



IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. III, No. 2

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

An LXXVIII, 1982 e.v., Sun in 0° Libra
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The College of Thelema
Founded in Service to
the A.:A.:.



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to the A.∴A.∴

STATEMENT OF POLICY OF THE COLLEGE OF THELEMA

1. The College of Thelema has been founded in service to the A.∴A.∴
2. All teachers in the College of Thelema are bound by devotion to the A.∴A.∴ and to Its precepts and instructions as revealed through LIBER AL VEL LEGIS and through the work and instructions and directions revealed through the writings of TO MEGA THERION, the Prophet of the New Aeon heralded by LIBER AL VEL LEGIS.
3. Therefore, all our work is based on LIBER AL VEL LEGIS and on the works of the Master Therion.
4. We seek to guide the student to an understanding of the Law of Thelema and, in order to aid him in this, we seek to aid him to an understanding of himself so that he may better live in freedom and joy, truly set upon his own Path towards his finite will and his Infinite Will.
5. The teachers in the College of Thelema are all members of the A.∴A.∴ and will exhibit upon request their papers proving that they belong to this great Thelemic Order. Any paper which they can exhibit for any Grade in the A.∴A.∴ has a solid basis in fact; that is, the person has truly passed his written and oral exams and has weathered his ordeals. No mere wish for a higher Grade or spurious claim to such is allowed.
6. Because of these high standards, the teachers in the College of Thelema only teach those things they know for themselves, having mastered those subjects which they teach.
7. The College of Thelema is autonomous, that is, it is not affiliated with, or influenced by any other occult Order than the A.∴A.∴.
8. The College publishes IN THE CONTINUUM for any person whatever who wishes to subscribe. This publication is also used in the Course of Study of the College.
9. The teachers serve without personal pay in the great tradition of the A.∴A.∴. Any fees requested scarcely cover the cost of operations.

INFORMATION

1. The College has proven by experience that teaching done in a classroom or on a one to one basis is much more effective than any correspondence course can possibly be. The College asks that students attend both Seminars and private sessions of teachings.
2. Should the student prove competent, and should he desire it, he or she may ask to join the A.A.A. He may affiliate through that teacher in his vicinity, but he should expect to confer often with his teacher.
3. The College of Thelema reserves the right to expel from its faculty and otherwise discipline those teachers who fail to live up to the Policies of the College as stated, and to the great principles of the A.A.A.
4. The true descent of the A.A.A. line from Aleister Crowley can be proven. We have the papers which show this.
5. The College supplies those issues of IN THE CONTINUUM that are needed in a particular course to which they apply as a part of the fees. If the student has already bought those issues which he will need, the College fee is lowered accordingly.
6. The fee for each Course is \$93.00 if the person has not bought any of IN THE CONTINUUM which applies.

A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF COURSE I STUDY IN THE COLLEGE OF THELEMA.

1. The student is requested to memorize the first chapter of LIBERAL VEL LEGIS and some pertinent columns of correspondences in the Qabalah. Beginning Qabalistic studies are started. He is tested on his knowledge of this.
2. The student is asked to keep a diary of his practices and work in the College. He is asked to do other writing. This must pass the inspection of his teachers.
3. The student is supplied with a horoscope chart and a few brief comments and a synthesis is made on this. He is asked to begin a study of Astrology as a road map for his career. "Know thyself" is as important now as it ever was.
4. The student is asked to learn and do some basic Thelemic rituals suitable for the beginner and to report on these in his diary.
5. He or she is asked to read from a booklist of required books, to think about his or her reading and to report on the book and on the original thinking.

- 6 The student is asked to work on various psychological aspects of his orientation to the world and to himself and to report in his diary on this. The College encourages professional psychological help where needed. At the present the College is too small to supply this service in full but hopes instead to give the student an insight into his own behaviour so that he may become a more efficient magician.
7. The College teaches basic health practices and encourages the student in every way to improve his health for that the Path is not to be taken lightly and poor health can stand in the way of further progress.
8. The student is tested in his knowledge of one or two Thelemic books, basic to Course I.
9. The student may ask for grades if he wishes as a standard to assess his progress.

ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS TO THE COLLEGE OF THELEMA

1. The student must accept LIBER AL VEL LEGIS with no desire to make changes therein.
2. He must accept the Authority of the Prophet named in that Book, TO MEGA THERION under his various names and functions suited to various Grades of A..A..
3. The student should be a bona-fide graduate of High School or similar institution anywhere in the world and should also have had two years of college work with attention to Math, Science, Philosophy, English and the Humanities. In some cases he may be asked to submit proof of this training.
4. It is possible that the College of Thelema may reject a student who shows very poor command of the English language as we are not at the moment large enough to teach remedial English. Proof that the student can write and spell will be asked of the applicant before being admitted to the College.

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

For more information please write to the College of Thelema,
P.O. Box 415, Oroville, CA, 95965.

Love is the law, love under will,

Phyllis Seckler (Soror Meral)

COLLEGE of THELEMA



Founded in Service
to the A.:A.:

P.O. Box 415
Oroville, CA.
95965
Sun in 0° Libra
Anno LXXVIII

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

The question arises as to the future of the College of Thelema as recently a student enquired about earning a degree from us. We are not accredited and so this idea was a surprise. But some day we should certainly try for accreditation and it is with this end in mind that some new regulations have been necessary. These regulations also aid in the health of the College, and in its efficient operation.

First, students should try to complete Course I within two years of work. The time here is lenient as most students must work for a living or else attend another type of College or University. However, it does the student no good to hang on without finishing the work and it is expensive in operation for the C.O.T. for a student to take too long at his tasks. Therefore, we are going to charge a yearly fee for those who go beyond two years before all the work of Course I is finished. Of course, you know, that if you attend another type of College, the work must be finished within a semester, usually about 3 to 5 months, or the student fails in his courses.

Second, the C.O.T. is now going to require that each student have two years in an outside University with attention to courses in Math, Science, Humanities, English and Philosophy. We are too small to teach these subjects, yet they are needed if one is going to understand the work of Aleister Crowley. They are also needed by any person going on to leadership positions in Thelemic Orders. If there are going to be any exceptions to this rule, it will be with the full consent of the Board of Directors.

Need I remind all aspirants to Crowley's two Thelemic Orders about the many statements in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS about the "highest" being of us? That we are the Kings of the earth? Part of this process of becoming a king depends on a decent education and, of course, aristocracy of spirit, soul and mind. This aristocracy is sometimes there at birth, but it can also be developed by education should the aspirant be amenable to training.

Further, it is stated elsewhere by A.C. that the God does not dwell in a vehicle ill prepared, that the finest development of body, soul, mind and spirit must be the goal for those who would attain to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

The A.∴A.∴ has a course of study designed to bring about this development. But there are cases where the karma of an individual makes it impossible to finish A.∴A.∴ tasks and to attain to such a high goal. However, a person may be able to attain to a great deal of intellectual knowledge and be able to train his body to obey and to be healthy and even may be able to learn control of emotions. The A.∴A.∴ work asks for health but does not describe how it is to be done, nor does it describe work on the emotional nature. The C.O.T., on the other hand, teaches health and yogic exercises and hatha yoga of various types. It teaches the overcoming of deleterious emotional habits through an emphasis on Astrology and Psychology. In other words, the student can still gain a lot of information from the C.O.T., which will aid him in any pursuit of his life and which will also aid him to live according to Thelemic principles. The College is a very good introduction to A.C.'s A.∴A.∴. Further, even though a student may not be successful in some task of the Order, the College work may still be done in such a way that it will aid him to find his finite will and hopefully, an infinite Will. LIBER AL states: "let the fine be tried in intellect" in Cap.I, v. 50. The C.O.T. can do this whereas the intellect alone would stop one short of certain levels of attainment in the A.∴A.∴. Therefore, in the C.O.T., one may win a B.A. or an M.A. and be able to lecture to the public at large or on a College campus anywhere else even without the attainment of the highest Illumination.

In this way, the C.O.T. can be instrumental in spreading the Law of Thelema. This is so necessary in our war-torn world, in a society which shows so many ills.

Third, the C.O.T. now requires that a student attend two seminars for each Course attempted. We must face the necessity of holding classes just as a regular college does. In due time, it is hoped that our classes will cover a two week period and have 65 hours of class time at a minimum, with homework as well. This may be quite possible for a good many students, as most have a two week vacation if they hold down a job, or if they also go to another college, then they often have a summer free.

The C.O.T. once attempted to teach by correspondence but there were so many failures that this was deemed quite an inefficient method of teaching. So now we require, fourth, that the student show up for personal instructions. This may be done at the Seminars and it must also be done on a one to one basis. Some of the problems a student may have should not be exposed to a classroom

situation. There may also be matters in the diaries which may show a need for individual help and guidance which cannot be tackled by correspondence.

Fifth, we must encourage students to do the work as those who do not, turn out to be a waste of our time. Since we are so small and since we are struggling to survive and grow we must take steps to penalize failures and to personally encourage a student to work at it. The penalty would be to be dropped from the College when a student does not do any of the work during the course of one year. Also, as in a regular College, there would be no return of fees.

