



THE WINGED BEETLE

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

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The Editor will be glad to consider contributions and to return such as are unacceptable if stamps are enclosed for the purpose.

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MARCH MCMXI

O. S.

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EDITORIAL

THE price of this Magazine is now six shillings, and the size reduced. If the whole edition is sold immediately, there should be a matter of eighteenpence left to pay those who have toiled day and night, six months, to bring it to perfection.

* * * * *

Readers can help us: firstly, by buying the Edition de Luxe; secondly, by buying copies for their friends; and thirdly, by advertising with us, or inducing others to do so.

* * * * *

After the 21st of April 1911, copies of No. II of THE EQUINOX, of which only a few remain, will be sold at ten shillings, instead of five as hitherto.

I should like to call attention to the immense amount of important material that awaits publication. There is the Sepher Sephiroth, referred to in this section of the Temple of Solomon the King; the complete writings of Dr. Dee and Sir Edward Kelly; a tremendous volume on the Tarot; du Potet's "Magic Unveiled," translated by John Yarker, the venerable Grand Master General of the A. and P. Rite of Masonry; the Key of the Greater Mysteries, by Eliphas

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Levi, and many other important MSS. All this has cost untold labour to me and my colleagues; but the difficulties of editing and publishing still confront us.

I am therefore appealing for helpers among those who are interested in the clear and scholarly statements of what the famous adepts of the past have thought and handed down, either by word or pen.

* * * * *

777 is almost out of print. Less than 100 copies remain. A new edition is in preparation, but will not be issued in all probability for two years at least. Verb. sap.

* * * * *

I have been asked by Authority to say a few words on the relations which should subsist between a Neophyte and his Probationers. Though a Neophyte is obliged to show “zeal in service” towards his probationers, it is no part of his duty to be continually beating the tattoo. He has his own work to do—very serious and important work—and he cannot be expected to spend all his time in making silk purses out of pigs’ ears. He is not expected to set definite tasks, nor has he the authority to do so. The Probationer is purposely left to himself, as the object of probation is principally that those in authority may discover the nature of the raw material. It is the duty of the Probationer to perform the exercises recommended in his text-books, and to submit the record of his results for criticism. If he finds himself in a difficulty, or if any unforeseen result occurs, he should communicate with his Neophyte, and he should

EDITORIAL

remember that although he is permitted to select the practices which appeal to him, he is expected to show considerable acquaintance with all of them. More than acquaintance, it should be experience; otherwise what is he to do when as a Neophyte he is consulted by his probationers? It is important that he should be armed at all points, and I am authorised to say that no one will be admitted as a Neophyte unless his year's work gives evidence of considerable attainment in the fundamental practices, Asana, Pranayama, assumption of God-forms, vibration of divine names, rituals of banishing and invoking, and the practices set out in sections 5 and 6 of Liber O. Although he is not examined in any of these, the elementary experience is necessary in order that he may intelligently assist those who will be under him.

But let no one imagine that those in authority will urge probationers to work hard. Those who are incapable of hard work may indeed be pushed along, but the moment that the pressure is removed they will fall back, and it is not the purpose of the A.: A.: to do anything else than to make its students independent and free. Full instruction has been placed within the reach of everybody; let them see to it that they make full use of the instruction.

LIBER HHH

SVB FIGVRÂ

CCCXLI

A.: A.:
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LIBER HHH

“Sunt duo modi per quos homo fit Deus: Tohu et Bohu.

“Mens quasi flamma surgat, aut quasi puteus aquae quiescat.

“Alteri modi sunt tres exempli, qui illis extra limine collegii sancti dati sunt.

“In hoc primo libro sunt Aquae Contemplationis.”

Two are the methods of becoming God: the Upright and the Averse. Let the Mind become as a flame, or as a well of still water.

Of each method are three principal examples given to them that are without the Threshold.

In this first book are written the Reflexions.

“Sunt tres contemplationes quasi halitus in mente humana abyssu inferni. Prima, Νεκρος; secunda, Πυραμις; tertia, Φαλλος vocatur. Et hae reflexiones aquaticae sunt trium enthusiasmorum, Apollonis, Dionysi, Veneris.

“Total stella est Nechesh et Messiach, nomen יהיה cum יהיה conjunctum.”

There are three contemplations as it were breaths in the human mind, that is the Abyss of Hell: the first is called Νεκρος, the second Πυραμις, and the third Φαλλος.

These are the watery reflexions of the three enthusiasms; those of Apollo, Dionysus, and Aphrodite.

The whole star is Nechesh and Messiach, the name יהיה joined with יהיה.

LIBER HHH

SVB FIGVRÂ CCCXLI

CONTINET CAPITULA TRES: MMM, AAA, ET SSS

I

MMM

“I remember a certain holy day in the dusk of the Year, in the dusk of the Equinox of Osiris, when I first beheld thee visibly; when first the dreadful issue was fought out; when the Ibis-headed one charmed away the strife. I remember thy first kiss, even as a maiden should. Nor in the dark byways was there another: thy kisses abide.”—LIBER LAPIDIS LAZULI. VII. 3.

0. Be seated in thine Asana, wearing the robe of a Neophyte, the hood drawn.

1. It is night, heavy and hot; there are no stars. Not one breath of wind stirs the surface of the sea, that is thou. No fish play in thy depths.

2. Let a Breath rise and ruffle the waters. This also thou shalt feel playing upon thy skin. It will disturb thy meditation twice or thrice, after which thou shouldst have conquered in. But unless thou first feel it, that Breath hath not arisen.

3. Next, the night is riven by the lightning-flash. This also shalt thou feel in thy body, which shall shiver and leap with the shock, and that also must both be suffered and overcome.

LIBER HHH

4. After the lightning-flash, resteth in the zenith a minute point of light. And this light shall radiate until a right cone be established upon the sea, and it is day.

With this thy body shall be rigid, automatically; and this shalt thou let endure, withdrawing thyself into thine heart in the form of an upright Egg of blackness; and therein shalt thou abide for a space.

5. When all this is perfectly and easily performed at will, let the aspirant figure to himself a struggle with the whole force of the Universe. In this he is only saved by his minuteness.

But in the end he is overthrown by Death, who covers him with a black cross.

Let his body fall supine with arms outstretched.

6. So lying, let him aspire fervently unto the Holy Guardian Angel.

7. Now let him resume his former posture.

Two-and-twenty times shall he figure to himself that he is bitten by a serpent, feeling even in his body the poison thereof. And let each bite be healed by an eagle or hawk, spreading its wings above his head, and dropping thereupon an healing dew. But let the last bite be so terrible a pang at the nape of the neck that he seemeth to die, and let the healing dew be of such virtue that he leapeth to his feet.

8. Let there be now placed within his egg a red cross, then a green cross, then a golden cross, then a silver cross; or those things which these shadow forth. Herein is silence; for he that hath rightly performed the meditation will understand the inner meaning hereof, and it shall serve as a test of himself and his fellows.

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9. Let him now remain in the Pyramid or Cone of Light, as an Egg, but no more of blackness.

10. Then let his body be in the position of the Hanged Man, and let him aspire with all his force unto the Holy Guardian Angel.

11. The grace having been granted unto him, let him partake mystically of the Eucharist of the Five Elements and let him proclaim Light in Extension; yea, let him proclaim Light in Extension.

II

A A A

“These loosen the swathings of the corpse; these unbind the feet of Osiris, so that the flaming God may rage through the firmament with his fantastic spear.”—LIBER LAPIDIS LAZULI. VII. 15, 16.

0. Be seated in thine Asana, or recumbent in Shavasana, or in the position of the dying Buddha.

1. Think of thy death; imagine the various the various diseases that may attack thee, or accidents overtake thee. Picture the process of death, applying always to thyself. (A useful preliminary practice is to read text-books of Pathology, and to visit museums and dissecting-rooms.)

2. Continue this practice until death is complete; follow the corpse through the stages of embalming, wrapping and burial.

3. Now imagine a divine breath entering thy nostrils.

4. Next, imagine a divine light enlightening the eyes.

5. Next, imagine the divine voice awakening the ears.

6. Next, imagine a divine kiss imprinted on the lips.

7. Next, imagine the divine energy informing the nerves

LIBER HHH

and muscles of the body, and concentrate on the phenomenon which will already have been observed in 3, the restoring of the circulation.

8. Last, imagine the return of the reproductive power; and employ this to the impregnation of the Egg of light in which man is bathed.

9. Now represent to thyself that this egg is the Disk of the Sun, setting in the west.

10. Let it sink into blackness, borne in the bark of heaven, upon the back of the holy cow Hather. And it may be that thou shalt hear the moaning thereof.

11. Let it become blacker than all blackness. And in this meditation thou shalt be utterly without fear, for that the blackness that will appear unto thee is a thing dreadful beyond all comprehension.

And it shall come to pass that if thou hast well and properly performed this meditation that on a sudden thou shalt hear the drone and booming of a Beetle.

12. Now then shall the Blackness pass, and with rose and gold shalt thou arise in the East, with the cry of an Hawk resounding in thine ear. Shrill shall it be and harsh.

13. At the end shalt thou rise and stand in the mid-heaven, a globe of glory. And therewith shall arise the mighty Sound that holy men have likened unto the roaring of a Lion.

14. Then shalt thou withdraw thyself from the Vision, gathering thyself into the divine form of Osiris upon his throne.

15. Then shalt thou repeat audibly the cry of triumph of

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the god rearsen, as it shall have been given unto thee by the Superior.

16. And this being accomplished, thou mayest enter again into the Vision, that thereby shalt be perfect in thee.

17. After this shalt thou return into the body, and give thanks unto the Most High God IAIDA; yea, unto the Most High God IAIDA.

18. Mark well that this operation should be performed if it be possible in a place set apart and consecrated to the Works of the Magic of Light. Also that the Temple should be ceremonially open as thou hast knowledge and skill to perform, and that at the end thereof the closing should be most carefully accomplished. But in the preliminary practice it is enough if thou cleanse thyself by ablution, by robing, and by the rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram.

0-2 should be practiced at first, until some realisation is obtained; and the practice should always be followed by a divine invocation of Apollo or of Isis or of Jupiter or of Serapis.

Next, after a swift summary of 0-2, practise 3-7.

This being mastered, add 8.

Then add 9-13.

Then being prepared and fortified, well fitted for the work, perform the whole meditation at one time. And let this be continued until perfect success be attained therein. For this is a mighty meditation and holy, having power even upon Death; yea, having power even upon Death.

(Note by Fra O.M. At any time during this meditation, the concentration may bring about Samadhi. This is to be feared and shunned, more than any other breaking of control, for that it is the most tremendous of the forces which threaten to obsess. There is also some danger of acute delirious melancholia at point 1.)

LIBER HHH

III

SSS

“Thou art a beautiful thing, whiter than a woman in the column of this vibration.

“I shoot up vertically like an arrow, and become that Above.

“But it is death, and the flame of the pyre.

“Ascend in the flame of the pyre, O my soul! Thy God is like the cold emptiness of the utmost heaven, into which thou radiatest thy little light.

“When Thou shalt know me, O empty God, my flame shall utterly expire in Thy great N.O.X.”—LIBER LAPIDIS LAZULI. I. 36-40.

0. Be seated in thine Asana, preferably the Thunderbolt. It is essential that the spine be vertical.

1. In this practice the cavity of the brain is the Yoni; the spinal cord is the Lingam.

2. Concentrate thy thought of adoration in the brain.

3. Now begin to awake the spine in this manner. Concentrate thy thought of thyself in the base of the spine, and move it up gradually a little at a time.

By this means thou wilt become conscious of the spine, feeling each vertebra as a separate entity. This must be achieved most fully and perfectly before the further practice is begun.

4. Next, adore the brain as before, but figure to thyself its content as infinite. Deem it to be the womb of Isis, or the body of Nuit.

5. Next, identify thyself with the base of the spine as before, but figure to thyself its energy as infinite. Deem it to be the phallus of Osiris, or the being of Hadit.

6. These two concentrations 4 and 5 may be pushed to the point of Samadhi. Yet lose not control of the will; let not Samadhi be thy master herein.

7. Now then, being conscious both of the brain and the spine, and unconscious of all else, do thou imagine the hunger

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of the one for the other; the emptines of the brain, the ache of the spine, even as the emptiness of space and the aimlessness of Matter.

And if thou hast experience of the Eucharist in both kinds, it shall aid thine imagination herein.

8. Let this agony grow until it be insupportable, resisting by will every temptation. Not until thine whole body is bathed in sweat, or it may be in sweat of blood, and until a cry of intolerable anguish is forced from thy closed lip, shalt thou proceed.

9. Now let a current of light, deep azure flecked with scarlet, pass up and down the spine, striking as it were upon thyself that art coiled at the base as a serpent.

Let this be exceeding slow and subtle; and though it be accompanied with pleasure, resist; and though it be accompanied with pain, resist.

10. This shalt thou continue until thou art exhausted, never relaxing the control. Until thou canst perform this one section 9 during a whole hour, proceed not. And withdraw from the meditation by an act of will, passing into a gentle Pranayama without Kumbhakham, and meditating on Harpocrates, the silent and virginal God.

11. Then at last being well-fitted in body and mind, fixed in peace, beneath a favourable heaven of stars, at night, in calm and warm weather, mayst thou quicken the movement of the light until it be taken up by the brain and the spine, independently of thy will.

12. If in this hour thou shouldst die, is it not written: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord"? Yea, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!

THE BLIND PROPHET

A BALLET

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE BLIND PROPHET

A BALLET

The scene is an ancient Egyptian temple, supported by two mighty pillars. Two rows of marble seats form a semi-circle, cut by a gap covered by a veil in the East. On the upper seats are the musicians, flutes and violins; on the lower are singers and dancers. There are doors also at the North and South.

The Prophet. Lead me to the holy place!
Trace the circle widdershins!
Light the incense! Set the pace
To the flutes and violins!

The Musicians. Kill! kill! Life is shrill!
Still! Still! word and will!
Flame! flame! speak the name!
Trill! trill! Thrill! thrill!
I acclaim the shame!
I have heard the word!
Fulfil the will!

The Prophet. Bid the virgins veil the bride!
Lead her forth, a shower of spray,

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A flower of foam upon the tide,
A fleece of cloud upon the day!

So my sightless eyes may see
In the transcendental trance
The virgin of eternity
Lead the demi-gods to dance.

Has the Tree of Life its root
In the soul or in the skin?
Is it God, or is it brute,
That comes mystically in
For the doves within the flute,
The eagles on the violin?

Ah! The perfume's coiling tresses
Curl like veils upon the limbs
Of the dancer that caresses
With her flying feet the hymns
That flow and ripple in the air,
Bathing all the doves of prayer!

The Musicians. Linger, low, fingering slow,
The tingling bows of the violins go.
Trembling, twittering, dissembling,
The lips of the flute-players wander
Over the stops, fiercer and fonder
Than scorpions that writhe and curl
In the fiery breast of an Arab girl!
[The dancers issue from beyond the veil.]

THE BLIND PROPHET

The Prophet. Sway like the lilies, gentle girls!

Like lilies glimmer!
Furl yourselves as the lily furls
Its radiance dimmer!
Curl as the lily-petal curls,
Subtler and slimmer!

Unfold your ranks and waft yourselves apart,
That I may guess what pearl is at the heart,
What dew-drop glistens on the crown gold-wrought
Within the chalice of your coiled cohort!

The Musicians. The flutes coo.

It is the voice
Of love in spring,
At dawn, in dew;
And piercing through
Those low loves that rejoice,
Wails in the violin that supreme string
Of passion, that is more akin
To death than love, that shrieking sin
Whose teeth tear passion's tortured skin
And drink love's blood, and rage within
Black bowels of lust to win, to win
Some crown of thorns incarnadine,
Some cross whereof to fashion
Some newer, truer passion
Than even the agony of the violin!

The Prophet. Yes! like a careless breeze, the close caress
Expands with a sob; the virgins wheel; there glows

THE EQUINOX

In the midst a mystical rose!

[The dancers unfold, and their Queen appears.]

O musical ministress
Of the dancing violin!
In an emerald spangled skin,
Hooded with harvest hair
Close-coiled, her serpent eyes
Hold ineffable sorceries!
Slender, and full, and straight is she
As an almond tree
Blest by an hermit! Her serpent eyes
Hold ineffable sorceries!
Slow she sways; her white arms ripple
From rosy finger to rosy nipple,
Ripple and flow like the melody
Of the flutes and the violins.
And! I see! I see—she smiles on me
The heart of a million sins,
Each keener than death! Her serpent eyes
Hold ineffable sorceries.

The Musicians. Hush! Hush! the young feet flush,
The marble's ablush.
The music moves trilling,
Like wolves at the killing,
Moaning and shrilling,
And clear as the throb in the throat of a thrush!
Rustling they sway
Like a forest of rush
In the storm, and away!

THE BLIND PROPHET

Away! Blow the blossoms
Of virgin bosoms
On the sob of the wind
Of the violins,
That bind and unbind
Their scarlet sins
On the brows of the world.
Hush! they are curled
In the rapture of reaping
The flowers that unfurled
When the gardeners were sleeping
In the breeze-swayed bowers
Of the Lord of the flowers!
Hush! Hush! the young feet flush
The marble! The temple's ablaze and ablush.
Hush! Hush! softer crush
The grape on the palate, the flower on the blossom,
The dream on the sleeper, the bride on the bosom!

The Prophet. Will she not deign, being drawn
Into the blush of dawn,
To yield the promise, to unveil
The Lady of bliss and bale?

I am old and blind; my vision
Hath the seer in derision.
I would set my lips between
Those rose-tipped moons, just there
Where the deciduous green
Leaves the pearly rapture bare,

THE EQUINOX

With its blue veins like rivulets
Jewelled with gentians and violets,
Wandering through fields of corn,
Under the first kiss of the morn
In still and shimmering air!

The Queen of the Dancers. No! No! the weird is woe.
The law is this, most surely this!
That who hath seen may never kiss.
The soul is at war with the flesh and the mind.
Life is dumb, and love is blind.

The Prophet. I am the Prophet of the Gods.
I have put these eyes out to attain
To the crown of the pallid periods
That pulse in the Almighty brain!
I have striven all my life for this;
That I might see, and still might kiss!

The Musicians. Vain! Vain! Time is sane.
Fain! Fain! Space is plain.
Time passes once, and is not found.
Space divides once, not heals the wound.
Knell! Knell! the shattered shell
That could not break the word of Hell.
Whirl! Whirl! the wanton girl
(Curve, and coil, and close, and curl!)
Slips the grip as the swallow avoids
The leaps of the dog; or the moon, that sails
Abeam to God's invisible gales,
The clumsy caress of the asteroids!
Love her in memory, love her in dream,

THE BLIND PROPHET

Love her in hope, or love her in faith;
But all these loves are loves that seem;
The worst is a ghoul, the best is a wraith;
For to birth
On the earth
There is no power under, within, or above,
That can give thee love in truth and love.

The Prophet. Yet will I strive!

 There is nothing but this
While I am alive
 But the cancer's kiss.
If I fail in that
 Let the temple be broken,
The pillars fall flat,
 The word beunspoken,
The lights be extinct,
 The music be dumb,
The circle unlinked,
 The acolytes numb,
The altar defiled,
 The sacrament trod
Under foot by the wild
 Despisers of god!

The Musicians. No! No! Life is woe.

 Thou dost not know
How ineffably great
Is the weight of Fate.
Uncreate!
Ultimate!

THE EQUINOX

Born of Hate!
Brother of Woe!
Despair its mate!
Thou dost not know
How giant great
Is the grasp of Fate.

The Dancers, Vainly Pursuing
Impossible things,
The swamp-adder wooing
The lark with her wings!

The Queen of the Dancers. See how I glide—
Canst thou not hold me?
In thine arms, at thy side—
Why not enfold me?

Wisdom, awaken!
Never, oh never,
By wile or endeavour
Am I to be taken.

Will a wish or a word
Charm the hawk from the air?
And am I a bird
To be caught in a snare?

Will a word or a wish
Bring the trout from the brook?
And am I a fish
To snap at an hook?

The Prophet. Ye let me to the holy place.
All ye have mocked me to my face.

THE BLIND PROPHET

Now ends the age of living breath;
I am sworn henchman unto death.
Lead me to the obelisks
That support the holy Disks!
I am here; my grasp is firm,
We are come unto the term.
Temple, dancers, girls, musicians,
Augurs, acolytes, magicians ---
Ruin, ruin whelm us all!
Fall!

*[He pulls down the pillars; but the temple
was not supported on them as in his
blindness he supposed; and he is himself
his only victim.]*

The Dancers. Twine! twine! rose and vine.
Whirl! whirl! boy and girl.
Mine! mine! maid divine.
Curl! curl! peach and pearl.
Twist! twist! the towering trances
Are not sun-kissed
Like our delicate dances.
Expanses
Of fancies,
The turn of the ankle! the wave of the wrist
Enhances
Romances!
Twine! twine! tread me a measure!
The dotard is dead that disturbed our pleasure
With his doubt
About

THE EQUINOX

Souls and skins,
And the quickened shoots
Of pain that he tore
From the heart's core
Of the dreadful flutes
And the terrible violins.
Joy! joy! girl and boy!
He is dead! let us laugh! let us dance! let us love!
Leave the corpse there as it lies! we shall measure
A new true dance around and above,
And taste of the treasure,
The torrent of pleasure!
Curl! curl! peach and pearl!
Mine! mine! maid divine!
Whirl! whirl! boy and girl!
Twine! twine! rose and vine.

The Musicians. Hush! hush! the young feet flush,
The marble's ablush,
The music moves trilling—
Like wolves at the killing,
Moaning and shrilling,
And clear as the throb in the throat of a thrush!
Rustling they sway
Like a forest of rush
In the storm, and away!
Away! blow the blossoms
Of virgin bosoms
On the sob of the wind
Of the violins

THE BLIND PROPHET

That bind and unbind
Their scarlet sins
On the brows of the world.
Hush! they are curled
In the rapture of reaping
The flowers that unfurled
When the gardeners were sleeping
In the breeze-swayed bowers
Of the Lord of the Flowers!
Hush! Hush! the young feet flush
The marble. The temple's ablaze and ablush.
Hush! hush! softer crush
The grape on the palate, the bloom on the blossom,
The dream on the sleeper, the bride on the blossom!

The Queen of the Dancers, in her prime pose.

(Spoken without inflection or emphasis.)

Now do you understand the tragedy of life?

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THE Religion of the Buddhas is, in the most eminent sense of the word, a Practical Philosophy. It is not a collection of dogmas which are to be accepted and believed with an unquestioning and unintelligent faith: but a series of statements and propositions which, in the first place, are to be intellectually grasped and comprehended; in the second, to be applied to every action of our daily lives, to be practised, to be lived, up to the fullest extent of our powers. This fact of the essentially practical nature of our Religion is again and again insisted upon in the Holy Books. Though one man should know by heart a thousand stanzas of the Law, and not practise it, he has not understood the Dhamma. That man who knows and *practises* one stanza of the Law, he has understood the Dhamma, he is the true follower of the Buddha. It is the practice of the Dhamma that constitutes the true Buddhist, not the mere knowledge of its tenets; it is the carrying out of the Five Precepts, and not their repetition in the Pali tongue; it is the bringing home into our daily lives of the Great Laws of Love and Righteousness that marks a man as *Samma-ditthi*; and not the mere appreciation of the truth of that Dhamma as a beautiful and poetic statement of Laws which are too hard to follow. This Dhamma has to be lived, to be

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acted up to, to be felt as the supreme idol in our hearts, as the supreme motive of our lives; and he who does this to the best of his ability is the right follower of the Master;—not he who calls himself “Buddhist,” but whose life is empty of the love the Buddha taught.

And because our lives are very painful, because to follow the Good Law in all our ways is very difficult, therefore we should not despair of ever being able to walk in the way we have learned, and resign ourselves to living a life full only of worldly desires and ways. For has not the Master said, “Let no man think lightly of good, saying ‘it will not come nigh me’—for even by the falling of drops, the water-jar is filled. The wise man becomes full of Good, even if he gather it little by little”? He who does his best, he who strives, albeit failingly, to follow what is good, to eschew what is evil, that man will grow daily the more powerful for his striving; and every wrong desire overcome, each loving and good impulse acted up to, will mightily increase our power to resist evil, will ever magnify our power of living the life that is right.

Now, the whole of this practice of Buddhism, the whole of the Good Law which we who call ourselves “Buddhists” should strive to follow, has been summed up by the Tathagata in one single stanza:—

“Avoiding the performance of evil actions, gaining merit by the performance of good acts: and the purification of all our thoughts;—this is the Teaching of all the Buddhas.”

Therefore we that call ourselves Buddhists have so to live that we may carry out the three rules here laid down. We all know what it is to avoid doing evil;—we detail the acts

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that are ill each time we take *Panca Sila*. The taking of life, the taking of what does not rightly belong to us, living a life of impurity, speaking what is not true, or what is cruel and unkind, and indulging in drugs and drinks that undermine the mental and moral faculties—these are the evil actions that we must avoid. Living in peace and love, returning good for evil, having reverence and patience and humility—these are some part of what we know to be good. And so we can all understand, can all try to live up to, the first two clauses of this stanza; we can all endeavour to put them into practice in our daily lives. But the way to purify the thought, the way to cultivate the thoughts that are good, to suppress and overcome the thoughts that are evil, the practices by which the mind is to be trained and cultivated; of these things less is known; they are less practised, and less understood.

And so the object of this paper is to set forth what is written in the books of these methods of cultivating and purifying the mind;—to set forth how this third rule can be followed and lived up to; for in one way it is the most important of all, it really includes the other two rules, and is their crown and fruition. the avoidance of evil, the performance of good: these things will but increase the merits of our destinies, will lead but to new lives, happier, and so more full of temptation, than that we now enjoy. And after that merit, thus gained, is spent and gone, the whirling of the great Wheel of Life will bring us again to evil, and unhappy lives;—for not by the mere storing of merit can freedom be attained, it is not by mere merit that we can come to the Great Peace. This merit-gaining is secondary in importance to the purification and culture of our thought, but it is essential, because only by

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the practice of *Sila* comes the power of Mental Concentration that makes us free.*

In order that we may understand how this final and principal aim of our Buddhist Faith is to be attained, before we can see why particular practices should thus purify the mind, it is necessary that we should first comprehend the nature of this mind itself—this thought that we seek to purify and to liberate.

In the marvellous system of psychology which has been declared to us by our Teacher, the *Citta* or thought-stuff is shewn to consist of innumerable elements which are called *Dhamma* or *Sankhára*. If we translate *Dhamma* or *Sankhára* as used in this context as “Tendencies,” we shall probably come nearest to the English meaning of the word. When a given act has been performed a number of times; when a given thought has arisen in our minds a number of times, there is a definite tendency to the repetition of that act; a definite tendency to the recurrence of that thought. Thus each mental *Dhamma*, each *Sankhára*, tends to produce constantly its like, and be in turn reproduced; and so at first sight it would seem as though there were no possibility of altering the total composition of one’s *Sankháras*, no possibility of suppressing the evil *Dhammas*, no possibility of augmenting the states that are good. But, whilst our Master has taught us of this tendency to reproduce that is so characteristic of all mental states, he has also shewn us how this reproductive energy of the *Sankháras* may itself be employed to the suppression of evil states, and to the culture

* *Sila* must then be defined as the discipline essential to Mental Concentration, and this will vary with Race, Climate, Individuality, etc. etc.—A.C.

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of the states that are good. For if a man has many and powerful Sankhāras in his nature, which tend to make him angry or cruel, we are taught that he can definitely overcome those evil Sankhāras by the practice of mental concentration on Sankhāras of an opposite nature;—in practice by devoting a definite time each day to meditating on thoughts of pity and of love. Thus he increases the Sankhāras in his mind that tend to make men loving and pitiful, and because “Hatred ceaseth not by hatred at any time, hatred ceaseth by Love alone,” therefore do those evil Sankhāras of his nature, those tendencies to anger and to cruelty, disappear before the rise of new good tendencies of love and of pity, even as the darkness of the night fades in the glory of the dawn. Thus we see that one way—and the best way—of overcoming bad Sankhāras is the systematic cultivation, by dint of meditation, of such qualities as are opposed to the evil tendencies we desire to eliminate; and in the central and practical feature of the instance adduced, the practice of definite meditation or mental concentration upon the good Sankhāras, we have the key to the entire system of the Purification and Culture of the mind, which constitutes the practical working basis of the Buddhist Religion.

If we consider the action of a great and complex engine—such a machine as drives a steamship through the water—we will see that there is, first and foremost, one central and all-operationg source of energy; in this case the steam which is generated in the boilers. This energy in itself is neither good nor bad—it is simply “Power;” and whether that power does the useful work of moving he ship, or the bad work of breaking loose, and destroying and spoiling the ship, and

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scalding men to death, and so on; all depends upon the correct and co-ordinated operation of all the various parts of that complex machinery. If the slide-valves of the great cylinders open a little too soon and so admit the steam before the proper time, much power will be lost in overcoming the resistance of the steam itself. If they remain open too long, the expansive force of the steam will be wasted, and so again power will be lost; and if they open too late, much of the momentum of the engine will be used up in moving uselessly the great mass of the machinery. And so it is with every part of the engine. In every part of the prime mover is that concentrated expansive energy of the steam; but that energy must be applied in each diverse piece of mechanism in exactly the right way, at exactly the right time; otherwise, either the machine will not work at all, or much of the energy of the steam will be wasted in overcoming its own opposing force.

So it is with this subtle machinery of the mind,—a mechanism infinitely more complex, capable of far more power for good or for evil, than the most marvellous of man's mechanical achievements, than the most powerful engine ever made by human hands. One great engine, at its worst, exploding, may destroy a few hundred lives; at its best may carry a few thousand men, may promote trade, and the comfort of some few hundred lives; but who can estimate the power of one human mind, whether for good or for evil? One such mind, the mind of a man like Jesus Christ, may bring about the tortured death of many million men, may wreck states and religions and dynasties, and cause untold misery and suffering; another mind, employing the same manner of energy, but rightly using that energy for the

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benefit of others, may, like the Buddha, bring hope into the hopeless lives of crores upon crores of human beings, may increase by a thousandfold the pity and love of a third of humanity, may aid innumerable lakhs of beings to come to that Peace for which we all crave—that Peace the way to which is so difficult to find.

But the energy which these two minds employed is one and the same. That energy lies hidden in every human brain, it is generated with every pulsation of every human heart, it is the prerogative of every being, and the sole mover in the world of men. There is no idea or thought, there is no deed, whether good or bad, accomplished in this world, but that supreme energy, that steam-power of our mental mechanism, is the mover and the cause. It is by use of this energy that the child learns how to speak; it is by its power that Christ could bring sorrow into thousands of lives; it is by this power that the Buddha conquered the hearts of one-third of men; it is by that force that so many have followed him on the way which he declared—the Nirvāna Marga, the way to the Unutterable Peace. The name of that power is Mental Concentration, and there is nothing in this world, whether for good or for evil, but is wrought by its application. It weaves upon the loom of Time the fabric of men's characters and destinies. Name and Form are the twin threads with which it blends the quick-flying shuttles of that Loom, men's good and evil thoughts and deeds; and the pattern of that fabric is the outcome of innumerable lives.

It is by the power of this Samadhi that the baby learns to walk, it is by its power that Newton weighed these suns

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and worlds. It is the steam power of this human organism, and what it does to make us great or little, good or bad, is the result of the way in which the powers of the mind, all these complex Sankhásas, apply and use that energy. If the Sankhásas act well together, if their varying functions are well co-ordinated, then that man has great power, either for good or for evil; and when you see one of weak mind and will, you may be sure that his Sankhásas are working one against another; and so the central power, this power of Samadhi, is wasted in one part of the mind in overcoming its own energy in another.

If a skilful engineer, knowing well the functions of each separate part of an engine, were to have to deal with a machine whose parts did not work in unison, and which thus frittered away the energy supplied to it, he would take his engine part by part, adjusting here a valve and there an eccentric; he would observe the effect of his alterations with every subsequent movement of the whole engine, and so, little by little, would set all that machinery to work together, till the engine was using to the full the energy supplied to it. And this is what we have to do with this mechanism of our minds—each one for himself. First, earnestly to investigate our component Sankhásas, to see wherein we are lacking, to see wherein our mental energy is well used and where it runs to waste; and then to keep adjusting, little by little, all these working parts of our mind-engine, till each is brought to work in the way that is desired, till the whole vast complex machinery of our being is all working to one end,—the end for which we are working, the goal which now lies so far away,

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yet not so far but that we may yet work for and attain it.

But how are we thus to adjust and to alter the Sankháras of our natures? If a part of our mental machinery *will* use up our energy wrongly, *will* let our energy leak into wrong channels, how are we to cure it? Let us take another example from the world of mechanics. There is a certain part of a locomotive which is called the slide-valve. It is a most important part, because its duty is to admit the steam to the working parts of the engine: and upon its accurate performance of this work the whole efficiency of the locomotive depends. The great difficulty with this slide-valve consists in the fact that its face must be perfectly, almost mathematically, smooth; and no machine has yet been devised that can cut this valve-face smooth enough. So what they do is this: they make use of the very force of the steam itself, the very violent action of steam, to plane down that valve-face to the necessary smoothness. The valve, made as smooth as machinery can make it, is put in its place, and steam is admitted; so that the valve is made to work under very great pressure, and very quickly for a time. As it races backwards and forwards, under this unusually heavy pressure of steam, the mere friction against the port-face of the cylinder upon which it moves suffices to wear down the little unevennesses that would otherwise have proved so fertile a source of leakage. So we must do with our minds. We must take our good and useful Sankháras one by one, and put them under extra and unusual pressure by special mental concentration. And by this means those good Sankháras will be made ten times as

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efficient; there will be no more leakage of energy; and our mental mechanism will daily work more and more harmoniously and powerfully. From the moment that the Mental Reflex* is attained, the hindrances (*i.e.*, the action of opposing Sankhāras) are checked, the leakages (Asavas, a word commonly translated corruptions, means literally leakages,—*i.e.*, leakages through wrong channels of the energy of the being) are assuaged, and the mind concentrates itself by the concentration of the neighbourhood degree.†

Now let us see how these Sankhāras, these working parts of our mental mechanism, first come into being. Look at a child learning how to talk. The child hears a sound, and this sound the child learns to connect by association with a definite idea. By the power of its mental concentration the child seizes on that sound, by its imitative group of Sankhāras it repeats that sound, and by another effort of concentration it impresses the idea of that sound on some cortical cell of its brain, where it remains as a faint Sankhāra, ready to be called up when required. Then, one time, occasion arises which recalls the idea that sound represents—it has need to make that sound in order to get some desired object. The child concentrates its mind with all its power on the memorising cortex of its brain, until that faint Sankhāra, that manner of mind-echo of the sound that lurks in the little brain-cell is discovered, and, like a stretched string played upon by the wind, the cell yields up to the mind

* The Mental Reflex or Nimitta, is the result of the practice of certain forms of Samadhi. For a detailed account see Visuddhi Magga.

† Visuddhi Magga, iv. There are two degrees of mental concentration, termed “Neighbourhood-concentration” and “Attainment-concentration” respectively.

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a faint repetition of the sound-idea which caused it. By another effort of concentration, now removed from the memorising area and shifted to the speaking centre in the brain, the child's vocal chords tighten in the particular way requisite to the production of that sound; the muscles of lips and throat and tongue perform the necessary movements; the breathing apparatus is controlled, so that just the right quantity of air passes over the vocal chords; and as the child speaks it repeats the word it had formerly learnt to associate with the object of its present desire. Such is the process of the formation of a Sankhára. The more frequently that idea recurs to the child, the more often does it have to go through the processes involved—the more often, in a word, has the mind of the child to perform mental concentration, or Samadhi, upon that particular series of mental and muscular movements, the more powerful does the set of Sankháras involved become, till the child will recall the necessary sound-idea, will go through all those complex movements of the organs of speech, without any appreciable new effort of mental concentration;—in effect, that chain of associations, that particular co-ordinated functioning of memory and speech, will have established itself by virtue of the past mental concentrations as a powerful Sankhára in the being of the child, and that Sankhára will tend to recur whenever the needs which led to the original Samadhi are present, so that the words will be reproduced automatically, and without fresh special effort.

Thus we see that Sankháras arise from any act of mental concentration. The more powerful, or the more often repeated, is the act of Samadhi, the more powerful the

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Sankhāras produced; thus a word in a new language, for instance, may become a Sankhāra, may be perfectly remembered without further effort, either by one very considerable effort of mental concentration, or by many repetitions of the word, with slight mental concentration.

The practical methods, then, for the culture and purification of the mind, according to the method indicated for us by our Master, are two; first, *Sammāsati*, which is the accurate reflection upon things in order to ascertain their nature—an investigation or analysis of the Dhammas of our own nature in this case; and, secondly, *Sammāsamādhi*, or the bringing to bear upon the mind of the powers of concentration, to the end that the good states, the good Dhammas, may become powerful Sankhāras in our being. As to the bad states, they are to be regarded as mere leakages of the central power; and the remedy for them, as for the leaky locomotive slide-valve, is the powerful practice upon the good states which are of an opposite nature. So we have first very accurately to analyse and observe the states that are present in us by the power of *Sammāsati*, and then practise concentration upon the good states, especially those that tend to overcome our particular failings. By mental concentration is meant an intentness of the thoughts, the thinking for a definite time of only one thought at a time. This will be found at first to be very difficult. You sit down to meditate on love, for instance; and in half a minute or so you find you are thinking about what someone said the day before yesterday. so it always is at first. The Buddha likened the mind of the man who was beginning this practice of Samadhi to a calf which had been used to running hither and thither in the fields,

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without any let or hindrance, which has now been tied with a rope to a post. The rope is the practice of meditation; the post is the particular subject selected for meditation. At first the calf tries to break loose, he runs hither and thither in every direction; but is always brought up sharp at a certain distance from the post, by the rope to which he is tied. For a long time, if he is a restless calf, this process goes on; but at last the calf becomes more calm, he sees the futility of struggling, and lies down by the side of the post. So it is with the mind. At first, subjected to this discipline of concentration, the mind tries to break away, it runs in this or that direction; and if it is an average restless mind, it takes a long time to realize the uselessness of trying to break away. But always, having gone a certain distance from the post, having got a certain distance from the object selected for meditation, the fact that you have sat down with the definite object of meditating acts as the rope, and the mind realizes that the post was its object, and so comes back to it. When the mind, becoming concentrated and steady, at last lies down by the post, and no longer tries to break away from the object of meditation, then concentration is obtained. But this takes a long time to attain, and very hard practice; and in order that we may make this, the most trying part of the practice, easier, various methods are suggested. One is, that we can avail ourselves of the action of certain Sankhāras themselves. You know how we get into *habits* of doing things, particularly habits of doing things at a definite time of day. Thus we get into the habit of waking up at a definite time of the morning, and we always tend to wake up at that same hour of the day. We

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get into a habit of eating our dinner at seven o'clock, and we do not feel hungry till about that time; and if we change the times of our meals, at first we always feel hungry at seven, then, when we get no dinner, a little after seven that hunger vanishes, and we presently get used to the new state of things. In effect the practice of any act, the persistence of any given set of ideas, regularly occurring at a set time of the day, forms within us a very powerful tendency to the recurrence of those ideas, or to the practice of that act, at the same time every day.

Now we can make use of this time-habit of the mind to assist us in our practice of meditation. Choose a given time of day; always practise in that same time, even if it is only for ten minutes, but always at exactly the same time of day. In a little while the mind will have established a habit in this respect, and you will find it much easier to concentrate the mind at your usual time than at any other. We should also consider the effect of our bodily actions on the mind. When we have just eaten a meal, the major part of the spare energy in us goes to assist in the work of digestion; so at those times the mind is sleepy and sluggish, and under these circumstances we cannot use all our energies to concentrate with. so choose a time when the stomach is empty—of course the best time from this point of view is when we wake up in the morning. Another thing that you will find very upsetting to your concentration at first is sound—any sudden, unexpected sound particularly. so it is best to choose your time when people are not moving about—when there is as little noise as possible. Here again the early morning is indicated, or else late at night, and, generally speaking, you

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will find it easiest to concentrate either just after rising, or else at night, just before going to sleep.

Another thing very much affects these Sankhras, and that is *place*. If you think a little, you will see how tremendously place affects the mind. The merchant's mind may be full of trouble; but no sooner does he get to his office or place of business, than his trouble goes, and he is all alert—a keen, capable business-man. The doctor may be utterly tired out, and half asleep when he is called up at night to attend an urgent case; but no sooner is he come to his place, the place where he is wont to exercise his profession, the bedside of his patient, than the powerful association of the place overcome his weariness and mental torpor, and he is very wide awake—all his faculties on the alert, his mind working to the full limits demanded by his very difficult profession. So it is in all things: the merchant at his desk, the captain on the bridge of his ship, the engineer in his engine-room, the chemist in his laboratory—the effect of *place* upon the mind is always to awaken a particular set of Sankhāras, the Sankhāras associated in the mind with place. Also there is perhaps a certain intangible yet operative atmosphere of thought which clings to place in which definite acts have been done, definite thoughts constantly repeated. It is for this reason that we have a great sense of quiet and peace when we go to a monastery. The monastery is a place where life is protected, where men think deeply of the great mysteries of Life and Death; it is the home of those who are devoted to the practice of this meditation, it is the centre of the religious life of the people. When the people want to make merry, they have *pwes* and things in their own houses, in

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the village; but when they feel religiously inclined, then they go to their monastery. So the great bulk of the thoughts which arise in a monastery are peaceful, and calm, and holy; and this atmosphere of peace and calm and holiness seems to penetrate and suffuse the whole place, till the walls and roof and flooring—nay, more, the very ground of the sacred enclosure—seem soaked with this atmosphere of holiness, like some faint distant perfume that can hardly be scented, and yet that one can feel. It may be that some impalpable yet grosser portion of the thought-stuff thus clings to the very walls of a place: we cannot tell, but certain it is that if you blindfold a sensitive man and take him to a temple, he will tell you that it is a peaceful and holy place; whilst if you take him to the shambles, he will feel uncomfortable or fearful.

And so we should choose for our practice of meditation a place which is suited to the work we have to do. It is a great aid, of course, owing to the very specialised set of place Sankhāras so obtained, if we can have a special place in which nothing but these practices are done, and where no one but oneself goes; but, for a layman especially, this is very difficult to secure. Instructions are given on this point in *Visuddhi Magga* how the priest who is practising *Kammattana* is to select some place a little way from the monastery, where people do not come and walk about—either a cave, or else he is to make or get made a little hut, which he alone uses. But as this perfect retirement is not easy to a layman, he must choose whatever place is most suitable—some place where, at the time of his practice, he will be as little disturbed as possible, and, if he is able, this place should not be the place where he sleeps, as the Sankhāras of such a place would tend,

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so soon as he tried to reduce the number of his thoughts down to one, to make him go to sleep, which is one of the chief things to be guarded against.

Time and place being once chosen, it is important, until the faculty of concentration is strongly established, not to alter them. Then bodily posture is to be considered. If we stand up to meditate, then a good deal of energy goes to maintain the standing posture. Lying down is also not good, because it is associated in our minds with going to sleep. Therefore the sitting posture is best. If you can sit cross-legged as Buddhārupas sit, that is best; because this position has many good Sankhāras associated with in the minds of Buddhist people.

Now comes the all-important question of what we are to meditate upon. The subjects of meditation are classified in the books under forty heads; and in the old days a man wishing to practise *Kammatthana* would go to some great man who had practised long, and had so attained to great spiritual knowledge, and by virtue of his spiritual knowledge that Arahat could tell which of the forty categories would best suit the aspirant. Now-a-days this is hardly possible, as so few practise this Kammatthana; and so it is next to impossible to find anyone with this spiritual insight. So the best thing to do will be to practise those forms of meditation which will most certainly increase the highest qualities in us, the qualities of Love, and Pity, and Sympathy, and Indifference to worldly life and cares; those forms of Sammāsati which will give us an accurate perception of our own nature, and the Sorrow, Transitoriness, and Soullessness of all things in the Samsara Cakka; and those forms which

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will best calm our minds by making us think of holy and beautiful things, such as the Life of the Buddha, the liberating nature of the Dhamma He taught, and the pure life which is followed by His Bhikkhus.

We have seen how a powerful Sankhára is to be formed in one of two ways: either by one tremendous effort of concentration, or by many slight ones. As it is difficult for a beginner to make a tremendous effort, it will be found simplest to take one idea which can be expressed in a few words, and repeat those words silently over and over again. The reason for the use of a formula of words is that, owing to the complexity of the brain-actions involved in the production of words, very powerful Sankháras are formed by this habit of silent repetition: the words serve as a very powerful mechanical aid in constantly evoking the idea they represent. In order to keep count of the number of times the formula has been repeated, Buddhist people use a rosary of a hundred and eight beads, and thus will be found a very convenient aid. Thus one formulates to oneself the ideal of the Great Teacher: one reflects upon His Love and Compassion, on all that great life of His devoted to the spiritual assistance of all beings; one formulates in the mind the image of the Master, trying to imagine Him as He taught that Dhamma which has brought liberation to so many; and every time the mental image fades, one murmurs “Buddhanussati”—“he reflects upon the Buddha”—each time of repetition passing over one of the beads of the rosary. And so with the Dhamma, and the Sangha;—whichever one prefers to reflect upon.

But perhaps the best of all the various meditations upon the idea, are what is known as the Four Sublime States—

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Cattro Brahavihara. These meditations calm and concentrate the Citta in a very powerful and effective way; and besides this they tend to increase in us those very qualities of the mind which are the best. One sits down facing East, preferably; and after reflection on the virtues of the Tri Ratna, as set forth in the formulas, "Iti pi so Bhagava," etc., one concentrates one's thought upon ideas of Love; one imagines a ray of Love going out from one's heart, and embracing all beings in the Eastern Quarter of the World, and one repeats this formula: "And he lets his mind pervade the Eastern Quarter of the World with thoughts of Love—with Heart of Love grown great, and mighty, and beyond all measure—till there is not one being in all the Eastern Quarter of the world whom he has passed over, whom he has not suffused with thoughts of Love, with Heart of Love grown great, and mighty, and far-reaching beyond all measure." And as you say these words you imagine your Love going forth to the East, like a great spreading ray of light; and first you think of all your friends, those whom you love, and suffuse them with your thoughts of love; and then you reflect upon all those innumerable beings in that Eastern Quarter whom you know not, to whom you are indifferent, but whom you should love, and you suffuse them also with the ray of your Love; and lastly you reflect upon all those who are opposed to you, who are your enemies, who have done you wrongs, and these too, by an effort of will you suffuse with your Love "till there is not one being in all that Eastern Quarter of the Earth whom you have passed over, whom you have not suffused with thoughts of Love with Heart of Love grown great, and mighty, and beyond all measure." And then you imagine a similar

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ray of Love issuing from your heart in the direction of your right hand; and you mentally repeat the same formula, substituting the word “Southern” for “Eastern,” and you go through the same series of reflections in that direction. And so to the West, and so to the North, till all around you, in the four directions, you have penetrated all beings with these thoughts of Love. And then you imagine your thought as striking downwards, and embracing and including all beings beneath you, repeating the same formula, and lastly as going upwards, and suffusing with the warmth of your Love all beings in the worlds above. Thus you will have meditated upon all beings with thoughts of Love, in all the six directions of space: and you have finished the Meditation on Love.

In the same way, using the same formula, do you proceed with the other three Sublime States. Thinking of all beings who are involved in the Samsara Cakka, involved in the endless sorrow of existence—thinking especially of those in whom at this moment sorrow is especially manifested, thinking of the weak, the unhappy, the sick, and those who are fallen; you send out a ray of Pity and Compassion towards them in all six directions of Space. And so suffusing all beings with thoughts of Compassion, you pass on to the meditation on Happiness. You meditate on all beings who are happy, from the lowest happiness of earthly love to the highest, the Happiness of those who are freed from all sin, the unutterable Happiness of those who have attained the Nirvāna Dhamma. You seek to feel with all those happy ones in their happiness, to enter into the bliss of their hearts and lives, and to augment it; and so you pervade all six directions with thoughts of

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happiness, with this feeling of sympathy with all that is happy and fair and good.

Then, finally, reflecting on all that is evil and cruel and bad in the world, reflecting on the things which tempt men away from the holy life, you assume to all evil beings thoughts of indifference—understanding that all the evil in those beings arises from ignorance; from the Asavas, the leakages of mental power into wrong channels; you understand concerning them that it is not your duty to condemn, or revile, but only to be indifferent to them, and when you have finished this meditation in Indifference, you have completed the meditation on the Four Sublime States --- on Love, and Pity, and Happiness, and Indifference. The meditation on love will overcome in you all hatred and wrath; the meditation on Pity will overcome your Sankhâras of cruelty and unkindness; the meditation on Happiness will do away with all feelings of envy and malice; and the meditation on Indifference will take from you all sympathy with evil ways and thoughts. And if you diligently practise these four Sublime States, you will find yourself becoming daily more and more loving, and pitiful, and happy with the highest happiness, and indifferent to personal misfortune and to evil. So very powerful is this method of meditation, that a very short practice will give results—results that you will find working in your life and thoughts, bringing peace and happiness to you, and to all around you.

Then there is the very important work of Sammâsati, the analysis of the nature of things that leads men to realize how all in the Samsara Cakka is characterised by the three characteristics of Sorrow, and Transitoriness, and Soullessness: how

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there is nought that is free from these three characteristics; and how only right reflection and right meditation can free you from them, and can open for you the way to peace. And because men are very much involved in the affairs of the world, because so much of our lives is made of our little hates and loves and fears; because we think so much of our wealth, and those we love with earthly love, and of our enemies, and of all the little concerns of our daily life, therefore is this right perception very difficult to come by, very difficult to realise as absolute truth in the depth of our hearts. We think we have but one life and one body; so these we guard with very great attention and care, wasting useful mental energy upon these ephemeral things. We think we have but one state in life; and so we think very much of how to better our positions, how to increase our fortune.

“I have these sons, mine is this wealth”—thus the foolish man is thinking: “he himself hath not a self, how sons, how wealth?” But if we could look back over the vast stairway of our innumerable lives, if we could see how formerly we had held all various positions, had had countless fortunes, countless children, innumerable loves and wives; if we could so look back, and see the constant and inevitable misery of all those lives, could understand our every-changing minds and wills, and the whole mighty phantasmagoria of the illusion that we deem so real; if we could do this, then indeed we might realise the utter misery and futility of all this earthly life, might understand and grasp those three characteristics of all existent things; then indeed would our desire to escape from this perpetual round of sorrow be augmented, augmented so that we would work with all our power unto liberation.

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To the gaining of this knowledge of past births there is a way, a practice of meditation by which that knowledge may be obtained. This at first may seem startling; but there is nothing really unnatural or miraculous about it: it is simply a method of most perfectly cultivating the memory. Now, memory is primarily a function of the material brain: we remember things because they are stored up like little mind-pictures, in the minute nerve-cells of the grey cortex of the brain, principally on the left frontal lobe. so it may naturally be asked: "If memory, as is certainly the case, be stored up in the material brain, how is it possible that we should remember, without some miraculous faculty, things that happened before that brain existed?" The answer is this: our brains, it is true, have not existed before this birth, and so all our normal memories are memories of things that have happened in this life. but what is the *cause* of the particular brain-structure that now characterises us? Past Sankhás. The particular and specific nature of a given brain; that, namely, which differentiates one brain from another, which makes one child capable of learning one thing and another child another; the great difference of aptitude, and so on, which gives to each one of us a different set of desires, capacities, and thought. What force has caused this great difference between brain and brain? We say that the action of our past Sankhás, the whole course of the Sankh ras of our past lives, determined, ere our birth in this life, whilst yet the brain was in process of formation, these specific and characteristic features. And if the higher thinking levels of our brains have thus been specialised by the acquired tendencies of all our line of lives,

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then every thought that we have had, every idea and wish that has gone to help to specialise that thinking stuff, must have left its record stamped ineffaceably, though faintly, on the structure of this present brain, till that marvellous structure is like some ancient palimpsest—a piece of paper on which, as old writing faded out, another and yet another written screen has been superimposed. By our purblind eyes only the last record can be read, but there are ways by which all those ancient faded writings can be made to appear; and this is how it is done. To read those faded writings we use an eye whose sensitivity to minute shades of colour and texture is far greater than our own; a photograph is taken of the paper, on plates prepared so as to be specially sensitive to minute shades of colour, and, according to the exposure given, the time the eye of the camera gazed upon that sheet of paper, another and another writing is impressed upon the sensitive plate used, and the sheet of paper, which to the untrained eye of man bears but one script, yields up to successive plates those lost, ancient, faded writings, till all are made clear and legible.

So it must be, if we think, with this memory of man; with all the multiple attributes of that infinitely complex brain-structure.

All that the normal mental vision of man can read there is the last plain writing, the record of this present life. But every record of each thought and act of all our karmic ancestry, the records upon whose model this later life, this specialised brain-structure, has been built, must lie there, visible to the trained vision; so that, had we but this more sensitive mental vision, that wondrous palimpsest, the tale of the innumerable

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ages that have gone to the composing of that marvellous document, the record of a brain, would stand forth clear and separate, like the various pictures on the colour-sensitive plates. Often, indeed, it happens that one, perchance the last of all those ancient records, is given now so clearly and legibly that a child can read some part of what was written; and so we have those strange instances of sporadic, uninherited genius that are the puzzle and the despair of Western Psychologists? A little child, before he can hardly walk, before he can clearly talk, will see a piano, and crawl to it, and, untaught, his baby fingers will begin to play; and, in a few years' time, with a very little teaching and practice, that child will be able to execute the most difficult pieces—pieces of music which baffle any but the most expert players. There have been many such children whose powers have been exhibited over the length and breadth of Europe. There was Smeaton, again, one of our greatest engineers. When a child (he was the son of uneducated peasant people) he would build baby bridges over the streams in his country—untaught—and his bridges would bear men and cattle. There was a child, some ten years ago, in Japan, who, when a baby, saw one day the ink and brush with which the Chinese and Japanese write, and, crawling with pleasure, reached out his chubby hand for them, and began to write. By the time he was five years old that baby, scarce able to speak correctly, could write in the Chinese character perfectly—that wonderful and complex script that takes an ordinary man ten to fifteen years to master—and this baby of five wrote it perfectly. This child's power was exhibited all over the country, and before the Emperor of Japan; and the question that arises is, how did all these children get their powers? Surely, because

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for them the last writing on the book of their minds was yet clear and legible; because in their last birth that one particular set of Sankháras was so powerful that its record could still be read.

And thus we all have, here in our present brains, the faded records of all our interminable series of lives; a thousand, tens of thousands, crores upon crores of records, one superimposed over another, waiting only for the eye that can see, the eye of the trained and perfected memory to read them to distinguish one from another as the photographic plate distinguished, and the way so to train that mental vision is as follows:—

You sit down in your place of meditation, and you think of yourself seated there. Then you begin to *think backwards*. You think the act of coming into the room. You think the act of walking towards the room, and so you go on, thinking backwards on all the acts that you have done that day. You then come to yourself, waking up in the morning, and perhaps you remember a few dreams, and then there is a blank, and you remember your last thoughts as you went to sleep the night before, what you did before retiring, and so on, back to the time of your last meditation.

This is a very difficult practice; and so at first you must not attempt to go beyond one day: else you will not do it well, and will omit remembering a lot of important things. When you have practised for a little, you will find your memory of events becoming rapidly more and more perfect; and this practice will help you in worldly life as well, for it vastly increases the power of memory in general. When doing a day becomes easy, then slowly increase the time meditated upon.

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Get into the way of doing a week at a sitting—here taking only the more important events—then a month, then a year, and so on. You will find yourself remembering all sorts of things about your past life that you had quite forgotten; you will find yourself penetrating further and further into the period of deep sleep; you will find that you remember your dreams even far more accurately than you ever did before. And so you go on, going again and again over long periods of your life, and each time you will remember more and more of things you had forgotten. You will remember little incidents of your child-life, remember the tears you shed over the difficult tasks of learning how to walk and speak: and at last, after long and hard practice, you will remember a little, right back to the time of your birth.

If you never get any further than this, you will have done yourself an enormous deal of good by this practice. You will have marvellously increased your memory in every respect; and you will have gained a very clear perception of the changing nature of your desires and mind and will, even in the few years of this life. But to get beyond this point of birth is very difficult, because, you see, you are no longer reading the relatively clear record of this life, but are trying to read one of those fainter, under written records the Sankháras have left on your brain. All this practice has been with the purpose of making clear your mental vision; and, as I have said, this will without doubt be clearer far than before; but the question is, whether it is clear enough. Time after time retracing in their order the more important events of this life, at last, one day you will bridge over that dark space between death and birth, when all the Sankháras are, like the seed in the earth,

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breaking up to build up a new life; and one day you will suddenly find yourself remembering your death *in your last life*. This will be very painful, but it is important to get to that stage several times, because at the moment when a man comes very near to death, the mind automatically goes through the very process of remembering backwards you have been practising so long, and so you can then gather clues to all the events of that last life.

Once this difficult point of passing from birth to death is got over, the rest is said in the books to be easy. You can then, daily, with more and more facility, remember the deeds and thoughts of your past lives; one after another will open before your mental vision. You will see yourself living a thousand lives, you will feel yourself dying a thousand deaths, you will suffer with the suffering of a myriad existences, you will see how fleeting were their little joys, what price you had again and again to pay for a little happiness;—how real and terrible were the sufferings you had to endure. You will watch how for years you toiled to amass a little fortune, and how bitter death was that time, because you could not take your treasure with you; you will see the innumerable women you have thought of as the only being you could ever love, and lakh upon lakh of beings caught like yourself in the whirling Wheel of Life and Death; some now your father, mother, children, some again your friends, and now your bitter enemies. You will see the good deed, the loving thought and act, bearing rich harvest life after life, and the sad gathering of ill weeds, the harvest of ancient wrongs. You will see the beninningless fabric of your lives, with its every-changing pattern stretching back, back, back into interminable vistas of past time,

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and then at last you will know, and will understand. You will understand how this happy life for which we crave is never to be gained; you will realise, as no books or monks could teach you, the sorrow and impermanence and soullessness of all lives; and you will then be very much stirred up to make a mighty effort, now that human birth and this knowledge is yours; --- a supreme effort to wake up out of all this ill dream of life as a man wakes himself out of a fearful nightmare. And this intense aspiration will, say the Holy Books, go very far towards effecting your liberation.

