



# IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. IV, No. 3

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.:.



"Thoth thrice great"

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"Reflection on life leads to wisdom"

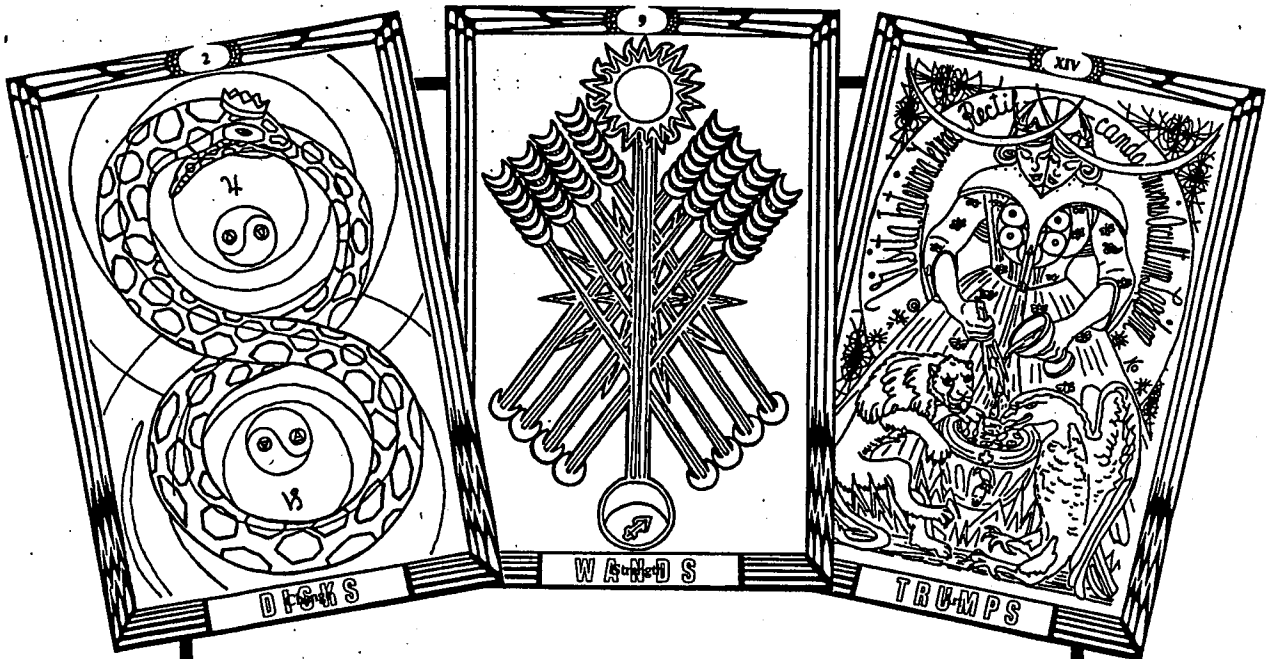
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The College of Thelema is pleased to announce that we now have more students than ever before and all of them are working at the tasks. We have four teachers and another in preparation for this work. Our centers are in Victoria, Canada, in Oroville and in Los Angeles. About half of our students are in the Los Angeles area and regular studies are conducted there. The headquarters remains in Oroville and seminars are given there as well as in other places several times a year. What we need now is more space for our campuses as overcrowding in some of these areas is a very real possibility. We extend our congratulations to all who have finished the work and encouragement to those who have yet to complete it.

Love is the law, love under will.

*Soror Meral*

# A Gnostic COLOURING BOOK



## THE ATUS OF THOTH: a Gnostic colouring book

In this series of re-drawings we have explored the complex structures of the Atus created for the Crowley / Harris tarot. The artist has used this medium to disentangle what is merely seen from what we would know. The student of Tarot is urged to investigate the information exposed in this format. Analysis is the basis of understanding. A faithful reproduction was the aim of the artist, however, the resultant drawings are not and were not created as sentimental reconstructions to support personal theories.

Crowley approached the Atus of Thoth project in his later years as a scholar and a scientist. Frieda Harris interpreted his instructions, and produced an artist's perspective. Study will show not only the formalist's concern for pictorial space, balance, order and unity, but also her cool objectivity in the creation of these often elegant images.

Crowley, through the artist Frieda Harris has decoded the structures of nature and the psyche in the Atus of Thoth with an economy of means. The work of Lady Frieda Harris reveals not only the artist's dedication to the Great Work, but the intense vision of one of this centuries most renowned occultists.

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The most efficient and thorough learning is that which is learning by doing. This coloring book will give students new insights into the meanings of the various Tarot cards. The College of Thelema heartily recommends this work. The artistry in it is superb!

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORDER

by Franz Hartmann

Revised by James A. Eshelman

Unknown to the great crowd, there exists an ancient Order of sages whose object is the amelioration and spiritual elevation of humankind by means of conquering error and aiding women and men in their efforts to attain the power to recognize Truth.

To this secret Order every wise and spiritually enlightened person belongs by right of his or her nature; because they all, even if personally unknown to each other, are one in their purpose and object. They all work under the guidance of the one Light of Truth.

This Order has existed in the most remote prehistoric times. It has manifested its activity openly in the world and secretly, under different names and in various forms. It has caused social and political revolutions. It has proved to be humanity's rock of salvation in times of danger and misfortune. It has always upheld the banner of freedom against tyranny, superstition and oppression in whatever shape they have appeared, whether religious, political or social despotism.

Into this sacred society no one can be admitted by another, unless he has the power to enter it himself by virtue of his own interior illumination. Neither can anyone, once admitted, be expelled unless he should remove himself by becoming unfaithful to its principles and forget again the truths which have been learned by experience.

All this is known to every enlightened person.

But it is known only to a few that there also exists an external, visible organization of such men and women. These, having themselves found and travelled the path to real self-knowledge, are willing to give to others the benefit of their experience and to act as guides to those willing to be guided.

Those who are already sufficiently spiritually developed to enter into conscious communion with the Great Spiritual Brotherhood will be taught directly by the Spirit of Wisdom; but those who still need external advice and support will find this in the outer vehicle of that Inner Society.

In regard to the spiritual aspect of this secret Order, one of the Brothers has written --:

Our community has existed ever since the first day of creation when the gods spoke the divine command: 'Let there be light!' 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 was graduated at 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 forever hidden from the eyes of the vulgar. Our secrets cannot be sold for money, but we give them free to everyone capable to receive them.

As to the various external vehicles of that Society over the centuries, it will be necessary to give a glance at its history, which has been one and

the same in all times. Whenever that spiritual Society has manifested itself on the outward plane and appeared in the world, it consisted at its beginning of a few able and enlightened people, forming a nucleus around which others were attracted. But, invariably, the more such a society grew in numbers, the more people became attracted to it who were unable to understand or follow its principles. In time, those who joined it to gratify their own ambitions or to make the society serve their own ends obtained the majority over those that were more pure. Thereupon the healthy portion of it retired from visibility and continued its benevolent work in secrecy, starting anew. The remaining portion became diseased and disrupted, and sooner or later died disgraced and profaned; for the Spirit had departed from them.

This drama has been reenacted innumerable times over uncounted centuries. The Great Order which lies behind all genuine mystery schools must, to fulfill its purpose, make contact with those parts of humanity which still live in darkness, holding open a portal through which the able may pass into the Light. Yet in doing so, it exposes itself also to those incapable of comprehending what they see and hear. Even today, in our comparatively enlightened times, only a few are able to recognize that real power is only acquired through service; that wisdom is sterile unless held as a lamp to illumine the way for others; and that love is the rapture of discovering that one is not separate from, but rather very much a part of, another, or others, or all.

For this reason, the external organization of which we speak has resolved not to reveal its true name to the vulgar. Furthermore, and for the same reason, the names of the members of this Order remain unknown, except to those who are intimately associated with them in their common work. If it is said that in this way our Order will gain few members, we would answer that the Order has a spiritual contact with that Inner Sanctuary of the Great Work described earlier. Those who are ready and worthy to be admitted will be guided to us by means of their intuition; while those who have no intuition are not yet ripe. It is better to have only a comparatively small number of capable members than a great many who are as yet unable to serve.

From the above it will be clear that the first and most necessary requirement of an aspirant is to keep silent in regard to all that concerns the Order. Not that there is anything within the Order which needs to fear being known to the virtuous and good; but it is inappropriate that things which are elevated and sacred should be exposed to the gaze of the vulgar and be bespattered by them with mud. This would only impede the Order in its work. It would also impede the individual aspirant, for those things which any of us holds most sacred are those things on which we most naturally remain silent; and to speak carelessly of a cherished thing to those who do not value it is to profane that thing for oneself.

Another necessary requirement of affiliation with our Order is mutual confidence between the Order and the aspirant. An aspirant who has no faith in the Order cannot be taught or guided by it. There may be instructions which appear strange, and for which no explanation can be given to the beginner; but when the aspirant has attained a certain state of development, all will become clear. However, this necessary confidence will be of little service if it lacks endurance. The way of the development of the soul, which leads to the awakening of the inner senses, is slow. Without patience and fortitude nothing will be accomplished.

From all this it follows that the next requisite is devotion to one's own spiritual ideal of the Highest. This includes the condition of discipline. The purpose of the aspirant is to free himself from being dominated by his own sensual self. Please understand that there is absolutely nothing "unspiritual" about delighting in the world of our physical senses, of desire, or of

enjoyment and use of the material forms of reality. The dichotomy between "spiritual" and "sensual" is an artificial contrivance, as the wise know from experience. However, in the common man or woman, a sense-oriented window on life restricts awareness of those profound feelings of joy and pleasure which arise only from communion in the Spirit. The human soul must be released from the arbitrary limits within which most people encase themselves, so that it may soar freely and discover its genuine heritage. The sensory nature must become a specialized tool for the use of the central Self, rather than the master of a passive and distracted will.