The C.O.T. would like to encourage every student to acquire all of the issues of In The Continuum, as there is so much valuable information in each issue. Even though Course I works with the first 5 issues, and Course II works with the rest of Volume I and some of Volume II, the familiarity with each Volume and issue of I.T.C. would be of inestimable help.

Then we would like to encourage donations and endowments as we are now running at a loss. Our teachers come to the Seminars with their own money and are not paid for any of their teaching. In the future, the College would like to grow to such an extent that each teacher could have travel money and be supported while here with a roof over the head and food in the mouth.

Our work is of extreme value to the Thelemic Orders and it may be that at some far distant date, the College could support its workers and teachers. We have a parallel here with the Catholic Church, which has been so well organized through the years and so efficient at raising money, that its priests and nuns are given full support. There is not much hope in the near future that the O.T.O. will support or aid those A..A.. members which are so vital to its health and future good name. It is to be hoped that the College can step in and overcome this shortcoming and aid its adepts of the A..A.. who give of their time and worldly goods to teach other aspirants.

Our teachers have done a splendid job so far. If they need some discipline that is not in the A..A.. curriculum, they have supplied the lack on their own. This is very astonishing when one considers that they all have jobs and so much time is spent in this mundane work. But they all know that one cannot teach what one does not know and they have shown a great deal of initiative and independence in their studies. We are a group of Renaissance men and women in this College, if one may be allowed the term.

So we have grown. At one time there were no Neophytes to teach, now there are several. It is to be hoped that there may be more Neophytes of A..A.. in states other than California who can also

teach, should that be a part of their will, sometime in the future.

Let me make it clear that the College of Thelema has been founded in service to the A.:A.: and its teachers are all members of that Order, of the Grade of Neophyte or higher. But even though we are inspired by the high principles of the A.:A.:, we are separate from that great Order. The College works on the mundane, or outer planes, the Order works on the spiritual or inner planes and on a one to one basis, with a great deal of the work being done alone. The C.O.T. can hold classes and raise money, the Order may not do these things. The C.O.T. can issue various degrees, such as B.A. or M.A., the Order issues only papers below the Grade of 5^o = 6^o which states the required work has been done. But these papers would not enable one to go to an outside College and ask for a B.A.

Nor would work in an outside College or University enable one to earn a degree in the A.:A.: This reminds me of a very confused individual who once claimed the Grade of Philosophus of A.:A.: on the excuse that he had an M.A. in Philosophy from the University of California. This is not the way it works and if one is really conversant with "One Star in Sight", one could see this fact easily. No Grade is given in A.:A.: unless all the required work is done and so no person can be a Philosophus if the work of lower Grades is not completed.

It is essential to the future health of Thelema that our work should be efficient, with high standards. Because of this, we might remain a small group for quite some time but we are looking at the long road to success, no matter how many years it may take to achieve our goals. Too many unbalanced and even half crazed people have crowded the occult fields, this we must avoid at all costs. Crowley always wrote for the highest of the races, for the aristocrats; it behooves us to live up to the Thelemic standards as described in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS.

From time to time, as need arises, we may adjust and/or change our regulations and requirements. In this way we can be much more flexible than is the A.:A.:, but one thing we always will aim for, and this is to develop the highest potential in each human being who joins in with us in this Work.

Love is the law, love under will,

Fraternally,

Seror Meral

HYMN TO THE LORD

I love Thee in all the star wrought graces of the skies;
In the Isis of beauty that about me lies
Waiting for Thy touch of love to awaken in splendid flame
The ever-coursing thunder of Thy name.

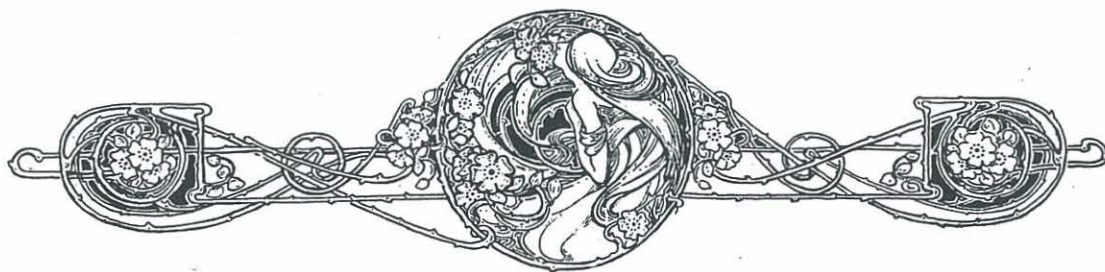
Oh, splendid One, Lord of mystery unspeakable
Coursing through my veins in agony unbearable,
Oh, Light of Life in splendrous rapture of delight
Fill my veins with life in mystical might.

As a slender mote in the strong sunbeam dances
So dance I as a creation of Thy fancies.
These words of mine are but chaff upon the wind
Compared to the intensity of Thy glance and mind.

Eternal Lord, bind my everlasting course with Thee
From aeon to aeon for all eternity;
Closer to Thy heart that I be fit symbol
Of encompassing love; hold me lest I tremble.

These words are poor that fall before Thy face,
Lend me still of Thy intoxicating grace
That I may pour my heart out in Thy praise
And joined with my Lord, remain a Star ablaze.

Meral
July 9, 1982





Meral

COMMENT ON LIBER VII

Copy of Comment pencilled by NEMO, Sun in 20^O Pisces, Anno V.
in vellum edition of LIBER VII belonging to V.J.

Prologue of the Unborn

Verse 1.	"loneliness"	i.e. of Babe of the Abyss
2.	"flute"	i.e. the flute of Pan
3.	"river"	i.e. Phrath
3.	"wilderness"	i.e. The abyss where is Choronzon
4.	"Pan"	i.e. the sire of Nemo
5.	"snows"	i.e. the 3 supernals
6.	"stars"	i.e. Nuith
13.		i.e. from Chesed to Binah
15.		i.e. for there are other masters in the City of the Pyramids.

Chapter I, Mars

Verse 19.	Phoenix Wand
31.	This verse a thought from mention of a weeping one
32.	Invocation to regain aspiration
34.	Ray or shaft of arrows strikes Däath which disperses it.
40.	N.O.X. = $\zeta\gamma\lambda$ = 210 = \otimes NOX. N = Mentu O = Amoun, X = Isis Virgin.

Chapter II, Saturn

Verse 3	9 & 8
5	Saturn = lead; yesod; Ganesha
13	Pertinax = stick to it.
14	Yesod
17	Hathor
19	More Yesod and γ house of Saturn
28	Saturn melancholy
38	Ring of Saturn

Chapter III, Jupiter

Verse 29	Tali-fu
31	Rupa & the other skandhas
34	Black and white
35	Röse and blue
36	Malkuth broken into Ruach
37	Netzach
39	Hod
51	i.e., my perception of the Mourning of Isis started me on the quest.

Verse 60

Atu XX = Ψ = 718 = Fulfillment
in Ano XX, Sun in Aries (refers to
AL III, v. 10)

Chapter IV, Sun

Verse 16

44

1st line

2nd line

45

46

51

Malkah and the prince, the Soul and
the H.G.A.

H.C.I.P.

Sigils reading from right to left
explained by the symbols

Δ of Δ , ∇ , ∇ , Δ , ∇ of Δ , ∇ of Δ , Δ of Δ , Δ of Δ , ∇ of ∇ , Δ of ∇

Δ of ∇ , ∇ of ∇ , Δ of Δ , ∇ of Δ , ∇ of Δ

Word of 11 letters that adds to 418

Abrahamadabra

10²² & 11

Nun = Jesus 1X ∇ vs

Amri, etc. translate as: {for ever} {unlawful}

let him die, let him die, let his soul

die without pleasure (lit. orgasm) he

shall die, he is dead.

Chapter V, Mercury

Verse 2

5

6

16

20

38

42

The Chakras

Key XVII (The Star)

" "

? The Toucan

Kether and Pan

Jesus

The ∇ reversed by Aiwass

Chapter VI, Moon

Verse 2

13

16

21

25

33

Yoni concealed in Man ()

Wine of Iacchus

Key VII (The Chariot)

N.O.X., Night of Pan

14th Aethyr (of Vision and Voice)

Of Tao Teh King

Chapter VII, Venus (In another copy A.C. noted; "Moon better than Venus")

Verse 2

3

4

5

6

9

10

15

Ca Vamania

"flaming God" - Horus

Isis mourning (In another copy "The
little pile of dust")

The birth of Horus

Osiris

Abrahamadabra

"seven letters" i.e. these 7 chapters.

Nov. 18, 1898

Verse 20	Kundalini
22 & 23	For 1 (gimel) leads from Tiphereth to Kether
26	Hermes, Hegemon, Hierophant
"	Wand of Adepts is 5 ^o = 6 ^o
28	8 ^o = 3 ^o Binah
29	⊗
32	NEMO
34	"reason together" - above Ruach
36	9th and 11th Aethyrs
41 - 44	See explanation in Aethyrs
46 & 47	The spirit flashing down from NEMO
50 - 52	Perdurabo speaks the text book of a Master of the Temple

(Editor's note: This comment is no doubt incomplete. But as margin notes, it has a good deal of use to the student.)



