



# IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. III, No. 5

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

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



## STUDENTS OF A..A..

"Owing to the unnecessary strain thrown upon Neophytes by unprepared persons totally ignorant of the groundwork taking the Oath of a Probationer, the Imperator of A..A.., under the seal and by the authority of V.V.V.V.V., ordains that every person wishing to become a Probationer of A..A.. must first pass three months as a student of the Mysteries.

"He must possess the following books: -

1. THE EQUINOX. Vol. I, Nos. 1 - 10
2. RAJA YOGA, by Swami Vivekananda.
3. THE SHIVA SANHITA, or THE HATHAYOGA PRADIPIKA
4. KONX OM PAX by Crowley
5. THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE by Miguel de Molinos
6. 777
7. RITUEL ET DOGME DE LA HAUTE MAGIE, par Eliphaz Levi, or its translation, by A.E. Waite.
8. THE GOETIA OF THE LEMEGETON OF SOLOMON THE KING
9. TANNHAUSER, by A. Crowley, THE SWORD OF SONG, TIME, ELEUSIS by Crowley - these are to be found in his COLLECTED WORKS.
10. THE BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGIC OF ABRA-MELIN THE MAGE.
11. THE TAO TEH KING and the Writings of Kwan Tzu (Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XXXIX, XL.)

An examination in these books will be made. The Student is expected to show a thorough acquaintance with them, but not necessarily to understand them in any deeper sense. On passing the examination he may be admitted to the grade of Probationer." \*

These works of reference may be consulted as the questions of the exams are being answered.

A member of the Jane Wolfe branch of A..A.. has established The College of Thelema whose Course I is intended to provide the groundwork in more than an intellectual fashion which members of the A..A.. so desperately need. This course, when satisfactorily completed, is considered fulfillment of the student obligation and permits admission to the Grade of Probationer in the A..A..

Thus there are two ways of entering the A..A.. as above stated. The Jane Wolfe branch of A..A.. follows the instructions of the Master Therion everywhere possible.

\* From page iii & iv of THE EQUINOX, Vol. I, No. 9



# ATTRIBUTIONS OF THE TAROT TRUMPS TO THERION'S LIBERS

Atu/Title No.	Hebrew Letter	Value	Liber Class	Liber Titles and Numbers
0 Fool	Aleph	1		Liber Aleph - 111
1 Magus	Beth	2	D B	CDXII (412) - Liber A B vel Magi (Liber I)
2 High Priestess	Gimel	3		LXXVIII - Tarot Description Book Of Thoth
3 Empress	Daleth	4	A	DLV Had & Liber 27 vel Trigrammaton (?)
17 Star	He	5	A	Liber 11-NU V vel Reguli
5 Hierophant	Vau	6	A B D A	XC - Tzaddi Liber O - VI Star Ruby Liber VIII (from V. & V.)*
6 Lovers	Zain	7		MCXXXIX LXVII - Zain, a Sword
7 Chariot	Cheth	8	A A	Liber VIII (from V. & V.) Cheth vel vallum Abeigni, 156
11 Lust	Teth	9	B	Liber O - VI
9 Hermit	Yod	10	B	DCCCXXXI (831) - Yod
10 Fortune	Kaph	10,500		Agape - C (100)
8 Justice	Lamed	30	B E	XXX - Librae CCC - Khabs am Pekht
12 Hanged Man	Mem	40,600		CDLI - Siloam
13 Death	Nun	50,700		XXV - Star Ruby CXX - Cadaveris
14 Art	Samekh	60	B D	Liber O (skrying section) DCCC - Samekh
15 Devil	Ayin	70	A	CCCLXX - A'ash vel Capricorni Liber XV - Gnostic C. Mass
16 Tower	Pe	80,800	B	XVI - Turris vel Domus Dei V vel Reguli
4 Emperor	Tzaddi	90		CMXIII - Memoriae Viae (Thisa
18 Moon	Qoph	100		CC - Resh
19 Sun	Resh	200	D	H H H H H H
20 Aeon	Shin	300		XLIV - Mass of Phoenix Vision and the Voice
21 Universe	Tau	400	A,B A	CD - vel Tau Liber O - VI

Refer to Liber XIII  
Viarum Viae - Class B. - p. 679 in GEMS FROM THE EQUINOX

\* THE VISION AND THE VOICE



# COLLEGE of THELEMA



Founded in Service  
to the A.:A.:

P.O. Box 415  
Oroville, CA.  
95965  
An. LXXX, Sun  
in 0° Aries

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

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

It must never be forgotten that we are on a work of Evolution, raising ourselves up from the level of the animal and bestial to the level of the evolved and spiritual type of man and woman. Certainly no political or social action in an occult society such as grabbing for Grades, a criticism of one's fellow members, a display of ego and a desire for power over others will ever aid that evolution. These types of behaviour are but toys on the material plane and such should be eschewed by the serious student aiming at the highest development of his soul. His growth and development need not be known to the world at large and if he boasts of it, this may be another ego play, and he may not actually have attained enlightenment as he states. As is known from a study of the VISION AND THE VOICE and other inspired masterpieces by the Master Therion, if a person has crossed the Abyss, and has become a little pile of dust in the City of the Pyramids, (Binah), there is no one who can boast, as what existed before has been utterly dissolved in the Infinite, or in the body of Nuit.

But here is a quote from THE EQUINOX, Vol. I, No. 9, the editorial in front, which gives us a guidance as to the real Attainment and the work to be done.

"Our community has existed ever since the first day of creation when the gods spoke the divine command: 'Let there be light!' and it will continue to exist till the end of time. It is the Society of the Children of Light, who live in the light and have attained immortality therein. In our school we are instructed directly by Divine Wisdom, the Celestial Bride, whose will is free and who selects as her disciples those who are devoted to her. The mysteries which we are taught embrace everything that can possibly be known in regard to God, Nature and Man. Every sage that ever existed in the world has graduated in our school; for without wisdom no man can be wise. We all study only one book, the Book of Nature, in which the keys to all secrets are contained and we follow the only possible method in studying it, that of experience. Our place of meeting is the Temple of the Holy Spirit pervading the universe; easily to be found by the elect, but for ever hidden from the eyes of the vulgar. Our secrets cannot be sold for money, but we give them free to every one capable to receive them."



Our first step in our studies has been the nature of man, for each of us is human and we each must be fully informed as to our psychology and our own individual inner workings as well as what is common to mankind in general.

In our studies, there are only two processes possible, as Therion states elsewhere. These are analysis and synthesis. In alchemical terms we state solve for the former and coagula for the latter. Of course we start with the analysis, for without a full knowledge of our separate parts and how they work in relation to each other, no synthesis would be possible. This final synthesis may come as a great enlightenment, as a sudden access of understanding, as a blinding light. It has various and manifold ways of showing itself to the individual, but it is at the end of the process of analysis. So let us proceed with the analysis. We have started in each individual case with a horoscope for each one so that the person may know how the forces of the Universe work through him or her. We follow this up with some psychology when the going gets tangled or tough. We have tried to lay down a foundation of the study of the Qabalah as each person is a Tree of Life. Sometimes these studies become mere intellectual exercises and the person can become forever stuck in the intellectual world, the world of the Ruach. But this is a world of analysis still, a world of division. Eventually, with all his strength amassed, all his knowledge as a springboard, the individual must in one life or another, give up all that he is or was and cross the abyss. This step, however, is beyond the knowledge or the understanding of most of us. Let us labor then in the world of analysis and keep our sights on the Khabs or Star that we are as we go.

The system of the Tarot ties into Astrological knowledge and Qabalistic knowledge. It is really surprising how many times the Tarot is mentioned in the BOOK OF THE LAW, either directly or obliquely. Does not Nuit say: "All these old letters of my Book are aright, but Tzaddi is not the star"?<sup>1</sup> In other words, the Book Tarot is accepted and given to mankind as a direct route to the highest Initiations. It is at once a map of the Universe and of Nature and a map of man. It seeks to explain in one form or another the most abstruse facts of Man, Nature and the Universe as is possible to our level of evolution. It is a guide to the attainment of the mastery of the animal nature and the development of the highest spirituality that the individual may seek. Yet in all this, most of its meanings can be grasped by the average intelligent human. We are going to embark in these pages on an exploration of the Tarot Trumps as a map of the Unconscious forces in man. Since the Unconscious partakes of the universality of the whole Universe, as Jung states, it is very necessary that we should know what powers and qualities and capacities are contained therein. For the Universe also runs through all of Nature and man; for Universe, we may substitute the word God.

1. LIBER AL, Cap. I, v. 57



Is it not obvious to you, then, that to know yourself, to know Man, you are also given a method of knowing Nature and Man? In the synthesis that you will some day be able to make, all of these three will become one.

Not only does mention of the principles of the Tarot run through LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, but also through Therion's other Holy Books. Further, the steps upward of the brother of the A..A.. as he wends his way from the bottom of the Tree of Life to the top as does this pictured serpent (which is a glyph of the way to be traveled, that Path to attainment and enlightenment) is carefully provided for by Therion in making the Books of the A..A.. to correspond with one Path or another as symbolized by the Tarot Trumps. Here you will see how each Liber is made to correspond with its particular Tarot Trump.

Let me explain a little further. In KONX OM PAX there is a story called "The Wake World" where little Lola Daydream learns to leave her ordinary life of dreams and maya and to live with her Fairy Prince (the Holy Guardian Angel) in the spheres above the Abyss. Her progress starts at the bottom of the Tree of Life and goes upward over the Paths, which are the Trumps, to each of the spheres in turn in an orderly fashion. She leaves no Path or Sphere out of her progress and neither should the Aspirant to the Holy Wisdom.

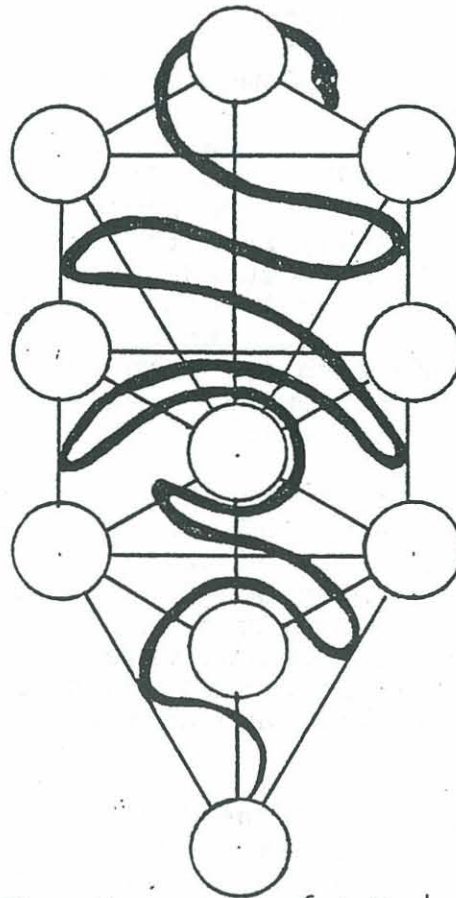
Now in this analysis of the Trumps, there is obviously not much mention of the spheres. I must refer the student to the booklist appended for further study on this matter. Also, the books which would be helpful in studying the Tarot are listed. What has not been done to date, as far as I can see, is a psychological analysis of each Trump so that the student can see clearly (I hope), how the wisdom of Carl G. Jung can be applied to a study of the Trumps and how each one of these is a part of his own Archetypal world. They are as universal in their application to the individual as is the fact that we all possess heads, arms, legs, torsos and other universal parts of our bodies.

