



IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. III, No. 1

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° Aries
Published by the College of Thelema
P.O. Box 415, Oroville, CA. 95965
© by Phyllis Seckler

The conscious mind is represented by the spheres 4 through 9 and this is called the Ruach. At the center is Tiphereth, which represents the completed and perfected man with all of the various qualities of the other spheres in perfect balance and harmony. On a higher plane Tiphereth also represents the attainment to the Knowledge and Conversation of the H.G.A. But here in this central sphere, the Angel and the Man are still two separate beings. As a side note, the highest development of Tiphereth is represented by 666 and all its attendant explanations scattered through Crowley's works. This sphere is the next step for mankind which A.C. vowed to make easier of attainment in this next Aeon.

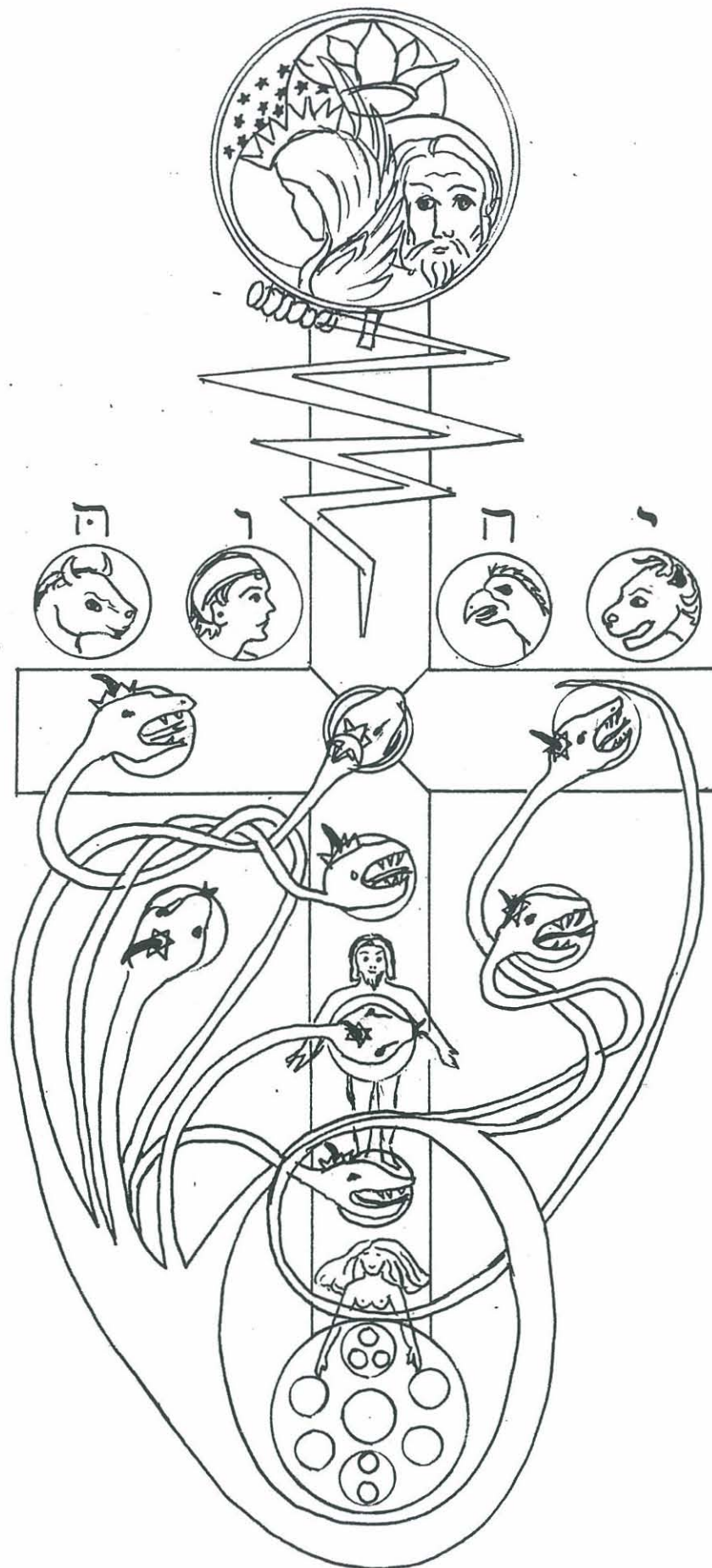
The Supernal Triad is brought into action when the Aspirant and the Angel become one entity, inseparable forever. This description can be followed in LIBER VII, The Vision and the Voice, and in other works by A.C.

The little ego is developed along with each step in spiritual development and advancement. This is pride, envy and a host of other negative emotions and thoughts, best classed under the heading of little ego.

In psychological language, the process of initiation and of perfection of the human stirs up the contents of the Unconscious, which, if the person is unbalanced, can threaten sanity and well-being. That is, if the progress has been erratic, if the steps towards illumination are not balanced, ill health can follow and even insanity and in some extreme cases, a terrible death.

The Greeks emphasized a sound mind in a sound body. They knew only too well the results of development which did not base its action on these foundations. Other philosophical and mystical schools have emphasized the same. Such advice is found everywhere from China and India to the Western world. The penalty of unbalance has been restriction and persecution and the most horrid crimes against individuals that one can hear of. A good example is the Inquisition and opposing it, some of the criminal actions of witches and warlocks.

The sin of restriction mentioned in LIBER AL is just the sin of restricting the utterances, the development of the Higher which we call the Holy Guardian Angel. Thus, the conscious intellect can develop and still be a monster, allowing lower passions to engulf even the reason. Reason itself can be monstrous, as witness our own age. We are threatened every time Science makes a new advancement in intellectual knowledge and the dictates of conscience are ignored. I use the word conscience



as representing the spiritual side of man. Sin, as Crowley points out, is the restriction of the little ego and undergoing its domination instead of freeing oneself by attaining to the K. and C. of the H.G.A.

Since the path to freedom from the lower nature is rather difficult, many aspirants give up before the battle is won. They may have heard some of the first utterances, they may have developed the conscious knowledge and reason and know very much about occult matters, but since they never mastered the other sides of themselves, they have become a danger to themselves and those around them.

Some good examples of this are all around us today. In one case, a person is publishing and with the purpose of purifying and strengthening the O.T.O. and A.A. as he states. But he has never joined either Order and thinks that his published criticisms will do the job. It is evident that he does not know how to work Magick, since he cannot control such an ego that has no knowledge of the actual work being done, but the intellect looks only at the surface of things and a small flaw is noticed and this person is off on some rather hilarious writings. That is, they are funny when one knows how little the person actually knows about the true state of affairs.

Another example is similar to this but this person publishes the most grotesque libels about various people in Thelema, attacking almost everyone that he knows who is interested enough in this subject for a long enough time to become generally known. In this second case, the person can tolerate no view but his own.

Then we had at one time, a bunch of nuts running around claiming to be the incarnation of Aleister Crowley. These soon faded into the background when they found out there were others who claimed the same thing.

These are extreme cases, more subtle ones can be met with every day. Some of these are those who take grade after grade in O.T.O. and have done almost no work along spiritual lines and remain in a great state of ignorance even about what Crowley wrote for our guidance. These have not even begun to control the manifestations of the passions and the little ego. There are also the unbalanced ones who have no real connection with A.A., have not done any of its carefully outlined work, but still claim grades in this Order, or even membership!

A person might attain to some knowledge of the H.G.A. but does not realize that he is at the mercy of the demonic self in the exact same proportion as his attainment. Perhaps he

might compare himself to others not so knowledgeable as he is and his pride and ego are exacerbated. He wishes to shout out and blast from the heights, the words and guidance of the Angel as applicable to all humanity but he forgets that each person has his own Angel and his own method of achievement, his own Way of Going.

The ego must be destroyed but this hydra is very wily and has many twistings and turnings and many false paths to present to the aspirant. These are no more than the contents of the unconscious self, that which was necessary in more primitive states of life, still active now, but which must be controlled and put to right use. These depths are so subtle that the student is almost unable to tackle these attacks of the hydra since he does not know or care to analyze himself meticulously.

In the Tarot this monkey of the reason and conscious mind is represented in the card called the Magus, or Magician which corresponds to Mercury and Beth. The monkey threatens the Magus but is powerless for the Magus is above the Abyss and has had an ordered and balanced development and is Lord of all his own phenomena.

Below the Abyss this is not the case. The monkey of intellect, of reason, is only too strong and is really never subdued until one crosses the Abyss and becomes a Master of the Temple. This is why LIBER AL tells us that reason is a lie.

One needs to proceed carefully then, if this highest attainment has not been reached. There was a reason for the cultivation of humility in some of the older systems. The unbridled intellect, reason, can actually stop progress not only now but for several incarnations, depending on how strong and how uncontrolled the demonic self has been.

Let us all then, apply ourselves to the work of thorough-going analysis of our unconscious contents as they arise, of purifying each element of action and thought, each vehicle of the self, of body, emotions and mind. For only thus may we attain to the true wisdom. As it states in the last words of the Gnostic Catholic Mass "---the Great Work, the Summum Bonum, True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness."

Love is the law, love under will

Fraternally,

Soror Meral

QABALISTIC NOTES

by Frater Yod

The following notes - rather than meanderings of a bored and wanderlust mentality than anything else - are presented as a partial reflection of the awesome interconnectedness of the Thelemic Qabalah. Using only the very major numbers 11, 31, 93, 111, 418 and 666 (with an assist from 37), we encounter an infinite inter-looping worthy, I believe, of consideration.

The chief ordinary significance of these numbers might be taken as:

11 = the number of Nuit and of Magick
31 = AL
93 = TheLEMA, AGAPE, etc.
111 = ALPh (Aleph)
418 = ABRAHADABRA, AIVATH (Aiwass) HRU-RA-HA, etc.
666 = TO MEGA ThERION and "The Number of the Beast"

In Hebrew or Greek Qabalah:

AL = 31
NU = 56 = 5 + 6 = 11

In Latin Qabalah:

AL = 11
NU = 31

11 is most often expressed as the addition of 5 and 6. These are the values of Heh and Vav - the Great Mother, and the Son or Prince.

Mother = AM = 41
Son = BN = 52 41 + 52 = 93

As the Great Mother is Nuit, whose number is 11; and as the Prince in THE BOOK OF THE LAW is Ankh-af-na-Khonsu (ANKh-Ph-N-KhONSU = 407; and 4 = 0 = 7 = 11), the Union of the Mother and this Prince is 11 + 407 = 418. 418 = ABRAHADABRA, which has 11 letters, so that 11 and 418 loop back and forth between each other, even as do 11 and 31.

418 is further analyzed as follows:

	Atu No.
8 = \aleph = Chariot (Ra-Hoor-Khuit)	= 7
10 = v = Hermit (Hadit)	= 9
400 = \beth = Universe (Nuit)	= 21

Total: 37 = Yechidah

37 further signifies "The Unity in its Trinitarian Manifestation" (A.C.)

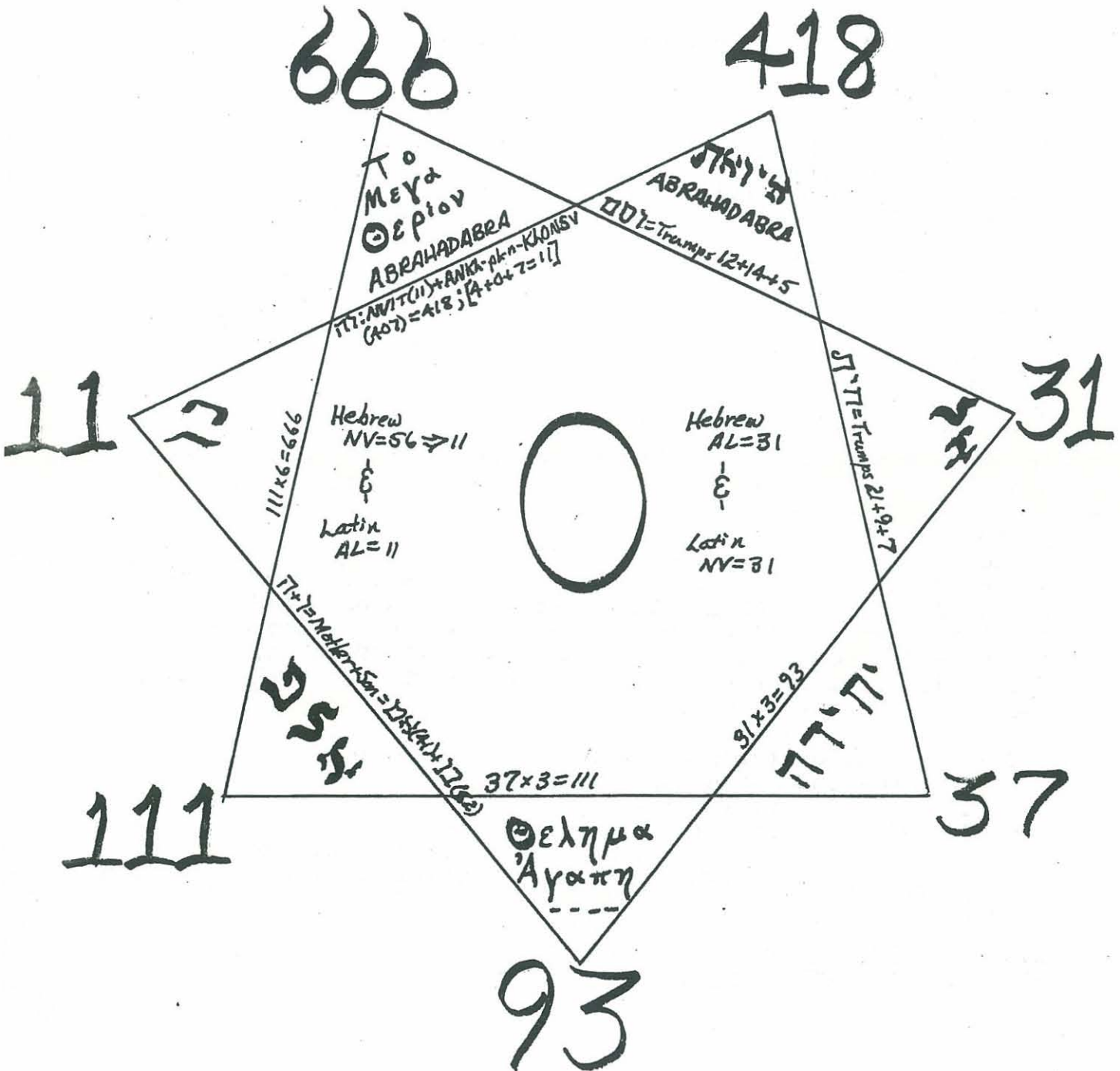
37 x 3 = 111 (Aleph)
111 x 6 = 666 (The Beast)

666 is analyzed thus:
 6 = 7 = Hierophant
 60 = 0 = Art
 600 = 0 = Hanged Man

Atu No.

5
 14
 12
 31 !

31 x 3 = 93



QABALIST'S CORNER

Some meanings for the number 91

AMN = 91 (1 + 40 + 50) MAN = AMN

"91 = 7 X 13, the most spiritual form of the Septenary. AMN, Amen, the holiest title of God; the Amoun of the Egyptians. It equals IHVH ADNI (IAHDVNHI, interlaced), the eight-lettered name, thus linking the 7 to the 8. Note that AMN (reckoning N as final, 700) = 741 = AMThSh, the letters of the elements; and is thus a form of Tetragrammaton, a form unveiled." From THE EQUINOX, Vol.I No. 5, "An Essay on Number".

		Atus	Atu No.		
I	י	10	The Hermit	9	73 = Gimel
A	א	1	The Fool	0	73 = Chokmah
H	ה	5	The Star	17	G = 3
D	ד	4	Empress	3	Ch = 8
V	ו	6	Hierophant	5	M = 40
N	נ	50	Death	13	K = 20
H	ה	5	The Star	17	L = 30
I	י	10	The Hermit	9	M = 40
		91		73	H = 5

Gimel is the High Priestess and represents the Holy Guardian Angel.

Chokmah is Sphere 2 on the Tree of Life and is called Wisdom.

"73. ChKMh, Wisdom. Also GML, Gimel, the path uniting Kether and Tiphereth. But Gimel, "the Priestess of the Silver Star", is the Female Hierophant, the Moon; and Chokmah is the Logos, or male initiator. See Liber 418 for much information on these points, though rather from the standpoint of Part II." Ibid.

(Editor's note: It is not always that adding up the value of the Trumps or Atus will yield a meaning commensurate with the sum of the values of the Hebrew letters)

"Or, taking the keys* 8,80,418 we get VII, XVI, VII, adding to 30. 30 + 61 = 91 = Amen." From Magical & Philosophical Commentary on The Book of the Law. Comment on vv. 46 & 47, Cap. I. 61 = AIN, or the nothing of the Jews as they placed it on the outer ellipses surrounding the Tree of Life.

Note: Cheth = 418 and also has the numerical value of 8.

ח Ch = 8
 י I = 10
 ת Th = 400
 418

"This may unite Nuit with Amoun the negative and concealed. Yet to my mind, she is the greater conception, that of which Amoun is but a reflection." Ibid

"I may add a further comment on the number 91. 13 (1 plus 3) is a higher form of 4. 4 is Amoun, the God of generation, and 13

* Atu or Trumps of the Tarot

is 1, the Phallic unity. Daleth is the Yoni. And 91 is AMN (Amen), a form of the Phallus made complete through the intervention of the Yoni. This again connects with the IO and OI of paragraph 1, and of course IO is the rapture-cry of the Greeks." From THE BOOK OF LIES, Comment on Cap. 12.

Note: 13 = Achad = Unity. (1 + 8 + 4)

Referring again to the first paragraph - the letters of the elements:

A	= Air	1	"The 4 letters of the elements, hence a
M	= Water	40	concealed Yod, He, Vau, He"
Th	= Earth	400	Sepher Sephiroth.
Sh	= Fire	300	741 is also the sum of AMN יחא if we count
		<u>741</u>	N as final (700) Ibid.

Reverse 91 and we get 19, the sum of IT. It is used at times on the end of NU (Nuit), HAD (Hadit), RA-HOOR-KHU (Ra Hoor Khuit)

"19 is the last Trump, "The Sun" which is the representative of God in the Macrocosm, as the Phallus is in the Microcosm." BOOK OF LIES, Cap. 19.

9 + 1 = 10, the number of completion

Values of the Atus for these letters

A = Fool	= 0	
M = Hanged Man	= 12	
N = Death	= 13	
	<u>25</u>	This refers to the Pentagram and also to
Chiah, The Beast.		
Cheth ח	- 8	The Beast refers to the perfected completion
Yod י	10	of God and Man in Tiphereth.
Vau ו	6	
Aleph א	<u>1</u>	
	25	

BRAIN-WAVES DURING THE HEAT-WAVE

The Pagan conception of the Universe has one great philosophical advantage over its competitors; this, that it recognizes a certain sardonic humor in the Lords of Destiny. It is a little more than practical joking, and a little less - but not much less - than Sadism. This humor is hidden from academic and commercial minds; even among artists it is only a few that understand and enjoy it.

Observe what happens to our ideals! One has only to formulate a desire in order to find Fate force one into a passionate denial of it. We seek to escape from the "dull monotony" of marriage, only to find ourselves the prey of a procession of the most tedious chorus girls.

We find no hate so embittered as that engendered by Love. The more one tries to help the poor, the more poor one makes them. One has only to overthrow a tyranny to find oneself compelled to impose the death penalty for sneezing, as Dictator Kerensky would bear witness. To make the world safe for democracy we must abandon all popular control of the Executive. To destroy militarism we must create a military caste.

All this is in the nature of things; it is the standing joke of the Gods; and those who only joke with difficulty add to our pleasure by their freely expressed annoyance.

The whole spirit of ancient comedy is resumed in the universal plot, which has been the basis of every religious legend. You take a man, dress him up as a Priest or a King or a hunter, and set out with him to the chase or the war or the sacrifice. Then, before you kill him, you break it to him gently that he is himself the destined victim of whom you spoke so eloquently! The whole of one's attitude to life depends on whether this strikes one as a joke or not. If not, you are the "goat."

It has been suggested that, when Mr. Balfour came over to this country, saluted Mr. Wilson as the Saviour of Democracy, urged him to make sure of the war loans, and cast flowers and tears upon the tomb of Washington, the wily Scot was playing just this joke. Mr. Wilson's high seriousness fits him to be a victim, and Mr. Balfour's humor is of just this order.

But that any one in the world should believe Balfour a democrat is almost inconceivable. I have a very great respect for Mr. Balfour. His uncle, Lord Salisbury, was called "a lath painted to look like

occasion arises for dealing with savages. One must fight fire with fire. Hence we find the bench of bishops in England opposing reprisals for the air raids. Leave it to the "atheistic" French to kill 200 school children in Karlsruhe!

For three years I have fought against muddle and hypocrisy. We should not pretend that it is possible to fight with kid gloves on. If we killed our prisoners, and cooked their hearts and livers to give us courage, it would be no worse; and we should know where we were. War under Queensberry rules is not war at all, because there is nobody to exact any penalty for the breach of these rules. "Atrocities" is a good cry when you have a referee who can award you the fight on a foul; in a tussle with another savage for life or death, the cry is simply the wail of a weakling. Now that the referee, Uncle Sam, is in the war himself, we can at least stop this, and become as "atrocious" as the English in Ireland and South Africa, the Russians in Finland, the Italians in Tripoli, the Turks in Armenia - is there any one stupid enough not to see what St. Paul saw? "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

So now we have what has been always admitted to be the best of all possible governments - a benevolent despot. There is nothing personal about it. It is the will of the people incarnated in a single mind. It is the apotheosis of democracy. The arrangement is exceedingly convenient in other ways. It solves the puzzling problem of the name for this particular section of the American continent. Wilsonia is neat and easy to remember; and it has further the advantage of sounding like an apartment house in the Bronx. To make things pleasant all around, the wilder parts of the country might be called, on the South African analogy, the Roose Veldt.

But whatever may be the powers exercised by any government, there is one thing which cannot be done without a revolution. That is to interfere with the customs of the people. A custom may be the silliest superstition, or the most deleterious habit, but it is inviolable. History is full of examples of tyrants who fell because of attempts to interfere in such methods. I almost wish I had not forgotten my history, because I should like to quote a whole lot of examples. However, history is all lies; it will be just the same if I invent a few cases. Timur Bukh was assassinated by a child of twelve years old in the midst of his victorious army, only a month after he promulgated his infamous decree forbidding the use of toothpicks. Mamilius tried to alter the date of the festival of the God Rumtum, and his dynasty crumbled in an hour. The emperor, Chwang Myang, lost his throne through forbidding people to feed goldfish on oatmeal as formerly.

As a matter of fact there is a recent and rather terrible case, the Sipahi Mutiny in India. The entire country had submitted

uncomplainingly to all sorts of tyrannies and exactions. But as soon as the Mohammedan thought that he was to be compelled to defile himself with pig, and the Hindu with cow, there was an immediate outbreak. It is impossible to alter by an act of legislation those deep-seated customs which refer to the satisfaction of the primary needs of men, the need to support life and the need to reproduce it. It is notorious that a food riot is the most terrible of all the danger signals.

But interference with those customs which contain reference to pleasure is even more dangerous. The man of the common people has so little pleasure in his life. It is as crazy as it is criminal to attempt to remove the little he has got. Robbing the poor man of his beer is a desperate adventure.

If prohibition were enforced in any State, revolution would instantly follow. Trouble does not arise in dry States under the present system, because in addition to the pleasure of drinking you have the pleasure of thinking that you are putting one over on the law. It is humiliating to reduce men to the level of school boys. I shouldn't care to do it myself; but I dare say it is good fun for those who like it.

To attempt any such change in war time is entirely suicidal. I am perfectly convinced that the prohibition of Vodka was the determining cause of the Russian revolution. If any Russians hate Germans, it is not for any economic reasons. The Russian peasant does not understand political economy; he knows scarcely more than the average professor of that subject in a university. But the story was put about that the Germans had mutilated his ikons; and that put him into a berserk rage, although it did him no manner of harm.

The whole history of popular warfare is that of the attack and defense of sacred symbols, or superstitions, or customs, that could not be rationally defended for a moment. I do not know whether I like beer or not; for as it happens I have never tasted it. But I value my option. If any one comes into my office, and forbids me to drink beer, one of us has got to die. Any person not similarly irrational and violent has no just title to the name of man.

Aleister Crowley

From "THE INTERNATIONAL", September, 1917.

JANE WOLFE

London

A letter written to Frank Bennet in Australia from Aleister gives a rundown of the difficult winter of 1922 and its aftermath.

COLLEGIUM AD SPIRITUM SANCTUM

Cefalu, Sicily

Feb. 23, 1923

Care Frater,

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

Yours of no date just to hand. I can't imagine how I came to neglect telling you about the "Drug Fiend". I thought I had done so. I am glad you like it. I wish you would send me any magazine reviews about the book which you have. I haven't been able to get a single one except the Sunday Express of Nov. 26. I ordered a copy of my reply to that to be sent you but do not know whether it was done or not.

I am glad you are quite through with Deacon. If he is using our name to acquire wealth I think you should complain to the authorities. It is obtaining money under false pretenses. As you know, I have always set my face against spiritualism. I relaxed the rule in favour of one person, because, though a self-deluded old fool, she was honest and enthusiastic. My kindness did me a lot of harm and resulted indirectly in her ruin and death: so you can't be too careful. I shall be glad to hear from your Jew with the ineffable name. Try and get the practical part of your work into practical hands. The time has now come for us to vindicate our integrity and to step boldly forward into the limelight. It is therefore essential to have a man with a head for organisation.

What about Ebling, by the way? Is he coming to the Abbey for some training or is he going to send us the cost of the voyage? I mention it because we have been in a situation of the greatest privation all the winter; owing to the attacks on me in London, the people who were pledged to send me money did not do so and we've got through by a series of narrow squeaks. Your fiver came like Sir Colin Campbell at the relief of Lucknow. But we need a very large sum to clear our feet, to say nothing of carrying us through the next campaign. It is particularly essential for us to have some spare cash if possible to give us a chance to make a move forward. I have been working myself to

death writing my Autohagiography which has now been thrown into confusion. Estai went to London today and the following will explain another source of smash. I have been quite seriously ill for 6 weeks or more, only on one or two days able to leave my bed. My principal assistant here, Frater AUD, a boy of 22, the most brilliantly promising magician I ever even dreamt of, came here on Nov. 26 and died last Friday. It is an absolute knock-down blow. I had built the greatest hopes on him as a helper. He had just come down from Oxford with First Class honours in History; he understood the Law, the principles of Magick and Yoga almost, as it were, by instinct.

I admit my laxness in writing to you; you must make allowances for me having been so ill, distressed and overworked. It would give me great pleasure if you would make a point of writing me every mail, if only a picture postcard to say you are well.

Alostrael was very ill indeed last autumn. We thought she would die. She has been getting better since her return to Cefalu but the strain of the last months has thrown her back somehow. However, the Gods are looking after us.

My paternal greetings and benediction to all the Brethren in Sydney.

Love is the law, love under will,
Yours fraternally,
THE BEAST 666 (per Alostrael)

P.S. It may interest you to hear how I wrote the "Drug Fiend". I arrived in London with less than £10 in the world and no clothes but Highland dress. I had very soon pawned everything and was absolutely on the rocks. I wrote down the plot on half a sheet of notepaper, the second publisher I took it to accepted it and gave me £60 in advance. I telegraphed for Alostrael to come over from Paris and she took the whole thing down in long hand in 27½ days. It was a marvelous performance on her part, especially as she was a pretty sick woman. I think the extra strain helped to make her worse, though she had a fairly decent holiday in the summer."

Jane travelled by train and then by boat from Dieppe to London. She became pretty seasick and was still upset from this journey when she arrived in London on the evening of Feb. 28, 1923. She phoned her friend, Mrs. H. S. Bickers (or Bickie, as Jane called her). This lady extended her hospitality to Jane and she was able to recover from the rough journey.

At Bickie's, Jane met artists and writers and quite a few important people, including some in business. She also met Betty Loveday in this period, but the record is mute as to just when or where. Betty was unable to speak and even trembled visibly on seeing Jane.

She also contacted Raoul's parents at the first opportunity and visited them in their home. She gave them the real story of Raoul's death. His mother told Jane that she had received a letter from the Oxford investigators giving their report and stating that "The Abbey in Cefalu is not the haven of wickedness the papers represent it to be." Jane was relieved that Raoul's parents were calm about the event.

Then she wrote up a true account of the event of Raoul's death and took this around to the papers. But they were not interested in the truth and ignored her completely when they discovered who she was. They were interested in sensationalism as this is what sold their papers.

Jane also went to a lawyer to see if she could sue but she was told that since her name was not mentioned, that she only was mentioned in the stories as an actress from Hollywood, that it was impossible to make up a suit.

Within a short time, the ex-husband of Bickie became agitated about Jane's presence in the house. He claimed that Jane would corrupt their young daughter of 17, who was staying with her mother. So after only 10 days in this haven, Jane had to move on.

She took a room in a hotel until such time as she could locate an inexpensive and more permanent place to stay. This proved hard to discover and so Jane took a job as a night attendant in a nursing home.

But she also began to suffer from her teeth and from swollen feet, which during the next year, nearly drove her wild with pain.

At the end of April, she received this letter from Cefalu, which tells about the situation the Abbey now faced.

COLLEGIUM AD SPIRITUM SANCTUM
Cefalu, Sicily

April 26, 1923 e.v.

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

As a result, perhaps of the personal malice of individuals, perhaps of intrigue on the part of Papist Reactionaries, perhaps of the ridiculous falsehoods put into circulation by low-class

sensational papers, a summary order has been made out for the Expulsion of the Beast 666 from Italy where his Abbey and house have been established, in peace and security for more than three years. No reason is given for this action. No accusation of misconduct of any kind is made. There has been no friction with the inhabitants of Cefalu, who are affording us the moral support of their personal sympathy as well as of a formal protest to the Minister of the Interior at Rome.

It is not the least of the difficulties of the situation that we are being kept in ignorance as to how far this order of expulsion applies to us (his fellow-workers at Cefalu) or may be made to do so instantly by local departmental regulations against which there could be no useful appeal. But even on the most favourable interpretation, the action creates a very desperate financial crisis. Funds must be found for the Beast to travel, to transport a certain minimum of apparatus for his Work, and to procure the mere necessities of physical existence. It is critically important that his Work should proceed at this time with the least possible interruption and anxiety. In material matters, as Frater O.P.V. has just arrived from South Africa to cooperate with him in preparing the final Comment upon the Book of the Law. In the circumstances, we feel justified in calling upon you to send us the largest sum of money that you can possibly raise in any way.

We may mention that Frater O.P.V. has given up his professional position on the staff of the Grey University College at Bloemfontain placing incidentally at our disposal without reserve, the whole of his worldly estate and prospects. Owing however, to the crisis created by this entirely unexpected action of the authorities, the funds thus provided, which should and would have supported the establishment for a considerable time, are already almost exhausted; so that we may expect to find ourselves at any moment deprived not only of the help and protection of the Beast but of all material resources as well. The situation is further complicated and aggravated by the fact that the household includes three quite young children, and that Lay-Sister Ninette is pregnant and expecting to give birth to a child in a few weeks. The Beast himself is still far from recovered from his recent debilitating illness - asthma, malaria, and Mediterranean Fever.

Perhaps the most imperative need of all is that the Library and other essentials of the Work of the Beast should be preserved intact, in the face of threatened distraints, many of the volumes and typescripts being unique, irreplaceable, and of incalculable value for the ultimate establishment of the Law of Thelema throughout the world.

We urge you therefore to do your utmost in this extremity,

and to cable us in reply at the earliest possible moment, stating to what extent we may rely on your assistance.

Love is the law, love under will.

Signatures: - - Ninette F. Shumway
Alostrael 31-666-31
Norman Mudd

Please send remittances to the account of Edward Alexander Crowley, Banca Commerciale, Italiana, Palermo, Sicily.

Cables other than these will reach us if addressed to "Abbey, Cefalu, Sicily."

In September of that year, Jane started on a winter work which was unusual. She analyzed the nerves of the toes and feet and thought that she followed them to the Chakkras along the spine. From time to time she would be hit with pain but had suffered something of this type of pain even in Cefalu. Her idea was that a significant Force entered in the feet and travelled to major centres and she could make this happen at will.

One result of her work was that she discovered eight separate areas of force in a woman's vagina. This knowledge, however, did not have any application, other than that these eight centres seemed to connect to the Chakkras along the spine. She also discovered that there was a negative and a positive current.

She analyzed that the taking of drugs in Cefalu had been on just this type of work, to find the centres of Force in the Chakkras.

Another result of her work is set down in her diary:

"Now, in May, 1918, during the Great Experience, among other things I was shown Will and Desire, (those were the terms used) I was shown how, alone, Will was impotent, Desire helpless. They were then shown me united, co-equal, running neck and neck, nose and nose, and how, so harnessed together they became powerful and formidable. This always puzzled me; I came back to it again and again in Cefalu, but without an answer.

"At another interval during this Experience, I was told to 'wait for God'. With this also I was put through a drill. Over and over again I was told, 'No, you are watching.' Later I heard, 'Now you are waiting, but also watching!' At last I got to the point where I passed the examination, and heard 'Ah, now you are waiting!'"

By means of this Winter Work I harnessed Will and Desire - my above positive-negative currents! This must be what was meant

in this respect, at least. And this only burst upon me suddenly in January. Stupid of me not to have seen the connection sooner. And I accomplished it through "waiting". My job for months and months and months on end, has been just this equilibrating, starting with the Cefalu Great Magical Retirement.

"I take it that my formula for any sexual expression must always be this two-in-one, this masculine-feminine, positive-negative, Will-Desire combination - the perfect equilibrium of the two.

"Desire is the sweeter sensation, but it lacks the lust of Will, but of the two I am inclined to put lust first. I never knew before what a magnificent quality Lust is! Women (Weinenger's definition) know it not; their Desire may tear them to shreds - they may rip and slay, tear down and destroy; but Lust it is that climbs the pinnacles - or so it seems to me. (I must meditate these two, Desire and Will.)

"Please note that this Work was not the result of masturbation - by Jane Wolfe, at least. J.W. was quiescent; her job equilibration and concentration, the kind of concentration that keeps the nerves relaxed and flexible. Estai got on the job, and handled the Force, which was then flowing through me automatically.

"To go back to Pain. At first I thought it was used to hew through the forest quickly; that whereas I was once a lump of reactions, I am now an instrument with wires more or less well or imperfectly strung, and that it is my business to learn to strike any one of these wires, and only such as I will, at any given moment, and that the particular wire or wires so struck must vibrate on such plane as may be designated, and that plane only.

"And this recalls to me that Fall of 1921, when I had my first bout with Adonai, I was certain that I had to renounce orgasm, once and for all. I now understand why. One has to renounce orgasm so that the explosion may occur in London, Pekin, Macon, or Timbuctoo;* and there can be no tails to this kite; no fine invisible threads of 'sympathetic' vibration elsewhere. It has got to be a clean job."

Jane wrestled with pain in the legs until she got to a state of indifference and then to a balance between pain and pleasure.

"Some of the breaking through - i.e., the forming of a

* i.e., the Chakkras

continuous line from head to toe - had first to be accomplished when the body was asleep. After more or less repetition, depending on the greater or less flexibility of the mind, I was then able to link up when fully awake.

"At the end of this all, One came to me - One to whom my whole being flowed out in a Pure, Clean Love, spontaneously, rapturously. The thought came: "I am to be initiated from 'the other side' ". Followed again by, "Is this a temptation?" I pondered this, and decided it was the latter, because my attainment is "Understanding in the world" (not of it); and a big difficulty - perhaps my big difficulty, has always been to throw myself wholeheartedly into this material world. I am quite conscious at all times of what seems to be a bigger life elsewhere, and which I would so much rather partake of. Some day I hope to acquire sufficient humour to be able to play the game here with 'wim and wigour'*. .

"Understanding in the world.

"Attained through Human Love."

516

Meanwhile, Crowley had summoned Frank Bennett to run the Abbey at Cefalu that same July of 1923, but Bennett (Progradior) did not reply. Ninette was alone for four months with the children and then Alostrael joined her for a rest while Crowley was in Tunisia. Alostrael hoped to gain some health so as to aid A.C. with the work to be done.

O.P.V. had arrived at a crucial moment and was with Aleister in Tunisia and later in Paris. Together they worked out some of the mathematical riddles in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, and O.P.V. (Mudd) had placed all of his worldly goods at the disposition of the Beast, so that the work might be done.

Finally, in April, Alostrael was able to put together enough money to join Aleister in Paris. She wrote to Progradior thus:

50 rue Vavin, Paris
April, 14/24 e.v.

Dear Prog,
93

"You are a bad man not to have written all these months! I'm sure you're not dead and I don't think you were kidnapped. -

"Anyway, we have had one hell of a time of it. Beast lay ill in Paris for months - no care, and damn little food. And I couldn

* Expression comes from "The Pickwick Papers" of Dickens.

get here for want of £8. Since I've been here - 2 weeks - he has picked up remarkably but we still wonder where our next near-meal is to come from. Only the greatest tact has kept a roof over our heads & heaven knows what is happening in Cefalu!

"You really should make a point of letting us hear from you regularly, even tho' you have nothing to report. Do this, say once a month.

"Frater V.L. is at present in Cefalu with Ninette and the 4 kiddies. I asked him to write Mrs. Barton for news of you just before I left Sicily and only yesterday I posted the Word of the Spring Equinox, your copy, for him to hold or send on to you as he saw fit.

Write us then - Our heartiest good wishes to you and the Brethren."

93 93/93 Yours fraternally,
Alostrael 31-666-31

From the same address she wrote again to Progradior on the same day.

"The Beast asks me to write you that he suspends the summons sent you last July. He assumes that you have been saving money for the voyage and in view of sudden emergencies which have arisen at this end he thinks it will be better if you will cable the largest sum of money you can scrape together to

SHUMWAY CEFALU SICILY
(sufficient cable address)

Needless to say, as soon as the situation is relieved here we will send you out ample funds to pay your passage if it still seems desirable that you should come. The whole situation will have to be reconsidered later on. "

93 93/93 Yours fraternally,
Alostrael 31-666-31 The Scarlet Woman.

Norman Mudd was sent to England from Paris by Aleister to look after the affairs of the latter there. Jane then moved into 5 Redesdale St., Chelsea, S.W. 3 to work with him as his secretary on June 6, 1924. She did a lot of delving into the names of the persons in the House of Lords as Crowley had determined that they needed to take their case to the highest in the land.

Her diary for June of this year notes on the 16th:

"Frater V.L. (Murray) arrived in town yesterday, and after various troubles and inconveniences succeeded in meeting first

myself this a.m. and then O.P.V."

Later she wrote: "I have been wondering what brought Frater V.L. into the work. He seems to have nothing within to fall back upon - needs externals to keep him from being bored to tears. What a hell he must have gone through in Cefalu. And Ninette!! He gives me the impression of wanting to babble continually like the brook. Part of this may be due to his weakness; he does not pick up as he would like, and as I should like. He is not happy, and I fancy he is somewhat discouraged. June 26. (I must add that I have dug into V.L. and now I know his appetite for the work is deeper seated than I thought)."

Jane found the typing of O.P.V.'s letters very tiring and it was no wonder, for neither of them had very much to eat. Jane sold everything of her personal clothing which she could and V.L. sold his overcoat and O.P.V. did also what he could along these lines. Some sales of Crowley's writings also helped to eke out some sort of living so that they could pay their rent. Breakfast was supplied with the rooms, so that they ate at least once a day. Occasionally, some kind person who sympathised with them personally or with the Work, would offer a little money.

O.P.V. and Jane made a little love, but Jane was not in love with him and consented only in view of the fact that this work might be helpful to their aims. She knew, too, that he was in love with Leah.

A letter from O.P.V. to Progradior is revealing:

"Ninette has just sent on your letters to her and Estai, together with the news that the £5 you sent to Cefalu was as miraculously timed as usual. We all hope that you will go on strongly and steadily building up a sound worldly position and a flourishing group of brethren, awaiting the time for you to join us in the real Abbey of Thelema that we shall be building here at the same time. - - -

"Libertas, who wrote us such an intimate and kindly letter about you, seems never to have realised before that "A man's chief enemies are those of his own household", though this is, of course, the universal experience of all of us, as soon as we really commit ourselves to the Work.

