox of modern society which, for all its advances in science and technology, still remains chained to the Medieval concepts of religion, life and death, and must ever perpetuate the false doctrines of sex to survive.

However, modern society which has brought into being our present economic ills, has forced the sexes to make a searching appraisal of each other. The male, long dominant in mundane affairs, now feels threatened by the encroachment of his opposite polarity, yet is painfully aware that she is today in every sphere of the mundane, indispensable. The refusal to accept this fact is the basic reason for keeping the female inferior in matters of equal pay, conditions of advancement, etc. Threatened also are the other one-time bastions of male dominance, the home and family.

There is, of course, a very simple answer, but one which requires much more from the male than he is as yet willing to give. As long as maleness is equated with physical prowess, as long as we allow ourselves to be influenced by the last vestiges of false religious doctrines which refuse to seek for the hidden truth, just so long will this wasteful and sterile rivalry continue.

Already we are witnessing sinister by-products of this controversy: the growing support for legalized abortion; the demand for better contraception; and more alarming, the spread of sexual deviation in homo-sexuality and lesbianism are; on the one hand, indications of women's frustrations and anger at male refusal to accept modern conditions, and her desire to throw off these symbolic factors of female subservience; and on the other hand, to the male revulsion toward militant females producing the equal

and opposite reaction.

There is no panacea; only a sincere desire to know and understand each sex's deepest motivation; to be willing to lay aside the false personality or 'persona' and become aware of the true polarities behind the physical appearances will bring about the equality of the sexes.

Frater per Ardua

rouge - red

O empty goddess!
your dark robes trail
through the Night of Pan!

rouge - red
and bright my soul waits
In the City of Pyramids.

O vast goddess!
your bright eyes burn
beyond the frontiers of Being!

stark - red
and raw my soul waits
In the Desert of the Great Abyss
for the warm, sweet blood of your Being.

John Steadman

THE LUSTRES

ORPHEUS

Vol. I

Fivefold the shape sublime that lifts its head
Uniform, self-repeating, comparable
At last to a man's life: twice seven times dead
Ere the light flickers in that citadel,
Or the great whiteness lure his soul instead
Of many-coloured earth: ere the strong spell
Fail, and the Fates with iron-shapen shears
Cut the frail silver, hide him from the years.

Fivefold: the year that is in darkness hidden,
Being beginning: then the moving year,
All change and tumult; then the quiet unhidden
Of deep reflection; then the gladdening tear
Or saddening smile, the laughter not forbidden
And love enfolding the green-woven sphere:
Lastly, the burning year of flame and fume
That burns men up in fire's sepulchral womb.

Fivefold: the child, the frail, the delicate:
Then the strong laughing mischief: then the proud
Fight toward manhood and the sense elate,
Creative power and passion: then the loud
Assertion of young will, the quickening rate
And strength in blood, in youth with life endowed,
And firmness fastening; the last lustre's span
Consolidates and shows the perfect man.

Fivefold: the humour changes as his child
Calls him first "father"; sense of strength divine
Fills him; then man's work in the world, and wild
Efforts to fame: then steadier in the shrine
Burns the full flame: then, turning, the years piled
Seem suddenly a burden; then the fine
Flavour of full maturity is tasted:
The man looks back, and asks if life be wasted.

Fivefold: delight in woman altering
To joy of sunlight only: love of life
Changing to fear of death: the golden spring
Trembles; he hates the cold, the winter strife,
Laughs not with lust of combat: feebly cling
His old hands: he has sepulchred his wife:
Last, palsied, shaking, drawing tremorous breath,
He gasps - and stumbles in the pit of death.

Aleister Crowley

STORM

The wind whirled upon my open page:
The tempest swirled through its last stage
Across my book. Darkness descended upon my abode
As I entered therein against the night's mode.

My book is the book of my heart, oh love,
And you as one page of its truth drove
As a storm against its whiteness; a stain
On the present sanctity of heart's disdain.

Storm gathered over the sky in the blackening night;
Rain beat its tattoo on my heart like a blight
Snuffing out its eagerness. Ah, what blame
Crouches curled and crawling through a world of shame.

Dread and terror leap o'er a precipice of fears.
Can you not see how your opinion openly sears
Against old wounds, and a terrible heart's rending
Swirls out in emotional storm unending.

