

IN THE CONTINUUM

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

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

THE DISCOVERY OF GNEUGH-IOUGHRCK
(A Fragment)

. . . . As I approached the landing-place, continued the explorer, the savagery of the natives manifested itself in a thousand extravagances.

In one canoe was to be seen a medicine man, waving a saffron rag, who parleyed in some inscrutable jargon; the tenant of another, a gorilla-like creature, boarded my boat, and plied me with idiotic questions as to whether I had been there before, where I was born, who was my father, was I a native of the country (!!!), what were my political opinions and my moral character, in short, everything that an imbecile curiosity could conjure up. He paid not the least attention to my answers. I learnt afterwards that this was part of a religious ritual of these astonishing half-men.

The great point was that the stranger must be made to swear some oath, no matter what, and no matter whether true or false. The fact of attestation guaranteed the favor of their gods. So again on landing I was confronted by another creature with a head resembling that of a sheep, but with the expression of a vulture, who exacted another oath to the effect that I was not intending to trade with the natives. I swore as requested, and he was immediately satisfied; but on subsequent examination I found that he had taken advantage of my distraction to rifle my loads, and sequester several articles that took his fancy. When I complained of this through an interpreter, I was told that the articles in question were of necessity "either displeasing to the gods, or pleasing to them, since the gods were never indifferent. In the first case, they must be destroyed; in the second they must be offered to the gods. In neither case have you any right in the matter." They added that I might flatter my fortune that she had brought me off so easily, for had I been a native, all my possessions must infallibly have been seized.

But no sooner had I quitted the landing-stage with my porters than an innumerable company of sordid persons began to jostle me. These were all ragged and dirty; they stank horribly of stale liquor of some kind unfamiliar to me, and also of some filthy aromatic. They began at once to ply me with questions which made those of my former tormentor seem almost reasonable.

For those other questions were at least such as I could answer; the new infliction was absurd. They asked me whether I had ever been in their country before; and on my replying "no", inquired how I liked their country, what I thought of its institutions and customs, which they assured me were the best in the world. They asked if I admired their women, who were the most beautiful in the world, and none of whom, as they well knew, I had yet seen. They wished even

to know things which God alone could have known, concerning the future; how long I was going to stay, what I would do, and other matters even more ridiculous. They then became extremely insolent, commenting on my personal appearance and costume, catching at my clothes and asking their price, seeking information as to my most private affairs, and in every way conducting themselves as the sullen and mannerless mongrels that they were.

However, being at last for the first time well rid of these scurvy knaves, I was able to rest to some extent, and to listen while I ate my food to the babble around me. On my journey from the landing-place I had already remarked that no man was able to fix his mind upon his affairs. Every pebble by the roadside on which the sun's rays chanced to fall at the proper angle would catch his eye, and crying, "Cowrie! Cowrie!" he would leave his occupation and rush after it. This frequently led to free fights between savages who had observed the pebble at the same moment, and they would continue to fight even after they found it to be only a pebble. Some seemed altogether hypnotized by their desire for cowries, and, picking up pebbles, would maintain angrily that they were cowries, or were better than cowries, or would be cowries one day!

Their conversation was exclusively on this one subject. It was unlucky or irreligious - I was never able to determine the root-idea in this superstition - to complete a sentence without mention of cowries, or to refer to any object without giving its equivalent in cowries. It was also usual to prefix to every sentence a brief invocation of the "official" god; and this I found to be the only trace remaining of his worship. The real god is a fabulous bird - the Aquila duplex of Mungo Park may be a congener. Fabulous, I say, though the natives assert positively that it exists. Yet some such bird is to be found in the western part of the country. The possession of a specimen is said to confer the highest happiness.

In default of such specimens they have dirty and crumpled oblongs of some substance resembling paper. These are covered with hieroglyphic signs and pictures, and the Big Medicine-Man, a mysterious being in the interior of the country, consecrates them and issues them. Their possession ensures good luck. Some are more sacred than others; this depends on the signs written by the makers. For even one of these every native is ready to perform any service, however degrading; or to steal, rob, and murder.

There is, however, a difference in degree; it is pretended that such crimes are only honorable or even (among the stricter sort of men) excusable when the number or value of the oblongs is great. But each man knows in his heart that even one of the least desirable of these is worth the loss of his soul; for this is their religion.

The food of the country is very varied and delicious, but the

cooks are by no means skilful in their art. It is possible, however, after some experience, to avoid actual poisoning; and this the natives themselves are not able to do. For instead of using their noses, tongues, and eyes, they judge wholly by ear, which, a good principle in musical criticism, is unsuited to ripe gastronomy. Their method is as follows: Certain persons are chosen for the loudness of their tones, and appointed to declare the benefits or the reverse of devouring certain substances. One class cries that such a food is poison; his opponent that it is the only true nourishment of life. This shouting goes on continuously, and the other natives catch the enthusiasm of the shouters and join in their sacred war-dances, which often develop into fights. The shouters claim the direct inspiration of the god of truth, or of the god of freedom, or of the god of the people; but in reality they are faithful to the true but unofficial god of this strange people, as is every one. Those who most loudly blaspheme him are in truth often his best servants. The shouters are employed by the merchants, in effect, and their oracles depend upon the commercial interests of their masters. I remarked upon this fact to one of their greatest philosophers, and he replied that it was the greatest proof possible of their bona fides, that the spiritual side of the prophets should be in such perfection of harmony with their material welfare. "What in the Abyss could be better?" (It is the custom to affirm belief in the existence of a place of eternal punishment by introducing its name into every question, since certain heretics doubted it of yore.)

"Should one prophesy against himself, it would show disunion in his being, which is no other than madness."

The test of truth is therefore exclusively its utility. This fact is of wide bearing, and applies directly to their theory of law.

This is as simple in this country as it is complex in others. The first principle is that everything is forbidden. For example, said my interpreter, no man may carry arms. I pointed out that (on the contrary) every man was armed to the teeth. True, said he, therefore if any man displease the ruling power, it is easy to destroy him. If he pay not ample tribute, or if he lend not his wives to the right people, or if he err in thought upon political or social questions, there is no trouble in condemning him. There is always some crime, which all alike commit, of which he may be conveniently accused.

This rule holds good of all laws. None are in force, unless it be to satisfy the greed or spite of one of the ruling class. To this there is however one important exception. There are certain classes of Shouters whose duty it is to call attention constantly to the evil-doer. These wisely concentrate their energies on some one trivial matter - it is not pleasing to the gods to mention serious affairs at all, in any connection - and they enforce the laws most drastically for the moment, while the attention of the people can be held. Thus,

on my arrival, they had just condemned a medicine man to Ten Years of Imprisonment for "conscientious-advice-giving."

Other points were also most strange, even to me, an old explorer of many of the dark places of the earth. One essential point of law is that a forbidden thing is no longer forbidden, if it be called by another name. Thus, it is the custom of the country to drink arrack from a calabash, coffee from a coco-nut; and it is forbidden to drink arrack upon holy days. Those therefore who wish to do so drink it from a coco-nut, and it becomes technically coffee. Similarly, in calling for the arrack, one must say: bring bamboo-shoots. Thus is the law satisfied.

The object of enforcing laws in this sporadic manner is obvious. Suppose a merchant spend years of labor in the building up of a big trade in silk. The Shouters then say: "Behold this villain, the greatest rogue that walketh upon the earth! Lo, he conduceth to luxury and vanity; and the morals of our women, the purest albeit the fairest that be in all the world, are by him corrupt." The indignation of the people is thus aroused, and they bethink them of the law against silk. The merchant must then pay all that he hath to the Shouters, so that they may not see him.

This is a most salutary custom of this people. The merchant hath ever the fear of the Law before his eyes. He is taught constantly the instability of human affairs, and so from a merchant he becometh a philosopher.

The greater merchants, however, have found higher truths. They themselves employ armies of Shouters and none dare offend them. In their hands they have gathered all the images of the God of the country, without which none may do aught without blasphemy, and blasphemy is the one crime that is always and in all places punished, usually by death.

It is they that have destroyed or sequestered all the specimens of Aquila Duplex, which is not fabulous at all, and may still be found in the western districts of the country. But it has been to their interest to persuade the ignorant that the bird is but a fable, and that the oblong squares are the true God.

The evening being now come, I went forth into the market-place to take the air; but no sooner had I come into their main way, which they call broad (though it is narrow enough if one compare it with the main street of any civilized town), and white, although it has hardly a white building in all its length, than I was assailed by the fearsome beast which is justly the dread of the whole country, the terrible man-eating chicken

(The remainder of this account has been deleted by the Censor).
By A. Crowley. First printed in THE INTERNATIONAL, Oct. 1917.



Founded in Service
to the A.:A.:

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

Here is the story that was promised to you about the rescue of Crowley's literary remains from the hands of the State of Calif. This is a story that has been told in fragments to many of you, but somehow it always seemed to lose some of its interesting details in the telling as it is long and involved. Complete records have been kept of every event so that you need not wonder how much of this tale has been embroidered upon and twisted out of its truth. You may rest assured that this account is as accurate as it is possible for one person to make it, one blessed with a very good memory as well as being the keeper of copious records.

First let me say that since the death of Crowley I became very interested in preserving his works. It seemed to me that if many copies of his writings were spread around the world, that some of them would survive when and if a dark ages came upon us. At this stage in history it was very difficult to get Crowley published as he was mostly unknown. It was due to the efforts of Karl Germer and Israel Regardie and a few others that now his genius is being recognised.

At the time of Crowley's death there were still many important mss. that had had little or no copies made and had not been published at all.