"In your letter to Estai you say: "These people that I have here are all right but frightened." Since "Fear is failure and the forerunner of failure", this saying of yours is rather obscure and sounds like a contradiction in terms. I don't think you should let any of the people under you sit on the fence any

longer. Devise some test which will make them decide definitely and quickly, Yes or No, whether or not they will stand openly by your side. The triflers, the half-hearted, or the faint-hearted are mere dead weight. You cannot expect Kingly men to grow on every bush, even in Australia, and it is only Kingly men that we have any time for.

"I don't think there is any chance of Estai being detailed to work with you. She is, of course, like the rest of us, wholly at the orders and disposition of The Beast himself and it is hardly in order for you to send her a personal invitation to change her Work. The organisation of the Work in Europe has, no doubt, changed very greatly since your all-too-brief visit to Cefalu."

And a letter from France from Crowley along the same lines to Progradior gives another insight:

"Au Cadran Bleu"
Chelles, S. et M.
July 12, 1924

"Dear Prog,

"I have seen some of your recent letters. I am slowly getting back to health and able to take a little more interest in things. We can't spare Jane at present, she is in fact, for the moment, our spearhead. You are not very complimentary, anyhow. You say that Dr. Bowe is a perfect ass. That is just why he has been able to make all that money. We have not got the psychology required, which is a mixture of extravagant bluff with subtle flattery.

"You should arrange to give one hour daily to helping people, and the first thing is to offer something big enough for them to be ready to give up everything to achieve it; something, too, which will impress their friends, so that you get a constantly increasing crowd. The whole secret of running a democracy seems to lie in promising the children the moon.

"You say your people are frightened. You must kill that fear. Get rid once and for all of all who won't come out wholly. O.P.V.'s letter is admirable.

"It is quite wrong for you to start to build any kind of home. That is the Oedipus complex; the Will-to-die. Your home is the Abbey of Thelema. Live as cheaply as you can and send all spare cash to O.P.V. for the building of the King's Palace.

"Do not fail to understand this:

1. Our eternal problem is immediate cash.
2. This cash is needed in order to work our gold mine. The

moment we get past the critical point there will be ample money, more than ample, radiating from headquarters.

"My advice to you, if you are on speaking terms with any one in command of even a few hundred pounds capital, is to put to him as a plain business proposition to invest that money in our work. O.P.V. can give you the details of the scheme.

"(As a matter of fact, there is every reason to hope that we shall turn the corner in the course of the month. It is a question of forcing the issue with the enemy and I have given orders that no time be lost. All the same, do your utmost pending good news.)

"I think you would do better to hire a female secretary to sell your booklets, etc. It will cost less than maintaining Jane, to say nothing of the delay. The fact that your hireling would not understand the work does not matter. In fact, it is better that she should not. She will learn about the work in the course of her employment and pick out the bits that are fascinating to her and therefore to the people to whom she is trying to sell the stuff, in order to earn her commission.

"You should of course arrange that her pay depends on her successs. Most of my trouble has come from my feeling it my duty to initiate new comers. Result - they get personally interested instead of keen on their job.

93 93/93
Fraternally,
666"

Of V.L., Jane wrote this: "He cannot answer yes or no to anything, but uses instead a lengthy rigamarole which means nothing. Vain of his ability to "systematize". Values rather highly his opinions as opinions. - - V.L. does not like Leah. "She said she was divinely appointed by the Gods to teach me, but a woman can't teach a man!"- - V.L. also indignant because Leah spoke with authority regarding music - to him!! He says: "She does rub me the wrong way."

O.P.V. got depressed and nervous that the result of the many letters he had written to highly placed people was not in evidence. He went for a rest-cure on July 24 remarking that his "nerves were all on edge".

Jane's entry for July 27 in her diary: "More work along what I call 'Magical' lines - this being a continuation of last Winter's Work. Under date May 14, 1924, Beast wrote "cut out for the present all preoccupation with your own spiritual condition". I decided the Winter Work came under that head (though I had stopped that period of Work before receiving his letter), and tried to stop altogether

any sensation in the foot. This I found to be impossible; for at intervals during these intervening weeks, - every day, in fact - I have at some time or times been conscious of activity in the foot. These few days back the Force is for a time each day quite equal to a Retirement current, and I have had to let it have its way, my mind for the most part focussed on some definite object. But I am on the fringe at least of my Selfishness, and will describe it."

July 29 "Early this morning I waked up & worked from 4 to 6 on the precious left side. I finally got a complete opening from head to foot. Difficult to understand this. But times have been when I felt all along that side like a hollow tube; again consciousness has been in what filled the tube. But always in a negative way. Last night, just before waking fully, voltage was shot through to show me the way in waking state; a method used many times in the past. Having been shown, I was able to throw a positive consciousness along this side, and did so for two hours. Perhaps I misuse the terms 'negative' and 'positive' here - no, I don't! One is the actor, the other the acted upon. This work is intimately connected with my head and the eyes. I see quite differently.

"I have just typed from memory special work done on the instrument last summer and again through out the fall and winter. I kept no record and now realize strongly the loss. At the time I felt unable to put it into words. Hereafter, at the risk of boring myself - & anybody who may wade through my notes, I shall jot down, however unintelligibly - what takes place. Later I may be able to make an intelligible record of it all, as it may be of importance to others - or for myself in my future work, which I have been told, among other things, includes the "healing of physical and mental ills". Certainly through this work I learned what was causing the atrophying of a woman's leg in the Arlington Nursing Home in Chiswick, where I spent 4½ months, Jan- May, 1924. But - what is the cure in such a case? In another's body? How go about it? That will have to unfold later - if I am to "heal".

"V.L. has just left - here an hour. Just empty chatter, chatter! What would happen to that man if he had to take a vow of silence?"

Jane's work seemed strange to her many times and in 1931 she discovered that her lymph ducts were diseased. But she did analyze the nerves of hands and arms and got some understanding of the Chakkras. Aleister was to remark later that her work was worthless and quite out of line.

Aug. 4 "- - - -After a talk with O.P.V.

I have some kind of a suffragette complex; but it is not

along the usual lines of "intellect", "creative", etc. But perhaps because I mention these they are the very ones.

"Asa the adorant, Isa the sufferer; the suffering principally on Woman no matter what Man may say to the contrary. For this, of course I attack the Gods, not Man.

"I don't like Woman treated contemptuously by Man, that much I do know. (Principally, I believe, because I feel it belittles him.)

"The more self-realization I achieve - the more I realize the god within myself, the more intolerable I consider such action by Man; because so far I am unable to do aught else than look out on a dead level of equality - not mentally, intellectually, etc., but by reason of my own intrinsic worth, my own powers and capacities - of which I am conscious but cannot use as yet.

"I could bawl when a Man belittles himself.

"I have never been able to look on Beast except as an equal. I am prepared to believe him the greatest living man; I am an ignoramus - nevertheless, his equal.

"As for O.P.V., I think he too has a complex. He is such a spinster in many ways - little fussinesses; he is pernickity and finicky.

"He has intellectual pride. Meticulously calls everybody "Esq", though in England it refers only to the gentry, does it not? He feels lack of social position, and therefore falls back on his intellect."

Aug. 7 "About midnight an odd persistent seepage of blood from left nostril which persisted all night. The left side of my head and the nerves down into the left shoulder are affected - a feeling of soreness. I have not been feeling well for two or three days, but thought it was from hunger. (Insufficient food now for a week.) I am quite shaky about the diaphragm.

"I had a feeling last night at 11:30 that something had come to an end - or smashed up - or was it a new plan had been adopted? or a new current running. Or - what?
(P.S. Yes: Leah ill. I believe there is more to this than will be thought of at present.)

"V.L. is in a bad way, from strain and lack of food, and O.P.V. is at times well-nigh impossible. He is full of picayune fussiness at any time - when excited the fussiness of an old hen with her chicks - and these are accentuated (I suppose) at present; or I am

in a state to be more affected by them. And he gets excited! I feel much more solidly established than he; I get irritated, yes; but he gets excited in addition to irritated. Also he seems to be as set in many ways as V.L. is "systematic", the difference being that V.L. is vain of his system, and O.P.V. is totally unconscious, I believe, of his small set habits. (I wonder if it is possible to be a teacher in institutions for any considerable period and not become domineering and old-maidish? Class-room teaching year after year seems to develop these traits.) I wonder, too, if he likes his job of "Boss" just a little, little bit?

"I have felt for some time that I would not take part in any legal action against the Sunday Express. (Of course, this may be a secret hope that I will get out of the job, which one part of me does not relish. There is equally another side which would like to stretch its muscles fully by undertaking it.) 8 or 9 months before it can be tried!!

Aug. 8 "O.P.V. off to Paris. That man certainly does get excited; lacks all control, and quite overbearing with V.L. about money and the taking of his baggage to Victoria. This caused a scrap.

"One may be overbearing if undeveloped. Courtesy, reverence and veneration are the attributes of a developed soul.

"O.P.V. says he will try to cable money from Paris; but - will Beast let him? Naw!"

With this, V.L. also desired to go to Paris and the next day he went to town to sell books in order to put together the money. He left by the night boat as 3rd class even though he knew he would be very cold. But the next day a note came from Crowley to wait for his letter before V.L. should leave.

Jane was alone again and she continued with her work, often with great pain. She was of the solid belief that all illness was the effect of the psycho-somatic self. She tried hard to run down the unseen causes of her illness but did not succeed very well as her belief was not balanced by a belief that the body can get sick and affect the psycho-somatic part of the entity.

To be continued.

INVOCATION*

O SELF Divine! O Living Lord of Me!
Self-shining flame, begotten of Beyond!
Godhead immaculate! Swift tongue of fire,
Kindled from that immeasurable light
The boundless, the immutable. Come forth,
My God, my lover, spirit of my heart,
Heart of my soul, white virgin of the Dawn,
My Queen of all perfection, come thou forth
From thine abode beyond the Silences
To me the prisoner, me the mortal man,
Shrined in this clay: come forth, I say, to me,
Initiate my quickened soul; draw near,
And let the glory of thy Godhead shine
Through all the luminous aethers of the air
Even to earth, thy footstool; unto me
Who by these sacred invocations draw
The holy influence within myself,
To strengthen and purify my will
And holy aspiration to thy Life.
Purge me and consecrate until my heart
Burn through the very limits of the veil,
And rend it at the hour of sacrifice
That even the secret pillar in the midst
May be made manifest to mortal eyes.
Behold upon my right hand and my left
The mighty pillars of amazing fire,
And terrible cloud. Their tops in Heaven are veiled,
Whereon the everlasting lamps rejoice.
Their pedestals upon the Universe
Are set in rolling clouds, in thunder-gusts,
In vivid flame, and tempest: but to me,
Balanced between them, burns the holy light
Veilless, one liquid wheel of sacred fire,
Whirling immutable within itself
And formulating in the splendid sun
Of its white moony radiance, in the light
Of its immaculate eternity,
Thy glorious vision! O thou Starlight face,
And crowned diamond of my self and soul,
Thou Queenly Angel of my Higher Will,
Form in my spirit a more subtle fire
Of God, that I may comprehend the more
The sacred purity of the divine

* Versified from the manuscript called " of in
Z2." - A.C.

Z2 was a MS. of magical formulae given to advanced
members of the Zelator Adeptus Minor grade in the
Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn.

Essence! O Queen, O Goddess of my life,
Light unbegotten, Scintillating spark
Of the All-Self! O holy, holy Spouse
Of my most godlike thought, come forth! I say,
And manifest unto thy worshipper
In more candescent fulgours! Let the air
Ring with the passion of my holy cry
Unto the Highest. For persistent will
And the continual fervour of my soul
Have led me to this hour of victory,
This throne of splendour. O thou Beauty's Self,
Thou holiest Crown thus manifest to me,
Come forth, I say, come forth! With mightier cries
Than Jesus uttered on the quivering cross:
"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani,"
Thee, thee, only I invoke! O Soul
Of my own spirit, let thy fervid eyes
Give me their light: for thou dost stand as God
Among the Holy Ones. Before the gods
Thy music moves, coequal, coeternae,
Thou, Lord of Light and Life and Love!
Come forth!
I call thee in the holiest name of Him
Lord of the Universe, and by His Name,
Osiris perfected through suffering,
Glorious in trial: by His Holy Name,
Jesus, the Godhead passing through the gates
of Hell, that even there the rescuers
Might find the darkness, and proclaim the light;
For I invoke thee by the sacred rites
And secret words of everlasting power:
By the swift symbol of the Golden Dawn
And all its promise, by the Cross of Fire,
And by the Gleaming Symbol: by the Rose
And Cross of Light and Life: the holy Ankh
The Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold.
By these I say, Come forth! my holy Spouse,
And make me one with thine abundant ray
Of the vast ocean of the unmanifest
Limitless Negativity of Light
Flowing, in Jesus manifest, through space,
In equilibrium, upon the world
Illumined by the White Supernal Gleam
Through the red Cross of Calvary: Come forth,
My actual Self! Come forth, O dazzling one,
Wrapped in the glory of the Holy Place
Whence I have called thee: Come thou forth to me,
And permeate my being, till my face
Shine with thy light reflected, till my brows

Gleam with thy starry symbol, till my voice
 Reach the Ineffable: Come forth, I say,
 And make me one with thee: that all my ways
 May glitter with the holy influence,
 That I may be found worthy at the end
 To sacrifice before the Holy Ones:
 That in thy Glory, Strength, and Majesty,
 And by the Beauty and Harmony of Heaven
 That fills its fountains at the Well of Life,
 I may be mighty in the Universe.
 Yea, come thou forth, I mightily conjure
 They radiant Perfection, to compel
 All Spirits to be subject unto Me,
 That every spirit of the Firmament
 And of the Ether, and upon the Earth
 And under the Earth, and of the stable land,
 Of water, of the whirling of the air,
 Of the all-rushing fire; and every Spell
 And scourge of God the Vast One may be made
 Obedient unto me, to the All-Good
 And ultimate Redemption: Hear me, thou!
 Eca, zodacare, Iad, goho,
 Torzodu odo kikale qaa!
 Zodacare od zodameranu!
 Zodorje, lape zodiredo Ol
 Noco Mada, das Iadapiel!
 Ilas! hoatahe Iaida!*

O crowned with starlight! Winged with emerald
 Wider than Heaven! O profounder blue
 Of the abyss of water! O thou flame
 Flashing through all the caverns of the night,
 Tongues leaping from the immeasurable
 Up through the glittering Steeps unmanifest
 To the ineffable! O Golden Sun!
 Vibrating glory of my higher self!
 I heard thy voice resounding in the Abyss:
 "I am the only being in the deep
 Of Darkness: let me rise and gird myself
 To tread the path of Darkness: even so
 I may attain the light. For from the Abyss
 I came before my birth: from those dim halls
 And silence of a primal sleep! And He,
 The Voice of Ages, answered me and said:
 Behold! for I am He that formulates
 In darkness! Child of Earth! the Light doth shine

* This conjuration is in the "angelic" language of
 Dr. Dee. See the edition of Goetia published by the
 S.P.R.T.

In darkness, but the darkness understands
No ray of that initiating light!"
Now, by Initiation's dangerous path
And groping aspiration, came I forth
Where the White Splendour shone upon the Throne,
Even to the Temple of the Holy Ones:
Now, by that Light, come forth, I say, to me,
My Lady of the Starlight and the Moon!
Come and be absolute within my mind,
That I may take no dim remembrance back
To drown this glory with earth's quivering gloom.
But, O abide within Me! Every hour
I need the lofty and the limpid stream
Of that White Brilliance: Leave me not alone,
O Holy Spirit! Come to comfort me,
To draw me, and to make me manifest,
Osiris to the weeping world; that I
Be lifted up upon the Cross of Pain
And Sacrifice, to draw all human kind
And every germ of matter that hath life,
Even after me to the ineffable
Kingdom of Light! O holy, holy Queen!
Let thy wide pinions overshadow me!

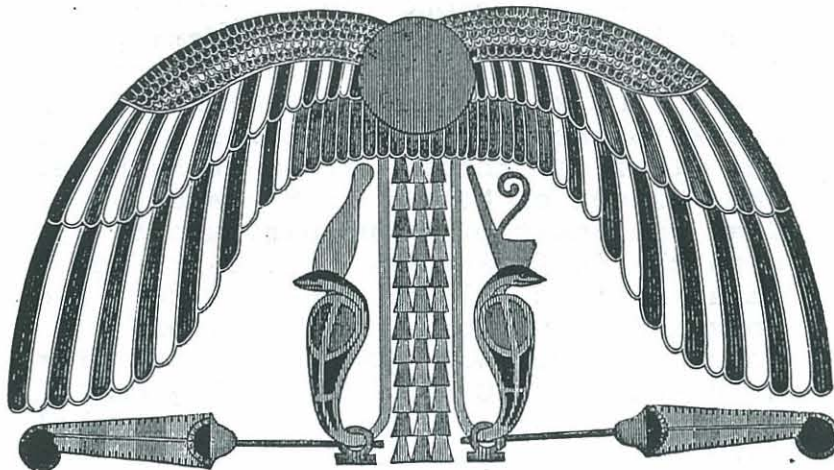
I am the Resurrection and the Life!
The Reconciler of the Light and Dark.
I am the Rescuer of mortal things.
I am the Force in Matter manifest.
I am the Godhead manifest in flesh.
I stand above, among the Holy Ones.
I am all-purified through suffering.
All-perfect in the mystic sacrifice,
And in the knowledge of my Selfhood made
One with the Everlasting Lords of Life.
The Glorified through Trial is My Name.
The Rescuer of Matter is My Name.
I am the Heart of Jesus girt about
With the Swift Serpent! I, Osirified.
Stand in this Hall of Twofold Truth and say:
Holy art Thou, Lord of the Universe!
Holy art Thou, whom Nature hath not formed!
Holy art Thou, O Vast and Mighty One!
O Lord of Darkness and O Lord of Light!
Holy art Thou, O Light above all Gods!
O Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy King
Ineffable, O Consciousness Divine
In whose white Presence, even I, a god,
A god of gods, prostrate myself and say:

I am the spark of Thine abundant flame.
I am the flower, and Thou the splendid Sun
Wherefrom my Life is drawn! All hail to Thee,
For Holy, Holy, Holy, is Thy Name!
Holy art Thou, O Universal Lord!
Holy art Thou, whom Nature hath not formed!
Holy art Thou, the Vast and Mighty One!
O Lord of Darkness and O Lord of Light!

I see the Darkness fall as lightning falls!
I watch the Ages like a torrent roll
Past Me: and as a garment I shake off
The clinging skirts of Time. My place is fixed
In the abyss beyond all Stars and Suns.
I AM, the Resurrection and the Life!

Holy art Thou, Lord of the Universe!
Holy art Thou, whom Nature hath not formed!
Holy art Thou, the Vast and Mighty One!
O Lord of Darkness and O Lord of Light!

Aleister Crowley "Oracles"
From the COLLECTED WORKS, Vol. II



THE SOLDIER AND THE QUEEN

Courageous soldier who thus faces
The dread Queen, the terrible twin,
Now mild, now mystery in traces
Between her eyes, whose ennui begins
And vanishes, whose passion flares and dies.
Happiness smothered in a smile.
Ah, soldier, you are patient with her sighs;
Come, sit beside me awhile.

A Queen who does not know her own mind
Perforce must ask directions of thee.
'Tis whispered that love is blind;
When you are here, how could that be?
Oh, laugh, if love the Queen you must;
Then delicate tenderness and flame
Spring within you of joyous lust.
Invoke the Moon, I shall become tame.

The Star of Venus diademmed on my brow,
Yet hidden behind petulant veils
Of thoughts, eyes dark and hollow;
I reel between dark and light, the pale
Of impulsive mind. Courageous thou art
To view this swaying Queen of Love
In Patience, to take no active part
For or against her mind's treasure trove.

Tomorrow all is swept away
Of the mind's glittering images.
There is no truth in this brilliant play
Of opposites; as torn and bleeding pages
In the Book of Life, all prostrate
Before One truth; Center of my Being.
Courage! unmask me before its too late;
For I am Love before thee fleeing.

Meral
Feb. 14, 1970

TO JANE

Oh, I could weep for time gone by
When golden feet walked through my days,
And wisdom whispered words as a sigh
Lifted and enlightened my heart.

Your feet, my Jane, have trod earth and gone.
Your voice heard no more. And yet lingers
As a ghost, the perfume and the song
Of your presence lingering on in old papers.

Your legacy to me, your child, a pile
Of dusty manuscripts. And there is the task
Of compiling, sorting, reading, the while
You gently smile in the sleep of death.

Your gentle presence belied your will of steel;
Born yet to wander and become confused.
Still I may inherit your wisdom and feel
The wild wind of freedom caressing my heart.

"I failed", you sighed, and never forgave yourself that.
And I told you "not so" for work had been done.
Now there is the legacy and what
Remains of your purpose. Yes, I inherit.

Meral 1957

A CALL

Adonai!
Admit this storm tossed mortal,
Do you not hear the beating of the hands
Upon Thy gem-starred portal?

Loosen the bands
Of earth, transmute the agony infernal
Into the journey far onto the strands
Of honeyed bliss, of peace eternal.

Adonai! heed my call!
Let me be touched by Thy angelic kiss
By my energy's renewal and transferral,
Oh, take me unto Thee beyond the Abyss.

Meral, 1954

O.T.O.



LIBER CXCIV

AN INTIMATION
WITH REFERENCE TO
THE CONSTITUTION
OF THE ORDER

O. T. O.

Issued by Order:



Baphomet

XI° O. T. O.

HIBERNIAE IONAE ET
OMNIUM BRITANNIARUM
REX SUMMUS SANCTISSIMUS

LIBER CXCIV

O. T. O.

INTIMATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE ORDER

Any province of the O.T.O. is governed by the Grand Master and those to whom he delegates his authority, until such time as the Order is established, which is the case when it possesses eleven or more Profess-Houses in the province. Then the regular constitution is automatically promulgated. The quotation is slightly adapted from an address in one of the rituals.

"This is the Constitution and Government of our Holy Order; by the study of its Balance you may yourself come to apprehension of how to rule your own life. For, in True Things, all are but images one of another; man is but a map of the universe, and Society is but the same on a larger scale.

"Learn then that our Holy Order has but Three True Grades; as it is written in the Book of the Law: The Hermit, The Lover, and the Man of Earth.

"It is but for convenience that these grades have been separated into Three Triads.

"The Third Triad consists of the degrees from Minerval to Prince of Jerusalem. The Minerval degree is a Prologue to the First; the degrees subsequent to the Third but pendants to it. In this, the Man of Earth series, there are then but Three Degrees; and these Three are One.

"The Man of Earth takes no share in the Government of the Order; for he is not yet called upon to give his life to it in service; and with us Government is Service, and nothing else. The Man of Earth is therefore in much the position of the Plebeian in Rome in the time of Menenius Agrippa. But there is this marked difference; that every Man of Earth is encouraged and expected to push on to the next stage. In order that the feelings of the general body may be represented, the Men of Earth choose four persons, two men and two women, from among themselves, to stand continually before the face of the Father, the Supreme and Holy King, serving him day and night. These persons must not

THE EQUINOX

be of higher rank than the Second Degree; they must volunteer for this service at the conclusion of that ceremony; and therefore they give up their own prospect of advancement in the Order for one year, that they may serve their fellows. This is then the first lesson in our great principle, the attainment of honour through renunciation.

"The degree of Knights of the East and West is but a bridge between the first and second series; but it is important, for in that grade a new pledge-form must be signed, and the new Knight vowed to devote his life to the Establishment of the Law of Thelema.

"The members of the Fifth Degree are responsible for all that concerns the Social welfare of the Order. This grade is symbolically that of beauty and harmony; it is the natural stopping-place of the majority of men and women; for to proceed farther, as will appear, involves renunciation of the sternest kind. Here then all is joy, peace, well-being on all planes; the Sovereign Prince Rose Croix is attached equally to the higher and the lower, and forms a natural link between them. Yet let him look to it that his eyes are set on high!

"In this degree the Most Wise Sovereign of each chapter will appoint a committee of four persons, two men and two women, to arrange for all social gatherings, banquets, dances, the performance of plays, and similar pleasures. They will also endeavour to promote harmony among the Brethren in all possible ways, and to compose any disputes by tact and friendliness without formal appeal being made to any more authoritative tribunal.

"The next grade, that which lies between the Fifth and Sixth Degrees, is called the Senate. This is the first of the governing bodies, properly speaking, and here we begin to insist upon Renunciation. For within this body is the Electoral College of the O.T.O.

"The principle of popular election is a fatal folly; its results are visible in every so-called democracy. The elected man is always the mediocrity; he is the safe man, the sound man, the man who displeases the majority less than any other; and therefore never the genius, the man of progress and illumination.

"This electoral college consists of Eleven Persons in each country. It has full control of the affairs of the Men of Earth, appointing Lodge Masters at will. It has however no authority over the Chapters of Rose Croix.

"Persons who wish to be appointed to this College by the Supreme and Holy King must volunteer for the office. The appointment is for Eleven Years. Volunteers must renounce for that period all further progress in the Order. They must give evidence of first-rate ability in

(1.) Some branch of athletics.

(2.) Some branch of learning.

"They must also possess a profound general knowledge of history and of the art of government, with some attention to philosophy in general.

CONSTITUTION OF THE ORDER

"They must each live in solitude, without more than the necessary speech even to casual neighbours, serving themselves in all respects, for three months continuously, once at least in every two years. The President will summon them at the four seasons of the year, and if necessary at other times, when they will deliberate upon the affairs placed in their charge. All applications to pass to the Fifth Degree must receive their sanction. Appeal from their decisions may however be made to the Supreme Council.

"The Sixth Degree is an executive or military body, and represents the temporal power of the Supreme and Holy King. Each member is amenable to military discipline. Singly or in concert with his comrades, each Knight is vowed to enforce the decisions of authority.

"The Grade of Grand Inquisitor Commander follows. Here every member has the right to a seat on the Grand Tribunal, which body decides all disputes and complaints which have not been composed by the Chapter of Rose Croix or the Lodge Masters. Its verdicts are without appeal, unless a member of the Electoral College give sanction to take the case to the Areopagus of the Eighth Degree. All members of the Order, even of higher grades, are subject to the Grand Tribunal.

"The next grade is that of Prince of the Royal Secret. Every member of this degree is devoted to the Propagation of the Law in a very special manner; for this grade is the first in which the Beginning of the Inmost Secret is declared openly. He will therefore, by his personal exertions, induce one hundred and eleven persons to join the Order, before he may proceed to the Seventh Degree, except by special order from the Supreme and Holy King.

"The Seventh Degree is, in military language, the Great General Staff of the Army of the Sixth Degree. From its members the Supreme and Holy King appoints a Supreme Grand Council.

"This Council is charged with the government of the whole of the Second Triad, or Lovers. All members of the Seventh Degree travel as Sovereign Grand Inspectors General of the Order, and report, on their own initiative, to the Supreme and Most Holy King, as to the condition of all Lodges, and Chapters; to the Supreme Council, on all affairs of the Second Triad; and to the Electoral College, on those of the Third.

"The Eighth Degree is a Philosophical Body. Its members being fully instructed in the Principles of the Order, save in one point only, devote themselves to the understanding of what they have learned in their initiation. They have power to reverse the decisions of the Grand Tribunal, and to compose all conflicts between any of the governing bodies. And this they do upon the great principles of philosophy. For it will often occur that there is contention between two parties, both of whom are right from their own point of view. This is so important that an illustration is desirable. A man is smitten with leprosy: is it

THE EQUINOX

right that men should circumscribe his liberty by isolating him from his fellows? Another holds back land or some other necessity from the common use; is he to be compelled to surrender it? Such cases of difficulty involve deep philosophical principles; and the Areopagus of the Eighth Degree is charged with the duty of resolving them in accordance with the great principles of the Order.

"Before the face of the Areopagus stands an independent Parliament of the Guilds. Within the Order, irrespective of grade, the members of each craft, trade, science, or profession form themselves into a Guild, make their own laws, and prosecute their own good, in all matters pertaining to their labour and means of livelihood. Each Guild chooses the man most eminent in it to represent it before the Areopagus of the Eighth Degree; and all disputes between the various Guilds are argued before that Body, which will decide according to the grand principles of the Order. Its decisions pass for ratification to the Sanctuary of the Gnosis, and thence to the Throne.

"Epopts and Pontiffs of this exalted grade are bound to live in isolation for four consecutive months in every year, meditating the mysteries revealed to them.

"The Ninth Degree—the Sanctuary of the Gnosis—is synthetic. The prime duty of its members is to study and practise the theurgy and thaumaturgy of the grade; but in addition they must be prepared to act as direct representatives of the Supreme and Most Holy King, radiating his light upon the whole world. Yet, from the nature of their initiation, they must veil their glory in a cloud of darkness. They move unseen and unrecognized among the youngest of us, subtly and loftily leading us into the holy ineffable mysteries of the True Light.

"The Supreme and Most Holy King is appointed by the O.H.O. His is the ultimate responsibility for all within his holy kingdom. The succession to the high office of O.H.O. is decided in a manner not here to be declared; but this you may learn, O Brother Magician, that he may be chosen even from the grade of a Minerval. And herein lieth a most sacred Mystery.

"The Electoral College possesses one most singular power. Every eleven years, or in case of a vacancy occurring, they choose two persons from the Ninth Degree, who are charged with the duty of Revolution.

"It is the business of these persons constantly to criticise and oppose the acts of the Supreme and Most Holy King, whether or no they personally approve of them. Should he exhibit weakness, bodily, mental, or moral, they are empowered to appeal to the O.H.O. to depose him; but they, alone of all the members of the Order, are not eligible to the Succession.

"The O.H.O., as the supreme authority in the Order, will act, in such an emergency, as he may see fit. He may himself be removed from office, but only by the unanimous vote of all the members of the Tenth Degree.

"Of the Eleventh Degree, its powers, privileges, and qualifications, nothing

CONSTITUTION OF THE ORDER

whatever is said in any grade. It has no relation to the general plan of the Order, is inscrutable, and dwells in its own Palaces.

"There are certain important financial obligations in various grades.

"The Electoral College of the Senate is vowed to poverty. All property, earnings, or salaries are vested in or paid over to the Grand Treasurer General. The members subsist on the charity of the Order, which is extended to them in accordance with their original rank in life.

"These remarks apply equally to the Supreme Grand Council, and all higher degrees.

"In the Seventh Degree it is a qualification to vest some real property in the Order; and no one is admitted to this grade without this preliminary.

"Those members of the Order who have given all to it must obtain the money for their initiation fees and subscriptions from the Third Triad, whose honour is thus concerned in the unselfish support of those who have abandoned all for their sakes.

"The Grand Treasurer General is appointed by the Supreme and Most Holy King; he may be a member of any grade whatever; but he must, on accepting office, take the vow of poverty. His authority is absolute in all financial matters; but he is responsible to, and may be removed at will by, the Supreme and Most Holy King. He will appoint a committee to assist him and advise him in his work; and he will usually select one person from each of the governing bodies of the Order.

"Such is a brief outline of the government of the O.T.O. It combines monarchy with democracy; it includes aristocracy, and conceals even the seeds of revolution, by which alone progress can be effected. Thus we balance the Triads, uniting the Three in One; thus we gather up all the threads of human passion and interest, and weave them into an harmonious tapestry, subtly and diligently with great art, that our Order may seem an ornament even to the Stars that are in the Heavens at Night. In our rainbow-coloured texture we set forth the glory of the whole Universe—See thou to it, brother Magician, that thine own thread be strong, and pure, and of a colour brilliant in itself, yet ready to mingle in all beauty with those of thy brethren!"



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
Published by the College of Thelema
P.O. Box 415, Oroville, CA. 95965
© by Phyllis Seckler



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



Founded in Service
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





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. = 573 = 210 = 800X. 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 y 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.

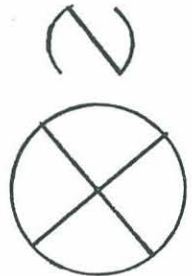
Commentary on (A)

"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.)



IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. III, No. 3

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

An. LXXIX, 1983 e.v., Sun in 0° Aries
Published by the College of Thelema
P.O. Box 415, Oroville, CA. 95965
© by Phyllis Seckler

tasks which to him, as a Neophyte, or as a beginner in the O.T.O., or as an intellectual student, even, of Thelema, might not have been obvious when he first plunged into this Work. When he must first face himself and realize how he enslaves himself, the task may seem all but impossible. How does he become a King? Here many stumble and fall, for this task of facing one's lower nature, which already through most of the life, has a strangle-hold on the soul, has seemed like a dark tunnel, or like the dark cave which Plato describes. How does one turn to the light and get out of that cave?

The Path the aspirant is set upon is a path of self-perfection, not a path of self-indulgence. When one has steeped oneself thoroughly in LIBER AL and Crowley's works, this is more obvious than when one is beginning. The K. and C. of the H.G.A. is attained by the perfected individual, the one who has Willed this event and has worked hard to attain it, has done all in his power to control those tendencies and energies which would interfere with this perfection.

This goal was seen as the next step on the path of Evolution for mankind, and Therion worked mightily that humanity would accept this and enter themselves into this Great Work. There is no standing still in Evolution, one must either go forward and take the next step, or one must slide backwards and join oneself with the animal world and thus be destroyed as a human.

Again, In Alchemy, this animal or natural man is the "first matter of the work". In Thelema, we can say that his first task is to live up to "Do what thou wilt". In this process he may need psychological help, for few individuals can see the animal nature or the base instincts clearly. The ego makes too many excuses for these, since the ego claims to be the whole man. But the ego is not the whole, the Neophyte needs to learn this and to listen to the promptings of the Higher Self, then to those of the H.G.A. and then to surrender completely to the guidance of the H.G.A. when he has attained this step.

Such a process seems insuperably difficult at first to the Neophyte. But one must take a first step, and then another. One must not worry about the goal too much: however, this goal must remain as a shining star beacon to lead one on. Each day the Neophyte can gain some small victory, if he truly wills it. The important thing is not to give up the Work, no matter how slow or how hard. One must not be frightened by its difficulty, nor become a victim of one's own fears. Blinded as is the Neophyte, he is assured that the Light shines there and that he can attain it. As in LIBER PYRAMIDOS, he is "under the shadow of the wings".

Love is the law, love under will,

Soror Meral

The Star Ruby (from The Book of Lies, Ch. 25)

Facing East, in the centre, draw deep deep deep thy breath, closing thy mouth with thy right forefinger prest against thy lower lip. Then dashing down the hand with a great sweep back and out, expelling forcibly thy breath, cry: APO PANTOS KAKODAI-MONOS.

With the same forefinger touch thy forehead, and say SOI, thy member and say O PhALLE, thy right shoulder, and say ISCHUROS, thy left shoulder, and say EUCHARISTOS; then clasp thine hands, locking the fingers, and cry IAO.

Advance to the East. Imagine strongly a Pentagram, aright, in thy forehead. Drawing the hands to the eyes, fling it forth, making the sign of Horus, and roar CHAOS. Retire thine hand in the sign of Hoor pa Kraat.

Go round to the North and repeat; but scream BABALON.

Go round to the West and repeat; but say EROS.

Go round to the South and repeat; but bellow PsUCHE.

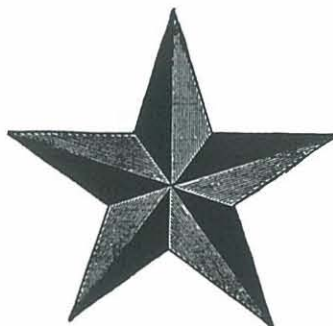
Completing the circle widdershins, retire to the centre, and raise thy voice in the Paian, with these words IO PAN with the signs of N.O.X.

Extend the arms in the form of a Tau, and say low but clear: PRO MOU IUGGES OPICHO MOU TELETARCHAI EPI DEXIA SUNOCHES EPAR-ISTERA DAIMONES PHLEGEI GAR PERI MOU O ASTER TON PENTE KAI EN TEI STELEI O ASTER TON EX ESTEKE.

Repeat the Cross Qabalistic, as above, and end as thou didst begin.

Note

The secret sense of these words is to be sought in the numeration thereof.



The Star Ruby

(from Magick in Theory & Practice)

Facing East, in the centre, draw deep deep deep thy breath, closing thy mouth with thy right forefinger prest against thy lower lip. Then dashing down the hand with a great sweep back and out, expelling forcibly thy breath, cry: APO PANTOS KAKODAI-MONOS.

With the same forefinger touch thy forehead, and say SOI, thy member and say O PhALLE, thy right shoulder, and say ISCHUROS, thy left shoulder, and say EUCHARISTOS; then clasp thine hands, locking the fingers, and cry IAO. Advance to the East. Imagine strongly a Pentagram, aright, in thy forehead. Drawing the hands to the eyes, fling it forth, making the sign of Horus, and roar THERION. Retire thine hand in the sign of Hoor-paar-Kraat.

Go round to the North and repeat; but say NUIT.

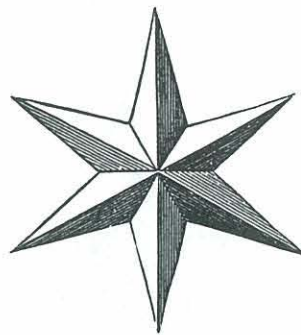
Go round to the West and repeat; but whisper BABALON.

Go round to the South and repeat; but bellow HADIT.

Completing the circle widdershins, retire to the centre, and raise thy voice in the Paian, with these words IO PAN with the signs of N.O.X.

Extend the arms in the form of a Tau, and say low but clear: PRO MOU IUGGES OPICHO MOU TELETARCHAI EPI DEXIA SUNOCHES EPAR-ISTERA DAIMONOS PHLEGEI GAR PERI MOU O ASTER TON PENTE KAI EN TEI STELEI O ASTER TON EX ESTEKE.

Repeat the Cross Qabalistic, as above, and end as thou didst begin.



The Star Ruby: An Analysis

by Frater A.L. (443)
(with gratitude to Fra. C.L.)

No later than 1913, when *The Book of Lies* was published, Aleister Crowley had written what he termed "a new and more elaborate version of the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram...an official ritual of the A..A.." Later, during the *Chefalu* period when *Magick in Theory & Practice* was written, he modified this ritual, called "The Star Ruby," to bring it more into conformity with other strongly Thelemic rituals such as *Liber Reguli*. Both versions are given on the preceding pages. Despite the apparent importance of this ritual (and the Star Sapphire, "the real and perfect Ritual of the Hexagram"), little attention seems to have been paid to it in the years since.

Part of this has to do with obscurities in the ritual, such as what have long appeared to be archangelic names (Junges, Sunoches, Teletarchai and the more recognizable Daimones) whose origins and symbolism were never clearly stated by A.C. The key to these names has been found through recent scholarship and qabalistic analysis.

Many students have suspected that this revamping of the standard Pentagram Ritual was (along with the Star Sapphire) part of a grand joke on his readers which Crowley claims to have perpetuated while writing *The Book of Lies*. Therefore, let's take a moment and demonstrate the Beast's sincere opinion on the importance of this ritual.

First, in *Magick in Theory & Practice*, Chapter 13, "Of the Banishings: And of the Purifications", we read: "It is usually sufficient to perform a general banishing, and to rely upon the aid of the guardians invoked. Let the banishing therefore be short, but in no wise slurred--for it is useful as it tends to produce the proper attitude of mind for the invocations. 'The Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram' (as now rewritten, *Liber 333*, Cap. XXV) is the best to use." *Liber 333* is *The Book of Lies*, and Chapter XXV is the Star Ruby.

Another source of information is not generally available to students. During his *Chefalu* period, in the 1920s, Crowley chartered a magical order called The Order of Thelemites, under the imperatorship of Fra. Semper Paratum (James Thomas Windram), 6=5 A..A.. This order, not to be confused with a certain "Order of Thelema", was primarily based on the lines of the A..A.. The constitution of this order is available to us. In assigning practices to the grades of this order, To Mega Therion wrote that all members of the order "shall use the daily invocations given in *Liber CC*, the Rituals of *Liber XXV*, *Liber XXXVI*, and *Liber XLIV*, and the Will before meat, as taught them in their initiation." Besides Will and *Liber Resh* (*Liber CC*), he was assigning the use of the Star Ruby (*Liber XXV*), the Star Sapphire (*Liber XXXVI*) and the Mass of the Phoenix (*Liber XLIV*). At least during the '20s, we can then reasonably assume that Therion considered these among the most important practices for students of Thelemic magick--of any grade.