Breaks the lightening and the heart is cleansed of tears:
Clouds are chased onward until a rift appears
And a Star shines through; a pale soft light
Heralding the wonder of storm-riven night.

I hear the message clearly in contrast of star and storm.
Life is not as it appears to be in form
Of emotions tortured and torn. Life is calm and clear
As a Star's path through heavens far and near.

Dedicated to S- - - -

by Meral, Feb. 1979

STUART X

An Introduction by
Aleister Crowley

It is a generally recognised fact that the onlooker sees most of the game. The rulers of a country make most of their mistakes because the knowledge of detail which is constantly thrust upon them is so great that it blinds them to fundamental considerations. The emergencies of the moment lure them into bypaths in which they become lost. Those ancient governors who, despairing of their own judgment, consulted the oracles, were truly wise. England never made so serious a mistake as when she failed to utilize the brain of Carlyle. The tendency of all men who are immersed in affairs, whether public or private, is to become concentrated upon tactical problems, and in doing this they lose sight of the principles of strategy. The real ruler or adviser of a nation should be a man entirely free from the expediciencies of the passing day. The mischief wrought by failure to understand these facts is particularly obvious in finance. Politics, in some countries at least, is still looked after by men of broad general education; but finance is entirely in the hands of experts. Its terminology has been deliberately complicated; partly, no doubt, as in the case of law, with the idea of making it easier to hoodwink the layman; but the so-called experts themselves have become totally oblivious of the fundamental principles of their own business. Even worse, they have become ensnared by the greatest of all possible delusions; not only are they ignorant of the truth, but they believe most firmly its exact opposite. Money appears to them the only thing of value, whereas in reality it has no value whatever. It is merely a convenient medium of exchange of commodities which have value. If it were not for this, the present system could never have been created. As things are, a piece of paper is just as good as a piece of gold; but, as everyone knows, even the financiers, ninety-five per cent of the gold never existed. The possibility of calling for gold has so frightened those very people who have been screaming for years that gold was the only basis, that already there has been a threat to demonetize gold. This is no vain threat. It is quite possible and will almost certainly be necessary; though probably the process will be carried out by some trick which will conceal the fact from the people. But you cannot demonetize wheat, or coal, or copper, and anyone who possesses these things can call for anything he likes in payment for them and be sure of getting it. But the financiers of the day avoid all consideration of the enormous calamity threatened by the present situation. They are only excited by perfectly trivial and temporary events, such as small movements in the value of stocks. It never occurs to them that the most trifling shifts in the real economic situation may reduce the value of stocks to nothing at all. The history of finance has always been the history

of more or less desperate efforts to hide these facts. And the drastic expedients adopted at the beginning of the war show clearly enough in what delicate scales the business of the world is weighed.

Now, whenever a crisis occurs in the affairs of the world, it is imperative that they should be examined de novo by a mind that has never lost sight of fundamentals. The expert becomes useless at such times for the very reason that he is an expert. Temporary expedients will not serve. As a matter of fact, this is always more or less subconsciously recognized by the good sense of the people. The hopes which were excited by the election of Mr. Wilson to the Presidency were based entirely on the fact that he was not a professional politician. In the same way, in England, to take a recent example, Edward VII was trusted and respected by the people principally because he had won the Derby. The instinct of democracy is always sound; its mistakes are due to that instinct being overlaid by the partial development of its intellect, which too often leads it wrong. But in moments of calm it invariably distrusts the appeals which are made to its cupidity or its cowardice; and it much prefers its affairs to be in the hands of ordinary, sensible men of the world. The political tragedy of England today is largely due to the replacing of the good, old-fashioned, honest statesmen, like Lord Salisbury (stupid as he was) by clever and ambitious nobodies like Rufus Isaacs and Lloyd George. It seems just possible that the present catastrophe which has overwhelmed Europe and threatens to engulf civilization entire may arouse the deepest instinct of the people, and cause them to appeal to the only types of men who can save them - the Prophet and the Poet. America has no Poet, and may be counted exceedingly fortunate in possessing a Prophet of the first class:

Mr. Henry Clifford Stuart.

Imagine to yourself a big man, a really big man, six foot three in height, broad and well-proportioned. The entire impression is of bigness. And as should always be the case with homo sapiens, the most important part of the impression is given by the head. Such a brow is only seen in the world's greatest thinkers.