For this reason, the aspirant must not submit to the will of this sensory nature, but must follow the will of that Supernal Self -- his True Will -- which he does not yet know, but desires to find. What he believes to be his own will is in reality only the blinded desire of his limited human nature, cut off at this early stage of development from the universal currents of love and will which unite all life. By consciously uniting his will with that of the Order, and diligently obeying the obligations to which he commits himself, he obeys the will of his own central spiritual Truth with which the Order is associated for the purpose of aiding him in the conquest over himself.

This conquest by the Supernal Self, and the resultant liberation of it from the distractions and misperceptions of the reactive levels of personality, is the Victory of the Divine Consciousness in woman or man over that within the individual which is earthly and animal. As is written in The Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismegistus, "Separate the earth from the fire, the subtle from the gross, suavely and with great sagacity... So thou hast the glory of the whole world; therefore let all obscurity flee before thee." The object of this Great Work is a realization of true manhood and womanhood, and the attainment of conscious immortality in the perfected realization of the highest state of existence.



*Aleister Crowley*



# THE CITY OF GOD

A RHAPSODY

by

ALEISTER CROWLEY

" In Macrocosmo ΗΛΙΟΣ ΦΑΛΛΟΣ in Microcosmo,  
Lucis, Vitae, Libertatis, Amoris est Fons Deus "  
cui testis Aedes Moscoviae Kremlin.

Marius de Aquila.

Christ=Ιησους Χριστος Θεου Υιος Σωτηρ=ΙΧΘΥΣ=Il Pesce  
ΛΑΜΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΤΕΛΕΠΥΛΟΥ

Published by the O.T.O.  
An Ixvii ☉ in O° O' O" Aries  
March 21, 1943 e.v., 12.3 p.m.  
at  
93, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

Dedicated to

Alexander, Aliekhin, Alapin and Azev;  
Blavatzky, Bakunin, Boris and Boguljuboff;  
Dostoevsky, Dmitri and Diaghileff;  
Gogol, Gregory, Gapon, Glinka and Gorky;  
Ivan and Ilyitch;  
Katherine and Kropotkin;  
Lenin and Lermontoff;  
Mendeljeff, Maisky, Mussorgsky, and Moiseïvitch;  
Pushkin, Pavloff and Peter;  
Rurik, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Rasputin, Rachmaninoff and  
Rostopschin;  
Timoshenko, Tschaikovsky, Troitsky, Tschigorin, Trotsky,  
Turgenieff, Tolstoi and Tchekoff;  
Vassily and Verestchagin;  
Zosimoff and Zimbalist;  
and so on through all the thirty-six letters of  
the Alphabet; stones of honour and dishonour  
that go to the building of the City of God.

Printed in England  
by Chiswick Press Ltd., London, N.II

Portrait by Cambyes Daguerre Churchill  
Temple Bar 5788.

NOTE—This Rhapsody is the complement of "The Fun of the Fair." This reveals the Poet and Magus, as that does the Man of the World.

## PREFACE

Poetry is the geyser of the Unconscious.

Poetry is the intelligible musical expression of the Real whose mirror is the phenomenal Universe.

Poetry is the Hermes to lead the "soul" Eurydice from the murk of illusion to the light of Truth; "and on Daedalian oarage fare forth to the interlunar air".

A living poem must effect a definite magical excitement-exaltation in the hearer or reader, similar to the experience of "falling in love at first sight" with a woman. Analysis and argument cannot convince, and may inhibit the reaction, which is above emotion and reason.

The reception of a poem, being a ritual Magical initiation, suffers no interruption. The music must be perfect; hard, maybe, to appreciate, as is Beethoven, but unmistakably sublime when fully understood. Technical perfection, in the absence of Creative Energy, is vanity, like the playing of "Exercises".

The "work of art" which appeals to contemporary judgment can never, save some rare accident, be of the timber of Yggdrasil. For one main factor of its immediate success must be its amalgam with the Zeitgeist, a mercurial element corrosive of true gold. Hermes Trismegistus distinguishes three degrees: (1) true, (2) certain beyond error, (3) of all truth. "The Way, the Truth, and the Life" is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever". Great Art is independent of conditions.

T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, W. H. Auden, haec turba taeniarum omnis, have log-rolled their heads and their styles until Bloomsbury, Brixton, Balham, Bournemouth and Baaston believe them to be poets. Pedantry and preciosity, push and peacockry, are not the stuff of song.

Go (with some trifle of aid from Socrates) and challenge their sycophants! It is easy to compel them to define "poetry" so as to exclude John Keats—fed, by the way, on honest porridge, not on "cereals" out of a can. And one will not impossibly be content to leave it at that!

Here, then, is your chota hazri, fellow-pilgrims to the City of God, with the first blast of a challenge to the critics. Expect a fanfare, OLLA it shall be called; Reistafel for your breakfast dish! At the Solstice, with a bit of luck!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

# The City of God

Day after day we crawled  
Beneath the leaden, flat,  
Featureless heaven, across dull emerald  
Field after field, whereon no aureate  
Sunrise awakened earth's Magnificat,  
Save at the marge where, rimmed with duller pines,  
Dun earth mixed with black heaven, there unsealed  
A red eye glowing through that furtive field,  
As if the bloodhound of Eternity  
Tracked the thief Time. Remorseless rain  
Beat down, pale piteous monotony,  
Upon the inexorable plain.

A gnome that staggers under the grim load  
Set on his back by God,  
Might pity our weak jolting as we moved  
Hopelessly, yet inevitably, on,  
Under who knows what senseless goad,  
Unlovable as unloved,  
Towards the evasive horizon  
That mocked us without laughter, wrapped  
In its own cynic sleep,  
Careless of the vitalities it trapped,  
Not sanguine from the blood it lapped,  
Not living from the life it sapped,  
But in eternal gloom,  
Its own soul's tomb.  
This was the sombre way we went—  
Not eloquent of death, since death is change,  
But of some tideless ocean sad and strange  
Beneath a mute, immobile firmament,  
The sun himself struck silent at the nod  
Of some more awful God.

We were so far from the one city we sought  
That we had never hoped; and so despair  
Never built bastions against the thought  
That we might—in some ultimate—be there.  
Sunset and dawn were but the same red eye,  
The first behind us and the last before,  
Nor was the night more leaden than the day,  
Since—to see less no worse than to see more,  
Sight's limit being that monotony  
Of grievous green and grey!

Wonder could no more touch the soul. The dawn  
Broke as its peers had broken—when we found  
Ourselves in an enchanted ground  
Where all the plain was suddenly withdrawn,  
And we were in the midst of alien races  
And monstrous market places  
Where no man marked us. An armed man stood out  
From the bright-coloured rabble: he was black  
From head to foot, save for the peacock's plumes  
That were his crest—then was this wonderland  
Storied Baghdad or silken Samarcand?  
Kashgar the envied? Yarkand the yak's mart?  
Himis of holy men beyond utmost wrack  
Of Himalaya? Pride of Jhelum's strand,  
Srinagar, happiest hope of every heart?  
Oh! but the warrior signed for us to loose  
Our shoes, for that the ground whereon we trod  
Was holy already from profaner use,  
Being the outskirts of the City of God.

## II.

Close-ranked, the legions of the spear-bright rain  
Roared as they charged; we came incontinent  
Within a space: a threshold of twin spires,  
Topaz and jade, confront the firmament,  
And 'twixt them nestled the babe fane,

Domed with blue canopy, the golden fires  
Of stars about it; there we stayed, and there  
Put up petitions well and thorough to fare,  
Whirls of faint smoke that soared in the thin air.  
Lo! suddenly we felt our feet unshod  
Bleed with the sharp bliss of the City of God.

### III.

Towered above the abyss, the red wall ran  
Mightily forth, its crenellated crest  
A square-toothed saw, God's luminous azure  
Poured through each palpitant embrasure,  
Save where, crown over crown, fan over fan,  
Dome upon dome, cupola beyond cupola,  
Great gland, sun, moon, cross, crescent, breast  
And mightier breast and gland and vesica  
Heaving with natural and unnatural longing,  
Crowding, coalescing, thronging,  
Mixing their magic, clouding over all  
With pale, pure gold, the spring sun's thrall  
Thrilling with ecstasy to burst the blue—  
Oh! all our hashish dreams came true  
When we beheld the jewel of the city,  
Its nine glands coloured like all manner of fruit  
And flowers with stripe and trellis, whorl and spire,  
Even like all manner of beast and bird that be,  
And every gland stood bare, disdaining pity,  
Each shaft a column of fire,  
And its vibration was a lyre,  
And the echo of it a lute,  
So that a mighty melody  
Shone out thereof, a maze of moon in the gloom.  
All inexpressibly dowered with perfume.  
And this was molten, this was living stone,  
This was the very flesh and blood of God,  
Incarnate Christ, the Saviour, hailed alone  
Artifex, martyr, the reviving rod

That on itself begat the one true vine  
And from its own breast drew the only wine.  
And all was rainbow and aurora blended  
In fluent colours interchanged and splendid,  
Pure water whirled into pure fire and flecked  
With miracles of form,  
Wheels upon wheels expiring and erect,  
Colour and sound in storm,  
The heart of God within a frame of blue:—  
Our hashish dream come true!

IV.

And all this hung above a mighty river.  
Curve after curve, an amphisbæna, wound  
About the base of those pale precipices  
That cut the clouds, whose curtained eyelids quiver  
In their absorb'd gaze into that profound,  
The abyss of height confronting the abysses  
Of East and North.—Oh! but the fiery fan  
Of burning water that made molten love  
To the fiery face of the fair fane above,  
Whose pure and whose palingenetic plan  
Was older than all worlds, than that hot hour  
When Christ Ischyros capped the topmost tower  
About whose root the royal river ran.

V.

