

## CHAPTER XXVII

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STRUCTURE OF MIND BASED ON THAT OF BODY (HAECKEL AND  
BERTRAND

RUSSELL)

Cara Soror,

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

Was the sudden cloudburst at the end of my last letter  
somewhat of a  
surprise, and more that somewhat of a shock? Cheer up! The  
worst is  
yet to come.

This is where clean thinking --- a subject whose fringes I  
seem to remember  
having touched --- wins the Gold Medal of the Royal Humane  
Society.

It is surely the wise course to accept the plain facts; to  
try to  
explain them away, or to excuse them, is certain to involve  
one in a  
maelstrom of sophistry; and when, despite these laudable  
efforts, the  
facts jump up and land a short jab to the point, one is even  
worse off  
than before.

This has to be said, because Sammasati is assuredly one of  
the most  
useful, as well as one of the most trustworthy and most  
manageable,  
weapons in the armoury of the Aspirant.

You stop me, obviously with a demand for a personal  
explanation. "How  
is it," you write, "that you reject with such immitigable  
scorn the  
very foundation-stones of Buddhism, and yet refer disciples  
enthusiasti-  
cally to the technique of some of its subtlest super-  
structures?"

I laff.

It is the old, old story. When the Buddha was making experiments and recording the results, he was on safe ground: when he started to theorize, committing (incidentally) innumerable logical crimes in the process, he is no better a guesser than the Arahats next door, or for the matter of that, the Arahats' Lady Char.

So, if you don't mind, we will look a little into this matter of Sammasati: what is it when it's at home?

It may be no more than a personal fancy, but I think Allan Bennett's translation of the term, "Recollection," is as near as one can get in English. One can strain the meaning slightly to include Recollection, to imply the ranging of one's facts, and the fitting of them into an organized structure. The term "sati" suggests an identification of Being with Knowledge --- see *The Soldier and the Hunchback* ! -- ! and ? (Equinox I, 1). So far as it applies to the Magical Memory, it lays stress on some such expedient, very much as is explained in Liber Thisarba (Magick, pp. 415 - 422).

But is it not a little strange that "The Abomination of Desolation" should be set up in the Holy Place, as it were? Why should the whole-bearded search for Truth and Beauty disclose such hateful and such hideous elements as necessary components of the Absolute Perfection?

Never mind the why, for a moment; first let us be sure that it is so.

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Have we any grounds for expecting this to be the case?

We certainly have.

This is a case where "clean thinking" is most absolutely helpful. The truth is of exquisite texture; it blazons the escutcheon of the Unity of Nature in such delicate yet forceful colours that the Postulant may well come thereby to the Opening of the Trance of Wonder; yet religious theories and personal pernicketyness have erected against its impact the very stoutest of their hedgehogs of prejudice.

Who shall help us here? Not the sonorous Vedas, not the Upanishads, Not Apollonius, Plotinus, Ruysbroeck, Molinos; not any gleaner in the field of ... priori; no, a mere devotee of natural history and biology: Ernst Haeckel.

Enormous, elephantine, his work's bulk is almost incredible; for us his one revolutionary discovery is pertinent to this matter of Samma-sati and the revelations of one's inmost subtle structure.

He discovered, and he demonstrated, that the history of any animal throughout the course of its evolution is repeated in the stages of the individual. To put it crudely, the growth of a child from the fertilized ovum to the adult repeats the adventures of its species.

This doctrine is tremendously important, and I feel that I do not know how to emphasize it as it deserves. I want to be exceptionally accurate; yet the use of his meticulous scientific terms, with an armoury of quotations, would almost certainly result in your missing the point, "unable to see the wood for the trees."

Let me put it that the body is formed by the super-position of layers, each representing a stage in the history of the evolution of the species. The foetus displays essential characteristics of insect, reptile, mammal (or whatever they are) in the order in which these classes of animal appeared in the world's history.

Now I want to put forward a thesis --- and as far as I know it is personal

to myself, based on my work at Cefal- --- to the effect that  
the mind is  
constructed on precisely the same lines.

You will remember from my note on "Breaks" in meditation how  
one's  
gradual improvement in the practice results in the barring-  
out of  
certain classes of idea, by classes. The ready-to-hand,  
recent fugi-  
tive thoughts come first and first they go. Then the events  
of the  
previous day or so, and the preoccupations of the mind for  
that period.

Next, one comes to the layer of reveries and other forms of  
wish-phantasm;  
then cryptomnesia gets busy with incidents of childhood and  
the like;  
finally, there intrudes the class of "atmospherics," where  
one cannot  
trace the source of the interruption.

All these are matters of the conscious rational mind; and  
when I explored  
and classified these facts, in the very first months of my  
serious prac-  
tice of Yoga, I had no suspicion that they were no more than  
the foam on  
a glass of champagne: nay, rather of

"black wine in jars of jade

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Cooled all these months in hoarded snow,  
Black wine with purple starlight in its bosom,  
Oily and sweet as the soul of a brown maid  
Brought from the forenoon's archipelago,  
Her brows bound bright with many a scarlet  
blossom

Like the blood of the slain that flowered free  
When we met the black men knee to knee."

How apt the verses are! How close are wine and snow to lust  
and slaughter!

I have been digressing, for all that; let us return to our  
goats!

The structure of the mind reveals its history as does the  
structure of the  
body.

(Capitals, please, or bang on something; that has got to  
sink in.)

Just as your body was at one stage the body of an ape, a  
fish, a frog  
(and all the rest of it) so did that animal at that stage  
possess a mind  
correlative.

Now then! In the course of that kind of initiation  
conferred by Samma-  
sati, the layers are stripped off very much as happens in  
elementary  
meditation (Dharana) to the conscious mind.

(There is a way of acquiring a great deal of strange and  
unsuspected  
knowledge of these matters by the use of Sulphuric Ether,  
[C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>]<sub>2</sub>O,  
according to a special technique. I wrote a paper on it  
once, 16 pp. 4to, and fearing that it might be lost had many  
copies made  
and distributed. Where is it? I must write you a letter  
one day.)

Accordingly, one finds oneself experiencing the thoughts,  
the feelings,  
the desires of a gorilla, a crocodile, a rat, a devil-fish,  
or what have  
you! One is no longer capable of human thoughts in the  
ordinary sense  
of the word; such would be wholly unintelligible.

I leave the rest to your imagination; doesn't it sound to  
you a little  
like some of the accounts of "The Dweller on the Threshold?"

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

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CHAPTER XXVIII

NEED TO DEFINE "GOD", "SELF", ETC.

Cara Soror,

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

Artless remark!8 Oh you!

Well, I suppose it's a gift --- to stir Hell to its most  
abysmal horror  
with one small remark slipped in at the end. Scorpion!

8\* Refers to a pious phrase at the end of her letter.

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"Higher self" --- "God within us."

Dear Lady, you could never have picked five words from  
Iroquois, or Banti,  
or Basuto or the Jargon of Master François Villon, or  
Pictish, which  
severally and together convey less to my mind.

No, no, not Less: I mean More, so much more that it amounts  
to nothing  
at all. Spencer Montmorency Bourbon Hohenstaufen sounds  
very exclusive  
and aristocratic, and even posh or Ritzy; but if you bestow  
these names  
upon every male child, the effect tends to diminish. The  
"Southern  
Gentleman" Lee Davis<sup>9</sup>  
recently hanged for rape and murder, was not a near  
relation either of the General or the President: he was a  
Nigger.

Gimme the old spade, I've got to go digging again.

1. Higher. Here we fall straight into the arms of Freud.  
Why "higher?"  
Because in a scrap it is easier to strangle him if you are  
on top. When  
very young children watch their parents in actu coitus, a  
circumstance  
exceedingly usual almost anywhere outside England, and even  
here where  
houseroom is restricted, the infant supposes that his  
mother, upon whom  
he depends entirely for nourishment, is being attacked by  
the intrusive  
stranger whom they want him to address as "Dad." From this  
seed springs  
an "over-under complex," giving rise later on, in certain  
cases to whole  
legions of neuroses.

Now then make it a little clearer, please, just what you  
mean by "higher."

Skeat seems to connect it with hills, swellings, boils, the maternal breast; is that reason enough for us to connect it with the idea of advantage, or --- "superiority" merely translates it into Latin! --- worth, or --- no, it's really too difficult. Of course, sometimes it has a "bad" meaning, as of temperature in fever; but nearly always it implies a condition preferable to "low."

Applied to the "self," it becomes a sort of trade name; nobody tells me if he means Khu, or Ba, or Khabs, or Ut of the Upanishads or Augoeides of the Neo-Platonists, or Adonai of the Bulwer-Lytton, or -- - --- here we are with all those thrice-accurs't alternatives. There is not, cannot be, any specific meaning unless we start with a sound skeleton of ontogenic theory, a well-mapped hierarchy of the Cosmos, and define the term anew.

Then why use it? To do so can only cause confusion, unless the context helps us to clarify the image. And that is surely rather a defeatist attitude, isn't it?

When I first set myself to put a name to my "mission" --- the contempla-  
 9^ WEH NOTE: Crowley sometimes carries his despite for euphemism to a point that obscures his purpose. The use of the term "nigger" here gives such offense to the modern reader that the point can be missed! This was not so in Crowley's youth, when this term was used without regard for its effect. For the record, "nigger" does not derive from "negro" = "black" but from "niggard" = "lazy". Crowley uses it here for the stereotype; but he also uses it deliberately to shock, as a lazy way to make such an effect. That makes Crowley a "nigger" at this point, as the word is properly defined!  
 {Research Lee Davis --- }

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tion carried me half-way across South-West China --- I considered these alternatives. I thought to cut the Gordian Knot, and call it by Abramelin's title the "Holy Guardian Angel" because (I mused) that will be as intelligible to the villagers of Pu Peng as to the most learned Pundits; moreover, the implied theory was so crude that no one need be bound by it.

All this is rubbish, as you will see when we reach the discussion on "self:" To explain now would lead to too unwieldy a digression.

2. "Within." If you don't mind, we'll tackle this now, while "higher" is fresh in our minds; for it is also a preposition. First you want to go up; then you want to go in. Why?

As "higher" gave the idea of aggression, of conquest, "within" usually implies safety. Always we get back to that stage of history when the social unit, based on the family, was little less than condition No. 1 of survival. The house, the castle, the fortified camp, the city wall; the "gens," the clan, the tribe, the "patrie," to be outside means danger from cold, hunger and thirst, raiding parties, highway robbers, bears, wolves, and tigers. To go out was to take a risk; and, your labour and courage being assets to your kinsmen, you were also a bad man; in fact, a "bounder" or "outsider." "Debauch" is simply "to go out of doors!" St. John says: "without are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and adulterers and idolaters and. ." --- so on.

We of Thelema challenge all this briskly. "The word of Sin is Restriction." (AL I, 41). Our formula, roughly speaking, is to go out and grab what we want. We do this so thoroughly that we grow thereby, extending our conception of "I" by including each new accretion instead



of remaining a closely delineated self, proud of possessing  
other things,  
as do the Black Brothers.

We are whole-hearted extroverts; the penalty of restricting  
oneself is  
anything from neurosis to down right lunacy; in particular,  
melancholia.

You ask whether these remarks do not conflict with my  
repeated definition  
of Initiation as the Way In. Not at all; the Inmost is  
identical with  
the All. As you travel inward, you become able to perceive  
all the  
layers which surround the "Self" from within, thus enlarging  
the scope  
of your vision of the Universe. It is like moving from a  
skirmishing  
patrol to G.H.Q.; and the object of so doing is obviously to  
exercise  
constantly increasing control over the whole Army. Every  
step in rank  
enables you both to see more and to do more; but one's  
attention is  
inevitably directed outward.

When the entire system of the Universe is conterminous with  
your compre-  
hension, "inward" and "outward" become identical.

But it won't do at all to seek anything within but a point  
of view, for  
the simple reason that there is nothing else there!

It is just like all those symbols in The Book of Thoth; as  
soon as you  
get to the "end" of anything, you suddenly find it is the  
"beginning."

To formulate the idea of "self" at all, you must posit  
limitations; any-  
thing that is distinguishable is a mere temporary (and  
arbitrary)  
selection of the finite from the infinite; whatever you  
chose to think

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of, it changes, it grows, it disappears.

You have got to train your mind to canter through those  
leafy avenues of  
thought upon the good green turf of Indifference; when you  
can do it  
without conscious effort, so that up-down, in-out, far-near,  
black-white  
(and so on for everything) appears quite automatically, you  
are already  
as near an Initiate as makes no matter.

3. "Self." For a full discussion of this see Letter XLII.

4. "God." This is really too bad of you!

Of all the hopelessly mangled words in the language, you  
settle with  
unerring Sadism on the most brutally butchered.

Crippen<sup>10</sup> was an amateur.

Skeat hardly helps us at all, except by warning us that  
"good" has nothing  
whatever to do with it.<sup>11</sup> Dieu comes from Deus, with all  
its Sol-Jupiter  
references, and Deos, which Plato thought meant a runner;  
hence, Sun,  
Moon, Planets.

The best I can do for you, honest Injun! is the Russian word  
for god  
Bog; connected probably, though the Lithuanian, with the  
Welsh Bwg  
a spectre or hobgoblin. Bugge, too. Not very inspiring, is  
it, to  
replace the Old Hundredth by "Hush! Hush! Hush! here come  
the Bogey  
Man." Or is it.

Enough of this fooling! Out, trusty rapier, and home to the  
stone heart  
of the audacious woman that wrote "God within us."

I know you thought you knew more or less what you meant when  
you wrote  
it; but surely that was a mere slip. An instant's thought  
would have  
warned you that the word wouldn't stand even the most  
superficial analysis

You meant "Something which seems to me the most perfect  
symbol of all  
that I love, worship, admire" --- all that class of verb.

But nobody else will have the same set of qualities in his  
private museum;  
you have, as every one has always done, made another God in  
your own image.

Then the Vedantists define God as "having neither quality nor quantity;" and some Yogis have a practice of setting up images to knock them down at once with "Not that! Not that!"

And the Buddhists won't admit any God at all in anything at all like the sense in which you use the word<sup>12</sup>.

What's worse, whatever you may mean by "God" conveys no idea to me: I

10\* Crippen was a famous English poisoner who was caught and hung.

11^ WEH NOTE: Shipley's Dictionary of Word Origins sneaks the following in

under the word "goodbye": "God, Goth. guth, may be traced to Aryan ghut,

god, from ghuto, to implore: God is the one to whom we pray." "God" might

also be a contraction of "Odin", as "'Od" --- have the English speaking

Christians been praying to the Aesir all this time?

12\* One of the most amusing passages of irony is to be found in The

Questions of King Milinda where the Arhat Nagasena demolishes Maha

Brahma.

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can only guess by the light of my exceedingly small knowledge of you and your general habits of thought and action. Then what sense was there in chucking it at my head? Half a brick would have served you better.

You think you can explain to me viva voce, perhaps? Don't you dare try!

Whatever you said, I should prove to be nonsense, philosophically and in

a dozen other ways. And the County Council Ambulance would bundle you

off in your battered and bewildered d,bris to the Bug-house, as is so

etymologically indicated.

Do see it simply; the word must in any event connote ideas of Neschamah,

not of Ruach.

"But you use the word all the time." Yes, I do, and rely on the context to crystallize this most fluid --- or gaseous --- of expressions.

5. "Us". Why "Us"?

Is this a reference to the Old School Tie, or that Finishing School in Brussels, and the ticket to the Royal enclosure at Ascot? I do not suppose for a moment that you meant it that way: but it's there. And so ---

Anecdote of Lao-Tze.

The Old One was surrounded as usual by a galaxy of adoring disciples, and they were trying to get him to show them where the Tao was to be found.

It was in the Sun and Moon, he admitted; it was in the Son of Heaven and in the Superior Man. (Not George Nathaniel Curzon, however). It was in the Blossoms of Springtide, and in the chilling winds that swept over from Siberia, and in the Wild Geese that it bore Southward when their instinct bade them. In short, the catalogue began to look as if it were going to extend indefinitely; and an impatient disciple, pointing to certain traces left by a mule in its recent passage, asked: "And is the Tao also in that?" The Master nodded, and echoed: "Also in that."

. . . . .

Then what becomes of this privileged "us"? We are obliged to extend it to include everything. Then, as we have just seen, "God" also is unfettered by definitions.

Net result: "God within us" means precisely nothing at all.

And so it does, By Bradman!

"Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any

one thing & any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt.  
 But  
 whoso availleth in this, let him be the chief of all!" (AL  
 I, 22 - 23)

I implore you not to point out that, this being the case,  
 words like  
 "hurt" and "chief" cannot possibly mean anything. The fact  
 is that if  
 we are to get on peaceably in the Club, we have to know when  
 to take  
 any given expression in a Pickwickian sense.

In the Ruach all the laws of logic apply: they don't in  
 Neschamah.

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The real meaning of the passage is simple enough, if you  
 understand  
 that it refers to a specific result of Initiation. You have  
 to be able  
 to reckon up the Universe, as a whole and in every part; and  
 to get  
 rid of all its false or partial realities by discarding  
 everything but  
 the One Reality which is the sole truth in, and of Illusion.

There is one set of equations which express the relation of  
 the Perceiver  
 and the Perceived, adjusted in accordance with the  
 particular limitations  
 on both sides; another cancels out all the finite terms, and  
 leaves us  
 with an ultimate  $x = 0 = 0\emptyset$ .

See?

I know I'm a disheartening kind of bloke, and it does seem  
 so unfriendly  
 to jump down a fellow's throat every minute or so when she  
 tries to put  
 it ever so nicely, and it is so easy --- isn't it? --- to  
 play the game of  
 Sanctimonious Grandiloquence, and surely what was said was  
 perfectly  
 harmless, and . . . .

No, N.O., no: not harmless at all. My whole object is it  
 train you to

silence every kind of hypothetical speculation, and formulae  
 both reso-  
 nant and satisfying. I want you to ---

abhor them  
 abominate them  
 despise them  
 detest them  
 escew them  
 hate them  
 loathe them  
 and da capo.

and to get on with your practice. Then when you get the  
 results, you  
 can try, albeit uselessly, to fit your own words to the  
 facts, if you  
 should wish to communicate, for any good reason, your  
 experiences to  
 other people.

Then, despairing of your impotence, how glad you will be  
 that you have  
 been trained not to let anyone fob you off with phrases.

Love is the law, love under will.

Faternally yours,

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CHAPTER XXIX

#### WHAT IS CERTAINTY

Cara Soror,

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

Well, I suppose I ought to have expected you to cock that  
 wise left  
 eyebrow at me! Right you are to wonder precisely what I  
 mean by  
 "certainty", in the light of:

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"On Soul's curtain  
 Is written this one certainty, that naught is  
 certain."

Then there is that chapter in The Book of Lies (again!)

"The Chinese cannot help thinking that the Octave has five notes."

"The more necessary anything appears to my mind, the more certain  
it is that I only assert a limitation."

"I slept with Faith, and found a corpse in my arms on awaking."

"I drank and danced all night with Doubt, and found her a virgin  
in the morning."

I wouldn't start to argue with the Chinese, if I were you; they might remind you that you exude the stench peculiar to corpses.

Again, that other "Hymn to St. Thomas", as I ought perhaps to have called it:

"Doubt.  
Doubt Thyself  
Doubt even if thou doubtest thyself.  
Doubt all  
Doubt even if thou doubtest all."

"It seems sometimes as if beneath all conscious doubt there lay  
some deepest certainty. O kill it! slay the snake!"

"The horn of the Doubt-Goat be exalted!"

"Dive deeper, ever deeper, into the Abyss of Mind, until thou  
unearth that fox THAT. On, hounds! Yoicks!  
Tally-ho!  
Bring THAT to bay!"

"Then, wind the Mort!"

Once more --- what a book that is: I never realized it until now! it says  
--- see that double page at the onset, one with "?" and the other with "!"

alone upon the blank. Moreover you should read the long essay "The Soldier and the Hunchback: ! and?" in the first volume and number of The Equinox.

But every one of those --- rather significant, nich wahr? --  
 - slides into  
 a rhapsody of exaltation, a dithyramb, a Paean<sup>13</sup>. No good  
 here. For  
<sup>13\*</sup> It seems natural to me --- apodeictic after a fashion  
 --- to treat Doubt  
 as positive, even aggressive. There is none of the  
 wavering, wobbling,  
 woebegone wail of the weary and bewildered wage-slave; it is  
 a trium-  
 phant challenge, disagreement for its own sake. Irish!

Browning painted a quite perfect picture of my Doubt.

"Up jumped Tokay on our table,  
 Like a pigmy castle-warder,  
 Dwarfish to see but stout and able,  
 Arms and accoutrement all in order;

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what you want is a penny plain pedestrian prose Probability-  
 Percentage.  
 You want to know what the Odds are when I say "certain".

A case for casuistry? At least, for classification. It  
 depends rather  
 on one's tone of voice? Yes, of course, and as to the  
 classification,  
 off we jog to the Divine Pymander, who saw, and stated, the  
 quiddity of  
 our query with his accustomed lucidity. He discerns three  
 degrees of  
 Truth; and he distinguishes accordingly: ---

1. True
2. Certain without error
3. Of all truth.

Clear enough, the difference between 1 and 2: ask me the  
 time, I say  
 half-past two; and that's true enough. But the Astronomer  
 Royal is by  
 no manner of means satisfied with any approximation of that  
 kind. He  
 wants it accurate. He must know the longitude to a second;  
 he must  
 have decided what method of measuring time is to be used; he  
 must make  
 corrections for this and for that; and he must have attached  
 an (arbitrary)



interpretation to the system; the whole question of Relativity pops up.  
And, even so, he will enter a caveat about every single ganglion in the gossamer of his calculations.

Well then, all this intricate differentiation and integration and verification and Lord knows what leads at last to a statement which may be called "Certain without Error".

Excuse me just a moment! When I was staying at the Consulate of Tengyueh, just inside the S.W. frontier of China, our one link with England, Home, and Beauty was the Telegraph Service from Pekin. One week it was silent, and we were anxious for news, our last bit of information having been that there was rioting in Shanghai, seventeen Sikh policemen killed. For all we knew the whole country might rise en masse at any moment to expel the "Foreign Devils". At last the welcome messenger trotted across from the city in the twilight with a whole sheaf of telegrams. Alas, save for the date of dispatch, the wording in each one was identical: each told us that it was noon in Pekin!

They had to be relayed at Yung Chang, and both the operators had taken ten days off to smoke opium, sensible fellows!

And fierce he looked North, then wheeling South  
Blew with his bugle a challenge to Drouth,  
Cocked his flap-hat with the tosspot feather,  
Twisted his thumb in his red moustache,  
Jingled his huge brass spurs together,  
Tightened his waist with its Buda Sash,  
And then, with an impudence nought could abash  
Shrugged his hump-shoulder, to tell the beholder,  
For twenty such knaves he should laugh but the bolder;  
And so, with his sword-hilt gallantly jutting,  
And dexter hand on his haunch abutting,  
Went the little man, Sir Ausbruch, strutting!"

It's not the least bit like Tokay; rather the Bull's Blood  
its neighbor,  
or any rough strong red wine like Rioja. Curious, though,  
his making him  
a hunchbacked dwarf; there must be something in this deep  
down. I wonder  
what! (Ask Jung!)

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But Hermes Trismegistus is not content with any such fugues  
 as the  
 Astronomer, however cunning and colossal his Organ; his  
 Third Degree  
 demands much more than this. The Astronomer's estimate has  
 puttied every  
 tiniest crack, he concedes it, but then waves it brusquely  
 away: all  
 the time the door is standing wide open!

The Astronomer's exquisitely tailored figure stands in  
 abashed isolation,  
 like a gawky young man at his first Ball; he feels that he  
 doesn't  
 belong, For this D.S.T., or Greenwich, or what not, however  
 exact in  
 itself, is so only in reference to some other set of  
 measurements which  
 themselves turn out to be arbitrary; it is not of any  
 ultimate import;  
 nobody can dispute it, but it simply doesn't matter to  
 anybody, apart  
 from the particular case. It is not "Of all Truth."

What Hermes means by this it will be well to enquire.

May we call it "a truth of Religion?" (Don't be shocked!  
 The original  
 word implies a binding-together-again, as in a "Body of  
 Doctrine:" com-  
 pare the word "Ligature". It was only later by corruption,  
 that the  
 word came to imply "piety;" re-ligens, attentive (to the  
 gods) as opposed  
 to neg-ligens, neglectful.)

I think that Hermes was contemplating a Ruach closely  
 knitted together  
 and anchored by incessant Aspiration to the Supernal Triad;  
 just such  
 an one, in short, as appears in those remarks on the Magical  
 Memory, a  
 God-man ready to discard his well-worn Instrument for a new  
 one, bought  
 up to date with all the latest improvements (the movement of  
 the Zeit-  
 geist during his past incarnation, in particular) well  
 wrought and ready  
 for his use.