I don't intend to include much of 777, even though this is also invaluable, as I think each person can look up correspondences and do his own memorising for himself. When a thorough grasp is made of the ideas behind each Trump, I would advise the student to sit down with other pertinent studies, and when he feels he is ready, he should then meditate on each Trump until he can see it working within himself as clearly as is possible. Also, in our daily lives, these Trumps come alive as well as in our dreams. Can you ask yourself with your everyday phenomena, well, I see the Magus was at work here, or this was the High Priestess, or this was obviously War, the card of Mars, etc. When you can do this you are very well on your Way! May you know your own Khabs!

Love is the law, love under will,

*Soror Meral*





The Serpent of Wisdom

#### Some Books on Tarot and Qabalah

Case, Paul Foster	THE TAROT
Crowley, Aleister	THE BOOK OF THOTH
	777
	Use of Tarot and Qabalah in various books too numerous to mention
Fortune, Dion	THE MYSTICAL QABALAH
Gray, William G.	THE LADDER OF LIGHTS
Levi, Eliphas	TRANSCENDENTAL MAGIC
Nichols, Sallie	JUNG AND TAROT
Regardie, Israel	THE GOLDEN DAWN
	THE TREE OF LIFE
	A GARDEN OF POMEGRANATES
Wang, Robert	THE QABALISTIC TAROT

## THE TRUMPS OF THOTH AND PSYCHOLOGY

"Thou shalt rejoice in the pools of adorable water; thou shalt bedeck thy damsels with pearls of fecundity; thou shalt light flame like licking tongues of liquor of the Gods between the pools."  
LIBER LXV, Cap. 5, verse 27.

"The pools and the flame between them refer to the Sephiroth and the Paths. The general meaning is that the Attainment has fitted the Adept to perform creative work in all spheres."  
Aleister Crowley, Commentary to LIBER LXV.

Though we may not here take up a discussion in full of the Sephiroth, in order to understand the Trumps, it is necessary to realize that the Sephiroth represent an unchanging and fixed structure of the human. They are centers of objective energies in the various levels of being. These levels we can refer to the four-world system. Usually we think of the first letter of Tetragrammaton as Yod and this letter refers to the archetypal world of Atziluth. We place the influence of Atziluth on the two topmost spheres of the Tree of Life, Kether and Chokmah. Then comes the world of He, or Briah, and this refers to the creative world and as creation begins in Binah, this letter of He is placed here. The world of Yetzirah is referred to the letter Vau and spheres 4 through 9. This is the world of the conscious mind with Tiphareth as its balance and center, the result of the two opposite forces of yang and yin, Chokmah and Binah. It is called the formative world, for with the conscious mind we begin to make our phenomena according to will. Finally, the world of Assiah is attributed to the final letter He of Tetragrammaton, Yod, He, Vau, He. This is the world of material appearance and is assigned to the sphere of Malkuth at the very bottom of the Tree. But Yod, He, Vau, He runs through everything. Mainly we see that each sphere has 4 worlds as above stated. If we are very skilled in the psychology of the Tarot, we can also see these four levels or worlds at work in the Trumps.

The Paths or Trumps represent the subjective use of the energies of the Spheres. They are also astral images and may appear and disappear mysteriously in the subconscious realms of the human psyche. They may be encountered in dreams or in visions or they may pop up in everyday happenings which affect us strongly. They certainly appear in myths around the world and in these myths and universal stories, they can be studied with greater ease. The Trumps can be equated with what Jung called the instinctual forces operating in the unconscious of each individual and also in the unconscious of all of mankind. The history of man's evolution is a history of the understanding and taming of these forces. The more primitive a man is, the more is he swayed by these instincts and the less does he understand them. Since this is the case, he may not know why he is overcome by great sweeps of emotion and why he should react in so uncontrollable a fashion, when normally



when he has time to think about it, he may not approve of his behaviour at all. The path of evolution to a more civilized and spiritual state is embarked upon when the person involved can understand these great primeval forces from the Unconscious and can consciously choose whether they will have much power and how much. He must thoroughly understand them and work with them with his conscious mind if he is to succeed in his labors on the path of evolution.

Jung named some of these instinctual and archetypal forces that operate in the unconscious of all men and gave a list like this: father, mother, virgin, wise old man, wise old woman, lover, hero, saviour, fool, devil, magician. Sounds like a listing of Tarot cards, doesn't it? Those Adepts who formulated and refined the Tarot surely understood the inner workings of the unconscious forces in man.

These archetypes or instinctual forces are autonomous, that is, they work and operate under their own laws and apart from the reasoning faculties. We might never understand them fully, as they can change from one figure to another very quickly and they may appear in our lives in such a mysterious fashion. They have the power to sway an individual or a whole nation. They function in the psyche as do the instincts of the body. Most of the time we are not aware of the bodily instincts or of the archetypes of the unconscious. But when we notice their action, this is a useful tool for self-knowledge. And to repeat, it is absolutely necessary to know these archetypal forces as they work out in our lives if we are to advance into a more spiritual life.

When one is touched by an archetype, an emotional reaction of some sort will be provoked. It can come to us through the senses of hearing, tasting, touching, feeling, seeing or smelling. Our responses will be irrational and automatic unless we are more fully conscious of the action of these archetypes. In most cases the archetypes will manipulate a human and the man can become a prisoner or slave to them. Every person will need to free himself from the compelling power of an archetype that is overemphasized or out of control.

We will need to examine ourselves when our emotions seem to be out of control. Are our actions related to an archetype and has this force taken us over; are we its puppets? Or can we embark on a discovery of the true and hidden self? By considering the possibilities of our behaviour and its roots, we can act with freedom. We can become conscious of what moves us and in this way we can make choices. When we become conscious of our own selves, we are more willing to let others live their own lives in freedom, too. We can begin to award them the freedom to live their own wills.



Self-analysis is a necessity for anyone wishing to work Magick as otherwise, the forces one unleashes from one's own unconscious can turn and destroy one. These forces can divide the purpose of a human, can trip up the will and prevent him from acting in a coherent manner. If they go unrecognised, they can lead to division in the psyche, insanity and illness. Each person needs to come to terms with these instinctual, archetypal forces in the unconscious and use their power in such a conscious way that they can be a guide instead of a disintegrating force.

Sometimes we can see these archetypes at work when people exhibit unwarranted adulation or rejection. A heated political argument can give a clue as to the archetypes foremost in the individuals engaging in this activity. The more angry they get at each other, the more does the archetype show. This process can be seen in every walk of life. A few examples would include the Germany of Hitler and the Storm Troups, witch hunting in early America and throughout Europe, wars, revolutions, political voting and on and on. People can be moved even to face death as they fight to defend some principle which they think they believe in, but which is really an archetype at work.

Even those who join various religious groups are being motivated by unrecognised archetypes. They project their own feelings about religion onto the group in question. They do not know or they forget that spiritual illumination is a personal matter and can not be institutionalized. Usually they project their own "old wise man" onto the leader of the group and expect him to behave as their own concept of this figure would do. The joiner may begin to act in strange ways and he can even become a slave to the group because it represents one of his archetypes.

Confronting the archetypes and understanding their powers and choosing whether one will be ruled by these forces is the way of the magician and the way to attain what Jung calls individuation. That is, one becomes an individual and may no longer act out the passions of the herd, the man of earth. He can become a Khabs, can know his own Star, and be an individual and unattached thinker and no longer the slave of the herd mind. We can also equate the term individuation to those terms of self-realization, illumination, the path of the wise, self-awareness, initiation, knowing how to listen to the inner self. Such a person transformed by his work can examine the cultural mores and peer-group pressures and decide if these will fit in with his own way. He can accept or reject according to his own will and can make choices. He can fulfill his deepest needs and his actions will arise from his deepest center and express his true Self. Only then is he free to do as he wills, he no longer does as he pleases according to the misguided archetype-led people who do not understand the will. The man who has studied himself may conform to social customs or not as he wills. But he will be quietly self-assured



and does not need to behave or appear in an outlandish or fashionable form. He does not need to prove he is a god - he is this on the inside, his self-assurance needs no display.

Display of ego, pride, and other evils existing with the ego-centered person is a sure sign that the person concerned does not understand nor cannot cope with these mysterious forces. He has been using the little ego as a device to protect himself against his own archetypes and against their power. But this does not work, as is obvious to those who can observe.

The archetypes are illusive and do not always lend themselves to intellectual analysis. However, they must be known if we are to be free of their power. This is why it is important to study and meditate on the Tarot Trumps, as these, along with dreams, day-dreams, imagination, visions, art activities and similar pursuits will bring these archetypes to the surface.

Expect the archetypes to embrace many opposites, to change as would an astral figure, in the twinkling of an eye. They are not clear-cut, right or wrong, good or bad. They carry no superimposed moral judgments and they are not like our usual world of fixed opposites. Instead you will find plenty of unsolvable paradoxes. The world of the archetypes is a world of feelings, sensations, intuitions, imagination and spontaneous ideas.

We must make this attempt to understand our inner world for herein lies the experience known as the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. We must learn to integrate the various archetypes, the elements of our being, into one purposeful gesture of the will. To remain unconscious and unknowing of these hidden powers would definitely not yield spiritual growth. And this growth is the next step for mankind. We have conquered the outer, material world and now we must know and conquer our own individual interior world. Not to do this is to play with the destruction of the whole human race through the misuse of the powers of the atom.

To be continued.

## ELEUSIS.

Those who are most familiar with the spirit of fair play which pervades our great public schools will have no difficulty, should they observe, in an obscure corner, the savage attack of Jones minor upon Robinson minimus, in deducing that the former has only just got over the "jolly good hiding" that Smith major had so long promised him, the determining factor of the same being Smith's defeat by Brown maximus behind the chapel, after Brown's interview with the Head-Master.

We are most of us aware that cabinet ministers, bishops and dons resemble each other in the important particular that all are still schoolboys and their differences but the superficial one produced by greasing, soaping and withering them respectively; so that it will meet with instant general approval if I open this paper by the remark that Christianity, as long as it flourished, was content to assimilate Paganism, never attacking it until its own life had been sapped by the insidious heresies of Paul.

Time passed by and they bullied Manes and Cerinthus; history repeated itself until it almost knew itself by heart; finally, at the present day, some hireling parasites of the decaying faith - at once the origin and the product of that decay - endeavour to take advantage of the "Greek movement" or the "Neo-pagan revival" in the vain hope of diverting the public attention from the phalanx of Rationalism - traitorously admitted by Luther, and now sitting crowned and inexpugnable in the very citadel of the faith - to their own dishonest lie that Paganism was a faith whose motto was "Carpe diem,"<sup>1</sup> and whose methods were drink, dance, and Studio Murder.<sup>2</sup> Why is Procopius cleaner than Petronius? Even a Julian could confute this sort of thing; but are we to rest forever in negation? No. a Robinson minimus ipse will turn, and it is quite time that science was given a chance to measure itself against bulk. I shall not be content with giving Christian apologists the lie direct, but proceed to convict them of the very materialism against which they froth. In a word, today Christianity is the irreligion of the materialist, or if you like, the sensualist; while in Paganism, we may find the expression of that ever-haunting love - nay, necessity! - of the Beyond which tortures and beautifies those of us who are poets.

*παντα καθαρα τοις καθαροις*<sup>3</sup> and while there is no logical break between the apparently chaste dogma of the Virgin Birth and the horrible grossness of R. P. Sanchez in his "De Matrimonio"

1. "Gather ye roses!" is the masterpiece of a Christian clergyman.
2. A peculiarly gross case of psychopathic crime which occurred in 1906
3. (Everything purely for neatness - Ed.)