Crowley died on Dec. 10, 1947. Agape Lodge was the only working Lodge of the O.T.O. at that time, so far as is known. We had been working with Crowley for many years, sending money for his publishing and other needs. Since it was the depression years, many of us could hardly earn enough to keep a roof over our heads and food in our mouths. But it was Karl Germer who raised \$25,000 and over for publications and Crowley's support. For many years he had sent at least \$200. monthly to Crowley. There was no one more devoted.

For quite a few years Karl had been Grand Treasurer of the Ordo Templi Orientis and was so named in Crowley's will: here is a copy of that will.

Copy

"THIS IS THE LAST WILL of me EDWARD ALEXANDER CROWLEY commonly known as Aleister Crowley of "Netherwood", the Ridge, Hastings, Sussex, England. I HEREBY REVOKE all wills and testamentary dispositions at any time heretofore made by me. I DIRECT that my Executors shall ascertain as they may think fit beyond all possibility of error the fact of my death. I DESIRE that on my decease my body shall be cremated and that my ashes should be preserved in a casket together with my seal ring and entrusted to the Grand Treasurer of the Ordo Templi Orientis. I APPOINT Karl Johannes Germer of 260 West 72nd Street, New York City, Lady Frieda Harris, the wife of Sir Percy Harris of 3 Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone High Street, London W.1 and Louis Umfraville Wilkinson, Doctor of Letters whose address is care of Westminster Bank Limited, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.1, to be the Executors of this my will (hereinafter referred to as my Executors) except for the purposes property and effects (including copyrights) of and in connection with my profession of an author for which purposes property and effects I APPOINT the said Louis Umfraville Wilkinson and John Symonds of 121 Adelaide Road, London, S.W.3, the Executors hereof (hereinafter referred to as "my literary Executors"). I DIRECT my Literary Executors to collect as soon as practicable after my death all my books, writings and effects of a literary nature whatsoever and wheresoever including all such effects over which I may at the date of my death have any power of disposition or appointment and I GIVE AND BEQUEATH my books and writings and literary effects so collect to my Literary Executors free of all death duties ON TRUST that they shall hand the same to the Grand Treasurer General of the Ordo Templi Orientis (Order of the Temple of the East) at 260 West 72nd Street, New York City with a request that the collection shall be for the absolute use and benefit of the said Order and I DECLARE that the receipt of the Grand Treasurer General of the said Order shall be a sufficient discharge to my Executors. I BEQUEATH free of all death duties all the copyrights in my books and writings whatsoever and wheresoever including any copyrights over which at the date of my death I may have any power of disposition to the Ordo Templi Orientis aforesaid (other than those copyrights which shall already be the property of the Order) for the absolute use and benefit of the said Order AND I DECLARE that the receipt of the Grand Treasurer General of the said Order shall be a sufficient discharge to my literary Executors subject to the payment of my debts and funeral and testamentary expenses. I GIVE DEVISE BEQUEATH AND APPOINT all the rest residue and remainder of my property estate and effect whatsoever and wheresoever unto such of the said of Karl Johannes Germer, Lady Frieda Harris and Louis Umfraville Wilkinson as shall be living at the date of my death and if more than one equally between them for their or his or her absolute benefit but with a request that they, he or she will dispose of the same amongst my faithful friends in accordance with any wishes expressed by me during my lifetime or set out in any memorandum written or signed

by me or left amongst my papers at my death but I declare that no such memorandum shall be deemed to form part of my Will nor shall the foregoing expression of my wishes create any trust or legal obligation.

IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto set my hand this nineteenth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and forty-seven.

Signed by the Testator in the joint presence of us who in his presence and the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses:-

OBSEQUIES

1. No religious service.

I should like either Capt. Gerald Yorke of 5 Montague Square, W.1, or Dr. Louis Wilkinson to read at an appropriate moment, first the Hymn of Pan, secondly The Book of the Law, thirdly the Collects from the Gnostic Mass (pp. 353 and 354). Finally, the Anthem at bottom of p. 357 to top of page 359.

2. Duties of Executors.

- L. Pay any local debts either from cash found among my possessions, or from funds to be supplied by the Order.
- B. Attend to the welfare of the O.T.O.
- Y. Assure, so far as in their lives, the welfare of the natural son of my body, Aleister Ataturk, at present residing in charge of his mother Patricia Deirdre MacAlpine, at "Wheal" Betsy Newlyn, Cornwall."

Karl later exclaimed that there were 3 tons of materials sent to him from England. He moved these literary materials to a house in Hampton, New Jersey and there began the work of filing and record keeping. Before the materials had been sent to the United States a copy had been made of everything in manuscript form. Afterwards Karl and Gerald Yorke collaborated on sending each other a copy of anything that Crowley had written which the other did not have. There was also a third person in England who obtained many copies of various of Crowley's writings. Mr. Yorke later sent much of his collection to the Warburg in London where it remains in the library there to this day.

But I did not know of all this, and many of my actions and concern were based on the belief that there was only one copy of the unpublished writings of Crowley.

Then Karl proclaimed himself as the Outer Head of the Order (O.H.O.). I can remember the disappointment of many 9th degree members that they had not been allowed to vote for the O.H.O. as seemingly instructions existed that this was to be done a year and a day after Crowley's death.

When Karl was in Hampton, New Jersey, I wrote about my concern that some of the unpublished works of Crowley might be lost to the world unless some copies were made. He agreed about my concern and the upshot of this correspondence was that I began to type copies. The first summer I typed part of the Confessions. The second summer, in 1952, I typed THE VISION AND THE VOICE with all its complicated notes in the text. I was glad of my then knowledge of the Qabalah for it aided me in spotting typist errors in the mss. The third summer I typed MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS. The two later typings were done on multilith plates which were sent to Karl in Hampton and there he had the assistance of two devoted members of the Order to make reproductions.

Since I was also going to College during those years and raising a family of three single-handed, you can imagine what a project this must have been for me. But I had the summers free to carry on this work and even though the children milled about me with their noise and childish concerns, I was still able to complete a book within the summer vacation time. Karl was deeply grateful for my labour and efforts and gifted me with Crowley publications from time to time and since I had also had a chance to type everything carefully, and to learn from it in that way, I was more than rewarded.

Jane Wolfe, my teacher for many years, helped me to correct any errors and in fact, was used to driving out to my small house every week to do this work or to visit in years and times when I wasn't so engaged. But this is another long story and I hope that some day I can tell it also.

Soon after MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS was printed Karl came to California. He had been about seven years in Hampton and in California he at first did not have a regular base of operations. After about 2 years or a little more he found a house in West Point, about six miles out from the town.

He then set up the library again which had been packed away and engaged himself in sending Crowley's writings to various publishers and had several things done in a professional way. As I look back on these events I suspect it was he who was mentioned in LIBER LXV, Cap. V, v. 20. "Thou shalt dwell among the people as a precious diamond among cloudy diamonds, and crystals, and pieces of glass. Only the eye of the just merchant shall behold thee, and plunging in his hand shall single thee out and glorify thee before men."

Karl had been a merchant of machinery during most of his working life and had traveled a good deal in this vocation.

Karl died in late October of 1967 and I was almost the first one to be informed by Sascha of his death. This was because Karl and I had always remained on good terms. I did what I could to help Sascha with the various business matters that came up after Karl's death but incurred her wrath because of what I said about him in a letter to Marcelo Motta. She had given me this correspondence to take care of but when I criticised Karl for being unbalanced on the subject of magical attacks, she was furious. But then, Crowley and Jane had offered the same sort of criticism on this subject as well, as I was to find out later. I had the policy of showing everything to her, perhaps naively expecting that she could appreciate extreme openness and honesty and also hoping that she would not display the usual suspicious attitudes which had been rife in hers and Karl's behaviour. I was wrong, of course, and she showed me the door and carried an enmity towards me to her grave.

Karl did not expect to die; he was very certain that he was going to live another eleven years. This attitude shows up in his correspondence up to the very end. Therefore, the will he made to dispose of Crowley's literary remains remained unchanged. This will provided that all of the Crowley materials should go to the Heads of the Ordo Templi Orientis and that Sascha Germer and Frederick Mellinger between them should act as executors of the will. All personal property was to be left to Sascha.

At the time of Karl's death no one knew where Mellinger was. After a good deal of difficulty Sascha discovered his whereabouts in his home in Germany through the help of the Swiss Ordo Templi Orientis, headed by Herr Metzger and which had been operating under a valid charter from Karl for quite some time.

A correspondence was begun between Sascha and Frederick but the latter was deeply suspicious of the value of coming to California to help with the disposal of the Crowley material as he had been unjustly and suspiciously treated by both Karl and Sascha in the past. Soon after this, Mellinger died and Sascha was left with the task of discovering what to do about the A.C. and Germer library, correspondence and other materials. She disliked me so would no longer have me about and probably I had done the wrong thing to tell her that on the evening of the news of Karl's death, I had asked for help from other planes and had been told clearly to care for the Crowley-Germer library. Since this was an inner prompting, Sascha had her doubts about that kind of instruction, as well she might.

The upshot of Mellinger's defection from such a duty was that Sascha was left quite helpless and was not really suited for such a task. Consequently, even though she considered several alternatives,

everything was left as it was at Karl's death.

One of my instructions, which I passed on to Sascha, was that she was not to let anyone in Southern California hear of Karl's death. Intuitionally, I was alarmed that all the materials should be guarded only by one helpless widow and I felt that something was terribly wrong in So. Calif. I was to be proven right about this later. Also, Sascha was suspicious of almost everyone, especially if they belonged to the former Agape Lodge. She even repelled the expressed wish to help of Dr. Montenegro, who had been a member of the Lodge and a good friend of Karl's.