Gold upon gold, dome above dome, faint arrow  
Kindling sharp crescent, as the sunrays swept,  
Save for one midnight moment when one narrow  
Fierce ray, exhaling from no eye that slept  
Of God, our God, the sun—gold upon gold,  
Fronde upon frond, fold upon fold  
Of walls like leaves and cupolas like flowers,  
And spires and domes that were as fabled fruit  
Of the low lands beyond the pillared seas

Of Hercules!  
Silver, sharp showers  
Swept on the city, and made mighty suit  
To the great god whose amorous hours  
Were housed in those eternities  
Within, where, by the frescoes and the gold,  
Musical, manifold,  
Carven like lace, by malachite  
And porphyry and chrysolite,  
Where in their copper cold sarcophagi  
Hundreds of emperors lie,  
And in their reliquaries bediamonded  
Thousands of saints still watch their jewelled bones;  
And beneath canopies of precious stones  
Invoked archangels, each an armed host,  
Hold ready to defend with glaive and spear  
The frontiers of the city, there appear  
The emblazoned ensigns of the Holy Ghost  
That all invisible pervades the whole,  
Being its secret soul.  
There, in that sanctuary of silences,  
There is a Word,  
The Word that built the city, never heard  
By any of those archangel phalanxes,  
Unuttered even in the holy heart  
Of God, or breathed by its own lightning breath,  
Since from all being it stands ever apart,  
Its name being Life, and that name's echo Death.

## VI.

Then was I caught up into rapture—yea!  
From heaven to heaven was I swept away.  
And all that shadow city past,  
And I was in the City of God at last.  
This city was alive, athrob, astir,  
Shaped as the sacred, secret place of Her  
That hath no name on earth, whose whisper we



Catch only in the silence of the sea.  
 And through it poured a river of sunset blood,  
 Pulsing its choral and colossal flood  
 Throughout the city, and lifting it aloft,  
 Too subtle-strenuous and too siren-soft,  
 So that the very being of it did swim  
 Into Herself, bliss to the buoyant brim,  
 And rose and fell as only rise and fall  
 The bosoms of those maids ecstatic  
 Whom Gods caress with giant spasms—  
 Red orgiastic dawns of the orgasms  
 Wherein the soul, beneath its own feet trod,  
 Spends itself in the sanctuary of God!

## VII.

And in that heart of hearts was no more I,  
 No more the heart; but, sobbing through the sky,  
 Came trembling the more awful beat, the blast  
 Of a million trumpets blazoning the past,  
 Heralding the to-be, and on their wings  
 Whirred incommunicable things.  
 And in their wake, tremendous and austere,  
 A form of fear,  
 Awe in the shape of the Most Holy One,  
 A globe, an eye, a hawk, a lion, a lord,  
 A bowl of brilliance, a winged globe, a sword—  
 All these in one, and one beyond all these,  
 Mute, ithyphallic, caryatides  
 Like gods about his car, came crested on  
 The one true God; the Sun!  
 Instant, the city swirling to its brim  
 With Life unthinkable, dissolved in Him.  
 Instant, explosion shook the bounding night,  
 Smote it but once, and left but one thing, Light.

Oh, but the scarlet swallows up the blue—  
 Our hashish dreams come true!

This edition consists of 200 copies numbered  
and signed by the Author.

Price: Five Shillings

This copy is No. 22.

To Jane

who also has looked  
upon beautiful cities with  
clear eyes, and understood them

Alister Crowley

THE LEGEND OF THE MAGIC PEARL  
and  
HOW TO DO NOTHING

He spoke, and his voice was soft music, like the sound of the wind in the trees:

"Welcome, stranger! What do you seek of me? - old man that I am."

"I come to seek a master," I answered humbly, "To find the path to human goodness. I have long searched this beautiful land, but the people seem as though they were dead, and I am as poor as ever."

"You err somewhat in this matter," said the sage. "Strive not so busily to be so very good. Do not seek it overmuch, or you will never find the true wisdom. Do you not know how it was that the Yellow Emperor recovered his magic pearl? I will tell you."

"The Yellow Emperor once travelled round the North of the Red Sea, and climbed to the summit of the Kuenlun mountains. On his return to the southward he lost his magic pearl. He besought his wits to find it, but in vain. He besought his sight to find it, but in vain. He besought his eloquence to find it, but that was also in vain. At last he besought Nothing, and Nothing recovered it. "How extraordinary!" exclaimed the Yellow Emperor, "that Nothing should be able to recover it!" Do you understand me, young man?"

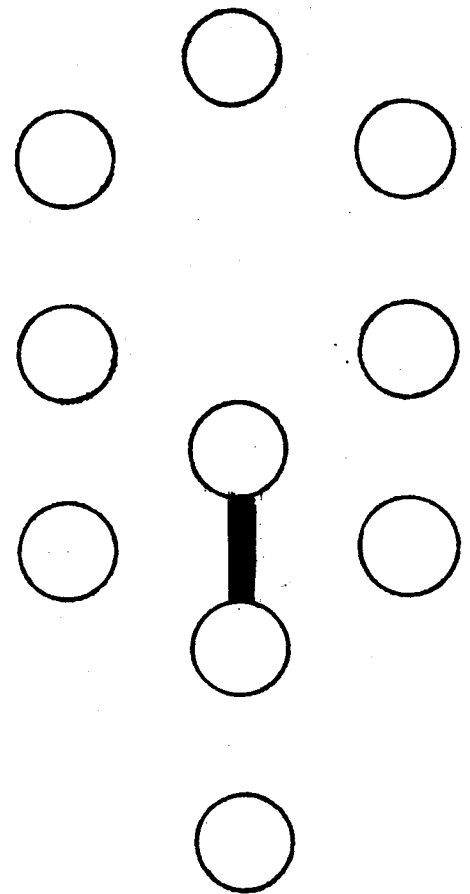
"I think this pearl was his soul," I answered, "and that knowledge, sight and speech do but cloud the soul rather than enlighten it; and that it was only in the peace of perfect quietude that his soul's consciousness was restored to the Yellow Emperor. Is it so, Master?"

"Quite right; you have felt it as it is."

Let the body be still, the breath regular.  
Shut off all sense perceptions.  
Silence the emotions.  
Stop thinking.

Thus doing NOTHING, ye may attain to Union  
with TAO, which doeth all things.

Aleister Crowley



## THE TRUMPS OF THOTH AND PSYCHOLOGY

### TRUMP XIV - Art

The Hebrew letter Samekh is assigned to this Trump, which also used to be called Temperance. Samekh has the value of 60 and its meaning is a tent peg or a prop. In other words, a basis of support. Since this Trump is in the Middle Pillar and is between Yesod and Tiphereth, its meaning becomes very significant. It is a support which sustains, preserves and maintains personal existence. If reading from the top down, this support is seen as the Holy Guardian Angel in Tiphereth which sustains life. If this were not so, we would be no more than automatic animals.

This Trump shows a vibratory force which is the basis of our lives, from black to white and back again. It is the Art of using opposing forces not only to bring forth and support a higher life but also to aid us in our evolution to the knowledge and higher uses of the forces depicted in the Trumps.

Art is attributed to Sagittarius, which is a fire sign and also a common sign. It is the refined fading out of the forces of fire. The sign is ruled by Jupiter, the greater benefic in Astrology. Also Sagittarius rules the hips and thighs.

The Intelligence assigned here is the Tentative Intelligence. This means a trial, or an experiment or an attempt. It is something which is not finished, just the beginning which is settled by many attempts. A theory is put to the test of practical application and out of it comes experience. The Trump suggests experiments to modify vibrations of different forces. From these experiments come the adaptation to various vibrations and forces in life and their use to further one's True Will.

The forces used are not generally known to those who have never studied the subject. This is the Alchemical card which matches the beginning of the Alchemical work which we noticed in the Trump attributed to Gemini, The Lovers. The work started there is being carried forward by the mixing of the forces of the two opposites. When these forces are equilibrated and the postulant has adapted to the new forces which are the result of his work, then he is able to progress further. Adaptation is a key here, as well as equilibration. To adapt is to equalize and to adjust and hence we have the very true saying that "Equilibrium is the basis of the Great Work".

The Hebrew name for Sagittarius is QShTh, the bow, the rainbow. The letters are those of the last 3 paths on the Tree of Life. The arrow from the bow is being shot up the center of the figure and the rainbow covers her shoulders. This is an arrow of aspiration and of purity to the One meaning in Life, the performance of the Great Work.

The arrow is also a symbol of Sagittarius, which zodiac sign is the Archer shooting a bow upwards to Tiphereth where dwells the Holy Guardian Angel. The arrow was also in the Trump of the Lovers, but here it was pointing downward and was a symbol of love transformed. The arrow is also a symbol related to Mercury, which planet rules Gemini and is thus a symbol of the directed Will.

In Greek mythology, Iris is the Goddess of the rainbow. In these stories, she is thought of as being of great assistance in the various tribulations of the gods and through her work, she is able to rescue them. As the rainbow, she connects heaven and earth and the symbolism here is quite clear that it is the aspiration to the higher which is the remedy for much of our troubles. The rainbow is fire in a very attenuated and purified form and in mythology, it carries a promise of better things to come, of an end to the storm. Also, the flower that is named after this goddess, the iris, has innumerable colors, as does the rainbow. Further, some of its petals droop down, as though belonging or longing for the earth, and some of its petals reach upwards, as though reaching for the highest. This characteristic was adapted in the design which became the French Fleur de Lis.

Since this Trump is on the Middle Pillar of the Tree of Life and is exactly balanced, it becomes important to us as without due attention to its workings, we may not move upwards. It is incumbent upon us to know how to balance the opposites of all kinds in our lives. This is the middle of the swing of the pendulum from one extreme to the other and this Trump tells us that if we become extreme in any way, our balance is upset and our aspiration is set to naught. Our struggles for the Light would be in vain.

LIBER LXV in Chapter I, verse 9 and 10 states: "One mounteth unto the Crown by the Moon and by the Sun and by the arrow and by the Foundation and by the dark home of the Stars from the black earth." "Not otherwise may ye reach unto the Smooth Point."

The paths of Gimel (3), Samech (60), and Tau (400) add up to 463. The Sepher Sephiroth names these as the Pillar of Mildness, and other words with the same numeration are: crystal, glass; a rod of almond; caps, crowns, diadems. All these are suggestive of the meanings in this Trump. Both crowns and the rod of almond refer to Kether.