Lib. ii Cap. xxi., "Utum Virgo Maria semen emiserit in copulatione cum Spiritu Sancto,"<sup>1</sup> so long as we understand an historical Incarnation: the accomplishment of that half of the Magnum Opus which is glyphed in the mystic aphorism "Solve!" enables an Adept of that standing to see nothing but pure symbol and holy counsel in the no grosser legends of the Greeks. This is not a matter of choice: reason forbids us to take the Swan-lover in its literal silliness and obscenity; but, on the other hand, the Bishops will not allow us to attach a pure interpretation to the precisely similar story of the Dove.

So far am I, indeed, from attacking Christian symbolism as such, that I am quite prepared to admit that it is, although or rather because it is the lowest, the best. Most others, especially Hinduism and Buddhism, lose themselves in metaphysical speculations only proper to those who are already Adepts.

The Rosicrucian busies himself with the Next Step, for himself and his pupils; he is no more concerned to discuss Nibbana than a schoolmaster to "settle the doctrine of the enclitic  $\Delta\eta$ " in the mind of a child who is painfully grappling with the declension of *Νεανίας*. We can read even orthodox Christian writers with benefit (such is the revivifying force of our Elixir) by seeking the essence in the First Matter of the Work; and we could commend many of them, notably St. Ignatius and even the rationalising Mansel and Newman, if they would only concentrate upon spiritual truth, instead of insisting on the truth of things, material and therefore immaterial, which only need the touch of a scholar's wand to crumble into the base dust from which their bloodstained towers arose.

Whoso has been crucified with Christ can but laugh when it is proved that Christ was never crucified. The historian understands nothing of what we mean, either by Christ or by crucifixion and is thus totally incompetent to criticise our position. On the other hand, we are of course equally ill-placed to convert him; but then we do not wish to do so; certainly not qua historian. We leave him alone. Whoso hath ears to hear, let him hear! and the first and last ordeals and rewards of the Adept are comprised in the maxim "Keep silence!"

There should be no possible point of contact between the Church and the world: Paul began the ruin of Christianity, but Constantine completed it. The Church which begins to exteriorise is already lost. To control the ethics of the state is to adopt the ethics of the state: and the first duty of the state will be to expel the rival god Religion. In such a cycle we in England seem to be now revolving and the new forced freedom of the Church is upon us.

1. "Make use of the Virgin Mary when semen will come forth in copulation with the Sacred Spirit."
2. Recently, a certain rash doctor publicly expressed his doubts whether any Bishop of the twentieth century was so filthy-minded a fool. They were, however, soon dispelled by telegrams from a considerable section of the entire Bench, couched in emphatic language.



If only the destruction is sufficiently complete, if only all England will turn Atheist, we may perhaps be able to find some Christians here and there. As long as "church" means either a building, an assembly, or even has any meaning at all of a kind to be intelligible to the ordinary man, so long is Christ rejected and the Pharisee supreme.

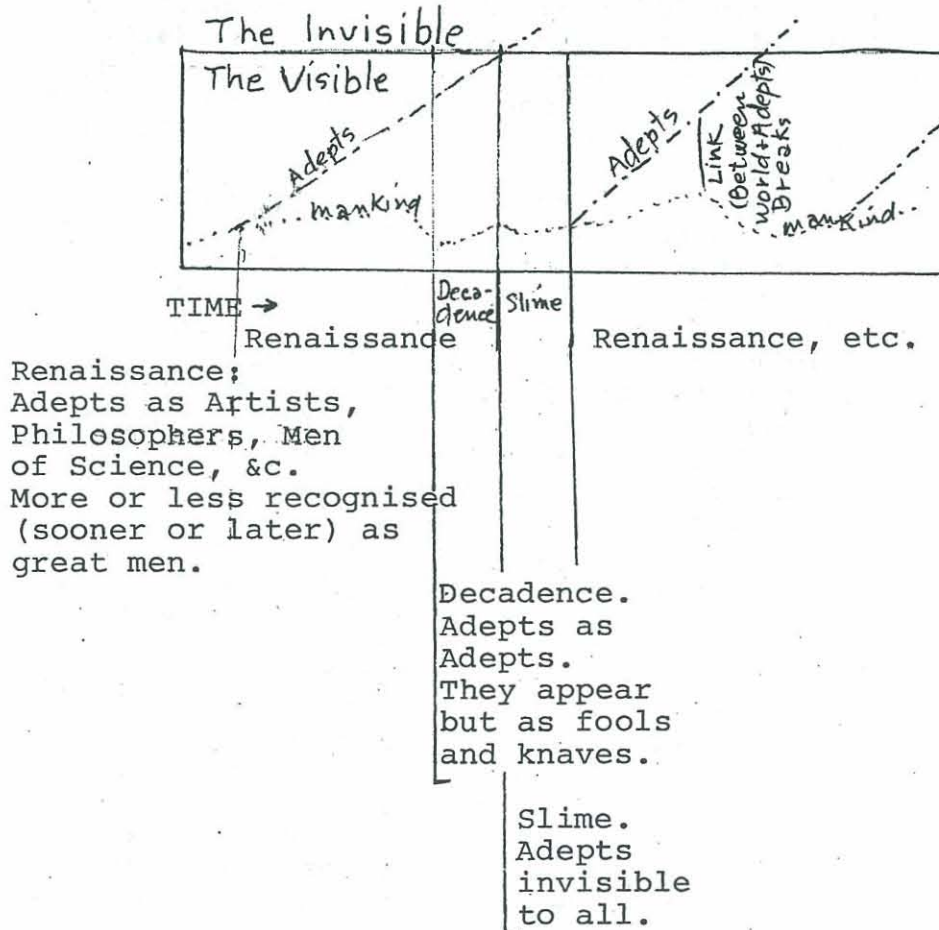
Now the materialism which has always been the curse of Christianity was no doubt partly due to the fact that the early disciples were poor men. You cannot bribe a rich man with loaves and fishes: only the overfed long for the Simple Life. True, Christ bought the world by the promise of Fasts and Martyrdoms, glutted as it was by its surfeit of Augustan glories; but the poor were in a vast majority and snatched greedily at all the gross pleasures and profits of which the educated and wealthy were sick even unto death. Further, the asceticism of surfeit is a false passion, and only lasts until a healthy hunger is attained; so that the change was an entire corruption, without redeeming aspect. Had there been five righteous men in Rome, a Cato, a Brutus, a Curtius, a Scipio and a Julian, nothing would have occurred; but there was only the last and he too late. No doubt Maximus, his teacher, was too holy an Adept to mingle in the affairs of the world; one indeed, perhaps, about to pass over to a higher sphere of action: such speculation is idle and impertinent; but the world was ruined, as never before since the fabled destruction of Atlantis, and I trust that I shall take my readers with me when I affirm so proud a belief in the might of the heart whose integrity is unassailable, clean of all crime, that I lay it down as a positive dictum that only by the decay in the mental and moral virility of Rome and not otherwise, was it possible for the slavish greed and anarchy of the Faith of Paul to gain a foothold. This faith was no new current of youth, sweeping away decadence: it was a force of the slime: a force with no single salutary germ of progress inherent therein. Even Mohammedanism, so often accused of materialism, did produce, at once and in consequence, a revival of learning, a crowd of algebraists, astronomers, philosophers, whose names are still to be revered: but within the fold, from the death of Christ to the Renaissance - a purely pagan movement - we hear no more of art, literature or philosophy.

There is surely a positive side to all this; we agree that Pagans must have been more spiritual than their successors, if only because themselves openly scoffed at their mythology without in the least abandoning the devout performance of its rites, while the Christian clung to irrelevant historical falsehood as if it were true and important. But it is justifiable - nay, urgent - to inquire how and why?

I. Such philosophy as does exist is entirely vicious, taking its axioms no more from observed fact, but from "Scripture" or from Aristotle. Barring such isolated pagans as M. Aurelius Antoninus,

Note 1, (con.) and the neo-Platonists, those glorious decadents\* of paganism.

\* Decadence marks the period when the adepts, nearing their earthly perfection, become true adepts, not mere men of genius. They disappear, harvested by heaven: and perfect darkness (apparent death) ensues until the youthful forerunners of the next crop begin to shoot in the form of artists. Diagrammatically:



By the Progress of the World we mean that she is always giving adepts to God, and thus losing them; yet, through their aid, while they are still near enough to humanity to attract it, she reaches each time a higher point. Yet this point is never very high: so that Aeschylus, though in fact more ignorant than our schoolboys, holds his seat besides Ibsen and Newton in the Republic of the Adepti - a good horse, but not to be run too hard. A.C.

Which having discovered, we are bound to proceed with the problem: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" receive the



answer: "By taking heed thereto according to thy word," and interpret "thy word" as "The Works of Aleister Crowley."

But this is to anticipate; let us answer the first question by returning to our phrase "The Church that exteriorises is already lost." On that hypothesis, the decay of Paganism was accomplished by the very outward and visible sign of its inward and spiritual grace, the raising of massive temples to the Gods in a style and manner to which history seeks in vain a parallel. Security is mortals' chiefest enemy; so also the perfection of balanced strength which enabled Hwang-sze to force his enemies to build the Great Wall was the mark of the imminent decay of his dynasty and race - truly a terrible "Writing on the Wall." An end to the days of the Nine Sages; an end to the wisdoms of Lao Tan on his dun cow; an end to the making of classics of history and of odes and of ethics, to the Shu King and the Shih King, the Li-Ki, and the mysterious glories of the holy Yi King itself! Civilization, decadence and the slime. Still the Great Wall keeps the Barbarians from China; it is the wall that the Church of Christ set up against science and philosophy, and even today its ruins stand, albeit wrapped in the lurid flames of Hell. It is the law of life, this cycle; decadence is perfection and the perfect soul is assumed into the bosom of Nephthys, so that for a while the world lies fallow. It is in failing to see this constant fume of incense rising from the earth that pessimistic philosophies make their grand fundamental error: in that, and in assuming the very point in dispute, the nature of the laws of other worlds and the prospects of the individual soul. Confess, O subtle author, that thou thyself art even now in the same trap! Willingly, reader; these slips happen when, although one cannot prove to others, one knows.<sup>1</sup> Thou too shalt know, an thou wilt: - ask how, and we come suddenly back to our subject, just as a dreamer may wander through countless nightmares, to find himself in the end on the top of a precipice, whence falling, he shall find himself in bed.

Hear wisdom! the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind.

A man is almost obliged to be in communion with God when God is blowing his hat off, drenching him to the skin, whistling through his very bones, scaring him almost to death with a flash of lightning, and so on. When he gets time to think, he thinks just that. In a church all is too clearly the work of man: in the matter of man's comfort, man's devices are so obviously superior to God's: so that we compare hats and languidly discuss the preacher.

Religion is alive in Wales because people have to walk miles to chapel.

1. Let me run wild for once, I beg; I am tired of emulating Mr. Storer Clouston's Sir Julian Wallingford, "whose reasoning powers were so remarkable that he never committed the slightest action without furnishing a full and adequate explanation of his conduct." - A.C.



Religion is alive among Mohammedans, who pray (as they live) out of doors and who will fight and die for their ideas; and among Hindus, whose bloody sacrifices bring them daily face to face with death.

Pan-Islam is possible; pan-Germany is possible; but pan-Christendom would be absurd. There were saints in the times of the Crusades and Crusaders in the times of the Saints: for though the foe was more artificial than real and the object chimerical, a foe and an aim of whatever sort assist the concentration which alone is life.