Mr. Stuart was born in 1864 in Brooklyn, N.Y. His father, John Stuart, was a Captain of the 51st and Lieutenant Colonel of the 63rd New York Volunteers. He is a perfect and ideal type, fast disappearing, of the aristocratic American. Mr. Stuart was educated in San Francisco, California; but it is one of his favourite claims that he is not educated. Rather, he would say, he is beginning to educate himself. And this is one of the secrets of his immense power of brain. By education in the ordinary sense we mean that an old fool bullies a young fool into agreeing with

him. In order to obtain a university degree it is necessary to stultify oneself by agreeing with the particular clique of fifth rate minds who, having been totally unable to carve out any way in the world, have become sodden in the backwater of a university; and taken up teaching as a profession, because they are incapable of learning. One has only to think of a subject like history and see how lop-sided conventional education always is. Even in more truly scientific subjects there is the same parochialism. Consider Sir William Hamilton and his doctrine of the quantification of the predicate, which everybody in Edinburgh in his time had to accept or fail in the examination, but which every other school in Europe regarded as nonsense. Such training can only serve to unbalance and destroy the mind. Mr. Stuart avoided this tragedy. Instead, he read everything, kept his eyes open, and never allowed the specious arguments of the logician to lure him into conclusions opposed to common sense. Almost every writer falls into some trap. Either he omits a premiss, or takes a false one, or commits some logical error unperceived. But with such skill does he execute his sophistry, and so deeply does his vanity flatter him, that even the most careful revision fails to discover the error. Consequently, humanity is always the prey of deceptions. Think for example of the arguments in favor of vegetarianism. It is impossible to refute them. At the same time they are totally invalid, because they neglect one single, small, but all-important fact: "Man is a carnivorous animal." The calibre of Mr. Stuart's mind is such that he is incapable of being hood-winked by any mere arguments, however clever, cogent, and convincing. He invariably applies the standard of truth, intuitive or instinctive, to the conclusion. And if there be a contradiction, he perceives it instantly. A brain of this kind is peculiarly useful in America, where the people are the slaves of false logic. In transplanting themselves from their native soil, they have left behind them their greatest possession: inherited race-knowledge. I have never yet met a stupid American. But Mr. Stuart is almost the only one whom I have met who was not silly. No people are so quick to perceive the meaning of what is said, or so eager to listen to what may be said, but they judge entirely by what is said: they have no standard of atavistic experience to tell them whether it is right or wrong. The most ignorant peasant in Europe, who firmly believes in ghosts and vampires and werewolves, who cannot read or write, has never travelled beyond the radius of twenty miles from his hamlet, and knows nothing of his country's affairs, much less of the world's, could never be so insensible to the facts of human nature as Henry Ford. You could argue with him 'till all was blue', but you would never even begin to persuade him. He would know it was all nonsense, just in the same way as you cannot fool a dog about a tramp. It is true that this instinct is sometimes wrong after all in certain minor matters, because now and then conditions do change. But in all fundamental points, humanity has not altered since the cave man. A friend of mine was arguing the other day about this very matter. "Nowadays", said his opponent, "if you want a girl, you cannot twist your knuckles

in her hair, club her, and drag her bleeding to your cave." "No", said my friend, "things have changed a great deal since the eighth of July!"

It is just this capacity for seeing everything sub specie aeternitatis which distinguishes the great artist or the great seer, even to a certain extent the great statesman, from plausible imitations. We do not value Shakespeare's histories for their political views; in fact, the portrait of Joan of Arc is a stain upon the character of the poet which no ages can efface. (But the English always blackguard gallant enemies.) The merit of the histories lies almost entirely in the character of Falstaff, who has nothing to do with the period. And the political errors of Shakespeare show how difficult it is, even for one who has the vision of the eternal, to keep straight when he comes to deal with the temporal. But the explanation is that Shakespeare was a snob, the lackey of debauched noblemen, without virility or independence of character. Courage is certainly the first of the virtues, for without it none of the others can be exercised. In the case of statesmen a little more latitude must be allowed, because they are compelled to deal with the conditions of the moment. But, even there, the best epithet that can be applied in praise of such a man is that he is far-sighted; and the way to be far-seeing is to refuse to be obsessed by the expediciencies of the hour. And while it is of course impossible to make every particular conform to the general, it can at least be arranged that it should not be in flagrant contradiction of the first principles.

