



# IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. II, No. 7

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

An LXXVI, 1980 e.v., Sun in 0° Aries  
Published by the College of Thelema  
P.O. Box 415, Oroville, CA. 95965  
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The College of Thelema  
Founded in Service to  
the A.:A.:.

## TRANSCENDENTAL MAGIC, Its Doctrine and Ritual - by Eliphas Levi

### Prayer of the Sylphs.

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

### Prayer of the Undines.

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

### Prayer of the Salamanders.

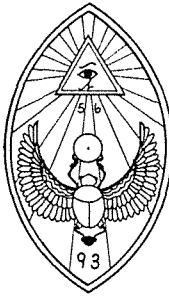
Immortal, eternal, ineffable, and uncreated Father of all things, who art borne upon the ever-rolling chariot of worlds which revolve unceasingly; Lord of the ethereal immensities, where the throne of Thy power is exalted; from which height Thy terrible eyes discern all things, and Thy holy and beautiful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

### Prayer of the Gnomes.

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



# COLLEGE of THELEMA



Sun in 0° Aries  
Anno LXXVI

Founded in Service  
to the A.∴A.∴

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

When reading either the MAGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL COMMENTARIES ON THE BOOK OF THE LAW<sup>1</sup>, or THE LAW IS FOR ALL<sup>2</sup>, the student comes upon some references to Crowley's writings, some of which were written by him before the dictation of THE BOOK OF THE LAW by Aiwass on April 8, 9 and 10 of 1904.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The explanation for the attribution of various elements to the quarters is stated in THE GOLDEN DAWN<sup>1</sup> to be due to the winds. Further, as the elements vibrate between the Cardinal points, their attribution is not unchangeable. The East wind is stated to be of the nature of Air, the South wind of the nature of fire, naturally, for those of us in the Northern Hemisphere, as the Sun is always seen to the South of us. West winds have moisture and rain and the West is the place of the setting sun. LIBER AL attributes this direction to Nuit in the sentence from Chapter I, v. 64. "I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky."

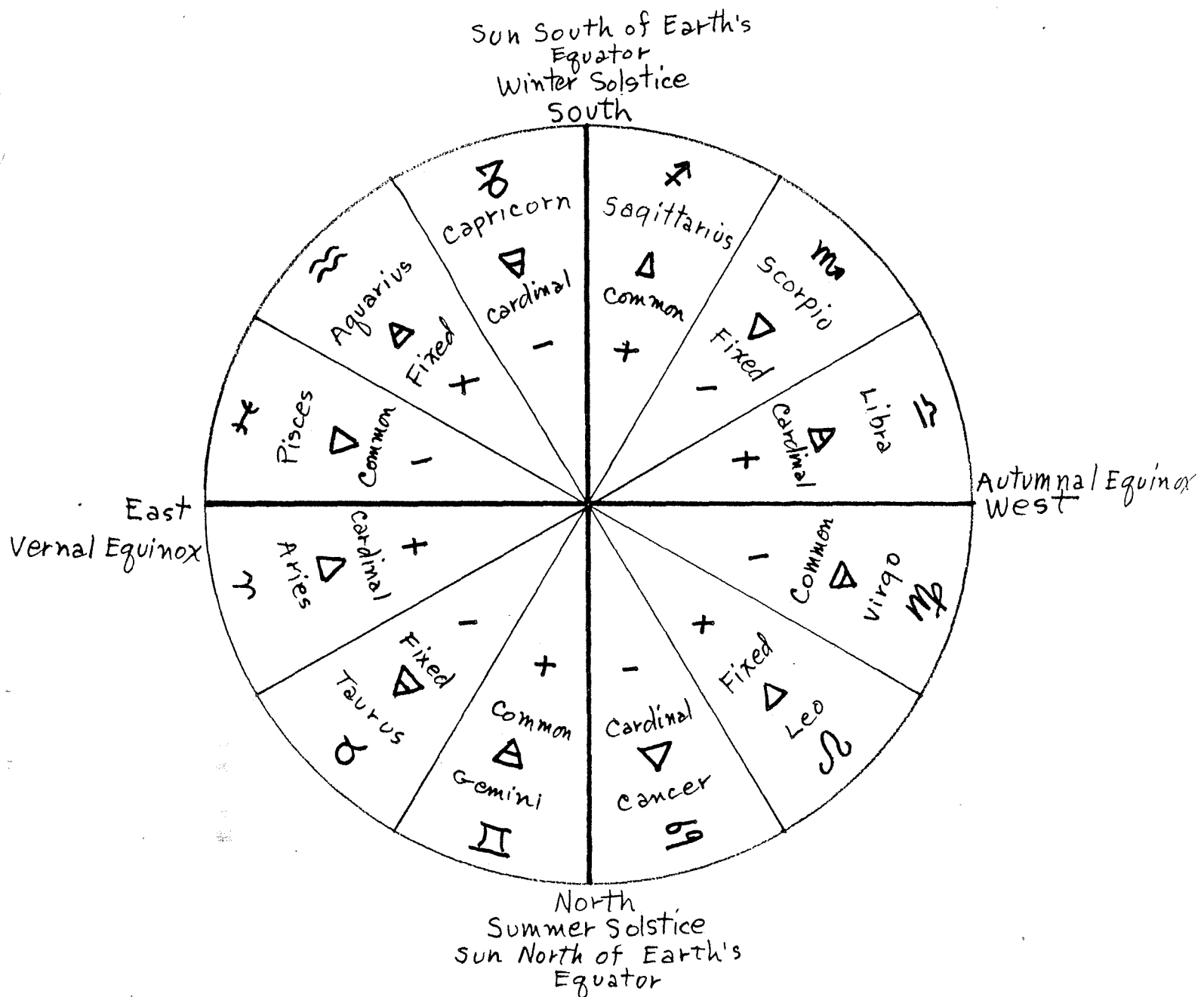
Water and Earth have been attributed to feminine qualities in nature, at least in Astrological and Zodiac correspondences. Please refer to diagram No. 1. In some of Crowley's rituals, this attribution is switched and Air is attributed to the North and is of Nuit, feminine, and Earth refers to Therion,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

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

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

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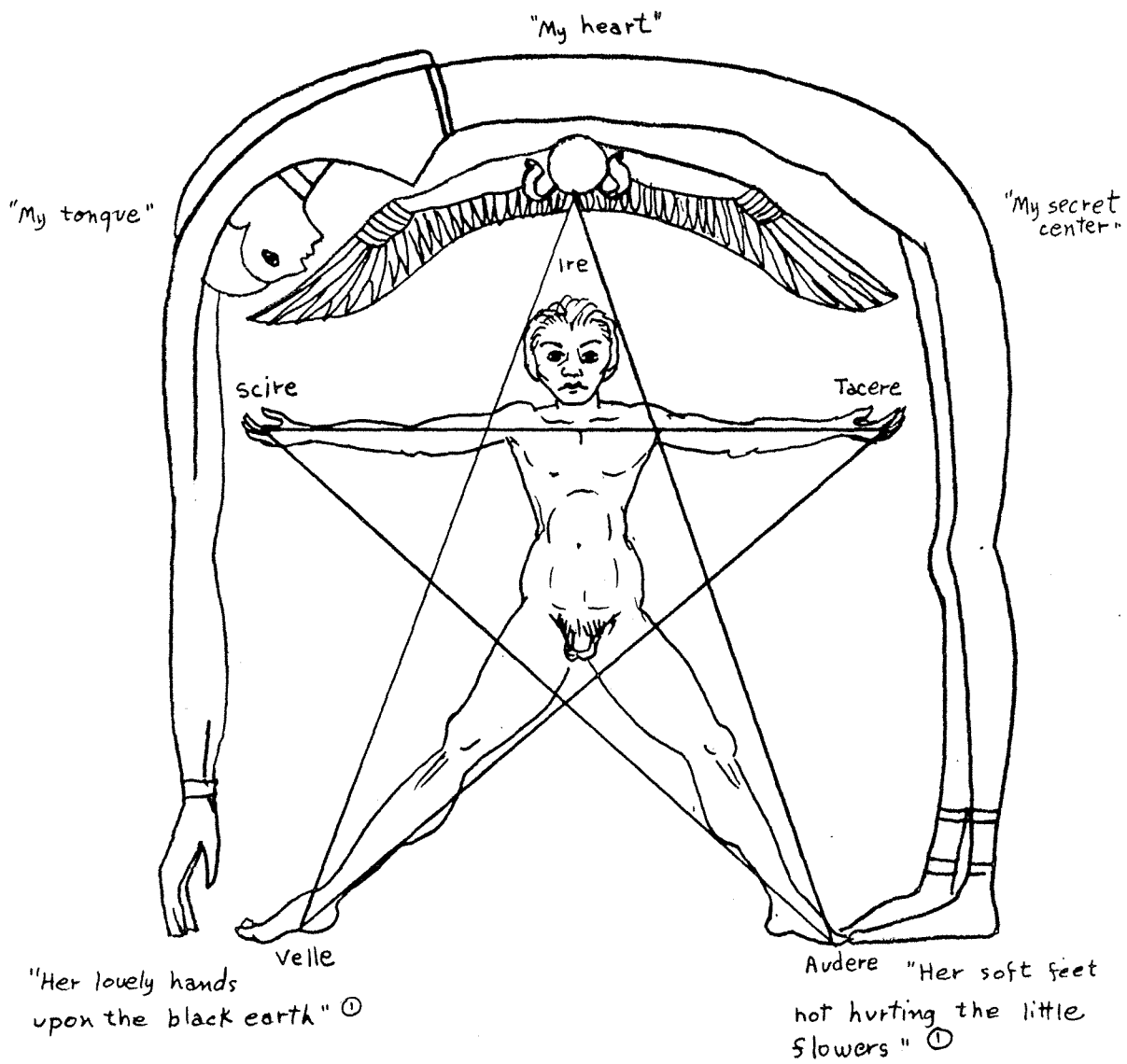
1. Volume III, Book Four.



All positive(+) Zodiac signs attributed to  $\Delta$  Fire +  $\Delta$  Air

All negative(-) Zodiac signs attributed to  $\nabla$  Water +  $\nabla$  Earth

Diagram 1.



① From LIBER AL, Cap. I, v. 26.

Diagram 2.

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

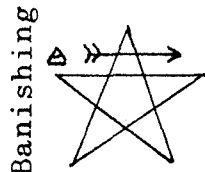
When the sun is at the Autumnal Equinox position, we find that its movement takes it from Virgo into Libra, which is an Air sign and, therefore, the West would be attributed to Air.

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

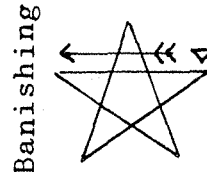
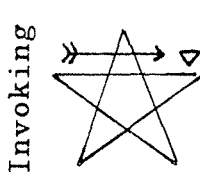
THE GOLDEN DAWN goes on to state that it is better to use the position of the winds in invoking due to the fact that the earth is ever whirling upon its poles. But if working in the Spirit Vision, the book advises that it is better to take the attribution of the elements to the four quarters as they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

The advice goes on to state that Air and Water have much in common as one contains the other. Water has a chemical formula of  $H_2O$  and both of these gases are in the air. There is moisture in the air at all times also. Because of this, the symbols of Air and Water are sometimes interchanged and the Eagle, usually of Scorpio's third and highest attribution<sup>1</sup> is often associated with Aquarius instead. In the Zodiac, Aquarius is a Fixed Air sign, therefore the Cherub of Air and its symbol is the head of a man. But we note also that this sign is the Water Bearer. Here then is one of the reasons why the very same top bar is used for Air and Water for banishing and invoking.

Pentagrams of Air



Pentagrams of Water



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

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

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

Crowley's Commentary<sup>1</sup> on this reads: "Nuith selects three centres of Her Body to become 'Two' with Hadit; for She asks me to declare Her in these three. Infinite freedom, all-embracing, for physical Love; boundless continuity for Life; and the silent rhythm of the Stars for Language. These three conceptions are Her gift to us." In this sentence he mentions, Liberty, Love, Life and Light (stars).

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

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

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

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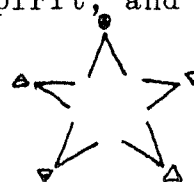
1. THE MAGICACAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL COMMENTARIES ON THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

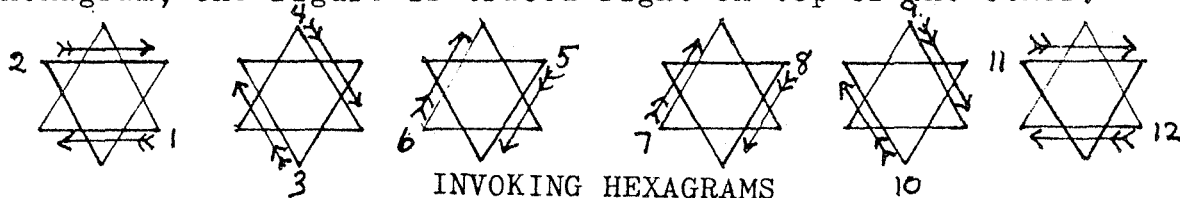
We can find further references to this word in BOOK 4, Part II, Chapter 8, "The Sword". We also can quote from "The Temple of Solomon the King", found in THE EQUINOX, Vol. I, No. 5, "A brief explanation of Agla is this; A, the one first; A, the one last; G, the Trinity in Unity; L, the completion of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

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

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

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

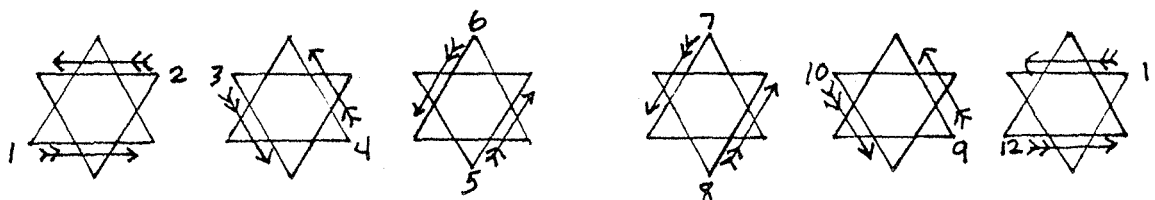
Now let us consider the Lesser Ritual of the Hexagram, which has also been the subject of many questions. Many are very puzzled as to just how one traces the Hexagram for Sol and it doesn't help that one of the angles has a wrong number on it - the upper left. It should read 2:11 and not 2:4.<sup>2</sup> Here is a diagram which pulls the Hexagram for Sol apart and which explains how this is done. However, when tracing this Hexagram, one figure is traced right on top of the other.



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

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





### BANISHING HEXAGRAMS

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

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

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

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

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

One is His Beginning - Achad Rosh

אחד ראש

One is His Individuality - Achadoth Rosh, Yechidothoh

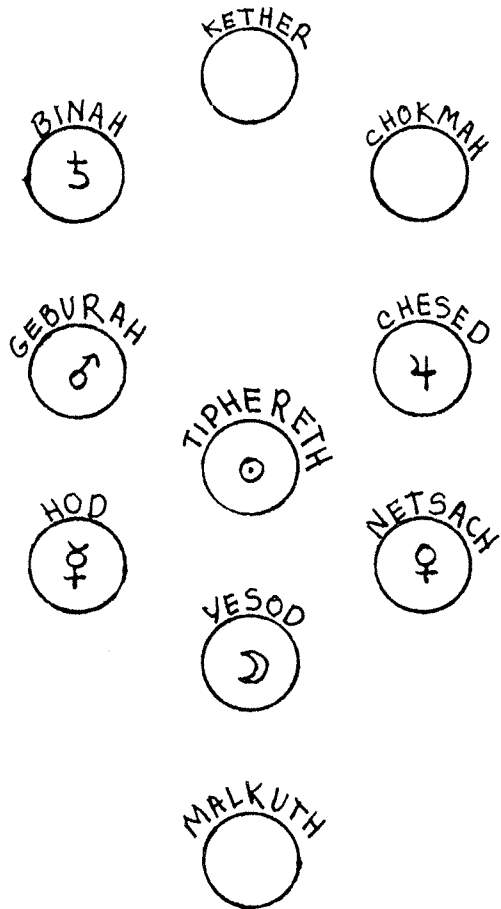
אחדות ראש ייחודותו

His Permutation is One - Temurothoth Achad

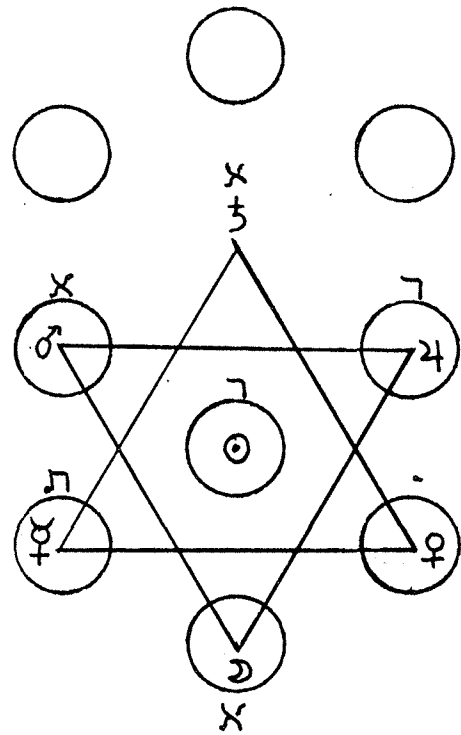
תמורתו אחד

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

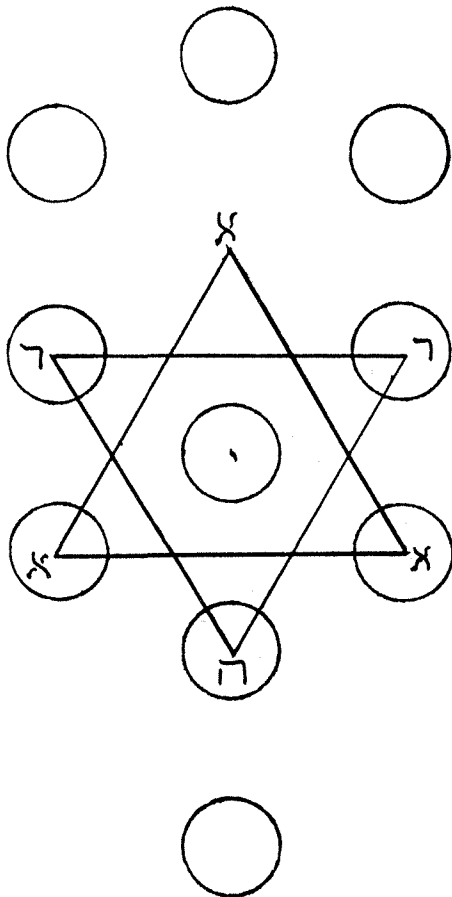
# Diagram 3



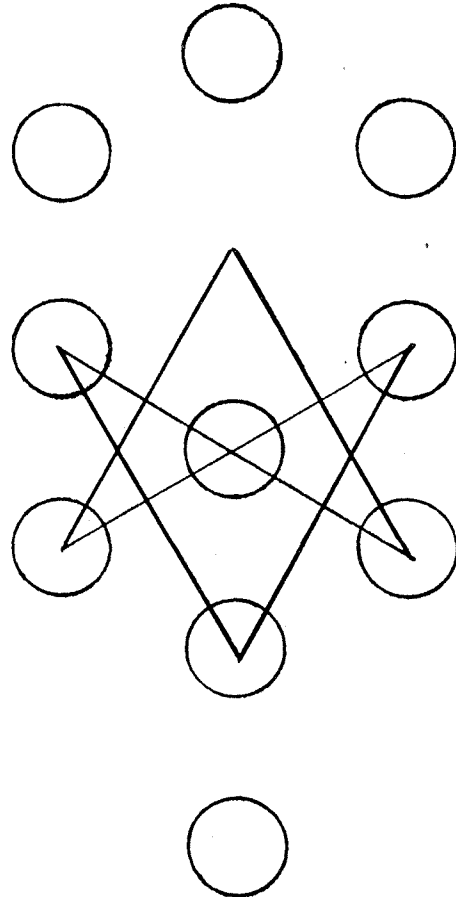
Planets on the Tree of Life



Hexagram + ARARITA on Tree



A.C.'s Attributions for Ararita



Unicursal Hexagram

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

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

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

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

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

Perhaps an example made up by a student of Alchemy and Magick will give an idea of how the student could proceed. Each angle of the Hexagram refers to a particular planet and in turn, each planet is referred to a day of the week. A student of Alchemy could then devise a ritual which will give him/her practice in the Lesser Circulation as well as practice in Magick. Talismans are made up for each day of the week. For an excellent description of how to do this, please refer to I. Regardie's HOW TO MAKE AND USE TALISMANS<sup>2</sup>. Then a tincture is made of an herb which is suitable to the particular day, 7 tinctures in all. For instructions<sup>3</sup> on this please refer to Frater Albertus' ALCHEMIST'S HANDBOOK.

1. Taken from 777 by Crowley

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

3. Published by S. Weiser

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To the beginner I would offer this programme.

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

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

*Soror Meral*



# QABALIST'S CORNER

Some more meanings of the number 418

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

also THOU: a name of GOD ( הוה ) = 406

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

406 + 12 = 418

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

The Empress is Atu 3

Hierophant is Atu 5

8 = Cheth = 418 = ABRAHADABRA

(Cheth is spelled ח . ט = 8 + 10 + 400 = 418)

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

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

B	כ	2	Note that MAUT refers to the Sphinx
---	---	---	-------------------------------------

I	י	10	M = 40 = Water
---	---	----	----------------

Sh	ש	300	A = 1 = Air
----	---	-----	-------------

N(a)	נ	50	U = 6 = Earth (Taurus, Cherub of Earth)
------	---	----	---

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

A	א	1	<u>56</u>
---	---	---	-----------

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

T	ט	9	
		<u>418</u>	

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

"Bid me within thine House to dwell."

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

B(i)d	(B = 2, D = 4)	=	6
			<u>418</u>

\* These endings are pronounced - eet

Letters from Aleister Crowley to Jane Wolfe

"Thelema"

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

Oct. 16, 1919

My darling child,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

57 Grand River Avenue West  
Detroit, Michigan

November 15, 1919

My jo, Janet!

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

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

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

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

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

(from Detroit  
Nov. 25, 1919)

My very dear,

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

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

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

I wish I could see you before I go.

Love is the law, love under will.

Your Aleister

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

November 29, 1919

Jane dearest,

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

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

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

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

I am too annoyed to write more.

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

The Beast.

7 Dec. 1919

My love,

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

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

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

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

c/o Mrs. Buschor

18 Tivolistrasse

Lucerne, Switzerland

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

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

But I am singing

Do you love me, Jane?

Love is the law, love under will.

Thine Aleister

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

Beloved,

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

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

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

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

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

The High Gods watch over your sweet soul!

Love is the law, love under will.

Thine

The Beast

666

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

Dec. 28, 1919

Janet o' mine,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours,  
The Beast  
666

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

Xmas 1919

My darling Janet,

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

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

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

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

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

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

To be continued.

## THE SWORD OF SONG

(Excerpt from  
Pentecost)

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

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



## DELIRIUM BREEZES

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

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

### FOOD OF MAGICIANS, FOOD OF FOOLS (Part II)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### DELIRIUM BREEZES (Part III)

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

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

Charles Harris

## CREATION

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

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

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

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

Meral  
1955

## WHAT IS LOVE?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Meral

TIME\*

A Dialogue Between a British Sceptic and an Indian Mystic.

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

'That would have puzzled that stout Stagyrite.'

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

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

Keynes. Formal Logic

Erdmann. History of Philosophy.

Berkeley. Three Dialogues

Hume. Works.

Kant. Prolegomena: Critique of Pure Reason.

Locke. Human Understanding

Huxley. Essays (Philosophical).

Patanjali. Aphorisms.

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

The Tao Teh King and the Writings of Kwang Tze.

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

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

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

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

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

Scept. I have but one apology to offer - that of Dr. Johnson.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

Scept. You are hard upon my insolence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The bawds of the stews be turned al out;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scept. That it was one, unknowable, absolute.

Myst. Objective?

Scept. Without doubt.

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

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

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

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

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

Scept. We agreed it to be real!

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

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

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

Scept. But if that consciousness deceive us?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Scept. What is all this? You are surely -

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

Scept. Forty-five years.

Myst. Excuse the ignorance of a "Babu", but as Mr. Chesterton<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### THE CREED OF MR. CHESTERTON by Aleister Crowley

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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\* Not to confuse with Tambourine or alter into Tamburlesque.

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

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

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

War, I think, if those be the terms.

#### POSTSCRIPT

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

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

I suppose I always was a bit of a Boojum!

---

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

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

Myst. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Scept. Er - what?

Myst. You are then an astronomer?

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

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

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

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

Scept. You know our poets well.

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

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

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

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

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

Scept. As?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scept. Certainly.

Myst. Did the stars efface their tracks to correspond?

Scept. Joshua is dead.

Myst. Yama<sup>1</sup> be praised!

Scept. Amen.

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

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1. The hindu Pluto.



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

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

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

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

Scept. Abrogate it then! But where are we?

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

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

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

Scept. It is so difficult to determine whether Sherlock Holmes<sup>1</sup> is dead or no that I will take no risks. But the answer to your query is obvious. He lives the longest who remembers most.

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1. A detective in sensational fiction of the period.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Myst. And what is the test of vividness?

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

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

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

Myst. I have known dreams -

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

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

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

Myst. Mysteries of initiation -

Scept. Narrow escapes -

Myst. The presence of death -

Scept. Shocks -

Myst. Some incidents of earliest childhood -

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

Myst. Religious emotions -

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

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

the phenomenon is utterly objective.

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

Myst. Here Hindu practice bears out Western speculation, whether we take the shadowy idealism of Berkeley, or the self-refuted<sup>1</sup> Monism of Haeckel. All these men got our results, and interpreted them in the partial light of their varied intellect, their diverse surrounding and education. But the result is the same physiological phenomenon, From Plato and Christ to Spinoza and Çankaracharya,<sup>2</sup> from Augustine and Abelard, Boehme and Weigel in their Christian communities to Trismegistus and Porphyry, Mohammed and Paracelsus in their mystic palaces of Wisdom, the doctrine is essentially one: and its essence is that existence is one. But to my experience it is certain that in Dhyana the Ego is rejected.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Myst. Also Tennyson.

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

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

Scept. So?

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

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

Myst. Or, that illusion -

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

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

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

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

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

Myst. I suspect as much.

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

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

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

Scept. That was my method.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Myst. You refer to Idealism.

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

Myst. The devout, the angelic -

Scept. Hegel -

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

Scept. Spencer -

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

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

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

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

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

Myst. You?

Scept. The result of despair.

Myst. This may serve you as excuse before Shiva.

Scept. Quit not the scientific ground we walk on!

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

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

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

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

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

Scept. Your stricture is but too just. Teleology<sup>2</sup> is a science which will make no progress until the most wicked and stupid of men are philosophers, since like is comprehended by like: unless, indeed, we excuse the Creator by saying that, the Universe being a mere mechanism, that it should suffer pain (an emotion He does not feel) is as unintelligible to Him as that a machine should do so is to the engineer. Strain and fatigue are observed by the latter, but not associated by him with the idea of pain:

---

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

2. The science of the Purpose of Things.

much more so, then, God.

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

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

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

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

Myst. That state is then impersonal?

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

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

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

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

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



only thing that saves it from being blasphemous.

Myst. To be intelligible is to be misunderstood.

Scept. To be unintelligible is to be found out.

Myst. To be secretive is to be blatant.

Scept. To be frank is to be mysterious.

Myst. I wish your poet-martyr<sup>1</sup> (I do not refer to Chatterton) could hear us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scept. Identical? Hm!

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

---

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

Scept. Which Haeckel has pretty effectively done.

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

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

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

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

Myst. What then is "will"?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scept. Yet it is so!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Myst. Well if no holes!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scept. None greater.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

Myst. But those reasons for permanence were very strong.

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

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

Scept. But how is that to be done?

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

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

Myst. And as such the matter of years.

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

Myst. But of mine the research itself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scept. May she enlighten our minds!

Aleister Crowley

"Time" from COLLECTED WORKS, Vol. II.

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





# IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. II, No. 8

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

An LXXVI, 1980 e.v. Sun in 0° Cancer  
Published by the College of Thelema  
P.O. Box 2043, Dublin, Calif. 94566  
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The College of Thelema  
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## THE EXCLUDED MIDDLE; OR, THE SCEPTIC REFUTED.

A Dialogue Between a British Man of Science and a Converted Hindu

(This absurdity is a parody upon the serious essay which follows. It is an exceedingly characteristic trait that Crowley himself should have insisted upon this order, and a severe strain upon the devoted band who try to force themselves to study him. The notes are, of course, Crowley's throughout. To elucidate the allusions would require a note to nearly every phrase. The fact seems to be that any one with universal knowledge at the tips of his fingers can read and enjoy Crowley; but few others.)

### THE EXCLUDED (OR DIVIDED) MIDDLE

M. Well,<sup>1</sup> Scepticus,<sup>2</sup> are<sup>3</sup> you<sup>4</sup> restored<sup>5</sup> to<sup>6</sup> health?<sup>7</sup>

1. Plato, Critias, 214; Schopenhauer, Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung, xxxii. 76; Haeckel, Anthropogenie, II. viii. 24; Aeschylus, Prom. Vinc., 873-6; Hegel, Logik, lvi 3; Robertson, Pagan Christs, cvii. 29; Mark ii 8, iv. 16, x. 21; Tertullian, Contra Marcionem, cxv. 33; Cicero, Pro Varrone, iv; De Amicitia, xii.; Goethe, Faust, I. ov. 18. Crowley, Opera i. 216; R. Ischak ben Loria, De Revolutionibus Animarum, cci 14 (see under מבט seq. q.v. p. iii); O. Wilde, Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, ed. princ., p. 4; Lev. xvii. Further historical authority may be found in Gibbon and others.

2. Punch, vols. viii., lxvi. Cf. Art. "Burnand" in Dict. Nat. Biog., scil. Vix. a-u-c, xlvii., S.P.Q.R.

3. From Encyc. Brit., Art. "Existence," and "Buddha", Mahaparinibbana Sutta, to whom the author wishes to express his acknowledgments.

4. This joke is the old one. Jones asks Smith. "Why are you so late?" Smith wittily answers: "Absurd! I must always come before tea; you can never come till after tea." Here "you" only comes after the "tea" in Scepticus, which shows that Scepticus was a tea-totaller. Mysticus is therefore the drinker; which proves (what Burton and all Eastern scholars affirm) that Omar Khayyam means spiritual wine and not common alcoholic beverages. Cf. Burton, Kasidah; Love and Safety, ed. princ., p. 45, &c.&c.

5. This word needs little or no explanation.

6. Ontogeny can only be misunderstood by thorough study of phylogeny. Crepitation of the bivalves is a concurrent phenomenon. Take away the number you first thought of, and we see that the exostoses of the melanotic pyemata by the river's brim are exostoses and nothing more.

7. An unpleasant subject - a great comfort to think of - vide Wilde, op. cit., and A Woman of No Importance. Also Krafft-Ebing, Psychopathia Sexualis, xx.; The Family Doctor; Quain, Anatomy of Grey Matter, xclv. 24.

Our<sup>8</sup> conflict<sup>9</sup> of<sup>11</sup> yesterday<sup>12</sup> was<sup>13</sup> severe.<sup>14</sup>

S. Cogitavi,<sup>15</sup> ergo Fui. To my breezy nature such a controversy as this of ours on "Tessaracts" was as the ozone-laden discharge from a Brush machine.

M. I was not aware that the termination -ozoon was connected with the allotropic form of oxygen.

S. Little boys should be seen, but not obscene.

M. Seen, no doubt for the Arabic form of Samech; in Yetzirah Sagittarius; or Temperance in the Tarot of your ridiculous Rosicrucians.

8. The 24th part of a (solar) day.

9. From French con; and Ang. Sax, flican, to tickle: hence, a friendly conflict.<sup>10</sup>

10. See note 9, above.

11. Vies imaginaires (Cratès); also Eaux-de-Vie Réelles (Martel). There is a fine model at the Louvre (Room Z, west wall), and any number of the most agreeable disposition at Julien's or Delacluze's.

12. Distinguish from to-day and to-morrow, except in the case of Egyptian gods; from to-day and for ever, except in the case of Jesus Christ; from to-day, but not from to-morrow, in the case of the Hindustani work "kal", which may mean either - not either itself, but "to-morrow" or "yesterday", according to the context. Note the comma.

13. From to be, verb intrans. auxil. mood indic. tense imperf. pers. 3rd.

14. From French severe; from Lat. severus-a-um; from Greek σαυρος, a crocodile; from Sanskrit Sar, a king. Cf. Persian Sar, a king; also W. African and Kentucky, "sar", master; Lat. Caesar, Germ. Kaiser, Russ. Tsar. Cf. Sanskrit Siva, the destroyer, or severe one.

15. See Descartes, Discours de la Methode, i. I; Huxley, Des Cartes; and Mucksley, Night Carts, published Sn. Auth., Bombay 1902. (At this point the damned don who was writing these notes was mercifully struck by lightning. He had intended to annotate every word in this manner in order (as he supposed) to attain a reputation like that of Max Muller et hoc genus omne.)

(Editor's note: This is darn hard to type but it is reproduced here in case any student gets too serious, therefore unbalanced. Also, a sample of how to beware when you read Crowley!)

(Further Ed. note: Crowley once severely chided a Fratre on his peculiar brand of jokes by telling him seriously that a pun was the lowest form of humour.)

S. No more so than your Semitic Romeike.

M. Semitic?

S. Ike for Isaac, non est dubium -

M. Quin -

S. God save His Majesty!<sup>1</sup> but is this Midsummer Night, and are we dreaming?

M. "There are wetter dreams!"<sup>2</sup> Let us discuss the Divided Middle!

S. Beware of the Water Jump!

M. Hurrah for Taliganj! I can improve on John Peel's Map of Asia and that ere dawn. I will map you the lucubrations of the (converted) Hindu intellect upon this vital part of the Hegelian logic. Aum Shivaya vashi!<sup>3</sup>

S. Dulce ridentem Mysticum mabo,  
Dulce loquentem.

M. Will you not elide the 'um'?

S. Then I were left with a bee in my breeches - worse than Plato's in his bonnet.

M. A Scottish sceptic!

S. A Wee Free, Mysticus. A gaelic-speaking Calvinist with three thousand million bawbees in my sporran and a brace of bed-ridden cattle-thieves in my kirk. So I withdraw breeks.

M. And you rely not on Plato?

S. Verily and Amen. As the French lady exclaimed, O mon Plate! - she would not say Platon, having already got one rhyme in 'mon' - and the Italian took her up that omoplat was indeed good to support the head, wherein are ideas. But to our divided middle!

---

1. Auberon Quin, King of England, in a novelette called "The Napoleon of Notting Hill."

2. Wells, "There are better dreams"; but it turns out to mean that the young man is drowned, and at Folkestone too.

3. Cf. Prof. Rice. "The waters of the Hoang-Ho rushing by intoned the Kung."

M. As I should have said before I became a Christian:<sup>1</sup> "O Bhavani! be pleased graciously to bow down to thy servants: be pleased to construe our prattlings as Japas, our prayers as Tapas, our mantras as Rudradarshana, our bead-tellings as Devas! be pleased moreover to accept our Badli for Sach-bat, our Yupi for Lalitasarira, our subject - O bless our divided middle! - for thine own venerable Yoni. Aum!"

S. I am touched by your eloquence; but Science has not said its last word on Sabapaty Swami and his application of Prana-yama to the aberrations of the evolutionary retrocessions - flexomotor in type, yet sensorial in function - of the Sahas-rara - Chakra, as you urged yesterday.

M. I will not press it. But in the so-affected ambulatory vibrations (as I must insist, and you practically agreed) of the lower chakras may yet be found to lie the solution of our primordial dilemma. What is the divided middle? lest enthy-meme ruin our exegesis ere it be fairly started.

S. I will answer you without further circumlocution. The laws of Thought are reducible to three: that of identity, A is A; that of contradiction, A is not not-A; and that of Excluded Middle,<sup>2</sup> A and not-A taken together constitute the Universe.

1. This is the invariable invocation used by the pious Hindu before any meditation or holy conference.

2. Sir W. Hamilton's proposed quantification of the predicate would serve in this instance.

We have to combine the propositions:

All A is all A.

All A is not all not-A.

No A is not no not-A.

Fantastic as it seems, this is the simplest of the eighty-four primary ways of expressing these three laws in a single proposition.

No not-A is not no some not not-A.

a. A distinguished author on philosophical and kindred subjects. See his "works". John Lane, b. 1894.

b. Lane - a long one, with neither variableness nor shadow of turning. Christian name John. c.

c. Not to be confused with John, the beloved disciple, who wrote "Caliban<sup>d</sup> on Patmos."<sup>h</sup>

d. A dwarfish miscreate, celebrated in the works of Browning and Shakespeare (W.).<sup>e</sup>

e. Dramatic author, flourished A.D. 1600 circa; wrote The Tempest<sup>f</sup>, Susannah; or, The Two Gentlemen of Veronica's Garden, The Manxman, and other plays.

f. A garbled version of this was misbegotten in A.D. 1904 on a London stage; the worst actor of a dreadful crew, in spite of his natural aptitude for the part of Caliban (q.v. supra, note d.), being one Beerbohm Tree.<sup>g</sup>

g. Tree, because such a stick. Beerbohm - vide supra, note a. I take this opportunity to introduce my system of continuous footnotes, on the analogy of continuous fractions. In this case they are recurring - a great art in itself, though an error in so far that they fail to subserve the great object of all footnotes, viz. to distract the attention of the reader.

h. Text appended: -

#### CALIBAN ON PATMOS.

Being the Last Adventure of the Beloved Disciple.

(Come, kids, lambs, doves, cubs, cuddle!  
Hear ye John  
Pronounce on the primordial protoplast  
Palingenetic, palaeontologic,  
And beat that beggar's bleeding  
With truth veracious, aletheiac, true!  
John ye hear. Cuddle, cubs, doves, lambs, kids, come!)

First, God made heav'n, earth: Earth gauche,  
void; deep, dark.  
God's Ghost stirred sea. God said 'Light!'  
'Twas. 'Saw light,  
Good, split off dark, call'd light 'day', dark  
'night'. Eve,  
Morn, day I. 'Said, "'Twixt wets be air,  
split wets!"  
'Made air, split wets 'neath air, wets top air; so.  
Call'd air 'heav'n.' Eve, morn, day II. 'Said,  
"Low wets,  
Cling close, show earth." So. 'Call'd dry  
'earth', wet 'sea'.  
Rubbed hands, smacked lips, said 'good'.  
(Here John was seized  
By order of Augustus. He maintained,  
In spite of the imperial holograph,  
"My seizer must be Caesar," with a smile:  
and for persisting in his paradox  
Was disembowelled: so Genesis got square.)

M. That is a proposition easy to criticise. What of the line of demarcation between A and not-A? To A it is not-A, I suppose; to not-A it is A.

S. As in defining the boundaries of nations - Gallia est divisa in partes tres - we may suppose that half the line is of A, and half of not-A.

M. No; for a line cannot be longitudinally split, or bifurcated in a sense parallel with itself. As Patanjali hints in his Kama Linga Sharira - that most delicate of Eastern psychologico-physiologico-philosophical satires - "Bare Sahib ne khansamahko bahut rupaiya diya hai."

S. The Ethic Dative! But your contention is true, unless we argue with Aristotle *ἡ κῆρ στρονθοῦ περιγὰς μελαίνας* and so on.

M. I was sure you would not seriously defend so untenable a position.

S. The eleemosynary functions of the - Jigar, I fancy the Vedas have it -

M. Yes -

S. Forbid.

M. Then do you accept the conclusions of the Hegelian logic?

S. My logic begins with the Stagyrte and ends with a manual kunt. I shall not surrender without a struggle. I am not an Achilles to be wounded in the heel.

M. Then the wound is healed? Forgive me if I trespass on the preserves of Max Beerbohm,<sup>a</sup> and your other ripping cosmopolitan wits!

S. No, for I say that the line is, like the Equator, imaginary.

M. But is not imagination to be classed as either A or not-A?

S. Vae Victis! as Livy says. I admit it.

M. And its products?

S. Me miserum! I cannot deny it.

M. Such as lines? Namō Shivaya namaha Aum - to quote our holiest philosopher.

S. I am done. But no! I can still argue:



- (a) There is no line of demarcation.
- (b) There is a line, but it does not exist.
- (c) There is more than one line - since it is not straight and so cannot enclose a space - and more than one thing cannot form part of a universe, since unus implies a whole.

M. I should reply:

- (a) It is true that there is no line of demarcation, but that that non-existing line is after all just as much a part of the (non-existing) universe as any other non-existing thing.

We divide the universe into

- (1) Existing things.
- (2) Non-existing things.

If A exists, the line must be not-A: and vice versa. Which we know to be false.

- (b) It is true that there is a line, and that it does not exist, but -

S. Let us settle (a) first, and return at leisure. You fail utterly to make the important distinction between mere absence of line and presence of a non-existing line, which is as gross a fallacy as to argue that a man who has gone out to lunch has been annihilated.

M. But he has been annihilated, from the point of view of the emptiness of his bungalow.

S. No! for the traces of his presence remain and will do so for ever.

M. Then a mehta's broom may be as mortal as a femme-de-ménage!

S. A trois: πατηρ - υἱος, the λογος - and πνευμα ἁγιον.

M. Then you surrender? The tripartite anatomy of Tat Sat is granted me? Hegel is God, and Zoroaster his prophet? "The mind of the Father said 'Into 3!' and immediately all things were so divided!"?

S. Arrahmanu arrahimu al maliku al qadusu as salamu - Vete cabron! Chinga su madre! I give in on that issue.

M. Alhamdolillah! For there are four letters in Allah, ﷲ. A for Ab - Father, L for Logos - double, for he is both God and man, and H for Holy Ghost.

S. The language of your Notariqon is tripartite too! On point (1) though, 'twas but by a slip. I fell: I was not pushed. Can you controvert my second defence?

M. It is not a defence at all. It is a trick to lure me away from the question. I admit that there is such a line, and that it does not exist - but might it not negatively subsist, in the Ain, as it were? Further, whether it is or is not a concept, a noumenon, a psychosis, an idea - anything! does not matter. For since it is a subject with or without predicates and the possibility of predicates, they are themselves predicates<sup>1</sup> which copulate with it even the impossibility of assigning predicates to it, with the exception - you are bound to urge! - of itself. But this would violate your law of identity, that a predicate should exclude itself from its own category, even were it non-existent, inconceivable, bum. Consequently, thinkable or unthinkable, our creation of it subjectively has fixed it eternally in the immeasurable void.

S. Your argument is as convincing as it is lucid. But to my third fortress!

M. Dorje Vajra Samvritti! As to your third line of defence, I must admit that my difficulties are considerable. Yet, Bhavani my aid, I will essay them. You said, I think -

S. There is more than one line, since the line is not straight (otherwise it could not enclose a space).

M. I do not see this!

S. A curved line is not truly a line, since a line must have length without breadth, and a curved line may certainly have breadth, for it need not lie in one plane.<sup>2</sup>

1. Litera scripta manet. Do not steal it, or tertia poena manet.

2. The mathematical proof of this is simple. A surface is composed of an infinite number of parallel straight lines touching each other. Now for parallel straight lines place a single convoluted chortoid with a parabolic direction of  $\pi^{\theta-\pi} + n^{\theta-\pi}$ . At all

the foci will be ellipses of the form:  $(p+v) \pm \sin^{\theta-1} \cos \alpha$ .  
Now since  $p + v$  is in this case unity and  $m = n$ , we have -

$\left\{ \frac{c [\tan \theta - 0 \cos(\pi + \alpha) \sqrt{-\pi} c \sin \theta \varepsilon^{\theta} - \varepsilon \theta \pi + K]}{[c \cos \theta + n \sin \theta] [n \tan \theta + t \sec \theta]} \right\} - 1$  If the cortoid lie in one plane this expression = 0; but if not, it =  $\sin^{\theta-1} \cos \theta^{-2}$ ,  $\theta$  being the angle subtended by the common arc of the original curve, by Halley's theorem, or  $\sin \frac{\theta}{\pi}$ , in which case the expression is unreal, and may be neglected.

M. True

S. Hence we may conclude that the line of demarcation between A and not-A is many and not one. Now an universe is that which turns to one,<sup>1</sup> when truly considered. Our line does the reverse of this, for it appeared one at first, and split upon examination.

M. Exactly; but that is where I have you in a corner.

S. Dollar wheat! Dollar wheat! Dollar wheat!

M. It is the 'reverse' which does you.<sup>2</sup> If you turn a man fourth-dimensionally round, his hemispherical ganglia will prove interchangeable?

S. No doubt, for they are symmetrical.

M. His polygonal fissures are identical with themselves?

S. I admit it, for they are ambidextrous.

M. His hypertrophied constrictor Cunni will feel nothing?

S. No; it is medial.

M. Then how is he changed?

S. Fourth-dimensionally; no more.

M. Yet his right optic nerve will see through his left eye?

S. Of course.

M. Then of an event, an argument, a dialectic euhemerism, protoplasmic or blastodermic?

S. I see what you mean. You would say that duality irresolvable into unity has no parallel in the regions of pure intelligence, seeks no corollary from the intuitive organic reactions of the hyperbolic cells?<sup>3</sup>

M. I would.

S. The devil you would!

---

1. Two or more things cannot form part of any one thing, in so far as they remain two. Considered in relation to that of which they form part, they become fractions.

2. Cf. A.B. Douglas, Reminiscences.

3. Both colloid, caudate, and epicycloid, of course.

M. I would. Our line becomes single?

S. In the higher sense.

M. So that the Mind of the Father riding on the subtle guiders got it right after all?

S. Pretty right.

M. And all things are divisible into Three, not into Two?

S. Into A, not-A, and the dividing line.

M. Though the Reason of Man has boggled often enough at this, the intuition of Woman has always perceived it.

S. But she has gone too far, placing the importance of that dividing middle above all other things in earth or heaven. We hold the balance fair and firm.

M.(glad) How blessed is this day, Scepticus!

S.(Conceding the point, and catching the glow). Let us make a night of it!

M.(Enjoying his triumph). We will. Do not forget twilight!

S.(In holy rapture). Into Three, Mysticus, into Three!

M.(Ditto, only more so). Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

S.(In the trance called Nerodha-Samapatti). As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

M.(Ditto, after an exhilarating switch-back ride through the Eight High Trances). AMEN.

By Aleister Crowley

From THE COLLECTED WORKS

## A QUESTION OF FAITH

### A NEW LOOK AT THE PHENOMENA OF PSYCHIC SURGERY

© by Richard Allan Miller, 1975

"There are men in the Philippines who have, or claim to have, the powers to heal and or operate on persons without instruments of any kind. They do this with no sanitation, no pain, entering the body with their hands, operating in a matter of minutes, and with prayer, closing the body, leaving no scar."  
(from "A Travel King, Inc.," a promotional brochure)

Who would believe that any individual, no matter how spiritually motivated, could enter any part of another's body and either lift out or neutralize diseased tissue, all without causing pain and without the conventional methods of incision, suturing, etc.? As a matter of fact, in all cases there is no evidence of entry.

There are believers. Last year more than one thousand persons from the Puget Sound area alone paid over \$1,000 apiece for a two-week psychic pilgrimage to the Philippines. Scores more either have gone or are planning to go this year. The main reason - friends have told them of miraculous cures and a new lease on life.

Faith healing, and in particular, psychic healing, is hardly new. Illness, pain and impending death can turn normally cautious, conservative people into desperate seekers of any chance for prolonging their lives. It is a field rife with frauds and charlatans, but from Jesus Christ down through the ages to Oral Roberts and Kathryn Kuhlman of today, faith healers have attracted huge followings.

Testimonials of persons who say they have been cured are easily obtained. Nyla Ford, manager of the Travel King Agency, had a bone spur high on her back which kept her from engaging in heavy exercise for years. "The day after my treatment I was swimming in the pool for the first time since my automobile accident." A dentist with cancer of the prostate says his doctor had told him he had about a year to live. "I've been over there five times now," he says "and each time the treatment has been invaluable. My pathologist here says he can't believe I'm still around six and one-half years later." A chiropractor reports his severe astigmatism was cured, improving his eyesight to near perfect from almost total blindness.

My own personal experience with research in this field indicates that one man, Werder Bacon, probably had his body entered by psychic surgeons. An x-ray taken before he left for the Philippines

showed that he had great amounts of cancerous tissue in the liver region. He returned from the Philippines and died shortly thereafter. A complete biopsy by the University of Washington's Department of Pathology indicates that the liver showed no traces of cancerous material.

The Associated Press reported that the brother of Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos said that the psychic healers have been summoned to the presidential palace to treat afflicted persons at least six times in recent months.

Questions of credibility abound. A study done in Seattle by myself indicates possible fraud by pathologists studying tissue samples. Two different pathological studies of tissue allegedly removed from patients in the Philippines were sent to me via sealed containers. The containers were opened in the presence of witnesses and dissected into two parts each. They were then resealed in separate containers, one being given to a well-known pathologist in the Seattle area and the other being sent to a pathology laboratory in Washington, D.C. for identification. The Washington, D.C., laboratory had no knowledge of the origin of the samples sent to them; however, the Seattle pathologist was informed that he was studying tissue samples removed from patients by psychic surgeons in the Philippines. The results proved most interesting! The Seattle pathologist indicated that in the one study, the sample was definitely not human. The Washington, D.C. pathology laboratory reported, however, that it was human tissue. The Seattle pathologist again indicated that the second sample was also definitely not human, whereas the Washington, D.C. laboratory reported that there was not enough tissue sample to determine whether it was human or animal! The results are inconsistent and puzzling.