So that we need not be surprised to see as we do that religion is dead in London, where it demands no greater sacrifice than that of an hour's leisure in the week and even offers to repay that with social consideration for the old and opportunities of flirtation for the young.

The word "dear" has two senses and these two are one.

Pressing the "out-of-doors" argument, as we may call it, I will challenge each of my readers to a simple experiment.

Go out one night to a distant and lonely heath, if no mountain summit is available: then at midnight repeat the Lord's Prayer, or any invocation with which you happen to be familiar, or one made up by yourself, or one consisting wholly of senseless and barbarous words.<sup>1</sup> Repeat it solemnly and aloud, expectant of

1. I am ashamed to say that I have devoted considerable time to the absurd task of finding meanings for and tracing the corruptions of, the "barbarous names of evocation" which occur in nearly all conjurations and which Zoroaster warns his pupils not to change, because "they are names divine, having in the sacred rites a power ineffable."

The fact is that many such names are indeed corruptions of divine names. We may trace Eheieh to Eie, Abraxas in Abrae, Tetragrammaton in Jehovah.

But this, an initiate knows, is quite contrary to the true theory.

It is because the names are senseless that they are effective. If a man is really praying he cannot bring himself to utter ridiculous things to his God, just as Mark Twain observes that one "cannot pray a lie." So that it is a sublime test of faith to utter either a lie or a jest, this with reverence and that with conviction. Achieve it; the one becomes the truth, the other a formula of power. Hence the real value of the Egyptian ritual by which the theurgist identified himself with the power he invoked.



some great and mysterious result.

I pledge myself, if you have a spark of religion in you, that is, if you are properly a human being, that you will (at the very least) experience a deeper sense of spiritual communion than you have ever obtained by any course of church-going.

After which you will, if you are worth your salt, devote your life to the development of this communion and to the search for an instructed master who can tell you more than I can.

Now the earlier paganism is simply overflowing with the spirit of communion. The boy goes down to the pool, musing, as boys will; is it strange that a nymph should reward him sometimes even with wine from the purple vats of death?

Poor dullards! in your zeal to extinguish the light upon our altars, you have had to drench your own with the bitter waters of most general unbelief. Where are the witches and the fairies and the angels and the visions of divine St. John? You are annoyed at my mention of angels and witches; because you know yourselves to be sceptics and that I have any amount of "scriptural warrant" to throw at your heads, if I deigned; you are all embarrassed when Maude Adams leans over the footlights with a goo-goo accent so excessive that you die of diabetes in a week and asks you point-blank: "Do you believe in fairies?" while, for your visions, you do not go to St. John's Island and share his exile; but to his Wood and waste your money.

The early pagan worships Demeter in dim groves: there is silence; there is no organisation of ritual; there the worship is spontaneous and individual. In short, the work of religion is

Note: (con.) Modern neophytes should not (we think) use the old conjurations with their barbarous names, because, imperfectly understanding the same, they may superstitiously attribute some real power to them; we shall rather advise "Jack and Jill went up the hill," "From Greenland's icy mountains," and such, with which it is impossible for the normal mind to associate a feeling of reverence.

What may be the mode of operation of this formula concerns us little; enough if it succeeds. But one may suggest that it is a case of the will running free, i.e. unchecked, as it normally is, by the hosts of critical larvae we call reason, habit, sensation and the like.

But the will freed from these may run straight and swift; if its habitual goal has been the attainment of Samadhi, it may under such circumstances reach it. It will require a very advanced student to use this type of faith. The Lord's Prayer and the minor exaltation are the certainties for this event. - A.C.



thrown upon the religious faculty, instead of being delegated to the quite inferior and irrelevant faculties of mere decorum or even stage-craft. A Christian of the type of Browning understands this perfectly. True, he approves the sincerity which he finds to pervade the otherwise disgusting chapel; but he cares nothing whatever for the "raree-show of Peter's successor," and though I daresay his ghost will be shocked and annoyed by my mention of the fact, Browning himself does not get his illumination in any human temple, but only when he is out with the universe alone in the storm.

Nor does Browning anywhere draw so perfect and so credible a picture of the intercourse between man and God as the exquisite vision of Pan in "Pheidippides." It is all perfectly natural and therefore miraculous; there is no straining at the gnats of vestment in the hope of swallowing the camel of Illumination.

In the matter of Pentecost, we hear only, in the way of the "conditions of the experiment," that "they were all with one accord in one place." Now this being the only instance in the world's history of more than two people in one place being of one accord, it is naturally also the only instance of a miracle which happened in church.

The Quakers, arguing soundly enough that women were such a cause of contention chiefly on account of their tongues and getting a glimpse of these truths which I have so laboriously been endeavoring to expound, hoped for inspiration from the effects of silence alone and strove (even by a symbolic silence in costume) to repeat the experiment of Pentecost.

But they lacked the stimulus of Syrian air and that of the stirring times of the already visible sparks of national revolt: they should have sought to replace these by passing the bottle round in their assemblies and something would probably have happened, an 'twere only a raid of the police.

Better get forty shillings or a month than live and die as lived and died John Bright!

Better be a Shaker, or a camp-meeting homunculus, or a Chatauqua gurl, or a Keswick week lunatic, or an Evan Roberts revivalist, or even a common maniac, than a smug Evangelical banker's clerk with a greasy wife and three gifted children - to be bank clerks after him!

Better be a flagellant, or one who dances as David danced before the Lord, than a bishop who is universally respected, even by the boys he used to baste when he was headmaster of a great English public school!

That is, if religion is your aim: if you are spiritually



minded: if you interpret every phenomenon that is presented to your sensorium as a particular dealing of God with your soul.

But if you come back from the celebration of the Eucharist and say, "Mr. Hogwash was very dull today," you will never get to heaven, where the good poets live and nobody else; nor to hell, whose inhabitants are exclusively bad poets.

There is more hope for a man who should go to Lord's and say he saw the angels of God ascending and descending upon C.B. Fry.

It is God who sees the possibility of Light in Chaos; it is the Churches who blaspheme the superb body of Truth which Adepts of old enshrined in the Cross, by degrading the Story of the Crucifixion to a mere paragraph in the Daily Mail of the name of Pontius Pilate.

Bill Blake took tea with Ezekiel: Tennyson saw no more in the Arthurian legends than a prophecy of the Prince Consort (though Lancelot has little in common with John Brown), and the result of all is that Tennyson is dead and buried - as shown by the fact that he is still popular - and Blake lives, for poets read and love him.

Now when Paganism became popular, organised, state-regulated, it ceased to be individual: that is to say, it ceased to exist as a religion, and became a social institution little better than the Church which has replaced it. But initiates - men who had themselves seen God face to face and lived - preserved the vital essence. They chose men; they tested them; they instructed them in methods of invoking the Visible Image of the Invisible. Thus by a living chain religion lived - in the Mysteries of Eleusis.

Further, recognising that the Great Work was henceforth to be secret, a worship of caverns and midnight groves and catacombs, no more of open fields and smiling bowers, they caused to be written in symbols by one of the lesser initiates the whole Mystery of Godliness, so that after the renaissance those who were fitted to the Work might infallibly discover the first matter of the Work and even many of the processes thereof.

Such writings are those of the neo-Platonists and in modern times, the God-illumined Adept Berkeley, Christian though he called himself, is perhaps the most distinguished of those who have understood this truth.

#### I. EXTRACTS FROM BERKELEY'S LIFE

(1). There is a mystery about this visit to Dublin. 'I propose to set

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGIC OF ABRA- MELIN THE MAGE

I resolved to absent myself

out for Dublin about a month hence, ' he writes to 'dear Tom', 'but of this you must not give the least intimation to any one. It is of all things my earnest desire (and for very good reasons) not to have it known I am in Dublin. Speak not, therefore, one syllable of it to any mortal whatsoever. When I formerly desired you to take a place for me near the town, you gave out that you were looking for a retired lodging for a friend of yours; upon which everybody surmised me to be the person. I must beg you not to act in the like manner now - but to take for me an entire house in your own name and as for yourself; for all things considered, I am determined upon a whole house, with no mortal in it but a maid of your own getting, who is to look on herself as your servant. Let there be two bedrooms; one for you, another for me and as you like you may ever and anon be there.

"I would have the house with necessary furniture taken by the month (or otherwise as you can), for I propose staying not beyond that time and yet perhaps I may.

"Take it as soon as possible. . . Let me entreat you to say nothing of this to anybody, but to do the thing directly. . . I would of all things have a proper place in a retired situation, where I may have access to fields and sweet air, provided against the moment I arrive. I am inclined to think one may be better concealed in the outermost skirt of the suburbs, than in the country or within the town. A house quite detached in the country

suddenly and go away . . and lead a solitary life.

I am about here to set down in writing the difficulties, temptations and hindrances which will be caused him by his own relations. . beforehand thou shouldest arrange thine affairs in such wise that they can in no way hinder thee, nor bring thee any disquietude.

I took another house at rent . .and I gave over unto one of my uncles the care of providing the necessities of life.

"Should you perform this Operation in a town, you should take a house which is not at all overlooked by any one, seeing that in this present day curiosity is so strong that you ought to be upon your guard; and there ought to be a garden (adjoining the house) wherein you can take exercise.



I should have no objections to, provided you judge I shall not be liable to discovery in it. The place called Bermuda Inn I am utterly against. Dear Tom, do this matter cleanly and cleverly, without waiting for further advice. . To the person from whom you hire it (whom alone I would have you speak to of it) it will not be strange at this time of the year to be desirous for your own convenience, or health, to have a place in free and open air!"

This mysterious letter was written in April. From April to September Berkeley again disappears. There is in all this a curious secretiveness of which one has repeated examples in his life. Whether he went to Dublin on that occasion, or why he wanted to go, does not appear.

(2) "I abhor business and especially to have to do with great persons and great affairs."

(3) Suddenly and without the least previous notice of pain, he was removed to the enjoyment of eternal rewards and although all possible means were instantly used, no symptom of life ever appeared after; nor could the physicians assign any cause for his death.

"Consider then the safety of your person, commencing this operation in a place of safety, whence neither enemies nor any disgrace can drive you out before the end."

"the season of Easter . . Then first on the following day . . I commenced this Holy Operation. . the period of the Six Moons being expired, the Lord granted unto me His grace. . ."

"a solitary life, which is the source of all good . . once thou shalt have obtained the sacred science and magic, the love for retirement will come to thee of its own accord and thou wilt voluntarily shun the commerce and conversation of men, &c."

"a good death in His holy Kingdom."

It is surely beyond doubt that Berkeley contemplated some operation of a similar character to that of Abramelin. Note the extreme anxiety which he displays. What lesser matter could so have stirred the placid and angelic soul of Berkeley? On what less urgent grounds would he have agreed to the deceptions, (harmless enough though they are) that he urges upon his brother?

That he at one time or another achieved success is certain from the universal report of his holiness and from the nature of his writings. The repeated phrase in the Optics, "God is the Father of Lights."\* suggests an actual phrase perhaps used as an

\* It occurs in James i. 17.



But the orthodox Christian, confronted with this fact, is annoyed; just as the American, knowing himself to be of the filthiest dregs of mankind, pretends that there is no such thing as natural aristocracy, though to be sure he gives himself away badly enough when confronted with either a nigger or a gentleman, since to ape dominance is the complement of his natural slavishness. So the blind groveller, Mr. Conformity and his twin, Mr. Nonconformity, agree to pretend that initiates are always either dupes or impostors; they deny that man can see God and live. Look! There goes John Compromise to church, speculating, like Lot's wife, on the probable slump in sulphur and the gloomy outlook for the Insurance Companies. It will never do for his Christ to be a man of like passions with himself, else people might expect him to aim at a life like Christ's. He wants to wallow and swill and hope for an impossible heaven.