As a concrete example, the annexation of conquered countries; economic or military reasons have often been allowed to over-ride considerations of the will of the inhabitants. Such acts have almost invariably caused trouble later on, and such trouble frequently extends far beyond the territory in dispute. The injury to the fingertip poisons the whole body. The Germans in 1870, when asked whom they were fighting, replied: "Louis XIV." And it is because that monarch tried to extend his dominions that they, at this present moment of writing, are invaded. The need of an independent mind in dealing with all such matters is evident. Not only must the statesman be a philosopher, but he should also have in his composition not a little of the mystic. We do not use the word mystic in the specialized sense, in which it is too often employed today. The true mystic is one who sees all phenomena without bias, prejudice, self-interest, or obfuscation. In thinking of kingdoms, he thinks of spiritual kingdoms; and here again we must use the word spiritual in its oldest and wisest sense. In such kingdoms faith is more than frontiers, language and literature more than markets. Ireland has been systematically depopulated; every engine of oppression has been set in motion against her; but she has never been conquered and never can be conquered, because the Anglo-Saxon can never get her point of view. In the same way

India has overcome every one of her invaders in turn, though she has never been able to resist even the least of them successfully by arms. The English in India have become, within two generations, more Indian than the Indians themselves, in many important respects, particularly in that of caste. In the case of South Africa it is once again evident how far more vital than material considerations are the spiritual. The Boers, driven from one settlement to another by the most bare-faced treachery and tyranny, and finally conquered in their last stronghold by invading armies outnumbering them twenty to one, were yet able to reconquer their country for themselves, without a drop of bloodshed, within a decade of the fall of Pretoria.

But in order to perceive the rights and wrongs of all such matters, independence of mind is just as necessary as clearness of vision. When the man can be influenced by considerations of his own welfare, when hope and fear find any place in his mind, he is no longer to be trusted. The only man who can fulfil this condition is the prophet. (It must be remembered that the functions of poet and prophet were originally identical. The distinction between them is the artificial one of form. The states of mind are identical.) A true prophet lives only by virtue of his inner vision. He is responsible to what he calls God, and to nothing and nobody else. Such men are rare, as are all other types of genius. And it is the innate perception of this fact that causes the people to look for prophets always, but most especially in times of crisis. For this reason also false prophets abound. It is only natural that the valuable should be counterfeited. But the test of the true prophet is a very simple one. It is the independence of his mind. False prophets are venal, time-servers, flatterers. They make it a rule to say what other people wish to hear. They have no grasp of fundamentals, of essentials, of the spiritual truths that lie beneath the accidental and temporary phenomena which obsess other minds. They are also characterized by simplicity. There is no sophistication in their intellect. When they add up two and two it always makes four.

Even when you have your true prophet, however, it is commonly found that there are difficulties in using them. Firstly, his uncompromising directness, and the fierce quality in him, need tempering with tact; or seem to do so. Secondly, his utterances are often obscure. They are not really so. But where a thoroughly sophisticated mind, nursed on false premisses and schooled in sophistries, receives the impact of the prophetic intelligence, it is bewildered by the simplicity of that intelligence. One is reminded of the story of the charlatans who proposed to weave for the emperor a robe which should be visible only to the innocent. They made no robe at all. But the emperor and all his ministers had to pretend that they saw one; and the fraud passed undetected until a child in the street cried out: "But the King is naked!"

Nowadays, however, people are not so easily undeceived. The child would very likely not be understood. The word "naked" is not in the vocabulary of the fashionable dressmaker; besides which, the word is improper. We know that there are no such things! So that even if a dawning perception of the meaning of the prophet strikes the more enlightened minds, it is often put aside with a sort of horror; although that word has been awaited with yearning and anxiety.