This being so, a truth which is "of all Truth" should mean  
 any proposi-  
 tion which forms an essential part of this Khu --- this  
 "Magical Identity"  
 of a man.

How how curious it must appear at the first glance to note  
 that the  
 truths of this order should prove to be what we call Axioms  
 --- or even  
 Platitudes ---  
 . . . . . What's that noise?

. . . . . I think I hear Sir Ausbruch!

And in full eruption too! And hasn't he the right? For all  
 this time  
 we've bluffed our way breezily ahead over the sparkling  
 seas, oblivious  
 of that very Chinese Chinese-puzzle that we started with,  
 the paradox  
 (is it?) of the Chinese Gamut.

(We shan't get into doldrums; there's always the way out  
 from "?" to  
 "!" as with any and every intellectual problem whatsoever:  
 it's the  
 only way. Otherwise, of course, we get to A is A, A is not-  
 A, not-A  
 is not-A, not-A is A, as is inevitable).

"The more certain I am of anything, the more certain it is  
 that I am  
 only asserting a limitation of my own mind."

Very good, but what am I to do about it? Some at least of  
 such certain-  
 ties must surely be "of all Truth". The test of admission  
 to this class  
 ought to be that, of one were to accept the contradictory of  
 the proposi-  
 tion, the entire structure of the Mind would be knocked to  
 pieces, as is

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not at all the case with the Astronomer's determination,  
 which may turn  
 out to be wrong for a dozen different reasons without  
 anybody getting

seriously wounded in his tenderest feelings.

The Statesman knows instinctively, or at worst, by his training and experience, what sort of assertion, harmless enough on the surface, may be "dangerous thinking", a death-blow to his own idea of what is "of all Truth", and strikes out wildly in a panic entirely justifiable from his own point of view. Exhibit No. 1: Galileo and that lot. What could it possibly matter to the Gospel story that people should think that the Earth moves round the Sun? (Riemann, and oh! such a lot of things, have shewn that it didn't and doesn't! This sort of "Truth" is only a set of conventions.)

"Oh, don't gas away like this! I want to know what to do about it. Am I to accept this cauerwauling Gamut, and enlarge my Mind, and call it an Initiation? Or am I to nail my own of-all-Truth Tonic Solfa to the Mast, and go down into the Maelstrom of Insanity with colours flying?

Do you really need Massed Bands to lull Baby to sleep?

The Master of the Temple deals very simply and efficiently with problems of this kind. "The Mind" (says he) of this Party of the First Part, hereinafter referred to as Frater N (or whatever his 8ø = 3Ü motto may be) is so constructed that the interval from C to C is most harmoniously divided into n notes; that of the Party of the Second Part hereinafter referred to as --- not a Heretic, an Atheist, a Bolshie, ad Die-hard, a Schismatic, and Anarchist, a Black Magician, a Friend of Aleister Crowley, or whatever may be the current term of abuse --- Mr. A, Lord B, the Duke of C, Mrs. X, or whatever he or she may chance to be called --- into five. The Structure called of-all-Truth in neither of us is affected in the least, any more than in the reading of a Thermometer with Fahrenheit on one side and Centigrade on the other.

You naturally object that this answer is little better than an evasion,

that it automatically pushes the Gamut question outside the  
 Charmed of-  
 all-Truth Circle.

No, it doesn't really; for if you were able to put up a  
 Projection of  
 those two minds, there would be, firstly, some sort of  
 compensation  
 elsewhere than in the musical section; and secondly, some  
 Truth of a  
 yet higher order which is common to both.

Not unaware am I that these conceptions are at first  
 exceedingly diffi-  
 cult to formulate clearly. I wouldn't go so far as to say  
 that one would  
 have to be a Master of the Temple to understand them; but it  
 is really  
 very necessary to have grasped firmly the doctrine that "a  
 thing is only  
 true insofar as it contains its contradiction in itself."  
 (A good way to  
 realize this is by keeping up a merry dance of paradoxes,  
 such as infest  
 Logic and Mathematics. The repeated butting of the head  
 against a brick  
 wall is bound in the long run to shake up the little grey  
 cells [as  
 Poirot might say], teach you to distrust any train of  
 argument, however  
 apparently impeccable the syllogisms, and to seek ever more  
 eagerly the  
 dawn of that Neschamic consciousness where all these things  
 are clearly  
 understood, although impossible to express in rational  
 language.)

The prime function of intellect is differentiation; it deals  
 with marks,  
 with limits, with the relations of what is not identical; in  
 Neschamah

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all this work has been carried out so perfectly that the  
 "rough working"  
 has passed clean out of mind; just so, you say "I" as if it  
 were an  
 indivisible Unity, unconscious of the inconceivably  
 intricate machinery

of anatomical, physiological, psychological construction  
which issues in  
this idea of "I".

We may then with some confidence reaffirm that our  
certainties do assert  
our limitations; but this kind of limitation is not  
necessarily harmful,  
provided that we view the situation in its proper  
perspective, that we  
understand that membership of the of-all-Truth class does  
not (as one is  
apt to think at first sight) deepen the gulfs which separate  
mind from  
mind, but on the contrary put us in a position to ignore  
them. Our acts  
of "love under will," which express our devotion to Nuit,  
which multiply  
the fulfillments of our possibilities, become continually  
more efficacious,  
and more closely bound up with our Formula of Initiation;  
and we progres-  
sively become aware of deeper and vaster Images of the of-  
all-Truth class,  
which reconcile, by including within themselves, all  
apparent antinomies.

It is certain without error that I ought to go to bed.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

#### CHAPTER XXX

#### DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD?

Cara Soror,

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

You are quite right, as usual. True, we have gone over a  
great deal of  
the ground in various learned disquisitions of Gods, Angels,  
Elves, et  
hoc genus omne.

But God with a capital "G" in the singular is a totally  
different pair of  
Bl•chers --- nicht wahr?

Let me go back just for a moment to the meaning of "belief".  
We agreed  
that the word was senseless except as it implies an opinion,  
instinct,

conviction --- what you please! --- so firmly entrenched in  
 our natures  
 that we act automatically as if it were "true" and "certain  
 without  
 error," perhaps even "of the essence of truth." (Browning  
 discusses this  
 in Mr. Sludge the Medium.) Good: the field is clear for an  
 enquiry into  
 this word "God".

We find ourselves in trouble from the start.

We must define; and to define is to limit; and to limit is  
 to reduce  
 "God" to "a God" or at best "the God".

He must be omniscient ({symbol of alchemical mercury})  
 omnipotent, ({Al.  
 Sulfur}) and omnipresent ({Al. Salt});  
 yet to such a Being no purpose would be possible; so that  
 all the apol-  
 ogies for the existence of "evil" crash. If there be  
 opposites of any  
 kind, there can be no consistency. He cannot be Two; He  
 must be One;

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yet, as is obvious, he isn't.

How do the Hindu philosophers try to get out of this quag?  
 "Evil" is  
 "illusion;" has no "real" existence. Then what is the  
 point of it?  
 They say "Not that, not that!" denying to him all  
 attributes; He is  
 "that which is without quantity or quality." They  
 contradict themselves  
 at every turn; seeking to remove limit, they remove  
 definition. Their  
 only refuge is in "superconsciousness." Splendid! but now  
 "belief" has  
 disappeared altogether; for the word has no sense unless it  
 is subject  
 to the laws of normal thought...Tut! you must be feeling it  
 yourself;  
 the further one goes, the darker the path. All I have  
 written is some-  
 how muddled and obscure, maugre my frenzied struggle for  
 lucidity,  
 simplicity . . . .

Is this the fault of my own sophistication? I asked myself. Tell you what! I'll trot round to my masseuse, and put it up to her. She is a simple country soul, by no means over-educated, but intelligent; capable of a firm grasp of the principles of her job; a steady church-goer on what she considers worthwhile occasions; dislikes the rector, but praises his policy of keeping his discourse within bounds. She has done quite a lot of thinking for herself; distrusts and despises the Press and the Radio, has no use for ready-made opinions. She shares with the flock their normal prejudices and phobias, but is not bigoted about them, and follows readily enough a line of simply-expressed destructive criticism when it is put to her. This is, however, only a temporary reaction; a day later she would repeat the previous inanities as if they had never been demolished. In the late fifties, at a guess. I sprang your question on her out of the blue, ... la "doodle-bug;" premising merely that I had been asked the question, and was puzzled as to how to answer it. Her reply was curious and surprising: without a moment's hesitation and with great enthusiasm, "Quickly, yes!" The spontaneous reservation struck me as extremely interesting. I said: of course, but suppose you think it over --- and out --- a bit, what am I to understand? She began glibly "He's a great big --- " and broke off, looking foolish. Then, although omnipotent, He needed our help --- we were all just as powerful as He, for we were little bits of each other --- but exactly how, or to what end, she did not make clear. An exclamation: "Then there is the Devil!"

She went on without a word from me for a long while, tying herself up into fresh knots with every phase. She became irreverent, then downright blasphemous; stopped short and began to laugh at herself. And so forth --- but, what struck me as curious and significant, in the



main her argument followed quite closely the lines which  
came naturally  
to me, at the beginning of this letter!

In the end, "curiouser and curiouser," she arrived at a  
practically  
identical conclusion: she believed, but what she believed in  
was  
Nothing!

As to our old criterion of what we imply in practice when we  
say that  
we believe, she began by saying that If we "helped" God in  
His mysterious  
plan, He would in some fashion or other look after us. But  
about this  
she was even more vague than in the matter of intellectual  
conviction;  
"helping God" meant behaving decently according to one's own  
instinctive  
ideas of what "decently" means.

It is very encouraging that she should have seen, without  
any prompting

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on my part, to what a muddle the question necessarily led;  
and very  
nice for me, because it lets me out, cara soror!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

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P.S. I thought it a good plan to put my fundamental  
position all by  
itself in a postscript; to frame it. My observation of the  
Universe  
convinces me that there are beings of intelligence and power  
of a far  
higher quality than anything we can conceive of as human;  
that they are  
not necessarily based on the cerebral and nervous structures  
that we  
know; and that the one and only chance for mankind to  
advance as a  
whole is for individuals to make contact with such Beings.

## CHAPTER XXXI

## RELIGION --- IS THELEMA A "NEW RELIGION?"

Cara Soror,

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

"Would you describe your system as a new religion?" A pertinent question, you doubtless suppose; whether it may happen to mean anything is --- is --- is --- well, is what we must try to make clear.

True, it's a slogan of A.'. A.'. "The method of science --- the aim of religion." Here the word "aim" and the context help the definition; it must mean the attainment of Knowledge and Power in spiritual matters --- or words to that effect: as soon as one selects a phrase, one starts to kick holes in it! Yet we both know perfectly well all the time what we do mean.

But this is certainly not the sense of the word in your question. It may clear our minds, as has so often happened, if we examine it through the lens of dear old Skeat.

Religion, he says, Latin: religio, piety. Collection or paying attention to: religens as opposed to negligens, neglecting; the attitude of Gallio. But it also implies a binding together i.e. of ideas; in fact, a "body of doctrine." Not a bad expression. A religion then, is a more or less coherent and consistent set of beliefs, with precepts and prohibitions therefrom deducible. But then there is the sense in which Frazer (and I) often use the word: as in opposition to "Science" or "Magic". Here the point is that religious people attribute phenomena to the will of some postulated Being or Beings, placable and moveable by virtue of sacrifice, devotion, or appeal. Against such, the scientific or magical mind believes in the Laws of Nature, asserts "If A, then B" --- if you do so-and-so, the result will be so-and-so, aloof from

arbitrary interference. Joshua, it is alleged, made the sun stand still by supplication, and Hezekiah in the same way cause it to "go back upon the dial of Ahaz;" Willett did it by putting the clock back, and getting an Act of Parliament to confirm his lunacy. Petruchio, too "It shall be what o'clock I say it is!" The two last came close to the magical method; at least, to that branch of it which consists of "fooling all

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the people all the time." But such an operation, if true Magick were employed, would be beyond the power of any magician of my acquaintance; for it would mess up the solar system completely. (You remember how this happened, and what came of it, in a rather clever short story by H.G. Wells.<sup>14</sup>) For true Magick means "to employ one set of natural forces at a mechanical advantage as against another set" --- I quote, as closely as memory serves, Thomas Henry Huxley, when he explains that when he lifts his water-jug --- or his elbow --- he does not "defy the Law of Gravitation." On the contrary, he uses that Law; its equations form part of the system by which he lifts the jug without spilling the water. To sum up, our system is a religion just so far as a religion means an enthusiastic putting-together of a series of doctrines, no one of which must in any way clash with Science or Magick.

Call it a new religion, then, if it so please your Gracious Majesty; but I confess that I fail to see what you will have gained by so doing, and I feel bound to add that you might easily cause a great deal of misunderstanding, and work a rather stupid kind of mischief.

The word does not occur in The Book of the Law.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

# CHAPTER XXXII

## HOW CAN A YOGI EVER BE WORRIED?

Cara Soror,

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

That question I have been expecting for a very long time!  
And what you  
expect is to see my middle stump break the wicket-keeper's  
nose, with  
the balls smartly fielded by Third Man and Short Leg!

I admit that it looks like a strong case. Here (you put it  
in your more  
elegant prose) we have a Yogi, nay more, a Paramahansa, a  
Bodhisattva of  
the best: yea, further, we have a Master of the Temple ---  
and is not his  
Motto "Vi veri vniversom vivus vici?" and yet we find him  
fussing like  
an old hen over the most trivial of troubles; we find him  
wrapped in the  
lacustrine vapours of Avernus, fretting himself into a fever  
about imagi-  
nary misfortunes at which no normal person would do more  
than cast a  
contemptuous glance, and get on with the job.

Yes, although you can scarcely evade indictment for  
unnecessarily employ-  
ing the language of hyperbole, I see what you mean. Yet the  
answer is  
adequate; the very terms of his Bargain with Destiny not  
only allow for,  
but imply, some such reaction on the part of the Master to  
the Bludgeon-  
ings of Fate. (W. E. Henley<sup>15</sup>)

There are two ways of looking at the problem. One is what I  
may call  
the mathematical. If I have ten and sixpence in the world  
and but a  
<sup>14^</sup> WEH NOTE: {Research it --- may be "The Man Who Could  
Work Miracles" --  
also the British film made of the story about the time  
Crowley was writing.}  
<sup>15\*</sup> An English poet.

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half-guinea cigar, I have no money left to buy a box of matches. To "snap out of it" and recover my normal serenity requires only a minute effort, and the whole of my magical energy is earmarked for the Great Work. I have none left to make that effort. Of course, if the worry is enough to interfere with that Work, I must detail a corporal's file to abate the nuisance.

The other way may be called the Taoist aspect. First, however, let me explain the point of view of the Master of the Temple, as it is so similar. You should remember from your reading what happens in this Grade. The new Master is "cast out" into the sphere appropriate to the nature of his own particular Great Work. And it is proper for him to act in true accordance with the nature of the man as he was when he passed through that Sphere (or Grade) on his upward journey. Thus, if he be cast out into 3ø = 8p, it is no part of his work to aim at the virtues of a 4ø = 7p; all that has been done long before. It is no business of his to be bothering his head about anything at all but his Work; so he must react to events as they occur in the way natural to him without trying to "improve himself." (This, of course, applies not only to worry, but to all his funny little ways.)

The Taoist position differs little, but it is independent of all considerations of the man's attainment; it is an universal rule based on a particular theory of things in general. Thus, "benevolence and righteousness" are not "virtues;" they are only symptoms of the world-disease, in that they should be needed. The same applies to all conditions, and to all modes of seeking to modify them. There is only one proper reaction

to event; that is, to adjust oneself with perfect elasticity  
to whatever  
happens.

That tiger across the paddy-field looks hungry. There are  
several ways  
of dealing with the situation. One can run away, or climb a  
tree, or  
shoot him, or (in your case) cow him by the Power of the  
Human Eye; but  
the way of the Tao is to take no particular notice. (This,  
incidentally,  
is not such bad Magick; the diversion of your attention  
might very well  
result in your becoming invisible, as I have explained in a  
previous  
letter.) The theory appears to be that, although your  
effort to save  
yourself is successful, it is bound to create a disturbance  
of equili-  
brium elsewhere, with results equally disastrous. Even more  
so; it  
might be that to be eaten by a tiger is just what you needed  
in your  
career through the incarnations; at that moment there might  
well be a  
vacancy somewhere exactly where it will do most good to your  
Great  
Work. When you press on one spot, you make a corresponding  
bulge in  
another, as we often see a beautiful lady, unhappy about her  
waist-line,  
adopt drastic measures, and transform herself into the  
semblance of a  
Pouter Puffin!

In theory, I am particularly pleased about this Method,  
because it goes  
for everybody, requires no knowledge, no technical training,  
"no nuffin."  
All the same, it won't do for me, except in a much modified  
form, and  
in very special cases; because no course of action (or  
inaction) is  
conceivable that would do great violence to my nature.

So let me worry along, please, with the accent on the  
"along;" I will  
grin and bear it, or, if it gets so bad that I can't do my  
Work, I will  
make the necessary effort to abate the nuisance, always most  
careful to  
do as little damage as possible to the main current of my  
total Energy.

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Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

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CHAPTER XXXIII

## THE GOLDEN MEAN

Cara Soror,

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

You would think that one who like myself has the Sun, the Lord of His Horoscope, in Libra, with Venus who rules that sign in close conjunction with him, with Saturn trine, Uranus sextile, Mars square and Luna quincunx to him, would wear the Golden Mean as a breastplate, flaunt it on my banneret, quarter it on my escutcheon, and grave it on the two-edged blade of my thrice trusty falchion!

Just so, objects that instinct itself! "Had you been born a few hours earlier, with Aries rising, its lord Mars aggravated by the square of Sol and Venus, you would indeed have been a Wild Man of the Woods, arrogant, bigoted, domineering, incapable of seeing a second side to any question, headstrong, haughty, a seething hell-broth of hate; and this fact disables your judgment."

All perfectly true. My equable nature is congenitally hostile to extreme measures, except in imagination. I cannot bear sudden violent movements. Climbing rocks, people used to say that I didn't climb them, that I oozed over them!

This explains, I think, my deep-seated dislike of many passages in The Book of the Law. "O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this writing.

I see thee hate the hand & the pen; but I am stronger." (AL II, 10-11)

Well, what is the upshot of all this? It answers your question about the value to be attached to this Golden Mean. There is no rule about it; your own attitude is proper for yourself, and has no value for anybody else. But you must make sure exactly what that attitude actually is, deep down.

Let us go back for a moment to the passage above quoted. The text goes on to give the reason for the facts. "Because of me in Thee which thou knewest not. for why? Because thou wast the knower, and me." (AL II, 12-13) The unexpected use or disuse of capitals, the queer syntax, the unintelligibility of the whole passage: these certainly indicate some profound Qabalistic import in these texts.

So we had better mark that Strictly Private, and forget it.

One point, however, we have forgotten: although my Libra inclinations do bias me personally, they also make me fair-minded, "a judge, and a good judge too" in the memorable phrase of the late William Schwenk Gilbert. So I will sum up what is to be said for and against this Golden Mean.

As usual, nobody has taken the trouble to define the term. We know that it was extolled by both the Greek and the Chinese philosophers; but I

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cannot see that they meant much more than to counsel the avoidance of extremes, whether of measures or of opinions; and to advocate moderation in all things.

James Hilton has a most amusing Chinese in his Lost Horizon. When the



American 100% he-man, mixer, joiner, and go-getter, agrees with him about broadmindedness in religious beliefs, and ends "and I'm dead sure you're right!" his host mildly rebukes him, saying: "But we are only moderately sure." S

#### CHAPTER XVI.

"SERIOUS" STYLE OF A.C., OR THE APPARENT FRIVOLITY OF SOME OF MY REMARKS.

Cara Soror,

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

Alas! It is unlikely that either you or I should come upon a copy of Max Beerbohm's portrait of Mathew Arnold; but Raven Hill's famous cartoon is history, and can be told as such without the illustration.

We shall have to go into the matter, because of your very just criticism of my magical writings in general --- and these letters, being colloquial, are naturally an extreme case.

Far-off indeed those sunny days when life in England was worth living; when one could travel anywhere in Europe --- except Russia and Turkey, which spiritually, at least, are in Asia --- or America, without a passport; when we complained that closing time was twelve-thirty a.m.; when there was little or no class bitterness, the future seemed secure, and only Nonconformists failed to enjoy the fun that bubbled up on every side.

Well, in those days there were Music-halls; I can't hope to explain to you what they were like, but they were jolly. (I'm afraid that there's another word beyond the scope of your universe!) At the Empire, Leicester Square, which at that time actually looked as if it had been lifted bodily from the "Continong" (a very wicked place) there was a promenade, with bars complete (drinking bars, my dear child, I blush to say) where

one might hope to find "strength and beauty met together,  
Kindle their  
image like a star in a sea of glassy weather." There one  
might always  
find London's "soiled doves" (ass they revoltingly called  
them in the  
papers) of every type: Theodora (celebrated "Christian"  
Empress) and  
Phryne, Messalina and Thais, Baudelaire's swarthy mistress,  
and Nana,  
Moll Flanders and Fanny Hill.

But the enemies of life were on guard. They saw people  
enjoying them-  
selves, (shame!) and they raked through the mildewed  
parchments of  
obsolete laws until they found some long-forgotten piece of  
mischief  
that might stop it. The withered husks of womanhood, idle,  
frustrated,  
spiteful and malignant, called up their forces, blackmailed  
the Church  
into supporting them, and began a senseless string of  
prosecutions.  
Notable in infamy stands out the name of Mrs. Ormiston Chant.

So here we had the trial of some harmless girl for  
"accosting;" it was  
a scene from this that inspired Raven Hill's admirable  
cartoon.

A "pale young curate" is in the witness box. "The  
prisoner," he drawled  
"made improper proposals to me. The actual words used were:  
"why do  
you look so sad, Bertie?'"

The magistrate: "A very natural question!"

Now, fifty years later, here am I in the dock.

1

("How can you expect people to take your Magick seriously!"  
I hear from  
every quarter, "when you write so gleefully about it, with  
your tongue  
always in your cheek?")

My dear good sister, do be logical!

Here am I who set out nigh half a century ago to seek "The  
Stone of the  
Wise, the Summum Bonum, True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness:"  
I get it,  
and you expect me to look down a forty-inch nose and lament!

I have plenty of trouble in life, and often enough I am in  
low enough  
spirits to please anybody; but turn my thoughts to Magick --  
- the years  
fall off. I am again the gay, quick, careless boy to whom  
the world  
was gracious.

Let this serve for an epitaph: Gray took eleven years; I,  
less.

#### Elegy Written in a Country Farmyard

By

Cock-a-doodle-doo

Here lies upon this hospitable spot  
A youth to flats and flatties unknown;  
The Plymouth Brethren gave it to him hot;  
Trinity, Cambridge, claimed him for her own.

He climbed a lot of mountains in his time  
He stalked the tiger, bear and elephant.  
He wrote a stack of poems, some sublime,  
Some not. Tales, essays, pictures, plays my

aunt!

At chess a minor master, Hoylake set  
His handicap at two. Love drove him crazy.  
Three thousand women used to call him pet;  
In other matters --- shall we call him "lazy"?

He had the gift of laughing at himself;  
Most affably he walked and talked with God;  
And now the silly bastard's on the shelf,  
We'll bury him beneath another sod.

- - - - -

In all the active moods of Nature --- her activity is  
Worship! there is  
an element of rejoicing; even when she is at her wildest and  
most  
destructive. (You know Gilbert's song "When the tiger is a-  
lashing of  
his tail"?) Her sadness always goes with the implied threat  
of cessa-  
tion --- and that we know to be illusion.

There is nothing worse in religion, especially in the  
Wisdom-Religion,

than the pedagogic-horatory accents of the owlish dogmatist,  
 unless it  
 be the pompous self-satisfaction of the prig. Eschew it,  
 sister, eschew  
 it!

Even in giving orders there is a virile roar, and the  
 commander who is  
 best obeyed is he who rages cheerfully like an Eights Coach  
 or a Rugger  
 Captain. "Up Guards and at 'em!" may not be authentic; but  
 that is the  
 right spirit.

2

The curate's twang, the solemnity of self-importance, all  
 manners that  
 do not disclose the real man, are abominations, "Anathema  
 Maranatha" ---  
 or any other day of the week. These painted masks are  
 devised to conceal  
 chicanery or emptiness. The easy-going humorous style of  
 Vivekananda is  
 intelligible and instructive; the platitudinous hot potatoes  
 of Waite  
 are neither. The dreadful thing is that this assumption of  
 learning, of  
 holiness, of mysterious avenging powers, somehow deceives  
 the average  
 student. He does not realise how well and wisely such have  
 conned Wilde's  
 maxim: "To be intelligible is to be found out."