The remainder of this article is an analysis of the elements

of this ritual, particularly qabalistically as suggested in Crowley's Book of Lies note quoted above. In particular, we've emphasized the section where "the guardians invoked" are mentioned. This was an exciting adventure for us as it required gaining familiarity with a philosophy and magical terminology we had not previously explored.

The Cross Qabalistic

Notice that the basic form of the Star Ruby is essentially the same as that of the more familiar Lesser Pentagram Ritual. There is a Qabalistic Cross at beginning and end which establishes the Tree of Life in the Magical Body of the Magician. Between the opening and closing there is the placing of pentagrams at each of the four quarters, charging them with Divine Names; and the invoking, again at the quarters, of some sort of magical guardians. These traditional four parts of the Pentagram Ritual are joined in the Star Ruby by a fifth (just as there are five points to the pentagram). This fifth portion, dropped into the middle of the ritual even as Shin descends upon the center of Tetragrammaton, might be termed the Summons of the Supernals, and is the invocation of the Night of Pan (more on this below).

In the familiar pentagram ritual, the Qabalistic Cross consists of vertical and horizontal bars (see Liber O). In formulating these balanced currents within himself or herself, the magician vibrates the words: ATAH MALKUTH ve-GEVURAH ve-GEDULAH; that is, Thou (Kether), the Kingdom (Malkuth) and the Strength (Gevurah) and the Majesty (Gedulah=Chesed). This is then sealed with the words L'OLAM, difficult to translate, meaning variously "time immemorial", "time past", "eternity", "distant future", "everlasting time"; that is, "throughout the entire range of the arbitrary dimension called time"; or, as a declaration, "As it was, is and shall be."

The Qabalistic Cross in the Star Ruby is fundamentally the same. The cross itself is drawn with the same motions, but with the words SOI, O PHALLE, ISCHUROS, EUCHARISTOS, IAO.

SOI means "Unto Thee". This is an address to the Most High, the Kether aspect of oneSelf. Curiously, its numerical value, 280, is that of the Name of the Archangel of Malkuth, Sandalphon, reminding us that "Malkuth is in Kether, and Kether is in Malkuth." Sandalphon's name has been translated to mean "the sound of sandals", the sound of passage of Him That Goest. In Greek, the number 280 is written Sigma-Pi, equivalent to Samekh-Peh. It is at the intersection of these two paths on the Tree of Life, before the Veil of Paroketh, that one symbolically stands in performing the traditional Pentagram Ritual. It seems likely that this symbolism is to be maintained in the Star Ruby. This is emphasized by another significance of 280: it is the number of Squares on the Walls of the Vault of the Adepti wherein the initiates of the Golden Dawn were raised to full adepthood. That consciousness, therefore, which one summons "down" into one's psyche by the pronouncement of the word SOI is none other than the highest manifestation of one's own Holy Guardian Angel.

O PhALLE (Omega, Phi, Alpha, Lamed, Lamed, Eta) means "O,

Phallus." Notice that Crowley could have simply said "Phallus," but instead sang a brief praise to that part of the body corresponding to the lower spheres of the Tree of Life, appending the exclamatory "O". The numerical value of this word couplet is thus 1369. This number is the square of 37! Thirty-seven is the value of the word Yechidah, the aspect of consciousness assigned to Kether. Remarkably, we have not only placed the archangel of Malkuth in Kether, but the consciousness of Kether in Malkuth. No other formula would be so complete. In Greek, 1369 is written Alpha-Tau-Xi-Theta: the primal Life-breath, the phallic Cross (T), the phallic Cross (X), and the phallic serpent. It would seem this number is most appropriate for "O, Phallus".

A link has been established between the Spirit Supernal and the Spirit Incarnate (see Liber Tzaddi, especially verses 33-44). The magician is balanced vertically, and prepared to be balanced horizontally.

ISCHUROS literally means "strong, mighty", corresponding to Gevurah. It's value is 1580. Advanced students of Qabalah may wish to study this as 20 x 79. In Greek, 1580 is written Alpha-Phi-Pi, Phi and Pi both being equivalent to the Hebrew Peh, Mars; and Alpha again representing the Primal Energy of Life.

EUCHARISTOS is the root of our word "eucharist" and essentially indicates a blessing, clearly corresponding to Chesed, Sphere of Jupiter. Its letters total to 1886, or 2 x 23 x 41; where 23 is most notably the value of ChIH, "life", and 41 of AM, "mother". This balances against the masculine quality of Mars in Ischuros. (NOTE: These numbers--2, 23 and 41--are the prime factors of 1886.)

In the place of L'OLAM is the Gnostic versicle IAO. IAO can be studied at length in *Magick in Theory & Practice* (Chapter 5). At the risk of oversimplification, it may be regarded in this ritual as a mantram of Tiphareth, declaring the central balance and equilibration that has been established by the four-armed cross, as well as the Light which springs forth in the center of the cross (in the heart region) in the completion of Pentagrammaton. Its value is 811, hinting at the union of Hadit (8) and Nuit (11). These three letters, Iota, Alpha and Omega, are the exact letters used to write the number 811 in Greek. That is, they are the essence of the number in themselves.

This Cross is preceded by the command, APO PANTOS KAKODAIMONOS. This means, "Completely away (from here), Evil Spirits." The word KAKOS literally means "bad", which is to be taken in a functional, rather than moralistic, sense, as "that which is contrary to the performance of my True Will." In fact, KAKODAIMON means "evil genius", or the shadow side of one's H.G.A. (KALODAIMON, "beautiful genius").

The phrase APO PANTOS KAKODAIMONOS is exactly equivalent to HEKAS, HEKAS, ESTE BEBELOI or to PROCUL, O PROCUL ESTE PROFANI. Each means, "Away, away, that which is profane."

Divine Names of the Quarters

Notice that between 1913 and circa 1929, Crowley modified the Divine Names vibrated at each quarter. In each case, the

movement is widdershins (counter-clockwise).

In the earlier version of the Star Ruby the Names are: CHAOS (East), BABALON (North), EROS (West) and PsUCHE (South).

CHAOS is a Name of Chokmah. The word means much the same as it does in English, but in the sense of "that which was the nature of the Universe before order was established." It represents the infinite, unordered expanses of existence. With sublime perfection, it's numerical value (871) is written in Greek Omega-Omicron-Alpha. O-mega is the "big O" and o-micron the "little O" of the Greek alphabet; while Alpha (Aleph) is the Fool, whose number is 0. We thus have declared in this name the Trinity as Nothing, the unbounded openness of space. This may also be read as "from Alpha to Omega, with Nothing (0) between."

BABALON is the Sublime Manifest Aspect of Nuit described at length in *The Vision & the Voice*. Her number, in Greek as in Hebrew, is 156. See I.T.C. Vol. I, No. 7 for some meanings of this number.

EROS is the name of the god whom the Greeks called Cupid. The word literally means "love" or "desire", and is here assigned to the West, the place of death. This word, unlike most in Greek, can be spelled with the O either as Omicron or Omega. The latter gives a value of 1105; but the former totals to 375, the value of Solomon.

PsUCHE is familiar to us as "psyche". The Greek letter Upsilon, though the letter "u", looks like a "y" in its capital form. Most Greek words with an Upsilon have it transliterated as "y" when the word is brought into English. The correct, original pronunciation is closer to the English "u", however; identical to the French "u" (as in *tu*). PsUCHE (Psi-Upsilon-Chi-Eta) is most commonly translated "soul"; but its earliest use is identical with the Latin *spiritus*, "breath, life".

Its numerical value is 1708. This is written in Greek as Alpha-Psi-Eta. This provides us with a powerful formula of attainment! The Psi and Eta remain from the original word, but Upsilon (400) and Chi (600) have united to produce a large Alpha (1000). Upsilon is equivalent to Vav, the Son, and Chi (X) is the Cross. In their conjunction they become the Breath of Life, the Babe in the Egg matured into Pangenetor Pamphage (the large A, not the small; compare Therion's analysis of "The Formula of Agape" in *Magick in Theory & Practice* where the large Alpha is equated with Dionysus).

This is then a formula of Rose-Cross. Beside it are twin forms of Receptive Adoration and invocation of the Most High to descend and fulfill one's vehicle: Psi (Ψ), the individual (I) standing with arms upraised to Heaven, the Wand upright and keen within the Cup; and Eta, which is Cheth, Cancer, the Holy Graal.

In the later version of the Star Ruby, the Divine Names provided are: THERION in the East, NUITH in the North, BABALON in the West, HADITH in the South. These names are much more familiar to the budding Thelemite. Their attributions can be studied in *Liber Reguli* where the same formula is used. Notice that THERION (who is the Divine Aspect called 'The Beast,' not by any means the man Aleister Crowley) is assigned to Taurus; NUITH

to Aquarius; BABALON to Scorpio; and HADITH to Leo. The correct spellings of these are: Theta-Eta-Rho-Iota-Omicron-Nu (=247); Nu-Upsilon-Iota-Theta (=469; see The Greek Qabalah); Beta-Alpha-Beta-Alpha-Lambda-Omicron-Nu (=156); and Alpha-Delta-Iota-Theta (=315).¹

N.O.X. and IO PAN

The Signs of N.O.X. are given in Liber Reguli in Magick in Theory & Practice. "Nox" means "night". The word is selected in contrast to "lux," "light". The night referred to is "the Night of Pan". It refers to the Sublime Darkness veiled by the Ineffable Light. We may study this in the early chapters of The Book of Lies, and in Liber Liberi. See also I.T.C. Vol. III, No. 2 for an analysis of the number 210.

IO PAN is a hailing exclamation to the God Pan. Pan is written KAN :

" K , the letter of Mars, is a hieroglyph of two pillars, and therefore suggests duality; A, by its shape, is the pentagram, energy, and N, by its Tarot attribution, is death" (The Book of Lies, Ch. 1, Commentary).

Invocation of the Guardians

The fourth section of this ritual translates into English as follows:

"Before me, Junges; behind me, Teletarchai; on my right hand, Sunoches; on my left hand, Daimones [or Daimonos]. For about me shines the Pentagram [literally, "star of five"] and in the column is the six-rayed star [literally, "star of six"]."

The word translated "column" is STELE, exactly as in "Stele of Revealing". It means a block of stone, often as a monument or declaration of a covenant, frequently in the form of a pillar or post. Notice that one version lists "Daimonos" and the other, "Daimones". This is not a misspelling. These are separate words, each suitable to the ritual in different ways.

For several years we had assumed that Junges, Sunoches, Teletarchai and Daimones were intended to be archangels postulated by Crowley in his Hellenization of the Pentagram Ritual. After all, they appear to replace the Hebrew archangels of the elements of the latter ritual. They are declared to be "the guardians" of the quarters, and do appear to represent orders of divine or semi-divine beings, provided we define "beings" a little differently than we normally do.

They were not, however, inventions of 666. They came directly from the Pythagorean school as represented in the so-called "Chaldaean Oracles," often attributed to Zoroaster, but most certainly communicated through spiritual experience to Julianus in the Second Century A.D. These Oracles were considered among the finest philosophical or religious writings of their time. Their exalting eloquence can be found excerpted throughout the rituals of the Golden Dawn. Crowley's Little Essays Toward Truth is, in some ways, little more than a commentary on these aphorisms. Our authority for quotations that follow is the compilation and translation of these Oracles by Sapere Aude (Wynn Wes-

cott).

In approaching the Oracles, we must purify ourselves of prior conceptions of the meaning of certain words before we may consecrate ourselves to the task of understanding the meaning intended by the original authors; for certain words are used in ways misleading to the average student in our circles. For example, "intelligible" and "intellectual" do not in these verses refer to the Ruach, or what we call the intellect. They instead imply the highest reaches of consciousness, beyond the abyss, even at the pre-formative levels prior to Kether, in the Ain Soph Aur. "Father," similarly, should neither be regarded as the Judeo-Christian Demiurgos, nor as the Supernal Father Chokmah; it is an unfortunately gendered term implying the All, the Undifferentiated. I cannot, for myself, discriminate it from ideas of Nuit or Tao, and must struggle fiercely to resist sliding into prior Christian conditioning about "Our Father, Who art in Heaven." Such anthropomorphisms are totally destructive to grasping the essence--to truly understanding the meaning--of the passages about to be quoted.

The one virtue--and it is a slight one--in retaining the paternal designation of the Naught is that it permits the use of a certain sexual symbolism in the description of the Creation of Things. Kether, "the White Head" to Qabalists, but a White Hole to the physicist, spewing radiant matter into our physical universe from some alternative realm of existence, may be likened in this so-called Chaldaean model to the spewing Ejaculate of the Infinite, each seed being in truth a Star.

In what follows notice also that, prior to things there came into being a matrix, shall we say, of that Form within which things might come to exist. Keep in mind Ko Yuen's (Aleister Crowley's) words in the introduction to the Tao Teh King: "The Tao is 'Reason' in this sense, that the substance of things may be in part apprehended as being that necessary relation between the elements of thought which determines the laws of reason. In other words, the only reality is that which compels us to connect the various forms of illusion as we do. It is thus evidently unknowable, and expressible neither by speech nor by silence. All that we can know about it is that there is inherent in it a power (which, however, is not itself) by virtue whereof all beings appear in forms congruous with the nature of necessity."

With these words of preface, we quote from Part II of the Chaldaean Oracles:

"The Mind of the Father whirled forth in re-echoing roar, comprehending by invincible will Ideas omniform; which flying forth from that one fountain issued; for from the Father alike was the Will and the End (by which are they connected with the Father according to alternating life, through varying vehicles). But they were divided asunder, being by Intellectual Fire distributed into other Intellectuals. For the King of all previously placed before the polymorphous World a Type, intellectual, incorruptible, the imprint of whose form is sent forth through the World, by which the Universe shone forth decked with Ideas of all various, of which the foundation is One, One and alone. From this the others rush forth distributed and separated through the

various bodies of the Universe, and are borne in swarms through its vast abysses, ever whirling forth in illimitable radiation.

"They are intellectual conceptions from the Paternal Foundation partaking abundantly of the brilliance of Fire in the culmination of unresting Time.

"But the primary self-perfect Fountain of the Father poured forth these primogenial Ideas."

Speaking further of these "Ideas" (that is, root structuralizations of consciousness of so early a stage as to be beyond comprehension), the text continues: "These being many, descended flashingly upon the shining Worlds, and in them are contained the Three Supernals. They are the guardians of the works of the Father, and of the One Mind, the Intelligible."

These "guardians"--a word used identically by 666 with reference to the Tylers of the Quadrants--are the Three Supernals. They were called the "Intellectual Triad." Wescott tells us in his interpolation to the text, "The Second Order of the Platonist philosophy was the 'Intelligible and Intellectual Triad.' Among the Chaldaeans this order includes the Junges, Synoches and Teletarchs."

We deal therefore with Supernal concepts; though, as we'll see below, these names (all of which, incidentally, are Greek plurals, thus not the name of individual Beings whatsoever) refer to classes of Beings much like the "orders of angels" of the Hebrew Qabalah. They are correspondent to the Supernals. But they are not the Supernals themselves.

Also, we admit to having but begun to understand these ideas. Our investigation into the depths of Pythagorean and Neo-Platonic thought, which relate closely to these Oracles, is very young. Hopefully these understandings will mature. We appreciate the input of our brothers and sisters in this work, as surely there are others far more knowledgeable in these areas than are we.

Notice in preliminary the initial letters of these four Orders of Beings. Beginning East and moving clockwise they are:

Iota, 10, which is by Aiq Bkr 1
Sigma, 200, which is by Aiq Bkr 2
Tau, 300, which is by Aiq Bkr 3
Delta, 4, which is by Aiq Bkr 4

Junges

In the East we invoke Junges (Iota-Upsilon-Gamma-Gamma-Epsilon-Sigma; in Greek the double "g" is pronounced like "ng").

The arithmetic total of these letters is 621. Writing this number in Greek we get Chi, the Chariot; Kappa, the Wheel of Fortune; Alpha, the Primal Swirlings, or Svastika, or Thunderbolt of Zeus. Totalling the numbers of the Tarot trumps corresponding we get $7+10+0=17$, a number again representative of the svastika. Every aspect of this suggests a spinning, electrical surge, a primal, swirling power.

Aeschylus used this word metaphorically to mean "a spell, charm, passionate yearning for"; but this is a derivative mean-

ing. The word comes from IUGMOS, a shrieking sound. Junges was the name given to the wryneck, a bird noted for its cry. Once more we find the symbolism of the wheel; for ancient witches used to bind the wryneck to a wheel, believing that, as it turned, it drew human hearts along with it.

Much later the idea of a "spell" took on a specific significance. Psellus describes a specific magical method: "The Hecatine Strophalus is a Golden Ball, in the midst whereof is a Sapphire; they fold about it a Leather-Thong; it is beset all over with Characters: thus whipping it about, they made their Invocations: these they call Iynges, whether it be round or triangular, or any other Figure; and whilst they are doing thus, they make Insignificant or Bruitish Cries, and lash the Air with their Whips. The Oracle adviseth to the performance of these Rites or such a Motion of the Strophalus, as having an expressible Power."

Within the Oracles themselves we find symbolism consistent with Chokmah and, even more so, with Alchemical Sulphur. This is most interesting since the Order of Angels of Chokmah are the Auphanim, that is, "Wheels".

Quoth the Oracles: "The Intelligible Junges themselves understand from the Father; by ineffable counsel being moved to understand." "Understand" should not be "understood" to be that word which in Hebrew is Binah. The key to the above is that the Supernals were said to be contained within the "sperm" of the Father. They are, we suppose, like chromosomes. This analogy is perfect, explaining precisely the way in which they are "by ineffable counsel being moved to understand."

Junges are further called "the Operator...the Giver of Life-Bearing Fire... it filleth the Life-producing bosom of Hecate; and it instilleth into the Sunoches the enlivening strength of Fire, endued with mighty Power." Hecate was an important deity to the Chaldaeans. One of the "old gods" (i.e., Supernal) she had originally not only her dark, destructive aspect with which we are most familiar, but was a fertile goddess of generation (as anyone who caught Chris Kimball in Macbeth at the Metropolitan Opera can tell you). She is unquestionably an aspect of Binah, toward which the Junges fulfill a Chokmah function. Similarly, we start to get a hint at the real nature of Sunoches. These conjectures are supported by Pletho saying that Junges are "the Intellectual Species which are conceived by the Father; they themselves also being conceptive, and exciting Conceptions or notions, by unspeakable or unutterable counsels: by Motion here is understood Intellection, not Transition, but simply the Habit-ude to Notions so as unspeakable Counsels is as much as unmoved, for speaking consists in Motions; the meaning is this, That these Species [Junges] are immovable and have a habitude to Notions not transiently as the Soul." Psellus adds, "Iynges are certain (Virtues or) Powers, next the Paternal Depth, consisting of three Triads. These understand according to the Paternal Mind, which containeth their Cause solely in himself..."

Sunoches

This word (Sigma-Upsilon-Nu-Omicron-Chi-Epsilon-Sigma) has a value of 1525. This is the value in Hebrew of Shem Hamphorash, The 72-Fold Name of God. By factoring it we get $5 \times 5 \times 61$. This is interesting, since 61 is the value of AIN, "Nothing", of KALI the Hindu goddess of destruction, etc.; and the closest correspondence of Sunoches to a member of the Supernal Triad is to Binah.

No such Greek word can be found in precisely this form, though enough similar words exist to allow us to deduce its meaning. SUNOChE means "a being held together". SUNEChO means "to hold together; to enclose, encompass, embrace; to keep together, keep from dispersing; to constrain or force one to a thing; to oppress, afflict". SUNEChES means "holding together" and "continuous" (as in a continuous sequence of things held together), hinting at the idea of "eternity".

So the root meaning is a holding together, a binding action. Much of the above corresponds to the maternal, form-giving aspect of Binah. Magically, we may say that if Junges is the conjuration, Sunoches is the constraint.

The image of Binah, as the complement to the Chokmah aspect of Junges, is even more strongly recommended when we recall that Junges "instilleth into the Sunoches the enlivening strength of Fire, endued with mighty Power." To "instill" is to pour into (as a cup), drop by drop. We may recall that in the Scarlet Woman "is all power given."

The Oracles say, "He gave his own Whirlwinds to guard the Supernals, mingling the proper force of his own strength in the Sunoches." Again, the idea of strength being established in Sunoches. We recall that the Masons interpret Boaz to mean "strengthening" and Jachin to mean "establishment".

Some other passages: "But likewise as many as serve the material Sunoches." The syntax is unintelligible to me; but notice the material Sunoches.

"The Teletarchs are comprehended in the Sunoches." To "comprehend" is a superior translation of the Hebrew BINH, which we render "understanding". The rest of this sentence is incomprehensible until we understand the Teletarchs.

Knowing that all three of these represent Supernal concepts I find the Binah symbolism consistent. Alternatively we can see root ideas of the Alchemical concept of Salt.

Teletarchai

Numerologically this word is quite important. It totals to 1342, or 2×671 . For 671 we find the words ThORA (the Law); ThARO (Taro); ThROA (the Gate); and A:D:N:I: (Adonai, with each letter spelled in full). It is also 11 (the number of Nuit, and of Abrahadabra) \times 61 (AIN, "nothing", etc.).

Many words come from the root TELEOS, which deals with a multitude of ideas of fullness, completion, perfection. Numerous others dealing with initiation or the Mystery Schools come from these roots, including TELESTERION (a place of initiation); TELESTIKOS (initiatory, mystical); TELESTOR (priest); TELETE (initiation into the mysteries; or a festival accompanied by

initiatory rites).

I began to wonder if TELETARCHAE were not the plural of an elision between TELETE and ARCHÉ. A compound such as TELETE-ARCHÉ would most likely have become TELETARCHÉ. ARCHÉ means "beginning, origin, first cause" (archeology is the study of beginnings). It came to mean "that which was in the beginning" or "first in rank" -- in short, the boss in any situation; and later, "the authorities." TELETE-ARCHÉ would most likely mean "the one in charge of an initiation festival". With this clue I turned to a modern Greek dictionary and found TELETARCHES, "master or ceremonies or marshall" of just such a festivity.

So the Teletarchai are almost certainly the Hierophants. Ideas relating to Aiwass, as the Hierophant of the Aeon, come to mind as we recall he bore the Law (ThORA) and was Adonai. One spelling of Aiwass totals to 78, the number of cards in the ThARO.

But, speculation aside, we have been told that Teletarchai share with Junges and Sunoches the Supernal Realm and completes with them a Trinity. If we maintain the Sulphur and Salt symbolism for the first pair, we must attribute to this third name some variation of the idea of Mercury.

"The Teletarchs are comprehended in the Sunoches" say the Oracles; as though the Teletarchs correspond to the Child born within the Mother; or as though the Truths of Initiation are comprehended once the consciousness of Binah, Understanding, is attained.

Daimones/Daimonos

DAIMON means "god, goddess", much like Theos or Thea. In Homer it is interchangeable with the Latin numen. Though it is the source of our word "demon", it was only in New Testament times that it came to have "demonic" attributions. Most simply it meant any sort of spirit or "genius".

The plural of this word is DAIMONOS, the word used in the later version of the Star Ruby. It therefore means Spirits, "Geniuses" or Entities. In the hierarchy of the Chaldaeans, the Daimonos were beneath the Demiurgos, who was beneath the "Intellectual Triad" (i.e., the Supernals). We therefore have the most "earthy" concept of these four; and it is perhaps significant that Daimonos are assigned to the north, "the place of greatest darkness."

DAIMONOS totals to 445. (No, Most Beloved Frater, it cannot be spelled without the A.)

A different, but related, word is DAIMONES. Hesiod used this term to mean "the souls of men of the Golden Age, forming a link between gods and men." That is, Man-God. As what we call the H.G.A. was of old termed the "genius" (Daimon), the Daimones were those who "had their genius"; that is, true adepts.

This word totals to 380. Check Sepher Sephiroth and you'll see this is the number gotten by multiplying, one-for-one, the value of the letters of IHVH by the value of the letters of ADNI. The result is a very complex idea of Deity; that is, one suitable for the evening news. Other words of this value are OTzB OTzBVN,

"pain, trouble, misery"; and ORPL, "thick fog, darkness". The word MTzRIM (Mizraim) means "difficulty, narrowness"; but is also a name of Egypt. Perhaps the hidden meaning to Jewry is "the place of our difficulty".

We have, by now, come a fair bit down the Tree of Life! These clues certainly fit what we next expected to see, the earthed correspondent to the Divine Triad. This factor fulfills the Trinity to perfection. The Aspirant (Man of Earth) stands before the Initiator (Teletarchai). We have, it seems, a coherent system in this tetrad.

Summary

We may then say that from the Tao came forth a flood of Ideas; and that of these ideas, Three were "guardians of the works of the Father." This Supernal Triad, Junges, Sunoches and Teletarchai were fulfilled and reflected on Earth, in manifestation, by a fourth, called Daimones or Daimonos.

The Triad corresponds fairly to the alchemical principles of Sulphur, Salt and Mercury, respectively; and these are fulfilled in the Stone.

Junges appears the name of an Order of Beings (that is, categories of organization of consciousness) correlative with Chokmah, whose nature is fiery, invigorating, seminal, transmitting by ineffable means the will of the All.

Sunoches appears the name of an Order of Beings correlative with Binah and representing the function of alchemical Salt, whose nature in binding, holding together, uniting in love under will, being instilled with strength and power.

Teletarchai appears the name of an Order of Beings correlative with the Middle Pillar, representing the agent of initiation, the result of the insemination of Sunoches by Junges. As the "Overlord of Initiation" originating in the Supernals, this is not incompatible with Ra-Hoor-Khuit; the only difference in attribution being that one is placed in the East, the other in the West.

Daimonos are Spirits, Divinities below the Abyss. If we take the word to be Daimones then it signifies the energies of departed Adepts, the Inner Plane representatives of the Order, much like the Saints as invoked in the Mass of the Gnostic Catholic Church, the "Sons of the Lion and the Serpent."

And what is the purpose of this ritual which calls upon the names of Nuit, Hadit, Babalon and Therion, then places at the quarters such Potencies as these? Why, the only purpose for which any magick is suitable at all! As it is described in the Oracles themselves:

"So therefore first the Priest who governeth the works of Fire, must sprinkle with the Water of the loud-resounding Sea.

"Labour thou around the Strophalos of Hecate. When thou shalt see a Terrestrial Daemon approaching, Cry aloud! and sacrifice the stone Mnizourin.

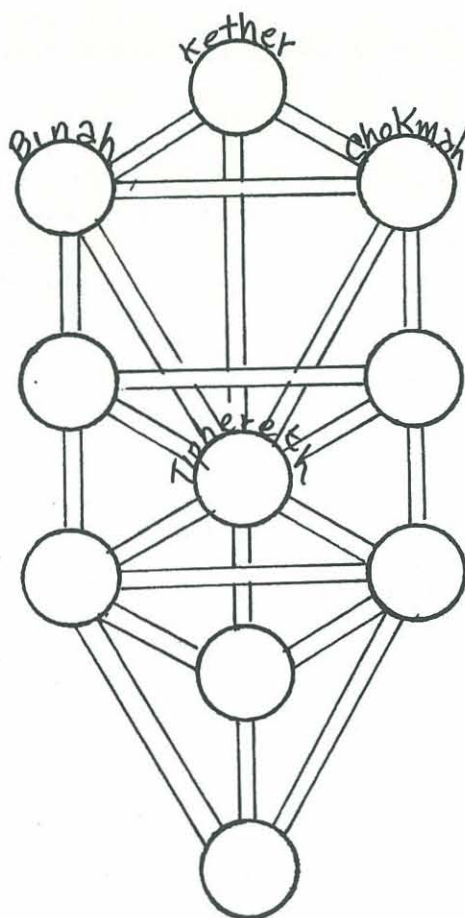
"If thou often invokest thou shalt see all things growing dark; and then when no longer is visible unto thee the High-

arched Vault of Heaven, when the Stars have lost their Light and the Lamp of the Moon is veiled, the Earth abideth not, and around thee darts the Lightning Flame and all things appear amid thunders....

"A similar Fire flashing extending through the rushings of Air, or a Fire formless whence cometh the Image of a Voice, or even a flashing Light abounding, revolving, whirling forth, crying aloud. Also there is the vision of the fire-flashing Courser of Light, or also a Child, borne aloft on the shoulders of the Celestial Steed, fiery or clothed with gold, or naked, or shooting with the bow shafts of Light, and standing on the shoulders of the horse; then if thy meditation prolongeth itself, thou shalt unite all these Symbols into the form of a Lion.

"When thou shalt behold that holy and formless Fire shining flashingly through the depths of the Universe: Hear thou the Voice of Fire."

ABRAHADABRA!



Footnote

1) The assignment of the names Therion, Hadit, etc. to the quarters seems to stem from ideas developed by To Mega Therion around 1921 which synthesized numerous magical-mythological traditions by demonstrating a probable relationship between sounds in god-names and the nature of the god. All sounds may be categorized as being formed in the throat (gutturals), with the tongue against the teeth (dentals), with the lips (labials) or as being purely vowel in nature. Crowley recognized the obvious correlation of tongue and teeth to male ideas, and throat and lips to female ones. (If this isn't immediately obvious, meditate on it!) Thus, Therion, based on the dental TH sound, is assigned to the east, and Hadit (one of the AD-AT series of gods: Attis, Adonai, Adonis, Adad, Hades, Odin, Set, Satan, etc.) to the south--these being the traditionally masculine directions. Babalon is based primarily on labial (lip) sounds, while Nuit begins with the guttural N sound made deep in the throat; and west and north are the traditionally female directions. These matters are discussed in *Magick Without Tears*, in Crowley's diaries and in a special way to initiates of III^o O.T.O.

Bibliography

A.L., personal qabalistic notebooks
Bennett, Crowley, Jones et al., *Sepher Sephiroth*
Crowley, Aleister, 777 Revised
Crowley, Aleister, *Magick Without Tears* (Letter 35)
Crowley, Aleister, *The Greek Qabalah* (Liber 1264)
Crowley, Aleister, *The Vision & the Voice* (Liber 418)
Divry, George C. (gen. ed.), *Divry's Modern English-Greek & Greek-English Desk Dictionary*
Duncan, Malcolm C., *Duncan's Masonic Ritual & Monitor*
Feyerabend, Dr. Karl, *Langenscheidt's Pocket Hebrew Dictionary of the Old Testament*
Ko Yuen, *The Tao Teh King* (Liber 157)
Liddel & Scott, *An Intermediate Greek-English Lexicon*
Meral, "Qabalist's Corner", In the *Continuum*, Vol I, No 7
Meral, "Qabalist's Corner", In the *Continuum*, Vol III, No 2
Perdurabo, *The Book of Lies Which is Also Falsely Called BREAKS*
Regardie, Israel, *The Golden Dawn*
Ronayne, Edmond, *Ronayne's Hand-Book of Freemasonry*
Sapere Aude (ed.), *The Chaldaean Oracles Attributed to Zoroaster as Set Down by Julianus the Theurgist*
Schocken Books, *Hebrew-English Lexicon of the Bible*
To Mega Therion, *Magick in Theory & Practice*
To Mega Therion, *The Constitution of the Order of Thelemites*
Traupman, John C., Ph.D., *The New College Latin & English Dictionary*
V.V.V.V.V., *Liber Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli* (Liber 7)

PLATO'S CAVE

Man lives in a cave of self-inflicted horrors
Whispering of cruelty and torture and pain.
All creatures of the shadow's dark forces
Mumbling in darkness, themselves arraign
Through the black pit of themselves,
Snarling at others, fighting blindly
In selfish greed of ego. Oh, man, but delve
Into thy deepest motives, what do you see?

Do you not comprehend that all of mankind
Is one body? That every blow dealt
Is a blow to yourself? Can you not find
The source of humanity, a certain heartfelt
Longing for light? Why grovel again and again
In darkness and pain when now and always
The Light is within you? Turn inwards then,
Turn around and face the Light, thy True Way.

Meral, 1947

NEOPHYTE

Ah, my Lord and Master, I kneel at thy feet,
By arms upflung, breast's passionate beat,
I affirm my passion wildly upsurging
Enflamed and caught by Thee in our merging.

Infinitely tender Thy wings enfold me,
Infinitely tender the words you speak;
Beyond ourselves I know you hold me
Close to thy heart, a part of its beat.

Thy Light sings through me, iridescent
Soul of song, beating rhythm reminiscent
Of light's swift thrust and flight
Through the soul of the adoring neophyte.

Meral, 1947

THE VISIONS OF THE ORDEAL

The mind with visions clouded,
 (Asleep? Awake?)
By bloodless shades enshrouded,
 (By whom and for whose sake?)
With visions dimly lighted,
By its own shade affrighted,
In its own light benighted,
 The doors of hell may shake.

Unbidden spring the spectres
 (Whence come, where bound?)
To baffle those protectors
 Whose wings are broad around.
Uprise they and upbraid,
Till life shrinks back afraid,
And death itself dismayed
 Sinks back to the profound.

Unholy phantom faces
 (Of self? Of sin?)
Grin wild in all the places
 Where blood is trodden in:
The ground of night enchanted
With deadly blooms is planted,
Where evil beasts have panted
 And snakes have shed their skin.

With poison steams the air,
 And evil scent
Is potent everywhere;
 Creation waits the event:
In silence, without sighing,
The living and the dying,
Oppressed and putrefying,
 Curse earth and firmament.

What dreams disturb my slumber,
 Or what sights seen?
Foul orgies without number
 In dens and caves obscene,
Accurst, detestable,
In which I laugh with hell,
And furies chant the knell
 Of all things clean.

Ah God! the shapes that throng!
 Ah God! what eyes!
The souls grown sharp and strong

That my lips made their prize,
The ruined souls, the wrecks
Of bodies fair of flecks
Long since, ere God did vex
My soul with sacrifice.

These press upon my lips
What lips of flame
To burn me, unless slips
Some cooler kiss, from shame
Washed clean by God's desire,
To save me from their fire -
Those kiss me and respire
The perfume of the Name.

Remorse and terror banished
By pitying lovers,
Who from my eyes have vanished,
(The Lidless Eye discovers),
Repenting souls that turn,
Whose hearts with pity burn
For me, who now discern
Their love around me hovers.

Their love wards from my head
The furious hate
Of those loves doubly dead
That may not pass the gate:
By their entreating prayer
The angels fill the air
To guard my steps, to bar
The veil inviolate.

The visions leave me now;
I sink to sleep;
Calm and content my brow;
My eyes are large and deep.
The morning shall behold
On feet and plumes of gold
My spirit soon enfold
The flocks on heaven's steep.

Refreshed, encouraged, lightened,
Sent on the Way
Whose Sun and Star have brightened
From dawning into day.
I set my face, a flint,
Toward where the holy glint
Of lamps affords the hint
That leads me - where it may.

Aleister Crowley, from "Collected Works", Vol. I

A DEATH BED REPENTANCE

To The Memory of Samuel Butler

By Aleister Crowley

I.

According to the local G. P., there was no hope for Timothy Bird. There was nothing the matter with him beyond the fact that he was 86 and that his weakness was alarming. People snuff out at all ages; accident apart, our vital clocks vary immensely in the matter of mainspring.

The mind of Timothy Bird was extraordinarily clear and logical; in fact, so logical that he was unreasonable. He was unwilling to die until he had made one further effort to transform that which had most embittered his life into its crowning joy. At the last moment, said he, God will surely touch the heart of my dear lad.

He therefore telegraphed, with a faith which 30 years of disappointment had done nothing to shatter.

The telegram was worded thus:

John Nelson Darby Bird,
99 New Square
Lincoln's Inn.

Jesus calls me at last unless He comes first come to your father and your God. Luke XV.

Father

The curious wording of this message mirrored infallibly the mind of Timothy Bird.

Why (do you interrupt) assert religious beliefs in a telegram? Because the Holy Ghost may "use" the telegram to "reach" the clerks in the Post Office. Enough of such querulous query; to the facts!

John Nelson Darby was the founder of the "Brethren gathered together in the name of the Lord Jesus" and called "Plymouth Brethren" owing to their early great successes having been won in Plymouth. This excellent man was a very fine Hebrew scholar, to say nothing of Greek. His eminence had entitled him to offer of a seat on the Committee of the Revision of the Bible, but he had refused to meet other scholars of heterodox theological views, quoting:

Matthew, XVIII, 17

II Thessalonians, III, 6 and 14

Romans, XVI, 17,

and particularly

II John, 9, 10, 11

His undoubtedly great all-round mind led him to see that One

Infallible Authority is necessary to any religion. Rome had this in the Pope; he followed the apostasy of Luther and proposed to replace this by the Bible. Now, since the Bible is the actual word of God, dictated by the Holy Ghost - else where is its authority? - this word must be taken literally in every part as well as in the whole. Now you may formulate a sorites from any one text and another sorites from any other. But a contradiction in your conclusions will not invalidate either of your first premisses!

This involves a somewhat complex metaphysic, in spite of the fact that metaphysic, being the work of heathen philosophers, is of its father the devil.

It is, however, impossible in practice to corner a Plymouth Brother in these or any other ways, because he scents danger from afar and replies with an argumentum ad moninem on these simple lines:

I am saved.

You are not I.

Therefore, you are damned (I John, v. 19)
In these degenerate days fact is supposed by the ignorant to be truer than fancy and one must therefore plead for belief by referring the sceptic to Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son." Reviewers of that book cast doubt on the possibility of such narrowmindedness as is shown by Philip Gosse. But in the boyhood of another writer sprung of the loins of the Brethren, the poet of "The World's Tragedy," the name of Philip Gosse was a byword, a scorn and a reproach; he was an awful warning of the evils of latitudinarianism!

And Timothy Bird was of the anti-Ravenite section of the Exclusive Plymouth Brethren. His had been the dominant voice of that Assembly Judgment which "delivered" Philip Gosse and his kind "to Satan for a season"; and he had been the mainstay of the movement which expelled a majority of the remainder when Mr. F.E. Raven had "blasphemed" in a manner so obscure and complex that not one in twenty of the most learned of the seceders ever gained even a Pisgah glimpse of the nature of the controversy.

For Timothy Bird was indeed a Gulliver in Lilliput. He had known John Nelson Darby intimately; he had been the close friend of Wigram and Crowley, even of Kelly before his heresy; he was a scholar of merit if not of eminence; he was a baronet of the United Kingdom and a man of much property. Baronets not being mentioned in the New Testament, he had refused to use his title; but the other brethren, at least those in the lower middle classes, never forgot it.

He lived simply, using his large income principally for the distribution of tracts; he evangelized greatly while he had the strength, going from town to town to establish or confirm the brethren and it was generally known that he had left the whole of his great fortune in trust to Arthur Horne and Henry Burton for the use of the brethren

to the entire exclusion of the aforesaid John Nelson Darby Bird, who had not only backslidden but gone over wholly to Satan, being in fact a barrister of repute, the most distinguished member of the Rationalist Press Association and, worse than all, a zealous and irrefutable advocate of easy divorce.

This disinheritance weighed little on the younger Bird, who at 44 was earning some £5,000 a year and who had such painful memories of eighteen years of the most cruel (because perfectly well-meaning) form of slavery that the word "home" was habitually used by him in moments of excitement instead of the familiar "hell" of the pious Englishman.

Now, as Herbert Spencer (a little late in the day) maintained, "Action and reaction are equal and opposite"; and experience teaches that fanaticism does not escape this law. There are no anti-Christians like the children of Plymouth Brethren. They have the Bible at their fingers' ends; they quite agree that Brethrenism is the only logical form of Bible Christianity; they associate it with every grand tyranny or petty spite of the hated home; and so they are frankly of Satan's party. Terrible opponents they make. The Plymouth Brother can find a text of Scripture to buttress his slightest act, and his son has consequently an equal armory of blasphemy, which, with a little knowledge of Greek and Hebrew and of various infidel writers, makes him unchallengeable in debate.