Five years later the news of Karl's death had trickled to Southern California and the upshot of this was that a group of people came to Sascha's door over the Labor Day weekend of 1967 and announced that they were the O.T.O. Sascha fell for the trick and opened the door. Immediately they blew some kind of gas in her face and overpowered her, an easy thing to do, and administered some sort of shot which put her out completely and then took their time to rifle the library on the second floor. Before she was completely overpowered, she had a glimpse of the woman's hands, but not of her face as the woman of the group seems to have worn a hat which overshadowed the face.

This group took all of the O.T.O. rituals and other secret instructions, they took many first editions, THE BOOK OF THOTH being one of them, and they took Crowley's magical robes and his book of sigils which presumably still had much power in them. At this time none of the O.T.O. rituals or other secret instructions had been published. Now everything of this sort is published. They had previously cut Sascha's telephone wire before the attack so it was a little time after she recovered before she was able to contact the Sheriff. The local Constable arrived and when she poured out her tale, and when they could see the way the library looked - much was still remaining - and as Sascha talked more and more, they put her story down to the wanderings of the demented mind of a lady who had been alone too long. They did not take fingerprints but took some snapshots of the state of the library.

Then Sascha immediately got on the phone after it had been repaired and wired to me that my daughter had done this deed. Here is a copy of her telegram.

"I request that all stolen goods, stolen books papers are returned without delay. I accuse you of long time conspiracy toward me getting entrance to my person under false pretension Sept. 3 Attacking me personally harming me impairing my eye sight enduring. Robbing with help of three other men the library completely. Destroying willfully all library furniture. Breaking open wooden strong boxes cleaning out their contents. Being held against my will but one man under sedatives against my will during the whole time bound

of hands and feet. Mrs. Germer"

You can imagine my extreme shock when this was read to me over the telephone. When I recovered, I wired back that she was mistaken and that not one person of my family would touch one hair of her head. This telegram got to her, but when I wrote a letter to follow it up with complete details that my daughter had been in church at the time of the robbery and that we had witnesses to prove it, she sent the letter back unopened.

Naturally, I was alarmed that my daughter, an innocent person if there ever was one, and completely uninterested in Crowley literary remains, would be harmed by these insane accusations. I resolved to conduct as much of an investigation as I could about who might be responsible for these thefts.

As a result of my letters to various people, I discovered the whereabouts of a former member of Agape Lodge, one M. who had been very active in Thelema for very many years. She kindly visited me and we talked and talked about the above event and she let me know about some thefts from her own apartment. She had been robbed twice after the death of her husband in the summer of 1965. The first robbery led her to suspect that it was the work of a former student of hers, one J.B., as the apartment showed no sign of forced entry and J.B. held a pass key as she had been a trusted student for 10 years. Further, when there were two copies of anything, only one was taken and the other was left intact for further use by M.

The lock on the apartment was changed and then a second robbery took place and this time a back window had been jimmied open and much more was taken, including O.T.O. rituals which had been in M.'s possession. This was in 1966 and a little later Israel Regardie's library was also subjected to thievery when Dr. Regardie was out of the house. The fourth robbery was of the house in West Point.

My conversation with M. in due time revealed the fact that due to my advice to Sascha at the time of Karl's death, no one in So. Calif. had been informed of the event. I had been so busy taking care of my own affairs that I had no knowledge of what my former associates were doing there and had gotten out of touch.

But when M.'s husband had died and when J.B. somehow got wind of Karl's death, probably when she made a trip to England, she proposed to M. that they should start an O.T.O. Lodge together. M. thought, rightly, that she had not been authorized to do so and backed out. But J.B. went ahead and formed her own O.T.O. which was called The Solar Lodge and drew members from nearby U.S.C. In time they owned two or three pieces of property in L.A. near 30th St. and Vermont and some desert property near Blythe, Calif.

During the course of my investigation I also wrote to Grady who resided in Washington, D.C. at the time. As a result of our long and lengthy correspondence from Dec. of 1968 to April of 1969, we decided that we could start a Thelemic College together. He learned for the first time that Karl had been dead for several years and I learned that he held letters of authorization in regards to the O.T.O. from Crowley which also named him as Caliph and successor to Karl. I sent for him and he arrived in California on April 29, 1969.

In May and June of that same year the members of the Solar Lodge got themselves into trouble and their story hit the papers across the country.

A little boy in their group who didn't really want to stay on the hot desert during the summer months, set fire to one of their buildings and as punishment, they locked him in a box where he stayed for many days. (Accounts differ as to just how long). But it was very sure that the box was very hot and that his potty was seldom changed, thus drawing many flies. He was discovered by some local people who had come by to buy an advertised donkey. Immediately there was the sheriff and publicity and the arrest of the members of the commune. J.B., her husband, the trusted first man of the group and a few others escaped across state lines. The rest of the commune stood trial and the F.B.I. got on the case as J.B. was also wanted for the cruel and impossible treatment of the boy after the fire. She had actually held a match to his hands afterwards and asked how he would like to be burned up, along with other threats.

When the story hit the papers, M. and Grady and I got together and what was suspicion on our part previously became more and more close to true fact that all of the thefts had occurred from the same group. Grady drove to L.A. and made an investigation of their house on Menlo Ave. When he returned we both drove to the desert near Blythe to see what we could uncover.

We discovered the property and a remaining shed on it where a local old man was conducting a sale of various items. There was an enlarged photo of Crowley glowering over the scene and a few items which showed they had studied the Qabalah and kept diaries and did practices. These were indeed the same persons who had the property in L.A. and they were an O.T.O. Lodge.

Later through some conversations with former members of the group we discovered that a small room near the attic temple was at one time piled high with boxes and books when formerly it had been nearly empty. Also, this witness told us that in Oct. after the Germer thefts, Crowley's robe was pulled out of a box and shown off to the group and J.B. was heard to remark that they had a right to it.

Another witness identified some of the rare books they were selling for high prices in their bookstore, "The Eye of Horus", in L.A. up to the time of the scandal about the boy in the box. Unfortunately, when Grady and I heard about the bookstore and went to investigate, the group were already gone and the place was shut up and vacant.

Still later another witness told us of their operation on the desert and how much of the material had been stored in the house that had been burned down by the little boy. He also stated that he had access to the advanced rituals and had read them through. He gave us these facts when J.B., her husband, and others were still at large but were being hunted by the F.B.I.

The law was not interested in prosecuting for the thefts that occurred, they were only interested in the case of the boy in the box. Therefore, when J.B. and husband stood trial, they managed to squirm out of the charges and got off with probation. We never could get the law to take an interest in the thefts. Besides, our evidence was pretty slim in their opinion, since we had not caught them with the stolen goods.

Then I wrote a letter about all this to Sascha and this time I had no return address on the envelope. There is now evidence that she had opened the envelope and read the story but she did not contact us. There was nothing to do but wait.

Grady and I investigated the possibility of a law suit but had to back down when the price of such action was revealed to us. Further, we might have had a difficult time in court. However, the then D.A. of Calaveras County, a Mr. Airola, gave us the advice that it might be better to wait for Sascha's death and then see if we could rescue Crowley's literary remains from the estate.

There seemed to us nothing else we could do but from time to time we would drive to West Point and enquire about Sascha. We also asked the local Constable to let us know when she died. This he did not do. We also had a conference with the Sheriff about the thefts and saw the pictures they had taken of the library. Again we asked to be notified of her death and again this was not done.

Sascha died on April 1 or 2 of 1975. But it was a year before we heard of it, as 1975 was not a year when such action seemed to be possible. We were facing other troubles.

H. and I drove to West Point in late April of 1976 and it was then we discovered that Sascha had been dead a year and that the house had been vandalised three times. Since it was difficult or almost impossible to lock it up, it may have been vandalised more than reported.

But now I must backtrack and tell you of another peculiar incident which fits into this story.

For quite some time Grady had felt that there was an astral watcher in his study. I too felt uncomfortable in this room. Also, one night when he was away, my name had been called very forcibly and had awakened me from a deep slumber. I could not figure out who might have called me, whether the person was living or dead, and enquiries among my friends yielded nothing.

Then a young friend of ours, K., also had a psychic feeling that some presence was in this same room. He tried to clear it out but was unsuccessful. After this I half-heartedly did a Banishing Ritual several times but was mostly curious as to what was there and remarked to Grady that it would be nice if we knew a psychic who could tell us what was going on.

One evening after yoga classes which Grady taught and I attended, Grady arrived with a young woman. She had also been to the same classes and had complained bitterly about how tired she was as she had spent the previous night chanting in a Tibetan Yoga retreat and had had only three hours of sleep and then had worked that very day. She excused herself to join Grady in his room and the door was shut. Afterwards she came out looking very pleased with herself and thanked Grady. For what? I wondered. Shortly after they left for Berkeley.

The next week when Grady was again in Dublin, I asked him about the incident and he stated that she had gone into the room to see about the presence there as she claimed to be psychic. She had ignored the room itself where the presence had been felt by three of us, but went into the bathroom and looked into the mirror. There she stated that she had seen a psychic vampire dressed in white and seated in profile who had then turned her head towards the young woman and two long teeth at each end of the mouth showed very clearly. It seems it must have been a quite horrendous creature. At this, the young woman took the bracelet off her wrist and struck the mirror many times while she chanted a banishing of some sort - something she had been taught by the Tibetan Buddhists, I think. She then put the bracelet back on her wrist, the apparition seemed to be gone enough to her satisfaction, and they both proceeded to Berkeley where they contacted another young woman who pretended to be psychic. The bracelet was presented to the second young woman to examine and she confirmed the idea that there was a psychic vampire attached to it.

