



# IN THE CONTINUUM

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

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The College of Thelema  
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the A.:A.:.



A PERFECT PIANISSIMO

by Aleister Crowley.

Hush to the harps and the hymns! for the soul in my body groans.  
I tremble in all my limbs! A fire eats up my bones!  
My right hand's spasm seizes and shatters my moons by scores,  
And the sweat of my forehead freezes to white-hot meteors!  
I lash the horses of night, and the stars foam forth at their flanks;  
All space and time take flight as my chariot tears their ranks.  
I drink the milky mist of the starry ways like wine;  
I grip God's beard in my fist and my axe cleaves gorge and spine.  
At sight of my anguish and trouble the heavens answer my will;  
The universe breaks like a bubble - and I am lonelier still.  
Silence and horror, the void - these are my feudals to friend!  
I, with eternity cloyed, hunger in vain for the end.  
Lo! I am shrunk to a breath, a wisp of phantastical air,  
A sycophant spurned by Death, a cast-off clout of Despair.  
Send but a ripple of song, O singer, to stir my breath!  
Send but a note to prolong this langourous lust of Death!  
For thou art subtle and swift, beyond my sight as a bird  
Loftily loud in the lift, a great grace hardly heard,  
(So low am I, my lover!) a beatitude blazoned afar  
Inaccessibly high to hover, a dream still more than a star!  
And yet I have known thee, known thine head bowed down to thy knee,  
The loose hair fallen a zone about the middle of me;  
Bend didst thou yet lower - incarnate bliss as thou art -  
Winding thee slower and slower, yet firmer about mine heart.  
Oh but the blast of wonder when mouth with mad mouth met,  
And in one dying thunder the manifest sun-world set,  
And God brake out ablaze - O sister, born at a birth!  
Let us raid the mountainous ways! Let us rape the virgin earth!  
Let us set the stars to song! Let us harness the sun for a steed!  
Let the streams of time run strong, with life for a water-weed,  
And we swim free therein, as the Gods themselves, as They  
Who splash the Aeons, and spin sedge-cycles in their play.  
Come! Let us soar, let us soar, beyond the abodes of time,  
Beyond the skies that are hoar with the blossoms of stars for rime,  
Beyond the search of the sun, beyond the abyss of thought,  
Beyond the bliss of the One to the land that the Gods call Naught;  
There let us rest, let us rest - O the jasmin in your hair  
As your head sinks on my breast - have we not rested there?

From "The International", September 1917



Single Letters	Double Letters	Mother Letters
⌒ Heh ≈ Aquarius	⌒ Beth ♀ Mercury	⌒ Shin
7 Vav ♂ Taurus		
⌒ Zain II Gemini	7 Gimel ☾ Moon	Δ Fire
⌒ Cheth ☿ Cancer		
⌒ Teth ♌ Leo	7 Daleth ♀ Venus	X Aleph
~ Yod ♍ Virgo	⌒ Kaph ♃ Jupiter	Δ Air
⌒ Lamed ♎ Libra		
⌒ Nun ♏ Scorpio	7 Resh ☼ Sun	
□ Samech ♐ Sagittarius		⌒ Mem
⌒ A'yin ♑ Capricorn	⌒ Pe ♂ Mars	
⌒ Tzaddi ♈ Aries	⌒ Tau ♄ Saturn	▽ Water
⌒ Qoph ♋ Pisces		





## THE TRUMPS OF THOTH AND PSYCHOLOGY

In this analysis of each of the Tarot Trumps we could take each one from the last Trump, "The Universe" and proceed upwards on the Tree of Life as does the serpent, mentioned in the last issue of I.T.C.. This is what Wang chose to do in his book, THE QABALISTIC TAROT, and this is what Crowley chose to do in his story "The Wake World", from KONX OM PAX. But instead of doing this, I would rather trace the path of evolution and of manifestation onto the material plane. How did we get here? The answer lies in a study of the Tree of Life with its spheres and paths of Tarot Trumps. We made ourselves with the help of universal forces and we made ourselves with similar patterns which run through all of mankind. We all have the same archetypes which worked from the beginning of whirling motions in Kether, the very center of our Star, or Khabs, and due to our love-affair with Nuit, or phenomena in one of her phases, we then proceeded to take the raw material which leads to materiality and bit by bit we used each power, energy, matter, form or shape and put together our own selves just as we exist today. True, in the Astrological chart which shows the influence of Planets and Zodiac signs, Elements and Gunas (or qualities) we put these things together in varying amounts and strengths for each individual. This has been our choice. We must know this and to know it will begin to free our psychological selves from misconceptions connected with life phenomena, the other fellow, projections, the Nephesch energies and the like.

We can hardly understand the nature of each Trump unless we also refer to the Hebrew letter which corresponds to it. Briefly, the mother letters in Hebrew; Aleph, Mem and Shin refer to Air, Water and Fire. But how about Earth and Spirit? These also must be represented. So Crowley placed Earth as a part of Tau, which usually also refers to Saturn, and Spirit is placed with Shin, or Fire. Thus, along with the letters, we now have 24 meanings placed on these 22 letters of the Hebrew Alphabet. Also, we make Aleph, Mem and Shin stand for the Hindu Gunas or qualities, Sattva, Tamas and Rajas. Please refer to either the Bhagavad-Gita or to I.T.C. Vol. I, No. 9 for the meanings of these.

The double letters in Hebrew refer to the planets and the single letters refer to the Zodiac signs. In the double letters, we have opposite meanings or polarities. Since our minds may not work without these polarities, they are an unchangeable rule of existence,, they also appear in other Trumps in various ways. If one thing can be true, then the opposite is also true. This we must accept as a matter of finding our balance or equilibrium, so necessary to a sane spiritual and emotional and mental and physical life!

All the Trumps represent active states of being, they are dynamic and like Archetypes, which they are, they come and go and play a smaller or larger part in our lives as conditions and phenomena dictate. The spheres are passive, they are the results of what went before and what comes after. For this reason, when coloring the Tree of Life, one uses the Queen Scale for the Spheres and the King Scale for the Paths. That is, unless one wishes to paint every color mentioned on the Tree as described in 777.



The Trumps are connected to the spheres in a particular pattern, not to be changed around, or the balance of the whole Tree is upset and one would never come to grips with the underlying truths in this pattern. There is a numbered order for both spheres and Trumps. All of this begins to show us the harmony and laws of Universal Order. If not for these Laws, we certainly could not have sent men to the Moon. Mankind needs only to understand and know the Laws of Nature to conquer his environment and himself, after all. In the Ruach or our mentalities, we can say, "God geometrises", as did early Adepts, such as Pythagoras. There is an order in the mental world which mankind has begun to understand and this order is resulting in the conquering of the material world.

There is also an order implicit in the spiritual world which is only now receiving some understanding. It is only the primitive who sees much of disorder and who needs to placate various Gods in hopes of allaying the ills which stem from disorder.

But let us begin then with "The Fool" and see how we started our journey into life and manifestation and phenomena.

THE FOOL - This Trump connects Kether and Chokmah. In Kether we find the unknown essence which we term Hadit, and which if we have any experience of such an essence, we can only term no-thing. For here is no manifestation of any sort, such as is realizable through the powers of the Ruach. Our minds cannot even conceive of no-thing, so mysterious is it. Hadit is the unmanifest and the unknowable, yet it is also the power to begin phenomena with its whirling motions. In LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, Hadit says:

"In the sphere I am everywhere the centre, as she, the circumference, is nowhere found."

"Yet she shall be known and I never." <sup>1</sup>

Chokmah represents the Word and the Will. It is Wisdom and here the unmanifest begins the process of manifestation into life through its own Word and Will. The Fool carries the whirling motions of the unmanifest Light (not to be seen, Light is a term to which we may relate intellectually, but the Light mentioned is not like our physical conception of Light, it is more pure energy) into the sphere of Chokmah where it begins to be molded into some semblance of the Will of the Individual and of the known Universe.

The Fool is the beginning of our journey into manifestation, activity, phenomena, life. By life, we also include the opposite curve of death. These two opposites co-exist equally and we enjoy first one and then the other.

The Fool is the Wanderer, he is two sexes in one, he is life and death and many other opposites. Our Khabs, or Star, which we call also Hadit, now puts on the many-colored robe of manifestation and begins the journey into human life. He is the babe, not yet manifest in all the guises possible to it, but ready to go. The Star seeks ever to go - as the Fool is going - and by this going there is always union with Nuit, or in other terms, Babalon, who

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1. Cap. II, v. 3 & 4.



represents the possibility of event, of forms and actions. Nuit is void and empty until each Star wills and utters his or her word and goes into a love spasm with Her.