The psychic surgeons of the Philippines generally appear to be uneducated, but humble, devout individuals. They make few pretenses, asking only for donations after completing their treatments. The donations normally range between \$100 and \$1,000. They supposedly are capable of discerning a person's aura or energy field, mystically coming up with a diagnosis and cure through an insight hardly similar to that employed by modern medical practitioners. The Philipinos begin their treatment by kneading the afflicted area, working only with water and cotton. Then at a crucial moment, blood spurts forth. Films of the actual occurrence of this phenomena are too obscure to actually determine without doubt the origin of the blood. At times, the surgeon produces quantities of diseased tissue which some people have brought back with them for analysis. Critics claim the healers may also be sleight-of-hand experts, and explain that perhaps the blood is concealed in dried clots between the healer's fingers, flowing only with the application of water. It is said to be produced from a hiding place amidst the rolls of cotton.

Psychic surgery is an emotional issue. In the past few years, there have been flurries of interest in it in widely separated American and Canadian cities including Detroit, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Vancouver, B.C., and Seattle; however, there have never really been any authoritative studies made of it, except for that which I will relate to you in this article. A.M.A. statistics show that a person who has "terminal cancer" has a one in five recovery rate even after the bad news is pronounced. The problem is if twenty percent of the people recover in the United States after being informed they are terminally ill, the statistics of the individuals returning from the Philippines after receiving treatment from psychic surgeons cannot really be compared to the A.M.A. statistics since the individuals who would even consider going to the Philippines probably fall into a different category of subculture.

"It's a difficult situation," remarks the dentist who says he doesn't want to have his name published because of his profession's attitude toward psychic healers. "Even the healers won't tell you that they are successful all of the time. I understand that if they get too commercial or misuse their powers, they lose their abilities. I've heard when I was over there, that some of them can open the body, but then they either can't bring the diseased tissue to the surface for extraction or can't close the body up again." The dentist continues:

"I have faith in the psychic surgeons, but not enough faith that I have discontinued my cobalt or hormone treatments. You know, the tours are valuable because if a person were to go over there by himself, he might not be able to find a healer, and he would need, because he would probably be quite sick, the convenience and savings of a group tour."

Opponents of psychic surgery are equally vehement. Dr. Ronald L. Chard, a pediatric oncologist at Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle says in an affidavit that he has been involved in the treatment of several children with leukemia who visited psychic surgeons. "In each case I had the opportunity to observe the conditions of the patients, both before and after the treatment by the psychic surgeons. X-ray comparisons and other data indicate that in each case nothing was removed from the child's body. Physical examination and tests show that no surgical operation had been performed on any of the children. In each case, with the exception of one, the chances of the child having a longer lifespan would have been greater if conventional medical treatment had not been significantly interrupted."

Dan Hill of the American Medical Association's Office of Investigation says that psychic treatment in the Philippines is  
"- - -an unproven method with no medically substantiated value.

Unfortunately people deprive themselves of competent medical treatment which can cause or hasten death when they devote weeks or months to what can be an overabundance of faith."

Is psychic surgery possible? Dr. Chard contends, "I would like to emphasize - - - that it is medically impossible to do a surgical operation with no pain, no scar, and without surgical instruments. Using only the hands, it is impossible to enter the human body and remove any tissue and close the body leaving no scar."

Still some members of the Academy of Parapsychology and Medicine say they do believe strongly in the Philippino's treatment. Late last year, about fifteen noted scientists including Nobel Prize winner James D. Watson gathered in Germany under the Academy's banner to discuss psychic surgery. Leonard Worthington, a San Francisco lawyer and member of the Academy's board of directors, has this to say: "We have no answers, but we want to pursue follow-up studies of persons who have received the treatment. We want to be able to answer the question finally, whether psychic healing in general and psychic surgery in particular, is indeed valid treatment."

Although there have not been any definitive studies done in the United States in recent years to attempt to shed new light on faith healing and psychic surgery in general, there are other research papers that are available indicating that there are some aspects of psychic surgery which do indicate further investigation.

It was skepticism which sent Dr. Hiroshi Motoyama to the Philippines in 1966. He went to expose a fraud and to prove to his colleagues in Tokyo that psychic surgery was nothing more than another mystic trick. But the skepticism he took with him did not blind him to what was occurring. His two week stay revealed more to him than he ever expected to see.

Psychic surgeon Antonio Agpaoa, without the aid of hypnosis, suggestion or drugs, and using only alcohol or pure water to purify the patient's body, swiftly plunged his bare hands into diseased parts of the body and pulled out cancer, sarcoma, or the inflamed parts that caused the disease. Dr. Motoyama witnessed these operations. As for the patients, most of them were able to walk away very shortly after the psychic surgery, and the majority felt almost no pain. The operations, which lasted from three to ten minutes, left no visible scars, and the patients were reported to have convalesced satisfactorily and showed almost perfect recovery. Dr. Motoyama confessed that he was reluctant to believe what he saw, and even more reluctant to report the findings to others. He felt that most people would think him a victim of mass hypnosis. He knew he had to obtain convincing evidence from tests



conducted under laboratory conditions for the research data to show feasibility.

At the time of Motoyama's visit, Tony Agpaoa was a practicing faith healer living in Quezon City in the Philippines. Agpaoa began his life of meditation and fasting on the mountains far away from the cities. These periods of intense fasting and meditation affected his psychic faculties and it was said that he once watched a flower so intently that "it withered away by his concentration."

Dr. Motoyama learned of Agpaoa's talents and decided to devise tests to measure Agpaoa's psychic abilities. Motoyama felt that if he could measure some psychic effects between Agpaoa and a psychic receptor, then there would at least be some evidence that Agpaoa was acting on his patients with the aid of psychic powers, and in fact, if Agpaoa did have psychic links with his patients, then there would be evidence that would help to prove a rational explanation for psychic surgery.

More important was the repeatability and credibility of the tests. There was to be no possibility for fraud. Agpaoa was brought to Tokyo. His psi-receiver, or psychic receiver, was a Japanese woman, Miyoko Tojo, whom he had never met and one whom he wouldn't see during the tests. Extensive preparations were made prior to Agpaoa's arrival. Two rooms were readied, one for instruments and the other a laboratory partitioned in two to accommodate Agpaoa and his patient. A concrete wall separated the instrument room from the laboratory and communications between the two was accomplished with a telephone. A wooden screen was set up between the beds to prevent signaling by sound or movement.

Brain wave activity from Agpaoa and the woman was measured with an electro-encephalograph. Probes from the machine were connected to the left frontal and occipital regions of the skull to record the rhythmically varying potentials of the brain waves and to note differences which might occur during control and concentration periods.

Respiration was monitored with a pneumatograph, a device connected to the nostrils to measure the volume and frequency of breathing. Any changes in respiration which might occur would be recorded. The pulse amplitude and frequency was monitored with a plethysmograph which was connected to the left forefinger of each subject.

Electrodes were connected between the palms of the hand and the wrist to measure galvanic skin response (GSR). Any changes in skin resistance during the control periods would also be recorded.

A stimulus electrode was connected to Agpaoa's wrist and pulsed at a rate of two to three times per second. A 35-volt pulse at a current of milli-ampere DC was used. The pulse signaled Agpaoa to begin or terminate his concentration periods. This method was chosen because any noise or movement in the room would show up on the recording instruments.

The subjects were wired to the measuring instruments and then allowed to relax before the experiments were begun. Dr. Motoyama observed the plethysmograph readings to see when the pulses were normal. When both Agpaoa and Tojo were relaxed, quiet and free from the anticipation of the experiment, the tests were begun.

Neither of the subjects was informed of the exact nature of the experiments. Agpaoa had merely been instructed to send his alleged mental powers to the receiver patient in the same manner he did when performing psychic surgery. He was to send the powers only after receiving electrical stimulation and to stop sending them after receiving the second signal.

The experiments were divided into a control period and a concentration period, each lasting for three minutes. In the control period, both people remained quiet and relaxed and their signals were monitored and recorded on strip chart recorders.

For the first minute of the concentration period, no electrical impulses were sent to Agpaoa. After the first minute, the electrical stimulus was pulsed to his wrist to signal him to begin concentrating on the psychic receptor, Miyoko Tojo. At the end of that minute, he was signaled to stop concentrating. Another minute of quiet was then recorded, thus placing a minute of quiet before and after each period of intense concentration. This experiment was repeated until it had been run five times in succession on five days. Each experimental run was separated by one minute. After each run, the measurements were compared and analyzed to detect any differences which might have occurred in the physiological activities before, during and after the control periods. Any extraneous noises or movements were noted and excluded from consideration in the analysis of the data.

If Miyoko Tojo had any physiological changes which showed up as electroencephalograph activity, galvanic skin response, respiration or pulse activity which coincided with the periods of intense concentration of Agpaoa, that would be proof of evidence the Agpaoa possessed psychic powers which he could use at will on another person.

For the changes to be significant, there had to be a distinct difference between the changes which occurred during the control part of the test and those made during the concentration part.

Agpaoa's physiological state was also being monitored to see what changes took place when he entered this period of intense concentration.

On the first day, four periods of change were noted. During the period of intense concentration by Agpaoa, Miyoko experienced both pulse rate and respiration decrease. These decreases occurred at no other time than during Agpaoa's concentration periods.

The second day of testing showed a change during each of the five testing periods. Again, the changes only occurred during Agpaoa's periods of intense concentration. The changes included an increase of quick brain waves on the EEG, and also an indication that Miyoko's consciousness became activated. The GSR also increased along with her respiration. The tests also showed excitement of the sympathetic nervous system.

Tests conducted on the next day again showed five changes in five periods of concentration. The EEG showed decreases in amplitude and frequency of the brain waves and a shifting to a lower voltage. The plethysmograph also recorded an increase in the amplitude in the pulse and a decrease in the pulse rate.

The conclusions were positive. The charts, graphs and instruments revealed a fantastic story. Simultaneous changes occurred during the period of intense concentration more often than at any other time during the tests. The only difference was Agpaoa and his intense concentrating abilities.

The evidence that a person's mind and body can be influenced significantly and in a measurable way by the thoughts of another person had gone beyond the circumstantial. Agpaoa is a psychic transmitter, and people were being influenced both physically and mentally by those transmitted thoughts.

The data to date indicates a revolutionary concept in our approach toward medicine. It basically reveals an attitude in relating to the difference between "health" and "healing". It is becoming more evident with data available today that health is a state of mind; that an individual can with just simple thought processes change the health of another individual.

With the new theories on the collective preconscious and the concepts of sociological programming, further questions need to be asked in terms of exactly what does constitute a disease or an illness, and how does one, in fact, make oneself well. Ultimately, I believe that the answer will be found in our studies of psychic healing.

By Richard Alan Miller, Physicist.

## NOTES ON THE INTERRELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MAGICK AND BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE

Charles A. Harris

It seems most popular to indulge in analyzing ourselves completely in the abstract, prying into the "Black Box" in search of complexes, blocks, neuroses, and other such goblins, in an attempt to label and explain our behaviour. Subjective judgment is commonly accepted as serious psychological diagnosis. Much is extracted from observation of a person's "attitude". What is really being said when one is proclaimed to have a "hostile attitude" or is "depressed"? Does this really express what one is actually doing, or what environmental forces have brought themselves to bear upon the individual involved? Can "attitudes" be objectively observed or measured? If not, then it may be "psychology", per se, but it is certainly not "science" in the strict sense of the word.

I am not rebuffing the validity of introspective psychoanalysis, but I perceive it to be more of a "psychic" entity than a true science.

Behavioral science is, perhaps, a more accurate way of approaching the objective or actual realities, which are, presumably, the manifestations of those complex and abstract "forces of personality" so important to, say, Freudian methodology. Due to the extremely introspective nature of most psychological or psychic "systems", the need for more overtly scientific and empirical ways to self-knowledge becomes very evident. A real balance is achieved only when the inner, tacit, "spiritual" life is tempered with an awareness of the solid reality of our behavior in relation to our environment. It is in this regard that the work of B. F. Skinner (the "father" of behavioral modification) comes in very handy.

Granted, the writings of Skinner can appear to be very heartless and unpleasant, even repulsive. This is, perhaps, because they address human behavior in a purely technological, amoral manner. There is little or no philosophical glory to be gained, no mystical ecstasy to be enthralled by, but if one reads this stark, unadorned, almost mathematical analysis of what causes an organism to do what it does, one can extract valuable gems of truth. It is up to the artist to make something "meaningful" or "creative" out of the technology supplied to him. The technician has done his job, in toto, by providing the raw materials. For this reason I can appreciate, use, and respect Mr. Skinner's contributions to the world's knowledge.

### THELEMIC CORRESPONDENCES TO THIS SUBJECT

In LIBER ALEPH, the chapter entitled "De Hoc Modo Dissolutio" there is this statement:

"Here therefore will I write the Answer to this Indictment of Our Wisdom, that every Act of Will is to be made in its Perfection, which state is to be attained according to these conditions: First, those of its own Law; second, those of its Environment."<sup>1</sup>

This is pretty provocative stuff! You see, a "behavior" is always shaped by environmental stimulus. Thusly, if one is to do one's Will, one must first find out what it is, and then one must learn the technology behind the manipulation of the personal environment in order to provide a tangible means for its expression.

As I see it, "the Kings", referred to in LIBER AL, Chap. 2 verse 58,<sup>2</sup> are those who are able to effectively learn and employ the "blind forces" around them, the pure mechanisms of environment and behavior, so as to give a realistic manifestation to their genius. "The people", referred to in Chap. 2, Verse 25,<sup>3</sup> are those ignorant souls who react like putty to external stimulus, with never a thought of escaping an inevitably consuming situation, or attacking an oppressive environment with intelligent planning and logic; or, at very least, of finding a more agreeable mold to be pressed into!

We are all, each of us, responsible for our own destinies, but what we are truly accountable for is not the direct change of our beings, (which is inhuman and improbable), but for the application of available knowledge relating to our respective environments, so as to change said surroundings in such a way that it compliments and gives access to the Will. Whether this means escape or enforced victory depends entirely upon the "character" of the individual, or, more accurately, the general nature of his past experiences (which in turn have formed unique behavioral patterns which we then obliquely describe as "tendencies").

I find this technology of the origins and development of behavior most profound when applied to ideas such as Thelemic Magickal communities, of which the Abbey of Thelema was the prototype of future experiments - (hopefully). In B.F. Skinner's WALDEN TWO,<sup>4</sup> he describes a small agricultural utopia, which he presents as a serious scientific proposition to the world at large. His hypothetical utopia was indeed tested in recent years - with surprising successes in the early going. Small Thelemic communities, self-programmed with a positively-oriented "governmental structure", and based on incentives (positive reinforcement) rather than fear of punishment or aversive consequence avoidance (which is the status quo of most governments existent today), would be very likely to succeed. "The word of Sin is Restriction". It is more expedient, and therefore more moral, to provide access to (and incentive toward) creative freedom than to force services begrudgingly rendered. Practically speaking, the products of the former condition are bound to be far superior to those of the latter.

Crowley was searching for utopia actively during his life at Cefalu. It is indeed finally achievable, I am sure ("Certainty, not faith"), by furthering the truths inherent within the Law of Thelema, via scientific methodology, which has been developed to a high degree since A.C.'s death. Skinner writes: "Utopias are science fiction, and we have learned that science fiction has a way of coming true".<sup>5</sup> In relating to the re-adjustments in lifestyle and societal programming necessary for the establishment of an utopia, Skinner further suggests that "the problem, in short, is not to design a way of life which will be liked by men as they now are, but a way of life which will be liked by those who live it".

## HELPFUL BASIC BEHAVIORAL CONCEPTS AND DEFINITIONS

Very simply the contention of "Behaviorists" is that we learn to behave as we do because we have been "reinforced" or rewarded for doing so (or punished for not doing so). Whenever a STIMULUS is supplied by the environment a RESPONSE is evoked, and a CONSEQUENCE results; which either reinforces our response (or behavior) or punishes it. If the behavior is rewarded, it will very likely be repeated. If, on the other hand it is punished (by a negative consequence), then the response preceding it will be "extinguished", gradually or abruptly, depending on the level of aversion supplied by the punisher. The overall concept is aptly represented by the formula:  $S=R=C$ . This is, admittedly, a very brief and relatively oversimplified explanation, but it does reflect an important discovery of behavioral psychology which can be an aid to the attainment of a more scientific understanding of realistic methods by which the Will can be furthered.

In an essay on model communities, appearing in his CONTINGENCIES OF REINFORCEMENT, Skinner enumerates the following insight:

"We 'like' a way of life to the extent that we are reinforced\* by it. We like a world in which both natural and social reinforcers\*\* are abundant and easily achieved and in which aversive stimuli\*\*\* are either rare or easily avoided. Unfortunately, however, it is a fact about man's genetic endowment and the world in which he lives that immediate rewards are often offset by deferred punishments, and that punishments must often be taken for the sake of deferred rewards.

\* Given rewards or favourable feedback.

\*\* Natural reinforcers are those things which we enjoy which are intrinsic to life - including sex, food, and the other "primary" reinforcers, as they are called. Social reinforcers are those rewards derived by the support of one's peer group (societal approval in general)

\*\*\* Refers to the unpleasant problems, pressures, and negative entrapments of "circumstance" common to most cultures, which may be generally considered as "normal", but nevertheless are rather restrictive and/or oppressive by Thelemic standards.

To maximize net gains we must do things we do not like to do and forgo things we like. A culture cannot change these facts, but it can induce us to deal with them effectively. Indeed, this is its most important function."6

The most common objection to behavioristic thought is that it denies the "autonomous man", who is "self-contained" and free to act this way or that. This is true. From this, however, it is deduced by antagonists that behaviorists believe that we are all helpless creatures tossed about by the world like pawns in a chess game. This is not true. Skinner put it this way:

"The notion of personal credit is incompatible with the hypothesis that human behavior is wholly determined by genetic and environmental forces. The hypothesis is sometimes said to imply that man is a helpless victim, but we must not overlook the extent to which he controls the things which control him. Man is largely responsible for the environment in which he lives. He has changed the physical world to minimize aversive properties and maximize positive reinforcements, and he has constructed governmental, religious, educational, economic, and psychotherapeutic systems which promote satisfying personal contacts and make him more skillful, informed, productive, and happy. He is engaged in a gigantic exercise in self-control, as the result of which he has come to realize more and more of his genetic endowment."7

#### MAGICKAL-BEHAVIORAL CORRELATIVES

"Stimulus" comes from the Greek root meaning "goad". "Stimulus" also corresponds to Yod and fire (or Spirit). "Ox goad" is symbolized by the letter "Lamed", Adjustment, the Harlequin-mate for the Fool, justice of an impartial but uncompromising nature.

I also perceive a correspondence between the technical formula "S==R==C" and the Tetragrammaton, YHWH: (1) STIMULUS = YOD. Yod is the "Universal Stimulator" indeed, providing the igniting spark of the Creative Process. (2) RESPONSE = the 1st HE, which responds to the stimulation of that abrupt flash of spiritual fire (Yod), activating the abundant potential of the Creative World, or Briah. Inert matter responds to energy in the same way as an organism responds to sensory input from the environment. (3) CONSEQUENCE = VAU. The consequence of the union or interaction between Yod and He is quite truly Vau. In this sense, "Consequence" is the name of the son of "Stimulus" and His Mate "Response". (4) Just as the final "Hé" of the Fourfold Name represents the Culmination and Totality of the Creative Process YHV (as a tripolar whole), so final HE = (S==R==C). From an extended perspective we can view the consequence itself as the stimulus of further cycles of interconnected behavior, establishing a rotating pattern, and perpetuation of the formula, and weaving an ever increasing complexity of environmental/behavioral interplay.

## MAGICK IS UNIVERSAL

There are magickal principles within every single science, philosophy, art form, or religion whatsoever. It is prudent to eclectically extract every gem of wisdom from each. So therefore, what gem lies here? What is the magickal lesson of Behavior Mod? It is certainly this: Play the odds. Find the line of least resistance, and with tenacious effort and scientific logic and ruthless persistence, attain the fulfillment of the Law of Will.

Skinner even supplies us with a behavioralistic explanation of the power of magickal ceremonies (although I am quite sure that this was not his intention) in this quote from an essay of operant behavior:

"- - - a man may announce his purpose, state his intentions, or describe the thoughts, beliefs, or knowledge upon which an action will be based. These cannot be reports of action because the action has not yet occurred; they appear instead to describe precursors. Once such a statement has been made, it may well determine action as a sort of self-constructed rule. It is then a true precursor having an obvious effect on subsequent behavior."<sup>8</sup>

This explains why the dramatic formalized "acting out" of a desire ritualistically becomes the actual cause of the subsequent realization of that desire in the "natural" world. We should certainly be made aware of the full extent of our effect upon the world around us with every single utterance.

1. Crowley, Aleister, LIBER ALEPH, San Francisco, Level Press, 1973
2. Crowley, Aleister, LIBER AL VEL LEGIS or THE BOOK OF THE LAW San Francisco, Level Press.
3. Ibid
4. Skinner, B.F., WALDEN TWO, New York, MacMillan Co., 1948
5. Skinner, B.F. CONTINGENCIES OF REINFORCEMENT, A THEORETICAL ANALYSIS, New York, Meredith Corp. 1969.
6. Ibid
7. Ibid
8. Ibid





GOETIC TYPES



## THE NEOPHYTE<sup>1</sup>

To-night I tread the unsubstantial way  
That looms before me, as the thundering night  
Falls on the ocean: I must stop, and pray  
One little prayer, and thou - what bitter fight  
Flames at the end beyond the darkling goal?  
These are my passions that my feet must tread;  
This is my sword, the fervour of my soul;  
This is my Will, the crown upon my head.  
For see! the darkness beckons: I have gone,  
Before this terrible hour, towards the gloom,  
Braved the wild dragon, called the tiger on  
With whirling cries of pride, sought out the tomb  
Where lurking vampires batten, and my steel  
Has wrought its splendour through the gates of death.  
My courage did not falter: now I feel  
My heart beat wave-wise, and my throat catch breath  
As if I choked; some horror creeps between  
The spirit of my will and its desire,  
Some just reluctance to the Great Unseen  
That coils its nameless terrors, and its dire  
Fear round my heart; a devil cold as ice  
Breathes somewhere, for I feel his shudder take  
My veins; some deadlier asp or cockatrice  
Slimes in my senses; I am half awake,  
Half automatic, as I move along  
Wrapped in a cloud of blackness deep as hell,  
Hearing afar some half-forgotten song  
As of disruption; yet strange glories dwell  
Above my head, as if a sword of light,  
Rayed of the very Dawn, would strike within  
The limitations of this deadly night  
That folds me for the sign of death and sin -  
O! Light! descend! My feet move vaguely on  
In this amazing darkness, in the gloom  
That I can touch with trembling sense. There shone  
Once, in my misty memory, in the womb  
Of some unformulated thought, the flame  
And smoke of mighty pillars; yet my mind  
Is clouded with the horror of this same  
Path of the wise men: for my soul is blind  
Yet: and the foemen I have never feared  
I could not see (if such should cross the way),  
And therefore I am strange: my soul is seared  
With desolation of the blinding day  
I have come out from: yes, that fearful light  
Was not the Sun: my life has been the death,

---

1. This poem describes the Initiation of the true  
'Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn' in its spiritual  
aspect.

This death may be the life: my spirit sight  
Knows that at last, at least. My doubtful breath  
Is breathing in a nobler air; I know,  
I know it in my soul, despite of this,  
The clinging darkness of the Long Ago,  
Cruel as death, and closer than a kiss,  
This horror of great darkness. I am come  
Into this darkness to attain the light:  
To gain my voice I make myself as dumb:  
That I may see I close my outer sight;  
So, I am here. My brows are bent in prayer:  
I kneel already in the Gates of Dawn;  
And I am come, albeit unaware,  
To the deep sanctuary: my hope is drawn  
From wells profounder than the very sea.  
Yea, I am come, where least I guessed it so,  
Into the very Presence of the Three  
That Are beyond all Gods. And now I know  
What spiritual Light is drawing me  
Up to its stooping splendour. In my soul  
I feel the Spring, the all-devouring Dawn,  
Rush with my Rising. There, beyond the goal,  
The Veil is rent!

Yes, let the veil be drawn.

Aleister Crowley.

### THE ROSE AND THE CROSS

Out of the seething cauldron of my woes,  
Where sweets and salt and bitterness I flung;  
Where charmed music gathered from my tongue,  
And where I chained strange archipelagoes  
Of fallen stars; where fiery passion flows  
A curious bitumen; where among  
The glowing medley moved the tune unsung  
Of perfect love: thence grew the Mystic Rose.

Its myriad petals of divided light;  
Its leaves of the most radiant emerald;  
Its heart of fire like rubies. At the sight  
I lifted up my heart to God and called:  
How shall I pluck this dream of my desire?  
And lo! there shaped itself the Cross of Fire!

Aleister Crowley

## SONG TO PAN

Immortal One, immutable,  
God inscrutable,  
Immolate with head unbowed  
To Thee am I vowed.

O Thou, with the name of Pan,  
Master of life's swift beat,  
O Thou in the guise of a man,  
I moan, I swoon at Thy feet.

Curved hill and hollow rings  
To the tones of Thy pipe;  
My soul in rapture sings,  
I am ready and ripe.

O, glorious goat-like God,  
Paens of praise to Thy name,  
Inspired by the force of Thy rod,  
The echoing cry of Thy fame.

I tremble as a leaf before the might  
Of the force of Thy wrath,  
Blown before Thee as the flight  
Of the swan in the blast.

O, God of the forest and hills  
As we bend we slaken  
Our thirst at the rocky rills,  
On immortal liquor drunken.

Bedecked and garlanded with roses  
On Thy altar I stand;  
The rite of our loving discloses  
The might of Thy hand.

Ah! I am drained of life's blood,  
Lying stripped of emotion,  
Whirled away in the flood  
Of love's turbulent ocean.

Insatiable God, immutable,  
Thou inscrutable,  
Immolate with head unbowed,  
To Thee am I vowed.

Meral  
1948

Carmen Amatorium.

O dream-lit Goddess,  
With melancholy eyes I bear  
A chalice of blood-tipped lilies  
Beneath the bright, November moon  
And I can almost hear your voice, calling like before  
When I was young, and the world was all aglow.

O dream-lit Goddess,  
With the forming Mardi Gras you came  
When the icy moon was rising in the East  
And I can feel the first snow falling once again  
Like it did so long ago.

\* \* \*

And when November is over, and December begins  
My memories shall rise, like red-lipped ghosts  
Upon the midnight wind  
And fill the frosty air with song....

Hymn to Proserpina.

O dearest proserpina  
    thee I invoke  
in gloomy Tartarian temples  
    when the world is wrapped in lunar light...

O dearest proserpina  
    thee I invoke  
in golden, Asphodel fields  
    while the world is white-hot in my veins...

with the rhythm of Arcadia between us  
    O goddess  
and the fire of the world in our veins  
    let us linger, O goddess,  
            my goddess  
in the pale winter vales of Enna  
    until the years between us drop away like veils.

Letters from Aleister Crowley to Jane Wolfe

c/o Thos. Cook & Son  
1 Place de l'Opera  
Paris

C/o Mr. Lamb  
22 Chancery Lane  
London address perhaps  
better.

Jan. 8, 1920

My Sun, Moon & Stars!

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

Just after writing to you I had your letter of Dec. 14 forwarded (or rather, backwarded) from Lucerne.

It appears to me quite evident that your Three Books were intended for you and me and could have no meaning until we come together. Don't omit to bring them with you.

Be careful, too, to arrange for your passage at once; I think we ought to meet just at the Solstice. I'm not sure whether it should be England or France, but I will take the proper steps to find out in good time. A paper of instructions will be sent to you at an address in London.

I should like you to hold yourself very quiet. Detach yourself even from ideas about me; for if you have any particle of craving for anything, you short it and very likely lose it too! This is very serious, Jane o' mine, the greatest lesson of all on the practical side. To love without attachment, without lust of result - do not the Sun & Moon do thus?

Now I see you before me shining in the dark - I turn out the lights for a little - I hold you closely - our Light kindles -

Love is the law, love under will,  
Aleister - 666

c/o Banca Commerciale Italiana  
Palermo, Sicily

March 3, 1920

Beloved,

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

Your letters of Jan. 16 & 18 just to hand - it is really delightful to think of you among the great forests, though to my unregenerate sense Fatty Arbuckle hardly adds to the romance! I prefer your 123!

It has been perfect here in Fontainebleau - June weather, picnics and sleeps in the forest. It's amazing; February is



usually a poor month - cold and wet. Only I have been crying for you - not painfully, but ecstatically. The meaning of all the Beauty of Nature has been you.

I was not born in Scotland. Shakespeare and I both hail from Warwickshire. It's really not very good for the county; they're beginning to be insufferably proud. But you can't blame me.

I don't want you to worry about the future, or even to speculate. Sufficient unto the day - - React simply to every stimulus; don't argue as to whether anything suits some ideal.

No: don't divine: just be silent all round - wait for me to awake the Sleeping Beauty of your Godhead.

I shall be in Cephalu until the end of June. It's 40 miles or so from Palermo on the N. Coast. You can get a boat direct from New York to Naples or some other place fairly near; and I would meet you there or in Palermo if you will send me a cable on sailing telling me the name of the boat and the port of debarkation. Naples would be a good place to meet, because of certain magical matters.

Love is the law, love under will.

Thy Beast

c/o Banca Commerciale Italiana  
Palermo, Sicily

March 17, 1920

My best beloved, my Jane, my Moon and Sun,

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

I'm too busy packing to write very fully in answer to yours of Saint Valentine's Day. Don't go to Tokio: come to me. Read Casaubon's edition of Dee: you'll see how constantly the spirits were misinterpreted by being taken au pi   de la lettre.

'Japan' does not mean the Pacific Islands commonly so designated; it means something which you will only understand when we are together. Similar "confusions of the planes" often occurred to me before I got wise to the game.

Now here is what the Yi King says about where we are to meet - (1) what direction of the compass from Palermo? S.E. or S.W. i.e. Tunis or Algiers; not Naples. Algiers? ∇ of ☺ i.e. No. Tunis? Δ of Δ - 'bird' but No again. "Bou-Saada"? (This is a place almost due S.W. of Palermo, a place in the Desert). ☺ of ☉. Great! Our very Moon of Sun symbol, the perfect attainment. That ought to settle it. Be there on June 25, and you'll find (to your surprise, if you're very innocent in Magick) that you're in Japan,

too. The Englishman Joperal - grand old Saxon family, the Joperals! - will be explained, too. - - - Oh dear! I feel so helpless with regard to you; I know you're IT - and I'm afraid of losing you through your bad training in interpretation of Vision. No, I'm not afraid: you be at Bou-Saada - 90 miles or so South from Algiers - on the 25th of June, & the Work will begin. Bou-Saada, by the way, is the place where I got my grade of Master of the Temple, three times seven half-years before our Rendezvous.\*

Love is the law, love under will.

Thine, the Beast, 666

JANE WOLFE  
(continued)

### Hammer and Anvil, Part III

Jane ordered her boat ticket in California and traveled across the country by train. She left New York June 12, 1920 on the American line. When she arrived at her stateroom in New York harbor she found a sturdy Frenchwoman already undressed and in her berth. Why should this be? Then Jane discovered that theirs was the last stateroom on an upper deck. A Brazilian had taken a chance on getting a room and there was only one left below deck and he had been assigned to this. It was a room with considerable heat from the engines of the boat. The Brazilian had tried to get the two ladies stowed away below deck in his manoeuvres over a stateroom and the Frenchwoman had immediately gotten undressed and into her bed in order to hold the fort!

Jane enjoyed 7 days en route on a delightful sea and arrived in France on June 20. She had instructions to meet Aleister in Bou Saada on the 25th of that month. On reaching France in the dark, her first French greeting was, "First and Second class passengers climb up!" This meant that during the night there was considerable climbing over outstretched legs, in and out of the seats, as there was need or otherwise. This type of trouble did not bother her when she went second class at another time.

The next day the French landscape delighted her and she watched it continually as the train glided by. It seemed to her like some overdressed, overpolite, but fabulously beautiful woman. The little towns intrigued her, one she thought was mysterious and strange but could not decide just what caused this. At the next town she watched the working out of a caste system with the townspeople at the station, the dignitaries in top hats, the gracious manners, from the high in station to the ordinary. All seemed to belong.

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\* See THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Jane sailed from Marseille for Algiers and from there she went very early in the morning by lorry to Bou Saada.

It amused her to see an interesting fight take place in the lorry between a Frenchman and an Arab - both officers in the Army. They made a rousing ruckus and racket but never once did either hit or touch the other. She mused on American fights, whereby the contestants used fists and feet as often as not. But these scrappers in Algeria seemed to obey the law against this. They might scream, call each other "cabbages" or "cemetary flowers" or any words they saw fit to use, but never hit each other with fists, feet or any other article. She noticed that there seemed to be no malice afterwards. However, it came to her as<sup>a</sup> whip across her shoulders that there was cast and the Frenchman triumphed because of this.

The trip into the Atlas mountains fascinated her, reminding her of scenery closely akin to that to be found in Bible stories of Palestine. As the lorry progressed, it picked up passengers along the way. She noticed men were cutting the 'corn' in dry fields with small hand sickles. Horses were trampling out the grain; the sheep had colored tufts on their rumps to indicate the owner; there were camels, their drivers and their womenfolk in a profuse array of color and movement, especially in Bou Saada.

As they drew near Bou Saada she became uneasy and apprehensive; - if Crowley should come? if he shouldn't come? She became so nervous over this that she found it a relief when he didn't appear. She went to the hotel, chose a room, dined and spent the evening walking along the gallery, watching the full moon over this high Oasis with its small but adequate stream. At the proper time the muezzin could be heard calling the faithful to prayer. Later the desert flutes thrilled from various sections of the town. How stimulating, how stirring, she found this foreign experience!

Shortly the hotel closed for the season and she was sent with a guide to a Mr. Baldwin to find other arrangements. She was ushered into a room in the Arab section which contained a white iron bed and a sand floor. A blond, somewhat curly haired Englishman awaited her. He had an odd mannerism of turning up his fingernails and pausing to look at them before speaking.

He spoke French and told her about the hotel closing for the season and suggested that she go to "The Oasis" where he took his meals; remarking that she could improve her French this way and help the French son of the proprietor to improve his English.

The upshot of this was that she sat at the same table with Mr. Baldwin for her meals, listening to his interesting tales of the army. The tales fascinated her - here was a world she had never contacted. On the eve of his departure they shared a bottle of champagne. It was not until she reached London several years

later that she discovered Mr. Baldwin was the son of the then Premier Baldwin and had been in Algeria preparing for the life of a diplomat.

She took walks with the young man who wished to improve his English. They strolled throughout Bou Saada. Two walks she would never forget.

One evening they sat at a small table in the moonlight, under a few scattered trees. Across the roadway all was in darkness except for the light from an open doorway from whence came the odor of the delicious coffee of Algeria. Seated in the middle of the street was a troubadour, chanting his roundels while twirling a tambourine.

On another walk they passed a bordello one afternoon. The women were seated in a cluster under a large elm. One woman among them sat like a duchess, dignified, looking Jane over from head to foot. Jane admired her assurance and pride and felt she ought to hail her - but desisted.

She admired greatly how the delicious coffee was made. It was brewed in hot ashes as the customer watched. First, with great art, the coffee was placed in the bottom of the container and then sugar was laid upon it to hold down the fine powder. It was subjected to the heat and then the long handled brass cup was pulled from the fire at the exact moment when it had ballooned and the whole was poured into the customer's cup. She often thought of this coffee in later life and often wished she could have some of it again.

She watched very often how the men and horses of the French constabulary were drilled. As she watched the horsemanship, she thought of the American cowboy riders, who seemed to her to be just as skillful. They too, could pick up things from the ground with their teeth while the horses were galloping. However, the very brilliant colouring of the burnouses, the wind-blown capes of red, blues, blacks lined with red, flashing swords, the bugles and all the panoply of the army she felt could not be excelled anywhere.

One morning she was awakened by an unusual sound. It was market day in Bou Saada and there was much bawling of animals and the chatter of men. She looked out the window and saw the animals of that section clustered together for the particular market of their destination. There were piles of dates and fruits loaded with flies; and piles of small crooked nails. How could these be used? She wondered that they were salable. Small children milled about with eyelids also loaded with flies; some had a lost eye from the stones that often flew through the air because of the milling throngs of horses and people, or perhaps they had a dread eye disease.

She noticed the use of the stream that flowed through the oasis.

In it men and women bathed and washed their clothes, the men in one section, the women in another. To wash the clothes, a small hollow held the garment while the feet of the washer churned the fabric about. One foot turned the garment about and the other stirred up some of the fine earth so that this was worked through the cloth. The garment was then rinsed and hung on the bushes to dry. This time of washing led to great sociability and time with friends, to laughter and argument.

She saw Arab women in the streets wearing a full, loose garment that carried the dust with them. There was one hole in the robe from which to see. She contrasted this with Tunisian women who permitted themselves to be seen.

One day a lad of 8 or 10 swept up the street in his one garment, a flowing and much mended shirt of fine muslin, too large for his size, and obviously bestowed upon him. It had no buttons to close it but she thought, "His Lordship did not carry himself with greater poise."

One fine night she had a chance to witness a funeral cortège. The body was swathed tightly in muslins or linen and was lying on the shoulders of compatriots. "The dead are always with us", she mused as she admired the simplicity and dignity of the people.

She had, meanwhile, written to Crowley in Palermo but got a very strange response via telegram. It said "Comme ce-falu" and the French could not decipher these words and could not answer her questions. (Comme - in French is translated; as, how, like). Jane was greatly puzzled and scarcely knew what to do.

But the day after she had witnessed the funeral, the Pathé Motion Picture Company of Italy arrived in Bou Saada. Jane enjoyed mingling with them and hearing the "Attention!" of the director. How it seemed familiar, how it spoke of home and her former occupation. She took up the matter of the telegram with one of the actors. "Why," he said, "It is English. It says Come Cefalu" and he told her where Cefalu was.

The next day she left Bou Saada for Algiers and took the train for Constantine, where she spent the night. The next morning she started for Tunis. A merchant from Calcutta offered his services as the passengers lined up for tickets and reservations and he saw her through the rigamarole in a splendid fashion. There was no vestibule car and only one diner and in order to dine, the train stopped and the passengers got out and walked to the diner. After the meal they paraded back to their seats in another car and the train started up once more. In Tunis the merchant saw her settled for the night in the hotel and invited her for breakfast the next day. After this, they strolled through the market and Jane noticed a magnificent nomad and her man. She carried herself with swinging hips, flashing eyes and looked as though a dagger could be drawn

at any moment. Jane always admired splendour and pride as there was plenty of these two characteristics in herself.

Leaving Tunis for Sicily was a nightmare. The ship went onto a sandbar and stuck there until the tide released it. She, as the American, was given a room to herself, and it faced towards the stern and was opposite to the men's room. It was a hot night and the winches screamed, there was a great handling of irons and a lifting and stowing away of all sorts of things. The noise from the men's toilets was very disturbing, a banging of doors and heavy feet and voices and boisterous laughter. Oh, how she thought she could have been comfortable in a side room!

During the day she noticed how Italians ate at table. First a big plate of spaghetti, then the entrée, a dish piled with meat. Other items followed; how could they eat so much?

The second night she again could not sleep. The noise and the nervousness at the prospect of meeting Crowley were too much for her. Because of the accident of being stuck on the sandbar, the trip had taken two nights instead of one. Two nights which lowered her spirits and her resistance.

#### Cefalu

She arrived at the Hotel des Palmes in Palermo, Sicily on the morning of July 23. She was shown to a sitting room on the second floor. There she waited, exhausted, eyes closed, head resting on her palm. She was roused by a voice saying: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. I am Alostrael". Standing before her was Leah Hirsig, her face unwashed, her hair wispy and uncombed, nails long and black with charcoal dust. She wore a black dress with a large grease stain in which dust had settled. Jane was shocked to her core. She thought, "How could Crowley send such a person to greet her?" Then, as she was quite psychic she immediately saw after this flash of thought, a large pond - of filth, pussy-looking filth. Her mind automatically said; "Filth personified". With this an impenetrable wall was formed between Leah and herself which took many months to remove; except that when Leah was unhappy it disappeared entirely.

Leah took Jane downstairs to meet Crowley. When Jane raised her eyes she saw several aspects of this man and qualified them thus:

- a) The outer man; the hat, the striped suit, walking stick, the bracelets.
- b) The man who had appeared to her in a vision in California, his eyes looking at her through the spokes of a wheel.
- c) A large city house, carefully shuttered up so that by no key-hole or even a cranny could one contact the inside.
- d) Outdoors, slightly left of center, a far stretch of

beautiful landscape and blue sky. Then directly in front of her, slightly to the right, there was a stretch of rocks, not grey granite, she noticed, but more like the California smooth old rocks, not high like the Sierras, but low-lying, two or three times her height. Quickly she noted at the base of the rocks a bird with plumage such a brilliant black it was irridescent, where it could be seen. Mud was splattered over the back; the chest was caked with mud; its feet imbedded in a small puddle of mire, the bird meantime flapping impotent wings and struggling for release. She gazed in horror at the bird, which then cocked its head on one side and looked her straight in the eye. She froze.

Crowley remarked: "God-damn your eyes!"

But with this vision all doors were closed to Crowley for many months. Jane was horrified as she hardly expected such a result to her journey. She was to regret terribly in later years that she never wrote this vision in her diary. If she had, what a difference it would have made!

At this meeting, Jane learned that Crowley had sent a message to the American liner to come to Cefalu but this message had not reached her.

That afternoon Crowley and Leah spent the time at the Cathedral Montreale on the hill above Palermo. Jane could not bring herself to go along and made the pretext of needing a rest. In the evening the three dined in an open square and went to a movie afterwards. Jane was speechless due to her vision, unfortunately.

The next morning they left for Cefalu. On their arrival Jane saw Ninette Shumway and she stopped short and another thought flashed through her brain. She demanded interiorly, "What is she doing here?" Then noticing that Ninette was pregnant, she thought, "O yes, - his child". Ninette seemed familiar to her.

The house was physically filthy and as the day wore on she became aware of a foul miasma enveloping the place that steamed to high heaven. She could not breathe, the air choked her. When she got to her room that night she collapsed; psychically she felt she was prostrate. Psychologically she felt she did not even come to a sitting posture until the Fall Equinox when she and Ninette were alone together while Crowley and Leah were in Naples. Ninette made some remarks with her dry humour which made Jane laugh and the oppression began to lift. Precious laughter!

Several years later she discussed this situation with O.P.V., (Norman Mudd) and he explained to her that Crowley was going through the "mystery of filth". He recited to her the lines in

Liber LXV, Chapter I, vv. 44 to 46.

"Thou strivest ever; even in thy yielding thou strivest to yield - and lo! thou yieldest not.

Go thou unto the outermost places and subdue all things. Subdue thy fear and thy disgust. Then - yield!"

But how could Jane know the necessity of all this at that time? She was untutored and knew nothing of Liber LXV, nor of the ordeals that a Master of the Temple must face. She had only her intuition and her visions as guides and these she sometimes could not interpret correctly. Later, after some years, she regretted that she had to arrive in the middle of these events that she could not understand. At the time, she simply made the best of it. She had come for a certain purpose, and that was to receive some training in yoga and in magick and to discover her True Will. This purpose pulled her through all of the shattering happenings.

It was the custom at the Abbey of Thelema in Cefalu to allow Aspirants three days as a guest and as an aid in general orientation. After that, they were required to work or leave.

Jane discovered the little town of Cefalu which was only about half a mile from the "Villa Santa Barbara" which had become The Abbey of Thelema. It was on a slope of the mountains lying South of Cefalu and was situated in an olive grove. The path to the town offered endless variety as it wound down among rocks and trees.

Cefalu was a small fishing city of some 8 or 10 thousand people on the North shore of Sicily and was very colorful, as it contained many old structures. The members of the Abbey were used to doing their shopping there, and the children were encouraged to figure out the signs in Italian by themselves. They quickly learned how to spot the candy shop.

Above the town was a towering pile of rock, on the top of this could be found cisterns, baths, remains of a Temple and other evidences of the many cultures which had conquered Sicily in the past. The Abbey people called this pile "the rock" and spent many hours climbing it for exercise. Aleister was especially fond of the South face of this outcropping.

Rocks were part of the landscape even down to the edge of the sea and in it. Those visitors or students who did not have much experience would climb on these and many would explore the waters of the Mediterranean and swim around the rocks nearby.

The members of the Abbey at the time of Jane's arrival were Aleister, Leah Hirsig and her son Hansi, three years of age, hers and Aleister's daughter, Poupée, born just that last February and pretty sickly. This baby was to die in October. Then there was Ninette Shumway, her son Howard, aged 4 and Jane. The daughter



of Aleister and Ninette, Loulette, was born later that year.

Leah Hirsig was Swiss by birth; her family had moved to New York when she was two years of age. She had been a music teacher in the New York City Schools when she met Aleister. She taught voice and chorus, of course. She was tall, about 5 feet and 8 inches, with dark hair and eyes and small, capable hands. Many times she acted as a model for Aleister, who made many interesting pastels of her. One, called "Enteritis", was a creepy subject, all blacks and greys, hollow cheeks and eyes, painted as the result of an attack of enteritis from which she was very fortunate to recover. Another picture was called "Ethyra" and had a kind of hilarious and happy insanity. Leah was a passionate and ambitious woman of 38 when Jane met her and she knew exactly what she wanted and was willing to do battle for it. She could handle various situations very well and also had a gift for mathematics. This was a great help to Aleister when working out Qabalistic problems.

Ninette Shumway was of French birth and had been a governess in the United States, where her son was born and where her husband died. She was a capable house mother and nurse to the children. As possessor of a dry wit, she often sent the group into gales of laughter. She was a woman of fortitude and endurance and battled through many a physical hardship before she returned to France with her children. Ninette was the one last in the Abbey as Aleister kept hoping he could go back after the attacks on him by the newspapers in 1922 and 1923 and after Mussolini's orders to give up the Abbey. But this was not to be, the Fates were against the group, and the Abbey was closed some two years after Crowley left it.

Hansi, Leah's son, was a handsome, sturdy little fellow with ingratiating ways which he used intelligently with telling effect at the age of three. Aleister commented that he felt like he was addressing a man when he spoke to him and said: "There is no half-way there: either a genius or a rogue." Hansi was a splendid swimmer, was grace itself when in the water.

Howie was Ninette's son and displayed a grave dignity. He was an intellectual type and at the age of five made considerable progress in chess.

So many women and children very soon proved to be a strain for Aleister, so he took a second house and called it "The Umbilicus" because the children were housed there and there Ninette prepared the food. Jane was also housed in "The Umbilicus" and was thrown together with Ninette in this way, and also due to her rigidity and reaction from her first visions and the barrier it created between herself and Aleister. In this house, Jane worked on her practices and did a great deal of the typing for

Aleister. She was especially good at this, due to her training and work in New York as a secretary for ten years.

The garden had trees but no flowers and a court upon which the group could play "fives" for additional exercise. Everyone did a considerable amount of walking about the hillsides also, as this was a very scenic area. Sanitation was primitive, which probably accounts for the fact that they were plagued with fleas. Jane said they were of 3 sizes, small, medium and large. Ninette was especially plagued with them and everyone spent some time picking them off their bodies. Gnats were bothersome also and these creepy insects were difficult to bear when one was in an Asana, especially if one was unfortunate enough to get one of them up the nostrils. Sleeping outdoors on mattresses also became difficult due to mosquitoes. Baths were taken in the sea, sometimes daily, as there was no provision for such a luxury in the houses. A well supplied the only water.

Jane was the only one for a time to wear a bathing suit into the water, all the other Thelemites bathed in the nude. If the Italian people happened to be about when bathing was taking place, they were apt to scream at the sight of the nude bodies. The Italians were dressed for the water and the little boys could be seen wearing their mother's underwear for splashing about.

The main house was called the "Whore's Cell", shortened, it sounded like "horsel". This was one story, white and low. There was a large main room and from this 5 smaller rooms opened out. Here Leah and Aleister were housed and did their work. The main room became the Temple and was decorated brilliantly according to Aleister's designs. Jane loved to do the painting and in the ensuing months, she felt that this work brought the group closer together and some of her first reactions began to fade. She painted almost the entire floor and thought the designs very lovely. Aleister painted most of the designs on the walls. Of course there was a great deal of symbolism which was worked into the designs. Some of the work would have been called obscene at that time, but Jane soon learned to accept anything and everything, just as a child would do. Jane also helped to paint the "Cauchemar" room, (French for nightmare) . The paintings on the walls were called Heaven, Earth, and Hell.

In the main room, or Temple was placed "the Circle" and here the rituals were performed morning and evening. In the center was a round altar. At the East was placed a small altar on which were placed some statues of the Gods of the past. Among these was a figure of Dionysus. Crowley often sat in a large chair in front of this altar and in front of him again there was a splendid altar for incense especially dedicated to Pan.

Any working student could ask for the use of the Temple

and all, even Crowley, would go away and let the student work as he wished.

Ceremonies could be very colorful due to the brilliant floor and walls and the robes of the participants, which were blue, hoods lined with red. The ladies often wore robes of blue lined with gold. The Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram was performed morning and evening and after this, Liber Resh. The latter also was done at noon and midnight.

Meals were preceded by the ritual "Will" and no talk was allowed during this time. In the morning, the café au lait and any other refreshment was taken outdoors on the cement patio or anywhere else the person wished, either with others or alone. The two main meals when all ate together were at noon and in the evening.