At this piece of nonsense that Grady had been telling me, I laughed and said she had seen herself in the mirror. The lack of knowledge shown by this incident of psychology and psychometry was abysmal, to say the least.

Well, at this, I literally gritted my teeth and said to myself that I needed a real psychic; one who had no knowledge of me or of Grady or of my house and circumstances.

In early March of 1976 the health food store about three blocks from my house was robbed. I was very friendly there as I was a steady customer. A few days after the robbery when I was in the store to buy some supplies, the ladies told me that the day after the robbery a young woman had walked into the store and learned about the event from their excitement. She had then told them what the robber looked like, how he had crouched down behind the counter, in what part of the establishment he had found the money, and which door he had entered. She also pointed out where the fingerprints were to be found. Then she went on to describe events and circumstances of the ladies in the store which she could not possibly have known as she was a complete stranger.

When I heard all this I enquired after her name and they were uncertain. I asked them to please get her phone number the next time they saw her and that I wanted her to establish whether there was anything in my house from other dimensions. I cautioned them not to describe my troubles or me, at all. They were just to say that I would like to contact her. Since they had been very friendly to me over the years, they promised that this would be done. And it seemed to me that this was the psychic I had asked for!

Then one week before H. and I drove to West Point, I wrote to Marcelo Motta and asked if he knew of Mrs. Germer's welfare. I was to regret the exchange of letters that came from this later.

H. and I got together and resolved to find out for ourselves how Mrs. Germer was doing and maybe, we said, we should have done it last year? As it turned out, we should have enquired about her sooner.

When we drove to West Point and conferred with the local Constable we discovered that Sascha had been dead since April 1 or 2 of 1975 and that the house had been vandalised three times that they knew of. We drove then to see the Coroner and Public Administrator, Mr. Gualdoni. He told us that the library upstairs was strewn with papers, the bookcase pried away from the wall and malicious mischief wrought. He denied having any boxes of Germer effects as had been hinted at by another person and stated he had only letters of relatives or people whom he might contact to discover if they were heirs to the property as Sascha had died intestate and no will of Mr. Germer was to be found. He also stated he had a curious ring in his possession which had been found in Sascha's purse and as he described it, H. and I knew it was Crowley's seal ring. We stated that the materials in the library belonged to the O.T.O. and that they had been willed to the Order by Karl.

Mr. Gualdoni hinted that we should perhaps have the books and papers and I stated my worry about them being discovered by certain types of people and told again the story of the thefts in the Germer house. He then referred us to Mr. Robyn, the lawyer in charge of such matters for San Andreas County. It turned out that Mr. Robyn was the very same lawyer Grady and I had consulted previously when he had a private practice and whose price for suing Mrs. Germer for the Crowley materials had been too high for us.

The gist of our consultations with Mr. Robyn was that we would have to prove Karl had a will and produce it. Since Sascha had left no will, the property would become the property of the State of California and would be sold to pay Sascha's and Karl's last debts for illnesses and burial and then the remainder would be used to pay Mr. Gualdoni for certain services and then what was left would revert to the State. Even if Karl's will could be found the matter would have to go through probate court and even so, the settlement would be difficult and uncertain as Grady would have to prove he was the head of the O.T.O.

He admitted that the personal effects could be sold separately and this included all books and papers on the property. He told us something of how these were put on public sale and the proceeds would revert to the State.

When we expressed our deep concern over the welfare of materials which did not belong to Sascha nor to Karl as they had been willed to the O.T.O. from the beginning and that these things should be placed in a secure storage, he was uncertain of how to proceed. We asked if we could go to the property and clean things up and see to it that they got into a locked storage, even though they might remain in the hands of the State there. I offered to pay for the storage. He answered that we could not go to the property unless Mr. Gualdoni or the Sheriff was with us. We stated we would keep the law and could this event then be decided upon? He stated that no one had any time to go there to clean things up. Both Mr. Gualdoni and the Sheriff were very busy persons. I offered to pay them for their time. I asked whether the house could not be vandalised again and perhaps burned down? He admitted that this might happen. The house had been posted by Mr. Gualdoni that no one was to have admittance by orders of the Law but that hadn't made much difference to anyone who wished to enter.

H. and I drove home and were in quite a state to think that we should be so helpless. Even though copies of everything Crowley wrote resided in at least 2 other places, still the handwritten fragments which remained would be of great value some time in the future to scholars.

My concern was great and I phoned Mr. Robyn a few days later

and stated that numerous phone calls to Mr. Gualdoni had not yielded any assistance and that we were anxious to put the books and papers in a safe storage building. I asked also that if these were the literary remains of Mark Twain, would the County be so indifferent? He agreed that they might not and I think that the fact that I used the name of a famous American author may have finally made him realise the importance of the things in the Germer house.

By this time, another letter I had written to Motta about the abandoned materials in the Germer house had stirred him to write to a friend of his, J.W., and to ask him to take action. This J.W. did and since he was the representative of an important publishing firm in New York, Mr. Gualdoni was stirred to some kind of action.

But this took some time for the fact that a publishing firm in New York was interested in the materials in the Germer house to sink into Mr. Gualdoni's mind. Meanwhile, H. and I had phoned him from time to time begging to be allowed to go up there and box things and put them in storage. He was always too busy or he was not available, often, I think, on purpose. What could 2 little old ladies make him do after all? I was being driven out of my mind by worry and H. was no better off.

In fact, she and a friend of hers went to the house and took pictures of the place, every room, just as it was at that time. She kept watch outside for possible arrivals of the Law and he went in and took the pictures. Later she put this collection of snapshots into my hands, neatly arranged in an album.

Meanwhile, on May 8, I had a terrible accident and was put out of commission for a month in this affair of the Germer Estate. And during this time or shortly after Mr. Gualdoni finally found the time to take everything to a recently completed storage place in San Andreas. No, not all, but the bulk of it in file cabinets. It was reported to me that a good deal was left scattered all over the floor of the second story.

The correspondence with Motta about the current state of affairs at the Germer estate continued until the end of May when he finally wrote such an insulting letter to me that I refused to communicate further with him.

My idea was that perhaps Motta should have a chance to bid on the Crowley materials since he had shown an interest in it. I also thought that our only way out was to bid on these materials also, as hiring a lawyer to take care of our claim against the Germer Estate might be too expensive and far more than we could even round up in the future. Further, Mr. Robyn's answer about finding Karl's will seemed an impossible thing to do. Mr. Gualdoni hadn't found it and we had no way of going through a mound of papers to find it either. Then through communications with J.W. we found that Gualdoni

had promised him access to the Germer property to pick up all the remaining mess of papers on the floor and to see that they got into storage. H. and I were outraged! We had worked for months to get access to the property to do this and had been given the run-around by Mr. Gualdoni. Now here a man from New York and a representative of a publishing firm was going to be allowed to do it!

Then in the middle of all this the psychic, J., again walked into the health food store in early June. They took down her phone number and I telephoned to her. Over the phone she described my appearance, that I had light colored hair, nearly white, that I was of medium height, not fat, that I was older and that I wore glasses sometimes. She told me of the colors in my house, white, gold and blue and gave me a run-down on the meaning of these colors. I confirmed this: then she stated that I had called her because of a shadow in a room in my house with a large window. She said that the shadow moved to a corner opposite the window, and then often stayed in the corner near the window as it was darker. I again confirmed that there was something there and I needed help with it. She stated that I helped many people and that I had highly developed talents and that I had been on this earth before many times and in view of this, she would be glad to help me. She also said something about my personal life which was true and that my health was bad at this time. I admitted to the broken bones from the accident and my recent bout with tiredness. At this she said I had been traveling on the astral at night and that I must ask that my energy not be depleted from this. I said that I had to lie on my back during the recovery and that it was much easier to get out of the body when in this position but that I did not know that I was on the astral at night. She named a despondent woman who was to phone me soon. (This was true, a friend of mine phoned the next day who was in a despondent mood).

She then got her Bible, opened it at random and gave me some quotes from it. Later that evening I applied the Qabalistic methods against these references and found that they alluded to the number and name of my H.G.A. There were a few other significant numbers as well and some months named that would be important to me. This turned out to be true later.

I asked for an appointment and asked if she could work from photographs and she stated that sometimes she could. During the whole of this conversation I was taking careful notes and did the same thing on the next evening when she arrived to talk to me. I admitted nothing until she told me about it, then I would admit it carefully. I wanted to be as scientific about the event as I could be. She had been as correct as possible for me to see on the telephone and I had no reason to doubt what she said when we met for the first time.

She got down to business immediately she was seated and said that the shadow in the room was someone who had passed over, that is

he was dead. I couldn't think who might want to contact me from the other side and was greatly puzzled but she went on with her description. This shadow was going towards the lighted window and was trying to escape but he was an earth bound spirit. He wanted to say things to me for my well-being about the papers - written papers, and books in a library. All this while when the message was coming through, J. had her eyes closed and her hands spread out on each side of her face, as though they were antennae. She went on to speak as though she was the spirit, who continued that he had a heavy burden and he was so tired and that he wanted to direct me and that it was very hard to get in contact with me and that he wished to go on and again he complained of his tiredness. At this goose-bumps appeared on my arms and cold up my spine and I suddenly knew that this must be Karl! Who else could speak like this?

The spirit went on to complain some more that I blocked him out and feared him, that he was tired and heavy and then he insisted "I am good". (Since I was used to doing the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram day and night it was no wonder he couldn't get through to me; I have ever deliberately kept out everything from other planes except my own H.G.A.)