Timothy Bird had learnt to fear his son. From the age of puberty he had been in fierce revolt; it was the subtleties of that five years' intense struggle that had made him intellectually supreme both in strategy and tactics, the most dangerous advocate at the Bar. He had become a fine psychologist as well; he had penetrated every blind alley of his father's mind and to that mind he was merciless. He too, was a fanatic. He really wished (in a way) to avenge the tortures of his boyhood; and perhaps he felt that his emancipation was not complete until he had converted his torturer. However this may be, year after year with ever-gathering strength, he hurled battalion on battalion at the squat blind citadel - to foreseen repulse. It was probably the parable of the importunate widow, or the endurance which his horrible boyhood had taught him that made him continue. It is impossible to argue with a Plymouth Brother, for his religion is really axiomatic to him, so that everything he says begs the question and you cannot get him to see that it does so. This is not so unusual as it appears; it requires a very good mind to acquiesce, even for purposes of argument, in non-Euclidean geometry, so fixed is the mind in its certainty that the whole is greater than its part and the like.

It is good to hear them discuss anything.

Propose the question of the Origin of Evil; your Plymouth Brother will remark sooner or later, but always irrelevantly,

"God is a just God." You argue that his God is certainly not just, or he would not have commanded the rape of virgins by the thousand, or sent bears to devour forty and two little children whose sole fault was to call attention to the baldness of a prophet.

This is unanswerable; give up the story, as the better mind does and you are launched for atheism or mysticism; hold to it - the Christian's only hope - and the sole possible reply is, "Shall not the judge of the whole earth do right?" "Yes," you retort, He shall: that is just my proof that your God is a tribal fetish, and not at all the judge of the whole earth." The conversation, after a sulphurous interlude, again rises to the dignity of argument and on some infinitely subtle and obscure minor point which he had never thought of before, I speak of a rare incident much prized by connoisseurs - you do really and truly prove to him from Scripture that he is wrong.

Is he downhearted? NO!

The momentary cloud upon his brow passes: the glorious sun shines out amid the wrack:

"The devil can quote Scripture."

In vain you reply that this consuming doubt invalidates the whole of his arguments, which are all drawn from Scripture; and this again admitting of no reply, the worthy man will continue to breathe out lightnings and slaughter until physical weariness bids him desist.

Yet it was the cherished belief of John Nelson Darby Bird that the last straw will break the camel's back; or, more practically, that if you sandpaper bricks at the base of a building long enough the building will suddenly and without warning reel and fall. You remember that Noah spent 120 years building the ark - with hardly a shower. When the flood came, it came suddenly. J.N.D. Bird, K.C., was quite ready to "go to the ant, thou sluggard," or to Noah, as circumstances might indicate.

Before he answered his father's telegram he borrowed the billiard chalk from the waistcoat pocket of his clerk, whose sporting instincts had got the best briefs for his employers in horsey and divorcey circles.

(Lord John Darcy v. the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Riddell v. Riddell, Clay, Arthur, Thompson, Jacobs, Bernheim, de la Rue, Griggles, Waite, Shirley, Williamson, Klein, Banks, Kennedy, Gregg, Greg and others. These were the remarkable cases that established the reputation of Mr. Bird. His successful defense of Mrs. Riddell had won him, in addition, a vice-presidency of the Anthropological

Society.)

To those who are not Plymouth Brethren it will not be obvious why John Bird pocketed the billiard chalk and a new digression becomes Cocker.

Chalk is the commonest form in which carbonate of calcium is found in Nature. Under the microscope it is seen to be composed of the dust of the shells of minute marine animals. Geologists consider it impossible that a layer of chalk 10,000 feet thick should have been deposited in the course of a week, or even in the course of say, 4,004 years.

The year after John Bird was called to the Bar he had fleshed his maiden steel upon his father by taking a piece of chalk, a microscope and twenty-seven volumes of geology to Carnswith Towers for the long vacation. Father and son talked chalk day and night for nine weeks. It was a drawn battle. The father had to admit the facts of geology. "Then," said the son, "I cannot believe that God wrote a lie upon the rocks." Timothy replied, "Let God be true and every man a liar!" He also very ably urged that it was not a lie. If men of science were not blinded by the devil (owing to their seared consciences and their quite gratuitous hatred of God) they would see, as he, Timothy Bird, saw, that it was obvious from the chalk itself that it had been created in a moment. Alternatively, God had written a lie upon the rocks in order to blind them. "God shall send them strong delusion, that they may believe a lie."

The immorality of this latter proceeding, of course, led to the old "God is a just God" line of argument with its inevitable conclusion in Sheol for the younger Bird.

Phoenix-like, however, he caused lumps of chalk to be conveyed to his father at irregular intervals; for he saw, with the astuteness that had discomfited Lord John Darcy, that his father's belief had really been shaken by the argument. The outworks held; the citadel crumbled. In the deepest shrine of sub-consciousness Timothy Bird, or rather, Something that was in very truth not Timothy Bird knew that the world was not made in six days, that the Book of Genesis was a Jewish fable, that the whole structure of "revelation" was a lie, that the Incarnation and the Atonement were but dreams.

Armed, therefore, with the integrity described by Horace, and the billiard chalk, John Nelson Darby Bird went to Carnswith Towers by the 3:45 for a final wrestle with the Angel.

II.

The old man was sitting up when his son arrived. Arthur Horne and Henry Burton, the one pale, the other sallow, the one stumpy and fat, the other dried up, had come to pray with him. The doctor, who was not of the fold, appeared nauseated at the unction of the vultures and (before he left) communicated a portion of this feeling to the nurse who, although a "Plymouth Sister," had experience in her profession of the realities of life and consequently to some extent saw things, though dimly, as they really were.

Burton was praying audibly as John Bird entered. Without moving a muscle, he directed the current of his supplications into a new channel.

"And, dear Jesus, we beseech Thee, on behalf of one among us, or perhaps now among us, or soon to be present among us (it would not do to admit that he knew of anything that was occurring in the room), one we truly fear dead in trespasses and sins and so it seems far indeed from the precious blood. May it please Thee that this thine aged servant may at last be gladdened, ere he pass into his exceeding great reward, by Thy wonderful mercy working in this hard heart and unregenerate Adam . . ."

With utter weariness of tautologies and repetitions, the prayer meandered on for another ten minutes. At last came the Amen.

Not until then did Timothy Bird open his eyes and greet his son. Feeble as he was, he began to "plead with him" to "come to Jesus." The son had a terrible temptation to acquiesce to spare the oldster "useless" pain. In the stern school of the Brethren, truth, or what passes for truth, must outweigh all human feelings, as if a sword were thrown into a scale wherein two oat-husks were contending. The obstinacy of those five terrible conscious years of revolt assisted his decision to sway to that austerity which here he thought was cruelty.

"Father," said he, "don't poison your last hours by these delusions! If there be a God, it is certain that He never trapped man as you say He did."

Arthur Horne interrupted: "God is a just God."

"Then why did he make vermin?" retorted the barrister.

A long and labored explanation followed from the excellent Horne, who never suspected that the repartée was not part of the argument.

It all wound its weary way back to the old subject of the sure

and certain damnation of John Bird.

The latter paid no heed. His human feelings swamped all else. He knew instinctively at that moment the supreme human truth that the son is the father, literally identical of one substance. Also, in the great presence of death there is no place for religion of any kind. The sham of it becomes patent - a hideous masque and revelry of mocking thoughts. Even where it is the strongest of all drugs, it lowers, hypnotic cloud or levin of storm and shines never as a sun of life. The Pagans knew: try to write a letter of condolence to a friend bereaved and you will know it too. Glib consolations are the work of shallow hypocrites, or of cowards too scared to face their fear; they break into a sweat of piety; their eyes glaze with a film - the easy falsehood of immortality. The iridescent bubble of faith is easily burst - woe to the man who dares touch it by so much as one word of truth on any serious subject!

"My son," began Timothy Bird, to whom the approach of death now lent a majesty indescribable - the feeble baronet might have been a patriarch of the patriarchs - "my life has failed. Its one desire has been that God would bring my only son to His grace. It was not His will. To that I bow; my times are in His hand. His will, not mine, be done. It may be that my death may be the means . . ." and on he rambled the well-worn paths of "pleading with a soul," things so hackneyed that John Bird, facing his own problem as he was, hardly heard them trickle through his ears. He only marked a stumbling, a growing hesitation and a look of trouble and of awe. It was a machine interrupted; yet, strangely, not so much as if it were breaking down, but as if a new hand were on the levers. Surely the end was near. The old man himself seemed to think so. He detected his own weakness; he flushed with a sort of shame; he seemed to gather himself for an effort.

"John," said he firmly, "shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right? You are a lawyer; you understand the value of testimony. Here are we four, three living and one almost gone to be with Christ, all ready to lift up our voices and testify to the saving grace of God. Is it not so?"

Solemnly enough, Horne, Burton and the nurse gave their assent.

"Will you not accept their witness?"

"I too, have witnesses," replied John Bird; and he drew the billiard chalk from his pocket and laid it on the mantelpiece. "Let God be true," said he, "and every man a liar!"

The light of fanaticism that blazed from the eyes of the moribund man flashed once and went suddenly out. An uncomprehending

stare replaced it. He seemed to search the Infinite. All thought he was at the extreme and Horne and Burton, intent as they were on their own plans, were frightened into silence. John Bird returned to his problem: it was himself that was dying. And yet no, for the true self was living in himself. And he understood that marriage is a sacrament and must not be blasphemed by hedging it about with laws of property and canon prohibitions and inspection and superintendence sacerdotal. Every man is a king and priest to God; every man is the shrine of a God, the guardian of an eternal flame, the never-extinguished lamp of the Rosicrucian allegory.

The eyes of the old man were still fixed on the chalk in an unwinking stare. His color heightened and his breath came faster. Yet his muscles grew ever more rigid; he seemed to grip the arms of the chair in which he was propped by pillows.

It was he at last who broke the silence. "Nurse," he said, very slowly but firmly and distinctly, "take my keys and open the buhl cabinet." The woman obeyed. "Bring me the paper in the lower middle drawer." She did so.

With perfect calm and deliberation, but with more vital energy than he had yet shown and with his eyes shining now with a warm kindly lustre, he tore the paper across and across.

"Burn it!" said he. The nurse took it to the flame of her spirit lamp and consumed the pieces.

The son understood what had been done.

"Father," said he, "I don't want the money. I didn't come down here for that."

Placidly came the amazing retort: "Then give it to the Rationalist Press Association!"

Horne and Burton broke into a shrill twittering and rumbling of protest. His mind is gone, was the burden of their swan-song. The old man smiled, like a God smiling at his puppets. Their plaint turned to denunciation.

John Bird aroused himself. "You must leave the house," said he. With barely a push they complied; they were too astounded to do themselves justice.

The dying man beckoned his son. "Your life must have been a hell," said he, "and I made it so. But it was blindness and not unkindness, Jack." His son had not heard "Jack" for thirty years. He fell on his knees beside his father and burst into strong sobs. Those thirty years of strife and wrong and misunderstanding came

back, single and in battalions, too!

The old man's head had fallen back; a smile had softened the old stern expression; the eyes closed as if in ecstasy.

Even the nurse was mistaken; she touched the shoulder of the barrister. But John would not move; and suddenly she recognized that the old man was breathing; from swift and shallow it deepened into strong and slow; a great sleep was upon him.

For three hours his son knelt by him, his lips fastened on one hand; and of the experience of those three hours who shall speak?

Then came the doctor - to pronounce the patient "wonderfully better."

And indeed he lived three years, sane, healthy and strong.

I saw him the year after at the annual dinner of the Rationalist Press Association - the weight of his theories rolled off the grand old shoulders. And far down the table I saw Messrs. Horne and Burton; but not being encouraged.

There is a cenotaph in the family vault. Following the usual recital of the virtues of the deceased, written in smiling irony by his own hand, comes this text:

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

From "The International", July, 1917.



JANE WOLFE

Tunis and France

Jane remarked in her diary early in 1926:

Feb. 3. "Arrive Tunis and La Marsa. Villa facing the Mediterranean; very lovely, comfy, and all. I feel much like the cat after eating the canary. Beast, Astrid and Aumont, with two Arab servants.

Feb. 11. "Have had days of physical depression but think I am improving.

"Austerity that has its birth in knowledge. (Or should the word be 'ascetism'?) Can one really have this fine quality without much knowledge? knowledge of life? Without this, it could only be a cold narrow life, if not a harsh intolerance? (Dynamic ascetism, not merely static repression).

"I cannot get away from feeling that one should keep the physical body in sound health and vigour. There is always the tendency to over-eat, over-drink, over sleep - to get soft and flabby generally, as life unfolds."

These thoughts were no doubt brought on by the fact that the whole group was suffering from a lack of money and therefore did not always eat full meals. The Tunis diary ends here as Jane was having trouble with Astrid (Dorothy Olson). But she later commented on Astrid's character.

July 3. "Leave Tunis with Astrid, by Grevy. Boat packed - we slept on deck in chairs and pay cabin prices!

July 4. "Arrived Marseille and go to Noailles, where we have a comfy room and hot tub and feel refreshed. Supper at Basso's - scrumptious wine.

July 5. "Leave Marseille a.m. and stop at Carcassone to see La Cité.

July 6. "See La Cité this a.m. - on to Pau, where we spend the night at Mirador with Hathersley.

July 7. "Reach Lacy at 1:00 o'clock and are met by Lorris Petit who drives us to his farm 6 ks. from station, and here we start a sojourn in a beautiful country, living with peasant. I have already had a 5ks.walk.

July 27. "I had thought that much of Dorothy's trouble was due to attacks of one kind or another on her self-esteem, but lack of money is also at the bottom of it. Money is food to her, as she is unable to be sufficiently expansive without it as a background - in some way she shrivels up. But I think the "good business woman" incorrect - a sexual parasite only in this respect.

July 28. "Dorothy to the doctor.
(Gall bladder not secreting sufficient bile.
Probably cystitis of the urinary bladder.
Possibly improperly operated on in rectum for polyps and
hemorrhoids several years ago.
Nervous exhaustion - 2 months in Pyrénées.)

July 31 "Treatment doing Dorothy good - less nervous and excitable.
To be dependent on one individual alone for one's happiness must be
damned humiliating to the Soul."

On July 20 of that year Beast received a letter from the Villa
Santa Barbara from Ninette.

"Dear Beast,

93

Helen having sent funds for Howard's trip to America, I went in
to Palermo today to have a passport made up for him.

This passport could also be used for Lulu if we can not get her
one for herself but we must wait until Howard reaches America and
mails it back again. I stepped in to the Traffico and asked them
to wire you. I fixed up the telegram and they were willing to send
it.

Helen sent only enough for a half-rate, 3rd class ticket. In
order that he goes half-rate, he must go immediately for he is 10
years old tomorrow.

I know this delay will not satisfy you - still it is all I can
do. I saw the letter you wrote the Traffico about removing Lulu.
They did not do it - T. gives me to understand your last telegram
had a very serious meaning.

If you are about to - or have already - followed your threats
and have banished me from your congregation, I can only bow to
the man whom I recognize as the Beast and accept his decision as
that of Ra-Hoor-Khuit.

Blessing and worship to the prophet of the lovely Star.

93 93/93 Ninette.

P.S. Please understand that the funds were entrusted to the U.S.
Consul and that I could not touch them. I was merely allowed enough
to attend to this document.

N.B. Your letter to Aumont just in; if you are trying to bewilder
me, you have got there. I feel like pulp, or jelly. Now what shall
I do about Howard?" *

Ed. note: Helen was Ninette's sister and Howard was Ninette's son by
Mr. Fraux. Lulu was Aleister's and Ninette's child.

On July 17, 1926 Ninette again wrote from the Villa Santa Barbara:

"My dear Beast,
93!

I allowed the hysterical letter I wrote last night to go. It will cost me another stamp to send on my more collected thoughts.

Howard was to go on Tuesday morning with a passport. This passport can be modified to include Lulu; it shall be done. You want Lulu right away so I will detain Howard. Tomorrow I will have new pictures taken including Lulu, and send them on to Pathan asking him whether he can make her departure possible for Tuesday, 21st, if so, she will go. If not, she will go on the 28th. I do not see what could keep her beyond that. Then you will advise me about sending Howard. In a way it seems to me a very good thing that he should go to his American relations, but I know that I can see no further than the end of my nose; you have the wisdom and your advice shall rule.

I have learned many lessons but I have not learned how to think quickly, nor how to make a quick decision. I could have settled this matter yesterday in Palermo if the possibility of detaining Howard had suggested itself to me. It is hard for me to do this, for I have played the same dirty trick to Nathan last year and he will be furious.

But I do not think his personal feelings will allow him to make difficulties.

I will do my level best to have her off this Tuesday.

If the matter of cabling funds has to wait until you reach Paris, I beg you to send on whatever little bit you can spare to carry on, for my credit is about exhausted.

Yours with much love, Ninette"

Ninette was worried and unhappy and the struggle to get along was telling on her. She wrote to Jane and Astrid in the South of France, where they were recuperating from illnesses.

"Cefalu, July 27th, 1926
"My dear Jane and Astrid,
93!

"Jane's letter and Astrid's came in this morning and four letters from Tunis. I did not answer because I was in such a terrible frame of mind!

Beast's anger having relented, I feel better but still I am not happy.

I feel so terribly unsettled! much as I have lived 6 years here I do not feel at home and want to get away!

Beast promises to get us all to France soon. Ah, how I pray that his financial hopes come true! I do cling to him because I simply can not take care of my family alone and I worry my head off with the burden of the responsibility I have so lightly assumed.

I asked Helen to send money for Howard's trip over to America and she did. He was sailing on the 20th with a half-rate ticket and an American passport. On the 18th it occurred to me that Lulu could use that passport and go to Tunis. Result, I stopped Howard, (a terrible disappointment to him and to me too), and asked the Consul to amend the passport for Lulu, which he agreed to do (snarling all the time.)

I did it out of a sense of duty to Beast, to obey his summons. Then the passport went off by mistake on the boat without Howard! Beast has gone to Paris and I am left with this awful feeling that I have meddled and that nothing is accomplished. I feel dreadfully about it. It is not the actual hardship that bothers me, it is the uncertainty that surrounds me. I do not know what to do or what is expected of me. I don't know how to bring up my children. If I had remained home, I would do what my parents did with me. If I had stayed in America I would act like the people I have known. But having met the Beast I suspect all old systems and do not know how to apply his. The backbone of one's mode of living is one's financial situation. I can't class myself a beggar nor anything else. I seem to be in a peculiar situation such as no one ever found themselves into. I belong to no country. I can't get out of Cefalu because I have no passport and no Consul will give me one and no one to help or advise me! I have written to my hometown to demand information.

I do want to return to France to be in a civilised country and to start the little ones to school among the French since I can not go back to America. Since it is Beast's intention to help me, I am asking him to try and find a little house somewhere with a big garden where I can work like hell, produce something and feel I have a right to live. How I would like to be in the farm where you are now! I believe that part of the country is very beautiful there! Have they not a little hut in a corner where I could stow away my little family?

But don't get the idea that the children are a burden to me. I live for them and am very ambitious for them. But my ambitions have not definite shape. The abandonment of the plan of an Abbey of Thelema has left me completely flat.

Beast went and wrote the Traffico in Palermo to take Lulu and

board her somewhere until she goes! I was foolish enough to complain to him that she was suffering from hunger.

We all did at times a bit but there are always a few dribbles coming in to keep the pot boiling! Arturo sends his bit, Helen and Alma a few dollar bills, my father 100 lbs every 3 months! I keep going and we seldom suffer. I have learned to make a bit go a long way, and distribute it well. These last 2 weeks, having had \$7.00 from Helen to be used for other purposes (signing a document in Palermo,) I have been quite well off and have made merry though moderately. That is about finished and, with the end of cash returns always the depression and apprehension of the future which I know are only shadows, but which poison my life. These ought to be replaced by a firm purpose to get somewhere, but lacks!

Beast will either have to kick me out or set me on my feet in a little house in France, giving me a new start.

Jane is quite right about little Jane-Hera; she is exactly the type of child Jane would love; strongly masculine, but she has lived too close to Shummy; she needs to mix with other children and lose her timidity and savagery. She never says: I, or me or mine, but always "Ginni is going to put on Ginnie's coat. Ginni is Jane-Newah." I have just shaved her head as a sanitary precaution - it becomes her well!

Dick is well again after weeks of bad digestion. He has regained and looks fine!

Lulu is O.K.; she is not as robust as Ginni, but I have gone and frightened you without cause; she is much taller than children of her age here and looks much better than most of them; has good color and good appetite. I am always fussing if they are not like fresh-blown roses.

Howard's bronchial catarrh seems to be about gone; his summer in the woods keeping goats has not harmed him physically; but he's a dunce about reacting! We have no time for lessons.

As for No. 5. I cannot tell for sure; I pray to all the Gods that he will not materialize for another 10 years but there are positive symptoms and I say with horror it is quite a probable thing. Nevertheless I shan't let him rob me of my sense of humor.

If it is not too much of an effort write me again. If Aumont comes here to get Lulu, I hope he stops a few days for a chat. Much love to you both.

Ninette

P.S. die Mars - 28th.

I wrote my letter when quite depressed; as I read it over it

sounds foolishly blue. Today I am in good spirits and I laugh at myself for my hysterical fears. I would get along better if I had more confidence in myself and I could give up worrying and trust the Gods fully. They have never failed me; the hardships are only to develop qualities in us or to open our minds to some truths; I know it so well, but I always stumble over the same pitfall! Don't fail to reassure Beast over Lulu. I have painted things a bit blacker than they were. I will hang on like a "bull-bitch" and try never to complain again. Amen. Ninette"

On Aug. 12, Jane noted that Beast arrived from Paris and six days later there was a terrible row which Dorothy started. Jane wrote:

"Dorothy went on a mad ranting, raving explosion last night which continued until 2:00 a.m. when Louis, who had gone to bed early, shouted down for Jeanne to come up.

"Dorothy filled Jeanne up with all the filth she could lay her tongue to. No fishwife could exceed D's venom, abuse and rage. This morning Jeanne was hysterical and Louis has let loose at Beast and myself, as well as D. What an appalling woman! And all that rottenness poured forth because she wanted to get Beast and myself away so that she might continue on and not have to go herself. (She acknowledged that today, too, when she said that she had to look out for herself!) She could not take the decent way of asking us to go. (for fear that method would fail?) She got rid of the Germans in Tunis in the same way, too."

Then Jane had a balancing thought and noted down that Dorothy could be a wonderful woman once she conquered that side of herself. She wrote: "Will she then stop shouting down every one to pour forth facts and facts - things which seldom interest one for long. One of the first things I noticed on arriving in Tunis was that she and Beast both talked at the same time. This surprised me mightily, but I soon learned the reason why!"

On the 20th of Aug. Aleister left for Bordeaux and Jane went to Pau. When he asked Jane if she was feeling persecuted, she replied, "Not so." She told him she merely did not approve of the method employed. She noted:

"D. has gone on these fits again and again; always to be forgiven, petted and called a sweet thing. Whereas, I think she knows exactly what she is about and is quite able to control herself if she wants to. So I let her know thoroughly that her method was for me inexcusable.

"What incensed me so was that Louis' kindness and generosity were, to to say, flung in his face. She made him feel he had

been entertaining, not people who appreciated his thoughtfulness and were grateful for it, but a brood of filthy vampires. All his love for us was torn to shreds and thrown under foot."

Jane decided to write her protest to Dorothy.

Villa Mirador, Pau, Sunday Aug. 22, 1926

"Dear Dorothy,

I should like you to know the cause of my indignation, and as I think you may have put a wrong construction on it, I write this note of explanation and then the matter (so far at least as I am concerned) can drop if you so desire.

"Louis had opened his doors to me, a stranger; he was kindness itself and gave me of his best, as well as Jeanne - confidence, affection, generosity, nobility. It seemed to me that you took these gracious qualities, tore them to shreds, and flung them in their faces. You belittled them and their hospitality by making them think they were harbouring vermin. I think you dealt Louis and Jeanne a cruel blow, and as I am quite sure you are a thoroughly responsible person, I felt my indignation to be justifiable. Why did you not instead ask that we go?

"This interpretation may, of course, be all wrong, but so it seemed to me. However, I am writing to admit that I no doubt acted rather bearishly in expressing this indignation - which too, deserves condemnation.

"So, with the writing of this note I dismiss the matter and just add that I shall be very glad to see you when you come to Pau - which I hope will not be a long way off!

"With love to you and the Petits, et al.

Jane"

Then Jane noted: "This, as if by magic, wipes Dorothy's deportment from the slate. Back of my stated reasons for my indignation lay the hell she put me through in Tunis; and still deeper my doubt of her loyalty. I think her capable of base treachery."

Aug. 25. "Keep heart and eyes steadfast" I heard in my sleep this morning. Now what does this mean? I do feel somewhat adrift. I have kept doggedly at work for years on perfecting the instrument. This 'perfecting' has called forth many emotions, from those of spiritual exaltation, gratitude and praise, to serious rebellion, detestation and well-nigh despair. Yet I persisted. The incentive which kept me going - i.e., what I saw and was told in California - ceased some time ago to move me: it is merely so much rubbish to

me now. I thump along blindly, yet if I am to be of any use to the Work I must know more than I know now - I must have the realization.

"Poor Ninette! A letter came from her this morning of despair. So I sent her a poor little 150 francs, the amount I proposed paying the landlady on my account for the week's rent and which she kindly refused to take. I now have bed and board for another week anyhow and 20 francs in my purse to squander. I wonder what Leah's circumstances are now? Ninette, Mab and Jane flat; as well as Beast, I assume. However, Mab is all right for the present at least: she doesn't have to pay rent of any kind, so she gets her share of the general depression all around in wretched boredom."

Jane could not pay her rent for some weeks but the landlady at the Villa Mirador was very kind and allowed her to stay. By Sept. 11, Mrs. Webb, who had helped Jane previously, and Mary K., her sister, both sent enough money for her to pay the bill and to carry on a little longer. She wrote to Beast and was asked to pick up the manuscripts from Dorothy but when she got there, she discovered that Dorothy was having a fit of jealousy and her reaction was furious. Jane supposed that it was because she had been invited to Paris and Dorothy had not. Dorothy refused to give up the box of manuscripts and Jane had to leave without them.

On Sept. 11 she took a room in the hotel, the "Atlantic", in Montmartre, where Aleister was staying. Jane did what typing she could and there she met a dancer Beast was enthusiastic about and also a Mrs. Walker from Germany who stayed a week in the same hotel. Dorothy also arrived and then left four days later for New York. Jane wrote down that D. was in a charming mood the whole time.

Mrs. Webb also arrived from London and stayed nearby for four days and had daily conferences with Aleister. She expressed herself as well content with her stay.

Early in November Jane again suspected an infection of some kind from the pain she was experiencing in her left side. However, Beast laughed at her and would not give her the money to go to a doctor but asked her to wait and see. A week later, she was in so much pain that she was allowed to get professional help and her trouble was diagnosed as being due to her kidney. She was briefly helped by the treatment but the pain appeared again a month later and by the end of December she was in the American Hospital in Paris. Her stay there was fairly short and the treatment was again all right for a time.

In March of that year Jane received this letter from Ninette:

March 9, 1927

"My dear Jane,

I write to bid you and Beast an eternal Adieu. It looks as if I were gone beyond recall.

"My constant thinking about my critical position here had brought me to a complete understanding of my spiritual situation, which is the cause of my troubles.

"When Beast met me, I was a nervous wreck on the verge of suicide. Would that I had never been raised out of that state. The seven years I have spent in Cefalu have been used solely for the gratification of my senses. I have indulged my body to the limit, and am now to pay the price. My brain is giving way at a rapid rate; it is with great difficulty that I maintain a sane attitude towards people. My disorder will soon show itself and cause me to be taken away from the little ones.

"Thinking too much, making resolutions and taking oaths, keeping none, violating my better impulses, have worn my nerves to shreds.

"My diary, although thoroughly disgusting, might be interesting I am sure, if ever I succeeded in curing myself, it would be immensely so. But today I have not been able to feel the power to rise over this trouble for one moment. So I am ready to burn the whole stuff. I am going to write to the Commissario, asking him to notify Beast when I reach the lowest point and he has to take the children. I leave them to Beast, if he cares to take them. I know these poor lambs will have to suffer for my misdeeds; it is heart-breaking to think about their suffering; but I have not known how to love them as I should, how to lose myself completely in my devotion to them. Poor Beast did delude himself thinking I had killed my grosser ego, instead I have fed it so well that it has smothered my Soul.

"My prospects are appalling. I shudder to look forward! The Gods have forsaken me! It is an awful price to pay for the pleasure I have had out of life! A greedy pig I have been and for pig joys I have damned myself! But would it not be enough to have to suffer alone? Must these poor children's lives be ruined also? Oh, that I might have the assurance that Beast will take them all someday!

"Helen would, but I will not give in to this last piece of cowardice. To Beast I leave them and happen what may! I know that I understand I am solely responsible for my troubles - I had sufficient knowledge to follow a different path, but I have had no strength!

"What can I add?

"Goodbye all. I trust the Gods permit that the children come to you. Lulu and Minni can get an American passport from the Consul. But Dick? Must he pay heavier tax than the others? I cannot do anything now.

"Very desperately yours,

Ninette

"P.S. March 10th. It is better to die fighting with Trust in one's heart than in this horrible doubt.

"I will gather what little strength I have left - sell all I have and try to hold up until Beast can reach me a hand. I know that if I keep my side of the contract the Gods will see me safe. I am fighting but for the children. I want to put them into the hands of one of the Order before I give in.

Ninette"

At the bottom of this letter Beast wrote in his own hand some instructions for Jane to read before forming her reply.

"Have wired 500 lbs. - the utmost we can possibly spare at this juncture. The worst of it is; this is really wasting money. It only prolongs the agony. The only remedy is to get her and the children to a civilized place where she can earn good money as she used to do. Pressure should be put on her people - any one in an auto can do it - to take the family in until proper arrangements can be made."

666

Thus reluctantly Aleister had to give up the idea of making his Abbey of Thelema in Cefalu a going thing. He would not be allowed back in Italy, for one thing, and the money situation had been so bad for years, that there was no hope of continuing with this dream of a Thelemic community.

By April 28 of that year Jane was again in great pain and again she entered the American Hospital. This time she underwent an operation for a tumor. None was found, but only a good deal of inflammation. She wrote later:

"May 21. I drained out, twice. It was thought I might die, or was dying. Exhaustion. Unconscious.

"After 11 weeks in hospital, I went to Villa du Roule, Neuilly, to recuperate.

"Here my left leg began to swell. So after a time I went back

to hospital for treatments - radiotherapy, 3 times a week. This devitalized me completely: I had nervous chills, when I was sure I was dying."

That summer she debated with herself whether she should stick it out with Beast in Paris or go home to America. She wondered if she would like California again and thought maybe New York would be better.

She thought maybe she could go to London and work for Gabriel Dee again to keep the Work going, but when she enquired about this she discovered that the Labour Department insisted on the English people getting the jobs. Gabriel Dee's application to import alien labour was refused.

Jane received a letter from Norman Mudd.

13 Victoria Ave. ONCHAN,
near Douglas, Isle of Man
3 Sept. 1927

Dear Jane,

"I was very glad to get your letter of July 11 but would much like to hear something more definitely satisfactory about your physical well-being.

"You say the Ministry of Labour refused you a permit. Does this mean that you too are practically excluded from England indefinitely?

"The world seems to be becoming a damned funny place. Unless you consent to become a cabbage, chained to one place, prepared to renounce instantly every sort of freedom that officials can detect or suspect, you are now little better than an outlaw. Crime seems the only respectable way of life still open to Aspirants.

"I've no place of my own at present, but don't intend to vegetate here much longer. This address will always find me, with very little delay, though I may be in Manchester soon after the Equinox and in London again perhaps by the end of the year.

"Let me know as soon as possible whenever you are likely to be in London and I'll try to engineer a palaver. Note however, that we shall probably have to talk exclusively about the weather, since I have dropped all interest in anything that calls itself Magick and any kind of work that insists on a capital W.

Ever yours fraternally,
N. Mudd".

The state of Jane's health was not furthered by the privations in France. She wondered if she should have had the operation as it had made her worse perhaps. So Mary K. sent the money for her passage and on October 1 she sailed on the Lapland for New York.
(To be continued)



Jane Wolfe, Sept. 1927

Paris



Aleister Crowley



IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. III, No. 4

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

An. LXXIX, 1983 e.v., Sun in O^o Libra
Published by the College of Thelema
P.O. Box 415, Oroville, CA. 95965
© by Phyllis Seckler



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

COLLEGE of THELEMA



Founded in Service
to the A : A :

P.O. Box 415
Oroville, CA.
95965
An. LXXIX
Sept. 23, 1983 e.v.

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

Is rape to be condoned in a Thelemic society? A recent incidence and its aftermath brings this question to our attention. Unfortunately, there is a great deal of ignorance as to the real meaning of various sentences in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS and sometimes no study of Therion's Commentaries on this has been done by some who profess to be Thelemites. For instance, in MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS and in the Commentaries, Therion states that man, as in Hebrew times, may go in unto woman as he pleases or wills to do, but that in the Thelemic age, this is now as women also will. This means that women are no longer to be considered as non-persons, as slaves or the possessions of men, to be used as sex objects as some men might wish to do. Women have their own right to the sex act. Women are "stars" as are men, in their real essence. Let me here remark that not all sex is "unto me" as Nuit demands of us. Sex could hardly be devoted to love which is the highest spiritual force and the aim of all mankind, if one of the partners is being forced to this act under the threat of injury, the pain of mutilation and/or death, actual or threatened, as is the case with the results of the rapist.

LIBER AL states in many places that love is the formula of the Universe. "But to love me is better than all things:" as in Cap. I, v. 61. And in v. 51 she says: "Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will! But always unto me." In the MAGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL COMMENTARIES ON THE BOOK OF THE LAW, Therion states:

"We are then particularly careful to deny that the object of love is the gross physiological object which happens to be Nature's excuse for it. Generation is a sacrament of the physical Rite, by which we create ourselves anew in our own image, weave in a new flesh-tapestry the Romance of our own Soul's History. But also Love is a sacrament of trans-substantiation whereby we initiate our own souls; it is the Wine of Intoxication as well as the Bread of Nourishment. "Nor is he for priest designed Who partakes only in one kind."

"We therefore heartily cherish those forms of Love in which no

question of generation arises; we use the stimulating effects of physical enthusiasm to inspire us morally and spiritually. Experience teaches that passions thus employed serve to refine and to exalt the whole being of man or woman. Nuith indicates the sole conditions: "But always unto me".

" - - -To us the essence of Love is that it is a sacrament unto Nuith, a gate of grace and a road of righteousness to Her High Palace, the abode of peerless purity whose lamps are the Stars."

"As ye will". It should be abundantly clear from the foregoing remarks that each individual has an absolute and indefeasible right to use his sexual vehicle in accordance with its own proper character and that he is responsible only to himself. But he should not injure himself and his right aforesaid; acts invasive of another individual's equal rights are implicitly self-aggressions. - - - Such acts as rape and the assault or seduction of infants, may therefore be justly regarded as offences against the Law of Liberty and repressed in the interests of that Law.

"It is also excluded from "as ye will" to compromise the liberty of another person indirectly as by taking advantage of the ignorance or good faith of another person to expose that person to the constraint of sickness, poverty, social detriment, or childbearing, unless with the well-informed and uninfluenced free will of that person."

The sentence "always unto me" also means that one is performing an act of love in any fashion, (which may or may not include sex) with the highest dedication to our own Holy Guardian Angel. "Unto Me, or rather "To Me" adds to 418 in Greek. This is a formula of the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the H.G.A. Rape would be an abomination for this formula as being not Love but aggression. The first step for mankind, and that which A.C. insisted on, was to do all in our power to achieve this K. and C. of the H.G.A. Every act or "ritual" must be done with this in mind. If various acts include other persons, then we would not wish to bring down curses on our heads for our own misbehaviour, as this would block the attainment of the K. and C. Further, our own interior conscience must be developed as it is the first whisperings of the H.G.A. Those who have abandoned conscience may easily abandon the Angel and bring havoc to themselves and block their own attainment for who knows how long?

Then, too, let me remind you that love takes many forms. It may be the love of the parent for a child, of an artist for the canvas, of a scientist for his research, of a musician for his sounds and his instruments, of a child for the family, and on and on. As A.C. stated above, love is an elevating force for humanity and it should not be profaned in any way.

In verse 52, Nuith continues "If this be not aright; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one, or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me; then expect the direful judgments of Ra-Hoor-Khuit!"

Ra-Hoor-Khuit is a stand-in for our own attainable states of higher consciousness, symbolized by the K. and C. of the Angel. He is also a god of war and vengeance as humanity has turned too far away from spiritual values and tries to live only in the exterior world, ignoring the whispers and phenomena of the inner or unconscious world. This pattern must be turned around. The rapist becomes this because he has not done the necessary work to understand his own unconscious forces and these forces, thus ignored, turn and devour him with war and vengeance in various forms. This aspect of Ra-Hoor-Khuit can be likened to the furies of Greek myth who persecuted and pursued those who ignored the laws of their own inner being, thus they came to grief with the wrong kind of actions and were haunted forever afterwards. The furies are the punishments we mete out for ourselves when opposing the True Will, the will to attain to the conversation of the H.G.A.

As Crowley states in his comment to this verse: "Each Star is individual, yet each is bound to the others by Law. This freedom under Law is one of the most difficult yet important doctrines of this Book. So too the ritual - our lives - must be unto Nuith; for She is the Ultimate to which we tend, the asymptote of our curve. Failure in this one-pointedness sets up the illusion of duality, which leads to excision and destruction."

He continues in this Commentary: "Whatever your sexual pre-delictions may be, you are free, by the Law of Thelema, to be the Star you are, to go your own way rejoicing. It is not indicated here in this text, though it is elsewhere implied, that only one symptom warns that you have mistaken your true Will, and that is, if you should imagine that in pursuing your way you interfere with that of another star. It may, therefore, be considered improper, as a general rule, for your sexual gratification to destroy, deform, or displease any other star. Mutual consent to the act is the condition thereof. It must, of course, be understood that such consent is not always explicit. There are cases when seduction or rape may be emancipation or initiation to another. Such acts can only be judged by their results."

But who can judge of results before the act of rape? This is not an excuse for rape, it is merely a balancing out of one opinion against another. It would take a very knowledgeable person to guess if the end result of rape would be emancipation or initiation for another - an adept, perhaps. The ordinary rapist is not this, he is, instead, the prisoner of his own suppressed rage and aggression. He is a star deformed by hate, and unless he can do something about this, he may be headed for destruction.

Thelema does not mean license, it does not mean that one can do as one pleases. It means instead, that to be a Thelemite, one must first listen to what one's own True Will may be and then one must discipline oneself to attain this state. Thelema implies that to "do what thou wilt" one must also let the other person do as he/she wills. This point can hardly be stressed enough as it is so obvious that young and ignorant Thelemites (or so they claim) spend most of their lives interfering with others in various ways.

This is the result of license, it is not Thelemic in essence. A young person interested in Thelema usually misunderstands the nature of his will. It is a long road to appreciation of this and then to carry out the will in full freedom: a gesture which is guaranteed by Thelemic principles. Often the first step is to learn that one must not interfere with others in any way, and then after that, to go about discovering what the finite will may be. If the life is lived unto Nuit in all its fullness, the Infinite Will, and means and ways to achieve this, becomes apparent.

From all this, it can be easily ascertained that the rapist does not wish to extend Thelemic freedom to others. If we have one of this type among us, why do we allow it? Should we not take vigorous steps to disallow such a person? To cast him out from our group? For such a poisonous person can poison too many others and thus we are at the mercy of such a one. If our freedoms are not vigorously defended, then we are not free. We become slaves to the aberrations of others.

Let us face it, to be free is to continually fight for our freedoms. There are too many in the world who would deprive us of this freedom and so we must act. Thelema is not a wishy-washy system which enjoins us to turn the other cheek. It is a system that is bold and strong, it is for the strong and followed correctly, it can produce adepts. Let us not wallow then, in ignorance and fear, let us develop our higher selves to the best of our ability and let us remove from our paths, those who would interfere with others.

Love is the law, love under will,

Soror Meral

HYMN TO ASTARTE.

For Deirdre

Serene are the stars and serene my soul, ablaze in the Night.
Then how shall I worship Astarte sea-born, how invoke her aright?
I am free from the fire and the foam, I have conquered the dragons
and doves;

I have gotten me Love as the gold from the furnace that melted my
loves.