QABALIST'S CORNER

Some meanings for the number 210

In LIBER VII, Cap. I, v., 40.

"When Thou shall know me, O empty God, my flame shall utterly expire in Thy great N.O.X."

N. J	50	=	Atu	13	- Death	or:	13
O. y	70	=	Atu	15	- Devil		15
X	90	=	Atu	4	- Emperor		17 The Star
	210			32	Paths on Tree of Life.		45 = ADM, man, etc.

In the BOOK OF LIES, Cap. A:

THE SABBATH OF THE GOAT

Ø! the heart of N.O.X. the Night of Pan

IIAN: Duality: Energy: Death.

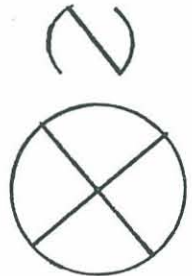
Commentary on (A)

"It is explained that this triad lives in Night, the Night of Pan, which is mystically called N.O.X., and this O is identified with the O in this word. N is the Tarot symbol, Death; and the X or Cross is the sign of the Phallus.--

N.O.X. adds to 210, which symbolizes the reduction of duality to unity, and thence to negativity, and is thus a hieroglyph of the Great Work."*

In the VISION AND THE VOICE, 20th Aethyr, Note 17:

"-----N.O.X. is symbolized by (a holistic symbol for N.O. and X.) which represents the reduction of the dyad to unity by love under will, and thence to Zero by dissolution in Nuit. It is here used by the Seer to destroy all positive symbols, for the true Wheel (apart from ornaments) is the Circle, Nuit herself."



And in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, Cap. III, v. 22:

"-----I am the visible object of worship; the others are secret; for the Beast & his Bride are they: and for the winners of the Ordeal X. What is this? Thou shalt know."

OX is an ox, or Aleph and represents the highest attainment possible.

*Note: 2 = duality - 1 = unity - 0 = negativity, or Nuit.

THE KING OF THE WOOD

He kept in the shadow of the grove. It was bright moonlight but he did not walk there. He walked so that it was impossible to discover his object. Even in the murk of the grove, one could see the great head thrust forward, and imagine the intensity of the eyes, as he paced restlessly among the trees. Apparently, then, he was seeking something. Yet he passed again and again over the same places. Once he came near to a pool of moonlight in the glade, near enough for a sudden flash to strike into the depth of the darkness; one could divine that in his hand was a drawn sword. The stealth and vigilance of his manner now gave the clue to his mind's one thought: he was on guard: he expected attack. But whence? No scene could be more mirrored peace.

The moon shone brightly on the hills to the north of the grove; to the south a declivity led to an embowered lake, set in the cup of an old crater, so deep that even the wanton winds of the hills rarely ventured to tease its silver with their breath, as maids may with a glass.

Part of this slope had been cut away, and a great terrace wall extended some two hundred yards or more; the water lay against its foot. Upon this terrace stood a small and silent temple adorned with Doric columns of peperino. The cornices were more elaborate, and carved of marble; there were also friezes of terra cotta, while under the moonlight the tiles of gilded bronze which roofed it returned her silver kiss with a ruddier glow.

This shrine was set in a great mass of woodland, absolutely still on that windless night, save where, bubbling from the basalt, a spring ran over the pebbles, and fell in a series of cascades into the lake. No other sound broke in upon the night, for the tread of the watcher was muted; it was spring; there were no fallen leaves, but moss and violets were soft and fragrant for his foot.

Presently the strange man gave a wild gesture, as of impatience. He stepped deliberately into the moonlight where a marble statue stood among the beeches and the oaks, to mark the place, perhaps, of some fallen monster of the forest. He raised his great head to the moon and shook his sword - was it in triumph or in agony? Muttering strange words. One could see the sweat upon his forehead as he lifted it to that clear light.

It was a marvellous head. Browning might have used it as a model for his John the Pannonian.

"Here's John the Smith's rough hammered head.

Great eye,

Gross jaw and griped lips do what granite can
To give you the crown-grasper."

For every mark of the self-made man was stigmatized in him. The arms were long, the hands enormous, powerful and sinewy, knotted and calloused. The figure was gigantic in height, but lean and ill-proportioned; the back was bent as if from years of toil. The head itself was almost absurdly large; the jaw was thrust forward like a gorilla's, and the expression of the mouth was in keeping. The eyes expressed cunning and savagery as well as resolution and pride. This last quality was written all over the man.

His carriage was the incarnation of self-esteem; and yet -? Yes, there was agony mingled with the triumph of his gesture. His eyes were tired with watching; fear had crept in to mar their brilliance.

Was it that a leaf rustled? In an instant the man leaped from the side of the statue, and was lost in the blackness of the wood.

A moment later, through a little avenue, came a woman running and gasping for breath. At every opening in the wood she stopped and cried aloud. Her fear, witnessed by loose tresses and disordered raiment, quivered in her voice; but it also lent her unnatural keenness of perception, for she saw the man with the sword when he was still many yards distant. Instantly she changed her course and dashed toward him, falling at his feet in an attitude of intense supplication. Her gasps repressed themselves enough for her to utter one loud cry, "Sanctuary, O King!"

The strange man answered, "You are safe here; go on into the temple" in an even untroubled voice, as if the incident were common and formal. He seemed to redouble his vigilance. The woman rose to her feet, as if to obey his directions, then staggered and fell. "My strength is gone," she cried. "Lead me to the temple."

The king looked yet more intently towards a certain tree that stood by itself in the glade in an oval space of green-sward. It was an aged oak towering and massive. He thought he saw a movement in the trees that encircled it at a respectful distance, like courtiers about a king. For an answer to the woman, he cut her to the earth with a single sweep of his sword, and bounded forward.

The movement that he had seen turned instantly to frantic flight; but those long limbs had paced every alley of the wood by night and day for many a year; the fugitive had no chance of escape. Before he had gone twenty yards, the king was on him; a sword-thrust pierced him back to breast, and he fell headlong. The other never stooped; he was sure of his sword-work; he turned instantly on his heel and resumed his restless pacing.

Yet presently an idea seemed to strike him; he dragged the bodies into the open; and, drawing a piece of cord from his garment, swung them from a low branch of the great oak. He gave a low grim laugh; then settled himself at the foot of the tree; in a moment he was fast asleep.

II.

Elsewhere there was another man on guard that night, but he took his duty less seriously. He was a short burly slave, immensely strong, with a round brutal head and thick bull neck, his hair so short and curled, and his complexion so dark, that one might have guessed an admixture of Afric blood. He leaned on the short Roman pilum with its broad blade and heavy shaft, and he was frankly bored with life. From time to time he sat down and rested on the steps of the villa which he guarded, and looked across toward the moon over the woods that lay below him. He could just see the lake and the temple upon the terrace above it, for the moon lit them to life, although they were some miles away. But he had no thought towards them but as scenery; he had no idea of the tragedy even then being enacted in those distant groves.

So dull was he that he lost all sense of his duty; he was awakened smartly by a light touch upon his shoulder. Before he could turn, a figure wrapped and muffled in a dark robe flitted past him from the house, and made toward the woods that sheltered it upon the west. He followed it with his eyes.

The figure turned, made a single gesture of beckoning, sped on to the shelter of the trees. The slave hesitated. He looked up at the villa; all was dark. I'll risk it, he thought, and moved swiftly toward the shadow where the mysterious one had now disappeared.

Before he had taken three paces within the darkness, he came up with it. A white hand came from the vesture, caught his and pressed it, led him some ten yards further where a statue of Pan stood in a circular basin in which a fountain played. Around the basin the ground was terraced, and thick grown with moss. The figure moved to the one spot where moonlight fell, and took a seat, drawing the slave down also. There was a moment's pause.

The slave seemed bewildered; the other evidently enjoyed the fact. Then, with a sudden movement, the white hand drew away the cloak from the face, and showed it. The mouth moved in three words: "I have thee."

But the slave grovelled on the moss in an ecstasy of terror. He could only murmur "Lady! Lady!" again and again. "I am thy

slave," he gasped out at last.

The face of the lady, that was even and rounded, with crisp ringlets set about it, and an expression of sternness and even of harshness fixed on the thin firm curled lips of her long mouth as from strong habit, softened with laughter. "And I am thine, rather?" she said softly, and stooping down, caught the head of the slave in her arms, and began to eat it up with kisses.

Suddenly she perceived that dawn was about to break. She disengaged herself and went swiftly and silently to the house. On the steps she staggered twice.

The slave had slept. He woke in consternation to find the sun up, and he away from his post. He dashed back; there was nobody stirring. Discipline in that house was lax, now that the master had been away a month at the war. When he was at home, dawn saw every man at work; things were easier now.

The slave's mind went back to the events of the night: he cast his eyes to the distant temple. Diana save me! he cried; I have had a wondrous dream.

III.