Anything is possible to this Fool-Wanderer. Which way should this babe go? Should his spiritual spontaneity result in wisdom, madness or folly? He is a beginner, he knows nothing, he is foolish beyond all accounting. He is irresponsible, in him exists any possibility. He is ourselves as the babe in the egg of blue, the pure Harpocrates, not yet born, sitting on a lotus leaf. The possibilities of this creative anarchy of the Fool can be a blessing or a drawback when he appears suddenly in our lives. He is beyond ego consciousness and the thinking mind. He is above the abyss. But his presence is often known to us through slips of the tongue and lapses of memory. He also appears in dreams and visions and sometimes "out of the mouth of babes."

His message, no matter how repulsive to our set ways of thinking and our staid modes of life, must be heeded, for he carries the message directly from our own Khabs, from Kether. He gives us the possibility of being transformed into the hero, the prince who awakens the sleeping princess and makes her his own.

Notice that in old fairy tales, it is often the fool of the family who performs seemingly impossible, unthinking and unplanned actions who wins the Princess. She represents Malkah, the sphere of Malkuth and earth, or the Earth of the last card of the Tarot, the "Universe." The myth refers to the marriage of the spiritual and the earthy.

The energy of the Kether whirling motions moves forward into the Fool. This energy is utilized by us in everything we do and carries us forward into life in an unrecognised way for the most part. Like the fool, we appear suddenly into the world and act without the ordered intellectual thought patterns and logic. When the fool is being acted out by us in this way, our instinctual actions are sometimes successful and sometimes make everything a mess.

Since the Fool is above the abyss, he cannot be comprehended by logic and reason and is very difficult to understand as he combines in himself many paradoxes. His energy is unconscious and undirected by the intellect but it is an extremely strong and potent energy. He is beyond space and time. He is opposite poles of energy as found in light and in air. He is all things and nothing. We think of him first as one sort of energy and then as another. Since our brains work only on one pole of energy at a time, or on one idea at a time, it is difficult to pin the Fool down, for he is in himself the two opposites. The Fool can create and destroy, enjoy order or anarchy. He is unconventional; but this Khabs of ours, whose light the Fool carries, is a creative light. So when the Fool is operative, we may become very creative. We may have fresh and unusual ideas, coming from the depths of our being. We can revolutionize ourselves and our world.

In LIBER AL, the Fool is referred to as the highest attainment and as



oversee and lend potency to the entire operation. (3) Invoke the particular elemental forces necessary for the ritual. (4) Once these are present, constrain them to lend their assistance to the task at hand. In the midst of this "charge," the inner significance of the implement is reviewed by the magician and imprinted strongly on the subconscious. (5) Seal the charge with oil and irradiate the implement with pure Light to empower it. (6) Use the newly-consecrated implement to banish the invoked elemental energies, simultaneously clearing the temple and demonstrating by action the implement's power over its element. (7) Close the ritual.

In Stage 2, the Most High is invoked by an address to Nuit, fulfilling Her instruction to do all "unto me." A traditional Rosicrucian prayer was adapted for this purpose. This is followed by the 1st Enochian Key, a powerful invocation for attracting the powers of Spirit.

(The Golden Dawn's Enochian pronunciation is not consistent with how Dee and Kelley were told to pronounce the language by the Enochian Angels. A more correct way has been detailed by Laycock in The Complete Enochian Dictionary. The version given in this article is a phonetic one, based on Laycock's work. If pronounced as though it were Latin, it comes as close as presently possible to Enochian as taught to Dee and Kelley.)

Stage 3 uses a combination of Hebrew and Enochian elements, similar to the Golden Dawn ritual. In this phase, the Enochian predominates, as in the Golden Dawn.

Next follows "The Charge." The paragraphs for each element are based on a common formula which should be easy for most readers to discover. Please notice in particular that each main idea contains its opposite as a necessary element to fulfill the basic principle. This is followed by invoking the traditional Hebrew hierarchy ruling the proper elemental quality, that it may "increase and strengthen the hidden forces and occult virtues of this implement within its proper domain."

In the section labelled "Fulfillment," one line may be confusing at first. "Anoint it again, with the Rays of the Sun from within thyself." This is an element common to most of the rituals studied; but the exact method seems highly personal. The simplest way is to hold your hands above the implement and radiate light from your palms. The method taught in the Sanctuary of the Gnosis of the O.T.O. may be preferred by a few of those who know it.

Here follows the ritual.



## CONSECRATION RITUAL for Elemental Implements

### PREPARATION

**Attire:** Rose-Cross Lamen. White robe to govern the elements from Spirit. Alternately, a robe the color of the element involved. The 00=0" robe is best.

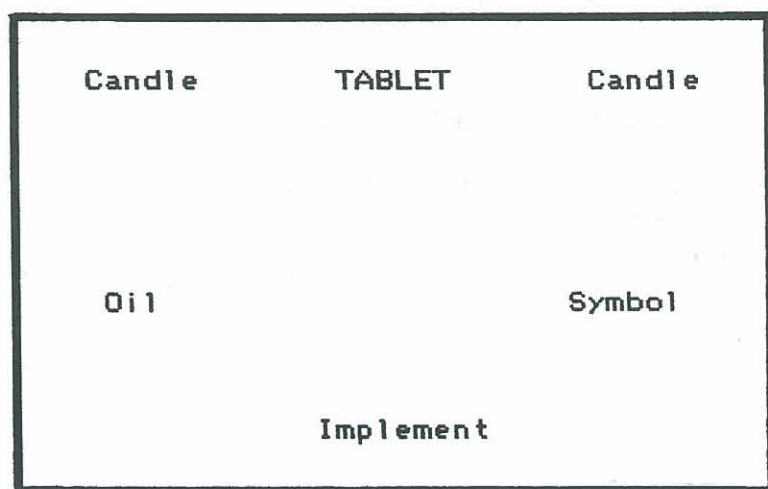
**Altar:** Double cube draped in black. This is the material (elemental) field of operation, the unenlightened substance, whereon we place a Token of Light.

Place the Altar just within the Circle in the quarter assigned to the proper element (Air, east; Fire, south; Water, west; Earth, north). Upon the two outside corners (near the circle), place two tall white taper candles.

There should be an emblem of your choosing. This must be a symbol of Tiphareth, i.e., of the completion of the Great Work, with power to govern the elemental aspects of personality from the place of Spirit. Some examples: the Golden Dawn triangle and cross; the compass and square as known to the Master Mason; the Sacred Hexagram of Solomon, or its variation as known beneath the Royal Arch of Enoch; an image of Ra-Hoor-Khuit; the Ankh; an equal-armed cross within a circle; the "Mark of the Beast," etc. Some symbols, though sufficiently sublime, are insufficiently specific. Thus, The Book of the Law does not fulfill this requirement, nor does the lamen of the O.T.O. as it stands. The selection of this one symbol is a deeply personal matter which will reflect the magical identity of the magician.

The Enochian tablet of the element.

Arrange these as below:



Elemental lamps of the proper colors are placed in the four quarters (yellow in east, red in south, blue in west, green in north). These are tokens of sub-elements, and of that Light which shines within each and all of the elements.

whose name is Love, that Sea which purifies the world. Is it not spoken, 'Love is the law, love under will'? Yea, by ~~Ara~~ is the Great Work performed.

Thereby, in the offering of this tool unto Thee, Most High, for thy consecration, do I as well spill my own blood for Thy Cup, wherein all lose their identities in the Oneness of its Sea. With thine aid, let my heart be pure and serene; and its name shall be Strength, by virtue of that Understanding which fortifies the worlds."

(for AIR)

"Before Thee, all ye Mighty Ones of the realm of Air, I present this Dagger, a material symbol of my own Self-conscious Reason. It is written, 'For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union. This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all.' Yet, 'Also reason is a lie; for there is a factor infinite and unknown.'

Thereby, in the offering of this tool unto Thee, Most High, for thy consecration, do I as well recognize myself as thine own winged thought. With thine aid let my reasoning be acute and clear; and its name shall be Unity, beneath that Light of Ineffable Beauty whereby all is sanctified and illuminated."