I know that I too am at times obscure; I lament the fact.  
 The reason is  
 twofold: (a) my ineradicable belief that my reader knows all  
 about the  
 subject better than I do myself, and (at best) may like to  
 hear it tackled  
 from a novel angle, (b) I am carried away by the exultant  
 exaltation of  
 my theme: I boil over with rapture --- not the crystal-  
 clear, the cool  
 solution that I aimed at.

On the Path of the Wise there is probably no danger more  
 deadly, no  
 poison more pernicious, no seduction more subtle than  
 Spiritual Pride;

it strikes, being solar, at the very heart of the Aspirant;  
 more, it is  
 an inflation and exacerbation of the Ego, so that its victim  
 runs the  
 peril of straying into a Black Lodge, and finding himself at  
 home there.

Against this risk we look to our insurance; there are two  
 infallible:  
 Common Sense and the Sense of Humour. When you are lying  
 exhausted and  
 exenterate after the attainment of Vishvarupadarshana it is  
 all wrong to  
 think: "Well, now I'm the holiest man in the world, of  
 course with the  
 exception of John M. Watkins;" better recall the words of  
 the weary  
 sceptical judge in A. P. Herbert's Holy Deadlock; he makes a  
 Mantram of  
 it! "I put it to you --- I put it to you --- I put it to you  
 --- that you have  
 got a boil on your bottom."

To this rule there is, as usual with rules, an exception.  
 Some states of  
 mind are of the same structure as poetry, where the "one  
 step from the  
 sublime to the ridiculous" is an easy and fatal step. But  
 even so,  
 pedantry is as bad as ribaldry. Personally, I have tried to  
 avoid the  
 dilemma by the use of poetic language and form; for  
 instance, in AHA!

It is all difficult, dammed difficult; but if it must be  
 that one's most  
 sacred shrine be profaned, let it be the clean assault of  
 laughter rather  
 than the slimy smear of sactimoniousness!

There, or thereabouts, we must leave it. "Out of the  
 fullness of the heart  
 the mouth speaketh;" and I cannot sing the words of an  
 epithalamium to  
 the music of a dirge.

Besides, what says the poet? "Love's at its height in pure  
 love? Nay,  
 but after When the song's light dissolves gently in  
 laughter."

Oh! "One word more" as Browning said, and poured forth the  
 most puerile  
 portentous piffle about that grim blue-stockings "interesting  
 invalid,"  
 his spouting wife. Here it is, mercifully much shorter, and  
 not in

tripping trochees!

"Actions speak louder than words." (I positively leak  
 proverbs this  
 afternoon --- country air, I suppose): and where actions  
 are the issue,  
 devil a joke from Aleister!

3

Do you see what is my mark? It is you that I am going to  
 put in the dock  
 about "being serious;" and that will take a separate letter  
 --- part of the  
 answer to yours received March 10th, 1944 and in general to  
 your entire  
 course of conduct since you came to me --- now over a year  
 ago.

Love is the law, love under will.

Faternally yours,

666

CHAPTER XLV

"UNSERIOUS" CONDUCT OF A PUPIL

Cara Soror,

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

Here pops us Zola again --- this time he says J'Accuse! To  
 day's Hexa  
 gram for me is No. X. LÆ, the Tiger: and the Duke of Chau  
 comments on  
 the last line as follows: "The sixth line, undivided, tells  
 us to  
 look at the whole course that is trodden, and examine the  
 presage which  
 that gives. If it be complete and without failure, there  
 will be great  
 good fortune." O.K.; Let's!

It is now well over a year since you came to me howling like  
 a damned  
 soul in torment --- and so you should be! --- and persuaded  
 me to take you  
 as my pupil. What have you done with that year?

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

First, suppose we put down what you agreed to do: The essential preliminaries of the work of the A.'. A.'. --- you are to be heartily congratulated upon your swift perception that the principles of that august body were absolute.

1. Prepare and submit your Magical Record. (Without this you are in the position of a navigator with neither chart nor log.)

It would have been quite easy to get this ready in a week. Have you done so in a year? No.

2. Learn to construct and perfect the Body of Light. This might have required anything up to a dozen personal lessons. You were urged to claim priority upon my time. What did you do?

You made one experiment with me fairly satisfactory, and got full instructions for practice and experiment at home.

You made one experiment, ignoring every single one of the recommendations made to you.

You kept on making further appointments for a second personal lesson; and every one of them you broke.

3. Begin simple Yoga practices.

This, of course, cannot be checked at all in the absence of a

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careful record and of instructed critical analysis. You do not make the one, and are incapable of the other.

so I suppose you are very well satisfied with yourself!

4. Your O.T.O. work.

You were supplied with copies of those rituals to which  
you were  
entitled.

You were to make copies of these.

Your were to go through them with me, so as to  
assimilate their  
Symbolism and teaching.

Have you done any of this? No.

5. You were to write me a letter of questions once  
every fortnight.

Have you done so? No.

. . . . . . . .

Have you in thirteen months done as much as honest work  
would have  
accomplished in a week? No.

. . . . . . . .

What excuses do you drag out, when taxed with these  
misdemeanors?

You are eager to make appointments to be received in  
audience; then you  
break them without warning, explanation, apology or regret.

You are always going to have ample time to devote to the  
Great Work;  
but that time is always somewhere after the middle of next  
week.

If you put half as much enthusiasm into what you quite  
rightly claim to  
be the most important factor in life as other old ladies do  
into Culbert-  
son Contract, you might get somewhere.

What you need, in the way of a Guru, is some fat, greasy  
Swami, who  
would not allow you to enter or leave his presence without  
permission,  
or address him without being formally invited to do so.  
After seven  
years at menial household drudgeries, you might with luck be  
allowed to  
listen to some of his improving discourse.



Pretentious humbug is the only appeal to which you can be  
 relied on to  
 respond. Praxiteles would repel you, unless you covered the  
 marble  
 completely with glittering gew-gaws, tinsel finery, sham  
 jewels from  
 the tray of Autolycus! Yet it was precisely because you  
 were sick of  
 all this that you came to me at all.

How can one take you as a serious student? Only because you  
 do have  
 moments when the scales fall from your eyes, and your deep  
 need tears  
 down the tawdry counterfeits which hide the shrine where  
 Isis stands  
 unveiled --- but ah! too far. You must advance.

To advance --- that means Work. Patient, exhausting,  
 thankless, often

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bewildering Work. Dear sister, if you would but Work! Work  
 blindly,  
 foolishly, misguidedly, it doesn't matter in the end: Work  
 in itself  
 has absolute virtue.

But for you, having got so far in this incarnation, there  
 must be a  
 revolution. You must no longer hesitate, no longer plan;  
 you must  
 leap into the dark, and leap at once.

"The Voice of my Higher Soul said unto me: Let me enter the  
 Path of  
 Darkness; peradventure thus I may attain the Light."

Love is the law, love under will.

Faternally yours,

666

P.S. Let me adduce an example of the way in which the  
 serious Aspirant  
 bends to the oar. This is not boasting as if the facts  
 denoted super-  
 lative excellence; they speak. The only comment is that if  
 such conduct

is not normal and universal, it ought to be. Yet no! I would add this: that I have not yet heard of anyone who has attained to any results of importance who does not attribute his success to devotion of quite similar quality.

Here they are:

1. The Cloud on the Sanctuary. On reading this book, Mr. X., who was desperate from the conviction that no success in life was worth a tinker's dam, decided: "This is the answer to my problem; the members of the Secret Fraternity which this book describes have solved the riddle of life. I must discover them, and seek to be received amongst them."

2. X., hearing a conversation in a caf, which made him think that the speaker might be such an one as he sought, hunted him down -- he had gone on his travels --- caught him, and made him promise an interview at the earliest possible date.

3. This interview leading to an introduction to the Fraternity, he joined it, pledging his fealty. But he was grievously shocked, and nearly withdrew, when assured: "There is nothing in this Oath which might conflict in any way with your civil, moral or religious obligations." If it was not worth while becoming a murderer, a traitor, and an eternally damned soul, why bother about it? was his attitude.

The Head of the Fraternity being threatened with revolt, X. when to him, in circumstances which jeopardised his own progress, and offered his support "to the last drop of my blood, and the last penny of my purse."

Deciding to perform a critical Magical Operation, and being warned that serious opposition might come from his own friends, family, etc., he abandoned his career, changed his name, cut himself off completely from the past, and allowed no alien interest of any sort to interfere with

his absorption in the Work. His journey to see the Head  
 seemed at that  
 time a fatal interruption; at the least, it involved the  
 waste of one  
 whole year. He was wrong; his gesture of setting the  
 interests of the  
 Order before his personal advancement was counted unto him  
 for right-  
 eousness.

6

There should be no need to extend this list; it could be  
 continued  
 indefinitely. X. had one rule of life, and one only; to do  
 whatever  
 came first on the list of agenda, and never to count the  
 cost.

Because this course of conduct was so rigidly rational, it  
 appeared to  
 others irrational and incalculable; because it was so  
 serenely simple,  
 it appeared an insoluble mystery of a complexity utterly  
 unfathomable!

But --- I fear that you are only too likely to ask --- is  
 not this system  
 (a) absurd, (b) wrong, as certain in the long run to defeat  
 its own  
 object.

Well, as to (a), everything is absurd. The Universe is not  
 constructed  
 to gratify the mania of "social planners" and their tedipus  
 kind. As  
 to (b), there you said something; the refutation will lead  
 us to open  
 a new chapter. Ought not X. to have laid down a  
 comprehensive scheme,  
 and worked out the details, so that he would not break down  
 half-way  
 through for lack of foresight and provision for emergencies?

An example. Suppose that the next step in his Work involved  
 the sacri-  
 fice of a camel in a house in Tooting Bec, furnished in such  
 fashion as  
 his Grimoire laid down, and that the purchase of the house  
 left him with-

out resources to but that furniture, to say nothing of the camel. What a fool!

No, that does not necessarily follow. If the Gods will the End, They also will the means. I shall do all that is possible to me by buying the house: I shall leave it to Them to do Their share when the time comes.

This "Act of Truth" is already a Magical Formula of infallible puissance; the man who is capable of so thinking and acting is far more likely to get what he wanted from the Sacrifice --- when at long last the Camel appears on the premises --- then he who, having ample means to carry out the whole Operation without risk of failure, goes through the ceremony without ever having experienced a moment's anxiety about his ability to bring it to a successful conclusion.

It think personally that the error lies in calculating. The injunction is "to buy the egg of a perfectly black hen without haggling." You have no means of judging what is written in Their ledger; so "...reason is a lie;...", ..." & all their words are skew-wise...." AL II, 32.

Let me add that it is a well-attested fact of magical experience --- beginning with Tarquin and the Sibylline books! --- as well as a fact of profane psychology, that if you funk a fence, it is harder next time.

If the boy falls off the pony, put him on again at once: if the young airman crashes, send him up again without a minute's avoidable delay. If you don't, their nerve is liable to break for good and all.

I am not saying that this policy is invariably successful; your judgment may have misled you as to the necessity of the Operation which loomed so large at the moment. And so on; plenty of room for blunders!

But it is a thousand times better to make every kind of  
mistake than  
to slide into the habit of hesitation, of uncertainty, of  
indecision.

7

For one thing, you acquire also the habit of dishonourable  
failure;  
and you very soon convince yourself that "the whole thing is  
nonsense."

confidence comes from exercise, from taking risks, from  
picking your-  
self up after a purler; finding that the maddest gambles  
keep oncoming  
off, you begin to suspect that there is no more than Luck in  
it; you  
observe this closely, and there forms, in the dusk dimly, a  
Shape; very  
soon you see a Hand, and from its movements you divine a  
Brain behind  
the whole contrivance.

"Good!" you say quietly, with a determined nod; "I'm  
watched, I'm  
helped: I'll do my bit; the rest will come about without my  
worrying  
or meddling."

And so it is.

Good-night.

666.

#### CHAPTER XLVI

#### SELFISHNESS

Cara Soror,

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

Selfishness? I am glad to find you worrying that bone, for  
it has  
plenty of meat on it; fine juicy meat, none of your Chilled  
Argentine  
or Canterbury lamb. It is a pelvis, what's more; for in a  
way the

whole structure of the ethics of Thelema is founded upon it.  
 There is  
 some danger here; for the question is a booby trap for the  
 noble, the  
 generous, the high-minded.

"Selfishness," the great characteristic of the Master of  
 the Temple,  
 the very quintessence of his attainment, is not its  
 contradictory, or  
 even its contrary; it is perfectly compatible (nay, shall we  
 say  
 friendly?) with it.

The Book of the Law has plenty to say on this subject, and  
 it does not  
 mince its words.

"First, text; sermon, next," as the poet says.

AL II, 18, 19, 20, 21. "These are dead, these fellows; they  
 feel not.  
 We are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the earth are  
 our  
 kinsfolk.

"Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us.  
 They shall  
 rejoice, our chosen: who sorroweth is not of us.

"Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious  
 languor, force and  
 fire, are of us.

"We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them  
 die in their  
 misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of  
 kings: stamp

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down the wretched & the weak: this is the law of the strong:  
 this is our  
 law and the joy of the world. ..."

That sets up a standard, with a vengeance!

(Note "they feel not," twice repeated. There should be  
 something impor-  
 tant to the thesis herein concealed.)

The passage becomes exalted, but a verse later resumes the theme, setting forth the philosophical basis of these apparently violent and arrogant remarks.

"...It is a lie, this folly against self...." (AL II, 22)

This is the central doctrine of Thelema in this matter. What are we to understand by it? That this imbecile and nauseating cult of weakness --- democracy some call it --- is utterly false and vile.

Let us look into the matter. (First consult AL II, 24, 25, 48, 49, 58, 59. and III, 18, 58, 59. It might be confusing to quote these texts in full; but they throw much further light on the subject.) The word "compassion" is its accepted sense --- which is bad ety

#### CHAPTER LXX

##### MORALITY (1)

Cara Soror,

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

"Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin!" I knew from the first that your sly, insidious, poisoned poniard, slipped in between my ribs, would soon or late involve a complete exposition of the whole subject of Morality.

Of we go! What really is it? The word comes from Mos, Latin for custom, manner. Similarly, ethics: from Greek ESOC custom. "It isn't done" may be modern slang, but it's correct. Interesting to study the usage of "moeurs" and "manišres" in French. "Manner" from "manus" --- hand: it is "the way to handle things."

But the theological conception has steered a very wrong course, even for theology; brought in Divine Injunction, and Conscience, and a whole host of bogeys. (Candles in hollow turnips deceive nobody out-side a churchyard!)

So we find ourselves discussing a "palely wandering" phantom idea whose connotations or extensions depend on the time, the place, and the victim. We know "the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban," and the difference between Old and New Testament morality in such matters as polygamy and diet; while the fur flies when two learned professors go down with a smart attack of Odium Theologicum, and are ready to destroy a civilization on the question of whether it is right or wrong for a priest (or presbyter? or minister?) to wear a white nightie or a black in the pulpit.

But what you want to know is the difference between (a) common or area morality, (b) Yogin -- or "holy man's" morality, and (c) the Magical Morality of the New Aeon of Thelema.

1. Area Morality: This is the code of the "Slave-Gods," very thoroughly analysed, pulverized, and de-loused by Nietzsche in Antichrist. It consists of all the meanest vices, especially envy, cowardice, cruelty and greed: all based on over-mastering Fear. Fear of the nightmare type. With this incubus, the rich and powerful have devised an engine to keep down the poor and the weak. They are lavish alike with threats and promises in Ogre Bogey's Castle and Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. "Religion is the opium of the people," when they flinch no longer from the phantom knout.

2. Eight Lectures on Yoga gives a reasonable account of the essence of this matter, especially in the talks on Yama and Niyama. (A book on this subject might well include a few quotations, notably from paragraphs 8, 9 and 10 in the former). It might be summarized as "doing that, and only that, which facilitates the task in hand." A line of conduct becomes a custom when experience has shown that to follow it makes for success. "Don't press!" "Play with a straight



bat!" "Don't draw to five!" do not involve abstract considerations

1

of right and wrong. Orthodox Hinduism has raped this pure system, and begotten a bastard code which reeks of religion. A political manoeuvre of the Brahmin caste.

Suppose we relax a little, come down to earth, and look at what the far-famed morality of the Holy Man was, and is, in actual practice. You will find this useful to crush Toshophist and Antroposophagist cockroaches as well as the ordinary Christian Scolex when they assail you.

In the lands of Hinduism and (to a less extent) of Islam, the Sultan, the Dewan, the Maharajah, the Emir, or whatsoever they call "the Grand Pandjandrum Himself, with the little round button on top," it is almost a 100 per cent rule that the button works loose and is lost! Even in less exalted circles, any absolute ruler, on however petty a scale, is liable to go the whole hog in an unexceptionably hoggish fashion. He has none to gainsay him, and he sees no reason for controlling himself. This suits nearly everybody pretty well; the shrewd Wazir can govern while his "master" fills up on "The King's Peg" (we must try one when champagne is once again reasonably cheap) and all the other sensuous and sensual delights unstinted. The result is that by the time he is twenty --- he was probably married at 12 --- he is no longer fitted to carry out his very first duty to the State, the production of an heir.

Quite contrary to this is the career of the "Holy Man." Accustomed to

the severest physical toil, inured to all the rigours of climate, aloof from every noxious excess, he becomes a very champion of virility. (Of course, there are exceptions, but the average "holy man" is a fairly tall fellow of his hands). More, he has been particularly trained for this form of asceticism by all sorts of secret methods and practices; some of these, but the way, I was able to learn myself, and found surprisingly efficacious.

So we have the law of supply and demand at work as uncomplainingly as usual: the Holy Man prays for the threatened Dynasty, blesses the Barren Queen; and they all live happy ever after. This is not an Arabian Night's Tale of Antiquity; it is the same today: there are very few Englishmen who have spent any time in India who have not been approached with proposals of this character.

Similar conditions, curiously enough, existed in France; the "fils ... papa" was usually a hopeless rotter, and his wife often resorted to a famous monastery on the Riviera, where was an exceptionally holy Image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, prayers unto whom removed sterility. But when M. Combes turned out the monks, the Image somehow lost it virtue.

Now get your Bible and turn up Luke VIII, 2! When the sal volatile has worked, turn to John XIII 2,3 and ask a scholar what any Greek of the period would have understood by the technical expressions there unambiguously employed.

1^ WEH NOTE: This is a reference to the school of thought of Rudolf Steiner. By the time of this writing, Steiner's students were being taught that Crowley was a "bad man". Tit for tat. Anthroposophy presents a merging of several branches of mysticism with dance and movement. It rewards study, but one shouldn't mention A.C. at the Steiner schools until one has acquired what one wants!

2

Presently, I hope, you will begin to wonder whether, after all, the "morality" of the middle classes of the nineteenth century, in Anglo-Saxon countries, is quite as axiomatic as you were taught to suppose.

Please let me emphasize the fact that I have heard and seen these conditions in Eastern countries with my own ears and eyes. Vivekananda --- certainly the best of the modern Indian writes on Yoga --- complained bitterly that the old greymalkin witches of New York who called themselves his disciples had to be dodged with infinite precaution whenever he wanted to spend an evening in the Tenderloin. On the other hand, the Sheikh of Mish --- and a very holy Sheikh he was --- introduced his "boy friend" as such to me when I visited him in the Sahara, without the slightest shame or embarrassment.

Believe me, the humbug about "morality" in this country and the U.S.A., yes, even on the Continent in pious circles, is Hobgoblin No. 1 on the path of the Wise. If you are fooled by that, you will never get out of the stinking bog of platitudinous mouthings of make-believe "Masters." Need I refer to the fact that most of the unco' guid are penny plain hypocrites. A little less vile are those whose prejudices are Freudian in character, who "compound for sins that they're inclined to, By damning those they have no mind to."

Even when, poor-spirited molluscs, they are honest, all that twaddle is Negation. "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, and don't go near the water!" does not produce a Gertrud Ederle. Thank God, the modern girl

has cast off at least one of her fetters --- the ceinture de chast,t,!

Perhaps we have now relaxed enough; we see that the "Holy man" is not such a fool as he looks; and we may get on with our excursions into the "Morality" of the Law of the New Aeon, which is the Aeon of Horus, crowned and conquering child: and --- "The word of the Law is Thelema{this word in Greek caps}."

3. So much of The Book of the Law deals directly or indirectly with morals that to quote relevant passages would be merely bewildering. Not that this state of mind fails to result from the first, second, third and ninety-third perusals!

"When Duty bellows loud 'Thou must!'  
The youth replies 'Pike's Peak or Bust!'"

is all very well, or might be if the bellow gave further particulars. And one's general impression may very well be that Thelema not only gives general licence to to any fool thing that comes into one's head, but urges in the most emphatic terms, reinforced by the most eloquent appeals in superb language, by glowing promises, and by categorical assurance that no harm can possibly come thereby, the performance of just that specific type of action, the maintenance of just that line of conduct, which is most severely depreciated by the high priests and jurists of every religion, every system of ethics, that ever was under the sun!

You may look sourly down a meanly-pointed nose, or yell "Whoop La!" and make for Piccadilly Circus: in either case you will be wrong; you will not have understood the Book.

Shameful confession, one of my own Chelas (or so it is rather incredibly

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reported to me) said recently: "Self-discipline is a form of Restriction." (That, you remember, is "The word of Sin ...".) Of all the utter rubbish! (Anyhow, he was a "centre of pestilence" for discussing the Book at all.) About 90 % of Thelema, at a guess, is nothing but self-discipline. One is only allowed to do anything and everything so as to have more scope for exercising that virtue.

concentrate on "...thou hast no right but to do thy will." The point is that any possible act is to be performed if it is a necessary factor in that Equation of your Will. Any act that is not such a factor, however harmless, noble, virtuous or what not, is at the best a waste of energy. But there are no artificial barriers on any type of act in general. The standard of conduct has one single touchstone. There may be --- there will be --- every kind of difficulty in determining whether, by this standard, any given act is "right" or "wrong": but there should be no confusion. No act is righteous in itself, but only in reference to the True Will of the person who proposes to perform it. This is the Doctrine of Relativity applied to the moral sphere.

I think that, if you have understood this, the whole theory is now within your grasp; hold it fast, and lay about you!

Of course, there must be certain courses of action which, generally speaking, will be right for pretty well everybody. Some, per contra, will be generally barred, as interfering with another's equal right. Some cases will be so difficult that only a Magister Templi can judge them, and a Magus carry them wisely into effect. Fearsome responsibility, I should say, that of the Masters who began the building-up of the New Aeon by bringing about these Wars!

(I do wish that we had the sense to take our ideas of Peace conditions from the Bible, as our rulers so loudly profess that they do. The Enemy knows well enough that there is no other way to make a war pay.)

Now then, I hope that we have succeeded in clarifying this exceptionally muddy marish water of morality from most of its alien and toxic dirt; too often the Aspirant to the Sacred Wisdom finds no firm path under his feet; the Bog of Respectability mires him who sought the Garden of Delights; soon the last bubbles burst from his choked lungs; he is engulfed in the Slough of Despond.

In the passive elements of Earth and Water is no creative virtue to cleanse themselves from such impurity as they chance to acquire; it is therefore of cardinal importance to watch them, guard them, keep their Purity untainted and unsoiled; shall the Holy Grail brim with poison of Asps, and the golden Paten be defiled with the Bread of Iniquity? Come Fire, come Air, cleanse ye and kindle the pure instruments, that Spirit may indwell, inform, inspire the whole, the One Continuous Sacrament of Life!

We have considered this Morality from quite a number of very different points of view; wrought subtly and accurately into final shape, you should find no further difficulty in understanding fully at least the theoretical and abstract aspects of the business.

But as to your own wit of judgment as to the general rules of your own private Code of Morals, what is "right" and what is "wrong" for you, that will emerge only from long self-analysis such as is the

chief work of the Sword in the process of your Initiation.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally.

666

P.S. Most of this is stated or implied in AHA!

MARSYAS . . . . . Be ever as you can  
 A simple honest gentleman!  
 Body and manners be at ease,  
 Not bloat with blazoned sanctities!  
 Who fights as fights the soldier-saint?  
 And see the artist-adept paint!  
 Weak are the souls that fear the stress  
 Of earth upon their holiness!  
 They fast, they eat fantastic food,  
 They prate of beans and brotherhood,  
 Wear sandals, and long hair, and spats,  
 And think that makes them Arahats!  
 How shall man still his spirit-storm?  
 Rational dress and Food Reform!

OLYMPAS I know such saints.

MARSYAS An easy vice:  
 So wondrous well they advertise!  
 O their mean souls are satisfied  
 With wind of spiritual pride.  
 They're all negation. "Do not eat;  
 What poison to the soul is meat!  
 Drink not; smoke not; deny the will!  
 Wine and tobacco make us ill."  
 Magic is life: the Will to Live  
 Is one supreme Affirmative.  
 These things that flinch from Life are worth  
 No more to Heaven than to Earth.  
 Affirm the everlasting Yes!