It was the first of many such dreams. Night after night, in one way or another, the lady of the villa pursued her fancy. As the summer grew on the woods, she seemed to wax in her infatuation, but the first leaves that fell were no warning to her. Rather she glanced at the fruits that ripened in the orchard, and took them for the omens of her perfected passion. There was only one hint of winter in her year, a rumor that news had come to Rome of a great battle in the North, and of the utter defeat of the barbarians.

Intrigue has many demerits, and is (besides) morally indefensible; but it has this advantage that it makes men proud, and so, ambitious. Many a career has begun with an infringement of moral law. So as the summer passed, the slave became unhappy in his happiness.

Till now he had been contented to be a slave; he had never considered the possibility of any escape from that condition; but now, although the Lady Clodia had managed to confer many a sly favor, he was ill content. Her very gifts only served to quicken the new-born spirit of freedom. But she never spoke of asking for his freedom when the master returned; he knew instinctively that she would not dare to do so; and the rigid social system of the Republic gave no hope of any issue from his strait by any efforts of his own.

One passionate night in September the lovers were again by

the fountain of Pan where first they had given and taken all that heart would. The nightingales were silent, though, and the moon, far in her wane, was not yet in the East.

The slave was melancholy, and the quick insight of her strange love understood.

"I am the slave of a slave," she whispered in his ear, so low that the fountain flowed in her words like an accompaniment, and I would be the slave of a king."

"You have made me a king," he answered, "I have all the passions of a king. I can hardly hold my hand when Caius orders me to do his bidding." "I am glad," she said simply. "I knew you were worthy. Listen: I am going to hurt you. I have had bad news. Letters came today from the army; my lord is on his way home after the victory; he will be here in two nights more. If you dare, you shall be a king!" The slave looked up in sudden horror. "Oh, no", she laughed, "we are not to play Aegisthus and Clytemnaestra: if I ruled Rome it could be done, but not in times like these. No: but you shall be a king - the King of the Wood! and I shall be the most pious of all the votaries of Diana!" She said it lightly but his eyes were fixed in fear and horror upon her.

The Roman look came fierce into her face. "You dare!" she cried, "for me you dare!" and with a single movement she threw an arm about his neck and fastened her mouth on his, while with the other hand she drew a sword from beneath her cloak, and put it in his hand. Tensely he gripped it and returned her caress with fury. "I will do it," he cried, "may great Diana aid!" She tightened her clasp on him. "I am condemning you to death," she hissed, "I am your murderess. My mouth drinks up your blood. I love you." The slave was silent; he abandoned himself more fiercely than he had ever yet done to her caresses; they had sealed their guilty love by the one passion on earths that is mightier than that - the lust of blood!

IV.

The next day the hue-and-cry was up; for the slave had run away. But in a day the news came back that pursuit was useless; he had taken sanctuary with Diana at Nemi across the lake.

The Lady Clodia consoled her husband easily. "He was a worthless fellow, idle and impudent," she said, "he was not worth his keep. If he had not run off, I should have asked you to sell him."

But the slave only remained in sanctuary three days; in that time he learnt all that he wanted to know. He disappeared, and none knew whither.

He was in Rome itself. Clodia had furnished him with an ample purse, and with the disguise which had served him on his journey. He had taken lodgings with a shoemaker, representing himself as a sailor from Sicily. Here he led an austere life, refusing the temptations of Rome. He spent many hours every day with famous swordsmen, and trained his hands to war, and his fingers to fight. He kept his body in admirable condition by constant attendance at the gymnasia and the baths, and his soul by unwearying attendance at the temple of Diana.

The only thing that he neglected was his purse; and though Clodia had been royally liberal, it became clear to him at the feast of the Sun, which we now call Christmas, that he must take the giant step which led back to Clodia - or on to death.

Accordingly, on the very next day, he left Rome and took his way across the Campagna to the Alban Hills. He was a very different man to the slave who had sat drowsing on the steps of the villa. Not only was he alert and active, every inch an athlete, but the months of love and of freedom had kindled his eye; he threw back his head as he marched, and sang aloud the war songs of the Romans.

Almost had he come to the first foot of the spur when he espied an old woman by the wayside. She asked him alms, and offered to tell his fortune. He remembered his poverty; then with a laugh bethought him that he would never need money again, and tossed his purse with its few golden coins to the beldam. She grasped it eagerly, amazed. "I see a wonderful fortune for you, my lad," she cried. "You are going to be a prosperous farmer; you will have love, you will have honor and fame and every blessing, for many a year. But beware of going to Nemi; if you go there, you will die there." With that, and confused benedictions from Jupiter and Diana and Mars and many another, she hobbled off.

An ill omen! thought the youth. But he kept sturdily on his way. Yet revolving it in his mind, now a thousand times more active than it had been in his slave-days, he suddenly saw a secret meaning to the oracle. He actually was going to be a farmer - of sorts; he meant to gather one of the fruits of the earth. He must succeed, else love and honor could never come to him; and as for dying at Nemi, why, of course he would die there!

But not now! "It was Diana herself, who came to hail me!" With that he quickened his pace, and breasted joyously and confidently the slopes of the hills.

As night fell, he began to come to the neighborhood of the temple. His step became wary. Presently he came to a point long since marked down by him, where an avenue in the trees permitted

a sight of the shrine, and of the pathway trodden by the dreadful king on that night of spring which saw the two corpses, fruit of the fatal oak. Here he buried the sword that Clodia had given him, for none but the king himself might bear arms in that sacred wood. He then crept a little - a very little - further along the avenue to where there was a mound of turf beneath a great beech. Here he hid himself, covering his body with fallen leaves and waited.

It was a fearful night. Snow lay here and there upon the ground. The trees were sombre and spectral, black and jagged against a lowering and stormy sky, and the rising wind made melancholy music in the branches, its own howl like a wolf's. It eddied in the hollows of the hills, and even stirred the icy waters of the lake that lurked in the black crater. The moon rose early; already she was high mid-heaven, as the watcher saw when the wind tore the clouds apart, and let her pallid witch-glamour fall on the staggering earth. As on that fatal night of spring, her ray fell also on the glint of steel. The king still kept his lonely vigil, still prowled in darkness and in terror of storm.

The hours passed with infinite stealth; the wind now loosed its fury from the Apennines, and rocked the forest impotently. The moon went down; besides, the clouds, black with snow, now covered all the heaven.

The watcher could no longer watch; he could not see his own hand. Impatience spoke in him; he changed his plan, and creeping forward, came by degrees - he had measured the distance to an inch - to the edge of the clearing where the great oak stood on whose boughs the king had hanged the bodies of his victims eight or nine months earlier. He could see nothing and hear nothing; but he knew the king was there; he thought he detected something rhythmical which might be his pace. For about half an hour he kept still; the wind died down a little; and he could hear the king, who was singing to himself a savage hymn of war and triumph. Now snow began to fall thickly, and a silhouette was visible against the gray background. It grew bitter cold.

The watcher had not foreseen any of this. He had imagined the scene as it had been three months before, glowing in autumn beauty. The present murk seemed to him a direct miracle of Diana.

For now he saw his opportunity. The king began to shiver with the cold; he laid his sword at the foot of the great oak, and swung his long arms upon his breast. It was pure inspiration for the other; he could see enough to be sure that the man's back was turned to him; he broke out and rushed on him, like a bull. The king turned by instinct, but too slowly, for his first

thought had been to grasp his sword. Before he knew it, the sturdy lad had got him by the waist, and flung him far into the wood. For a second he lay half stunned; then he picked himself up, only to find his assailant gone.

For he, the moment that the king's body left him free, had sprung into the air, caught at a bough of the great oak and torn away a branch. With this trophy he had run madly through the darkness to the temple.

The king was on his feet in a flash; he picked up his sword and dashed in pursuit. But the shock had been great; and fear clutched at his heart. He stumbled as he ran, and fell once more. This time he knew pursuit was useless; he raised his sword and cried aloud upon Diana.

Then with drooping weapon, he went slowly and tragically towards the temple.

V.

Nine days had passed, The weather was brilliantly cold and clear. Snow still lay on the ground, but the sun, already rejoicing to run his new race through the heavens, laughed gladly upon the terrace of the temple.

There was a great crowd of persons of all ranks; Rome had turned out in force to witness the event of the day.

On the steps of the temple stood a high official, surrounded by many patricians; by his side was the King of the Wood; alone, as one awaiting judgment, a few yards in front of him, stood the hero of the recent adventure.

"Romans!" proclaimed the official, turning from the little altar where he had inaugurated the proceedings by offering sacrifice to Diana. "Romans! we are hereto investigate the claim made nine days ago by the slave Titus now here present before us to succeed to the honor, rank, and dignity of Priest to Diana our Lady, and King of the Wood. The conditions of succession are too familiar to all of you for me to weary you by repeating them. It is necessary that the claimant should be a runaway slave. Can this be testified?"

The husband of the Lady Clodia stepped forward. "The rascal is my slave," said he.

"And you did not sell him, or free him?" "The rogue ran away two days before I came back from victory. He had been insolent to the Lady of my house, and deserved a cudgelling. We shall soon know whether he did wisely."