(for Earth)

"Before Thee, all ye Mighty Ones of the realm of Earth, I present this Pantacle, a material symbol of my own body, that body which composes the entire physical universe. Thou hast ordained us, 'Be goodly therefore: dress ye all in fine apparel; eat rich foods and drink sweet wines and wines that foam! Also, take your fill of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will. But always unto me.'

Thereby, in the offering of this tool unto Thee, Most High, for thy consecration, do I as well offer myself as the Temple of Thine Indwelling. With thine aid, let my substance be strong, balanced and established; and its name shall be Ever-Changing, whereby Thy Kingdom shall be Eternal."

**Invoking the Elemental Hierarchy:**

"By the Holy and Divine Name

Adonai [for Earth]

I.H.V.H. [for Air]

El [for Water]

Elohim [for Fire]

I entreat Thee, great archangel

Auriel [for Earth]

Raphael [for Air]

Gabriel [for Water]

Mikael [for Fire]

to bestow upon this [implement] a goodly measure of that authority which thou bearest over the element [name element]. Direct, I pray, thine angel

Phorlakh [for Earth]



Chassan [for Air]  
Taliahad [for Water]  
Aral [for Fire]  
that he may order the Powerful Prince of [element]  
Kerub [for Earth]  
Ariel [for Air]  
Tharsis [for Water]  
Seraph [for Fire]

to increase and strengthen the hidden forces and occult virtues of this [implement] within its proper domain.

"In the name of [Adonai, I.H.V.H., El or Elohim] hear me, and make all Spirits of [element] subject unto me; so that every Spirit of the Firmament and of the Ether, upon the Earth and under the Earth, on dry Land and in the Water, of Whirling Air and of rushing Fire, and every Spell and Scourge of God may be obedient unto me."

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Knock.  
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### 3. FULFILLMENT

Anoint the implement with oil.

Anoint it again, with the Rays of the Sun from within thyself. (This is a private sacrament to be carried out according to the tastes and style of Art of each magician.)

Raise the implement on high. Slowly turn once, deosil, to unveil the results of transubstantiation before the Universe.

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Pause. Meditation.  
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### 4. CLOSING

Using the newly consecrated implement:

Trace the Banishing Pentagram of Spirit (Active or Passive) with the proper Word.

Trace the Banishing Pentagram of the element with the proper Word.

Salute the East (toward Boleskine) with the Sign of the Element.

Return the implement to the Altar. Wrap it in silk of the proper color.

Knock 3-5-3. Say "ABRAHADABRA."

## EXAMPLE: Consecrating the Pantacle

### 0. OPENING

Either (a) perform the Star Ruby; or (b) declare "Procul, O procul este profani," then perform Banishing Lesser Pentagram.

#### AN ADDRESS TO NUIT:

From thine hand, O Lady, cometh unimaginable joys. From Thee flow down all blessings. The characters of Nature with Thy fingers hast Thou traced upon Thyself, but none can read them unless taught in Thy school. Therefore even as servants look unto the hands of their masters, and hand maidens unto the hands of their mistresses, so do our eyes and hearts turn unto Thee; for Thou alone art our help. O azure-lidded woman, who should not extol Thee? Who should not praise Thee, O Thou Naked Brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky? All is from Thee; all is of Thee; into Thee must all again re-enter! There is none beside Thee! Who shall not then praise Thee, O Thou who art Heaven Herself, unto whom there is none like, who art the infinite reaches of All, yet whose temple is the heart within? Thou art in all things and all things are in Thee! O Nature! Thou Self of Nothing! For what else can I call Thee? In myself I am nothing but self; in Thee I am that Self of Nothing. Live Thou in me and bring me to that Self which is in Thee!

#### 1st ENOCHIAN KEY:

O1 sonf vors ji, goho Yad Balt, lansch kalz vonfo; Sobra zol ror i ta nazpsad, grah ta malprj; Di-es holq nothoa zimz, od kommah ta nobloh zien; Soba thil jnonp perj aldi; Di-es urbs oboleh ji r'sam; Kasarm ohorela taba Pir; Di-es zonrenj kab erm yadnah. Pilah farsm snursa adna gono Yadpil, di-es homtoh; Soba ipam, lu ipamis; Di-es lohoho vep zomd poamal, od bogpa aai ta piap piamol od vooan. Zakare, ka, od zamran; odo sikle quaa; zorj, lap zirdo noko Mad, hoath Yaida.

### 1. INVOKING THE FORCES

From the center of the Temple turn to the north. Approach the Altar.

Trace the Invoking Pentagram of Spirit PASSIVE. Vibrate AGLA and NANTA, giving the Sign of the Opening and Closing of the Veil. Trace the Invoking Pentagram of Earth. Vibrate the God Name ADONAI. Give the Sign of the element.

Trace a Cross before the Elemental Tablet to place all within the authority of the Great Names of the Tablet. Say:

"In the Three great Secret Names of the Most High -- MOR DIAL HCTGA -- that are borne upon the Banners of the North, I summon Thee [draw swirl on board and say:] ICZHIHAL to attend this sacred ceremony and by Thy Divine Presence increase its effect, whereby I do now consecrate this magical Pantacle. Confer upon this Pantacle the most potent might and virtue which it may receive, that I may find it a strong defense and powerful implement in all works of the element of Earth."



Draw Invoking Hexagram of Saturn. Vibrate the names of the six Seniors from the Elemental tablet [LAIDROM, ACZINOR, LZINOPO, ALHCTGA, LIIANSA, AHMLICU] and say:

"Mighty and honorable Seniors of this Watchtower of the North, be present this hour and bestow upon this Pantacle thy sovereignty in the Elemental realm thou dost rule, that its outward, physical form may remain a true symbol of the inward, spiritual force it represents."

Read the 5th Enochian call, then say: "I declare that the Powers of Earth have been duly invoked and are present."

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Pause. Knock.  
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## 2. THE CHARGE

"Before Thee, all ye Mighty Ones of the realm of Earth, I present this Pantacle, a material symbol of my own body, that body which composes the entire physical universe. Thou hast ordained us, 'Be goodly therefore: dress ye all in fine apparel; eat rich foods and drink sweet wines and wines that foam! Also, take your fill of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will. But always unto me.'

Thereby, in the offering of this tool unto Thee, Most High, for thy consecration, do I as well offer myself as the Temple of Thine Indwelling. With thine aid, let my substance be strong, balanced and established; and its name shall be Ever-Changing, whereby Thy Kingdom shall be Eternal."

Invoking the Elemental Hierarchy:

"By the Holy and Divine Name ADONAI, I entreat Thee, great arch-angel AURIEL to bestow upon this Pantacle a goodly measure of that authority which thou bearest over the element Earth. Direct, I pray, thine angel PHORLAKH that he may order the Powerful Prince of Earth, KERUB, to increase and strengthen the hidden forces and occult virtues of this Pantacle within its proper domain.

"In the name of Adonai, hear me, and make all Spirits of Earth subject unto me; so that every Spirit of the Firmament and of the Ether, upon the Earth and under the Earth, on dry Land and in the Water, of Whirling Air and of rushing Fire, and every Spell and Scourge of God may be obedient unto me."

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Knock.  
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temple - a tiny closet where I kept a skeleton which I fed on mice and birds with the idea of creating a material and living demon servant - where she was rent in pieces by the evil things she had invoked. She went to the devil and her master fled the country.

Not bad, all this, for one's first year of magick?

One of our great exploits was the saving of the life of my master. Absolutely unselfish, he would never stir to help himself and he was a permanent invalid from spasmodic asthma, with complications. Frater V. N. and I determined, in the name and for the sake of the Order, to save him. We evoked the spirit Buer to visible appearance. This was not wholly successful; at that time we wanted things to happen as they did in books - for we were young. But we got the right leg and the foot and ankle of the left as solid as need be; and the head, helmeted, was dimly visible through the incense smoke. In those days we were too pious to use blood, or we might have done better. However, the purpose of the work succeeded. The Master recovered and is alive to this day - fifteen years later.

Curious how dull good is, how amusing evil! Much keener in memory is one night when Frater V. N. and I were alone together working on the talismans and other necessities for some operation or other, I entirely forget what. We went out to dinner and before leaving the room, I noticed that the temple door was slightly open. It was locked by a Yale key of which there was but one, which had never left my possession. In those days my chief alarm was that some one would get into my magical affairs. (Nowadays I callously let them in; if they blow their heads off, that's their affair, not mine!) So I sedulously slammed and tested the door, and out we went to dinner. On the stairs was a black cat - not a real cat, either. Back we came from a perfectly temperate meal, found the outer door secure as we had left it, entered, found the temple door wide open, though with no sign of violence, and the altar overthrown and its furniture tossed in all directions - And then the fun began!