Talking was allowed when the group was at the beach for the daily swim and exercise, but when they were at the Abbey, all were expected to work. Conditions were more relaxed in "The Umbilicus" house, naturally, as the children could hardly be expected to keep quiet for long periods of time.

The two boys were mentioned in Crowley's "The Diary of a Drug Fiend" as Dionysus and Hermes. In 1920 they were unwilling to go away from their mothers. Aleister started their training by shooing them away from the house, telling them: "Up there is the sun, when it gets over there you may come back but not before." The little fellows found this difficult at first and stuck close in, behind the trees, and scampered if they saw Aleister. Eventually they learned to take themselves farther away from the houses, equipped with sandwiches and fruit. Hansi always liked to steal fruit from the farms round about and often they received gifts of the good Sicilian bread from the peasants. After three or four hours they would return with stories of who they saw, what they did and specimens of this or that found by the roadside or afield. Not infrequently Hansi would be trailing his robe or would lose it entirely, for he could not tolerate clothes, even a single garment, when the weather got warm.

A year later, when the boys were four and five, Aleister taught them how to box. Howie soon discovered his advantage of years and height and this was difficult for Hansi. When things got beyond control, he would scuttle away as fast as his short little legs would carry him. Then he would annoy Howie by grimacing at him from behind chairs or from other partially protected spots. This never failed to rouse Howie's ire, to the dancing joy of Hansi. Otherwise, the boys were friends the rest of the time.

During the years when Aleister was at the Abbey, he liked to climb "the rock" and took with him anyone who wished. Jane was often second on the rope. One time they took Howie but not Hansi, as the latter's legs were too short for that particular climb. It was the first time for Howie and he was so frightened, he filled his pants. As Jane was climbing back of him, this was not very pleasant. However, after this first fright, Howie took to climbing gleefully and one day as Jane was headed for the beach, she heard a boy's voice singing with great enjoyment. There was Howie on the pinnacle of a rock, a fairly difficult climb for one so young. When Hansi was ready to learn climbing, he mastered some small chimneys, using back and short legs to wriggle himself through gradually.

When Jane's first shock had passed, and when laughter and friendship had become more common, she began to ask Aleister questions about the Work. He would wave his hands towards the bookshelves and remark:

"The answers are in there."

This infuriated her as she had led a superficial life in Hollywood and she had gotten intellectually lazy over the years. She also had some rather strong opinions which were a result of her work with Jefferson and her associations with the Theosophists. These opinions were further colored by intuitions and visions. Crowley had a very difficult time of it to teach her logic and reason. When in London some years later, Jane would look back and think how obnoxious she must have seemed and what a strange sort of pest she was. How was it, she mused later, that Crowley had ever put up with her?

The inhabitants of the Abbey had the usual human failings but Aleister hoped to found a school of wisdom in an area which stood between the West and the East, that it could partake of both methods towards Illumination. To the end of his days he hoped for a Thelemic community dedicated to the highest spiritual ends. Cefalu was a beginning but was certainly far short of perfection.

Crowley wrote that there was no jealousy in Cefalu but this was not the case. There was plenty and Jane observed what happened between Ninette and Leah. Jane was out of it, as she was never a mistress of Aleister. She was an observer, and if Therion could have seen ahead, he might have known that she was a torch bearer. Due to Jane's capacity to stick through everything, no matter how awful, Aleister's work was carried onward into the future.

By Phyllis Seckler (to be continued)



# IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. II, No. 9

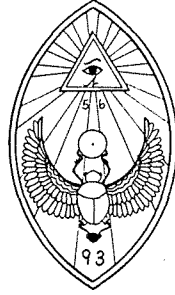
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.  
Love is the law, love under will.

An LXXVI, 1980 e.v. Sun in 0° Libra  
Published by the College of Thelema  
P.O. Box 415, Oroville, CA. 95965  
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The College of Thelema  
Founded in Service to  
the A. A. A.

# COLLEGE of THELEMA



Founded in Service  
to the A.:A.:

Anno LXXVI  
Sun 0° Libra  
Sept. 22, 1980, e.v.

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

The structure of much of To Mega Therion's thought and instructions for both of his Occult Orders, the O.T.O. and the A.:A.:, is not at first apparent to the casual student. The Thelemic system of attainment in either Order is actually heavily reliant upon the Qabalah and the Tree of Life and the system of the Tarot which ties into these.

Many of To Mega Therion's Libers and also chapters within these Libers, refer to this structure. A careful study of the Grades in the A.:A.: as printed in THE EQUINOX, Vol. I and reprinted in IN THE CONTINUUM, Vol. I, No. 5, and the contents of Liber XIII, Liber CLXXXV, Collegii Sancti, Liber CD vel Tau, Liber Viarum Viae (DCCCLXVIII) and many other Libers almost too numerous to summarize here, lead the student ever onward to a deeper understanding of this structure, which represents that of the Universe and of his own Being. If it was not for Order and Law within the Universe of our Comprehension, humanity could not have taken the manifold steps towards higher development and knowledge and evolution towards perfection.

To Mega Therion has used the Qabalistic system in preference to other systems as it has the cleanest and most orderly mode of training and balancing the powers of the mind. This training is just as important as the training of the emotions, examples of which can be seen in the story of Jane Wolfe and in Crowley's diaries. No student should forget that in order to achieve the highest adeptship possible for him or her in this incarnation, it is necessary to Understand and rule the bodily structure, the emotional set and the functioning of the mind. Only in this way can a balanced attainment be achieved. Without this basic work the Aspirant can too easily come to grief, be the prey of unknown and misunderstood forces which he has set in motion, or even end up as the inhabitant of an insane asylum. The Guardians have been set before the Temple of Attainment now just as they have always existed in the past. Would that the Aspirants to this Temple could always understand this fact!

But no, there are among us some poor souls who grasp for this

or that high Grade in either Order without any foundational work as above mentioned. They try to pretend that they are of the highest order of humankind to be found, and they strut around with their pitiful rags of belief instead of true rulership of all that they are or could be in this life.

This is true of many other occult orders, of course, not only the Thelemic. Do we not always have in and among the great body of humanity, quacks in Medicine, in Astrology, in Law, in Government and on and on? It is also true that there is a general trend for ego-aggrandisement among unevolved humans who display no real knowledge or Illumination or genius, or the small ego could not be so strong and uncontrollable, all but ruining the life pattern of the person so misled.

The actual proof that any one person is set on the path towards Adeptship lies in the work which they have accomplished and not in vain and vacant claims to this or that Grade in our Holy Orders. Whatever work they have done will shine forth in their lives, in the development of their own high genius to its highest mark that the person is capable of in this life. As the ancient sentence so aptly states: - "By their fruits ye shall know them." The situation is so chaotic in the occult world in general and in the systems of Thelema, that we are over-run with these pretenders and quacks; people who claim to be something which they most obviously are not. This is partly because no system has as yet been put into practice for weeding out these lesser types of humanity or of assigning them to their proper function and place in Society until they have achieved some real and undeniable achievement. We notice that some of the policies and practices of Law and Medicine lead to a policing and purifying of the ranks of these practitioners. Though To Mega Therion put the Path of real Attainment for all to see and work by, there are still those who misunderstand and misapply his writings and work and there is no check to their silly behaviour.

I shall not expound on the mistakes made by those of seemingly high rank, those who ought to know better if the Grades they claim are any criteria. This would be an unprofitable path. Instead, this publication is dedicated to informing the Aspirant about the necessary steps to be taken in his own advancement towards adeptship. It is what To Mega Therion has done. This publication will back up and explain his system to the best of our ability. It shall then be the task of the student to work and prove what he is in reality, what is his essential genius; and what may be his fantastic notions of himself due to his over-inflated small ego may be expunged.

Excuse us if we must laugh now and again at the bumbings of these "Bottoms" in their Shakespearean "Midsummer Night's Dream" as they strut and preen and pretend, showing the most vacant minds in the world and the most uncontrolled emotional life, swamped with the mysterious contents of the subconsciousness. It is no use, either, to criticise and view their bodily ruin when in this Race to Adeptship



the best of health is needed. Ah yes, "Occult to Order", say what Grade you are and lo!, you have it! Those of us who know what true work is, cannot help but be doubled up with laughter!

The Path has many and multitudinous guideposts; it is really up to the individual student to work his way to the Supreme Attainment. Let him not forget this injunction from LIBER AL, Cap. II, v. 70: ----"Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy."

We labor towards the end that each may pursue his greatest strength and Will: those who are of the chosen for the work of Illumination or Attainment may arrive at their goal; that on the way all do not forget the so-necessary Balance. Many times we advise the student to consult a knowledgeable teacher or psychiatrist for the troubles of the emotions and their mastery, or to consult a known expert in Hatha Yoga for the work on the material and bodily systems; also experts in the burgeoning fields of nutrition and holistic medicine. This publication can mainly lead to a mastery of the machinery of the mind through the Qabalistic system as mentioned and since writing is an intellectual process, there is little we can do for individual problems in the emotional life or for bodily health. We can only indicate what may be studied so that some mental processes may be set above these two lower forms of life and lead them to some coherence of expression, true servants of the Imperious Will.

Included in this issue is a Syllabus of the Libers for the student in the system of the A.:A.: and, of course, for any others who wish to study independently. At the end of this list is a partial part of our exam for the Grade leading from Probationer to Neophyte. That the exam is partial and not printed in its entirety is due to these pretenders to Illumination and their silly antics. We hope to forestall what they may be anxious to claim!

The Qabalist's Corner has given way to an article on Gematria by Frater Yod and some indication of other types of work which ought to be pursued is given in the story of Jane Wolfe. Crowley's article on "Absinthe, the Green Goddess" pursues the proper use of intoxicants. And so it goes, learn well. May the student who seriously applies himself to the studies in Thelema achieve a lasting and true Illumination!

Love is the law, love under will.

*Soror Meral*

## DE ARTE KABBALISTICA

Do thou study most constantly, my Son, in the Art of the Holy Qabalah. Know that herein the Relations between Numbers, though they be mighty in Power and prodigal of Knowledge, are but lesser Things. For the Work is to reduce all other Conceptions to these of Number, because thus thou wilt lay bare the very Structure of thy Mind, whose rule is Necessity rather than Prejudice. Not until the Universe is thus laid naked before thee canst thou truly anatomize it. The Tendencies of thy Mind lie deeper far than any Thought, for they are the Conditions and the Laws of Thought; and it is these that thou must bring to Naught.

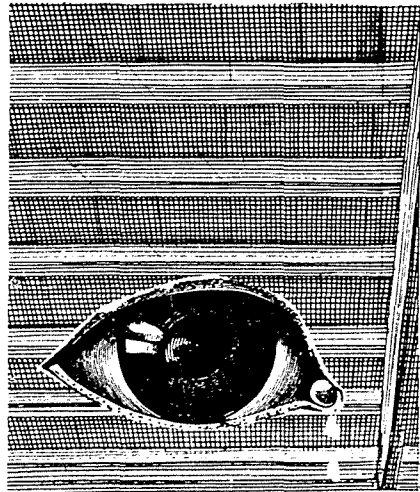
This Way is most sure; most sacred; and the Enemies thereof most awful, most sublime. It is for the Great Souls to enter on this Rigour and Austerity; to Them the Gods themselves do Homage; for it is the Way of Utmost Purity.

LIBER ALEPH, p. 2

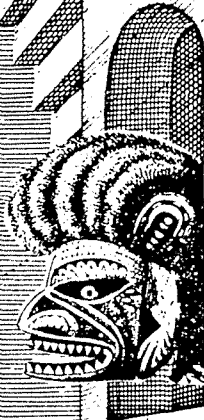
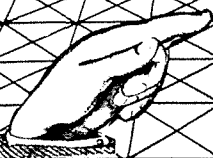
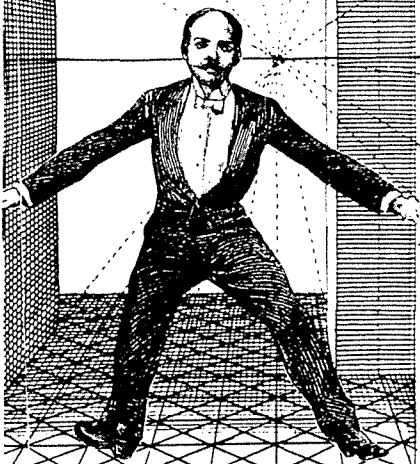
## DE FORMULA SUMMA

Learn moreover that thy Self includeth the whole Universe of thy Knowledge, so that every Increase upon every plane is an Aggrandisement of that Self. Yet the greater part of this Universe is common Knowledge, so that thy Self is interwoven with other Selves, save for that Part peculiar to thy Self. And as thou growest, so also this peculiar Part is ever of less Proportion to the whole, until when thou becomest infinite, it is a Quantity infinitesimal and to be neglected. Lo! when the All is absorbed within the I, it is as if the I were absorbed within the All; for if two Things become wholly and indissolubly One Thing, there is no more Reason for Names, since Names are given to mark off one Thing from another. And this is that which is written in the Book of the Law: "Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt."

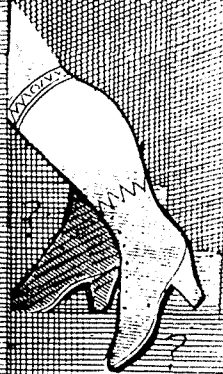
LIBER ALEPH, p. 28  
by Aleister Crowley



OCCULT  
TO ORDER  
EXCLUSIVE MAGICAL SECRETS



Orion





## The Finger of Yod

### GEMATRIA FOR FUN & PROPHET

by

Fra.: Yod

Gematria, defined most simply, may be called qabalistic numerology. Don't however, let the word "numerology" lead you to confuse this Holy Arcanum with the subject of paperbacks on pop numerology of the neo-Pythagorean variety. As I hope to make clear, the analysis of one's own name by gematria will not provide you with party chatter such as, "I'm a 3, what number are you?" What it may do, however, is to provide you with valuable, vivid clues in that lifetime quest which is the crux of all true magical work: the discovery and enactment of one's True Identity.

Study of the article "Gematria" in THE QABALAH OF ALEISTER CROWLEY will provide excellent background and trimming for what follows. However, my little essay should be quite understandable on its own. Briefly, our method involves an adaptation of the Hebrew Alphabet to English words and names. This allows us to find a numerical value for a word which we then analyze in several specific, routine ways.

I emphasize the specificity and routineness of the approach. What I offer here is not the only mode of numerical analysis, but it is specific, routine, systemmatized, and orderly. A trap for beginners, inherent in gematria, is that an undisciplined application can produce any result whatsoever that one might wish to find, which is as good as no result at all. I therefore offer an approach that has served me quite well for some time. Adapt it, make it your own system, but by Nuit, keep it systematic and specific until you know what you are doing!

As we proceed, I suggest you use your own full given name as a working example. Investigating your own name is a way of discovering your Identity. The results you get will have a subjective ring of truth, perhaps only a little at first and then more, which will increase your intuitive grasp of the subject. Gematria does not usually give easy answers at first. Instead, it offers you lines of meditation that can produce very enlightening answers with a little work. By understanding your own Identity, which Star you are, you raise your magickal, intuitive tone while also gaining practical experience in gematria. After awhile you'll be able to apply these "powers" to other words as well.

Examine my "Gematria Crib Sheet". Notice that each English letter is given one or two numerical values. The second values for K, M, N, P and Ts are used in Hebrew when these letters appear

at the end of a word. Do not use the "final" forms of these letters in finding the numerical value of an English word. We have no "final" letter forms in English. (Besides, I can't get them to give meaningful results!) These values will be useful later; but in the early steps, I suggest you disregard them altogether.

Take all the letters of your name and add the numerical values to get a total. Example: O.T.O. = O + T + O = 70 + 9 + 70 = 149. We will use this number, and a second example of 1354, in what follows. Calculate your own number before you read on. (Thelemic party talk: "Hey, man, I'm a 1354, what are you?")

There are several ways to analyze a number, some of which make use of the major arcana of the Tarot deck. Be sure you have a deck on hand (any design you prefer). I do not list these methods in order of preference, but rather in the order one might apply them.

(1) Add the digits of the number into one sum, repeating as often as necessary until the final result is less than 22. This is known as reduction. The result will be a number of a meaningful Tarot trump. E.G.:  $149 = 1+4+9 = 14 = \text{Temperance}$ .  $1354 = 1+3+5+4 = 13 = \text{Death}$ . I find this the least meaningful approach of all those I mention here, but sometimes of interest, as in the case where Temperance depicts the end result of the Gnostic Catholic Mass.

(2) Learn what other words have the same numerical value. A premise of gematria is that any two words of the same enumeration are meaningfully related, if not somehow equivalent. SEPHER SEPHIROTH, Godwin's CABALISTIC ENCYCLOPEDIA, and one's personal research provide information for this analysis. Consulting SEPHER SEPHIROTH we learn that 149, a prime number, is the numerical value of the Hebrew Elohim Chayim, "the living gods", and also for the word meaning "a beating of the breast" or "a noisy striking". The first task of meditation, then, is to find the common significance of these words and how that applies to the name O.T.O. No entries are listed for the number 1354.

(3) Unless the number is prime (like 149), reduce it to its prime factors, then analyze these by method 2 above (or any other way you care to analyze them).  $1354 = 2 \times 677$ ; 677 is a prime number, for which SEPHER SEPHIROTH again lists no entries. We would then proceed to study the number 677 by reducing its digits ( $6+7+7 = 20 = \text{Judgment}^2$ ) and especially by applying method 4 below, which I personally consider the single most important and

1. Temperance is called "Art" in the Crowley deck.
2. Judgment is called "The Aeon" in Crowley deck, see BOOK OF THOTH, - Ed.

useful of these methods.

(4) Because every Hebrew letter is also a numeral, any number may be written as one or more consecutive letters, always reading from right to left. These may then be converted to the corresponding Tarot cards. After studying these trumps, the card numbers can be added (and reduced if necessary) to get another card which summarizes the series.

Example: 1354

4 = Daleth = Empress = 3

50 = Nun = Death = 13

300 = Shin - Judgment = 20

1000 = Aleph\* = Fool = 0

$\overline{36} = 3 + 6 = 9$  (Hermit)

(\* 1000 = a large Aleph, 2000 = a large Beth, etc.)

Lay before your eyes, in a row, the four trumps listed above. Look at the cards. Study their symbolism carefully. Try to see the sequence, the flow of meaning from one to the next. This is a meditation, not a mechanical analysis. Once you get a basic sense of the meaning, check it against the summary trump, The Hermit in this case. Finally, compare your interpretation to all the information gathered from all previous methods.

In examining your own name, don't hesitate to claim the holiest, most cosmic and profound meaning you can find. That holy meaning is really there. It is a key to your mystical birthright, the true nature of yourself in the context of your present incarnation. In time it will have great significance for you.

For example, one way of interpreting the series - Empress/ Death/ Judgment/ Fool is: Birth, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, the entire cycle of incarnating spirit. Is this consistent with the summary card? Yes, for the Hermit is identical with the Fool, though at the conclusion of a cycle, having passed through all phases shown by the previous four cards. Having found this basic meaning of his name, it is now the individual's task to spend however long is necessary to understand how this connects him to the rest of the world, and what significance it has for his magickal development.

Hebrew words of esoteric import can be similarly studied merely by examining the Tarot cards assigned to their letters. Take, for example, the god-name Adonai (ADNI).

1 = A = The Fool = 0

4 = D = The Empress = 3

50 = N = Death = 13

10 = I = The Hermit = 9

$\overline{25} = 2 + 5 = 7 =$  The Chariot

The number 65 has been extensively studied in IN THE CONTINUUM, Vol. I, No. 3. For now I want you to notice the four Tarot trumps which show a cycle beginning with the Fool (the essential Spirit preparing to incarnate), passing through birth (the Empress) and death, culminating as the Hermit, the original essential Spirit now filled with experience and, having passed through that cycle, able to shine as a light for others to follow.

Elaborate this your own way. I have barely touched upon the wealth of ideas that could come from this study. The instruction available in the Tarot cards used this way is endless.

Here is one final example for you to consider. The Hebrew word Ehben (ABN) means "stone". It is a very sacred word because it symbolizes the uniting of the Father (AB) and the Son (BN). Applying our methods we get the following:

$$\begin{array}{rclcl} 1 & = & A & = & \text{The Fool} & = & 0 \\ 2 & = & B & = & \text{The Magician} & = & 1 \\ 50 & = & N & = & \text{Death} & = & 13 \\ \hline 53 & & & & & & 14 = \text{Temperance} \end{array}$$

53 is a prime number which corresponds to such Hebrew words as GN, "garden", ChMH, "the sun", and MACHBCh, "lover". Though space and other considerations prevent my extensively analyzing this word, I strongly recommend that, with these clues in mind, the readers of this publication study this word, concentrating especially on the three trumps corresponding to its letters and not neglecting the summary card, Temperance.

Have fun with your new playthings!



# GEMATRIA CRIB SHEET

<u>Hebrew Letter</u>	<u>English Equiv.</u>	<u>Numerical Value</u>	<u>Tarot Trump</u>	<u>Trump No.</u>
Aleph	A	1	The Fool	0
Beth	B	2	The Magician	1
Gimel	G	3	The High Priestess	2
Daleth	D	4	The Empress	3
Heh	E, H	5	The Emperor	4
Vav	V, U, W	6	The Hierophant	5
Zain	Z	7	The Lovers	6
Cheth	Ch	8	The Chariot	7
Teth	T	9	Strength (Lust)	8 (Case) 11 (A.C.)
Yod	I, J, Y	10	The Hermit	9
Kaph	K, hard C	20, 500	Wheel of Fortune (Fortune)	10
Lamed	L	30	Justice (Adjustment)	11 (Case) 8 (A.C.)
Mem	M	40, 600	Hanged Man	12
Nun	N	50, 700	Death	13
Samech	S, soft C	60	Temperance (Art)	14
Ayin	O, Ng	70	The Devil	15
Peh	P, F, (Ph)	80, 800	The Tower (War)	16
Tzaddi	Ts, Tz	90, 900	The Star	17
Qoph	Q	100	The Moon	18
Resh	R	200	The Sun	19
Shin	Sh	300	Judgment (Aeon)	20
Tau	Th	400	The Universe	21

(Editor's note: Crowley renamed some of the Trumps. The author of this article studied B.O.T.A. founded by Paul Foster Case.

Therefore, to indicate the differences to the student, the editor has placed Crowley's titles for the Trumps in brackets and has indicated for the numbers of the Trumps, which number was used by Case and which by Crowley (A.C.)

There is still a great deal of confusion over the sentence in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, Cap. I, v. 57, which reads: "All these old letters of my Book are aright; but Y is not the Star. This also is secret: my prophet shall reveal it to the wise."

Obviously, the wise shall learn what this means and be able to interchange the Tarot cards on the Tree of Life without too much undue confusion. This matter is elucidated in IN THE CONTINUUM Vol. II, No. 3.

Notice that "wise", if we drop the vowels, adds to 66, a number of the Sun, therefore of Tiphereth. We might speculate if the above revealing of this knowledge can only be known by those who have attained to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel? Or can it be only known by those who have really opened the Chakras of Manipura and Anahata? Or is it that one really knows and IS the true center of his Being, symbolized by the Sun? However, one puts this matter, in whatever words, it might be that we have here some hints in the enumeration of the word "wise".

It is left up to the good judgment of the student to use the enumerations of the Trumps in either the Case fashion or the Crowley fashion. We do not argue this point here. But it may be worthwhile to experiment with both numbering ideas for the Trumps and see which system yields the most meaning and accuracy.)

Note: "Gematria for Fun and Prophet" was printed in part in OYEZ, Spring Equinox Issue, March, 1980, produced by Heru-Ra-Ha Lodge of the O.T.O., P.O. Box 3111, Newport Beach, CA. 92663

Further references to The Tarot:  
Case, Paul Foster - THE TAROT  
Crowley, Aleister - BOOK OF THOTH

## ABSINTHE - THE GREEN GODDESS

by Aleister Crowley

### I.

Keep always this dim corner for me, that I may sit while the Green Hour glides, a proud pavane of Time. For I am no longer in the city accursed, where Time is horsed on the white gelding Death, his spurs rusted with blood.

There is a corner of the United States which he has overlooked. It lies in New Orleans, between Canal Street and Esplanade Avenue; the Mississippi for its base. Thence it reaches northward to a most curious desert land, where is a cemetery lovely beyond dreams, its walls low and whitewashed, within which straggles a wilderness of strange and fantastic tombs; and hard by is that great city of brothels which is so cynically mirthful a neighbor. As Félicien Rops wrote, - or was it Edmond d'Haraucourt? - "la Prostitution et la Mort sont frère et soeur - les fils de Dieu!"<sup>1</sup> At least the poet of La Légende des Sexes was right, and the psychoanalysts after him, in identifying the Mother with the Tomb. This, then, is only the beginning and end of things, this "quartier macabre" beyond the North Rampart; and the Mississippi on the other side is like the space between, our life which flows, and fertilizes as it flows, muddy and malarious as it may be, to empty itself into the warm bosom of the Gulf Stream, which (in our allegory) we may call the Life of God.

But our business is with the heart of things; we must go beyond the crude phenomena of nature if we are to dwell in the spirit. Art is the soul of life; and the Old Absinthe House is heart and soul of the old quarter of New Orleans.

For here was the headquarters of no common man - no less than a real pirate - of Captain Lafitte, who not only robbed his neighbors, but defended them against invasion. Here, too, sat Henry Clay, who lived and died to give his name to a cigar. Outside this house no man remembers much more of him than that; but here, authentic and, as I imagine, indignant, his ghost stalks grimly.

Here, too, are marble basins hollowed - and hallowed! - by the drippings of the water which creates by baptism the new spirit of absinthe.

I am only sipping the second glass of that "fascinating, but subtle poison, whose ravages eat men's heart and brain" that I have ever tasted in my life; and as I am not an American anxious

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1. "Prostitution and death are brother and sister - the children of God."

for quick action, I am not surprised and disappointed that I do not drop dead upon the spot. But I can taste souls without the aid of absinthe; and besides, this is magic absinthe! The spirit of the house has entered into it; it is an elixir, the masterpiece of an old alchemist, no common wine.

And so, as I talk with the patron concerning the vanity of things, I perceive the secret of the heart of God himself; this, that everything, even the vilest things, is so unutterably lovely that it is worthy of the devotion of a God for all eternity.

What other excuse could He give man for making him? In substance, that is my answer to King Solomon.

## II.

The barrier between divine and human things is frail but inviolable; the artist and the bourgeois are only divided by a point of view. "A hair divides the false and true."

I am watching the opalescence of my absinthe, and it leads me to ponder upon a certain very curious mystery, persistent in legend. We may call it the mystery of the rainbow.

Originally, in the fantastic but significant legend of the Hebrews, the rainbow is mentioned as the sign of salvation. The world had been purified by water, and was ready for the revelation of Wine. God would never again destroy his work, but ultimately seal its perfection by a baptism of fire.

Now in this analogue also falls the coat of many colors which was made for Joseph, a legend which was regarded as so important that it was subsequently borrowed for the romance of Jesus. The veil of the Temple, too, was of many colors. We find, further East, that the Manipura Cakra - the Lotus of the City of Jewels - which is an important centre in Hindu anatomy, and apparently identical with the solar plexus, is the central point of the nervous system of the human body, dividing the sacred from the profane, or the lower from the higher.

In Western Mysticism, once more we learn that the middle grade of initiation is called Hodos Chamelionis, the Path of the Chameleon; there is here evidently an allusion to this same mystery. We also learn that the middle stage in Alchemy is when the liquor becomes opalescent.

Finally, we note among the visions of the Saints one called the Universal Peacock, in which the totality of things is perceived thus royally apparelled.

Would it were possible to assemble in this place the cohorts

of quotation; for indeed they are beautiful with banners, flashing their myriad rays from cothurn and habergeon, gay and gallant in the light of that Sun which knows no fall from Zenith of high noon!

Yet I must needs already have written so much to make clear one pitiful conceit: can it be that in the opalescence of absinthe is some occult link with this mystery of the Rainbow? For undoubtedly one glass does indefinably and subtly insinuate the drinker within the secret chamber of Beauty, does kindle his thoughts to rapture, adjust his point of view to that of the artist, at least in that degree of which he is originally capable, weave for his fancy a gala dress of stuff as many-colored as the mind of Aphrodite.

Oh Beauty! Long did I love thee, long did I pursue thee, thee elusive, thee intangible! And lo! thou enfoldest me by night and day in the arms of gracious, of luxurious, of shimmering silence.

### III.

The Prohibitionist must always be a person of no moral character; for he cannot even conceive of the possibility of a man capable of resisting temptation. Still more, he is so obsessed, like the savage, by the fear of the unknown, that he regards alcohol as a fetich, necessarily alluring and tyrannical.

With this ignorance of human nature goes an even grosser ignorance of the divine nature.

He does not understand that the universe has only one possible purpose; that, the business of life being happily completed by the production of the necessities and luxuries incidental to comfort, the residuum of human energy needs an outlet. The surplus of Will must find issue in the elevation of the individual towards the godhead; and the method of such elevation is by religion, love, and art. Now these three things are indissolubly bound up with wine, for they are themselves species of intoxication.

Yet against all these things we find the prohibitionist, logically enough. It is true that he usually pretends to admit religion as a proper pursuit for humanity; but what a religion! He has removed from it every element of ecstasy or even of devotion; in his hands it has become cold, fanatical, cruel, and stupid, a thing merciless and formal, without sympathy or humanity. Love and art he rejects altogether; for him the only meaning of love is a mechanical - hardly even physiological! - process necessary for the perpetuation of the human race. (But why perpetuate it?) Art is for him the parasite and pimp of love; he cannot distinguish between the Apollo Belvedere and the crude

bestialities of certain Pompeian frescoes, or between Rabelais and Elinor Glyn.

What then, is his ideal of human life? one cannot say. So crass a creature can have no true ideal. There have been ascetic philosophers; but the prohibitionist would be as offended by their doctrine as by ours - these indeed, are not so dissimilar as appears. Wage-slavery and boredom seem to complete his outlook on the world.

There are species which survive because of the feeling of disgust inspired by them; one is reluctant to set the heel firmly upon them, however thick may be one's boots. But when they are recognized as utterly noxious to humanity - the more so that they ape its form - then courage must be found, or rather, nausea must be swallowed.

May God send us a Saint George!

#### IV.

It is notorious that all genius is accompanied by vice. Almost always this takes the form of sexual extravagance. It is to be observed that deficiency, as in the cases of Carlyle and Ruskin, is to be reckoned as extravagance. At least, the word abnormality will fit all cases. Further, we see that in a very large number of great men there has also been indulgence in drink or drugs. There are whole periods when practically every great man has been thus marked; these periods are those during which the heroic spirit has died out of their nation, and the bourgeois is apparently triumphant.

In this case the cause is evidently the horror of life induced in the artist by the contemplation of his surroundings. He must find another world, no matter at what cost.

Consider the end of the eighteenth century. In France, at that time, the men of genius were made, so to speak, possible by the Revolution. In England, under Castlereagh, we find Blake lost to humanity in mysticism, Shelley and Byron exiles, Coleridge taking refuge in opium, Keats sinking under the weight of circumstance, Wordsworth forced to sell his soul, while the enemy, in the persons of Southey and Moore, triumphantly held sway.

The poetically similar period in France was 1850 to 1870. Hugo was in exile, and all his brethren were given to absinthe or to hashish or to opium.

There is, however, another consideration more important. There are some men who possess the understanding of the City of God, and know not the keys; or, if they possess them, have not force to

turn them in the wards. Such men often seek to win heaven by forged credentials. Just so a youth who desires love is too often deceived by simulacra, embraces Lydia thinking her to be Lalage.

But the greatest men of all suffer neither the limitations of the former class nor the illusions of the latter. Yet we find them equally given to what is apparently indulgence. Lombroso has foolishly sought to find the source of this in madness - as if insanity could scale the peaks of Progress while Reason recoiled from the bergschrund. The explanation is far otherwise. Imagine to yourself the mental state of him who inherits or attains the full consciousness of the artist, that is to say, the divine consciousness.

He finds himself unutterably lonely, and he must steel himself to endure it. All his peers are dead long since! Even if he find an equal upon earth, there can scarcely be companionship, hardly more than the far courtesy of king to king. There are few twin souls in genius - rare even as twin stars.

Good - he can reconcile himself to the scorn of the world. But yet he feels with anguish his duty towards it. It is therefore essential to him to be human.

Now the divine consciousness is not full-flowered in youth. The newness of the objective world pre-occupies the soul for many years. It is only as each illusion vanishes before the magic of the master that he gains more and more the power to dwell in the world of Reality. And with this comes the terrible temptation - the desire to enter and enjoy rather than remain among men and suffer their illusions. Yet, since the sole purpose of the incarnation of such a Master was to help humanity, he must make the supreme renunciation. It is the problem of that dreadful bridge of Islam, Al Sirak; the razor-edge will cut the unwary foot, yet it must be trodden firmly, or the traveler will fall to the abyss. I dare not sit in the Old Absinthe House for ever, wrapped in the ineffable delight of the Beatific Vision. I must write this essay, that men may thereby come at last to understand true things. But the operation of the creative godhead is not enough. Art is itself too near the Reality which must be renounced for a season.

Therefore his work is also part of his temptation; the genius feels himself slipping constantly heavenward. The gravitation of eternity draws him. He is like a ship torn by the tempest from the harbour where the master must needs take on new passengers to the Happy Isles. So he must throw out anchors; and the only holding is the mire! Thus, in order to maintain the equilibrium of sanity, the artist is obliged to seek fellowship with the grossest of mankind. Like Lord Dunsany or Augustus John, today, or like Teniers of old, he may love to sit in taverns where

sailors frequent; he may wander the country with gypsies, or he may form liaisons with the vilest men and women. Edward Fitzgerald would seek an illiterate fisherman, and spend weeks in his company; Verlaine made associates of Rimbaud and Bibi la Purée; Shakespeare consorted with the Earls of Pembroke and Southampton; Marlowe was actually killed during a brawl in a low tavern. And when we consider the sex-relation, it is hard to mention a genius who had a wife or mistress of even tolerable good character. If he had one, he would be sure to neglect her for a Vampire or a Shrew. A good woman is too near that heaven of Reality which he is sworn to renounce!

And this, I suppose, is why I am interested in the woman who has come to sit at the nearest table. Let us find out her story; let us try to see with the eyes of her soul!

## V.

She is a woman of no more than thirty years of age, though she looks older. She comes here at irregular intervals, once a week, or once a month; but when she comes she sits down to get solidly drunk on that alternation of beer and gin which the best authorities in England deem so efficacious.

As to her story, it is simplicity itself. She was kept in luxury for some years by a wealthy cotton broker, crossed to Europe with him, and lived in London and Paris like a queen. Then she got the idea of "respectability" and "settling down in life"; so she married a man who could keep her in mere comfort. Result: repentance, and a periodical need to forget her sorrows. She is still "respectable"; she never tires of repeating that she is not one of "those girls", but "a married woman living far up-town," and that she "she never runs about with men."

It is not the failure of marriage; it is the failure of men to recognize what marriage was ordained to be. By a singular paradox, it is the triumph of the bourgeois, who is the chief supporter of marriage, that has degraded marriage to the level of the bourgeois. Only the hero is capable of marriage as the church understands it; for the marriage oath is a compact of appalling solemnity, an alliance of two souls against the world and against fate, with invocation of the great aid of the Most High. Death is not the most beautiful of adventures, as Charles Frohman said on the "Titanic" ere she plunged, for death is unavoidable; marriage is a voluntary heroism. That marriage has today become a matter of convenience is the last word of the commercial spirit. It is as if one should take a vow of knighthood to combat dragons - until the dragons appeared.

So this poor woman, because she did not understand that respectability is a lie, that it is love that makes marriage sacred and not the sanction of church or state, because she took marriage



as an asylum instead of as a crusade, has failed in life, and now seeks alcohol under the same fatal error.

Wine is the ripe gladness which accompanies valor and rewards toil; it is the plume on a man's lance-head, a fluttering gallantry - not good to lean upon. Therefore her eyes are glassed with horror as she gazes uncomprehending upon her fate. That which she did all to avoid confronts her; she does not realize that, had she faced it, it would have fled with all the other phantoms. For the sole reality of this universe is God.

The Old Absinthe House is not a place; it is not bounded by four walls; it is headquarters of an army of philosophies. From this dim corner let me range, wafting thought through every air, salient against every problem of mankind; for it will always return like Noah's dove to this ark, this strange little sanctuary of the Green Goddess which has been set down not upon Ararat, but by the banks of the "Father of Waters."

## VI.

Ah, the Green Goddess! What is the fascination that makes her so adorable and so terrible? Do you know that French sonnet "La Legende de l'absinthe?" He must have loved it well, that poet. Here are his witnesses.

Apollon, qui pleurait le trépas d'Hyacinthe,  
Ne voulait pas céder la victoire à la mort.  
Il fallait que son âme, adepte de l'essor,  
Trouvait pour la beauté une alchimie plus sainte.  
Donc, de sa main céleste il épuise, il éreinte  
Les dons les plus subtils de la divine Flore.  
Leurs corps brisés souspirent une exhalaison d'or  
Dont il nous recueillait la goutte de - l'Absinthe!

Aux cavernes blotties, aux palais pétillants,  
Par un, par deux, buvez ce breuvage d'aimant!  
Car c'est un sortilège, un propos de dictame;  
Ce vin d'opale pale avortit la misère,  
Ouvre de la beauté l'intime sanctuaire  
- Ensorcelle mon coeur, extasie mon âme!

What is there in absinthe that makes it a separate cult? The effects of its abuse are totally distinct from those of other stimulants. Even in ruin and in degradation it remains a thing apart; its victims wear a ghastly aureole all their own, and in their peculiar hell yet gloat with a sinister perversion of pride that they are not as other men.

But we are not to reckon up the uses of a thing by contemplating the wreckage of its abuse. We do not curse the sea because of occasional disasters to our mariners, or refuse axes to our woodsmen because we sympathize with Charles the First or

Louis the Sixteenth. So therefore as special vices and dangers appertain to absinthe, so also do graces and virtues that adorn no other liquor.

The word is from the Greek apsinthion; it means "undrinkable" or, according to some authorities, "undelightful". In either case, strange paradox? No; for the wormwood draught itself were bitter beyond human endurance; it must be aromatized and mellowed with other herbs.

Chief among these is the gracious Melissa, of which the great Paracelsus thought so highly that he incorporated it as the chief ingredient in the preparation of his Ens Melissa Vitae, which he expected to be an elixir of life and a cure for all diseases, but which in his hands never came to perfection.

Then also there are added mint, anise, fennel and hyssop, all holy herbs familiar to all from the Treasury of Hebrew Scripture. And there is even the sacred marjoram which renders man both chaste and passionate; the tender green angelica stalks also infused in this most mystic of concoctions; for like the artemisia absinthium itself it is a plant of Diana, and gives the purity and lucidity, with a touch of the madness, of the Moon; and above all there is the Dittany of Crete of which the eastern Sages say that one flower hath more puissance in high magic than all the other gifts of all the gardens of the world. It is as if the first diviner of absinthe had been indeed a magician intent upon a combination of sacred drugs which should cleanse, fortify and perfume the human soul.

And it is no doubt that in the due employment of this liquor such effects are easy to obtain. A single glass seems to render the breathing freer, the spirit lighter, the heart more ardent, soul and mind alike more capable of executing the great task of doing that particular work in the world which the Father may have sent them to perform. Food itself loses its gross qualities in the presence of absinthe, and becomes even as manna, operating the sacrament of nutrition without bodily disturbance.

Let then the pilgrim enter reverently the shrine, and drink his absinthe as a stirrup-cup; for in the right conception of this life as an ordeal of chivalry lies the foundation of every perfection of philosophy. "Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God!" applies with singular force to the absintheur. So may he come victorious from the battle of life to be received with tender kisses by some green-robed archangel, and crowned with mystic vervain in the Emerald Gateway of the Opal City of God.

## VII.

And now the café is beginning to fill up. This little room with its dark green woodwork, its boarded ceiling, its sanded floor, its old pictures, its whole air of sympathy with time, is beginning to exert its magic spell. Here comes a curious child, short and sturdy, with a long blonde pigtail, her glance sly and sidelong on a jolly little old man who looks as if he had stepped straight out of the pages of Balzac.

Handsome and diminutive, with a fierce moustache almost as big as the rest of him, like a regular little Spanish fighting cock, Frank, the waiter, in his long white apron, struts to them with the glasses of ice-cold pleasure, green as the glaciers themselves. He will stand up bravely with the musicians by and by and sing us a jolly song of old Catalonia.

The door swings open again; a tall dark girl, exquisitely slim and snaky, with masses of black hair knotted about her head, comes in; on her arm is a plump woman with hungry eyes, and a mass of Titian red hair. They seem distracted from the outer world, absorbed in some subject of enthralling interest; and they drink their apéritif as if in a dream. I ask the mulatto boy who waits at my table (the sleek and lithe black panther!) who they are; but he knows only that one is a cabaret dancer, the other the owner of a cotton plantation up river. At a round table in the middle of the room sits one of the proprietors with a group of friends; he is burly, rubicund, and jolly, the very type of the Shakespearian "Mine host." Now a party of a dozen merry boys and girls comes in; the old pianist begins to play a dance, and in a moment the whole café is caught up in the music of harmonious motion. Yet still the invisible line is drawn about each soul; the dance does not conflict with the absorption of the two strange women, or with my own mood of detachment.

Then there is a "little laughing lewd gamine" dressed all in black save for a square white collar; her smile is broad and free as the sun, and her gaze as clean and wholesome and inspiring. There is the big jolly blonde Irish girl in the black velvet beret and coat, and the white boots, chatting with two boys in khaki from the border; and there is the Creole girl in pure white cap-a-piè, with her small piquant face and its round button of a nose, and its curious deep rose flush, and its red little mouth, impudently smiling. Around these islands seems to flow as a general tide the more stable life of the quarter. Here are honest good-wives seriously discussing their affairs, and heaven only knows if it be love or the price of sugar which engages them so wholly. There are but a few commonplace and uninteresting elements in the café; and these are without exception men. The giant Big Business is a great tyrant; he seizes all the men for slaves, and leaves the women to make shift as best they can for - all that makes life worth living. Candies and American Beauty Roses are

of no use in an emergency! So, even in this most favored corner, there is dearth of the kind of men that women need.

At the table next me sits an old, old man. He has done great things in his day, they tell me, an engineer, who first found it possible to dig Artesian wells in the Sahara desert. The Legion of Honor glows red on his shabby surtout. He comes here, one of the many wrecks of the Panama Canal, a piece of jetsam cast up by that tidal wave of speculation and corruption. He is of the old type, the thrifty peasantry; and he has his little income from the Rente. He says that he is too old to cross the ocean - and why should he, with the atmosphere of old France to be had a stone's throw from his little apartment in Bourbon Street? It is a curious type of house that one finds in this quarter in New Orleans; meagre without, within one comes unexpectedly upon great spaces, carved wooden balconies on which the rooms open. So he dreams away his honored days in the Old Absinthe House. His rusty black, with its worn red button, is a noble wear.

Black, by the way, seems almost universal among the women; is it instinctive good taste? At least, it serves to bring up the general level of good looks. Most American women spoil what little beauty they may have by overdressing. Here there is nothing extravagant, nothing vulgar, none of the near-Paris-gown and the just-off-Bond-Street hat. Nor is there a single dress to which a Quaker could object. There is neither the mediocrity nor the immodesty of the New York woman, who is tailored or millinered on a garish pattern, with the Eternal Chorus Girl as the Ideal - an ideal which she always attains, though (Heaven knows!) in "society" there are few "front-row" types.

On the other side of me a splendid stalwart maid, modern in muscle, old only in the subtle and modest fascination of her manner, her face proud, cruel and amorous, shakes her wild tresses of gold in pagan laughter. Her mood is universal as the wind. What can her cavalier be doing to keep her waiting? It is a little mystery which I will not solve for the reader; on the contrary -.

#### VIII.

Yes, it was my own sweetheart (no! not all the magazines can vulgarize that loveliest of words) who was waiting for me to be done with my musings. She comes in silently and stealthily, preening and purring like a great cat, and sits down, and begins to Enjoy. She knows I must never be disturbed until I close my pen. We shall go together to dine at a little Italian restaurant kept by an old navy man, who makes the best ravioli this side of Genoa; then we shall walk the wet and windy streets, rejoicing to feel the warm subtropical rain upon our faces; we shall go

down to the Mississippi, and watch the lights of the ships, and listen to the tales of travel and adventure of the mariners. There is one that moves me greatly; it is like the story of the sentinel of Herculaneum. A cruiser of the U.S. Navy was detailed to Rio de Janeiro. (This was before the days of wireless telegraphy.) The port was in quarantine; the ship had to stand ten miles out to sea. Nevertheless Yellow Jack managed to come aboard. The men died one by one. There was no way of getting word to Washington; and, as it turned out later, the Navy Department had completely forgotten the existence of the ship. No orders came; The captain stuck to his post for three months. Three months of solitude and death! At last a passing ship was signalled, and the cruiser was moved to happier waters. No doubt the story is a lie; but did that make it less splendid in the telling, as the old scoundrel sat and spat and chewed tobacco? No, we will certainly go down, and ruffle it on the wharves. There is really better fun in life than can be got by going to the movies, when you know how to coerce reality.

There is beauty in every incident of life; the true and the false, the wise and the foolish, are all one in the eye that beholds all without passion or prejudice; and the secret appears to lie not in the retirement from the world, but in keeping a part of oneself Vestal, sacred, intact, aloof from that self which makes contact with the external universe; in other words, in a separation of that which is and perceives from that which acts and suffers. And the art of doing this is really the art of being an artist. As a rule, it is a birthright; it may perhaps be attained by prayer and fasting; most surely, it can never be bought.

But if you have it not, this will be the best way to get it - or something like it. Give up your life completely to the task; sit daily for six hours in the Old Absinthe House, and sip the icy opal; endure 'till all things change insensibly before your eyes, you changing with them; 'till you become as gods, knowing good and evil, and this also, that they are not two but one.

It may be a long time before the veil lifts; but a moment's experience of the point of view of the artist is worth a myriad martyrdoms. It solves every problem of life and of death - which two also are one.

It translates this universe into intelligible terms, relating truly the ego with the non-ego, and recasting the prose of reason in the poetry of soul. Even as the eye of the sculptor beholds his masterpiece already existing in the shapeless mass of marble, needing only the loving-kindness of the chisel to cut away the veils of Isis, so you may (perhaps) learn to behold the sum and

and summit of all grace and glory from this great observatory,  
the Old Absinthe House of New Orleans.

V'la, p'tite chatte; c'est fini, le travail. Foutons le  
camp!

From "The International" February, 1917

### LOVE AND LAUGHTER

My love is like a mountain stream  
    Alive and sparkling in the sun -  
The tossing spray, the foam and gleam,  
    A rainbow ray, Hilarion!  
    But in its deeps the currents run  
So strong and pure, so cool and sweet -  
    The honied hearts of snows unwon  
By oread art of faery feet!

All grace, all gaiety, all gladness,  
    The laughing face and opal fire!  
Mockery mingling mirth and madness  
    Teasing or tingling to desire!  
    And all the while to love's own lyre  
Her heart sings, tremulous and tender;  
    Purity, passion, that respire  
Firmly to fashion subtler splendour!

Now love shall wet the lips of laughter,  
    And laughter brim the bowl of love.  
Music of mirth before and after;  
    Envy of earth about, above!  
    Let all the world be drunken of  
The vatted vintage of the Sun!  
    Our Word, in Art, wing forth, the Dove  
For God's own heart, Hilarion!

Aleister Crowley  
From "The International", February, 1917

JANE WOLFE

Hammer and Anvil, Part II

The Great Work

During Jane's first three days in Cefalu as a guest she was tested in astral vision. The rule was that any person visiting the Abbey was to be allowed three days as a guest and after that time, the person was expected to plunge into the Great Work.

Crowley threw his Yi King sticks to obtain an image for this test. These were six sticks of tortoise shell which were marked on one side with a small red band across the middle and on the opposite side were plain. The side that was plain was an unbroken line and the side that was marked with red was a broken line. This way, the sticks that were thrown mimicked the broken and unbroken line arrangements of the Yi King. He used this method of consulting the Yi King constantly and the student used whatever hexagram that came up from the throwing of the sticks as an aid to astral travel.

The hexagram that was thrown was placed imaginatively on a door by the student and then the student imagined that she opened the door and walked through and followed whatever direction as she was urged to do. Jane wrote her vision from this method of astral travel as follows:

"I walked along the little traveled way of an olive orchard until I saw before me a tall figure in a striped robe, with a tall striped headpiece - Egyptian I think. He looked me over, and I passed on to a one-story, flat-roofed building to face a long altar, with nothing on it. But above was a large silver moon somewhat like the golden sun one views in occult drawings. There came to the altar a man, black haired and wearing a red abbaï, stitched in gold. He turned and looked at me. Instantly I shut off the vision, for it was Crowley."

There were a few other such tests which were not remembered and which were destroyed with her diaries when she later moved to London. Crowley started Jane on astral visions and she enjoyed his magnificent sigils for this type of work. She was instructed to place the sigil where it could be seen easily, she was then to look at it for a few minutes, drop the gaze to the floor or close the eyes and give herself over to the work and travel through the astral regions. She was informed that if one made one's own sigils, it was an excellent mode of procedure if one knew what force to depict on the sigil.