"Good," replied the orator. "The second essential is that unarmed he should have surprised the vigilance of the King of the Wood, and plucked a bough from the sacred oak of Diana. I have personally compared this bough, presented by the slave Titus, with the holy tree; and it was certainly torn thence by him in the approved manner. The king admits that Titus had no weapon, as by his oath before Diana he was bound. The third condition is that the slave should conquer the King in single combat. Are you ready for the battle?"

"With no less ambition would I have left so noble, kind, and excellent a master," replied Titus firmly, lifting the sword that Clodia had given him.

"That's true enough," laughed her husband, "for there's my missing sword! Well, be fortunate as you are brave!" he added kindly. Clodia took the opportunity; she gave a sidelong smile. The youth's heart leapt higher than ever; from that moment he knew he could not fail.

"Let us proceed!" exclaimed the official, and led the way to the sacred oak.

The battle was not of long duration. The elder man had lost his nerve; the nine days of preparation for the fight, so far from strengthening him, had weakened him. The omens had been continuously evil. He had never fought an armed man since the day he had won for himself the fatal office; and his predecessor had been an old gray man with feeble arm and failing sight. He knew no cunning sword play; and Titus had taken care to boast that for three months he had been trained by the first masters in Rome. He could only hope to win by length of reach and speed of foot. The first blow would settle all, with deadly Roman swords and no defensive armour.

So he leapt madly at Titus, who with quick eye caught the blade on his own, and thrusting himself under the King's leap that lost him balance, he plunged his sword hilt-deep into the breast of his opponent, who fell dead without a word.

Instantly the populace broke into cries of joy. Titus, his bloody sword held high, was carried in triumph to the temple. "Hail, Priest of Diana!" they cried, "Hail, King of the Wood of Nemi!" The Roman ladies vied in their excitement to touch the sword, but Clodia conquered. Willingly the new King lowered the blade, and let her slake her mouth on its red stain.

They brought the King finally to the shrine. There he offered his sword to Diana, and there he took before the people the vows of priest and king.

A month later Clodia's husband died, and inconsolable, she became the devotee of Diana, making pilgrimages almost daily to the shrine.

So Titus lived, and so she lived, in that base imitation of true happiness which sin sometimes vouchsafes to those who do not understand that a pure and noble life is the sole key to felicity. So they lived, many a year, until - Until? that happened which always happened on the fair land that lies about

"The still glassy lake that lies
Beneath Aricia's trees -
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain."

Indeed, their love was sealed a second time in blood.

(Author's note. In writing this story, I have borrowed a few epithets and even phrases from Dr. J.G. Frazer's "Golden Bough." My story obliged me to describe the scene of the tragedy, and it would have been presumptuous, and have exposed me to ridicule, had I attempted to rival his magical prose. To borrow seemed the lesser crime.)

By Aleister Crowley
From "The International", April, 1918



THE SEVENFOLD SACRAMENT

In eddies of obsidian
At my feet the river ran
Between me and the poppy-prankt
Isle, with tangled roots embanked,
Where seven sister poplars stood
Like the seven Spirits of God.

Soft as silence in mine ear,
The drone and rustle of the weir
Told in bass the treble tale
Of the embowered nightingale.
Higher, on the patient river,
Velvet lights without a quiver
Echoed through their hushed rimes
The garden's glow beneath the limes.
Then the sombre village, crowned
By the castellated ground
Where, in cerements of sable,
One square tower and one great gable
Stood, the melancholy wraith
Of a false and fallen faith.
Over all, supine, enthralling,
The young moon, her faint edge falling
To the dead verge of her setting,
Saintly swam, her silver fretting
All the leaves with light. Afar
Toward the Zenith stood a star,
As of all worthiness and fitness
The luminous eternal witness.

So silent was the night, that I
Stirred the grasses reverently
And hid myself. The garden's glow
Darkened, and all the gold below
Went out, and left the gold above
To its sacrament of love,
Save where, to sentinel my station,
Gold lilies bowed in adoration.
Had I not feared to move, I might
Have hid my shame from such a night!
Man is not worthy to intrude
His soullessness on solitude;
Yet God hath made it to befriend
Pilgrims, that His peace may pend,
A dove upon the dire and dark
Waters that assail the ark,
And lure their less love to His own.
Life is a song, a speech, a groan,
As may be; none of these have part
In the silence of His heart.

Lapsed in that unweaned air,
I awaited, unaware,
What might fall. The silence wrapped
Veil on veil about me, trapped
By the siren Night, whose words
Were the river and the birds.
So close it swaddled me, and bound
My being in the pure profound
Of its own stealthy intimacy,
Had Artemis come panting by,
Silver-shod with bow and quiver
Hunting along the reedy river,
And called me to the chase, I should
Have neither heard nor understood.
Or had Zeus his dangerous daughter,
Aphrodite, from the water
Risen all shining, her soft arms
Open, all her spells and charms
Melted to one lure divine
Of her red mouth pressed to mine,
I had neither heard nor seen
Nor felt the Idalian.

Between
My soul and all its knowledge of
The universe of light and love,
Thought, being, nature, time and space,
The Mother's heart, the Father's face,
All that was agony or bliss,
Stretched an infinite abyss.
All that behind me! but my soul,
With no star left to point the pole,
Beggared of all its wealth, bereft
Of all its images, unweft
Its magic web, its tools all broken,
Its Name forgot, its Word unspoken
Widowed of its undying Lord,
Its bowl of silver broke, its cord
Of gold unloosed, its shining ladders
Thrown down, its ears more deaf than adders,
Its windows blind, its music stopped,
From its place in Heaven dropped,
From its starry throne was hurled
Beyond the pillars of the world -
Borne from the byss of light
To the Dark Night!

The moon had sunk behind the tower
When, for a moment, by the power
Of nature, as even the eagle's eye
Turns wearied from the sun, did I
Fall from the conning crag, that springs

Above the Universe of Things,
Into the dark impertinence
Of the mirrored lies of sense;
Yet, when I sought the stars to espy
And ree the runes of destiny,
Mine eyes their wonted office failed,
So diligently God had veiled
Me from myself! I could not hear
The drone and rustle of the weir.
No help in that world or in this!
I was alone in the abyss.

No Whence! no Whither! and no Why!
Not even Who evokes reply.
No vision and no voice repay
My will to watch, my will to pray.
Vain is the consecrated vesture;
Vain the high and holy gesture;
Vain the proven and perfect spell
Enchanting heaven, enchaining hell.
Unyoked the horses from the car
Wherein I waged celestial war:
Mine angel sheathes again his sword
At the interdiction of the Lord.
Even hell is shut, lest spite and strife
Should show my soul a way to life.

Hope dies; faith flickers and is gone:
Love weeps, then turns its soul to stone.
All nearest, highest, holiest things
Drop off; the soul must lose her wings,
And, crippled, find, with no one clue
The infinite maze to travel through,
The goal unguessed, the path untrod,
And stand unhelmed, unarmed, unshod,
Naked before the Unknown God.
Oh! stertorous, oh! strangling strife
That cleaves to love, that clings to life!

The Will is broken, falls afar
Extinct as an accursed star.
The self, one moment held behind,
Whirls like a dead leaf in the wind
Down the Abyss. The soul is drawn
To that Dark Night that is the dawn
Through halls of patience, palaces
Of ever deeper silences,
Aeons and aeons and aeons
Of lampless empyreans
Darker and deeper and holier, caves

Of night unstirred by wind, great graves
Of all that is or could ever be
In Time or Eternity.

Drawn, drawn, inevitably spanned,
Tirelessly drawn by some strange hand,
Drawn inward in some sense unkennd
Beyond all to an appointed end,
No end foreseen or hoped, drawn still
Beyond word or will
Into Itself, drawn subtly, deep
Through the dreamless deaths whose shadow is sleep,
Drawn, as dawn shows, to the inmost divine,
To the temple, the nave, the choir, the shrine,
To the altar where in the most holy cup
The wine of its blood may be offered up.

Nor is it given to any son of man
To hymn that Sacrament, the One in Seven,
Where God and priest and worshipper,
Deacon, asperger, thurifer, chorister,
Are one as they were one ere time began,
Are one on earth as they are one in heaven;
Where the soul is given a new name,
Confirming with an oath the same,
And with celestial wine and bread
Is most delicately fed,
Yet suffereth in itself the curse
Of the infinite universe,
Having made its own confession
Of the mystery of transgression;
Where it is wedded solemnly
With the ring of space and eternity,
And where the oil, the Holiest Breath,
With Its first whisper dedicateth
Its new life to a further death.

I was cold as earth: the night
Had given way. One star hung bright
Over the church, now gray;
I rose up to greet the ray
That thrilled through elm and chestnut, lit
The grass, made diamonds of it,
And bade the weir's long smile of spray
Leap with laughter for the day.
The birds woke over all the weald;
The sullen peasants slouched afield;
The lilies swayed before the breeze
That murmured matins in the trees;
The trout leapt in the shingly shallows.
Soared skyward the great sun, that hallows

The pagan shrines of labour and light
As the moon consecrates the night.
Labour is corn and love is wine,
And both are blessed in the shrine;
Nor is he for priest designed
Who partakes only in one kind.