Round and round the big library tramped the devils all the evening, an endless procession; 316 of them we counted, described, named and put down in a book. It was the most awesome and ghastly experience I had known.

Strange how they love to open doors! In the East of my big temple in Scotland was a secret shrine, on to which folding doors opened. These I would lock, padlock, seal, nail down, fasten (in short) by every manner of means; yet, every time I left the room, I expected to find them open. Too often to recount, I did so. I set all kinds of traps for the spirits; it was useless. As long as I was in the room nothing would happen; the moment I shut the



outer doors behind me, the inner ones would open noiselessly. I ultimately had to perform a special ceremony to get rid of the annoyance. The demons who played this game were the 49 servitors of Beelzebub; when tamed they became exceedingly useful.

There is a manuscript in the Arsenal Library of Paris which has been translated and published under this title, "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage." It is the best and the most dangerous book ever written. The translator, who lived at the other end of Paris, had to give up cycling to the library, so many were his accidents. Even afoot, he was in constant danger of his life. And he misused the book, fell from a very creditable degree of attainment as a magician to be a loafer, a dipsomaniac, a sponger and a blackmailer; in the end he died insane.

The book is the address of one "Abraham the Jew" to his second son, Lamech, bestowing this magick upon him. The author records his research, his many travels and disappointments. At last he meets with one Abramelin in Egypt, goes with him into an oasis and is there initiated by the bestowal of this Sacred Magick. He returns, achieves the task and employs his powers to the glory of God and the benefit of his neighbor, "forcing even bishops to restore stolen property," winning battles for Electors by the timely creation of "artificial cavalry," healing the sick wholesale and generally bestirring himself as a philanthropist.

The substance of the operation is as follows: Get a house in a quiet place, have a terrace opening to the North of your Oratory, have robes and a crown, a wand and a few other not-too-Persian apparatus; and then get busy. Pray more and more every day to obtain the Knowledge and Conversation of your Holy Guardian Angel. After two months cut out all distractions and pray harder. After two monthos of that, pray harder still.

Then the climax. The Angel appears and instructs. Then and not till then summon the Four Great Princes of the Evil of the World and compel them to swear obedience on the wand and order them to operate certain talismans. The next day call the Eight Sub-Princes and the third day their servitors.

The book is written throughout in a serious and simple style. It is by far the most convincing mediaeval magical document in existence. The personality of Abraham himself is evidence.

And any person who doubts magick has only to get a copy of the book and refuse to take it seriously. He will get proofs enough in standard time; place, the back of the neck!

But if you take it seriously and reverently, if you aspire



with your whole will to this attainment, you are safe. The blows of the demon will fall only on those about you.

Yet every obstacle will be put in your way. For example, I had command of what was for all practical purposes unlimited money. I didn't care what I spent on this work. It took me eleven months to find a house.

In copying out on vellum the talismans, I used the breakfast-room of that house, a room chosen because it was light and cheerful and caught the early morning sun. The weather was fine. Yet I had to do my copying by artificial light. The sun could not penetrate the murk that gathered about those talismans.

One day I returned from shooting on the hill to find a Catholic Priest in my drawing room. It was to ask my permission to do what he could for my gardener, a total abstainer of twenty years standing who had gone raving drunk.

My housekeeper vanished, unable to bear the eeriness of the place.

An adept with whom I had arranged that he should stay to be a link between me and the outer world likewise fled in terror without a word of warning.

One of the workmen employed about the place went raving mad and tried to kill me. Others again became dipsomaniacs. All my dogs died. My cook very nearly died and was only saved by a talisman.

Such are just a few of many incidents which averted the tragedy of dullness from my daily life. And all this, mind you, at the mere threat to perform the Operation!

Time would fail me to tell of all the untoward events that happened to people who did not even go so far as this. Only to have that book on one's shelves is a more serious risk than drying dynamite on a stove!

The talismans work automatically. They are as easy to explode as Iodide of Nitrogen and a sight more dangerous. My friend and editor, Captain J. F. C. Fuller, once marked his place in the book with his butcher's bill; a couple of days later the butcher was at work; his knife slipped, pierced his thigh and killed him. As Fuller observed at the time, "It may be only a coincidence, but it's just as bad for the butcher!"

"At my initiation I was taught to be cautious" is a note in one system; in another the neophyte is told "Fear is failure and the forerunner of failure. Be thou therefore without fear, for



in the heart of the coward virtue abideth not."

Keep these two precepts constantly in your mind, and you should go far and fast.

Now for the third class of magical operations! It deals no longer with the brain of the magician himself, as in the case of visions and evocations; it acts upon third parties directly. I refer to the arts of "fascination" in its proper sense - the word comes from the Latin "fascinum." Love is blind: and fascination includes all arts that have this effect. You transform yourself, like Zeus, into swan or bull, like Lucius into an ass, like the Egyptian Magi into an hawk, swallow, or Ibis, or like the Syrian into a dove and by this means compel the desired object to your arms. Or you become invisible - in the practical sense that you remain unseen by those whom you wish not to see you, and if you are playfully inclined and hungry you become a bat or a wolf and go afield for blood. These stores are not legends: they veil true powers. I only once tried vampirism, for examination purposes and in about an hour I bled my victim white. I passed with honours and special mention.

Of course, the reason why one does not do these things is that in the trance Atmadarshana, on the threshold of masterpiece, one loses one's Ego for ever. Thenceforth the man exists only as a vehicle for an Impersonal Master; he lives his own life and does his own duty, but the Master in him doesn't care what happens to him.

The other day a young lady came to consult me. I gave her about a thousand dollars' worth of information. She asked me what I was going to charge. I said: "Nothing; regard me as a bank account on which you can always draw." She said: "But you must eat!" I answered: "I do not see the necessity."

I am always being asked why, if I have all these powers, I do not cause stones to become bread and throw myself from the Woolworth Building in order to prove the truth of the Ninety-first Psalm and obtain all the kingdoms of the earth at slight cost to self-respect.

Why did Christ refuse in the Temptation on the Mount?

It is the same story; I am come to do the Will of Him that sent me. And if I have to die on the cross, that is better than living on it!

One form of fascination is the power over animals. Persuade your animal that you are not that dangerous wild beast, a man, and your task is over.

Remember St. Francis preaching to birds and fishes. I have



seen Allan Bennet do the same with the krait, the deadliest of the Indian snakes. We met it on a road. Before I could blow its head off with my revolver (the first duty of man) Allan interposed with his umbrella. But not to kill it. He deliberately stirred it up. It struck at the umbrella. "That," said Allan, "is anger," and went on to prove to the (I trust attentive) reptile the terrible results on character of allowing oneself to give way to anger! He also animadverted on the danger of frequenting the public highway and, to conclude, removed the beast gently to the long grass. As a krait can strike in the fiftieth part of a second and kill (if he does strike) in about ten minutes and as Allan's only protection, besides his divinity, was a pair of thin white duck trousers, I think that may stand as one of the bravest acts ever done. I consider myself a bit of a hero merely to have stood by!

However, I learnt a few tricks of this kind myself; for example - a thing most useful in the tropics - how to prevent mosquitoes from biting one. This is done by thinking kindly of them. It must be a genuine spontaneous feeling of brotherhood, or it won't work. You can also pick up anything hot by fixing the attention on the fact that "it doesn't hurt." But that again is a matter of knack. If you think about it too hard, you can no longer do it. I believe D. D. Home had this power.

Again, you can prevent things from biting you by certain breathing exercises. Hold the breath in such a way that the body becomes spasmodically rigid and insects cannot pierce the skin. Near my bungalow at Kandy was a waterfall with a pool. Allan Bennett used to feed the leeches every morning. At any moment he could stop the leech, though already fastened to his wrist, by this breathing trick. We would put our hands together into the water; his would come out free, mine with a dozen leeches on it. At such moments I would bitterly remark that a coyote will not eat a dead Mexican, but it failed to annoy him.

With invisibility I was very successful. I made a big operation of it in the City of Mexico and practiced daily for months in front of a mirror. I got good at it at last; and several times I have saved my life and even things that I valued thereby.

(To be concluded.) Aleister Crowley, from "The International" October, 1917.

(Editor's note: The first two articles of this series were placed in "The International" for August and September, 1917 and can be found in IN THE CONTINUUM, Vol. I, Nos. 8 and 9.)



