



IN THE CONTINUUM

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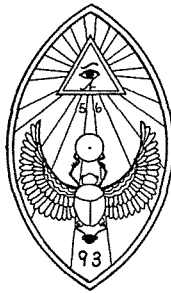
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
Love is the law, love under will.

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

COLLEGE of THELEMA



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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, Malkuth¹. 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?

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 חדוה
 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! הוי
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		81 = 9		27 = 9

Column No. 3

81 = a number of the Moon - $9 \times 9 = 81$ (9th Sphere is Luna)

GODS יֵשׁוּעַ

Anger, wrath; also nose יָא

Hearer of Cries; Angel of 6P., and of 5W. יֵשׁוּעַ

Night Demon of 2nd Dec. יָא יֵשׁוּעַ

Throne יֵשׁוּעַ

Here, hither יָא

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>
	81		L	30	is this same word
				81	See MAGICK IN
W	6	See THE HEART OF THE			THEORY AND PRACTICE
O	70	MASTER			Cap. 4.
E	5				
	81				

$$81 \div 3 = 27 \quad 3^3 = 27$$

Wept, mourned יָא

Purity יָא

A parable, enigma, riddle יָא

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 בְּנֵי אֱלֹהִים

Incense לְבוֹנָה

A disc, round shield זָג

Possession נְחִלָּה

Arduous, busy; an army צָבָא

$93 \div 3 = 31 = \text{AL and LA (not) Negation}$ (Also see I.T.C. Vol. II, No.1)

How? אֵיךְ

GOD of Chesed, and of Kether of Briah אֱלֹהֵי

To go הָלַךְ

A beating, striking, collision הִכָּא

And there was. (Vide S.D.I. par. 31) וַיְהִי

Key of Solomon, Fig. 31. אֵי

Not לֹא

" 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 אל

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 Μ 40 See AL, I. Nuit says

H Ε 5 "To me"

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

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
Myrrh מרר
Vision, aspect מראה
Angel L.T.D. of אידאל
Height, altitude גומ

$246 \div 3 = 82$

Angel of ♀ אנא
A prayer תפלה
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 הלא
Confession תשובה
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. ($5 + 6 = 11 =$ 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.¹, 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 hangedst 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. 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.