There is another form of meditation which is very helpful, the more so as it is not necessarily confined to any one particular time of the day, but can be done always, whenever we have a moment in which our mind is not engaged. This is the *mahasatipatthana*, or great reflection. Whatever you are doing, just observe and make a mental note of it, being careful to understand of what you see that it is possessed of the Three Characteristics of Sorrow, Impermanence and lack of an Immortal Principle of soul. Think of the action you are performing, the thought you are thinking, the sensation you are feeling, as relating to some exterior person; take care not to think “*I* am doing so-and-so” but “there exists such-and-such a state of action.” Thus, take bodily actions. When you go walking, just concentrate the whole of your attention upon what you are doing, in an impersonal kind of way. Think “now he is raising his left foot,” or, better, “there is an action of the lifting of a left foot.” “Now there is a raising of the right foot, now the body leans a little forwards, and so advances, now it turns to the right, and now it stands still.” In this way, just practise concentrating the mind in observing all

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the actions that you perform, all the sensations that arise in your body, all the thoughts that arise in your mind, and always analyse each concentration object thus (as in the case cited above, of the bodily action of walking). “What is it that walks?” and by accurate analysis you reflect that there is no person or soul within the body that walks, but that there is a particular collection of chemical elements, united and held together by the result of certain categories of forces, as cohesion, chemical attraction, and the like: that these acting in unison, owing to a definite state of co-ordination, appear to walk, move this way and that, and so on, owing to and concurrent with the occurrence of certain chemical decompositions going on in brain and nerve and muscle and blood, etc., that this state of co-ordination which renders such complex actions possible is the resultant of the forces of innumerable similar states of co-ordination; that the resultant of all these past states of co-ordination acting together constitute what is called a living human being; that owing to certain other decompositions and movements of the fine particles composing the brain, the idea arises, “I am walking,” but really there is no “I” to walk or go, but only an ever-changing mass of decomposing chemical compounds;* that such a decomposing mass of chemical compounds has in it nothing that is permanent, but is, on the other hand, subject to pain and grief and weariness of body and mind; that its principal tendency is to form new sets of co-ordinated forces of a similar nature—new Sankhâras which in their turn will cause new similar combinations of chemical elements to arise,

* The student should remember that this is only one (illusory) point of view. The idealistic ego-centric position is just as true and as false.—A. C.

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thus making an endless chain of beings subject to the miseries of birth, disease, decay, old age and death; and that the only way of escape from the perpetual round of existences is the following of the Noble Eightfold Path declared by the Sámma-sambuddha, and that it is only by diligent practice of His Precepts that we can obtain the necessary energy of the performance of Concentration; and that by Sammásati and Sammásamádhi alone the final release from all this suffering is to be obtained; and that by practising earnestly these reflections and meditations the way to liberation will be opened for us—even the way which leads to Nirvána, the State of Changeless Peace to which the Master has declared the way. Thus do you constantly reflect, alike on the Body, Sensations, Ideas, Sankháras, and the Consciousness.

Such is a little part of the way of Meditation, the way whereby the mind and heart may be purified and cultivated. And now for a few final remarks.

It must first be remembered that no amount of reading or talking about these things is worth a single moment's practice of them. These are things to be *done*, not speculated upon; and only he who practises can obtain the fruits of meditation.

There is one other thing to be said, and that is concerning the importance of Sila. It has been said the Sila alone cannot conduct to the Nirvána Dharma; but, nevertheless, this Sila is of the most vital importance, for there is no Samadhi without Sila. And why? Because, reverting to our simile of the steam-engine, whilst Samadhi, mental concentration, is the steam power of this human machine, the fire that heats the water, the fire that makes that steam and maintains it at high pressure is the power of Sila. A

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man who breaks Sila is putting out his fires; and sooner or later, according to his reserve stock of Sila fuel, he will have little or no more energy at his disposal. And so, this Sila is of eminent importance; we must avoid evil, we must fulfil all good, for only in this way can we obtain energy to practise and apply our Buddhist philosophy; only in this way can we carry into effect that third Rule of the Stanza which has been our text; only thus can we really follow in our Master's Footsteps, and carry into effect His Rule for the Purification of the mind. Only by this way, and by constantly bearing in mind and living up to his final utterance—"Athakho, Bhikkhave, amentayami vo; Vayadhmama Sankhara, Appamadena Sampadetha."

"Lo! now, Oh Brothers, I exhort ye! Decay is inherent in all the Tendencies, therefore deliver ye yourselves by earnest effort."

ANANDA METTEYA.

THE SABBATH

To A. E. W.

OCCULT, forbidden lights
Move in the royal rites.
Diaphanous, they dance
Above the souls in trance
That have attained to their untold inheritance.

Above the mystic masque,
Like plumes upon a casque,
They wave their purple and red
Above each haggard head.
Thy are like gems snake-rooted, basilisks' bed.

Here were the tables set
For Baal and Baphomet:
Here was the altar drest
With fire and Alkahest
For many a holy host, for many a goodly guest.

Here was the veil, and here
The sword and dagger of fear.
Here was the circle traced,
And here the pillar placed
For Him the utterly unfathomably chaste.

THE SABBATH

Here grew the murmur grim
Of the low-muttered hymn;
Here sound itself caught flame
From the dark drone of shame—
The world reverberated the unutterable Name!

Astarte from her trance
Leapt loving to the dance,
Greeting as fire greets firs
Her whirling worshippers.
And all her joy was theirs, and all their madness
hers!

Yea! thou and I that strove
For mastery in love,
Circling the altar stone
Maze-like, with magic moan,
Forthwith made that divinest destiny our own.

Throughout that violent vigil
We wove the stormy sigil,
Our faces ashen-lipped
From our heart's blood that dripped
On the armed talismans of that moon-vaulted crypt.

Then came the sombre spectre
From the abyss of nectar;
Yea, from the icy North
Came the great vision forth,
A giant breaking through the weary web of wrath.

THE EQUINOX

Then, in the midst, behold
That blaze of burnished gold
Imperishable, set
With adamant and jet;
And by the obscene head we hailed him Baphomet.

Hail to the Master, hail!
Lord of the Sabbath! Baal!
I kiss thy feet, I kiss
Thy knees—and this—and this—
Till I am lifted up to the incorporeal Byss.

Till here alone exalted
I gaze beneath the vaulted
Forehead, within the eyes
Wherein such wonder lies,
The incommensurable gain, the pagan prize.

We are thy moons and suns,
Thy loyal knights and nuns,
Who tread the dance around
Thine altar, with the sound
Of death-sobs echoing through the immemorial ground.

O glee! the price to pay!
Swear but our souls away!
And we may gain the goal
That all the wise extol—
The world, the flesh, the devil, weighed against a soul.

THE SABBATH

The wind blows from the south!
Crushed to that burning mouth,
Lured by that lurid law,
We melt within that maw;
And all the fiends loose hold, and all the gods with-
draw!

Upon the altar-stone
We are alone—alone!
In vivid blackness curled
With livid lightings pearled—
Sweat-drops upon God's brow when He creates a world!

Sister, the word is spoken!
Sister, the spell is broken.
The Sabbath torches flicker;
The Sabbath heart beats quicker;
We have drained the Sabbath cup of its austerest liquor.

Forsaken is the hall;
Finished the festival.
My witch and I are thrown
Dead on the altar stone
By the contemptuous god that made our soul his own.

Come! Come! we must begone.
Hiss the last orison!
Intone the last lament!
Take the last sacrament,
The extreme unction, Saviour when the soul is spent!

THE EQUINOX

Come! hurry through the night,
A trail of tortured flight!
Eagle and pelican
Become mere maid and man
Till the next Sabbath—days each like leviathan!

Nay! lift the languid head!
Take of this wine and bread!
The vision is withdrawn;
The lake calls, and the lawn;
Our love shall walk abroad in the grey hours of dawn!

ETHEL RAMSAY.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

VI. Mystic Numbers of the Sephiroth	V. English of Col. IV	IV. The Heavens of Assiah	III. English of Col. II	II. Hebrew Names of Numbers and Letters.	I. Key Scale.	
0	—	—	{ Nothing No Limit Limitless L.V.X.	אין	0	
1	Sphere of Primum Mobile	ראשת הגלגלים		Crown	אין סוף	1
3	Sphere of the Zodiac	מזלות		Wisdom	אין סוף אור	2
6	Sphere of Saturn	שבתאי	Understanding	כתר	3	
10	Sphere of Jupiter	צדק	Mercy	הסר	4	
15	Sphere of Mars	מאדים	Strength	נטרה	5	
21	Sphere of Sol	שמש	Beauty	הפארת	6	
28	Sphere of Venus	נה	Victory	נצה	7	
36	Sphere of Mercury	כוכב	Splendour	הר	8	
45	Sphere of Luna	לבנה	Foundation	יסוד	9	
55	Sphere of the Elements	חלם יסודות	Kingdom	מלכות	10	
66	Air	רוח	Ox	אלף	11	
78	Mercury	[Planets follow Sephiroth corresponding]	House	כות	12	
91	Luna		Camel	גמל	13	
105	Venus		Door	דלת	14	
120	Aries	חלח	Window	הח	15	
136	Taurus	שור	Nail	ור	16	
153	Gemini	האוננים	Sword	זין	17	
171	Cancer	סרטן	Fence	חית	18	
190	Leo	אריה	Serpent	פנת	19	
210	Virgo	בתולה	Hand	יד	20	
231	Jupiter	—	Palm	כף	21	
253	Libra	מאזנים	Ox Goad	למל	22	
276	Water	מים	Water	מים	23	
300	Scorpio	עקרב	Fish	נח	24	
325	Sagittarius	קשת	Prop	סמך	25	
351	Capricorn	גו	Eye	עין	26	
378	Mars	—	Mouth	פה	27	
406	Aquarius	דלי	Fish-hook	צור	28	
435	Pisces	דגים	Back of head	קוף	29	
465	Sol	—	Head	רוש	30	
496	Fire	אש	Tooth	שין	31	
528	Saturn	—	Tau (as Egyptian)	טו	32	
—	Earth	אד	—	טו	32 bis	
—	Spirit	אין	—	שין	31 bis	

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—	—		יחודה	—	⊗ Spirit, Hearing	ש	31 bis
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♅	7	14	II	3	G	ג	13
♆	4	21	III	4	D	ד	14
♇	5	27	IV	5	H	ה	15
♈	6	30	V	6	V	ו	16
♉	3	32	VI	7	Z	ז	17
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			XI	9	T	ט	19
			IX	10	Y	י	20
			X	20, 500	K	כ	21
			VIII	30	L	ל	22
The Self	יחודה	1	VIII	30	L	ל	22
The Life Force	חיה	2	XII	40, 600	M	מ	23
The Intuition	נשמה	3	XIII	50, 700	N	נ	24
} The Intellect	} רוח	4	XIV	60	S	ס	25
		5	XV	70	O	ע	26
		6	XVI	80, 800	P	פ	27
		7	XVII	90, 900	Tz	צ	28
		8	XVIII	100	Q	ק	29
The Animal Soul	נפש	9	XIX	200	R	ר	30
		10	XX	300	Sh	ש	31
			XXI	400	Th	ת	32
			—	—		ת	32 bis
			—	—		ש	31 bis

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Great as were Frater P.'s accomplishments in the ancient sciences of the East, swiftly and securely as he had passed in a bare year the arduous road which so many fail to traverse in lifetime, satisfied as himself was—in a sense—with his own progress, it was not yet by these paths that he was destined to reach the Sublime Threshold of the Mystic Temple. For though it is written, “To the persevering mortal the blessed immortals are swift,” yet, were it otherwise, no mortal however persevering could attain the immortal shore. As it is written in the Fifteenth Chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, “And when he was yet afar off, his Father saw him and ran.” Had it not been so, the weary Prodigal, exhausted by his early debauches (astral visions and magic) and his later mental toil (yoga) would never have had the strength to reach the House of his Father.

One little point St. Luke unaccountably omitted. When a man is as hungry and weary as was the Prodigal, he is apt to see phantoms. He is apt to clasp shadows to him, and cry: “Father!” And, the devil being subtle, capable of disguising himself as an angel of light, it behoves the Prodigal to have some test of truth.

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Some great mystics have laid down the law, "Accept no messenger of God," banish all, until at last the Father himself comes forth. A counsel of perfection. The Father himself does send messengers, as we learn in St. Mark xii.; and if we stone them, we may perhaps in our blindness stone the Son himself when he is sent.

So that is no vain counsel of "St. John" (I John iv. 1), "Try the spirits, whether they be of God," no mistake when "St. Paul" claims the discernment of Spirits to be a principal point of the armour of salvation (I Cor. xii. 10).

Now how should Frater P. or another test the truth of any message purporting to come from the Most High? On the astral plane, its phantoms are easily governed by the Pentagram, the Elemental Weapons, the Robes, the God-forms, and such childish toys. We set phantoms to chase phantoms. We make our Scin-Laeca pure and hard and glittering, all glorious within, like the veritable daughter of the King; yet she is but the King's daughter, the Nephesch adorned: she is not the King himself, the Holy Ruach or mind of man. As we have seen in our chapter on Yoga, this mind is a very aspen; and as we may see in the last chapter of Captain Fuller's "Star in the West," this mind is a very cockpit of contradiction.

What then is the standard of truth? What tests shall we apply to revelation, when our tests of experience are found wanting? If I must doubt my eyes that have served me (well, on the whole) for so many years, must I not much more doubt my spiritual vision, my vision just open like a babe's, my vision untested by comparison and uncriticized by reason?

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Fortunately, there is one science that can aid us, a science that, properly understood by the initiated mind, is as absolute as mathematics, more self-supporting than philosophy, a science of the spirit itself, whose teacher is God, whose method is simple as the divine Light, and subtle as the divine Fire, whose results are limpid as the divine Water, all-embracing as the divine Air, and solid as the divine Earth. Truth is the source, and Economy the course, of that marvellous stream that pours its living waters into the Ocean of apodeictic certainty, the Truth that is infinite in its infinity as the primal Truth which which it is identical is infinite in its Unity.

Need we say that we speak of the holy Qabalah? O science secret, subtle, and sublime, who shall name thee without veneration, without prostration of soul, spirit, and body before thy divine Author, without exaltation of soul, spirit, and body as by His favour they bathe in His lustral and illimitable Light?

It must first here be spoken of the Exoteric Qabalah to be found in books, a shell of that perfect fruit of the Tree of Life. Next we will deal with the esoteric teachings of it, as Frater P. was able to understand them. And of these we shall give examples, showing the falsity and absurdity of the uninitiated path, the pure truth and reasonableness of the hidden Way.

For the student unacquainted with the rudiments of the Qabalah we recommend the study of S. L. Mathers' "Introduction" to his translation of the three principal books of the Zohar, and Westcott's "Introduction to the Study of the Qabalah." We venture to append a few quotations from the

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former document, which will show the elementary principles of calculation. Dr. Westcott's little book is principally valuable for its able defence of the Qabalah as against exotericism and literalism.

The literal Qabalah is . . . is divided into three parts: גמטריא, *Gematria*; נוטריקון, *Notariqon*; and תמורה, *Temurah*.

Gematria is a metathesis of the Greek word *γραμματεία*. It is based on the relative numerical values of words. Words of similar numerical values are considered to be explanatory of each other, and this theory is also extended to phrases. Thus the letter Shin, ש, is 300, and is equivalent to the number obtained by adding up the numerical values of the letters of the words רוח אלהים, *Ruah Elohim*, the Spirit of the Elohim; and it is therefore a symbol of the spirit of the Elohim. For ר = 200, ה = 6, ו = 8, א = 1, ל = 30, ה = 5, י = 10, ט = 40; total = 300. Similarly the words אחד, *Achad*, Unity, One and אהבה, *Ahebah*, love, each = 13; or א = 1, ה = 8, ו = 4, total = 13; and א = 1, ה = 5, ב = 2, ה = 5, total = 13. Again, the name of the angel מטטרון, *Metatron* or *Methraton*, and the name of the Deity, שדי, *Shaddai*, each make 314; so the one is taken as symbolical of the other. The angel Metatron is said to have been the conductor of the children of Israel through the wilderness, of whom God says, "My Name is in him." With regard to *Gematria* of phrases (Gen. xlix, 10), יבא שילה, *Yeba Shiloh*, "Shiloh shall come" = 358, which is the numeration of the word משיח, *Messiah*. Thus also the passage, Gen. xviii. 2, והנה שלשה, *Vehenna Shalisha*, "And lo, three men," equals in numerical value אלו מיכאל גבריאל ורפאל, *Elo Mikhael Gabriel ve-Raphael*, "These are Michael, Gabriel and Raphael;" for each phrase = 701. I think these instances will suffice to make clear the nature of *Gematria*.

Notariqon is derived from the Latin word *notarius*, a shorthand writer. Of *Notariqon* there are two forms. In the first every letter of a word is taken for the initial or abbreviation of another word, so that from the letters of a word a sentence may be formed. Thus every letter of the word בראשית, *Berashith*, the first word in Genesis, is made the initial of a word, and we obtain בראשית ראה אלהים שיקבלו ישראל תורה, *Be-Rashith Rahi Elohim Sheyequebelo Israel Torah*, "In the beginning the Elohim saw that Israel would accept the Law." In this connection I may give six very interesting specimens of *Notariqon* formed from this same word בראשית by Solom Meir ben Moses, a Jewish Qabalist, who embraced the Christian faith in 1665, and took the name of Prosper Rugere. These all have a Christian tendency,

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and by their means Prosper converted another Jew, who had previously been bitterly opposed to Christianity. The first is **בן רוח אב שלושתם יחד תמים**, *Ben Ruach Ab, Shaloshethem Yechad Themim*: “The Son, the Spirit, the Father, Their Trinity, Perfect Unity.” The second is **בן רוח אב שלושתם יחד תעבורו**, *Ben Ruach Ab, Shaloshethem Yechad Thaubodo*: “The Son, the Spirit, the Father, ye shall equally worship Their Trinity.” The third is **בכורי ראשני אשר שמו ישוע תעבורו**, *Bekori Rashuni Asher Shamo Yeshuah Thaubodo*: “Ye shall worship My first-born, My first, whose Name is Jesus.” The fourth is **רבן אשר שמו ישוע תעבורו**, *Beboa Rabban Ashar Shamo Yeshuah Thaubodo*: “When the Master is come whose Name is Jesus ye shall worship.” The fifth is, **שתלד ישוע תאשרוה**, *Betulah Raviah Abachar Shethaled Yeshuah Thrashroah*, “I will choose a virgin worthy to bring forth Jesus, and ye shall call her blessed.” The sixth is, **בעוגת רצפים אסתתר שגופי ישוע יסכלו**, *Beaugoth Ratzephim Assattar Shegopi Yeshuah Thakelo*, “I will hide myself in cake (baked with) coals, for ye shall eat Jesus, my body.”

The Qabalistical importance of these sentences as bearing upon the doctrines of Christianity can hardly be overrated.

The second form of Notariqon is the exact reverse of the first. By this the initial or finals or both, or the medials, of a sentence, are taken to form a word or words. Thus the Qabalah is called **הכמה נסתרה**, *Chokmah Nesethrah*, “the secret wisdom”; and if we take the initials of these two words **ח** and **נ** we form by the second kind of Notariqon the word **חן**, *Chen*, “grace.” Similarly, from the initials and finals of the words **מי יעלה לנו השמימה**, *Mi Iaulah Leno ha-Shamayimah*, “Who shall go up to heaven?” (Deuteronomy xxx, 12) are formed **מילה**, *Milah*, “Circumcision,” and **יהוה**, the Tetragrammaton, implying that God hath ordained circumcision as the way to heaven.

Temurah is permutation. According to certain rules, one letter is substituted for another letter preceding or following it in the alphabet, and thus from one word another word of totally different orthography may be formed. Thus the alphabet is bent exactly in half, in the middle, and one half is put over the other; and then by changing alternately the first letter or the first two letters at the beginning of the second line, twenty-two commutations are produced. These are called the “Table of the Combinations of Tziruph (צירוף)”. For example’s sake, I will give the method called **אלבת**, *Albath*, thus:

11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
כ	י	ט	ח	ז	ו	ה	ד	ג	ב	א
מ	נ	ס	ע	פ	צ	ק	ר	ש	ת	ל

Each method takes its name from the first two pairs comprising it, the system

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of pairs of letters being the groundwork of the whole, as either letter in a pair is substituted for the other letter. Thus, by Albath, from רוח, *Ruach*, is formed רצע, *Detzau*. The names of the other twenty-one methods are: אכנה, אגרת, ארנג, אהבר, אוכה, אהכו, אטנה, אינט, ארכק, אקסז, אצבפ, אעבס, אסבנ, אנכמ, אמכל, אלכב, אכני, אשכר and אתכש. To these must be added the modes אכנר and אלנמ. Then comes the "Rational Table of Tziruph," another set of twenty-two combinations. There are also three "Tables of the Commutations," known respectively as the Right, the Averse, and the Irregular. To make any of these, a square, containing 484 squares, should be made, and the letters written in. For the "Right Table" write the alphabet across from right to left: in the second from of squares do the same but begin with נ and end with א; in the third begin with ג and end with ב; and so on. For the "Averse Table" write the alphabet from right to left backwards, beginning with ת and ending with א; in the second row begin with ש and end with ת, &c. The "Irregular Table" would take too long to describe. Besides all these, there is the method called תשרק, *Thashraq*, which is simply writing a word backwards. There is one more very important form, called the "Qabalah of the Nine Chambers" or איק בכר, *Aiq Bekar*. It is thus formed:

300 ש	30 ל	3 ג	200 ך	20 נ	2 ב	100 ק	10 י	1 א
600 ז	60 ט	6 ו	500 ך	50 נ	5 ה	400 ת	40 מ	4 ד
900 ץ	90 צ	9 ט	800 ף	80 פ	8 ה	700 ף	70 ע	7 ז

I have put the numeration of each letter above to show the affinity between the letters in each chamber. Sometimes this is used as a cipher, by taking the portions of the figure to show the letter they contain, putting one point for the first letter, two for the second, &c. Thus the right angle, containing איק, will answer for the letter ק if it have three dots or points within it. Again, a square will answer for ה, נ or ך, according to whether it has one, two, or three points respectively placed within it. So also with regard to the other letters. But there are many other ways of employing the Qabalah of the Nine Chambers, which I have not space to describe. I will merely mention, as an example, that by the mode of Temura called

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אתבש, Athbash, it is found that in Jeremiah xxv, 26, the word ששכ, *Sheshakh*, symbolizes בבל, *Babel*.

Besides all these rules, there are certain meanings hidden in the *shape* of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet; in the form of a particular letter at the end of a word being different from that which it generally bears when it is a final letter, or in a letter being written in the middle of a word in a character generally used only at the end; in any letter or letters being written in a size smaller or larger than the rest of the manuscript, or in a letter being written upside down; in the variations found in the spelling of certain words, which have a letter more in some places than they have in others; in peculiarities observed in the position of any of the points or accents, and in certain expressions supposed to be elliptic or redundant.

For example, the shape of the Hebrew letter *Aleph*, א, is said to symbolise a *Vau*, ו, between a *Yod*, י, and a *Daleth*, ד; and thus the letter itself represents the word יוד, *Yod*. Similarly the shape of the letter *He*, ה, represents a *Daleth*, ד, with a *Yod*, י, written at the lower left-hand corner, &c.

In Isaiah ix, 6, 7, the word לברכה, *Lemarbah*, for multiplying, is written with the character מ (M final) in the middle of the word, instead of the ordinary initial and medial מ. The consequence of this is that the total numerical value of the word, instead of being $30 + 40 + 200 + 2 + 5 = 277$, is $30 + 600 + 200 + 2 + 5 = 837 =$ (by Gematria) אל תת אל, *Tat Zal*, the Profuse Giver. Thus, by writing the *Mem* as a final instead of the ordinary character, the word is made to bear a different qabalistical meaning.

It is to be further noted with regard to the first word in the Bible, בראשית, *Berashith*, that the first three letters, ברא, are the initial letters of the names of the three persons of the Trinity: בן, *Ben*, the Son; רוּחַ, *Ruach*, the Spirit; and אב, *Ab*, the Father. Furthermore the first letter of the Bible is ב, which is the initial letter of ברכה, *Berakhah*, blessing; and not א, which is that of ארר, *Arar*, cursing. Again, the letters of *Berashith*, taking their numerical powers, express the number of years between the Creation and the Birth of Christ, thus: ב = 2000, ר = 200, א = 1000, ש = 300, י = 10, and ה = 400: total = 3910 years, being the time in round numbers. Pico della Mirandola gives the following working out of בראשית: By joining the third letter, א, to the first, ב, אב, *Ab*, Father is obtained. If to the first letter, ב, doubled, the second letter, ר, be added, it makes בכר, *be-Bar*, in or through the Son. If all the letters be read except the first, it makes ראשית, *Rashith*, the beginning. If with the fourth letter, ש, the first ב and the last ת be counted, it makes שבת, *Sehebeth*, the end or rest.

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If the first three letters be taken, they make **ברא**, *Bera*, created. If, omitting the first, the three following be taken, they make **ראש**, *Rash*, head. If, omitting the two first, the next two be taken, they give **שש**, *Ash*, fire. If the fourth and last be joined, they give **שה**, *Sheth*, foundation. Again, if the second letter be put before the first, it makes **רב**, *Rab*, great. If after the third be placed the fifth and fourth, it gives **איש**, *Aish*, man. If to the two first be joined the two last, they give **ברית**, *Berith*, covenant. And if the first be added to the last, it gives **תב**, *Theb*, which is sometimes used for **תוב**, *Thob*, good.

There are three qabalistic veils of the negative existence, and in themselves they formulate the *hidden ideas* of the Sephiroth not yet called into being, and they are concentrated in Kether, which in this sense is the Malkuth of the hidden ideas of the Sephiroth. I will explain this. The first veil of the negative existence is the **אין**, *Ain*, Negativity. This word consists of three letters, which thus shadow forth the first three Sephiroth or numbers. The second veil is the **אין סוף**, *Ain-Soph*, the Limitless. This title consists of six letters and shadows forth the idea of the first six Sephiroth or numbers. The third veil is the **אין סוף אור**, *Ain Soph Aur*, the Limitless Light. This again consists of nine letters, and symbolizes the first nine Sephiroth, but of course in their hidden idea only. But when we reach the number nine we cannot progress farther without returning to the unity, or the number one, for the number ten is but a repetition of unity freshly derived from the negative, as is evident from a glance at its ordinary representation in Arabic numerals, where the circle 0 represents the Negative, and the 1 the Unity. Thus, then, the limitless ocean of negative light *does not proceed from a centre, for it is centreless, but it concentrates a centre*, which is the number one of the manifested Sephiroth, Kether, the Crown, the First Sephira; which therefore may be said to be the Malkuth or number ten of the hidden Sephiroth. Thus “Kether is in Malkuth, and Malkuth is in Kether.” Or, as an alchemical writer of great repute (Thomas Vaughan, better known as Eugenius Philalethes) says (in *Euphrates, or The Waters of the East*), apparently quoting from Proclus: “That the heaven is in the earth, but after an earthly manner; and that the earth is in the heaven, but after a heavenly manner.” But in as much as negative existence is a subject incapable of definition, as I have before shown, it is rather considered by the Qabalists as depending back from the number of unity than as a separate consideration therefrom; wherefore they frequently apply the same terms and epithets indiscriminately to either. Such epithets are “The Concealed of the Concealed,” “The Ancient of the Ancient Ones,” the “Most Holy Ancient One,” &c.

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I must now explain the real meaning of the terms Sephira and Sephiroth. The first is singular, the second is plural. The best rendering of the word is “numerical emanation.” There are ten Sephiroth, which are the most abstract forms of the ten numbers of the decimal scale—*i.e.* the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Therefore, as in the higher mathematics we reason of numbers in their abstract sense, so in the Qabalah we reason of the Deity by the abstract forms of the numbers; in other words, by the **ספירות**, *Sephiroth*. It was from this ancient Oriental theory that Pythagoras derived his numerical symbolic ideas.

Among these Sephiroth, jointly and severally, we find the development of the persons and attributes of God. Of these *some are male and some are female*. Now, for some reason or other best known to themselves, the translators of the Bible have crowded out of existence and smothered up every reference to the fact that the Deity is both masculine and feminine. They have translated a *feminine plural* by a *masculine singular* in the case of the word Elohim. They have, however, left an inadvertent admission of their knowledge that it was plural in Genesis i, 26: “And the Elohim said: Let us make man.” Again (v. 27), how could Adam be made in the image of the Elohim, male and female, unless the Elohim were male and female also? The word Elohim is a plural formed from the feminine singular **אֱלֹהִים**, *Eloh*, by adding **ים** to the word. But in as much as **ים** is usually the termination of the masculine plural, and is here added to a feminine noun, it gives to the word Elohim the sense of a female potency added to a masculine idea, and thereby capable of producing an offspring. Now, we hear much of the Father and the Son, but we hear nothing of the Mother in the ordinary religions of the day. But in the Qabalah we find that the Ancient of Days conforms Himself simultaneously into the Father and the Mother, and thus begets the Son. Now, this Mother is Elohim. Again, we are usually told that the Holy Spirit is Masculine. But the word **רוּחַ**, *Ruach*, Spirit, is feminine, as appears from the following passage of the Sepher Yetzirah: **אַחַת רוּחַ אֱלֹהִים חַיִּים**, *Achath (feminine, not Achad, masculine) Ruach Elohim Chayyim*: “One is is *She* the Spirit of the Elohim of Life.”

Now, we find that before the Deity conformed Himself thus—*i.e.*, as male and female—that the worlds of the universe could not subsist, or, in the words of Genesis (i, 2) “The earth was formless and void.” These prior worlds are considered to be symbolized by the “kings that reigned in the land of Edom, before there reigned a king over the children of Israel”, and they are therefore spoken of in the Qabalah as the “Edomite kings.” This will be found fully explained in various parts of this work.

We now come to the consideration of the first Sephira, or the Number One,

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the Monad of Pythagoras. In this number are the other nine hidden. It is indivisible, it is also incapable of multiplication; divide 1 by itself and it still remains 1, multiply 1 by itself and it is still 1 and unchanged. Thus is it a fitting representative of the great unchangeable Father of all. Now this number of unity has a twofold nature, and thus forms, as it were, the link between the negative and the positive. In its unchangeable one-ness it is scarcely a number; but in its property of capability of addition it may be called the first number of a numerical series. Now, the zero, 0, is incapable even of addition, just as also is negative existence. How, then, if 1 can neither be multiplied nor divided, is another 1 to be obtained to add to it; in other words, how is the number 2 to be found? *By reflection of itself.* For though 0 be incapable of definition, 1 is definable. And the effect of a definition is to form an Eidolon, duplicate, or image of the thing defined. Thus, then, we obtain a duad composed of 1 and its reflection. Now also we have *the commencement of a vibration* established, for the number 1 vibrates alternately from changelessness to definition, and back to changelessness again. Thus, then, is it the father of all numbers, and a fitting type of the Father of all things.

The name of the first Sefhira is כתר, *Kether*, the Crown. The Divine Name attributed to it is the Name of the Father given in Exodus iii, 14: אהיה, *Eheieh*, I AM. It signifies Existence.

This first Sefhira contains nine, and produced them in succession, thus:—

The number 2, or the Duad. The name of the second Sefhira is חכמה, *Chokmah*, Wisdom, a masculine active potency reflected from Kether, as I have before explained. This Sefhira is the active and evident Father, to whom the Mother is united, who is the number 3. This second Sefhira is represented by the Divine Names, יה, *Yah*, and יהוה; and among the angelic hosts by אופנים, *Auphamim*, the Wheels. It is also called אב, the Father.

The third Sefhira, or Triad, is a feminine passive potency, called בינה, *Binah*, the Understanding, who is co-equal with Chokmah. For Chokmah, the number 2, is like two straight lines which can never enclose a space, and therefore is powerless till the number 3 forms the triangle. Thus this Sefhira completes and makes evident the supernal Trinity. It is also called אמא, *Ama*, Mother, and איםא, *Aima*, the great productive Mother, who is eternally conjoined with אב, the Father, for the maintenance of the Universe in order. Therefore she is the most evident form in which can know the Father, and therefore is she worthy of all honour. She is the supernal Mother, co-equal with Chokmah, and the great feminine form of God, the Elohim, in whose image man and woman are created, according to the teaching of the Qabalah, *equal before God. Woman is equal with*

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man, and certainly not inferior to him, as it has been the persistent endeavour of so-called Christians to make her. Aima is the woman described in the Apocalypse (ch xii). This third Sefirah is also sometimes called the Great Sea. To her are attributed the Divine Names אֱלֹהִים, *Elohim*, and יְהוָה אֱלֹהִים; and the Angelic Order אֲרָלִים, *Aralim*, the Thrones. She is the supernal Mother, as distinguished from Malkuth, the inferior Mother, Bride and Queen.

The number 4. This union of the second and third Sefiroth produced חֶסֶד, *Chesed*, Mercy or Love, also called גְּדוּלָה, *Gedulah*, Greatness or Magnificence; a masculine potency represented by the Divine Name אֵל, *El*, the Mighty One, and the angelic name חַשְׁמַלִּים, *Chashmalim*, Scintillating Flames (Ezekiel iv, 4).

The number 5. From this emanated the feminine passive potency גְּבוּרָה, *Geburah*, Strength or Fortitude; or דֵּן, *Deen*, Justice; represented by the Divine Names אֱלֹהִים גְּבוּר, *Elohim Gibor*, and אֵלֹהִים, *Elohim*, and the angelic name שְׂרָפִים, *Seraphim* (Isaiah vi, 6). This Sefirah is also called פַּחַד, *Pachad*, Fear.

The number 6. And from these two issued the uniting Sefirah, תִּפְהָרֶת, *Tiphereth*, Beauty or Mildness, represented by the Divine Name אֱלֹהֵי דַּאֲתָה, *Eloah va-Daath*, and the angelic names שְׁנַנִּים, *Shinanim* (Psalm lxxviii, 18) or מַלְכִים, *Melekim*, Kings. Thus by the union of justice and mercy we obtain beauty and clemency, and the second trinity of the Sefiroth is complete. This Sefirah, or “Path” or “Numeration”—for by these latter appellations the emanations are sometimes called—together with the fourth, fifth, seventh, eighth, and ninth Sefiroth, is spoken of as זְעִיר אֲנָפִין, *Zair Anpin*, the Lesser Countenance, or Microprosopus, by way of antithesis to Macroprosopus, or the Vast Countenance, which is one of the names of Kether, the first Sefirah. The six Sefiroth of which *Zair Anpin* is composed, are then called His six members. He is also called מֶלֶךְ, *Melekh*, the King.

The number 7. The seventh Sefirah is נְצַח, *Netzach*, or Firmness and Victory, corresponding to the Divine Name יְהוָה צְבָאוֹת, *IHVH Tzabaoth*, the Lord of Armies, and the angelic names אֱלֹהִים, *Elohim*, Gods, and תְּרִשִׁישִׁים, *Tarshishim*, the brilliant ones (Daniel x, 6).

The number 8. Thence proceeded the feminine passive potency הוֹד, *Hod*, Splendour, answering to the Divine Name אֱלֹהִים צְבָאוֹת, *Elohim Tzabaoth*, the Gods of Armies, and among the angels to בְּנֵי אֱלֹהִים, *Beni Elohim*, the sons of the Gods (Genesis vi, 4).

The number 9. These two produced יְסוּד, *Yesod*, the Foundation or Basis, represented by אֵל הַיָּד, *El Hayad*, the Mighty Living One, and שְׂרֵי, *Shaddai*: and among the angels by אִשִּׁים, *Aishim*, the Flames (Psalms civ, 4), yielding the third Trinity of the Sefiroth.

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The number 10. From this ninth Sefhira came the tenth and last, thus completing the decad of the numbers. It is called מלכות, *Malkuth*, the Kingdom, and also the Queen, Matrona, the inferior Mother, the Bride of Microprosopus; and שכינה, *Shekinah*, represented by the Divine Name אדני, *Adonai*, and among the angelic hosts by the Kerubim, כרוכים. Now, each of these Sephiroth will be in a certain degree androgynous, for it will be feminine or receptive with regard to the Sefhira which immediately precedes it in the sephirothic scale, and masculine or transmissive with regard to the Sefhira which immediately follows it. But there is no Sefhira anterior to Kether, nor is there a Sefhira which succeeds Malkuth. By these remarks it will be understood how Chokmah is a feminine noun, though marking a masculine Sefhira. The connecting link of the Sephiroth is the *Ruach*, spirit, from *Mezla*, the hidden influence.

I will now add a few more remarks on the qabalistical meaning of the term מתקלה, *Metheqela*, balance. In each of the three trinities or triads of the Sephiroth is a duad of opposite sexes, and a uniting intelligence which is the result. In this, the masculine and feminine potencies are regarded as the two scales of the balance, and the uniting Sefhira as the beam which joins them. Thus, then, the term balance may be said to symbolize the Triune, Trinity in Unity, and the Unity represented by the central point of the beam. But, again, in the Sephiroth there is a triple Trinity, the upper, lower and middle. Now, these three are represented thus: the supernal, or highest, but the Crown, Kether; the middle by the King, and the inferior by the Queen; which will be the greatest trinity. And the earthly correlatives of these will be the *primum mobile*, the sun and the moon. Here we at once find alchemical symbolism.

The Sephiroth are further divided into three pillars – the right-hand Pillar of Mercy, consisting of the second, fourth, and seventh emanations; the left-hand Pillar of Judgement, consisting of the third, fifth, and eighth; and the Middle Pillar of Mildness, consisting of the first, sixth, ninth, and tenth emanations.

In their totality and unity the ten Sephiroth represent the archetypal man, אדם קדמון, *Adam Qadmon*, the Protogonos. In looking at the Sephiroth constituting the first triad, it is evident that they represent the intellect; and hence this triad is called the intellectual world, עולם מושכל, *Olahm Mevshkal*. The second triad corresponds to the moral world, עולם מורגש, *Olahm Morgash*. The third represents power and stability, and is therefore called the material world, עולם המוטבע, *Olahm ha-Mevetbau*. These three aspects are called the faces, אנפין, *Anpin*. Thus is the tree of life, עץ חיים, *Otz Chaiim* formed; the first triad being placed above, the second and third

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below, in such a manner that the three masculine Sephiroth are on the right, three feminine on the left, whilst the four uniting Sephiroth occupy the centre. This is the qabalistical “tree of life,” on which all things depend. There is considerable analogy between this and the tree Yggdrasil of the Scandinavians. I have already remarked that there is one trinity which comprises all the Sephiroth, and that it consists of the crown, the king, and the queen. (In some senses this is the Christian Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, which in their highest divine nature are symbolized by the first three Sephiroth, Kether, Chokmah, and Binah.) It is the Trinity which created the world, or, in qabalistic language, the universe was born from the union of the crowned king and queen. But according to the Qabalah, before the complete form of the heavenly man (the ten Sephiroth) was produced, there were certain primordial worlds created, but these could not subsist, as the equilibrium of balance was not yet perfect, and they were convulsed by the unbalanced force, and destroyed. These primordial worlds are called the “kings of ancient time” and the “kings of Edom who reigned before the monarchs of Israel.” In this sense, Edom is the world of unbalanced force, and Israel is the balanced Sephiroth (Genesis xxxvi, 31). This important fact, that worlds were created and destroyed prior to the present creation, is again and again reiterated in the Zohar.

Now the Sephiroth are also called the World of Emanations, or the Atziluthic World, or archetypal world, **עולם אצילות**, *Olahm Atziluth*; and this world gave birth to three other worlds, each containing a repetition of the Sephiroth, but in a descending scale of brightness.

The second world is the Britic world, **עולם הבריאה**, *Olahm ha-Briah*, the world of creation, also called **כורסיא**, *Korsia*, the throne. It is an immediate emanation from the world of Atziluth, whose ten Sephiroth are reflected herein, and are consequently more limited, though they are still of the purest nature, and without any admixture of matter.

The third is the Yetziratic world, **עולם היצירה**, *Olahm ha-Yetzirah*, or world of formation and of Angels, which proceeds from Briah, and though less refined in substance, is still without matter. It is in this angelic world where those intelligent and incorporeal beings reside who are wrapped in a luminous garment, and who assume a form when they appear to man.

The fourth is the Assiatic world, **עולם העשיה**, *Olahm ha-Assiah*, the world of action, called also the world of shells, **עולם הקליפות**, *Olahm ha-Qliphoth*, which is this world of matter, made up of the grosser elements of the other three. In it is also the abode of the evil spirits which are called “the shells” by the Qabalah, **קליפות**, *Qliphoth*, material shells. The devils are divided into ten classes, and have suitable habitations (See Tables in 777).

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The Demons are the grossest and most deficient of all forms. Their ten degrees answer to decad of the Sephiroth, but in inverse ratio, as darkness and impurity increase with the descent of each degree. The two first are nothing but absence of visible form and organization. The third is the abode of darkness. Next follow seven Hells occupied by those demons which represent incarnate human vices, and torture those who have given themselves up to those vices in earth-life. Their prince is **סמאל**, *Samael*, the angel of poison and of death. His wife is the harlot, or woman of whoredom, **אשה זנונים**, *Isheth Zanunim*; and united they are called the Beast, **חיוא**, *Chioa*. Thus the infernal trinity is completed, which is, so to speak, the averse and caricature of the supernal Creative One. Samael is considered to be identical with Satan.

The name of the Deity, which we call Jehovah, is in Hebrew a name of four letters, **יהוה**; and the true pronunciation of it is known to very few. I myself know some score of different mystical pronunciations of it. The true pronunciation is a most secret arcanum, and is a secret of secrets. "He who can rightly pronounce it, causeth heaven and earth to tremble, for it is the name which rusheth through the universe." Therefore when a devout Jew comes upon it in reading from the Scriptures, he either does not attempt to pronounce it, but instead makes a short pause, or else he substitutes for it the name **אדני**, *Adonai*, Lord. The radical meaning of the word is "to be," and it is thus, like **אהיה**, *Eheieh*, a glyph of existence. It is capable of twelve transpositions, which *all* convey the meaning of "to be"; it is the only word that will bear so many transpositions without its meaning being altered. They are called the "twelve banners of the mighty Name" and are said by some to rule the twelve signs of the Zodiac. These are the twelve banners:—**יהוה**, **יהוהו**, **יהוהי**, **יהוהי**, **יהוהיה**, **יהוהיה**, **יהוהיהי**, **יהוהיהי**, **יהוהיהיה**, **יהוהיהיה**, **יהוהיהיהי**, **יהוהיהיהי**. There are three other tetragrammatic names, which are **אהיה**, *Eheieh*, existence; **אדני**, *Adonai*, Lord; and **אגלא**, *Agla*. This last is not, properly speaking, a word, but is a notariqon of the sentence **אזה גבור לעולם אדני**, *Ateh Gibor le-Olahm Adonai*, "Thou art mighty for ever, O Lord!" A brief explanation of Agla is this: A, the one first; A, the one last; G, the Trinity in Unity; L, the completion of the Great Work.

But **יהוה**, the Tetragrammaton, as we shall presently see, contains all the Sephiroth with the exception of Kether, and specially signifies the Lesser Countenance, Microprosopus, the King of the qabalistic Sephiroth greatest Trinity, and the Son in His human incarnation in the Christian acceptance of the Trinity. Therefore, as the Son reveals the Father, so does **יהוה** reveal **אהיה**. And

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יָדִי is the Queen “by whom alone Tetragrammaton can be grasped,” whose exaltation into Binah is found in the Christian Assumption of the Virgin.

The Tetragrammaton יְהוָה is referred to the Sephiroth thus: the uppermost point of the letter *Yod*, י, is said to refer to Kether; the letter ה itself to Chokmah, the father of Microprosopus; the letter ו, or “the supernal *He*” to Binah, the supernal Mother; the letter ל to the next six Sephiroth, which are called the six members of Microprosopus (and six is the numerical value of ל); lastly, the letter ה, the “inferior *He*” to Malkuth, the tenth Sephira, the Bride of Microprosopus.

Advanced students should then go to the fountain head, Knorr von Rosenroth’s “Kabbala denudata,” and study for themselves. It should not prove easy; Frater P., after years of study, confessed: “I cannot get much out of von Rosenroth”; and we may add that only the best minds are likely to obtain more than an academic knowledge of a system which we suspect von Rosenroth himself never understood in any deeper sense. As a book of reference to the hierarchical correspondences of the Qabalah, of course 777 stands alone and unrivalled.

The Graphic Qabalah has already been fully illustrated in this treatise. See Illustrations 2, 12, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 24, 27, 28, 29, 33, 34, 35, 38, 39, 40, 41, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48, 50, 51, 61, 63, 64, 65, 66, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 82.

By far the best and most concise account of the method of the Qabalah is that by an unknown author, which Mr Aleister Crowley has printed at the end of the first volume of his *Collected Works*, and which we here reprint in full.

QABALISTIC DOGMA

The Evolution of Things is thus described by the Qabalists.

First is Nothing, or the Absence of Things, אָין, which does not mean and cannot mean Negatively Existing (if such an Idea can be said to mean anything), as S. Liddell MacGregor Mathers, who misread the Text and stultified the

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Commentary by the Light of his own Ignorance of Hebrew and Philosophy, pretends in his Translation of v. Rosenroth.

Second is Without Limit **אין סוף**, *i.e.*, Infinite Space.

This is the primal Dualism of Infinity; the infinitely small and the infinitely great. The Clash of these produces a finite positive Idea which happens (see **בראשית**, in “The Sword of Song,” for a more careful study, though I must not be understood to indorse every Word in our Poet-Philosopher’s Thesis) to be Light, **אור**. This word **אור** is most important. It symbolises the Universe immediately after Chaos, the Confusion or Clash of the Infinite Opposites. **א** is the Egg of Matter; **ו** is **ז**, the Bull, or Energy-Motion; and **ר** is the Sun, or organised and moving System of Orbs. The three Letters of **אור** thus repeat the three Ideas. The Nature of **אור** is this analysed, under the figure of the ten Numbers and the 22 Letters which together compose what the Rosicrucians have diagrammatised under the name of Minutum Mundum. It will be noticed that every Number and Letter has its “Correspondence” in Ideas of every Sort; so that any given Object can be analysed in Terms of the 32. If I see a blue Star, I should regard it as a Manifestation of Chesed, Water, the Moon, Salt the Alchemical Principle, Sagittarius or What not, in respect of its Blueness—one would have to decide which from other Data—and refer it to the XVIIth Key of the Taro in Respect of its Starriness.

The Use of these Attributions is lengthy and various: I cannot dwell upon it: but I will give one Example.

If I wish to visit the Sphere of Geburah, I use the Colours and Forces appropriate: I go there: if the Objects which then appear to my spiritual Vision are harmonious therewith, it is a Test of their Truth.

So also, to construct a Talisman, or to invoke a Spirit.

The methods of discovering Dogma from sacred Words are also numerous and important: I may mention:—

(a) The Doctrine of Sympathies: drawn from the total Numeration of a Word, when identical with, or a Multiple or Submultiple of, or a Metathesis of, that of another Word.

(b) The Method of finding the Least Number of a Word, by adding (and re-adding) the Digits of its total Number, and taking the corresponding Key of the Taro as a Key to the Meaning of the Word.

(c) The Method of Analogies drawn from the Shape of the Letters.

(d) The Method of Deductions drawn from the Meanings and Correspondence of the Letters.

(e) The Method of Acrostics drawn from the Letters. This Mode is only valid for Adepts of the highest Grades, and then under quite exceptional and rare Conditions.

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(f) The Method of Transpositions and Transmutations of the Letters, which suggest Analogies, even when they fail to explain in direct Fashion.

All these and their Varieties and Combinations, with some other more abstruse or less important Methods, may be used to unlock the Secret of a Word.

Of course with Powers so wide it is easy for the Partisan to find his favourite Meaning in any Word. Even the formal Proof $0 = 1 = 2 = 3 = 4 = 5 = \dots = n$ is possible.

But the Adept who worked out this Theorem, with the very Intent to discredit the Qabalistic Mode of Research, was suddenly dumbfounded by the Fact that he had actually stumbled upon the Qabalistic Proof of Pantheism or Monism.

What really happens is that the Adept sits down and performs many useless Tricks with the Figures, without Result.

Suddenly the Lux dawns, and the Problem is solved.

The Rationalist explains this by Inspiration, the superstitious Man by Mathematics.

I give an Example of the Way in which one works. Let us take IAO, one of the "Barbarous Names of Evocation," of which those who have wished to conceal their own Glory by adopting the Authority of Zarathustra have said that in the holy Ceremonies it has an ineffable Power.

But what Kind of Power? By the Qabalah we can find out the Force of the Name IAO.

We can spell it in Hebrew **יאו** or **יאז**. The Qabalah will even tell us which is the true Way. Let us however suppose that it is spelt **יאז**. This adds up to 17.

But first of all it strikes us that I, A, and O are the three Letters associated with the three Letters **ה** in the great Name of Six Letters, **אדחהה**, which combines **אדהה** and **יהה**, Macroprosopus and Microprosopus. Now these feminine Letters **ה** conceal the "Three Mothers" of the Alphabet **א**, **ב**, and **ש**. Replace these, and we get **אשימזא**, which adds up to 358, the Number alike of **נחש**, the Serpent of Genesis, and the Messiah. We thus look for redeeming Power in IAO, and for the Masculine Aspect of that Power.

Now we will see how that Power works. We have a curious Dictionary, which was made by a very learned Man, in which the Numbers from 1 to 10,000 fill the left hand Column, in Order, and opposite them are written all the sacred or important Words which add up to each Number.

We take this Book, and look at 17. We find that 17 is the number of Squares in the Swastika, which is the Whirling Disc or Thunderbolt. Also there is **רה**, a Circle or Orbit; **וד**, to seethe or boil; and some other Words, which we will

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neglect in this Example, though we should not dare to do so if we were really trying to find out a Thing we none of us knew. To help our Deduction about Redemption, too, we find 𐌆𐌆𐌆 , to brighten or make glad.

We also work in another Way. I is the Straight Line or Central Pillar of the Temple of Life; also it stands for Unity, and for the Generative Force. A is the Pentagram, which means the Will of Man working Redemption. O is the Circle from which everything came, also Nothingness, and the Female, who absorbs the Male. The Progress of the Name shows then the Way from Life to Nirvana by means of the Will: and is a Hieroglyph of the Great Work.

Look at all our Meanings! Every one of them shows that the Name, if it has any Power at all, and that we must try, has the Power to redeem us from the Love of Life which is the Cause of Life, by its masculine Whirlings, and to gladden us and to bring us to the Bosom of the Great Mother, Death.

Before what is known as the Equinox of the Gods, a little While ago, there was an initiated Formula which expressed these Ideas to the Wise. As these Formulas are done with, it is of no Consequence if I reveal them. Truth is not eternal, any more than God; and it would be but a poor God that could and did not alter his Ways at his Pleasure.

This Formula was used to open the Vault of the Mystic Mountain of Abiegnus, within which lay (so the Ceremony of Initiation supposed) the Body of our Father Christian Rosen Creutz, to be discovered by the Brethren with the Postulant as said in the Book called Fama Fraternitatis.

There are three Officers, and they repeat the Analysis of the Word as follows:—

Chief.. Let us analyse the Key Word—I.

2nd.N.

3rd. R.

All. I.

Chief. Yod. 𐌆

2nd.Nun. 𐌆

3rd. Resh. 𐌆

All. Yod. 𐌆

Chief. Virgo (♍) Isis, Mighty Mother.

2nd.Scorpio (♏) Apophis, Destroyer.

3rd. Sol (☉) Osiris, slain and rise.

All. Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO.

All spread Arms as if on a Cross, and say:—

The Sign of Osiris slain!

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Chief bows his Head to the Left, raises his Right Arm, and lowers his Left, keeping the Elbow and right Angles, thus forming the letter (also the Swastika).

The Sign of the Mourning of Isis.

2nd. With erect Head, raises his Arms to form a V (but really to form the triple Tongue of Flame, the Spirit), and says:—

The Sign of Apophis and Typhon.

3rd. Bows his Head and crosses his Arms on his Breast (to form the Pentagram).

The Sign of Osiris risen.

All give the Sign of the Cross, and say:—

L. V. X.

Then the Sign of Osiris risen, and say:—

Lux, the Light of the Cross.

This Formula, on which one may meditate for Years without exhausting its wonderful Harmonics, gives an excellent Idea of the Way in which Qabalistic Analysis is conducted.

First, the Letters have been written in Hebrew Characters.

Then the Attributions of them to the Zodiac and to Planets are substituted, and the Names of Egyptian Gods belonging to these are invoked.

The Christian Idea of I.N.R.I. is confirmed by these, while their Initials form the sacred Word of the Gnostics. That is, IAO. From the Character of the Deities and their Functions are deduced their Signs, and these are found to signal (as it were) the word Lux (𐤇𐤆𐤋), which itself is contained in the Cross.

A careful Study of these Ideas, and of the Table of Correspondences, which one of our English Brethren is making, will enable him to discover a very great Deal of Matter for Thought in these Poems which an untutored Person would pass by.

To return to the general Dogma of the Qabalists.

The Figure of Minutum Mundum will show how they suppose one Quality to proceed from the last, first in the pure God-World Atziluth, then in the Angel-World Briah, and so on down to the Demon-Worlds, which are however not thus organised. They are rather Material that was shed off in the Course of Evolution, like the Sloughs of a Serpent, from which comes their Name of Shells, or Husks.

Apart from silly Questions as to whether the Order of the Emanations is

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confirmed by Palæontology, a Question it is quite impertinent to discuss, there is no doubt the Sephiroth are types of Evolution as opposed to Catastrophe and Creation.

The great Charge against this Philosophy is founded on its alleged Affinities with Scholastic Realism. But the Charge is not very true. No Doubt but they did suppose vast Storehouses of “Things of One Kind” from which, pure or mingled, all other Things did proceed.

Since ♃, a Camel, refers to the Moon, they did say that a Camel and the Moon were sympathetic, and came, that Part of them, from a common Principle: and that a Camel being yellow brown, it partook of the Earth Nature, to which that Colour is given.

They thence said that by taking all the Nature involved, and by blending them in the just Proportions, one might have a Camel.

But this is no more than is said by the Upholders of the Atomic Theory.

They have their Storehouses of Carbon, Oxygen, and such (not in one Place, but no more is Geburah in one Place), and what is Organic Chemistry but the Production of useful Compounds whose Nature is deduced absolutely from theoretical Considerations long before it is ever produced in the Laboratory?

The difference, you will say, is that the Qabalists maintain a Mind of each Kind behind each Class of Things of one Kind; but so did Berkeley, and his Argument in that Respect is, as the great Huxley showed, irrefragable. For by the Universe I mean the Sensible; any other is Not to be Known: and the Sensible is dependent upon Mind. Nay, though the Sensible is said to be an Argument of a Universe Insensible, the latter becomes sensible in Mind as soon as the Argument is accepted, and disappears with its Rejection.

Nor is the Qabalah dependent upon its Realism, and its Application to the Works magical—but I am defending a Philosophy which I was asked to describe, and this is not lawful.

A great Deal may be learned from the Translation of the Zohar by S. Liddell Macgregor Mathers, and his Introduction thereto, though for those who have Latin and some acquaintance with Hebrew it is better to study the Kabbala Denudata of Knorr von Rosenroth, in Despite of the heavy Price; for the Translator has distorted the Text and its Comment to suit his belief in a supreme Personal God, and in that degraded Form of the Doctrine of Feminism which is so popular with the Emasculate.

The Sephiroth are grouped in various Ways. There is a Superior Triad or Trinity; a Hexad; and Malkuth: the Crown, the Father, and the Mother; the Son or King; and the Bride.

Also, a Division into seven Palaces, seven Planes, three Pillars or Columns: and the like.

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The Flashing Sword follows the Course of the Numbers and the Serpent Nechushtan or of Wisdom crawls up the Paths which join them upon the Tree of Life, namely the Letters.

It is important to explain the Position of Daath or Knowledge upon the Tree. It is called the Child of Chokmah and Binah, but it hath no Place. But it is really the Apex of a Pyramid of which the three first Numbers form the Base.

Now the Tree, or Minutum Mundum, is a Figure in a Plane of a solid Universe. Daath, being above the Plane, is therefore a Figure of a Force in four Dimensions, and thus it is the Object of the Magnum Opus. The three Paths which connect it with the First Trinity are the three lost Letters or Fathers of the Hebrew Alphabet.

In Daath is said to be the Head of the great Serpent Nechesh or Leviathan, called Evil to conceal its Holiness (נחש = 358 = משיח, the Messiah or Redeemer, and לוייתן = 496 = מלכות, the Bride.) It is identical with the Kundalini of the Hindu Philosophy, the Kwan-se-on of the Mongolian Peoples, and means the magical Force in Man, which is the sexual Force applied to the Brain, Heart, and other Organs, and redeemeth him.

The gradual Disclosure of these magical Secrets to the Poet may be traced in these Volumes, which it has been my Privilege to be asked to explain. It has been impossible to do more than place in the Hands of any intelligent Person the Keys which will permit him to unlock the many Beautiful Chambers of Holiness in these Palaces and Gardens of Beauty and Pleasure.

Of the results of the method we possess one flawless gem, already printed in the EQUINOX (Vol. II. pp. 163-185), "A Note on Genesis" by V.H. Fra. I.A.