J. described him as an old man with an overpowering warmth and love. I said this was true.

There was a little break and a description of a scene of children playing around an old barn and she seemed to think this somehow did not belong to the main message. I couldn't place it anywhere in my experience, either.

J. turned herself back to the matter in hand and said the old man wanted to go to his rest soon and that I will know about many things. Again there was some reference to the Bible opened at random and again some more Qabalistic meanings as well as passages connected to my magical work.

Then she said I was to go over running water and would discover many things of importance. This was true, to get to the Germer house by either of the two routes one did have to cross running water.

She said there had been an old woman in the house who was now gone and who was now saying, "I was stingy, I lied". She had feared the house was not going to be hers and she was going to get it somehow. But the old lady was now regretting her actions and she was crying and crying on the other side and she was not with the old man.

J. interrupted herself here and told me that I must forgive her and bless her.

Then J. went on to say that I must get to the papers and that

there were a lot of entities in the house and that the neighbours called it a haunted house.

She said there was a library and that there were a lot of precious things in it, some of them history, and much that was very important to mankind and that I must remove these things from the house as soon as possible for she saw some danger if I did not do this.

At this, I gave her the album of pictures which H. had prepared and J. smiled, put the album in her lap but did not open it and placed her hands on its cover. She again closed her eyes and began to describe the appearance of the house. She stated that it was a small and old house of two stories, that it was in need of paint, that there was a porch leading up to the door, that it was surrounded with weeds, that there was broken glass, and that there was an old fashioned cupboard upstairs in which I would find some handwritten messages which would be important to me. Again she stressed that I must take away the papers before they were destroyed and that everything would soon be coming to judgment. Who would it be? She described a cynical young man with brown hair and a pointed nose who likes to drink and carouse and that he claimed the house. This puzzled me. I had an idea who it might be, but was not sure this description fitted him.

When I should take care of the house, J. went on, there would be a golden ring all around it. The old man admitted his fault and reiterated that he loves me and that he is sorry. He had a great talent and could have done so much for so many people but he didn't use it.

She switched back to the young man again and said he doesn't want to come here, he corresponds.

She then described that there would be a document of importance and that I would phone and plan to take a trip and that another lady and perhaps a man would go with me and we would find the treasures and gather them up.

She went on to describe an important paper which had been moved around many times and had been protected by the spirits and was hidden in an old fashioned closet with boards going up and down. Later we were to explore this closet but nowhere did I find Karl's will and I did think that maybe Sascha, who had found it, had moved it around often when she was trying to take care of the Crowley materials.

She described that the papers in the house had spiritual meanings and that I would read them and discover things that I hadn't known about before. This turned out to be true. She also stated that the papers did not belong to the old man or the old woman and that

the old woman, when she was alone there, had been afraid to destroy anything and knew that to do so would be evil. She had wanted to be a do-gooder but didn't know how and nothing was the result. She was crying on the other side.

As we continued with this, some of it repetition, I thought that J. should see the room she had been describing over the telephone. We got up and went into the room with the large window and the white walls and she smiled at the accuracy of her description. I asked if she would check out the bathroom. She did this, and said there was nothing there, the room was warm. I asked if there was anything in the mirror and she said there was nothing there and then I described what the young lady had seen. At this, J. smiled and said the young lady had seen herself.

We went into the living room again and had a long conversation while J. told me about herself. She had learned how to be a psychic three years previously and had never accepted money for her work. When J. left me she remarked that the shadow had now departed and would no longer bother me. This turned out to be true as there has never been any more trouble with that room. J. also told me many things about my personal life which were absolutely true and here I can say she did not make any mistakes.

This then, was the psychic I had been hoping for, an unusually pure one, as she did not accept money for her task. I, of course, made sure that I paid my karmic debt to her by doing some Astrological work for her.

In very early July, H. and I decided that we had enough of the trouble from Mr. Gualdoni and that perhaps we had better contact a lawyer. We did this, and engaged Mr. Airola, no longer the D.A. but who had still the case of Mrs. Germer in his files. When we told him our story he said that the court could perhaps be petitioned that Grady was the only appointed successor after Karl and that if he had the papers to prove it, and since the library belonged to the heads of the O.T.O. according to Karl's will as well as to Crowley's will, that there was a good chance that we could gain possession of it. We could not hope for the property, though, as that had been willed to Sascha.

A week later we had a second session with Mr. Airola with Grady along with all the proper papers. Again, there was no hope that Mr. Gualdoni would go with us to the property to box up the remaining materials. We had to wait.

In the middle of July, J.W. arrived. Since he had been given permission to go the Germer residence and box the remaining things and H. and I did not have this permission or an appointment to do this as did J.W., we decided to drive him there. This was convenient for him and we had a good time together as we all drove to the

Germer house. J.W. proved to be a very charming fellow and quite sympathetic. But did I notice a look of surprise on Mr. Gualdoni's face when he saw us all there together? He also made some remark that he didn't think we were friends and didn't expect to see all of us at the house.

We spent several hours boxing every last scrap of paper that seemed to us to be important; J.W. remarking and exclaiming about this and that as we worked. It was hot and unpleasant and the house smelled of rats and death but we continued until everything was picked up and placed in Mr. Gualdoni's station wagon. From there it was placed in the newly completed cement block storage place in San Andreas - a little bit out of the town, and we were allowed to help with moving the boxes into storage. They were to remain there under Mr. Gualdoni's care until the court had made a decision. Also, Mr. Gualdoni expressed himself as being relieved that H. and I had engaged a lawyer on our case as he had doubts that we were entitled to the materials.

On the way back, with H. driving, I was very quiet as I had found a hand written note in the cupboard, just as J. had indicated I would, and it was from Jane to me. Poor dear, she had been having a terrible time of it in the last two years of her life and she was very unhappy and was trying to write to me so that I would take care of her. But her mind was partly gone and the sentences were disjointed and betrayed disconnected thoughts. I mourned for her passing as she had been a very dear friend over twenty or so years of my life. H. glanced over at me quickly and then gasped and said that there was a hand on my shoulder. I gulped, tears too near the surface, and remarked that it must be Jane as I had been thinking about her. But no, H. said it was a man's hand. At this, we all marveled at the turn of events and how we had been eventually aided in gathering up Crowley's papers.

Two days later Grady, J.W. and I went again to the Germer house but without Mr. Gualdoni. We had been given permission to go in to see that we really had gotten everything. We found a few more items that had been hidden in the cupboard and removed the large library carpet, again with permission. Grady did a banishing ritual and stated that he had heard voices telling him "Thank you" several times.

We wandered around in the yard and explored the garage and the roof of the house reflected a golden glow as the sun was just at the right angle. Was this the golden ring that J. had said would appear when I had done the needed work of removing the papers? I couldn't tell, as I am not a psychic myself, but that glow from the roof of the house I shall always remember.

In late July the Judge decided in our favor but left it up to the decisions of Mr. Robyn, Mr. Gualdoni and Mr. Airola as to what

other items were to be considered as part of the Crowley heritage. We conferred outside the court about this and Mr. Gualdoni conceded that the seal ring was part of the library. I mentioned that the three typewriters were also a part of the library and Grady said that the large electric typewriter had been paid for out of Order funds but we were ignored. There was silence between all three officials on this point, and I couldn't help but think later that there must also have been collusion.

A few days after this decision, we were notified that all of the paper work had been done and that we could now go to the storage place and remove all the materials. Grady and I drove to San Andreas and I gave to Mr. Airola the \$1,000 for his fee and over a hundred to Mr. Gualdoni for his part in removing the first load of materials to the storage. I also paid for extra storage which Mr. Gualdoni had not cared for, letting things run late so that I would be stuck with it. All of these sums and much more came out of my private funds.

At the storage place Mr. Airola was with us and stood there reading one of the books from the collection. Mr. Gualdoni drove up with his station wagon and a deputy coroner and nervously took the three typewriters right from under our noses and while our own attorney stood there to see what was done. We protested but were told by everyone that the typewriters were worth \$60.00. We couldn't fight and I had in mind that the seal ring was not yet in our possession. Gualdoni and helper drove off in a hurry and Grady and I were allowed to remove what we wanted to on that particular day. We piled up my station wagon with things that we thought might be valuable and by now I was suspicious of even the manager of the storage sheds. Then we drove to Mr. Robyn's office where we were to sign a release and the ring would be given to us. Mr. Robyn kindly handed the seal ring to me in his office and as we waited to have the release typed up, Grady was given the ring and made promises that he would take good care of it. When the release was ready we read it and after some hesitation we signed it, for it released the State of California from any other responsibility in this affair. I was so tired of the fight we had been through that I indicated Grady should perhaps sign and this he did. But now I think that was a mistake, as we could perhaps have demanded that the typewriters would be returned to us or we wouldn't sign.

In early August a member of the Order helped us to remove all the rest of the materials. Again I had rented the truck and paid for the gas and all that was necessary for this work. We brought the remains of the Crowley-Germer library to my house in Dublin and Grady took some pictures of our arrival. All that evening Grady worked on the sorting of these materials. He also got on the phone immediately upon our arrival and let it be known in certain quarters in Berkeley that everything was here. I was nervous about this and told him he had just jeopardised my welfare and perhaps my life and

had in mind what had happened to Sascha when it got about that she was alone in her house. It had happened also, that threats to rip-off the McMurtry's of certain of Crowley's things had gotten back to me just a few years previous to these events. I knew of the lines of connection between some of Grady's friends and acquaintances and through them in a chain to certain types of "rip-off" artists. I also knew that Grady was often fooled by certain types of people and this fact had been proven to me by events in the past. Maybe I was being too nervous but I considered that I had good reason to be worried. I asked Grady for his protection. He refused.