## THE REVIVAL OF MAGICK

by The Master Therion

(Concluded from the last issue)

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

Another important attainment is that of traveling in the "astral body." This, too, I practiced hard. I was able in time to make my presence known to a person at a distance, by a sort of instinct. Soon I got it so that I could be both seen and heard. I have not yet been able to impress inanimate objects, for I gave up this class of work as not essential to the Great Work. For instance, when I was in Honolulu I had a long talk with a girl in Hong Kong. I described the town and her house and room, with accuracy, in great detail. She, too, saw me and wrote down my remarks correctly. But I failed to knock a vase off the mantel, as I wished.

The point is this. To "get into the astral body" really means to allow the consciousness to rest in a vehicle of fine matter and, detaching that from the gross body, to move about. But this has its draw-backs. One is no longer at all on the material plane, but on the astral plane, and one must not expect to see material things. This is the blunder made by "physical clairvoyants" and the cause of their constant errors. No; for physical clairvoyance, or for action at a distance, somewhere on the astral one must pick up ready material as a basis for a sort of "incarnation." Thus the girl I speak of had burnt incense specially to give me a body visible and tangible and audible. But incense is not strong enough to make a body mechanically solid. It becomes sensible to the eye and ear of a living person, as a cloud is, but not strong enough to resist pressure.

However, by offering blood one can construct a body good enough for, say, courtship and marriage. I have done this often enough; it is not at all difficult when the conditions are right. It is dangerous, though; if anything happened to the blood when you were using it, there would be a nasty mess and if the blood be not carefully destroyed after you have finished with it, it may be seized by some vampirish elemental or demon. I think no one below the grade of Magister Templi should use blood, unless he be also an initiate of the IX<sup>o</sup> of O.T.O.

Such have been only a few of very varied activities. I may remark that the methods so far employed are not altogether satisfactory. There is too much accident, for one thing. Quite recently, a disciple of mine, painting that great square of letters which synthesizes the elemental forces of water, had a tank burst and flood his house. On another occasion, at headquarters, teaching astral traveling through the Tablet of Fire,



we had five fires in three days, while the disciple who was being taught went home the third night and found his house burning, a fire having started in the coal cellar. A "natural" fire can't start in a coal cellar, especially, as in this case in winter.

For another thing, these methods are very tedious. A proper evocation of a spirit to visible appearance means weeks of preparatory work. Again, they do not always succeed as fully as one would like. In short, I felt the need of further initiation and the communication of a method as safe and sane and easy as railway traveling.

I will not here detail the steps by which this came to me; enough to say that the A. A. A., the mightiest organization on the planet, chose me eleven years ago to do a certain work and rewarded me in no niggard spirit. Then, nearly six years ago, the Frater Superior of the O. T. O. came to me and appointed me Grand Master of the Order in all English-speaking countries of the Earth and Special Delegate to America. With this He conferred the secret of high Magick which I wanted. Easy to operate as a bicycle and sure of results as a bottle of brandy, it only needed a little intelligent study and practice to supplant all the old methods, which became, as it were, adjutants of the real thing.

It is upon this that I am still at work, for I have not yet completely mastered it. There are two parts to every magical operation. The ancient Alchemists expressed this in their formula "Solve et Coagula." First, one must subtilize matter so as to be able to mould it and then fix it again in gross matter so as to retain the desired form.

The first part of this is swiftly and surely accomplished by the method of which I write: the second part is not equally easy. The result is that one obtains always an earnest of the desired goal, a shadow of the reward, so to speak. But this does not always materialize. For example, one performs an operation "to have \$20,000." A few days later a prospect of obtaining that exact sum suddenly arises, then fades slowly away. Exactly what to do in such a case is a problem of which I have not yet found the perfect answer. Fortunately, it rarely happens that this trouble supervenes. In five out of six times the desired event comes naturally to pass without further disturbance. But I confess that I should like to make that sixth time safe and I believe that in another few months I shall have done so. Already matters have improved seventy per cent since I first was initiated in the Great Secret.

It is no great wonder, then, that Magick has revived. When I began the work of the A. A. A. I had over a hundred pupils in less than six months. The system of the A. A. A. is singular in many respects; in none more than in this, that it is really



secret. No man except the Head and His Chancellor and His Praemonstrator, knows more than two members; that one who initiated him and the one that comes to him for initiation. In this way the work has spread through the world with no fuss or trouble. Only now and again is any open work visible - when Isis lifts her skirt enough to show her stocking!

For instance, one hears of public ceremonies on A..A.. lines in South Africa, in West Africa, in Vancouver, in Sydney, in Paris and London and (maybe) New York. These appear sporadic; their simultaneity is really the mark of what is passing in the mind of the Masters of the A..A..

The success of the O.T.O. is even more striking to the un-initiate, because its results are more apparent.

Part of the policy of this order is to buy real estate everywhere, to build and furnish temples, lodges and retreats. Hardly a month passes but I hear of some new branch already financially sound, with its own headquarters, some beautiful property in the country, a fine house, large grounds, all that is needed both for initiations and for the practice of that life and of those works which bring forth fruit from the seed of those initiations. And every week brings me news manifold of what is being done. There is hardly a country in the world which has not dozens of members hard at work at magick and for the most part making progress at a rate which almost makes me jealous, although for my generation I made advance which was a miracle of rapidity and excited the envy of all the duffers. But the work done by my Masters and (I think I may truly say) by myself also has simplified the work incredibly for all. In the Equinox, 777, Konx Om Pax and a few secret documents, the whole mystery has been explained; and for the first time in history of Magick, a standard Encyclopedia has been published. It is no longer necessary to study fifty strange tongues and wade through ten thousand obscure and ambiguous volumes. With three months' study and a year's practice any man of moderate intelligence and sufficient will-power is armed, once and for all, for the battle. Only in the O.T.O. is some knowledge kept back, and that because the great secret is so easy to learn and so simple to operate that it would be madness to entrust it to any person untested by years of fidelity.

These, then, are the principal causes of the Revival of Magick. It is not possible to publish the figures, nor would it be desirable. But I can assure the public that one has only to enter the magick path to find on all sides and in the most unexpected quarters, men and women whose whole life is secretly devoted to the attainment of the Royal and Sacredotal Art.

Already Magick is once more a World-Power; the print of the Giant's Thumb is already the amazement of the incredulous; and within five years it will be clear enough to all men Who brought

about the World war and why.

We shall see science triumphant, philosophy revolutionized,  
art renewed, commercialism checkmated; and astride of the horse  
of the Sun we shall see the Lord come as a conquerer into His  
Kingdom.

The Revival of Magick is the Mother of the New Aeon.

And who is the Father?

"Ho! for his chariot wheels that flame afar,  
"His hawk's eye flashing through the Silver Star!  
"Upon the heights his standard shall plant,  
"Free, equal, passionate, pagan, dominant,  
"Mystic, indomitable, self-controlled,  
"The red Rose glowing on the Cross of Gold!"

Do you wish to find Him?

Herein is wisdom; let him that hath understanding count the  
number of The Beast; for it is the number of a man; and his  
number is six hundred and three score and six.

Aleister Crowley (from "The International", November, 1917)

#### LOVE IS ONE

I love God only when I love thee most.  
Censing the altar with the whispered shower  
Of worship, I approach the holiest hour  
When in the monstrance burns the blessed Host.  
Landed on life's chryselephantine coast,  
I make the godly gesture of pure power.  
The silence shrouds me like a folded flower  
When all life lapses in the Holy Ghost.

How could I love God if I love not thee,  
Or love thee if I were not lost in God?  
Could there be three unless those Three were One?  
There is no shore to the celestial sea;  
There is no pylon to the last abode,  
The temple of our truth, Hilarion!

Aleister Crowley (from "The International", October, 1917)



JANE WOLFE  
Hollywood,

The Sword

More than once someone or other thought up the idea that property should be deeded to 666 and that he should come to California to enjoy it and the care of the only active Lodge of the O.T.O. at that time.

There was an upset about the property that Louis Culling offered to A.C. and Jane wrote on this:

"May 28, 1939: 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 & 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."

Meanwhile, it was hardly a month after Stella was born before Paul disappeared to the middle West, chasing a girl he had grown fond of during the night school drama classes under Regina. I was alone and uncertain how to proceed but my sister Shirley was with me that summer and got a job and supported us both.