From this pleasant, orthodox, and-so-they-all-lived-happy-ever-after view let us turn for a moment to the critical aspect. Let us demolish in turn the qabalistic methods of exegesis; and then, if we can, discover a true basis upon which to erect an abiding Temple of Truth.

I. Gematria.

The number 777 affords a good example of the legitimate and illegitimate deductions to be drawn. It represents the sentence אהת רוח אלהים הים, "One is the Spirit of the

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Living God,” and also **עלאהם הקלפות**, “The world of the Shells (excrements—the demon-world).”

Now it is wrong to say that this idea of the unity of the divine spirit is identical with this idea of the muddle of chaos—unless in that exalted grade in which “The One is the Many.” But the compiler of Liber 777 was a great Qabalist when he thus entitled his book; for he meant to imply, “One is the Spirit of the Living God,” *i.e.* I have in this book unified all the diverse symbols of the world; also also, “the world of shells,” *i.e.* this book is full of mere dead symbols; do not mistake them for the living Truth. Further, he had an academic reason for his choice of a number; for the tabulation of the book is from Kether to Malkuth, the course of the Flaming Sword; and if this sword be drawn upon the Tree of Life, the numeration of the Paths over which it passes (taking **ג**, 3, as the non-existent path from Binah to Chesed, since it connects Macroprosopus and Microprosopus) is 777. [See Diagrams 2 and 12.]

To take another example, it is no mere coincidence that 463, the Staff of Moses, is **ה, ב, ג**, the paths of the Middle Pillar; no mere coincides that 26, **יהוה**, is 1 + 6 + 9 + 10, the Sephiroth of the Middle Pillar. But ought we not to have some supreme Name for 489, their sum, the Middle Pillar perfect? Yet the Sepher Sephiroth is silent. (We find only 489 = **משלם גמול**, the avenger. Ed.)

Again, **III** is Aleph, the Unity, but also **אפל**, thick Darkness, and **אסן**, Sudden Death. This can only be interpreted as meaning the annihilation of the individual in the Unity, and the Darkness which is the Threshold of the Unity; in other words, one must be an expert in Samadhi

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before this simple Gematria has any proper meaning. How, then, can it serve the student in his research? The uninitiated would expect Life and Light in the One; only by experience can he know that to man the Godhead must be expressed by those things which most he fears.

We here purposely avoid dwelling on the mere silliness of many Gematria correspondences, *e.g.*, the equality of the Qliphoth of one sign with the Intelligence of another. Such misses are more frequent than such hits as אֶחָד, Unity, 13 = אַהֲבָה, Love, 13.

The argument is an argument in a circle. “Only an adept can understand the Qabalah,” just as (in Buddhism) Sakya-muni said, “Only an Arahat can understand the Dhamma.”

In this light, indeed, the Qabalah seems little more than a convenient language for recording experience.

We may mention in passing that Frater P. never acquiesced in the obvious “cook” of arguing $x = y + 1 \therefore x = y$, by assuming that x should add one to itself “for the concealed unity.” Why shouldn’t y have a little concealed unity of its own?

That the method should ever have been accepted by any Qabalist argues a bankruptcy of ingenuity beyond belief. In all conscience, it is easy enough to fake identities by less obviously card-sharpping methods!

2. Notariqon.

The absurdity of this method needs little indication. The most unsophisticated can draw pity and amusement from Mr Mathers’ Jew, converted by the Notariqons of “Berashith.” True, F.I.A.T. is Flatus, Ignis, Aqua, Terra; showing the Creator as Tetragrammaton, the synthesis of the four elements;

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showing the Eternal Fiat as the equilibrated powers of Nature. But what forbids Fecit Ignavus Animam Terrae, or any other convenient blasphemy, such as Buddha would applaud?

Why not take our converted Jew and restore him to the Ghetto with Ben, Ruach, Ab, Sheol!—IHVH, Thora? Why not take the sacred Ἰχθῦς of the Christian who thought it meant Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Ὑἱὸς Σωτῆρ and make him a pagan with “Ἰσιδὸς Χαρις Θεσαυρὸς Ὑἱὸν Σοφίας”?

Why not argue that Christ in cursing the fig, F.I.G., wished to attack Kant’s dogmas of Freewill, Immortality, God?

3. Temurah.

Here again the multiplicity of our methods makes our method too pliable to be reliable. Should we argue that כבל = ששב (620) by the method of Athbash, and that therefore כבל symbolises Kether (620)? Why, כבל is confusion, the very opposite of Kether.

Why Athbash? Why not Abshath? or Agrath? or any other of the possible combinations?

About the only useful Temurah is Aiq Bkr, given above. In this do we find a suggestive reasoning. For example, we find it in the attribution of אלהים to the pentagram which gives π . [See EQUINOX, No. II. p. 184.] Here we write Elohim, the creative deities, round a pentagram, and read it reverse beginning with ה, א, the letter of equilibrium, and obtain an approximation to π 3.1415 (good enough for the benighted Hebrew), as if thereby the finite square of creation was assimilated to the infinite circle of the Creator.

Yes: but why should not Berashith 2, 2, 1, 3, 1, 4, give, say, e? The only answer is, that if you screw it round long enough, it perhaps will!

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The Rational Table of Tziruph should, we agree with Fra. P., be left to the Rationalist Press Association, and we may present the Irregular Table of Commutations to Irregular Masons.

4. To the less important methods we may apply the same criticism.

We may glance in passing at the Yetziratic, Tarot, and signifactory methods of investigating any word. But though Frater P. was expert enough in these methods they are hardly pertinent to the pure numerical Qabalah, and we therefore deal gently with them. The attributions are given in 777. Thus **ס** in the Yetziratic world is “Air,” by Tarot “the Fool,” and by signification “an ox.” Thus we have the famous I.N.R.I. = **י. ה. ו. י.** = **Ⓜ, Ⓜ, ☉, Ⓜ**; the Virgin, the Evil Serpent, the Sun, suggesting the story of Genesis ii. and of the Gospel. The initials of the Egyptian names Isis, Apophis, Osiris, which correspond, give in their turn the Ineffable Name IAO; thus we say that the Ineffable is concealed in and revealed by the Birth, Death and Resurrection of Christ; and further the Signs of the Mourning of the Mother, Triumph of the Destroyer, and Rising of the Son, give by shape the letters L.V.X., Lux, which letters are (again) concealed in and revealed by the Cross **⊕** **⌘** the Light of the Cross. Further examples will be found in “A Note on Genesis.” One of the most famous is the Mene, Tekel, Upharsin of Daniel, the imaginary prophet who lived under Belshazzar the imaginary king.

מנא. The Hanged Man, Death, the Fool = “Sacrificed to Death by thy Folly.”

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תכל. The Universe, the Wheel of Fortune, Justice =
“Thy kingdom’s fortune is in the Balance.”

פרש The Blasted Tower, the Sun, the Last Judgement =
“Ruined is thy glory, and finished.”

But we cannot help thinking that this exegesis must have been very hard work.

We could more easily read

מנא. To sacrifice to death is folly.

תכל. Thy kingdom shall be fortunate, for it is just.

פרש The Tower of thy glory shall endure until the Last Days.

There! that didn’t take two minutes; and Belshazzar would have exalted us above Daniel.

Similarly AL, God, may be interpreted “His folly is justice,” as it is written: “The wisdom of this word is foolishness with God.”

Or, by Yetzirah, “The air is His balance,” as it is written: “God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.”

Or by meaning: “The ox and the goad,” *i.e.* “He is both matter and motion.”

We here append a sketch MS by Frater P., giving his explanation by Tarot, etc., of the letters of the alphabet spelt in full.

MYSTIC READINGS OF THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET

(*See TAROT CARDS, AND MEDITATE*)

אֵלֶּף. Folly’s Doom is Ruin

בֵּית. The Juggler with the Secret of the Universe.

גִּמְלוֹ. The Holy Guardian Angel is attained by Self-Sacrifice and Equilibrium.

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- דלת. The Gate of the Equilibrium of the Universe. (Note D, the highest reciprocal path.)
- הה. The Mother is the Daughter; and the Daughter is the Mother.
- וו. The Son is (but) the Son. (These two letters show the true doctrine of Initiation as given in Liber 418; opposed to Protestant Exotericism).
- זז. The answer of the Oracles is always Death.
- חח. The Chariot of the Secret of the Universe.
- טט. She who rules the Secret Force of the Universe.
- ייד. The Secret of the Gate of Initiation.
- כך. In the Whirlings is War.
- לל. By Equilibrium and Self-Sacrifice, the Gate!
- ממ. The Secret is hidden between the Waters that are above and the Waters that are beneath. (Symbol, the Ark containing the secret of Life borne upon the Bosom of the Deluge beneath the Clouds.)
- נו. Initiation is guarded on both sides by death.
- סס. Self-control and Self-sacrifice govern the Wheel.
- עע. The Secret of Generation is Death.
- פפ. The Fortress of the Most High. (Note P, the lowest reciprocal path).
- צצ. In the Star is the Gate of the Sanctuary.
- קק. Illusionary is the Initiation of Disorder.
- רר. In the Sun (Osiris) is the Secret of the Spirit.
- שש. Resurrection is hidden in Death.
- תו. The Universe is the Hexagram.

(Other meanings suit other planes and other grades.)

Truly there is no end to this wondrous science; and when the sceptic sneers, “With all these methods one ought to be able to make everything out of nothing,” the Qabalist smiles back the sublime retort, “With these methods One did make everything out of nothing.”

Besides these, there is still one more method—a method of some little importance to students of the Siphra Dzenioutha, namely the analogies drawn from the shapes of letters; these

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are often interesting enough. **⌘**, for example, is a ׀ between ׀ and ׀, making 26. Thus ׀׀׀׀ 26 = **⌘**, 1. Therefore Jehovah is One. But it would be as pertinent to continue $26 = 2 \times 13$, and $13 = \text{Achad} = 1$, and therefore Jehovah is Two.

This then is an absurdity. Yes; but it is also an arcanum!

How wonderful is the Qabalah! How great its security from the profane; how splendid its secrets to the initiate!

Verily and amen! yet here we are at the old dilemma, that one must know Truth before one can rely upon the Qabalah to show Truth.

Like the immortal burglar:

“Bill wouldn’t hurt a baby—he’s a pal as you can trust.

He’s all right when yer know ’im; but yer’ve got to know ’im fust.”

So those who have committed themselves to academic study of its mysteries have found but a dry stick: those who have understood (favoured of God!) have found therein Aaron’s rod that budded, the Staff of Life itself, yea, the venerable Lingam of Mahasiva!

It is for us to trace the researches of Frater P. in the Qabalah, to show how from this storehouse of child’s puzzles, of contradictions and incongruities, of paradoxes and trivialities, he discovered the very canon of Truth, the authentic Key of the Temple, the Word of that mighty Combination which unlocks the Treasure-Chamber of the King.

And this following is the Manuscript which he has left for our instruction.

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AN ESSAY UPON NUMBER

(May the Holy One mitigate His severities toward His servant in respect of the haste wherewith this essay hath been composed!

When I travelled with the venerable Iehi Aour in search of Truth, we encountered a certain wise and holy man, Shri Parananda. Children! said he, for two years must ye study with me before ye fully comprehend our Law.

“Venerable Sir!” answered Frater I.A., “The first verse of *Our* Law contains but seven words. For seven years did I study that verse by day and by night; and at the end of that time did I presume—may the Dweller of Eternity pardon me!—to write a monograph upon the first word of those seven words.”

“Venerable Sir!” quoth I: “that First Word of our law contains but six letters. For six years did I study that word by day and by night; and at the end of that time did I not dare to utter the first letter of those six letters.”

Thus humbling myself did I abash both the holy Yogi and my venerable Frater I.A. But alas! Tetragrammaton! Alas! Adonai! the hour of my silence is past. May the hour of my silence return! Amen.)

PART I

THE UNIVERSE AS IT IS

SECTION I

0. The Negative—the Infinite—the Circle, or the Point.
1. The Unity—the Positive—the Finite—the Line, derived from 0 by extension. The divine Being.
2. The Dyad—the Superficies, derived from 1 by reflection $\frac{1}{1}$, or by revolution of the line about its end. The Demiurge. The divine Will.
3. The Triad, the Solid, derived from 1 and 2 by addition. Matter. The divine Intelligence.
4. The Quarternary, the solid existing in Time, matter as we know it. Derived from 2 by multiplication. The divine Repose.
5. The Quinary, Force or Motion. The interplay of the divine Will with matter. Derived from 2 and 3 by addition.
6. The Senary, Mind. Derived from 2 and 3 by multiplication.
7. The Septenary, Desire. Derived from 3 and 4 by addition. (There is

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however a secondary attribution of 7, making it the holiest and most perfect of the numbers.)

8. The Ogdoad, Intellect (also Change in Stability). Derived from 2 and 3 by multiplication, $8 = 2^3$.

9. The Ennead, Stability in Change. Derived from 2 and 3 by multiplication, $9 = 3^2$.

(Note all numbers divisible by nine are still so divisible, however the order of the figures is shifted.)

10. The Decad, the divine End. Represents the 1 returning to the 0. Derived from $1 + 2 + 3 + 4$.

11. The Hendecad, the accursed shells, that only exist without the divine Tree. $1 + 1 = 2$, in its evil sense of not being 1.

SECTION II

0. The Cosmic Egg.

1. The Self of Deity, beyond Fatherhood and Motherhood.

2. The Father.

3. The Mother.

4. The Father made flesh—authoritative and paternal.

5. The Mother made flesh—fierce and active.

6. The Son—partaking of all these natures.

7. The Mother degraded to mere animal emotion.

8. The Father degraded to mere animal reason.

9. The Son degraded to mere animal life.

10. The Daughter, fallen and touching with her hands the shells.

It will be noticed that this order represents creation as progressive degeneration—which we are compelled to think of as evil. In the human organism the same arrangement will be noticed.

SECTION III

0. The Pleroma of which our individuality is the monad: the “All-Self.”

1. The Self—the divine Ego of which man is rarely conscious.

2. The Ego; that which thinks “I”—a falsehood, because to think “I” is to deny “not-I” and thus to create the Dyad.

3. The Soul; since 3 reconciles 2 and 1, here are placed the aspirations to divinity. It is also the receptive as 2 is the assertive self.

4-9. The Intellectual Self, with its branches:

4. Memory.

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5. Will.
6. Imagination.
7. Desire.
8. Reason.
9. Animal being.

6. The Conscious Self of the Normal Man: thinking itself free, and really the toy of its surroundings.

9. The Unconscious Self of the Normal Man. Reflex actions, circulation, breathing, digestion, *etc.*, all pertain here.

10. The illusory physical envelope; the scaffolding of the building.

SECTION IV

Having compared these attributions with those to be found in 777, studied them, assimilated them so thoroughly that it is natural and needs no effort to think “Binah, Mother, Great Sea, Throne, Saturn, Black, Myrrh, Sorrow, Intelligence, *etc. etc. etc.*,” in a flash whenever the number 3 is mentioned, we may profitably proceed to go through to the most important of the higher numbers. For this purpose I have removed myself from books of reference; only those things which have become fixed in my mind (from their importace) deserve place in the simplicity of this essay.

12. **הוה**, “He,” a title of Kether, identifying Kether with the Zodiac, the “home of 12 stars” and their correspondences. See 777.

13. **אהוה**, Unity, and **אהבה**, Love. A scale of unity; thus $13 \times 1 = 1$; $26 = 13 \times 2 = 2$; $91 = 13 \times 7 = 7$; so that we may find in 26 and 91 elaborations of the Dyad the the Septenary respectively.

14. An “elaboration” of 5 ($1 + 4 = 5$), Force; a “concentration” of 86 ($8 + 6 = 14$), Elohim, the 5 elements.

15. **יה**, Jah, one of the ineffable names; the Father and Mother united. Mystic number of Geburah: $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5$.

17. The number of squares in the Swastika, which by shape is Aleph, **א**. Hence 17 recalls 1. Also **איו**, IAO, the true Father. See 32 and 358.

18. **יה**, Life. An “elaboration” of 9.

20. **יהוה**, Yod, the letter of the Father.

21. **איוהוה**, existence, a title of Kether. Note $3 \times 7 = 21$. Also why, the first three (active) letters of **יהוה**. Mystic number of Tiphareth.

22. The number of letters in the Hebrew Alphabet; and of the paths on the Tree. Hence suggests completion of imperfection, Finality, and fatal finality. Note $2 \times 11 = 22$, the accursed Dyad at play with the Shells.

24. Number of the Elders; and $= 72 \div 3$. 72 is the “divided Name.”

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26. יהוה. Jehovah as the Dyad expanded, the jealous and terrible God, the lesser Countenance. The God of Nature, fecund, cruel, beautiful, relentless.

28. Mystic number of Netzach, נצח, "Power."

31. א, "not"; and א, "God." In this Part I. ("Nature as it is") the number is rather forbidding. For AL is the God-name of Chesed, mercy; and so the number seems to deny that Name.

32. Number of Sephiroth and Paths, 10 + 22. Hence is completion of perfection. Finality; things as they are in their totality. אההה, the combined אהה and ההה, Macroprosopus and Microprosopus, is here. If we supposed the 3 female letters ה to conceal the 3 mothers א, ה, ז, we obtain the number 358, Messiah, *q.v.* Note $32 = 2^5$, the divine Will extended through motion. $64 = 2^6$, will be the perfect number of matter, for it is 8, the first cube, squared. So we find it a Mercurial number, as if the solidity of matter was in truth eternal change.

35. אלה, a name of God = Ateh Gibor Le-Olahm Adonai. "To Thee be the Power unto the Ages, O my Lord!" $35 = 5 \times 7$. 7 = Divinity, 5 = Power.

36. A Solar Number. אה. Otherwise unimportant, but it is the mystic number of Mercury.

37. יהוה. The highest principle of the Soul, attributed to Kether. Note $37 = 111 \div 3$.

38. Note $38 \times 11 = 418$ *q.v.* in Part II.

39. יהוה אה, Jehovah is one. $39 = 13 \times 3$. This is then the affirmation of the aspiring soul.

40. A "dead" number of fixed law, 4×10 , Tetragrammaton, the lesser countenance immutable in the heaviness of Malkuth.

41. אה, the Mother, unfertilised as unenlightened.

42. אהה, the Mother, still dark. Here are the 42 judges of the dead in Amennti, and here is the 42-fold name of the Creative God. See Liber 418.

44. אה, blood. See Part II. Here $4 \times 11 =$ the corruption of the created world.

45. אה, a secret title of Yetzirah, the Formative World. אה, Adam, man, the species (not "the first man."). א is air, the divine breath which stirs אה, blood, into being.

49. A number useful in the calculations of Dr Dee, and a mystic number of Venus.

50. The number of the Gates of Binah, whose name is Death ($50 = 5 =$ by Tarot, "Death").

51. אה, pain. אה, failure. אהה, the country of the demon kings. There is much in the Qabalah about these kings and their dukes; it never meant much to me. But 51 is 1 short of 52.

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52. **אֵמֶת**, the fertilised Mother, the Phallus (*) thrust into **אֵמֶת**. Also **בֵּן**, the Son. Note 52 = 13 × 4, being Mercy and the influence of the Father.

60. Samekh, which in full spells 60 × 2 = 120 (*q.v.*), just as Yod, 10, in full spells 10 × 2 = 20. In general, the tens are “solidifications” of the ideas of the units which they multiply. Thus 50 is Death, the Force of Change in its final and most earthy aspect. Samekh is “Temperance” in the Tarot: the 6 has little evil possible to it; the worst name one can call 60 is “restriction.”

61. **אֵין**, the Negative. **אֵני**, the Ego. A number rather like 31, *q.v.*

64. **דִּין** and **דִּינִי**, intelligences (the twins) of Mercury. See also 32.

65. **אֵרֵי**. In Roman characters LXV = LVX, the redeeming light. See the 5°=6° ritual and “Konx Om Pax.” Note 65 = 13 × 5, the most spiritual form of force, just as 10 × 5 was its most material form. Note **הָם**, “Keep silence!” and **הַיֵּל**, the palace; as if it were said “Silence is the House of Adonai.”

67. **בִּינָה** the Great Mother. Note 6 + 7 = 13, uniting the ideas of Binah and Kether. A number of the aspiration.

70. The Sanhedrim and the precepts of the Law. The Divine 7 in its most material aspect.

72. **חֶסֶד**, Mercy. The number of the Shemhamphorasch, as if affirming God as merciful. For details of Shemhamphorasch, see 777 and other classical books of reference. Note especially * + י"ה + י"ד + י"ח = 72.

73. **חֵכֶמָה**, Wisdom. Also **גִּמֵּל**, Gimel, the path uniting Kether and Tiphereth. But Gimel, “the Priestess of the Silver Star,” is the Female Hierophant, the Moon; and Chokmah is the Logos, or male initiator. See Liber 418 for more information on these points, though rather from the standpoint of Part II.

78. **מַלְאָךְ**, the influence from Kether. The number of the cards of the Tarot, and of the 13 paths of the Beard of Macroprosopus. Also **אֵזָרָה**, the messenger. See Part II.

80. The number of **פ**, the “lightning-struck Tower” of the Tarot. 8 = Intellect, Mercury; its most material form is Ruin, as Intellect in the end is divided against itself.

81. A mystic number of the Moon.

84. A number chiefly important in Buddhism. 84 = 7 × 12.

85. **פָּה**, the letter Pé. 85 = 5 × 17: even the highest unity, if it move or energeise, means War.

86. **אֵלֹהִים**. See “A Note on Genesis,” EQUINOX, No. II.

90. Number of Tzaddi, a fishhook = Tanha, the clinging of man to life (9), the trap in which man is caught as a fish is caught by a hook. The most material aspect of animal life; its final doom decreed by its own lust. Also **מַיִם**, Water.

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91. $91 = 7 \times 13$, the most spiritual form of the Septenary. **אמן**, Amen, the holiest title of God; the Amoun of the Egyptians. It equals **יהוה ארני** (יהוהארני), interlaced), the eight-lettered name, thus linking the 7 to the 8. Note that **אמן** (reckoning † as final, 700) = $741 = \text{אמהש}$, the letters of the elements; and is thus a form of Tetragrammaton, a form unveiled.

100. The number of **ק**, the perfect illusion, 10×10 . Also **קף**, Kaph, the Wheel of Fortune. The identity is that of matter, fatality, change, illusion. It seems the Buddhist view of the Samsara-Cakkram.

106. **נן**, Nun, a fish. The number of death. Death in the Tarot bears a cross-handled scythe; hence the Fish as the symbol of the Redeemer. **ΙΧΘΥΣ** = Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.

108. Chiefly interesting because $108 = 2 \times 2 \times 3 \times 3 \times 3 =$ the square of 2 playing with the cube of 3. Hence the Buddhists hailed it with acclamation, and make their rosaries of this number of beads.

111. **אחד הוא אלהים**, "He is One God."

אֵלֶּף, Aleph, an ox, a thousand. The redeeming Bull. By shape the Swastika, and so the Lightning. "As the lightning ligheneth out of the East even unto the West, so shall be the coming of the Son of Man." An allusion to the descent of Shiva upon Shakti in Samadhi. The Roman A shows the same through the shape of the Pentagram, which it imitates.

אֵשׁ, ruin, destruction, sudden death. *Scil.*, of the personality in Samadhi.

אפל, thick darkness. *Cf.* St. John of the Cross, who describes these phenomena in great detail.

אום, the Hindu Aum or Om.

מחולל, mad—the destruction of Reason by Illumination.

עולה, a holocaust. *Cf.* **אשן**.

פליא, the Hidden Wonder, a title of Kether.

114. **רמעי**, a tear. The age of Christian Rosenkreutz.

120. **במך**, Samech, a prop. Also **מוכר**, basis, foundation. $120 = 1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5$, and is thus a synthesis of the powers of the pentagram. [Also $1 + 2 + \dots + 15 = 120$.] Hence its importance in the $5 = 6$ ritual, q.v. *supra* EQUINOX, No. III. I however disagree in part; it seems to me to symbolise a lesser redemption than that associated with Tiphereth. Compare at least the numbers 0.12 and 210 in Liber Legis and Liber 418, and extol their superiority. For while the first is the sublime formula of the infinite surging into finity, and the latter the supreme rolling-up of finity into infinity, the 120 can symbolise at the best a sort of intermediate condition of stability. For how can one proceed from the 2 to the 0? 120 is also **ען**, a very important name of God.

124. **עין**, Eden.

131. **סמאל**, Satan so-called, but really only Samael, the accuser of the brethren,

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unpopular with the Rabbis because their consciences were not clear. Samael fulfils a most useful function; he is scepticism, which accuses intellectually; conscience, which accuses morally; and even that spiritual accuser upon the Threshold, without whom the Sanctuary might be profaned. We must defeat him, it is true; but how should we abuse and blame him, without abuse and blame of Him that set him there?

136. A mystic number of Jupiter; the sum of the first 16 natural numbers.

144. A square and therefore a materialisation of the number 12. Hence the numbers in the Apocalypse. 144,000 only means 12 (the perfect number in the Zodiac or houses of heaven and tribes of Israel) \times 12, *i.e.* settled \times 1000, *i.e.* on the grand scale.

148. מאזניים, Scales of Justice.

156. BABALON. See Liber 418. This number is chiefly important for Part II. It is of no account in the orthodox dogmatic Qabalah. Yet it is 12 \times 13, the most spiritual form, 13 of the most perfect number, 12, יהוה. [It is ציון, Zion, the City of the Pyramids.—Ed.]

175. A mystic number of Venus.

203. ABR, initials of אב, בן, רוח, the Trinity.

206. רבך, Speech, “the Word of Power.”

207. אור, Light. Contrast with אורב, 9, the astral light, and אורד, 11, the Magical Light. Aub is an illusory thing of witchcraft (*cf.* Obi, Obeah); Aud is almost = the Kundalini force (“Odic” force). This illustrates well the difference between the sluggish, viscous 9, and the keen, ecstatic 11.

210. Pertains to Part II. See Liber 418.

214. רוח, the air, the mind.

220. Pertains to Part II. The number of verses in Liber Legis.

231. The sum of the first 22 numbers, 0 to 21; the sum of the Key-Numbers of the Tarot cards; hence an extension of the idea of 22, *q.v.*

270. I.N.R.I. See 5 = 6 ritual.

280. The sum of the “five letters of severity,” those which have a final form—Kaph, Mem, Nun, Pe, Tzaddi. Also the number of the squares on the sides of the Vault 7 \times 40; see 5 = 6 ritual. Also רף = terror.

300. The letter ש, meaning “tooth,” and suggesting by its shape a triple flame. Refers Yetziratically to fire, and is symbolic of the Holy Spirit, רוח אלהים = 300. Descending into the midst of יהוה, the four inferior elements, we get יהושua, the Saviour, symbolised by the Pentagram.

301. אש, Fire.

314. שר, the Almighty, a name of God attributed to Yesod.

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325. A mystic number of Mars. **ברצבאל**, the spirit of Mars, and **גראפאל**, the intelligence of Mars.

326. **יחזשה**, Jesus—see 300.

333. **חורחוז**, see Liber 418, 10th Æthyr. It is surprising that this large scale 3 should be so terrible a symbol of dispersion. There is doubtless a venerable arcanum here connoted, possible the evil of Matter summó. $333 = 37 \times 9$ the accursed.

340. **שם**—the Name.

341. The sum of the “3 mothers,” Aleph, Mem, and Shin.

345. **משה**, Moses. Note that by transposition we have 543, **אדה אשר אדה**, “Existence is Existence,” “I am that I am,” a sublime title of Kether. Moses is therefore regarded as the representative of this particular manifestation of deity, who declared himself under this special name.

358. See 32. **משיח**, Messiah, and **נחש**, the Serpent of Genesis. The dogma is that the head of the serpent (**ג**) is “bruised,” being replaced by the letter of Sacrifice, and Yod, the letter alike of virginity ($\text{ⴍ} = \text{ⴍ}$) and of original deity ($\text{ⴍ} =$ the foundation or type of all the letters). Thus the word may be read: “The Sacrifice of the Virgin-born Divine One triumphant (**ה**, the Chariot) through the Spirit,” while **נחש** reads “Death entering the (realm of the) Spirit.” But the conception of the Serpent as the Redeemer is truer. See my explanation of the 5=6 ritual (EQUINOX, No. III).

361. **אדני הארץ**, the Lord of the Earth. Note 361 denotes the 3 Supernals, the 6 members of Ruach, and Malkuth. This name of God therefore embraces all the 10 Sephiroth.

365. An important number, though not in the pure Qabalah. See “The Canon.” **ΜΕΙΘΡΑΣ** and **ΑΒΡΑΞΑΣ** in Greek.

370. Really more important for Part II. **עש**, Creation. The Sabbatic Goat in his highest aspect. This shows the whole of Creation as matter and spirit. The material 3, the spiritual 7, and all cancelling to Zero. Also **שלום** = peace.

400. The letter **ה**, “The Universe.” It is the square of 20, “The Wheel of Fortune,” and shows the Universe as the Sphere of Fortune—the Samsara-Cakkram, where Karma, which fools call chance, rules.

400 is the total number of the Sephiroth, each of the 10 containing 10 in itself and being repeated in the 4 worlds of Atziluth, Briah, Yetzirah, and Assiah. These four worlds are themselves attributed to **יהוה**, which is therefore not the name of a tribal fetish, but the formula of a system.

401. **אה**, “the” emphatic, meaning “essence of,” for **א** and **ה** are first and last letters of the Hebrew Alphabet, as A and Ω are of the Greek, and A and Z of the Latin. Hence the Word Azoth, not to be confused with Azote

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(lifeless, azotos), the old name for nitrogen. Azoth means the sum and essence of all, conceived as One.

406. **תו**, the letter Tau (see 400), also **תוה**, “Thou.” Note that **תוה** (7), the divine name of Venus (7) gives the initials of Ani, Hua, Ateh—I, He, Thou; three different aspects of a deity worshipped in three persons and in three ways: viz. (1) with averted face; (2) with prostration; (3) with identification.

418. Pertains principally to Part II., *q.v.*

419. **טת**, the letter Teth.

434. **דלת**, the letter Daleth.

440. **תלי**, the great dragon.

441. **אמת**, Truth. Note $441 = 21 \times 21$. 21 is **אהה**, the God of Kether, whose Will is Truth.

450. **תן**, the great dragon.

463. **מטה השקר**, Moses' Wand, a rod of Almond. $3 + 60 + 400$, the paths of the middle pillar.

474. **רעת**, Knowledge, the Sefhira that is not a Sefhira. In one aspect the child of Chokmah and Binah; in another the Eighth Heads of the Stooping Dragon, raised up when the Tree of Life was shattered, and Macroprosopus set cherubim against Microprosopus. See $4 = 7$ ritual *supra*. Also, and very specifically, Liber 418. It is the demon that purely intellectual or rational religions take as their God. The special danger of Hinayana Buddhism.

480. **לילית**, the demon-queen of Malkuth.

666. Last of the mystic numbers of the Sun. **שרות**, the spirit of Sol. Also **עממו שתן**, Ommo Satan, the Satanic Trinity of Typhon, Apophis and Besz; also **שם יהשה**, the Name of Jesus. The names of Nero, Napoleon, W. E. Gladstone, and any person that you may happen to dislike, add up to this number. In reality it is the final extension of the number 6, both because 6×111 (**אלף** = $111 = 1$) = 6, and because the Sun, whose greatest number it is, is 6.

(I here interpolate a note on the “mystic numbers” of the planets. The first is that of the planet itself, *e.g.* Saturn, 3. The second is that of the number of squares in the square of the planet, *e.g.* Saturn, 9. The third is that of the figures in each line of the “magic square” of the planet, *e.g.* Saturn 15. A “magic square” is one in which each file, rank, and diagonal add to the same number, *e.g.* Saturn is 8 1 6, 3 5 7, 4 9 2, each square being filled in with the numbers from 1 upwards.

The last of the Magic numbers is the sum of the whole of the figures in the square, *e.g.* Saturn 45. The complete list is thus:

Saturn 3, 9, 15, 45.

Jupiter 4, 16, 34, 136.

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Mars 5, 25, 65, 325.

Sol 6, 36, 111, 666.

Venus 7, 49, 175, 1225.

Mercury 8, 64, 260, 2080.

Luna 9, 81, 369, 3321.

Generally speaking, the first number gives a divine name, the second an archangelic or angelic name, the third a name pertaining to the Formative world, the fourth a name of a “spirit” or “blind force.” For example, Mercury has **א** and **דד** (love) for 8, **דין** and **דני** for 64, **טריאל** for 260, and **הפחדרת** for 2080. But in the earlier numbers this is not so well carried out. 136 is both **יפיל**, the Intelligence of Jupiter, and **הכמאל**, the Spirit.

The “mystic numbers” of the Sephiroth are simply the sums of the numbers from 1 to their own numbers.

Thus (1) Kether = 1.

(2) Chokmah = 1 + 2 = 3.

(3) Binah = 1 + 2 + 3 = 6.

(4) Chesed = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10.

(5) Geburah = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 = 15.

(6) Tiphareth = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 = 21.

(7) Netzach = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 = 28.

(8) Hod = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 = 36.

(9) Yesod = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 = 45.

(10) Malkuth = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 + 10 = 55.

The most important attributions of 666, however, pertain to the second part, *q.v.*

671. **הערא** the Law, **הרעא** the Gate, **אדער** the Lady of the Path of Daleth, **רעתא** the Wheel. Also **אלף**, **אלה**, **גון**, **יוד**, Adonai (see 65) spelt in full.

This important number marks the identity of the Augoeides with the Way itself (“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life”) and shows the Taro as a key; and that the Law itself is nothing else than this. For this reason the outer College of the A.:A.: is crowned by this “knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.”

This number too is that of the Ritual of Neophyte. See Liber XIII.

741. **אמתש**, the four letters of the elements. **אמן**, counting the ך as 700, the supreme Name of the Concealed One. The dogma is that the Highest is but the Four Elements; that there is nothing beyond these, beyond Tetragrammaton. This dogma is most admirably portrayed by Lord Dunsanay in a tale called “The Wanderings of Shaun.”

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777. *Vide supra.*

800. קשה, the Rainbow. The promise of Redemption (8)—8 as Mercury, Intellect, the Ruach, Microprosopus, the Redeeming Son—in its most material form.

811. ΙΑΩ (Greek numeration).

888. Jesus (Greek numeration).

913. בראשית, the Beginning. See “A Note on Genesis.” This list* will enable the student to follow through most of the arguments of the dogmatic Qabalah. It is useful for him to go through the arguments by which one can prove that any given number is the supreme. It is the case, the many being but veils of the One; and the course of argument leads one to knowledge and worship of each number in turn. For example.

Thesis. The Number Nine is the highest and worthiest of the numbers.

Scholion α. “The number nine is sacred, and attains the summits of philosophy,” Zoroaster.

Scholion β. Nine is the best symbol of the Unchangeable One, since by whatever number it is multiplied, the sum of the figures is always 9, e.g. 9 × 487 = 4383. 4 + 3 + 8 + 3 = 18. 1 + 8 = 9.

Scholion γ. 9 = ט, a serpent. And the Serpent is the Holy Uræus, upon the crown of the Gods.

Scholion δ. 9 = IX = the Hermit of the Tarot, the Ancient One with Lamp (Giver of Light) and Staff (the Middle Pillar of the Sephiroth). This, two, is the same Ancient as in 0, Aleph, “The Fool”, and Aleph = 1.

Scholion ε. 9 = יטור = 80 = ט = Mars = 5 = ה =

the Mother = Binah = 3	{	= ג = גמל = 73 = חכמה =
		= ט = The Father =
		= (1 + 2) = Mystic Number of Chokmah =

= Chokmah = 2 = ב = The Magus = 1 = 1.

Scholion ζ. 9 = the Foundation of all things = the Foundation of the alphabet = Yod = 10 = Malkuth = Kether = 1.

Scholion η. 9 = IX = The Hermit = Yod = 10 = X = The Wheel of Fortune = כ = 20 = XX = The Last Judgement = ט = 300 = 30 = ל = Justice = VIII = 8 = ח = The Chariot = VII = 7 = ז = The Lovers = VI = 6 = ו = The Pope = V = 5 = ה = The Emperor = IV = 4 = ד = The Empress = III = 3 = ג = The High Priestess = II = 2 = ב = The Magus = I = 1 = א = The Fool = 0.

* The complete dictionary, begun by Frater I. A., continued by Fra. P. and revised by Fra. A. e. G. and others, will shortly be published by authority of the A.:A.: [See THE EQUINOX, vol. i, no. 8]

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Scholion η . 9 = Luna = ♁ = 3, *etc.*, as before.

Scholion θ . 9 = $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Indigo} \\ \text{Lead} \end{array} \right\}$ = Saturn = 3, *etc.*, as before.

There are many other lines of argument. This form of reasoning reminds one of the riddle. “Why is a story like a ghost?” Answer. “A story’s a tale; a tail’s a brush; a brush is a broom; a brougham’s a carriage; a carriage is a gig; a gig’s a trap; a trap’s a snare; a snare’s a gin; gin’s a spirit; and a spirit’s a ghost.”

But our identities are not thus false; meditation reveals their truth. Further, as I shall explain fully later, 9 is not equal to 1 for the neophyte. These equivalences are dogmatic, and only true by favour of Him in whom All is Truth. In practice each equivalence is a magical operation to be carried out by the aspirant.

PART II

THE UNIVERSE AS WE SEEK TO MAKE IT

In the first part we have seen all numbers as Veils of the One, emanations of and therefore corruptions of the One. It is the Universe as we know it, the static Universe.

Now the Aspirant to Magic is displeased with this state of things. He finds himself but a creature, the farthest removed from the Creator, a number so complex and involved that he can scarcely imagine, much less dare to hope for, its reduction to the One.

The numbers useful to him, therefore, will be those which are subversive of this state of sorrow. So the number 2 represents to him the Magus (the great Magician Mayan who has created the illusion of Maya) as seen in the 2nd Æthyr. And considering himself as the Ego who posits the Non-Ego (Fichte) he hates this Magus. It is only the beginner who regards this Magus as the Wonder-worker—as the thing he wants to be. For the adept such little consolation as he may win is rather to be found by regarding the Magus as B = Mercury = 8 = Ch = 418 = ABRAHADABRA, the great Word, the “Word of Double Power in the Voice of the Master” which unites the 5 and the 6, the Rose and the Cross, the Circle and the Square. And also B is the path from Binah to Kether; but that is only important for him who is already in Binah, the “Master of the Temple.”

He finds no satisfaction in contemplating the Tree of Life, and the orderly arrangement of the numbers; rather does he enjoy the Qabalah as a means of juggling with those numbers. He can leave nothing undisturbed; he is the Anarchist of Philosophy. He refuses to acquiesce in merely formal proofs of the

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Excellence of things, “He doeth all things well,” “Were the world understood Ye would see it was good,” “Whatever is, is right,” and so on. To him, on the contrary, whatever is, is wrong. It is part of the painful duty of a Master of the Temple to understand everything. Only he can excuse the apparent cruelty and fatuity of things. He is of the supernals; he sees things from above; yet, having come from below, he can sympathise with all. And he does not expect the Neophyte to share his views. Indeed, they are not true to a Neophyte. The silliness of the New-Thought zanies in passionately affirming “I am healthy! I am opulent! I am well-dressed! I am happy!” when in truth they are “poor and miserable and blind and naked,” is not a philosophical but a practical silliness. Nothing exists, says the Magister Templi, but perfection. True; yet their consciousness is imperfect. Ergo, it does not exist. For the M.T. this is so: he has “cancelled out” the complexities of the mathematical expression called existence, and the answer is zero. But for the beginner his pain and another’s joy do not balance: his pain hurts him, and his brother may go hang. The Magister Templi, too, understands why Zero must plunge through all finite numbers to express itself; why it must write itself as “n – n” instead of 0; what gain there is in such writing. And this understanding will be found expressed in Liber 418 (Episode of Chaos and His Daughter) and Liber Legis (i. 28-30).

But it must never be forgotten that everyone must begin at the beginning. And in the beginning the Aspirant is a rebel, even though he feel himself to be that most dangerous type of rebel, a King Dethroned.*

Hence he will worship any number which seems to him to promise to overturn the Tree of Life. He will even deny and blaspheme the One—whom, after all, it is his ambition to be—because of its simplicity and aloofness. He is tempted to “curse God and die.”

Atheists are of three kinds.

1. The mere stupid man. (Often he is very clever, as Bolingbroke, Bradlaugh and Foote were clever). He has found out one of the minor arcana, and hugs it and despises those who see more than himself, or who regard things from a different standpoint. Hence he is usually a bigot, intolerant even of tolerance.

2. The despairing wretch, who, having sought God everywhere, and failed to find Him, thinks everyone else is as blind as he is, and that if he has failed—he, the seeker after truth!—it is because there is no goal. In his cry there is

* And of course, if his revolt succeeds, he will acquiesce in order. The first condition of gaining a grade is to be dissatisfied with the one that you have. And so when you reach the end you find order as at first; but also that the law is that you must rebel to conquer.

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pain, as with the stupid kind of atheist there is smugness and self-satisfaction. Both are diseased Egos.

3. The philosophical adept, who, knowing God, says “There is No God,” meaning, “God is Zero,” as qabalistically He is. He holds atheism as a philosophical speculation as good as any other, and perhaps less likely to mislead mankind and do other practical damage as any other.

Him you may know by his equanimity, enthusiasm, and devotion. I again refer to Liber 418 for an explanation of this mystery. The nine religions are crowned by the ring of adepts whose password is “There is No God,” so inflected that even the Magister when received among them had not wisdom to interpret it.

1. Mr Daw, K.C.: M'lud, I respectfully submit that there is no such creature as a peacock.
2. Oedipus at Colonus: Alas! there is no sun! I, even I, have looked and found it not.
3. Dixit Stultus in corde suo: “Ain Elohim.”

There is a fourth kind of atheister, not really an atheist at all. He is but a traveller in the Land of No God, and knows that it is but a stage on his journey—and a stage, moreover, not far from the goal. Daath is not on the Tree of Life; and in Daath there is no God as there is in the Sephiroth, for Daath cannot understand unity at all. If he thinks of it, it is only to hate it, as the one thing which he is most certainly not (see Liber 418, 10th Æthyr. I may remark in passing that this book is the best known to me on Advanced Qabalah, and of course it is only intelligible to Advanced Students).

This atheist, not in-being but in-passing, is a very apt subject for initiation. He has done with the illusions of dogma. From a Knight of the Royal Mystery he has risen to understand with the members of the Sovereign Sanctuary that all is symbolic; all, if you will, the Jugglery of the Magician. He is tired of theories and systems of theology and all such toys; and being weary and anhungered and athirst seeks a seat at the Table of Adepts, and a portion of the Bread of Spiritual Experience, and a draught of the wine of Ecstasy.

It is then thoroughly understood that the Aspirant is seeking to solve the great Problem. And he may conceive, as various Schools of Adepts in the ages have conceived, this problem in three main forms.

1. I am not God. I wish to become God.
This is the Hindus conception.
I am Malkuth. I wish to become Kether.
This is the qabalistic equivalent.

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2. I am a fallen creature. I wish to be redeemed.

This is the Christian conception.

I am Malkuth the fallen daughter. I wish to be set upon the throne of Binah my supernal mother.

This is the qabalistic equivalent.

3. I am the finite square; I wish to be one with the infinite circle.

This is the Unsectarian conception.

I am the Cross of Extension; I wish to be one with the infinite Rose.

This is the qabalistic equivalent.

The answer of the Adept to the first form of the problem is for the Hindu "Thou art That" (see previous chapter, "The Yogi"); for the Qabalist "Malkuth is in Kether, and Kether is in Malkuth," or "That which is below is like that which is above" or simply "Yod." (The foundation of all letters having the number 10, symbolising Malkuth).

The answer of the Adept to the second form of the problem is for the Christian all the familiar teaching of the Song of Songs and the Apocalypse concerning the Bride of Christ.*

For the Qabalist it is a long complex dogma which may be studied in the Zohar and elsewhere. Otherwise, he may simply answer "Hé" (the letter alike of mother and daughter in היה). See Liber 418 for lengthy disquisitions on this symbolic basis.

The answer of the Adept to the third form of the problem is given by π , implying that an infinite factor must be employed.

For the Qabalist it is usually symbolised by the Rosy Cross, or by such formulæ as $5 = 6$. That they concealed a Word answering this problem is also true. My discovery of this word is the main subject of this article. All the foregoing exposition has been intended to show why I sought a word to fulfil the conditions, and by what standards of truth I could measure things.

* This Christian teaching (not its qabalistic equivalent) is incomplete. The Bride (the soul) is united, though only by marriage, with the Son, who then presents her to the Father and Mother or Holy Spirit. These four then complete Tetragrammaton. But the Bride is never united to the Father. In this scheme the soul can never do more than touch Tiphareth and so receive the ray from Chokmah. Whereas even St. John makes his Son say "I and my Father are one." And we all agree that in philosophy there can never be (in Truth) more than one; this Christian dogma says "never less than four." Hence its bondage to law and its most imperfect comprehension of any true mystic teaching, and hence the difficulty of using its symbols.

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But before proceeding to this Word, it is first necessary to explain further in what way one expects a number to assist one in the search for truth, or the redemption of the soul, or the formulation of the Rosy Cross. (I am supposing that the reader is sufficiently acquainted with the method of reading a name by its attributions to understand how, once a message is received, and accredited, it may be interpreted.) Thus if I ask “What is knowledge?” and receive the answer “רע” I read it ר the door, ע matter, ר darkness, by various columns of 777 (To choose the column is a matter of spiritual intuition. *Solvitur ambulando*). But here I am only dealing with the “trying of the spirits, to know whether they be of God.”

Suppose now that a vision purporting to proceed from God is granted to me. The Angel declares his name. I add it up. It comes to 65. An excellent number! a blessed angel! Not necessarily. Suppose he is of a Mercurial appearance? 65 is a number of Mars.

Then I conclude that, however beautiful and eloquent he may be, he is a false spirit. The Devil does not understand the Qabalah well enough to clothe his symbols in harmony.

But suppose an angel, even lonely in aspect, not only knows the Qabalah—your own researches in the Qabalah—as well as you do, but is able to show you truths, qabalistic truths which you had sought for long and vainly! Then you receive him with honour and his message with obedience.

It is as if a beggar sought audience of a general, and showed beneath his rags the signet of the King. When an Indian servant shows me “chits” signed by Colonel This and Captain That written in ill-spelt Babu English, one knows what to do. On the contrary the Man Who Was Lost rose and broke the stem of his wineglass at the regimental toast, and all knew him for one of their own.

In spiritual dealings, the Qabalah, with those secrets discovered by yourself that are known only to yourself and God, forms the grip, sign, token and password that assure you that the Lodge is properly titled.

It is consequently of the very last importance that these final secrets should never be disclosed. And it must be remembered that an obsession, even momentary, might place a lying spirit in possession of the secrets of your grade. Possibly it was in this manner that Dee and Kelly were so often deceived.

A reference to this little dictionary of numbers will show that 1, 3, 5, 7, 12, 13, 17, 21, 22, 26, 32, 37, 45, 52, 65, 67, 73, 78, 91, 111, 120, 207, 231, 270, 300, 326, 358, 361, 370, 401, 306, 434, 474, 666, 671, 741, 913, were for me numbers of peculiar importance and sanctity. Most of them are venerable, referring to or harmonious with the One. Only a few—*e.g.* 120—refer to the means. There

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are many others—any others—just as good; but not for me. God in dealing with me would show me the signs which I should have intelligence enough to understand. It is a condition of all intellectual intercourse.

Now I preferred to formulate the practical problem in this shape: “How shall I unite the 5 and the 6, the Microcosm and Macrocosm?”

And these are the numbers which seemed to me to bear upon the problem.

1. Is the goal not the means. Too simple to serve a magician’s purpose.

2. *Vide supra.*

3. Still too simple to work with, especially as $3 = 1$ so easily. But, and therefore, a great number to venerate and desire.

4. The terrible weapon of Tetragrammaton, the great enemy. The number of the weapons of the Evil Magician. The Dyad made Law.

5. The Pentagram, symbol of the squaring of the circle by virtue of אלהים = 3.1415, symbol of man’s will, of the evil 4 dominated by man’s spirit. Also Pentagrammaton, Jeheshua, the Saviour. Hence the Beginning of the Great Work.

6. The Hexagram, symbol of the Macrocosm and Microcosm interlaced, and of the End of the Great Work. (Pentagram on breast, Hexagram on back, of Probationer’s Robe.) Yes it also symbolises the Ruach, 214, *q.v.*, and so is as evil *in viâ* as it is good *in termino.*

7. A most evil number, whose perfection is impossible to attack.

8. The great number of redemption, because ה = ה"ה = 418, *q.v.* This only develops in importance as my analysis proceeds. A priori it was of no great importance.

9. Most Evil, because of its stability. bwa, witchcraft, the false moon of the sorceress.

10. Evil, memorial of our sorrow. Yet holy, as hiding in itself the return to the negative.

11. The great magical number, as uniting the antitheses of 5 and 6 *etc.* dwa the magic force itself.

12. Useless. Mere symbol of the Goal.

13. Helpful, since if we can reduce our formula to 13, it becomes 1 without further trouble.

17. Useful, because though it symbolises 1, it does so under the form of a thunderbolt. “Here is a magic disk for me to hurl, and win heaven by violence,” says the Aspirant.

21. As bad, nearly, as 7.

26. Accursed. As bad as 4. Only useful when it is a weapon in your hand; then—“if Satan be divided against Satan,” *etc.*

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28. Attainable; and so, useful. “My victory,” “My power,” says the Philosophus.

30. The Balance—Truth. Most useful.

31. \aleph the reply to \aleph , who is the God of Chesed, 4. The passionate denial of God, useful when other methods fail.

32. Admirable, in spite of its perfection, because it is the perfection which all from 1 to 10 and Aleph to Tau, share. Also connects with 6, through \aleph .

37. Man’s crown.

44. Useful to me chiefly because I had never examined it and so had acquiesced in it as accursed. When it was brought by a messenger whose words proved true, I then understood it as an attack on the 4 by the 11. “Without shedding of blood ($\aleph = 44$) there is no remission.” Also since the messenger could teach this, and prophecy, it added credit to the Adept who sent the message.

45. Useful as the number of man, \aleph , identified with \aleph , Yetzirah, the World of Formation to which man aspires as next above Assiah. Thus 45 baffles the accuser, but only by affirmation of progress. It cannot help that progress.

52. \aleph and \aleph . But orthodoxy conceives these as external saviours; therefore they serve no useful purpose.

60. Like 30, but weaker. “Temperance” is only an inferior balance. 120, its extension, gives a better force.

65. Fully dealt with in “Konx Om Pax,” *q.v.*

72. Almost as bad as 4 and 26; yet being bigger and therefore further from 1 it is more assailable. Also it does spell \aleph , Mercy, and this is sometimes useful.

73. The two ways to Kether, Gimel and Chokmah. Hence venerable, but not much good to the beginner.

74. \aleph , Lamed, an expansion of 30. Reads “By equilibrium and self-sacrifice, the Gate!” Thus useful. Also $74 = 37 \times 2$.

So we see $37 \times 1 = 37$, Man’s crown, Jechidah, the highest Soul—“in termino.”

$37 \times 2 = 74$, The Balance, 2 being the symbol “in viâ.”

$37 \times 3 = 111$, Aleph, *etc.*, 3 being the Mother, the nurse of the soul.

$37 \times 4 = 148$, “The Balances,” and so on.

I have not yet worked out all the numbers of this important scale.

77. \aleph , the Goat, *scil.* of the Sabbath of the Adepts. The Baphomet of the Templars, the idol set up to defy and overthrow the false god—though it is understood that he himself is false, not an end, but a means. Note the $77 = 7 \times 11$, magical power in perfection.

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78. Most venerable because **מללס** is shown as the influence descending from On High, whose key is the Tarot: and we possess the Tarot. The proper number of the name of the Messenger of the Most Exalted One. [The account of AIVAS follows in its proper place.—Ed.]

85. Good, since $85 = 5 \times 17$.

86. Elohim, the original mischief. But good, since it is a key of the Pentagram, $5 = 1 + 4 = 14 = 8 + 6 = 86$.

91. Merely venerable.

111. Priceless, because of its 37×3 symbolism, its explanation of Aleph, which we seek, and its comment that the Unity may be found in “Thick darkness” and in “Sudden Death.” This is the most clear and definite help we have yet had, showing Samadhi and the Destruction of the Ego as gates of our final victory.

120. See Part I. and references.

124. **עין**, Eden. The narrow gate or path between Death and the Devil.

156. **באבאלען**. This most holy and precious name is fully dealt with in Liber 418. Notice $156 = 12 \times 13$. This was a name given and ratified by Qabalah; 156 is not one of the à priori helpful numbers. It is rather a case of the Qabalah illuminating St. John’s intentional obscurity.

165. $11 \times XV$ should be a number Capricorni Pneumatici. Not yet fulfilled.

201. **לס**, Light (Chaldee). Note $201 = 3 \times 67$, Binah, as if it were said, “Light is concealed as a child in the womb of its mother.” The occult retort of the Chaldean Magi to the Hebrew sorcerers who affirmed **לס**, Light, 207, a multiple of 9. But this is little more than a sectarian squabble. 207 is holy enough.

206. **רבר**, the Word of Power. A useful acquisition = “The Gateway of the Word of Light.”

210. Upon this hoiest number it is not fitting to dilate. We may refer Zelatores to Liber VII. Cap I., Liber Legis Cap. I., and Liber 418. But this was only revealed later. At first I had only **אבראהם**, the Lord of the Adepts. Cf. Abrahama-Melin.

214. **רד** is one of the most seductive numbers to the beginner. Yet its crown is Daath, and later one learns to regard it as the great obstacle. Look at its promise 21, ending in the fearful curse of 4! Calamity!

216. I once hoped much from this number, as it is the cube of 6. But I fear it only expresses the fixity of mind. Anyhow it all came to no good.

But we have **רביר**, connected with **רבר**, adding the Secret Phallic Power.

220. This is the number of verses of Liber Legis. It represents 10×22 , *i.e.* the

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whole of the Law welded into one. Hence we may be sure that the Law shall stand as it is without a syllable of addition.

Note 10²², the modulus of the universe of atoms, men, stars. See “Two new worlds.”

222. The grand scale of 2; may one day be of value.

256. The eighth power of 2; should be useful.

280. A grand number; the dyad passing to zero by virtue of the 8, the Charioteer who bears the Cup of Babalon. See Liber 418, 12th Æthyr. See also 280 in Part I.

300. Venerable, but only useful as explaining the power of the Trident, and the Flame on the Altar. Too stable to serve a revolutionary, except in so far as it is fire.

333. See Part I.

340. Connects with 6 through **שם**, the fire and the water conjoined to make the Name. Thus useful as a hint in ceremonial.

361. See Part I. Connects with the Caduceus; as 3 is the supernal fire, 6 the Ruach, 1 Malkuth. See illustration of Caduceus in EQUINOX No. II.

370. Most venerable (see Part I.). It delivers the secret of creation into the hand of the Magician. See Liber Capricorni Pneumatici.

400. Useful only as a finality or material basis. Being 20×20 it shows the fixed universe as a system of rolling wheels ($20 = 2$, the Wheel of Fortune).

401. See Part I. But Azoth is the Elixir prepared and perfect; the Neophyte has not got it yet.

406. See Part I.

414. **הגבורה**, Meditation, the 1 dividing the accursed 4. Also **אין סוף אור**, the Limitless Light.

418. **חיה**, Cheth. **אריבאהאר אברה**, the great Magic Word, the Word of the Æon. Note the 11 letters, 5 **א** identical, and 6 diverse. Thus it interlocks Pentagram and Hexagram. **בית הא**, the House of Hé the Pentagram; see *Idra Zuta Qadisha*, 694. “For **ה** formeth **ב**, but **ה** formeth **יוד**.” Both equal 20.

Note $4 + 1 + 8 = 13$, the 4 reduced to 1 through 8, the redeeming force; and $418 = 7 = 8$.

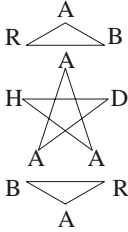
By Aiq Bkr, ABRAHADABRA = $1 + 2 + 2 + 1 + 5 + 1 + 4 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 1 = 22$. Also $418 = 22 \times 19$, Manifestation. Hence the word manifests the 22 Keys of Rota.

It means by translation Abraha Deber, the Voice of the Chief Seer.

It resolves into Pentagram and Hexagram as follows:—

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(1)



[This is by taking the 5 middle letters.]

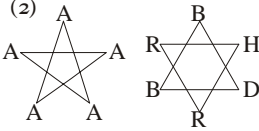
The pentagram is 12, **הו"א**, Macroprosopus.

The hexagram is 406, **הו"ה**, Microprosopus.

Thus it connotes the Great Work.

Note **אבר**, initials of the Supernals, Ab, Ben, Ruach.

(2)

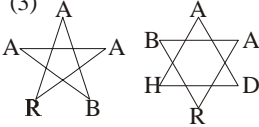


[This is by separating the One (Aleph) from the Many (diverse letters).]

כרה = 207, Aur, Light
דבר = 206, Deber, Voice.

“The Vision and the Voice,”
a phrase which meant much
to me at the moment of dis-
covering this Word.

(3)



[By taking each alternate letter.]

205 = **גבר**, mighty
213 = **אביר**, mighty

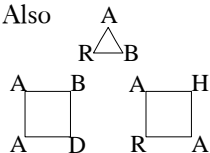
} This shows Abrahadabra as

the Word of Double Power, another phrase that meant much to me at the time. **אב** at the top of the Hexagram gives **אב, אימא, בן**, Father, Mother, Child.

הו"ה by Yetzirah gives Horus, Isis, Osiris, again Father, Mother, Child. This Hexagram is again the human Triad.

Dividing into 3 and 8 we get the Triangle of Horus dominating the Stooping Dragon of 8 Heads, the Supernals bursting the Head of Daath.