Grady spent one more day sorting the library materials and removing the better books from those that were of no use to Thelema. He also had access to the files of correspondence. After this was over, I drove him back to his place in Berkeley.

The following day I was alone and I removed every last bit of the Crowley literary remains and the correspondence and the Germer materials and the parts of the library that were valuable into a storage place quite far from my home. To this day these things are hidden and for good reason and there are quite a few who know these reasons or can figure them out for themselves. Those who might have access to them in the future shall have proven their honesty and their sincere concern for the welfare of Thelema and for the right use of these materials to the benefit of Thelemites everywhere. To prove these attitudes may take some time and a good deal of testing. My stand is that an untried and unproven Minerval of the O.T.O. is not a fit person to be let loose among these library materials. There is some sensitive matter in the correspondence files, for instance, which involves persons still living and I do not think that anyone has the right to expose matters which were given to Karl or to Crowley in trust. In due time what has not been published of Crowley's works, will be published. This is being worked on at the present. Also, please remember that there is a copy of everything that Crowley wrote in England and quite a few people in that country are interested in publishing Crowley material.

Some of you know of the threats to torture me and of the threats that also came from Grady. But these people have now been eliminated from our circle and so must it be. And now I have told you the truth and if the truth seems to be incredible, remember that life itself is incredible, especially when a person begins to use Magick. Also along this line, remember that every cause, or event that we can see has worked out on the physical plane, has had its effect. We can trace in this story the effects which produced this particular phenomena. I might also remark that there is no guidance so perfect as that of the Holy Guardian Angel and may you all attain to this joy and wisdom!

Love is the law, love under will.

Faternally,

Soror Meral

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE PHENOMENA OF ASTRAL PROJECTION

By Richard Alan Miller, Physicist. © 1974

The phenomena known as Astral Projection or Out-Of-The-Body Experience (OOBE) has become increasingly important to the research direction and study of the paranormal. An Out-Of-The-Body Experience is now defined as one in which the subject appears to view the external world from some position other than that of his or her physical body.

Traditionally in the field of Parapsychology Out-Of-The-Body Experiences are grouped into two main types, 'parasomatic' and 'asomatic'. The parasomatic type of experience is that in which the subject appears to himself to be located in a duplicate body, more or less resembling his physical body. In the second type of experience, the asomatic, the subject does not appear to himself to be associated with a body, rather he or she is just a disembodied consciousness or a 'pin-point of presence'.

It is important at this point to consider the definition used. Namely, once a structure or classification is structured, the way in which the data is gathered immediately sets up limits in which the phenomena can be studied. It would seem almost unnecessary to point out that the "mystical tradition" underlying most of the major religions have certain similarities. In surveying these coincidentals, the phenomena of astral projection is one of the most overt.

Psychical phenomena exert a strong influence on the foundation of religious heritage. The appearance of astral projection among them is probably the most common of the various genres. As an allusion to Dr. Robert Crookall's classic, Study and Practice of Astral Projection, the late Professor Hornell Hart states: "Initiates into ancient mystery cults clearly included the deliberate production of astral projection Catholic saints and Quaker ministers have reported undergoing such projection." The Egyptian script Peret-emheru speaks of the Ba and Ka (often incorrectly thought to be analogous to each other), which are ancient suggestions of what we call the astral and fluidic bodies, respectively. Qabbalism also has a parallel. In the Zohar, reference to the silvery "astral cord" is made.

Referring to this allusion, A.E. Waite writes: "When the good soul is preparing to leave this world, and while it is suspended from the body only at the larynx, it beholds three angels to whom it must confess its sins." Even Christianity is not exempt from this phenomena. St. Paul's description of the astral body and the Old Testament reference to the astral body are classics (1 Cor.

15:44, and Eccles. 12:6), and the appearance of Peter's double before Rhoda may be found in Acts 12:14-17 (A.V., King James version).

One of the most significant esoteric scripts discussing astral projection is the Bardo Thodol, somewhat incorrectly translated as the Tibetan Book of the Dead. The Bardo Thodol states that the initiate, during the altered state of consciousness, can produce mind-body separation. This seems to have a bearing on those prolific instances where LSD voyagers (who experience a journey very close to the bardo trip as described in the Tibetan Book of the Dead) appear to have such projection experiences. One such incident was related to the author by an LSD user, who, during the trip, discovered that his consciousness was not in his body, but next to it.

The most asked question about the out-of-body experience is: How does one know that they are simply not dreaming? A more fundamental question to ask, however, would be to counter-question: How does one know that the waking experience is real? To answer the first: the subjective out-of-body-experiences differ from the typical dream state principally in the following ways:

- 1) There is continuity of some sort of conscious awareness.
- 2) Intellectual and/or emotional decisions are made during the experience.
- 3) Multivalued perceptions occur via sensory inputs or their equivalents.
- 4) There is a non-recurrence of identical patterns.
- 5) The experience of time duration, based on long-term memory.

The most certain statement that can be made by the subject is that when the condition exists, he/she is as aware of "not dreaming" as when he/she is awake.

Dr. Robert Crookall has advanced a theory linking astral projection to survival. He agrees with Professor Hart that the survival of the human personality after death is nothing more than the permanent projection of the astral body. He sees various degrees of projection involving two distinct portions of the human psyche. One, he states, is conscious but immaterial. The other portion is unconscious and, although immaterial, has some objective existence. In OOBEx either or both of these portions may be projected.

Dr. Crookall's beliefs have some interesting parallels in the Ba and Ka concepts of the ancient Egyptians. They believed that the Ka was a "double" of the individual and that it was composed of very tenuous matter. It was supposed to live for some time after death and both the process of embalming and various funerary practices

were intended to ensure that it lived on in the tomb. If the required practices were neglected the Ka was thought to emerge from the tomb to haunt those responsible.

The Ba was the soul of the Egyptians. It was conscious but immaterial. In life it was contained within the Ka. In death it left both the Ka and the body. There is some scientific evidence to support this concept. Dr. Duncan McDougall of Haverhill, Mass. arranged to have dying patients placed on a sensitive weighing apparatus. He found that there was a weight loss of from two to two-and-a-half ounces at the moment of death. The data could not be explained except in terms of something having left the body. Two Dutch Physicists, Dr. J.L.W.P. Matla and Dr. G.L. Zaalberg Van Zelst report similar observations and data. They further reported that the proposed "astral body" appears to have a specific weight of 12.24 mg., that it responds to gravitation, and that it appears to be composed of particles that are small, heavy, but very widely separated.

Dr. Charles Tart, University of California at Davis has been conducting bio-physical measurements on individuals who can astrally project at will. His research indicates that out-of-body-experiences occur in conjunction with a non-dreaming, non-awake brain wave stage characterized by predominate slowed alpha activity from the brain and no activation of the autonomic nervous system. OOB experiences seem to occur during a rather poorly developed Stage 1 pattern of sleep which was dominated by alphoid activity and often mixed with transitory periods of wakefulness. This alphoid activity was always one to one-and-a-half cycles per second lower than normal alpha rhythm. There seems to be also no REM (rapid eye movement) accompanying these experiences. It is concluded that it is in the hypnagogic state where OOB experiences occur.

There is one sleep study by Drs. Lester and Guerrero-Figueroa in which considerable alphoid activity was reported in the sleep records as a result of chlorpromazine administration. Chlorpromazine is a fairly commonly used tranquilizer known under the trade name of Thorazine. It is now being speculated that drugs which tend to slow alpha frequency might promote OOB experiences, and this could be a possible fruitful line of experimental inquiry.

The author has experimented with a number of available legal herbs and found that Jimson weed when smoked works quite well for inducing OOB experiences with persons untrained in the technique. Care must be taken with this herb as it belongs to the Datura or night shade family. The active constituents are scopolamine, atropine, hyocyamine and other tropanes. If ingested, as reported by numerous Indian tribes of the Southwest, the herb can be quite toxic. It is recommended that only one to two grams be smoked at

one time and prolonged use is not recommended. The herb has also been called thorn-apple or loco weed.

Religion has been defined in terms of a commitment to something beyond the self (Garnett, 1942). Thus, the religious experience can be one of man's most meaningful life adventures. This powerful and profound experience is often associated with levels of awareness similar to those aspects of human existence perceived as "creative", "religious", "mystical", and/or "paranormal."

The Western world has institutionalized religion and has codified religious dogma while neglecting religious experience. This neglect has many roots, among them would be Plato's emphasis on reason to the near exclusion of feeling, Aristotle's division of philosophy into science and metaphysics, St. Augustine's separation of the "body" from the "mind", as well as Descarte's division of man's inner life from his outer life.

These divisions run counter to reports of the religio-mystic experience which, at its most profound, involves the subjective feelings of an integration of man's total being with the universe about him. Dr. Krippner and Dr. Ullman at the Maimonides Dream Laboratory have indicated the feasibility of experimentally inducing dream patterns telepathically. They indicate that a person sleeping is open to impressions and thoughts of others about that person, that these impressions can be and are incorporated into the main body of the dream experience.

Daily experience touches on various unresolved conflicts from one's past, arousing unconscious feelings and wishes and memories to a preconscious level. Dreaming integrates and again makes unconscious the aroused feelings, wishes and memories from the past, along with those aspects of the recent experiences which have stimulated or touched upon the material from the past. In the dream process, each person uses his characteristic defense to deal with the particular aroused feelings and impulses. If the new experiences are growth-promoting in nature, i.e., correct previous distorted wishes or fears, a modification in ways of dealing with the previously unconscious material may result when the dream brings the new experience into relation to the past. Thus, dreams can be used to predict future events in that they program attitudes and behaviour patterns.