Love is not bound to the body, not sparse and adrift with the mind,
Not secret with soul, though the soul seem one and alone of its kind.
The body is naught but a corpse, its growth but a name of decay,
A delirious dream of sick gods - where the Shadow hath sway.
Concocted of offal and mire, putrescent with cancer of breath,
A knot that unravels to naught, a riddle whose answer is Death?
The mind is the reek of the fume of the body's corruption, the mime
Of its magotty moods as it rots from its worm-eaten egg to its slim.
The mind hath not even a mist to excuse philosophic pretence
Of a substance; at most it distorts some few of the phantoms of
sense.

Its reason is ever astray, its ignorance straitens its span;
It ends in the mystery-night whence its clumsy creation began.
It observes, it reflects, it decides as the slave of unconscious
desires,

Knows neither the world nor itself, nor stands for an hour but it
tires.

It struts in its pageant of pride, yet at heart is aware it is vain
And its summit of proof is to prove nothing proven and itself but
insane.

The soul, ah the flame! Ah, the star! The God in us shining above
The soul, beyond being and form! Then is not the name of it Love?
Nay, darker and deeper the curse, more dread the abyss never plumbe
The horror ineffably huge, the agony not to be summed;
For the soul in itself is division, is separate, worse than its
wings

Were fledged of the essence of truth at the evil beginning of thing
When the All broke its peace with the thought of itself and the
schism began

That ended in chaos of crime in the crazy catastrophe, man.
The soul is no ghost to conjure with the spell of: "Illusion,
begone!"

It is true and hath might to endure, unassailable, travelling on,
None hinders, commands or deflects; none alters its course by a jot
Space cannot constrain it, and time the waster erodeth it not.
How should I love such a soul, my like and like me the accursed
From the hour when the Second was struck a spark from the forge of
the First?

How should I love such a soul, though fierce and afar I may range
In my passionate pilgrimage, Love, for Love is the Will toward chance
Love is a lust and a prayer and the soul of its act as its word

Is of them that were Two to make One and to seal the Event with
a Third.

Oh, Love, Astarte sea-born, Oh Star blue bright in the West,
I invoke thee, thy priest in the shrine that is built of my blood
in my breast!

Since thou art in me and of me, since thou art the heart of my heart,
The soul of my soul, nay, the skin of my skin, not a being apart,
I am thou, I accept the intent, acquiesce in the nature implied;
If change be the purpose of Love, I am launched and afloat on the
tide.

I accept every phantom of Mind, vain dreams in fatuity curled;
I accept the corruption of Body, delight to bring Death to the world.
In measureless madness I bask, I gloat upon carrion flesh.
I wallow with God in the mire, and of mire I create Him afresh.
There is naught, nor shall be, that my love cannot gnaw with
insatiate tooth:

I will wring forth the Truth from the lies as I once found the lies
in the Truth.

Astarte, I know thee for rotten as others have seen thee for pure;
I tear off the mask that smiled false on the slaves who would have
them endure.

But Thou and Thy masks are but one, Thy corruption the Essence of
Thee,

It is all of the nature of things, their virtue whereby they may be.
So therefore I hail Thee divine, All-one with the substance of Truth;
Mine age holds thee naked, the hem of whose garment bewildered my
youth.

My soul being thus with thy soul, shall not soul win at last to the
wit

That its changeless perfection is death, itself the assassin of it?
Love under will is the law; all that exists, from the dust
To the Gods, is but jetsam of Love, cast up by the tide of Her lust.
So I hail thee, Astarte, and hymn thee in brothel and temple the
same,

Who art seed of all change, being Love, by Corruption Thine innermost
Name!

I know Thy device to deceive Thy servants Thine image that hailed
How none, being mortal, might learn Thy name, or behold Thee unveiled.
For Thy secret is this, that immortals are crowned with the virtue
to die;

And I, oh Astarte, bear death in my body - Of ye am I.

Aleister Crowley



Amara meral

DEATH

Voices slanting out of the past
In whisper of rustling paper mouldy
And crumbling and the beloved voices
Of those I loved echo still
Within my heart.

All my emotions are wrung and tears hang
Behind dry eyelids. Oh, those of you
I loved and shall not hear again!
My friends whom I loved and love still
Even though apart.

My friends, your echo through the letters
That lie within this box amid faint odor
Of aged paper still rings out strongly
Knelling departure and death
And tears my heart.

Oh, my loved ones, is this now my pain
That I must so control and contain
My depth of feeling while you lived
That scarce emotion wrinkled my brow
And so stilled my heart?

That now you are gone in death
I needs must regret that I did not
More strongly clasp you in my arms,
More warmth in handshake I did not express,
Nor laid bare my heart.

How I love you still and reminder strikes
When these papers I cull and rustle:
And as they have power to evoke you
I am reminded of your voices and your ways
And I cry, "Why apart?"

Cruel death, that brings with it a train
Of regrets and tears and voices stilled
Out of reality, even though they echo now
Within me. Cruel death to leave me with pain
That clutches my heart.

When I too am gone, I shall join you
In that far land beyond mortal being.
But until then my young life must run its course
Even though years of parting still continue
And tears me apart.

Meral - 1982

The only point clean for the defense was the medical evidence, which put the time of death some two hours later than the departure of Robinson. This coincided with a temporary failure of the electric current all through the hotel. Ffoulkes suggested that the old man, who had drunk a good deal of wine, had gone to take a bath before retiring, seen the knife, remembered his old skill as an amateur juggler, ample testimony of which was forthcoming, and started to play at catching the knife. The light had gone out while he was throwing; he had dodged maladroitly, and the blade had chanced to catch him between the shoulders.

The opposite theory was that Robinson had returned to fetch his cigarette-case, which was in fact found in the room by the police, passed the floor clerk and slipped into the suite in the short spell of darkness, seen his opportunity and seized it, making off before the light was restored. He had not been able to give a satisfactory account of his movements. His story was that he had left Marsden early on account of a severe headache, and had wandered about the streets trying to obtain relief; on the other hand, no one in the hotel would swear to having seen him after his ostensible departure. The floor clerk had testified to a considerable commotion just at the time of the failure of the electric supply; she had heard noises apparently in several rooms; but this might well have been the normal confusion caused by the sudden darkness.

Flynn had been of the utmost service to Ffoulkes in the case. He had performed a weekly miracle in avoiding a spell of prison for contempt of court; for every week he had returned to the charge. There were long articles on miscarriages of justice; others on the weakness of circumstantial evidence where no strong motive was evident; others again on strange accidental deaths. He quoted the case of Professor Milnes Marshall, who slipped and fell while setting up his camera in Deep Ghyll on Scawfell. He was on a gentle slope of snow, yet he made no effort to recover himself, and rolled over and over to the edge of a precipice, at whose foot he was found dead, smashed to a pulp. This happened in full view of several other climbers. This accident was contrasted to that of Arthur Wellman on the Trifhorn. He fell eight hundred feet, and yet only hurt himself by cutting his leg slightly with his ice axe.

A hundred such parallels were at the service of Flynn, and he hammered them into the head of the public week by week, while scrupulously avoiding any reference to Marsden. As the courts had no idea, officially, of the line of the defense, they could say nothing. But Flynn moulded the opinion of the public soundly and shrewdly, and in the end the jury had acquitted Robinson after a bare quarter of an hour's deliberation.

Ffoulkes' guests had complimented him on the ingenuity of his theory of an accident, but the lawyer had not been pleased. "That

was a frill," he had replied: "the real defense was Absence of Motive. Grant the police their theory of Robinson's movements; put the knife in his hand, and a certain get-away - which he had not got, mind you; the light might have come on a second - but allow everything, and then ask yourselves: "Why should he stab the man?" There was no quarrel; his marriage with Miss Marsden was not opposed; on the contrary he risked that marriage by a mix-up of this sort; yet we are to suppose that he did it on the mere chance that there would be no fuss, and that his fiancée would have twelve thousand a year instead of four. Why, a sane man would hardly kill a rabbit on such motive!"

But now the guests were gone; Ffoulkes and Flynn lit fresh cigars, and settled down for an honest talk. At the elbow of each stood a bottle of the Green Seal '63, one of the soundest wines that ever came out of Oporto. For some time they smoked in silence.

"This is a capital wine, Dick," said Flynn presently.

"Ah, cher ami, it is only ten years older than we are. We are getting to the port and portly stage of life."

"Well, there are thrills left. This has been a great case."

"Yes, I'm glad you stayed. I thought you might care to hear about it."

"Hear about it!"

"Yes, there were interesting features."

"But we need hardly recapitulate."

"Oh, I don't mean what came out at the trial."

"No?. . . I suppose nothing ever does come out at a trial!"

"Just as nothing ever gets into the newspapers."

"All right. Spit it out. I suppose Robinson did it, for a start."

"Of course. There was an accident in it, but one of a different kind. When the elevator put him out on Marsden's floor, he was amazed to recognize an old flame in that very prepossessing floor clerk, Maud Duval. They had been members of some kind of a devil-worship club, and one of their games was cocaine. Robinson's a perfect fiend, by the way; we had to smuggle the stuff

in to him all the time he was in prison, or he'd gone crazy. Well, the old passion lit like tinder. They had lost each other somehow - you know how such things happen - both had made desperate efforts to renew the link, but in vain. So he told her his plans in ten words. Her answer was equally sweet and to the point. "Kill the old man - I'll cover your tracks; marry the old girl; and meet me at our old trysting-place at midnight a year from today. We'll find a way to be rid of her. Don't risk another word till then." Great and successful criminals have always this faculty of firmness of character and promptitude of decision. The rest of the story is short. The knife incident was intentional; for Robinson had brought no weapon. He left the hotel openly at nine-thirty; came in again by the bar entrance, went unnoticed to the mezzanine floor, and thence to Marsden's floor, thus avoiding the notice of the main office. The failure of the electricity had nothing to do with it - happened twenty minutes later. He walked in, killed the old man, and left as he had come. Pretty bold? Only cocaine. So now he's off to marry old Miss Marsden's money."

"I begin to see some sort of motive! Maud is what they call "some peach" across the Straits of America."

"Yes; a perfect devil, with the face of a baby, and the manners of the jeune fille bien élevée. Just such a woman as you are a man, Jack, you old scoundrel."

"Many thanks. I think your own morals - in this case - have been a trifle open to criticism. I suppose it's your fifteen years of law."

"No; it's being under the influence of dear old Jack, with his fifteen years of journalism!"

"Stop rotting! I'm a bit staggered, you know, straight. Let's have another bottle of port."

Ffoulkes went to the buttery, and returned with a couple. For ten minutes neither spoke.

"I've a damned funny feeling," said Flynn at last. "Do you remember the night we put the iodide of nitrogen in the Doctor's nighties?"

"By the soft leather of this chair, I do!"

"Yes; we caught it! But it's the spirit, not the flesh, which goads me now. I've loved skating around the judges, these last weeks. The best thing in life is the feeling of escape. It's the one real thrill. Perhaps that's why I've always been so keen

on solitary climbing and big game shooting."

"I always preferred fishing. My thrill comes from proving my intellectual stamina or subtlety." There was a pause.

"What do you think of murder, anyhow?" suddenly blurted out the journalist.

"The most serious crime, except high treason, known to the English law."

"True, O wise judge! But what is it morally?"

"An art, according to that ass Wilde."

"When I write an essay on it, I shall treat it as a sport. And between you and me, that is why I have never written one."

"Why?"

"Why, old intellectual stamina and subtlety, because if I ever do take it up, I don't want some fool to fix me up with a motive. But after your story of tonight, I don't mind telling you; if I'm caught, I'll brief you! Observe, O man of motives, the analysis. Man is no longer killed for food, except in distant countries, or in rare emergencies such as shipwreck."

"He is only killed nowadays for one of two motives, gain or revenge."

"Add love."

"That's psychopathic."

"Well, we're all psychopaths; it's only a term of endearment in common use among doctors."

"Get on!"

"But there's the greatest motive of all- adventure. We've standardized life too much; and those of us who love life are more and more driven to seek adventure in crime."

"Or journalism."

"Which is only one of the meaner crimes. But you needn't talk; the practice of law is the nearest thing we have to man-hunting."

"I suppose that's true."

"Of course it's true. But it's a mere pheasant-shoot, with all your police for beaters. The game hasn't a chance. No. The motiveless murderer has the true spirit of sport; to kill a man is more dangerous than to follow a wounded gaur into the jungle. The anarchist goes after the biggest game of all; but he's not a sportsman; he has a genuine grievance."

"Your essay on murder will make some very pleasant reading."

"But doesn't it attract you too, with your passion to prove your mental superiority to others? Think of the joy of baffling the stupid police, fooling the detectives with false clues, triumphantly proving yourself innocent when you know you are guilty!"

"Are you tempting me? You always did, you know."

"Anyhow, you always fell!"

"Cher ami, for that alone I could forgive you everything!"

"Sarcastic to the last!"

"You have me to thank that we usually escaped the consequences!"

"Pride, my poor friend!"

"Truth, comrade in misfortune!"

"No. Seriously. I'm crazy tonight, and I really am going to tempt you. Don't prove it's my fault, blame your own good port, and also certain qualities in your own story of the Marsden case. One or two little remarks of yours on the subject of Miss Maud Duval - ."

"I knew something would come of that."

"Yes, that's my weak point. I'm absurdly feminine in vanity and love of power over - a friend."

"Now I'm warned; so fire ahead. What's the proposal?"

"Oh, I haven't thought of that yet!"

"You big baby!"

"Yes, it's my bedtime; I'll roll home, I think."

"No, don't go. Let's sober up on coffee, and the '48 brandy."

"It's a damned extraordinary thing that a little brandy makes you drunk, and a lot of it straightens you out again."

"It's Providence!"

"Then call upon it in the time of trouble!"

Ffoulkes went in search of the apparatus. Jack rose lazily and went to the window; he threw it open and the cold damp air came in with a rush. It was infinitely pleasurable, the touch on his heated, wine-flushed face.

He stood there for perhaps ten minutes. A voice recalled him to himself.

"Café noir, Gamiani!"

He started as if he had been shot. Ffoulkes, in an embroidered dressing gown of black silk, was seated on cushions on the floor, gravely pouring Turkish coffee from a shining pot of hammered brass.

At one side of him was a great silver hookah, its bowl already covered by a coal from the fire.

Jack took a second dressing-gown that had been thrown across his chair, and rapidly made himself at ease. Then he seated himself opposite to his friend; bowed deeply, with joined hands upon his forehead, and said with mock solemnity: "Be pleased to say thy pleasure, O most puissant king!"

"Let Scherazade recount the mirific tale of the Two Thousand and Second Night, wherein it is narrated how the wicked journalist tempted the good lawyer in the matter of murder regarded as a pastime and as a debating society!"

"Hearing and obedience! But I must have oh! such a lot of this coffee before I get wound up!"

As it happened, it was two hours before Jack deigned to speak. "To use the phrase of Abdullah El Haji i-Shiraz," he began, "I remove the silken tube of the rose-perfumed hugga from my mouth. When King Brahmadata reigned in Benares, there were two brothers named Chuckerbutty Lal and Har Ramkrishna. For short we shall call them Pork and Beans. Now Pork, who was a poet and a devil of a fine fellow, was tempted by the reprobate Beans, a lawyer, whose only quality was low cunning, to join him in a wager. And these were the terms thereof. During the season of the monsoon each was to go away from Benares to a far country, and there he was, feloniously and of his malice aforethought, to kill and murder a liege of the Sultan of that land. And when they returned, they were to compare their stories. It was agreed that such murder would be a real murder in the legal sense - an act for which they would be assuredly hanged if they were caught; and also that it would be contrary to the spirit of sport to lay false trails deliberately,

and so put in peril the life of some innocent person, not being the game desired to fill the bag. But it must be an undoubted murder, with no possibility of suicide or accident. The murder, moreover, must be of a purely adventurous nature, not a crime inspired by greed or animosity. The idea was to prove that it would be perfectly safe, since there would be no motive to draw suspicion upon them. Yet if either were suspected of the mamelukes, the Sbirri, the janissaries, or the proggins, he should take refuge with the other; but - mark this, O king! - for being so clumsy he should pay to him a camel-load of gold, which in our money is one thousand pounds. Is it a bet?"

Ffoulkes extended his hand. "It's a bet."

"You're really game?"

"Dying oath."

"Dying oath. And now, O king, for I perceive that you are weary, hie thee to thy chaste couch, and thy faithful slave shall doss it on the sofa."

In the morning Ffoulkes said, over the breakfast-table. "About that bet." "It's on?" cried Flynn in alarm. "Oh, yes! Only - er - I suppose I need about another seven or eight years of law; I stipulate that - what is thrown away - shall be as worthless as possible." "Certainly" said Flynn. "I'm going to Ostend." "Good for you. Newspaper accounts shall be evidence; but send me the whole paper, and mark another passage, not the one referring to the bet."

"O intellectual subtlety and stamina!"

"Have some more coffee?"

"Thanks."

An hour later each, in his appointed lighthouse, was indicating the sure path of virtue and justice to the admiring English.

II.

The Trinity sittings were over. Sir Richard Ffoulkes - for the king's birthday had not left him without honor - was contemplating his wig and gown with disgust. On the table before him was a large leather book, containing many colored flies; and he had just assured himself that his seventeen-foot split cane was in good order. In fact, he had been boyish enough to test the check on his Hardy reel by practicing casts out of the window, to the alarm of the sparrows. It was the common routine for him on the brink of a holiday, but it never lost its freshness.

Then there came back to him the realization that this was to be no ordinary holiday. He was pledged to do murder.

He went over to the mirror, and studied his face steadily. He was perfectly calm; no trace of excitement showed in his keen features. "I have always thought," he mused; "that the crises of life are usually determined by accident. It is not possible to foresee events with mathematical accuracy, and in big things it is the small things that count. Hence the cleverest criminal may always make some slip and the clumsiest escape by a piece of luck. Let me never forget the story of the officer at Gibraltar who, focussing a new field-glass, chanced to pick up a shepherd in the very act of crime. On the other hand, how many men have got clear away through stupid people disturbing or destroying the clues: from Jack the Ripper downwards! But it is the motive that counts. Where that does not exist, the strongest clues lead nowhere. For our surest faith is that men's actions are founded upon reason or upon desire. Hence the utter impossibility of guarding against lunatics or anarchists. I should hardly believe the evidence of my senses in such a case as this: Suppose the Master of the Rolls dropped in to see me, and in the course of a perfectly sound conversation, broke up my fishing-rod without explanation or apology, and when questioned, calmly denied that he had done so. Who would believe my story? Hence I think that I could walk into the Strand, shoot a perfect stranger in the crowd, and throw away the gun, with no danger of being caught, provided only that the gun could not be traced to me. The evidence of those who saw me fire would be torn to pieces in cross-examination; they could even be made to disbelieve their own eyes.

"From this I draw these conclusions as to the proper conditions for my murder: First, there must be no conceivable reason for the act; second, there must be no way of tracing the weapon to my possession. I need not trouble to hide my traces, except in obvious matters like blood; for it is exceedingly stupid to attempt to prove a false alibi. In fact, there is no bigger booby-trap for a criminal, (pace the indignant ghost of Mr. Weller, Senior.)

"My plan is therefore a simple one; I have only to get hold of a weapon without detection and use it upon an inoffensive stranger at any time when there happens to be nobody looking - though this is not so important."

He returned to his fishing tackle. "It's rather a big bet, though," he added; "there's more than a thousand pounds to it. I think I will be pretty careful over details. Practice may not be quite so simple as theory!"

However, the first part of his programme turned out to be delightfully easy. It was his custom to train during the holiday by taking long walks, on his way to the lake or river where he fished. He detested motor-cars. As luck would have it, during

the first week, as he tramped a lonely road, his eye was caught by an object lying on the ground. It was a heavy motor spanner, evidently left behind by some chauffeur who had had a breakdown. His mind instantly grasped the situation. There was no one in sight. The spanner was already rusted, had lain there some days. Any of a hundred people might have picked it up. It could never be traced to him. He had never possessed such a tool in his life; besides, the pattern was common. He thrust it quickly into his pocket. When he got home, he packed it away carefully in his traveling cashbox, a solid steel affair for which there was but one key, which never left his chain. "Now," said he, "the problem is to find the inoffensive stranger. I had better leave Scotland. Every one in Scotland is offensive. Also, in the matter of motive, our common humanity urges us all to kill Scotchmen. So goodbye, land o'cakes!"

Further meditations were in this key following; since he was to kill with the spanner, certain precautions must be taken. It must be a very clean kill with no outcry or struggle. At the end of his cogitations, he decided that the victim had better be asleep. His legally trained mind had snapped its last link with the idea of adventure or sport; his motto was "safety first." His attitude to his projected crime was simply that of preparing a brief; he wished to meet every contingency; the atrocity of his proceedings was invisible to his intellectuality. Reason is perfectly amoral.

It was on his way from Edinburgh to London that the brilliant idea occurred to him. He would kill old Miss Marsden! She was now Mrs. Robinson by the way, for she had testified to the faith that was in her by marrying her protégé directly after his acquittal. Ffoulkes knew the house well; he had stayed there several days while working up the case. It was a lonely place and the old lady was a fresh-air fiend and slept on the veranda, winter and summer. She was perfectly friendly, had paid most liberally for the defense. Everything was in his favor. Even if Ezra happened to see the murder committed, his tongue was tied; indeed, he stood the strongest chance of being arrested for it himself. The servants slept far away from the veranda, at the other end of the old rambling house; there were no neighbours and no dogs. His presence in the vicinity would excite no remark, for there was good dry-fly fishing in the streams. He would rent a cottage in the district for the second half of his holiday, walk over the downs, five miles or so, nothing to him, one moonless night, do the job and walk back. A thousand to one that no one would know that he had ever left his cottage.

On this plan he acted. The only additional precautions suggested themselves to him on the spot; he cultivated the vicar assiduously; playing chess with him every evening; and he feigned a considerable devotion to that worthy gentleman's only daughter. It will be well,

he thought, to seem to have my mind well occupied with the pleasures of a simpler chase. Further, the villagers would see nothing in a lover taking long walks by nights, in case he were seen leaving the cottage or returning to it.

A last refinement shot across his mental horizon when he began to calculate the time of the new moon. She would be just a week old on the anniversary of the Marsden murder. That would be the night for the job; the clever-clever novelist-detectives would fabricate a mystery of revenge in connection with the date. Ezra too, would be away to meet Maud. There was, of course, a possibility that poignancy of memory would keep the old lady awake on that particular night; but he must chance that.

Things turned out for him even better than he had hoped. Three nights before the proposed crime, the vicar mentioned casually that he had met young Robinson - "the charming lad whom you defended so brilliantly" - motoring to London - called away suddenly on business. He expected to be back in a week or ten days. No, Mrs. Robinson was not with him; "she is slightly ailing, poor lady, it appears."

When the great night came Ffoulkes made his master-stroke by proposing to the vicar's daughter. He was obviously accepted and the young people, after dinner, went gaily arm-in-arm through the village and received the congratulations of the few belated travelers in that early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise corner of the planet. But Ffoulkes had the spanner in his pocket and after bestowing his fiancée at the vicarage, went, deviously at first, then swiftly and directly, over the downs. Luck followed him to the last; he found his victim fast asleep. A single blow of the spanner, which he had wrapped in a paper bag to deaden the sound, smashed in the skull; he made his way home without being seen or heard by anybody.

Two days later he wrote to Flynn, with a cutting from the local paper.

"My dear Jack, here's a terrible sequel to the Marsden murder. It is now clear that there is some family feud connected with the fatal date. Probably an affair going back a generation. Shocking, indeed, even to a hardened lawyer like myself; but you see how right I was to insist that there must have been a strong motive for Marsden's murder. Shall we ever know the truth? It sounds like an Arabian Nights' tale."

A month later he returned to London; he had had no answer from Flynn and supposed him to be still away on his holiday.

There were no arrests and no clues in the matter of Mrs. Robinson. The spanner, which Ffoulkes had dropped by the veranda, merely to suggest a tramp who might conceivably have been a chauffeur gone to the bad. But the mystery was deepened by an amazing development; her husband had disappeared completely. There was no question of

his complicity in the crime; for on the previous evening he had dined with the British Vice-Consul in Marseilles; and it was physically impossible for him to have returned in time to commit the murder.

The obvious deduction was that whoever hated the Marsdens had included him in the schedule.

"Well," soliloquized Ffoulkes in his chamber, "at least I shall not lose that thousand pounds. But now I've got to edge away from Miss Bread-and-Butter-and-Kisses. Ugh!"

III.

When you have dined at Basso's, which is the summit of human felicity, you should avoid too sharp a declension to this vale of tears by taking a stroll along the quays to the old quarter on the west of the Bassin. There you will find streets almost worthy to rank with Fishmarket at Cairo, and decidedly superior to even the best that Hong Kong or Honolulu or New Orleans can produce. In particular, there is an archway called by initiates the Gate of Hell for it forms an entrance to this highly fascinating and exceedingly disreputable district.

Under this archway, on the night of the exploit of Sir Richard Ffoulkes, stood a young man, quietly dressed in the English style, though with a trifling tendency to over-indulgence in jewelry.

He glanced at a watch upon his wrist; ten minutes before midnight. He then took a little bottle from his pocket after a quick inspection of the vicinity. From the bottle he shook a few grains of powder on the back of his hand, and drew them into his nostrils. Next came a moment's indecision; then swinging his cane, he walked briskly out of the archway, and paced up and down a strange little square of green, set there as if somehow hallowed by great memories. After a little while he returned to the archway. This time it was tenanted. A girl stood there. She was dressed in plain black with the extreme of modesty and refinement; but the piquancy and vitality of her face and the lustre and passion of her eyes, redeemed the picture from banality.

There was a long look of recognition; the girl reached out both arms. The man took them in his own. For a minute they stood, feeding on each other, prolonging the delicious torture of restraint. Then slowly they drew together and their mouths met in an abandoned kiss.

It would have puzzled them to say how long the embrace lasted; but at its truce they saw that they were not alone. Close to them stood another man, tall, elegant, slim, almost feminine in figure, as he certainly was in the extremity of the fashion which tailored

him. Nor was there wanting a touch of rouge and powder on his cheeks. His thin, white hand was lifted to his nostrils and the lovers perceived that he was taking advantage of the darkness to indulge in cocaine.

The newcomer spoke in silken tones. "Forgive me," he said in softest French, "but it gave me pleasure to be near you. I saw monsieur here a few moments ago and I knew that he was one of the elect. And mademoiselle, too? May I have the honor?"

The girl smiled. "Among friends," she murmured charmingly and raised the back of her hand towards him. He saluted it with his lips and then shook out a generous supply of crystal poison from a snuff-box in amber and emeralds that dated from the great days of Louis XIV.

The girl turned her eyes full upon him, almost ardently. "I haven't touched it," she said, "for ever so long. By the way, excuse me, won't you, but aren't we all English?"

"I am," said the exquisite. "I'm an actor on a holiday. Won't you come to my rooms? It's only a garret, or little better, but I have plenty of the Snow of Heaven and we could have a wonderful night." "Let's go!" said the girl, pressing her lover's arm. He hesitated a moment. "Three's company," urged the other, "when they all understand."

"It would be perfect," chimed the girl, "and it would suit us - in other ways," she added darkly. "Yes, the scheme has points," admitted the younger man; "thanks very much. We'll come. What's your name? Mine's Herbert Aynes. This lady - we'll call her Mab, if you don't mind. There's an injured husband in the offing, you know; that's one reason why we have to be careful." "Certainly, prudence before all things; but I've no troubles; call me Francis Ridley." They linked arms and strolled gaily along the main street of the quarter, enchanted by the color and the chiaroscuro, by the hoarse cries in all strange tongues that greeted them on every side, even by the weird odors - for when people are lit by love and adventure and cocaine, there is no place of this whole universe which is not sheer delight. Presently, however, they branched off under Ridley's direction and began to climb the steep streets on their right. A minute later they entered an ancient doorway and after three flights of stairs found Ridley's dovecote.

It was a charming room, furnished as if for a woman, with all bright colors and daintiness. On one side of the room was a divan, smothered in cushions; on the other a hammock of scarlet cords hung from the rafters. Ridley went to the window and closed the shutters. "Madame est chez elle!" he announced gallantly. "What a wonderful place!" laughed the girl. "However did you find it?"

"Oh, it used to be a house of assignation."

"Used to be!"

And this time all three laughed in unison.

IV.

The reopening of the courts found Ffoulkès enormously pre-occupied. For the past two years several influential newspapers had been accusing Ministers of the Crown of the grossest kind of robbery. They had bought and sold stock, it was alleged, manipulating the prices by using their positions to announce that the government had or had not decided to make contracts with the companies involved and subsequently denying the rumors when they had taken their profits. The attack had been so persistent that the accused ministers had been forced to desperate measures. They had started a prearranged libel action against a newspaper in Paris for reprinting one of these articles; but people still asked why they did not prosecute one of the sheets that were attacking them in London. Unhappily, not one of these was to be bought; each, carefully sounded, announced its intention to fight; and redoubled its venom.

It was at last decided to attempt a criminal prosecution of the weakest of its enemies, a paper edited by a man personally unpopular; and to bring every kind of indirect pressure upon the courts to secure a conviction.

Of course the law officers of the Crown were unavailable for the prosecution; and the choice of a leader had fallen, at the last moment, when their own counsel suddenly declined to go on with the case and returned the briefs, upon Ffoulkes.

He had thus only a month to assimilate what really required six; but if he won, he could be sure of office next time a Liberal Government was in power.

So he worked day and night, seeing nobody but the solicitors and witnesses employed on the case.

He had no news of Flynn but a telegram from Berlin, saying that he would be back in a month and that there was "nothing to report as yet." This amused Ffoulkes hugely; it would be great if Flynn failed to bring off his murder. However, he had no time for trifles like murder these days; he had to get a conviction for criminal libel; nothing else mattered.

But when the case came actually into court he saw it to be hopeless. His opening was masterly; it occupied two days; but on the second day he sent word to his clients during the lunch hour that it was no good to go on and that he felt forced to take the measures previously agreed upon. These were simple; near the conclusion of the speech he managed to blunder into disclosing a flaw

in the procedure so obvious that the judge could not possibly overlook it. His lordship interrupted: "I am afraid, Sir Richard, that you have no case. If you will refer to Jones vs. The Looking Glass, you will see that it has been expressly laid down that -" An elaborate legal argument followed, but the judge was inexorable. "You must redraw your plea, Sir Richard. The case is dismissed."

The docile organs of the government consoled with the great counsel for losing an "already won case" on a technicality; but Ffoulkes was sorry he had ever touched it. He would go to the club and play a game of chess. Flynn would be there later; he had returned to London that morning, and telegraphed his friend to make it a dinner and the Empire.

In the lounge of the club was only one little old man, who was known as a mathematician of great eminence, with a touch of the crank. He had recently finished a pamphlet to prove that the ancients had some knowledge of fourth-dimensional mathematics, that their statement of such problems as the duplication of the cube implied an apprehension of some medium in which incommensurables became tractable. He was especially strong on Euclid's parallel postulate, which has not only been unproved, but proved unprovable. He was also a deep student of Freemasonry, whose arcana furnished him with further arguments on the same thesis.

This old man, whose name was Simon Iff, challenged Ffoulkes to a game of chess. To the surprise of the lawyer, who was a very strong amateur, he was beaten thrice in very short games. Iff then took off a knight, and won a fourth game as easily as before. "It's no good, sir," said Ffoulkes; "I see you are in the master class." "Not a bit of it," replied the old man, "Lasker can beat me as easily as I beat you. He really knows chess; I only know you. I can gauge your intellect; it is limited in certain directions. I had a lost game against you most of the time; but you did not make the winning continuations and I knew that you wouldn't and couldn't."

"Let me tell you something, if you'll forgive a senior for prosing. There are two ways to play chess. One is a man against a man; the other is a man against a chess-board. It's the difference between match and medal play at golf. Observe; if I know that you are going to play the Philidor defense to the King's Knight's opening, I do not risk being forced into the Petroff, which I dislike. But in playing an unknown quantity, I must analyze every position like a problem, and guard against all possibilities. It takes a great genius and a lifetime's devotion to play the latter game. But so long as I can read your motive in a move, so long I can content myself with guarding that one line. Should you make a move whose object I cannot see, I am compelled to take a fresh view of the board, and analyze the position as if I were called upon to adjudicate an unfinished game."

"That's exceedingly interesting. It bears rather on my game, law."

"I was about to venture a remark upon that point. I was fortunate enough to be present at the trial of Ezra Robinson and I cannot compliment you too highly on the excellence of your defense. But, as you will be the first to admit, his acquittal was no solution of the question, "Who killed Marsden?" Still less does it tell us who killed Mrs. Robinson exactly one year later."

"Do you know the solution?"

"No; but I can show you on what lines to attack the mystery."

"I wish you would."

"I may be tedious."

"Impossible. You have beaten me so abominably at chess that I am all on fire to learn more from watching the working of your intellect."

"Intellect is our weakest weapon. This world is run upon 'inflexible intellectual girders,' as Zoroaster put it, but it was the 'will of the Father,' as he also explained, which laid down those laws which we call laws of nature, but as Kant has shown, are really no more than the laws of our own minds. The universe is a phenomenon of love under will, a mystic and poetic creation, and the intellect only stands to it as mere scansion does to poetry."

"It is at least a charming theory."

"It works, Sir Richard. Let us apply our frail powers to this Marsden mystery. Let us take the second murder first, because it is apparently the more abstruse. We have no clues and no motives to mislead us. True, Robinson had a strong interest in his wife's death - yet not only does he prove an alibi, but he vanishes for ever! If, as we might imagine, he had hired a knave to do the job, he would have kept in sight, pretended decent grief, and so on. Of course, as has been suggested, he may himself have come to some sudden end; but if that be so, it is a marvelous coincidence indeed. No! We are forced to believe him guiltless of this second murder at least. Consequently, having eliminated the only person with a motive, we are thrown back upon the master's way of playing chess, pure analysis. (Notice how Tchigorin handicapped himself by his fancy for that second move, queen to king's second, and Steinitz by his pawn to queen's third in the Ruy Lopez. Their opponents got a line on them at once, and saved themselves infinite trouble.) Pardon the digression. Now then, let us look at this second murder again. What is the most striking fact about it? This, that it was committed by a person with a complete contradiction in his mind. He is so astute that he leaves no clue of any sort; there has not even been any arrest. If he did the first murder also, it shows that he is capable of turning the same trick twice. In short, we see a

man of first-class mind, or rather intellect, for we must assume a lack of moral sense. A man, in fact, with a mind like your own; for since this afternoon's exploit, I imagine you will not claim to be scrupulous."

"You saw through the trick?"

"Naturally; you knew you had no case, so you preferred to lose on a foul, and claim a moral victory."

"Good for you!"

"Well, this same first-rate intellect is in another respect so feeble that the man takes pleasure, or finds satisfaction, in arranging his crime on a significant date. He must be the sort of man that takes precautions against witches on Walpurgis Night!"

"Jove, that's a good point. Never struck me!"

"Well frankly, it doesn't strike me now. There are men with such blind spots, no doubt; but it is easier for me to think that the murderer, with plenty of nights to choose from, chose that one in particular with the idea of leading people astray - of playing on their sense of romance and mystery - of exploiting their love of imaginative detective stories!"

"If so, the point is once more in favor of his intellect."

"Exactly. But now we are going to narrow the circle. Who is there in whose mind the date of the first murder was so vivid that such a stratagem would occur to him?"

"Well, there are many. Myself, for example!"

Iff began to set up the pieces for another game.

"We must eliminate you," he said, after a few moments of silence, "you lawyers forget your cases as soon as they are over."

"Besides, I had no possible motive."

"Oh, that is nothing in the case. You are a rich man and would never do a murder for greed; you are a cold-blooded man and would never kill for revenge or jealousy; and these things place you apart from the common run of men. Still, I believe such as you perfectly capable of murder; there are seven deadly sins, not two; why should you not kill, for example, from some motive like pride?"

"I take pride in aiding the administration of justice. My ambition is a Parliamentary career."

"Come," said Iff, "all this is a digression; we had better play

chess. Let me try at Blackburne's odds!" Iff won the game. "You know," he said as Ffoulkes overturned his king in sign of surrender, "whoever killed Mrs. Robinson, if I read his type of mind aright, has left his queen en prise, after all. There is a very nasty gap in the defenses. He killed the woman from no common motive; he has therefore always to be on his guard against equally uncommon men. Suppose Capablanca dropped into the club and challenged me to a game, how should I feel if I had any pride in beating you? There may be some one hunting him who is as superior intellectually to him as he is to the police. And there's a worse threat: he probably took the precaution of killing the old woman in her sleep. He could have no conscience, no remorse. But he would have experience in his own person that such monsters as himself were at large; therefore, I ask you, how does he know, every night, that some one will not kill him in his sleep?"

Ffoulkes called the waiter and asked Iff to join him in a drink. "No thank you," returned the old man, "Playing chess is the only type of pleasure I dare permit myself."

At this moment Flynn came into the club and greeted both men warmly. Iff had written many a glowing essay for the Irishman's review. He wanted both to dine with him, but once again Iff declined, pleading another engagement. After a few moments chat he walked off leaving the two old friends together.

They dined at the club and pointedly confined the conversation to the libel case and politics in general. With their second cigars, Flynn rose. "Come round to Mount Street" he said, "I've a lot to tell you." So they strolled off in the bright autumn weather to the maisonette where Flynn lived.

V.

They made themselves at ease on the big Chesterfield. It was a strange room, a symphony of green. The walls were covered with panels of green silk; the floor was covered with a great green carpet from Algeria; the upholstery was of green morocco; the ceiling was washed in delicate eau-de-Nil with designs by Gauguin and the lamps were shaded by soft tissues of emerald. Even the drinks were of the same color: Chartreuse, the original shipping, and crème de menthe and absinthe. Flynn's man brought cigarettes and cigars in a box of malachite and set them down with the spirits. Flynn dismissed him for the night.

"Well," said Jack, when the man had gone, "I see you got away with it all right."

"I had a scare this afternoon. Old Iff made rings round me at chess and then proceeded to develop a theory of the - exploit - that was so near the truth that I thought for half a moment that he had guessed something. Luckily, he's just an old crank in everybody's eyes; but, by Jove, he can play chess!"

"Iff's one of the biggest minds in England; but the second-raters always win in London."

"Well, what about your end of the bet?"

"Oh, there's no news yet. But they'll find the bodies next week when my tenancy of the place expires."

"Bodies!"

"Two. You see, I went after your friend Ezra Robinson and the fair Duval. I knew from you of the appointment on the anniversary of the murder, but not the place; so I had him shadowed from the day of the bet. I took a room in the old quarter of Marseilles, when I found that he had stopped there. I got myself up as Francis Ridley, whom you may remember in certain amateur theatricals.

"I got them along to make a night of it and filled them up with cocaine, while I too - mostly borax. Then when we got to the stage of exhaustion and collapse, I unslung a convenient hammock that hung in the room and told them what I meant to do. And then I hanged them by the neck until they were dead and may the Lord have mercy on their souls! Next day I crossed to Algiers, went down to El Kantara and shot moufflon - I'm having a fine head mounted especially for you - then I came back through Italy and Germany. That's all!"

"I say," cried Ffoulkes, shocked, "that's hardly in the spirit of the bet, old man. I don't see any moral turpitude involved!"

"You wretched hypocrite," retorted Flynn, "it was deliberate murder by both French and English law. I don't see what you can want more than that. You ought to be ashamed of yourself with your legal mind!"

But the lawyer was not satisfied. He began to argue and ultimately turned the discussion into what was as near a quarrel as such old friends could ever contemplate. In fact, Ffoulkes saw the danger and went home at an unusually early hour.

Flynn dismissed the matter from his mind and passed the night in composing sonnets in French to the honor of the green goddess - absinthe.

VI.

A month later. Flynn had been unusually busy and saw little of his friends. Twice he dined with Ffoulkes but the latter was more moody and irritable than ever. He had lost three important cases and seemed altogether out of luck. His looks reflected his worry as much as his manners. Flynn asked him to come to Paris for a week's rest; he refused; Flynn went alone.

Returning to London, he called at the chambers in Lincoln's Inn. They were shut up. He went on to the club, hoping for news.

Almost the first man he saw was an old college friend, a judge, the very man to have the latest tidings. Probably Ffoulkes had been in court that day.