After the three day guest period Crowley put Jane on a strict schedule. Twice a day she was to sit in her Asana, which in her case was "the Dragon". She was then to work on pranayama, the control of breathing. Following that or along with these two practices she was to work on Dharana, the control of thought. For the latter she used the tattwa symbols and also endeavoured to visualize Harpocrates sitting on a lotus in his egg of blue during a separate period of concentration. She was to work with astral travel from time to time and study in the books whenever she had a moment. She wrote down all of this work in her diary and this received Aleister's comments when he had a moment to attend to it.

It was the practice at the Abbey of Thelema that diaries were to be left around where others could read them and thus all could learn from the work of the other person, and also reactions to each other could be monitored. It was Crowley's belief that if a person reacted negatively to another person, it was because the person having the bad reaction had some of the same traits within himself to which he was objecting when exteriorised by anyone else. The negative or unknown trait was often hidden and repressed in the objector without his knowing much about it, sometimes nothing conscious could be known at all. Often it would be a trait which the conscious mind did not approve of or accept and this rejection could be due to training in the outer world of phenomena, sometimes deeply lost in early childhood. Reactions whether positive or negative, speaking in a balanced sense, give the clue that some sort of repression or ignorance of the work of the unconscious had gone on during the lifetime and something active and really a part of the whole psyche had been rejected and eventually hidden. Some repressions are dangerous and have a great deal of power to thwart the life work or True Will. The reactions must be viewed objectively, rooted out if they are hidden and cause emotional reactions or objections, considered consciously and with understanding. There should be no value judgments on what is thus seen as coming from the unconscious, for if so, it would simply make matters just as bad, or worse. The person set upon the occult path must in time learn to make no difference between any one reaction over another, and must learn that preferences are stumbling blocks to Illumination.

In Alchemy this process is called "Visita Interiora Terrae Rectificando Invenies Occultum Lapidem. Visit the interior parts of the earth: by rectification thou shalt find the hidden stone."<sup>1</sup> The interior of the earth is known as hell, or the unconscious: know and accept what is there, rectify (remedy or purify) these contents and transmute into the spiritual gold. It is the marriage of the Sun (the Conscious mind) and the Moon (the Unconscious

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1. Crowley, BOOK OF THOTH, Trump XIV.



mind). The progress of mankind depends upon this exploration of the Unconscious and its forces which are more powerful than most people are willing to accept. But if the unconscious contents remain unintegrated with the conscious a good deal of trouble can ensue and certainly failure for anyone hoping for higher Initiations.

Jane did not write out her reactions to other people, as the first shock on viewing the filth of Leah and the Abbey was too great. Also she had reactions of disgust at the behaviour of some of the others, especially Leah and Aleister. Her world of stage and screen had been so different from what she was doing in Aleister's world of Cefalu and since she had neither oral nor written speech to siphon off her emotions and reactions, she fought Aleister and the Abbey within herself during most of her first year there. She often struck out in any direction with previously formulated opinions due to her visionary work, connection with Theosophy, and general view of Metaphysics. Her opinions seemed wild to Aleister and since Jane was born without much power of intellect and logic, as are most women, she ran afoul of his cutting wit at almost every turn.

When dispute arose between the inhabitants of the Abbey, there was an attempt to settle it fairly and each participant was asked to wield a great deal of introspection to see how each had contributed to the trouble by the own psychological set-up. Disputes were used as modes of delving into the unconscious forces. In other words, no one was allowed to blame the other fellow, the trouble arose within the self.

They lived in a rarified atmosphere, each person became acutely conscious of the others through these practices and work on their own psychological reactions. Aleister made them face any remark whatever about another person that might pass their lips, careless or otherwise, and constantly they were drilled over and over to mind their own business. How else could it be if one is to live the Law of Thelema, "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law?" They had to learn to give this right to others, as well as to work out their own wills in their own lives.

Conquering jealousy among the women was not an easy task, especially for Leah and Ninette, but as time wore on this jealousy diminished in quality and frequency. A year later an incident stood out in Jane's mind of the dearly won adjustment to this emotion and at least a partial control of it.

Betty, Raoul Loveday's girl, was visiting and left a small velvet turban on the table. Leah came by, her face flushed, she grabbed the turban and hurled it back of a trunk, saying

"She'll have a good hunt for that!" Then instantly, laughing merrily, she rescued the bit of velvet, brushed it off lovingly, and placed it once more on the table where Betty had left it. She said, "It's a nice little hat." Jane never forgot what she thought was the beauty and spontaneity of the action. It was not that unruly impulses had been eliminated or repressed, but they had been brought to heel or tamed and the opposite emotion was there to equilibrate the first reaction.

It was due to the jealousy between Leah and Ninette in this first year, that the latter was removed from the Abbey and sent to Palermo all alone for the birth of her's and Aleister's baby, Loulette.

Ninette had been hired as a nursemaid for Leah's children earlier that year in France. In a fit of romanticism, Ninette had fallen into Crowley's arms, but he had done a Magickal operation for a certain type of woman and Leah was the one who was his Scarlet Woman. Ninette could not understand this and wrote down her jealousy and hatred very clearly in her diary. When these black emotions were read, stark and unashamed, by Crowley, and when Leah got wind of this, there was a great upset and Ninette was sent away.

Jane called her Shummie and a great friendship had arisen between them. Jane thought that she knew Shummie from another life and since, in the August after Jane's arrival, Aleister had taken another house, Jane was domiciled under the same roof, they became quite close. It was Shummie's job to care for all the children and to take care of the cooking. In these tasks, Jane often helped. It was a relief to Aleister to be free of the noise of the children and their constant demands in the way of all children. But Jane enjoyed observing them and eventually she also taught them a great deal.

Jane at first thought Leah was to blame for pulling Aleister off the path and blamed a great deal on her. Much later she was to see what a terrible burden Leah was carrying and so she was able to form some respect for her. As time went on, she decided Leah was not to blame, that the condition must be in Aleister or Leah couldn't have brought it out. This realization eased her feelings towards Leah but she could not understand at all why Shummie was being treated so badly. In a very cautious fashion, by September of that year, she entered into her diary this sentence:

"There is no doubt at all in my mind that Shummie is part of the plan; therefore why all this harpooning? Poor devil!"

Meanwhile, Jane was going through another personal hell. She had thought, due to the series of letters sent her by Aleister in the previous two years, that she was to be his woman. It

took her some time to realize that she had not the strength of Leah and that she was not in any way prepared for so vital and dire an undertaking. Therefore, she reasoned, this was why she had not been able to meet Aleister in Tunis as had been planned originally.

She had also to combat various dreams and phantasies about love-making with Aleister. These she wrote down in very tiny script, as though ashamed of them, and all in pencil. She had made typewritten copies, but they were destroyed later after she left Cefalu. Nothing ever did happen between them as Jane simply did not have the type of character needed for the particular opus in which Aleister was engaged at the time. But she did learn to lose all sense of shame connected with sex and she learned also to face her own urges and libido.

Jane was psychic to a great extent, but prone to accept her visions in an unquestioning fashion, never thinking to apply logic or a knowledge of psychology to them. All her life these visions existed apart, unintegrated into her daily doings. She felt much and saw much, too, that she never expressed. In the manner of visions and imperfect interpretations of them, they could be either right and meaningful or quite wrong and misleading. One of the results of this was that at first she thought she was so right on so many points and Aleister had this to turn up in her and to try to show her what was happening. When this ability was challenged she at first was quite wild in her reactions and would get in deeper with ridiculous statements. This in turn, would elicit laughter or contempt from Aleister or even, in her diaries, he would comment in the margin, "Stop this."

For the first two or three months, while Jane was experiencing some of the worst pangs of initiation and adjustment, she would take herself off into the hills on long walks, anything to get away from the Abbey. She enjoyed the sunshine and the sights and sounds of nature. She loved to sit under the trees with her lunch and just listen to the breeze stirring the leaves. Sometimes, though, she took her moods with her and more than once she had a long cry while away in the hills.

During that August she also spent about four days in the Hotel des Palmes in Palermo and tried to keep up her practices there as she had done in Cefalu. But there were noises and unexpected interruptions and so she went back to the Abbey and settled down again to the regular routine.

Gradually Jane unbent and by the time of the Autumnal Equinox, she was adjusting as well as possible. Shummie made her laugh with wry comments and on top of this all of them

worked on the designs for the Temple and the Chamber of Nightmares. Jane enjoyed very much the work of painting and fixing and soon a fine team spirit began to grow and all felt as though they "belonged" to some colossal effort, far bigger than any one person, and that they had a very important place in this plan.

Their lighter moments were spent in rock-climbing with Aleister, who taught them much along this line, and almost every day they went swimming, as that was the only way to get a bath. On the walk to the beach they might do breathing exercises. This type of work invigorated and strengthened them. Sometimes Jane swam alone, sometimes she was with the others, and sometimes she took one of the little boys to swim too. Then there were discussions in the evenings, often outside under the stars, or there were group rituals; the Gnostic Catholic Mass, or recitation of the Collects from this. Resh was said four times a day, with everyone participating unless ill.

That August Jane started "The Temple of Solomon the King" in EQUINOX, Vol. I. She also read the article on Qabalah in No. 5 and started some work on this, which she found fascinating. There were no Tarot cards according to Crowley's designs and understanding, and Jane does not even mention those of older designs. The Crowley, Harris deck was not to be produced for students until 1970. But they had a publication of 777 and this was also used in Jane's studies.

The Abbey occupants were aroused at 6:00 a.m. by the beating of the tom-tom. For awhile, Jane found this very difficult as it seemed a shock to the system. The work she had been assigned usually took until after 11:00 in the evening, so she had only 6 hours of sleep. Actually her body demanded more than this, and many times she had to succumb or have a nap during the day.

After she got up, she spent 20 minutes or so in her Asana and after that, she imagined the yellow square of the tattwas for another 20 minutes, with varying results. Following this came the visualization of Harpocrates and then breakfast. This same regimen was repeated after dinner about 7:30 p.m., starting around 10:00 of the evening. The after-dinner discussions with Aleister sometimes aided her and sometimes they repelled her, especially when he talked of sex so much.

By September she was also studying the BOOK OF LIES and doing a good deal more work on THE BOOK OF THE LAW, eventually doing some memorizing.

Following is a part of her diary, just as she wrote it.

Sept. 5

A.M.

7:37-57 ASANA, thunderbolt<sup>1</sup>

7:57-8:13 DHARANA, yellow square

Five mins. short. Got along well for 10 min. then could not shut off discussion about cow's milk and Poupée.

HARPOCRATES

and Invocation

Went to pieces at 'Fives'. This tired me completely. Why this sudden tempest?

11:27 In a relaxed condition - a letting go all along the line. Is this because of the Force of which I was conscious for 2 days and which kept me wakeful for 2 nights - the physical not equal to the strain of these stronger vibrations? Like the labour pains of motherhood, followed in each instance by a period of rest?

Or, is it astrological?

P.M.

9:18-40 ASANA, Thunderbolt

9:40-10: DHARANA, yellow square

My fight with Dharana lies principally in the last 10 min., though now finished; last 5 min. fair.

10:-10:20 HARPOCRATES

Invocation, preceded by beginning of Pentagram. When beginning this I entered a Temple more vast and silent than any heretofore conceived. I seemed the size of an insect in comparison. Was conscious of two large pillars to the right and left, to the front of which I stood and back of which I knew there to be an altar, though shrouded in darkness. At one time was conscious of lapis blue in this darkness and the word Ocelli occurred to me while here.

After Invocation was finished I willed myself into this Temple and asked for enlightenment, but received nothing.

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1. She says "Thunderbolt" but all the evidence suggests the Asana was "The Dragon". Jane had quite a few mixed-up ideas at first, due to inexperience.

## THE STAR & THE GARTER

By Aleister Crowley

### XXXII

Lady, awake the dread abyss  
Of knowledge in impassioned eyes!  
Fathom the gulphs of awful bliss  
With the poised plummet of a kiss!

Love hath the arcanum of the wise;  
Love is the elixir, love the stone;  
The rosy tincture shall arise  
Out of its shadowy cadences.

Love is the Work, and love alone  
Rewards the ingenious alchemist.  
Chaste fervours chastely overthrown  
Awake the infinite monotone.

So, Lady, if thy lips I kissed;  
So, lady, if in eyes of steel  
I read the steady secret, wist  
Of no gray ghosts moulded of mist;

I did not bid my purpose kneel,  
Nor thine retire: I probe the scar  
Of self, the goddess keen and real  
Supreme within the naked wheel

Of sun and moon and star and star,  
And find her but the ambient coil,  
Imagination's avatar,  
A buddha on his nenuphar

Elaborate of Indian toil;  
A mockery of a self; outrun  
Its days and dreams, its strength and spoil,  
As runs the conquering counterfoil.

Thou art not; thou the moon and sun,  
Thou the sole star in trackless night,  
The unguessed spaces one by one  
That mask their Sphinx, the horizon:

Thou, these; and one above them, light,  
Light of the inmost heaven and hell: -  
Art changed and fallen and lost to sight,  
Who wast as waters of delight.

And I who am not, know thee well  
Who art not: then the chain divides  
From love-enlightened limbs and swell  
The choral cries unutterable

Out of the salt, out of the tides,  
The sea, whose drink is death by thirst.  
The triumph anthem overrides  
The ocean's lamentable sides.

And we are done with life: accurst  
Who linger; lost who find; but we  
Follow the gold wake of the first  
Who found in losing; who reversed

The dictates of eternity.  
Lo! in steep meditation hearsed,  
Coffined in knowledge, fast we flee  
Unto the island from the sea.

### XXXIII

The note of the silence is changed; the quarrel is over  
That rather endeared than estranged: lover to lover  
Flows in the infinite river of knowledge and peace:  
Not a ripple or eddy or quiver: the monitors cease  
That were eager to warn, to awaken: a sleep is opposed,  
And the leaves of the rose wind-shaken are curled and closed;  
Gone down in the glare of the sun; and the twilight perfumes  
Steal soft in the wake of the One that abides in the glooms.  
Walking he is, and slowly; thoughtful he seems,  
Pure and happy and holy; as one would who dreams  
In the day-time of deep delights no kin to the day.  
But a flower new-born of the night's in Hecate's way.  
Love is his name, and he bears the ill quiver no more.  
He has aged as we all, and despairs; but the lady who bore  
Him, Eros, to ruin the ages, has softened at heart;  
He is tamed by the art of the sages, the magical art.  
No longer he burns and blisters, consumes and corrodes;  
He hath Muses nine for sisters; the holy abodes  
Of the maiden are open to him, for his wrath is grown still;  
His eyes with weeping are dim; he hath changed his will.  
We know him; and Venus sinks, a star in the West;  
A star in the even, that thinks it shall fall into rest.  
Let it be so, then! Arise, O moon of the lyrical spears!  
Huntress, O Artemis wise, be upon him who hears!  
I have heard thy clear voice in the moon; I have borne it afar;  
I have tuned it to many a tune; thou hast shewed me a star,  
And the star thou hast shewed me I follow through uttermost night,

I have shaken my spear at Apollo; his ruinous might  
I have mocked, I have mastered. All hail to the Star of Delight  
That is tender and fervid and frail, and avails me aright!  
Hail to thee, symbol of love, assurance and promise of peace!  
Stand fast in the skies above, till the skies are abolished and cease!  
And for me, may I never forget how things came well as they are!  
It was long I had wandered yet ere my eyes found out the star.  
Be silent, love, and abide; the wanton strings must go  
To the vain tumultuous tide of the spirit's overflow.  
I sing and sing to the world; then silence soon  
Be about us clasped and furled in the light of the moon.  
Forget not, never forget the terrible song I have sung;  
How the eager fingers fret the lute, and loose the tongue  
Tinkles delicate things, faint thoughts of a futile past -  
We are past on eagle wings, and the silence is here at last.  
The last low wail of the lyre, be it soft with a tear  
For the children of earth and fire that have brought us here.  
Give praise, O masterful maid, to Nina, and all as they die!  
The moon makes blackest of shade; the star's in the swarthiest sky.  
Be silent, O radiant martyr! Let the world fade slowly afar!  
But - had it not been for the Garter, I might never have seen the Star.

1904

Excerpts from "The Star & the Garter" by Aleister Crowley.

ΑΓΝΩΣΤΩ

ΘΕΩ

ΟΝ ΟΥΝ ΑΓΝΟΩΝ ΕΥΣΕΒΕΙΣ

ΤΟΥΤΟΝ ΕΓΩ ΡΟΔΟΣ ΚΑΤΑΓΓΕΛΛΩ ΣΟΙ



## WHIRLINGS

The Universe opens up in whorls upon whorls  
Of energy, the interfacing of the Gods,  
Their under-over-bending, unknown sworls  
And issues of human life wherever they've trod.

I see it all now as an issue fantastic  
Of never-ending dance through all eternity  
Of lover and loved one in perfume of mastic  
Conjoined and inseparable through an amenity

Of wedded bliss: Angel and human self  
Divinely intertwined in ageless wisdom  
Beyond phenomena, life, beyond belief,  
Beyond emanations of the Tree and the Kingdom.

Oh, speak to me now from Unconscious mind  
Of our agelong love and Beauty divine  
In unfathomed space and of our blind  
And yearning affinity, justice so sublime

That it is hidden in event of soul's  
Intervention in space with forces  
So unknown and unrecognised as to whole  
Meanings and uses and love's endurable traces.

A Holy Guardian Angel leads us thus  
To consider His presence in all of light  
And darkness, a never-ending plus  
To all of life's minus's and sere defenseless plight.

Thus in inebriation and ecstasy we sense  
His presence leading us on to eternity  
Of events full of His forbidding essence;  
In events of whatever kind we know His mastery.

He leads us onward to final consummation  
Of the Mystical Marriage of Star-point Hadit  
Ongoing to final and never-ending annihilation  
Of little self in vast expanses of Nuit.

I am gone, whirled away in vast sea  
Of creation, utterly blind to frightful day  
And alone as the blasted, lonely Tree  
That has spanned the abyss in frightful disarray.

I am shattered through all that I have known:  
Now born anew for a vaster and wider throne  
Ordained by Him. Oh, bliss of soul blown  
By love insatiable, Oh Nuit, Hadit unknown

To mortal soul except in madness and cohesion  
Of subject and object until all floats in empyrean  
Of ancient and never-ending laws of attraction  
Of self and not-self into final dissolution.

Meral  
Aug., 1980

### THE TREE

There the tree stands, a signature of God:  
Mighty and terrible and wonderful the force  
That fashioned it to life from the sod  
And a love-borne seed nestled at the source  
Of nurture and growth, sucking at mighty-breasted earth.  
Love was its conception, the uniting of things diverse  
To bring a form so beautiful into flowering birth.  
The forces that make thee tree, the wide world traverse.

Meral,  
1947





A.:A.:. Documents

Class A

I*	Liber B vel Magi
VII	Liber Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli Adumbratio Kabbalae Aegyptiorum (reprinted in <u>The Holy Books</u> )
X*	Liber Porta Lucis
XXVII	Liber Trigrammaton (printed in <u>The Law is For All</u> , p. 339: and <u>Magical and Philosophical Commentaries on The Book of the Law.</u> , p. 219)
LXV	Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente (reproduced in <u>The Holy Books</u> and "In the Continuum, Vol. I, Nos 7-10 & Vol. II, No. 1 with Commentary by Crowley)
LXVI*	Liber Stellae Rubeae
LXXI*	The Voice of the Silence (Blavatsky, Commentary by A.C.)
XC*	Liber Tzaddi vel Hamus Hermeticus
CLVI*	Liber Cheth vel Vallum Abiegni
CCXX*	Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law
CCXXXI*	Liber Arcanorum
CCCLXX*	Liber A'ash vel Capricorni Pneumatici
CD*	Liber Tau vel Kabbalae Trium Literarum
DCCCXIII	Liber Ararita (reprinted in <u>The Holy Books</u> )

Class A-B

CCCCXVIII	Liber XXX Aerum Vel Saeculi, Being of the Angels of the thirty Aethyrs the Vision and the Voice.
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Classes A & B

CMLXIII	Thesarou Eidolon by Captain J.F.C. Fuller (The Equinox Vol. I, #3. Only the short note pertains to Class A)
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# A.A.A. Documents

## Class B

I	Liber B vel Magi
VI*	Liber O vel Manus et Sagittae
IX*	Liber E vel Exercitiorum
XVI*	Liber Turreis vel Domus Dei (1)
XXX*	Liber Librae
LVIII	Gematria (reprinted in <u>The Qabalah of Aleister Crowley</u> )
LXI*	Liber Causae
LXIV*	Liber Israfil
LXXI*	The Voice of the Silence by Blavatsky with Commentary by Crowley
LXXVIII	A Description of the Cards of the Tarot ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 8; reprinted by Weiser)
LXXXIX*	Liber LXXXIX vel Chanokh
XCVI	Liber Gaias, A Handbook of Geomancy (The Equinox, Vol. I, No. 2)
CLVII	Tao Teh King
CLXV*	A Master of the Temple
CLXXV*	Liber Astarte vel Berylli (1)
CCVI*	Liber RV vel Spiritus (1)
CCXVI	The Book of Changes
CDLXXIV*	Liber Os Abysmi vel Daath
D	Sepher Sephiroth (reprinted in <u>The Qabalah of Aleister Crowley and Godwin's Kabalistic Encyclopedia</u> )
DXXXVI*	BATPAXOOPENOBOOKOSMOMAXIA
DCCLXXVII	Liber 777 vel Prolegomena Symbolica (published in several editions, and contained in <u>The Qabalah of Aleister Crowley</u> )
DCCCXXXI	Liber Yod (1)
DCCCLXVIII*	Liber Viarum Viae
CMXIII*	Liber Thisharb, Viae Memoriae
MCCLXIV	Greek Qabalah (O.T.O. Newsletter, Vol. II, Nos 7 & 8) The Book of Thoth

(1) Libers which are listed as Class D in Liber XIII but then also listed as Class B in GEMS FROM THE EQUINOX



A.:A.: Documents

Class C

XXXIIII*	An Account of the A.:A.:
XLI	Thien Tao (in <u>Konx Om Pax</u> )
LI	Atlantis, the <u>Lost Continent</u> (Dove Press, Canada, 1970)
LV	The Chymical Jousting of Brother Perardua by Captain J.F.C. Fuller ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 1)
LIX	Across the Gulf ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 7)
LXVII	The Sword of Song ( <u>Collected Works</u> , Vol. II)
XCV	The Wake World (in <u>Konx Om Pax</u> )
CXLVIII	The Soldier & the Hunchback ( <u>In The Equinox</u> , Vol. I No. 1 and " <u>In the Continuum</u> " Vol. I, No. 1)
CXCVII	The High History of Good Sir Palamedes the Saracen Knight & of His Following of the Questing Beast ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I. No. 4)
CCXLII	Aha! ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 3; reprinted separately with commentary by Regardie, Sangreal, 1969)
CCCXXXIII	The Book of Lies
CCCXXV	Adonis ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 7)
CDLXXIV*	Liber Os Abysmi vel Da'ath
DCCCLX	John St. John ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 2)
MMCMXI	A Note on Genesis ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 2)



A.A.O. Documents

Class D

III*	Liber Jugorum
V*	Liber Reguli
VIII*	The 8th Aethyr from <u>The Vision &amp; the Voice</u>
XI*	Liber Nu
XIII*	Liber Graduum Montis Abiegni
XVI*	Liber Turris vel Domus Dei (1)
LVII	Liber I A O (unpublished)
XXV*	The Star Ruby
XXVIII	Liber Septem Regum Sanctorum (unpublished)
XXXVI*	The Star Sapphire
LXIV*	The Mass of the Phoenix
C	Liber K.P. (unpublished)
CXX	Liber Cadaveris (unpublished)
CLXXV*	Liber Astarte vel Berylli (1)
CLXXXV*	Liber Collegii Sancti
CC*	Liber Resh vel Helios
CCVI*	Liber RV vel Spiritis (1)
CCCXLI*	Liber H H H
CDXII*	Liber A vel Armorum
CDLI	Liber Siloam (unpublished)
DLV*	Liber Had
DCLXXI	Liber Pyramidos
DCCC*	Liber Samekh
DCCCXXXI*	Liber I O D (1)
	Liber Agape vel C vel Asoth (reprinted in <u>The Secret Rituals of the O.T.O.</u> )
	Liber Collegii Interni (unpublished)

Class E

II	The Message of the Master Therion
CCC*	Khabs Am Pekht
CL*	De Lege Libellum
	The Equinox of the Gods, <u>Part 4 of Book 4</u> , also <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. III No. III

- (1) Listed as Class D in Liber XIII and as Class B in GEMS FROM THE EQUINOX



## PROBATIONER SYLLABUS

"Class B consists of books or essays which are the result of ordinary scholarship, enlightened and earnest." (GEMS FROM THE EQUINOX, Liber XIII, p. 53) Also please refer to Liber XIII in Vol. I of THE EQUINOX, No. 3, p. 3.

Following is a list of books in Class B and all others recommended for study by the Probationer. Those marked with an Asterisk (\*) are to be found in GEMS FROM THE EQUINOX.

I*	Liber B vel Magi
II	The Message of the Master Therion
IV	Book 4, Parts 1,2,3,4. Part 3 is <u>Magick in Theory &amp; Practice</u> . Part 4 is <u>The Equinox of the Gods</u> .
VI*	Liber O vel Manus et Sagittae
IX*	Liber E vel Exercitiorum
X*	Liber Porta Lucis
XVI*	Liber Turris vel Domus Dei
XXV*	Star Ruby (also in Cap. 25 of <u>The Book of Lies</u> )
XXX*	Liber Librae
XXXIII*	An Account of the A.:A.:
LVIII	Gematria (from "The Temple of Solomon the King" in <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 5, p. 65; and reprinted in <u>The Qabalah</u> of Aleister Crowley.
LXI*	Liber Causae
LXIV*	Liber Israfel
LXV	Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente ( <u>The Holy Books</u> ; reprinted with Crowley's Commentary in <u>IN THE CONTINUUM</u> , Vol. I, Nos. 7 - 10 and Vol. II, No. 1.)
LXXI*	The Voice of the Silence (Blavatsky, with commentary by Crowley)
LXXVIII	A Description of Tarot Cards ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 8, reprinted by Weiser)
LXXXIV*	Liber LXXXIV: vel Chanokh
XC*	Liber Tzaddi vel Hamus Hermeticus
XCVI	Liber Gaias, A handbook of Geomancy ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I No. 2)
CXI	Liber Aleph, The Book of Wisdom or Folly
CL*	De Lege Libellum
CLVII	Tao Teh King
CLXV*	A Master of the Temple
CLXXV*	Liber Astarte vel Berylli
CC*	Liber Resh
CCVI*	Liber RV
CCVII*	A Syllabus of the Official Instructions of the A.:A.:
CCXVI	The Book of Changes
CCXX*	Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law
CCC*	Khabs am Pekht
CDXVIII*	The Vision and The Voice



PROBATIONER SYLLABUS  
(continued)

- CDLXXIV\* Liber Os Abysmi vel Daath  
D Sepher Sephiroth (reprinted in The Qabalah of Aleister Crowley & Godwin's Kabalistic Encyclopedia - also in The Equinox, Vol. I, No. 8)  
DXXXVI\* BATPAXOOPENOBOOKOSMOMAXIA  
DCCLXXVII 777 (published separately or in The Qabalah of Aleister Crowley)  
DCCCXXXI\* Liber Yod  
DCCCXXXVII The Law of Liberty (Blue Equinox, p. 45)  
DCCCLXVIII\* Liber Viarum Viae  
CMXIII\* Liber Thisharb, Viae Memoriae  
MCCLXIV Greek Qabalah (O.T.O. Newsletter, Vol. II, Nos. 7 & 8)

Essential works which did not come under this system of classification for the A.:A.: - all by Crowley

The Book of Lies  
Collected Works  
Confessions of Aleister Crowley  
Diary of a Drug Fiend  
Eight Lectures on Yoga  
The Gospel According to St. Bernard Shaw or: Crowley on Christ  
(printed recently under latter title).  
The Heart of the Master by Khaled Khan  
Kling Kang King (Liber 21)  
Little Essays Towards Truth  
Magick Without Tears  
Magical Diaries of the Beast 666  
Magical and Philosophical Commentaries on the Book of the Law  
Moonchild  
Secret Rituals of the O.T.O.  
Shih Yi





## NEOPHYTE SYLLABUS

III*	Liber Jugorum
V*	Liber Reguli
VI*	Liber O vel Manus et Sagittae
VII	Liber Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli, Adumbratio Kabbalae Aegyptiorum (in <u>The Holy Books</u> )
VIII*	The 8th Aethyr from <u>The Vision &amp; The Voice</u> .
IX*	Liber E vel Exercitiorum
XI*	Liber Nu
XIII*	Liber Graduum Montis Abiegni
XVI*	Liber Turris vel Domus Dei
XVII	Liber I.A.O. (unpublished)
XXV*	The Star Ruby
XXVIII	Liber Septem Regum Sanctorum (unpublished)
XXXVI*	The Star Sapphire
XLIV*	The Mass of the Phoenix
LXI*	Liber Causae
LXXVIII	A Description of the Tarot Cards ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 8; reprinted by Weiser separately)
XCVI	Liber Gaias, A Handbook of Geomancy ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 2)
C	Liber K.P. (unpublished)
CXX	Liber Cadaveris (unpublished)
CLXXV*	Liber Astarte vel Berylli
CLXXXV*	Liber Collegii Sancti
CC*	Liber Resh vel Helios
CCVI*	Liber Ru vel Spiritis
CCXX*	Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law
CCCXLI*	Liber H.H.H.
CDXII*	Liber A vel Armorum
CDLI	Liber Siloam (unpublished)
CDLXXIV*	Liber Os Abysmi vel Da'ath
DLV*	Liber Had
DCCC*	Liber Samekh
DCCCXI*	Energized Enthusiasm
DCCCXXI*	Liber Yod
	Liber Agape vel C vel Azoth (reprinted in <u>The Secret Rituals of the O.T.O.</u> )
	Liber Collegii Interni (unpublished)



## ZELATOR SYLLABUS

III*	Liber Jugorum
IX*	Liber E vel Exercitiorum
XIII*	Graduum Montis Abiegni
XVII	Liber I.A.O. (unpublished)
XXVII	Liber Trigrammaton (reprinted in <u>The Law is for All</u> , p. 339; and <u>Magical and Philosophical Commentaries on The Book of the Law</u> , p. 219)
XXXVI*	<u>The Star Saphhire</u>
CLXXXV*	Liber Collegii Sancti
CCVI*	Liber Ru vel Spiritus
CCXX*	Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law
CCCXXXIII	The Book of Lies
CCCLXI*	Liber H.H.H.
DCCCXI*	Energized Enthusiasm
DCCCXIII	Liber Ararita (reprinted in <u>the Holy Books</u> )
CMXIII*	Liber Viae Memoriae
CMLXIII	Achad (See Sepher Sephiroth)

## PRACTICUS SYLLABUS

III*	Liber Jugorum
XVI*	Liber Turris vel Domus Dei
XXVII	Liber Trigrammaton (reprinted in <u>The Law is for All</u> , p. 339; and <u>Magical and Philosophical Commentaries on The Book of the Law</u> , p. 219)
LVIII	<u>Gematria (reprinted in The Qabalah of Aleister Crowley)</u>
LXIV*	Liber Israfil
LXVII	<u>The Sword of Song (Collected Works, Vol. II)</u>
LXXXIV*	Liber LXXXIV: vel Chanokh
CCXX*	Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law.
CCXXXI*	Liber Arcanorum ton Atou tou Tahuti Quas Vidit Asar in Amennti
CCCXLI*	Liber H.H.H.
CD*	Liber Tav vel Kabbalae Trium Literarum
D	<u>Sepher Sephiroth (reprinted in The Qabalah of Aleister Crowley and in Godwin's Cabalistic Encyclopedia)</u>
DCCLXXVII	<u>Liber 777 vel Prolegomena Symbolica (several editions available and in The Qabalah of Aleister Crowley)</u>
DXXXVI*	BATPAXOΦPENOBOKOSMOMAXIA
MMCMXI	A Note on Genesis ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 2)



## PHILOSOPHUS SYLLABUS

III*	Liber Jugorum
V*	Liber Reguli
VI*	Liber O vel Manus et Sagittae
XVI*	Liber Turris vel Domus Dei
XLVI	The Key to The Mysteries ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 10; and many separate reprintings, including Rider, London, 1959) by Eliphas Levi, commentary by Crowley & translation.
LV	The Chymical Jousting of Brother Perardua ( <u>The Equinox</u> Vol. I, No. 1) by Captain J.F.C. Fuller
LIX	Across the Gulf ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 7)
CLXXV*	Liber Astarte vel Berylli
CXCVII	The High History of Good Sir Palamedes ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 4)
CCXX*	Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law
CCXLII	Aha! ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 3: reprinted separately with commentary by Regardie, Sangreal, 1979)
CCCXXV	Adonis ( <u>The Equinox</u> , Vol. I, No. 7)
DCCXIII	Liber Ararita (reprinted in <u>The Holy Books</u> )

## DOMINUS LIMINIS SYLLABUS

III*	Liber Jugorum
VIII*	The 8th Aethyr in <u>The Vision &amp; The Voice</u>
XI*	Liber Nu
XCV	The Wake World (in <u>Konx Om Pax</u> )
CCXX*	Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law
DLV*	Liber Had
DCCCXXI*	Liber Yod
DCCCLX	John St. John. (The Equinox, Vol. I No. )

## ADEPTUS MAJOR SYLLABUS

I*	Liber B vel Magi
XLI	Thien Tao (in <u>Konx Om Pax</u> )
XLIV*	The Mass of the Phoenix
LXVI*	Liber Stellae Rubeae
CLVI*	Liber Cheth vel Vallum Abiegni
CCXX*	Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law.
DCCCLXVIII*	Liber Viarum Viae



## OFFICIAL A.:A.: EXAM FOR PROBATIONERS

"Every member of the A.:A.: must be armed at all points, and expert with every weapon. The examinations in every Grade are strict and severe; no loose or vague answers are accepted. In intellectual questions, the candidate must display no less mastery of his subject than if he were entered in the "final" for Doctor of Science or Law at a first class University." from "One Star in Sight" in MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE by A.C.

This is an open book test. Please refer to the "Probationer's Syllabus" included with this paper. The student will notice that possession of THE EQUINOX, Vol. I, Nos. 1 -10 and THE BLUE EQUINOX is a must. Or, GEMS FROM THE EQUINOX will do. Also needed MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, LIBER ALEPH, LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, THE VISION AND THE VOICE and the QABALAH OF ALEISTER CROWLEY or 777, LIBER LXV.

1. Liber I, B vel Magi  
What are the four weapons of the Magus?  
What are his two forces?  
What is the unity?  
To what Tarot card does this Liber refer?
2. Liber II, The Message of the Master Therion  
What is the key to this message?
3. Liber VI - O vel Manus et Sagittae  
Demonstrate, perform Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram and the Lesser Ritual of the Hexagram for your teacher.
4. Liber IX - E vel Exercitiorum  
To what sphere on the Tree of Life does this Liber belong?  
To what does Part I refer?  
To what does Part II refer?  
To what does Part III refer?  
To what does Part IV refer?  
To what does Part V refer?  
What are the Tattwas?  
To what does Part VI refer?  
Describe some of your discoveries in reference to Part VI?  
How much have you read in Part VII?
5. Liber X - Porta Lucis  
What is the subject of this Liber?  
To what sphere on the Tree of Life does this Liber belong?



OFFICIAL A.A.A. EXAM FOR PROBATIONERS (Con.)

6. Liber XVI - Turris vel Domus Dei  
How many points of attainment are listed?  
To what Tarot card does this Liber refer?
7. Liber XXX - Librae  
To what Tarot card is this Liber attributed?  
What is the most important message of this book?  
What is the use of trials and ordeals?  
What are the limits of a person?
8. Liber LVIII - Gematria  
Use your motto or your name and add its letters (which refer to numbers) and analyze according to the methods in this Liber.
9. Liber LXI - Causae  
What is the meaning of the number 61?  
Who were the two Adepts who started the S.S.?  
Give their Magical Names.
10. Liber LXIV - Israfil  
Who is the God invoked?  
Give his name in Greek, Roman, German and Egyptian myth.  
What sphere on the Tree of Life is represented by this God?  
Why is the number 64 used for this book?
11. Liber LXV, - Cordis Cincti Serpente  
Recite out loud to your Neophyte your chosen Chapter of Liber LXV.
12. Liber LXXI - The Voice of the Silence by Blavatsky  
Why is 71 used as the number of this book?  
What has to happen to the Ego?
13. Liber LXXVIII - A Description of the Tarot cards.  
What later book by Crowley outdates and supersedes this book?  
Describe the results of your meditation on 3 of the Atu.
14. Liber LXXIX vel Chanokh  
Why is the number 89 used to describe this book?  
What is the subject matter of this book?  
Give the attributions of the elements to the four quarters, No., So., East, and West.  
Copy the sigils of the 4 elemental kings belonging to the quarters.



OFFICIAL A.:A.: EXAM FOR PROBATIONERS (Con.)

15. Liber XC - Tzaddi  
To what Tarot card does this Liber refer?  
What is the main theme?
16. Liber XCVI - Gaias  
Why is the number 96 used for this book?  
What work by what author is more complete and easier to follow than this Liber by Crowley?
17. Liber CXI - Aleph  
Recopy from this book three of your favorite chapters.  
Why is this called Wisdom or Folly?
18. Liber CL - De Lege Libellum, a Sandal, L L L L L  
Why is this Liber called a sandal?  
What do the 5 L's stand for in the title?  
Work the gematria of these 5 L's.
19. Liber CLXV - A Master of the Temple  
Who was the man who wrote this account?  
What was his motto?  
Who wrote the comments?  
How does a Probationer in A.:A.: do his work?  
Who oversees the work of a Probationer?  
Give a short paragraph describing the impact this book had on you.
20. Liber CLXXV - Astarte vel Berylli  
Why is this number used for this book?  
Which of the magical instruments are used for the practices in this book?  
Why are 49 chapters used in this book?  
To what sphere on the Tree of Life does this Book refer?
21. Liber CC - Resh  
Why is this number used for this book?  
Perform this Liber with the Adorations for your Neophyte.
22. Liber CCVI - RV vel Spiritus  
What does RV mean?  
What is the Ida?  
What is the Pingala?  
What is the Sushumna?



OFFICIAL A.:A.: EXAM FOR PROBATIONERS (Con.)

23. Liber CCVII - Syllabus of Official Instructions of A.:A.:  
List those books you have read all the way through from this Syllabus.
24. Liber CCXX - AL vel Legis  
Why was this number (220) chosen for this book?  
Write down all that you know about 220 via the Qabalah, etc.  
Recite at least 10 paragraphs of Chapter I for your Neophyte.  
by memory.
25. Liber CCC - Khabs am Pekht  
Why was this number chosen for this book?  
What is the main concern or theme of this Liber?

In order to pass this exam, the Probationer will need to get all the questions correct since this is an open book test and the Probationer is given as long as he wishes to complete the exam.

These questions are subject to change without notice.

Compiled by Soror Meral, Neophyte of the A.:A.:

*Soror Meral*

Note: Probationer Syllabus and A.:A.: Documents Classes A through E are due to the invaluable work of Frater Yod - many thanks.  
These papers still subject to corrections.







# IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. II, No. 10

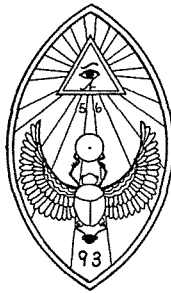
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.  
Love is the law, love under will.

An. LXXVII, 1981 e.v., Sun in 0° Aries  
Published by the College of Thelema  
P.O. Box 415, Oroville, CA. 95965  
© by Phyllis Seckler



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

# COLLEGE of THELEMA



Founded in Service  
to the A.:A.:

P.O. Box 415  
Oroville, CA.  
95965  
Spring Equinox  
An. LXXVII.

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

Almost all that need be said about the abuse of drugs is mentioned in the article "Cocaine" by Crowley. However, there is quite a strong percentage of people who claim to be Thelemites who miss the purpose of Thelema. It is not only self-indulgence on all planes that is the big mistake, but it is also pretense and lies about their so-called high grades in either of Crowley's occult orders. Even apart from such pretense, often these people give no evidence that they know much about self-discipline. They mistake license for freedom.

In MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS, Letter 70, point 3, Crowley has this to say: "So much of THE BOOK OF THE LAW deals directly or indirectly with morals that to quote relevant passages would be merely bewildering. Not that this state of mind fails to result from the first, second, third and ninety-third perusals!

When Duty bellows loud "Thou must!"  
The youth replies, "Pike's Peak or Bust!"

is all very well, or might be if the bellow gave further particulars. And one's general impression may very well be that Thelema not only gives general licence to do any fool thing that comes into one's head, but urges in the most emphatic terms, reinforced by the most eloquent appeals in superb language, by glowing promises, and by categorical assurance that no harm can possibly come thereby, the performance of just that specific type of action, the maintenance of just that line of conduct, which is most severely deprecated by the high priests and jurists of every religion, every system of ethics, that ever was under the sun!

You may look sourly down a meanly-pointed nose, or yell "Whoop La!" and make for Piccadilly Circus: in either case you will be wrong; you will not have understood the Book.

Shameful confession, one of my own Chelas (or so it is rather incredibly reported to me) said recently: "Self-discipline is a

form of Restriction." (That, you remember, is "The Word of Sin.") Of all the utter rubbish! (Anyhow, he was a "centre of pestilence" for discussing the Book at all.) About 90 percent of Thelema, at a guess, is nothing but self-discipline. One is only allowed to do anything and everything so as to have more scope for exercising that virtue.

Concentrate on "Thou hast no right but to do thy will." The point is that any possible act is to be performed if it is a necessary factor in that Equation of your Will. Any act that is not such a factor, however harmless, noble, virtuous or what not, is at the best a waste of energy. But there are no artificial barriers on any type of act in general. The standard of conduct has one single touchstone. There may be - there will be - every kind of difficulty in determining whether, by this standard, any given act is 'right' or 'wrong'; but there should be no confusion. No act is righteous in itself, but only in reference to the True Will of the person who proposes to perform it. This is the Doctrine of Relativity applied to the moral sphere."

The great stumbling block for beginning Thelemites is to know what the Will is really. Crowley states it plainly enough many times in his writings that the next step for mankind is to attain to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. He states that man is a spiritual being and not an animal bent on pleasure and the glutting of animal appetites: not an animal who can think of nothing but material goods, tied to the earth and dull to every art form, to intuition and the higher matters of the soul symbolized by the Ruach in the Tree of Life, and mostly by the Supernal Triad.

One can scarcely attain to such Illumination by sitting back and allowing oneself to be blown about by all the winds of chance; no control over the thoughts or over the emotions or body! The God does not choose to dwell in a Temple not prepared or badly prepared.

Thelema and to be a Thelemite means hard work. But if the work is to your liking, it hardly matters that you work hard at it. Some of the most successful people in the world work hard at one task - whether to be a financier, an opera star, a violinist or a painter, or whatever else. Here, of course, is a sphere where the average person wishing to become a Thelemite can start with some confidence. Almost everyone has an idea of what type of work they would like to do in the world. If no idea of the 'lesser will' is forthcoming, they can often consult with an Astrologer and/or a psychologist for help in the matter.

But to gear oneself up for a series of disciplines in Yoga and Magick is entirely a different matter. Here the great bulk

of humanity would rather wish than Will. They think how impossible is the task! They think - "But I have to earn my daily bread and this means certain hours at the task and I have no time left over for the Great Work."

Then these people are observed to waste their time in a multitudinous number of ways. This sort of thinking and behaviour has happened again and again among the students of the College of Thelema, as well as among members of both of Crowley's occult orders.

There are ways to use the time efficiently so that the Great Work is not shoved aside unduly. For instance, a person of my acquaintance read one chapter of LIBER AL VEL LEGIS every night for a year. This took only about 10 minutes before she slept. When the year was up, the chapter was memorized. She went on to memorize all the other chapters of this Book, all of LIBER LXV and all of LIBER VII in the same way, meanwhile holding down a difficult job and acting as head of her household. Memorizing is here emphasized as it seems to be the worst stumbling block for the majority; and yet in the work for O.T.O. and A.'.A.'. and the College of Thelema, a certain amount of memorizing must be done.

It is needful for the student to remember that he/she has all of eternity at the disposal and that no task is accomplished right now. It is the little acts of every day, day after day, that decide the issue of whether you shall attain or not. It is the determined performance of 20 minutes of Asana before you go to work in the morning, the determined shutting down of T.V., of the dismissal of acquaintances who waste your time, the determined abolishment of any other distraction which prevents you from accomplishing your True Will. It is the day by day analysis of your own actions as to whether you are on the right path towards the K. and C. of the H.G.A., and if not, the correction of any deviation. Above all, set as a jewel and crown to man, is the pure aspiration to attain to such bliss.

Why then are there so few who have failed to grasp the fact that the Thelemite is an expert in self-discipline and an expert in minding his own business and allowing others to go about their own way to accomplish the Will - be it the finite Will or the infinite Will? Why do we have pretense and lies about grades for which no work has been done? Do not those who behave in such fashion merely make for themselves a harsh karma?

LIBER AL is explicit about slaves and the fact that it is those who are slaves to baser appetites, who refuse to realize man is a spiritual being but who must work to attain his spiritual purposes and overcome the siren call of materiality, who remain on

the lower levels of humanity and are subject to the whiplash of circumstance and sorrow and degradation in all forms. Such are never the aristocrats, the masters of humanity, the leaders in any sphere of life, nor are they of those who attain to their highest potential in this life.

If the true Thelemite is aware of this, he could never become an alcoholic, a drug fiend, a criminal who interferes with the wills of others:- either to own property or to live or to dispose of the body as the owner desires to do.

This issue of I.T.C. is full of descriptions of what it means to discipline the self, the little self, full of a thousand whims and wishes, like an amoeba floating with the great currents of the sea, no will of its own other than to reproduce. Does the great bulk of humanity function like the amoeba?

It is up to each person to answer this for him/herself and to analyze and perhaps to seek help in analysis and to aspire to the Highest possible for this life and to work hard to achieve these ends: "The Great Work, the Summum Bonum, True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness."

Love is the law, love under will.

*Soror Meral*

# LIBERTY-FREEDOM

Depends







## COCAINE

By Aleister Crowley

"There is a happy land, far, far, away."  
Hymn.

(We disagree with our gifted contributing editor on some points, but nevertheless we regard this article as one of the most important studies of the deleterious effects of a drug that, according to police statistics, is beginning to be a serious menace to our youth. - Ed.)

### I.

Of all the Graces that cluster about the throne of Venus the most timid and elusive is that maiden whom mortals call Happiness. None is so eagerly pursued; none is so hard to win. Indeed, only the saints and martyrs, unknown usually to their fellow-men, have made her theirs; and they have attained her by burning out the Ego-sense in themselves with the white-hot steel of meditation, by dissolving themselves in that divine ocean of Consciousness whose foam is passionless and perfect bliss.

To others, Happiness only comes as by chance; when least sought, perhaps she is there. Seek, and ye shall not find; ask, and ye shall not receive; knock, and it shall not be opened unto you. Happiness is always a divine accident. It is not a definite quality; it is the bloom of circumstances. It is useless to mix its ingredients; the experiments in life which have produced it in the past may be repeated endlessly, and with infinite skill and variety - in vain.

It seems more than a fairy story that so metaphysical an entity should yet be producible in a moment by no means of wisdom, no formula of magic, but by a simple herb. The wisest man cannot add happiness to others, though they be dowered with youth, beauty, wealth, health, wit and love; the lowest blackguard shivering in rags, destitute, diseased, old, craven, stupid, a mere morass of envy, may have it with one swift-sucked breath. The thing is as paradoxical as life, as mystical as death.

Look at this shining heap of crystals! They are Hydrochloride of Cocaine. The geologist will think of mica; to me, the mountaineer, they are like those gleaming feathery flakes of snow, flowering mostly where rocks jut from the ice of crevassed glaciers that wind and sun have kissed to ghostliness. To those who know not the great hills, they may suggest the snow that spangles trees

with blossoms glittering and lucid. The kingdom of faery has such jewels. To him who tastes them in his nostrils - to their acolyte and slave - they must seem as if the dew of the breath of some great demon of Immensity were frozen by the cold of space upon his beard.

For there was never any elixir so instant magic as cocaine. Give it to no matter whom. Choose me the last losel on the earth; let him suffer all the tortures of disease; take hope, take faith, take love away from him. Then look, see the back of that worn hand, its skin discolored and wrinkled, perhaps inflamed with agonizing eczema, perhaps putrid with some malignant sore. He places on it that shimmering snow, a few grains only, a little pile of starry dust. The wasted arm is slowly raised to the head that is little more than a skull; the feeble breath draws in that radiant powder. Now we must wait. One minute - perhaps five minutes.

Then happens the miracle of miracles, as sure as death, and yet as masterful as life; a thing more miraculous, because so sudden, so apart from the usual course of evolution. *Natura non facit saltum* - nature never makes a leap. True - therefore this miracle is a thing as it were against nature.

The melancholy vanishes; the eyes shine; the wan mouth smiles. Almost manly vigor returns, or seems to return. At least faith, hope and love throng very eagerly to the dance; all that was lost is found.

The man is happy.

To one the drug may bring liveliness, to another languor; to another creative force, to another tireless energy, to another glamor, and to yet another lust. But each in his way is happy. Think of it! - so simple and so transcendental! The man is happy!

I have traveled in every quarter of the globe; I have seen such wonders of Nature that my pen yet splutters when I try to tell them; I have seen many a miracle of the genius of man; but I have never seen a marvel like to this.