Also



The Supernals are supported upon two squares:—

אבאד = **דב**, Love, 8.

אדאד = **דב**, Light, 207.

Now $8 \times 207 = 1656 = 18 = \text{הו}$, Living, and $207 = 9 \times 23, \text{הו"ה}$, Life. At this time “Licht, Liebe, Leben” was the mystic name of the Mother-Temple of the G.:D.:.

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The five letters used in the word are **⚄**, the Crown; **⚔**, the Wand, **⚖**, the Cup; **⚊**, the Sword; **⚋**, the Rosy Cross; and refer further to Amoun the Father, Thoth His messenger, and Isis, Horus, Osiris, the divine-human triad.

Also 418 = **⚄⚋⚊⚖⚔**, the Essence of IAO, *q.v.*

This short analysis might be indefinitely expanded; but always the symbol will remain the Expression of the Goal and the Exposition of the Path.

419. Teth, the number of the “laughing lion” on whom BABALON rideth. See Liber 418. Note $419 + 156 = 575 = 23 \times 25$, occultly signifying 24, which again signifies to them that understand the interplay of the 8 and the 3. Blessed be His holy Name, the Interpreter of his own Mystery!

434. Daleth, the holy letter of the Mother, in her glory as Queen. She saves the 4 by the 7 ($\text{ד} = 4 = \text{Venus} = 7$), thus connects with 28, Mystic number of Netzach (Venus), Victory. Note the 3 sundering the two fours. This is the feminine victory; she is in one sense the Delilah to the divine Samson. Hence we adore her from full hearts. It ought to be remembered, by the way, that the 4 is not so evil when it has ceased to oppress us. The square identified with the circle is as good as the circle.

441. Truth, the square of 21. Hence it is the nearest that our dualistic consciousness can conceive of 21, **⚊⚋⚊⚖**, the God of Kether, 1. Thus Truth is our chiefest weapon as a rule. Woe to whosoever is false to himself (or to another, since in 441 that other is himself), and seven times woe to him that swerves from his magical obligation in thought, word, or deed! By my side as I write wallows in exhaustion following an age of torment one who did not understand that it is a thousand times better to die than to break the least tittle of a magical oath.

463. Shows what the Wand ought to represent. Not 364; so we should hold it by the lower end. The Wand is also Will, straight and inflexible, pertaining to Chokmah (2) as a Wand has two ends.

474. See Part I. To the beginner, though, Daath seems very helpful. He is glad that the Stooping Dragon attacks the Sanctuary. He is doing it himself. Hence Buddhists make Ignorance the greatest fetter of all the ten fetters. But in truth Knowledge implies a Knower and a Thing Known, the accursed Dyad which is the prime cause of all misery.

480. Lilith. See Liber 418. So the orthodox place the legal 4 before the holy 8 and the sublime zero. “And therefore their breaths stink.”

543. Good, but only carries us back to the Mother.

666. Chosen by myself as my symbol, partly for the reasons given in Part I., partly for the reasons given in the Apocalypse. I took the Beast to be the Lion (Leo my rising sign) and Sol, 6, 666, the Lord of Leo on which Babalon should ride. And there were other more intimate considerations, unnecessary to enter

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upon in this place. Note however that the Tarot card of Leo, Strength, bears the number XI, the great number of the Magnum Opus, and its interchange with Justice, VIII.; and the key of 8 is 418.

This all seemed to me so important that no qabalistic truths were so firmly implanted in my mind at the time when I was ordered to abandon the study of magic and the Qabalah as these: 8, 11, 418, 666; combined with the profoundest veneration for 1, 3, 5, 7, 13, 37, 78, 91, 111. I must insist on this at the risk of tautology and over-emphasis; for it is the key to my standard of Truth, the test-numbers which I applied to the discernment of the Messenger from the Sanctuary.

That such truths may seem trivial I am well aware; let it be remembered that the discovery of such an identity may represent a year's toil. But this is the final test; repeat my researches, obtain your own holy numbers; then, and not before, will you fully understand their Validity, and the infinite wisdom of the Grand Arithmetician of the Universe.

671. Useful, as shown in Part I.

741. Useful chiefly as a denial of the Unity; sometimes employed in the hope of tempting it from its lair.

777. Useful in a similar way, as affirming that the Unity is the Qliphoth. But a dangerous tool, especially as it represents the flaming sword that drove Man out of Eden. A burnt child dreads the fire. "The devils also believe, and tremble." Worse than useless unless you have it by the hilt. Also 777 is the grand scale of 7, and this is useless to anyone who has not yet awakened the Kundalin, the female magical soul. Note 7 as the meeting-place of 3, the mother, and 10, the Daughter; whence Netzach is the Woman, married but no more.

800. Useful only in 5 = 6 symbolism, q.v.

888. The grand scale of 8. In Greek numeration therefore IHΣΟΥΣ the Redeemer, connecting with 6 because of its 6 letters. This links Greek and Hebrew symbolism; but remember that the mystic Iesous and Yeheshua have no more to do with the legendary Jesus of the Synoptics and Methodists than the mystic IHVH has to do with the false God who commanded the murder of innocent children. The 13 of the Sun and the Zodiac was perhaps responsible for Buddha and his 12 disciples, Christ and his 12 disciples, Charlemagne and his 12 peers, &c., &c., but to disbelieve in Christ or Charlemagne is not to alter the number of signs in the Zodiac. Veneration for 666 does not commit me to admiration for Napoleon and Gladstone.

I may close this paper by expressing a hope that I may have the indulgence of students. The subject is incomparably difficult; it is almost an unworked vein of

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thought; and my expression must be limited and thin. It is important that every identity should be most thoroughly understood. No mere perusal will serve. This paper must be studied line by line, and even to a great extent committed to memory. And that memory should already be furnished with a thorough knowledge of the chief correspondences of 777. It is hard to “suffer gladly” the particular type of fool who expects with a twenty-third-rate idle brain to assimilate in an hour the knowledge that it has cost me twelve years to acquire. I may add that nobody will ever understand this method of knowledge without himself undertaking research. Once he has experienced the joy of connecting (say) 131 and 480 through 15, he will understand. Further, it is the work itself, not merely the results, that is of service. We teach Greek and Latin, though nobody speaks either language.

And thus I close: *Benedictus sit Dominus Deus Noster qui nobis dedit Scientiam Summam.*

Amen!

We may now return to Frater P.’s experiences. It will be remembered that he found Yoga practices of any kind very difficult in the cold climate of his home; for he was now sufficiently advanced to need long spells of continuous concentration—very difficult from the early days of practice when twenty minutes in the morning and again in the evening sufficed for the day.

Further, he had entered on the third stage of life, and from a Brahmachari become a householder. It was in the course of the journey undertaken by him shortly after his marriage that occurred the events which we shall proceed to relate.

And to that end we must ask the reader to accompany us in imagination to the sovereign nursery of wisdom and initiation, to the holy land of the Uraeus serpent, to the land of Isis and Osiris, of the Pyramids and the Nile, even to Khem, more magnificent in ruin than all other lands are in plenitude of their glory.

A NOCTURNE

IN the little cleft of the rocks whence life first sprang
To birth, by the secret shadowy molten sea,
Where Aphrodite sprang to greet the sun,
Low voices murmur: shadowy under-world
In the void of time; light song of Erebus
On the lips of a courtesan of Rome—ah! list!
A wandering singer caught the light o' the stars
On his lips, and the sun-dawn of the world in his heart.

For I that dwelt within the city of Time
Was lost in a cloudy dawn; the silken veil
Of dew that clothed the green grass of the fields
Was the veil of Olympus; now the shadowy night
That sang to me, that sand, that sang to me,
Sprang from the underworld of Eld: the moon
That circled in the heavens sang to me,
And I that heard the olden monstrous lays
Of Eld, the dreaming wonders of the dawn,
Died, and still lie imprisoned in the rocks
By the salt sea, knowing of the doom of man,
But being dumb, as is the doom of man,
For nightfall is delight of Eld, and I
Wander bareheaded under the dark sky;

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Calling and calling from the windy deeps,
The olden night still draws me; moonlight weeps
For sunlight faded in the dark; the sea
Is under the dark clouds; still one by one
Soft, silver stars creep silently upon me,
Leaving soft trails of light; O wonder dawn
Of the inverted thunder of the skies!
Back to the gardens of old Babylon,
The hanging lamps, the slow, enchanted moon,
The gold-eyed stars, the pillars of the sea,
And the call of her forgotten!—Oh, I lie
Under the stars, upon the dewy sward;
And all around me is the silent city,
The soft white city, softened by the dawn;
And I hear the sistrion, and I hear the songs
Sung to the hanging moon, and thou, Istar,
Radiantly comest on the brains of men
To the slow illumination of desire;
The old enchanted palace of the Will
Is thine, and god-like dreams of Eld are thine,
Of the underworld of the stars, beneath the sea,
Beyond the cloudy palaces of the hills.
Ah! Never hath the dawn been nearer thee!

Fallen to idle sleep, and borne within
The Temple of Mind, the soul of Night is bared
Under the starry canopy of the worlds,
And the lamp is set upon her bier; let be,
Let her still slumber! Oh, my radiant one,
Thou that art born of the dew and of the stars,

A NOCTURNE

Come thou to me, while that the soft night sleeps,
O thou far inmost and supernal Dawn,
O thou that bearest the torch for the feast o' the gods!
In the core of Night I found thee, and a rose
Was thy heart, and thorns were thy crown, and tiny
 rosebuds.

Girt thy green mantle, and thy yellow hair
Glittered with the dust of the stars! By the river-side
Thou camest unto me; ho, the secret night
When I stared into the water under the moon,
Singing and tumbling on its way to the sea!
The soft stream flowed under the milky stars,
And there were poplars by the water-side,
Gazing upon themselves; but I was blind,
Blinder than wood, more silent than the moon;
And so thou camest to me! Oh, my darling,
My little rose-lipped darling, fountain-cool
Thy hands, and thine eyes bright with celestial fire
Drawn from the world's heart! Oh, my little one,
Come to me here in the great slow silences,
In the radiant dimness of the after-glow
Of the passionate ache of the world; I am Pan no more,
But the Virgin of the starlight of the world.
Her in the silence, in the great, green woods,
Lie thou with me! Slumber with me to-night
Under the stars, and the yellow drifting moon.
We will love no more as Syrinx and Pan; Diana!
Come unto me, and I will grant the thing
Thou cravest! Oh! the foaming milk of the stars!
I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon!

THE EQUINOX

Rosa Ignota! Ah! the pale moon flowers;
The soft shy glances, and the virgin unwon!
Oh! the sweet burden of the sunless hours:
Love! I am conquered! Nay, love! I have won!
Oh, feeble moon-light! Oh sweet stars undone
By the pale longing of Eld! O Virgin word,
Under the silent moon I bear the Sword!
Oh, the soft burden of the sunken sun
I bear a chalice of lilies under the moon!
I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon!

Light is no more; oh! let us swoon and die!
And the secret way is starlit, star-bestrewn,
Star-guarded, star-set under the starry moon!
Is there no way but this beneath the sky?
Oh, moon of Eld, ah! shall we die or swoon?
O Rose eclipsed, O Rose, my rose of roses,
The night is pale to death; the lyre reposes
Under the star-shot glamour of the moon
And all her palest roses.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

THE VIXEN

To and from N. I. L. B. W.

PATRICIA FLEMING threw the reins to a groom, and ran up the steps into the great house, her thin lips white with rage.

Lord Eyre followed her heavily. "I'll be down in half an hour," she laughed merrily, "tell Dawson to bring you a drink!" Then she went straight through the house, her girlish eyes the incarnation of a curse.

For the third time she had failed to bring Geoffrey Eyre to her feet. She looked into her hat; there in the lining was the talisman that she had tested—and it had tricked her.

What do I need? she thought. Must it be blood?

She was a maiden of the pure English strain; brave, gay, honest, shrewd—and there was not one that guessed the inmost fire that burnt her. For she was but a child when the Visitor came.

The first of the Visits was in a dream. She woke choking; the air—clear, sweet, and wholesome as it blew through the open window from the Chilterns—was fouled with a musty stench. And she woke her governess with a tale of a tiger.

The second Visit was again at night. She had been hunting, was alone at the death, had beaten off the hounds. That night she heard a fox bark in her room. She spent

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a sleepless night of terror; in the morning she found the red hairs of a fox upon her pillow.

The third Visit was nor in sleep nor waking.

But she tightened her lips, and would have veiled the hateful gleam in her eyes.

It was that day, though, that she struck a servant with her riding-whip.

She was so sane that she knew exactly wherein her madness lay; and she set all her strength not to conquer but to conceal it.

Two years later, and Patricia Fleming, the orphan heiress of Carthwell Abbey, as the county toast, Diana of the Chilterns.

Yet Geoffrey Eyre evaded her. His dog's fidelity and honesty kept him true to the little north-country girl that three months earlier had seduced his simplicity. He did not even love her; but she had made him think so for an hour; and his pledged word held him.

Patricia's open favour only made him hate her because of its very seduction. It was really his own weakness that he hated.

Patricia ran, tense and angry, through the house. The servants noticed it. The mistress has been crossed, they thought, she will go to the chapel and get ease. Praising her.

True, to the chapel she went; locked the door, dived behind the altar, struck a secret panel, came suddenly into a priest's hiding-hole, a room large enough to hold a score of men if need be.

At the end of the room was a great scarlet cross, and on it, her face to the wood, her wrists and ankles swollen over the whip lashes that bound her, hung a naked girl, big-boned, voluptuous. Red hair streamed over her back.

THE VIXEN

What, Margaret! so blue? laughed Patricia.

I am cold, said the girl upon the cross, in an indifferent voice.

Nonsense, dear! answered Patricia, rapidly divesting herself of her riding-habit. There is no hint of frost; we had a splendid run, and a grand kill. You shall be warm yet, for all that.

This time the girl writhed and moaned a little.

Patricia took from an old wardrobe a close-fitting suit of fox fur, and slipped it on her slim white body.

Did I make you wait, dear? she said, with a curious leer. I am the keener for the sport, to be sure!

She took the faithless talisman from her hat. It was a little square of vellum, written upon in black. She took a hairpin from her head, pierced the talisman, and drove the pin into the girl's thigh.

They must have blood, said she. Now see how I will turn the blue to red! Come! don't wince: you haven't had it for a month.

Then her ivory arm slid like a serpent from the furs, and with the cutting whip she struck young Margaret between the shoulders.

A shriek rang out: its only echo was Patricia's laugh, childlike, icy, devilish.

She struck again and again. Great weals of purple stood on the girl's back; froth tinged with blood came from her mouth, for she had bitten her lips and tongue in agony.

Patricia grew warm and rosy—exquisitely beautiful. Her babe-breasts heaved; her lips parted; her whole body and soul seemed lapped in ecstasy.

I wish your were Geoffrey, girlie! she panted.

THE EQUINOX

Then the skin burst. Raw flesh oozed blood that dribbled down Margaret's back.

Still the fair maid struck and struck in the silence, until the tiny rivulets met and waxed great and touched the talisman. She threw the bloody whalebone into a corner, and went upon her knees. She kissed her friend; she kissed the talisman; and again kissed the girl, the warm blood staining her pure lips.

She took the talisman, and hid it in her bosom. Last of all she loosened the cords, and Margaret sank in a heap to the floor. Patricia threw furs over her and rolled her up in them; brought wine, and poured it down her throat. She smiled, kindly, like a sister.

"Sleep now awhile, sweetheart!" she whispered, and kissed her forehead.

It was a very demure and self-possessed little maiden that made dinner lively for poor Geoffrey, who was thinking over his mistake.

Patricia's old aunt, who kept house for her, smiled on the flirtation. It was not by accident that she left them alone sitting over the great fire. "Poor Margaret has her rheumatism again," she explained innocently; "I must go and see how she is." Loyal Margaret!

So it happened that Geoffrey lost his head. "The ivy is strong enough" (she had whispered, ere their first kiss had hardly died). "Before the moon is up, be sure!" and glided off just as the aunt returned.

Eyre excused himself; half a mile from the house he left his horse to his man to lead home, and ten minutes later was groping for Patricia in the dark.

THE VIXEN

White as a lily in body and soul, she took him in her arms.

Awaking as from death, he suddenly cried out., “Oh God! What is it? Oh God! my God! Patricia! Your body! Your Body!”

“Yours!” she cooed.

“Why, you’re all hairy!” he cried. “And the scent! the scent!”

From without came sharp and resonant the yap of a hound as the moon rose.

Patricia put her hands to her body. He was telling the truth. “The Visitor!” she screamed once with fright, and was silent. he switched the light on, and she screamed again.

There was a savage lust upon his face.

“This afternoon,” he cried, “you called me a dog. I looked like a dog and thought like a dog; and, by God! I am a dog. I’ll act like a dog then!”

Obedient to some strange instinct, she dived from the bed for the window.

But he was on her; his teeth met in her throat.

In the morning they found the dead bodies of both hound and fox—but how did that explain the wonderful Elopement of Lord Eyre and Miss Fleming? For neither of them were ever seen again.

I think Margaret understands; in the convent which she rules to-day there hangs beside a blood-stained cutting-whip the silver model of a fox, with the inscription:

“Patricia Margaritæ vulpis vulpem dedit.”

FRANCIS BENDICK.

THE PILGRIM

AT the dawn of the bout
Of my life I set out
 For the Palace of Light.
At the end of the road
I have found an abode
 In the Tavern of Night.

Ever on! ever on!
Said the day-star, and shone!
 Ever on! and above!
Said the even-star: rest
In the night on my breast!
 Beyond light there is love.

But I stayed not; I feared
A false witch in her weird.
 I went on, ever on,
Till the day and the night
And the love and the light
 Were, suddenly, gone.

Came the Voice of the Lord:
“Now receive the reward

THE PILGRIM

Of the laughers at Life,
Who, faint, have not failed;
Who, weak, have not wailed:
My one jewel—a wife.

“Since the ape stood erect
For a sign of his sect
There have only been ten.
So perfect were they
That their names are to-day
Forgotten of men.”

On my brow stood the dew.
“Dear God; is it true?”
Mortal cannot believe it.”
Said the Voice, very bluff:
By my Tau, true enough!
You can take it or leave it.”

I took her, and still
Through the wit and the will
And the way and the word
And the crown of all these,
By the water at ease
Sings our bliss as a bird.

Together! together!
The wage of the weather

THE EQUINOX

Is liberty, light;
Is loyalty, love;
Is laughter, above
 The caprices of night.

From ocean emergent
Springs splendid, assurgent,
 The strenuous sun.
The shadows are gone,
But the tune ripples on,
 And the word is but one.

Let all that is living
Unite in thanksgiving
 To Heaven above,
For the Heaven within,
That a woman may win
 For a man—that is love.

At the end of the road
I have found an abode
 In the Tavern of Night;
And behold! it is one
With the House of the Sun
 And the Palace of Light!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

NO. IV.

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

[The hibernation of A. Quiller, senior, and the approaching marriage of A. Quiller, junior, have prevented either of them from contributing their columns as usual.—ED.]

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

THE BOOK OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC. A. E. WAITE. Wm. Rider
& Son, Ltd., 15s.

IT would ill become us to review this book; which, when it was called "The Book of Black Magic and of Pacts," was dismissed by the Editor of the "Goetia" as "a farrago of twenty-fifth-rate shoddy schoolboy journalism." And we are glad to see that in the new edition Mr Waite has corrected his logic by that Editor's light. But the introduction is new, and deserves comment.

Mr Waite still talks as if his mouth were full of hot potatoes. The length and obscurity of his archaisms renders him almost unintelligible to me, an affectation which I find intolerable. Such fools as it may impress are not worth having as followers, unless on is a swindler. In fact (let me whisper in Mr Waite's ear) no follower is worth having.

Mr Waite's central doctrine appears identical with that to which I personally assent; but I think he ruins its simplicity by his insistence on sectarian symbols and on the literalism which he would be the first to condemn in a Methodist.

As to the rituals of ceremonial magic which he condemns, he is right. But the Mass itself is a Magical Ceremony,

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and he does not condemn the Mass. The ceremonies which might be practised by, say, a neophyte of the A.:A.: would be as sublime as, and less tainted than, the services of the Church. Of such rituals Mr Waite is ignorant, more ignorant than the author of "The King's Dole" should be, unless such ignorance be the result of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

Further, ceremonial magic, even of the low angelic order, may be a sort of divine trap. The utterance of the Logos is one, but he is heard by divers nations in divers languages. Cannot God deal with a soul even by allowing him to pass through the "Houses of Sin"? Mr Waite blasphemes if he denies it.

As a practical example, I know of a man who took up the blackest magic from sheer hatred of God and Christ, a hatred Shelleyan and Thomsonian. What happened? He found by practice that to call forth an evil spirit you must identify yourself with the god that commands him.

He then saw no use for the demon, and continued with the god. Reason next said: "If with the small god, why not with the great God of all?" And in the upshot he found himself practising exactly the same method as Molinos, St Teresa, Buddha, Father Poulain, St Paul, Meredith Starr, A. E. Waite, Aleister Crowley, and the rest—and getting the very same results.

Oh, my dear sir, a man is a man, and if you give whisky to A, B, and C, they all get drunk, with minor variations for the personal equation; and God is one, and when A, B, and C pray, meditate, concentrate, invoke, chant, utter, watch, resign themselves, it is all one thing in different words. One is a little better, perhaps, for A; and another suits B. But God rewards all alike, in The End.

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

Mr Waite's grammar is as slovenly as ever: "The said three persons will draw lots among each other."

Mr Waite's scholarship is as slovenly as ever. He refers to Molinos as a Jesuit. I. BISS.

* * * * *

I am learning Scotch (for legal purposes) at present. I know the meaning of "lovite," "compear," "furthcoming," "reponed," "Edictal," "the matter libelled," "effeirs," "teind," "condescendence," "decderned," "arrestments have been used," "diligence of arrestment," "addebted," "averments," "proof was led," "oath of calumny," "sist," "mandatory," "runrig and rundale," "the Record has been placed in the Roll for adjustment" (Not said of a Pianola).

So that I have no time to learn Waitese, such as "palmary," "the imputed standpoint," "scattermeal," "a writer of my known dedications," "in respect of diluted views," "in respect of the mystic term," "in fine," "signal presentations," "it offers an experiment in integration," "casually literate," "some more withdrawn condition," "ineffable typology," "an essence so uttermost," "anywise," "dilucid," "hypostatic," "super-incession," "all antecedents and warrants of precursors," and so on.

But where I can understand Mr Waite I am surprised to find him (as soon as he wishes to speak of the high states) borrowing without acknowledgment from my published works.

WAITE (1911)

The act or *state of being lost in God* is that which I have elsewhere described in a perfection of all similitudes—which is of my

CROWLEY

Man's vision goes, dissolves in God's.

"Aha!" 1909.

All the illusion gone, behold The One that is. Ib.

THE EQUINOX

adaptation but not of my making
 (Is this his apology to me? A.C.)
 when Christ delivers up the King-
 dom of each soul to His Father,
 and God is all in all.

“Thou fastenest on
 This soul of mine, that it is gone,
 Gone from all life, and rapt away.” Ib.
 “This I know, that I am gone
 To the heart of God’s great diamond.”
 “The Ladder,” 1909.
 “I climbed still inwards. At the moveless
 point.
 Where all power, life, light, motion
 concentrate.
 I found God dwelling . . .
 He drank my breath,
 Absorbed my life in His, dispersed me,
 gave me death.”
 “Aceldama,” 1898.
 “The First House (*i.e.* the Father’s House)
 is so brilliant that you can’t think; and there,
 too, is my lover (the Son) and I (the soul)
 when we are one.”
 “The Wake-World,” 1907.

This is the state beyond the
 state when it is said that “*they*
shall see His face”

“reverent gaze
 Upon the ancient One of Days,
 Beyond which fancy lies the Truth.”
 “Pentecost,” 1902.
 “to us the rites of Eleusis should open the
 doors of Heaven, and we shall enter in and
 see God face to face!”
 “Eleusis,” 1906.
 “ye also shall see God face to face.” Ib.
 “they do lead one to the Vision of God face
 to face.” Ib.
 “initiates—men who have themselves seen
 God face to face, and lived.” Ib.
 “the three ways to the Holy House of the
 Old King . . . so that is his House, he is the
 Old King himself, and so are you.”
 “The Wake World,” 1907.
 Leaping all the lesser bars, I shall

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

	<p>become the One and All . . . and lose myself. “Konx Om Pax,” 1907. This were my guerdon; to fade utterly Into the rose-heart of that sanguine vase, And lose my purpose in its silent sea, And lose my life, and find my life, and pass Up to the sea that is as molten glass. “Tannhäuser,” 1901. “the ego is altogether abased, absorbed, in the Beloved.” “Time,” 1906.</p>
<p>“In that love and in that joining together there is <i>no passage longer from subject to object</i>. But this is the Godhead.” “The Most Secret, Most Holy Temple, into which God and the soul go in (sic! I don’t acknowledge Mr Waite as a disciple in grammar) and only one comes out.”</p>	<p>(Of Dhyana) “The absolute identity Of the beholder and the Vision.” “Pentecost,” 1904. “If a single state of consciousness persist unchanged for a period exceeding a very few seconds, its duality is annihilated.” “Science and Buddhism,” 1904. The object (<i>scil.</i> of meditation) disappears; in its stead arises a great glory, characterised by a feeling of calm, yet of intense, unimaginable bliss ... it might be absurd to assert that either subject or object disappears in Dhyana to the disadvantage of the other. “Time,” 1906. He (the Black Magician) works in a circle. . . . He says: I am inside, and you can’t get at me. He says One and One are Two! (By the “Black Magician” is here symbolised any person with the normal dualistic consciousness.) “Ali Sloper,” 1907. “Destroy him, or be he! That is enough; there is no more to say.” “Konx Om Pax,” 1907. “Prostrate I wait upon Thy will, Mine Angel, for this grace of union.” Ib. “nothing is</p>

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But the intensity of bliss.
Being is blasted. That exists.”

“Aha!” 1909.

“All thoughts are evil. Thought is two:
The seer and the seen. Eschew
That supreme blasphemy, my son,
Remembering that God is One.”

“Aha!” 1909.

“In the astral visions the consciousness is hardly disturbed; in magical evocations it is intensely exalted; but it is still bound by its original conditions. The Ego is still opposed to the Non-Ego. . . . all true mystical phenomena contradict these conditions. In the first place, the Ego and the Non-Ego unite explosively . . . &c., &c.”—“The Psychology of Hashish,” 1909.

“Samadhi (is) that state of mind in which subject and object, becoming One, have disappeared.” Ib.

“The uniting of subject and object which is Samadhi.” Ib.

“O thou sun
Of thought, of bliss transcending thought,
Rise *where division dies!* Absorb
In glory of the glowing orb
Self and its shadow!”

“Pentecost,” 1904.

“He (Huxley) denies the assertion of duality; he has no datum to assert the denial of duality. I have.”

“Science and Buddhism,” 1904.

“Whosoever goes inward to find anything but the Divine in his centre is working on the side of his own loss . . . those who are seeking to exercise the powers of the soul apart from its graces are treading the downward path.”

“Miracles follow as a dower.
But ah! they used the fatal power
And lost the Spirit in the act.”

“Pentecost,” 1904.

“Let then the student contradict every vision and refuse to enjoy it.”

“Postcards to Probationers,” 1909.

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

“the quest of miracolous power (pertains to) the sciences of the abyss.”

“The tradition à rebours is definitely and clearly that of miracolous power in the quest and attainment thereof.”

“It is waste of power (the most expensive kind of power) to ‘make the spirits bring us all kinds of food, etc.’ ”

“John St John,” 1908.

“divination should be discarded from the start.” Ib.

“to use the spiritual forces to secure health is the vilest black magic.” Ib.

“He asked him (i.e. the Adept) frequently to dine,

Forgetting purposely the wine

(Though the Arcana of Nibbana

Ignore the very name of Cana).

He could not pass a herd of swine

Without a hint; in fact, in fine,

He took His Silence as a sign:

This is an enemy of mine!”

“Konx Om Pax,” 1907.

“Fifth House, and mostly dream at that.”

(The Fifth House is that of Geburah, the house of Magical Power). Ib.

“But after all these wonders, rank after rank of the Blessed Angels, after all visions of the Great White Throne, it is as if a quiet centre opened unawares and through an immeasurable silence drew down the soul—from the many splendours into the one splendour . . . as if the soul saw there the one God and itself as the one worshipper. But after a little while the worshipper itself has dissolved, and from henceforth and for ever it has the consciousness of God only. . . .”

“Then subtly, easily, imperceptibly gliding, I passed away into nothing. And I was wrapped in the black brilliance of my Lord, that interpenetrated me in every part, fusing its light with my darkness, and leaving there no darkness, but pure light. . . . At once, automatically, the interior trembling began again, and again the subtle brilliance flowed through me. The consciousness again died and was reborn as the divine, always without shock or stress. . . . Being entered into the Silence, let me abide in Silence!”

“John St John,” 1908.

“O petty purities and pale,

These visions I have spoken of!

The Infinite Lord of Light and Love

Breaks on the soul like dawn. . . .

In that fire the soul burns up.

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One drop from that celestial cup
Is an abyss, an infinite sea
That sucks up immortality.”

“Aha!” 1909.

“Lie open, a chameleon cup,
And let Him suck thine honey up.” Ib.

Dozens and scores of other parallel passages could be adduced; but I have sat up half the night already.

It follows that: *either* Mr Waite is a disciple of my own, *or* “the devil is quoting Holy Writ.”

I’ll risk a bob that he would rather be the devil!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

X-RAYS ON EX-PROBATIONERS

RATS leave sinking ships; but you cannot be sure that a ship will sink because you see a rat running away from it. The captain may have given orders about it.

Persecution is like Keating’s Powder. It does not injure the most delicate skin, but it removes all vermin.

“Mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted lifted up his heel against me”—and then I saw it was the hoof of an ass.

PERDURABO.

THE VAMPIRE

I DREAM in strange laughterless mazes;
I wake at the set of the sun;
All popped the paean of praise is
That lives on the lives it has won.
And crimson grow cheeks that are ashen,
And gold gleam the locks that are grey,
For I live—and bright blood is my passion,
Hot-veined in the heart of the day!

Aha! For the rapture that dazes!
Wine-drained as the breast of a nun
Droops the throat that my savage soul raises,
Thirsting yet for the life that is done!
Sharp as rocks where strong billows have thundered,
Calm as seas where strange tempests have run,
Strong as Death; were the Derelicts sundered
Feed the Soul without Hope, which is One.

In the Vault of the Infinite Spaces,
By the Moon of a mirrorless Sea,
I lie, while Eternity races—
Dream-bound in the visions of me.
See popped lips pale in the star-light,
The lustiest swoon at my breath,
Till the were-wolves howl—ho! 'tis the far light!—
Even so—I caress—it is Death!

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE BIG STICK

A DREAMER'S TALES. By LORD DUNSANY.

Lord Dunsany's prose is like Baudelaire's. I can only criticise five of these tales; for the others I have not yet read forty times!

"Poltarnees" is the best tale ever written of the lure of the Sea. I wish I could think that my "Anima Lunae" helped to inspire it.

"Bethmoora" and "The Hashish Man" are really one tale. Words really fail me here; if I quote one half sentence all who really understand English will know that this is the perfection of the sublime in its simplicity. "Away we went from that small, pale, *heinous* man."

"Pore Ole Bill" seems derived from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "the Yarn of the Nancy Bell." Mixed. What could be more ridiculous? Yet I read it again and again, and the oftener I read it the keener does its fascination grip me.

And what shall I say of "The Sword and the Idol"? Only this; that it is true. Lord Dunsany has really beheld the dawn of the Iron Age, and the conquest of the King by the Priest. G. W. Foote ought to publish this tale as an atheistic pamphlet; it is the best ever written. And yet to me "The Silence of Ged" (Oh bold my Lord Dunsany!) came as a voice in the wood at midnight, when the sword-holder raises his steel against Ged. Ged neither hit nor shrank—in the end the sword was laid as an offering upon his knees.

So let the adept sit smiling through all that may befall him; then those that hate him shall wonder at his strength; in the end they shall worship him. And He, an He speak, shall by speaking save; an He yet keep silence, shall by keeping silence, bless. Amen. ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE MESSAGE OF THUBA MLEEN

I

Far beyond Utnar Véhi, far beyond
The Hills of Hap,
Sits the great Emperor crowned with diamond,
Twitching the rosary in his lap—

THE BIG STICK

The rosary whose every bead well-conned
With sleek unblinking bliss
Was once the eyeball of an unborn child of his.

II

He drank the smell of living blood, that hissed
On flame-white steel.
He tittered while his mother's limbs were kissed
By the fish-hooks on the Wheel
That shredded soul and shape, more fine than mist
Is torn by the bleak wind
That blows from Kragua and the unknown lands behind.

III

As the last flesh was flicked, he wearied; slaves
From bright Bethmoora
Sprang forward with carved bowls whose crimson craves
Green wine of hashish, black wine of datura,
Like the Yann's earlier and its latter waves!
These wines soothed well the spleen
Of the Desert's bastard brother Thuba Mleen.

IV

He drank, and eyed the slaves. "Mwass, Dagricho,
Xu-Xulgulura,
Saddle your mules!" he whispered, "ride full slow
Unto Bethmoora
And bid the people of the city know
That that most ancient snake,
The Crone of Utnar Véhi, is awake."

V

Thus twisted he his dagger in the hearts
Of those two slaves
That bore him wine; for they knew well the arts
Of Utnar Véhi—what the grey Crone craves!—
Knew how their kindred in the vines and marts
Of bright Bethmoora, thus accurst,
Would rush to the mercy of the Desert's thirst.

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VI

I would that Mana-Yood-Sushai would lean
And listen, and hear
The tittering, thin-bearded, epicene,
Dwarf, fringed with fear,
Of the Desert's bastard brother Thuba Mleen!
For He would wake, and scream
Aloud the Word to annihilate the dream.

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN. By VICTOR B. NEUBURG. *The Equinox* 55

Shame, Mr Neuburg! Also fie! and tut!
No dog-nosed and blue-faced baboon in rut
Feels as you feel; or if he does, God's mercies
Deny him power to tell his thoughts in verses.

This is a most regrettable collection
Of songs; they deal with unrestrained affection
Unlicensed by the Church and State; what's worse
There's no denying they are first-rate verse.
It surely cannot be that Pan's in clover
And England's days of Sunday-school are over!

PERCY FLAGE.

THE GRACES OF INTERIOR PRAYER. FATHER POULAIN, S. J.

It would be easy, and was tempting, to dismiss Father Poulain and his 650 pages with a jest—I have done harder things—for the mountains of his prejudice are difficult to approach across the abyss of his ignorance.

For example, he devotes just a paragraph to "Yogis." These persons he describes as "Hindu Buddhists" who are "Panteists," and endeavour to produce "a state of stupefaction" in "their mental powers which are very low" and a "comatose condition" of their body, whose joints they dislocate. How well this describes such people as the Buddha and the author of the *Bhagavadgita*!

What a ring fence is Romanism against not merely truth but information!

We then examine Father Poulain on the scientific side. How does levitation of the Saints take place?

"The simplest explanation, and that most in conformity with the order of Providence, consists in saying: Since the angels have power to move corporeal bodies, God makes use of their ministry, so as to avoid intervening Himself without necessity."

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(This is not the translator's blundering, though perhaps much more may be hoped from a lady who says that "Socrates remained for twenty-four hours lost in thought in the camp that Potidaea was besieging." It was Potidaea's way of doing her back hair that made her so generally admired.)

No; this is the real Poulain, 50 per cent. above proof.

I am sorry for this hobble-skirted Atalanta. He must not study mystic facts; all he is allowed to do is to arrange, invent, delete as may suit dogma. He is obliged to accept the nymphomaniac nun Gertrude, and treat her blasphemous maunderings with reverence, or ascribe some peculiarly foul outburst to an "early temptation." He must accept every orthodox levitation, and explain it by weight-lifting competitions among the angels; he must deny every heterodox levitation, or explain it by demonic power. And as one's bitterest enemies are always one's nearest relations, so his bitterest polemics are against the Quietists who are absolutely indistinguishable from the orthodox, and in favour at Rome until the intrigues of the beasts of blood of the Society of Jesus destroyed Molinos. Father Poulain even repeats the Catholic Truths about Molinos's confession. But Father Poulain is a Jesuit.

At this stage a reviewer wants to get up and stamp such people into pulp. But the hour is not yet, though Ferrer's blood adds its cry to that of his fellow-martyrs. Rather let us consider the good points in Father Poulain's poultice.

He understand the mysticism of his own system fairly well, and his book forms a most useful document in comparative Occultism. A. C.

ALCHEMY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By H. STANLEY REDGRAVE. [Publisher and price information omitted]

A most admirable treatise on the little-understood and misunderstood science of Alchemy. More, the only treatise. Clarity and good sense mark every line. A book entirely essential to anyone who wishes to study the subject, and to understand, (1) how the alchemists conceived of hierarchical monism, (2) how they preserved mysticism, (3) how they made chemistry possible.

The book is a complete refutation alike of the Pooh-Pooh and the Holy Timmie schools of critics. LEO VIRIDIS.

LOTUS LEAVES. By ALICE L. HEAD. Elkin Mathews.

I really enjoyed these charming poems.

Now, you know, I don't often say a thing like that! ALICE L. FOOTE.

AN ADVENTURE.

Anonymous.

This little book appears to be the production of an extremely clever young man.

THE EQUINOX

But he should have taken more pains to make the literary style of "Miss Morrison" different from that of "Miss Lamond"; and he should have shown the MS. to a lady. The most improbable event recorded is this: one of two modern ladies, walking at Versailles, sees a woman dressed in the clothes of the period of Louis XVI. --- and makes no remark!

I don't think!

S. HOLMES.

THE PORCH. Vol. I. NO. 5. JOHN G. GICHTEL (Extracts).

Outside 21 Cecil Court I don't suppose one could find a holier man than John G. Gichtel.

He writes like a Magister Templi, does John G.; and does indeed communicate a little that may be of use to an Adeptus of any kind. But there is nothing for naughty Neophytes, or for poor putrid Probationers. Why doesn't Mr. Watkins issue easy simple straightforward instructions, like the EQUINOX?

PROBATIONER.

Ib. No. 6. THE SEVEN VALLEYS. by FARIDUDDIN ATTAR. 3*d*.

A man of good repute who loved God saw Majnun sifting earth in the middle of the road, and said to him: "Oh Majnun! What art thou seeking thus?" "I seek Laylah." "Can a pearl so pure be found in that dust?" "I seek Laylah everywhere, in the hope of finding her one day somewhere."

This was my toil, and the reward is mine.

Of such gems the volume is full.

A. C.

Ib. No. 7. A SERMON FOR WHIT SUNDAY. By JOHN TAULER.

Awful good, but awful dull. Mr Crowley's "Pentecost" is much livelier.

H. G.

SPIRITISM AND INSANITY. By Dr MARCEL VIOLLET.

The worst type of cocksure medical dogmatising rendered into pitifully Frenchified English. This is (I am told) not the fault of the translator, but of Dr Viollet's arrogance. Good English is not good enough for him. It sounds to me like incipient G.P.I.

TARR, M.B.

DIVORCE PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY. E. S. P. HAYNES.

Divorce Law Reform Union. 1*s*.

These papers are learned and acute, but also wise and broad-minded.

Mr. Haynes' suggestions go about as far as practical politics allow. Polygynous Monogamy is the natural state of the Briton, and we cannot sweep it away to pleas a few idealistic cranks. And marriage is a matter too serious to be treated as Houdini treats handcuffs, popping in and out at will. On the other hand,

THE BIG STICK

everybody is not a Houdini, and we must help the weaker brethren. No life should be irrevocably accurst. Marriage bonds should be bonds of roses; and if the roses fade, they should be thrown away.

As for me, I feel at present like a cross between Galahad and St Paul. Henry VIII. is but a memory.

MOHAMMED (dated from his suspended coffin).

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL. By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH. The Equinox.
3s. 6d.

This admirable study of a modern temperament, a thoughtful and generous mind at sea in the whirl of these new forces, so difficult to understand at all, so impossible to rate at their real value is a monument of our late colleague's earlier manner.

The book is almost as abstract as Kant, more abstract than Erewhon. Mr Raffalovich when he wrote this had not that lightning flash, the concentration of infinite light into a single lucid symbol, which distinguishes his later work.

The light is calm and cool. If I had to compare this book to another, I should select one of Jane Austen's; and if it is pointed out that I have never read any of Jane Austen's I can retort that neither have I read "The History of a Soul."
ALEISTER CROWLEY.

PSYCHISM. By M. HUME. [publisher and price information missing]

Mrs Hume is a female M. h S r. She begins by a long hypothesis full of big words whose meaning she shows no sign of understanding, though the sentence "Lunatics abound" can hardly be denied. The body of the book is made up of rambling statements (unsupported by any sort of evidence) of psychic powers that she possesses, the least of which, if substantiated, would be sufficient to overturn the entire universe; and still more Starry are the "inspirational" poems which disconnectedly impregnate the other rubbish.

"Nay, take her up gently,
Dry thou her tears,
Wind thine arm round her,
Soothe thou her fears."

This seems as obviously borrowed from Hood as her great male analogue borrows from any book that he has been reading recently.

"Nature's law rules supreme
Because it is God's.
He framed it,
It must be,
And men are his 'lords.'"

THE EQUINOX

At this point, as Mrs Hume observes, "the strong man reeled in his anguish."
N. W.

THE HUMAN CHORD. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

If we were right in suggestion as de did in September, that Mr Edgar Jepson had stolen fire from Mr Blackwood, we must now admit that Mr Blackwood has got more than even. For the "Human Chord" has a plot so like that of No. 19 that we can hardly help thinking that Mr Blackwood must have been studying the methods of William Somerset Maugham, Esq., M.D. In both books we have a lonely place, and a strong man of the magician type, and the beautiful young lady, and the nice young gentleman, who agree after a little experience that it is much better to give up any aspiration higher than that of checking race suicide. Even the incidents in the "Human Chord" suggest "No. 19." The horrible creature coming out of the dark is very like Mr Blackwood's personified sounds, and the final smash-up if of very much the same type. Mr Blackwood's other sources are the Qabalah, which he appears to have taken from the preface to Mathers, and if he had only added to his library a shilling handbook on sound, he would have avoided some of the more absurd blunders. The distinguishing difference between "No. 19" and the "Human Chord," is that Edgar Jepson is a first-rate story-teller, while Algernon Blackwood is suffering from indigestion brought on by a surfeit of ill-cooked Theosophy. The theories spring up and choke the narrative, and it becometh unfruitful.

GEORGOS.

THE DEUCE AND ALL. By GEORGE RAFFLOVICH. Published by the EQUINOX.
Price 3s. 6d. and 1s. net.

I can find no words of any known language strong and emphatic enough to express my admiration of this extraordinary volume. Twelve tales! The twelve Pointed Star of Genius! An introduction that is a Revelation! Magical knowledge thrown away! Psychology never at fault! Truly the Book to read again and again.

But, mind you, do not let it fall into the hands of elderly people. *They would never die.*
GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

POEMS. By VICTOR RATCLIFFE. Cambridge, 1910.

The title of this little volume is misleading.

CANTAB.

BRACKEN. By JOHN TREVENA.

This is a very fine study of west country life. Jaspar Ramridge is a school-master, and can see nothing but discipline.

Cuthbert Orton is a schoolboy, and can see nothing but revolt against that discipline.

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Neither grows up. So when they start to create, the boy produces a creature of naked emotion and no more; the man a creature of naked intellect and no more. The first is an animal, the second a devil.

This is our own doctrine; but never have I seen it better expressed.

It is not the province of man to create, but to beget. The father of the girl who is in turn obsessed by Orton and Ramridge is a perfect ass; but he made a very good job once in his life.

Let this admirable book be a warning to all those who seek magical power, or to teach pupils.

If you obtain magical powers, as is easy, you can only use it to destroy both yourself and your victims, unless by a greater miracle than the magic itself. If you seek to teach, your pupils are almost sure to misunderstand.

The alternative is to initiate; and this can only be done by those who are no longer men or magicians.

Let me congratulate Mr Trevena upon a most enthralling and instructive book.

O. H.

THE WHIRLPOOL. By ETHEL ARCHER. The Equinox. 1s. net.

I can add nothing to the appreciation which I have written for preface to this volume, which all should read.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Look at the cover, and shudder!

In this masterpiece of illustration dwells the very soul of the book,—the virgin emaciated with insatiable passion; the verminous, illicit night-bird of a prehistoric age (the only conceivable steed for such an one!); the turbid waters of imagery; the lurid sky to which tentacular arms appeal to loves too luscious for this world, are all embodied in this simple design. The artist has seized the loathsome horror of the book,—I feared even to sign it.

Look at the cover and shudder; then read it if you dare!

E. J. WIELAND.

The obsurer phases of love, the more mystic side of passion, have never been more enchantingly delineated than they are by Ether Archer, in this delightfully vicious book.

Terrible in its naïveté, astounding in its revelations, “The Whirlpool” is the complete morbid expression of that infinite disease of the spirit spoken of in Thelema.

For my own personal opinion I refer readers to my exquisite introductory sonnet to the volume.

VICTOR.

The first thing one wishes to know on completing this extraordinary volume is:—What is the author’s definition of Art? Some say that the definition of Art is to please; I say Art is artifice; Phil May said something which conveys nothing if

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translated into Latin, and is unprintable in English.

If the author holds Phil Mar's opinion she has, of course, ever right to continue printing such books; if, however, her idea of Art is to please, then Ether Archer's idea of pleasure is as warped as her nature.

To the Philistine Public this book will have but one use—it contains just sufficient paper to set the drawing-room fire agoing in event of returning home after the domestics have retire to rest. Those, however, who appreciate good verse, with find just sufficient warmth therein to read it though the fire be out.

BUNCO.

Especially after a last glance at the wonderful cover, I think that The World's Pool of Sound suggests itself as an alternative title to this thin volume. Thin but bony—nor could sweeter marrow be found elsewhere. The volume has, I am afraid, an unfortunate horoscope, owing no doubt to some affliction in Virgo, with no correspondingly strong influence from the house of Taurus. Let use leave it at that.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

Babes of the Abyss! behold Form without Soul! Of womanhood (philosophical Weininger-womanhood!) Ether Archer is the supreme expression. She is passion à rebours; Là-bas in excelsis. One can imagine her writhing away from even the infamies and hysterics of Canon Docre; or, having won her broomstick, declining to go to the Sabbath. Hers is the glass fruit of Murano, with its tinkling bells; hers that obscene chastity which blasphemes love and holds the candle to vice. Hers is the prudery and respectability which can pass through all fires unscorched, unwarmed. Hers is the soul of the real succuba, as that was before man idealised it away into a vampire of voluptuousness.

Miss Archer (God help her!) is still young; her verse halts and her technique is faulty; it is amateurish. But she only needs a little hard work and experience to produce the vilest ravings that ever foamed upon the fleshless lips of a lost soul.

Unless that work redeems her. For she is as idle as she is vicious. The book is a masterpiece of horror, in its way; every one should read it and shudder.

LAURA GRAHAME.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE!

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE BIG STICK

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, etc. BERNARD SHAW.

The preface to the first of these plays is a pointless hotchpotch of ignorant balderdash, the eavesdropping of a doctor's flunky translated to a suburban layman. Sometimes it hits the marks; the law of chance provides for this event.

The play is even worse rubbish.

Follows a dull, dirty stupid, prolix, foolish farrago about marriage. "By George!" cried Somerset, "Three days of you have transformed me into an ancient Roman!" Bernard Shaw is the nearest approach to the redoubtable Zero that seems possible. I have had doubts about marriage, and troubles in marriage; but Shaw has made me feel partly like St Paul and partly like Queen Victoria.

But there is no need to take Shaw seriously. He has lived so long as cock-of-the-walk of his mattoid dunghill of sexless and parasexual degenerates that he has lost sight of the world altogether. Probably a sewer-rat thinks that fresh air smells nasty. Nor, one may add, is much consideration due to a person so ignorant as to write "dumbfoundered" for "dumfoundered" and "laudatores temporis acti." "Til" for "till" is doubtless only a foolish faddism intended to irritate, like the Old Philadelphia Lady in the *New York Herald*, but he has not her sense of humour.

There is some ground, though, for hoping that the "Doctor's Dilemma" and "Getting Married" merely mark the temporary eclipse of a great mind. For the remarks on the Censor are quite informed and sensible, and Blanco Posnet is really quite good. The characters are human and living—a welcome change indeed from the dogmatic dummies of the other two plays. A. C.

CAGLIOSTRO. By W. H. TROWBRIDGE.

I have a prejudice against memoirs of a century ago. They are usually pornographic tittle-tattle, absolutely pointless, the favourite reading of a Colonel Glumley. One expects to see them in a still-life whose other ingredients are birches tied up with blue ribbons, and imitations of the Inimitable.

What, then, was my pleasure in finding this study of Cagliostro a well-written and profoundly interesting book!

The man problem of Cagliostro's identity is discussed with marvellous power and fascination.

Mr Trowbridge's review of eighteenth-century occultism is strikingly sane and intelligent. Knowing nothing of the causes à priori, he has judged by the effects, and these have not betrayed him. Indeed, had Mr Trowbridge sworn secrecy to the modern Illuminati, I am afraid that he might have his s. . . l

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s . . n across, and his b s exposed to the s g r . . s of the s . n before now!

I think Mr Trowbridge is too ready to assume that the initiations of Egyptian Masonry were ridiculous. On what documents does he base his description? It is always open to a Mason to reply to an "exposure" that those who tell don't know, and those who know don't tell. My own small knowledge of the matter assures me that the accounts given on pp. 111 and 112, 120 and 121 are entirely foreign to that knowledge and à priori most unlikely. It is incredible that one to whom so many impressive rites were accessible should found his system on tomfoolery.

I wish Mr Trowbridge could have found time to study intimately for a month the life of a modern master.

As it is, the most natural phenomena perturb him. The periodical disappearances of his hero annoy the historian; yet this is the first condition of the life of a Magus, like the disappearance of salmon from rivers. Unless one went back to the sea pretty often, those silver scales would blacken.

Many other matter, too, would have suggested their own explanation. However, the historian's native wit has gone very far to supply him with motives for Cagliostro. What puzzles fools, whether they be Jewish, Russian, French, or naturalised Englishmen, in estimating the actions of an adept, is this; they have not the smallest notion of what he loves, or even of what he sees. Cagliostro is fortunate in finding a student with good sense and perspicacity. It is only a step from Cagliostro's vindication (successfully accomplished in this book) to his triumph. Mr Trowbridge will come one day to see that his high mission was not a failure, recognise that Dumas is the most illuminated of historians as well as the most fascinating of novelists.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE WAY OF THE SOUL, a legend in line and verse. By WILLIAM T. HORTON.

A little while ago I begged the Deity to forbid that William T. Horton should become vocal. My prayer was not heard.

Again, William T. Horton begged the Deity not to let the Equinox review his book.

His prayer has not been heard.

Enough to shake anybody's faith!

There is a most illuminated forward by Ralph Shirley, a thing I could wish to have written myself.

And now for the Reverse of the Medal.

The principal subject of illustration is a series of accordion-pleated cliffs

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made of Sunlight soap, waters made of vermicelli, suns indicated by circles drawn with a compass surrounded by lines drawn with a very unsteady hand to represent rays—surely a ruler would have been neater?—moons cut out of cardboard probably by his little sister, trees rather well done as they are accurately copied from Morris & Co., flaming swords like fly-switches, roses and stars and the rest, all conceived and executed with inconceivable coarseness, banality, and an absolute lack of any sense of beauty on the one hand and technical skill on the other. Such drawing would be rejected by the vulgarest comic papers; the best examples do not reach the standard of Ally Sloper, though the feeling approximates to that journal's at its nadir.

I did not mention that there are numerous attempts to represent divine, angelic, and human forms; the subject is beyond my power of expression.

As it is, I can only beg my readers to buy this book, for these drawings must be seen to be believed. And even then? Their existence is incompatible with that of God.

The only other way to save my credit is to quote (without comment; I am only human) the “verse”; it is better than the drawings, but it will give an idea of what William T. Horton really can do.

Isis-Osiris, Lo! on Thy throne
Two-in-One, apart, alone,
Breathe on us of Thy might;
Ruler of Love and Light
Isis-Osiris on Thy golden throne
Two-in-One, apart, alone.

• • • • •
The Future hid,
The Soul, in Love,
Goes where 'tis bid.
By Love above.

• • • • •
Within a cold and barren land,
Whereon, at times, a moon doth shine
A tree of Life doth upright stand,
Close by a gap, near a deep mine.

• • • • •
I know that over there,
Behind the crescent moon,
There waits for me somewhere,
One I shall meet full soon.

• • • • •

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Thy heart shall weary
And thy Soul shall cry,
Till thou findest me,
Thy Bride from on high.

Star of my Hope to thee I call
Upon the way I stumbling fall
Shine thou upon my weary soul
Disperse the clouds that o'er me roll.

I faint for thee with dear desire
My heart with longing oft doth tire
To thee I climb—ah! shine on me
Disclose thyself, revealed be.

Why hidest thou from me thy face?
Come forth, thy hand in mine, Sweet, place;
I stand where many cross roads meet
Oh! guide and guard my faltering feet

Within it's Crystal House the Soul,
Made perfect, sits enthroned in joy,
Around it all Earth's clouds may roll,
But nought can harm it, or annoy.

Isis, Mother of all the gods,
By Thee th' aspiring Soul doth rise;
No more on Earth it blindly plods
But, Spirit-freed, mounts to the skies.

The late Leonard Smithers once told me an anecdote, for whose truth I do not vouch.

William T. Horton was walking across a moor (I think it was Clapham Common) at night to be an architect, when he heard a voice,

“ Turn again, Hor-ton,
Ar-tist of Lon-don!”

He turned. But I don't agree with Leonard Smithers' comment that William T. Horton could have made a good architect; I prefer the sober judgment of Ethel Archer that he might have been trained to be a bricklayer.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE BIG STICK

NEW EVIDENCES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By J. ARTHUR HILL.

A very interesting record, written fairly and conceived clearly. There is absolutely none of the sentimentality which degrades 99.9 per cent. of Spiritistic "research."

I must confess that "Watson" does not impress me. He is too terribly correct in his facts. To admit the supernormal hypothesis here would be to betray all good sense. However unlikely it may appear, Watson must have known the facts.

For otherwise, if he can describe and name some fifteen relatives of "F. K.," he ought—in the course of a lifetime—to do as much for many others. But he doesn't

The argument is this. Suppose my aeroplane does just manage to leave the ground for a few yards, one can explain it away. But if I fly from London to New York, I show such power that it is reasonable to insist on my flying at least a few miles to order.

I challenge Watson to give me the name of one relative of a stranger that I bring him.

The cross-correspondences are more satisfactory. But the hypothesis of spirits is quite unnecessary.

If we admit, as any Pantheist would admit, that subliminal Mrs Verral is identical with or in communication with subliminal Mrs Piper, there is no mystery left, no suggestion of Myers to pit against the blank failure of the sealed letter test. Further, I distrust "Mrs Holland." I cannot believe that any one is so imbecile as not to solve the Hodgson cipher at a single glance. But a grande hystérique forging the script might pretend to be unable to decipher it.

I have seen more fraud from the vanity of amateurs than from the cupidity of professionals. So, in the end, to this record as to all others, I enter the Scotch verdict.

A. C.

THE ALTAR IN THE WILDERNESS. By ETHELBERT JOHNSON.

A charming little book, a book of understanding. But this one thing he does not understand, that He who should come hath indeed come. "For we have seen His Star in the West, and are come to worship Him."

L. T.

CORRESPONDENCE

“THE PERFECT SHOPKEEPER”

25 OLD BOND STREET,
LONDON, W., 11th Feb. 1911.

DEAR SIR,—I have heard from our Lawyers (to whom you compelled us to go to obtain payment from you) that you have paid £6 into court in settlement of our account of £9, 10s., of which £8, 10s., is for repairs to a suit case brought to us in very bad state, the remaining £1 being simply money paid out of pocket to our workman for watch and coffee-pot repairs, etc.

In instructing our Lawyers to accept such payment, we think it best to state that had you at any time told us you objected to any of the charges we should at once have tried to have met your wishes and pleased you, but you never have complained, simply ignoring all our applications for payment as on previous occasions with your accounts. The writer, you may possibly remember, had an interview with you here in June 1906, when he remonstrated with you strongly on your very shabby treatment; you there and then, to make up for it perhaps, gave us an order, selecting the very fine suit case over which your were, by the special instructions of the writer, put on most liberal terms for cash.

Perhaps having treated us so shabbily again you will give us another order, for if letting people in for needless Lawyers' expense is your idea of right from wrong it is very different from

Yours faithfully,

A. ELLIOTT of

J. W. BENSON LTD.

P.S.—if calling, kindly ask for the writer, who will be pleased to see you again.

E. A. CROWLEY, Esq.,
124 Victoria Street, S. W.

[This letter (a masterpiece of autopsychography) should be read in the light of the article published in No. iv. pp. 311-313. A.C.]

[This correspondence must *not* now cease.—ED.]

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

LIBER XXX ÆRVM

VEL SÆCVLI

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CCCCXVIII

BEING OF THE ANGELS OF THE 30 ÆTHYRS

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

A.: A.: Publication in Class A B.
Imprimatur:

D.D.S. 7° = 4° Præmonstrator
O.S.V. 6° = 5° Imperator
N.S.F. 5° = 6° Cancellarius

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

THE CRY OF THE THIRTIETH OR INMOST AIRE OR ÆTHYR
WHICH IS CALLED TEX

I AM in a vast crystal cube in the form of the Great God Harpocrates. This cube is surrounded by a sphere. About me are four archangels in black robes, their wings and armour lined out in white.

In the North is a book on whose back and front are A.M.B.Z. in Enochian characters.