In light of the above, a new model for the nature of consciousness begins to develop. Astral projection apparently requires an altered state of consciousness similar to Stage 1 of sleep. There also appears to be some very subtle but important differences between Stage 1 of sleep and that required for an OOB experience. Those differences can be discussed physiologically, vis. the EEG, the tape recorder, the rating scale, statistical procedures and the like.

However, with some of the new research available, the concept that the brain is a transducer of information becomes useful.

Dr. Gowan's work at the University of California at Northridge on the Collective Preconscious indicates that there is a possible body of information or knowledge which is available with slight adjustments in tuning, or alteration of consciousness. This concept could be applied to such ideas as pre-natal memory, language and other observed paranormal phenomena. This body of information is a universal one which does not require a time/space co-ordinate system, rather it functions on a more holistic level as the dream telepathy studies might indicate. Astral projection appears to require a state of consciousness which does not use a space/time co-ordinate system. Rather, OOB experiences are those where space and time are not critical for the assimilation of information. The point seems to go back to the occult concept that your awareness is everywhere, but your consciousness is a limited or special case of awareness.

Astral projection is apparently a special case of ESP (extra-sensory perception) where the information is brought into consciousness via certain special co-ordinates, i.e., OOB experiences. The real point is that the information was already present but needed some mechanism to be experienced on a conscious level. The development of those mechanisms over other possible ones available form the new field called Noetic sciences. The real issue or question which now arises is: Why have we chosen a particular co-ordinate system over another to call this system a "normal" conscious state? The fact that Western society perceives astral projection, religious mystical experience, and dream state as deviant from a "normal" state may hold the key to another stage in the development of Man.

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Editor's Note: On Dreams and Astral Journeyings we have these observations by Aleister Crowley.

"ALTERA VE VIA NATURAE - More on the Way of Nature

Sayest thou (methinks) that here is a great Riddle, since by Reason of much Repression thou hast lost the Knowledge of thine original Nature?

My Son, this is not so; for by a peculiar Ordinance of Heaven, and a Disposition occult within his Mind, is every man protected from this Loss of his own Soul, until and unless he be by Choronzon disintegrated and dispersed beyond power of Will to repair, as when the Conflict within him, rending and burning, hath made his Mind utterly Desert, and his Soul Madness.

Give Ear, give Ear attentively; the Will is not lost, though it be buried beneath a life-old Midden of Repressions; for it persisteth vital within thee (is it not the true Motion of thing inmost Being?) and for all thy conscious Striving, cometh forth by Night and by Stealth in Dream and Phantasy. Now is it naked and brilliant, now clothed in rich Robes of Symbol and Hieroglyph; but alway travellest it with thee upon thy Path, ready to acquaint thee with thy true Nature, if thou attend unto its Word, its Gesture, or its Show of Imagery." LIBER ALEPH, p.8

"QUO MODO NATURA SUA EST LEGENDA - How One Should Consider One's Nature

Deem not therefore that thy lightest Fancy is witless: it is a Word to thee, a Prophecy, a Sign or Signal from thy Lord. Thy most unconscious Acts are Keys to the Treasure-Chamber of thine own Palace, which is the House of the Holy Ghost. Consider well thy conscious Thoughts and Acts, for they are under the Dominion of thy Will, and moved in Accord with the Operation of thy Reason; this indeed is a necessary Work, enabling thee to comprehend in what manner thou mayst adjust thyself to thine Environment. Yet is this Adaptation but Defence for the most Part, or at the best Subterfuge and Stratagem in the Tactics of thy Life, with but an accidental and subordinate Relation to thy true Will, whereof by Consciousness and by Reason thou mayst be ignorant, unless by Fortune great and rare thou be already harmonized in thyself, the Outer with the Inner, which Grace is not common among Men, and is the Reward of previous Attainment.

Neglect not simple Introspection, therefore, but give yet greater heed unto those Dreams and Phantasies, those Gestures and Manners unconscious, and of undiscovered Cause, which betoken thee. (Ibid, P. 9)

DE SOMNIIS a) Causa per Accidens - On Dreams (Accidental)

As all Diseases have two conjunct Causes, one immediate, external and exciting, the other constitutional, internal, and predisposing, so it is with Dreams, which are Dis-Eases, or unbalanced States, of Consciousness, Disturbers of Sleep as Thoughts are of Life.

This exciting Cause is commonly of two kinds: videlicet, imprimis, the physical Condition of the Sleeper, as a Dream of Water caused by a Shower without, or a Dream of Strangulation caused by a Dyspnoea, or a Dream of Lust caused by the seminal Congestions of an unclean Life, or a Dream of falling or flying caused by some unstable Equilibrium of his Body.

Secundo, the psychical Condition of the Sleeper, the Dream being determined by recent Events in his Life, usually those of the Day previous, and especially such Events as have caused Excitement or Anxiety, the more so if they be unfinished or unfulfilled.

But this exciting Cause is of a superficial Nature, as it were a Cloke or a Mask; and thus it but lendeth Aspect to the other Cause, which lieth in the Nature of the Sleeper himself.
(Ibid, p.10)

DE SOMNIIS b) Causa per Naturam - On Dreams (Natural)

The deep, constitutional, or predisposing Cause of Dreams lieth within the Jurisdiction of the Will itself. For that Will, being alway present, albeit (it may be) latent, discovereth himself when no longer inhibited by that conscious Control which is determined by Environment, and therefore oft times contrary to himself. This being so, the Will declareth himself, as it were in a Pageant, and sheweth himself thus apparelled, unto the Sleeper, for a Warning or Admonition. Every Dream, or Pageant of Fancy, is therefore a Shew of Will; and Will being no more prevented by Environment or by Consciousness, cometh as a Conqueror. Yet even so he must come for the most Part throned upon the Chariot of the Exciting Cause of the Dream, and therefore is his Appearance symbolic, like a Writing in Cipher, or like a Fable, or like a Riddle in Pictures. But alway doth he triumph and fulfil himself therein, for the Dream is a natural Compensation in the inner World for any Failure of Achievement in the outer.
(Ibid, p. 11)

DE SOMNIIS c) Vestimenta horroris - On Dreams (Clothed with Horror)

Now then if in a Dream the Will be alway triumphant, how cometh it that a Man may be ridden of the Nightmare? And of this the true Explanation is that in such a case the Will is in Danger, having been attacked and wounded, or corrupted by the Violence of some Repression.

Thus the Consciousness of the Will is directed to the sore Spot, as in Pain, and seeketh Comfort in an Externalization, or Shew, of that Antagonism. And because the Will is sacred, such Dreams excite an Ecstasy or Phrenzy of Horror, Fear, or Disgust. Thus the true Will of Oedipus was toward the Bed of Jocasta, but the Tabu, strong both by Inheritance and by Environment, was so attached to that Will that his Dream concerning his Destiny was a Dream of Fear and of Abhorrence, his Fulfilment thereof (even in Ignorance) a Spell to stir up all the subconscious Forces of all the People about him, and his Realization of the Act a Madness potent to drive him to self-inflicted Blindness and fury-haunted Exile.
(Ibid, p. 12)

DE SOMNIIS d) Sequentia - On Dreams (Continuation)

Know firmly, o my Son, that the true Will cannot err; for it is thine appointed Course in Heaven, in whose Order is Perfection.

A Dream of Horror is therefore the most serious of all Warnings; for it signifieth that thy Will, which is Thy Self in respect of its Motion, is in Affliction and Danger. Thus thou must instantly seek out the Cause of that subconscious Conflict, and destroy thine Enemy utterly by bringing thy conscious Vigour as an Ally to that true Will. If then there be a Traitor in that Consciousness, how much the more is it necessary for thee to arise and extirpate him before he wholly infect thee with the divided Purpose which is the first Breach in that Fortress of the Soul whose Fall should bring it to that shapeless Ruin whose Name is Choronzon!
(Ibid: p. 13)

DE SOMNIIS e) Clavicula - On Dreams (The Key)

The Dream delightful is then a Pageant of the Fulfilment of the true Will, and the Nightmare a symbolic Battle between it and its Assailants in thyself. But there can be only one true Will, even as there can be only one proper Motion in any Body, no Matter of how many Forces that Motion be the Resultant. Seek therefore this Will, and conjoin with it thy conscious Self; for this is that which is written: "thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that and no other shall say nay." Thou seest, o my Son, that all conscious Opposition to thy Will, whether in Ignorance, or by Obstinacy, or through Fear of others, may in the End endanger even thy true Self, and bring thy Star into Disaster.

And this is the true Key to Dreams; see that thou be diligent in its Use, and unlock therewith the secret Chambers of thine Heart.
(Ibid, p. 14)

DE VIA PER EMPYRAEUM - On Astral Travel

Concerning thy Travellings in the Body of Light, or Astral Journeys and Visions so-called, do thou lay this Wisdom to thine Heart, o my Son, that in this Practice, whether Things Seen and Heard be Truth and Reality, or whether they be Phantoms in the Mind, abideth this supreme Magical Value, namely: Whereas the Direction of such Journeys is consciously willed, and determined by Reason, and also unconsciously willed, by the true Self, since without It no Invocation were possible, we have here a Cooperation or Alliance between the Inner and the Outer Self, and thus an Accomplishment, at least partial, of the Great Work.