Wilfred visited us in our small house and then kindly took us all to the Mass and home again afterwards. That was the evening when Max and Georgia decided to attend the Mass again after quite an absence. Jane wrote: "Regina lit into Georgia after the Mass. She lambasted Georgia's "artificiality of responses in the Temple", before the entire room downstairs.

Previously while officiating as Priestess - annoyed at Culling's humming while he was playing the organ, she audibly (behind the veil) told him to "Stop singing!"

The whole atmosphere was charged all evening, every one walking on thin ice. I got the impression Georgia damn well meant to hurl a defy at Winona Blvd. when she loudly and stentoriously said: "Theah is no pa't of me that is not of the Gahds.""

Later: "I ponder Max and Georgia in relation to this house. I see them as the prodders, the prowling animals that keep the inmates alert and on their toes? This the value of the Black Brethren? They the ferment? And one has to learn to walk alone and side by side, with their ugly heads. This must be a part of Pan - that part that horrifies and terrifies when somewhat



realized, or shatters the reason when experienced too vividly. The destructive Pan."

The next week Stella was baptized at the Mass. We got through that summer somehow, and due to our youth, were not too much put out by the turn of events, other than my suffering at being abandoned and my baby also, that is. But in August Shirley had to get back to her college courses so that she could become a teacher and reluctantly she moved the baby and me to a small room as the rent on our house had been too long overdue. When alone, I wondered what to do, but Wilfred came to visit and offered me a job as cook and housekeeper at Winona Blvd. At that time both Jane and Regina were earning and Mary K. kept up her part of the expenses by her private nurse practice at Hollywood hospital. So they thought a housekeeper would relieve them all of the household burdens and then they would have more free time. I would not be earning a salary but the household would take care of small expenses, Wilfred explained. Well, I jumped at the chance, for here I could look after my baby by myself as I hated to trust her to a stranger. Further, the companions I had known through Regina's drama classes would still be around and I would not lack for companions of my own age.

By the middle of August, Jane was "separated" from her job, as she put it and was put on a small sum of \$21.00 a month. Regina had the same fate. However, something else came up in the way of land.

"Oct. 16. "Culling gave Wilfred's address to Floyd E. Wade, living some 6 miles out of Fallbrook. who for the past 11 years has fought, bled and all but died to retain possession of the 640 acres of virgin territory he homesteaded - and for which he now awaits the final papers. This Valley Wade always wanted used as a Retreat. He approached the Heindel group, the Point Loma folks and one other I think, but without avail. So we were tried.

We accepted and one Sunday Wilfred and Regina, Roy Leffingwell and Rhea performed the Mass there, christened the Valley 'Agape Valley' and put Wade through the Minerval degree.

It has taken many letters and visits to come to an agreeable understanding with Wade - Smith insisting it had first to be deeded to the Order: Wade suspicious of Smith's motives."

Jane again battled herself about leaving Winona Blvd. but felt so battered by the latest attack that she decided to relax and just let life happen around her. She enjoyed helping somewhat with Stella and kindly acted as babysitter when I had an invitation to go out. She also tried various ideas about a job but in the end, by December, she decided that as she would be 65 in about 4 months, she ought to apply for the old age pension. This she did and by Spring she had it, but never was able to land another job.

But her poverty meant that now she couldn't pay for the room she had occupied previously. She had to move in with Mary K. in her room and this was difficult for them both. Mary K. resented it, that she had now to pay again for Jane's upkeep, but she nevertheless did so.

That August 26, Lu Carroll and some of the Leffingwell family and I had joined the O.T.O. and again Wilfred was happy that things were moving after



all the damage Max had done. He took heart and worked away in his spare time on various needed objects for the O.T.O. and the Mass and Agape Valley.

Jane again looked around for rituals to perform and finally after some experimentation with LIBER NU, she went back to LIBER SAMECH. She began to have visions, too, but as usual, there was little practical result from them.

"Nov. 11. Wilfred depressed because Wade has, on the face of it, called off the Valley deal, as he Wade, wants to dictate policy, which we can't permit in toto if it is to be an O.T.O. Headquarters or Camp.

Up to 12 last night, the Leffingwells et al here to the monthly meeting of O.T.O. except Reea, who is home taking care of a sick mother.

The skit of double entendre given the night of the Masquerade party was too hefty a pill for the Leffingwell family to swallow. Friday night at Lodge it was well threshed out. Last night I talked with Ruth alone, hoping to plant the seeds of impersonality."

That skit had been done by Lu, a friend of ours, and me. We had great fun with it that Halloween Eve and I could hardly keep from laughing at the jokes hidden in the double meanings. I took the part of the lady who was being accosted by a photographer and who was entirely innocent and didn't understand the implications in the double meanings. But due to the outrage the older Leffingwell clan felt, and especially Reea, they dropped out from active participation in the O.T.O. monthly meetings. However, the young people continued.

On November 28 of that year, the household had a rather interesting visitor.

"Charles Stansfeld Jones - Frater Achad of A.:A.:; now of the Roman Catholic Church and the Universal Brotherhood, which Wilfred thinks must have R. Catholic connections, in for lunch and the afternoon. Nine years since he stopped on his way from England to Vancouver. During these years a definite change: no future, no planning, collecting books, visiting U.B. Brethren. Age pervades his atmosphere - decay has set in. Smith said he felt like a father talking to a child.

On joining the church, (I now realize he was not asked), he went in for rigorous training and discipline and I am wondering if it was not a necessary fight for anchorage against battles of doubts, etc., etc. He is 54 years of age and will adopt 2 more tiny girls, the other one, the first, is now 27, unmarried and content to remain at home. The babies are 2½ and 6 months old."

Jane and Wilfred were feeling pretty cheerful for the most part all that Autumn. The previous September some of the Leffingwell family and Lu and I had taken the I<sup>o</sup> O.T.O. and now they stepped up the rate at which initiations were given and gave the Minerval and I<sup>o</sup> all in one evening. They now, by the end of the year, had acquired eleven new members. So much for any damage Max could do!

Regina, too, after a brief time out of work, found her job again with the W.P.A. that autumn and continued with her teaching of dramatics.



"April 14: Parsons, wife and 2 friends came for the Ritual. He asked Wilfred why he didn't do something - start things moving! He can get Wilfred radio time. Very sorry about the failure of Valley proposition. Said the country was teetering at present, this way, that way - the capitalists thinking war would stave off temporarily the economic crash and change of system for a time at least, but that in such an event the later smash would be that much worse. After he was gone I suggested that Mellinger get busy writing 15 minute programs. I may collaborate. Wilfred will examine for properly arranged content. The upshot of the evening was that I went into the Temple feeling like a Joan of Arc. And I all but felt the marshalling of Forces, the movement of armies coming up into line.:

"April 16: I take a Yi for Phyllis re; her motto "Firm of Purpose" and get 56, Sun of Earth. Lui: Strangers. Firm right conduct may unravel most of the tangles incident to travel."

"April 25: In the Ritual this evening an enlargement of consciousness. On repeating at the close of the performance, "Behold! in my beauty how joyous Thou art, O Snake that caresses the crown of mine heart!" Life (how else shall I describe it?) took hold of me - in the Manipura Cakra as a matter of fact - permeated me. A sense of being 'saved'? or what? I said, "The Snake is Life, of course!"

April 25: Am I claiming too much to say that the Egg of Blue rested for a space near the back of my spine which opened up 2 days ago? After the close of the Ritual, silent and indrawn to this point, it seemed that where the Egg had been would open up at the top - there or at the top of my head?"

"April 28: This a.m. a little emotion moved around in a given area, looking for one thing and then another of which to make a problem so as to fret or fume about something. I refused it this, then that, and it finally subsided and disappeared. I should have taken the time to learn its little trouble, I suppose. Instead I theorized a bit about human nature and then flowed on to LXV, V. 21-24 - "so shalt thou abide apart from the Impressions." This is a fearful thought: to stand and watch the emotions of which one is capable expressing themselves as they are, hell, heaven and that which is between! Also, is one to let these emotions have their play, standing apart meantime, or is one to do something about it? As one's aspiration is ever onward and upward these eventually disintegrate and become regenerate in 'nobler' qualities and characteristics.

But continue to partake of Life as a sacrament - no matter what - a flowing between This and That.

A little sigh of wind passed over the mind at one point, telling me I had to leave here. And this saddened me. But the mind is so tricky - is this but the stirring of my past battles to continue to live in this house?"

Jane now continued the Ritual for three times during the day and felt again the Force she had become acquainted with previously.