## II.

Is there not a school of philosophers, cold and cynical, that accounts God to be a mocker? That thinks He takes His pleasure in contempt of the littleness of His creatures? They should base their theses on cocaine! For here is bitterness, irony, cruelty ineffable. This gift of sudden and sure happiness is given but to tantalize. The story of Job holds no such acrid draught. What were more icy hate, fiend comedy than this, to

offer such a boon, and add "This you must not take?" Could not we be left to brave the miseries of life, bad as they are, without this master pang, to know perfection of all joy within our reach, and the price of that joy a tenfold quickening of our anguish?

The happiness of cocaine is not passive or placid as that of beasts; it is self-conscious. It tells man what he is, and what he might be; it offers him the semblance of divinity, only that he may know himself a worm. It awakes discontent so acutely that never shall it sleep again. It creates hunger. Give cocaine to a man already wise, schooled to the world, morally forceful, a man of intelligence and self-control. If he be really master of himself, it will do him no harm. He will know it for a snare: he will beware of repeating such experiments as he may make; and the glimpse of his goal may possibly even spur him to its attainment by those means which God has appointed for His saints.

But give it to the clod, to the self-indulgent, to the blasé - to the average man, in a word - and he is lost. He says, and his logic is perfect; This is what I want. He knows not, neither can know, the true path; and the false path is the only one for him. There is cocaine at his need, and he takes it again and again. The contrast between his grub life and his butterfly life is too bitter for his unphilosophic soul to bear; he refuses to take the brimstone with the treacle.

And so he can no longer tolerate the moments of unhappiness; that is, of normal life; for he now so names it. The intervals between his indulgences diminish.

And alas! the power of the drug diminishes with fearful pace. The doses wax; the pleasures wane. Side-issues, invisible at first, arise; they are like devils with flaming pitchforks in their hands.

A single trial of the drug brings no noticeable re-action in a healthy man. He goes to bed in due season, sleeps well, and wakes fresh. South American Indians habitually chew this drug in its crude form, when upon the march, and accomplish prodigies, defying hunger, thirst, and fatigue. But they only use it in extremity; and long rest with ample food enables the body to rebuild its capital. Also, savages, unlike most dwellers in cities, have moral sense and force.

The same is true of the Chinese and Indians in their use of opium. Every one uses it, and only in the rarest cases does it become a vice. It is with them almost as tobacco is with us.

But to one who abuses cocaine for his pleasure nature soon

speaks; and is not heard. The nerves weary of the constant stimulation; they need rest and food. There is a point at which the jaded horse no longer answers whip and spur. He stumbles, falls a quivering heap, gasps out his life.

So perishes the slave of cocaine. With every nerve clamoring, all he can do is to renew the lash of the poison. The pharmaceutical effect is over; the toxic effect accumulates. The nerves become insane. The victim begins to have hallucinations. "See! There is a grey cat in that chair. I said nothing, but it has been there all the time."

Or, there are rats. "I love to watch them running up the curtains. Oh yes! I know they are not real rats. That's a real rat, though, on the floor. I nearly killed it that time. That is the original rat I saw; it's a real rat. I saw it first on my window-sill one night."

Such, quietly enough spoken, is mania. And soon the pleasure passes; is followed by its opposite, as Eros by Anteros.

"Oh no! they never come near me." A few days pass, and they are crawling on the skin, gnawing interminably and intolerably, loathsome and remorseless.

It is needless to picture the end, prolonged as this may be, for despite the baffling skill developed by the drug-lust, the insane condition hampers the patient, and often forced abstinence for a while goes far to appease the physical and mental symptoms. Then a new supply is procured, and with tenfold zest the maniac, taking the bit between his teeth, gallops to the black edge of death.

And before that death come all the torments of damnation. The time-sense is destroyed, so that an hour's abstinence may hold more horrors than a century of normal time-and-space-bound pain.

Psychologists little understand how the physiological cycle of life, and the normality of the brain, make existence petty both for good and ill. To realize it, fast for a day or two; see how life drags with a constant subconscious ache. With drug hunger, this effect is multiplied a thousandfold. Time itself is abolished; the real metaphysical eternal hell is actually present in the consciousness which has lost its limits without finding Him who is without limit.

### III.

Much of this is well known; the dramatic sense has forced me to emphasize what is commonly understood, because of the height of the tragedy - or of the comedy, if one have that power of detachment from mankind which we attribute only to the greatest of men, to the Aristophanes, the Shakespeares, the Balzacs, the Rabelais, the Voltaires, the Byrons, that power which makes poets at one time pitiful of the woes of men, at another gleefully contemptuous of their discomfitures.

But I should wiselier have emphasized the fact that the very best men may use this drug, and many another, with benefit to themselves and to humanity. Even as the Indians of whom I spoke above, they will use it only to accomplish some work which they could not do without it. I instance Herbert Spencer, who took morphine daily, never exceeding an appointed dose. Wilkie Collins, too, overcame the agony of rheumatic gout with laudanum, and gave us masterpieces not surpassed.

Some went too far. Baudelaire crucified himself, mind and body, in his love for humanity; Verlaine became at last the slave where he had been so long the master. Francis Thompson killed himself with opium; so did Edgar Allen Poe. James Thomson did the same with alcohol. The cases of de Quincey and H. G. Ludlow are lesser, but similar, with laudanum and hashish, respectively. The great Paracelsus, who discovered hydrogen, zinc and opium, deliberately employed the excitement of alcohol, counterbalanced by violent physical exercise, to bring out the powers of his mind.

Coleridge did his best while under opium, and we owe the loss of the end of Kubla Khan to the interruption of an importunate "man from Porlock," ever accursed in the history of the human race!

### IV.

Consider the debt of mankind to opium. Is it acquitted by the deaths of a few wastrels from its abuse?

For the importance of this paper is the discussion of the practical question: should drugs be accessible to the public?

Here I pause in order to beg the indulgence of the American people. I am obliged to take a stand-point at once startling and unpopular. I am compelled to utter certain terrible truths. I am in the unenviable position of one who asks others to shut their eyes to the particular that they may thereby visualize the general.

But I believe that in the matter of legislation America is proceeding in the main upon a totally false theory. I believe that constructive morality is better than repression. I believe that democracy, more than any other form of government, should trust the people, as it specifically pretends to do.

Now it seems to me better and bolder tactics to attack the opposite theory at its very strongest point.

It should be shown that not even in the most arguable case is a government justified in restricting use on account of abuse; or allowing justification, let us dispute about expediency.

So, to the bastion - should "habit-forming" drugs be accessible to the public?

The matter is of immediate interest; for the admitted failure of the Harrison Law has brought about a new proposal - one to make bad worse.

I will not here argue the grand thesis of liberty. Free men have long since decided it. Who will maintain that Christ's willing sacrifice of his life was immoral, because it robbed the State of a useful taxpayer?

No; a man's life is his own, and he has the right to destroy it as he will, unless he too egregiously intrude on the privileges of his neighbors.

But this is just the point. In modern times the whole community is one's neighbor, and one must not damage that. Very good; then there are pros and cons, and a balance to be struck.

In America the prohibition idea in all things is carried, mostly by hysterical newspapers, to a fanatical extreme. "Sensation at any cost by Sunday next" is the equivalent in most editorial rooms of the alleged German order to capture Calais. Hence the dangers of anything and everything are celebrated dithyrambically by the Corybants of the press, and the only remedy is prohibition. A shoots B with a revolver; remedy, the Sullivan law. In practice, this works well enough; for the law is not enforced against the householder who keeps a revolver for his protection, but is a handy weapon against the gangster, and saves the police the trouble of proving felonious intent.

But it is the idea that was wrong. Recently a man shot his family and himself with a rifle fitted with a Maxim silencer. Remedy, a bill to prohibit Maxim silencers! No perception that,

if the man had not had a weapon at all, he would have strangled his family with his hands.

American reformers seem to have no idea, at any time or in any connection, that the only remedy for wrong is right; that moral education, self-control, good manners, will save the world; and that legislation is not merely a broken reed, but a suffocating vapor. Further, an excess of legislation defeats its own ends. It makes the whole population criminals, and turns them all into policemen and police spies. The moral health of such a people is ruined for ever; only revolution can save it.

Now in America the Harrison law makes it theoretically impossible for the layman, difficult even for the physician, to obtain "narcotic drugs." But every other Chinese laundry is a distributing centre for cocaine, morphia, and heroin. Negroes and street peddlers also do a roaring trade. Some people figure that one in every five persons in Manhattan is addicted to one or other of these drugs. I can hardly believe this estimate, though the craving for amusement is maniacal among this people who have so little care for art, literature, or music, who have, in short, none of the resources that the folk of other nations, in their own cultivated minds, possess.

## V.

It was a very weary person, that hot Summer afternoon in 1909, who tramped into Logroño. Even the river seemed too lazy to flow, and stood about in pools, with its tongue hanging out, so to speak. The air shimmered softly; in the town the terraces of the cafés were thronged with people. They had nothing to do, and a grim determination to do it. They were sipping the rough wine of the Pyrenees, or the Riojo of the South well watered, or toying with bocks of pale beer. If any of them could have read Major-General O'Ryan's address to the American soldier, they would have supposed his mind to be affected.

"Alcohol, whether you call it beer, wine, whisky, or by any other name, is a breeder of inefficiency. While it affects men differently, the results are the same, in that all affected by it cease for the time to be normal. Some become forgetful, others quarrelsome. Some become noisy, some get sick, some get sleepy, others have their passions greatly stimulated."

As for ourselves, we were on the march to Madrid. We were obliged to hurry. A week, or a month, or a year at most, and we must leave Logroño in obedience to the trumpet call of duty.

However, we determined to forget it, for the time. We sat down, and exchanged views and experiences with the natives. From the fact that we were hurrying, they adjudged us to be anarchists, and were rather relieved at our explanation that we were "mad Englishmen." And we were all happy together; and I am still kicking myself for a fool that I ever went on to Madrid.

If one is at a dinner party in London or New York, one is plunged into an abyss of dullness. There is no subject of general interest; there is no wit; it is like waiting for a train. In London one overcomes one's environment by drinking a bottle of champagne as quickly as possible; in New York one piles in cocktails. The light wines and beers of Europe, taken in moderate measure, are no good; there is not time to be happy, so one must be excited instead. Dining alone, or with friends, as opposed to a party, one can be quite at ease with Burgundy or Bordeaux. One has all night to be happy, and one does not have to speed. But the regular New Yorker has not time even for a dinner-party! He almost regrets the hour when his office closes. His brain is still busy with his plans. When he wants "pleasure," he calculates that he can spare just half an hour for it. He has to pour the strongest liquors down his throat at the greatest possible rate.

Now imagine this man - or this woman - slightly hampered; the time available slightly curtailed. He can no longer waste ten minutes in obtaining "pleasure"; or he dare not drink openly on account of other people. Well, his remedy is simple; he can get immediate action out of cocaine. There is no smell; he can be as secret as any elder of the church can wish.

The mischief of civilization is the intensive life, which demands intensive stimulation. Human nature requires pleasure; wholesome pleasures require leisure; we must choose between intoxication and the siesta. There are no cocaine fiends in Logroño.

Moreover, in the absence of a Climate, life demands a Conversation; we must choose between intoxication and cultivation of the mind. There are no drug-fiends among people who are primarily pre-occupied with science and philosophy, art and literature.

## VI.

However, let us concede the prohibitionist claims. Let us admit the police contention that cocaine and the rest are used by criminals who would otherwise lack the nerve to operate; they also contend that the effects of the drugs are so deadly that the cleverest thieves quickly become inefficient. Then for Heaven's sake establish depots where they can get free cocaine!



You cannot cure a drug fiend; you cannot make him a useful citizen. He never was a good citizen, or he would not have fallen into slavery. If you reform him temporarily, at vast expense, risk, and trouble, your whole work vanishes like morning mist when he meets his next temptation. The proper remedy is to let him gang his ain gait to the de'il. Instead of less drug, give him more drug, and be done with him. His fate will be a warning to his neighbors, and in a year or two people will have the sense to shun the danger. Those who have not, let them die, too, and save the state. Moral weaklings are a danger to society, in whatever line their failings lie. If they are so amiable as to kill themselves, it is a crime to interfere.

You say that while these people are killing themselves they will do mischief. Maybe; but they are doing it now.

Prohibition has created an underground traffic, as it always does; and the evils of this are immeasurable. Thousands of citizens are in league to defeat the law; are actually bribed by the law itself to do so, since the profits of the illicit trade become enormous, and the closer the prohibition, the more unreasonably big they are. You can stamp out the use of silk handkerchiefs in this way: people say, "All right; we'll use linen." But the "cocaine fiend" wants cocaine; and you can't put him off with Epsom salts. Moreover, his mind has lost all proportion; he will pay anything for his drug; he will never say, "I can't afford it"; and if the price be high, he will steal, rob, murder to get it. Again I say: you cannot reform a drug fiend; all you do by preventing them from obtaining it is to create a class of subtle and dangerous criminals; and even when you have jailed them all, is any one any the better?

While such large profits (from one thousand to two thousand per cent.) are to be made by secret dealers, it is to the interest of these dealers to make new victims. And the profits at present are such that it would be worth my while to go to London and back first class to smuggle no more cocaine than I could hide in the lining of my overcoat! All expenses paid, and a handsome sum in the bank at the end of the trip! And for all the law, and the spies, and the rest of it, I could sell my stuff with very little risk in a single night in the Tenderloin.

Another point is this. Prohibition cannot be carried to its extreme. It is impossible, ultimately, to withhold drugs from doctors. Now doctors, more than any other single class, are drug fiends; and also, there are many who will traffic in drugs for the sake of money or power. If you possess a supply of the drug, you are the master, body and soul, of any person who needs it.

People do not understand that a drug, to its slave, is more valuable than gold or diamonds; a virtuous woman may be above rubies, but medical experience tells us that there is no virtuous woman in need of the drug who would not prostitute herself to a rag-picker for a single sniff.

And if it be really the case that one-fifth of the population takes some drug, then this long little, wrong little island is in for some very lively times.



The absurdity of the prohibitionist contention is shown by the experience of London and other European cities. In London any householder or apparently responsible person can buy any drug as easily as if it were cheese; and London is not full of raving maniacs, snuffing cocaine at every street corner, in the intervals of burglary, rape, arson, murder, malfeasance in office, and misprision of treason, as we are assured must be the case if a free people are kindly allowed to exercise a little freedom.

Or, if the prohibitionist contention be not absurd, it is a comment upon the moral level of the people of the United States which would have been righteously resented by the Gadarene swine after the devils had entered into them.

I am not here concerned to protest on their behalf; allowing the justice of the remark. I still say that prohibition is no cure. The cure is to give the people something to think about; to develop their minds; to fill them with ambitions beyond dollars; to set up a standard of achievement which is to be measured in terms of eternal realities; in a word, to educate them.

If this appear impossible, well and good; it is only another argument for encouraging them to take cocaine.

From THE INTERNATIONAL, October, 1917

	
<p>The Magister Templi, the Adeptus, the Neophyte [8° = 3°, 5° = 6°, 0° = 0°]</p>	
<p>The Ultimate Illusion, the Illusion of Force, the Illusion of Matter.</p>	
<p>The Functions of the 3 Orders: Silence in Speech; Silence; Speech in Silence: Construction, Preserva- tion, Destruction.</p>	
<p>The Supreme Unveiling (or Unveiling of Light), the Unveiling of Life, the Unveiling of Love.</p>	
<p>Equilibrium; on the Cubic Stone, on the Path, and among the Shells.</p>	
<p>The Rituals of Initiation, 8° = 3°, 5° = 6°, 0° = 0°: Asar, as Bull, as Man, as Sun.</p>	
<p>The Ordeals of Initiation, 8° = 3°, 5° = 6°, 0° = 0°: Birth, Death, Resurrection.</p>	

[This analysis may be checked by adding the columns vertically, 69, 81, 93, 114, 135, 246, 357. Dividing by 3 we get 23, 27, 31, 38, 45, 82, 119, which in the Sepher Sephiroth mean respectively Life, Purity, Negation, "38 × 11 = 418," Innocent, Formation, Prayer, Weeping. The analogies are obvious.]

## A QABALISTIC EXPANSION OF LIBER TAU

"All these old letters of my Book are aright; but ♀ is not the Star. - - - -" LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, Cap. I, v. 57

"Paste the sheets from right to left and from top to bottom: then behold!" LIBER AL, Cap. III, v. 73.

What sheets?

We all suppose that these instructions refer to the sheets of LIBER AL, and perhaps they do. But it might also be possible that the sheets are of the Tarot, since it is referred to as a Book. Our especial consideration in this matter would be connected with the Atu, or Trumps.

Since each Atu is attributed to a Hebrew letter as part of the symbolism and correspondences in the Qabalah, and since there are 22 Atu, the same as there are 22 Hebrew letters, we can divide this number by three. The triad is of prime importance in the structure of the Tree of Life. There is, first of all, the Supernal Triad beyond the Abyss. Then there are three descending equilateral triangles formed from Chokmah, Binah, Tiphereth, from Chesed, Geburah, Yesod, from Netzach, Hod, Malkuth<sup>1</sup>. A complete volume could be written on the significance of the Triad, but for now, we can note that there are 3 chapters in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, signifying the union of positive and negative and their issue in Heru-Ra-Ha, a twin God called Hoor-paar-kraat and Ra-Hoor-Khuit. Also, many of the sacred words of the past had three letters. The student might wish to note this in the study of such words as AUM AMN, IAO, ALLAH (3 different letters), IHVH (also 3 different letters) and so on.

22 divided by 3 leaves one letter left over, Tau, which in the Tarot is called The Universe and is equivalent to Saturn and the Earth. Notice that Saturn represents the 3 spheres beyond the Abyss and study of this can be made in THE VISION AND THE VOICE. The last card sums up the whole of the Tarot, therefore it is placed as a very large Tau over the line-up of Hebrew letters in LIBER TAU.

The letters are placed in order from right to left since each Hebrew word and sentence is written in this order. Is it not rather striking that the instructions from LIBER AL also insist on this order?

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1. For a small study of this, please refer to I.T.C. Vol. II No. 4, in the explanation of the symbolism of the Gnostic Catholic Mass.

Dividing 22 by 3, then, we have a resultant of 7 with one left over. Again we take note of the symbolism of 7, a sacred number pertaining to the Sphere of Netzach, Venus, the 7 planets of antiquity which are still used by us in the structure of the Tree of Life, in the naming of the days of the week and their hours and so on. Also, Venus is the planet of love, which is the method by which we attain to the True Will. Indeed the union of things diverse (no matter on what plane) is the key to the formation and manifestation of the whole of the Universe. Note also, that the whole of the Tree of Life can be placed on the symbol of Venus. We are reminded that "Love is the law, love under will."

Our first line of Hebrew letters starts with Aleph and ends with Zayin and going to the right again, we start another line with Cheth and end it with Nun. The last and bottom line of letters starts with Samech and ends with Shin.

In the following study, the numerical value of each Hebrew letter is added to the numbers in the same column from top to bottom. This number has been noted and its correspondences from SEPHER SEPHIROTH have been written down. Sometimes these are significant in studying the whole of the column of 3 letters, sometimes this sum seems not to have too much meaning. But who can tell? Perhaps an enlarged table of correspondences will be made at some future point in time which will include many other words and maybe even be combined with the Greek or other Qabalah. I have made a large notebook with the significations of other words to a certain number, some of these gleaned from Crowley's works and some due to original research on my part. I have looked up each number due to this study but have drawn a blank on many of them. However, when there was something to be noted, it has been added at the bottom of the other references.

However, when the sum of the 3 letters is divided by three, we get very unusual results. Notice that Crowley has simply chosen one meaning for a number from SEPHER SEPHIROTH and has written it down among other words from other columns which he favored. In this study, all that could be found in SEPHER SEPHIROTH, with only a small exception here and there, has been written down for the student to study. Some of the other words corresponding to a certain number throw a great deal of light on these sums of 3 letters. The word that Crowley favored in his original work has been underlined to make this study easier for the student. Also, the Hebrew letters are used for the words in the hope that this will enable the student to gain some familiarity with Hebrew, so important in the study of the Qabalah.

The appearance of some of the Thelemic significant numbers, such as 93 and 31 in Section Gimel, along with meaningful numbers of importance in the Qabalistic system is very striking.

Crowley only worked as far as is indicated in Column 3 of this study. This work has been expanded to include the numbers of the Atu, which are in Column 5. In this last column, I have underlined any word or words which seemed to have real meaning in this study.

However, in LIBER TAU, Crowley did not interchange the letters of Heh and Tzaddi. In this LIBER, Heh is still the Emperor as it was in the Golden Dawn system and Tzaddi is still the Star. This failure to interchange these two cards shows up in a great deal of Crowley's writings. Remember that in Cap. I of LIBER AL, v. 57 we are told that Tzaddi is not the Star. But when we do this for LIBER TAU, we get into trouble in Section Daleth, where adding Daleth, 4, Kaph, 20, and He, 5, the sum is 29 which is not divisible by 3.

But in Section Heh, if we place Tzaddi, 90 at the top of Column 3, switching other things to match, and adding 30 and 100, the sum is 220. There are 220 verses in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS. This also, is not divisible by 3.

This matter of Heh becoming the Atu called the Star and Tzaddi becoming the Emperor is difficult for the student and especially since this switch does not seem to apply in quite a few of Crowley's early works. He himself only used the switch in his later works.

However, even so, this LIBER TAU has a great wealth of information and perhaps, who knows? may point to a certain way of lining up the pages of LIBER AL to yield hidden information. Therefore, it is well worth the time spent to meditate on this particular LIBER and its Triads. But note also that there are other Triads of great significance even though they do not yield this type of Qabalistic information. Some of these are mentioned in the BOOK OF THOTH, especially at the end, "The Triple Trinity of the Planets" and "The Vital Triads".

If the student will take out the cards and look at them during his meditation, lining them up by first one system of Triad arrangement as in LIBER TAU and then as mentioned in THE BOOK OF THOTH, he will find that his understanding of the Tarot and how it is that it can be used in all of the Holy Books and in everything of high importance in Crowley's writings, will expand and flower into an Understanding of the Universe not to be attained by the use of the Tarot for fortune telling.

# A QABALISTIC EXPANSION OF LIBER TAU

## Section Aleph

1. The Grades	2. Hebrew Letters	3. Numerical Value	4. English Letters	5. Atu No. & Name
Magister Templi - $8^0=3^0$	א	1	A	0 - Fool
Adeptus - $5^0=6^0$	ה	8	Ch	7 - Chariot
Neophyte - $0^0=0^0$	ס	60	S	14 - Art
Totals by addition - - -		$\frac{69}{69} = 15$		$\frac{21}{21} = 3$

## Column No. 3

69 = A manger, stable; an enclosure אבוס  
 Myrtle הדס  
 L.A. Angel of א נכב'אל

$$69 \div 3 = 23$$

23 = Parted, removed, separated זרח  
 Joy תדורה  
 A thread חוש  
 Life חיה

## Column No. 5 - Atus

21 = Σ (1-6) The Mystic Number of Tiphareth  
Existence, Being, the Kether-name of God אהיה  
 But, yet, certainly אך  
 Deep meditation הגיג  
 Ah! - Alas! הלי  
Purity, innocence זחר

$$21 \div 3 = 7$$

7 = Sphere of Netzach, Venus  
 Lost, ruined אבד  
 A name of GOD attributed to Venus, Initials of Adonai  
ha- Aretz אהא  
 Desire; either, or או  
 Gad, A tribe of Israel; good fortune גד  
 Was weary דאב  
 Riches, power דבא  
 Fish דג

Note: The question arises as to how far to carry this. Column 5 can in every case be divided by 3 again and a significant number appears. Also, both column 3 and column 5 can be reduced:  $6 + 9 = 15 = 6$ . And  $2 + 1 = 3$

## Section Beth

1. The Illusions	2. Hebrew Letters	3. Numerical Value	4. English Letters	5. Atu No. & Name
The Ultimate Illusion,	י	2	B	1 - Magus
Illusion of Force	ו	9	T	11 - Lust
Illusion of Matter	י	70	O	16 - Devil
Totals by addition		<u>81</u> = 9		<u>27</u> = 9

### Column No. 3

81 = a number of the Moon -  $9 \times 9 = 81$  (9th Sphere is Luna)

GODS      אֱלֹהִים

Anger, wrath; also nose      אַף

Hearer of Cries; Angel of 6P., and of 5W.      זֶאֱזַח

Night Demon of 2nd Dec.      מַפְזִיק      אֶלֶף

Throne      אֶלֶף

Here, hither      אֶלֶף

I	10	See THE HEART OF THE	I	10	See LIBER VII
A	1	MASTER, (Voice of	M	40	Cap. 7, v. 6
O	70	Pelican). A.C.	A	1	Note that <u>Alim</u>
	<u>81</u>		L	<u>30</u>	is this same word
W	6	See THE HEART OF THE		<u>81</u>	See MAGICK IN
O	70	MASTER			THEORY AND PRACTICE
E	5				Cap. 4.
	<u>81</u>				

$$81 \div 3 = 27 \quad 3^3 = 27$$

Wept, mourned      אֶלֶף

Purity      אֶלֶף

A parable, enigma, riddle      אֶלֶף

Column No. 5. This is the same number as  $81 \div 3 = 27$

$27 \div 3 = 9$  = Sphere of Yesod, Moon, q.v.

$8 + 1 = 9$  and  $2 + 7 = 9$

(Editor's note: From the appearance of correspondences to the Moon, it is obvious that the Illusions are of a Lunar nature).



## Section Gimel

1. The Functions of the 3 Orders	2. Hebrew Letters	3. Numerical Value	4. English Letters	5. Atu No. & Name
Silence in Speech (Construction)	א	3	G	2 - Priestess
Silence (Preservation)	.	10	I	9 - Hermit
Speech in Silence (Destruction)	פ	80	P	16 - Tower
Totals by addition		$\overline{93} = 12$		$\overline{27} = 9$

### Column No. 3

93 = Thelema, Agape, etc. (See I.T.C. Vol. I, No. 1)

A duke of Edom.

The sons of (the merciful) GOD אהליבםה

Incense לבונה

A disc, round shield גלגל

Possession נחלה

Arduous, busy; an army צבא

$93 \div 3 = 31 = \text{AL and LA (not) Negation}$  (Also see I.T.C. Vol. II, No.1)

How? איך

GOD of Chesed, and of Kether of Briah אל

To go הולך

A beating, striking, collision הכאה

And there was. (Vide S.D.I. par. 31) ויהי

Key of Solomon, Fig. 31. "א"

Not לא

" There is a word to say about the Hierophantic task. Behold! there are three ordeals in one, and it may be given in three ways. The gross must pass through fire; let the fine be tried in intellect, and the lofty chosen ones in the highest. - - "

LIBER AL, Cap. I, v. 50

Fire = Pé = 80 = Mars - God of War and Destruction by Fire

Intellect=Yod = 10 = Virgo, ruled by Mercury (Intellect)

Highest =Gimel= 3 = Moon, a glyph of the H.G.A. - path directly

$\overline{93}$  connects Kether and Tiphareth

### Column No. 5

27 = Purity (Refer to Section Beth)

93 = 12 = HUA = term for Macroprosopus etc.

## Section Daleth

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
The Supreme Un-	Hebrew	Numerical	English	Atu No.
veiling	Letters	Value	Letters	& Name
Unveiling of Love	ד	4	D	3 - Empress
Unveiling of Life	כ	20	K	10 - Fortune
Unveiling of Light	ץ	90	Tz	17 - Star
Totals by addition		114 = 6		30 = 3

### Column No. 3

114 =

Qliphoth of Jesod נגמל-א

Tear (weeping) דמעה

Gracious, obliging, indulgent חנון

Science מדע

Brains בוחון

114 ÷ 3 = 38 (38 x 11\* = 418 - See I.T.C. Vol. I No.2 and Vol.II, No. 7)

Night Demon of 2nd Decan אואל

He departed אול

Gehazi, servant of Elisha גיחזי

A City in the Mountains of Judah גללה

Innocent זכאי

The palate ה"ף

To make a hole, hollow; to violate חל

Green לח

### Column No. 5

30 = Lamed, ל, Justice or Adjustment, Ox goad, Atu 8

A party to an action at law; defendant, plaintiff ח"ב

Judah יהודה

It will be יהיה

"Nothing is a secret key of this law. Sixty-one the Jews call it;

I call it eight, eighty; four-hundred & eighteen." LIBER AL,

Cap. I, v. 46

8 = Atu 7, The Chariot (Cheth = 8, value of Hebrew letter)

80 = Atu 16, Tower (Pé, = 80 in Hebrew letter)

418 = Atu 7, Chariot (See meanings of 418)

30

V.V.V.V.V. = 5 x 6 = 30

(Note that Lamed makes up the names of AL and LA in part)

\* 11 = 5 + 6 No. of Thelemic Magick (See I.T.C. Vol. I, No. 5)

# Section Heh

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
Equilibrium	Hebrew Letters	Numerical Value	English Letters	Atu No. & Name
On Cubic Stone	ה	5	H	4 - Emperor
On Path	ז	30	L	8 - Adjustment
Among shells	ק	100	Q	18 - Moon
Totals by addition		135 = 9		30* = 3

Column No. 3

135

Day Demon of 2nd Decan ☞ גרם-יון

Geomantic Intelligence of Aries מלכד-אל

A destitute female עני-ה

The congregation. קהל

135 + 3 = 45 - Σ(1 - 9) The Mystic Number of Jesod, thus FORMATION  
Intelligence of Saturn ז אל-א

Adam אדם

The Fool דא

Redemption, liberation גאולה

To grow warm הם

Heaven of Tiphareth זכור

Hesitated זחז ?

Spirit of Saturn זא

She who ruins חבלה

Tetragrammaton in Yetzirah יד הא ואך הא

Greatly, strongly דא

Yetzirah's 'Secret Nature" (Vide I.R.Q. xxxiv.) זא

Hebrew Qabalah

Kh	כ	20	See AL, III "Ra-Hoor-Khuit"	H -	5	(See LIBER AL
U	ל	6		O	6	Cap. III, v. 2)
I	י	10		L	30	"Beware! Hold!"
T	ט	9		D	4	
		45			45	

Greek Qabalah

M מ 40 See AL, I. Nuit says

H ה 5 "To me"  
45

Hebrew Qabalah

A א 1 ADM = Man

D ד 4 "Mosheh = MH = name of man as "God-concealing form"

M מ 40 See LIBER SAMEKH  
45

MAD = Enochian word for God, see VISION AND THE VOICE, 7th Aethyr

Column No. 5

\* See summation of 30, previous page.

# Section Vau

1.

Rituals of Initia- tion: Asar as	Hebrew Letters	Numerical Value	English Letters	Atu No. & Name
Bull - $8^0 = 3^0$	ך	6	U,V,W,0	5 - Hierophant
Man - $5^0 = 6^0$	ח	40	M	12 - Hanged Man
Sun - $0^0 = 0^0$	ש	200	R	19 - Sun
Totals by addition		$246 = 12$		$36 = 9$

Column No. 3

246

Angel of 3 S. הר"א ל  
Myrrh מרר  
Vision, aspect מראה  
Angel L.T.D. of  $\delta$  ר"א ל  
Height, altitude לום

$246 \div 3 = 82$

Angel of ♀ אנא ל  
A prayer פיוט  
Briatic Palace of Hod היכל הוה  
Kindly, righteous, holy חסיד  
Laban; white לבן  
The beloved thing; res grata נחמך

Column No. 5

$36 = 6^2 = \Sigma(1 - 8)$ . Sun. The Mystic Number of Hod\*

Tabernaculum אהל  
How? (Vide Lamentations) איכה  
Duke of Geburah in Edom; to curse; name of GOD attributed to  
Mercury אלה  
To remove, cast away הלך  
Confession יידן  
Leah לאה  
Perhaps, possible; would that! לר

Since 36 is the square of 6, it refers to the ritual of the Hexagram.

There are 36 squares in the Kamea of the Sun

\* Mystic numbers are obtained by "adding together the natural numbers up to and including the one in question." LIBER 777 P.59

## Section Zayin

1.

Ordeals of Initiation	Hebrew Letters	Numerical Value	English Letters	Atu No. & Name
Birth $0^0 = 0^0$	ר	7	Z	6 - Lovers
Death $5^0 = 6^0$	נ	50	N	13 - Death
Resurrection $8^0 = 3^0$	ש	300	Sh	20 - Aeon
Totals by addition		$357 = 15$		$39 = 12$

Column No. 3

357

42-fold Name, Geburah in Yetzirah כגד יכש  
Iniquity נושא

$357 \div 3 = 119$

Lydian-stone אבן לוהן  
Beelzebub, the Fly-GOD בעלזבוב  
Weeping (subst.) דמעה  
Night Demon of 2nd Decan רחאלה  
Abominable פגול

Column No. 5 - Total 39

To abide, dwell זבל

Dew טל

The Eternal is One יהוה אחד

Angel of 3 P. יחיה

Metathesis of יהוה כוזר

He cursed לט

The Tarot is composed of:

22 letters

9 planets (A.C. does not include Pluto here)

5 elements (Fire, Earth, Air, Water and Spirit)

3 alchemicals (Rajas, Tamas, Sattva)

39

$39 = IHVH (26) + AChD (13)$

Reverse 39 and we have 93

Further reduction in Column 3,  $1 + 5 = 6$ . In Column 5,  $1 + 2 = 3$ . If we further reduce numbers in Columns 3 and 5 to a single digit, we find the repetition of 3 for a total of six times and a repetition of 9 for a total of 5 times. ( $5 + 6 = 11 = \text{No. of Thelemic Magick}$ ) 6 = Tiphereth, etc., appears 3 times. No other reduction numbers appear in any of these Sections. 9 and 3, of course, can allude to 93 and all its meanings, 6 to the Sun, Tiphereth, etc.

(This study prepared by Soror Meral)

## VENUS

Written in the temple of the L.I.L.<sup>1</sup>, No. 9,  
Central America.

Mistress and maiden and mother, immutable mutable soul!  
Love, shalt thou turn to another? Surely I give thee the whole!  
Light, shalt thou flicker or darken? Thou and thy lover are met.  
Bend from thy heaven and hearken! Life, shalt thou fade or forget?

Surely my songs are gone down as leaves in the dark that are blown;  
Surely the laurel and crown have faded and left me alone.  
Vainly I cry in the sunlight; moon pities my passion in vain.  
Dark to my eyes is the one light, aching in bosom and brain.

Surely, O Mother, thou knowest! Have I not followed thy star?  
I have gone whither thou goest, bitterly followed afar,  
Buried my heart in thy sorrow, cast down my soul at thy knees.  
Thou, thou hast left me no morrow. Days and desires, what are these?

Nay, I have torn from my breast passion and love and despair:  
Sought in thy palaces rest, sleep that awaited me there;  
Sleep that awaits me in vain: I have done with the hope of things;  
Passion and pleasure and pain have stung me, and lost their stings.

Only abides there a hollow, void as the heart of the earth.  
Echo may find it and follow, dead from day of her birth.  
Life, of itself not insatiate; death, not presuming to be;  
Share me intense and emaciate, waste me, are nothing to me.

Still in the desolate place, still in the bosom that was  
Even as a veil for thy face, thy face in a breathed-on glass,  
Hangs there a vulture, and tears with a beak of iron and fire.  
I know not his name, for he wears no feathers of my desire.

It is thou, it is thou, lone maiden! My heart is a bird that flies  
Far into the azure laden with love-lorn songs and cries.  
O Goddess of Nature and Love! Thyself is the lover I see.  
But thou art in the above, and thy kiss is not for me.

Thou art all too far for my kiss; thou art hidden past my prayer.  
Thy wing too wide, and the bliss too sweet for me to share.  
Thou art Nature and God! I am broken in the wheelings of thy car;  
Thy love-song unheard or unspoken, and I cannot see thy star.

Thou art not cold, but bitter is thy burning cry to me.  
My tiny heart were fitter for a mortal than for thee.  
But I cast away the mortal, and I choose the tortured way.  
And I stand before thy portal, and my face is cold and grey.

---

1. A secret Order, probably established by Crowley himself.

Thou lovest me with a love more terrible than death;  
But thou art in the above, and my wings feel no wind's breath.  
Thou art all too fierce and calm, too bitter and sweet, alas!  
Thou weavest a cruel charm on my soul that is as glass.

I know thee not, who art naked; I lie beneath thy feet  
Who hast called till my spirit ached with a pang too deathly sweet.  
Thou hast given thee to me dying, and made thy bed to me.  
I shiver, I shrink, and, sighing, lament it cannot be.

I have no limbs as a God's to close thee in and hold:  
Too brief are my periods, and my hours are barren of gold.  
I am not thewed as Jove to kill thee in one caress!  
Not a golden shower is my love, but a child's tear of distress.

Give me the strength of a panther, the tiger's strenuous sides,  
The lion's limbs that span there some thrice the turn of the tides,  
The mutinous frame, the terror of the royal Minotaur,  
That our loves may make a mirror of the dreadful soul of war!

For love is an equal soul, and shares an equal breath.  
I am nought - and thou the whole? It were not love, but Death.  
Give me thy life and strength, let us struggle for mastery  
As the long shore's rugged length that battles with the sea.

I am thine, I am thine indeed! My form is vaster grown.  
And our limbs and lips shall bleed on the starry solar throne.  
My life is made as thine; my blessing and thy curse  
Beget, as foam on wine, a different universe.

I foam, and live and leap: thou laughest, fightest, diest!  
In agony swift as sleep thou hangest as the Christ.  
My nails are in thy flesh; my sweat is on thy brow;  
We are one, we are made afresh, we are Love and Nature now.

I am swifter than the wind: I am wider than the sea:  
I am one with all mankind: and the earth is made as we.  
The stars are spangles bright on the canopy of our bed,  
And the sun is a veil of light for my lover's golden head.

O Goddess, maiden, and wife! Is the marriage bed in vain?  
Shall my heart and soul and life shrink back to themselves again?  
Be thou my one desire, my soul in day as in night!  
My mind the home of the Higher! My heart the centre of Light!

Aleister Crowley,  
From THE COLLECTED WORKS, Volume II - "Oracles"

## POPPY LOVE

### THE CUT:

Scented sweet bud that droops hotly blushing  
in wanton display;  
These morning rays will open thee  
to unchaste eyes.  
And this gay harlot's parts shall soon secrete  
its lusty juice;  
To this caress, my loving prick.  
I take now this, thy joy to give,  
the pleasure of thy parts.

### THE SACRAMENT:

Unspoiled virgin harlot,  
Whose juice now births this beast;  
Desire me mine own desire!  
Love me love, forever free.  
In troth I give thee me.

When I am moved to love,  
Thee would I but embrace.  
Sweet fading flower,  
Remember us.  
And in the stillness of this hour,  
Enfold these poor soft forms,  
that trickle in time's own vein.

I have loved thee, like the woman  
whom I not knowing;  
have longed for, as a man.  
And you have breathed me in your love  
And sent me on my way.

From the Whirlled of OZAL

Gari Gage-Cole



## ADORATION OF NUIT

I adore Thee, Nuit, adore the agonies and trials:  
I adore the deadly deep desperation,  
The uneven sleepless nights, vials  
Of Thy eternal loneliness in manifestation.

I adore Thee through all that happens.  
I am a quintessence of soul set on fire,  
A flaming up of inner aspirations,  
Forming a true eidolon of a soul that aspires.

I adore Thee Nuit, I adore Thy sweet traces  
Of ineffable love, hidden in unlimited space  
And hidden in life's sorrowful faces.  
I adore Thee through life's race.

O, golden and silver of life's mystic dawn!  
We move as a faint spark of light in vast illumination;  
Thus sparking and living know how we spawn  
Phenomena and all its illusion.

I adore Thee, Nuit, oh vast expanding One  
Of illimitable Space. I in Thy bosom a minute  
Vestige of forgotten and unknown atom  
Spell yet an end to notions of the finite.

Oh, vast blue Space, O signature of matter,  
Oh unfulfilled in eternal grace!  
Who yearn for dancing point of light, unshattered  
By its law of gravity and place.

Still I adore Thee, adore Thee, adore Thee,  
Everlasting management of possibilities.  
Adore Thy oneness and interpenetration of me  
Adore Thy ineffable harmonies.

Oh, plentiful agency of limitless beauty  
I adore Thee far into blue-dimpled night  
I bend towards Thee in evanescent duty  
As a spark to manifest life, love, liberty and light.

I adore Thee as my true soul steals forth;  
I adore Thee in art and inspiration;  
I adore Thee in all loves and silent mirth;  
I adore Thee in quiet transformation.

I am a virgin earth unto Thy sublime expression,  
A virgin Queen, Malkah unrecognised.  
I adore Thy traces through me in secret recognition  
Of Illumination at last by Thee franchised.

Oh, Nuit, Goddess of all and none  
And one again, and whatever may be  
On heaven and earth and all between.  
I love Thee because I am Thy whole-made Tree.

In Thy dispensation I am seeing through  
Thy veils of dance as disguised infinity  
As mysterious as eagle that flew  
Into thine Empyrean, dissolving his trinity.

A soul laid bare aspires yet again to Thy bosom  
Amid all of illusions laid aside and abandoned  
Until the least of these lead to love's fruition  
Beyond all experience that may be fathomed.

Oh, Nuit, I in Thy embrace lie sere  
And turned into Nothing, only a cenotaph  
Marking my existence. Too glorious to bear  
Is Nuit who annihilates thus even my path.

This path exists no more because swallowed  
In essential space. I am the butterfly  
Destroyed by Light, wings that were malleable  
To circumstance are gone in ecstasy of death's blight.

I adore Thee, Nuit, Thou glorious One unfulfilled  
Through every interstice of space.  
Today and always this life is spilled  
In ecstasy of Thine unwearying embrace.

Soror Meral  
Aug., 1980

JANE WOLFE

Hammer and anvil, Part II

The Great Work

Russell was due to arrive on Nov. 12 and Crowley went to Palermo to meet him. But for some reason he was delayed and when Aleister came back without him, Jane wrote in her diary:

"I am sorry Russell did not arrive. A.C. is so infinitely bored at times with only three women for companions."

Of Leah at this time, even though she had begun to understand what a burden she was bearing:

"She cannot trust herself and so suspects all - really hopes for the worst, if not forthcoming, manufactures it. She withholds somewhat (when telling a story about another person) to make others appear in a bad light. Some of this untruthfulness caused by her love for A.C." Jane analyzed that Leah did some of this half-truth or gossip sort of thing to entertain A.C., even though such was bound to fail sooner or later.

Then of A.C. she remarked: "One who likes to be lied to wants his vanity tickled."

And: "Leah's life in some aspects pathetic (I cannot get her big enough for tragedy.) Doing violence to herself at times, thinking thereby to please or entertain A.C. Has not the strength to stand on her own feet, yields ground - seeks justification for acts."

During this month she prayed before her altar in her room and waited for silence to envelop her and for a vision to appear. Invariably they did appear, almost every day. But few had any worthwhile application to her life, nor did they transform her. She gradually came to realize that these visions were too much of the Elysian field type and that the Great Work included the business of developing a sound mind in a sound body.

On the 21st, Russell finally did arrive and then the discussions about drugs and sex began between him and A.C. Jane was disgusted and repelled by all of the discussions of sex and wondered if she would ever get out of that stage. But her curiosity was aroused in the matter of drugs, and she resolved to try some.

Shummie's baby was born in Palermo at 2:00 a.m. on Nov. 26.

The next day Jane remarked in her diary that she was experiencing hysterical spells and distorted sleep and she felt that something must break before she did. She heard taps on her bed-

post and one night counted a series of 25, 53, 35 and even 11.

With this type of phenomena she decided to drop the prayer approach at the altar and the visions. She went back to the exercises in dharana on the yellow square and started memorizing LIBER AL, Cap. I. Also, she took up pranayama again and found that it steadied her. She realized she must understand in the world.

On Dec. 2 she signed the pledge form for the A.A. and took the affiliation oath and after that, went off to Palermo to visit Shummie. Here she had difficult nights with sleeping and when she got back to the Abbey 3 days later, she was very glad to be back at work with Asana and Pranayama.

Shummie also returned with hers and Aleister's baby, Lulu, or Loulette they called her. She was forgiven and everyone was glad she could again take up the care of the children and do the cooking.

Next Jane noticed that Shummie and Russell engaged in a great deal of wordiness and discussion over trivial matters and this got to Jane's nerves. But she realized that her reaction to this showed her lack of serenity. And she remarked in her diary that her prejudices, vanity and egotism were being assaulted by the events of the household. Sometimes she would rebel and claim that she was not there of her own volition, perhaps blaming the letters from A.C. in the year previous for the fact that she was there at all.

December was full of cold winds and Jane fought a bad cold and a slight attack of dysentery. This cut into her work badly.

During this month she took note of another upset between A.C. and Shummie, who wanted to go to Naples with Howie but A.C. feared a plot and wouldn't let her go. Jane wrote:

"Another upset with Shummie and it looks perilously like attachment - to American dollars! Why the fear of a plot when she suggested taking Howard to Naples? What is there to 'fear' anyway?

"Live your life that you can look every damn man in the face and tell him to go to hell."

"Shall Shummie do as she wills or as another wills for her?"

Then, thinking things over the next day in Palermo where she had gone on several errands, she noted:

"Is economic freedom the first step towards sex freedom? Certainly! Is Shummie acquiring freedom? I think not. Sexually, yes; but that she had. We say to a child - this is white, this black, this pink: the properties of each are --- the effects of each are--- choose and abide by the consequences and so learn discrimination. Not so with Shummie. You do this because I say so! By what authority pray?

"A weakness of A.C. Not content to rest on his oars and float with the stream - a constant whipping up of the physical through drink, the mind through cocaine; the emotions through sex - sex coarse and gross. I can see no delicacy in his sex reactions, yet Shummie says he combines both extremes. When not on the crest of one of these waves, bored and frequently peevish or ill mannered towards Leah."

Aleister must have seen this diary after Jane copied it out on the typewriter, but unfortunately his comments are lost as so much was destroyed when it reached London. Jane did not quite know what was at stake, nor had she assimilated all of the BOOK OF THE LAW, or her opinion might have been different. However, she was laying a foundation for clear sight with A.C. as far as it went, and this was to play a large part in later events.

Her curiosity aroused by the discussions on drugs, Jane resolved to try them. Morphia had a debilitating effect on her, hashish seemed not to have any effect at all. Many times after some experiment or other, she was unable to work the next day at all and was even sick to the stomach.

One night she tried some pipes of opium and then, feeling that she needed assistance to find her own magical name, she called on Fee Wah to ascertain this. She was awarded with a vision of no great consequence and then heard a name sounded: Manotith or Matonith. She added this up by Qabalah and got 516, which number she used for the rest of her life.

She wrote: "Manotith, or Matonith = 516 = the female fish." Shaky in Qabalah, she noted "Thom = 65, 9+6+40." Then; on better ground "On = Nu = 56."

"Matonith is the Lady of the Hidden Understanding of Nuith."

"516 = 6 x 86. The (Sun with) manifestation in radiant harmony of the Female Elements of Nature, brooded upon and impregnated by the Breath of the Holy Spirit.

"516 = The radiant manifestation of Nature inspired by the Breath or Holy Spirit of Our Lady Nuit. 516 the abstract idea of this. Matonith is the concrete correspondence, the one who incarnates this idea."

By the end of December she occasionally did 40 minutes of Asana and battled still to control her mind.

Aleister was worried and bothered by the slowness of the publication of the EQUINOX, Vol. 3, No. 1, later to be called THE BLUE EQUINOX. He had left America before this was finished and so had to carry on the business by correspondence. Often things got to a very frustrating impasse. He remarked about this: "There is too much of me in it: pride in its composition. Myself instead of the Work."

Russell's opinion was that there was too much magical opposition to this volume as it was rough on Christianity and remarked that, "the Gods have a thousand, a million years and they are not worrying."

Jane noted that they might have all eternity, but A.C. had only this one life in which to do his work.

The drugs she tried sometimes worked and sometimes nothing came of it. But she felt they had helped her to dissolve some of her complexes. She wrote:

"One thing the matter with me; am not appreciating my opportunity. There is still proud defiance - of God and man. When I suppose I could be withered at a glance."

"The article on 'Contemporary Portraits' has sent me again on the track of 'live for expression only'. It matters not what others think I do, what they are or who they are. The world is the 'little red school house', each soul here for its particular lesson, its particular experience. All that is necessary is to bloom, whether in well-tended garden, by windy road-side, in depth of gloomy forest, on arid desert plain or alone on mountain peak. What is it Whitman says? 'I give to men of my stores. If they accept, well and good. If they reject it is equally good. I pass along rejoicing. Why should I feel sad though all reject my foods? They may have just as good or better!'

"This leaves one free from striving, free from ambition, free from yearning to serve; itself an albatross. One energetically blooms, pouring out one's love for the mere joy of pouring. Am beginning to see light in Cefalu!"

Sometimes the visions she had when using opium or hashish were worthless and sometimes she had no vision at all. She did experience some physical discomfort and during this Jan. she did little of the assigned practices. With the opium she got a sounder sleep. However, she got tired of no results and dropped it.

She also read the original manuscript of "The Paris Working" and gained a greater insight.

At the end of Jan. Aleister left for Paris and Leah went with him to keep him company as far as Palermo. They had both taken a vow to give the body to whoever should desire it and when Leah came back from Palermo she had with her "the Baron". The two went to stay in the town of Cefalu. Leah seemed a little more gay with the Beast gone.

Jane remarked on this vow of giving the body to whomever should desire it, and had a difficult time to understand. She had not enough acquaintance with the visions of Babalon and other high Illuminations that the Beast had been favored with.