OLYMPAS Those saints at least score one success:  
 Perfection of their priggishness!

MARSYAS Enough. The soul is subtler fed  
 With meditation's wine and bread.  
 Forget their failings and our own;  
 Fix all our thoughts on love alone!

CHAPTER LXXI

MORALITY (2)

Cara Soror,

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

The contents of your letter appalled me. I had hoped that you had

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left behind forever all that quality of thinking. It is unclean. It is stuffy and flabby. You write of a matter about which you cannot possibly have information, and what you say is not even a good guess; it is simply contrary to fact. It shows also that you have failed to grasp the nature of the O.T.O. Its main raison d'etre, apart from social and political plans, is the teaching and use of a secret method of achieving certain results. This secret is a scientific secret; it is guarded against betrayal or abuse by a very simple automatic arrangement. Its guardians cannot be "dying" any more than electricians as a class can be.

It is really difficult to answer your letters. You have got things so higgledy-piggledy. You write of the constitutions of two orders, the A.'. A.'. and the O.T.O.; yet you ignore the printed information about them which you are supposed to have read.

I have to answer each sentence of your letter separately, so incoherent have you become!

You are a "student" of A.'. A.'. , and become a Probationer as soon as you take and pass the examination. (This is intended mostly to make sure that you have some general idea of the principal branches of the subject, and know the more important correspondences,) The rest: --- please read One Star in Sight again, and do for God's sake try to assimilate the information there very clearly and very fully given!



It is terrifyingly near the state of mind which we symbolize  
by Choronzon, this hurrying flustered dash of yours from one point of  
view to  
another: a set of statements all true after a fashion, but  
flung out  
with such apprehensive agitation that a sensitive reader  
like myself  
comes near to being upset.

You say that you must tread the Path alone: quite true, if  
only because  
anything that exists for you is necessarily part of  
yourself. Yet you  
have to "go to others", and you become a veritable busybody.  
You quote  
odd opinions at random without the means of estimating their  
value.

Cannot I ever get you to understand the difference between  
an honest  
and dishonest teacher? I have always made it a rule never  
to put forward  
any statement of which I cannot produce proof; when I  
venture a  
personal opinion it is always Marked in Plain Figures to  
that effect.  
(I refer you to Magick p. 368: p. 375, paragraphs 1 and 2:.  
and p. 415,  
paragraphs 000 and 00. We insist from the beginning on the  
individual  
character of the work, and upon the necessity of maintaining  
the objective  
and sceptical standpoint. You are explicitly warned  
against  
reliance upon "authority," even that of the Order itself.)  
Consider  
my own assets, personal, social, educational, experiential  
and the  
rest: don't you see that all I had to do was to put out some  
brightly-  
coloured and mellifluous lie, and avoid treading on too many  
toes, to  
have had hundreds of thousands of idiots worshipping me?

Please get a Konx om Pax somehow, and read p. XII:

"It's only too easy to form a cult,  
"To cry a crusade with 'Deus Vult' . . . .  
"A pinch of Bible, a gallon of gas,  
"And I, or any otherguess ass,  
"Could bring to our mystical Moonlight Mass

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"Those empty-headed Athenians."

and so on.

But I never forget that I am working on the 2,000 year basis; my work will stand when all the pompous platitudes and pleasant pieties have withered for the iridescent soft-soap bubbles that they are.

Soap! yes, indeed. I work on gold, and gold must be cleansed with acid.

I really cannot understand how you can be so inaccurate, with the very text before your eyes! You write --- "you write that in Jan. 1899 etc."

But I don't. Captain J. F. C. Fuller wrote it. A small point; but you must learn to be careful about every tiniest detail.

Then you go on about "not only invisible chiefs<sup>2</sup> of the A.'. A.'. . . . .

but also the Chiefs of the Golden Dawn . . ." The Golden Dawn is merely the name for the Outer Order: see Magick pp. 230-231. You have never been taught to read carefully. You write of Theoricus as the grade following Neophyte: it isn't. Back to Magick pp. 230-231! You have never taken the trouble to go with me through the Rituals of O.T.O., or you would not ask such questions. The O.T.O. is a training of the Masonic type; there is no "astral" work in it at all, nor any Yoga.

There is a certain amount of Qabalah, and that of great doctrinal value. But the really vital matter is the gradual progress towards disclosure of the Secret of the Ninth Degree. To use that secret to advantage involves mastery both of Yoga and of Magick; but neither is taught in the Order. Now it comes to be mentioned, this is really very strange. However, I didn't invent the system; I must suppose that those who did knew what they were about.

To me it is (a) convenient in various practical ways, (b) a machine for carrying out the orders of the Secret Chiefs of A.'. A.'. (c) by virtue of the Secret a magical weapon of incalculable power.

You are not "stuck." You can use your Astral Body well enough: too well, in one way. But I think you need a few more journeys with me: you ought to get on to the stage where the vision results from a definite invocation.

Do please forget all these vague statements about the "clarification of one's dream-life" (meaning what?) and "shadow-thinking" (meaning what?) These speculations are idle, and idleness is poison. In your very next paragraph you give the whole show away! "Artistically it appeals to me --- but not spiritually." You have been spiritually poisoned.

What blasphemy more hideous could be penned? What lie so base, so false, so nasty, what so devilish and deadly a doctrine? I feel contaminated by the mere fact of being in a world where such filth is possible to conceive. I am all but in tears to think of my beloved sister tortured by so foul a denizen of the Abyss. Cannot you see in this the root of all your toadstool spawn of miseries, of doubts, of fears, of indecisions? 2\* How do you know They are "invisible?" I foresee that sooner or later you will be asking for more information about them, so I am planning a separate letter to supply this. (See Letters IX, L and LXXVII)

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As an Artist you are a consecrated Virgin Priestess, the Oracle of the

Most High. None has the right to approach you save with the most blessed awe, with arms outstretched as to invoke your benediction.

By "spiritually" you mean no more than "according to the lower and middle-middle-class morality of the Anglo-Saxon of the period when Longfellow and Tennyson were supposed to be poets, and Royal Academicians painters."

There is a highly popular school of "occultists" which is 99 % an escape-mechanism. The fear of death is one of the bogeys; but far deeper is the root-fear --- fear of being alone, of being oneself, of life itself. With this there goes the sense of guilt.

The Book of the Law cuts directly at the root of all this calamitous, this infamous tissue of falsehood.

What is the meaning of Initiation? It is the Path to the realisation of your Self as the sole, the supreme, the absolute of all Truth, Beauty, Purity, Perfection!

What is the artistic sense in you? What but the One Channel always open to you through which this Light flows freely to enkindle you (and the world through you) with flowers of inexhaustible fervour and flame?

And you set up against That this spectre of grim fear, of shame, of qualms and doubts, of inward quakings lest --- --- you are too stricken with panic to see clearly what the horror is. You say "the elemental spirits and the Archangels are watching." (!) My dear, dear, sister, did you invent these beings for no better purpose than to spy on you? They are there to serve you; they are parts of your being whose function is to enable you to reach further in one particular direction or another without interference from the other parts, so long as you happen to need them for some service or other in the Great Work.

Please cleanse your mind once and for all of this delusion,  
 disastrous  
 and most damnable, that there can be opposition between two  
 essential  
 parts of your nature.

I think this idea is a monstrous growth upon the tetanus-  
 soaked soil  
 of your fear of "the senses." Observe how all these mealy-  
 mouthed  
 prigs develop their distrust of Life until hardly an action  
 remains  
 that is not "dangerous" or in some way harmful. They dare  
 not smoke,  
 drink, love --- do anything natural to them. They are  
 right!! The Self  
 in them is Guilt, a marsh miasmal of foul pestilence. Last,  
 since  
 "nature, though one expel it with a pitchfork, always  
 returns," they  
 do their "sins" in secret, and pile hypocrisy upon the  
 summit of all  
 their other vices.

I cannot write more; it makes me too sad. I hope there is  
 no need.  
 Do be your Self, the radiant Daughter of the Muse!

With that command I turn to other tasks.

Love is the law, love under will.

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Fraternally yours ever,

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CHAPTER LXXII

EDUCATION

Cara Soror,

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

Education means "leading out"; this is not the same as  
 "stuffing in".

I refuse to enlarge on this theme; it is all-important. To extract something, you should first know what is there. Here astrology ought to give useful hints; its indications give the mind something to work on. Experience makes "confirmation strong as Holy Writ;" but beware of ... priori. Do not be dogmatic; do not insist in the face of disappointment. Astrology in education is useful as geology is to the prospector; it tells you the sort of thing to look for, and the direction in which to explore.

There are, however, two main lines of teaching which are of universal value to normal children; it is hardly possible to begin too early.

Firstly, accustom his ear from the start to noble sounds; the music of nature and the rhythm of great poetry. Do not aim at his understanding, but at his subconscious mind. Protect him from cacophonous noise; avoid scoring any cheap success with him by inflicting jingles; do not insult him by "baby-talk."

Secondly, let him understand, as soon as you start actual teaching, the difference between the real and the conventional in what you make him memorize. Nothing irritates children more than the arbitrary "because I say so."

Nobody knows why the alphabet has the order which we know; it is quite senseless. One could construct a much more rational order: e.g. the Mother, the Single and the Double letters, all in the natural order of the elements, planets and signs. Again, we have the "Missionary" Alphabet, arranged "scientifically" as Gutturals, modified ditto, Dentals, Labials, vowels and so on; a most repulsive concoction! But I would not accept any emendation from the God Thoth himself; it is infinitely simpler to stick to the familiar order. But explain to the child that this is only for convenience, like the rule of the road; indeed, like

almost any rules!

But when your teaching is of the disputable kind, explain that too; encourage him to question, to demand a reason and to disagree. Get him to fence with you; sharpen his wits by dialectic; lure him into thinking for himself. I want tricks which will show him the advantages of a given subject of study; make him pester you to teach him. We did this most successfully at the Abbey of Thelema in Cefalu; let me give you an instance: reading. One of us would take the children shopping and bring up the subject of ice-cream. Where, oh where could we get some?

Presently one would exclaim and point to a placard and say, "I really do believe there'll be some there" --- and lo! it was so. Then they

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would wonder how one knew, and one would say: Why, there's "Helados" printed on that piece of card in the window. They would want to learn to read at once. We would discourage them, saying what hard word it was, and how much crying it cost, at the same time giving another demonstration of the advantages. They would insist, and we should yield --- to active, eager children, not to dullards that hated the idea of "lessons." So with pretty well everything; we first excited the child's will in the desired direction.

But (you ask) are there any special branches of learning which you regard as essential for all?

Yes.

Our old unvalued friend St. Paul, the cunning crook who turned the

Jewish communism of the Apostles into an international ramp,  
 saw in a  
 vision a man from Macedonia who said "Come over and help  
 us!" This  
 time it has been a woman from California, but the purport of  
 her complaints  
 was identical. Much as I should like to see my Father the  
 Sun once more  
 before I die, nothing doing until --- if ever --- life  
 recovers from the  
 blight of regulations. Luckily, one thing she said helps us  
 out: some-  
 one had told her that I had written on Education in Liber  
 Aleph --- The  
 Book of Wisdom or Folly --- which has been ready for the  
 printer for more  
 than a quarter of a century --- and there's nothing I can do  
 about it!

However, I looked up the typescript. The book is itself  
 Education;  
 there are, however, six chapters which treat of the subject  
 in the  
 Special sense in which your question has involved us.

So I shall fling these chapters headlong into this letter.

#### DE VOLUNTATE JUVENUM

Long, O my Son, hath been this Digression from the  
 plain Path of  
 My word concerning Children; but it was most needful  
 that thou  
 shouldst understand the Limits of true Liberty. For  
 that is not  
 the Will of any Man which ultimateth in his own Ruin  
 and that of  
 all his Fellows; and that is not Liberty whose Exercise  
 bringeth  
 him to Bondage. Thou mayst therefore assume that it is  
 always an  
 essential Part of the Will of any Child to grow to  
 Manhood or to  
 Womanhood in Health, and his Guardians may therefore  
 prevent him  
 from ignorantly acting in Opposition thereunto, Care  
 being always  
 taken to remove the cause of the Error, namely,  
 Ignorance, as  
 aforesaid. Thou mayst also assume that it is Part of  
 the Child's  
 Will to train every Function of the Mind; and the  
 Guardians may  
 therefore combat the Inertia which hinders its  
 Development. Yet  
 here is much Caution necessary, and it is better to  
 work by



exciting and satisfying any natural Curiosity than by forcing  
 Application to set Tasks, however obvious this  
 Necessity may  
 appear.

## DE MODO DISPUTANDI

Now in this training of the Child is one most dear  
 Consideration,  
 that I shall impress upon thee as is Conformity with  
 out holy  
 Experience in the way of Truth. And it is this, that  
 since that  
 which can be thought is not true, every Statement is in  
 some sense  
 false. Even on the Sea of Pure Reason, we may say that  
 every

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Statement is in some Sense disputable. Therefore in  
 every Case,  
 even the simplest, the Child should be taught not only  
 the Thesis,  
 but also its opposite, leaving the Decision to the  
 child's own  
 Judgment and good Sense, fortified by Experience. And  
 this Prac-  
 tice will develop its Power of Thought, and its  
 Confidence in  
 itself, and its Interest in all Knowledge. But most of  
 all beware  
 against any Attempt to bias its Mind on any Point that  
 lieth with-  
 out the Square of ascertained and undisputed Fact.  
 Remember also,  
 even when thou art most sure, that so were they sure  
 who gave  
 Instruction to the young Copernicus. Pay Reverence  
 also to the  
 Unknown unto whom thou presumest to impart thy  
 knowledge; for he may  
 be one greater than thou.

## DE VOLUTATE JVENIS COGNOSCENDA

It is important that thou shouldst understand as early  
 as may be  
 what is the true Will of the Child in the Matter of his  
 Career.

Be thou well aware of all Ideals and Daydreams; for the  
 Child is  
 himself, and not thy Toy. Recall the comic Tragedy of  
 Napoleon  
 and the King of Rome; build not an House for a wild  
 Goat, nor  
 plant a Forest for the Domain of a Shark. But be thou  
 vigilant  
 for every Sign, conscious or unconscious, of the Will  
 of the Child,  
 giving him then all Opportunity to pursue the Path  
 which he thus  
 indicates. Learn this, that he, being young, will  
 weary quickly  
 of all false Ways, however pleasant they may be to him  
 at the Out-  
 set; but of the true Way he will not weary. This being  
 in this  
 Manner discovered, thou mayst prepare it for him  
 perfectly; for  
 no man can keep all Roads open for ever. And to him  
 making his  
 Choice explain how one may not travel far on any one  
 Road without  
 a general Knowledge of Things apparently irrelevant.  
 And with  
 that he will understand, and bend him wisely to his  
 Work.

DE ARTE MENTIS COLENDI, (1) MATHEMATICA.

Now, concerning the first Foundation of Thy Mind I will  
 say  
 somewhat. Thou shalt study with Diligence in the  
 Mathematics,  
 because thereby shall be revealed unto thee the Laws of  
 thine own  
 Reason and the Limitations thereof. This Science  
 manifesteth unto  
 thee thy true Nature in respect of the Machinery  
 whereby it worketh,  
 and showeth in pure Nakedness, without Clothing of  
 Personality or  
 Desire, the Anatomy of thy conscious Self.  
 Furthermore, by this  
 thou mayst understand the Essence of the Relations  
 between all  
 Things, and the Nature of Necessity, and come to the  
 Knowledge of  
 Form. For this Mathematics is as it were the last Veil  
 before the  
 Image of Truth, so that there is no Way better than our  
 Holy  
 Qabalah, which analyseth all Things soever, and  
 reduceth them  
 to pure Number; and thus their Natures being no longer  
 coloured

and confused, they may be regulated and formulated in  
Simplicity  
by the Operation of Pure Reason, to their great Comfort  
in the  
Work of our Transcendental Art, whereby the Many become  
One.

SEQUITUR (2) CLASSICA

My son, neglect not in any wise the study of the  
Writings of  
Antiquity, and that in the original Language. For by  
this thou  
shalt discover the History of the Structure of thy  
Mind, that is,  
its Nature regarded as the last Term in a Sequence of  
Causes and  
Effects. For thy Mind hath been built up of these  
Elements, so

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that in these Books thou mayst bring into the Light  
thine own  
sub-conscious Memories. And thy Memory is as it were  
the Mortar  
in the House of thy Mind, without which is no Cohesion  
or Indi-  
viduality possible, so that it is called Dementia. And  
these  
Books have lived long and become famous because they  
are the  
Fruits of ancient Trees whereof thou art directly the  
Heir, where-  
fore (say I) they are more truly germane to thine own  
Nature than  
Books of Collateral Offshoots, though such were in  
themselves  
better and wiser. Yes, O my son, in these Writings  
thou mayst  
study to come to the true Comprehension of thine own  
Nature, and  
that of the whole Universe, in the dimensions of Time,  
even as  
the Mathematic declareth it in that of Space: that is,  
of Exten-  
sion. Moreover, by this Study shall the Child  
comprehend the  
Foundation of Manners: the which, as sayeth one of the  
Sons of  
Wisdom, maketh Man.

## SEQUITUR (3) SCIENTIFICA

Since Time and Space are the conditions of Mind, these  
 two  
 Studies are fundamental. Yet there remaineth  
 Causality, which  
 is the Root of the Actions and Reactions of Nature.  
 This also  
 shalt thou seek ardently, that thou mayest comprehend  
 the  
 Variety of the Universe, its Harmony and its Beauty,  
 with the  
 Knowledge of that which compelleth it. Yet this is not  
 equal  
 to the former two in Power to reveal thee to thyself;  
 and its  
 first Use is to instruct thee in the true Method of  
 Advancement  
 in Knowledge, which is, fundamentally, the observation  
 of the  
 Like and Unlike. Also, it shall arouse in thee the  
 Ecstasy  
 of Wonder; and it shall bring thee to a proper  
 Understanding  
 of Art Magick. For our Magick is but one of the Powers  
 that  
 lie within us undeveloped and unanalysed; and it is by  
 the  
 Method of Science that it must be made clear, and  
 available to  
 the Use of Man. Is not this a Gift beyond Price, the  
 Fruit  
 of a Tree not only of Knowledge but of Life? For there  
 is that  
 in Man which is God, and there is that also which is  
 Dust; and  
 by our Magick we shall make these twain one Flesh, to  
 the Ob-  
 taining of the Empery of the Universe.

I suppose I might have put it more concisely: Classics is  
 itself  
 Initiation, being the key of the Unconscious; Mathematics is  
 the Art  
 of manipulating the Ruach, and of raising it to Neschamah;  
 and Science  
 is co-terminous with Magick.

These are the three branches of study which I regard as  
 fundamental.  
 No others are in the same class. For instance, Geography is  
 almost  
 meaningless until one makes it real by dint of honest  
 travel, which  
 does not mean either "commuting" or "luxury cruises," still  
 less

"globe-trotting." Law is a specialized study, with a view  
to a career;  
History is too unsystematic and uncertain to be of much use  
as mental  
training; Art is to be studied for and by one's solitary  
self; any  
teaching soever is rank poison.

The final wisdom on this subject is perhaps the old  
"Something of  
everything, and everything of something."

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours ever,

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P.S. Better mention, perhaps, that literacy is no test of  
education.  
For ignorance of life, the don class leaves all others at  
the post;  
and it is these monkish and monkeyish recluses, with their  
hideous  
clatter and cackle, "The tittering, thin-bearded, epicene,"  
"Dwarf,  
fringed with fear," the obscene vole, dweller by and in  
backwaters  
that has foisted upon us the grotesque and poisonous  
superstition  
that wisdom abides only in dogs-eared, worm-eaten, mule-  
inspired  
long-forgotten as misbegotten folios.

I like the story --- it is a true tale --- of the old Jew  
millionaire who  
bought up the annual waste of the Pennsylvania Railroad ---  
a matter of  
Three Million Dollars. He called with his cheque very  
neatly made  
out --- and signed it by making his mark! The Railroad Man  
was naturally  
falbbergasted, and could not help exclaiming, "Yet you made  
all those  
millions of yours --- what would you have been if only you  
had been able  
to read and write?" "Doorkeeper at the Synagogue" was the  
prompt

reply. His illiteracy had disqualified him when he applied for the job after landing.

The story is not only true, but "of all Truth;" see my previous letter on "Certainty.

Books are not the only medium even of learning; more, what they teach is partial, prejudiced, meagre, sterile, uncertain, and alien to reality. It follows that all the best books are those which make no pretence to accuracy: poetry, theatre, fiction. All others date. Another point is that Truth abides above and aloof from intellectual expression, and consequently those books which bear the Magic Keys of the Portal of the Intelligible by dint of inspiration and suggestion come more nearly to grips with Reality than those whose appeal is only to the Intellect. "Didactic" poetry, "realistic" plays and novels, are contradictions in terms.

P.P.S. One more effort: the above reminds me that I have said no word about the other side of the medal. There are many children who cannot be educated at all in any sense of the word. It is an abominable waste of both of them and of the teacher to push against brick walls.

Yet one last point. I am as near seventy as makes no matter, and I am still learning with all my might. All my life I have been taught: governesses, private tutors, schools, private and public, the best of the Universities: how little I know! I have traveled all over the world in all conditions, from "grand seigneur," to "holy man;" how little I know!

What then of the ninety-and-nine, dragged by the ears through suicide examinations, and kicked out of school into factory in their teens? They have learnt only just enough to facilitate the swallowing of the

gross venal lies of the radio and the Yellow Press; or, if mother-wit has chanced to warn them, they learn a little --- very little --- more, getting their Science from a Shilling Handbook and so on, till they know just enough to become dangerous agitators.

No, anything like a real education demands leisure, the conversation

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of the wise, the means to travel, and the rest.

There is only one solution: to pick out the diamonds from the clay, cut them, polish them, and set them as they deserve. Attempt no idiot experiments with the muck of the mine! You will observe that I am advocating an aristocratic revolution. And so I am!

P.P.P.S. Short of the ideals above outlined, you may as well have a pis aller --- words of astonishing insight and wisdom, not alien to the Law Thelema, and written by one who was trained on The Book of the Law.

"Self-confidence must be cultivated in the younger members of the nation from childhood onwards. Their whole education and training must be directed towards giving them a conviction that they are superior to others", wrote Hitler.

"In the case of female education," I read on, "the main stress should be laid on bodily training, after that on character, and, last of all, on the intellect; but the one absolute aim of female education must be with a view to the future mother."

They are quoted as an extreme example of all that is horrible and evil by Mr. George E. Chust of the Daily Telegraph --- from Mein Kampf!

P.P.P.P.S. There is a game, an improvement on the "Spelling Bee" --- I have anti-christened it "Fore and aft" so as to be natty and naval --- which is in my opinion one of the three or four best indoor games for two ever invented., Here are the rules, in brief: any disputed points? Apply to me.

1. A "Word" consists of four or more letters.
  2. It must be printed in big black type in the Dictionary chosen for reference. (Nuttall's is fairly good, though some very well-known words are omitted. The Oxford Pocket Dictionary is useless; it is for morons, illiterates, wallowers in "Basic English" --- and [I suppose] Oxonians. No proper names, however well-known, unless used as common: e.g. Bobby, a flatfoot, a beetlecrusher, a harness bull; or Xantippe, a shrew, a lady. X-rays is given in the plural only: ditto "R"ntgen-rays", and they give "R"ntgenogram". "You never can tell!" Participles, plurals and the like are not "words" unless printed as such in big black type. E.g. Nuttall's "Juttingly" is a word; "jutting" is not, being in smaller type. "Soaking" is in small type, but also in big type as a noun; so it is a word.)
  3. The Dictionary is the sole and final arbiter. This produces blasphemy, but averts assassination.
  4. The first player starts with the letter A. The second may put any letter he chooses either before or after that A. The other continues as he will, and can.
  5. The player who cannot add a letter without completing a "word" loses.
- They proceed to B, and so on to Z.



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6. A player whose turn it is must either add his letter within a reasonable (This is a matter of good feeling, courtesy and consideration) time, may say "I challenge" or, alternatively, "That is a 'word'." The other must then give the "word" that he intends, or deny that it is a "word" within the meaning of the Art, as the case may be. The Dictionary decides the winner. The challenged player may give one word only, and that in the form which is printed in the Dictionary; e.g. if he were challenged at BRUSS, and answered Brussels, he would lose; if BRUSSELS-SPROUTS, he would win. Hyphens need not be given. CASHMERE is a "word"; it is a kind of shawl, etc., so is CHARLEY, a night-watchman. Don't argue: the Dictionary decides.

7. This game calls not only for an extensive vocabulary but for courage; foresight, judgment, resource, subtlety and even low cunning. It can be played by more than two players, but the more there are, the more the element of chance comes in; and this is hateful to really fine players and diminishes the excitement. The rapier-play of two experts, when a word changes from one line of formation to another, and then again, perhaps even a third time, is as exhilarating as a baseball-game or a bull-fight.