Further, the spheres in the Middle Pillar, 1, 6, 9, & 10 all add up to 26, which is the number for Yod, He, Vau, He or Tetragrammaton. This word, as mentioned earlier, is made up of opposites, Yod or Fire; He or Water, and their marriage which results in Vau, the Son and Air, and the final Hé, the daughter or Earth. This then, is the scheme of creation, the marriage of opposites which results in third and fourth forces or results and this is the central secret of Alchemical processes.

There is in the Trump an interchange everywhere. One head is black and the other white. The same is true of the arms. The red lion has become white and the white eagle has become red. The figure pours water and fire into the cauldron and the process begins. At the bottom of the card, water and fire intermingle. The bees on the robe of this figure, who is Diana, are purely feminine and the snakes are a masculine symbol. This is a marriage of male and female energies. Another way of looking at this process is that it is a marriage of the conscious mind which we term as a male energy and the unconscious mind which is termed a female energy. Thus the process of intermingling is also between the different forces and energies in one person. Due to the mingling and marriage of these forces, there is a modification of their original force and something new is the result of the effort.

This view is reinforced when we read the words around the circle which encloses the figure and which also suggests the Sun in its roundness and gold color. "Visita Interiora Terrae, Rectificando Invenies Lapidem". These capital letters spell VITRIOL, a word which sums up the process. The meaning in English is to visit the interior of the earth and rectify what is there to find the secret stone. Or, better put "Visit the interior parts of the earth, by rectification thou shalt find the hidden stone." The interior parts of the earth are, of course the interior workings of ourselves, or the little understood unconscious which Jung has divided into a collective unconscious and thus true for all of humanity, and a more personal unconscious which holds memories of past lives and forgotten or repressed things in this life, with the automatic consciousness which the sphere of Yesod represents, among other things.

The word rectify means to set straight, to remedy, to correct. In chemistry and also in alchemy to rectify means to purify by repeated distillations. The Alchemists actually took a mineral or a plant and performed these repeated distillations. Some of the ancient workers made the mistake of thinking that this work had only to do with making actual gold or with working with actual plants and minerals. Of course, their discoveries led to modern chemistry. But there were other more informed Alchemists who understood that they were also working with the contents of the psyche, both the conscious and unconscious contents. The gold that resulted was also the philosopher's stone, or simply put, the powers of the attainment of the sphere of Tiphareth where one meets with the Holy Guardian Angel, who then directs any further work.

In modern psychology, this process of setting straight or of remedying and correcting various mistakes that occur in the mind or the emotions is used by the wise Aspirant to the path of the development and evolution of himself. This process is absolutely essential so that the Aspirant is not trapped in his own misconceptions, or his own unbalanced emotional states. Sometimes it is a long and exhausting work due to many bad habits formed in this life or in other lives. All the dross must be stripped away and purified until there is only One Will. It is so difficult a work that many fail right here as they resist change of any kind due

to the insistent and insidious work of the little ego which insists it is the center of Being when it is not. The troubles can be seen easily when a person resorts to boasting and pride and begins to think he is infallible and better than anyone else. This failure to pass on the Path of Samech where one balances and equalizes everything is rife among so-called students of the occult. The failure leads to those who become "occult crazy".

Jung thought that the balance between the opposites and their reconciliation was not a job which the conscious mind could attempt. Reason and logic do not apply in this work as the balance lies in other realms. This work requires some help from a psycho-analyst. It is the rare person who is able to analyze for himself what has gone wrong in his progress towards illumination. Actually, the answers lie in the super consciousness of the unconscious world where one's Angel works behind the scenes in a very patient and sometimes very slow manner. In old Tarot cards, there was a figure of an Angel closing the mouth of a lion and the card was called Temperance. The word itself tells of the balance which must be achieved between extremes. Since this Path leads directly to Tiphereth, where is the H.G.A., the figure of Diana is entirely appropriate as beyond the sphere of Tiphereth, where is the High Priestess, who is also feminine but is a more refined form than is Diana. She leads directly to the Crown, to Kether. It is a feminine force then, who is the H.G.A. of the superconsciousness.

Diana is the Goddess of the Moon, which is the sphere of Yesod. This is the many-breasted Diana which was celebrated in Ephesus of the ancient world. The symbology is that of the many functions of Yesod which are the automatic consciousness full of animal origins and memories, and also the autonomic nervous system which keeps on working without the help of consciousness, and much else. Without the functions of Yesod, the heart would not beat, the lungs would not take in air and a thousand other functions would be impossible. Even with all that we know about these workings of the human body and of the lives of the cells, and the functions of the brain and all else, there is still much research going on which will reveal new discoveries and importances to this hidden consciousness which keeps us alive both physically and psychically. For this reason, Yesod is called the Foundation as it is truly the foundation of life and all its functions.

The Alchemist tried to work with the waxing and waning phases which are typical of the Moon and of our unconscious selves and of the autonomic nervous system. He knew that his forces had many phases as did the Moon. Nothing could be forced and one had to wait upon Nature with some gentle assistance, so to speak. But this waiting had to be an informed waiting so that when the proper phase arrived in the proper time, it could be taken advantage of and the work could proceed.

Around Diana's head there are two Moons to symbolize these phases. The white gluten of the Eagle and the red fire of the Lion had to be at the proper stage before they could mingle in the



cauldron of Art. If done correctly, the opposites fuse and become one product. The spiritual formula for this could be the union of God and Man and of this Valentinus speaks. Or the process might be the union of man and woman and we see this work with Nicolas Flamel and Perenelle. Also, in many old pictures referring to the Alchemical process there are men and women working with the various stages of the process. Then there is also the union of subject and object or of the observer and the thing observed. In modern terms, we say that the conscious and the unconscious become fused.

In these types of mingling, an actual physical effect occurs. People have been known to cure diseases, to become radiant with Light, to gain power and wisdom above the ordinary, and many other much-to-be-desired results. Just as the psyche becomes transformed by the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, so does the physical body follow suit and become transformed in due time. This full transformation is represented by Tiphareth which is at the heart and center of the whole Tree of Life. It is possible for one who has attained to this sphere to be aware of those others who have also attained. It is like a secret society, so to speak. Persons who pretend or boast of this enlightenment and do not really have it are but a source for mirth. True attainment can never be faked, it is as real as the rest of you. Actually, it is even more real, for it survives after death, whereas the body does not.

When the fire of the spirit and the water of the unconscious forces are poured into the cauldron or vessel of the individual soul, the first result is the caput mortuum, or dead head in the process of putrefaction. This result is shown on the side of the cauldron. This first process of putrefaction is called "the dark night of the soul" and is similar to the gestation of a new child in the woman's womb. It is also similar to the state which is undergone when the Aspirant has crossed the Abyss and is part of the sorrow of Binah. Because of such similarities, confusion often reigns in the mind of the Aspirant as to which stage he has reached. But it is necessary to know that the higher stages cannot be reached until one first goes through the lower stages. If a person does not wish to change and grow, much suffering will result from his behaviour until he has learned that all of life changes and develops and this fact cannot be sidestepped or ignored. As persons on this path to perfection we should welcome ordeals, for they have been devised by the H.G.A. to break up the old so that the new may be born and have a chance to develop further.

A continual testing goes on from the source of the H.G.A. which is directed at the Aspirant to see if he or she can survive an influx of Light. When this ongoing testing is sufficient, then the arrow is released from the bow and it arrives in Tiphareth and one symbolically learns to leave the Moon sphere as sole rule of life for the Light of the Sun. The H.G.A. makes certain that no individual has more light than he can bear. This is one reason for the admonition to be strong which we find in LIBER AL.