Within it is written:

I AM, the surrounding of the four.

Lift up your heads, O Houses of Eternity: for my Father goeth forth to judge the World. One Light, let it become a thousand, and one sword ten thousand, that no man hide him from my Father's eye in the Day of Judgment of my God. Let the Gods hide themselves: let the Angels be troubled and flee away: for the Eye of My Father is open, and the Book of the Æons is fallen.

Arise! Arise! Arise! Let the Light of the Sight of Time be extinguished: let the Darkness cover all things: for my Father goeth forth to seek a spouse to replace her who is fallen and defiled.

Seal the book with the seals of the Stars Concealed: for

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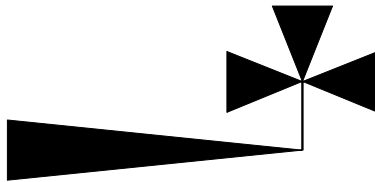
the Rivers have rushed together and the Name יהוה is broken in a thousand pieces (against the Cubic Stone).

Tremble ye, O Pillars of the Universe, for Eternity is in travail of a Terrible Child; she shall bring forth an universe of Darkness, whence shall leap forth a spark that shall put his father to flight.

The Obelisks are broken; the stars have rushed together: the Light hath plunged into the Abyss: the Heavens are mixed with Hell.

My Father shall not hear their Noise: His ears are closed: His eyes are covered with the clouds of Night.

The End! the End! the End: For the Eye of Shiva He hath opened: the Universe is naked before Him: for the Æon of Saturn leaneth toward the Bosom of Death.



The Angel of the East hath a book of red written in letters of Blue A.B.F.M.A. in Enochian. The Book grows before my eyes and filleth the Whole Heaven.

Within: “It is Written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God.”

I see above the Book a multitude of white-robed Ones from whom droppeth a great rain of Blood; but above them is a Golden Sun, having an eye, whence a great Light.

I turned me to the South: and read therein:

Seal up the Book! Speak not that which thou seest and

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reveal it unto none: for the ear is not framed that shall hear it:
nor the tongue that can speak it!

O Lord God, blessed, blessed, blessed be Thou for ever!

Thy Shadow is as great Light.

Thy Name is as the Breath of Love across all Worlds.



(A vast Svastika is shewn unto me behind the Angel with the Book.)

Rend your garments, O ye clouds! Uncover yourselves! for the Love of My Son!

Who are they that trouble thee?

Who are they that slew thee?

O Light! Come thou, who art joined with me to bruise the Dragon's head.

We, who are wedded, and the Earth perceiveth it not!

O that Our Bed were seen of Men, that they might rejoice in My Fertility: that My Sister might partake of My Great Light.

O Light of God, when wilt thou find the heart of man—write not! I would not that men know the Sorrow of my Heart, Amen!

I turned me to the West, and the Archangel bore a flaming Book, on which was written AN in Enochian. Within was drawn a fiery scorpion, yet cold withal.

Until the Book of the East be opened!

Until the hour sound!

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Until the Voice vibrate!
Until it pierce my Depth;
Look not on High!
Look not Beneath!

For thou wilt find a life which is as Death: or a Death which should be infinite.

For Thou art submitted to the Four: Five thou shalt find, but Seven is lone and far.

O Lord God, let Thy Spirit hither unto me!

For I am lost in the night of infinite pain: no hope: no God: no resurrection: no end: I fall: I fear.

O Saviour of the World, bruise Thou my Head with Thy foot to save the world, that once again I touch Him whom I slew, that in my death I feel the radiance and the heat of the moving of Thy Robes!

Let us alone! What have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth?

Go! Go!

If I keep silence—Or if I speak each word is anguish without hope.

And I heard the Æthyr cry aloud “Return! Return! Return! For the work is ended; and the Book is shut; and let the glory be to God the Blessed for ever in the Æons, Amen.” Thus far is the voice of TEX and no more.

THE CRY OF THE TWENTY AND NINTH AIRE OR ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED RII

The sky appears covered with stars of gold; the background is of green. But the impression is also of darkness.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

An immense eagle-angel is before me. His wings seem to hide all the Heaven.

He cried aloud saying: The Voice of the Lord upon the Waters: the Terror of God upon Mankind. The voice of the Lord maketh the Skies to tremble: the Stars are troubled: the Aires fall. The First Voice Speaketh and saith: Cursed, cursed be the Earth, for her iniquity is great. Oh Lord! Let Thy Mercy be lost in the great Deep! Open thine eyes of Flame and Light, O God, upon the wicked! Lighten thine Eyes! The Clamour of Thy Voice, let it smite down the Mountains!

Let us not see it! Cover we our eyes, lest we see the End of Man.

Close we our ears, lest we hear the cry of Woman.

Let none speak of it: let none write it: I, I am troubled, my eyes are moist with dews of terror: surely the Bitterness of Death is past.

And I turned me to the South and lo! a great lion as wounded and perplexed.

He cried: I have conquered! Let the Sons of Earth keep silence; for my Name is become as That of Death!

When will men learn the Mysteries of Creation?

How much more those of the Dissolution (and the Pang of Fire)?

I turned me to the West and there was a great Bull; White with horns of White and Black and Gold. His mouth was scarlet and his eyes as Sapphire stones. With a great sword he shore the skies asunder, and amid the silver flashes of the steel grew lightnings and deep clouds of Indigo.

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He spake: It is finished! My mother hath unveiled herself!

My sister hath violated herself! The life of things hath disclosed its Mystery.

The work of the Moon is done! Motion is ended for ever!

Clipped are the eagle's wings: but my Shoulders have not lost their strength.

I heard a Great Voice from above crying: Thou liest! For the Volatile hath indeed fixed itself; but it hath arisen above thy sight. The World is desert: but the Abodes of the House of my Father are peopled; and His Throne is crusted over with white Brilliant Stars, a lustre of bright gems.

In the North is a Man upon a Great Horse, having a Scourge and Balances in his hand (or a long spear glitters at his back or in his hand). He is clothed in black velvet and his face is stern and terrible.

He spake saying: I have judged! It is the end: the gate of the beginning. Look in the Beneath and thou shalt see a new world!

I looked and saw a great abyss and a dark funnel of whirling waters or fixed airs, wherein were cities and monsters and trees and atoms and mountains and little flames (being souls) and all the material of an universe.

And all are sucked down one by one, as necessity hath ordained. For below is a glittering jewelled globe of gold and azure, set in a World of Stars.

And there came a Voice from the Abyss, saying: "Thou seest the Current of Destiny! Canst thou change one atom in

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its path? I am Destiny. Dost thou think to control me? for who can move my course?"

And there falleth a thunderbolt therein: a catastrophe of explosion: and all is shattered. And I saw above me a Vast Arm reach down, dark and terrible, and a voice cried: I AM ETERNITY.

And a great mingled cry arose: "No! no! no! All is changed; all is confounded; naught is ordered: the white is stained with blood: the black is kissed of the Christ! Return! Return! It is a new chaos that thou findest here: chaos for thee: for us it is the skeleton of a New Truth!"

I said: Tell me this truth: for I have conjured ye by the Mighty Names of God, the which ye cannot but obey.

The voice said:

Light is consumed as a child in the Womb of its Mother to develop itself anew. But pain and sorrow infinite, and darkness are invoked. For this child riseth up within his Mother and doth crucify himself within her bosom. He extendeth his arms in the arms of his Mother and the Light becometh fivefold.*

Lux in Luce,
Christus in Cruce;
Deo Duce
Sempiterno.

* The LVX Cross hidden in the Svastika is probably the Arcanum here connoted.

This Cross on Mars square adds to 65 Adonai, Shone, Gloried, ha-Yekal, HS = keep silence.

Svastika itself adds to 231 = 0 + 1 + 2 + - - - + 21, the 21 Keys. The cubical Svastika regarded as composed of this LVX Cross and the arms has a total of 78 faces—Tarot and Mezla.

THE EQUINOX

And be the glory for ever and ever unto the Most High God, Amen!

Then I returned within my body, giving glory unto the Lord of Light and of the Darkness. In Sæcula Sæculorum. Amen!

(On composing myself to sleep, I was shewn an extremely brilliant $\overline{\text{I}}$ in the Character of the Passing of the River, in an egg of white light. And I take this as the best of Omens. The letter was extremely vivid and indeed apparently physical. Almost a Dhyana.)

November 17, 1900, Die ㊦.

A NOTE

Concerning the thirty Æthyrs:

The Visions of the 29th and 30th Æthyrs were given to me in Mexico in August, 1900, and I am now (23.11.9) trying to get the rest. It is to be remarked that the last three æthyrs have ten angels attributed to them, and they therefore represent the ten Sephiroth. Yet these ten form but one, a Malkuth-pendant to the next three, and so on, each set being, as it were, absorbed in the higher. The last set consists, therefore, of the first three æthyrs with the remaining twenty-seven as their Malkuth. And the letters of the first three æthyrs are the key-sigils of the most exalted interpretation of the Sephiroth.

I is therefore Kether;

L, Chokmah and Binah;

A, Chesed;

N, Geburah;

R, Tiphereth;

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Z, Netzach;

N, Hod;

O, Jesod.

The geomantic correspondences of the Enochian alphabet form a sublime commentary.

Note that the total angels of the æthyrs are 91, the numeration of Amen.

THE CRY OF THE 28TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED BAG

There cometh an Angel into the stone with opalescent shining garments like a wheel of fire on every side of him, and in his hand is a long flail of scarlet lightning; his face is black, and his eyes white without any pupil or iris. The face is very terrible indeed to look upon. Now in front of him is a wheel, with many spokes, and many tyres; it is like a fence in front of him.

And he cries: O man, who art thou that wouldst penetrate the Mystery? for it is hidden unto the End of Time.

And I answer him: Time is not, save in the darkness of Her womb by whom evil came.

And now the wheel breaks away, and I see him as he is. His garment is black beneath the opal veils, but it is lined with white, and he has the shining belly of a fish, and enormous wings of black and white feathers, and innumerable little legs and claws like a centipede, and a long tail like a scorpion. The breasts are human, but they are all scored with blood; and he cries: O thou who hast broken down the veil, knowest thou not that who cometh where I am must be scarred by many sorrows?

And I answer him: Sorrow is not, save in the darkness of

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the womb of Her by whom came evil.

I pierce the Mystery of his breast, and therein is a jewel. It is a sapphire as great as an ostrich egg, and thereon is graven this sigil:



But there is also much writing on the stone, very minute characters carved. I cannot read them. He points with his flail to the sapphire, which is now outside him and bigger than himself; and he cries: Hail! warden of the Gates of Eternity who knowest not thy right hand from thy left; for in the æon of my Father is a god with clasped hands wherein he holdeth the universe, crushing it into the dust that ye call stars.

Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right eye from thy left; for in the æon of my Father there is but one light.

Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right nostril from thy left; for in the æon of my Father there is neither life nor death.

Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right ear from thy left; for in the æon of my Father there is neither sound nor silence.

Whoso hath power to break open this sapphire stone shall find therein four elephants having tusks of mother-of-pearl, and upon whose backs are castles, those castles which ye call the watch-towers of the Universe.

Let me dwell in peace within the breast of the Angel that is warden of the æthyr. Let not the shame of my Mother be unveiled. Let not her be put to shame that lieth among the

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lilies that are beyond the stars.

O man, that must ever be opening, when wilt thou learn to seal up the mysteries of the creation? to fold thyself over thyself as a rose in the embrace of night? But thou must play the wanton to the sun, and the wind must tear thy petals from thee, and the bee must rob thee of thy honey, and thou must fall into the dusk of things. Amen and Amen.

Verily the light is hidden, therefore he who hideth himself is like unto the light; but thou openest thyself; thou art like unto the darkness that bindeth the belly of the great goddess.*

OLAHO VIRUDEN MAHORELA ZODIREDA! ON
PIREDA EXENTASER; ARBA PIRE GAH GAHA
GAHAL GAHALANA VO ABRA NA GAHA VELU-
CORSAPAX.

And the voice of the æon cried: Return, return, return! the time sickeneth, and the space gapeth, and the voice of him that is, was and shall be crowned rattles in the throat of the mighty dragon of eld. Thou canst not pass by me, except thou have the mystery of the word of the abyss.

Now the angel putteth back the sapphire stone into his breast; and I spake unto him and said, I will fight with thee and overcome thee, except thou expound unto me the word of the abyss.

Now he makes as if to fight with me. (It is very horrible, all the tentacles moving and the flail flashing, and the fierce eyeless face, strained and swollen. And with the Magic sword

* In the light of the cry of LOE, this passage seems to mean almost precisely the opposite of its apparent meaning.

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I pierce through his armour to his breast. He fell back, saying: Each of these my scars was thus made, for I am the warden of the æthyr. And he would have said more; but I cut him short, saying: expound the word of the Abyss. And he said: Discipline is sorrowful and ploughing is laborious and age is weariness.

Thou shalt be vexed by dispersion.

But now, if the sun arise, fold thou thine arms; then shall God smite thee into a pillar of salt.

Look not so deeply into words and letters; for this Mystery hath been hidden by the Alchemists. Compose the sevenfold into a fourfold regimen; and when thou hast understood thou mayest make symbols; but by playing child's games with symbols thou shalt never understand. Thou hast the signs; thou hast the words; but there are many things that are not in my power, who am but the warden of the 28th Æthyr.

Now my name thou shalt obtain in this wise. Of the three angels of the Æthyr, thou shalt write the names from right to left and from left to right and from right to left, and these are the holy letters:

The first 1, the fifth 2, the sixth 3, the eleventh 4, the seventh 5, the twelfth 6, the seventeenth 7.

Thus hast thou my name who am above these three, but the angels of the 30th Æthyr are indeed four, and they have none above them; wherefore dispersion and disorder.

Now cometh from every side at once a voice, terribly great, crying: Close the veil; the great blasphemy hath been uttered; the face of my Mother is scarred by the nails of the devil. Shut the book, destroy the breaker of the seal!

And I answered: Had he not been destroyed he had not

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come hither, for I am not save in the darkness in the womb of Her by whom came evil into the world.

And this darkness swallows everything up, and the angel is gone from the stone; and there is no light therein, save only the light of the Rose and of the Cross.

AUMALE, ALGERIA.

November 23, 1909, between 8 and 9 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 27TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZAA

There is an angel with rainbow wings, and his dress is green with silver, a green veil over silver armour. Flames of many-coloured fire dart from him in all directions. It is a woman of some thirty years old, and she has the moon for a crest, and the moon is blazoned on her heart, and her sandals are curved silver, like the moon.

And she cries: Lonely am I and cold in the wilderness of the stars. For I am the queen of all them that dwell in Heaven, and the queen of all them that are pure upon earth, and the queen of all the sorcerers of hell.

I am the daughter of Nuit, the lady of the stars. And I am the Bride of them that are vowed unto loneliness. And I am the mother of the Dog Cerberus. One person am I, and three gods.

And thou who hast blasphemed me shalt suffer knowing me. For I am cold as thou art cold, and burn with thy fire. Oh, when shall the war of the Aires and the elements be accomplished?

Radiant are these falchions of my brothers, invisibly about me, but the might of the æthyrs beneath my feet beareth me down. And they avail not to sever the Kamailos. There is one

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in green armour, with green eyes, whose sword is of vegetable fire. That shall avail me. My son is he,—and how shall I bear him that have not known man?

All this time intolerable rays are shooting forth to beat me back or destroy me; but I am encased in an egg of blue-violet, and my form is the form of a man with the head of a golden hawk. While I have been observing this, the goddess has kept up a continuous wail, like the baying of a thousand hounds; and now her voice is deep and guttural and hoarse, and she breathes very rapidly words that I cannot hear. I can hear some of them now.

UNTU LA LA ULULA UMUNA TOFA LAMA LE
LI NA AHR IMA TAHARA ELULA ETFOMA UNUNA
ARPETI ULU ULU ULU MARABAN ULULU MAHATA
ULU ULU LAMASTANA.

And then her voice rises to a shriek, and there is a cauldron boiling in front of her; and the flames under the cauldron are like unto zinc flames, and in the cauldron is the Rose, the Rose of 49 petals, seething in it. Over the cauldron she has arched her rainbow wings; and her face is bent over the cauldron, and she is blowing opalescent silvery rings on to the Rose; and each ring as it touches the water bursts into flame, and the Rose takes new colours.

And now she lifts her head, and raises her hands to heaven, and cries: O Mother, wilt thou never have compassion on the children of earth? Was it not enough that the Rose should be red with the blood of thine heart, and that its petals should be by 7 and by 7?

She is weeping, weeping. And the tears grow and fill the

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whole stone with moons. I can see nothing and hear nothing for the tears, though she keeps on praying. "Take of these pearls, treasure them in thine heart. Is not the Kingdom of the Abyss accurst?" She points downward to the cauldron; and now in it there is the head of a most cruel dragon, black and corrupted. I watch, and watch; and nothing happens.

And now the dragon rises out of the cauldron, very long and slim (like Japanese Dragons, but infinitely more terrible), and he blots out the whole sphere of the stone.

Then suddenly all is gone, and there is nothing in the stone save brilliant white light and flecks like sparks of golden fire; and there is a ringing, as if bells were being used for anvils. And there is a perfume which I cannot describe; it is like nothing that one can describe, but the suggestion is like *lignum aloes*. And now all these things are there at once in the same place and time.

Now a veil of olive and silver is drawn over the stone, only I hear the voice of the angel receding, very sweet and faint and sorrowful, saying: Far off and lonely in the secret stone is the unknown, and interpenetrated is the knowledge with the will and the understanding. I am alone. I am lost, because I am all and in all; and my veil is woven of the green earth and the web of stars. I love; and I am denied, for I have denied myself. Give me those hands, put them against my heart. Is it not cold? Sink, sink, the abyss of time remains. It is not possible that one should come to ZAA. Give me thy face. Let me kiss it with my cold kisses. Ah! Ah! Ah! Fall back from me. The word, the word of the æon is MAKHASHANAH. And these words shalt thou say backwards: ARARNAY OBOLO MAHARNA TUTULU NOM

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LAHARA EN NEDIEZO LO SAD FONUSA SOBANA
ARANA BINUF LA LA LA ARPAZNA UOHULU when
thou wilt call my burden unto appearance, for I who am the
Virgin goddess am the pregnant goddess, and I have cast
down my burden even unto the borders of the universe. They
that blaspheme me are stoned, and my veil is fallen about me
even unto the end of time.

Now there arises a great raging of thousands and thousands
of mighty warriors flashing through the æthyr so thickly that
nothing is to be seen but their swords, which are like blue-
gray plumes. And the noise is confused, thousands of battle-
cries harmonizing to a roar, like the roar of a monstrous river in
flood. And all the stone is dull, dull gray. The life is gone
from it.

There is no more to see.

SIDI AISSA, ALGERIA.

November 24, 1909, 8-9 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 26TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED DES

There is a very bright pentagram: and now the stone is
gone, and the whole heaven is black, and the blackness is the
blackness of a mighty angel. And though he is black (his face
and his wings and his robe and his armour are all black), yet is
he so bright that I cannot look upon him. And he cries: O ye
spears and vials of poison and sharp swords and whirling
thunderbolts that are about the corners of the earth, girded
with wrath and justice, know ye that His name is Righteous-
ness in Beauty? Burnt out are your eyes, for that ye have seen
me in my majesty. And broken are the drum-heads of
your ears, because my name is as two mountains of

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fornication, the breasts of a strange woman; and my Father is not in them.

Lo! the pools of fire and torment mingled with sulphur! Many are their colours, and their colour is as molten gold, when all is said. Is not He one, one and alone, in whom the brightness of your countenance is as 1,728 petals of fire.

Also he spake the curse, folding his wings across and crying: Is not the son the enemy of his father? And hath not the daughter stolen the warmth of the bed of her mother? therefore is the great curse irrevocable. Therefore there is neither wisdom nor understanding nor knowledge in this house, that hangeth upon the edge of hell. Thou art not 4 but 2, O thou blasphemy spoken against 1!

Therefore whoso worshippeth thee is accursed. He shall be brayed in a mortar and the powder thereof cast to the winds, that the birds of the air may eat thereof and die; and he shall be dissolved in strong acid and the elixir poured into the sea, that the fishes of the sea may breathe thereof and die. And he shall be mingled with dung and spread upon the earth, so that the herbs of the earth may feed thereof and die; and he shall be burnt utterly with fire, and the ashes thereof shall calcine the children of flame, that even in hell may be found an overflowing lamentation.

And now on the breast of the Angel is a golden egg between the blackness of the wings, and that egg grows and grows all over the æthyr. And it breaks, and within there is a golden eagle.

And he cries: Woe! woe! woe! Yea, woe unto the world! For there is no sin, and there is no salvation. My plumes are like waves of gold upon the sea. My eyes are brighter than

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the sun. My tongue is swifter than the lightning.

Yet am I hemmed in by the armies of night, singing, singing praises unto Him that is smitten by the thunderbolt of the abyss. Is not the sky clear behind the sun? These clouds that burn thee up, these rays that scorch the brains of men with blindness; these are heralds before my face of the dissolution and the night.

Ye are all blinded by my glory; and though ye treasure in your heart the sacred word that is the last lever of the key to the little door beyond the abyss, yet ye gloss and comment thereupon; for the light itself is but illusion. Truth itself is but illusion. Yea, these be the great illusions beyond life and space and time.

Let thy lips blister with my words! Are they not meteors in thy brain? Back, back from the face of the accursed one, who am I; back into the night of my father, into the silence; for all that ye deem right is left, forward is backward, upward is downward.

I am the great god adored of the holy ones. Yet am I the accursed one, child of the elements and not their father.

O my mother! wilt thou not have pity upon me? Wilt thou not shield me? For I am naked, I am manifest, I am profane. O my father! wilt not thou withdraw me? I am extended, I am double, I am profane.

Woe, woe unto me! These are they that hear not prayer. It is I that have heard all prayer alway, and there is none to answer *me*. Woe unto me! Woe unto me! Accursed am I unto the æons!

All this time this brilliant eagle-headed god has been attacked, seemingly, by invisible people, for he is wounded

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now and again, here and there; little streams of fresh blood come out over the feathers of his breast. And the smoke of the blood is gradually filling the Æthyr with a crimson veil. There is a scroll over the top, saying: *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine*; and there is another scroll below it in a language of which I do not know the sounds. The meaning is, Not as they have understood.

The blood is thicker and darker now, and it is becoming clotted and black, so that everything is blotted out; because it coagulates, coagulates. And then at the top there steals a dawn of pure night-blue,—Oh, the stars, the stars in it deeply set!—and drives the blood down; so that all round the top of the oval gradually dawns the figure of our Lady Nuit, and beneath her is the flaming winged disk, and below the altar of Ra-Hoor-Khuit, even as it is upon the Stele of Revealing. But below is the supine figure of Seb, into whom is concentrated all that clotted blood.

And there comes a voice: It is the dawn of the æon. The æons of cursing are passed away. Force and fire, strength and sight, these are for the servants of the Star and the Snake.

And now I seem to be lying in the desert, exhausted.

THE DESERT, NEAR SIDI AISSA.

November 25, 1909. 1.10-2 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 25TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED VTI

There is nothing in the stone but the pale gold of the Rosy Cross.

Now there comes an Angel with bright wings, that is the Angel of the 25th Aire. And all the aire is a dark olive about

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him, like an alexandrite stone. He bears a pitcher or amphora. And now there comes another Angel upon a white horse, and yet again another Angel upon a black bull. And now there comes a lion and swallows the two latter angels up. The first angel goes to the lion and closes his mouth. And behind them are arrayed a great company of Angels with silver spears, like a forest. And the Angel says: Blow, all ye trumpets, for I will loose my hands from the mouth of the lion, and his roaring shall enkindle the worlds.

Then the trumpets blow, and the wind rises and whistles terribly. It is a blue wind with silver specks; and it blows through the whole Æthyr. But through it one perceives the lion, which has become as a raging flame.

And he roareth in an unknown tongue. But this is the interpretation thereof: Let the stars be burnt up in the fire of my nostrils! Let all the gods and the archangels and the angels and the spirits that are on the earth, and above the earth, and below the earth, that are in all the heavens and in all the hells, let them be as motes dancing in the beam of mine eye!

I am he that swalloweth up death and victory. I have slain the crownèd goat, and drunk up the great sea. Like the ash of dried leaves the worlds are blown before me. Thou hast passed by me, and thou hast not known me. Woe unto thee, that I have not devoured thee altogether!

On my head is the crown, 419 rays far-darting. And my body is the body of the Snake, and my soul is the soul of the Crowned Child. Though an Angel in white robes leadeth me, who shall ride upon me but the Woman of Abominations? Who is the Beast? Am not I one more than he? In

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his hand is a sword that is a book. In his hand is a spear that is a cup of fornication. Upon his mouth is set the great and terrible seal. And he hath the secret of V. His ten horns spring from five points, and his eight heads are as the charioteer of the West. Thus doth the fire of the sun temper the spear of Mars, and thus shall he be worshipped, as the warrior lord of the sun. Yet in him is the woman that devoureth with her water all the fire of God.

Alas! my lord, thou art joined with him that knoweth not these things.

When shall the day come that men shall flock to this my gate, and fall into my furious throat, a whirlpool of fire? This is hell unquenchable, and all they shall be utterly consumed therein. Therefore is that asbestos unconsumable made pure.

Each of my teeth is a letter of the reverberating name. My tongue is a pillar of fire, and from the glands of my mouth arise four pillars of water. TAOTZEM is the name by which I am blasphemed. My name thou shalt not know, lest thou pronounce it and pass by.

And now the Angel comes forward again and closes his mouth.

All this time heavy blows have been raining upon me from invisible angels, so that I am weighed down as with a burden greater than the world. I am altogether crushed. Great millstones are hurled out of heaven upon me. I am trying to crawl to the lion, and the ground is covered with sharp knives. I cut myself at every inch.

And the voice comes: Why art thou there who art here? Hast thou not the sign of the number, and the seal of the name, and the ring of the eye? Thou wilt not.

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And I answered and said: I am a creature of earth, and ye would have me swim.

And the voice said: Thy fear is known; thine ignorance is known; thy weakness is known; but thou art nothing in this matter. Shall the grain which is cast into the earth by the hand of the sower debate within itself, saying, am I oats or barley? Bond-slave of the curse, we give nothing, we take all. Be thou content. That which thou art, thou art. Be content.

And now the lion passeth over through the Æthyꝛ with the crowned beast upon his back, and the tail of the lion goes on instead of stopping, and on each hair of the tail is something or other—sometimes a little house, sometimes a planet, at other times a town. Then there is a great plain with soldiers fighting upon it, and an enormously high mountain carved into a thousand temples, and more houses and fields and trees, and great cities with wonderful buildings in them, statues and columns and public buildings generally. This goes on and on and on and on and on and on and on all on the hairs of this lion's tail.

And then there is the tuft of his tail, which is like a comet, but the head is a new universe, and each hair streaming away from it is a Milky Way.

And then there is a pale stern figure, enormous, enormous, bigger than all that universe is, in silver armour, with a sword and a pair of balances. That is only vague. All has gone into stone-gray, blank.

There is nothing.

AIN EL HAJEL.

November 25, 1909. 8.40-9.40 p.m.

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(There were two voices in all this Cry, one behind the other—or, one was the speech, and the other the meaning. And the voice that was the speech was simply a roaring, one tremendous noise, like a mixture of thunder and water-falls and wild beasts and bands and artillery. And yet it was articulate, though I cannot tell you what a single word was. But the meaning of the voice—the second voice—was quite silent, and put the ideas directly into the brain of the Seer, as if by touch. It is not certain whether the millstones and the sword-strokes that rained upon him were not these very sounds and ideas.)

THE CRY OF THE 24TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED NIA

An angel comes forward into the stone like a warrior clad in chain-armor. Upon his head are plumes of gray, spread out like the fan of a peacock. About his feet a great army of scorpions and dogs, lions, elephants, and many other wild beasts. He stretches forth his arms to heaven and cries; In the crackling of the lightning, in the rolling of the thunder, in the clashing of the swords and the hurling of the arrows: be thy name exalted!

Streams of fire come out of the heavens, a pale brilliant blue, like plumes. And they gather themselves and settle upon his lips. His lips are redder than roses, and the blue plumes gather themselves into a blue rose, and from beneath the petals of the rose come brightly coloured humming-birds, and dew falls from the rose-honey-coloured dew. I stand in the shower of it.

And a voice proceeds from the rose: Come away! Our chariot is drawn by doves. Of mother-of-pearl and ivory is

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our chariot and the reins thereof are the heart-strings of men. Every moment that we fly shall cover an æon. And every place on which we rest shall be a young universe rejoicing in its strength; the meadows thereof shall be covered with flowers. There shall we rest but a night, and in the morning we shall flee away, comforted.

Now, to myself, I have imagined the chariot of which the voice spake, and I looked to see who was with me in the chariot. It was an Angel of golden hair and golden skin, whose eyes were bluer than the sea, whose mouth was redder than the fire, whose breath was ambrosial air. Finer than a spider's web were her robes. And they were of the seven colours.

All this I saw; and then the hidden voice went on low and sweet: Come away! The price of the journey is little, though its name be death. Thou shalt die to all that thou fearest and hopest and hatest and lovest and thinkest and art. Yea! thou shalt die, even as thou must die. For all that thou hast, thou hast not; all that thou art, thou art not!

NENNI OFEKUFA ANANAEL LAIADA I MAEL-
PEREJI NONUKA AFAFA ADAREPEHETA PEREGI
ALADI NIISA NIISA LAPE OL ZODIR IDOIAN.

And I said: ODO KIKALE QAA. Why art thou hidden from me, whom I hear?

And the voice answered and said unto me: Hearing is of the spirit alone. Thou art a partaker of the five-fold mystery. Thou must roll up the ten divine ones like a scroll, and fashion therefrom a star. Yet must thou blot out the star in the heart of Hadit.

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For the blood of my heart is like a warm bath of myrrh and ambergris; bathe thyself therein. The blood of my heart is all gathered upon my lips if I kiss thee, burns in my fingertips if I caress thee, burns in my womb when thou art caught up into my bed. Mighty are the stars; mighty is the sun; mighty is the moon; mighty is the voice of the ever-living one, and the echoes of his whisper are the thunders of the dissolution of the worlds. But my silence is mightier than they. Close up the worlds like unto a weary house; close up the book of the recorder, and let the veil swallow up the shrine, for I am arisen, O my fair one, and there is no more need of all these things.

If once I put thee apart from me, it was the joy of play. Is not the ebb and flowing of the tide a music of the sea? Come, let us mount unto Nuit our mother and be lost! Let being be emptied in the infinite abyss! For by me only shalt thou mount; thou hast none other wings than mine.

All this while the Rose has been shooting out blue flames, coruscating like snakes through the whole Aire. And the snakes have taken shapes of sentences. One of them is: *Sub umbra alarum tuarum Adonai quies et felicitas*. And another: *Summum bonum, vera sapientia, magnanima vita, sub noctis nocte sunt*. And another is: *Vera medicina est vinum mortis*. And another is: *Libertas evangelii per jugum legis ob gloriam dei intactam ad vacuum nequaquam tendit*. And another is: *Sub aquâ lex terrarum*. And another is: *Mens edax rerum, cor umbra rerum; intelligentia via summa*. And another is: *Summa via lucis: per Hephaestum undas regas*. And another is: *Vir introit tumulum regis, invenit oleum lucis*.

And all round the whole of these things are the letters

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TARO; but the light is so dreadful that I cannot read the words. I am going to try again. All these serpents are collected together very thickly at the edges of the wheel, because there are an innumerable number of sentences. One is: *tres annos regimen oraculi*. And another is: *terribilis ardet rex עליין*. And another is: *Ter amb (amp?)* (can't see it) *rosam oleo (?)*. And another is: *Tribus annulis regna olisbon*. And the marvel is that with those four letters you can get a complete set of rules for doing everything, both for white magic and black.

And now I see the heart of the rose again. I see the face of him that is the heart of the rose, and in the glory of that face I am ended. My eyes are fixed upon his eyes; my being is sucked up through my eyes into those eyes. And I see through those eyes, and lo! the universe, like whirling sparks of gold, blown like a tempest. I seem to swell out again into him. My consciousness fills the whole Æthyr. I hear the cry NIA, ringing again and again from within me. It sounds like infinite music, and behind the sound is the meaning of the Æthyr. Again there are no words.

All this time the whirling sparks of gold go on, and they are like blue sky, with a lot of rather thin white clouds in it, outside. And now I see mountains round, far blue mountains, purple mountains. And in the midst is a little green dell of moss, which is all sparkling with dew that drips from the rose. And I am lying on that moss with my face upwards, drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking of the dew.

I cannot describe to you the joy and the exhaustion of everything that was, and the energy of everything that is, for it is only a corpse that is lying on the moss. I am the soul of the Æthyr.

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Now it reverberates like the swords of archangels, clashing upon the armour of the damned; and there seem to be the blacksmiths of heaven beating the steel of the worlds upon the anvils of hell, to make a roof to the Æthyr.

For if the great work were accomplished and all the Æthyrs were caught up into one, then would the vision fail; then would the voice be still.

Now all is gone from the stone.

AIN EL HAJEL.

November 26, 1909. 2-3.25 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 23RD ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED TOR.

In the brightness of the stone are three lights, brighter than all, which revolve ceaselessly. And now there is a spider's web of silver covering the whole of the stone. Behind the spider's web is a star of twelve rays; and behind that again, a black bull, furiously pawing up the ground. The flames from his mouth increase and whirl, and he cries: Behold the mystery of toil, O thou who art taken in the toils of mystery. For I who trample the earth thereby make whirlpools in the air; be comforted, therefore, for though I be black, in the roof of my mouth is the sign of the Beetle. Bent are the backs of my brethren, yet shall they gore the lion with their horns. Have I not the wings of the eagle, and the face of the man?

And now he is turned into one of those winged Assyrian bull-men.

And he sayeth: The spade of the husbandman is the sceptre of the king. All the heavens beneath me, they serve me. They are my fields and my gardens and my orchards and my pastures.

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Glory be unto thee, who didst set thy feet in the North; whose forehead is pierced with the sharp points of the diamonds in thy crown; whose heart is pierced with the spear of thine own fecundity.

Thou art an egg of blackness, and a worm of poison. But thou hast formulated thy father, and made fertile thy mother.

Thou art the basilisk whose gaze turns men to stone, and the cockatrice at the breast of an harlot that giveth death for milk. Thou art the asp that has stolen into the cradle of the babe. Glory unto thee, who art twined about the world as the vine that clingeth to the bare body of a bacchanal.

Also, though I be planted so firmly upon the earth, yet is my blood wine and my breath fire of madness. With these wings, though they be but little, I lift myself above the crown of the yod, and being without fins I yet swim in the inviolate fountain.

I disport myself in the ruins of Eden, even as Leviathan in the false sea, being whole as the rose at the crown of the cross. Come ye unto me, my children, and be glad. At the end of labour is the power of labour. And in my stability is concentrated eternal change.

For the whirlings of the universe are but the course of the blood in my heart. And the unspeakable variety thereof is but my divers hairs, and plumes, and gems in my tall crown. The change which ye lament is the life of my rejoicing, and the sorrow that blackeneth your hearts is the myriad deaths by which I am renewed. And the instability which maketh ye to fear, is the little waverings of balance by which I am assured.

And now the veil of silver tissue-stuff closes over him, and above that, a purple veil, and above that, a golden veil,

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so that now the whole stone is like a thick mat of woven gold wires; and there come forth, one from each side of the stone, two women, and grasp each other by both hands, and kiss, and melt into one another; and melt away.* And now the veils open again, the gold parts, and the purple parts, and the silver parts, and there is a crowned eagle, also like the Assyrian eagles.

And he cries: All my strength and stability are turned to the use of flight. For though my wings are of fine gold, yet my heart is the heart of a scorpion.

Glory unto thee, who being born in a stable didst make thee mirth of the filth thereof, who didst suck in iniquity from the breast of thy mother the harlot; who didst flood with iniquity the bodies of thy concubines.

Thou didst lie in the filth of the streets with the dogs; thou wast tumbled and shameless and wanton in a place where four roads meet. There wast thou defiled, and there wast thou slain, and there wast thou left to rot. The charred stake was thrust through thy bowels, and thy parts were cut off and thrust into thy mouth for derision.

All my unity is dissolved; I live in the tips of my feathers. That which I think to be myself is but infinite number. Glory unto the Rose and the Cross, for the Cross is extended unto the uttermost end beyond space and time and being and knowledge and delight! Glory unto the Rose that is the minute point of its center! Even as we say; glory unto the Rose that is Nuit the circumference of all, and glory unto the Cross that is the heart of the Rose!

* These are intended to show symbolically that the Bull is the same as the Eagle.

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Therefore do I cry aloud, and my scream is the treble as the bellowing of the bull is the bass. Peace in the highest and peace in the lowest and peace in the midst thereof! Peace in the eight quarters, peace in the ten points of the Pentagram! Peace in the twelve rays of the seal of Solomon, and peace in the four and thirty whirlings of the hammer of Thor! Behold! I blaze upon thee. (The eagle is gone; it is only a flaming Rosy Cross of white brilliance.) I catch thee up into rapture. FALUTLI, FALUTLI!

. . . O it dies, it dies.

BOU SÂADA.

November 28, 1909. 9.30-10.15 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 22ND ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LIN

There comes first into the stone the mysterious table of forty-nine squares. It is surrounded by an innumerable company of angels; these angels are of all kinds,—some brilliant and flashing as gods, down to elemental creatures. The light comes and goes on the tablet; and now it is steady, and I perceive that each letter of the tablet is composed of forty-nine other letters, in a language which looks like that of Honorius; but when I would read, the letter that I look at becomes indistinct at once.

And now there comes an Angel, to hide the tablet with his mighty wing. This Angel has all the colours mingled in his dress; his head is proud and beautiful; his headdress is of silver and red and blue and gold and black, like cascades of water, and in his left hand he has a pan-pipe of the seven holy metals, upon which he plays. I cannot tell you how wonderful

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the music is, but it is so wonderful that one only lives in one's ears; one cannot see anything any more.

Now he stops playing and moves with his finger in the air. His finger leaves a trail of fire of every colour, so that the whole Aire is become like a web of mingled lights. But through it all drops dew.

(I can't describe these things at all. Dew doesn't represent what I mean in the least. For instance, these drops of dew are enormous globes, shining like the full moon, only perfectly transparent, as well as perfectly luminous.)

And now he shows the tablet again, and he says: As there are 49 letters in the tablet, so are there 49 kinds of cosmos in every thought of God. And there are 49 interpretations of every cosmos, and each interpretation is manifested in 49 ways. Thus also are the calls 49, but to each call there are 49 visions. And each vision is composed of 49 elements, except in the 10th Æthyr, that is accursèd, and that hath 42.

All this while the dewdrops have turned into cascades of gold finer than the eyelashes of a little child. And though the extent of the Æthyr is so enormous, one perceives each hair separately, as well as the whole thing at once. And now there is a mighty concourse of angels rushing toward me from every side, and they melt upon the surface of the egg in which I am standing in the form of the god Kneph, so that the surface of the egg is all one dazzling blaze of liquid light.

Now I move up against the tablet,—I cannot tell you with what rapture. And all the names of God, that are not known even to the angels, clothe me about.

All the seven senses are transmuted into one sense, and that sense is dissolved in itself . . . (Here occurs Samadhi.)

THE EQUINOX

. . . Let me speak, O God; let me declare it . . . all. It is useless; my heart faints, my breath stops. There is no link between me and P . . . I withdraw myself. I see the table again.

(He was behind the table for a very long time. O.V.)

And all the table burns with intolerable light; there has been no such light in any of the Æthyrs until now. And now the table draws me back into itself; I am no more.

My arms were out in the form of a cross, and that Cross was extended, blazing with light into infinity. I myself am the minutest point in it. This is *the birth of form*.

I am encircled by an immense sphere of many-coloured bands; it seems it is the sphere of the Sephiroth projected in the three dimensions. This is *the birth of death*.

Now in the centre within me is a glowing sun. That is *the birth of hell*.

Now all that is swept away, washed away by the table. It is the virtue of the table to sweep everything away. It is the letter I in this Æthyr that gives this vision, and L is its purity, and N is its energy. Now everything is confused, for I invoked the Mind, that is disruption. Every Adept who beholds this vision is corrupted by mind. Yet it is by virtue of mind that he endures it, and passes on, if so be that he pass on. Yet there is nothing higher than this, for it is perfectly balanced in itself. I cannot read a word of the holy Table, for the letters of the Table are all wrong. They are only the shadows of shadows. And whoso beholdeth this Table with this rapture, is light. The true word for light hath seven letters. They are the same as ARARITA, transmuted.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

There is a voice in this Æthyr, but it cannot be spoken. The only way one can represent it is as a ceaseless thundering of the word Amen. It is not a repetition of Amen, because there is no time. It is one Amen continuous.

Shall mine eye fade before thy glory? I am the eye. That is why the eye is seventy. You can never understand why, except in this vision.

And now the table recedes from me. Far, far it goes, streaming with light. And there are two black angels bending over me, covering me with their wings, shutting me up into the darkness; and I am lying in the Pastos of our Father Christian Rosenkreutz, beneath the Table in the Vault of seven sides. And I hear these words:

The voice of the Crowned Child, the Speech of the Babe that is hidden in the egg of blue. (Before me is the flaming Rosy Cross.) I have opened mine eye, and the universe is dissolved before me, for force is mine upper eye-lid and matter is my lower eye-lid. I gaze into the seven spaces, and there is naught.

The rest of it comes without words; and then again:

I have gone forth to war, and I have slain him that sat upon the sea, crowned with the winds. I put forth my power and he was broken. I withdrew my power and he was ground into fine dust.

Rejoice with me, O ye Sons of the Morning; stand with me upon the Throne of Lotus; gather yourselves up unto me, and we shall play together in the fields of light. I have passed into the Kingdom of the West after my Father.

Behold! where are now the darkness and the terror and the lamentation? For ye are born into the new Æon; ye shall

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not suffer death. Bind up your girdles of gold! Wreath yourselves with garlands of my unfading flowers! In the nights we will dance together, and in the morning we will go forth to war; for, as my Father liveth that was dead, so do I live and shall never die.

And now the table comes rushing back. It covers the whole stone, but this time it pushes me before it, and a terrible voice cries: Begone! Thou hast profaned the mystery; thou hast eaten of the shew-bread; thou hast spilt the consecrated wine! Begone! For the Voice is accomplished. Begone! For that which was open is shut. And thou shalt not avail to open it, saving by virtue of him whose name is one, whose spirit is one, whose individuum is one, and whose permutation is one; whose light is one, whose life is one, whose love is one. For though thou art joined to the inmost mystery of the heaven, thou must accomplish the sevenfold task of the earth, even as thou sawest the Angels from the greatest unto the least. And of all this shalt thou take back with thee but a little part, for the sense shall be darkened, and the shrine re-veiled. Yet know this for thy reproof, and for the stirring up of discontent in them whose swords are of lath, that in every word of this vision is concealed the key of many mysteries, even of being, and of knowledge, and of bliss; of will, of courage, of wisdom, and of silence, and of that which, being all these, is greater than all these. Begone! For the night of life is fallen upon thee. And the veil of light hideth that which is.

With that, I suddenly see the world as it is, and I am very sorrowful.

BOU-SAADA.

November 28, 1909. 4-6 p.m.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

(*Note.*—You do not come back in any way dazed; it is like going from one room into another. Regained normal consciousness completely and immediately.)

THE CRY OF THE 21ST ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ASP.

A mighty wind rolls through all the Æthyr; there is a sense of absolute emptiness; no colour, no form, no substance. Only now and then there seem as it were, the shadows of great angels, swept along. No sound; there is something very remorseless about the wind, passionless, that is very terrible. In a way, it is nerve-shaking. It seems as if something kept on trying to open behind the wind, and just as it is about to open, the effort is exhausted. The wind is not cold or hot; there is no sense of any kind connected with it. One does not even feel it, for one is standing in front of it.

Now, the thing opens behind, just for a second, and I catch a glimpse of an avenue of pillars, and at the end a throne, supported by sphinxes. All this is black marble.

Now I seem to have gone through the wind, and to be standing before the throne; but he that sitteth thereon is invisible. Yet it is from him that all this desolation proceeds.

He is trying to make me understand by putting tastes in my mouth, very rapidly one after the other. Salt, honey, sugar, assafoetida, bitumen, honey again, some taste that I don't know at all; garlic, something very bitter like nux vomica, another taste, still more bitter; lemon, cloves, rose-leaves, honey again; the juice of some plant, like a dandelion, I think; honey again, salt, a taste something like phosphorus, honey, laurel, a very unpleasant taste which I don't know,

THE EQUINOX

coffee, then a burning taste, then a sour taste that I don't know. All these tastes issue from his eyes; he *signals* them.

I can see his eyes now. They are very round, with perfectly black pupils, perfectly white iris, and the cornea pale blue. The sense of desolation is so acute that I keep on trying to get away from the vision.

I told him that I could not understand his taste-language, so instead he set up a humming very much like a big electric plant with dynamos going.

Now the atmosphere is deep night-blue; and by the power of that atmosphere, the pillars kindle to a dull glowing crimson, and the throne is a dull, ruddy gold. And now, through the humming, come very clear, bell-like notes, and farther still a muttering, like that of a gathering storm.

And now I hear the meaning of the muttering: I am he who was before the beginning, and in my desolation I cried aloud, saying, let me behold my countenance in the concave of the abyss. And I beheld, and lo! in the darkness of the abyss my countenance was black, and empty, and distorted, that was (once) invisible and pure.

Then I closed mine eye, that I might not behold it, and for this was it fixed. Now it is written that one glance of mine eye shall destroy it. And mine eye I dare not open, because of the foulness of the vision. Therefore do I gaze with these two eyes throughout the æon. Is there not one of all my adepts that shall come unto me, and cut off mine eyelids, that I may behold and destroy?

Now I take a dagger, and, searching out his third eye, seek to cut off the eye-lids, but they are of adamant. And the edge of the dagger is turned.

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And tears drop from his eyes, and there is a mournful voice: So it hath been ever: so must it ever be! Though thou hast the strength of five bulls, thou shalt not avail in this.

And I said to him: Who shall avail? And he answered me: I know not. But the dagger of penance thou shalt temper seven times, afflicting the seven courses of thy soul. And thou shalt sharpen its edge seven times by the seven ordeals.

(One keeps on looking round to try to find something else because of the terror of it. But nothing changes at all. Nothing but the empty throne, and the eyes, and the avenue of pillars!)

And I said to him: O thou that art the first countenance before time; thou of whom it is written that “He, God, is one; He is the eternal one, without equal, son or companion. Nothing shall stand before His face”; all we have heard of thine infinite glory and holiness, of thy beauty and majesty, and behold! there is nothing but this abomination of desolation.

He speaks; I cannot hear a word; something about the Book of the Law. The answer is written in the Book of the Law, or something of that sort.

This is a long speech; all that I can hear is: From me pour down the fires of life and increase continually upon the earth. From me flow down the rivers of water and oil and wine. From me cometh forth the wind that beareth the seed of trees and flowers and fruits and all herbs upon its bosom. From me cometh forth the earth in her unspeakable variety. Yea! all cometh from me, naught cometh to me. Therefore am I lonely and horrible upon this unprofitable throne. Only those who accept nothing from me can bring anything to me.

THE EQUINOX

(He goes on speaking again: I cannot hear a word. I may have got about a twentieth of what he said.) And I say to him: It was written that his name is Silence, but thou speakest continually.

And he answers: Nay, the muttering that thou hearest is not my voice. It is the voice of the ape.

(When I say that he answers, it means that it is the same voice. The being on the throne has not uttered a word.) I say: O thou ape that speakest for Him whose name is Silence, how shall I know that thou speakest truly His thought? And the muttering continues: Nor speaketh He nor thinketh, so that which I say is true, because I lie in speaking His thoughts.

He goes on, nothing stops him; and the muttering comes so fast that I cannot hear him at all.

Now the muttering has ceased, or is overwhelmed by the bells, and the bells in their turn are overwhelmed by the whirring, and now the whirring is overwhelmed by the silence. And the blue light is gone, and the throne and the pillars are returned to blackness, and the eyes of him that sitteth upon the throne are no more visible.

I seek to go up close to the throne, and I am pushed back, because I cannot give the sign. I have given all the signs I know and am entitled to, and I have tried to give the sign that I know and am not entitled to, but have not the necessary appurtenance; and even if I had, it would be useless; for there are two more signs necessary.

I find that I was wrong in suggesting that a Master of the Temple had a right to enter the temple of a Magus or an Ipsissimus. On the contrary, the rule that holds below, holds

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also above. The higher you go, the greater is the distance from one grade to another.

I am being slowly pushed backwards down the avenue, out into the wind. And this time I am caught up by the wind and whirled away down it like a dead leaf.

And a great Angel sweeps through the wind, and catches hold of me, and bears me up against it; and he sets me down on the hither side of the wind, and he whispers in my ear: Go thou forth into the world, O thrice and four times blessed who hast gazed upon the horror of the loneliness of The First. No man shall look upon his face and live. And thou hast seen his eyes, and understood his heart, for the voice of the ape is the pulse of his heart and the labouring of his breast. Go, therefore, and rejoice, for thou art the prophet of the Æon arising, wherein He is not. Give thou praise unto thy lady Nuit, and unto her lord Hadit, that are for thee and thy bride, and the winners of the ordeal X.

And with that we are come to the wall of the Æthyr, and there is a little narrow gate, and he pushes me through it, and I am suddenly in the desert.

THE DESERT, NEAR BOU SÂADA.*

November 29, 1909. 1.30-2.50 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 20TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED KHR

The dew that was upon the face of the stone is gone, and it is become like a pool of clear golden water. And now the light is come into the Rosy Cross. Yet all that I see is the night, with the stars therein, as they appear through a telescope.

* This night I took the shew-stone to my breast to sleep, and immediately a Dhyana arose of the sun, seen more clearly afterwards as the Star. Exceeding was its brilliance.

THE EQUINOX

And there cometh a peacock into the stone, filling the whole Aire. It is like the vision called the Universal Peacock, or, rather, like a representation of that vision. And now there are countless clouds of white angels filling the Aire as the peacock dissolves.

Now behind the angels are archangels with trumpets. These cause all things to appear at once, so that there is a tremendous confusion of images. And now I perceive that all these things are but veils of the wheel, for they all gather themselves into a wheel that spins with incredible velocity. It hath many colours, but all thrilled with white light, so that they are transparent and luminous. This one wheel is forty-nine wheels, set at different angles, so that they compose a sphere; each wheel has forty-nine spokes, and has forty-nine concentric tyres at equal distances from the centre. And wherever the rays from any two wheels meet, there is a blinding flash of glory. It must be understood that though so much detail is visible in the wheel, yet at the same time the impression is of a single, simple object.

It seems that this wheel is being spun by a hand. Though the wheel fills the whole Aire, yet the hand is much bigger than the wheel. And though this vision is so great and splendid, yet there is no seriousness with it, or solemnity. It seems that the hand is spinning the wheel merely for pleasure, it would be better to say amusement.

A voice comes: For he is a jocund and a ruddy god, and his laughter is the vibration of all that exists, and the earthquakes of the soul.

One is conscious of the whirring of the wheel thrilling one, like an electric discharge passing through one.

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Now I see the figures on the wheel, which have been interpreted as the sworded Sphinx, Hermanubis and Typhon. And that is wrong. The rim of the wheel is a vivid emerald snake; in the centre of the wheel is a scarlet heart; and, impossible to explain as it is, the scarlet of the heart and the green of the snake are yet more vivid than the blinding white brilliance of the wheel.

The figures on the wheel are darker than the wheel itself; in fact, they are stains upon the purity of the wheel, and for that reason, and because of the whirling of the wheel, I cannot see them. But at the top seems to be the Lamb and Flag, such as one sees on some Christian medals, and one of the lower things is a wolf, and the other a raven. The Lamb and Flag symbol is much brighter than the other two. It keeps on growing brighter, until now it is brighter than the wheel itself, and occupies more space than it did.

It speaks: I am the greatest of the deceivers, for my purity and innocence shall seduce the pure and innocent, who but for me should come to the centre of the wheel. The wolf betrayeth only the greedy and the treacherous; the raven betrayeth only the melancholy and the dishonest. But I am he of whom it is written: He shall deceive the very elect.

For in the beginning the Father of all called forth lying spirits that they might sift the creatures of the earth in three sieves, according to the three impure souls. And he chose the wolf for the lust of the flesh, and the raven for the lust of the mind; but me did he choose above all to simulate the pure prompting of the soul. Them that are fallen a prey to the wolf and the raven I have not scathed; but them that have rejected me, I have given over to the wrath of the raven and the wolf. And the jaws of the one have torn them, and the

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beak of the other has devoured the corpse. Therefore is my flag white, because I have left nothing upon the earth alive. I have feasted myself on the blood of the saints, but I am not suspected of men to be their enemy, for my fleece is white and warm, and my teeth are not the teeth of one that teareth flesh; and mine eyes are mild, and they know me not the chief of the lying spirits that the Father of all sent forth from before his face in the beginning.

(His attribution is salt; the wolf mercury, and the raven sulphur.)

Now the lamb grows small again, there is again nothing but the wheel, and the hand that whirleth it.

And I said: "By the word of power, double in the voice of the Master; by the word that is seven, and one in seven; and by the great and terrible word 210 , I beseech thee, O my Lord, to grant me the vision of thy glory." And all the rays of the wheel stream out at me, and I am blasted and blinded with the light. I am caught up into the wheel. I am one with the wheel. I am greater than the wheel. In the midst of a myriad lightnings I stand, and I behold his face. (I am thrown violently back on to the earth every second, so that I cannot quite concentrate.)

All one gets is a liquid flame of pale gold. But its radiant force keeps hurling me back.

And I say: By the word and the will, by the penance and the prayer, let me behold thy face. (I cannot explain this, there is confusion of personalities.) I who speak to you, see what I tell you; but I, who see him, cannot communicate it to me, who speak to you.

If one could gaze upon the sun at noon, that might be like

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the substance of him. But the light is without heat. It is the vision of Ut in the Upanishads. And from this vision have come all the legends of Bacchus and Krishna and Adonis. For the impression is of a youth dancing and making music. But you must understand that he is not doing that, for he is still. Even the hand that turns the wheel is not his hand, but only a hand energized by him.

And now it is the dance of Shiva. I lie beneath his feet, his saint, his victim. My form is the form of the God Phtah, in my essence, but the form of the god Seb in my form. And this is the reason of existence, that in this dance which is delight, there must needs be both the god and the adept. Also the earth herself is a saint; and the sun and the moon dance upon her, torturing her with delight.

This vision is not perfect. I am only in the outer court of the vision, because I have undertaken it in the service of the Holy One, and must retain sense and speech. No recorded vision is perfect, of high visions, for the seer must keep either his physical organs or his memory in working order. And neither is capable. There is no bridge. One can only be conscious of one thing at a time, and as the consciousness moves nearer to the vision, it loses control of the physical and mental. Even so, the body and the mind must be very perfect before anything can be done, or the energy of the vision may send the body into spasms and the mind into insanity. This is why the first visions give Ananda, which is a shock. When the adept is attuned to Samadhi, there is but cloudless peace.

This vision is particularly difficult to get into, because he is I. And herefore the human ego is being constantly excited, so

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that one comes back so often. An acentric meditation practice like mahasatipatthana ought to be done before invocations of the Holy Guardian Angel, so that the ego may be very ready to yield itself utterly to the Beloved.

And now the breeze is blowing about us, like the sighs of love unsatisfied—or satisfied. His lips move. I cannot say the words at first.

And afterwords: “Shalt thou not bring the children of men to the sight of my glory? ‘Only thy silence and thy speech that worship me avail.’ ‘For as I am the last, so am I the next, and as the next shalt thou reveal me to the multitude.’ Fear not for aught; turn not aside for aught, eremite of Nuit, apostle of Hadit, warrior of Ra Hoor Khu! The leaven taketh, and the bread shall be sweet; the ferment worketh, and the wine shall be sweet. My sacraments are vigorous food and divine madness. Come unto me, O ye children of men; come unto me, in whom I am, in whom ye are, were ye only alive with the life that abideth in Light.”

All this time I have been fading away. I sink. The veil of night comes down a dull blue-gray with one pentagram in the midst of it, watery and dull. And I am to abide there for a while before I come back to the earth. (But shut me the window up, hide me from the sun. Oh, shut the window!)*

Now, the pentagram is faded; black crosses fill the Æthyr gradually growing and interlacing, until there is a network.

It is all dark now. I am lying exhausted, with the sharp edge of the shew-stone cutting into my forehead.

BOU-SÂADA.

November 30, 1909. 9.15-10.50 a.m.

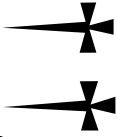
* It was done.—O. V.

The Alphabet



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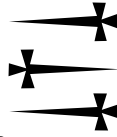
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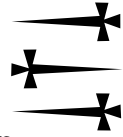
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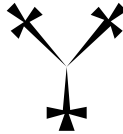
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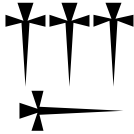
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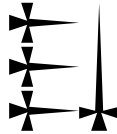
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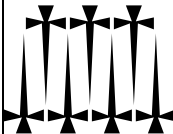
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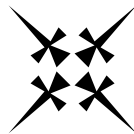
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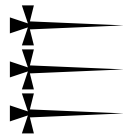
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X



Y



Z

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

THE CRY OF THE 19TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED POP

At first there is a black web over the face of the stone. A ray of light pierces it from behind and above. Then cometh a black cross, reaching across the whole stone; then a golden cross, not so large. And there is a writing in an arch that spans the cross, in an alphabet in which the letters are all formed of little daggers, cross-hilted, differently arranged. And the writing is: Worship in the body the things of the body; worship in the mind the things of the mind; worship in the spirit the things of the spirit.