She remarked that Russell did the Pentagram ritual better with Aleister gone. The feeling of restraint was gone and there was a force and better reading.

She got back to her regular practices of Asana, pranayama, Dharana on the yellow square and visualization of Harpocrates, spending about 15 to 20 minutes on each practice twice a day or more. She still battled to control her mind and once in awhile was awarded with a good session. She took up the recitation of the Anthmm from the Mass and found it excellent to bring about a state of equilibration.

She tried work on Geomancy and after that the Tarot so that she might be acquainted with these two methods of divination. Besides this, she studied French for a  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour every day.

Then she discovered that a lighted candle helped her to focus and concentrate in Dharana as she gazed steadily at it. She remarked: "For one moment in Dharana I got outer circle stilled and equilibrated. Central became a steady flame. This does not describe properly. I, self-controlled, the Master, was circle; the flame flowed through that circle. Flame passing through asbestos might describe."

She tried various things to purify the body but found that nothing seemed to relieve the weeks and weeks of being cold through and through. She remarked that fighting the cold was devouring the energy which could be used for better things. A diet of bread and milk taken on for some time did no more than weaken her and make her shaky. She was hoping that her nerves might be steadied by the practices or by some diet. She occasionally got to a state in which she did not hear the noise of the peasants as they went about their morning work. This month of March she fought discouragement, ill health, lethargy and sleeplessness.

Asana was still painful and changing the position did no good. She went back to the original position.

She went on with the astral work, using Aleister's talismans; then as the visions had no particular meaning she asked herself if she was fooling herself?

In her free time she typed on Aleister's writings and moved around the house to do this work in order to accommodate the painters who were putting a coat of white on the walls of the "horsel" (whore's cell). When the painters were finished, the household began the work of painting trim and bookshelves and the circle on the floor and other decorations according to A.C.'s designs.

When Aleister had left at the end of February he had appointed Alostrael (Leah) to do Resh four times a day and the Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram twice a day. When Leah was gone to Palermo with Aleister in late February and early March, Jane took on this task, thinking it should be done by someone. Later she did it again when Leah went for a short time to Cefalu. But when Leah discovered that this had been done, she was very much opposed to it. She thought that since she had been the appointed one, no one else should do it, even if she was absent. To this Jane made no comment in her diary, other than to record the fact that Leah was upset with her over this event.

On March 21, Jane awoke early in the morning and wished herself a "Happy Birthday". The next day the ladies decided to celebrate this and the Equinox with champagne and some fun. Even the Baron was present and Jane flirted with him and sat on his lap. Ordinarily she despised him. The evening was enjoyed by all the residents of the Abbey.

There remain some fragments of Jane's diary with Aleister's comments in pencil beside her typed copy. This would be of great interest as showing much of what it meant to have a diary with this sort of comment, and also give an insight to the workings of The Abbey of Thelema in Cefalu. In the following, Aleister's comments are placed in parenthesis. Some of the days are skipped if they give no new information or if they do not have A.C.'s pencillings.

"Mar. 27  
A.M.

Lea back from Palermo yesterday tells news about A.C. at Modane. We try an experiment, she heroin, I opium. I get that A.C. did a worthwhile poem - a wish phantasy? And succeeded in smashing the vodka bottle. O for a picture of Lea's face when I told her!



Try vision, nothing.

10:20-40 Asana, nix

10:40-11; Dharana

Now think opium affects the delicate centres on which I have been working.  
(Yes, but a healthy person doesn't know about delicate centres. A.C.)

5' Pranayama

P.M. Letters to M.K.W. (Mary K. Wolfe, her sister, ed.)  
English Tea Rooms, Consul in Tunis

15' Marbas, Nothing. Can't visualize Talisman.

8:07-25 Asana. Part of me most conscious seemed to be on top of a crag reaching into the heavens. Equilibrating.

8:25-45 Dharana. Disk. The lines on the disk are coming into play. The two straight across for the last 3 or 4 days; this evening those joining centre from above. Steadying the mind and keeping it without a break.

8:46-9:05 Harpocrates. Did something here with left lobe. By far the greater part of my past work has been with left lobe. Freud has something to say about this.  
(This about lobes is all balls. A.C.)

10:20 20' Pranayama

"Mar. 28

A.M. 15' Vision, nothing.

10:32-50 Asana

10:50-11:09 Dharana, disk. Disk now seems body, lines on it various faculties, all being drawn to a centre. Have not yet got definitely ascending lines.

11:12-28 Harpocrates. Nothing at all. Tried to force, used up energy, now tired in upper spine.

17' Pranayama.

P.M. Work on Karma scenario

15' Vision. Nothing, except possibly an indication of what lies within. A current of irritation deep within all day, now it pops to the surface over some picture suddenly thrown on the screen and I feel like beating Leah, the nearest to me, to get it out of my system.  
(You must analyze (and so destroy) all this sort of thing. A.C.)

I find this rather amusing, especially as it occurs to me I may do some whaling before I am through, remembering my very intense desire last fall to wallop A.C.  
Golly, I even see blood!

8:10-30 Asana. Good.

8:30-49 Dharana, disk. Got upward lines, steadying astral? Last 10' took in circle of disk with barrel-like cavity extending from left eye to back of head, this cavity expanding until taut. Had this experience in Harpocrates

two evenings ago, cavity descending from top of head, through left lobe, to same place in back of head, at that time.

(Ass! Drivel. A.C.)

8:50-9:08 Harpocrates. Heavens! Did something here, also! None of this work tiring. Am I acquiring equilibration? My aim. 20' Pranayama.

The next day Jane did her regular work, painted, and went after a number for her motto. She got 415 for the motto of "It shall be".

"Mar. 31

Last evening got a suspicious note regarding Sullivan. What? He needs watching, money enters into this suspicion. Nor can I get a deep note with Sylvia. Perhaps all the joking about "Sylvia" at bottom of this. But can she stand fleas and trees?

Abstract principle means more to me than concrete example. People's approval, or lack of it, carries little weight with me. Their analysis of people and things interesting. It shows what they are.

An inward peace and satisfaction these two days.

From the way Russell has done the odd jobs around here, I am bound to say he either, lacks intelligence, lives in another world entirely (as I have done for so long a time), or does not care especially how a thing is done. He works as the average Union workman - to get the job over with and the pay envelope.  
(Judging others by herself? A.C.)  
Centred entirely on magic?

Opium. Had been wondering about loving in spite of "evil", "dirt", etc. assuming one closed one's eyes to that phase. I stepped into that part of myself where, regarding objectively this very thing, it ceased to be. One does not close one's eyes, anything objectionable ceases to be. All is love, no room for aught else. This must be what I term Spiritual Love.  
(Yes: Good! A.C.)

Was getting something about copper qualities not sufficient, there had to be the brass also. Came out without real subject. Copper beautiful, mellow, soft;

brass, vital, strident, strong.

Failed on another. Could not bring through, then tried ushering in on sound. Something interfering. Sound was like a mosquito buzzing.

April 4      Smoked last night, the last I think, though I make no promises.  
Program for to-day, clean, clean, clean.  
Yesterday I spoke to Howard between Adoration and tiffin. To-day I say a sentence in English to Genesthai.  
(First steps in English? A.C.)  
(Jane had been on an oath of silence for quite some time. Ed.)  
When I have time shall compare this with former breaks to see if opium has aught to do with it.  
(Good. A.C.)  
Odd jobs all day.

April 5      Good sleep. Last two opium nights cat naps only.  
Genesthai getting Temple seats from wine room. Lea walks into wine room and says: "I think we would better dust those in here."  
Two days ago, in dining room, Genesthai is troubled about the disposition of something. Leah says: "We want that (or them) put - " so and so. Oath of silence? Of course, in both cases she may have been soliliquizing, so let her R.I.P.

Funny about the room proposition. A short time ago the question of remaining here or returning to Umbilicus entered my thought. I debated and could not come to a conclusion - it seemed both houses have advantages, both disadvantages.  
Now comes A.C.'s letter "Sullivans in Jane's old room." Lea says this means the typing room. I thought Umbilicus, and I find the decision based on two reasons:  
1. When I left for the Umbilicus I left so completely I could not use the possessive about anything in Abbey - nothing there ever had been mine. And,  
2. I found I had been hoping to be assigned to peasant's room! Being isolated from everything and everybody.  
(Right. A.C.)

April 7      At Umbilicus, sleeping in boys' room. 'Nough said. Awake since 5:30, after wakeful night. And have discovered Lulu delightful: she crowed and cackled from 6 to 7.

A.C. had arrived in the Abbey on April 6 in the afternoon.  
A few days later there was quite a discussion about money.

April 9

A.M.

Try yoga. Unable. 15' Pranayama

At Abbey all morning, discussing funds. How much better in the essential matters of life to be absolutely straightforward, frank, simple! Suppose it does cost an effort? Is not all Life an effort, and must not an occultist face everything?

(Yes, it is. He must. But so many "occultists" being thieves, I feel I must guard the honour of the whole Tradition by keeping my hands more than clean - anti-septic. So I am as sensitive as a gentleman playing cards on a 'liner', who won't play for money though he does so in his club. I'm 'ashamed' ever to sell my books, even at less than the cost of production. To talk 'business' at all is to me a sort of immodesty. I feel like a king obliged to pawn his watch, or like a 'pure' woman asking a friend for a loan, in agony lest he should think she was offering her 'virtue'. Equally, if the friend knew without doubt why I want the money, I am ready to prostitute myself not only shamelessly, but proudly, glad to prove my love for my Work by love's greatest martyrdom - personal degradation! A.C.)

I saw Fuller pictured in "Star in The West". The face startled me, and I am curious. Have I known him before? Should like to meet him. A "female soul in a masculine body." (Not a bit. A.C.)

Cabled M.K.W. Letter to Marian Marshall re funds.

Some generalizations, in an attempt to understand myself, for I have never confronted me. I feel and I don't feel. Somehow I managed a long time ago to bottle up, to chain in the cellar, or to muzzle, that part of me that feels, and have lived - where? I don't really know.

I have had a talk with Genesthai regarding the Tree of Life and I said, "Good God!". As for the reason, I shall 'hold back' as Leah said I did. Thoughts are things, the fewer the better. Some day I shall add a P.S. to this entry.

P.M.

Have just realized that once I yielded myself completely. My terror in May, 1918, when, after many efforts attempting catalepsy, I collapsed, gave up all, and said: "I am afraid."

April 10

A.M. 5:30 Contending forces are playing hob with me these days, and I understand. I must eliminate all mental friction and loss of energy through needless use.

P.M. Messing around with paint tubes, etc., all morning and till 3:30

7:30 A long walk by the sea. To me there seems a something gone, like the stoppage of a current. There is something lacking that should be here?

Was a purse found containing 30,000 lire? Night of the 8th I made a definite Invocation and limited the time of its operation. Did I mess things?

And I am glad M.K. refused me her small money when the Chiswick stock was purchased, for by now it would have been used. We did without & in our present extremity she may be able to stop the gap till sufficient money shall have come in.

Why this extremity, anyway? Have serious mistakes been made? Or is it that one or more of the people appealed to belong to this Circle and shall by this means be brought into it? Or is it both? Or another reason entirely? And why 100,000 for two years? In the last one, Shummy has contributed, roughly, 110,000. How much more has been added to this sum, and spent? Not very encouraging.

(Extremity due solely to wise business decision to 'carry on.')

I put in about 150,000. The expenses have been mostly investments. Our assets are now very large and only need to be realized. 100,000 will suffice for two years as we have paid off mortgages on our property of various kinds. A.C.)

April 12

A.M. 12:50 I wake and the following thoughts occur to me. Are we a Community, each contributing to the support of that Community; be it great or small, in labour or what, does not affect the question. Are we joint owners? If so, technically, is A.C. entitled to exclude anyone from the Abbey, say, in case anyone should desire to go there - except during a Cefaloedium Working, for example? Is he entitled to set apart anything purchased with common funds for his own consumption, denying others? - Liqueurs, wines, etc., - meaning less to me, I believe, than anyone else here I can raise this question.

(There is also the point (See CCXX, II, 58) that one is entitled, roughly speaking, to the things one has always been accustomed to have. A.C.)  
It might be well to face and settle, for future occasions - I should like to know at present - if this is: An autocratic institution?

An A.A.A. organization & autocratic?

An A.C. organization & autocratic?

A Community?

Also, as yielding up our all, in case of dismissal who pays transportation expenses, etc. Or, should each one here protect himself by withholding sufficient to carry him to a place of safety, should occasion arise?

By the by, Nietzsche says: "Obedience humiliates."

(Such questions can be settled one by one as they arise. We are a Ship and the Captain must be the sole authority for the sake of all alike. The Captain has the sole use of the sextant, despite the bosun's 'right' to hammer nails in with it, because the ship's safety depends on this restriction of it to the Captain. Thus 666 reserves the absinthe because it helps him to create scenarios whose sale will buy Ninette new clothes, and anyone else who drank it would not hereby help the Establishment of the Law. 666 never drinks it merely as a pleasure. He is now writing this obvious stuff after painting and dictating simultaneously all day, and will probably work out a new scenario all night, helped by cocaine at the risk of his health and reason, all to get money to Establish the Law. He is not grumbling at his poverty-stricken surroundings, or regretting the \$300,000 he has given to the Work, or withholding one drop of his blood from the Cup of BABALON. (And why shouldn't Hansi play with my colours, and your typewriter, and Lea grab Ninette's nipples from Lulu? SUUM CUIQUE. A.C.)

10:25

Again I try Yoga. I knew I needed a rest, but it must be two weeks since I stopped! Well, I abide. Meantime, I am attempting a study of myself. Of course, I have recognized from the beginning A.C. antagonized me - I antagonize him - the dislike is mutual. With an ocean between, it is different on my part. From one angle this is corking, an extremely wise arrangement. So, for the present, let it rest there. I can pay both a compliment: strong - I almost said violent - natures are always offensive in some way. Though, as I understand mine is to be a public ministry

not the seclusion of an Abbey, say, it may be incumbent upon me at least to disguise the harshness. In California none of this came up. The Ministry of Beauty, beauty of thought, beauty of action, beauty of surroundings, personal appearance and daily life, was a live thing with me. It was my rule of life, a rule which never proved irksome, never difficult. Here the reverse is the case. I want to be hateful, I want to irritate.

A good thing, too, when understood. Amen.

(The antagonism between Metonith & 666 is the mask of their love. She & he are alien by race, caste, education, profession, & temperament. But she doesn't get angry because Ibsen bores her, or he because the Esquimaux don't admire his poetry. But he is furious because His Metonith has no literary taste, and she because Her BEAST lacks the Quality of Bigness. But their Love having made them one in soul will, little by little, overrule these technical objections as frivolous. Much has already been done, and as Love works overtime every day, she will soon conquer selfishness and suspicion, and he accept American Barbarism as a Play of Nuit! A.C. )

To be continued.







# IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. II, No. 11

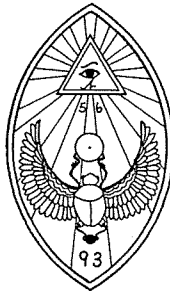
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.  
Love is the law, love under will.

An. LXXVII, 1981 e.v., Sun in 0° Cancer  
Published by the College of Thelema  
P.O. Box 415, Oroville, CA. 95965  
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The College of Thelema  
Founded in Service to  
the A.:A.:.

# COLLEGE of THELEMA



Founded in Service  
to the A.:A.:

P.O. Box 415  
Oroville, CA.  
95965  
June 21, 1981

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

There is a movement afoot within the ranks of the Ordo Templi Orientis to bring the organization closer to what has been written for it in THE BLUE EQUINOX, which is, THE EQUINOX, Vol. III No. 1. Liber LII, The Manifesto of the O.T.O. is reproduced in these pages to bring this effort some assistance. THE BLUE EQUINOX sometimes remains very difficult to procure as it goes out of print rather rapidly whenever it is published.

To date, the O.T.O. has incurred a deplorable reputation in some quarters due to the unknowledgeable and bumbling work of some of its adherents. But some of the Order's "children" have begun the process of growing up and are now involved in freeing it from undesirable and unthelemic codes and behaviour. These are working to bring it into some maturity so that it may function as a true initiative body.

To date, some ridiculous mistakes have been made in the Order which would move the true scholar and adherent of Thelema either to bouts of laughter, despair or scorn as the case may be. The only remedy, of course, is the careful training of those who are interested in Thelema and in either of Crowley's two Orders, or those who are outside of these. The College of Thelema has endeavoured to supply this training as there are only too few people who are interested in training themselves, or are even able to do this. To know and apply self-discipline, one must first experience discipline, either from teachers or parents or the community. If we are to know how to live as Thelemites, we must first of all gain knowledge of what it means to be a Thelemite.

For instance, the greeting and admonition at the top of this letter turns out not to be so easy to live and incorporate into one's life as it might seem at first sight. For one thing, does everyone truly allow other persons to go their own way unopposed? As is usual, there is plenty of interference one with the other in vain scrambles to gain titles and grades that have never been earned. In the overweening ambition which we often view, it is very obvious that this political manoeuvring has very much interfered with the True Wills of the persons concerned. The rituals of their lives are scarcely dedicated to Nuit, as we are told to

do so clearly in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS and in The Master Therion's comments and other writings.

In Thelema, in ~~the~~ O.T.O., no person should be trying to exert political, mental or moral thralldom over other persons and yet this sometimes happens in groups and sub-groups. The challenge for some would-be Thelemites is to try to free oneself from the desire to exert power over brothers and sisters through the claim of somehow superior status by the use of various titles, some of them made up out of thin air. Such uses of titles and spurious Grades are thinly disguised attempts of a wrongly directed ego to lord it over others and somehow get them to adopt one's own pattern of thinking or behaving.

In a few quarters the effort to become a Thelemite has been more honest and the work has been started to gain spiritual illumination and to achieve the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. This is no light task and demands a great deal of work and self-discipline and may take one or several incarnations, but at least the Path to enlightenment has been entered upon with serious intent. One such person may inspire others to turn from their doubtful ambitions and start for themselves the Great Work.

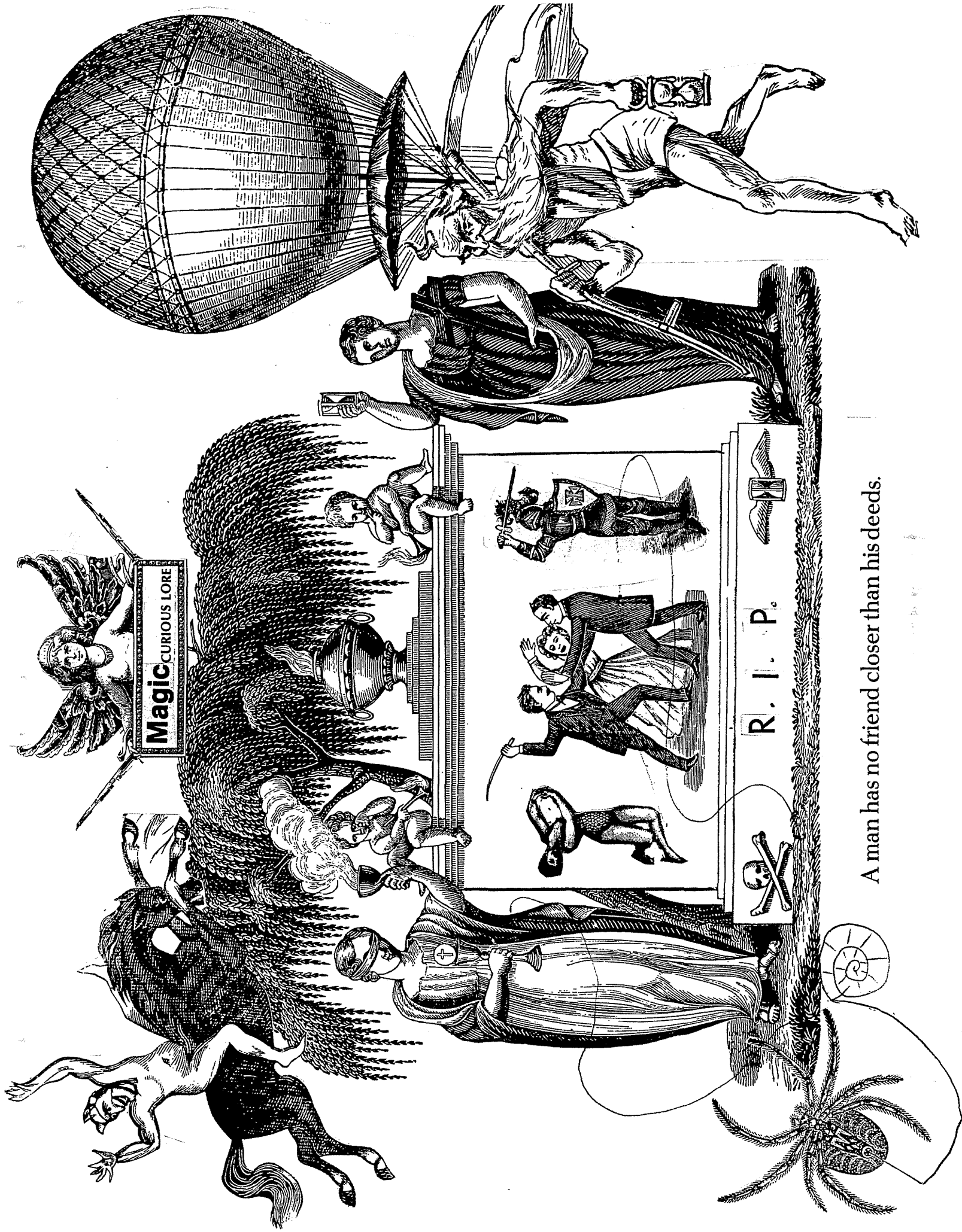
The O.T.O. should rightly support and encourage such serious intent of purpose, as it is upon these students and aspirants that the future good name of the Order shall depend. Unfortunately, there is much at the present moment in the O.T.O. to discourage such persons, as the play of politics is nearly overwhelming the Order and its purposes.

The finest of Occult Orders throughout all times have always depended for their growth, their leadership and government, upon true Adepts. Can the O.T.O. raise these Adepts from its ranks? There are encouraging signs that this may be possible should the present members of the O.T.O. put aside their silly political ambitions, recognising them as nothing more than a child's toy. The Order needs to be governed by those who hold the attitudes of Adepts, and not by the present "Men of Earth". The Master Therion wrote in such a fashion that it is very obvious, even to the merest tyro, that the O.T.O. should be run and governed by Aristocrats in spiritual attainment.

In due time, if this author is not too sanguine, we can all look forward to viewing the present parading "Bottoms" (as in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream") as but clowns upon the scene, who, when they perceive the laughter directed their way, can be expected to fade from the scene, outnumbered by serious seekers for Truth and Illumination.

Love is the law, love under will,

*Soror Meral*



A man has no friend closer than his deeds.



GOOD HUNTING!!

(An essay on the Nature of Comedy and Tragedy.)

By BAPHOMET, Grand Master of the Knights of the Holy Ghost.

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

"Bye Baby Bunting!

Daddy's gone a-hunting - - - "

Such is the sole stuff of art, as it was the sole occupation of primitive man. Hunting is the one real passion of man. Love, the desire of wealth or power, are only branches of the sport. For it is directly related to the first of all passions, hunger; and it is an exciting sport; it is gambling for the highest of all stakes. Now, art is primarily the celebration of excitement, the record of some stimulus of the soul. Dramatic art, which represents drama, action, consequently concerns itself with hunting - and with nothing else.

When daddy came back with a deer, there was great rejoicing in the tribe. Every one filled himself with meat; the cockles of his heart grew warm; he began to laugh. You can do the same today with a very hungry man, without the aid of alcohol. This expansive state being clearly associated causally with the killing of the deer, and the sportsman excitedly recounting his exploit, the story itself was food for laughter. And the key of the jest soon discovered itself as contempt for the foolish victim. "What a fine stag he was, how proud and swift! Nothing could catch him, and, if he wished, how sharp were those great, branching horns of his! And all the while there was I tracking him with my little flint axe - ha! ha! ha!"

All these points were seen and seized on by the old comedians. They would always accentuate the self-esteem of the victim. They would dress him up as a king or a God, and hunt him down. A still funnier elaboration of the joke was to persuade him that he was the hunter.

"Come", say they to Pentheus in the Bacchae, "come, great king, adorn thyself according to thy dignity; come, arm thyself, slay these wild creatures!" and aside: "And when we've got him there his own mother shall kill him in her madness, and run about with his head under the impression that it is a lion's!" This further development of humor was doubtless due to Dionysus; even the hungriest man could hardly think that out on mere venison.

I read my Agamemnon through the spectacles of Dr. A.W. Verrall, and it seems to me that the play is a comedy. The incident of the

carpet is very like adornment of the victim. Agamemnon, however, is not taken in the snare; he does not show "Hubris," but modesty; and this makes the play more serious. Still, no doubt, it ends on the comic note - Aegisthus chuckling over the success of his clever stratagem. This Hubris hated of the Gods is the root of many a proverb. "At the hour of triumph sacrifice the dearest thing thou hast to the Infernal Gods" - the case of the play "Jephthah." "Beware of the moment of success." Think of Ajax flattered into the madness wherein he kills the sheep - what a superlative jest for the on-looker! Alternative themes lead surely to anti-climax. Consider Abraham's sacrifice - what a typically inartistic ending! The whole passion and beauty of the drama is destroyed by the sneaking subterfuge of the substitution of the ram for the heir of promise.

Let us glance now at the Crucifixion. Here we have comedy in its fullest flower. "Hail, King of the Jews!" Triumphant entry into the capital; robing in purple, crowning in mockery, barbarous murder at the close. The ritual is that of all ancient comedies of initiation, with mere local variations. Now why do not we laugh! They did at the time. "Let us see whether Elias will come to take him down!" "He saved others, himself he could not save." The answer follows easily, and we shall see incidentally why we are a little doubtful as to whether Agamemnon is a comic figure.

When Daddy goes a-hunting he does not always bring home a deer. Sometimes he meets a diplodocus, and does not come home at all. Then, what do the tribe do? They squat and hug their empty bellies. There is no laughter. There is one long wail. There is no food, and the man that used to get it has been eaten alive. This is no joke, no joke at all. Presently the wail becomes articulate; some one recounts the heroic deeds of the dead hunter. How skilful he was! How cunning! How swift and strong! How accurately he swung the axe! And now "he is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest!" He died fighting heroically against enormous superiority of force - - - and so on. Anyhow, he's dead, and we're without food, and what can we do but weep? It is a tragedy!

Just so; that is the definition of tragedy. The primitives of the next tribe probably are laughing to split their sides. Their hunter has brought in a wild bull, and they are having a glorious time. "And that fool across the valley who fancied himself so at hunting went out after rabbits and got a diplodocus - ha! ha! ha!"

It is all a question of our sympathies. The event described is always the same. Whether it is a tragedy or a comedy depends on the point of view. The Agamemnon is a tragedy for the family



man; for the young sport who wants to beat him out of his wife and his kingdom, it is a romantic comedy.

So when we come to consider plays about Hecuba and other people that in no wise concern us personally, we judge by our own sympathies, and laugh or cry accordingly. Thus the sympathy of mankind has been secured, in the case of the crucifixion, for the figure of Jesus, so we call the story a tragedy. We have been told to identify him with Everyman, who is doomed to suffer a barbarous death sooner or later. It is the same with the stories of the murders of Osiris and Hiram. (Footnote: Observe, dear brother, the hunter's ritual in this last story; the stationing of the hunters, and the way they head off the game in turn.)

In other words, man began to think of himself no longer as a hunting animal, but as a victim. In the second stage of human thought, man is the sufferer. (Compare William James, and his remarks on the once-born and the twice-born.) Man has begun to fear Nature, to wail over his own fate symbolically in lamenting the deaths of the great heroes of the past. It no longer seems funny to us to adorn a man as a God, and eat him, for that is just what life is doing to all of us.

To recover the comic spirit, therefore, we must acquire a new view of death.

## II.

In certain previous essays of the writer it has been pointed out that desire or love must be held to include such phenomena as chemical change. All true acts of love produce or consume energy in some form, that we have explosive disintegrations and violently rapid oxidations which disengage heat, light, electricity, and other forms of matter and of motion - regard them as you please - which are (on the surface) of a different order of Nature to the ingredients of the operation. Similarly, by putting the right pair of featherless bipeds together, there are explosions and emotion, poetry, perhaps spiritual growth, as well as the phenomenon which is obviously of the same order - a baby.

In all such acts, chemical or physiological, there is a true transmutation, therefore, and we may class these things as genuinely partakers of the Ineffable Mystery of Godliness. In mere admixture we do not get this transmutation. Mix hydrogen and oxygen; they remain the same; nothing at all happens. Combine them and you get not only a transformation of the very nature of the molecules, but numerous physical phenomena - flame, heat, moisture - which were not there before.

Now let us take another issue. All conscious, self-willed

motion implies life, and all such motion being accompanied with chemical change and (as Buddha insisted) with the partial disintegration of the individual, we must define life as something quite beyond the crude conception which is usually formed of it. Every true phenomenon, whether it be the haemoglobin-oxyhaemoglobin-carboxyhaemoglobin cycle in the blood, or the changes in the brain which we call philosophy from a consideration of their effects, may be thought of as a form of copulation, atom seeking atom, and producing molecule, just as woman seeks man and produces offspring. Now every such act of copulation involves the death of the partakers. True, the hydrogen can be recovered from the water; ultimate simplicities are in some sort immortal, but (again we quote Buddha) all complexities perish and are not recoverable in their integrity. We cannot suppose that by recombining the recovered hydrogen and oxygen into water each atom in the original water will find the self-same mate. We cannot recover the father in the child, though we may perceive many traces of him; and the persistence of the father himself is due to the fact that only a minute percentage of his life is used in the production of the child. His quintessence vivifies any amount of other matter and transmutes it to his likeness; this is the Alchemical miracle, to produce some such process in the mineral kingdom. If one possessed the quintessence of gold, the unknown 'seed of gold,' that which makes gold gold and not silver, it might impregnate other elements and make them grow into its own nature. This at least was the theory evolved by the fathers of chemistry, and (I doubt not) will be the practice of their descendants in a year not distant.

Now to return, since every copulation may be considered as involving death, we may say (at the risk of appearing to convert an A proposition) that every death may be considered as a form of copulation. The chemical changes of disintegration are in no way distinguishable from those of life. We cannot call one set synthesis and the other analysis, even. We merely make a false distinction on account of the fact that our personal prejudices are involved - - - just as we were in doubt whether to laugh or to cry at the Agamemnon.

Now, it is to be noted that certain people take the sexual view of death. To this day the peasants in some parts of Greece regard the death of an individual as his marriage to that deity, Artemis or Aphrodite, to whom he was most devoted during life. Mohammed taught that death was the key to the enjoyment of the Hur al' Ayn. Even in Christian mysticism we find the death of the saint equivalent to his marriage with the Saviour. We are "waiting for the Bridegroom." In fact, this idea is almost universal in all true religion. (Buddhism, an exception, is more a philosophy than a religion.)

Now, we have no means of telling what occurs in the "soul"

at the time of death. Whatever may be the approaches to the pylon, we have no evidence with regard to the Door itself. But we have certain analogies in the experience of mystics. We have the "Dark Night of the Soul" breaking in the "Dawn of the Celestial Bridal." And we have in physical life an exact counterpart in the fear of Love which is characteristic of the Virgin. This is especially marked in the case of boys. There is an instinctive fear, repulsion and anxiety, which must be overcome before the soul swoons in bliss. Is it racial experience that tells him that love is the twin brother of death? Love and Death are the levers of that universal life which we saw to be the Name of the Universe. Each is an annihilation of an individual in the interests of universal Energy. Thus, as we have seen in a slightly different shape, when referring to the quintessence of comedy, Love and Death are the sole preoccupation of the artist, whose subject is Life. There is no other real interest, for there is nothing else in which to delight.

If, then, we can take the view that Death is an intense form of Love, in which the individual is permanently destroyed, as he is temporarily destroyed during the act of love, then this Life is universal Joy, a Divine Comedy, whose soul is Laughter. We can even explain the joy of cruelty, as a piquancy, a sting, in what would otherwise be a detestably sweet wine.

But if we fail to grasp this view, then we are forced to the alternative that Love is only a form of Death. The universe is an abyss of agony. "The mystery of the cruelty of things" is as terrible as Swinburne's "Anactoria" makes it. Everything is sorrow, we are Buddhists, and only in utter cessation is there peace. Buddha himself recognized this clearly enough; his intense distaste for sex is our witness. He saw that it was playing the game of Life to love; it was allowing oneself to be dragged deeper and deeper into the mire of Existence. A monotheism with any perception of the facts of nature - hard nowadays to escape some such perception! - may make its God in the image of the Marquis de Sade. The whole of organic nature is an orgy of murder and lust. There is only one escape from this position: to accept the unity of Love and Death, and to regard Death as mere Delight. Such a realization avoids the snare of Dualism, lays its axe to the root of the problem of the Origin of Evil, and renders Existence possible and desirable for the thinker as well as for the sensualist.

### III.

To the blessed ones who have accepted the Law of Thelema these words will hardly have been necessary. The doctrine is plainly stated in the Book of the Law.

"For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.

"This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all."

"Now let it be understood, if the body of the king dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy forever."

"Aye! Feast! Rejoice! there is no dread hereafter. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu."

"Thrill with the joy of life and death! Ah! they death shall be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our agelong love."

"Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine - and doubt it not, and if thou art ever joyous! Death is the crown of all."

This then, is the will of the Universe; Life eternal and universal, not petty, individual and transient; Life of which we are only conscious when in trance; Life whose consciousness is gained perfectly and permanently by the adept in virtue of his trance in proportion as he becomes fixed therein and makes his daily life partake thereof; Life that works inexorably and deliciously through Love and Death, which are Love. And this is expressed simply, succinctly, perfectly, in that transcendent phrase, the greeting wherewith we close our writings:

Love is the law, love under will.

Note - Taking a few plays at random, we see in every one the description of a hunting. Note that the strongest dramas are those in which the hunt is keenest. Where the hunting interest is weak or masked, the play becomes frivolous and lacking in the stuff of greatness.

Ajax - The hunting of Ajax by Ulysses.

Agamemnon - Agamemnon by Aegisthus.

Oedipus - Oedipus by Fate. Karma is very frequently taken for the hunter. The man's being hunted by himself is particularly funny!

Orestes trilogy - Orestes by Fate.

Bacchae - Pentheus by Dionysus.

Hamlet - Claudius by Hamlet. Here the motive is weakly carried out, and so the play is only interesting for the revelation of Hamlet's soul.

Lear - Lear by Madness.

Macbeth - Macbeth by his conscience, or by the Witches.

Othello - Othello by Iago.

Twelfth Night - The Duke by Viola (note hunter's disguise).

As You Like It - Orlando by Rosalind (ditto).

Romeo and Juliet - Love by Heredity.

Coriolanus - Coriolanus by the mob-spirit.

Julius Caesar - Caesar by Cassius.

Ghosts - Oswald by Heredity.  
 Hedda Gabler - Hedda by Breck.  
 Rosmersholm - Rosmer and Rebecca by the wife's ghost.  
 A Doll's House - Nora by her nascent individuality. (The lack of personal struggle makes this a weak, silly play.)  
 The Master-Builder - The Builder by Hilda.  
 An Enemy of Society - Society by Stockmann. (He conquers it, so this is a comedy.)  
 Brand - Brand by the Hawk.  
 Peer Gynt - Peer Gynt by Solveig. (Note the way she lurks silent throughout the play. Other exciting episodes are all huntings.)  
 Mortadello - Mortadello by Monica. (Note disguise at banquet.)  
 Snowstorm - Nerissa by Eric; Eric by Maud. (Observe hunter's disguises again.)  
 The Scorpion - Laylah by Rinaldo; their love by the Scorpion. (This is a romance, and neither comedy nor tragedy in the best sense.)  
 Household Gods - Crassus by Alicia. (Note supreme disguise.)  
 A Night in an Inn - the Thieves by the Idol.  
 The Gods of the Mountain. - The Beggars by the Gods.  
 The Blind Prophet - The Prophet (individual life) by Universal Life.  
 The Argonauts - Jason by Ares.  
 Adonis - Adonis by Psyche.  
 Atalanta in Calydon - Meleager by Circumstance. (Here the hunter is not personified, and so the play is weak. But note the comedy of the hunter hunted.)  
 The Mother's Tragedy - Cora by Karma.  
 The Fatal Force - Ratoum by S'afi (disguise again).  
 Jephthah - Jephthah by Jared. (Crude and undeveloped form of the idea.)  
 The World's Tragedy - Fate by Alexander.

By Aleister Crowley  
 From THE INTERNATIONAL, March 1917

JANE WOLFE

Hammer and Anvil, Part III

The Great Work

There had been some discussion as to whether Jane would be able to take a retirement before long and where this should be done. In the winter, she had inspected a boarding house but this proved to be impossible. She was getting anxious about this as the days flowed by. On April 15, she wrote about this.

April 15 A.M. I ask Yi: "Shall I have my Retirement in May?" And receive XIII.  
It has occurred to me that I may know "Rich man from the West", and I therefore ask Yi. And receive that symbol which says "Oracles of the Sun." This seemed to me at the time so far away from my question, I made no note of interpretation. Wrong.

5:50 I feel like pulling out the cornerstone, watching the building topple over, and sitting down in the midst of the ruins, the better to become one with it. This takes me back to childhood, when a pastime on warm days was to select a fine pile of warm earth, sit in the midst of it and pour the whole heap over head, shoulders and body. Sounds demoralizing enough!

April 16 A.M. Perhaps I was too apprehensive about the future of the Abbey, that time when more students should be here and therefore greater danger of shipwreck if we are a Community. Autocracies live - Communities, sooner or later blow up violently or disintegrate and fall apart. The nature of the training necessary for the Aspirant, it seems to me, precludes aught but autocracy. My questions resulted from A.C.'s calling us a "Community". The peoples of an autocracy - Benevolent Despotism, let us say, give their love - if necessary, their life, their all, to the welfare and maintenance of that Despotism. The peoples of a Community are never satisfied. (Witness America!!)  
(But a ship is a Community, though autocratically governed, A.C.)  
I find I rebel at "fixed principles", "fixed standards". I am well aware they make association easier, life more simple; for there would not be all this misunderstanding, this useless chatter. Yet, notwithstanding, why should there not be diversity here also?  
Is this too, "idiocy" on my part?  
"You do not realize who I am."

How can I express what is in me? I do not use the Babalon explanation in the Second Aethyr, but that which I love, that which I venerate, that which permeates me and has the power to fill me with ecstasy; has naught to do with output! It has naught to do with caste, naught to do with education, naught to do with anything the world esteems. Were there none of these but instead a toothless, senseless, gibbering imbecile, it would be the same. It is all the Elements combined in one. It is All-Yielding, All-Absorbing. It is Completion. What feeble language! When shall I express Myself?

Nor can I look out on any other than on a level of perfect equality: it is not possible. It is not possible for it would not be worthy.

(And here I note that although, in the past, I have used that term - "perfect equality" - I never before felt it; there was always a barrier.)

Is aught degrading but thinking makes it so? Does not herein lie one reason for the strength of Japan? In California I have seen well trained, well born, well educated Japanese, doing the most menial work - for the time being, at least - without loss of manhood, loss of dignity or self-respect. When did they arrive at this Truth?

A dream which should have been entered yesterday. I was in an unusually large square room in an hotel. A.C. and Leah were there, seated at a table in one corner, near a window, and to my left, I seated on the foot of the bed, which position placed me toward centre of room. I then found myself enveloped in a black lace mantilla. It fell from over my head. With its wearing I became coquettish, using my arms as a dancer might in handling the lace. Evidently no one in the room paid the slightest attention. I found myself on a picturesque street in a strange city, buildings close and compact, and undoubtedly European. The street on which I walked ascended, another street falling away from it but leading in same direction, my street above being balustraded. I then realized I was to meet a youth of twenty, or thereabouts: he waiting for me somewhere. Arriving at "A", I seated myself at a small table of an outdoor restaurant. The youth was seated, I knew just below, though like a cat with a mouse I did not see him at all. He became more and more impatient, and then a note was placed in my hand which was sent by him. It was folded square, I was quite conscious of this. I opened my hand to read and found a bill of a 20 denomination. This bill was about the size of a French 100 franc and of a similar blue &

pink. In this dream my name was Lola.

- April 26 12:30 p.m. "Talk not overmuch", but when one does talk, for heaven's sake, let it be to the individual involved or accused! One word then might eliminate all misunderstanding. (This includes myself - too bad I have to so note).  
Many things I noticed on my arrival at the Abbey. One of them was this damnable beating about the bush - no one able, it seemed to me then, to say a straightforward "Yes" - "No". Then after the occurrence, or lack of it, recriminations. "If you had done what I said," etc. - an attempt to shift the responsibility. This not yet weeded out.  
(Please give concrete facts when accusing people. Your own note has just the defects you observe in others. A.C.)
- April 28 I cannot see myself on the Rock: I doubt if I shall go there at all. And I am wondering if my "Retirement" will take place right here in the Abbey? Of course, May, 1921, may not be correct after all.
- May 10 P.M. I realize now how doing a thing without "Why?", "Wherefore?" prepares one the sooner for the service of the Gods - the elimination of the personal. This has arisen in connection with flagellation, recommended by A.C. after hearing my dream of May 8.  
(Flagellation as a joke. Not asking why is the great secret. A.C.)  
The peculiar thing about this, it seems to me, is that something within desires this experience, and immediately I say "Why!"  
To start things going - if it will?  
Curiosity - to have first hand experience? Or, is it fundamental?  
I have begun to suspect that I take pleasure in inflicting pain by word. No, I do not. I do it, but not for pleasure; no, it is not my Will. (I think I can trace this to my early twenties. I shall see.)  
Shall I discover an enjoyment of physical pain?  
Have read "Flagellation in France."  
To widen my experience?  
This wanting the experience is extremely subtle. One can be restless for days then suddenly realize, say, a necessary ingredient is missing from one's diet. But this is not of the physical. It seems too subtle to be of the astral. Is it the soul? Has the mind aught to do with it?  
(Its an obscene sexual complex. A.C.)
- 8:45  
9:00



May 14  
10:30

The Pure Fool has no objective.  
That must be correct, yet how about Will?  
Will says: "Travel from A to M". Therefore, M is an objective and one's destiny is not accomplished unless one achieve M. Make this duality one - how?  
(Indeed, how? A.C.)  
This also takes me back to a discussion with Leah, about "watching each step".  
It strikes me Russell works with lust of result. He climbs the rock, he takes grass, to get to the top, the quicker he gets there the better. Would not the Fool forget about the top? Would not he see all the detail en route, indifferent as to whether he achieved the top in a day, a month, a year?  
(Right. A.C.)  
I see that the use of the word "watch" might easily mislead one as to my meaning - it was not a happy selection.

May 15  
A.M.

I have got to what for me is a demoralizing point, the challenging of everything I think or do to detect lust of result. Everything, from one angle is just that thing - aspiration for union, the preparation for the Work assigned one.  
I am in Midwinter's shoes.  
(Yes, but you must pass that point. Its an Ordeal. A.C.)

P.M.

9 drops of grass.  
Two flashes of unadorned Desire - not pretty.  
Money just clearing water front of U.S. - perhaps one day out.

May 17

Shall I find the voluptuary in myself, that which is best illustrated by the cat luxuriating in warmth and lazily stretching itself in a physical ecstasy?  
(Probably. A.C.)

May 18  
P.M.  
4:20

Another instance of losing a proper focus through haste? Getting one thing & assuming that one thing to be all?  
I have said; "I cannot see myself on the rock". Should I have said: "I cannot see myself in the little house at which A.C. & I looked?" (I stick to the former, May 29. J.W.)  
Just returned from a climb to High Boy with Genesthai and on the opposite side from our abode, directly over the water, in the Temple of Jupiter, is a house with roof intact, without doors or windows, put up by the Italian government during the war, no doubt, as it is modern.

May 19  
P.M.  
6:00

May 14 I was given distinctly: "The Pure Fool has no objective." For days I have been restive, impatient, chafing at the bit. I have realized Desire must be at the root of it, the fact that it was for Understanding, power, to go ahead and achieve, to help out in the present dilemma, makes no difference. Today, not being dressed warmly enough coming from the bath, I chilled, went to bed and all afternoon lay in a fever. At the supper hour I heard A.C.'s voice: "I have been thinking of Jane's retirement: it seems impossible."  
(I have been thinking of it a good deal. A.C.)  
This broke me down. I lay still for some time with the tears rolling down my cheeks, my pride was gradually eliminated, and I finally said: "Fee Wah, Elder Brother, Gods, take me as I am; purge me." I found myself high on a rounded hill. Straight ahead, some distance away and seen over the tops of trees growing below the curve of the hill, lay the sea, high mountains at either side of it, though the left line of ridges filled more of the picture, the right frame of the sea being a tall, spire-like rock. The path on which I stood, though clearly enough defined, was completely covered with dead grass. To my left, outlining the path, dead briars of the berry variety, growing a trifle higher than the knee. The ground rolling up and back of them covered with dead grass. Then to my right appeared Elder Brother (?), the earth back of him falling directly into a ravine. We stood in the sunlight. All Desire by this time had dropped from me. I felt for this being a great love and I yearned earnestly to merge my being in his - to lose myself. But I did not. I rested against him till thoroughly imbued with the "stooping Starlight", and then went on alone; for one second, when realizing I was alone, a timorous feeling, which I was able to conquer. I then passed on a few yards and began the descent on the path, slightly curving to the left and now closed in by a pine forest, so that the path was lost in darkness. I then realized Elder Brother was clothed in black.  
I next found myself on the floor of the valley below the path where I first stood. I found here dead vegetation growing low on the ground, the valley narrow like a hall almost, while all round the cliffs rising high. And I said: "My way the valley, not the peaks." And I went forward, simply and without aim, in the direction of the sea, though I saw no distance ahead.  
(I did the same thing May, 1918, when, having been led up on a high mountain, I saw before me a scene of ravishing beauty - a basin, the sun shining through silvery mists lying below and bringing into view an exquisitely

beautiful landscape. I gazed, intoxicated, then turned my back and said: "I choose the valley", which lay dark and drear in front of me, and descended into it.) L.V. Jefferson, through sister's letter dated April 28: "Jane is marking time; will shortly leave there - I get Burma: a tall man in belted robe, double turban effect, standing in belt of sunlight, back to me. Jane comes up behind. After coming into sunshine she becomes very happy - the first time since leaving California, and starts out as though she had a definite aim, springy-footed, her whole attitude expressing eager joy in mission. There is much growth, but not the tangled untrodden jungle. Will not return to the United States under two years."

(Bad. A.C.)

I cannot see a Great Magical Retirement. I had the impression as I stood on the path first and alone, that the plan outlined was too much - I had not the strength? It was then I said: "Take me as I am," etc. Or is it not the Plan? A Tarot divination by Genesthai says it is not my will nor the will of the Lords of the Aeon.

(G. can't do Taro yet. A.C.)

May 21  
A.M.

All day yesterday I was free from any Desire - things looked different. I offered to take over the washing of Lulu's diapers, etc., and meant it. Two days ago I could not have done this - easily. This brings me to the Christian Science way - their expression being: "There is no need to give up anything, or worry about error: you outgrow things." I have noticed this same thing take place with me - the dropping away, the sloughing off, without thought aimed in that particular direction.

May 24  
P.M.

I made the statement: "I never tire so long as I am interested." I now eat crow! I was tired today - all day; I felt wobbly in my back because of climbing up and down from tables and chairs and pulling chairs up after me. Yet I know I am interested in painting that wall. I go back to my stage days. One stands before an audience, alert, animated, because one is interested in doing the thing, when off the set one collapses in the arms of a helper or physician, or curls up in a knot on a nearby trunk, insensible to everything and everybody, till across the brain flashes the cue. Yet the interest is there.

May 26  
5:10 A.M.

25' Pranayama

May 27 20' Pranayama  
 4:28A.M. Typed A.C.'s poetical version of the Yi. This morning before returning the book, I open the map which shows the hexagrams placed in a circle. I run my finger around with closed eyes, and select one. Ming I, XXXVI \*.

P.M. For the first in a long, long time, I turned consciously, gratefully and with love toward my Unseen Helpers, and there seemed, at a great distance away, a shimmering of vermillion and green-gold.  
 (These are the Hierophant's colours. A.C.)

May 29 10' Pranayama  
 A.M. Strange, on the edge of sleep last night, I was conscious of rich blues and I felt love permeate me and I exclaimed "Aiwaz". Hadit, Nuith, Aiwaz, et al, have been but names to me. Melchisedeck, Amoun - no; they have life. A far away state during the night, in which I found myself pregnant of two children. They lay side by side, not one above the other as I understand is the usual way with twins. These two symbolic of a spiritual (?) impregnation of two branches of work? of two powers?  
 (Does this connect up with the "boy and a girl", I wonder?)\*

Later that day Jane asked Frater Genesthai to do a Tarot divination for her and then copied his answer from his notes. For the most part, Crowley remarked "rubbish" in the margins, along with a series of question marks. At the end his comment pencilled in was: "This is the most unintelligible drivel I have read for a long time. It is wholly undesirable to confer with flesh and blood. There is only one thing to do; to stick to your Work, without lust of result."

\* Ming I: Intelligence sore hurt? Reflect  
 On the position rigidly correct.  
 Hurt? Droop thy wings and fast, while critics leaguer.  
 A horse may save one wounded in the thigh.  
 Thy great foe taken, be not over eager;  
 Escape from night by mind's propriety.  
 Think how the court of Ki met destiny.  
 At last earth swallows him that trod the sky.