Now it must be confessed that this objection does to some extent apply to the writings which we have under consideration. Mr. Stuart's style is as difficult as Wagner's or Whistler's were to their contemporaries. We have acquiesced so long in the false meanings which have been placed on the simplest words by those whose interest it is to deceive us, that when those words are used in their proper, simple sense, we hardly recognize them. For this reason we have deemed it necessary to comment in various places upon these letters. It is also to be remarked how curious a form Mr. Stuart has chosen for the expression of his thoughts. It is simple, attractive, and convenient, and possesses the great advantage that his messages are automatically dated.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in one of his books, I think that on Browning, has remarked upon the utter futility of language. It is impossible to express thought, unless the person who is to receive it has already some inkling of what is meant. For example, if I say that someone is a Puritan, the remark may be taken as a compliment or as an insult, according to the ideas in the mind of the reader, or of his ideas as to what my ideas may be. Unless the context makes it clear, doubt is certain to remain. Nor need one suppose that there are any words free from this ambiguity. Everything at one time or another has been the subject of violent praise and violent blame. If anyone asks me for the meaning of the word God, I must first know whether the word is being used by the Pope or by Mr. G. W. Foote or Herbert Spencer or Billy Sunday. If you ask me for the meaning of the word "soul", I am equally at a loss. To the Buddhist it is a figment of the imagination of certain Hindu philosophers. The Qabalists use it as almost synonymous with "body". Every metaphysician that ever lived has used this word in a different sense, and has nearly always forgotten how to define it. Now if, to bring back the matter to the question of Mr. Stuart and his letters to the universe, we find in one of them the word "gold", we may be too ready to assume that something extremely valuable and painfully inaccessible is meant. The same difficulties constantly recur. These letters require profound study. Not because the thought is obscure - for it is not so, it is exceedingly simple - but because it is new. The average individual is brought up in certain beliefs, and any examination of these beliefs is positively discouraged. When fundamentals are attacked by a new thinker, people are completely thrown off their balance. At first they refuse to believe that they have heard aright. When it was first

stated that the earth went around the sun, no notice was taken, because it was too absurd for discussion. It was only explanation of, and insistence on, the statement, that began to arouse enmity. Now, the kind of obscurity which arises from the fact that the hearer has nothing in his mind which would make him capable of understanding what was being said to him is not avoidable. The classical example of this is the translation of the Buddhist canon by missionaries. They started with the conviction that the Buddhist must believe in a soul more or less like the Christian soul, and that Nirvana, being apparently some sort of place of residence not upon the earth, must be a variety of heaven. The result was of course a total misunderstanding of Buddhism. It was seen that the context did not square in any way with these conceptions, and the missionaries thereupon had the impudence to assume that the Buddhist was being illogical and self-contradictory.

It is really necessary to hear Mr. Stuart rather than read him. When he speaks he is transfigured before you. The placid power of the man gives place to elemental energy. Both aspects remind one of the sea. It seems almost as if he grew physically much bigger. His personality fills the room. I have heard many of the great orators of the day, never one with one tithe of the passion and power of Mr. Stuart. Ben Tillett comes nearest. But Ben Tillett wastes his power in furious gesture. With Mr. Stuart the thunder of his tread and of his voice shake the house; but there is no loss of self-control. The speech is not diffuse, but extraordinarily concise and emphatic. The words rush out like molten steel from a converter under the blast. But each phrase is succinct and concentrated. For this reason, perhaps, he could never make a popular speaker. People like to have a man drone on pleasantly for an hour or so with mild excitement. They do not care to be swept away or crushed by real eloquence. Yet this is the kind of speech which has always moved men from the beginning of the world, and always will. It cannot be prolonged. Twenty minutes of it, and the nerve-force of every hearer would be exhausted. He would be mad to get up and do something; and that something would be what Mr. Stuart told him. But the old ideal of oratory has passed. Mark Anthony's speech would be rather bad form. People do not want to be moved to do more than pass a nicely worded resolution. But if a real crisis should arise in the affairs of the nation, then would come the moment of the genuine prophet. With a force not his own, but cosmic and elemental, he would sweep away the cobwebs of the old ideas, the accepted sophistries of the centuries. His words would be hurled forth, thunderbolts new forged from the smithy of Almighty God. And they would smite the hearer with such suddenness and vehemence that his inertia would not even find time to begin to operate.

The present is such moment. But people are not aware of it; they are still listening to the false prophets who prophecy smooth things. The critical situation of the world at present lies not

in Europe. Europe's fate is known. It lies in America and China. The attention of every man of even the smallest degree of foresight should be concentrated on this fact. It is emphasized clearly enough in these letters. And the great merit of Mr. Stuart's vision is that he saw these things in their entirety long before any other man had even begun to think about them.

Another difficulty which arises in connection with prophets is that, although they may see as clearly as never was, and even express themselves in language suited to the understanding of the common people, or even to that (immeasurable inferior) of the so-called educated man, there is yet a question as to whether their word can be carried into effect. The prophet has usually been content to speak; to leave the responsibility of action to his hearers. Very rarely do we hear of a true prophet being a great administrator. Here once more America is fortunate. This is probably the greatest crisis that has ever occurred in the history of the world; and infinitely wise, all-seeing nature has provided against catastrophe by combining these two rare faculties in a single brain.