LIBER AL, Cap.II, v. 70

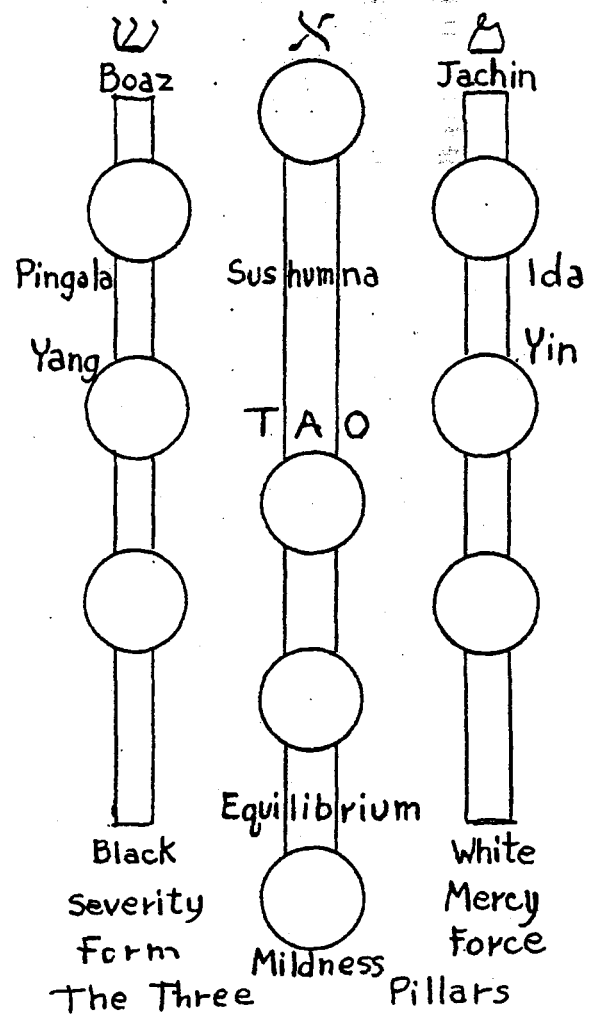
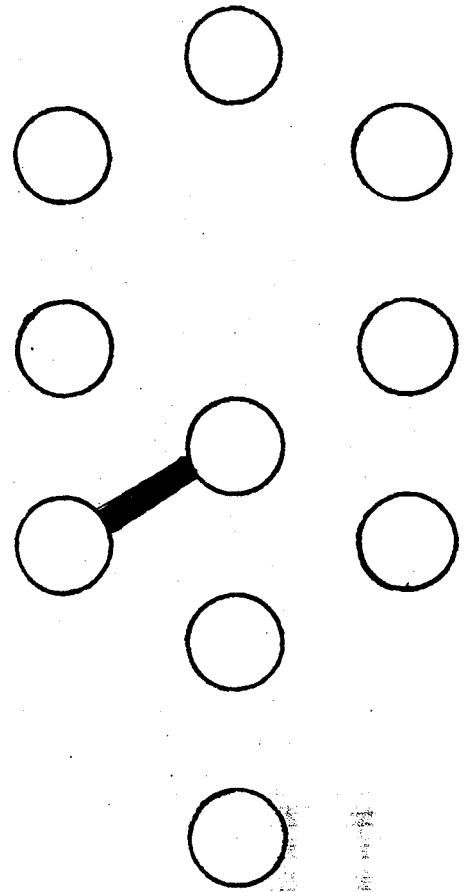
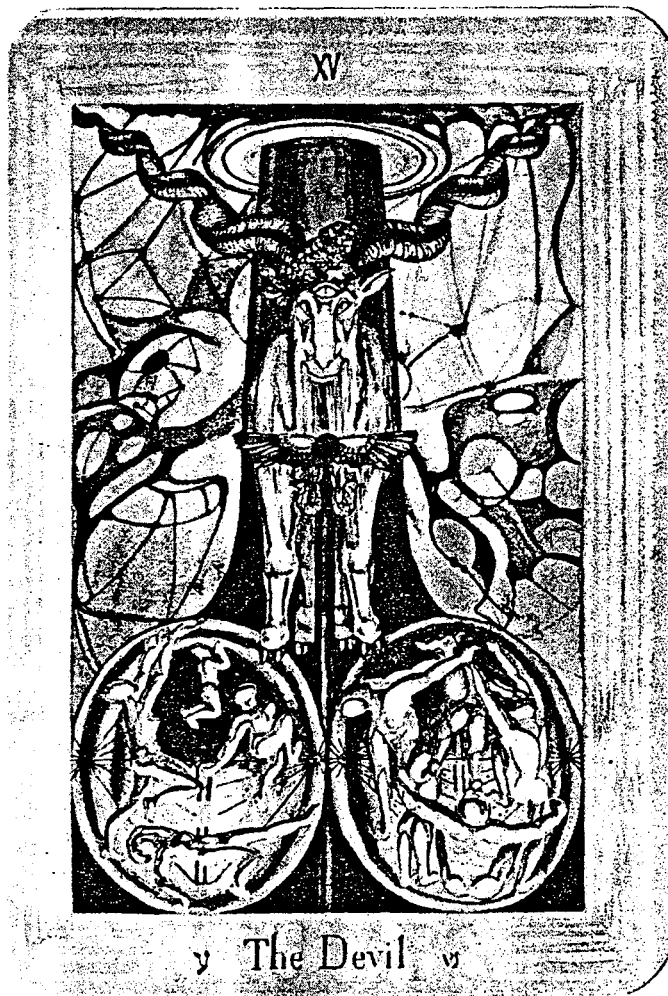
When we are in the middle of an ordeal, the way does indeed seem dark and this is mostly because we are tied up into wrong and outmoded emotions and thoughts. The conscious mind whirls around and around in its squirrel cage and nothing seems to break its grip. When the person is able to relax enough to sleep, the answer may be there coming out of the unconscious mind either in dreams or just on awaking when the conscious mind has not had a chance to renew its grip. Sometimes even chance words or happenings in the outside world may light the way for a particularly alert Aspirant.

When such a dark period hits, one can be pretty sure that two opposites need to be rectified, understood, purified and combined. When these solutions to the blackness come often, it is a reminder that the Aspirant is a spiritual being and not just a mass of various material forms and functions.

The Aspirant eventually learns that all ordeals are a teaching devised for him by the H.G.A., they are something he needs to learn. He consciously finds the opposite to the emotion or thought which has made things so black and awful. Having achieved this balance by a conscious effort, he then learns to set up a dialogue with the Holy Guardian Angel. This process the Alchemist called Meditatio. Today we call it meditation and one could hardly expect to make much progress without the use of this powerful tool. A person needs calm to meditate and the way to achieve this calm is to unite any opposites which are in the center of the attention at the moment.

Jung found that this calm was not a process of the conscious or thinking mind which is so familiar to all of us every moment of our lives. Instead it was a calm to be found in the unconscious as it worked on a problem unknown to the person involved. The most that the conscious mind can do is to face the opposite to that which agitates one. Then after the idea has been exhausted by thinking, which is often like a dark night, the problem must be dropped and the unconscious must take over. This is the root of the idea of faith, for it is a faith that the superconsciousness will work for us and give us the right way to go or the right way to act or think or feel.

When this happens it will be a dramatic turning point in our lives and the process of the union of opposites will be repeated again and again until the individual is thoroughly tested and is catapulted into Tiphareth and from there onwards if this is his karma in this life.



## TRUMP XV - The Devil

The Hebrew letter which corresponds to the Trump of the Devil is Ayin, which means an eye. This Trump corresponds to Capricorn, the zodiac sign which rules the beginning of winter. Capricorn is a Cardinal and Earthy sign and governs the knees. Saturn is the ruling planet and Mars is exalted in this sign.

The eye is meant to suggest all the senses as it is a very important organ and much can be known by watching another person's eyes. But the eye sees appearances only and also represents the limitations of the visible world. There is an acceptance that what the senses tell us is all that we can know. Because this is an earthy sign, there may be resistance to a knowledge of other modes of phenomena which are not known by the senses. This Trump can signal a limitation or a bondage in ignorance, the same as does the zodiac sign of Capricorn.

The Renewing Intelligence is assigned to this Trump. To renew means to begin or take up again, to make things new, to restore and to replenish. When winter begins, the old year sinks into quiescence and down under the earth the roots of all plants make some unseen growth in order to get ready for the growth spurt of Spring. Nature is quiet and seemingly asleep but hidden processes are going on.

Saturn as ruler symbolizes form, earth, gross matter and also Binah, sphere 3 and above the abyss. This latter sphere represents spiritual release into the realm of the Supernal Triad. It is through the action of Binah that form is conceived and is able to make a beginning which is finalized by the other spheres on the Tree of Life. Saturn through the ages has symbolized form and time. We all have misconceptions of the final appearance of things. We may get caught up in a belief that the material world is real. When one studies Bishop Berkeley or Vitvan and a host of other initiates, one can appreciate how wrong one was in this belief in materiality of our world of maya. When faced with such an incongruity, we are apt to laugh. Things do not seem to fit, they may look strange if we have this material view challenged. Laughter heals and purifies the subconscious misconceptions and we are led to revise our theories. For this reason the goat in the card has a mysterious smile on its face and its eyes seem to be full of laughter.

Devil means adversary and comes from the Latin diabolus, adversary. A famous adversary was the serpent that tempted Eve. Its Hebrew name was NaChSh which adds to 358. The word MShICH which means Messiah also adds to 358. If we view the serpent as a force that initiated Eve instead of tempting her, we have quite a new view of the situation. A serpent which is an initiating force is known to be the kundalini. This is a very powerful force and can be used or misused in the development of mankind.

The number of the Trump is 15 and this also has a good deal of meaning as the first two letters of Tetragrammaton, Yod, He, add up to 15. This is used also as JaH, the divine word which means wisdom. Indeed wisdom is very necessary in order to know how to use the creative energy of this Trump.

Pan is the representative God in his divine, creative madness. He is represented here as the goat with the eye in the middle of his forehead. The eye is Ajna, the awakened spiritual nature and this opened eye represents the raising of kundalini to this top point, the second down from Sahasrara, which is at the top of the head. Ajna has been placed by the Hindus in the middle of the forehead but within the skull. When this eye is opened by true illumination, the genius of the person experiencing this is extremely developed. Things become possible to him which were never possible before. He may know languages almost without trying or he may write poetry which he never could do before, or he may become a world religious leader. The results go on and on. A good explanation of the powers and forces which arise from the awakening of this inner eye can be read about in Gopi Krishna's KUNDALINI, and of course, in a good many of Crowley's writings.

When this chakra, the Ajna, or the eye, opens the person also becomes skilled in looking into the forces of life and into the motives and thinking of other persons. The eye signifies occult or secret vision. It was called an utchat by the Egyptians and has been pictured in many faiths. (See diagram) In the West it has been known as the third eye. We are all admonished by Nuit to work at the opening of this eye and thus become a race of super-humans. She says: "Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me!"<sup>1</sup> The wings are the two wings on the side of the Hindu picture of Ajna and the coiled serpent is Kundalini. To come unto Nuit is to rise above the material plane and to travel upwards in our spiritual quest on the Tree of Life until we gain the strength to cross the Abyss. This is our main task in life and it may take many lives to accomplish this for most persons, but it should always be kept in mind that this work must be done if one is not to sink into obscurity and real death.

The creative energy which rises to Ajna and to Sahasrahara is shown both by the pillar before which the goat is positioned and by the wand of the chief adept which hides his genital organs. The pillar disappears into the night of Pan or of Nuit in other ways of thinking about this. The ring around the pillar sums up the wholeness and completeness, the circle of infinity.

1. LIBER AL, Cap. I, v. 61.



Utchat of full moon - Thoth - the black eye

Utchat or eye (all seeing), the midday sun - Ra, white eye

The wand of the chief adept is similar to the caduceus which is related to Mercury. The red circle at the center is a symbol of Hadit and of Ajna. The wings are traditional in Hindu thought as being two appendages or "wings" on either side of the sphere which represents Ajna. They also symbolize the fact that Hadit goes, it is an ongoing and moving force with the nature of change and movement. The two serpents represent the two sides of the kundalini forces, Ida and Pingala, and the central pillar is the Sushumna. These forces are also shown on our familiar Tree of Life.

This Trump refers to the powers in sex. In the old version, male and female figures were chained to the throne of the devil to symbolize their bondage to sex and the hold that the devil had over them. But this is an erroneous view. It shows how certain cults in the old aeon, mainly Christianity, were frightened of the concept of sex. Many habits and customs in this religion reinforce this view. Sex is indeed a two edged sword and can be used wrongly or rightly. For instance, it must never be used to harm another entity, whether human or otherwise. The abuse of sex is very clear even in our modern world.

