



# 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.

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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.

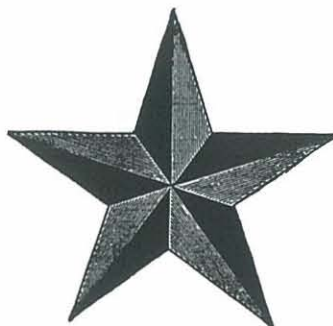
Completing the circle widdershins, retire to the centre, and raise thy voice in the Paian, with these words IO PAN with the signs of N.O.X.

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.

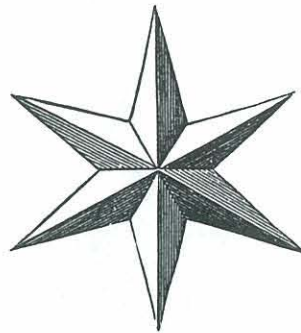
Go round to the West and repeat; but whisper BABALON.

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 Chepalu 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 Chepalu 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).<sup>1</sup>

#### 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  $\text{KAN}$ :

" $\text{K}$ , 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  $2 \times 671$ . 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 OTzVN,



"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-

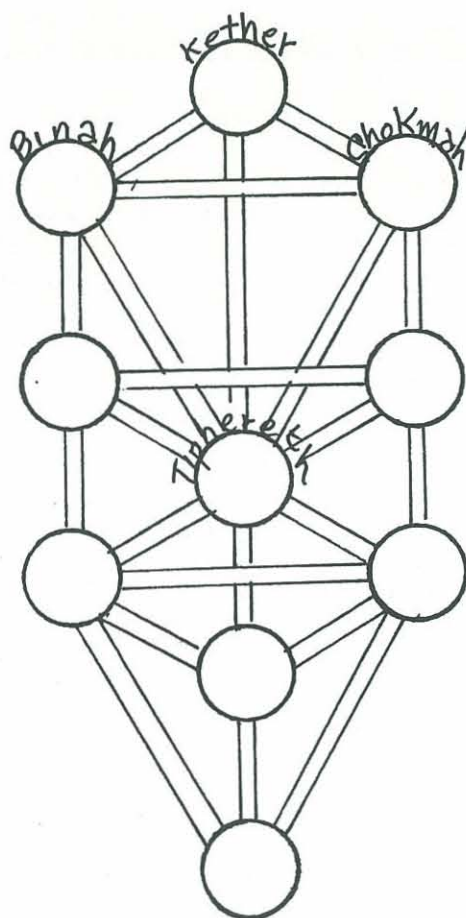


arched Vault of Heaven, when the Stars have lost their Light and the Lamp of the Moon is veiled, the Earth abideth not, and around thee darts the Lightning Flame and all things appear amid thunders....

"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 (gutterals), 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<sup>o</sup> O.T.O.

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### 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