So that it will be imprudent of you (if you want to be asked out to dinner) to point out that if you tell the story of the life of Christ, without mentioning names, to a Musulman, he will ask, "What was the name of that great sheikh?" to a Hindu, "Who was this venerable Yogi?" to a Buddhist, "Haven't you made a mistake or two? It wasn't a dove, but an elephant with six tusks: and He died of dysentery."

The fact being that it is within the personal experience of all these persons that men yet live and walk this earth who live in all essentials the life that Christ lived, to whom all His miracles are commonplace, who die His death daily, and partake daily in the Mysteries of His resurrection and ascension.

Whether this is scientifically so or not is of no importance to the argument. I am not addressing the man of science, but the man of intelligence: and the scientist himself will back me when I say that the evidence for the one is just as strong and as weak as for the others. God forbid that I should rest this paper on a historical basis! I am talking about the certain results of human psychology: and science can neither help nor hinder me.

True, when Huxley and Tyndall were alive, their miserable intelligences were always feeding us up with the idea that science might one day be able to answer some of the simpler questions

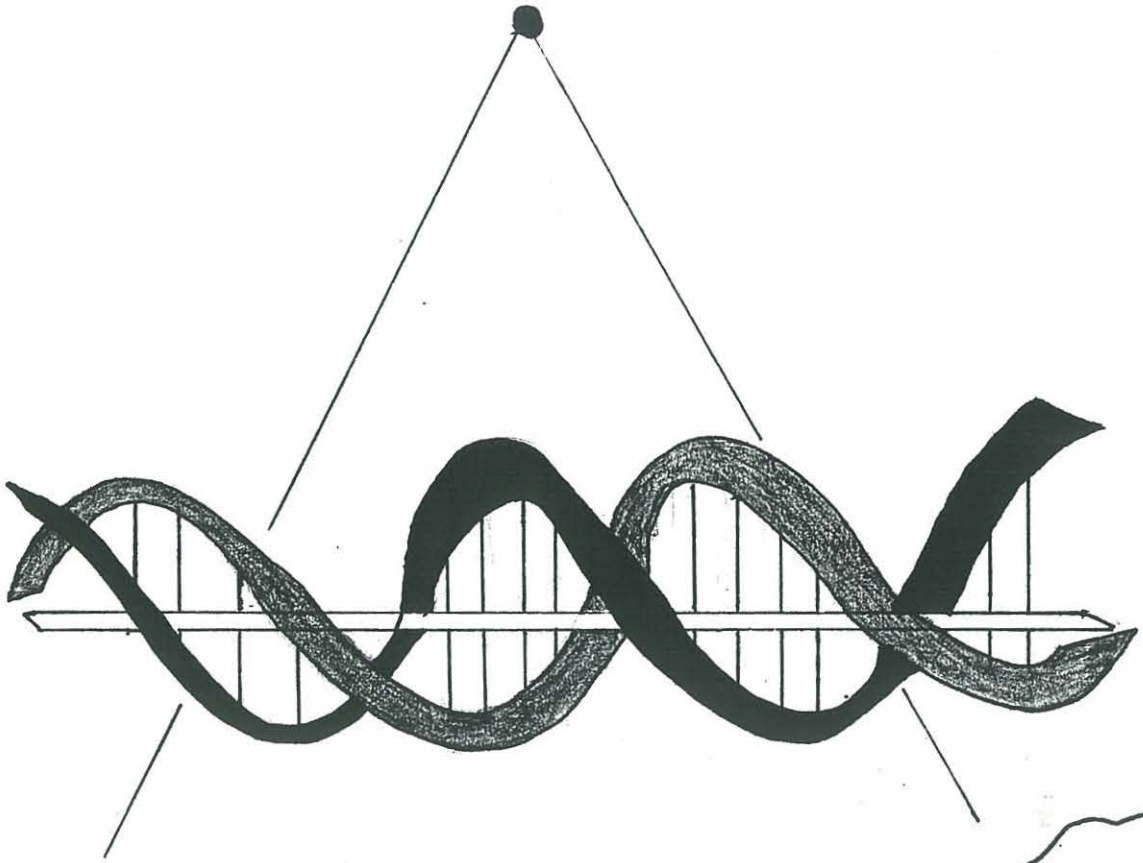
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Note: (con.) exclamation at the moment of a Vision to express, however feebly, its nature, rather than the phrase of a reasoner exercising his reason.

This mysterious letter which so puzzles his biographer is in fact the key to his whole character, life and opinions.

This is no place to labour the point; I have at hand none of the necessary documents; but it might be worth the research of a scholar to trace Berkeley's progress through the grades of the Great Order. - A.C.









which one can put: but that was because of their mystical leanings; they are dead, and have left no successors. Today we have the certitude, "Science never can tell," of the laborious Ray Lankester

"Whose zeal for knowledge mocks the curfew's call,  
And after midnight, to make Lodge look silly,  
Studies anatomy - in Piccadilly."

Really, we almost echo his despair. When, only too many years ago, I was learning chemistry, the text-books were content with some three pages on Camphor: today, a mere abstract of what is known occupies 400 closely printed pages: but Knowledge is in no wise advanced. It is no doubt more difficult to learn "Paradise Lost" by heart than "We are Seven"; but when you have done it, you are no better at figure-skating.

I am not denying that the vast storehouses of fact do help us to a certain distillation (as it were) of their grain: but I may be allowed to complain with Maudsley that there is nobody competent to do it. Even when a genius does come along, his results will likely be as empirical as the facts they cover. Evolution is no better than creation to explain things, as Spencer showed.

The truth of the matter appears to be that as reason is incompetent to solve the problems of philosophy and religion, à fortiori science is incompetent. All that science can do is to present reason with new facts. To such good purpose has it done this, that no modern scientist can hope to do more than know a little about one bud on his pet twig of the particular branch he has chosen to study, as it hangs temptingly from one bough of the Tree of Knowledge.

One of the most brilliant of the younger school of chemists remarks in the course of a stirring discourse upon malt analysis: "Of extremely complex organic bodies the constitution of some 250,000 is known with certainty and the number grows daily. No one chemist pretends to an intimate acquaintance with more than a few of these. . ." Why not leave it alone and try to be God?

But even had we Maudsley's committee of geniuses, should we be in any real sense the better? Not while the reason is, as at present, the best guide known to men, not until humanity has developed a mental power of an entirely different kind. For to the philosopher it soon becomes apparent that reason is a weapon inadequate to the task. Hume saw it and became a sceptic in the widest sense of the term. Mansel saw it and counsels us to try Faith, as if it was not the very fact that Faith was futile that bade us appeal to reason. Huxley saw it, and, no remedy presenting itself but a vague faith in the possibilities of human evolution, called himself an agnostic: Kant saw it for a moment, but

it soon hid itself behind his terminology; Spencer saw it, and tried to gloss it over by smooth talk and to bury it beneath the ponderous tomes of his unwieldy erudition.

I see it, too, and the way out to Life.

But the labyrinth, if you please, before the clue: the Minotaur before the maiden!

Thank you, madam; would you care to look at our new line in Minotaurs at 2s 3d? This way please.

I have taken a good deal of trouble lately to prove the proposition "All arguments are arguments in a circle." Without wearying my readers with the formal proof, which I hope to advance one day in an essay on the syllogism, I will take, (as sketchily as you please!) the obvious and important case of the consciousness.

A. The consciousness is made up exclusively of impressions. (The tendency to certain impressions is itself a result of impressions on the ancestors of the conscious being). Locke, Hume, &c.

B. Without a consciousness no impression can exist. Berkeley, Fichte, &c.

Both A. and B. have been proved times without number and quite irrefutably. Yet they are mutually exclusive. The "progress" of philosophy has consisted almost entirely of advances in accuracy of language by rival schools who emphasised A. and B. alternately.

It is easy to see that all propositions can, with a little ingenuity, be reduced to one form or the other.<sup>1</sup>

Thus, if I say that grass is green, I mean that an external thing is an internal thing: for the grass is certainly not in my eye and the green certainly is in it. As all will admit.

So, if you throw a material brick at your wife and hit her (as may happen to all of us), there is a most serious difficulty in the question, "At what point did your (spiritual) affection for her transform into the (material) brick and that again into her (spiritual) reformation?"

Similarly, we have Kant's clear proof that in studying the

1. Compare the problems suggested to the logician by the various readings of propositions in connotation, denotation and comprehension respectively; and the whole question of existential import. - A.C.



laws of nature we only study the laws of our own minds: since, for one thing, the language in which we announce a law is entirely the product of our mental conceptions.

While, on the other hand, it is clear enough that our minds depend upon the laws of nature, since, for one thing, the apprehension that six savages will rob and murder you is immediately allayed by the passage of a leaden bullet weighing 230 grains and moving at the rate of 1200 feet per second, through the bodies of two of the ringleaders.

It would, of course, be simple to go on and show that after all we attach no meaning to weight and motion, lead and bullet, but a purely spiritual one: that they are mere phases of our thought, as interpreted by our senses: and on the other that apprehension is only a name for a certain group of chemical changes in certain of the contents of our very material skulls: but enough! the whole controversy is verbal and no more.

Since, therefore, philosophy and a fortiori science are bankrupt and the official receiver is highly unlikely to grant either a discharge; since the only aid we get from the Bishops is a friendly counsel to drink Beer - in place of the spiritual wine of Omar Khayyam and Abdullah el Haji (on whom be peace!) - we are compelled to fend for ourselves.

We have heard a good deal of late years about Oriental religions. I am myself the chief of sinners. Still, we may all freely confess that they are in many ways picturesque: and they do lead one to the Vision of God face to face, as one who hath so been led doth here solemnly lift up his voice and testify; but their method is incredibly tedious and unsuited to most, if not all, Europeans. Let us never forget that no poetry of the higher sort, no art of the higher sort, has ever been produced by any Asiatic race. We are the poets! we are the children of wood and stream, of mist and mountain, of sun and wind! We adore the moon and the stars, and go into London streets at midnight seeking Their kisses as our birthright. We are the Greeks - and God grant ye all, my brothers, to be as happy in your loves! - and to us the rites of Eleusis should open the doors of Heaven and we shall enter in and see God face to face! Alas!

"None can read the text, not even I;  
And none can read the comment but myself."<sup>1</sup>

The comment is the Qabalah and that I have indeed read as deeply as my poor powers allow: but the text is decipherable only under the stars by one who hath drunken of the dew of the moon.

Under the stars will I go forth, my brothers, when I have seen God face to face and read within these eternal eyes the secret

1. Tennyson must have stolen these lines; they are simple and expressive.



that shall make you free.

Then will I choose you and test you and instruct you in the Mysteries of Eleusis, oh ye brave hearts, and cool eyes, and trembling lips! I will put a live coal upon your lips and flowers upon your eyes and a sword in your hearts and ye also shall see God face to face.

Thus shall we give back its youth to the world, for like tongues of triple flame we shall brood upon the Great Deep - Hail unto the Lords of the Groves of Eleusis!

Aleister Crowley : from his COLLECTED WORKS.