And what the Tartarus-Tophet-Jehanna has all this to do with Education, and the Great Work? This, child! H.G.Wells and others have pointed out with serene justice that a gap in your vocabulary implies a gap in your mind; you lack the corresponding idea. Too true, "Erbert! But I threap that a pakeha with such xerotes as his will chowter with an arsis of ischonophony, beyond aught that any fub, even in Vigonia and dwale mammodis with a cascade from a Dewan tauty, a kiss-me-quick, a

chou over her merkin and a parka over her chudder could do  
to save  
him, and have an emprosthotos, when he reads this. Sruti!

(Whaur's your Wullie Chaucer noo?)

I put this in for you because an American officer<sup>3</sup>, very  
dear to me,  
flited from the Front for a few days to ask me a few  
questions --- oh,  
"very much above your exalted grade" my dear --- and I  
thought it might  
be useful to him to learn this game, needing, as it does,  
such very  
meagre apparatus, to wile away some of the long hours  
between attacks.  
He picked it up quickly enough; but, after a bit when I  
suggested  
that he should pass it on to his comrades-in-arms, he jeered  
at me  
openly!

Their vocabulary to mine, he said, holds just about the same  
proportion  
as mine does to yours; I hypothesized modestly, "about five  
per cent."  
(After all, I am forty-five years his senior.) He roared at  
me. "Not  
one in a hundred," he said, "know so much as the names of  
nine-tenths  
of the subjects that I discuss habitually and fluently.  
They gasp,  
they gape, they grunt, the gibber; it is almost always black  
bewilder-  
ment<sup>4</sup>. And some of them are college graduates --- which I'm  
not."

<sup>3</sup> WEH NOTE: Probably Grady Louis McMurtry, who became  
"Caliph" or  
acting head of O.T.O. many years later.

<sup>4</sup>\* They attach no meaning to these words:  
Palaeontology  
Criterion  
Vector  
Synthesis (They know "synthetic" but can't connect it  
with the noun)  
Epitome

He was snatched from school, and given a commission on the spot, apparently because he was one of very few that could be differentiated from the average Learned Pig.

All this made me exceeding sorrowful. I began to understand why my Liber OZ, written entirely in words of one syllable only, with this very idea in mind, turned out to be completely beyond the average man's (or woman's) understanding. I had some Mass Observation done on it.

"But this is rank socialism," "Sy, ayn't this all Fascism?" "Oh Golly!" "Cripes!" "Coo!" "How dreadful!" about the nearest most of them got to Ralph Straus and Desmond MacCarthy!

Words of one syllable! Louis Marlow<sup>5</sup> had already told me what a fool I was to expect that. "All they can digest," said he, "is a mess of stewed clichés with Bird's custard Power."

Damn everything --- it's true, it's true.

So do you at least get together the stones that you need to build your Basilica!

CHAPTER LXXIII.

"MONSTERS," NIGGERS, JEWS, ETC.

Cara Soror,

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

Come now, is this quite fair? When I agreed to tip you off about Magick and the rest, I certainly never expected to be treated as if I were being interviewed by an American Sunday Newspaper. What do I prefer for breakfast, and my views on the future of the theatre, and is the Great White Brotherhood in favour of Eugenic Babies? No, dear sister --- I nearly said sob-sister. But this I will say, you have been very artful, and led me on very cleverly --- you must have been a terror to young men --- for the matter of that, I dare say you are still!

And I don't see how to get out of swallowing this last sly  
bait; as  
you say, "Every man and every woman is a star." does need  
some attention  
to the definition of "man" and "woman". What is the  
position, you say,  
of "monsters"? And men of "inferior" races, like the  
Veddah, Hottentot  
and the Australian Blackfellow? There must be a line  
somewhere, and

Foreign Policy (To them a mere phrase; no idea of its  
connotation

or principles)

Demology

Entrepreneur

Correspondent and Co-respondent. (They don't know the  
difference)

Subcutaneous

Chordee)

Gleet ) (Although they have them!)

Histology ("Something to do with history")

5^ WEH NOTE: Louis Umfraville Wilkinson wrote under this pen  
name. He was

one of two individuals named to be literary executors under  
Crowley's

Last Will and Testament.

16

will I please draw it? You make me feel like Giotto!

There is one remark which I must make at the beginning.

It's some

poet or other, Tennyson or Kipling, I think (I forget who)  
that wrote:

"Folks in the loomp, is baad." It is true all round.

Someone wisely

took note that the vilest man alive had always found someone  
to love

him. Remember the monster<sup>6</sup> that Sir Frederick Treves picked  
up from

an East End peep-show, and had petted by princesses? (What  
a cunning

trick!) Revolting, all the same, to read his account of it.

He --- the

monster, not Treves! --- seems to have been a most charming  
individual ---

ah! That's the word we want. Every individual has some  
qualities

that endear him to some other. And per contra, I doubt if there is any class which is not detestable to some other class. Artists, police, the clergy, "reds," foxhunters, Freemasons, Jews, "heaven-born," women's clubwomen (especially in U.S.A.), "Methodys," golfers, dog-lovers; you can't find one body without its "natural" enemies. It's right, what's worse; every class, as a class, is almost sure to have more defects than qualities. As soon as you put men together, they somehow sink, corporatively, below the level of the worst of the individuals composing it. Collect scholars on a club committee, or men of science on a jury; all their virtues vanish, and their vices pop out, reinforced by the self-confidence which the power of numbers is bound to bestow.

It is peculiarly noticeable that when a class is a ruling minority, it acquires a detestation as well as a contempt for the surrounding "mob." In the Northern States of U.S.A., where the whites are overwhelming in number, the "nigger" can be more or less a "regular fellow;" in the South, where fear is a factor, Lynch Law prevails. (Should it? The reason for "NO" is that it is a confession of weakness.) But in the North, there is a very strong feeling about certain other classes: the Irish, the Italians, the Jews. Why? Fear again; the Irish in politics, the Italians in crime, the Jews in finance. But none of these phobias prevent friendship between individuals of hostile classes.

I think that perhaps I have already written enough --- at least enough to start you thinking on the right lines. And mark well this! The submergence of the individual in his class means the end of all true human relations between men. Socialism means war. When the class moves as a class, there can be no exceptions.

This is no original thought of mine; Stalin and Hitler both saw it

crystal-clear; both, the one adroitly, the other clumsily,  
 but with  
 equally consummate hypocrisy, acted it out. They picked  
 individuals  
 to rule under their autocracy, killed off those that  
 wouldn't fit,  
 destroyed the power of the Trades Unions or Soviets while  
 pretending  
 to make them powerful and prosperous, and settled down to  
 the serious  
 business of preparing for the war which both knew to be  
 inevitable.

It is this fundamental fact which ensures that every  
 democracy shall  
 end with an upstart autocrat; the stability of peace depends  
 upon  
 the original idea which aggrandized America in a century  
 from four  
 millions to a hundred: extreme individualism with  
 opportunity. Our  
 own longest period of peace abroad (bar frontier skirmishes  
 like the  
 Crimean war) and prosperity at home coincided with Free  
 Trade and  
 Laissez-faire.

6^ WEH NOTE {needs research}: Is this the "Elephant Man"?

17

Now we may return, refreshed, to the main question of  
 monsters, real  
 (like Treves') or imaginary like Jews and niggers.

'Arf a mo! Haven't we solved the problem, ambulando?  
 Everything  
 would be okydoke and hunkydory if only we can prevent  
 classes from  
 acting as such?

I suppose so. Then, what about a spot of pithy paradox for  
 a change?

Why should the classes want to act as classes? It's  
 obvious; "Union  
 is strength." The worst Fifteen can do more with a football  
 than the  
 best opposing team of one --- excuse my Irish!

Well, that tortoise is that elephant based upon? Why, still obviously,  
upon the universal sense of individual weakness. We all want a big  
bruvver to tell of him! Hence the Gods and the Classes.  
It's fear  
at the base of the whole pyramid of skulls.

How right politicians are to look upon their constituents as cattle!  
Anyone who has any experience of dealing with any class as such knows  
the futility of appealing to intelligence, indeed to any other quali-  
ties than those of brutes.

And so, whenever we find one Man who has no fear like Ibsen's Doctor  
Stockmann or Mark Twain's Colonel Grainger that strolled out on his  
balcony with his shotgun to face the mob that had come to lynch him,  
he can get away with it. "An Enemy of the People" wrote Ibsen, "Ye  
are against the people, O my chosen!" says The Book of the Law. (AL  
II, 25).

Not only does it seem to me the only conceivable way of reconciling  
this and similar passages with "Every man and every woman is a star."  
to assert the sovereignty of the individual, and to deny the right-  
to-exist to "class-consciousness," "crowd-psychology," and so to mob-  
rule and Lynch-Law, but also the only practicable plan whereby we may  
each one of us settle down peaceably to mind his own business, to  
pursue his True Will, and to accomplish the Great Work.

So never lose sight for a moment of the maxim so often repeated in  
one context or another in these letters: that fear is at the root of  
every possibility of trouble, and that "Fear is failure, and the fore-  
runner of failure. Be thou therefore without fear; for in the heart  
of the coward virtue abideth not."

Good-night; and don't look under the bed!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

CHAPTER LXXIV.

OBSTACLES ON THE PATH.

Cara Soror,

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

18

Peccavi! And how! But my excuse is good, and I will try to make amends.

First, a little counter-attack --- your letter is so rambling and diffuse that at first I couldn't make out what you were getting at, and at last decided that it is much too random to reproduce, or even to deal with in detail. I shall simply formulate the case for the Prosecution, plead guilty, and appeal for clemency.

The gravamen is that the Path of the Wise is gay with flowers, gilded with kiosks, and beset with snares; that every step is the Abode of Terror and Rapture --- and all that! Yet I habitually write in the manner of a drunken dominie! You "gaped for Aeschylus, and got Theognis."

I tempted you, it seems with The Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz, its incomparable mystery and glamour, its fugitive beauty, its ineffable romance, its chivalry and its adventure, pellucid gleams as of sunlight under the sea, vast brooding wings of horror overshadowing the firmament, yet with strong Starlight constant overbead. And then I let you down!

You did expect at least something of the atmosphere of the Arabian



Nights; if not so high, of Apuleius and Petronius Arbiter;  
 of Rabelais,  
 Meinhold, de la Motte Fouqu,; and the Morte d'Arthur in  
 later times, of  
 Balzac, Dumas, Lytton, Huysmans, Mabel Collins and Arthur  
 Machen.

You look at me with strange sad eyes: "But you, too, Master,  
 have not  
 you too led a life as strange, as glamorous, as weird and  
 as romantic,  
 as the best of them? Then why this cold detachment from  
 that ambience?"  
 Well, if you put it like that, I can only say that I feel at  
 the same  
 time more guilty and entirely innocent!

For, while the charge is true, the defence is not to be  
 shaken.

The worst of all teachers are the Boloney Magnates, of whom  
 I have  
 already given some account. But the next worst are just  
 exactly those  
 who try to create an atmosphere of romance, and succeed only  
 in a crude  
 theatricalism. So, avoiding the swirling turmoil of Scylla,  
 I have  
 broken the ship on the barren rock Charybdis.{Editorial Q. -  
 -- isn't this bas-  
 akwards? WEH}

Now let me hearten you, brave sister! All the old tales are  
 true!  
 You can have as many dragons, princesses, vampires, knights-  
 errant,  
 glendowers, enchanted apes, Jinn, sorcerers and incubi as  
 you like to  
 fancy, and --- whoa Emma! did I tell you about Cardinal  
 Newman? Well,  
 I will.

The one passage in his snivelling Apologia which impressed  
 me was a  
 tale of his childhood --- before the real poet, lover and  
 mystic had  
 been buried beneath the dung-heap of Theology. He tells us  
 that he  
 read the Arabian Nights --- in a heavily Bowdlerized  
 edition, bet you  
 a tosser! --- and was enchanted, like the rest of us, so  
 that he sighed  
 "I wish these tales were true!" The same thing happened to  
 me; but  
 I set my teeth, and muttered: "I will make these tales  
 true!"

Well, I have, haven't I? You said it yourself!

19

Let me be very frank about one point. It has always puzzled me completely why one is forbidden to relate certain of one's adventures. You remember, perhaps, in one of these letters I started out gaily to tell you some quite simple things --- I couldn't, can't, see quite what harm could come of it --- and I was pulled up sharp --- yes, and actually punished, like a school-boy! I had often done much more impudent things, and nobody seemed to give a hoot. Oh somebody tell me why!

The only suggestion that occurs to me is that I might somehow be "giving occasion to the enemy to blaspheme." Let it go at that!  
"Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!"

Yes child, my deepest attitude is to be found in my life. I have been to most of the holy inaccessible places, and talked with the most holy inaccessible men; I have dared all the most dangerous adventures, both of the flesh and of the spirit; and I challenge the world's literature to match for sublimity and terror such experiences as those in the latter half of The Vision and the Voice.

You understand, of course, that I say all this merely in indication; or rather, as I said before, as an appeal for clemency.

On the contrary (you will retort) you are a mean cat (Felis Leo, please!) not to let us all in on the ground floor of so imposing a Cathedral!

To atone? Not a catalogue, which would be interminable; not a classi-

fiction, which would be impossible, save in the roughest terms;  
 nothing but a few short notes, possibly an anecdote or so.  
 Just a  
 tickle or a dram of schnapps, to enliven the proceedings.  
 ordeals ---  
 temptations --- that sort of thing. A general Khabardar  
 karo! With  
 now and then a snappy Achtung!

Oh, curse this mind of mine! I just can't help running to  
 hide under  
 the broad skirts of the Qabalah! It's Disk, Sword, Cup and  
 Wand again!  
 Sorry, but c'est trop fort pour moi.

Disks. To master Earth, remember that the Disk is always  
 spinning;  
 fix this idea, get rid of its solidity.

Commonly, the first tests of the young Aspirant refer to  
 cash --- "that's  
 God's sol solid in this world." The proper magical attitude  
 is very  
 hard to describe. (I'm not talking of that black hen's egg  
 any more;  
 that is simple.) Very sorry to have to say it, but it is  
 not unlike  
 that of the spendthrift. Money must circulate, or it loses  
 its true  
 value. A banker in New York once told me that the dollar  
 circulated  
 nine times as fast as the English equivalent, so that people  
 seemed  
 to themselves to be nine times as rich. (I told you about  
 the £100  
 note in a special letter on Money). But here I am stressing  
 the  
 spiritual effect; what happens is that anxiety vanishes; one  
 feels  
 that as it goes out, so it comes in. This view is not  
 incompatible  
 with thrift and prudence, and all that lot of virtues, far  
 from it, it  
 tucks in with them quite easily. You must practise this;  
 there's a  
 knack in it. Success in this leads to a very curious result  
 indeed;  
 not only does the refusal to count (Fourpen'north or Yoga,  
 please miss,  
 and Mum says can I have a penny if I bring back the  
 bottle!), bring  
 about the needlessness of counting, but also one acquires  
 the power  
 to command!

20

A century ago, very nearly, there lived in Bristol and "Open Brother" names Muller, who was a wizard at this; Grace before breakfast, the usual palaver about the Lord and His blessings and His bounty et cetera, da capo; to conclude "and, Blessed Lord, we would humbly venture to remind Thee that this morning Thou art æ3 4s. 6 1/2d. short in the accounts; trusting that Thou wilt give this small matter Thine immediate attention, for Jesus' Christ's sake, Amen." Sure enough, when he came to open his post, there would be just enough, sometimes exactly enough, to cover that amount.

This story was told me by an enemy, who thought quite seriously that he would go to Hell for being "Open." ("Open" Brethren were lax about the Lord's Supper, let people partake who were not sound upon the Ramsgate Question; and other Theological Atrocities!) It meant that the facts were so undeniable that the "advertisement for Answer to Prayer" outweighed the "miracle by a heretic."

I knew a poetess of great distinction who used to amuse herself by breaking off a conversation and saying, "Give me a franc" (or a shilling, or any small sum) and then going on with her previous remarks. She told me that of over a hundred people I was the second who had passed the coin to her without remark of any kind.

This story --- do you think? --- is neither here no there. No, my remarks are rarely asyntartete. The Masters, at one stage or another of initiation --- it is forbidden to indicate the conditions --- arrange for some test of the Aspirant's attitude in some matter, not necessarily involving cash. If he fails, goodnight!

Swords, now. The snags connected with this type of test are probably the nastiest of any. Misunderstanding, confusion, logical error (and, worse, logical precision of the kind that distinguishes many lunatics), dispersion, indecision, failure to estimate values correctly --- oh! --- there is no end to the list. So much so, indeed, that there is no specific critical test, it is all part of the routine, and goes on incessantly.

Well, there is just one. Without warning a decision of critical importance has to be made by the candidate, and he is given so many minutes to say Yes or No. He gets no second chance.

But I must warn you of one particular disgrace. You know that people of low mentality haunt fortune-tellers of equal calibre, but with more low cunning. They do not really want to know the future, or to get advice; their real object is to persuade some supposed "authority" to flatter them and confirm them in their folly and stupidity.

It is the same thing with a terrifying percentage of the people that come for "teaching" and "initiation." The moment they learn anything they didn't know before, off they fly in a temper! No sooner does it become apparent that the Master is not a stupid middle-class prig and hypocrite --- another edition of themselves, in short -- - they are frightened, they are horrified, they flee away on both their feet, like the man in the Bible! I have seen people turn fish-belly pale in the face, and come near fainting outright, when it has dawned upon them suddenly that magick is a real thing!

It's all beyond me!

Cups: we are much more definite again. The great test is so well known, and accounts have already been published, that it can be here plainly stated. Early in his career, the Aspirant is exposed to the seductions of a Vampire, and warned in due form and due season.

"Sleep with A,B,C,D,E and F, my lad, and our hearty best wishes! But not with G on any account, on peril of your work!"

So off he goes to G, without a second's hesitation. This test may be prolonged; the deadliness and subtlety of the danger has been recognized, and he may have half a dozen warnings, either direct or springing from his relations with her. And the penalty is not so drastically final; often he gets off with a term of penal servitude.

On the other hand, the Aspirant who can spot at the first hint why the Masters think that particular woman a danger, and acts promptly and decisively as he should, is secretly marked down as a sword of very fine temper indeed!

The rest of the Cup Ordeals consists for the most part of progressive estimations of the quality of the Postulant's devotion to the work; there is not, as a rule, anything particularly spectacular or dramatic in it. If you stick to your Greetings and Adorations and all such mnemonics, you are not likely to go very far wrong.

Wands: this obviously a pure question of Will. You will find as you go on that obstacles of varying degrees of difficulty confront you; and the way in which you deal with them is most carefully watched. The best advice that I can give is to remember that there is little need of the Bull-at-a-Gate method, though that must always be ready in reserve; no, the best analogy is rapier-play. Elastic strength.

Warfare shows us.

That seems to cover your question more or less; but don't forget that it depends on yourself how much of the dramatic quality colours your Path. I suppose I have been lucky to have had the use of all the traditional trappings; but it is always possible to make a "coat of many colours" out of a heap of rags. To show you that you have had Chaucer and John Bunyan --- yes, and Laurence Sterne: to bring up the rear, James Thomson (B.V.) to say nothing of Conrad and Hardy. Nor let me forget The Cream of the Jest and The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck of my friend, James Branch Cabell.

So now, fair damozel, bestride thy palfrey, and away to the Mountains of Magick!

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666

P.S. One danger I had purposely passed over, as it is not likely to come your way. But, since others may read these letters ---

Some, and these the men of highest promise, often of great achievement,

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are tempted by Treason. The acquire a "Judas-complex," think how splendid it would be if they were to destroy the Order --- or, at the very least, unhorse the Master.

This is, of course, absurd in itself, because if they had crossed the Abyss, they would understand why it is impossible. It would be like "destroying Electricity," or "debunking" the Venus of Milo. The maxi-

mum of success possible in such an operation would be to become a "Black-Brother;" but what happens in practice, so far as my own experience goes, is complete dispersion of the mental faculties amounting to suicide; I could quote no less than four cases in which actual physical self-murder was the direct result.

CHAPTER LXXV.

#### THE A.'. A.'. AND THE PLANET

Cara Soror,

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

You Write:

"Am I to understand that the A.'. A.'. has two main lines of Work.

(1) The initiation of Individuals, (2) Action on the world in

general --- say "Weltpolitik"? Because your letters on the History

of Magick do imply (2); and yet the A.'. A.'. discourages any

form of group working. Is it that the Masters (80 = 3p Magistri

Templi) having been admitted to the Third Order --- the A.'. A.'. proper;

below this are R.R. et A.C. and G.'. D.'. --- are no longer

liable to the dangers which make group activity in lower grades

undesirable. Or do they still work as Individuals, yet, because

they are initiates, appear to act as a corporate body? You have

often expressed yourself as if this were so. 'Of course, They had

to pick on me to do the dirty work' is a typical growl of the old

Big Lion! But again there is that Magical Memory of yours when

you came down from that Hermitage in the little wood overhanging

the nullah below the Great Peak 'somewhere in Asia' and sat in

some sort of Consistory in the valley where the great Lamaserai ---

or whatever it was --- towers over the track, (I quote some of your

phrases from memory.) Which is it?"



My dear child, that is all very sensibly put; and the answer is that Convenience would decide. Then you go on, after a digression:

"Then how are They acting at present? What impact has the new Word, Thelema, made upon the planet? What are we to expect as a result? And can we poor benighted outsiders help Them in any way?  
I know it's 'cheek' to ask."

then turn the other cheek, and repeat the question! I will do my best to make it all clear. But do not forget that I am myself completely in the dark with regard to the special functions of most of my colleagues.

To begin, then!

Achtung! I am going to be hard-boiled; my first act is to enlist the

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Devil himself in our ranks, and take the Materialistic Interpretation of History from Karl Marx, and accept economic laws as the manifest levers which determine the fortune of one part of the earth or another.

I shall take exception only by showing that these principles are second-ary: oil in Texas, nitrates on the Pacific slope of the Andes, sulphur in Louisiana (which put Etna's nose out of joint by making it cheaper for the burgers of Messina to import it from four thousand miles away instead of digging it out of their own back garden), even coal and timber, upset very few apple-carts until individual genius had found for these commodities such uses as our grandfathers never dreamed. The technical developments of almost every form of wealth are the

forebears of Big Business; and Big Business, directly or indirectly,  
is the immediate cause of War.

In the "To-day and to-morrow" series is an essay called  
Ouroboros, by  
Garet Garrett; one of the most shrewd and deep-delving  
analysis of  
economics ever written. May I condense him crudely? Mass  
Production  
for profit fails when its markets are exhausted; so every  
effort is  
made to impose it not only on the native but the foreigner,  
and should  
guile fail, then force!

But the process ineluctably goes on; when the whole world  
buys the  
nasty stuff, and will accept no other, the exploiter is  
still faced by  
diminishing returns. No possibility of expansion; sooner or  
later  
dividends dwindle, and the Business is Bust.

To even the most stupid it becomes plain at this stage that  
war is  
wholly ruinous; organization breaks down altogether; one  
meaningless  
revolution follows another; famine and pestilence complete  
the job.

Last time --- when Osiris replaced Isis --- the wreck was  
limited in scope  
--- note that it was the civilized, the organized part that  
broke down.

(Jews and Arabs could remain aloof, and keep a small torch  
burning  
until Light returned with the Renaissance.)

This time there is no civilization which can escape being  
involved in  
the totality of the catastrophe.

Towards this collapse all totalitarian movements inevitably  
tend.  
Bertrand Russell himself admits that, although himself  
"temperamentally  
Anarchistic," Society must be yet more organized than it is  
to-day if  
it is to exist at all.

But his, as Garet Garrett shows, is the John Gilpin type of  
horseman-  
ship. We are to-day more or less at the stage where "off  
flew Gilpin's  
hat and wig."

Achievement of high aims, which tends ultimately to the well-being, the prosperity of the republic, depends on the proportion of masters to servants. The stability of a building depends on the proportion of superstructure to foundations. The rule holds good in every department of Nature. There is an optimum for every case. If there is one barber for ten thousand men, most of them will remain unshorn; if there are five thousand barbers, most of them will be out of a job.

Apply this measure to society; there must be an optimum relation between

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industry and agriculture, between town and country. When the proper balance is not struck, the community must depend on outside help, importing what it lacks, exporting its surplus. This is an unnatural state of affairs; it results in business, and therefore ultimately in war. That is, as soon as the stress set up by the conditions becomes insupportable. So long as "business" is confined to luxuries, no great harm need result; but when interference with the flow of foreign trade threatens actual necessities, the unit concerned realizes that it is in danger of strangulation. Consider England's food supply! Switzerland, Russia, China, the U.S.A. can laugh at U-boats. England must support a Navy, a wealth-consuming, not a wealth-producing, item in the Budget. Similar remarks apply to practically all Government Departments. The minimum of organization is desirable; all artificial doctrinaire multiplication of works which produce no wealth is waste; and for many reasons (some absurd, like "social position") tend to create fresh

unnecessary necessities. Ad infinitum, like the fleas in the epigram!