Thus musing joyous, twice across
Under the weir I swam, to toss
The spray back; then the meadows claim
The foot's fleet ecstasy aflame.
And having uttered my thanksgiving
Thus for the sacrament of living,
I lit my pipe, and made my way
To breakfast, and the labour of the day

Montigny-sur-Loing.

Aleister Crowley

THE TENT

Only the stars endome the lonely camp,
Only the desert leagues encompass it;
Waterless wastes, a wilderness of wit,
Embattled Cold, Imagination's Cramp.
Now were the Desolation fain to stamp
The congealed Spirit of Man into the pit,
Save that, unquenchable because unlit,
The Love of God burns steady, like a Lamp.

It burns! beyond the sands, beyond the stars.
It burns! beyond the bands, beyond the bars.
And so the Expanse of Mystery, veil by veil,
Burns inward, plume on plume still folding over
The dissolved heart of the amazed lover -
The angel wings upon the Holy Grail!

W'ain t'Aissha.

Aleister Crowley

JANE WOLFE

London

Jane continued with her typing and correspondence and with the work for Aleister. She also continued with small spurts of work on her nerves and with the Force that she had discovered.

Late in August she met Gabriel Dee whom she described as a Jewess with a small office on Regent Street, who sold occult books and did horoscopes for a fee. She seemed quite well versed in Astrology and soon bought some of A.C.'s works and with this little bit of money things were relieved a little bit all around.

Then she had to move from Redesdale St. to Radnor St., but found that the move was much more to her liking. She had with her some effects of the Order, some belonging to V.L. and some belonging to O.P.V. This made the move quite a bit more difficult.

The news came in that Hansi had broken his arm in August and as it was healing, Leah's sister had arrived in Cefalu in Sept. She found Hansi's manners atrocious, he was defiant and smoked cigars and boasted continually about how important he was. Since she was in the habit of command, she had deplored this state of affairs and also, it didn't take her long to see that Ninette was living in a state of poverty with the children. So she simply took matters in her own hands, and without consulting anyone, she kidnapped Hansi and took him back to America with her. Leah was quite upset over this, naturally.

On Sept. 5, O.P.V. came back to London and Jane noticed that he had gone through hell in Paris. He expressed his appreciation of Jane clearly, stating that she didn't have a "big head" and was well 'rounded.

But Jane found herself constantly irritated at what she called O.P.V.'s sluggishness. She wrote: "He may be mighty thorough, it may be a splendid deliberateness, while I am impatient in some ways."

A week later, V.L. returned from Paris in an expansive mood and quite delighted with himself. He indulged in long harangues about his own importance and quite bored Jane greatly. In the next day or two, the two men spread out their papers in Jane's room, smoked their cigarettes and cigars, and talked incessantly. They were full of plans, but for the most part, these plans didn't work out,

Jane again wrote about O.P.V. "One of my reactions to him is

his lack of trust in the most trivial matters, such as typing, etc. He will not permit one to be in any way responsible for one's acts. For this reason he will always find flaws. Again and again he tells one to do things which are quite obvious and in the manner of conveying instructions of the weightiest import."

"I am inclined to think O.P.V.'s "rhetoric" - his excessive use of words, a Freudian protection: he lacks masculine emotional stamina, he is sensitive about his small stature, the pocketed sex nature; and says "By my intellect I prove my manhood, and I fling it in your face!" - Going to excess to prove his substance. Again, it may be due solely to his feminine nature!

"O.P.V. is so fine in many ways, yet there is in him a hard, impervious side. This hardness owns everything and everybody; it knows not privacy, it is selfish and grasping, and invades any precinct when and where it will. It lacks any sensibility, and what enters as a "brave boy" comes out forth as a maiden, but the same brave boy."

Jane was much affected by her visions, and she wrote down one she had of O.P.V. as a fussily dressed girl of 10 or 12 who came among others and settled herself with assurance, but she was just an animal with certain appetities which she did her best to gratify. Among true aristocrats, she thought nothing of rifling drawers and cabinets, not in order to snoop, but to appropriate what she thought she needed. Her mind was a blank to the needs or prior claims of others or the inconvenience or convenience of anyone.

Others around Jane had seen this as great selfishness, had thought of O.P.V. as a man who thought only of himself. She thought all this was the cause of his habit of procrastination, of his tendency to enjoy meandering around, mooning and gaping, dawdling for the most part.

For the time being, Jane had difficulty paying her landlady and went without quite a few meals. But she noticed that V.L. seemed to get along all right and if he had need of something, he supplied himself quite well. When money came in from Chicago, Jane saw precious little of it, V.L. had pocketed most of it. Further, when some friend supplied her with money, V.L. would appropriate it.

At this time, Achad, through his establishment of the O.T.O., was able to send a little money. One of the contributors was Max Schneider, of whom we shall hear much later.

Late in September, Leah wrote and asked Jane to come to Paris to help with the typing. But she was put out in the street by her landlady as she couldn't pay her rent and O.P.V. went in her place. She stayed at his room that night, having to placate his landlady to do so, and the next day found that the heavy rains were quite

an ordeal in trying to find another room. V.L. came across with some money and she was able to pay back rent both for her former room and for O.P.V.'s room. In three days she had another room.

Then as she called upon Gabriel Dee and shared lunch with her, she felt she was debauching herself. A friend had said: "Nothing is sacred to this woman." Jane was ashamed that she had not gone hungry instead. She thought to herself that this woman was going to get an awful wallop someday.

As to her inner state, she wrote: "For days I have had, at intervals, an uneasy feeling; this feeling having nothing to do with mundane affairs - more of a traveling through uncharted territory - a conscious working in regions that heretofore I have tackled in dreams, these dreams being incoherent struggles to climb unclimbable places, traverse slippery paths, hang on to wee narrow ledges while vast waters flowed below. I recognise it all. It is something like straining to lift a withered arm."

She faced this state in a conscious fashion and managed to work through it and became easier in spirit. She still continued with her work, even though A.C. had condemned her attention to the feet, the nerves, the hands, etc., and the Force.

By the middle of October she was: "horribly fed up with V.L., his empty chatter, which he keeps going just for the sake of wagging a jaw. He wants to pow-wow and palaver too much. I can't stand people who, having eaten a meal, must continually nibble at all sorts of biscuits, etc., until it is time for the next. Hell with him, anyway!

"I wish I understood my reaction to V.L. I would rather he disliked me as he does O.P.V. - it would be the necessary friction to produce vigour. I have no opposition to work against. Possibly I have been lashing myself in an endeavour to work up opposition, which would be a food that I need.

"V.L. says things in such a childlike manner; and sometimes I think him childlike, of course. Lack of humour, rather. This evening after telling me the various and sundry things he had against O.P.V. (he thinks some of his reactions may be karmic) he most simply said: "I know it is against the Law, but sometimes I think I will break his spirit." And he couldn't see anything funny in this! The conceited fool."

Her pains and troubles were finally run down in the Doctor's office and she discovered she had a recurrence of gonorrhea, which she had picked up in 1908-1909. She needed antiseptics, but had no money for them. However, the doctor did give her a medicine which helped a little, for the disease had affected her left fallopian tube.

Jane had been typing the Hagiography, but she broke her glasses and needed to have them repaired. Again, she had cause to complain bitterly about V.L. in her diary: "One just has to make up one's mind to work with people whom one does not trust, and get to the point where such things no longer disturb. V.L. has shaken my confidence in him: he is high-handed, and abuses power and he also seems not square about money. I say "not square" because of the way he hands me a shilling or two, while he, on the other hand, spends as he thinks fit upon himself. Now one of my criticisms of community life is that there is a tendency (at the very least) to feel that one or two of the members should not abrogate to themselves extra food rations, for example: and here I am feeling I should eat as much and as well as V.L. Perhaps it is the arbitrary taking to which I am opposed. Yet here again, harmony should be so complete that words are unnecessary."

"One thing I am opposed to, he would have opened Beast's Equinox letter to O.P.V. if I hadn't prevented it. He is suspicious, wants to open every letter received."

Then O.P.V. returned from Paris and V.L. was furious, he clearly showed how he hated O.P.V., and he was livid with rage and self-pity. But his anger spurred him to action and he finally extracted some money from Chiswick Press which was due the Beast.

Then Jane wrote: "V.L. cannot handle small sums like a salary, for instance. In Johannesburg he "was unable to live on his salary", as he told me, so systematically he pawns any and everything he had: taking out only to re-pawn again during all his years there. The month of October, during which time we had for use £23, saw us at times destitute, again with but 2/6 between us for the day, some days nothing at all. But all this is a mere detail compared with the fact that the C.P. stock (placed at his disposal Thursday) is still with that firm. I was dumfounded when he said; "Oh, but I don't need money to move the books - a furniture storage will haul and store without payment in advance"!!!! And instead of hustling out that stock, he has been growing, and wearing out shoe leather racing here for dollar bills from Chicago. He has O.P.V. finding a cheap room nightly, when he should have a place in which to work."

During all this, Jane was quite ill and spent several days in bed. By the middle of November she again visited the doctor and was diagnosed as having colitis, she was sore all through the abdomen. The medicines she was given relieved the condition and she felt better but was never completely well.