And therefore is Confusion or Terror in any such Practice an Error fearful indeed, bringing about Obsession, which is a temporary or even it may be a permanent Division of the Personality, or Insanity, and therefore a Defeat most fatal and pernicious, a Surrender of the Soul to Choronzon.
(Ibid: p. 15)

DE CULTU - On Thelemic Cult

Now, o my Son, that thou mayst be well guarded against thy ghostly Enemies, do thou work constantly by the Means prescribed in our Holy Books.

Neglect never the fourfold Adorations of the Sun in his four Stations, for thereby thou dost affirm thy Place in Nature and her Harmonies.

Neglect not the Performance of the Ritual of the Pentagram, and of the Assumption of the Form of Hoor-pa-Kraat.

Neglect not the daily Miracle of the Mass, either by the rite of the Gnostic Catholic Church, or that of the Phoenix.

Neglect not the performance of the Mass of the Holy Ghost, as Nature Herself prompteth thee.

Travel much also in the Empyrean in thy Body of Light, seeking ever Abodes more fiery and lucid.

Finally, exercise constantly the Eight Limbs of Yoga. And so shalt thou come to the End.
(Ibid, p. 16)

DE VOLUNTATE TACITA - On the Hidden Will

All Disturbances, o my Son, are Variations from Equilibrium; and just as thy conscious Thoughts, Words, and Acts are Effects of

the Displacement of the conscious Will, so is it in the Unconscious. For the most Part, therefore, all Dreams, Phantasies, and Gestures represent that Will subliminal; and if the physical Part of that Will be unsatisfied, its Utterance will predominate in all these automatic Expressions. Do thou then note what Modifications thereof follow such Changes in the conscious Foundation of that part of thy Will as thou mayst make in thine Experiments therewith, and thus separate, as sayeth Trismegistus, the fine from the coarse, Fire from Earth, or, as we may say, assign each Effect to its true Cause. Seek then to perfect a conscious Satisfaction of every Part of this Will, so that the unconscious Disturbances be at last brought to Silence. Then will the Residuum be as it were an Elixir clarified and perfected, a true Symbol of that other hidden Will which is the Vector of thy Magical Self.
(Ibid: p. 27)

See also MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, Chapter 18 "Of Clairvoyance and of the Body of Light. Its Power and Its Development . . ."

Editors Note:

I have taken great pains to reproduce LIBER ALEPH in the parts where it refers to Dreams and Astral Travelling as it seems again quite difficult to buy or get this book in any way. Those of you who own it, please excuse the fact that I have brought your attention to what Crowley has to say on these matters.

This, though, has to be editorial policy for IN THE CONTINUUM. Some books are very rare or are quite expensive, or are quickly bought out of stock when they are printed. Therefore, IN THE CONTINUUM may reproduce parts of such books when the subject matter seems to fit in with the general progress of various students of Thelema or when some question is asked of general interest to all.

So far as is known, the First Edition of LIBER ALEPH is available but will be quickly bought out. Also, it is expensive. Please write for information if interested in a copy.

DREAM PHENOMENA

Time to let the dawn creep upon my soul;
Time to let the sun fling its rays athwart my eyes;
Time, oh, time again to let the daytime roll
O'er mind blissed with sleep, o'er sleepy sighs.

The march of day begins against my will;
The sun sharply climbing up the sky;
The dawn breeze blows and seeks to fill
With filmy evanescence my thoughts as I lie.

From emptied mind the dreams flee out-shrieking
Whilst vain regrets to know their presence gone
Slimes o'er the soul that would fain again be sleeping
Until fair dreams have pushed aside the dawn.

Mystic thoughts arise to meet the oncoming light of day.
The light shatters and steals down the tracks of mind.
Birdsongrips apart the veils; oh, who can say
The ultimate reality of either of these kind?

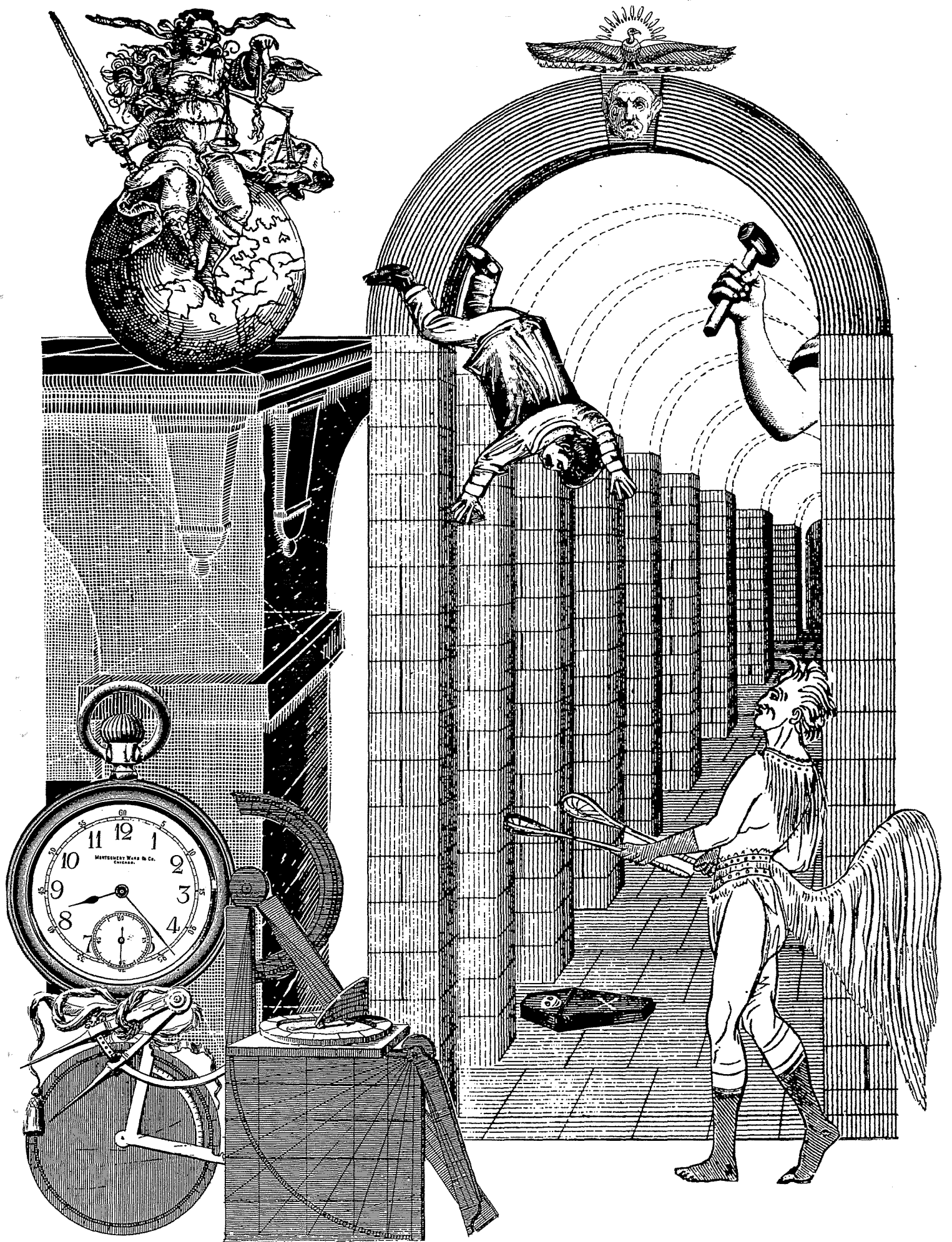
Mocking bird that mocks my hold on sleep;
Delirious notes beat against half-closed ears
And I relinquish slowly illusions I desired to keep
From among the flotsam of the dream world, the soul's tears.

Gentle on my mind the nymphs play in and out
Along the shafts of breath that help to shape the dreams
And I lie quiescent as the dreadful doubt
Beseeches my soul to question what it seems.

Is life a dream? or are dreams become reality?
What is real? Oh, Gods, you have your way
When dreams lead us to your thrones with such dread fatality
And we bow to your power until the outspoken light of day.

Neglect not the dawn meditation, oh sleepy brain.
Surely some transcendence will push away the day
Until all splinters into Light, the mind drained
Of ancient phenomena and the heart eager for the play.

Meral - 1977



DREAMS

What words are these that shudder through my sleep,
Changing from silver into crimson flakes,
And molten into gold
Like the pale opal through whose gray may sweep
A scarlet flame, like eyes of crested snakes,
Keen, furious, and too cold.

What words are these? The pall of slumber lifts;
The veil of finiteness withdraws. The night
Is heavier, life burns low:
Yet to the quivering brain three goodly gifts
The cruelty of Pluto and his might
In the abyss bestow:

Change, foresight, fear. The pageant whirls and boils;
Restricted not by space and time, my dream
Foresees the doom of Fate;
My spirit wrestles in the Dream-King's toils
Always in vain, and Hope's forerunners gleam
Always one step too late.

Not as when sunlight strikes the counterpane;
Half wakening, sleep rolls back her iron wave.
And dawn brings blithesomeness;
Not as when opiates lull the tortured brain
And sprinkle lotus on the drowsy grave
Of earth's old bitterness;

But as when consciousness half rouses up
And hurls back all the gibbering harpy crowd;
And sleep's draught deepeneth,
And all the furies of hell's belly sup
In the brain's palaces, and chant aloud
Songs that foretaste of Death.

Maddened, the brain breaks from beneath the goad,
Flings off again the foe, and from its hell
Brings for a moment peace,
Till weariness and her infernal load
Of phantom memory shapes return to quell
The shaken fortresses.

Till nature reassert her empery,
And the fulltide of wakefulness at last
Foam on the shore of sleep
To beat the white cliffs of reality
In vain, because their windy strength is past,
And only memories weep.