All his life, until the last five years, Mr. Stuart has been a man of affairs. He went to work at fourteen years of age under his father, and was gradually compelled to do the work of both with the result that before his twenty-first birthday he had become freight manager for Central America's most important railroad. He has also been in charge of various consular and diplomatic offices from time to time. He was land commissioner of the Panama Railroad; and has also been in the real estate and mining businesses, and factor of an important shipping company. He brought the Salvador Railway Company out of bankruptcy, and re-organized the Port of Champerico. He has also been general councillor for Spanish-American affairs in New York City.

But it is not only the able administration of such matters that proves the capacity of a man. Many a muddler has gone through public life on the shoulders of competent subordinates without too great a loss of reputation. But there is one sterling and indubitable proof of the administrator. If he orders his own house well, it is certain that what reputation he may have made in public affairs is a deserved one.

I have never met any man with the sense of order so admirably developed as Mr. Stuart. He can lay his hands on any scrap of paper at a moment's notice. Every book in his shelves has its proper place. His house is fitted with every convenience and even luxury, yet entirely without ostentation or extravagance. Nor is the order in which things are kept a visible order. No one would suspect it. It is only on investigation that it appears. The German plan is there in all its efficiency and completeness.

yet there is none of the German manner which, by insisting upon its own excellence so audibly, lashes the Anglo-Saxon who beholds it into a state of such speechless rage. Everything has become subconscious. It is as if Mr. Stuart possessed instinctively that supreme method described by the Chinese under the title "The Way of the Tao". "Consciousness is a symptom of disease. All that moves well moves without will. All skilfulness, all strain, all intention is contrary to ease." Unless this method is actually seen in operation, it is almost incomprehensible. Yet it is the only key to true and perfect success. The Chinese express it in another way. They say, "Do everything by doing nothing." The only way in which we can bring this idea at all near to Western minds is by speaking of perfect balance, in the sense in which the fencer or the chess player might use the term. In a perfectly played game of chess the pieces are not arranged so that there is any obvious line of attack or defence. They are arranged so as to be ready to attack or defend in any portion of the board. A definite attack upon the king's side or the queen's side, or upon a pawn or a piece, compromises the position. The player is bound to a certain extent, by his expressed intention. Such attacks frequently succeed; but only because the opponent has already made a still greater mistake, has failed in sound development in some point. Of this method Mr. Stuart shows absolute command in his domestic affairs. And his proposals for dealing with the greatest social and international problems are equally deep and dulcet. He would not put anything right. He would gently rearrange things so that they went right of their own accord.

Evidences of such proposals are to be found in these amazing letters. Let the reader then consider carefully this matter. Let him understand that in Mr. Stuart we have not merely the wise man, or the strong man, or the good man, but the necessary man. The eyes are clear, the heart is pure, and the hand works in entire harmony with them. When the anarchy which exists in this country becomes obvious to its people, and the dictator is required to bring order out of chaos, they have only to turn to the portrait at the commencement of this volume, and exclaim: Ecce Homo!

ALEISTER CROWLEY
New York, June, 1916

Introduction to: A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY BEING THE LETTERS
OF STUART X to many men on many occasions.

Title on the cover of this book is STUART X

Crowley wrote this introduction and edited the book with notes.

THE MUSE

O Thou who art throned by the well
That feeds the celestial streams!
O daughter of heaven and hell!
O mother of magical dreams!
O sister of me as I sit
At thy feet by the mystical well
And dream with the web of my wit
Of the marriage of heaven and hell!

O thou who art mad with the Muse
That delights in the beauty of form!
O desire of the dream of the dews!
O Valkyrie astride of the storm!
I am thine as we ride on the blast
To exult in the mystical Muse,
As there drip on the desert at last
The immaculate Delian dews.

I am thine, I am thine, I am thine -
How it slashes the skies as a sword!
How it blinds us and burns us with wine
Of the dread Dionysian Lord!
Evoe! Evoe! Evoe!
Iacche! they chirm of wine!
Evoe! Evoe! Evoe!
I am thine! I am thine! I am thine!

Aleister Crowley
(from The Winged Beetle)



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