



IN THE CONTINUUM

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

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THE 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,¹ Scepticus,² are³ you⁴ restored⁵ to⁶ health?⁷

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.

Our⁸ conflict⁹ of¹¹ yesterday¹² was¹³ severe.¹⁴

S. Cogitavi,¹⁵ 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.¹⁰

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!¹ but is this Midsummer Night, and are we dreaming?

M. "There are wetter dreams!"² 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!³

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:¹ "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,² 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^d on Patmos."^h

d. A dwarfish miscreate, celebrated in the works of Browning and Shakespeare (W.).^e

e. Dramatic author, flourished A.D. 1600 circa; wrote The Tempest^f, 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.^g

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 μελαίρας* 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,^a 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 άγιον.

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 predicates¹ 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.²

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 = $\sin^{\theta-1} \cos \theta^{-2}$, θ 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,¹ 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.² 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?³

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."¹

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 58,² 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 25,³ 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,⁴ 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".⁵ 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."⁸

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 NEOPHYTE¹

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.

* 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^a 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)