(This holy alphabet must be written by sinners, that is, by those who are impure.)

“Impure” means those whose every thought is followed by another thought, or who confuse the higher with the lower, the substance with the shadow. Every Æthyr is truth, though it be but a shadow, for the shadow of a man is not the shadow of an ape.

(*Note.*—All this has come to me without voice, without vision, without thought.)

(The shew-stone is pressed upon my forehead and causes intense pain; as I go on from Æthyr to Æthyr, it seems more difficult to open the Æthyr.)

The golden cross has become a little narrow door, and an old man like the Hermit of the Taro has opened it and come out. I ask him for admission: and he shakes his head kindly, and says: It is not given to flesh and blood to unveil the mysteries of the Æthyr, for therein are the chariots of fire. and the tumult of the horsemen; whoso entereth here may never look on life again with equal eyes. I insist.

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The little gate is guarded by a great green dragon. And now the whole wall is suddenly fallen away; there is a blaze of the chariots and the horsemen; a furious battle is raging. One hears nothing but the clash of steel and the neighing of the chargers and the shrieks of the wounded. A thousand fall at every encounter and are trampled under foot. Yet the Æthyr is always full; there are infinite reserves.

No; that is all wrong, for this is not a battle between two forces, but a *mélée* in which each warrior fights for himself against all the others. I cannot see one who has even one ally. And the least fortunate, who fall soonest, are those in the chariots. For as soon as they are engaged in fighting, their own charioteers stab them in the back.

And in the midst of the battlefield there is a great tree, like a chinar-tree. Yet it bears fruits. And now all the warriors are dead, and they are the ripe fruits that are fallen—the ground is covered with them.

There is a laugh in my right ear: “This is the tree of life.”

And now there is a mighty god, Sebek, with the head of a crocodile. His head is gray, like river mud, and his jaws fill the whole Aire. And he crunches up the whole tree and the ground and everything.

Now then at last cometh forth the Angel of the Æthyr, who is like the Angel of the fourteenth key of Rota, with beautiful blue wings, blue robes, the sun in her girdle like a brooch, and the two crescents of the moon shapen into sandals for her feet. Her hair is of flowing gold, each sparkle as a star. In her hands are the torch of Penelope and the cup of Circe.

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She comes and kisses me on the mouth, and says: Blessed art thou who hast beheld Sebek my Lord in his glory. Many are the champions of life, but all are unhorsed by the lance of death. Many are the children of the light, but their eyes shall all be put out by the Mother Darkness. Many are the servants of love, but love (that is not quenched by aught but love) shall be put out, as the child taketh the wick of a taper between his thumb and finger, by the god that sitteth alone.

And on her mouth, like a chrysanthemum of radiant light, is a kiss, and on it is the monogram I.H.S. The letters I.H.S. mean In Homini Salus and Instar Hominis Summus, and Imago Hominis deus. And there are many, many other meanings, but they all imply this one thing; that nothing is of any importance but man; there is no hope or help but in man.

And she says: Sweet are my kisses, O wayfarer that wanderest from star to star. Sweet are my kisses, O householder that weariest within four walls. Thou art pent within thy brain, and my shaft pierceth it, and thou art free. Thine imagination eateth up the universe as the dragon that eateth up the moon. And in my shaft is it concentrated and bound up. See how all around thee gather my warriors, strong knights in goodly armour ready for war. Look upon my crown; it is above the stars. Behold the glow and the blush thereof! Upon thy cheek is the breeze that stirs those plumes of truth. For though I am the Angel of the fourteenth key, I am also the Angel of the eighth key. And from the love of these two have I come, who am the warden of Popé and the servant of them that dwell therein. Though all crowns fall, mine shall

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not fall; for my plumes reach up unto the Knees of Him that sitteth upon the holy throne, and liveth and reigneth for ever and ever as the balance of righteousness and truth. I am the Angel of the moon. I am the veiled one that sitteth between the pillars veiled with a shining veil, and on my lap is the open Book of the mysteries of the ineffable light. I am the aspiration unto the higher; I am the love of the unknown. I am the blind ache within the heart of man. I am the minister of the sacrament of pain. I swing the censer of worship, and I sprinkle the waters of purification. I am the daughter of the house of the invisible. I am the Priestess of the Silver Star.

And she catches me up to her as a mother catches her babe, and holds me up in her left arm, and sets my lips to her breast. And upon her breast is written: *Rosa Mundi est Lilium Coeli.*

And I look down upon the open Book of the mysteries, and it is open at the page on which is the Holy Table with the twelve squares in the midst. It radiates a blaze of light, too dazzling to make out the characters, and a voice says: *Non haec piscis omnium.*

(To interpret that, we must think of *Ἰχθύς*, which does not conceal *Iesus Christos Theon Uios Soter* as traditionally asserted, but is a mystery of the letter Nun and the letter Qoph, as may be seen by adding it up.

Ἰχθύς is only connected with Christianity because it was a hieroglyph of syphilis, which the Romans supposed to have been brought from Syria; and it seems to have been confounded with leprosy, which also they thought was caused by fish-eating.

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One important meaning of 'Ιαθύς: it is formed of the initials of five Egyptian deities and also of five Greek deities: in both cases a magic formula of tremendous power is concealed.

As to the Holy Table itself, I cannot see it for the blaze of light; but I am given to understand that it appears in another Æthyr, of which it forms practically the whole content. And I am bidden to study the Holy Table very intently so as to be able to concentrate on it when it appears.

I have grown greater, so that I am as great as the Angel. And we are standing, as if crucified, face to face, our hands and lips and breasts and knees and feet together, and her eyes pierce into my eyes like whirling shafts of steel, so that I fall backwards headlong through the Æthyr—and there is a sudden and tremendous shout, absolutely stunning, cold and brutal: Osiris was a black god!* And the Æthyr claps its hands, greater than the peal of a thousand mighty thunders.

I am back.

BOU-SAADA.

November 30, 1909 10-11.45 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 18TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZEN

A Voice comes before any vision: Accursed are they who enter herein if they have nails, for they shall be pierced therewith; or if they have thorns, for they shall be crowned withal; or if they have whips, for with whips they shall be scourged: or if they bear wine, for their wine shall be turned to bitterness; or if they have a spear, for with a spear shall they be pierced unto the heart. And the nails are desires, of which

* The Doctrine implied is that one must not be the child, but the Mother.

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there are three; the desire of light, the desire of life, the desire of love.

(And the thorns are thoughts, and the whips are regrets, and the wine is ease, or perhaps unsteadiness, especially in ecstasy, and the spear is attachment.)

And now there dawns the scene of the Crucifixion; but the Crucified One is an enormous bat, and for the two thieves are two little children. It is night, and the night is full of hideous things and howlings.

And an angel cometh forth, and saith: Be wary, for if thou change so much as the style of a letter, the holy word is blasphemed. But enter into the mountain of the Caverns, for that this (how much more than that Calvary which mocks it, as his ape mocks Thoth?) is but the empty shell of the mystery of ZEN. Verily, I say unto thee, many are the adepts that have looked upon the back parts of my father, and cried, "our eyes fail before the glory of thy countenance."

And with that he gives the sign of the rending of the veil, and tears down the vision. And behold! whirling columns of fiery light, seventy-two. Upon them is supported a mountain of pure crystal. The mountain is a cone, the angle of the apex being sixty degrees. And within the crystal is a pyramid of ruby, like unto the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.

I am entered in by the little door thereof, and I am come into the chamber of the king, which is fashioned like unto the vault of the adepts, or rather it is fitting to say that the vault of the adepts is a vile imitation of it. For there are four sides to the chamber, which with the roof and the floor and the chamber itself makes seven. So also is the pastos seven, for

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that which is within is like unto that which is without. And there is no furniture, and there are no symbols.

Light streams from every side upon the pastos. This light is that blue of Horus which we know, but being refined it is brilliance. For the light of Horus only appears blue because of the imperfection of our eyes. But though the light pours from the pastos, yet the pastos remains perfectly dark, so that it is invisible. It hath no form: only, at a certain point in the chamber, the light is beaten back.

I lie prostrate upon the ground before this mystery. Its splendour is impossible to describe. I can only say that its splendour is so great that my heart stops with the terror and the wonder and the rapture of it. I am almost mad. A million insane images chase each other through my brain. . . . A voice comes: (it is my own voice—I did not know it). “When thou shalt know me, O thou empty God, my little flame shall utterly expire in thy great N.O.X.” There is no answer. . . . (20 minutes. O.V.). . . .

And now, after so long a while, the Angel* lifts me, and takes me from the room, and sets me in a little chamber where is another Angel like a fair youth in shining garments, who makes me partake of the sacraments; bread, that is labour; and fire, that is wit; and a rose, that is sin; and wine, that is death. And all about us is a great company of angels in many-coloured robes, rose and spring-green, and sky-blue, and pale gold, and silver, and lilac, solemnly chanting without words. It is music wonderful beyond all that can be thought.

And now we go out of the chamber; on the right is a pylon, and the right figure is Isis, and the left figure

* No angel has been mentioned. The Seer was lost to being.

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Nephthys, and they are folding their wings over, and supporting Ra.

I wanted to go back to the King's Chamber. The Angel pushed me away, saying: "Thou shalt see these visions from afar off, but thou shalt not partake of them save in the manner prescribed. For if thou change so much as the style of a letter, the holy word is blasphemed."

And this is the manner prescribed:

Let there be a room furnished as for the ritual of passing through the Tuat. And let the aspirant be clad in the robes of, and let him bear the insignia of his grade. And at the least he shall be a neophyte.

Three days and three nights shall he have been in the tomb, vigilant and fasting, for he shall sleep no longer than three hours at any one time, and he shall drink pure water, and eat little sweet cakes consecrated unto the moon, and fruits, and the eggs of the duck, or of the goose, or of the plover. And he shall be shut in, so that no man may break in upon his meditation. But in the last twelve hours he shall neither eat nor sleep.

Then shall he break his fast, eating rich food, and drinking sweet wines, and wines that foam; and he shall banish the elements and the planets and the signs and the sephiroth; and then shall he take the holy table that he hath made for his altar, and he shall take the call of the Æthyr of which he will partake, which he hath written in the angelic character, or in the character of the holy alphabet that is revealed in Popé, upon a fair sheet of virgin vellum; and therewith shall he conjure the Æthyr, chanting the call. And in the lamp that is hung above the altar shall he burn the call that he hath written.

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Then shall he kneel before the holy table, and it shall be given him to partake of the mystery of the Æthyr.

And concerning the ink with which he shall write; for the first Æthyr let it be gold, for the second scarlet, for the third violet, for the fourth emerald, for the fifth silver, for the sixth sapphire, for the seventh orange, for the eighth indigo, for the ninth gray, for the tenth black, for the eleventh maroon, for the twelfth russet, for the thirteenth green-gray, for the fourteenth amber, for the fifteenth olive, for the sixteenth pale blue, for the seventeenth crimson, for the eighteenth bright yellow, for the nineteenth crimson adorned with silver, for the twentieth mauve, for the twenty-first pale green, for the twenty-second rose-madder, for the twenty-third violet cobalt, for the twenty-fourth beetle-brown, blue-brown colour, for the twenty-fifth a cold dark gray, for the twenty-sixth white flecked with red, blue, and yellow; the edges of the letters shall be green, for the twenty-seventh angry clouds of ruddy brown, for the twenty-eighth indigo, for the twenty-ninth bluish-green, for the thirtieth mixed colours.

This shall be the form to be used by him who would partake of the mystery of any Æthyr. And let him not change so much as the style of a letter, lest the holy word be blasphemed.

And let him beware, after he hath been permitted to partake of this mystery, that he await the completion of the first hour of his retirement, before he open the door of the place of his retirement; lest he contaminate his glory with uncleanness, and lest they that behold him be smitten by his glory unto death.

For this is a holy mystery, and he that did first attain to

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reveal the alphabet thereof, perceived not one ten-thousandth part of the fringe that is upon its vesture.

Come away! for the clouds are gathered together, and the Aire heaveth like the womb of a woman in travail. Come away! lest he loose the lightnings from his hand, and unleash his hounds of thunder. Come away! For the voice of the Æthyr is accomplished. Come away! For the seal of His loving-kindness is made sure. And let there be praise and blessing unspeakable unto him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne, for he casteth down mercies as a spendthrift that scattereth gold. And he hath shut up judgment and hidden it away as a miser that hoardeth coins of little worth.

All this while the Angel hath been pushing me backwards, and now he is turned into a golden cross with a rose at its heart, and that is the red cross wherein is set the golden shewstone.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 1, 1909. 2.30-4.10 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 17TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED TAN

Into the stone there first cometh the head of a dragon, and then the Angel Madimi. She is not the mere elemental that one would suppose from the account of Casaubon. I enquire why her form is different.

She says: Since all things are God, in all things thou seest just so much of God as thy capacity affordeth thee. But behold! Thou must pierce deeply into this Æthyr before true images appear. For TAN is that which transformeth

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judgment into justice. BAL is the sword, and TAN the balances.

A pair of balances appears in the stone, and on the bar of the balance is written: Motion about a point is iniquity.

And behind the balances is a plume, luminous, azure. And somehow connected with the plume, but I cannot divine how, are these words: Breath is iniquity. (That is, any wind must stir the feather of truth.)

And behind the plume is a shining filament of quartz, suspended vertically from the abyss to the abyss. And in the midst is a winged disk of some extremely delicate, translucent substance, on which is written in the “dagger” alphabet: Torsion is iniquity. (This means, that the Rashith Ha-Gilgalim is the first appearance of evil.)

And now an Angel appears, like as he were carven in black diamonds. And he cries: Woe unto the Second, whom all nations of men call the First. Woe unto the First, whom all grades of Adepts call the First. Woe unto me, for I, even as they, have worshipped him. But she is whose paps are the galaxies, and he that never shall be known, in them is no motion. For the infinite Without filleth all and moveth not, and the infinite Within goeth indeed; but it is no odds, else were the space-marks confounded.

And now the Angel is but a shining speck of blackness in the midst of a tremendous sphere of liquid and vibrating light, at first gold, then becoming green, and lastly pure blue. And I see that the green of Libra is made up of the yellow of air and the blue of water, swords and cups, judgment and mercy. And this word TAN meaneth mercy. And the feather of Maat is blue because the truth of justice is mercy. And a voice

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cometh, as it were the music of the ripples of the surface of the sphere: Truth is delight. (This means that the Truth of the universe is delight.)

Another voice cometh; it is the voice of a mighty Angel, all in silver; the scales of his armour and the plumes of his wings are like mother-of-pearl in a framework of silver. And he sayeth: Justice is the equity that ye have made for yourselves between truth and falsehood. But in Truth there is nothing of this, for there is only Truth. Your falsehood is but a little falser than your truth. Yet by your truth shall ye come to Truth. Your truth is your troth with Adonai the Beloved one. And the Chymical Marriage of the Alchemists beginneth with a Weighing, and he that is not found wanting hath within him one spark of fire, so dense and so intense that it cannot be moved, through all the winds of heaven should clamour against it, and all the waters of the abyss surge against it, and all the multitude of the earths heap themselves upon it to smother it. Nay, it shall not be moved.

And this is the fire of which it is written: "Hear thou the voice of fire!" And the voice of fire is the second chapter of the Book of the Law, that is revealed unto him that is a score and half a score and three that are scores, and six, by Aiwass, that is his guardian, the mighty Angel that extendeth from the first unto the last, and maketh known the mysteries that are beyond. And the method and the form of invocation whereby a man shall attain to the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel shall be given unto thee in the proper place, and seeing that the word is deadlier than lightning, do thou meditate straitly thereupon, solitary, in a place where is no living thing visible, but only the light of the sun. And

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thy head shall be bare.* Thus mayest thou become fitted to receive this, the holiest of the Mysteries. And it is the holiest of the Mysteries because it is the Next Step. And those Mysteries which lie beyond, though they be holier, are not holy unto thee, but only remote. (The sense of this passage seems to be, that the holiness of a thing implies its personal relation with one, just as one cannot blaspheme an unknown god, because one does not know what to say to annoy him. And this explains the perfect inefficiency of those who try to insult the saints; the most violent attacks are very often merely clumsy compliments.)

Now the Angel is spread completely over the globe, a dewy film of silver upon that luminous blue.

And a great voice cries: Behold the Queen of Heaven, how she hath woven her robes from the loom of justice. For as that straight path of the Arrow cleaving the Rainbow became righteousness in her that sitteth in the hall of double truth, so at last is she exalted unto the throne of the High Priestess, the Priestess of the Silver Star, wherein also is thine Angel made manifest. And this is the mystery of the camel that is ten days in the desert, and is not athirst, because he hath within him that water which is the dew distilled from the the night of Nuit. Triple is the cord of silver, that it may be not loosed; and three score and half a score and three is the number of the name of my name, for that the ineffable wisdom, that also is of the sphere of the stars, informeth me. Thus am I crowned with the triangle that is about the eye, and therefore is my number three. And in me there is no

* This I performed in a sort of cave upon the ridge of a great mountain in the Desert near Bou-Sâada at 12-3 p.m. on December 2.

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imperfection, because through me descendeth the influence of TARO. And that is also the number of Aiwass the mighty Angel, the Minister of Silence.

And even as the shew-stone burneth thy forehead with its intolerable flame, so he who hath known me, though but from afar, is marked out and chosen among men, and he shall never turn back or turn aside, for he hath made the link that is not to be broken, nay, not by the malice of the Four Great Princes of evil of the world, nor by Chorozon, that mighty Devil, nor by the wrath of God, nor by the affliction and feebleness of the soul.

Yet with this assurance be not thou content; for though thou hast the wings of the Eagle, they are vain, except they be joined to the shoulders of the Bull. Now, therefore, I send forth a shaft of my light, even as a ladder let down from the heaven upon the earth, and by this black cross of Themis that I hold before thine eyes, do I swear unto thee that the path shall be open henceforth for evermore.

There is a clash of a myriad silver cymbals, and silence. And then three times a note is struck upon a bell, which sounds like my holy Tibetan bell, that is made of electrum magicum.

I am happily returned unto the earth.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 2, 1909. 12.15-2 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 16TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LEA

There are faint and flickering images in a misty landscape, all very transient. But the general impression is of moonrise at midnight, and a crowned virgin riding upon a bull.

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And they come up into the surface of the stone. And she is singing a chant of praise: Glory unto him that hath taken upon himself the image of toil. For by his labour is my labour accomplished. For I, being a woman, lust ever to mate myself with some beast. And this is the salvation of the world, that always I am deceived by some god, and that my child is the guardian of the labyrinth that hath two-and-seventy paths.

Now she is gone.

And now there are Angels, walking up and down in the stone. They are the Angels of the Holy Sevenfold Table. It seems that they are waiting for the Angel of the Æthyr to come forth.

Now at last he appears in the gloom. He is a mighty King, with crown and orb and sceptre, and his robes are of purple and gold. And he casts down the orb and sceptre to the earth, and he tears off his crown, and throws it on the ground, and tramples it. And he tears out his hair, that is of ruddy gold tinged with silver, and he plucks at his beard, and cries with a terrible voice: Woe unto me that am cast down from my place by the might of the new Æon. For the ten palaces are broken, and the ten kings are carried away into bondage, and they are set to fight as the gladiators in the circus of him that hath laid his hand upon eleven. For the ancient tower is shattered by the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning. And they that walk upon their hands shall build the holy place. Blessed are they who have turned the Eye of Hoor unto the zenith, for they shall be filled with the vigour of the goat.

All that was ordered and stable is shaken. The Æon of

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Wonders is come. Like locusts shall they gather themselves together, the servants of the Star and of the Snake, and they shall eat up everything that is upon the earth. For why? Because the Lord of Righteousness delighteth in them.

The prophets shall prophesy monstrous things, and the wizards shall perform monstrous things. The sorceress shall be desired of all men, and the enchanter shall rule the earth.

Blessing unto the name of the Beast, for he hath let loose a mighty flood of fire from his manhood, and from his womanhood hath he let loose a mighty flood of water. Every thought of his mind is as a tempest that uprooteth the great trees of the earth, and shaketh the mountains thereof. And the throne of his spirit is a mighty throne of madness and desolation, so that they that look upon it shall cry: Behold the abomination!

Of a single ruby shall that throne be built, and it shall be set upon a high mountain, and men shall see it afar off. Then will I gather together my chariots and my horsemen and my ships of war. By sea and land shall my armies and my navies encompass it, and I will encamp round about it, and besiege it, and by the flame thereof shall I be utterly devoured. Many lying spirits have I sent into the world that my Æon might be established, and they shall be all overthrown.

Great is the Beast that cometh forth like a lion, the servant of the Star and of the Snake. He is the Eternal one; He is the Almighty one. Blessed are they upon whom he shall look with favour, for nothing shall stand before his face. Accursed are they upon whom he shall look with derision, for nothing shall stand before his face.

And every mystery that hath not been revealed from the

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foundation of the world he shall reveal unto his chosen. And they shall have power over every spirit of the Ether; and of the earth and under the earth; on dry land and in the water; of whirling air and of rushing fire. And they shall have power over all the inhabitants of the earth, and every scourge of God shall be subdued beneath their feet. The angels shall come unto them and walk with them, and the great gods of heaven shall be their guests.

But I must sit apart, with dust upon my head, discrowned and desolate. I must lurk in forbidden corners of the earth. I must plot secretly in the by-ways of great cities, in the fog, and in marshes of the rivers of pestilence. And all my cunning shall not serve me. And all my undertakings shall be brought to naught. And all the ministers of the Beast shall catch me and tear out my tongue with pincers of red-hot iron, and they shall brand my forehead with the word of derision, and they shall shave my head, and pluck out my beard, and make a show of me.

And the spirit of prophecy shall come upon me despite me ever and anon, as even now upon my heart and upon my throat; and upon my tongue seared with strong acid are the words: *Vim patior*. For so must I give glory to him that hath supplanted me, that hath cast me down into the dust. I have hated him, and with hate my bones are rotten. I would have spat upon him, and my spittle hath befouled my beard. I have taken up the sword against him, and I am fallen upon it, and mine entrails are about my feet.

Who shall strive with his might? Hath he not the sword and the spear of the Warrior Lord of the Sun? Who shall contend with him? Who shall lift himself up against him?

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For the latchet of his sandal is more than the helmet of the Most High. Who shall reach up to him in supplication, save those that he shall set upon his shoulders? Would God that my tongue were torn out by the roots, and my throat cut across, and my heart torn out and given to the vultures, before I say this that I must say: Blessing and Worship to the Prophet of the Lovely Star!

And now he is fallen quite to the ground, in a heap, and dust is upon his head; and the throne upon which he sat is shattered into many pieces.

And dimly dawning in this unutterable gloom, far, far above, is the face that is the face of a man and of a woman, and upon the brow is a circle, and upon the breast is a circle, and in the palm of the right hand is a circle. Gigantic is his stature, and he hath the Uraeus crown, and the leopard's skin, and the flaming orange apron of a god. And invisibly about him is Nuit, and in his heart is Hadit, and between his feet is the great god Ra Hoor Khuit. And in his right hand is a flaming wand, and in his left a book. Yet is he silent; and that which is understood between him and me shall not be revealed in this place. And the mystery shall be revealed to whosoever shall say, with ecstasy of worship in his heart, with a clear mind, and a passionate body: It is the voice of a god, and not of a man.

And now all that glory hath withdrawn itself; and the old King lies prostrate, abject.

And the virgin that rode upon the bull cometh forth, led by all those Angels of the Holy Sevenfold Table, and they are dancing round her with garlands and sheaves of flowers, loose robes and hair dancing in the wind. And she smiles upon me

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with infinite brilliance, so that the whole Æthyr flushes warm, and she says with a subtle sub-meaning, pointing downwards: By this, that.

And I took her hand and kissed it, and I say to her: Am I not nearly purged of the iniquity of my forefathers?

With that she bends down, and kisses me on the mouth, and says: “Yet a little, and on thy left arm shalt thou carry a man-child, and give him to drink of the milk of thy breasts. But I go dancing.”

And I wave my hand, and the Æthyr is empty and dark, and I bow myself before it in the sign that I, and only I, may know. And I sink through waves of blackness, poised on an eagle, down, down, down.

And I give the sign that only I may know.

And now there is nothing in the stone but the black cross of Themis, and on it these words: Memento: Sequor. (These words probably mean that the Equinox of Horus is to be followed by that of Themis.)

BOU-SÂADA.

December 2, 1909. 4.50-6.5 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 15TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED OXO

There appears immediately in the Æthyr a tremendous column of scarlet fire, whirling forth, rebounding, crying aloud. And about it are four columns of green and blue and gold and silver, each inscribed with writings in the character of the dagger. And the column of fire is dancing among the pillars. Now it seems that the fire is but the skirt of the dancer, and the dancer is a mighty god. The vision is overpowering.

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As the dancer whirls, she chants in a strange, slow voice, quickening as she goes: Lo! I gather up every spirit that is pure, and weave him into my vesture of flame. I lick up the lives of men, and their souls sparkle from mine eyes. I am the mighty sorceress, the lust of the spirit. And by my dancing I gather for my mother Nuit the heads of all them that are baptized in the waters of life. I am the lust of the spirit that eateth up the soul of man. I have prepared a feast for the adepts, and they that partake thereof shall see God.

Now it is clear what she has woven in her dance; it is the Crimson Rose of 49 Petals, and the Pillars are the Cross with which it is conjoined. And between the pillars shoot out rays of pure green fire; and now all the pillars are golden. She ceases to dance, and dwindles, gathering herself into the centre of the Rose.

Now it is seen that the Rose is a vast amphitheatre, with seven tiers, each tier divided into seven partitions. And they that sit in the Amphitheatre are the seven grades of the Order of the Rosy Cross. This Amphitheatre is built of rose-coloured marble, and of its size I can say only that the sun might be used as a ball to be thrown by the players in the arena. But in the arena there is a little altar of emerald, and its top has the heads of the Four Beasts, in turquoise and rock-crystal. And the floor of the arena is ridged like a grating of lapis lazuli. And it is full of pure quicksilver.

Above the altar is a veiled Figure, whose name is Pan. Those in the outer tier adore him as a Man; and in the next tier they adore him as a Goat; and in the next tier they adore him as a Ram; and in the next tier they adore him as a Crab;

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and in the next tier they adore him as an Ibis; and in the next tier they adore him as a Golden Hawk; and in the next tier they adore him not.

And now the light streameth out from the altar, splashed out by the feet of him that is above it. It is the Holy Twelve-fold Table of OIT.

The voice of him that is above the altar is silence, but the echo thereof cometh back from the walls of the circus, and is speech. And this is the speech: Three and four are the days of a quarter of the moon, and on the seventh day is the sabbath, but thrice four is the Sabbath of the Adepts whereof the form is revealed in the Æthyr ZID; that is the eighth of the Aires. And the mysteries of the Table shall not be wholly revealed, nor shall they be revealed herein. But thou shalt gather of the sweat of thy brow a pool of clear water wherein this shall be revealed. And of the oil that thou burnest in the midnight shall be gathered together thirteen rivers of blessing; and of the oil and the water I will prepare a wine to intoxicate the young men and the maidens.

And now the Table is become the universe; every star is a letter of the Book of Enoch. And the Book of Enoch is drawn therefrom by an inscrutable Mystery, that is known only to the Angels and the Holy Sevenfold Table. While I have been gazing upon this table, an Adept has come forth, one from each tier, except the inmost Tier.

And the first drove a dagger into my heart, and tasted the blood, and said: *καθαρός, καθαρός, καθαρός, καθαρός, καθαρός, καθαρός.*

And the second Adept has been testing the muscles of my right arm and shoulder, and he says: fortis, fortis, fortis, fortis, fortis.

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And the third Adept examines the skin and tastes the sweat of my left arm, and says:

TAN, TAN, TAN, TAN.

And the fourth Adept examines my neck, and seems to approve, though he says nothing; and he hath opened the right half of my brain, and he makes some examination, and says: “Samajh, samajh, samajh.”

And the fifth Adept examines the left half of my brain, and then holds up his hand in protest, and says “PLA . . .” (I cannot get the sentence, but the meaning is: In the thick darkness the seed awaiteth spring.)

And now am I again rapt in contemplation of that universe of letters which are stars.

The words ORLO, ILRO, TULE are three most secret names of God. They are Magick names, each having an interpretation of the same kind as the interpretation of I.N.R.I., and the name OIT, RLU, LRL, OOE are other names of God, that contain magical formulae, the first to invoke fire; the second, water; the third, air; and the fourth, earth.

And if the Table be read diagonally, every letter, and every combination of letters, is the name of a devil. And from these are drawn the formulae of evil magick. But the holy letter I above the triad LLL dominateth the Table, and preserveth the peace of the universe

And in the seven talismans about the central Table are contained the Mysteries of drawing forth the letters. And the letters of the circumference declare in glory of Nuit, that beginneth from Aries*.

* Note that the corner letters in this table are all B = ⋈.

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All this while the Adepts must have been chanting as it were an oratorio for seven instruments. And this oratorio hath one dominant theme of rapture. Yet it applieth to every detail of the universe as well as to the whole. And herein is Choronzon brought utterly to ruin, that all his work is against his will, not only in the whole, but in every part thereof, even as a fly that walketh upon a beryl-stone.

And the tablet blazeth ever brighter till it filleth the whole Aire. And behold! there is is one God therein, and the letters of the stars in his crown, Orion, and the Pleiades, and Aldebaran, and Alpha Centauri, and Cor Leonis, and Cor Scorpionis, and Spica, and the pole-star, and Hercules, and Regulus, and Aquila, and the Ram's Eye.

And upon a map of the stars shalt thou draw the sigil of that name; and because also some of the letters are alike, thou shalt know that the stars also have tribes and nations. The letter of a star is but the totem thereof. And the letter representeth not the whole nature of the star, but each star must be known by itself in the wisdom of him that hath the Cynocephalus in leash.

And this pertaineth unto the grade of a Magus—and that is beyond thine. (All this is communicated not by voice, or by writing; and there is no form in the stone, but only the brilliance of the Table. And now I am withdrawn from all that, but the Rosy Cross of 49 petals is set upright upon the summit of a pyramid, and all is dark, because of the exceeding light behind.)

And there cometh a voice: The fly cried unto the ox, "Beware! Strengthen thyself. Set thy feet firmly upon the earth, for it is my purpose to alight between thy shoulders,

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and I would not harm thee.” So also are they who wish well unto the Masters of the Pyramid.

And the bee said unto the flower: “Give me of thine honey,” and the flower gave richly thereof; but the bee, though he wit it not, carried the seed of the flower into many fields of sun. So also are they that take unto themselves the Masters of the Pyramid for servants.

Now the exceeding light that was behind the Pyramid, and the Rosy Cross that is set thereon, hath fulfilled the whole Aire. The black Pyramid is like the back of a black diamond. Also the Rosy Cross is loosened, and the petals of the Rose are the mingled hues of sunset and of dawn; and the Cross is the Golden light of noon, and in the heart of the Rose there is the secret light that men call midnight.

And a voice: “Glory to God and thanksgiving to God, and there is no God but God. And He is exalted; He is great; and in the Sevenfold Table is His Name writ openly, and in the Twelfefold Table is His Name concealed.”

And the Pyramid casts a shadow of itself into the sky, and the shadow spreads over the whole stone. And an angel clad in blue and scarlet, with golden wings and plumes of purple fire, comes forth and scatters disks of green and gold, filing all the Aire. And they become swiftly-whirling wheels, singing together.

And the voice of the angel cries: Gather up thy garments about thee, * O thou that hast entered the circle of the Sabbath; for in thy grave-clothes shouldest thou behold the resurrection.

* Since the examination in the amphitheatre I have been a naked spirit without garments or anything; by garments he means the body.

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The flesh hangeth upon thee like his rags upon a beggar that is a pilgrim to the shrine of the Exalted One. Nevertheless, bear them bravely, and rejoice in the beauty thereof, for the company of the pilgrims is a glad company, and they have no care, and with song and dance and wine and fair women do they make merry. And every hostel is their place, and every maid their queen.

Gather up thy garments about thee, I say, for the voice of the Æthyr, that is the voice of the Æon, is ended, and thou art absorbed into the lesser night, and caught in the web of the light of thy mother in the word ARBADAHARBA.

And now the five and the six are divorced, and I am come again within my body.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 3, 1909. 9.15 to 11.10 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 14TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED UTA

There come into the stone a white goat, a green dragon, and a tawny bull. But they pass away immediately. There is a veil of such darkness before the Æthyr that it seems impossible to pierce it. But there is a voice saying: Behold, the Great One of the Night of Time stirreth, and with his tail he churneth up the slime, and of the foam thereof shall he make stars. And in the battle of the Python and the Sphinx shall the glory be to the Sphinx, but the victory to the Python.

Now the veil of darkness is formed of a very great number of exceedingly fine black veils, and one tears them off one at a time. And the voice says, There is no light or knowledge or beauty or stability in the Kingdom of the Grave, whither

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thou goest. And the worm is crowned. All that thou wast hath he eaten up, and all that thou art is his pasture until tomorrow. And all that thou shalt be is nothing. Thou who wouldst enter the domain of the Great One of the Night of Time, this burden must thou take up. Deepen not a superficialities.

But I go on tearing down the veil that I may behold the vision of UTA, and hear the voice thereof. And there is a voice: He hath drawn the black bean. And another voice answers it: Not otherwise could he plant the Rose. And the first voice: He hath drunk of the waters of death. The answer: Not otherwise could he water the Rose. And the first voice: He hath burnt himself at the Fires of life. And the answer: Not otherwise could he sun the Rose. And the first voice is so faint that I cannot hear it. But the answer is: Not otherwise could he pluck the Rose.

And still I go on, struggling with the blackness. Now there is an earthquake. The veil is torn into thousands of pieces that go flying away in a whirling wind. And there is an all-glorious Angel before me, standing in the sign of Apophis and Typhon. On his Forehead is a star, but all about him is darkness, and the crying of beasts. And there are lamps moving in the darkness.

And the Angel says: Depart! For thou must invoke me only in the darkness. Therein will I appear, and reveal unto thee the Mystery of UTA. For the Mystery thereof is great and terrible. And it shall not be spoken in sight of the sun.

Therefore I withdraw myself. (Thus far the vision upon Da'leh Addin, a mountain in the desert near Bou-Sâada.)

December 3.

2.50-3.15 p.m.

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The Angel re-appears.

The blackness gathers about, so thick, so clinging, so penetrating, so oppressive, that all the other darkness that I have ever conceived would be like bright light beside it.

His voice comes in a whisper: O thou that art master of the fifty gates of Understanding, is not my mother a black woman? O thou that art master of the Pentagram, is not the egg of spirit a black egg? Here abideth terror, and the blind ache of the Soul, and lo! even I, who am the sole light, a spark shut up, stand in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.

I am the snake that devoureth the spirit of man with the lust of light. I am the sightless storm in the night that wrappeth the world about with desolation. Chaos is my name, and thick darkness. Know thou that the darkness of the earth is ruddy, and the darkness of the air is grey, but the darkness of the soul is utter blackness.

The egg of the spirit is a basilisk egg, and the gates of the understanding are fifty, that is the sign of the Scorpion. The pillars about the neophyte are crowned with flame, and the vault of the Adepts is lighted by the Rose. And in the abyss is the eye of the hawk. But upon the great sea shall the Master of the Temple find neither star nor moon.

And I was about to answer him: "The light is within me." But before I could frame the words, he answered me with the great word that is the Key of the Abyss. And he said: Thou hast entered the night; dost thou yet lust for day? Sorrow is my name, and affliction. I am girt about with tribulation. Here still hangs the Crucified One, and here the Mother weeps over the children that she hath not borne. Sterility is

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my name, and desolation. Intolerable is thine ache, and incurable thy wound. I said, Let the darkness cover me; and behold, I am compassed about with the blackness that hath no name. O thou, who hast cast down the light into the earth, so must thou do for ever. And the light of the sun shall not shine upon thee, and the moon shall not lend thee of her lustre, and the stars shall be hidden, because thou art passed beyond these things, beyond the need of these things, beyond the desire of these things.

What I thought were shapes of rocks, rather felt than seen, now appear to be veiled Masters, sitting absolutely still and silent. Nor can any one be distinguished from the others.

And the Angel sayeth: Behold where thine Angel hath led thee! Thou didst ask fame, power and pleasure, health and wealth and love, and strength, and length of days. Thou didst hold life with eight tentacles, like an octopus. Thou didst seek the four powers and the seven delights and the twelve emancipations and the two and twenty Privileges and the nine and forty Manifestations, and lo! thou art become as one of These. Bowed are their backs, whereon resteth the universe. Veiled are their faces, that have beheld the glory Ineffable.

These adepts seem like Pyramids—their hoods and robes are like Pyramids.

And the Angel sayeth: Verily is the Pyramid a Temple of Initiation. Verily also is it a tomb. Thinkest thou that there is life within the Masters of the Temple, that sit hooded, encamped upon the Sea? Verily, there is no life in them.

Their sandals were the pure light, and they have taken

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them from their feet and cast them down through the abyss, for this Æthyr is holy ground.

Herein no forms appear, and the vision of God face to face, that is transmuted in the Athanor called dissolution, or hammered into one in the forge of meditation, is in this place but a blasphemy and a mockery.

And the Beatific Vision is no more, and the glory of the Most High is no more. There is no more knowledge. There is no more bliss. There is no more power. There is no more beauty. For this is the Palace of Understanding: for thou art one with the Primeval things.

Drink in the myrrh of my speech, that is bruised with the gall of the roc, and dissolved in the ink of the cuttle-fish, and perfumed with the deadly nightshade.

This is thy wine, who wast drunk upon the wine of Iacchus. And for bread shalt thou eat salt, O thou on the corn of Ceres that didst wax fat! For as pure being is pure nothing, so is pure wisdom pure —,* and so is pure understanding silence, and stillness, and darkness. The eye is called seventy, and the triple Aleph whereby thou perceivest it, divideth into the number of the terrible word that is the Key of the Abyss.

I am Hermes, that am sent from the Father to expound all things discreetly in these the last words that thou shalt hear before thou take thy seat among these, whose eyes are sealed up, and whose ears are stopped, and whose mouths are clenched, who are folded in upon themselves, the liquor of whose bodies is dried up, so that nothing remains but a little pyramid of dust.

And that bright light of comfort, and that piercing sword

* I suppose that only a Magus could have heard this word.

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of truth, and all that power and beauty that they have made of themselves, is cast from them, as it is written, "I saw Satan like lightning fall from Heaven." And as a flaming sword is it dropt through the abyss, where the four beasts keep watch and ward. And it appeareth in the heaven of Jupiter as a morning star, or as an evening star. And the light thereof shineth even unto the earth, and bringeth hope and help to them that dwell in the darkness of thought, and drink of the poison of life. Fifty are the gates of understanding, and one hundred and six are the seasons thereof. And the name of every season is Death.

During all this speech, the figure of the Angel has dwindled and flickered, and now it is gone out.

And I come back in the body, rushing like a flame in a great wind. And the shew-stone has become warm, and in it is its own light.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 3, 1909 9.50-11.15 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 13TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZIM

Into the Stone there cometh an image of shining waters, glistening in the sun. Unfathomable is their beauty, for they are limpid, and the floor is of gold. Yet the sense thereof is of fruitlessness.

And an Angel cometh forth, of pure pale gold, walking upon the water. Above his head is a rainbow, and the water foams beneath his feet. And he saith: Before his face am I come that hath the thirty-three thunders of increase in his hand. From the golden water shalt thou gather corn.

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All the Aire behind him is gold, but it opens as it were a veil. There are two terrible black giants, wrestling in mortal hatred. And there is a little bird upon a bush, and the bird flaps its wings. Thereat the strength of the giants snaps, and they fall in heaps to the earth, as though all their bones were suddenly broken.

And now waves of light roll through the Æthyr, as if they were playing. Therefore suddenly I am in a garden, upon a terrace of a great castle, that is upon a rocky mountain. In the garden are fountains and many flowers. There are girls also in the garden, tall, slim, delicate and pale. And now I see that the flowers are the girls, for they change from one to another; so varied, and lucent, and harmonious is all this garden, that it seems like a great opal.

A voice comes: This water which thou seest is called the water of death. But NEMO hath filled therefrom our springs.

And I said: Who is NEMO?

And the voice answered: A dolphin's tooth, and a ram's horns, and the hand of a man that is hanged, and the phallus of a goat. (By this I understand that nun is explained by shin, and hé by resh, and mem by yod, and ayin by tau. NEMO is therefore called $165 = 11 \times 15$; and is in himself $910 = 91 \text{ Amen} \times 10$; and $13 \times 70 = \text{The One Eye, } *Achad Ayin*.$)

And now there cometh an Angel into the garden, but he hath not any of the attributes of the former Angels, for he is like a young man, dressed in white linen robes.

And he saith: No man hath beheld the face of my Father. Therefore he that hath beheld it is called NEMO. And know thou that every man that is called NEMO hath a garden that he tendeth. And every garden that is and flourisheth hath

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been prepared from the desert by NEMO, watered with the waters that were called death.

And I say unto him: To what end is the garden prepared?

And he saith: First for the beauty and delight thereof; and next because it is written, "And Tetragrammaton Elohim planted a garden eastward in Eden." And lastly, because though every flower bringeth forth a maiden, yet is there one flower that shall bring forth a man-child. And his name shall be called NEMO, when he beholdeth the face of my Father. And he that tendeth the garden seeketh not to single out the flower that shall be NEMO. He doeth naught but tend the garden.

And I said: Pleasant indeed is the garden, and light is the toil of tending it, and great is the reward.

And he said: Bethink thee that NEMO hath beheld the face of my Father. In Him is only Peace.

And I said: Are all gardens like unto this garden?

And he waved his hand, and in the Aire across the valley appeared an island of coral, rosy, with green palms and fruit-trees, in the midst of the bluest of the seas.

And he waved his hand again, and there appeared a valley shut in by mighty snow mountains, and in it were pleasant streams of water, rushing through, and broad rivers, and lakes covered with lilies.

And he waved his hand again, and there was a vision, as it were of an oasis in the desert.

And again he waved his hand, and there was a dim country with grey rocks, and heather, and gorse, and bracken.

And he waved his hand yet again, and there was a park, and a small house therein, surrounded by yews. This time

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the house opens, and I see in it an old man, sitting by a table. He is blind. Yet he writeth in a great book, constantly. I see what he is writing: “The words of the Book are as the leaves of the flowers in the garden. Many indeed of these my songs shall go forth as maidens, but there is one among them, which one I know not, that shall be a man-child, whose name shall be NEMO, when he hath beheld the face of the Father, and become blind.”

(All this vision is most extraordinarily pleasant and peaceful, entirely without strength or ecstasy, or any positive quality, but equally free from the opposites of any of those qualities.) And the young man seems to read my thought, which is, that I should love to stay in this garden and do nothing for ever; for he sayeth to me: Come with me, and behold how NEMO tendeth his garden.

So we enter the earth, and there is a veiled figure, in absolute darkness. Yet it is perfectly possible to see in it, so that the minutest details do not escape us. And upon the root of one flower he pours acid so that that root writhes as if in torture. And another he cuts, and the shriek is like the shriek of a mandrake, torn up by the roots. And another he chars with fire, and yet another he anoints with oil.

And I said: Heavy is the labour, but great indeed is the reward.

And the young man answered me: He shall not see the reward, he tendeth the garden.

And I said: What shall come unto him?

And he said: This thou canst not know, nor is it revealed by the letters that are the totems of the stars, but only by the stars.

And he says to me, quite disconnectedly: The man of earth

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is the adherent. The lover giveth his life unto the work among men. The hermit goeth solitary, and giveth only of his light unto men.

And I ask him: Why does he tell me that?

And he says: I tell thee not. Thou tellest thyself, for thou hast pondered thereupon for many days, and hast not found light. And now that thou art called NEMO, the answer to every riddle that thou hast not found shall spring up in thy mind, unsought. Who can tell upon what day a flower shall bloom?

And thou shalt give thy wisdom unto the world, and that shall be thy garden. And concerning time and death, thou hast naught to do with these things. For though a precious stone be hidden in the sand of the desert, it shall not heed for the wind of the desert, although it be but sand. For the worker of works hath worked thereupon; and because it is clear, it is invisible; and because it is hard, it moveth not.

All these words are heard by everyone that is called NEMO. And with that doth he apply himself to understanding. And he must understand the virtue of the waters of death, and he must understand the virtue of the sun and the wind, and of the worm that turneth the earth, and the stars that roof in the garden. And he must understand the separate nature and property of every flower, or how shall he tend his garden?

And I said to him: Concerning the Vision and the Voice, I would know if these things be of the essence of the Æthyr, or of the essence of the seer.

And he answers: It is of the essence of him that is called NEMO, combined with essence of the Æthyr, for from

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the 1st Æthyr to the 15th Æthyr, there is no vision and no voice, save for him that is called NEMO. And he that seeketh the vision and the voice therein is led away by dog-faced demons that show no sign of truth, seducing from the Sacred Mysteries, unless his name be NEMO.

And hadst thou not been fitted, thou too hadst been led away, for before the gate of the 15th Æthyr, is this written: He shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie. And again it is written: The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart. And again it is written that God tempteth man. But thou hadst the word and the sign, and thou hadst authority from thy superior, and licence. And thou hast done well in that thou didst not dare, and in that thou dost dare. For daring is not presumption.

And he said moreover: Thou dost well to keep silence, for I perceive how many questions arise in thy mind; yet already thou knowest that the answering, as the asking, must be vain. For NEMO hath all in himself. He hath come where there is no light or knowledge, only when he needeth them no more.

And then we bow silently, giving a certain sign, called the Sign of Isis Rejoicing. And then he remaineth to ward the Æthyr, while I return unto the bank of sand that is the bed of the river near the desert.

THE RIVER-BED NEAR BOU-SÁADA.

December 4, 1909. 2.10-3.45 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 12TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LOE.

There appear in the stone two pillars of flame, and in the midst is a chariot of white fire.

This seems to be the chariot of the Seventh Key of

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Tarot. But it is drawn by four sphinxes, diverse, like the four sphinxes upon the door of the vault of the adepts, counterchanged in their component parts.

The chariot itself is the lunar crescent, waning. The canopy is supported by eight pillars of amber. These pillars are upright, and yet the canopy which they support is the whole vault of the night.

The charioteer is a man in golden armour, studded with sapphires, but over his shoulders is a white robe, and over that a red robe. Upon his goldenhelmet he beareth for his crest a crab. His hands are clasped upon a cup, from which radiates a ruddy glow, constantly increasing, so that everything is blotted out by its glory, and the whole Aire is filled with it.

And there is a marvelous perfume in the Aire, like unto the perfume of Ra Hoor Khuit, but sublimated, as if the quintessence of that perfume alone were burnt. For it hath the richness and voluptuousness and humanity of blood, and the strength and freshness of meal, and the sweetness of honey, and the purity of olive-oil, and the holiness of that oil which is made of myrrh, and cinnamon, and galangal.

The charioteer speaks in a low, solemn voice, awe-inspiring, like a large and very distant bell: Let him look upon the cup whose blood is mingled therein, for the wine of the cup is the blood of the saints. Glory unto the Scarlet Woman, Babalon the Mother of Abominations, that rideth upon the Beast, for she hath spilt their blood in every corner of the earth and lo! she hath mingled it in the cup of her whoredom.

With the breath of her kisses hath she fermented it, and it hath become the wine of the Sacrament, the wine of the

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Sabbath; and in the Holy Assembly hath she poured it out for her worshippers, and they had become drunken thereon, so that face to face they beheld my Father. Thus are they made worthy to become partakers of the Mystery of this holy vessel, for the blood is the life. So sitteth she from age to age, and the righteous are never weary of her kisses, and by her murders and fornications she seduceth the world. Therein is manifested the glory of my Father, who is truth.

(This wine is such that its virtue radiateth through the cup, and I reel under the intoxication of it. And every thought is destroyed by it. It abideth alone, and its name is Compassion. I understand by "Compassion," the sacrament of suffering, partaken by the true worshippers of the Highest. And it is an ecstasy in which there is no trace of pain. Its passivity (=passion) is like the giving-up of the self to the beloved.)

The voice continues: This is the Mystery of Babylon, the Mother of abominations, and this is the mystery of her adulteries, for she hath yielded up herself to everything that liveth, and hath become a partaker in its mystery. And because she hath made herself the servant of each, therefore is she become the mistress of all. Not as yet canst thou comprehend her glory.

Beautiful art thou, O Babylon, and desirable, for thou hast given thyself to everything that liveth, and thy weakness hath subdued their strength. For in that union thou didst *understand*. Therefore art thou called Understanding, O Babylon, Lady of the Night!

This is that which is written, "O my God, in one last rapture let me attain to the union with the many." For she is

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Love, and her love is one, and she hath divided the one love into infinite loves, and each love is one, and equal to The One, and therefore is she passed “from the assembly and the law and the enlightenment unto the anarchy of solitude and darkness. For ever thus must she veil the brilliance of Her Self.”

O Babylon, Babylon, thou mighty Mother, that ridest upon the crownèd beast, let me be drunken upon the wine of thy fornications; let thy kisses wanton me unto death, that even I, thy cup-bearer, may *understand*.

Now, through the ruddy glow of the cup, I may perceive far above, and infinitely great, the vision of Babylon. And the Beast whereon she rideth is the Lord of the City of the Pyramids, that I beheld in the fourteenth Æthyr.

Now that is gone in the glow of the cup, and the Angel saith: Not as yet mayest thou understand the mystery of the Beast, for it pertaineth not unto the mystery of this Aire, and few that are new-born unto Understanding are capable thereof.

The cup glows ever brighter and fierier. All my sense is unsteady, being smitten with ecstasy.

And the Angel sayeth: Blessed are the saints, that their blood is mingled in the cup, and can never be separate any more. For Babylon the Beautiful, the Mother of abominations, hath sworn by her holy cteis, whereof every point is a pang, that she will not rest from her adulteries until the blood of everything that liveth is gathered therein, and the wine thereof laid up and matured and consecrated, and worthy to gladden the heart of my Father. For my Father is weary with the stress of eld, and cometh not to her bed. Yet shall

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this perfect wine be the quintessence, and the elixir, and by the draught thereof shall he renew his youth; and so shall it be eternally, as age by age the worlds do dissolve and change, and the universe unfoldeth itself as a Rose, and shutteth itself up as the Cross that is bent into the cube.

And this is the comedy of Pan, that is played at night in the thick forest. And this is the mystery of Dionysus Zagreus, that is celebrated upon the holy mountain of Kithairon. And this is the secret of the brothers of the Rosy Cross; and this is the heart of the ritual that is accomplished in the Vault of the Adepts that is hidden in the Mountain of the Caverns, even the Holy Mountain Abiegnus.

And this is the meaning of the Supper of the Passover, the spilling of the blood of the Lamb being a ritual of the Dark Brothers, for they have sealed up the Pylon with blood, lest the Angel of Death should enter therein. Thus do they shut themselves off from the company of the saints. Thus do they keep themselves from compassion and from understanding. Accursed are they, for they shut up their blood in their heart.

They keep themselves from the kisses of my Mother Babylon, and in their lonely fortresses they pray to the false moon. And they bind themselves together with an oath, and with a great curse. And of their malice they conspire together, and they have power, and mastery, and in their cauldrons do they brew the harsh wine of delusion, mingled with the poison of their selfishness.

Thus they make war upon the Holy One, sending forth their delusion upon men, and upon everything that liveth. So that their false compassion is called compassion, and their

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false understanding is called understanding, for this is their most potent spell.

Yet of their own poison do they perish, and in their lonely fortresses shall they be eaten up by Time that hath cheated them to serve him, and by the mighty devil Choronzon, their master, whose name is the Second Death, for the blood that they have sprinkled on their Pylon, that is a bar against the Angel Death, is the key by which he entereth in.*

The Angel sayeth: And this is the word of double power in the voice of the Master, wherein the Five interpenetrateth the Six. This is its secret interpretation that may not be understood, save only of *them that understand*. And for this is the Key of the Pylon of Power, because there is no power that may endure, save only the power that descendeth in this my chariot from Babylon, the city of the Fifty Gates, the Gate of the God On [בַּחַיִּים]. Moreover is On the Key of the Vault that is 120. So also do the Majesty and the Beauty derive from the Supernal Wisdom.

But this is a mystery utterly beyond thine understanding. For Wisdom is the Man, and Understanding the Woman, and not until thou hast perfectly understood canst thou begin to be wise. But I reveal unto thee a mystery of the Æthyrs, that not only are they bound up with the Sephiroth, but also with the Paths. Now, the plane of the Æthyrs interpenetrateth and surroundeth the universe wherein the Sephiroth are established, and therefore is the order of the Æthyrs not the order of the Tree of Life. And only in a few places do they coincide.

* (I think the trouble with these people was, that they wanted to substitute the blood of someone else for their own blood, because they wanted to keep their personalities.)

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But the knowledge of the Æthyrs is deeper than the knowledge of the Sephiroth, for that in the Æthyrs is the knowledge of the Æons, and of *Θελημα*. And to each shall it be given according to his capacity. (He has been saying certain secret things to the unconscious mind of the seer, of a personal nature.)

Now a voice comes from without: And lo! I saw you to the end.

And a great bell begins to toll. And there come six little children out of the floor of the chariot, and in their hands is a veil so fine and transparent that it is hardly visible. Yet, when they put it over the Cup, the Angel bowing his head reverently, the light of the Cup goes out entirely. And as the light of the Cup vanishes, it is like a swift sunset in the whole Aire, for it was from the light of that Cup alone that it was lighted.

And now the light is all gone out of the stone, and I am very cold.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 4 - 5, 1909. 11.30 p.m.-1.20 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 11TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED IKH

There appears in the stone immediately the Kamea of the Moon. And it is rolled up; and behind it there appeareth a great Host of Angels. Their backs are turned towards me, but I can see how tremendous are their arms, which are swords and spears. They have wings upon their helmets and their heels: they are clad in complete armour, and the least of their swords is like the breaking forth of a tremendous

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storm of lightning. The least of their spears is like a great water-spout. On their shields are the eyes of Tetragrammaton, winged with flame,—white, red, black, yellow and blue. On their flanks are vast squadrons of elephants, and behind them is their meteor-artillery. They that sit upon the elephants are armed with the thunderbolt of Zeus.

Now in all that host there is no motion. Yet they are not resting upon their arms, but tense and vigilant. And between them and me is the God Shu, whom before I did not see, because his force filleth the whole Æthyr. And indeed he is not visible in his form. Nor does he come to the seer through any of the senses; he is understood, rather than expressed.

I perceive that all this army is defended by fortresses, nine mighty towers of iron upon the frontier of the Æthyr. Each tower is filled with warriors in silver armour. It is impossible to describe the feeling of tension; they are like oarsmen waiting for the gun.

I perceive that an Angel is standing on either side of me; nay, I am in the midst of a company of armed angels, and their captain is standing in front of me. He too is clad in silver armour; and about him, closely wrapped to his body, is a whirling wind, so swift that any blow struck against him would be broken.

And he speaketh unto me these words:

Behold, a mighty guard against the terror of things, the fastness of the Most High, the legions of eternal vigilance; these are they that keep watch and ward day and night throughout the æons. Set in them is all force of the Mighty One, yet there sirreth not one plume of the wings of their helmets.

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Behold, the foundation of the Holy City, the towers and the bastions thereof! Behold the armies of light that are set against the outermost Abyss, against the horror of emptiness, and the malice of Choronzon. Behold how worshipful is the wisdom of the Master, that he hath set his stability in the all-wandering Air and in the changeful Moon. In the purple flashes of lightning hath He written the word Eternity, and in the wings of the swallow hath He appointed rest.

By three and by three and by three hath He made firm the foundation against the earthquake that is three. For in the number nine is the changefulness of the numbers brought to naught. For with whatsoever number thou wilt cover it, it appeareth unchanged.

These things are spoken unto him that understandeth, that is a breastplate unto the elephants, or a corselet unto the angels, or a scale upon the towers of iron; yet is this mighty host set only for a defense, and whoso passeth beyond their lines hath no help in them.

Yet must he that understandeth go forth unto the outermost Abyss, and there must he speak with him that is set above the four-fold terror, the Princes of Evil, even with Choronzon, the mighty devil that inhabiteth the outermost Abyss. And none may speak with him, or understand him, but the servants of Babylon, that understand, and they that are without understanding, his servants.

Behold! it entereth not into the heart, nor into the mind of man to conceive this matter; for the sickness of the body is death, and the sickness of the heart is despair, and the sickness of the mind is madness. But in the outermost Abyss is sickness of the aspiration, and sickness of the will, and sickness

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of the essence of all, and there is neither word nor thought wherein the image of its image is reflected.

And whoso passeth into the outermost Abyss, except he be of them that understand, holdeth out his hands, and boweth his neck, unto the chains of Choronzon. And as a devil he walketh about the earth, immortal, and he blasteth the flowers of the earth, and he corrupteth the fresh air, and he maketh poisonous the water; and the fire that is the friend of man, and the pledge of his aspiration, seeing that it mounteth ever upward as a pyramid, and seeing that man stole it in a hollow tube from Heaven, even that fire he turneth unto ruin, and madness, and fever, and destruction. And thou, that art an heap of dry dust in the city of the pyramids, must understand these things.

And now a thing happens, which is unfortunately sheer nonsense; for the Æthyr that is the foundation of the universe was attacked by the Outermost Abyss, and the only way that I can express it is by saying that the universe was shaken. But the universe was *not* shaken. And that is the exact truth; so that the rational mind which is interpreting these spiritual things is offended; but, being trained to obey, it setteth down that which it doth not understand. For the rational mind indeed reasoneth, but never attaineth unto Understanding; but the Seer is of them that understand.