"Hush! it's terrible," said the judge and drew Flynn into a corner of the lounge. "They had to take him away yesterday. He had persecution mania, a hopeless form, I'm afraid. Hadn't slept for a month. Said he was afraid of being murdered in his sleep! These things are too bad to talk about; I'm going home. Brace up!" The judge rose and went; but when Flynn came out of the stupor into which the intelligence had thrown him, he found Iff seated at his side.

"You've heard? Isn't it awful?"

"No," replied Iff, "not more so than the fact that two and two make four. Which in a sense is awful indeed, and according as you are for or against the tendency of the universe, is encouraging or terrifying. But it is fatal and inexorable. Perhaps to say that is to say enough!"

"Explain what you mean."

"A little while ago," replied the old mystic, "he came here to play chess with me - you remember you were there, the day of your return. Well, I mastered his mind; I saw its limitations; I mapped its roads; I measured its heights and depths; I calculated its reactions. I beat him easily, at odds. We then began to talk of the Marsden mystery and I analyzed the mind of the man who killed Mrs. Robinson - a mind like his own. I showed that the coincidence of dates was probably a deliberate false trail. I then asked who would be likely to think of such a point, who would have vivid reason to think of that date. I was speaking in perfectly general terms; no suspicion of him had crossed my mind. He instantly suggested himself. I knew how he played chess; so I knew that he must have had himself in view subconsciously; that he must be trying to put me off the scent by boldness. It was just the same type of tactics as choosing the anniversary of the first murder. From that instant I knew that he was guilty.

"A moment later he confirmed me. I suggested that a man like himself might kill for such a motive as pride; and he replied that he took pride in the administration of justice. Now after that libel action and coming from such a man, the English hypocrisy, which might have been natural in a lesser man, was a complete confession. Therefore I determined to punish him. I knew there was only one way; to work upon his mind along its own lines. So I said to him: Suppose the murderer realizes that there are intellects superior to his own? And - how will he sleep, knowing that there are people who will murder others in their sleep without reasonable

cause? You know the answer. I suppose that I am in a sense the murderer of his reason."

Flynn said nothing; but his eyes were streaming; he had loved Dick Ffoulkes dearly and a thousand memories were urgent in his heart and mind. Iff seemed not to notice it.

"But the murderer of Marsden is still a mystery. Ffoulkes can hardly have done that."

Flynn sat up and laughed wildly. "I'll tell you all about that," he cried. "Ezra Robinson did it with the help of the floor clerk. They were to meet on the anniversary of the murder. I tracked them down and I hanged them with these hands." He stretched them out in a gesture of agony. The old man took them in his.

"Boy!", he said, " - for you will never grow up - you have perhaps erred in some ways - ways which I find excusable - but you need never lose a night's sleep over this business."

"Ah!" cried Jack, "but it was I who tempted my friend - it was a moment of absolute madness, and now I have lost him!:"

"We are all punished," said the old man solemnly, "exactly where we have offended and in the measure thereof."

Aleister Crowley

From "The International" September, 1917

A Vision of the Eucharist.

I stood upon the mountain at the dawn;
The snows were iridescent at my feet;
My soul leapt forth immaculate to greet
The sunrise; thence all life and sense were drawn
Into the vision. Limpid on the dawn
The fount of Godhead flowed - how subtly sweet
That distillation of the Paraclete!
I drank; the angel flowered in the faun.

Transfigured from the struggle to success,
I was abolished in mine happiness.
I find no word - in all my words! - but one.
Supreme arcanum of the Rose and Rood,
Sublime acceptance of the Greatest Good,
Only one word - thy name - Hilarion!

Aleister Crowley

from "The International" , February, 1918

QABALIST'S CORNER

Some meanings for the Number 506

ShWR - Hebrew word which means Ox or bull and equates with the zodiacal sign, Taurus.

AShRH - Asherah. The Phoenician goddess of prosperity.
(From Godwin's, "Qabalistic Encyclopedia")

Th	400	"They shall worship thy name - - "
Y	10	Liber AL, Cap. II, Verse 78
N	50	
A	1	"We may take 'thy name' as 'the Sun', for Qabal-
M	40	istic reasons; the verse need not imply the estab-
E	5	lishment of a new cult with myself as Demigod.
	<u>506</u>	(Help!) But they shall worship the group of
		ideas connected with the Sun and the magical formula
		of the number 418, explained elsewhere."
		A.C. from Magical and Philosophical Commentaries
		On The Book of the Law." (M & P, C on AL)

8	Cheth	8
80	Pe	80
418	Cheth (This is 418, spelt in full)	8
<u>506</u>		<u>96</u> = A name of GOD

96 is also Alhin אלהיך a Chaldee form of ALHIM

8	=	Atu VII	7
80	=	Atu XVI	16
418	=	Atu VII	7
		<u>30</u>	= Lamed, Atu 8, "Justice" See the word AL

506 = 5 + 6 = 11, the number of ABRAHADABRA and the Great Work.
See further M & P C on AL

H	5	See LIBER PYRAMIDOS for a use of this name.
O	70	(I.T.C., Vol. II, No. 12)
O	70	
R	200	
A	1	
P	80	
(E)		
P	<u>80</u>	
	<u>506</u>	

The primes of $2 \times 11 \times 23 = 506$

JANE WOLFE

The Sword
Hollywood

Jane arrived in New York that October 11 of 1927, weary from her long bout with sickness. She stayed with Max and Leota Schneider, who had been in contact with Aleister for some time. Max had contributed money from time to time and then would revolt and pledge no more. Karl Germer often got very irritated with Max over this attitude since Karl himself had a difficult time of it to raise money for Aleister. At one time Karl complained that he was living on .67¢ a day in New York and was sending all his extra cash to Aleister. Money was always a problem but it was Karl who saw that To Mega Therion must have it so that the work could go on and the books could be published. It was Karl who raised it in one way or another, his own or the money of others whom he could interest in the Work.

Cora Eaton was anxious to meet Jane as she had heard much about her from Karl. When Jane had been in Tunis with Aleister and Dorothy, Karl and his wife Marie had visited and at that time a good friendship was started. When Karl returned to the States, he had gotten a Mexican divorce from Marie and now he was busy trying to get Cora Eaton to donate money for Aleister. He thought that the best way to do this was to marry her. Karl did not really fall in love with anyone, as he explained much later, but some women fell madly in love with him, and this was the case with Cora. Jane met with Karl and Cora. She must have seemed a very knowledgeable and sophisticated person to have had those years in Cefalu and the years as A.C.'s secretary in Tunis and Paris to Cora, who had heard so much about Aleister but had never met him. Then too, there was an air of spirituality and aristocracy about Jane. She knew, too, that one must be extremely tolerant of others - it was a part of the training that she had received in Cefalu. They had all been taught to mind their own business, to leave the other fellow alone to find his or her own will and way of going and that this was very necessary if one was to do one's will in an efficient fashion.

After this short stay in New York, Jane traveled home to Mary K. and her mother. For a long time Mary K. had been sending money to Jane and had paid for her trip home. Mary K. had experience as a Red Cross nurse in France and she too, when the war was over, was broken in health. She had been a nurse all her life and this enabled her to earn enough money to support her mother and Jane. Later Jane had this to say:

"In Paris, Spring of 1927, I revolted and deliberately committed an act of violence. In broken health I returned to the States and went with mother and sister at 4351 Kingswell Ave., in October of 1927. I used to say a going back to the womb, Prison would be a better term; and my agony of soul would have resulted

in hysteria and depression had not Wilfred come into my life a few months after my return."

Wilfred Talbot Smith was born in England, an illegitimate child, and as a result of this, spent a miserable childhood, especially in school, where a certain type of English sadist seems to reign. His education was extremely poor but he managed to get to Canada. He had been interested in the Ordo Templi Orientis for quite some time, and about 1917, in Kamloops, he had started a Lodge in a garage just off an alley. His members had to climb up a ladder and up through the floor to get to the Lodge meetings. This was somewhat remarkable as Wilfred was working among loggers and did not have an outstanding position in the community. He was connected to the O.T.O. under Reuss, which was also the connection for Achad, or Charles Stansfeld Jones. When these two began their work, they did not have the Crowley rituals nor the work printed for the O.T.O. in the BLUE EQUINOX as these were to be done much later. They were working by the old German form of ritual and teachings.

Wilfred later worked with Achad in Vancouver and it was here that the conversion was done to the Thelemic type of ritual and teachings with LIBER AL as the center of their work. The story about money was the same in Vancouver and often Wilfred and Jones would pay the fees of the Minerval members for them. But they too were able to send money to Aleister, especially when he was in America, as the diaries of Aleister clearly show. Wilfred was able to meet A.C. just once. He said later of this meeting that A.C. had asked him about the wand and when Wilfred explained how to cut it, how to make the knife to cut it, how to clean it up and all the rest of the physical work, A.C. just laughed contemptuously. It was only much later in life that Wilfred would read BOOK 4 and learn that the wand was the Will and that its symbolism was more than a piece of wood.

When in Los Angeles, Wilfred was working in the office for the Gas Company and held this type of work until he retired. His spelling and punctuation and sentence structure were very poor and A.C. scoffed at this. Jane did what she could to type letters for Wilfred, correcting wherever she could, sometimes with Wilfred's objections ringing in her ears.

Wilfred had the pale English skin, his mouth was wide, his stature short. He was also balding at the time Jane met him, and to her his eyes seemed too pale. There was always something of a priest about him and in later years some of his friends liked to speculate that he had come from some Egyptian priest incarnation as he looked so much like one of this race.

Wilfred owned a car and liked to drive very much. He took Jane to many places where they invariably met some charming people but no one who was in the least remotely interested in Thelema. It was hard sledding for Jane to notice how little interest there was in any work having to do with the development of the will

and spiritual development. She thought that people were very much afraid to know anything about the workings of the unconscious, and that they fled this knowledge by covering up their discomfort and confusions with amusements and distractions. They liked to be drugged by radio and other types of entertainment.

Jane wrote of Wilfred: "I needed him, yes; he also needed me. I helped clean his mind of the Jones image and hangover by talking, talking, talking Crowley, Crowley's actions, Crowley's methods, etc.

"Wilfred cast for Jane a Yi divination - 50, The Caldron. This led to a long talk. During the course of this talk Wilfred said: "You know, I believe were it not for me you would no longer be in the Work."

This made Jane think deeply: "I also made a discovery about myself as a result of this statement. I have been told I agree with people at the time, then afterward repudiate my stand. Now, when Wilfred made this statement I remained silent, as though agreeing. Or, it may be I said something like "I wonder?", or whatever.

"Without denying this accusation, I must also say that I have not thought out things to know just where I stand, what I really believe, etc. As, for instance, in this case when I may have seemed to agree, I was as a matter of fact inquiring of myself, to know if this statement was correct.

"I know this un-thought-out state has a lot to do with my indecision at the moment people speak. Later, having had the matter brought to me thus, my mind turns it over and sometimes arrives at a decision quite diverse from what I seemed to accept at the time. This slowness is due to the fact that I do not talk out things with others and so elucidate myself to myself, as most people do."

Aleister wrote explaining what was going on in very short letters. At the bottom of one he scribbled "Come back soon!" It was some months before he wrote that he was resigned to her absence and that she might not return. For one thing, he had never really realized how much her health had suffered and with his usual insouciance, he had quite forgotten that one needed money to travel and neither he nor Jane had any of this beyond what was needed for survival. To Jane, it was a source of irritation that Mary K. was paying for her dental and doctor bills and for her support.

She applied for work in her old studio but things did not develop very well in this area. She had one day of work and later she managed a month as a secretary in a dance studio. Still later she managed to get on a W.P.A. project with sewing for part of every day. Jane could not manage a full day of work due to the state of her health.

Most of the time she cared for their mother while Mary K. was away at work and also found great delight in working in their small

garden. Here she managed to bury many disappointments in the earth, in the physical labour. Mary K. also loved this work and since she also had much to trouble her, she remarked that she had buried many of these troubles in the ground at Kingswell Ave. Their house was behind another in the back of the lot, but it afforded them a good deal of privacy from the passersby in the street. It was a small house, with only four rooms. Their mother occupied one of the bedrooms as she was often ill. Jane and Mary K. had the other bedroom together. Of course there was absolutely no privacy for Jane, no chance to work at rituals or even to study or to do much typing as their mother was quite a talker and would have her own way. Mary K. liked to talk also in a similar fashion and would often repeat herself over and over, which drove Jane quite batty.

Jane and Wilfred had been meeting for a year when Jane wrote: "His locquaciousness gets on my nerves at times horribly. That and a strident voice and pedagogic style are more than I can stand at times and I just get irritable. Also, his coming around here 3 or 4 times a week, just to talk, talk, talk - or so it seems to me - seems such a waste of time and energy. Ugh!" She thought his poor education, his cocky ways, his manner of being oversure of himself to make up for his small stature, quite trying.

But May of 1929 was interesting in that they both met Jacobi, who was interested in Thelema and Aleister gave his consent to an O.T.O. in Hollywood to be done with Jane's help. The object was to be to raise money for the support of Aleister.

Jane had been corresponding with Karl Germer since 1925 but now his letters contained more than business and he treated Jane as a beloved friend and co-worker in Thelema. He married Cora that same year in June and began to use all the money he could get out of her for A.C. publications and support. By 1930 they had travelled to Europe, had stayed with Aleister for a short while and then had bankrolled the exhibition of A.C. paintings in Germany. Karl saw his work as this, that A.C. must be published, that Thelema must be put across by this work and by the distribution of A.C.'s publications. Since he had much business experience, he did well at this job considering the low funds during much of the time.

Not only did the friendship with Jacobi flower, so that they often had dinner together and talked about Thelema almost continuously, but Jane began to take voice lessons from Regina Kahl. This lady lived with her sister and husband on Carlton Way, near Jane's residence. Jane found that she was Regina's confidante for her most intimate emotions and feelings and wrote: "She has been using me as an outlet for her explosive, strong emotions. She reminds me of a broad, deep, turbulent river, some times muddy, some times clear, some times flowing calmly and peacefully. She is able to bear burdens, too.

Regina was a powerful personality. She seemed rather top-

heavy in build, with all her weight seeming to be above the waist, with a large chest and developed shoulders. Slim hips and legs seemed to be almost not enough to bear this weight and powerful appearance. Her black hair swooped back from her face in an electric manner. It was heavy in texture and didn't need curling but only a good hair-cut to keep it looking manageable. Regina had spent her life singing - in opera and elsewhere but now her voice was no longer quite so good, she was older and there was much strain. She had been a mezzo soprano so was not the type of person to take leading roles in opera. When Jane met her, she still sang occasionally for special events but she mostly gave voice lessons to interested persons.

By 1930 Jane and Wilfred had an affair even though Jane found that he was not satisfactory for her needs. But she was mindful of the way she had failed in Cefalu when Therion ordered her to go out and have many affairs. She knew she needed to get over some of the Victorian attitudes to sex and to balance off her nature. She kept careful notes of their workings and in these notes there was often disappointment with Wilfred. She was not really in love with him, the whole affair was more like work than anything else.

This was all changed when Wilfred met Regina and her sister Leona. He thought he could really impress these two ladies and even though Leona was married, he made a pass at her as well as at Regina. Leona seemed to enjoy this attention as her husband had not quite suited her for some time.

Regina joined the A.A.A. and Leona soon followed, not wanting to be left out of things. Wilfred gave Leona a lot of reading to do but Jane knew that this woman could not be reached intellectually and said so. Lee was given some rituals to do and jealousy was soon making plenty of waves between the sisters.

As a result of all this Jane wrote to Aleister about Regina's troubled emotions: "Her one desire at the time was to get to you, as she felt you would be the only one to understand, as Smith could not grasp all her re-actions, and this seemed to distress her beyond endurance. Lack of funds held her here; she pulled through magnificently and has graciously given me the credit for getting her back to the wheel. I say "pulled through magnificently" because the ordeal has left her submissive. The charming, affable, lovable prima donna is still here, but the "boss" got a terrific wallop."

At this news, Aleister wrote quite a few letters telling Jane to send "Vagina" to Germany. She was no doubt just what he needed.

Then disaster struck again with A.C.'s finances. He wrote: "Here things go from worse to worse. I shall be in the street within a few days unless a miracle happens. Just as I was getting into touch with really big people here --

It is Germer's fault - we had enough money to scrape along for

the year and he went and gambled it away in stocks - on the advice of a bum astrologer!!!

"Can you beat it?

"We may pull through yet - if I can only make my new connections quick enough; before I smash for food. If you could do the impossible and cash \$200, it might just come in time to enable me to weather the storm. I'm really worried, for once! Sorry I can't find courage to write a proper letter - but do tell me all the news; it cheers me, anyhow.

"Love to Vagina and the rest."

93 93/93 666

But no one in California could raise that much money, a few dollars was all that they could do. A.C. wrote for Jane to meet Count Hamon, as he was a IV^o O.T.O. member. He said this man was in Hollywood. This too, came to nothing. A.C. said Jane was always having new spiritual rebirths but the group there was of no use to him. He called them "my useless babies".

Jane joined a women's group and got elected president. She found that this would be good training.

In Germany, Soror I.W.E. (Martha Kuntzel) was translating A.C.'s works into German. She wrote Jane about doing 777, MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, LIBER ALEPH and others. She wrote about Dr. Krum-Heller wanting to do a lecture on Therion's "Confessions" and that she was also working on this. She noted that she was 68 in 1930 and that Jane should write to Mr. Yorke for the Holy Books that she needed. But this correspondence ends here though I.W.E. was closely associated with Aleister for many years, either working with him personally on the translations or writing to him about this work. I.W.E. was a dedicated Thelemite and Therion recognised her as an 8^o = 3^o A..A.. She was to be quite a friend to Karl and to Cora, and had proven to be very helpful to Alostrael.

A Mrs. Walker had finally done a job that no one else could do, remarked Aleister in one of his notes. She had gotten Ninette into the work house with two of her youngest children and the Abbey at Cefalu was now defunct.

Again Aleister wrote early in 1932

" I am just well enough to write. The \$100. just saved us. But how we are to live through the month or to get a new place when we move from here on March 1, I dunno.

"It's a strange thing, both Eckenstein and Allan Bennet martyrs to spasmodic asthma and now I get it too. (It's not so common.) But I'm worse off from all this privation, complications! The G.W. has been a wonder, pulled me round with infinite skill and care.

Only I'll have more really dangerous attacks if I'm not looked after really well at least until the warm weather comes.

"Germer went completely insane. He went bust through crazy gambling on the stock markets - sent Cora to his family in Leipzig - picked up a whore that he thought he could live on - we agreed, hoping she would cure his sex-mania. She couldn't - he suddenly wrote us the filthiest abuse - S.W.*is prosecuting him criminally - he writes the worst lies about us to everybody - take no notice of him - we'll write you the length of his sentence. Sending Smith his dossier.

: "Very weak, so break off."

93 93/93 666"

This was not the only blow, for Russell (Genesthai) had gone completely wild in forming a Choronzon Club, Headquarters in Daath, and had written some very silly letters to Aleister about this. It was thought that he could at least have furthered the cause of the O.T.O. and the A.A.A. instead of setting himself up as a person who could found a new religion or belief. A.C. asked Jane to speak to him and see if she couldn't get him to be sensible, but no, this was not possible and in due time, A.C. wrote a general letter to everyone in both Orders that Russell was no longer a member of any of the Thelemic Orders.

In February of 1932 Jane wrote in her diary: "In February I had an inner realization that there is something for me at home - at Kingswell Ave. Something of great importance. It changed my attitude toward Carlton Way. I discovered at last my own spiritual legs and learned to stand alone. I have cut the umbilical cord! Regina lost her grip on me and I have been lengthening the time between visits.

"On the first of April of this year, the house at Carlton way was sold and Regina received a notice to move. In my interest in a new house for her a building began to form in my mind, with its occupant a slender, gray haired woman of refinement. I think it means the new home for Regina. The picture grew stronger and stronger in my mind until I realized the two-story house with its occupant is of moment to me and not to Regina."

Regina's sister and her husband, Clarence, had already moved away and Regina had been living in the house alone for awhile. By May, Regina and Wilfred had decided to share quarters and found a good house at 1746 Winona Blvd., Hollywood. This house had 5 bedrooms on the second floor, one of which was quite small, but the others of a very decent size. There was also one bedroom on the ground floor, which Wilfred occupied, and a screen porch off of this. Beside it was the dining room and on the North side of the house was the kitchen and back porch. A living room, hall and

* Scarlet woman - Marie de Miramar, at the time Mrs. Crowley.

music room ran across the West or front side of the house. It was altogether a very good house for the numbers of people to either live in it, or attend parties there. Regina was very good at attracting people and speaking openly about Thelema to those who were just acquaintances. Her interest in this subject was as vital and vivid as had been her career in opera. Wilfred was very pleased with this development and began making plans for presenting the Gnostic Catholic Mass and initiations in the O.T.O.

There was a very good attic space above the second floor and here work was begun to finish off the floor, enclose the walls and ceiling and make the dais of three steps. These things were done a little at a time when supplies could be bought, usually when someone had a paycheck. Wilfred and Regina tried to be very frugal with these developments, but Aleister was always fuming about the need for money. He complained bitterly in his short notes about his privations and why didn't they do something and come up with some large sums? Wilfred's reply was that if they didn't develop the place for the Mass and for the O.T.O., how were they to attract people who could pitch in and contribute towards Aleister's needs? By themselves, they couldn't do much for extra money as very little was to be earned beyond their living expenses among the three of them.

Leota Schneider joined the household and soon after, Max and their son Roland was there too. Jacobi lived only about six miles away and he was quite enthusiastic. He learned the part of the Deacon for the Mass. Max made the crown of silver gilt, with the head of the Uraeus serpent in front. Robes were sewn, chairs borrowed or bought and all the other furniture needed was supplied in some way. There was even an old fashioned organ which was pumped with air by the feet before it would give off sounds. By March 19 of 1933 the first public presentation of the Mass was given and from now on, it was to be held every Sunday evening at 8:00 p.m. with only a few breaks in the schedule.

That same year, Jane's mother died of stroke in July and now Jane was free to join the household. She and Mary K. moved in by September and then a Mr. John Bamber joined as well. By November, Jane and Regina were giving classes on Thelemic subjects which met twice monthly. In the past two years Jane had been president of a book review club and of the Observer's Club, where she often spoke on current events. She gained a good deal of confidence through this public speaking and found that her classes in Thelema went very well and were well liked by the people who attended the Mass on Sundays. Wilfred always spoke on Sunday evening, too, but Jane reported to A.C. that his speech was "very halting and also too technical and abstract for the mobs. I come very much nearer to earth than he, yet he thought I used a couple of expressions beyond the grasp of the audience."

Plans were made to have Aleister come to California and lecture in the United States, but these did not materialize. There was never enough money for this or for the publications, let alone enough to support A.C. Agape Lodge never gave up this dream, though

and would consider it from time to time when things seemed to be going well enough.

There was trouble with Max; Wilfred complained that he resented paying his dues or making donations. He seemed to lie around all day without making much effort and he disliked it when anyone corrected his boy, Roland. Soon a major quarrel took place between the two men and Max moved out. Though attempts were made to patch things up, it soon became an impossible task.

Jane was now free to begin her ritual work in the attic Temple and this she started with enthusiasm. Her first was "The Bornless One" and following this was some three months on LIBER ASTARTE, which she dedicated to V.O.V.N. (Wilfred). Then there were 78 days on Thoth to study the Tarot in particular. She kept careful notes in her diaries about the results of this work.

In the last two years, Jane had been keeping up her efforts to again work in the movie studios. She had even hoped that they would put on the play, "Mortadello" by Crowley and had presented this to the studio with a resumé. But in time they discovered that she had quite a connection to Crowley and they black-listed her. She was never again able to work in the movies.

One of her hopes was to found a Thelemic school but in the days when these enthusiasms were paramount, there was very little interest in Thelema as who had ever heard of it? Even the lectures and classes that she and Regina gave were very small and poorly attended.

She wrote to Aleister about taking a pupil in the A.:A.: and feared this was not possible as she must still be a Probationer. He wrote back that she had been a Neophyte "God knows how many years ago! In any case DO things." Also in the same letter: "You had better reconcile Smith and Schneider. All this mutual suspicion and mistrust are needless and most harmful." And: "I think Smith and Vagina need social tact and dignity; you could help them in this."

Jane reported to 666: "I approached both Smith and Schneider - fruitlessly. You have Smith's letter. Max is equally obdurate about returning to the fold. He wants to share in the social activities, come to the Mass, but will in no way work with Smith. He is suffering considerably from isolation and frustration and I hope will some day achieve some flexibility. Leota has about decided that calling on him as she has insisted on doing right along, is a mistake and a detriment to Max. But she has a tender heart, also a guilty conscience, feeling she failed both Max and Roland during her years with them and some times wonders if it is not her job to go back to them. At present, anyway, she is safe from that as Bamber has a firm grip and fills her horizon."

In 1934 the Church of Thelema was incorporated. Aleister complained about the appellation of Church and wanted to know why

this business was not done under the name of the O.T.O. Wilfred and Jacobi explained to him about the tax advantages that went with the title of Church both in the U.S. and in California. He then grudgingly accepted the term. The Constitution as written up in the BLUE EQUINOX was used in the incorporation papers and the O.T.O. was now an official body in the State of California. Jane was secretary and also helped with the financial accounts. She wrote thus:

"Sept. 21, 1935, the ORDO TEMPLI ORIENTIS was started in the United States of America by putting on the reception degree of Minerval on the sands some distance out from Playa Del Rey, Calif.

"Before leaving for the "desert", Brother Smith gave a short talk on the history of the Order, its antiquity, and mentioned some of the Great Ones who had gained their wisdom through Its formulae and gave in return weight and dignity to It. He reminded the candidates of the solemnity of the occasion and pointed them towards the importance of the step they were taking."

There were already five initiates of the Order as this had been done earlier. These were Jane, Wilfred, Regina, Max and Jacobi. That night they initiated seven more and at the end of the evening Wilfred announced that the name of the Lodge would be Agapae. In Greek, this has the meaning of brotherly love. The group met every month and each time Wilfred did his best to train the members in the meanings of the work, of the rituals, how to understand LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, what it meant to be a brother and all related subjects.

The next year, there was some sort of peace between Wilfred and Max and the latter joined in with Jane in giving twice monthly lessons on Thelemic subjects. They did not charge for these lessons but only hoped to attract more people into the Lodge. A few more joined, but not all attended the classes.

Crowley had a great deal of difficulty to get LIBER AL VEL LEGIS published in a small paper edition and asked them all to raise about \$300. for this. They appealed to all and sundry and were able to send half this sum and a little later, to send the rest of it. But A.C. was not really satisfied with the slow development of these matters and continually asked that they all do more. He was especially hard on Jane, thinking that she could certainly take better charge, raise more money, etc.

But now disaster struck: Jane wrote in her diary:

" We have just received a blow!

"Last night Wilfred received a long-distance phone call from San Bernardino saying the firm were investigating Jacobi for belonging to an immoral Order and living openly with a woman. (Marguerite gave up her apartment and moved into Jacobi's apartment with him "until she could find a place.") The speaker also said Jacobi was in danger of losing his job. Wilfred immediately telephoned these items to Jake, that he could be forearmed. The

result is Jake is scared and has decided to give up the Order."

Aug. 16. "Jake called this a.m., saying he remembered his pledge. (I put my trust in myself in all cases of need) and decided to weather the storm, job or no job. He also did the Deacon's role in the Mass tonight."

Aug. 20 Regina saw Jake tonight, out at Eagle Rock. He would scarcely speak to her, said he wanted to be left alone, that he was through with us all and did not want us to approach him in any way.

"On Monday afternoon he spoke with Macbeth, head of the Gas Company on the suggestion of Wilfred and when Smith phoned him that evening, he said Macbeth "knew plenty". But Jake has not told us of the conversation, what was said, etc., and has in addition sent all the account books, etc., to Max, of all things!

"Why can he be so panicky!

A week later she noted that Jacobi had married Marguerite. It is possible that his former wife, whom he had recently divorced in Mexico, was at the bottom of the trouble.

As it was, they had lost Leota and Bamber the previous year due to the same type of trouble. Leota had gotten a Mexican divorce from Max and had married Bamber. The two then lost interest in the O.T.O.

Then next came a letter to Wilfred from Baphomet challenging his loyalty and financial integrity with the probability of suspension. This had everyone flabbergasted and puzzled as they could not understand why this should happen. There was a good deal of discussion on the event and Jane wrote a letter to 666 on Wilfred's behalf.

Oct. 3, 1936 e.v.

"Most Holy, Most Illuminated and Most Worshipful Father:

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

Your communication of September 16th to Brother Wilfred T. Smith leaves me dumbfounded and I cannot but write you the facts as I see them.

1. Administration of finances.

Although I have seen the ledger (I signed all cheques with Jacobi) I did not examine it thoroughly. Here I can but repeat what Jacobi, who set up the book told me: namely, that it was arranged to save Wilfred income tax - if that means anything. However, I feel sure Wilfred can straighten out any misunderstanding

here, if he is given the facts on which the accusation is based, for his honesty and loyalty are unquestionable.

2. Commercial considerations.

I would like to go on record as branding this information a base falsehood. More: a malicious lie.

No, we did not know "all this had been reported" to you. (May I know your informant?) And I do not know to what letter of mine you refer, unless it be that of June 1. And if so, what has that letter to do with the matter?

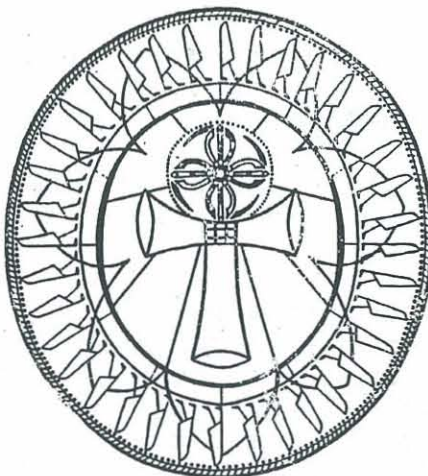
We have worked hard and uninterruptedly - Smith, Regina and myself- these past years to establish Thelema and the O.T.O. - this matter is Smith's life's blood. Since Jacobi's departure, the Lodge, of course, is marking time due to lack of man power; but please believe me when I say that neither the Order nor the Mass would survive the withdrawal of Smith.

Love is the law, love under will
Yours in the bonds of the Order".

The informant turned out to be Max, who had misread the account book and had sent it on to A.C. with entirely erroneous remarks. Nor could Aleister know what was going on, since he had not taken the trouble to enquire.

But the damage was done, there were no more Lodge meetings as all of the students either left or were taking their instructional lessons from Max. However, the Mass was still given every Sunday night and Regina and Jane both landed jobs as night school teachers in dramatics and speech.

To be continued.





IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. III, No. 5

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

An LXXX, 1984 e.v., Sun in 0° Aries
Published by the College of Thelema
P.O. Box 415, Oroville, CA. 95965
© by Phyllis Seckler



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



STUDENTS OF A..A..

"Owing to the unnecessary strain thrown upon Neophytes by unprepared persons totally ignorant of the groundwork taking the Oath of a Probationer, the Imperator of A..A.., under the seal and by the authority of V.V.V.V.V., ordains that every person wishing to become a Probationer of A..A.. must first pass three months as a student of the Mysteries.

"He must possess the following books: -

1. THE EQUINOX. Vol. I, Nos. 1 - 10
2. RAJA YOGA, by Swami Vivekananda.
3. THE SHIVA SANHITA, or THE HATHAYOGA PRADIPIKA
4. KONX OM PAX by Crowley
5. THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE by Miguel de Molinos
6. 777
7. RITUEL ET DOGME DE LA HAUTE MAGIE, par Eliphaz Levi, or its translation, by A.E. Waite.
8. THE GOETIA OF THE LEMEGETON OF SOLOMON THE KING
9. TANNHAUSER, by A. Crowley, THE SWORD OF SONG, TIME, ELEUSIS by Crowley - these are to be found in his COLLECTED WORKS.
10. THE BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGIC OF ABRA-MELIN THE MAGE.
11. THE TAO TEH KING and the Writings of Kwan Tzu (Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XXXIX, XL.)

An examination in these books will be made. The Student is expected to show a thorough acquaintance with them, but not necessarily to understand them in any deeper sense. On passing the examination he may be admitted to the grade of Probationer." *

These works of reference may be consulted as the questions of the exams are being answered.

A member of the Jane Wolfe branch of A..A.. has established The College of Thelema whose Course I is intended to provide the groundwork in more than an intellectual fashion which members of the A..A.. so desperately need. This course, when satisfactorily completed, is considered fulfillment of the student obligation and permits admission to the Grade of Probationer in the A..A..

Thus there are two ways of entering the A..A.. as above stated. The Jane Wolfe branch of A..A.. follows the instructions of the Master Therion everywhere possible.

* From page iii & iv of THE EQUINOX, Vol. I, No. 9

ATTRIBUTIONS OF THE TAROT TRUMPS TO THERION'S LIBERS

Atu/Title No.	Hebrew Letter	Value	Liber Class	Liber Titles and Numbers
0 Fool	Aleph	1		Liber Aleph - 111
1 Magus	Beth	2	D B	CDXII (412) - Liber A B vel Magi (Liber I)
2 High Priestess	Gimel	3		LXXVIII - Tarot Description Book Of Thoth
3 Empress	Daleth	4	A	DLV Had & Liber 27 vel Trigrammaton (?)
17 Star	He	5	A	Liber 11-NU V vel Reguli
5 Hierophant	Vau	6	A B D A	XC - Tzaddi Liber O - VI Star Ruby Liber VIII (from V. & V.)*
6 Lovers	Zain	7		MCXXXIX LXVII - Zain, a Sword
7 Chariot	Cheth	8	A A	Liber VIII (from V. & V.) Cheth vel vallum Abeigni, 156
11 Lust	Teth	9	B	Liber O - VI
9 Hermit	Yod	10	B	DCCCXXXI (831) - Yod
10 Fortune	Kaph	10,500		Agape - C (100)
8 Justice	Lamed	30	B E	XXX - Librae CCC - Khabs am Pekht
12 Hanged Man	Mem	40,600		CDLI - Siloam
13 Death	Nun	50,700		XXV - Star Ruby CXX - Cadaveris
14 Art	Samekh	60	B D	Liber O (skrying section) DCCC - Samekh
15 Devil	Ayin	70	A	CCCLXX - A'ash vel Capricorni Liber XV - Gnostic C. Mass
16 Tower	Pe	80,800	B	XVI - Turris vel Domus Dei V vel Reguli
4 Emperor	Tzaddi	90		CMXIII - Memoriae Viae (Thisa
18 Moon	Qoph	100		CC - Resh
19 Sun	Resh	200	D	H H H H H H
20 Aeon	Shin	300		XLIV - Mass of Phoenix Vision and the Voice
21 Universe	Tau	400	A,B A	CD - vel Tau Liber O - VI

Refer to Liber XIII
Viarum Viae - Class B. - p. 679 in GEMS FROM THE EQUINOX

* THE VISION AND THE VOICE

COLLEGE of THELEMA



Founded in Service
to the A.:A.:

P.O. Box 415
Oroville, CA.
95965
An. LXXX, Sun
in 0° Aries

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

It must never be forgotten that we are on a work of Evolution, raising ourselves up from the level of the animal and bestial to the level of the evolved and spiritual type of man and woman. Certainly no political or social action in an occult society such as grabbing for Grades, a criticism of one's fellow members, a display of ego and a desire for power over others will ever aid that evolution. These types of behaviour are but toys on the material plane and such should be eschewed by the serious student aiming at the highest development of his soul. His growth and development need not be known to the world at large and if he boasts of it, this may be another ego play, and he may not actually have attained enlightenment as he states. As is known from a study of the VISION AND THE VOICE and other inspired masterpieces by the Master Therion, if a person has crossed the Abyss, and has become a little pile of dust in the City of the Pyramids, (Binah), there is no one who can boast, as what existed before has been utterly dissolved in the Infinite, or in the body of Nuit.

But here is a quote from THE EQUINOX, Vol. I, No. 9, the editorial in front, which gives us a guidance as to the real Attainment and the work to be done.

"Our community has existed ever since the first day of creation when the gods spoke the divine command: 'Let there be light!' and it will continue to exist till the end of time. It is the Society of the Children of Light, who live in the light and have attained immortality therein. In our school we are instructed directly by Divine Wisdom, the Celestial Bride, whose will is free and who selects as her disciples those who are devoted to her. The mysteries which we are taught embrace everything that can possibly be known in regard to God, Nature and Man. Every sage that ever existed in the world has graduated in our school; for without wisdom no man can be wise. We all study only one book, the Book of Nature, in which the keys to all secrets are contained and we follow the only possible method in studying it, that of experience. Our place of meeting is the Temple of the Holy Spirit pervading the universe; easily to be found by the elect, but for ever hidden from the eyes of the vulgar. Our secrets cannot be sold for money, but we give them free to every one capable to receive them."

Our first step in our studies has been the nature of man, for each of us is human and we each must be fully informed as to our psychology and our own individual inner workings as well as what is common to mankind in general.

In our studies, there are only two processes possible, as Therion states elsewhere. These are analysis and synthesis. In alchemical terms we state solve for the former and coagula for the latter. Of course we start with the analysis, for without a full knowledge of our separate parts and how they work in relation to each other, no synthesis would be possible. This final synthesis may come as a great enlightenment, as a sudden access of understanding, as a blinding light. It has various and manifold ways of showing itself to the individual, but it is at the end of the process of analysis. So let us proceed with the analysis. We have started in each individual case with a horoscope for each one so that the person may know how the forces of the Universe work through him or her. We follow this up with some psychology when the going gets tangled or tough. We have tried to lay down a foundation of the study of the Qabalah as each person is a Tree of Life. Sometimes these studies become mere intellectual exercises and the person can become forever stuck in the intellectual world, the world of the Ruach. But this is a world of analysis still, a world of division. Eventually, with all his strength amassed, all his knowledge as a springboard, the individual must in one life or another, give up all that he is or was and cross the abyss. This step, however, is beyond the knowledge or the understanding of most of us. Let us labor then in the world of analysis and keep our sights on the Khabs or Star that we are as we go.

The system of the Tarot ties into Astrological knowledge and Qabalistic knowledge. It is really surprising how many times the Tarot is mentioned in the BOOK OF THE LAW, either directly or obliquely. Does not Nuit say: "All these old letters of my Book are aright, but Tzaddi is not the star"?¹ In other words, the Book Tarot is accepted and given to mankind as a direct route to the highest Initiations. It is at once a map of the Universe and of Nature and a map of man. It seeks to explain in one form or another the most abstruse facts of Man, Nature and the Universe as is possible to our level of evolution. It is a guide to the attainment of the mastery of the animal nature and the development of the highest spirituality that the individual may seek. Yet in all this, most of its meanings can be grasped by the average intelligent human. We are going to embark in these pages on an exploration of the Tarot Trumps as a map of the Unconscious forces in man. Since the Unconscious partakes of the universality of the whole Universe, as Jung states, it is very necessary that we should know what powers and qualities and capacities are contained therein. For the Universe also runs through all of Nature and man; for Universe, we may substitute the word God.

1. LIBER AL, Cap. I, v. 57

Is it not obvious to you, then, that to know yourself, to know Man, you are also given a method of knowing Nature and Man? In the synthesis that you will some day be able to make, all of these three will become one.

Not only does mention of the principles of the Tarot run through LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, but also through Therion's other Holy Books. Further, the steps upward of the brother of the A..A.. as he wends his way from the bottom of the Tree of Life to the top as does this pictured serpent (which is a glyph of the way to be traveled, that Path to attainment and enlightenment) is carefully provided for by Therion in making the Books of the A..A.. to correspond with one Path or another as symbolized by the Tarot Trumps. Here you will see how each Liber is made to correspond with its particular Tarot Trump.