## HAPPY DUST

for Margot

Snow that fallest from heaven, bear me aloft on thy wings  
To the domes of the star-girdled Seven, the abode of ineffable  
things,  
Quintessence of joy and of strength, that, abolishing future and  
past,  
Mak'st the Present an infinite length, my soul all-One with the Vast,  
The Lone, the Unnameable God, that is ice of His measureless cold,  
Without being or form or abode, without motion or matter, the fold  
Where the shepherded Universe sleeps, with nor sense nor delusion  
nor dream,  
No spirit that wantons or weeps, no thought in its silence supreme.  
I sit, and am utterly still; in mine eyes is my fathomless lust  
Ablaze to annihilate Will, to crumble my being to dust,  
To calcine the dust to an ash, to burn up the ash to an air,  
To abolish the air with the flash of the final, the fulminant flare.  
All this I have done, and dissolved the primordial germ of my thought;  
I have rolled myself up, and revolved the wheel of my being to Naught.  
Is there even the memory left? That I was, that I am? It is lost.  
As I utter the Word, I am cleft by the last swift spear of the frost.  
Snow! I am nothing at last; I sit, and am utterly still;  
They are perished, the phantoms, and past; they were born of my  
weariness-will.  
When I craved, craved being and form, when the consciousness-cloud  
was a mist  
Precursor of stupor and storm, when I and my shadow had kissed,  
And brought into life all the shapes that confused the clear space  
with their marks,  
Vain spectres whose vapour escapes, a whirlwind of ruinous sparks,  
No substance have any of these; I have dreamed them in sickness  
of lust,  
Delirium born of disease - ah, whence was the master, the "must"  
Imposed on the All? - is it true, is it true, then, that something  
in me  
Is subject to fate? Are there two, are there two, after all, that  
can be?  
I have brought all that is to an end; for myself am sufficient and  
sole.  
Do I trick myself now? Shall I rend once again this homologous  
Whole?  
I have stripped every garment from space; I have strangled the  
secret of Time,  
All being is fled from my face, with Motion's inhibited rime.  
Still and stiller I sit, till even Infinity fades;  
'Tis an idol - 'tis weakness of wit that breeds, in inanity, shades!  
Yet the fullness of Naught I become, the deepest and steadiest  
Naught,  
Contains in its nature the sum of the functions of being and thought  
Still as I sit, and destroy all possible trace of the past,

All germ of the future, nor joy nor knowledge alive at the last,  
It is vain, for the Silence is dowered with a nature, the seed of  
a name:

Necessity, fearfully flowered with the blossom of possible Aim.

I am Necessity? Scry Necessity mother of Fate!

And Fate determines me "I"; and I have the Will to create.

Vast is the sphere, but it turns on itself like the pettiest star,

And I am the looby that learns that all things equally are.

Inscrutable Nothing, the Gods, the cosmos of Fire and of Mist.

Suns, atoms, the clouds and the clods ineluctable dare to exist--

I have made the Voyage of Thought, the Voyage of Vision, I swam

To the heart of the Ocean of Naught from the source of the Spring  
of I Am:

I know myself wholly the brother alike of the All and the One:

I know that all things are each other, that their sum and their  
substance is None;

But the knowledge itself can excel, its fulness hath broken its bond;  
All's Truth, and all's falsehood as well, and - what of the region  
beyond?

So, still though I sit, as for ever, I stab to the heart of my spine;

I destroy the last seed of endeavour to seal up my soul in the shrine

Of Silence, Eternity, Peace; I abandon the Here and the Now;

I cease from the effort to cease, I absolve the dead I from its Vow,

I am wholly content to be dust, whether that be a mote or a star,

To live and to love and to lust, acknowledge what seem for what are,

Not to care what I am, if I be, whence I came, whither go, how I thrive,

If my spirit be bound or be free, save as Nature contrive.

What I am, that I am, 'tis enough. I am part of a glorious game.

Am I cast for madness or love? I am cast to esteem them the same.

Am I only a dream in the sleep of some butterfly? Phantom of fright

Conceived, who knows how, or how deep, in the measureless womb of  
the night?

I imagine impossible thought, metaphysical voids that beget

Ideas intangible wrought to things less conceivable yet.

It may be. Little I reck - but assume the existence of earth,

Am I born to be hanged by the neck, a curse from the hour of my birth?

Am I born to abolish man's guilt? His horrible heritage, awe?

Or a seed in his wantonness spilt by a jester? I care not a straw,

For I understand Do what thou wilt; and that is the whole of the Law.

Aleister Crowley



JANE WOLFE

The Sword  
Hollywood

Regina Kahl was a dynamic and exciting drama teacher at Los Angeles City College. The program was under the auspices of the W.P.A. to put people to work during the depression years. Since Regina had been on the stage many times and had studied her drama parts for opera, she knew quite a bit about this matter. I joined her class in January of 1937 as I was bored with my job in the bank and I found that it was quite a challenge to memorize my parts and to put on the skits and small plays which Regina had asked of the class. She often mentioned matters having to do with Thelema, as, matters on working on the true Will and quotes from Crowley. No one in the class actually could guess that she was dropping Thelema into our ears, as we had never heard of Crowley nor of Thelema. But we were an interested and enthusiastic group and in this class I made many friends and met my future husband, Paul.

Near the end of the semester, Regina conceived of the idea that her invitations to the Mass were falling on deaf ears for the most part, and that she could interest these young people if she put on a small play in the attic Temple where the Mass was held. After all, they had a dais with 3 steps and curtains and certainly this could be used for a play. She got up quite a bit of enthusiasm and about five of the students worked on presenting the play. When the evening came, it was a lovely, soft and gentle evening in early June and I walked through the dark with some anticipation to the evening's entertainment.

The house on Winona Blvd. was lit up from within and there were many voices and much laughter. I joined the crowd and soon we all traipsed up the stairs to the second floor and from there up the narrow stairs to the attic. It was very warm in the attic but we all survived this and heard the play with a good deal of enjoyment.

Afterwards, we went down to the living room and were entertained with refreshments and good conversation. Again the invitation to the Mass was given. As I was about to leave, a small and pale individual, a Mr. Smith, quoted some poetry to me and asked if I had ever heard of Aleister Crowley? Of course I hadn't, but I was very impressed by the fact that someone could quote poetry from memory. As I walked away from the house, I thought to myself that I had to know these people better. I was mainly bored with my job and with most of my acquaintances and I needed intellectual stimulation. But at that time, I was too young to think in these terms and I certainly did not know much about myself. I was merely attracted by an atmosphere which spoke to my own capabilities.

I took the occasion to attend the Mass several times that Summer, often with Paul or another friend. Afterwards, there was always a gathering and refreshments and we loved to talk and sometimes Wilfred would throw the Yi King sticks for us. Then I heard



that they had a small room to let, and after looking this over, I decided to move in. I was glad I had made this decision for now a group of interested young people began to form and I got more acquainted with Jane.

Jane seemed very quiet most of the time, for as she had complained in her diary, she was drowned out by Wilfred, who wanted to talk continually, and by Regina's dramatic and dynamic character. But it wasn't long before I found that Jane was the real nugget in this group. Mary K. was interesting, but it was Jane who was to be my good friend for so many years.

Jane had not written to Aleister for six months after the trouble with Max. Also, Wilfred was understandably nervous now about any report going to The Beast if he had not written it himself. In May of 1937 Jane wrote that she missed writing to Aleister "I miss writing you, miss hearing from you, vicariously and directly. I would like to reach you again, but - have I anything to offer?"

"I am now teaching on this Adult Evening School Program of Uncle Sam: Radio (using sound equipment), Dramatics and Speech Development!! O dear, how I did come down to earth all along the line when I realized my total inadequacy - the bruises are still there."

"Here at 1746 we keep plodding, plodding, - I find myself sometimes wondering if there is still life. There seems a pause, anyhow, in matters Magical. In my own case, this teaching job has compelled me to teach, willy nilly. And I just must make good. It means re-organization, plenty of it, and rehabilitation, too, if I am candid. So my hands are pretty full of Jane - if that matters. Perhaps I am really buckling down to a job for the first time in my life - getting out of the abstract and into the concrete. Stepping on it before the next incarnation overtakes me! One can feel so very insignificant."

Aleister replied with a short note and Jane wrote back a chatty letter. But she was in a period of depression which lasted for another year. Her room was in the front of the house, in the North-West corner. Regina was opposite this in the North-East corner. Mary K. had the room in the South-East and Lew Carroll and Tony moved into the room on the South-West corner. I had the small room between Lew's and Tony's and Mary K's. We young people had a great time discussing the things we were learning, and also the characters of Regina and Wilfred. We had much to say in our young ignorance of disapproval about the latter two. Our friends who had met Regina through her drama class would often come to visit and night after night, it might mean late hours for all of us as we either talked in the front room or around the round table in the kitchen.

But Regina thrived on the attention and Wilfred began to take



heart that maybe he could start the O.T.O. again. Regina had high blood pressure and Jane reported to Aleister in her letter of August of that year:

"Regina got turned down for a few weeks to see what she could do with her high blood pressure. I thought I would be decapitated for the opposite reason, but after I skipped rapidly and blithely on one foot for 30 counts, I kind of surprised them and came off with my standard flying. In the past 2 weeks Regina dropped 50 counts - she was 240/185 - and now has till 1st October to drop to 150, the dead line in the school system."

She also reported that she felt somewhat better:

"But thank heaven, there is now a feeling of free flowing and right flowing, which I accept gladly without question. Certainly I no longer sweat blood over poor old Jane's redemption. And that must be a relief to the world at large, and in particular. Not that I don't think I'm still some punkins! Only, that I have ceased to think of the divine appointment to some stunning and stunting job which would make 'em speak in whispers - if you know what I mean."

Because we lived in the house, we attended the Gnostic Catholic Mass every Sunday. The Temple was never used again for one of Regina's plays, as Jane and Wilfred had thought that the atmosphere had definitely deteriorated when it was used for this purpose.

I tried to read something of Crowley but found that it was difficult beyond belief. Sometimes Wilfred would hold long conversations, especially on Sunday evenings, which helped to explain Thelema and Crowley. Jane could also be asked for answers and she was a great help to me.

But at this time, she did not keep a diary. Both Jane and Regina taught through the summer with their jobs and then had to attend some University courses in the summer break and write on their course. Jane found this difficult and was entirely tied up in her job. She didn't have much energy and was always dieting and trying new ways to enhance her low supply. She was now 62 years of age, her hair was white and wrinkles had accumulated over the years. But she still had a commanding presence and an ingratiating way with people. Anyone who knew her well was grateful for the experience for she had much of wisdom and tolerance of others.

Regina was not very tolerant and from time to time we would see her in one of her rages. She could get angry in a flash, often over trifles, and then in the next moment she could be very nice. But many smarted over her rages for hours or days even though Regina would have forgotten everything and all would go on the same as before. Wilfred had sometimes to try and control Regina or talk her out of one of her fits. Together they talked for hours and hours and to me it seemed that a lot of energy was wasted.



That January of 1938, I left my job at the bank and moved out of the house at Winona Blvd. The next February they gave the Minerval degree to Roy Leffingwell, who, because he had a background in Astrology and had been interested in occult work for years, began to give some classes at the house. He soon became a 1st Deg. O.T.O. person and set to work to convert his family, every one of them.

Jane wrote again to Aleister in May: "No I haven't written in a long, long time -- I have been too down. This teaching job (as least I give it the credit) has opened my eyes and brought me to my knees. And it's heavy slogging. I just can't be a "successful" teacher - so far at least. One needs success of some sort so badly. How can the whipped and beaten endure without a philosophy for support, without satisfactions of some kind? Are all the whipped and beaten the "poor" - those who need the movies, the Aimees, etc., to keep them from imbecility, insanity, or violence of some sort.