And the Angel saith:

Behold, He hath established His mercy and His might, and unto His might is added victory, and unto his Mercy is added splendour. And all these things hath He ordered in beauty, and He hath set them firmly upon the Eternal Rock, and therefrom He hath suspended His kingdom as one pearl that

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is set in a jewel of threescore pearls and twelve. And He hath garnished it with the Four Holy Living Creatures for Guardians, and He hath graven therein the seal of righteousness,* and He hath burnished it with the fire of His Angel, and the blush of His loveliness informeth it, and with delight and with wit hath He made it merry at the heart, and the core thereof is the Secret of His being, and therein is His name Generation. And this His stability had the number 80, for that the price thereof is War.†

Beware, therefore, O thou who art appointed to understand the secret of the Outermost Abyss, for in every Abyss thou must assume the mask and form of the Angel thereof. Hadst thou a name, thou wert irrevocably lost. Search, therefore, if there be yet one drop of blood that is not gathered into the cup of Babylon the Beautiful, for in that little pile of dust, if there could be one drop of blood, it should be utterly corrupt; it should breed scorpions and vipers, and the cat of slime.

And I said unto the Angel:

Is there not one appointed as a warden?

And he said:

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani.

Such an ecstasy of anguish racks me that I cannot give it voice, yet I know it is but as the anguish of Gethsemane. And that is the last word of the Æthyr. The outposts are passed, and before the seer extends the outermost Abyss.

I am returned.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 5, 1909. 10.10-11.35 p.m.

* Full title of Jesod is Tzedeq Jesod Olahm, "The Righteous is the Foundation of the World."

† I.S.V.D., Jesod, = 80, the number of pé, the letter of Mars.

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In nomine BABALON
Amen.

Restriction unto Choronzon.

THE TENTH ÆTHYR IS CALLED ZAX.

This Æthyr being accursèd, and the seer forewarned, he taketh these precautions for the scribe.

First let the scribe be seated in the centre of the circle in the desert sand, and let the circle be fortified by the Holy Names of God—Tetragrammaton and Shaddai El Chai and Ararita.

And let the Demon be invoked within a triangle, wherein is inscribed the name of Choronzon, and about it let him write ANAPHAXETON—ANAPHANETON—PRIMEUMATON, and in the angles MI-CA-EL: and at each angle the Seer shall slay a pigeon, and having done this, let him retire to a secret place, where is neither sight nor hearing, and sit within his black robe, secretly invoking the Æthyr. And let the Scribe perform the Banishing Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram, and let him call upon the Holy Names of God, and say the Exorcism of Honorius, and let him beseech protection and help of the Most High.

And let him be furnished with the Magick Dagger, and let him strike fearlessly at anything that may seek to break through the circle, were it the appearance of the Seer himself. And if the Demon pass out of the triangle, let him threaten him with the Dagger, and command him to return. And let him beware lest he himself lean beyond the circle. And

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since he reverenceth the Person of the Seer as his Teacher, let the Seer bind him with a great Oath to do this.

Now, then, the Seer being entered within the triangle, let him take the Victims and cut their throats, pouring the blood within the Triangle, and being most heedful that not one drop fall without the Triangle; or else Choronzon should be able to manifest in the universe.

And when the sand hath sucked up the blood of the victims, let him recite the Call of the Æthyr apart secretly as aforesaid. Then will the Vision be revealed, and the Voice heard.

The Oath

I, Omnia Vincam, a Probationer of A.: A.:, hereby solemnly promise upon my magical honour, and swear by Adonai the angel that guardeth me, that I will defend this magic circle of Art with thoughts and words and deeds. I promise to threaten with the Dagger and command back into the triangle the spirit incontinent, if he should strive to escape from it; and to strike with a Dagger at anything that may seek to enter this Circle, were it in appearance the body of the Seer himself. And I will be exceeding wary, armed against force and cunning; and I will preserve with my life the inviolability of this Circle, Amen.

And I summon my Holy Guardian Angel to witness this mine oath, the which if I break, may I perish, forsaken of Him. Amen and Amen.

THE CRY OF THE 10TH ÆTHYR, THAT IS CALLED ZAX

There is no being in the outermost Abyss, but constant forms come forth from the nothingness of it.

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Then the Devil of the Æthyr, that mighty devil Choronzon, crieth aloud, Zazas, Zazas, Nasatanada Zsas.

I am the Master of Form, and from me all forms proceed.

I am I. I have shut myself up from the spendthrifts, my gold is safe in my treasure-chamber, and I have made every living thing my concubine, and none shall touch them, save only I. And yet I am scorched, even while I shiver in the wind. He hateth me and tormenteth me. He would have stolen me from myself, but I shut myself up and mock at him, even while he plagueth me. From me come leprosy and pox and plague and cancer and cholera and the falling sickness. Ah! I will reach up to the knees of the Most High, and tear his phallus with my teeth, and I will bray his testicles in a mortar, and make poison thereof, to slay the sons of men.

(Here the Spirit stimulated the voice of Frater P., which also appeared to come from his station and not from the triangle.)

I don't think I can get any more; I think that's all there is.

(The Frater was seated in a secret place covered completely by a black robe, in the position called the "Thunderbolt." He did not move or speak during the ceremony.)

Next the Scribe was hallucinated, believing that before him was a beautiful courtesan whom previously he had loved in Paris. Now, she wooed him with soft words and glances, but he knew these things for delusions of the devil, and he would not leave the circle.

The demon then laughed wildly and loud.

(Upon the Scribe threatening him, the Demon proceeded, after a short delay.)

They have called me the God of laughter, and I laugh when I will slay. And they have thought that I could not

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smile, but I smile upon whom I would seduce. O inviolable one, that canst not be tempted. If thou canst command me by the power of the Most High, know that I did indeed tempt thee, and it repenteth me. I bow myself humbly before the great and terrible names whereby thou hast conjured and constrained me. But thy name is mercy, and I cry aloud for pardon. Let me come and put my head beneath thy feet, that I may serve thee. For if thou commandest me to obedience in the Holy names, I cannot swerve therefrom, for their first whispering is greater than the noise of all my temptests. Bid me therefore come unto thee upon my hands and knees that I may adore thee, and partake of thy forgiveness. Is not thy mercy infinite?

(Here Choronzon attempts to seduce the Scribe by appealing to his pride.

But the Scribe refused to be tempted, and commanded the demon to continue with the Æthyr.

There was again a short delay.)

Choronzon hath no form, because he is the maker of all form; and so rapidly he changeth from one to the other as he may best think fit to seduce those whom he hateth, the servants of the Most High.

Thus taketh he the form of a beautiful woman, or of a wise and holy man, or of a serpent that writheth upon the earth ready to sting.

And, because he is himself, therefore he is no self; the terror of darkness, and the blindness of night, and the deafness of the adder, and the tastelessness of stale and stagnant water, and the black fire of hatred, and the udders of the Cat of slime; not one thing, but many things. Yet, with all that, his torment

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is eternal. The sun burns him as he writhes naked upon the sands of hell, and the wind cuts him bitterly to the bone, a harsh dry wind, so that he is sore athirst. Give unto me, I pray thee, one drop of water from the pure springs of Paradise, that I may quench my thirst.

(The Scribe refused.)

Sprinkle water upon my head. I can hardly go on.

(This last was spoken from the triangle in the natural voice of the Frater, which Choronzon again simulated. But he did not succeed in taking the Frater's form—which was absurd!

The Scribe resisted the appeal to his pity, and conjured the demon to proceed by the names of the Most High. Choronzon attempted also to seduce the faithfulness of the Scribe. A long colloquy ensued. The Scribe cursed him by the Holy Names of God, and the power of the Pentagram.)

I feed upon the names of the Most High. I churn them in my jaws, and I void them from my fundament. I fear not the power of the Pentagram, for I am the Master of the Triangle. My name is three hundred and thirty and three, and that is thrice one. Be vigilant, therefore, for I warn thee that I am about to deceive thee. I shall say words that thou wilt take to be the cry of the Æthyr, and thou wilt write them down, thinking them to be great secrets of Magick power, and they will be only my jesting with thee.

(Here the Scribe invoked the Angels, and the Holy Guardian Angel of the Frater P. . . . The demon replied:)

I know the name of the Angel of thee and thy brother P. . . ., and all thy dealings with him are but a cloak for thy filthy sorceries.

(Here the Scribe averred that he knew more than the

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demon, and so feared him not, and ordered the demon to proceed.)

Thou canst tell me naught that I know not, for in me is all Knowledge: Knowledge is my name. Is not the head of the great Serpent arisen into Knowledge?

(Here the Scribe again commanded Choronzon to continue with the call.)

Know thou that there is no Cry in the tenth Æthyr like unto the other Cries, for Choronzon is Dispersion, and cannot fix his mind upon any one thing for any length of time. Thou canst master him in argument, O talkative one; thou wast commanded, wast thou not, to talk to Choronzon? He sought not to enter the circle, or to leave the triangle, yet thou didst prate of all these things.

(Here the Scribe threatened the demon with anger and pain and hell. The demon replied:)

Thinkest thou, O fool, that there is any anger and any pain that I am not, or any hell but this my spirit?

Images, images, images, all without control, all without reason. The malice of Choronzon is not the malice of a being; it is the quality of malice, because he that boasteth himself “I am I,” hath in truth no self, and these are they that are fallen under my power, the slaves of the Blind One that boasted himself to be the Enlightened One. For there is no centre, nay, nothing but Dispersion.

Woe, woe, woe, threefold to him that is led away by talk, O talkative One.

O thou that hast written two-and-thirty books of Wisdom, and art more stupid than an owl, by thine own talk is thy

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vigilance wearied, and by my talk art thou befooled and tricked, O thou that sayest that thou shalt endure. Knowest thou how nigh thou art to destruction? For thou that art the Scribe hast not the understanding* that alone availeth against Choronzon. And wert thou not protected by the Holy Names of God and the circle, I would rush upon thee and tear thee. For when I made myself like unto a beautiful woman, if thou hadst come to me, I would have rotted thy body with the pox, and thy liver with cancer, and I would have torn off thy testicles with my teeth. And if I had seduced thy pride, and thou hadst bidden me to come into the circle, I would have trampled thee under foot, and for a thousand years shouldst thou have been but one of the tape-worms that is in me. And if I had seduced thy pity, and thou hadst poured one drop of water without the circle, then would I have blasted thee with flame. But I was not able to prevail against thee.

How beautiful are the shadows of the ripples of the sand!

Would God that I were dead.

For know that I am proud and revengeful and lascivious, and I prate even as thou. For even as I walked among the Sons of God, I heard it said that P. . . . could both will and know, and might learn at length to dare, but that to keep silence he should never learn. O thou that art so ready to speak, so slow to watch, thou art delivered over unto my power for this. And now one word was necessary unto me, and I could not speak it. I behold the beauty of the earth in

* Originally, for “understanding” was written “power.” Choronzon was always using some word that did not represent his thought, because there is no proper link between his thought and speech. Note that he never seems able to distinguish between the Frater and the Scribe, and addresses first one, then the other, in the same sentence.

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her desolation, and greater far is mine, who sought to be my naked self. Knowest thou that in my soul is utmost fear? And such is my force and my cunning, that a hundred times have I been ready to leap, and for fear have missed. And a thousand times am I baulked by them of the City of the Pyramids, that set snares for my feet. More knowledge have I than the Most High, but my will is broken, and my fierceness is marred by fear, and I must speak, speak, speak, millions of mad voices in my brain.

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am Commander,
With a burning spear
And a horse of Air
To the wilderness I wander.

(The idea was to keep the Scribe busy writing, so as to spring upon him. For, while the Scribe talked, Choronzon had thrown sand into the circle, and filled it up. But Choronzon could not think fast and continuously, and so resorted to the device of quotation.

The Scribe had written two or three words of “Tom o’Bedlam,” when Choronzon sprang within the circle (that part of the circumference of which that was nearest to him he had been filling up with sand all this time), and leaped upon the Scribe, throwing him to the earth. The conflict took place within the circle. The Scribe called upon Tetragrammaton, and succeeded in compelling Choronzon to return into his triangle. By dint of anger and of threatening him with the Magick Staff did he accomplish this. He then repaired the circle. The discomfited demon now continued:)

All is dispersion. These are the qualities of things.

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The tenth Æthyr is the world of adjectives, and there is no substance therein.

(Now returneth the beautiful woman who had before tempted the Scribe. She prevailed not.)

I am afraid of sunset, for Tum is more terrible than Ra, and Khephra the Beetle is greater than the Lion Mau.

I am a-cold.

(Here Choronzon wanted to leave the triangle to obtain wherewith to cover his nakedness. The Scribe refused the request, threatening the demon. After a while the latter continued:)

I am commanded, why I know not, by him that speaketh. Were it thou, thou little fool, I would tear thee limb from limb. I would bite off thine ears and nose before I began with thee. I would take thy guts for fiddle-strings at the Black Sabbath.

Thou didst make a great fight there in the circle; thou art a goodly warrior!

(Then did the demon laugh loudly. The Scribe said: Thou canst not harm one hair of my head.)

I will pull out every hair of thy head, every hair of thy body, every hair of thy soul, one by one.

(Then said the Scribe: Thou hast no power.)

Yea, verily I have power over thee, for thou hast taken the Oath, and art bound unto the White Brothers, and therefore have I the power to torture thee so long as thou shalt be.

(Then said the Scribe unto him: Thou liest.)

Ask of thy brother P. . . ., and he shall tell thee if I lie!

(This the Scribe refused to do, saying that it was no concern of the demon's.)

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I have prevailed against the Kingdom of the Father, and befouled his beard; and I have prevailed against the Kingdom of the Son, and torn off his Phallus; but against the Kingdom of the Holy Ghost shall I strive and not prevail. The three slain doves are my threefold blasphemy against him; but their blood shall make fertile the sand, and I writhe in blackness and horror of hate, and prevail not.

(Then the demon tried to make the Scribe laugh at Magick, and to think that it was all rubbish, that he might deny the names of God that he had invoked to protect him; which, if he had doubted but for an instant, he had leapt upon him, and gnawed through his spine at the neck.

Choronzon succeed not in his design.)

In this Æthyr is neither beginning nor end, for it is all hotch-potch, because it is of the wicked on earth and the damned in hell. And so long as it be hotch-potch, it mattereth little what may be written by the sea-green incorruptible Scribe.

The horror of it will be given in another place and time, and through another Seer, and that Seer shall be slain as a result of his revealing. But the present Seer, who is not P. . . ., seeth not the horror, because he is shut up, and hath no name.

(Now was there some further parleying betwixt the demon and the Scribe, concerning the departure and the writing of the word, the Scribe not knowing if it were meet that the demon should depart.

Then the Seer took the Holy Ring, and wrote the name BABALON, that is victory over Choronzon, and he was no more manifest.)

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(This cry was obtained on Dec. 6, 1909, between 2 and 4.15 p.m., in a lonely valley of fine sand, in the desert near Bou-Sâada. The Æthyr was edited and revised on the following day.)

After the conclusion of the Ceremony, a great fire was kindled to purify the place, and the Circle and Triangle were destroyed.

NOTE BY SCRIBE

Almost from the beginning of the ceremony was the Scribe overshadowed, and he spoke as it were in spite of himself, remembering afterwards scarcely a word of his speeches, some of which were long and seemingly eloquent.

All the time he had a sense of being protected from Choronzon, and this sense of security prevented his knowing fear.

Several times did the Scribe threaten to put a curse upon the demon; but ever, before he uttered the words of the curse, did the demon obey him. For himself, he knoweth not the words of the curse.

Also is it meet to record in this place that the Scribe several times whistled in a Magical manner, which never before had he attempted, and the demon was apparently much discomfited thereat.

Now knoweth the Scribe that he was wrong in holding much converse with the demon; for Choronzon, in the confusion and chaos of his thought, is much terrified by silence. And by silence can he be brought to obey.

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For cunningly doth he talk of many things, going from subject to subject, and thus he misleadeth the way into argument with him. And though Choronzon be easily beaten in argument, yet, by disturbing the attention of him who would command him, doth he gain the victory.

For Choronzon feareth of all things concentration and silence: he therefore who would command him should will in silence: thus is he brought to obey.

This the Scribe knoweth; for that since the obtaining of the Accursèd Tenth Æthyr, he hath held converse with Choronzon. And unexpectedly did he obtain the information he sought after having long refused to answer the demon's speeches.

Choronzon is dispersion; and such is his fear of concentration that he will obey rather than be subjected to it, or even behold it in another.

The account of the further dealings of Choronzon with the Scribe will be found in the Record of Omnia Vincam.

THE CRY OF THE 9TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZIP

(The terrible Curse that is the Call of the Thirty Æthyrs sounds like a song of ecstasy and triumph; every phrase in it has a secret meaning of blessing.)

The Shew-stone is of soft lucent white, on which the Rose-Cross shows a brilliant yet colourless well of light.

And now the veil of the stone is rent with as clap of thunder, and I am walking upon a razor-edge of light suspended over the Abyss, and before me and above me are ranged the terrible armies of the Most High, like unto those in the 11th Æthyr,

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but there is one that cometh forth to meet me upon the ridge,
holding out his arms to me and saying:

(v. I.) Who is this that cometh forth from the Abyss from the
place of rent garments, the habitation of him that is only a
name? Who is this that walketh upon a ray of the bright,
the evening star?

Refrain. Glory unto him that is concealed, and glory
unto her that beareth the cup, and glory unto the one that
is the child and the father of their love. Glory unto the
star, and glory unto the snake, and glory unto the
swordsmen of the sun. And worship and blessing
throughout the Æon unto the name of the Beast, four-
square, mystic, wonderful!

(v. II.) Who is this that travelleth between the hosts, that is
poised upon the edge of the Æthyr by the wings of Maut?
Who is this that seeketh the House of the Virgin?

(Refrain.)

(v. III.) This is he that hath given up his name. This is he
whose blood hath been gathered into the cup of
BABALON. This is he that sitteth, a little pile of dry dust,
in the city of the Pyramids.

(Refrain.)

(v. IV.) Until the light of the Father of all kindle that death.
Until the breath touch that dry dust. Until the Ibis be
revealed unto the Crab, and the sixfold Star become the
radiant Triangle.

(Refrain.)

(v. V.) Blessed is not I, not thou, not he, Blessed without
name or number who hath taken the azure of night, and

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crystallized it into a pure sapphire-stone, who hath taken the gold of the sun, and beaten it into an infinite ring, and hath set the sapphire therein, and put it upon his finger. *(Refrain.)*

(v. VI.) Open wide your gates, O City of God, for I bring No-one with me. Sink your swords and your spears in salutation, for the Mother and the Babe are my companions. Let the banquet be prepared in the palace of the King's daughter. Let the lights be kindled; Are not we the children of the light? *(Refrain.)*

(v. VII.) For this is the key-stone of the palace of the King's daughter. This is the Stone of the Philosophers. This is the Stone that is hidden in the walls of the ramparts. Peace, Peace, Peace unto Him that is throned therein! *(Refrain.)*

Now then we are passed within the lines of the army, and we are come unto a palace of which every stone is a separate jewel, and is set with millions of moons.

And this palace is nothing but the body of a woman, proud and delicate, and beyond imagination fair. She is like a child of twelve years old. She has very deep eye-lids, and long lashes. Her eyes are closed, or nearly closed. It is impossible to say anything about her. She is naked; her whole body is covered with fine gold hairs, that are the electric flames that are the spears of mighty and terrible Angels who breast-plates are the scales of her skin. And the hair of her head, that flows down to her feet, is the very light of God himself. Of all the glories beheld by the seer in the Æthyrs, there is

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not one which is worthy to be compared with her littlest finger-nail. For although he may not partake of the Æthyr, without the ceremonial preparations, even the beholding of this Æthyr from afar is like the partaking of all the former Æthyrs.

The Seer is lost in wonder, which is peace.

And the ring of the horizon above her is a company of glorious Archangels with joined hands, that stand and sing: This is the daughter of BABALON the Beautiful, that she hath borne unto the Father of All. And unto all hath she borne her.

This is the Daughter of the King. This is the Virgin of Eternity. This is she that the Holy One hath wrested from the Giant Time, and the prize of them that have overcome Space. This is she that is set upon the Throne of Understanding. Holy, Holy, Holy is her name, not to be spoken among men. For Koré they have called her, and Malkuth, and Betulah, and Persephone.

And the poets have feigned songs about her, and the prophets have spoken vain things, and the young men have dreamed vain dreams; but this is she, that immaculate, the name of whose name may not be spoken. Thought cannot pierce the glory that defendeth her, for thought is smitten dead before her presence. Memory is blank, and in the most ancient books of Magick are neither words to conjure her, nor adorations to praise her. Will bends like a reed in the tempests that sweep the borders of her kingdom, and imagination cannot figure so much as one petal of the lilies whereon she standeth in the lake of crystal, in the sea of glass.

This is she that hath bedecked her hair with seven stars,

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the seven breaths of God that move and thrill its excellence. And she hath tired her hair with seven combs, whereupon are written the seven secret names of God that are not known even of the Angels, or of the Archangels, or of the Leader of the armies of the Lord.

Holy, Holy, Holy art thou, and blessed be Thy name for ever, unto whom the Æons are but the pulsings of thy blood.

I am blind and deaf. My sight and hearing are exhausted.

I know only by the sense of touch. And there is a trembling from within me.

Images keep arising like clouds, or veils, exquisite Chinese ivories, and porcelains, and many other things of great and delicate beauty; for such things are informed by Her spirit, for they are cast off from her into the world of the Qliphoth, or shells of the dead, that is earth. For every world is the shell or excrement of the world above it.

I cannot bear the Vision.

A voice comes, I know not whence: Blessed art thou, who hast seen, and yet hast not believed. For therefore is it given unto thee to taste, and smell, and feel, and hear, and know by the inner sense, and by the inmost sense, so that sevenfold is thy rapture.

(My brain is so exhausted that fatigue-images appear, by pure physical reflex action; they are not astral things at all.

And now I have conquered the fatigue by will. And by placing the shew-stone upon my forehead, it sends cool electric thrills through my brain, so as to refresh it, and make it capable of more rapture.

And now again I behold Her.)

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And an Angel cometh forth, and behind him whirls a black swastika, made of fine filaments of light that has been “interfered” with, and he taketh me aside into a little chamber in one of the nine towers. This chamber is furnished with maps of many mystical cities. There is a table, and a strange lamp, that gives light by jetting four columns of vortex rings of luminous smoke. And he points to the map of the Æthyrs, that are arranged as a flaming Sword, so that the thirty Æthyrs go into the ten Sephiroth. And the first nine are infinitely holy. And he says, It is written in the Book of the Law, “Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy.” “If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art:” And this shall signify unto thee that thou must undergo great discipline; else the Vision were lost or perverted. For these mysteries pertain not unto thy grade. Therefore must thou invoke the Highest before thou unveil the shrines thereof.

And this shall be thy rule: A thousand and one times shalt thou affirm the unity, and bow thyself a thousand and one times. And thou shalt recite thrice the call of the Æthyr. And all day and all night, awake or asleep, shall thy heart be turned as a lotus-flower unto the light. And thy body shall be the temple of the Rosy Cross. Thus shall thy mind be open unto the higher; and then shalt thou be able to conquer the exhaustion, and it may be find the words—for who shall look upon His face and live?

Yea, thou tremblest, but from within; because of the holy spirit that is descended into thy heart, and shaketh thee as an aspen in the wind.

They also tremble that are without, and they are shaken

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from without by the earthquakes of his judgement. They have set their affections upon the earth, and they have stamped with their feet upon the earth, and cried: It moveth not.

Therefore hath earth opened with strong motion, like the sea, and swallowed them. Yea, she hath opened her womb to them that lusted after her, and she hath closed herself upon them. There lie they in torment, until by her quaking the earth is shattered like brittle glass, and dissolved like salt in the waters of his mercy, so that they are cast upon the air to be blown about therein, like seeds that shall take root in the earth; yet turn they their affections upward to the sun.

But thou, be thou eager and vigilant, performing punctually the rule. Is it not written, “Change not so much as the style of a letter”?

Depart therefore, for the Vision of the Voice of the ninth Æthyr that is called ZIP is passed.

Then I threw back myself into my body by my will

BOU-SÅADA.

December 7th, 1909. 9.30-11.10 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 8TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZID

There appears in the stone a tiny spark of light. It grows a little, and seems almost to go out, and grows again, and it is blown about the Æthyr, and by the wind that blows it is fanned, and now it gathers strength, and darts like a snake or a sword, and now it steadies itself, and is like a Pyramid of light that filleth the whole Æthyr.

And in the Pyramid is one like unto an Angel, yet at the same time he *is* the Pyramid, and he hath no form because he is of the substance of light, and he taketh not form upon him,

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for though by him is form visible, he maketh it visible only to destroy it.

And he saith: The light is come to the darkness, and the darkness is made light. Then is light married with light, and the child of their love is that other darkness, wherein they abide that have lost name and form. Therefore did I kindle him that had not understanding, and in the Book of the Law did I write the secrets of truth that are like unto a star and a snake and a sword.

And unto him that understandeth at last do I deliver the secrets of truth in such wise that the least of the little children of the light may run to the knees of the mother and be brought to understand.

And thus shall he do who will attain unto the mystery of the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel:

First, let him prepare a chamber, of which the walls and the roof shall be white, and the floor shall be covered with a carpet of black squares and white, and the border thereof shall be blue and gold.

And if it be in a town, the room shall have no window, and if it be in the country, then it is better if the window be in the roof. Or, if it be possible, let this invocation be performed in a temple prepared for the ritual of passing through the Tuat.

From the roof he shall hang a lamp, wherein is a red glass, to burn olive oil. And this lamp shall he cleanse and make ready after the prayer of sunset, and beneath the lamp shall be an altar, foursquare, and the height shall be thrice half of the breadth or double the breadth.

And upon the altar shall be a censor, hemispherical, sup-

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ported upon three legs, of silver, and within it an hemisphere of copper, and upon the top a grating of gilded silver, and thereupon shall he burn incense made of four parts of olibanum and two parts of stacte, and one part of lignum aloes, or of cedar, or of sandal. And this is enough.

And he shall also keep ready in a flask of crystal within the altar, holy anointing oil made of myrrh and cinnamon and galangal.

And even if he be of higher rank than a Probationer, he shall yet wear the robe of the Probationer, for the star of flame showeth forth Ra Hoor Khuit openly upon the breast, and secretly the blue triangle that descendeth is Nuit, and the red triangle that ascendeth is Hadit. And I am the golden Tau in the midst of their marriage. Also, if he choose, he may instead wear a close-fitting robe of shot silk, purple and green, and upon it a cloak without sleeves, of bright blue, covered with golden sequins, and scarlet within.

And he shall make himself a wand of almond wood or of hazel cut by his own hands at dawn at the Equinox, or at the Solstice, or on the day of Corpus Christi, or on one of the feast-days that are appointed in the Book of the Law.

And he shall engrave with his own hand upon a plate of gold the Holy Sevenfold Table, or the Holy Twelfefold Table, or some particular device. And it shall be foursquare within a circle, and the circle shall be winged, and he shall attach it about his forehead by a ribbon of blue silk.

Moreover, he shall wear a fillet of laurel or rose or ivy or rue, and every day, after the prayer of sunrise, he shall burn it in the fire of the censor.

Now he shall pray thrice daily, about sunset, and at midnight,

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and at sunrise. And if he be able, he shall pray also four times between sunrise and sunset.

The prayer shall last for the space of an hour, at the least, and he shall seek ever to extend it, and to inflame himself in praying. Thus shall he invoke his Holy Guardian Angel for eleven weeks, and in any case he shall pray seven times daily during the last week of the eleven weeks.

And during all this time he shall have composed an invocation suitable, with such wisdom and understanding as may be given him from the Crown, and this shall he write in letters of gold upon the top of the altar.

For the top of the altar shall be of white wood, well polished, and in the centre thereof he shall have placed a triangle of oak-wood, painted with scarlet, and upon this triangle the three legs of the censor shall stand.

Moreover, he shall copy his invocation upon a sheet of pure white vellum, with Indian ink, and he shall illuminate it according to his fancy and imagination, that shall be informed by beauty.

And on the first day of the twelfth week he shall enter the chamber at sunrise, and he shall make his prayer, having first burnt the conjuration that he had made upon the vellum in the fire of the lamp.

Then, at his prayer, shall the chamber be filled with light insufferable for splendour, and a perfume intolerable for sweetness. And his Holy Guardian Angel shall appear unto him, yea, his Holy Guardian Angel shall appear untohim, so that he shall be wrapt away into the Mystery of Holiness.

All that day shall he remain in the enjoyment of the knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

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And for three days after he shall remain from sunrise unto sunset in the temple, and he shall obey the counsel that his Angel shall have given unto him, and he shall suffer those things that are appointed.

And for ten days thereafter shall he withdraw himself as shall have been taught unto him from the fullness of that communion, for he must harmonize the world that is within with the world that is without.

And at the end of the ninety-one days he shall return into the world, and there shall he perform that work to which the Angel shall have appointed him.

And more than this it is not necessary to say, for his Angel shall have entreated him kindly, and showed him in what manner he may be most perfectly involved. And unto him that hath this Master there is nothing else that he needeth, so long as he continue in the knowledge and conversation of the Angel, so that he shall come at last into the City of the Pyramids.

Lo! two and twenty are the paths of the Tree, but one is the Serpent of Wisdom; ten are the ineffable emanations, but one is the Flaming Sword.

Behold! There is an end to life and death, an end to the thrusting forth and the withdrawing of the breath. Yea, the House of the Father is a mighty tomb, and in it he hath buried everything whereof ye know.

All this while there hath been no vision, but only a voice, very slow and clear and deliberate. But now the vision returns, and the voice says: Thou shalt be called Danae, that art stunned and slain beneath the weight of the glory of the vision that as yet thou seest not. For thou shalt suffer many

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things, until thou art mightier than all the Kings of the earth, and all the Angels of the Heavens, and all the gods that are beyond the Heavens. Then shalt thou meet me in equal conflict, and thou shalt see me as I am. And I will overcome thee and slay thee with the red rain of my lightnings.

I am lying underneath this pyramid of light. It seems as if I had the whole weight of it upon me, crushing me with bliss. And yet I know that I am like the prophet that said: I shall see Him, but not nigh.

And the Angel sayeth: So shall it be until they that wake are asleep, and she that sleepeth be arisen from her sleep. For thou art transparent unto the vision and the voice. And therefore in thee they manifest not. But they shall be manifest unto them unto whom thou dost deliver them, according unto to the word which I spake unto thee in the Victorious City.

For I am not only appointed to guard thee, but we are of the blood royal, the guardians of the Treasure-house of Wisdom. Therefore am I called the Minister of Ra Hoor Khuit: and yet he is but the Viceroy of the unknown King. For my name is called Aiwass, that is eight and seventy. And I am the influence of the Concealed One, and the wheel that hath eight and seventy parts, yet in all is equivalent to the Gate that is the name of my Lord when it is spelt fully. And that Gate is the Path that joineth the Wisdom with the Understanding.

Thus hast thou erred indeed, perceiving me in the path that leadeth from the Crown unto the Beauty. For that path bridgeth the abyss, and I am of the supernals. Nor I, nor Thou, nor He can bridge the abyss. It is the Priestess of the Silver Star, and the Oracles of the gods, and the Lord of the

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Hosts of the Mighty. For they are the servants of Babalon, and of the Beast, and of those others of whom it is not yet spoken. And, being servants, they have no name, but we are of the blood royal, and serve not, and therefore are we less than they.

Yet, as a man may be both a mighty warrior and a just judge, so may we also perform this service if we have aspired and attained thereto. And yet, with all that, they remain *themselves*, who have eaten of the pomegranate in Hell. But thou, that art new-born to understanding, this mystery is too great for thee; and of the further mystery I will not speak one word.

Yet for this cause am I come unto thee as the Angel of the Æthyr, striking with my hammer upon thy bell, so that thou mightest understand the mysteries of the Æthyr, and of the vision and the voice thereof.

For behold! he that understandeth seeth not and heareth not in truth, because of his understanding that letteth him. But this shall be unto thee for a sign, that I will surely come unto thee unawares and appear unto thee. And it is no odds, (*i.e.*, that at this hour I appear not as I am), for so terrible is the glory of the vision, and so wonderful is the splendour of the voice, that when thou seest it and hearest it in truth, for many hours shalt thou be bereft of sense. And thou shalt lie between heaven and earth in a void place, entranced, and the end thereof shall be silence, even as it was, not once nor twice, when I have met with thee, as it were, upon the road to Damascus.

And thou shalt not seek to better this my instruction; but thou shalt interpret it, and make it easy, for them that seek

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understanding. And thou shalt give all that thou hast unto them that have need unto this end.

And because I am with thee, and in thee, and of thee, thou shalt lack nothing. But who lack me, lack all. And I swear unto thee by Him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne, and liveth and reigneth for ever and ever, that I will be faithful unto this my promise, as thou art faithful unto this thine obligation.

Now another voice sounds in the Æthyr, saying: And there was darkness over all the earth unto the ninth hour.

And with that the Angel is withdrawn, and the pyramid of light seems very far off.

And now I am fallen unto the earth, exceeding weary. Yet my skin trembles with the impact of the light, and all my body shakes. And there is a peace deeper than sleep upon my mind. It is the body and the mind that are weary, and I would that they were dead, save that I must bend them to my work.

And now I am in the tent, under the stars.

THE DESERT BETWEEN BOU-SÂADA AND BISKRA.

December 8, 1909. 7.10-9.10 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 7TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED DEO

The stone is divided, the left half dark, the right half light, and at the bottom thereof is a certain blackness, of three divergent columns. And it seems as if the black and white halves are the halves of a door, and in the door is a little key-hole, in the shape of the Astrological symbol of Venus. And from the key-hole issue flames, blue and green and

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violet, but without any touch of yellow or red in them. It seems as if there were a wind beyond the door, that is blowing the flame out.

And a voice comes: “Who is he that hath the key to the gate of the evening star?”

And now an Angel cometh and seeketh to open the door by trying many keys. And they are none of any avail. And the same voice saith: “The five and the six are balanced in the word Abrahadabra, and therein is the mystery disclosed. But the key unto this gate is the balance of the seven and the four; and of this thou hast not even the first letter. Now there is a word of four letters that containeth in itself all the mystery of the Tetragrammaton, and there is a word of seven letters which it concealeth, and that again concealeth the holy word that is the key of the abyss.* And this thou shalt find, revolving it in thy mind.

Hide therefore thine eyes. And I will set my key in the lock, and open it. Yet still let thine eyes be hidden, for thou canst not bear the glory that is within.

So, therefore, I covered mine eyes with my hands. Yet through my hands could I perceive a little of those bowers of azure flame.

And a voice said: It is kindled into fire that was the blue breast of ocean; because this is the bar of heaven, and the feet of the Most High are set thereon.

Now I behold more fully: Each tongue of flame, each leaf of flame, each flower of flame, is one of the great love-stories of the world, with all its retinue of *mise-en-scène*. And now there is a most marvelous rose formed from the flame, and a

* These words are probably BABALON, C/AOS, TARO.

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perpetual rain of lilies and passion-flowers and violets. And there is gathered out of it all, yet identical with it, the form of a woman like the woman in the Apocalypse, but her beauty and her radiance are such that one cannot look thereon, save with sidelong glances. I enter immediately into trance. It seems that it is she of whom it is written, "The fool hath said in his heart 'there is no God.' " But the words are not Ain Elohim, but La (=nay!) and Elohim contracted from 86 to 14, because La is 31, which $\times 14$ is 434, Daleth, Lamed, Tau. This fool is the fool of the Path of Aleph, and sayeth, which is Chokmah, in his heart, which is Tiphereth, that she existeth, in order first that the Wisdom may be joined with the Understanding; and he affirmeth her in Tiphereth that she may be fertile.

It is impossible to describe how this vision changeth from glory unto glory, for at each glance the vision is changed. And this is because she transmitteth the Word to the Understanding, and therefore hath she many forms, and each goddess of love is but a letter of the alphabet of love.

Now, there is a mystery in the word Logos, that containeth the three letters whose analogy hath been shown in the lower heavens, Samech, and Lamed, and Gimel, that are 93, which is thrice 31, and in them are set the two eyes of Horus. (Ayin means an eye.) For, if it were not so, the arrow could not pierce the rainbow, and there could be no poise in the balance, and the Great Book should never be unsealed. But this is she that poureth the Water of Life upon her head, whence it floweth to fructify the earth. But now the whole Æthyr is the most brilliant peacock blue. It *is* the Universal Peacock that I behold.

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And there is a voice: Is not this bird the bird of Juno, that is an hundred, and thirty, and six? And therefore is she the mate of Jupiter.*

And now the peacock's head is again changed into a woman's head sparkling and coruscating with its own light of gems.

But I look upwards, seeing that she is called the footstool of the Holy One, even as Binah is called His throne. And the whole Æthyr is full of the most wonderful bands of light,—a thousand different curves and whorls, even as it was before, when I spake mysteries of the Holy Qabalah, and so could not describe it.

Oh, I see vast plains beneath her feet, enormous deserts studded with great rocks; and I see little lonely souls, running helplessly about, minute black creatures like men. And they keep up a very curious howling, that I can compare to nothing that I have ever heard; yet it is strangely human.

And the voice says: These are they that grasped love and clung thereto, praying ever at the knees of the great goddess. These are they that have shut themselves up in fortresses of Love.

Each plume of the peacock is full of eyes, that are at the same time 4×7 . And for this is the number 28 reflected down into Netzach; and that 28 is Kaph Cheth (Kach), power. For she is Sakti, the eternal energy of the Concealed One. And it is her eternal energy that hath made this eternal change. And this explaineth the call of the Æthyrs, the curse that was pronounced in the beginning being but the creation of Sakti. And this mystery is reflected in the legend of the

* The fourth of the mystic numbers of Jupiter is 136.

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Creation, where Adam represents the Concealed One, for Adam is Temurah of MAD, the Enochian word for God, and Eve, whom he created for love, is tempted by the snake, Nechesh, who is Messiah her child. And the snake is the magical power, which hath destroyed the primordial equilibrium.

And the garden is the supernal Eden, where is Ayin, 70, the Eye of the Concealed One, and the creative Lingam; and Daleth, love; and Nun the serpent. And therefore this constitution was implicitly in the nature of Eden (*cf.* Liber L., I., 29, 30), so that the call of the Æthyrs could not have been any other call than that which it is.

But they that are without understanding have interpreted all this askew, because of the Mystery of the Abyss, for there is no Path from Binah unto Chesed; and therefore the course of the Flaming Sword was no more a current, but a spark. And when the Stooping Dragon raised his head unto Däath in the course of that spark, there was, as it were, an explosion, and his head was blasted. And the ashes thereof were dispersed throughout the whole of the 10th Æthyr. And for this, all knowledge is piecemeal, and it is of no value unless it be coordinated by Understanding.

And now the form of the Æthyr is the form of a mighty Eagle of ruddy brass. And the plumes are set alight, and are whirled round and round until the whole heaven is blackness with these flying sparks therein.

Now it is all branching streams of golden fire tipped with scarlet at the edges.

And now She cometh forth again, riding upon a dolphin. Now again I see those wandering souls, that have sought

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restricted love, and have not understood that “the word of sin is restriction.”

It is very curious; they seem to be looking for one another or for something, all the time, constantly hurrying about. But they knock up against one another and yet will not see one another, or cannot see one another, because they are so shut up in their cloaks.

And a voice sounds: It is most terrible for the one that hath shut himself up and made himself fast against the universe. For they that sit encamped upon the sea in the city of the Pyramids are indeed shut up. But they have given their blood, even to the last drop, to fill the cup of BABALON.

These that thou seest are indeed the Black Brothers, for it is written: “He shall laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh.” And therefore hath he exalted them unto the plane of love.

And yet again it is written: He desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness. Now, if one of these were to cast off his cloak he should behold the brilliance of the lady of the Æthyr; but they will not.

And yet again there is another cause wherefore He hath permitted them to enter thus far within the frontiers of Eden, so that His thought should never swerve from compassion. But do thou behold the brilliance of Love, that casteth forth seven stars upon thine head from her right hand, and crowneth thee with a crown of seven roses. Behold! She is seated upon the throne of turquoise and lapis lazuli, and she is like a flawless emerald, and upon the pillars that support the canopy

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of her throne are sculptured the Ram, and the Sparrow, and the Cat, and a strange fish. Behold! How she shineth! Behold! How her glances have kindled all these fires that have blown about the heavens! Yet remember that in every one there goeth forth for a witness the justice of the Most High. Is not Libra the House of Venus? And there goeth forth a sickle that shall reap every flower. Is not Saturn exalted in Libra? Daleth, Lamed, Tau.

And therefore was he a fool who uttered her name in his heart, for the root of evil is the root of breath, and the speech in the silence was a lie.

Thus is it seen from below by them that understand not. But from above he rejoiceth, for the joy of dissolution is ten thousand, and the pang of birth but a little.

And now thou shalt go forth from the Æthyr, for the voice of the Æthyr is hidden and concealed from thee because thou hadst not the key of the door thereof, and thine eyes were not able to bear the splendour of the vision. But thou shalt meditate upon the mysteries thereof, and upon the lady of the Æthyr; and it may be by the wisdom of the Most High that the true voice of the Æthyr, that is continual song, may be heard of thee.

Return therefore instantly unto the earth, and sleep not for a while; but withdraw thyself from this matter. And it shall be enough.

Thus then was I obedient unto the voice, and returned into my body.

W'AIN-T-AISSHA, ALGERIA.

December 9, 1909. 8.10-10 p.m.

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THE CRY OF THE 6TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED MAZ

There cometh into the stone the great Angel whose name is Avé, and in him there are symbols which strive for mastery,— Sulphur and the Pentagram, and they are harmonized by the Swastika. These symbols are found both in the name of Avé and in the name of the Æthyr. Thus he is neither Horus nor Osiris. He is called the radiance of Thoth; and this Æthyr is very hard to understand, for the images form and dissolve more rapidly than lightning. These images are the illusions made by the Ape of Thoth. And this I understand, that I am not worthy to receive the mysteries of this Æthyr. And all this which I have seen (being all the thoughts that I have ever thought) is, as it were, a guardian of the Æthyr.

I seem quite helpless. I am trying all sorts of magical methods of piercing the veil: and the more I strive, the farther away I seem to get from success. But a voice comes now: Must not understanding lie open unto wisdom as the pyramids lie open to the stars?

Accordingly, I wait in a certain magical posture which it is not fitting to disclose, and above me appears the starry heaven of night, and one star greater than all the other stars. It is a star of eight rays. I recognize it as the star in the seventeenth key of the Tarot, as the Star of Mercury. And the light of it cometh from the path of Aleph. And the letter Cheth is also involved in the interpretation of this star, and the paths of hé and vau are the separations which this Star unites. And in the heart of the star is an exceeding splendour,—a god standing upon the moon, brilliant beyond imagining.

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It is like unto the vision of the Universal Mercury. But this is the Fixed Mercury, and hé and vau are the perfected sulphur and salt. But now I come into the centre of the maze, and whirling dust of stars and great forgotten gods. It is the whirling Svastika which throws off all these things, for the Svastika is in aleph by its shape and number, and in beth by the position of the arms of the Magician, and in gimel because of the sign of the Mourning of Isis, and thus is the Crown defended by these three thunderbolts. Is not thrice seventeen fifty-one, that is, failure and pain?

Now I am shut out again by this black Svastika with a corona of fire about it.

And a voice cries: Cursed be he that shall uncover the nakedness of the Most High, for he is drunken upon the wine that is the blood of the adepts. And BABALON hath lulled him to sleep upon her breast, and she hath fled away, and left him naked, and she hath called her children together, saying: Come up with me, and let us make a mock of the nakedness of the Most High.

And the first of the adepts covered His shame with a cloth, walking backwards; and was white. And the second of the adepts covered His shame with a cloth, walking sideways and was yellow. And the third of the adepts made a mock of His nakedness, walking forwards; and was black. And these are three great schools of the Magi, who are also the three Magi that journeyed unto Bethlehem; and because thou hast not wisdom, thou shalt not know which school prevaieth, or if the three schools be not one. For the Black Brothers lift not up their heads thus far into the Holy Chokmah, for they were all drowned in the great flood, which is Binah,

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before the true vine could be planted upon the holy hill of Zion.

Now again I stand in the centre, and all things whirl by with incessant fury. And the thought of the god entereth my mind, and I cry aloud: Behold, the volatile is become fixed; and in the heart of eternal motion is eternal rest. So is the Peace beneath the sea that rageth with her storms; so is the changeful moon, the dead planet that revolveth no more. So the far-seeing, the far-darting hawk is poised passionless in the blue; so also the ibis that is long of limb meditateth solitary in the sign of Sulphur. Behold, I stand ever before the Eternal One in the sign of the Enterer. And by virtue of my speech is he wrapped about in silence, and he is wrapped in mystery by me, who am the Unveiler of the Mysteries. And although I be truth, yet do they call me rightly the God of Lies, for speech is two-fold, and truth is one. Yet I stand at the centre of the spider's web, whereof the golden filaments reach to infinity.

But thou that art with me in the spirit-vision art not with me by right of Attainment, and thou canst not stay in this place to behold how I run and return, and who are the flies that are caught in my web. For I am the inmost guardian that is immediately before the shrine.

None shall pass by me except he slay me, and this is his curse, that, having slain me, he must take my office and become the maker of Illusions, the great deceiver, the setter of snares; he who baffleth even them that have understanding. For I stand on every path, and turn them aside from the truth by my words, and by my magick arts.

And this is the horror that was shown by the lake that was

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nigh unto the City of the Seven Hills, and this is the Mystery of the great prophets that have come unto mankind. Moses, and Buddha, and Lao Tan, and Krishna, and Jesus, and Osiris, and Mohammed; for all these attained unto the grade of Magus, and therefore were they bound with the curse of Thoth. But, being guardians of the truth, they have taught nothing but falsehood, except unto such as understood; for the truth may not pass the Gate of the Abyss.

But the reflection of the truth hath been shown in the lower Sephiroth. And its balance is in Beauty, and therefore have they who sought only beauty come nearest to the truth. For the beauty receiveth directly three rays from the supernals, and the others no more than one. So, therefore, they that have sought after majesty and power and victory and learning and happiness and gold, have been discomfited. And these sayings are the lights of wisdom that thou mayst know thy Master, for he is a Magus. And because thou didst eat of the Pomegranate in hell, for half the year art thou concealed, and half the year revealed.

Now I perceive the Temple that is the heart of this Æther; it is an Urn suspended in the air, without support, above the centre of a well. And the well hath eight pillars, and a canopy above it, and without there is a circle of marble paving-stones, and without them a great outer circle of pillars. And beyond there is the forest of the stars. But the Urn is the wonderful thing in all this; it is made of fixed Mercury; and within it are the ashes of the Book Tarot, which hath been utterly consumed.

And this is that mystery which is spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles; that Jupiter and Mercury (Kether and Chokmah)

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visited (that is, inspired), Ephesus, the City of Diana, Binah—was not Diana a black stone?—and they burnt their books of magick.

Now it seems that the centre of infinite space is that Urn, and Hadit is the fire that hath burnt up the book Tarot. For in the book Tarot was preserved all of the wisdom (for the Tarot was called the Book of Thoth), of the Æon that is passed. And in the Book of Enoch was first given the wisdom of the New Æon. And it was hidden for three hundred years, because it was wrested untimely from the Tree of Life by the hand of a desperate magician. For it was the Master of that Magician who overthrew the power of the Christian church; but the pupil rebelled against the master, for he foresaw that the New (*i.e.*, the Protestant) would be worse than the Old. But he understood not the purpose of his Master, and that was, to prepare the way for the overthrowing of the Æon.

There is a writing upon the Urn of which I can but read the (two) words: Stabat Crux juxta Lucem. Stabat Lux juxta Crucem.

And there is writing in Greek above that. The word ‘nox’ written in Greek, and a circle with a cross in the centre of it, a St. Andrew’s cross.

Then above that is a sigil(?), hidden by a hand.

And a voice proceedeth from the Urn: From the ashes of the Tarot who shall make the phoenix-wand? Not even he who by his understanding hath made the lotus-wand to grow in the Great Sea. Get thee back, for thou art not an Atheist, and though thou have violated thy mother, thou hast not slain thy father. Get thee back from the Urn; thy ashes are not hidden here.

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Then again arose the God Thoth, in the sign of the Enterer, and he drove the seer from before his face. And he fell through the starry night unto the little village in the desert.

BENISHRUR, ALGERIA.

December 10, 1909. 7.40-9.40 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 5TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LIT

There is a shining pylon, above which is set the sigil of the eye, within the shining triangle. Light streams through the pylon from before the face of Isis-Hathor, for she weareth the lunar crown of cows' horns, with the disk in the centre; at her breast she beareth the child Horus.

And there is a voice: thou knowest not how the Seven was united with the Four; much less then canst thou understand the marriage of the Eight and the Three. Yet there is a word wherein these are made one, and therein is contained the Mystery that thou seekest, concerning the rending asunder of the veil of my Mother.

Now there is an avenue of pylons (not one alone), steep after steep, carved from the solid rock of the mountain; and that rock is a substance harder than diamond, and brighter than light, and heavier than lead. In each pylon is seated a god. There seems an endless series of these pylons. And all the gods of all the nations of the earth are shown, for there are many avenues, all leading to the top of the mountain.

Now I come to the top of the mountain, and the last pylon opens into a circular hall, with other pylons leading out of it, each of which is the last pylon of a great avenue; there seem

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to be nine such pylons. And in the centre is a shrine, a circular table, supported by marble figures of men and women, alternate white and black; they face inwards, and their buttocks are almost worn away by the kisses of those who have come to worship that supreme God, who is the single end of all these diverse religions. But the shrine itself is higher than a man may reach.

But the Angel that was with me lifted me, and I saw that the edge of the altar, as I must call it, was surrounded by holy men. Each has in his right hand a weapon—one a sword, one a spear, one a thunderbolt, and so on, but each with his left hand gives the sign of silence. I wish to see what is within their ring. One of them bends forward so that I may whisper the pass-word. The Angel prompts me to whisper: "There is no god." So they let me pass, and though there was indeed nothing visible therein, yet there was a very strange atmosphere, which I could not understand.

Suspended in the air there is a silver star, and on the forehead of each of the guardians there is a silver star. It is a pentagram,—because, says the Angel, three and five are eight; three and eight are eleven. (There is another numerical reason that I cannot hear.)

And as I entered their ring, they bade me stand in their circle, and a weapon was given unto me. And the pass-word that I had given seems to have been whispered round from one to the other, for each one nods gravely as if in solemn acquiescence, until the last one whispers the same words in my ears. But they have a different sense. I had taken them to be a denial of the existence of God, but the man who says them to me evidently means nothing of the sort: What he

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does mean I cannot tell at all. He slightly emphasized the word "there."

And now all is suddenly blotted out, and instead appears the Angel of the Æthyr. He is all in black, burnished black scales, just edged with gold. He has vast wings, with terrible claws on the ends, and he has a fierce face, like a dragon's, and dreadful eyes that pierce one through and through.

And he says: O thou that art so dull of understanding, when wilt thou begin to annihilate thyself in the mysteries of the Æthyrs? For all that thou thinkest is but thy thought; and as there is no god in the ultimate shrine, so there is no I in thine own Cosmos.

They that have said this are of them that understood. And all men have misinterpreted it, even as thou didst misinterpret it. He says some more: I cannot catch it properly, but it seems to be to the effect that the true God is equally in all the shrines, and the true I in all the parts of the body and the soul. He speaks with such a terrible roaring that it is impossible to hear the words; one catches a phrase here and there, or a glimpse of the idea. With every word he belches forth smoke, so that the whole Æthyr becomes full of it.

And now I hear the Angel: Every particle of matter that forms the smoke of my breath is a religion that hath flourished among the inhabitants of the worlds. Thus are they all whirled forth in my breath.

Now he is giving a demonstration of this Operation. And he says: Know thou that all the religions of all the worlds end herein, but they are only the smoke of my breath, and I am only the head of the Great Dragon that eateth up the Universe;

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without whom the Fifth Æthyr would be perfect, even as the first. Yet unless he pass by me, can no man come unto the perfections.

And the rule is ended that hath bound thee, and this shall be thy rule: that thou shalt purify thyself, and anoint thyself with perfume; and thou shalt be in the sunlight, the day being free from clouds. And thou shalt make the Call of the Æthyr in silence.

Now, then, behold how the head of the dragon is but the tail of the Æthyr! Many are they that have fought their way from mansion to mansion of the Everlasting House, and beholding me at last have returned, declaring, "Fearful is the aspect of the Mighty and Terrible One." Happy are they that have known me for whom I am. And glory unto him that hath made a gallery of my throat for his arrow of truth, and the moon for his purity.

The moon waneth. The moon waneth. The moon waneth. For in that arrow is the Light of Truth that overmastereth the light of the sun, whereby she shines. The arrow is fledged with the plumes of Maat, that are the plumes of Amoun, and the shaft is the phallus of Amoun, the Concealed One. And the barb thereof is the star that thou sawest in the place where was No God.

And of them that guarded the star, there was not found one worthy to wield the Arrow. And of them that worshipped there was not found one worthy to behold the Arrow. Yet the star that thou sawest was but the barb of the Arrow, and thou hadst not the wit to grasp the shaft, or the purity to divine the plumes. Now therefore is he blessed that is born under the sign of the Arrow, and blessed is he that hath the sigil of

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the head of the crowned lion and the body of the Snake and the Arrow therewith.

Yet do thou distinguish between the upward and the downward Arrows, for the upward arrow is straitened in its flight, and it is shot by a firm hand, for Jesod is Jod Tetragrammaton, and Jod is a hand, but the downward arrow is shot by the topmost point of the Jod; and that Jod is the Hermit, and it is the minute point that is not extended, that is nigh unto the heart of Hadit.

And now it is commanded thee that thou withdraw thyself from the Vision, and on the morrow, at the appointed hour, shall it be given thee further, as thou goest upon thy way, meditating this mystery. And thou shalt summon the Scribe, and that which shall be written, shall be written.

Therefore I withdraw myself, as I am commanded.

THE DESERT BETWEEN BENSHRUR AND TOLGA.

December 12, 1909, 7-8.12 p.m.

Now then art thou approached unto an august Arcanum; verily thou art come unto the ancient Marvel, the winged light, the Fountains of Fire, the Mystery of the Wedge. But it is not I that can reveal it, for I have never been permitted to behold it, who am but the watcher upon the threshold of the Æthyr. My message is spoken, and my mission is accomplished. And I withdraw myself, covering my face with my wings, before the presence of the Angel of the Æthyr.

So the Angel departed with bowed head, folding his wings across.

And there is a little child in a mist of blue light; he hath golden hair, a mass of curls, and deep blue eyes. Yea, he is all

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golden, with a living, vivid gold. And in each hand he hath a snake; in the right hand a red, in the left a blue. And he hath red sandals, but no other garment.

And he sayeth: Is not life a long initiation unto sorrow? And is not Isis the Lady of Sorrow? And she is my mother. Nature is her name, and she hath a twin sister Nephthys, whose name is Perfection. And Isis must be known of all, but of how few is Nephthys known! Because she is dark, therefore is she feared.

But thou who hast adored her without fear, who hast made thy life an initiation into her Mystery, thou that hast neither mother nor father, nor sister nor brother, nor wife nor child, who hast made thyself lonely as the hermit crab that is in the waters of the Great Sea, behold! when the sistrons are shaken, and the trumpets blare forth the glory of Isis, at the end thereof there is silence, and thou shalt commune with Nephthys.

And having known these, there are the wings of Maut the Vulture. Thou mayest draw to an head the bow of thy magical will; thou mayest loose the shaft and pierce her to the heart. I am Eros. Take then the bow and the quiver from my shoulders and slay me; for unless thou slay me, thou shalt not unveil the Mystery of the Æthyr.

Therefore I did as he commanded; in the quiver were two arrows, one white, one black. I cannot force myself to fit an arrow to the bow.

And there came a voice: It must needs be.

And I said: No man can do this thing.

And the voice answered, as it were an echo: *Nemo hoc facere potest.*

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Then came understanding to me, and I took forth the Arrows. The white arrow had no barb, but the black arrow was barbed like a forest of fish-hooks; it was bound round with brass, and it had been dipped in deadly poison. Then I fitted the white arrow to the string, and I shot it against the heart of Eros, and though I shot with all my force, it fell harmlessly from his side. But at that moment the black arrow was thrust through mine own heart. I am filled with fearful agony.

And the child smiles, and says: Although thy shaft hath pierced me not, although the envenomed barb hath struck thee through, yet I am slain, and thou livest and triumphest, for I am thou and thou art I.

With that he disappears, and the Æthyr splits with a roar as of ten thousand thunders. And behold, The Arrow! The plumes of Maat are its crown, set about the disk. It is the Ateph crown of Thoth, and there is the shaft of burning light, and beneath there is a silver wedge.

I shudder and tremble at the vision, for all about it are whorls and torrents of tempestuous fire. The stars of heaven are caught in the ashes of the flame. And they are all dark. That which was a blazing sun is like a speck of ash. And in the midst the Arrow burns!

I see that the crown of the Arrow is the Father of all Light, and the shaft of the Arrow is the Father of all Life, and the barb of the Arrow is the Father of all Love. For that silver wedge is like a lotus flower, and the Eye within the Ateph Crown crieth: I watch. And the Shaft crieth: I work. And the Barb crieth: I wait. And the Voice of the Æthyr echoeth: It beams. It burns. It blooms.

And now there cometh a strange thought; this Arrow is

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the source of all motion; it is infinite motion, yet it moveth not, so that there *is* no motion. And therefore there is no matter. This Arrow is the glance of the Eye of Shiva. But because it moveth not, the universe is not destroyed. The universe is put forth and swallowed up in the quivering of the plumes of Maat, that are the plumes of the Arrow; but those plumes quiver not.

And a voice comes: That which is above is *not* like that which is below.

And another voice answers it: That which is below is *not* like that which is above.