When laws are reasonable in the eyes of the average man, he respects them, keeps them, does his best to maintain them; therefore a minute Police Force, with powers strictly limited, is adequate to deal with the almost negligibly small criminal class. A convention is laudable when it is convenient. When laws are unjust, monstrous, ridiculous, that same average man, will he-nill he, becomes a criminal; and the law requires a Tcheka or a Gestapo with dictatorial powers and no safeguards to maintain the farce. Also, corruption becomes normal in official circles; and is excused. I refer you to Mr. J. H. Thomas.<sup>7</sup>

One evil leads to another; the seven devils always take possession of a house that is swept and garnished to the point at which people find it uncomfortable.

But is not all this beside the point, you ask? No. It was needful to indicate this cumulative progression to social shipwreck, because, to-day an obvious peril of the most menacing, in 1904 no ordinary sane person foresaw anything of the sort. But special knowledge alters things, and it is certain that the Masters anticipated, with great exactness of calculation, the way things would go in the political world.

Practically all the messages received during the "Cairo Working" (March-April 1904 e.v.) came to me through Ouarda. No woman ever lived who was more ignorant of, or less interested in, anything to do with politics, or the welfare of the race; she cared for nothing beyond her personal comfort and pleasure. When the communications ceased, she dropped the whole affair without a thought.

She nearly always referred to the authors of these messages as "They:" when asked who "They" were, she would say haltingly and stupidly "the

gods," or some equally unhelpful term. But she was always absolutely clear and precise as to the instructions. The New Aeon was to supersede the old; my special job was to preserve the Sacred Tradition, so that a new Renaissance might in due season rekindle the hidden Light. I was accordingly to make a Quintessence of the Ancient Wisdom, and publish it in as permanent a form as possible. This I did in The Equinox. I should perhaps have been strictly classical, and admitted only the

7\* The Chancellor of the Exchequer, having fixed the increase of Income Tax at threepence, proceeded to defraud the Insurance Companies by insuring himself against a rise of the sum!

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"Publication in Class "A", "A-B", "B " and "D" material. But I had the idea that it would be a good plan to add all sorts of other stuff, so that people who were not in any way interested in the real Work might preserve their copies.

This by the way: the essence this letter is to show that "They", not one person but a number acting in concert, not only foresaw a planet-wide catastrophe, but were agreed on measures calculated to assure the survival of the Wisdom worth saving until the time, perhaps three hundred or six hundred years later, when a new current should revive the shattered thought of mankind.

The Equinox, in a word, was to be a sort of Rosetta Stone.

There is one other matter of incomparable importance: the wars which have begun the disintegration of the world have followed, each at an interval of nine months, the operative publications of The Book of the

Law. This again seems to make it almost certain that "They" not only know the future, at least in broad outline, but are at pains to arrange it. I have no doubt that the advance of Natural Science is in the charge of a certain group of "Masters." Even the spiritually and morally as well as the physically destructive phenomena of our age must be parts of some vast all-comprehensive plan.

Putting two and two together, and making 718, it looks as if the Masters acquiesced in and helped to fulfill, the formula of the catastrophic succession of the Aeons.

An analogy. We have the secret of the Elixir of Life, and could carry on in the same body indefinitely; yet at least some masters prefer to reincarnate in the regular way, only taking care to waste no time in Ameniti, but to get back to the Old Bench and pick up the New Tools with the minimum of delay.

By having attained the Freedom of "Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes Beyond Heaven's constellated wilderness" "we are blessed; and bless" by refusing to linger therein, but shouldering once more "Atlantean the load of the too vast orb of" the Karma of Mankind.

This hypothesis does at least make intelligible Their action in riding for a fall instead of preventing it. It may also be that They feel that human progress has reached its asymptote so far as the old Formula can take it. In fact, unless we take some such view, there does not seem to be much point in taking an action so fundamentally revolutionary (on the surface) as the proclamation of a New Word.

But then (you will object, if an objection it be) people like Lenin, Hitler, Mussolini, the Mikado, et hoc genus omne, are loyal emissaries of the Masters, or the gods! Well, why not? An analogy, once more. In the Christian legend we find God (omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent)

employing Judas, Pilate and Herod, no less than Jesus, as actors in the Drama which replaced Isis by Osiris in the Great Formula. Perfectly true; but this fact does not in any way exculpate the criminals. It is no excuse for the Commandants of Belsen and Buchenwald that they were acting under orders. The Drama is not mere play-acting, in which the most virtuous man may play the vilest of parts.

Your further objection, doubtless, will be that this theory makes the

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Masters responsible for the agony of the planet. I refer you to The Book of the Heart Girt with a Serpent, Cp I, v. 33-4-0.

33. Let us take our delight in the multitude of men!  
Let us shape unto ourselves a boat of Mother-of-Pearl from  
them, that we may ride upon the river of Amrit!

34. Thou seest yon petal of Amaranth, blown by the  
wind from the  
low sweet brows of Hathor?

35. (The magister saw it and rejoiced in the beauty of it) Listen!

36. (From a certain world came an infinite wail) That  
falling  
petal seemed to the little ones a wave to engulf  
their  
continent.

37. So they will reproach thy servant, saying: Who  
hath set thee  
to save us?

38. He will be sore distressed.

39. All they will understand not that thou and I are  
fashioning  
a boat of Mother-of-Pearl. We will sail down the  
river of  
Amrit even to the yew groves of Yama, where we may  
rejoice

exceedingly.

40. The joy of men shall be our silver gleam, their  
 woe our blue  
 gleam --- all in the Mother-of-pearl.

And again, Cp. I, v. 50-52 and v. 56-62.

50. Adonai spake yet again with V.V.V.V.V. and said:  
 The earth  
     is ripe for vintage; let us eat of her grapes, and  
 be drunken  
     thereon.

51. And V.V.V.V.V. answered and said: O my Lord, my  
 dove, my  
     excellent one, how shall this word seem unto the  
 children of  
     men?

52. And He answered him: Not as thou canst see. It is  
 certain  
     that every letter of this cipher hath some value;  
 but who  
     shall determine the value? For it varieth ever,  
 according  
     to the subtlety of him that made it.

. . . . .

56. And Adonai said: The strong brown reaper swept  
 his swathe and  
     rejoiced. The wise man counted his muscles and  
 pondered, and  
     understood not, and was sad. Reap thou and  
 rejoice!

57. Then was the adept glad, and lifted his arm. Lo!  
 an earth-  
     quake, and plague, and terror on the earth! A  
 casting down of  
     them that sate in high places; a famine upon the  
 multitude!

58. And the grape fell ripe and rich into his mouth.

59. Stained is the purple of thy mouth, O brilliant  
 one with the  
     white glory of he lips of Adonai.



60. The foam of the grape is like the storm upon the  
 sea; the  
       ships tremble and shudder; the shipmaster is  
 afraid.

61. That is thy drunkenness, O holy one, and the winds  
 whirl away  
       the soul of the scribe into the happy haven.

62. O Lord God! Let the haven be cast down by the  
 fury of the  
       storm! Let the foam of the grape tincture my soul  
 with thy  
       light!

. . . . .

Yes, I dare say. But is there not here a sort of moral  
 oxymoron? Are  
 not the Masters pursuing two diametrically opposed policies  
 at the same  
 time?

Genius --- or Initiation, which implies the liberation and  
 development of  
 the genius latent in us all (is not one of names of the  
 "Holy  
 Guardian Angel" the Genius?) --- is practically the monopoly  
 of the "crazy  
 adventurer," as the official mind will most certainly rate  
 him. Then  
 why do not the Masters oppose all forms of organization  
 tooth-and-nail?

It depends, surely, on the stage which a society has reached  
 on its fall  
 to the servile state. Civilization of course, implies  
 organization up  
 to a certain point. The freedom of any function is built  
 upon system;  
 and so long as Law and Order make it easier for a man to do  
 his True  
 Will, they are admirable. It is when system is adored for  
 its own sake,  
 or as a means of endowing mediocrities with power as such,  
 that the  
 "critical temperature" is attained.

It so happens that I write this on the eve of a General  
 Election in  
 England; and it seems to me that whichever wins, England  
 loses:

The Socialists openly proclaim that they mean to run the country on the lines of a convict prison; but the Tories, for all their fine talk, would be helpless against the Banks and the Trusts to whom they must look for support.

Still, perhaps with a little help from Hashish, one can imagine a Merchant Prince or a Banker being intelligent, or even, in a weak moment, human; and this is not the case with officials. The standard, moreover, of education and Good Manners, low as it is, is less low in Tory circles.

As I think that totalitarian methods are already on the way to extinguish the last spark of manly independence --- that is, in self-styled civilized countries --- it seems to me that we all should regard with shrewd suspicion any plans for "perfecting" social conditions. The extreme horror is the formula of the gregarious type of insect. Inherent in the premises is the impossibility of advance.

One may sum the policy of the A.'. A.'. as follows:

1. To assist the initiation of the individual.
2. To maintain a form of social order in which the adventure of initiation is easy --- to undertake!
3. To work out the Magical Formula of the New Aeon.

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"Ye-e-ss, I s-e-e."

I doubt it. But what you are asking is how to decide upon your personal programme.

The intelligent visitor from who knows what planet was puzzled. He chanced to have landed in England --- to find a General Election in full

blast. (The operative word is "blast".) They must be absolute imbeciles, was his first reaction, to risk upsetting the policy of Government with a first-class war on.

(There would have been no need of such nonsense --- I interrupted --- if Parliament was elected by my simple plan. I'll give you the main idea; I don't insist on the figures. When a candidate is returned by 50 per-cent over his runner-up, he sits for five years. If forty percent, four years; and so on. An alternative --- to "stagger" the assembly, as (I think) is done in the Senate of the United States.)

How are you going to vote?

Rather like the question of the dentist<sup>8</sup>. The teeth can be tinkered: of course, sooner or later they have to go. Is it worth the trouble and expense? The Socialists would have them all out right away, and replaced by a set of "dentures," which (obviously) are perfect. Arrange them, change them, choose your own pattern; no trouble, no pain: all one's dream come true! But hardly biological.

You may argue that convicts are examples of living individuals whose safety, shelter, nourishment and the rest are organized with the utmost care; but accidents will happen in the best-regulated "brown stone jugs." The one ideally automatic case is the foetus. You will agree that here is lack of initiative; in fact, its "True Will" is to escape, albeit into a harsh and hostile universe, fraught with unknown and incalculable dangers.

As the Ritual says: "Prepare to enter the Immeasurable Region!"

I think your decision should depend on how far caries has travelled on its road of destruction.

I do not think that the Masters need be unanimous.

A practical plan might be for them to concentrate on one particular

group, or one part of the world, and to keep this in as good shape as possible until the time has come for Nature to grow a new set.

They will be grown on a new Formula, to meet the new needs, just as when our "permanent" (Alas, not much!) set replace our milk-teeth.

You ask me if I think this change can be made without bloodshed.

No. The obscure autocrats of Diplomacy and Big Business are infinitely stupid and short-sighted; they cannot see an inch beyond their too  
 8^ WEH NOTE: Crowley suffered from bad teeth in his last years, finally having them extracted about six months before his death in 1947 e.v. It is speculated that secondary infection from the extraction may have contributed to his death from pneumonia in December of that year.

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often stigmatically shapen probosces, except where the profit of the next financial year is concerned. They live in perpetual panic, and shy at their own shadows. The accordingly attack even the most innocuous windmills in suicidal charges.

Yes: bella, horrida bella,  
 Et flavem Tibrim spumantem sanguine cerno.

So, whichever way you vote, you are asking for trouble, or would do, if the vote had any meaning. The result of any election, or for the matter of that any revolution, is an almost wholly insignificant component of those stupendous and inscrutable Magical Forces which determine the destinies of the planet.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE GODS: HOW AND WHY THEY OVERLAP

Cara Soror,

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

Your last letter.

I am glad: it shows you have been putting in some genuine original work. Result! You make a very shrewd observation; you have noticed the curious fashion in which Gods seem to overlap. It is not the same (you point out) with Angels. In no other system do we find a parallel for the Living Creatures. Wheels, Wings, Fiery Serpents, with such quasi-human cohorts as the Beni Elohim who beget the children on women, to whom the Qabalah has introduced us. The Beni Elohim is actually an exception; there is the Incubus and some of the Fairy Folk, as well as certain Gods and demi-Gods, who act thus paternally. But you are right in the main. The Arabs, for example, have "seven heavens" and seven Orders of Angels, also Jinn; but the classes are by no means identical. This, even though certain Archangels, notably Gabriel, appear in both systems. But then Gabriel is a definite individual, a person --- and this fact is the key to your puzzle.

For, as I have explained in a previous letter, Gods are people: macro-cosms, not mere collocations of the elements, planets and signs as are most of the angels, intelligences and spirits. It is interesting to note that Gabriel in particular seems to be more than one of these; he enjoys the divine privilege of being himself. Between you and me and the pylon, I suspect that Gabriel who gave the Q'uran to Mohammed was in reality a "Master" or messenger of some such person, more or less as Aiwass describes himself as "...the minister of Hoor-paar-

kraat." (AL I, 7) His name implies some such function; for G.B.R. is Mercury between the Two Greater Lights, Sol and Luna. This seems to mean that he is something more than a lunar or terrestrial arch-angel; as he would appear to be from 777. (There now! That was my private fiend again --- the Demon of Digression. Back to our Gods!)

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777 itself, to say nothing of The Golden Bough and the Good Lord knows how many other similar monuments of lexicography (for really they are little more), is our text-book. We are bound to note at once that the Gods sympathise, run into one another, coalesce much more closely than any other of the Orders of Being. There is not really much in common between a jackal and a beetle, or between a wolf and an owl, although they are grouped under Pisces or Aries respectively. But Adonis, Attis, Osiris, Melcarth, Mithras, Marsyas --- --- --- a whole string of them comes tripping off the tongue. They all have histories; their birth, their life, their death, their subsequent career; all goes naturally with them exactly as if they were (say) a set of warriors, painters, anything superbly human. We feel instinctively that we know them, or at least know of them in the same sense that we know of our fellow men and women; and that is a sense which never so much as occurs to us when we discuss Archangels. The great exception is the Holy Guardian Angel; and this as I have shewn in another letter is for exactly the same reason; He is a Person, a macrocosmic Individual. (We do not know about his birth and so on;

but that is because he is, so to speak, a private God; he only appears to the world at all through some reference to him by his client; for instance, the genius or Augoeides of Socrates).

Let us see how this works in practice. Consider Zeus, Jupiter, Amon-Ra, Indra, etc., we can think of them as the same identical people known and described by Greeks, Romans, Egyptians and Hindus; they differ as Mont Cervin differs from Monte Silvio and the Matterhorn. (They are bound to appear different, because the mountain does not look the same from Zermatt as it does from Domodossola, or even as seen by a French-Swiss and a German-Swiss.) In the same way read the Life of Napoleon written by one of his marshals, by Michelet (a rabid Republican), by Lord Rosebery, by a patriotic Russian, and by a German poet and philosopher: one can hardly believe that the subject of any two of these biographies is the same man.

But upon certain points the identity is bound to transpire; even when we read of his crushing and classic defeat at Waterloo by the Belgians, the man is detected. Transferring the analogy to the Gods, it is then open to us to suppose that Tahuti, Thoth, Hermes, Mercury, Loki, Hanuman and the rest are identical, and that the diversity of the name and the series of exploits is due merely to the accidents of time and space. But it is at least equally plausible to suggest that these Gods are different individuals, although of the identical Order of Being, characteristics and function. Very much as if one took Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh, Hood, Blake, Rodney and Nelson, as seen through the mists of history, tradition, legend and plain mythopoeia. Add a few names not English, and our position is closely parallel. Personally, I incline to the latter hypothesis; but it would be hard to say why, unless that it is because I feel that to identify them completely would be to re-

duce their stature to that of personifications of various cosmic energies.

History lends its weight to my view. When the philosophic schools, unable to refute the charge of absurdity leveled at the orthodox devotee who believed that Mars actually begot Romulus and Remus on a Vestal Virgin, explained that Mars was no more than the martial instinct, and the Virgin a type of Purity, their faith declined, and with it Roman Virtue. "Educate" Colonel Blimp's children and we have the "intelligentsia" of Bloomsbury. I am very sorry about all this; but life must always be brutal and stupid so long as it depends upon

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animals and vegetables for nourishment.

How restore faith in the Gods? There is only one way; we must get to know them personally. And that, of course, is one of the principal tasks of the Magician.

One further remark. I have suggested that all these "identical" gods are in reality distinct persons, but belonging to the same families. Can we follow up this line of thought? Yes: but I will defer it to a subsequent letter.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

CHAPTER LXXXVII

WORK WORTH WHILE: WHY?

Cara Soror,

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



Your remarks on my  $0 = 2$  letter are very apt and inspiring  
--- that is  
if I have rightly understood what you want to say. (Really,  
you know,  
they are a bit muddled --- or I am!) May I frame your  
question, if it  
is a question, in my own terms? Yes? Right.

You say that I have advanced an invulnerable theory of the  
Universe  
in philosophical and mathematical language, and you suppose  
(under-  
lined three times with two question marks) that one could,  
with a great  
effort, deduce therefrom perfectly good reasons for an  
unswerving  
contemplation of one's umbilicus, or the performance of  
strange dances  
and the vibration of mysterious names. But what are you to  
say (you  
enquire) to the ordinary Bloke-on-the-Boulevard, to the man  
of the  
world who has acquired a shrewd knowledge of Nature, but  
finds no  
rational guide to the conduct of life. He observes many  
unsatisfactory  
elements in the way things go, and for his own sake would  
like to  
"remould them nearer to the heart's desire," to refurbish  
the cliché,  
of Fitzgerald about "this sorry scheme of things." He is  
not in the  
least interested in the learned exposition of  $0 = 2$ . But he  
is aware  
that the A.'. A.'. professes a sound solution of the problem  
of conduct  
and would like to know if its programme can be justified in  
terms of  
Common Sense.

As luck would have it, only a few weeks ago I was asked to  
address a  
group of just such people --- and they gave me three-  
quarters of an  
hour's notice. It was really more like ten minutes, as the  
rest of  
the time was bespoke by letter-writing and posting which  
could in no  
wise be postponed.

So I had to devise an adequate gambit, one which ruthlessly  
excluded  
any touch of subtlety, or any assumption of previous  
knowledge of the  
subject on the part of the audience.

It came off. For the first time in history, the laymen elicited intelligent and relevant questions. There were only three half-wits in the

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five score or so persons present, and these (naturally!) were just those people who claimed to have studied the subject.

What follows is a rough outline of my argument.

I began by pointing out that Nature exercises many forms of Energy, which are not directly observable by the senses. In fact, the History of Science for the last hundred and fifty years or so has consisted principally of the discovery of such types, with their analysis, measurement and manipulation. There is every reason to suppose that many such remain to be discovered.

But what has in no case been observed is any trace of will or of intelligence, except through some apparatus involving a nervous and cerebral system.

At this point I want especially to call your attention to certain species of animals (bees and termites are obvious cases) where a collective consciousness seems to exist, since the community acts as a whole in evidently purposeful ways, yet the units of that community are not even complete in themselves. (Isn't there some series of worms, each sub-type able only to subsist on the excrement of its preserver in the series?)

Then there are the phenomena of mob psychology, where a crowd gleefully combine to perform acts which would horrify any single individual. And there is the exceeding strange and interesting psychology of the "par-

touse" --- this is a little more, in my judgment, than a spinthria.

In all such cases the operative consciousness does not reside in any single person, as one might argue that it did when an orator "carries away" his audience. But these remarks have rather shunted one into a siding away from the main line of argument. My most important point is to insist that even with the most familiar forms of energy, man has done no creative work so ever. He has discovered, examined, measured (rather clumsily) and used, but in no case has he understood, still less explained, the causes of phenomena. Sometimes he cannot even reconcile different "laws of Nature." So we find J.W.N. Sullivan exclaiming "The scientific adventure may yet have to be abandoned," and to me personally he confessed "It may yet turn out that the mathematical approach to Reality may have to be supplanted by the Magical."

Now in Nature it leaps at one that Will and Intelligence are behind phenomena. My old friend and colleague Professor Buckmaster, who wrote a book on "Blood" which, he admitted, could not possibly be understood by more than six people, told me that the ingenuity of the structure of the human kidney "almost frightened" him. Yet in all Nature there is no trace whatever of any purpose such as human mentality can grasp. Again, apparent purpose often appears to be baffled. Take one example. Evolution, working through thousands of years to establish a most subtle scheme of cross-fertilization, found, just as it was perfect, conditions so altered that it was completely useless.

The "law of cause and effect" itself took a death-blow when Hesinger showed that the old formula "If A then B" was invalid, and must be altered to "If A, then B or C or D or E or . . . "

But at least we know enough phenomena to make it certain that Will and

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Intelligence do exist somehow apart from any nervous and cerebral system of which we are aware, and that these must be of a type which transcends our human consciousness as that does that of a limpet or a lichen.

It follows that somehow, somewhere, there must be "gods" or "Masters" --- whatever name you like. And that, I suppose, is what you may call the premise major of my syllogism.

The minor, I confess, is not so apodeictic. No one, I suppose, is going to point proudly to the present state of human affairs, as evidence that we are all becoming wiser and nobler every minute, as people did seventy years ago. (I was brought up in the faith that Queen Victoria would never die, and that Consols would never go below par.

In face, one may suspect that the majority of well-instructed men expect nothing but that History will repeat itself, and our civilization go the way of all the others whose ruins we dig up in every quarter of the earth.

(Our own destruction may be more compete than theirs; for most of the monuments to our intelligence, sobriety and industry are made of steel, and would vanish in a very few years after the smash.)

Well, if we have to wait for the calamity, and for evolution to begin all over again in a number of centuries --- with luck! --- one thing is at least quite certain: we can do nothing about it. Any form of activity must be as futile and as fatuous as any other; and the only

sensible philosophy must be "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die."

Is there a conceivable alternative?

Well, consider the cause of the impending collapse. It is quite simple:

Knowledge is loose, without control of Will and of Intelligence. (How clearly the Qabalah states and demonstrates this doctrine! But I musn't be naughty; let me stick to Common Sense!)

Now, these qualities in us having failed to measure up to the situation of the world, one hope remains; to get into communication with those "gods" or "masters" whose existence was demonstrated in my Premise Major and learn from Them.

But is this possible?

Tradition and experience unite to assert that it is so; moreover, various forms of technique for accomplishing this are at our disposal.

This is what is called The Great Work; and it is abundantly clear that no other aim is worth pursuit.

So much for the argument; it will be agreed readily enough that to put it into practice we shall need an Alphabet, a Grammar and a Dictionary. Follow the Axioms, the Postulates, the Theorems; finally, the Experiments.

And that is what all these letters are about.

Love is the law, love under will.

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Yours fraternally,

666

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

## SORE SPOTS

Cara Soror,

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

Three in one and one in three --- it's the Athanasian Creed  
in the Black  
Mass --- eh! What's that you say? Oh, quite right, quite,  
quite right  
of you to remind me. "Definition first!"

A "sore spot" is one which reacts abnormally and violently,  
however  
gently you touch it; more, all the other bits of you give a  
painful  
jerk, however disconnected they may seem. Still more, the  
entire  
System undergoes a spasm of apprehension; and the total  
result is  
that the mental as well as the physical system is quite  
unable to  
grasp the situation with any accuracy, and the whole man is  
temporarily  
engulphed in what is naturally not far from a condition of  
insanity.

(Now, Athanasius! It's all right; the lady has gone away to  
think it  
over.)

In --- shall I say "Anglo-Saxondom," or "Teutonic breeds,"  
or "bourgeoisie,"  
so as to include some of the French whom when they are good  
are very  
good indeed, but when they are bad, they are horrid? --- the  
presiding  
God/Gods of this Trinity is/are: 1. Sex, 2. Religion, 3.  
"Drugs;" and  
the greatest of these is Sex, actually the main root of  
which the other  
two are tough and twisted stems, each with its peculiar  
species of  
poisonous flowers, sometimes superficially so attractive  
that their  
nastiness passes for Beauty.

I shall leave it to the psychoanalysts to demonstrate the  
reduction to  
Sex, merely remarking that though I agree with their  
analysis as far as  
it goes, I do not allow it to stop where they do.