The Hindus had a system whereby its correct use led to the awakening of the third eye. This is known as the Tantric system and we often call it sex magick. But this system of illumination and power, though the quickest for the adept who knows how to use it, is also the most dangerous. Its misuse can lead to the worst of results. For this reason Nuit warns: - "if the ritual be not ever unto me: then expect the direful judgments of Ra Hoor Khuit!"<sup>2</sup>

The term of Ra Hoor Khuit symbolizes the H.G.A. of everyone on the earth. This God is the result of the marriage of the forces of Nuit and Hadit and this is also true of every individual H.G.A.. The personal Angel is equated with the Vau of Yod, He, Vau, Hé and is known as the son and also in a more universal sense, as the sun.

The goat represents more especially male sex with its dominant urge to create, unmindful and careless of the results. It represents Pan in his dual rôle as the all-begetter, all devourer. But this sex force is a mystery beyond the thinking mind and beyond words. It can be sensed and known only through experience. We can mention force and power, but we do not really know what this means until we have experienced these matters for ourselves.

This Trump arises out of Hod, the sphere of Mercury, which is the thinking mind, the intellect, among other things. The path leads to Tiphareth, the central spiritual Sun in each person. The Devil exhibits a raw power as compared to the devotional and meditational path of Samech. Yet Samech must mediate and balance the two most awful forces in human life, sex and death. Yet, The Devil, though

earthy and heavy, also symbolizes the highest and lowest. This is a path of initiation and of release from matter. The figure of the Devil was also known as Lucifer, the light-bearer to mankind. This hints at how we need to know and transform our instinctual selves in order to arrive at the light of Tiphareth.

In the Templar tradition, the figure of Baphomet symbolized these matters. With the use of the powers of sex magick, the astral plane is imprinted with the intentions of the operator. What is willed comes into actual manifestation. One reason why the results are so poor here in this working is that the operator does not have a strong will and is unable to concentrate. Also, the state of his physical body and his emotions may contort and falsify results. If these vehicles are not purified, his results can turn on him and wound or destroy him, literally.

Most people are a mass of conflicting small desires and do not even know what they want or what they must will. Therefore, as magicians, they are clumsy and ineffectual, no matter what methods they are using to change phenomena according to will. But with a strong, one-pointed will, which Nuit remarks on in LIBER AL<sup>3</sup>, the astral forces will comply and we will have a production of genius. The Devil chains us in matter so that we will learn to bring our whole selves out of this immersion in materiality.

The misunderstanding of the functions shown in this Trump can result in the horrors of war as The Devil is also the dark shadow of man, the adversary. Man is overwhelmed by unconscious urges which he does not understand and therefore cannot control. He remains in the phantasms of his emotional urges and the misuse of his mentality. The Devil represents also a senseless conglomeration of man and beast. He is the irrational, unconscious forces that upset our rational, conscious lives. The use of the atom bomb, the spectacle of whole nations taking on irrational and suicidal actions, the capacity for evil, all these and much more are the result of our disbelief of these hidden forces within us and a refusal to bring them up into objectivity, understand and control them. Civilized people to a much greater extent than primitive peoples, indulge in this behaviour and therefore, civilized wars are more ruthless and terrible.

The spiral horns on the head of this figure symbolize new life and regenerative forces. Zoroaster said God had a spiral force. When we view the structures in the chromosome and DNA, this spiral characteristic is very evident. At the bottom of the card are two egg shaped spheres in which nascent humanity seems to be moving about or dancing. They are the work of generation, about to be born.

This symbol of new life is also true on moral and spiritual planes as well as the physical. We are free to choose how our

3. Liber Al, Cap. I, vv. 42 - 45

unconscious instincts will be understood and channeled into constructive forms of life. We can turn away from the blind ignorance of these forces and their effects on us. Each person needs to make his own choices on his own. When a person accepts a code of moral behaviour just because the herd uses it, the result may be dangerous splits between the conscious and unconscious worlds. The conscious side of our everyday world has a function called a censor and whatever the conscious mind does not approve of, has to be forced down into the unconscious darkness and hopefully forgotten. But this does not work in nature.

We have climbed out of the primitive state by the use of our conscious minds, but the primitive beast is still there and has been there longer than the civilized person. This beast with its unthinking emotional urges, irrational behaviours, angers, and a host of other negative reactions must be faced. It must be dredged out of the unconscious and though we feel ashamed at some of its phenomena, we must learn to accept that it is there. When bigotry, vindictiveness, violence and confusion are not recognised and put under some sort of control, they break forth in wars and persecutions, riots, violence, conflagrations and general destruction. This is happening all over the planet at the present. All of these events are brought on by mankind himself as they are irruptions of uncontrolled and unrecognised instinctual and unconscious forces.

Since most civilized nations prefer to ignore and repress these forces out of the unconscious, they will turn and blame the other fellow for their own weaknesses. This happens also with the individual. This act of various projections only splits us further from our own negative sides. Each person and each nation needs to develop responsibility for his own actions, to know that the dark manifestations are his own.

Some of the religions of the world recognised the shadow side and portrayed demons as well as gods. Offerings and dances were made to both. Rituals and ceremonies helped to keep the dark forces where they belonged. People were enabled to live a whole life, one that was not split off from the unconscious.

The brighter the light that shines on us, as that from Tiphereth is bright, the darker the shadows that we must face. As one goes forward into the light the awareness of the shadow side must be doubled. The Devil represents our creative potential but in order to let this have its sway, we must recognise the tricks of the unconscious and we must be responsible in relation to it. We must take on full responsibility for our words and deeds, we must build up our own moral code which will recognise all the forces in our nature and not seek to cut one function off from the rest.

The forces of the dark side are often attractive and if we would truly tread the path to the light, this attraction and repulsion needs to be recognised. It is a spiral way between man and beast, dark and light, and it must be trod in order to win to our own self-awareness.



## THE ALCOHOLIC

I am in full flight, torn  
In my depths, heart shorn  
Of tenderness, mind and fangs bared  
To return ill for ill shared.

Daily I watch the degeneration  
Alcohol brings, a fool's summation  
Of life, a past still clutching  
At mind and soul, a spirit retching.

The devious arguments in favor  
Of a practice so degrading, the savour  
Of each chilled bottle is more than honour,  
More than life, more than love's fervor.

Poor slave to alcohol, who counts as nothing  
The joys of health, the full flowering  
Of a mature and healthy mind,  
As he kills each brain cell in excess blind.

Poor slave, who gladly passes by  
A full flowering of love, nightly  
Drinks and prevents competence in bed.  
Ah, slave, is your heart dead?

And I, who suffer most, must bear  
Reproaches for love's failure there.  
Dear one, how can I continue thus?  
Must I be victim to your drink lust?

Uncomprehending victim of drink  
How is it that soul could sink  
So low as to lose all powers of will?  
Does not the conscience speak still?

How, if things on this earthly plane  
Be not controlled, can you deign  
To rise so high in your ambition  
As to seek the utmost soul's fruition?

How is it that you can honour forsake  
In favour of a bottle, and hope to take  
The highest rewards of leadership  
When good example comes not from lip

Not from what is said, but from what is done.  
Leaders who no example show stand alone.  
Headlong fall thus built into Nature's law.  
The sage only is fit to lead, not the man of straw.

And I, despairing, mind and heart torn;  
Alone in depths of misery, quite forlorn  
And unloved, must still my tongue  
Lest I make wrong more wrong.

Inwardly I cry, is this love?  
Does not love endure all, a trove  
Of suffering and forbearance, a haven  
Kind and gentle, a forgiving heaven?

Ah, yes, love forgives and love strikes.  
Both emotions in one, they are alike;  
Hate and love are twain endurance;  
Show fight blended with true romance.

And so suppressing gentler desires,  
Tenderness, pity must now suspire  
On my altar of flame, love's strength  
Through tribulation of ordeal of great length.

Must I suffer thus? I raise my head.  
No! my spirit and will are not dead.  
So, risking all on one deadly throw  
Of dice, I gird myself for the blow.

My love, I thus present my case.  
I can so kill my heart for a space;  
Be alone, should you so decree.  
I vow, take the drink or take me.

But you may not have both.  
I too can hit at the bonds of our troth  
As do you in your blind absorption  
In little self, your aversion to love's fruition.

Thus as courageous amazon I stand still  
Girded with the sword of Will.  
Heart burning on it and emblazoned below  
"A leader is not unless example show."

A leader and man you are not to me;  
My soul mate must stronger be.  
No slave to sense, no alcoholic souse  
Can win me as his spouse.

I hope you may win to the Golden Bough.  
The King's Daughter awaits your vow.  
Be a warrior still, flaming sword in hand;  
Arise above the slave state and stand

Master of self, wand of Will cleansed  
And dedicated anew, lower and higher blends  
In one-pointed Will, when awaiting thee  
With silver cup, a goddess will be.

Meral  
1975

JANE WOLFE

Hollywood

Since there are no later diaries which Jane wrote, most of her reactions and thoughts were put into letters to either Aleister or Karl Germer. She wrote to Aleister on Nov. 26, 1943 e.v. as follows:

"As I sit here writing I find myself still annoyed by 1003. Would you help me here? What am I disturbed about? I wrote you that silly little note in August, perhaps impertinently saying, "Love and confidence." I wanted you to know I agreed with your decision that Smith had to get out, but why could I not write at all, all summer? Of course I have faced "Nothing but an empty bluff", and similar derogatory thoughts about Jane, but that has nothing to do with this annoyance lodged somewhere within me. I would understand this thorn.

"I questioned myself as to whether you were the source, but could not find a connection: 1003 was all wrong, 1746 before that was wrong also. Was I annoyed about Jack? In some respects, yes. but not because of his position. It may be Smith himself, but why! My own shortcomings and failures should seat me in sack-cloth and ashes that he resigned rather than have Karl and Max on The Committee.