And a third voice answers these two: What is above and what is below? For there is the division that divideth not, and the multiplication that multiplieth not. And the One is the many. Behold, this Mystery is beyond understanding, for the winged globe is the crown, and the shaft is the wisdom, and the barb is the understanding. And the Arrow is one, and thou art lost in the Mystery, who art but as a babe that is carried in the womb of its mother, that art not yet ready for the light.

And the vision overcometh me. My sense is stunned; my sight is blasted; my hearing is dulled.

And a voice cometh: Thou didst seek the remedy of sorrow; therefore all sorrow is thy portion. This is that which is written: "God hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." For as thy blood is mingled in the cup of BABALON, so is thine heart the universal heart. Yet is it bound about with the Green Serpent, the Serpent of Delight.

It is shown me that this heart is the heart that rejoiceth, and the serpent is the serpent of Death for herein all the symbols are interchangeable, for each one containeth in itself

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its own opposite. And this is the great Mystery of the Supernals that are beyond the Abyss. For below the Abyss, contradiction is division; but above the Abyss, contradiction is Unity. And there could be nothing true except by virtue of the contradiction that is contained in itself.

Thou canst not believe how marvelous is this vision of the Arrow. And it could never be shut out, except the Lords of Vision troubled the waters of the pool, the mind of the Seer. But they send forth a wind that is a cloud of Angels, and they beat the water with their feet, and little waves splash up—they are memories. For the seer hath no head; it is expanded into the universe, a vast and silent sea, crowned with the stars of night. Yet in the very midst thereof is the arrow. Little images of things that were, are the foam upon the waves. And there is a contest between the Vision and the memories. I prayed unto the Lords of Vision, saying: O my Lords, take not away this wonder from my sight.

And they said: It must needs be. Rejoice therefore if thou hast been permitted to behold, even for a moment, this Arrow, the austere, the august. But the vision is accomplished, and we have sent forth a great wind against thee. For thou canst not penetrate by force, who hast refused it; nor by authority, for thou hast trampled it under foot. Thou art bereft of all but understanding, O thou that art no more than a little pile of dust!

And the images rise up against me and constrain me, so that the Æthyr is shut against me. Only the things of the mind and of the body are open unto me. The shew-stone is dull, for that which I see therein is but a memory.

TOLGA, ALGERIA

December 13, 1909. 8.15-10.10 p.m.

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THE CRY OF THE 4TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED PAZ

The Stone is translucent and luminous, and no images enter therein.

A voice says: Behold the brilliance of the Lord, whose feet are set upon him that pardoneth transgression. Behold the six-fold Star that flameth in the Vault, the seal of the marriage of the great White King and his black slave.

So I looked into the Stone, and beheld the six-fold Star: the whole Æthyr is as tawny clouds, like the flame of a furnace. And there is a mighty host of Angels, blue and golden, that throng it, and they cry: Holy, Holy, Holy art thou, that art not shaken in the earthquakes, and in the thunders! The end of things is come upon us; the day of be-with-us is at hand! For he hath created the universe, and overthrown it, that he might take his pleasure thereupon.

And now, in the midst of the Æthyr, I beheld that god. He hath a thousand arms, and in each hand is a weapon of terrible strength. His face is more terrible than the storm, and from his eyes flash lightnings of intolerable brilliance. From his mouth run seas of blood. Upon his head is a crown of every deadly thing. Upon his forehead is the upright tau, and on either side of it are the signs of blasphemy. And about him clingeth a young girl, like unto the king's daughter that appeareth in the ninth Æthyr. But she is become rosy by reason of his force, and her purity hath tinged his black with blue.

They are clasped in a furious embrace, so that she is torn asunder by the terror of the god; yet so tightly clingeth she about him, that he is strangled. She hath forced back his

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head, and his throat is livid with the pressure of her fingers. Their joint cry is an intolerable anguish, yet it is the cry of their rapture, so that every pain, and every curse, and every bereavement, and every death of everything in the whole universe, is but one little gust of wind in that tempest-scream of ecstasy.

The voice thereof is not articulate. It is in vain to seek comparison. It is absolutely continuous, without breaks or beats. If there seem to be vibration therein, it is because of the imperfection of the ears of the seer.

And there cometh an interior voice, which sayeth to the seer that he hath trained his eyes well and can see much; and he hath trained his ears a little, and can hear a little; but his other senses hath he trained scarcely at all, and therefore the Æthyrs are almost silent to him on those planes. By the senses are meant the spiritual correlations of the senses, not the physical senses. But this matters little, because the Seer, so far as he is a seer, is the expression of the spirit of humanity. What is true of him is true of humanity, so that even if he had been able to receive the full Æthyrs, he could not have communicated them.

And an Angel speaks: Behold, this vision is utterly beyond thine understanding. Yet shalt thou endeavour to unite thyself with the dreadful marriage-bed.

So I am torn asunder, nerve from nerve and vein from vein, and more intimately—cell from cell, molecule from molecule, and atom from atom, and at the same time all crushed together. Write down that the tearing asunder *is* a crushing together. All the double phenomena are only two ways of looking at a single phenomenon; and the single phenomenon

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is Peace. There is no sense in my words or in my thoughts. “Faces half-formed arose.” This is the meaning of that passage; they are attempts to interpret Chaos, but Chaos is Peace. Cosmos is the War of the Rose and the Cross. That was “a half-formed face” that I said then. All images are useless.

Blackness, blackness intolerable, before the beginning of the light. This is the first verse of Genesis. Holy art thou, Chaos, Chaos, Eternity, all contradictions in terms!

Oh, blue! blue! blue! whose reflection in the Abyss is called the Great One of the Night of Time; between ye vibrateth the Lord of the Forces of Matter.

O Nox, Nox qui celas infamiam infandi nefandi, Deo solo sit laus qui dedit signum non scribendum. Laus virgini cuius stuprum tradit salutem.

O Night, that givest suck from thy paps to sorcery, and theft, and rape, and gluttony, and murder, and tyranny, and to the nameless Horror, cover us, cover us, cover us from the Rod of Destiny; for Cosmos must come, and the balance be set up where there was no need of balance, because there was no injustice, but only truth. But when the balances are equal, scale matched with scale, then will Chaos return.

Yea, as in a looking-glass, so in thy mind, that is backed with the false metal of lying, is every symbol read averse. Lo! everything wherein thou hast trusted must confound thee, and that thou didst flee from was thy saviour. So therefore didst thou shriek in the Black Sabbath when thou didst kiss the hairy buttocks of the goat, when the gnarled god tore thee asunder, when the icy cataract of death swept thee away.

Shriek, therefore, shriek aloud; mingle the roar of the

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gored lion and the moan of the torn bull, and the cry of the man that is torn by the claws of the Eagle, and the scream of the Eagle that is strangled by the hands of the Man. Mingle all these in the death-shriek of the Sphinx, for the blind man hath profaned her mystery. Who is this, Oedipus, Tiresias, Erinyes? Who is this, that is blind and a seer, a fool above wisdom? Whom do the hounds of heaven follow, and the crocodiles of hell await? Aleph, vau, yod, ayin, resh, tau, is his name.

Beneath his feet is the kingdom, and upon his head the crown. He is spirit and matter; he is peace and power; in him is Chaos and Night and Pan, and upon BABALON his concubine, that hath made him drunk upon the blood of the saints that she hath gathered in her golden cup, hath he begotten the virgin that now he doth deflower. And this is that which is written: Malkuth shall be uplifted and set upon the throne of Binah. And this is the stone of the philosophers that is set as a seal upon the tomb of Tetragrammaton, and the elixir of life that is distilled from the blood of the saints, and the red powder that is the grinding-up of the bones of Choronzon.

Terrible and wonderful is the Mystery thereof, O thou Titan that hast climbed into the bed of Juno! Surely thou art bound unto, and broken upon, the wheel; yet hast thou uncovered the nakedness of the Holy One, and the Queen of Heaven is in travail of child, and his name shall be called Vir, and Vis, and Virus, and Virtus, and Viridis, in one name that is all these, and above all these.

Desolate, desolate is the Æthyr, for thou must return unto the habitations of the Owl and the Bat, unto the Scorpions of

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the sand, and the blanched eyeless beetles that have neither wing nor horn. Return, blot out the vision, wipe from thy mind the memory thereof; stifle the fire with green wood; consume the Sacrament; cover the Altar; veil the Shrine; shut up the Temple and spread booths in the market place; until the appointed time come when the Holy One shall declare unto thee the Mystery of the Third Æthyr.

Yet be thou wake and ware, for the great Angel Hua is about thee, and overshadoweth thee, and at any moment he may come upon thee unawares. The voice of PAZ is ended.

BISKRA, ALGERIA.

December 16, 1909. 9-10.30 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 3RD ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZON

There is an angry light in the stone; now it is become clear.

In the centre is that minute point of light which is the true Sun, and in the circumference is the Emerald Snake. And joining them are the rays which are the plumes of Maat, and because the distance is infinite, therefore are they parallel from the circumference, although they diverge from the centre.

In all this is no voice and no motion.

And yet it seems that the great Snake feedeth upon the plumes of Truth as upon itself, so that it contracteth. But ever so little as it contracteth, without it gloweth the golden rim, which is that minute point in the centre.

And all this is the sigil of the Æthyr, gold and azure and green. Yet also these are the Severities.

It is only in the first three Æthyrs that we find the pure

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essence, for all the other Æthyrs are but as Malkuth to complete these three triads, as hath before been said. And this being the second reflection, therefore is it the palace of two hundred and eighty judgments.

For all these paths* are in the course of the Flaming Sword from the side of Severity. And the other two paths are Zayin, which is a sword; and Shin, which is a tooth. These are then the five severities which are 280.

All this is communicated to the Seer interiorly.

“And the eye of His benignancy is closed. Let it not be opened upon the Æthyr, lest the severities be mitigated, and the house fall.” Shall not the house fall, and the Dragon sink? Verily all things have been swallowed up in destruction; and Chaos hath opened his jaws and crushed the Universe as a Bacchanal crusheth a grape between her teeth. Shall not destruction swallow up destruction, and annihilation confound annihilation? Twenty and two are the mansions of the House of my Father, but there cometh an ox that shall set his forehead against the House, and it shall fall. For all these things are the toys of the Magician and the Maker of Illusions, that barreth the Understanding from the Crown.

O thou that hast beheld the City of the Pyramids, how shouldst thou behold the House of the Juggler? For he is wisdom, and by wisdom hath he made the Worlds, and from that wisdom issue judgements 70 by 4, that are the 4 eyes of the double-headed one; that are the 4 devils, Satan, Lucifer, Leviathan, Belial, that are the great princes of the evil of the world.

* 𐤒, 𐤌, and 𐤑 (☉, ♎, and ♀), the Sun, the Balance or plumes of Maat, and the Snake. Added they make 280.

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And Satan is worshipped by men under the name of Jesus; and Lucifer is worshipped by men under the name of Brahma; and Leviathan is worshipped by men under the name of Allah; and Belial is worshipped by men under the name of Buddha.

(This is the meaning of the passage in Liber Legis, Chap. III.)

Moreover, there is Mary, a blasphemy against BABALON, for she hath shut herself up; and therefore is she the Queen of all those wicked devils that walk upon the earth, those that thou sawest even as little black specks that stained the Heaven of Urania. And all these are the excrement of Choronzon.

And for this is BABALON under the power of the Magician, that she hath submitted herself unto the work; and she guardeth the Abyss. And in her is a perfect purity of that which is above; yet she is sent as the Redeemer to them that are below. For there is no other way into the Supernal Mystery but through her, and the Beast on which she rideth; and the Magician is set beyond her to deceive the brothers of blackness, lest they should make unto themselves a crown; for if there were two crowns, then should Ygdrasil, that ancient tree, be cast out into the Abyss, uprooted and cast down into the Outermost Abyss, and the Arcanum which is in the Adytum should be profaned; and the Ark should be touched, and the Lodge spied upon by them that are not masters, and the bread of the Sacrament should be the dung of Choronzon; and the wine of the Sacrament should be the water of Choronzon; and the incense should be dispersion; and the fire upon the Altar should be hate. But lift up thyself; stand,

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play the man, for behold! there shall be revealed unto thee the Great Terror, the thing of awe that hath no name.

And this is the mystery that I declare unto thee: that from the Crown itself spring the three great delusions; Aleph is madness, and Beth is falsehood, and Gimel is glamour. And these three be greater than all, for they are beyond the words that I speak unto thee; how much more therefore are they beyond the words that thou transmittest unto men.

Behold! the Veil of the Æthyr sundereth, and is torn, like a sail by the breath of the tempest, and thou shalt see him as from afar off. This is that which is written, "Confound her understanding with darkness," for thou canst not speak this thing.

It is the figure of the Magus of the Taro; and in his right arm the torch of the flames blazing upwards; in his left the cup of poison, a cataract into Hell. And upon his head the evil talisman, blasphemy and blasphemy and blasphemy, in the form of a circle. That is the greatest blasphemy of all.* On his feet hath he the scythes and swords and sickles; daggers; knives; every sharp thing,—a millionfold, and all in one. And before him is the Table that is a Table of wickedness, the 42-fold Table. This Table is connected with the 42 Assessors of the Dead, for they are the Accusers, whom the soul must baffle; and with the 42-fold name of God, for this is the Mystery of Iniquity, that there was ever a beginning at all. And this Magus casteth forth, by the might of his four weapons, veil after veil; a thousand shining colours, ripping and tearing the Æthyr, so that it is like jagged saws, or like broken teeth in the face of a young girl, or like disruption, or

* I.e., that the circle should be thus profaned. This evil circle is of three concentric rings.

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madness. There is a horrible grinding sound, maddening. This is the mill in which the Universal Substance, which is ether, was ground down into matter.

The Seer prayeth that a cloud may come between him and the sun, so that he may shut out the terror of the vision. And he is afire; he is terribly athirst; and no help can come to him, for the shew-stone blazeth ever with the fury and the torment and the blackness, and the stench of human flesh. The bowels of little children are torn out and thrust into his mouth, and poison is dropped into his eyes. And Lilith, a black monkey crawling with filth, running with open sores, an eye torn out, eaten of worms, her teeth rotten, her nose eaten away, her mouth a putrid mass of green slime, her dugs dropping and cancerous, clings to him, kisses him.

(Kill me! kill me!)

There is a mocking voice: Thou art become immortal. Thou wouldst look upon the face of the Magician and thou hast not beheld him because of his Magick veils.

(Don't torture me!)

Thus are all they fallen into the power of Lilith, who have dared to look upon his face.

The shew-stone is all black and corrupt. O filth! filth! filth!

And this is her great blasphemy: that she hath taken the name of the First Æthyr, and bound it on her brow, and added thereunto the shameless yod and the tau for the sign of the Cross.

She it is that squatteth upon the Crucifix, for the nastiness of her pleasure. So that they that worship Christ suck up her filth upon their tongues, and therefore their breaths stink.

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I was saved from that Horror by a black shining Triangle, with apex upwards, that came upon the face of the sun.

And now the shew-stone is all clear and beautiful again.

The pure pale gold of a fair maiden's hair, and the green of her girdle, and the deep soft blue of her eyes.

Note.—In this the gold is Kether, the blue is Chokmah, the green is Binah.

Thus she appeareth in the Æthyr, adorned with flowers and gems. It seems that she hath incarnated herself upon earth, and that she will appear manifest in a certain office in the Temple.

I have seen some picture like her face; I cannot think what picture. It is a piquant face, with smiling eyes and lips; the ears are small and pink, the complexion is fair, but not transparent; not as fair as one would expect from the hair and eyes. It is rather an impudent face, rather small, very pretty; the nose very slightly less than straight, well-proportioned, rather large nostrils. Full of vitality, the whole thing. Now very tall, rather slim and graceful; a good dancer.

There is another girl behind her, with sparkling eyes, mischievous, a smile showing beautiful white teeth; an ideal Spanish girl, but fair. Very vivacious. Only her head is visible, and now it is veiled by a black sun, casting forth dull rays of black and gold.

Then the disk of the sun is a pair of balances, held steady; and twined about the central pole of the balance is the little green poisonous snake, with a long forked tongue rapidly darting.

And the Angel that hath spoken with me before, saith to me: The eye of His benignancy is opened; therefore veileth

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he thine eyes from the vision. Manfully hast thou endured; yet, hast thou been man, thou hadst not endured; and hadst thou been wholly that which thou art, thou shouldst have been caught up in the full vision that is unspeakable for Horror. And thou shouldst have beheld the face of the Magician that thou hast not been able to behold,—of him from whom issue forth the severities that are upon Malkuth, and his name is *Misericordia Dei*.

And because he is the dyad, thou mayest yet understand in two ways. Of first way, the Mercy of God is that Mercy which Jehovah showed to the Amalekites; and the second way is utterly beyond thine understanding, for it is the upright, and thou knowest nothing but the averse,—until Wisdom shall inform thine Understanding, and upon the base of the Ultimate triangle arise the smooth point.

Veil therefore thine eyes, for that thou canst not master the Æthyr, unless thy Mystery match Its Mystery. Seal up thy mouth also, for thou canst not master the voice of the Æthyr, save only by Silence.

And thou shalt give the sign of the Mother, for BABALON is thy fortress against the iniquity of the Abyss, of the iniquity of that which bindeth her unto the Crown, and barreth her from the Crown; for not until thou art made one with CHAOS canst thou begin that last, that most terrible projection, the three-fold Regimen which alone constitutes the Great Work.

For Choronzon is as it were the shell or excrement of these three paths, and therefore is his head raised unto Daath, and therefore have the Black Brotherhood declared him to be the child of Wisdom and Understanding, who is but the bastard of the Svastika. And this is that which is written in

THE EQUINOX

the Holy Qabalah, concerning the Whirlpool and Leviathan, and the Great Stone.

Thus long have I talked with thee in bidding thee depart, that the memory of the Æthyr might be dulled; for hadst thou come back suddenly into thy mortal frame, thou hadst fallen into madness or death. For the vision is not such that any may endure it.

But now thy sense is dull, and the shew-stone but a stone. Therefore awake, and give secretly and apart the sign of the Mother, and call four times upon the name of CHAOS, that is the four-fold word that is equal to her seven-fold word. And then shalt thou purify thyself, and return into the World.

So I did that which was commanded me, and returned.

BISKRA.

December 17, 1909. 9.30-11.30 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 2ND ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ARN

In the first place, there is again the woman riding on the bull, which is the reflection of BABALON, that rideth on The Beast. And also there is an Assyrian legend of a woman with a fish, and also there is a legend of Eve and the Serpent, for Cain was the child of Eve and the Serpent, and not of Eve and Adam; and therefore when he had slain his brother, who was the first murderer, having sacrificed living things to his demon, had Cain the mark upon his brow, which is the mark of the Beast spoken of in the Apocalypse, and is the sign of initiation.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

The shedding of blood is necessary, for God did not hear the children of Eve until blood was shed. And that is external religion; but Cain spake not with God, nor had the mark of initiation upon his brow, so that he was shunned by all men, until he had shed blood. And this blood was the blood of his brother. This is a mystery of the sixth key of the Taro, which ought not to be called The Lovers, but The Brothers.

In the middle of the card stands Cain; in his right hand is the Hammer of Thor with which he hath slain his brother, and it is all wet with his blood. And his left hand he holdeth open as a sign of innocence. And on his right hand is his mother Eve, around whom the serpent is entwined with his hood spread behind her head; and on his left hand is a figure somewhat like the Hindoo Kali, but much more seductive. Yet I know it to be Lilith. And above him is the Great Sigil of the Arrow, downward, but it is struck through the heart of the child. This Child is also Abel. And the meaning of this part of the card is obscure, but that is the correct drawing of the Taro card; and that is the correct magical fable from which the Hebrew scribes, who were not complete Initiates, stole their legend of the Fall and the subsequent events. They joined different fables together to try and make a connected story, and they sophisticated them to suit their social and political conditions.

All this while no image hath come unto the Stone, and no voice hath been heard.

I cannot get any idea of the source of what I have been saying. All I can say is, that there is a sort of dew, like mist, upon the Stone, and yet it has become hot to the touch.

THE EQUINOX

All I get is that the Apocalypse was the recension of a dozen or so totally disconnected allegories, that were pieced together, and ruthlessly planed down to make them into a connected account; and that recension was re-written and edited in the interests of Christianity, because people were complaining that Christianity could show no true spiritual knowledge, or any food for the best minds: nothing but miracles, which only deceived the most ignorant, and Theology, which only suited pedants.

So a man got hold of this recension, and turned it Christian, and imitated the style of John. And this explains why the end of the world does not happen every few years, as advertised.

There is nothing whatever in the Stone but a White Rose. And a voice comes: there shall be no more red roses, for she hath crushed all the blood of all things into her cup.

It seemed at one time as if the rose was in the breast of a beautiful woman, high-bosomed, tall, stately, yet who danced like a snake. But there was no subsistence in this vision.

And now I see the white Rose, as if it were in the beak of a swan, in the picture by Michael Angelo in Venice. And that legend too is the legend of BABALON.

But all this is before the veil of the Æthyr. Now will I go and make certain preparations, and I will return and repeat the call of the Æthyr yet again.

BISKRA.

December 18, 1909. 9.20-10.5 a.m.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

It is not a question of being unable to get into the Æthyr, and trying to struggle through; but one is not anywhere near it.

A voice comes: When thy dust shall strew the earth whereon She walketh, then mayest thou bear the impress of Her foot. And thou thinkest to behold Her face!

The Stone is become of the most brilliant whiteness, and yet, in that whiteness, all the other colours are implicit. The colour of anything is but its dullness, its obstructiveness. So is it with these visions. All that they *are* is falsity. Every idea merely marks where the mind of the Seer was too stupid to receive the light, and therefore reflected it. Therefore, as the pure light is colourless, so is the pure soul black.

And this is the Mystery of the incest of CHAOS with his daughter.

There is nothing whatever visible.

But I asked of the Angel that is at my side if the ceremony hath been duly performed. And he says: Yes, the Æthyr is present. It is thou that canst not perceive it, even as I cannot perceive it, because it is so entirely beyond thy conception that there is nothing in thy mind on to which it can cast a symbol, even as the emptiness of space is not heated by the fire of the sun. And so pure is the light that it preventeth the formation of images, and therefore have men called it darkness. For with any lesser light, the mind responds, and makes for itself divers palaces. It is that which is written: "In my Father's house there are many mansions"; and if the house be destroyed, how much more the mansions that are therein! For this is the victory of BABALON over the Magician that ensorcelled

THE EQUINOX

her. For as the Mother she is 3 by 52, and as the harlot she is 6 by 26; but she is also 12 by 13, and that is the pure unity. Moreover she is 4 by 39, that is, victory over the power of the 4, and in 2 by 78 hath she destroyed the great Sorcerer. Thus is she the synthesis of 1 and 2 and 3 and 4, which being added are 10, therefore could she set her daughter upon her own throne, and defile her own bed with her virginity.

And I ask the Angel if there is any way by which I can make myself worthy to behold the Mysteries of this Æthyr.

And he saith: It is not in my knowledge. Yet do thou make once more in silence the Call of the Æthyr, and wait patiently upon the favour of the Angel, for He is a mighty Angel, and never yet have I heard the whisper of his wing.

This is the translation of the Call of the Æthyr.

O ye heavens which dwell in the first Aire, and are mighty in the parts of the earth, and execute therein the judgment of the highest, to you it is said: Behold the face of your God, the beginning of comfort, whose eyes are the brightness of the heavens which provided you for the government of the earth, and her unspeakable variety, furnishing you with a power of understanding, that ye might dispose all things according to the foresight of Him that sitteth on the Holy Throne, and rose up in the beginning, saying, The earth, let her be governed by her parts (this is the prostitution of BABALON to Pan), and let there be division in her (the formation of the Many from the One), that her glory may be always ecstasy and irritation of orgasm. Her course let it round with the heavens (that is, let her way be always harmonious with heaven), and as an

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

handmaid let her serve them (that is, the Virgin of Eternity climbing into the bed of CHAOS). One season let it confound another (that is, let there be unwearying variety of predicates), and let there be no creature upon or within her the same (that is, let there be an unwearying variety of subjects). All her members let them differ in their qualities, and let there be no one creature equal with another (for if there were any duplication or omission, there would be no perfection in the whole). The reasonable creatures of the earth and men, let them vex and weed out one another (this is, the destruction of reason by internecine conflicts in the course of redemption). And their dwelling places, let them forget their names. (This is, the arising of Nemo.) The work of man and his pomp, let them be defaced. (That is, in the Great Work man must lose his personality.) His building, let it be a cave for the Beast of the Field. ("His building" means the Vault of the Adepts, and the "Cave" is the Cave of the Mountain of Abiegnus, and the "Beast" is he upon whom BABALON rideth, and the "Field" is the supernal Eden.) Confound her understanding with darkness. (This sentence is explained by what has been said concerning Binah.) For why, it rejoiceth me concerning the Virgin and the Man. (Kelly did not understand this Call at all, and he would not believe this sentence was written so, for it seemed to contradict the rest of the Call, so he altered it.) One while let her be known and another while a stranger, (that is, the Mystery of the Holy One being at the same time identical with everything and apart from it), because she is the bed of an harlot, and the dwelling of him that is fallen. (That is that Mystery which was revealed in the last Æthyr; the universe being, as it were, a garden wherein the Holy

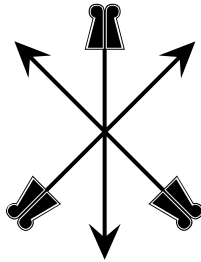
THE EQUINOX

Ones may take their pleasure.) O ye heavens, arise; the lower heavens beneath you, let them serve you. (This is a command for the whole of things to join in universal rapture.) Govern those that govern; cast down such as fall; bring forth those that increase; and destroy the rotten. (This means that everything shall take its own pleasure in its own way.) No place let it remain in one number. (“No place” is the infinite Ain . . . “Let remain in one number”; that is, let it be concentrated in Kether.) Add and diminish until the stars be numbered. (It is a mystery of the Logos being formulated by the Qabalah, because the stars, are all letters of the Holy Alphabet, as it was said in a former Æthyr.) Arise! Move! and Appear! before the covenant of his mouth which he hath shewn unto us in his justice. (“The Covenant” is the letter Aleph; “His mouth”, pé; “His Justice”, lamed; and these add up again to Aleph, so that it is in the letter Aleph, which is zero, thus symbolizing the circles of the Æthyrs, that he calleth them forth. But men thought that Aleph was the initial of ARR, cursing, when it was really the initial of AChD, unity, and AHBH, love. So that it was the most horrible and wicked blasphemy of the blackest of all the black brothers to begin Barashith with a beth, with the letter of the Magician. Yet, by this simple device, hath he created the whole illusion of sorrow.) Open the mysteries of your creation, and make us partakers of the undefiled knowledge. (The word here “IADNAMAD” is not the ordinary word for knowledge. It is a word of eight letters, which is the secret name of God, summarized in the letter cheth; for which see the Æthyr which correspondeth to that letter, the twelfth Æthyr.)

Now from time to time I have looked into the Stone, but

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never is there any image therein, or any hint thereof; but now there are three arrows, arranged thus:



This is the letter Aleph in the Alphabet of Arrows.

(I want to say that while I was doing the translation of the Call of the Æthyrs, the soles of my feet were burning, as if I were on red hot steel.)

And now the fire has spread all over me, and parches me, and tortures me. And my sweat is bitter like poison. And all my blood is acrid in my veins, like gleet. I seem to be all festering, rotting; and the worms eating me while I am yet alive.

A voice, neither in myself nor out of myself, is saying: Remember Prometheus; remember Ixion.

I am tearing at nothing. I will not heed. For even this dust must be consumed with fire.

And now, although there is no image, at last there is a sense of obstacle, as if one were at length drawing near to the frontier of the Æthyr.

But I am dying.

I can neither strive nor wait. There is agony in my ears, and in my throat, and mine eyes have been so long blind that I cannot remember that there ever was such a thing as sight.

And it cometh to me that I should go away, and await the

THE EQUINOX

coming of the veil of the Æthyr; not here. I think I will go to the Hot Springs.

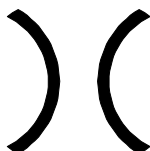
So I put away the Stone upon my breast.

BISKRA

10.15-11.52 a.m.

Flashes of lightning are playing in the Stone, at the top; and at the bottom of the Stone there is a black pyramid, and at the top thereof is a vesica piscis. The vesica piscis is of colourless brilliance.

The two curves of Pisces are thus:



They are the same curves as the curves of vesica piscis, but turned round.

And a voice comes: How can that which is buried in the pyramids behold that which descendeth unto its apex?

Again it comes to me, without voice: Therefore is motherhood the symbol of the Masters. For first they must give up their virginity to be destroyed, and the seed must lie hidden in them until the nine moons wax and wane, and they must surround it with the Universal Fluid. And they must feed it with blood for fire. Then is the child a living thing. And afterwards is much suffering and much joy, and after that are they torn asunder, and this is all their thank, that they give it to suck.

All this while the vision in the Shew-Stone stays as it was, save that the lightning grows more vehement and clear;

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and behind the vesica piscis is a black cross extending to the top and to the edges of the Stone. And now blackness spreads, and swallows up the images.

Now there is naught but a vast black triangle having the apex downwards, and in the centre of the black triangle is the face of Typhon, the Lord of the Tempest, and he crieth aloud: Despair! Despair! For thou mayest deceive the Virgin, and thou mayest cajole the Mother; but what wilt thou say unto the ancient Whore that is throned in Eternity? For if she will not, there is neither force nor cunning, nor any wit, that may prevail upon her.

Thou canst not woo her with love, for she *is* love. And she hath all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with gold, for all the Kings and captains of the earth, and all the gods of heaven, have showered their gold upon her. Thus hath she all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with knowledge, for knowledge is the thing that she hath spurned. She hath it all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with wit, for her Lord is Wit. She hath it all, and hath no need of thee. Despair! Despair!

Nor canst thou cling to her knees and ask for pity; nor canst thou cling to her heart and ask for love; nor canst thou put thine arms about her neck, and ask for understanding; for thou hast all these, and they avail thee not. Despair! Despair!

Then I took the Flaming Sword, and I let it loose against Typhon, so that his head was cloven asunder, and the black triangle dissolved in lightnings.

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But as he parted his voice broke out again: Nor canst thou win her with the Sword, for her eyes are fixed upon the eyes of Him in whose hand is the hilt of the Sword. Despair! Despair!

And the echo of that cry was his word, which is identical, although it be diverse: Nor canst thou win her by the Serpent, for it was the Serpent that seduced her first. Despair! Despair!

(Yet he cried thus as he fled:)

I am Leviathan, the great Lost Serpent of the Sea. I writhe eternally in torment, and I lash the ocean with my tail into a whirlpool of foam that is venomous and bitter, and I have no purpose. I go no whither. I can neither live nor die. I can but rave and rave in my death agony. I am the Crocodile that eateth up the children of men. And through the malice of BABALON I hunger, hunger, hunger.

All this while the Stone is more inert than ever yet; a thousand times more lifeless than when it is not invoked. Now, when it kindles, it only kindles into its physical beauty. And now upon the face of it is a great black Rose, each of whose petals, though it be featureless, is yet a devil-face. And all the stalks are the black snakes of hell. It is alive, this Rose; a single thought informs it. It comes to clutch, to murder. Yet, because a single thought alone informs it, I have hope therein.

I think the Rose has a hundred and fifty-six petals, and though it be black, it has the luminous blush.

There it is, in the midst of the Stone, and I cannot see anyone who wears it.

Aha! Aha! Aha! Shut out the sight!

Holy, Holy, Holy art thou!

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Light, Life and Love are like three glow-worms at thy feet: the whole universe of stars, the dewdrops on the grass whereon thou walkest!

I am quite blind.

Thou art Nuit! Strain, strain, strain my whole soul!

A ka dua

Tuf ur biu

Bi a'a chefu

Dudu ner af an nuteru.

Falutli! Falutli!

I cling unto the burning Æthyr like Lucifer that fell through the Abyss, and by the fury of his flight kindled the air.

And I am Belial, for having seen the Rose upon thy breast, I have denied God.

And I am Satan! I am Satan! I am cast out upon a burning crag! And the sea boils about the desolation thereof. And already the vultures gather, and feast upon my flesh.

Yea! Before thee all the most holy is profane, O thou desolator of shrines! O thou falsifier of the oracles of truth! Ever as I went, hath it been thus. The truth of the profane was the falsehood of the Neophyte, and the truth of the Neophyte was the falsehood of the Zelator! Again and again the the fortress must be battered down! Again and again the pylon must be overthrown! Again and again must the gods be desecrated!

And now I lie supine before thee, in terror and abasement. O Purity! O Truth! What shall I say? My tongue cleaveth to my jaws, O thou Medusa that hast turned me to stone! Yet is that stone the stone of the philosophers. Yet is that tongue Hadit.

THE EQUINOX

Aha! Aha!

Yea! Let me take the form of Hadit before thee, and sing:

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

Nuit! Nuit! How art thou manifested in this place! This is a Mystery ineffable. And it is mine, and I can never reveal it either to God or to man. It is for thee and me !

Aha! Aha!

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

. . . My spirit is no more; my soul is no more. My life leaps out into annihilation!

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

It is the cry of my body! Save me! I have come too close. I have come too close to that which may not be endured. It must awake, the body; it must assert itself.

It must shut out the Æthyr, or else it is dead.

Every pulse aches, and beats furiously. Every nerve stings like a serpent. And my skin is icy cold.

Neither God nor man can penetrate the Mystery of the Æthyr.

(Here the Seer mutters unintelligibly.)

And even that which understandeth cannot hear its voice. For to the profane the voice of the Neophyte is called silence,

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

and to the Neophyte the voice of the Zelator is called silence. And so ever is it.

Sight is fire, and is the first angle of the Tablet; spirit is hearing, and is the centre thereof; thou, therefore, who art all spirit and fire, and hast no duller elements in thy star; thou art come to sight at the end of thy will. And if thou wilt hear the voice of the Æthyr, do thou invoke it in the night, having no other light but the light of the half moon. Then mayest thou hear the voice, though it may be that thou understandeth it not. Yet shall it be a potent spell, whereby thou mayest lay bare the womb of thy understanding to the violence of CHAOS.

Now, therefore, for the last time, let the veil of the Æthyr be torn.

Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha!

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

.

This Æthyr must be left unfinished then until the half moon.

HAMMAM SALAHIN.

December 18, 1909 3.10-4.25 p.m.

An olvah nu arenu olvah. Diraeseu adika va paretanu poliax poliax in vah rah ahum subre fifal. Lerthexanax. Mama ra-la hum fifala maha.

All this is the melody of a flute, very faint and clear. And there is a sort of sub-tinkle of a bell.

THE EQUINOX

And there is a string instrument, somewhat like a zither.
And there is a human voice.

And the voice comes: this is the Song of the Sphinx, which
she singeth ever in the ears of men.

And it is the song of the syrens. And whoever heareth it
is lost.

I

Mu pa telai,
Tu wa melai
Ā, ā, ā
Tu fu tulu!
Tu fu tulu
Pa, Sa, Ga.

II

Qwi Mu telai
Ya Pa melai;
ū, ū, ū.
'Se gu melai;
Pe fu telai,
Fu tu lu.

III

O chi balae
Wa pa malae:—
Ut! Ut! Ut!
Ge; fu latrai,
Le fu malai
Kūt!—Hūt!—Nūt.

IV

Al OAI
Rel moai
Ti—Ti—Ti!
Wa la pelai
Tu fu latai
Wi, Ni, Bi.

Translation of Song.

I

Silence! the moon ceaseth (her motion),
That also was sweet
In the air, in the air, in the air!
Who Will shall attain!
Who Will shall attain
By the Moon, and by Myself, and by the Angel of the Lord!

II

Now Silence ceaseth
And the moon waxeth sweet;
(It is the hour of) Initiation, Initiation, Initiation.
The kiss of Isis is honeyed;
My own Will is ended,
For Will hath attained.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

III

Behold the lion-child swimmeth (in the heaven)
And the moon reeleth:—
(It is) Thou! (It is) Thou! (It is) Thou!
Triumph; the Will stealeth away (like a thief),
The Strong Will that staggered
Before Ra Hoor Khuit!—Hadit!—Nuit!

IV

To the God OAI
Be praise
In the end and the beginning!
And may none fall
Who Will attain
The Sword, the Balances, the Crown!

And that which thou hearest is but the dropping of the dew from my limbs, for I dance in the night, naked upon the grass, in shadowy places, by running streams.

Many are they who have loved the nymphs of the woods, and of the wells, and of the fountains, and of the hills. And of these some were nympholept. For it was not a nymph, but I myself that walked upon the earth taking my pleasure. So also there were many images of Pan, and men adored them, and as a beautiful god he made their olives bear double and their vines increase; but some were slain by the god, for it was I that had woven the garlands about him.

Now cometh a song.

So sweet is this song that no one could resist it. For in it is all the passionate ache for the moonlight, and the great hunger of the sea, and the terror of desolate places,—all things that lure men to the unattainable.

THE EQUINOX

Ōmāri tēssālā mārāx,
tēssālā dodī phōrnēpāx.
āmri rādārā pōlīāx
 ārmānā pīliū.
āmri rādārā pīliū sōn';
māri nārŷā bārbītōn
mādārā ānāphāx sārpedōn
 āndālā hrīliū.

Translation.

I am the harlot that shaketh Death.
This shaking giveth the Peace of Satiated Lust.
Immortality jetteth from my skull,
 And music from my vulva.
Immortality jetteth from my vulva also,
For my Whoredom is a sweet scent like a seven-stringed instrument,
Played unto God the Invisible, the all-ruler,
 That goeth along giving the shrill scream of orgasm.

Every man that hath seen me forgetteth me never, and I appear oftentimes in the coals of the fire, and upon the smooth white skin of woman, and in the constancy of the waterfall, and in the emptiness of deserts and marshes, and upon great cliffs that look seaward; and in many strange places, where men seek me not. And many thousand times he beholdeth me not. And at last I smite myself into him as a vision smiteth into a stone, and whom I call must follow.

Now I perceive myself standing in a Druid circle, in an immense open plain.

A whole series of beautiful visions of deserts and sunsets and islands in the sea, green beyond imagination But there is no subsistence in them.

A voice goes on: this is the holiness of fruitless love and aimless toil. For in doing the thing for the things's sake is concentration, and this is the holiest of them that suit not the

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

means to the end. For therein is faith and sympathy and a knowledge of the true Magick.

Oh my beloved, that fliest in the air like a dove, beware of the falcon! oh my beloved, that springest upon the earth like a gazelle, beware of the lion!

There are hundreds of visions, trampling over one another. In each one the Angel of the Æthyr is mysteriously hidden.

Now I will describe the Angel of the Æthyr until the voice begins again.

He is like one's idea of Sappho and Calypso, and all seductive and deadly things; heavy eye-lids, long lashes, a face like ivory, wonderful barbaric jewellery, intensely red lips, a very small mouth, tiny ears, a Grecian face. Over the shoulders is a black robe with a green collar; the robe is spangled with golden stars; the tunic is a pure soft blue.

Now the whole Æthyr is swallowed up in a forest of unquenchable fire, and fearlessly through it all a show-white eagle flies. And the eagle cries: the house also of death. Come away! The volume of the book is open, the Angel waiteth without, for the summer is at hand. Come away! For the Æon is measured, and thy span allotted. Come away! For the mighty sounds have entered into every angle. And they have awakened the Angels of the Æthyrs that slept these three hundred years.

For in the Holy letter Shin, that is the Resurrection in the Book of Thoth, that is the Holy Spirit in the Trinity, that is three hundred in the tale of the years, hath the tomb been opened, so that this great wisdom might be revealed.

Come away! For the Second Triad is completed, and there remaineth only the Lord of the Æon, the Avenger, the Child

THE EQUINOX

both Crowned and Conquering, the Lord of the Sword and the Sun, the Babe in the Lotus, pure from his birth, the Child of suffering, the Father of justice, unto whom be the glory throughout all the Æon!*

Come away! For that which was to be accomplished is accomplished, seeing that thou hadst faith unto the end of all.

In the letter N the Voice of the Æthyr is ended.

BISKRA, ALGERIA.

December 20, 1909. 8.35-9.15 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 1ST ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LIL

First, let praise and worship and honour and glory and great thank be given unto the Holy One, who hath permitted us to come thus far, who hath revealed unto us the ineffable mysteries, that they might be disclosed before men. And we humbly beseech His infinite goodness that he will be pleased to manifest unto us even the Mystery of the First Æthyr.

(Here followeth the Call of the Æthyr.)

The veil of the Æthyr is like the veil of night, dark azure, full of countless stars. And because the veil is infinite, at first one seeth not the winged globe of the sun that burneth in the centre thereof. Profound peace filleth me,—beyond ecstasy, beyond thought, beyond being itself, IAIDA. (This word means “I am,” but in a sense entirely beyond being.)

(*Note.* --- In Hebrew letters it adds to 26. In Hebrew letters the name of the Æthyr is 70, ayin; but by turning the

* The Seer had absolutely forgotten this prophecy, and was amazed at the final identification of the Child in LIL with Hoor.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Yetziratic attributions of the letters into Hebrew, it gives 66, and 66 is the sum of the numbers from 0 to 11.)

Yes; there is peace. There is no *tendency* of any sort, much less any observation or feeling or impression. There is only a faint consciousness, like the scent of jasmine.

The body of the Seer is rested in a waking sleep that is deeper than sleep, and his mind is still; he seems like a well in the desert, shaded by windless palms.

And it is night; and because the night is the whole night of space, and not the partial night of earth, there is no thought of dawn. For the light of the Sun maketh illusion, blinding man's eyes to the glory of the stars. And unless he be in the shadow of the earth, he cannot see the stars. So, also, unless he be hidden from the light of life, he cannot behold Nuit. Here, then, do I abide in unalterable midnight, utterly at peace.

I have forgotten where I am, and who I am. I am hanging in nothing.

Now the veil opens of itself. (To Scribe. Come nearer; I don't want to have to speak so loudly.)

It is a little child covered with lilies and roses. He is supported by countless myriads of Archangels. The Archangels are all the same colourless brilliance, and every one of them is blind. Below the Archangels again are many, many other legions, and so on far below, so far that the eye cannot pierce. And on his forehead, and on his heart, and in his hand, is the secret sigil of the Beast. And of all this the glory is so great that all the spiritual senses fail, and their reflections in the body fail.

It is very strange. In my heart is rapture, holy and ineffable, absolutely beyond emotion; beyond even that bliss

THE EQUINOX

called Ananda, infinitely calm and pure. Yet at the gates of mine eyes stand tears, like warriors upon the watch, that lean on their spears, listening.*

The great and terrible Angel keeps on looking at me, as if to bar me from the vision. There is another blinding my mind. There is another forcing my head down in sleep.

(It's very difficult to talk at all, because an impression takes such an immense time to travel from the will to the muscles. Naturally, I've no idea of time.)

I have gone up again to the child, led by two Angels, abasing my head.

This child seems to be the child that one attempted to describe in "The Garden of Janus."

Every volition is inhibited. I have tried to say a lot, but it has always got lost on the way.

Holy art thou, O more beautiful than all the stars of the Night!

There has never been such peace, such silence. But these are *positive* things. Singing praises of things eternal amid the flames of first glory, and every note of every song is a fresh flower in the garland of peace.

This child danceth not, but it is because he is the soul of the two dances,—the right hand and the left hand, and in him they are one dance, the dance without motion.

There is dew on all the fire. Every drop is the quintessence of the ecstasy of stars.

* There are long intervals between many of these paragraphs, the Seer having been lost to Being. The reader will note that "The Great and Terrible Angel" has not been mentioned, but comes in suddenly. This was because the Seer's speech was inaudible, or never occurred. This angel was the "Higher Genius" of the Seer.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Yet a third time am I led to him, prostrating myself seven times at every step. There is a perfume in the air, reflected down even to the body of the seer. That perfume thrills his body with an ecstasy that is like love, like sleep.

And this is the song:

I am the child of all who am the father of all, for from me come forth all things, that I might be. I am the fountain in the snows, and I am the eternal sea. I am the lover, and I am the beloved, and I am the first-fruits of their love. I am the first faint shuddering of the Light, and I am the loom wherein night weaveth her impenetrable veil.

I am the captain of the hosts of eternity; of the swordsmen and the spearmen and the bowmen and the charioteers. I have led the armies of the east against the armies of the west, and the armies of the west against the armies of the east. For I am Peace.

My groves of olive were planted by an harlot, and my horses were bred by a thief. I have trained my vines upon the spears of the Most High, and with my laughter have I slain a thousand men.

With the wine in my cup have I mixed the lightnings, and I have carved my bread with a sharp sword.

With my folly have I undone the wisdom of the Magus, even as with my judgments I have overwhelmed the universe. I have eaten the pomegranate in the House of Wrath, and I have crushed out the blood of my mother between mill-stones to make bread.

There is nothing that I have not trampled beneath my feet. There is nothing that I have not set a garland on my brow. I have wound all things about my waist as a girdle. I

THE EQUINOX

have hidden all things in the cave of my heart. I have slain all things because I am Innocence. I have lain with all things because I am Untouched Virginity. I have given birth to all things because I am Death.

Stainless are my lips, for they are redder than the purple of the vine, and of the blood wherewith I am intoxicated. Stainless is my forehead, for it is whiter than the wind and the dew that cooleth it.

I am light, and I am night, and I am that which is beyond them.

I am speech, and I am silence, and I am that which is beyond them.

I am life, and I am death, and I am that which is beyond them.

I am war, and I am peace, and I am that which is beyond them.

I am weakness, and I am strength, and I am that which is beyond them.

Yet by none of these can man reach up to me. Yet by each of them must man reach up to me.

Thou shalt laugh at the folly of the fool. Thou shalt learn the wisdom of the Wise. And thou shalt be initiate in holy things. And thou shalt be learned in the things of love. And thou shalt be mighty in the things of war. And thou shalt be adept in things occult. And thou shalt interpret the oracles. And thou shalt drive all these before thee in thy car, and though by none of these canst thou reach up to me, yet by each of these must thou attain to me. And thou must have the strength of the lion, and the secrecy of the hermit. And thou must turn the wheel of life. And thou must hold the balances of Truth. Thou must pass through the great Waters, a Redeemer. Thou must have the tail of the scorpion, and

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

the poisoned arrows of the Archer, and the dreadful horns of the Goat. And so shalt thou break down the fortress that guardeth the Palace of the King my son. And thou must work by the light of the Star and of the Moon and of the Sun, and by the dreadful light of judgment that is the birth of the Holy Spirit within thee. When these shall have destroyed the universe, then mayest thou enter the palace of the Queen my daughter.

Blessed, blessed, blessed; yea, blessed; thrice and four times blessed is he that hath attained to look upon thy face. For I will hurl thee forth from my presence as a whirling thunderbolt to guard the ways, and whom thou smitest shall be smitten indeed. And whom thou lovest shall be loved indeed. And whether by smiting or by love thou workest, each one shall see my face, a glimmer through a thousand veils. And they shall rise up from love's sleep or death's, and gird themselves with a girdle of snake-skin for wisdom, and they shall wear the white tunic of purity, and the apron of flaming orange for will, and over their shoulders shall they cast the panther's skin of courage. And they shall wear the nemyss of secrecy and the atep crown of truth. And on their feet shall they put sandals made of the skin of breasts, that they may trample upon all they were, yet also that its toughness shall support them, and protect their feet, as they pass upon the mystical way that lieth through the pylons. And upon their breasts shall be the Rose and Cross of light and life, and in their hands the hermit's staff and lamp. Thus shall they set out upon the never-ending journey, each step of which is an unutterable reward.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy; yea, thrice and four times holy

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art thou, because thou hast attained to look upon my face; not by my favour only, not by thy magick only, may this be won. Yet it is written: “Unto the persevering mortal the blessed Immortals are swift.”

Mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty; yea, thrice and four times mighty art thou. He that riseth up against thee shall be thrown down, though thou raise not so much as thy little finger against him. And he that speaketh evil against thee shall be put to shame, though thy lips utter not the littlest syllable against him. And he that thinketh evil concerning thee shall be confounded in his thought, although in thy mind arise not the least thought of him. And they shall be brought unto subjection unto thee, and serve thee, though thou willest it not. And it shall be unto them a grace and a sacrament, and ye shall all sit down together at the supernal banquet, and ye shall feast upon the honey of the gods, and be drunk upon the dew of immortality—FOR I AM HORUS, THE CROWNED AND CONQUERING CHILD, WHOM THOU KNEWEST NOT!

Pass thou on, therefore, O thou Prophet of the Gods, unto the Cubical Altar of the Universe; there shalt thou receive every tribe and kingdom and nation into the mighty Order that reacheth from the frontier fortresses that guard the Uttermost Abyss unto My Throne.

This is the formula of the Æon, and with that the voice of LIL, that is the Lamp of the Invisible Light, is ended. Amen.

BISKRA, ALGERIA.

December 19, 1909. 1.30-3.30 p.m.

A COMMENT UPON THE NATURES OF THE ÆTHYRS.

30. Without the cube—the material world—is the sphere-system of the spiritual world enfolding it. the Cry seems to be a sort of Exordium, and external showing forth of the coming of the new Æon, the Æon of Horus the crowned child.

29. The disturbance of Equilibrium caused by the Coming of the Æon.

28. Now is a further and clearer shadowing-forth of the Great Mystery of the Æon which is to be led up to by the Æthyrs. Note however that the King of the New Æon never appears until the very first Æthyr.

27. Hecate appears—her son, the son of a Virgin, a magus, is to bring the Æon to pass. And she, the herald, her function fulfilled, withdraws within her mystic veil.

26. The death of the past Æon, that of Jehovah and Jesus; ends with adumbration of the new, the vision of the Stele of Ankh-f-n-khonsu, whose discovery brought about in a human consciousness the knowledge of the Equinox of the Gods, 21. 3. 04.

25. Appearance of the Lion God of Horus, the child of Leo that incarnates him.

The first Angel is Isis its mother.

THE EQUINOX

24. Now appears his mate, the heavenly Venus, the Scarlet Woman, who by men is thought of as Babalon as he is thought of as Chaos.

23. Here appear the Cherubim, the other officers of the new Temple, the earth and water assistants of the fire and air Beast and Scarlet Woman.

22. Here is the First Key to the formula of Horus, a sevenfold arrangement. A shadow of Horus declares his nature.

21. This seems to be the Vision of God face to face that is the necessary ordeal for him who would pass the Abyss, as it were. A commission to be the prophet of the Æon arising is given to the Seer. The God is the Hierophant in the Ceremony of Magister Templi.

20. A guide is given to the Seer, his Holy Guardian Angel. And this is attained by a mastery of the Universe conceived as a wheel The Hieres in the Ceremony of Magister Templi.

19. Now cometh forth the Angel who giveth instruction, in the lowest form. The Hegemone in the Ceremony of Magister Templi which the Seer is about to undergo.

18. The Vault of preparation for the Ceremony of M.T

The Veil is the Crucifixion, symbol of the dead Æon. The first ordeal is undergone.

17. The symbol of the Balance is now given unto the Aspirant.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

16. The sacrifice is made. The High Priestess (image of Babalon) cometh forth upon her Beast and maketh this.

15. The mystic dance by Salome. The new Temple, the signs of the grades are received and the A.E. rejected.

14. The Shrine of Darkness. Final initiation into grade of M. T.

13. The emergence of Nemo into the world; his work therein. This is the first mystery revealed to a M.T.

12. The Second Mystery: the cup-bearer of Babalon the beautiful. The Holy Grail manifested to the M.T., with the first knowledge of the Black Brothers.

11. Now cometh the Frontier of the Holy City; the M.T. is taken into the Abyss.

10. The Abyss.

9. The M.T. hath passed the Abyss, and is let to the Palace of the Virgin redeemed from Malkuth unto Binah.

8. The fuller manifestation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

7. The Virgin become the Bride, the great Reward of the Ceremony. also an adumbration of the Further Progress.

6. A shadowing-forth of the grade of Magus.

5. The reception of the M.T. among the Brethren of the A.: A.: the manifestation of the Arrow.

4. Further concerning the Magus. The marriage of Chaos with the purified Virgin.

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3. The Magician. Exhibition of the Guards to the Higher Knowledge.

2. The understanding of the Curse, that is become a Blessing. The final reward of the M.T., his marriage even with Babalon Herself. The paean thereof.

1. The final manifestation. All leads up to the Crowned Child, Horus, the Lord of the New Æon.

[A further and fuller comment upon this Book is in preparation.]

STOP PRESS REVIEWS

THE NEW GOD AND OTHER ESSAYS. By RALPH SHIRLEY.

These remarkable essays have much of the depth and lucidity of Huxley, with a greater power of sustaining the interest of the casual reader. Mr. Shirley has the gift of bringing life into controversies long since dead and buried, of showing their importance to us, of restating them in terms of actuality. Moreover his standpoint is most sane. he is a questioner and critic not obsessed by the microscopic accuracy of the logician, but able to see things with human eyes.

To the metaphysician professed, therefore, he may seem shallow. One may quarrel for instance with his attempted disproof of the theory that the Universe is a single phenomenon. One may assert that without experience of Samadhi it is impossible to understand what is meant by the theory. Mr. Shirley cannot realize that Time and Space are accidental forms of our consciousness, no more essential to it than a harem skirt to the Venus of Milo.

Suppose a cinematograph show observed by a man on earth and a man on the sun (with a devil of a telescope!) at 10.40, and their observations compared. The solar will regard the terrestrial as a prophet, for the latter can see at 10.40 what the former sees at 10.48 or thereabouts. With space it is the same thing. Assumer a fourth dimension, and Calcutta may rub streets with Buenos Ayres. The Battle of Waterloo may be merely one name for a phenomenon whose other names are John Brown, saucepan, geometry, etc., etc.

These conceptions are hard to realize intellectually. Mr. Shirley is too sane; has never tortured his mind to the point of grasping such whirlwinds and making them the breath of his nostrils. But one minute in Samadhi, and he would understand the actuality of such imaginations. Not that facts are so discovered; it is the attainment of a point of view.

And were this apex added to the broad pyramid of his common sense, we should have another St. John the Divine, an incarnation of the Eagle Kerub, no

longer as now merely the subtlety of the Serpent and the sharpness of the Scorpion.

LEO.

[We regret that urgency forbids detailed criticism of this admirable volume. We should in particular have liked to argue the "Rite" theory of the Crucifixion. As it is, we can only refer the author to J. M. Robertson's "Pagan Christs."—ED.]

ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By ISADOR H. CORIAT, M.D.

"Stage fright is also a condition of pathological fear." To such a degree of absurdity can specialization bring an unbalanced mind. Fear is only pathological when it has no reasonable basis.

This is enough to show the worthlessness of this ill-written book.

It is amusing to find the author quoting Mrs. Verral as conclusive proof against any supernormal element in automatic writing, while Mr. Hill quotes the same experiments as conclusive proof for it. But Mr. Hill is a student of science; Dr. Coriat a flatulent gastrologian.

ERIC TAIT.

MAN—KING OF MIND, BODY, AND CIRCUMSTANCE. By JAMES ALLEN.

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M. TUPPER.

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Some Press Opinions

DR. M. D. EDER in "The New Age"

"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, O laughing lion that is to be!

"Here you have distilled for our delight the inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. 'So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery.' Yes, but the phenomenon shall it not be as another sacred mystery; the force of attraction still to be interpreted in terms of God and the Psyche? We shall reward you by befoulment, by cant, by misunderstanding, and by understanding. This to you who wear the Phrygian cap, not as symbol of Liberty, O ribald ones, but of sacrifice and victory, of Inmost Enlightenment, of the soul's deliverance from the fetters of the very soul itself—fear not; you are not 'replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanical skill.'

"You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."

"John Bull," in the course of a long review by Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius, a humorist and a philosopher. For pages he will bewilder the mind with abstruse esoteric pronouncements, and then, all of a sudden, he will reduce his readers to hysterics with some surprisingly quaint conceit. I was unlucky to begin reading him at breakfast and I was moved to so much laughter that I watered my bread with my tears and barely escaped a convulsion."

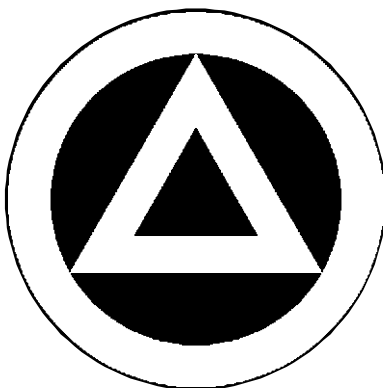
"The Times"

"The Light wherein he writes is the L.V.X., of that which, first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness caused by the interference of the opposite waves of thought. . . . It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX—the LVX of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross—that it transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with that LVX. But to those who do not it must remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland."

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"Despite its cumbersome sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says—several alphabets we should prefer to say—is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the *imprimatur* of some body with the mysterious title of the A.: A.:, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indelible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

"G.C.J."

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Crown 8vo, Pp. 164,

May be obtained through THE EQUINOX.

[It appears that the key entry of this issue at the-equinox.org was made from one of the Weiser facsimile reprints rather than the first edition as it contained a number of apparent omissions corresponding to those in the Weiser facsimile of other numbers. A few have been tentatively restored; others may be restored if I can get access to either a copy of the first edition, or—more realistically—the First Impressions reprint.

In the *Temple of Solomon the King* installment in this issue (later declared to be Liber LVIII), Hebrew text originally appeared for the most part in letter-for-letter transliteration, e.g. AChTh RVCh ALHIM ChIIM; it has here been done into Hebrew letters.

Once again, I have omitted some pages of advertisements: a list of second-hand occult books offered by one Frank Hollings, a display ad for Neuburg's *Green Garland*, a one-page plug (probably by Rider; some clown working for Weiser erased the advertiser's name there as elsewhere) for *The New God and other Essays, Abnormal Psychology* (see "Stop Press Reviews") and *A Manual of Occultism* by "Sephirial", and the obligatory full-page for Crowley's then unsellable back catalogue.—