For us, Sex is the first unconscious manifestation of Chiah,  
the Creative

Energy; and although (like everything else) it is shown both on the spiritual and the physical planes, its most important forthshowing is on the "Magical" plane, because it actually produces phenomena which partake of all these. It is the True Will on the creative plane: "By Wisdom formed He the worlds." So soon as its thaumaturgy is accomplished, it is, through Binah, understood as the Logos. Thus in Sex we find every one of the primary Correspondences of Chokmah. Being thus ineffable and sacrosanct, it is (plainly enough) peculiarly liable to profanation. Being profaned, it is naturally more unspeakably nasty than any other of the "Mysteries." You will find a good deal on this subject implied in Artemis Iota, attached to another of my letters to you.

Before tackling "Sore Spots" seriously, there is after all, one point which should be made clear as to this Trinitarian simplification.

One of the most interesting and fruitful periods of my life was when

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I was involved in research as to the meaning of Sankhara: "tendencies" may be, indeed is, a good enough translation, but it leaves one very much as deeply in the dark as before. You remember --- I hope! --- that Sankhara lies between Vinnanam, Pure Consciousness, and Sanna, Perception. For instance, an electric fan in motion: a house-fly "tends" to see the vanes as we do when they are still, we "tend" to see a diaphanous blur.

Then, in delirium tremens, why do we tend to see pink rats rather than begonias or gazelles?

We tend to see the myriad flashing colours of the humming  
bird; the  
bird itself does not; it has no apparatus of colour-sense;  
to him  
all appears a neutral tint, varying only in degrees of  
brightness.

Such were some of the fundamental facts that directed the  
course of  
my research, whose results you may read in "The Psychology  
of Hashish",  
by Oliver Haddo in The Equinox, Vol. I, No. 2. The general  
basis of  
this Essay is Sankhara; it shows how very striking are the  
analogies  
between, (1) the results obtained by Mystics --- this  
includes the Ecstasy  
of Sexual Feeling, as you may read in pretty nearly all of  
them, from  
St. Augustine to St. Teresa and the Nun Gertrude. The  
stages recounted  
by the Buddha in his psychological analyses correspond with  
almost  
incredible accuracy. (2) The phenomena observed by those  
who use  
opium, hashish, and some other "drugs" (3) The phenomena of  
various  
forms of insanity.

The facts of this research are infuriating to the religious  
mystic;  
and the fact of its main conclusion is liable to drive him  
into so  
delirious a frenzy of rage as to make one reach for one's  
notebook ---  
one more typical extreme case!

Now of course very few religious persons know that they are  
mystics ---  
already it annoys them to suggest it! --- but, whether the  
lady doth  
protest too much, or too little, the fact is that they are.  
There is  
no true rational meaning in religion. consider the  
Athanasian Creed  
itself!

Observe that the rationalist dare not yield a millionth of a  
millimetre.

"First cut the Liquefaction, what comes next  
But Fichte's clever cut at God himself? . . .  
The first step, I am master not to take:"

says Bishop Blougram, and is pinned to the cork labelled  
"St. Januarius"!



This dilemma, consciously or subconsciously, is well rooted in the minds of everybody who takes Life, in any one of its forms, seriously. He feels the touch of the rapier, however shrewdly or cautiously wielded. The salute itself is more than enough; he feels already the thrust to his vitals.

I remember sailing happily in to breakfast at Camberwell Vicarage, and saying cheerfully, in absolute good faith: "A fine morning, Mr. Kelly!" I was astounded at the reply. The dear old gentleman --- and he really was one of the best! --- half choked, then gobbled at me like a turkey! "You're a very insolent young man!" Poor, tiny Aleister! How was I to know that his son had driven it well home that the hallmark of

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English stupidity was that the only safe topic of conversation was the weather. And so my greeting was instantly construed as a deliberate insult!

A typical example of the irrationality of the reactions of a sufferer!

Now, from this schoolboy level, let us rise and put the case a little more strongly. Let us quit the shallows of social backchat for the gloomy and horrific abysses of a murder trial!

To every man and woman that has not seen Sex as it is, faced it, mastered it --- you will find elsewhere in these letters sufficient on this matter --- it is his secret guilt. Imagine, then, how at any reference however remote, the "sinner" quails, his inmost mystery laid bare, his evil conscience holding up a tarnished mirror to his deformed

and hideous face! Often enough, he does not mind gross  
 jests which  
 admit complicity on the part of the other; but any allusion  
 to the  
 Truth, and his soul shrieks: I am found out! Then  
 apoplectic Fear  
 puts on the mask of Indignation and Disgust.

As for a serious discussion of anything concerned therewith,  
 why, every  
 word is a new rasping tear. The mind takes refuge in  
 irrational and  
 irrelevant outbursts of feigned rage and horror.

In the case of religion, the consciousness of guilt extended  
 to cover  
 everything from "playin' chuch-farden on the bless'd  
 tombstones" to  
 "the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost." Against this vague  
 and mon-  
 strous bogey, religion is the only safeguard, and therefore  
 to suggest  
 the unsoundness of the guarantee is to strike at the roots  
 of all  
 security. It is like hinting to some besotted and uxorious  
 oldster,  
 that his young wife may be unfaithful. It is the poison  
 that Iago  
 dripped so skillfully into the long hairy ear of the dull  
 Moor. So he  
 reacts irrationally --- every bush conceals a bear --- nay,  
 more likely a  
 Boojum, or a Bunyip, or some other creature of fear-spurred  
 Imagination!  
 "Monstrum informe, ingens, horrendum." Note well the  
 "informe."

And because the guarantee is unsound (and must be, or where  
 would be  
 the point of "Faith"?) reassurance is in the nature of  
 things impossible.  
 Like the demented rider in The Erl-King, the chase goes ever  
 wilder  
 and wilder, until he plunges at the end into the bottomless  
 bog of  
 madness and destruction.

I wonder how many lunatics there are in the "bughouse" to-  
 day --- in the  
 times of "evangelical revival" the number was fantastic ---  
 who got there  
 through fear that they had somehow committed the aforesaid  
 "blasphemy  
 against the Holy Ghost." The unknown again. The Bible does  
 not tell  
 us that it is; only that it is unpardonable. Nor Grace, nor  
 Faith,

nor predestination avail in the least; for all you know, you may have committed it. Reassurance is impossible; no ceinture de chastet, avails to avert this danger.

Again with drugs, it is the unknown which is the horrific factor. Most people get their information on the subject from the yellowest of yellow newspapers, magazines and novels. So darkly deep is their ignorance that that do not know what the word means --- like us so often, yes? Wide sections of the U.S.A. are scared of tea and coffee. They blench when you point out that bicarbonate of soda is a drug just as much as cocaine; at the same time they literally shovel in the really danger-

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ous Aspirin, to say nothing of the thousand Patent Medicines blared at them from every radio --- as if the Press were not enough to poison the whole population! Blank-eyed, they gasp when they learn that of all classes, the first place among "drug addicts" is that of the doctor.

But the crisis in which fear becomes phobia is the unreasoning aversion, the shuddering of panic, above all, the passionate refusal to learn anything about "drugs," to analyse the conditions, still less to face them; and the spasmodic invention of imaginary terrors, as if the real dangers were not enough to serve as a warning.

Now why? Surely because in the sub-conscious lies an instinct that in these obscure medicines indeed lies the key of some forbidden sanctuary. There is a fascination as irrational and therefore as strong, as the fear. Here is the point at which they link up with sex and

religion. Oh, how well nigh almighty is the urgency to him  
 who reads  
 those few great writers who understood the subject from  
 experience:  
 de Quincey, Ludlow, Poe and Baudelaire: into whom burn the  
 pointed  
 parallels between their adventures and those of all the  
 mystics, East  
 and West!

The worst of this correspondence-form is that you are always  
 asking  
 simple elementary questions which require half a dozen  
 treatises to  
 answer: so, take this, with my blessing!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

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P.S. One further reflection. With all these "sore spots"  
 is closely  
 linked the idea of cruelty. I need not touch upon the  
 relation of  
 cruelty to sex; the theme has been worn threadbare. But in  
 religion,  
 note the Bottomless Pit and the Eternal Flame; in Buddhism,  
 the eighteen  
 hot and eighteen cold Hells, with many another beneath.  
 Hindu eschatol-  
 ogy has countless Hells; even pedestrian, precise Islam, and  
 the  
 calculating Qabalists, each hoast of Seven. Again with  
 drugs as with  
 insanity, we are confronted constantly with nameless  
 terrors; the idea  
 of formlessness, of infinity pervades them alike. Consider  
 the man who  
 takes every chance gesture of a stranger in the street as a  
 secret  
 sign passed from one of his persecutors to another; consider  
 those  
 who refuse food because of the mysterious conspiracy to  
 poison them.

All sanity, which is all Science, is founded upon Limit. We  
 must be  
 able to cut off, to define, to measure. Naturally, then,  
 their oppo-  
 sites, Insanity and Religion, have for their prime  
 characteristic, the  
 Indefinable, Incomprehensible, Immeasurable.

The healing virtue of these words is this: examine the sore  
 spot,

analyse it, probe it; then disinfection and the Vis  
Medicatrix Naturae,  
complete the cure.

I had just finished this when in comes your very pertinent  
"Supplemen-  
tary" Postcard. "Doesn't hypocrisy fit in here, somehow?"  
Indeed it  
does, my child!

Corresponding to, and the poison bacillus of, that centre of  
infection,

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is a Trinity of pure Evil, the total abnegation of Thelema.  
Well known  
to the psycho-analyst: the name thereof Shame --- Guilt ---  
Fear. The  
Anglo-Saxon or bourgeois mentality is soaked therein; and  
his remedy  
so far from our exploratory-disinfection method, is to hide  
the gan-  
grened mass with dirty poultices. He has always a text of  
Scripture  
or some other authority to paint his foulest acts in glowing  
colours;  
and if he wants a glass of beer, he hates the stuff, but  
"doctor's  
orders, my boy, doctor's orders."

There is really nothing new to be said about hypocrisy; it  
has been  
analysed, exposed, lashed by every great Artist; quite  
without effect.  
It gets worse as the socialistic idea thrives, as the  
individual leans  
ever harder on the moral support of the herd.<sup>9</sup>

"My friend Freddy Lyon . . . told me a story . . . of the  
Volga Famine.  
Some A.R.A. 'higher-ups' from New York were making a tour of  
inspection  
. . . Among them was a worthy but sentimental citizen who  
gushed about  
the unhappy Russians and the poor little starving children  
and what a  
privilege it was for Mr. Lyon to be doing this noble work  
for humanity  
and so on and so forth until Lyon said he was ready to choke  
him . . .

After lunch the visitors suggested they would like to visit the cemetery. It was, said Freddy, a horrid sight, nude, dead bodies piled up ten high like faggots, because the population was so destitute that every stitch of clothing was needed for the living. The visitors were sickened by what they saw, and even the gushing one was silent as they walked back to the cemetery gate. Suddenly he caught Freddy by the arm. 'Look there!' he said, 'Is not that something to restore our faith in the goodness of God in the midst of all these horrors?' He pointed to a big woolly dog lying asleep on a grave with his head between his paws, and continued impressively. 'Faithful unto death and beyond. I have often heard of a dog refusing to be comforted when his master died, lying desolate on his grave, but I never thought to see such a thing myself.' That was too much for Freddy Lyon. 'Yes,' he said cruelly, 'but look at the dog's paws and muzzle' --- they were stiff with clotted blood --- 'he's not mourning his master, he's sleeping off a meal.'

'At which point,' Lyon concluded his story with gusto, 'that talkative guy did the opposite of sleeping off his lunch in a very thorough manner, and there wasn't another peep out of him until we put him on the train.'"  
P.S. Here is a very different set of reactions. I do not quite know why I am putting it in; is it some sub-conscious attraction of my own? Anyhow, here it is; call it

#### LA POULE AUX RATS

Time: a fine Sunday evening in June, just one and twenty years ago.  
Place: Paris, just off the Place des Tertres, overlooking the city.  
A large and lovely studio, panelled in oak. Strange: it was completely bare, and so far as one could see, it had no door. The skylights, mindful, were carefully screened with brodered stuff. A gallery, some ten feet from the floor, ran round one corner. Here was a buffet loaded

with priceless wines and liquors of all sorts --- except the  
"soft" ---  
and excellent variety of all cold "snack" refreshments. One  
gained it  
by a staircase from the lower floor.

9\* Here is a most pertinent story from I Write as I Please  
by my old  
friend, Walter Duranty. It shows how the sentimental point  
of view  
blinds its addicts to the most obvious facts.

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By the buffet, the old butler: oh, for a painter to portray  
his Weari-  
ness of Evil Wisdom!

Our host led us to the gallery; "we ate and drank and saw"  
not God  
also, but the lady responsible for the heavy tread upon the  
stairs. A  
woman of the Halles Centrales, in her early forties; coarse,  
brutal,  
ugly, robust, square-set, curiously radiant with some  
magnetic form of  
energy.

I cannot describe her clothes --- for lack of material. She  
greeted us  
all round with a sort of surly good humour. The butler took  
a pot of  
very far-gone Roquefort cheese, and smeared her all over.  
She drank  
to us, and clumped away downstairs. She came out into the  
studio from  
under the gallery, braced herself and shook her mop of hair  
as if about  
to wrestle, waved to us and waited.

A minute later a small trap at the far end of the studio was  
smartly  
pulled up; in rushed a hundred starving rats. There was a  
moment's  
hesitation; but the smell of the cheese was too much, and  
they rushed  
her. She caught one in both hands, bit through its spine,  
and flung  
it aside.

Softly repeating to myself passages from The Revenge by the late Alfred Lord Tennyson, of which the scene most powerfully reminded me. "Rat after rat, for half an hour, flung back as fast as it came." Their courage wilted; the hunted became the huntress; I thought of Artemis as I sang softly to myself, "When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces." But she pursued; snapped the last spine, and flung it into the gallery with a yell of triumph.

It was not so easy a victory as I have perhaps described it, once she slipped in the slime and came down with a thud; and at the end blood spurted from innumerable bites.

The whole scene was too much for most of the men; they literally howled like famished wolves, and shook the balustrade until it creaked and groaned. Presently one slipped over, let himself lightly to the floor and charged. Others followed. All had their heart's desire. I was reminded of Swinburn's Laus Veneris,

"I let mine eyes have all their will of thee  
I seal myself upon thee with my might."

As for the women, the ferocious glitter of their eyes was almost terrifying. One of them, true, would have joined the happy warriors below; but the butler roughly pulled her back, saying in a shocked voice, "Madame est normale." (I enjoyed that!) Others consoled themselves by capturing those males who were too timid to risk the jump.

I swallowed a last glass of champagne, and then "je filai à l'Anglais."

Summary: a pleasant time was had by all.

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Note for political economists: the woman took 10,000 francs (at about 125 to the £); she took three weeks in hospital and three weeks' holiday between the shows. She was, or had been, the mistress of a Minister



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with "peuple" ideas, though he was an aristocrat of very old vintage;  
and he helped her to have her daughters brought up in one of the most  
exclusive convents in France.

## CHAPTER LXXIX

## PROGRESS

Cara Soror,

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

You will certainly have to have an india-rubber medal for persistence:  
this is the nth time that you have tried to catch me contradicting  
myself.

Well, so I do, and must, every time I make any statement whatever, as  
has been shown several times in this chatty little interchange of views.  
But that is not what you mean.

You say --- permit me to condense your more than somewhat tautological,  
pleonastic, prolix, diffuse and incoherent elucubrations! --  
- that the  
whole idea of the Great Order is based on faith in Progress.  
The doctrine of successive aeons is nothing else. The system of training is  
nothing else. Nothing, in fact, is anything else. Maugr, this and in  
despite thereof (you continue, with a knavish gleam in your hither eye)  
I am everlastingly throwing down the whole jerry-built castle by my  
cynical reflections. (Some one --- Anthony Hope in a lucid moment, I  
thing --- says that cynicism is always a confession of failure --- "sour  
grapes.") Maybe, some of the time. But the explanation is very simple,  
and you ought to have been able to think it out for yourself. It is a

question of the "Universe of Discourse," of Perspective. An  
engineer  
may swear himself ultra-marine in the map all the time at  
the daily  
mistakes and mishaps that go on all the time under his nose,  
yet at  
dinner tell his friends complacently that the bridge is  
going up better  
than he ever expected.

Just so, my gibes are directed at incidents; but my heart's  
truth is  
fixed on the grand spiral.

All the same, I am glad you wrote; it is a text for a little  
sermon  
that I have had in mind for a long while on the conditions  
of progress

Number One is obviously Irregularity, Eccentricity,  
Disorder, the Revolu-  
tionary Spirit, Experiment.

I have no patience whatever with Utopia-mongers. Biology  
simply shouts  
at us that the happy contented community, everyone with his  
own (often  
highly specialized) job, nobody in need, nobody in danger,  
is necessarily  
stagnant. Termites and other ants, bees, beavers; these and  
many  
another have produced perfect systems. What is the first  
characteristic?  
Stupidity. "Where there is no vision, the people shall  
perish." What is  
the Fighter Termite to do, after he has been blocked out of  
his home?  
None of these communities possess any resource at all  
against any unfore-  
seen unfavourable change of circumstance. (We look rather  
like that just  
now at the end of 1944 e.v.) Nor does anyone of them show  
any achievement;  
having got to the end of their biological tether, they stay  
out, without  
an aim, an idea, an effort. The leech, an insufferable pest  
in its

belt --- it has killed off tiger, rhinoceros, anything with  
a nostril! ---  
is the curse of our military station at Lebong --- or was  
when I was  
there. At Darjeeling, a few hundred feet higher, devil a  
one! They  
have no one to think: now how can we flourish up higher?  
Those old  
forlorn-hope Miss-Sahibs --- how wide are their nostrils!  
Then --- how?

Consider for a moment our own Empire. How did that spread  
all over the  
planet? It was the imaginative logic, the audacity, the  
adroit adapta-  
bility, of the Adventurer that blasted the road.

The sunny Socialist smiles his superior smile, and  
condescends to  
instruct us. That was an unfortunate, though perhaps  
sometimes neces-  
sary, stage in the perfection of Society.

Something in that. But there are other kinds of Adventure.  
My imagina-  
tion can set no limit to the possibilities of Science, or of  
Art: our  
own Great Work is evidence of that.

Last Sunday I looked through an interview with the least  
brain-bound  
of these ruminators --- poor old, dear old G. for gaga  
Bernard Shaw.

The artist, said he, was a special case. he should have a  
nice easy  
job, three or four hours a day, and be free for the rest of  
it to devote  
himself to his Art. I wonder how much of his own work would  
have seen  
daylight if he had been tied to some silly robot soul-  
killing, nerve-  
crushing, mind-infuriating routine job for even one half-  
hour a day!  
When I am on a piece of work, I grudge the time for eating;  
and when  
it's done, I need the absolute relaxation of leisured  
luxury.

Then what of the Work itself? If the Idea be truly new and  
important,  
God help it! The whole class of men affected jump on it  
with one accord,  
if haply they may crush it in the germ. Read a little of  
the History of  
Medicine! Any man who shows a sign of independent thought  
is watched,

is thwarted. He persists and is threatened and bullied. He persists;  
 every engine of oppression is set in motion against him.  
 Then some-  
 thing snaps; either they succeed in killing him (Ross, who defeated  
 malaria, nearly starved to death) or they make him a  
 baronet, or a peer,  
 or make his death a Day of National Mourning, and bury him  
 in the Pan-  
 theon --- "auc grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante" ---  
 like Pasteur after  
 one of the most infamous campaigns of persecution in  
 history.

Then, of course, entertainment must be standardized. It  
 costs money to  
 produce; and who will produce anything which can only appeal  
 to the  
 very few --- to none at all, soon, if these swine have their  
 way. So, if  
 it is new, is original, is worth one's while, it must be  
 ignored.  
 Besides, being new and incomprehensible to the great Us, it  
 may be  
 dangerous, and must be suppressed.

In all literature I know no pages so terrifying as those in  
 Louis  
 Marlow's Mr. Amberthwaite, which describe his dream. I wish  
 I could  
 quote it, with Sinai as the orchestra; never mind, read it  
 again. And  
 we are on the way --- far on the way --- to That!

Now, obviously, the robot education, robot textbooks stuffed  
 in by robot  
 teachers, will have done wonders with the help of the bovine  
 well-being  
 to produce a race of robot boys.

All independence, all imagination, all spirit of Adventure,  
 will have

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been ground down and rolled out smooth by this ghastly  
 engine. But ---  
 Nature is not so easily beaten; a few boys and girls will  
 somehow

escape, and either by instinct or by observation, have the sense to keep secret. Now whatever their own peculiar genius may select as their line, they will realise that nothing is possible in any way while the accursed system stands. Their first duty is Revolt. And presently some one will come along with the wit and the will and the weapon, and blow the whole most damnable bag of tricks sky-high.

We had better busy ourselves about this while it is still possible to get back to freedom without universal bloodshed.

"All right, Master, you win! Now give us your own idea of Utopia."

An Utopia to end Utopias? Very good, so I will. Education, to begin with; well, you've had all that in another letter. The main thing to remember is that I want every individual taught as such, according to his own special qualities. Then, teach them both sides of every question: history, for example, as the play of economic forces, also, as due to the intervention of Divine Providence, or of "Sports" of genius: and so for the rest. Train them to doubt --- and to dare!

Then, somehow, as large a number of the most promising rebels should be selected to lead a life of luxury and leisure. Let every country, by dint of honouring its old traditions, be as different as possible from every other. Restore the "Grand tour," or rather, the roving Englishman of the Nineteenth Century. Entrust them with the secrets of discipline, of authority, or power. Hardship and danger in full measure: and responsibility.

A great deal of such material will be as disgustingly wasted as it has been in the past; and there will be much abuse of privilege. But this must be allowed and allowed for; no very great harm will result, as the weak and vicious will weed themselves out.

The pure gold will repay us ten thousandfold. You ask examples? With

us, the Elizabethan and the Victorian periods stand out.  
 What is most  
 wanted is opportunity and reward. Under Victoria there was  
 some --- taste  
 the late Samuel Smiles Esquire, D.D. (wasn't he?) --- but  
 not enough, and  
 Industrialism, the mother and nurse of Socialism, was  
 destroying the  
 soul of the people.

In my not very maternal remarks on Mother-love, was included  
 the sub-  
 stance of the one wise saying of my pet American lunatic  
 "You can't get  
 past their biology." This is so true, and so disheartening,  
 that it  
 arouses me to combat. Must we for ever be bound to the  
 inconvenient  
 habit of sows and cabbages? I pick up the glove.

Isn't it Aldous Huxley who says somewhere that some species  
 or other  
 can never develop higher powers because its brain is shut in  
 by its  
 carapace? I thought this too, long ago; and I went into  
 interminable  
 conferences with my old friend, Professor Buckmaster; I  
 wanted to  
 extend brain surgery to produce the phenomena of Yoga.  
 Also, I wondered  
 what would happened if we wedged apart the sections of the  
 cranium at, or  
 shortly after, birth, so as to prevent them closing and  
 giving the brain  
 a chance to grow.

I suspect, by the way, that something of the sort is done in  
 China and

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Bruma; but the object is merely to produce megalocephalic  
 idiots as a  
 valuable addition to the financial resources of the family.

I thought that modern physiology, with its great recent  
 advances in  
 knowledge of the specialized functions of the brain, might  
 quite  
 possibly succeed in producing genius.

You would not surprise me if you told me that something of the sort is being tried in Russia, with its Communism modelled so closely on that of Ivan the Terrible at the moment, war or no war! Qui vivra verra.

Anyhow, all that I really want you to get into your head "sunning over with little curls" is that Progress demands Anarchy tempered by Common Sense, and that the most formidable obstacle is this Biology.

The experience of the Magician and the Yogi does suggest that there is room in the human brain as at present constituted for almost limitless expansion. At least our system of Training is more immediately practical than digging up our Corpora Quadragenina and planting them in a Monkey's Medulla just to see what will come of it. So put down that bread-knife!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

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CHAPTER LXXX

#### LIFE A GAMBLE

Cara Soror,

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

In one or two --- no, I think more like three or four --- letters of yours to hand in the last couple of months, you have put forward various excuses for slackness, the necessities of your economic situation. You say you must have "regular work," and a "steady income" and all that sort of thing. My innocent child, that species of Magick is quite simple. Take the horns of a hare . . . That's enough for the present: I'll tell you what to do with them when you've got them.

In Macbeth we read ---

. . . . "Security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy."

but this is another kind of security; it is the Hubris which  
 "tempts  
 Providence," the insolence of thinking that nothing can go  
 wrong.

Anyhow, there's no such thing as safety. Life is a gamble.  
 From the  
 moment of incarnation a million accidents are possible.  
 Miscarriage,  
 still-birth, abortion; throughout life, until your heart  
 beats for the  
 last time, "you never can tell" - - - - and then you start  
 all over  
 again with your next incarnation!

(I wish I had a copy of a short story of mine called "Every  
 Precaution."