"May 15: This Force is balancing, now here, now there, so that Power may flow through me freely without interruption of the senses, I assum. Perhaps it is well to state here that I yearned earnestly throughout the years to



conquer losing myself in delicious thrills. I have achieved somewhat, for I let Force play through me for a stated time without laying hands on it, regarding it impersonally. Therefore there is not that overwhelming sensation of previous years.

And I am learning to dwell in Manipura instead of the head as heretofore. This is one thing acquired from the Ritual."

"May 19: Force established itself in my spine, up and down, steady. Later came Force through what I call the frontal channel - to Manipura, to Visuddhi. (This 'frontal channel' was demonstrated on a previous occasion and rises from the clitoris. The spine from Muladhara.)"

"May 22: Today Force flowed through me as usual, but with more feeling. I say - with hesitation - that Harpocrates in the Egg came into Manipura. Did my mind put it here, for it first appeared in a lower centre. Also Force flowed to my head and played about Ajna - at least, between the eyes and around the eyes.

There was gold at Boleskine."

A day later she wrote: "Discovered myself crowned, as an Egyptian goddess: i.e. with the Uraeus Serpent."

"May 25: At the West Phyllis came vividly before me (I have been going over her Diary for Probationer), and I realized her as one of the chosen, the sacredness and holiness of her Yoni, and that she must regard herself as the custodian of a trust. I now understand why Wilfred wants her.

(Anything personal in this? Maybe. For I have thought it was up to me to give her certain instruction. In the 10 months she has been here Wilfred has visited her about 5 times. She feels she has not learned anything.)

"May 26: Toward the end of the Ritual the Tree of Life came before me. I saw Beast's star sapphire with the serpent setting - then a figure came onto the Tree, the head in Kether, the arms stretched out to Chokmah and Binah. Afterwards the figure was crowned with thorns, which may be association.

The Ritual has re-established my center. I feel dignified and more at ease than ever in my life, while there permeates me a desire to forge ahead along a line not altogether clear, but some intellectual attainment is a necessary part of it.

- - - "so do thou bind together the words and the deeds, so that in all is one Thought of Me thy delight Adonai."

"May 27: In 1924 or '25 in London, every night for 2 months I read aloud in bed before going to sleep "Ararita", for no reason at all. The name and the Hexagram gook on mood and feeling during the work on Liber Samech. Now, confronting me, I see "In the Image of a Sixfold Star", etc. Beast in "The Diary of a Drug Fiend: named me Athena. Reflection here, I suppose, from some one or some thing."

"June 3: Signed Phyllis as Probationer at 8:50 p.m."



"June 11: I feel like dancing! like singing full-throated! I want to glorify, to worship, to praise. At intervals I read Liber VII, Cap. IV, to let off steam.

Mary K. comes in and tells me Paris is on fire!! Now, at last my heart aches over European conditions. Heretofore the speed and thoroughness of the Blitzkriegs have fascinated and astounded me. Now I stop to weep for Paris the Beautiful."

This Cap. IV., Liber VII stimulates and thrills me. I have flowed toward it ever since reading the Book, though in some Retirement I memorized Prologue, Caps. I, III and V. Again I used for reading only, Cap. VII. The hieroglyphs in IV kept me from memorizing it."

"June 13: Regina had another big blow up. She did not know Phyllis had signed with me and cannot tolerate anything going on in the house she does not know for one thing. But what caused the rage was learning that W. had visited Phyllis three or four times since she has been in the house. I thought she knew of it, or I never would have mentioned it. Some time I hope to keep my mouth shut."

"June 14: Regina hauled Wilfred out of bed at 4 o'clock this morning to fight it out, the racket and hub-bub waked us up. This evening he and I took a long walk and I gave him my side of the story, so that he would have the story from both sides. Returning home, Sun-Moon.???

"June 19: The Great Work the understanding and uniting of Heaven and Hell, the Reality that which plays between them. "My Adepts have their feet in the utmost hell, their heads in the highest heavens." It is more than just the realization of one's godhead."

Jane then discontinued the Ritual and after that, Paul came back into my life. He had experienced rejection from his girl-friend, who had married a man in her hometown and so he came back to California, lived with his aunt and uncle in Perris near Riverside, got work on a farm, bought a car and then came to look me up and visit with Stella. I was happy to be wooed again, we smoothed over some of our differences and often I would take trips with him and sometimes visit the folks in Perris, taking the baby along, of course.

Wilfred told me that Paul was not to be allowed above stairs and not in my room. This was to me strange, for we had never been divorced and I was willing to take up our former relationship. Paul was charming and could talk a very good line. We enjoyed each other's company.

Jane had had scanty intellectual training at Cefalu, now she cast around for a direction in which to proceed. She took up the Tarot and studied for Mellinger's Astrology class and struggled to bring Astrology and Tarot into a coherent whole. Then she tried A.C.'s "An Essay on Numbers" and "A Note on Genesis". She studied Papus and Equinox VIII. She meditated on the Trumps, she meditated on the arrangement of the Tree of Life. She wrote: "we are always taught to aspire to Godhead. True: the Serpent of Wisdom must climb



up the Tree. But Kether also has to come down; God must descend into Man. But I cannot grasp any of this. I.e. anything beyond theory.:

"Pondering this descent into Matter, while going to sleep last night, I thought herein lies the agony, to be made the butt of scorn, to be cast out, godhead giving itself to be torn by the beasts, to be crucified. Some time during the night a Being told me I was wrong: that herein lay the joy of Godhead."

Then I became pregnant but hoped to work elsewhere so that I could have some money. This didn't eventuate but Paul came to live at Winona Boulevard that Fall and found a job in a restaurant. Again money was a problem for Wilfred asked Paul to turn over all his tips, which he did, and nothing came in my direction.

There was a ferment in the house as Wilfred always gave a talk after the Mass every Sunday night. But the talk was always the same and some of the people who attended resented this. They wanted something new, some new information or teachings and Wilfred did not feel that he could do this for every week. Sometimes Regina did some talking but Jane noted that her deportment was none too good and that she did not prepare any research and had a distorted view of Thelemic matters. Regina roared out her words and was too likely to try to dominate others. Jane felt drowned out by her and by Wilfred.

Again, I spoke and later Lu spoke about Wilfred's and Regina's desire to dominate everyone and everything. Regina took out her rage in small petty ways.

But Jane was allowed to talk on Sunday nights and did very well and her talk was appreciated by all. Further, the Thursday night classes continued and Wilfred did quite well with these.

The year drew to a close and now Jane was much impressed by Jack Parsons.

"(Unknown to me, John Whiteside Parsons, a newcomer, began Astral travels. This knowledge decided Regina to undertake similar work. All of which I learned after making my own decision. (She had decided to take up ritual again. Ed.) So the time must be propitious.

Incidentally, I take 'Jack Parsons' to be the child who "shall behold them" (the mysteries hidden therein. AL I, 54-5).

26 years of age, 6'2", vital, potential bi-sexual at the very least, U.S.C. and Cal. Tech, now engaged in Cal Tech chemical laboratories developing "bigger and better" explosives for Uncle Sam. Travels under sealed orders from the Gov't. Writes poetry - 'sensuous only', he says. Lover of music, which he seems to know thoroughly. I see him as the real successor of Therion. Passionate; and has made the vilest analyses result in a species of exaltation after the event. Has had mystical experiences which gave him a sense of equality all round, although he is hierarchical in feeling and in the established order.)

On March 16 of 1941 we were all invited to a propaganda supper at the Parson's home "to which Jack had invited 'prospects'". Jane wrote: "My first



visit to their home in Pasadena, a place with a delightful atmosphere. It would be that!" Jack played Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring" and Jane recited A.C.'s "Hymn to Pan." She noted: "Never did I read this so well - the silence following, when one could have heard the proverbial pin drop, attested the note of sincerity struck.

But I doubt there were any recruits - but then one never knows."

The preceding month both the Parson's, Paul and some others had become O.T.O. members. Now Jack wanted to see the group do more for Thelema. He himself had wanted to utter a "word of the Aeon" and was surprised that A.C. had done so when He had time to acquaint himself thoroughly with the work of Therion, and had many talks with Wilfred as time permitted.

On April 7 Jane noted: "A letter from Karl Germer! He is in New York!"