One of Jane's duties was to answer enquiries about the Order and about the Beast. Some times she made appointments to meet interested people and explain the work to them. Sometimes in this way, when she explained circumstances, she was given hats or dresses, and many times picked up a small amount of money which was

given to aid this work. During one of her visits to interested people, she met Mrs. Arthur Smith. Mr. Smith was interested in a vague way about the Order and the result of the interest of both of these people was that Jane was invited to stay at Pilton Park Farm, East Pennard, Somerset. Arthur Smith met her with an auto and drove her quite a way, where she was picked up by Mr. Headley with a pony cart.

Roland Headley trundled about one mile through muddy fields and numerous gates to the farm house, a rather interesting rambling house built of field stone. Jane immediately saw that it was a regular woman killer for work to keep it in order and ruefully noted that this was the "English way".

She was still quite weak and ill from her long bout in London and discovered that the food at the farmhouse consisted mainly of milk, cheese and bread. Hardly a diet to help her recover! She became terribly constipated and suffered great pain in the next two months until late in January, a source of fresh vegetables was found in a nearby town.

She was also cold continually as the house had, of course, inadequate heating. Gradually the rain abated, it had been very heavy that year, and Jane was able to take some walks.

The house and food were being paid for by Mr. Smith and Mr. Headley was to put out notices that this was a guest house and also perhaps, to start a girl's school for young ladies between 14 and 18. Jane typed out the notices for these and listened to all the plans, and wondered how they could do it, for they did not have teachers for all the subjects they wished to teach. Mr. Headley had been a history teacher in an English boy's school and seemed to have gotten along well with the boys. But he had to quit when his eyes gave out. However, Jane managed to learn a great deal of English history through his conversation. There was nothing she could do in the evenings as she didn't have her glasses and outside of the talk, she became quite bored. Mrs. Headley scrubbed and scoured continually. She was an Austrian woman whom Roland had met when in that country during World War I. But she had nothing much to say and was repressed and probably unhappy as Jane noted in her usual astute way.

She discovered that Arthur Smith was full of plans but that he was a leader of an Arthurian Society and all his interest was in delving into ancient history and in bilking money from other folks for this work. He also seemed rather daft as the Headley's told her he had at first claimed to be a reincarnation of Merlin and then of Arthur, claiming that his baptismal name certainly pointed to this fact. Jane thought he might end up in an asylum within a year.

But Mr. Smith showed up from time to time at the farm and took Jane for a ride in his motorcar and she was able to see some of the surrounding country. She was quite enchanted with Woking.

Finally, the Headley's got behind in the rent and Mr. Smith was unable to get enough money for this, to say nothing of the very small sums they had for food. With a great deal of talk and complaining, they began to see what a mess the whole project was, and finally decided to quit and move elsewhere. By the end of January, Headley's money came in and they moved out. Jane left for London a few days later.

When she arrived in London, O.P.V. was destitute and had almost nothing to wear. A letter arrived from Alostrael which enclosed money for a complete outfitting. She had now been able to rejoin Aleister in Sidi bou Said, Tunis, as her health had improved with her long stay in Paris. She offered Jane a salary if she could again take up typing the Hag as this had been dropped in the Fall when Jane had trouble with her eyeglasses and health. But Jane doubted very much that they could pay her a salary and she thought that she must get well. Only through her own work could she be able to pay for doctors and medicines and keep herself on a proper diet as well.

So when Mrs. Webb took her to tea and lunch two days running immediately upon her return and then was kind enough to find her a job in the Cara Company, where she had an interest, Jane was only too glad to accept this. The Cara Company sold cosmetics and perfumes and Jane worked in their office. But before too long she discovered that the manager was very dishonest and imparted her suspicions to Mrs. Webb, who then drew out of her financial interest, having lost nothing by her brief support of this company. Mrs. Webb had been a long time friend and it was she who had often supplied Jane with clothes and meals at varied intervals in the last difficult year.

Sister Gibbin offered Jane a job in her nursing home in Chiswick, the same where Jane had worked previously when jobless in the last year. Jane accepted this, as the work was honourable and she knew what it meant. This meant that the Hag had to be done to Alostrael's best ability, in spite of her long bout of illness.

However, when V.L. heard that Beast had offered to pay Jane a salary to type the Hag, he tried to get Jane to comply to a scheme. He said he would type it, draw the salary and then they would never tell A.C. who had done the typing. Naturally, Jane would have none of this. As it turned out, Alostrael had to admit in her correspondence with Jane, that they didn't have the money for a salary immediately. As usual, in A.C.'s case, he was a good deal too sanguine about where money was to come from.

Late in May Jane received a communication from O.P.V. He had had nothing to eat for 2 days, and nowhere to sleep as he did not have any money for a room. He had walked the Embankment for 2 nights. Jane arranged for a day off and took some cash to him. He seemed distraught and incoherent, naturally. She wondered if he was unable to do any other work than teach mathematics. In the middle of June, he announced that he was going into the workhouse for two weeks in order to recover somewhat, and this he did.

Jane found that her dreams in the night at the rest home were quite interesting and wrote down one of them and sent it to A.C. In reply, she got this:

Monday, 20 July, 1925 (An.XXI)

Ex monte Abiegnus.

Care Soror,

93

"Can't you write to me without some damphool dream? Your "main difficulty" is that you have too little common sense. And your American ignorance-pontificalism has ably aided.

"But don't mind my nagging! Your Kama Yoga has been pretty bloody good; and now we are all pulling out of the Great Ordeal you will find yourself in calm waters very soon.

"I need not say that directly we have things reasonably well established we shall lose no time in giving you congenial conditions. So just jog along, leaving all Yoga and Magick severely alone, serenely confident that the Gods have the whole situation absolutely in hand.

"Assume an attitude of waiting for the train; pass the time away as pleasantly as circumstances permit. You won't hurry the train by worrying about it. Of course, don't go right off to sleep and let it pass the station without picking you up. Or, as J.C. so beautifully said: Don't be a foolish Virgin!

"I have to say that I am very pleased with you: you have done splendidly by O.P.V. and V.L. and you have avoided getting in deeper by indiscreet monkeyings with the Lords of the Infernal Cataplasms in the Penetralia of the Punk Poultices of Pseudo-sophia. (Thus makes he his great P's. Shakespeare.)

93 93/93 Yours ever fairly,

666

P.S. If O.P.V. is not to be found (like Philip after he left the Eunuch of Queen Candace) copy my letter to L.O.V., then take it to him, and rub it well into his hair. 666

L.O.V. had been in the Order well over an year and sometimes he caused some amusement by his behaviour. At last A.C. had been impelled to write this letter, which he also wanted O.P.V. to see:

Ex Monte Abiegnus, Sun in Cancer, An XXI, Moon in Cancer

Care Frater L.O.V.

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

Thank you very much for your letter dated 11/ 7/25.? I congratulate you on the possession of the magical power to discover the amount of money in my possession.

But I am sorry to have to tell you that (for once) the Intelligences who serve you seem to have made what is poetically termed a bloomer. For the fact is that I have not had a fair amount of money in my possession recently."

Certain Bb.'. have spent certain sums on certain parts of the Great Work on which you and I are engaged: which is quite a different thing.

If I had had any money at all of my own, I should at once have sent some to relieve O.P.V. in his abominable distress. I was not, as you were, in a position to help him in the most valuable way without it costing a single penny.

Also, I cannot just at the moment ask the Bb.'. who have been helping the Work to put up even so trifling a sum as £5 for what might seem to them a matter of minor importance.

Now to a more serious matter. You say: "The report you have heard regarding my family and myself is a lying report."

I thank you for confirming its accuracy in such detail. I had hoped that O.P.V. had exaggerated the situation.

You know, my beloved young Brother, that you can't expect to throw dust in the eyes of One who neither slumbers nor sleeps, but watches over your welfare constantly with the most earnest love.

As any student of quite elementary psychology would tell you, the violence of your denial is the most convincing proof of the truth of the statement which you wish me to disbelieve.

Had the report been inaccurate, you would have written laughingly: "Poor old O.P.V. has got a bug in his brain about my family.

It's all nonsense: we get along like brandy and soda" - or words to that effect.

Instead, you explode. You write rudely and irritably to me, who am entirely innocent of the matter. That is perfectly clear proof that my letter hit the mark, that it touched you on a very sore spot, that it awoke your conscience. I know now that you know that you are doing wrong.

As O.P.V. says, you have been badgered and bullied until you are like a tormented bull in the arena; you charge blindly at anything, every time you are goaded beyond your patience to endure.

I warn you officially that you are near the state of mind in which a man suddenly bolts with a strange woman, or sees red and murders somebody - perhaps somebody quite inoffensive and in no way responsible for his agony - on some absolutely trivial provocation.

I inform you officially that the last time I had to write a letter like this it was to warn a man that if he persisted in a certain line of conduct he would go insane. He replied defiantly, and a month later I had news that he had been removed to a lunatic asylum.

In your case, I do not see anything so terrible at all imminent; but I do see this, that you have only two courses to avoid trouble.