"I typed Jack's last letter to you. It saddened me, and horrified me. But I thought it well you should know how he felt: so I made but one comment when he asked my opinion, and the offending sentence was removed. Jack reads "Weird Stories", etc., "Astounding Scientific" and others of like ilk. He wants to do Space work with planes after the war. He also has a number of books on witchcraft. His potential is great. When the ego is in abeyance his understanding is rare. His lack of stability ruins much. But I am quite sure he has a deep regard for you and the Order.

When I left, Wilfred had already started disposing of everything saleable, as well as getting rid of accumulations of all sorts - he felt it was his job to do this - preparatory to turning back the property to the owner; Choronzon explains his mind, no doubt. For some years I noticed that he says things which sound so serious: confronted later with the statements he is certain he never said them. Others noticed this trait in him. He talked, talked, whenever he obtained a listener, and himself said when he heard of Roy's getting the ranch: "He goes out and gets a ranch: I talk!" As far back as 1940 he said: "Well, Jane: I think I am through."

Sarah N., Jack's pal, stepped across the threshold of womanhood at the age of 10; vital experiences began at 12. She graduated from University of Cal. at L.A. at 17. Started "ghost writing" at

16, this taking the form of theses, etc., for students. She wrote 2 very interesting papers on LIBER AL for our Class nights, is mentally easy on the platform, but her 5'9" make her a bit uncomfortable, while her youth embarrasses her.

"Last summer Jack and I bedevilled her into assuming the responsibility of her pen, and this fall she joined 2 "Writing and Composition" courses, one at U.C.L.A. and the other at Pasadena. She needs this yoke; otherwise she would work spasmodically, then quit altogether. Both she and Jack are lazy; love poetry, read it by the hour to each other; and are also fond of good music. Sarah is a clever girl, 19 years of age. She unhesitatingly goes after what she wants, could be a great and gracious woman in firmer hands. Jack gives her sound advice, but stands apart from it; she therefore promptly sloughs it off, and goes on her way singing. Funnily enough, her singing was the first thing my ears missed after coming to Hollywood.

"Both are proud and self-willed, but will eat out of one's hand if adroitly handled. I find both of them quite likeable. I mean, if told frankly they are this or that, contrarily to their own ideas of themselves, they hit the ceiling and instantly strike out and back. A day or two later Jack will come and say, "I guess they are right, I can see wherein Betty is not good for me"; in that she has the same weaknesses that he has, he once told me. But so far he has been unable to find himself another companion, some are afraid of him, or his imagination is not touched."

Jane then reported on a student or two which she found an interest in helping. This work aided her to live with her sense of failure and alleviated somewhat her tendency to self-recrimination. Karl wrote an analysis of Jane as follows:

"I have great admiration for your work, and I think the only trouble is that you cannot see yourself, your T.(rue) W.(ill) as a thing apart, so that you may be perfectly sure of yourself; also you have probably not the faculty of expressing in the outer what is in your inmost. The light is there, but it has often not the medium to express itself in words, art, or deeds of which you are yourself conscious. You have been all the time Smith's superior in spiritual development and in purity in particular - yet you cannot discern where he rules you magically. You do not seem to have the assurance and certainty of your own self. If you could acquire a vision of it, I would be happy indeed."

Jane answered to this: "You are correct in your diagnosis of me. I am quite conscious of powers that I cannot grasp - I seem to live a more vivid life elsewhere. I am hampered by ineffectual oral expression, - also indifference, I believe - and I was in all my years at Winona Blvd., and also 1003, pushed to the back - deliberately by Regina and Wilfred. Regina so desperately wanted W. to make good. He got so that my experiences, talks, knowledge, etc., related to him at various times, became his experiences, etc., and he gave them out as such with gusto and authority. Jack thought this all right: the head should have this support.

"I was self-conscious about my self - had a guilt-complex about my failures, possibly because of a superstitious streak. Mary K. raged at what she termed the slights and indignities shown me. I thought I had to continue to help put over the Order.

"This, you see, is a conscious reason. Frederic once said: "Had you been able to reconcile the 15-year old with the woman, Jane, you would have been a very great Adept." He seemed to think I might still achieve this, but I don't see how. But I am getting on my feet, a change is making itself felt: I am more sure - the teaching may be establishing me.

"While making these confessions, let me add one more thing. Last night I got what I think to be a faint, o faint, faint, perfume of "intelligible essence". Ararita: see letter to A.C. But these things mean nothing to my mind! I.e., of what good are they to any one else? How can they be stepped down for daily use with others. An answer comes: When thoroughly one's own, the personality must radiate and convince others more subtly than by speech. But this had been my trouble all my life: I have had some stirring experiences and haven't the wit to use them. Interesting experiences of sight - I see now experiences of sense can be used almost immediately. Good!"

Aleister replied to Jane's last letter from 93 Jermyn St. on Dec. 29, 1943 e.v.:

"My dear Jane, 93!

"How cheering was it to receive your letter of the 26th Oct. as WE BIG BISHNESS MEN shay!

"I am delighted to see that you have been getting everything all worked out, and worked out well.

"Jack is the Objective (Smith is out, an affaire classée: any body who communicates with him in any way is out also; and that is that, and the best plan is to sponge the whole slate clean, and get to work to build up Thelema on sound principles. And no more of this brothel-building; let's use marble, not rotten old boards!) Jack's trouble is his weakness, and his romantic side - the poet - is at present a hindrance. He gets a kick from some magazine trash, or an "occult" novel, (if he only knew how they were concocted!) and dashes off in wild pursuit. He must learn that the sparkle of champagne is based on sound wine; pumping carbonic acid into urine is not the same thing.

"I wish to God I had him for six months - even three, with a hustle - to train in Will, in discipline. He must understand that fine and fiery flashes of Spirit come from the organization of Matter, from the drilling of every function of every bodily organ until it has become so regular as to be automatic, and carry on by itself deep down in the Unconscious. It is the steadiness of one's

Heart that enables one to endure the rapture of great passion; one doesn't want the vital functions to be excitable.

"I hope that by the time you get this, my letter to him of Oct. 19 will have done its job (did he get it? He wired on Nov. 26 that he was writing; but I haven't heard yet). In any case, it won't hurt him if you send him this letter.

"Thanks for remarks on Sara: difficult for me to say much, or to answer her letters. She must label her remarks "serious" or "jesting" as the case may be: I want to be helpful, but not to have my leg pulled.

"I am very interested in your new patients, or pupils, or whatever they are. You should write oftener; it gives me the greatest pleasure to hear from you. There is hope of definite news for you about the Tarot within the next fortnight: you shall have proofs by Air Mail, and Damn the expense!

"I have been hatefully up against it for 3 months: illness, a quite bad accident, almost total failure to get secretarial help - see how I'm writing this! - and so on. The great high light has been the arrival of McMurtry. I hope he will have knocked some of Jack's illusions out of him. He actually thought that I was "pompous"!!!!!! How you could have let him harbour any such idea beats me! God forgive you!

"Well, dear girl, here's all the Blessings in my bag for the Happiest New Year that ever was or will be!

93 93/93 Yours ever, Aleister."

A German bomb fell too near to 93 Jermyn St. one day when Aleister was away from the apartment and did quite a bit of damage. It was a fortunate event that he wasn't there, but now it meant he had to move. He next reported his address as: "The Bell Inn, Aston Clinton, Bucks," on Jan. 11th, 1944. He was making an attempt to get in at "Netherwood, the Ridge, Hastings", but this could not be managed as yet. It was over a year before he could make that last move.

Meanwhile, in all this turmoil and trouble Aleister was trying to write letters for MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS and also hoped to recall some letters already written which would work very well into this anthology. This became his next work but it was not to find the light of publication during his lifetime.

Jane wrote to Aleister on January 15, 1944 in regards to one of her students and as to her own progress.

"Yours addressed to me in Pasadena - i.e. November 8. I am delighted with the Tarot news, the inclusion of the new chapters is stimulating, and your satisfaction therewith makes me happy. I

shall be glad to get some tangible evidence in my hands, for I feel Mr. Public can be talked out of some money when he sees results. Meantime, I'm quite goggle-eyed from searching in, out, and round about a mail-box so far empty of London postmarks, while the postman is becoming leary of a she-Wolfe, lean, hungry, and with dripping jaws.

"However, I am glad to be here. I am sinking down into Jane instead of living in the turmoil around me. I had to come here to realize this. --

"Like Smith, there has always been conflict within me. Chiefly occasioned by my failure to make "The Great Attainment" - my task as outlined for me winter of 1917-1918, said to be within my capacity, but so little understood! I say 'conflict' because at regular intervals it rose on my horizon to tempt me after I returned in 1927, although I assumed the return to be a definite break. In fact, I felt I went back into the womb.

"Somewhat of my experience during that period of 1917-1918 I related to you, but not all. I shall include here one such, because of what I wrote Karl a year ago, and also because of a statement he made to Phyllis, possibly 2 months ago and just now told me by her. I want to clear Karl's mind, and yours, too, in case he told you of my Declaration.

"The experience. I stood out in space. Above & over my head flowed a great silvery and Terrible Stream - flowed and yet stood still. I regarded this river with awe. Something said "Cosmic", and I realized if one hair of my head but touched that stream I would be instantly annihilated: but then I also realized that my being would eventually have to be attuned to withstand that terrific impact. And I further saw myself a focal point through which this stream flowed & rayed out in various directions. The vision ceased. It occurred about noon & I was fully awake.

"This, and other experiences, so gripped my imagination they stood between you and me in Cefalu. Note that when I came to Cefalu, I knew nothing whatever about Liber AL. A short time after my arrival you read aloud one evening Cap. I of AL. I heard for the first time about the S.W. (Scarlet Woman). I got the book next day, read the verses, and linked Her power with my 'stream' power. I was stunned. I raged, I raved, I tramped the hills day after day, for then I couldn't tolerate the thought. I did plan to leave when I went up to Palermo latter part of August for dental work, but after 2 or 3 days the still small voice bade me return.

"It was not until I got to London, when I was alone & could think more freely, that I sanely speculated about all kinds of power, and that there were others who would have power with a capital P. But this vision was back of much that I did in London, 'attuning' and disciplining the body, and concerning which you warned me at the time. But, as I said, the California experiences came first, and I went ahead.