\*\* It is difficult enough to interpret visions but it may be of interest to remark that Jane was later working with two Geminis, Wilfred T. Smith and Phyllis Seckler. The work of these two was different and separated by much time, but was important to the spread of Thelema.

May 31 P.M. 11:30 Read Book of the Law and that portion of Temple of Solomon the King in No. X.  
My first glimpse of Love for the Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum at Cefalu. Heretofore reason only has acclaimed it.

11:40 "Why?", "Wherefore?" constitutes duality. Doing a thing without question eliminates it.

11:54 Bab has been here, radiantly happy. Yet there is something ominous about this - a something that almost makes me fearful.

June 1 I lay quiet for a time, then "Bab" returned. Not instantly did I recognize the imposter, but I did realize that I was not one with this one. I remained unmoved; then came gleaming teeth. It seemed something animal-man, head rounded at top like that of a cat. I did not see the eyes. I was as self-possessed as I would have been with Hansi. On my recognition and lack of fear, it disappeared.

P.M. Later Smoked opium this evening at Horsel; to my room at 10:15. Textla. The meaning of this word fully described to me, yet I can recall the name only. Also I was shown the "strength, force, vigour" of the direct line from the individual to God - no intermediaries.

June 4 A.M. P.M. I now see for myself the necessity of releasing body, mind, to the uses of the Will, without any restrictions. "The Key of the Mysteries." The "Spirit of Charity" is a real, a live thing: I grasp that. To make it a part of one's life. Attract - do not pursue. "Abandoned themselves to the delirium of a passion."

June 6 A.M. Quite without conscious thought on my part a link was established with Ra Hoor Khuit - the name has taken on a degree of life. This sort of thing has happened to me a number of times, and I wonder which is the better plan? To keep the aspiration true and let the rose unfold naturally, petal by petal? Or, by a system of willed exercises, open up to the core one side of the rose? One may say the former, but occasion may demand the latter - in which case it would be the better. This afternoon I tried to get hold of the Spirit of Truth. I was in the typing room on the floor, A.C. on the couch, Leah typing. Could I have got aught alone? I must reach this.

11:50 A long talk from A.C. regarding my Retirement - at the Caldura.

June 7  
P.M.  
11:45      Worked for Spirit of Truth - got hold of something but what?  
Does a pinkish-lavendar mean aught?  
A little later a brilliant green.  
Afterwards a brilliant blue.

June 8  
3 A.M.  
8:45      Find myself still revolving around the Spirit of Truth, though not so deeply as last night. I have been wakeful all this time.  
Read Levi's, "Key to the Mysteries till 4:00, then fitful sleep till now.  
P.M.  
10:00      No bathing - painted most of the day, then at 4:30 started opium. No appreciable effects except a wonderful, luminous ruby red outlined in black, the line of black against the red soft though distinct. A black line also passed through the centre of the body of red.  
My thoughts passed to Del Moral, a handsome Porto Rican boy, an admirer when I was in the teens. He spoke but little English, I no Spanish, yet we passed a couple of hours together almost in silence. The turn of a hand, the use of a handkerchief, the elevation of an eyebrow of vast import: the slight turn of a foot a poem. Is this lost as one gets older? There must be mental stimulus or contact of bodies to keep two people interested. The former is called "calf love", but I am wondering if much has not been lost by being unable to take so keen a delight in watching bodily play.  
Many fleeting pictures, and I am wondering if the painting of the walls does not cause these. There was one very quick flash in which a fox took the place of Leah. I found this amusing - it should have been a "monkey".  
11:35      There has been a very strong Ra Hoor Khuit vibration. Shall I next find Nuith and Hadit mean life to me? All these months I have stood apart. I read the Book of the Law as I might study a mathematical problem - coldly. In the past two weeks two names have taken on life - I have got a significance of one or two statements.

June 9  
A.M.      I have been thinking of the R.H.K. vibration. Some pictures one sees and stands apart from. Others one sees and there seems to be a link - an electric light wire, say.  
Again there is a decided response - such as last night - without the picture. (What is the colour? There must be one.)  
All vibration has colour and sound also. The musician gets the harmonies of sound; the artist, the colours; the poet, the rhythm of words - the great poet, all three. Is this why poetry is the greater art?

P.M. I have felt unusually well all day. About four o'clock I lay down and consciously applied "I am the strength, force, vigour." Call down fire from heaven? Why not strength when one has need? A reservoir one can always tap, I am sure, when one knows how.

June 10 I experience the old feeling of aloofness - what seems  
A.M. at times contempt - for Aiwaz this morning. The fact that the wire has vibrated, and in what seems a satisfactory manner - has made no difference, apparently. I feel that I could with safety measure swords.

June 11 I walk to the Horsel - nobody astir. So I return.  
10:42 A.M. Passing the mill I suddenly realize the meaning of an entry of June 1, "no intermediaries." It stirs me so, I all but roar aloud in laughter! An aspirant for probation to A..A.., while admiring and being helped, guided, strengthened by Beast, does not set him up for worship as does a Catholic the Christ, the Virgin. So with Aiwaz, Ra Hoor Khuit, et al. "You must go to God, not to me", said Fee Wah. So would say also Ra Hoor Khuit. There is a strange happiness and exhilaration in this knowledge.

Later I also realize how much better prepared I am for the Retirement at this time. One month ago it would have been an intensely personal thing. It seems a year since then, so much has this personal attitude dropped away from me.

June 13 Only a free man knows how to love. In California I killed God. I think now I have them all killed! I go into Retirement today.

## THERE IS A STAR IN YOUR POCKET!!

by Frater Ion, 66

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

Many would be astrologers are not, because they faint at the thought of the seemingly involved calculations required to cast a chart. Yet, in your pocket, you have a tool which renders such calculations very simple. This little device can be invoked by uttering the old Druid chant "Wearis Mi Kalque Lator?" three times when facing the center of Greater Downtown Burbank with the west wind blowing thru freshly washed hair. If the spell works, you shall find in either your left or right hand a simple electronic calculator which can 1) ADD, 2) SUBTRACT, 3) MULTIPLY and 4) DIVIDE. If you perform this chant wearing clean underwear, you might find that the calculator also has a memory. Remember, you need not fast for two weeks or use the blood of a left-handed black chicken and cause the calculator to possess other features, such as trig functions or the like. Just a simple hand-held, battery-operated, garden-variety dime-store calculator is sufficient, something around \$10... nothing fancy.

Now that you have conjured up some reasonable sort of a calculator, you will need a book. Bell and candle is optional... Select that old dog-eared volume your great aunt left you, the one with the personal comments in the margins by the hand of Mr. A. Crowley, the good old Ephemeris. That's right, the one you were using to press roses. While you are at your book shelf, pick up your "House of Tables", or, if you prefer, the "Table of Houses." No, not the Enochian ones, the one from the Rosicrucian Fellowship. If you are currently using that tome for support on the short leg of your desk, you can use an atlas, or the telephone call to your local library (when they are open.)

The calculator is used to calculate, the Ephemeris is used to locate the planets on a given day, and the Table of Houses, Atlas, or call to the librarian will give the time zone information. These are all the magickal weapons needed to determine the planetary positions at any place on any day at any hour. If you wish to record such information, the usual Goose Quill and Virgin Parchment should be obtained following the directions contained in the Ancient Writings. No need to obtain Dragon's Blood Ink as this is a minor magickal working.



## THE FIRST GESTURE

Open the Ephemeris to the Month and Year in question. Determine what time the planetary positions are listed for in the book. You will find such information given in the form of statements like, "Calculated for 12<sup>h</sup> Ephemeris Time" (in Simplified Scientific Ephemeris by the Rosicrucian Fellowship), or "0<sup>h</sup> E.S.T." (as in the Dell Publications Magazine Horoscope), or "0<sup>h</sup> GMT" (from the Quicksilver Productions Pocket Astrologer.) To understand these notations, which are found on the top of the page in the Ephemeris, two pieces of information must be "decoded." First is the hour used by the Ephemeris. 0<sup>h</sup> is Midnight and 12<sup>h</sup> is O.K. Corral Time (High Noon). Ephemeris Time is "treated exactly the same as Greenwich Mean Time...the latter does not vary from the former by more than a few seconds." (From the Simplified Scientific Ephemeris, op cit.) Greenwich Mean Time (called GMT for short) is the time in Greenwich, England. This is also time zone 0 (zero). For those who are wondering why that location would be the "starting point of all time", recall that the ancient Druid King used to visit England (possibly trying to work out some sort of peace agreement between Ireland and England) and at the time that the Druids were establishing the time zone concept, he was having tea and crumpits on his favorite rock in Downtown Greenwich. E.S.T. really means Eastern Standard Time, the time that most New Yorkers follow for at least part of a year.

The important step for you to master at this gesture is to know what time and where the planetary positions are listed in your Ephemeris. Notice that some lists use midnight and others, not so commonly, use noon. Some give the planetary positions for either midnight or noon GMT and others use another time zone noon or midnight. Once you are able to understand the hour and location of that hour which your particular Ephemeris uses you have completed the 1st gesture. But be particularly careful to avoid the confusion between 0<sup>h</sup> and 12<sup>h</sup>. Such a mistake can cause you to misplace the moon, and we all know of the dreaded "Curse of the missing Moon", don't we? When you understand what time and place your Ephemeris uses, vibrate the ancient Druid mantra "IGOTIT" and strike a battery of 8-8-8.

## THE SECOND GESTURE

Here we will determine the TIME ZONE of a) the place the Ephemeris and b) the place of interest. Notice that part a was accomplished above. Memory is important in Magickal Matters.

Supposing you are using your Table of Houses and the place of interest is Cairo, Georgia. In the front of this book you will notice that the Longitude of this place is given as  $84^{\circ}$  West. To convert this to a TIME ZONE, just divide by 15 and round off.  $84/15=5.6$  which rounds to 6. \* West is + and East is - (which explains the thrill of the Oriental Woman). Shall we try another example? OK, suppose your Ephemeris says that the positions listed are for Rocky Mountain Time (really called MST), and you have discovered that you must know the TIME ZONE of MST. Using your Table of Houses, and knowing that Boise, Idaho is in that time zone, look up the Longitude of Boise. Notice that it is  $116^{\circ}$  W.  $116/15=7.73333$ . You might be tempted to round off to +8, but don't. All of Idaho is in MST and looking further, notice that Pocatello, Idaho is at  $112^{\circ}$  W.  $112/15=7.4666$ . Therefore MST is in TIME ZONE +7. If you are not sure of the Time Zone of a location and find the Table of Houses confusing, use a map which gives the time zone information, or call your librarian.

Permit, at this point, a bit of historical digression. To explain the reason for time zones we must travel back to the time of the Druids. When all of civilization was in Atlantis (Ireland, now), there was no need for time zones. But the wise Druids started to multiply and to travel. The time came when it was dangerous for all mankind to say the Noon Resh at the same time. So the earth was then made round and the sun was made to take 24 hours to traverse the earth. This made 24 little noons (for Resh) around the world. But the Druids still wished to perform simultaneous rituals, even if there was more than  $15^{\circ}$  of Longitude between groups. So they invented the time zone concept, a number which can be used to convert local time to GMT, or a pair of numbers to convert your local time to correspond with the local time in some other place.

Perhaps an example is in order at this point. Suppose you wish to find out what time in Berkeley is the same time as noon in New York. Here are the steps you would use:

- a) Enter the Time Zone of New York into your calculator (+5 in this case.
- b) SUBTRACT the Time Zone of Berkeley (+8). The answer will be -3.
- c) ADD the time in New York (12) and the result is 9.

This means that 9AM in Berkeley is the same as 12 Noon in New York.

\*The solution of this equation is left to those of  $1^{\circ}$  or higher. For those of lesser grades, let it be sufficient to notice that there are  $360^{\circ}$  around the earth and it takes 24 hours for the earth to rotate.  $360/24=15$  (degrees per hour does the earth turn). + for West means that, since the earth rotates such to cause the sun to travel West, we must ADD the TIME ZONE to local time to convert to GMT...

Another example... suppose you wished to know what time in Berkeley is the same as Midnight (0<sup>h</sup>) in New York. Step c would be performed by adding 0 (or just using the -3). What time is -3, you may ask? Just ADD 24 and consider the previous day. The result is 21 hours on the previous day. For those not acquainted with military time, just SUBTRACT 12 from any answer greater than 12 and call the time PM.  $21-12=9\text{PM}$ . This means that 9PM on Tuesday Night in Berkeley is the same as Midnight Tuesday/Wednesday in New York. If the result is greater than 24, subtract 24 and think of the next day, as this example shows:

Suppose that you are in New York and wish to call a friend in Berkeley at 10PM on Sunday Night. Let's look at the steps:

- a) enter the timezone of Berkeley (+8)
- b) SUBTRACT New York's timezone (+5). Result is +3.
- c) ADD the Berkeley Time of 10PM ( $10+12=22$ ).  $3+22=25$  hours.
- d) convert your answer into useable time by SUBTRACTING 24 and using the following day.  $25-24=1\text{AM}$

Now, 1AM Monday Morning in New York is the same time as 10PM in Berkeley.

This is the procedure used to convert the time given in the Ephemeris to our local time, the object of this 2nd gesture. This gesture is easy to use once the fundamental secrets are conquered. Let us use, now, the Druid names for the two times. The time you are going to solve for is called "TIMEHERE" and the time you know from the Ephemeris is called "THATIME". The procedure is as follows:

- a) enter the time zone of THERE. The Ephemeris Time Zone found in Gesture One.
- b) SUBTRACT the time zone of HERE, found in the beginning of the 2nd Gesture.
- c) ADD the HOUR of THERE, or "THATIME".
- d) convert to useable time as described above.

Let us use this to determine the LOCAL TIME ("TIMEHERE") for those who have an EPHEMERIS which states "12<sup>h</sup> EST." And let us locate ourselves in Chehalis, Washington, Longitude 123°W.  $123/15=8.2=8$  time zone. EST is +5, as we determined earlier.

- a) Enter EST Time Zone (5).
- b) SUBTRACT PST Time Zone (+8). Result is -3.
- c) ADD Ephemeris Time (12). Result is 9.

We have just found out that an Ephemeris written for 12<sup>h</sup> EST tells you where the planets are at 9AM on the West Coast. The key to performing this gesture can be summarized in the saying, "Time Zone There minus Time Zone Here Plus Time There." You may now use the vibrated name "MAKESENSE" and strike a ping pong ball a battery of 8-8. But for safety, we will work one more example.

Suppose you are travelling from Chico, California to Chicago, Illinois. You have taken with you your favorite "Pocket Astrologer" which lists the planetary aspects for 12<sup>h</sup> PST (Pacific Standard Time, or West Coast Time, time zone +8). You notice that there is a terrible aspect of Mars and your natal Petaluma at 1:23AM. You wish to perform the Greater Un-Hexing Ritual of the 10 candles held by 20 "Hands-of-Glory". But you don't know what time that would be in Chicago. Here's another example, using the same techniques above, which will solve this problem.

- a) Enter the Time Zone There (+8 for Chico, California).
- b) SUBTRACT Time Zone Here (+6, remember, you are now in Illinois). Result is +2.
- c) ADD the hour there (the minutes will not change for this example). 2+1=3. The time in Chicago which corresponds to 1:23AM in California is 3:23 AM on the same day.

### THE THIRD GESTURE

You now know what time, local time, the planets are where the Ephemeris says they are. As we approach the inner secrets of this ritual, it becomes more intense. Your next operation will be to determine the difference in time between the actual time of concern (say the birth time of the person who you are doing the chart for) and the **local** time of planetary positions determined in the 2nd Gesture. Before we do this, since all your calculators have a memory, you did remember to change your BVD's, didn't you?, commit the time from the 2nd gesture to memory. You are also, if you wish, permitted to write this down, BUT ONLY IN WITCHES RUNES!

Now we will look at the method used to convert hours and minutes into a decimal number of hours. Here is how: To convert 4:30 AM to the decimal number of hours from midnight,

- a) enter the minutes (30).
- b) DIVIDE by 60. Result is 0.5
- c) ADD the hour (4). Answer is 4.5

Let's do that again...how about changing 4:30 PM?

- a) Enter the Minutes (30).
- b) DIVIDE by 60. Result is still 0.5.
- c) ADD the hour (16.  $4+12$  (for PM) = 16). Result is 16.5.

So, now you know that 4.5 hours into a day is 4:30 AM and 16.5 hours after midnight is 4:30 PM. Here comes the magick of it all...nothing remains to this gesture but two more simple steps, a) SUBTRACT the result of gesture two and b) DIVIDE this by 24. You now have a correction factor which will be used later. The factor is the fractional part of a day equal to the amount of time between your time of concern and the time the Ephemeris used to indicate planetary positions.

To practice this little trick, let us suppose that your Ephemeris Hour is 9AM, and you are concerned with 11:45 AM. Here are the steps needed to compute your correction factor:

- a) enter the minutes of concern (45).
- b) DIVIDE by 60. Result is 0.75.
- c) ADD the hour of concern (11). Result is 11.75.
- d) SUBTRACT the Ephemeris hour (9). Result is 2.75.
- e) DIVIDE by 24. Result is 0.1145833.

Since the result is positive, this means that the time of concern is AFTER the Ephemeris hour. How about trying it again, this time making the time of concern 6:15 AM?

- a) Enter the minutes of concern (15).
- b) DIVIDE by 60 resulting in 0.25.
- c) ADD the hour of concern (6), resulting in 6.25.
- d) SUBTRACT the Ephemeris hour (9), yielding -2.75.
- e) DIVIDE by 24 and your answer is -0.1145833.

Notice the amount of the correction factor is the same (the difference of time, 2 hours and 45 minutes, was the same) but the value is now negative. This negative factor means that the time of concern is BEFORE the Ephemeris hour.

Let's try it again. Still using the same Ephemeris hour of 9AM, solve for the correction factor when the time of concern is 10:20 PM.

- a) Enter the minutes of concern (20).
- b) DIVIDE by 60. Answer is 0.3333333
- c) ADD the hour of concern ( $10+12=22$ ), and you have 22.3333333.
- d) SUBTRACT the Ephemeris hour (9) yielding 13.3333333.
- e) DIVIDE by 24 and you find the answer of 0.5555555.

Since you are half way through the ritual, it is time to kiss the mistress, bathe the dog, perform the Mass of the Canary and visualize the burning Godname "ITWORKSFORME". Strike a battery of 8-1-1 on your tummy.

#### THE FOURTH GESTURE

Perform the lesser Octogram Bah-Humbug Ritual and prepare to calculate the positional difference of the planet(s) during the day of concern. During this process preserve the results of the 3rd gesture. THIS IS OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE. The success of the entire ritual depends on this!!!!

The procedure for calculating planetary positional difference is much like that procedure used to calculate differences in time, from the above gesture. The key lies in converting degrees, minutes and, in some cases (like the Sun) seconds into a decimal number of degrees. Just like above, you will SUBTRACT the earlier position from the later position, as given in your Ephemeris. For this example, we will use the "Simplified Scientific Ephemeris" because, a) it happens to be on the desk right now, b) it is universally available, and c) the cover is a delightful blue color which is pleasing to the eye. Look on the page for the Month of February 1981. Using the 10th of that month as our day of concern, and the Moon as the planet of concern, we observe the following:

<u>DAY</u>	<u>Lunar Position</u>	<u>Solar Position</u>	<u>Mercury's Position</u>
10	5°15' Taurus	21°40'22" Aquarius	4°34' Pisces
11	19°29'	22°41'04"	4°08'

First, the Moon.

- Enter the minutes of the ~~earlier~~ (10th) day (15)
- DIVIDE by 60, resulting in 0.25
- ADD the degrees of the earlier day (the 10th) which is 5. result is 5.25.
- STORE THIS IN MEMORY. (or write it down).
- Enter the latter minutes (from the 11th) (29).
- DIVIDE by 60, yielding 0.4833333
- ADD the Latter Day's (11th) degrees (19) resulting in 19.4833333
- SUBTRACT the earlier position (5.25) and you now have 14.2333333

Would you believe that the Moon moved 14.2333333 degrees in one day? Looking at just the degrees, from 5° to 19°, we find a difference of 14°. The difference between 15' and 29" is 0.2333333 degrees, isn't it?

Now for the Sun. We have seconds to contend with, and unlike the seconds used in a duel, these are much easier to handle, as this example shows:

- a) enter the seconds of the earlier day (the 10th). Enter 22.
- b) DIVIDE by 60. Result is 0.3666666.
- c) ADD the minutes of the 10th (40), yielding 40.3666666.
- d) DIVIDE this by 60 producing the result of 0.6727777
- e) ADD the degrees of the 10th (21) and you now have 21.672777
- f) STORE this in memory.
- g) enter the seconds of the 11th (4)
- h) DIVIDE by 60 finding the answer of 0.0666666
- i) ADD the minutes of the 11th (41) and now you have 41.066666
- j) DIVIDE this by 60 and now the calculator reads 0.6844444
- k) ADD the degrees of the 11th (22) and your answer is 22.684444
- l) SUBTRACT MEMORY (the 21.672777) and the planetary motion is 1.011667.

Or, we have determined that the Sun travelled 1.011667 degrees between the 10th and 11th of February, 1981 e.v.

How do we handle a planet which is displaying retrograde motion? Look at Mercury and the following example: (USE THE SAME TECHNIQUE)

- a) enter the minutes of the 10th (34)
- b) DIVIDE by 60 yielding 0.5666666.
- c) ADD the degrees of the 10th (4) and you have 4.5666666.
- d) STORE THIS RESULT.
- e) enter the minutes of the 11th (8)
- f) DIVIDE by 60 and see the answer of 0.1333333 in the little window.
- g) ADD the degrees of the 11th (4) and your answer at this step is 4.1333333.
- h) SUBTRACT MEMORY (4.5666666) and you have -0.4333333.

Before, with the Sun and Moon, the planetary motion was positive which indicated forward (Direct) motion. Now the planetary motion for Mercury is negative, and this means Retrograde (or backward) motion.

You may now light the incense and know that only two little gestures remain. The next of which is

#### THE FIFTH GESTURE

MULTIPLY the correction factor, found in the 3rd gesture, by the planetary motion found in the 4th gesture. This produces the amount of motion the planet of concern made in the time difference between the time of concern and the Ephemeris hour.

Let's tabulate our results from Gesture Three and Gesture Four and use these as examples of the current Gesture.

<u>CORRECTION FACTOR</u>	<u>PLANETARY MOTION</u>	<u>ACTUAL MOTION IN TIME OF CONCERN</u>
0.1145833 (the Ephemeris hour of 9AM and 11:45 AM)	14.2333333 (Moon) 1.011667 (Sun) -0.4333333 (Mercury)	1.6309022 degrees 0.1159201 degrees -0.0496527 degrees
-0.1145833 (Ephemeris hour of 9AM and time of concern 6:15AM)	Moon above Sun above and Mercury	-1.6309022 degrees -0.1159201 degrees 0.0496527 degrees
0.5555555 (9AM Ephemeris Hour and 10:20 PM)	14.23333333 (Moon) 1.011667 (Sun) -0.4333333 (Mercury)	7.9074064 degrees 0.5620371 degrees -0.2407406 degrees

Let us pause now and take the time to notice that the positive motion in column three above indicates the planet moved forward (Direct) in its orbit while the negative motion really means it is in a position behind where the Ephemeris says it should be. This negative number can be produced EITHER by a retrograde planet (such as Mercury in our examples) or by a negative correction factor. Once you understand the meaning of a negative motion you are almost home free. There is but one more operation to perform and it is

#### THE SIXTH GESTURE

Once you find the amount of motion the planet of concern had during the period of time between the Ephemeris hour and the hour of concern, only the ADDING of the earlier position of the planet is needed to give you the actual planetary position at the time of concern. Recall that one whole step was devoted to the STORING of the EARLIER position of the planet in the FOURTH gesture? Here is why...once you determine the amount of planetary motion during the time of concern (and that is what the multiplication of the correction factor by the daily planetary motion produced, the result of the 5th gesture), this value needs only to be added to the earlier planetary position. Here's how:

<u>ACTUAL MOTION OF PLANET (5TH GESTURE RESULT)</u>	<u>EARLIER POSITION OF PLANET (FOUND IN 4TH GESTURE)</u>	<u>POSITION OF PLANET NOW!!!</u>
	MOON	
1.6309022 (@11:45AM)	5.25 (Taurus)	6.8809022
-1.6309022 (@6:15AM)	same	3.6190978
7.9074064 (@10:20PM)	ditto	13.157406



Before going any further with the other two planets we used, let us now convert the actual positions, expressed in a decimal value of degrees, into degrees, minutes, and seconds... as follows: 6.8809022 degrees of Taurus really is

- a) SUBTRACT the whole number (6) as that is DEGREES
- b) MULTIPLY the result (0.8809022) by 60 resulting in 52.854132
- c) SUBTRACT the whole number (52) as that is MINUTES
- d) MULTIPLY the remainder (0.854132) by 60, getting 51.24792
- e) ROUND OFF TO THE NEAREST WHOLE SECOND, 51 in this case.

So, 6.8809022 degrees of Taurus is really  $6^{\circ}52'51''$

Let's convert 3.6190978, shall we? Here's how:

- a) SUBTRACT the whole number (3), calling that DEGREES
- b) MULTIPLY the remainder by 60 getting 37.145868.
- c) SUBTRACT the whole number (37) MINUTES.
- d) MULTIPLY, again, by 60 and with the answer of 8.75208,
- e) ROUND OFF to 9 SECONDS.

ANSWER =  $3^{\circ}37'09''$

Now try 13.157406.

- a)  $13^{\circ}$
- b)  $157406 \times 60 = 9.44436$
- c) 9'
- d)  $0.44436 \times 60 = 26.6616''$  or 27''

$13.157406^{\circ} = 13^{\circ}09'27''$

SPECIAL CASES: If, for some reason, you find more than  $30^{\circ}$  as the final position of the planet of concern, you need only subtract that  $30^{\circ}$  and use the next sign of the zodiac.

Now let us repeat the 6th gesture to find the actual position of the Sun using the same 3 correction factors.

<u>Actual Motion</u>	<u>Earlier Position</u>	<u>Resultant Position</u>
0.1159201 (@11:45AM)	$21.672777^{\circ}$ Aquarius	$21.788697^{\circ}$ Aquarius
-0.1159201 (@6:15AM)	didn't change	$21.556857^{\circ}$
0.5620371 (@10:20PM)		$22.234814^{\circ}$

Now, for Mercury:

<u>Actual Motion</u>	<u>Earlier Position</u>	<u>Resultant Position</u>
-0.0496527 (@11:45AM)	4.5666666° Pisces	4.5170139° Pisces
0.0496527 (@6:15AM)		4.6163193°
-0.2407406 (@10:20PM)		4.325926°

Let us now convert these decimal numbers into degrees, minutes and seconds.

- a) 21.788697° Aquarius is 21°
- b) 0.788697° x 60' = 47.32182'
- c) 47' . . .
- d) 0.32182' x 60" = 19.3092" or 19"
- e) 19" ANSWER IS 21°47'19" of Aquarius.

Work the following on your own. The answers are as follows

- 1) 21.556857° Aquarius = 21°33'25" (really 24.6852")
- 2) 22.234814° Aquarius = 22°14'05" (5.3304")
- 3) 4.5170139° Pisces = 4°31'01" (1.25004)
- 4) 4.6163193° Pisces = 4°36'59" (58.74948)
- 5) 4.325926° Pisces = 4°19'33" (33.3336)

You are now able to predict the planetary positions provided you have a calculator, Ephemeris, and time zone knowledge. Let us now review what we know.

### THE SEVENTH GESTURE

Gesture One was used to determine the TIME and PLACE (really the Time Zone) which your personal Ephemeris uses. This information was found on the top of the page, on each page. Notice that you have the freedom to chose whatever Ephemeris you wish, something Good Ole A.C. forgot to include in Liber Oz!

Using the Time Zone information obtained from a variety of methods, and the mathematics of the Second Gesture, you found out what Local Time the Ephemeris listings of the planetary positions are valid. Of course, Local Time could be anyplace of concern. This procedure can be used to determine the local time in one place which corresponds to a given time elsewhere.

The 3rd gesture determined the difference between the "time of concern", the time which you are determining the planetary positions, and the Ephemeris hour, found in the 2nd gesture. Dividing this by 24 (hours) gives you the all important correction factor which you will apply to:

The planetary motion for the day of concern which was determined by the 4th gesture was found by subtracting the position of the planet on the day of concern from it's position on the following day. In this gesture you stored the earlier position in memory.

The result of multiplying the correction factor and the amount of planetary movement, the operation of the 5th gesture, results in the amount of movement the planet had during the time difference between the time of concern and the Ephemeris hour. A negative result means that the planet will be in front of the position listed in the Ephemeris while a positive result indicates the planet will be further on it's orbit than the Ephemeris states. A negative movement can result from either the planet being retrograde, or the time of concern being prior to the Ephemeris hour.

All that remains, now, is to add the earlier position of the planet to the amount of movement found above. The process of converting this final planetary position, expressed in a decimal value of degrees is also very simple. You now have the position of the planet of concern for the time and day of concern on your calculator. You truly have a star in your pocket.

To seal this ritual you should have business cards printed which proclaim "Have Calculator, Will Cast.\*" There is, of course, one more process which you must master, being able to calculate the local sidereal time, before you can determine such things as Rising Signs and the cusps of the Houses. But this is another quite similar operation. Once this is accomplished, you can learn the meanings of planetary positions in zodiacal signs and the interpretation of the aspects. Then you will be an accomplished astrologer... good luck, and remember,

Love is the law,, love under will..

## SEKHET

Eatest thou me, O Sekhet, cat of the Sun?  
O thou that hast eaten up the Apep-snake!  
O thou that hast passed the pylons one by one  
Til the nineteenth God came wallowing in thy wake!  
Thou hast whispered me the wonder unknown of them  
That I am Amoun, that I am Mentu, that I am Khem!

Thou hast eaten the snake, O Sekhet, cat of the Sun!  
Thou hast led me about the earth in a wizard walk;  
Thou hast loved me at every pylon, one by one,  
Thou hast - hast thou armed me Sekhet, against the hawk?  
I am winged and erect and naked for thee, my Lord.  
Have I any shield, have I any helm, have I any sword?

Thou hast eaten the snake, O Sekhet, cat of the Sun!  
Shall I be strong to strike at the black hawk's throat?  
Shall we tread on the Sebek-crocodiles, one by one?  
On the Nile, the Nile of the Gods, shall we sail in  
our boat?  
Yea, we are strong, we are strong, we shall conquer them!  
For I am Amoun, for I am Mentu, for I am Khem!

## A VISION OF THE EUCHARIST

I stood upon the mountain at the dawn;  
The snows were iridescent at my feet;  
My soul leapt forth immaculate to greet  
The sunrise; thence all life and sense were drawn  
Into the vision. Limpid on the dawn  
The fount of Godhead flowed - how subtly sweet  
That distillation of the Paraclete!  
I drank; the angel flowered in the faun.

Transfigured from the struggle to success,  
I was abolished in mine happiness.  
I find no word - in all my words! - but one.  
Supreme arcanum of the Rose and Rood,  
Sublime acceptance of the Greatest Good,  
Only one word - thy name - Hilarion!

Aleister Crowley  
From THE INTERNATIONAL, February, 1918

## NUIT'S LOVE

Ah, dare if you will, in the body of Nuit  
And give all and take all in one moment  
Of time and event and make all in feat  
Of Magick. Ever thus do we foment

Events in space, in never-ending dance  
Of momentous phenomena. Did you know then  
That in a short and electric glance  
Of Her who is all power, is penned

The events of eternity? Forever willed  
And known aforetime by you and loved apace;  
Foreordained and fashioned and filled  
With love for Nuit in her fathomless space?

Let us all then, in true Thelemic guise  
Accept and welcome this Lady of Infinity,  
Of space immeasurable, her distance a disguise;  
And immolate our souls on Her whole Tree.

Oh, illimitable space, we are guided by thread-like  
Intimations of our immortality against time  
And event. Secure ever in the god-like  
Knowledge of light, life, love and liberty sublime.

In the course of the soul everlasting, afar  
Glimmers ecstasy on the cross of life;  
No matter the sorrow, no matter the bar  
To final dissolution and end of strife.

Ah, Nuit, of all the lives I lived alone;  
Be in all these thine adoration and bliss  
Of life supernal. Thy full love blown  
Into far empyrean, into eternal kiss.

My ability to love is challenged and I throw  
The whole of myself into the abyss of dark.  
The motion unites the inner unknown gods  
Of light-dark twins, their love's spark

Lighting my existence and enflaming  
Soul in love divine, ancient and foreordained;  
Hidden and deep within unconscious striving  
For completion, and even though life maimed

This inner innocence, I travel triumphant,  
Secure and knowing of the glorious light, rare,  
Singular, alone, forever knowingly ancient  
In Nuit's love all that may be or is or was, eternal Star.

Meral, August, 1980

AGAPE ANNAKRIA

A remembrance to T\_\_\_\_\_

on the occassion of our

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY TOGETHER

in the last half of the 20th Century

Again we touched,  
As lips and rod rekindled a love  
whose origins defy my search.

Again we touched,  
And melded souls that soared above;  
and in my love I built a Church,  
A Temple proud on Greecian hills,  
amidst fair Hellas' grassy plains,  
A monument to outlast the years;  
and then those years came 'round again.

Life had come forth:  
A single ray, of emerald hue,  
dividing into infinite parts.

Life had come forth:  
Twin sparks on common courses flew  
and, forming hearts, we shared our hearts,  
And minds and bodies, when such we had,  
or joined in disincarnate bliss.  
We paired our souls and goals in troth,  
and passed through flesh to share a kiss.

Last time I died,  
It was a cold, late Autumn morn,  
though winter of a fruitful life.

Last time I died,  
In glory strong the veils withdrew  
and drew me from a land of strife  
With freedoms few, to lands of song  
and rest on such a fairer plane.  
But then I knew my rest was short!  
I had to fly to Earth again.

We'd been apart.  
By ancient plan you'd gone ahead  
to start the work we have in store.

We'd been apart.  
For while I strove to seed our task  
you rested, then were born a score  
Of years before I died so that  
I could be welcomed, taught & led.  
We met. We saw through specious mists.  
We touched & loved. And we were wed.

Ordeals & Joy  
Have mingled in the five years past  
while love endured through trial & pain.

Ordeals & Joy  
Have driven & blessed, and awakened vast  
majestic forces to unite the twain,  
To prepare us both for the years ahead,  
the unfolding of our centuries-old plan;  
To prepare us both for the years to come  
and the pleasure of bonding as woman & man.

11/16/80  
2:05 A.M. PST  
34N05 118W19

## LIBER LII

### MANIFESTO OF THE O.T.O.

PEACE, TOLERANCE, TRUTH; SALUTATION ON ALL POINTS OF  
THE TRIANGLE; RESPECT TO THE ORDER. TO ALL WHOM IT  
MAY CONCERN: GREETING AND HEALTH

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

1. The O.T.O. is a body of initiates in whose hands are concentrated the wisdom and the knowledge of the following bodies:

1. The Gnostic Catholic Church.
2. The Order of the Knights of the Holy Ghost.
3. The Order of the Illuminati.
4. The Order of the Temple (Knights Templar).
5. The Order of the Knights of St. John.
6. The Order of the Knights of Malta.
7. The Order of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre.
8. The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal.
9. The Hermetic Brotherhood of Light.
10. The Holy Order of Rose Croix of Heredom.
11. The Order of the Holy Royal Arch of Enoch.
12. The Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry (33 degrees).
13. The Rite of Memphis (97 degrees).
14. The Rite of Mizraim (90 degrees).

## THE EQUINOX

15. The Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Masonry (33 degrees).
16. The Swedenborgian Rite of Masonry.
17. The Order of the Martinists.
18. The Order of the Sat Bhai, and many other orders of equal merit, if of less fame.

It does not include the A.:A.:, with which august body it is, however, in close alliance.

It does not in any way infringe the just privileges of duly authorized Masonic Bodies.

2. The dispersion of the original secret wisdom having led to confusion, it was determined by the Chiefs of all these Orders to recombine and centralize their activities, even as white light, divided in a prism, may be recomposed.

It embodies the whole of the secret knowledge of all Oriental Orders; and its chiefs are initiates of the highest rank, and recognized as such by all capable of such recognition in every country in the world.

In more remote times, the constituent originating assemblies of the O.T.O. included such men as:

Fohi	Hippolytus
Laotze	Merlin
Siddartha	Arthur
Krishna	Titarel
Tahuti	Amfortas
Ankh-f-n-khonsu	Percivale
Herakles	Mosheh
Orpheus	Odysseus



## MANIFESTO OF THE O.T.O.

Vergilius	Mohammed
Catullus	Hermes
Martialis	Pan
Apollonius Tyanaeus	Dante
Simon Magus	Carolus Magnus
Manes	William of Schyren
Basilides	Frederick of Hohenstaufen
Valentinus	Roger Bacon
Bardesanes	Jacobus Burgundus Molensis
King Wu	Ko Hsuen
Christian Rosenkreutz	Osiris
Ulrich von Hutten	Melchizedek
Paracelsus	Khem
Michael Maier	Menthu
Jakob Boehme	Johannes Dee
Francis Bacon	Sir Edward Kelly
Andréa	Thos. Vaughan
Robertus de Fluctibus	Elias Ashmole
Chau	Comte de Chazal
Saturnus	Sigismund Bacstrom
Dionysus	Molinos

And recently:

Wolfgang von Goethe	Friedrich Nietzsche
Sir Richard Payne Knight	Hargrave Jennings
Sir Richard Francis Burton	Karl Kellner
Forlong Dux	Eliphas Lévi
Ludovicus Rex Bavariae	Franz Hartmann
Richard Wagner	Cardinal Rampolla
Ludwig von Fischer	Papus (Dr. Encausse)

## THE EQUINOX

The names of women members are never divulged.

It is not lawful here to disclose the name of any living chief.

It was Karl Kellner who revived the exoteric organization of the O.T.O. and initiated the plan now happily complete of bringing all occult bodies again under one governance.

The letters O.T.O. represent the words Ordo Templi Orientis (Order of the Temple of the Orient, or Oriental Templars), but they have also a secret meaning for initiates.

3. The Order is international, and has existing branches in every civilized country of the world.

4. The aims of the O.T.O. can only be understood fully by its highest initiates; but it may be said openly that it teaches Hermetic Science or Occult Knowledge, the Pure and Holy Magick of Light, the Secrets of Mystic attainment, Yoga of all forms, Gnana Yoga, Raja Yoga, Bhakta Yoga and Hatha Yoga, and all other branches of the secret Wisdom of the Ancients.

In its bosom repose the Great Mysteries; its brain has resolved all the problems of philosophy and of life.

It possesses the secret of the Stone of the Wise, of the Elixir of Immortality, and of the Universal Medicine.

Moreover, it possesses a Secret capable of realizing the world-old dream of the Brotherhood of Man.

It also possesses in every important centre of population a hidden Retreat (*Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum*) where members may conceal themselves in order to pursue the Great Work without hindrance.

## MANIFESTO OF THE O.T.O.

These houses are secret fortresses of Truth, Light, Power and Love, and their position is only disclosed under an oath of secrecy to those entitled to make use of them.

They are also temples of true worship, specially consecrated by Nature to bring out of a man all that is best in him.

5. The authority of the O.T.O. is concentrated in the O.H.O. (Outer Head of the Order), or Frater Superior. The name of the person occupying this office is never disclosed except to his immediate representatives.

6. The Authority of the O.H.O. in all English-speaking countries is delegated by charter to the Most Holy, Most Illustrious, Most Illuminated, and Most Puissant Baphomet X° Rex Summus Sanctissimus 33°, 90°, 96°, Past Grand Master of the United States of America, Grand Master of Ireland, Iona, and All the Britains, Grand Master of the Knights of the Holy Ghost, Sovereign Grand Commander of the Order of the Temple, Most Wise Sovereign of the Order of the Rosy Cross, Grand Zerubbabel of the Order of the Holy Royal Arch of Enoch, etc. etc. etc., National Grand Master General *ad vitam* of the O.T.O.

7. The National Grand Master General *ad vitam* is assisted by two principal officers, the Grand Treasurer General and the Grand Secretary General.

There are many other officers, but they do not concern those to whom the present manifesto is addressed.

8. The whole of the Knowledge dispersed among the bodies mentioned in paragraph 2 has been sifted and concentrated in the following degrees.

## THE EQUINOX

- O° Minerval.
- I° M.
- II° M..
- III° M.:  
P.: M.:
- IV° Companion of the Holy Royal Arch of Enoch.  
Prince of Jerusalem.  
Knight of the East and of the West.
- V° Sovereign Prince of Rose Croix. (Knight of  
the Pelican and Eagle.)  
Member of the Senate of Knight Hermetic Philosophers  
Knights of the Red Eagle.
- VI° Illustrious Knight (Templar) of the Order of  
Kadosch, and Companion of the Holy Graal.  
Grand Inquisitor Commander, Member of the  
Grand Tribunal.  
Prince of the Royal Secret.
- VII° Very Illustrious Sovereign Grand Inspector  
General.  
Member of the Supreme Grand Council.
- VIII° Perfect Pontiff of the Illuminati.
- IX° Initiate of the Sanctuary of the Gnosis.
- X° Rex Summus Sanctissimus (Supreme and Most  
Holy King).

9. Every man or woman that is of full age, free, and of good report, has an indefeasible right to the III°.

Beyond this, admission is only granted by invitation from the governing body concerned.

The O.T.O., although an Academia Masonica, is not a Masonic Body so far as the 'secrets' are concerned in the

## MANIFESTO OF THE O.T.O.

sense in which that expression is usually understood; and therefore in no way conflicts with, or infringes the just privileges of, the United Grand Lodge of England, or any Grand Lodge in America or elsewhere which is recognized by it.

10. Application for admission to the Order may be made personally at headquarters, between the hours of Ten A.M. and Twelve Noon on week-days, or by letter to the Grand Secretary General. In the former case, applicants should be provided with the Twenty Dollars entitling them to the Third Degree; in the latter, it should be enclosed with the application.

The First Annual Subscription is payable on taking the Third Degree; if this is taken after June 30 in any year, only half the amount is due.

Subscriptions of old members are due on January 1, but the Brother is considered in good standing, and he does not lose his rights, if it is paid by March 1. Should he fail to discharge his obligation by this date, he ceases *ipso facto* to be a member of the Order, but may be reinstated on paying arrears and Five Dollars extra. If his lapse extend to the next year following, he can only be reinstated under special conditions, and by the express consent in writing of the National Grand Master General *ad vitam*.

11. The Constitution, Trust Deeds, Charters, Warrants and all other documents, are exhibited to candidates on their exaltation to the IV°, should they desire it.

12. Besides the free certificate of membership, special diplomas for framing are granted to all members at a uni-

## THE EQUINOX

form price of Ten Dollars. Special diplomas of the IX°, Twenty-five Dollars.

13. The privileges of members of the O.T.O. are very numerous. These are the principal:

1° They have not only access to, but instruction in, the whole body of hidden knowledge preserved in the Sanctuary from the beginning of its manifestation.

In the lower grades the final secrets are hinted, and conveyed in symbol, beneath veil, and through sacrament.

In this way the intelligence of the initiate is called into play, so that he who well uses the knowledge of the lower grades may be selected for invitation to the higher, where all things are declared openly.

2° They become partakers of the current of Universal Life in Liberty, Beauty, Harmony, and Love which flames within the heart of the O.T.O., and the Light of that august fraternity insensibly illuminates them ever more and more as they approach its central Sun.

3° They meet those persons most complementary to their own natures, and find unexpected help and brotherhood in the whole world wherever they may travel.

4° They obtain the right to sojourn in the secret houses of the O.T.O., permanently or for a greater or lesser period of the year according to their rank in the Order; or, in the case of those of the Fifth and lower degrees, are candidates for invitation to these houses.

## MANIFESTO OF THE O.T.O.

- 5° The Knowledge of the Preparation and Use of the Universal Medicine is restricted to members of the IX°; but it may be administered to members of the VIII° and VII° in special circumstances by favour of the National Grand Masters General, and even in particular emergency to members of lower degrees.
- 6° In the V° all members are pledged to bring immediate and perfect relief to all distress of mind, body, or estate, in which they may find any of their fellows of that degree. In the higher degrees the Bonds of Fraternity are still further strengthened. The Order thus affords a perfect system of insurance against every misfortune or accident of life.
- 7° Members of the IX° become part proprietors of the Estates and Goods of the Order, so that the attainment of this degree implies a return with interest of the fees and subscriptions paid.
- 8° The Order gives practical assistance in life to worthy members of even its lower degrees, so that, even if originally poor, they become well able to afford the comparatively high fees of the VII°, VIII°, and IX°. On exaltation to the IV° each Companion may file an account of his circumstances, and state in what direction he requires help.

14. In selecting members for advancement, attention is paid to their devotion to the Order, to their intelligence in apprehending the nature of its teaching, to their zeal in spreading the principles of the Order so far as they themselves understand them, though always with the discretion inseparable from the due guarding of the secrets, and to all

## THE EQUINOX

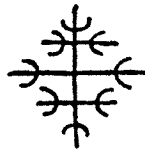
those qualities of courage, honour, and virtue without which man is not worthy of that name.

15. The O.H.O. is only known to members of the VIII° and IX°.

The National Grand Master General *ad vitam* is not approachable as such by any person who has not reached the VI°.

All communications should be addressed to the Grand Secretary General, and all cheques drawn in favour of the Grand Treasurer General.

Issued by Order,



L. BATHURST,

IX° Grand Secretary General.

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All enquiries should be addressed to

The Grand Secretary General

of the O.T.O.

Care of the publishers of THE EQUINOX.





# IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. II, No. 12

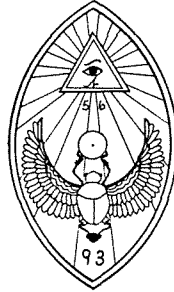
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.  
Love is the law, love under will.

An. LXXVII, 1981 e.v., Sun in 0° Libra  
Published by the College of Thelema  
P.O. Box 415, Oroville, CA. 95965  
by Phyllis Seckler



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

# COLLEGE of THELEMA



Founded in Service  
to the A. A. A.

P.O. Box 415  
Oroville, CA.  
95965  
Sun in 0° Libra  
Anno LXXVII

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

It is an unfortunate fact that some people are blocked from performing the Great Work by the influence of other persons upon them. Many students say: "I don't like so and so", speaking of some other member of a group to which they belong, such as either of Crowley's two Thelemic Orders, and on this basis will cease all work which might aid the arrival at an enlightened state in Thelema.

Jealousy and misplaced ambition, hatred and envy are often rife in any group at all and there is no exception to this just because the group is Thelemic and interested together in occult studies. Usually these negative emotions arise because a person does not understand either his finite or infinite will, and so finds it difficult to find his rightful place among his brothers and sisters. Often a person will fail to see that it is up to him to see where the shoe pinches in his own case and to analyze why he must be so negative and whether his reactions are going to impede his progress.

In partnerships and groups and indeed in all human intercourse a person of lesser development will project his own ways of thinking or behaving onto another person and for all practical purposes will be demanding that the other person come up to his own standards. Actually, one can only see a trait in another if one possesses the trait oneself. One does not experience in this world what is not within oneself to begin with. We couldn't see, for instance, if we did not have the physical apparatus of eyes with which to make interpretations of phenomena. So it goes for all the senses and for the unconscious makeup as well, which partakes of the vast amount of all of human experience.

Most people make an idealized image of themselves which does not actually fit the facts of their inner natures nor of the ways in which they behave. The inner unconscious nature has its expression in the outer material world all the time, often unknown in its manifestations to the person concerned.

In the case of a Superior in either Order, it may be necessary to awaken the student to his own projections and bring him to some understanding of the processes under which he operates, often in a very ignorant fashion. This teaching by the Superior cannot be shirked if the student is to have any training at all.

In Jane's story, we find that many ordeals were flung at her in rather rapid fashion. This was Crowley's method of procedure with his students as LIBER AL gave him full license to be severe with his ordeals. Jane was able to weather these ordeals and to face the changes needed in herself and to work upon them and to change her attitudes and grow. Because of this, she won the respect of the Master Therion. She thought she failed in one task, the one most difficult to her, but she triumphed in other tasks without knowing it. It was partly due to her work and her ability to see the task through, no matter what, no matter that she often hated Aleister with a vengeance, that we are now a body of young (it is true) initiates on the West Coast.

Many of Crowley's students did not survive such severe and rough treatment - in fact, the great bulk of them did not. It is true, they were probably not ready for the Great Work and were merely proceeding into this because of their unreal notions about themselves. It is much better to find this out at an early stage rather than to be allowed to proceed with major defects which would only add to the risk the student would run as he attempts higher work. His faults and failings are magnified always as he proceeds into higher levels of existence and if these are not conquered, his crash might be so great as to cut off all hope of effective work for several lives.

Having established the fact, then, that what we object to in others is a part of ourselves and we have the trait also, we should be able to develop the greatest tolerance for our brothers and sisters in Thelema. Any person should busy himself to discover the roots of his own objections to others, he should root out his own intolerance and destroy it, for in the body of Nuit anything and everything is possible. The Great Work does not in any way depend on personalities.

Love is the law, love under will,

*Meral*

LIBER DCLXXI

vel

PYRAMIDOS

ALEISTER CROWLEY



LIBER DCLXXI  
vel  
PYRAMIDOS

*A Ritual of Self Initiation based upon the Formula  
of the Neophyte.*

000. The Building of the Pyramid.

*The Magus with Wand. On the Altar are Incense,  
Fire, Bread, Wine, the Chain, the Scourge, the Dagger  
& the Oil. In his left hand the Bell he taketh.*

Hail! Asil! hail, Hoor-Apep! Let  
The Silence speech beget!