"As Chairman 1) of the Cultural Arts Program of Los Feliz Womens' Club, 2) of the Drama Section of the same Club, meeting twice a month, 3) of Observers' Club - book reviews, current events, etc., twice a month .. all two-year tenures -- I was successful, building up attendance, in the latter case from an average of 12 or 13 a meeting to an average of 33. There was emotional and intellectual come-back. But this three-hour-an evening, four-night-a-week job bewilders and befuddles me. Fridays we make reports and attend a three-hour lecture. This summer I will have to do some University work, if I am to continue this mode of livelihood.

"Regina thrives on it like the bay trees of Lebanon... she will be heard from in a large way; with me it is a heavy task. Mixing with people has always been difficult - one or two I find easier. I need people so badly, so why don't I feel at home with them!

"The four of us are alone again - folks can't stand us long - with the exception of a youth who occupies the screen porch but does not board with us.

"Lu (ther) Carroll, divorced from Toni two or three months ago, has now become one of 4 occupying a remodelled stable and is going to town with sundry and various of his kind in this his first month away from the house. He still functions as the Deacon, praise be, and many times some 8 or 10 of the boys attend the Mass with him.

"The news from my angle of the House? I do not feel free to do this. Not that I think there is anything to conceal, but in some ways Wilfred wants to work alone, and I can be frightfully stupid about interpretations. He never felt at ease regarding me, after I moved here, until I wrote breaking with Headquarters when the London trial was on. This letter hurt me. (Incidentally, I am not yet over the hurt of giving him my Tunis AL, which I regret as I would wish for a clean gift.) But I am living here, working with him and therefore - perhaps mistakenly - keeping silent about House happenings just because it does make him uneasy.



"I type the letters Wilfred drafts on paper while we are out to school. They annoy me, the composition annoys me, the grammar which I used to correct. I still straighten out the spellings.

"One other item. On two occasions Wilfred confronted the possibility of being ousted -- one the summer of the London trial, the other the Jacobi-books affair, and on the first occasion he surprised me by insisting that I go with him, that I would suffer a big backwash otherwise, etc. As if anything could be more devastating than the Paris revolt. I suppose it is possible, but I can't imagine it. Wilfred has fine qualities, as I am sure you know - he has a really noble head, and I have faith in him, though I do act some times like a hen disturbed over the antics of her chick."

To which Aleister replied: "I was very glad to get your long letter of May 12th. I have read it through frequently and after a couple of bottles of liqueur brandy, I am apt to fancy that I know what it is all about. You keep on referring to people of whom I have never heard as if I had been at school with them.

"What I think is that you have not got rid of "the lust of result." You should stick to the Book of the Law and leave everything else alone.

"I am frightfully busy these days getting out all sorts of new publications so excuse this brevity."

That summer I married Paul in July and Jane and Regina had a long bout with bad health and depression. The Mass was continued as usual and often we would attend. Paul and I also went to the evening drama classes taught by Regina.

Jane wrote again to 666 in August: "We rather expect things of and from Lu. He is 22 or 23, has a good mind, is imbued with Thelema, is a good talker and reaches the level of his listeners --something Smith cannot do. Already he is influencing boys and girls of his own age -- not to the extent of definitely lining them up, but giving their haphazard existence some degree of aim and purpose."

She reported that she had gotten quite an interest in pantomime, which was to be expected as much of her early work in the movies relied on pantomime and body movements as there were no talking pictures in those days. As usual, she often talked of the ways she felt about life, and these one-way conversations could both Aleister quite a bit.

In September of that year, she again took up the diary entries. "We are once more a happy household. For weeks Regina and I were frightfully under the weather emotionally. She felt she could not endure much more. I all but invoked the Powers-that-be to remove



me from this house, it had become such a grievous burden." It was Regina and her sudden rages over trifles that really got Jane's back up. As for Mary K., she could scarcely endure it, either. Mary K. was not a joiner and so never attended the Mass on Sunday nights.

There were a succession of people to rent the extra bedrooms but most didn't stay too long. From time to time, Jane would meet someone who had come to the Mass, and have great hopes that they would become more interested in Thelema. Regina and Wilfred liked to talk endlessly about the people they thought they might interest in the Work. Most of the time, their hopes were dashed. Another topic for speculation was when the next war would start. LIBER AL VEL LEGIS had been printed the previous Spring Equinox both by the Church of Thelema in California and by A.C. in England. The English copy had a white cover and 2 mistakes in it, the one printed in Hollywood had a deep blue cover with gold printing and no mistakes. Wilfred was certain that we would now have a war and Aleister was certain of it as well. It was the time of the rise to power of Hitler in Germany and Thelemites didn't have long to wait, for the beginnings of World War II started nine months from the printing of LIBER AL.

Another source of energetic talking and work was Regina's plan to turn the students of her night school drama class into an independent group to be called "Kahl Players". Whenever she put on a series of short plays, the house at Winona Blvd. was turned into a place to work and rehearse.

Jane reported: "Again came the emotional strain among the females this Fall. I am over my mood, Mary K. still wants to get out, while Regina gives me the feeling of having at last swung Wilfred to her wants and desires. She is hammering, hammering for a little theatre, and is determined to use all of us, including Wilfred and O.T.O., to put over her scheme. So far without success -- so far as a suitable place is concerned. But all the talk of this house, all the creative effort of W and R, is directed toward a little theatre." and a week later: "The house has been in an uproar for days, people streaming in and out, rehearsing in the living room and temple, painting in the dining room, building sets in the yard. Eating at all hours, confusion and shouting! Tomorrow, the hub-bub of bringing furniture, dishes, draperies, etc., taken from the house for use on the stage."

Jane was very weary from her own work for her evening classes and could scarcely cope with what Regina was doing. She wrote: "Upstairs tonight (the Mass) I am impressed to perform once more "Liber Samech." I used this Ritual in Cefalu, first performing the Banishing Ritual, then going on my knees before a stool, on which was placed a copy of the Ritual. I intoned the words only, with slight body rhythms. Certain things took place, among others the appearance of a figure in a white robe heavily encrusted with



gold trimming from the hem upwards to about the knees, sleeves ditto, and a brilliant blue material on each shoulder - just a small piece showed. The face I could not see. 666 said it was Myself and would have blasted me out of my mind had I beheld the face."

So Jane then worked on LIBER SAMECH to try to bring order to her confusion and upsets. But she wrote: "I have not taken an oath for the length of time for performing the Ritual, nor that I shall do this rigorously every night. For years I have felt under a pressure that I must, must, must. A feeling of guilt - or at least something wrong if I relaxed and did naught but exist. ---I miss much by this habit of mine - not seeing things until they have passed by."

For a long time Max had been forbidden to attend the Mass but now he came back with a new woman on his arm. Georgia Haitz, whom he was to marry before too long. Jane thought that Max might be important to Thelema in some way. Certainly he had never fallen into disfavour with Therion.

She reported about us: "Jimmie and Paul Seckler have both got jobs with the May Co., wrapping packages for the Xmas trade. And are they happy to be making money. Jimmie owes Wilfred some seventy or eighty dollars. Phyllis is 3 months pregnant and will have to leave her job shortly - \$100. a month. So it will be up to Paul. Paul works like a Trojan here on set-building, theatricals, etc., but detests commercial activities, and was kept by mama for a long time. He and Phyllis make a good pair, and there is good understanding between them - and freedom! So unusual with wives and husbands!

"Oddly enough I always had faith in Paul from a magical point; that is, that he had the making of a magician. Neither Regina nor Smith could see this. While they were all for Lu, whom I could never see as a magician. Lu is predominantly a homo - Paul is bi-sexual. Lu lives with "fairies" all the time, adopts their manners, lingo, etc. Lu's father was a minister and he has a decided devotional strain. Paul is a free-lance, with a sense of humor and a sadistic strain."

But much later Lu gave up homosexual life and married again. During the war he joined the army and became a Captain in a Machine gun unit and was eventually lost to any further work with Thelema.

Then a new person showed up: "Young Parsons was here tonight to talk with Wilfred. Mary K., coming down the stairs and seeing him in Wilfred's room, automatically thought: "The next priest." One of Jack Parson's friends, had brought him to the Mass early that December and he had immediately felt a kinship with Thelema. She wrote: "Parsons is a chemist, married, and is attending Cal-Tech. He is definitely interested in the occult and "sane" about it, Smith says. He has a much better mind than his friend."



January of 1939 rolled around and Wilfred felt devitalized and weak. Regina had gotten to be too much for him and had drained him of energy.

Jane continued with Samech but was too weak to do it in the Temple so she recited it every night while resting in bed. She wrote: "At finish of Pentagram tonight I realized Adonai was to be found and seen in things and people around me; not to be sensed or felt within myself."

By February Jane had found a lover, Lawrence DeMoroff. They talked a great deal about Thelema, but Jane soon found that Lawrence couldn't keep his mind on a subject for very long, even though he had a deep interest in mysticism and the occult. They met together at Georgia's house for an interesting evening and Georgia and Max tried to lure Jane away from the work at Winona Blvd. She reported: "Georgia came into the open: 'Wilfred down and out - why stay with something washed up?' They are attracting people and money. And she implied they were prepared to go on with the Mass; that 'had it been put on beautifully and in a dignified manner there would be more adherents.' She wants me to come to their regular Saturday afternoon meetings and see what they are doing.

"They need larger quarters and want my financial - and I hope spiritual support. But I cannot see Georgia as the Priestess. Regina has had serious - and still has some limitations, but anyhow she has eliminated those affectations and realization-of-Regina-enthroned that Georgia still has so markedly. I would find it difficult to sit through the adjustment. She just will not be one of the group when reciting the responses at our Mass in the house, anticipating or trailing after and holding on to Aumns after the Deacon et al are finished. - Later. No, not anything O.T.O. A.A.. only. "

Then the house at Winona Blvd. broke into the newspapers and Jane noted that she had been tardy to report this." Feb. 26. Friday night on City College campus a drama student was attacked by a "Sam-the Slugger" and died from wounds received early Saturday a.m. Somehow Regina and the "Purple Cult" were dragged in. Last night Chief of Police Davis and 2 Inspectors were here; today several newspaper men, while tonight the Examiner man witnessed the Mass; afterwards took photos of Regina, Smith and Lew in their robes at the altar.

"Papers have articles - only one using the old Hearst tactics; Herald-Express (Hearst evening paper) which made up copy from the Examiner article. The H.-E. was here for photos this afternoon.

"All a.m. I felt free and full of power. I feel exhilaration - a sense of everything moving out into the open, smoothly and



strongly; the Work opening up without the past restrictions.

March 1: "KMTR started work on the "Purple Cult" - which is news-  
- writing a script for use over the network. Lew, Regina, Wilfred  
and this man started work about 11 o'clock last night, the object  
being to elucidate Thelema favorably to the public. My physical  
weariness took me to bed, but I have now been awake for some time  
and so scribble these notes.

"The man said they wanted something to combat the growing  
wave of Nazism in this country and our "liberty of the individual"  
could well be of assistance.

"Regina beginning to feel terror for the first time. While  
teaching Monday night, flashlights for photos played on her at  
intervals from outside the windows of her room. She teaches on  
the ground floor of the building. She fears this "Sam-the-Slugger"  
might attack her. "

Meanwhile DeMoroff had unearthed a slur on Regina's character  
by one of her old employers in dramatics. The man said she was  
a "sexual pervert". This remark was relayed to Regina and again  
she had doubts about being in the public eye.