"Had I told you all these things when in Cefalu; Had I also been able to tell you what I saw in Palermo when I met Leah, then you - what I saw in Cefalu on my arrival, you would have understood and be more amenable. I was all sorts of a fool. After getting to London I used to wonder how you ever put up with me. But I am grateful for Cefalu.

"Now for Karl's statement to Phyllis: "No one on the Pacific Coast understands the task of the S.W." This includes me, of course; and I am going into this detail that you may know the reason for my Declaration to Karl, and also to tell you that I had to "uncover the error"; and one always has to have a confessor to do this. I took 3: Karl, Wilfred, Jack. But, by God, I laid a ghost by doing so. And now, by writing you, the slate is clean.

"However, "on the Pacific" excludes other parts of this globe now worshipping with swords & spears, fire, blood, etc., so I mention that I am interested, and hope Someone is functioning with the capacity outlined in AL, or about to do so.

"While on this subject - I cannot quite accept the idea that it is merely ambition in all cases that prompts a woman to think that her role. But what is it? Also, could she not be a model?

"I am using ARARITA nightly after Reguli. Sometimes I repeat all of it aloud, attempting to wrest something from this slow method. Again I turn unconsciously to III - this chapter means much to me, though why I have not, of course, discovered. Also I like the sweep from the 8th verse on to the end of the last chapter. But it all is beautiful, beautiful!

"At present, at least, I don't want any Profess House, or Community house living - I want relaxation and quiet. Too much has been expected of me physically for some reason. Jack talks of my age, true, but I was always so tired I fell asleep in study circles and other evenings I went to bed not later than 9 because I was all in. Winona Blvd. wasn't anything like as hard - not so much mileage rolled up in the prosecution of labors: nor so many cross-currents. I'm through working like that, for good and all.

"Shy? don't blame me - you asked for it."

It is not known if this letter got to Aleister as he was moving at the time. At least, he never answered it and if he did see it, perhaps there was no answer he could give. However, a copy of Jane's letters were always sent to Karl as this cut down on repeats and explanations. They didn't have the copy machines that we have now and whenever copies were to be made, this meant a lot of carbons and a lot of erasing of mistakes on several copies.

Karl replied to the contents of this letter in this fashion;



"In your letter to A.C., no need my going into this, though it was very illuminating. But A.C. will write you himself. Only this point about the S.W.; I stick to what I had written to you and others. Don't you see that there had been very much talk and gossip at Cefalu and elsewhere about not only the S.W. but all kinds of verses in AL. I will only recall Mudd. Most everyone identified him - or herself - with something or other in AL or other Holy Books. It is so sweet to be able to do so. And the demons that inspire those thoughts are so tender, alluring and make it so easy and self-evident. A.C., I suppose, joined in the game to some extent, until a particularly violent obsession by Mudd embodied in possibly 50 pages of his close writing, worked out at my house in Weida, and mailed to A.C. in Tunis in 1925, worked the miracle: A.C. wrote the Comment, driven to agonies through Mudd's ravings. He realised the source of the danger. The better and more complete you eradicate any such and similar thoughts, and forget all speculation and rumination, the better for all concerned. - I am afraid the old habit had been carried on to some extent in Agape Lodge?"

Actually, there is only one way to find out if any vision of the nature which Jane describes is correct, and that is the type of work it leads to in the world. LIBER AL gives us the test: "Success is your proof." AL III, v. 46. Any claim not backed up by such success is therefore only spurious and even laughable. The tasks of the Scarlet Woman are outlined clearly in many passages of LIBER AL. It may be that one woman will accomplish one task, and another woman will apply herself to some different task. Crowley and Karl thought that the office of S.W. and Beast went beyond the physical body and had its operation on more subtle planes. But the tasks had to be carried out by a physical body or the idea would remain without use forever. Any person with such visions as Jane's were, of the highest spiritual calibre, must consider that the visions do not throw one off the track of spiritual evolution and therefore, must work at the main idea in the vision soberly, even if it takes more than one lifetime.

Unknown to herself, Jane seems to have occupied during a long time a unique position. Due to these letters, we can guess at what this was as she was the only woman to withstand the test of time, even to the period when Crowley died and beyond. Every other woman associated with him seems to have become lost in some way, either she became insane with drink or drugs or she went down into oblivion in some other way. Also, as far as is known, Jane was the only woman to have a direct line of descent which even now subtly works to promulgate Thelema.

Jane wrote a few more letters to A.C. which did not receive a reply. During this time, also, Agape Lodge was started up again under the leadership of Jack Parsons. Crowley had decided to ignore his letter of resignation and asked him specifically to continue with Agape Lodge even though Karl objected.

Jane reported on a group which she had started which met weekly and also on one which Max had started in Beverly Hills in which he taught Qabalah. She attended a session or two with Max to see how things went, but when she had an idea that she and Max should share meetings and, of course, students, Max did not want to do this. He preferred to work on his own.

During these early months of 1944, Wilfred had been in and out of Orange Grove and had quit Roy's Rancho Royal for reasons earlier stated. His movements were of concern to Aleister and Karl as he was not supposed to contact any member of the Order at all.

Jane wrote a few more letters to A.C. which did not receive a reply. Then in August of 1944, seven of the Tarot cards were printed and she received her lot. She was extremely pleased and in awe at the symbology to be found in each card. She expressed her appreciation to Aleister and he replied:

"So glad to hear from you at last, and to know that the cards reached you safely. Best of all, that you like them so much! Believe me, it was a young epic in itself, getting them out.

"A copy of the Book of Thoth is on its way to you by sea. I sent one also to Max. J.W.P. has not written for months; 'till he does, I can do nothing.

"G.L. McMurtry sent him \$80 to send on to me. That was about July 2nd. No news of it so far. Will you enquire, as you're more or less on the spot? And try to straighten things out generally.

"When the Book of Thoth arrives on the Coast, perhaps these idiots will realize who has the goods, and who has not (It has made an astounding impression here; seems in some obscure way, to have put me on the map.)

"I had to steal the time to write this; my work is weighing me down. Had another bad typist for 2 hours a day for a fortnight, it helped a bit. Now I'm alone again, and worse than ever. The new book positively frightens me; the responsibility is bloody awful. I have to make up my mind about all sorts of questions that I have been inclined to dodge, and to put it in black and white.

Hellish!

"Love - I rejoice that you seem so well."

Jane reported on her doings to Aleister but added some items which were puzzling to him. They were only artists and art exhibits, but Aleister answered thus:

"I am very glad to hear from you this morning. I am amazed that the book has arrived so quickly. I was afraid you would not get it before Christmas at the earliest.

"Jack tells me that booksellers want to get hold of copies and I am writing to him by this mail suggesting that he should borrow your copy for a day or two to show them, with the idea of getting orders.

"I am very happy that you think it a worthy production. There are a few mistakes, and it is indeed annoying that we could not afford to have all the cards reproduced in colour, but never mind, the time will come as they used to say on Ninth Avenue and the Surrey Side. Sorry you have had trouble with Tusks. You are not the only one. I am very pleased to hear that you-all are now getting so active. It is like lighting a fire, it goes on and on, one flicker after another, and then quite suddenly the whole thing bursts out. It is up to you to get ready for that happening. You have got to make plans for action today when you have people rolling up of 1,000 at a time.

"I have not so much as thought of David Sturgis for God knows how many years. He was always completely crazy and I should think his four months "great magical retirement" ought to have done him good. One of the strangest creatures that I ever met. He was always doing the craziest things, and getting into the most ridiculous kinds of hot water. His misadventures with that awful actress, Kershaw, still remain in my mind.

"Your penultimate paragraph, after beginning as sensibly as the rest of your letter, suddenly goes haywire. I cannot imagine what the other little item is, and who the devil is Agna Enters. Your final paragraph is even more mysterious. I cannot make out what in the world you mean by it. Apparently you are trying to swear without letting anyone know about it."

By October of that year, the manuscript of LIBER ALEPH was in Karl's hands and Frederick, who had been in New York for several months, read it. He was overwhelmed and probably illuminated by it, as Karl reported. He asked Jane if she could make some type-written copies.

Jane then reported her experience with the mss. of LIBER ALEPH:

"You anticipated me in the matter of Liber Aleph. How many times I copied that book I know not. Three different times for myself I remember - they were used, one by one, as the months went by. Oddly enough it was my choice of the whole lot on my arrival in Cefalu. When going to London, I made still another copy. Shirley, of the Occult Review eventually got that copy, with the idea of later

publication. He sold out; the buyer would not release the copy because Shirley had advanced L5 on acceptance of the Mss. Given to Shirley by Mudd, or Murray, I do not remember which.

"Were I to do it alone, I would put an outside limit of 4 weeks - with possibly 3 weeks to finish."

But Jane discovered that even more time was needed. She got other O.T.O. members to help with the copies and quite a few were turned out. She was also busy giving talks both to members of the Order and to outsiders. Sometimes 17 or so persons showed up at hers and Mary K's small bungalow to hear her. She reported on these to Aleister and he replied:

"I was delighted to get yours of November 10th with the notes of the Talks. Please do not under-rate them. I think both of them excellent in every way. Of course I have not any very clear idea of the atmosphere, and I don't know the sort of people whom you are addressing, but in any case I have nothing for you but congratulation and encouragement.

"I cannot quite understand your paragraph about Agna. You tell me nothing. Is she one of us?

"I am quite overwhelmed with work. I have now written over 70 of the Letters and am just getting out a circular asking for further questions. The entries close at the Spring Equinox. By that time the Letters ought to amount to the contents of two fairly fat volumes, and I think that from what everyone tells me they should be a great success. People with no knowledge of the subject whatever have been able to understand them and seem to be quite brightened up by reading them. My present difficulty is putting them in order. I think the best way will be to group them, and that ought not to be difficult because each Letter sticks pretty close to its avowed subject.

"I must cut this short. I only have someone to take my letters one day a week at the best, and that is not always the case. This week I am lucky."

And so ended 1944 with a great deal more hope that Thelema would catch on from all the parties concerned.

To be continued.

To my  
dearest

Jane  
Estai 576  
with all my love

Alister