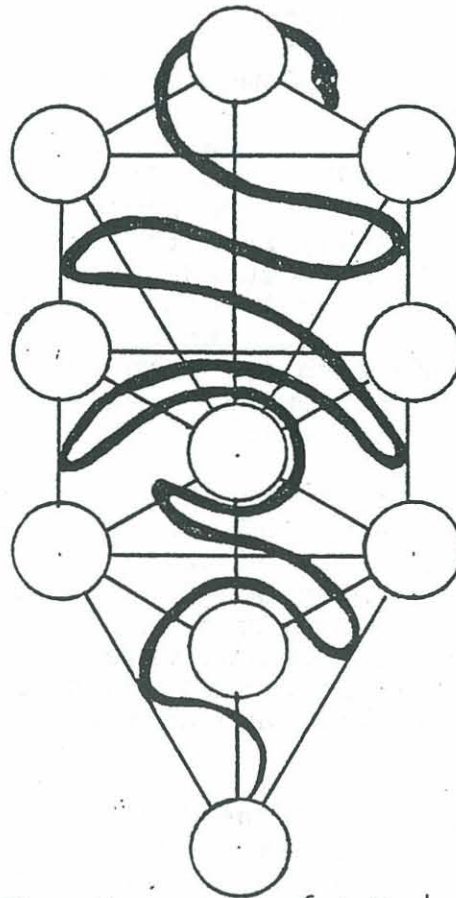
Let me explain a little further. In KONX OM PAX there is a story called "The Wake World" where little Lola Daydream learns to leave her ordinary life of dreams and maya and to live with her Fairy Prince (the Holy Guardian Angel) in the spheres above the Abyss. Her progress starts at the bottom of the Tree of Life and goes upward over the Paths, which are the Trumps, to each of the spheres in turn in an orderly fashion. She leaves no Path or Sphere out of her progress and neither should the Aspirant to the Holy Wisdom.

Now in this analysis of the Trumps, there is obviously not much mention of the spheres. I must refer the student to the booklist appended for further study on this matter. Also, the books which would be helpful in studying the Tarot are listed. What has not been done to date, as far as I can see, is a psychological analysis of each Trump so that the student can see clearly (I hope), how the wisdom of Carl G. Jung can be applied to a study of the Trumps and how each one of these is a part of his own Archetypal world. They are as universal in their application to the individual as is the fact that we all possess heads, arms, legs, torsos and other universal parts of our bodies.

I don't intend to include much of 777, even though this is also invaluable, as I think each person can look up correspondences and do his own memorising for himself. When a thorough grasp is made of the ideas behind each Trump, I would advise the student to sit down with other pertinent studies, and when he feels he is ready, he should then meditate on each Trump until he can see it working within himself as clearly as is possible. Also, in our daily lives, these Trumps come alive as well as in our dreams. Can you ask yourself with your everyday phenomena, well, I see the Magus was at work here, or this was the High Priestess, or this was obviously War, the card of Mars, etc. When you can do this you are very well on your Way! May you know your own Khabs!

Love is the law, love under will,

Soror Meral



The Serpent of Wisdom

Some Books on Tarot and Qabalah

Case, Paul Foster	THE TAROT
Crowley, Aleister	THE BOOK OF THOTH
	777
	Use of Tarot and Qabalah in various books too numerous to mention
Fortune, Dion	THE MYSTICAL QABALAH
Gray, William G.	THE LADDER OF LIGHTS
Levi, Eliphas	TRANSCENDENTAL MAGIC
Nichols, Sallie	JUNG AND TAROT
Regardie, Israel	THE GOLDEN DAWN
	THE TREE OF LIFE
	A GARDEN OF POMEGRANATES
Wang, Robert	THE QABALISTIC TAROT

THE TRUMPS OF THOTH AND PSYCHOLOGY

"Thou shalt rejoice in the pools of adorable water; thou shalt bedeck thy damsels with pearls of fecundity; thou shalt light flame like licking tongues of liquor of the Gods between the pools."
LIBER LXV, Cap. 5, verse 27.

"The pools and the flame between them refer to the Sephiroth and the Paths. The general meaning is that the Attainment has fitted the Adept to perform creative work in all spheres."
Aleister Crowley, Commentary to LIBER LXV.

Though we may not here take up a discussion in full of the Sephiroth, in order to understand the Trumps, it is necessary to realize that the Sephiroth represent an unchanging and fixed structure of the human. They are centers of objective energies in the various levels of being. These levels we can refer to the four-world system. Usually we think of the first letter of Tetragrammaton as Yod and this letter refers to the archetypal world of Atziluth. We place the influence of Atziluth on the two topmost spheres of the Tree of Life, Kether and Chokmah. Then comes the world of He, or Briah, and this refers to the creative world and as creation begins in Binah, this letter of He is placed here. The world of Yetzirah is referred to the letter Vau and spheres 4 through 9. This is the world of the conscious mind with Tiphareth as its balance and center, the result of the two opposite forces of yang and yin, Chokmah and Binah. It is called the formative world, for with the conscious mind we begin to make our phenomena according to will. Finally, the world of Assiah is attributed to the final letter He of Tetragrammaton, Yod, He, Vau, He. This is the world of material appearance and is assigned to the sphere of Malkuth at the very bottom of the Tree. But Yod, He, Vau, He runs through everything. Mainly we see that each sphere has 4 worlds as above stated. If we are very skilled in the psychology of the Tarot, we can also see these four levels or worlds at work in the Trumps.

The Paths or Trumps represent the subjective use of the energies of the Spheres. They are also astral images and may appear and disappear mysteriously in the subconscious realms of the human psyche. They may be encountered in dreams or in visions or they may pop up in everyday happenings which affect us strongly. They certainly appear in myths around the world and in these myths and universal stories, they can be studied with greater ease. The Trumps can be equated with what Jung called the instinctual forces operating in the unconscious of each individual and also in the unconscious of all of mankind. The history of man's evolution is a history of the understanding and taming of these forces. The more primitive a man is, the more is he swayed by these instincts and the less does he understand them. Since this is the case, he may not know why he is overcome by great sweeps of emotion and why he should react in so uncontrollable a fashion, when normally

when he has time to think about it, he may not approve of his behaviour at all. The path of evolution to a more civilized and spiritual state is embarked upon when the person involved can understand these great primeval forces from the Unconscious and can consciously choose whether they will have much power and how much. He must thoroughly understand them and work with them with his conscious mind if he is to succeed in his labors on the path of evolution.

Jung named some of these instinctual and archetypal forces that operate in the unconscious of all men and gave a list like this: father, mother, virgin, wise old man, wise old woman, lover, hero, saviour, fool, devil, magician. Sounds like a listing of Tarot cards, doesn't it? Those Adepts who formulated and refined the Tarot surely understood the inner workings of the unconscious forces in man.

These archetypes or instinctual forces are autonomous, that is, they work and operate under their own laws and apart from the reasoning faculties. We might never understand them fully, as they can change from one figure to another very quickly and they may appear in our lives in such a mysterious fashion. They have the power to sway an individual or a whole nation. They function in the psyche as do the instincts of the body. Most of the time we are not aware of the bodily instincts or of the archetypes of the unconscious. But when we notice their action, this is a useful tool for self-knowledge. And to repeat, it is absolutely necessary to know these archetypal forces as they work out in our lives if we are to advance into a more spiritual life.

When one is touched by an archetype, an emotional reaction of some sort will be provoked. It can come to us through the senses of hearing, tasting, touching, feeling, seeing or smelling. Our responses will be irrational and automatic unless we are more fully conscious of the action of these archetypes. In most cases the archetypes will manipulate a human and the man can become a prisoner or slave to them. Every person will need to free himself from the compelling power of an archetype that is overemphasized or out of control.

We will need to examine ourselves when our emotions seem to be out of control. Are our actions related to an archetype and has this force taken us over; are we its puppets? Or can we embark on a discovery of the true and hidden self? By considering the possibilities of our behaviour and its roots, we can act with freedom. We can become conscious of what moves us and in this way we can make choices. When we become conscious of our own selves, we are more willing to let others live their own lives in freedom, too. We can begin to award them the freedom to live their own wills.

Self-analysis is a necessity for anyone wishing to work Magick as otherwise, the forces one unleashes from one's own unconscious can turn and destroy one. These forces can divide the purpose of a human, can trip up the will and prevent him from acting in a coherent manner. If they go unrecognised, they can lead to division in the psyche, insanity and illness. Each person needs to come to terms with these instinctual, archetypal forces in the unconscious and use their power in such a conscious way that they can be a guide instead of a disintegrating force.

Sometimes we can see these archetypes at work when people exhibit unwarranted adulation or rejection. A heated political argument can give a clue as to the archetypes foremost in the individuals engaging in this activity. The more angry they get at each other, the more does the archetype show. This process can be seen in every walk of life. A few examples would include the Germany of Hitler and the Storm Troups, witch hunting in early America and throughout Europe, wars, revolutions, political voting and on and on. People can be moved even to face death as they fight to defend some principle which they think they believe in, but which is really an archetype at work.

Even those who join various religious groups are being motivated by unrecognised archetypes. They project their own feelings about religion onto the group in question. They do not know or they forget that spiritual illumination is a personal matter and can not be institutionalized. Usually they project their own "old wise man" onto the leader of the group and expect him to behave as their own concept of this figure would do. The joiner may begin to act in strange ways and he can even become a slave to the group because it represents one of his archetypes.

Confronting the archetypes and understanding their powers and choosing whether one will be ruled by these forces is the way of the magician and the way to attain what Jung calls individuation. That is, one becomes an individual and may no longer act out the passions of the herd, the man of earth. He can become a Khabs, can know his own Star, and be an individual and unattached thinker and no longer the slave of the herd mind. We can also equate the term individuation to those terms of self-realization, illumination, the path of the wise, self-awareness, initiation, knowing how to listen to the inner self. Such a person transformed by his work can examine the cultural mores and peer-group pressures and decide if these will fit in with his own way. He can accept or reject according to his own will and can make choices. He can fulfill his deepest needs and his actions will arise from his deepest center and express his true Self. Only then is he free to do as he wills, he no longer does as he pleases according to the misguided archetype-led people who do not understand the will. The man who has studied himself may conform to social customs or not as he wills. But he will be quietly self-assured

and does not need to behave or appear in an outlandish or fashionable form. He does not need to prove he is a god - he is this on the inside, his self-assurance needs no display.

Display of ego, pride, and other evils existing with the ego-centered person is a sure sign that the person concerned does not understand nor cannot cope with these mysterious forces. He has been using the little ego as a device to protect himself against his own archetypes and against their power. But this does not work, as is obvious to those who can observe.

The archetypes are illusive and do not always lend themselves to intellectual analysis. However, they must be known if we are to be free of their power. This is why it is important to study and meditate on the Tarot Trumps, as these, along with dreams, day-dreams, imagination, visions, art activities and similar pursuits will bring these archetypes to the surface.

Expect the archetypes to embrace many opposites, to change as would an astral figure, in the twinkling of an eye. They are not clear-cut, right or wrong, good or bad. They carry no superimposed moral judgments and they are not like our usual world of fixed opposites. Instead you will find plenty of unsolvable paradoxes. The world of the archetypes is a world of feelings, sensations, intuitions, imagination and spontaneous ideas.

We must make this attempt to understand our inner world for herein lies the experience known as the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. We must learn to integrate the various archetypes, the elements of our being, into one purposeful gesture of the will. To remain unconscious and unknowing of these hidden powers would definitely not yield spiritual growth. And this growth is the next step for mankind. We have conquered the outer, material world and now we must know and conquer our own individual interior world. Not to do this is to play with the destruction of the whole human race through the misuse of the powers of the atom.

To be continued.

ELEUSIS.

Those who are most familiar with the spirit of fair play which pervades our great public schools will have no difficulty, should they observe, in an obscure corner, the savage attack of Jones minor upon Robinson minimus, in deducing that the former has only just got over the "jolly good hiding" that Smith major had so long promised him, the determining factor of the same being Smith's defeat by Brown maximus behind the chapel, after Brown's interview with the Head-Master.

We are most of us aware that cabinet ministers, bishops and dons resemble each other in the important particular that all are still schoolboys and their differences but the superficial one produced by greasing, soaping and withering them respectively; so that it will meet with instant general approval if I open this paper by the remark that Christianity, as long as it flourished, was content to assimilate Paganism, never attacking it until its own life had been sapped by the insidious heresies of Paul.

Time passed by and they bullied Manes and Cerinthus; history repeated itself until it almost knew itself by heart; finally, at the present day, some hireling parasites of the decaying faith - at once the origin and the product of that decay - endeavour to take advantage of the "Greek movement" or the "Neo-pagan revival" in the vain hope of diverting the public attention from the phalanx of Rationalism - traitorously admitted by Luther, and now sitting crowned and inexpugnable in the very citadel of the faith - to their own dishonest lie that Paganism was a faith whose motto was "Carpe diem,"¹ and whose methods were drink, dance, and Studio Murder.² Why is Procopius cleaner than Petronius? Even a Julian could confute this sort of thing; but are we to rest forever in negation? No. a Robinson minimus ipse will turn, and it is quite time that science was given a chance to measure itself against bulk. I shall not be content with giving Christian apologists the lie direct, but proceed to convict them of the very materialism against which they froth. In a word, today Christianity is the irreligion of the materialist, or if you like, the sensualist; while in Paganism, we may find the expression of that ever-haunting love - nay, necessity! - of the Beyond which tortures and beautifies those of us who are poets.

*παντα καθαρα τοις καθαροις*³ and while there is no logical break between the apparently chaste dogma of the Virgin Birth and the horrible grossness of R. P. Sanchez in his "De Matrimonio"

1. "Gather ye roses!" is the masterpiece of a Christian clergyman.
2. A peculiarly gross case of psychopathic crime which occurred in 1906
3. (Everything purely for neatness - Ed.)

Lib. ii Cap. xxi., "Utum Virgo Maria semen emiserit in copulatione cum Spiritu Sancto,"¹ so long as we understand an historical Incarnation: the accomplishment of that half of the Magnum Opus which is glyphed in the mystic aphorism "Solve!" enables an Adept of that standing to see nothing but pure symbol and holy counsel in the no grosser legends of the Greeks. This is not a matter of choice: reason forbids us to take the Swan-lover in its literal silliness and obscenity; but, on the other hand, the Bishops will not allow us to attach a pure interpretation to the precisely similar story of the Dove.

So far am I, indeed, from attacking Christian symbolism as such, that I am quite prepared to admit that it is, although or rather because it is the lowest, the best. Most others, especially Hinduism and Buddhism, lose themselves in metaphysical speculations only proper to those who are already Adepts.

The Rosicrucian busies himself with the Next Step, for himself and his pupils; he is no more concerned to discuss Nibbana than a schoolmaster to "settle the doctrine of the enclitic $\Delta\eta$ " in the mind of a child who is painfully grappling with the declension of *Νεανίας*. We can read even orthodox Christian writers with benefit (such is the revivifying force of our Elixir) by seeking the essence in the First Matter of the Work; and we could commend many of them, notably St. Ignatius and even the rationalising Mansel and Newman, if they would only concentrate upon spiritual truth, instead of insisting on the truth of things, material and therefore immaterial, which only need the touch of a scholar's wand to crumble into the base dust from which their bloodstained towers arose.

Whoso has been crucified with Christ can but laugh when it is proved that Christ was never crucified. The historian understands nothing of what we mean, either by Christ or by crucifixion and is thus totally incompetent to criticise our position. On the other hand, we are of course equally ill-placed to convert him; but then we do not wish to do so; certainly not qua historian. We leave him alone. Whoso hath ears to hear, let him hear! and the first and last ordeals and rewards of the Adept are comprised in the maxim "Keep silence!"

There should be no possible point of contact between the Church and the world: Paul began the ruin of Christianity, but Constantine completed it. The Church which begins to exteriorise is already lost. To control the ethics of the state is to adopt the ethics of the state: and the first duty of the state will be to expel the rival god Religion. In such a cycle we in England seem to be now revolving and the new forced freedom of the Church is upon us.

1. "Make use of the Virgin Mary when semen will come forth in copulation with the Sacred Spirit."
2. Recently, a certain rash doctor publicly expressed his doubts whether any Bishop of the twentieth century was so filthy-minded a fool. They were, however, soon dispelled by telegrams from a considerable section of the entire Bench, couched in emphatic language.

If only the destruction is sufficiently complete, if only all England will turn Atheist, we may perhaps be able to find some Christians here and there. As long as "church" means either a building, an assembly, or even has any meaning at all of a kind to be intelligible to the ordinary man, so long is Christ rejected and the Pharisee supreme.

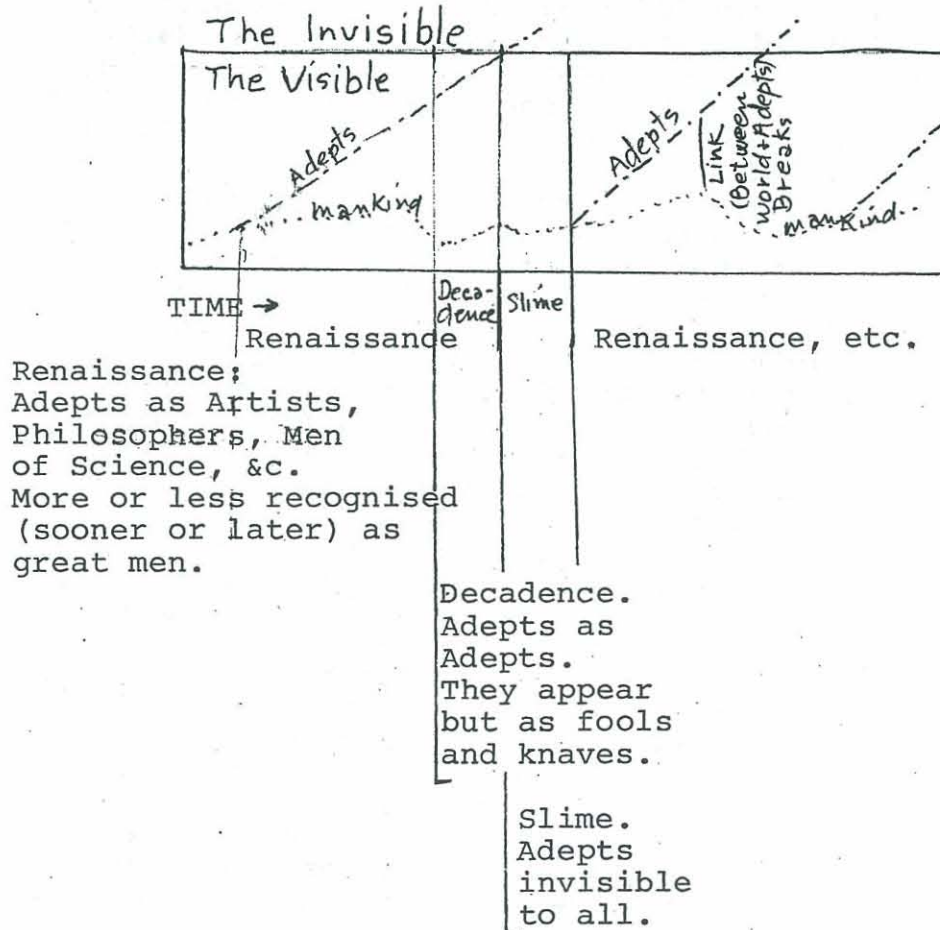
Now the materialism which has always been the curse of Christianity was no doubt partly due to the fact that the early disciples were poor men. You cannot bribe a rich man with loaves and fishes: only the overfed long for the Simple Life. True, Christ bought the world by the promise of Fasts and Martyrdoms, glutted as it was by its surfeit of Augustan glories; but the poor were in a vast majority and snatched greedily at all the gross pleasures and profits of which the educated and wealthy were sick even unto death. Further, the asceticism of surfeit is a false passion, and only lasts until a healthy hunger is attained; so that the change was an entire corruption, without redeeming aspect. Had there been five righteous men in Rome, a Cato, a Brutus, a Curtius, a Scipio and a Julian, nothing would have occurred; but there was only the last and he too late. No doubt Maximus, his teacher, was too holy an Adept to mingle in the affairs of the world; one indeed, perhaps, about to pass over to a higher sphere of action: such speculation is idle and impertinent; but the world was ruined, as never before since the fabled destruction of Atlantis, and I trust that I shall take my readers with me when I affirm so proud a belief in the might of the heart whose integrity is unassailable, clean of all crime, that I lay it down as a positive dictum that only by the decay in the mental and moral virility of Rome and not otherwise, was it possible for the slavish greed and anarchy of the Faith of Paul to gain a foothold. This faith was no new current of youth, sweeping away decadence: it was a force of the slime: a force with no single salutary germ of progress inherent therein. Even Mohammedanism, so often accused of materialism, did produce, at once and in consequence, a revival of learning, a crowd of algebraists, astronomers, philosophers, whose names are still to be revered: but within the fold, from the death of Christ to the Renaissance - a purely pagan movement - we hear no more of art, literature or philosophy.

There is surely a positive side to all this; we agree that Pagans must have been more spiritual than their successors, if only because themselves openly scoffed at their mythology without in the least abandoning the devout performance of its rites, while the Christian clung to irrelevant historical falsehood as if it were true and important. But it is justifiable - nay, urgent - to inquire how and why?

I. Such philosophy as does exist is entirely vicious, taking its axioms no more from observed fact, but from "Scripture" or from Aristotle. Barring such isolated pagans as M. Aurelius Antoninus,

Note 1, (con.) and the neo-Platonists, those glorious decadents* of paganism.

* Decadence marks the period when the adepts, nearing their earthly perfection, become true adepts, not mere men of genius. They disappear, harvested by heaven: and perfect darkness (apparent death) ensues until the youthful forerunners of the next crop begin to shoot in the form of artists. Diagrammatically:



By the Progress of the World we mean that she is always giving adepts to God, and thus losing them; yet, through their aid, while they are still near enough to humanity to attract it, she reaches each time a higher point. Yet this point is never very high: so that Aeschylus, though in fact more ignorant than our schoolboys, holds his seat besides Ibsen and Newton in the Republic of the Adepti - a good horse, but not to be run too hard. A.C.

Which having discovered, we are bound to proceed with the problem: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" receive the

answer: "By taking heed thereto according to thy word," and interpret "thy word" as "The Works of Aleister Crowley."

But this is to anticipate; let us answer the first question by returning to our phrase "The Church that exteriorises is already lost." On that hypothesis, the decay of Paganism was accomplished by the very outward and visible sign of its inward and spiritual grace, the raising of massive temples to the Gods in a style and manner to which history seeks in vain a parallel. Security is mortals' chiefest enemy; so also the perfection of balanced strength which enabled Hwang-sze to force his enemies to build the Great Wall was the mark of the imminent decay of his dynasty and race - truly a terrible "Writing on the Wall." An end to the days of the Nine Sages; an end to the wisdoms of Lao Tan on his dun cow; an end to the making of classics of history and of odes and of ethics, to the Shu King and the Shih King, the Li-Ki, and the mysterious glories of the holy Yi King itself! Civilization, decadence and the slime. Still the Great Wall keeps the Barbarians from China; it is the wall that the Church of Christ set up against science and philosophy, and even today its ruins stand, albeit wrapped in the lurid flames of Hell. It is the law of life, this cycle; decadence is perfection and the perfect soul is assumed into the bosom of Nephthys, so that for a while the world lies fallow. It is in failing to see this constant fume of incense rising from the earth that pessimistic philosophies make their grand fundamental error: in that, and in assuming the very point in dispute, the nature of the laws of other worlds and the prospects of the individual soul. Confess, O subtle author, that thou thyself art even now in the same trap! Willingly, reader; these slips happen when, although one cannot prove to others, one knows.¹ Thou too shalt know, an thou wilt: - ask how, and we come suddenly back to our subject, just as a dreamer may wander through countless nightmares, to find himself in the end on the top of a precipice, whence falling, he shall find himself in bed.

Hear wisdom! the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind.

A man is almost obliged to be in communion with God when God is blowing his hat off, drenching him to the skin, whistling through his very bones, scaring him almost to death with a flash of lightning, and so on. When he gets time to think, he thinks just that. In a church all is too clearly the work of man: in the matter of man's comfort, man's devices are so obviously superior to God's: so that we compare hats and languidly discuss the preacher.

Religion is alive in Wales because people have to walk miles to chapel.

1. Let me run wild for once, I beg; I am tired of emulating Mr. Storer Clouston's Sir Julian Wallingford, "whose reasoning powers were so remarkable that he never committed the slightest action without furnishing a full and adequate explanation of his conduct." - A.C.

Religion is alive among Mohammedans, who pray (as they live) out of doors and who will fight and die for their ideas; and among Hindus, whose bloody sacrifices bring them daily face to face with death.

Pan-Islam is possible; pan-Germany is possible; but pan-Christendom would be absurd. There were saints in the times of the Crusades and Crusaders in the times of the Saints: for though the foe was more artificial than real and the object chimerical, a foe and an aim of whatever sort assist the concentration which alone is life.

So that we need not be surprised to see as we do that religion is dead in London, where it demands no greater sacrifice than that of an hour's leisure in the week and even offers to repay that with social consideration for the old and opportunities of flirtation for the young.

The word "dear" has two senses and these two are one.

Pressing the "out-of-doors" argument, as we may call it, I will challenge each of my readers to a simple experiment.

Go out one night to a distant and lonely heath, if no mountain summit is available: then at midnight repeat the Lord's Prayer, or any invocation with which you happen to be familiar, or one made up by yourself, or one consisting wholly of senseless and barbarous words.¹ Repeat it solemnly and aloud, expectant of

1. I am ashamed to say that I have devoted considerable time to the absurd task of finding meanings for and tracing the corruptions of, the "barbarous names of evocation" which occur in nearly all conjurations and which Zoroaster warns his pupils not to change, because "they are names divine, having in the sacred rites a power ineffable."

The fact is that many such names are indeed corruptions of divine names. We may trace Eheieh to Eie, Abraxas in Abrae, Tetragrammaton in Jehovah.

But this, an initiate knows, is quite contrary to the true theory.

It is because the names are senseless that they are effective. If a man is really praying he cannot bring himself to utter ridiculous things to his God, just as Mark Twain observes that one "cannot pray a lie." So that it is a sublime test of faith to utter either a lie or a jest, this with reverence and that with conviction. Achieve it; the one becomes the truth, the other a formula of power. Hence the real value of the Egyptian ritual by which the theurgist identified himself with the power he invoked.

some great and mysterious result.

I pledge myself, if you have a spark of religion in you, that is, if you are properly a human being, that you will (at the very least) experience a deeper sense of spiritual communion than you have ever obtained by any course of church-going.

After which you will, if you are worth your salt, devote your life to the development of this communion and to the search for an instructed master who can tell you more than I can.

Now the earlier paganism is simply overflowing with the spirit of communion. The boy goes down to the pool, musing, as boys will; is it strange that a nymph should reward him sometimes even with wine from the purple vats of death?

Poor dullards! in your zeal to extinguish the light upon our altars, you have had to drench your own with the bitter waters of most general unbelief. Where are the witches and the fairies and the angels and the visions of divine St. John? You are annoyed at my mention of angels and witches; because you know yourselves to be sceptics and that I have any amount of "scriptural warrant" to throw at your heads, if I deigned; you are all embarrassed when Maude Adams leans over the footlights with a goo-goo accent so excessive that you die of diabetes in a week and asks you point-blank: "Do you believe in fairies?" while, for your visions, you do not go to St. John's Island and share his exile; but to his Wood and waste your money.

The early pagan worships Demeter in dim groves: there is silence; there is no organisation of ritual; there the worship is spontaneous and individual. In short, the work of religion is

Note: (con.) Modern neophytes should not (we think) use the old conjurations with their barbarous names, because, imperfectly understanding the same, they may superstitiously attribute some real power to them; we shall rather advise "Jack and Jill went up the hill," "From Greenland's icy mountains," and such, with which it is impossible for the normal mind to associate a feeling of reverence.

What may be the mode of operation of this formula concerns us little; enough if it succeeds. But one may suggest that it is a case of the will running free, i.e. unchecked, as it normally is, by the hosts of critical larvae we call reason, habit, sensation and the like.

But the will freed from these may run straight and swift; if its habitual goal has been the attainment of Samadhi, it may under such circumstances reach it. It will require a very advanced student to use this type of faith. The Lord's Prayer and the minor exaltation are the certainties for this event. - A.C.

thrown upon the religious faculty, instead of being delegated to the quite inferior and irrelevant faculties of mere decorum or even stage-craft. A Christian of the type of Browning understands this perfectly. True, he approves the sincerity which he finds to pervade the otherwise disgusting chapel; but he cares nothing whatever for the "raree-show of Peter's successor," and though I daresay his ghost will be shocked and annoyed by my mention of the fact, Browning himself does not get his illumination in any human temple, but only when he is out with the universe alone in the storm.

Nor does Browning anywhere draw so perfect and so credible a picture of the intercourse between man and God as the exquisite vision of Pan in "Pheidippides." It is all perfectly natural and therefore miraculous; there is no straining at the gnats of vestment in the hope of swallowing the camel of Illumination.

In the matter of Pentecost, we hear only, in the way of the "conditions of the experiment," that "they were all with one accord in one place." Now this being the only instance in the world's history of more than two people in one place being of one accord, it is naturally also the only instance of a miracle which happened in church.

The Quakers, arguing soundly enough that women were such a cause of contention chiefly on account of their tongues and getting a glimpse of these truths which I have so laboriously been endeavoring to expound, hoped for inspiration from the effects of silence alone and strove (even by a symbolic silence in costume) to repeat the experiment of Pentecost.

But they lacked the stimulus of Syrian air and that of the stirring times of the already visible sparks of national revolt: they should have sought to replace these by passing the bottle round in their assemblies and something would probably have happened, an 'twere only a raid of the police.

Better get forty shillings or a month than live and die as lived and died John Bright!

Better be a Shaker, or a camp-meeting homunculus, or a Chatauqua gurl, or a Keswick week lunatic, or an Evan Roberts revivalist, or even a common maniac, than a smug Evangelical banker's clerk with a greasy wife and three gifted children - to be bank clerks after him!

Better be a flagellant, or one who dances as David danced before the Lord, than a bishop who is universally respected, even by the boys he used to baste when he was headmaster of a great English public school!

That is, if religion is your aim: if you are spiritually

minded: if you interpret every phenomenon that is presented to your sensorium as a particular dealing of God with your soul.

But if you come back from the celebration of the Eucharist and say, "Mr. Hogwash was very dull today," you will never get to heaven, where the good poets live and nobody else; nor to hell, whose inhabitants are exclusively bad poets.

There is more hope for a man who should go to Lord's and say he saw the angels of God ascending and descending upon C.B. Fry.

It is God who sees the possibility of Light in Chaos; it is the Churches who blaspheme the superb body of Truth which Adepts of old enshrined in the Cross, by degrading the Story of the Crucifixion to a mere paragraph in the Daily Mail of the name of Pontius Pilate.

Bill Blake took tea with Ezekiel: Tennyson saw no more in the Arthurian legends than a prophecy of the Prince Consort (though Lancelot has little in common with John Brown), and the result of all is that Tennyson is dead and buried - as shown by the fact that he is still popular - and Blake lives, for poets read and love him.

Now when Paganism became popular, organised, state-regulated, it ceased to be individual: that is to say, it ceased to exist as a religion, and became a social institution little better than the Church which has replaced it. But initiates - men who had themselves seen God face to face and lived - preserved the vital essence. They chose men; they tested them; they instructed them in methods of invoking the Visible Image of the Invisible. Thus by a living chain religion lived - in the Mysteries of Eleusis.

Further, recognising that the Great Work was henceforth to be secret, a worship of caverns and midnight groves and catacombs, no more of open fields and smiling bowers, they caused to be written in symbols by one of the lesser initiates the whole Mystery of Godliness, so that after the renaissance those who were fitted to the Work might infallibly discover the first matter of the Work and even many of the processes thereof.

Such writings are those of the neo-Platonists and in modern times, the God-illumined Adept Berkeley, Christian though he called himself, is perhaps the most distinguished of those who have understood this truth.

I. EXTRACTS FROM BERKELEY'S LIFE

(1). There is a mystery about this visit to Dublin. 'I propose to set

EXTRACTS FROM THE BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGIC OF ABRA- MELIN THE MAGE

I resolved to absent myself

out for Dublin about a month hence, ' he writes to 'dear Tom', 'but of this you must not give the least intimation to any one. It is of all things my earnest desire (and for very good reasons) not to have it known I am in Dublin. Speak not, therefore, one syllable of it to any mortal whatsoever. When I formerly desired you to take a place for me near the town, you gave out that you were looking for a retired lodging for a friend of yours; upon which everybody surmised me to be the person. I must beg you not to act in the like manner now - but to take for me an entire house in your own name and as for yourself; for all things considered, I am determined upon a whole house, with no mortal in it but a maid of your own getting, who is to look on herself as your servant. Let there be two bedrooms; one for you, another for me and as you like you may ever and anon be there.

"I would have the house with necessary furniture taken by the month (or otherwise as you can), for I propose staying not beyond that time and yet perhaps I may.

"Take it as soon as possible. . . Let me entreat you to say nothing of this to anybody, but to do the thing directly. . . I would of all things have a proper place in a retired situation, where I may have access to fields and sweet air, provided against the moment I arrive. I am inclined to think one may be better concealed in the outermost skirt of the suburbs, than in the country or within the town. A house quite detached in the country

suddenly and go away . . and lead a solitary life.

I am about here to set down in writing the difficulties, temptations and hindrances which will be caused him by his own relations. . beforehand thou shouldest arrange thine affairs in such wise that they can in no way hinder thee, nor bring thee any disquietude.

I took another house at rent . .and I gave over unto one of my uncles the care of providing the necessities of life.

"Should you perform this Operation in a town, you should take a house which is not at all overlooked by any one, seeing that in this present day curiosity is so strong that you ought to be upon your guard; and there ought to be a garden (adjoining the house) wherein you can take exercise.

I should have no objections to, provided you judge I shall not be liable to discovery in it. The place called Bermuda Inn I am utterly against. Dear Tom, do this matter cleanly and cleverly, without waiting for further advice. . To the person from whom you hire it (whom alone I would have you speak to of it) it will not be strange at this time of the year to be desirous for your own convenience, or health, to have a place in free and open air!"

This mysterious letter was written in April. From April to September Berkeley again disappears. There is in all this a curious secretiveness of which one has repeated examples in his life. Whether he went to Dublin on that occasion, or why he wanted to go, does not appear.

(2) "I abhor business and especially to have to do with great persons and great affairs."

(3) Suddenly and without the least previous notice of pain, he was removed to the enjoyment of eternal rewards and although all possible means were instantly used, no symptom of life ever appeared after; nor could the physicians assign any cause for his death.

"Consider then the safety of your person, commencing this operation in a place of safety, whence neither enemies nor any disgrace can drive you out before the end."

"the season of Easter . . Then first on the following day . . I commenced this Holy Operation. . the period of the Six Moons being expired, the Lord granted unto me His grace. . ."

"a solitary life, which is the source of all good . . once thou shalt have obtained the sacred science and magic, the love for retirement will come to thee of its own accord and thou wilt voluntarily shun the commerce and conversation of men, &c."

"a good death in His holy Kingdom."

It is surely beyond doubt that Berkeley contemplated some operation of a similar character to that of Abramelin. Note the extreme anxiety which he displays. What lesser matter could so have stirred the placid and angelic soul of Berkeley? On what less urgent grounds would he have agreed to the deceptions, (harmless enough though they are) that he urges upon his brother?

That he at one time or another achieved success is certain from the universal report of his holiness and from the nature of his writings. The repeated phrase in the Optics, "God is the Father of Lights."* suggests an actual phrase perhaps used as an

* It occurs in James i. 17.

But the orthodox Christian, confronted with this fact, is annoyed; just as the American, knowing himself to be of the filthiest dregs of mankind, pretends that there is no such thing as natural aristocracy, though to be sure he gives himself away badly enough when confronted with either a nigger or a gentleman, since to ape dominance is the complement of his natural slavishness. So the blind groveller, Mr. Conformity and his twin, Mr. Nonconformity, agree to pretend that initiates are always either dupes or impostors; they deny that man can see God and live. Look! There goes John Compromise to church, speculating, like Lot's wife, on the probable slump in sulphur and the gloomy outlook for the Insurance Companies. It will never do for his Christ to be a man of like passions with himself, else people might expect him to aim at a life like Christ's. He wants to wallow and swill and hope for an impossible heaven.

So that it will be imprudent of you (if you want to be asked out to dinner) to point out that if you tell the story of the life of Christ, without mentioning names, to a Musulman, he will ask, "What was the name of that great sheikh?" to a Hindu, "Who was this venerable Yogi?" to a Buddhist, "Haven't you made a mistake or two? It wasn't a dove, but an elephant with six tusks: and He died of dysentery."

The fact being that it is within the personal experience of all these persons that men yet live and walk this earth who live in all essentials the life that Christ lived, to whom all His miracles are commonplace, who die His death daily, and partake daily in the Mysteries of His resurrection and ascension.

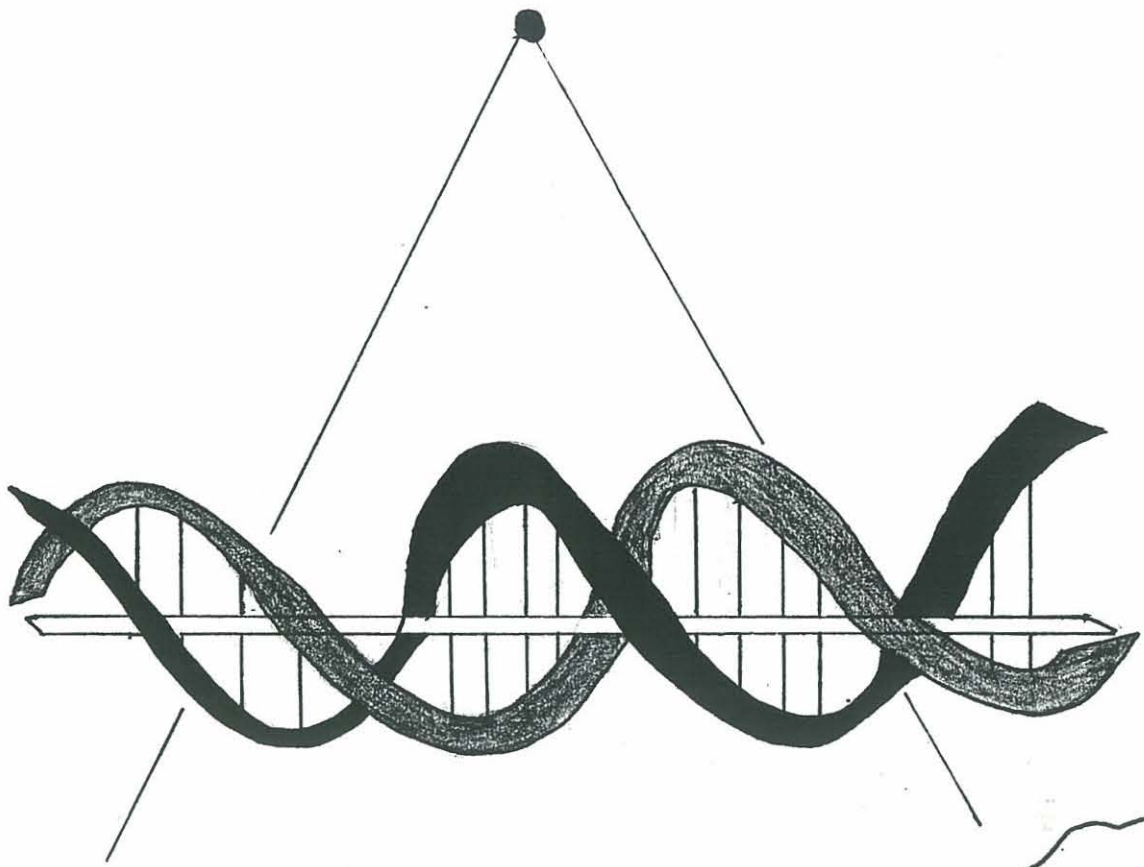
Whether this is scientifically so or not is of no importance to the argument. I am not addressing the man of science, but the man of intelligence: and the scientist himself will back me when I say that the evidence for the one is just as strong and as weak as for the others. God forbid that I should rest this paper on a historical basis! I am talking about the certain results of human psychology: and science can neither help nor hinder me.

True, when Huxley and Tyndall were alive, their miserable intelligences were always feeding us up with the idea that science might one day be able to answer some of the simpler questions

Note: (con.) exclamation at the moment of a Vision to express, however feebly, its nature, rather than the phrase of a reasoner exercising his reason.

This mysterious letter which so puzzles his biographer is in fact the key to his whole character, life and opinions.