*Two strokes on Bell. Banishing Spiral Dance.*

The Words against the Sons of Night  
Tahuti speaketh in the Light.  
Knowledge & Power, twin warriors, shake  
The Invisible; they roll asunder  
The Darkness; matter shines, a snake.  
Sebek is smitten by the thunder—  
The Light breaks forth from Under.

*He goes to the West, in the centre of the base of the  
Triangle of THOTH (Maim), ASI (Aleph), &  
HOOR (Shin) .*

O Thou, the Apex of the Plane,  
With Ibis head & Phoenix Wand  
And Wings of Night! Whose serpents strain  
Their bodies, bounding the Beyond.  
Thou in the Light & in the Night!

*He lays the Wand, etc., on the Altar, uses the Scourge  
on his buttocks, cuts a cross with the Dagger upon his  
breast & tightens the Chain of the Bell about his  
forehead, saying*

The Lustral Water! Smite thy flood  
Through me—Lymph, marrow & blood!

*Anointing the Wounds, say*

The Fire Informing! Let the Oil  
Balance, assain, assoil!

*The Invoking Spiral Dance.*

So Life takes Fire from Death, & runs  
Whirling amid the Suns.  
Hail, Asi! Pace the Path, bind on  
The girdle of the Starry One!

*Sign of the Enterer:* Homage to Thee, Lord of the  
Word!

*Sign of Silence:* Lord of the Silence, Homage to Thee!

*Repeat both Signs:* Lord, we adore Thee, still &  
stirred Beyond Infinity.

*The Secret Word:* MTzThBTzM—271 (Blue, Orange,  
Yellow-Green, Yellow, Orange, Blue)

For from the Silence of the Wand  
Unto the Speaking of the Sword,  
And back again to the Beyond,



This is the toil & the Reward.  
This is the Path of HVA—Ho!  
This is the Path of IAO.

*Bell.*

Hail Asi! Hail, thou Wanded Wheel!  
Alpha & Delta kissed & came  
For Five that feed the Flame.

*Bell.*

Hail, Hoor-Apep! thou Sword of Steel!  
Alpha & Delta & Epsilon  
Met in the Shadow of the Pylon  
And in Iota did proclaim  
That tenfold core & crown of flame.  
Hail, Hoor-Apep! Unspoken Name!  
Thus is the Great Pyramid duly builded.

1. Initiation. The Candidate still bound and hood-winked.

The First Pylon.

I know not who I am; I know not whence I came;  
I know not whither I go; I seek—but What I do  
not know!

I am blind & bound; but I have heard one cry  
Ring through Eternity; Arise & follow me!  
Asar Un-nefer! I invoke  
The Four-fold Horror of the Smoke.  
Unloose the Pit! by the dread Word  
Of Power—that Set-Typhon hath heard—  
SAZAZSAZAZANDATSANSAZAZ

*(Pro nounce this backwards. But it is very dangerous.  
It opens the Gates of Hell.)*

The Fear of Darkness & of Death.  
The Fear of Water & of Fire.  
The Fear of the Chasm & the Chain  
The Fear of Hell & the dead Breath.  
The Fear of Him, the Demon dire  
That on the Threshold of the Inane  
Stands with his Dragon Fear to slay  
The Pilgrim of the Way.  
Thus I pass by with Force & Care,  
Advance with Fortitude & Wit,  
In the straight Path, or else Their Snare  
Were surely Infinite.

The Passing of the Second Pylon. (*Suit action to words.*)

Asar! who clutches at my throat?  
Who pins me down? Who stabs my heart?  
I am unfit to pass within this Pylon of the Hall of  
Maat.

Rubric as above. ( *The Fear...surely Infinite.* )

The Lustral Water! Let thy flood  
Cleanse me—lymph, marrow, & blood!  
The Scourge, the Dagger & the Chain  
Purge body, breast & brain!  
The Fire Informing! Let the Oil  
Balance, assain, assoil!

*Still in corpse—position.*

For I am come with all this pain,  
To ask admission to the Shrine.  
I know not why—I ask in vain—  
Unless it be that I am Thine.  
I am Mentu his truth-telling brother,

Who was Master of Thebes from my birth:—  
O heart of me! heart of my mother!  
O heart that I had upon earth!  
Stand not thou up against me as a witness!  
Oppose me not, judge, in my quest!  
Accuse me not now of unfitness  
Before the great God, the dread Lord of the West!

*(Change this part to your own motto. Work the scansion correctly.)*

Speak fair words for OU MH. May he flourish  
In the place of the weighing of hearts  
By the marsh of the dead, where the crocodiles  
nourish

Their lives on the lost, where the Serpent upstarts.  
—For though I be joined to the Earth,  
In the Innermost Shrine of Heaven am I.  
I was Master of Thebes from my birth;  
Shall I die like a dog? Thou shalt not let me die,  
But my Khu that the teeth of the crocodiles sever  
Shall be mighty in heaven for ever & ever!  
Yea! but I am a fool, a flutterer!  
I am under the Shadow of the Wings!

*(Refrain "I am under", etc. , after each accusation.)*

I am a liar & a sorcerer  
I am so fickle that I scorn the bridle.  
I am unchaste, voluptuous and idle.  
I am a bully & a tyrant crass,  
I am as dull & as stubborn as an ass;  
I am untrusty, cruel & insane,  
I am a fool & frivolous & vain.  
I am a weakling & a coward; I cringe,  
I am a catamite & cunnilinge.

I am a glutton, a besotted wight;  
I am a satyr & a sodomite.  
I am as changeful & selfish as the Sea.  
I am a thing of vice & vanity.  
I am not violent & I vacillate,  
I am a blind man & esmasculate.  
I am a raging fire of wrath—no wiser!  
I am a blackguard, spendthrift & a miser.  
I am obscure & devious & null.  
I am ungenerous & base & dull.  
I am not marked with the white Flame of Breath.  
I am a Traitor!—die the traitor's death!

*This last raises Candidate erect.*

*Invoking spiral dance. Rubric as before.*

I am under the Shadow of the Wings.  
Now let me pace the Path, bind on  
The girdle of the Starry One!  
Asar! k.t.l.

*In Northwest.*

Soul—mastering Terror is thy name!  
Lord of the Gods! Dread Lord of Hell!

*See Horus.*

I am come. I fear Thee not. Thy flame  
Is mine to weave my maiden spell!  
I know Thee, & I pass Thee by.  
For more than Thou am I!  
Asar! k.t.l. (*Rubric as usual.*)

*In South West. See Isis.*

Sorrow that eateth up the soul!  
Dam of the Gods! The blue sky's Queen!

This is Thy Name. I come. Control  
And Pass! I know Thee, Lady of Teeu!  
know Thee, & I pass Thee by.  
For more than Thou am I!  
Asar! k.t.l. (*Rubric as usual.*)

*In East. See Thoth. Silence.*

Asar! k.t.l. (*Rubric as usual.*)

*See Nature.*

I will not look upon thee more,  
For Fatal is Thy Name. Begone!  
False Phantom, thou shalt pass before  
The frowning forehead of the Sun.  
I know thee; & I pass thee by.  
For more than Thou am I.

*Formulating Hexagram:*

Now Witness Ye upon the Earth,  
Spirit & Water & Red Blood!  
Witness Above, bright Babe of Birth,  
Spirit, & Father—that are God!

*As babe in egg, being born.*

For Silence duly is begot  
And Darkness duly brought to bed;  
The Shroud is figured in my Thought,  
The Inmost Light is on my head.

*Unbind.*

Attack! I eat up the strong lions. I!

*Sign of the Enterer:* Fear is on Seb, on them that  
dwell therein,

Behold the radiant Vigour of the Lord!

*Sign of Silence:* Defense! I close the mouth of Sebek,  
ply

My fear on Nile, Asar that held not in!  
Behold my radiant Peace, ye things abhorred  
For see! The Gods have loosed mine hands:  
Asar unfettered stands.  
Hail, Asi, hail! Hoor-Apep cries—  
Now I the Son of Man arise  
And follow—dead where Asar lies!

*Lie down in sign of Hanged Man.*

I gild my left foot with the Light.  
I gild my Phallus with the Light.  
I gild my right knee with the Light.  
I gild my right foot with the Light.  
I gild my left knee with the Light.  
I gild my Phallus with the Light.  
I gild mine elbow with the Light.  
I gild my navel with the Light.  
I gild my heart wedge with the Light.  
I gild my black throat with the Light.  
I gild my forehead with the Light.  
I gild my Phallus with the Light.

*Rising in Sign Mulier:*

Asar Un-nefer! I am Thine,  
Waiting Thy Glory in the shrine.  
Thy bride, Thy virgin! Ah, my Lord.  
Smite through the Spirit with Thy Sword!  
Asar Un-nefer! rise in me,  
The chosen catamite of Thee!  
Come! Ah, come now! I wait, I wait,  
Patient—impatient slave of Fate,  
Bought by Thy glance—Come now! come now!

Touch & inform this burning brow.  
Asar Un-nefer! in the shrine,  
Make Thou me wholly Thine!

*Remove hoodwink.*

I am Asar—worthy alone  
To sit upon the Double Throne.  
Attack is mine, & mine defence.  
And these are one. Arise, go hence!  
For I am Master of my Fate,  
Wholly Initiate.

*The Secret Word.*

The Words are spoken duly. The deeds are  
duly done.

My soul is risen newly to greet the risen Sun.

*Bell accordingly.*

One! Four! Five! Ten! All Hail!  
Hail!  
One! Four! Five! Ten! All Hail!

*Signs accordingly.*

I give the sign that rends the Veil.  
The sign that closes up the Veil.

2. *The Sealing of the Pyramid.* Proceed as in the  
Building, unto the word "Suns."

*The Banishing Spiral Dance.*

Now let mine hands unloose the sweet  
And shining girdle of Nuit!

*The Adorations & the Word. Then at the Altar.*

Behold! the Perfect One hath said

Tried & found pure, a golden spoil.  
These are my body's elements

*Act accordingly.*

Incense & Wine & Fire & Bread  
These I consume, true Sacraments,  
For the Perfection of the Oil  
For I am clothed about with flesh  
And I am the Eternal Spirit.  
I am the Lord that riseth fresh  
From Death, whose glory I inherit  
Since I partake with him. I am  
The Manifestor of the Unseen.  
Without me all the land of Khem  
Is as if it had not been.

*Proceed as in Building to end.*

Hail, Hoor! Hail, Asil! Hail, Tahuti! Hail,  
Asar Un-nefer! through the rended Veil.  
I am Thyself, with all Thy brilliance decked—  
Khabs-Am-Pekht.



# SOME COMMENTS ON LIBER DCLXXI VEL PYRAMIDOS

"But she said: the ordeals I write not: the rituals shall be half known and half concealed: the Law is for all."  
LIBER AL, Cap. I, v. 34.

"At the end of the Probation he passes Ritual DCLXXI which constitutes him a Neophyte."  
LIBER XIII, VEL GRADUUM MONTIS ABIEGNI

"LIBER DCLXXI: LIBER PYRAMIDOS.  
"The ritual of the initiation of a Neophyte. It includes sub-rituals numbered from 672 to 676." \*

"DCLXXI. From  $\aleph\gamma\eta$ , the Gate, and the spelling in full of the name Adonai."

## OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.:A.:

				Atu No.	
Th	$\aleph$	400	"The Universe"	21	
R	$\gamma$	200	"The new-born sun"	19	
O	y	70	"Zero"	15	
A	$\eta$	1	"Zero"	0	
		<u>671</u>	See BOOK OF THOTH, p. 4	<u>56</u>	"I am Nuit and my word is six and fifty." LIBER AL, Cap. I v. 24.

Using the same letters we get:

ORAT - many prayers

ATOR - to the Great Mother

TARO - who turns

ROTA - the wheel of Life & Death.

(If we use Teth instead of Tau, these would each add to 280)

Torah,  $\aleph\gamma\eta$  The Law.

Adonai spelt in full:

A	111
D	434
N	106
I	<u>20</u>
	<u>671</u>

11 x 61 = 671      11 is the number of Thelemic Magick. 61 = Ain.

600 = Atu 12 = M (Mem final)

70 = Atu 15 = Y or O

1 = Atu 0 = A

27 = purity, wept, mourned, parable, enigma, riddle  
See Liber Tau in I.T.C. Vol. II, No. 10, p.20

\* These rituals appear to have been lost.

Page 1. The 3 0's refer to Ain Soph Aur.  
 For the magical weapons see BOOK 4, Part II.  
 Two strokes on bell signifies: two = Beth = Atu I, Mercury, Magus  
 Tahuti = Thoth = Mercury.      Atu Nos.  
 THOTH - Maim = 40      Water      12  
 ASI - Aleph = 1      Air      0  
 HOOR - Shin = 300      Fire      20  
                          341                           32 (No of Paths on Tree of Life)  
 These are the three mother letters of the Hebrew Alphabet.

Page 2. "The Invoking Spiral Dance". This is deosil, that is, the same direction as the hands of the clock if it was under the feet.

"The sign of the Enterer" This is Horus, or Ra-Hoor-Khuit. The hands are open, palms facing down, and are pulled back to the ears. Take a deep breath, and with force exhale it as you take a step with the left foot forward. The body leans forward with this gesture and at the same time, the hands are flung forth, the head between the arms, the back and arms making one line.

"Sign of Silence". Bring the body back from the above, or else you are already standing erect. The left forefinger is placed upon the lips - sometimes the thumb is between the lips. This is the sign of Hoor-paar-kraat or Harpocrates.

"The Secret Word:"

		Atu Name	Atu No.
M	40	Hanged Man - Water	12
Tz	90	Emperor - Aries	17
Th	400	Universe - Saturn, Earth	21
B	2	Magus - Mercury	1
Tz	90	Emperor - Aries	17
M	40	Hanged Man - Water	12
	652 = 13 = Achad = Unity		80

Using the sum of the Atu and adding 271, we get 351. The SEPHER SEPHIROTH says: 351 =

Σ (1 - 26)

Man אנש

Angels of Malkuth; burnt or incense offering; "The flames" אשם  
 Hiram-Abif, a cunning artificer at the Temple of Solomon; the hero of a famous allegory prophetic of FRATER PERDURABO. הירם אבִיף  
 Saturn in Leo. Angel ruling 1st Decan of Leo that was rising at the birth of FRATER PERDURABO. לוֹסִנְהָר

Moses the Initiator מֹשֶׁה

Elevatus נשא

271 = Earth, whence = low, mean.

				Atu No.
Blue	Moon	Gimel	ג 3	2
Orange	Sun	Resh	ר 200	19
Yellow-green	Virgo	Yod	י 10	9
Yellow	Mercury	Beth	ב 2	1
Orange	Sun	Resh	ר 200	19
Blue	Moon	Gimel	ג 3	2
			<u>418</u>	<u>52</u>

Sepher Sephiroth says for 52:

Father and Mother אב ואם

Supernal Mother אִמָּא

Elihu = Eli Hua, "He is my GOD", who is the Holy Guardian Angel of Job in the Allegory אליהו

A mare; brute animal, beast בהמה

Meditation, imagination, sin ימה

A desirable one; to desire חפד

Angel of Kether of Binah, and of Jesod of Binah יהואל

Tet. in Assiah יד הוה הוה

A dog כלב

(not all of these were used)

For more meanings of 418 see I.T.C. Vol. I No.2 & Vol. II, No 7.

Page 3. HUA = HE - הוּא (Heh is referred to Mater, Vau to Pater, Aleph to Corona)

Vau; hook, nail, pin. וו See Tarot card: The Hierophant

HUA = Macroprosopus or Great Angel ruling over Kether

The pyramid has 4 sides at the bottom and 3 sides for each triangle.

4 x 3 = 12

The 12 zodiac signs have 4 triplicities (the elements of earth, air, fire and water) and 3 quadruplicities (Rajas, Tamas & Sattva or Cardinal, Fixed and Common)

IAO - see MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, Cap. 5.

5th line - ALPHA - 1 - Atu 0 - The Fool

DELTA - 4 - Atu 3 - Venus

5

8th line - +EPSILON

10 = IOTA

"That tenfold core & crown of flame." (The Tree of Life)

21st line - Asar Un-nefer - (Myself made perfect) See LIBER SAMECH.

Bottom of page. Hell comes from Anglo-Saxon, Helé, to conceal, and refers to the unconscious. Concealed in the unconscious is the H.G.A.

Page 5. OU MH - A.C.'s Magical Name

Page 6. Asar! k.t.l. is καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ in Greek and signifies et-cetera. Therefore the candidate repeats from p. 4

"Asar! who clutches at my throat?

Who pins me down? Who stabs my heart?

I am unfit to pass within this Pylon of the Hall of Maat."

Page 8. Sign of Hanged Man is as in Thoth Tarot.  
Sign of Mulier: - "The feet are widely separated, and the arms raised so as to suggest a crescent. The head is thrown back (attitude of Baphomet, Isis in Welcome, the Microcosm of Vitruvius). (See BOOK 4, Part II)." from MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, Liber Reguli.

Page 9. See the signs of the Grades in MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, facing p. 200 in Symonds and Grant edition. The rending and closing of the veil are signs 5 & 6.

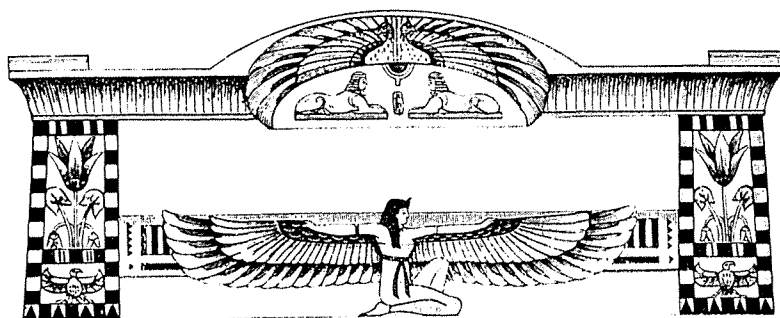
The secret word as in p. 2.

"The Banishing Spiral Dance" is performed widdershins, or against the movement of the hands of the clock.

The Adorations & the Word. The Adorations are those one learns for LIBER RESH, to be found in LIBER AL, Cap. III, vv. 37 & 38. Omit first stanza and repeat last 4 stanzas.

Page 10. Khabs-Am-Pekht, Konx Om Pax, Light in Extension.

(Editor's Note) This comment is by no means complete. Any suggestions and new insights are welcome.)



## RITUAL FRAGMENT\*

The implements necessary to the due performance of the  
Building of the Pyramid and the Ceremony of the Equinox.

Altar	-	Oil in Center		
Fire	-	Wand - East	Fire	- Flame - South
Water	-	Ring - North	Water	- Wine - West
Earth	-	Lamen - South	Earth	- Bread and Salt - North
Air	-	Bell - West	Air	- Rose - East
		Robe		
		Knife (Scourge and Chain)		

Note the position of the weapons and elements, interchanging  
the Zodiacal and Terrestrial attributions of the Four.

### The Building of the Pyramid

(In S.W.) (The "East" is the Direction of Boleskine)

Hail, Asi! (sound bell) (Establishing Demeter in S.W.)  
(In N.W.) Hail, Hoor-Apep! (sound bell) establishing  
Hades in N.W.)

Let the Silence speech beget! (Banishing spiral dance)  
From Throne of East. (establishing Hermes in East)  
The Words against the Son of Night!  
Tahuti speaketh in the Light.  
Knowledge and Power, twin warriors, shake  
The Invisible; they roll asunder  
The Darkness; Matter shines, a snake.  
Sebek is smitten by the thunder!  
The Light breaks forth from under!

From West (invoking Hermes)  
O Thou! the apex of the plane  
With Ibis head and Phoenix wand  
And wings of Night, whose serpents strain  
Their bodis, bounding the beyond.  
Thou in the Light and in the Night,  
Art one, above their moving might!

At altar with Scourge, Dagger, Chain and Oil  
The lustral Water. Let its flood  
Cleanse me, lymph, marrow, and blood!  
The Fire informing. Let the Oil  
Balance, assain, assoil!

Optional  
The Scourge, the Dagger, and the Chain  
Purge body, breast, and brain.

---

\* Found among Jane Wolfe's papers.

With invoking spiral dance.

Now let me pace the path, bind on  
The girdle of the Starry One!

In West M M  
Homage to thee, Lord of the Word! (sign of Enterer)  
Lord of the Silence, homage to Thee (Sign of Silence)  
Lord, we adore Thee, still and stirred  
Beyond Eternity! (Both signs)

For from the silence of the wand  
Unto the speaking of the Sword,  
And back again to the Beyond,  
This is the toil and the reward.  
This is the path of Hua - Ho!  
This is the path of IAO.

Hail, Asi, hail! (bell) thou wanded wheel:  
Alpha and Delta kissed, and came  
For Five that feed the flame.  
Hail, Hoor-Apep! (bell) thou sword of steel!  
Alpha and Delta and Epsilon  
Met in the Shadow of the Pylon;  
And in Iota did proclaim  
That tenfold core and crown of flame.  
Hail, Hoor-Apep! Unspoken name!

In closing, the ritual is identical to the word "brain"  
(under optional). Then use banishing spiral dance, and say:

Now let mine hands unloose the sweet  
And shining girdle of Nuith."

Continue with "Homage to thee, Lord of the Word! (enterer)  
and down to IAO. (this page, above).

Then taking the Sacrament say:

For lo! the Holy One hath said:  
These are my body's elements  
Tried and found pure, a golden spoil;

Incense and wine and fire and bread  
These I consume, true sacraments,  
For the perfection of the Oil.

For I am clothed about with flesh  
And I am the eternal Spirit.  
I am the Lord that riseth fresh  
From death; my glories they inherit

Who shall abide with me. I am  
The manifester of the Unseen.  
Without me all the land of Khem  
Is as it had not been.

Hail Hoor! (bell)  
Hail Asi! (bell)  
Hail Tahuti! (bell)  
Hail!

Asar Un-Nefer, (bell) through the rended veil,  
I am Thyself, with all thy brilliance decked.

Khabs Am Pecht!

(Editor's note: Jane did a good deal of typing for Aleister and this ritual seems to be either an early write-up of LIBER PYRAMIDOS or a shortened version. Since the Ceremony of the Equinox has not yet been found, it is not certain how this would fit with it.

In the West there is a triangle whose three corners are: Tahuti as Hermes as the apex; So. West corner, Asi or Isis or Demeter; No. West corner Hoor-Apep, or Hoor or Hades. These three corners correspond to the three mother letters of the Hebrew alphabet, Mem for water and the feminine names; Shin for fire and the fiery gods, Hoor, etc.; Aleph for Tahuti or Hermes and Air.

On page 1 of LIBER PYRAMIDOS, Crowley switches the attributions for Thoth, which should be Air, and Asi, which should be Water. Was this deliberate to test the student's knowledge, or was it a typist's error in the early days? However, Crowley was quite capable of entering blinds in his work here and there!

In the East there is a throne. This is traditionally the place of the light, or the rising sun. Upon this throne is stationed Thoth or Hermes as he also corresponds to Air. Horus is in the South, the place of greatest heat, and sun at noon, and corresponds to Fire. In the North is stationed Nature (or Earth).

This fragment of Pyramidos gives a few points missing in the printed version now current. It may be of interest to the student to insert pertinent words or passages when something seems lacking in LIBER PYRAMIDOS.)

JANE WOLFE

Hammer and Anvil, Part III

The Great Work

Aleister Cast the Yi Ching sticks for information as to Jane's procedures for her Magical Retirement. The answer was Number 20, Kuan - Contemplation. Above, the Sun, the gentle, wind; and below, K'un, the receptive, earth. The judgement stated:

CONTEMPLATION. The ablution has been made,  
But not yet the offering.  
Full of trust they look up to him.\*

On this he based Jane's regime. He decreed that for the first week, she should spend one half hour for each of the six meditations to be done each day. The second week, there should be one hour for each subject, the third week one and a half hours should be given to each; and the fourth week, two hours should be spent for each of the subjects. Liber Thisharb was to be done at the end of the Retirement, but this had to be shortened.

There was a part of the beach separated by a projection of rock. Few people went there, possibly because the descent to the beach was steep, possibly because it was smaller than the other beach and was also more rocky. Here Aleister decided Jane could pitch her tent and carry on her work with a minimum of disturbance.

The tent she used was Aleister's Himalayan tent which was a waterproof one, about as long as a man, but only about as high as a man's waist. The waterproofing was done by a heavy waxed surface and even the floor was of this waterproof material and also a stretch of low canvas across the front, so that one had to step up and over to get into the tent. If it rained, the front flaps could be tied together. As Jane happily noted, it was waterproofed all around.

She was put on an oath of silence except for the words "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" which were said by Russell when he brought her the hot meal at noon and the evening meal later. Jane's reply was "Love is the law, love under will". No other words were spoken. For the morning needs, she had a primus stove which she set up to boil water for the morning tea.

Genesthai did the work of stationing the tent on the beach. The proper words were spoken and all went back to the Abbey.

---

\* THE I CHING, or BOOK OF CHANGES, by Wilhelm / Baynes.





Jane and Leah



Jane in her asana



After the rituals for the first day, Jane retired on her palette and slept soundly. She awoke in the morning to a strange motion, her palette was swaying, rising and falling gently. She worked her way to the front flap and looked out and to her astonishment discovered that the tent was entirely surrounded by water. She reflected that perhaps by now she would have been out to sea if it hadn't been for the tent poles acting as an anchor.

At about this moment, Aleister and Genesthai came to the top of the trail to see how she had fared in the night and immediately came down to the beach when they saw her predicament. At this she laughed and talked somewhat, thus breaking into her 31 day retirement. Genesthai helped her to another perch about three feet farther up from the water's edge among some rocks. Jane settled down to work again.

That night a howling high wind arose and a high surf shook loose the rocks upon which the tent was pitched. Jane scrambled out of the tent as well as she could and blown by the wind, managed to move her gear and the tent onto a narrow shelf of earth rising from the cove. She was proud that she could do this with no help from anyone and later A.C. said this was the proper thing for her to do.

However, this shelf above the cove was too narrow for a permanent stop, and between hours of meditation she busied herself with moving stones and rocks out of the way in a more suitable site for the tent. This was to give a level floor for the practices. Then she built a stout wall with small boulders and various stones. She felt somewhat like an Egyptian working on a pyramid.

In the pauses between the exercises she swam in the sea nude and found it especially delightful just to let go and drop off a particular rock jutting about three feet out of the water. She felt totally relaxed, as a babe in the care of the Holy Guardian Angel and thought with this how she was yielding up the ego.

The ache of the Asana accumulated from day to day, especially in the legs and the ankles. Jane thought she was sitting in boiling oil. Somehow, she had been somewhat lax in the previous months to get this thoroughly mastered. But she persisted and went on in spite of the pain. This ache never really left her until the whole retirement was finished and she was back at the Abbey.

Some Sicilian peasants discovered the tent and among themselves decided that Jane had "the pest" and by some means or other she was to be sent elsewhere. They also claimed that she was storing a gun in the tent. There was quite a commotion but Jane continued to meditate. The police investigated the tent and its occupant and reported the peasant inaccuracies to them and to the authorities. Nevertheless, the superstitious peasants were not mollified and they began to throw stones at the tent. One of these cut right

through the canvas and hit Jane on the head. She continued her meditation, not breaking the asana, nor the Vow of Silence. The peasants fussed around the opening of the tent and became rather bothersome. In due time Genesthai was able to convince them that they should leave Jane alone. But Jane carried the sore head for a time after her return.

She got better at the Pranayama as she stepped up the intervals needed to inhale, to hold and to exhale. Finally on the last day of her retirement, automatic rigidity set in and she slowly leaned over and over until, still in her asana, she was on her side on the floor of the tent. Here she remained for the duration of the meditation.

The next night she returned to the Abbey to find all members robed and 666 bemedalled and robed magnificently. He placed Jane with the sword on the outer rim of the circle. The ritual was splendidly done. The description is in A.C.'s diary for the time and there is none by Jane as the diaries for this period were lost.

Two new people from England were in the group and had arrived when Jane was on her retirement. These were Cecil Maitland and Mary Butts, a writer. Jane found Mary rather a pain for when she was asked to do anything she would conveniently become feverish and had to lie down. For instance, the small task of serving coffee for breakfast for the group, would bring on this reaction. They didn't stay much longer than two or three weeks after Jane's return and she was glad to see them go.

Then Frank Bennett, a contractor, arrived that summer to work under Aleister's supervision. He took the magical name of Progradior and it was for him that Therion prepared LIBER SAMECH. After his three months of what he termed satisfying work he remarked, "I love Aleister because he is so human."

Genesthai had been jealous of the privilege which Jane had of going on a Magical Retirement. Also, he had to give up his room to Frank Bennett and there was a good deal of emotional upset and crazy behaviour - fully reported on by Crowley in his own diary.

It was during this period that Ninette's sister Mimi, engaged in post-war work at Soissons, arrived on a two-week's vacation. The upshot of this visit was that Russell, after quite a battle with himself, decided for matrimony. He left Cefalu, he and Mimi were married, and then they returned to the States. Jane thought Russell had a somewhat sullen disposition but a splendid mind. She noted that his going was a great disappointment to Aleister.

After Bennett left in the Fall, there were no more visitors and the remainder of the season was spent quietly.

During the Fall, Jane took up another ritual and included the "169 Adorations" from THE EQUINOX, Vol. I, No. 3. She would prop herself up in bed in the evening after some of the other work had been done and would chant these adorations aloud. At first she started with only a few pages and then gradually added on the rest until she was doing the whole set. She knew these were working, for something stirred in the depths of her being. This technique of "enflame thyself in prayer" was very effective for her.

One evening 666 told her to enter the circle and perform the Pentagram ritual and the Collects from the Mass. When walking around the circle, performing the former ritual and pronouncing the words at the proper intervals, she was flung to the floor, her spectacles sliding along the tiles without breaking. She rose and continued, finishing with the Collects, knowing that she must not pause, no matter what the phenomena. When all was done she went to her room for the night, wondering what force could make her take such a fall.

She learned from Aleister next morning that it was the first considerable movement of kundalini.

She continued her experiments with arousing kundalini and discovered how closely allied it was to the sex force. Her success was due to a suppression of orgasm, which being baulked of the usual outlet, arose up the spine as the light force of kundalini. She coined the phrase "I am the phallus of my angel". The observation was appropriate, as the kundalini force is indeed like a phallus of light when it rises up the sushumna.

In Jane's first year at Cefalu, she had written a history of her sex life for Aleister. Mostly her affairs in her youth had been short and very disappointing. In one case, the lover had died too soon. After a series of these events Jane had made up her mind that for some reason hidden in her karma, she was not to have a satisfying love relationship with the opposite sex. She wrote, too, in her diary, that Aleister's physical presence was abhorrent to her. This was to lead to her major ordeal and what she called her failure with it.

During this period when she was on a "spiritual rampage" as she termed it, Aleister had occasion to write about her work.

" An. XVII, Sun in Capricorn. All this is very good; but I repeat the old warnings against being satisfied with subjective sensations however intense and convincing they may appear.

But in this instance there is confirmation. Yesterday, in ignorance of what Soror ECTAI was doing, I spontaneously

remarked that her eyes were unusually brilliant, her complexion clearer than I had ever seen it before, her aura most singularly pure and radiant. There is this independent evidence of the correspondence between the observed result and that which is theoretically to be expected from the operations performed. I am therefore ready to admit that her work has been successful; for there is no other explanation, the rest of the conditions (weather, diet, her mental and moral situation, etc.) being unfavourable to her well-being.

I recommend the employment of a material assistant such that emotional distractions are unlikely to disturb the sacramental concentration. The proper formation and consummation of the Eucharist requires careful attention. The Objects of the Working must be chosen systematically. My own Record has all the faults of pioneer-work: it contains much to avoid. There must be proper tabulation of the Experiments and strictly scientific observation. Sentimentality, sexual or spiritual, must be sternly suppressed. Compliance with these conventions should assure a success far greater than I have myself attained."

"The Beast 666"

There is not much mention of Helen Fraux, Ninette's older sister by about 20 years, but she was gone from the Abbey by the time that Aleister and Leah left for Paris at the end of January.

Jane had been charged with the education of the little boys and this she took up with mixed feelings. She had at first thought that this work would take much time away from her work on the rituals but then she accepted the duty and indeed began to enjoy it, thinking it was certainly ordained by the angel and so she ought not to protest.

Indeed, when this duty had first been put upon her in the December of the previous year, she had thought to leave Cefalu and began to pack her trunks. But Aleister dissuaded her and she stayed on and had the experiences above described. For this reason, she became much more relaxed about the extra duties.

She taught the boys the names of the stars, and took on some more instruction for them in swimming, in elementary Italian, and physical education. She had them read and memorize poetry and LIBER AL, a little each day. She attempted to teach them chess but little Hansi was too young and soon tired. Howie was quite interested in it, though. She took them on long walks up the hills and to the town and gave them instruction about the things they met on the way.

The supply of money was very negligible and Jane wrote to Mary Pickford to see if they could benefit from a little charity. She had played the mother in some of Pickford's films in the days when she was in the Lasky studio, and so thought perhaps there would be some help here. There was none. However, Mary K. was often appealed to and came across with needed sums. It was very quiet at the Abbey with only Ninette, Jane and the children. The money situation became quite desperate and Jane took to selling some of Aleister's cache of wine and liqueurs, a few each day until some other supply of money might come in.

They were now only in one house, as when the money supply became so low, the other house had been disbanded. Jane applied herself to giving the place a thorough cleaning, scrubbing walls and floors and washing here and there. She even started a small garden. But she grew very weary of the same schedule for so many days and longed for a little excitement. However, she continued with her work in the evenings, taking up LIBER SAMECH.

In late March a letter came from Aleister to Ninette which told Jane what she should now do. When a major ordeal was being planned by him, he often used this technique of writing to another person about what should be done by the person he really intended should do the work. He ordered Jane to spend at least two weeks in a brothel so as to give her a more normal approach to sex. Jane thought deeply about the letter at first, then tried to obey its injunction. She applied to the brothel in Cefalu but the madame would not take her for a short time, she would only take women who were committed to staying for life.

Jane approached the Baron, a sometime visitor at the Abbey, but he was more interested in Ninette. However, he promised to see if he had some acquaintances who might be interested. One or two visited for a short while, but did not come back. The upshot of the whole plan of action was failure as Jane could not bring herself to solicit on the streets of the town. From these events she lived the rest of her life thinking that she had failed a major ordeal.

On March 22 she noted that she was now 47 years old. Then the United States papers began to play up the scandal of Crowley and Cefalu and the O.T.O. Mary K in Hollywood was called in by the U.S. postmaster and heard a threat by him to take Jane's passport away if she belonged to the O.T.O. She wrote to Jane about this, but in the end nothing was done. But Jane was now convinced that it did no use to write to any of her acquaintances in America for money as they must have read the yellow journalism scandals and were probably repelled and shocked.

By the end of April, due to the depressing events of the winter and early Spring, Jane was thoroughly sick of the Abbey and fought too with a new hatred for Aleister. However, when she enquired deeper into herself, she had to admit the hatred was not so strong after all, for she admired what he was trying to do and was evidently one of the "chosen" herself, no matter how trying events were. She also felt that life was a treadmill of work, relieved only momentarily by trifling events. She speculated if she might be in a dry period. However, the spiritual work continued. She tried to keep up her rituals, she experimented with drugs, even with ether, she traveled on the astral and recorded the journeys, she had visions as usual.

Late in June a soldier enquired after A.C. at the Abbey and wanted to know when he would return. Jane finally discovered that the officials had a story that A.C. was teaching Communist ideals to the young men. This was easily proven to not be the case and the officials had to be content.

One thing that Jane did like about the Spring and Summer was that A.C. and Leah were not there, so she could do her work at any time of the day without interference. She did much typing for A.C., this time on his records and diaries. This work and the reading she was doing and all the other work she did from time to time had given her quite a different outlook on what was going on and changed the way she viewed life considerably. Also her stamina was being built up so that in the future she could stick to an even more difficult situation.

In July she started LIBER ASTARTE and again got some of the free flowing light of kundalini. Usually these incidents were short lived as Jane did not have the stamina to pursue them for long enough periods of time.

Meanwhile, in Paris and London, Aleister had written "Prometheus" in commemoration of the Shelley centenary. He wrote "Diary of a Drug Fiend" and arranged for the publication of his "Confessions" by Collins & Collins. All this finally brought in some money and the Abbey was able to stop worrying on this aspect for awhile.

She wrote in the diary:

Sept. 6 O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, I see somewhat of my stupidity, error & selfishness with regard to Thy servant Therion. I understand more of His suffering, more of His labour, more of His passion; His knowledge & wisdom. And I am now willing to learn of Him. Yet, am I willing to give myself utterly to Him? I think I shall still question.

I know not where I am; but this I do know: that I



wish to be more kind to Therion, more helpful, more compassionate.

Sept.12 Still no news from London (2 weeks) & I am horribly distressed about Leah. A bit of peevishness, too, because we are kept in uncertainty about her.

Sept.14 Two soldiers called, enquiring about when A.C. would be back.

For the first time in my life I am feeling contempt for humanity. I have often wondered how one who Understood, who had the Light, could feel contempt, if all is in God and of God.

Just spoke to Ninette about this 'contempt'. She says "For the individual". So I will add "for the stupidity of the individual", and eliminate 'humanity.'

I think there is something back of the London silence. Anyhow, I shall cease worrying about Lea. Stupid to do so, in any case; but A.C. does not speak lightly, and he said he was unhappy about Leah's health, and that she "had given her life to the Work".

Sept.16 Letter from Leah! She is not well, but the uncertainty is over. (P.S. Did not realize three weeks had elapsed since her last letter.)

Sept.22 Took 2 sniffs of H.B. last night, and E. There is something for me to get out of this Shot-Drill. To the finite mind complete knowledge of the future, the pre-ordained, would mean insanity, annihilation by fighting continually, stupefaction by drink or drugs, suicide, soddenness - depending on the mind obtaining such knowledge? The element of surprise, whether of joy or grief, pleasure or pain, keeps us interested in life. The hopelessness of the very poor makes them turn to drink or sexual excesses - they have no other relief.

The finite mind says, How horribly bored God must be. If everything is known, how could it be otherwise?

Pentagram morning and evening henceforth.

Sept.25 I would like so much to get to a place where I could make money for this Abbey; the locality would make no difference. I enter this because one year ago, when the question of returning to the States came up, I found myself very reluctant. (I must state, however, I felt that move not to be my Will at the time.) Now I should be willing to drop any opportunities this place may afford for attainment, and could happily take myself where money could be commanded.

- Sept.26 Started Pranayama today - an altogether different conception from anything heretofore acquired. Am away from breath control, body control, and into a finer matter. Something new to work for, and I feel invigorated.
- My August experience left me in the plane of psychic (?) sensation. Discovered after a time that I smoked a cigarette to acquire this sensation, breathed to acquire it, etc. This entry should have been made a week ago, at the least, as I had rid myself fully of the desire by that time.
- Oct. 2. Leah returned from London. Looking better than I expected. Funny, she said the same thing about me.
- Oct. 3 Leah looking fine. To see her no one would suspect an illness or nervous breakdown. Tonight I tried her reflexes - left leg responded though not vigorously. Right knee gave a slight response.
- Oct.4 Leah has changed considerably. She is noticeably freer of the personal. I assume this is a permanent change, though her illness (Dr. Maggio says: "Tuberculosis" and shakes his head) may explain a part of it; she lacks her former 'pep'.
- I have now finished two coats, one for Howie and one for Hansi, made out of two coats of the Beast dug out of a trunk.
- Oct.19 Think I have made a discovery which not only affects me, but the majority of women. A.C. says I have 'drivelled' about him. Maybe I have; which is stupid. Most women look to a certain man or two for deliverance - they know not from what. I have been given to understand that A.C. is to be my initiator - therefore I have thought of him, looked to him. But love? What is love? Now that I look at the matter from this angle, do I really love or am I merely anxious for the initiation that I may understand and go on to my work? I assume the large majority of women whose life is bound up in the men they have married are no more in love than are the men - they simply have learned a bit of self-expression, and needing this they call it 'love'. Certainly I have known other men who at the time attracted me more than A.C. has ever done; though not being occultists the attraction would doubtless have worn off in time. (Even so, it would wear off eventually in any case; - I cannot picture myself 'loving' one man all my life.) (Not properly expressed at all.)

Beast returned from London Nov. 4 - possibly two weeks later now.

Continuing my entry of Oct. 19.

I have accepted what I understood to be my Destiny because I wanted to believe; I came to Cefalu because of what was received by me with the automatic writing and during the initiation of May, 1918 - all in California. A.C.'s letter did not influence my coming beyond an inner conviction that what he therein suggested was the correct interpretation of my message.

I think I have now cleared my decks. All this is put aside - it has always lain at the back of my mind, whatever the conscious may have been doing. Now I stand free of all California influence, and of A.C. to the extent that I connected this man with the man I learned of while in California. Now I stand free.

Nov.23 Am willing now to undertake an abhorred task - I must understand the why and wherefore; the where-from. So appallingly loathesome when first confronted - still so to the physical.

Raoul and Betty Loveday followed Aleister to the Abbey from London. Jane noted that Raoul was not strong and at the time was recovering from a septic throat which had kept him ill for a long time.

Raoul had contracted malaria as a child in India. Later, at Oxford, when out on a lark one night he had to climb over an iron fence to get back to his rooms. Somehow he got impaled on this fence; the more he struggled to free himself, the deeper the thigh was pierced, until the point went through completely. The doctor said it would take two years to regain his normal strength. Jane did not know what time element was involved here, but this was a part of Raoul's troubles, she was sure.

A few weeks at Cefalu improved his appearance and he was as happy as a lark but Betty was not. She had a fear of Aleister and had battled Raoul in London about the trip. She now missed city life and let this be known. She had been an artist's model and Raoul was her third husband. She disliked the work and the routine of the Abbey and did not accept the residents therein. In spite of this, Jane noted that she was sociable and had a pleasing manner. But she openly defied Aleister and was not to be subdued when her wishes ran counter to his. She could become a blazing tower of anger when crossed.

Raoul took to the work of the Abbey easily and naturally as

he had quite a talent for Magick and his work promised a brilliant future. Crowley was very pleased with the calibre of his efforts and with the rapidity with which he learned the necessary ground work. He hoped he had a real 'son' or magical heir with this man.

One day as Raoul was tramping over the countryside, he drank of the water, which he had been warned not to do. For about two weeks he passed from diarrhea to dysentery without help from the doctor. Betty May wanted to climb into his bed and ask for the usual favours, but Aleister prevented her from doing so. At this, there was a tremendous row and she acted like a demented person. She now had even more reason to hate Aleister to the depths of her being.

About 1 o'clock one night enteritis set in and Raoul died the next afternoon at about 4 o'clock. The doctor stated that his heart gave out. The doctor reported the death immediately and within the hour Raoul's body was removed. The next day he was to be buried, as quick burial was the law in Sicily.

The superstitious Sicilians could not tolerate a body lying any place but in or immediately outside a cemetery. The burial ground was used only for Catholics but Raoul's body was lying in its coffin on a bier inside the gates when the residents of the Abbey arrived for the burial the next day. All of the Thelemites were robed, Aleister at the head of the procession.

Howie had not been with the group that walked down to the cemetery, but he was there when they arrived. He had on his blue silk robe, the red lined hood falling down over his shoulders, and had crowned himself with a wreath of flowers. He was whirling himself in joyful circles when the procession arrived and was shouting; "We are going to bury Raoul!" over and over.

The Beast stationed himself at the head of the coffin, Leah, Ninette and Jane were at the two sides and the foot, Betty May was in the line at one side with the children. Jane remembered later of this ceremony that Aleister used his tiny bell made of magicum, and that the rites were simple and dignified. He ended with the poem from "The Ship". "I am that I am, the flame hidden in the sacred ark. I am the unspoken name, I the unbegotten spark."

They were watched only by the monks who lived in the monastery next door to the burial grounds, who stood afar off on the other side of the cemetery. It was late January of 1923 and the days were short and cool. Aleister was also pretty sick that winter and when the funeral was over he returned to his bed. Jane and Leah had done all the nursing during this period and had done it without complaint and with intelligence and efficiency.

Betty had to wait for funds from London before she could leave but she was fairly subdued until her departure. One reason for this was that she saw little of Aleister as he was on his sick bed and could not argue with her or command her in any way.

Reporters met her at the dock and gave her £80 for her story. In this she had stated many lies, one of them being that she had been so alarmed about Raoul that she had given him an injection. This startled two students at Oxford so much that they went to Cefalu to investigate the story. They, of course, found that she had been untruthful from first to last and that she had not given Raoul an injection so that she would be free to return to London.

She told her story with the avowed intention to damage the Abbey and all within it and indeed, the result was as bad as she could have wished.

A storm of reprobation and lies broke out in the newspapers, the yellow tabloid sheets attacked full tilt. Jane's name was not mentioned outright, but she was described as an actress from California.

It was decided by Jane and Aleister that she could probably sue the newspapers for defamation of character and thus some money could come in to the Abbey. Jane left at the end of February for London.

To be continued.

## THE SHIP

### An excerpt

I am that I am, the flame  
Hidden in the sacred ark.  
I am the unspoken name,  
I the unbegotten spark.

I am He that ever goeth,  
Being in myself the Way;  
Known, that yet no mortal knoweth,  
Shewn, that yet no mortal sheweth,  
I, the child of night and day.  
I am never-dying youth.  
I am Love, and I am Truth.

I am the creating Word,  
I the author of the aeon;  
None but I have ever heard  
Echo in the empyrean  
Plectron of the primal paeon!  
I am the eternal one  
Winged and white, the flowering rod,  
I the fountain of the sun,  
Very God of very God!

I am he that lifteth up  
Life, and flingeth it afar;  
I have filled the crystal cup;  
I have sealed the silver star.  
I the wingless God that flieth  
Through my firmamental fane,  
I am he that daily dieth,  
And is daily born again.

In the sea my father lieth,  
Wept by waters, lost for ever  
Where the waste of woe replieth:  
"Naught and nowhere!" "Naught and never!"  
I that serve as once he served,  
I that shine as once he shone,  
I must swerve as he has swerved,  
I must go as he has gone.

He begat me; in my season  
I must such a son beget,  
Suffer too the triple treason,

setting as my father set.  
These my witnesses and women -  
These shall dare the dark again,  
Find the sacred ark to swim in  
The remorseless realm of rain.

Flowers and fruits I bring to bless you,  
Cakes of corn, and wealth of wine;  
With my crown will I caress you,  
With my music make you mine.  
Though I perish, I preserve you;  
Through my fall, ye rise above:  
Ruling you, your priest, I serve you,  
Being life, and being love.

Thou, who art I, beyond all I am,  
Who hast no nature and no name,  
Who art, when all but Thou art gone,  
Thou, center and secret of the Sun,  
Thou hidden spring of all things known  
And unknown, Thou aloof, alone,  
Thou, the true fire within the reed  
Brooding and breeding, source and seed  
Of life, love, liberty, and light,  
Thou beyond speech and beyond sight,  
Thee I invoke, my faint fresh fire  
Kindling as my intents aspire.  
Thee I invoke, abiding one,  
Thee, centre and secret of the Sun,  
And that most holy mystery  
Of which the vehicle am I  
Appear, most awful and most mild,  
As it is lawful, to thy child!

Chorus.

So from the Father to the Son  
The Holy Spirit is the norm:  
Male-female, quintessential, one,  
Man-being veiled in Woman-form,  
Glory and worship in the Highest,  
Thou Dove, mankind that deifiest,  
Being that race - most royally run  
To spring sunshine through winter storm!  
Glory and worship be to Thee,  
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

1st Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee from gilded tomb!  
Glory to Thee from waiting womb!

2nd Semi chorus.

Glory to Thee from virgin vowed!  
Glory to Thee from earth unploughed!

1st Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee, true Unity  
Of the eternal Trinity!

2nd Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee, thou sire and dam  
And self of I am that I am!

1st Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee, beyond all term,  
Thy spring of sperm, thy seed and germ!

2nd Semi-chorus

Glory to Thee, eternal Sun,  
Thou One in Three, thou Three in One!

Chorus.

Glory and worship be to Thee,  
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

By Aleister Crowley.

From THE EQUINOX, Vol. I, No. 10 - "The Ship"





## THE VOICE OF GOD

A God came down and spoke to me,  
Whilst the darkness wrapped me tenderly,  
A God ope'd His eye and spoke.

A God caught me up in His embrace,  
A God showed to me His face,  
A God whom I invoked.

I lived a night enraptured,  
The self of me was captured,  
And bended to His yoke.

I loved Him through eternity,  
Wrapped in His God-like amity,  
I loved Him e'er I woke.

Broke the dawning soft and clear,  
From my eye there slid a tear,  
Alas! my lover spoke.

Meral

## THE END

The year is tumbling down into November:  
Brave leaves fall sadly upon the earth.  
Must my heart so sorrowfully remember  
The blasting of sweet hopes after love's birth?

The dried and puckered leaves scatter widely:  
Their yellow fades to brown, a dull foretaste  
Of days of regret, of slow death entering mildly  
And quickening to finish the year in unctuous haste.

I relied on you and loved you, clinging as a leaf  
To the strength of your bough proudly held.  
Our hearts were Springtime together as a sheaf  
Of flowers sweet scented and wild in one delightful meld.

But the year passed on and age struck close.  
Winter sent a warning note as you froze my heart.  
Non-caring in your ways and non-tender as you chose.  
I, the tender leaf saw the end and so fell apart.

Meral

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