Jane went to Max's house on her way home from school that March  
and asked them to put their cards on the table. "The sum total of  
Max's remarks: that Wilfred is totally inadequate, only the outer  
form given the people downstairs Sunday nights - nothing of the  
spiritual inwardness of Thelema; that Wilfred and Regina create  
a bad atmosphere in the Temple; that he and Georgia constantly  
hear bad reports, here, there, and the other place; that reper-  
cussions are about to take place that will blow the place to pieces;  
that I should go with them immediately, etc.

"Georgia is distinctly and definitely hostile, spiteful and  
venomous. She would ruthlessly tear down the entire structure if  
she could. The Work is quite secondary with her. Her hatred of  
Regina, plus Max's influence, and the desire to see him exalted to  
Smith's status back of it I think, though Max says; 'No O.T.O.  
activity on his part.'

"G. is a married woman, a mother, had a Lesbian period, men and  
homes with them, virtuously says she 'had to go to bed' with W.T.S.  
when she first came to Winona Blvd. She was living with George  
Daly at the time, she took on Smith, opened Tibor's pants when he  
took her home, then settled on Max after meeting him. Yet she "had  
to go to bed with Smith." The harlot gone righteous and virtuous!"

Meanwhile, Jane was enjoying very much her love affair and  
association with DeMoroff but Regina and Wilfred were very dis-  
pleased and Regina especially bound and determined to smash Jane's  
involvement. Jane wrote: "during our discussion of Profess house



disciplines, the subject of DeMoroff came up. Regina: 'of what use is he! I can't see any! Lazy, just looking for a berth. Married his wife because she had money.' (The berth hardly holds where I am concerned, my dear girl!) That DeMoroff might have a generous impulse is quite beyond her grasp it seems. And this he has. Wilfred answered by saying: 'DeMoroff was asked to speak before an audience of some 1500 or 1600 people last night (Mankind United) and acquitted himself favorably enough to be asked to speak at Bakersfield and have all expenses paid for him. And that he, Smith, would not be so invited.'

"These people look mess, true, the unskilled laboring class, small shop keepers, restaurants, etc., as well as of the better working classes. But these are the rough hewn rock of the base of the pyramid and two million such would mean some power. These are the people, too, to whom many Equinoxes went through Russell. Their stand: Abolishment of War and Poverty. Equal opportunity for all, but what is then made of the opportunity is up to the individual.

"And I? I see Adonai! Blessed Adonai! I must not fail DeMoroff."

Then later that month: Jane reported: "Lawrence here, through with Max! It seems he ran into Georgia downtown and 'she insisted on my going to Max's office', where Max proceeded to go after him about the Culling place.

"DeMoroff, it seems, gathers up people and takes them to Max's Saturday afternoon gatherings. (DeMoroff does attract many people). 'After Max's meeting was over, I assure you, not during it', and the group were in the social stage, he was asked by one or two for information regarding Mankind United. Of course he spoke enthusiastically for it, as is his wont about any subject that interests him. This Max and Georgia resented and they spoke to him about it. They also accuse him of being 'dictatorial', etc. Today was the last straw and DeMoroff sailed into Max and Georgia accusing them of smugness, conceit, derived from personal communication with 666, and vows he will not go there any more Saturdays. Will remain Max's Probationer - signed for a year, but off Max. And that is that! Lawrence has weakness, many good qualities - being proud and fearless he needs mighty careful handling.

How the personality conflicts ran and generally loused up the work of putting forth the ideas of Thelema! The same is true today. Jane could see this clearly now: "The speech and attitude of Regina regarding DeMoroff shows how we can, and so frequently do, limit ourselves when another personality annoys. In DeMoroff's case, she would not like him, naturally, he is much like herself. Values himself highly, impulsive and not too well set up intellectually. She sees him as a possible 'menace'. Paul Seckler does not trust him. Wilfred had no use whatever for him, but is coming around and said, 'Well, anyhow, which one of us, on going places, says "Do what thou wilt, etc., Love is the law, etc., which DeMoroff



does every time he goes on the platform."

"The 12th Aethyr gives me a larger comprehension of BABALON, more understanding of the Cup of Abominations. And of the Admonition, "Let her be loud and adulterous". One is apt to limit these words to the Christian concepts alone, while they embrace so very much more than the sexual union of two people. This yielding up of the Personality to Life, to circumstances, as does water, accepting every obstruction, curving round it, adjusting to all levels. What a mighty symbol!"

The next day, after a quiet afternoon in Ferndale, Jane and Lawrence were again together. Jane wrote: "Evening Sun-Moon. He fell sound asleep beside me and stayed the night. I marvel at my feeling regarding him as compared with Wilfred. W. gives me the credit for an initiation summer of '31 and of bringing Regina that November. And so little response on my side -- under will from start to finish. I flow toward Lawrence and for this reason, I suppose, there is something sacred about him. I surprised him, as well as myself - and 64 hard winters. God a'mighty!"

April 2: "Saturday I wrote Culling a note regarding taking DeMoroff with me to Culling's cabin. Instead of posting, I handed this letter to him before the Ritual this evening. Afterwards we had a talk. He has nothing whatever against DeMoroff - except he talks too much - says there are no strings to my going to the Cabin, and that I may take with me whomever I choose to take. He said "No" to DeMoroff at the time DeMoroff announced baldly his intention of going, first because he was flabbergasted and secondly he did not want anything to interfere with my plans and Lawrence did not say he was going with me. What a mess Max made of it! Angered Lawrence so that he quit him as Guru. And all that rigmarole to me about Culling not liking DeMoroff because of Thayne! Freudian to say the least."

April 6: "Thursday. To Culling's place six miles beyond Temecula. We had a delightful time roaming over all-but virgin territory, hills covered with rocks and small bushes now blossoming, while a small stream ran noisily and musically over its rocky bed down the middle of a small canyon. Wed. night Lawrence performed the Banishing Ritual, made a personal Invocation and then recited Hymn to Pan. I used Thoth Ritual. Sun-Moon.

"Thursday we returned to the Canyon, climbed up to the level on which rests a small house and we both recited Hymn to Pan over the hills and recited other things that pleased our fancy. All Thelemic to saturate those hills. I would very much prefer more intellect - at times his wanderings are distressing. Certainly the child is very in evidence."

They got home the next day. That April 14 they lunched together



and Jane had this to say afterwards: "Lunched with Lawrence and the opportunity of saying that having signed Probationer Pledge he was bound to be tempted for sincerity and stability. Also, that had he waited until Max expended his annoyance, he (DeMoroff) might have humbled Max and shown him his error by talking over calmly the situation, saying he could not accept Max's statement that his going to the cabin had queered the deal, that Culling is not that small, etc. but that notwithstanding all this he would continue as probationer. But this Lawrence could not accept. Of course, about a week ago he suggested I should be his Neophyte - which, as a matter of fact, I doubtless am, but I would not tell him that.

"April 16: Sunday. Lawrence came in about 10. Had been out to a wealthy home at Palisades. "They have seen" him "on other planes" - failed heretofore through stark egotism. "You are to lead us - you must not fail us!" He has decided to quit with me - still friends - but wants "to be with my people". If there proves to be a place for Jane will I join his family, etc. This wanting me with him he has mentioned before.

"April 17. I find myself frightfully annoyed with DeMoroff and have been asking myself the reason. I ask myself is it his assumption that he will shortly come to know who He is, and then perhaps he will be in a position to tell Jane who She is? The suffragette complex in me? Feminine battling masculine? Or just mad at the prospect of losing him sexually? (Somehow, I just don't believe this losing). Well - maybe.

"But tomorrow I plan to tell him a number of things about Jane I have not heretofore mentioned. Rather amusing this battling Jane - she's something new to me!

"April 29: Restless. "Something in the air." but not necessarily pertaining to us or me. Yesterday Lawrence flitted across my mind at intervals, as though he were under a cloud. He was here Monday night - there is no more inspiration there. I am interested in his outcome, by all means! - that he shall attain to his place in the scheme of things. Monday he said he might enlist for England.

"Lawrence here for dinner. He has been frightfully depressed and 'mad at the world'. Later he told me for the first time of his past life of labor, after the war. In ship-holds, iron-welder, bilge-something . . . working with the brutalities of men uncouth, arrogant, foul-mouthed. Lucy, his wife, took him out of this. He all-but suicided when she died. His strong feminine nature, plus lack of intellectuality and aristocratic characteristics of integrity and grace, have made him the butt of intolerance, impatience and crude humour. Through it all character, with fortified and strengthened will, humility and great understanding.



The naivete of a bumptious child, too, who loves people.

"Our later Work took on a new, deeper and more significant meaning. Consciously and properly unto Nu, I really believe."

Jane now was working with LIBER SAMECH regularly in the Temple in the attic. Jane continued with Lawrence and Regina and Wilfred began heavy battles over Regina's plans for the Kahl Players.

Jane noted: "Regina must be top dog, always and invariably. Adulation is meat and drink to her and these Women's clubs made her take the bit and bolt.

"Lawrence was here both Friday and Saturday and I sent him packing early in the evening. I was too nervy to listen to his prattle. The poor fellow was much hurt. Possibly uneasy, too. This is another door open for him."

This was the day my first child arrived, it was already May 14.

"May 22: Since May 6 I have not been able to work with Lawrence. He has become repellant. Realizing my wearying of the moment and nearly always wanting change, I took myself in hand and decided this morning to telephone him to return. But before doing so I take a Hexagram: "Shall I continue with DeMoroff?" I get Earth of Earth. So! That's that.

May 28: Sunday "A letter from 666. Max has written him saying I spoiled the transfer of Culling's cabin property of 40 acres. (Culling transferred 20 acres of another tract.) I shall find out what I can from Culling without stirring up too much dirty water. But, in a way, my hands are tied, as Culling's mind might be poisoned somewhat against Crowley? Still, if he can't stand that, he'd better skip and be done with it!

"Later. Wilfred has presented another angle - why could I not have seen through it! Culling was so happy to present the Order with a place where the brethren could go on Retirements - a place of rest and change. He discovered 666 wanted to raise money on it - mortgage, or sell outright.

"I recall here that Culling told me he had deeded a 20-acre tract elsewhere and stated: "If Therion wants to raise money on that, let him. And if any one comes over here and is not satisfied with his bargain, well, that's his look-out."

"This letter of 666 has lined me up definitely with Winona Blvd. Heretofore, I gave half, the other half to Therion in Europe. I almost feel like battling him."

It was the old story. Max stirred up trouble with his continual reporting to A.C. about things which he did not really



understand and Therion could not see through this pompous ego of a man and raised all kinds of trouble, mostly blaming Jane for matters over which she had no control.

It was bad enough to put up with Regina's impetuosity and outspoken behaviour and interfering tactics and rages and now Therion was also making life difficult. Jane felt quite alienated from him.

At about this time they learned at Winona Blvd. that Karl Germer was among the missing in the growing clouds of war.

To be continued.

#### CREATION

There aches a formless void of nothing  
Potentialities in reserve,  
Uncreate, unmanifest, woman's loving  
Abyss of reason's curve.

Nothing throbs in loneliness and sorrow,  
Revolving in the empty spaces;  
Waiting for the Lord of Life to follow  
Her beckoning, many-wiled faces.

"Come unto me," always she cries,  
Enfolding him in her desire;  
Lust for fulfillment in her sighs,  
Her longing lighting his inner fire.

Leaps the flame of his Being,  
Mysterious and wonderful the Way  
Of the all-begetting, all-devouring  
Wanderer seeking his lust to allay.

Thus the worlds become created  
In the never-ending dance  
Of He, the go'er, Her, the followed;  
Their loves are life's continuance.

Meral - 1948