This is no place to labour the point; I have at hand none of the necessary documents; but it might be worth the research of a scholar to trace Berkeley's progress through the grades of the Great Order. - A.C.



which one can put: but that was because of their mystical leanings; they are dead, and have left no successors. Today we have the certitude, "Science never can tell," of the laborious Ray Lankester

"Whose zeal for knowledge mocks the curfew's call,
And after midnight, to make Lodge look silly,
Studies anatomy - in Piccadilly."

Really, we almost echo his despair. When, only too many years ago, I was learning chemistry, the text-books were content with some three pages on Camphor: today, a mere abstract of what is known occupies 400 closely printed pages: but Knowledge is in no wise advanced. It is no doubt more difficult to learn "Paradise Lost" by heart than "We are Seven"; but when you have done it, you are no better at figure-skating.

I am not denying that the vast storehouses of fact do help us to a certain distillation (as it were) of their grain: but I may be allowed to complain with Maudsley that there is nobody competent to do it. Even when a genius does come along, his results will likely be as empirical as the facts they cover. Evolution is no better than creation to explain things, as Spencer showed.

The truth of the matter appears to be that as reason is incompetent to solve the problems of philosophy and religion, à fortiori science is incompetent. All that science can do is to present reason with new facts. To such good purpose has it done this, that no modern scientist can hope to do more than know a little about one bud on his pet twig of the particular branch he has chosen to study, as it hangs temptingly from one bough of the Tree of Knowledge.

One of the most brilliant of the younger school of chemists remarks in the course of a stirring discourse upon malt analysis: "Of extremely complex organic bodies the constitution of some 250,000 is known with certainty and the number grows daily. No one chemist pretends to an intimate acquaintance with more than a few of these. . ." Why not leave it alone and try to be God?

But even had we Maudsley's committee of geniuses, should we be in any real sense the better? Not while the reason is, as at present, the best guide known to men, not until humanity has developed a mental power of an entirely different kind. For to the philosopher it soon becomes apparent that reason is a weapon inadequate to the task. Hume saw it and became a sceptic in the widest sense of the term. Mansel saw it and counsels us to try Faith, as if it was not the very fact that Faith was futile that bade us appeal to reason. Huxley saw it, and, no remedy presenting itself but a vague faith in the possibilities of human evolution, called himself an agnostic: Kant saw it for a moment, but

it soon hid itself behind his terminology; Spencer saw it, and tried to gloss it over by smooth talk and to bury it beneath the ponderous tomes of his unwieldy erudition.

I see it, too, and the way out to Life.

But the labyrinth, if you please, before the clue: the Minotaur before the maiden!

Thank you, madam; would you care to look at our new line in Minotaurs at 2s 3d? This way please.

I have taken a good deal of trouble lately to prove the proposition "All arguments are arguments in a circle." Without wearying my readers with the formal proof, which I hope to advance one day in an essay on the syllogism, I will take, (as sketchily as you please!) the obvious and important case of the consciousness.

A. The consciousness is made up exclusively of impressions. (The tendency to certain impressions is itself a result of impressions on the ancestors of the conscious being). Locke, Hume, &c.

B. Without a consciousness no impression can exist. Berkeley, Fichte, &c.

Both A. and B. have been proved times without number and quite irrefutably. Yet they are mutually exclusive. The "progress" of philosophy has consisted almost entirely of advances in accuracy of language by rival schools who emphasised A. and B. alternately.

It is easy to see that all propositions can, with a little ingenuity, be reduced to one form or the other.¹

Thus, if I say that grass is green, I mean that an external thing is an internal thing: for the grass is certainly not in my eye and the green certainly is in it. As all will admit.

So, if you throw a material brick at your wife and hit her (as may happen to all of us), there is a most serious difficulty in the question, "At what point did your (spiritual) affection for her transform into the (material) brick and that again into her (spiritual) reformation?"

Similarly, we have Kant's clear proof that in studying the

1. Compare the problems suggested to the logician by the various readings of propositions in connotation, denotation and comprehension respectively; and the whole question of existential import. - A.C.

laws of nature we only study the laws of our own minds: since, for one thing, the language in which we announce a law is entirely the product of our mental conceptions.

While, on the other hand, it is clear enough that our minds depend upon the laws of nature, since, for one thing, the apprehension that six savages will rob and murder you is immediately allayed by the passage of a leaden bullet weighing 230 grains and moving at the rate of 1200 feet per second, through the bodies of two of the ringleaders.

It would, of course, be simple to go on and show that after all we attach no meaning to weight and motion, lead and bullet, but a purely spiritual one: that they are mere phases of our thought, as interpreted by our senses: and on the other that apprehension is only a name for a certain group of chemical changes in certain of the contents of our very material skulls: but enough! the whole controversy is verbal and no more.

Since, therefore, philosophy and a fortiori science are bankrupt and the official receiver is highly unlikely to grant either a discharge; since the only aid we get from the Bishops is a friendly counsel to drink Beer - in place of the spiritual wine of Omar Khayyam and Abdullah el Haji (on whom be peace!) - we are compelled to fend for ourselves.

We have heard a good deal of late years about Oriental religions. I am myself the chief of sinners. Still, we may all freely confess that they are in many ways picturesque: and they do lead one to the Vision of God face to face, as one who hath so been led doth here solemnly lift up his voice and testify; but their method is incredibly tedious and unsuited to most, if not all, Europeans. Let us never forget that no poetry of the higher sort, no art of the higher sort, has ever been produced by any Asiatic race. We are the poets! we are the children of wood and stream, of mist and mountain, of sun and wind! We adore the moon and the stars, and go into London streets at midnight seeking Their kisses as our birthright. We are the Greeks - and God grant ye all, my brothers, to be as happy in your loves! - and to us the rites of Eleusis should open the doors of Heaven and we shall enter in and see God face to face! Alas!

"None can read the text, not even I;
And none can read the comment but myself."¹

The comment is the Qabalah and that I have indeed read as deeply as my poor powers allow: but the text is decipherable only under the stars by one who hath drunken of the dew of the moon.

Under the stars will I go forth, my brothers, when I have seen God face to face and read within these eternal eyes the secret

1. Tennyson must have stolen these lines; they are simple and expressive.

that shall make you free.

Then will I choose you and test you and instruct you in the Mysteries of Eleusis, oh ye brave hearts, and cool eyes, and trembling lips! I will put a live coal upon your lips and flowers upon your eyes and a sword in your hearts and ye also shall see God face to face.

Thus shall we give back its youth to the world, for like tongues of triple flame we shall brood upon the Great Deep - Hail unto the Lords of the Groves of Eleusis!

Aleister Crowley : from his COLLECTED WORKS.



HAPPY DUST

for Margot

Snow that fallest from heaven, bear me aloft on thy wings
To the domes of the star-girdled Seven, the abode of ineffable
things,
Quintessence of joy and of strength, that, abolishing future and
past,
Mak'st the Present an infinite length, my soul all-One with the Vast,
The Lone, the Unnameable God, that is ice of His measureless cold,
Without being or form or abode, without motion or matter, the fold
Where the shepherded Universe sleeps, with nor sense nor delusion
nor dream,
No spirit that wantons or weeps, no thought in its silence supreme.
I sit, and am utterly still; in mine eyes is my fathomless lust
Ablaze to annihilate Will, to crumble my being to dust,
To calcine the dust to an ash, to burn up the ash to an air,
To abolish the air with the flash of the final, the fulminant flare.
All this I have done, and dissolved the primordial germ of my thought;
I have rolled myself up, and revolved the wheel of my being to Naught.
Is there even the memory left? That I was, that I am? It is lost.
As I utter the Word, I am cleft by the last swift spear of the frost.
Snow! I am nothing at last; I sit, and am utterly still;
They are perished, the phantoms, and past; they were born of my
weariness-will.
When I craved, craved being and form, when the consciousness-cloud
was a mist
Precursor of stupor and storm, when I and my shadow had kissed,
And brought into life all the shapes that confused the clear space
with their marks,
Vain spectres whose vapour escapes, a whirlwind of ruinous sparks,
No substance have any of these; I have dreamed them in sickness
of lust,
Delirium born of disease - ah, whence was the master, the "must"
Imposed on the All? - is it true, is it true, then, that something
in me
Is subject to fate? Are there two, are there two, after all, that
can be?
I have brought all that is to an end; for myself am sufficient and
sole.
Do I trick myself now? Shall I rend once again this homologous
Whole?
I have stripped every garment from space; I have strangled the
secret of Time,
All being is fled from my face, with Motion's inhibited rime.
Still and stiller I sit, till even Infinity fades;
'Tis an idol - 'tis weakness of wit that breeds, in inanity, shades!
Yet the fullness of Naught I become, the deepest and steadiest
Naught,
Contains in its nature the sum of the functions of being and thought
Still as I sit, and destroy all possible trace of the past,

All germ of the future, nor joy nor knowledge alive at the last,
It is vain, for the Silence is dowered with a nature, the seed of
a name:

Necessity, fearfully flowered with the blossom of possible Aim.

I am Necessity? Scry Necessity mother of Fate!

And Fate determines me "I"; and I have the Will to create.

Vast is the sphere, but it turns on itself like the pettiest star,

And I am the looby that learns that all things equally are.

Inscrutable Nothing, the Gods, the cosmos of Fire and of Mist.

Suns, atoms, the clouds and the clods ineluctable dare to exist--

I have made the Voyage of Thought, the Voyage of Vision, I swam

To the heart of the Ocean of Naught from the source of the Spring
of I Am:

I know myself wholly the brother alike of the All and the One:

I know that all things are each other, that their sum and their
substance is None;

But the knowledge itself can excel, its fulness hath broken its bond;
All's Truth, and all's falsehood as well, and - what of the region
beyond?

So, still though I sit, as for ever, I stab to the heart of my spine;

I destroy the last seed of endeavour to seal up my soul in the shrine

Of Silence, Eternity, Peace; I abandon the Here and the Now;

I cease from the effort to cease, I absolve the dead I from its Vow,

I am wholly content to be dust, whether that be a mote or a star,

To live and to love and to lust, acknowledge what seem for what are,

Not to care what I am, if I be, whence I came, whither go, how I thrive,

If my spirit be bound or be free, save as Nature contrive.

What I am, that I am, 'tis enough. I am part of a glorious game.

Am I cast for madness or love? I am cast to esteem them the same.

Am I only a dream in the sleep of some butterfly? Phantom of fright

Conceived, who knows how, or how deep, in the measureless womb of
the night?

I imagine impossible thought, metaphysical voids that beget

Ideas intangible wrought to things less conceivable yet.

It may be. Little I reck - but assume the existence of earth,

Am I born to be hanged by the neck, a curse from the hour of my birth?

Am I born to abolish man's guilt? His horrible heritage, awe?

Or a seed in his wantonness spilt by a jester? I care not a straw,

For I understand Do what thou wilt; and that is the whole of the Law.

Aleister Crowley

JANE WOLFE

The Sword
Hollywood

Regina Kahl was a dynamic and exciting drama teacher at Los Angeles City College. The program was under the auspices of the W.P.A. to put people to work during the depression years. Since Regina had been on the stage many times and had studied her drama parts for opera, she knew quite a bit about this matter. I joined her class in January of 1937 as I was bored with my job in the bank and I found that it was quite a challenge to memorize my parts and to put on the skits and small plays which Regina had asked of the class. She often mentioned matters having to do with Thelema, as, matters on working on the true Will and quotes from Crowley. No one in the class actually could guess that she was dropping Thelema into our ears, as we had never heard of Crowley nor of Thelema. But we were an interested and enthusiastic group and in this class I made many friends and met my future husband, Paul.

Near the end of the semester, Regina conceived of the idea that her invitations to the Mass were falling on deaf ears for the most part, and that she could interest these young people if she put on a small play in the attic Temple where the Mass was held. After all, they had a dais with 3 steps and curtains and certainly this could be used for a play. She got up quite a bit of enthusiasm and about five of the students worked on presenting the play. When the evening came, it was a lovely, soft and gentle evening in early June and I walked through the dark with some anticipation to the evening's entertainment.

The house on Winona Blvd. was lit up from within and there were many voices and much laughter. I joined the crowd and soon we all traipsed up the stairs to the second floor and from there up the narrow stairs to the attic. It was very warm in the attic but we all survived this and heard the play with a good deal of enjoyment.

Afterwards, we went down to the living room and were entertained with refreshments and good conversation. Again the invitation to the Mass was given. As I was about to leave, a small and pale individual, a Mr. Smith, quoted some poetry to me and asked if I had ever heard of Aleister Crowley? Of course I hadn't, but I was very impressed by the fact that someone could quote poetry from memory. As I walked away from the house, I thought to myself that I had to know these people better. I was mainly bored with my job and with most of my acquaintances and I needed intellectual stimulation. But at that time, I was too young to think in these terms and I certainly did not know much about myself. I was merely attracted by an atmosphere which spoke to my own capabilities.

I took the occasion to attend the Mass several times that Summer, often with Paul or another friend. Afterwards, there was always a gathering and refreshments and we loved to talk and sometimes Wilfred would throw the Yi King sticks for us. Then I heard

that they had a small room to let, and after looking this over, I decided to move in. I was glad I had made this decision for now a group of interested young people began to form and I got more acquainted with Jane.

Jane seemed very quiet most of the time, for as she had complained in her diary, she was drowned out by Wilfred, who wanted to talk continually, and by Regina's dramatic and dynamic character. But it wasn't long before I found that Jane was the real nugget in this group. Mary K. was interesting, but it was Jane who was to be my good friend for so many years.

Jane had not written to Aleister for six months after the trouble with Max. Also, Wilfred was understandably nervous now about any report going to The Beast if he had not written it himself. In May of 1937 Jane wrote that she missed writing to Aleister "I miss writing you, miss hearing from you, vicariously and directly. I would like to reach you again, but - have I anything to offer?"

"I am now teaching on this Adult Evening School Program of Uncle Sam: Radio (using sound equipment), Dramatics and Speech Development!! O dear, how I did come down to earth all along the line when I realized my total inadequacy - the bruises are still there."

"Here at 1746 we keep plodding, plodding, - I find myself sometimes wondering if there is still life. There seems a pause, anyhow, in matters Magical. In my own case, this teaching job has compelled me to teach, willy nilly. And I just must make good. It means re-organization, plenty of it, and rehabilitation, too, if I am candid. So my hands are pretty full of Jane - if that matters. Perhaps I am really buckling down to a job for the first time in my life - getting out of the abstract and into the concrete. Stepping on it before the next incarnation overtakes me! One can feel so very insignificant."

Aleister replied with a short note and Jane wrote back a chatty letter. But she was in a period of depression which lasted for another year. Her room was in the front of the house, in the North-West corner. Regina was opposite this in the North-East corner. Mary K. had the room in the South-East and Lew Carroll and Tony moved into the room on the South-West corner. I had the small room between Lew's and Tony's and Mary K's. We young people had a great time discussing the things we were learning, and also the characters of Regina and Wilfred. We had much to say in our young ignorance of disapproval about the latter two. Our friends who had met Regina through her drama class would often come to visit and night after night, it might mean late hours for all of us as we either talked in the front room or around the round table in the kitchen.

But Regina thrived on the attention and Wilfred began to take

heart that maybe he could start the O.T.O. again. Regina had high blood pressure and Jane reported to Aleister in her letter of August of that year:

"Regina got turned down for a few weeks to see what she could do with her high blood pressure. I thought I would be decapitated for the opposite reason, but after I skipped rapidly and blithely on one foot for 30 counts, I kind of surprised them and came off with my standard flying. In the past 2 weeks Regina dropped 50 counts - she was 240/185 - and now has till 1st October to drop to 150, the dead line in the school system."

She also reported that she felt somewhat better:

"But thank heaven, there is now a feeling of free flowing and right flowing, which I accept gladly without question. Certainly I no longer sweat blood over poor old Jane's redemption. And that must be a relief to the world at large, and in particular. Not that I don't think I'm still some punkins! Only, that I have ceased to think of the divine appointment to some stunning and stunting job which would make 'em speak in whispers - if you know what I mean."

Because we lived in the house, we attended the Gnostic Catholic Mass every Sunday. The Temple was never used again for one of Regina's plays, as Jane and Wilfred had thought that the atmosphere had definitely deteriorated when it was used for this purpose.

I tried to read something of Crowley but found that it was difficult beyond belief. Sometimes Wilfred would hold long conversations, especially on Sunday evenings, which helped to explain Thelema and Crowley. Jane could also be asked for answers and she was a great help to me.

But at this time, she did not keep a diary. Both Jane and Regina taught through the summer with their jobs and then had to attend some University courses in the summer break and write on their course. Jane found this difficult and was entirely tied up in her job. She didn't have much energy and was always dieting and trying new ways to enhance her low supply. She was now 62 years of age, her hair was white and wrinkles had accumulated over the years. But she still had a commanding presence and an ingratiating way with people. Anyone who knew her well was grateful for the experience for she had much of wisdom and tolerance of others.

Regina was not very tolerant and from time to time we would see her in one of her rages. She could get angry in a flash, often over trifles, and then in the next moment she could be very nice. But many smarted over her rages for hours or days even though Regina would have forgotten everything and all would go on the same as before. Wilfred had sometimes to try and control Regina or talk her out of one of her fits. Together they talked for hours and hours and to me it seemed that a lot of energy was wasted.

That January of 1938, I left my job at the bank and moved out of the house at Winona Blvd. The next February they gave the Minerval degree to Roy Leffingwell, who, because he had a background in Astrology and had been interested in occult work for years, began to give some classes at the house. He soon became a 1st Deg. O.T.O. person and set to work to convert his family, every one of them.

Jane wrote again to Aleister in May: "No I haven't written in a long, long time -- I have been too down. This teaching job (as least I give it the credit) has opened my eyes and brought me to my knees. And it's heavy slogging. I just can't be a "successful" teacher - so far at least. One needs success of some sort so badly. How can the whipped and beaten endure without a philosophy for support, without satisfactions of some kind? Are all the whipped and beaten the "poor" - those who need the movies, the Aimees, etc., to keep them from imbecility, insanity, or violence of some sort.

"As Chairman 1) of the Cultural Arts Program of Los Feliz Womens' Club, 2) of the Drama Section of the same Club, meeting twice a month, 3) of Observers' Club - book reviews, current events, etc., twice a month .. all two-year tenures -- I was successful, building up attendance, in the latter case from an average of 12 or 13 a meeting to an average of 33. There was emotional and intellectual come-back. But this three-hour-an evening, four-night-a-week job bewilders and befuddles me. Fridays we make reports and attend a three-hour lecture. This summer I will have to do some University work, if I am to continue this mode of livelihood.

"Regina thrives on it like the bay trees of Lebanon... she will be heard from in a large way; with me it is a heavy task. Mixing with people has always been difficult - one or two I find easier. I need people so badly, so why don't I feel at home with them!

"The four of us are alone again - folks can't stand us long - with the exception of a youth who occupies the screen porch but does not board with us.

"Lu (ther) Carroll, divorced from Toni two or three months ago, has now become one of 4 occupying a remodelled stable and is going to town with sundry and various of his kind in this his first month away from the house. He still functions as the Deacon, praise be, and many times some 8 or 10 of the boys attend the Mass with him.

"The news from my angle of the House? I do not feel free to do this. Not that I think there is anything to conceal, but in some ways Wilfred wants to work alone, and I can be frightfully stupid about interpretations. He never felt at ease regarding me, after I moved here, until I wrote breaking with Headquarters when the London trial was on. This letter hurt me. (Incidentally, I am not yet over the hurt of giving him my Tunis AL, which I regret as I would wish for a clean gift.) But I am living here, working with him and therefore - perhaps mistakenly - keeping silent about House happenings just because it does make him uneasy.

"I type the letters Wilfred drafts on paper while we are out to school. They annoy me, the composition annoys me, the grammar which I used to correct. I still straighten out the spellings.

"One other item. On two occasions Wilfred confronted the possibility of being ousted -- one the summer of the London trial, the other the Jacobi-books affair, and on the first occasion he surprised me by insisting that I go with him, that I would suffer a big backwash otherwise, etc. As if anything could be more devastating than the Paris revolt. I suppose it is possible, but I can't imagine it. Wilfred has fine qualities, as I am sure you know - he has a really noble head, and I have faith in him, though I do act some times like a hen disturbed over the antics of her chick."

To which Aleister replied: "I was very glad to get your long letter of May 12th. I have read it through frequently and after a couple of bottles of liqueur brandy, I am apt to fancy that I know what it is all about. You keep on referring to people of whom I have never heard as if I had been at school with them.

"What I think is that you have not got rid of "the lust of result." You should stick to the Book of the Law and leave everything else alone.

"I am frightfully busy these days getting out all sorts of new publications so excuse this brevity."

That summer I married Paul in July and Jane and Regina had a long bout with bad health and depression. The Mass was continued as usual and often we would attend. Paul and I also went to the evening drama classes taught by Regina.

Jane wrote again to 666 in August: "We rather expect things of and from Lu. He is 22 or 23, has a good mind, is imbued with Thelema, is a good talker and reaches the level of his listeners --something Smith cannot do. Already he is influencing boys and girls of his own age -- not to the extent of definitely lining them up, but giving their haphazard existence some degree of aim and purpose."

She reported that she had gotten quite an interest in pantomime, which was to be expected as much of her early work in the movies relied on pantomime and body movements as there were no talking pictures in those days. As usual, she often talked of the ways she felt about life, and these one-way conversations could both Aleister quite a bit.

In September of that year, she again took up the diary entries. "We are once more a happy household. For weeks Regina and I were frightfully under the weather emotionally. She felt she could not endure much more. I all but invoked the Powers-that-be to remove

me from this house, it had become such a grievous burden." It was Regina and her sudden rages over trifles that really got Jane's back up. As for Mary K., she could scarcely endure it, either. Mary K. was not a joiner and so never attended the Mass on Sunday nights.

There were a succession of people to rent the extra bedrooms but most didn't stay too long. From time to time, Jane would meet someone who had come to the Mass, and have great hopes that they would become more interested in Thelema. Regina and Wilfred liked to talk endlessly about the people they thought they might interest in the Work. Most of the time, their hopes were dashed. Another topic for speculation was when the next war would start. LIBER AL VEL LEGIS had been printed the previous Spring Equinox both by the Church of Thelema in California and by A.C. in England. The English copy had a white cover and 2 mistakes in it, the one printed in Hollywood had a deep blue cover with gold printing and no mistakes. Wilfred was certain that we would now have a war and Aleister was certain of it as well. It was the time of the rise to power of Hitler in Germany and Thelemites didn't have long to wait, for the beginnings of World War II started nine months from the printing of LIBER AL.

Another source of energetic talking and work was Regina's plan to turn the students of her night school drama class into an independent group to be called "Kahl Players". Whenever she put on a series of short plays, the house at Winona Blvd. was turned into a place to work and rehearse.

Jane reported: "Again came the emotional strain among the females this Fall. I am over my mood, Mary K. still wants to get out, while Regina gives me the feeling of having at last swung Wilfred to her wants and desires. She is hammering, hammering for a little theatre, and is determined to use all of us, including Wilfred and O.T.O., to put over her scheme. So far without success -- so far as a suitable place is concerned. But all the talk of this house, all the creative effort of W and R, is directed toward a little theatre." and a week later: "The house has been in an uproar for days, people streaming in and out, rehearsing in the living room and temple, painting in the dining room, building sets in the yard. Eating at all hours, confusion and shouting! Tomorrow, the hub-bub of bringing furniture, dishes, draperies, etc., taken from the house for use on the stage."

Jane was very weary from her own work for her evening classes and could scarcely cope with what Regina was doing. She wrote: "Upstairs tonight (the Mass) I am impressed to perform once more "Liber Samech." I used this Ritual in Cefalu, first performing the Banishing Ritual, then going on my knees before a stool, on which was placed a copy of the Ritual. I intoned the words only, with slight body rhythms. Certain things took place, among others the appearance of a figure in a white robe heavily encrusted with

gold trimming from the hem upwards to about the knees, sleeves ditto, and a brilliant blue material on each shoulder - just a small piece showed. The face I could not see. 666 said it was Myself and would have blasted me out of my mind had I beheld the face."

So Jane then worked on LIBER SAMECH to try to bring order to her confusion and upsets. But she wrote: "I have not taken an oath for the length of time for performing the Ritual, nor that I shall do this rigorously every night. For years I have felt under a pressure that I must, must, must. A feeling of guilt - or at least something wrong if I relaxed and did naught but exist. ---I miss much by this habit of mine - not seeing things until they have passed by."

For a long time Max had been forbidden to attend the Mass but now he came back with a new woman on his arm. Georgia Haitz, whom he was to marry before too long. Jane thought that Max might be important to Thelema in some way. Certainly he had never fallen into disfavour with Therion.

She reported about us: "Jimmie and Paul Seckler have both got jobs with the May Co., wrapping packages for the Xmas trade. And are they happy to be making money. Jimmie owes Wilfred some seventy or eighty dollars. Phyllis is 3 months pregnant and will have to leave her job shortly - \$100. a month. So it will be up to Paul. Paul works like a Trojan here on set-building, theatricals, etc., but detests commercial activities, and was kept by mama for a long time. He and Phyllis make a good pair, and there is good understanding between them - and freedom! So unusual with wives and husbands!

"Oddly enough I always had faith in Paul from a magical point; that is, that he had the making of a magician. Neither Regina nor Smith could see this. While they were all for Lu, whom I could never see as a magician. Lu is predominantly a homo - Paul is bi-sexual. Lu lives with "fairies" all the time, adopts their manners, lingo, etc. Lu's father was a minister and he has a decided devotional strain. Paul is a free-lance, with a sense of humor and a sadistic strain."

But much later Lu gave up homosexual life and married again. During the war he joined the army and became a Captain in a Machine gun unit and was eventually lost to any further work with Thelema.

Then a new person showed up: "Young Parsons was here tonight to talk with Wilfred. Mary K., coming down the stairs and seeing him in Wilfred's room, automatically thought: "The next priest." One of Jack Parson's friends, had brought him to the Mass early that December and he had immediately felt a kinship with Thelema. She wrote: "Parsons is a chemist, married, and is attending Cal-Tech. He is definitely interested in the occult and "sane" about it, Smith says. He has a much better mind than his friend."

January of 1939 rolled around and Wilfred felt devitalized and weak. Regina had gotten to be too much for him and had drained him of energy.

Jane continued with Samech but was too weak to do it in the Temple so she recited it every night while resting in bed. She wrote: "At finish of Pentagram tonight I realized Adonai was to be found and seen in things and people around me; not to be sensed or felt within myself."

By February Jane had found a lover, Lawrence DeMoroff. They talked a great deal about Thelema, but Jane soon found that Lawrence couldn't keep his mind on a subject for very long, even though he had a deep interest in mysticism and the occult. They met together at Georgia's house for an interesting evening and Georgia and Max tried to lure Jane away from the work at Winona Blvd. She reported: "Georgia came into the open: 'Wilfred down and out - why stay with something washed up?' They are attracting people and money. And she implied they were prepared to go on with the Mass; that 'had it been put on beautifully and in a dignified manner there would be more adherents.' She wants me to come to their regular Saturday afternoon meetings and see what they are doing.

"They need larger quarters and want my financial - and I hope spiritual support. But I cannot see Georgia as the Priestess. Regina has had serious - and still has some limitations, but anyhow she has eliminated those affectations and realization-of-Regina-enthroned that Georgia still has so markedly. I would find it difficult to sit through the adjustment. She just will not be one of the group when reciting the responses at our Mass in the house, anticipating or trailing after and holding on to Aumns after the Deacon et al are finished. - Later. No, not anything O.T.O. A.A.. only. "

Then the house at Winona Blvd. broke into the newspapers and Jane noted that she had been tardy to report this." Feb. 26. Friday night on City College campus a drama student was attacked by a "Sam-the Slugger" and died from wounds received early Saturday a.m. Somehow Regina and the "Purple Cult" were dragged in. Last night Chief of Police Davis and 2 Inspectors were here; today several newspaper men, while tonight the Examiner man witnessed the Mass; afterwards took photos of Regina, Smith and Lew in their robes at the altar.

"Papers have articles - only one using the old Hearst tactics; Herald-Express (Hearst evening paper) which made up copy from the Examiner article. The H.-E. was here for photos this afternoon.

"All a.m. I felt free and full of power. I feel exhilaration - a sense of everything moving out into the open, smoothly and

strongly; the Work opening up without the past restrictions.

March 1: "KMTR started work on the "Purple Cult" - which is news-
- writing a script for use over the network. Lew, Regina, Wilfred
and this man started work about 11 o'clock last night, the object
being to elucidate Thelema favorably to the public. My physical
weariness took me to bed, but I have now been awake for some time
and so scribble these notes.

"The man said they wanted something to combat the growing
wave of Nazism in this country and our "liberty of the individual"
could well be of assistance.

"Regina beginning to feel terror for the first time. While
teaching Monday night, flashlights for photos played on her at
intervals from outside the windows of her room. She teaches on
the ground floor of the building. She fears this "Sam-the-Slugger"
might attack her. "

Meanwhile DeMoroff had unearthed a slur on Regina's character
by one of her old employers in dramatics. The man said she was
a "sexual pervert". This remark was relayed to Regina and again
she had doubts about being in the public eye.

Jane went to Max's house on her way home from school that March
and asked them to put their cards on the table. "The sum total of
Max's remarks: that Wilfred is totally inadequate, only the outer
form given the people downstairs Sunday nights - nothing of the
spiritual inwardness of Thelema; that Wilfred and Regina create
a bad atmosphere in the Temple; that he and Georgia constantly
hear bad reports, here, there, and the other place; that reper-
cussions are about to take place that will blow the place to pieces;
that I should go with them immediately, etc.

"Georgia is distinctly and definitely hostile, spiteful and
venomous. She would ruthlessly tear down the entire structure if
she could. The Work is quite secondary with her. Her hatred of
Regina, plus Max's influence, and the desire to see him exalted to
Smith's status back of it I think, though Max says; 'No O.T.O.
activity on his part.'

"G. is a married woman, a mother, had a Lesbian period, men and
homes with them, virtuously says she 'had to go to bed' with W.T.S.
when she first came to Winona Blvd. She was living with George
Daly at the time, she took on Smith, opened Tibor's pants when he
took her home, then settled on Max after meeting him. Yet she "had
to go to bed with Smith." The harlot gone righteous and virtuous!"

Meanwhile, Jane was enjoying very much her love affair and
association with DeMoroff but Regina and Wilfred were very dis-
pleased and Regina especially bound and determined to smash Jane's
involvement. Jane wrote: "during our discussion of Profess house

disciplines, the subject of DeMoroff came up. Regina: 'of what use is he! I can't see any! Lazy, just looking for a berth. Married his wife because she had money.' (The berth hardly holds where I am concerned, my dear girl!) That DeMoroff might have a generous impulse is quite beyond her grasp it seems. And this he has. Wilfred answered by saying: 'DeMoroff was asked to speak before an audience of some 1500 or 1600 people last night (Mankind United) and acquitted himself favorably enough to be asked to speak at Bakersfield and have all expenses paid for him. And that he, Smith, would not be so invited.'

"These people look mess, true, the unskilled laboring class, small shop keepers, restaurants, etc., as well as of the better working classes. But these are the rough hewn rock of the base of the pyramid and two million such would mean some power. These are the people, too, to whom many Equinoxes went through Russell. Their stand: Abolishment of War and Poverty. Equal opportunity for all, but what is then made of the opportunity is up to the individual.

"And I? I see Adonai! Blessed Adonai! I must not fail DeMoroff."

Then later that month: Jane reported: "Lawrence here, through with Max! It seems he ran into Georgia downtown and 'she insisted on my going to Max's office', where Max proceeded to go after him about the Culling place.

"DeMoroff, it seems, gathers up people and takes them to Max's Saturday afternoon gatherings. (DeMoroff does attract many people). 'After Max's meeting was over, I assure you, not during it', and the group were in the social stage, he was asked by one or two for information regarding Mankind United. Of course he spoke enthusiastically for it, as is his wont about any subject that interests him. This Max and Georgia resented and they spoke to him about it. They also accuse him of being 'dictatorial', etc. Today was the last straw and DeMoroff sailed into Max and Georgia accusing them of smugness, conceit, derived from personal communication with 666, and vows he will not go there any more Saturdays. Will remain Max's Probationer - signed for a year, but off Max. And that is that! Lawrence has weakness, many good qualities - being proud and fearless he needs mighty careful handling.

How the personality conflicts ran and generally loused up the work of putting forth the ideas of Thelema! The same is true today. Jane could see this clearly now: "The speech and attitude of Regina regarding DeMoroff shows how we can, and so frequently do, limit ourselves when another personality annoys. In DeMoroff's case, she would not like him, naturally, he is much like herself. Values himself highly, impulsive and not too well set up intellectually. She sees him as a possible 'menace'. Paul Seckler does not trust him. Wilfred had no use whatever for him, but is coming around and said, 'Well, anyhow, which one of us, on going places, says "Do what thou wilt, etc., Love is the law, etc., which DeMoroff

does every time he goes on the platform."

"The 12th Aethyr gives me a larger comprehension of BABALON, more understanding of the Cup of Abominations. And of the Admonition, "Let her be loud and adulterous". One is apt to limit these words to the Christian concepts alone, while they embrace so very much more than the sexual union of two people. This yielding up of the Personality to Life, to circumstances, as does water, accepting every obstruction, curving round it, adjusting to all levels. What a mighty symbol!"

The next day, after a quiet afternoon in Ferndale, Jane and Lawrence were again together. Jane wrote: "Evening Sun-Moon. He fell sound asleep beside me and stayed the night. I marvel at my feeling regarding him as compared with Wilfred. W. gives me the credit for an initiation summer of '31 and of bringing Regina that November. And so little response on my side -- under will from start to finish. I flow toward Lawrence and for this reason, I suppose, there is something sacred about him. I surprised him, as well as myself - and 64 hard winters. God a'mighty!"

April 2: "Saturday I wrote Culling a note regarding taking DeMoroff with me to Culling's cabin. Instead of posting, I handed this letter to him before the Ritual this evening. Afterwards we had a talk. He has nothing whatever against DeMoroff - except he talks too much - says there are no strings to my going to the Cabin, and that I may take with me whomever I choose to take. He said "No" to DeMoroff at the time DeMoroff announced baldly his intention of going, first because he was flabbergasted and secondly he did not want anything to interfere with my plans and Lawrence did not say he was going with me. What a mess Max made of it! Angered Lawrence so that he quit him as Guru. And all that rigmarole to me about Culling not liking DeMoroff because of Thayne! Freudian to say the least."

April 6: "Thursday. To Culling's place six miles beyond Temecula. We had a delightful time roaming over all-but virgin territory, hills covered with rocks and small bushes now blossoming, while a small stream ran noisily and musically over its rocky bed down the middle of a small canyon. Wed. night Lawrence performed the Banishing Ritual, made a personal Invocation and then recited Hymn to Pan. I used Thoth Ritual. Sun-Moon.

"Thursday we returned to the Canyon, climbed up to the level on which rests a small house and we both recited Hymn to Pan over the hills and recited other things that pleased our fancy. All Thelemic to saturate those hills. I would very much prefer more intellect - at times his wanderings are distressing. Certainly the child is very in evidence."

They got home the next day. That April 14 they lunched together

and Jane had this to say afterwards: "Lunched with Lawrence and the opportunity of saying that having signed Probationer Pledge he was bound to be tempted for sincerity and stability. Also, that had he waited until Max expended his annoyance, he (DeMoroff) might have humbled Max and shown him his error by talking over calmly the situation, saying he could not accept Max's statement that his going to the cabin had queered the deal, that Culling is not that small, etc. but that notwithstanding all this he would continue as probationer. But this Lawrence could not accept. Of course, about a week ago he suggested I should be his Neophyte - which, as a matter of fact, I doubtless am, but I would not tell him that.

"April 16: Sunday. Lawrence came in about 10. Had been out to a wealthy home at Palisades. "They have seen" him "on other planes" - failed heretofore through stark egotism. "You are to lead us - you must not fail us!" He has decided to quit with me - still friends - but wants "to be with my people". If there proves to be a place for Jane will I join his family, etc. This wanting me with him he has mentioned before.

"April 17. I find myself frightfully annoyed with DeMoroff and have been asking myself the reason. I ask myself is it his assumption that he will shortly come to know who He is, and then perhaps he will be in a position to tell Jane who She is? The suffragette complex in me? Feminine battling masculine? Or just mad at the prospect of losing him sexually? (Somehow, I just don't believe this losing). Well - maybe.

"But tomorrow I plan to tell him a number of things about Jane I have not heretofore mentioned. Rather amusing this battling Jane - she's something new to me!

"April 29: Restless. "Something in the air." but not necessarily pertaining to us or me. Yesterday Lawrence flitted across my mind at intervals, as though he were under a cloud. He was here Monday night - there is no more inspiration there. I am interested in his outcome, by all means! - that he shall attain to his place in the scheme of things. Monday he said he might enlist for England.

"Lawrence here for dinner. He has been frightfully depressed and 'mad at the world'. Later he told me for the first time of his past life of labor, after the war. In ship-holds, iron-welder, bilge-something . . . working with the brutalities of men uncouth, arrogant, foul-mouthed. Lucy, his wife, took him out of this. He all-but suicided when she died. His strong feminine nature, plus lack of intellectuality and aristocratic characteristics of integrity and grace, have made him the butt of intolerance, impatience and crude humour. Through it all character, with fortified and strengthened will, humility and great understanding.

The naivete of a bumptious child, too, who loves people.

"Our later Work took on a new, deeper and more significant meaning. Consciously and properly unto Nu, I really believe."

Jane now was working with LIBER SAMECH regularly in the Temple in the attic. Jane continued with Lawrence and Regina and Wilfred began heavy battles over Regina's plans for the Kahl Players.

Jane noted: "Regina must be top dog, always and invariably. Adulation is meat and drink to her and these Women's clubs made her take the bit and bolt.

"Lawrence was here both Friday and Saturday and I sent him packing early in the evening. I was too nervy to listen to his prattle. The poor fellow was much hurt. Possibly uneasy, too. This is another door open for him."

This was the day my first child arrived, it was already May 14.

"May 22: Since May 6 I have not been able to work with Lawrence. He has become repellant. Realizing my wearying of the moment and nearly always wanting change, I took myself in hand and decided this morning to telephone him to return. But before doing so I take a Hexagram: "Shall I continue with DeMoroff?" I get Earth of Earth. So! That's that.

May 28: Sunday "A letter from 666. Max has written him saying I spoiled the transfer of Culling's cabin property of 40 acres. (Culling transferred 20 acres of another tract.) I shall find out what I can from Culling without stirring up too much dirty water. But, in a way, my hands are tied, as Culling's mind might be poisoned somewhat against Crowley? Still, if he can't stand that, he'd better skip and be done with it!

"Later. Wilfred has presented another angle - why could I not have seen through it! Culling was so happy to present the Order with a place where the brethren could go on Retirements - a place of rest and change. He discovered 666 wanted to raise money on it - mortgage, or sell outright.

"I recall here that Culling told me he had deeded a 20-acre tract elsewhere and stated: "If Therion wants to raise money on that, let him. And if any one comes over here and is not satisfied with his bargain, well, that's his look-out."

"This letter of 666 has lined me up definitely with Winona Blvd. Heretofore, I gave half, the other half to Therion in Europe. I almost feel like battling him."

It was the old story. Max stirred up trouble with his continual reporting to A.C. about things which he did not really

understand and Therion could not see through this pompous ego of a man and raised all kinds of trouble, mostly blaming Jane for matters over which she had no control.

It was bad enough to put up with Regina's impetuosity and outspoken behaviour and interfering tactics and rages and now Therion was also making life difficult. Jane felt quite alienated from him.

At about this time they learned at Winona Blvd. that Karl Germer was among the missing in the growing clouds of war.

To be continued.

CREATION

There aches a formless void of nothing
Potentialities in reserve,
Uncreate, unmanifest, woman's loving
Abyss of reason's curve.

Nothing throbs in loneliness and sorrow,
Revolving in the empty spaces;
Waiting for the Lord of Life to follow
Her beckoning, many-wiled faces.

"Come unto me," always she cries,
Enfolding him in her desire;
Lust for fulfillment in her sighs,
Her longing lighting his inner fire.

Leaps the flame of his Being,
Mysterious and wonderful the Way
Of the all-begetting, all-devouring
Wanderer seeking his lust to allay.

Thus the worlds become created
In the never-ending dance
Of He, the go'er, Her, the followed;
Their loves are life's continuance.

Meral - 1948