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The gallant young Uplift Expert, the one hundred per cent  
 red-blooded,  
 clean-living, heir of the Eternities, takes his young  
 fianc,e and  
 female counterpart to the "Old Absinthe House" in New  
 Orleans to show  
 her the terrible results of Wrong-Doing. They are going to  
 avoid all  
 that; their child is going to be the Quintessence of  
 Americanism.

They marry and take a cottage by Lake Pasquaney. Presently,  
 he being  
 (so she said) away on a business trip, the tradesmen  
 complained that  
 she seemed to need very little pabulum. Somehow, people got  
 suspicious,  
 and sure enough, when they broke in, they found that she had  
 pickled  
 him! This story is founded on fact; damn it, why did the MS  
 have to  
 get lost?)

Even suicide is not a "dead bird." I knew a creature once -  
 -- careless  
 observers often mistook him of a man --- who tried three  
 times, pistol,  
 rope and poison. Something always went wrong. (Like the  
 Babbacombe



murderer, who went to the scaffold three times, and lived to a green old age!) Finally he did poison himself, by accident, when he had no intention whatever of doing anything of the sort.

"Where's the Book of Lies? Ah, here we are. "It is chance, and chance only, that rules the Universe; therefore, and therefore only, life is good."

Then, is it mere fatuity and folly to make plans? Was not the IXth Atu, the Hermit, also at one time called "Prudence?" Of course. Abstract philosophy rarely coincides with common-sense. We should plan as carefully as we can; but we should always allow a margin for every conceivable accident.

Nor should we trust to luck, like England, when she goes to war. Bret Harte has an admirable story "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" in which the "bad man," the crooked gambler, gives his life for the safety of the rest of his party, and winds up all with the remark: "Life isn't in having the luck of the cards, but in playing a poor hand well."

Yes, I daresay, all very fine; but what you wanted to know was about the propriety of taking risks in Magick.

So off we go.

Risks, we have agreed, are always unavoidable; but we can calculate them. The best and wisest man I ever knew, the late Oscar Eckenstein, was once offered a job which gave him a fifty percent chance of survival. He calmly sat down, worked out his "expectation of life," his "expectation of income," and the Lord alone knows what other factors. It came out that the pay offered was a thousand pounds or so less than he might expect normally, so he turned down the offer. Not a trace of sentiment of any kind!

Now let us consider an "A.B. case." John Jeremiah Jenkins sees a short

cut to his performance of the Great work. To seize this opportunity,  
 he must give up a steady job with good prospects and as near safety as  
 is possible in the nature of things, for a slim chance of a career in  
 the most insecure of all the professions.

He can do it; that is at the mercy of his Will; but he risks something  
 very close to the utter wreck and ruin of his future. Only a miracle

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can bring him through. Just so! But is he not neglecting one factor  
 in his problem? Who put this romantically insane opportunity in his  
 way? The Gods: it must be, since he is performing the Great Work. Very  
 well then! It is up to Them to watch: "he shall give his angels charge  
 over thee to keep thee in all thy ways: in their hands they shall bear  
 thee up lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

What's more, he must leave it at that; he must not insult Them by  
 constantly looking out for extra safeguards, or "hedging." (You remember  
 the Major in The Suicide Club when Prince Florizel was picking seconds  
 for a duel? "In all my life I never so much as hedged a bet.") You  
 must give Them plenty of opportunity to show Their approval by steering  
 you miraculously through one crisis after another.

This course of conduct may seem to you a little like the "Act of Truth"  
 but this is only superficially the case. The latter is usually an  
 emergency measure, and either not particularly serious or as serious  
 as anything can be. But what I have said above amounts really to a  
 regular Rule of Life.

Need I add that the prime and essential requisite in all this Work is

that you so devote yourself to, and identify yourself with,  
the Gods,  
that there is never any doubt in your mind as to what They  
intend you  
to do?

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally.

#### CHAPTER LXXXI

##### METHOD OF TRAINING

Cara Soror,

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

In your well-worn copy of the Bagh-i-muattar you have no  
doubt triply  
underlined that great verse:

"Who hath the How is careless of the Why,"

which shows how cunning I was to induce you to put all your  
"why"  
questions first.

But now let us get down to orichalc taques, as the Norman  
peasant might  
say.

The first and absolutely essential task for the Aspirant is  
to write  
his Magical Record.

You know some elementary Mechanics --- the Triangle of  
Forces, and all  
that. Well, if we have a body acted on by two equal forces,  
one pulling  
it East, the other south, it will tend to move in a south-  
Easterly  
direction. But if the "south" force is (say) twice as  
strong, it will  
move south of South-East.

Now you, sitting in your study reading this letter, got  
there and were

compelled to do that, as the result of the impact upon you  
of countless  
quintillions of forces of every kind. I don't expect you to  
discover  
all these and calculate and report them; but I want you to  
set down  
all the main currents. For so you should be able to get  
some sort of  
answer to the question "Where do we go from here, boys?"

I am not a guesser; and I cannot judge you, or advise you,  
or help you,  
unless and until I know the facts as thoroughly as you are  
able to allow  
me to do.

The construction of this Record is, incidentally, the first  
step in the  
practice called Sammasati, and leads to the acquisition of  
the Magical  
Memory --- the memory of your previous incarnations. So  
there is another  
reason, terrifically cogent, for writing this Magical Record  
as clearly  
and as fully as you can.

This best explanation of how to set about the task is given  
in Liber  
Thisharb.

some of this sounds rather advanced and technical; but it  
ought to give  
you the general idea. You should begin with your parents  
and the family  
traditions; the circumstances of your birth and education;  
your social  
position; your financial situation; your physique, health,  
illnesses;  
your vita sexualis; your hobbies and amusements; what you  
are good at,  
what not; how you came to be interested in the Great Work;  
what (if  
you have been on false trails, Toshophists,  
Antroposophagists, sham  
Rosicrucians, etc.) has been "your previous condition of  
servitude;"  
how you found me, and decided to enlist my aid.

That, by itself, helps you to understand yourself, and me to  
understand  
you.

From that point the keeping of the Record is quite easy.  
All you have  
to do is to put down what practices you mean to begin, how  
you get on

with them from day to day, and (at intervals) what I have to  
say about  
your progress.

Remember always that we have no use for piety, for vague  
chatter, for  
guesswork; we are as strictly scientific as biologists or  
chemists.  
We ban emotion from the start; we demand perception; and (as  
you will  
see later on) even perception is not acceptable until we  
have made sure  
of its bases by a study of what we call the "tendencies."

That is all about the Magical Record; the way is now clear  
to set  
forth our Method. This is two-fold. (1) Yoga,  
introversion, (2)  
Magick, extroversion. (These are rough but useful  
connotations.) The  
two seem, at first glance, to be opposed; but, when you have  
advanced  
a little in both, you find that the concentration learnt in  
Yoga is  
of immense use in attaining the mental powers necessary in  
magick; on  
the other hand, the discipline of Magick is of the greatest  
service in  
Yoga.

Let me remark, by the way, that to my mind one of the  
greatest beauties,  
and most encouraging confirmations of the validity of our  
system, is  
the matchless harmony of its elements. Always, when we  
pursue any one  
path to its end, we find that it has become one with some  
other path  
which at the outset appeared utterly irreconcilable with it.

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("Write down that the tearing apart is the crushing  
together" comes  
from an actual experience. See Liber 418, The Vision and  
the Voice,  
which teems with similar passages, and is itself an  
outstanding example  
of the unity of the Yogic and the Magical methods.)

To study Yoga, you have my Book 4 Part I and my Eight Lectures on Yoga.  
 Then there is Vivekananda's Raja Yoga and several little-known Hindu writers; these latter are very practical and technical, but one really needs to be a Hindu to make much use of them. The former is very good indeed, if you remember to switch off when he slides into sloppiness, which luckily is not often.

To study Magick" Book 4, Parts II, III (Magick in Theory and Practice) and IV (The Equinox of the Gods.) Add The Book of Thoth and the you are: ---

"Being furnished with complete armour and armed,  
 he is similar to the goddess."

Of other writers, you have The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage," and any of the works of Eliphaz L,vi. But that's all.

But --- I suppose you knew all this long ago. It may help if I try to expound the essence of these two Methods in very simple language, and very different language. By contrast and comparison, you should be able, without reading even one of all those books, to get a perfectly clear idea in perspective of "what's coming to you!"

The process of analysing, developing and controlling the mind is the essence of all Yoga practices.

Magick explores and learns to control those regions of Nature which lie beyond the objects of sense. Reaching the highest parts of these regions, called the divine, one proceeds by the exaltation (? = intoxication? Yes, of a sublime sort) of the consciousness to identify oneself with those "celestial" Beings.

In Yoga, various practices prevent the body and its functions from interrupting the mental process. Then, one inhibits that process

itself: the stilling of "thoughts" allows one to become aware of mental functions beyond the intellectual; these functions have their own peculiar properties and powers. Each sheath, as one goes deeper, is discarded as "unreal;" finally one apprehends that nothing which is the only true and real form of existence. (But then it does not exist: in these regions of thought words always become nightmares of self-contradiction. This is as it should be.)

In Magick, on the contrary, one passes through the veil of the exterior world (which, as in Yoga, but in another sense, becomes "unreal" by comparison as one passes beyond) one creates a subtle body (instrument is a better term) called the body of Light; this one develops and controls; it gains new powers as one progresses, usually by means of what is called "initiation:" finally, one carries on almost one's whole life in this Body of Light, and achieves in its own way the mastery of the Universe.

The first step in Yoga is "Keep still."

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The first step in Magick is "Travel beyond the world of the senses."

There, that is the whole business in a nutshell, and expressed so that anyone, however ignorant of the subject, may grasp the essentials (I hope).

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally.

CHAPTER LXXXII

EPISTOLA PENULTIMA: THE TWO WAYS TO REALITY

Cara Soror,

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

How very sensible of you, though I admit somewhat exacting!

You write --- Will you tell me exactly why I should devote so much of my valuable time to subjects like Magick and Yoga.

That is all very well. But you ask me to put it in syllogistic form. I have no doubt this can be done, though the task seems somewhat complicated. I think I will leave it to you to construct your series of syllogisms yourself from the arguments of this letter.

In your main question the operative word is "valuable." Why, I ask, in my turn, should you consider your time valuable? It certainly is not valuable unless the universe has a meaning, and what is more, unless you know what that meaning is --- at least roughly --- it is millions to one that you will find yourself barking up the wrong tree.

First of all let us consider this question of the meaning of the universe. It is its own evidence to design, and that design intelligent design. There is no question of any moral significance --- "one man's meat is another man's poison" and so on. But there can be no possible doubt about the existence of some kind of intelligence, and that kind is far superior to anything of which we know as human.

How then are we to explore, and finally to interpret this intelligence?

It seems to me that there are two ways and only two. Imagine for a moment that you are an orphan in charge of a guardian, inconceivably learned from your point of view. Suppose therefore that you are puzzled by some problem suitable to your childish nature, your obvious and most simple way is to approach your guardian and ask him to enlighten you. It is clearly part of his function as guardian to do his best to help you.



Very good, that is the first method, and close parallel with what we understand by the word Magick. We are bothered by some difficulty about one of the elements --- say Fire --- it is therefore natural to evoke a Salamander to instruct you on the difficult point. But you must remember that your Holy Guardian Angel is not only far more fully instructed than yourself on every point that you can conceive, but you may go so far as to say that it is definitely his work, or part of his work; remembering always that he inhabits a sphere or plane which is entirely different

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from anything of which you are normally aware.

To attain to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is consequently without doubt by far the simplest way by which you can yourself approach that higher order of being.

That, then, is a clearly intelligible method of procedure. We call it Magick.

It is of course possible to strengthen the link between him and yourself so that in course of time you became capable of moving and, generally speaking, operating on that plane which is his natural habitat.

There is however one other way, and one only, as far as I can see, of reaching this state. It is at least theoretically possible to exalt the whole of your own consciousness until it becomes as free to move on that exalted plane as it is for him. You should note, by the way, that in this case the postulation of another being is not necessary. There is no way of refuting the solipsism if you feel like that.

Personally I cannot accede to its axiom. The evidence for an external universe appears to me perfectly adequate.

Still there is no extra charge for thinking on those lines if you so wish.

I have paid a great deal of attention in the course of my life to the method of exalting the human consciousness in this way; and it is really quite legitimate to identify my teaching with that of the Yogis.

I must however point out that in the course of my instruction I have given continual warnings as to the dangers of this line of research. For one thing there is no means of checking your results in the ordinary scientific sense. It is always perfectly easy to find a subjective explanation of any phenomenon; and when one considers that the greatest of all the dangers in any line of research arise from egocentric vanity, I do not think I have exceeded my duty in anything that I have said to deter students from undertaking so dangerous a course as Yoga.

It is, of course, much safer if you are in a position to pursue in the Indian Jungles, provided that your health will stand the climate and also, I must say, unless you have a really sound teacher on whom you can safely rely. But then, if we once introduce a teacher, why not go to the Fountain-head and press towards the Knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel?

In any case your Indian teacher will ultimately direct you to seek guidance from that source, so it seems to me that you have gone to a great deal of extra trouble and incurred a great deal of unnecessary danger by not leaving yourself in the first place in the hands of the Holy Guardian Angel.

In any case there are the two methods which stand as alternatives. I

do not know of any third one which can be of any use  
 whatever. Logi-  
 cally, since you have asked me to be logical, there is  
 certainly no  
 third way; there is the external way of Magick, and the  
 internal way  
 of Yoga: there you have your alternatives, and there they  
 cease.

Love is the law, love under will.

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#### CHAPTER LXXXIII

#### EPISTOLA ULTIMA

Cara Soror,

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

The suggestion in your last letter to me is a very sensible  
 one. I do  
 think that people in general would like to get some idea of  
 my system  
 of training as a whole, in a comprehensive form. In the  
 past there has  
 been far too much of referring them to one quite  
 unprocurable document  
 and then to another which probably has not even been  
 written. No wonder  
 that they go away sorrowful. So I am going to put in as the  
 last of  
 this series of Letters an account, as clear and as succinct  
 as the gods  
 enable me to do, of what they may expect to have to do to  
 get good marks  
 from Grandfather. Of course I shall not be able to avoid  
 altogether  
 reference to the various official documents, but I will make  
 these as  
 short and as few as I can.

First of all then, my system can be divided into two parts.  
 Apparently  
 diametrically opposed, but at the end converging, the one  
 helping the  
 other until the final method of progress partakes equally of  
 both ele-  
 ments.

For convenience I shall call the first method Magick, and the second method Yoga. The opposition between these is very plain for the direction of Magick is wholly outward, that of Yoga wholly inward.

I will deal first then with Magick. How do I define this word?

Magick is the science and art of causing change to occur in accordance with the will. (Obviously then all scientific methods can be included in this term.)

I have to assume in all that follows that you have thoroughly understood the doctrine of  $0 = 2$ .

All Magical action may be classed as under the formula of progression from the "0" to the "2"; in other words it is complete extraversion.

The aspiring Magician only analyses himself for the purpose of finding new worlds to conquer. His first objective is the astral plane; its discovery, the classification of its tenants, and their control.

All his early practises therefore are devoted to exploring the worlds which surround (if you choose, or if you prefer --- are contained in) the object of sense. If there is a tree in your garden, you want to find out whether that tree is occupied by a nymph or a nat, and if so, what are they like? How do they act? How can you make them useful to your purpose? It is in fact the ordinary every-day scientific method of exploration. The only difference is that in the course of one's experiments one becomes aware of parts of the nature of the object to be examined which are subtler and perhaps more powerful, nearer to reality, than those which ordinary scientific examination discloses. You will notice, however, that the qualities above-mentioned are identical. The chemical elements which go to form a tree are subtler,

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more powerful and nearer to reality than the tree as it is presented to the senses.

Finally, we reach the conception of molecules, atoms, electrons, protons, neutrons and so on, and nobody needs telling nowadays what unfathomable potencies lie hidden in the atom.

When I say subtler, moreover, I mean it. The analysis of matter has resulted in the extraordinary discovery that the definition of matter as given by the physicist of to-day is very similar indeed to the definition of spirit as stated by the mystics of the middle ages.

Henry Poincaré, has well pointed out that the results of scientific experiment as we know them, are altogether in their way dependant on the existence of our own peculiar natures. If, for example, we had no sense to use in our exploration but that of hearing, we should have worked out a classification of trees entirely different from that which we now possess. We should have taught our students how to distinguish the sounds made by an oak and an elm respectively in a storm; the differences in the rustling of various kinds of grass, and so on.

Similarly the results of our magical experiments are naturally and necessarily very distinct from those which we obtain by ordinary methods. to begin with we must build up an apparatus of examination, and this we do by discovering and developing qualities in our own structure which were suitable for the purpose.

The first step is the separation of (what we call, for convenience) the

astral body from the physical body. As our experiments proceed, we find that our astral body itself can be divided into grosser and subtler components. In this way we become aware of the existence of what we call, for convenience, the Holy Guardian Angel, and the more we realise the implications of the theory of the existence of such a being, the clearer it becomes that our supreme task is to put ourselves into intimate communication with him.

For one thing, we shall find that in the object of sense which we examine there are elements which resist our examination. We must raise ourselves to a plane in which we obtain complete control of such.

It is found furthermore in the course of experiment that a great many of the apparent differences in our study conceal a hidden unity, and vice versa. Like every other science, both the subject and the object of the work increase as that work proceeds.

Take a simple matter like Mathematics as our analogy. The schoolboy struggling with the Rule of Three is a very rudimentary image of the advanced mathematician working on the differential calculus.

From the above it ought to be clear to you that I have said all that really needs to be said in explaining the whole of Magick as the science and art of extending, first in oneself, one's own faculties, secondly in external nature their hidden characteristics.

Before closing the subject entirely I think it well to point out that there are quite a number of worlds on which a good deal of work remains to be done. In particular I cannot refrain from mentioning the work of Dr. Dee and Sir Edward Kelly. My own work on this subject has been so

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elaborate and extensive that I shall never sufficiently regret that I never had an opportunity of completing it, but I should like to emphasize that the obtaining of a book like Liber 418 is in itself so outstanding an achievement that it should serve as an encouragement to all Magicians.

In the case of many worlds, in particular that of Abra Melin, of the greater and lesser Keys of Solomon, of Pietro di Abano, of Cornelius Agrippa, while we have perfectly adequate information as to the methods we have very meagre examples of the results, especially so far as refers to the technical side of the work.

I must conclude with a warning. So many of these branches of magick are so fascinating that any one of them is liable to take hold of the Magician by the short hair and upset his balance completely. It should never be forgotten for a single moment that the central and essential work of the Magicians is the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. Once he has achieved this he must of course be left entirely in the hands of that Angel, who can be invariably and inevitably relied upon to lead him to the further great step --- crossing of the abyss and the attainment of the grade of Master of the Temple.

Anything apart from this course is a side issue and unless so regarded may lead to the complete ruin of the whole work of the Magician.

## II

The second part of this letter, which appears to be expanding into a sort of essay, will be devoted to Yoga. You will have noticed that the grade of Master of the Temple is itself intimately associated with Yoga.

It is when one reaches this plane that the apparently contradictory forms of the Great Work, Magick and Yoga, begin to converge, though even earlier in the course of the work it must have been noticed that achievements in Yoga have been of great assistance to magical operations, and that many of the mental states necessary to the development of the Magician are identical with those attained in the course of the strictly technical Yogic operations.

The literature necessary to the study of Magick is somewhat variegated; there are quite a number of classics on the subject and though it would be easy enough for me to draw up a list of not more than half-a dozen which I consider really essential, there may be as many as an hundred which in the more or less subsidiary forms are useful to the magician.

With Yoga the case is very different indeed. The literature on the subject is so enormous and contains so vast a number of more or less secret documents which circulate from hand to hand, that I believe that the best advice I can give anyone is to cut one's cloth very sparingly if one is to make a fitting suit. I do not think I am going too far if I say that Part I of Book 4 and my Eight Lectures on Yoga form an absolutely sufficient guide to the useful practise of the subject; anything else is almost certain to operate as a distraction.

Swami Vivekananda summarised Yoga under four headings, and I do not think that one can improve on that classification. His four are: Gnana, Raja, Bhakti and Hatha, and comprise all divisions that it is desirable to make. As soon as one begins to add such sections as Mantra Yoga, you



are adding to without enriching the classification, and once you begin where are you to stop? But I honestly believe that the excessive simplification given in Eight Lectures on Yoga is a practical advantage. Any given type of Yogas is the work of a lifetime and for that reason alone it is desirable to confine oneself from the beginning to an absolutely simple programme.

What then is the difference between Yoga and Magick? Magick is extra-version, the discovery of and subsequently the classification of and finally the control of new worlds on new planes. So far as it concerns the development of the mind its object and method are perfectly simple. What is wanted is exaltation. The aim is to identify oneself with the highest essence of whatever world is under consideration.

With Yoga you might easily slip into saying that it was identical, with the exception that the new worlds are from the start recognised as already existing within the human cosmos, but nobody is asked to extend these worlds in any way; on the contrary the object is to analyse ever more minutely, and the control to which one approaches is not external but internal. At all times one is concentrated on the idea of simplification. The recognition of any new idea or form of ideas, is invariably the signal for its rejection: "not that, not that."

One might simplify this explanation by constructing some sort of apophthegm; Magick is the journey from 0 to 2, Yoga from 2 to 0. It is a very good rule for the Yogi to keep this mind constantly fixed on the fact that any idea soever is false. There is actually a Hindu proverb "That which can be thought is not true." consequently the existence of any idea in the mind is an immediate refutation of it, but equally the contraries as well as contradictory of that idea are

false, and the result of this is to knock the second law of formal logic to pieces.

One puts up a sort of sorites --- A is B, therefore A is not B; therefore not A is not B; and all these contrary statements are equally false, but in order to realise this fact they must themselves be announced by the mind as ecstatic discoveries of truth.

The result of all this naturally is that the mind very rapidly becomes a discredited instrument, and one attains to a totally different and much more exalted type of mind, and the same destructive criticism which one applied to the original consciousness applies equally to this higher consciousness, and one gets to one higher still which is again destroyed. In The Equinox, Vol. I there is an essay called "The Soldier and the Hunchback: ! and ?" In Liber Aleph too there are several chapters about attainment by what is called the Method of Ladders.

All these operations are equally valid and equally invalid, and the result of this is that the whole subject of Yoga leads to constantly increasing confusion. The fineness of the analytical instrument seems to defeat its own purpose and it is perhaps because of that confession that I have always felt in my deepest consciousness that the method of Magick is on the whole less dangerous than that of Yoga. This is particularly the case when discussing these matters with a Western mind.

It is true that our  $0 = 2$  formula remains infinitely useful because it is of such potency in destroying the scepticism which so often dis-

heartens one, especially in the highest realms of Magick.  
The criticism  
which the enemy directs against your sun-kissed tower is  
thrown back  
from those glittering walls, You accept the criticism at  
the same time  
as you dismiss it with a laugh.

On the whole therefore I continue to regard the discipline  
of Yoga as  
its most valuable feature. The results attained by pushing  
Yoga to its  
end are on their own showing worthless, whereas the  
attainment of Magick,  
however lofty, is still immune to all criticism and at every  
period of  
its construction has been perfectly sympathetic with the  
normal conscious-  
ness of man.

On this view indeed, one might laughingly remark that Yoga  
at its best  
is a smoke-screen thrown out by a battleship in self-  
protection.

It may seem to you strange as you read this letter to have  
watched how  
the pendulum has swung always a little more and more towards  
the side  
of Magick. I do not know why this should have been, but  
that it is so  
I have no doubt whatever. I see quite clearly now that Yoga  
from its  
very first beginnings is liable to lead the mind away into a  
condition  
of muddle, and though for each such state Yoga itself  
provides the  
necessary cure, may not one ask oneself if it is really wise  
to begin  
one's work with axioms and postulates which are inherently  
dangerous.  
The whole controversy might be expressed as a differential  
equation.  
Their curves become identical only at infinity, and there is  
no doubt,  
at least to my mind, that the curve of Magick follows a more  
pleasant  
track than that of Yoga.

To take one point alone: it is evidently more satisfactory  
to have  
one's malignant demons external to oneself.

As I have written it has become clearer to me that this is  
the case,

but I should not like you to arise from its perusal with any idea that I have been in some way derogating Yoga. I would not like to maintain that it is necessary to Magick because there have been many very great magicians who knew nothing at all of the subject but I am just as strongly convinced as I was before that the practice of Yoga in itself is of enormous assistance to the Magician in his more intelligible path, only adding that he should beware lest the logical antinomies inherent in Yoga divert him from or discourage him in his simple path.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours,

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- A complete work on  
Appendices, the more  
columns from 777, etc.
- A complete Dictionary of  
respondences of all  
ments. It is to the  
occultism what Webster  
English language.

I N D E X

- A.'. A.'. xvii, xxiii, xxvii, 46,  
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