During the Hitler years, Karl had had a rough time of it. He was arrested by the Nazis on Feb. 2, 1935, in Leipzig at a relative's house. The charges were that he was a friend of Aleister Crowley and that he was teaching some Thelemic matters. As far as is known, Hitler had been presented with a copy of LIBER AL VEL LEGIS by either Martha Kuntzel, who thought of him as her child, and was very proud of him and what he could do for Germany and the world, or by someone else associated with Thelema. Hitler knew enough about this to ban LIBER AL in Germany and thus Karl came under suspicion when it became known that he was associated with Crowley.

When Cora did not hear from Karl, she became very alarmed and went to visit Martha Kuntzel (I.W.E.) to discuss the matter and see if anything could be done. Of course there was not much to be done except to appeal to the American Consul; since Cora was American and Karl was married to her, this might work. Cora was devastated that she had lost her money and her man.

Cora's money had gone regularly to support Crowley, to pay for his art exhibit in Berlin and to pay for the publishing that was being done in those years. Understandably, she had begun to hate Crowley and Thelema by now. Martha took it upon herself to plead for Cora to A.C. and state her case and her sufferings. But Therion's letter in reply stated that the Great Work came first, no matter what the sufferings of any one individual.

Karl was first taken to Columbia house a Berlin Concentration Camp. There he was allowed to work a short time in an architect's office. But he later thought that he had seen too much of Nazi brutality and so was moved elsewhere. But Cora had contacted the American Consul and this man pleaded Karl's case and tried to get him freed. For this crime, the Nazis punished Karl still further and sent him to a worse concentration camp, Esterwegen on the Dutch Frontier

Here he remained for seven months, witnessing cruelties of various sorts on every side. Cora now did not know where he was and there was nothing else for her to do but to return to America, where she again began her appeal to various authorities.

She found out where he was finally and sent him a cable. To this Karl



made a reply which was read by the authorities and as a result they put him in solitary confinement, they would not allow him to read and for six weeks he never saw the day nor was allowed in the open air.

But Karl had memorized the Holy Books of Thelema and these he recited in his cell every day and devoted himself to aspirations unto the H.G.A. Soon the H.G.A. did appear and told Karl when he would be released and what he was to do and various other matters. Karl was astounded and his life profoundly changed from that moment on.

Karl had been a Major in World War I on the German side and was also of pure German blood so soon it was determined that he could not be detained any longer. The charges beside, were too vague to get any real case against him and could not be proved.

So at the end of August of that year Karl was freed with instructions to report regularly as to his movements, interests and place of residence. Karl took an apartment and duly reported it, near the Belgian frontier. But he also took another apartment under an assumed name and one night he quietly slipped across that frontier and out of sight of the Nazis.

He continued his work as an exporter of heavy farm machinery in Brussels and with some trips to England and Ireland. This was with great difficulty as the wars and Hitler's movements were making travel awkward. In Brussels Karl somehow had the means to store his personal belongings, his diaries and other things at a friend's house. He did not write to Jane at this time, though he kept in touch with Therion. He now knew what his work was and he did the best he could to pursue this object.

When the Germans marched into Belgium, Karl was again arrested: here is his letter to Jane.

1007 Lexington Ave.  
New York City  
April 14, 1941

Dear Jane,

Your letter came duly and the first thing I did was to write A.C. to the address you gave me. Do not overlook the fact that I have been cut off from the world, from the whole of Thelema developments for almost a year, I don't know what has happened anywhere.

It is true that I do not expect anything to have happened of importance to productive Thelema work. That period is not yet due: "Now let it be first understood that I am a God of war and vengeance." I think we have to await or better make ready for the phase that is to follow. The best thing in my opinion is by first pulling out a few fortunes somehow, by finding the rich bloke or what. I have nothing in view for the moment, I don't know as yet how I can get a start.

As for myself, I was arrested by the Belgians the day the Germans marched into Belgium, i.e., May 10th, 1940. As the latter advanced we were trans.



ferred to the French authorities on May 14th and held in French Concentration Camps ever since. I have been in the Camps of LeVijean and just before the Germans advanced there, sent to the Camp of St. Cyprien on the Mediterranean near the Pyrenees of Spanish ill repute, and from there ultimately transferred to the worst Camp in France: Gurs, in the Pyrenees, where conditions were so primitive, so horrible that even very mild descriptions of the actual conditions in the American press shocked and bewildered people over here. And there are still 15,000 men, women and children held there in that Camp alone.

I got out finally on February 1st, 1941, after a non-quota immigration visa had been anew procured by Cora as long ago as September last, but the French only gave me permission to go to Marseille to see the Consul four months after he had asked me to call urgently for the visa. It's just their complete incapacity for doing anything, for making progress, for organization, that made it impossible to obtain the permit before, despite all kinds of urgent steps that were undertaken by Cora, others and myself with the various French authorities and the American Ambassador and Consul. We in the Camps have come to understand thoroughly the basic reasons for the rapid break-up of French resistance both militarily and administratively. Most, 95% of the prisoners in the Camps were Jews, all violently hostile to the Nazis, violently friendly to the French, many offering spontaneously to fight on their sides actively, who have now more or less become hostile to the French, due to the unsanitary conditions in the Camps, the dirt, the ridiculously poor food, causing scurvy, various diseases, the unhealthy water, and their incapacity and unwillingness to improve conditions until at long last attacks in the American Press - based on reports smuggled out by devious and dangerous means - forced the French to pretend to do something. Believe me, I am glad to be out of that hell. Fortunately, my health and general conditions do not seem to have suffered very much, and that is really a miracle which the French did their best to defeat.

If we had been prisoners of war, if we had been enemies of the French, if we had been young and vigorous, if we had been nothing but men, if we had shown the least sign of revolt on occasion - one could perhaps excuse the French. But most of us were over forty (up to 70), several thousands were women (of whom perhaps 35% over 65 and up to 95 years of age), 10% children and babies. And yet all those atrocities. There is no reasonable excuse or even explanation. No wonder that the death rate was horrible and that the blind sympathy for the French and their cause in those Camps has turned to the complete opposite.

I write only after four days <sup>here</sup> after being 6 weeks on the way from Marseilles, with Martinique, St. Thomas, Puerto Rico.

As regards things in California, I was under the impression from a report by A.C. some two years ago, that you had definitely established a farm in some valley - not having access to my files and books, which have remained behind and are somewhere in Belgium - I cannot check up on anything. But I am sorry that all those plans have dropped into the water. Let me know what actual and active positive work is being done there now. - I am sorry, too, that Max Schneider has severed relations with all of you. It had all sounded



so promising some years ago. Can't you procure his address for me? I just must get in touch with him.

Well, Jane, I am glad that I was successful in locating you and that you personally seem still to be fit as a fiddle. It seems such a long time since when I saw you last.

Give my love to all and I hope to be seeing you some day. I wonder whether we will be able to fix something up for A.C. to come over as long as the going is possible. I personally do not think though, that the Germans will actually be able to land in Great Britain. Still one can never know. All the best.

Fraternally,  
Saturnus.

There were many years of trying and of various sorts of efforts after this to get Crowley to America. But everything came to naught in spite of all the hopes and plans.

To be continued:



THE MOVING FINGER WRITES AND HAVING WRIT  
MOVES ON: NOR ALL THY PIETY NOR WIT . . .  
• SHALL LURE IT BACK TO CANCEL HALF A LINE •  
NOR ALL THY TEARS WASH OUT A WORD OF IT •



ANSWER

I walked in the valley of shadow  
I walked all alone.  
Many the doubts that beset me,  
Many the hideous groan  
Of the wind of thoughts o'erwhelming,  
Of the intellect's sand,  
That sought to engulf my faint candle  
That I held in my hand.

My one light, my one guide was failing,  
My only path too faint;  
On what could I depend for guidance?  
Loud grew my plaint  
As I searched in vain for the path before me,  
Searched the sifting sands  
And looked long for the way to Adonai,  
Looked long through the lands.

I forgot the message my heart had to give,  
Forgot its quiet sigh,  
"Look up, look up, the light is before you,  
A brilliant star in the sky.  
Look not to the earth of change and tomorrow,  
Look not to thoughts and tears,  
Ask not why, nor question ever,  
Ask not how of the years.

There is only one path, one light  
One star to follow  
One God in heaven and on earth,  
One answer to sorrow.  
No thought has realized yet,  
No eyes have seen,  
Nor ears have heard, nor touch  
No one has been  
Where dwelleth the answer to your life,  
Where is only one law,  
The law to love, to give of self entirely,  
To the Lover you never saw."

Meral  
1949