1. You can determine to be master in your own house. (H.G. Wells has a quite good story "The Purple Pileus" which gives the psychology.)
2. You can walk out and start a new life in a less unfavourable environment.

The question is: have you the manhood to take either course? You must at least face the fact that people with really large experience of the world have no illusions about you. Yours is a very simple and very common case. You are a wage-slave with sensitiveness enough to feel your degradation, and aspiration enough to despair of yourself. You lack the hardness (which in many men is callousness) to protect your finer feelings from the hourly outrage to which they are subjected; and you lack the will-power (which in many men is brutal aggressiveness) to hack through the obstacles to the realization of your aims.

I knew there was something very wrong from the fact of your not sending in a magical Record. You hang on to the Order as your one hope, which it indeed is; yet you fail to comply with its first regulation. It needs no Hidden Wisdom to divine that your work is being held up by obstacles which you are ashamed to admit, even to yourself or to Us.

Do not think that We undervalue your loyalty, or esteem lightly the work you have done of goodwill and service. It is in fact just your merit which entitles you to receive a long letter like this from me personally, written with my own hand after dictating 777 (new edition) for about 8 hours.

I want to point out, again officially, that those who arrange Ordeals seem to have taken very special pains with your case. They won't allow your test to be interfered with by my kind-heartedness. That is why I have never been able to give you any material token of goodwill or gratitude, strongly as I feel both of these.

I don't mind telling you that I have had a very guilty conscience about you. I knew you were not in opulent circumstances, and I wanted badly to repay you. But behold! Last November, though I had no money available to send you - all I was living on was a friend's - a certain Holy Man of the Desert presented me (as One even holier than He!) with 6 boxes, each containing 10 kilograms of the finest dates. I thought instantly of you: here is a chance (I said to myself) to show L.O.V. that at least I am not wholly unmindful of his great kindness. Alas! the Railway would not accept dates addressed to England. Well, that was easy: I would send them to a friend in Paris, asking him to forward the box to you from there. So I said, and so I did. Oh no! smiled the Gods, and smashed the box to smithereens on the platform of the Gare de Lyon! I am getting a little less stupid than I used to be about interpreting Their licks; so I understood you had to be left alone to carry out your Work for the Order without lust of result. After all, you haven't had to go through 1/10 of what all the rest of us have. Look well to it, then, that you don't lose all the ground that you have conquered by ignoble surrender or senseless irritation at the very moment when Victory approaches smiling to crown our brows with laurel!

Err not in understanding: the Ordeal of my last letter, and of this letter, is appointed not without Supreme Wisdom. You will not be allowed to pass out with us into Triumph unless you exhibit the adequate and right reaction to this test. Nevertheless, fear not; Love under Will can bring you through. Thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that, and no other shall say nay.

93 93/93 Fraternally ever,
TO MEGA THERION ⁶⁶⁶
9⁰=2⁰ A.:A.:.

Crowley was invited to Germany for the Solstice that year, in service to the Order. As a result of his stay, O.P.V. received an invitation to stay with Karl Germer in Weida. He wrote to Jane from this place; among other things:

"It has been (and still is) impossible to write anything about

the position here. Just another brand of Chaos, quite inexplicable unless you are in it. I'm a hog for not having written you, all the same. The fact is that we have been on the point several times of asking you to join us, betting on the possibility of things going well here. There's heaps to do and you could be enormously helpful, but we are and have been liable all along to be paralysed by inability to carry on the household. Astrid sails for U.S.A. tomorrow. 666 will get away at the first chance, probably in a few days. Leah is still here but cannot, of course, do much. Things have come to look less and less promising during the last month and I doubt if there is any real chance of starting a headquarters here. Of course, the unexpected may happen. It's a question of funds, of course, as usual. The best thing you can do is to spend as little money as you can on anything but keeping yourself as fit as you can get. Save it up, and be ready to come at about a week's notice; or, at least, as soon as possible after getting a call. We won't bring you here on a fool's errand."

Then he went on to write: "Sorry V.L. seems so flat and hope something will come along. If he could get rid of that cursed sense of grievance something would come along. At present there is nothing in active furtherance of the Work that he can do in London, and necessarily, therefore, his aim should be to carry on without our support. It's not a question of right or justice, but a matter of military necessity. It's very difficult to estimate his problem, largely because he won't write. I suppose he is disgruntled, and thinks we are playing him for a sucker. The trouble is that until one has mastered this temptation to feel aggrieved, betrayed, duped, and so on, one cannot be of any use in the present phase of the Work---- one is clean outside it. For until Beast gets the Comment, and things begin to go miraculously right, every project is (I think) bound to fail, by all ordinary and external tests; and those who have had the high privilege of partaking in the project are infallibly left flat and with a heart-breaking mess to clear up, while Beast goes off to pastures new. It's exactly as if Beast was vampirising us and playing us all for suckers, - often indirectly, by making us drain and exhaust each other. Those who cannot understand that this is high magick - a training in the mystery of the Master of the Temple, who must pour out every drop of his blood into the Cup of Babalon - must either go on loving and trusting blindly, or else fall away. The fact is that Beast does us the honour of treating us, in this matter of self-forgetting service, as if we were Masters of the Temple. From the nature of the case there can be no possible proof, at the time, that Beast is not merely betraying and vampirising us in the most vulgar and selfish manner - as outsiders contemptuously suppose. Just so the Exempt Adept can have no possible proof or evidence, until he has come through the Abyss, that the act of his Angel in forsaking him at the critical moment, is not absolute

and total betrayal. (Because, of course, that betrayal unto destruction of him is absolute. That 'he' has got to be annihilated; and unless it elects to become a Black Brother it must die in every agony of love and trust betrayed - if it have not been previously trained, by many ordeals, to die gladly, thinking only of the accomplishment of the impersonal Common Work.

In one sense, of course, Beast can be perfectly careless as to whether or how seriously he betrays us, since these self-conscious personalities (which are wounded and grieved thereby) have no right to live; and because Beast is incapable of betraying our real interests, those of our true Wills. It isn't really that the fact of betrayal is illusory. It is that to a Thelemite betrayal is an illusory idea, and leads to an illusionary view of the Beast - i.e., a 'demon Crowley', a monstrous vampire. But, if you take her cup unwillingly, Babalon seems a monstrous vampire too."

O.P.V. also wrote that Achad had been suspended from his functions in the Order at the beginning of August and resigned from it altogether by the end of that month.

Aleister left Weida a few days after the Fall Equinox that year but got stranded in Marseilles with ptomaine poisoning and had to write for money.

Leah was pregnant again and during Oct. and Nov. stayed with MarthaKuntzel in Leipzig for the confinement expected at the end of November. But she was also in danger of trouble, due to the disaster at Cefalu, and an operation afterwards was expected. But this news from O.P.V. turned out to be better than he thought. His and Leah's baby was born on Dec. 4, 1925, and Leah seemed to get along quite well.

Meanwhile, in October, Murray (V.L.) had been working for Gabriel Dee. One morning a letter came in from Jane and V.L. recognised the handwriting. He opened the letter, even though addressed to Gabriel, and found within a cheque for £5 which Jane wanted Gabriel to cash for her. Murray took this check for his own and left an I.O.U. in its place.

When Jane discovered this, she was upset, naturally. She thought the matter ought to go to the police and Aleister wrote from Tunis, where he had arrived at last, to Gabriel Dee and put the whole blame on her shoulders as Murray had been in her employ and had taken the check under her own eyes, giving some sort of excuse for the matter, which she accepted. Gabriel then fired Murray and he, of course, had no more access to the things of A.C.'s that were in storage at Brockley. Nor was he any longer the co-trustee of the Crowley settlement. Jane noted that he

died a year later, almost to the month of his perfidy.

All that Fall, O.P.V. was extremely busy getting A.C.'s writings in order for publication. There was even a plan afoot to publish "Diary of a Drug Fiend" in America. Then there were other mss. that he seemed to have to put together on the instant. Finally, there was a good deal of interest in the Order in Germany and he had to answer letters from all sorts of people.

Martha Kuntzel was translating Crowley's writings into German and had need of a great many documents and books. Jane helped to get some of these out of storage and send them off, also many books had to come from O.P.V. in Germany and be loaned to interested persons in England.

Jane was bored with her job at the Rest Home and went to work for Gabriel Dee right after the incident of the stolen check. But she didn't trust the woman and hoped that all her commissions would be paid. Dee seemed to want to do very little about the check and this gave Jane misgivings. About the middle of December, A.C. got a look at Dee's advertisement about doing horoscopes and advised Jane to leave her employ and to say nothing about it, but to slip out quietly. He stated that the A.A. or any of its dependent Orders could not be mixed up in such things.

Following this, there was another request for Jane to repurchase from the bookseller those Equinoxes which Murray had placed without permission and below price. Jane was to price them correctly and place them with another bookseller.

Then in the middle of January there came an invitation from Beast to join them in Tunis. Jane was overjoyed, for she had been longing for Thelemic company, "her own people" as she liked to put it. She had to supply her own travelling expenses, but she was now prepared for this. And here her record ends, as the time in Tunis was not put in her diary.

(To be continued.)